

Repaying Peter

By newsletter

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Peter had introduced me to my gay side, now it was time to repay him, in the only way I could.

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Peter.

Wow, I had had my very first gay experience. My first thought was that I had really enjoyed it.

But now, I realised was payback time. Peter lay beside me. I saw that he had his magnificent cock in his hand, and was smiling at me. He knew it was my first time, and had promised to take it easy with me.

His cock looked quite beautiful; he was circumcised and so smooth. Also he was cleanly shaven, with not a pubic hair in sight.

Then it hit me. I simply didn't know what to do. I was a virgin and totally inexperienced.

OK. I knew what gays did, but what I didn't know was what was expected of me right here and now.

Peter reached across and took my hand, replacing his for mine. I wrapped my fingers around him. Oh my God, he was so hard, so hot and I could feel him throbbing.

He had no foreskin to slide over the head of his penis as mine did. So I stroked him rather than try to wank him.

As I squeezed him, a drop of clear liquid escaped from the end of his penis. I felt ready for my next step. I knew what I had to do, and leaned forward. I took the head of his lovely penis in my mouth. It felt as if it nearly filled it. I used my tongue to taste this drop of fluid that had formed.

It was so smooth and silky. I sucked gently, not knowing if it was right, but I heard him moan, so I

seemed to be doing something right. As I squeezed him, more of this fluid emerged, lubricating my mouth. There was almost no taste to him, and I was thoroughly enjoying the whole experience.

Then Peter stopped me. He reached to the table beside the bed, opened a drawer and took out a weird shaped vibrator. He took a bottle of lubricating gel, rubbed some onto the vibrator and then some on himself.

He had laid back onto the bed, raised his knees just as I had done. I watched, fascinated as he pushed it into himself. Then he beckoned me to resume my sucking.

This was so surreal, I could not believe that it was really happening. I was aware that he was using one hand to, I guess, pleasure himself with the vibrator. His other hand was on the back of my head, encouraging me to take more of his penis into my mouth.

I was OK until it hit the back of my throat, which made me gag. He laughed, but didn't push me too hard after that.

I felt that I was doing well. I could hear Peter moaning. He certainly seemed to be enjoying what I was doing with my mouth.

Then suddenly his movements increased. I could feel his penis throbbing more in my mouth. I knew he was coming. Then he cried out, just as a stream of his cum filled my mouth.

It took me by surprise the amount of it. I had tasted my own cum before, so I was ready for the taste. But it spilled out of my mouth as I could not swallow it.

Peter grabbed hold of his penis and wanked it, jetting even more cum onto his belly.

After we had cleaned up, Peter asked me if I had enjoyed my first experience.

"Yes, very much." I replied.

"Would you like to visit me again, and perhaps learn more?" he asked.

I nodded, unable to speak as my emotions were overwhelming me. I now realised that perhaps I am gay. I wanted to learn more. I found Peter very attractive.

He took my face in his hands and kissed me on the mouth. My head swam, and I suddenly felt giddy.

Yes, I wanted more, much more. I wanted to find out what true sex with another man was like. I wanted to lose my virginity, and I wanted Peter to be the one to take it.