White Teen Boy and Man Sucks Old Black Men

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I see an old black man pissing at work and flashback to my teen years of sucking old black cock.

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My name is Ed, and my wife Donna and I are in our 50s and living in the Columbus, Ohio area. We have two grown children who are on their own and also live in Ohio. Donna is an elementary school teacher and I am the creative director in an advertising firm, which usually requires me to work long hours.

One night I was in the office late and went to the rest room to pee, and I knew that I was alone except for the evening janitors. The urinals in our building are separated by short divider/splash guards that you can easily see over, but I usually made a conscious effort to never look at or talk to another man who is pissing next to me. I had just pulled out my dick to pee when Lionel, our janitor, came in and stood at the urinal next to mine, since there were only two urinals in that restroom. He is an elderly black man in his late 60s, and although still lean, healthy and energetic enough to do his work, he is wrinkled and worn from his years on the job.

I had just started to pee, when I heard and could even smell Lionel's strong stream of piss splashing noisily into the urinal. That sound and odor seemed to stir some old, long-hidden memories for me, and I unconsciously looked over the divider. I could hardly believe that an old black man could have such a huge cock. It was coal black, thick, uncircumcised, and had substantial veins running all over the surface, making it look kind of gnarly. I'm guessing that his dick is over seven inches long, even though it was soft, and he also has a huge set of balls hanging down below it.

Now I consider myself to be heterosexual, and didn't consciously remember ever having an interest in other men. But looking at that big cock, coupled with the smell of his piss, continued to stir distant, disconcerting memories, and I could feel my little dick starting to harden. I was fascinated staring as his piss continued to spray out of the end of his now-soaking-wet foreskin. Then I was startled when Lionel looked over at me and asked, "You like it?"

Those three little words, that simple and seemingly innocuous question, 'You like it?', in that instant fully restored those previously suppressed memories of my teenage years in Kentucky. I couldn't immediately respond to Lionel, as time stood still and my mind comprehended the embarrassing and

shameful things I had done in my youth.

It all started about the time I turned 16 years old in the summer before my junior year in high school. My mother and I lived in a modest home on the outskirts of a small town near Lexington, and she worked two jobs to support us. My father had moved out years before, and since I was now old enough to work, I got a job at the old theater in town, about five miles from our home, to help my mom with the bills. This was an old-time, one-screen theater that played only one feature film a week. Most of the boys I knew had gotten summer jobs either in construction or at the factory nearby, but I started looking for work later than the others, and I had to settle for the old theater.

I was a pretty good looking kid and had long blonde hair down to my shoulders, and I was five feet seven inches tall and 150 pounds. Some of the other boys teased me about my long hair, which wasn't fashionable in those days, but I liked it that way and didn't care what they thought. My dick was only four inches long and very thin when hard, and I had sparse, blonde pubic hair.

The theater was too small to have much staff, and there was an old black man named Morgan who ran the projector, helped out at the snack counter before and after the movie, and did other various jobs there for the owner. My job was to also work at the snack counter and usher when needed, and also clean the theater after each showing. Morgan must have been almost 70 years old, but he was spry for his age, and he is the one who trained me. He seemed like a nice and normal guy to me, but I can still remember what my mom said when I told her that I was working with him. She told me that I should stay away from him since there were rumors that neighbors had seen white, teenage boys going to his home and leaving hours later. At the time I was very naïve and didn't really see or understand the danger in that, and just ignored it as irrational motherly concern.

Morgan and I had become pretty good friends at work, and we spent a lot of time together during my training. I can still remember the first time we were in the restroom together to piss, and I looked over and saw how big and thick his black cock was. I only got a brief look and tried not to stare, but just seeing his uncut meat caused my dick to jump and start to harden, and I didn't understand my feelings. I was glad that he didn't say anything about me looking at his dick, although he did have a smile on his face.

I couldn't afford a car yet and didn't have a good bicycle, so I would usually walk or hitchhike to and from work. I knew that Morgan lived only about a mile from mom and me, but he usually had to come in early and stay a little later to help the owner close up, and he couldn't take me. Then one night, after having no luck catching a ride and walking about two miles, an old Ford pickup truck stopped just ahead of me on the road. I ran up and opened the door, and was surprised to see Morgan sitting behind the wheel, he said, "Come on Eddie (that's what I was called as a boy), I'll give you a ride."

I thanked him for the ride, and as I got up into the flat, bench seat, I had to push some magazines out of the way, and that's when I noticed that they were porn magazines. I had seen a few of those types of magazines that I found in a dumpster one time, but didn't get to spend too much time reading them. That's when Morgan smiled at me and said, "No problem giving you a ride, since I know we live pretty near one another. But tell me Eddie, have you ever seen any pictures like these?"

It was a lie, but I told him that I had never seen anything like this. It was fun flipping through the pictures, and I noticed that he had a wide variety of material. Some of them showed white men and women having sex, but others showed black men and white women together. Morgan was trying to drive while also calling my attention to other pages that showed men together, as well as men with teenage boys. And the last one he opened up for me to see included pictures of old, mature black men with huge cocks being sucked by high school age white boys, a scenario that was sounding all too familiar. I know that he must have seen my boner pushing up against my pants, because then he said, "I'm just going to pull over here on this side road for a minute so we can look at the pictures together, if that's okay with you Eddie."

Mom's warning about Morgan was now starting to make sense, but I was enjoying the pictures and my boner so much that I didn't complain about stopping. He then continued showing me more and more pictures of the old black men having their cocks sucked by the white teenage boys, and I could see that he was openly rubbing a huge lump in his pants. After looking at a few more pictures he said, "I can see that those pictures are giving you a boner Eddie. Do you have a girlfriend to take care of that boner for you, or do you just make it squirt with your own hand?"

I was embarrassed, but felt that it would be best to tell the truth, so I said, "No Morgan, the girls don't seem to like me very much, so I take care of it in the shower."

He then continued rubbing himself as he reached over and placed his hand on my dick. He began rubbing me, and a feeling of shame came over me for doing this with an old man. But it felt so good, and my underwear was getting wet from my precum. He was then breathing a little harder as he said, "Does that feel good Eddie? I can tell by the look on your face that it must feel good for you, and I was hoping that you would rub my cock for me. Will you do that for me? Just slide over so you can rub my cock Eddie."

I knew it was wrong, but I did slide over a little and he took my hand and placed it on the lump in his pants. Then he held my hand as I started slowly and gently rubbing him, and I could feel the heat of his cock right through his pants. I could feel his cock growing to full hardness as he looked over at me and said, "That's it Eddie, I knew that you would enjoy rubbing me. Now, just pull down my zipper for me so you can put your hand directly on my cock."

It’s hard to explain the arousal I felt at doing what Morgan said, and even though I knew it was wrong, I so much wanted to feel his bare cock and to please him. I slowly pulled down the zipper and could then see his stained, tight, white underwear. The lump from his cock was huge, and I carefully pulled them down enough to free his cock. I could hardly believe how long and thick it was. He must have been at least 10 inches long and was literally as thick as my wrist, and the foreskin was wet with his precum and rubbery to the touch. I was just holding him there, not knowing what he expected me to do, when he asked those three little words that made such a big impression on me and got me to acknowledge for the first time that I liked his big cock. He simply asked, “You like it?”

I didn’t want to admit that I liked his cock, but then I heard myself saying, “Uh huh.”

I instinctively started to stroke his massive cock, and I was fascinated with his long foreskin sliding up and down and his wet cock head coming into view. Then Morgan said, “Oh that feels so good Eddie, but I have one more favor to ask. Please just lean over and kiss it for me. I think you’ll like the taste of it.”

I knew that I couldn’t kiss his cock so I said, “No Morgan I can’t put my mouth on a man’s cock. That would be dirty and nasty.”

He tried to coax me further saying, “Come on and just try it for me Eddie. I know that you’ll like it. If you do this I will take you to my home and give you some beer, and we can watch some movies together.”

At this point I could smell the musky odor coming from his crotch, and I really did want to kiss his cock and be able to get some beer from him. So as he placed his hand behind my head and slowly pushed me down to his lap, I knew that I would do it. As I got my mouth just above his cock, the odor was stronger, and I could smell stale piss that got trapped in his foreskin and ran down his balls from his day of going to the bathroom and not being able to wash himself afterwards. It should have grossed me out, but the odor was actually a turn-on for me.

I moved my head down the remaining few inches and was now tasting the piss and precum on the foreskin. Morgan was getting very excited and even more precum was freely flowing out of his piss slit, when he said, “Oh fuck Eddie, I just knew you would like it if you got a chance to try it. I just love feeling your lips and mouth on my dirty cock. But even better, you don’t even seem to mind my pee-soaked cock. Tell me Eddie, do you really like my piss? Do you want to taste even more of it?”

When Morgan started talking about his piss and me tasting it, I suddenly felt scared and remorseful for leaning down and kissing his cock like that. I kind of wanted to continue and see what it was like to suck a cock, but I guess I just wasn’t ready, and needed more time to get used to the idea. So I pulled

away and wiped my mouth with the sleeve of my shirt, and then said, “I’m sorry Morgan, I really didn’t mean to tease you, but I just can’t do this. I have never even touched another man’s cock, and I want to go home.”

Morgan was very disappointed, and without saying a word, he just pushed me away from his cock, zipped up his pants, and then took me the short distance to my home. As I was getting out of the truck, he said, “I didn’t mean to upset you Eddie, but I think we both know that if you would hold and then kiss my cock like you did, and not be grossed out by the stale piss, then you will want to do more one day. So don’t be surprised or upset if I invite you to try it again.”

I was just happy that Morgan didn’t seem to be angry with me. He was pretty much my boss since the owner never gave me any direction, and we still needed to be able to work together. The next few days went well and he acted normally and didn’t try anything. Though one time he did ask me if I wanted to go into the restroom with him, and I politely declined. But I have to admit that having that first sexual experience with him had given me a yearning for more, and it was only a matter of time. But it was important to me to retain some self respect and to not make the first move

The next week changed everything. I was walking home as usual, and his old Ford pick-up pulled alongside. The window was already down and Morgan said, “Hey Eddie, come on and ride with me. We can go to my place so you can have the beer I promised last week, and I won’t try anything with you unless you are okay with it.”

I decided to go with him since he was so nice about it, and truth be told I was interested in doing more with him. Within five minutes we pulled up in front of his home. We went inside and he got us both a beer, and then started a video for me, as he excused himself to “get more comfortable”, as I sat on the couch. As you might guess, the video was about a white teenage boy sucking an old black man’s cock. And not only did the boy swallow his cum, but the old man also pissed into the boy’s mouth. Then just as another scene was beginning, Morgan returned wearing a bathrobe. He didn’t have the front tied tightly, so as he sat next to me on the couch with his beer, I could see flashes of his cock and balls freely swinging between his legs.

He brought me another beer since I had already finished the first one, and I was already starting to feel relaxed and a little woozy. I couldn’t afford to purchase beer or booze on my own, so I wasn’t used to the alcohol and its effect on me. Soon we were into our third movie, all of them with that same theme, and my dick was rock hard in my pants. Morgan moved his hand over to my lap and started rubbing my lump, and then said, “Thanks for letting me rub the nice boner you have there Eddie. If you like the way it feels, you may also reach over and rub my cock like you did last week in the truck. Go ahead Eddie. It is about medium hard right now, and you can stroke it and feel it harden fully in your little hands.”

I did reach into the flap of his robe, and I could feel the thick shaft and those prominent veins, and the foreskin was rubbery and wet. I couldn't get my fingers all the way around it, but I started stroking him, and in only a couple of minutes, he was at his full, 10 thick inches. After being used to my own dick, his felt enormous in my hands, and I just loved the feel of him. What a sight it must be with me, a white teenager, stroking the massive black cock of an elderly black man. I knew that he was highly aroused because the precum was leaking profusely from his cock and running down my hand, and he finally looked over at me and asked, "You like it? I know that you must like it or you wouldn't have come to my home with me. Please lean down and kiss it for me Eddie. I know that you will love how hard it is and how wet it will be on your lips."

Morgan then placed his hand on my upper back and pulled me down to his hard, oozing cock. I knew that I wanted to try sucking his cock so I opened my mouth and felt the wet foreskin and cock head slide in. I know this must sound sick, but I just loved the taste and texture of his thick meat in my mouth, even though he had obviously not washed it all day, and he then pushed me even farther down on him. Then he said, "That's it Eddie, just keep sucking my cock for me. I knew you would like it, so don't be afraid to take even more of it into your mouth. Oh man, what a good cock sucker you are."

I reached down to fondle his huge testicles as I took more and more of Morgan's huge cock into my mouth. His meat was starting to press into my throat and I was gagging a little, so he released some of the pressure on my back and let me breathe and get used to his size. Then he firmly held my head in place as he thrust his hips faster and faster into my mouth. It only took him a few more minutes before he pressed his cock fully into me and I could feel it pulsing and squirting as he gasped, "Oh fuck Eddie, that's it, swallow all of my thick, black cum. I just love fucking you white boys and feeding you my seed. Keep sucking to get it all, and worship my big cock for me."

His cock started to soften as I sucked the remaining semen from him, and I was surprised that I no longer felt ashamed for sucking him. I enjoyed being used by him and tasting his thick cock and cum. I reluctantly started to pull away, but he held me in place and said, "I could tell last week that you didn't really mind the smell of the stale piss in my foreskin, so I'm going to do something for you now to wash down my thick cum. Just keep your lips tightly closed around my cock and swallow as fast as you can. I've been holding my pee ever since I left the theater, so it should be nice and strong tasting for you."

I struggled to pull away, but it was too late as I felt the full force of his piss flooding my mouth. I swallowed as fast as I could and avoided being gagged, and he must have released at least a pint of his piss before the flow subsided and finally stopped. He then pushed me away from his now fully-soft cock and said, "Damn Eddie, you took that better than any of the other boys on their first try, and I

can tell that you really like it.”

It is embarrassing for me to admit that I did like the feeling and taste of not only his cum, but also his piss, shooting into my mouth for me to swallow. I would never have believed that I would do something that nasty, but here I was, leaning over this old black man’s lap, having just swallowed all of his juices.

This was the beginning of a two year relationship with me as one of his white cock suckers, which continued until I left our small town for college. He used my mouth for his pleasure at least five times a week, sometimes at the theater and sometimes at his home, and he even invited a couple of his black friends to fuck my mouth and feed me their cum and piss.

The new environment at college and some new found self respect provided me with a clean break from my cock sucking relationship with Morgan and his friends. And then when I met Donna in college and discovered the joys of a wet pussy, I must have pushed all of those memories of my cock sucking days to the deep recesses of my mind.

My reminiscing of the time with Morgan was still swirling in my mind, and it seemed like I had been thinking of those experiences for hours, when I was jerked back to the present again with Lionel repeating those three little words, “You like it?”

I blinked and then realized that all of those memories had flashed through my mind in a few seconds. Lionel and I were still pissing, so it couldn’t have taken much time. Then surprisingly, I felt like that submissive white teenager again, staring at Lionel’s huge, pissing cock. At that moment I realized that I did like his big, black cock, and just like all those years ago with Morgan, I looked him in the eyes and said, “Uh huh.”

Lionel kept his cock aimed at the urinal as he turned slightly my way and said, “Oh fuck Ed, I could tell by the way you were staring at me that you liked my cock, so get on your knees and I’ll share it and some of my piss and cum with you. That’s it, don’t be shy, you know you want to suck me. There are two other white men in our office that couldn’t resist sucking me after they saw how big and thick it is. I don’t know what it is with some of you white men and your love for fat, black dick and semen, but I’m glad there are cock suckers like you and I’m happy to share it with you. My wife hasn’t given me any pussy in years, but you guys here at the office keep me plenty satisfied. ”

I had finished pissing as he placed his hand on my shoulder and pushed me to my knees next to him. Then he stopped the flow of his piss momentarily and turned my way before pulling my mouth onto his cock. Feeling his thick, wet cock head and foreskin in my mouth brought back more memories of me sucking Morgan, and I was just starting to get used to his thickness when his flow of

piss started again. I swallowed as fast as I could and was able to get it all down without leaking any on my shirt. As the flow of pee stopped, he began to stroke his now hardening cock in my mouth, and I could hardly believe that a man his age was still able to get hard so easily. Just as he was getting into a rhythm I said, “Let’s go to my private office Lionel. I have a couch in there which will be more comfortable, and we won’t risk being caught by the other janitor.”

Lionel pulled up his zipper and followed me the short distance to my office, and after we went in and closed and locked the door, and he was taking off his pants and underwear, he said, “This couch will be much more comfortable, but you don’t need to worry about Carlos catching us. He just loves to fuck white cock sucker’s mouths with his huge Latino cock, and I’d be happy to introduce you two after we are finished. But for now, get down there and suck my balls for me before I feed you my big load of cum.”

He sat on the couch and lay back, and his huge scrotum and balls were hanging over the cushion. Back when I was sucking Morgan he and his friends were never that interested in having their balls sucked, so this was a new experience for me. I lifted his sack off of the couch with my hand and could feel that his balls were the size of eggs.

I leaned down and took one of his gamey, musky testicles into my mouth and sucked it and licked his scrotum as Lionel held my head in place and said, “Oh fuck Ed that feels great. Most of the other cock suckers here at work won’t suck my balls, and I just love feeling you suck while at the same time rubbing your tongue all over them. Man, I’m really happy that we ended up at the urinal together tonight, and I can tell that you have sucked black cock and drank piss before. It usually takes me a while to get my cock suckers to drink my piss, but you just sucked my cock into your mouth and swallowed away. Somebody trained you very well.”

I was really enjoying this new sensation of sucking his balls, and I sucked both of his nuts and even his perineum for the next 20 minutes. Lionel was then ready for me to suck his cock again, so he pulled my mouth up to take his now-hard cock into my mouth. He was just a little shorter from what I remember of Morgan’s cock, but just as thick, and he was soon forcefully thrusting into my mouth. Then he stopped for a moment and said, “Let’s try another position. Come and lie back on the couch with your head hanging over the arm rest, so I can fuck you like the cunt you are. I think you’ll really like this.”

So I moved and got into position and he was soon thrusting his huge cock into my throat, fucking my mouth like a pussy. After about 10 minutes he quickened his strokes and just as he started to ejaculate he pulled back a little so he could shoot his load onto my tongue. His cum was surprisingly plentiful and thick for a man his age, and he continued to pulse and throb as he emptied himself in my mouth.

Following his ejaculation he sat back on the couch and I got between his legs again to suck, lick, and clean his balls and cock, and to get any remnants of his cum as it oozed from his urethra. I was so happy and turned on at getting to suck a black cock again, that I realized that I had ejaculated in my pants without even touching myself.

As I continued to worship his black genitals he got out his cell phone and I could hear him say, “Hey Carlos. Come on up to Ed’s office on the third floor. We’ve got us another cock sucker here, and he has just finished sucking my cock and swallowing my cum. And shit man, he even swallowed a cup of my piss at the urinal. No man, I don’t know who trained him, but he loves it. He seems to love black cock and I’m sure that he’ll love your huge brown one too. He’s still on his knees licking and sucking my cock and balls, and he can’t seem to pull himself away from me. Yeah man, come on up right now. I’m sure that he’d love to suck you and take all of your juices too. And don’t worry about washing up man, I think he likes it nasty.”

About five minutes later I got up from sucking Lionel to unlock the door. Carlos stepped in with a big smile on his face, and he seemed to be in his early 50s and was a little overweight. He dropped his pants and underwear as he approached the couch, and when he sat down next to Lionel, I could hardly believe the size of his cock and low-hanging, huge balls. And it was somehow even more erotic with his sweaty belly hanging down. He was already hard in anticipation of me sucking him and he had to be about 11 inches long and as thick as Lionel’s cock. He was also uncircumcised with precum oozing out of the foreskin, and he looked at me and said, “Come on and suck my brown cock Ed. After hearing Lionel describe how you sucked him and swallowed everything that came out of his cock, I know that you’ll just love sucking me too.”

I don’t want to get repetitive with the descriptions of sucking their cocks, but after sucking Carlos for only about five minutes, he filled my mouth with a huge load of cum, much more than Lionel fed to me. Then he held me there and forcefully pissed in my mouth as I swallowed to keep from choking. He just kept pissing and pissing as he smiled down at me at said, “That’s it Ed, drink my nasty piss. I always like to clean my pipes after I cum, and fortunately for you I really had to pee bad and was headed to the restroom when Lionel called me, and you’re getting at least a pint of it. Damn, I hope you like doing this enough that you’ll want to do it again and again. Lionel and I both like to be sucked at least four times a week, and we’d be happy to feed you all of the piss and cum you want.”

We all sat around and talked, and before the night was over I sucked both of them again, and spent a lot of time sucking their balls. I continued working late as much as possible so I could suck Lionel and Carlos on their night shift at work, and my wife was starting to wonder why I was working so much. But now that my memories of my teen years with Morgan were restored, and I had new experiences with Lionel and Carlos, I just couldn’t seem to get enough of their black and brown

cocks, balls, piss and cum.