Look...No Hands

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Published on Lush Stories on 01 Jul 2012

Read as I tell you EXACTLY how I feel while I type.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/lookno-hands.aspx

So here it is, for all of those ladies wondering what us guys do when we're home alone all by ourselves. Sitting in front of the computer, typing and letting you know EXACTLY what I'm doing and what I am feeling. The first thing I do is pause to put on this lime green vibrating cock ring I have. It's one of those that have the vibrating egg in it, so I turn it so that it's facing downward, resting on top of my ball sack As an added bonus, I have not had an orgasm in approximately two weeks, so I know I have plenty of built up cum in which to share. I slip the ring over and down my flaccid two and a half inch cock, making sure it is snug at the base. I put the vibrator on slow speed and begin typing again.

It doesn't take long before the low vibrations begin to make my cock stir (typing this out as it does so only increases my excitement level). I think of a female sitting at her desk, her pussy getting moist with desire and letting this story lead the way. I imagine her hand drifting between her legs as my cock rises to the occasion. I stare down briefly and yes; it's at its full five and three quarter inches (honesty counts, and every little bit helps). I squeeze my thighs together pushing the spiky little egg against my balls. I watch intently as my cock's bulbous head pushes forward. A part of me wants to reach down and stroke myself, but I made a commitment to myself before I started that this was going to be a hands-free orgasm.

As I type away I realize I have this rhythm going between my thighs. I glance down again. There is a small bead of precum fluid forming a puddle at the tip of my cock. I would normally take my forefinger and rub it in at the underside of my cock, that sensitive area just beneath the head. I give my thighs a hard squeeze together, squishing both balls and vibrator tightly together. I watch as an even bigger glob of precum appears. My mind is spinning with thoughts of cumming for some, any mysterious female reading this. The precum dribbles ever so slowly down the side of my cock. But still…no hands allowed.

My cock pulses now with every single heart beat. My mind wanders from concentrating on the computer and typing to the sensations running through my cock. I know I won't be able to hold out much longer, but still I go on. I only hope that by reading this that mysterious female's pussy is wet with desire. Maybe she has a finger or two pumping in and out of her snatch with thoughts of me

cumming. Oh god, just typing that brings me that much closer. My breathing is getting raspier, my cock throbbing, begging for attention. I stop ever so briefly to push that vibrating egg tightly between my balls, making sure not to touch my cock.

I squeeze my thighs against it again. I switch the vibrator on to medium speed, which in turn causes my cock to jump. No, no, no…I don't want to cum too fast. I'd rather tease/torture myself a bit longer. I want to hold out as long as possible. Which won't be much longer either way. My balls are drawn tight; it is no longer a saggy ball sack. That would be the first clue to any female that I was with…my orgasm is approaching and there isn't a lot of time. I imagine you sitting there, fingers buried deep in your pussy, begging me to cum for you. My cock throbs with the thought of it. "Cum for me baby" you whisper so seductively.

I am so close…I think of my very first orgasm. I never even touched myself…I was reading the book The Happy Hooker by Xavier Hollander. I was sixteen, lying in bed naked. I had skipped school that day. Those very same intense feelings seem to wash all over me again. My heart is racing, my cock shiny with all of the precum it has released. I can't help myself. I squeeze my legs together again, hard, reveling in the sensations that the vibrator is providing. I hold them together as my pulse quickens. I squeeze harder, knowing that I am almost there.

Finally I feel the first spurt erupt from cock. It lands just above my belly button. Shortly followed by my dick spitting out gob after gob of cum. I'll bet there was no less than five good spurts followed by a half dozen or so smaller ones. It runs down my belly down in to my pubic hair. Still I don't touch myself. I let the feeling of my orgasm completely overcome me (no pun intended). I glance down and look at it, still throbbing, still searching for more cum to release. My belly streaked with cum, now pooled up in my pubic hair.

My mind wanders back to that mysterious female…did she cum with me? Did she enjoy my little show? There is no bigger turn on for me than knowing that I turned someone else on in return. I release my thigh hold grip on the bullet and reach down to remove the ring. As I pull it up from my dwindling, still semi-hard cock, another glob of cum oozes from its head. Now and only now do I smear it around my cock I take it in to my hand and begin to pump my cum-slick cock slowly. Much to my amazement, it seems to respond to my touch. Soon it is rock hard again. My only question is…what about you? Are you ready to go again?