Turning the Skeptic

By maddog_bassist

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First time playing with prostate massager

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---"I'm fighting the war against prostate cancer!!"

I can remember hollering that to a family member in an attempt to get them to leave me in peace once, and that's all I'd say to the prostate's credit. My doctor claimed it would be both good for me and feel good, but I never bought it.

I'll admit to being a skeptic freely--hell, I still am today in a way. I wasn't sure it was even all that big a deal for sex; I never got off when I got fucked and I never got off on dildos or butt plugs either. I mean, sure, I came, but I had to jack it to finish myself off. Doc claimed I should try it once, just to see how it felt...even wrote a prescription for me so I could try it out. (I bet the company he sent me to pays him to do that...)

So it comes in the mail one day in a box as unassuming as a cell phone box. I open it up: the toy itself is unassuming in size, a little smaller than my hand. Its biggest part was at the top, and it had a handle that stimulated the area between your balls and ass and kept it from falling out. It's smaller than my man by far, but it looked just as thick at the top. I decided to try it later that night, more to get the doctor off my back than to actually enjoy it.I relax and take a hot shower to loosen up. After I dry off, I lube myself up and insert it in--I remember how smooth and easy the entrance was. I took a look at the instructions:

"Thank you for purchasing blah-blah-blah...we have satisfied over blah-blah-blah...TO USE:"

Finally, I thought,

"Contract your sphincter to use. You may find you'd like to speed up and/or slow down the speed of your contractions, based on how much pleasure you want."

OK, Doc, I thought as I begun, *If nothing else, I've tried it.*

I clench my sphincter like I would on my lover's thick cock as it rammed me. But this time, I felt something in return. I felt the familiar sensations of being filled up by something, but I got something back as well this time--an almost indescribable wave of pleasure. I couldn't help but speed up, and the faster I got, the more of those shock waves I got. Two minutes in I'm panting wildly, struggling to keep my increasingly louder moans down as I eventually have to slow down to catch my breath. I reach down to stroke my cock--one simple brush of the head is light lightning coursing through my body. I resume my pattern of clenching, while stroking my cock at the same time. I quickly developed a pattern--clench, stroke, clench, stroke, waves after waves of indescribable pleasure. Pre-cum is flowing freely from my cock, and I'm moaning and loving every minute of getting fucked by this wonderful little piece.

When my orgasm came, I was truly at a loss for words. It was like no orgasm I'd ever had--I felt it build through my toes, my legs, my torso, my arms, and into my head as if a wave was crashing over me. When it happened, I can remember shaking violently, moaning and writhing on my bed as the pleasure transported me into an almost animal state of euphoria. As I came, streams and streams of thick, white cum shot across me, hitting my chest, my face, and eventually dripping down my cock into my balls and onto the toy's handle. Taking the toy out sent an almost painful wave of pleasure through me--thankfully, the thing's not covered in shit. I throw it on the dirty laundry pile, wipe myself off with a white tee and collapse on my bed, thoroughly spent and incredibly impressed.

All this and I'm still a skeptic though--mainly because I have yet to experience that kind of stimulation with another man. I do know one thing for sure--if ever I'm not, I always have this to (literally) fall back on.