

Male Virgin

By Paddler

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Jan 2011



© 2010 - 2011 All rights reserved
If you'd like to spin off my tales, private message me first.

1st Gay Spanking, 1st Gay Handjob

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/male-virgin.aspx>

Note: This is a true and accurate account. A man responded to an ad I placed in my local semi-underground newspaper back in 1993. The ad touted me as a sympathetic and understanding but demanding master. He had no experience of sex with men or in B&D. We both enjoyed the session. I met the man at a public place and he agreed to submit to discipline. I explained he could say, "Yellow" if he wanted me to ease up, and "Red" if he wanted me to stop. We drove to his apartment. Once there, I commanded him to strip, which he did, his handsome face showing some embarrassment. I held and inspected his 7 inch long, thin cock, holding it gently and stroking it to an erection. He told me this was pleasurable and that I was the first man to touch his cock. Soon, I told him that he was enjoying his punishment entirely too much and that he needed to be spanked. I made him lie over my lap and tucked his cock between my legs. I handspanked him enough to redden his cheeks. His cock softened, despite my squeezing it with my legs. In any event, he merely grunted at some of the slaps, and didn't use either of his safe words. After spanking him for a while, I had him go to the bathroom to inspect his own red ass in the mirror. I complimented him on accepting it so well, and ran my hand over his smooth warm cheeks. He really had smooth skin that was a pleasure to touch. I spanked him a few times while he watched in the mirror, and he saw his redness increase. Back in the living room, I stroked him and spanked him a bit more, then introduced him to a small cat o'nine tails. After he accepted a few strokes on his ass, I made him lie on the couch with his legs spread and his ass jutting. I twirled the cat, lashing his cheeks, and then swung the cat between his legs, lightly whipping his cock and balls. Alternately, I reached between his legs and stroked. We both liked this part of the session very much. When I felt he'd taken enough of this, I allowed him to sit next to me as I stroked him a bit. A drop of precum appeared on his tip, so I warned him of dire consequences for coming without permission. He told me if I continued to stroke him, he would come. I told him he'd been good, had taken it all well, so I'd help him gain control of his cock. I used one tendril of the cat's tail and bound the base of his cock—not tightly enough to be painful, but enough to constrict the flow of blood. I stroked him some more, warning him again about the consequences of

coming without permission. I also clamped his nipples - lightly. It was his first time, after all. Again I felt he was enjoying his punishment too much, so I stopped stroking him, and commanded him to crawl around the table on his hands and knees. This man, who supervises over 1000 employees by day, gave me a piteous look of appeal, but I didn't relent. I slapped his cheeks as he came to me at the end of this short but humiliating activity. I allowed him to sit on the couch, and I stroked him as a reward for obedience. Again, he lubricated his tip with precum. Changing pleasures, I stopped stroking and began slapping his cock with my open hand - lightly. I spoke very impersonally about it. "It likes to be slapped, doesn't it? It twitches and hardens each time I slap." It was very exciting to feel his warm cock and see it bounce, all stiff and aroused, as I slapped it. He agreed that it felt good, and said he could hardly believe that he liked it. I told him he should be flogged before I'd allow him to come. I had him lie over the soft arm of his couch and went to work on his ass with a heavy flogger. It's longer and thicker than the cat, with more tails. I started out very lightly, which can be very pleasurable and not painful at all, increasing the force until I was striking his red cheeks quite hard. Eventually, he muttered, "Yellow," so I stopped and went to his nearby refrigerator. He had no ice, but found a can of frozen orange juice. I rubbed this over his warm red ass, and he thanked me. Throughout this moderate flogging and the ice, his cock remained erect. When he was sufficiently cooled off, I had him kneel sideways on the couch, so his knees and hands were on the seat. I knelt on the floor beside him, and hand spanked his ass with my left hand while I stroked his cock with my right. I gave him permission to come whenever he wished. I spanked harder and faster as I stroked him. In a few moments, his body twitched and he cried out as he came. I stroked and spanked him until he stopped spattering his jism over his couch. I rubbed his buns a bit to soothe him. He cleaned himself up, and we discussed the session. He'd enjoyed it more than he'd anticipated, and thanked me very nicely. I didn't choose to have him pleasure me this time; I felt this was a unique experience for him, and my place was to help him. We never repeated the experience.