

Honeymoon

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A honeymoon is turned upside down by a seductive stranger

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Kathy and I were on our honeymoon, strolling along the lakefront. There was an art festival on the lake and we were admiring the work on display. Kathy became involved in a lengthy discussion with one of the vendors, a jeweler, so I wandered away on my own. I found myself in a Potter's tent. Just outside the tent was a makeshift, wooden potter's wheel used for demonstrations. His name was Gary, a well-built sandy-haired guy in a tight tank-top. He looked about thirty-five years old. His pottery was very nice but it was difficult to examine the work because my eye kept returning, for some reason, to his arms. I found them captivating. They were smooth and hairless with thick ropes of defined muscle and prominent blue veins. They certainly weren't body-builder big, but they stood out dramatically, veined and corded. With the slightest move of his body some tight muscle group in the arms would jump to the surface and stand there glistening. The spectacle was so impressive that I found myself looking back and forth from arm to arm, as if watching a show. Oddly enough, there was a strange stirring of pleasure in my loins. Gary busted me watching him and I felt my face redden. He was explaining the process of his craft, how the pottery, after a second kiln-firing was much more durable. With a small bowl in the palm of his hand he said, "Feel how hard that is." My hand seemed to have a mind of its own because it went beyond the bowl and came to rest upon the bunched-up biceps muscle in his arm. I have no idea why. My fingers pushed into it from several angles. It felt like a piece of lumber. The tips of my fingers stroked it for a while. When I realized that I had a raging erection, I pulled my hand back and hurried away without speaking. I caught up with Kathy near the jeweler's tent where we continued our stroll, my dick throbbing in my shorts. The following morning Kathy wanted to sleep in, so I left the hotel and went for a walk along the lakefront. The artisans were busy preparing their booths for another day. I came upon the pottery booth where Gary was making some kind of vessel on the wheel. When he looked up and saw me approaching, the wheel stopped spinning. He smashed a fist into the clay and began to work it with his hands. Once again he was stuffed into a tight tank-top. As he kneaded and pushed the clay, the muscles in his arms and shoulders leaped and slithered like thick snakes. I was hypnotized. My dick was hard. My gaze fell upon the dramatic movement in his shoulders, the veined cables jumping out of his arms. It was very confusing. I felt weak and helpless, as if my life was no longer in my own hands, that the slightest breeze might carry me away like a feather. Finally he scooped up the clay and held it casually with his

arm at a 90 degree angle so that the biceps muscle peaked. My eyes drilled holes into it. It wasn't especially large but it was tight to the point of bursting. It looked almost angry. My heart was pounding in tandem with my cock. When I looked at Gary's face he was wearing a small, triumphant smile. He climbed down from the wheel and said something about going to his van for more clay. He crossed the street and I followed. He did not turn around to see if I was behind him. He didn't have to; he knew. I was his puppet and he was pulling my strings. I found it liberating to be entirely under the control of another, to have no free will whatsoever. There were no choices to make, no problems to solve. You merely put one foot in front of the other. Gary turned a corner and entered a field filled with trucks, RV's and vans. He entered an old beat up RV, leaving the door open. I entered and closed the door. Boxes of pottery and bags of clay were strewn about the space. Gary stood in the center of the room, still crammed into that tank-top. But he was naked from the waist down. In my entire life I had seen a total of two erect penises, my own and my best friend Frank's when we were sixteen years old. After Frank I discovered girls and never looked back. Now, at the age of 25, I was looking in disbelief at my third. It was enormous. I didn't know they came that big. It was bobbing out in front of him like some kind of weapon, a club with a great red head and veins to rival those in his arms. "Guess what," he said. "It's time for you to get busy." I approached slowly. When I was close enough, he touched the top of my head with a finger and my knees hit the floor. At first he gave me explicit instructions and I followed them to the letter. But as things progressed I gained confidence and began to improvise. I became creative. My own boner was so hard that I dropped my shorts to give it some air. I thought I might be able to bring myself off while working on Gary but soon realized that it wasn't possible. His monster-cock needed all of my attention, both hands and my mouth. In fact, a third hand would've been helpful. Things got wild. I went crazy. I went after the task at hand with a wild and furious abandon. I kissed, licked and nibbled. Sliding underneath, I teased his testicles with my teeth. I washed his anus with my tongue. I lost control and went ballistic on his dick. If you saw it, you would agree that he deserved it. I sucked frantically on that swollen head. He said, "Swirl your tongue around." Baby I swirled and swirled and swirled. I became a swirling fool for a very long time while tickling his balls and stroking that massive shaft. I very much wanted to make him moan, to know that I was pleasing him. I was delighted when the moans finally came-- until I realized that it was I who was making all the noise. He suddenly grabbed a fistful of my hair and began to ram the club roughly into my face, his swollen knob banging against the back of my throat. With no warning whatsoever my mouth was filled with hot semen. He said, "Swallow it all." I tried my best, but it was a huge load. I managed most of it. I gagged. When he pulled the monster out, some of it splashed on the vinyl floor. When I bent over and obediently lapped it up he said, "That's a good boy." He went to a cot against the wall and lay down, his veined weapon still tall, swollen, waving in the air. My instructions were to kneel beside him and give it a thorough cleaning with my tongue. I threw myself eagerly into the task. I was doing a bang up job when his hand grabbed my dick. Suddenly I was about to come. All ten of my fingers went to his arm. From shoulder to wrist I probed and kneaded every snake and nugget of muscle in that awesome limb. I pushed into a thick blue arm-vein with the tip of my tongue. I put my mouth onto his biceps in the same way you'd make out with a woman. He gave my cock a gentle

squeeze while flexing the arm, hard and thick against my lips and fingertips and I exploded instantly. Grunting, groaning, shaking, drooling, I came. It was by far the best orgasm of my life. When I opened my eyes he was wearing the same superior smile. With both hands I took hold of his hard upper arm and began kissing it tenderly. Back at the hotel Kathy asked where I'd been. "At the lakefront," I said, "chatting with some artists." "Oh, your potter friend? I saw you talking with him yesterday." "Yeah, he's a nice guy." "I like his work," she said. "And how about those arms of his!" Boom! I got an instant erection. "What do you mean?" "Are you kidding?" she said. "You didn't see his arms? They're incredible. I've never seen anything quite like them; he works with all that heavy clay. They're quite lovely, no offense." "None taken." With my dick throbbing in my pants I said, "I guess I just didn't notice." That night Kathy and I made passionate love. I'd never been hornier in my life. Overwhelmed with desire I ravaged her in a way that had always been beyond my abilities. Having just learned that I was not so well-endowed, I was hell-bent to make a difference with energy and passion. With my hands cupped under her ass I gained a perfect angle with which to tease her. I gave her a little cock then a little more. Knowing, at long last, that my dick was small, I had to pull rabbits out of a hat. I pretended that my little-dick was big-dick. I became an illusionist. I played her. I manipulated her. She bought into it, whimpering softly, purring like a kitten. With my tongue in her ear she stiffened and groaned. Her anus twitched furiously against my fingertip. A shudder passed through her body and she said, "Jesus-fuck!" Determined to bring her off a second time I redoubled my efforts. I was doing a good job of holding back my orgasm until she pushed her tongue deep into my mouth. I imagined that it was Gary's cock and came instantly, ecstatically. When I collapsed alongside her she said, "I don't know what's gotten into you, wild man, but you were great." This was especially nice to hear for it was proof that I wasn't gay.