

Active Duty in the Airport Hotel

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I sucked two men's cocks in an airport hotel when I was in the Navy.

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This is a true story of an experience I had when I was twenty years old and in the Navy, traveling to my active duty station in Norfolk, VA. It was 1970, and after completing basic training, I had visited my parents in Portland, OR before traveling to my active duty assignment.

There weren't as many flights available back then as there are today, so I had to stay overnight at Chicago's O'Hare airport, and then take an early flight out to Norfolk the next morning. Those were the only flights available, and since the Navy did not provide lodging for the type of travel, it looked like I would have to sit in the terminal all night.

I was a normal heterosexual guy at that time and had many girlfriends and an active sex life with women. I did have some rather innocent homosexual experiences with my best friend, Mike, when we were about sixteen years old, but nothing since then. For a brief period we used to masturbate and sometimes suck each other's dicks, but we only did that a few times, and then moved on to girls. I do have to admit that although I had no homosexual contact since those early experiences, I still had fond memories of those times.

When I was preparing for the trip to Norfolk and knew that I would have some down time to kill, I decided to find some reading material for the trip. I went to an adult bookstore in Portland to buy a Playboy magazine, and while I was perusing the shelves I came across a gay magazine that had all kinds of stories about first-time homosexual encounters. That magazine brought to mind my earlier experiences with Mike, so I purchased both magazines, and was looking forward to some stimulating reading on my trip.

I arrived at O'Hare about 7:00 pm, and then found a restaurant in the terminal for dinner. Following dinner I found a quiet corner in the terminal to relax and read my magazines, and it was then 8:00 pm. I read the Playboy first and was getting quite a hard-on reading the stories and looking at the pictures of the naked women. By the time I finished the Playboy it was 9:30 pm, and then I started reading the homosexual magazine. I had been reading the magazine for about fifteen minutes when a

man who looked to be about fifty years old sat down across from me in the terminal, only about seven feet away across the aisle.

He appeared to be a normal looking business man, at about five feet and ten inches tall and I guessed about one hundred and seventy pounds, and he seemed pleasant enough. But it seemed a little odd to me that he would be sitting in that rather isolated area of the terminal. I looked up from my reading from time to time, and periodically he would be looking my way, and sometimes smiled. Then it dawned on me that he might be able to see the cover of my gay magazine.

I put the booklet inside the Playboy and continued reading, assuming that he hadn't seen the cover. The combination of the Playboy pictures and the homosexual stories really had me aroused, and I was absent mindedly rubbing my cock through my dress blue uniform pants. I hoped that he hadn't noticed that either.

A few minutes later the businessman moved over and sat beside me and said, "Hi, sailor. I really appreciate what you servicemen do for our country, and just wanted to personally thank you for your service. Where are you headed? By the way, my name is Fred."

I said, "I also appreciate your acknowledgement of our service. I'm headed to Norfolk to meet up with my ship for my first Navy assignment, but I have to stay over in the terminal to catch my flight early tomorrow morning. My name is Ed."

Fred then said, "Look, Ed, I'm staying at the Airport Hilton, just across the walkway from here, and I'd be happy to give you a place to sleep for the night. It will be no problem for me, and you will be a lot fresher in the morning to continue your trip to Norfolk."

I was obviously nervous about accepting such an invitation from a total stranger, but he seemed like a sincere and nice man, so I said, "Okay, that is very nice of you, and it would be good to get a full night's sleep. Just give me your room number and I'll be over in a few minutes."

Fred said, "Great, my room number is 525, and I'll be waiting for you to knock."

The reason that I wanted to follow him in a few minutes was because I wanted to put my sea bag and other personal belongings in a locker. Even though he seemed nice enough, I wanted to make sure that I wasn't going to be robbed or something. So, I stowed my gear in a locker and headed over to his room.

The desk clerk gave me a suspicious look as I walked to the elevator, probably because of the uniform and he knew that I probably couldn't afford such an expensive room, but he didn't say

anything or try to stop me. I soon arrived at Fred's room and knocked on the door.

Fred answered the door and welcomed me in, but the first thing I noticed was that there was only one queen-sized bed in the room. I was getting a little nervous at that point and said, "Oh, I see there is only one bed. Would it be alright if I just slept in that big chair by the window?"

Fred said, "Oh yeah, sorry about the bed situation, but you can either sleep in the chair, or we can share the bed. It is plenty big and we'll have enough room, but it is your choice."

Because Fred seemed so flexible about the bed situation, I decided that it would be okay to sleep there with him, and I went to the bathroom to freshen up. I washed my face and took a piss, and then took off my dress blues. I stepped out of the bathroom, wearing just my t-shirt and skivvies, and hung my uniform in the closet next to the door to the room. Fred was already in bed under the sheet watching TV, and I moved around to the other side of the bed and got under the sheet. We just laid there watching TV for a while; just making small talk, and then Fred began to speak with a less casual tone.

He said, "Look, Ed, I saw that magazine you were reading before you covered it with the Playboy, and I was just wondering if you had a desire to show me your thanks for sharing my room with you?"

I was kind of shocked at his forward comment and asked, "What do you mean? How would you expect me to show my thanks? After all, you asked me here to show me your thanks."

Fred then replied, "I saw you reading that little magazine about first-time homosexual encounters, and I just thought you might be interested in giving me a blowjob."

I was a little stunned from that comment and replied, "I've never done anything like that with a man. I just bought that magazine to have something to read, and never had any intention of having sex with a man."

Fred said, "You might not have actively thought about it before, but you must have some homosexual desires deep inside of you, or you wouldn't have bought a magazine like that in the first place. So what do you say, it's just a blowjob, and no one else will ever know?"

I thought about Fred's comments for a few moments, and his logic was oddly starting to make sense to me. I was certainly aroused by reading both of those magazines, and I admitted to myself that I was thinking about my friend and our homosexual acts when I bought the magazine. And besides, I was a little curious about what it would be like to suck a mature man's cock, and that would be a good opportunity to do it, being away from home and anyone that I knew.

I then said, "Okay, Fred, I have never done this before, but I will try it. But, I am still very embarrassed about this. You will need to stay covered with the sheet when I go under there to suck your cock. Will that be okay with you?"

Fred said, "Hell yes, I don't care how you do it. I just need a blowjob very badly, and I need to cum in your mouth while you're sucking me."

I was so naïve back then, and that was the first time it dawned on me that I would be tasting a grown man's cum for the first time. It did excite me a little, but I was also afraid of the unknown. I struggled with myself for a few moments to raise my courage, and then decided that I didn't want the opportunity to pass me by.

I slowly turned around in the bed, so I could slide under the sheet and over to Fred's cock. There was enough ambient light coming through the sheet from the room, so I could clearly see everything, although it was a little dim under there.

Fred was wearing a t-shirt, and I noticed when I got down farther that he was wearing white boxer shorts. I slowly reached out my hands and gripped the waist-band of his boxers and slid them down to his ankles. I then got my first look at his cock. It was still soft, cut and about five inches long and what looked to be normal thickness. I also smelled his musky scent. He also has a nice set of hairy balls. I just looked at his genitals for a moment, trying to take in all of the sights and smells of the experience.

I moved closer to his cock and tasted it with my tongue, and then took the thickening cock head into my mouth. Fred squirmed a little and pushed his hips towards me when I took that first taste, and I knew that he was really getting horny. Fred's cock hardened quickly as I started sucking him and taking ever more of it into my mouth.

I'm guessing that his cock is about six and a half inches long fully hard, and the thickness is enough to fill my mouth. I was starting to enjoy the taste and feel of his cock sliding in and out of my mouth, and I was then able to go all the way down on him until my nose was in his dark pubic hair, and the head of his cock was just at the entrance to my throat. I also began to taste what had to be his precum, and it was salty, and had just a little bit of a bitter taste.

Fred was starting to squirm more in the bed, and he was pushing his hips in time with my sucking movements, and kind of fucking my mouth. It wasn't long before he reached down with both hands to hold my head in place, and on one final push into my mouth, I felt his cock start to stiffen, throb, and then pulse as his cum shot into my mouth. He held me as squirt after squirt was filling my mouth, and I

had to swallow once right away, to keep from choking. I really liked the taste of his semen, and even the idea that a man was fucking my face and shooting his cum into my mouth was very arousing to me.

There was no doubt about it, for that moment, I was Fred's cock sucking bitch and I enjoyed being submissive to him. I kept sucking his cock as it softened in my mouth, and I finally, and reluctantly, moved away from him. I turned around in the bed, and for the first time faced the first adult man that I had ever sucked and swallowed.

Fred was lying back on his pillow with his eyes closed and he had a very satisfied look on his face. When he sensed that I had turned back around and was watching him, he looked at me and said, "Ed, I can't believe that you have never done that before. That was just fabulous, and best of all, I felt you swallowing my cum, and then sucking even harder for more. My wife will sometimes blow me, but she never swallows my cum and sucks so hard to get it all out of me! You're a natural cock sucker my friend. How do you feel about giving your first blowjob, and to a stranger no less?"

I answered him saying, "I'm still very embarrassed by all of this, but the feeling of your cock sliding in and out of my mouth, and the taste and feel of your cum shooting in was amazing. I never thought I could do this, but now that I have, I actually find myself wanting more."

Fred then said, "If you are serious about wanting more cock, I might be able to help you out. I am traveling with a work associate who has a room down the hall, and I could give him a call and ask him if he would like a blow job. What do you say?"

I felt a little sheepish about asking for another cock to suck, but I wanted it badly and asked him to make the call while I washed my face and rinsed out my mouth in the bathroom.

When I came out of the bathroom, Fred said, "I just spoke with Tony, and since we have both been away from home for a week, he could use a blow job too. He is in room number 520, and will be expecting you to knock on the door. Just get dressed and go on down there for some more cock, and good luck to you. Also, thanks again for the great sucking you gave me. I'd like you to have a little token of my appreciation."

After saying that, Fred handed me two twenty dollar bills, which was quite a bit of money back then, especially for a new Navy guy on the beginning pay scale. I tried to argue him out of it, and frankly felt a little like a whore for taking it, but finally just gave in, got dressed, and headed down the hall to Tony's room. I knocked on Tony's door, and he answered it, wearing just a pair of tight, white briefs.

He said, "Hey, sailor boy, Fred told me that he just fed you your first taste of man milk, and that you

want more. Come on in and get comfortable, and then we can get started.”

Tony is a bigger man than Fred, standing about six feet and two inches tall and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. He is hairy and has a dark complexion, and I'm guessing that he is of Italian decent, and he also had a little beer belly. I removed my dress blues again, and waited for Tony to tell me how to proceed.

Tony then said, “Let's get in bed. Fred told me that you were still a little embarrassed at having someone watch you sucking dick, and that you liked to be under the sheet. That's fine with me, so come on get in bed. I would also like for you to suck my big nuts if you don't mind. That really gets me aroused.”

I got under the sheet and started moving down to Tony's cock, just as I had done with Fred. This put us in a head-to-groin position, almost like sixty-nine, except that my lower body wasn't close to Tony's head, and I knew that he had no intention of sucking me. I slid his underwear down and off his legs, and was immediately aware of his strong, but not unpleasant, musky odor.

His cock was already hard, in anticipation of the blow job, and it is uncut and a little bigger than Fred's. I guessed that it is about seven and a half inches long, and quite thick. His foreskin was already wet with precum, and it just barely covered the large cock head. My attention was also drawn to his large, hairy balls, and his testicles looked to be the size of golf balls.

I slid down a little farther and licked and sucked those big balls into my mouth. That was my first experience sucking a grown man's balls, and I liked the feeling of them in my mouth while I rolled them around with my tongue. His hairy scrotum sack hung down about six inches, and I spent about fifteen minutes sucking his balls. Tony was moaning loudly then, and it was apparent that having his balls sucked was getting him very excited. But I was hungry for his big cock, so I slid back toward the top of the bed, lifted a little, and took that thick cock meat into my mouth.

I started sucking on Tony's cock head and foreskin and noticed that his precum tasted a little sweet. I began to move up and down on his cock shaft, taking a little more in on each stroke, and Tony was beginning to lift his hips to push more of his meat into my mouth. Then he changed our position a little. He bent his legs and pulled his knees up so his legs were pressed against the sides of my head. Then he rolled sideways toward me, so that we were still in that quasi sixty-nine position, only we were on our sides, and my head was being held in place between his thighs.

I continued sucking Tony's cock in that position, but he also began to pivot his hips and thrust his cock into my mouth. I'll never forget that feeling of being held by his legs as he slowly fucked my face. That was my first experience at feeling that submissive to another man, and he was fucking my

mouth like a cunt. He continued his thrusting until his strokes got faster and shorter, and then he pushed one last time and held himself in my sucking mouth.

His big cock began to pulse, and I felt his plentiful cum enter my mouth. He produced a larger volume of cum that Fred did, and I had to swallow three times to get it down. He continued to hold his cock in my mouth as it began to soften, and I kept sucking him and tasting the remnants of his cum. He finally spread his legs and released my head, and I moved back to the top of the bed.

Tony was looking at me when my head popped out from under the sheet and he said, "That was a great blowjob, and I really appreciate the way you swallowed my cum. My wife won't suck my cock at all, and the only other blow job I've had was from a girlfriend many years ago. She wasn't nearly as enthusiastic of a cocksucker as you are, and she spit my cum out instead of swallowing it. It was really a pleasure to feel you swallow with my cock still in your mouth."

After talking a little more with Tony about what I had just done, we were both getting tired and I rolled over and went to sleep in his bed. I woke up at about 6:00 am and went to the bathroom to piss and shower before leaving to catch my flight. When I came out of the bathroom Tony was up and waiting for me.

Tony said, "Thanks again for a great suck job. That is something that I'll remember for a long time. I also have a little something for you as a token of my thanks."

He handed me a fifty dollar bill, which as I said before was a lot of money back then, and especially to me. I tried not to take it but he insisted, and I finished getting dressed and left his room to return to the terminal.

I completed my trip to Norfolk, but I was feeling very guilty about my homosexual behavior. Also, it was bad enough that I had sucked off two complete strangers, but they also had paid me. I felt like a cum-whore and really struggled with my self-image.

You might be surprised to know that I tried to remove some of the guilt by visiting a whore house in Norfolk and spending the ninety dollars in suck money there. The pussy was good, and it did help a little. As time passed, I finally started feeling better about things, and enjoyed reliving those encounters in my mind. I'd bet that those two business men also enjoy the memories of the cock sucking sailor who drained their balls in that airport hotel.

I really enjoyed sucking those two men in the hotel and swallowing their cum, but I didn't have any other homosexual experiences for another thirty years. That airport situation was a rare, serendipitous opportunity, and I just never had any other opportunities present themselves. That

airport encounter was probably a once-in-a-lifetime thing, and I often think about how special it was. I know that if another situation had presented itself, I would have gone for it.

I got married after my military service, raised a family, and had no further interest in man sex until I was in my late forties. By then, my wife had lost interest in sex of any kind, and I began to look for some sexual relief. Since we were then in the internet age, I began searching for pictures and stories, and finally discovered thousands of Yahoo sites that I enjoyed. I especially liked the cuckold and creampie stories, and from there I began to read bisexual, cock sucking stories.

I consider myself to be bisexual because I still like women and pussy the most, but I also enjoy sucking a cock from time to time. I don't like any huggy, kissy, or anal stuff with men, but I do like to suck cock and balls and swallow cum. I hope that you enjoyed my story, and I want to remind everyone to be careful in their sexual encounters.

My unprotected sex in 1970 didn't seem so dangerous since it was prior to the introduction of HIV/AIDS and other diseases into society, but it is a dangerous world now, and you always need to be aware of the risks.