Canadian Sex Story

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A married man is seduced by the young man waiting on his table in a restuarant.

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Jake cursed as he pulled on his dress pants; he could only just do up the zipper and his big cock and balls bulged obscenely. It had been years since he had last worn those pants and the only other thing he had with him was his dirty jeans.

His company had sent him on a short training course in Edmonton . It was the first time that he had been in the city and he didn't feel at all comfortable. He felt even more uncomfortable as he walked into the hotel restaurant that evening and he noticed the waiter's eyes drop down to his overstuffed crotch.

'These are the only decent pair of pants I've got with me,' he said.

'Decent?' the waiter chuckled. 'Mister, you couldn't be more naked if you tried.'

'Can you get me a table in a corner?' Jake asked. 'Where it's dark and no one can see me.'

'Follow me,' the waiter replied.

Jake was shocked that he noticed how the guy's little bubble butt bounced up and down when he walked. 'That would be a damn fine ass on a girl,' he told himself, but already there was a little chink in his armor. He could tell right away, from the way the guy looked at him and from the tone of his voice, what this guy was into. Once, long ago, a traveling salesman had passed through his small town and had looked at him that way. Damn! How he wished his wife was here. Anymore they had so little to say to each other but at least she would be a shield to keep him safe.

He had never dined out alone before and what the hell was with all the different cutlery? He had no idea what it was all for and had to swallow his pride and ask the waiter. Jake squirmed in his seat as the waiter leaned over his shoulder to show him what each piece of cutlery was for. He had put the memory of that traveling salesman with his slick patter and his persuasive ways to the back of his

mind but now, with this long lashed, dark eyed waiter hovering around and paying him special attention he realized just how vulnerable he was.

He was lonely. He was bored. He was pushing forty and would never have a thirty inch waist again. There was a time when he could confidently flirt with a pretty girl safe in the knowledge that he was considered quite a catch. But now all of that had gone. He couldn't remember when last a woman had looked at him with interest. And now here was this young guy, maybe twenty four or twenty five, flirting with him.

'Everything alright over here?' the waiter asked some time later.

'Yes thanks,' Jake replied.

'Nice to see a man with a good healthy appetite,' the waiter said.

'You like that, do you?' Jake asked, surprised at the flirting tone of his own voice. 'Men with great big…er appetites.'

The waiter picked up on it instantly. His eyes dropped down to Jake's crotch and drank in the immense bulge. He could tell that this man was no city dweller; everything about him spoke of a Canada of wide open spaces and a simpler way of being. They sure did breed them fine in the country. Rick couldn't remember when last he had felt so horny, or excited. The way this dude's big cock and fat balls were outlined in his pants was totally lust inducing. He could feel his sensitive, exposed cock head brushing up against the cotton of his underpants and knew he was in serious jeopardy of throwing a boner.

'I've not come across a man with a big…appetite in a long time,' Rick said.

'Pity you're not a girl,' Jake told him.

'Mister, believe me, if I got hold of that big thing down there you wouldn't be able to tell the difference.'

'You think huh?' Jake drawled.

He couldn't believe he was doing this, couldn't believe he was talking to a stranger this way, couldn't believe he was flirting with a guy! He felt hot and clammy at the same time, his pulse raced. What the hell was happening to him? One night away from the marital bed and he was falling through the cracks, falling back in time to the excitement he felt on that one crazy night that he thought was safely

in the past.

‘My shift gets done at ten,’ Rick told him.

‘And why are you telling me that?’ Jake faked nonchalance.

‘This is the bit where you tell me your room number,’ Rick said.

‘Really?’ Jake was enjoying the power he had over this horny dude.

Just then Rick realized that he was needed over the other side of the room. His eyes pleaded with Jake as he walked away but he got no response. Jake sat and pondered what to do. His head was screaming ‘Fuck! Are you crazy? Don’t even go there.’ But his cock spoke a different language altogether. He could still remember how the salesman drank in every inch of his flesh as he undressed, how his hand had closed around Jake’s thick, fleshy cock and how he had praised its beauty, girth and length. And even after all these years he could still remember being gobbled up by that hungry mouth and how those hands had roamed his body, touching him in places he thought a man ought not be touched. And then, oh damn! Suddenly the memory was as fresh as if it had happened yesterday: that hot tongue licking the valley between his cheeks, just about causing him to jump out of his skin each time it skimmed over his asshole. And then, and then, that tongue had punctured his defenses, driving into him, inflaming a lust that he never knew he had until the only cure was to surrender his masculine pride at the alter of one large, rampant and hungry dick.

Rick was kept busy by the restaurant supervisor who could see that he was paying a little too much attention to the ruggedly handsome stud in the corner with the too tight pants. There was a time when he had hoped that Rick would pay such attention to him, but the moment had passed, the window of opportunity had closed yet still he delighted in forcing Rick to work the opposite end of the room. Jake was a little confused. A short while ago the handsome waiter had been begging for his room number and now he wouldn’t come close. The supervisor would never know that it was he who was responsible for changing Jake’s mind. He lingered over his coffee but still the guy wouldn’t come near. Suddenly he found his inner hunter; he would have his prey! How dare he tease and wind him up like and then just walk away? Jake got up from his table and walked directly up to Rick.

‘Two oh fifty two,’ he said.

2052 was the magic bullet. He saw the look in the waiter’s eye. Jake knew he was as good as roped and tied. Suddenly he felt energized. The city was his friend. He was free from all ties, all moral codes that bound him. This was his one night of freedom away from the marital bed and he was going to use it to recharge his batteries and restock his memories to last him through another twenty years. He

went back to his room and stripped down to his underpants and admired his massive bulge in the mirror. Then he poured himself some bourbon and waited for the knock on the door.

At five after ten he heard the gentle rap on the door and opened it to find a casually dressed Rick.

‘How did you get changed so fast?’ he asked.

‘For what you’ve got in them thar’ underpants I’d have broken the world record, if there was one,’ Rick said.

Jake smiled as he let him into the room. The moment the door was closed Rick’s arms closed around Jake and he started kissing the older man’s neck.

‘I..I er…I don’t know if I like all this kissing,’ Jake said nervously.

‘Tell you what, I’ll trade ya; I won’t kiss you on the mouth if you let me kiss you everywhere else.’

Jake gulpled and nodded. Rick went back to kissing Jake’s neck, nibbling his earlobes, kissing his cheek (that was scary) while his hands roamed up and down Jake’s back and kneaded his butt cheeks through the thin cloth of his underpants. Jake was surprised at how quickly his cock became aroused. Clearly a cock could not distinguish between male and female, he thought. And when Rick dropped to his knees, taking Jake’s underpants with him, Jake surrendered to the warmth and skill of that hot mouth. It had been twenty years since he had last experienced such a thrill, seeing his dick cock being absorbed into another person’s being. His wife only reluctantly blew him, and never this good. And when Rick looked up and opened those long lashed eyes Jake felt a sudden surge of emotion, something he couldn’t name, and he knew then that he was going to maneuver this thing so that he ended up right where he wanted to be.

He pulled Rick to his feet and kissed him, a long, deep passionate kiss that took the younger man’s breath away.

‘I thought you didn’t kiss,’ Rick said when at last they broke off their hungry kiss.

‘So did I, ’ Jake replied, before seeking out Rick’s sweet lips once more.

And now Jake’s hunger grew ever more urgent. All reserve had melted away. He pushed Rick down onto the bed and straddled him, covering him in kisses while he tugged at his clothes. Together they stripped Rick down until he was naked and Jake was pleased to note that his cock was substantially bigger than Rick’s which was still big enough to make him wish he could dismiss the desire he felt to

be mounted and mated by this sexy young man. Jake took that warm throbbing tool in his hand and dipped his finger into the beaded pearl of precum that glistened in the eye of the flared cap. He couldn't resist: his finger had a mind of its own as it came up to his mouth and on to his tongue. That dew drop of love inflamed his lust to boiling point and he went down on that cock now as if his life depended on it.

Rick thrashed about on the bed, more from Jake's lack of skill than because of it and he was very relieved when Jake came up for air.

'I can't decide,' Jake told him, 'whether to fuck your peachy little ass or…'

'Or what?' Rick teased.

'You know…' Jake mumbled as he blushed.

'I've got a bottle of lube in my pocket and all the time in the world,' Rick told him, scarcely able to believe that he had won the jackpot.

In response Jake lay down on the bed. Rick straddled him now and started massaging his shoulders. The older man sighed in appreciation. Those magical hands worked their way all over his back, kneading the knots out of his muscles. For a good half hour Jake forgot about sex, forgot about work, forgot about everything as his mind emptied; all that mattered were those warm hands moving over his skin. But now, at last, Rick's hands slid lower, down onto Jake's tight, muscular ass. All his year's of outdoor work and lifting and carrying had given him a really firm, taut butt. Rick's hands slid over the pale, creamy flesh in a slow, sensual way that separated this action from the massage of a few minutes ago. And Jake's hunger rose and drowned out all other thoughts as he spread his legs wider.

Jake let out a little yelp as Rick fell into his crack and his tongue greedily slithered over, and into, his hungry little spice hole. It was the most amazing thing in the world, being eaten like this and it brought to life Jake's memories of twenty years ago. He could still remember how the salesman's big salt-n-pepper mustache tickled as he had eaten Jake's virginal hole. And now Jake squirmed in much the same way as he did then, unable to stop his ass from sending out a signal that it wanted more, oh so much more.

Jake groaned in relief when at last he felt the cold gel being rubbed over his tight little pink, straight man's hole. He reminded himself that the salesman had had an inch or two over Rick so he sure that he could handle Rick, if he was gentle enough. Just relax, he told himself. But how could he relax when he felt so sexed up that he was sure everyone in the hotel knew he was about to be bred. And then at last Rick's warm fingers were prodding him, testing his defenses before breaching them and

sliding home. He sighed gently as he felt his ass close around those invading fingers and bit his lip as he felt slight discomfort when Rick started jigging his fingers about. But Rick was attuned to his lover's every need; he applied a little more lube to his ass and finger fucked him a while longer until he could tell that the older man was ready.

'Oh yessss.' Jake groaned as that warm, hard cock started its slow slide into his guts. His whole body was limp now as he let Rick have his way. He knew he could trust this guy to do what was most pleasant for both of them. Rick fucked slowly with shallow little prods, taking his time on this prime slice of Canadian beef. He wanted that hot ass good and ready for every last thrust and stab. Looking down at the hot stud's muscular back Rick reminded himself, not for the first time, how lucky he had been. He never for a moment thought he would get to bury the bone in this hot straight stud's creamy ass. He fucked gently and tenderly and soon he had his reward.

Rick could tell by Jake's sighs and the way he was squirming about on the bed that he was getting it, that he now fully understood why guys spread their legs. Rick had made a huge investment in this guy and now he wanted his return. He switched gears, plowing a little deeper and pulling back a little further and Jake followed him all the way. His guttural growls grew louder and Rick knew the time had come to fuck. He pulled his throbbing cock all the way out of Jake's ass and then slammed back in again. It was so good he had to do it again and again and again. Jake could feel his whole body being shunted up towards the headboard as the young man fucked his ass. He couldn't believe how good it felt when Rick pulled out and stabbed back in again and how crazily sexy the sound of air being pumped into his well used asshole sounded.

They were animals. Skin on skin, and hard cock in soft, willing ass. Two men, switching roles. The hunter and the prey. The straight man and the gay. Except now neither knew where one ended and the other began. All that mattered was the sexy sounds of their lovemaking, and their sweat as one slithered over the other and the race to cream off. Suddenly, the idea of having Rick's spunk in his ass was the most important thing in the world to Jake and he begged his lover to let fly.

Rick's balls were drawn up close, his muscles ached, his cock was on fire but still he wanted one last stroke, one last silken glide into those fiery depths. He resisted as long as he could but suddenly he saw stars as his balls erupted and he groaned out loud his surrender to the best bottom he had had in a long time.

The two men lay together in the afterglow comparing notes on their disparate lives until it was time to each return to his own world, enriched by their encounter across the divide.