

# Deaf, Dumb Blind

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Published on Lush Stories on 25 Jul 2012



*Three wounded soldiers get to live together with their disabilities. Two fall in love.*

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Deaf, Dumb & Blind by 1941aaa I first met Sergeant Bernard West, later called Bernie, and Corporal Tony Meredith when I joined the regiment, as a Second Lieutenant. My name is Bryan Shorthose and because of my surname, I was known in the cadet school, as well as the officers mess, as Sox. I was also called by that name whilst I was at school, that being Harrow before I went on to the university, where I studied Military History. I wasn't the first of our family to join the Guards, for my Grandfather was a Colonel, serving in the First World War until he retired, followed by my father, who fought in the Second one. Though when the war ended, he resigned his commission, that of being a Captain and started up his own business. Why he chose to make mannequins for retail shop windows, I don't know, but that was what he did and made quite substantial profit out of it. He wanted me to join him, to later take over the business, but I didn't fancy that idea and opted instead for the army. With my degree from the university, plus my family connections, I was able to join the Guards. We lost my mother while in was in my early teens and so she never saw me on graduation day or at my passing out parade, both of which my father attended. So shortly after my twenty fifth birthday, I joined my new regiment. I was assigned to be in charge of Baker squad, with Bernie being my sergeant and Tony being the corporal, though then, they were always know as sergeant and corporal. We did training exercises, parades and manoeuvres for over a year and got on very well as a squad. I was quite pleased when I was made up to being a full lieutenant. Though I was still known as Sox to the senior officers, but lieutenant to those beneath me in rank. \* There was trouble out in Iraq. That was where two of our battalions were sent. Me and my squad being in the second, were flown out there during my second year with the regiment. We were stationed near Khanaquin, close to the Iran border, about one hundred miles North East of Baghdad, to patrol the road which some insurgents were using to cause trouble. I'd only been out there for a week before I was called into the C.O.'s office to be told that my father had been killed in a road accident and that I was being given compassionate leave, to return home to see to his burial. It was a bitter blow with me being so far away, but I went and saw to his funeral, me being the only relative left. It was sparsely attended, being mostly employees from his little factory and a few neighbours, but it went off well and I thanked each and everyone who attended and later got to speak to his manager at the factory. In spite of the death of my father, he was quite pleased when I told him that I would make him the managing director

of the company and that I would give him a free hand, as long as it continued to show a profit, along with a substantial raise in his wage packet. It was a miserable time for me, wandering around the empty house in which I'd grown up, now having lost my last living relative. The solicitor made it quite clear that all that my father had owned now belonged to me. The business, which I've already spoken about, the house and all the monies that were in the bank were now mine. But that's no consolation to losing your father, whom I had hoped to make proud of my role in the Guards. So it wasn't long before I returned to my battalion, out there in Iraq. It didn't take long to get back into the routine and learn what our role out there was. We not only patrolled the roads, but some of the small villages just off this beaten track. It was in one of these that we ran into trouble that changed not only my life but a couple of others, those being that of my sergeant and corporal. We were bivouacked in tents, a short distance from Khanaquin and I was summoned to the command tent and told that I was under the command of Captain Foster, who would be leading us on a patrol through a village, the name of which I cannot for the life of me now remember. I relayed the order to Sergeant West and the squad was ready, when we set out on that fateful morning. Captain Foster was leading us, with me bringing up the rear of this staggered column of eleven soldiers. We were roughly ten paces apart, as we walked through this small narrow street, between adobe-type dwellings. Sergeant West had been called up to the front by the captain and was told to tell me that when we left this narrow street, we were to split apart into two sections on the next road, which was quite wide. He, the captain, would lead from the left, while I was to follow up at the rear on the right. The sergeant duly passed this message on to me and I called Corporal Meredith back to pass on the instructions as to our deployment, when the road opened up into this bigger street ahead of us. Meredith was still by my side, when the sergeant moved forward and was about the fourth man in this irregular line, when he stopped, knelt down in the dusty road and seemed to sweep the dust with his hand. Everybody kept on moving, passing him by and Corporal Meredith stopped to ask him what had he seen. They were like that when I got up to them, with the sergeant still kneeling down and the corporal standing up next to him when it happened. There was this bloody great explosion and I felt as though I'd been kicked in the head, as I was blown arse over tit, losing consciousness at that point in the proceedings, amidst the swirling dust and debris. \* I think you can appreciate my bewilderment when I finally woke up, which was three days later, into a world of utter darkness. I panicked and didn't know then that I had been blinded by the explosive which had been triggered off by one of the insurgents we had been looking for. It took another couple of days for me to fully realise what had happened to me and boy, didn't I cry. Well it was some sort of crying for all I could utter were dry sobs for I didn't then have any tear ducts left. Nor eyes. Well sight really, for I still had my eyes but all the optic nerves had been severed by a piece of shrapnel that had entered my head on the right hand side and passed through doing the damage and exiting on the left. Fortunately, it hadn't touched the brain or nerve centres going down the spinal cord, if this could be called lucky or not, it was a debatable thing as far as I was concerned. I was blind and there was nothing that the doctors who had attended to me could do about it. My life and career were ruined in that explosion. My life then was at its lowest ebb and I was wishing that I had been killed outright, like the others. Those were my thoughts as I wallowed in self

pity and gave no thought to the surgeons who had worked hard to try to save my sight but only managed to keep me alive, though they did manage to repair the tear ducts. \* It was a few days more before I learned that I was in an army hospital in Cyprus, having been flown out of Iran with two other survivors of this blast. Those being Sergeant West and Corporal Meredith. The other members of our squad, including Captain Foster had all been killed outright, with just us three survivors. Sergeant West, by the pure fact that he had been kneeling down and protected somewhat by other members of the squad who were in front of him, didn't get hit by any of the shrapnel that flew over him. But he still suffered by having both of his ear drums perforated, leaving him completely deaf. Corporal Meredith suffered like me after a fashion. He had been standing up as the shrapnel flew outwards, one piece catching him in the throat and on passing from one side to the other, severing his vocal cords. By the time he was operated on, there was nothing they could do to replace or repair the vocal cords in his throat which didn't survive the blast. The exit wound, which was on the left hand side of his neck and lower face, left him really disfigured with the shrapnel entering his lower throat on the right hand side and exiting, just below his eye, on the other side. So there were the three of us, survivors from death but with our disfigurements that left one of us deaf, one of us dumb and me being the one that was blind. God what a mess! It was hell lying there in bed, not being able to see who was attending to me in respect of the feeding and cleaning me up after my ablutions. I could talk which was more than Corporal Meredith, who was in the next bed to me, could do. We must have looked a pretty sight with both our heads covered in bandages though Meredith had to have tubes into his throat in order for him to be given food. At least I could talk and ask exactly what had happened to us. That is how I knew what had transpired. \* If it was a few days later that Sergeant West came and visited us, as he was about to be sent back to England. His voice was rather loud as he spoke, not being able to hear himself speak, which transpired to be the norm for a person who has lost the power of being able to hear the sound of his own voice. He told us that he was, the next day, being sent back to England and that he would look out for us when we were deemed fit enough to be moved back too. It became very confusing when I could hear what he was saying but he couldn't hear my replies. Tony, the corporal, could hear and see him but couldn't speak to answer him even though he wouldn't have been able to hear him anyway. We made a right threesome! Anyway, Bernie departed for England and that left just Tony and myself in our separate room. I understood that we were left together for at least I could speak to him and he could hear me even though he couldn't reply. I was confined to my bed, for I was not familiar with the layout of the room, without the means of sight, whereas Tony was allowed, finally, to get up and move about. With him being mobile as it were, we then developed our means of communicating with each other in this fashion. He would take hold of my right hand and with an extended finger, spell out the words he was trying to convey to me. He would spell out the letters of the alphabet on my palm and at the end of each word he would cross the outer edge of his hand against my palm to signify the end of that word. Well he soon got the hang of abbreviating his words, like he would only use the letter U to mean the word you. He would draw an exclamation mark when needed as well as a question mark when wanting an answer which he could hear okay. Though where he got the idea of using the Spanish form of a question by beginning the sentence with the

sign of an upside down question mark, I don't know. The other alternative was that if anyone was there with us, he would write down what he wanted to say or ask on a pad and that other person would then relate what he had written for me to reply. This was his means of communicating with me when we had the attending nurses seeing to us. Even though I couldn't see him, it was a comfort when he took my hand in his and used his fingers to etch out the words he wanted to say to me. I found that he was in a similar state of mind as I was in the fact that he had lost the power of speech and couldn't use the normal means of conveying his needs and thoughts. But as I've said, it was a comfort to me to have him holding my hand in these times and means of him talking to me. I didn't know then at how much he had become attached to me until later. \* It was another couple of weeks before the pair of us were flown back to England, where we were transferred into another hospital to be checked over. Both of us now having had enough time to come to grips with our disabilities and therefore it didn't come as a surprise to learn that we would be discharged from the army, due to the wounds we had sustained. Even so, it was a bitter blow to me, having decided earlier that I wanted to make the army my career and it was now over. What did I have left? Nothing! Okay, I had a business that I couldn't run, though it was giving me an income. A house that I didn't really want to spend the rest of my blinded life in. So what was there left for me? A sort of answer appeared in the form of Bernie, our old sergeant who came to visit Tony and myself in our hospital. It had become common knowledge that we would be discharged and it was for him too. So it was he who came up with a suggestion that we moved into a flat that he'd been allowed to have for a period of two months. The three of us, survivors of the mine that had destroyed our careers and left us disabled and out of the army. At this offer, I felt my hand being taken by that of Tony and had him write on my palm. ' Bry ,' (his abbreviation of my name Bryan), ' Say yes ! ' He'd not only held my hand but was giving it a squeeze and so I gave my reply, that I would accept his offer. Tony evidently wrote down my reply and Bernie beamed at this and shook our hands and told us in his loud voice that it was a flat that was owned by a friend and he'd been given permission to use it for two months. This would give us time to settle any differences between us and see if we could live together with our concomitant disabilities. Though the first thing that was made clear was that Bernie would have to try and bring his re-sounding speech level down to an acceptable level instead of shouting. Both of us could hear what he was saying but it was down to Tony to write down what both of us wanted Bernie to know but it was left to them to be the eyes for me. This would be the hardest part, them getting into the routine of putting everything back into the right place so that I could find whatever it was I wanted. It was here that I had to make quite clear that I would pay my way in respect of all the food as I couldn't be expected to cook and I would need help in the cutting up of my meals. This was agreed to and so on our discharge from the hospital, I was assisted by Tony, into a taxi, to take us to the flat where we would be living. I was getting used to having Tony escort me everywhere we went, even to the extent of leading me to the toilet whenever I wanted to go. But with us now moving into what would be our future living space, albeit for only two months, I would soon learn to find my own way around, as long as they didn't start moving things about. Outside, it was different. Here, Tony would help me in this fashion. He would be on my right hand side, holding my arm just below the elbow while I had a white

stick in my left hand. He would guide me by movements of his hand on my arm. He would give me a slight push when to turn left or pull it away to turn right. A squeeze was for me to stop and a forward movement to go in that direction. It would be a double squeeze at a kerb or steps and a slight pull down would mean to step down or an upward movement to move up. Obvious really and this is how we moved while in the hospital and found that it worked outside as well. I think it was the white stick that made other pedestrians aware of my blindness and so had very few collisions with other people. It was with some misgiving, when we arrived at this loaned flat, to learn that it only had one bedroom, which meant that two of us would have to share the pull down sofa which turned into a double bed. With me standing there somewhat bewildered, it was Tony who wrote out that both he and myself would take the sofa, while Bernie, as a friend of the donor, had the only bedroom. This was conveyed to me by the use of Tony's finger tracing the words onto the palm of my hand. I had to accept what had been agreed, for Bernie had already agreed to this quite vocally. When it was suggested that we go out to do some shopping for supplies, I backed down and said that I would prefer to stay behind to get a feeling for the flat by moving around, touching everything to get to know the place. They agreed to this and went off on a shopping spree for which I gave them enough money to buy what we would need. It then hit me at how much I was dependent on these two friends to help me with my disability. I couldn't go shopping. I couldn't cook a meal. I couldn't even help clean up the flat. The only thing I could do and that was to wipe my own arse after having had a crap. I sat down and sobbed. Not crying, for I still at that time, couldn't produce tears and they were just wracking noises that came from my throat at the helplessness of my condition. It took me several minutes before I could get myself back into some sort of control and then set about exploring the apartment, feeling my way around. Doorways into different rooms from the lounge. One obviously being the kitchen, then the bedroom and the bathroom. This latter being the one I had to remember the most. I also found out in my blind wandering that we would be having our meals in the kitchen. There being a table and four chairs in the middle of this room. I managed to do several voyages around the flat to get a rough outline of the place, not bothering to find light switches for obvious reasons, before the pair of them returned, laden down with a quite diverse assortment of goodies. I was quite pleased to be able to find my way first into the kitchen before them, as they unloaded the bags they had brought in with them. I was told to sit down and I heard the cork being pulled from a bottle and a glass of red wine was put into my hand. I was told to drink and stay there, while they cooked dinner. In a way, it was nice to just sit there, drinking my glass of wine, while they prepared the food for dinner, knowing that I didn't even have to help with the washing up, though I did get round to doing this in time. The only drawback at this time between us, was the means of communicating. We, that is Tony and I could hear what Bernie said, but it took time for Tony to write down either his or my reply to any question that Bernie had asked. This led on to a convoluted and time consuming discussion as to how we should overcome this defect between us. It wasn't solved over dinner that evening but it was at a later date. That being that we enrolled in disabilities classes where both Tony and Bernie would begin to learn sign language. Bernie taking on another course of lip reading while I took on the learning curve of Braille. But that was in the near future. I also bought later, a laptop computer for Tony who could

then quickly write down what he wanted Bernie to know or say to me. I can't say that our first dinner was a success, for neither of them had any real skills in the cooking department, but it was edible. Tony had sat down next to me and cut up my meat for me. It seemed that he pointed to every item on my plate and conveyed the message across to Bernie, to say to me what was where on my plate. I learned that Tony had pointed to every item and it was Bernie who said where it was. I didn't even have to refill my glass, for Tony was there to fill it for me. I managed to eat my dinner, though I found it easier to use my spoon when it got down to the last remnants of my plate. I quite enjoyed the meal and sat back, with some pleasure, to hear them doing the washing up between them, while I drank my coffee. With the meal over, we went back into the small sitting room and I had to sit in a chair, while Bernie showed Tony how the settee converted into being a double bed. I could hear Bernie telling Tony where the sheets and blankets were and heard the sofa being made up into the bed, where Tony and I would be sleeping. With it being our first day there and what with having to do the shopping, I judged that it was quite late in the evening, so it was quite right for it to be bedtime. Bernie said his goodnights to us in his still too loud a voice and I heard him move out and the bedroom door close. I felt my way round this now converted sofa and didn't even ask Tony which side of this sofa bed he wanted to sleep on as I got myself onto the left hand side, as you would see it from the foot end. I took my clothes off, just dropping them onto the floor and got into the bed naked, not giving any thought to wearing pyjamas or the like and settled myself down. I could feel the other side of this bed being moved, as Tony got into bed on the other side. The two blankets we had on the bed didn't really seem enough, for I found out that the flat didn't have central heating and it wasn't a warm evening. So I didn't mind when Tony nestled up to me, so that we could share our body warmth, fitting us together like two spoons in a drawer. I was lying on my right hand side, with him up close and didn't object to his arm coming over my side to hold me. It only registered in the morning that he had gotten into bed naked too, for I came awake to feel that he had an erection and that it was pressing up tight to my back. I gave no sign that I had felt this when I moved and he came awake and a moment later, felt him leave the bed and guessed that he was off to the bathroom. He was gone for several minutes before he came back and it was then that I got out of bed and got dressed and went to the toilet myself. Now, whilst we had been in the hospital, I found having a pee was quite okay as they had urinals which were easy enough to find and use, but it was much harder when we only had a toilet bowl. My first time using this had found that I peed more onto the floor than into the bowl, so soon adopted to sitting down for a piss, so as not to spray all over the place. \* Bernie finally surfaced and between he and Tony, got us breakfast. It was after this that we discussed what we should do with learning how we could overcome our disabilities. Again, I declined to sally forth into the outside world with them to go off and find out what they could to help us. They were gone so long, that I tried to get myself something to eat at lunchtime and made a complete mess of the kitchen, as well as of the meal I tried to prepare for myself and finished up eating a rough kind of sandwich. It was with abject apologies that Tony conveyed through Bernie for leaving me so long alone and saw to giving me something more sustainable 'til dinner. This was a better meal than the previous evening and the wine went down a treat, with me carefully feeling my way through what I was eating. Mind you, I was

still cursing under my breath at not being able to see what it was I was taking in, but at the same time, thanking those two for helping me in this means of staying alive. Again, it was late when we had eaten and after the meal, it was time for bed. As before, I stripped off, not knowing then that Tony was watching every move I made, as I divested my clothing, before getting into the converted sofa. It wasn't long before he was in bed too, cuddling up to me again in our spoon-like fashion. Only this time, I felt that he had an erection and it was pressing up to my back. I ignored it and a few minutes later, I felt him roll over onto his other side. He must have thought that I had fallen asleep for I felt him move again, but onto his back this time, and I knew damned well from his body movements, that he was jerking himself off. I even heard the slight rustle of tissues that he used to catch the expulsion of his semen. The fact that I had felt him jerking himself off had given my own cock a reason to rise and I then realised that this was the first time I had had an erection since our debacle in Iraq. But I lay there on my back, now stroking this first tumescence in a long time and waited until I thought he was asleep before beginning to use my hand on myself. It was a sudden shock to feel his hand cover mine that was moving up and down on my shaft, pulling it free and turning it over as he moved onto his side. His finger came down onto my palm and he began to write on it. 'Let me do it for you,' he wrote, using his abbreviation. 'You'll find it more enjoyable.' I was too gob smacked to reply. He took my non verbal reply as assent. I felt his hand take hold of my erection and begin to jerk me off with a steady rhythm. I could do nothing but give out a sigh and relax at having this erotic feeling of having another hand do this to me. It didn't take long before I started to reach my peak and with a stiffening of my thighs blurted out, "I'm nearly there and I haven't got any tissues handy." Of course he couldn't reply to me and with him then moving on this sofa bed, felt him moving down and I then got another sudden shock as I felt his mouth cover the head of my cock as his hand kept on with the up and down movement, squeezing it, as he carried on in his jerking me off. I was aghast and gave out a mewling kind of cry as I felt myself come, feeling the sperm force its way up to erupt, not into tissues, but into Tony's mouth, the lips of which were now firmly clamped under the head of my now pulsating cock. I couldn't help that my hips jerked up as I came, filling his mouth with my seed, as it burst forth from my cock. Myself full of the different emotions of having my cock where it was and an erotic thrill of being sucked in this way. Feeling the suction that seemed to literally pull my sperm out, though it would normally erupt anyway. But it was the fact that it was into another man's mouth that made it that more stimulating, as well as being the most erotic feeling I'd ever had. Now I'd only ever been to bed with two women up until then and neither of them had ever sucked on my erect cock. I then wished that they had done so for me, to find out if they would have been any difference to it being a woman doing it to me instead of the male who was now attached to the head and sucking and swallowing the seed that I had just filled his mouth with. I just lay there, gasping for breath, unable to utter any words at the most wonderful sexual experience I had ever had. I could do no more than grasp Tony's head, stroke the hair and shudder again at the last suction he gave to the head of my cock, before he released it, for me to feel the cool air waft round the exposed flesh. He moved his head up my body and I'm sure I felt his tongue tracing a line up until his face was nestled into the joint between my shoulder and my neck, where I felt his lips kiss my neck. As I said, I had no words to say, as his hand then followed up

my body, from my lower stomach, until it reached my chest and I felt the words he finger wrote. 'I luv u!' "You can't!" I managed to get out, in a strangled voice. 'I do, Bry.' And he then began to trace words on my chest that are now, deeply inscribed in my heart. 'I luvd you the fst tim I saw u. Wen you join reg I fel in lov wiv u. I couldn't help myself. U wer the man 4 me.' And I felt his body move further up and felt his lips press themselves against mine in his kiss. From this point on, I think I will stop using the abbreviations of his words but put them into what we describe as being proper English, though he even began to abbreviate words into just letters, like for I love you, which he frequently used, became ILU. He then carried on tracing his words onto my chest. 'When you first arrived in our battalion, I fell in love at the first sight of you. You were the man for me, I said to myself. You were the man for me! I've never been with a woman, having come from an orphanage, where it was only boys together. It was just that you had the poise and bearing of a proper man and... and I couldn't help myself but fall in love with you. Please... Please... Though I cannot say the words now. Believe me when I say that I love you and hope. Yes I hope, that you could come to love me too. Let me be your eyes, to see. Let me be the one to lead you through thick and thin. Let me be the one that you can lean on, or crush if you will. If not, kill me, for I don't think I could now live without you!' If I'd been able to shed tears, I think I would have at this abject declaration of love from one man to another. I was helpless in this world of darkness and this young man had now brought light into it. Should I say yes to him or spurn this love? I reflected on the two women that I'd once had sex with. Would another woman take on a blind man and give herself to me with such a declaration as Tony had just done? There again, what woman would take on a mute such as Tony, along with his facial disfigurements? We were in a cleft stick and there seemed to be only one answer. "Tony," I choked out, not wanting to say the wrong thing, yet knowing that no woman would go with me now. "You flatter me beyond belief. I'm blind! I'd need looking after twenty four hours a day. It's too much to ask of anyone." He interrupted me by slapping his hand on my chest and came up with what was already in my mind. 'What woman is going to want either of us? Me mute and you blind? If ever there was a union made in heaven, it's between us two. I'll be your eyes and you will be my tongue.' Such was his pleading and what it would be to be with this young man who had professed his love for me, what choice did I have? "So be it Tony. I can't in all honesty say that at this time that I love you, but maybe that will come in time. If you love me as you say you do, maybe I will come to love you too." He moved his body up mine and I felt his lips press against mine, as he kissed me and I must say that I responded and kissed him back. My mind then went into some kind of shock that I had actually kissed another man. A man that had said that he was in love with me and would take on the role of being my eyes if I would be the spokesperson. But I had responded to his kissing of me! Did this mean that I was willing, nay, able to take this other young man to be my lover? What did being in love with another man entail? This I was to find out later. But with him in my arms in the darkness of the night which was now perennial to me, would he look after me in this love that he professed? 'I think I know what you are thinking,' he wrote on my chest. 'I will look after you, come what may, and you can make love to me at any time you feel the need for relief,' he wrote, as he began stroking my cock and was able to bring it up to another full erection. I didn't stop him from once again going down the bed and taking



the head of my cock into his mouth and let him get on with using his hand to bring forth the eruption of my sperm into his waiting mouth. I heard him give a snuffling sound at this coming, filling his mouth with my semen, feeling his suction, as he pulled out all I had to give from that source. He lay in my arms afterwards and told me via his finger, that he'd been brought up in an orphanage where it had been a common practice for the boys to experience sex in this fashion between them. The other aspects of this I didn't find out until later. So, after only our second night in this flat of Bernie's friend, Tony and I became lovers, but that was only in a verbal conjecture at this time, even though he had gone down on me. Fortunately we were not engaged in this loving as described, when Bernie burst into the sitting room the next morning, full of the joys of spring. This was to be our first day of attending class in me beginning to learn Braille and them to start the use of hands as the means of communication. It was as difficult for them as it was for me in the learning of the A B C in our respective lessons, and I think we were all glad when our sessions ended. Though it was back in the flat that we tried to help Bernie in his lip reading technique. I couldn't see what was going on and it was only with the help of Tony writing down words that Bernie would say for me to then repeat them for him to start to get the gist of what we were trying to achieve. I must say that it was a good exercise in learning on all our parts of using the Queen's English in the proper fashion. Being very precise and of the using of the mouth to be able to say the correct words that could be read by the other party, that being Bernie. But even that was very trying, with Tony having to write most of it down for Bernie's sake and then for him to speak the words to me for me to then repeat them, Tony doing likewise in this respect. It was this that prompted me to tell them to get this computer and gave them a cheque to cash at the bank. Tony filled in the details and directed my hand that held a pen, to the right place to sign. I trusted him to have put the right amount down, realising that I could really be fleeced if they wanted to cheat me. I later got the bank to phone me to confirm the amount written on a cheque when it was later presented for payment. I was quite glad when it was time for dinner, for it then meant that I would shortly be going to bed with Tony again. It wasn't long after the washing up of the used plates and dishes, in which I took no part, that this was all done and cleared away and it was time for bed. Bernie said his goodnights but not hearing my reply or understanding Tony's hand signals, as yet, he departed the sitting room for Tony the set up the sofa into our bed for the night. As usual, I had to wait until I got the hand signal that the bed was ready, did I strip off my clothes and fumble my way into the bed and under the covers. Tony was quick to follow and he was soon cuddling up to me, his hand moving down to fondle my prick and play with it until it was up and hard. I gathered that this was his highlight of the evening in bringing it up to a full erection. His technique changed slightly by the fact that he would take hold of my throbbing cock but kiss me first on the lips before starting to move down my body, kissing his way down till he reached what he was seeking. Though this time, after a brief kiss on the head of my cock, he nibbled his way down the stem of my shaft and I felt him move under and couldn't stop the gasp when he took the sac of my balls into his mouth. With one hand firmly holding my cock upright, his tongue roved around my balls and moved them about as he sucked on each testicle in turn, actually making some of my sperm seep its way out of the eye of my cock. It was very erotic to say the least and now loved it when I felt him take the

head of my erection into his mouth and work his magic with his tongue that could no longer utter words but was now being used to some effect. With my foreskin rolled right back, his tongue would tease the G string while his teeth gently scraped the bare flesh as his hand moved firmly up and down as he worked away at giving me incredible pleasure in having this done to me. I would gently hold his head as it bobbed slightly on me as my hips began to buck and came with some force into his mouth and had him lick me clean after I'd finished and him swallowing the contents from my balls. It then became his pattern to slowly move back up the bed, kissing and licking my body until his lips met mine in a kiss. He wrote the usual words that he loved me on my chest again and I suppose I wasn't really surprised when he took my hand and moved it down to feel that he was up and as hard as an iron bar. My hand automatically moved and my fingers curled round his shaft, feeling the heat of it, as it throbbed away as I firmly grasped it. He rolled over onto his back as I moved onto my side and began to jerk him off, giving back somewhat, what he had done for me. I heard and felt some tissues being placed over the head of his cock as his hips began to buck and could feel the semen moving up on the inside to fill the tissues that he was holding over the head. I heard the exhalation of breath come from him that would really have been a sigh if his vocal cords had been okay as he had his release and felt quite pleased with myself for having done this for him. I felt the hardness start to leave his cock and with, I must admit, some reluctance in letting go of him and moving back up the bed to lie next to him. He couldn't move over me quick enough to give me a multitude of kisses before writing on my chest, ' u wunful man.' You wonderful man. With that, he snuggled down, his head resting against my shoulder as his arm came across my chest to hold me tight to him, and we drifted off to sleep. This became our pattern for the next two weeks. \*