

# Deaf, Dumb Blind

By 1941aaa

Published on Lush Stories on 26 Jul 2012



*Three wounded soldiers get to live together with their disabilities, and two falling in love with ea*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/deaf-dumb-blind-2.aspx>

We had been in this flat for three weeks now and had not yet given any thoughts as to where we should live next. We'd spoken about how well we seemed to be coping with each other with our disabilities but not of our future accommodation.

This gave rise to my own house which was in Windsor, quite some distance from where we went for our lessons in Braille and hand gestures, and was quite sure that it wouldn't be suitable for us. It was a detached house in about two acres of ground and had four bedrooms, a dining room, drawing room, a study as well as a kitchen and other facilities. Though it was my real home, I was now loathe to return there to live because of the memories plus the fact it was too big and had stairs. But it would fetch a good price on the market and should give me enough to buy something more modern and not have stairs.

With this in mind, I contacted my solicitor who was on a retainer for the business that was mine to meet me at the house with the view to putting the house on the market and at the same time, look for a decent place for us to live further into London.

So at breakfast, I broached the subject of us going to see my house and my ideas for the future of the three of us to which they agreed, and so we went there the following day. They agreed with me that though the house was great, it would be a drag to have to keep travelling up to London and accepted my suggestion of another place to live.

While I had my solicitor take away all personal papers for him to check to keep anything in regards to the business and destroy what wasn't required. Also to arrange to have the contents put into auction and the house put up for sale, all the proceeds to be put into my own personal bank account. He was also to get a member of his staff to look for a place for the three of us somewhere in London, giving him a time span of exactly three weeks.

I let the other two roam over the house to see if there was anything that they thought would be

suitable to keep for our new place. This we had decided would be a flat having three bedrooms with en suite bathrooms, a lounge and a kitchen big enough for us to have our meals there instead of a dining room. Nothing really caught their eye so our new place would have to be completely refurnished.

Well satisfied with the day's work, we returned to where we were presently staying where we had dinner before going to bed. Tony was all over me with our future plans and couldn't go down on me quick enough. I gave myself up to the pleasure of him sucking and using his hand to raise me up to eventually come in his mouth for him to swallow before licking me clean. He also liked me using my hand on his erection and bringing forth his sperm, albeit into tissues. This being followed by his kisses and vowing again his love for me.

\*

It was two weeks later that the solicitor told us of three places that he wanted us to inspect with a view to buying, which we did, though I left it up to the other two to make the final decision with them knowing my needs and requirements. The one that was acceptable was in a new complex in Chelsea that overlooked the river Thames, the only two drawbacks were, one, that it wasn't on the ground floor but on the top, what you would call a penthouse, and second, it was leasehold.

With it having two lifts, this was then acceptable as well as it being leasehold as that would last longer than my predicted life expectancy, so it was agreed and this was then bought but paid for by my company which would then be rented to us three.

I set this up in this format because we now, through our Social worker, as well as seeing to us getting our disabilities pension, we would also get housing benefit to which this latter, turned out to be exactly how much the rent would be. I wasn't quite sure how legal this was but the solicitor said that it was okay.

After viewing the place, well the other two doing this, describing everything as we toured the flat, we visited a furniture store and selected all that we would need. This would be delivered after the place had been fully carpeted throughout. It had been decided that my bedroom would be the first one off from the lounge and I let Tony pick my king size bed plus all the linens required. We kept all the furniture of the flat to a minimum to make it easier for me to move about once it was in place and me to remember where it all was.

We got it all sorted out in one day and it was promised to be ready for occupation on the day we were required to quit the flat that we were presently staying in. In spite of our disabilities, we were a happy three and instead of cooking dinner, we went to a restaurant, my first time since being blinded. I still

had to have Tony cut up my food and tell me where everything was on my plate. It was a lovely meal and we left quite happy after also having drunk at least a whole bottle of wine each.

Bernie said his goodnights to us, his voice now down a few decibels as Tony prepared our sofa bed for the night. It had been a tiring day and was glad to strip off and get into bed and relax, though I think I was more than just relaxed with what happened in there.

Tony, as usual, snuggled up to me, kissing my shoulder and stroking my chest before moving his hand and taking hold of my now erect penis, knowing that he was going to go down on me. His hand feeling cool as opposed to the heat of my now throbbing piece and got the usual thrill as I felt his hot mouth take in the head. His tongue worked its magic on the G string after pushing the foreskin right back as his teeth gently chewed just below the head as he sucked at the same time.

My hand stroked the hair of his slightly bobbing head as he saw to me in this fashion and wondered at the pleasure he received in doing this to me. Was it the act of having a man's penis in his mouth to chew and suck on or was it the taking in of the sperm to taste before swallowing? These were my thoughts as I bucked my hips and gave him the contents of my balls which he was fondling at the same time.

What a glorious relief it was when I came, feeling a lassitude come over me as he took it all in to savour before swallowing, and then having him lick all over the exposed head before finally letting me go to come back up the bed to kiss me.

I now really responded to his kisses, giving him kisses in return, our mouths parted as we let our tongues play with each other, but now it was my turn to give him some relief and lessen the hardness of his cock that was pressing into my side.

I pushed him over onto his back and took hold of his erection and slowly began to move my hand up and down, feeling the silken skin that covered the hard flesh move as easily as a well oiled piston. Now I'm blaming that bottle of wine I had drunk though I think it was my mind telling me that I should give him the same pleasure that he gives to me that made me move down the bed and, for the first time, take another man's penis into my mouth.

I felt his body stiffen as my mouth closed over the head of his cock, feeling the heat of it as well as his pulse rate. With my lips, I managed to push his foreskin down as he did to me and used my tongue to sweep across the bare flesh, finding the piece of skin that attaches it to the flesh. His body trembled as I teased this string loving the feeling I got inside me at pleasing him this way.

I remembered then to move my hand at the same time as I sucked on this rubbery flesh. I'm doing it,

my mind cried out to me! I'm actually sucking on another man's cock, and found that I was enjoying it! But was unprepared for what followed, for he suddenly erupted in my mouth, almost choking me at the force that his sperm came out, hitting the back of my throat causing me to cough as it slid down. But I managed to keep my mouth closed over the head as another few spurts came out of the eye. This I managed to hold there till his hips stopped jerking and I felt his thighs relax and knew that he'd finished coming.

I now had a mouthful of his sperm and knowing that I had to swallow it, for some inexplicable reason, closed my eyes that I couldn't see with, before I actually drew a deep breath and swallowed. It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be and felt quite proud of myself in managing to do this without choking.

Then lifting my head up from his now steaming cock head, licked him clean, getting a real taste of his seed and found that it wasn't at all unpleasant and now my mind was asking, did he enjoy it as much as I did when he did it to me. This I found out when I'd finished and moved back up the bed to find his arms come round me as he took me in a big hugging session as well as getting more kisses that I could count all over my face and neck.

*'You wonderful, wonderful man,'* he wrote on my chest, though abbreviated as I've already shown you. *'I love you more than ever now that you've pleased me with what you've just done.'* There wasn't anything that I could say to this. Did I love him as he said that he loved me? I wasn't quite sure, but my feelings for him were increasing day by day and I suppose that I was becoming close to loving him, but as of yet, it was words that I couldn't say.

\*

We had another week to go before our flat would be ready for occupation and I was getting bored with trying to come to understand Braille. In the evenings, Bernie, I was told, would read his book that gave out all the hand signs in place of speech. Tony would be getting to learn all about using a computer while I would listen through head phones to my small radio.

My chief pleasure in life now was going to bed at night and having Tony suck on me and after having now once done the same to him, couldn't wait to go to bed and do it again. Which we did that night, and for the second time, went down the bed and took him into my mouth to have him come in there for me to swallow and once more get to taste him. Plus all the kisses I would get afterwards.

\*

Waiting those last few days at this old flat was driving me mad and so I got the other two to take me out to the shops. I'd already spoken about and got a telephone installed in our new place which was

for me, it being of no use to either Bernie or Tony. Bernie had said that he would like a television and Tony wanted a printer for the computer, so we finished up in a store that sold these items. What I wanted was a disc player so that I could either buy or rent audio books for me to listen to. We were a strange trio in there, Bernie showing a card that said "I am deaf but can speak", and Tony's card said "I can hear but not speak". I didn't need a card when I was carrying my white stick for my disability was obvious.

With me paying by credit card and them knowing of our afflictions, agreed to deliver them to our new address in a couple of days time. I must say now that though I paid for most things, they both put half of their disability pensions into a fund to help with the buying of food, and paying of our utility bills, our housing allowance automatically going to the landlord of our new place, i.e., my company.

I even splashed out on buying all three of us some new clothes though not much for me as I would be spending more of my time at home than the other two. We finished up having our dinner in a pub restaurant for even though we didn't go to many shops, it still took all day. I restricted my drinking to only having two glasses of wine instead of a whole bottle for I didn't want to finish up as an alcoholic.

Being outside all day was okay for the other two but rather a strain for me and it made me tired and was glad to get back to our flat. Though to tell the truth, I couldn't wait to go to bed with Tony for another sex session. So as soon as the bed was made up and Bernie having gone to his room, I quickly stripped off and got naked into bed. Tony was soon in there with me and kissing me as he stroked my chest.

*'Move down the bed a little,'* he wrote on my chest.

'Why?' I asked.

*'Just move down the bed and you'll find out,'* he replied. *'You'll like it.'* So I wriggled my way down as he pushed the top covering off of us, feeling him move about and was suddenly surprised to feel his lips on mine but upside down as he kissed me. It was in this upside down position that he slowly moved down the bed, kissing and using his tongue on my body as he moved until he was lying down next to me.

The head of my erection, which was lying up ready against my stomach was the first to feel the hair on his head before he moved that little bit more and I felt him take it inside his mouth. How hot it felt as his lips closed over it and felt his tongue work its way under the tight foreskin, his lips pushing it right down to expose the flesh. I loved this, feeling his tongue rove over me, making me shiver.

Then came the shock of feeling his erection brush against my cheek and suddenly realised why he

was in this upside down position. So I turned my head and took the head of his cock into my mouth, glorying in the fact that he was already sucking and teasing me and that I could now do the same for him at the same time.

I worked my free hand up to hold the base of his shaft and found that it would be easier by lying on my side and so shifted to this position with him doing the same, neither of us letting the others cock slip out of our greedy mouths.

What heaven I was in! Having him sucking on me and me being able to do the same to him at the same time. It was fantastic. I was now able to copy him in all that he was doing to me. The moving of the tongue over the exposed flesh, the gently rake of teeth causing both of us to shiver at this erotic movement, my hand moving firmly but slowly up and down the moving skin that covered the hard muscle beneath. Though I couldn't see what I was doing, I could picture it in my mind and thoroughly enjoyed this form of coupling.

In having this new experience, I was soon beginning to move my hips towards his face as I felt my sperm begin its surge upwards and came in his mouth. It must have triggered him off for a fraction later I felt his come up its tube and flood my mouth, well it appeared that way. My hips were bucking slightly as I sent more into him and had him doing the same to me so that the head of his cock was awash with sperm and I felt the suction from him as he swallowed my coming and I then did the same, quite pleased that I was able to do this now without choking or letting him go.

What a grand euphoric feeling that came over me at the sucking on him and taking it all in like this and at the same time having him doing the same to me. I liked this way of us both being able to do it together at the same time.

The air felt cold when he released the head of my cock as he then used his tongue to lick all over the top before giving the top a kiss when he'd finished. I copied him in all this and couldn't wait for him to turn round on the bed and move up into my arms for our wet mouths to meet in a passionate kiss.

I couldn't help myself from saying 'I love you Tony,' when we broke off the kiss to take deep breaths, for I had really liked the way we could now have sex together.

He moved off of my chest to be able to write, *'I love you too Bry as you know. ¿ Did you like the surprise?'* I briefly wondered where on earth he learnt to use the Spanish form of putting a question by using the question mark upside down before the actual wording. It made sense for it showed me right at the beginning that he was asking a question.

'Yes,' I replied. 'I didn't know we could do it like that. It was wonderful.'

*'I'm glad that you enjoyed it for I certainly did,' he said, snuggling up to me. 'Also that you've come to love me as I love you.'*

'That's because I've found that I couldn't get along without you now,' I said, giving him a kiss, not in the least ashamed that I was kissing another man, a thing that I thought would not have been possible before my being blinded. This was something that I had never envisaged when I was a man in a man's world, the army. But here I was, in bed with another man, having kissed and sucked his cock and felt happy with him in my arms, feeling content and could now live with my disability.

\*

I was woken up with a kiss from Tony before he got out of bed to use the toilet and I stretched out and waited for my turn in there. When he returned, I went off naked to the bathroom as I usually did, not bothering to get dressed until after my ablutions. He'd already left the lounge when I returned for I could hear he was in the kitchen getting breakfast ready for us.

This was to be our last day in this pokey flat and I think the other two felt just like me, wanting to get to our new apartment. It showed in the restlessness of the three of us, not seeming to settle down. Bernie cursing as he tried to study his books and sign language. Tony banging the small table that held the lap top and me not really following the story of my audio book.

It was still early in the evening when I shut down my cassette and told Tony to tell Bernie that I was tired and wanted to go to bed. He told me later how he conveyed this to Bernie. He tapped him on the arm and pointed to me and gave a yawn and held his hands together and laid his head sideways on to them to indicate that I wanted to get some sleep. He also pointed to himself and did the same.

'Good idea,' Bernie said. 'I can't wait for tomorrow,' which was the feeling that both Tony and I had too. So with him leaving the lounge, I heard Tony preparing the sofa into our bed and got undressed and in as soon as it was ready.

*'¿ Are you really tired and want to sleep?'* he wrote on my chest when he was alongside me.

'No,' I said with a grin and turned on my side and kissed him. He returned the kiss as his hand moved down and found that I had a full erection which he held onto as he moved and turned his body round on the bed, me moving myself down to give us both room to be upside down to each other. I felt his erect cock brush my face and grabbed it and quickly took the head into my mouth as he did the same to me.

Was I becoming a slut at avidly wanting to suck on him and have him coming in my mouth, to taste, savour and swallow? Yes, I said to myself. You liked having it done to you and what you were doing was giving back the same pleasure. And it was a pleasure to feel his tongue teasing the erogenous area of the G string as I copied his movements. Also the gentle chewing of the head and the sucking. It was really something when he took his head up off my cock and felt him take my balls into his mouth and it nearly made me choke on his cock. To feel them being moved about in this fashion as first one was sucked and then the other before he took both in to keep rolling them about in there. And how erotic it was when he let go of them and began to nibble at the underside of my cock as he worked his teeth slowly up until he took the head back into the heat of his mouth.

It was too much for as soon as his hand began to move on me again, I came. Boy, did I come or not? It didn't seem to stop shooting out of me as his lips clamped even more firmly round the head, taking it all in.

I had copied him again in the sucking of his balls and the nibbling of his shaft, and like me, as soon as I took the head of his cock into my mouth, he came. With both of us bucking our hips, holding the base end of the shaft to stop the ramming of the cock going in too far, took the contents in until we both seemed to relax at the same time and I felt that extra suction as he swallowed my come and I did the same.

With a euphoric feeling, I licked all over the flesh of his cock, taking in the last residue of his sperm to really taste him before finally giving the head a kiss and releasing him. Having had the same done to me, he moved round again and we put our arms around each other and kissed open mouthed to then get a taste of each other's sperm as we did so.

I knew now that I did indeed love Tony. Not only for his company during the day but the pleasure we both could have in this sofa bed at night. So much so, that an hour later, we did the same again before finally getting off to sleep.

\*

We were all up early next morning and after our breakfast, the other two cleaned up the flat and packed what little food we had left to take with us. Plus our clothes and other stuff we had collected over our stay and soon piled into a taxi and went off to our new apartment.

As I have already said, this was in a complex in Chelsea, and it was of six stories and had two lifts. Each floor had four apartments, two, one being ours, overlooking the Thames and the other two looking over to another building on the opposite side of the open square.

On the ground floor, what would have been another apartment, had been remodelled into a single bedroom apartment for the caretaker and his wife. As part of the contract, each apartment had to pay a certain amount each month for the upkeep of the building. I don't know how much for this had been left for my solicitor to sort out and pay the amount from the company. The caretaker was also our handyman as well as being there for security as well as seeing to the refuse of which bags were provided for and each kitchen had a chute for sending the bag down to the bins in the basement. The wife saw to the regular cleaning of the small corridors on each floor as well as the stairwell, all this being carpeted.

Alongside their apartment was a utility room, i.e. laundry, that held several washing machines and tumble driers. She also, for a small fee, would do our laundry and ironing which helped us enormously.

After we had signed the contract and bought the place, Bernie, on my behalf, had given the caretaker fifty pounds to see to our apartment being carpeted properly throughout and being given a plan of the rooms as to where all the furniture was to be placed. Knowing that I was blind, he knew the reason for this. He also made sure that all the delivery men took their shoes off when entering the apartment so as not to dirty the newly laid carpets.

This regime we followed too, that shoes, like the Japanese, were all taken off in the entrance hall and slippers or not, worn inside. Another task of the caretaker was to, every morning, drop our daily newspaper outside our door with any mail that had been delivered.

We finally arrived there and left all our things downstairs for the caretaker to bring up as we went up in the lift to our new home. It was grand to have the door opened and we went inside, taking our shoes off. Me taking my socks off too, for I wanted to feel the new carpet with my bare feet and toes. It was lovely to walk over this soft and furry carpeting instead of the threadbare thing that the other flat had down.

The inside was described to me by Bernie as we went into the lounge off the small entrance hall, telling me where every piece of furniture had been placed, taking me to each in turn for me to touch and fix in my mind where it all was. Two armchairs either side of the fire place which held an electric fake log fire and a two seater sofa facing it. Off to one side of the fireplace was the television set on its stand. There was a small round table in the middle of the room with a bookcase against the wall opposite the fireplace. I had this bought for apart from the personal papers being removed from my house before selling, I had all the books removed for later being transferred to here. Though I wouldn't be able to read them myself, the other two could for most of them were reference books as I did, when I had lived there, loved doing crossword puzzles and had insisted that our newspaper had a decent one inside where Bernie could read out the questions for me to answer or Tony to write

down what he wanted after looking up a possible answer.

The dining room, which we didn't really want but was there, had a table for six as well as a sideboard for china and cutlery etc. It also held a drinks cabinet.

The kitchen had all mod cons as well as a table with four chairs. It was also here that the chute was for our refuse. What I didn't mention was that in the lounge, one whole wall was of glass that looked out over the river with doors that opened onto a terrace which had a table and chairs as well as two loungers for us, well them really, to look over the river at the other side of London.

My bedroom came next, it being the first one off of the lounge and it was furnished as I wanted it. Sparse but enough. A king sized divan bed with two small table cabinets either side, a chest of drawers and a wardrobe. It had an en suite bathroom with the usual facilities inside. The other two bedrooms were the same as mine though they did have a little more than I had.

Tony guided me around, letting me measure my paces to picture exactly where everything was as Bernie started putting things away as the caretaker brought them up. With this all done, Tony got the laptop out and as Bernie called out what foodstuff we required, he entered these on the computer. I added in what I think we needed and Tony added what he wanted. The caretaker had given us a telephone number of a store that did home deliveries and so with the list in hand, Bernie dialled this number and passed the phone to me. This was how we worked with Bernie then reading the list off to me and I passed these over the phone being the only one able to answer any questions from the store. They took my credit card number which I knew by heart and was promised the delivery the following morning.

By the time all was done that needed to be done, it was time for dinner. I was sat down at the kitchen table with a glass of wine while they got dinner ready and when it was over. I stayed seated with a cup of coffee while they did the washing up.

When back in the lounge, I sat down on the sofa while Bernie turned on the television to try and find the right buttons on the remote to get that little figure of a man in the bottom corner, using his hands to convey what was being spoken. I was tired and badly wanted a shower and so I stood and turned round to face where my bedroom door was and let Tony guide me there so that I could count the steps and would therefore be able to do this on my own. I gave his hand a squeeze as I thanked him and told him to say goodnight to Bernie for me as I went in.

I missed the bathroom door by a foot on my first try but was soon inside and stripped off and found my way into the shower for a good and proper wash, something that I'd been unable to do at the last place. It was lovely. Finding the soap dish and shampoo to wash and afterwards finding the towel

rack to dry myself.

I was soon in bed, naked as usual, and lay there for an hour running my mind over the layout of the apartment, repeating many times the amount of steps between various doors and the spaces that was safe for me to walk through.

I heard the muted sound of the television cease and guessed that Bernie and Tony were going to their bedrooms now. I mused at how strange it now felt to be in a bed on my own once again and found that I missed having his body lying next to me. To feel his hand stroke my chest and then move down the bed to suck on the erection that he aroused. Just having the thoughts of this made my cock swell up as hard as a barge pole.

I must say that being blind definitely enhanced my hearing for I heard my bedroom door open and quietly close. The lower part of it sweeping across the carpet and it made me sit up.

'Who is it?' I asked, suddenly realising how foolish this was for if it was Bernie, he wouldn't hear me and if Tony, he couldn't say. Without getting a reply, guessed it was Tony and heard the whisper of feet crossing the carpet and so was prepared when a hand came to my shoulder which gently pushed me onto my back and then felt Tony's fingers move across my chest.

*'Bry. ¿ Can I get into bed with you? I tried in my own room to settle down, but I missed you being beside me,'* he wrote. He must have read my mind was my first thought, quickly followed by the thought of us having sex again together.

'Of course Tony,' I said, moving to one side and pulling the bed sheet down. 'I was thinking the same thing, missing you too.' I heard the whisper of cloth and guess that he had been wearing a dressing gown before coming in. The side of the bed sank a little as he got in beside me and turned to me and pulled my head down a little for a kiss. I returned the kiss as I rolled onto my side and felt that he had an erection too as they both clashed before settling against our stomachs. He needed me as much as I needed him though I didn't know how much he wanted me at that point until he broke off the kissing and pushed me onto my back so that he could write again on my chest.

*'Bry. I want,'* he began and then wrote three crosses on my chest to indicate a cancel of words. *'Bry,'* he started again. *'Can,'* and again came the crosses which showed he was in somewhat of a turmoil to try and say what he really wanted to say, but was having difficulty in finding the right words.

*'Bry,'* he began again and I was surprised to feel some tear drops land on my chest. *'I've told you many times now that I love you and you have said that you love me. Could,'* a pause. *'Could you,'* three crosses again. *'Will you make love to me in the only way that one man can love another. I need*

*it! I need you inside me.'*

I was gob smacked! I'd heard of some men doing this and now here was Tony asking me to fuck him!

'Tony. I...I don't know what to say. I...I've never thought or done this sort of thing,' I stuttered, feeling that my face must be a bright red.

*'There's always a first time Bry,' he wrote. 'It's not an uncommon thing that a man shows another man how much he loves him by offering his body to the one he loves, and I'm offering mine.'*

'I...I'm flattered, really flattered Tony, but it's ...I've not done this before and not sure if I can,' I stammered again.

*'¿ Have you ever been with a woman?'* he wrote.

'Yes.'

*'Well it's almost the same, only tighter. It's done doggie fashion. Both men on their knees,' he wrote. 'I love you and need you. It's been a long time since I've had sex in this way and that was only a one night stand. I didn't love the other man but I needed what he could give me. I need you now. Please! Please make love to me in this way.'*

It sounded, if that's the right way of saying it, that he was begging me to fuck him. His hand was now stroking me and I came up into a full erection. Could I? Should I? Will I?

Well you've already sucked on his cock, a voice in my head said, so why not do as he asked. Do you love him enough as he loves you to do this for him?

Will he want to do the same to me, I asked?

Probably, the voice said. But see to him and if he enjoys it, well, let's wait and see.

'Okay,' I said to Tony, and had him then move over and kiss me.

*'Thank you Bry. Get upright on your knees and leave the rest to me. You'll soon know what to do.'*

He rolled away to let me move down the bed and get up onto my knees, my throbbing cock sticking out in front of me.

‘Should...shouldn’t I wear something?’ I stammered. ‘We don’t want to go and get you pregnant,’ making a weak joke of it. I felt him move back on the bed and felt his finger write on my chest.

*‘I went and bought some condoms hoping for this moment. Now keep still.’* And I felt him move and gave out a gasp as I felt his hot mouth close over the head of my erection and he gave me a quick suck before releasing me. I then heard a wrapper being torn open and a moment later, felt his hands rolling this rubber down over my penis.

He then let go and I felt him moving on the bed and felt his feet brush alongside my legs as he moved backward on his knees to me and I flinched when I felt the head of my cock touch a cheek of his bum. I next felt his fingers touch my shaft and from the angle of them, guessed that he had his hand up between his legs and he moved my cock to one side and then leaned back a little to hold it where it was. This I guessed to be the entrance to his backside. Automatically, my hands went up and placed themselves on his hips, wondering what kind of picture this would look like with us in this position.

With me kneeling there like a statue, it was only the slight backward movement of his body told me what to do now, and so with a deep breath, held his hips tight and pushed my own forward.

I felt the resistance that his body was giving, but still pushed and suddenly felt the head of my cock enter him. Not just the head but as much as I could moved into him till my thighs came up tight to the cheeks of his bum.

I gave out a gasp at the heat and the tightness of the orifice that I had my cock in, feeling his inside muscle flexing around it. It felt good and had that muscle squeezing me as I slowly pulled back till just the head was inside him before pushing back once more. Now I began to really move my hips backwards and forwards in my fucking of him and found that I was enjoying it. Tighter than the last woman I had fucked and got much more feeling in the doing of it.

I tried to picture myself on my knees behind the kneeling Tony, moving my hips back and forth and seeing my cock move in and out of him. It was a blurred but enjoyable scene that my mind conjured up and I liked this fucking of him.

I kept a firm grip on his hips as I moved, moving faster as I felt myself nearing my peak and finished up by ramming myself tight up to his bum as I started to come.

It was just my hips jerking tight up against his bum as I shot my load into the condom in his backside, holding tight to his hips, my fingers digging into the flesh until I’d finished. Only then relaxing my grip on him as I came to a stop. Feeling drained inside but exultant that I’d been able to do this. My whole

body structure relaxed as I moved back to sit on my heels, feeling my cock slide out of him, glad now that I had agreed to do this to him.

I felt the bed move as he moved and heard the whisper of tissues and felt his hand cover my cock and felt the condom being pulled off. Next, I had his mouth once again on the head of my erection and felt him sucking and licking me, finding out later that it was the residue of my sperm that he was taking into his mouth, his tongue then cleaning me up.

More movement on the bed as he then pulled me down to take me into his arms and kiss me all over my face before letting me go to write on my chest.

*'You wonderful man. Really wonderful and a real man! I love you so much it hurts and with what you've just done, I love you even more. ¿ Did you enjoy this new experience?'*

'Y...yes, I did. I didn't think I would, but I did. It was great,' I replied, leaning over and finding his face to kiss, my hand going down to find that he as hard as an iron bar. Hot and throbbing.

'Would you like to do the same to me?'

What the fuck are you saying? My inner voice cried out. My mouth speaking before my brain was in gear.

*'Oh yes. Yes, yes, yes you darling Bry,'* he quickly wrote on my chest. Too late now, my inner voice said. Let's just hope that it's as enjoyable taking it as it was giving it. *'Just remember that the secret is to relax your body. Relax. With it being your first time, I think we should use a little cream. It will feel a bit cold but don't let that put you off. So go onto your knees while I get a condom and some cream.'* With that, he got off the bed while I assumed the position on the bed, trembling at what I had let myself in for.

The side of the bed sagged as he got back on and he moved my legs further apart as he got in between them behind me. I flinched when I felt a blob of cold cream being put to my backside and really began to shiver and shake as his hands came onto my hips and felt the head of his cock touch my rear end.

As he leaned into me, I could feel my sphincter muscle contracting to prevent entry and I got a sharp slap on the cheek of my bum and felt his finger write relax on my back. He pushed again and I couldn't help but try to stop the entry but it was another sharp slap on my bum that made me jump a little and suddenly, the head of his cock was inside me. Not only the head, but I felt the whole length, well nearly all of it, fill my backside. The heat was almost the same as if taken in the mouth, but his

was fully inside and I could feel the throbbing as I let out my pent up breath.

Wow! I can't describe all the different sensations that ran through my body at having him where he was, they were so incredible. His hands moved from my hips and slid up the sides of my waist and stroked their way back to hold me firm again as he began to move himself backwards and forwards.

I felt every inch of him moving inside me, the cream having helped and I couldn't control my muscle from constantly flexing itself along his shaft as it moved in my canal. My mind was in a turmoil because I found that I was enjoying having him where he was and actually fucking me. So much so that I found I was drooling at the mouth and also that I was getting another erection because of certain nerves that were being excited by his back and forth movements.

My own body was moving backwards and forwards as he fucked, his hands pulling me back as he thrust forward, making me sway along to his rhythm, his movements getting faster. Then with him holding me firm, felt his thighs really smacking the cheeks of my bum until he went rigid and all I got was his cock expanding as he started to come inside me. It was at least six huge thrusts he gave to me in ridding himself of his seed, albeit into the condom before he slumped over onto my back, bearing me down onto my front.

I could feel his hot breath on my neck as he breathed in and out deeply, and with his full weight on me, could still feel his piece of meat throbbing inside me.

Wow, I said to myself again. This and what I've just had was incredible. The entry was a little painful at first, but the cream and his movements inside soon dispelled that and he not only filled me with his cock but also with joy that I had actually proved my love for him by letting him take me this way.

He lay there on my back for several minutes before rousing himself up and I felt his cock start to slide out of me. I couldn't help but give out a cry. Not because of any pain but just the fact that his wonderful tool was being taken away from me. He was then out and I felt him move and gave me another shock by having him kiss both cheeks of my bum before he got off the bed.

I heard his movements across the room and guessed that he was going to the bathroom to dispose of the used condoms and heard some running water and a few moments later, felt a wet cloth being used to wipe the excess cream from my backside before being wiped dry with another piece of cloth.

I then rolled over onto my back and spoke in a rather hoarse voice. 'Tony,' and had to cough to clear my throat. 'Tony, that was wonderful. Can we now suck on each other?' I don't think I had really needed to ask that question for he was quickly back on the bed and had his mouth close over the head of my cock and as I moved onto my side, I was able to wave my hand about until I grasped his

still hard cock and took the head of his into mine. There was still some residue of sperm in his that I was able to suck out and it wasn't long before I came in his mouth for him to get my second emission in less than half an hour.

With us both sucked dry and licked clean, we were soon in each other's arms, kissing open mouthed in a frenzy and vying to now suck on each other's tongue. We eventually calmed down and broke apart, both of us breathing heavily.

*'I love you, you wonderful man and have now proved that you really love me too,'* he wrote on my chest. *'¿ I didn't hurt you with it being your first time?'*

'No you lovely man. I didn't think it would be as wonderful as that.'

I lay there on my back, his hand caressing my chest, his fingers teasing a nipple, trying to remember how it had been when I last fucked a woman. As I've already mentioned, I've only had two women. The first I don't really remember being pissed as a fart at a university party. My only recollections to that was that I did in fact actually hump a girl. I know it was a female because she had tits, and I was on top of her, squashing them. I'm pretty sure my cock was up inside her at the time. What her name was, I've no idea, nor can I remember what she looked like.

\*