

First Time With a Guy

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You're never too old to experience new things.

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A forty-year-old man, nearly 20 years younger than me made contact through a nudist website I belonged to and we began to correspond about things. We exchanged a few pics and discovered that we were both in the same area. Then one day he was pushing to meet. I didn't know about that, I mean, it's one thing to enjoy fantasies... but to really... you know... with a guy and all... I suppose that's why it took me a little time to agree to meet this fellow. Finally, I decided to just take the bull by the horns (so to speak) and I bought some subs one day and invited him to join me for lunch at my office. We close-up our office at noon on Fridays, so it seemed a good neutral place to meet. After about an hour of munching and chatting, I locked the door, and invited him back to my office. I could tell he was going slow, not wanting to scare me off and all, but I was ready, and very nervous. It had been years since I had had any kind of real sex... with anyone or anything... except for the palm of my hand. I like masturbating and do it often. Even though I'm almost 60, I can still get it up and produce a pretty good amount of semen. Of course, lately, I tend to use Cialis to help get me nice and hard. I sat down in my chair and we talked a bit more. He finally just went to his knees in front of me and reached out to touch my crotch lightly. My heart was pounding, my mouth was dry and I was so excited that I couldn't talk! I had to help him with my belt, but he got the zipper pulled down and reached in gently and pulled my penis out. I'm a short guy, with a fairly small penis to match, but he didn't seem to mind. As his soft lips slid over the head, I immediately started to stiffen more. I looked down and was fascinated by the sight of his lips sliding across the head and sucking my shaft into his mouth. As I got harder, the head swelled and took on the look of a just-washed ripe plum, all shiny and wet. I stood up and he slid his hands behind me and took the waistband of my pants and boxers together, and slid them slowly down until they were at a heap at my feet. His mouth never lost contact with my cock. He ran his hands up under my shirt, across my portly belly and up to my hairy chest and across my nipples. As he lightly pinched them and rolled them in his fingers, little electric shocks surged downward to my cock, and ignited a thrill just under my balls. He fondled my balls as he sucked on me, and ran his hands lightly back to my buttocks, feeling them all over and slipping his fingers into and along my crack... ever so lightly as they passed, like a whisper in a quiet theater. His hands ran down my legs and my thighs, and behind my knees. He moaned the whole time, like he was thoroughly enjoying having my penis in his mouth. All this time he still had his clothes on but had

opened his shirt. He had told me he enjoyed nipple play, so I reached down and rolled his nipples between my thumb and fingers. I pulled on them, stretching them, then gripped them both hard and pulled. That made him moan all the more. I'm not sure what he was doing right then with his mouth, but it sounded like he was swishing mouthwash around in his mouth, and that feeling on my dick was incredible! I grabbed the back of his head lightly and started to move my hips a bit, he encouraged me by pulling my buttocks toward him. It didn't take long for me to start fucking motions with my hips, and the sight of my member slowly disappearing and re-appearing from his mouth just turned me on like nothing else had ever done, even when my late wife would go down on me. It was nothing like this! It was at this point, that I just gave myself over to the feeling of another man sucking me off. I grabbed his head with both hands and literally started to fuck his mouth with a wild abandon I didn't think I had in me. Of course, it didn't take long for me to feel that familiar tingle at the base of my balls and knew that I was going to cum very soon. I told him this, so that he could pull off, but to my surprise and delight, he doubled his efforts as he sucked and tongued me, moaning loudly and grabbing my buttocks and pulled me forcefully into his wonderful, wet mouth. I told him again that I was going to cum, and he acknowledged it with a muffled, "Um Hum!" he took his mouth off of me for only a moment to tell me he wanted me to shoot off in his mouth! I jerked my hips forward, held his face into hairs at the base of my penis and started to shudder and buck, as the most intense orgasm I had ever experienced exploded in his mouth. He kept sucking, and moaned, "Mmmm... Mmmm," like he was enjoying something tasty and delicious. He swallowed every time I felt a squirt of semen, until, weak-kneed, I leaned back against my desk panting, trying to get my vision to clear up, and not have a heart attack! We have gotten together since then, and even though I still consider myself more bi-curious than gay, but the feeling of another man sucking me off is a great pleasure I have discovered later in life.