

Florida 520

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She dumped him, but He picked up the pieces.

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It was cold and dark that January night, but not as cold and dark as my mood had been since I had walked in on my girlfriend and her new lover, locked in what I thought I'd never see - not from her, anyway - a blow job. I had been dating her for nearly a year, and she had granted my every wish but had vowed she would never take a cock into her mouth, not for love or money. But there she was, up to his nuts in denial of her vow.

And there I was, out the door with my belongings faster than she could think of any excuse for her sudden change of mind on the subject. It wouldn't have mattered what she might have said, either. I mean, no matter what you say, when your mouth is full of another man's cock, your boyfriend isn't going to understand it, is he.

In my mind's eye, I saw myself raising a pistol, taking hasty but deadly aim and splattering what might have passed for her brains over the wall behind her. At the sound, the car lurched violently to the right, and I corrected by steering left. Then the tail swung left, and I steered right. Back and forth, so, until finally the car stopped at the side of the road, slightly nose right, the engine having died in the confusion.

When I shut off the lights, I realized just how dark the night really was. It was a heavily overcast sky, with no moon or stars showing, nor any lighting along Florida Highway 520. Nor were there any houses nearby to lend a spark of light even in the distance. If I were in a dark room, there would be more light than what I saw there. If my eyes were shut, I thought, I would at least have some glimmer of light to see, but with them open, nothing.

I figured the violent reaction action of the car had been due to a failed tire, and likely on the rear. I exited the car, ran my hand along the side of the car as I walked carefully aft, stopping by the rear wheel to feel the left rear tire. It was hard as rock to the hand, so I pressed it with my foot, and it didn't give that way, either. I reasoned it must have been the right rear tire.

I continued to the trunk, where I stopped to open the lid and grope for my flashlight. As per usual, the batteries were dead. The darkness, if anything, grew deeper when I switched it on. I switched it off, again, and tossed it back into the trunk, then unfastened the spare and jack from the well on the right side of the trunk. It wasn't an easy task, with my hands numbing in the cold, but after several minutes, I had them free and unloaded, ready to make the switch, though I still could see nothing.

Crawling under the car, I positioned the axle jack under the right end of the rear axle and, at the same time, confirmed the failure of that tire - flat on the bottom - before lifting some of the weight from it with the jack. Then I crawled out again and, picking up the lug wrench from the trunk, found my way to the offending wheel.

The hub cap popped off easily enough, and for a change I didn't let it go flying off behind me. As I was loosening the lug bolts, then, a car eased up behind mine, giving valuable light to my tire-changing project. I made a quick visual check to assure myself I had properly placed the jack, then straightened up to see the driver of the newly arrived car walking toward me.

"I t'ought you might like some light to see what you are doin'," he said in a thick Jamaican accent. "That is, unless you'd rather do what you are seein'," he added, turning a little to his left so I could see, back-lighted by his headlights, his semi-hard cock hanging through his open fly. He turned back toward me and kept walking straight until he was inches from my face, then stopped. I breathed in, savored the heady aroma of his cock, and I salivated. I was captivated by the sensuous smell of it, and wanted more than anything to have it as near me as possible.

I turned to face it, saw it had black skin, and heard a low chuckle, which became a moan of approval when I pressed my face against it. I felt his cock swell a bit with pleasure as my nose slid down its length toward its tip, and once there, what was there to do but to reach out my tongue and ease it inside my mouth for the first blow job I would have known in over a year. It would also be the first time I had ever tasted "dark meat," as my friends at home used to call it. Truth be told, it excited me to no end, though it likely tasted no different than "white meat."

He was intact, and I had never seen a foreskin before, much less felt or tasted one in my life. So when his cock was positioned within my lips, I took a little time to explore this unfamiliar territory. I eased my tongue in through the opening of his foreskin and found a honey-pot of pre-cum waiting to be tasted. It was sweet, slick and delightful, so I spent some time there, running my tongue around his cock head, enjoying the new sensations.

When he had enough foreplay, he cupped a hand behind my head and eased his cock into my mouth. I marveled at how it moved in, but the skin didn't move between my lips. Near the end of its inward stroke, the head poked free of the skin sheath, deposited its pre-cum into my throat, then

retreated into the sheath again for its return toward my lips.

He took his time fucking me, at first, and though the weather was cold, my body warmed quickly in the heat of passion. As his passion mounted, though, so did his tempo increase. What started as a slow and gentle slide until his cock head barely popped free, became a race to my throat each time, and more and more shaft exposed with each thrust.

His breathing became hoarse, and his one hand behind my head became two hands gripping the sides of my head. He held my head so tightly, I couldn't have broken free had I wanted to - which I didn't. Then, without any words of warning, he trembled violently, held his breath and started cumming into my mouth.

I swallowed the first mouthful, and he howled, refilled my mouth with another huge shot of cum, and said, "Don' swallow this one, man. I will share it with you." Still cumming, he withdrew from my mouth, lifted me to my feet and pressed his large lips against mine, slipped his tongue in where his cock had just been, and together we enjoyed the taste of his cum. He held my body close to his, and I felt several more hot deposits of cum wasting down my trousers.

He finally had gotten enough pleasure from sharing his cum with me, swallowed what he could of his own cum, and let me kneel again before him. "I t'ink there's a bit more to suck out, now, if you will do me the honor." I did, and it was quite a bit, at that. It was all mine to savor, which I did.

Once his sexual energies were spent, the two of us made quick work of changing the tire, and as I was stowing the things in my trunk, he said, "T'anks, man, for everyt'ing. You got a good way wit' the cock, you know."

"Thanks," I replied. "That was the best blow job I've had all year, too." He looked puzzled, so I explained, "A blow job is not given or received, but shared. I got as much pleasure from it as you did, believe me. In fact, I'd like to have your phone number so that I could call you, some time, for another 'drink'."

He smiled broadly, gave me his business card, crossed out his home number, and said, "Call me at work. My wife might not understand."

We laughed, hugged each other, and he kissed me good night. I drove off, warm, full of cum, and more than a little soggy, but happier than I had been in months.