

Fun After Work

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Another visit to the video booth but with a surprising outcome.

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Working second shift had its advantages. I started at three in the afternoon but at 5:00 pm the rest of the office cleared out and I worked the remainder of the night alone (usually until about midnight). The quiet office was nice and I could play the music I liked without interference but it had other perks too. Since my wife would be sound asleep when I got home, it allowed me to visit the porn shop down the street before I left town. I never went there for the magazines but for the video booths in the far end of the store ... and not for the videos in those booths but for the sex in those booths! I had discovered, sort of by accident, how the booths worked. On my first visit there alone I was very embarrassed and when I finally chose a movie to watch I had left the door slightly opened (so passers-by would know I wasn't doing anything 'naughty'!) A man had opened the door and asked to join me. I saw no harm in sharing so I consented. He stepped inside, locking the door behind him, and then offered me a blowjob. I had tried gay sex before and enjoyed it so, although surprised, I again consented. He went down on me but wasn't very good and I knew from my past experiences it would take me a long time to cum so I offered to suck him. Immediately he said 'yes' and I soon had his cock in my mouth. I loved the excitement and the danger of doing this in such a seedy and semi-public place. I loved the taste of his cum too, so much so that after he finished I had crossed the aisle to another booth and immediately done the same thing. When the second man came in, locked the door and offered a blowjob I just said 'no, let me do you.' Surprised he consented and I eagerly went down on him and he gave me a hot mouthful of cum in return! My education had continued with each subsequent visit and with each visit I became more skilled. The stranger joining me would ask "what do you like?" I would say "I like it all!" Most of the time I would suck them off but once a man bent me over with my pants around my ankles and fucked me, right there in that little booth! I was so tight he could barely get inside me but once he did ... Oh my! He fucked me hard and fast and I left, not with the salty taste of cum in my mouth but with my ass sore and oozing man-juice! After that my after work visits were more and more frequent and I eagerly anticipated the next faceless cock, the next anonymous mouthful of cum. As I would browse through the aisles looking at the movies to pick a booth, I could sense men's eyes on me and them following close behind me to see which one I would pick. Tonight I found a movie quickly and entered the booth. Close behind a man stepped in behind me and locked the door. After our usual exchange he said he needed to get something (I guessed a condom) and

left the booth. I started to watch the movie with the door still ajar and began masturbating myself. I would look out the crack in the door now and then, wondering where he had gone ... looking for his return ... while playing with my hard cock through my opened jeans. I could see men watching me through the partially opened door and found I enjoyed the exhibitionist it brought out in me. When I ran out of quarters for the movie the first man had still not returned. Disappointed, I began doing up my jeans when another man opened the door. I had noticed him watching me masturbate through the open door. He stepped inside and, as I fumbled with my fly, I told him I had run out of quarters. "I have some. May I join you?" he replied. I consented and while he restarted the video I unfastened my jeans and returned to masturbating. "What do you like?" he asked. "I like it all," came my standard reply. "Well I'd like to suck that!" he said and reached over to take my erect cock out of my hand. Surprised and pleased by this strange turn of fortune, I simply said, "Yes!" He opened my pants and began pushing them down my legs. Knowing I was going to be naughty tonight, I had worn a pair of black lace panties and black lace topped thigh-high stockings. He pushed my jeans down, past the panties and down my silken legs. As the panties slipped down my legs, he looked up at me and I watched my hard cock slowly disappear into his mouth. While he sucked me ... deliciously, knowingly sucked me ... his hands explored my body. He cupped my ass, probed inside my anus, played with my nipples. I leaned back into the corner of the booth and enjoyed the wonderful feeling swelling in my cock. His skilled mouth and expert tongue, his hands exploring and touching, all were sending feelings through me I had never felt with a man. As I stared to climax my hands held his head and I buried my fingers in his hair. My orgasm sent me reeling, breathless and panting, pinned helplessly into the corner of the booth and clutching him for the support my weakened legs suddenly needed. He sucked me and sucked me until he had swallowed every drop I could give him. When he stopped and looked up at me he smiled a satisfied smile. I stood leaning into the corner with my jeans around my shaking legs and thanked him. He stood up, unlocked the door, and walked out leaving me standing there, still in the corner of the booth, still with my jeans around my ankles, my shrinking cock glistening with his saliva and in full view of everyone peeking in through the door. Collecting my senses, I pulled my panties on and fastened my jeans. As I left the booth I felt those eyes following me again, more intensely, and smiled as I thought of my next visit.