

Go Ahead

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A visit to the town bus station provides a pleasant surprise...

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Whenever I need to use a public toilet, I invariably go into one of the cubicles even if the entire row of urinals is empty. This used to be because, having had some bad reactions from women at the large size of my manhood, I was self-conscious about exposing my genitals to other people and preferred to hide myself away. These days, that no longer bothers me at all. Since I've never had a bad response from men on that score, I've become far more confident about revealing my large penis to my own gender. In fact, I've rather grown to enjoy it. I use the cubicles now because I like to read the graffiti on the walls and partitions: it's fascinating to find out what can take place behind the cubicles doors in the most inauspicious of public toilets. Even the respectable-looking conveniences tucked away in National Trust properties can at times be home to the most decadent of homosexual activity. On this particular day, I'd popped in to take a pee in the toilets at the bus station in town and had, as usual, made a beeline straight for the middle of the three cubicles. I decided, while I was peeing into the toilet bowl, that this must be a largely inactive venue as far as male-to-male encounters went. There was very little graffiti and what there was, was non-sexual. "Earn 50K a year, no tax, no effort. Call ---" Not the sort of advert I was interested in. I wondered if the bus station might be too busy to harbour any attempts at gay activity: the outer door was constantly banging open and men were forever tramping in and out. Or whether, perhaps, the people here were, not unreasonably, more interested in simply relieving themselves before hurrying out to catch buses. Whatever the reason, this clearly wasn't the sort of place I was likely to have any fun in. I'd actually come to the bus station on my son's behalf. Jake had booked himself a ticket through a budget coach company called Go-Ahead intending to pay me a visit at the weekend but had subsequently found something more interesting to occupy his time. Given the breadth and variety of his social life at university, this was not an especially surprising change of plan. When he'd gone onto the company's website to try and change the date of travel, he'd found – just as I had a few hours later – that there was no obvious way of doing that. Hence the trip into town on the way to work to see if someone in the bus station office would prove to be more helpful. And hence me standing taking a pee in the bus station toilets to help pass the time before the office opened at nine. Not that I was in any rush to leave: as you've probably gathered, I've developed something of an interest in what goes on in gents' toilets. Since divorcing Jake's mum and following a sporadic succession of failed relationships with women, I'd discovered by

chance that a surprising number of other men are willing to attend to my high sex drive in exchange for me assisting them with theirs. I knew that many such men would not identify themselves as gay or even bisexual and would probably see occasional arrangements with their own gender as being a merely physical release, but in the right mood and setting – and public toilets seemed to offer both – they would seek occasional sly couplings. After my first few tentative fumbling encounters, I had quickly come to develop a taste for this furtive and exciting form of sex and had started to appreciate the appeal of my fleeting companion's erections just as they seemed to enjoy mine. Not only that, but I had discovered in myself a fascination for the male behind; in its hairiness, its smell and – most tantalisingly – in its taste. Perhaps inevitably I'd soon been drawn to the earthy appeal of anal intercourse with like-minded men, and, after initially preferring to assume the more active role, I had, to my astonishment, found it hugely rewarding to allow my own rear to be similarly used. Things that would once have never have occurred to me as being even remotely stimulating, were now a source of intense arousal. The smell of a stranger's well-worn underwear, the feel of his large, paired bollocks heavy against my fingers and the sensation of his hot semen squirting into my throat never ceased to surprise me in the power of their eroticism. Which was why I now so often sought out, in between the occasional evenings I was allowed with my on-off girlfriend Debbie, the pleasure of male company in places such as this. Except on this occasion I quickly decided that I wouldn't be coming back to these toilets in a hurry. The lack of graffiti obviously meant nothing much went on here and I normally had little reason to stop off at the town bus station. I'd have to continue my regular visits to the largely ignored toilet building hidden away in the park; always a good bet for a salacious after-work liaison. I'd also just discovered that the small gents' behind the town library wasn't as sleepy as one might expect, especially on Sunday evenings after 'Antiques Roadshow'. As I was shaking the last few drops of piss from my organ and preparing to tuck myself away, I saw a movement underneath the partition through the corner of my eye. Looking down, it was a muddy trainer making a deliberate jabbing motion into my cubicle. I knew this to be a sign that the man next door wanted my attention – and that it was unlikely that he'd simply run out of loo roll. I finished shaking my cock and, with it still unzipped, did a quick scan of the partition between us. There seemed to be nothing unusual about it, other than a square piece of wood at waist-height which had been screwed onto it, presumably to repair a hole which some obliging soul had carved out. I began to wonder if the bloke in the next stall simply had a twitchy leg. When I looked more closely at the square of wood, though, I noticed that three of the screws holding it in place had been usefully removed by some obliging soul, allowing it to be slid diagonally upwards. I peered back underneath the partition: the foot belonging to the man next door was prodding quite deliberately in my direction. As it seemed probable that he was trying to let me know that he was looking for sex if I was willing, I rotated the wood to reveal the large hole underneath I had expected. The guy immediately jumped up from the toilet he'd been sitting on and stood in front of the hole. He was wearing a pair of grey tracksuit bottoms which showed off the bulge of his crotch, but these were quickly yanked down, along with his faded stripy boxer-briefs which had seen a good many better days. His cock was still limp and insubstantial. It was a coffee brown in colour, as were his balls, and thickly surrounded by a forest of black pubic hair.

However, the skin of his belly and his thighs was considerably paler: he probably wasn't as dark-skinned as his genitals would suggest. If I had to guess his ancestry from what little of him I could see, I'd say it was Eastern European. Quite a number of Polish men were working in town and we'd also had an influx from the Baltic countries. Wherever he was from, he knew the drill as far as sex in public toilets went. Whatever his sexual persuasion, he knew that when a guy opened up the hole in the partition between your stalls, you could assume that you were about to be pleased in one way or another. His cock, still limp, was therefore promptly and unceremoniously thrust through the hole, demanding gratification. I was keen to demonstrate to him that I knew the drill too. I squatted down and, before doing anything, carefully examined the organ that was being presented to me. It was fully flaccid – he wasn't even slightly aroused by the prospect of what another man might be about to do to him – which made me think he was probably straight. This was a guy who enjoyed the simple pleasure of having his penis stimulated by another person, regardless of whether they were male or female. It was an all-embracing outlook, and one with which I could greatly empathise. I reached up and gently fondled the slack foreskin covering his withered, brown shaft. It was almost rubbery in texture – warm and yielding – and I massaged it as sensually as I could between my forefinger and thumb. I felt a tingle of excitement that this was a stranger's manhood I was stroking; that I was touching the private part of someone I wouldn't even recognise if I saw him in the street. His cock was of a fairly average size. I knew from experience that it might, when aroused, enlarge dramatically in girth and length to become as large as my own, or that it might, just as likely, remain the same size as it was now but just point upwards. Such things didn't really bother me: this was another man's cock being offered to me and, no matter what its proportions when either floppy or hard, I intended to have as much fun with it as I could. Just a few years earlier, when I'd still been married to my wife, the idea that I might enjoy stimulating other men through toilet partitions would have appalled me. And yet I had, in a relatively short space of time, developed a deep appreciation for the sheer variety of other men's cocks – not to mention their balls and bums – and was now most adept at pleasuring them in a wealth of situations, all the while frantically stimulating my own. Grabbing his foreskin more firmly, I eased it back across the head of his organ, exposing his wrinkled pink-coloured helmet. Underneath was wet and slimy and the sharp smell of his piss and testosterone hit me. I felt my mouth water from how moist it was and how harsh this stranger's sex smelt. I put my face close to it and sniffed at it, enjoying its characteristic odour and especially the forthright, acrid whiff of the head. I loved having another man's organ so close to my face, marvelling at its unique and secret smells, something I once would never have thought possible. I slowly masturbated his foreskin back and forth across the pea-shaped cock head, feeling the shaft growing very slightly but not as much as I would have liked. My own manhood, in contrast, was growing markedly larger: the biting masculine smell of this stranger's cock was most arousing and the surprise of having it poking through the cubicle partition for me to play with was proving most exciting. I tried a different approach and repositioned my hand. Putting my fingers underneath his shaft and my thumb on top of it, I tried to stimulate his whole organ in the way that I would my own. Again, I thought I could feel a slight hardening as I wanked him like this, but the overall state remained resolutely floppy. It seemed that being fondled didn't really do it for

him. That was disappointing: until then I had thought I was becoming quite accomplished at the delicate art of masturbating other men. I tried a few other techniques, hoping to stumble on the one that would get his cock growing so I could beat him off properly and perhaps even coax him to climax in my mouth, but his organ remained stubbornly unresponsive. Above the background noise of men clumping in and out of the toilet, I heard him whisper through to me, "You suck!" I assumed he was making a request rather than offering an opinion on my masturbatory skills, and leaned my head towards his limp cock. I licked the head of it and found the taste very strong. It wasn't unpleasant: just far more astringent and sour than I was used to. I wondered whether, if he was Eastern European, there was some peculiarity of his diet which gave his sexual secretions such a distinctive flavour. I licked it again, curious as to the source of such an unusual taste, and I heard him whisper again, more insistently, "You suck!" Christ, he was impatient. Didn't anyone ever teach him about the joys to be had in savouring the moment? I did as he commanded and put my mouth over the entirety of his organ. I heard him gasp again and almost immediately his cock started lengthening and thickening in my mouth. Evidently, he liked having a blow job administered to him and he'd learned that, in Britain at least, such services are offered freely by men of a particular persuasion in certain public toilets. At first, I simply caressed his cock with my tongue and lips, lapping at the flavoursome drool from his slit and working his hardening shaft inside my mouth. But as he grew steadily more aroused, I elaborated my technique into a full-on blow job, sucking gently at his fattening cock head and developing the movement of my lips into a more rhythmic pumping. He liked that and I heard him say, in a low voice, "Very good! I like!" His voice was rough – he was almost certainly a smoker at the very least – and his accent pronounced. He might be Russian, I guessed, or from one of the former Soviet republics. I felt, however, that whoever had taught him English should have spent a little more time on how to properly express appreciation when being given a blowjob through a toilet stall. I kept going, starting to work my head back and forth to stimulate the shaft of his cock with a more regular motion. I sucked more firmly, teasing his precum from his slit with the lapping of my tongue against the sensitive underside of his plump, round head. His cock steadily hardened to full size in my mouth. Wherever he was from, he responded to being sucked in a largely predictable way. He started working with me, pounding his cock in and out of my mouth to the same rhythm as I was employing on him, and making the partition shudder with the force of his hips. Fortunately, the noise of the other men in the toilet was too loud to make it obvious what was going on between us and so I kept going, sweeping my mouth up and down his rock hard organ as he slammed it back and forth through the hole. I raised my hand to glance at my watch as he pleased himself inside my mouth. It was coming up to nine o'clock: I should really be finishing up in here and heading for the bus station office by now. I hoped he wouldn't take long and would soon climax in my mouth. It would be fascinating to see how his semen tasted: whether it would bear the same acrid taste of his cock drool, or whether it would have a taste all of its own. I'd swallow what he produced – I always enjoyed that – and would have to stifle any indigestion afterwards. Whatever happened, I'd have to avoid burping in the bus station office and betraying to whoever was serving me what I'd just drank down. However, just as I thought he was pushing himself towards orgasm, he pulled out of me and backed away from the hole. I stared

through it, at his arching cock looking longer than I expected and with the upper half of it wet and shiny from my mouth. I thought he might use his hand to finish himself off as some men like to and was rather looking forward to seeing his preferred masturbatory technique after it had so frustratingly eluded me. He didn't attend to his cock, though: he just stood there with it pointing upwards and his balls dangling down, fat and heavy, like they were straining with his collected seed. His pubic bush was huge: unlike me, he'd made no attempt to keep it trimmed. He leaned over and whispered through the hole to me: "Show your ass! I like ass!" Thinking I might be about to get a rim-job in return for what I'd done to him, I dutifully complied and quickly stood up with my back to the partition. I yanked my trousers and briefs down so he could see my bare bum, and then bent forwards for him, pressing the hairy crack between my buttocks against the hole. It probably wasn't the best view of me that I could have offered him, but with just a little persistence he would soon reach my arsehole. I momentarily felt his breath against the cheeks of my bum but the anticipated wetness of his tongue was not forthcoming. Instead, there was the sound of fumbling and then a tearing noise as a wrapper was hastily opened. My heart jumped with excitement: I was about to be fucked! Wherever he was from, he wasn't averse to using an Englishman's backside to assuage his sexual needs! I spat on my fingers and quickly rubbed some of my spit into my hole, my cock rising upwards between my legs in its eagerness at what was about to happen. Then I put my hands on my knees and bent forwards slightly, relaxing my anus to accommodate his organ. Glancing down, I saw the front of his dirty trainers appear under the bottom of the partition as he shuffled forwards: one foot on either side of my black leather work shoes. Then I felt the rubber-clad head of his cock, warm and blunt, prodding insistently between my buttocks. He seemed desperately impatient: he really needed his dick inside someone. And I was more than willing to provide. Ever the philanthropist: that's me. His approach was anything but sensual: he made no attempt to try and find my entrance, neither with his fingers or by manoeuvring his cock, but instead just jabbed himself roughly between my cheeks hoping to hit lucky and slide into me. I had to move my bum around against the partition to try and work myself onto his thrusting organ; I even pulled my cheeks apart with both hands to help guide him in. Eventually, more through chance than skill, his cock found its target and, with an audible gasp from its owner, drove into me. Almost immediately, he took up a rapid, pounding rhythm, mechanically pumping the arsehole that was being so willingly provided for him. He paused to shuffle his legs further apart – he was evidently a man who liked his balls to swing back and forth during sex – and to grab the top of the partition with both hands for leverage. Then the fucking began in earnest, as fast and furious as he could manage. He clearly loved feeling his cock driving in and out of another person's body, although, I strongly suspected he would ordinarily prefer the recipient of his pounding to be female and the orifice to be a vagina. I put my hands on my knees again: pushing my bum back against the partition to meet his driving manhood with every rough, powerful thrust. The height of the hole made the way I was standing uncomfortable for me – I had to bend my knees at a painful angle to ensure my arsehole was level with his cock – but I ignored the aching of my thighs and shins and enjoyed the sheer pleasure of having an extremely intimate homosexual encounter in what had at first seemed such an unlikely of settings. Having never had sex in this particular position, I loved the fact I

was here in a toilet cubicle allowing a stranger to butt-fuck me from the cubicle next door. For some reason he wasn't able to slide fully in and out of me and his cock, if I'm honest, did little more than jab mechanically in and out through my anal ring. Nevertheless, though, I was standing in a near-public place being buggered by man I hadn't even met! The sheer thrill of having this done to me in such a busy toilet made my cock throb upwards in its incredulous excitement. Men were standing at the urinals, walking over to washing their hands and use the hand-dryers, and yet here I was just feet away from them, having my arse shafted by the cock of some bloke I wouldn't know from Adam. He was an Eastern European wearing grey tracksuit bottoms and dirty trainers: that was pretty much all I knew about him. I started rubbing my swollen organ, feeling hugely turned-on at being penetrated like this. I must have looked so innocuous coming in here in my suit; just a boring nine-to-fiver caught short on the way to the office. Not the sort of guy you'd expect to end up bending forwards to press his buttocks against a hole in the partition between stalls; not the sort of guy you'd expect to be beating himself off while some anonymous cock pumped in and out of his hairy arse-crack. I glanced down at my trousers and briefs around my ankles, working my butt-cheeks against the thin chipboard wall. Jesus, this was making me feel so incredibly horny! And, better still, no-one had any idea of what was going on! The whole scenario was so outrageous that I found myself smiling, even though I was so aroused by what we were doing. Except one guy did know what was going on. One guy knew exactly what was going on. I don't know how long he'd been waiting for an opportune moment, but as soon as the coast was clear – which wasn't often and even then was only for a matter of seconds – I heard a tapping at my cubicle door. The toilets were momentarily empty, bar him. We were in a brief lull of near-silence among the endless comings and goings. He tapped again and then called out irritably, "Come on, let me in!" I glanced over to the cubicle door and saw a very narrow gap between the door and the surround. Through it, an eye was peering in and whoever it was who was standing out there, knocked more firmly for me to open the door. He spoke again: "Come on, mate! This place will be busy again any second!" I knew that if I was going to act, I had to do so now. I was aware that this could potentially be some sort of set-up – that the guy standing outside could prove to be a security guard or cop – but at the same time, what if it wasn't? What if he was, as was far more likely, some horny bloke like me who wanted to join in with our fun? Taking a risk I knew I could end up regretting, I reached over and slid the catch on the door open. He came in quickly and, as he was closing the door behind him, two guys burst into the toilets making the outer door bang against the wall. They were talking loudly and stomped over to the urinals together. The man who'd just come into my cubicle grinned at me as he watched me being fucked through the hole in the partition. I didn't resume masturbating now that he was standing alongside me: for some ridiculous reason it would have seemed vulgar. He was, like me, wearing a suit, but his was grey whereas mine was black. He probably called into the bus station toilets most mornings to take a pee and see what else might be on offer. He must casually glance through the gap around the door to see what was going on inside. These toilets, I mused, were quite a find: there was more activity going on in them than was usually happening in the park. Perhaps there was so little graffiti here because the men in these cubicles were kept far too engaged with one another for writing on walls and partitions. It occurred to me that

the most active public toilets might have, counter-intuitively, the least evidence of the pleasures they were host to. I made a mental note of that observation: it could prove most useful. The guy in the suit came over and whispered to me, his voice almost undiscernible over the top of the talking of the other two blokes, "You look hot!" I chuckled at him, working my bum against the partition as my cock arched upwards between my legs. "It feels pretty hot!" I replied. He grinned and said, "I'll make it feel even hotter!" Then he knelt down in front of me and took my cock head in his mouth. He didn't release his own, as I might have expected, but seemed to enjoy the act of orally pleasuring another man without feeling any need to stimulate himself. As he'd indicated, the position of being both fucked and sucked did indeed prove to be hotter than just the former had. More men came into the toilets, their noise and bustle intensifying my pleasure once again. Now, not only did I have some random bloke's cock hammering away between my butt-cheeks with all these other people unaware and just feet away, but I was also sliding my throbbing hard-on into a second stranger's mouth! I looked down at him as he sucked me. It wasn't the best blowjob I'd ever had, I have to say, and, although I grabbed his head and acted like I was loving it, the feel of his mouth on my cock wasn't especially pleasurable. Indeed, just like the fucking I was receiving, I was far more turned on by what we were doing here behind the closed cubicle doors with so many other men coming and going. His hair was quite grey but I suspected he was about the same age as me. He might even be a little bit younger. I noticed that his tie was truly hideous: if ever I had brought such a monstrosity home, Jake would have taken it out into the back garden and ceremoniously burned it. He pulled off my cock and stood up again. He grinned at me broadly like he was proud of the blowjob he'd just delivered, and so I smiled and nodded as if I'd really enjoyed it. "You have a lovely big dick," he whispered. Men were always so appreciative of my generous anatomy. He said, his voice a little louder now that the hand-dryer was going again, "Let me have a turn!" I didn't know what he meant so he clarified, "Let me get fucked by lover boy in there... you can suck my dick!" I smiled. This place really was turning out to be a lot of fun. I'd have to encourage Jake to book tickets through the Go-Ahead website more often. I pulled away from the partition and for a few seconds – it seemed like longer – the cock protruding through the hole kept thrusting upwards as if its owner hadn't noticed there was no longer an orifice on the end of it. When he did realise he was no longer fucking anything, and while the guy in the suit was hitching his trousers and underpants down and applying a thick gob of spit to his arsehole, he called out with some urgency something which sounded like, "Davai! Davai!" Now prepared to be fucked, the suited guy grinned at me again and we changed places. I have to say the condom looked pretty grim from where it had been, but that didn't seem to bother him. He positioned himself in front of the partition, facing forwards with his bum level with the hole in it, grabbed the cock poking through it, and pushed it between his flabby-looking buttocks, waddling like a duck as he worked it up into his arse. "Oh God!" he said to me, his eyes sparkling with delight. "You really have no idea how much I need this!" I suddenly realised he sounded as camp as hell. For a guy who was likely to be gay, he'd given a surprisingly substandard blowjob. He put his hands on his knees, just as I had, and started pumping the cock with his backside, working his hips back and forth to meet the Eastern European guy's thrusts. I saw that he was standing on tip-toes: he wasn't as tall as I am. His cock was stiff and

bobbing around between his legs. It was much smaller than average but fully aroused. It had a nice dark red head which was a lovely mushroom shape. His balls were disproportionately large but pulled up close to his body rather than dangling low the way mine do. It looked like they were straining against his tightly-stretched scrotum, bloated and full with his pent-up seed: perhaps like the Eastern European guy, he'd waited too long for sexual release. I glanced further down at the trousers and underwear he'd hitched down around his ankles. He was wearing turquoise Andrew Christian briefs with bright purple piping. Yes, he was definitely gay. He grinned at me again and whispered, "I wish I'd brought my lube!" Thinking perhaps he was hinting that I might have some he could use, I just shrugged. I didn't. Although I now kept heartburn tablets in my car to settle my stomach after swallowing too much semen, I wasn't yet at the stage of carrying tubes of lube into public toilets with me. Maybe soon, but not just yet. As I watched this stranger getting butt-fucked in front of me, I found myself wondering why I hadn't offered to rim him before he'd pushed his arse up against the partition. I could have done it while I'd been getting fucked myself: had him stand in front of me while I was bending down, his bare arse in my face so that I could have made his chute nice and wet. Jesus Christ, it was the obvious thing to have done. How could I have been so stupid for it not to have occurred to me? My son was right, I thought to myself. I could be such a drongo sometimes. He whispered expectantly, "Suck my dick! Come on!" His voice sounded loud as the toilets suddenly seemed to have emptied again. No doubt more men would be barging in through the outer door at any minute. I was about to kneel down in front of him, just as he had with me, but I realised I didn't want to do that. Now that the idea of rimming an arse had presented itself to me, I was much keener to experience getting my face pressed into a butt. It is, after all, for me at least, the most exciting of male-to-male sexual activities: very much the 'Tesco Finest' on the broad and varied shelf of homosexual delights. As the suited guy's bum was in use by the condom-clad cock lunging in and out through the hole, there was only one other obvious contender for me to offer my services to. I pulled up my underwear and trousers, much to his evident disappointment, and then peered out through the crack between the door and the surround. As I'd suspected, the toilets were fleetingly empty again. I opened the door as the suited guy called over to me, "Come on, mate! Don't go. I'll suck you again if you like!" I ignored him and let myself out, back into the main toilet area. The door I'd just vacated was brusquely locked shut behind me. I knew I had just a few seconds to persuade my Eastern European friend to let me in with him before more men started coming into the toilets. I tapped on his door and whispered, "Let me in!" How would you say that in Russian, I wondered? I heard a man shouting something outside of the toilets. A loud voice, becoming clearer as he got closer: calling across to someone that he'd just be a minute; he needed the loo. I knocked more loudly at the door of the cubicle, "Come on, open up!" The outer door of the toilets swung open but the guy didn't yet come in. He was holding the door open while he called out, "Literally, one minute! Half a minute! You can wait that long, can't you?" I knocked again, "Come on! I'll... I'll..." What could I say? How could I tempt him? I plumped for the truth: "I'll lick your arse!" To my surprise the red 'Engaged' sign clicked to a green 'Vacant'. You're not so vacant, I thought. You know a good time when it's offered. I hurried into the cubicle as the guy outside pushed into the toilets. Whoever he'd been talking to must have agreed

to wait. The Eastern European bloke in the cubicle was standing side-on, still thrusting his hips against the partition as his cock slid in and out of the buttocks that were pressed against the hole. He'd hitched his grey tracksuit bottoms down around his thighs, but his faded boxer briefs were still covering his backside. He eyed me up suspiciously. He was young but looked much rougher than I expected. He had several days' growth of stubble on his face and his hair hadn't seen a bottle of shampoo in at least a week. I closed the door behind me and slid the catch back across to lock it. I threw him a small smile. He didn't smile back, but just kept staring at me with distrust. I realised he had no idea that I was the man he'd just been fucking. He probably thought he was still using the same arse as he had from the beginning. After all, to some men, one butt-fuck is the same as any other. "You lick ass," he demanded in a coarse whisper once the man outside had started noisily pissing. For all his unkempt appearance, I noticed his teeth were pristine. I nodded, feeling more interested to see his cock from this angle, driving in and out of the gay guy's arse crack on the other side of the partition and with the condom pulled down to the base. I could now appreciate why, in spite of the length of his organ, he hadn't been able to penetrate me very deeply: he could only get top half of it through the hole in the partition because of the toilet roll dispenser which was in the way. If I'd had the sense to invite him around to join me in my cubicle, I could see that I would have had my bowels much more satisfyingly filled. "You lick ass," he repeated. I smiled again as more people came into the toilets. "I do indeed," I told him. "Amongst other talents." He seemed uninterested in that and just yanked the back of his underwear down to reveal his squat, hairy buttocks. "You lick." I walked over to where he was standing and knelt down behind him. I'd have to be very careful with how I played this: I didn't want to freak him out by making it clear that I wanted to rim his arsehole until he was more at ease with the idea of having another man licking his buttocks. Some straight men feel threatened at the idea of being penetrated by another man's tongue: I'd have to take things very slowly with my foreign friend here or risk having him expel me from the cubicle with a curt "Dosvidaniya!" Feeling that I wasn't moving fast enough for him, he jabbed his finger towards his bare bum more urgently. "Lick now! Lick now!" He certainly had a way with words. I muttered, "A simple 'Go ahead' would suffice." I moved my face forwards towards his buttocks and sniffed at them with some trepidation. Like his cock, his backside was robustly odorous, although I suspected that most of the intensely pungent scent I could smell was coming from the well-worn seat of his underwear. Encouraged, I leaned in further towards him and sniffed more closely at his thickly forested arse-crack. Its smell was strong and more crude than I would ordinarily prefer, but not without its own idiosyncratic appeal. Still afraid of alarming him or rushing into anything he might consider beyond my remit, I started gently licking the hairy cheeks of his bum while avoiding the alluring crack which it was my intention to steadily work towards. He seemed, however, quite dissatisfied by my approach. He grabbed me by the back of the head, grunted, "Lick hole! Lick hard!" and, with his other hand yanking his left buttock away from the right, shoved my face forcefully into his splayed crack. It was an invitation I found it difficult to refuse. Apart from anything else, he held my head far too strongly for me to even try. Not that I made any attempt to pull away. Instead, I started lapping into his cleft as he pushed my face as hard as he could into him, pleasantly surprised that good fortune seemed to have

smiled on me and that I'd found myself a fellow enthusiast of the 'Tesco Finest' range. His was a rough-smelling arse – bracingly bitter with a distinctly garlic edge to it – but once I'd recovered from the initial shock of having my face so violently applied to it, I found the sensation of nuzzling into such an effluvious part of this demanding, uncouth man extremely arousing. As he ground my face into his coarse, hairy backside and as I sniffed and then licked at his hot, sticky hole, I managed to unzip myself and work my cock out through my fly and started wanking myself with excitement at the sheer power of his bum stink. I heard him laugh when he saw what I was doing as I rimmed him. "You like! You like dirty ass on your face!" He pulled away from the hole in the partition – the gay guy wouldn't be too pleased with that – and raised one foot up onto the toilet seat. Then, with his arse cheeks spread more widely by his new position, he rubbed my face up and down against the crack of his backside. I nuzzled into him, allowing him to use me as profanely as he wanted, licking at his dank, furry cleavage as my nose and mouth swept back and forth along its length. His taste was intense: more powerful and uncompromising than any bum I'd had my face stuck into, and all the more exquisite for being so. I heard the used condom land with a slap onto the tiled floor, and then his body started vibrating and I realised he was masturbating. I couldn't see how he was doing it because he kept my face steadfastly attached to his rear, rubbing it up and down against him like he would a piece of toilet paper. I never got to see what his preferred technique was. Shame. I heard the gay guy whispering through the hole in the partition: "Let me suck your dick!" I wasn't sure which of us he was directing that at: it didn't really matter because we both ignored him. I was greatly enjoying what we were doing but finding that the way this guy kept moving around was making it difficult to actually stick my tongue into his hole and rim him properly. Every time I would try, he would spread his legs more widely or bend over further to push his bum more firmly into my face, or he would grapple my head this way or that, apparently revelling in being able to treat another man with such vulgar disregard. I wanted to pull away from him and call out, "Just let me lick your arsehole, for Christ's sake!" but he held me far too strongly for me to have any hope. The gay guy called in again – the noise of the hand-dryer helping to conceal his voice from the men outside – "Let me in and you can fuck me while he rims you! Come on, mate! You'll love it!" It occurred to me that he hadn't realised that my brawny friend here had very little English. The Eastern European guy probably didn't even know the meaning of the word 'rim'. After another minute or so of what proved to be an exhilarating (but endlessly frustrating) struggle to rim this foreigner's aromatic backside, he pulled away from me and turned to look at down at me crouching behind him with my cock out. "You like smell ass?" he whispered, as if wanting to assure himself that he wasn't overstepping any interracial boundaries. I nodded enthusiastically. He grinned. "You are dirty man." "Well if I am, we make rather good friends," I quietly informed him with a chuckle. I was wondering how late I was going to end up being for work this morning and what I could say to explain it. "You want smell ass same time get fuck?" I wasn't sure what he meant – how I could do that – but I nodded again. I stood up and unfastened my belt as he pulled another condom out from his pocket. "Perhaps," I said in a low voice, although men were talking loudly in the toilets making any sounds from our cubicles difficult to discern. "Perhaps I could fuck you?" I expected him to have to ask me to repeat the question or to seek clarification about what

I meant. However, he knew that question all too well and had his answer very emphatically ready. "No way. I don't get fuck." "You might find it quite... er... pleasant," I suggested. I had, after all, been most impressed the first time I'd allowed someone to do it to me. He shook his head and repeated, "No way. My ass... not for that." Being fucked was, evidently, a step too far for him. "You can rim me while he fucks you," the gay guy whispered in to me. I looked at the Eastern European guy to see if that might be his idea but his face remained completely impassive. He put the condom, still in its wrapper, between his teeth and started pulling off his tracksuit bottoms over his dirty trainers. What position was he thinking of? How were we going to do this? I hitched my trousers and underwear down around my thighs and spat on my fingers again to lube myself up. He didn't give my large cock even a perfunctory glance. He wasn't at all interested in what I had out front. My own thoughts were mulling over what was I going to tell work when I eventually got there. When I'd thought my delay would only involve a quick visit to the bus station office, I'd been intending to say I'd had trouble getting the car to start. It was now getting so late that I really ought to have phoned in with my excuse. Whatever story I was going to come up with, it would have to involve a scenario in which I wasn't able to use my phone. If I could work in something that would also explain why I had a strong smell of Eastern European backside on my face, that would also prove useful. He hung his tracksuit bottoms up on the back of the cubicle door and then yanked off his underwear. I wasn't especially surprised by that: different men like to have sex in different states of undress. I noticed how hairy his legs were as he tore open the condom and unfurled it down his cock. His thighs and shins were deeply covered by a thick fur of wiry black hair. He saw me looking and made a show of presenting himself; flaunting his hard cock with the condom stretched down it and his big, heavy scrotum hanging down beneath it. His trainers and socks looked a little silly at the bottoms of his naked, hairy legs and his large pubic bush did not improve the overall effect. I couldn't help but smile. "You like?" he asked, misinterpreting my reaction. "Of course," I replied. He gestured me to turn around and bend over the toilet – he didn't seem to know the words to ask for that – and then positioned himself between my legs behind me. I wondered again if he was going to invite the gay guy in with us so I could rim him while he fucked me. However, as the toilets now sounded especially busy, I couldn't see how he was going to do that. He pushed his cock against my arsehole and then, no doubt surprised at how easy I was to enter, slowly eased it up into my bowels. I turned to look up at him over my shoulder and we allowed ourselves a small smile together. We might find it difficult to communicate, but this was something that was universally understood: some men like sex no matter who they're doing it with, and other men are more than willing to oblige. I faced forwards again and grabbed the toilet seat for support, well aware of how many other men's buttocks had been pressed against it. He started sliding himself in and out of me, slowly at first, and then steadily increased his rhythm and the strength of his movements when it was clear that I wasn't going to object. He held me firmly by the hips and I pushed my arse back to meet the quickening thrusts of his cock, bending down as low as I could to take as much of his length and girth as I could. I turned around again and we grinned at each other naughtily: in spite of our differences in background and culture we were briefly united as two men who enjoyed the illicit pleasures of some furtive buggery. "Ach, da! Da!" he whispered down to me as we worked our bodies

together. "Oh, yeah!" I gasped in reply, squeezing my arse muscles around the driving of his cock. This was so much better than being fucked through the hole in the partition. We could work our bodies together, pushing against each other and matching each other's movements, and he could get far more of his cock inside me, sweeping the whole length of it in and out of my gaping hole. When I'd left my house for work that morning, I'd had no idea that I'd end up like this; with my nicely-ironed work trousers and fresh, white briefs yanked down around my knees and some Eastern European migrant worker going at my bum like a dog on heat. I must look so unexciting and conventional in my boring work suit, no-one would ever imagine that I liked to bend over in public toilets, masturbating and gasping while total strangers pleased themselves behind me. I smiled at the incongruity: I'd be leaning over my desk in an hour or so, an expression on my face like butter wouldn't melt, with my arsehole making a large, inflamed ring against the seat of my trousers, puckered and gaping open obscenely from the rowdy servicing it had received on my way into work. I turned to look back up over my shoulder at my companion as he fucked me and we smiled together again. No language was necessary between us: we seemed to both recognise that men from all parts of the world, from all walks of life, helped each other out like this sometimes; we might never be friends or even acquaintances, but we could enjoy a few brief moments of being physically joined. It was only when his hips had started thrusting noisily against my buttocks, that it became clear how I was supposed to sniff his backside while he was fucking me. He grabbed his discarded shorts and shoved them into my face like the villain in a murder mystery applying a hanky doused with chloroform to his victim. At first I tried to pull away, not understanding what he was pushing into my nose, but then he bent over my body and whispered, "Smell ass! You like!" into my ear, and I realised that this was the back of his underwear and that he was inviting me – in his own, succinct way – to sniff it while he fucked me. I had to admire his approach: it was nothing if not original. Perhaps for him this was a normal part of the courtship ritual back home: grinding his dirty keks into his sweetheart's face. I sniffed at the rear gusset of his boxers, enjoying the strong smell of his bum on the faded material. It felt so raunchy to have him do that to me – for me to be sniffing the back of the underpants he'd been wearing while his cock pummelled my arse – and yet at the same time it was hugely arousing. I muttered again, "Aah, yeah!" and grabbed my own cock underneath me and started pumping my foreskin quickly back and forth. He chuckled against my back at the feel of me masturbating so excitedly at what he was doing. "You are dirty man!" he repeated with a laugh. "Very dirty man!" He moved the back of his boxers around against my nose, letting me explore the richness of his odour on the part that had clearly been wedged up into his crack and, once I'd found their crudest, most pungent spot, I muttered my encouragement to have him hold them still. His cock sped up and started bucking in and out of me. The sight of another man sniffing the back of his dirty underpants had obviously propelled him onto the home straight. I tugged my own organ more quickly, hurrying it towards my own climax. "Sniff there," he implored me, roughly pushing the most discoloured spot on the material into my nose. "Sniff hole!" I did as he was demanding, inhaling deeply from the stained streak on the rear gusset of the shorts. The smell was powerful and masculine; raunchy and rough. "You like?" he asked. As if he needed to. I grinned and nodded, sniffing again still more enthusiastically. "I love!" I told him. His cock

was ramming back and forth with the same relentless pounding as a hammer drill on full speed. He was using my arse like a teenager beating off: rapid and forceful, his impatient excitement more than making up for his deficiencies in skill. I was amazed at how turned-on I was feeling: bending like this over a toilet, being made to sniff the dirty seat of this stranger's shorts while he was fucking me so forcefully. My cock was throbbing with the sheer thrill of it as I wanked it, my nose sniffing hungrily at the small dirty patch of material that had quite blatantly been pressed against his arsehole. I started cumming before him; my body shuddering underneath him as my orgasm overwhelmed me. Feeling me climax, he pulled his undershorts away from my face, tossed them to one side, and then pushed my back down low so he could go in for the final onslaught. He grabbed both of my hips and held them firmly in place, and then started slamming himself in and out of my arse as hard and fast as he could; using me as a mere orifice to pleasure himself and showing little regard for prolonging my own climax. The guy in the next cubicle called out, somewhat breathlessly, "You guys look so hot!" Neither of us acknowledged him. I'd actually forgotten he was even there. It didn't take long for my companion to finish off, which I was pleased for because the sheer force and frantic pace of his rough technique was proving distinctly painful. Normally I like to savour the final lap of a good fuck, even after I've already climaxed, but with this guy I found myself relieved when I heard him grunting and felt his hips shuddering as he boisterously emptied his balls into my bowels. Halfway through his orgasm, he fell onto my back and held me tightly by the chest as his cock kept thrusting up into me, releasing squirt after squirt of his seed into the condom. He really had needed this. Who knows how long he must have waited for an opportunity to spend himself inside a willing hole. As his chest heaved against my back and the rhythm of his jabbing cock gradually slowed and stopped, he muttered something in Russian which I took to be 'thank you'. He might equally feasibly have been telling me that I was the worst fuck this side of Moscow, but there was gratitude in his voice and I'm sure some form of thanks was intended. While we hunched there together like that, me bending over the toilet with strings of semen hanging from my cock and with this stranger's body recovering itself on top of me and his cock still inside me, I wondered if perhaps he felt guilty about doing stuff like this. Maybe that was why he held off from doing it for so long and was so desperate for it when he finally gave in to his urges. He could be married or in a relationship with a woman – for all I knew he might even have kids – but found the thrill of an occasional male-on-male fuck difficult to resist. I heard the grey suited guy in the next cubicle gasp as his hand succeeded in doing to him what mine had just done to me. The worker pulled out of my arse with a slurp that sounded loud in the momentary quiet of the toilets, and we both stood up in the confines of the cubicle. I grabbed some loo roll to wipe my cock and my bum and he nudged me to pass some to him. His cock still stood upright and the end of the condom was bulging with a copious deposit of his semen. Its pale, white colour contrasted starkly with the less salubrious streaks my backside had smeared down the rubbered shaft. He wiped the condom and threw the tissue into the toilet bowl and then ducked down to reach for the underwear he'd discarded on the floor. I watched him as he carefully pulled the sheath from his cock and, to my surprise, squeezed out his thick, glutinous semen onto the crotch of his shorts. When he'd emptied the condom, leaving an impressive puddle on the boxers, he folded the material over and passed them to me. "For you," he

told me and then smirked mischievously. Seeing my confusion, he added, "For later... how you say... a gift?" That made me chuckle and I nodded. "That's very kind," I whispered. "So thoughtful!" I stuffed his underwear into my inside jacket pocket, already looking forward to having a good sniff of them to fuel what would be a very enjoyable solitary release. I might even nip into the toilets at work to lap at his cum before it dried, one hand holding his underwear to my face and the other sweeping up and down my erection as it protruded from my fly. He threw the condom on the floor next to the toilet and then grabbed his tracksuit bottoms from the back of the door. His cock was already softening and his foreskin was slowly rolling forwards, pushing the splatters of cum on its withering head forwards into a gooey mass. "Let me clean you up," I thought it only polite to offer. He looked at me curiously, not understanding, and I knelt down in front of him, extending my tongue towards his messy cock. Now he got it; he could see what I meant. He put his hands on his hips and thrust his hips out towards me, pushing his limpening member towards my eager face. Even from a few inches away, I could smell that the strong smell of rubber from the condom had all but drowned out his own more interesting scent, but I wasn't going to let that put me off. He said, "Go ahead... that's how you say? Go ahead..." I looked up at him and nodded with a smile. He smiled back. "See... I learn!" It was nice that, at the very least, I had taught him a little English. I leaned forwards and gently licked the residue of spent semen from his drooping cock. In spite of the flavour of rubber, his own strongly alkaline taste was striking. As I'd suspected, just like his backside, his diet obviously affected the taste of his cum. That's not to say it was unpleasant: it was just very different from the many samples of semen I'd drank down from the huge variety of men who'd been kind enough to let me. I would certainly enjoy having a more leisurely taste of it on the briefs he'd given me later on that day. I put my mouth around the tip of his cock and gently sucked the final dregs of cum from it. To my surprise I felt the shaft of it responding to my lips and starting to harden again. Clearly, like me, this was a man who could never get enough sex! Sensing that he was becoming aroused, and no doubt aware of the time, he pulled back and announced flatly: "Enough." I stood up again and we quickly pulled up our clothing. Before he let himself out of the cubicle, he whispered to me, "You are very dirty man. I like!" I smiled at him. "Do you want my phone number?" He shook his head firmly. "Nyet. For me, this just... how you say... fun." I realised he thought I was suggesting some kind of relationship between us. I wanted to tell him that for me too encounters like this were just fun, even if repeated as a regular arrangement, but I thought I might start to sound pushy if I persisted. After he'd gone, I waited a minute or so, until the men at the urinals who had seen him leave had themselves also washed up and gone, and then let myself out of the cubicle to clean up. When I finally got to the bus station office, I managed to get my son a full refund on the ticket he no longer needed. Later that evening, when I phoned him to tell him, he apologised again for the mess up and for putting me out, but I assured him that it had been no trouble at all and that I'd be more than willing to return to the bus station were it to happen again. What I didn't tell him was that I was intending to start popping in there pretty regularly anyway.