

Italian Business Visitor ... a primal fantasy

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 Aug 2012

Servicing a wealthy Italian visitor to DC

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/italian-business-visitor-a-primal.aspx>

I get a text message in the early afternoon: "Italian executive at the Mayflower, drinks this evening?" Sounds promising, I respond immediately. Sometimes I dislike meeting for drinks, especially when meeting a client for the first time. Often, it means they're not quite at ease with what they're doing. It can become like an interview where they awkwardly and feverishly try to ask the right questions in order to reassure themselves that you're the right kind of rentboy. Not someone dangerous, not a cop, not a druggie, not a risk taker etc. Understandable, I suppose, except that those awkward conversations often lead to a series of questions which clients shouldn't ask and rentboys shouldn't answer. I will tell clients what city I'm from, it's big enough to remain anonymous, but that's never enough. Specifying the neighborhood, the high-school I attended, the university, my major etc... it's a slippery slope to completely revealing yourself. Of course you can always lie, or try to be vague but I don't pull that off well. I never understood why some clients want that. I doubt they are so inquisitive with their dentist. Does it make me trustworthy if I'm honest about which high-school I attended or is it about socio-economic background? In any case, there's nothing I want to do less than discuss my upbringing, my family and the specifics of my resume with my clients. It's not even about being discovered, it just zones me out of where I want to be mentally, which is a million miles away from the 'real me'. So I'm somewhat apprehensive but the client wants drinks and is aware of my hourly rate. So I shower, shave, manscape and dress up a little. Skinny jeans and a polo shirt wont cut it at the Mayflower. I arrive 10 minutes early and instantly make eye contact with my client. He appears to match the description he gave; always a good sign. We exchanged pleasantries and decide to get a taxi to a gay bar in Dupont Circle to facilitate "frank conversation". Of course, the client always pays for extras like taxi fares and drinks on top of the hourly rate. Fortunately, this client is not too intrusive with his questions. He smiles at me with pearly white teeth, leans back and unbuttons what appears to be a very expensive Italian suit. He tells me he was intrigued by my profile. He wants to know why I will only accept "mature" clients. I smile back at him, relieved that this is what he wants to talk about. It's almost redundant, I tell him. I'm rarely ever contacted by young men, but when I am, I turn them down. It wouldn't feel right to me to be with someone close to my age. "I see" he responds. "Girlfriend?" he asks sheepishly. "No" I respond softly and smile back at him. I can tell by his body

language that he wants to be in control of things, I like that. That way I won't make a mistake, it's easier to be agreeable than to risk overstepping a boundary. The personal questions are limited to my course of study, no incisive follow-ups just a few polite remarks that serve the double function of demonstrating his interest and verifying that I have some basic knowledge of my professed field of study. His hand slid down my thigh. His nails look manicured, perfect cuticles. He rubbed gently, as I get aroused he smiles. "I like" he says. Then he does something unexpected. "Follow me to the bathroom" he says. I wait 30 seconds and follow. He's at the urinal, I stand beside him admittedly feeling a little uneasy. He's very obviously aroused, yet still manages to urinate and reaches across to touch my semi-erect penis. "Very nice" he says. I gently touch his wrist to indicate he should stop. The cab driver is busy speaking an unidentifiable foreign language into his bluetooth earpiece. The radio is also on. We're free to talk. "Have you ever...had fun with a man...outside...in the streets...somewhere quiet?" I'm a little taken aback. Certainly not a typical request. I'm a little concerned about the police but also interested. It's not something I've done before and I tell him so. He puts my hand on top of his erect penis, standing straight up in his trousers. "How do you like to..." he trails off, too embarrassed to finish. "With my mouth" I respond as I squeeze his erect penis through the sumptuous suit fabric. "Mmmm ... perfect" he looks content. The cab drops us off at Constitution Avenue. He's on the lookout and I play up to my role of being concerned and unsure. I know that an important part of the excitement for him is feeling that he narrowly convinced me. Indeed, the excitement for me is fulfilling my clients fantasies. We find an administrative building with a long entrance, we walk to the end and there is a little alcove behind a raised flower bed that comes to an architectural point on each side of the buildings entrance. He steps close to me breathing heavily on my face as he unzips and exposes his rather thick erection for my attention. I can still hear the people talking and laughing from the nearby sidewalk. As I gently pull his foreskin back and forth over the glans he kisses me deeply. I had been hoping he would do that, very enjoyable, I caress his tightly trimmed silver hair with my other hand. His cologne is pleasant. I'm thoroughly enjoying myself, I drop to my knees and gently take his erection in my mouth. He's rock hard, it's clear he's not going to last too long. I suck gently taking him as deep as I can into my throat, caressing his smoothly shaved testicles. He unbuttons his trouser, letting them drop a little. I look around, slightly concerned that he will not have time to redo his clothes if someone comes. He's lost in the act. I'm holding his bare buttocks as he thrusts his erection into my mouth. He slows down and begins to unbutton his shirt from the bottom, I take advantage and kiss and lick the exposed skin of his inner thighs, testicles and lower belly. He's extremely clean, not the slightest hint of unwanted odors. I began to suck on his testicles one at a time and licking beneath them. He went onto the tips of his toes to allow me deep access, I traced a line with my tongue from the bottom of his scrotum towards his buttocks. He groaned in ecstasy and turned to present his smooth round buttocks to me. I reached around with one hand and masturbated him slowly as I gently tongued his anus. Each stroke of my tongue on the anal area elicited a wave of stimulation and deep breathing. I knew he was close to orgasm. He spun around and began thrusting his erection into my mouth. It was clear he was going to ejaculate. I though I noticed a slightly sweet and milky taste in mouth and I knew there was more to come. Not

unpleasant at all, I must admit, the thrusting slowed as spurt after spurt of semen squirted into my mouth accompanied by involuntary primal grunts from my client. I swallowed to the very last spurt. I didn't want to spoil the moment for him by spitting, it just doesn't seem dignified. It's not something I would usually do but it's a key moment and you don't ever want to give the impression that you're repulsed especially when you're not. I stayed on my knees with a raging erection in my pants and as my client buttoned and fixed his clothes I wondered if he was going to want to finish me off too. I felt we had pushed it enough already. Just as I was catching my breath my client turned around with a wad of cash in his hand. I stood up and he kissed me on the lips placed the cash in my hand and said "Ciao". He disappeared into the balmy Washington night. I sat there for a minute marvelling at the experience. The taste of sweet creamy cum in my mouth as I counted nine hundred dollars, nine crisp and fresh one hundred dollar bills. More than we had agreed. I love it when clients do that. I thought to myself, there can't be many like me, it must be rare that a young man like myself switches on instead of turning off doing what I just did with a man more than twice my age. I must be made for this I said to myself as I descended into the metro.