

# Love, Lust and Loneliness

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*Fifty two year old divorced man Ralph finds love in a younger man's arms.*

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Not for the first time Ralph cursed his rotten luck as he cleaned up the mess other people had left behind in their offices. A scant six months ago he had been one of these office types but that was before he had lost his job and, to add insult to injury, his wife had left him for his boss. Somehow his life had spiraled out of control after that. He had hit the bottle and gotten deeper and deeper into debt. His landlord asked him to leave because he couldn't pay the rent. It was at this point, when he spent his first night sleeping in his beat up old car that Ralph decided to get his act together. Here he was at fifty two with no job, no wife, no assets and no prospects. He knew he needed help and he had to swallow his pride and ask for it. A charity had found him a hostel to stay in and this job cleaning offices at night. It was a form of mental torture, Ralph decided, being back in the very environment that he had so recently been ejected from but he needed the money. Before, when he had worked late he had hardly paid any attention to the cleaner that came by to service his office. He couldn't even remember if it had been a man or a woman, that's how invisible they were to Ralph. And that was how he felt now: invisible. Whenever he encountered an office worker at their desk it was if they just looked straight through him, or he wasn't there to begin with. The rage he felt gnawed away at him and made him feel even more stressed out than when he worked in a damn office. His exit had been so swift. One minute he was on the phone, doing deals and thinking about the ice cold beer he was going to have when he got home and the next the boss was telling him that the company was struggling, that they would have to let him and several others go to try and stay afloat. The shock had been so great that he could hardly remember collecting his personal effects and keys and then driving home. But that shock was as compared to nothing when he got in and found Maria's note to tell him that she was bailing out of their marriage. A short time later, when he found out who she had shacked up with, he had hit the bottle with a vengeance. All that was behind him now and all he wanted was a friendly smile, to be acknowledged and validated. He too was a person in this world, why couldn't anyone see that? And that smile, when it came, blew him away. He had walked into an office and seen someone he had never seen before, a guy in his early thirties maybe. He had looked up and smiled. 'Hi, I'm Derrick.' the guy behind the desk said. Ralph had been so flabbergasted at actually being spoken to that he just stood rooted to the spot for a moment or two. 'I've not seen you before.' Ralph stated the obvious. 'Never had to work late before,' came the reply. 'It's this damn recession;

the boss just keeps demanding more and more and whereas in the past everyone would have told him to get stuffed now when he says jump, everyone asks 'how high?' Ralph began to see Derrick working late more and more often. He was struck by how friendly he was and how laid back and calm he was even though he said he was under pressure. No matter how busy he was he always took the time to ask how Ralph was doing. Their chat was very general and neither one knew too much about the other but that suited Ralph just fine. His past life was a long, long way away and it hurt too much to think about it. And yet, for all that he wanted the safe guards of easy non-probing conversation, Ralph was so incredibly lonely that it was hard not to project some of his yearning for emotional warmth onto this person who had shown kindness to him. And then one Friday night Ralph had arrived at Derrick's office later than usual and had found him still working away at his desk. 'Don't you have a home to go to?' he had teased Derrick. 'Yeah...an empty, lonely place.' came the reply. Sorry to hear that.' Ralph said. 'You married, Ralph?' Derrick asked. It was the first time they had strayed out of the comfort zone of football scores and musical tastes. 'I used to be but my wife left me.' Ralph replied. 'Oh, I am sorry.' Derrick replied. 'Well, that's the way the cookie crumbles.' Ralph started to retreat into his safety zone but a little voice cried out "Break Out! Break Out!" 'It was the same day I was made redundant from my job. I got home to find a note from my wife to tell me that she was leaving me. A short time later I heard that she had moved in with my ex boss.' 'What time do you get done here?' Derrick suddenly asked. 'Not for another two hours or so.' Ralph told him. Derrick took a business card out of his desk drawer. 'Here's my address.' he told Derrick. 'Why don't you come round when you're done? I'll get some pizza and beers.' 'Are you sure?' Ralph asked, amazed that he was even questioning the first invite he had had since his life had gone into meltdown. 'Absolutely. I always stay up late on Friday nights anyway. So come round and we'll enjoy a few beers.' 'Well, not too many,' Ralph told him 'I don't want to be caught drinking and driving.' 'You can stay over,' Derrick told him 'I've got a spare bedroom. I'm gay, I'm telling you that up front but there's nothing to worry about. I'm not going to try and seduce you or anything.' 'Oh, am I that ugly?' Ralph asked. He could not believe he had said those words; it was as if he had no control over his own mouth. Derrick looked up at Ralph for a second or two, trying to judge his intentions. He had heard the words but the older man's face was neutral; it wasn't flirting, it wasn't an invite but neither did it sound like a request for reassurance that he was still an attractive man. Derrick wasn't sure what to make of it and he felt a little fraudulent because although Ralph wasn't desperately attractive he was very much Derrick's type and the idea of seducing Ralph excited him. 'Gosh no, you are far from ugly.' Derrick said. 'It's just that I can tell that you are not interested in that sort of thing.' 'It has been so long since I've had sex that I might very well be vulnerable, you know....if someone said to me 'look, get it out...'Ralph's voice trailed away. 'Please come round, huh.' Derrick said. 'I promise, you can call all the shots.' 'I'd best be getting on with my work.' Ralph suddenly said and, being aware that that sounded very cold added 'I might see you later.' 'I look forward to it.' Derrick told him. All the time Ralph worked he mulled over Derrick's words in his mind. They had gone from zero to sixty miles and hour in about three seconds. One minute they had been talking about nothing of any consequence and then suddenly they were talking about sex and hunger and power. 'You can call all the shots' Derrick's

words tumbled around in his brain. He felt a little giddy, unused to having that much power. He knew, despite Derrick's earlier reassurance that a seduction was not on the cards, that an encounter was on offer if he wanted it. And why could he not adamantly tell himself that he did not. Was a man's hunger really that great, he wondered, that he would switch sides at the slightest hint of the chance of spilling some seed? Ralph tortured himself with trying to conform to what was expected of him as a straight man. Why did it matter what anyone thought of him, he wondered, when he was invisible to most people. And just when he had reconciled himself to going round and sticking it to the young man the guard dog in his brain would ask why he was even contemplating such a thought. At which point the pendulum would swing again and he could see the pizza and cold beer in his mind's eye and imagine the pleasant chat and how good it would feel to bury the bone. Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it! The poor man was totally undecided. When his shift finished Derrick jumped in his car and told himself that he would just drive back to the hostel. But the thought of that austere room when he could be guzzling beer was not appealing. He flicked the interior light on and took the card out of his pocket. Not much later he found himself outside Derrick's house and he wondered if this was how a new prisoner felt the first time he looked at his cellmates ass and thought 'hmmm...'. There was no going back now. He cut the engine and with knees that felt like jelly, and a pounding heart, he made his way up the path to the tiger's den. 'Oh wow! You came.' Derrick could not hide the excitement he felt. At first Derrick had felt really bad about their exchange, thinking it somehow inappropriate but he realized that by thinking that he was only conforming to other people's expectations. They were both grown men. He had thrown out a line and Ralph had jumped out of the water and impaled himself on the hook. They were like sharks, circling each other in the ocean; they could choose to take a bite or just swim away. When he got home from the office Derrick had tried to watch television but all he could watch was the clock. He wasn't hopeful but how fantastic it would be if Ralph did come round. There was something about his sad eyes, set in that rugged face, which really tugged at Derrick's heartstrings. How he would love to please that stocky dad, to hold his large head in his hands and stroke his bald spot; to kiss those amazingly shapely lips and to get his hands on that big, juicy ass of his. How much he longed to suck the big nipples that jutted out of Ralph's fat tits and announced themselves to the world through the thin fabric of his cotton T-shirts. His hands ached to roam over that firm beer gut and then down, into what he just knew would be a tangled jungle of pubes, until it reached a thick, warm cock-club. How heavenly those fat brown balls would feel roiling around in the palm of his hand. How divine would be the musky scent clinging to his finger that probed back beyond Ralph's bull balls and into the deep ditch of his shapely butt. And now here he was at his door! 'Come in, come in.' Derrick gushed. 'The beers are nice and cold.' Ralph drained that first beer in just a few seconds. 'Sorry for being such a pig,' he told Derrick 'but I've not had a drink in over three months. Can't afford it.' 'There's plenty more where that one came from.' Derrick told him. As they sat and ate pizza and drank beer Ralph's apprehension slowly drained away. He knew he had choice: he could make this beer his last one and drive back home, he could stay over and make it clear to Derrick that he wasn't interested in sex or he could go all the way. And as the golden liquid drained down his throat and all of Derrick's charm and attention was focused on him Ralph was beginning to think that option three

sounded like the best one. Pretty soon option one was no longer a possibility because Ralph had drunk way too many beers to be under the drink drive limit. And as they sat and chatted it was becoming clear to Ralph that option two was no longer an option too. They were both now a little tipsy and were losing their inhibitions as they playfully teased each other. Ralph was lapping up all the attention that the younger man was giving him; being the object of someone's desire – so clear to see in Derrick's eyes – was intoxicated to Ralph's beer fuddled brain, even if that person was of the wrong sex. 'What hairy arms you have.' Derrick suddenly said. 'Is that a good or bad thing?' Ralph asked. 'A good thing in my book. Yum, yum!' Derrick replied. 'Can I stroke them. Ralph gulped. The moment had arrived. Once this line was crossed there was no turning back. 'Yeah, sure...I guess; if you really must.' Ralph tried to cover all bases and hoped that Derrick would take the decision out of his hands. Derrick reached out and stroked the palm of his right hand over the silky soft fur that forested Ralph's left forearm. The older man almost jumped out of his skin. It was the first time he had been touched in over six months and the young stud sure knew what he was doing. 'Mmmh that feels good....' Ralph sighed, signaling his full surrender. In a flash Derrick was kneeling between the older man's thighs and stroking both sexy arms. As he worked his belly pressed into Ralph's crotch and he could feel the outline of a cock that was as big and thick as he had dreamed it would be. This time he had really hit the jackpot. There was nothing that Derrick loved more than these craggy, burly slightly sad and lonely dads. He knew just which buttons to push to turn them into raging stallions with insatiable desires and hungry hearts, taking all the love and attention that he cared to throw their way. He felt a quickening of his pulse at the thought of undressing this lovely man and restoring him to peak of masculine pride. He knew just the place for that thick throbber and later, when he had got to know Ralph a little better what delight he would take in breaking in that big, beefy ass. Derrick pulled Ralph's T-shirt out of his jeans and he slowly slid his hands under the T-shirt and on to Ralph's tight beer belly where his fingers teased through the thick fur that covered the top man's warm skin. Ralph sighed as Derrick's fingers rode up higher and teased his large nipples. The older man could feel his thick cock twitching in his underpants. This foreplay was good but he needed the real thing; he had gone too long without a warm hole to nut off in. He reached down now and pulled Derrick up over his body so that they were cheek to cheek. 'Let me fuck you.' He whispered in Derrick's ear. Derrick pulled back and smiled. Those were the magic words, the ones he had been hoping all night to hear. He got to his feet and took Ralph by the hand and led him to the bedroom. Derrick quickly stripped out of his clothes while the older man watched him with a look that was hard to interpret. Soon he stood there in all his naked glory, showing off his super hard cock and thirty inch waist and the abs and pecs that he had paid a lot of money to shape. 'Wow! Would you look at that!' Ralph said at last. 'I can't understand why somebody that looks the way you do would want to go with somebody like me.' 'It takes all sorts to make the world go round.' Derrick told him as he pulled Ralph's T-shirt up over his head. When Derrick caught sight of Ralph's hairy armpits he just knew he had to kiss them. Derrick squirmed and giggled as Derrick licked first the left, and then the right armpit. 'Nobody's ever done that to me before.' Ralph told him. 'Nobody has ever done a lot of what I'm going to do to you tonight.' Derrick said. And Ralph just knew that he meant it; there was something about the younger

man's voice that sounded very slightly dangerous, not in a bad way but in a way that Ralph felt might make him give up all control. Derrick reached down now for Ralph's belt buckle and soon he was lowering his zipper. The older man had a moment of doubt about his desirability; compared to that well developed chest and flat belly he was like a camel compared to a racehorse. Would Derrick be disappointed when he was fully naked, Ralph wondered. But it was too late for worry and doubt; his jeans were being lowered to the floor and he was ordered to step out of them. Now Derrick stroked his fingers over the outline of Ralph's bulging cock causing the older man to sigh out loud. Damn, did that feel good! Such a simple thing, yet he and Maria had never tried it. Derrick's touch felt so nimble and yet so assured and in control; it was at this point that Derrick surrendered himself completely. It was clear that he was in the hands of a master; all he had to do was give himself up to the younger man's superior lovemaking skills. His cock was as alive as it had been when he was eighteen and it throbbed and twitched as it responded to the stroking of those magic fingers through the thin cotton fabric of his underpants. Now Derrick dropped to his knees and wrapped his arms around Ralph's furry beer gut and kissed it. The feel and scent of this man was really starting to get to him and those sad eyes needed to be relieved of all their loneliness and fear. The feel of that thick cock through Ralph's underpants had whetted his appetite and now Derrick needed it all. He nuzzled his face against Ralph's thick club, making the old man sigh in ecstasy. Who knew that he could be the object of such intense desire? And when Derrick started to lick his cockhead through the cloth Ralph groaned out loud. 'Oh baby! Suck me. Make me feel good.' he pleaded. Derrick wanted to tease his older lover just a little longer and continued to lick him through the cloth while he fondled his bull balls. How he loved the feel of a great big pair of warm fun bags in his hand and Ralph had certainly not disappointed. Shivers of delight raced up and down Ralph's spine as his sensitive nuts were stroked and caressed while his cockhead tingled and his desperate desire to have his naked cock in the young man's warm mouth drove him to beg Derrick once more. 'Please, please...' his voice sounded strange in his ears. At last Derrick grabbed hold of the waistband of Ralph's underpants and yanked them down to his feet. The older man quickly stepped out of them as Derrick took hold of that beautiful cock and found that his hand could not encircle the full girth of the man's mammoth meat. It was going to be an achievement getting this cock up his buttocks but he knew that was what he wanted most. But first he smeared Ralph's copious precum into his spongy cockhead causing the older man to almost lose control. 'Oh damn, that's good!' he groaned. And then Derrick guided Ralph's cock into his mouth and swirled his tongue all over the flared cap, gathering up the tangy juice that he had recently spread there. This moment of mutual ecstasy drew gasps and moans from Ralph's throat and happy little gurgling sounds from Derrick's. This was the moment when age and class difference didn't matter, when race and income bands didn't exist, when interests and level of education were a mere piffle; none of these things could interfere with the mutual pleasure that two men could give each other when one of them was a devoted cock sucker. Derrick slobbered over that juicy thick dick while his free hand cupped the older man's monster nuts, enjoying the heft and warmth of them. They felt as though they contained enough manjuice to populate the entire planet. Ralph looked down at Derrick's handsome face fastened to the end of his cock. It didn't make sense.

How could a man like himself, who had so recently been reduced to a nobody, get to have a young man like Derrick sucking his dick? Ralph had never known such skill. It was like the guy had a pussy in his throat. And the way his hands stroked, teased and roamed over Ralph's body intensified the exquisite pleasure he felt. He couldn't believe how quickly his reluctance had faded; he was having gay sex and loving it, and he decided that he wanted to try everything. Ralph's weighty nuts roiled around in Derrick's hand while the younger man's warm mouth love-licked his shaft and teased his ever increasingly sensitive cock head. Ralph felt close, far too close; he didn't want this fun to end so soon. The big guy pulled Derrick to his feet and quickly got down on his knees. He kissed that flat belly and dipped his tongue into Derrick's belly button. He couldn't believe how soft and smooth Derrick's skin felt, almost like a woman's. But the scent emanating from that big bush was all male and Ralph was surprised at how easily his olfactory system adapted to it. It was repugnant, as he thought it might be; instead it was ambrosial, an aphrodisiac wafting its way into his nostrils and traveling directly into his brain. His mouth opened of its own accord and he took in his very first cock. It was a strange sensation, giving his body up to receiving instead of always being the one to do the pushing and prodding and giving. He tried to remember all the things that Derrick had done to him and played with his smooth balls and stroked his warm, silken thighs. Derrick could not believe that the old guy had not done this before. He was a natural. But all too soon Ralph got jaw ache. They laughed it off as Derrick pushed Ralph down on the bed. He straddled the older man's thighs now and rubbed his undercarriage over that fat cock. Ralph grabbed hold of Derrick's slender hips and ground his hard cock against the warmth he found between his legs and behind his balls. The young man's asshole twitched, hungry to be invaded by the masculine might of that beefy cock but a little afraid of its girth. Derrick retrieved his lube from under the bed and began to work some into his asshole while the older man watched him with a hungry glint in his eye. Ralph was surprised that he was not turned off by this: He could remember, back in the day when he was a mainstream macho man the jokes they would tell about gay guys and fucking shitholes. And yet now, here was this guy preparing his pucker for Ralph's yearning cock and all it felt was right. He had been starved of love and intimacy for so long and moments from now he would be buried deep in the warm embrace of another human's body; the thrill and anticipation of it made his breathing ragged and flushed his face. And then, at last, Derrick took hold of Ralph's desperate cock and began to guide it past the defenses of his ring and into the silky warmth of the tunnel beyond. 'Oh fuck!!!' Ralph groaned as his sensitive cockhead slipped past Derrick's puckered ring. Slowly, slowly, Derrick impaled himself on that thick hog, stopping now and again to allow his stretched ring to adjust to Ralph's girth. His eyes watered as he fought back the urge to give in and climb off that big fat cock. But Ralph was very considerate and resisted the urge to thrust and soon the initial discomfort that Derrick felt started to ease, to be replaced by little pulses of pleasure as Ralph grabbed hold of his butt and began to slowly stroke up into him. Soon Derrick was back in the swing of things. It had been such a long time since he had been nailed that he had almost forgotten how to take cock. But now asshole was relaxed enough to allow him to take all of the inches that Ralph had to give. And the older stud was proving to be a most considerate lover. His thrusting was even paced and gentle and with each upthrust he relaxed a little

more and welcomed his lover a little deeper. Ralph was blown away by the velvet warmth of the young man's hole. His cock head tingled as it rode up the slippery chute and sent pleasure pulsing into his balls, down into the soles of his feet and into his brain. Memories of Maria were a million miles away from him now as he surrendered fully to the pleasure of being buried deep in his lover's hot little hole. 'Oh man, this is the tightest hole I've been in for a long, long time.' Ralph cried out. Hearing that made Derrick even more determined to give this man a good time. He took control back from Ralph now and rocked around on his handsome tool. He clamped his assring down on Ralph's thick cock making the older man gasp in surprise; and then it came again and again, that powerful clamping down on his cock as Derrick started milking it with his ass. Derrick's snake hips writhed around over Ralph's groin allowing the silken sleeve of his assguts to caress the thick, throbbing tool in his ass. The excited gasps that escaped Ralph's throat were music to Derrick's ears as he put into practice all that he had learned over the years. His fingers danced over Ralph's torso and teased his fat nipples until they jutted proudly skywards. The most erotically charged words tumbled out of Derrick's mouth and were eagerly absorbed by Ralph's ears. He knew that Derrick's ass was turned on by his cock but the things that Derrick said made him feel like he was the most attractive man in the world. And all the time that most amazing ass kept slithering over his cock like a serpent sent to sex him up out of his skin. Ralph knew he was in trouble. He had never known such sex in his life, never knew that it existed. How could the guy be taking a cock and yet still be doing the fucking? Ralph looked up now at his Adonis' handsome face and well defined, smooth chest with the tiny nipples. This was where it was at! He never wanted to leave this bed. His big powerful hips kept thrusting his hard cock up into Derrick's tight chute while the younger man kept on milking and manipulating. There could only be one outcome. Ralph fought as hard as he could but it was no use; now he let out a mighty roar as he took one last savage lunge up into his lover's guts and his balls spewed forth a geyser of hot spunk. 'I'm so sorry.' Ralph said softly, when he got his breath back. 'I didn't mean to cum so soon.' 'I'm not sorry.' Derrick replied. 'You have no idea how good your cream feels inside me. I can sleep easy tonight. And when we wake tomorrow morning there are a hundred and one things I want to teach you.' Ralph smiled and pulled his lover close. Right now all he wanted was to drift off to sleep but he knew that come the morning he would be more than ready to learn a few new tricks. Daniel Blue