

My aching back led to an aching butt

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There's nothing like a hot shower after a hard day's hiking

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My trip through the mountains was strenuous - Every foot I climbed up and down the slopes began to wear me down. Finally I rounded the bend and came upon a small hotel. The hotel had been there at least 80 years if you judged from the style of the building. It was well maintained - the paint on the wood construction was shiny and new. I did not see any wood out of place or like it might be rotting. The slate roof was in great shape although it had obvious age. The yard of the small hotel was abloom with nice Iris and hollyhocks as well as peonies and other plants normally found in an English garden. The yellows, pinks and blues were soft and blended together like a Monet painting. I climbed the front steps and rang the bell beside the beveled glass front door. The doorbell was one of the Victorian type, which you twist and produce a ringing sound. Soon the door opened and a big guy, 6 feet 6 inches at least, said in a loud but friendly voice - "Come in this house - you look like you could use one of our rooms and hot showers". I breathed a sigh of relief. I was exhausted and covered with dust from the mountain trails. Hauling the 40 pound backpack had made my shoulders really sore, and I wanted to stand under a really hot shower and let the water stream down on those aching muscles. I only wish there was a masseur in town to work on loosening up the shoulders and neck. And my sore legs could use a good soothing rubbing as well. As I checked in, the fellow who answered the door introduced himself as David Hansen, the owner of the hotel. I guessed he was about 35 to 40. His face was tanned naturally by the sun and as far as I could see, he was tan all over. Of course the shirt was only opened two buttons from the neck and his sleeves came almost to his elbows. I wished I could see more. He had strong arms - I asked him if he had a gym nearby and he laughed. He said he had not worked out in a gym since he graduated from the University of Montana, where he played football. I should have guessed he played football by the muscular chest and legs which showed at the bottom of his shorts. He probably had put on a few pounds since college but they were well placed. I asked him if he had children and he told me he had never married and had no children, but he loved his nieces and nephews who lived about 20 miles down the road. He said he would probably never have any children of his own since he had decided a few years ago he did not want to be married. With this disclosure my heart skipped a beat - What a handsome guy this was to find in a remote location like this. And single too - I just wish there was some sign he was gay, but I did not detect anything through his masculine demeanor. He asked me if I wanted a room

with a private bath or a shared one. I inquired how many people shared the bath because that room was about half the price of the room with a private bath. He said normally four rooms shared the bath, but two of the rooms were empty tonight and he was the only other person who would be using the bath. I did not hesitate to take the room with a shared bath. I was hoping I could walk in on him when he went to take a shower and see him buck naked, even if he was straight. I could tell from the bulge in his shorts that I would enjoy seeing him naked. It probably would not happen, but I could dream. As he showed me to my room he told me he gave massages to make a little extra money if I were interested. He only charged \$30 for an hour massage. What a bargain that would be. And to think about having his big hands on my body was something that made my cock spring to life. I quickly told him I wanted to have a massage within the next hour if possible, and he said he was available in thirty minutes. As we reached my room he told me to get unpacked and get in the shower so the hot water would loosen the muscles for the massage. I could hardly wait and nearly came in my pants thinking about what was going to happen. I put my backpack in the room, slipped out of my clothes and wrapped a big towel around my waist for the walk to the bathroom. I went in the bathroom and turned on the water in the shower - it was an old fashioned shower - larger by far than today's compact designs. Two men and probably three could get in that shower and there would still be room to turn around. After I adjusted the water I slipped my towel off, put it on a hook by the shower and got in. I pulled the shower curtain so the water would not get out on the floor. The water was really hot and felt magnificent on my back as I closed my eyes and stood there letting the hot water soften the tight muscles. I was startled to hear a "feel good?" from a voice I recognized as David's. I yelled back - "fantastic". He then said "mind if I join you? I like to be really clean when I give someone a massage" I nearly fainted. I wanted him to join me so badly, but I had never dreamed it was even a possibility. I worried my hard cock (it got hard immediately when he said he wanted to join me) would frighten him away, so I said "I was working on my horniness when you came in and I still have a hard cock". With that he pulled back the shower curtain and stood there stark naked. I have never seen a finer specimen of a human being in my whole life. He was moderately hairy on his chest and butt; however he had shaved his pubic hairs and his balls were bright pink, matching his cock. And what a cock - It was still soft and must have been at least eight inches long. It was thick, but not so thick as to choke a man who sucked on it. And the head was so perfectly formed. He was cut, so the head was totally revealed. I stepped back to allow him to get in the shower with me. He took the soap he had brought with him and immediately started to wash under his arms. Then without losing a beat he went straight for his cock and started lathering it up. I was still hard as a rock and got more so when I saw him starting to rub the soap into his crotch. He rubbed it for a few minutes and then washed his ass crack - scrubbing it as if it were a frying pan with burnt food on it. Oh, he gave that ass a big workout with his hand and the sponge he had in the corner of the shower stall. Then he went back to scrubbing his crotch. He must have noticed me watching his cock but he didn't say anything. He just worked more to get every last speck of dirt away from his balls. He said in a laughing voice, "I have to really work on my balls to get them clean - they get so dirty when I am out chopping wood. Sweat picks up the sawdust and it gets worked into my balls. Look at the dirt still

there". He rubbed the soap off to let me look at his crotch. Of course I stared for what seemed like an hour. I squatted down to get a better look and he pulled his balls away from his thighs. I couldn't see anything but the nicest pink balls. But then I thought of a plan - I told him - "Boy, that dirt is really caked in there. It must be hard to get it clean when you can't see there." He laughed and said, "I just have to get it clean - the doctor said it could get infected again unless it gets totally clean every day. I just cannot see there though - Do you think you could take this sponge and wash there for me?" Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would get to even see this man naked, and now he was asking me if I minded washing his balls. I told him that I had bathed my grandfather for years when he was unable to do it, so I was used to scrubbing a man down there. I was lying through my teeth - there was no dirt on his balls and my grandfather died when I was two years old. But, I took the soap and sponge and proceeded to give his balls the most rigorous scrubbing you can imagine. Some of the time I would let the sponge slip aside and take the balls into my hand and hold them for a moment. They were almost as big as a hen's egg and felt wonderful in my hands. I noticed that he moaned softly when I grabbed them with my hand, so I started massaging them gently with first one and then two hands. His moans became more audible, and I caressed the balls and with gentle strokes. He smiled and I proceeded to take his cock in my hand. He looked up and said to me "I think the cock is dirty too - would you mind scrubbing it for me?" I needed no encouragement to fulfill his request. I grabbed the cock and started to work my hands up and down on the cock. It started to stiffen, and I swear it was ten inches long when it became totally hard and erect. David was moaning wildly now, so I washed all the soap off and got down on my knees to take him in my mouth. With his big hands he guided my head to his cock and I swallowed it. at first I could only get 6 inches down my throat without gagging, but I kept working on it - up and down until I had close to eight inches in my mouth. I wish I had been with more men with huge cocks like this, so I could have developed more ability to deep throat a magnificent man like this. He patted me on the head and said it was time for my massage. Reluctantly I let his cock fall out of my mouth and stood up. He grabbed me with those strong arms and pulled me up off the floor and kissed me. He worked his thick tongue into my mouth and we kept kissing for at least five minutes. Then he let me down and held my hand to lead me out of the shower. He took a big bath sheet and toweled me off. He paused a minute when he got to my cock and worked it in the towel to the point I thought I would explode. But he quickly let go and then led me to his room where he had a massage table set up beside his kingsize bed. He lifted me up onto the table and proceeded to give me a wonderful massage. After about 45 minutes of total heaven he flipped me over on my back and started to work on the muscles on the front of my body. Before long he had my cock in his hand and was giving it a great massage. And before I knew it he had bent over the table and was sucking my cock with the most expert techniques I have ever had. This man had everything - great looks, muscles, height, a killer smile, a huge cock, and he also gave me the best blowjob I have ever had. I thought I must be dreaming, but he felt so good I knew it was real. I noticed he had not done anything to my ass other than massage the glutes. I wondered why he had not played with my ass more. After about an hour on the table he asked if I wanted to jump in the bed and get some sleep. I wanted to jump into his bed but sleep was not what I had in mind and I doubted

it was what he had in mind either. He got in the bed and turned on his stomach. He asked me if I would give him a brief massage, so I said I would be happy to. I started to rub him and he pushed my hands down to his butt. He said it was really sore there. I worked on the glutes for a short while, when he gently moved my hands further down and guided my right hand to his hole. Clearly he wanted me to finger fuck him, so i did. I am versatile, but I prefer to top a guy. Although I had decided earlier, while he was massaging me, that I would love to bottom for this guy with the ten inch dick. So I was shocked when he indicated he wanted to be finger fucked. I began to wonder if he wanted to be fucked. I did not wonderlong. He said I could massage his ass better if I was between his legs, so I quickly got between the thighs and rubbed my hard cock against his ass. Before I could even think about getting a condom from my room, he pulled a bottle of Eros from under his bed and squeezed it on my cock and his own ass and then pulled my cock to his hole and told me to fuck him as hard as I could. With that I flipped him over so I Could see his face and that huge cock while I fucked him. I put his legs on my shoulders and I pushed my cock into him and did not stop to ease it in. I pushed hard until I had all seven inches up his ass. And I started to bang his ass as hard as I could. I slapped his ass several times with my hands and he asked for more.. I slapped him at least two hundred times that afternoon and his tanned ass turned bright red. All the time I was pumping the ass, up and down, harder and harder. I pumped him this way for about 20 minutes. Since I was not wearing a condom I told him I was getting close to shooting and needed to pull out. He insisted I keep pumping and to fill his ass with my warm cum. I told him I was HIV negative, but he said he didn't care - he wanted my cum up his ass whether I was positive or negative. I pumped away with total abandon - He was tight and he squeezed my cock with every plunge. There was no way I could hold out any longer. I exploded with first one and then two, three and even four shots of cum. I kept pumping and a fifth shot came out - I was having so many orgasms I lost count. Oh he was hot! He then squeezed my cock with his ass muscles so tightly I could not pull out. I didn't want to pull out either. I wanted to leave my cock in his ass for the rest of my life. So I laid down on him and fell asleep as he wrapped those big arms around me. When I woke up a few hours later he was still asleep, and I noticed my cock had slipped out of his ass and lay on his crotch ever so gently. I was in total heaven - I resolved then and there I would never forget that night for the rest of my life.