

Orchard Road

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Published on Lush Stories on 23 Sep 2012

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Somebody reacts to my casual, unintentional glance It's an oriental boy, a young man...

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I'm walking down Orchard Road. It's not the Orchard Road you think it is, Elm Street is not around the corner, I'm in Singapore, in fact, crossing a busy section in the heart of the shopping district, observing the red pedestrian traffic light that keeps everybody on the curb and extends priority to a passing tram car. The tram stop on the other side of the street is busy, rush hour has already started. I'm looking at the waiting crowd, expats, locals, poor tourists, and somebody reacts to my casual glance in mysterious ways. I can't define it. He just reacts. He is not winking, or making signs, or showing interest, or indicating his sexual preference. He just reacts. It's an oriental boy, a young man, and he's apparently commuting, waiting for another tram. I have stirred something in him, he's following me with his eyes as I cross the street. It's four o'clock in the afternoon, my plane will depart in a few hours. There's not enough time, so I walk away from him and follow the crowd up the road. But I feel him in my back, his regard, and finally turn around. He's still following me with his eyes. Would this be his first time? His first time being struck by another man? A man who has nothing to do with his life but somehow stirs his attention? Okay, let's do it. I'm game. Fuck Singapore Airlines. I return to the tram stop. I'm not good at this, but the crowd helps, you don't have to explain your movements. There's almost some space on the bench next to him. He picks up the brief case lying there. I sit down. We are both shy. "Hello," I say. "Hi," he reacts. "You're from here?" I ask. "Yes," he says, and utters a few more words that I forgot. "Okay," I say. "Okay," he says. "Let's take a taxi," I say, "we don't have much time." We hail a taxi, both of us, until one finally stops. We're getting into the vehicle, both of us on the back seat, he's holding on to his briefcase, it's a bit awkward. I tell the driver about the Four Seasons, my hotel. The driver has seen it all, and he's going to be paid, but he's homophobic. What can we do. "The Four Seasons," the driver repeats with an Indian accent, "as you wish." "What's your name?" I ask. "Nafir," the driver responds --- that was not the idea, but the boy next to me stays silent. I feel his legs through my pants, though. He's reacting to my casual touch, we will be okay, no doubt, whether I know his name or not. A few minutes to the hotel. I tip the driver generously, who's casting another meaningful glance at my new friend as he turns his car around and ends up hitting a tree. No, I'm making this up. He's not hitting a tree. "What's your name,"

I ask (again). "Jason," he replies. They are all called Jason, aren't they. "And your real name?" "Jason." Well, why not, he's living in Singapore, lot's of Jasons around, why not him. We enter the lobby. We're in Asia, folks, the receptionists knows me already and remembers me by heart and is visibly surprised by my companion. These are the moments that I dread most, but we make it past her across the polished granite floor and end up in front of the elevator tower. I'm stupid enough to have another look at the receptionist who, sure enough, is holding my gaze until the elevator does not arrive. "Bing," the elevator finally says, and takes us to the tenth floor. "My name is John," I say to Jason, "I'm here for a conference, my plane is leaving tonight, we don't have much time." "Yes," he says. We're walking down the corridor, crossing the path of an elderly gentleman who's more interested in us than he should be. "Good day," he says, as if he expects an invitation. Which is not forthcoming. "1025," I say to Jason, just to say something, and open the door to my room. Exits and entries, you always remember. Jason is hesitantly following me into the room, it really could be his first time. He's not asking any questions, not giving any answers, he's not in love with me, he's just following an instinct he never knew he had.. He drops his briefcase on the desk on the wall, next to the small TV-screen. We have a self-service fridge, I realize. "A drink," I ask. "Thank you, yes," Jason replies, unsure whether he should let me chose the booze. Which I do. We both need something strong. Jonny Walker, and soda, and ice cubes. Jason is not walking around, or taking the views through the bay window, he's sitting down next to me, close to me, on the king size bed. We're sipping the booze. First time or not, he knows what's coming. "Let's have a shower first," I say. "Sure," he says. He's dressed in an office jacket, white shirt, tie, slacks, black loafers, very official. He's not putting up a show, no strip tease what-so-ever, he's just undressing as quickly as possible, arranging his clothes in a neat pile on the chair in the corner. He's naked, and hard. Sure, his dick is small, but he has beautiful features, a silky skin, and he's so innocent, so innocent with his erection, it's like he simply doesn't know what to do next. I'm naked already, my is boner pointing to the bathroom. We're stepping into the bath tub, there's not much space, I get the shower going, hand him a piece of soap. He takes it, and rubs it gently over my body, starting with my tummy, moving up to my chest, reaching for my neck, avoiding my package. I'm all soapy already, grab the soap and return his favors, but include his dick and his charming balls. He's uncut. I'm wanking him a bit, soaping up his cockhead, reaching for his buttcrack, and rub the soap into his ass. It's all very casual, nothing of any importance, the erections speak for themselves. We're both soaped up now. He's considerably smaller than I am, I have to bend a bit through my knees, but our cocks touch now, and I join them with my left hand, gently rubbing down both dingers, feeling his cock in one way, feeling my own in another way, it's delicious, it's exciting, it always works. Both dicks are really hard now, my God. I reach behind his neck, close in for a kiss. He responds in kind. Another kiss, deep, sensual, reaching into his mouth with my patient tongue. I'm holding his face with both hands, he's holding me at the waist, we're pressing our bodies against each other. I'm caressing his back, his buttocks. He reciprocates. I stare into his beautiful dark eyes, he stares back. We're locked together. "I love you," I say. "I love you," he replies. I'm reaching for the shower head, pull it around, and spray him clean. He wiggles. I get on my knees, sort of, and reach for his dick. He wasn't expecting this, jerks back

almost. "Lemme," I say. It's as if he feels guilty, violating shower conventions or what not. He thrusts his pelvis, I take his dick into my mouth, and suck. He's new to this, you can tell now, he's like a virgin touched for the first time. He will never forget me. I will never forget him. He's holding my head with both arms, groaning, fucking my face. "John," he says, "John." I'm all ear. I get up again, retrieve the soap, and work his butts soap-wise, one more time. I have my plans. "I'm clean, you know," he says. "Yes, I know," I answer, but ask him to bend over anyhow, reaching with the shower head between his legs, spraying the water up and down. The soap meanders down his legs and disappears in the sink. I reach for the towel, hand it to him. He rubs me with it, all parts, also the private ones this time, carefully, gently. I'll get a second towel and rub him dry in turn. We're standing in the bed room now, naked, aroused, the whole world can see us through the enormous bay window, if they would only care. My dick his throbbing. He's waiting. "Lie down," I say. He's on his back now, the legs half in the air. That's exactly where I want him. I'm sidling up to him, kissing his cheeks, then his chest, then his tummy. I'm on top of him now with my mouth, caressing his body with both hands, then moving one hand down, caressing his dick while licking his nipples. He must have expected this, but is surprised anyway, you can tell. I'm slowly moving myself into position, kiss his charming balls, then get off the bed, squat, and say: "Move your legs up." His legs are stretched into the air now, at sideways angles. "What do you want," he asks. I don't reply. Instead, I bury my head in his tiny butts and start licking. I have an agile tongue, and he will know it. I'm digging deeper and deeper into his sphincter, tickling him, caressing him. He's surprised, surprised by me, and by himself. I'm taking my time. He's silent at first, then starts moaning. "You've heard of the Kama Sutra?" I ask. Yes, he has. "You know what the Kama Sutra says?" No, he doesn't. "Make noises," I tell him, "make noises." I lick, and tickle, and caress, and he's moaning, groaning, "Ooh, John. Oooh, John, John." I'm not relenting. "This is sex," he asks. "This is sex," I answer. A casual, stupid peek at the alarm clock on the bedside table. Not much time left, perhaps half an hour. I'm getting up, get hold of the condom, leaning over his face (he's still lying on his back), I want him to see how I slip the condom onto my dick, posit it on the tip, then slowly roll the rubber ring down the shaft, six inches, and he's taking it in as if he's never seen it before. We're ready now. I hunch, grab his butts with both hands, and push my dick gently into his hole. He yells, screams. "No, John, no," he cries. "Your first time?" I ask. He tries to nod. "Try again?" I ask. "Yes." I reach for more lube, rub it in gently. A second try. "Relax," I say, "don't squeeze, just let go." "Yes," he says. A new thrust. He screams. I'm in two inches and will stay there. You look at his face, you can see the pain subside. One minute. Two minutes. An angel walks through the room. "Ready for more?" I ask. He nods. I'm just putting a bit more pressure on my cock. Nothing special, nothing moves for a while. "Contract your muscles, then decontract," I tell him. He does it, I can feel it. All of a sudden, I'm an inch deeper. "Yeah," he groans. "The pain will turn into lust if you let it," I say. "Yeah," he groans. Another inch. No yelling this time, just moaning. (I'm writing this up, I feel the precum oozing in my pants, I can tell you) Another inch. "Uuhgh, uuhgh," he goes. I love him, I love him. "I love you," I say. "I love you," he replies, he's having goose bumps now. "You see," I say. "Yes, I do." Another inch. "Uuhgh, uuhgh." He continues moaning. I push. We're in, we're deep into his beautiful body, and he's wiggling with pleasure, yelling, chanting, "John, John, John," and "fuck, fuck,

fuck me" --- he has seen this on the internet, but the reality is much better, much better than expected. Okay, we are fucking now. Thrusting back and forth, finding a rhythm. He reciprocates. "Pain's gone?" I ask. "Lust," he says, "pure lust." I fuck him, viciously now. The rhythm accelerates. "Ugh, ugh, ugh," he chants in short bursts. I grab his legs, raise them, and bang his ass furiously. "Ugh, ugh, ugh, yes, ugh, ugg." I accelerate. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," he mumbles, he's besides himself now, somebody else is moaning, the hole room is filled with pleasure. Another minute of vigorous love. "I'm coming," he yells, "I'm coming, ooh John." He jerks and gushes of cum spout from his dick, splash over his face, breast, shoulder, tummy, it's a pleasure to behold. More gushes. My god, this guy was ready for it, primed for it, it's not my fault. "You want me to come inside," I ask. "Come over my face," he says. I pull out, get rid of the condom, kneel down next to his face. I'm so ready for it, you wouldn't know. I let the dong dangle, it's sexy in blatant ways. My pendulous organ. He's gaping. "You're ready?" I ask. "Yes," he says. I grab the dinger, wank it briefly, and feel the cum gushing up the urethra, floating into space, dripping down on his face, into his open mouth, onto his licking lips, his eyes, his forehead, his hair, chin, breast, my milky jizz mixing up with his own milky jizz. I'm still jerking, still spouting, while he's rubbing the goo all over the body, as if he's on TV. We're both out of breath. I lie down next to him. I could lie there forever. I love him. "I have to leave now," I say. "Can't you stay one more day?" "I have a reservation." "Which airline." "Singapore Airlines." "Good," he says, gets up, walks across the room, late cum dropping off his dick, and retrieves an Iphone from his jacket. "What's your last name," he asks. "Kok." "Kok," he says, "cool." He's playing with his I-ding, it looks like, pushing a few buttons up and down. "Tomorrow," he asks, "same time?" He get's up, he's in a hurry now himself. "What's going on?" "I work for them. I know the codes. I changed your reservation. You'll fly business class. Tomorrow." He's already dressed, grabs his briefcase, his Iphone. I'm still lying on the bed. He swings by for a casual kiss. "Until tomorrow, then," he says. "First time?" I ask. "Yes, first time" he says, and he's gone. No, he isn't. He's back. "Tonight," he says, "I'll be back tonight, okay?" "Eight o'clock," I say.