

Putting on a Show, Part 1

By SensualBoi

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I put on a sex show for the first time.

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I sat nervously on the bus, trying to ignore the occasional stares and disapproving looks that some of the other passengers gave me. I wanted so bad to place my hands in my lap to hide the bulge in my too-tight black and gold speedo, but Rick had told me that I wasn't allowed to do that. After all, the whole reason he had instructed me to buy the shorts a size too small is so that they would hug my eighteen year old cock, allowing everyone around me to see its outline. The black mesh tee shirt I wore, which I had modified so that it stopped just above my navel, didn't even partially obscure my package. It didn't help that I was thinking about some of the things Rick and I might be doing in his "show," as he called it. The thoughts of performing sexually in front of other men got me excited, making my bulge even bigger and more noticeable. Of course, the "show" was the whole reason that Rick had me get and wear this outfit to the bar tonight. He said it was a test to see if I was really comfortable with the idea of baring my body and fucking in public. After all, it was one thing for me to fantasize about it while jerking off, but another thing to actually go through with it. The bus finally reached the corner of High Street and Thurman and came to a stop. I stood and walked to the door as it opened. I stepped off the sidewalk and heard a middle aged woman mutter, "Honestly! I never!" as the door closed again. I sighed and pulled out the small scrap of paper I had written the address of the bar on as I walked down Thurman. I heard music as I approached one brick building. I read the sign over the open door that declared the place "The Den." It had been as easy to find as Rick said. I stepped inside and looked around. There were a couple of men -- in their forties, if I had to guess -- playing pool. A small group of bear types were drinking at the bar. I approached the bar myself, taking care to keep about six feet between myself and the other patrons. The bartender looked to be about five years older than me and was possibly the only other person in the room born the same decade as me. He was wearing a backward baseball cap, light blue jeans, and a Cardinals tee shirt. He looked me up and down as I approached, taking a note of my shaft. He smiled. "You must be Rick's boy, Craig." "Um, yeah. Is he here?" "The guys are going to love you. Yeah, he's here in the back room." He gestured toward a door marked "authorized personnel only." "Um, can I go back there?" I asked, my eyes lingering on the sign. The bartender laughed. "Of course. It's where you'll be

performing. The sign is just to keep people who don't know what's going on from stumbling into something they don't want to see by mistake." "Um, thanks." I walked toward the door. One of the patrons at the bar said, "Can't wait to see that cock in all its glory." I blushed as I opened the door and walked into the back room, closing it behind me. The room must have been twenty feet square. In the middle sat another pool table. A tall stool sat next to the pool table. A bondage cross -- I recognized it from some of the videos I watched online -- stood by the far wall. Rick was standing in one corner looking over items on a table. He turned and saw me. He studied me for a moment then smiled. "Craig! It's good to see you again! How are you feeling?" "A bit nervous, to be honest with you," I said. "Understandable. Like I told you, you can back out any time. Just say the word." "No. I'm nervous, but I'm also excited." I shifted my weight. "Kinda horny, really." Rick laughed and patted my bulge. The touch made my cock jump. "I noticed. Since it's your first time, I'm going to take it easy on you. I'm just going to feel up your body and have sex with you. I won't bring out any of the toys." "Toys?" I asked. "You know, paddles, nipple clamps, cock cages, and other things." "Ah, okay. So, where is everyone?" "It's only ten. It'll be at least another hour before the guys start filtering in." "So, what do we do until then?" "Well, I wanted to talk with you and make sure you're okay. Plus I wanted to make sure you knew your rights, especially regarding the other guys." "What do you mean?" "Well, some of the guys like to feel up my boys and play with them a bit. But they're only supposed to do it if they have the boy's permission. I've already reminded them of that, as a few of them are used to my other boys, who almost always give permission. But if one of them touches you and you don't like it, you tell them to stop." "If they don't?" I asked. "Then you tell me and I tell them to get the hell out. I've already told them you're a newbie, so most of them should stay back anyway. Most of them understand that you need some extra space and consideration." "Okay," I said. "Did you shave like I told you to?" "Yes sir," I said, as I pushed down the speedo to show the hair-free space above my shaft. "That felt so weird. I mean, I spent years waiting for my pubes to grow. And now, they're all gone by my hand." Rick laughed. "They'll grow back, assuming you let them. To be honest, I debated having you shave. Some of the guys would have loved your red bush." "Yeah, it seems to fascinate most people." "It's just not something most people see very often. Anyway, can I get you a drink?" "A coke, maybe?" I asked. "A coke it is," he said. He indicated the stool next to the pool table. "Have a seat. That's where you'll sit until we get started. Keep your hands to your side and keep your knee apart. The guys who get here early will want to get a nice view of your body before the fun begins." With that, he walked out of the room. I had found a way to sit comfortably on the stool a couple minutes later when he returned, a plastic cup in his hand. He handed it to me and I took a drink through the straw sticking out of it. "Thanks," I said. A few minutes later, guys started coming into the room and milling about. While some of them talked among themselves, they all kept looking me over. On occasion, I'd hear them remark. "Nice red hair. A bit pasty and thin, though." "Oh, I like them like that. And check out the bulge. Think he's completely hard?" "If he's not, he will be when Rick gets started." Knowing that these men were talking about me turned me on even more. I reached down and touched my shaft through my speedos, rubbing it. It ached as it pressed against the fabric, trying to find freedom. Rick, who had stripped to his briefs by this point, walked by on his way to talk to a couple other guys.

“That’s it, play with yourself a bit. You’re starting to look like a natural.” I beamed with pride. I placed my elbow on the pool table and leaned on it. I ran my hand across my bare thigh, teasingly bringing it tantalizingly close to my covered-yet-visible cock. There must have been a couple dozen men in the room -- mostly in their thirties to fifties and sporting beards -- when Rick stood next to me and cleared his throat. Everyone turned their attention to him. “Thank you all for coming. I’d like to introduce you to Craig. I met Craig here on A4A and he expressed interest in exhibitionism. So I spent a few weeks talking to him and decided to have him come help me with my show and see how he likes it.” “Hope he likes it! We sure like him!” called out one bald guy in his late forties. Others muttered agreement. “I figured you would. Especially you, Mitch,” Rick said. “But let’s try not to scare him too much. Okay?” They all nodded in agreement. Rick stepped behind me and placed his hands on my chest. “Remember, you can call it quits any time you want,” he whispered in my ear. I nodded. “Good,” he said as he began to run his thumb over my right nipple through my shirt. I shivered slightly. His other hand moved down to my bare abdomen and began to rub it. I sighed as the sensations of my skin being caressed and soothed began to sink in. I leaned back against Rick as my heart began to beat a little faster. Rick slipped both hands under my shirt and caressed my chest as he lifted it. I raised my arms and Rick pulled the shirt over my head and tossed it to the side. Someone called out, “Look at those pink nipples on his white flesh. Get them hard!” Other men shouted their agreement. Rick began to tease them with his thumb. As they stiffened and protruded, he pinched them between the thumb and index finger of each hand, I gasped and jerked slightly. “Too much?” he asked me quietly. “No. It felt really good,” I said rubbing my thighs with my own hands. Again, I rubbed my cock briefly. “You’re doing great,” Rick said to me. I nodded and moaned as he continued to play with my nipples. My audience voiced their approval. “Listen to him moan.” “The little slut loves it.” Something about their words turned me on any more. I thought my cock was going to tear through the spandex that imprisoned it at any moment. “Stand up,” Rick instructed, guiding me to stand beside the stool. He continued to play with my left nipple as his right hand trailed down my abdomen to my crotch. He rubbed my erection a couple of times, then pushed his hand inside my speedo, gripping my shaft. He began to stroke it and I moaned even more loudly. “Yeah, Rick. Jack him off. Make that cock hard.” Rick laughed. “I think it’s already hard, Marty! Would you like to see.” The whole room shouted their approval. “You heard them, boy.” I hooked the side of the speedos between my thumb and palms and pushed them down. I leaned forward and pushed them far enough down my legs that they fell the rest of the way to the floor. I stood and Rick continued to stroke my now naked dick. “Wow, look at that rod! Not bad for a kid his age!” “Yeah. Look at the head. Would love to kiss that myself.” I was amazed at all my admirers. I no longer felt nervous, but was fully into what Rick was doing to me. Having all these guys watch in appreciation made it that much hotter. Rick pressed his body tightly against mine and I could feel the head of his own hard cock through his underwear as it pressed against my crack. “Are you going to fuck me now?” I whispered. “Not yet. We’ll probably do that later if you’re still up for it after the break.” “The break?” “You’ll see,” he said as he rubbed his thumb around the edge of my glans. I gasped. He caressed my abdomen and chest with his left hand as he continued to work my tool with his right. Soon I was lost in a world of pleasure and moans. Rick went

back to playing with my one nipple as he jacked me off. The feeling was electric. "He's close, Rick!" called out one of the guys. "Push him over, Rick!" called another. I knew they were right. I could feel my balls tightening and my cock throbbing. I ground my ass against Rick's pelvis, reveling in the feel of his cock against it. My breath turned ragged and I cried out as my orgasm hit. My seed tore through my shaft and shot out, landing a few feet in front of me. If Rick wasn't behind me supporting my weight, I'm sure I would have fallen to the floor. My climax subsided as Rick continued to milk my sensitive shaft. After a few more seconds, the sensation become terribly uncomfortable. I placed my hand on his and he stopped. He dropped his other hand to my side and squeezed my ass. "You did great, kid." Then he addressed the room. "We're going to take a break. Everyone should go have a few drinks and chat. We'll continue the show in twenty minutes, providing our guest of honor here wishes to." I stood there in Rick's arms, enjoying the feel of his hand still on my deflating shaft. I looked around at all the men who were looking at me, expectantly. I could see the hope and anticipation in their eyes, and I could feel myself getting turned on again. I nodded. Everyone cheered.