

Tom's Awakening

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Study Buddy becomes much more

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I'd had a problem with some college work and taken it to David, my tutor; when I left his study, my balls were drained, my butt was still tingling from the stretching his cock had given me and I had a crib sheet that explained the problem with the work. So when he introduced me to Tom and suggested we become 'study buddies', I had high hopes. Tom had a slightly feminine look to him, rounded hips, softly spoken, soft eyes and a soft smile. I suggested that we have a coffee in the refectory and spent awhile finishing lecture notes. Tom looked tense and in pain, and he told me that he had been playing tennis; so being the kind guy that I am, and having been trained in sports injury massage, I offered to fix it for him. He shrugged, wished he hadn't and said OK. We went back to my room and I told him to take his T shirt off; his back was soft and lightly tanned, not fat but well covered. Locating the trouble, I got him to lay face down, and his arse looked so cute in the jogging bottoms he was wearing. As I worked on his back, we chatted about college and home stuff. I asked him if he have a girlfriend and that made him giggle a little; apparently he knew lots of girls but had no girlfriend. Then I steered the conversation to sex; no he didn't have much experience, there had been little change in the small town he had come from. Yes there was one blow job and that was it really. I told him to roll over onto his back so I could work on the front of his shoulders; he said he was ok, but I playfully rolled him over. His cock was causing a tent in his joggers. Tom was obviously embarrassed, but I just told him it happened sometimes and not to be worried. Things were looking good here. I started to talk about David, what a great tutor he was, interesting and easy to talk to; and all the time the tent that was there was even growing. I asked if he had the 'David's office' experience. That was it, his cock twitched; I reassured him that I had been too and asked how he had been seduced. He had met David in a corridor and took the opportunity to ask a question about a part of the course. So they went to David's office and he started the explanation. The sight of the bulge between David's legs and the sheer presence of the man caused Tom cock to stiffen and the rest was history; that was Tom's first blow job. By now I was gently caressing Tom's erection and he didn't seem to mind. I started to tell him how I had been sucked and bugged over David's desk. As I did this I was gently taking his trainers off. I told him that David's gorgeous prick had not been my first and I loved it. Then I leaned forward and gently kissed Tom's nipple, and started to suck on it. I was feeling it harden in my mouth, and my hand moved from his cock to the other nipple, pinching and

squeezing it hard. His hand came over and he ran his fingers through my hair, his breathing deepening. So I let my hand stray slowly down that lightly tanned, soft hairless chest until it found his waist band. Then, with his fingers still running through my hair, I slid my fingers between his stomach and boxers, then down into his groin. His cock was maybe 5 or 6 inches and quite slim, ideal for sucking. I told him it was time for his second blow job and gently pulled down his joggers and boxers to reveal his jewels, a stiff cock and balls that were racing in their sack. I started by taking the head of his cock in my mouth, with my tongue I rolled his foreskin away from his helmet, then jabbed into his piss hole, making him squirm. Next, I released his cock from my lips and I slid my tongue down its length until I reached his ball sack; my lips opened and closed again gently around a ball. His sack was tight, but in the warmth of my mouth I felt it soften and yield. The ball started its strange dance in my mouth and I let my tongue caress it. I let it free and moved to its neighbour to show it the same attention; then cupping them both gently in my hand, I went back to his cock. I needed Tom to cum, so my fingers moved up onto his shaft and worked in unison with my mouth, each stroke brought the tip of his penis deeper and deeper to my mouth. I was getting my gag reflex ready for the moment when I forced his bulbous end into my throat, three more strokes. My last push took Tom completely by surprise as the tip of his penis was squeezed into my throat; I held it there for as long as I could. He went to push my head back, but I was ready, and my hands pinned his wrists down beside his body. Then my head bobbed up and down while my lips sent waves of pleasure through his cock; he was close and his pelvic bucked. I matched his timing and the head of his cock swelled in my mouth; then the first squirt of cum filled my mouth, I swallowed, then a second and third. I sent some down my throat to join the first load, but held as much as I would. Lifting my head, I looked at the joy in his face and my head moved closer to him. His plump lips were parted, and I opened my mouth and let his cum dribble into his mouth. Then I gently lowered my lips onto his, our tongues found each other's, washed with his cum and our slivers. He was mine now; I had seduced him and we had sealed it with a kiss. He asked if he could touch my cock and I told him he could do any thing he liked with it. I took off my shirt and undid my jeans. I'm commando most of the time and he gasped when he saw my prick stand to attention in front of me. Lying on the bed beside him I guided his hand down onto my manhood. He told me that he had jacked another boy off once, but that was a one off, and that now he wanted to suck me, but was frightened of me cumming in his mouth. So I told him to suck as much as he wanted, then jack me off. I would let him know when I was close and he could squirt it where he liked. Tom's soft fingers gently wrapped themselves around my prick. He sat up and leaned against me, his mouth open, and he was determined to experience that much dreamed about fantasy. His mouth was so warm and wet, his tongue played with my end the way mine had with him. His fist began to move, slowly sliding up and down. Instinctively my hand reached out and gently touched his back, my finger tips just in contact with him. He stopped, smiled, and then carried on; I caressed the small of his back and then across this smooth buttock, then sliding to the other, then back again, each time staying a little longer in the valley between. His metered sucking on my cock convinced me that he was content and happy, so my finger found that puckered hole buried deep in the valley. Tom froze for a moment while I circled it, but then I moved on. I was close to cumming, but Tom's rhythm

wasn't what my body yearned for, I fought to keep my hands away and to enjoy that exquisite agony of not being in control. Then I came, but my spunk flowed out of my cock rather than the normal strong squirts when I'm in charge. The finger and thumb of Tom's clenched fist around the top of my shaft made a cup into which my cum spewed, he looked at it in awe at this white pool he had created, then dipped his tongue in to try it; then suddenly his lips clamped over the cup and he sucked it into his mouth greedily. I watched his tongue move around in his mouth as he savored its taste and texture, then he moved over and kissed me, a long sensuous kiss passing my sperm into my mouth and accepting it back and swallowing it as I rolled him onto his back. His prick was hard again and I wanted to take things with him further. This slow release of my spunk had left me still hungry for more sex and my balls raced in their sack to help fulfill my lust; Tom's hard cock probed my thigh, and I asked him if he wanted to fuck me like David had done. Yes he wanted to, but then I would want the same from him and he wasn't sure if he could take it. I told him that some guys needed to take their time with that and get used to having their anus stretched. He wanted to know what it was like when David had fucked me. I told him how good it was to feel a hot, stiff cock pushed inside you. I let my hand creep down that valley again, and this time I pushed my finger up into his hole. Tom's body stiffened for a moment and then he relaxed; I asked if that felt good, and he nodded. I told him to imagine something larger in there filling him, and he sighed. I told him to imagine David entering, the feel of his hips against his buttocks, the feel of David's strong hard cock buried deep in his body. Tom's cock was stiffening more; it was time for him to take his first man. I reached for condoms and lube from the drawer of my bedside table, then rolled the sheath over his penis and smeared it with the cooling gel. I knelt on the bed and slipped a gelled finger through my sphincter until I was ready; I told him to kneel behind me and push his cock into me. He entered me and sighed deeply, then started to roll his hips into me, in a wave like motion. Then I felt his chest against my back, his arms wrapped around me, then his hands exploring my chest, my nipples, down to my balls, my cock, and back across my chest. All the time his slim cock was filling my rectum. I squeezed him a couple of times and he giggled; then this pace quickened and his hands gripped my hips. Tom soon found his rhythm and pumped me, enjoying the sensation of my muscular tube squeezing his manhood; he lasted only five or six minutes before his thrusts became stronger and his grip tightened on my hips. I told him to push in as deep as he could; I felt his cock twitch four, five, six times and thought of that warm sperm filling the sheath. Reaching behind, I helped him slip from me with his latex skin still around him. We rested for a while, with Tom's head on my chest, his lips, tongue and teeth teasing my nipple, my hand caressing his soft warm back, then down across his buttocks; I told him that we needed to get him ready for David and pushed my gelled finger deep into his tight arse. He kissed me, accepting this first step towards taking his first lover; a second finger followed as soon as he had relaxed. Now he was being stretched, squirming with pleasure, his fingers closed around my stiff shaft. I reminded him that David would be his first, but what he had in his hand would be in him very soon after. I brought him around so we could suck each other; in my bedside drawer I found my dildo which I have given myself and others pleasure with. I applied more gel and positioned it against his anus; I told him to relax, then pushed it gently through his tight sphincter. Its size made him freeze

rigid, but I kept pushing until its cylindrical body was fully into his rectum. Gradually his body softened; I told him that we would do this a few times and when he was comfortable with this David's cock would be easy. I was desperate to cum; I kept the dildo in place with one hand and started to rub myself with the other. Tom's mouth was soon over my bell end, his fingers joined mine around my shaft and I guided him to my rhythm; in front of me his softened cock was a treat which I couldn't refuse and I took all of it into my mouth. To my amazement it stiffed quickly and Tom's pelvis started to thrust, pushing his cock towards my throat again; I held the dildo as still as I could so that it slid in and out of him with his movements. Then in a cruel, sensual moment I flicked the switch on its base and sent a low penetrating vibration deep into his bowels; with a few sudden twitches what little watery cum left in Tom's balls flowed into my mouth and I swallowed. I flicked the switch back and let the dildo slip from Tom's exhausted body. My need to cum was now more than I could bear so I took charge of my own cock and pumped; Tom lay positioned in front of my cock, his mouth open, waiting to accept my seed. I jacked fast and hard, my balls boiled, my prick grew to its full size and in moments thick white spunk jetted between those willing lips. He did his best to swallow everything, but the intensity of my orgasm was too much for his first attempt, and my spunk dribbled out of his mouth and over his cheek. We lay face to face, and I cleaned his cheek with my tongue and then we kissed; Tom asked when the next lesson in stretching him would be. Whenever he wanted, I answered. He took the dildo and squirted gel onto it, brought around behind him and pushed it easily up into his own arse hole. I told him I couldn't wait until it was my cock buried up there; neither could he was the answer. I gently pulled the dildo out and told him we needed sleep and that we had all weekend to play. I switched of the light and a warm soft body molded itself around me.