

# Two Guys Find Gay Love

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Published on Lush Stories on 21 Sep 2009



<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/two-guys-find-gay-love.aspx>

You could say this is part two of my first story but can be read as a story of its own. Like I said, a lot of straight guys from my section of Brooklyn don't have any problems with having a queer suck their cock. I found out, that I don't have a problem with it either. Unlike the straight guys in the neighborhood having my cock sucked by a queer was more than just another sexual option. It was having sex with another guy that was more important to me. I found out I was queer that day I put my cock in another guys mouth. A lot of guys have a problem, once they figure out they're on the cocksucker side of the equation. I didn't. There was just something right about me having sex with another guy. If I have a problem, it is the fact I just don't want anyone to know. In my neighborhood once you were known as a queer everything changed, big time. The only smart move for a any guy in my neighborhood, who is queer, is to move away. Staying means you are pretty much a whore putting out for any guy that wants his cock sucked. Strange fucking culture but that is the way it is. Some guys like being whores, nothing wrong with that, but there are plenty of places where being a queer and/or a whore is fucking OK, like over in Manhattan or up in Boston on Beacon Hill. It was only a matter of time before I 'm out of here. I sure as hell not going to be giving out blow jobs to the assholes around here. Amazing, that only onetime was all it took for me to know I liked having sex with other guys. After that first time, when Kenny sucked my cock, I couldn't stop thinking about how I felt. I was awake half the night, going over and over what had taken place. I got hard thinking about the look in Kenny's eyes as he looked up at me with my cock in his mouth. The intensity of that look surprised me. Like he knew I wasn't like the others, at the same moment I didn't know I wasn't like the others. What I felt at that moment was a heightened sense of sexual arousal, somehow I was pleased and relaxed with the idea of having sex with another guy. I liked it very much. It was more than just getting a blow job to me. After the sex we talked for awhile. I actually liked Kenny. We met the next day for an encore. This time I brought an old pillow for him to kneel on. Kenny enjoyed cock sucking and I didn't want his kneeling on the cement floor to take away from his pleasure or mine. During first few weeks we would meet in the basement for sex, sometimes twice a day. Outside our basement rendezvous we pretended not to know each other. There was no reciprocation on my part in the beginning. Kenny didn't seem to mind. Kenny understood what it took to give another man pleasure. He was an expert. His ability to use his hands, lips, tongue and mouth, way better than I have ever experienced. It surprised me when I recognized love in his eyes, when he would look up at me, as he loved and worshiped my cock. I started to have feelings for him. I responded, gently stoking his head,

touching his cheek, talking dirty or sweet to him, until one day I let it all go. I pulled him up and kissed him. I couldn't believe what I was doing but I didn't want to stop. I kissed him with passion, I was filled with sexual heat. I realized I had unconsciously took his hard cock in my hand. He was holding mine. We were sharing. I had never touched another guys cock, ever. My attention was divided between the hot, horny kisses and his hard cock in my hand. I liked it, fucking A, did I like it. Oh, Yeah! I did. It was incredible. I started having feelings of love. I couldn't fucking believe I was me. It was like I had no control. In fact, I had no control. I broke the kiss for a second, yelled OMG, OMG, our mouths met, tongues fighting, as we stroked each other. I shot my load in multiple pulses. I felt like I couldn't stop shooting cum. It seem to last forever. When I shot my last drop I was happy. I kept kissing Kenny. Unlike the norm, when a guy shoots a load and checks out of the action, I was still engaged. While we kissed, I jacked Kenny off. I wanted to make him cum. He had been making me cum for weeks and got nothing in return. I could feel him getting ready. His letting go was making me excited. He let all go with his body shaking. He actually screamed as he shot cum everywhere. It felt good knowing I had brought him to that place. When he was finely spent he held me tight and cried. At first I didn't understand but I held him anyway stoking his head. When he calmed down we talked. He had been giving guys blow jobs for so long in a neighborhood where all you got in return was being a outcast. Nobody had ever loved him back. Being queer was becoming complicated. I had dealt with a lot of things, I could deal with being queer. I got a little something going, couple of things really. Don't ask, all you have to know is I have enough money do what I want and then some. I knew that the basement wasn't going to do anymore. There are parts of Brooklyn, like any city, where people mind their own business. I rented a room in a old brownstone, a third floor walk up. It was a kind of efficiency really. It had a bathroom, an alcove kitchen, and a bay windows. The room was big enough for a king bed and couch. I had the money so I got a nice sound system and 42 inch plasma TV. Believe me, I did every thing I could do to get all the goodies in without being seen. There were more bad people in this neighborhood than I cared for but anonymity has its price. Knowing how to protect yourself keeps the price low. I had spent a few days getting the place ready. Kenny wanted to help but I wanted to do it myself. We might have been "going out" but we weren't married or whatever a gay couple does and I wanted this place to be mine. As I said, I got a little something going on, so money was no object. I painted the walls. I got nice sheets and bedding, I expected we would be spending a lot of time in bed. I spent quite a few hours choosing a good selection of porn, gay porn. Of course I watched a lot of it. It was educational, very educational, for a guy eager to get into gay sex. Kenny and I were going to have some fun. I hoped Kenny would enjoy the kind of reciprocation I had in mind. I was looking out the window and saw Kenny coming down the street. He looked different then I got it. He was dressed like he was on his way to a rave. I hadn't bothered to dress myself, why bother, so all I wore was a pair of loose fitting thin white cotton drawstring pants. I expected sex was on the menu and you don't ware close to bed. It hit all at once, Kenny saw our relationship changing and this place as special. I opened the door, OMG, did he look good. He wore a silk top that did not hide his aroused nipples. I could feel arousal between my legs. His jeans were low cut and tight. He was a sexy party boi, my party boi. I put one arm around him, slipped the other

under his top, pinched on of his hard nipples, smiled, said hi and kissed him. He opened his mouth and our tongues began to play with each other. We hugged, our bodies pressing each other. We were both hard. Then I realized the door was open. I shut it and asked Kenny what he thought.

“Things are different, I am not sure how to act.” Kenny said, “but I am willing to find out. I just never thought things could change so fast. Until I met you I was a boi whore sucking guys off cause it was the only kind of sex I could get with guys.” My question had been with regard to the place, the love nest, the sex chamber, which I had spent sometime putting together. He took it to mean our situation. My plan had been to get him in bed and try out some of the sex acts I had seen in the porn movies. I have a good sense of knowing what to do in situations and rejecting him at this moment in order to get into sex as fast as my cock wanted would be the wrong thing. Something was going on here that needed to be examined. “Look Kenny, I don't know what is going on here either. I had no idea I was queer until I met you. Now here we are ready to spend the night together.”, I replied. “We'll figure it out”. “Do you like me?”, he asked “I do, I do”, I told him as I took him in my arms and kissed him. I figured out what was different with Kenny. He was vulnerable and open at the moment. I could see he dressed sexy for me, like it was a first date. Things had changed. He no longer saw himself as a boi whore. He saw himself in a relationship. I broke the kiss, “I want to look at you, yes I do.”, I said. I walked over and sat on the end off the king bed. He was facing me looking a little self conscious. “Do you want me to pose?”, he asked. “Only if you feel like it, I can tell you what to do.”, I said. You look really nice, really sexy, and you know it don't you. You took your time getting ready. Yes, you did a really nice job of being sexy. Don't look embarrassed, you know its true and you know what, I really happy you took the time. It turns me on. Relax, turn around slowly.” Kenny was slim, slightly muscular, very nice looking in a femme kind of way. I like his slim hips, flat tummy and firm buns. If we were married he would be the wife and he would love it. I was beginning to see what kind of guy Kenny was underneath. At the moment it was hard to concentrate on anything but how hard my cock was for him. I could see the feeling was mutual. It is not possible to hide a hard cock in tight jeans and besides I felt it when I hugged and kissed him. We played a little game where we each took off something. Since all I had on was drawstring I was naked first. I was sitting on the bed looking at myself fully aroused by Kenny totally who was naked, in front of me, proud of his body and hard as a rock. He knew, I knew, nothing more had to be said. He walked over, knelt down and took my cock in his mouth. Sucking my cock was an act of love and lust. Love and lust are not mutually exclusive. He knew exactly how to use his hands, lips, tongue and mouth to please me. Just as important was he wanted to please me, he got off on pleasing me. I got off on his wanting to please me. It was sexual heaven. I had all I could do to keep from shooting my cum. He worked the shaft with his lips and tongue then would take just the head of my cock in his mouth trying to make me cum, daring me to hold off. I knew I couldn't take it much longer. I stood up, pulled him up held him from behind, pressing my hard cock on his firm buns and kissing him on the neck. “I want to love you from behind”, I whispered in his ear, just before I put my tongue in it. I reached around and down and fondled his hard cock. “I've never done it, please don't hurt me”, he said. “I don't know sweetheart, I will try. I

have to fuck you baby, it is something we have to do. I will try to be easy, but you know we have to do it. It's time", I replied. When I got the porn movies I also got some anal-ese, recommended by the guy at the counter. I used a lot of it. Kenny was on the bed, ass in the air and I knew that something fabulous was about to take place. I never have wanted to fuck so much as I did now. I wanted to fuck for a lot of reasons. I wanted to fuck just to fuck. I wanted Kenny to know he was my bitch. I wanted to show my dominance, I wanted him to know I loved him. I moved the head of my cock to his ass hole. I felt him push towards me. I knew he wanted me to fuck him as much as I wanted to fuck him. I slowly began penetration. I could tell it hurt him a little and he resisted. I held his tight buns firmly stopping penetration at about two inches. "Relax, Kenny, relax. Don't fight it. Six more inches baby, and it will be done. Hang in there sweetheart, hang in there. Yeah, that it, relax, don't fight it. You know you want it as much as I want to give it to you. We both need it.", I said as I resumed penetration. He was very tight but started to relax. I tried not to be too forceful but it was hard when all I wanted to do was dive my cock all the way in. I just wanted him to feel my cock, let him know who was in charge. I had about six inches of my cock in when he loosened up and I drove in the last two inches and then some hard and deep inside him. He gasped with both pain and pleasure.

I began to slow fuck him withdrawing a few inches of cock then slowly back in. I could tell he liked it and was lost in the pleasure as I was. I worked my cock in and out slowly, increasing the length of the stroke until I was withdrawing my cock up to the head. I couldn't help it, I started to fuck him faster and the bitch was moving his hips and fucking back. I change position so I could reach around and stoke his cock. His cock felt good in my hand. The fucking got crazy, We were both covered with sweat. I was close and when he said, "I love you", I couldn't hold it anymore and let my cum go. I had the biggest orgasm in my life.

I withdrew, took Kenny in my arms and kissed him. "I love you too", I said I proved it to him. I had him lie on his back. I must have looked at his cock for a minute, knowing what I had to do. I went down and took Kenny's cock in my mouth. I couldn't fucking believe how much I like it. How fucking good his cock felt in my mouth. How fucking much I wanted to show him my love. I could feel him tense as he get close. I couldn't believe how much I wanted him to cum, how much I his cum. I didn't wait long, Kenny let go, filling my mouth with his love. I came again tasting my lover's cum. I swallowed it, then kissed him and we spent the rest of the night talking, making plans to leave Brooklyn and having more sex.