

# White teen boy taken by a black man

By Jonathan

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*Going to a movie the day after graduating from high school, became a dark day in my life.*

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18 years old and taken by a black man in the theater. Part 1

This story actually happened to a friend of mine back in the 1980's. He had never divulged this story to anyone but some years later we met for a few drinks after work. It was a cold night in Boston at a bar, he was drinking heavily and told me about this encounter with a man. James was now a 37 year old married man but this experience had haunted him for years. With literary license, I will relay the story as best I can.... as if he was telling the story. I was 18 years old and just graduated from high school. I was excited about entering college in the fall but I had just been dumped by my high school sweetheart and felt like being alone....yea, wallowing in my misery. I was only five and a half feet in height and it was difficult getting dates. Little did I know at that time that my blonde hair and blue eyes would be an attraction to others in my future. It was a Saturday in June that I caught the bus late morning deciding to see a movie downtown. I had tried to get a couple of my buddies to come along but they wanted to see a different movie. This theater was an old and small movie theater, built back during the 1940's. It had dim lighting and unless the movie was on it was difficult seeing the seats. I decided to sit in the left side area about midway...there were only a few people there during the early showing. After the introducing cartoon and previews were over a man came into my row and sat right next to me. Surprised me since there were few people in the theater. He was tall, black and guessing in his mid thirties. He politely said hi and asked if I minded him sitting there. I nervously said no as the movie was beginning. When he sat down in the chair right of me I noticed that he was wearing a shiny gold watch on his left wrist. Really was an expensive looking watch. He was certainly tall considering I was only 5'6" which made me look like a midget next to him.

t was only about 15 minutes into the movie when I felt a couple of his fingers lightly touching my knee and in a minute or so slightly rubbing my leg. I didn't know what was going on but even though I am not gay it was titillating. Since I did not protest he continued to touch my leg. To my amazement I began getting an erection. I then asked him to excuse me so I could go to the bathroom. As I got up to go he followed me...perhaps to make sure I wasn't going to tell one of the ushers. After taking a pee I returned to the same seat and in a couple of minutes he did also. Again his black hand was on

my leg and crept closer to the fly of my pants which I had forgotten to zip back up. His finger found it open and then two fingers rubbed my underwear. Oh my gosh, I thought.....he probably thinks I did that on purpose. I sort of froze not knowing what to do and even more scary....I was enjoying him touching me. What was I thinking? Here I was about to let a big black man, twice my age, fondle me in a theater. I looked again at his bright shiny watch and then nervously touched it. He leaned over and asked me if I liked his watch as his hand rested on my lap with two fingers touching just inside my unzipped pants. He could feel my erection with his fingers. This was getting really weird. I had never before had a male touch my private except for a doctor. Let alone, getting an erection. Dammit, I'm not gay.

I looked around to see if anyone was looking at us but there were only a few people sitting in the aisle to the right and they were watching the movie....not us. I still felt very uncomfortable. Meantime, he continued to softly touch me with his fingers. I then boldly whispered to him, " you can touch me if you want to." "Nice," he replied. Then slowly he snuggled his hand into my underwear and began to play with me. I was almost hard, feeling captive and excited for some reason but also nervous that someone might see what was going on.

He looked around to see who was sitting near and then quietly asked me, "why don't we go up in the balcony?" I replied, "yea, that's okay." I could not believe I was doing this but there was an eerie excitement about being fondled for the first time by a man...a very black man. I had never thought I would let something like this happen but my young sexual desires were rendering me helpless.

We went to the balcony and he guided me to just about the top row where no one was behind us and only a few people down at the lower rows. "Unbuckle your pants and pull you're your penis out," he asked as we sat down. He then began rubbing my penis. "Does that feel good? he asked. I replied, " yea, but I'm nervous." It felt so good and I was excited watching his black hand fondle me. After a minute or so I told him that I was about to cum. He replied, "Pretend I'm holding you captive and you can't move. I'm going to make it really enjoyable for you. Then he lowered his head down and placed my penis in his mouth with his hands holding my wrists. He instructed me to not make any sounds. . I was breaking out in a sweat as he sucked me. Oh my, here I'm a white boy and was being sucked on by a black man. My body began to shake with excitement and my heart raced. Then I began tingling all over as I was beginning to shoot my load into his mouth. I whispered, "take it out, please...I'm cumming." He gripped my wrists even harder and sucked me as I spewed into his mouth. He looked up as he swallowed. Then, after looking around, he bent back down and licked me clean. I was dizzy and limp.

I was overwhelmed by the sexual release that shot through me yet I was ashamed of what I let this

stranger do to me. I pulled my pants back up and fastened my belt. I told him that I had better leave. In order to not arouse suspicion, he said he would wait then leave in a few minutes. He told me to meet him outside the theater. What did he want now, I wondered He followed me down to the bus stop and then asked me if I would like to see another movie. I'm looking at this tall black man and again wondering if he wanted to use me again. I was scared, especially taking the chance of someone seeing him have sex with me in another theater. If my parents ever found out they would almost kill me. My father was very prejudice about gay men not to mention him finding out my being sexually used by a gay black man.

I finally told him that I had to go home. He inquired as to where I lived and I told him. That would turn out to be a mistake but being confused at what had just happened, I didn't think about it at the time. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a \$5 bill. " Here, maybe you might want to attend a movie next weekend, go ahead and take it," he said. I took it without thinking and got on the bus. On my way home and for the next several days I felt very ashamed of what I had done. Yea, I enjoyed the sexual release but damn, I let myself be used by a man. A very tall black man to boot.

What I did not know was that this man would soon enter my life again .

