

# You really can find love over the rainbow

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*Jake finds love over the rainbow.*

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I smiled at myself in the mirror. I was so handsome. 5'11", slight athletic build, white skin with a slight spring tan, short, spiked, brown hair, and hazel eyes that changed with my mood. Today they were green, which meant I was happy. It was the first time I'd been truly happy in a long time.

I was also showing off my body more than usual. I was wearing a plain, white wife beater, jeans with holes in them, and even sandals. Shoot, I could have walked around with my penis hanging out and I wouldn't have been insecure about it.

I'm more confident now than I had ever been before in my life. It was the start of a new semester at my college, the sun was shining brightly, and I'd just broken up with my girlfriend.

Don't get me wrong, I'd loved my girlfriend, Jasmine. But there was always something missing with us. I always felt so bad about myself, so inadequate to be her boyfriend.

I was 20, but I felt like I was in my 40's. That is, until I met Kevin.

Jasmine and I had been dating since our sophomore year at college. It was great being with her and getting to know her. She talked about herself, a lot. I mostly just listened. I thought she was so interesting.

There was always something she was hiding from me, though. Something about her family, I could just tell.

It made me feel like I was untrustworthy and I hated it. As our relationship progressed, I started feeling less and less secure about myself. I started wearing sweat suits, talking to less people, every day was a gray day for me. But I couldn't give Jasmine up, I loved her.

Our sex life was only worst. Most days, I couldn't get it up because I was so insecure about my penis. Everything about it. The shape, the size, the color. When I could get it up, the sex just wasn't good. We only went until Jasmine got off. I hadn't gotten off through sex in months, I only relied on my hand.

I was sitting at the fountain on campus one day, reading Steinbeck. That's when Kevin showed up.

"Oh honey, look at you. You look like a confused gym student, transitioning to art student, gone wrong." I heard in a soft, lispy voice.

I looked up from my book and he was smiling and shaking his head. He was a typical flamer boy. He was almost half a foot shorter than me at 5'5", was very skinny, pale, had bleach blond hair, green eyes, and was wearing all the "fag wear." Black tank top, tight jeans, and flip flops. He had pins all over his man purse saying things like "I called your boyfriend gay and he hit me with his purse" and "Recruiter" with a rainbow on it.

I'd had gay friends back home, but this guy was over-the-top. He didn't seem to have an ounce of masculinity in him.

"Who are you to judge me, anyway?" I shot back.

"Pleaaase, hon. You look like you could use some help." He said, rolling his eyes and sitting down next to me.

"Help? For what. I'm fine, I'm just sitting here reading my book." He was getting on my nerves.

"Yeah, but you're ALONE. And look at the way you're dressed. I'm sure you have a fine body underneath all those baggy clothes." He smiled at me. I felt my heart skip a beat. It had been a long time since I'd seen someone smile like that, or since I'd gotten a compliment.

"So you came over here to diss me and then try to compliment me? Nice." I don't know why I was being so mean to him.

"What's wrong? Is it girlfriend troubles? I could help that, you know." He took my hand.

I shoved it away and said "I'M FINE. Just... Go away. Please!?" I stood up.

He just kept smiling and stood up, as well. He grabbed a pen out of his man purse, grabbed my hand, and started writing something. I looked down when he was done and it was his number with a heart

and "Kevin" inside of it.

"I'm Kevin. If you ever want to find love over the rainbow, just call me hon. Don't be shy." He walked off, his hips shay-shaying from side-to-side.

I sat down and thought about it for a moment, but decided I probably wasn't going to do anything. There was no way that I was gay and I was okay. I was sure of it.

I went to go find Jasmine and I did, at the newspaper office. She was busy typing away on her computer at her desk. I wrapped my arms around her and whispered in her ear. "I'm horny... Turn off your computer and let's go play."

She pushed me away. "Jake, I'm really busy right now. I have to finish up this article so it can be ready to print in the morning. We'll talk later, okay?"

"But, babe... It's been a week since we last had sex." I pleaded to her.

"I know, and it didn't exactly work out, did it? You could barely keep it up!" She waved me off and kept typing.

I felt so forgotten. I went to my dorm room and laid down in my bed, staring at my ceiling. I did need help. I almost wanted to cry.

I picked up my cell and dialed Kevin's number. When he picked up I heard loud techno music playing in the background.

"Hey, who is this?" He said in his soft, lispy voice. It was like I could hear his smile over the phone.

"Hey... This is Jake. We met at the fountain, today." I said, unsure of how to talk to him.

"Oh yeah! Hey, wanna come over to my dorm room? It's on the third floor, in the McCaully building, first right after you get off the elevator."

"Sure... I'll be there." I don't know why, but I felt so excited. Probably because this was my first time seeing someone and hanging out with them in a long time, besides my girlfriend of course.

I put on some Coolwater cologne and headed to the McCaully building. As I got in the elevator, I started getting nervous. I'd never met anyone like Kevin, before.

I knocked on his door and he answered, in only a towel. I couldn't believe it!

He ushered me in and I sat down on his bed. His room looked like a party room. There were only black lights on, with the exception of rainbow Japanese-style lantern lights lining around his wall. There was splattered black light paint all over his walls and his bedding glowed in the dark, there was even a strobe light next to his cd player which was currently playing "Sandstorm."

"Wow, uh... Kevin? Your room is really..." I said, nervously.

"Party-ish looking? Yeah, I used to be a hardcore raver back where I lived." He said, grabbing another towel and roughing up his hair with it.

He was so cool, down-to-earth, and nice. Why hadn't I met him sooner? I didn't even realize people even noticed me, anymore.

"Jake, I sense there's some trouble in your sex life. I was wondering if I could... Maybe help out?" He took off the towel he was wearing. I was at a loss for words. All I could do was stare at his dick, my mouth wide open. I barely even use the word dick. But that was the only word for it. It was amazing. It was tanner than his body was, not veiny at all, about 3 inches wide, and 6 1/2 inches long. It was slightly crooked to the left and was hard.

"How... How can you just show your dick to a stranger like that?" I stammered.

"It's easy once you gain enough confidence, which you obviously don't have." He smiled at me. "Do you want to touch it?"

"No... I don't know... I've never been with a guy before. I wouldn't know what to do." My heart was racing, I was scared.

Kevin slowly stepped up to me and whispered in my ear "It's okay, you'll get it, don't worry." He grabbed my hand and placed it on his balls. I was scared for a minute, my hand shaking nervously on his balls. But I just thought of what I would have liked and tried it out.

I started rubbing and squeezing his balls gently. He let out a light moan and told me to go harder. So I rubbed them more vigorously and squeezed them harder. I could feel my own dick start to get hard.

"Ooh, you have such strong handsss." He moaned.

I placed my hand at the bottom of his shaft and started stroking him, trying to lighten up my grip more.

"No, no honey. I like it harder, please." He said.

So I gripped it in my hand harder and started stroking it faster. I stuck my thumb out and put a little more extra on the head of his dick, as I stroked the shaft. He grabbed my shoulders and gripped them hard as he started to shake and came. He shot all over my face. I wiped it up with my fingers and stuck my fingers in my mouth. His cum was so delicious. It was a combination of sweet and salty.

"Babe, you are good at this, a natural." He smiled at me. "Lay on the bed."

"But, why?" I said, confused.

"Because, I want to give you some pleasure, too." He said, pushing me on my back gently.

"No! No, I can't." I said, frantically.

"Why, honey? It's okay... You deserve some, too." He said as he took off my shirt.

"I... Don't like how my penis looks. It's ugly." I said, looking down.

He laughed. "Honey, there's NO such thing as an ugly penis. It's okay, just let me see it."

I was scared, but there was no way I could avoid it. I laid on the bed with my arms to the side as he pulled down my sweat pants and boxers. He gasped.

"Honey, your dick is HOT!" He cried. "There's nothing wrong with it. Same color as you, about as big around as a cucumber, I'm guessing 7 inches hard, and a slight curve up! You have a nice dick, hon!"

I smiled awkwardly. I'd never gotten a compliment on my penis, before. "Thanks..." I said.

"No problem, and now it's my time to enjoy it." He said.

He came up to my neck and started kissing and sucking it gently. He led a trail of kisses down to my pubes and lightly ran his fingers in my pubes. I could feel my penis start to throb. I'd never been played with like this, before. He was so gentle, yet everything he did turned me on.

He put my balls in his mouth and sucked on them gently, moaning into them. The vibrations sent sensations all over and I could feel the precum starting to happen.

He licked the underside of my dick. Up and down, up and down. It made me shudder and twitch, it felt so good.

Then he stuck it in his mouth. The combination of him sucking and licking underneath my penis and stroking the bottom part of my shaft with one hand drove me wild. I gripped the back of his head and shoved him down harder. Much to my surprise, he removed his hand and accepted it. He could deep throat that much!? Oooh, it felt good, though.

"Aaah, Oooh. Oh my goood, oh god, suck it!" I heard myself say. I pushed his head down harder and harder and he took it like a champ. He just kept sucking and tonguing my dick until I came. And I came a lot. I held his head down on my dick as the cum shot out. When it was done, he sat up and wiped his mouth.

"Mmm, you had such a big, tastey, warm load. I enjoyed feeling it run down my throat." He said. "Now, fuck me." He got on his hands and knees on the bed and stuck his ass in the air. I wasn't sure what to do.

"Uh... Kevin, I don't know. I've never... Uhm..." I stammered.

"You've never fucked ass!? You've got to be kidding me! It's easy, just stick it in as if it were a pussy." He giggled.

I did as he told me and knelt in front of his ass. I grabbed my penis and stuck it in. It was amazing. It was like a much tighter, much warmer pussy. The spit left over on my dick from him acted as a perfect lubricant.

I started out slow, pushing in, pulling out, pushing in, pulling out. But Kevin got impatient.

"C'mon, I can take it rougher than that! Harder, faster!" He complained.

I grabbed the sides of his ass cheeks and thrust it in harder and faster. Kevin started to moan and grip his blankets. It felt so good. His ass hole wrapped around my penis tightly, but was soft enough not to hurt. It was so warm and felt sooo great. I started letting out a few moans myself.

Kevin started stroking his dick as I picked up speed and pressure. It must've felt great for him to get penetrated while jerking off. I kept on going until I felt myself ready to cum again.

I didn't have time to think about it, I just let myself explode inside his ass. Kevin came at the same time I did.

I pulled out. We were both breathless and tired. I laid down on his bed and he laid down next to me.

"Thank-you, Kevin... I haven't had that much fun in a long time. It was great." I smiled.

"No problem, sugar. YOU were great." He kissed my cheek.

I never thought I'd end up with a guy. I never thought I'd dump my girlfriend or gain confidence like I did.

Kevin was right, I really DID find love over the rainbow. I was in love with the sex he gave me and the sex I still have with him.