

First Male Touch

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A guest on the sofa ends up in my bed

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From the sofa across the room, his voice was soft in the darkness. "Have you ever done it with another man?" In truth I had not, and I told him so. "Would you mind if I shared your bed? This sofa sucks." My heart was pounding and my voice a croak as I answered. "I don't know, maybe that's not such a good idea." Michael was a guest in my dumpy hotel room, by the harbor in Vancouver BC, as his hostel near Gastown was having some real problems. This was 1972, or '73. It was a one night thing, and I'd had no thoughts of having sex with Mike or any other man. Still, he made it sound very sexy. "We don't have to do anything you don't want to do. Maybe we could just stroke off, and watch each other?" The idea was a turn on, and I told him OK, but just that. I wasn't interested in anything more. In truth, I didn't quite know how anything more would work! I was pretty naive at 22. As he walked around to the bed, I turned on the little lamp on my nightstand. Sliding over a little, I tossed back the covers and made room for my first male bed partner. Michael wore white briefs, and it was exciting to see his obvious erection standing straight up in his underwear. He slipped into bed, and in one smooth move lifted his trim hips to pull his briefs off. Out popped the prettiest, hardest little cock you could imagine! Fully erect, his penis was only a little bigger than my index finger, but it danced above his belly in aching hardness (I know the feeling!) and as he started to stroke it my own cock swelled to a throbbing, pulsing stiffness. Fascinated and completely turned on, I lifted up to slip out of my briefs and Michael groaned his appreciation as my hard-on bounced into view. "Oh yeah. It's a nice, big cock!" Hardly true, but a nice thing to say anyway, and his words made me more confident and comfortable. I started to masturbate my already glistening 6 inch cock with an easy, relaxed stroke. He told me how hot it was to watch me jack off, and how exciting it was going to be to watch me cum. His free hand slipped between my thighs, and after a moment or two of caressing slowly upward, I felt his hand gently cup my balls. Michael milked and massaged my scrotum, which was drawing up tight as I approached orgasm. He urged me on as we jerked off together, close now, hips and shoulders touching, a little sweaty in the cool room. I moaned aloud as he talked dirty to me: "Yeah, stroke it; fuck yeah! Jack that big cock! I wanna see you shoot your hot load all over your belly! Oh yeah!" My hard-on was slippery now with pre-cum, and Mike's own penis shined in the soft light as he rubbed off. As I reached that sweet point of no return, and my moans turned to groans and growls of passion, Michael moved his hand on top of mine, gently pushed my busy hand aside, and

jacked me off. Oh, yeah! I bucked and humped in release as my balls drew even tighter, and cried out as my cum spurted from my throbbing dick onto my stomach. It poured down over Mike's hand like a creamy waterfall, and he used my jizz as lubricant to stroke every drop of man-juice from my balls. When he was sure I was completely spent, he rolled onto his back and quickly resumed stroking his own hard-on. "I'm so close. Fuck! I'm almost there!" he groaned as his hand, still slippery with my sperm, pounded his hard little dick. Now it was my turn to lend a hand, and as I rolled onto my side, I slipped my hand under his, and quickly continued to jack him off. It was the first time I'd touched another man's cock; it was very natural and very exciting! That was all he needed, and within seconds his hot juice shot in great squirts from his penis, all the way to his chest with one gush! It pooled in his belly button, and oozed down my stroking hand. I was astonished at the quantity of his hot load, and at the strength of his orgasm! Now we were both spent, and as the heat between us diminished, our gentle embrace soon became a little embarrassing for me; I slipped into the bathroom to clean up. Mike gave me a hug at the bathroom door when it was his turn, and I was quietly relieved when he returned to the sofa after leaving the bathroom, rather than crawling into bed again with me. With the light out a little later he asked me if I was OK, and I assured him that I was fine. In truth I was more than a bit uncomfortable with the thought that I was turning queer. My next, and last, sexual experience with another man would take place within a year. But that's another story.