ENCOUNTER NUMBER TWO

ALL MODELS ARE
18 YEARS OR OLDER

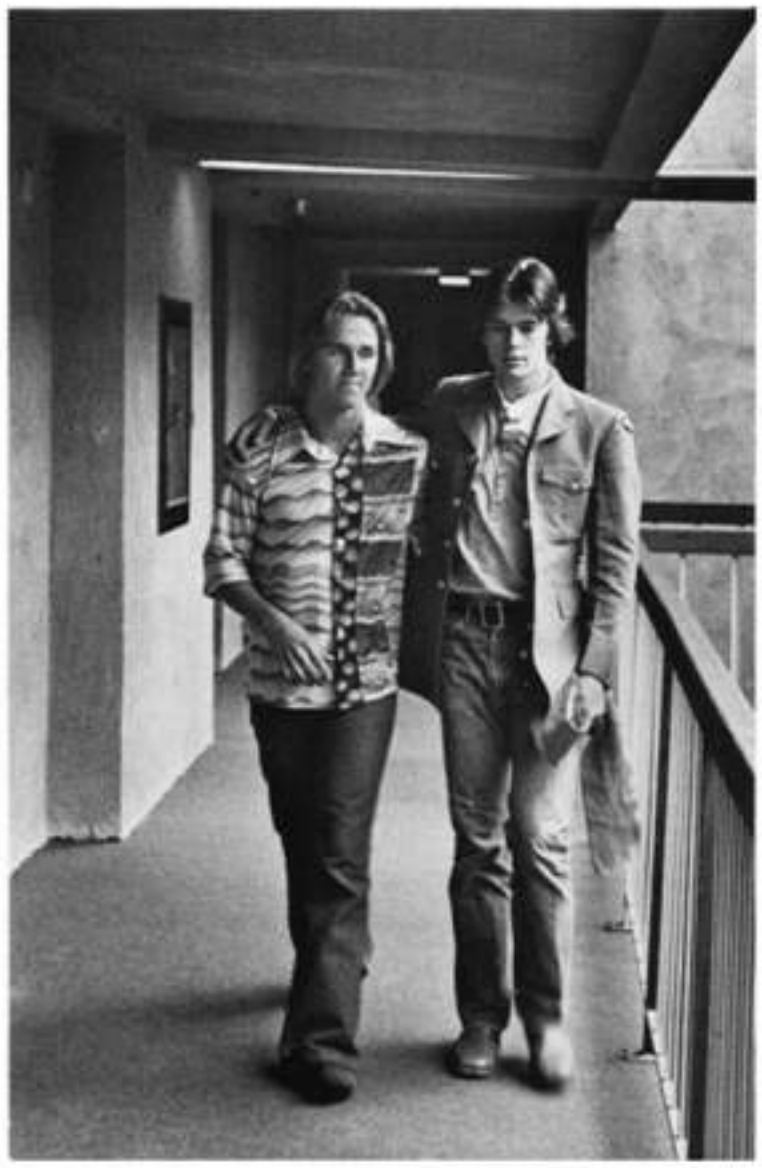
The afternoon, was not merely surprising, it was fantastic! Who would have thought that I'd have met Troy after picking up his sister in my van—and driving her into the boonies for an afternoon of frolic and fucking—only to fail in getting a hardon!

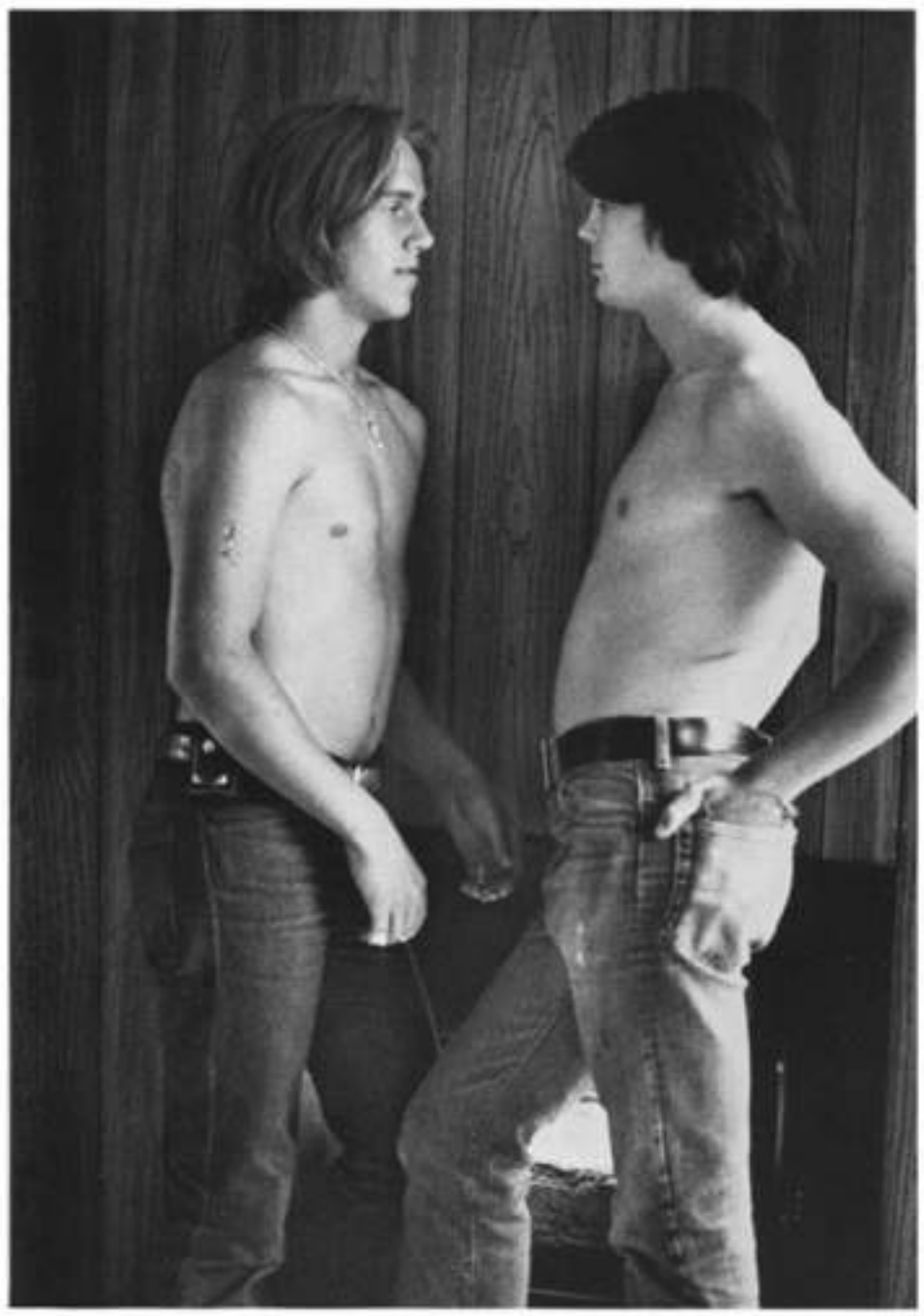
Who would have thought that her brother, hiding as he was in the bush, would have stepped in with the reality that I had always avoided—the reality that I needed love from a fellow man!

His proving of this was just as fantastic, for he sucked the cum from my rampant cock several times before the chill breeze of late afternoon drove us to the shelter of the van—and embarked us upon this drive back to my pad.

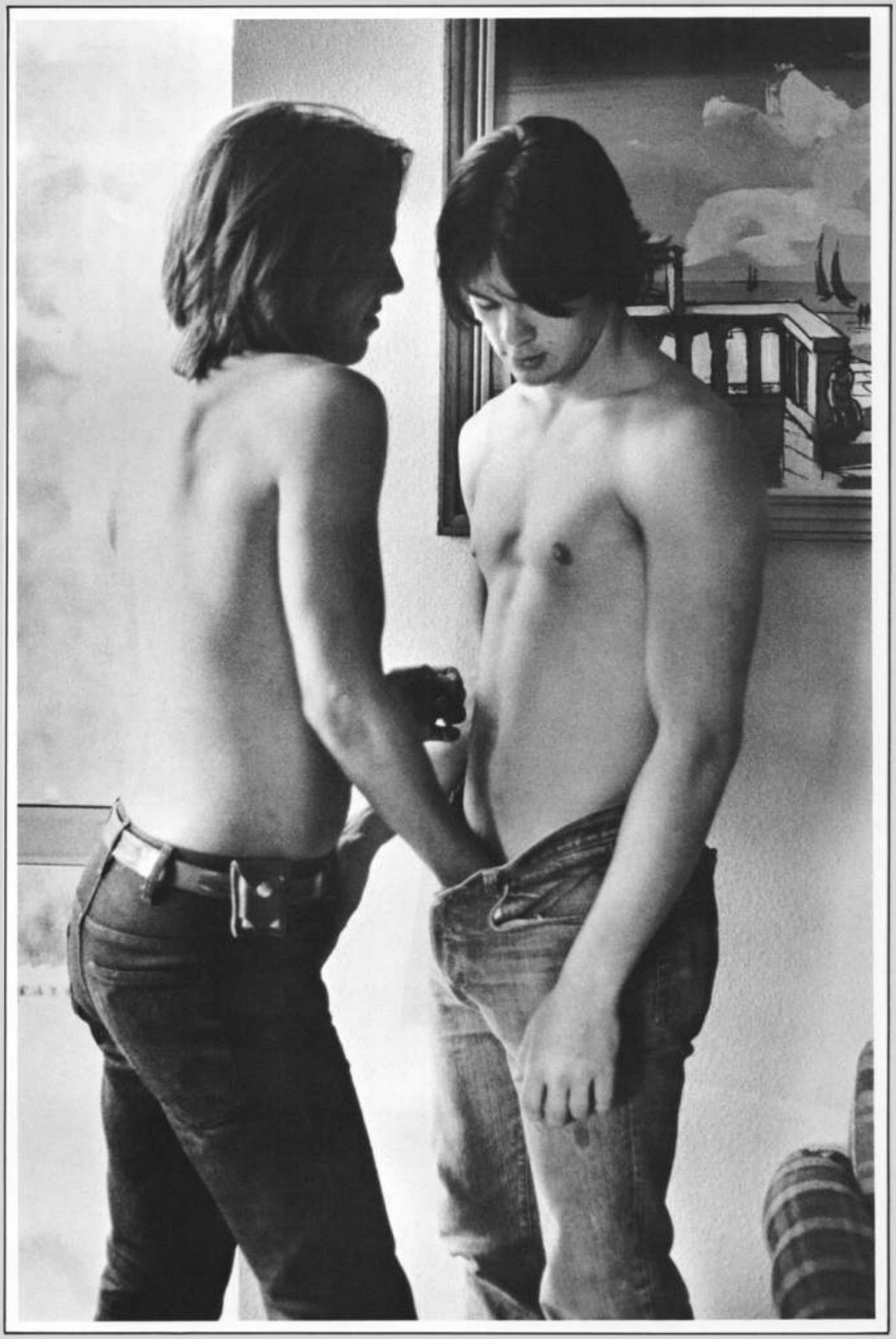
And now we were alone still—but in the comfort of my abode to once more enjoy the newly discovered sexual pleasures that were so readily available to the two of us.

None of the coy-little-little girl bullshit that so many chicks had pulled on me while I was on my misguided quest for cunt. No, that was over for good now, now that I had discovered what I was—what I always was—a man capable of sexual love with another man!





***Who would have thought her brother would prove my homosexuality!***

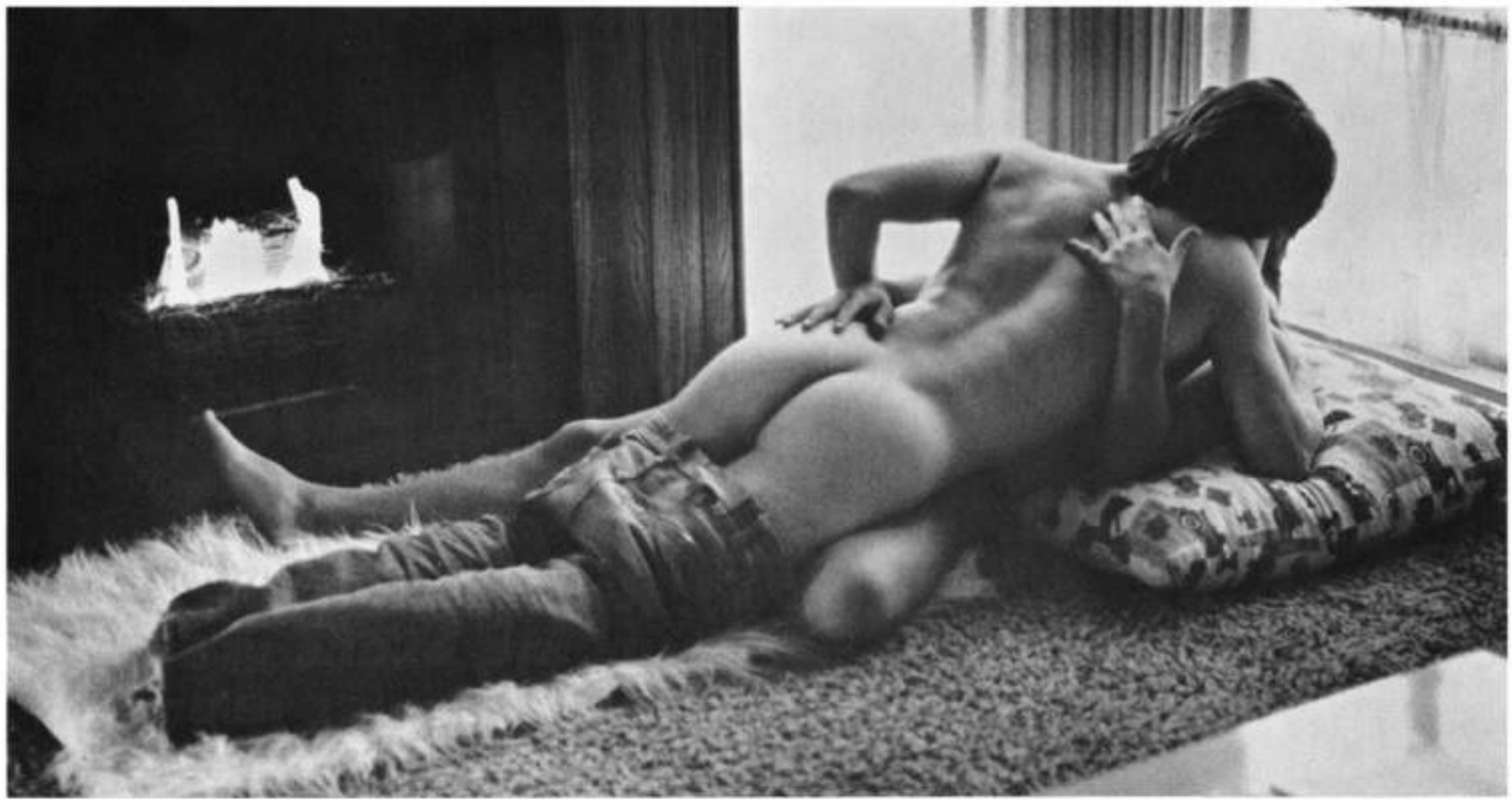


His cock was an instrument of adoration and pleasure to me—and more. It was something that I wanted to pay total respect to, for it was an instrument wherein I could provide him the pleasure I wanted him to have—and also the presence of my own cock—which he also wanted to have.

Of this there was little doubt, for he was lolling it in his mouth like a puppy lolls a bone. As I lay back in expectancy and pleasure, watching his head bob up and down as he took my cock far into his throat, I was at complete peace with the universe.

I had a feeling soaring through me that was elative and intense, for I was riddled with the pleasure that I had finally found what I was searching for all of my life—a man to share my passions, my innermost feelings. What person could better understand a man than another man? The simplicity of this truth hit me with full force, increasing my own grasp of where my head is truly at.

***A feeling of completeness was mine—as I pushed my prick into him.***



I fucked into his mouth with a growing passion now, feeling my balls tense up as he began to fondle them gently, coaxingly, encouraging the cum to spring up my shaft and into his throat.

The contrast of my white shaft against his pink lips heightened the excitement, and now I realized I was beginning to climax, beginning to cum in great jetting spurts into his mouth—with an intensity I had never before known.

Jet after jet of squirting cum sprang from my cockhead, flooding his eager mouth as I fell back in the throes of a supreme plesaure, my arms around him now as he tilted his head to kiss me lingeringly.

***He cupped my balls lovingly in his hands.***

***His cock was an instrument of adoration and pleasure...***

Moments later I found my own lips trailing down along his smooth, firm body, where his own cock was at rigid attention. I took the head and shaft into my mouth, twirling my tongue along the corona ridge, feeling the whole head of it begin to puff up like an adder, feeling the excitement move along his now-throbbing shaft.

As he had for me, I began to fondle his balls, but then a new thought occurred to me. I plopped his cock from my mouth, gripped by desire to have the feeling that a woman might, while being fucked. I wanted to be actually screwed by this beautiful guy!

I jacked his cock with my hand, making it steel-hard, and then I raised up onto my hands and knees, backing my ass against his rigid dork, reaching behind me and positioning the hard, lovely head against the crack of my ass-cheeks.

***The cum in my balls began to simmer and boil.***

***I could feel the cum begin to shoot out my shaft...***

I fucked back and forth suggestively, and he got my meaning quickly, positioning the head of his cock against my little starfish anus, that virgin opening.

Knowledgeably, he moistened the tip of his cock with saliva and some of his lingering cum, then began to pump it gently against the opening, encouraging its cooperation.

I felt a tremor of excitement, and a little shivver of fear mixed with it, as he began insinuating it into me, forcing the bung-hole to widen from this onslaught.

And then, with a lunge, he was in me! At first it hurt. But then, almost as though by magic, the pain began to turn to pleasure, and the pleasure became a rioting need.

I began fucking back against him now, in perfect rhythm with his powerful lunges into me. I was opened perfectly wide to accept him now, and I was beginning to revel in the glory of this complete surrender to him—something I had never before done.

As he pumped into my ass he also reached around my hips and took hold of my rigid cock, jacking it up and down as he buggered so beautifully into me.

And suddenly I was coming, coming, COMMIIIING! I had finally joined the party—a party in honor of pure homosexuallity, and one in ultimate recognition of my true heritage!