

**VOLUME 1**

**erotic sessions**

# **Different Strokes**

**m2m massage stories**

**6** [six.com.au](http://six.com.au)

# Different Strokes

Memories from 20+ years of erotic male to male massage sessions. Bicurious fantasies and fetishes, voyeurs and exhibitionists, fucking and sucking, erotic massage, mansex and nude body slide, virgins, ball games and much, much more.

## Geoffrey

Hands-on and body to body massage for men

# Volume 1

Am I gay? he asked, gripping my cock	1
Photos of horny, naked men	5
Drenched in cum	9
Tie me up and tie me down	13
The raunchy cowboy always gets his man	15
How many times can I come in your hands?	19
Can I pay you extra to suck my cock?	25
Underwear exploration	35
How long should it take me to ejaculate?	39
His first man on man, sensual body slide	41
Can I spurt cum on your naked body?	44
Keep your dick in your Speedos	48
Is it hard to expose yourself to strangers?	52
Spread your cheeks, so I can plug your hole	55
Easing the stresses of a hard-working Dick	58
First I want to massage your body	61
Directing his own amateur, male porn movie	68
Spend on me	71
More than erotic, m2m massage	73
He wanted photos of his nude poses	87
How I made a man so hot on a cold, winter's day	95
Naked yoga practice	100
Fucking my manhole with Moby Dick	104
I invited him to come in my back door	112
He wanted me to sit on his face	126
Fucked in the arse by an old-age pensioner	129
Relaxing naked, no massage or sex	137
How to massage and masturbate your penis the way I will	148

# Am I gay? he asked, gripping my cock

This was his first nude male massage. “I’m not gay,” he said. “I’m totally straight. But if you were my boyfriend... we’d play sex games all day.”

He hadn’t spoken much when he arrived, undressed and lay face down on the massage table. I knew he was turned on when I slipped my hand between his thighs and felt the firmness of his perineum.

But he didn’t spread his legs so I couldn’t feel his cock just then. Though his arms rested on either side, and he must have felt my cock slide across his

palms more than once, he hadn't tried to play with me. Yet.

When I asked him to turn over, his cock was rigid and wet with precum. I worked my hands along his legs, between his thighs, beneath his balls and finally along the length of his shaft. As my palm brushed the slick head, I felt his hand close over my own erection.

I continued massaging his erection in time to the music, as he watched me and played with my cock.

After a few minutes, he surprised me with: "you're a very sexy man. I wish I was your boyfriend. Then we could have sex every day. I'd like to watch you cum while you sucked my cock. Kiss me," he said, unexpectedly pulling me forward.

We kissed, his tongue pushing against mine. I had to release my grip on his cock to keep my balance. He wrapped one arm around my back, pulling me closer to lie across his chest.

His other hand was eagerly parting my bum cheeks, a finger teasing then poking deep into my hole. When he finally released me, he kept his

finger inside me, wiggling, pushing and stretching my hole.

“Show me where my finger has gone,” he said, pulling at me to turn around. “Bend over and touch your toes.”

“I’ve never seen a guy’s arse hole before. Let alone fingered one. If I was your boyfriend, I’d fuck your arse every day. I’d fuck you so hard and fast you’d cum without touching yourself. You’d like me fucking your tight hole with my fat cock too, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” I said, playing along with his fantasy. “I’d love having your long, thick hard cock pounding me.”

“Do you think I’m gay?” he asked. I could feel him trying to get another finger inside me.

Not sure if we were still playing games, I said: “I never make assumptions about the man on my massage table. But it doesn’t matter one way or the other.”

“Well, I’m not. I’m straight but I’ve often fantasised about having an erotic massage from a man. I’m really pleased I decided to visit you today.

But my girlfriend would be astonished and pretty angry if she knew where my fingers are just now. And how much I like having them there.”

“You’re not unusual in that way.”

“Yeah,” he said, “I read on your site that you like being fingered. Do you massage a lot of straight men like me?”

“Yes. Most men who come in my hands are just like you. Married maybe. Or divorced. Some are mansex virgins. Others have occasional fun with a man.”

“Don’t you think that’s strange?”

“Not at all. There are lots of different ways to enjoy a sensual experience. Including with an experienced professional like me.”

There was a brief pause. He kept frigging my arse while I stroked his cock. Then he said: “There’s no way I’m gay. I’m as straight as they come. But I’d sure love a go at fucking you in the arse. If you were my boyfriend...”

# Photos of horny, naked men

“I love how you’ve filled your massage studio with so many images of cocks, arses and sex with men,” he said. “It’s like a shrine to male sexual fantasy.”

He added: “You’ve obviously put a lot of work into creating a visually appealing massage room. Do you mind if I look at some of these photos before you start?”

I turned the spot lights up so he could see the images more clearly. As he walked about the room, I could tell he was getting turned on, one hand idly stroking his lengthening cock.

“Are any of these photos of you?” he asked.

“Not of my face, but there’s one of my bum here,” I said, pointing to a picture near the door. I turned about so he could compare the photo with reality.

“Very nice. I liked how there were no photos of your face on your web site. I thought that made you seem very discreet,” he said. “Are any of these pictures of your clients?”

“There are one or two,” I said, “though none showing their faces.”

I directed his gaze to a photo I’d taken from the floor up between the man’s legs. “This man was very keen to add his pictures to my collection.”

“The rest I’ve downloaded from various porn sites and printed on photographic paper. The more tasteful images are from magazines like Not Only Blue and Black and White .”

“I’d love to have you take some shots of me on my next visit and add them to your walls,” he said.

“I’ll make sure my camera is charged and set up for some very revealing shots.”

He paused in front of a large photo showing a man with a cock down his throat. “I’ve never had a cock in my mouth. Can I try that with you?”

Without waiting for an answer, he dropped to his knees, took my erection in his hands and licked the wet head. With one eye on the photo, he tried to suck my cock inside his mouth but it was a bit too big on his first try.

“Take it more slowly,” I said. “Breathe in and then suck as far as you can without gagging.”

He was a quick study and soon he was sucking my cock like this wasn’t his first time. “You’ve done this before,” I said, “I can tell.”

“Oh, no, this is my first time with a real dick. I’ve tried sucking with cucumbers. This is much, much better. I love how you taste.”

Once he’d had enough, I invited him to lie face down on the table, dimmed the lights and oiled my hands. Then for the next hour or so, I concentrated all my attention on massaging his body from head to toe. Face up, I demonstrated my own talents on his rigid cock.



After his shower, as he dressed and gazed about the room, he said: “It is great to meet someone with such class. You’re a real professional. There aren’t many professionals in the world.”

“Not in this field,” I replied.

“Not in any field,” he said.

He added: “You’ve obviously put a lot of work into creating a great erotic massage experience. I loved watching in the mirrors as you moved.”

“And the music is wonderful. It felt great how well you were synced to it. How it sped up and slowed down when you were massaging my dick. I’ve never felt anything like it.”

# Drenched in cum

“I want to keep my underwear on while you massage me,” he said, after he removed his trousers. He ran a tantalising finger along the inside of the waistband.

“I love the feeling of the fabric rubbing against my cock. Is that ok?”

His y-fronts were a snug fit and clearly showed the outline of his already thickening cock and large balls against the tautness of the fabric.

“So long as you don’t mind me getting oil on them.”

“No, the oil makes the sensations even better, I think.”

He lay face down on the massage table, spreading his legs, his feet resting comfortably on the bolster.

I stood at the end of the table and oiled my hands. I paused briefly to enjoy the view of the whiteness of his cotton undies against the hairiness of his legs.

As I oiled his back, I was tempted to push the elastic down over his butt cheeks. Instead, I slid my hands beneath the waistband and down each side of his butt cheeks, spreading them gently apart.

When I moved to massage his legs, I pushed my palms up inside his undies. With each upwards stroke, I aimed closer and closer to his balls without quite touching them, my fingers lost in his pubes.

Now, I started playing my fingers so they became trapped in the fabric. I struggled to pull them from the tight elastic, pushing forwards until I felt the crack of his arse.

I accidentally slipped and felt my forefinger press against his hole. Forced to push a bit harder, a fingertip slid inside.

He humped the table and groaned, pushing against my probing finger. I pulled my hands out and continued to massage his legs.

With each upward stroke along his inner thigh, I let my fingers stroke his balls, the side of my palm sliding as best it could along his arse crack.

Once I had completed massaging him face down and thoroughly explored all the ways of getting my hands caught inside his y-fronts, I invited him to turn over.

The way his cock tented the fabric showed how much he had enjoyed my attention to his butt. The cotton was almost translucent with precum.

I massaged the shaft of his cock through the fabric, pushing the head above the waistband and playing my fingers around and across the slippery tip. I pulled his balls out each side of the leg, letting the elastic hold them in place as I circled a finger around each one.

Returning my attention to his throbbing cock, I began my usual slow and luxurious penis massage. There's nothing more thrilling than watching the



effect of my hands sliding up and down, stroking a firm erection.

Slowly first, then faster and faster my palms stroked up and down his shaft, over the sensitive head. Back down again, fingers circling his balls. As he began to moan and pant, I knew he was getting closer to cumming.

His balls pulled up taut against the elastic, his breathing grew faster. I pulled the waistband back over the head of his cock, letting it snap back into place.

That was all it took as he blew his load into his yfronts, his cum oozing into the fabric.

# Tie me up and tie me down

He asked me to restrain him. And he'd brought satin ribbons for me to tie him up and tie him down.

I tied his feet and hands with a slip-knot using the pink satin ribbons he supplied. Then I helped to adjust the blindfold he'd also brought.

I began to massage him, starting at his lower back and working up along his shoulders. I made sure my cock brushed against him as I moved.

As I reached the head of the table, he lifted his head slightly and my erection brushed across his hair and along his face. He opened his mouth and sucked gently on my erection for a few minutes.

“Can you remove the blindfold, now?” he asked. “I want to watch you.”

I did as he asked and continued to massage him. When the time came, it was a little difficult for him to turn over, with his feet and hands tied, so I let him lean into me as he wrestled into position.

Face up, he watched in the mirrors as I worked my way down to his cock and began a slow and sensual penis massage.

“I’m very close,” he said after about 20 minutes so I picked up speed a little.

A flick here, a stroke there and he came, his body convulsing with the force of his ejaculation.

“You should come another time,” I said, thinking we could explore much more with his wanting to be tied up during another longer session.

“I’m not sure I can cum a second time,” he said, misunderstanding my meaning.

# The raunchy cowboy always gets his man

He'd told his wife I'd been referred as an expert to help with his muscular problems. He'd need to make a special trip to visit me in the Blue Mountains.

“I’ve got a problem with my butt,” he said, “from a tractor accident I had a few years back. Press as hard as you like. I’ll let you know if it’s too much.”

I paid attention to his whole body but even more to his problem areas, working my palms into his firm butt, kneading and pummeling his cheeks. Sliding my fingers between his legs to massage his perineum.

I pressed a little too firmly once. He slapped my bum. I apologised.

“You’re doing great,” he said, “I just wanted an excuse to feel your butt.”

“You don’t need an excuse,” I told him, “touch me anywhere you want.” So he did, his hand enthusiastically exploring between my legs or stroking my erection.

As I continued to release the knots in his lower back and butt, he talked about himself. He’d like to have had lots of sex with men in their 50s.

“But I live in a small country town. Plenty of curtain flickers. So I have to be very careful. Finding your web site was a heaven-sent chance to have some fun.”

When I asked him to turn over, his erection told me I was doing him good, as his large cock throbbed above his stomach. I stroked it lightly and played with his heavy balls, before massaging his hairy chest and rubbing his neck.

“Do you like to kiss?” he asked. “My wife doesn’t approve of men kissing. But I love it.”



“I enjoy kissing,” I said and leaned over to show him how much. I felt his arms wrap around me and he pulled me into a masculine embrace, our tongues now poking about inside one another’s mouths.

As we pulled apart, he said: “I like the way you kiss.”

“We can move to the bed now, for a body slide and kiss as much as you like.”

He lay on his back and I lay on top of him as we kissed some more. We slid against one another for

a few moments, each enjoying the feelings as our hard cocks jostled for room between our stomachs.

“Can we try a different position?” he asked after some time.

“Of course, where do you want me?” I said.

“On your back. I want to straddle your face, give you a good look at my balls. Maybe I can entice you to lick them as you did so well with your fingers before.”

“Tea bagging?” I asked.

“What’s that?” he asked.

“More or less what you just ask me to do. You dip your balls into my mouth like you’re dunking tea-bags in a cup of hot water, only much better.”

“Mmm, yes. Tea bagging, please. As you’ve got such a hot, talented mouth, maybe you’ll be tempted to kiss my cock too,” he added with a wicked grin.

Country men are never backward about stepping forward, I thought.

# How many times can I come in your hands?

Is it okay if I ejaculate a few times or will you stop once I come the first time?

It was the first time he'd ever seen another man's penis, let alone touched one.

"I like how your dick feels," he said, sliding his hand up and down its length.

"Do you mind me touching you?" he asked. "Is there some way you'd like me to touch your dick that'll give you as much pleasure as you're giving me?"

"Help yourself," I said. "What you're already doing is lovely."

“Your dick is very big,” he added. “Much bigger than mine.”

“You get a different perspective when you see another penis,” I said. “Yours is just as big as mine.”

I began my luxuriously slow penis massage, enjoying the sensations in my hands as I felt all the way up his shaft, pressing lightly against the view throbbing along its length.

The way I could so gently ease one fingertip between the lips at the slipper, purple head.

Enjoying too, the way he was imitating me by stroking my cock from base to tip. Not so expertly but still very pleasurable.

Back down to his balls, which I squeezed gently with my other hand, rolling them between my fingers, enjoying their heaviness. I gently pulled one testicle away from his body, released it did the same to his other.

Starting at the base of his cock, I slid one palm along the shaft until it reached the slickly, dripping head. As I released my hand at the top, my other hand was already on its way up along his shaft.

Over and over again, sliding one hand up and over the head, followed by the other hand, mimicking the sensations he'd be feeling if he was fucking my arse.

Or thrusting in and out between the compressed lips of my sucking mouth.

Every now and again, I reversed the stroking. Now instead of moving up, my hands slid down, one after other over the head of his cock.

To the base, where my fingers encircled his balls, stretching them a little further away each time.

He gasped and writhed on the table. Lifted his hips up, attempting to thrust more deeply between my hands.

So I wasn't surprised when he said: "I'm about to go. Oh, yeah, go faster!"

I kept up the constant pace of my hands until I felt his cock expand and lengthen slightly, his balls pulling back.

A good sign of his approaching climax. His toes curled over and the throbbing of his cock increased as he got closer to ejaculation.

One short, sharp expletive, his body convulsing as the cum shot up, and landed with a soft splat on his flat stomach.

Then another burst of steaming fluid that covered my hands as I kept stroking his spewing cock.

“I’ve never cum like that before,” he said once he had calmed down again. “There’s so much. How do you do it?”

“Years of hands-on practise on thousands of penises,” I replied, mopping up the pool of cum with a warm towel.

“Can we keep going?” he asked. “I’m so turned on now I want to come a second time.”

“How about 3 times?”

He said “Really? Can you do that? I’d love to try, if we have time.”

Instead of immediately massaging his cock, I turned my attention away from his genitals and focussed on his nipples, playfully tweaking them.

I casually let my hands trail along his stomach, to that thatch of dark, pubic hair.

His cock sprang to full hardness, without my even touching it. I ignored it, instead stroking along his

inner thighs, one hand on each, my fingers a whisper away from his balls.

“You’re a real prick tease,” he said, pressing his legs together so my hands were trapped, pressing into his balls.

I laughed and gave in, wrapping my fingers around both balls and tugging gently. They’d warmed up plenty as he’d already cum once. So I found I could drag them much further away than previously.

I played with his balls but I still ignored his cock which throbbed and pulsed, lifting up and down on his stomach.

I knew what he wanted but I also knew that making him wait a little longer would increase his desire and make his second ejaculation perhaps more thrilling than his first.

I was aiming to make him cum without touching the most sensitive skin of his cock.

I slid one hand, face down, under his pulsing cock, running my fingers across his hairy stomach and paused, letting his shaft bounce up and down.



Lifted his cock up high, still without touching the glistening head. And let it slap down against the back of my hand.

My other hand was still playing around his balls, tugging and squeezing his scrotum. I ran one fingertip around the ridge of his cock head.

“Oh, my god,” he ejaculated, as his cum shot up and splashed onto his stomach.

As his shuddering subsided he said, “you certainly know your way around a penis. That felt incredible.”

“Are you ready for me to keep going?” I asked, dipping my fingers in more oil.

“Yes, please!”

# Can I pay you extra to suck my cock?

Will you suck my cock if I give you extra cash? he asked, hopefully. I was going to decline but he was very keen and his lengthening cock looked enticing.

He'd already paid for his massage session before he arrived, as men usually do. He'd said how he'd love to be able to stay longer but he didn't have time on this visit.

So I was surprised when, once he finished undressing, he handed me an extra \$250 in cash.

"Have you changed your mind?" I asked. "Do you want to stay 2 hours?"

“No, I can only stay the hour. But I’d love you to suck my cock. I know you say on your site that you have to want to suck my cock. I just thought, you might agree if I gave you more money. An added incentive to encourage you.”

No amount of extra cash will make me do something I don’t want to do. I was going to hand the money back.

But I looked at his cock, which was already growing harder and thicker with his hopeful anticipation that I would agree. Neither too large nor too small. Thick and meaty. Cut with a bulbous head that already showed a pearl of precum on the head. Heavy, low hanging balls. Nestled in a clipped bush of blonde pubes.

I put the cash on the table.

“Let’s see how we go,” I said. I enjoy sucking cock and practising my oral talents. His cock looked very enticing but I hadn’t made up my mind.

“Ok,” he said, lying face down on the table as I directed. “Keep the money either way. But I hope you will.”

I oiled his lithe body from head to toe, slipped my hands between his thighs. He was receptive to my massage, lying still and not trying to help me, which is always a good sign.

He was also very quiet, not saying another word. Slightly tense in his anticipation of what he ardently hoped was going to follow.

When it was time for him to turn over, it was obvious he had enjoyed the way I had massaged his body: his cock was fully hard.

A thin, spidery trail of precum hung from the tip of his throbbing, bouncing cock to the blonde hairs on his stomach. His balls hung loosely between his legs, which he spread as widely as the table allowed.

I began to massage his cock, looking up at his face every now and then. His eyes were open and he watched me intently. I was sure he longed to say “suck my cock” but he hesitated.

I gripped the thick shaft of his cock and leaned over him, my lips inches from his cock as though I was going to lick the salty precum from the head. I



felt him lift his hips off the table, trying to thrust his cock into my mouth.

I pulled away.

“You’re a fucking prick tease,” he said, lowering his bum back to the table. “I love it.”

I smiled wickedly. Still grasping his cock firmly with one hand, I casually flicked his balls with a finger then slid that finger all the way along the purplish vein, swirling around the outer edge of his cock head to the wet lips at the tip.

Of course, I’d already decided I was going to suck his cock. His cock smelled nice, which is important. It was a lovely size and shape with a bulbous knob that would fit nicely into my mouth.

With his cock still held firmly, I pressed my hand down against his groin to stop him trying to thrust upwards.

Now, when I leant forward, I swiped the top of his knob across my lips, like I was using his precum as lip gloss, the merest tip of my tongue slipping between his lips. Then more of my tongue as I licked all around the head of his cock, a little further along the shaft.

I could feel the intensity of his desire for me to engulf his cock. To bury my face in his pubes.

Relenting, I opened my mouth, turned my head to the side and allowed his cock to press against the inside of my soft, moist cheek.

Now I looked him directly in the eyes. That always gets a man hot. Looking at him, looking at the head of his cock in your mouth. Him seeing how much you love it and you knowing how much he loves it too from the way his cock grows bigger and leaks more.

There's no better way to get a man excited, except of course sucking his cock like you can't get enough of it. I was beginning to feel that way this delicious, fat, cock I could suck like... like a lollipop, an ice-cream, an all day sucker, like a delicious cock.

We didn't have much time left in this session, so I decided to show him what I could do with a cock in my mouth.

Sucking cock is all about applying suction to the most sensitive areas: the head, the ridge of the



head, the lips and opening, the vein that runs along your shaft.

Opening my mouth widely so that his cock wouldn't touch the sides, I lowered my head until my nose was buried in his pubes. Then compressing my cheeks, I sucked from the base to the tip. And back again.

Over again but this time sucking all the way down his shaft and releasing the pressure when I reached his pubes.

Gripping his balls between my forefinger and thumb, I licked all around each one. Then sucked one after the other into my mouth. Letting first one then the other rest on my tongue.

I attempted to suck both into my mouth at the same time but they were too big to fit. Gently stretching them away from his body again, I contented myself with licking all around each one.

No deep throat. Wrong position for that. There are some positions where the angle of my mouth doesn't allow your cock to plunge all the way down my throat.

The best position is to hang my head over the edge of a bed, which brings my throat into alignment with my lips. Maybe some other day when there was more time, I could have him lie on the bed.

For now, I concentrated my attention on his sensitive knob. Sliding my mouth round and round,

my tongue poking between his lips or curling around the ridge beneath his cock head.

Up and down, using my tongue to explore and taste as much of his cock as I could reach.

I kept one hand at the base of his shaft, partly to steady his cock, partly to apply pressure as I sucked. Stroking that hand along his shaft upwards to meet my lips.

The other I used to twiddle, fondle and stroke his balls. Looking into his wide open eyes every so often, I knew he was besides himself with lust.

And for me, knowing that split second before he was going to cum - I do not swallow for any amount of money - gave me plenty of scope to demonstrate my oral talents and how much I too was enjoying sucking his cock.

I knew he was getting close to cumming: his balls pulled against my fingers. He was making all the right noises too: panting, moaning and groaning.

With my head on one side so his cock pressed against my soft inner cheek, I noted his toes were curling over.

His cock seemed to grow even bigger inside my mouth, the engorged head hotter, the shaft firmer. I could feel his legs tremble. How he longed to reach out and grab my head and thrust his thick cock down my throat.

So I knew precisely when to pull his cock out of mouth and to feel that first splash hit me on the chin. The rest of it splashing onto his stomach as I now used my hands to milk the last drops.

“The massage is incredible but you have the hottest mouth,” he said, as he dressed. “Next time I’ll happily pay you the same amount just to suck my cock for an hour. Can you do that for me?”

Naturally, as I had already enjoyed sucking his cock this time, I was hardly in a position to say no. Besides I wasn’t about to refuse his offer of \$500 for an hour of demonstrating my cock sucking talents in future. I agreed.

It’s not something I’d usually agree to do for any man but when there’s a delicious cock on offer and such a generous incentive... well, why not?

# Underwear exploration

“It’s best to start with these on,” he said, running one finger along the inside of the waistband of his y-front underwear.

“And I want you to tie me to the table too.” He climbed onto the table, spread his legs and waited as I tied them into position and then did the same with his hands.

“Please leave the lights on full,” he said, “I want to watch.”

I began my massage as usual, conscious that he was watching me in the mirrors or up close when I stood to the side of the table.

But also aware that he couldn’t touch me unless I stood near to one of his hands or as I worked around his legs my cock slid across the soles of his

feet or along his legs or poked into his thigh when I moved to work on his butt.

I slid my hand across the fabric of his underwear dragging against the elastic but not yet exposing any skin. Then I poked my fingers awkwardly under the elastic around his leg trying to oil the lightly haired skin and forcing a path towards his balls. He tried to separate his legs more but found them trapped.

“Please untie me,” he said, “I want to touch you too.”

I untied his arms and legs and immediately felt his hand on my erect cock. I ignored what he was doing to me and concentrated on forcing my fingers into his underwear, this time reaching closer to his cock as he spread his legs apart and let his feet hang off table, one thigh pressed against mine.

I moved my hand a little one way and felt my fingers get “trapped” in his underpants so I had to push and pull against his balls and then my thumb slipped inside him and I had to wiggle and push and pull and slide it about to get it out again.



He humped the table and groaned, then lifted his butt from the table and pushed back against my hands.

I responded by slipping both hands inside his underpants, sliding my palms across each cheek and up under the waist band, then pulling back towards me until I was able to spread his cheeks and feel his puckered hole twitch and tremble.

This time when I pulled away from him, he turned over and taking his underwear off, he lay face up on the table and I massaged his naked balls and cock, all the time watching how his cock reacted or

watching his face in the mirror each time I did something that turned him on some more.

As he began to get closer to ejaculation, he asked to put his y-fronts back on and have me repeat what I had done before and to wank him through the fabric.

I happily obliged and slipped one hand behind him to tickle around his balls and the other to the front to manipulate his cock.

I pulled the head of his cock above the waistband and ran one fingertip around the glistening surface, then down the shaft to where I could clearly see the outline of his balls, then back to the top.

Finally, using both hands, one inside and the other on the outside, I massaged his cock and yanked gently on his balls until I felt his whole body spasm and my hand and the front of his underwear were splashed with his cum.

# How long should it take me to ejaculate?

How long should a man delay his ejaculation? he wanted to know.

How long does it usually take you to cum? I asked.

One of my erotic massage clients wanted to learn techniques for delaying his ejaculation for longer.

I asked “How long does it take you to cum?”

He replied “Sometimes it can be over in as little as an hour. I want her to cum first but it can take a long time to get her there.”

“Have you asked what would make her cum sooner?”

“I’m not sure how to ask,” he said.

“It may be best to be blunt,” I said, “and simply ask ‘what can I do to make you cum sooner?’”

I set about using my best penis massage skills to take him up to the point of ejaculation, then letting him rest awhile before starting anew. Each time he seemed to be close, I paused to ask him to describe the sensations.

Finally he demanded I make him cum or he would have to take over and using the “master’s hand” create his own orgasm.

“You’re very good at masturbation but I’m not sure I can take any more.”

I relented. A quick flick, pull and a special stroke and he came, explosively and noisily.

“How long did it take?” he asked.

“We’re just on the hour,” I replied. “Though that is hardly the point.”

# His first man on man, sensual body slide

This was his first time for a nude, man on man, body to body slide. I could tell he was nervous but I could also see how aroused he was by the idea.

I could tell he was nervous by the way he greeted me: eyes downcast, afraid I might see how much he really wanted to look at me. Yet not wanting me to see how aroused he already was.

He undressed, keeping his back to me but watching me in one of the many mirrors on the walls in front and behind him.



He lay on the massage table, his head face down in the cradle. He lay his arms alongside his body, releasing his shoulders, his palms face up.

I dimmed the lights, oiled my hands and arms. Placed one hand on his lower back.

He lifted his head. “I don’t have enough money for the 2 hour body play session. Can we make it an hour instead?” he asked.

“Sure,” I said, a little disappointed but it was his decision. “An hour is fine.”

I began my massage. The music was just right. I soon lost myself in my erotic dance to the melodies that guide my hands as they soothe and release a man's tension. So that he soon surrenders to my expert manipulations.

As my hands reached his buttocks, he lifted his head again.

“You really know what you're doing. I've changed my mind. It feels so good. Can I have the body slide, after all?” he asked. His palm closed over my erection.

“Of course you can,” I replied, pleased that he was relaxed and already so turned on.

Later, as he lay on top of me on the bed, our bodies pressed together from head to toe, his cock between my thighs, pressed firmly against my balls, he said “I was really nervous when I arrived but I could tell by the way you massaged me that you knew what you were doing.”

He hugged me tightly for a few minutes before adding: “I love the way your body feels pressed against mine. I'm so glad I decided to stay for your body to body slide.”

# Can I spurt cum on your naked body?

When can you come? Whenever you've had enough of my immensely pleasurable build-up to your intense orgasm. Where can you cum? All over my naked body.

Kneeling on the bed beside him, I ran my hand down the back of his shaft, pushing his rigid cock penis away from his body until it almost touched the sheet beneath, pressing into and parting his large balls.

I released it, letting it slap against his stomach.

Then I did it again, this time allowing the soft, smooth surface of my palm to slide over the wet head. The oil on my palms mingled with his precum.

“I’m not sure how much more of this I can take,” he said. “It feel so good.”

I could tell by the urgent probing of fingers inside my hole, how close to ejaculation he was.

“A little more, I think,” I grinned at him. “I’m not ready for you to cum just yet.”

Holding his erection firmly with one hand, I used the other to swirl round and round the glistening cock head. Stretched his foreskin over his cock, until it closed like an exotic flower. Pulling it gently downwards to expose the purplish-red knob.

“I’m going to cum soon if you keep doing... oh, that.”

I slid one fingertip under his foreskin, feeling all around the slippery, slimy head, between the leaking lips.

I switched now to gradual, upwards milking strokes. One hand gliding all the way along the



shaft to the top, sliding over the sensitive head, the other following close behind.

Again and again. In time to the throbbing beat of the music.

Back the other way until my hands slid over his balls, giving them a gentle tug.

“I’m getting really close,” he said. “Can I blow my load on you? I want to see you dripping with my cum.”

“Yeah,” I said, “blow your load on me.” I didn’t want him to ejaculate before I was ready. So I slowly stroked his cock, avoiding the most sensitive tip.

I switched my attention to fondling his balls, pulling them further away with a gentle tug. They were hot and loose, rolling about on my hands.

Then back to stroking his cock, faster now, leading him closer to his orgasm. I leaned forward slightly until one nipple grazed the tip of his cock.

That was enough to send him over the edge. He writhed.

He bucked upwards pressing his spurting cock against me. A squirt of hot cum hit me under the chin - a good thing I had my mouth closed - and dripped back on to his cock, adding slickness to my still stroking palms.

Another splash hit me in the chest. Another landed with a soft splat on his stomach.

When there was no more, I sat back on my heels and let him watch how his cum dripped from my chin, slid down onto my chest and dribbled onto my still hard cock.

# Keep your dick in your Speedos

He wanted to try out man to man massage because he wasn't sure if mansex was right for him. "I want you to wear undies or Speedos and keep your dick in your pants," he told me.

He kept his white yfronts on during the entire session, because he said he wanted to keep some distance between us.

He added: "I read in one of the reviews about the man who had licked the precum from your cock. I

don't want to try that. And I don't want you fingering my butt.”

He probably wanted me to do both of those things but I decided to let him take the lead.

“I won't do anything you're uncomfortable with,” I assured him.

He had only booked an erotic massage session of 60 minutes. But when I asked him to turn over, he said “Can I extend the time? I want to try a body slide but keep your dick in your pants.”

We moved to the bed and he lay face up, his legs spread, arms by his side, the tip of his cock poking out above the waistband of his yfronts. I lay on top of him and began to slide along his torso, our erections pressed firmly together.

As I slid up to his chest, he wrapped his arms around my thighs, forcing me to slide higher until my cock was pressed against his mouth. He held me firmly in place so that I couldn't slide back down his body.

I felt his tongue dart out and flick across the head of my leaking cock.



I could probably have pulled my cock out of my Speedos and he would have happily sucked it too. But I didn't.

When he finally released me, he said: "I used to be penetrated by a strap-a-dick-to-me used by a female worker. I want you to finger my butt hole."

I put a glove on and added plenty of lubricant. Then, pulling the leg of his undies to one side, I slowly slid a finger inside his very tight hole. He

reached around to pull his cheeks apart, lifting his knees to his chest.

With that kind of encouragement, I inserted a second digit, feeling around inside him and spreading my fingers to stretch and open his hole. I was about to add a third finger, when he decided he'd had enough and lowered his legs.

“I enjoyed that more than I thought I would but I don't think I'm ready to be penetrated by a cock.”

Which was just as well, as I hadn't planned to fuck him: that would have meant removing my Speedos.

Instead, I began to massage his penis through his undies. He wouldn't let me touch him directly, as much as I wanted to. Luckily, his foreskin made it much easier to stroke and massage his cock through the fabric.

He let out a great shout as he climaxed, his cum spreading out and making the cotton of his y-fronts translucent.

Once he had recovered his breath, he said “I don't think I'm ready for a full sexual experience with another man but thanks for letting me experiment with you.”

# Is it hard to expose yourself to strangers?

As we lay arm in arm on the bed, he said: “It must be difficult to expose so much of yourself to strangers. How do you cope?”

“I like being naked and aroused around men,” I replied, “so exposing myself suits my exhibitionist side.”

“And I’m enjoying looking at you. But that’s not what I meant. How do you protect your emotions when you’re with a man?”

“I don’t need to. I can express appropriate emotions without getting carried away by them.

I truly enjoy giving pleasure to a man and sharing whatever level of intimacy he chooses to express.”



“Most men just want physical pleasure and relief. They choose me because I’m confident and experienced. They’ve read about what I can do to turn them on and they want to experience my talents.”

I stopped talking and reached between his legs to massage his erection. He murmured appreciatively. After several minutes, I added:

“Plenty of married men don’t get enough physical affection. I love hugging a man and I genuinely enjoy giving him some of that missing affection, if he wants it.

Whether its purely physical or gazing into his eyes or simply showing him some tenderness.”

“It makes me happy when a man feels much better about himself when he leaves than when he arrived.

Usually all it takes - apart from his sexual release - is being present for him, sharing an emotional connection that’s usually absent in his life.”

“So, because we both get something good from the experience, I don’t need to “protect” myself as you put it.”

# Spread your cheeks, so I can plug your hole

He was holding up a strange looking butt plug, long, black and curved, with a bump at the tip and two coiled ends at the base.

“It’s getting very hot in here. Can you turn the heating down?” he said.

I turned away and bent over to turn the switch on the heater. When I straightened up he was looking at me very intently.

“You have a great looking arse,” he said, pulling on his erection. “I have just the tool to slide into that.”

“I bet you have,” I said, laughing.



“Well, yes, that too,” he said. He rummaged inside the bag he had brought with him. “But I meant this.”

He was holding up a strange looking butt plug: long, black and slightly curved, with a bump at the tip and two coiled ends at the base. “Have you ever tried one of these before?”

“No,” I said, intrigued. “What is it?”

“It’s called an Aneros prostate massager. Bend over again, spread your cheeks and I’ll show you how it works.”

I did as he asked and felt him ease the plug inside me. There was a slight “bump” as it slid across my prostate. “Oh,” I breathed.

“That’s what makes it so special,” he said, pushing it in further, “it’s designed to massage you in just the right spot. The bumps press against your prostate when you tense and release your arse muscles. Now, stand up and tilt your pelvis.”

I did that and felt the knob on the device rise up and press against my prostate. “Yes, well, I like that. It’s like having a very talented finger working away inside.”

“Once you get the hang of it,” he said, “you’ll be able to work it in and out like it’s a cock. Better than a cock fucking you. You’re in total control of how it pleasures you.”

“A butt plug that’s better than a cock?” I asked. “That’d be a novelty.”

“You’ll have the most wonderful orgasms and very forceful ejaculations,” he said as he went on to demonstrate.

# Easing the stresses of a hard-working Dick

It was Dick's third visit for a body play session. He had last visited me about 3 months previously. I greeted him with a welcoming smile and led him into my massage studio.

As he undressed, I asked: "Have you been working too hard again?"

"I'm always working too hard. I've just returned from a three month secondment to Hong Kong. Whenever I was too stressed by all the demands,

I'd fantasise about what we'd be doing together. It took my mind off work and helped enormously."

"I'd like to hear about those fantasies. But tell me, how is your father?" I asked, "I remember he was unwell last time you were here."

"He's much better. Thanks for asking."

As I oiled his upper torso, he turned his face to look at me and said: "It's amazing how you remember so much about me when you must have lots of clients."

"I have a good memory generally. But I always remember men like you who come back regularly."

"I really like you too. It's one of the reasons I've chosen to visit you whenever I can find the time. It's obvious you care about me and my pleasure. That's so rare in my life and a real turn on."

He stroked my thigh affectionately before settling onto the table, his head on the side, watching me in the mirror.

I massaged his upper body, firm sweeping strokes from his shoulders to his buttocks, easing the knots and tensions I found.



“Do you remember what we got up to last time I was here?” he asked. “I’d like to go even further this time.”

“I remember we had a lot of fun together. Which bit do you want to try again?”

“It was after my first shower when I came back into the massage room. You were lying on the bed waiting for me and I climbed on top and slid my cock up and down your bum. Can we do that again? But this time I want to go further and deeper.”

“I like the sound of that. Once I’ve finished massaging your back, why don’t you go and have a quick shower. I’ll wait for you on the bed and I’ll see if I can remember what happens next.”

# First I want to massage your body

“Let’s swap roles,” he said. “I’ll massage your sexy body first. Slowly explore every inch of you with my hands, mouth, cock and give you sexual pleasure.”

He’d booked a ManSex body play session, paid in advance and arrived on time. I was already naked as usual when I greeted him at my front door.

I showed him into the massage room and invited him to undress and lie on the table. Everything was progressing as it usually does.

Until he said: “I’ve read all about your male massage on your web site. And the nude slide. But I

want something else. With all the sensual satisfaction you give other men, who gives you pleasure too?”

“I get a lot of pleasure from massaging men.”

“I’m sure you do,” he said, “so do I. That’s why I want to massage you instead.”

“Ok,” I said, “I’d enjoy that. But are you sure you don’t want me to massage you first?”

“No, I want you to give your body to me to pleasure how I want. With my hands and fingers to begin. I insist.”

We were still standing beside the table. He was obviously excited about what he planned to do: his cock was growing longer and thicker. It wasn’t entirely clear who’d be getting the most pleasure but I was not about to argue the point with him.

So with a final “if you’re sure”, I agreed to let him have his way with me. Pointing to the bowl of oil, I said: “There should be enough there for you to work with.”

“Lie face down on your table and let me relax you,” he said, taking charge. I did as he asked and let myself sink into the firm but soft massage table.

“Spread your legs,” he said, “I want a good look at you first.”

It was a strange sensation lying naked while a man looked at my body the way I would usually have admired his. I felt delightfully exposed and vulnerable.

He started at my shoulders, smoothing oil onto my skin from there, down my back, across my buttocks - where he paused and parted my cheeks.

“Nice arse,” he said, running an oily finger along my crack. “I’ve read how you like being rimmed so I’m going to give your hole a good licking later.”

He oiled along my thighs, down my legs to my feet. Then back to my shoulders where he began a firm massage that soon had me drifting off to a half-sleep like so many men had while I was working on their bodies. I switched off my mind, stopped mentally following his hands and simply enjoyed the way he soothed my muscles.

When he started pummelling my bum, sliding his fingers up and down my crack, I couldn’t help but spread my legs further apart. I thought lazily about how so many other men did the same.



“That feels so good,” I murmured, turning my face on the headrest to look at him.

“Oh.” He’d slipped a finger inside me.

“I bet you like that too, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do.”

“You’re going to like it even more when it’s my thick cock. Aren’t you?”

“I reckon I will.”

“Only a little way more to go on your front,” he said, his hands pressing into the backs of my thighs, down along my calves. I knew when he was standing at the foot of the table with his hands on my ankles.

“I don’t think I can spread my legs any further apart,” I said.

“No need. I’m liking the view you’re giving me now.”

I felt the pressure of his body as he climbed up onto the table, his knees between mine. He lowered himself onto my back, just as I might have done if he was lying face down and I was going to slide my body on his.

His cock slid up my crack: I felt the hard shaft press against my hole. “Do you like that too?”

“Yes,” I breathed into the head-rest.

Then, just as I might when in that position, he let most of his weight rest on his elbows. Now he

thrust his pelvis back and forth, up along my lower back until his balls pressed into my bum cheeks.

His face a few inches from mine, I could feel his hot breath on my neck. The sweat from his body dripped onto mine. Then back again, his cock now between my thighs, so that on the next upwards slide, he couldn't avoid it pushing against my lubricated hole, almost but not yet going inside.

"It's ok," he whispered against my neck. "I won't go in without a condom on. Besides I have other ideas."

This time, when he pulled back down along my torso, I knew his face was only inches above my bum. He blew a stream of air into my crack. Then leaned forward, parting my cheeks with his chin and licked my hole.

I could feel my hole quivering with the delight I felt. For me, there's almost nothing more thrilling than feeling a soft, wet tongue licking my arse hole. I wanted to reach around to spread my cheeks but he had hold of my hands so I couldn't move.

He soon released my hands and climbed off the table, giving my bum a quick slap. "You've got a

delicious arse but it's time to turn over, Geoffrey," he said. "Let's move onto the bed."

Usually, he would be lying on his back with me on top, sliding face to face, cocks pressed together in a slipper embrace. He wanted me to lie face down. "I want to slide my cock into your arse crack some more," he said, sliding onto my back.

"There are condoms on the table if you plan to get carried away."

"Not yet. First I want to tease you and please you... and eat you some more. "

For the next hour or so, we slid together. On my back, face to face, top to toe, heads between legs, arms around waists. So many ways, I didn't trouble to take note: I simply did whatever he wanted and enjoyed the unusual pleasure of being pleased.

At the end of the session, he tipped me an extra \$250, "for the pleasure of pleasuring you."

# Directing his own amateur, male porn movie

“It’s like we’re making an amateur, male porn movie, with me as the director,” he said. “I love how all the mirrors are set up so we can watch all the action.”

I suggested a massage to get him the mood, though he was already very aroused. He lay on the table but couldn’t find a comfortable position as his erection was too hard.

“I really want to enjoy your massage but I’m already so horny,” he said. “Is it too soon to fuck you?”

We moved to the double bed, with him directing me to kneel on the edge, so he could enter me from behind. He pulled on a condom and eased in gradually before beginning a slow and delicious thrusting as we found our rhythm.

“I love how there’s a mirror on that wall, so I can watch how my cock slides in and out of your tight arse,” he said.

He turned his head this way and that to watch the shaft of his cock sliding in and out in each of the several mirrors that line the walls of my massage studio.

“It’s like we’re in our own private, male porn movie, with me as the director.”

He began pumping harder and faster. I could tell he wasn’t going to last much longer. “I’m gonna blow!” he shouted, gripping my hips, his balls slamming against my butt cheeks.



I felt his cock expand and contract inside me, as with one final, deep thrust that almost pushed me over, he ejaculated.

He pulled out and flopped onto the bed beside me, breathing hard and sweating profusely.

Once he'd recovered, he said: "I think we need another take, in a different position. Can we move some of the mirrors so I can watch from every angle at the same time?" he asked, grinning wickedly.

"And this time, we need some dialogue too," he added, "so I want a running commentary from you about how good it feels to have my cock up you."

# Spend on me

During a pause in our play, we talked about books. He told me at some length about a book he had enjoyed, then asked what I had been reading.

*“The Life of Lillie Langtry,”* I told him.

He didn’t know who she was, so I gave him the briefest description - she was the mistress of Edward VII - and added a famous quote she was reputed to have made.

The king complained:

“I have spent enough on you to build a fleet of ships.”

She replied:



“And you have spent enough in me to float them too.”

We agreed that, as euphemisms go, “spending” is a good alternative for “ejaculating”. A pity it has passed out of ordinary usage.

Later, as we slid and slpped our naked bodies together, he said: “I’d like to see if we could float a fleet of ships. Can I spend on you?”

“Spend as much as you like,” I laughed.  
And he did.

# More than erotic, m2m massage

Standing at the head of the massage table, I stretched forward, sliding my fingertips along his back until they reached his butt.

As I drew my hands back towards his shoulders, John reached his hands either side of my thighs and pulled me closer to him, so my swelling erection slid across his cheek and my balls pressed against his hair.

Keeping me in this position, he slid the fingers of one hand up between my butt cheeks until he

found the furry crack and then the lips of my hole, which he rubbed lightly.

Very gently he slid a lubricated knuckle inside, tugging slightly at the rim.

I groaned in appreciation and he pushed his finger in deeper until the tip tickled my prostate.

I squirmed with pleasure.

“Do you like that?” he asked.

“Yes,” I breathed in reply, moving so he could get more of his finger in.

“Don’t stop doing that!”

He continued to slide his finger in and out, prising my butt cheeks apart with his other hand and forcing my dripping cock further along his unshaven cheek.

I almost lost my balance as he kept pulling me closer.

He immediately took advantage, poking a finger from his other hand into my hole, forcing me to stand on the balls of my feet, so his head was almost between my legs.



Keeping a firm grip on me, he slid first one finger then the other inside, pulling and stretching the tight rim of my hole with each thrust.

I ground my balls into the top of his head, my cock now drooling pre-cum across his face.

Resting on his elbows, John sucked my cock into his mouth, almost swallowing the entire length down his throat.

He pulled his head back slightly, then bobbed up and down, his tongue swirling around the glans with each upwards stroke, his lips pressing the shaft as he sucked down again.

My cock pulsed.

At the same time, he pulled me closer and began a rapid finger-fucking of my arse, poking my hole and pulling at the lips, trying to get more of his fingers inside.

He switched to licking my shaft, from under my balls to the tip and back again, repeating this a few times more.

“Move over there and bend over,” he said, pointing to one side of the table.

“Spread your butt cheeks for me. I want a good look at that hole.”

I did as he demanded, legs spread wide for balance, my hands resting on my knees, my parted butt cheeks leaving my rear end exposed to his hot breath as he knelt behind me.

“Beautiful! That’s one hot and juicy looking hole.”

It felt like he was running a fingertip lightly over the lips of my butt hole, sliding around the rim and poking gently at the opening.

Yet when I felt both his hands on my rigid cock, I realized it was his tongue stroking between my spread cheeks, his beard grazing the sensitive lips

of my hole, his tongue feeling even more velvety by comparison.

“I love your delicious tasting bum. Do you mind me licking you there?”

“It’s incredible,” I said, “don’t stop!”

John laughed wickedly and started licking again with long, flat strokes of his tongue up and down my hole.

He circled the tip of his tongue around the over the slightly hairy surrounding skin, flicking his tongue across the puckered rim a few times.

I rocked back and forth as he drove his tongue into the hole pulling my cheeks apart to get his stubbled face closer.

He kept up his attention to my arse, varying the direction of his strokes, some aimed low, others high, some more circular.

“You’ve got a great tongue,” I gasped, as he licked and sucked noisily, slurping away at my arse with an irregular rhythm.

I reluctantly pulled away from his probing tongue and stood up, wiped and re-oiled my hands and continued my massage routine.

Working now on his buttocks, I allowed my hands to slide away from his inner thighs to graze the back of his large, pendulous balls.

I slid my fingers underneath his scrotum and traced the outline of each testicle, gently squeezing the oval shape and feeling the size and weight of each.

Dropping his testicles, I felt first for the hardness of his perineum and ran a slick fingertip between his hairy butt cheeks, lightly touching his hole.

He raised his hips, his balls pulling up tight to his body.

I felt underneath him then, quickly running my palm along the shaft of his cock, feeling its length and thickness, pulling back as he humped my hand.

I returned to working on his shoulders, pressing firmly with the palms of both hands along his spine.

Then repeating the full body slide from before, leaning my body across his and guiding my hands to the top of his buttocks then drawing back to his shoulders.

Once again, John reached behind me, pulling and holding me close.

His fingers snaked between my cheeks: two fingers to pry my cheeks apart and a third to tickle the slick lips of my hole. I felt his finger slide deep inside again, poking against my prostate.

“I think it’s time for you to turn over,” I said after he had fingered me a few minutes longer.

He lay face up with his knees bent, his rigid cock throbbing and oozing pre-cum. His balls tensed in anticipation then loosened, one hanging slightly higher than the other.

“I haven’t felt this good in 40 years,” he smiled broadly and his cock bounced.

“Look at what you’re doing to me!”

Deliberately staying out of range of his probing fingers but bending over the table and giving him a tantalising glimpse of my butt crack in the mirrors, I began to massage his feet.

Slowly working my way along each leg, I kneaded his strong calf muscles.

“Stop teasing!” he demanded. “Come closer, I want some more of that butt.”



Gradually, I massaged along his inner thigh, my fingers finally working beneath his balls, sliding under and around them, getting them slick with oil and pre-cum.

I hooked my thumb around his scrotum and fondled his balls, used both hands to tug them and roll the folds of skin between my fingertips.

When my hands finally reached his throbbing erection, he groaned.

As I massaged around under his balls, cradling each one gently, feeling its contour and bouncing it as if to test its weight, his groaning increased.

I pressed each finger delicately into the pulsing vein running the length of the shaft back up to the dripping head.

Then slid my well-oiled palm up and down, encasing and milking the firm shaft of his cock.

Now rubbing and pulling it this way, now stroking and squeezing and pushing it down, fingers flickering across the slick, sensitive knob, my other hand still manipulated his balls.

His breathing started to get heavier and more laboured as he groaned and panted.

His testicles started to ride higher, pulling up closer to his body, as my fingers encircled and teased them, my other hand stroking and polishing, fingers flickering across the slick, sensitive knob of his dripping cock.

I stood side-on to the table giving John plenty of room to finger me.

Each time I stroked his cock in a particularly pleasurable way, he responded by fucking me harder with his finger or trying to get more fingers into the hole.

As his testicles began to pull more tightly into his body, I realised he was getting close to ejaculating, so I switched my attention to massaging his stomach, chest and nipples, tweaking each one lightly between finger and thumb until I found out how much pressure he liked.

I stood on my toes so I could bring my cock to touch one nipple leaving a trail of pre-cum in his chest hair.

I stood again at the head of the table and he bent his neck so my cock lay across his forehead.

“Let’s swap places,” he said.

“Do you want me lying face up?” I smiled at him,  
“Or face down?”

“I want you standing, face down resting on the table.”

I watched in one of the mirrors opposite as he moved behind me and then kneeling on the floor, he reached out both hands and pulled my arse cheeks apart and blew warm air at my hole.

He leaned forward and I felt his tongue move slowly up one cheek and down the other, his lips kissing the smooth skin, his teeth nipping at the flesh.

He kept this teasing up for a few moments more, stretching my butt cheeks apart and kissing or licking everywhere except for the pulsing hole in the centre.

Finally, just when I thought I'd reached my limit, he started licking my sensitive hole.

I could feel his rough beard rubbing my ass as the satin skin around the opening softened and his tongue slipped inside me.

The feeling of roughness following smoothness was incredible and I groaned with each deft flick of his tongue.

John got back to his feet and firmly pressing me down on the table with one hand, he used the fingers of his other hand, first gently and then more forcefully to slide in and out of my arse.

“Stroke your cock for me,” he demanded. “Play with your balls.”

I felt between my legs with both hands, stroking my shaft and feeling my well-worked hole clench and pulse each time my fingers reached the head of my cock.

I fingered myself, feeling how slippery my hole had become.

“Yes, that’s right,” he said. “Play with your hole for me.”

I reached behind to fondle the head of his cock too.

Now, he slipped his fingers in and out, pushing and stretching my hole and poking inside me, rubbing against my prostate repeatedly.

“I’m going to blow soon,” John panted, punctuating each word with a pressure of his fingers against my prostate.

“Here it comes.” He cried out as he ejaculated, his whole body convulsing.

His cum landed with a splat on the table beside me, his fingers still working my hole.

He paused for a moment to recover, then said: “That’s a first. I’ve never cum so much in my life. Wow.”

“Now, I want you to come too,” he said.

“Get up on the table on all fours, bum to the mirror. Knees apart. That’s right. Now show me how the master wanks.”

He sat on the table behind me and stroked my pulsing hole first with his fingertip then with his tongue.

Within a few seconds he was noisily sucking at my hole, alternately applying his fingers and tongue to stimulate the sensitive opening.

The more excited I became, as I began to increase speed stroking my cock, the more frenzied his attentions to my arse became.



“Shoot some spunk for me,” he said and dug his fingertip hard against my prostate.

I did then, as wave after wave of delicious feelings flooded my body, my hole tightened and my cum shot out.

My body convulsed with the explosion and more cum splattered onto my chin and the table.

John pulled his fingers out of me, swung his legs off the table and patted me lightly on the butt. “Great arse,” he said.

# He wanted photos of his nude poses

“I’m an exhibitionist,” he told me when he booked his all day session. “I love being naked and having a man watch me getting turned on. I’d love to be photographed. Discreetly, naturally.”

“I’d love to spend a day being told how to show off my body. Strike a few poses and get you to take some pics of me to look at later. It’d be a dream come true for me. Is that possible?”

“Absolutely,” I replied, “come for an all day play session. That will give you plenty of time. I already have a few ideas for how I plan to capture the experience.”

I had my camera set up on its tripod, ready to photograph him. A few shots of him dressed then more as he slowly stripped, peeling away each layer of clothing.

Once he was completely naked, I got him to turn about and hold a pose, as if I was deciding which shot to take next. One foot resting on the mattress, bent forward so his butt cheeks parted nicely.

A close-up of his hairy arm pit. Another of him playing his hands across his chest, tweaking a nipple. Another of his hand cupping his large balls. One stroking his cock.

I got him to turn his back to me and bend over to touch his toes, his thighs spread wide. Another with his legs closer together so just the head of his cock poked out. Spreading his cheeks for a close-up of his hole.

His fingers playing around the rosy opening. A close-up of his balls, cupped in his palms.

Between his legs, as I lay on the floor aiming the camera upwards. I played around with the zoom and took some great close-ups of his balls, into his arse crack and the head of his dripping cock.

I had a collection of jockstraps ready to add to our fun. We both enjoyed getting him into them, taking plenty of photos, before removing one pair and trying on another.

We almost fell over laughing when I tried to stretch the fabric of a too small g-string up his thighs and over his thick, straining cock which poked up above the waistband. His balls wouldn't fit inside so they bulged out on either side.

Once I had taken hundreds of photos of him in as many poses as we could imagine, it was time for a massage. And to get my hands on his naked body.

With my hands well-oiled, I couldn't take any more photos for a while. Later, after the massage, I'd get some nice pictures of him lying on the bed in every position I could imagine.

My camera had almost as good a working over that day, as he did.







When he was close to cumming the first time, I had plenty of time to get a video, with the camera pointing up between his legs, the zoom set for a great close-up.

My hands working up and down the shaft of his hard cock, the look of pleasurable concentration on his face. And then that first spurt that landed on his stomach and the next as well.

We spent the remaining hours thinking up different ways for him to pose.

He wanted to play with some of the toys he'd brought with him. Some of those later shots are the most revealing, with his hands pressing a butt plug into his arse. That short video clip of my hands stretching a ring around the shaft of his cock.

There are no photos of his face nor of mine. Though we came close with that shot of my cock in his mouth, you can only see his chin and nose.

“I know these are pics of me, but I wouldn't want anyone else to recognise me, if they ever saw them.”



He's emailed me since to tell me he's thought of even more ways he wants me to photograph him.

"I'm looking forward to my next erotic photo session with you," he told me when he booked his second session. "I've been dreaming about all the ways I want you to look at my naked body."

I put his collection of photos in a private DropBox folder I created just for him. He sent me links to a few that he liked the most adding his suggestions for how much he'd like to try this or that pose again next time.

# How I made a man so hot on a cold, winter's day

Don't like the cold of winter? I know how to get you so hot and horny, your naked body'll be dripping sweat like it's the middle of summer.

I'd told him how much colder days were in the Blue Mountains in winter than they were in Sydney. But he was dressed for summer in shorts and a cotton t-shirt.

“I should have taken more notice of your suggestion to dress warmly. It’s bloody cold outside,” he said. “I’ve never seen so much snow.”

“We had a larger than usual fall last night and more this morning. The temperature was just below zero when I checked.”

“I’m so glad you’ve heated your studio.”

“You’ll be a lot hotter soon,” I said. “It’s the perfect day for hot man play.”

“It sure is. This is going to be fun.”

“Strip off and stand near the heater. That’ll get you warmer.”

He lifted his t-shirt over his head to reveal his hairy, muscular chest. Dropped his shorts to the floor and kicked them to one side.

“I’ve got a bit of an underwear fetish,” he said, grinning and running a finger inside the elastic around his legs. “Can I keep them on for a bit?” He stood with his legs apart near the heater, his arms folded across his chest.

“Sure,” I said. I knelt at his feet and using an upward stroke of my hands swept my palms from

his ankle all the way along his calves to his thighs. Stopping inches from his crotch.

I repeated the movement on his other leg, again just missing contact with his balls. It was already having an effect. His cock was half-hard, tenting the cotton of his y-fronts. I continued applying friction up and down each leg until his cock was fully hard.

“I like what you’re doing but I know a faster way to get my temperature rising,” he said.

“What’s that?”

“Turn around and I’ll demonstrate.”

I had a pretty good idea what he intended.

He shucked off his undies and put his arms around me from behind. I felt the hair on his chest tickling my back, the hardness of his groin pushing into my bare arse. He kissed me on the neck, on the ears.

He rubbed my hole slipping one wet finger in up to the first knuckle. I heard him rip the packaging off a condom, there was a brief pause as he slipped it onto his cock, reaching to the bowl for some oil.



Then he was back behind me, his cock poised at my tight hole, pushing gently to enter.

For the next hour, he fucked me in every conceivable position. He had me up on my hands

and knees, ramming into me from behind. He had me sitting down on his cock as he lay back on the bed.

He spun me around, he flipped me over, rode me. Finally, I lay on my back, my legs resting on his shoulders. He braced himself with his powerful arms and fucked me harder than I thought possible. The sweat of his exertions dripped from his body onto mine.

I took every stroke, met every thrust and wanted more. I couldn't tell if I had come or not; my belly was wet with slippery, sticky fluid, and yet I was still as hard as could be. Finally, he doubled the rate and vigour of his thrusting, stuck his tongue down my throat, and spewed his load up my hole.

I thought this would be the end, but he quickly rallied and, leaving his cock firmly lodged inside me, sat back on his heels, pulling me toward him.

“This is so hot. Now, I want to see you come with my cock inside you.”

# Naked yoga practice

Can you incorporate a yoga sequence into the session? I'm new to yoga but since we'll both be naked it'd be great to practise during a body play session.

There's enough room in my massage studio for two men to practise naked yoga. So it was a simple matter of unrolling a mat and arranging the mirrors so he'd be able to watch as I demonstrated a pose.

As it turned out, he was so new to yoga he'd never attended a class. This made matters much easier. I decided to show him the basic: "Salute to the Sun".

This pose comprises just about every way you can stretch your body. With a few simple variations, isn't too strenuous for a first-timer.

First, I demonstrated the sequence, explaining each movement.

Hands raised above your head, bending forward to touch the floor, knees slightly bent. First foot back. Second foot back. Stretch and hold in the plank position.

Lower both knees to the floor, spread apart, arms stretched out in front. Sit as close to your heels as you can manage.

Push back up to the plank. Then to a "downward dog". Hold for a few moments. Then first foot forward, second foot forward, hands at the side of your feet. Forward bend, knees bent. Finally, stand up and raise hands to the sky.

The way the mirrors were placed, performing this pose meant there wasn't much of me he couldn't see. I knew he was watching me closely. And not just to learn the pose.

When it was his turn, I helped him to get into a pose and held him in place at times. This meant



sliding a hand between his legs to give him extra balance.

Standing behind him and helping him spread his legs more widely to get the full effect. He did ok on his first attempt.

“That wasn’t too hard,” he said, panting slightly. “But I’m not sure I got it right. Can you show me again?”

I repeated the pose more slowly with a few extra instructions. This time he stood close to me and

ran his hands over my body as though he was trying to feel how the pose worked my muscles.

I demonstrated the child pose and felt how he measured the distance between my well-spread bum cheeks and my heels.

When I lifted into downward dog, he stood behind me. As I pushed backwards, I couldn't avoid his cock poking into my bum.

"This'd be a great position to fuck a guy," he said, pushing against me.

"You'd have to go slow so he could hold the pose without falling forward."

"I bet you could stay that way long enough if you tried. If I held onto your hips like this." He demonstrated what he meant, his cock riding higher between my bum cheeks. "I could stop you from falling over.

"I thought you wanted to practise yoga," I said, grinning up at him.

"I do, but the sight of you bent over like that is hot. I'd love try a different kind of stretching practise for now. And get back to the other later."

# **Fucking my manhole with Moby Dick**

He knelt before me applying his mouth to my cock. When he stood up, he turned me around and said “usually I’m a bottom but you’re so hot I want to be on top.”

“Get me a condom,” he demanded urgently.

I handed him one and he put it on, then slid the head of his cock up and down my crack, finally pushing against my well-lubricated hole.

“I always like being fucked by a guy who likes to be fucked,” I said feeling how my arse lips spread open, welcoming his rigid cock inside.

He gradually pushed his long, thick cock all the way inside. Paused and pulsed his shaft. Then pulled all the way out, so just the head of cock was inside me. Repeated this a few more times. Before sliding in and out, faster and faster. First he fucked up, almost lifting me onto my toes. Then down, pressing hard against my prostate.

He gripped me by the hips and pulled me back against him, slamming his cock into me deeply - in and out rapidly before slowing down again.

“I love watching my cock sliding in and out of your tight arse,” he said, pushing me away. Turning my head to look in the mirror, I watched his long, thick shaft as he thrust back and forth.

Now, he plunged his cock deeply inside and, with short thrusts, pounded my arse, his balls slapping against my thighs. I had to lean forward, my palms resting on the top of the bed for support, my legs spread so I didn't fall over.

I was enjoying his energetic pounding, pushing back to meet his forward thrust, as we got into a rhythm that matched the beat of the music playing in the background.

I was still watching in the mirror and saw he was looking around the room.

“I’m going to fuck your arse with that big fucking dildo.”

I looked up at the 10 inch dildo sitting on the shelf alongside a finger-sized butt plug. “Which one?”

“The big fucking one,” he panted as he continued pounding my hole, turned on by the idea of plugging me with something even bigger than his own thick cock.

“Ah no, not that one,” I said. He meant the one I call the “Moby Dick”. It’s an enormous, thick plug, with a ridged head and a set of balls at the base. More of a butt plug than a dildo and on the shelf as a lewd suggestion, rather than something I’d want inside me.

“You have more,” he asked, “you’re full of surprises. Just get me one.” I reluctantly pulled off



his cock and reached into a drawer where I keep my collection of toys.

I selected a truncheon-shaped dildo, a little over 8 inches long, smooth and wide, tapered with a knob at the base.

“Wow!” he said, running his hand along its length. “Quick, give me some more lube. I want this in your hole now.”

He liberally coated the long, fat plug with lube. I lay on the edge of the bed and reached behind to spread my cheeks.

He gently pushed the tip against my hole, then continued pushing until I felt my lips stretching to accommodate the first inch. He gave me a few seconds to get used to the way my arse was being opened so widely.

Soon he eased another inch inside. Then another until I knew he had worked almost all of those 8 long, fat inches inside me. I felt completely filled. I couldn't take another inch. I was wrong.

He paused for a moment, then pushed it in a little further.

“Stand up and clench your butt muscles,” he demanded. I felt the dildo move inside me as I straightened up with his hand between my legs holding the plug in place.

“That's so hot. Hang on to it, I want a good look.” I watched in the mirror as he bent over and inspected the tail end of the plug trapped between my clenched butt cheeks. I could already feel it beginning to slide out of me.

“Hot,” he repeated, pushing it back in, “I could almost cum right now just seeing how nicely that

fits inside you. Your arse is made to be filled with a big banger like that.”

He didn't cum then, instead he began fucking me with that monster dildo. Pulling it out part way, pushing it left and right. I tried to keep my arse muscles clenched but it was soon too much for me. I eased myself back into a prone position on the bed as he jiggled it in and out of my slippery hole.

He slid the dildo out entirely. I gasped.

Now he knelt behind me, pulled my cheeks apart: “That's one excited, wet hole. I love how it's twitching and winking at me.” I reached behind, poking two of my fingers inside: they barely touched the sides.

I stood up and planted one foot on the mattress, as he swiftly inserted the dildo inside me once more. He friggged my hole with one hand on the dildo and wanked his stiff cock with the other. Every now and again, he'd pause and bend over for a good long look.

I was loving every second and getting off on how much he was enjoying fucking me. I started wanking my own cock, sliding my hand slowly back

and forth from its base to the dripping head. Gliding my palm across its slippery surface and feeling my arse muscles clench and unclench with each stroke.

“Yeah, man,” he said, “pull on that big cock of yours. I’m gonna blow.”

He shoved the dildo up me as far it would go, the balls at its base slamming against my well-used arsehole. One loud shout and his hot cum splashed across my back, once, twice, a third time. I couldn’t hold off any longer. My cock felt like it was exploding as my cum spurted out.

He pulled the dildo out of my arse, dropped it on the bed and patted me on the bum and said: “You are one hot and horny man. I reckon you’re about ready to take old Moby Dick up your arse now.”

There was still another hour or so left in his four hour body play session.

He’d already told me he could cum more than once and so could I. So I agreed we should probably try.



# I invited him to come in my back door

“Come to my back door, so the neighbours won’t see me naked.”  
He laughed: “I’ll come in your back door too, if you’ll let me.”

I watched him walk down the driveway and up the back steps. I was naked, as usual, already aroused and excited to see him, when I opened my back door to welcome him inside.

“Wow,” he said as he looked me over, “you’re better looking than I remember. And I like the look of that,” he added, giving my erection a firm squeeze. “Turn around so I can see the rest of you.”

I turned around slowly, giving him plenty of time to admire my body.

“Mmm, I can see we’re going to have fun today,” he said, giving my bum a playful slap.

“Let’s get started then.” I said, “Come this way.” I headed along the hall to my studio, held the door open and invited him in to the warm, dimly lit room.

“Plenty to look at in here,” he said as he looked at the pictures.

“And mirrors to watch yourself in too,” I added. “Or me.”

Jim pulled me into a firm embrace and we stood for a few moments, my head on his shoulder, his working their way down my back towards my bum. He gave my cheeks a playful squeeze. “I’m looking forward to feeling more of that.”

“Would you like a massage to start?” I asked, pointing at the table.

“Yeah, that’d be great.” He started to undress, laying his clothes on the chair behind him.

“You know the first time I visited you I was really nervous. I didn’t know you or what to expect. But this time, I’m not nervous at all. Though I’m not sure how far you’ll let me go.”

“All the way, if you like,” I said as I settled him on the table and prepared to massage him. “I’m very horny.”

His answer was muffled by the face rest but I felt his hands seeking for my cock, which he squeezed when he found it.

I began my massage, oiling from his shoulders along his back to his buttocks, then moved to stand at the head of the table to sweep down along each side of his spine.

“That feels great already,” he said, turning his head to one side. “I like how you move in time with the music. And it’s great being able to watch you too.”

I continued along each side of Jim’s body. Each time my cock was in reach of this upturned palms, he gripped it, reaching as far along my shaft to fondle my balls and trying to reach further between my legs.

I paused a few times to let him slide his fingers a little deeper before moving further away from his fondling.

Once I had finished massaging his legs, I climbed onto the table ready to start the first part of the



body slide. My cock rested in the cleft of his buttocks as I carefully lowered myself to his shoulders, resting my weight on my arms.

Once my face was pressed against the back of his neck, I began a slow slide up and down and across his torso.

He whispered “welcome, Geoffrey, welcome”, as I slid my naked body against his, my lips near his ear.

After a few more minutes of sensual sliding, I climbed off the table and invited him to turn over.

When he was in position, his legs spread widely apart, I began to massage his feet, working gradually up along each leg until my fingers bumped into his shaved balls, lifting each one up and letting it fall to either side.

He pulled on my cock when it was in reach. At one point he slid a fingertip across the sensitive head of my erection and lifted the finger to his mouth.

“Your precum is flowing in buckets,” he said, “your love juice tastes delicious.”

“You’re turning me on,” I said, “that’s why there’s so much.”

“I can’t wait to get more of it in my mouth,” he said returning to get some more.

I began to stroke the shaft of his cock, running my fingertips across the tight skin of the head. Then sliding my palms down to his balls.

I gripped his balls with one hand, forming a tight ring and used the other hand to tease his erection, sliding my moist palm across his slick and sensitive

cock head. He groaned, his hand stroking my own erection as I worked on his.

“If you keep doing that, I’ll cum,” he said.

“Then I’d better stop,” I said, reluctantly removing my hands from his dripping cock. “We can move to the bed, if you like. Then I can give you a frontal body slide as well.”

“Sounds good to me,” he said as he swung his legs off the table and stood up. “Where do you want me?”

“Lie down, face up, with your head on the pillow,” I said, “so I can climb on top of you.”

He lay down and I positioned myself on top, face to face, my cock battling with this. I slowly lowered myself to press against his body.

Our lips touched, he wrapped one arm around my back and we kissed, tongues searching one another’s mouths.

When we pulled apart, he said: “Fuck that feels good. Sorry, I didn’t mean to swear.”

“You say whatever you like,” I said. “Shout if you like. There’s no one else to hear you.”

“Fucking fuck, I like how your cock feels just there.”

I pressed my cock against his and felt it slide off and slip between his legs, poking against his balls.

“Are you going to let me suck that monster,” he asked.

“Sure,” I said, moving so my cock was resting on his chin, my knees against his armpits. “Suck my cock.”

He lifted his head from the pillow until my cock rested on his lips, opened his mouth and licked the precum from the head. Then he sucked the head into his mouth.

I pushed my hips forward slightly to get more in his mouth.

When he moaned his excitement, I felt the vibrations running along my cock. I thrust my cock deeper into his willing mouth, gently fucking his face as he sucked and slurped away.

After several minutes, I pulled away, a strand of precum and saliva between his lips and my dribbling cock.

“My turn,” I said. I turned around, straddling his chest and sucked his cock into my mouth. I licked around the engorged head, enjoying the taste, before sucking the entire shaft as far down my throat as I could manage in that position.

Balancing on one hand, I used the other to tug gently on his balls, pulling them away from his cock and stretching the skin.

Pulling back, I nibbled at his cockhead again before plunging his cock down my throat. Each time I leaned forward a bit further I could feel how my butt cheeks spread and I knew he was getting a great view of my hole.

Finally, I pulled away from sucking his cock, turning around to face him and kissing him deeply on the mouth, our cocks now mashing together.

Sitting lightly on his chest, I slid down his body until I was sitting on his lap, my bum cheeks spread apart, his cock wedged between them.

I rocked slightly and felt how his cock slipped and slid between my hairy cheeks. I continued letting his cock play around my hole as he lay back, eyes closed, moaning softly.

Finally, I leant over to the small table beside the bed and extracted a condom from the box where I keep them.

“Just in case you accidentally slip in,” I told him as he watched me slide the condom onto his rigid cock.

I returned to sitting on his cock, this time guiding it with my fingers so the accident became a sure thing. I felt the head of his cock slip past the tightness of my hole and that wonderful sensation of being slightly stretched and opened.

Then I paused to enjoy the feelings without letting him push his cock in any further.

“My cock is encased in your tight hole,” he said “I fucking love it.”

He tried to raise his hips to slide his cock in further but I kept lifting up so only his head was inside me. Finally, I gave in and let the entire length of his thick shaft slip deep inside my willing arse until I was sitting on his lap, with all of his cock inside me.

“Fuck,” he shouted, “I fucking love being in your fucking love hole.” He looked a little embarrassed at

his outburst but I laughed, lifting up slightly before sitting back down again, until his balls pressed against my cheeks.

“Can I fuck you from behind?” he asked.

“Mmm, I’d like that. You can really fuck me hard and fast that way.”

I slowly eased his cock out, got off the bed and leant across the massage table, my feet far apart and waited for him to enter me again. He stood behind me and slid his cock into my willing arse and paused, the throbbing of his shaft matching the pulsing of my tight hole.

“I didn’t think you’d let me fuck you. But I am so fucking glad you have,” he said as he began to pull back.

“I don’t know what your religious beliefs are but I believe God gave men lots of nerve ending around the anus so men could fuck one another. It was meant to be.”

I felt his cock pull out to the head before he slammed back into me, pushing me forward and lifting the table slightly.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard. I love fucking your fucking love hole. It’s so tight and hot,” he panted as he thrust in and out.

He kept his fast pace up for a few more minutes then asked if we could try a different position. He pulled his cock out and stood back.

“I can lower the table height if you like. That’ll make it easier to get your cock in deeper.”

“Yeah, I’d like that.”

I bent over to adjust the table legs, hoping he’d take advantage of the way I was exposed, my bum cheeks well parted, legs slightly bent. He did.

“You’re not getting away with bending over in front of me.” he said in a gruff voice, “I’m going to fuck your hole for that.”

He pulled me back until his cock was buried deep inside me and then, slightly off balance, he started pounding my hole again.

“Can you feel my pubes against your fucking arse?” he punctuated his comment with a deep thrust that almost knocked me over. I had to push back hard to keep my balance and his cock went in even deeper.



“Thank you for letting me fuck your hole, Geoffrey,” he said again. “I’ve never had so much fun being in a guy’s arse. You’re so hot and wet and exciting.”

He finally let me go and said “Lie across the bed so I can get in deeper.”

He pulled his cock out and I moved to lie on the bed, with my legs in the air. Now, as he entered me again, he was thrusting from higher up and I felt his cock slid hard against my prostate. It was a

great way to be fucked as his cock thrust in deeper each time.

A few more minutes of energetic thrusting and I knew he was close to cumming. He was panting heavily and I could feel how his cock seemed to be growing even bigger inside me. We were both dripping with sweat.

I was already stroking my own cock in time with his thrusts and could feel how my arse muscles clenched and unclenched his shaft as it rammed in and out of me.

“I’m gonna cum,” he shouted, suddenly. “Fill you with my hot man juice.” His fucking became more erratic and he thrust hard inside me.

His body seemed to spasm and convulse as his cock released his load. I could feel the way his cock pulsed and expanded with each explosion, one, two, three.

And almost without being aware of it, I was cumming too, a great splash of creamy whiteness hit the bed and my arse tightened and forced him to shoot another spurt.



It felt as though I was being electrocuted as my body thrashed about wildly beneath him, pushing my arse back hard against his body to get his cock in deeper.

Each of us lost in the pleasure of our shared orgasm, part of me aware of how much noise we were making and excited by that too.

We finally collapsed onto the bed, his softening cock still gripped inside my pulsing, throbbing arse, my stomach covered in my own cum and our shared sweat.

# He wanted me to sit on his face

“I want you to wear a pair of see-through running shorts. You know the kind I mean. Split up the sides so I can get my hands up the legs.”

“Ok,” I agreed. “Anything else?”

“Knee-high footy socks. No undies. No shirt. I want you to come to the driveway while I park my car. And bend over as a tease so the shorts ride up your crack.”

“I hope you’re the only person about.”



He was a regular client who'd been visiting me for several years. Otherwise, I might have declined to do something so revealing in public.

He enjoyed being teased plenty before we got down to his favourite activity: me sitting on his face.

He'd never wanted a massage and didn't ask anything else of me. All I had to do was to spread my arse cheeks, settle on his face and not quite smother him for an hour or two.

Being rimmed is one of my favourite things and, as he always paid me extra (he was even more



turned on by having to pay for his pleasures), I wasn't about to complain.

That day there was no one about, so I did as instructed. As he pulled into the driveway, I bent over as if to pick something from a garden bed and felt the shorts ride up into my arse crack.

He was immensely pleased and had trouble hiding his obvious excitement as we entered the massage studio, one hand up the leg of my shorts feeling between my cheeks.

I've had to buy another pair of running shorts as he so eagerly ripped that pair apart in his haste to get his tongue between my arse cheeks.

# Fucked in the arse by an old-age pensioner

“How often have you been properly fucked in the arse by an old-age pensioner?” he asked stroking my firm and furry bum. “Not often enough,” I replied.

I'd spent the last hour or so massaging his naked body from head to toe. Face up, I'd demonstrated my masturbation skills on his firm, dripping erection.

Bringing him to the point of orgasm a few times but without ever letting him cum. We had plenty of time for that later. Now, as we lay side by side on the bed he was ready for more active play. He had

his arm around my waist, his hand wedged between my bum cheeks, two fingers firmly planted inside.

“Your hole is very tight,” he said. I felt him spread his digits apart trying to get his fingers in deeper.

“It’s been a while since anyone has fingered me.”

“I’m surprised at that. I’d have thought most of your clients couldn’t stop themselves from fingering such a hot hole. When you so obviously enjoy it too.”

He punctuated his remark with a deeper poke, then added: “You ever been fucked by a 70 year old?”

“I wouldn’t know. Men often don’t tell me their ages. Except for this one guy who proudly told me that he was 80.”

“He went at me for a few hours like there was no tomorrow. We tried several positions before he decided he liked fucking me on my back. He’d pull his cock out every so often to admire my hole. He came back for another couple of visits and fucked the same way each time. So I guess that was his technique. Very energetic, he was.”

“I hope I’ll have the energy to keep fucking like that when I’m 80. For now, I’m eager to demonstrate how this 70 year old can fuck a man’s arse.”

“It’s going to be a tight squeeze,” I added, “getting a long, thick cock like yours all the way inside me.”

“Nothing better than a tight squeeze. How about you climb on my lap and lower yourself onto my cock?”

Sitting on a man’s lap is a great way to begin, especially if it’s been a while since I’ve had a cock inside me.

I can take things slowly and control how fast or deeply he can enter me. And I can choose to sit facing him or facing his feet, my back to him so he can more easily watch.

I decided to start face to face.

I stroked some oil up and down his shaft. Slipped a condom onto his cock and added more oil. Then, one leg either side of his thighs, and bending forward slightly, I guided his cock towards my hole, sliding the knob back and forth across my arse hole.



“Stop teasing me. Sit down on my cock!” He tried to thrust up, grabbing my hips in his eagerness to force me down. I resisted, lifting my butt slightly so that only the head was inside.

“Not so fast,” I said.

When he relaxed back onto the mattress, I started lowering my bum, allowing another inch to penetrate me. I pulsed my arse muscles, exhaling with each downward slide, as I gradually invited inch after inch of his long, fat shaft inside me.

Finally, I felt his hairy balls pressed against my butt cheeks. I breathed in deeply, feeling how my arse muscles clenched the base of his cock, exhaled and enjoyed the sensation of being completely full.

“There,” I managed to say, “was that worth the wait?”

“You bet it was. Sorry I was so impatient.”

“I take your eagerness as a great compliment.”

I reached around behind to fondle his balls.

Pulling them downwards, I lifted my bum up until just the head of his cock was inside.

Now, I began a slow and easy, up and down movement, riding his cock like I was in the saddle. Sometimes I leaned forward slightly so his cock head slid in a different direction. Other times, I sat back towards his feet, so that his shaft ran and pressed hard along my prostate, every inch giving us both immense pleasure.

I applied my arse muscles like it was my hand grasping his long, thick shaft, slowly and luxuriously stroking his cock.

He massaged my cock as I slid up and down. “Stop,” I said, “Or you’ll make me cum.”

“I want you to cum. Cum on my chest.”

He picked up the pace stroking my rigid cock. In a few seconds, and in spite of my attempts to stop, I blew a great squirt across his chest, landing on his chin. Then another that flew up high and splattered onto his arm.

I could feel my arse muscles clenching and unclenching as my cock erupted. I leaned forward: his cock slipped out of me.

I slid over to lie on my back alongside him, my entire body shaking with the force of my orgasm.

He said: “I can tell you enjoyed that. I did too. If I’m very gentle do you think we could try some more?”

“Give me a moment.” Sometimes, I want a guy to keep fucking me. After I’ve ejaculated, my arse becomes even more sensitive. And I can be so turned on, I’ll cum a second or third time too.

“I just need a breather first.”

“You stay there and take your time. I’ll just lift your legs so,” he knelt behind and between my legs, lifting my ankles onto his shoulders, “and then I can slip my cock back inside like that. Ah.”

He was very gentle to begin but soon got carried away. And so did I, my erection rising as fast as my passion. We found a rhythm and pounded together for what seemed like hours.

I was so turned on, he made me cum a second time before he finally succumbed and came too, pulling his cock out of my well-worked arse, ripping off the condom and ejaculating onto my stomach.

After our shower, as he was towelling me dry, he said: “Let’s have another go at it. I want to try some



of those other fucking positions you mention on your web site. Then you can say you've been enthusiastically rogered by a 70 year old too."

# Relaxing naked, no massage or sex

“Just wondering if you ever simply get naked with another man. Just relax together, no massage or sex. Have a coffee and a chat? Maybe watch a movie?”

“I’d love to be naked and talk with you for an hour or so. But I can only afford \$250, if that’s ok?”

I agreed, so long as he didn’t want a massage or any of my other erotic male to male services.

“Thanks,” he said, “That sounds great. I’d happily come over now but I’m just finishing up at the gym

without a change of clothes. Note the gym does not imply a great body. It's a work in progress."

We agreed on a visit the following afternoon.

"That should give us enough time to chat," I said.

He thanked me profusely, adding that he loved to be naked but his partner didn't approve of nudity.

"I have nowhere else I can go, so I really appreciate your generosity," he said.

I was already naked, when I greeted him the next day. He undressed in the massage room. "Thanks so much for letting drop by today," he said, handing me the cash. "Like I said, I love being naked with another man but I don't often get the chance."

"Coffee?" I asked.

"Yes, please," he said, following me into the kitchen. Once the coffee was made, I sat opposite him and we talked.

"This is so nice," he said after a while. "You're a really friendly, good-looking guy," he said, "and so relaxed about being naked. I bet most men can't keep their hands off you."

"Thanks," I said, "look at me as much as you like." I could tell he was eager to touch me too. But he



wasn't here for sex, so I turned the conversation to movies.

"What kind of movies do you like?" I asked.

"You mean apart from gay porn?"

"Yes, apart from porn."

"I love sci-fi, fantasy, comedy. That kind of thing. I can't stand musicals, though."

"Let's take our cups into the lounge room and you can choose a movie."

He chose "Merlin", the version with Sam Neil. I put it on and we sat down to watch. We both laughed at the poor acting and talked about other bad movies we'd seen.

I could tell he was more interested in watching me than the film. I could also see that if I let things get too hot, he'd be all over me in an instant.

I was tempted but I knew he couldn't afford to pay more and I didn't want him getting the wrong idea. Besides teasing a man is almost as much fun as having sex with him.

I pulled one knee up to my chest. With my eyes on the screen, I idly stroked my half-hard cock, his eyes following my hand intently.

He leaned forward to put his cup on the side table, looking between my legs. “You have a great bum.” he said. “Care to give me a closer look?”

The movie was long since forgotten, so I reached for the remote and pressed pause. I don’t think he noticed.

It was tempting fate, I knew but I rolled over anyway and knelt on the lounge. With my legs spread widely, I leaned forward and lay my face on a cushion. “How’s that? Better?”

“Much better. I can see all the best bits of you now,” he said, leaning over until I felt his hot breath on my bum cheeks.

“Look as much as you like,” I said, cheekily, “but nothing more.” I pushed my erection back between my legs so he could see it better. Licked my finger and circled it round my hole.

“You’re such a prick tease,” he said, “I love it.”

“Do you mind if I have a wank while I perv on you?”

“Go ahead, but don’t cum on the furniture.”

“I won’t, I promise,” he laughed.



I heard the familiar sound of a man spitting onto his cock then the schlick, schlock of his hand working up and down the shaft. His heavy breathing, his murmured fantasies.

“I’d love to lick your hairy hole. I’d work my tongue all the way in. You’d love that too wouldn’t

you, babe? You'd love my wet tongue licking you inside?"

I could tell it wasn't going to take long before he came. "You'd love my fat cock pounding into your hot hole, wouldn't you? Deep inside your hot, tight hole, filling you with my fat cock."

I knew I didn't need to reply: he was beyond hearing, caught up in his arousal.

The thought of fucking me pushed him over the edge. "Jesus, I'm gonna blow," he groaned, sitting back on his heels. "Oh, fuck, I'm coming."

"I didn't expect that to happen. Sorry I got a bit carried away," he said as he wiped the cum from his stomach. "It's been too long since I've seen a hot naked guy like you. Thanks for letting me cum."

We watched the rest of the movie, chatted about other movies we like. When it was time for him to leave, he asked if he could visit again some time. "I'll try to be better behaved next time," he said, sheepishly. "Though it'll be hard."

"So long as you don't expect anything from me," I said, "you can come and be naked for a few hours with me as often as you like."



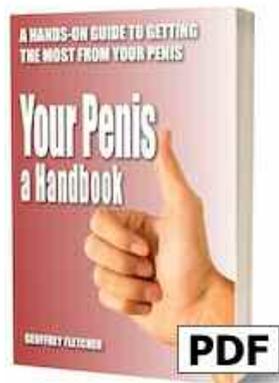






# How to massage and masturbate your penis the way I will

A researched, tested and illustrated handbook for men who want to learn to massage and masturbate a penis the way I do during my erotic male massages.





Do you masturbate quickly to relieve tension? Or when you can't get or don't want "proper" sex?

You pull out your cock, add a little lube or spit. Maybe think up a fantasy. A few strokes up and down, as fast as you can. In the same way you always have because it does the trick. You blow your load. It's all over in a few minutes or less.

It doesn't have to be that way. There are hundreds of sensual ways to masturbate that'll give you and your partners enormous, long-lasting pleasure.

It was your slow, long and soft touch along the shaft of my penis like a warm mouth that made your whole penis massage so good!



## **In the hands of a master wanker**

I've been professionally massaging penises for 21 years. Cut and uncut. Large and small. Bent and straight. Hard and soft.

I've massaged the penises of men who thought they'd never have such a solid erection again. Let alone ejaculate.

I've helped men who suffered with premature ejaculation issues to discover different techniques for delaying their climax until they're ready.

Watched, felt and heard the delight of a man who has climaxed more than once in hours of prolonged, intense, mind-blowing pleasure.

Some men have asked how long I can keep them on the edge of orgasm, with just my hands slowly manipulating, stroking and massaging their cocks. More than an hour, I reply.

Many a horny man, watching my hands working up and down and all around his penis, will gasp: "Can you teach me how to masturbate the way you do it?"

## **Yes, I can teach you how to masturbate**

In fact, so many men asked me to teach them how to massage a penis properly, that I decided to compile all my techniques into a book called “*Your Penis: A Handbook: A hands-on guide to getting the most from your penis*”.

*Male masturbation is a topic that few would have the courage to venture into. You have achieved a highly worthwhile, sensitively written, down to earth, visually enticing compilation - quite frankly - it is awesome! Well done!*

## **A unique sex manual**

This is not a book like any other sex manual you can buy. Most sex books I’ve read fail in one major way: they don’t tell you specifically what to do.

*Your Penis: A Handbook* gives you an easy to follow, step by step, blow by blow detailed account of how to massage your penis. Or your partner’s penis.

You’ll discover where and when to lay your hands, palms or fingers on your penis.

- ✓ How to grip, stroke and fondle your balls.
- ✓ Different hand positions for maximum pleasure.
- ✓ How to use your arms, fists or fingertips.
- ✓ Applying temperature and textures.
- ✓ How to make a man squirm with delight.
- ✓ The impending signs of ejaculation.

I know you'll find the instructions easy to follow too. Not only was the book thoroughly researched and professionally edited. But it was tested by happy men and women before it was published.

*Congratulations on creating an awesome instruction manual about massaging my penis.*

So I know you too will get up to speed (or slow down) with what you'll discover inside this unique instruction manual.

You'll be in good company as you learn to give yourself or your partner enormous sensual pleasure.

## **Explore your penis in new ways**

With my penis handbook in one hand and your lengthening erection in the other, you'll soon

wonder why you've always masturbated the same way.

*I'd have benefited so much when I was learning about myself from your penis handbook. So I ordered a copy for my own son. He has really taken to it, as have some of his friends. I want him to embrace and nourish his penis as well as explore his sexuality rather than feel embarrassed and repress his needs like I did.*

Not only is frequent masturbation good for your health and happiness: relieving muscular aches and pains and reducing depression too. Regular ejaculation can lead to a longer life.

But that's no reason to keep doing it the same way every time.

Masturbation lets you learn what arouses and stimulates you. Discover your own triggers for ejaculation. Master the art of delaying your climax.

Find out how your penis compares with others. How many times a week you're likely to cum. And how much cum there's going to be.

### Using your fingers

Use one hand to hold the shaft and steady your penis and the fingers of the other hand to practise these strokes.

If you like, and your penis is hard enough, form a cock ring at the base of the shaft by forming an OK sign with your forefinger and thumb and tightening your fingers.

Trace the blood vessel on the underside of the shaft with a finger from the base of your penis to the head. Then slide the finger up and down a few times pressing more firmly each time into the vein and shaft.

Circle the head with a finger, running the tip of your finger under the ridge



## Learn my masturbation secrets

*Your Penis: A Handbook* is not the ideal choice for

every man (or woman). It's possible you'll think you already know everything there is to know about male masturbation.

Your penis massage talents and ebook are ideal for all us guys who would otherwise go about our lives unknowing and sexually uninspired.

You may think you can find everything in my handbook on the web. But do you really want to spend time repeating the research I've already done for you?

**I've compiled the strokes into logical order.**

There's even a sequential "recipe" you can follow.

I've tested and refined each stroke repeatedly on different penis sizes and lengths: cut and uncut.

Carefully written, edited and checked the text so you'll readily understand how to apply each delightful stroke yourself.

Asked hundreds of deeply satisfied men which strokes they enjoyed the most.

I've even demonstrated my skills to men (and women) to make sure they can follow every step.

*Thanks for your little black book of divine guidance.*

Plus I know you'll never find some of the best strokes I've used on penises. Because I've already searched online.

I know the hundreds of thrilling, immensely arousing ways to stroke, caress, fondle, pull, push and plunge your hands up and down and all around your erection in *Your Penis: A Handbook* feel great. Because I've been applying them to hard and soft cocks for more than 2 decades.

I've watched the effects of my penis massage on countless men. I've listened to them shout out with delight. Seen their bodies go rigid - almost

paralysed - when they've had a full body orgasm. And then ejaculated.

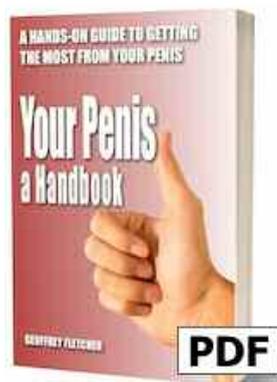
*My lips were tingling. My whole body was paralysed. I went blind, couldn't think straight or speak. All my focus was on the incredible sensations in my cock. I've never before cum so intensely. Full body orgasm, you say? I'll be coming back for more of those!*

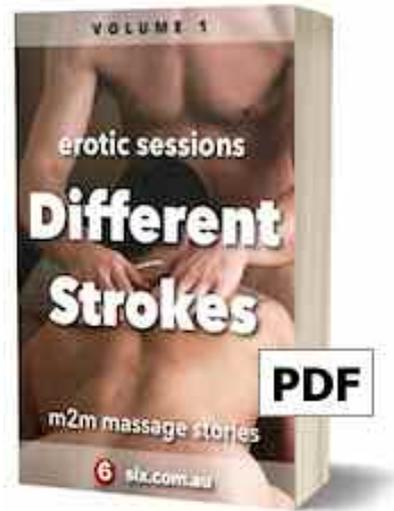
So save yourself time and take advantage of my many years of professional hands-on experience.

*Your Penis: A Handbook* shows you easy to follow, practical, hands-on tips to get you experimenting with any cock you have in your hands.

## **Your Penis: A Handbook**

*A hands-on guide to getting the most from your penis*





# Different Strokes

m2m massage stories

Volume 1

Geoffrey Fletcher

visit my web site at [six.com.au](http://six.com.au)

© Copyright 2018 Sydney Information Xchange (SIX) All rights reserved. Except as provided for under Australian copyright law, no part of this book may be reproduced without permission in writing from the publishers.

