



Happy Endings

erotic male massage reviews

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FOR RENT

by hour



In the hands of Sydney's best m4m erotic masseur

I've had male massages all over the world. But Geoffrey's the first man to guide me to such a thrilling, orgasmic ejaculation. He's the best, bar none.

I entered his warm and softly lit studio. The walls were covered with hundreds of photos of gorgeous male nudes fucking, sucking and wanking. Plus dozens of full length mirrors to satisfy a voyeur like me!

The sensuous music and a subtle incense added to the feeling that I was in for an exciting hour of erotic pleasure.

We chatted while I undressed and put my clothes on a chair he had ready. Geoffrey was already naked and I had a good look at him while I stripped.

He's a sexy, good-looking man. Tall with long, muscular legs. A masculine, lightly haired body. A firm, round bum. And a long, thick, cut dick.

I asked for a glass of water. He pointed to where one was waiting for me on a side table.

Finally, I was ready. He invited me to lie face down on the firm but soft massage table. My heart was beating fast and my dick was already hard. Yet I felt totally relaxed.

I tried to keep the conversation going. I asked a few questions. Told him this was my first time.

He answered politely as his hands pressed smoothly yet firmly across my skin. His rhythmic movements perfectly matched the gentle music.

Unlike other masseurs who always seemed to be stopping to reach for more oil, Geoffrey's hands never lifted from my skin. His fluid, flowing touch

gave an impression that every sensual inch of my body was connected.

It wasn't long before I surrendered to his confident touch, stopped talking and drifted into a half-sleep. Every now and then, I felt some part of his body touch mine or his erection slide across my upturned palm. I didn't try to identify what was touching me. I simply enjoyed this intimate physical contact.

I knew I was allowed to touch him. I wanted to. I'd fantasised about stroking his dick; wondered how good it would taste.

But for now, I lay still enjoying the incredible sensations in my body.

At one point, as he worked on my shoulders, I turned my head to find his semi-hard dick dangling just beyond the reach of my mouth but close enough to inhale his delicious musky scent.

As if he was aware of his effect, he moved so I could easily lick his beautiful, long, thick dick which instantly grew hard in my mouth.

I reached behind him. What a lovely feeling to have my hand in his crack! I slipped my fingers further

between his cheeks to stroke and probe his puckered, rosebud hole.

I could tell he liked that as his dick throbbed in my mouth each time I penetrated him with my finger. When he was out of reach of my hands and mouth, I turned my head to watch in the full-length mirror, enjoying the visual stimulation as much as the physical.

I must have fallen asleep because it took a few moments for me to realise that he'd asked me to turn over onto my back. When I did, he had already placed a cushion on the table for my head.

Now I could look down the length of my body to the enormous mirror at the foot of the table. I spread my legs apart to give him plenty of room to explore.

He didn't go straight to my dick. He started at my feet and gradually worked his way up to my chest, skirting around my growing erection as though he was teasing me to hardness. I have to say it worked wonders.

When he slipped his hand between my thighs and under my balls, I felt like I was going to cum simply

from the anticipation of his touch. I held off and let him work his magic.

I decided to encourage him by slipping a finger in his arse as far as I could reach pulling him towards me, so his erection poked into my thigh.

Finally, he relented and gripped my dick firmly and slowly rotated his palm all over the slick head. I almost came on the spot. But he knew what he was doing and he didn't keep it up for too long.

When I wank, I usually beat my hand up and down the shaft pretty quickly until I cum. The way Geoffrey did it, so slowly, in time to the music was much more sensual.

Each time he slid one hand up and over the top of my dick, I gasped. Then his other hand was on its way along the shaft. Over and over, like he was trying to milk the cum from me.

Every so often, he eased one fingertip between the lips of my slippery cockhead. I've never felt anything so good in my life.

Then his hands went the other way, down my throbbing shaft, releasing my aching dick and letting it slap against my belly. I was getting close to coming. But he still didn't let me ejaculate.

He changed his focus to my balls, gently squeezing them, rolling them between his fingers. I love having my balls massaged and he's a master. The tightness in my scrotum was pure delight.

Back to stroking my dick, pressing all the way along its length. Up and down. Down and up. One palm on the sensitive head, swirling all around.

I couldn't stop myself from bucking my hips up each time his hands slid down to my balls.

I could feel those familiar sensations starting inside me, my balls pulling back, the desire to cum growing stronger.

Then he stopped teasing me and the sensations subsided.

He was gradually leading me towards my orgasm yet without letting me go over the top. We both knew he was in total control.

Once again I lost all sense of time and lay there letting him do whatever he wanted.

I lazily fondled his dick when it rested in my hand.

Reached behind him to stroke his bum, slipped a hand between his legs, played with his balls, tickled his hole.



I've heard about male full body orgasms but I'd never had one so it was a real eye-opener when it happened.

It felt like I was having one of those out-of-body, tantric experiences I've read about. Caught up in the physical sensations he was creating in my body yet being outside of myself at the same time.

I watched in the mirror as he increased the speed and pressure. He kept building towards my climax then drawing back, waves of pleasure running from the base to the tip of my dick, over and over.

Who knows how long it lasted. I wanted him to keep stroking my dick and caressing my balls. But too soon, there was that familiar tingling in my groin.

I couldn't hold off any longer. I was ready to blow my load. A warm sensation flooded my entire body. It seemed to start simultaneously at my feet, in my head and from inside my arse. I lost control of my body as wave after wave of pleasure ran through me.

Geoffrey gripped my dick firmly and I shot my hot load - a long, hot spurt of cream then another shorter one. I came and I came!

My whole body climaxed! I was shaking and moaning. I was in utter heaven!

An immense calm and peace spread out over me. As if I had been holding myself rigid and the release he had just given me allowed me to completely let go.

I appreciated how he let me lie still for as long as I needed to recover. Savouring the heavenly sensations in my body, my complete relaxation.

I drove away from his massage studio in a cloud of bliss. The relaxed feelings lasted for days. I slept so much better than usual at night too.

I'm already planning another longer visit. Treating myself to one of his nude body on body sessions.

If he can stimulate me so well with just his hands, imagine how much more exciting it will feel when he massages me for a few hours with his naked body as well.

For my money, Geoffrey is the absolute best male to male, erotic masseur in the world. I've never enjoyed such a thrilling, all over body experience as I had in his hot hands.



How much did I enjoy my first taste of his dick?

I wanted to suck dick. When I had my first massage from Geoffrey, I grabbed my chance and his big, thick dick. My first taste was a fantasy come true.

When Geoffrey stood at the head of his massage table, running his hot hands along my back, I pulled him closer until his dick brushed my lips.

I kissed his dick then stuck out my tongue to lick the head. Swirled my tongue around the ridge, flicked it back and forth. I was delighted by the

effect I was having and the way his dick pulsed and throbbed.

When I compressed my lips to form a tight ring and pulled him closer, his dick had to push past to get inside my mouth.

Then I opened my mouth wider and let his dick slide inside. Turned my head one way then the other, like I was a cork-screw.

I loved the feeling of fullness, with his thick dick pressed between the roof of my mouth and my tongue. It felt like I had the most delicious lolly in my mouth. I sucked on the smooth texture of his meaty dick head trying to get more of that salty-sweet taste of his precum.

I was a little disappointed when he pulled away. But he was only moving to one side of the table so his dick was easier to get at. Now I could suck his dick deeper into my mouth.

With one hand gripping the base of his shaft, I angled his dick and sucked hard on the head. Careful not to let my teeth scrape his sensitive knob, I sucked as much of his big dick into my mouth as I could manage.

I gripped his bum cheeks, then bobbed my face up and down, like I'd seen guys do in porn. And I remembered to suck my cheeks together too. Rather than only having his dick sliding in and out of my hot, wet mouth.

I experimented with my tongue too, lashing it this way and that. Running it all over the head, reaching along his shaft.

When I finally released him, he asked me to turn over onto my back. Once I was settled face up, he went on with his massage, his hands snaking up my thighs until he stroked my aching dick and fondled my balls.

I watched in the mirror on the wall, fascinated by the way his hands worked their magic on my dick. But I was eager for another go at sucking him.

So when he moved within reach, I rolled onto my side. Holding onto his bum, I pulled him closer. Now I was able to suck his dick deeper and faster. Licking along the length of his dick and looking up into his eyes to see he was watching me was a complete turn on.

I bobbed my mouth back and forth, like I was trying to suck his dick down my throat. Holding

onto his bum with my hands and getting him to rock on his heels until we got into a rhythm.

I lay the shaft of his dick on my cheek, trying to get my tongue lower and further between his legs. He lifted up on his toes to give me more room and I licked his balls.

As I returned to sucking his dick again, I found his hole and slipped a finger inside him. His dick seemed to grow even bigger in my mouth, so I pressed my finger deeper. Again his dick throbbed. I'd found his sweet spot so I kept fingering him slowly while I went on sucking.

I knew he was getting close when he pulled away, a thin spidery trail of precum and saliva still linking my lips to his dick. He continued massaging my dick and balls. I was pretty close too.

But I wanted to watch him to blow his load first.

I asked him to wank his dick near my face until he came. I finger-fucked his tight hole at the same speed as his hand worked up and down his dick.

When he blew his load I was amazed. It was so hot and there was so much. A little went in my open mouth and what a delicious taste. The rest

splashed onto my face. It was so hot that I came at the same time.

Sucking Geoffrey's dick was even better than I'd imagined. The velvety texture of his cut dick on my tongue, the way his thick dick filled my mouth. And all that tasty, delicious cum.

I AM GOING
TO FUCK YOU
IN THE ASS



The freedom of sexual play with a male nudist

Several hours of naked play with Geoffrey gave me the freedom to look at, touch and penetrate a man in ways I never enjoyed so much at a male nudist beach.

Geoffrey was already naked when we met at his front door. And he didn't try to hide his obvious excitement when he welcomed me into his erotic massage studio.

His friendly smile and the anticipation of enjoying his body gave me an instant erection too.

He's a sexy, sensual man. Good-looking with such kissable lips. A masculine body with hair in all the best places. Tall with long, muscular legs. A cheeky, firm and fuckable bum. And a long, thick, cut cock. As I undressed, we chatted about the weather, the drive from Sydney. How lucky he was to live in such a restful place. So many trees and the fresh air.

He suggested his erotic massage to begin. I asked if I could look at all the pictures he has on his walls first. I had my eye on one already: a cute guy with long muscular legs, bent forward with his bum cheeks well-spread.

I asked if it was a picture of him. Geoffrey said not but I wasn't convinced. So I got him to lie across his massage table and spread his cheeks, posing for me like the guy in the photo.

I carefully inspected his bum comparing it with the picture on the wall. I couldn't resist licking my finger and slipping it up inside his juicy hole.

Then we looked at the rest of his pictures, imitating more of their poses. Not only the ones where I had Geoffrey bent forward, my fingers

probing his hole. Those were my favourites and we laughed about that.

And he knelt on the floor to suck my cock like another guy in one of the photos. It was some time before I was convinced he'd got the pose just right.

It was a real treat to be with a handsome, naked man who was so enthusiastic about posing and exposing himself in all the ways I wanted to see.

Finally, I was ready for his massage, which was every bit as good as he'd described. I watched in the mirrors as he moved around the table.

I played with his cock when he was in reach, stroked his bum.

But mostly I let him release the tension in my muscles.

Once he'd massaged my back, bum and legs I was completely relaxed. He invited me to lie on his bed to continue the massage and give us more room.

He wanted to lie on top of me but I had other ideas.

The sight of a man's bum drives me wild. I wanted him face down, on his stomach, legs well-spread, like he was waiting to be fucked. How could I resist?

I reached for a condom and some oil from the side table and slathered it all over his bum, up his crack, slipped a finger inside.

Then I lowered myself onto his back, sliding my shaft up and down between his cheeks, until I felt my cock head press against his hole and gently slip inside.

What an incredible feeling to have my hard cock pumping inside him. I fucked him slowly in time with the sensuous music. Savouring every pleasurable inch of his hot arse muscles working the length of my cock.

I loved hearing his muffled groans and moans. The way he lifted his bum to meet my gentle downward thrusts. His obvious pleasure with being penetrated.

After I came the first time, I was ready for us to talk. I had planned to find out more about him but he has this easy way about him that invites confidences. I was soon telling him things I'd never told anyone else.

Our conversation flowed naturally and freely. We talked and laughed. Caressed, kissed and hugged one another.



And when he bent over to tease my cock back to full hardness, I admired his wet hole winking at me in the mirror beside the bed. I gave him a two finger salute to show my appreciation of the view. We discussed books we'd enjoyed. He told me that he'd read a story by Roald Dahl about a fictional technique called "only so far and no further": taking a man to the brink of ejaculation over and over but not letting him go over the edge.

He said he'd demonstrate on me. So, every now and then, we'd be in the middle of an intense discussion. Then he'd start massaging my erection until I was almost on the edge. Then he'd abruptly stop and we'd continue our conversation.

Or he'd slip another condom onto my cock and lower himself onto my lap, pulsing his muscles and playing with himself, so I could feel every stroke of his hands as his muscles clenched along my shaft. While still talking to me at the same time.

I laughingly complained that it was an unfair way to win an argument. He asked if he should stop. No fucking way, I told him, gripping his hips.

I don't know how long his demonstration lasted. One moment his hands were stroking my cock or

he was sucking and licking it. Or playing with my balls.

The next he was sitting on my lap (we must have gone through a packet of condoms that afternoon). Caressing my body everywhere but ignoring my cock and balls altogether. Or moving just out of reach, fingering his arse and stroking his cock while I watched with delighted fascination.

He even spoke to me in his soft and sexy voice, telling me what he planned to do with me next. Describing the most intimate, naughty details of his wicked plan to tease me further.

He had me in such a state of arousal that when he finally let me cum - and he was in total control - I couldn't think straight. His hands sliding up and down, milking my cock so firmly, so sensuously.

When I blew my load, time stood still. My body froze as my cock erupted. Lost in some kind of tantric ecstasy, I climaxed the second time.

When I was finally able to open my eyes, I was delighted to see how much cum I'd splashed across his chest, still dripping from his nipples. And that wicked look in his eyes, like a cat who knew he'd got the cream.

I used to spend hours at Lady Bay and other nudist beaches when I was younger. The sun on my skin. My cock and balls hanging free. The sensuality of of being nude with other carefree men.

The freedom of swimming naked in the sea.

Perving on other men. And a quick suck and fuck in the bushes.

Since I hit my 60s, I'd rather stay out of the sun and away from crowded beaches.

These days, I'd prefer to suck and fuck in a comfortable bed with Geoffrey. He's attractive, uninhibited and playful. Friendly, smart and funny too. Laid-back, talented and keen for sex with a mature, sexually active man like me.

Now I've written this review I don't have to imagine how much sensual and sexual pleasure we're going to share together.

Instead, I can look back to the best sex I've ever had with another man. Or look forward to our next session of "only so far and no further".



My first male fantasy was to be stripped naked

My erotic, m2m fantasy was being stripped slowly by a naked man who'd let me look at but not touch his cock until we were both nude and erect.

He did just about everything I wanted and then some. He was naked when I arrived and clearly excited to see me, his cock bouncing lightly with each heart beat. Apart from a brief greeting, we didn't speak until much later.

I entered his massage room filled with mirrors, soft lights, and gentle music playing.

I was wearing a long-sleeved shirt, tie, trousers with a belt, boxer shorts, t-shirt, socks, lace-up shoes.

He invited me to sit on the bed. I waited for him to start undressing me. First he undid my tie, releasing the Windsor knot slowly and sensually.

Once the tie was undone, he lifted my collar to remove my tie, sliding it slowly around my neck before dropping it onto the bed beside me.

He undid the top button of my shirt and the second, the third and then he stopped. Now he knelt on the floor in front of me, sitting back slightly on his heels and looking up at my eager face.

One at a time, he untied my shoe laces, plucking at the taut string to loosen the lace before carefully easing each foot from its shoe. Then he peeled my socks off, running his hands up inside the trouser leg and slipping each sock bit by bit down my calf, over my ankle, heel and finally drawing it away from my toes.

Once my feet were bare, he moved to my trousers, having a little trouble unbuckling the belt with its unusual clasp.

After a few moments with much gentle tugging and pushing that made my already solid erection pulse, he worked out how to undo the buckle.

To draw the belt through the loops, he had to lean forward slightly so his head was almost in my lap, a few inches from my straining, throbbing cock. How I wished he'd rub his face against my crotch.

He undid the top button of my trousers and slipped a hand inside to unhook the inside button too, his hand accidentally bumping my cock for the first time.

Back on his feet again, his own cock pointing at my chest, he slowly undid the remaining buttons of my shirt and each of the four buttons on the sleeves.

As he reached behind me to pull the shirt out from around my waist, his cock slid and throbbed against my hairy chest.

He hung the shirt on the back of a chair. Then he bent over to pick up my shoes, socks and belt and place them neatly near the chair.

I watched in the mirror, thrilled to catch a glimpse up his dark, hairy crack as his bum cheeks parted slightly.

Aware of my lustful gaze, he bent forward a bit more. I licked my lips enjoying how much he was teasing me. It was all I could do to stop myself from reaching out a hand to stroke his butt.

He returned to kneel at my feet once again, looking up at me and waiting. I stood up then, my trousers held up by the zipper and my erection.

His face was so very close to my groin - a quick thrust forward and my cock would poke between his parted lips.

I stood very still.

He now reached behind me to hold the trousers at the waist with one hand and used the other to draw the zipper down.

My trousers did not immediately slide to the ground, held in place by my erection so he tugged gently on the trouser legs and they fell into a puddle on the floor at my feet.

I stepped out of them.

He picked them up and folding them neatly, placed them on the chair with my other clothes, bending

over once again and exposing himself to my lustful gaze.

Then he came back to where I stood and reached around behind me, pulling me into a firm embrace. This time I hardly needed to move to feel the head of my cock poking against him, his cock pressed against my stomach.

I closed my eyes as he slid the t-shirt up my back, over my head and down along my arms, brushing the hair on my chest, caressing my shoulders, my arms.

When I opened my eyes again, his face was so close to mine, it was hard to resist the temptation to kiss him.

He knelt down in front of me again and I looked down to see him gazing up between my legs, in the opening of my boxer shorts, looking at my balls.

He pulled the boxer leg out a bit further and then blew a soft stream of air up the leg to stir the hairs along my inner thigh.

I watched his hand disappear up one leg of my shorts then felt his fingers change direction away from my balls. Then his other hand disappeared up my shorts behind me seeking the waistband.

He tugged slowly and dragged the back of my shorts down, exposing my arse but leaving the front in place, still tented by my engorged cock. Now he placed his hands on my hips and pushed gently so I turned around.

I could feel his hot breath against my butt as he reached from the sides and up the front of my shorts, hands either side of my cock, grasped the front of my shorts and drew them down.

He seemed to lose balance then as I felt the top of his head bump against my butt.

He continued to pull the shorts down my legs and I stepped out of them. Now when I turned around to face him, I was completely naked.

He stood up again and hugged me, his cock sliding up between my legs and lifting up against my balls. He added my boxers to the neat pile of clothes on the chair, giving me one more thrilling look between his legs.

Then, without saying anything, he directed me to lie face down on the massage table. I was more than ready to ravish him by then but I lay passively on the table and waited for the next part of my erotic fantasy.



My dick got hard when I first saw him naked

I used to be a timid, shy man. But when I saw Geoffrey naked at his front door, I was struck by an irresistible desire to fuck him there and then.

It was an extraordinary sensation: exhilarating yet vaguely disturbing. I've always been shy and timid when it comes to sex. Spending four horny, passionate hours with Geoffrey made me see myself in an entirely different light.

As I brushed past him in the hall, I couldn't stop myself from lightly touching his dick. His grin

geoffrey's male massage

showed me he didn't mind. We entered his massage room. I undressed, neatly folding and placing my clothes on a chair.

Inside I was churning with desire and lust. I wanted to fling my clothes down, any which way. I felt I ought to exert some self-control, yet I longed to fling that away too.

I watched in the mirror as Geoffrey bent over to fetch something from a shelf. I'm sure he did it on purpose to tease me. It had the desired effect: my dick was rigid when I turned around to face him.

"Would you like a massage to begin?" he asked. I could tell from his wicked, lascivious grin that he knew exactly what I wanted. "Or shall we start on the bed?"

I said I preferred the bed. My self-control was already slipping.

He lay on his back, spread his long legs and invited me to join him. I sat on the edge, still holding myself back. I tentatively felt along his leg, inching up to his thigh until I reached his balls.

I looked at his handsome face: his eyes were closed, his lips parted. Encouraged that he wasn't watching me, I cupped his balls in my hand, before

running a fingertip up along the shaft of his thick dick. Resting my hand along its length, I felt how it throbbed against my palm.

When I pulled my hand away, he opened his eyes. “I like your dick,” I said on impulse, suddenly feeling roguish.

“Thanks,” he replied, “I’m very attached to it too.”

We both laughed at his silly remark. It broke the ice. I was there to enjoy his body and for him to enjoy mine. From somewhere deep inside, a different man emerged and I started giving him instructions.

“Lift your legs and show me your arse,” I demanded, startling myself.

He pulled his knees to his chest, holding onto his ankles. I dipped my finger in the bowl of oil sitting on a side table and slid it from beneath his balls all the way down to his puckered hole.

I got more oil and wiped it across my dick and onto my chest. “You can drop your legs,” I told him. “I’m going to sit on your chest.”

He wriggled further down the bed. Sitting lightly on his torso, I spread the oil across his chest and nipples using my balls and leaking dick.

Up to his neck until my dick poked between his parted lips. His tongue flicked across the head. I hoisted myself onto my arms trying to slide my dick into his mouth.

It was the wrong position, I realised. I hoped we'd find a different one. I slid back down to sit on his lap, our dicks bumping together, then leaned forward until I was lying on top of him.

He wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me closer. Our faces were now so close, I could have kissed him. Instead, I slid off and told him to roll onto his stomach. I pulled his legs apart before climbing on top.

There was still enough oil on my body to slide up and down, my dick pressed between his cheeks. The feeling of my dick sliding against his smooth hole was incredible. The way he pushed his hips up to meet each of my forward thrusts was almost more than I could bear.

The oil was making his hole more and more slippery. I felt an overwhelming urge to penetrate him. To hear him gasp and struggle to move away as I plunged my fat pole all the way, deep inside. I already had him pinned down... it wouldn't take

more than a quick thrust forward and my cock would be buried to the hilt.

I stopped myself with difficulty. We had plenty of time, I reminded myself.

I reluctantly slipped off his back. Lying beside him, I teased around the edges of his hole with a finger and admired his body in the mirror on the wall alongside the bed. He turned his head to look at me.

“I love how that feels,” he said. Encouraged, I slipped my finger all the way inside.

“Do you like that too, baby?” I heard myself say. “Do you want Daddy to open you up with his fat fingers?”

“Oh, yes, please,” he said, spreading his legs wider and lifting his bum. I gradually eased one finger, two, then three inside him. I loved how he moaned. How he reached an arm around to pull his cheeks apart. His other hand stroking my dick.

When he rolled onto his side, he asked: “Can I play with Daddy’s dick some more?”

I’d introduced the role play and he was playing along, obediently. The age difference was about right. And I loved this feeling that I was his father.

I felt strong and masculine. Powerful and desirable. Not timid at all. I imagined he was my son innocently giving his body to me to enjoy and instruct. I didn't try to analyse it then or now. I simply enjoyed the oddly arousing sensation.

Of course, Geoffrey knows far more about pleasing a man than I ever could. Though heaven knows I'd love him to teach me.

We lay in a 69 position, his head resting on my thigh as he caressed my raging hard-on. That way he lavished attention on my balls. His expert handling of the sensitive head of my uncut dick.

I couldn't see what he did but I'm sure he sucked my dick a few times.

Even with hands as smooth and soft and talented as his, no one could give me so much pleasure except with his mouth. Could he?

I lay with my head between his legs, my fingers tickling his balls or caressing his erection. I had a sudden urge to lick between his hairy arse cheeks, maybe taste his hole. I wish now I'd been bold enough to try.

I felt I had calmed down from my earlier lustfulness until he began to stroke my dick faster. I felt the

familiar churning in my balls that starts as I'm getting close to cumming. It wasn't going to take much longer.

I wanted him to stop.

I wanted him to keep going. I wanted...

When I came, there wasn't a lot of fluid - there never is. But the ripples of orgasmic pleasure that ran through my body were intense.

I felt like I was king of the mountain, on top of the world. An instant explosion, followed by a deep, long drawn out breath.

When I opened my eyes again, Geoffrey's head was still between my legs and somehow I had two fingers buried in his hole. As my breathing returned to normal, I pulled them out.

Geoffrey swivelled around to sit next to me. His dick was still hard, a pearly drop glistening on the tip.

"A shower to freshen up before we continue?" he asked.

"Do we have time?" I asked.

"It's a little over an hour. So yes, we have plenty of time. Besides I want to watch you cum a second time."

After we'd showered together, I had the chance to experience his massage, with just his hands on my body.

I thought I'd gone off the boil after the first time I came but he did things that brought me right back up.

He wanted to demonstrate his famous penis massage and make me cum that way the second time. Except I didn't give him the chance. I'd lost any trace of nervousness or timidity long before he asked me to turn over. Nothing was going to stop me this time, not even me.

I leapt from the table, grabbed a condom and made him bend over to receive my dick. Daddy had disappeared from the scene by then. Now I went at him like I was a sex-starved man who needed his dick in a tight hole. Which in a way I was.

I got him to lie on his back like I had earlier, holding his ankles. Now I didn't hold back and plunged my dick in until my balls pressed hard against him.

I watched his face as I pounded his arse. His eyes were half-closed, he moaned and tried to push back against me. He stroked his dick in time with



my fucking.

It didn't take very long for me to come again. One sharp upward thrust of my dick and I blew. Thank heavens for the condom. Geoffrey came at the same time and my god what a lot there was. It hit me in the chest and flew over his shoulder, some went in his mouth, more on the pillow.

We had another shower together and when we returned to his room, I thought maybe I'd had enough. Two explosive orgasms. But he wanted to try a third time and I let him.

He massaged my dick slowly and sensitively, gradually bringing it back to full hardness until I came again. It wasn't so intense this time and there was even less fluid but it felt right somehow. As he wiped me with a damp towel, I glanced at the clock.

Geoffrey had made me cum three times in three intense, thoroughly pleasurable hours. Twice between his hands, once inside him.

I was absolutely exhausted yet exhilarated. I felt like I was the most thrilling sexual partner a man could desire.

Playing with Geoffrey has changed me in some remarkable, basic way. If I close my eyes and relive those incredible hours, there's a burst of joy that explodes within me.

I'm no longer timid or shy. I feel masculine and alive and extraordinarily sexual.

Next time I visit Geoffrey, I'm going to rip my clothes off, throw them on the floor and trample them underfoot. Then I'm going to ravish him any which way I like. Fuck self-control!



I was a male to male sex virgin

All the sex I've had in the past was over in a pretty short time. With you, Geoffrey, sex goes on for hours and it's so much more than fucking and coming.

I didn't feel rushed, everything we did together was so slow and easy. That way you wove your relaxing massage into everything. Your passion and obvious excitement at being with me. Your eagerness to laugh and have fun.

Your incredible hands massaging my body. Sliding naked together in bed. Under the shower, in the kitchen. How you look, move and kiss. Over the back of that chair. In your garden. Sucking your geoffrey's male massage

dick, licking your balls and between your bum cheeks.

My own dick sliding between your talented hands. The intense sensations each time I climaxed. Watching your face, hearing the sound of your pleasure you made when I made you come. Everything we did together was pure heaven. I love how your body feels pressed against mine. I'm so glad I chose you for my first nude, male slide.

I liked the way you came across in your pages: warm, friendly, kind and relaxed. Open-minded and uninhibited caught my attention too. Cheerful with a wicked sense of humour. It all sounded like we'd have a great time together.

I've still got plenty of energy and tons of enthusiasm. But I'm not the best looking man in the world. I don't have a muscular, youthful body. That seems to be what everyone is into these days. That, and a rock hard dick.

My dick doesn't stay rock hard like it once did. So I've spent a lot of time looking on the web, not really getting excited by all the porn. But what else is a horny man meant to do?

When I found your web site, I was amazed and excited. Hopeful too. Maybe there was a chance for an old bloke like me to get my hands on a real man, after all.

When I was married, our sex life was pretty boring and very quiet. I tried making suggestions early on for making it more exciting but nothing much ever happened in that direction. Then, once the kids arrived, there wasn't much sex or even much physical affection between us at all.

I spent far too many years masturbating on my own.

I read everything on the site: the reviews, your erotic massage blog, all the stories. I bought a copy of your penis book: that was an eye-opener. I kept returning, wanking and wondering if I had the courage to contact you.

When I read your web site, I thought your erotic services sounded too good to be true. When I came for my first session, I quickly realised you were far too wicked and naughty to be good. But everything you had described was true.

I liked how you openly encouraged men of my mature years to come and play with you.

I was thrilled to read about the opportunities for sexual play on your web site. Soon I had so many fantasies about what you and I might do together, it was like a sexual shopping list.

I wanted to suck your dick and have you suck mine. I definitely wanted to feel your hands massaging and exploring my body and my dick.

At first, I felt nervous talking dirty to you and telling you what to do. But you were so receptive and keen to play along with me. It was a real thrill exploring my sexual fantasies with you, Geoffrey.

I liked the idea of dirty talk though I wasn't sure what it was. And I was keen to try rimming your arse too. But, more than anything else, I wanted to hear you make lots of noise when I fucked you in the arse.

What clinched it for me was how willing you are to hug and kiss. I love being hugged. The promise of being naked together, held in your arms and kissing convinced me to come see you.

What I lack in technique, I make up for in desire and lusty fantasies. That way you gently guided me. I didn't feel clumsy or inadequate. It was like we

were both learning about each other's bodies at the same time. You're a superb teacher.

I liked the way you demonstrated how and where you wanted me to touch you. And explained why it felt so good. It didn't seem like a lesson so much as we were each learning something new together: a shared, sensual discovery.

It was so arousing and thrilling. Every minute was thoroughly enjoyable. Looking back, I'm still surprised at how you kept getting me hard. I don't think I've ever felt so horny.

Your sensual massage was so relaxing and erotic. And your whole approach is soothing, calming and non-threatening.

Best of all was when we lay naked together on the bed, your handsome face resting on my chest, your arms wrapped around me, as I talked about myself.

I know I've had a very ordinary life: work, home, marriage. I'm not much into reading books. I watch TV and I like gardening but that's about it. I have my own ideas about things but I don't often get the chance to share them.

You're the most down to earth, approachable person I've ever met. You didn't laugh at my hair-

brained ideas, either. Or think I was a half-wit. In fact, I reckon I'm pretty clever.

It didn't take long for me to realise I'm ok. That you, at least, genuinely like me as I am and enjoyed my company. What a relief!

It's one of the main reasons I'm planning to visit you as often as you'll let me. You're like the friend I never knew I missed.

I was amazed at how the hours flew by. You must have had some sort of plan for how we'd spend our time together. But it all seemed spontaneous, like we made it all up together as we went along. I was totally involved in what we did together.

I thought an hour had passed since I'd arrived. I was amazed when I looked at my phone and saw that 3 hours had gone by. Incredible.

I completely lost track of time: like I was absorbed in a different world. Which I was.

I walked out of your studio, lighter and happier than I've been for a while, with a great sense of contentment and well-being. I wondered if maybe I'd been a bit depressed before we met. Not any more.

You are so generous, understanding and encouraging. I felt desirable and young again. I'd had been very carefully nurtured. All wrapped up in horny, naughty, sexy play.

I felt like a sexy and attractive man while I was playing with you. Young and full of vigour. It was totally different to what I expected. You're a real master at massaging my penis. And not only with your hands.

I didn't want to leave. I could easily have stayed with you several more hours. When I finally drove off, it was getting dark. I checked my phone, surprised and delighted to discover how many hours we had played together.

You, Geoffrey, are that rare breed of man: genuine, honest, caring and very affectionate. I am thrilled and delighted to have met you. I can't wait for my next visit.



My boyfriend experience was sensational

When did you last find a laid-back man who'd explore your fantasies? Before my "boyfriend experience" with Geoffrey, I didn't think such a man existed.

I've got plenty of great friends, people I've known for years. We share great times together whenever we meet up. But even my closest mates aren't the kinds of people I could talk to about my secret fantasies of fucking a man.

They probably wouldn't mind finding out that I'm bisexual. But it's not really a subject we could go into in any detail.

That's why I am so happy to have found Geoffrey. He encourages me to talk about my sexual fantasies and I can be as explicit as I like. Plus he's enthusiastic about exploring my hidden desires with me.

I originally booked an extended body play session. I had such fun, I immediately booked another two whole days, delighted that he was so eager for me to visit again.

I've finally tried fucking a man. I love it. I can't get enough. It was way better than I imagined, though I reckon that's got a lot to do with Geoffrey.

I'd started by fingering his tight arse hole, getting him ready for something bigger. He told me to stop doing it so fast.

He described where his prostate was and I slowly ran my fingers over it. It felt so good watching the effect that had on him.

He explained that this was where I should aim my cock, too. I got such a thrill when his arse seemed

to grip my cock, every time I hit that bump inside, as I fucked him as slowly as I could.

I'm planning to "work" my way through all those other exciting activities he talks about on his web site.

With him, I know I'm safe trying out things or talking about what I want. There's no need to be coy about the words I use, either.

Just the other day I asked him what his favourite position was to be fucked. He answered in delicious detail without any embarrassment.

Missionary, he said, legs in the air, so his arse cheeks were well-spread and I could have a good look at him first.

He knows how much I like looking at his hole. And, he added, I could watch my cock pumping in and out of him, in one of the side mirrors in his massage studio I'm looking forward to trying that.

I used to be a bit timid about telling someone what I liked to do in bed but not any more. With Geoffrey, I can relax and not be shy. I can tell him what I want and he'll run with it.

For me, the definition of a friend is someone I like and have something in common with. Someone I see regularly and share experiences with.

Over the years, I've had friends who never had as much money as me. But that's never worried me: I'm happy to pay for dinner or whatever for someone I like and want to spend time with.

For me, spending money on a pleasurable experience is the best kind of investment, an ideal use of my cash.

It's like that with Geoffrey, except I'm getting a whole more than something to eat.

And he doesn't charge anything for those regular chats we have on the phone between visits, so it's just like any other friend I've known over the years.

I've offered to pay for his time but he's told me he likes talking with me. So I always add a little extra when I pay for my next session and, apart from thanking me, we don't discuss it.

I've read about "friends with benefits" online. I've often wondered if that could really be a genuine friendship. Or just some sort of convenient way of getting casual sex with someone you don't know very well.

I have nothing against casual sex. But I want something deeper and more intimate than only the physical side of a relationship. That's one reason those phone calls we make to one another between visits are so important.

I like Geoffrey a lot. And I feel he genuinely likes me too. We're quickly becoming great friends. And the benefits are sensational.



Why I love to finger-fuck Geoffrey's arse until he cums

My fantasy was to finger the hot, velvety smooth tightness of Geoffrey's arse hole. Probing, stroking, rubbing and exploring his prostate until he cums.

When I was a military doctor, it was my job to perform rectal and genital examinations on men. There was never anything sexual about it; I was never turned on by guys in those days anyway.

Now I'm older, I find the shape of a man's butt very attractive and arousing.

I've imagined getting my fingers inside a willing guy's arse - exploring, probing and stretching his hole - and massaging his prostate. And not while wearing surgical gloves, either.

The heat of his hole. The velvety, smooth texture of his insides. The tightness of his muscles pressing against my digits. And that way they'd soon relax so I could get a fat finger or two all the way inside.

Tracing that finger all around the outer edges of his prostate, rubbing, stroking and poking it until he lost control and had to cum.

I've wondered too how it must feel to fuck a man's arse with my dick or maybe a dildo. It must be pretty good if so many men are into it. But my main fantasy has been about fingering a guy's bum hole.

I only ever inserted one gloved finger up inside a man to check his prostate. A quick exploration to see that he was healthy.

With a willing man, I'd like to see how many fingers I could fit at one time. Stroking his arse lips. Slowly stretching his hole open as widely as he'd let me.

I imagined that with sufficient lubrication and rubbing his prostate, I could get a guy to blow for me too. It'd probably take some time but I didn't need to rush the way I'd had to when it was my job. I read somewhere on Geoffrey's site that he'd be keen for me to finger his bum. It was one of the reasons I decided to go for a session with him. That, and how accurately I discovered he'd described his body.

He's a sexy, sensual man. A masculine body without too much hair. Tall with long, muscular legs. The kind of bum I like to finger and a thick, cut cock to stroke.

As I undressed, I told him I didn't want a massage this first time. Instead, I told him my fantasy. I could tell how keen he was too, when he knelt so readily on the massage table the way I asked. Face down, legs well-spread, bum raised, his hole exposed and primed for me.

I had a good look first, inspecting his hole, running a well-oiled fingertip all around the outer lips. Getting him ready for a deep, digital probing.

I reached between his legs, pulling his rigid dick back towards me. That made him lean further forwards and raise his butt higher.

Using one well-oiled finger and gently teasing and stroking the anal sphincter, I waited for his opening to relax, ready to welcome my fingers inside.

I slowly inserted a probing index finger into his rectum to the point where the prostate is most accessible. I rubbed firmly and slowly across the bump, as if I was feeling for any abnormalities.

There were none, of course, but that didn't stop me from checking again. And, just to be sure, again and again. It was a good size and I knew that probably meant a bucket load of cream when I finally made him cum.

I was looking forward to watching him blow but I was in no hurry.

I pushed my finger in further and twisted it around to feel the soft inner lining of his rectum, then hooking my finger slightly, I pulled it all the way out again.

Next I tried two fingers, spreading them apart and feeling how his bum muscles began to relax.

Suddenly I heard him gasp, felt his body shudder, his arse muscles squeeze and grip my fingers tightly.

I grabbed his dick, expecting to feel the warm wetness of his ejaculation. A little disappointed he'd cum so soon. It was leaking like a tap but I didn't think he'd cum. I was sure I hadn't been mistaken about milking a bucket of cum from his prostate.

I left my fingers inside him and released his dick. Once he'd stopped shaking, I asked if he was ok.

He was better than ok, he said. He'd had a prostatic orgasm. I hadn't thought of that. I've heard about men ejaculating from having their prostate massaged but it hadn't occurred to me he might have a dry, full body orgasm first.

It was so hot the way his arse had clamped onto my fingers. I asked if we could do it again. He said it might take a while but if I kept massaging inside his hole the same way, why not.

He didn't have to tell me twice.

I massaged his prostate, felt as deeply inside him as my fingers could go. And yes, he had another orgasm. This time I was ready for him.

As his arse muscles clamped onto my fingers, I rapidly milked his dick so he gave me an immense load of cum too. You should have heard him as he blew and you had to be there to see the effect of my fingering him.

After that, I thought he'd probably want me to stop. His hole was fairly relaxed and stretched, not loose though, as I soon discovered.

But he was keen to continue. As he added, it was time he demonstrated his hands-on talents on my hard dick too. Plus I got to enjoy the unexpected and pure delight of plunging my dick inside his arse too.

I have to say that fingering Geoffrey's tight arse hole was way better than my early days performing rectal examinations on unwilling soldiers.

He'd enjoyed having my fat fingers and my dick inside him as much as I had. I'd brought him to an orgasm twice, made him blow his huge load for me and got my dick up inside him too. That never happened when I was a military doctor.



Advice from a guy who loves to rim a man's arse

Do you love to rim, lick, kiss and suck a man's arse? Probing, exploring and tongue-fucking his velvety smooth, delicious rosebud hole? Visit Geoffrey.

I love the feeling of having my mouth completely connected to a man's arsehole. To lose myself for hours licking and sucking, almost smothered between his muscular buttocks. My favourite position is on my back with a guy's hole planted firmly on my lips.

So on my first visit to Geoffrey some years ago, I asked if, instead of giving me a massage, he'd sit on my face for the hour.

Not only did he agree but, it turned out he was totally into it as well.

That first visit, I was in such heaven I've returned for another face-sitting session with him regularly. And it gets better every time. He's a master face-sitter.

When he meets me at the front door, he'll often be wearing a revealing pair of mesh shorts, a jockstrap or a g-string with the strap covering his hole so I can only admire his butt cheeks.

He's a sexy, sensual man. A masculine body without too much hair. Tall with long, muscular legs. A beefy bum with a light sprinkling of hair in his crack and a delicious hole I love to lick and suck.

I love how he teases me first. I can look all I want but I'm not allowed to touch his bum.

As I strip off, he'll stand close to me, bend over and spread his cheeks, inviting me to look longingly at his rosebud hole.

He loves me to simply look at and admire his delicious hole. And I'm more than eager to look and

lick my lips in anticipation. Looking at where my face is soon going to be drives me wild with lust.

Once I'm naked, I lie on his bed, my head on a pillow. He straddles my chest and parts his bum cheeks to show me his lightly hairy hole but staying just out of reach of my mouth.

Then he gives me a show, winking his tight hole until I'm salivating with lust. Arches his back so his bum sticks out more.

Finally, he'll lean back slightly so he's resting his bum on my well-shaved chin - still out of reach of my tongue - and gently rock back and forward, like he's fucking my face.

I've learned to let him take charge of how and when I'm allowed to rim him. He knows what he's doing.

But that first time, I couldn't contain myself. I had to taste him.

I reached around his waist and made him sit higher, right on my lips. My turn to tease him. My tongue went straight to work, licking all around the rosy lips. Up and down his arse crack. He tried to sit back on my mouth but I wanted him to beg me to poke my tongue into him.

“Lick my hole,” he said. I pressed the tip of my tongue against his opening, making it firm like it was a little cock. His sigh told me I’d hit the right spot, so I kept making little circles with my tongue. Then, like he knew what I really wanted, he relaxed parting his cheeks and settling onto my face.

Geoffrey has a beefy, round, muscular bum that’s perfect for rimming. That first time he had a light dusting of hair along his crack and around his hole. If I give him enough notice, he’s happy to shave all the hair away. I reckon it makes the sensations of my soft, wet tongue even better for him.

That sensation of almost being smothered by his smooth, round buttocks is an absolute delight. I love to sniff his musky, manly butt hole.

And he doesn’t simply sit still. He grinds his butt over my face, wiping it across my lips, while I lick and suck and nibble on his hole.

I love rimming the outer lips of his arse. Even more than that I adore fucking him with my tongue, getting as much inside his arse as I can manage. I know I’m safe doing this because he’s always clean. He’s told me he always washes himself very carefully - inside and out.

The most exciting way to get his hole open enough to get my tongue inside him is to fuck him with my cock. My cock's not very long but it's thick enough to stretch his hole.

Sometimes, after he's teased me and before I lie on the bed, he'll bend over and I'll enter him from behind, slowly easing my cock all the way inside and pulsing a few times to open him up.

The temptation to start fucking him is sometimes too much but he'll usually pull forward before I get totally carried away.

Then for the next hour or so, he'll sit on my face while I tongue fuck him and completely lose myself in the magical sensations as I rim, lick, finger and kiss his delicious arse hole.



Two tops for one horny bottom

Geoffrey was naked when we arrived and clearly excited to see us. We were a bit nervous but once we were naked too we quickly became more relaxed.

We started with a hug, fondling cocks and kissing mouths until Geoffrey dropped to his knees for the first of our fantasies: having our cocks sucked in one mouth at the same time.

It was an exquisite feeling as our cocks slid around together inside Geoffrey's velvety smooth mouth, not quite fitting so we had to thrust and jostle.

He fondled our balls, at one point bending down and forcing his head between my legs to suck each
geoffrey's male massage

of my shaved balls into his mouth and leaving them dripping.

Then he deep throated Dave's huge cock, his head bobbing up and down the shaft, nibbling gently on the foreskin.

Then it was my turn and he sucked and wanked my cock at the same time.

His other free hand was expertly pulling on Dave's cock too.

Dave and I kept kissing, our hands exploring one another and occasionally bending down to tweak Geoffrey's nipples or holding the back of his head to thrust more cock inside his hot, wet mouth.

After several minutes, Geoffrey suggested we move to the bed.

Dave lay down first and Geoffrey knelt between his legs, doggie style, his butt pointing in my direction as he started sucking Dave's cock some more.

"I think he wants a cock in this hole too," I said.

I reached for a rubber and went for a stab at my second fantasy: fucking a guy's arse.

He lifted his head from Dave's cock as I penetrated him slowly, letting him get used to the way my thick pole was stretching his opening.

I pushed his head back towards Dave's cock and he obediently returned to sucking, pulling on Dave's big balls at the same time, stretching them away from his body.

Once his tight arse was impaled on my thick cock, I fucked him hard and fast for a few moments.

I stopped for a few breaths, pulling out until just the head was inside him and pulsed my shaft a few times.

He liked that so I did it again before sliding all the way into him until my balls were squashed against his bum cheeks.

It was a great feeling and I knew I wouldn't last long so I began to pound at his arse again, faster and faster, almost pushing him over, trying to force him to swallow Dave's cock and speeding up until I blew.

I pulled out, took off the condom and wiped my cock clean with a wet towel.

Geoffrey was still sucking away at Ben's cock and bent over I could see how I'd helped to open him up behind too.

I reached beneath him and tweaked one of his nipples hard.

He tried to pull away so I squeezed harder then let go.

I slapped his butt hard and told him to get off the bed.

“It’s Dave’s turn to fuck you and I want to watch his cock slide into you,” I said.

Dave’s cock is longer and thicker than mine with a lovely foreskin that slips back and forth and keeps the head moist.

It usually pumps out lots of precum and by now it was dripping.

Dave got off the bed and stood behind Geoffrey.

I knelt underneath so I could watch.

Dave’s sheathed cock slipped inside Geoffrey’s hole easily after it’d been so well stretched by mine.

Dave started up a rhythmic thrusting almost immediately that I knew he could keep up for some time if he wanted.

I pulled on Geoffrey’s cock, wanking up and down, trying to keep in time to Dave’s strokes.

With all the friction in his arse and on his cock, it didn’t take long before Geoffrey started coming in great squirts, groaning and clenching his butt muscles.



Dave pulled his cock out and stood back.

Geoffrey stood up and turned to face us, a wicked smile on his face and a still-rigid cock pointing at us.

Dave reached around behind him to finger his loosened hole.

“Look at him, he’s ready to go again!”

I pulled another condom on and started fucking him again, with Dave sitting on the floor, watching and encouraging me to go faster and deeper.

It was a wild sensation, my cock sliding in and out of his hole, Dave telling me fuck harder.

“Yeah, “he said, “slide in this way.

Now out all the way, yeah and back in.

Push back, Geoffrey, get it all the way in.

You’ve got a great arse for fucking hard.

It’s so hot watching that cock pounding away at you.”

We swapped places again and Dave fucked him some more while Geoffrey wanked my cock.

His hot hole was really stretching now with all this fucking.

“Hold still a moment, I want to feel inside.” Dave paused in his thrusting and I slid my finger inside, feeling Dave’s cock and Geoffrey’s hot, moist insides.

“Lie on the bed,” I told Dave.

“I think we should both fuck him. Cocks together.”

Dave lay down and I positioned myself so our cocks were close together.

“Now, sit on our cocks and ride us.” Geoffrey straddled our legs and lowered himself slowly onto our throbbing erections.

The feeling as both cocks slid up inside him was incredible.

His hole was loose enough now to take both of them but still so tight and wet.

He started slowly lifting his arse up and then lowering it again, getting into a rhythm as our cocks slipped against each other.

The intense sensations were beginning to get too much for me.

Geoffrey squeezed his arse muscles tightly once more and that was it.

“I’m cumming,” I shouted.

“Yeah, baby, cum for me,” Dave said.

The condom ballooned with my cum as I thrashed about on the bed.

We paused for a moment, then Geoffrey lifted on our cocks and mine slipped out.

I moved to the side and let Geoffrey sit back down on Dave's still rigid erection.

He started a rocking motion as Dave's cock slid in and out of his hole.

I could see this was beginning to work its charm on Dave and he was getting close to his first climax.

"Like on your back, so I can get in deeper," he said.

Geoffrey pulled off and swung his leg over to get in position.

"Hang on, turn around, I want to see that hole," Dave said.

Geoffrey did as he was told and Dave pulled his wet cheeks apart.

"Take a look at that," he told me.

It was a horny sight, all red and slippery.

I lightly ran a finger around his arse lips then sucked my finger.

"Delicious," I said.

"Here, Dave have a taste."



Dave rolled over and stuck his tongue right up Geoffrey's arse, sucking noisily.

When he came away his face was wet and he was grinning.

"Your turn," he told me and held the back of my neck so I could sniff and lick at Geoffrey's hole.

"Yum," I agreed.

"Now get your cock back up there.

Fuck him till you cum."

With Geoffrey's legs spread either side of his neck, resting on his shoulders, Dave entered him again.

This time he didn't go slowly but started pounding away so Geoffrey's whole body slid back and forth along the bed.

It didn't take long before they were both moaning and groaning and I could tell Dave was close again.

A few moments later he plunged far up Geoffrey's arse and with a great shout, they both blew at the same time.

Geoffrey's cum went over his head, splashing his chin, some getting into his open mouth.

I reach forward then and kissed him, tasting his delicious spunk.

Dave's body went rigid and then he collapsed on the bed, his cock still wedged inside Geoffrey's hole.

We all lay for a few moments, panting, our bodies covered in the sweat from our exertions.

"Jesus, that was good," Dave said in an understatement.

"I'm knackered."

"Me too," Geoffrey said.

Dave's cock slipped out and he disentangled himself from Geoffrey's legs and removed his condom.

"Turn over onto your front," he said, "and spread those cheeks.

I want another look." Geoffrey did as he was told and Dave and I looked at his loosened hole.

I gave his bum a resounding slap.

"That's a great arse for fucking," Dave said.

"Time for a shower," I said.

Nobody moved for a few moments, then we all went to his wet room, soaped up and showered together.

Then we returned to his room and started sorting through our clothes.

Geoffrey stood back, his cock hard again, pointing straight at us. He slowly stroked it as he watched us.

“Looks like he wants more,” I said to Dave, grinning.

“He does, doesn’t he?” said Dave. “Well, I won’t say no, though it’s your turn to fuck him.”

“Assume the position,” I said, pointing to the bed.

“On all fours, bum this way.”

He did as he was told, his cheeks parted nicely and I rewarded him by inserting two fingers into his hole. He pushed back against my hand and in they slipped. I felt around inside him for a moment or two then leant over to get some more oil.

I lubricated his hole some more, then guided my now rigid, sheathed cock towards his opening, sliding in with one deep thrust. He pushed back again until my cock was inside him to my balls.

Dave sat on the bed and reached for Geoffrey’s cock, stroking it with some oil and making his arse hole twitch and throb, pressing down on the shaft of my cock.

“He’s got a great arse for fucking,” I said and began pulling my cock out ready to slam it back inside him.

“He’s enjoying this too,” Dave said. “His cock is getting harder by the minute.”

I started my rhythmic thrusting and pulling out, grabbing onto Geoffrey’s hips to stop him falling forward. It wasn’t going to be a long fuck but it sure felt good being inside him. A few more thrusts and I could feel my balls rising up and that delicious feeling deep inside that comes just before I blow.

Dave was pounding away at Geoffrey’s cock too and playing with his own.

I picked up speed and was soon pounding into his hot hole. Then my cock exploded, my cum shooting deep inside him. At the same time, Geoffrey let out a shout and came too, splashing onto the bed.

I pulled my tired cock out of his hole and he flopped forward onto the bed, his whole body still spasming from his orgasm. I reached forward and slapped his bare butt cheek. “That was excellent,” I said, reaching for a towel to wipe my cock clean.

“We need another shower after that,” I said.

“Unless you want to give Dave another go.”

“A shower first,” Geoffrey said, turning over on the bed. “And then, who knows. I bet I’m loose enough now to take you both at the same time.”

With that exciting idea we headed back to the shower for a quick rinse.



You satisfy my passion for naked, male to male intercourse

Spending two naked hours enjoying your erotic massage, sexy body play and conversation satisfied my passion for male to male intercourse in every way.

I'll never forget my first nude, body on body session with you. If there's anything you don't know about giving pleasure to a horny man, I'd like to know what it is.

I'm no virgin when it comes to sex with a man. Though I haven't had a lot of experience either. So I was looking for a friendly man who'd let me explore male to male sex. Maybe teach me a few things too. I loved how you were so open and relaxed. Willing to let me explore your body too while you satisfied my passion for intercourse in more ways than one. More than that, it was obvious you enjoyed playing with me too. And that totally turned me on. That way you ran your hands across my hairy chest and tweaked my sensitive nipples. I've never felt anything as good as you fondling my big balls. And what you know about massaging and stroking my cock would fill a book.

I reckon I could easily handle a few hours of you working your masturbation magic up and down the length of my rigid cock. That is, if you didn't have other sexual talents in store.

I was a little nervous when I arrived. But when you answered the door in the nude and I got my first look at you, I forgot to be shy.

All those sexy pictures of naked men in your amazing studio. The mirrors and soft lighting. I

didn't know where to look first. I undressed and we chatted a bit, I think.

You invited me to lie on your table for a massage. Instead, I sat on the edge of your bed and pulled you towards me. My arms around your hot body and your hard cock pressed against my lips, licking your precum. Delicious.

I wanted your fat cock down my throat but I could only manage to suck the head into my mouth. You said I could try again later.

When I let you go, you asked if I was ready for a massage. I wanted us to lie naked together on the bed first.

It was so hot when you knelt on the bed - your bum cheeks spread - and asked which way I wanted you. Just as you are, I said.

I couldn't resist the temptation to kneel behind you and look at your lovely, tight hole. I knew I had to taste that part of you too. And I loved licking you even more than I'd imagined. Your rosebud hole is so soft and smooth.

I wanted to rub my cock between your bum cheeks, to feel the slippery smoothness of your hole. I wanted to penetrate you, to be inside you.

To give you some of the enormous pleasure you were giving me.

And you said you'd like that too but we had plenty of time. There was no reason to rush. So I decided to let you massage me at last. That was before I discovered I could come more than once.

I won't go into detail about your erotic massage. Except to say I have to agree with that guy who described you as 'Sydney's best erotic masseur'.

I've had a few massages in my time but never anything that comes close to your style. Your hands are so soothing. The way you move in time to the music so sensual. I felt relaxed and incredibly aroused at the same time.

And how you paused, so I could lick and suck your cock. Or slip a finger between your beautiful bum cheeks, into your hot hole and imagine it was my cock inside you.

When you asked me to turn over, I was completely in the mood for more than your hands stroking my cock. I was more than ready to fuck you.

I couldn't wait for us to return to the bed. By now, I urgently needed to feel my cock plunged deep

inside your hot hole, my knob pressing against your prostate.

I slipped on the condom you handed me. Bent you over the massage table, oiled your hole and slowly entered your arse. The tightness of your muscles on my shaft, the slippery heat of your insides.

How you pulled your cheeks apart so I could plunge another inch inside you. My balls slapping against your bum. I knew I should slow down. You had me so aroused I couldn't stop thrusting in and out of you. I was so close to coming, I had to blow inside you.

I saw stars. My body shook. OMG. I heard myself shout out loud, as my cock spurted a load in you. Thank heavens for the condom.

I needed a rest after my explosive orgasm. I felt completely comfortable lying naked next to you on the bed, talking and touching. I've got a lot to say and I like an intelligent, worldly man to share my ideas with.

In my experience, there aren't many smart, well-educated people who are also any good in the bedroom as well.

I'm delighted to have discovered you, Geoffrey. You're like the sexual partner I never knew I'd missed.

The pleasure of holding you, of stroking your cock and touching you all over as we talked soon got me hard again.

We'd stopped talking about the books we'd read. Or the movies and music we liked. We clearly share plenty of common interests. Apart from great sex. Now I wanted to tell you how much I'd enjoyed fucking you. Trying to describe and recapture the sensations of being inside you. Asking questions about what I could do arouse you too.

I was delighted when you said how much you enjoyed being fucked. And I was more than ready for another, slower attempt.

The sight of you lying on your back with your legs in the air, so exposed and ready for me to penetrate you was all I needed to get another raging hard-on.

With your ankles resting on my shoulders, I entered your lovely arse hole a second time. Plunging back and forwards, as deeply and slowly as I could.

I wanted this fuck to last. I wanted to give you the kind of intense pleasure your arse muscles were giving my cock. I wanted to see and feel you pleasure yourself with every thrust. To lean forward gently and kiss you.

Watching you shoot your load onto your chest made me cum a second time too. It's a good thing no one could hear all the noise we made.



69 ways to blow my load

At some point, we ended up in a 69 position. I was lying on my back on his bed. Geoffrey was above, his knees straddling my face, his own face directly over my basket.

I don't know what started it - maybe he was intoxicated by the musky smell from my crotch - but he started licking my balls. At first I couldn't believe it was happening, so I lay very still.

But sure enough, his tongue was all over my balls. It felt as if he was sucking on each individual hair on my ball sac. He sucked each ball into his mouth

and then amazingly he sucked both into his mouth at the same time.

The feeling of the soft inside of his mouth pressing against my balls was incredible. He released one and went back to licking and tonguing each ball individually.

As he rocked back and forth, his cheeks spread apart, all I could do was gaze at his hole only inches from my face. I poked my tongue into his hairy crack each time his butt was in range.

He responded by thrusting his hard cock against my slick chest. He was still sucking my balls so I grabbed his buttocks and buried my face in his arse.

Each time he pressed toward me, I shoved my tongue into his hole. I nibbled at his pucker, swirled my tongue through the hairs around it, licked and sucked like there was no tomorrow. I was in heaven.

The friction of his torso as he humped my chest sent waves of pleasure through my cock.

I knew I was almost ready to cum, because my balls kept pulling up and Geoffrey kept trying to suck them back down.

I felt a twinge at the tip of my throbbing dick and knew I was about to reach the point of no return. I wanted to put it off, but I couldn't ease the stimulation.

And then, as he continued sucking and pulling on my balls, I shot a wad of hot cum that splashed his chest and throat. Usually I squirt one big wad of cream and then dribble out the rest. But this time I must have shot at least five major loads.

Geoffrey obviously felt my smooth, warm cum dripping from his chest, because he started pumping his cock even faster.

In a few moments he mixed his own juice with mine and collapsed on top of me, his face between my legs. We just lay like that for a while. His still hard cock pressed into me, still oozing more of his juices.



Fun with butt plugs

I usually like to start by getting Geoffrey kneeling doggy-style on the table, head down, legs apart, his butt is raised, cheeks spread and his hole accessible.

I sat behind him and greased my hands. Then I slathered oil between his cheeks.

Usually he's shaved his arse for me so there was a delicious slickness as my hands slopped oil around his hole.

I started by fingering inside him.

One at a time, poking and feeling, pulling this way and that, stretching.

When he had enough lubricant inside, I slowly slid one of the finger dildos into his arse, up to the hilt to spread the grease deeper inside him, then out to make way for my finger.

I pushed my finger in further this time and twisted it around to feel the soft inner lining of his rectum, then hooked my finger slightly, pulled it all the way out again.

At this stage it's all about getting him loose so I tried my sheathed cock the first chance I got.

He is so tight, I almost came the moment my balls banged against his butt.

But I held off and pulled back all the way, almost until the head slipped out and then bam!, my cock was buried deep inside his moist hole again.

He grunted and squirmed, moaning as my shaft thrust past his prostate.

I gripped his legs and pushed my hips forward to get my cock in deeper.

Then I started to pound his cheeks, my rigid cock a piston in and out of him.

I withdrew my cock and pull his cheeks apart to check his hole.

A little looser now, I told him: “it’s looking real good, real nice, waiting for me to stick something long and thick and hard in there.”

I teased him with the head of an 8-inch dildo I wanted to try to ease inside him.

I managed to get the head in; slipped past the sphincter, it pushed into him.

He tried to pull away, but I pulled him back towards me, forcing the dildo to push further into his arse.

He groaned and I said: “it’s ok baby, it’s going into your tight arse.

It feels so good.” He groaned again and I let the dildo slip all the way out and bent to check his hole again, pushing two fingers inside now and spreading them: “that’s a nice looking hole,” I told him and he responded by pulsing that tight tunnel against my probing fingers.

We continued like this for a few more minutes.

Pushing the dildo as far up inside him as he could manage and pulling it out then massaging his arse lips with my fingers.

Finally, I got that schlong all the way into him and it looked great.

“You’re all plugged up,” I told him, “now we’ll leave that inside you for a while and you can get back to massaging me.”

He climbed awkwardly off the table, keeping one hand on the dildo.

He had to clamp his arse muscles tightly to keep the dildo up inside him.

I reached around to help, shoving the truncheon up his arse whenever I got the chance until finally I feel both his hands leave my body and turn to see him thrusting that dildo up and into his own arse.

“Turn around,” I told him wanting to see it sliding in and out of his hole.

He turned and bent over.

He pulled the dildo out all the way and then slid it straight back into his hole, repeating this a few times until he seemed to be having spasms.

He stood straight up and in the mirror I watched as wad after wad of thick creamy white splashed out of his cock; one, two, three.

I turned him around to face me as the last wad spurted out, catching me on the chest and the dildo slipped out of his arse and flopped onto the ground.

Feeling my own orgasm approaching, I turned him around and made him bend over again. “Show me your hot arse, baby”.

Suddenly, the wild thought of licking and fingering his throbbing arse was enough to push me over the edge and I came explosively.



Who else loves having his balls massaged and fondled?

That sensual way Geoffrey massaged, stroked and fondled my testicles with his talented hands felt like he was worshipping and making love to them.

Lying face down, I spread my legs apart, my feet hanging over the sides of his massage table. I stretched my scrotum so my large, hairless

testicles were fully exposed; my hard cock pressed against my stomach.

Geoffrey started his massage at my feet. I knew he was enjoying a great view between my legs. I loved that he was looking at my balls too.

I felt his hands gliding along my inner thighs, his fingers bare inches from my balls. Over and over, each time slipping a little closer. My cock was already leaking precum with the anticipation of his first touch.

But he moved to the top of the table instead and began oiling my back. He was teasing me. Making me wait. I loved it.

He massaged my smooth body all over but without once touching my balls. So all my attention was focussed there. The intensity of the sensations was incredible. I longed for him to touch them and I wasn't sure how much more of his torture I could stand.

Just when I thought I'd have to beg him to handle them, I felt him slowly slip his hands between my thighs, pulling them apart slightly.

I turned my head to watch in the mirror as he bent over. His face was so close to my bum, I could feel

his hot breath. He was having another good, hard look at my balls.

His hands went lower, his fingers lightly stroking the back of my testicles. Tracing the outline of each ball separately. It took all my self-control not to blow my load.

He released my legs and grasped my ball sac in one hand. Jiggling each one on his fingers like he was feeling their weight. His fingers circling round the outline of each hefty globe.

When he withdrew his hands, I was disappointed. Was that all he was going to do? Was he just like all those other guys who fondled my balls one or twice and then stopped?

No! I felt his hands return, slathering warm oil all over my balls. Now when he lifted my balls up, they slipped and slithered around on his palms. Feeling each one all around, his fingers tracing their size and shape.

He lifted them up together and slid his hand underneath, reaching towards my cock. I lifted my hips to give him room to grip the shaft. His other hand was still holding my balls. I felt him pulling them gently, stretching my sac.

I humped the table, thrusting my cock back and forth against his slippery palm. But I couldn't keep that up for too long without coming so I soon stopped.

He released my cock and balls and asked me to turn over. He could do much more with my balls if I lay on my back, he said.

I couldn't turn over fast enough.

My testicles lay low between my spread legs. My cock was throbbing and leaking onto my stomach. My arms by my side so I could stroke his cock too when he was nearby. My head resting on a pillow so I could watch the action.

As he had done earlier, he massaged me everywhere but didn't touch my balls or cock at all. But now I knew how much he wanted to fondle my balls, so I waited until he was ready.

My cock bounced and dribbled more precum when he slipped the back of his hand beneath my balls. He turned his hand over and gripped my balls firmly.

Circled his finger and thumb around the sack, pulling and stretching them. He wiped his palm over them, then up higher along the shaft of my



cock. Back and forth, over and over.

He pulled my scrotum down onto the table, brushing it against the soft sheet. Pulled it away until my balls seemed almost to be separated from the rest of my body.

Each downward stroke pulled a little harder - not unpleasantly. Nothing about the way he handled my testicles was unpleasant. Far from it.

The heat of his oily hands warming my balls, making them more stretchy.

Still caught in his fingers, he pulled them up, to one side, then the other. Gripped each ball individually like it was trapped in a ball cage.

I watched as he bent over me and blew a stream of hot air between my legs. His mouth was so close, if he only stuck his tongue out an inch. Would he, I wondered?

The sensation of his hands working on my balls was incredible.

But the way he sucked them was beyond belief.

First he nibbled around the edges and all over my scrotum, sucking, licking and smoothing the crinkled skin. Running his tongue all around my balls, like he was trying to lift them onto his

tongue. They kept slipping off, so he had to do it again and again.

Then he sucked each one against his parted lips, not yet drawing them into his mouth. And when he opened his mouth wider, he sucked each one inside, pressing it against his soft inner cheeks. Rolling it around on his tongue.

Letting it free and sucking the other one inside. Then both together, so my balls were pressed together, pressed inside his hot mouth, his tongue fighting them for room. Then one after the other again.

He gripped my balls with one hand, stretching until they were taut against the skin. Sucked and licked them all over. Like he was tasting the most delicious sweet treat. I could tell he was loving this as much as I was.

While he was giving my balls a tongue lashing, he was still paying attention to my cock. His hands running up and down the shaft, his palms sliding over the sensitive knob.

I began to feel the tingling sensation of an approaching orgasm. The more my balls pulled

back, the harder he sucked. One after the other, then both together, pulling them back again.

I said I was about to blow. He stopped sucking my balls and gripped them together in one hand, stretching and stroking. I felt a twinge at the tip of my cock. I was at that point of no return. Still he tugged and massaged my balls, not letting them ride up inside.

The first shot of cum flew onto my chest. The second, when he released his grip on my balls, hit my chin.



Taking it up the arse

I like a guy who can take my cock for hours and Geoffrey never disappoints me, letting me fuck his tight arse as long as I like.

I like to start off by just admiring what I'm going to plug, so I ask him to bend over and spread 'em. What an incredible sight!

I usually give his puckered lips a kiss before getting to work relaxing his hole, using one or two fingers to pull the lips apart or teasing his hole with my tongue to get it all loose and wet.

I love the way he responds as he relaxes, moving his hips backwards and forwards, his love hole twitching and juicy.

But the best part is the way he opens up for me when I first slide my rubber-covered cock up inside him. My cock isn't very long but it's pretty thick and the way it feels against his tight tunnel is magic.

Once I've got my whole cock inside him, I like to pause and pulse my shaft and feel the rippling of his response as he clenches his butt.

Pretty soon, I have to start pumping in and out, riding him, pounding his hole and spreading his cheeks so I can feel my balls slapping against his. I can keep this sort of action going for a while but I like to change positions often.

Sometimes that means I have to pull my dick out to so I can get his legs where I want them or so he can kneel doggie style in front of me or sit on my lap and bounce up and down.

I always like to admire my handiwork and look at his hole, maybe have a taste, finger him before I start to fuck him again with my cock.

My favourite position is face to face, his legs wrapped around my body and me poking him with slow thrusts, and talking to him about my life or how great it is to be fucking him or whatever comes to mind.

We use a lot of oil (and nonlatex condoms) and I love the sounds our bodies make when I'm slapping into him.

It can be hours before I feel those familiar exciting churnings in his arse or see by his face that he's close.

I pick up speed to match the way he strokes and pounds his shaft and he rewards me with the clamping of his arse muscles all along my thick shaft, until he cums and then it's pure heaven riding his bucking arse as he slides his arse up and down my cock trying to get me in deeper and harder while watching ropes of jism fly through the air, splattering on his chest or in his hair, spurt after powerful spurt.

And I'm still fucking him, as his body writhes on the bed and he pushes against me and pulls away in a paroxysm and when he stops coming.



All of a sudden it's like he's paralysed, his face contorted in flashing spasms of ecstasy so then I slow down.

Let him rest briefly before I start pumping my still hard erection in and out of his arse again, getting him ready for another orgasm or for mine.

He recovers. He responds anew. Soon we're pounding away together or adjusting to yet another position. Now I'm talking about how exciting it is to be in his hole, to know he's mine to have even longer.

I think he likes me to talk.

When I'm ready to cum, I'll have him doggie style on the floor with me behind swinging my hips back and forth and slamming into his arse. I hold his pelvis firm to stop him moving too far away so on my swing back, I bury my cockhead deep inside his arse.

Each of my powerful thrusts against his now loosened sphincter opens his , and I stop talking as I build up my rhythm until the only sound in the room is the schlick-schlick noise of my rigid cock in his slippery arse and my panting as I reach orgasm.

With a condom on, I can let my cum squirt deep inside him and keep fucking his arse until there's no more cum. Even then, after I've cum my cock stays hard enough so I'll probably fuck him for a few minutes more savouring the excitement.

When I do pull my cock out, I make sure I get one last look at what I've created.

If I'm lucky I can get him to squat above my face so I get a great view of his hole, loose now, wet and I can lick and finger him until I finally have to shower and leave.



Enjoying him every which way but loose

"Lie face down on the table," I told him. I felt a bit nervous telling Geoffrey what to do but I was already too excited to stop.

When he was lying down, I told him: "Spread your legs wide so I can see your balls."

He did that too. This was a little too easy.

I playfully slapped his arse cheek.

He grunted and pressed his hips into the table top trying to escape. I slapped him again, a little harder.

He ground his hips again in response. His cheeks were red now, inflamed, a tantalising sight.

I moved to the foot of the table and looked between his legs.

That's where I want to be, I thought, slipping about in there.

“Great view,” I said and meant it.

I climbed onto the table and knelt between his legs, getting a better look at his rounded buttocks.

Gripping the table on either side, I leant forward and slowly lowered my body until the head of my throbbing erection grazed his crack, gently parting his cheeks.

I lifted my cock up and let it rest on his back, my balls flopping against his arse.

Then I lowered myself until our bodies were touching, my legs between his, my cock pressing into his back.

With all the oil I used on my body and the slickness of his sweat, it was easy to slip and slide about.

As I moved, I made sure I “accidentally” slipped a little lower until at one point my cock slid between his thighs and bumped against his balls before

being wedged alongside his cock pressed into the table.

I repositioned myself and this time my cock accidentally pushed up against his hole, almost going inside.

He pulled his head up sharply then and said “Careful!”

I pulled myself back up and knelt between his legs, got some extra oil and began to lubricate his arse, prodding inside his tight hole with one then two fingers.

I slapped his cheeks with my free hands until he was squirming and groaning beneath me.

I paused a moment and put a condom on my dripping cock, then leant forward once more in a similar position but with my cock pushed up against his crack.

I lay on top of him and gripped his arms to hold him in position, then raised my hips a little so the top of my cock found his opening.

I breathed in his ear “I’m protected!” as I pushed my rigid cock inside him.

He wriggled but couldn’t move any way except back against me.

The moment he did that I thrust my cock deep inside him, feeling his butt crash against my pelvis and my balls squashed against his upper thighs.

“Oh fuck!” he exclaimed. “What are you doing? Oh, stop.”

“Come on, you know you want it. You want to be fucked hard and fast.”

I punctuated each word with a thrust of my cock. I released his arms and letting my whole weight rest on him felt down to his butt cheeks, pulling them apart so I could shove more of my cock into him.

I lay still for a moment feeling the intensity of heat and the exciting way his arse tingled and throbbed along the shaft of my cock whenever I pulsed my cock.

He was tight, like a ring gripping my cock, his inner walls massaging the sensitive tip of my cock buried deep inside him.

He was moaning by now, trying to milk my cock, wanting more.

I gripped the side of the table again for support and started pumping my cock in and out of his arse, my balls slapping hard against him each time.

I started slowly, building up to a battering and then slowing down again and poking into him from the side as well as from behind.

I kept this up for a few minutes until my arms grew tired.

I pulled out his arse and sat back on my heels, admiring the way I'd opened his hole up.

I reached forward and motioned to him to kneel doggy-style before me.

Once he was in position, I fingered him for a few strokes then slid my cock back inside him.

I began the same rhythmic process again of slowly poking at his hole and building up to a fast paced, ball slapping pounding that had him almost falling forward at times.

He was able to get at his own cock now .

The noise of my balls slapping against his sweaty skin was joined by the schlock-schlock of his hand stroking his slick shaft.

Each time I slammed into him, his hand made his cock throb a bit more and that translated into his arse clenching and clamping tightly on my cock.

I knew, as much as I wanted this to last for much longer, that I was getting close to the edge.

So I picked up the pace, pounding his hole stroke after stroke down the last stretch until I felt that peculiar tickling in my balls that happens before I blow.

One, two, I was coming, my body electrified by the sensations in my cock and my head.

I thrust my cock as deep inside his arse as I could get it and felt the head of my cock expand and then the squirting of my cum inside the condom.

I pulled out his arse and removed the condom, my cock still hard and pulsing, cum dripping from the head.

I sat back on my heels and looked at his hole, spreading his cheeks with my fingers and running a third down the now loosened opening.

He was still wanking his cock between his legs and so I leaned forward and helped by stroking his balls.

He sat up wanking harder and I slipped my thumb back inside him, feeling for his prostate and rubbing against it.

In seconds he was ejaculating too, bouncing up and down on my thumb and splashing cum everywhere.

I stopped playing with his prostate but I left my thumb inside him for a few moments more, delighting in having made his tight, hot hole so wet and loose.



You satisfy my appetites for naked, male intercourse

I hope you'll add this review to your collection, so I can fantasise about how much fun other mature men have with you. And remember our first sexy session together too.

While I've been typing this email to you with one hand, I've been stroking my cock with the other.

Imagining it's your talented hand working up and down my dripping cock.

Thinking about how much I'm going to enjoy another hot session of sucking, fucking, rimming, kissing you. I reckon I'll need at least 2 extra hours to explore you properly next time I come. I can hardly wait.

You, Geoffrey, completely satisfy my passion for intercourse - sex and conversation - with a horny man in ways I'd only dreamed about before we met. And then some.

I'm in my 60s, married, totally straight. Or so I thought. But when I read your reviews, I was consumed by a longing to enjoy my first gay sex with you.

I fantasised about you performing your erotic massage on me. How you'd use your confident hands to caress and explore my naked body. That way your hands would stroke my cock and fondle my balls in ways I'd never experienced before.

I had several restless sleeps with all the wild, sexual thoughts racing through my head. I loved how you are so keen for sexual play with an older

man. I knew I had to experience all your sensual and sexual talents.

Every morning when I returned to read more, it only made me hornier. All those sexy reviews from hundreds of satisfied men who'd come in your hands aroused me so much. I longed to have you to do with me everything so many other men had already enjoyed.

I imagined exploring and touching your body too. My hands running up the back of your legs until my fingers found and penetrated your tight hole.

Your thick erection skirting the lips of my mouth, teasing my longing to suck your cock. To taste your pre-cum with my tongue.

How we'd lie naked together, with your long legs wrapped around my naked body and kiss passionately. The thought of your masculine body pressed against mine, our hard cocks rubbing together filled me with desire.

My nightly fantasy ended with the thought of you parting your beefy bum cheeks over my face. So intimately, so sensuously exposing your soft and velvety smooth, rosebud anus for me to desire.

I'd look first then gently kiss and lick your hole until it was wet and pulsating, longing for more than my tongue.

On your back, your legs resting on my shoulders, I imagined slowly entering you. Opening your tight, willing hole so eager to receive my thick cock. Knowing you needed me inside you as much as I needed to push my cock all the way inside you too. That smouldering look in your eyes - your delighted sighs - would tell me how much you longed for me to penetrate you, so deeply, so passionately.

I couldn't wait any longer. I had to make an appointment to see you. I had to experience all your magical erotic talents for arousing my flaming passion. My lust, my desire and fantasies for the intimacy you are so ready to share, even with an older straight man, like me.

I loved every minute of the 2 hours we spent together. Are you surprised? Was it obvious? I'm delighted to know you enjoyed yourself too. I thought you had but I needed you to tell me again. Your unrestrained intimacy and sensuality drove

me wild. I've never known anything as exciting as the hot, sex play we shared.

Your erotic massage is every bit as good as I imagined and so much more. When you stood at the head of your table and ran your magic hands down my back, it was easy to surrender to the temptation to stroke your muscular legs. To pull your cock closer to my head. And to touch your beautiful bum cheeks.

I loved how you stood to one side so I could easily run my tongue around the head of your hard cock. I'd never sucked a cock before but it felt so natural to have it sliding in and out of my mouth. Your precum was even more delicious than I'd imagined. And when you suggested we move to the bed so we'd have more room, I couldn't stop myself from tonguing your delicious bum hole too. Another first for me and as incredibly sexy as I'd imagined.

I am surprised I managed to keep going as long as I did. Yet my cock was rock hard and leaking the whole time you and I slipped together on your bed.

I loved kissing you. Our tongues exploring one another's mouth. But the way you stroked my cock and played with my balls excited me beyond belief.

But I knew when I was getting close to cumming that I wanted to watch you cum first. I loved so much having my hard cock pushed up inside you as you slowly stroked your cock. I was so aroused, so excited.

I had to watch you cum before I did.

The look on your face, your sheer delight and pleasure in having my cock thrusting so deeply inside you. That smouldering look in your eyes. Everything I had imagined was coming true yet so much better in reality.

Feeling your arse muscles clenching tightly around my cock, as you climaxed. Then seeing that huge load of cum shoot out of your cock. Another hot spurt. And another.

What went on my stomach and chest was so lovely and warm. I can only imagine how good it would have tasted. Next time I'd like you to cum in my mouth.

But I couldn't stop myself. The pleasure of my cock in your arse as you climaxed, the intense sensations, the warm pulsing of your muscles made me cum too. Every hot spurt of your cum

matched my own spasms as my cock erupted inside you.

Once you'd wiped us clean, I truly appreciated how there was no rush to get me out the door.

Lying naked together with you, with our arms around each other and talking for the rest of the session made everything that had already happened feel even more intimate and special.

My first man to man sexual play with you was even better than my fantasies. Thank you for an absolutely incredible, erotic experience. You did amazing things to my body. I've never felt so aroused.

And thanks too for showing me that great sex can last longer and be more enjoyable than I'd ever imagined. I was blown away (literally) by your intimacy and sensuality.

I still sometimes have trouble getting to sleep at night when I remember that first visit. I frequently imagine you standing near my head and your magic hands caressing my body.

As you bend over me, both my hands gently stroke the backs of your legs and move higher, my fingers edging towards entering your hot, tight hole. I can

vividly imagine your cock hardening and slipping into my hungry mouth.

I'm looking forward to another steaming hot session of sexual play with you. Actually, my cock is rock hard now, thinking about what we're going to do on my second visit to you.



Every man deserves a chance to feel this good!

I have never had a massage experience as good as the one you shared with me. It was mind blowingly good from the very first moment to the very last.

Geoffrey met me at the door of his studio with a friendly sensuous smile that put my mind at rest and excited me all at the same time. I entered and discovered a warmly lit room whose walls were covered with hundreds of photographs of the most
geoffrey's male massage

delicious male models in various stages of undress or sexual activity.

Several mirrors covered the spaces between the photos. There was even a full length mirror to satisfy any exhibitionist! The sensuous music and a subtle incense added to the feeling that I was in for an exciting hour of erotic pleasure.

I removed my clothes and put them on the chair provided at one end of the room. Naked, I turned to see Geoffrey removing his pants to reveal dark pubic hair and big limp cock hanging between his long awesome legs. He smiled and invited me to lie face down on the massage table.

I lay down and felt myself sink into the table: firm but very soft. My heart was beating fast but I felt totally relaxed. My hard-on pressed into the table. He towered over the massage table and although only his hands touched my body, it felt as if our bodies were touching the whole time he worked on my muscles. I could feel the hair on his arms as his incredibly hot hands glided over my skin.

At one point, as he worked on my shoulders, I lifted my head to find his semi hard cock dangling just beyond the reach of my tongue but close enough

to inhale his delicious musky scent. As if he was aware of his effect, he moved to another position where I could easily touch his beautiful cock. As soon as I could, I reached out for his long, thick cock which responded instantly to my touch.

I felt for his firm hairy butt and slipped my fingers between the crack to feel his puckered hole. What a nice feeling to be in his crack! I penetrated it slightly with one of my fingers. His own hands continued to glide between my legs as he moved to massage my upper thighs and gradually moved around my entire body, exciting me with his hot touch.

When he asked me to roll over onto my back, my cock was hard and ready but not to the point of no return... I was totally relaxed! He massaged my chest and nipples, my stomach, my upper and lower legs.

Then he skilfully ran his fingers up and down the shaft of my penis and circled it with his thumb and forefingers. He cupped my balls in his hands and worked on them gently but firmly...

All the while I was touching his lovely body and enjoying him as well. I usually cum much more

quickly. But Geoffrey's penis massage skills kept me on the edge for more than 20 minutes.

I've heard about full body orgasms but I'd never had one so it was a real eye opener when I came. Geoffrey gripped my cock in a special way and I shot my hot load past my right ear over the table - a long hot spurt of cream then another shorter one - I came and I came!

My whole body climaxed! I was shaking. I was in heaven!

His lovely cock was still heavy, pulsing in my hands so I started sliding my hands up and down his shaft. I found this just as much fun as having him work on my penis. When he came, it seemed to take forever as he shot wad after wad of hot, hot creamy cum on my stomach.

Yumm!

After the massage and for many days to follow, I was filled with an enormous sense of satisfaction - I felt much better about myself too, which is sometimes one effect of a really good massage. Every man deserves a chance to feel this good!

Enjoy my

Coock

...It's the real thing

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.

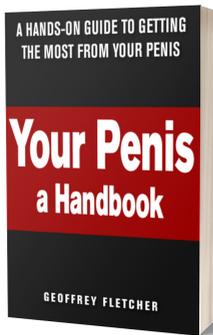
Your Penis: A Handbook gives you an easy to follow, step by step, blow by blow detailed account of how to massage your penis. Or your partner's penis.

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.



Get your hands on...

Your Penis: A Handbook

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

DOWNLOAD YOUR COPY TODAY!

I created two versions of the ebook. One contains images, the other is plain text. Either way, the text is written as clearly as possible so that anyone - man or woman - can easily follow the directions.

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. Last year, for example, 695 men (and women) bought Your Penis: A Handbook.

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.

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.

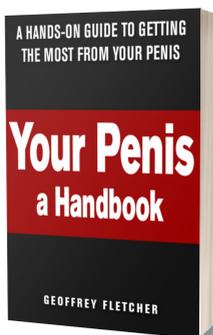
I've even demonstrated my skills to men (and women) to make sure they can follow every step.

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.



Get your hands on...

Your Penis: A Handbook
A hands-on guide to getting
the most from your penis

**DOWNLOAD YOUR COPY
TODAY!**

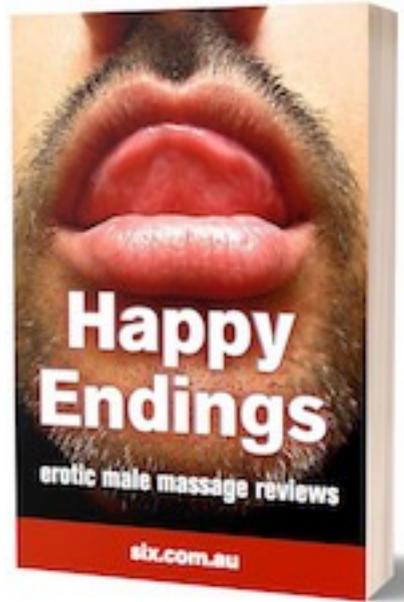
My lips were tingling. My whole body was paralysed. I went blind, couldn't think straight or speak. All my focus was on the incredible sensations in my cock. I've never before cum so intensely. Full body orgasm, you say? I'll be coming back for more of those!

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.

Geoffrey's hands-on and body to body massage for men



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