

A muscular man with a very low body fat percentage is lying on his back on a large, dark, wet rock. He is wearing blue athletic shorts and blue-tinted sunglasses. His arms are raised behind his head, and his legs are bent at the knees. The background shows a rocky coastline with waves crashing against the shore under a clear blue sky.

# Image E Magazine

THE  
STORYBOOK  
ISSUE

Issue No 20

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# Table of Contents

Da Weedman

Boston Cream pie

Fitting Room

MVP

At Your Service

Late Night Train 2 BK

Happy Anniversary

Worth EVERY penny!

Old Friends Part 1

Old Friends Part 2



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# Da Weedman

"Yes babe, im working on my last customer now. Kiss jaylen good night for me and ill be home soon to kiss u good night...oh word...yea im down for that. See you soon," with a grin on my face I quickly closed my cellphone. "My bad yo, it was the Misses, im just bout done."

My customer nodded, and I went back to finishing his haircut. With the exception of my girl and my baby boy, I loved nothing more than cutting hair, writing and spitting tight ass lyrics, and of course smoking weed.

I must admit I feel pretty fortune with my life, being 23, sexy, and keeping my shit tight, and already having found my calling in life I really had nothing to complain about.

"Ight my dude, you all set. I've brought ya sexy back YUP," I bragged spinning him around to the mirror so he could check out my work.

"Damn das wassup man, you never disappoint, gud lukin," he replied satisfied as he gave me dap and paid me for the cut. I walked him to the door and locked it behind him while turning over the closed sign in the window. I walked back to my station to clean up, spitting a few lyrics that had popped in my head.

A loud banging noise, startled me and interrupted my flow. I turned around and it was my weed man banging on the window. I sighed, already knowing what he wanted, and signaled that I was closing. And that when he did it, he pulled out a bag a weed, my kryptonite, and waved it in the window. Damn dis nigga was good, so I let him in and closed the blind to make sure no one else would try and come in.

"Yo homie I need a fresh cut, fa real. Im goin out wit my peoples tonight and got to look fly fa da ladies. I definite plan on smashing at least 1 or 2. I been holding out for a week so des balls are full of dat good nut for just da right pussy, ya feel me," he rambled. "Ill hook u up with some of dis good Stress I got from my homie who was in town from cali, he said dis shit is off da chain. So you got me? I jus need u to fade it up alil and line me up."

I looked at the time, and started thinking bout my girl and what she said she had planned, but the weed he had looked good as hell. Fuck it! It'll only take a few mins. "Ight yo, get in da chair."

"Yo you da man homie"

He hopped in the chair, and I covered him and propped him for his cut. "How low u want it"

"Just get it to where the waves are showing homie. I think next winter imma grow my shit out like u. Cus ya braids and design look propa real talk. Fuck yo, im high as a muthafuckin kite rite now. I aint been this high sine a week ago when I was chillin wid dis shawdy from around the way," he continued as I began fading him up. "Yo shawdy had da fattest ass ever and dat pussy tasted so damn good, I was slurping them juices up like koolaid. Yo da bitch was in love wit my dick and was actually takin it all which is rare cus I won't lie ya boy is packing. But yea she was riding dis dick and I would feel dat pussy grib my shit mad tight and she would begin to scream and shake then would quickly jump up off my dick and she's spray all her sweet juices all ovah my shit, then sit down again and repeat. Yo I was in heaven."

Not even realizing how turned on I was from his story, I spun his seat around and his hand which was on the armrest got stopped on my dick which was damn near fully hard. I paused not sure if he noticed

what his hand was rubbing against.

“Damn yo, guess u liked hearing bout that,” To my surprise he gripped his hand around my dick, “you packin too I see, but I think I got you beat.” He moved the cover from over him, and there he was dick out of his basketball shorts being stroked by his hand. Dude was packing I won’t even lie I was about 9 and he easily had about 2 inches more than I did. He reminded me of like a slightly older soljah boy, slim toned, and covered with tats, and always would be wearing a wifebeater, basketball short, and socks with sandals on.

“Damn am I high.” He laughed. “You ever fuck wid a nigga before?”

“I got a girl”

“Trust me, I love pussy. But I wanna taste ya dick man. Can I?”

Before I could even respond, he had my dick out my pants and between his lips. I won’t lie the shit felt good and made my dick get even harder. I could feel his tongue circling around my dick head inside his warm wet mouth. I closed my eyes in with what id want want to say embarrassment but according to my dick it was enjoyment. I turned off the clippers and sat them to the side, and grabbed the back of his heas and pushed it down further on my dick until my piss clips rubbed against the back of his throat. I pulled it out then shoved it back in again and against each time my balls would jump. He began to gag alittle but that didn’t stop me from shoving my dick in even further as he jacked his own dick, which was beginning to get wet with precum.

Curiosity came over me, and a inner wondering made me ask, “can I taste ya precum?” Unsurprisingly he was more than happy to oblige. He pulled his shorts down, I lowered the chair to the lowest setting, bent over slight and started licking his precum. It was salty but tasty, and put my lips around his head and sucked up the juices. When I lifted my head a strand of prejizz continued to connect my lips to his dick. I stood up and my pants and boxers dropped all the way down. I felt his hand makes its way over to my ass which got me a little nervous, but the felting of him rubbing my hole actually sent chills through my body.

“Damn you got ass homie, dis shyts all smooth I wanna taste it. Bet it taste lick pussy.” He got up and moved me up onto the chair, knees first onto the seat with my head and upper torso hanging over the back.

“Arch dat back so I can see dat hole,” he ordered and I did so. That’s when a electrically sensation shot through my body and out of my head, toes, and finger tips. He had slip his tongue deep inside my hole and with each pierce my body would tingle with pleasure.

“Fuck my dude, that shit is feeling right,” I moaned.

“Nigga dis jus da beginning,” he answered.

Dudes tongue was traveling so far up in me, my body started to shake uncontrollable. What’s crazy is never in all my many sexual experience with females have I ever felt some shit like this. I could feel his spit dripping down from my hole and running all the way down off my balls and puddling on my seat. Damn this shit was off da chain.

“Yo son, you got any vasaline,” he asked.

“Naw man.”

“Fuck, I need something to beat off wit”

I started to think and looked around on the counter behind me. Bingo.

“Yo use dat pomade, its similar to vasaline,” I told him.

“Good call,” he grabbed the container and smeared a glob of it on his dick and went back to eating me out. He started tongue fucking me deep, shoving his tongue in the pulling it out. I could feel and hear that my ass was open by the hollow sound it started to make. All I could think was damn if tongue feels dis good I wonder what dick feels like.

“Slap ya dick again my hole yo.” He lowered my chair a bit, and started slapping his dick and precum against my wet hold.

“Damn son, I got ya shyt open. Fucking looks like a wet pussy. I wanna feel dat shyt.” I began to panic a bit and tensed up.

“Yo I aint neva been fucked before. Dat shits gonna hurt.”

“I got you my nig, im jus gonna stick da head in a bit,” I relaxed a bit unsure of what to expect. He started slowly pushing his dick head in me which felt much like his tongue did, which was feeling good.

“Fuck son, dis ass is wet,” he replied.

“Yea, you like dat.” I responded as my upper body leaned over the back of the chair.

“Yea, you got one of the B-ball player asses. Them cheeks look like a heart.” He pulled his head out and smeared some pomade on my hold and on his dick and started pushing the head in sum more. Damn I was on cloud 9, dat phat mushroom head was rubbing me the right way from deep within. My ass muscles started gripping his dick tight, I could feel his dick head throbbing against the tension. Slowly my ass muscles started pulling his dick in further against my own will, as if my ass wanted it all in me. My eyes rolled in the back of my head, and my neck straighten higher and higher, as each inch fell deeper within me.

“Ahhhhh fuck you, you in dis shit fa real,” I screamed.

“Yea son you like all dis dick up in you?”

“Yea nigga, handle dis ass. Make me sprung off dat dick,” perhaps that wasn’t the right thing to say cus dude then grabbed onto my shoulder and began pounding my ass out mercerfulllessly. I grabbed onto the seat as tight as I could, and bit down onto the leather. ‘Don’t punk out yo, take it’ I said to myself forcing my ass to relax, I could hear my ass getting wetter and wetter.

“Ahhhhh shit nigga, bust dat nut.” And like that he stopped his pounding and start long slow stroking me.

“Naw, I want you to fuck me too son. How bout ovah there on ya pool table?” he asked as he easy slide his dick out my diminished hole. I stood up light headed as a motherfucker. He grabbed the pomade

and headed over to the pool table, his hard ass cum covered dick was just swanging and dripping all over the place.

“Lay up on here son,” he ordered and I complied.

I layed down on the table my brick hard dick sat up reaching for the ceiling. He wiped some pomade on my dick then climbed up over me. He sighed deeply, before lowering his ass down on my dick. As soon as his asslips pressed against the head of my dick I felt my balls jump. Inch by inch he slowly sat down onto my dick, I watched as he clinched his teeth taken it trying his best to relax his hole. Once all the way down he waited a second, then slowly started bouncing up and down slowly, his thick dick slapping against my abs leaking precum. It felt so damn good being up inside this thug ass nigga, a nigga respected in the streets and know for being not one to mess with, but now im here forcing him to submit to my manhood...I was the alpha nigga and was loving it.

“Damn son, dis ass is official,” I said gripping his waist and thrusting my dick upward deep up in him.

“Yea spit dat nut in my ass. I wanna feel dat shit up in my guts,” he begged. “Fuck nigga, AHHHHH shit. Beat this ass up.”

His begging only made me want to fucking him harder, I thrusted upward and when he tried to run I pulled his waist down, forcing him to take it.

“Fuckkkk here I CUMMMMM!!” I yelled as I expelled my nut up in him.

“Shit nigga, here I go. Swallow this shit,” he replied springing forward off my dick, nut dripping from his hole, placing his dick over my open mouth. Then four powerful spurts of nut shot from his dick. The first shot right across the side of my face, the second bounced off the roof of my mouth, and the last two hit the back of my throat as he shoved his dick deep in my mouth. I tried to gag as his thick warm nut ran down my throat, but my mouth was to stuffed to even do so. Finally I gasped for air threw my nose as his dick slowly slide from out my mouth. I guess it was this secret freak in me, but I grabbed his dick at the shaft while the tip was still between my lips and sucked every last drop from his now semi hard dick. His body trembled from the sensitivity.

He then rolled over and laid on the table beside me breathing heavily. I too laid there in shock and amazement, unsure what to say to break the silence, still tasting his sweet nut that now coated me mouth.

“Yo...” he replied finally breaking the silence, “...its time for a blunt.

# *Boston Cream pie*

This was my first time in Boston, not really sure why it took me so long to finally make the trip up here seeing how I live in ny so it ain't but a bus ride away. Nevertheless, I guess I never had a reason until now. My girlfriend of five years had recently relocated up here for grad school, and this would be the first time I had seen her in over two months. And lets just say I was really looking forward to it, cus if i had to use my hand any longer i would go crazy. I mean hey there's only so much porn a dude can look at to hold them over til they begin craving the real thing.

Shit even on the bus ride up, i think my dick stayed on swole just thinking bout the way my girl be sucking my dick and riding me like there's no tomorrow. Not to mention, how wet i be getting dat pussy. She loves riding this 9inch dick of mine and is forever saying my dick is perfect to her, slight curve, not to veiny, and a nice size head that just gets her juices flowing. I love when she's bouncing on my shit then right when she bout to cum she lifts up off it and that pussy just squirts all over me and then she drops back down on it til she bout to cum again. I swear I be having her orgasm like a average of five times each session. To be real I don't even be nutting alot of the times I just be wanting to satisfy her which turns me on.

But I digress, so yea my girl scooped me up from the bus station first stop was her crib. I think it was about 10am that we got to her crib and we fucked on and off til 5pm. My girl was drained, we had to change the sheets twice, shit was crazy.

Surprisingly, since we hadn't fucked in so long I thought for sure i would of busted at some point, but it was like I would get close but then get too focused on making her cum that I would lose it. All I know is after our last session we both were thirsty and crazy hungry. My girl suggested we hit up this local restaurant that she recently found and claimed I couldn't come to Boston without having some Boston cream pie. The whole drive to the restaurant she raved bout how good their pies were, the way she was talking almost sound like she was bout to orgasm again.

So we get to the spot, it looks decent enough like a simple diner not too crowded. We get seated at a table and I start looking over the menu. That's when i feel a hand grasp my shoulder.

"Hello and welcome, my name is Matthew and I will be serving you guys today," our waiter replied.

Being from NYC, I'll admit, the physical contact kind of took me off guard but i looked up and cracked a polite smile.

"Can you give us a few, its his first time here," my girl answered.

"Ooh welcome then, our sandwiches are good as well as our burgers...and make sure you save room for our cream pies, that's what were known for. And I'll be back to take your guys order in a sec."

My girl giggled then responded, "looks like someone's got an admire. He was all in your face."

"Girl you crazy out you mind," I reply defensively.

"What? At least he's cute for a white boy, in a quirky kind of way. Not to mention did you notice when he walked away he actually had an ass on him, almost made me jealous," she commented laughing to herself.

“No sorry, I didn’t notice...” I started feeling a little uncomfortable having this conversation with her.

“Notice what?” Matthew asked popping up behind me joining in our conversation.

“Umm...notice how good the cream pies looked when we walked in,” I quickly answered feeling mad awkward the whole time my girl was sitting across from me getting a kick out of the situation.

“O trust me our cream pies will BLOW your mind, so yall ready to order?” Matthew asked.

“I’ll have the Caesar salad with salmon,” my girl answered.

“And you?” Matthew asked once again putting his hand on my shoulder.

“Umm the bacon cheese burger, plain just the meat and cheese,” I stated awkwardly.

“Great coming right up,” Matthew replied giving my shoulder a quick squeeze as he walked away.

“Babe, where’s the bathroom?”

“Right around there.”

Strangely as I went to stand up I noticed my dick was actually semi hard, I did a quick adjustment and went to the bathroom.

I went into a stall and started to piss, that’s when I heard someone else walk in and start washing their hands. I flushed and opened the stall door and who else but Matthew was there washing his hand,s staring at me in the mirror. I walked to the sink next to him and turn the water on.

“So first time in Boston, or just your first time in this diner,” he asked.

“Both, came to visit my girl and she’s been talking bout the cream pies here since she moved up here so i had to try em out,” I answered. Thinking back on it now, the way I said it was slightly flirtatious. Shit maybe I was horny cause I hadn’t nudded but whatever it was Matthew picked up on it.

He turned the water off and walked back into the stall and lowered his pants, “Well let me give you a taste of some authentic Boston cream pie.” I can’t even lie, i never been with a white person before, let alone a dude, but his ass looked mad good and woke my dick up in a flash. He straddled the toilet and arched his back, his ass was just phat enough that just from arching his ass his cheeks naturally parted exposing his smooth pink booty hole. He ran his hand from the top of his ass crack to his hole then lightly patted it making it twitch, “Cum and get it.” And I did without hesitation, locking the door behind me.

I unzipped my pants and my dick sprung up straight through the hole in my boxers. I placed a hand on each cheek and spread his ass open, then spit on his pretty hole. Slowly I guided my dick head into his loosening ass. I could feel it relax more and more as each inch of my chocolate dick slipped balls deep into his vanilla ass.

“Shit man, give me that cream, beat this ass up dude,” he begged.

Knowing we didn’t have much time, I drilled that ass like it was pussy. As I long stroked his ass I could

feel my dick milking his prostate, and he started creaming on my dick. The feeling of his ass gripping my dick sent me over the edge, and I unloaded all my nut deep in his ass. He let out a loud moan as I shot my warm nut in him, filling him up so much that it pushed the nut out of his dick.

Just as he was cumming, the bathroom door opened. We froze, my dick still deep in his guts. We could hear someone start taking a piss. As my dick started to soften I could feel my nut slowly starting to flow out his open booty hole down to my balls. I tensed my dick up, cause Matthew to jump with a chill from the sensation.

The guy flushed the toilet, washed his hands, and left. Just in time, cus Matthew's hole had started pushing my semi hard dick out slowly, and once totally fell out a massive flow of jizz spilled out his hole onto the ground. I grabbed some toilet paper and wiped my dick off, then grabbed some to clean off his ass. He quickly grabbed my hand stopping me.

He whispered, "leave it I wanna feel that shit in me and between my cheeks for the rest of my shift."

"Ok," I replied slightly humored.

"So how was your first Boston cream pie," he asked jokingly.

"Better than I could of imagined," I answered. "I better get back before my girl gets suspicious," I continued, as I got dressed.

"Right, I need to get back to work myself."

I left the bathroom and went back to my table.

"Everything ok babe?" my girl asked.

"Yea, just was checking out the cream pies. Yea you were right they are good, I mean, they do look good..."

## Fitting Room

“How many items?” the fitting room attendant asked the dude standing in front of me.

“Just two shirts, and sum swim shorts my dude,” he answered back to the employee before being directed back to the last fitting room at the end of the hall.

I had already taken notice to how sexy the employee was, looking like a close cousin of Romeo, with his perfectly toned skin, slim but clearly toned body, and a smile that could make any girl drop to they knees. But it was his swag that turned me on the most, dude knew he was fly, the way he dressed, carried himself, and talked got my dick hard.

Seeing how I had my eye on him every second I did notice him taking a glance at dude ass as he lead him to the dressing room. Shit, I couldn't blame him though, dude had what we call a trap booty, and was advertising it with his shorts sagging below his cheek giving his already phat ass that extra lift. You could damn near make out exactly what his bare ass would look like under his checked boxers. He was dark skinned with that thug sexy type appeal, masculine, with alot of tats showing under his wife beater on his neck, back, chest, and all down his arms.

“How many items do you have?” he then asked me.

“Just two,” I shyly responded.

“Cool, follow me,” he grabbed a number tag and lead me to the room right next to where he had put the thug dude. “Just holla if you need any other sizes.”

“Thanks,” I said staring him straight in the eyes all the way til he closed the door.

As I was trying on my first pair of pants, I heard the door next to mine open and the thug dude called out, “aye homie come here rite quick.” I paused from getting dressed to focus on their conversation.

“Yo you think these trunks are too big?” he asked. There was a long pause before the employee responded.

“Umm yea, but man u can't be trying on the trunks without underwear,” he responded.

“O shit my bad yo,” he replied then there was silence. After a few moments, I heard the dressing room door shut back closed.

Something seemed really odd with the whole interaction, I stayed by the door listening but there was nothing just silence. Until I heard the sound of a belt buckle being undone. My heart dropped, curiosity was choking me with the wonder of what was happening. I was so tempted to get on my knees and look under the room divider to see what was happening but I was scared id be seen as well snooping.

Then I heard...SLURPING.

Not even visually seeing what was going on the sound and my mind creating its own interpretation had my dick growing. I knew something was going down, but what? Who was sucking who? I had to know.

I slowly dropped to my knees, to take a look. I saw two pairs of legs both with they clothes dropped

around their ankles, but still the slurping continued coupled with a slight moaning sound. I had hoped I would at least see someone on their knees so I could tell what was happened but I was still unsure. So I slowly edged my head closer. And there it was, the employee was going in on the thug's thick chocolate stick. He was hunched over, pants down jacking his own slightly darker than his body, slim but long dick with low hanging smooth balls.

I couldn't make out, exactly how big the thug's dick was in length but the girth was quite impressive. Dude clearly had a mouthful and was trying his best not to make gagging noises on it. But as the thug gripped him by the back of the head and forced him deeper on it, I could see both tears leak from his eyes as well as precum slowly seep from his piss slit. I wanted nothing more than to have my face under his leaky dick to allow that pre-jizz to fall down the back of my throat.

The employee finally got free of the thug's grasp and came up for air, I damn near nutted when I saw the thug's dick fall from dude's wet pink lips. That dick had to be like 12 inches and thick as fuck.

To my surprise, the thug then spun around with that tasty slightly hairy trap booty, facing the employee. He then bent forward and separated his ass cheeks exposing his hole and made it wink a couple times. In no time, the employee buried his face in dude's ass, almost looked like his head had disappeared between his phat muscle booty. As I watched him tongue and eat that beautiful ass I caught myself salivating wishing it would be my turn next. I too pulled my dick out and started jacking my dick.

It was so hot seeing the under view of the thug with his completely tatted back arched, ass high in the air, and his supersized dick dangling between his legs, dripping more and more pre-nut with each tongue insertion.

"Quit with that tongue shit, and give me that dick nigga," he whispered.

The employee then stood up, spit down on his dick before slapping his dick on dude's wet slightly loosened hole. He then proceeded to guide his slim pretty 9 inch dick into his inviting ass. With each inch it looked like the thug's balls would jump and more jizz would drip from his brick dick and began pooling on the floor below.

"Damn this ass feel good as fuck, that shit is gripping the hell out my dick man," the employee quietly commented starting to pick up speed with his dick dipping into dude's ass. He lifted his button down shirt and tucked it under his chin as he grabbed him at the shoulders and started pulling him back onto his dick. His balls swinging front to back sometimes colliding with the thug's balls which were also swinging freely. I could start to see ass juices forming around the thug's ass and on dude's dick as he long stroked him. As he fucked him faster it continued to build and started dripping down their balls and also falling to the floor.

Oh how I wanted to taste them juices, both the pre-cum and the booty juices, as they just fell to the ground like rain drops. I couldn't take it any longer, I reached my hand in and got some on my fingers. They stopped and looked down at my startled, still in mind stroke.

I looked up, blankly not knowing what to say. "I just had to taste it," I nervously stated and licked my fingers, hoping that would turn them on. They looked at each other, then back at me. The awkward silence was crazy and seemed to last forever, but was then broken by the thug dropping to his knees with his dick inches from my face.

"So u wanna taste? Imma have this nigga fuck the nut out of me and u better not spill a drop," he com-

manded and I obeyed.

I laid on my back, with my body still in my dressing room but my head in theirs. He placed his balls on my forehead and slid his dick in my mouth. I damn near had to unhinge my jaw to fit just 3/4 of it down my throat. The employee then dropped to his knees and got behind the thug, dropped some more spit on his hole then slipped that dick back in him. I almost choked as I felt his dick expand a bit more with each thrust of the employee's dick. I looked up and watched as the thug sunk his teeth into his own forearm trying to keep from making noise, taking the dick like a true nigga. I beat my dick, as tears began streamlining down the sides of my face, and that was when I felt the warm sensation of dude unloading his kids straight down my throat. I didn't even gag, I think his dick had my throat so open that huge load just shoot freely straight down my esophagus.

I reached my free hand up and cupped the employee's balls in my hand gently massaging them. I then slyly ran my finger down to his asshole and worked his smooth bootyhole lips with my index finger. This clearly sent him over the edge, he quickly pulled his dick out of the thug's ass and shot his nut up his back and on his butt. I pull the thug forward so I could taste his use hole and slipped my tongue in. The employee's nut started to roll down dude's back and ass down his crack straight into my mouth, and that did it for me. My eyes rolled back as I unleash my nut, it was a good nut too the kind that made you shake and be briefly paralyzed.

They both took a moment before standing up, I looked up for a sec admiring both their now semi hard dicks hanging like mistletoe above my head.

I then roll back over into my room. I decided to hurry up and get dressed as fast as possible, so I could be out of the room before they were. I quickly exited the fitting room, and booked it through the mall. Once I got to my car I took a moment to gather my thoughts, still shocked at what had just went down... shit was I dreaming I thought to myself. I looked at myself in the rear view mirror, and there was the evidence dried on my cheeks and chin, NOPE definitely wasn't a dream.

# *At Your Service*

So this was exactly why I hated my boss and was glad this was my last shift at this wack ass job. After working at this hotel for almost two years, I was so ready to leave. My job position was front desk attendant but after the past couple months of layoffs it seemed as if the responsibilities of all the recently discontinued positions tickled down to our department. Not only did we need to check people in, but we now had to answer the phones, deal with and log complaints, tend to all the needs we got calls for, take room service orders, shit even bring the food to the guest rooms. I swear it was only a matter of time before they had us cooking the food, cleaning rooms, and doing the laundry.

So when I put in my two weeks notice, I don't why I was surprised to see that my dick of a boss scheduled me to work the graveyard shift alone for my final night. If I didn't need to leave in good standings I would of said fuck it and just not showed up, but I'd be damn if I let this job screw me over even more when I need a recommendation for my next job.

So there I was, bored behind the desk trying my best not to fall asleep, so I wouldn't be caught sleep if a guest decided to check in. But already I could feel my eyes getting heavy, and before I knew it I was out.

DING! A bell sounded.

I sprung awake, trying to play it off like I was just taking a long blink. "How can I help you?" I asked taking a moment to let my eyes adjust before looking up.

"Do you have any rooms open," a female voice replied.

Once I finally got a look at her, I was caught off guard by just how beautiful...actually how sexy she was. She could have easily passed as a Beyonce body double, hips, ass, perfect skin, amazing eyes, but had a edgy sex appeal more like what I would imagine Beyonce's alter ego, Sasha Fierce, would be like. I had to catch myself from staring to hard, but shit this bitch was bad.

"How many nights will you be staying?," I asked.

"Oh only for the night," she answered back.

"Ok, not a problem, will one queen bed do?"

"That'd be perfect," she replied giving me a little smile which that alone made my dick jump. Thank God, I was behind this desk I thought. I finished checking her in and she handed me cash for the room. "You got a beautiful set up lips on you," she complimented me as I handed her the key.

Completely flattered I thanked her, nervous to compliment her back in fear of going over board. I watched her as she walked away. She was wearing some tight fitted sweats that showed off every contour of her body, and as she walked it appeared as if each ass cheek moved independently with each step she took. She had on a small top which clearly displayed part of what looked like some sort of reptile traveling from below her sweats up under her top.

As I watched I got lost deeper and deeper in the movement of her ass, until she stopped by the front

door. The automatic front doors opened and a dude about 6'1, wearing baggy jeans and a hoodie over his head entered and she signaled him to follow after her.

Truthfully, I had a brief moment of jealousy just at the thought that dude was probably about to wear that pussy out, but then giving his thuggish appearance I clearly wasn't her type especially in this hotel uniform. I sat back down and proceeded to finish my shift. The thought of going upstairs and just listening at the door kept running in my head. Just imagining her naked taking dude's dick from the back, moaning and getting all wet, painting my own mental picture about what was going on from outside the door solely based off the moans and the sounds of the bed would be a turn on.

Then the loud sound of the phone ringing knocked me back into reality, I answered. It was her...asking if I could bring up some extra towels. "I'll bring those right up ma'am," I responded then hung up the phone. I put up the "be right back" sign, grabbed some towels, and made my way up stairs.

I paused for a moment in front of her door and placed my ear close in hopes to hear something, but all I could hear was music playing, so I knocked gently. A few moments passed and no response. As I went to knock again the door cracked open. She opened the door just enough to stick her head out, it was pretty clear to me she was naked.

"Umm here's the towels you requested," I responded trying to see if I could see any proof that some action was popping off from behind her. The bedside lamps were on still, and I did notice some clothes scattered on the ground so my suspicion was right.

"Thanks," she said trying to regain my attention. "What's your sign cutie?" she asked.

"My sign?" I asked completely caught off guard.

"Zodiac."

"Oh, imma Gemini."

She cracked a smile, "hmm, so I bet you got a freaky side to you don't you?" she asked.

Smiling back I answered, "yea you could say that."

"I love a freaky ass nigga, it takes a true freak to make me cum," as those words passed through her lips I could feel the tension of my dick pressing against my pants as it grew.

"Well I'm a true freak, down for whatever," I assertively replied.

"I hope you ain't just talk."

Trying to switch to my hood side I stated, "naw neva that, I'm a man of my word ya feel me?"

"Good." she stated smirking as she opened the door completely and turned around walking back toward the bed, revealing her completely naked body. It was a dragon tattoo that covered her back, its head started at her shoulder blade and its body whined down her back with its tail cupping around her right ass cheek. As she walked away each step seemed to bring it life as if it was moving on her back.

Sweat started to form on my brow as I stood outside the door contemplating. My mind was saying get

ya ass back to work before you get fired but my throbbing dick was saying this is a once in a lifetime experience...my dick was right fuck this job its my last night lets go out with a bang. So I entered and closed the door behind me.

The way the room was set up was after entering there was a small hallway, with the bathroom on the left, that then opened up into the bedroom area. Where was that dude that came in with her, I began to think, he wasn't in the bathroom as I passed. What if this was a set up and he's hiding on the other side of the wall waiting to jump me. Just in case I balled my fist, prepared for anything and stepped into the bedroom.

My hand loosened at what I saw. Dude was laid out butt ass naked on his stomach. His arms and legs were stretched out to each corner of the bed and tied to each of the bed's legs. He had a towel laying over his head, only the ends of his cornrows were sticking out. If I didn't know any better I would of thought it was the NBA star Allen Iverson laying there. I can't even front dude's body was on point, he had a toned basketball player build, smooth body and muscular ass. His upper body and arms were covered in tats, he had the word Brooklyn across his upper back with a Yankees style NY logo sitting on top of a New York skyline and Brooklyn bridge mural filling out the rest of his back.

"You said you wanted a new experience...well I found us the perfect freak to help us out," the chick stated to the dude who responded simply by tensing up his body. She then walked over to me and started undressing me. As soon as she pulled my pants and boxers down, my dick sprung forward at full salute. Looking up at me with her face inches from my dick she whispered, "nice and phat too." As she slowly stood up she allowed my dick to caress her naked body leaving a trail of precum as it made contact. She then grabbed my hand and put my middle and index fingers in her mouth coating them with her spit before moving them to her nipple and finishing down against her shaved pussy.

"Imma hold you to you word," she whispered close into my ear as she guided my two finger between her pussy lips, moaning softly. I closed my eyes, imagining that my fingers were my tongue deep inside her.

"I want to watch you fuck him."

My eyes sprung open. Her eyes were staring directly into mind. Did she just say what I think she did, I thought. Intensely staring at me, she nodded yes as if she heard my thoughts.

She pulled my wet fingers from out of her and walked over to the bed. She then got on the bed and straddled the back of the dude's head, her open moist pussy resting on the back of his neck. She bent forward and licked from his lower back down to the upper part of his ass right before spreading his cheeks and burying her tongue and face into his ass. I watched as dude gripped his hands tightly around the ties that bound him and his toes curled. She threw her head up gasping for air, her face wet with spit which also leaked from his hole.

She signaled me to come over, I hesitated for a moment. Was I really about to do this, I thought. Strangely my dick was still brick hard and I was definitely turned on, but could I do this.

"Come here freak daddy," she commanded and I listened.

Once at the foot of the bed I caught glimpse of dude's massive dick and balls which were pushed downward between his legs and tied with a cockring, clearly keeping it on swole mode. I climbed up onto the bed between dude's legs. She reached over and grabbed a bottle of baby oil gel and poured in all over his back and ass and started rubbing into his muscular body, never once unlocking her eyes off me.

She looked down at my dick.

“Good. Someone’s excited, your leaking,” she stated grinning seductively. I looked down and to my surprise a long thick stream of prejizz was connecting me from my dick head to the bed. She gripped me around the base of my dick and pulled me closer. My dick was hovering right over the dude’s exposed hole. She then started milking my dick pulling the precum to the tip making it puddle on his twitching asshole. She began kissing me deeply, causing me to precum even more. When she pulled away she spit a mixture of both our saliva down onto his ass before guiding my dick head onto the rim of his ass.

I kept my eyes focus on her imagining that my dick was sliding up into her. From the look of enjoyment on her face you would of thought I was actually dicking her down, she was clearly really turned on by this which turned me on even more.

She continued guiding my dick as I slowly inched deeper and deeper into dude’s guts. The further I went in the tighter it seemed to get. I could feel the rim of his hole pulling and releasing against the sides of my dick. It wasn’t until about halfway that he left out a loud “SHIT!” His entire body tensed up, I looked down and could see every muscle in his arms and back bulge outward. He flexed his arms attempting to break free of the binds but was unsuccessful. His head then sprung upward pushing into the chick’s vagina. The sensation of his head pushing into her pussy rubbing her clit made her head tilt back and her eyes roll into back into her sockets.

“Yo I can’t take no mo,” he tired to yell muffled by the pillow. She grabbed a wash cloth off the bedside dresser and shoved it in his mouth, silencing him.

“Keep going,” she ordered moving her hand from around my dick. After a few still seconds, dude’s hole relaxed and I dropped balls deep into him. We both laid there motionless for a moment my body on top of his.

She then grabbed me by the chin and pushed her breast into my mouth. My dick jumped and grew even larger inside his hole, causing him to release a muffled moan. I moved my hips upward slightly and he quickly flexed his ass causing the walls of his hole to grip my dick like a vice. It was clear his body wasn’t ready yet. He then relaxed and I pumped my dick in a little deeper, then repeated and repeated. Each thrust caused him to tense up and let out a slight grunt.

It was clear he realized trying to escape the binds was pointless and began to relax completely and stop struggling. As he relaxed, his hole began to loosen more and more so in turn my hips began to thrust faster and harder.

“Yes baby take that dick, take all that big dick,” she said as I worked her nipple with my tongue and lips while fucking the dude harder and harder. She then pulled back, climbed off the bed, and pulled a chair over to the foot of the bed and sat down. Perhaps to get a better view of my dick dropping in his hole. I figured hell why not give her a show. So I lifted up in a push up position and began dipping my dick, full strokes, into his hole. I must of been hitting dude’s prostate because from time to time his manly grunt would switch into a muffled but clearly high pitched whimper.

“Yes, he’s liking that. His hole is starting to get wet and creamy,” she stated. I looked down and she was right, I could see with each stroke more and more white fluid accumulating on my dick. I could also see part of hid rock hard dick curving upward toward the ceiling and his dick head seemed to pulsate whenever I’d thrust into him.

I've had my share of good pussy, but I can't even lie this dude's ass was feeling good as fuck. Shit was crazy tight, tighter than any pussy I've ever fucked, and still got wet like pussy. I looked down at dude, whose body had now completely relaxed and was just receiving the dick like a pro. Part of me really wanted to see what his face looked like under the towel, but the unknown also was a turn on. So were the tattoos, now close to him I could make out the tattoos covering his arms. On each shoulder he had a image of a baby's face one labeled "Daddy's Girl" and the other "Daddy's Boy", also two different female names on his forearms, in the mist of numerous other designs and numbers. I couldn't help but think, I bet this nigga be smashin' all kinds of chicks out and now here I am making him my bitch which I admit was pretty hot.

Dude's legs then started kicking, and the sound of his ass juices slushing around grew louder. I looked down at my dick falling into his hole, and behind that could see the chick spread eagle her feet on the bed going in on her pussy with her fingers. Then out of nowhere a warm sensation heated my dick, perhaps blood rushing to his hole, and I watched as five spurts of nut shot from his dick. Two of the spurts shot so far they cleared the bed and hit the girl on her tits and stomach. At that moment, she moaned loudly as fluid began to leak from her pussy running down her fingers and onto the chair. I too couldn't contain it anymore, especially as dude's body started trembling beneath me, and his hole pulsating. I quickly lifted up out of his ass and without even touching my dick shot a huge load clear across his back.

"FUCKKK!" I cried out.

A chill shot down my back causing my legs to shake uncontrollably. I rolled over beside him, the sound of all of us heavily breathing filled the room. I sat up try to catch my bearings and the girl signaled me to grab a towel. As I cleaned up I looked over at dude who still laid there practically motionless still tied, breathing deeply, cum-covered, and still leaking from his ass and now semi hard dick. I got dressed and left the room.

No more than five minutes after I sat back down at my desk, my boss walked in and being the dick that he is asked sarcastically, "So how was your last night at work." I purposely ignored him for a moment while I gathered my stuff then looked at him and smiled. "One I'll never forget," I answered and left.

# Late Night Train 2 BK

What a stressful ass day I thought to myself, as I finally left out my office building headed to the subway. I was so glad I had hit the gym this morning before work because I couldn't wait to finally get home kick off my shoes and just relax the night away. As hard as I work get a job at this firm the stress to make partner was killing me. My social life was gone all I did was hit the gym and go to work.

Damn I hate summers in NYC, even tho it was almost 10pm it still felt like a sauna in this fucking train station. I could feel the sweat starting to accumulate on my chest and back, not to mention wearing these slacks and button down wasn't helping. My only saving grace from sweating my shirt out was the fact that I wore a wifebeater. Finally here comes the train, I could see the lights down the tunnel in the distance. I couldn't take it anymore so I unbuttoned my shirt about half way.

"This is Chambers st. this is an A express train to Far Rockaway next stop Broadway Nassau/Fulton st," stated a man's voice over the intercom as the subway doors opened.

I entered and sat in the far seat marked "priority seating" right across from the conductor's booth. The A/c felt like heaven, but the sweat caught in my wifebeater was annoying me. Since there was only two other people on the train, one who was listening to her iPod with her eyes closed and the other on the other end of the train knocked out I decided to quickly take it off.

I removed my button down shirt and slipped off my undershirt. As I went to put my button down back on, the door to the conductor's booth opened. Out walked an attractive Latino dude, caramel complexion, about 5'7-5'8, a nice solid build whose hair was in cornrows. If I had to compare him to someone I'd say he resembled the straight pornstar Brian Pumper, with that being said I wondered if he had ass like him too.

Our eyes met briefly, he paused as he looked down at my chest and abs and then back up to my face. "I'm sorry but we don't allow people to ride the train topless," he commented even though I could tell he really had to work hard to make that statement.

I smiled, "My apologies I was just changing my shirt real quick."

"No problem," he said as he opened the car door and moved to the other car, not before give me one last glance over. But I couldn't blame him cus I did the same. He was looking on point in his baby blue shirt, covered with a dark blue vest that stop perfectly right above his ass line. Lets just say he definitely filled out those blue pants with all that ass he had.

Trying to get a quick nap, I closed my eyes now that the eye candy was gone. My mind was clearly racing with the thoughts of what that ass looks like naked because I could feel my dick growing under my pants extending down my pant leg.

The loud sound of the car door slamming closed jolted my eyes open, to my surprise my dream had come true. There dude was in the booth with the door opened, his pants and underwear pulled down right below his ass cheeks. That beautiful smooth bubble butt spilling over the rim of his pants. He looked back and smiled then signaled me to come to him.

Hesitant and nervous about getting caught I looked around to make sure no one was paying attention, then got up and went in the booth. Once I closed the door we were literally up against each other. I lowered my hand down and grabbed a handful of his ass. Dude's ass was perfect just the correct consistency of muscle and fat. I had to taste it. As best as possible I lowered myself till my head was right in front of his ass. I think I used my palm and thumbs to spread his cheeks and just dove in tongue first. His hole gladly welcomed my tongue, and the further I pushed my tongue into his ass the tighter it would grip. I stayed down there for as long as possible, but had to come up for air briefly.

I could feel the train beginning to slow down for the next station stop, I prepared to stand back up but he quickly pushed my head back down into his ass.

"Keep going," he ordered as he tooted his ass back more, so I obeyed. He opened the booth window and stated into the intercom, "This is...High Street Brooklyn bridge," stuttering each time I'd wiggle my tongue deep in his insides. "Stand clear..of...the...closing doors."

I was going to town on the ass and he was loving it, ass juices and spit was running down my chin and his thighs. I ate that ass for the next two stops.

"This is an express train next stop will be...Nostrand. Stand clear of...the...closing doors," he struggled to say as his body started to quiver. He closed the window and the train pulled off. "Ok we got four stops till we stop again, I want to feel u," he begged.

I stood up and pulled my pants down, the tip of my dick was soaked with precum I rubbed it all over my dick and slid it between the crack of his ass. His cheeks alone made me feel like I was already in him, but once I felt the entrance to his hole against my dick head I knew I wasn't. I spread his cheeks with both my hands, and my dick slowly inched its way into his anal canal. He had amazing ass control it felt as though his hole was literally pulling my dick in deeper.

"Oh my God yo, that's dick feels so good. Beat this ass up," he commanded banging his fist against the window in ecstasy. I began thrusting my hips against his ass as best as possible in the small space. With each movement back I could feel the cold metal of the door against my ass. I smashed my forearm into his back, shaved his face and chest against the ass as I pumped faster and harder.

"Yes yo give me that dick, I want you to fill me up yo," he moaned.

"Yea arch dat back, that's it just like that. Damn man, stay just like that you gonna make me bust," I replied into his ear.

"Give me yo babies," he begged.

Even with the loud sound of the train moving through the tunnel I could still hear the thunderous clapping of his ass against my thighs.

"Shit!!" I scream as I unloaded all my seeds into his guts, so much that it must have crashed against his prostate forcing the nut out of his dick and sending it spraying all across the train controls. We stood there for a moment my dick still inside him, being milked by his pulsating hole. I could feel the train preparing to come to a stop, so we quickly pulled our pants up.

"Imma walk out first to make sure the coast is clear," I nodded ok and we switched places so he could exit. He walked out and gave me the signal that it was clear as he walked into the other car. I quickly

exited and sat down as if nothing even happened. Just in time too because once we stopped the girl across from me opened her eyes, gave me an odd look and exited.

“This is Nostrand, next stop Utica please stand clear of the closing doors,” my secret lovers voice stated over the intercom. I smiled.

Once at the next stop I adjust myself and exited, just as I went to walk by the conductors window dude’s hand popped out and he handed me a paper. We share a short smile then I continued on. When I got outside I opened the paper it read “that was off da chain here’s my number. Next time well be sure to use a bed.”. With a grin on my face I put the paper in my pocket and headed home.

# Happy Anniversary

Mike opened the door to his apartment and was stunned to find a trail of rose petals at his feet, illuminated by the flickering flames of candlelights that were strategically placed throughout his apartment. He slowly entered and closed the door behind him, as he looked around for who was behind the extravagant display. He followed the petal trail down the hallway to where the curved hallway led into the bathroom. Once he got to the bathroom he peeked around the corner, and with his eyes followed the trail to its end in front of the bathtub.

There he found Devon, his boyfriend, submerged under bathwater which was coated red with more rose petals. He laid ass up in the tub, with his head resting on his folded arms on the rim of the tub which too was lined with lit candles. The light of the candles glistened on Devon's wet body, which made his brown skin look like melting chocolate as beads of sweat rolled down his spine and pooled between his lower back muscles. His muscular ass seemed to float atop the water like two single mountain islands sticking out of the ocean. Devon cracked a smile as he watched Mike admire his body.

"Happy anniversary babe," Devon whispered.

"Damn baby, happy anniversary to you too. I thought you forgot," Mike commented as he unbuttoned his shirt.

"Never that, I just played like I forgot to make you even more surprised. Hopefully it worked?" he asked.

"You have no idea," Mike replied as he smiled from ear to ear.

"Well what are you waiting for? Come join me," Devon asked as he scooted forward to make room for Mike in the tub. The water and rose petals flowed from atop his ass dropping down into the bath like a waterfall. Devon's body was sick, perfectly sculpted and formed to the point where even a straight dude would be aroused to see his body butt naked.

Mike stripped down naked as well, though not as built as Devon, he too had a nice toned slim basketball player shaped body as opposed to Devon's more football player like physique. Mike did, on the other hand, have about two inches more dick in length than Devon. Once he removed his underwear his dick, that had a definitive curve downward, sprung forward.

Mike stepped into the hot water behind Devon's upturned ass slowly allowing his body to adjust to the temperature. He leaned over and ran his index finger between his back muscles down into his hairless ass crack rubbing his finger around the rim of his puckering booty hole. As a tease Devon showed off his muscle control by flexing his hole in and outward against Mike's finger.

Mike then sat down in the water, his dick head still poking from beneath the floating rose petals like the head of a hunting snake. His face now ass level, he stuck his tongue out of his mouth and licked from the bottom of Devon's low hanging balls all the way up finishing with the tip of his tongue at the entrance to his anal cavity. He palmed each cheek with his hands and drilled his tongue as deep as he could, all the way till his teeth meet his outside of his ass. The electrifying sensation jolted through Devon's spine

involuntarily cause his back to arch harder and his head to tilt backward so he could lease a loud moan into the air.

Mike continued to loosen his hole with his tongue, Devon loving every moment of it eyes rolling back into his head and gripping the rim of the tub tighter and tighter in ecstasy. His tongue reached so far it sent a spark straight up Devon's spine causing him to spring forward and shake uncontrollable.

"Damn boo that was my spot," he whispered turning around and then kissing Mike deeply. "Stand up."

Mike stood up in the tub, the water flowing down his body and droplet spilled from the head of his dick. Devon lathered up a washcloth with soap and stared up at Mike with a seductive grin. He leaned forward on his knees and put half of Mike's wet dick in his mouth as he started to wash Mike's body never unlocking his dick from the grip of his lips. He stretched his arm up to wash his upper torso, all the while swirling his tongue around Mike's dick head. He watched as Mike bit his bottom lip and allowed his eyes to roll back in his head. Devon then reached around him and ass his ass cheeks before sliding the wash cloth between his crack to thoroughly clean his tight hole.

Once fully scrubbed and covered in soap suds, Devon finally released his dick from his mouth and stood up in the tub was well. He then turned the shower on so they could rinse off as they kissed deeply.

Briefly parting lips, Mike looked deep into Devon's eyes and softly stated, "I love you, more than you could ever know my dude."

"I love you too," Devon's genuinely replied smiling fro ear to ear. "Follow me," he continued stepping out of the tub and walking out of the bathroom not even drying off.

Mike paused for a moment thinking to himself, "what else does he have planned," then also stepped out of the tub and followed along Devon's wet footprint trail. The trail lead to the end of the hall into their bedroom, which appeared to be glowing from candlelight and the sound of slow jams playing. Once he stepped through the doorway there he found Devon naked laying on his back, spread eagle, his smooth bootyhole puckering outward toward Mike, on top of a plastic covering which was laid on top of the bed and written in chocolate syrup was "Happy 1 year".

Mike just stood their in awe, not sure what was more impressive the sight of his god-like dude laying their naked awaiting his dick or the amazing display his dude had created for him.

"Come show me just how much you love me," Devon commented as he ran his index finger in the chocolate then traced it around the rim of his asshole. Mike didn't waste a second after that, he walked over to the bed, his dick brick hard, leaned down and proceeded to both lick the chocolate from around Devon's ass as well and slip his tongue deep into his ass lips.

"OH BABY!" moaned Devon fanning his arms up and down coating them in the chocolate. He grabbed Mike by the shoulders and pulled him on top of him, kissing him and licking the chocolate from around his lips. He then rolled Mike over on his back, coating him in the chocolate, and slips his tongue from down his chin all the way to his navel. First running his hands through the syrup he began to stroke Mike's stiff dick with it before swallowing it down to the balls with his mouth. He ran his lips up and down his shaft like he was truly sucking on a chocolate stick.

After a few moments of pleasuring Mike's dick with his mouth, Devon leaned over and grabbed a Magnum condom from out of the night stand. Mike laid there patiently admiring his chocolate covered dude

as he prepped his dick for love making. Devon then straddled Mike and slowly lowered his ass down onto Mike's solid dick. He took it inch by inch until his entire dick was incased within his guts. The amazing sensation caused pre-cum to ooze out of Devon's dick and start to puddle on Mike's abs.

"Damn baby, I love this dick. This ya ass right?" Devon asked and Mike nodded yes. "Then make love to your ass babe."

Mike began thrusting his hips upward, his dick sliding in and out, faster and harder. He reached around gripping Mike's massive ass cheeks and using them as leverage, spreading them apart and thrusting harder. Devon fell forward his chocolate covered body pressing against Mike's body, kissing him deeply before whispering in his ear, "yes baby make love to me. I love you baby this ass is yours."

Mike swerved his hips, his dick head finding Devon's prostate and milking it with each jolt upward. "Baby, I'm bout to cum," Mike moaned as he unleashed his seed deep inside of his lover. The condom ballooned with his nut pressing hard against Devon's spot causing his dick to spew nut all between both of their bodies. They laid there breathing deeply, drained and satisfied, sticky with nut and chocolate.

Devon gathered the strength to lift his body up slightly to look into Mike's eyes and stated, "Happy anniversary my love," then they both smiled and shared a kiss before laying back on top of his holding him tight.

# Worth EVERY penny!

Some friends and I were chilling playing spades and the topic of escorts came up. "How do you guys feel about paying for sex?" my boy Danny asked.

Having never thought about it, I kept out of the conversation and just listened. My buddy Wayne stated, "shit I'd do it...actually I have done it truth be told," we all listened in. "Yea im like hell if I can afford it why not put some money down for a dude that I may never have a chance with. So that's what I did I paid for this porn star to come thru and make me feel like one of his costars." Everyone laughed.

"It didn't leave you feeling some type of way. Like damn now im one of them old guys that can't get a man so instead I use my money to get them," Danny asked with curiosity.

"Not at all, I know what I can pull and I figured I've jacked off and fantasized about him so much why not experience it first hand," Wayne responded and I totally got where he was coming from.

So later that night, after all the drinks and sex talk, I was home and horny so figured why not check out some escort profiles online. I signed on and began browsing. Truthfully most of the images and profiles weren't doing it for me, most were faceless dicks and asses, and for me the face got to be on point as well. Right as I was going to give up hope, I came across a profile, once again faceless images, but there was something about the dialogue that was written in the profile that got me hard. So I said to myself, fuck it, and went ahead and sent him a message.

Not even a minute passed, before I got a response back. He wrote, "chilling yo, only 100 bucks and I promos to turn you out with this country dick and ass".

I responded back saying, "can you send me a face pic?" and he commented back with his number and a message saying he doesnt put face pics up because he's very private and discreet. Normally that would result in an ending of a conversation. But there was something more, I had a good gut feeling about him. So I texted him my address and told him to head this way.

About 30 minutes later I got a text saying hr was downstairs, and it wasn't until then that my nerves started to kick in. I quickly pulled off my boxers just wrapped a towel around my waist. I figured the faster we got to it, the less awkward it would be.

A low knock came from my front door, I took a deep breath and opened. To my surprise, the dude turned out to be this gogo dancer from a bar I frequent.

Holy shit I thought to myself, this nigga who I had fantasized about time and again was standing here in my apartment.

"What's good yo," he started, "so you like what you see?"

I couldn't even answer for fear that id embarrass myself, so I just nodded yes. He walked in and closed the door behind him then took off his shoes.

"The bedroom is this way," I mumbled as i turned around and headed toward the bedroom assuming

he would follow. Once in the room, I dropped the towel and laid on the bed. My dick was already hard at the thoughts of what were to come.

He then walked in butt naked, abs stacked upon abs, massive chiseled chest that was covered with tattoos, and a stiff dick that stood straight out and curved slightly upward. He was light skinned but his dick was a few shades darker than his body.

He stepped over in front of me between my legs, his dick rested on my balls. "Yo B, I ain't even gonna front you sexier than most the clients I'm used to," he commented which caused me to crack a smile.

I simply answered back with, "you too" just enough to sound hard and not to overly excited. He then gripped me by my ankles and lifted then up beside his head. He stuck his long almost lizard like tongue out his mouth and ran it along my calf all the way down to my thigh as he squared down.

"You got a pretty hole too yo," he complimented. Just as I went to thank him he slipped his tongue deep inside me and the words and all thoughts dissolved from my head. My dick jumped and leaked precum, my eyes rolled back, and I tightly gripped the bed sheets.

DAMN, I thought as I moaned softly, that tongue was crazy I could feel it in my hole the tip wiggling quickly against my walls. His tongue was so long it nearly felt like I was getting fucked by a average sized dick. He worked that tongue in and out, all around pressing against different spots checking to see what involuntary action he would get from me. Chill bumps, heavy breathing, moaning, my dick twitching, every spot caused a different erogenous reaction.

"You ready for some dick," he asked as he licked the saliva and my ass juices from off his lips. I nodded yes, and braced myself as he slowly guided the head of his dick into my wet hole. His dick was shaped like a missile meaning the first few inches were less thick it was between inches 3-6 he had the most girth. I took a deep breath trying to relax, right as I almost tapped out because the pain was too unbearable it was over, his entire manhood was deep in my hole. He let it rest there a moment to allow my hole to adjust, and I assume he could feel me relax because he started pumping his hip right on cue. The pain was completely gone and each stroke of his dick sent pleasure shocks threw out my body.

I watched his face as he closed his eyes, completely focused on stroking my hole just right. I stared still amazed that his fine ass was actually inside me, letting me experience a piece of him. He started fucking me harder, I reach around and grabbed him by the ass forcing him deeper in me. Each pump made my dick jump, it felt so good. Before I knew it I felt a tingling sensation throughout my body, I looked down and to my surprise my dick had already started shooting ropes of nut between our bodies.

"Damn son, that ass is gripping the shit out my dick, I'm bout to bust," he moaned, "where you want this nut?" he asked.

"I wanna taste you, shoot that milk down my throat," I begged. He pumped harder and harder, then quick pulled out and sprung forward on me. I tilted my chin down and opened my mouth just in time for his to rocket his sweet nut down to the back of my throat. I could barely taste it for most of it shot clear past my taste buds and straight onto the back of my mouth and ran down into my throat. His body started shaking uncontrollably so he rolled over onto the bed next to me. We both laid there breathing heavily.

I swallowed deeply to ensure I had devoured all of his nectar then cleared my throat to speak. "That was amazing, definitely worth every penny."

# Old Friends Part 1

Craig Wesley drove down the long, deserted Big Joe Road toward the Jefferson Correctional facility. It seemed like he had been driving for a while since exiting the 90 Fwy in his rented Dodge Charger. All he could see around him was road, grass, and swampy looking water on either side as he drove. South Florida was very hot and humid this time of year and Craig was grateful for the air conditioning in the glossy midnight blue car. He wasn't too fond of driving in remote areas he didn't know well either. But today was not an ordinary day. Today, Malik, his homeboy from childhood, was getting out of the joint. He had gotten caught in possession of a pound of weed. And since he was down the street from an elementary school at the time, the judge saw fit to give him major time. He had been sentenced to 6 years, but was getting out early for good behavior. So for the past 4 years, 5 months and 13 days Malik had been behind the big wall.

As the road curved around, Craig could finally see the barbed wire around the perimeter of the wall that looked like a giant, moving slinky as it mixed with the heat vapors that rose from the ground. He had arrived. He followed the visitor signs to a gated parking lot near the rear of a large building of the prison. He placed his wallet in his pocket and grabbed the large shopping bag off the front seat that contained his homeboy's newly purchased outfit. Dark blue Express jeans, a light green, royal blue and white striped Lacoste henly shirt, new Calvin Klein boxers and white wife-beaters, socks, a fitted cap from Lids, and a pair of white Air Force Ones. The outfit set Craig back a little over \$300, but Malik was worth it. Malik had been the friend who had had Craig's back for as long as he could remember. Ever since fifth grade when three boys started a fight with Craig because he "thought he was better than everybody", Malik, who had only seen Craig around school, jumped into the brawl to even the numbers a little. Malik had admired Craig's never give up attitude, because even while outnumbered, Craig was still holding his own. The two had been best friends ever since.

They had gotten their first jobs together at a local Ace Hardware store. They had gotten their first apartments in the same building. The two even dated sisters twice, and double-dated often. So, as far as Malik was concerned, money was no object. Not to mention, the weed they had found Malik with was Craig's. He had borrowed Malik's car the night before, and left the large brick of vacuum packed Kush in the trunk. Craig had been fronted the popular yet illegal herb by a grower-friend to make some money for college tuition and fees. When Malik had gotten pulled over by police after making an illegal left turn from McDonald's, they found the kush and he maintained his right to remain silent. All of these thoughts were going through Craig's mind as he walked through the doors of the prison outprocessing center. He felt a little nervous once inside, aware that it should have been him serving time in this dreadful place. After signing in, he handed the bag to the officer at the desk, sat and waited...twenty minutes later, he could hear his boy's voice coming from behind the steel double doors.

"...oh, I won't be back. This is a one shot deal for me," he heard Malik say over his shoulder to the officer.

Craig stood up and faced the doors. As Malik came out, the two men paused for a brief moment staring at each other before embracing, obviously glad to see each other.

"Maaaaan, wassup?" Malik said in his deep southern accent, a huge smile on his face.

"You mister ex-con." said Craig jokingly.

“You definitely look like you’ve been working out in here”, said Craig, noticing the arms and chest bulging through the striped henley he had picked out.

“Well, I can see that Bally’s has been doing you some good too, C-baby” Craig nearly blushed.

“Let’s get outta here man.” said an anxious Malik.

“Indeed.”

Craig and Malik had discussed becoming roommates when Malik got out. Craig had been single for the past year, and Malik’s ex-fiance had abandoned him shortly after he was sentenced. After driving off, Craig, always very organized, reached into a folder and handed Malik a copy of their itinerary for the next two days travel. 1 pm - lunch. 2:30 - check in to hotel. 5 pm - dinner. The two friends laughed and talked through the day and evening, Craig catching Malik up on their common friends lives over the past few years. Sitting on the balcony of the double king room at the Radisson, there was a moment when the two just sat quietly, Malik noticing that his best friend had gotten better looking over the years. Craig was a handsome 28 y.o. caramel-colored man with bedroom eyes and manicured hands and feet. He dressed conservatively now that he had finished school for IT and could afford the better things. Malik was 30, a tall chocolate brown brotha with shiny wavy hair, a strong facial structure and a killer smile.

“Thank you,” Craig said out of nowhere.

“Hunh?” asked Malik.

“Thank you for not sending me to prison.”

“Oh, that...(Malik paused) I couldn’t imagine you in a place like that. Plus, I knew you would have done the same for me. Wouldn’t you?”

“Malik, you’re my road dawg. My nigga. My best friend. I would have done anything for you.”

“Would you still do anything for me?”

“Of course. Wassup?”

“I’ll tell you later. I’m about to take a shower and wash prison off me for good.”

“Okay,cool. Im gonna watch tv for a lil’ while before bed.”

Craig would be half sleep by the time Malik got out of the shower an hour later. He hadn’t had a shower that lasted more than 3 minutes in a long time. So he savored the feeling of the warm water massaging his body. As the droplets fell from his brown muscled frame, he closed his eyes, held his head back and felt blood begin to flow to his large manhood in response to the image in his head. How could he tell his friend, his road dawg, that he wanted something more than just the friendship they had all these years? Malik had never had a sexual experience with another man, hadn’t ever even considered it before now. But prison had caused him to see, hear, and understand that the human experience wasn’t so cut and dry. Malik dried his body, lotioned up with baby oil, and wrapped a thick towel around himself before walking out of the bathroom. He found Craig lying across the chaise lounge seat, wineglass next to him, Law & Order playing on the 32 inch screen. He had removed his clothes, shoes and socks, and was

only wearing a pair of red basketball shorts. Malik took a deep breath and thought of his mother to try to fight the growing bulge in the front of the towel.

“Craig, you sleep homie?”

“Naw, I’m just resting my eyes,” Craig lied.

He had actually just snapped out of his own fantasy when he heard the bathroom door open. Craig had always been popular with women. He was good-looking, confident, great in bed, and a go-getter. Very beautiful and successful women seemed to be drawn to him. But in the past few years something had changed him. For the first time in his adult life, he had been separated from his best friend. Craig hadn’t realized how much he depended on Malik. But in the past 4 and a half years, it had become apparent, and his feelings for Malik had grown as Malik’s absence had set in. Absence really does make the heart grow fonder. But Craig knew Malik would never be attracted to a man, least of all his best friend. Craig had filed this fantasy in the NEVER WILL HAPPEN folder of his mind. The ex-convict sat at the foot of the lounge and tried not to look at his friend’s manicured feet.

“So, Craig you said you would do anything for me... Is that true?”

“Malik, I told you I got you man. I owe you big time. So, if you need some cash to get on your feet, check page two of your itinerary. I have a cashier’s check for \$5,000 waiting for you when we get home tomorrow.”

“Wow. That’s really nice of you man. I really appreciate you. But that’s not what I meant. I don’t think you owe me anything but your friendship. But there is one thing I’ve been wanting...”

Malik turned to face Craig, allowing his eyes to penetrate Craig’s. Just then, the atmosphere began to change in the room. It seemed as if the cool air warmed up dramatically. Craig felt his mouth get dry and his heart began to thump in his chest. He tried not to stare at his boy’s dark chocolate pecs. Malik felt the fearlessness of a man who conquers his challenges head on. Like a first-time sky-diver, this was his moment to jump.

“I’ve been wanting...” Malik started, in a deep throaty voice, “You.”

Craig was so unprepared for this moment that he couldn’t think clearly. He looked at his boy for any indication that he was joking. None. He had known Malik since 5th grade, and he was sure that the look on his face was serious, and determined.

“Uh, umm...well, what do you mean?” Craig asked weakly.

Malik stood up in his towel.

“You know what I mean dude. And I want you to know I went down for you because I’m in love with you Craig.”

Craig stood up too.

“What? Yo, man I don’t get down like that. And neither do you?!”

“Craig I just got out of prison. I had plenty of time to think about everything. And what I realized was that you are the best thing in my life. I knew you were the one person who wouldn’t let me down. And I

know why you stuck with me.”

“Why?” Craig asked, arms crossed. Defensive.

“Because you’re in love with me too.” (silence)

“Now come here my dude, before I have to come get you.”

Craig stood frozen in place, across the chaise, until Malik moves toward him. The towel falls to the floor, revealing a huge, veiny throbbing hard erection. Both men’s eyes come up from Malik’s dick to meet at the same moment. The tense expression on Craig’s face softens. The magnetic energy between them slams their bodies together. They kiss with a built-up passion that grows into an explosive tangle of rubbing licking, grinding and groping. They fall onto the bed, the sounds of heavy breathing crescendos into panting and moans as Malik takes control. He rolls his homeboy onto his back and pulls off the red shorts. He pushes Craig’s knees toward his shoulders and plunges his mouth downward to taste Craig’s opening. The caramel-colored man groans Malik’s name as he laps at the center of Craig’s tight hole.

“Oh Malik, uuuh yes...” Craig coos as his homie eats away.

Without warning, Malik stops and lets go of Craig’s folded body. He crawls forward across Craig and repositions his urgent erection until it is inches away from his boy’s mouth. He gently slides his hand under Craig’s neck and rubs it as Craig begins to kiss passionately and then slurp hungrily at his manhood. The intensity builds into the urge for release.

“Are you ready?” Malik asks.

An out-of-breath Craig nods yes.

“Just don’t hurt me, my dude.”

Malik smiles a lusty smile and rolls the Magnum on. He had been waiting for this moment. Malik lubes the length of his dick and squeezes the large mushroom into Craig’s tight hole. The pain of the mushroom causes an initial grunt, but as Malik kisses Craig and whispers into his ear, he begins to relax and allow more of the erect dark thickness into him. After several minutes of gentle stretching, Craig begins to relax and give in. Malik had dreamed of this moment for much of the time he was behind bars. Now as he looks down, he sees himself sliding in and out of his boy, his friend, his love. It excites him even more to think it is really happening. He changes positions and begins to suck Craig’s toes as he grinds deeper and deeper into him. Craig is calling Malik’s name sprinkled between curses and pleading. The pleasure at the tip of Malik’s dick begins to burn into intense contractions at the base of his large shaft. He digs in deeper still as he begins to long stroke into Craig’s smooth caramel ass.

“Oh...my...God! What’s... happening?” pants Craig.

A sensation he had never felt before takes over. Deep inside, somewhere between his dick and his hole, he feels strong orgasmic pulses that begin to speed up and grow stronger as Malik strokes in and out.

“Oh...Baby...God. Shit...baby...damn!”

Craig’s eyes roll back as he let’s out a muffled scream and a fountain of jizm. No hands necessary.

Moments later Malik pulls out quickly, and takes off the Magnum as his passion explodes into a puddle of hot, thick cream all over Craig's chest. The two collapse into each other's arms, kiss once more, and fall fast asleep. The next morning, Malik and Craig wake up late, make love again, go to an early lunch, a little shopping, then get started toward the airport to go home to California together.

"Malik, thank you."

"For what baby?"

"For breaking me out of the prison in my mind."

"You broke me out of my prison first. It was the least that I could do."

# Old Friends Part 2

Craig and Malik could hear the whoosh of the planes flying overhead as their shuttle neared the airport. They pull out of the terminal thru traffic and up to Delta's departure area.

"Are we gonna make it in time?" Craig asks the driver as he pulls into the loading zone at the front of the airport.

"You should be fine this time of day. No long lines," the cabbie says in a strange mideastern accent. Not entirely convinced of this, and generally suspicious of foreigners, Malik hops out before the shuttle stops moving and begins unloading their bags from the trunk.

"Let's go. I don't wanna miss our flight," says Malik as he rushes into the double doors.

Craig shakes his head and smiles as he watches Malik from behind. He turns and hands the driver a crisp \$20 bill, although the ride was courtesy of Radisson Hotel.

"Thank you," Craig says to the driver as he closes his door and joins Malik at the ticket counter.

They had missed their original flight. They got booked on the next available flight. The two board the plane six hours and twenty minutes later. Settling into his spacious comfy seat in business class, Malik looks around at the people seated nearby. Mostly white except for Craig, who is seated next to him. He notices their hair, clothing, expensive looking jewelry, designer luggage, and a few nose jobs. Rich people. He even noticed the way the blond-haired flight attendant in their section of the plane seemed a bit snooty compared to the others. This is the life, Malik thought. Malik takes advantage of the extra service offered by the snooty flight attendant, ordering them a couple glasses of white zinfandel. Craig positions his pillow, covers himself with the small blanket and closes his eyes, relieved they were finally on their way home. By the time the glasses of wine arrive, Craig is asleep. A couple hours into their 7 hour red-eye flight, the plane was quiet. And dark. Malik opens his eyes and looks out the window. Clouds and moon. The calm of the night sky reflects the calm inside the cabin. It reminds Malik of the middle of the night in the prison, the only time when the place seemed peaceful. Not counting the nights he could hear the grunts and groans of cellmates having sex, or the hand-over-mouth sobbing of some new convict being raped. It was usually this time of night when Malik felt comfortable and horny enough to masturbate so he could sleep. Habits apparently die hard. He could feel his erection pulling him to pay it some attention. So, he quietly unfastens his seat belt, and walks down the slim isle toward the lavatory in the front of business class. Everyone looks like they are sleeping. He closes the door behind him as he walks into the small restroom. Malik pulls down his Calvin Kleins, sits on the toilet, closes his eyes and begins to visualize a steamy scene. He rolls his head back as he begins to palm the fat bulbous head of his dick. He spits in one hand and begins to rub it onto the pulsing shaft. Stroking it slowly, Malik's hand slides from head to base and back to head again. The other hand gently massages his sack. Heat begins to rise from his groin area as his passion grows.

He begins to whisper to his fantasy sex-mate, "Yeah, suck that dick boy. Mmmm. Thats right. Take all of it..."

He imagines his partner bending over a prison bedrail, and himself entering his hot inner recesses.

“Uugh...yeah that pussy is tight my nig,” Malik whispers as he strokes.

Several minutes later his climax is building, he is stroking with both hands, going faster and deeper. Just as his thick juices begin to rush toward the tip of his monstrous erection, Malik hears the click of the doorknob turning. He instantly remembers, he didn't lock the door. Malik quickly opens his eyes and sits up as the door swings forward. His erection still obviously in mid-fantasy, Malik tries to cover the ten-inch boner with one hand as he reaches toward the door with the other hand. But it is open before he can stop it. At the same time, the deep burning passion at the base of his dick begin to pulse. The strong muscles in the thick brown shaft contract strongly as his breathing stutters. Like a fountain, creamy white nutt skeets upward into mid-air, and land on Malik's thighs and muscled torso. Malik's standing open-mouthed and wild-eyed is none other than Snooty, his white male flight attendant. Apparently amazed and enjoying the view, Snooty stands there in a daze for a few quick moments before realizing the awkwardness of the situation. Malik covers himself with his shirt as the flight attendant, fully red-faced, apologizes for barging into the restroom.

“I am soooo sorry sir. Please excuse me...”

“Thats my fault, I should have locked the door, “ Malik says quickly.

Snooty backs quietly, nervously into the hall as Malik closes the door, locking it this time, washes up and gets re-dressed. Truly Malik was both embarrassed and proud that Snooty had seen him jacking off. He noticed the look of amazement when Snooty saw his dick. It reminded Malik of a sort of elevated hetero-locker room status given to well-endowed black men. But he also had some resentment toward white men who, as a group, seemed to objectify black men economically, socially and sexually. Part of him didn't want to reinforce the stereotype of the BIG DICK BROTHA with nothing else going for himself. But there was nothing he could do about how white men viewed black men. He could only be a better representation of his own ideals. He resigns himself to this fact, washes up, looks in the mirror to straighten his clothes, then reaches for the lavatory door to return to his seat. As Malik passes Snooty in the dimly lit isle, the flight attendant downcasts his eyes, too embarrassed to look up. Craig shifts in his seat, eyes still closed, just as Malik sits next to him.

“Where you been?” Craig asks in his sexy early morning voice.

“Having a bathroom adventure,” Malik says sarcastically.

“Well I guess SOMEBODY feels satisfied...”

“Actually, it didn't go quite like I planned,” Malik laughed.

“What happened?” Craig wonders aloud.

“Long story,” Malik says half-grinning to himself.

“Let's just say I will lock the door next time.”

The two friends share a laugh. Craig stretches and yawns, then shifts so that the silhouette of his round butt shows through the blanket.

“Next time, maybe you will ask for HELP with that...”

Craig smiles slyly and gestures toward Malik's still semi-erect bulge. Almost as if on cue, it begins to grow again.

Written by n2deep2012

*Image*  
E Magazine