

This is a work of fiction intended for adults 18yrs of age and older who are able to distinguish fantasies from reality. It deals with two or more men engaging in various sexual acts. Please do not read if you think you might be offended by the themes described below. All rights reserved by the author.

Title : A Nipple Seduction Of A Top Dad

Author : PABLO

Themes : Pecs / Nipples / Inter-racial / Older-Younger / Light S&M / Male Lactation / Breeding / Teacher-Student

A NIPPLE SEDUCTION OF A TOP DAD

A Story By PABLO

My lover, John, is a 45 yr old high school wrestling coach. He stands at 6' 2" and weighs 210lb. His body is very muscular in the same way a competitive bodybuilder's body might look during the off-season when his muscles get a little softer and rounder. He has a short brown hair with a full beard. Despite his bushy facial hair, his body is nearly hairless. The contrast between his burly image and his smooth white skin is striking. He is known to his friends as "Coach" and is a well-respected Top in the gay community in this city.

I met him in a bar about a year ago and have been his "Boy" ever since. He is not quite old enough to be my father but he is like a father figure to me nonetheless. He is my idea of what a mature man should be like.

One Thursday night, we were at this bar we frequent. Its patrons are diverse. You get your leather crowd as well as college guys. John is quite popular with both the leather guys and the college types, and he gets cruised a lot. This night was no exception. Although dressed casually in a white shirt and a pair of khakis, John cuts a rather imposing figure with his big, muscular build and his confident demeanor. Most guys tend to just watch him from afar, giving him occasional sideway glances with their eyes full of longing. One can easily tell exactly what is on their minds. They want him to take charge. They want him on top of them, inside them... There are, of course, some older leather guys who want to top him, but anyone who knows him knows Coach is a total top.

He sometimes invites those admirers to join him and me for a three-way. Other times, he takes a bottom home and make me watch two of them play. As much as I enjoy sharing my lover with another bottom, there is something about watching John work over a bottom in front of me. Yes, I get crazy jealous but that only adds to my excitement. All of these bottoms that are lucky enough to be chosen by John are surprised by, and can't get enough of John's sexy body. They get mesmerized by his big shoulders and biceps, and his full, round pecs. They would spend all night just worshipping his body if John let them, but more often than not, their hands are tied and their mouths are stuffed with either a gag or a cock, and they do not get a chance to explore John's body freely.

So, on this Thursday night, as usual, he was enjoying the lustful attentions he was getting from his admirers. Then, this young guy came over to where we were standing. He was about 5' 9", lean-medium built, dressed in a tracksuit jacket with no undershirt, and a pair of baggy jeans. The zipper of his jacket was zipped down to allow us a glimpse of his smooth, well-developed chest. His tanned skin and his features suggested that he was Latino or Middle Eastern. His dark hair was cropped short in an almost military fashion.

As he came closer, I noticed his cologne. I knew John liked guys who smelled nice but he was not big on colognes. He'd told me what he liked was the smell of soap on a man's body after a shower. As for me, I found his scent very sexy. It added to the air of nonchalant bravado typical to young men who knew they were hot.

He introduced himself as Jose. A Latino! He told us he was from Mexico and went to a university in town.

The music was pretty loud and we almost had to shout our conversation. Every once in a while, Jose would lean into John and whisper something into his ear. As he did this, he would put his right hand on John's left shoulder, then his chest. His hand would linger on his chest, gently caressing the meaty mound. I had no way of knowing what was being said but every time Jose did this, John's face turned bright red. What's more, I didn't miss a growing bulge in the front of his pants! It was obvious that whatever this young Latino was whispering into John's ear was turning him on big time! Soon, I could even see his erect nipples pressing against his white shirt. A telltale sign of his reaction to Jose's sensual touch.

After about half an hour, Jose announced that he had to go because he had a class the next morning.

We shook hands, and as Jose shook John's, he pulled John even closer by putting his right hand behind John's neck and kissed him gently on his lips. Surprised by Jose's move, John's body jerked for a split second. Jose did not break the kiss, and John's body relaxed and he accepted, then started returning the kiss. Despite the differences in their height and their age, it was clear to anyone who was watching who was kissing whom / who was "being kissed". Yes, my Top lover, a 6' 2", 210lb 45yr old wrestling coach was being kissed by a college student who was young enough to be his son.

The scene unfolding right in front of my eyes was extremely erotic. Sure, I was jealous. But there was something about watching my lover being seduced by a much younger man, and giving in, overpowered by the young Latino's sheer sexual charisma. I had never seen John like this and it was turning me on.

After finally breaking the kiss, Jose did not let go of John before he whispered something into John's ear for one last time, to which John nodded "Yes".

Then the young Mexican was gone.

John was visibly flushed. There he was, standing in the middle of the bar, with a tent in his pants, his shirt barely concealing two hard nubs straining against it for everyone to see. I could tell that he was embarrassed.

Another thing I noticed was that a few of the buttons of his shirt were undone. Jose had his back to me while kissing John and I must have missed his hand unbuttoning John's shirt. He must have had his hand slipped inside John's shirt playing with his nipples! John excused himself and headed for the bathroom, and by the time he came back, the shirt was buttoned up but I could still see his erect nipples through the thin fabric.

John didn't talk much for the rest of the night except for saying hello to his friends. One of his friends, Mike, who is a few years John's junior, asked him who the young guy John had been kissing was. John told him he was just some college kid. I don't know if John saw it but Mike had a wicked smile on his face and gave me a secret wink telling me that he knew very well what had happened between John and Jose.

On my way to the bathroom, I caught up with Mike and asked him if he knew the young Latino. He did but he was reluctant to get into details for some reason. After a little coaxing, he finally confessed to me that he had been with Jose not too long ago. Having seen what had happened to my Top lover, I was more than curious to find out what the deal was with Jose.

Now, I should tell you a little about Mike. He is a very popular "Dad" whose dark Italian features and hairy body are the opposite of John's white and smooth body. He is one of the Tops who have been lusting after John for a while. He is always making rather lewd comments about John's body, like how meaty and muscular his pecs are, and what he would like to do to them. He has also told me how much he would like to "tap that ass" looking at John from behind while he ordered drinks from the bar leaning against the bar counter. Actually, Mike came pretty close to "tapping" that ass. It (almost) happened when he and John got into a wrestling match at a party. The host was a big wrestling enthusiast and had a mat set up in his basement. Anyway, Mike challenged John for a match. The deal was, the winner would have the loser for a night as his slave. John came out on top as we all had expected. After all, John's a wrestling coach, and he had competed all through college where he was a state champion at one point. But, much to our surprise, Mike put up quite a fight and came close a couple of times to actually pinning John. At the end, however, John's experience spoke volume and Mike accepted his defeat. John wasn't thrilled with his own performance on the mat against an "amateur" and while Mike was willing to make good on the deal of being John's slave for a night, John only asked Mike to buy him a beer the next time they saw each other. Now, had Mike won the match, I know he would have claimed his prize by making a bottom slave out of the hot, older Top.

OK, back to what Mike told me about his encounter with Jose. He first saw Jose one Saturday night in this very bar. There is a back room that is only open on weekend nights, and in the backroom, all the patrons must take off their shirts. Mike spotted this hot young man with a hot toned body with a very well developed chest. The young man caught Mike staring and came over. For a young man, he seemed very confident and that was quite refreshing to Mike who was used to younger men who approach him nervously, hoping to be seduced by Mike, an older Top Daddy. Not Jose. While he was polite and respectful to someone almost twice as old as him, there was an air about him that told Mike this kid was not another Bottom Boy looking for a Daddy.

Long story short, by the end of the night, they were at Mike's place, and Mike had been right about Jose not being a bottom.

"What are you saying? You let the kid Top you!?"

I couldn't believe it. Jose had taken down a strong Top Dad like Mike just like that? And is that what he is looking to do to John as well!?

Mike told me that it was not that Jose took him by force, but it was rather he was "seduced" by the sensuous and gentle yet firm and confident way the young man carries himself. Yeah, I could totally see that. I mean, John is not the kind of guy who usually allows some college kid to touch him in public the way Jose did.

"Is John getting together with Jose?", Mike asked. I told him I didn't know. "If he is, he is in for quite a night.", said Mike.

Now, I was extremely turned on. In my head was an image of Mike offering his big, muscular body to the young Latino. What exactly did Mike mean by "letting Jose Top him"? Did he actually let him... fuck him!? My mind was reeling. I tried to replace Mike with John in that super-hot image in my head. No way! Would he? I just could not imagine John giving it up to anyone, least of all to some college student. OK, that's a lie. I DID imagine it and it made me hornier than hell!

During our cab-ride home later that night, I asked John what Jose said to him back in the bar. Not surprisingly, he did not elaborate on the things Jose told him that left him with a hard-on and stiff nips. Instead, he just told me that Jose asked him if they could together sometime. I guess that was the question that John nodded "Yes" to. But I have my doubts that "getting together sometime" was exactly how Jose put it. I told him that I'd thought Jose was hot, and asked him what he had thought of the kid. All John said was that he was very young. Too young. I wanted to ask him to explain the boner and the swollen nipples if he'd thought Jose was too young for him, but I didn't want to embarrass him too much so I dropped it.

The next night, we were invited to the house of one of John's friends to play poker. Mike would be there also. I told them I'd have to work the late shift that night, so they would have to find someone to fill my spot.

As I was leaving for work that evening, John was just coming out of the shower with just a towel wrapped around his waist. Damn, he looked good! The big, strong shoulders, beautiful chest with pink quarter-size areolas topped by nipples begging to be licked, sucked and chewed on. Warmed by the shower and still a little damp, his smooth white skin looked so sexy. I came this close to taking my clothes off and jumping on him but stopped myself. I told him to have fun with the guys and left.

8 hours later, when I came home, the place was empty. It was only 1:30am. John was still at his friend's. I took a hot shower, put on a t-shirt and a pair of sweats, and started watching TV in bed. I must have dozed off. When I heard the front door close, the alarm clock by the bed said it was 5:00am.

I came out to the living room and John was just taking off his shoes. He was dressed in a pair of khakis and a tight, white T-shirt that looked two sizes too small. I asked him how he did. He said he'd lost big time. He was walking past me on his way to the bedroom as I was just about to ask him who filled my spot at the poker table. I got my answer before I even asked the question. I recognized the scent. So, our young Mexican friend was at the poker night. He was either sitting very very close to John, or they were doing a lot more than playing cards.

Once inside the bedroom, John started taking off his clothes. As he was taking off his shirt, I turned on the lights.

"What happened to you!?"

His upper body was full of marks. His nipples were swollen, and almost red in color. I examined his body closely and some of the marks looked like they were bite marks. The others, like the ones on his chest, looked like someone had sucked on the skin a little too hard.

"Well, I was hoping you wouldn't notice..."

John started to tell me about the night.

It was Mike who had invited Jose to fill in for me. So, it was Jim the host, John, Mike and Jose. After a few beers, they were starting to feel a bit silly and Mike suggested that whoever lost should take off a piece of his clothing. John was having a bad night and before long, he was completely naked. With no more clothes to take off, from then on, every time he lost a hand, a clothespin was put on John's body, and that is how he got those marks on his arms, shoulders and sides. Jim got a piece of rope, a paddle, a ball gag and a set of nipple clamps from his playroom in the basement and those item were used on the loser too.

By midnight, John's upper body was adorned with clothespins, the clamps were applied to his nipples, his legs were tied, his ass was red from the paddle, and the ball gag was placed in his mouth. The other three men were naked to their waists. I don't think I am the only one who suspects that the games were rigged. John had seen Mike and Jim bare-assed before, but this was the first time he got a good look at Jose's body. He was not a big, muscle guy like Mike, nor he was lean and slender the way Jim was. Jose had a tattoo of an eagle on his right shoulder that seemed to move every time he lifted his right arm. He was seated to John's left, and the older man took frequent glimpses of the younger man's taut, smooth brown skin. For a guy his size, this Latino had a set of very well developed pecs. From John's view point, Jose's chest, especially with his boyish features, looked obscenely large, and sexy. More than a few times, Jose caught the older man looking at his body. Each time, he would flash a smile, more like a leer, which made John blush in embarrassment. Also, every time Jose moved his body in a certain way, John got a whiff of the young man's scent, and that was getting to him. He exuded sexual vibe from every pore on the skin of his body. John was, again, under this young man's sensual spell.

For the last game of the night, they upped the ante and decided that the winner would be able to take the loser into the master bedroom and do whatever he wanted with him for fifteen minutes. By luck or by design, the young Latino won the game. He stood up and faced the older man sitting to his right. Then, he took John's hand and kissed it like a fairy tale prince would, looking directly into his John's eyes.

Jose removed the ball-gag from John's mouth, took off all the clothespins from John's body, untied the rope binding his legs by his ankles, and slowly took off the clamps off his nipples. This forced a low groan from the humiliated wrestling coach as blood rushed back into his nipples. Then Jose took John by his hand and led him into the master bedroom.

Once inside, he gently but firmly ordered John to get down on his knees.

"OK, John, I'm going to give YOU a prize.", he told John. Jose unbuckled his belt, opened the buttons of his jeans, and whipped out his cock. It was curved upward and hard as a rock. The size of the cock made John gasp. It was as long as John's own but looked thicker with a big mushroom head already oozing clear substance. Jose took a hold of his cock and slowly brought the tip to John's mouth. He then teasingly rubbed the head against John's moustache, coating it with pre-cum. "Open your mouth, John.", whispered the young man. John could not help but comply. When the silky head of Jose's cock made contact with the older man's lips, almost automatically, his tongue shot out and wrapped itself around the head, tasting his conqueror for the first time.

The young Latino fed more and more of his cock to John until his bush met the older man's moustache. He took hold of John's head and held his cock there without moving, and in a few seconds, John started to choke and tears started well up in his eyes. As the young man's pubic hair merged with John's moustache, the older man was intoxicated by the young Latino's body, its scent, its taste as well as the power it had over him.

After 15 minutes, they walked out of the bedroom into the living room. What Jim and Mike saw must have taken their breath away. The once dominant 45yr old Top's face was covered with tears, and his bushy moustache was drenched in saliva and pre-cum. His prominent manhood was fully erect, and so were his nipples.

Jose instructed John to go clean up and put his clothes back on. When John came out of the bathroom, Jim offered him the guest room to spend the night, but before he could answer, Jose told Jim that John was going home with him to his place. Jim and Mike had wicked grins on their faces and told Jose to "have fun" with the Coach. John couldn't do or say anything. He just stood there with his head down in total embarrassment, but he was still very much aroused.

Mike casually reached over and pinched John's left nipple through his polo shirt. John jumped. His nipples were very sensitive now because of the clamps they had made him wear earlier. He tried to pull away but was stopped by Jose. He pulled up John's shirt until his pecs were exposed, then offered them for Mike and Jim. For the next 20 minutes until their cab arrived, Mike and Jim had their ways with John's chest. As hard as he tried,

he could not control himself. When their tongues slowly circled his nipples pressing down on the areolas, a long moan escaped John's mouth. The moan was soon replaced by a short grunt as the two men started using teeth, chewing on his tender nipples.

Soon, they heard a horn outside. Jose thanked the men and led John out to the waiting cab.

The apartment Jose shared with 2 roommates was in the other side of the town from Jim's place. During the cab ride, Jose had his right arm over and around John's shoulders, playing with his earlobe, stroking his moustache, then finding the lips hidden under that bushy moustache, he inserted his index finger in John's mouth. Then, he pulled his now wet finger out and slipped his hand into the neck opening of John's shirt. The wet finger moved playfully over the older man's swollen, very tender right nipple. "Ah..." Surprised by the sensation, a small gasp escaped John's mouth. The cab driver, a slim Indian man in his 30s with glasses and a well-groomed moustache, discretely sneaked a peek at the odd couple in the back seat through the mirror. John caught the driver looking and their eyes met. The cab had no partition between the front seats and the back, and from the driver's point of view, John, who was sitting in the center of the back seat, was visible from the knees up. John knew the driver was able to make out the erection he was sporting in his khakis as well as what his young companion's hand was doing to his right nipple. Jose seemed very much aware of the attention they were receiving from the driver and was getting more and more bold, kissing John's neck and taking John's left hand and placing it on his own erection clearly outlined in his jeans.

John could not believe he was letting this young man do this to him inside a cab with a total stranger watching. The driver looked like he was enjoying the show. When the cab made a right turn, John saw the driver's left hand, and on his finger was a ring. He was most likely married, but he was getting into watching a big, muscular older man being fondled by a much younger man who looked like a college student.

The cab came to a stop at a traffic light. The driver turned around to get a better look at the scene in the back seat. Jose lifted up the front of John's shirt, exposing his meaty chest and the hard, swollen nipples sitting atop the large areolas. The driver's lips parted slightly and he licked his lips. When the lights turned green, instead of continuing on down the street toward their destination, the driver turned and pulled into the dark parking lot of a bank. He parked the cab in the far dark corner away from the streetlights. Then, he opened the driver's side door, got out of the cab, walked around

and came to the right hand side of the cab, and got in the back seat to John's right.

The driver took off his glasses and threw them onto the front seat. He tentatively reached over with his right hand and gently cupped John's left breast. He was feeling the weight of the fleshy mound while slowly kneading it. Now, John had Jose's hand over his shoulder pinching his right nipple, and the driver's hand gently caressing his left. The sensation was intense, of course, but what turned John on more was the fact this was taking place in the backseat of a cab, and one of the men fondling his body was a total stranger.

He was moaning freely now, and his moaning got even louder when the driver leaned over and put his mustached mouth on his left nipple. The driver was an expert at using his mouth on a nipple. He must have been a tit man for sure. He brushed his moustache lightly against John's sensitive nipples, then, holding the nub between his lips, shook his head left to right sending a torrent of vibrations all through John's body. Then, he released the nipple for a moment, and looked at the effect he was having on the older man, and smiled. His big, muscular passenger was breathing heavily and even in the dark, he could see his nipple glistening with spit. He, then brought his mouth closer to the nipple, and blew air onto the quivering nub. This made John's entire body jerk and he let out a high-pitched gasp, which made the driver laugh. He might have been straight and married, but obviously, he couldn't resist sucking on a big, white, meaty breast like John's, and he was getting off on making the big man writhe in pleasure.

"Mister, your nipples are very horny. They taste better than a woman's."

He, then, started to unbuckle his belt. His full erection was visible even through his trousers. He got up on the seat on his knees, straddled John, and pulled out a thin but very long cock and started to rub the head against John's chest.

He flicked, then pressed hard on John's nipple with the head of his cock, which made John crazy. He even opened up the piss slit with his fingers and tried to slip John's nipple inside. With a little effort, it was snuggly nestled inside the Indian man's piss slit. When he started to move his cock in a circular motion, John's moaning reached its loudest/highest. Watching the big man giving in to the pleasure he was administering sent the driver over the edge. The force with which his cum shot out was so strong it was trying to push John's nipple out of the piss slit, and when it finally did after a full second, the driver's cum gushed out and it covered John's left breast. The Indian man's ejaculate

was so copious it was as if someone poured a glass full of milk over John's chest.

Spent, the driver sat back down on the seat next to John. Using his index finger, he rubbed the thick cum into John's nipple. Then, he brought the finger up to John's parted lips, and gently inserted it into his mouth. John savored the pungent scent and the bittersweet taste of the man's cream. "Thank you, Mister. Yours was the best breast I fucked in a long time.", said the driver giving John a kiss on the neck.

He offered to find something to wipe off the cum with from the trunk of the cab but Jose told him that was not necessary. He took John's polo shirt and wiped the sticky cum with it, then, he leaned over and gave a long passionate kiss to the older man whose breast had just been made love to by a married Indian cab driver.

When they got to Jose's apartment, the driver told the men that the fare was on him. He thanked John again as he squeezed his breast one last time before handing Jose a card, telling him to call and ask for Sunil whenever he needed a ride on weekend nights.

They walked up a set of stairs that led up to Jose's room. They were quite a sight. Jose was dressed like a typical college student, in a plain grey T-shirt and a pair of jeans. Walking behind him was John, a much older man in his mid 40s, naked from the waist up, with an unmistakable erection making a tent in his khakis.

Soon, they were inside Jose's apartment. He told John that one of his two roommates was away for the weekend, and the other was already asleep. This made John a little nervous. What if his roommate came out of his bedroom to go to the bathroom and saw a half naked older man in his living room?

Jose led him down the dark hallway. There were three bedrooms, two on the right, and one on the left. The doors to the two of the rooms were open, and John assumed that the one with the closed door was where his roommate was sleeping. Jose showed John the bathroom at the end of the hallway and instructed him to take a shower handing him a towel that was hanging from a hook on the wall.

The hot water felt great. He carefully soaped up his torso paying special care to his nipples that were swollen and very sensitive. Then, he went on to wash his privates. His erection had gone down a bit by now much to his relief, but it didn't stay that way for

too long. There was something very erotic about taking a shower where Jose took his everyday. John imagined the young Latino naked under this very same shower, lathering up his sexy body. He started to get stiff again. He quickly rinsed off the soap, turned off the water and stepped out of the shower.

He picked up the towel that Jose had handed him and buried his face in it. Jose must have used that same towel earlier that day. He inhaled and his nostril was filled with the young man's own scent. Now, he was fully erect!

He was drying himself off when the door opened. It was Jose. He told John to follow him to his bedroom. John started putting his clothes back on but stopped by Jose.

"Just leave them there. You won't need them for a while."

John wrapped the damp towel around his waist and followed the young man into the room next to the one where the roommate was sleeping, hoping that he wouldn't come out catching naked John with only a towel covering his erection.

Jose closed the door to his room and finally, they were alone.

John was very reluctant at first to tell me about all the things that had happened to him that night but now, it seemed he was being turned on by this gentle interrogation by me, his Boy.

I was lying on my side next to John on our bed, with my hand on his chest, gently coaxing him to give me more details of his night with Jose. We were both naked. By the time his story got to the part with the cab driver, pre-cum was flowing freely from my erect cock pressed against his thigh. I almost shot my wad when he told me about what the driver had done to his nipple with his cock. But I didn't want to come just yet. I wanted to know what Jose did to him in his bedroom.

Like I said, it was indeed an interrogation. John was reluctant to share the embarrassing details of his night with Jose with me. His uneasiness with the subject thrilled me. It felt as if our roles have switched and he was on the receiving end and I was his tormentor.

Yet, the very fact he was my Top and I was his Boy was what made it so erotic for me, and most likely for John as well, judging from the way his cock was throbbing with excitement in spite of himself.

"How was Jose dressed when he took you to his bedroom?"

"He was still wearing a T-shirt and a pair of jeans."

"So, he was fully dressed while you were almost naked with a big hard-on. How did that make you feel, John? I bet you were embarrassed. Sounds like the kid was in total control of you. You didn't even fight him when he let the cab driver fuck your nipple. Did you like Jose taking charge of your body? Did it turn you on?"

"....."

"Did it?" I asked again applying a little more pressure to his left nipple trapped between my index finger and my thumb. He inhaled sharply, surprised by the sensation.

"..... yes."

"Now, tell me what happened in his bedroom."

The college student stood there and looked at the older man standing in front of him. John felt like his body was being raped by Jose's eyes. Then, Jose reached over and pulled the towel off from John's waist. Now, John was completely naked in front of Jose. After admiring the older man's smooth, muscular physique for a few seconds, the young Latino started taking off his shirt, giving John glimpses of his deep armpits with moderate hair growth. He, then, used the T-shirt he had just taken off to blindfold the older man. The shirt was still warm and John got a whiff of Jose's own musk mixed with his cologne. This made his already erect cock jump. He could hear the belt being unbuckled followed by the sound of his jeans being taken off. A piece of cloth was shoved against his face. John knew it was Jose's underwear. Jose's scent filled his lungs, and he let out a long, sensuous moan. The next thing John knew, the underwear was taken away and was used to tie his hands behind him.

Now, John was standing blindfolded, with his hands tied. He felt a hand behind his head. Jose pulled John's head closer and rested it against his neck. John had been dying to put his mouth on the young man's skin all night, and he was finally granted his wish. He started to kiss Jose's neck, savoring the taste of the smooth, taut skin. Jose gently guided John's mouth over to his shoulder, then down to his bicep. John kissed and licked the muscle hungrily. Jose lifted up his arm to give John access to his armpit. John did not need any instruction. He dove in and buried his face in the warm pit. His mouth and nose were now filled with the wonderful taste and scent of Jose. Every few seconds, he would come up to take a breath, and even then, he could taste/smell the young Latino on his moustache. John was made to service both armpits and when Jose finally pulled his face away, the young man's pits were drenched with John's saliva.

Next, John's mouth was placed on Jose's right nipple. The soft nub became hard in John's mouth instantly. He sucked on the hard nipple like a hungry baby. After a few minutes, Jose gave his left nipple for John to suck on. John wanted to feel Jose's body so badly, but with his hands tied, all he could do was use his lips and tongue to taste, and nose to take in the smell of the skin of this young man. After another few minutes, John's mouth was pulled away suddenly, and he was led to the edge of Jose's bed. Jose sat John down on the bed, and gently lay him down. John's hands were still tied and now they were under the small of his back, which made him thrust his chest out. Jose put down his hands on the bed on both sides of John's shoulders, then, slowly lowered his body. John could feel the heat emanating from the young man's skin even though their bodies were yet to make contact. The next moment, something made the older man suck in his breath hard and make a loud, high-pitched gasp escape from his mouth. Jose had lowered his body over John's just so that the tip of his nipples, still wet from John's tongue-bath, touched the tips of John's ultra-sensitive nipples. The only parts of their bodies that were in contact with each other were their nipples. Jose's smaller but hard dark nipples were rubbing against John's larger, swollen pink nipples. Jose moved his upper body in a slow circular motion, and by applying different degrees of pressure, making his wet, slippery nipples tease the sensitive tips of John's nipples by flicking lightly on them one moment, then, pressing down on the fleshy nubs the next. With his hands tied and his eyes covered, it was as if all of John's nerve endings were concentrated on his exposed nipples displayed proudly atop his big pecs. This drove the older man crazy. He was now moaning uncontrollably. He was worried that Jose's roommate next door would hear him, and tried to suppress his moans but the sensation Jose was giving him was too strong he could not

help himself.

John's moaning got even louder when he felt a tongue gently wrap around his left nipple. "Where on earth did this kid learn to do this!?", thought the older man. He takes pride in his own lovemaking skills, but when he was Jose's age, he was still a kid "learning the ropes" by playing with more experienced men. This young Mexican, however, was clearly an expert in this already, pushing all the buttons that made a man twice his age forget his usual role as a Top and moan uncontrollably just by manipulating his nipples.

Jose moved from one nipple to the other, using his tongue on them. By then, John's now painfully erect cock was rubbing against the silky smooth skin of Jose's stomach, and when the young man started to suck on his nipples hard, John almost lost it.

"Ahhhhhh. . . ."

He didn't even recognize his own voice. It was a sound he had never uttered before. It was like a high-pitched, wanton moan of a woman getting carried away by a big wave of sexual pleasure.

This seemed to turn Jose on. He started to kiss John passionately as he held him tight, cradling his head with his arm, making the older man swoon. Breaking the kiss, Jose turned over John's body, untied the underwear that was binding his hands, rested his own body on top, and started kissing the older man's neck, his shoulders, then down his back. John could feel the young man's hard cock, now wet with pre-cum, sliding against his buttocks. It was soon nestled between the meaty white globes.

Jose started to move his body slowly over John's. His slippery cock was sliding up and down deep inside John's cheeks. The older man could feel the young Latino's hard nipples against his back. He, then, felt his lover's hands slip under his body and cup his breasts. Jose started kneading John's pecs, drawing deep moans from him. Jose leaned down, kissed the side of John's neck and whispered into his ear.

"Are you ready to be mine?"

It was not really a question. John knew that whether he was ready or not, this young man was going to take what he wanted, and John wanted him to do just that. Jose seemed to

know what John was thinking.

"Whose tits are these?" asked Jose while squeezing the breasts of the big muscular man under him.

"They're yours."

Next, he leaned back, put his hands on the white, round cheeks of John's buttocks. He slapped the right cheek with his hand. Instantly, the white flesh turned pink, and the sting of the slap forced a gasp out of the older man.

"Whose ass is this?"

"Yours."

"It is, huh? Then, you wouldn't mind if I gave it a little kiss, would you?"

He waited for no permission. He spread the cheeks wide with his hands, exposing John's pink opening that had been hidden inside the deep crevice. John had never felt this aroused. It was the feeling of humiliation that he had long forgotten in his long years as a Top, and it had turned this 45yr old high school wrestling coach into a mere plaything in the hands of the 21 year old college student who was only a few years older than the kids on his team.

As Jose pursed his lips and planted a light kiss on the pink pucker, he elaborately made a very obvious kissing sound. It was a kiss so light that barely touched John's hole, yet, the older man's entire body jumped. John could feel his hole quivering in anticipation of the next contact with Jose's lips.

The next thing Jose did embarrassed John so much his face turned bright red. The young Mexican started talking to John's hole in Spanish as if he was trying to seduce a girl in a bar. John did not understand what Jose was saying but it was clear from the tender tone of his voice that the young man was sweet-talking his blushing ass. Jose's mouth was so close to the hole that John could feel his breath on it as the young lover seduced his prey. Then, he felt another kiss. This time, however, it was with a little more force. Without breaking the contact completely, Jose continued his sweet-talk. The vibration

sent shivers up John's spine. Then, Jose started kissing harder using his tongue as well as his lips.

John's ass-lips were now being French-kissed. His hole felt like it was giving into the young man's seduction and opening up. It was as if the hole had a will of its own and was actually returning Jose's kiss.

Jose finally broke the passionate kiss. John's ass automatically shot upward begging for more.

"John, your ass is almost as horny as your tits!", Jose chuckled. "Tell me what you want."

John could not say the words. It was just too humiliating.

Jose lay down next to John and removed the T-shirt that had been used to blindfold him. John opened his eyes and saw Jose looking straight into his eyes. The young man was looking right through the facade that the older man was trying so hard to hold up as a Top. Judging from what John had allowed Jose to do to him that night, his attempt at holding onto a shred of dignity at this point was rather pointless, yet, he hesitated to utter the words that he had never uttered before in his life to a kid he barely knew. But as hard as he tried, he knew he was losing. Jose asked again, this time rolling John's left nipple between his fingers.

"Tell me what you want, John."

"I want you to..."

"You want me to what?" He applied more pressure to the nipple.

"I want you to... fuck me..."

That very moment he said those words, John felt his persona as a Top Daddy being erased and replaced by his new role, a former Top, whose sole weak point was found out by a much younger man and used to break him. Maybe not for good, but as long as he was with the young Latino, John knew he'd always be a bottom.

"There you go... So, you want me to put my cock in your ass, huh? You want me to make love to you like you're my girl? You want me to plant my seeds deep in that white ass of yours? Are you sure, John? It will get you pregnant. Your breasts are gonna get even bigger and your nipples will start giving out man-milk. Even when you have your shirt on, your students will be looking at your big breasts, going "Wow... Look at those tits! You could feed the entire team with those babies." That'd be very embarrassing, no? But it'd make your dick hard, too, I bet. You'd be so horny your nipples get nice and hard, then, start leaking man-milk. What would the students think of THAT, huh?"

The age/size difference between them was not lost on John, of course. The notion of Jose being almost as young as his students had already crossed John's mind, but listening to Jose actually mention his students and what they might think of watching their teacher/coach submitting to this role of a helpless bottom, now put some actual names and faces of some of the students in John's head... and he was horrified that it turned him on so much.

"They might get kinda horny looking at your big tits. Maybe one of them might try to sneak a feel of these babies during a practice match? Who could blame the guy? Your tits are asking for it."

John usually wore a T-shirt and a pair of shorts during practice but liked to wear the same kind of singlet that the students wore during practice matches. It barely covered his chest and with the slightest move, his nipples were exposed. He had never been self-conscious about being bare-chested in front of his students but now, it would be like exposing his erect cock!

"Yeah... that turns you on, huh? Look at your cock, John."

He could not deny it. His cock was responding to Jose's dirty talk and oozing clear substance from its slit.

"Yeah... he'd find out what happens when you have your tits worked on. ALL the students looking on would find out. They'd be so surprised when one of their own take down the coach and win the match, no? Everyone would want to have a shot at you now that they know all they have to do to beat you is grab your tits!"

Although some of his students were very good wrestlers, John had never allowed anyone to defeat him during practice matches.

"Tell me, Coach John... which of your students would you want to take you down? Give me his name."

"No... they are my students... I could never think of them like that..."

They both knew it was a lie. Ever since Jose mentioned his students, John had an image of one particular student on his team in his head.

"Come on, Coach... give me his name." Jose continued his assault on his erect nipples.

"Is he big and muscular like you or is he small and compact?"

It was the latter. Brian Chang was a Chinese-American student who had joined the team the previous semester. He transferred to his school on a science scholarship from a school in another state. He lived with his brother who went to a university in the city. He was short but had a very strong, muscular body, which was a surprise for his new teammates as well as for John who had only seen the Asian kid in baggy jeans and oversized shirts. As well as the strength that belied his size, he also had great speed that helped him take down a few bigger wrestlers on the team. John found himself intrigued by the gap in the kid's friendly demeanor and the competitiveness he demonstrated on the mat. John had never allowed himself to acknowledge it, but he found the kid very sexy.

"He is... small... but strong..."

"What's his name?"

"..... Brian... Brian Chang."

It was such a rush for John to actually say the student's name. It was like letting out a dangerous beast out of its cage. He couldn't believe Jose had not only made him ask to be fucked but also open up about the secret sexual desires he had been hiding even from himself. He went on to give detailed descriptions of the sexy Asian kid to Jose. This was really getting to John. Pre-cum was flowing freely now from his cock head and a warm buzz in his nipples was spreading to his entire chest. It looked like the confession was

turning Jose on as well. His own erect cock was pressed against John's thigh.

Satisfied with himself for finally getting John to confess, Jose smiled and kissed John's shoulder.

"How would you feel if the kid... Brian pinned you and beat you in front of everyone? They'd be pretty shocked, no? Watching their Coach beaten by his student? You know what would be even more shocking to them? To see that you have a big hard-on in your singlet, and your tits are pointing straight out and leaking man-milk. Imagine them going, "Holy fuck! Chang did it! He beat Coach!" "Hey, have you guys noticed Coach's tits have gotten bigger lately?" "Yeah, and look! He's leaking milk from his nips, man!" "Oh, fuck! You're right! He must have gotten knocked up by some dude!" They'd all gather around you and take closer looks at your breasts. How'd that make you feel, hmm?"

"Fuck... no... please, Jose... no... "

Despite his protest, John was already lost in the fantasy Jose was feeding him.

... Brian has forced his Coach's arms behind his back so his teammates can look at his huge pecs and nipples.

"Hey, Chang, pull Coach's singlet off his shoulders. I want a better look at his tits."

Brian obliges and slides the singlet off John's shoulders, giving his teammate an unobstructed view of his coach's bare chest. Fascinated by the creamy white mounds laid bare before him, the student brings his face closer to John's pecs.

"Guys, it smells just like milk..."

"Taste it, dude." encourages another student.

"Oh, I don't know, man..."

"Come on! See if it's really milk coming out of Coach's tits."

Tentatively, he licks the white liquid from John's areola with the tip of his tongue.

"Wow... it is milk, guys"

"No way! That means he really IS pregnant!"

"Here, have a taste yourself, man"

Another student comes up and taste John's man-milk. Delighted with its sweet taste, he starts running his tongue all over John's chest licking up all the milk on it.

"Hey, dude! Leave some for us!"

"Don't worry, man. His nips are leaking more milk. See? I bet these big knockers are full of milk."

John's students are now taking turns drinking his man-milk straight from his pink nipples, some by licking them, some by sucking gently on them, and others are even chewing on them to encourage more of Coach's sweet milk to flow.

"....Stop it, guys... You can't... do... this... ahhhhh..."

"Shut up, Coach! We all know you've let some dude drop a load inside you and knock you up... A big dude like you giving up his cunt to another dude... you should be ashamed, Coach."

"No shit. You're always telling us to practice safe sex and look at you! Hey, guys, Help me get his singlet off. I wanna see what his cunt looks like."

"Nooooo!!!"

Ignoring John's cry of protest, the students literally rip the singlet off John's body.

The once dignified wrestling coach tries to cover up his privates but his arms are held behind his back by the young Asian and his legs are spread apart by two of his teammates,

exposing his erect cock wet with pre-cum.

"I don't fucking believe it! He's got a boner!"

"Hey, Coach... Looks like you actually like having your tits sucked on."

"Lift up his legs, guys."

The two students holding their coach's legs lift them high in the air. Now, the most private part of his body is exposed for all to see.

"Fuuuuuck! Look at his cunt... It's pink and looks so small I can't believe it's taken a cock... The dude who knocked him up must have loved it. I bet it was like popping his cherry. From the looks of his cunt, maybe DID pop his cherry!"

"Lucky motherfucker. I would kill to stick my dick into a virgin hole..."

"Why don't you stick it in there?", says another student pointing at John's exposed hole.

"What!? In Coach's cunt? Are you shitting me!?"

"No, man. I'm serious. Look at that pink hole, man. It looks better than my girl's hairy cunt!"

Another student chimes in.

"Yeah, dude! I bet it'll be just like fucking a virgin. Plus, you don't even have to wear a rubber... he's already pregnant, remember?"

This got big laughs from the students.

John could not take it any longer.

"Please... Jose... Fuck me.." Again, the older man was made to beg to be fucked. Jose

positioned himself between John's legs. The older man's body was now visibly shaking with anticipation.

When the tip of Jose's cock touched his ass-lips, John felt a jolt of sensation he had never felt before travel up his entire body. It was as if his hole, cock and nipples were connected by an invisible electrical wire. The hot current generated by Jose's cock was sending a buzz to every erogenous zone on his body.

Jose pressed the head of his cock lightly against the pink hole of the older man, teasingly moving his cock like he was giving an erotic massage to the quivering hole. The tip of Jose's cock-head and John's ass-lips were now engaged in a sensuous kiss. The clear liquid oozing out of the tip was making the kiss wet. This drove John into frenzy.

"AHHHHHHHHHH"

There was no way that the roommate in the next room did not hear the loud moan escaping John's mouth. Jose did not seem at all concerned by the noise his older lover was making. The kid must do this on a regular basis, John thought. His roommate must have known what Jose did with the men he brought home. John felt degraded and ashamed being just the latest on the long list of the young man's conquests. His pride was being shattered into pieces. But the surrender was oh so sweet, and he was turned on like never before.

Jose slowly pushed the head of his cock into John.

"John, your hole is gripping the head... it feels so good... I'm gonna push it in a little more, OK?"

John felt every inch of Jose's hard cock slowly invading his hole. It felt like it was not just his hole that was being penetrated. The identity John had been building all his adult life was being violated.

"I'm almost all the way inside you, John... "

The big cock of the young man who made him submit into the role of a bottom had now buried itself deep inside John's hole. John felt Jose's pubic hair rubbing against his stretched ass.

That was when he heard the roommate's bedroom door open.

"Hey, John, sounds like you woke him up... but don't worry. He's cool. Let him hear you. Make all the noise you want..."

With that, Jose started moving his hips. He'd pull his cock out almost all the way, then SLAM it back in. Then, he'd grind his hips. Each time he did this, his curved cock would rub against John's prostate, making the older man cry out even louder.

Jose fucked John in every position imaginable. As he went on, Jose's fucking got rougher and rougher. By the time John was on his hands and knees accepting Jose from behind, Jose was fucking him so hard his pelvis was making a loud slapping sound every time he slammed his cock all the way into John's round ass.

Every few minutes, Jose would let up the pounding to lay his body against John's back and kiss his neck while reaching under and cupping his pecs in his hands, kneading it gently. His cock was buried deep in John's ass as he did this, and John felt like he was becoming one with the young Latino. His entire body was an extension of Jose's cock that was impaling him. For the first time in his life, he had given up control completely to another man.

Jose suddenly turned John's body over. Although John was much bigger than him, he did this effortlessly with his hard cock still deep inside his older lover.

Now, face to face, Jose resumed his pounding of the 45yr old muscle dad. The older man's legs were wrapped around the Jose's waist, as the young man had his hands pinned down to the bed above his head. John looked up in awe at the young Latino who had made him surrender to give up his body as well as his pride. Jose lowered himself down so his face was inches from John's. It was John who sought a kiss by lifting his head with his mouth half-open. Instead of granting him the kiss, Jose held John's torso close, and nuzzled his neck, licking the skin behind his ear. Then, the young man lifted himself up taking the older man with him still engaged in a tight embrace. Now, Jose was sitting on his knees with his cock impaling John, who was holding onto the young man for dear life. John's large body was wrapped around Jose's smooth brown body. John could not believe that a smaller man was actually fucking him in a "standing" position, carrying the weight of his entire

body.

Jose's pounding was relentless. The position allowed him to drive his cock even deeper into John grunted involuntarily each time the cock touched a spot deep in his ass where no one had ever touched before. It seemed like each thrust was draining strength out of the muscle dad's body. He felt completely powerless in Jose's arms. All he could do was just hold onto the strong body of the young stud.

John's meaty chest was grinding against Jose's as the older man's body responded to the thrusts from below by the younger man's hard cock. After going through a series of intense work-over by the hands of several men earlier that night, John's nipples had grown so large and sensitive, the stimulation they were receiving from the grinding made John feel like he had a set of erect cocks on his chest ready to explode in a massive orgasm. As if he was reading John's mind, Jose gently lowered John's body back down onto the bed, and started to make love to his nipples using his lips, tongue and teeth. The warm, tingling sensation John had been feeling

on his nipples became more intense. If the young man kept this up, John was sure that Jose would make his nipples "come"!

Jose alternated between the two nubs, keeping the hard nipples between his teeth while flicking his tongue against the tips. The sensation was too intense for John that he tried to grab Jose's head and get his mouth off his nipples, but his hands were quickly pinned down by Jose who bit down harder and increased the speed with which he moved his tongue. When John thought he couldn't take the assault any longer, Jose released the nipples from his teeth for a brief second, then, started to suck on the older man's ravaged man-tits. Hard.

This, combined with all the abuse they'd had received earlier, caused the nipples to change colors from their original pink color to red. The white skin of John's chest made his nipples look stand out even more.

Jose continued showering John's breasts with passionate kisses, leaving more red marks all over them. He, then grabbed John's right pec, opened his mouth wide, and put as much of the pec as he could in his mouth as if he was taking a big bite out of a ripe fruit. He devoured both pecs over and over, savoring the taste and leaving more marks on the older man's skin.

As the punishment on his chest got rougher, Jose started pounding him harder and faster. John knew he could not hold on much longer.

"Do you want my cum, baby? Do you want me to get you pregnant? Hmm?"

"Yes! Please, Jose... Knock me up!"

That was all it took. Grabbing onto John's nipples, Jose slammed his cock in deep one last time and held it there as a blast after blast of hot cum shot out of his cock into the older man. Not a second later, John was brought to the biggest orgasm of his life. The sensation he had been feeling in his nipples got so intense, so much so that it felt like he was ejaculating out of his nipples as well as his cock!

The first blast hit him on his left eyebrow, then, the second landed on his thick moustache. His mouth opened and his tongue shot out, and the third landed right on it. There were few more blasts that landed on his neck, his chest and his stomach. When he thought it was done, Jose gave a hard thrust with his still hard cock, and it made his cock shoot one last time.

Now, he was drenched in cum, inside and out. The orgasm he experienced was so intense he almost passed out. When he came to, Jose was laying on top of him cradling his head in his arms. John went for a kiss and was rewarded with a tender, passionate kiss from the young lover whose sexual power had completely dominated John's body and mind.

That was when John heard a sound and looked over Jose's shoulder. He found that the door to the bedroom was open! Jose's roommate must have watched his roommate fuck a much older, big muscle dude.

John tried to replay the past half an hour or so in his head. All the different positions Jose fucked him in... On all fours with his ass raised high, on his side with John himself holding his leg to give Jose deeper access to his hole, on top of Jose, riding his cock, in upright position impaled on Jose's cock... The older man felt his entire body turning bright red. It must have been quite a sight.

"Jose... the door."

The young man just chuckled.

"I guess we gave him a good show."

After a few minutes, John and Jose headed to the shower, where they washed each other's bodies. Jose handed the T-shirt he had been wearing to John. It was much too tight for the older man but John loved the way it hugged his body and the way it smelled. It felt like he was being held tight by Jose. The young Latino's shirt pressed hard against John's enlarged nipples and he felt a stir in his cock.

By the time John finished telling me about his night with Jose, I had shot twice. Once against his thigh, and once deep inside his well-fucked hole. This was the first time I ever even thought of fucking my Top lover. Before this string of events in the past few days, the thought of John being on the receiving end had never entered my mind. Now, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world. The man who was lying under me with his swollen tender nipples looked like he had been born to be oggled, fondled, and bred by men.

I could not wait for the weekend. I'd parade him around the backroom of the bar giving everyone a chance to admire his naked body. How surprised and delighted they'd be when I tell them they could have their ways with him. I might even let them have a little taste of him right there in the backroom.

A few days later, John and I received another invitation for a poker game from Jim. I asked him who else would be there. He told me it would be him, Mike and us. The usual. He did mention, however, that there might be a couple of his "friends" stopping by later in the evening to hang out. "Anyone we might know?", I asked. "This young guy who filled in for you the last time and his roommate. Can't remember his name... I think he's Chinese. He says he knows John. Oh, and the kid also said that his cab-driver friend might stop by."

I told Jim we would be there. This will be fun. I don't think we'll be playing much poker, though. Oh, and I think I should keep the surprise guests part secret from John for now. I know there are many young Chinese guys in this city, but... Well, we will find out tomorrow night at Jim's if John's secret fantasy comes true.

All comments and feedbacks should be sent to Ksanz6@aol.com