

Lesson from the Dean...

The feel of the leather couch was very sensual. Such smooth and supple fabric rubbing against my jeans was really starting to get me thinking about sex. I probably should be hanging my head in shame after getting caught smoking a joint in my dorm room, but ever since I moved across country and started school, all I can focus on is my new found sexual freedom. I no longer have to worry about impressing everyone around me with my choices...I can finally breathe and be me. But, like the last time I was in the Dean of Students' office, I am sure I will get the policy and "reputation" thrown at me, along with the standard, "Your parents will be very disappointed when I let them know the situation". Well, they'll be disappointed, but the college wouldn't be in existence if it weren't for my family's generous donations and legacy, so I'm not too worried about my punishment.

As I sit waiting, all I can do is focus on the feel of that couch, so warm and smooth, heating up underneath me. Then I snap back to reality for moment and realize I'll probably have to listen to that fat interim dean, with the ill-fitting skirts, huge belly and obnoxious breath yell and me for close to an hour, just so she can make herself feel important. Why do the people in power have to be so obnoxious about it? I may not have a PhD but at least I have enough common sense to pop a stick of gum in my mouth after eating garlic.

"Jeff, the dean will see you now." Why can't little old Sally the receptionist be the dean? She's so pleasant and always offers me water when I am here. Oh well, off to the firing squad.

As I enter the office, I am immediately aware that the room has changed. There are no obnoxious baby pictures everywhere, no pedantic photos with academic big wigs on the walls, and best of all, no foul stench of garlic in the air. My attention is also drawn to the couch on the side that's a match to the one in the waiting room, and the two chairs in front of the large oak desk that are made from the same fabric. Oh god...I'm going to get aroused sitting anywhere in this office! That fabric is going to get me kicked out of school!

Out of the back room walks a guy I have never seen before. He is the epitome of

the tall, dark and handsome, Prince Charming fantasy everyone has, even us gay boys. He's about 45 years old, 6'2", 185 pounds, broad back and shoulders with perfectly trimmed black hair, that's starting to be peppered with gray. He is built like an athlete and when he turned around, his bubble butt is clear evidence that either he played baseball or just loves squats at the gym. Crap...not only is the leather chair going to do me in, this guy has already made it hard for me to concentrate on anything other than his beauty and body.

"Jeff, I am Dean Sullivan. I will be taking over for Dean Smith as she has accepted a position in the President's office. I have been looking over your record and it seems that for someone who has only been here a semester, you are quite familiar with our office. I also see that your parents are some of our top funders. Personally, that won't contribute to my consideration of your case, seeing as I get paid whether the students have money or not, so don't expect any leniency on my part. What concerns me most is that all of your antics here on campus don't seem to be behavioral problems. Looking at your offenses, it appears like you are crying out for help, hoping that someone will recognize you and pay some attention to what you have to say. What do you have say to that idea?"

"Well, Dean Sullivan, I don't know what to say". I hang my head because no one has ever asked me what I think about what I am doing. To be honest, he does have a point. Coming out on the plane ride here to only myself wasn't exactly what I had in mind. My parents aren't exactly the most understanding or compassionate people, I mean how much empathy do astrophysicists have? Ever since I was a child they really haven't paid much attention to me, partly due to my inability to solve complex quantum theories in preschool like my sister. I was always more focused on art and they could never understand that about me.

"It looks as if you have a lot going through your head right now. Is there anything you would like to share? You don't seem to be the typical, troubled youth that wreaks havoc for havoc sake. Plus, all of your offenses are relatively minor; it's not as if you intentionally light fires in the quad or push people in front of the shuttles. Basically what I am trying to get at is that I don't want to keep having you here. You should be in classes learning, exploring and enjoying your freshman year. Unless we can get to the root of your issues, you will just end up

here month after month. Frankly, I don't have the time or energy to deal with that. What is going on in your life that you need validated or acknowledged, Jeff?"

No one has even been so point blank about my needing validation. Before I could stop my mouth from opening, I had blurted out, "I'm gay." I held my head in shame, waiting for this beautiful man to ridicule me and tell me that this campus doesn't support the gay cause. Instead, Dean Sullivan got up from behind the desk, walked around and leaned against the desk in front of, with his package right in front of my eyes. God, I can already feel my crotch start to swell in my jeans and it is going to be quite obvious once I look him in the eyes, because now I am all flushed.

"Jeff, thank you for being open to sharing that. I am glad you felt comfortable telling me. I can appreciate how difficult an adjustment this must be for you. And as someone who went through what you're going through many years ago, I know for a fact it isn't easy"

I couldn't believe it. "You're gay?"

"Yes, Jeff, I am. I came out in college too. I gave up a baseball scholarship over it. I was tired of living a lie. I found a safe place in academia and want to keep it that way for guys like us. No one should have to be put down or ridiculed over laws of attraction. So about that smoking violation.... For this case, I am going to ask that you do community service. I have a friend that works in a home for runaway children dealing with gay and lesbian issues. I think it might be a good place for you to help start working with what you are feeling with your own life history."

"Ok. Thank you, I really appreciate your kindness. I haven't told anyone this before."

"Don't worry, Jeff. Your life is yours to live, and I respect that. I would never tell anyone for it's your story to tell. You can leave now."

Oh crap...I'm even more turned on now than ever. He's nice, smart, and

gorgeous with a body to die for and he's got a bubble butt like a pro-athlete.

"Jeff, is there something wrong"

"No...I'm just a little embarrassed that's all." I stood up and my pants were pitched like a tent and I had a wet spot from where all of my precum was puddling in my briefs.

"Jeff! That's quite the predicament. There's no way you leave my office looking like that. Perhaps you should sit a moment and take a few breaths."

"Sorry sir. It's just the couch was so smooth like a butt and then you were standing in front of me with your crotch in my face and then your ass was bent over picking up that file, I couldn't control it."

"I turned you on, Jeff? I am quite flattered. A guy your age should be out chasing other young studs, not looking at someone my age."

Looking down I reply, "Well to be honest, I am not really interested in guys my age sir. I have always been attracted to older men."

"Ahh, I see. Have you ever been with an older man, Jeff?"

"Once, while I was skipping class I went to a bathhouse and a muscled guy in his 50s asked me if I wanted to learn a thing or two. So went to his booth and we kissed, I got to experience my first blowjob and then he bent over and had me slide my cock inside his ass. I felt so good I couldn't last very long and came inside him."

"You had sex with him without protection?"

"Yes. I know I shouldn't but it happened so quickly and in the moment I wasn't thinking"

"That's ok, Jeff. It happens. To be honest, I never use protection when I have sex. But you need to be very careful doing that. You can't get pregnant but you

could get other things.”

“You like it raw??? Wow, that’s pretty hot.”

“HAHA, yeah what can I say? I am a man too, Jeff. Us men have needs.” And with that he stood up from behind his desk. All I can say is WOW. Apparently seeing me aroused and talking about my first experience had gotten him in the same predicament. His tent was even bigger, not only because his meat was bigger and thicker, but he was wearing suit pants that gave away everything. He walked behind me and locked the door to his office. My skin got all goose bumpy and all I could hope for was that I wouldn’t orgasm in my pants.

“Jeff, did you enjoy that bathhouse experience?”

“Yes sir, very much. I think about it all the time.”

“Seeing as you’re here and we’re both adults, and as long as you promise to keep this our little secret, I would like to show you some more about being a man. You ok with that?”

“Absolutely, you are so sexy I couldn’t dream of a better experience.”

“Shut up...now you get a real education from a real man.”

He pulled me close to him and I could feel his muscles rippling under his clothes. His cologne was intoxicating and his breath was perfectly fresh and clean. His lips brushed against mine and I couldn’t do anything but moan. He locked his mouth on mine, slowly teasing me with his plump lips and wet, prodding tongue. Slowly, he lowered his hands down my back and over my ass. He gave my buns a good, strong grab and slapped them a bit. I returned the gesture and found his ass even more amazing as it was locked in my hands.

“So Jeff, I take it you’re into guys with nice asses.” He winked at me and continued kissing me deeply with his tongue as I grabbed his beefy ass over and over again.

Slowly he started undressing me while still kissing me. I never knew that kissing

would be as intimate, amazing and pleasurable as it was in his huge arms inhaling his scent. He had my shirt off in no time and was working on my jeans. Of course the one day I wear button-fly jeans is the day I have the hottest man I have ever seen ripping at my clothes. He gets the fly open and my jeans off. I am standing in his arms, with my bright orange C-IN2 bikini briefs at full mast. He stops kissing me and looks at my body.

"Jesus Jeff...those briefs are so fuckin hot. I have a huge underwear fetish and I couldn't have dreamed a better pair for your body. You are so smooth and lean, the perfect body for a guy your size" In truth I am 5'6" and about 140 pounds, but I used to play soccer so have a beefy butt as well.

I start to unbutton his shirt. His chest is absolutely perfect. His pecs are enormously defined and covered in perfectly trimmed dark hair. His abs are amazing and covered in the same dreamy fuzz. As I get his suit pants off, I realize his cock must be at least 9 inches if not bigger. His super tight Lycra Armani black briefs are straining to contain him, and I can see a giant wet spot on the front that means he's been precumming just as much as I have.

He pushes me against the desk and slides down my smooth body so I feel every single one of his chest hairs tickle my skin. He pushes the fabric away from my meat and licks the head to savor my juice. Before I can even moan in delight, his head is all the way down on me and I am thrusted to the back of his wet hot throat. He repeats this amazing sensation over and over again, making sure my tool is soaking wet with his spit. He grabs my boy buns and forces me to impale his throat, and all I can hear are his moans of delight in seeing me in bliss. The sensation of his mouth and looking down into his eyes as he does this to me is too much to handle. At the next thrust I explode everything I have into his mouth and he looks like he is about to pass out from a sensory overload. He swallows every drop of my orgasm and winks at me before speaking.

"Damn boy, when was the last time you came?"

I laugh for a minute. I have always had huge loads. "Last night before I fell asleep actually"

"Jesus, woof! Now it's my turn boy. On your knees"

So I jump to my knees and fish his massive meat from his briefs. His bush is perfectly trimmed just like his chest. He has a huge 9in cock that is so thick I can barely fit it in my mouth. His huge hanging balls look like they need to be emptied very badly. The taste of his precum sends shivers through my body. I start precumming again since my erection hadn't even started to go away. He rubs my head as I slowly make progress taking it in my mouth. I gag a little but he understands and doesn't force me. After 10 minutes of giving him pleasure he pulls out of my mouth.

"Alright Jeff. I am going to officially make you a man today. Lay back on my desk."

As I do, I have a feeling what will come next...he's going to fuck me for the first time. Holy Crap!

He kneels down and starts eating my hole. It sends shockwaves into every cell in my body. Before I know it, my hole is loose and dying to feel him inside me. "Dean Sullivan, you're not going to use protection, are you?"

"Jeff, I never wear a rubber and I am not going to use protection with you now, or ever. And trust me, you and I will be doing this very often. Lay back and relax. I am going to put my raw cock inside your ass and when the time is right, you are going to feel me explode my man juice deep inside your little perfect ass."

"I want you so bad, Dean Sullivan!"

And as I look into his eyes, he aims his huge cock against my tight hole. He had put so much spit on my ass to lube me up that his cock slide in immediately, right into my hole, and there was nothing in between us! I gasped as he hit my second sphincter. It hurt for a moment but he was so perfect and gorgeous, I just focused on his eyes and not the pain.

"That's it Jeff, look right at me. Focus on how amazing it is to have sex with an older man. Think about how perfect we are together, today, in our underwear,

having unprotected man/boy sex. There is nothing more natural or more perfect than what we are doing."

He kept forcing his cock deeper and deeper inside me. Sweat started forming on his pecs; I leaned forward to lick his beautiful body. He pushed me back on to the desk and crawled on top of me. He never once for a moment looked away from my eyes. We were in union with each other in a way I never thought possible.

His weight and muscles felt incredible on top of me. I never wanted this to end. His thrusts were coming faster and harder now and my ass was getting so wet with his precum, spit, and my boy juices mixing together. He must have fucked me for a good hour. We were sweating all over each other and still we never once looked away from each other's gaze. He picked me up and carried me to the couch.

"Jeff, I want you to feel the smoothness of the couch against you as I fill you up with my seed. Lay back and relax. I am going to fuck you very hard, but you need to trust me that I will not hurt you. Do you trust me Jeff?"

"Yes Yes Yes...I never trusted anyone so much. I want you to cum inside me so badly Dean Sullivan!"

"Don't worry Jeff. Without a rubber on my cock and with your perfectly tight and wet hole, there's no way I would dream of pulling out. My thick seed is going to flood your insides and a part of me will always be inside you forever. That's why we don't use protection when men and boys fuck...its so naturally perfect that they get in the way of the bond we share."

He drilled me so good. At first I thought I couldn't handle it, but he started kissing me again and I knew it was only a matter of time that he would give me the most amazing sensation of my life: being filled with his cum.

He started thrusting more wildly and stopped kissing me to look into my eyes.

"Jeff, I am about to make you a man. Are you ready for me to plant my cum

deep inside your ass and make you my own personal boy to use whenever I want?"

"On fuck yes, cum inside my ass, Dean Sullivan!"

In that moment, I knew we would do this again and again. His orgasm flooded me like I never knew possible. He must have thrusted for minutes because his squirts were so intense and deep inside me; I thought I would choke on his seed. He collapsed on top of me in a sweaty mound of male beauty. I was privileged to have him treat me like this. I couldn't believe I was being rewarded with his affection.

He moved to look me in the eyes...he thrusted a few more times to find my prostate. He hit it and I spewed without touching myself!!! I couldn't stop moaning.

He winked at me and whispered in my ear..."next time, my ass will be full of your cum boy"