

Hairy Plumber

I'm Rahul, married and living in Bombay. Though 48 yrs, I look like in my very early forties, fairly nice looking, athletic and averagely hairy. I have this secret irresistible thing about male hair. A tuft of hair peeping out of a man's shirt, a pair of hairy forearms or light stubble on a well-set jaw can drive me crazy.

This brings me to my story...

A few months ago I was alone at home (family out of town) and my bathroom overhead loft tank sprang a leak. I phoned a friend and he put me on to his plumber, a guy called Raju. He arrived at my house early morning the next day. I opened the door to find a stunning looking guy in his thirties perhaps, not very tall but well-built, sharp features and a very thick dark moustache. In fact he had thick jet black hair not only on his head but covering his forearms and on his chest, visible through his open shirt button. He was accompanied by an assistant.

They came in and while the assistant waited by the front door I went into the bathroom with Raju to show him the problem. My mouth was dry and I could barely speak, so distracted was my gaze – and mind! He asked for a footstool but all I had was a shaky ladder which he climbed up to get a better look at the tank. Finally he descended and set about his work. They asked for some drinking water and by the time I got back Raju had changed into his work clothes, a scruffy and worn out half sleeve shirt and a pair of loose shorts that he must have been wearing under his pants.

He climbed up the shaky ladder and the assistant held onto it to steady him. After a while co-ordination became difficult with the assistant holding on to the ladder and passing him various tools at the same time. I offered to help hold the ladder and work became quite efficient after that.

With my face just six inches away from those hairy muscular thighs I thought I would faint with excitement. A few minutes later he asked his assistant to go get some important spare parts from a hardware store at some distance from the house – an hour away. My heart leapt with excitement at the thought of being alone in the house with this hairy hunk!

He continued working and before long at some point I switched from holding the ladder to holding his leg with one hand and the ladder with the other. He didn't seem to mind. The feel of tight hairy flesh on my hand sent my blood rushing to all the right spots.

It was hot in the confined space of the bathroom and hotter still in the loft area where he was working. He was dripping sweat from his broad square chin and by now he had unbuttoned his full shirt exposing a well-developed chest with a magnificent carpet of thick black hair. He asked for some more iced drinking water and after drinking it he rubbed the cold glass all over his cheek with an apologetic smile to me. He kept complaining about the heat rubbing his face and chest with his hands. I grabbed the opportunity and while rubbing his leg up and down told him that it was because of all this hair that he was feeling so hot. He laughed heartily and put the blame squarely on God for making him like this! Not wanting to let this conversation die out I continued:

“Men are *supposed* to have hair on their bodies, isn't it?”

“Yes, but I have a bit much”

“Does it bother you?” I asked.

“Not at all! On the contrary I am the envy of several of my friends. They see it as a sign of great virility!” (He was right, in India male hair is – by and large) looked upon that way.

“I wish I had at least half as much as you” I said.

“You don't look so bad yourself” he said appreciatively looking me over.

He continued working and there were several minutes of silence. I was now holding on to his legs with both hands in a loose caressing kind of way – subtly moving a little higher – very, very close to the start of his loose shorts.

Still tingling with the way the conversation was headed I was in no mood to let go. Time was running out and before the assistant returned I had to go for the kill. Taking a deep breath I once again lightly rubbed my fingers through the hair on his thighs and asked:

“If you are so hairy on your legs and chest what must be state of this area?” I asked jokingly. With that I reached up and lightly tapped the front of his loose shorts!

He threw back his handsome head and laughed even more loudly “There's a full forest in there!!”

I couldn't believe my luck at this kind of delicious talk. My heart was thumping so hard I thought it would pop out of my throat. Taking the risk of being possibly hit by him my hand swiftly snaked its way up inside the warm and damp darkness of the front of his shorts, did a quick sweep of the contents and returned back outside. I waited for a reaction, my mind completely numb with shock at what I had just done.

“Feels like a whole thatch of hay” I finally stuttered fearing an outburst.

Instead, he casually said "I told you so"

Taking advantage of this casual reaction, I went fully into flattery mode. I complimented him on his virile appearance and about how blessed he was to have such a splendid body covered with soft and silky fur and above all his superb features and thick well-kept moustache. He told me he went to a local streetside 'gym' run by his friend, to keep himself in shape whenever he had the time.

I was not sure if I was going too far but having completely lost control over my senses I asked him if I could feel his arms, pecs and other parts of his gym-toned physique. He nodded positively and came down the ladder. I suppose he was also relieved at stepping out of the hot loft. I lost no time in touching him, cautiously on his biceps at first and then his hairy forearms. I moved on to his pecs and he seemed to go very quiet, tensing his muscles to show off and impress me further. I spent a long time on his chest gliding my fingers though the sea of damp musky hair. He seemed to be enjoying not only the attention but I guess – the soothing sensation of being caressed too!

I kept complimenting him all the time, comparing myself to him – though I have an athletic build, part for part he was much better developed than me. I moved on to his legs caressing every muscle every sinew. I moved behind him slid my hand gently inside his shorts and around his firm buttocks till my fingers appeared out from his shorts waistband.

I gathered courage to speak but my mouth was so dry that a mere whisper escaped my lips.

"What did you say?" he whispered.

"I said I hope you don't mind my feeling you like this but I go to a gym too and I was curious"

He said "No its okay." And then after a pause "In fact it feels good to be appreciated for the efforts I put into my workout. But your touching me so lightly feels ticklish - but pleasant!"

With that, still seated on the floor behind him, with my hands still inside his shorts, I moved my hands circling around his waist band towards the front and began gently tugging at his long coarse pubic hairs. He was very still but threw his head back and shut his eyes with a very faint sigh. He held his hands out towards the bathroom wall as if to support himself.

My fingers moved gropingly down the forest to where his warm, moist and luscious fruits dangled. I cupped the plump and hairy eggs in one hand while the other slid up and down his steadily rising semi-soft shaft ever so gently. There was no turning back now. He knew exactly what I was doing and I knew exactly what he was thinking.

By now my hands were wet with his musky sweat and they were everywhere. His shorts were half off in my excitement and my hands made large sweeping movements from his chest down to his thighs. After what seemed an age he finally reciprocated by holding onto and roughly caressing my hairy forearms. I responded by tugging off his shorts and he completed it by flinging off his already opened shirt. He stood there in front of me in all his handsome, naked glory, a picture of hot masculine virility, a shy, embarrassed smile hiding below that thick manly moustache.

I was throbbing uncomfortable by then – I don't remember when and how – but I was naked in a trice. Kicking my clothes aside, I rushed to embrace this hot 'n hairy god in arms. We went beserk - licking, biting, caressing, groping, fondling and hugging each other. We lost balance and fell down in an uncontrollable heap – a hot and wet tangled mass of sweat, hair and muscle. It was funny too and we both ended up laughing. This break gave us a chance to explore each other. Raju was definitely better built than me surpassing me easily in looks, physique, masculinity and youthful sensuality.

But in the equipment sector we were very different. While my shaft is of medium thickness and around 7" Raju was only around 5" – but fat. Very fat! It was almost like a beer can. And hidden in that lush, moist forest it looked even shorter but thick beyond imagination! And the eggs really looked like something exotic lying in a dark feathery nest.

We were both harder than rock and trembling with excitement. Regaining my composure I spun around and sat astride him. I pushed his arms up to shoulder level exposing his trimmed armpits. A heady musky smell drifted upwards and I instinctively buried my face in one armpit. I surfaced only to find myself resting my face on a moist sea of chest fur with 2 light brown nipples popping up like islands. I sucked and licked and I licked and sucked for god alone knows how long. Our dicks were wet and his was actually dripping. I'm squeamish about cock-sucking so I avoided any of that. But I must admit that the sheer delight of burying my face in his huge musky bush, a tongue-length away from the pulsating beer-can cock and of horsing around with someone so raw and hunky was enough to bring me close to exploding.

I lay atop this large hunk of flesh and fur, our torsos grinding together, the wet chest hair completely enmeshed. Our uncontrollably throbbing cocks lay smashed between our abdomens in a tangle of hair and steadily oozing honey. Our lips locked together, two thick moustaches became one. Occasionally I would go into a biting frenzy as I threatened to nibble off his thick mush, his nose, ears and his nape – smooth and brown above the neat and sharp chest-hairline. My hungry mouth bit at his broad smooth shoulders and my fingers clawed at his muscular completely hairless back.

The fear of the assistant arriving made us go faster. We were like one writhing mass of hair and flesh, grinding, biting, pinning down, tugging, kissing, kissing and kissing. He was the first to explode. Deep guttural moans escaped his mouth and the grinding of our abdomens suddenly became smoother with the delicious feel of shot after shot of hot sticky cream erupting between us. This triggered of a series of uncontrollable explosions from me too and about a dozen body-shaking grunts later I collapsed in his hairy arms – my face buried deep in the comforting velvety fur of his broad chest.

Completely spent, we must've spent an age in this position planting soft gentle kisses on each other, neither wanting to disturb the tranquility of this comfortable position. Had it not been for the fact that the assistant would return soon, we would probably have slept for ages in this warm, sensuous manner stuck together like a sweet 'n sticky cream sandwich!!

Would love to hear feedback from you guys at deepforestbear@gmail.com