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The following story contains descriptions of graphic sexual acts. The story is a work of fiction and has no basis in reality. This story may contain illegal sex acts, between adults and/or children.

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HARVEY

I met him on Craigs List, we emailed back and forth a few times. Well actually more than a few times. I am very paranoid about men I meet on that site. First off, after exchanging several emails with a man, when it comes time to actually meet up, they stop responding, and you never hear from them again. On the few times that they do agree to meet, they turn out not to be anything like their on line version, and that can be very disappointing. But this man seemed different, his name was Harvey. Yeah I thought it was a "screen name" too, but later I learned that it really was his name. Damn, who names their kid Harvey? After we emailed back and forth for a while we decided it was time to meet, so we exchanged phone numbers. If you have been doing this for any length of time, you learn that in order to coordinate that first meet between two closeted men you need to have access to text and phone.

We agreed to meet at a large Walmart not far from my house. The parking lot is huge, with lots of unused corners far from the building. He had told me that he drove a large white SUV, and I spotted it backed into a space on the outer perimeter surrounded on two sides by a tall thick hedge. I backed in next to him, and powered down the passenger side window.

"Hey you must be Harvey." I said, trying to keep the slight quiver out of my voice. I have been doing this for a few years now, but I still get

nervous when I meet a man for the first time. Actually i don't know if its nerves, or excitement. The risk can be exhilarating, an adrenaline rush.

"Hi Jim." Jim is my alter ego, Jim Miller is the name I use for my gay hook ups. Most of the men I have sex with never learn my real name, or the real me. They only see Jim, the oversexed bi guy that isn't getting any at home. What I could see of him over the car door was kind of hot. Light sandy blond hair, deep blue eyes, and a slightly stocky build. The tops of his arms were large. I couldn't tell if it was muscle or fat from my angle. "Why don't you join me over here and we can talk"

His voice sounded the same as it did over the phone, slightly country. He was from Harlan after all. I got out of the car, and circled around to the passenger side of the SUV, and opened the door. He was wearing loose blue sport shorts, you know, the silky kind, a tight white t-shirt, and running shoes with no socks. Trust me, he was not fat, just big, a football players build. Man, the last thing on my mind was talking. Damn, he was hot.

I have to admit, I felt a little inferior. I'm not very tall, and I'd like to say I have a swimmers build, but in reality, I'm just plain skinny. My hair is a dark brown, almost black, and has loose curls. There really isn't any style that looks good with my hair, it just always looks messy. That aggravates my wife, but one of the gay men I've been with said it look sexy, like I had just gotten out of bed. My eyes are my most outstanding feature I am told, they are a rich brown with gold flecks. Bedroom eyes.

"Well, what do you think? Am I what you expected." He said in his sexy eastern Kentucky accent.

I smiled, it was probably a goofy smile. Remember, I was nervous and excited.

"Oh yeah," I stammered. You never know what to expect even if you have seen a picture. Some men use pictures that were fifteen years younger when they were fifty pounds lighter and had all their hair. He had lived up to the pictures he had sent me. I already wished that we had just gone ahead and rented a room. My cock was starting to swell in my pants in anticipation. I decided to show him how hot I thought he was. I adjusted

my dick in my pants, pulling the fabric tight across the front so he could see the bulge. It made him smile.

His smile was intoxicating, white flashing teeth, and I swear his eyes went even a darker shade of blue. He reached down and lifted the leg of his shorts. Obviously he wasn't wearing any underwear because the head of his cock popped out. Oh man, my pecker went immediately stiff.

We had exchanged pictures, mine were the regular body and dick shots. I had emailed him a face pic after we had communicated several times, and I felt comfortable with him. He had mailed me a full body shot, face and all, but he was wearing white y-front Jockey briefs with an impressive bulge in front. Even though I had asked, he would not send me a dick shot. I figured he was embarrassed, My cock is a solid seven inches, and quite thick when I'm aroused. It is nothing to be ashamed of in the locker room. Now his cock was truly amazing. The head was as big as my fist. I was suddenly very pleased that he had told me he was a committed bottom.

I couldn't stop myself, I reached over and gently touched it. I ran my finger around it's considerable girth, rubbing down the seam connecting it to his foreskin. gently sliding my finger back up, I ran it over his pee slit. There was a small glistening drop of pre-cum forming at the tip. I ran my finger through it and smeared it around his silky smooth dick head. His cock began to grow, and more of it extended out of the leg of his shorts. My dick was so hard it was throbbing.

I wrapped my hand around his erect shaft, and he moaned as I squeezed. I slid my hand up it's length, the silky fabric gliding up toward his groin. Damn, It must have been almost ten inches, and almost as big around as a beer can. Another bead of pre-cum formed on the edge of his slit slowly dripping onto his muscled and hair covered thigh. His moan turned into a groan.

"You had better stop for a minute Jim." He said, attempting to pull his shorts down over his hard-on. "We don't want to make a mess now, do we?"

Well, to be honest, I didn't care. I would have licked up every drop.

"It's my turn. Now let me see yours." He said as he reached over and unzipped my jeans. and slid his hand inside over my loose cotton boxers.

He grasped my rod through the thin fabric causing my pre-cum to leave a wet spot on the grey and blue striped material. I was so sexually stimulated that I thought I could cum right there and then. Now I really wished that we had planned on getting a room. I wanted my pants off so bad, I unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned my jeans and lifting my hips, and in one motion I slid them down past my knees. So . . . here I sat in my boxers in a Walmart parking lot with a man I just met rubbing my throbbing cock through my damp underwear. I sure hope those security cameras weren't able to see through the tinted windows.

His hand was cool through the cloth of those boxers, and my cock continued to grow, swelling and sending waves of pleasure through my body. He grabbed the fly of my shorts and pulled my dick out. He slowly started pumping up and down from my pubes to the head, the loose skin sliding along the iron hard inner core. He spit in his hand and used it as lube as he continued to work my rock hard cock. I could not believe how wonderful that it felt. I loved watching him as his hand glided up and down. Pre-cum started flying from the tip, I could feel the pleasure building in my balls.

"I'm going to cum, is that okay?"

I wanted more than anything to experience that feeling that all men know. That feeling as your animal brain takes over, and all you can think about is that feeling, the need takes over and nothing else matters. My cock started to swell as that thick white cream started up the shaft, and Harvey leaned over engulfing my tool in his hot wet mouth. He bobbed his head, and the wet slippery warm feeling of sliding in and out of his throat pushed me over the edge. I grabbed his hair with both my hands, arched my hips and plunged my cock as far down his throat as it would go. I could feel him breathing through his nose that was pressed into my pubes. I tried very hard to keep my groaning down, but I wanted to scream as my cum filled his throat and slid down into his stomach.

Then, it was over. My heart was pounding, and my breath was coming in short gasps and he slowly slid his lips up my shaft, and over the ultra sensitive head. Cum was still dribbling out of the pee slit, and Harvey licked it off sending an electrical charge up my spine and into the base of my brain.

"Well I guess it's my turn." I said once my breath allowed me to speak, but he just smiled.

He looked down at his leg, gently pulling up the leg of his shorts with two fingers to reveal the large puddle of cum that had run down his sexy hairy thigh and filled a fold in the leather seat cover. He had shot his load servicing my cock. Wow, that had never happened with any of the men I have been with.

"I guess I made a mess anyway didn't I?" He smiled and winked at me.

I leaned over and using my tongue, I licked the still warm cum off his skin and slurped the puddle off the leather. It was incredibly thick, and there was a slight chlorine taste as it slid down my throat. I pulled the head of that huge dick into my mouth and licked the cum off his pee slit, sucking to get every last drop. He leaned over and kissed me on the neck, his hand sliding gently down my back over my shirt.

I then sat back up, my shriveled dick retreating into the fly of my boxers, the taste of his sweet cum in my mouth.

"Wow, I really didn't plan on doing this. I thought we were just going to talk and get to know each other. I said and reached down to hike my pants back up over my hips. He tucked his enormous cock back into place, and just smiled.

"Would you like to go and get a drink, or a cup of coffee? maybe we will be able to keep our hands off each other in a public place." He said as he fastened his seat belt, and turned the key on the ignition.

"Sounds good"

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