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The Journal

Wednesday, March 2, 2005

This day started with the morning from hell. Everything that could go wrong - did. And, it all started with a malfunctioning alarm clock, which was supposed to awaken me at 5:30 AM, but didn't until 6:37 AM. That gave me a whole twenty-three minutes to shit, shower, shave, get dressed, and commute to my office. I like a leisurely morning that is why I get up so early, but my fucking manual alarm clock decided to bitch me out by not awakening me at the appointed time. Then as I drove down Route 63 I was detoured because a high on methamphetamine driver of an eighteen wheeler decided to take a curve at twice the posted speed limit. Not just speeding, but going fucking eighty miles an hour around a curve any car would have trouble navigating at forty miles-an-hour. God, what a fuckin' mess this asshole caused. Then to top off the morning, the Starbucks near my office was closed. They open at 6:00 AM every day, but, not today. Later in the day I found out the manager had decided to sleep in because her new boyfriend demanded she give him some before he left for a business trip. Fuck me, its not like I expect people to roll over and play dead because I'm around, but when you're used to having things happening like the proverbial greased wheel and then WHAM the shit hits the fan - boy did I want to just take the day and squeeze the life force out of it. By noon I had closed three deals and put some nice cash into my one man company, that is when I decided to take a ride to the local adult bookstore and see what was happening. The thought of standing in a public place jerking my cock seemed like a good respite from the bullshit of my lousy morning. Yes, I know I closed some deals, but my fuckin' head was pounding from the morning and I hoped jerking off would at least give me some pain relief.

The Adult Emporium is not what you'd call a very nice place. The floors, walls, and ceilings are basically disgusting to look at. The booths that line the three walls of the back room are swept, but never really washed clean. I love to see where some asshole decided that cumming all over the screen was preferable to ejaculating all over the floor, but there are four booths that are quite sizeable with benches that are L-shaped and I hate to enter one to find cum all over them. Fuck, if I owned the place I'd make those bastards lick it up to teach them a lesson, but I digress. The place was jumpin' for Wednesday lunchtime. I stopped by the main counter to break a ten dollar bill receiving a five and five singles. I never understood why they do that, but I guess they like to make the patrons user larger bills. I decided to check out the larger booths to see if any where available for my public masturbation party. Three of the four were locked which meant one of two things - the guy inside was straight or the guy(s) inside were having a good time together. It was when I opened the fourth door I became completely unglued.

Standing in the middle of the booth was the best looking twenty-some year old I've seen in a long time. Ok, ok, my wife and I divorced because she couldn't accept my work habits and my sick sense of sexuality, but I've never, and I mean NEVER been floored by another man. I quietly entered the booth and stood against the wall staring at him. His right hand was moving up and down the shaft of his erection stopping just below the defined ridge of his head. I couldn't believe how perfect his cock was. I estimated it at about eight-and-a-half inches long and a good three to four inches around. I couldn't see his balls because all he had done was pull his cock through the zipper of his suit pants. I could see he was masturbating to a lesbian video. I felt my cock begin to stir inside my pants. I've known for years that

when I watched pornography I would get somewhat stimulated seeing a cock larger than mine doing what I love to do – fuck a beautiful woman. This guy's cock belonged in the movies.

The thing that made me stay and watch was his obvious ignoring of me standing there. He didn't look at me or acknowledge in anyway my presence. Oh, my god, he was there doing exactly what I had wanted to do – jerk off watching some pornographic movie hoping some guy would enter the booth and watch me shoot my cum all over the floor or in the tissue I had in my pocket. I was frozen against the wall watching him play with himself. His cock stood straight out in front of him and when he removed his hand from it I could see the veins running its length. It didn't bend left or right. The head was a perfect shape and the shaft curved ever so slightly from its base to its head. I didn't want to stroke myself for fear of making him mad. I just stood there watching this young buck jerk off. He resumed pleasuring himself and it was then I saw a small smile break on his face. He pumped his cock. Gently moved his hips into the stroking action enhancing his masturbatory pleasure. Then without a sound emanating from him he shot the biggest first and second rope of cum I've ever seen. His legs weakened a bit from the orgasm but he just used his left hand to brace himself against the wall as he ejaculated all over the bench. I know, I know, what I had said earlier, but seeing him shoot was enough for me to ruin my Calvin Klein briefs. Yes, I shot a load in my pants I was so hot watching this young stud masturbate.

Without a word, he squeezed the last drops of seminal fluid from his cock, put it back into his suit pants, zipped up his zipper, and left the booth. He didn't really look at me, which I wanted. I had hoped he would have said something to me, but I'm stuck having to figure out when he'll return so I may see him in action again.

The rest of the day I fought the urge to pull out my rather normal sized cock and sit behind my desk masturbating thinking about this guy. I'm getting a bit weird considering I've never had any homosexual thoughts, but I'd love to watch him masturbate again or even better - fuck a woman.

Good night.

Wednesday, March 9, 2005

It's been a week since I visited the Adult Emporium. I went there today to see if my masturbation hunk was there. No luck. So, I didn't even waste my time jerking off. I returned to my office and called Rose Anne to see if she wanted to have dinner tonight. If she wanted to, I knew at a minimum I would receive one of the best blow jobs a woman could give.

Ah, ha, not only did I get a blow job, but she offered me something she'd never done before with me or anyone else for that matter. In the heat of our second go round, she rolled over on her stomach and begged me to take her anally. God, what a good time I, oops, we had. Her anal passage was so tight even for my rather slender cock. Feeling my balls bounce off the bottom of her pussy as I fucked her backdoor was amazing. The best part was her screaming to fuck her hard and begging me to shoot my load deep into her ass. Although it was my second orgasm of the night, the intensity made me cry out in pleasure as I pressed my cock deep into her bowel and coated the interior of her rectum with my seed. I didn't pull out of her immediately and she just lay on her stomach raising her hips to tell me she had a wonderful time getting butt fucked for the first time. God, I hope she wants me to fuck her that way again.

I guess I'll just have to go to the Adult Emporium everyday to see if the 'cock-to-end- all-cocks' shows up.

Good night

Friday, March 11, 2005

It happened. I went to the Adult Emporium during my lunch break. It was not a very busy day today. I wanted to see if my un-introduced friend was there. Damn, only two cars in the parking lot. I entered and went immediately to the back to see if any of the larger rooms were occupied. Sure enough, the room I had seen the 'cock-to-end-all-cocks' was occupied. I put my hand on the handle to the door and gently pulled and oh my God, it wasn't locked. I peeked inside and there he was. His right arm gave away the fact that he had his cock out and was stroking it as he watched; what else, a lesbian porno. He didn't even stop or turn around when the door opened. I slipped in and again stood

against the wall, eyeing his cock. This time I made no bones about it; I placed my hand on my crotch and began overtly rubbing myself. I was in heaven. Here he was, jerking off, and not, I mean NOT, even giving two shits that someone like me was standing there ogling his meat.

I took a chance. I leaned against the wall, pulled down my zipper, and took my rather small in comparison hard cock out of my pants. I began to masturbate. I didn't look at the movie. Fuck, I stared at his cock. I made no effort to hide my obvious infatuation with his manhood. What even made it better was he made no attempt to stop me. He just continued stroking that magnificent tube of man meat. I thought I was seeing things but I was sure I could see the waves of heat rising from the shaft of his cock. Ok, ok, I know, it is just may be my imagination, but shit, here I was your standard heterosexual male leaning against the wall of a booth jerking off while overtly ogling another man's penis. I was beside myself, but hot as a fuckin' fire cracker just as it exploded.

My unknown masturbator finally acknowledged my presence. How, you ask. By turning towards me, and shooting his load towards me. Yes, he did. He turned and ejaculated all over the floor. It was as strong as I remembered. The first two ropes of cum arced into the air and splattered against the floor. The next two were not as forceful, but, the amount was amazing. I've seen guys cum in all sorts of pornographic movies, this guy, had to shoot the largest amount of seminal fluid possible. I didn't get to see his balls, but I bet they're the size of large plums. Only big balls could produce such a large amount of spermatozoa.

Then what did he do. The fucker smiled at me as he squeezed the last drops of cum from his not softening cock, shook it to dislodge the last drops, put it back into his pants, and spoke for the first time. He told me that he hoped I enjoyed the show and he'd be back on next Wednesday at noon. I couldn't stop myself at that point; I shot my rather small load of cum, whilst telling him it would be a pleasure to watch him again. He didn't acknowledge that I had ejaculated. He just stepped over the cum lying on the floor and exited the booth.

I locked the door. I pulled down my pants and began masturbating anew. Oh, yes, I also had to put money into the movie machine so I could stay without being harassed. I couldn't believe that I stood there for another twenty minutes and played with my cock thinking about the guy that just left. When I said to myself that I'd love to feel his erection in my hand, I came so hard it felt like my asshole was sucked out the tip of my cock. Fuck, I think I'm going to the other side – bisexual.

Usually I masturbate to help me fall asleep. Not tonight. I'm so tired from watching and doing at the Adult Emporium that I know when my head hits the pillow I'll be sound asleep in no time.

Good night

Wednesday, March 16, 2005

What a fucking lousy morning I had. Not because of work, but because my piece-of-shit ex-wife decided to call and bust my balls. Seems she thinks I'm doing everything to make her life miserable and that couldn't be further from the truth. That bitch used every nasty thing in the world to make sure she knew I had an average sized cock. She loved I made enormous amounts of money and provided her with a rather huge allowance to spend as she wished. But that fuckin' cunt, what'd she do? She goes out and finds some drug crazed Nigger (I know, I know. Not politically correct. I'm not a racist, but if an African-American works and provides support for his family, I'm all for it. But, if he or she for that matter does nothing but shuck and jive, drinks liquor, does drugs, and lives off of welfare or his whores – I'm a racist. There I said it.) and starts fucking him anywhere and everywhere she could. The last straw was when she came home and told me she was pregnant by the bastard. I took her by the back of her neck, the waistband of her jeans, and literally threw her out of my house. The divorce took all of two months to be finalized. Now she calls because she knows better than to come by the house or my office and begs me to help her. Seems the Nigger left her with her kid, yes, not their or his kid, but her kid and now she has no way of supporting herself. I know you're wondering what I told her. So, I told her that she can get money from me if she could put a cherry tomato in her ass and fart it to the moon. That made my morning a little better.

I was watching the clock all morning. Business was brisk and I was closing deals that put a nice piece-of-change into my coffers, but I knew what today held for me. Precisely at 11:45 AM I placed my phone system on auto answer, picked up the keys to my Corvette Z06, and headed out the door. Sitting in my car I could feel my cock

beginning to stir like it had its own mind, it knew where we were headed. The drive seemed to take longer than usual, but when I pulled into the parking lot of the Adult Emporium I was pleasantly surprised to see all but one parking space was taken. Time to see if you young stud was there and hopefully alone.

I checked the bills I had in my wallet to find that I only had tens and twenties which meant a stop at the counter for smaller bills. Standing there always made me somewhat paranoid. Why? Because, the guy or gal behind the counter knew there was a good chance that one of two things would be happening when you entered a booth. If you weren't alone, you were either getting or giving a blow job. Not many guys come here to get fucked up their asses (which I don't really think I could or want to handle), but I know there were a select few that did. So, as my paranoia set in, I waited for my five singles and a five dollar bill. I mumbled thanks as I quickly turned to stroll, yeah, right, how about fuckin' run into the back room to find my hunk.

Now my dilemma set in. I saw all four of the big booth 'in use' lights were lit. Thinking my cocksman was a creature of habit I walked over the single large booth on the left and tried the door. Fuck, locked. Now, I was really getting worried. Could you believe that? Me, worried about whether or not I'd have a chance to see this guy jerk off in front of me. There were two booths against the back wall and they too are large ones. I tried the door on the left. Locked. Then I tried the door on the right. Locked. Fuck, only one door left. Now, I was literally feeling like I was going to piss-in-my-pants because I was so stressed about not finding him. I turned to try the last door of a big booth when I saw the door to one of the smaller booths open. I turned and walked over to see who was inviting me in. I looked in and immediately turned away. Inside was some obese construction worker with his pants down around his knees and his stomach not far behind, I turned and walked back to the last option for large booths.

My hand shook as I put my fingers inside the handle to pull to see if the door was locked. I tugged, the door opened, and inside was the reason why I entered this den of iniquity. I noticed he didn't have his cock out. Playing on the video tube was a bisexual movie. Two guys and one gal were on a couch and one of the guys was slowing sucking the other while the gal feed her tits to the guy getting sucked. I entered the booth and my friend actually smiled and said hello. I replied and took my position against the wall wondering what he had in mind. I was soon to find out.

He asked me for money as the time was running out. I handed him a dollar and he laughed. I knew immediately that he wanted something larger. I pulled out the five dollar bill and handed it to him. He took it and placed it into the slot and the machine clicked up the additional time adding extra for the single five dollar bill. I could feel my legs shaking. Not from fear, but from anxiety. I just handed someone money and was beginning to act like some fuckin' submissive bitch because I wanted to see his cock so badly. He turned and asked me if I wanted to see his cock. Of course, I replied in the affirmative. That is when all things changed.

He said that if I wanted to see his cock then I had to take it out of his pants. That I had to play with it. That I had to stroke him until he attained his orgasm. I was dumbfounded. I had to make a decision. Play with his cock or leave and never to see it again. I was shaking inside. I never in my life touched another man's cock. I never thought about having a bisexual or homosexual tryst with another man. I've always prided myself on being a woman's man. Fucking any and all cunts, well I'm not partial to big women. I'm not a chubby chaser. Back to the reality that I was faced with. I looked at him. I nodded in acceptance of his request.

I moved close to him and he took me by the shoulders and sat me down on the bench. He stood in front of me, legs slightly ajar, waiting for me to make my move. I looked at his face and then the front of his pants. I reached out and started to open his belt when he stopped me. I figured he wanted me to just open his zipper, fish out his cock, and do what he requested. I reached under the flap that covered the zipper and found the piece that lets you pull down or up the closure. I tugged on it and it began to slide to the open position. I looked at his face and saw a small smirk on it. He knew he had me. I was going to give him a hand job and he was loving it. I reached into his pants to find that he wasn't wearing any underwear. Strange. I always wore underwear with my suits and never with my jeans. I figured he purposely removed his underwear to make it easier to retrieve his cock through the zipper opening. I put my hand in and because I could see the outline of his cock knew that he dressed left. I could feel its heat. I placed my fingers around the base and pulled it up. His cock slid up and out of the opening in his pants.

There in front of my eyes was the object of my masturbatory desire. He wasn't totally erect, but I could see that it wouldn't take long for him to get there. Again I looked up and into his eyes. He imperceptibly nodded his head. In doing so was telling me to get on with what I was committed to doing. As I stared into his eyes, my right hand began to

stroke his manliness. I could feel it begin to grow beneath my fingers. Its heat made my head swim. I looked from his face to his growing cock. There not six inches from my face was the most magnificent penis I've ever seen. The head was a deep purple with a defined ridge that my fingers gently slipped over giving him the pleasure I knew I would want. I so wanted, in fact desired, to see his balls, but I knew that all he wanted me to do was exactly what I watched him do on the two previous occasions we were together in a booth. The veins in his cock stood out underneath the thin skin and when I rested my hand I could feel his blood pulsing through them. In just a few minutes he was at full erectile hardness and a small bubble of precum began to form at the slit. I continued to stroke his manhood feeling it grow and felt it become harder because of my ministrations. I was fearful and in heaven at the same time. I was realizing that I was progressing down a road I'd never thought I'd take.

My young man did not utter anything. He just moved in concert with my stroking. I unconsciously took my thumb and used it to caress the head of his cock to get the oozing precum to use as a lubricant. It helped me as I continued to masturbate his magnificent erection. As I moved my hand up and down his shaft I could tell he was getting closer to attaining his desired orgasm. He all of a sudden grabbed my head and told me he was about to cum. Fuck, I tried to move myself to the side, but he wouldn't let me. His grip got tighter and I didn't stop jerking his magnificent cock. What was I thinking? If he came, I'd have his ejaculate all over my face and shirt. I looked up at him and pleaded with my eyes, I couldn't even get the words out of my mouth to ask and beg him to let go of my head. He just continued to move his hips in concert with my stroking. Then I felt his impending orgasm. He spoke for the first time with authority. He told me to either open my mouth or he'd cum all over my face. Open my mouth? Fuck, he wanted me to let him shoot into my mouth. Oh, my God!!! His grip tightened, I could feel his cock getting thicker, and I did it. I opened my mouth. He took his right hand off of my head and pushed my hand off of his cock. He started to finish himself and all I could do was rest my hands on my lap while I watched and waited for him to ejaculate.

Then it happened. He moaned, 'Fuck', as he pressed the head of his cock just inside my mouth. I was frantic inside. I was going to let another man cum in my mouth. All I wanted to do was see him shoot his load onto the bench or the floor. Instead, he's going to fill my mouth with his semen and I was letting him!!! Then I felt and tasted his ejaculate as the first rope hit the roof of my mouth and fell to my tongue. I was amazed at how salty it tasted and how smooth it felt. He didn't even think as to how I would react to his cumming in my mouth. He just looked down at me, his eyes smiling, as he maintained his stroke while keeping the head of his cock positioned perfectly to fill my mouth with his juices. I know my eyes showed fear of what was happening, but I know he didn't care. I was letting it happen. I was letting him use me as his cum receptacle.

He finished ejaculating and when he did, he did what he did the two other times I watched him. He didn't remove the head of his cock from in between my lips. His left hand told me not to move. He then took his right hand and pressed the remaining cum from the shaft and wiggled his cock so it would drip into my mouth. He smiled as I sat there and let him do it. I was fuckin' frozen sitting there with his beautiful cock not fully in my mouth, but in it enough to say that I was now a full fledged cocksucker. And what made it even worse; he pulled his softening cock out of my mouth and told me to put it back into his pants. Shit, I was his bitch. I did it without hesitation and he laughed at me doing it without questioning him. I zipped up his zipper. He stepped back, looked down at me, got a smirk on his face, and pointed at my crotch.

What I hadn't even realized that while I was masturbating him and letting him cum in my mouth; I had cum in my pants. I had a humongous wet spot and the only way I was going to get out of the Adult Emporium was with my hands covering my crotch. God was I embarrassed. My friend's last words to me as he turned and left the booth were, "If you like what just happened, then I'll see you here next Wednesday. Be prepared to take the whole thing down your throat, bitch." Now my goose was cooked. I let him cum in my mouth. I didn't retch or make any attempt to stop it from happening. And, if I wanted to see his magnificent cock again, I'd have to taste it more than see it.

I am now and I know I will be in the future his willing cocksucker.

Good Night.