

Nine days becomes two weeks before I am to see my lover, the Tall Guy, again. We spoke on the phone daily but I was holding back. How could I tell him of the one-night-stand with my schoolboy crush?

He calls to say he's home. I rush to his apartment in a state of excitement and fear. He is more tanned and has grown a moustache and looks like he hasn't shaved for days. I am not sure about the moustache at first but as we kiss and my mouth touches it, a thrill goes right through me.

Out of nowhere I say: "I have to tell you something. I had a fling with someone while you were away."

He looks at me without saying anything. His eyes seem to be tearing with emotion. Then he asks what happened. I tell him that it was someone from school, and try to explain that it meant nothing, that it was a drunken mistake, but I can tell he is upset. I sense he thinks that Paul may mean something to me. I try to convince him otherwise.

The whole mood has changed between us, but I feel I have done the right thing in telling him. I just hope things can be like they were before. We don't say much. We sit on his sofa holding hands and looking into each other's eyes.

Later we have dinner and talk small-talk. The room is full of emotion and things unsaid. I look across at him and realize how handsome he is and how much I love him. I have hurt him, but I hope not too badly.

He suggests we go to bed and we lie there in our underwear, without bedcovers. He holds me as I fall into a bittersweet fitful sleep. I wake up the next morning and he is lying across from me, facing me, still fast asleep. He is a masculine angel. His lean body looks more muscular and hairy than I remember. His long stiff cock protrudes inches out of one leg of his tight white boxers. The head of his cock is large and red. I am hard with lust and love.

He soon wakes and he kisses me on the lips. He tells me that he is sorry for being upset. He is sorry! He says we had not made a commitment to each other and that he wants to commit to me. He tells me he loves me. I tell him that I love him. He says he wants our relationship to be as equal as possible. We kiss deeply, his tongue exploring my mouth and mine his.

"I want you to be in me as I have been in you", he says. I am a little shocked. I had seen him as the older active partner, taking the lead. Until I met him I had always been a top, but I had changed because of him. He tells me I am the first man to fuck him. I can't believe that he would do this for me. I love him more.

We both take off our boxer shorts and his cock seems enormous to me. I lie on my back and he gently lubes my cock. It is raging with desire. He kneels across me, facing me as I massage the lube gently into his ass. It feels hairy and warm. I then put one and then two fingers into his ass, massaging his hole gently. As I am doing this I move him forward and began licking and sucking the tip of his cock. It tastes sweet and salty with pre-cum. Then I move him back and spreading his legs he moves his ass onto the tip of my cock. I can feel the hairs of his ass with the tip of my cock. Then I felt the smooth warmth of his entrance as the head of my cock goes into him. He gasps. I move him slowly down, holding his tight butt cheeks and their soft covering of hair.

His eyes are closed with a strange look of both pain and joy on his face. His long, long body towers over me. Slowly I enter him further as I move him up and down on my cock. He feels hot and crushingly heavy on my cock. He feels amazing.

Slowly he relaxes and a smile appears on his face.

" I love you being in me", he says. He starts to move himself up and down, faster and deeper onto my cock. He is past halfway down, all his muscles are tight and taut and hard. His cock seems huge above me. Moving faster and further down, eventually I am all the way in. I feel my balls right up against the opening of his ass. Our hairs are mixed together. We have become one. We are lost in pleasure.

His cock is so rigid it stands up against his stomach. He moves up and down and up and down as I feel myself moving even further and further into him. I had never felt anything as tight and weighty on my cock before. My cock feels like it is in a vice. He moves faster and faster upon me. I grab his chest and massage his pecs. Then I moved him up and off me.

"Cum in me", I say and he begins to lube my ass. He spreads my legs way back with his muscular shoulders and we began to kiss passionately and deeply. Before I realize what is happening he has entered me, in a natural, automatic action. It is wonderful to feel him

in me and as we kiss he slowly thrusts deeper and deeper inside. There is pain, but I am overwhelmed by rushes of pleasure. He pushes his cock faster and faster and deeper and deeper into me until I can tell he is on the edge of ecstasy. We both look into each other's eyes. "I love you", he shouts and after one last enormous thrust I feel his hot cum pour into me, as he stares straight into my eyes as if he is staring into my soul. I cum instantly, spurting all over his hairy chest.

He lies on top of me with his cock inside me for what seems like hours. There are no words now. We both know that we are destined to be together.

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