

When it's jerkoff time...

STAND BY YOUR MAN!

Maybe because my Swedish dick is big, blond, and uncut, I'm sort of a sex maniac. At least, that's what my high-school wrestling coach told me a couple years ago. He had me pinned down on one of those dirty gray canvas wrestling mats that smells like about two hundred years of guy's armpits. That coach, my senior year, sort of started keeping me for extra practice after the regular practice.

He got me into some holds that were more Greco than Roman.

Maybe because he was a big, husky, unusually dark-haired Swede, I'm a whole lot of sex maniac now that I live in San Francisco.

Basically I like jerkoff sex. My wrestling coach taught me the special pleasures your own hand can give you while you're stripped and standing dick to dick with another man. I like visual sex. I not only like the lights on, I like mutual JO outdoors in full sunlight. I tend bar nights so I can cruise around the parks to see what kind of hot man I can corral on a daylight roundup.

This one day I had hit the parking lot and foot trails of Buena Vista Park and had a couple of warmup encounters not of the kind close enough to make me cum, so I headed on out to Golden Gate Park. I pulled my sporty little Celica up to a kind of bushy cul de sac in the woods at Lands' End where I like to sit behind the wheel and beat my meat...and wait.

A red van cruised by me a couple of times. I smiled. He smiled. He pulled the chrome edge of his right bumper up near my left headlight. Ooooooh, Daddy! I'd seen him before, but only

in pictures. I like visual sex: JO books, fuck films, filthy videos, mirrors. Sometimes it seems nearly every hot stud in Frisco has posed nude, naked, stripped some time or other.

Through our windshields, I kept my eye on his face. He was dark and good-looking. He reminded me of my wrestling coach in a way that gave my dick a kind of nostalgic hardon. His thick brown moustache was accented by his three or four days' growth of beard. He was shirtless, and, even with the trees reflecting light and shadow off his windshield, I could see the movements of his broad shoulders and muscular arms. No mistaking those stroke moves! His one hand must have been cupping his balls. His other was definitely pumping his dick. I could see enough but I wanted to see more.

He climbed out of his van. The fucker was stripped naked except for hiking boots and those wool socks that make me crazy on a pair of muscular calves. With his dark tan on his hairy body, I could see he had one of those husky builds so sexually muscular that with a little serious iron-pumping he could have been at least a runner-up in any physique contest in California.

With an invitation like that, I climbed out of my own car, closed the door, and leaned back against the sun-hot metal. With one hand, I groped my already hard dick, and with the other raised my teeshirt to show him my hard blond belly, and to finger-play one of my tits.

He was a fox. He planted both his hiking boots wide apart in the dust and worked his dick with one big fist while he ran his other hand palm-flat through the sweaty hair of his bodybuilder torso. The sun shone straight down on him like a muscle contest spotlight. He leaned his shoulder back against his van, and, like a good partner who knows how to follow, then lead, in a hot sex tango, he matched his moves to mine.

I stripped off my teeshirt slowly to give him a long visual trip at seeing my belly and chest exposed in the sun.

He stepped up the kneading of his cock and bit his lip, pulling some of his thick moustache in against his perfect white teeth.

I pulled my red nylon running shorts down my thighs,

stepping my sneakers and socks through them. I flipped my dick out of my jock and showed him the clean lip of big blond foreskin covering the head of my cock.

He made the sort of grunting sound wild animals make in the woods, and ran his tongue over his lips as I slowly, very slowly, teased my foreskin back, exposing the big red-blond head of my dick.

If there's one kind of man a sex-exhibitionist likes to meet, it's another exhibitionist who knows how to play. There's an art to JO exhibitionism: a tease, a long just-looking passage that teases you crazy for the longest time before you ever touch each other. I knew it. I knew that he understood.

I spit into my hand and started the long slow stroking of my dick. I got my eight inches, which is why I like to show off. Don't get me wrong: I'm not vain about it, just proud of it. My jerking my dick really got him going. He pulled his cupped hand away from his dick and flashed me a rod sized to equal my own. In the quiet of the bushes, the only sound was our hard breathing, and the wet slapping of our hands pumping our pud. We were like two hunters, leaned back against our vehicles at twenty paces, both whipping up a huge creamy load for the other.

He had the look of lust on his face. He went for blonds the way I go for dark musclemeat. Squinting in the glare, I could see the doublevision of him and my handsome Swedish wrestling coach. Their moves were as athletically similar as their looks were sexual. In a good JO scene, a guy's got time to trip his head into a mindfuck that is his own special erotic playground. Meanwhile the other guy can dig you and his own headtrip the same. I figure when I'm studying a man and jerking off to his sexiness, I'm somehow getting off on the total sexiness of all men everywhere.

Meanwhile, back at the park, I moved in closer on this stud. See? Just like in the movies, I like a long general shot, then a medium close shot, and finally a real tight close-up. The sun on my shoulders and butt felt good and warm and about half as hot as my pre-lube slick cock. I could feel big curds of cum filling up my balls, making them big and sweaty under all my blond crotch hair. I cupped them in one hand,

and with my cock—foreskin pulled back—in the other, I started my slow walk toward him.

We were sort of muttering some nice and nasty dirty talk at each other. The hot sun reflecting off his van made his body glisten with sweat. Halfway between our vehicles, I stopped. He stared hard at me, beating his meat, rubbing his hard tits, almost begging for us to fall into a hot embrace.

“Beat your meat, man,” I said. “Stroke it. Nice. Long. Easy. Come on, Daddy. Make it good and hard and show it off!”

Like a stud animal, his big arms and hand followed my directions. A thin strand of his own pre-cum lube pearled up on the head of his dick, and then swung long and thin, as clear as gossamer, in the dusty sunlight. He liked strutting his stuff. He reached into the open door of his van and pulled out a clear plastic bottle of baby oil. He squirted it on his pecs and belly and dick.

“Rub it around, fucker,” I said.

Constantly working his big tool, he oiled his torso: pecs, thick with big responsive nipples; washboard belly; the inside of his powerfucking sweaty thighs. I could tell he was hot and close to cuming. He turned and showed me his musclebutt. The cheeks of his ass tightened behind him. He turned back to face me, smiling, like a cowboy at high noon, his bodybuilder legs slightly bent at the knees in the way a dude, standing up and jerking off, sort of cocks his whole body ready for a shootout.

I moved in closer. We locked eyes, face to face, jerking our dicks. The first time cuming with any man is almost always the best, and from the look on his face, and the pressure in my own nuts, I knew that love with this improper stranger was gonna be a doozy.

His free hand reached to his chest. He was a Nipple Man. He palmed his tits. I took a step closer. He leaned his head back, face up to the sun, his eyes looking down at me stepping nearer and nearer to his massive body. The smell of his salty sweat running in clear waterlines through the glistening oil on his body almost made me shoot.

But the look in his eye told me he wasn't quite as far gone as me. It was his nipples. Without asking for it, he was

begging me to touch his tits. So what righteous guy won't give his sex-buddy what he wants? Beating my meat, I took the final step closer. We one-handed each other like animals starving for fresh meat. I finger-rolled his nipples between my thumb and forefinger. His cock, already hard and big enough, jumped up a size in thickness: heavy veins stood out. He started breathing heavy, like a bodybuilder straining to pump at least one more benchpress out of his chest and pecs.

He was ready to shoot. The oil was sunwarm and body-slick between us. I held onto his nipple. His big biceps, working his arm and fist on his dick, rubbed across the back of my hand. My own chest heaved, and I could feel the small red explosion in the middle of my head trigger the sex-charge down my spine, into my nuts, and toward the long juicy shaft of my cock. I arched my hips toward his heaving thighs, and knew a wild cock-in-the-woods has no holding back this close to a jerkoff buddy whose own load was so close to popping.

In one final surge, my dick splurged shot after shot of white cum up high on his big chest and hard nipples, dropping lower to his belly, until I was cuming on his hand and dick, already wet with oil and spit and sweat. The heat of my jizz blew him up. His muscles filled out to trophy size. His head banged back against the van, and his cock shot ropes of his thick white spunk up past my face, across my shoulder, then down my belly, pooling up finally in my hand still holding my spasming dick.

For a long moment, panting in the hot sun, in the dust cloud our action raised, we held onto each other.

That was all. That was it. That was enough.

We smiled.

We shook hands and hugged.

He climbed back naked into his van. I headed toward my Celica, and pulled on my shorts. I climbed in, sat there, exhausted, breathing heavy behind my steering wheel, dick twitching, watching him back up, pull around me, wave once, and drive away.

