

Gaspar

It was only after teasing the rim of his asshole for several minutes with the guarantee of orgasm that he finally eased the tip of the lubricated dildo inside himself. He tilted his head back and exhaled with a mix of tense pleasure and trepidation. Centimeter by centimeter his body slowly took it in. He didn't force anything. This was a powerful muscle he was playing with and he was more than happy to let it do the work. At first his anus balked at the intrusion - it was a natural defensive mechanism, like a gag, developed by evolution without any regard for the perversities of the conscious mind. But slowly his ass warmed to its presence. He took a deep breath. In some ways it was like sitting in the dentist's chair - you don't realize how tense you are until you force yourself to relax. His ass opened up a little, sucking in a little more dildo. He stopped to breathe again, willing himself to take another inch. Finally he reached the hilt, two massive facsimile testicles, his anus opened up to its full circumference. The dildo's buzz faded to a dull hum from deep within him.

He didn't even touch his dick. His body needed time to adjust. His penis didn't mind. It was still thick with erection and flicked up and down several times in enthusiastic response to the dildo's presence. For a while he just floated like that, doing nothing more than occasionally fondling his balls. This was his favorite feeling, the most vulnerability he ever allowed himself. There was a foreign object in his anus. It was exhilarating, though only because he was still in control. When it was a dick - when there was another human being, a stranger, inside him - it was exhilarating and terrifying in equal measure. And as he aged he found he just couldn't take the terror.

He turned a seductive eye to the iPhone propped up on his bedside table. His head was out of the shot - he made sure of that - but he still liked to stare at that little light and imagine all the people who would watch him stroke his cock through that tiny lense and time their cum shots to his inevitable explosion.

It was tempting to go fast, to fuck himself with the toy as if it were attached to an aggressive, indifferent top who cared only about his own satisfaction. This was the mistake he made early on, after he finally summoned the balls to have the discreet little package delivered to his apartment by an unsuspecting and thoroughly uninterested UPS guy, probably because that's how sex had gone. He was drunk, alone, doing nothing in a bar when a horny guy dragged him home, stripped him naked, rimmed his hole for a perfunctory thirty seconds, and then plunged balls deep into him without remorse or the slightest regard for his comfort. In some ways it was thrilling to be so thoroughly objectified. He would be lying if he claimed he hadn't enjoyed being lifted in the air and thrust into from below, pinned down and tilted back until his ass was nearly vertical, and inevitably rolled onto his stomach to be fucked savagely and repeatedly from behind, his ass reduced to a slam piece, his poor penis crying out to be

touched. They all came in this position, the tops. It gave them the greatest illusion of control and there was no need to feign intimacy at the crucial moment. When they were finished, none of them bothered to suck him off, or even politely rub his chest while he jerked off. They rushed to the bathroom to scrub the santorum off their delicate fingers while he ejaculated alone in the dark.

With the dildo he was able to replicate these experiences and actually cum with something inside him - a sensation so amazing, so deeply pleasurable he imagined it couldn't be topped. Seconds before that first orgasm he actually called out, to no one in particular, "Why does this feel so good?" as if until that moment, the existence of enthusiastic bottoms had been nothing more than a vast conspiracy.

When the moment felt right, when he was tired of reclining and relaxing, he took to his penis. Sometimes he was in an ass mood and would barely touch his dick as he plowed himself with the dildo. One magic masturbation session he even came without touching his penis, but that was never repeated. Nor did he care to try. Much as he loved his ass, his penis was the love affair of his life.

He started off slow, moving his hand up the length of his shaft from balls to head. He wasn't anywhere near orgasm yet, he was just savoring sensations - the buzz against his prostate, the slick feel of lubed fingers on the underside of his cock. He tried out different strokes and touches, certain movements on certain parts of his dick head bringing so much pleasure he couldn't help but call out.

These soft dabbings lasted for several minutes before the gravitational pull of the oncoming orgasm became too much for him to resist and he sped up his hands. And though this early stage was boring to describe - and most of his viewers skipped right over it to the explosion of cum - it was his favorite. This is what he imagined being in the womb to be like - the pleasantest sensations without any point.

He liked cumming too - quite a bit - and when he finally got there, increasing the speed of his strokes notch by notch, he drew it out for as long as he could, edging himself as mercilessly as any dominatrix would have. Just as he felt himself about to tumble over the cliff of total annihilation, he stopped, he held out. His asshole seized with contractions and he repeatedly rammed the dildo into his spasming prostate. Euphoric waves of orgasm hit for several dry seconds, he felt the liquid moving, surging through his plumbing. He was gasping, crying out, letting off yelps and all manner of desperate "aahs" and "oohs" and "fucks." A tiny bit of cum trickled down from the tip of his dick. It was only a matter of seconds now. He shot a huge load, the first two salvos landing clear on his chest, the third reaching his chin, a tiny bit of salty liquid on his lips. He licked as much as he could but he was grunting in ecstasy, chest heaving up and down. He savored his ass closing and releasing on the vibrator. When the pressure eased up he turned it off and slid it slowly out. He lay there, covered in cum, stroking the last drops of it out of his dick, breathing deep yoga breaths of contentment. "I know you can't see this, guys," he said to his thousands of followers, "but there's a huge glob of cum hanging off my chin. Mmm it's

tasty. I wish I could show it to you - maybe one day I will.” And with that tantalizing promise, he reached over and stopped the recording.

Orgasms of such intensity were draining. After cleaning up he usually put on a dreamy, melting record (Beach House’s *Devotion* was a favorite), crawled into bed, and spooned with one of his king-sized pillows. It was the only time he slept naked. After an hour, two if he passed out, he watched his video back on the big TV in his bedroom. As it played he rubbed the pillow against himself, making mental notes of camera angles and stroking technique, but mostly just enjoying the imagine of him enjoying himself. There were no frills: no toys, no lube, no patient, masterful choreography. Just his dry hand jerking with all the insistence of his teenage years. And when that gorgeous body on screen exploded, he came too, this time in a thin watery stream that barely reached his belly button.

His viewers always marveled at his patience. But patience was a virtue slow in the acquisition. As a teenager he had cum early and often. The earlier he came, the more often the act could be repeated: this was the great revelation of his 7th grade year, the sort of discovery that completely changes the life of a middle school boy. He came whenever he could - as soon as he woke up, as soon as he got home from school, several times after the sun set. He was an adventurous boy, in his own way (though you would never have known it to look at him) and he soon grew bored with the old stand-bys of bed, shower, desk. His first great exploit was to creep downstairs in the middle of the night (a school night, no less) and stand buck naked in the middle of the living room jerking his tiny cock with rabid fury. He came all over his mother’s brand new cream carpet. He didn’t even bother cleaning up. He snickered as he dashed back upstairs undetected, though a tiny, twisted part of him wished his mother had been suffering from a stuffy nose and had witnessed his moment of triumphant desecration as she groped her way downstairs in search of Nyquil. But alas.

Soon it was outside on the big tree in the backyard, alone in the back of the school bus, in the locker room, his bare front pressed into his locker, cumming with abandon all over the uniform he’d just played soccer in.

Sophomore year he managed to sustain a peak average of twenty-three ejaculations a week. He was only caught once, in the gym showers, and mercifully, wordlessly, the other boy turned on the shower right next to his and jerked himself off to completion. They never touched, never spoke, never made eye contact during or after. They stood silently and watched the water sweep away evidence of their transgressions down the grimy grate of the drain.

Incidents like this led him to assume all teenage boys masturbated with equal frequency. The message boards he frequented were full of boys who admitted jerking off thirty or forty times a week. He fancied himself the rare teenage boy with enough self-restraint to masturbate a paltry twenty-three times a

week. So when the topic of masturbation came up at the lunch table - as it was wont to do - he casually dropped a number the other boys considered astounding. In two hours there wasn't a person on campus, faculty included, who hadn't had a laugh at his expense.

He was humiliated. He didn't cum for an entire day. He resolved to live as a Trappist monk, in holy abstinence. *Pinkerton* was on heavy rotation. But it only took one night - one set of stained sheets - for him to realize how vain his vows were. The body would have its discharge whether or not the mind accepted its pleasure.

There was only one course of action: masturbation would resume, but it would be regulated. He had to pack more wallop into every punch, sate himself so completely that another go within the day was unthinkable. His teenage self was at a loss. But thankfully, the internet exists.

The next morning, while drowsily choking down coffee and a bowl of cereal before work, he uploaded the video. He liked uploading videos at the least likely of times. There was something special about the idea of those few people bothering to jerk off (and not just a quick morning wood wank, but a fully invested, amateur pornography-fueled masturbation session) at 7:00 a.m. being the first to enjoy it. Besides, he'd passed out after the second ejaculation and woke up with discolored sheets and fuzzy teeth when his alarm went off.

Within seconds of upload the video received its first views. 62 views by the time he left the house. He kept refreshing the page on his phone as he drove to work, glancing dangerously down at the number beneath the naked thumbnail of himself. 83 by the first stop sign. 94 as he pulled onto the highway. 119 as he parked his car in the drab lot next to the drab building. His heart fluttered as he walked past the cheap, prefab desks and greeted his faceless colleagues, like he'd had too much coffee and the caffeine was hitting him all at once. This was one of his best videos ever. It was off to a record-breaking debut. And today was Friday. Tonight, when the resigned homosexual spinsters ran out of B-rate documentaries to watch on Netflix, when the unlucky singles stumbled home from their bars and finally reconciled themselves to the fact that Grindr wasn't going anywhere, they would turn on his video, they would pull out their dicks, and they would wank until they came. He didn't deceive himself. He knew they would cum whether he created a video or not. They would cum if their computers died, if the internet ceased to exist. They would cum in log cabins, on the tops of mountains, in caves, or lying under the stars. They had cum when they were still monkeys and they would cum until the end of man. But of all the dicks on the internet (and there were a lot) they had chosen his. That was special. There was a bond between him and his fans. They were his family, what he lived for. And no offense to Lady Gaga or Eve Harrington, but their comments were even better than applause. Each one was unique and everlasting.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m sorry, sir. I was just checking...”

“The Facebook? You know how close I am to instituting a no cell phone policy in this office? You know how much time those fucking things rob me of everyday? Time is money. I’m docking your pay \$10. If you’d rather be on the Facebook than working, than contributing to society in a productive manner, then don’t bother coming in tomorrow. Do you have any idea how many people there are begging for a job like this? How many unsolicited resumes I get every day? Trust me, replacing you is so easy. And don’t think I have any problem confiscating phones. I have no problem running this office like a middle school classroom if you all want to act like children.”

When the yelling stopped he entered one of those fugue states of employment. He awoke at his desk, staring straight ahead into the Navajo White of the walls, examining the ageless fingerprints and scuffs memorialized by the cheap paint. He had reached a point where he was so bored that he could literally think of no other way to waste time on the internet. Doing actual work was almost preferable.

To avoid such a catastrophe, he slid his phone out of his pants. Surely there were more comments by now. It was odd, he never put his face in videos specifically because he feared getting fired (not getting fired so much as having to look for a new job) and yet here he was, at work, putting his livelihood at risk.

His boss was already itching for an excuse to fire him. This would send him over the moon. He was one of those big, holier-than-thou conservatives with a real hard-on for Ted Cruz who mysteriously believed that watching twenty minutes of Fox Business News every morning entitled him to lecture others on the workings of endlessly complex political and economic apparatuses even though he’d never read a single fucking page of Adam Smith or Machiavelli or Marx or anybody else, one of those social ‘moderates’ who was brave (or politically savvy) enough to admit he didn’t despise gays, as long as they didn’t rub it in your face, but he thought everyone would be a whole lot happier if they had the decency and common sense to go back in the closet. He reminded him of his father. Maybe that was the source of his blind hatred.

Sure enough, two comments. Both from subscribers, people who hung on every movement of his cock. They were old regulars. If he owned a diner these would be the people who stopped in every morning to shoot the shit over good, hot, black coffee and a slice of cherry pie.

Titanium wrote: “So fuckin hot. Creamin myself all over my chest. You do it every time man keep it up. You are a zen master.”

He liked Titanium. He had one of the few PG torso-only pics on BoomTube. There was something quaint about it, gentlemanly. They chatted occasionally. He was a 19 year old from a hick town in north Georgia and spent most of his time online bemoaning the fact that there were no local gays. He was mired in some terrible community college and it was his dream to transfer to Hunter in New York

but the odds weren't in his favor.

The second comment came from xxxangelboi: "Love fuckin seeing you cum so hard. Wish you would take that toy out of your pretty ass so you could sit on my face and drink my precum while I eat you like dinner. Then I'd shove my own toy in and fuck your brains out til I came inside you and the force of the cum was like a geyser that made you fly through the air."

There would be others. If this were a weekend he would watch them roll in in real time. All of his vids garnered thousands of views and several dozen comments. His most popular had broken a hundred. Thanks to that video he was now an official BoomTube Influencer. He was always amazed at how much love there was on BoomTube. Never once had he encountered a single hater. It only took about five seconds on YouTube to realize how special this was. Sure, there were weirdos, like DsbecomingSd, who left repeated comments begging him to "pierce that beautiful fucking cock - head and shaft." But he wasn't a hater. He was just too enthusiastic a lover. DsbecomingSd genuinely thought he had one of the most beautiful cocks in the world. And there was nothing wrong with expressing beauty. That's like nude art, Michelangelo and shit.

Some of them, like Titanium, he was just plain friends with. They would private message each other about their shitty days and shitty jobs and shitty lives. He knew Titanium's real name (it was Scott) and they had even exchanged face pics. He was a pimply Georgia teenager, pretty much what you'd expect, though not uncute. In a few more years he might even pass for hot. But that was about the extent of their intimacy. Honestly he was glad Titanium lived a couple hundred miles away and they didn't have to meet. He didn't like going out. That's what made BoomTube so great.

Titanium was always asking him questions, sexual questions. Was he a top or bottom? Had he ever eaten someone out? Tossed their salad? Had anyone ever cum in his mouth? Did he spit or swallow? He was 23. To a 19 year old he was a font of sexual wisdom. "Why don't you just Google it?" he always complained, trying to put him off. "It's so much better when it comes from a real person," Titanium replied. He never gave him a straight answer.

He didn't blame Titanium for his excess. He knew what it was to be a fan. Self-pleasure was an art form in his eyes and he worshipped the masters who took it to its absolute limits. He was merely a Donovan before their Dylans.

His favorite was kingofkink, who took masturbation to extremes he had never imagined. Sure, he utilized a couple vanilla toys - what guy doesn't like a vibrator up the ass every once in a while? - but he really didn't go much further across the rubicon than that. There was nothing kingofkink hadn't done. Ropes, chains, whips, handcuffs, gags, harnesses, blindfolds, electric shocks, weights suspended from his testicles. The usual gamut. Lately though he had reached a new level of transcendence. His last video was half an hour of him immobilized, practically suffocating, in latex. And when it was over, when he'd

unwrapped and extricated himself, the only thrill available to the audience was the glistening wet spot where he had ejaculated. In any conventional sense it was not a JO video, and it was a rare instance of unenthusiastic, even hostile, comments. And yet he had watched enthralled. It was a demonstration of such unflinching artistry that he was bowled over. It was the *Yeezus* of pornography.

Tonight was the next installment, though he had no idea what kingofkink could do after the latex. There was a tiny part of him that wished kingofkink would retire on this high note and vanish into digital anonymity, leaving as his swan song that tiny blip of perfection.

By the time he pulled out of office parking lot at 4:57, he had already pulled out his dick. It was his little tradition on kingofkink days - a drive home jerk off. Of course he would cum again later tonight about half a second after kingofkink came, but he had to get it out before then or he'd go crazy with anticipation. He was only halfway home when he felt the warm spiderweb between his fingers.

At 10:58 he was primed and ready to go, a cock ring constricting his rock hard dick. This was his most satisfying orgasm of the week, even better than his own videos. Maybe he should film himself edging to kingofkink's live feed. How meta.

The feed began and there he was. Kingofkink. He could recognize the bare torso of his hero anywhere. All was well with the world.

Kingofkink bent down to get his head in frame, revealing a black gothic hood that made him look like a medieval falcon about to be released for the hunt. He held up his hands, gesturing on either side of his head. Kingofkink never spoke. He never intentionally made noise of any kind. He only emitted sounds - of pleasure or pain, usually both - when he'd placed himself in a position so extreme that he lost all control over his bodily functions. In one of his video's descriptions he characterized it as "consciousness disappearing completely." This reticence made his desperate orgasms all the hotter, but also lent the proceedings the air of an overdramatized silent film, as if one were watching a BDSM Buster Keaton attempt to stop a runaway train of horniness and alienation.

Then kingofkink very slowly, very deliberately unfolded a neat square of shiny black rubber that became a jumpsuit. He sometimes wondered if kingofkink was Asian - not that it would have mattered to him, he wasn't a NO ASIANS kind of gay - because he had a way of imbuing every disgusting action with delicacy, of transforming the minutest movements into ritual. Despite the hardcore, punishing nature of his fetishes, his videos felt so fragile and refined, to quote Rivers Cuomo.

Kingofkink stepped neatly into the suit and bound himself up. There was a hole for his dick, which stuck out beautiful and white against the hard black surface of the suit. He turned around and spread his cheeks to show off the ass slit too. Everyone watching got a nice closeup of his pink hole.

And then, something truly shocking. He brought out a noose. The comments section exploded:

Dudesdude: Noooo!!!

Getitin!: what the fuck are you doing?

¡!: Seriously, dude this is not cool.

:P: im not watching this shit. I wanna get off not watch some dude hang himself.

9inches: i cant, im out.

BreakinRecords: stop!!! Seriously dude, don't.

Turkishdelight: Calm down people do this all the time, it really hightens orgasms, I'm sure there's a spotter behind the camera.

nycgood_one: Yeah and people die from it all the time too.

joyboy: Love nooseplay!!!!

JackBNimble: Let me know if you need somebody to tighten it up for you cutie.

He couldn't tell how he felt about this twist. He had trouble seeing beyond the precum practically gushing out his dick, a finger pressed hard against his perineum. He knew it was a bad idea - his brain wasn't so drained of blood that he thought this was a okay. And he himself would certainly never do it in a million years. But he wasn't about to turn the channel.

Kingofkink never bothered to look at the comments. He wasn't one of those people who wasted half his time playing Q&A with the audience, reveling in the modicum of gay fame internet fate had allotted them. He sincerely did not give a fuck. And so he carried on, oblivious to the tempest raging among his viewers.

The noose was attached to something out of the frame - a beam or pipe of some sort. He tugged on it and even suspended himself from it for a few seconds to demonstrate it could bear his load. Then he duct taped a vibrating toy to his dick and stepped onto a stool to help him reach the noose. Kingofkink put his neck through the hole, tightened its grip, and handcuffed his wrists behind his back.

He expected something calamitous to happen, that as soon as kingofkink got up there his body would spontaneously combust into lifelessness. For a second he even feared it was an elaborate suicide setup. But now that kingofkink was up there and his head, though covered by the hood, was quite obviously twitching with pleasure, he stopped worrying. He could tell how much kingofkink loved life. He had been a fool to doubt. People asphyxiated themselves all the time. Sure some people died, but it was the same with driving a car or taking a bath. Death lurked around every corner. It was no reason to deny yourself.

His arousal returned. He'd completely lost his boner when he saw the noose, but it was back. There would clearly be a hands-free cum shot, his favorite. The more he thought about it, this session might actually be hotter than the latex.

He was very quickly on the verge of orgasm. He contemplated just fucking cumming already, but really wanted to wait for kingofkink. He considered cumming twice - now and again when kingofkink blew - but he wasn't sure he could manage. He wasn't seventeen anymore. He cursed himself for jacking off in the car. It was a stupid, indulgent thing to do. Kingofkink was still buzzing away. There was no telling how long he would last. His sexual stamina was legendary.

He clasped both hands behind his head to cool himself down. This was necessary - the climax would be much more satisfying. He was a little ashamed to admit he was growing bored, impatient for kingofkink to hurry up and get there, like a fantastic movie that runs on ten minutes too long.

At last kingofkink was approaching the end. His breathing grew heavy. Even with the hood covering his features, you could see his ecstasy, you could sense it. The moment was here, he leaned forward, overcome by pleasure no doubt, putting more pressure on his neck as great spurts of cum burst forth and flew several feet from his body. As soon as he saw kingofkink go - actually as soon as he saw his balls rise - he brought his hands immediately to the rim of his cock and emptied the contents of his scrotum onto his chest. Kingofkink took much longer. He must have been saving himself for days. Such discipline! The last of it dripped from the tip of his cock, his body convulsing as waves of pleasure passed through him. He lost his balance and tottered uncertainly on the stool. He was trying to get upright again, trying desperately, like an acrobat on a tightrope who has made the tiniest of missteps. His audience - alone in their bedrooms all across the world - gasped in unison.

He fell. Barely. Imperceptibly. But enough.

Kingofkink sputtered and thrashed for a horrible, suspended eon. And then movement ceased, but not completely. His head fell to one side, and his wrists went limp, but his muscles hung on, continuing to fight, his chest struggling with all the unconscious, animal instinct thousands of years of evolution had bred into it.

The comments were incredulous:

Getitin!: There's no way this is real???

Polyamorous: What do we do?

Polyamorous: Someone call 9-1-1

D'sbecomingS'd: We don't even know where he lives.

Star: Does anyone know his address??

9inches: oh my god no!

nycgood_one: This is exactly what I said would happen all you fucking idiots who said it would be alright are fucking putting people's lives at risk especially teenagers by spreading your shit you ignorant fucktards.

ernesthungingway: @nycgood_one you have no idea what you are talking about clearly something went wrong and @kingofkink did not take the necessary precautions. He's an adult it's his fault for being irresponsible it doesn't mean everyone who engages in this kind of stimulation dies your comment did nothing but reveal your own ignorance.

NOANGEL: @nycgood_one @ernesthungingway the joke is on both of you b/c this is clearly part of his performance art you all need to stop taking things so seriously this is what the whole piece is about.

If it was a stunt or a punk or a piece of performance art there was certainly no indication of it. The live feed expired with kingofkink hanging motionless in the center of the frame.

He knew it was real. He knew kingofkink was dead or else in some horrible vegetative coma from which there would be no recovery. He knew kingofkink too well. He would never toy with his fans like this. And he didn't hate his life. You could see how much pleasure he got every time he jerked off. Joy radiated from his face for Christ's sake. It was an accident. You can't be what kingofkink was - a visionary, a pioneer - without pushing boundaries, without taking risks that sometimes had catastrophic consequences. The future doesn't belong to the faint-hearted; it belongs to the brave.

The blank screen came to life, 21st century light on the face of the deep. On it appeared a nondescript button-down. The button-down twitched nervously.

“Oh my God, I can’t believe I’m doing this. I am literally shaking. I can barely talk, there’s a lump in my throat the size of a fist - or Turkishdelight’s cock head haha. That thing is massive. Anyway here goes.”

A face appeared.

“I know you guys aren’t used to live feeds from me. Or seeing me with clothes on. Or seeing my face for that matter. It’s crazy to think you guys have seen every hair on my ass crack but you’ve never seen my face. It’s ass backwards, haha. Well, anyway, I’m going the full monty. And I’m even going to introduce myself. I’m David, by the way. I’m not going to give my last name because this is still the internet, but yeah.”

He was an attractive boy. You could almost hear his fan base - 55% of which was over the age of 35, according to BoomTube Analytics - utter a collective sigh of desire and self-loathing. It was tragic, really. That his existence passed largely unnoticed in the mid-sized Midwestern metropolis that played host to his existence. In New York or Atlanta or San Francisco attractive men would fight to tear his ass apart. And cuddle with him after. And take him out to brunch. And pay rent for a Chelsea apartment. He was the type of boy one fucked, but did not fuck over.

“So the reason I’m taking the big step of ‘coming out’ is because of kingofkink. I know a lot of you were really shaken up about it too. What bothers me most is that he died without any of us even knowing his name. His real name. It’s one of the most dehumanizing things I can think of. And I just feel really sad because we’re a community. I don’t consider you guys anonymous BoomTube users. I consider you my friends. And I want you to know who I am so if, God forbid, I choke to death alone in my apartment during this video you can at least say, ‘David was an awesome guy. And damn he had a beautiful cock.’ Haha.”

He paused uncomfortably to clear his throat.

“And I don’t want to get all sappy or inspirational or anything, but life is too good to be hanging yourself from closet rods and shit. I’m serious! I enjoy my body as much as anyone - you guys have watched me wring pretty much as much pleasure out of it as possible. But there’s a line. It’s just not worth risking all the wonderful stuff in our lives for a better than average orgasm. So yeah. That pretty much sums it up. Life is too precious to waste.”

He broke into a grin.

“All right, the public service announcement portion of today’s program is now over. Time for the good stuff!”

David stripped off his shirt and threw it on the floor. His chest was beautiful: the perfect amount of natural definition, a light dusting of hair and freckles. He gripped his dick through his jeans.

“You have no idea how fucking horny I am. I’ve been touching myself all day, my dick’s begging to perform for you.”

He stepped out of his jeans and massaged the contours of his big cock beneath his briefs. “Ready?” he asked into the camera. He pulled his penis out of his underwear and grinned. “Dick and face all in one shot? Who would have ever thought it would happen?” He sat down on the bed, spread his legs wide in the air, slipped a finger into his asshole, and jerked himself to oblivion.