

Painful Pleasures

Crimson Rose

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Home alone and horny as hell – a recurring theme in his life, Dylan stripped naked and sat at his computer scanning the Hub for something to get himself off too when he saw something he heard of, but never thought to do himself because he was a straight man, but for some reason the stunning body of the transgender woman the large dick and balls was attached to made him feel all sorts of ways. Confused. Excited. Ashamed. Curious. Nervous. Clicking the thumbnail, the porno popped open and began playing. Eyes glued to the monitor, he watched a gorgeous, olive-skinned brunette with perfectly perky natural breasts spread her legs wide open and then lean down with her mouth going right for the semi-hard cock between. A beat later and it was in her mouth and Dylan was furiously jerking off.

I can't believe this is making me so fucking hard! Dylan thought as he continued watching the transgender woman sucking herself off. *Fuck, she's stunning! I might be straight but...* as that thought entered his mind, he looked down at his own throbbing manhood now standing at its full 9 inches. *I'm easily that flexible. I wonder if I... oh God... am I really considering sucking myself off? I'm not doing it with another man so it's not gay, but what if I love it enough to want to suck other men off? What do I do when it's time to blow my load? Do I pull back and let it shoot everywhere, or gulp it down like a jizz-starved slut?*

Heart pounding in his chest, Dylan rolled his chair back and then took his laptop to the bed. Getting into position, he put a lifetime of being a contortionist to use. Bending down, he stopped with the head of his manhood poised for entry. Gulping back whatever pride he may have had left; he stared at the trans-woman on the screen as he went lower. The head of his cock going into his mouth, he stopped with eyes wide in shock – not only for actually doing it, but for the bead of precum that immediately hit his tongue. Swallowing it, he went lower. With over half his dick in his own mouth, Dylan began bobbing his head up and down. Letting the pre-cum coat his tongue, he gently played with his balls, but when the woman on the screen gave hers a slap, he followed suit – yelping, but also taking note of the large bead of pre-cum the action produced.

Watching the woman stretching her scrotum out as far as possible, Dylan once again followed suit. Letting go, he immediately gave his balls three hard slaps and then squeezed them until he was squealing like a stuck pig just as the masochistic trans-woman he was watching. Continuing to follow along, he used his incredible flexibility to take all of his 9-inches into his mouth and throat for several very long seconds. So caught up in watching the porno, he didn't even choke on it which only added to his shame, excitement, and confusion. Sinking his teeth in enough for it to hurt without causing any actual damage, he slowly raised up until they were caught on the ridge at the bottom of the head. Swirling his tongue around, he lapped up another large bead of pre-cum and then the first ropey strands of semen hit the back of his throat. Resisting the urge to stop and spit it out, Dylan shut his eyes tight and waited for the last of his load to fill his mouth before slowly, carefully pulling back. Now free of obstruction, he let his cum coat his tongue for a long moment before swallowing.

“No motherfucking way that just happened!” Dylan said aloud – his shock too much to keep the words internal. *I just sucked my own cock and fucking swallowed my load! And what the hell was that with the stretching and slapping and biting? Why did it hurt so fucking good? Am I... am I a masochist? Do I suddenly like cock and ball torture? No! Absolutely not! There's absolutely no way I'm into that! It was just spur of the moment. I was watching and following what she did,* he thought as his eyes went back to the screen now showing another trans-woman

– this one with long black hair in braided pig tails and icy blue eyes glassy from the pleasure of torturing her own impressively large cock.

As if acting of their own accord, the fingernails of Dylan’s left hand dug into his scrotum before stretching it to its limit, while the right hand slapped his spent cock hard – first to the left and then to the right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Digging fingernails in near the base he rapidly scraped them along his stiffening shaft and over the sensitive head causing him to let out a guttural groan that left a bead of pre-cum begging to be lapped up. Which is exactly what he did. Now using both hands he stretched his scrotum out and then left and right until he was squirming and groaning in what his mind could only interpret as painful pleasure. Getting to his knees, Dylan spent a solid thirty seconds slapping, pulling, pinching, stretching, and squeezing his cock, balls, and scrotum as the trans-woman on the screen.

Unable to stop himself, Dylan spent more than ten minutes torturing his manhood until reaching the point of no return. The first blast traveling up the shaft of his tingling cock, he dropped onto his ass, and contorted himself until his dick was sliding down his throat. Taking note that he still wasn’t gagging or choking, he gave his balls one last hard slap and then his seed was shooting into his stomach. Pulling back a little so the thick, warm treat coated his tongue, he felt his dick twitch with excitement. *Fucking hell! I can’t believe how god damn good it tastes! It’s so much sweeter than I ever imagined it would be. Not that I ever really imagined eating cum before but... salty with hints of metallic undertones. Fuck! I think I could drink a gallon of it a day and still want more. What in the holy hell is wrong with me? Why am I doing this? How am I able to suck my entire cock down my throat and not...*

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Waking covered in sweat and his right hand furiously slapping the shit out of his cock while the left squeezed and pulled on his balls, Dylan’s back arched as the semen rushed up his shaft like a firehose turned on full blast. Mind still foggy and confused, he threw his legs back over his head and sucked the head of his cock into his mouth just in time to catch the entire load. The warm, sweet treat hitting the back of his throat causing him to immediately begin gagging, he knew he was no longer dreaming. This was real like and on top of beating the hell out of his family jewels he was now eating his own jizz. *This... this isn’t happening!* He thought as his mouth rapidly filled. The last drops squirting out, he lowered his legs and instantly began yanking at his already sore scrotum while deciding whether to spit or swallow. Opting for the latter as it’s what he did in his dream, Dylan gulped the mouthful of semen down, but did not stop torturing his manhood.

“Uuhhnnn... w-what... uhn... what in God’s name is w-wrong with me? It was a dream! I’m not into... I’m not... uhn... uhn... Jesus fucking Christ! I just ate my own cum! And... mmmm... and I liked it,” he proclaimed aloud for no one but himself to hear. Licking his lips, he stared at his spent cock as if it were a candy ready to be sucked on. As if in a trance, he sat up, leaned forward, and then did just that, but when the tip of the head touched his uvula, he immediately began gagging on it. *Okay, so apparently I have a gag reflex when awake, but not when I’m dreaming. Good to know,* he thought even as his head continued bobbing up and down. Taking it slower, he let the excitement and pleasure of sucking himself off outweigh the confusion, shame, and disgust at having a dick in his mouth even if his own. *It’s not as if this makes me gay,* he thought while pulling on his scrotum and balls. *But fucking hell do I love the feeling of a dick in my mouth and sliding in and out of my throat. And cum! I never understood why people swallowed but now that I’ve done it I’ll never spit it out.*

THWAP! Stretching his scrotum with his left hand, Dylan gave his balls another hard slap. THWAP! THWAP! Moaning, he gave his balls a flick and then he was getting another mouthful of the tasty treat he had just become addicted to. Pulling back so that it could coat his tongue, he savored every drop. *FUCK! I really could drink a gallon of it a day! I wonder if every man tastes this... NO... absolutely not! That... mmmm... that would make me gay. Or at least bisexual because there's nothing in this world capable of making me give up pussy. Shit! What if I start dreaming about having sex with other men? Am I going to run out and do it? God no! Thought, I never thought I'd suck myself off, eat my own cum, or torture my cock and balls either.*

Everything he did and where it could potentially lead running through his mind, Dylan swallowed his semen, and then licked his lips as he got out of bed. Acting on instinct alone, he quickly showered, dressed, and then ran out of the house solely focused on minimizing the risk of somehow resorting to other men to satisfy his rapidly growing addiction.

Pulling into the parking lot of Intimate Impressions – an adult sex shop a few miles from home, Dylan got out of his 2024 Dodge Ram and rushed inside before anyone he knew had a chance of seeing him. Stopping right inside the door, his eyes darted from the cute twenty-something purple-haired woman sitting behind the counter, to the three other female customers. Panick setting in, he thought about leaving, but then his dream and actions afterward raced through his mind recentering his attention to the task at hand.

“Morning, Sir. If you need help finding anything let me know,” the purple-haired clerk said in greeting.

“T-Thanks. I, um, I’ve never... oh God, this was a terrible idea.”

“No need to be ashamed. Why don’t you tell me what brought you in and I’ll see what I can do to help find whatever you need to alleviate your fears and satisfy your desires?”

Her words soothing and non-judgmental, Dylan relaxed somewhat. “I... I honestly don’t know why I’m here or what I’m looking for exactly. I... I just... some things happened and I got the sudden urge to, um, to buy some toys to maybe... I...”

“Anyone ever tell you that you’re really cute when flustered?” the clerk said with a genuine smile. “I’m Kaitlyn. And you are?”

“D-Dylan.”

“Nice to meet you Dylan. Why don’t you come over here and tell me what’s on your mind and I promise to help you find everything you’re looking for?”

“I... I need some toys for... I want to give anal a try and...”

“Say no more. And really, this is twenty twenty-six. There’s no shame in a man wanting to take it up the ass. The first time can be intimidating and overwhelming, but take it from someone with lots of experience – when done right anal can be damn near as pleasurable as vaginal, or having your dick sucked,” Kaitlyn said as she walked around the counter. “Come with me and I’ll get you everything necessary to break your backdoor in gently and pleurably.”

“Thanks. I don’t suppose you have... n-nevermind.”

“Go on, there’s no judgment here.”

“I, um, I recently discovered another, um, desire. CBT.”

“Ouch! Also, nice. We have a selection of cages, stretchers, and other devices that’ll let you enjoy torturing your cock and balls to the fullest.”

“Thanks.”

“This one here, for example is a masochist’s favorite,” Kaitlyn said as she picked up a box showing a round, hinged device with spikes protruding inward. “Place it around your shaft,

or scrotum and it'll deliver anything from a mildly uncomfortable feeling, to outright agony. And, when placed around the scrotum it also acts as a ball stretcher. Ant to give it a try?"

"Um, sure," Dylan answered thinking she meant does he want to buy it only to watch her kneel and unbutton his pants. "W-What are you doing?"

"You said you wanted to give it a try," Kaitly said as she tugged the customer's pants and boxers down. "Fuck me!" she gasped. "Want to try me instead," she said as her fingers wrapped around his impressive manhood. "If you let me place it around your scrotum you can, um, still use your shaft," she said, looking up into Dylan's wide brown eyes.

One of the other customers – a petite blonde woman with a basket full of sex toys, done with her shopping approached to see the clerk kneeling in front of a now exposed Dylan and her eyes went wide. "Holy hell! Now that's a nice fucking cock!"

"I have first dibs," Kaitlyn said as she leaned in. Still staring Dylan in the eyes, she sucked him into her mouth while placing the spiked cock and ball torture device around his scrotum – the sharply pointed screws digging deep causing him to yelp while copious amounts of pre-cum dripped from the tip of his throbbing manhood.

The insanity of the situation making him believe he had fallen asleep and was once again dreaming, Dylan threw all caution to the wind and just went with it. The spiked ball stretcher causing as much pain as Kaitlyn's mouth brought pleasure, he put a hand on the back of her head, slid down her throat, and without even thinking about what he was doing began pissing. Her eyes going wide in shock, he smiled and held her in place as the warm, salty fluid filled her belly. "Holy fuck that was hot!" he exclaimed as the stream trickled to a stop. "I can't believe you just drank every fucking drop!"

"Ah, man, did you come already?"

"Not even close," Dylan answered. "She didn't eat my cum, she drank my piss!"

"Oh damn!"

"That... that was... I can't believe you just used me as a damn urinal," Kaitlyn said even as her face turned bright red.

"And I can't believe you pulled my pants down and put a heavy ass spiked stretcher on me," Dylan countered. "And yet here we are. Besides, if you didn't like it you could've easily pulled away."

"And spend the next five hours covered in piss? No thanks. Lucky for you I don't have a gag reflex," Kaitlyn said as she got to her feet.

"Really? Any chance you could show me how to get rid of mine?"

"Practice. Lots and lots of practice," the blonde customer answered. "I suggest starting off with long thin toys and working your way up. That being said, if she's not going to take advantage of your monster of a cock I certainly will!" Turning, the blonde placed her hands on the edge of a shelf. "Go ahead, I'm yours for the taking!"

"Not in my shop!" Kaitlyn scowled.

"Says the woman that just yanked his pants down and sucked his dick for all of us to see."

"She's got you there," Dylan added.

"That was before you used me as a damn toilet!"

"Which you obviously liked so why are you being a prude about it now?" a brunette customer asked as she too approached with baskets full of toys. "You can either let them have their fun or I'll just leave this here and take my business elsewhere," she added as she placed the two full baskets on the counter.