I’ve been working as the commissioning editor for a scientific journal for the past 10 years or so. Our office is based in Bloomsbury, but every now and then I have to travel to meet one of our contributors. We had been receiving work on an ad hoc basis from a marine biologist who was attached to a research establishment on the South Coast. We were keen to sign him up to provide a regular feature on developments in his particular field and after an exchange of e-mails I decided to go down to Brighton to meet him for lunch and see if I could interest him in doing a monthly article for us.

Chris, as he was called, met me at the station, and we took a walk down to the front where he had booked a table for lunch. He was a tall, good-looking man in his early 40s, clean-shaven but with a mop of untidy blond hair. He was casually dressed in jeans and a crumpled blue linen jacket. We chatted easily as we made our way to the restaurant and I warmed to him immediately. We’d previously spoken on the phone, but I’d pictured him as an older academic and had no real sense of what he was truly like.

We discussed various possibilities over lunch and came to a tentative view of what he might be able to provide for us. I agreed that I’d have a contract drawn up and sent to him over the next week, and with that the formalities of the day were over and I was able to relax and take in my surroundings. The meal was good and we enjoyed a bottle of Chablis, before he suggested that a brandy might be nice with a coffee. By the end of the meal I was feeling very comfortable and in no hurry to catch the train back to London.

It was about 3 when we left the restaurant. Chris asked me what plans I had for the rest of the day. I said I had none. It was then that he caught me rather off-guard by suggesting that I join him for a sauna. Up until that point I’d never given any thought to his sexuality, but then I considered it – a single man, living in Brighton – and I realised he was probably gay. I must have looked a little quizzical when he mentioned the sauna, so he explained that it was more of a private health spa of which he was a member and entitled to take guests. He said it was well-equipped with sauna rooms and a small indoor pool, that you could get a massage – if that’s what you liked – or just have a drink and relax. “What the hell”, I thought, “I’ll give it a go!” and so I said that I’d love to join him. He said the place wasn’t that far away, but suggested that we get a cab up there, and soon we were on our way.

The spa was located in a big mock Tudor house in one of those tree-lined avenues that leads up towards the Downs just north of the town. There was a tall iron gate with an intercom where he gave his name and we were admitted to a gravel drive that led up to the imposing front door – one of those big oak affairs studded with large nails. As we approached, the door was opened by a young man in a white t-shirt and navy shorts, who welcomed Chris with a handshake and a “Good Afternoon, Sir”.

Once inside Chris ran through the options and suggested that we might want to sit by the pool until our lunch was digested and then have a swim or a massage. It sounded like a good plan to me. I said I’d have to pick up a pair of trunks somewhere and was a bit taken aback when Chris said that most people made do with just a towel. With that we went through to the changing room and Chris told me to leave my stuff in a locker and help myself to one of the towels that were piled up on a bench. Without any further ado he began to take his clothes off and stashed them in a locker, before walking buck-naked to grab a towel. Instead of putting it around his waist, he slung it casually over his shoulder and stood there waiting while I rather more hesitantly took off my clothes. I put a towel around my waist before awkwardly taking off my pants and putting them in the locker. When I turned back to Chris he was standing there with a big grin on his face. He told me not to worry as everyone there was used to going naked apart from the guy at reception. I said won’t there be any women here, and he said, “No, it’s strictly men only!” re-affirming what I guess I had already realised, that this was a spa for gay men.

I should say at this point that I’ve always considered myself to be straight. Until my divorce I’d lived with a woman for the best part of 18 years and had always enjoyed my sex life with her. I’d had no experience of gay sex at all, save that I will admit that I’d always enjoyed gay porn and often masturbated while watching it when my wife was out or in bed. Since our divorce I’d even spent a bit of time on cam sites looking at cocks, and eventually displaying my own. Once or twice I had even cum on cam, to the approval of the other viewers.

So I was not in any way repelled by finding myself in a gay sauna, but I simply had no idea of what to expect.

The pool was set in a conservatory extending into a large garden at the rear of the house. The garden was sheltered from the neighbours’ by fences and shrubs and allowed men to go undressed through the garden without fear of being overlooked. It was a sunny afternoon and I could see a couple of men lying naked on a large rug down the garden. I tried not to stare but one was lying on his front reading a book, while the other was on his back exposing his erect penis to the world. The sight of this and Chris’ handsome bubble-butt proceeding confidently in front of me, began to cause a stirring in my loins. I would have been mortified to have sprouted an erection before we’d even sat down, but I was already beginning to tingle at the possibilities of where all this might be leading.

We took a couple of beds by the pool. Chris lay back with his hands behind his head, while I sat there with my towel firmly wrapped around my waist, with my knees bent and my feet flat on the bed – thereby hoping to conceal whatever involuntary activity might be going on in my groin. We chatted for a while and Chris told me how much he enjoyed coming to this spa. It became impossible to avert my gaze from him, so eventually I gave up and looked directly at him. He was in good shape, slim but with a good chest and stomach that showed no sign of fat. His cock was hanging thickly to one side over his beautifully rounded balls. His pubic hair was tightly trimmed and the base of his cock and balls had been shaved to leave him smooth and hairless. The shape of his cockhead was clearly visible through his closely fitting foreskin. Already I was beginning to find him immensely attractive, but I tried to supress those thoughts by chatting inanely about more or less nothing, while he just lay there as relaxed as a cat taking an afternoon nap.

Off to my left I could now see that the two guys in the garden were now embracing each other and kissing with some passion. The atmosphere was becoming more sexually charged by the moment. When another younger couple of men appeared and got into the pool where they too began kissing each other, I scarcely knew which way to look. Fortunately Chris suggested that we go for a sauna, so after checking that my towel was firmly in place, I followed him back into the house and into a large and well-appointed sauna room. The room was fitted out with pine benches and was hot enough to produce an instant sweat. Chris sat down on a bench and gestured to me to take one opposite. He sat there with his legs apart, his cock hanging down over his pendulous balls. I was feeling so horny now that I decided it was time to go with the flow and remove my towel. Chris made no pretence about checking me out and looked directly at my crutch. As I opened my legs the smile on his face suggested that he liked what he saw. My cock is nothing special on the size front, but I am nicely cut and have – what I’ve been told – is a good shaped “mushroom” head, “perfect for sucking” people on the cam site would say.

It was now obvious that I was not going to escape without some kind of sexual encounter, so I decided to tell Chris that this was a new experience for me. While I was up for anything, he’d better bear in mind that I was a complete novice. He said that I shouldn’t worry and that he would ensure that everything was just where I wanted it to be. He said that he had an idea – that I might want to watch him in action and then decide what, if anything, I wanted to get involved in. He said the important thing was to stay relaxed and just do whatever I was comfortable with. Nothing was compulsory and there was no obligation to do anything.

“That sounds cool” I said, hoping that my nervous excitement wasn’t betrayed by my trembling voice. With that he went over to an intercom mounted in the wall and pressed a buzzer. I recognised the voice of the receptionist that we had met on arrival asking Chris how he could help. Chris said that he’d like someone sent through to the sauna room, “a top” he said. The young man mentioned a couple of names and Chris chose one, Goran. Within a minute of two there was a knock on the door and Goran came in, wearing just a towel and carrying a small canvas bag which he placed on the floor. Chris told him that he wanted an intimate massage, “a deep one” he said with a grin. Goran plainly understood what was expected of him and quickly removed his towel and hung it on the wall. He was also a cracking looking young man, tanned all over and with a lovely long cock that swung languorously from side to side as he moved. Chris resumed his seat and told Goran to come and stand facing him. He began to run his hands over Goran’s stomach and chest and then reached round to take him by his buttocks and draw him closer. Goran now had his back towards me, but I could tell from the loud pleasurable groan that he let out that Chris had taken his cock straight into his mouth. Chris kept one hand on his arse while the other went to steady Goran’s cock as he sucked him. Meanwhile my own cock was as stiff as it had ever been, and I dared not touch it for fear of an instant eruption. I just sat there stupefied as these two handsome guys pleasured each other.

After a while Goran pulled back and directed Chris over to another bench that was more of a low table than a seat. Chris got onto it on all fours, his legs a little apart. Goran took a bottle of oil from his bag and poured a generous helping onto Chris’ lower back allowing a little to trickle down his crack and onto his anus. Goran began powerfully massaging Chris’s back and then worked his way down to his buttocks, kneading them firmly, while every once in a while he allowed his hands to stray between them so that his thumbs went right over Chris’ hole. Now it was Chris’ turn to groan his appreciation, pushing back against Goran’s hands whilst his now erect cock was bobbing up and down between his thighs.

Suddenly Goran bent down and took Chris’ cock in his hand whilst licking lasciviously over Chris’ balls. I could see that Chris’ balls were tightening by the stroke and I was amazed that he didn’t shoot his load there and then, but he took this treatment manfully for a while before I heard him say to Goran “Ok, you can fuck me now”.

While Goran went to his bag for a condom and lube, Chris hopped off the bench and laid a couple of folded towels over the end of it. Now he took up a position with his feet on the ground, legs apart, and his body bent over the edge of the bench. Goran was carefully applying a condom to his wonderfully straight hard cock. Once he was satisfied that it was properly in place he took a bottle of lube and pumped it straight onto Chris’ anus. He then smeared his cock with another dollop and took up a position behind Chris, his cock sliding up and down Chris’ crack. When Chris gave the “ok” he placed his cock head against the well-lubed hole and with one hand stopping his cock from slipping out of place, he pushed forward. Chris gasped as Goran’s cock penetrated him. Goran paused with just his cockhead past the rim of Chris’ anus. Once Chris was ready, Goran slowly pressed forward until the full length of his cock was enveloped and his groin was pressed against Chris’ buttocks. Chris began to groan softly as Goran went in and out. Whether they were groans of pain or pleasure it was hard to tell at first, but they certainly seemed to encourage Goran who proceeded to fuck Chris with long, slow strokes, each time bringing his cock almost to the point of withdrawal, before driving it steadily all the way back in.

Chris’ groans got steadily louder and louder as he heroically took the young man’s thrusting cock. After some minutes of this Chris announced that he was going to cum. Goran held him firmly by his hips and seemed to thrust even harder. Chris’ cock was jammed against the edge of the table, fortunately cushioned by the towels, and pointing straight down at the floor. His cock had been oozing pre-cum for some time, but now it began streaming sperm which at first spattered several times against the floor and then hung in a delicious dangling ribbon before joining the pool on the floor. I’d never seen so much sperm in my life; it looked as if someone had emptied a glass of it there.

Goran carefully withdrew his cock. I expected to see that the condom was full of cum, but it wasn’t. He looked over at me with an enquiring glance and I realised that he was wondering if I was next. While I was giddily considering this prospect, he knelt down and licked and sucked Chris’ cock clean, squeezing the last couple of drops of cum from the still swollen head. Chris rather gingerly straightened himself up and then invited me over to take his place. Goran meanwhile was replacing the condom with a fresh one. Chris suggested that I lie on my back on the table with my bottom near the edge. He then knelt on the table by my head and told me to raise my legs which he then held behind each knee. Goran now took up his position at the other end of the table and began to massage my thighs and buttocks. Then he went to the sink and returned with a hot wet flannel which he wiped all around my arse. With that done he began to kiss and nibble his way down the inside of my thighs until I felt his lips on the inside of my buttocks, and then Ecstasy! –he began to lick at my anus, running his tongue thickly and wetly right over my virgin hole. I began silently praying that no-one touched my cock as I knew that I would cum, and I wanted to cum like Chris – with Goran’s cock inside me. My cock was already leaking and I knew I wouldn’t last long.

Chris asked me if I was ready to take it a stage further and I weakly assented. Chris told Goran to take it extra gently and Goran nodded that he understood. He squeezed a fat dollop of lube onto my anus and worked it gently in with his finger. I shuddered as his finger penetrated me and inwardly prayed that he would use plenty of lube on his cock. He worked the first dollop and then a second into me, his finger opening me up to a depth of an inch or more. Chris was anxiously watching my face all the time, but when he saw no hostile reaction to this invasion, he gave Goran the go-ahead. Goran generously slavered his cock with lube and then brought his penis to my by now very slippery hole. I felt the thick blunt head of it touch against my anus and then lodge itself in place. Chris told me to take a deep breath and push out against the incoming cock. There was a brief moment when even with all the careful preparation I thought my anus would not admit him. As Goran pressed against me I winced. Chris told him to back off and apply more lube. This time he lubed up his middle finger and slid it right inside me, pulling out and then sliding back in until he sensed that my anus was relaxed and ready for another try. He rubbed another helping of lube directly onto the tip of his cock and then stepped forward and lowered it to my hole. Now my anus was ready to admit him, and with a little pressure from him I felt the head of his cock easing past the tight ring of my anus. There was a delightful popping sensation as the bulbous head breached me. With just the head inside he pulled back a fraction and I felt that my anus was actually holding him in place, resisting any withdrawal. When Chris asked me if I was alright, I gurgled some sort of approval, and with that Goran began ever so slowly to press inwards. I felt a hot pain as the broader part of his shaft began to slide past my anus, but as he filled me I realised that I could cope with that … and take more. Goran pushed about two or three inches of his cock into me, before gently pulling back and withdrawing. I had barely registered my disappointment at the void that he had left, before he pressed back in, filling me this time to a greater depth. Once he realised that I could accept him, he began slowly but firmly to glide in and out of me, until I was rewarded with the touch of his thighs against my buttocks and knew that I had taken him all. I looked up at Goran’s face and saw that his eyes were closed – he was enjoying this as much as me!

After a very short while of this exquisite treatment I was ready to cum, and said as much. As Goran began to increase the speed of his thrusting, Chris reached over and began to massage my shaft and balls. The effect was almost electric: with one person stimulating my cock and the other filling me with his penis, I was unable to hold back. I managed to gasp out just one word “Cumming!” and with that I suddenly began spewing cum like never before. My anus seemed to go wild, clutching against Goran’s shaft and squeezing him with involuntary spasms. Even in my own ecstatic state, I was aware that something was happening to him too; he groaned loudly and pressed heavily into me as he came. Even through the condom I felt the force of his ejaculation. Chris now had my cock in his mouth and was greedily gulping down the last of my cum as Goran’s overworked penis pulsed deep inside my rectum. He leaned forward onto the table to steady himself with his outstretched arms, almost clashing heads with Chris. Goran let out a long, satisfied “oooof!” as the last of his orgasm died away and lent over me puffing like a sprinter at the end of a race. I was practically in a swoon, but, in answer to their tender enquiries, I managed to assure them that it was wonderful and that I’d really enjoyed it.

Goran straightened himself up and with one hand holding the condom firmly in place, he gently eased himself out of me. His cock, which had been straight as a rod, was still swollen but was now curved slightly downwards as if the weight of the sperm that was distending the end of the condom was dragging his cock down. I looked at his cock and the condom bulging with creamy cum and felt an immense feeling of satisfaction – almost pride – that I had brought this young stud to orgasm.

After we had bade a fond farewell to Goran, Chris suggested that we freshen up in the shower. Donning our towels we left the sauna and crossed the corridor to the bathroom. The room was beautifully finished with black and white tiles and old-fashioned heavy chrome fittings. There was an open shower area along one wall fitted with two or three overhead showers. The best feature of the room was an enormous square bath, big enough to accommodate four people. In it were two middle-aged men, one kneeling in the water, the other sitting on the edge with his legs apart receiving a blowjob. Chris bid them a cheery “good afternoon” as we entered the room. The man who was getting sucked grunted some sort of acknowledgement, while the other simply continued his oral work on the first man’s swollen cock. Chris and I slipped off our towels and while Chris went to take a shower, the seated man beckoned me to join them in the bath. I didn’t need any encouragement and was soon wallowing in the warm water only a couple of feet away from their erotic display. The “giver” had the “receiver’s” balls in his hand and was softly squeezing them, while he sucked enthusiastically on the fat head of his mate’s penis. The receiver shifted position so that he was leaning back on his elbows, his cock thrusting upwards as he was taken deeper and deeper into the other’s mouth. Soon he was gasping and then suddenly he seemed to stop moving altogether except a clearly visible pulsing along the shaft of his cock, and I realised he was cumming in his friend’s mouth. The other guy continued sucking without a pause until his friend was completely spent. I watched enthralled as cum oozed from his mouth and ran thickly down the shaft of his friend’s cock and dripped off his balls. I murmured a few words of appreciation and with my cock now bobbing stiffly in front of me I clambered out of the bath and went to join Chris in the shower.

Chris had been busily soaping himself under a hot shower. I was about to take up a position under the adjoining shower, when he told me to join him. He pulled me to him, holding me by my buttocks and I enjoyed the delicious sensation of my cock rubbing wetly against his. I emulated him by grabbing his bottom and we held each other tight, crotch to crotch. Soon we were kissing and as our tongues met, I reached down and grabbed his stiff soapy cock. I wanked him firmly up and down, until he began to groan. He turned me around so that I was facing the wall and pushed my legs apart. Then he parted my buttocks and ran a soapy hand up and down my crack. Along with soap and shampoo there was a bottle of lube in the soap tray. Chris took it and applied a good amount of it to my anus. I was still tender from my earlier fucking, but when his finger slipped inside me and worked itself deeply into my ass I was eager with anticipation. I took a firm grip on the pipework and with legs spread I pushed my ass back towards him. Chris parted my cheeks and wedged his cock against my hole. With steady pressure he pushed his cock beyond the ring of my anus, and I felt his greasy cock stuffing itself inside me. Curiously it hurt more than when I had been fucked by Goran earlier, but this time I bit my lip and waited for the pain to give way to pleasure – which it did! After a few slow, deep strokes I began to purr. The angle of penetration was such that each time Chris pushed inwards his cock slid heavily over my prostate and I was soon gasping my appreciation of this new sensation. As Chris had only come about half an hour before, he was able to fuck me with no immediate danger of cumming again and he took full advantage of this, practically nailing me to the wall and his fucked steadily in and out. All I could do was cling to the shower valves like some kind of mollusc, as Chris humped and thrust like a champion.

The persistent massaging of my prostate began to have its effect. Even without any touch on my cock, I realised that I was building towards orgasm. As best I could I began rotating my hips and pushing back onto Chris’ super-stiff cock, grinding my gland against his penis. As he continued thrusting steadily in and out, I became more and more vocal, urging him to keep going. Chris manfully kept at it, until I reached the point of no return and pushing back heavily against him I gave way to my orgasm. My cock jerked violently and shot three or four bursts of cum, before I took my cock in my hand and squeezed out another couple of portions of thick sperm that dribbled down my shaft before the shower water washed it away. I fell back limply against Chris and he held me in his arms while I waited for my breath to return.

Chris withdrew his cock from my arse and I turned to face him, kissed him and then sank to my knees in front of him. I took his stiff and reddened cock in my hands and rinsed it thoroughly before I lowered my lips to his cockhead and took it into my mouth. I took the lube from him, lubricated one finger and slid it between his legs and up to his anus. Slipping my finger inside him I did my best to stimulate him from the inside whilst sucking gently on his cock. It wasn’t long before I felt him pushing his cock deeper. He took my head in his hands and began to face fuck me, while I mined his ass with my slippery finger. Soon I was rewarded by the feel of his cock swelling, he stopped thrusting and held my head steady – and then erupted in my mouth. I felt and tasted his warm sperm spurting onto my tongue. I continued sucking without missing a beat until I felt that he was completely spent.