

Trick Magnet

by

A.J. Llewellyn

Kellis moved toward me, total physical perfection. My cock jumped when his long fingers trailed down to my crotch.

"Nice cock, dude."

"Thanks." *Geez, was my voice sounding squeaky?*

He pulled me to the rumples. He wanted to get fucked. His cock was hard and I grasped it in wonderment. How many nights had I watched him from next door, hoping, *praying* I would get to pleasure him, just once?

Now he was mine. I'd agonized about leaving him a note, even watched him read it. He'd done a striptease for me by the window and then he called, sounding down.

"Nobody stays," he whined. "Everybody leaves." Yeah, I'd seen it and I couldn't understand it. He was gorgeous. Huge and muscular, he had a spectacular, uncut cock and he was a bottom. My dream man.

"It will be different with me," I promised when he offered me morning head. "I'll stay with you."

Kellis lay underneath me, smiling. Man, was he hot. And he was high. Dammit. I wanted to be the one who put the smoky release into those big, brown eyes, not the bump he did all day. I dipped down to his cock, his skin brushing my face. How could a man have such silky skin?

"Your skin is so soft." *I sounded like a nine year old, not the horny, hung fire daddy Kellis wanted and needed.*

"I exfoliate."

"Lucky me."

"Then I use a water activated gel cleanser in the shower."

Was he kidding me? What guy talked like this?

He stretched like a giant, about-to-be satisfied cat. I'd studied him enough to know what turned him on. Licking up his sides, I took my time over his belly and chest.

"Twice a day, I use a honey almond body scrub."

Geez, he wasn't a man, he was a friggin' girl in an Adonis's body.

I began sucking that sweet, honey cock, hoping he wouldn't tell me what special cleaning it required. I was having trouble staying hard. How could the sexiest man alive be so boring, so...shallow?

"Eye cream is..."

I threw his muscular legs apart with a vicious tug. I heard the words *egg white, tone* and God help me, *moisturize*.

“Oof,” he mumbled against his kneecaps. Or maybe it was *oeufs*, the French word for eggs. I went straight for his ass. For blissful seconds he made unintelligible sounds as my tongue lathed at him.

“Fuck me, man.” He slipped the rubber over my anxious cock and I cut right into him. He held my ass tight. “Man, you fuck me great. Take your cock out. Peel off the rubber and come on my face.”

His puffy pink lips rained soft kisses on my neck as I unwittingly came all over my own face, his fingers rubbing it into my skin.

“This is my favorite face mask. Beats egg whites.”

I knew now why all men left and why I would too, with *oeufs* all over my face.