

Fandom: Originale

Personaggi: Frank, Michael

Rating: NSFW

Avvertimenti: Consensual underage sex, sugardaddy, glory holes, teacher/student relationship

Note: Frank è un personaggio creato dalla Yuppu. Scritta per il CowT, settimana otto, missione 2.

Frank had been in the sexy shop for a good ten minutes already, scanning the shelves for what he needed, looking if there was something new that caught his eye and his curiosity, when the door opened once again and he threw a glance in that direction instinctively, only to freeze a moment later and try to hide behind the articles in exposition.

It was his worst nightmare come true, to be caught in such a place by one of his students. There wasn't anything wrong per se in shopping in a sexy shop, and yet he dreaded the rumor mill at school and how he was most certainly going to be asked questions by the principal as soon as word would have gotten around that he hung around at such a place, even though he was an adult and it was only his business what he did in his own free time. He was sweating bullets as he peeked from behind the shelves at the boy - mentally registering that Michael was anyway too young to be in such a place alone - relaxing only at seeing his student go straight to the back of the shop, not even throwing a glance in his direction.

Frank was about to make a run for the door and disappear from the place before the boy could go back, when it suddenly hit him what was there and what the boy had gone there for. Completely forgetting the need to ensure no one at school could circle rumors about him and his sex life, Frank stared at the wall in front of him as he mulled over the fact that Michael had gone to the glory holes in the back of the shop with no hesitation, as if he had done the same many times before. Suddenly the man found himself pondering how many times - maybe even more than once a week? - his student would get there to just have anonymous sex with strangers.

He felt himself flush with a strange mixture of shame and excitement at the thought that maybe one of the many times he had gone in the back of the shop to let someone suck him off it could have actually been his own student the one on the other side of the wall.

A moment later he was hit by the sudden realization that he could have gone there and made the boy suck him off without Michael suspecting a thing, while he would have been fully aware of what kind of angel face was actually sucking and working his shaft. He was walking towards the back of the shop before he even knew it, harder than he had been in what seemed ages.

It felt like a perversion but he couldn't help but watch the closed door that hid Michael from him and in a hurry he took place in the adjacent free cubicle.

He licked his lips as he stared at the hole, his ears focused on any tiny sound coming from the other side as he hurried to open his pants and shove down his underwear. He took a deep breath before finally pushing his cock through the wall, waiting and hoping the boy would take him in his young mouth right away.

He almost chuckled, taking a breath when he felt the fingers on the other side actually take the time to put a condom on him. Frank pressed his forehead against the wall, closing his eyes.

"Good boy." He whispered, not even expecting the boy to hear him, but Michael actually chuckled softly.

"Thanks..." He murmured, not having recognized his professor's voice.

A moment later Frank had to bite his lip to refrain from moaning as the boy took just a couple seconds to jerk him off before taking his erection in his mouth.

He closed his eyes and imagined how the boy had to look like as he took care of his erection, his baby blue eyes staring at him, his pink mouth now stretched around his cock. Michael was a beautiful boy and to have him that seemed more like a dream to Frank, now lost in the fantasy to have him again and again, maybe even at school. As soon as he started to really move on his erection, really taking it in his mouth with no hesitation, Frank started moving his own hips, fucking the boy's mouth with no regret. He had to bite his hand not to scream when Michael surprised him taking his cock down his throat, closing his lips around the base of his penis. If Frank had been able to even formulate a single thought more he would have wondered how many cocks the boy had had till that moment to be able to do such a thing. As it was instead he was only able to thrust in that hot mouth like his life depended on it, hoping the boy would take him again like that. When Michael did the trick again Frank was unable to hold on anymore and he came with a hoarse moan, his legs almost trembling with the intensity of it all.

He heard a soft moan from the other side of the wall and slowly Michael drew back, letting Frank's cock slip from his lips with a soft sigh.

Frank swallowed the desire to tell him that it had been amazing, that he wanted more, and took a deep breath before silently taking a step back from the wall to get rid of the condom, needing anyway to slouch against the wall behind his back not to fall on the ground, completely undone after the way his student had sucked him off.

He was suddenly very aware that he had never had the boy before that day, because he would have most certainly remembered an experience like that, and second he caught up with the fact that he wanted more of it really badly.

He could hear the boy was still in his cubicle, maybe awaiting to see if someone else would come in to give him a cock to suck, but Frank decided to turn the situation in his favor even if he was pretty sure it would have required a while before getting hard back again.

He went through his pockets, looking for a pen and any piece of paper on which he could write down his number, followed by a "snapchat?". Frank licked his lips nervously before passing the piece of paper through the hole, hoping the boy would take it.

Unbeknownst to him Michael was surprised and pleased at seeing that the man he had just sucked off wanted to exchange contacts and he pocketed the piece of paper with a smile while he listened to the man leave the adjacent cubicle.

It took Frank barely half a hour before starting to regret having handed out his private number, hoping the student wouldn't try to find out who it was only to find out it was his professor and ruin his reputation.

Michael wasn't even thinking about trying to find out who the man was, the idea that it could have been someone he already knew not even entering his mind. He locked himself in his

bedroom before trying to write the stranger he had met during the afternoon, a simple "hi" that already made him feel nervous.

He had never had one of the strangers he had pleased try to talk with him outside of the sexy shop and he was nervous but excited at thinking that maybe he could even exchange pictures or videos with a hot man.

He had started going to those glory holes by accident when he had needed to take a piss once he had gone in there with some friends to see what they were selling. They had flashed out some fake ids telling they were way older, but then Michael had been alone when he had found out that the bathroom was actually a place where people went to have anonymous sex. And it was just perfect for him, since he wanted to try having sex with someone older and more experienced than him or his classmates. Yet he felt terribly nervous every time he went there, even though it was the most exciting experience he had ever had and he had managed to go there at least once every couple weeks for at least three months up to that point.

Frank answered quickly with a greeting of his own, trying to keep it cool and not pressure too much the boy into sending pictures if he wasn't into it.

But Michael only replied with a "never chatted with a guy met there" that brought half a smile to Frank's lips.

"Me either." He wrote him.

"So, what's up?" Michael wrote, trying to understand if the man only wanted to talk or do more.

"Not much. Was hoping you would look me up." He admitted.

"Now that I did?" Michael licked his lips, rereading the message before sending it.

"Would you like to exchange pictures or just keep chatting?"

"I would like the pictures." Michael admitted with a sigh.

He moaned softly when the pictures of the same dick he had sucked that afternoon appeared on his display. He licked his lips and brought one hand over his own erection, squeezing it softly before taking it out of his pajama pants, taking a picture to send the man. It was the first time he showed himself that way to someone else apart from when he tried to have his blowjobs reciprocated in the shop.

Frank sent a short video of himself masturbating and Michael did the same, his cheeks flushed at the thought of the older man touching himself as he thought of him.

When Frank wrote him that he was in fact thinking about how amazing he had been at the glory holes that day, Michael started to jerk himself off faster, excited at the positive feedback.

"I could do it to you again."

"Whenever you want." Frank replied fast.

Michael abandoned the phone over the blankets as he focused into finishing himself off. The boy sent a picture of his hand covered in cum when he was done, to show the man how he was more than positive to the thought.

"Can't wait to have my mouth on you back again." He wrote the man right after sending the picture.

Frank moaned at the sight and the text and in turn he jerked himself off faster. "Can't wait for it too. The best bj of my life."

Michael felt his cheeks flush at that compliment and grinned with satisfaction. "Now I totally have to do it again to you, right?"

"You should. When are you up to going back there?" Frank asked as soon as he could even think about writing.

"I usually go there every two weeks or so. But if I know there is someone waiting for me I could go there sooner. But I don't want to show my face." He added, fearing the man wouldn't take it so well finding out that he was still a minor.

Frank was most relieved to read that. "Me either. How can I call you?"

"Michael." He replied without even thinking of creating an alias.

The man rolled his eyes at that, thinking the boy was too much innocent at times. "I'm Frank." He wrote, deciding to go with the truth since it was what the boy was doing himself.

They kept writing each other every day after that. Slowly, in between the hot pictures and the sexy fantasies, Frank started to learn more about Michael and in turn gave him a two or three personal informations himself.

He learned how long Michael had been having anonymous sex, how much he liked to receive oral sex too, but that very few men reciprocated after he had just blown them, preferring to put everything back into their pants and just getting out of there.

Frank promised him that he would have given him a blowjob then, the next time they would have met. He was even on board with starting first and letting Michael reciprocate later. The more time he passed writing to his student the more he wished he could do everything to him, be the one who would drive him crazy.

Michael admitted that he had never had sex with someone his own age - or at least he thought so - because they were all stupid and aside from someone who was still his friend most of his classmates had turned their backs on him when he had started having some problems because his father had gone away leaving him and his mother alone with debts to pay. No more going out in the evenings, no more cinema or disco, and suddenly most of his friends were gone.

Frank had never heard anything about it, even if he had wondered why the boy's grades had suddenly dropped. The more Michael opened up the more he grew worried with how fast the boy was trusting him with personal info. At the end of the day he was someone who was, by all accounts, a perfect stranger. Yet he didn't had the heart to tell him to stop, sincerely sorry for the troubles the boy was having. He limited himself at suggesting Michael not to tell too much to strangers on the internet, since it was clear that nobody had ever warned the boy in that sense. It was kind of heartbreaking when Michael replied with a "but you're my friend right?".

Frank sighed deeply at that reply, hiding his face in his hands as he tried to smother the desire to go and find out where the boy lived to give him a hug and also try to explain to him that he shouldn't really trust so much, so fast, people he barely knew. In the end he didn't had the heart to answer with anything else than "sure we're friends".

After a moment he wrote another message. "But since I worry about you, pls don't give all this information around. Someone could take advantage of you."

"You do know that you sound like a father right now?" Was Michael answer, and Frank wasn't really sure if he had even took the time to read and understand what he had wrote him.

"Could be because I have two sons. They're already adults now." He admitted.

Michael's answer took longer than usual to arrive and Frank had the suspicious that he had written and deleted it more than once before sending it out.

"But you're not married, right?"

"No, I'm divorced. I've been for more than ten years now." He huffed a smile, shaking his head at the boy's worry about being someone else's lover even though he knew with whom he had had sex till that moment.

"Oh, good. I was a bit worried for a moment." The boy admitted, sending a second message right after that. "But I trust you. You're the first who really likes to chat with me. And the first "friend" of that type I've ever had."

Frank took a moment to be sure he was getting it right and the boy was referring to someone with whom he talked and planned to have sex at the same time. It gave him a strange feeling, because a part of him still worried that Michael could put himself in trouble being too trusting, another part of him rejoiced in the fact that he apparently wasn't just a dick the boy had had once.

Meeting Michael at school started to become more difficult as the time passed by and the date in which they had decided to meet once again at the glory holes approached. Michael had no idea Frank knew exactly what passed in his mind and happened in his pants and acted normal in class, unaware of who Frank really was. On the other hand Frank couldn't avoid thinking about the pictures Michael would send him every night at that point, the way Michael had explained how good he felt at sucking men because he had found out the very first time that he had no gag reflex and that apparently drove people crazy. He loved the positive feedback of screams and swear words muttered and moaned on the other side of the wall. Even if nobody had ever reached Frank's levels, actually asking him for a bis and for a contact outside of there.

The morning of the day they would have finally met again Michael sent him a picture of his cock. Frank, that had been in that moment in the teacher's lounge, drinking a coffee, almost choked with it. Suddenly the man had to look around to make sure no one had seen the pictures he had opened. Sweating bullets he tried to cover up the embarrassing erection he was suddenly sporting.

He dared peek again at the picture and sighed deeply at recognizing the surroundings as one of the school bathrooms.

"You're going to kill me." He wrote the boy.

Michael answered with a laughing face, asking if he didn't like it.

"I like it a bit too much: I'm at work and now I can't even walk around without showing off." He huffed a smile.

Michael was fast to reply. "Good to know. I can't wait to see you later."

Frank sighed at that and pocketed his phone, knowing that meeting the boy in the hallways would have given him reactions that he wasn't supposed to have for one of his students.

Michael was the first to arrive to the sexy shop, impatient and with a bounce on his steps at the prospective of having Frank once again. For once he didn't even think about the possibility to stay in there as long as possible in the hope that more than one man would come and give him the chance to suck someone. He was terribly excited specifically for one man for the first time in his life, for the chance to receive his comments on his phone later telling him how good he was, how the man was going to jerk off thinking of him for days like it had happened the first time. He also dared hope that the man would keep his word and reciprocate. Michael hadn't had anyone to suck him off for more than a month at that point,

no matter how many he himself had serviced in there. But when everything was said and done he knew he would have ran at home after their encounter to keep jerking off and fantasizing how would have been to have more with the man. He had spent so many nights chatting and talking about sex with Frank that as he waited for the man to occupy the adjacent cubicle he couldn't avoid tapping his foot on the floor, impatient.

He almost stopped breathing when he heard someone open and close a door.

"Hey..." Frank murmured, hoping it was him on the other side.

Michael smiled happily, almost jumping up at recognizing his voice. "Frank?"

"It's me." Frank couldn't help but smile at hearing the anticipation in the boy's voice. "Do you want to start?" He asked with a soft sigh, hoping Michael would keep not recognizing his voice for having heard it in class.

But Michael wasn't even thinking about what his voice reminded him of, his hands pressed against the thin wall as he bit his lip, suddenly changing his mind.

"You first." He murmured, terribly excited but knowing that even if he went first by the time he would have been done with the man he was going to be in such poor conditions that there was no way he could walk back home with a huge erection in his pants.

This time Frank had arrived prepared and when he pushed his cock through the wall he was already wearing a condom, ready for Michael to dive right on it.

Michael moaned softly at seeing his dick for real after weeks only seeing pictures and videos of it and that being his principal subject of his sexual fantasies.

Instead of taking it right away in his mouth, the boy took a hold of it with both his hands and started to slowly jerk Frank off, opening his mouth to lick at his glans. His own erection was pressing against the zipper of his pants, but Michael didn't want to take his hands off Frank's hard on, masturbating the man where he still didn't arrived with his mouth. He took his sweet time focusing on Frank's glans, taking it into his mouth to start sucking it with soft moans. He almost wished he could take the condom off him so he could taste his skin on his tongue, find out how the precum would feel in his mouth. The thought of Frank cumming down his throat, as the man had often said he would have loved to, made him moan again and he finally started moving his head up and down the erection, taking more of it in his mouth as he went on.

On the other side of the wall Frank moaned a bit more loudly, throwing back his head with his eyes closed, his whole body pressed against the wall as he tried to present as much of his cock to his student as possible.

"Like that..." He moaned, encouraging the boy.

Michael appreciated hearing that he liked what he was doing and kept bobbing his head on his penis, moving away his hands to manage to take it even deeper in his mouth. He tightened his lips around Frank's girth, moving his tongue while he still could and limiting himself to just suck and squeeze the penis with his lips when he managed to push it down his throat.

Frank had to bite his hand on the other cubicle, but Michael could still hear his moans and stifled scream, and it manage to push him into attempting something he usually didn't want to do. He pressed down on his cock, enjoying how it made him feel full, and pushed his nose in Frank's pubic hair as he squeezed the base of the penis with his lips even over the edge of the condom, letting his throat muscles take care of stimulating the man.

Frank was already terribly close to the edge with that treatment and when the boy moved his fingers on his testicles, gently playing with them, it was all he could do not to scream in

pleasure, tensing up. Michael noticed how close he had already brought him and drew back, eliciting a frustrated moan out of the man that made him grin proudly around the glans he now had between his lips.

"Do you like it?" He asked, his voice a bit harsh, when he let the dick slip completely out of his mouth.

"Yes. Fuck, yes." Frank admitted right away, because it was the honest truth and because by then he knew the boy desperately needed to receive nice feedback for what he was doing. He almost felt like grinning at the thought that after telling him that he had never dared really ask anyone of his anonymous partners, with him Michael felt confident enough to ask the question. "Come on, baby, take it back in that mouth of yours..." He murmured, rocking gently his hips, pushing his cock in Michael's hand.

Michael moaned softly and sighed. "I like this so much..." He admitted, taking him back into his mouth.

"That I ask you?" Frank moaned, closing his eyes. He would have payed to be able to reach out and grab the boy's curly hair, to be able to dictate the pace with which he would have taken his cock down his throat.

"Yes..." Michael moaned, his voice stifled by the cock, and a moment later Frank was breathless once again as Michael started again to bob his head on his erection, this time taking it completely every time he went down.

Michael couldn't hear clearly what Frank said after that point since all his moans and words were so soft and the man was more mumbling than really talking to him, lost in pleasure as Michael really worked his erection. When he went back at taking it all down his throat and stilled like that, gently pulling at Frank's balls, the man wasn't able to hold it back anymore and he reached his pleasure with a loud groan.

Michael closed his eyes and let the man keep the cock in his mouth for a couple seconds more, letting the man slip it out with his own time.

By then Michael could feel his cheeks flushed red due to his arousal and the pleasure of having heard the man enjoy his mouth so much.

"Did you like it?" He asked softly.

"I loved it." Frank murmured, still short of breath. He had had to lean his forehead on his arm as he tried to catch his breath. "You're amazing."

Michael licked his lips with a satisfied grin, moving one hand over the erection still pressing against his zipper, hoping the man would keep his word and reciprocate.

Frank took a deep breath and took a step back to finally get rid of the condom. "Come on, baby, don't you want to give it to me?" He murmured.

Michael let out an obscene sound and actually jumped up from the floor, almost fumbling with his pants as he tried to open them up in a hurry.

"Yes."

Frank cracked a smile at hearing the boy so eager and put his erection back in his underwear, zipping his own pants up in time to see appear Michael's cock from the hole.

Michael had already taken care of the condom and so Frank crouched down in front of the hole, relaxed knowing that in that position the boy couldn't see him and recognize him for his professor.

He started to jerk the boy off, smiling softly at the little moans coming from the other side of the wall. Michael had lamented so much that nobody would reciprocate the pleasure he would give them that now he felt particularly good at doing it.

Frank slowly the cock in his mouth, enjoying being able to hear clearly Michael hold his breath and then going back at moaning, almost as if he wasn't even aware how loud his sounds were or even that he was making any.

It became clear as soon as Frank started to move on his cock that the second was true. With the pleasure Michael disconnected completely his mind and he didn't even noticed how he was lost in chanting soft "fuck", "fuck me" and "please" the more Frank would give him pleasure. It was like gasoline on the fire for the man, who enjoyed deeply knowing that it was him the one managing to drive the boy crazy. He closed his eyes, trying to imagine how it would have been to do such a thing at school, locked inside a classroom, Michael completely naked on his desk as Frank managed to make him beg for more.

Michael had actually no problem to beg for it even if Frank didn't even asked him, rocking his hips and trying to move inside the man's mouth, moaning whenever the man would suck him off harder.

Michael reached his orgasm so fast under Frank's administrations that for a moment, right before cumming in the man's mouth, he felt ashamed of his own stamina. A moment later though he forgot everything, arching his back as he moaned loudly, almost clawing the wall in front of himself as he was hit by wave after wave of pleasure.

Frank hummed around his dick, keeping sucking on him for a bit more as he let the boy come down from his haze. When he let go his dick he couldn't help but smile at see that Michael had to still lean against the wall.

"Are you alright?" He asked going back to his feet.

Michael mumbled something, not yet in himself. In the end he took a step back with a sigh, trying to incline his head to throw a glance at Frank through the hole - even if he knew that the man didn't want him to see his face. He couldn't see past Frank's knees, but it was alright. They both were on board with it being in person but without knowing who the other was. He barely managed to remember that he too couldn't let the other man find out how young he was.

With a soft sigh he started to get himself together, when he caught with the fact that Frank had probably asked him something.

"What?"

"I've asked if you're alright." Frank repeated, unbeknownst to Michael doing just like he had done a moment before, watching one of Michael's legs.

"Yeah. More than alright." He chuckled softly, even if he felt his face heat up. "I'm- I didn't last much, did I?" He murmured embarrassed. "I can last more, it was just- you know. So long since the last time..." He murmured lowering his head, ashamed of himself.

"It's okay, babe. It happens to everyone. And when you've been a long time without cumming like that it happens even more."

"Right?"

"Yes." He smiled, taking in his surroundings before staring a bit at the door, reminding himself that he had to get out of there before Michael so not to let the boy find out he was his professor. "I have to go now."

"Oh." Michael felt a sudden drop in his mood, and his first thought was that he had been really bad if Frank felt the need to run away. Even if a moment later he remembered that they had agreed previously only in seeing each other for oral sex and they had done that part and they had also agreed in not seeing each other face to face, still he couldn't scratch the feeling that it was kind of his fault if Frank had to go away.

"Hey." Frank called him softly, noticing his tone. "I've had a great time. I only have to go. But I'll write you, okay?" He tried to reassure the boy.

Michael sniffed a bit, nodding his head even though Frank couldn't see him. "Yeah, sure." He murmured, in reality expecting the man to just disappear from his life and not contact him anymore.

Frank closed his eyes for a moment, trying to remember how everything seemed an insurmountable problem. He knew that the boy wouldn't have trusted his word probably till he would have showed him with the facts that he had no intention of disappearing.

"Later." He murmured, hoping Michael would have been okay after he was gone.

"Bye." The boy murmured, leaning against the wall as he listened to Frank leave.

He sniffed a bit, feeling a bit stupid and terribly down even though he had just cummed as he had awaited for weeks.

He was about to get out when he felt his phone vibrate and he threw a glance at it, gasping loudly at seeing that it was Frank.

"You wrote me!" He blurted out, not thinking that someone could have heard him. A moment later he clutched the phone to his chest and almost ran out of the shop, his face flushed red and his heart beating hard in his chest, impatient to reread what the man had wrote him.

"Can't wait to see you again." Frank wrote him, and Michael couldn't help but smile brightly at his phone, slowly walking home.

"Me too... it's been amazing." He wrote back, the previous bad mood completely forgotten as he and Frank kept exchanging messages, talking about how much they had liked it and how they had to do it all over again sooner than later.

They kept texting each other, sending pictures and videos back and forth, promising that they would have met again once more, maybe - definitely - more.

That he wanted to admit it or not Michael was falling for Frank pretty hard and fast, even if he kept telling himself that he was just happy and excited at having found someone with whom he could jerk off.

They slowly started getting to know each other more, giving away personal informations like how life was treating them, the troubles they had with their families. Michael couldn't stand his mother more often than not, preferred not to talk about his father since the man had never acted like one in years. Frank preferred not to talk about his ex wife instead, admitting that he had a strenuous relationship with one of his son and a much better one with the other. But he was trying to talk to both of them and was hoping things could get better between the three of them.

With time they also started to talk about what they would have liked to do if only there was a chance for it. It obviously wasn't, since none of them wanted to show his face to the other, and Michael admitted that he had never had penetrative sex because doing it at a glory hole didn't seemed right.

Frank couldn't help but agree with him, sharing his fear that things would not go so smoothly as they would have gone if Michael were to lose his virginity with someone he trusted more.

Michael didn't said that he was in fact starting to hope he could one day ask Frank himself to help him out in that, he was still too embarrassed at the thought and too afraid the man would see him like a kid, laugh or say it was too much for him. The boy hoped with all of himself that maybe letting some time pass - maybe enough so that he wasn't a minor

anymore by then - they would get to know each other so well that Frank wouldn't have minded at all being his first.

In the meantime they talked about what kind of pleasure could have been given to one person to the other, Frank slowly explaining him how many things worked, reassuring him in many of his doubts since he had gone through all that at least thirty years before him.

In between the videos and pictures Frank started telling him how he enjoyed sucking him off, but how he liked even more having the chance to lick a man's asshole. He admitted that he hadn't had the chance to do so in years, and Michael told him that he would have loved to try it.

He had only seen it in videos on the internet and the thought of the man doing it to him one day made him so horny the next reply Frank got from him was actually a recording of Michael jerking himself off followed by the text "wish you could do it to me".

"We could. It would be a bit cramped inside those cubicles, but if you want me to I would love to be the one who does that to you first." Frank admitted.

"Maybe one day we could do it outside of there..." Michael dared write him, high on endorphins.

Frank surprised him with his answer though, since the boy had expected the man to say something like "I'd prefer not to show my face".

"I would love to. Maybe one day, if you're not tired of me yet." Frank wrote him, hoping that once Michael had graduated and he wasn't anymore at risk for being his professor, the boy would still be interested.

"I don't think I will." Michael hurried to answer. "I would love to do it all with you on a bed, you know?"

"Me too. And there are many other things I could do to you too."

"Like what?" Michael sent sighing a bit, biting his lip as he lost himself in a fantasy where Frank were to go at his house and do the worst things to him in his bedroom. Or Michael could have gone to him, fucking him in any way Frank wanted him.

It was then that Frank for the first time started talking about fingering, and how Michael would have loved that. The boy had never touched himself that way and wasn't completely sure, but Frank was right in telling him that if he didn't like it he didn't had to go all the way through, but if he was to do it to himself in his own room who was there to judge and to know but him? Michael was actually curious of trying new things, to explore his own body, so it wasn't exactly as if it was Frank the one really pushing him into trying. And yet it felt good to him to see that as a way to please Frank, to imagine that when alone in his room he was getting ready to try he was doing so because the man had asked him. He liked the idea so much that he ended up sending a picture of the bottle of lube on his bedsheets with a "ready to try, want to give instructions?".

His offer was like gasoline on the fire for Frank, who moaned softly at the chance to have the boy do everything he asked him to.

For the first time since they had exchanged numbers Frank called him for an actual call.

After months listening to each other voices through videos and thin walls it was clear at that point that the danger Michael would recognize him as his teacher from his voice alone wasn't simply there.

Michael sighed softly, excited, and accepted the call, licking his lips nervously before actually answering, the phone pressed against his ear.

"Hi?"

"Hi, babe." Frank murmured, smiling at hearing the boy's voice.

Michael couldn't help but smile, biting down harder on his lip. "Wasn't sure you would have called me." He admitted.

"And lose the chance to tell you what I would do to you if I were there?" He murmured.

Michael was left almost breathless at his words, surprised since he had expected the man to actually tell him what he should have done, but now in front of the prospective to actually realize his fantasy of touching himself to please Frank, he almost whimpered. "Would you?" He asked after a moment, since it seemed too good to be true.

"Oh, yes, babe." Frank sighed, closing his eyes as he tried to imagine Michael alone on his bed, touching himself while on the phone with him. "But I want you to know that if at some time it starts being too much it's okay, you don't have to go on anyway. Okay?"

"Yes." Michael answered in a hurry.

"And if you don't like it it's okay. We don't have to do it."

"But I want to try." The boy hurried up to reassure him. "I want to touch myself with you on the phone." He admitted closing his eyes. "I want you to tell me what to do."

"You're such a good boy..." Frank murmured, starting to open up his pants and fish his dick out of his boxers. "Are you alone in the house right now?"

"Yes." Michael nodded, even though well aware that Frank couldn't see it. "Mom is away for work."

"So you could put it on speakerphone and put the phone on the bed while you have both hands busy." He advised him, and Michael found himself nodding again before remembering he had to actually answer verbally.

"Yeah- okay. What do you want me to do?" He asked, already terribly aroused.

"Tell me what you're wearing."

The boy had to close his eyes for a moment for how much Frank's voice risked to just push him into shoving his hand in his pants to jerk off till he was cumming calling him like a desperate.

"T-shirt and pajama pants." He threw a glance at himself.

"Good. Undress for me, baby. I want you to kneel on that bed completely naked. Would you do that for me?" He asked calmly, almost sweetly.

Michael moaned softly and nodded his head. "Yes..." He murmured, biting his tongue when for a moment he had been about to call the man "daddy". He felt his face flush with heat and he thanked whoever was up there for having avoided calling the man that way even though the way Frank talked to him managed somehow to push him right there. He hurried to put the phone on speaker and abandon it on the bed, close enough for them to hear each other, and stripped down completely as Frank had asked him.

It was thrilling to be actually doing for once exactly what the man would ask him to do, like somehow Frank could be there in his room, watching and ordering how to touch himself for Frank to enjoy the show.

"I'm naked..." He murmured, sitting on the bed with a painful hard on jutting out between his legs.

"Are you hard?"

"Oh, yeah. You have no idea..." He chuckled, taking his penis in his hand looking for some relief.

"Why don't you start jerking off for me, babe?"

"Yes..." He moaned, starting right away, licking his lips.

"I want to hear you... why don't you try moaning louder for me?" Frank asked with his eyes closed, trying to focus completely in what he could hear from his phone as he masturbated slowly.

Michael appeased him, moaning loudly as he started to move his hand faster, tightening the grip around his penis.

"Good boy..." Frank almost purred. "Take the lube you bought and get one hand good and slippery for me."

"Every finger?" The boy asked a bit surprised.

"We could start with just two if you want. Don't worry, no one is running after us, we have all the time."

Michael cracked a smile, liking how the man would use the plural as if he was really there, really part of what he was doing.

"Do you use lube often?" He asked curiously as he tried to get his fingers well lubed.

"Sometimes. It helps even when you're just jerking off, you know."

"Really?"

"Yes." He sighed. "Tell me what you're doing."

Michael hesitated for a moment, blushing. "I'm- trying to understand how am I supposed to start without it hurting." He admitted.

"It's okay, with the lube it won't hurt too much." He tried to reassure the boy. "Once you're well lubed just reach behind yourself and start touching and caressing yourself." He instructed him.

Michael tried to relax and do as Frank had told him, crouching on the bed as he tried to reach his opening and gently started touching himself.

"Just from the outside, touch yourself. How does it feel?"

"It's not bad." He considered with a nod of his head.

If he wasn't yet completely sure of it he started to change his mind when Frank explained him how to push his fingers inside of him, slowly, telling him that it was just the same way Frank would have touched him if he had had the chance to be there. The mere thought was able to make Michael moan softly, a sound that rose in volume as he started to really finger himself following the instructions of the man on the phone.

"Frank..."

"Just like that, baby..." Frank moaned, jerking himself off in a frenzy.

Michael pressed his forehead on his bedsheets, his face flushed just mere centimeters from the phone. "Are you touching yourself?" He asked hopeful at noticing how his voice was starting to sound breathless.

"Yes, baby, I am... no way I can listen to you touching yourself right as I wanted to do for weeks without needing to just put one hand on my dick and jerk it off. Even if it's nothing compared to what your mouth can do to my cock when we meet."

Michael whimpered softly, going back at moving his fingers inside of his asshole, trying to focus on the fantasy that it was the man himself there touching him that way.

"I want you... I would suck you off if you were here..." He moaned loudly, lost in the pleasure.

"Darling, if I was there I would make you take my cock down your pretty throat while I finger that pretty ass open..." He moaned, short of breath.

Michael moaned and swallowed, his eyes closed as he tried to imagine it and think of something more to tell him. "I- I bet your fingers would feel more good than mine..."

"Oh, darling, only because I would manage to find all the right ways to move them so to make you scream and cum before I'm even to the third finger up your ass."

Those words did the trick and suddenly Michael found himself tense up with a scream as he shot his cum on the bedsheets.

Frank groaned loudly, closing his hand tighter around his penis and starting to jerk himself off harder, following him soon after with a loud moan.

By then Michael had collapsed on the bedsheets, breathless and exhausted, barely managing to slip his fingers out of his asshole before laying down with a deep sigh.

Frank left him a moment, reaching out to take a tissue to clean himself up, satisfied at knowing he had managed to lead the boy to that orgasm.

"That was awesome..." Michael whispered, his face pressed against the bed just few centimeters away from his phone.

"It was." Frank agreed, grinning softly. "How do you feel?"

Michael thought about it for a moment before lifting his eyebrows. "Good. And sleepy." He admitted sincerely.

Frank laughed softly. "Then clean yourself and get inside of your bed, darling..."

The boy smiled and obediently did as Frank had told him as soon as he was able to actually move, trying to clean up the mess on his bedsheets since he was there.

"Do you think we could do it again?" He dared ask after the silence between them had stretched a bit too much but Frank was still on the phone, keeping him company.

"Definitely."

His answer brought a smile on the lips of Michael, who picked up the phone and went back at talking normally with him.

"Great. Because it was really amazing. And I love when you tell me what to do." He admitted as he got inside of his bed.

"And I love telling you, darling." Frank smiled on the phone. "Maybe next time you could find a way to take at least a picture to send me? I'm dying here for the desire to know how would you look with a couple fingers up your pretty ass."

Michael blushed and smiled, pressing his face on the pillow for a moment before talking again. "Yeah. I'll see what I can do."

"Great." Frank smiled. "You're so good, babe..."

"I can't wait to meet you again." Michael murmured softly, closing his eyes as the fatigue started catching up with him.

"Me too, babe. I wish I could do so many things to you..."

"Me too..." The boy sighed. "Maybe one day we could really meet."

"Maybe, yes. As soon as I can I will tell you, okay?" He reassured Michael, even though he suddenly noticed that if he was really to wait to the end of the scholastic year to meet him his student would have easily caught up with the fact that Frank had known all along his identity and kept silent about it, or at least that he had understood he was a minor and a student. But Michael only had the last problem and the more time they spent talking and sharing sexual fantasies the more it didn't seem so much as a bad problem as it seemed to be when they had started chatting and exchanging pictures. He desperately wished to meet Frank, to kiss him on the lips and have his hands on him. He was almost sure that the man would have probably not cared much - or at least he hoped so with all of his heart - that he wasn't yet legal.

Frank bid him goodnight when he noticed Michael was practically gone and the boy barely mumbled something, fast asleep before he could even notice that Frank had interrupted their phone call.

Things started to change from that evening. Instead of just pictures and videos they would call each other whenever they had the chance and free time enough far from prying ears. They loved to hear how the other was touching himself, how the other was thinking of them, and Michael kept asking Frank to guide him with his words while he touched himself, which Frank was more than ready to do, terribly aroused by the boy.

But it wasn't just for the sex anymore: Michael would call him because he would have liked to just talk and Frank would love spending hours chatting with him, getting to know the boy and letting Michael see a side of him that very few people after his divorce had been allowed to see.

One day on the phone Michael finally admitted something he had been mulling over for quite some time.

"I don't think I'm going to enjoy sucking just anyone else now. I keep thinking of you so much that I don't want to have just any other cock in my mouth."

Frank made a little sound at that, closing his eyes for a moment. "And I don't think just anyone else could satisfy me now. Would it be so bad if I were to say that I'm happy to know you won't suck any other man but me now?" He murmured, growing sincerely more possessive of the boy the more time they spent talking.

"I don't care if it's bad, I like it." Michael sighed softly, well aware that he was at that point completely gone for the man.

Slowly but inevitably they started to feel like they were actually talking to a partner instead of just a person with which they had oral sex sometimes, or with which they shared dick pics. Michael started to be less worried of showing his face, hoping Frank would still like him if he saw more of his body than simply his hips and genitalia. One weekend the boy collected all the courage he had and made a video with his computer, hoping Frank would like the view from behind him as he stayed on all four, hoping to manage not to show too much of his face thanks to the position.

Slowly he reached behind with his hands to spread his buttocks in front of the camera, aroused at the thought that Frank would have seen him do things that no one had ever seen before.

He moaned loudly as he knew the man loved as he used his fingers to open himself up, his eyes closed as he tried to imagine Frank doing that to him. He managed to do it with two fingers before he came hard on the sheets, calling the man by name even though he wasn't there, not even on the phone. Michael would have done everything he had to just have a chance to be in his arms, to kiss and have the man take him like they kept talking about.

When Frank received his surprise he was slightly shocked at seeing that Michael had chosen to do a video where he was completely in sight, face aside due to his position, and carried his phone to bed to have a nice session of self love as he watched what the boy had done for him. He moaned loudly at seeing the boy show off all of his goodies only for his eyes. He jerked off hard as he watched Michael open up his little asshole with his fingers.

"God, I want that..." Frank moaned as he watched, terribly aroused by the scene in front of him and by the boy's moans and whimpers.

When Michael came hard, arching his back and calling Frank's name as he had needed nothing else than him, the man gasped loudly and he reached his orgasm right away, shocked by that sight and by the way the boy had clearly wanted him while cumming. He knew in that moment, still breathless and clutching the phone, that he would have never forgot that. He was going to remember that moan, that call, and was going to fantasize on it at night and probably even at school whenever the boy would have been in his class. It was clear that he had guessed right when that Monday he had the boy in his classroom and, although Michael was completely unaware of who Frank really was, the teacher had many problems at ignoring what he had seen the previous day.

Frank sat still at his desk, not even thinking about walking up and down the classroom as per usual during tests since he had an embarrassing erection pressing against the fly of his pants. He faked being immersed in a book, masking with it the truth of his problem, but still he found himself throwing glances at his students, more often than not to Michael. The boy was answering the questions with a focused look on his face, but all Frank could think about was the way the boy would arch his back as he pushed his fingers up his ass.

As soon as he noticed how he had been staring a touch too much at his student, Frank hurried up to move his gaze away, going back at staring at his book without even seeing it. He cleared his throat softly, mentally berating himself. Yet he couldn't stop thinking of the way Michael had called him while reaching his orgasm. Michael had told him during their phone call that he had been nervous about sending the video to him because there was more of him in plain sight and he feared Frank wouldn't like it much, but Frank had been quick to reassure him that he had loved it without reserve.

Truth was he would have paid to have the chance to hug the boy tight to his chest and kiss him like both their lives depended on it. Maybe even take him to his bed and slowly but thoroughly fuck him into a screaming mess.

But he had to get a grip onto himself and stop thinking of him in class. Or at least he tried to remind himself of that.

Every attempt to stop thinking of Michael naked and sweaty turned out to be useless since, without even noticing, Frank slipped into a daydream where the two of them were alone in the classroom and he could do to him whatever he wanted.

He would have pulled the boy onto his lap, taking his face between his hands to finally caress him, see if his lips were as soft as they seemed to be as he touched them with his fingers and later as he pressed his mouth against his to kiss him long and hard. In his dream Frank pushed Michael over his desk to divest him of his school uniform in a hurry, impatient to have his young and naked body under his own. He would have devoured him with kisses: his lips, his neck, his chest and genitalia, his thighs. Every centimeter of his body would have been covered in bite marks and hickeys: he wanted everyone at school to know that the boy was his, that Michael had a partner that could take good care of him. There, on his desk, he would have put Michael's legs over his shoulders before slowly penetrating him, listening to his moans and those little "fuck" that always seemed to escape the boy when he was lost in pleasure.

Frank was awakened by his dream by the bell at the end of his hour. He shook his head, trying to clear it from the remnants of his fantasy as he cleared his throat and ordered his

students to leave the tests on his desk as they left, seeing not to rise from his seat till they were all gone.

Even if when Michael had told Frank that he didn't want to have sex with anyone else it was true - like he was telling the truth when he had said that he wished he could go all the way through with Frank, that the man was the first he had ever wished could take things to another level with him - the boy feared things were going to change pretty soon when he suddenly found himself needing to leave his house.

He was pretty nervous to break it out to Frank, fearing the man would get mad at him, or feel like Michael wanted to cheat on him or something. Yet he needed to talk about it with someone and so in the end he managed to take the phone and call him.

He started with a big turn of phrase, trying to tell him without really saying anything, but then he stopped pretending and sighed softly.

"I need money." He admitted. "I'm thinking of going back to the glory holes. Maybe I'll find someone who would feel like paying me up to suck them." He sighed again, feeling miserable.

Frank on the other side of the phonecall was left flabbergasted at his words. "What- what, why?"

"Please, don't get mad at me..." Michael sniffed a bit, hunching up. "I need the money.

Believe when I say that I don't want those guys, but if some of them are willing to pay-"

Frank was speechless, listening to the boy explain how he was planning to go back to the glory holes and ask for money before someone would fuck his mouth.

"That's the only thing I know I can do well." Michael finished his explanation.

Frank, who had tried to at least listen up to that point, trying to understand what was moving the boy to such a drastic decision, was out of his mind. "No. No. Absolutely no. Please, don't. Don't do it." He shook his head, feeling the panic creep up. "Michael, you don't have to sell your body if you need money. There is surely something else-"

"It's not selling my body, it's just sex." Michael interjected, hoping to minimize the blow.

"No." Frank was only able to answer. He took a deep breath, trying to get his thoughts in order to manage to convince the boy that what he wanted to do was dangerous and there could have been many others solutions to his problems if they just thought about it together. Mostly he wouldn't have loved nothing more than to punch a wall. "Michael, please." He repeated, trying to keep his voice level. "If you need money ask me, okay? You don't have to do that. It's dangerous. Do you remember when you said that you didn't want to have penetrative sex in there because you felt you couldn't trust strangers? That didn't change, honey! If you get paid for it you have no idea how many of those guys would feel in a position of power big enough to feel they have the right to have their way with you, not minding what you want or even what they had paid for. I'm worried for you, please, tell me you're thinking back on it."

Michael swallowed, torturing his bedsheets with one hand. "I can't ask you money for sex, Frank..." He shook his head. He was in love with the man, he would have felt sick to his stomach if he were to ask him to pay to have sex with him. He thought that it was actually a stranger things would have been actually better.

But Frank was decided to stop him from making that mistake and actually wasn't even thinking anymore about the risk for his career, way more worried about the boy risking his

own life. To hear that the boy wouldn't ask him, preferring instead to go have sex for money, he almost headbutted the wall for real, shocked at how naive Michael could be.

"Alright. I won't pay for the sex. I wasn't going to pay for sex since the beginning, just so we're clear. I want to pay for whatever you need because I care about you. If you want to repay me with sex it's okay, if you want to do so just with pictures it's okay. But it would be okay for me if you didn't want to do any of this things. I want to take care of you, honey..." He murmured, shaking his head.

Michael held his breath, biting down his lip as he digested his words. "Like... like a sugar daddy?"

Frank inhaled deeply, relieved at hearing that he wasn't so contrary to that at least. "Yes, babe. Would you like me to be your sugar daddy? Let me take care of you and your needs?"

"Are you sure, because-"

"I'm sure." He interrupted the boy.

"I'd like that..." Michael murmured softly.

Frank took a deep breath, finally managing to unclench his muscles. He hadn't even noticed how tensed he was up to that moment. "Good. I'd love that too. If you need to go away from home so badly why don't you come here?" He offered, not caring anymore about not telling the boy who he really was, way more worried about Michael thinking back on it and putting himself in danger.

Michael gasped loudly, his eyes going round. "Wait. Are you saying we could meet? For real?"

"Yes. Come to me, babe." Frank answered immediately, only wanting to hold the boy close and make sure he would have been safe and sound. He managed to actually smile at hearing the cheering coming from the other side of the phonecall as Michael jumped up to pack his things and go to him.

Frank was still worried that the boy wouldn't have took it so well finding out that he was in fact his professor, but he also knew that there was no way Michael could find out Frank had knew of his identity since the beginning if he wasn't the one saying so. Still he felt his stomach knots up as the minutes ticked by, till less than half a hour later Michael arrived at his place.

Frank opened the door for him almost holding his breath. Michael watched him with wide terrified eyes, clearly suspecting he had had ringed at the wrong house, or maybe that Frank was an impostor passing himself as the man he had learned to love.

When the boy took a step back, clearly about to say he had made a mistake, Frank couldn't hold back anymore and stepped up.

"Honey?" He called softly.

That managed to stop Michael right where he was, his eyes going impossibly round as he understood that it was really Frank, that the man in front of him, his own professor, was actually the man he had wanted for so long.

"Is it you?" He croaked, voice suddenly hoarse.

Frank nodded and a moment later Michael threw himself in his arms with so much force to push him back inside the house. The man enveloped the boy in a hug, holding tight and caressing his hair as Michael pressed his face in the crook of his neck.

"Tell me it's you- tell me this is not a mistake- you weren't faking it, right?" Michael asked grasping at his shirt, feeling the tears ready to fall at the thought that the man had lied to him.

But Frank was quick to shake his head, shutting the door with a foot.

"Never. Everything I've ever told you was real." He murmured.

After months at listening his voice across a classroom suddenly at hearing those words gently whispered close to his ear Michael felt his stomach knots up at understanding that it really was the man he had known in such a different way for so long. He almost laughed, breaking apart only to watch Frank in the eyes.

Frank cracked a smile, caressing his face with a slow stroke of his thumb as he had wished to do for months. "Hi..."

"Hi..." Michael smiled, looking at him for real for the first time before leaning in to kiss him on the lips, grabbing onto the last strand of courage he had. He prayed the man wouldn't push him away or reject him, not after all that time saying how much he wanted him, not just because he was a student of his or too young.

But Frank had wanted him with all his heart even knowing all that already. The man kissed him back with no trace of hesitation, trying instead to deepen the kiss.

Michael opened up his lips for him with a soft moan and closed his eyes. He put himself completely in his lover's hands, rejoicing in the sensation of his tongue inside his mouth, in the way Frank pressed against his body, in the way his scent made him feel safe.

When Frank lifted him from the ground during the kiss, Michael made a soft sound, not even thinking of breaking away from his lips, and instead he hugged tightly at his shoulders, enjoying the thrill of being carried around in his arms.

Frank brought the boy to the couch and made him sit on his lap, still kissing him.

At forty nine Frank had thought he was already far beyond the age of falling in love so deeply, that he had had his chance and lost it falling for his ex wife and finding out she wasn't really the person she wanted to pass for. After her he had thought he would have never felt that way, trying sometimes with one partner or the other but never feeling so invested and in the end he always ended up being dumped for someone else. But with Michael things felt different: for once he felt he would have done anything and everything to keep the boy with him, to make sure no one else could have been a better partner for the boy than him.

Even if it meant risking his career to be with him.

It didn't matter so much anymore when on the other plate of the balance there was Michael's life and the boy thinking it was all right to risk it all.

If the boy was ready to accept him, his age, his flaws, Frank was ready to accept everything of him and devote his life to making sure Michael would have been happy by his side.

"I was afraid you wouldn't have liked the fact that I'm so old..." He admitted when they finally broke apart, even if Michael didn't want too far, still giving little kisses on the lips of the man.

"Well, I'm too young. That's why I didn't want you to find out who I was, or see my face."

He sighed a bit, closing his eyes as Frank caressed his cheeks. "And now turns out I'm your student too. It's not a problem, right?" He asked hopeful, turning his gaze on him.

"Not for me." Frank shook his head. "But we have to be careful, we shouldn't let the others know or it could turn out pretty bad." He sighed softly.

"But I can stay with you, right?" Michael asked with a little panic in his voice, covering the man's hands with his own. "Do you still want to be my sugar daddy? If you meant it, obviously-"

Frank interrupted him before Michael could get too much into his head. "Sure. Yes. Of course I want to, darling..." He murmured, gently caressing his face with his thumbs. "I want to take care of you. I want you to be happy and safe. You're my baby." He murmured, leaning in to kiss Michael on the lips once again.

The boy nodded a bit, without even taking his lips away from Frank's, and that time it was him the one who deepened the kiss, pressing his body more firmly against the man's chest. Frank didn't really want to break the kiss to keep talking, but he knew there were important things to discuss, even if he had butterflies in his stomach like it hadn't happened to him in a whole life.

"Just please, don't go around asking someone else for money. You scared the shit out of me with that idea of yours. You have no idea..." He murmured between the little kisses that followed Michael's kiss.

The boy smiled a bit, but nodded, letting his gaze travel down Frank's face to his throat and to a shoulder of him, finding that he loved to see how the man was builded now that he had the chance to fully look at him up close. Suddenly he had no idea how he had not noticed how hot the man was every time he had walked in his classroom.

"Were you really worried about me?"

"Of course I was." Frank nodded, still caressing his face, his lips, and covering him in kisses where he had just grazed him with his fingers.

"Call me your baby..." Michael whispered his request, raising his eyes back on Frank's. Frank cracked a smile at that and pushed his forehead against his. "My baby..." He murmured, trying to impress in it all the feelings he had for him.

"I love it when you call me that." Michael gloated with a big smile. "When you use my."

"Do you like it?" Frank smiled, searching his eyes. "My baby. My princess..." He murmured, leaning in to kiss him once again.

Michael closed his eyes with a soft sigh, feeling his heart flutter in his chest. He lost himself in the kiss, pressing his forehead against the man's own when they broke apart, not wanting to be more far from him than that.

"I love you..." He whispered, unable to hold it back anymore. He felt his cheeks flush with heat and he held to the hope that the man wouldn't have thought him too naive, too young to really know what love was.

But Frank at his words froze for a moment, happiness exploding in his chest, and he found himself smiling without even noticing. He knew he was in love with the boy at that point, had known for the past weeks, had found himself falling head over heels for the boy during the long hours on the phone, talking to nightfall, getting to know him and opening up he himself more and more. And yet he wasn't sure if Michael really had feelings for him or if the boy liked what they had, but mostly wanted like a sugar daddy and nothing more, if given a chance he would have preferred someone younger. But those words were able to turn his whole world.

"I love you."

When Michael gave him a bright smile, Frank took his face back into his hands, leaning in to kiss him once again, more happy than he had felt in years.

"Stay with me..." He murmured between kisses, rejoicing in the way Michael pressed more against his chest, almost as if the boy wanted to just hide against him, finally feeling safe now that he was in his arms.

They talked at length that night: Frank wanted to know more about what had pushed Michael to runaway from home, the troubles he had with his family, letting the boy unwind and take it all off his chest. They had also to talk about the need to be careful so no one at school would have found out that they were not only in a relationship, but now living together since it was too dangerous for Michael to go back home.

They had still a month to go before the boy would reach his eighteen birthday and a little more before he were to graduate, and that meant that even if they were to pretend their relationship had not changed at all, that they still were nothing more than professor and student, the pretense wouldn't have had to last too long before they would have been able to do as they pleased.

When at night they went to sleep in the same bed they were both a bit nervous but also excited, even if they had decided to wait till the next day to do more than kissing. For the first time they had the chance to be in each other arms, to spend the night with the person they loved the most, and Michael was too tired from the events of the day to be up to too much anyway, already yawning since after dinner.

Being together, sharing the same pillow, holding on to each other, it seemed strangely familiar and at the same time completely new: they had spent so many nights listening to each other voices, keeping up lazy conversations while already under the blankets till one or the other fell asleep, that there was a degree of familiarity in being there, talking to the other. At the same time it was a new experience, the kissing, the chance to touch the other, the warmth of the embrace.

Michael fell asleep first, completely relaxed in Frank's arms, unaware of how the man spent a long time still gently petting his hair before following suit.

Michael tried to keep cool the whole day at school, even if he his thoughts kept circling around to what was expecting him at Frank's house in the afternoon. They had decided that Michael would have gone all the way alone, so no one would have wondered why a professor was giving his student a car ride, they had also discussed about needing to don't look to much the other one during school hours.

Suddenly Michael though could not think about anything else than those days Frank had told him that he had thought of him at work, feeling terribly smug at understanding that the teacher had actually day dreamed while teaching classes. He took a note on one of his books to ask Frank how many chances there were that they could have sex on some table pretending to be doing so in class. The bell didn't rang soon enough and Michael threw all his things in his bag to sprint out of class and to the house of his new sugar daddy.

Frank wasn't in a better state, having spent the morning thinking of Michael and the chance to finally have sex with him for real. When he opened the door for the boy Michael barely managed not to throw himself at his neck till the door wasn't closed and locked behind him. Not wanting to wait for it anymore Michael took Frank's face in his hands and lost himself in a long kiss as he pushed his hips against the man's, moaning softly at finding him as hard as he had hoped his professor would have been.

"I want you..." He mumbled between kisses, and Frank nodded, still kissing him. He surprised the boy when he moved his hands to cover his ass, but Michael let a louder moan escape from his lips as the man lifted him up to carry him to his bedroom. It had been years since the last time Frank had felt that kind of anticipation, that need to just have someone right that moment, his hormones acting like they would when he was a teenager himself.

After the months building up to that moment Frank wasn't even worried that he could have been running too fast for the boy, not with Michael actively trying to rip away his clothes to be naked under him sooner than later.

"I need you to do everything to me..." The boy almost begged with a pitiful moan, pushing his erection against Frank's hard on. "Please..."

Frank moaned and leaned in to kiss him as if he needed that to even live. He started rubbing himself against the slender and mostly hairless body of the teenager, enjoying how Michael arched to find more contact, the way the boy would spread his legs for him, how Michael tried to keep him close hugging his shoulders.

"I will do everything to you..." He promised between kisses. "If you're not up to something you just have to tell me though, okay?" He rose from his body only to reach the bottle of lube he kept in the nightstand.

Michael caught the chance to move, rolling on his belly to lift his ass up in the air, his cheeks flushed as he did what he had wanted to do for Frank for months.

He reached behind himself and under the surprised and excited gaze of his teacher he spread his asscheeks with both hands, presenting his asshole to the man.

"Please... I dreamed of you for so long..." He moaned, caressing his opening with the tip of two fingers. "I fingered myself thinking of you so many times, now I only want you to fuck me, please... I need you..." He abandoned himself to a long moan when Frank shook himself out of his surprise and reached out to start rubbing his fingers too against Michael's asshole. In front of that sight Frank was so hard that for a moment he feared he was going to cum right away.

"Baby..." He murmured, hurrying up to lube his fingers. "Tell me more, baby, you're driving me crazy..." He admitted sotto voce as he slowly pressed one finger against the opening, slowly pushing it inside.

Michael moaned hoarsely, his muscles tensing and trying to clasp around his finger, searching for more. "Fuck me, oh, fuck me please..." He moaned.

Frank loved to hear him swear that way like he did every time he was lost in the haze of excitement and pleasure, and hurried to add a second finger as soon as it was clear that Michael was ready for it.

"Tell me how you touched yourself for me..."

Michael moaned and pushed back on his fingers, trying to have him reach deeper. "I- I would finger my ass open like you were telling me to do, hoping you would just come at my house and praise me for being good and opening my ass good for you..." He moaned obscenely, rocking his hips and fucking himself on Frank's fingers under his amazed gaze.

"Oh, you did an awesome job opening yourself up for me..." The man praised him, terribly excited, and opened more his fingers inside of him, eliciting a mewling sound out of the boy.

"Your fingers are so bigger than mine..." Michael moaned, trying to move even faster back and forth, till Frank stopped him putting one hand on his back.

"Calm down, honey, we don't want you to cum too soon, right?" He murmured, adding a third finger inside him.

Michael moaned but tried to stay still for him. "Yes. Fuck me..."

Frank kept preparing him, rubbing his leaking cock against one of his asscheeks. "Tell me more about your fantasies..."

Michael moaned loudly, impatient to have him. "I want you- I wanted so much for you to do everything you wanted to me..."

"I will, love..." He murmured, slipping his fingers out of him only to take lube and condoms to ready himself for the boy.

Michael was completely lost already, so hard it almost hurt him at finally being able to have the man really touching him, really about to finally be the first to ever push his cock inside of him. He had dreamed of it for so long, had been terribly close to actually ask for it the last time they had met at the glory holes, that he wasn't even sure how long he could even hold off before reaching an embarrassingly early orgasm.

He forgot his troubles when Frank covered his body with his own, rubbing his big dick in the crack of his ass. Michael whimpered softly as Frank slowly rocked his hips, leaving a trail of kisses from his shoulder to his ear. The boy turned enough to give him even more skin to kiss, pushing back his body towards him, and moaned when the man gently bit down on his ear.

"I will take good care of you..." Frank promised in a whisper. "I will fuck you in every way you had ever dreamed of." He murmured, reaching with one hand between them to take a hold of his cock and find the right position to push his glans against Michael's opening.

The boy gasped loudly, grasping at the sheets, and moaned when the man started to really push inside of his body. He tried to hold off his orgasm, to last a bit more, biting down on his lip, at least till the man's cock was finally completely lodged inside his ass and Frank let out a throaty moan. At that Michael could no longer restrain himself and he ended up shooting his cum on the bedsheets with a cry, arching his back and tensing up around the cock deep inside of him.

Frank moaned and held tight to his hips, letting him catch his breath for a moment before he started to move, murmuring sweet nothings at Michael's ear, loving how the boy panted and shook in pleasure, still trying to rock his hips and push back on Frank's cock even though he himself was still lost in the haze of pleasure.

Frank would have loved nothing more than to pound that ass with all his strength, to make Michael scream in pleasure and show him how being fucked by a real man actually felt like. But he was well aware that it was the boy first time, and he kind of wanted it to be perfect, more than a quick and hard fuck.

He took the boy slowly, moaning at how tight he was, praising him for being so good around his cock.

Michael moaned, growing hard back again quite fast, his cheeks flushed in pleasure at his praises.

"You're the best ass I've ever had..." Frank murmured without stopping, raining kisses on the boy's shoulder.

"Thanks..." Michael moaned, trying to lift his hips more when Frank moved one hand on his side, leading him into raising his ass to meet his thrusts and let him move deeper.

"Do you like it?" Frank asked when a loud groan escaped the boy.

"Yes..." He moaned loudly with his eyes closed, enjoying the slow, deep thrusts of his penis. Frank made him feel so stuffed and good, nothing like he had ever experienced alone with his fingers.

"Tell me you like it..." The man requested, biting gently at his neck.

Michael raised his chin to give him more space, lost in pleasure. "I like it..." He answered without even having to think.

"Do you like my cock?" Frank whispered over his ear.

Michael turned towards him, starting to catch up with what Frank wanted from him. He licked his lips, looking the man in the eyes.

"I like your cock..." He murmured, moaning when the thrusts became a tad more hard as Frank moaned. "I love your cock..." He tried, and was rewarded by a kiss on his lips, pleasant even though their respective positions made it a bit difficult.

The boy moved one hand to cover the one Frank was keeping on the bed so not to weight too much onto him, and he entwined their fingers, looking for another kiss.

"Well, I do love your ass, darling..." Frank grinned, his breath short as he kept moving inside of him.

Michael hesitated for a moment, trying to clear his mind enough to find something coherent to tell him.

"I love you."

Frank smiled fondly at him at his words, still new to hearing them spoken by Michael, and passed his other arm under him to hug the boy and keep him flushed against his chest.

"And I love you..." He murmured, going back at slowly thrusting his erection inside the boy, the pace still the same even if he had started taking him with more strength, loving the little whimpers he managed to rip out the boy's throat every time he managed to touch the right spots inside of him. "My baby..."

"My sugar daddy..." Michael openly grinned at him, earning a harder thrust that made him moan louder. "I love that..." He threw back his head against Frank's shoulder.

"You love when I bang your pretty ass?"

Michael could see now the question for what it was and nodded, licking his lips before giving the man what he wanted instead of the "yes" he had just been about to reply before another hard thrust came.

"I love it, I love how your cock is banging my ass... you're stretching me open so good..." He moaned, letting his head drop on the mattress as Frank started picking up the pace. "Please-oh, please, yes, just like that..." He almost screamed, panting loudly.

Frank moaned loudly, terribly aroused, and kept pushing hard inside of him. "Yes, baby, I will give you all of it..."

But by then Michael was only able to moan and sometimes say a breathless "yes" or "fuck", his mind lost in pleasure. Frank reached under him to wrap one hand around his dick, and Michael almost shouted for the combined stimulation. The man wanted him to reach the edge once more before he was to cum too, and it didn't take long for Michael to arch under him, screaming his name. At that Frank let his cock go to go back at holding tight his hip as he thrust hard inside of the boy, before finally having his orgasm inside his still contracting ass.

Michael moaned softly, almost purring as he enjoyed the waves of pleasure and the knowledge that he had finally had sex with his man, that he had managed to give him exactly what they had always talked about.

When Frank slipped out of him Michael barely opened his eyes, cracking a smile only when the man pulled him into his arms, gently caressing and kissing him. Michael reciprocated the cuddles, sleepy and in love with him, content and satisfied even as he slowly fell asleep on his shoulder.

Although they had decided to follow strict rules at school, to avoid anyone growing suspicious of them, and tried to follow them - not getting there together, not leaving together, not talking out of class if not for a greeting, not sending or watching naked pictures where everyone could see - it didn't take long for Michael to show signs of unrest.

Frank received one day a text from the boy that only said an hour and a place - one of the toilets further away from the school cafeteria at lunch time - and, even if he had been the one to decide for the "no contacts" rule, he couldn't help but feel a thrill at the thought of meeting with the boy.

When he entered the bathroom Frank was already half aroused after half a hour thinking about Michael sucking him off in the next cubicle as he had done many at the glory holes. Except he knew there were no glory holes in there.

Michael had been waiting for him for a while when the teacher meet with him and - knowing they were alone in there - he almost jumped in Frank's arms, looking for a kiss. Frank almost bent him backward in the kiss, terribly aroused at being able to do that with his lover even where it was still dangerous.

Michael moaned softly in the kiss, holding tight to his shoulders, and when they broke apart he took the man's hand to tug him into one of the cubicles. Frank understood right away what he wanted and hurried up to close the door behind them, locking them in the cubicle as Michael started to open up the teacher's pants, impatient to have him.

Frank didn't had to do or say nothing since Michael was taking his cock out of his pants and underwear before he could even protest. Soon the boy threw a glance at his face as he crouched down to be level with Frank's erection.

He looked his professor in the eyes as he opened his mouth to take his cock between his lips, starting right away to lick his glans in a frenzy, impatient.

Frank had to cover his mouth with one hand to stifle his moans, but he carded the fingers of his free hand in the boy's hair, gently petting his head, encouraging him to go on.

Michael didn't let him awaiting for too long and soon he went down on his dick, moaning softly around the erection. He had dreamed for so long to have the man like that at school, even though it was against the rules they had both agreed to, or to have him that way even at the sexy shop, that now he felt ready to cum at any given moment even if he hadn't even touched himself yet.

He sucked the man hard, making sure to take him down his throat every time he went down on him, set on making him cum without the man having even a chance to see his orgasm coming.

Frank ended up letting his head drop against the door behind himself, short of breath and unable to stop rocking his hips towards the boy, loving every single second of it. He had always loved the boy's ability to just take all of it and suck him hard, but there was the chance to get caught and the obvious arousal of them both for being in that situation, that was making it all even better than usual. More exciting, more pressing. Both of them wanted it to be unforgettable, to be perfect if they had to have it only once in their life.

Frank ended up cumming hard down Michael's throat, muffling his scream of pleasure in his sleeve while he pressed the boy's head against his cock, making sure his student would keep his lips wrapped around the base of it and get every drop of his cum. At that treatment Michael felt for a moment his eyes roll to the back of his head and he ended up coming in his pants, gripping hard at this professor hips, almost afraid he would pull back too soon. When Frank finally pulled back he made a soft excited sound at the rope of cum and spit connecting his lover's mouth to his own cock, now glistening.

The boy had a blissful look on his face, his lips red, his hair completely messed up, and he made for a picture that Frank found achingly beautiful.

"That was a good A, my boy..." He grinned, trying to straight up the boy's hair with his fingers.

Michael smiled openly at him, going back at licking the tip of his cock before putting it back in Frank's pants.

"And what should I do to have an A+?" He asked with a wink.

Michael wasn't really expecting Frank to want to do more with him at school, had not really even expected the man to go in that bathroom the first time, and for sure he didn't expect the man to propose to go there a second time. But after a week with his thoughts coming back to that moment when they had had to hide from the whole world, Frank could not stop thinking about Michael's question and how it would have been to go back there, to have Michael once again where it was terribly dangerous for both of them.

The sex was amazing at home and they considered themselves lucky since the time was passing and no one was questioning Frank's new roommate, no one had yet found out where Michael would spend his days and nights even though he had not gone back home since the last incident with his family.

Yet Frank would often find himself daydreaming about how it would have been to go back at having sex with the boy at school. Even though he was the one to have created the rules it ended up being him the one who suggested the boy to go back in there one morning before leaving for school.

Michael was more than happy and impatient to go at it again, having loved deeply the thrill of doing sex in a semi public space and the danger of being discovered.

He was already hard when he slipped inside the bathroom, but it was nothing compared to the obscene bulge tenting his teacher's pants. Michael's eyes went right to it and he made a pitiful sound, hoping Frank would just make him kneel on the ground and shove his cock deep in Michael's throat to use and abuse his mouth till he was cumming. His reveries were interrupted by the professor grabbing his hand to pull the boy in his arms and get to kiss him with a passion. Michael wrapped his arms around the man's shoulders, moaning softly in the kiss when Frank started pushing his hips against Michael's, making him feel how much he was excited.

The boy soon found himself being led inside the cubicle and he tried to open Frank's pants in a hurry only for the man to surprise him by opening up also Michael's. Frank hadn't told him yet what he wanted, and so Michael was surprised when the man made him turn to face the wall as his hands shoved the school uniform pants down the boy's legs together with his underwear. Michael gasped loudly, surprised and excited as his hard cock was suddenly let free in the open air. But Frank pressed his chest against Michael's back to talk in his ear, making the boy shiver in anticipation and arousal.

"You did ask what you should have done to have an A+, right?" He whispered, and Michael felt a shiver run down his back at understanding what Frank wanted to do.

He almost whimpered like a puppy, his cock leaking precum even at the mere thought of the professor fucking him in there.

"Yes..." He whispered, nodding his head as Frank started rubbing the tip of his cock in the crack of his ass.

Suddenly he understood why the man had made him wear a plug all night long, praising him that morning for how open he still was before Michael had had to dress up for school. He moaned at the thought of Frank not even preparing his ass for his cock, and he welcomed the hand his lover put over his mouth to smother his sounds as the man took only the time to lube himself up before slowly pressing his cock to his entrance.

If not for the hand clamping his mouth shut Michael would have screamed at the burn and pleasure of the man's cock slowly sliding inside of him. Frank groaned loudly, biting his lip to stifle the sound, and waited for Michael to nod for starting to really move inside of the boy. Soon Michael had to reach out with his hands to stay up, almost clawing the wall in front of him as Frank took him with hard thrusts, the man's groans the only sounds in that bathroom together with the sound of his hips slapping against Michael's ass.

Michael was so hard it hurt him and when Frank wrapped his free hand around his cock to pump it, he almost collapsed, his legs trembling so hard in excitement that he almost couldn't even stand up. He stopped breathing when suddenly there was the noise of the door opening up, his eyes going round on fear and for a sudden inexplicable spike of arousal. It was only the Frank's hand, gripping harder his cock, that avoided Michael cumming right away at the footsteps moving from the door to the cubicle next to theirs. Only then Michael noticed that Frank had stopped, to not let the other person know that they weren't alone in there, but slowly, while the other man was busy, the man started to rock his hips.

Although he feared being found out, Frank had never been more excited in his whole life.

Slowly, to not let the man hear or the sounds of their bodies betray them, he drew back from Michael's asshole, only to - ever so slowly - thrust back inside him. He could hear Michael's little puffs of air against his hand and he pressed his forehead against the nape of his neck, closing his eyes as he tried to not moan as he slowly fucked his student with someone else a meter away from them. He only stopped when whoever it was moved again to go wash his hands, but as soon as the door closed behind them, Frank went back at fucking hard the boy.

Michael made an obscene sound, too close to the edge of his pleasure, and when the professor went back at jerking him off he couldn't help the stifled cry escaping his mouth at shooting his cum against the wall. Frank took the hand away from his mouth to help Michael breathe and let go of his dick only to help him stand up.

Michael bit his lip and let his head loll, pushing back on Frank's cock, enjoying how the man took him hard and deep, not sparing him but using the grip on his hips to drive the boy's body back on his cock at his every thrusts, fucking him as Michael had only fantasized up to that moment.

When Frank finally stilled Michael closed his eyes, rejoicing in the feeling of his hot cum deep inside his ass. He sighed softly when the man slowly slipped his cock out of him, but almost gasped when Frank instead of letting him go clean up pushed instead something cool inside his asshole, something Michael recognized as his own plug.

Frank leaned in to speak to his ear, still short of breath after his orgasm. "This, my boy, is how you secure an A+." He grinned at seeing the boy's cheeks flush red at his words. Michael swallowed and licked his lips, aroused at his words and at Frank treating him that way, and nodded.

They dressed up in silence, but when they were finally ready to get out and pretend nothing had happened, Frank pulled him gently in his arms for a sweet slow kiss.

"You do know, right, that I don't mean it? You don't have to do anything more for your grades." He asked the boy, even if it was probably him needing the reassurance the boy did know it was only something they had done to realize a fantasy, nothing more.

But Michael smiled at him and nodded, leaning in for another kiss. "I know, don't worry." He murmured, even though he hugged the man tightly, hiding his face against his neck.

Frank held him tight, happy they understood each other and that both of them somehow could see the benefit of just cuddling for a moment more.

It wasn't long after that that Michael turned eighteen and one of the obstacles to their relationship was out of the way. The young man wanted to go back home and pick up all of his things, tell his mother he wasn't going to be back anytime soon - or ever - and say goodbye, but Frank managed to stop him, telling him to wait some weeks more for his graduation. So that even if his mother would have asked where he was going no one could have done anything against them if they were to find out Michael was moving in Frank's apartment.

The graduation couldn't come soon enough to Michael, who awaited impatiently for the day he could not only stop studying, but also finally stop worry about his relationship and the need to keep it under silence.

Like Michael, Frank wanted to finally do whatever he wanted to with his boy, would it be go out for shopping and groceries holding his hand, or tell his sons he had a new partner, or just have the chance to finally take him for a night out, have dinner and go to a cinema like any other couple.

He just wanted to stop lying to the world, even if having to hear Michael explain the old lady next door that he was living with Frank because he was a son of his was kind of entertaining. Or at least it was when Frank was not busy internally cringing and fearing the lady would not believe the boy, call the cops and have him arrested, or busy wondering why it did make him hard to hear Michael call him daddy.

But when it was clear the old lady was more happy that Frank had finally the company of one of his sons, and not at all convinced that he was a pervert, she let Michael go and Frank left him no time once inside the apartment before he was undressing the boy to take him to bed and explore his new found kink.

Frank himself drove Michael at his family house the day after the graduation, helping him pack what was left of his things, what his mother hadn't sold or thrown already. Michael would have at least say his goodbyes, but there was no one to give them to and in the end they went back home with Michael trying to not let his tears fall after closing that chapter of his life.

Frank managed to distract him in the next days, finally starting to go out with him, and Michael finally smiled once again at being out in the streets with Frank, holding his hand as if they were the most normal couple in the world.

He was finally legal, finally not Frank's student anymore, finally able to tell who asked that he had a boyfriend, a partner waiting for him at home.

Still, Michael kept thinking of something of their past.

"Do you think we could go at the glory holes one last time?" He asked with a smile one day, hoping to recreate his final fantasy, the one he had never dared ask for before.

Michael sighed softly when Frank's cock appeared from the hole.

After many months of taking care of the man and his cock, Michael didn't feel the need anymore to put a condom on him before starting to work his erection.

Frank moaned surprised when the boy started to slowly jerk him off right away. He pressed his hands on the wall and gently rocked his hips, enjoying the touch of his fingers, but couldn't suppress a louder moan when Michael leaned in to give his cock a long lick.

Michael hummed contently on his skin, finally tasting his favorite stranger's cock. He closed his eyes, grinning as he kept licking and tasting the man, moving to focus on the tip of his cock, sucking at his glans. He wanted to taste the man's cum, but there was something else he dared hope even more. He kept jerking him slowly until Frank started to rock his hips, thrusting his cock in Michael's hand in a desperate attempt to have him move faster. Michael took pity of him and started taking him deeper in his mouth, moaning softly till he could, before going so far as to take the man down his throat, letting his muscles work the man. He kept still and soon Frank started to move on his own, fucking his mouth with moans that for once he didn't bother stifling.

Michael loved it terribly and started to open up his pants to jerk himself off, hard at having the man use his throat for his pleasure.

He had once told the man on the phone that he would have let him have things no one had had before him. Like taking his mouth without a condom. Taking his first time too.

Frank had told him that he would have given anything to have his "sweet ass", but that he would have much preferred having the chance to have without a wall between them. That night Michael had told the man that he had the fantasy to let the man - since he really trusted him - even have access to his ass once at the glory holes. He would have never trusted anyone else with it, fearing instead of giving him oral sex they would take advantage of it to touch him, to stick their fingers or even their cock in his asshole. For that reason he had never done anything like that with someone else, but Frank was different. When he had told Frank that he would have let him, that he almost wished Frank would only start licking his asshole to instead end up fucking him, he had the satisfaction of hearing the man moan on the phone, and he had been terribly aroused at knowing that the man could see why he liked that fantasy.

Now, Michael was ready to do just that, to give the man the chance to lick his ass as he had often offered on the phone before their sessions in the back of the sexy shop.

He moaned and jerked himself off faster at the thought of what he was about to do. He suddenly drew back, letting the cock slip out of his mouth.

Frank let out a frustrated sound and he swallowed, drawing back to try giving a look at the boy on the other side. "Everything alright, darling?"

"Yes..." Michael licked his lips. "Would you really like to lick me?"

"Yes, babe." He was quick to answer, slowly jerking himself off at the thought of Michael presenting his ass to him for real.

It was exactly what Michael did, shoving his pants down to his ankles, panting in excitement as he turned around to press his ass against the hole as he had never dared do before then. He bend down, putting his hands on the opposite wall, and tried to stop his knees from trembling.

Frank sighed at the sight and crouched down, gently separating the boy's asscheeks to expose his asshole. He had done an amazing job in the last weeks making sure the boy would get acquainted with penetrative sex.

He leaned in and closed his eyes before starting to lick Michael's asshole, rejoicing in the moan he heard from the other side of the wall.

Michael almost whimpered at his licks, moving one hand over his dick to go back at jerking himself off, moaning louder when Frank pushed his tongue inside of him, moving it around for a bit before starting to move it as if he had been fucking him already. Michael loved to have the man do that to him and once he had found out the man actually preferred to do that to sucking a cock he couldn't even complain, enjoying being rimmed while he laid down spread eagle on what he had come to call "their bed".

Soon though Frank moved away from his ass and Michael braced himself against the wall for what was to come. He moaned, biting down on his lip when Frank slipped a lubed up finger inside his ass instead of his tongue. Michael threw his head back in pleasure, closing his eyes as he tried to stifle his moans a little.

Frank was realizing his fantasy of the man starting with what Michael had asked him to and proceeding with just doing whatever he liked, and Michael felt he was already terribly close to the edge even if he only had one finger moving inside his ass, preparing and opening him up.

"Yes..." He moaned when Frank found his prostate and started insisting against it. "Yes, please..."

"Oh, you like it, don't you?" Frank murmured on the other side of the wall, enjoying his sounds and moans, adding pretty soon another finger.

Michael moaned and whimpered, moving his hands behind to spread his asscheeks more for him, pressing his ass against the hole in the wall, wishing only for Frank to go on.

"See, a real man knows what you really need..." Frank murmured, spreading his fingers inside him before going back at moving them, stimulating his prostate every time.

Michael whimpered and, even though Frank could not see him, nodded in agreement.

"I'm so lucky to have you, Frank..."

Frank smirked and kept fingering his ass. "I could say the same about me having such a young babe to take care of this old cock..."

"Oh, your cock is no old..." Michael shook his head, short of breath, and moaned when Frank added another finger. "Your cock- is amazing, Frank... I love it..."

"Do you now?" Frank whispered to himself.

Without a warning he slipped his fingers out of boy's ass, grinning at the whimper that came from the other side. Before Michael could even try to move away from the hole, he took in his hand his lubed up cock and gently pressed it against the boy's asshole.

Michael gasped, so hard he felt he was about to cum already.

"Trust me, babe, you will love this..." Frank murmured, before slowly thrusting his cock inside of him with a groan.

Michael moaned and rocked his hips a little, moving one hand over his cock to squeeze it and try not to cum right away.

"Come on, babe, push back on it. Don't you trust your daddy?"

"Yes..." He moaned breathless. "I trust daddy..." He panted, pushing back on his cock with an obscene moan.

Frank moaned loud and thrust deeper, starting to move right away, fucking the boy who was still pressed against the hole as he had been since the start, when he had turned to let the man only lick him.

But that was Michael's final fantasy coming true and the boy needed only a couple thrusts of the man's cock inside of his ass to shoot his cum all over the floor with a loud moan.

Frank moaned at the way his muscles were squeezing his cock and he thrust harder inside the boy.

"Yes, good boy, cumming for your daddy fucking your ass..." He praised Michael, excited.

Michael only answered with a moan, enjoying the way he was fucking him.

Frank would have paid to have a chance to hold tight on the boy's hips, to fuck him harder and have Michael scream in pleasure, but he knew that even if they now were openly together it wasn't appropriate for the boy to scream in a public place. Even if everybody in that shop knew there was a hole in the wall in the back and would have probably understood what was happening.

"I'm a good boy..." Michael managed to murmur between moans.

"Yes, you are..." Frank panted, sliding almost completely out of him before pushing his cock balls deep inside the boy, making him arch his back and moan louder.

"Yes- I'm your whore, daddy..." Michael moaned, without even thinking, letting his mouth run while he was lost in the haze of pleasure. "I love your cock so much..."

Frank moaned, closing his eyes for a moment before repeating the way he had just taken the boy's ass, rejoicing in the sound of his balls slapping against the boy's asscheeks.

"My princess, baby, you're daddy's princess, not my whore..." He moaned.

Michael took a breath, feeling butterflies fluttering in his stomach at hearing Frank talk that way as he kept fucking him hard. He sighed, nodding even if the man could not see him.

"I am your princess..."

"Yes, babe..." Frank moaned, fucking him hard anyway as if Michael was really only a hole for him to get his pleasure from. He was in love with the boy and loved to have sex with him and make sure Michael would feel good. He had every intention to give him everything he asked for.

"Come on, babe, milk daddy's cock..."

Michael moaned and tried to squeeze his cock more whenever Frank would take him deep.

"Give it to me, daddy..." He moaned, and was rewarded when Frank tensed up with a loud groan, shooting his cum in his ass. Michael moaned softly, enjoying the feeling, and stood still in there, letting the man keep rocking slowly his hips, feeding his ass all of his cum.

If that had been his actual first time with the man, Michael would have loved it no less than how much he had loved their actual first time, even if that had been sweeter and gentler, slow lovemaking in their bed.

He couldn't help but smile, lost in pleasure, and sighed a bit only when Frank finally slipped out of him with a soft moan.

He could hear Frank putting back his pants and forced himself to do the same, even if he waited a moment more, biting his lip as he reached back to take a drop of cum that was running down his leg to bring it to his mouth and taste it, sighing softly.

Instead of disappearing first, Frank waited for him outside the cubicles, smiling fondly at Michael as soon as he exited his own, leaning in to kiss him on the lips.

After months of having to hide, to each other first and to the rest of the world then, it felt incredibly good to both of them to finally be able to leave that bathroom together, to walk hand in hand out of the sexy shop, satisfied and happy in their relationship.