

Oscar's Oral Odyssey

Part 2: Themba

Was it any surprise Oscar was not sated with a single encounter? The following day, a Sunday, they messaged and met at the pool to enjoy the jacuzzi together.

"Did you like our little conversation yesterday?"

Oscar's ears turned red. He looked away and nodded.

"I'm always glad to talk more about the history of Jazz, in case you would like to try it again."

He didn't have the courage to say it — until, that is, he saw Themba coming from the changing room to the bar. Through his shorts he saw the shape of his swinging manhood — and now he, a full man, couldn't stop himself from wondering. Dreaming. Salivating.

The excitement pushed him. He reached out and rubbed Robert's crotch beneath the jacuzzi's foamy waters. The demon let out a rumbling growl and leaned back to let the minotaur explore.

Yet fifteen minutes later, Oscar was kneeling on the handicapped changing room's floor, his mouth, neck and chest covered in a mix of saliva and Robert's precum. The demon was ravaging his mouth, using the horns as handholds. Oscar's own manhood was at the brink of spewing its load as he jerked it under his swimsuit.

This time the demon's cum flooded his mouth and escaped through his nose, but Oscar hardly cared. Robert hilted his cock pushed the minotaur over the edge, painting his speedo white.

After a brief shower to clean most of the mess, Robert offered to buy Oscar a drink. It was the least he could do to help him get out the taste of cum. But Oscar, still in heaven, saw no reason to wash away that enrapturing taste and smell.

Back at the jacuzzi, Oscar was shameless. He leaned back and thought of that moment, right after Robert came with that growl of satisfaction, when the taste and smell of his cum overpowered his senses.

"I love how you taste, I could do it all day."

"Did you like that I went rougher this time?"

Oscar reached down to cup his reawakening erection.

"Yeah, Rob. That's what made me cum."

The demon asked another question, but Oscar didn't hear it. He saw Themba walking out of the pool. The water made his shorts stick to his skin. The full contours, peaks and valleys of his manhood, were plain to see. The minotaur knew what he wanted.

"How big d'you think Themba is?"

The demon let out another growl — this time Oscar couldn't quite put his finger on what it meant.

"You want to have a go with him?"

"Just curious."

"You can sate your curiosity."

"How?"

"We work out together twice per week, on Mondays and Fridays. You should come with us."

The minotaur didn't know how to respond. Too many pragmatic questions swam around his mind.

"I am friends with him. We often get together to talk about taxation and economics. He is a very understanding gentleman, and very enjoyable to be around if you treat him with respect."

He brushed a hand over the minotaur's thigh.

"He likes being called 'sir.'"

The following evening, Robert brought Oscar along with him to the gym. Anxiety was eating up the minotaur, but upon seeing Themba a certain swagger returned to him.

"Oscar will be joining us tonight. I promised to teach him the basics."

"Hope I'm not intrudin' on yer workout, sir" said Oscar.

"It's fine," said Themba, perhaps with a hint of warmth in his voice. "Plenty of room for all of us."

Robert taught Oscar how to use the machines and instructed him on a simple routine. It was between sets when the magic happened, as the older men exchanged some chit chat and coordinated when they'd spot each other. Oscar joined them, and before long Robert suggested that Themba help the young man with the bench press.

"The bar's not sitting right on your hand, and it's leaning to the right."

"Yessir."

"Adjust your column. It's laying flat on the bench."

"Yessir."

"Try again now."

"Yessir."

After the set Themba almost smiled at Oscar.

"You're a very polite young man."

"Thank you, sir."

Oscar smiled too much. Their gazes locked for too long. There was a breathlessness in his voice that did not match the exercise.

Without saying a word more, Themba positioned himself to spot the minotaur and motioned for him to restart. Before he even gripped the bar, however, the grootslang thrust his damp, sweaty crotch inches away from his snout.

In a split second, Oscar's mind was slammed by that oppressive scent, so thick and persistent it stuck to his nose and back of his throat. It was oily and spicy, almost suffocating, no doubt eye-watering — and as soon as he let out that first lungful of testosterone-laden air, he was hooked. The second huff came on its own, without a second thought.

Oscar was at least able to look up. Beyond the mount that was Themba's bulge was his big, round torso, with everything below his navel peeking from his sweat-stained tanktop. And in that wide strip of land was a forest, for the most part sticking to his skin in thick wet curls, at times standing out with a tantalizing drop of sweat swinging with each breath. It fell on the minotaur's muzzle and dripped down — for him to catch with his tongue, so he could enjoy the bitterness of it all.

"Ready to start?"

"Yessir," he responded without thinking, while trying to look up and press his snout to the fabric of his shorts.

The first set was normal enough, despite the distraction. The weight was set so low there was barely any effort, and Oscar even managed to get a whiff or two. But that was only to lure the minotaur into a fake sense of security; as soon as the second one started, the grootslang scooted forward and rubbed his crotch and taint over Oscar's face.

No words were necessary. If the minotaur's erection was not enough of a sign, then his digging into Themba's taint with his nose surely did the trick.

When Oscar reracked the bar, Themba remained on top, resting his nuts on the young man's face, obscuring his face and dampening all sounds. More than ever Oscar's mind felt heavy and opaque, with all thoughts pushed to the side in favour of huffing that musk which a minute ago had been aversive, and now made him feel warm inside. He couldn't even recall why it had felt bad at first, nor why this scent ever could have been unpleasant.

The grootslang, meanwhile, was not in a hurry and did not feel as if an explanation was owed. He let the bull root around as he pleased, but he shifted and muttered something Oscar

could neither hear nor guess. But, for a second as Themba readjusted his position, he saw that the demon was licking and smelling the grootslang's armpits.

Ten minutes later they were in Themba's room. The grootslang was laying on his back with the demon diving into those pits he so loved. Meanwhile Oscar was between his legs, getting acquainted with that massive erection, rubbing his snout against his wiry pubes.

Themba's scent really was intoxicating. It could push aside all thoughts, leaving only a burning desire to fuck and be fucked. And it was only stronger after a workout. Stronger the more he became acquainted with it.

"Come on. Dive real deep into daddy's pits."

"Yes, daddy," moaned Robert.

A part of Oscar was impressed with how the masculine demon had been reduced to Themba's little toy. The two must have been fucking for a while now. But he brushed that thought away as Themba gripped his horns and pulled him down, and Oscar put his hands to the good things that lay before him.

Oscar learned how to deepthroat on the job, as the grootslang left him no other choice. Not that he was complaining.

"And you, cocksucker..."

Themba withdrew his dick from the minotaur's eager, desperate mouth.

"Say how much you want this."

"I wanna suck your dick, sir."

"Not enough."

"Fuck my mouth and cum in me, please."

"Try again."

"Sir, please fuck my mouth real good, use me, cum inside, fill me up, hold my horns and fuckin' use me!"

That did it. The grootslang complied with Oscar's request; used him good, holding his horns and fucking without mercy or pause. Oscar's only periods of respite were when the grootslang wanted his broad tongue tasting his balls, but even then it was a brutal grinding of the minotaur's snout over their leathery surface. Oscar held onto Themba's meaty thighs for dear life, and his tail thrashed for joy.

And he had no intention of making it quick. In the half an hour that ensued, Oscar learned a lesson: to push away all the thoughts and let himself be beautifully used. Enjoy the taste, the feel, the movement, the smell.

"Time to claim you."

Themba's orgasm was unlike Robert's or Oscar's. It blasted and flooded Oscar's mouth, again overflowing from his nose, but it lasted longer. Enough for the grootslang to pull out and paint the minotaur's face white.

It took a while for Oscar to return back to Earth. Even the grootslang's cum smelled like him, and now every breath of air came pregnant with his musk.

"Don't clean it off your face. I have plans for you."

"Yessir."

And he did. He didn't get tired after a single nut. Now it was Robert's turn to be fucked in the ass by that monster. Meanwhile Oscar sucked the demon off, rubbing his still clothed crotch over that fiery face.

When he was about to cum, Themba pulled out and painted the demon's face white as well. Now Oscar and Robert were together, branded by Themba's seed.

"You bitches look good together."

Robert was still fingering his hole. He hadn't cum yet, Themba hadn't allowed him to.

"Did you cum, boy?"

"When you came on my face, sir."

"Well damn. You're a natural cocksucker, huh?"

Themba's smile down at him made him feel warm.

"But I'm not finished. Rest up for a sec; we still have round two — and maybe three."