

Oscar's Oral Odyssey

Part 1: Robert

It started simple enough. Since settling down at the hotel, Pedro insisted on Oscar starting some form of exercise. There was a time when this sort of comment would have carried a drop of poison and a brief glance at the young man's waistline, but by then the peacock had already assumed a much more subdued and supportive attitude.

There were three options: running laps around the hotel, working out at the gym, or swimming in the pool. Running laps was absolutely hellish in the deathly heat of the day and unbearable in the bone-chilling cold of the night, leaving only the early evening as a possibility — but Oscar's shift rarely ended by that time. The gym was a much better alternative in all regards and it even had treadmills, but Oscar could not hide that the whole place intimidated him. Pedro offered to work out alongside him, but it was to no avail.

And so the minotaur went with swimming, which was the one activity Pedro could not help him with. Not that he needed any, as he both had a natural talent for it and had learned how to swim long ago.

It became routine. He went for a swim three times per week — on Mondays and Fridays early in the morning, and after his shift during Wednesdays. Before long he had made a few acquaintances with some human employees. But their kindness could not counteract a lifetime of bitterness that taught the minotaur to keep regular people at an arm's length.

Given these circumstances, maybe it was inevitable that Oscar would be drawn to Robert, the demon, who was as close as one could get to the minotaur's definition of cool. He swam

during Wednesday nights with his pink speedo. He had those rings on his horns. He looked serious and intimidating, but usually went with fruity drinks.

In fact, Robert was the one to first approach the minotaur. The demon had noticed just how often the young man was looking at him. Oscar hardly even hid it when he stared at Robert's stocky muscular roundness, or his stubby tail, or the bulge in his swimsuit. After some chit chat, they became workout buddies, which quickly evolved into having dinner together afterwards. One night Luke interrupted their dinner with his usual shenanigans, asking Robert when he'd become a top — and the demon went along with it.

Oscar's fascination with the demon only grew with the discovery he was gay. Or bisexual. Or something like that. And Robert, always perceptive, noticed the shift in attitude.

One night the demon talked about his previous lovers. His excuse was that he wanted to impart some wisdom on the young man. He included just enough details to stir a warmth in the lad's crotch. Oscar couldn't hide his curiosity.

"What is it like? Sex, I mean," he asked.

"There's a reason why men want to have it non-stop." A growl escaped from the demon's belly, the cracks on his skin grew brighter. "You're young. You'll have your adventures and see it for yourself, what you like and dislike."

"What did you like?"

"I am very flexible as a partner, I enjoy a bit of everything. Though if you really want to know, I always liked giving and receiving oral sex."

Oscar squirmed and squeezed his legs together. A stain of pre was forming on his speedo.

Noticing the young man squirming, Robert cast a sharp gaze at Oscar. "At my age, however, I am no longer looking for a relationship."

But Oscar's interest did not wane. With a clean conscience, the demon relaxed. That weekend Oscar "stumbled" on the demon having a drink in the lounge, at his usual hour and table. They talked about nothing in particular at first. Then Robert mentioned he had been

reading a book about the history of jazz, and asked if Oscar would like to see it in his room.

Without hesitating, the minotaur agreed.

Robert's room was equipped with a small kitchen and dining table. There were a few books stacked there; the one about jazz, yes, but also a collection of Tom of Finland's work, another with artistic, black and white photographs of BDSM scenes, and Walt Whitman's collected works.

That night, they pretended to be interested in jazz. Oscar tried to be inquisitive about it, but his mind was elsewhere. He was feeling light-headed. His gaze shifted to the overtly sexual cover art of the Tom of Finland collection when Robert's elbow bumped it.

They both looked at it. Oscar's gaze was locked.

Robert scooted his chair closer to the lad.

"Sorry, I forgot to store these away. Not the usual book you'd show to guests."

"It's alright."

"Really? Alright?"

"Yeah... The cover looks cool, with all the leather."

The demon's throat rumbled. By then, after weeks of casual interactions, Oscar had picked up it meant he was interested in the conversation.

"You can look at it. Go ahead."

He did. His hands were shaking as he leafed through the pages. A part of him wished he could have enjoyed them in a calmer moment, but what mattered was keeping it together.

The demon scooted closer again. Their knees touched, and Oscar did not pull it away. The demon's hand slid from his legs to the side of Oscar's. He did not pull away.

"When you are my age you become shameless."

Oscar looked at the demon's eyes. Their gaze remained locked for a far too brief eternity.

"Come here."

Oscar leaned towards the demon, not sure how to do it. Robert put an arm over the lad's shoulder. For a minute they stayed there, heads and horns touching, eyes closed, waiting for the young man's heart to settle before the demon went for the kiss. Robert hoped to surprise him with the length of his tongue, but in truth it was Oscar who won in this department. By far.

He pinched the lad's nipples through his shirt, eliciting a moan, then groped his pecs. This young man was a hard worker. Inexperienced in sex, but otherwise a full grown adult.

The demon let Oscar set the pace. They kissed for as long as he wanted, and when the minotaur put a hand over Robert's straining, leaking erection the demon ground against it. When Oscar broke the kiss the hunger in his face was plain to see. He looked up to Robert and, receiving a confident nod, proceeded to unbutton the demon's shorts.

He hadn't been wearing any underwear. His manhood smelled like firewood. It was a lively shade of red and orange, hot and leaking, a bit on the short side, but thick and mouth-watering. Truly so; the minotaur found himself licking his lips.

Robert petted the minotaur's head, scratched behind his ears, barely held to his horns. The demon thought of suggesting that Oscar take off his own pants, but an intuition told him it was best to let the young man do as he pleased. And it was clear what he wanted.

And so, he put his hands to the good things that lay before him.

He licked the shaft, tasted the dripping pre, smelled and nuzzled the balls. His whole body was on fire, all thoughts disappeared from his mind and gave way to appreciating the moment. Before he knew it, he was kissing the head, swirling it in his mouth, coaxing out more drops of salty pre, taking it all in.

Bobbing up and down. Without ever thinking about it, his mouth made a vacuum, sucking in and out expertly. Maybe it was his bovine side taking control, not wanting to waste a single drop of what Robert had to give. He lowed and shuddered at the taste, the smell, and that made Robert smile.

Without thinking Robert put a hand on Oscar's horn — and it woke something in him. The demon couldn't help but notice how the lad's tail thrashed. The demon took control of the blowjob — gently at first, becoming quicker and firmer as Oscar seemed to only become more into it.

He warned the minotaur that his orgasm was fast approaching. Oscar, even if he was in a daze, heard it well and chose to serve that manhood all the way to its mouth-watering end. Indeed, as the demon was roaring out his orgasm, filling his mouth with seed, Oscar couldn't help but notice that it tasted right. Better than he could ever have imagined. Maybe it was his bovine side having a liking to certain tastes and textures. But, regardless, he was hooked. For a long time, he stayed nuzzled into Robert's crotch, breathing deeply in the afterglow.

Robert offered to repay the fine pleasure Oscar had afforded him — but the lad, clearly, had a hang up with his own body. He did not want to show what he was packing. So, instead, they laid together on the demon's bed until the fires of Oscar excitement grew too great. Without taking off his pants he ground his own manhood to climax against the demon.

After cuddling and showering, for now satisfied, they went back to the book about jazz's history. They had a spirited discussion over dinner together. Later that night, Oscar returned to his room with a spring on his hooves. He felt like a complete man: powerful, incredible, sexy. The fact he didn't have the courage to show his manhood to Robert scarcely affected his sense of victory.

Later that night, he went to bed thinking of the experience. How he luxuriated at sucking Robert's dick. A part of him realized that he wanted it, perhaps needed it.

More.