

I met him in an Irish pub, the Smoking Dog. I was trying to drown the souvenir of my last meeting with the Phant Twins and was already a little light headed. The pub is known is for his almost permanent smoke cloud hovering above everyone's head so I didn't saw him approach me. It's only when he sat right next to me that I smelled his cigar. My eyes rolled and my throat suddenly felt like it was on fire. Coughing, I turned to look at him. He was sitting on a bar stool, wearing very used dark brown working shoes, ebony overalls, a dark red T-shirt, white gloves and a black cap with the letter "M". His large beergut and even more large mustache gave him a very stereotypical and yet utterly sexy working-class Daddy Bear look. When I looked him in the eyes, I saw he was looking intensely at me with an over-the-top evil smirking grin, complete with the cigar protruding from the corner of his mouth. He was leaking of overconfidence. I coughed one last time from the smell and cleared my throat just enough for a single question.

-What do you want Mario?

-Your ass.

I froze, waiting for the punchline, and then he blew the smoke of his cigar in my face. I coughed again and realized he was dead serious.

-What makes you think I...

He leaped from his stool and grabbed my cock through my pants. He squeezed it hard enough to make me squeal. He then threw his other hand around me, pulled and kissed me on the mouth...

We had barely made it to his place when he threw all my clothes away and started giving my ass the kind of pounding you remember and masturbate to for weeks, Little did I know how long I was actually going to stay...