

Title: The Mayo Man Who Loved Me

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I'm so excited for the GameStop dividend tomorrow that I'm going to share my favorite story with this sub.

There I was, a young guy with a tight, puckered asshole having the time of my life in downtown Chicago. It was kinda late at night, I'd just left my favorite bar, The Marq as I was walking down Dearborn Ave. when an older gentleman bumped into me as his limo was waiting for him to enter.

Being a little tipsy, I mumbled "sorry," and was about to keep walking when he cleared his throat and I turned and our eyes met. Suddenly nervous, I gasped a little and could smell him. The sweat, pungent aroma of raw eggs and Dijon mustard. I broke our stare and focused in on his entire face, not just his plain, glassy eyes. He had a red, diabetic aura about him that was irresistible if I ever needed insulin. His nose was large, and veiny. (Just how I like them.) His nostrils were as bushy as his eyebrows, and I could see the thin layer of perspiration on the edges of his forehead, presumably olive oil.

"That was my bad," he said, "I didn't see you cumming. I always see people coming."

"No it was my fault, I've had a little too much to drink I guess."

"Let me make it up to you, I was about to go get sushi."

"Sure," I said and climbed down into the limo with him.

I was a little nervous, and my heart rate was elevated. It was dark in the back of the limo because of the tinted windows but we could see the skyscrapers above us through the sunroof, which was also tinted.

Even though there were about twelve to fifteen seats within the car, he decided to sit almost right next to me, and I couldn't help but blush.

"What do you do for work?" I asked, trying to break the tension in the air.

"Oh, just business stuff, it's very important. Some of my clients even own islands in the Virgin Islands," he said before sighing, and his large, bulbous stomach shrunk slightly. I looked up through the sunroof again, and I saw from the corner of my eye as he slid closer over to me.

"How important?" I asked jokingly, trying to tease him.

"Very," he said, and I felt him slide his hand onto my inner thigh. I could instantly feel myself getting hard, and looked down from the sky, and glanced at his hand on me in the low light. It was knobby and bruised at the knuckles, probably because he beat the shit out of his wife the day before.

He leaned towards me and kissed my neck, and then we started. Clothes were torn off, and the sound of wrestling and tearing fabric filled the limo. Mounting behind me while kissing the back of my neck he spread me open with his hands on my ass cheeks.

"Do you have a condom?"

"No, but I have something even better, I have a naked condom, it's perfectly safe because I've never had to cover." And then I felt him push inward. It hurt and I gasped, but he was too thick around, mostly because of the warts.

Do you have any lube?" I said through gritted teeth. I heard him rummage around behind me before tossing the lid to a jar of mayonnaise next to me as I felt him dab cool, large globs of that creamy condiment onto my winking, chocolate starfish.

Then somebody opened the car door. Get on the floor! EVERYBODY WALK THE DINOSAUR!