

Ringo's Heart

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Ringo's Heart

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Summary

The morning after Brian Epstein and Ringo Starr passionate affair, Brian let's the roles reverse.

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Notes

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After a night of wild passion, the two men slept deeply next to one another. The morning came and went without any notice from the lovers in the masters chambers. Meanwhile, the servants were about, but the master of the house and his guest slumbered passed noon. It was early in the afternoon when the manager Brian Epstein, awoke in his bed, beside a naked Ringo Starr. The young client was curled in a ball at the edge of the mattress, too far for Epstein's liking. So feeling playful, Brian pulled his companion to his chest, rousing the young lover in his arms. The sleeping lad though groggy, smiled as he rolled over to faced his manager.

"Good morning." Starr said yawning, while squinting his blue eyes.

"Good morning handsome." Brian said looking over the cute man in his bed. The drummer's height added to his charm. There was just something adoring with being with a shorter lover. There's a cuteness in a petite figure, yet completely manly. In a way, it might represent, his queer take of what these lads look for in female partners. Someone who is of a smaller mass than yourself. The desire to feel strong and chivalrous was a desire even queer men had. They simply would rather give such attention to another man. "How are you feeling about what we did?" the elder asked, soothingly stroking the young man's long locks. The Beatle sighed, because he wasn't sure what words would express his feelings on the matter.

"Well you're an amazing lover," the anxious partner answered honestly. "but I feel like I didn't get to pleasure you." His concern was evident in his voice.

"You're right." Mister Epstein agreed to the lads point. "I got a little carried away last night. You are so cute, I couldn't resist playing with your body."

"That's your thing huh?" the shy man inquired, as he let his fingers explore his partners chest. "Playing with others more than being played with?" This time Brian was a little red, as the blue eyes captivated his soul.

"With younger or less experienced men," the homeowner began. "I like to take charge and play with them." The experience homosexual confessed. "I get a thrill introducing others to new pleasures." The taller man began to let his hand strokes, travel along the young face before him. "But you're not into just being pampered, are you?" A smile escaped his lips.

"No." Starr agreed "I like to do exactly what you described to my lovers as well." This made the older man smile. Then he reached in for a kiss and the drummer went in to it, after which Brian rolled his client on top of him as their stiff cocks rubbed together. One was circumcised, the other was not, yet the two organs were familiar with one another and intertwined affectionately.

"Pleasure me my love." Epstein exclaimed. Ringo looked down at the much larger man, kissed him deeply and proceeded to rub their thick meat's together. The blue eyes were warm and sweet, but strong and determined. Brian enjoyed giving his partners pleasure, but sometimes that meant he needed to allow his lovers to have the position he enjoyed best. Ringo was a natural top, too nervous of the vulnerability of being topped himself. Then the older man spread his cheeks welcoming the large organ of his companion.

"You would let me do this to you?" asked the dumbfounded drummer as this action surprised the Beatle. To the bisexual this position seemed so demeaning, and couldn't fathom how his manager would make such a jester.

"No, I would have you do this for me." Explained the man on the bottom. "I enjoy making love in this way." The elder told him without any restraint. "I like having a man inside of me. It feels good and brings my lover closer." His large hands were again, affectionately stroking the youthful face, now above. A gorgeous sight to behold! "I'm a man, I do what I want,"

Then he gazed into his anxious partner's eyes. "and I don't allow silly stereotypes and fear get in the way between me and my beautiful lovers." Immediately, the wise man reached up and deeply kissed the surprised drummer on top. "Now go get my box from the night stand and prepare me nicely, please." The host gave his order in a friendly manner.

Ringo didn't hesitate to fulfill the request. Automatically he climbed off the man he was to fuck, to reach the draw of the night stand. He found the box with little effort, then he took out the brown bottle and lathered the substance heavily on his manhood. It wasn't long after, Brian felt the liquid around his rear, then he helped guide the large meat inside him. Epstein backed in gently, down on the thick shaft. The smaller man's girth was impressive.

Meanwhile Ringo eagerly stroked the circumcised penis in his grasp, doing all he could to stimulate his partner, it didn't seem the experienced man had an problem accepting such a big dick!

Brian was relaxed and Ringo was able to slide in easily. The Beatle leaned in forward, carefully moving back and forth, all while looking down at Epstein. The musician was fascinated that Brian was fully relaxed. The man was enjoying what Ringo was doing to him, and he did not hide it. Mister Epstein showed no embarrassment, nor tried to fight off the pleasure out of shame. The Beatle was in a state of total awe as he longed for this experience himself, but still feared it. Unlike Starr's last two lovers he has had in this position, Brian was facing the insecure bisexual, looking into his blue eyes.

The two men were able to kiss directly, and most noticeably Ringo could see the other man's face. Starr tried not to let those eyes gazing up at him, distract the young lover from his intentions. He just kept his composure strong, as he rode his manager's ass. Brian buckled backwards, letting himself enjoy the experience. Then the less experienced man on top reached in to play with the nipples of his lover. His warm lips kissed the erect flat chest and his pink tongue licked and lightly nibbled the nubs. The older man didn't hold back and moaned to the pleasure and demanded more. Then the man above felt the intensity of the orgasm build. Brian tightened himself surprising the drummer inside the cavity.

"Oh my god." Ringo gasped from the new experience. Brian's ass was squeezing his dick, milking the cum from his balls! The smaller body shook wildly, through the mattress and the four legs of the bed. Starr was still rubbing his lover's dick making the man below him twitch and squirm. Suddenly he stopped yanking on the meat as he thrust harder and harder.

Forgetting his gentle demeanor, the drummer's pace ever increased, as the intensity rose. To his credit, Brian took it all, and seemed to love the increased energy. The blue eyes were watering, as the powerful exchange of the two men looking into each other's faces, overwhelmed the man on top. The drummer gave out a great moan and Epstein could feel the powerful organ shoot off inside him. The liquid manhood inside was a big sloppy mess.

Although fully spent, Ringo reached down and jerked Brian's cock. He watched as the older man easily go into the motion and spray his hose of the same substance that swam inside him. Then as Starr pulled himself out, Brian rolled him back underneath. The drummer was flustered from the orgasm, but also by the overwhelming presence of the man on top of him. Brian was so tall and massive, Ringo trembled feeling the control he thought he possessed, was just a mere illusion. Epstein was always in control and he should expect that with this lover. The older man just smiled and stroked the sweet face of the vulnerable man beneath him.


"You see Rich," Brian explained. "It's not the sex that makes you submissive, it's how you feel about your lover, what you are doing and " the managers stopped for a moment as his eyes locked into the watery blue one's below. "yourself. " then the older gentleman reached in for a kiss. "It's okay to feel small sometimes and you shouldn't fight it. It feels good to let

go. “Ringo was being petted again. “Don’t be afraid to let George make love to you like this. He loves you and will be comforting and understanding of your needs.” Tears welled up in the beautiful blue eyes and the manager gently whisked them away, while kissing the wet face. Ringo felt so small, but now it was so warm and welcoming.

For so long his height was the punchline of jokes and gags. His mates towered over his smaller frame, but here being small was okay. It was loving and sweet, not the cruelty of mockery. It was finally then Ringo nestled into the inviting chest of his manager and embraced a part of him he had been fighting his whole life. Himself.

End Notes

This is fanfiction I make no claim whatsoever any of these events took place.

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