

**Trans Male Erotica
Presents:**



**TRANSITIONS:
ONE MAN'S JOURNEY
INTO DISCOVERING
TRANSGENDER MEN**

By Chris Gilbert © 2013

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Volume One

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**Published by
CP Trans Male Erotica**

**Cover by:
April N. Dockery**

Introduction

This non-fiction work is a collection of several stories about how a confused married cisgendered man became a primarily gay cis man who loves transgender men. *Note: I will use “cis” to mean the person identifies with the gender with which he or she was born. Transgendered, or “trans,” means born without the traditional anatomical parts but still identify with the gender – for example a trans man is a man who was born with female parts – often the acronym FTM (female to male) is used to designate these men. A cis man is someone who identifies as a male and was born with male parts (i.e. penis and testicles) Some people use “bio” rather than cis. I will use the term “cis” because some of my friends have pointed out they were biologically born as a man, just with female parts, so they are a bio man in the sense they were born a male just as much as I was.*

During the course of this book I am going to explore this notion and offer some observations about trans men and how each one has a different and unique journey or transition from being born with female parts to identifying as male. This transition that these men encounter is not the primary focus of this book, make no mistake about it, I respect and admire each of these men and the extremely difficult journey they have endured. This book is about my sexual exploration and maturity brought about by my association with, and love of, trans men. It is very sexual, its genesis comes from sharing my first few sexual experiences with a trans friend of mine. We took turns telling about our first times and eventually it evolved into this book.

I want to explore one very important point at this juncture before I begin with the primarily sexual transition I undertake during this journey. There is a huge difference between gender identity and sexual orientation but most people confuse the two. The reason why many of us don't understand this concept is because we are born in one gender and identify with that gender our whole lives. Hence, gender identity is how one perceives one's gender. I was born with male parts and consider myself male – therefore I am labeled a cis man. Some people are born with female parts and consider themselves female – they are called cis women.

Many other people are born with female parts but consider themselves male, they identify as male – these are trans men. Another significant group are born with male parts and consider themselves female – these are trans women. Many of the last two groups (transgender people) have surgery to correct the error of their birth with the wrong parts, many do not and are perfectly happy and content living as a male with a vagina. If I have learned anything during my journey it is that identity is not prescribed by what one has between one's legs, a theme I will come back to over and over again in this book.

As with sexual orientation, gender identity can be confusing for many of us, as we may not completely identify with one gender or another. There are people who are born with either male or female parts and don't exclusively identify with one gender or another, there are many names this group has adopted from gender non-conformists to gender-queers to gender neutral. Perhaps all of us have some of the other gender in us, I am going to explore that at various points during this and subsequent volumes in this series.

So, then what is the difference between gender identity and sexual orientation? It is quite simple really, gender identity is just that, am I a man or a woman or gender neutral. Sexual orientation is based on my preferred sex partner. For years we labeled cis men who liked other cis men as gay and cis women who like other cis women as lesbian, and cis men and women who liked the “opposite sex” as straight or hetero. Of course, there are cis men and women who like both and are often called bisexual.

Obviously, just because a cis man has a penis does not mean that he must love a vagina nor a cis woman with a vagina love or prefer a penis. This is true of trans men and women also. Some trans men love women, just as a cis man would. Some trans men love men, just as a gay cis man would, that is his sexual orientation. The same is true of trans women, many love cis women and others love cis men. Of course, many people like both

genders or multiple combinations, it is becoming more and more popular for individuals to claim their orientation as pansexual – enjoying sex with people with any genitalia.

This writing is not about defining or explaining trans men, or cis men or cis women for that matter. This is a journey of not only my sexual experimentation and attraction to trans men but my emotional and psychological transformation to a cis man who is no longer primarily physically and emotionally attracted to women.

Volume I of the series begins with the first time I met a trans man and follows my experiences through to the lessons I learned over the first two years I had the privilege to get to know ten trans men. By the way, every detail of these stories are etched in my mind and extremely accurate except I changed a few non-essential details to hide the identity of the men who have helped me along this journey.

My Background

I was married to a woman for 23 years before this journey began. I love my soon-to-be ex-wife but I always felt something was missing from the very first day. I never knew what it was, I thought at times maybe I was bisexual. I loved the sex with her when we were first married, but it grew old fairly quickly and in my mind there was some missing. If I am honest with myself, from the very beginning I always felt like there should be more to our lovemaking. I had this sense that there was an ultimate experience that I wasn't achieving, some sort of nirvana, if you will. For years, I struggled with whether it was an elusive fantasy I created in my mind or was it something real that I had to experience to truly feel complete as a human being.

Part of the problem with sex with my wife was we were so vanilla, it was boring to be frank. I initiated some contact and rubbed her breasts or vagina and she got horny and had me climb on top and fuck her till I came and then I would masturbate her till she came... Rarely, did we switch positions and never did she cum while I was fucking her. At times, I felt she wasn't really into it all that much. I will never forget the first night of our honeymoon when we discovered the thrill of a jetted tub for the first time in Canada. I thought how nice it would be to try something different.

We got in the tub together and I started to rub her hot little body, massaging her back and neck and down to her small but nicely shaped breasts. It was great fun to have the jets hitting all the parts of our bodies, especially our genitalia. The problem is she got too into it a bit too much, she climbed up to a jet and shoved her vagina about four inches away from one of the jets and started to go into convulsions from the sensations of water pounding her clit and vulva. I grabbed her and squeezed her rubbing her passionately, she came throwing her body back into mine. She shook with jolts of ecstasy over and over again for about two minutes or so, it was one of the most intense orgasms I ever saw her have. I was so excited to see what we could do next.

I was shocked and totally dumbfounded when she climbed out of the tub and said she was going to bed. I sat there in confusion, I said what about me? She didn't care, she told me I was on my own. I think that pretty much summed up our sex life in my mind. Later, I learned there are clues to sexual compatibility with a potential partner and often we shrug them off because we don't want to deal with them or we project on our sexual expectations on to our partner. Disregarding major signs that I was in for hurt, pain or dissatisfaction is all too common of a thread throughout my journey in life. Sometimes we just don't want to know the truth about a potential partner because we are afraid if we reject him or her we will be left alone and lonely.

About 10 years into my marriage I decided I was not satisfied, my wife I don't think was either. It wasn't going well, we came close to splitting a few times but our financial situation and concern for the children kept us together. We had kind of agreed to split when our youngest daughter graduated high school, although it was mostly unspoken. I started to try sex with bi and gay men discreetly without her knowledge. Soon she found out and we struggled for years with my infidelity and tried several solutions including marriage counseling.

This story is not about my marriage to my wife however. It is about something bigger to me – who I am and what I experienced that totally changed my life.

I have always been a sexual being. I don't know if it is innate or if my introduction to pornography at an early age had some influence or not. I remember the first time I saw hard core porn that my dad kept not very well hidden. All of us boys knew where it was "hidden" and used to sneak a peak, we even invited our friends to share it with us. We would explore each other's bodies without doing much, it was our pre-teen, pre-ability-to-cum years. Over time, as I got old enough to jerk off to porno, I often found myself jacking off thinking about the cocks, not a cock fucking me or even me sucking one per se. It was a familiarity thing, I could relate to those cocks and admired the different types of cocks I saw. Of course, mine still being immature may have had something to do with my love of the big cocks, they really turned me on. They still do today. Even then, right after I came I totally lost interest and actually felt ashamed, especially because the stigma associated with being gay was so strong back in those days. I didn't feel gay, but I felt my sexual desire to hold a cock was gay.

I was very interested in the female parts. In short, breasts and vaginas turned me on, but because I was so unfamiliar with them it was hard for me to imagine what it would be like to touch one, let alone penetrate one. I have read that introduction to pornography at a very early age can retard a person's sexuality and growth. I don't know if that is true or not, but I suspect I initially regarded intercourse as a purely "sexual act" due to my exposure to pornography at a very early age. By purely sexual I mean without attachment or emotion for your partner. Does this then flavor my opinion of sex? I think so. I see a big difference between sex and making love. I think you will understand that as you read my stories, some guys I have sex with and others I believe it was more about making love. This book isn't about the debate over the impact of pornography however, I love it to this day and feel for adults it is entirely appropriate to explore our sexual interests and desires.

I guess I have always had an attraction to cocks/penises/dicks or whatever your choice of terminology. I like the term cock. I played around with other boys as I was growing up, as so many cis guys do but are hesitant to admit. I wanted a female in the worst way though. I was a virgin with women until I was 20, primarily because I was so afraid of sex with a woman. I didn't know what to do, I mean I had seen the pictures but I never understood how one went from talking to a girl to 'let's fuck.' I learned later many women want a romantic progression to sex. Men generally don't, throughout this book I am going to explore this question as it applies to trans men as well. Also, note I am generalizing, I will try to refrain from that as I explore my interaction with trans men.

Sexually, I was very immature in my sexual development because I didn't experiment much with men and NOT AT ALL with women. My Judo-Christian background taught me that I had to love a woman and her me to have sex, it very much limited my ability to just try shit with women that I found attractive. I was also raised that women didn't like sex, just endured it as part of their 'wifely duty.' You can see how fucked up I was about heterosexual sex. I know sexuality is complicated but I felt so unfulfilled most of my life until the events of this "journey" as I call it into transgender men.

Anyway, I topped a few cis guys and sucked some cis cock in my life, I even bottomed a couple of times. I liked topping and got very hard while involved in the sex but immediately after I came I was looking for the exit. Besides the pornographic influence, I considered several reasons why this was. I was attracted to their maleness and wanted to make a friend that would hang with me and share my interests but we could have sex all the time. The ultimate relationship – right? But, somehow the sex part was incomplete, even worse than with cis women.

I have to admit I got hard and enjoyed it when my cock would sink into their tight asses. At first, I thought it might be the stigma of being gay that bothered me, but as I examined my feelings that notion didn't wash, at least with me. I had grown not to see gender and didn't give a shit about being 'male' as society defined it. I

had the advantage of never entirely adhering to the notion of orthodoxy. I always felt I should define my own being.

I just didn't care if I was gay, although I was very discreet for most of my life, starting in high school because of the viscous hatred of gays at the time. Then I became a teacher in a small town and it would have cost me my job had people found out back in the 1980s and 90s that I wasn't entirely heterosexual. I don't know why cis men don't do it for me, I like the maleness. I thought it might be the anal aspect, but I wasn't sure. Fucking an ass didn't bother me when I was horny, but it did afterward. I contemplated this for a few years as now and then I would hook up with a man for a safe encounter.

So, this is the background to following journey that began in July 2009.

Note: I will use the terms "front hole," "vagina," and sometimes just hole unless otherwise noted in this book. Originally, I was going to use the word "pussy" when a man would call his hole such, but I found that so many trans men find that offensive that I have taken the word completely out of this work.

Chapter 1: My First Trans Man

I was horny and on Manhunt looking for a blow job when I ran across my first trans guy's ad. His picture was freaky, I couldn't really make it out. I was imagining all this surgery and mystical parts... turns out it was his shoulders with tattoos taken from above. I couldn't visualize it until he told me about the photo. He wanted guys to know he was a man, so he didn't post his genitals like so many cis guys do (me included – ha). After I read that he had a “pussy” (his word) I was hugely curious.

I contacted him as I am quite adventuresome and loving experiencing life. I had hooked up with females before and love a sweet vagina. I didn't know what he had for equipment but I was definitely interested. One of the females I had hooked up with had a vagina that was so small I once thought for sure she was a trans woman. I could only go about four inches deep in her. I really liked the idea, so, the thought of someone with surgery was kind of cool. I wanted to know more, but at the same time I was a bit apprehensive I must admit.

He told me he was a trans guy, he said that meant he "was a man with a p....(vagina)" I was fascinated as I hadn't heard of trans men and love learning new things. I had only met men, women and guys who felt like they were women. Ignorantly, I had never thought of a person that was born with female parts but actually was a man. Surprisingly, I was really nervous about meeting him more than anyone I had ever met before. He calmed my nerves and told me to just act natural and do what came natural, in short enjoy myself but understand he is a man. He told me that he self-identified as a gay male.

We messaged back and forth and I began to understand him. I loved his encouragement, patience and understanding. He allowed me to ask the most ridiculous questions an ignorant (I mean uninformed) cis man would ask. He told me that he was only 26 and I was a bit outside his age and weight range but he might be interested. I was over 300 pounds by then, mostly I felt substituting food for lack of fulfilling sex – or I just loved to eat ☺

He told me he would hook up with me if I was generous. I decided I wanted to try this new experience as I am quite adventuresome by nature, so decided I was game. He made it clear that this was just sex and there was no romantic interest on his part.

I didn't think anything of it as I was sure it was like all the cis men I had met - just a good fuck and I would be on my way, maybe occasionally hook up again for a great orgasm but certainly no romance. To be honest, I was still confusing him with a lesbian at this point and wasn't attracted to them as I had some bad experiences with a few I worked with at the time – I knew it wasn't all lesbians but the three I knew hated men and had such hostility towards me. We negotiated a price and I said I would give him \$100 if he would let me fuck him. We didn't talk about what else we would do as I didn't really know what to expect.

So, we agreed to meet the next day. He was staying at a friend's house and she was gone for the week and he was all alone. He told me he had some time at lunch to hook up with me if I wanted to come over. I asked him to meet me at the door nude as I thought that would help eliminate any awkwardness. He said he was cool with meeting me nude as a way to break the ice and get right at it as he didn't have much time anyway. He said he only had an hour or less.

I will never forget how my mind searched to try to find an image of what he would look like, since I had no reference I kept coming up with these partial images of parts of his body but couldn't put the whole picture together. I was nervous but tremendously excited, I really liked his manner in our email exchanges, he seemed laid back and kind. I didn't want to say the wrong thing or act like he was a woman as he had made it clear to me he was a man that happened to be born with female parts. Because I questioned my own gender often and think gender straightjackets are bullshit, I started to relate to what he was saying. I wanted to know more given my intellectual curiosity, but I decided make no mistake about it this was going to be about sex.

I was going to put my social science training aside and just enjoy a hot sexual interaction. Sure, I was curious about transgenderism and had never thought about a female to male transgender person before. It was pure ignorance on my part but again this wasn't going to be an educational activity in and of itself. This was about that blow job I was looking for when I first met him, and hopefully more.

When I got there he was wrapped in a blanket, he said he didn't want the neighbors to see him nude. I was surprised at how masculine his face looked, he had a slight beard, a goatee actually, but I thought he was cute. Not pretty, not gorgeous, just a cute twink of a guy. I was pretty sheltered in my experience with sex and have never been with anyone that had facial hair or tattoos. I thought how hairy beards turned me off with cis men. His beard and face were different.

I was dying to see his body and front hole (he used the "p...." word but I won't out of respect for men who are offended by the term). He told me to follow him upstairs, I was really nervous but when he walked up the stairs his blanket slid off, a little at a time. He did that on purpose I suppose as it was sexy as hell. Anyway, he got halfway up the stairs and I saw this really hot back half-covered with tattoos and a CUTE ass. I came RUNNING up after him. By time we got to his room I was hard.

I followed him into his room and he sat on the bed. I walked toward him and he didn't waste any time as he reached in my gym shorts and started to play with my cock while sitting there naked on his bed. I didn't want to stare but I wanted to see the front of his body, I wanted to know what a trans man looked like. I was not really paying much attention to him grabbing my cock and was more trying to discretely scope out his body.

It didn't take long for me to become very excited about his body, it was so slender and hot, hairy and tattooed. I never thought I like tats, hairy men or piercings but he was really getting to me in a way I had never felt before. I couldn't put my finger on exactly what feelings I had, I just knew they were incredibly intense. I was getting so hard and leaking precum like mad. He was a great cock sucker and really seemed to love cock! From my angle above him I could definitely see that his shoulders were tattooed and well-defined, I now understood the pic he had posted on Manhunt.

He stood up and I saw his full front naked for the first time and I damn near came. He had this huge clit (I was told it was a t-cock- meaning it had grown big by the use of testosterone or "T") that stood way out and was pierced (the hood). I could smell the "T cologne" as I came to call it that some trans guys have who are on T. At first, I was quite surprised by his odor, I thought maybe it was sweat, as it was hot outside and he didn't have air conditioning. However, it wasn't unpleasant at all though.

When I got back home I read everything I could about trans guys and learned that some guys develop an odor from T. Some people wrote they didn't like it, it didn't bother me; in fact, I liked it – I grew to like it a lot! He was so fucking hot. He had small "tits," I learned to call it his top. He said he didn't mind "tits" but the politically correct term would be top, some guys used "chest" also he told me. I loved the huge nipples that stuck out, they were the size of a big tootsie roll. I wanted to suck them but thought that he wouldn't like it because he might think I saw them as a women's tits, I really didn't. It is remarkable that almost immediately I knew he was a man, which was so different for me.

I saw this beautiful trail of hair up his stomach, it seemed soft and natural. I ran my hand over it and was surprised at how much I enjoyed its visual beauty and texture. I reached down further and put my hand on his front hole and it was soaking wet – I had never felt anything like it and this is no exaggeration, I couldn't believe it. He laughed (almost a giggle, but not feminine, it was so sexy yet hard to explain) and he told me he gets really wet from T when he is near cock, he his hole was gushing moisture out of it at that moment to prove his point I guessed. I LOVED IT.

I didn't play with him long before he was sitting on edge of bed sucking me again. He seemed to be taking the lead and I didn't mind at all. My head was spinning with this tremendous euphoria that I just can't explain – was it the newness of it? The way he was SO into my cock and sex? Or, the fact he was way hotter than I had expected in my wildest dreams? I didn't know, and at that point just didn't care. I was so surprised at how hot he was compared to the picture he sent me, I thought to tell him to get a better photographer but that wasn't important at that moment.

He moaned while he sucked me and cupped my balls lightly rubbing and squeezing them. It was obvious, he loved cock and this wasn't his first rodeo, as they say. That was such a turn on, he knew what he was doing, he knew how to make a cock feel good.

Without warning he jumped up and got on all fours with his ass hanging over the bed. I didn't even think about what I was doing at that point, instinct just took over. I stepped up and slid my cock in his WET vagina. OH GOD, it was good, I tried to revel in the moment but it was just too good for me to concentrate on anything at all. I rubbed his ass and back as I thrust my cock in and out, I just wanted to touch him everywhere. I reached around for his t-cock but his hand was already there :)

I looked down and saw my cock dripping wet with his juices, literally dripping with his juices. It was the most incredible sight of my life until that moment. My shaft was sliding in and out of his hole. I could see his cute pink asshole winking up at me as I began pounding my cock into his hole. My head was spinning with a million thoughts about this man and his incredible vagina and how it was making my cock feel GREAT!

It didn't take long and I started to feel my cock throbbing with pleasure and I knew what was about to come (cum :) My cock head is quite big and he was moaning and really getting into it; each time I slammed it deep into his hole he would moan even louder. I slowed down for long deep strokes, again I looked down at his sweet ass and my cock buried deep. I could see his vaginal lips pulling out with my cock head and drawing it back in with every stroke.

It was all too much, his hot MALE body, the tremendous wetness of his hole, the site of his crimson red lips wrapped around my cock, and the friction between my swollen cock and his hole were overwhelming my senses. I felt my cock was going to explode with pleasure, it was time to cum I couldn't hold back anymore, I am not sure I wanted to, but I had no choice in the matter at this point.

My first shot hit the back of his canal. I pulled out to his opening and pushed it back in again deep and hard. My second shot was toward the opening of his hole but I am sure the cum was shoved back in by my cock as I grabbed his ass and held him tight against me as I filled him full of my seed. He just moaned in pleasure. I left my cock buried deep but would thrust my hips a bit closer with each jolt of orgasm. My whole groin was on fire, I didn't realize it but his finger-covered t-cock was shoving against my balls and his ass cheeks against my groin.

I wanted this feeling to last forever, like with so many times when I cum it feels like it was over too quickly. I wished I could have frozen time when I was in the middle of my orgasm and make that feeling last forever. After about thirty seconds, I pulled out and saw my cum dripping out of him - it was incredible. His ass was so cute and full of my cum. I just froze and stood there staring at the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.

He jumped up and went toward the bathroom, I cleaned up in his bedroom with a towel he gave me. I stood there thinking I just had the most incredible sex in my life with a complete stranger I met 25 minutes ago. I looked around and saw a condom on his night stand and I thought 'shit we didn't use that, did we?'

I followed him into the bathroom after he was done. I saw my face in the mirror and I was smiling like I had never smiled before. It was a bit of a surprise as I didn't realize I was grinning so, it was a natural smile that

just comes from a feeling below a conscious level. I cleaned up and took a piss. There was this incredible calmness to me. I went back to the mirror and stood there and looked at myself and this rush of strange feelings were running through me. I knew I had just changed my life, but it was just sinking in and I was thrilled and scared at the same time.

He had to get back to work so he rushed me out of there. I gave him the \$100 and walked with him out to my car as he was heading back to work. He seemed to be in a hurry and I wasn't sure if it was because he didn't care for sex with me or if he was late. On the way home, I began to process the experience as one does, thinking about how I was so turned on by his body, perhaps more than anyone I had ever met. It wasn't that great of body after all, I had seen more fit, more svelte, and toned. Yet, the more I thought about it the more excited I became picturing it in my mind.

I was torn between the awesome lust I was developing for him and at the same time I was SCARED TO DEATH. I kept thinking we just fucked bareback without even talking about it. I remember having the most clarifying moment in my life, it is almost indescribable. I knew my life had changed, I knew I had just experienced my most intense orgasm and sex of my life, albeit short. In this brief period of time, I had come to idolize his body in my mind. I thought to myself this is what a heroin addict must feel like after his first hit, I knew I couldn't give this up. At the same time, I thought I probably wouldn't get another chance with him.

As with any drug, there was a down side that frightened me. He was from a big metropolitan city and so good at sucking and sex, it seemed so natural to him. It ran through my mind if he would go bareback with me and let me cum in him, wouldn't he let everyone? Suddenly, he seemed so promiscuous, after all maybe he was a prostitute (I hadn't learned yet that today we call them "sex workers")? I wrestled with those feelings for hours. Balancing the most exciting, tempestuous experience of my life with the absolute fright of perhaps being exposed to a disease.

I finally emailed him later that day and asked him if he realized we fucked without a condom. He replied yes, he had been thinking about it also and he was totally caught up in the moment. He didn't think about it at the time either but was now wondering about my disease status. At first, I was bit offended, knowing that I am disease-free, but after a while it felt oddly comforting that he was worried about me. I thought about how I was no virgin to bareback sex and I didn't see myself as a disease-threat to anyone, he was probably no different than me.

Nonetheless, I was shocked that I didn't use a condom as I am usually so careful. I had always used condoms with guys and most of the females I had been with over the years. He said that he always used condoms also and didn't know why he didn't ask me to use one on this occasion. He told me I was the only one he fucked barebacked other than his boyfriends. He said it had been six weeks since he was fucked and he was so horny he was just caught up in my cock. I believed him, he seemed very honest. It felt so unbelievable, I wanted to believe him.

All I could do was think about him for the next two days. I speculated if I would I see him again. After all, it was just 'sex for hire' to him, I am sure he didn't have the same incredible experience I had. Perhaps I was building it up too much in my mind. When one goes through a major transformation in his life it is so seldom he actually recognizes it at the time, and on the other hand, sometimes what seems like a big deal turns out to be no more than a short-lived delight and nothing more.

I knew I had become way too philosophical over this one incredible experience and decided to chill and see where it went. He had sent an email saying he had a good time and would like to do it again before he left town in two days. He was only in town for a week and his business was over on Thursday. I was absolutely thrilled by his offer. I was nervous about him being with other guys and my safety but I had to see him again. Besides, it was just as much my responsibility to use a condom, he could think the same of me.

So, two days later I showed up on his doorstep again. I knew I was an addict and he was my drug.

This time I asked him if I could bring my camera and discreetly take pictures of his hot body and my cock fucking him. He said “sure.” I loved the way he said “sure,” to this day if anyone says that as a single-word answer I think of him.

He met me at the door in a blanket again, only this time he dropped it at the step of the stairs and ran up the stairs naked. I could see his front hole and pierced t-cock as he ran up the stairs. It was incredible, it was like my first snort or shot or whatever drug addicts do to start their fix.

I told myself since this was the last time I was going to see him that I was really going to enjoy it, take my time as much as he would let me. I wanted to explore every inch of his HOT body. When we got to his room I asked if we could get the pictures out of the way first, he said “sure.” He told me to send him copies as he didn’t have good pics of himself naked. The idea of sending him the photos added to my excitement.

As I snapped the pictures I looked his body over so closely, every part of it made me harder and harder and more addicted to him. I gently ran my hands across his hairy legs and touched his tattoos as if they would touch me back. It was so new to me and such a turn on. I played with his top for the first time nervously asking if I could. He told me he loved his top played with and he had no intention of getting surgery for two reasons: his top was small and he went topless all the time at the beach... secondly, he loved his nipples squeezed and sucked and lightly bitten and he said most guys lose their nipple sensitivity after surgery.

I was more than happy to oblige. It is funny, I never saw him as a female from the very beginning, even as I was sucking his top. He was right, it did come natural to me to relax and just enjoy his body. His nipples got hard and stuck out at least two inches (it was obvious his left one had been pierced but not now), they were almost as big as his sweet t-cock.

I ran my hands up and down his hairy stomach. It was a fairly fine hair, it felt so soft and natural. I love a flat stomach, his was mostly flat. There was slight belly, what I learned later some people call a “t-pouch,” but it was still sexy as hell. I paused to run my hands up and down from his belly button to his t-cock, not touching it yet.

I wanted to take his body home with me and never let it go, it was such a wonderland, to steal the title from a song. I touched his t-cock very gently as my experiences with “clits” was they are very sensitive and I didn’t know any women that wanted them directly stimulated.. I was always told to brush against them lightly now and then. I loved that he told me I didn’t have to be gentle and to rub it hard. I pushed on it and started to lightly squeeze it and explore it.

I loved his piercing and I examined it to see if it had gone through the t-cock, then I thought of course not, it was only in the hood. I asked if it gave him a better sensation and he said yes it did. I dragged my fingers down to his slit and started to run them up and down his sweet hole. I could see and feel that he was soaking wet again. He laughed and said guys had told him he was the wettest guy they had ever known. I said I didn’t have much experience but I had to concur.

I opened his hole and inspected it closely, it was so pink and wet, I wanted to climb in and bathe in it. I gently stuck my fingers in and out. They came out so wet, there was even more juice deep in his canal. This guy was on fire I thought. I didn’t know that T does that to so many trans men.

I wanted to explore the rest of his body but I felt like he was limited in time again and there were more important things to do. So, I stuck my tongue out and started to reach for his clit. I sucked his t-cock for the

first time, the piercing was cool, it felt weird on my tongue. I was never any good at oral before so I was self-conscious about my skills.

I didn't learn until later how to really perform oral on a guy – suck and lick his t-cock with occasional swirls and flicking of the tongue on it. At this time, I thought it was all about sticking your tongue in his hole, the deeper the better. Well, yes that is nice, but first I have a very short tongue and secondly for some trans men that isn't a big turn on, at least the ones I have met so far.

I rubbed his upper body all over, touched every square inch, including his hair. I asked if I could kiss him and he said yes, but I could tell he wasn't into it. He was so patient and giving with me however. I pressed my lips against his lightly without any tongue, it felt unnatural so I tried to stick my tongue in, he resisted a bit but gave in. I didn't really enjoy it very much because it was obvious he didn't enjoy it at all. I stopped trying to kiss him and he got on his knees and leaned toward my cock with his head.

He gobbled my cock up quickly. He sucked me hard running his tongue all over my head, he was good! I had to fight from cumming. I had never known anyone that loved cock so much, my ultimate fantasy had come true - a person who just worshipped my cock. I didn't want to cum from a blow job though, I wanted back at his wet hole. I grabbed his hand and lifted him up and he quickly assumed the doggie-style position again.

I slid my cock in his front hole with one stroke not even discussing condoms for the second time in a row. He was so unbelievably wet and warm. His hole was not the tightest I had ever had, but nonetheless at that moment, and even perhaps now, it was the hottest, most incredible front hole I have fucked, or touched, or saw!!! I rubbed his hairy legs and thought what more could I ask for – a man with the best hole ever!

It didn't take me long and I was on the edge of cumming in that hot man again. He was moaning and rubbing his t-cock furiously. I was so excited that he seemed to be enjoying our fucking as much as me, well, not quite as much as me. He had the cutest moan, groan and giggle while he was getting fucked. I grabbed his hips and shoved my cock deep as I could and starting blasting away in his hole. I unloaded shot after shot of cum deep in his canal. I closed my eyes and thought if this could only last forever. I wanted him, and I wanted him bad.

We laid there for a few minutes and cuddled, maybe the best of my sex with him!!! He then said he had good news, he thought he was going to be assigned to my town for a four-month job. He said he would find out the next week when he got back to his company in Atlanta if he was coming back, but he was hopeful he would.

I was so excited. Again, though he left very matter of fact like, didn't kiss, hug or even shake hands; he had to get back to work. As I was driving home I heard the song *Rumor Has It* by Donna Summer, for some reason, whether it was the raw beat or sensual lyrics that song seemed to convey my lust for my man. I was in a daze thinking how one man could change my life so much with two very impersonal but HOT fucking sessions. I knew there was more to it than the sex, there was something about him that I had to have.

I rushed home and edited the photos I had taken. A few days later I emailed a copy to him. He emailed back that he was coming back to my city and he seemed genuinely excited, I WAS THRILLED. I knew my life would never be the same again. I was scared, but God I couldn't wait to hold him again, to rub my hands up and down his hot body, to feel his hands and mouth on my cock again, or to suck and fuck his front hole. I still get shivers with anticipation as I write this more than three years later.

Chapter 2: Hooked on Arizona

I can't tell you how excited I was when Arizona, my first trans guy, emailed me that he was going to return to my town. His business had landed the contract and he was going to be here for four months to get them started on planning and production. I'll never forget laying in bed that night realizing this one person had touched me more than I could imagine anyone ever could. I felt as giddy as a school girl for the next week as I awaited his return. I had never felt the feelings I had for him before. I didn't quite understand them but I knew they felt good. I kept sneaking a peek at his pictures I had taken the last time I saw him. I couldn't believe that I was going to be getting naked and sharing hot sex with that man again. At the same time, I felt tremendous guilt over what was happening to my wife and I. I knew it was over, she did too, we just lost whatever it was that we had shared 21 years earlier. I was so conflicted.

I tried to play this forward and it was frightening and delightful at the same time. It's funny as the anticipation became less and less sexual in my mind as time went on and became something else that I couldn't, and perhaps still can't, describe. I wracked my brain to figure out what was going on with me, I thought about mid-life issues, latent homosexuality and every other reason this man so touched my very soul, both sexual and in some other less-definable way. I knew when I started to listen to my favorite ballads where I was going to go with this but I didn't want to think about it. Further, I started a really strict diet as I wanted to lose weight for Arizona, I want him to find me attractive.

Arizona wasn't the most handsome man I had met; in fact, a couple of his pictures weren't terribly flattering and when I got overheated I would look at those and convince myself that I had built him up too much in my mind. The truth is I had never met a trans guy that doesn't look better in real life than his pictures, much better, but I didn't find that out until much later. I knew in my heart this 26 year-old hottie was every bit what I had built up in my mind.

He texted me from the airport and we had a long text conversation as he waited for his plane to bring him back to town. He was very philosophical and seemed quite down when he finally told me he had just said good bye to his boyfriend that he may never see again and how much that saddened him. Somehow the subject changed to sex and we had great fun exchanging our sexual preferences and experiences. He was so easy to talk to and unbelievably honest. I knew that is one thing we had in common we shared things with each other that most people wouldn't as it would make them too vulnerable. I could ask him anything and he always seemed to answer and often not what I wanted to hear, but what I believe to be the truth.

We agreed that he would be busy at first when he got to town but he would text or email me when he was available for fun. I was surprisingly patient as it took about a week for him to text me he was free the next day and would I like to come to his new place. He was staying with a friend who was going to be gone the next day at work and we could have fun at his new place. We scheduled a 1 PM meeting, I told him he didn't have to meet me in the nude at the door this time as I knew what to expect. That night I could hardly sleep, I wanted to feel his hot body again, touch his skin and fuck him again. I told myself that I was going to lick every inch of his body this time and really enjoy it. He thought he would have up to two hours to play and I thought back to our first two "quickie" meetings that lasted maybe 15-25 minutes each.

That morning I rushed to my computer to check for messages and was really bummed when I read Arizona's message that his roommate had stayed home sick that day and he couldn't have me over to his place. I was so horny and wanted to have sex with him again so badly I offered to rent a motel room if he didn't mind. He seemed genuinely excited when I suggested that, later he told me that he had thought of suggesting it but didn't feel comfortable saying it. He told me he was really horny and needed my cock. Hell, I would have rented the Ritz-Carlton just to have sex with Arizona again. We agreed to meet at the same time but this time at a so-so motel that was fairly inexpensive but clean. I had used it before to hook up with a couple of married cis men. But now it was going to be Arizona and his sweet hole.

I told him I would get the room and text him the room number. He said he had some errands to run and that would be fine. I am not sure I have ever anticipated anything more than this as I paid for the room and went into set up. I stripped the king-sized bed down to the sheets. I looked at the clock and saw that it was 12:55, five minutes to Heaven. I was a bit nervous and wondered why, I worried that perhaps I had built up his body and great sex up so much in my mind that he could never live up to it. I looked down at the bed stand and smiled as I didn't see any condoms or lube there as I had always done before. Then I wondered if he would bring some and ask me to wear one today. We had discussed how each of us couldn't believe we didn't use a condom the first two times when we chatted that night he sat in the airport waiting to fly back here. Maybe he was going to rectify that mistake this time, I knew I should but I guess I felt the horse was out of the barn. Just then I heard a car pull up to the door.

I jumped off the bed and looked out the window and there he was, I couldn't help but get this huge smile on my face. He was wearing a t-shirt with some band I had never heard of before on it and ragged jeans, oh, and his boots. I opened the door and he stepped in, I froze for a moment taking in his unbelievably hot body. He could feel my nervousness and told me to relax and placed his hand on my sweats rubbing my cock. I reached for his body with my right hand and it landed on his shoulder. I stroked it for a moment and then ran my hand down his back all the way to his ass. I cupped it through his jeans and squeezed him toward me. His ass was so sweet, I pulled him into me and hugged him. My nose inhaled his "t-cologne" and I thought I how much I missed that smell.

We embraced for a minute or so with his hand trapped in between us gripping my cock firmly. I asked him how he had been and he me, along with some more inane stuff about the weather as we stood next to the bed and got undressed. I stared right at him as he unbuckled his belt and let his jeans fall to the ground. I thought how funny it was that I had fucked him twice and yet had never watched him get undressed because he had met me already naked the other two times. I wondered if this was more erotic, probably. He pulled down his briefs and I got a look at that sweet t-cock and front hole for the first time in what seemed like forever. I almost leaped across the bed to grab it, but steadied myself wanting to see the rest of that hot body. He jumped on the bed and pulled off his t-shirt and was completely naked to me now. I bet I was drooling, at least in my mind, as I jumped on the bed next to him already having disposed of my clothes.

Our hands crossed as we reached for each other's body, me for his top and him for my cock. I lightly rubbed his nipples and stroked his chest from his shoulders to his stomach. I leaned in and stuck my tongue on his broad soft shoulders, he wasn't an athlete and laughed about how he didn't think he was in very good shape. I told him he was hot as hell and he lightly laughed (I came to love his laugh/giggle as much as anything about him). His shoulders were so well-defined but not overly muscular, I loved them. I just wanted to lick and touch them for hours. I slid my hand further down his stomach and felt his fur and paused a moment to enjoy the softness of it. As if it was on its own mission my hand self-directed onto his t-cock and hole. My finger slipped into his already wet hole and I moaned and whispered in his ear "GOD, I am missed this." He just giggled like he so often did not knowing that drove me crazy with lust for him.

I ran my hand up and down his t-cock and slit trying to be careful of his piercing. He could tell that I was apprehensive about hurting him and he told me it wasn't fragile and I could push as hard as I wanted on it. I squeezed his t-cock and slid my mouth off his shoulders down to his left nipple. It was engorged again like the last time I touched it. I sucked it into my mouth and pressed my tongue on it swirling it around. I bit lightly to his delight. I didn't know what to concentrate on, his huge nipple or huge t-cock. I thought I should measure them to see which was bigger as they seemed about the same size. He was moaning and still holding my cock stroking it up and down with his fingers. I didn't even feel that to be honest I was so into his smoking hot body. I stuck my finger back into him and continued my licking his body down past his stomach stopping at his pubic region. I had pulled my hips away from him making him let go of my cock and he laid back flat on his back.

I rested my head on his stomach staring at this incredibly huge t-cock, I had never seen anything like it. His apartment was very poorly lit the first two times I saw his cock and this was my first chance to really enjoy it. He told me it was so large because of the T. I was entranced by it, I needed to see and explore it from other angles so I jumped up on my knees and stuck my face right down next to it. I rubbed it between my index finger and thumb. It was so pink and luscious that it was all I could do from diving into it with my mouth and tongue. But, I had to see more of his Adonis-like body. His pubic hair was coarser than that on his stomach and covered his whole pubic region down to his ass. It was trimmed nicely. I knew the T was responsible for all the hair and was amazed at how hot I found it.

I ran my hands down to his thighs and was awestruck by how muscular and big they were, they didn't fit his body. He had various tattoos on his legs and I asked him about them, we talked about how many he had and I was amazed at how turned on they made me. I remember my grandfather had huge tattoos on his forearms and biceps and how he had told me to never get one as he did it as a young and foolish youth and regretted it the rest of his life. I told Arizona that I had read a story once about a wife that went in for a tattoo down by her vagina to tease her husband and she ended up fucking the tattoo artist. He laughed and told me that his tattoo artist was a good friend of his and he fucked him every time he got a tattoo. I started to count the number of times as I looked up and down his hot body and chuckled to myself.

I climbed to the bottom of the bed and started to rub his calves and shins. They were really hairy and coarse. I liked it, more than that, I loved this man's entire body. I reached for his feet and rubbed them and tested the bottoms to see if he was ticklish and he laughed. I started to work my way back up his legs with my hands and tongue. I got to his t-cock again and stuck my tongue out and started to lick and suck it. I tried to push my tongue in his hole again, still not knowing how to give good head, but I did my best. He didn't react a whole lot and I apologized and he told me he really didn't like oral sex given to him but LOVED to suck cock and would I please stick mine in his mouth. I thought that was such hot and bawdy talk, I leaped to my knees and placed my cock up next to his face at the top of the bed near the headboard. He pulled my cock into his mouth and started to lick the giant head.

He was swirling his tongue around and paying particular attention to the most sensitive part, the frenulum. This man knew what he was doing, he had been around a cock or two I thought, but it didn't bother me at all. In fact, I revealed in the thought that he had gone through his training so he could be a expert sex partner for me. I reached down and squeezed his nipples again and reached for his front hole. It felt so wet, I had forgotten just how fucking wet he got. He knew I wanted at that hole as I pulled my cock out of his mouth. I scooted down to his groin and lifted my legs over one at a time to line my cock up with his front hole. I pulled him down a bit closer and spread his legs apart. I tried to grab them to lift them in the air (like I had done so many times before with female vaginas) but he resisted. He didn't have to say a word, I knew exactly what he was thinking and I got it. I got it right then that he wasn't comfortable with me fucking him with his legs thrown up to his head. I thought to myself I am starting to understand and appreciate where he is coming from and I was proud of it, although I knew I had a hell of a long way to go.

I opened his thighs as far as I could and realized this wasn't going to be easy but it was really quite exciting. I looked in his eyes and wondered was he going to ask me to put on a condom. He looked back with a look of go ahead and stick it in damn I want it. I smiled, probably to myself, and leaned my hips forward to touch his t-cock for the first time with my cock. I held it there and rubbed it a bit, he seemed to really like it as he gasped slightly and I rubbed a bit harder. The ball of his piercing felt funny on the head of my cock. As I pushed down on my cock it slid down right up against his hole. I pushed forward with my hips and my cock plunged in all the way with one thrust. If I live to be 100, and can still fuck, I will never ever stop appreciating the thrill, heat and awesomeness of feeling my cock engulfed by a tight front hole for the first time when I start to fuck. It is the most incredible feeling in the world.

I started to slowly slide my cock in and out of his super wet hole. He was getting into it and seemed to love to fuck as much as me. I had never been with anyone that loved being fucked as much in my entire life, not that I was that experienced but there was no comparison. I plunged my cock in and out of him for quite some time enjoying it immensely when he suggested we try doggie-style. Hey, it felt so great the first two times why not do it again? I pulled out of him and looked at my cock and I would swear I had cum there was so much wetness all over it. Of course, I hadn't cum yet but what a huge turn on to see his juices all over my cock. He got on his knees and I climbed in behind him.

Again, with one fell swoop I was in him and loving it. He knew exactly how to position himself to give me great penetration and he loved it hard and deep. I grabbed his hips and started to thrust in and out of that exquisite hole. I was smacking his ass with my groin pretty hard but there was no sound like I had experienced with most doggie-style fucks when I really pound away. I looked down at his ass and saw it was so tight and small that there wasn't any fat to create the noise. I started to close my eyes and picture his hot body and MY cock buried deep in this hunk of a man. I stroked and stroked his front hole with my cock and could feel the friction rising, which wasn't that easy given his incredible wetness. To be honest, he wasn't the tightest vagina I had been in. I looked down and watch my shaft get swallowed up by that hot hole and then pull out soaking wet from his juices. I saw his bright red lip of sorts at the bottom (top now) of his front hole that came out with my cock and I found that amazing.

It just blew my mind that this incredibly hot young man was letting me pump his front hole bareback knowing very well I was about to unload my cum deep in him at any moment as I was audibly groaning loudly by now. That is all I needed and it started, the launch sequence had begun, down deep in my groin as the first shot came flying out of my prostate blasting the back of his deep canal. I drove my cock deep again and another shot smacked the back of his canal, then another, and another. I was driving hard shoving my cock deep and pulling it out only to shove it back in again with a new load of my seed being delivered with each stroke. I had totally lost track of his reaction as I was just fucking the hottest hole I had ever known and wanted to immerse myself totally into this feeling. After about my seventh stroke it happened, my cock head became too sensitive and I shoved it deep and held it there. He kept bucking his hips but I had good control over them with my hands and I realized that he had joined my rhythm without me being cognizant of that fact; he was fucking me as much as I was fucking him, well, as much as one can with another person has his hips locked tight with his hands.

My cock flopped out and I looked down and saw my cum oozing out of his hole. I was so turned on I reached down and touched it with my hand. I started to rub his front hole and t-cock using my cum as a lubricant. More cum was squirting out of my cock as the thought of my cum lubricating his hole and t-cock just overwhelmed me. He grabbed my hand and held it for second and then rolled over on his back. I crawled up next to him and reached out to touch his t-cock and hole with my left hand and give him a good rub when he grabbed my hand again. I put my lips up to his left shoulder and gently kissed it. He let go of my hand and I started to rub his body from his shoulder down to just above his t-cock. I traced every inch of his torso lightly with my fingertips and he let out one of his patented little laughs that drove me crazy. This only encouraged me to do it more.

I licked his neck and started to kiss his ear, he laid still and seemed to be enjoying the teasing of his torso by my hand but I couldn't tell if he liked me kissing his neck and shoulders. After a few minutes, I told him to roll over and I would rub his back. He said he could really get into that as he had been having a stressful day. He rolled over and I began to massage his shoulders and his back. I noticed his skin was clammy and rough. I stuck my nose down to inhale more of his "t-cologne," damn I loved that smell. I don't know if it was because it was unique to him at that time or why, but it wasn't a sweet odor by any means yet I still LOVED IT.

I sat on his ass and slid my semi-limp cock into his ass crack, one of my favorite things to do. I rubbed him up and down and circled my hands around his shoulder blades as he seemed to be really enjoying a relaxing moment from a rough day. We started to talk and he told me that his work was hard, the bosses were OK but

demanding, and he had to work long hours to train them and the line-workers on how to retool for this new product they were going to introduce. He was really excited about it, and I admired his tremendous enthusiasm for his work. I slid my cock out of his ass crack and ran my hands down to the small of his back. Again, I noticed the roughness of his skin and began to think about all the difference between him and a woman. There was no doubt in my mind he was all man. I thought he was so together for a 26 year old in knowing what he wanted in life and so proud of his gayness. I had never known anyone like him.

I rolled him over and told him I would rub his front. It was pretty exciting to see him laying underneath me as I straddle his torso planting my balls on his t-cock. We kept talking but I was slightly distracted by the feel of his t-cock on my ball sack when I would move it. I rubbed his face and was fascinated with his goatee. He told me that most trans men all need something to complete their transition and with him it was a full beard. He didn't have it yet but damn it he knew someday it would come in. He continued telling me that a lot of guys want a deeper voice and then laughed his precious laugh as he told me he was happy with his voice. He loved singing and didn't want to lose his singing voice. I was so moved by his honesty and forthrightness.

I kept pummeling him with questions about his transition and he told me intimate details. Sometimes he would laugh at my questions and tell me they were inappropriate to ask another trans man if I ever meet one, but he didn't mind as I was learning and he knew I didn't mean any offense. He rolled over on his side and I spooned up behind him and felt the fullest naked body contact I had enjoyed with him. I LOVED IT, I hate to admit this, but this was my most favorite time with him, when we would spoon after sex and he would tell me about his life and teach me about trans issues. I soaked it up like a sponge thirsty for more liquid. I wanted to know everything about him. How he grew up in Minnesota and had a rough go of it in his teens and early-twenties. He told me about some of his relationships he had had that were almost abusive and how that hurt him so and how he stayed in them because he had such low self-esteem. I wanted to hug him hard and take away all the pain.

I kept telling him I thought he was incredibly hot, the hottest man I was lucky enough to sleep with, he would respond with his little laugh that drove me nuts. I could have laid there forever and been so satisfied, a peaceful calm came over me that I have never known before or since. I didn't self-correct when I should of, I let myself get drawn into his friendliness and kind nature mistaking it for more.

I gave him another \$100, we parted and he said he would probably be able to get free about once a week and he didn't know when because his scheduled varied depending the company's needs. I told him I was cool with whatever time he had. I was so excited to think I could see him for four more months.

We hooked up about every week, pretty much the same thrilling sex, not much different really, surprising given my love of variety. One time, I remembered his boss called him during our fucking and he knew the ring so he told me he had to answer it. I pulled out of him and laid there and listened to him talk shop, and how he didn't know there was a meeting scheduled, and he was at home and couldn't make it... He hung up and I told him to go ahead and go to work. He told me forget it, he was there for me and was going to stay with me. I felt overwhelmed by his decision. I wasn't feeling well that day, I had been starving myself to try to lose weight for him. He would compliment me every time we met at how much I had lost. Anyway, I was so weak that I couldn't get it up again after the interruption and he apologized profusely.

I told him that it didn't matter and he should go if he needed to. He laid back down and lightly stroked my limp cock. I was screaming at it in my mind "get up you bastard," but no dice. I will never forget that day, he rolled over and I started to spoon with him. I told him that I would rather lay next to him like that for our remaining time before he had to leave more than fuck him anyway, the sad thing is, it was the truth. What the hell had happened to me?

He told me he had to go back to Atlanta to his company headquarters for a week and when he got back we could hook up again. I told him I would so like to take him to the beach, he hadn't been to our beach before as he was too busy. I told him I would give him more money if he would just spend the whole day with me. I was really trying hard to sell him on the idea, and he said the sweetest thing he ever did to me, "relax, I don't care about your money, I would love to spend a day with YOU at the beach when I get back." I was so moved, I almost cried, and I never cry. I knew I had fallen that very moment. I also knew I should run for the hills as this could only end badly, but I could no more run away than a hardcore drug addict could give up his next fix.

Two weeks later he lived up to his word and told me I was his for the whole day. I didn't sleep the whole night before. I got up early and packed, water, a towel for each of us, chairs and a blanket. I said I was going to take him to my small town where I grew up and there was beach there. He told me he had this sweet little pair of trunks that I would love. I picked him up at a parking lot as he didn't want his roommate to know he was seeing this older man..., it was unspoken but we both knew what he was saying, it was times like that I totally understood the relationship clearly. I was a generous daddy, and this was going nowhere. I didn't care, I was just loving the time with him, especially the sex!

I had a fantastic day. I showed him around my town, where I grew up, went to school... Then we went to the beach. The water was too cold to swim but the sun was out and he wore his sweet trunks. I was so proud to walk on my hometown beach with him stripped down to these tiny little trunks that barely covered his junk. He told me he would go topless all the time because he liked a little ambiguity – a little mystery, as he called it. It was the same reason he didn't pack (use a soft fake cock in his underwear to make it look like he had a bigger cock than his t-cock) We walked on the pier and he asked to have the inside to make sure I wouldn't shove him in the water – I was a bit taken back by his lack of trust. One of the things I wrote that one should see as a sign and examine it further but I was far too gone to act logically by this time.

I hadn't seen any of my friends for years but thought it would be so cool for them to see me with this hot guy. We had a great playful afternoon, I wanted to fuck him on the beach in the WORST WAY!!! I had never had sex on the beach all those testosterone-driven years I ran around hard all the time wanting to get laid so badly when I lived in this town. I didn't ask him, there were some dunes that might work for such activities, but they were really small. I did put some suntan lotion on his back, I would have done his whole body but I didn't want to embarrass him. I had told him I would act like his dad to not draw attention to the difference in our ages.

We decided to go to a motel right there rather than driving back to where I lived now. It was incredible sex. I was so turned on by looking at his hot body all day and listening to his stories about life, and probably more accurately him listening to all my stories about my life in this town. When we arrived at the motel, we each cleaned up from the beach and met each other naked in the bed. I was all over his body, kissing and massaging every part. When I got to his lips I asked if I could kiss him and he said yes. I pressed my lips against his and stuck my tongue out and this time he let me slide it into his mouth. It was really nice, but again I knew it was not his favorite thing to do so it was brief.

I ran my hands up and down his hot body and stuck my finger in his front hole. He really responded as much as he had any time yet. I slipped another finger into him and he started to open his legs wider. I stuck a third finger in and was shocked that he took it well and seem to really being enjoying it. I stopped there as I didn't want to hurt him or make him too lose. I climbed up between his legs and pointed my cock right at his hole. He spread his legs and looked up at me with a look like fuck me now please.

I slid my cock in that now familiar HOT FUCKING HOLE and jammed it deep. I was fucking him face to face for only the second time, and even kissed him once while I was in him. He flipped over and I mounted him doggie-style which I reckon was his favorite position. I grabbed his hips and started to plunge my cock in so deep, I thought of the yearning for sex I had endured all my teen years there in that small town and how if only I had known him or someone like him 25 years earlier. I plowed his front hole good for fifteen minutes before I

flew into another amazing orgasm from watching me fuck him bareback knowing I was going to fill him full again.

On the way back ,we talked about sex and how he knew so much and he told me some really hot stories that made me want to pull over and fuck him right there in the middle of the freeway. He told me about some threeways he had done, one where two gay guys who had a double shower and it was huge and he fucked them both in the shower before going to bed and fucking them again all night long. He had never done double penetration but told me he wanted to. I thought about inviting another guy into our sex but I realized I was just too jealous, that surprised me as I never get jealous. I didn't want to bring another guy into the scene as I knew he would try to set up his own relationship with Arizona, and I might lose him.

As we neared the drop off point, we talked about my wife and I and he told me he thought it was cool that we had this open relationship, well more of a "don't ask, don't tell" sort of thing. He then went on to say Dan Savage saved his life. I didn't know who Dan Savage was at that time but he told me that he went through such tough times with people being very mean and hurtful to him because he was a man who happened to have female parts. He said more than once Dan Savage's advice to love who you are no matter who that is and not to try to be what you're not from a gay perspective prevented him from harming himself. I have since heard a couple of trans men tell me they disliked Savage as he was anti-trans – I didn't know and still don't as I have only seen him a few times on political talk shows.

Arizona went on to say that he had heard Savage say that even if you're in a relationship sometimes it is OK to have sex with someone else. If one really needed that experimentation or validation that withholding it would only make him resent his partner. He continued that in order for us to truly be a loving person and give to our family we need to be whole, feel good about ourselves... It resonated with me that if one didn't feel whole, one couldn't share the true beauty of oneself. I felt Arizona was giving me license to not feel guilty about my wife.

I grew to care deeply about Arizona and he knew it. He started to put me off and say some mean things to me just to try to change how I felt about him. He was clear he wanted the safety of fucking a married man that was disease-free and not going to try to cling to him because I had my wife. I thought it odd that he thought my wife would tie me down and prevent me from falling for him. Anyway, I kept going and he kept meeting me, it became more awkward after that. He was getting ready to leave because his job was about done, production had started and he was going to be reassigned somewhere else. I asked him for one more whole day together and he said no. Without going into the details, I eventually convinced him to spend one more afternoon with me, a mere two hours. He told me I could bring my video recorder as I really wanted to remember my sex with him.

I will never forget that last time with Arizona. I will give him credit, as much as he had really been an ass toward me lately, he gave me everything he had and then some that day. It was like the old times. I started with a long body rub where I did kiss every part of his body, even the most intimate part of his ass! I had never done that before and thought I never would but I worshipped him and his body. He sucked me three different times, each time reminding me that 'wow he knew how to suck a cock.' I licked him and sucked him too. We kissed and he let me kiss him long and hard and deep. He even got into it. I then got out my camera and started to video tape this last scene.

I laid flat on the bed and he crawled over me with his face toward the end of the bed and stuck his ass down on my cock as I held it. It slipped in all the way with the first penetration as had become our custom. He started to bounce up and down on my cock like a man possessed. He moaned and groaned with great passion. I laid there pointing the video camera at my cock piercing his front hole time and time again. I was so turned on by the fact that I was going to have video evidence of this day forever. I turned the viewer window back toward me so I could watch him ride my cock through the camera's eye. I zoomed in, it was shaky but man was it hot to see my cock head slip in and out of him.

He assumed the doggie-position and I mounted him with all my might recording as much as I could. I didn't have a good angle other than from the top. I wanted more, so I tried to stick the camera underneath us but it didn't work. After fucking him in his hot front hole for a good five minutes I asked him if I could fuck his sweet ass. I had never really thought much about it before, I had never fucked anyone with a vagina in the ass, I didn't see the need. I love the front hole, but I wanted Arizona's ass so badly right then, that moment in time. He said "sure." As I said earlier, that was such a turn on for me the way he said that when I asked him for a sexual favor. I grabbed the jar of Vaseline I had brought with me and lubed up his ass. I didn't stick my finger in, I just rubbed it on the outside as I wanted my cock to be the first to enjoy his ass.

I stuck the huge mushroom up to his ass and held it there, unfortunately I had turned off the camera. I gently pushed on his hole, it fought back. I pushed harder and it fought back even more. I knew my huge mushroom would be a problem, once it was in it would be fine, but a few cis men had to call off a fuck when I would start to enter as they said it hurt too much. This was the first time I was going to fuck an ass bareback, it was so hot that Arizona's was giving me his ass bare. I knew he had been fucked in the ass before from our conversations, still he was giving his ass to me. I gently pushed harder to break his sphincter's resistance. Suddenly, he opened and I sunk in slowly, very slowly. Inch by inch I pushed a bit further in, stopping for him to adjust then pressing again.

The whole time I kept asking him if it hurt and was he OK, he kept encouraging me to continue. Finally, I made it past his opening's muscles and it slid in all the way and he let out a huge gasp. I held it there hoping against hope that it didn't hurt too much. He didn't say anything, just moaned, or was it a grimace. I couldn't tell so I asked him 'can I move it a bit' he responded "sure." I have that on tape, my Arizona's "sure" that drives me wild. Speaking of wild, holy shit did he feel good, it was driving my cock wild. I kept fucking him slowly moving the camera around to try to get an angle of his front hole empty with my cock buried deep in his ass. Instead I got a picture of his hand wildly jacking off his t-cock. I was shocked, he was moaning like I had never heard him moan before. He was SO into me fucking his ass. Why didn't I do this earlier? He was so audible and I had it all on tape!!!

Finally, I laid the camera down and started to focus on plunging my cock in and out of this incredibly tight ass, so much tighter than his front hole, like maybe 50 times! I was pumping hard and he was moaning in pleasure, there was no mistaking it now. He was going to cum, believe it or not I had never experienced him cumming, he didn't want to. I was shoving my cock deep and pulling it all the way out and pushing it back in again and he loved it. It was the best assfuck I had ever had, by far. I wanted to cum and was debating whether my last cum should be in his front or ass. He was practically yelling in ecstasy at this point and I was enjoying every second of it. He stopped jacking himself and said, if you're going to cum, now is the time because once I cum I can't do anything else. He said both his holes freeze up and he was no good for an hour or more. I made a HUGE MISTAKE and told him I wanted to cum in his front hole for my last fuck and pulled out.

I washed my cock with soap and water and lined it back up with his front hole and shoved it in. I was fucking him deep and hard but I knew I had made a big mistake, never go from really tight to not so much. Damn, to this day I wished so badly I would have kept fucking his ass and told him to cum. I missed hearing and feeling him cum. I kept at it, his front hole had taken a beating that day, I was in it for at least 50 minutes between all the different positions. Sure enough, I started to feel my balls tighten and my cock throb and I looked down at my bare cock in his bare hole for the last time. I saw his little rosebud was all red and wet from my pounding I had given it a few minutes earlier. That was all I needed I blasted my first shot deep in his hole, again and again I came, emptying my entire load in his front hole for the last time. I held it there and refused to pull out. I could feel my cock shrinking and cum dripping down my balls and onto my legs. I grabbed the camera and caught the last drops of my cum dripping out of his hole. It was so red, a scarlet color from the pounding it took that evening.

I asked if I could spoon with him one last time and he said “sure.” I held him tight and rubbed him all over as we talked about his plans to go back South. It was bitter sweet, very bitter sweet. I told him how I had met Max, see the next story, and he got jealous. I couldn’t believe it, we had shared everything, and he was always so cool and non-emotional about it. I thought he might be happy that I got to fuck another trans man. He called Max a few choice names I won’t repeat. I don’t think he realized he was jealous, but it was obvious. I told him I was sorry that I said anything and he quickly regained his composure and told me I was lucky as he knew a lot of trans men from traveling around and no trans men he knew of liked men. They all fucked women. He was so cocksure I was devastated.

I wanted so badly to beg him to stay, I would give up everything I had right then to be with him. My job in a small community nearby that would run me out of town on a rail if they knew, my family that I LOVE SO DEARLY, my income, my cushy life I had become accustomed to, I would give him everything I had if he would stay with me or let me live with him. Yes, OK I will admit it damn it, I fucking fell in love with him! What could he do, he had told me all along this was just sex. I didn’t say anything to him, he knew and didn’t care, rightly so. I knew there was nothing to say but goodbye and I asked for one last kiss, which he gave me after the financial arrangements were completed. He had told me he hated goodbyes, he hated emotion. He had learned to live without it as he had been burned so badly so many times in his life.

He drove away and I sat down on the bed in the hotel room and cried. I rubbed my hand on the bed where we had just spent the three most awesome hours naked touching, kissing, sucking and fucking each other. I knew one thing for sure, there was a long hurt ahead of me and I wondered if it was worth it. I oscillated between I wish I had never met him to how lucky I was to spend just that little time with a man I knew had changed my life forever! I knew the answer. I thought back to a favorite quote of mine from Taxi. “Happiness is hard to come by in this life, and ‘he’ had given me more than my share!”

Chapter 3: My Second Trans Man

I had been seeing my first trans guy, Arizona, on and off for a few months. I wanted to hook up more often but he told me he was always busy with work. He stood me up a few times and was starting to be kind of jerk. He later told me he did it on purpose to make sure I didn't fall for him. I thought how cruel it was, but you already know that from the last chapter. Anyway, I decided to post a "looking for FTM" ad on Craigslist to see if I could find someone else to take my mind off of Arizona; he was right I was falling in love with him, but he didn't have to be an ass about it.

One day I opened my email and was shocked to see a reply from a guy that lived in only 100 miles from me. He was older than Arizona by a lot, 43 v. 26, but not too far from my age. We chatted back and forth about what we were looking for in terms of a hook up. I was really new to the scene and didn't want to make a mistake in what I asked him about or said to him in the emails we exchanged. I was used to Arizona being so open about that sort of thing, when I think back on the stupid questions I asked Arizona I give him credit for being so understanding in that regard. All newbies, or someone new to transgendered men, are going to be uninformed so it is natural that they will have questions. I had been warned by Arizona that some trans men are very sensitive and maybe be going through a rough time in their transitions and the use of the wrong term or asking an innocent but insulting question might upset them.

Anyway, this guy told me his name was Max and that he had transitioned to T ten years earlier. He was married to a woman and was very happy with her and loved their sex life but had been aching to touch and play with a cis cock for a long time. He wanted to try fucking again, he had been fucked years before his transition and now wanted to try to bottom as a fully-transitioned man. He sent me some pics and he seemed like a pretty handsome man. He was a much bigger than Arizona, about the same height but 50 pounds heavier and a lot more hairy from his pics. He seemed more aggressive in tone also.

I have read where T can do that to some guys. I was cool with it however as I can be somewhat passive at times depending on the guy I am with. However, by nature I tend to be a leader, not pushy, but a take charge type of guy. I was a bit worried that I might clash with Max' personality because he seemed so sure in what he wanted and expected from me. He told me this would be purely no strings attached (NSA) sex which suited me well, as I felt I was in it for sex only from my side also at this point. I knew I was in love with Arizona.

In fact, I had told my wife that I was in love with a trans man. It was a tough scene for sure, but I felt I had to be honest with her. She didn't take it well, not at all. Naturally, she had many feelings from shock that I was in essence ending our relationship to inadequacy about herself as a lover. I don't think the shock was genuine as we had many problems and had been seeing a marriage counselor on and off for five years. I tried to explain to her that it was not her, it was my natural sexual orientation that led me to this man. My wife knew I had been with cis men in the past and she kept asking me if I was gay. I told her I didn't know. At the same time, she was very derogatory about Arizona because she was hurt, and ignorant about transgenderism. It was a rough time in my life, we had agreed to stay married until our youngest daughter graduated high school, but it was a marriage in name only.

Max had a wife also, he said he had told his wife of his desires to touch and be with a cis man to experience cis cock again after his transition. He said it was gnawing at him constantly and she finally decided it was important that he get it out of his system. I was very surprised that she gave him permission to have safe sex with me. I hadn't experienced any open relationships up until this point in my life.

It was a big turn on to me that he chose me as the first and only guy to fuck him as a transitioned man. He asked me about what I liked to do sexually with a man and I told him I hadn't done much with Arizona, mostly just fucked and sucked and been sucked and massaged. I hadn't topped Arizona anally yet. He said he didn't want anal intercourse but the rest sounded good, and he might want to fuck me. I told him that I wouldn't

guarantee anything but he could bring his strap on with him if he wanted to. I could tell by his emails that he was really excited about being with a cis man for the first time. He offered to drive all the way to my town if I got the motel room, a two-hour drive. I jumped at the chance.

I was really excited and nervous both, not as nervous as my first time with Arizona, but quite nervous nonetheless. He told me he had top surgery and in addition he did not want me to use any feminine names for his body parts. I told him I was very cool with that and asked what he would like me to call his front hole. He said he liked the term “manhole.” I was a bit nervous because Arizona had me call his a the “p-word,” I have since found out that many men don’t like that term even a little bit and Max was one of the first to tell me so in no uncertain terms.

Max stressed that we had to use condoms for fucking and we discussed our disease status for some time – both being cautious. It was clear that was a big concern of his and mine, but he had dreamed of holding, sucking and fucking a cis cock for a long time and decided he was confident that I was safe.

He was the one who introduced me to the term “cis,” Arizona used the term “bio” meaning born with man parts. Max told me he was born a man also, so he liked the term cis as it was Latin for ‘on the same side as’ opposed to trans which meant ‘on the opposite side.’ I love to learn, so I added it to my vocab. I also agreed that he was right he was born a man and I could see where using the term biological man could be an insult to him by way of exclusion. I have to admit his sensitivity did make me more nervous however.

He told me he had thought about cheating on his wife many times but just felt he couldn’t do that to her. I admired his commitment and again was honored that he chose me. We agreed he would meet me in two days at a motel in my home town at 1 pm. He lived about two hours away so it would be a long drive for him. He wanted my cell so we could touch base before he left and as he got closer to my town.

That morning he texted me – ‘ready’ and I texted back ‘yes,’ and he replied ‘AWESOME!’

His enthusiasm was contagious, I started to get really excited about the prospect of my second trans man. Was he going to be as hot as Arizona? Probably not, but maybe no one would be. Was he going to be happy that he chose me for his onetime fuck? Would he back out? I decided to wait and get the motel room when he texted me he was 20 minutes away. I had rented a room before for a married cis man and he never showed up, didn’t want to make that mistake again.

Sure enough though, around two hours later he said he was 20 minutes from my town and which motel should he meet me at and what was the room number. I told him which motel and that I was leaving then to get the room and I would let him know the room number via text. I got the room and texted him it was room 221. Max sent a text back that he couldn’t wait to meet me and my cock.

I cleaned up a bit just because I was nervous – I didn’t need to, I keep myself really clean and I hoped he did too. I am really into hygiene and I thought I should have told him so. But my mind was racing everywhere, I kept looking out the window thinking about Arizona and how much I liked him, I almost felt like I was cheating on him. However, I knew I needed to find someone else as Arizona was going to be gone in three weeks. Much more importantly, he didn’t give a rat’s ass about me. I just hoped that Max would make me feel the same way Arizona did, I questioned if that was realistic given that Arizona was my first and Max was so much different than Arizona.

My phone text message alarm went off awakening me from some far off land of contemplation and I grabbed my phone and read Max’ message. He was at the freeway exit and would be there in five minutes, or less. I started to feel my cock shift around in my briefs as I was getting hard but my chest could feel the buildup of

anxiety, the good kind, I am about to get laid-type. I debated should I take my clothes off and meet him naked or should I remain dressed, it was too late I heard the knock on the door.

I got up from the bed and opened the door. I looked at him and he looked at me for a brief second of silence that seemed to last for minutes. It was awkward, as it always is with a “hook up” with someone you haven’t seen in person before. I usually look away as quickly as I can because I don’t want the guy to think I am standing there grading his face and body, nor see disappointment on his face over me should such exist.

I got a quick look, and opened the door and asked him in. He stepped in and was carrying a bag, he promptly told me it was his supplies and a strap on. I thought what a great Boy Scout, he had come prepared. I didn’t think of lube... as Arizona was so wet we never needed it; of course, we never used a condom either. My eyes darted down to his bag and I wondered what his strap on looked like, it gave my cock a bit of a twinge. I wasn’t sure what we were going to do with it, but it was very erotic that he brought it. Arizona was a total bottom and didn’t own one. I really wanted to see what one looked like strapped on to a man, wasn’t keen on the idea of it penetrating my ass however.

Max was the first one to speak, as he was taking off his sweatshirt and started to untie his boots. He said that he was thrilled to meet me and hoped I didn’t mind if we got right at it. I didn’t have much time to respond when his shirt came off and I gasped. I wondered if he had heard me, I was shocked to see the big scars on his chest and the oddly formed nipples. I thought back to the first time I saw Arizona and how his tats and piercing really threw me for loop also but I came to love them. Max had a couple of tats, but he was mostly just hairy, he was as handsome as his picture. He unbuckled his belt and pulled his jeans off with his boxers in one motion. There he stood naked and I was still just staring at him and his hairy t-cock. His manhole was covered in hair so much so it was hard to see how big his t-cock was, but it was protruding a bit. I was surprised at how hairy he was, it was my first time to see a really hairy trans man.

He stepped toward me and told me to strip, he had waited ten years for this and he wanted to see my cock in person. I had sent him a pic of it and he said he loved it, but he wanted the real thing. I was a bit surprised by his aggressiveness but at the same time I kind of liked that he knew what he wanted and was there to enjoy the experience. I started to take off my shirt when he grabbed my sweats and pulled them down, my briefs were next as I lifted my legs to take them off as I fell back on the bed and he leaped on me. He grabbed my semi-erect cock, his eyes were huge. I had never seen anything like it, never seen anyone want something so bad. It was intoxicating. He held it, and crawled right up next to it.

Max said “I hope you don’t mind but I have wanted your cock so BADLY since I saw its picture and I probably won’t let go”

I laughed and he laughed, it was a great icebreaker and most of all HE MEANT IT. He had a huge grin on his face like a kid set free in a candy store with no adults to watch him. He held my cock at the base and was looking up and down examining it, trying to capture every millimeter of it in his mind. He stuck his tongue out and started to lick up and down on my shaft. He paused every so often to let his tongue explore a new part of my cock. He had licked every inch of it, front, back and side. He placed his left hand on my cock and pulled his face back and grabbed my balls. He started to manipulate them with his right hand while still gripping my cock with his left.

He was now examining my balls, his hands were strong and yet he didn’t squeeze them too hard; in fact, he told me to let him know if he was too rough. He seemed to just love my cock and balls. He thanked me for sharing them with him and dove back into my cock with his mouth. He swirled his tongue around my mushroom head, flicking underneath it and around its edge like he was measuring it. He tongued my cock’s underbelly up and down pressing hard to feel the rounded portion that protects my urethra. He stopped at where my cock shaft and head meet (frenulum) and flicked his tongue back and forth. I was surprised at how he knew this was the

most sensitive part of the penis (later he told me he read everything he could about it to prepare for our meeting). He took a deep breath and shoved his head hard on my cock trying to swallow it all, he choked and pulled his mouth back and gasped for air.

As his mouth was coming off my penis his left hand grabbed the base of it as if he had to be touching my cock at all times or some evil tragedy would besiege him.

He told me "I LOVE YOUR COCK!" with a genuineness that was unmistakable.

I smiled and said "thanks."

He came back with "really, it is even better than the pics you sent me."

With that he tried to swallow it again, choking, pulling back and shoving it down again. I never seen such determination! After about seven tries he was able to swallow most of it, I wouldn't argue if he said all of it ☺ He held my cock in his throat for few seconds and came up for air, he kept trying to repeat it. It felt so warm and tight when he slid my head into his throat. I was thinking I might cum but we hadn't talked about where I was going to cum yet. I tried to let him enjoy it and hold off my orgasm. I usually I am only good for one good orgasm and then have to wait a few hours or use Viagra for another.

After about five minutes of him trying to deep throat me I felt his tongue penetrate my slit as he was trying to tongue fuck it. He pushed on it, and licked it, and then pushed on it some more. It felt good, I laughed to myself and thought he really is going to experience every bit of my cock. I was so turned on by his enthusiasm, it was more than just a sexual thrill, there was something about his love, no worship is a better word, of my cock that made me proud of my favorite part of my body.

He gave my cock once last swirl with his tongue and replaced it with his hand. He swung his hips around so his manhole was inches from my mouth. I was so excited to see his manhole up close for the first time. It looked sweet, a bit hairy, I had to push the hair aside to get a good view. I started to probe it with my fingers and he responded with a very light moan. I love examining a sweet manhole.

I bent my neck downward and stuck my tongue out to reach his really wet hole. I licked up and down his hole, touching his t-cock now and then but not really concentrating on it. I knew I was lousy at oral sex and my tongue isn't very long at all, I tried to penetrate him. I had always heard the jokes about guys with long tongues and thought that is what you're supposed to do. He pulled his mouth off my cock and told me to suck and swirl his cock in my mouth. I had thought it would be too sensitive, too much stimulation.

My wife and other women I had been with couldn't take much direct clitoral stimulation. I learned a valuable lesson that day, actually two, first how to suck t-cock, and most importantly, trans male t-cocks are not like clits at all. In fact, for the most part the whole organ although similar needs to be treated much differently. I have since learned it is truly a manhole, not the 'p-word.'

As I sucked and swirled my tongue around his t-cock, he moaned even louder and squeezed his hips around my head. I kept sucking his cock and all the skin around it all the way into my mouth. The more I sucked and swirled my tongue on his cock the more he moaned. He was leaking wetness and my nose was right up on his hole and I could smell his manhole, such a sweet aroma. I was thrilled, I think I found out how to suck t-cock and Max seemed to really enjoy it. It was important thing for me to learn if I was going to be with trans men the rest of my life. We sucked each other for a good 15 minutes, I fought off three orgasms. He finally swung his leg over my head and spun around holding my cock.

He half-stated and half-demanded "I have to feel this in me."

With that he grabbed his bag, pulled out a condom and some lube and quickly grabbed back a hold of my cock. I laughed to myself thinking that 30 seconds was the longest time my cock had gone without him holding it or sucking it for the 45 minutes he had been there.

He tore the condom package and put the condom on my cockhead and started to push down on the edges, he pushed and pushed and I realized he had it on wrong, a common mistake for a rookie. I grabbed it from him and started to turn it around and told him it was on wrong and one should unroll a bit to check which way it goes first. He grabbed it from me and tossed it aside as he reached in his bag and pulled out another one. I laughed and he said he brought plenty in case we fuck forever. He tore this package open and unrolled a slight bit to make sure he had it the right way. He put it on my cock head and rolled it all the way down to my base. He then reached for the KY jelly and lubed up my cock even though he had lubed condoms and was soaking wet. He wasn't taking any chances and I appreciated his caution.

He rolled over on his back and opened his legs slightly. I looked down and saw his hot manhole and my condom-clad cock right next to it. He grabbed my cock again and started to rub it on his t-cock. He rubbed it up and down and bucked his hips as he really got into the two cocks rubbing each other. After about a minute, he tried to guide me into his hole but his legs were too close together and it wasn't going to work. He opened them further, and I finally slid my knees up close to him and pressed his legs wide opening him for penetration.

I stuck my cock head against his hole and pushed, it slid in pretty quickly but I was limited in my penetration by his thighs. It felt great, he was pretty tight. He let out a sigh and slight moan and I pulled my cock out to the tip and slid it in again. I started to fuck him and he asked me to grab his nipples. He said they were grafted on and he didn't feel anything until I really squeezed them hard for a few minutes.

I did what he asked with my right hand as I used my left hand to hold my body up while I thrust my hips back and forth plunging my cock in and out his tight manhole. There wasn't a lot of friction because of the condom and all the lube but I could feel the warmth of his inside (I was used to bareback with Arizona so it was quite a different feeling).

He seemed to be loving it, his moaning picked up and he reached up and grabbed my chest and started to play with my nipples and squeeze my hairy chest. I loved it, I like my nipples squeezed and it felt good to have these three sensations, my cock in his manhole, my hand on his nipples and his hand on mine. I stroked in and out for about five minutes when suddenly he slid out from under me and propped up on his knees and said he wanted to try riding my cock. I laid down and he swung a leg over me and lined up his hole and pushed his hips down as my cock slid into him again with ease.

I reached up and grabbed his nipples and tried to squeeze each of them hard. I was surprised at how hard I was squeezing them and he seemed to enjoy it. He kept bouncing up and down on my cock, again not getting the full cock in him because of his inability to spread his legs very far. We didn't fuck this way long and he told me he wanted me to penetrate him doggie-style.

I climbed in behind him and pushed his back down to get his hole more exposed. I knew he didn't have much experience and he made the rookie mistake of keeping his shoulders even with his hips when he has to drop his arms to his side and hug the pillow with his face. He was a fast-learner however and certainly didn't lack for enthusiasm to learn. The teacher in me was appreciative of my pupil. I looked down and his manhole was perfectly aligned with my cock.

I slide my cock in balls deep with the first thrust, he moaned even louder than he had before. I was as deep as I had been in him and knew he recognized that fact. I also suspect he knew he had to make himself totally available for my cock.

I think a lot of trans guys feel vulnerable or awkward in that position, but my experience is once they enjoy full penetration they relax and open themselves up for my cock to drive in as deep as it can giving them the feeling of fullness that is so enjoyable for most men. It could be that many trans guys bulk up with T and they aren't as flexible as they used to be pre-T, or that many guys just aren't comfortable with their front hole completely exposed and vulnerable, but I digress.

Max was thrilled with the deeper penetration and commented on how great it felt. We talked about the various positions as it was obvious he wanted to learn as much as I did. I started to feel a real bond with him knowing it was simply lust and education. What a mixture huh?

I love doggie-style as I can watch my cock plunge in and out with a clear view. It is by far my favorite part of sex. Often, I am driven to cum by watching my cock sliding in and out doggie-style. I started to stroke him harder and harder, the familiar sound of my groin slapping against his ass filled the room. He kept moaning and groaning as I fucked him harder and harder encouraged by his increased volume.

He shocked me when he finally yelled out "oh yes, fuck me."

I couldn't believe it because up until that moment he had never used the term 'fuck,' it was always penetrate. Regardless, we were both really getting into it. I was surprised at how long I was lasting, although I knew I would with a condom. I closed my eyes every now and then and just concentrated on the feeling and quit watching my cock penetrate him. But with his verbal enthusiasm I had to open my eyes and watch my cock "fuck" his manhole.

Out the blue he asked me if I could recover quickly once I cum and I said it takes a while. He asked me if I would do him a favor and hold off cumming because he wanted to jack me off and feel me cum. I told him I would be glad to oblige him. I fucked him another few minutes making sure not to cum. He stopped me and asked if I wanted him to fuck me. He said he brought two cocks with him, a big one and a small one. I thought about it and politely declined as I hadn't done that yet (in retrospect I wish I had because I would have love to have seen his cocks).

Speaking of cock, he wanted my cock, he wanted it more than anyone has ever wanted my cock. When I pulled out of him and laid down he unrolled the condom and tossed it on the floor. He started to stroke me with his right hand. I told him we need some lube and he reached around to find where the KY had gone. He put a glob on his hand and started to jack me off, he wanted to lay next to me and feel my body and cock.

He seemed mesmerized as he stared intently at my cock while he worked his hand up and down, frequently asking me if he was doing it right. I told him he sure was but to grab my balls and play with them also, so he resituated himself and was stroking my hard cock with his right hand and feeling my balls with his left. I told him he will know when I am going to cum when he feels my balls pull up really close to my body and my legs straighten out. He said he had read that and he couldn't wait to feel me cum.

He kept jacking me up and down and I looked down at his hot hole and closed my eyes and thought of how much fun it would be to throw him on the bed and mount him bareback and show him were the cum ought to go. For some reason that image sent me over the edge – my bare cock in his manhole. I started to feel the warming sensation down deep in my balls and out it flew, my first load hit me on my chest the second and third nearby. He kept jacking me and I was so wrapped up in my own orgasm I could barely make out his growls and moans of pure delight with the feel of my cock throbbing and pulsating in his hand. He kept milking it until every drop was out, I grabbed his hand and told him to stop because I get really sensitive after I cum. He laid there and looked at my cock and cum. He didn't let go of it, just held it as I deflated.

He jumped up and went to the sink and washed his hands. I got up and grabbed a towel and started to clean myself up. I wondered what he wanted to do next, I suggest that I play with him and suck him to an orgasm. He said sure. He laid back down on the bed and I climbed in between his legs and started to lick and suck him.

He kept giving me directions, 'swirl your tongue more,' 'no, go counterclockwise now,' and 'alternate back and forth...' I was loving it, it was so erotic to be in this motel room being taught how to perform oral sex properly – I felt like I was the pupil and he was the teacher suddenly. I was slightly embarrassed that I was 50 years old and didn't know how to give oral sex, but I am learner and love learning about sex. He stopped talking and started to moan, he stuck his hand on my head and was grinding his hips into my mouth and tongue. I reached up and squeezed his right nipple and he responded with a jolt in his body as he tensed more and more. His stomach was moving in and out and his breathing quickened. I pushed harder and harder with my tongue and lips and alternating between sucking and pressing his t-cock hard with my tongue.

That must have done it as he straightened his legs out and started to buck. His t-cock was pulsating and seemed to get larger as more blood rushed to it. He took his hand off of my head and slammed the bed, again and again. I couldn't see but I could feel the whole bed moving, I knew this had to be a dandy cum.

He put his hand back on my head and said "whoa, slow down I am like you it is sensitive now."

I pulled my mouth off of his cock and crawled up next to him. We laid there for a moment and I asked him if it was everything he had thought it would be –

He laughed and said, "NO, IT WAS MUCH BETTER."

He reached down and grabbed my cock and started to play with it again. He patted me on the thigh and said roll over I will give you back rub. I was thrilled, I love back rubs, especially after hot sex. He had such strong hands, he was not just rubbing my back like I was used to, he was kneading my back like he was preparing a loaf of bread. It felt fantastic, he moved all over my back massaging every part of it. I thought to myself I had never had a massage before, my wife was good at body rubs but this was a deep tissue massage.

I loved his strong hands. As he sat on my ass, I could feel his t-cock rub against my ass. I thought how much I love that feeling and I should have had him fuck me, but it was too late. He slid down and started to rub my ass, I pushed it up, not to meet his hands, but to shift my cock to the left as it had gotten hard again and was in an awkward position.

I love my ass played with and other than my wife no one had ever done that before Max. It was sweet, he kneaded and massaged my ass then my thighs. We talked about what he liked about sex with me, his wife, his transition while he was massaging me; it took some of the pleasure away, but I didn't want to be rude. Plus, he hadn't lost his enthusiasm, I LOVED THAT.

He reached in between my legs and grabbed my balls from behind while he was massaging my thighs. He reached up further to find my cock and he was surprised that I was hard again. He rolled me over and dropped his head down and sucked my cock into his mouth again. He used his tongue to explore every bit of it for a second time. It crossed my mind that he was like a cartographer recording every inch of his first cis cock in 15 years. I couldn't believe his enthusiasm, to this day I can't get over the fact that the whole three hours we were together he had my cock in his hand, mouth or manhole for all but maybe 10 minutes maximum.

He told me I couldn't cum in his mouth as he had promised his wife he wouldn't take cum in his mouth or manhole, so he asked me if he could jack me off again. I told him I couldn't cum for a while and he said that was cool as he had to leave anyway. He started to get up but stopped and hesitated, he reached back and grabbed my cock again. He stroked it and stared at it for a few more minutes.

He finally said “I hate to, but I have to go.”

He told me it was more like two and a half hours, not two, to his house. He looked sad, and I felt no one had ever wanted me (well, let's be honest – my COCK), so much in my life. I wished he lived nearby.

He told me he was going to talk to his wife and maybe we could meet halfway every few weeks. I told him I would love to. We hugged goodbye, he had written before we met there was to be no kissing, one of the ground rules with his wife. I felt like I had made a friend, it was extremely fulfilling and in some ways more meaningful than Arizona. I had to admit he wasn't as hot as Arizona, but it was great sex and I felt good that I think my question about whether it was the trans thing or just Arizona was probably answered. I knew I needed to learn more.

An hour after I left the hotel my phone went off, I checked my text messages and there was one from Max. He thanked me and told me he was still horny and rubbing himself as he was driving. He couldn't stop thinking about how beautiful my cock was. I texted back that I had great fun also. It was thoughtful of him to thank me, but I thought possibly he felt obligated to do so. Forty-five minutes later he texted me again telling me he couldn't wait for us to hook up again, maybe next week. That was not a text of a man feeling compelled to thank me. He told me it was some of the best sex he had ever had. I knew it wasn't out of obligation but lust for my cock.

Sadly, for me and for him, his wife freaked out when he told her how much he loved cis cock. He emailed me and said she became quite jealous and he wished he hadn't been so honest about how much he loved my cock. She forbid him from seeing me again. I was cool with it, I hoped I could still hook up with Arizona a few more times before he left and try out my new oral skills.

Interestingly enough, Max texted me for a year and a half making dates to hook up only to pull out at the last minute because of his guilt over his wife. I told him finally that I really respected his love for his wife and her demand that he not see me again and then he should quit giving in to his lust only to pull out at the last minute.

Oddly enough, in the spring of 2011 he texted me that he was driving by my town on a trip and would I meet him in a car pool lot and let him suck me off. He told me that part of the reason he kept cancelling is he felt so bad that he was unemployed, that he had gone into a depression and didn't feel good about himself. He now had a job and felt confident enough to have sex again. I didn't ask him if he had his wife's permission for this planned tryst because I was on my way to Boston for a business conference and wasn't anywhere near my town anyway. I felt bad as I would love to enjoy his enthusiasm for my cock again.

Chapter 4: San Francisco Here I Cum

After Arizona left town and Max turned out to be a one-time affair because of his wife, I became horny as hell for a trans man. I also became quite depressed. As you may recall, Arizona had told me there weren't any other trans men that liked cis men and I was fucked, and not in a good way. I waited and waited and no one responded to my CL ad in Michigan or the entire Midwest. I started to check out the Craigslistings for other areas. I found several in the San Francisco Bay area. I began chatting with them and found some guys that were interested in daddy/boy hook ups. I realized that I was going to have to fly to San Francisco and settle this question of mine once and for all – was it Arizona or the fact he was a trans man that drove me crazy?

When I told the trans guys in San Francisco that I was from the Midwest and was thinking of a trip to San Francisco they almost all said hit me up if you're in town. Four guys didn't, they were quite friendly and didn't mind carrying on an email conversation to get to know each other. I really appreciated it. Finally, after four months of chatting I decided to fly to San Francisco and find out once and for all if trans men were for me or not. I came to refer San Francisco as SF, or my goldmine. It wasn't until later I found out the locals simply called it the "City."

I was talking to the four guys from the City regularly:

Robbie seemed quite hot based on his pictures and appeared to be a nice guy. He was 26 years old and small-framed, 5'4", fit and worked out all the time. He was white, a dirty blonde and had top surgery. Robbie was a versatile man – he would top and bottom, but mostly like to bottom for cis men. He was talking about a daddy/boy relationship and I was kind of turned on by him. He was the same age as Arizona and I liked that also. Although he seemed to run hot and cold.

He would email me every day for a week and then I wouldn't hear from him for another week. I didn't have a good face pic of him but he did send a hot t-cock pic. He told me he was horny all the time because of the T (for non-trans men again T is short for testosterone not meth as some people like to call it I found out later but that is another story). He still liked women but loved to fuck with men. He was finding women less of a turn on after being on T for so long. He only played safe and was very careful he told me. I was pretty naïve still and thought maybe a hot young guy might fall for an older daddy-type.

Andy was another fairly small man, he said around 5'2". He was a little heavier than Robbie, 135 pounds and said he was in his early-30s and had top surgery. He was very excited about meeting me and told me he would show me around the city and stay with me at my hotel for the night because he wasn't from the City-proper. I was really excited about him becoming my guide and staying with me overnight. I was going to stay in the tourist area down by the Wharf. I had been to SF with my family twice and loved it.

My ex-wife hated it when we went in 2004, she is homophobic and never relaxed and enjoyed the city while we were there. I was dying to try the gay/bi night life at the time. Obviously, with the family in tow it wasn't going to happen. I did drive down to the Castro district with her and really liked it; of course, she acted like an ass and tried to ruin it for me. One day she went shopping with the girls and I went to a bath house. I was really excited but scared shitless. I was only there to watch and see what one was like. It was cool, but all I did is jack off in front of a few guys. I didn't let anyone touch me.

I digress. Andy seemed more realistic in that he was older and was interested in a romantic relationship. I had made a list in the order I hoped to meet these guys and Andy was number two on my list. Of course, if any of these guys turned out to be like Arizona and I fell for them I would just try to spend my time with him.

There was Randy, he was older also, he said he was 35 (later found out more like 45). He had not had top surgery and looked to have a great top with tattoos and full-shaped chest. He was into kink, loved to suck and

be sucked, and wanted to bottom. He would top if necessary, but I told him I am not really into it. He was tall and slender, 6' with the T stomach pouch that is so cute. I wasn't sure about him because he seemed a bit old for a daddy/boy relationship, and it was important to him that he call me daddy and I call him son. I was cool with that, even though it was more like older brother because of the ages ☺ He was number three of four. I was definitely interested despite the age thing, I remembered Max and I had fun and Max was over 40.

The last guy was Jack, he was quite up on the whole trans scene in the City. He knew a lot of people and seemed to want to help me fit in and find guys. He was very manly looking and the touchiest about terminology and teaching me how to be respectful. I really appreciated that about Jack. He was 26 and going to turn 27 the next month. He had not had top surgery and was very sensitive about it. He told me his binder was uncomfortable and I suggested that if we hooked up he could take it off. He got really pissed at me through an email reply, it made me nervous and I quickly placed him at the bottom of the list. I learned for the first time that some guys are really sensitive about their top, they think it makes them feminine and some cis guys will treat a man like a woman because of the breasts he has – I have had guys tell me this is common.

For me, the top really didn't matter, I could take it or leave it, but if you have a piece of equipment why not use it. On the other hand, I really wanted to be respectful. I sent Jack a couple of apology emails and he replied that he had over-reacted but I needed to know that lots of guys don't like to be asked a lot of questions. I remember I had asked Arizona everything including the really ignorant question of "when he realized he was a man" and he was cool about it and told me that is an insulting question because he has always been a man. I thought about it and felt bad I asked him, but because he was so cool he told me he didn't mind, he knew my heart was in the right place. I quickly learned that some guys aren't very open to questions and they could be really thin-skinned about trans issues.

However, Jack was number four primarily because he told me he worked at a bath house. I remembered my experience at a bath house before and was really nervous about disease and that seemed like the perfect place to catch something. He told me some trans guys came to his club and he would get me in free if I wanted to show up. They only allow safe play and threw anyone out that doesn't play safe. I had read they had a trans night every so often and had planned to be there one of the weeks they held one. Anyway, Jack was on my list as a possible candidate, he wanted a daddy who would take care of him financially and was quite friendly and supportive of my quest to meet a trans guy.

So, there was my list, I had talked to about five more guys but they were either not interested in me due to my age or looks... Most just wanted to hook up at that moment, like that night and since I wasn't in San Francisco yet they told me to hit them up when I got there. This crowd worried me also as I was very concerned about disease. I brought 12 condoms with me and laughed that would be two a day – if I was that lucky I would be thrilled. I was only going to be there six days.

I remember sitting in my hotel room at Chicago's O'Hare airport reading my emails leaking precum like mad thinking that tomorrow (Thursday) I COULD be in San Francisco fucking a transguy. Oh, how I had dreamed of this moment for eight months since Arizona left town. I was really nervous as I got on the plane at 8 AM Chicago time. It was a five hour trip and I hated to fly, the good thing was I was going to be in SF at 10:15 AM due to time zone changes. I turned off my cellphone and pulled out my portable DVD player and started to watch some Seinfeld's... Every now and then, I would look around the plane and wonder what the other passengers were flying to San Francisco for – I thought how they would smile if they knew I was flying there for one thing, to meet a hot FTM and hopefully get laid.

When the pilot told us we were getting ready to land I looked out the window to see San Francisco from the air, it was very cloudy and I couldn't see anything until all of the sudden there was the San Francisco Bay and a thrill ran up my spine I will never forget. I couldn't believe there was a city that actually had trans guys I might

meet. As we were taxiing toward our docking area I turned on my cell phone and there was a message. I opened the message and it read "Welcome to California I hope you enjoy your stay. – Robbie"

I felt my second shiver run up my spine as I sat there taking in the message. It was the most incredible feeling of excitement for me. I was excited about the possibilities but cautious, my greatest fear was I would fly to San Francisco and not meet a single trans man and be totally bummed. With that message, I felt like there was a chance I would meet this hot guy. I texted him back a message thanking him and telling him I had just landed. He asked me if I wanted to meet him over lunch for a quickie at my hotel room. His work wasn't too far from my hotel and I could pick him up.

My heart skipped a beat when I read that, I had to reread it three times to believe it. Robbie had seemed so nonchalant about meeting, if he had time, he was going to be busy... you know the routine. I was shocked how he seemed very interested in meeting right then. I texted back I would love to. I grabbed my bags and ran toward the rent-a-car station. I picked up my car and stuck my GPS on the window and the guy who showed me my car told me it was illegal to have them on the window in California. I took it off until I got out of the garage and typed in my hotel. I thought if I hurried there was plenty of time for me to get to the hotel rent my room and go pick up Robbie.

I knew traffic could be crazy in the City as I had driven in it before, in 2004 and twice in 2008, once for business and once on a family trip to Hawaii. The traffic was surprisingly light on the 101 as I drove to the Embarcadero. I refused to believe the GPS which said there was a quicker route, I had been there the year before and to get to the Wharf and Pier 39 one would take the Embarcadero all the way around the piers. Anyway, it took forever it seemed, I learned later there was a quicker way.

I kept thinking about Robbie and worrying that they wouldn't have my hotel room ready or I wouldn't get to him on time. I almost abandoned my attempt to get the hotel room before I met him when suddenly there I was two blocks away from it. At first, the clerk said I had to wait, I was quite upset until he said they had a room ready now on the second floor. I felt like screaming at him 'hell, I don't care if it is the basement as long as it had a john and bed, don't you realize I am here to get laid.'

I rushed around to get ready, I laid out two condoms and a clean towel on the bed. I cleaned up and jumped in my car and off I went. I was supposed to meet Robbie at the City Hall square at noon. It was going to be close as it was many blocks away. I became quite frustrated as the traffic flow in San Francisco is AWFUL. Poorly timed lights and lots of traffic downtown made me late by 10 minutes. I pulled up to the spot I was supposed to meet Robbie and texted him I was there.

My head was spinning around trying to find someone that looked like him, the problem was I couldn't really tell because he had covered his eyes in his picture he had sent when we were emailing each other before I left home. I kept thinking, maybe that is him, 'no, he just walked by my car' or, 'oh my God, I hope it isn't him...'

Robbie texted me again and asked where I was parked because he was out of work looking for my car. I grabbed my cell phone and was typing a message when the door flew open and in jumped a really hot guy. I looked at him and he said hi, he didn't have much time we should take off. I was flabbergasted, he was much HOTTER than his pic event taking into account his x-out eyes! I was even more surprised that he got in my car.

He was way too hot for me, it made me nervous. Perhaps you know the thoughts, why does he want to sleep with me, does he feel like he wants to jump out at the next stop... I tried not to stare, and so did he, but I kept stealing glances at his hot body, what I could tell of it under his pants and shirt. He had a baseball cap on and was not overly talkative. When I am nervous I talk a lot so I guess it worked out OK. The talk was inane until we got to the hotel and I pulled into the garage and we started to head to the room. I wanted to pinch myself, not more than 95 minutes ago my plane was touching down on the tarmac at SFO.

I opened the hotel room door and he stepped in, I was getting hard and hadn't even touched him yet, or him me. He briskly walked into the room and started to take his clothes off next to the bed and I quickly followed him. We were naked in less than a minute and he was pulling me onto the bed. I looked down at his hot body and couldn't believe my eyes. He was super cute, mostly smooth and no facial hair. His top scars were much smaller than Max' (I learned later it has to do with the type of surgery, the surgeon and how big one is to begin with). His pubic hairy was very closely trimmed and very light, I looked at his t-cock and just drooled.

I probably looked like an idiot standing there frozen taking this all in. He reached out and grabbed my cock and started to jack it off. He said he thought my head was huge, larger than my picture. I started to rub his body as I laid on the bed next to him. He lifted his head and stuck his lips up to mine. I kissed him.

I damn near came, it was the first time a guy wanted to kiss me, I asked Arizona to a couple of times and he reluctantly agreed – it is not so good when one party isn't in to it. But Robbie was in to it, his tongue darted into my mouth and we started to tongue wrestle as I stuck my hand down to his t-cock and touched it for the first time. It was hard and wet. I stuck my finger up to his hole and it slid right in, oh was he wet! I was never so out of it in my life. I couldn't believe I was with this hot guy, the hottest person I had ever been naked with, and there I was with my mouth on his and my finger deep in his front hole. He told me to put the condom on and fuck him, I said I wanted to lick his hole first. I had never seen one so hot, I had but with such a hot guy attached to it - no I hadn't!

I got on my knees and started to lick and suck his t-cock like Max had taught me. Robbie threw back his head and closed his eyes and just lightly moaned as I dug into his sweet t-cock and juices. He told me he had thought about my big cock all day long and had to have it now. I wanted to suck him for hours but I knew I couldn't as this was a quickie. I got off my knees and he handed me a condom. As I started to pull it down my cock he reached out rolled it back to where just my head was covered. It is such a big mushroom head the condom seemed secure.

He curled his legs up and gave me complete access. I couldn't believe how small he was and wondered how he was going to take my cock. I was just shocked that he gave me complete access as small as he was. I was really excited to see if I could fill him up with my cock. I love the look of my cock in a small front hole/body. Once, I was with a female that had vagina as small as his but I couldn't get my cock in all the way, but again that is another story.

I lined my cock up with his hole and pushed my head up to his t-cock and started to rub it up and down. It was so cool to see the shaft uncovered yet the head was covered with the condom which seemed to be tightly secure, not moving at all. He reached forward and tried to pull me on top of him. I was down to 212 pounds but I was afraid I was going to smash him so I resisted a bit. He grabbed my cock and lined it up to his hole and threw his hips forward and my cock plunged into his hole about 2". GOD IT WAS TIGHT and the feeling was crazy.

My shaft could feel the warmth and moisture of his canal, my cock head didn't feel a lot different than bareback. I slowly started to thrust my cock in deeper until I bottomed out. I was so excited that he took it all and my whole cock was wrapped tightly around this super hot hole. My mind was racing with an intense high that I had never felt before, I opened my eyes followed his smooth hot body all the way down to my cock thrusting in and out of his hole. I could see his t-cock move in and out with my cock. He reached up and grabbed me again, lifting himself up so that our bodies were in full contact. He started to moan and buck his hips wildly on my cock.

He was thrusting his hips into mine so hard I didn't know who was fucking who. He fell back down to the bed with his head and his upper body slightly propped up by my pillows and pulled me down with him. The full weight of my groin came down upon him as my cock sunk deep in him. I pulled it back out and slammed it

back in again, he was moaning and started to mumble with approval, the harder I pumped the harder he grabbed a hold of me.

My thoughts were bouncing back and forth between what an unbelievably lucky bastard I was to be fucking this hot son of bitch to wondering if the condom was still on my cock. It didn't feel like it, I could feel the warmth of his hole surrounding my cock and my head was growing larger and larger. I can always feel that when I go bareback, one of the great advantages of raw sex is my head becomes so sensitive to the warmth and friction that it grows twice its size and I start to cum from the sensational friction that creates. The crown of my head was dragging up and down his canal, I knew there was no mistaking that for him (one of the great advantages of a mushroom head is the stimulation it gives a front hole near the g-spot that a cone head doesn't – at least I told myself that :). I was getting close.

I tried to look down to see where the condom was but he had such a tight grip on my body I couldn't separate from him if I wanted to – and trust me I didn't want to. I felt like a tree and he was a koala bear wrapped around me. He reached up and grabbed my head and forced it down to his and he kissed me hard. He was alternating between gasping for breath and tongue fucking my mouth with his as he started to cum. There was no mistaking it, he was cumming, and cumming hard on my cock. His whole body tensed up slamming into mine as he lunged forward. He locked onto my mouth with his and shoved his tongue deep while moaning into my mouth. It was the most intense moment of my life, I never felt so much stimulation from his front hole gripping my cock like a vise to his hands and mouth locked onto me like he was clinging to a lifeboat in the ocean. I DIDN'T WANT THIS FEELING TO END!

I knew it wasn't long before I would cum. After what seemed like forever, but must have been an instance he fell back down and my cock continued to slam in and out of him. I looked down and saw my bare shaft pulling out and shoving back in again and I lost it. My balls pulled up tight to my body and my cock hardened. He knew what was coming and shoved his hips hard to meet mine. I stiffened and shoved my cock deep as I imagined my cum filling his hot wet hole full. I felt like I had gone so deep in his small frame that my cock had been shoved up to his rib cage. My cock pulsed with jerks and throbs that must have been pleasing him also, possibly as much as me by the way he grabbed my mouth again and started to kiss me. I left my cock deep unloading shot after shot.

I threw my head back and yelled “holy fuck”

I could think of nothing but MY cum filling the hottest man on earth. Then suddenly it hit me, I just knew the condom had come off and he was going to freak, I knew I was going to freak. I pulled my cock out of him and was shocked – there was the condom rolled up tight around my purple head filled with my white goo. Not a drop had spilled. He looked down and smiled and told me I cum a ton. I collapsed on the bed next to him. He looked at the clock and mumbled something and jumped up and ran to the bathroom. I watched his tiny TIGHT hot ass bouncing toward the door. A sudden moment of regret rushed through my mind, why didn't I massage his body, why didn't I kiss his sweet ass, why didn't I enjoy this more... But it was not to be – this was a quickie.

I heard the shower running and I knew he was cleaning himself up for his return to work leaving a great orgasm and a thankful old man with a smile on his face behind. He came out of the bathroom grabbed his clothes and had them on in a flash, I ran into the bathroom opened my special anti-bacterial soap I had brought with me and washed my cock and took a pee as I heard that helps prevent the spread of disease. He told me he was in a hurry so I grabbed a towel and dried myself as I got dressed in my shorts and shirt, slipping my shoes on without socks.

We rushed to the garage and jumped in my car and took off for the City Hall. I knew I wanted him, I knew I could love his body with all my heart, but also knew I would likely never see him again as he hugged me goodbye. There was a strange hesitation when we parted. I thought about it all the way back to the hotel.

I was on cloud nine and thought to myself if I don't do another thing the rest of this trip it was worth the cost of this trip. In the back of my mind I was yelling 'FUCK YOU ARIZONA.' Not only are there trans men that like cis men, but I was just with a man five times as hot as you and he kissed me to intensify his orgasm! He was so turned on that he kissed me, he wanted to kiss me – fuck you Arizona!!! For that brief moment, all the pain Arizona had given me was released.

I sat on my hotel bed reliving the moment over and over in my mind. It was the first time a front hole, with either a woman or trans man attached, had ever cum while I fucked it. It was the most erotic moment of my 50 year old life! Not only did he cum while I was fucking him but he kissed me to intensify the feeling! I had never known anyone to have such passion for me to fuck him, never. I had never felt so sexually satisfied. I DO LOVE TRANS MEN. I now knew for sure, the thought that I had to find one to marry me was such an incredible feeling at that moment. Although the fact I was still married and I knew Robbie was just a quickie put a damper on my spirits, almost immediately.

Chapter 5: Experiencing Something New

I texted Robbie a thank you that afternoon for the fantastic sex and said I would like to see him again later in the week if he had time. He told me he was in a wedding that weekend and didn't think he would have time but would stay in touch. It was two hours later that I realized what a dunderhead I was, it hit me. We had talked about me being a generous daddy, although we never set an amount or anything there always was an overtone to our discussions that he wanted a generous daddy. How could I be so stupid?

I would have given him hundreds of dollars to thank him for what he did for me. In fact, all the money I had in my pocket to fuck him again, this time I would want five days in bed with him however. I texted him that I was sorry that I was so excited to be with him that I didn't think to give him a generous thank you.

He returned an 'LOL, I was surprised that you weren't generous. We had discussed it but I didn't want to say anything when you dropped me off'

I knew then what the awkward pause was when we departed and I would have given anything to have relived that moment so I could have bribed him to be with me one more time. That's right bribe, if that is what it took, I wanted him so badly.

A stream of new emotions entered my mind. The main one being, of course, you silly fool he was too hot for you to NOT pay for him. I suddenly felt like a "john" and the special feeling I thought he had for me must have been fake, the orgasm, the kiss, everything. I had to ask him about the kiss. I just had to know, so I sent him a simple email asking if he was really into the kissing or was it something he felt was mandatory as part of his expectation I would be generous.

He emailed me back that the kissing wasn't fake, but not to read anything into it because he loved to kiss when he cums. He added he only cums when he fucks face to face and has a big cock in his hole and hitting his dick just right. He thanked me for the sex and said he had a good time. I was quite relieved and I offered him 100 to hook up with me again. He said he would try to work free but he was really busy. It was then that I realized I needed to cut bait and text the next guy on my list as Robbie was probably history.

After I realized that Robbie wasn't likely to happen again, I texted Andy that I was in town and asked him to join me that Sunday as we planned. He said he was looking forward to it. That left Friday and Saturday to fill. I began to panic, I texted Randy and asked him if he wanted to hook up. He replied yes, he would either come over that night or the next afternoon (Friday) – my choice. He lived over on the East Bay and needed to spend the night if he came that night because it would be too late to take the BART back if we really took the time to enjoy ourselves.

I had just fucked Robbie earlier that day and was torn by feelings for him and needed time to recover. I was on a crazy diet to lose weight before I got there and was only eating 700 calories a day. I could tell it was affecting my sexual stamina. I decided to give myself a night to rest and I told Randy we should shoot for the next afternoon (Friday).

My goal of a man a day was still in line if I could get someone for Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, that is if Andy showed up Sunday. It hit me, what a crazy bastard I was thinking that way, I must look like a whore. However, at the same time, I didn't want to waste this golden opportunity to maybe meet the man of my dreams. I put an ad up on CL asking for a young hot FTM to join me in my hotel in the City. I figured one of those guys that had the momentary horny surge might respond.

That night as I laid in the bed that I fucked Robbie in earlier that day I was torn between incredible pride that I had fucked this super hot man, and sadness that I probably wouldn't again. I must have run my hand across that

spot where we fucked twenty times thinking how lucky I was to fuck him. I greatly regret that it was a quickie and I felt so stupid that I let him slip away. As I started to fall asleep I started to think of Randy and that hot body he had. Plus, he told me he wanted to try kink with me. Hmmm, something new for tomorrow ☺

Randy emailed me that morning that he was ready for 'daddy to use him.' I knew this hook up was going to be just sex, no pretense of building a relationship, just hot lusty sex – well, that is how I hoped the sex would go. He said he knew where the hotel was located and he would be there at 1 pm. I went down to the Wharf for a walk and to stretch my legs that morning. I got back around noon and started to prepare the room for him. I laid out two condoms, I laughed as I thought there is no way I could cum twice in a row for him and realized I always laid out two condoms not one. Wishful thinking I suppose, or maybe the Boy Scout in me, always be prepared. Anyway, I brought a tube of KY jelly and laid that on the table also. I had not really needed it yet as the first three transguys I knew were so wet without any, but just in case. My heart skipped as I heard the knock on the door.

I opened the door and there was the tallest trans man I have seen, it gave me a rush to think of the possibilities. He was 6' and I was 6'2". He had a nicely trimmed mustache and a cute face. He was definitely older, I could see gray in his hair, he was no 35 year old. I asked him in and followed him toward the bed. All I could tell from the back was that he had fairly narrow hips and wore black nylon sweats. We chatted a bit and he said he really loved to be taken by 'daddy.' With that I reached into his sweats and slid my hand down in his boxers.

He had sent me several pics in which his t-cock was pierced and so were his nipples, I couldn't wait to see them. When I pulled his top off and stripped off his sweats and boxers I was disappointed he had removed the piercings. I quickly realized those pics were old, he had some nice tattoos but his top was quite effected by the T, hardly any fat left in there at all. His bush was nicely trimmed and he had a bigger stomach pouch than his picture, but he was still pretty hot. It was one of the very few times I have hooked up with a trans guy who wasn't hotter than his pic in person. He admitted the pics were quite old and I told him it was no big deal, and suggested we just have some fun.

With that I laid him on the bed. I loved his tall lanky body. I softly started to play with his top and rub my palm on his pubic bone when he told me to be rough with his "tits." I was taken aback by his language, but followed his command. I grabbed them hard and squeezed them, concentrating on his nipples. He moaned in delight, and kept encouraging me to squeeze them harder and harder. I reached my head forward and started to lick and suck them.

He said "bite them please, don't be afraid."

I placed my teeth around them and started to press down waiting for him to tell me to stop. I bit down harder and harder, I couldn't believe he was enjoying this but he was, he loved it. His moans became louder and louder the harder I bit. By now my hand had reached the promise land and was rubbing his big t-cock.

He pressed his hips forward to meet my hand as I pressed down on his cock. He told me to press hard on it to, he loved rough sex. I pressed hard on his t-cock with my palm as I extended my fingers to his hole. It was already wet and warm. I slid a finger in and kept trying to bite his nipples, but my mind was on his t-cock and hole. I gave up on trying to work his nipples and slid my face down on his stomach looking at his t-cock. I love that position. I love to lay my head on a man's stomach and look at his t-cock, there is something primal about it for me.

I tried to inhale his aroma and could smell the "T-cologne" that I love so. I felt his hand grab my shorts and reach inside to fish out my cock. I stood up and pulled my shorts off and jumped back on the bed with my cock in his face and my face in his pubic area, the old 69 position that I love so.

I stuck out my tongue to get my first taste of his sweet t-cock. I gently licked it to feel it and stroke it. My nose was right up to his slit and I could smell his sex. I licked my tongue down his cock to his hole and tried to stick it in him but my tongue is so short it didn't go in far at all. I quickly darted back up to his t-cock when I realized he was sucking me. I thought how focused I was on his cock and hole that I didn't even realize that he had pulled my cock into his mouth.

He was licking up and down my shaft and slobbering all over my head. I felt his tongue push hard against my slit, it hit me he was only the second person to do that - I LOVED IT. I could feel a slight amount of teeth and wondered if sucking cis cock was his strong suit. It felt good nonetheless.

He let my cock out of his mouth and told me to press hard on his "clit" and to gently bite it. I swung hips around and got up in between his legs so I could show it the proper attention. I was nervous but I started to gently bite and suck his t-cock. He was enjoying it and very verbal in his approval. The more he told me how much he liked it the more I got into it. I was alternating between shoving my tongue hard on his hole up to his cock and biting it.

I must have bitten too hard as he said "whoa, not that hard"

I laughed and said "sorry, I got carried away."

He told me to fuck him, well he said "fuck me daddy, fuck me now!"

There was an urgency that I knew he needed my cock in him.

I reached for the condom and he said "just stick it in."

We had talked about our status in a recent email and he said he was just tested last week, and that he was careful. We had talked about condoms in the emails and decided we would make the call when we hooked up. Part of me struggled with whether to fuck him raw, the other part, my cock, won out. I climbed up on my knees and pushed his legs to the side with my thighs. I felt comfortable being a bit forceful because he was such a tall man that I knew I wasn't going to hurt him. He still wasn't wide enough so I pinned his legs open further with my whole body weight lining my cock up to his hole and started to push.

He took my whole cock in one fell swoop. I pulled it all the way out and shoved it back in again, he didn't have to tell me twice he wanted it rough. I knew by now he wanted to be fucked and fucked hard. He wanted to be used by his daddy, more specifically his daddy's cock. I could hear a thud each time I slammed my hips and cock into him as I was actually knocking the air out of him. I couldn't believe how rough I was being, he was begging for it harder and harder. It is hard for me to be rough, not in my nature but I really like to please my partner so 'when in Rome...'

He kept yelling "FUCK ME DADDY, FUCK ME HARDER, THAT'S IT DADDY RAM IT IN!!!"

That is between gasps of breath as I seemed to be knocking the air out of him. I paused for a second as he was so loud I thought my neighbors might call the front desk or knock on the wall; fortunately, it was mid-afternoon and no one was around. When I paused, he grabbed hold of my ass and started to shove my cock back into him. I loved his aggressiveness – he knew what he wanted – no, had to have. I thought for sure I was going to lose it any second and we had just started.

It is hard to control your orgasm when you're slamming hard into a man's front hole. Each time my cock was buried deep I could barely feel his hard t-cock hit right above my cock. At least, in my mind I could. I felt like such an animal as I thrust as hard as I could deep in him. He met every thrust with one of his own and we

started to get into a rhythm. He was either yelling for his daddy to fuck him or just yelling in ecstasy with each stroke. I could feel I was sweating and so was he. That made the scene even more erotic, our sweat intermingling as I felt like a jackhammer pounding his hole. My mind went blank and for the first time ever I was just fucking, not thinking about anything but just fucking him.

I had never had such raw feelings of sex, only sex. He could have been a wet whole in a tree, all I wanted to do was pound his hole over and over again. I know that sounds awful, but at that moment I was just into fucking, and enjoying a great hot fuck. I was so thankful that I found someone that just wanted to be FUCKED. It was never clearer in my mind what my cock was for than at that moment. He was warm and fairly tight, tight enough that I started to feel that old time feeling in my balls. It started slow with a burning that turned into a fire and I knew I was cumming.

So did he as he yelled “cum in me daddy, cum in your boy!”

That was all it took and I started unloading in him with all my force. I didn’t just drive deep and cum, I kept fucking, shot after shot of my cum filled his hole as my cock pistoned it in further and further with each thrust. He was clearly enjoying my cum, I am not sure I have known many guys that loved my cumming in them as much as Randy. When he told me to cum in him it was a demand, not a suggestion.

As I slowed down he said “that’s it daddy empty your whole load in your boy.”

I collapsed exhausted on him. In retrospect, I must have burned a hell of a lot of calories during that fuck. I was spent, literally. The feel of the mixture of his sweat and mine against my chest and abdomen was awesome. I laid there for a few minutes and let my cock slip out from shrinkage, with it a glob of cum I am sure. I thought how hot it was but I didn’t think he had cum. I wasn’t sure because for the first time I was so into myself I didn’t know if he did or didn’t.

I pondered what to do next when he grabbed my cock and started to stroke it and said “let’s get this thing hard and you do the same thing to my ass”

I pulled my hips back and grabbed his hand and told him it was way too soon for that. I reached down and started to play with his t-cock again. It was hard as a rock and covered with my cum and sweat. I started to stick a finger in his hole and he told me more. So, I stuck a second finger in and slid them back and forth. I was surprised at how loose he seemed, he felt tighter when I fucked him. He told me to shove my fingers in hard, as hard as I could. I could feel my knuckle hit the ring around his hole.

I started to become more gentle when he said “daddy fuck me with your hand.”

I steadily shoved my two fingers in and out, he asked for more. I stuck a third finger in and slid my fingers in and out fairly fast and pretty hard. He was excited but wanted more.

He said “stick your hand in me daddy, fuck me with your hand.”

I was shocked, totally shocked. I put my fourth finger in him and had stretched him wide open. I felt the back wall of his vagina with my fingers and what must have been his cervix as it was hard and small. I was freaking out, I had never had more than three fingers gently in my ex-wife and never explored a man’s hole that deep before. He demanded I fuck him hard with my hand, he told me to fist him. My mind was in a absolute state of shock, I had never even contemplated fisting a vagina before. I didn’t think it possible. I was naïve, I know. I reached in as far as I could and started to move my fingers around to feel his insides. I was sure the big round soft pouch I kept hitting was his uterus and the small hard knob was his cervix.

It happened all so fast and without warning I look back and really regret not getting into it more. I was so afraid of hurting him.

His muscle around his hole opening stopped my knuckles from entering his hole, but he wanted me to try so I kept pushing. He wanted it harder and harder. So, I did as much as I could in good conscious, he reached down and started to jack his t-cock while I shoved my hand in as far as it would go. I was freaking about the things I was feeling deep in him. I looked down and saw my big hand being swallowed up by his unbelievably stretched hole, I could feel my thumb hitting his hand as he jacked off. I had to try to put more of my hand in so I positioned my thumb between my two middle fingers and try to push my whole hand in. He was moaning and yelling, I knew he was close to cumming.

I wanted to slip my whole fist in him so badly, I wanted to feel everything in his sex tunnel. I knew I could feel my cum in there, or at least see it squirting out as my hand was working his hole deeper and deeper. I was thinking about how awesome it was that I was sloshing my hand around in his hole filled with my cum. I was pounding my hand as hard as I thought I should against his opening. He told me to reach up and grab his nipples and squeeze them hard. Again, I did as I was told with my left hand – it was hard as I was thinking about his super-stretched hole. He was about to cum I could tell as his breathing was accelerating and hard.

He was yelling “harder, harder!”

I thought to myself I dare not, this was so new to me, I wasn’t prepared. Who knew a hole could take such a pounding? He threw his hips in the air and started to buck. I tried to keep my hand as deep as I could, I felt this incredible flexing of muscles around my fingers as he contracted around it.

Since that time, I have thought back often on the old debate of clitoral versus vaginal orgasms – I think he may have had both ☺ As he grabbed my hand and pulled it out of him, I was saddened that I couldn’t become his ob/gyn and do a complete exam right then. I looked at his hole as it remained open, this gapping big hole. I couldn’t believe that earlier it was fairly tight around my cock, certainly I had been in looser but how did it even wrap around my cock when it expands this large.

Other thoughts of his sexual habits and my safety began to creep into my mind. He seemed pretty out there and had no hesitation in me fucking him bareback. He got up and went to the bathroom and I cleaned up with a towel. I darted into the bathroom as soon as he stepped out and washed my cock for like five minutes and took a long piss. I scrubbed my hands.

We sat and talked for 20 minutes but I could tell he was bored and ready to go after about 10 minutes. We did talk openly and frankly about our sex practices prior to meeting. It was obvious he thought I was totally safe because he saw me as this fatherly-type that had come from this small town in the Midwest. He told me that was part of the appeal he had for me was he felt I was safe and he would never bareback a man in SF. I was taken aback by his statement, but he told me a shocking statistic, that one in four gay men in SF are HIV positive. It scared the shit out of me. He said he had wanted to bareback with a guy for years and finally decided to do it.

He also told me he knew lots of trans men in the SF area and they were a tight group. He called himself pansexual – it was the first time I had heard the term but felt it applied to me as well. He said he loved all genders and could get into lots of scenes but he hadn’t really had a good daddy yet. I didn’t know if I was one or not. I hoped I was, but I could tell I was way too gentle for him. He told me he got into the leather scene and did a lot of vagina play with girls he knew, mainly fisting and toys. I was learning a ton from him, I didn’t know what the leather scene was and felt like the local yokel he seemed to think I was.

I wanted to talk more because he was teaching me a part of the sex scene of San Francisco that had never heard about, but he said he had to go. I said goodbye with a pat on the back and closed the door behind him. I sat and thought about how intense that sex was, but at the same time I had this tremendous guilt and concern over fucking him raw. He assured me he was safe, I felt he was being honest but boy had he been around the kink scene. I felt pretty strongly that I wasn't going to contact him again, it was fun but at that time in my progression he was a bit out there for me. Looking back now knowing he was safe, or at least I never got anything, I wished I would have enjoyed that scene, especially the fisting part. I should have contacted him again. I have yet to find another guy that is into fisting, I usually ask now too ☺

I really thought long and hard about what he said about one in four gay guys being HIV positive. It scared me and I thought about how Arizona and I bareback and now Randy, two out of the four guys I had been with, I wondered if it was common among trans men. Obviously, my sampling size was WAY TOO SMALL to draw any conclusions. I thought about how I bet there are big variances in HIV rates among the many cities and towns across the nation. One in four, damn, that is scary as shit! I needed to think about that and process it.

Chapter 6: Southern Man

Well, I had been in San Francisco two days and got to fuck two completely different trans men and loved them both, obviously Robbie more than Randy – but Randy taught me a lot and it was FUN. I knew I didn't need much more research to answer my hypothesis about whether I need a trans man as my life partner, but I did need more fucking to satisfy my sexual urges. I posted another ad for a trans man on Craigslist. I had a few nibbles that evening when I got back from walking around San Francisco. I wanted something for Saturday because Sunday was my long anticipated tour of the city with Andy and then back to my room for some fucking.

Friday night I spent all night checking out CL, I even decided to sign on to gay sites as I was considering gay sex for Saturday, after all if I was truly going to confirm my love of transguys I should compare cis and trans men. Also, I was being influenced by the old adage “when in Rome...” And here I was in the gay capital of the world, perhaps I should try it again. At the same time, the one in four disease comment scared me big time.

Well, Saturday I got in an accident with my rental car and it blew up the whole day and night and a possible hook up with Robbie. He had said he might get free that evening of the accident. When I texted him I was in an accident he seemed genuinely concerned about my health. I was so pissed that I lost that opportunity until he texted me back that he really should go to dinner with the wedding party anyway, I knew I wouldn't see him again on this trip.

I decided to just wait for Andy on Sunday. I emailed him just before I went to bed Saturday night to ask what time we were going to get together the next day, Sunday. I was sorely disappointed when he emailed back he was sick and wouldn't be able to make it. He apologized and I felt he was sincere, but I was hugely bummed out as I was counting on him not only for sex, but for companionship as I was getting lonely.

Sunday I spend most of the day walking around the Wharf and Russian Hill hoping to get an email message through my phone. I did, I had been flagged again and my posting was removed. I HATE THAT. It is a huge problem that Craigslist lets its users flag posts. I guess this is reasonable for obvious illegal posts and obnoxious hate speech, although I think sex workers should be able to post on Craigslist, but the right wing morals' police does not. Anyway, people often flag for the wrong reasons, they are jealous of someone who has posted the same type of personal listing as them (another older guy wants a FTM) and they feel by flagging mine they will have less competition.

Some people email me and I politely tell them I am not interested and then they flag me out of spite and revenge (this is really common among CDs/TVs/MTFs who respond to FTM posts hoping to get a guy to fuck them instead – then they get pissed when you say in ad “FTM only” – again I believe it is a competition thing). I have found the best response is no response, or to very politely say you're busy but interested so no one gets pissed and flags you. It supposedly takes several flags to remove a post but in SF my posts are almost always flagged within a few hours. I have read plenty of other guys who will plead with people not to flag them. But, again I digress.

So, Sunday night I beginning to feel desperate, I only had two more days in San Francisco and I really wanted to find another FTM, preferably a young guy. I was wishing I had not started with the hottest guy first, it probably would have been better to save him for last. I laid there feeling a bit low, I wanted to be with Arizona, I missed him so and here he was only six hours away. I did a very foolish and impetuous thing – I text messaged him that I was in California and would pay him whatever he wanted if he would let me come see him just for couple of hours. It was so over with him, from his point of view he came to hate me and my love for him. I knew it was a stupid thing to do and I regretted it as soon as I sent the message. I was already feeling pretty low about a trans guy wanting me – sure I was a good fuck maybe but that is all they wanted and some only one time – like Robbie.

Monday morning I turned on my laptop and had a couple of messages and then I looked over at the night stand and saw my phone flashing. I ran to the phone and it was Arizona alright, I nervously hit the screen to read the message, it was straight and to the point:

“I told you to never contact me again, I am not interested. Leave me alone!” He wrote.

I knew it was coming, but I can't say it didn't hurt. I thought of my computer messages and quickly decided to read them, maybe they would lift my spirits. The first one was from Jack, he was interested in hooking up that night after he got off work at midnight. I thought I hadn't been with Jack yet, I should give him a go. I was a bit worried about him working for a sex club, but he was a possibility, I would have to think on it.

I didn't have too long to think about it as the other message caught my eye, a 20 year-old trans man who said he was inexperienced and pretty open to all sorts of sex with cis men. He had just lost his job and if I could help him out he would come to my room. I told him I had \$100 and would be glad to help him out if he would come to my hotel and fuck. He said he could be there at 1 PM if I wanted to hook up that day. Of course, I jumped at the chance because his stats sounded great: 5'6", 140 pounds, white and he had top surgery. He said he was up to try anything but anal. This was really unusual for me, and one of the VERY few times I met someone the same day I started to text or email him, but I wanted to meet him and I felt I could get a feel for him once I actually met him, and he seemed very friendly and sane. I know how do you know that from a few texts? But, I felt it.

I took my usual walk to Pier 39 and back to my room – about 4 miles roundtrip. I cleaned up and got the room ready. I was so excited that I was going to get to fuck again, I was sure horny for it. I thought about eating lunch but decided not to, I get sluggish and don't have as intense of orgasm for about two hours after I eat. I laid out my two condoms and the lube, turned down the bed and was ready to go at 12:50 when I got a text that said he was running late, but definitely would be there. He said the bus was really slow and it was longer than he thought to my hotel. Around 1:40 I heard the knock on the door. My heart sank as I had not seen a pic of him and wondered what he looked like. I opened the door.

There stood a really cute boy, he looked all of 16-18. I opened the door and he walked in with his backpack over his shoulder. He introduced himself as Beau. I tried to covertly look him up and down, check out his body. It seemed nice but it was hard to tell in the clothes he had on – a baggy pair of jeans and jean jacket over a t-shirt. He laid the backpack down and we chatted about the bus ride. I was slightly nervous, again he was way too cute for me, just like Robbie. However, I liked the fact I didn't have to wonder if he would like me or not, the money on the counter took care of that. I had many conflicting feelings about paying for sex, but this seemed so cool because he was an unemployed guy who needed money for food and rent and I could dig it. It didn't occur to me he might be fucking others, he told me he hardly had any experience with cis guys.

I sat down on the bed and he sat down right next to me and he started to kiss me. I was so turned on by how cute he was, a real twink, just the way I LOVE EM. His hair was short and face very smooth, he said he had only be on T for a half of a year and just recently wanted to try sex with guys. I felt like I was with a virgin, in my mind he seemed so sweet and innocent and had a great subtle Southern accent. I reached down and started to stroke his body through his t-shirt and jeans. He stood up and pulled his shirt off, his scars were pronounced but a nice t-stomach that I like.

He removed his jeans and briefs while I quickly took my t-shirt off and pulled down my sweats showing him my hard manhood for the first time. There we stood naked, I looked down at his super hot body and noticed he was very well trimmed and his t-cock stood out pretty far for only six months on T. I thought his t-cock was a bit smaller than the other guys I had met, but still very nice. I wondered if trans guys compare cock sizes like

cis men tend to do, and all the inferiority that brings some men with little cocks. He had a bigger frame than Robbie and Arizona, but not by much. He was for sure hot and had me ready to dive into his body.

I reached over again and started to stroke his shoulders and chest, something about well-formed shoulders and a firm chest really turn me on. Surgery or not, I love a nice firm chest. I could see his scars were quite wide but nicely shaped, unlike Max' which were very jagged. He had started to kiss me again when we sat down naked now. He was very gentle in sticking his tongue in my mouth and rolling it around, then I would take my turn. It was so much different than kissing Robbie who was so passionate and aggressive in his kisses.

I was more concentrating on his body than the kisses, it was sweet and I liked it. I didn't want to miss out on enjoying what might be my last trans body in a LONG TIME. I slipped my lips off his mouth and planted them on his shoulder and laid him back down. He reached out and grabbed my cock and gently pulled on it. I loved his gentle nature. I kissed my way down his chest and he let go of my cock as I moved my hips out of his reach to continue to explore his body with my tongue. He let out slight moans of pleasure as I tongued his body. I got to his nipples and bit them lightly and he didn't really react much so I moved on. My tongue stopped at his belly button to tongue fuck it for a few seconds, maybe a minute. Meanwhile my hands were rubbing the inside of his thighs.

I love to tease a man, lightly dragging my fingers up and down his thighs up to just an inch or so from his front hole and then back down again. It never seems to fail that as I get closer to his t-cock, a man's breathing increases and if he is a moaner that increases in volume. It really turns me on. I laid my head on his belly and looked at his beautiful t-cock while I lightly traced my fingers up and down his thighs for about five minutes. He was enjoying it I could tell as goose bumps were growing on his thighs and I could start to feel moisture and heat as I would get close to his hole.

Soon, I couldn't take it anymore and started to brush my hand and fingers against his lips and hole. He pushed his hips down to try to increase the pressure. I laughed to myself, they always do that – who wouldn't? I loved teasing him until he really wanted me to touch his sex. I slid my fingers up to his hole and traced the outside of the lips and slightly entered his opening as I went up and down his front hole. His auditory responses became more noticeable as I was rubbing his slit up and down pretty firmly now. I saw him start to reach for his t-cock which I hadn't touched yet and I grabbed his hand and slowly laid it back down, I heard him laugh. He knew what I was doing, I was going to continue my cock tease.

I started to move my tongue down his stomach to his pubic hair, it was short so I kept tonguing all the way down until I was an inch or so from his t-cock. My fingers where about the same distance below it. I left him in suspense: what was going to touch him first, my tongue or my fingers. I flicked my tongue back and forth for a minute or so while doing the same with my fingers, both about an inch from his engorged cock. His moan seemed like a beg to me, it was so hot, in my mind he was begging me to give him satisfaction, he had wanted his t-cock touched in the worst way.

Finally, I let my tongue flick across the top of it lightly licking it. He tightened his stomach muscle like a jolt of electricity had just been shot through him. I did this again and again licking his t-cock ever so slightly. Soon he lightly placed his hand on my head and gently pushed down on it. This seemed so out of character for him, or least what I had perceived of it so far.

I stuck out my tongue and began to press hard up and down on his t-cock like I was trying to bathe it. I was so turned on I didn't think about it but I am sure my cock had to be super hard. I then started to suck his cock into my mouth, at first, a little then as much of his t-cock and surrounding skin as I could. He was moaning and writhing in pleasure. His hips were moving with mine mouth and at one point I could swear he was lifting them off the bed to thrust his t-cock into my mouth.

His hand was still on my head as I alternated between sucking him and twisting my tongue around his cock and down to the top of his hole. He was definitely responding to the sucking more than the licking so I just started to suck it hard. I could hear sucking noises from the mixture of my saliva and his own wetness. He had arched his back and my chin was now pressing against his ass. I moved it back and forth to give him some stimulation there as well, as I tried to keep my lips wrapped hard on his t-cock. I slipped off it a couple of times and his hand would push hard on my head to signal me to get my mouth back on his engorged cock. The last time his hand didn't leave my head.

I felt him pushing hard on my head as it was obvious my Southern gentleman was beginning his orgasm. His stomach was pumping in and out quickly and his breathing was deep and loud. His hips pressed up but stopped bucking, it was like he was trying to shove his cock deep in my mouth to finish off his orgasm. I sucked and flicked my tongue across it as his legs stiffened and his cock began to pulsate. For a brief moment I expected him to unload his cum in my mouth as if it was a cis cock, it reminded me so much of the great blow jobs I had received.

He started to get sensitive and pushed my head to the side and said "stop."

I pulled my face back and looked at his sweet cock and hole was wet as hell. I ran the back of my hand across my mouth and could feel his juices all over it and on my mustache.

I asked him if he would suck me for a while and he said sure. I climbed up on the bed and laid down and I watched his cute face and hot tongue start to lick my cock. I thought to myself he was pretty good for being inexperienced with men. He licked and sucked me swirling his tongue around the head of my cock like a pro. I keep looking at my big cock being taken in the mouth of this cute twink and knew if I didn't stop him I would cum soon.

I didn't have to stop him, he moved his mouth down to my balls and started to lick them and sucked them into his mouth one at a time, bathing and sucking on each of them. He never tried to deep throat me instead he would alternate between sucking my cock and my balls. I was pleased that he was getting into my balls as they are quite sensitive and love attention.

I was impressed by the way he wasn't rushed at all, it felt like he would be content to do this all afternoon. However, I wanted to fuck his hot hole.

I gently lifted his head and said "let's fuck."

He said "sure" as reached for a condom.

I laid there watching him tear the package open and pull the condom out. I was thrilled that he was going to put the condom on as I always hated that part of it. He stuck his hand on my throbbing cock and steadied it while he lined the condom up to it. He unrolled it a bit, and I was surprised that he knew that trick to make sure one puts it on correctly. He placed it on my cock head and unrolled it all the way down my shaft to the base. He jacked it a bit and grabbed the KY jelly and put some of that on the condom also. He then rolled over on his back and opened his legs.

I quickly jumped in between them and began to slide my knees up toward his hole with my cock in hand. I got to an inch or so away and could tell he hadn't widened his legs enough and so I used my thighs to open him up further, I laughed to myself thinking that I had gotten pretty good at this. With that, my cock was now easily touching his hole. I rubbed my head on his t-cock for a bit, I felt like a pitcher in baseball who had a routine he went through every time before he threw a pitch. With me it was to rub a t-cock with my head as a good luck charm – well something like that, and then plunge it in.

I slide my cock down to his hole and began to put pressure on it. He was tight and it didn't slide in very easily. I pushed harder and harder and my big mushroom was ballooning up at the opening. I knew I needed a different angle so I shifted my hips a bit to lower my cock and threw my hands under his legs to lift them slightly. This did the trick, my cockhead started to slide in. OH THAT FEELING OF A COCK FIRST PENETRATING A HOLE! There is nothing like it in the world!!!

I kept pushing harder and all at once my cock slid all the way in. Oh it felt good, I held it there for a few seconds to feel his heat and warmth around it. I thought about the difference between a condom and raw sex and thought 'yes, there is a big difference.'

Nonetheless it felt great, I kept driving my cock in and out of his hole. He seemed to be enjoying it, he was leaning his head forward to look down and watch my cock piston in and out of his tight hole. I imagined in my mind that it was the look of a virgin who was watching his front hole being penetrated for the first time. When he would lay his head back I would lean mine into to watch my shaft and his t-cock slide back and forth. This went on for about five minutes.

I was really enjoying the fuck but wasn't close to cumming because of the condom. I kept thinking how hot he was but the angle wasn't very good for getting maximum penetration so I pulled my cock out and I suggested he ride me for awhile. Beau was so accommodating, I really like that about him. He crawled out from under me and I laid on my back. He climbed on top and started to line up my condom-clad cock with his front hole. He lowered himself onto me slowly. I reached out to his thighs and started to stroke them as he plunged my cock into his waiting hole.

He was working hard bouncing his ass up and down stoking my cock with his canal. It seemed to be loosening up some. I kept rubbing his thighs and looking at his cute face and really intensely enjoyed this position. I love to touch a hot man while I fuck him, or he fucks me. I looked down and saw his t-cock pointed straight out as he would buck his hips up and down on my cock. I started to thrust my hips up to meet him. I closed my eyes and tried to picture the inside of his walls taking my huge head in and out, in and out.

I was getting close when he told me he was tired, I can certainly understand that. It takes a lot of energy to bounce up and down on your knees, one wouldn't think so but I have tried it before and it really does wear you out. This became a common problem I would face when having a guy ride my cock.

I suggested we trying doggie-style. His threw his leg over my outstretched body and he got on all fours. I stood up and grabbed his hips and pulled him up to my cock. I looked down at my cock and noticed it had deflated slightly and the condom was starting to loosen. I jacked myself hard again and lined up my head to his hole.

I had to push on his back and tell him to hug the pillow, he kept trying to straighten back up and I could tell he hadn't used this position much, if at all. Finally, I grabbed his legs and pushed them together around mine and pulled his ass up as high as I could and pushed hard on his shoulders so he would lower his head. He did and it was the perfect height as I stuck my cock straight in without any problem. I started to slide in and out and it felt great, there is a different point of pressure on a cock in each of these positions, at least for me.

When I enter him when he is on his back the pressure point is the top of my cock on his pubic bone and top of his hole. I enjoy that the best IF his hole is tight and we have maximum body contact. If not, there isn't enough friction on the frenulum to bring me to an orgasm with a condom on. Him on top is the best to feel his t-cock sticking into my cock and base of my cock. Depending on the angle this provide really great friction but generally I don't cum this way very quickly. Doggie-style is the best way to get good friction on the bottom of my cock, including the frenulum, but I miss the body contact.

The other thing about doggie-style is if the man sticks his ass in the air and pulls his legs forward slightly this is the deepest penetration, especially if I grab his hips and control his ass. My cock rubs the top of his front hole (which is the bottom in this position) next to the t-cock and then as I drive deeper my head presses against the bottom of his hole (now the top) as I slide in further all the way until my balls slap up against his t-cock. This position is awesome for friction and depth.

Often the guy will really enjoy the feeling of my balls slapping his hole, rarely his t-cock because that is separated from his hole far enough they don't usually hit it. Also, I have found that the t-cock seems to be an inch or two higher than a clit on most guys, never did any research on it however. Of course, sooner or later my balls will pull up into my body before I cum sadly anyway. If a boy has a nice ass I also enjoy the feeling of his ass slapping against my groin. An experienced guy will reach under and play with my balls. That is usually what sends me over the top to cum. The best thing about the doggie-style position is that I can really see my cock entering the hole, the less of a belly I have the better the view.

I was watching my cock invade his hole slowly and with deliberate strokes and LOVING IT. His ass was perfect to feel against my groin and occasionally I would shove my cock in hard and hold it against his ass to just to feel the incredible body heat all concentrated around my cock and groin. I pulled out and saw the condom had slipped off a bit and I could see about a ¼ of my naked shaft. This sent a shock wave through me that stiffened my cock. I pushed back in and sure enough I could feel the heat of the bottom of my shaft inside his hole. I thought back to the way Robbie fucked me with the condom only rolled around my head and how great that felt. I looked down again saw about ½ my shaft now not covered by the condom. I pushed back in as deep as I could to feel the unbelievable warmth and wetness one misses when using a condom. I closed my eyes and slowly started to push in deep and pull out slowly so I could feel as much bare skin on skin as I could, knowing it was only the base of my cock, but it felt great.

The sensation in my cock was growing, and growing fast. I was thrilled as I knew I was on the “no turning back now” road to a climax in his hot tight hole. I love that feeling, it starts so deep in my groin and if done right it slowly grows until it hits the head of my penis just before I cum. I was now shoving my cock in and out with long deep slow strokes. Each one building more and more sensation in my cock. The warmth and wetness seemed to be moving further and further up my cock, I was so excited. I thought back to how this orgasm was so much like the one with Robbie, my whole shaft bathed in warm wet juices while my head remained covered to catch the cum and keep his juices from my slit for safety reasons. I drove deep and my whole cock was filling with blood, I could feel it swell to its fullest thickness and length.

I closed my eyes I pulled out all the way and drove deep one more time as I exploded. My first wave of cum came shooting out of my cock deep in his tunnel, the second one too, then I pulled out slightly and the fourth and fifth one came as I was shoving my cock deep again. I pulled it back out a few inches allowing his hot tight canal to milk the rest of my cum into the condom. I could feel the sensation subsiding and I pushed back in all the way and held it there as my head gets really sensitive right at this moment, too sensitive to keep dragging it in and out.

I hadn't even thought about what Beau was doing, I just knew how great I felt at that moment knowing I just fucked his hot front hole and it made me cum. I thought it was unusual for me not to pay attention to my partner, then I realized it was the fact I was paying him that allowed me to be a complete pig and just enjoy this for myself. Not a bad feeling I thought as I started to dismount him.

It suddenly hit me as I pulled my cock out there was NO CONDOM!!! I looked down and as I pulled it out further and further I knew I would see the condom any moment and then when my head popped out and there was no condom on it I FREAKED OUT! A thousand thoughts rushed through my mind, thoughts like that is why it suddenly felt so warm and moist, holy shit is Beau going to be pissed, I sure hope he is safe, how am I going to tell him...

That last one got me the most, how does one tell his partner that “hey, the condom slipped off?”

The only other time I had condom malfunction was when I was dating my wife, then my fiancé, and the condom broke. It literally popped because she wasn't wet enough as we were fucking in the back seat of my car in a farmer's field and she was so nervous. I felt it burst apart but it was just as I was about to cum and I kept going and shot about three blasts in her before I pulled out and shot it on her ass. I wasn't as worried then as we were getting married the next month and if I made her pregnant big deal.

BUT THIS WAS A STRANGER and so unplanned. I decided I had to just be honest and I told him “holy shit, the condom came off”

He turned his head back to try to look, of course he couldn't see. He fell to the bed and rolled over on his back and looked down at his front, there was my cum oozing out, at first two big globs and then little by little. I reached down to help him get the condom out sticking my fingers in his cum-filled hole until I finally found it deep in his canal. I pulled it forward a bit and my finger slipped off it, then I stuck my finger in again and this time it came out with my finger, well most of it. I had to tug a little bit to get the last bit out. I inspected it and it was covered with cum, but none inside the condom.

I apologized and told him it must have come off while I was fucking him and I didn't realize it. He was shocked and seemed dazed. He looked at me and tried to force a smile and said it was OK. He jumped up and ran to the bathroom. I heard the water running for some time as I knew he was cleaning out as much cum as he could. After a few minutes, he came out and asked me when was the last time I was tested. I said shortly before I came to SF, like maybe a month, six weeks. I told him I knew it was six months after I fucked Arizona as that was supposedly the minimal window for 90%+ of cases to show up on the test. He breathed a sigh of relief.

He was really very cool about it, I felt like shit and like it was my fault because I had seen the condom slipping but didn't think it could come off with my big head. I thought it would work like with Robbie. Later, I realized a few important things: 1) the head only covered is a front ONLY position fuck, the rear entry creates a stronger ring of muscles that pulls on the condom ring 2) the condom can't be unrolled all the way, it has to be tight around the head from the beginning with the roll just under the head and tight 3) the guy has to be well-lubed or wet and relubing may need to take place if I fuck him for a long period of time 4) the main factor was my blood pressure – I had lost 50 pounds in two months and was still taking my diuretic. This last point was important for me, throw in I hadn't eaten all day and my blood pressure fell and when it falls my cock can't hold the blood as long and will deflate even while I am fucking. This is especially true of my big head as it stretches the condom then deflates.

Back to Beau, I gave him the \$100 and told him how much I enjoyed it and am sorry about the accident. He said he was cool and really enjoyed it also. He gave me a big hug and I walked him to the front of the hotel as I was going to tell the clerk I had decided to check out early the next day as I was going to move closer to the airport for my last night. I waved goodbye and made the arrangements to check out the next morning.

I was cleaning the place and myself up thoroughly when I got a text from Beau asking me if I was sure about my status because he was thinking about a “PEP” as no one had cum in him before. I asked him what a PEP was and he said a post-exposure prophylactic (I looked it up and it is when the doctors give you anti-hiv meds for a month as if you have it). I told him I was safe coming out there and had barebacked one trans guy in SF and asked him if he was sure about himself, and he told me he was recently tested and never fucked bareback in his life. I said I didn't know whether he should get the PEP or not, but I was sure that I was safe before I got to SF but I couldn't tell him what to do.

Chapter 7: Southern Man Part II

I spent the rest of the day upset about the situation but trying to remember how much fun it was to fuck this really attractive man. It was a case where he was extremely handsome, more so than his equipment, if there is such a thing. Sometimes, I laugh at myself for thinking up these weird ideas. I felt that he was hot for sure, but his face was hotter than his body. I thought back to a couple of cis guys that I knew in which that was true. They were cute twinkles but their cocks were ill-shaped or they had small or flat asses or ... – then I thought who am I to make such judgments – “Mr. flatass” himself. I can’t even hold a pair of jeans up properly, I used to laugh and tell people I was wearing my jeans halfway down my ass long before it was popular :)

I was very surprised when I got back from my second walk of the day down to Pier 39 to people watch and listen to the street bands that I had a couple of messages, one from Andy and one from Jack. They both wanted the same thing, to come spend the night and fuck – how lucky could I be? Jack wanted to come over and fuck and he would have to stay the night because he couldn’t catch the BART back to his home if he came to my hotel that late. Andy was feeling a bit better and said he really wanted to meet me. I decided to choose Andy because he had wanted a more romantic meeting and Jack was just interested in sex and to make a little scratch. Andy seemed like a possible long-term candidate. I politely told Jack I appreciated his offer but couldn’t take him up on it at this time. Jack was always so cool and laid back about hooking up with me and I had come to respect him.

Andy told me he was willing to drive into SF to hook up with me that night if he could spend the night. I told him that was cool, I was nervous as I had not spent the night with anyone but my wife since I was married in 1988. He told me it was a 1.5 hour drive for him to come to San Francisco, I was surprised because he told me earlier in emails that he was pretty close to SF. He admitted it had kind of misled me about the long drive but he thought it was worth it and was leaving at that moment and would see me at 10:30 that night. I was watching some TV when I got a message from him on my phone at 9:55 PM.

He said he was tired and decided to head back home. I said I was shocked that he would do that halfway to my hotel room. He then texted me back and said he had to be honest, this older guy he had been seeing was all jealous and now wanted him to come spend the night at his house instead. Andy said he really liked this guy but the guy kept trying to keep Andy at an arm’s length. I was pissed, I told him so in no uncertain terms that he had used me to make this guy jealous. He admitted it was true and asked me to forgive him. I told him not to text or email me again because that was pretty low.

I climbed into bed turning off my computer and laid my phone next to my bed. I wasn’t going to text Jack back and ask him now, it was too late and I didn’t want to use him like Andy had just done with me. I was laying there trying to forget what a shitty thing it was for Andy to lead me on for weeks on end just to make this older guy jealous enough to become serious with Andy. If it had been a spur of the moment hook up and he backed out it would have been cool, but I had invested some emotion into Andy and for him to be such an ass was insensitive at best. As I was caught up in my thoughts I heard my phone go off with a message. It was Beau.

He told me he really enjoyed himself and if I was up to it he wouldn’t mind seeing me the next day. I felt so good at that moment, for three reasons. First, I thought he was pissed at me and obviously he wasn’t. Second, he was so hot that I would love a repeat, and finally, I could forget about Andy. I would much rather spend time with and fuck Beau. We worked it out that I would stay in the city the next day after I checked out of the hotel and pick him up on my way out to my new hotel at the airport. After we had our fun I would take him back to town. He had class until 7 and he asked if that was too late. I told him that was perfect as I could see the city during the day and I could pick him up right after class and he could shower, or whatever, at my hotel.

He gave me a location to pick him up and said he would text me when he got out of class. I was so happy that night as I laid there thinking of my “sexscapade 2010” That is what I had decided to call my trip to San

Francisco to learn about my attraction to trans men and have a lot of fun fucking. As I fell off to sleep I was trying to compare the three men I had fucked.

No question, the best time was with Robbie, he was the hottest and the most passionate kissing me while he came was so awesome. Beau was quite hot also, but not as passionate about the sex, he got into it and I really enjoyed it up until I realized I didn't have a condom on. Randy was a great fuck and I learned a ton, more than the other two combined about how everyone is different and I couldn't categorize trans men and their likes and dislikes no more than I could anyone else. He also was the most open about his sexuality and told me it was an evolutionary thing, something I came to really embrace later in my journey.

I decided the next morning to take my walk to Pier 39 and say goodbye to a place I had come to love. I ate my sandwich at Boudin's, as was my routine that week. I sat on the steps of the Maritime Museum overlooking the Aquatic Park on the Bay thinking how badly I wanted to move to San Francisco. I was sure about the desire, it was the logistics of it all that seem complicated – finding an apt, selling or storing all my stuff, selling my home... I really wanted to live in SF, there was no question someday I would, the question was when.

As the day wore on and I became a bit bored, I finally decided to go out to the new hotel and check it out before I picked up Beau at 7 PM. I was thoroughly impressed with how nice my new room was, much nicer than the hotel down near the Wharf; I guess you pay for the location. I couldn't wait to show the room to Beau.

After checking into my room, I drove back down to the Wharf around 5 to eat dinner. I was really excited the closer and closer it got to 7. I decided to get another sandwich from Boudin's just before I left to pick up Beau. I only ate half of it as I wanted enough food to give me the energy to have fun and keep my blood pressure up but not enough to be too full. I wondered if Beau might end up liking me and we would develop a friendship, maybe more. He seemed so nice and friendly, just a kind hot man, what a rarity for someone so fucking hot to be kind and friendly also.

As I tried to make my way toward our rendezvous point, the traffic got worse and worse. I kept texting Beau that I was coming but would be late. He was cool and when I arrived at the store he stepped out and hopped in my car. I looked at him and thought about how he was so much more handsome than I remembered. The thought I would be fucking him in a few minutes was overwhelming. He said he came right from class. I asked if he was hungry and he said yes. I offered him the rest of my sandwich and he ate it as we drove out to the airport.

We talked about everything from his background, where he came from, and how he moved to SF, and what classes he was taking to my background and why I flew out to San Francisco. He told me he had a girlfriend and was just starting to experiment with having sex with cis men. He said he was really impressed that I wanted to be with trans men so bad that I flew all the way out to SF. I laughed and told him some guys told me I was crazy or mentally touched. Just then I pulled into the hotel parking lot horny as hell.

I opened the door and asked if he would like to freshen up after a long day and he thanked me for the offer. I went into the bedroom area and pulled the covers down, along with my shorts. I usually like to leave my shirt on until the last minute. I guess I figure if I can get the man excited about other parts of my body he will overlook my belly. Beau came out of the bathroom naked and jumped in bed next to me. I reached out and gently put my right hand on his shoulder and began to caress it. He reached his hand toward my cock and gently, yet firmly, grabbed it. I laughed to myself as it was almost identical as to how we started yesterday, except for this time he didn't kiss me right away. I gently brushed the back of my hands up and down his torso. He asked if I liked his surgery and I said I thought it was very well done.

He told me he was a DD, with some pride – which surprised me slightly, given Jack freaking out over his top via text. I thought I really didn't care whether he had them or not – with women "tits" really mattered to me,

but with trans guys it seemed so foreign to even talk about it. If a guy has a nice top I will enjoy it IF he is sensitive and enjoys the nipple play but after being with guys who had top surgery and those who did not I could truly say at that moment I didn't care. It was obvious the he was very happy he had the surgery. I looked closely at his chest and pondered this very difficult decision for trans men. His surgery was nicely done, however with DD before the surgery I could see why he had such wide scars.

He said that he had only had the surgery two months earlier. Again, I thought how I was so happy for him as I could tell he was very pleased and proud of his body and rightly so, my cock was throbbing in his hand as I looked his hot body over. Sometimes I have a tendency to ask lots of questions during foreplay and even during the actual copulating.

I remember once Arizona told me to "just shut up and get down to business."

I just want to know so much about trans men in general and of course the man with which I am sharing this incredible intimacy. Because I was so sexually inexperienced before marriage I still get this incredible rush when I am naked with a trans man, anyone for that matter, with whom I am going to share the most intimate of contact.

Beau gently pushed my chest backward encouraging me to lay on my back. He pulled on my shirt and I sat up and pulled it off and laid back down again. With that, he bent his head down and started to lick around my cock. He started with my balls and then the base of my cock, then back to my balls. I laughed to myself as I wonder if he is getting back at me for teasing yesterday.

He slowly worked his way up to my cock head with his tongue and lips. I grabbed a couple pillows to prop my head up so I could watch. I just kept looking at his cute twinkish face and couldn't believe he was sucking my cock, and he seemed to be enjoying it. He kept looking up at me and I felt myself blush at least once as he did. I felt like a school boy getting his first blow job, it seemed so naughty when he would looked at me that way with his mouth wrapped around my cock. I realized I really hadn't watched someone give me a blow job very often, if at all.

He tried to slowly swallow my whole cock but he couldn't, not on the first try anyway. He choked, as most guys do when they try to down the big mushroom head and it hits their throat for the first time. He pulled his mouth back and got his breath and gave it another try. This time he made it a bit further down the shaft, almost to the base, but not quite. I could tell by his gag reflex he wasn't used to deep-throating. He closed his eyes and started to suck me up and down really fast. It felt good, I closed my eyes also and just tried to concentrate on the hot blow job from this incredibly hot young man.

I was doing too good of a job as I felt I might cum any second so I grabbed his head and scooted my ass out from underneath him and told him I was going to cum. I said I wanted to fuck before I cum. He said that was cool and he crawled up a few feet and flung his leg over my body and started to line up his front hole with my cock. I froze for a second and looked over at the two condoms on the night stand and thought 'what the hell?' I guess since we already fucked bareback it didn't make sense to use condoms now.

He held my cock in his hand and rubbed it against his cock for at least five minutes, closing his eyes and arching his back. I looked down but his hand was blocking part of the sight. I knew I was leaking precum like mad, as it was such an incredible feeling to have his cock rubbing mine. He was bucking his hips and trying to time his hand moving my cock to create a rhythm. He started to get really into and I thought for sure he was ready to cum.

Suddenly, he stopped grabbed my cock firmly by the base and threw his front hole right onto my cock. I penetrated him bare about two inches before I felt quite a bit of resistance. I tried to lift my hips to help force it

in further when he pulled up a bit readjusted and sat back down. This time my cock slid all the way in. OH MY GOD WAS HE TIGHT! I found out later he doesn't get all wet like almost every other trans guy I had met did after going on T (I think his dryness was the main reason the condom came off the first time).

With my cock buried deep in his canal he just sat there and rolled his eyes and tilted his head back. I felt the same way he did, so I closed my eyes and just imagine what it looked like for my cock to be filling his tight semi-wet hole. He started to ride up and down on my cock. I opened my eyes and was staring at his beautiful face, it was so sweet and kind and innocent. I started to think how he had never fucked bareback until yesterday and now without any discussion he wanted my cock raw.

It was such an incredible act of submission, I have to admit it turned me on huge and started to swell my cock. I didn't want to cum just yet so I patted him on the ass and told him to roll over and let's fuck doggie-style. He got on his knees and looked back at me as I situated myself to enter his front hole from behind. I gently reached forward and pressed softly on his right shoulder and told him to hug the pillow.

He laughed and said "that's right" and at the same time threw his ass high in the air.

I marveled at what a quick study he was. I lined my big mushroom up with his beautiful front hole and thought how much fun it would be to slide it into his ass, but he had said in an email that he didn't like anal and I wasn't going to ask him now. So, I pushed my giant head against his front hole and held it there trying to figure out which was bigger his opening or my head at that moment. I knew his opening would spread to accommodate my cock but it was an interesting study in geometry – I laughed at myself for thinking of such foolishness in the midst of a hot fuck.

I pushed hard on my cock and it slid it all the way in with one fell swoop. I felt his ass hit my groin and loved it. His ass was a bit fuller than the other guys I had fucked and I liked that feel against my groin. I remembered how the heat built up if I held it there for any length of time from yesterday.

I grabbed his hips and I started to fuck him with long deep strokes. I watched my cock plunge in all the way till my cock was completely out of sight then slowly reemerge as I pulled out again BARE. I felt his warmth and pushed in again. I thought about how my condom didn't stand a chance once it had began to creep up my shaft yesterday. He was so tight and fairly dry it created incredible friction. I kept looking down at my bare cock fucking his bare hole and I just shuddered at the excitement. I started to move my hips back and forth right to left and back. I always love the different sensation a 'sideways fuck' gives me, and hopefully him. I was listening more intently this time to hear his reaction and I could hear him moaning softly as I would plunge in deep and back out.

I asked him if he liked it and he responded with an "uh huh"

Somehow, I got the urge to lightly slap his ass. So, I lightly tapped his ass, he let out a moan that I knew was an encouragement to try it again. I slapped his ass a bit harder and he moaned louder.

I asked him if he liked that and he said "yeah, spank your naughty boy daddy."

With that, I began to spank his ass while I was sliding my cock in and out of this incredible hole. It was hard to get the palm of my hand right on the meat of his ass because my groin was in the way but I knew he liked it. This went on for a while then I switched to his other cheek. I looked down and the right side of his ass was red where I had just finishing spanking my naughty boy. I couldn't get as good of a swing at his left cheek because I am right-handed and I was surprised at how it just didn't come as easy for me to land a nice swat on his ass with my left hand.

He was moaning loudly now and I wondered if he was going to cum when he surprised me with an unusually demanding voice “roll me over and fuck me daddy, fuck your naughty boy.”

So I pulled out and grabbed his hips and gave them a push and he rolled over on his back. He totally shocked me when he lifted his legs and opened his hole wide open for me to mount him. It is such a rarity for a trans man to assume this position, so many feel it is too feminine for them. I was so pleased that he didn't give a shit at that moment and just wanted to fuck. I sunk my cock deep in him with the first stroke pressing my hips hard down on his. I left it there deep and swayed my hips back and forth wallowing in the warm sensation of my head being shifted back and forth deep in his canal.

He reached out and grabbed my face and pulled me toward him. I knew what he wanted and was more than willing to oblige. I kissed him hard, or he kissed me hard, I don't know which. Our tongues met and wrestled to see who was going to invade the other's mouth first. I relented and he won. It was so erotic to have my cock buried deep in him while we were kissing. He was much more into it now then he was yesterday in the other hotel room.

I was driving hard in and out of his quivering hole, I swore I could feel his t-cock hitting me each time I sunk deep. I started to picture my bare cock fucking his hole raw and I knew that was the beginning of the end. That thought almost always sends me over the top, and sure enough I could feel my orgasm building. I wanted so bad to seed his hole right then, it is such a **STRONG PRIMAL** desire that over takes over my very being at that moment. I began to thrust harder and with more force as I pounded his bare hole with my bare cock.

My cock head was swelling as it always does creating more friction for both of us. His moans increased but I lost track of his reaction as I went into my unconscious state of orgasm. Just fucking his hole feeling the heat burn in my groin all the way through my cock as I pumped my seed deep in him. I vaguely knew we were still kissing as I felt wad after wad of my cum fill his canal. I drove deep and held it there as I almost always do to finish off an orgasm as my cock head was just too sensitive from all that blood rushing to it.

I pulled my mouth off his mouth and started to kiss around his cheek and ear as I whispered in his ear, “God, that was incredible.”

He laughed with approval. After a few seconds, he whispered for me to let him up as he had to go clean up. I rolled over and laid there thinking how fucking lucky I was laying here 2,000 miles from home just finishing my fourth fantastic orgasm in a hot trans man. He came out and told me to roll over and he would give me a back rub. I rolled back over in the wet spot and could feel where the cum had just dripped out of his hole onto the sheets. He sat on my ass and started to rub my back.

We started to talk again, he asked me if I enjoyed my time in San Francisco. I told him it was my best time ever and thanked him. As we talked about his school and his parents resisting his transition and my decision to retire from teaching I could feel his t-cock on the crack of my ass. He seemed to be humping my ass. Each time he would rub his hands up my back his t-cock would slide down my ass crack a bit. Then back up again when he pulled his hands down.

Not only was I thoroughly enjoying the backrub but I was beginning to really get into him fucking me with his t-cock. I told him how much I loved that feeling and he started to literally fuck my ass with his cock. It was such a strange but wonderful feeling to feel his groin and small cock slamming into my ass. I told him it was too bad he didn't have his strap-on with him. He laughed and kept humping me. I could tell he was enjoying it as his hips pounded my ass hard and he was fucking with great enthusiasm. I thought about his lucky girlfriend. I could feel my cock hardening, at least it felt like it below me. After a few minutes, I asked him if he wanted me to suck him off.

He said “please.”

So, he climbed off my ass and rolled onto his back. I got up in between his legs and started to lick and suck his t-cock. I could smell my cum mixed with his sex, it was such a turn on. I pushed my tongue hard on his swollen t-cock and sucked it into my mouth. He moaned with approval. I kept sucking it swirling my tongue around enjoying the sweet mix of our juices still on his cock. He began bucking his hips up and down as if he was fucking my mouth (later I thought I should have had him mount me and actually fuck my mouth but it didn't occur to me until I was sitting in the plane 30,000 feet above Iowa – as things usually do).

I pressed my tongue as hard as I could while still sucking, a very difficult maneuver I might add. He started to moan and put his hand on my head again. I loved when he did that.

He threw his hips up into my mouth and stiffened his whole body as he let out a soft “yes.”

I loved the feel of his t-cock pulsating as more blood was rushing to it. I stopped sucking and started to swirl my tongue around his cock and he gasped for air as another wave of his orgasm passed through his body. He pushed my head aside and told me to stop.

After a few seconds, I told him to roll over and I would give him a back rub. He thanked me and said he loved a back rub after he came. I raised my leg and stuck my now semi-erect cock in his ass crack as I mounted his ass from behind (without penetration of course) and started to rub his back. I began with his shoulders and massaged them first. As I leaned forward I got a strong whiff of his “t-cologne” and it made me think of Arizona and the first time I smelled that terrific smell.

I asked him about his friends and he told me his roommate was trans also. I laughed and told him we ought to do a freaky threeway and he said his roommate only dated women. I started to ask him about his sexual experiences and he told me it was almost exclusively with women up until this point but he was started to like sex with cis men. He wondered if it was the T that made him desire cock.

Before long, I was hard again, between the sex talk and my cock rubbing between his ass. He asked me if he could jack me off. I told him I didn't know if I could cum but he was welcome to try. I laid on my back and he grabbed the KY jelly off the stand and lubed up his hands. He took my cock between his hands and began to rub them together. It felt so awesome, I had never had anyone do that before. What a different sensation to have two hands rolling my cock. I looked up at his hot face and he looked back at me and smiled.

I couldn't believe how incredible it was that I was laying there going for a second orgasm in less than two hours. He sat down on the bed and reached out with his right hand and began to jack me hard and fast. I was really getting into it and told him to concentrate more on the head, when he got the stroke just right I encouraged him to continue it. I looked at his face and now he was totally entranced in my cock, he seemed to be watching every slight change as he jacked me up and down. I started to tighten my legs and closed my eyes to encourage another orgasm.

Sure enough, with great pride I felt the energy burning deep in my groin like a ball of fire bubbling up inside and about to explode – sort of like a volcano, I guessed without really knowing the exact science. With my cock throbbing and pressing upward the first shot fired into the air and back onto my stomach, the next shot landed on my groin and the following shots landed on his hand. I looked down as I was finishing the orgasm and it gave me another spasm to see his hand covered in my cum. He was smiling and seemed genuinely content. I thanked him and he told me he LOVED to feel a cock cum. He had jacked some boys off back home before he transitioned and missed it. I grabbed a towel that I had laid out and began to clean up and he went into the bathroom.

When he came out we sat and talked naked for about 20 minutes. I gladly gave him \$100 and he thanked me, I could tell he needed the money and that made me feel good. I was so turned on by him and was thoroughly enjoying learning more about him and telling him about me. I boldly told him he could spend the night if he wanted, my flight wasn't until 10:30 AM and I could take him home early the next morning. He told me he couldn't and gave me a look that was a bit awkward. I quickly said no problem and with that we both got dressed.

I drove him back downtown, well near there, and pulled up next to a store out of the way of traffic.

I said "well, I REALLY enjoyed meeting you and hope to see you again the next time I am in town."

He reached forward and hugged me, I wasn't ready for that.

He started by thanking me for the sandwich which I had forgotten all about, then he told me "I had a great time also and I would love to see you again **if** you come back to San Francisco."

I laughed and said "when" as he got out of the car and walked away.

All the way back to the hotel I tried to analyze the hug. I was surprised by it and wanted to read more into it than it meant. I started to think about how much fun it would be to hang with him all the time. The more I thought about it I realized it was a Southern thing and not a romantic thing, witness the thank you for the sandwich. What a kind gentleman he is. Which was cool because it really made me feel good that I was able to share incredible sex with my sweet innocent Southern boy.

As I boarded the plane back to Chicago, I was surprisingly tranquil about the flight and the fact I had to leave the most erotic, exciting and fulfilling vacation, or is it "sexation," I have ever had! I couldn't believe I hooked up with three hot FTMs and got fucked four times in six days, it really did exceed my expectations. The most important thing I learned is I had to have a trans guy, there had to be one out there somewhere who wanted a 50 year old man, somewhere, right?

Chapter 8: I Left My Heart in San Francisco

When I got back home from my trip to San Francisco I was restless. At first, the memories of my fantastic trip sustained me, that and a lot of jacking off to the pictures the guys had sent me during our email correspondence. After a couple of weeks, I knew I had to go back to SF, it was just a matter of when. I had some business trips I had to take that fall and there was a narrow window of about 10-12 days that I would have free to return if I could find a reason. I got online and started to chat with more trans guys in SF. I thought maybe I could find that man to drive out there for or at least search for an apartment somewhere near SF. I figured SF would be too expensive for me. I was used to a five bedroom house with four bathrooms. If I moved to SF, I could probably get a small one bedroom if I was lucky for my house payment. I just needed a special trans guy to make me drive the 5,000 mile roundtrip. I was hoping someone might want a daddy/boy relationship and he would consider moving in with me. I wasn't sure on the particulars, I was open to see what a trans man might want.

I was particularly interested in Beau, he was busy, but emailed me back a couple of times. I asked him if he thought he could develop more than a friendship with me and he said very politely and with care not to hurt my feelings that he could not. However, if I came back to San Francisco to look him up for fun, he said he enjoyed talking to me and loved the sex. I knew I would want to see him when I went back, I just hoped that he was still available as I didn't know when I would get back again.

I started to correspond with a very nice young man, Reny was his name. He was 21 and struggling with college and his job. He said he never responded to a Craigslist ad before but my ad sparked his interest, particularly the daddy/boy dynamic. He wanted to know what I was looking for and I told him ideally it would be a boy that would live with me and I would provide for all his financial needs and he would provide sex for me. Pretty straight forward. I was planning to move to SF if I found a guy that was interested in me and the type of relationship I wanted.

I was very serious in my mind, but at the same time I knew it was really just a fantasy as logistically it would be impossible to move at that time. I told him if we hooked up and he lived with me that he could do anything he wanted, date, fuck, even move out when he was ready. I just wanted to experience what it was like to have a trans man around me all the time. Of course, I would want sex and maybe to experiment with a threesome or more. I had never done a threesome with a trans guy, I had done a couple of threesomes with married men and their wives and I loved it.

Reny was very sweet and a bit guarded at first. He really just wanted to talk and explore the possibilities. It was clear he didn't want to live with me but some other arrangement might work. He just recently started to consider trying sex with a cis man; as is so often the case, he was totally into women until he started to take T. He now was feeling an urge to try sex with a cis man. I told him that I found that dynamic very interesting and we chatted back and forth sharing more about our past and our interests.

He was the third guy that I had talked to who was into rock climbing, I laughed and thought maybe it was a trans man thing (Robbie was a rock climber also). I figured a guy has to be adventuresome and have a pretty fit body to be a rock climber which was a turn on for sure. The conversations were starting to get pretty intense and we were exchanging several emails a week, I was excited. He was very unhappy about his top, he wanted surgery really bad. I told him I would help him with the cost of it if I hooked up with him. Reny seemed genuinely interested in exploring the notion of a daddy/boy relationship if I moved to San Francisco.

He told me he really wanted to meet me and see if things clicked. He started to write me scenarios that made me pretty hot for him. Here is one he sent me:

"So just imagine this, you meet this guy at a bar, he's been digging on you all night and you've sent him a couple drinks...he approaches you and you take him to your place/room, as your start making out and

tearing each other's clothes off, he presses against you, and you against a wall...takes your hand and slides it into his pants...hes hard, wet and ready and tells you he wants to blow you then fuck you, but first its his turn.

You both start taking off your pants and hop into bed, he's so ready for you and you smoothly slide between his legs and feel his soft skin against your cheeks and his hard wet dick between your lips, you gently kiss all around, on his thighs, his dick, and every surrounding inch of that, and then once he's so ready he's about to burst you lick gently, so you can feel him hard on your tongue, and you gently, slowly repeat this motion up and down, then you try it side to side, then gently slide him into your mouth and slide your mouth over him, not really sucking but just taking in every bit of his dick and letting him feel your wet mouth around him. Right as he starts cumming he grabs you and pulls you to him and you start fucking him.

He's so young and hot, and so into you....you're fucking him and feeling him pressed against you as you cum and as you leave him the two of you start to wrestle, laughing and getting hot as hell, sweaty and he pins you, well...you let him, he's small, more a boy than a man, and he takes your cock in his mouth sucks you dry as he feels up your body, licks your balls and pays attention to every inch of your skin to pleasure you, tasting you as you make your way into his mouth. He's not done though...he pulls you to the foot of the bed, you turn over, he whips out a strap, lubes up and your ass takes his dick in over and over til you're so hard and you're shooting everywhere, he hit the spot like nothing you thought you could feel... and you're wondering why you havent tried this before.”

I started to get into him and the thought of sharing his first experience with a cis man was so intoxicating I couldn't stand it. I told him I was going to look into a hotel room in San Francisco and if I could find one I would drive out to see him and we could role play his fantasy, or at least meet and talk over coffee. He was very encouraging, so I started to look for a room online. I was really bummed when I couldn't find a single room left in SF for the next week. I wondered what the hell was going on in San Francisco that all the rooms were taken (later I found out it was the week before the Folsom Street Fair). I emailed him and said maybe I could come in December, this was mid-September. He said he was really disappointed.

I decided to give one more try for a hotel room and damned if I didn't find one south of the airport. It was expensive, but not like crazy expensive - \$155 a night. I missed San Francisco so much I decided I was going to do it. I sent him an email telling him that I was going to drive out there if he wanted me to. I had to leave that night if I was going to make it in time for the room, three days later. I didn't want to fly as I wanted my car to look around for an apartment... It would take driving 14 hour-days but I could make it in three days if I left that evening.

I packed my stuff and got really excited about meeting Reny and getting laid again. I wondered if Reny would back out, he seemed so into it and such a nice boy, I couldn't believe that he would. I checked my email one more time and there was no response. I believed his last email that he sent was genuine and that he really wanted me to come out to San Francisco to spend time with him. Jack emailed me that he would be glad to see me if I drove out to SF and he would even get me into his club for free.

I threw my bags in the car and left at 10 PM that night. I drove for five hours making it to Iowa City, 2 AM Central Time. I had never done anything so impulsive in my life and I was very excited. Every hour I spent driving listening to my iPod I got more anxious waiting for my phone to indicate I had an email message from Reny. I figured he was probably busy with his job and school and hadn't got to my urgent email I sent him.

The next day I drove all day and not a single email, nothing, I was perplexed and nervous. I didn't post any ads on CL to hook up with trans guys because I didn't want to hurt or upset Reny. He wasn't into casual sex and I wanted a chance to develop a relationship with him. He was really pretty old-fashioned in his sexual beliefs and was only interested in one on one sex, despite his hot emails he had only been with a few girls sexually.

As I drove through the mountains of western Wyoming and Utah and I tried to guess which ones would be good for rock climbing; in fact, on one of the mountains I saw some rock climbers going up a steep cliff. It was in Nevada at my hotel when I finally got my response from Reny. He was having a crisis of sorts thinking of sex with a cis man and said he simply couldn't fuck me until he had his top surgery. He said he would give me "billions of blow jobs," but couldn't fuck a cis man while he still had his top. It would make him feel like a woman having sex.

It was hard for me to understand his feelings at first, I told him I didn't get it as I certainly didn't see him as a woman and that shouldn't be a problem. After rereading his email and thinking back to Jack getting so upset when I told him he could take off his binder during sex and how he had freaked out, I realized it was a big deal for some guys. In fact, for Reny it was obviously a deal-breaker. I told him that it was OK, we could do whatever he is comfortable with and I couldn't wait to see him and that I would be in SF late the next afternoon.

He didn't respond. I was surprised because we would email each other two or three times a day when we were building up to my leaving for San Francisco. I knew something was wrong, and began to worry that he wasn't serious about meeting me. I think it was a fun fantasy for him but now that it might be a reality he was running scared. I thought why didn't he tell me that rather than encourage me to drive 2,000 miles to see him. I felt like I was such a fool to drive all that way based on his enthusiasm for a FANTASY, not reality. It was too late to turn back now, I was in Nevada for Pete's sake.

I emailed Beau, the guy who spent the last two nights of my previous trip with me and asked if he wanted to see me again. He emailed me back that next morning saying he would love to and if I wanted to we could hook up at 5 PM that evening. I told him that would work out great and that I would pick him up on my way to my hotel out by the airport. He texted me back that was cool and he was really looking forward to seeing me again. I felt great and enthused about my trip again.

I still was hoping that Reny would email me and agree to meet me for lunch or just coffee at least. Jack was emailing and texting me that he was interested. I liked Jack, I felt like we were quasi-friends. I was looking forward to meeting him and told him I would hook up with him for sure this trip. Things started to look up, if I was as lucky as the last time I was in San Francisco I could have lots of fun on this trip even if I wasn't going to meet Reny. When I got my hormones in check there were times that I wondered if it was worth the thousands of dollars it was going to cost me just to get laid again however.

I mean I really was only driving out there to see if Reny and I would have chemistry and maybe pursue something down the road. I wouldn't have driven all this way just for a couple of hot fucks, that is for sure, well, I thought... It was quite a debate I had with myself while I was sitting in a traffic jam just outside Reno at the California border. I love to travel, cruising down the highway seeing the road rush under me and the scenery all around me gives me a natural high that I don't think many people have. I decided this trip was worth it as I knew Beau would come through for me, and seeing Donner's Pass in the daylight is so breathtaking.

As I got closer to San Francisco, Beau texted me had a few errands to run and that it would probably be closer to 5:30 before he could hook up. I told him that was cool because I was held up for two hours at the California border with construction. Boy, I didn't have a clue what a traffic jam was like though until I got just east of Berkeley traveling into SF on I-80 in rush hour. I crawled toward the Bay Bridge watching the minutes fly by and my bladder exploding with the urge to pee. I kept texting Beau giving him new ETAs of when I would arrive.

When I finally crossed the bridge (after cutting in front of people because I was in the Fastrak lane – that sure earned me a lot of anger) I exited the highway and decided to take the back streets of San Francisco to our rendezvous spot. I had always been able to avoid SF rush hour traffic but now I knew what people bitched

about. I was an hour and a half late but as usual Beau was so understanding and patient. We changed our meeting to a grocery store so I could go in to pee. I will never forget walking out of that store and seeing Beau standing there waiting for me.

I damned near creamed my pants right then and there. He is such a handsome boy, the perfect twink, I had forgotten just how handsome he was. I wanted to take him right there in the parking lot but I regained my composure and settled for a hug. We chatted about various stuff, mostly his life, as I drove out to the hotel. It was further south than I thought but we got there by 7. I checked in and we went to the room.

We were naked in a matter of seconds and sitting on the bed kissing. I told him how much I missed his hot body and he laughed. Then he said we had to use a condom this time as he had promised his girlfriend that he would. I told him I was totally cool with it and thought how sophisticated it was that he had such a cool relationship with his girlfriend that they would talk about him fucking a guy. I knew my condoms were in my luggage somewhere so I started to get up, but he stopped me and said it didn't matter he had brought a few with and laid them on the bed stand.

He kissed me again and this time he ran his hand up and down my chest. I LOVE it when a man does that, it is a rarity but Beau was a rarity. He was so gentle and sweet, and HOT. I pulled my lips off of his and started to kiss his left shoulder. I laid him on his back and started to work my right hand up and down his torso. I wanted to enjoy every second of this encounter. I ran my hand down past his stomach and back up to his chest. He laid there reacting to my hands with barely audible sighs of pleasure.

I caressed his body down further to his pubic area and saw his hair was all shaved around his t-cock down to his ass, but not his pubic area. It was so hot, I traced my fingers around his t-cock, not touching it, just getting close enough to feel its warmth. I love to tease a man and for some reason Beau brings that out in me. I ran my hands firmly down his thighs and back up again just within an inch of his front hole.

He began to moan louder and I could tell he was shifting his hips so that I would rub his t-cock and hole. I ran the back of my hand across them and he let out his loudest moan yet. I did it again, and again, smiling as I loved his anticipation and then relief when I touched it, ever so slightly. I couldn't take it anymore, he probably would have lasted longer than me, I firmly placed my hand on his t-cock and began to stroke it with my index and middle finger on my right hand.

I stuck my nose down deep near it and sniffed, oh I love that aroma. He was so clean and sweet smelling. I was planning a long slow caress but the smell drove me over the edge and I jumped on my knees and got in between Beau's legs and started to lick and suck his cock. I had missed this so. I shoved my tongue down on it hard and licked upward then dragged my tongue back down over it again. I flicked it side to side with my tongue and placed my lips around it and started to suck, like Max had taught me.

Beau loved to receive oral, he was so into it. Normally, he doesn't make a lot of noise, but when I am sucking him and he is close to orgasm he is very loud and encouraging.

He was telling me "that's it suck my cock, suck it harder, ooooh lick it, lick it, that's it suck that cock daddy."

I started to lick and suck with all my might, pressing really hard on his cock with my tongue. I reached up with my right hand and stuck a finger in his front hole. It was wet, not like the other front holes of guys on T I had known but still very tight and warm. He was slightly bucking his hips up and down to meet my tongue's thrusts. He grabbed my head and pushed hard as he shoved his hips up to meet my mouth. His legs tightened and so did his stomach. I pushed harder and harder while he was in the throes of a great orgasm. As he had done twice before he grabbed my head and pushed it aside when he had too much. His ass flopped back down and I was staring at the most beautiful sight in the world a man's freshly orgasmed t-cock and front hole.

I knew he would be too sensitive for me to stick my cock in it then, as much as I wanted to, believe me! He told me to bring my cock up to his lips and he would suck me for awhile. I got up on my knees in front of his face and he leaned in and started to suck my cock, his lips and mouth felt so good against it. I thought how my dick hadn't had any real stimulation since I was with him four weeks ago five miles up the road in another hotel. My right knee slipped off the bed and I laughed as my cock popped out of his mouth almost making a pop sound, well, in my mind it did anyway.

He moved over and I laid down on the bed and Beau lowered his head down onto my cock. He continued sucking me in a much more comfortable position for me now. I was looking down at this hot lad sucking my cock and loving it. He looked up at me, I smiled and thought how awesome it was that he looked up to see my reaction to him sucking me. He did that same thing the last time I was with him, almost like he had been told to do that for effect, like a porno star would.

I asked him if he was up to it he could swing his hips over my head and we could 69. He said he thought that was cool, his cock was ready for more stimulation. I loved his way, I don't think I have ever known a more kind gentle man in my life. He always tried to please me and did it in such a giving way, it is hard to explain. I have had people get really excited about my big mushroomed head before and I have received some great TLC from my wife when I first was married to her, but Beau had special way about making me feel special and at that moment he was there for me, again it is hard to explain.

I dove my tongue back on to his t-cock and looked at his cute ass staring me in the face. I reached my hand up and parted his lips, it was so pink and sweet and within minutes I was going to be burying my big mushroom into that awesome hole.

My neck started to get a kink in it because I had to lean down so far to lick him that I decided it was time to fuck. I patted him lightly on the ass and ask if he wanted to fuck. Of course, he said yes and reached for the condoms he had laid out. He grabbed one and opened it. He unrolled it a bit and placed it over the head of my cock and rolled it down all the way to the base. He pulled a little at the tip to make sure there was room for my cum. I laughed to myself at how he could make a video of how to put a condom on correctly with what he just did. He rolled back over on his back and spread his legs.

I crawled up in between them and used my thighs to push his legs wider apart. When I got them wide enough I slid my condom-covered cock up to his front hole. I rubbed my cock on his t-cock for a few strokes and down to his hole. I was too horny to spend much time with frottage tonight, unfortunately, because I do love it. I threw my hips in as I pushed hard with my cock to penetrate that tight hole. I went a good three inches with the first thrust, then all the way in with the second. I thought how different that is with different guys, but then I realized I should be concentrated on this hot guy laying beneath me and not allowing my academic research side to come out now. I began to slowly push my cock in and out watching its giant head push deep inside him. I pulled out too far and my cock popped out. I looked down at my condom-clad cock and smiled as I saw just a little bit of his juice on it.

I stuck it back up again and it slowly slid all the way in. He was tight and a bit dry. My mind wandered to the thought of how many cocks has he had in there, not many I bet. I felt like maybe I was his second or third for some odd reason. Even stranger, that thought turned me on. Usually, I got more turned on by thinking of how many other cocks had enjoyed a sweet tunnel of ecstasy. After a few more strokes, I could tell it wasn't terribly comfortable for Beau, I asked if he wanted me to fuck him doggie-style and he said yes.

He got on his knees and stuck his head down on the pillow as I lined my cock up to his sweetness. I rubbed my cock up and down his slit for a while just enjoying the contrast between the two great organs. I pushed my head up against his hole and in it went. I thrust it all the way in, balls deep as they say, and then pulled it out

again. I was in my favorite viewing position. I was thrilled that his condoms were like mine, super thin so there wasn't that awful white look to a cock that the thick white Trojans used to have, almost like it was a dildo not a human cock. I could see the pink color of my shaft and the tip of my head with its crimson color. I watched for a few strokes and then closed my eyes and started to drive deep in his hole slapping his ass with my groin.

The warmth was increasing and I was loving it. I was sliding in and out easier now and it felt so good. I kept going stronger and stronger, I could hear his ass slap with my groin each time I hit bottom. He was lightly moaning and every time I would hit his ass with my groin he would grunt. I felt so animal all of the sudden, like two stallions fucking each other. I picked up my pace and looked down and there was my cock plunging in and out of his hole. I quickened the pace and grabbed his hips firmly. I pulled him toward me harder with every thrust.

He was grunting louder now and so was I. I knew I was getting close so I started to slow down and go with long deep strokes that I love so much just before I cum. It helps me to extend the orgasm some. When I fuck fast and hard I often come fast and hard – it seems like it is over in a second. When I slowly slide my cock in and back out again it builds the orgasm deep in me and sends it quivering throughout my groin until it reaches my head with the first burst of cum.

I felt that very first shot blast out of my cock and then the second and third. I was buried deep now emptying my load into the condom wrapped up by his tight hole. I held my cock in place for a few seconds, maybe thirty before I felt it starting to go limp and I pulled out to make sure none of my cum got in him. The condom was wrapped securely around my cock and filled with cum, totally filled with cum. I pulled it off my cock and hung it there to look at with a certain amount of a narcissist's pride due to how much I had filled that condom. He flipped around to look at the condom and remarked at how much cum was in it. I told him I hadn't fucked since the last time we were together.

He said "you poor thing" and excused himself to the bathroom.

There I sat, thinking this is the second time I had been to SF in a month and both times I was getting laid within two hours of my arrival! I thought about how SF should create a new slogan 'Come to SF and get laid in two hours or less or your money back' I was so pleased that I knew this trip wasn't in vein. Beau came back out and now the fun for me was about to begin.

I love cuddling and massaging each other after a good fuck. I knew Beau wouldn't disappoint me and I was right. Before you knew it, I was laying on my back with him sitting on my ass rubbing my shoulders feeling that now familiar feeling I loved of his t-cock pressed against my ass. I loved the warmth, the moisture and most of all the stiffness of a t-cock against my ass. I pretended he was fucking me as he rocked back and forth rubbing my back and shoulders.

We talked of his school and what I had been up to since we last saw each other. I felt like he was a good friend that I could share anything with, it was an awesome feeling. There was no romantic love like I had for Arizona that used to drive me wild, both good and mostly bad. This was just a kinship of spirit and mind. Anyway, I told him about Reny, he was cautious with his advice. I think he was thoughtful, yet he also wasn't a man to tell you what you ought to do. He gave me a bit of realism without throwing a cold bucket of water on me. Beau told me he knew guys like Reny and it is a journey for trans guys to cis men. It can't be short-cutted with most guys. What he said really made sense and has stuck with me till this day.

Beau said trans guys go through a long transition period, some longer than others. All guys are different but every trans guy goes through a period of doubt about himself, a lack of self-confidence. He thought that came from the straight-jacket society tries to place on all of us to be one gender or another. He said that in his view it

is very difficult for most trans men who are initially transitioning to have sex with cis men. There are deep feelings of gender-building that are important. Even though most trans men know they are a man from the beginning, the actual transition, which can be years, requires strength and conviction as families, friends and often the whole community fight it.

I listened intently and thought how so much of what he said was so similar to what Arizona went through. He concluded with the fact Reny probably wasn't ready for sex with a cis man although he hastened to add, he didn't know Reny obviously. I knew he was right and I loved his gentle way he did pretty much everything.

I felt so lucky to have a friend like him. He told me he knew Jack when I mentioned him as a possible partner. He said he was a great guy and very strong role model for many trans men in SF. He thought I should try to see him if I wanted. I gave him some money and he seemed so grateful, it really did not seem like what I am sure it reads like, it may have been, but it didn't seem that way to me. I drove him back to town and he reached out and hugged me again. He said he would love to see me again if I had time during the week and we set Wednesday as the date I would pick him up again for fun and friendship!

Chapter 9: My Trip to a Bath House

When I got back to the hotel after taking Beau home, I posted an ad on CL and went right to sleep. I was very tired from all the driving – over 2,000 miles in three and half days. The next day I drove out to Muir Woods. I loved the beauty of the Redwoods and the whole nature-thing. I sat by the big fallen tree far back on the trail. I thought of how I loved this area and LOVED SF. I really wanted to move here. I thought how I couldn't afford much if I did relocate to the Bay Area but I was going to make the move right after my business trips that fall.

A part of me was really sad as I wanted to meet Reny and get to know him sexually so bad. I had pretty much given him my heart without ever meeting him – a far too common occurrence that would haunt me for the next year and a half. Reny seemed like such a nice guy and to not even say hi or acknowledge that I drove all this way to see him seemed so cruel and heartless. My sadness began to turn to anger toward him. It was very helpful that I was at Muir Woods because it help distill that anger. I hate holding grudges and being angry. What a waste of energy. The nature all around me helped me find my serenity and let go of the anger.

I stopped at the Golden Gate Bridge on my way back to town. I had long had a huge fear of heights and I love challenges so I decided I was going to walk out to the middle of the Bridge. I started hugging the sidewalk toward traffic, it was loud and unpleasant. I got closer and closer to the rail and was so relieved to see how tall it was. It was up all the way to my chest, rails are never this high. I always have a feeling like I am going to fall over them because they usually only come up to my waste. I stood in the middle of the Golden Gate Bridge and looked out over the Bay into the 'City.' I was awestruck by its beauty, but even more important I thought of all those buildings and houses and wondered about all the stories that go with each window. I thought about how there were hundreds of trans men out there, maybe thousands, and it was such an empowering feeling to know if I lived here I might get to meet some of these guys!

I went back down to Pier 39 for a late-lunch, early supper. I was starved but intent on staying on my diet. I ate a half of a sandwich and daydreamed near the docks of Pier 39. I wondered what it would be like to sail my yacht, if I had one of course ☺, into the harbor and invite a hot sexy trans man to spend the night with me on it. The water gently rocking us back and forth as we cuddled in a bunk bed. I was lost in a fantasy and loving it, until it hit me what a fool I was, there was no way I could afford that. Oh well, one can dream, can't one.

I moved my way down the Wharf and sat next to the Maritime Museum at Aquatic Park and watched people swimming out in the Bay with wet suits on. One guy didn't have one and I thought about how he seemed to typify SF, throw orthodoxy out the window when one is here. If you have never been to Aquatic Park in San Francisco you owe it to yourself to visit it once. It is a great place for daydreaming and what a great vista. You can see Alcatraz Island, the old ships on Pier 45, the pier and tons of people walking, jogging and running by. Just up the hill is the beginning of the cable car, and down the street is a free exhibit at the national park headquarters that is very cool about the history of San Francisco.

I was awoken from my daydream by my phone going off. It was a message from Jack, he wanted me to see him. We had talked about a daddy/boy relationship and he seemed genuinely interested in the concept. He invited me to his sex club that night. He said he would be working and he could get me in for free. I thanked him and said I would think about it. I had been to a different sex club four years earlier when I was in San Francisco for a couple of hours. I thought to myself I didn't want sex with cis men so the club was probably out. I mean that one in four gay guys being infected with HIV stat Randy had told me really had me freaked.

I remember he told me that sometimes trans men would come to his club. I drove up to my favorite view of San Francisco, Twin Peaks at night. I love looking out over the city and as I did on the Bridge and think of the hundreds of thousands of stories the city could tell. Many of these stories would be of gay and trans men who came here with nothing just to live a lifestyle without judgment or discrimination. That was such a reaffirming

thought for me. There is a great view of Market Street and the beginning of the Castro district from Twin Peaks. I thought about Jack and going to his club somewhere out there in the city. I had no clue where it was however.

As I was driving around I looked up and there it was, the club. I pulled over and thought this must be fate. I messaged Jack and he said it was cool if I wanted to come in. I thought how I had specifically brought my own foot wear with for this possibility but left them back at the room. I didn't let that detour me. I was surprised at the place. I walked in with my heart in my throat as I was so nervous to see Jack, we had emailed so many times. I was most anxious that I would have to strip in front of him and don't have a lot of confidence in my body. My other concern was I had to give him my driver's license and there went my anonymity. I never gave my real name at first to anyone I talked to. Arizona, Robbie and Beau knew my name, but everyone else knew me by some stupid nickname I used. Even with all these fears, I went in as I LOVE ADVENTURE and had to see this place. Add in that I was randy as hell and my huge LOVE of voyeurism and it was a must see.

Jack was super friendly and kind. He explained how the place operated, he had warned me about how they insisted on using condoms and if one didn't they would be thrown out. That is a big part of why I went in, I thought it might be the cleanest of the many sex clubs in the Bay Area, not that I had any experience to make that judgment. I checked him out when he went to get me a towel and I thought he was pretty hot. I wanted to fuck him right then and there, but of course he was on duty.

The place was nice. There was a sauna, a steam room and beds all over the place. I was nervous about getting undressed as Jack wasn't in the locker room but I could feel his presence and I knew there were cameras everywhere. In reality, I doubt he paid much attention to me. I have to admit Jack made me nervous, as much as I liked him and felt he was a nice man, that incident with our email about the binder made me really afraid to have sex with him. I was frightened that I might say or do the wrong thing and I didn't want to offend him.

There weren't many people there, Jack said I just missed a hot black trans guy who was just there. I thought damn! I walked around the beds and saw a sling. I always thought it would be so hot to just walk up to a guy spread eagle in the sling and slip my cock into his hot front hole, or get in line and wait my turn. God, that is such a hot fantasy for me, I stood near it for a while and pictured my lover in the sling and me waiting my turn.

Yes, I am a huge voyeur alright. Two guys were making out in a bed, one was sucking the other's cock, it was nice-sized. I walked around some more and saw two more guys sucking each other near one of the TVs playing porn. I saw condoms and lube everywhere. I went back to where I had seen my two initial guys sucking, I thought they were pretty hot and maybe I could watch one fuck the other. I was afraid they might ask me to join and I didn't want to be rude but I had not planned on being with anyone other than a trans guy on this trip.

They were gone but a really petite cute smooth Asian guy was laying in a bed jacking off near their previous location. He smiled at me and I walked by. He got up and followed me around. I wasn't nervous as I was twice his size, I was actually flattered. He laid back down on a bed that I had to walk past if I was to come back through that way. I had a towel around my waste but I was hard for some reason and I knew anyone who saw me could see it.

I walked back past him and thought he had a hot body. I stopped next to him, somehow I was excited about the randomness of it and his smooth hot body wanting my cock. He reached out and touched my cock through my towel. I froze in my tracks right next to the his bed and let him push the towel aside and grab my cock. He rubbed my balls and my thighs. He motioned for me to get into bed with him, but I just stood there. I was so nervous, but my cock was hard. I knew I wasn't going to swap any fluids with him but I couldn't leave. He leaned his head in and tried to suck me and I pulled my cock back.

He patted the bed again and I sat down, he grabbed some lubricant from the wall and started to jack my cock and rub his hands on my hairy body. I thought about what a huge contrast it was between our bodies. His cock was small and I didn't really look at it too much. His body was really smooth, I love that in a cis man. He jacked me for a while and then rolled over and pulled me toward him as he lay flat on his stomach. I let my body roll over onto his. He moaned and grabbed my cock while my chest and legs rubbed against his warm body. He pushed my cock toward his ass.

I said "I won't fuck you"

He said "no, no fuck, rub" in broken English.

I started to rub my cock on his smooth body, it felt good, he reached for my cock. I let him pull my cock between his legs and felt his ass on my stomach. His skin felt so warm and smooth. I started to rub my cock between his legs, up and down, feeling his nice smooth ass against my stomach and groin as he pulled me closer.

My cock was throbbing and I was so turned on by his smooth soft skin and his obvious enjoyment of my cock on him. I felt the head of my cock hit his balls as I slowly rubbed it in and out between his thighs. He was squeezing his thighs together. I thought back to my best friend in high school, a Japanese-American who I had done this very thing with a few times, except with my friend I always wanted to fuck him but never did as he asked me not to. I knew if I put my cock up to this guy's hole he would let it slide right in. It would be so warm and tight, he was such a little guy. My mind spun with the testosterone that was rushing through my body, especially my cock. He kept pushing his ass up into me harder and harder as I stroked between his legs.

I could now feel the bottom of his ass pushing on the top of my cock, every stroke ended with me poking his balls with my cock head. I got up on my elbows stuck my cock between his ass crack facing downward. I started to pump my cock up and down his ass crack, it felt wonderful. I was really getting into it, as he was shoving his ass back into me hard. I looked down but it was quite dark and I could hardly make anything out but I could see that my cock was HUGE against his tiny ass. It was such a turn on. I knew what he wanted, I knew what I wanted! What we both wanted: my huge mushroom-headed cock buried deep in his asshole till I burst my nut in him. It would be so warm and tight, my bare cock and his warm ass wrapped around every inch of it when I shoved it balls deep into him. I wondered how far I would go up his ass, he was so small and smooth.

I kept shoving my cock up and down his ass crack and down to his balls. It was so incredible, because it was so spontaneous and pretty tight. I knew I had to make a decision, was I going to fulfill his desire to shove my cock up to his hole and push it in or just keep fucking him like this and cum on the bed. I knew what I had to do, I gently put my hand on his back and patted him and got up and walked away. It really wasn't that tough of a decision.

Sure, it was fun to have this guy enjoy my cock, I LOVE WHEN ANYONE WANTS MY COCK! I am a cock-attention whore, yes indeed I admit it. But I am no fucking fool. There was no way I was going to take any chances with a stranger in any place, but especially San Francisco after what Randy told me about the HIV rate. My cock was swaying back and forth stiff as a board, my mushroom head swollen twice its size as I walked around the place seeing if there was a trans guy that might finish me off.

The Asian guy followed me around, he really wanted my cock. I felt bad, almost like a tease to get him so excited about my big cock, at least for him it seemed big I imagined, against his tiny frame. I went into the bathroom and cleaned my cock with soap and water to make sure I didn't get anything on it while I rubbed it on his ass. It was clean and in case you're wondering, no he didn't follow me into the bathroom. I thought how

Jack must have seen me with that guy because he told me they had cameras everywhere. Maybe he was watching me pee right then. It took awhile for my cock to deflate enough so I could pee.

I walked around for another 30 minutes and didn't see anything interesting. The Asian guy was laying there still hoping for a cock. Another couple of guys came in and cruised the place. I never did get to see anyone fuck that night. I went back to the locker room to get dressed and leave for my hotel. I talked to Jack for a few minutes before I left and he told me I could maybe come back in an hour or so and pick him up. I thought about it, but it was late, he would have to spend the night and that made me nervous.

I was just so afraid to make a mistake with him, whispering the wrong thing, or grabbing him the wrong way or say something he didn't approve of. For some reason, I felt like he was the keeper of the trans community and if I fucked up with him I would be barred forever from the community. It was ignorant, but a real feeling at that moment nonetheless. I told him I was tired. I regretted not taking him up on his offer but I was glad I didn't fuck that cis guy. Later Jack told me he was from Asia, he didn't say where as he was trying to be discreet and professional. He told me lots of Asians come into the club for sex with guys as it is taboo in many of their countries.

It wasn't easy to fall asleep after I had got my cock so worked up without cumming, but I wanted to save it for the next day and hopefully another trans guy. I was kicking myself in the ass for not hooking up with Jack. I just felt that I wasn't ready for a trans man that had such strong expectations for exactly how a cis man was supposed to treat a trans man – In retrospect however I had now know I freaked myself out of a good fuck. I knew I could count on Beau in two days, but I wanted to meet someone new that had the possibility of building a relationship with, not just another fuck. I mean if that is all I wanted I would have Jack back to my place, or fucked the Asian guy. Beau was always going to be just sex, so I had that, I wanted more. I was upset with Reny because he still hadn't acknowledged that I was in town after I had driven all this way, mostly for him.

Chapter 10: One Slip and Paranoia Strikes Deep

I got up the next morning and decided to hang out down by the Wharf again, I loved that area. I am not only a voyeur for sex, but I like to people watch as well, looking for hot ones of course ☺ I got a text from Jack that said he knew what I wanted after I told him how I liked the small Asian cis guy who I rubbed my cock on the night before. He had a trans friend who would be interested, he suggested that I text his friend. I thanked Jack profusely and thought what a great guy he was, he could be the ambassador for San Francisco; he had really treated me well, especially, since I didn't hook up with him yet.

I texted his friend, Billy, he told me he was 22 and 5', 100 pounds, white and was interested in hooking up. I was like holy shit, this guy is small. I love the look of my big cock entering a small body, wondering how that small little body can take a big cock, well comparatively so ☺. We texted back and forth about what we wanted and then he sent the kicker - \$400. I said holy shit I couldn't do that, I mean I am no prude by any means, but I wouldn't pay that much,. Obviously, it wasn't the idea of paying for sex, it was the price. I said thanks, but no thanks, and started to walk around the shoreline along the Bay thinking about what I had turned down.

I was getting excited about the thought of fucking a young petite guy, I had never done that and would love to try. I am big guy and like all types of trans guys but something about a really petite twink really turns me on. There was no fucking way I was going to pay \$400 though, besides there could be others that might answer my ad. Billy texted me back and said he would give me a deal because Jack told him I was nice guy with a nice cock. I laughed and thought maybe Jack did watch me the night before. He said \$300. I still said no thanks, I was a poor teacher, for Pete's sake.

Late afternoon turned into early evening and I got another text from Billy, \$200 but that was his final offer. He had some bills to pay and he said he was told by Jack I was a respectful safe nice man. I thought about it, I was uncomfortable with the fact he was providing sex for money – what had I become that those were the only men I could meet? I thought about it a lot as I sat looking over the Bay. I had paid or donated so much money so far, what was the difference?

It was beginning to seem obvious I needed to pay young hot guys to be with me. Why wouldn't I have to pay for a young hottie, I am 50 years old, again for Pete's sake. That was a tough realization to be sure; however, I wasn't sure I could give it up. I was really struggling with the concept of prostitution or sex work as it was beginning to be called, there I said, it was hard for me to say, but I did. The prostitutes or sex workers I had seen around back in Michigan were drugged out emotionless 'ridden hard and put away wet' types.

These trans guys I was meeting seemed so much different, I never used the term prostitute to describe them, still don't, I am more comfortable with sex worker. They were in such bad straits, many of them estranged from their families with no money and no support. Almost all were trying to go to college to make something of themselves. I could really understand where they were coming from, I didn't see them as pros at all. I had actually been with a prostitute when I was younger and it was sterile and emotionless, all in all pretty rotten. All of the trans guys I had given money to so far really got into it and seemed to enjoy sleeping with me, and talking with me. Maybe I was totally wrong, but I thought there was more than just making money with Beau, for example. I like to think there was anyway, but I am quite naïve by my own admission.

I sent back another no, but was really horny after my near-cum the night before. I didn't want to drive all the way out to San Francisco and only fuck Beau. After another hour of soul-searching, I finally convinced myself to give it a go with Billy. I texted him that I would meet him and talk to him, but I wasn't guaranteeing anything. I wanted to look at him and see what he looked like. The crassness of my reply bothered me, 'let me look you over and see if you're worth \$200 to fuck.' I struggled with it mainly because unlike any other trans guy I had hooked up with this was entirely a sex for hire situation. All the others started and maintained some

degree of the possibility of a relationship, he made it clear he was just looking for the \$200. He said he was cool with us meeting and seeing if it would work out.

With that settled, I went to get another sandwich at Boudin's and enjoy some time around Pier 39. I love to walk past my favorite cookie place in the WORLD – Mrs. Field's on Pier 39. They have great cookies, best I ever had, I had been there before when I wasn't on a diet. I would tempt myself with the smell and window shop (I know who window shops cookies, right? ☺) I had a bitch of a time getting out of the parking garage as the automated teller wouldn't take my credit card or debit card. I finally got an attendant to help me but I was 30 minutes late.

I texted Billy I was coming but was late, he was annoyed but said it would be OK. I was quite nervous and kept debating whether I should just call this off and go back to the hotel and jack off. I thought no, 'you have driven all this way you must at least enjoy another good fuck from a hot trans guy if possible.'

I thought of how I had deviated from my plan to meet as many trans guys as possible to validate my love of trans guys and see if I truly wanted to, dare I say it, marry one someday. I know, marriage, why would I want to do that again – anyway... Maybe it is the traditionalist in me that thought I needed that with a trans man, however, I wasn't wasting time exploring the idea further at that moment as I was far from even considering it in earnest, especially with Billy. I thought I might want to meet a man that wanted to actually date me first ☺

As I pulled into the grocery store parking lot, I saw a very petite man standing near the entrance. I was really surprised at how small he was. He probably was like most of us and exaggerated his stats, whether it is age, cock length, weight or height, everyone has something to hide I suppose. He was probably more like 4'10" I couldn't really tell but when he got in the car he was very small sitting next to me. I LOVED IT. He was cute too, clearly in his early 20s and pretty friendly.

I told him I would take him out to my hotel room and he said he was cool with that but he had to be home by midnight because he had school the next day. As we drove out to the hotel we reviewed the rules we had agreed to already through text: no oral on him (very disappointed with that), condom for fucking and he was going to leave his binder on and I had to respect that area and not touch it. I said I was cool with those boundaries as I really wanted to fuck his front hole. He said I could fuck his ass for \$100 more and I said no thanks. I like ass ok but certainly not for more money.

At first, I sensed a bit of awkwardness between us and it felt so transactional, but the more we talked the more we both relaxed. I later realized it had to be scary for him getting into a car with an out-of-town big man twice his size who was a complete stranger with sex on his mind. He told me that he was good friends with Jack and if Jack would trust me then he would to. I thought how nice it was that Jack would say he trusted me.

When we got to my hotel I was flabbergasted when Billy got out of my car and we started to walk together to my room, I couldn't believe how petite he was. I was getting hard just thinking about sticking my cock in him – I don't know he could accommodate it. I felt a bit wobbly at the same time as I had only eaten one sandwich much earlier in the day. I knew it was too late to eat now, plus we didn't have time. We arrived in my room and he told me to lay the money on the table as he started to take his clothes off.

Billy didn't waste any time, he had me naked in a few seconds, taking my clothes off in a very aggressive manner. I liked it, he tried to push me on the bed but he was too small for that. I sat down as he pulled his shorts and t-shirt off just standing there in his halter-top binder. He told me he used to have a really shitty binder that was Velcro but it was very uncomfortable and too hot. I looked down at his "hot" body as he crawled on the bed giving me a very seductive look like a panther on the prowl. He had a super small body and ass, his groin was very hairy but I could see his t-cock sticking out.

His t-cock was really long and jetted out from his little body. I reached for it as it seemed so big I had to touch it. I rubbed it and it was the hardest one I had ever touched. It wasn't really thick but had to be at least 2" and hard, I felt like it was a pencil it was so hard. I LOVED IT. I played with it for a while and thought how hot it was. As much as I love oral it was fine that he didn't allow it because he was way too hairy down there, he obviously never trimmed himself. I would have been picking hair out of my teeth for a week had I done oral on him.

We were talking about our backgrounds and I thought we were really connecting. I was so surprised that I was really getting into knowing him. He seemed very secure and knew what he wanted and there seemed to be some sort of chemistry there, at least for me. His eyes could stare right through you, they were steely, but I could tell there was warmth under his cold exterior he used to protect himself from being hurt. I knew there was a lot of pain in his life just from his eyes.

He asked me to lay flat on my back as he would massage my body. You don't have to tell me that twice. I LOVE a body rub. He pulled my socks off and started to rub my feet. I was really turned on by this, he was so strong and yet soft with his touch. I closed my eyes and let myself concentrate on his wonderful hands. He started to work his way up my ankles when suddenly I hear this slap and felt this burning on my thigh.

My eyes flew open and I sat straight up. He smiled and said he and his girlfriend had been experimenting with what he called "Folsom," I remembered vaguely that Beau had said he was starting to get into the Folsom scene. Beau had told me it was a name of a street but also the "leather-scene" in SF. The Folsom Street Fair was why I had such a hard time getting a room in the Bay Area, after Pride it was the biggest gay festival.

Billy told me he had been the one receiving the light BDSM but he was just starting to get into giving the 'Folsom treatment.'

He asked if I mind and I thought about it and looked at my cock throbbing very hard and replied "not at all."

So he slapped my thigh again, it felt good, I don't know why, but it did. He went back to rubbing my calves and lower legs when suddenly he smacked my leg again. I loved the tenderness interrupted by sudden violence against my skin. I felt guilty but I was enjoying it a great deal. His hands were so strong, as strong as Arizona's when he gave me that fantastic back rub my last day with him. He worked his way up my thighs giving them a deep muscle massage with intermittent hard slaps against them or my legs, or whatever part of my body he found worth attacking.

My cock was throbbing and leaking pre-cum like mad. He teased the skin around the base of my cock and balls, just glancing them with his forearm or back of his hand now and then. It was like a jolt of electricity hit them as my cock would jump to attention with every rub. Before long it was also pulsating harder with each smack of his hand against my body. He teased my groin and stomach for a few minutes and had me roll over.

I rolled over on my front with my backside facing up and he went back to my feet and started to work his wonderful hands up my legs. The first slap went to my ass, it felt good. He told me it was more of a psychological high than sexual pleasure. I wasn't sure, it just kind of turned me on. He slapped the inside of my thighs on the next slap, followed by more massaging of the back of my thighs as he worked my legs apart crawling up between them as he rubbed each leg in between strikes with his open hand against my ass or thighs.

I was pretty wide open when without warning he slapped my balls pretty hard. I jumped and threw my ass in the air. I was surprised it didn't really hurt as much as it just startled me. He asked if that was OK and I said yes. He kept rubbing my legs up to my ass while he spanked me. Then another smack to my balls. He clearly was enjoying himself, and so was I.

He reached down around my balls and up under my groin to grab my cock firmly, it was hard, and so stiff. I had pushed it forward earlier and he was pulling it back toward my knees firmly. He gave a few hard strokes and slapped my ass again. I was starting to worry for my cock's safety but I was really enjoying the sensations all over my lower body. His touch was awesome, but so was his slap. He slapped my ass hard and told me to roll over. I was wishing he had done my back but I was so fucking hard I wanted to fuck him SO BAD!

He ran his hands gently around my balls and cock then hulled off and slapped my cock, not very hard but enough to get its attention. He then held my cock at the base with his left hand and started to slap it with his right, back and forth, like he was beating a rug. It hurt just a little but the pleasure was intense.

He lowered his head and started to lick my cock. I was enjoying it as he looked so cute and petite in between my legs. His whole body wasn't any bigger than my thigh it seemed like to me. It was incredible. I would be lying if I didn't say I wasn't a little worried about what his mouth or teeth might do to my cock. He was really good at sucking however, I used to think only cis guys knew how to suck cock but I was finding quite a few of the trans guys were really good at it also. I had had some great blow jobs from cis men who were experts, but between Arizona and him there were two guys that knew cock!

It could just be me and my experiences but I never met a woman that could give a blow job worth a damn. I was so turned on I was leaking pre-cum like mad and he was sucking it up. I reached down and grabbed his head as I was about to cum and there was no fucking way I was going to leave that room without fucking his sweet hot little body.

He got up and went to get a condom. I watch him walk across the room and thought his ass was smaller than my thigh, maybe my calf. I was fascinated with the hardness and length of his cock as he walked back to the bed and put the condom in his mouth. I wondered what the hell he was doing when he bent his head forward and took my cock in his mouth. When he pulled his mouth off of my cock and there was the condom completely covering my cock. I was so impressed and turned on by that move. He crawled up on to my lap and grabbed my cock. He threw his leg over my right side and lined up his front hole with my cock.

I regretted that I hadn't seen his hole yet but was so anxious to feel it wrap around my condom-clad cock. He centered his hole onto my cock and began to lower his right leg onto my left side. My cock was penetrating his hole. It was so fucking small and tight I couldn't believe it. Surprisingly, not the tightest ever, but pretty damn close. It certainly was the smallest looking hole I had fucked. I thought I would cum right then. I kept looking down to see this huge t-cock jetting out from his hairy hole as most of my cock shaft was disappearing into his front hole. He sat all the way down and I literally gasped with amazement. I was looking at his mouth to see if my cock head was coming out that end he was so small of stature.

He started to ride my cock lifting his ass up and down not really far but enough I could feel it move. I reached my hand to his flat stomach and tried to feel my cock up near his belly button or perhaps higher than that. I knew it had to be in that deep. I laid there in absolute shock that this 4'10" man was fucking my cock and taking it all. His canal wrapped around my cock so tight, I could swear it was his ass.

In fact, I wondered for a moment if it was, it felt like the only other time I had fucked a trans man's ass, Arizona's ass. Billy wasn't able to get his legs around me very well because he had such narrow hips and it prevented him from rising up enough to move his hole up and down on my cock. He kept trying though. He had a very sly smile on his face, an almost 'I told you so' look when he guaranteed I would think he was worth the \$200.

He was right, I could see why he could fetch \$400. Holy shit, was his hole tightly wrapped around my cock. I was thinking how I would definitely try to see him again this week before I left. I was really enjoying him fucking me but after a bit there was so little movement I began to feel I needed to switch positions. I asked if I

could fuck him doggie-style and he said sure. He lifted his hot little body off me and my cock stood straight up. I looked at his whole abdomen and thought my cock was longer than it.

I wanted to measure whether my cock would reach beyond his belly button if I rested the base of my cock on his t-cock but we didn't have time. He had told me he didn't want a front to front fuck, I understood why. Some men don't like that position as it makes them feel feminized, and he was very much into being masculine and he certainly was. I thought about how I am really gentle and that doesn't mean I am feminine, but some guys worry about that I guess, I don't, probably because I am so big. I know some small guys often feel they have something to prove in the masculinity area. They want to be the badest ass on the block. Billy seemed like one of those guys.

He crawled up to the pillows at the head of the bed and stuck his head in the pillow and left his ass completely exposed for me to see. I got my first look at his front hole and IT WAS AMAZING. I could see it was so small but quite open now from my cock invading it earlier. I got on my knees and felt a bit weak. I was regretting not eating more as I wanted all my energy now. I lined my condom-covered cock up to his hole and started to press on it. I had to push hard as he was so tight and I wasn't as hard as I was earlier. I was so turned on I wondered why I wasn't harder; well, I knew it was lack of food for energy. We had only left the bathroom light on so it was kind of dark but I could see my head was twice the size of his hole. I pushed really hard as I knew it could fit from him riding my cock earlier.

Sure enough, it slid in and I pushed harder and it went in deeper. His cute ass was sticking up in the air and I looked at how small his asshole was and thought I could see why it was \$100 more to fuck it. I thought it would probably be worth it as it looked so small I don't know how it could take my cock.

I began to concentrate on his front hole. I pushed my cock as deep as I could and pulled it back. It wasn't going in all the way but most of it. I could see my cock and his super-stretched hole and it was causing my head to spin with excitement. I pulled back and it slipped out. I looked at his hole again and it was gapping with his outer area convulsing trying to shrink back to its normal size. It was so incredible. I grabbed my cock to stick it back in and notice it was not as rigid as I earlier. I grabbed the base to hold the blood in and stiffen it back up while my head went back up to his hole. It was surprisingly hard to reinsert it. I pushed hard and again it went in. It only went in about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way and I pulled it out and pushed in again.

I kept looking at his ass and felt like I was going to cum as it was the SEXIEST thing I had seen. I mean I had just raw lust for that ass and hole. My cock kept slipping out because we weren't lined up well. His legs were too short to bring his ass up high enough for me to line my cock up with his hole straight on, or mine were too long I guess is another way to put it.

I tried to shift him around but I realized it just wasn't going to line up that way so I threw my legs out in the push-up position and lined my cock up with his ass. I could no longer see anything but knew I could feel his ass. I took my cock in hand and poked it around until I finally got into his front hole, the condom had slipped down toward my head and I pulled it all the way back up to my base.

I was sweating from all the work of trying to get my cock in his tight tiny hole. I pushed it in again and moved it slowly back and forth. I couldn't go very deep but it was so tight and felt so good. I kept pushing as hard as I could and he was moaning and seemed to be enjoying it. I was shocked it wasn't tearing him apart. I was getting a bit weary and light-headed I didn't know if it was from how incredibly hot his ass seemed to me or the lack of food.

As I worked my cock in and out of his hole it started to loosen up a bit I knew because my cock was now sliding in and out without as much resistance. It still wasn't going in all the way, but it was so fucking tight and

suddenly wetter and warmer than before. I knew my erection must have stiffened as I could feel the wonder of his hole wrapped around it – it was so hot and tight.

I closed my eyes and bucked my hips in and pulled them out again. He was pinned under me and couldn't move. He told me to hurry up as his legs and arms were getting cramped. I took one more look at his sweet small little body under mine and began to stroke hard and deep. His ass would hit my groin but it was so small I couldn't really feel it, just around my cock. It was so much different than any I had felt before in this position.

I focused my mind on his tight hole stretched to its max completely exposed and taking my cock pounding in and out with thrust after thrust. I felt my orgasm building. My head was never so engulfed and squeezed by a hole in its entire life. I could feel every inch of his canal as I pushed my cock in deep. He was taking it all now and groaning, I hoped with pleasure, but in retrospect I think it was pain from being stretched so far and deep. We had finally hit that rhythm of a great fuck and this was perhaps the tightest my cock had ever been squeezed during a fuck.

The friction was tremendous causing the heat in my cock to grow hotter and hotter. I think this was the first time an orgasm came from the head of my cock back to my prostrate. I felt a huge amount of cum barreling up by cock into his awaiting hole. I was so out of it I had no clue what he was doing at this point I was just fucking the tightest sweetest hole I had ever been in with everything I had. My cock was throbbing and pulsating, it was so sensitive almost immediately as I started to cum that I buried it deep and left it there unloading load after load of cum into his hot hole.

I could feel my sweat dripping off my body onto his. I wanted to collapse on top of him but knew I would crush him. So instead, I threw myself back up on my knees and looked down to watch my still throbbing cock pull out of his sweet hole.

I saw the bare shaft emerging as I shot my last glob in him as I couldn't believe the sight I was seeing, then it hit me like a ton of bricks. That was the bare shaft, I pulled out further quickly looking for the condom to appear and it didn't. Holy fuck, no wonder all of the sudden my cock stiffened and his warmth increased, the condom had come off. I freaked, I knew he was going to be so pissed. I felt this flash of panic just like with Beau a few weeks earlier. I didn't know what to do, there is no more chilling experience than seeing the condom has come off, and now it had happened twice.

I just came right out and told him the condom came off. He scurried out from under me and looked at the bed and could see a pool of cum where it had dripped out of his really stretched hole. He jumped up and sprinted toward the bathroom. I looked around the bed for the condom. I looked toward the bathroom and could hear him swearing. He came out of the bathroom holding the condom and told me that I did that on purpose. I was stunned, I didn't know what to say.

I stammered “no, I didn't.” “I had no idea the condom came off until I pulled out.”

He screamed “you asshole” and ran back into the bathroom.

I saw him jump in the shower and start to clean himself out the best he could. I fell back in bed and froze. What was happening here, what was probably the hottest sex I ever had had turned into a nightmare. He kept yelling at me from the shower but I really couldn't hear him. He stepped out drying himself off and told me no cock had ever been bare in his hole, let alone cum in him.

He said I had just “raped him.”

I was trying to be patient and understanding but at the same time I was really starting to get upset. I argued with him about my intentions and he just got more belligerent. He grabbed the money off the table and we both got dressed and I told him I would drive him back into the city. He told me just to take him to the airport. He stopped yelling at me and just stared at me. The airport was only a five minute drive but it was the tensest drive I have ever had. I told him I had a vasectomy so that shouldn't be a concern for him. He said he didn't believe me.

I tried to convince him but finally realized anything I said he wasn't going to believe. I told him I was sorry and would never do that on purpose to anyone. Of course, he wouldn't listen. He was complaining about having to ride the BART back into the city and I told him I would take him. He told me to take him to the airport.

We pulled up and he turned to me and said "give me all your money, right now!"

I was shocked. I told him I only had like \$20 and some ones in cash left and he demanded I give it to him. I did, I don't know why, I realized for a little guy he was one hell of a bully. He told me he knew I had more and that I had to give it all to him. I felt like I was being robbed. I looked down at him to see if he had a knife or gun, he was so demanding and cocksure that I had more money. He wanted \$500 he told me.

I looked around to see if there were police or someone that could help me as I was genuinely scared he was going to stab me or shoot me. I didn't have any more money so that was that. After one minute of him yelling at me to give him all my money, I rolled the passenger window down and he got out as people were walking by thank God. He turned back toward me and told me he knew where I was staying and I was going to be sorry, he was coming back for that money with his friends.

I drove back to the hotel in total shock, what had just happened here? I stopped at McDonalds and picked up a chicken sandwich to eat back in the room. I was faint, scared and freaked out. I got to my room and received a series of text messages one right after the other from him threatening me. Telling me I raped him, and he was going to tell everyone. I kept trying to calm him down and asked if he was able to catch a train. He just kept sending more and more threats.

He said between him and Jack he knew every trans man in town and he was going to tell them all that I raped him. He said I could never post another Craigslist message as he knew the people that moderated the SF CL posts and they would flag every one of mine. He told me he was going to the police to turn me in for rape. The scariest text of all was when he used my real name, the complete name and my address. I knew where he got it, there was only one person who could have had that information – Jack when he saw my driver's license the night before at the club. I was irritated that Jack must have written it down.

I didn't know how much of it was irrational rage and how much he was serious about fucking me over. Next thing I knew there was a text message from Jack calling me names and telling me he had trusted me and what an asshole I was. Jack told me to leave town now and never come back. He promised I would never meet another trans man in San Francisco. I was really started to get angry and upset.

I tried to explain what happened to Jack, but of course, he didn't believe me. I wanted to tell Billy to fuck off so bad, but I felt sorry for him. He was really freaking out over this. I thought how he was really just a male prostitute, totally different from any other guy I was with - only in it for the money and I wondered how many guys he fucked. When he was screaming at me in the hotel room he said something about a lot of guys and never had a problem with a condom. Just how many guys did he fuck? I started to freak myself about catching HIV or some other disease.

I finally sent him a message and told him that I had as much right to be upset about it as him. I told him he was the one who slept with men for money, I should be scared shitless and I was. I sent one last text telling him if

he continues to sleep with guys for money it better be prepared as accidents happen. I said condom failure can happen and he is lucky I am a nice guy as I put up with all his shit he was giving me. I turned off my phone and cleaned up and went to bed.

I laid there and couldn't sleep. I was so upset. I kept imagining an army of men out in the parking lot bashing my car in. I actually got out of bed and moved it to a very well lit area. I finally fell asleep and the next morning I got up and felt so paranoid, I HATED IT. I thought what if he does go to the police and say I raped him? I don't have any proof that I didn't, it would be his word against mine. His word and that of every trans man in San Francisco. I felt so fucked, then I grabbed my phone and looked through his texts. There was my proof, the evidence was in my messages to him setting up the arrangement.

To further piss me off I saw an email from Reny and opened it, he wrote that he was busy and told me he might be free for lunch on Saturday. He knew I was planning to leave town on Friday, this really upset me. He knew I had been in town for three days and didn't send me any acknowledgement of that fact. Now he sends me a message to meet knowing I would be long gone by that Saturday, I was pissed. I didn't respond that Wednesday morning, I suddenly was in no mood to stay in San Francisco. I packed my bags and checked out that morning and decided to go home.

I actually saw a cop car around the hotel as I left and I freaked – was he there to arrest me for rape? Later, I realized how paranoia can really fuck with one's mind. As I drove past downtown San Francisco on I-80 East, I was saddened. I looked back at the TransAmerica building and shook my head. I no longer felt welcome in the town that I had come to LOVE! I felt hopeless, as hopeless as I did when Arizona told me with such certainty that I would never find a trans man who liked cis men. I felt so fucked, I knew what I wanted in life and now it seemed like it was shut off to me forever.

I got to Berkeley and I remembered Beau, I thought about how we had made plans for that night and I had to let him know I was leaving town. I figured Jack had gotten to him already with the story of how I "raped" Billy. I was aware that Beau knew Jack well and thought highly of him. On the other hand, I felt like Beau and I had become friends and there was a degree of trust that maybe he would hear my side. Nonetheless I had to tell him I was leaving town so he could make other plans. I thought of how nice he had been to me. So, I pulled over at 9:30 AM sent him a long set of text messages about what happened and told him I couldn't see him as I was leaving town, I said I assumed he didn't want to see me anyway.

When I hit the Nevada border I felt such a relief. I imagined a huge gang of men with pitch forks scouring San Francisco looking for me. I drove all the way to Park City, Utah and knew I had made a mistake coming to SF just to see Reny. All the way back to Michigan, I felt so lonely. I had changed my life totally and now I felt empty and totally fucked. I got one bit of solace, just before I hit Chicago Beau emailed me back and told me he had read my text and didn't blame me, he trusted me. He said if I ever come back to SF he would gladly see me again. It made me feel so good that there was one trans man who didn't hate me.

Two-thousand miles is a long way to think about what happened. I thought about Reny and maybe I was the one that read more into what he meant or wanted, or perhaps he was leading me on and just got scared when it became a reality that he might have sex with a cis man. I also played out the sex I had with Billy over and over in my mind. I even did tests with a condom in my hotel room in Nebraska. I came to the conclusion the condom came off due to my blood pressure dropping because I wasn't eating enough (particularly carbohydrates). This lack of nutrition caused my cock to deflate and then inflate again as I got excited, further Billy wasn't wet because he wasn't turned on by having sex with me – it was simply for the money for him. Finally, the angle I was using to fuck him was unusual and I couldn't see my cock or the condom. I felt rushed to finish and didn't really think about whether the condom was on or not.

I said to myself fuck this diet – I would much rather be able to get hard and stay hard then get down to my college weight again (which by the way I had done earlier that summer – 183 and as very proud of it). I also thought what an idiot I was, I had brought Viagra with me why didn't I use it? I decided I would in the future, that usually makes me hard as wood. Not that I was going to have any partners to enjoy sex with again anyway after this debacle...

Chapter 11: What Now? My “Savior” From Chicago

After my second trip to SF I thought I was totally fucked, I would never be able to find another trans man. I decided to concentrate on my business trips and search only locally for trans men, not that I had any answers to my local ads other than Max eight months earlier. After about a month, I was shocked to open my email one day and I found a guy from Chicago that was interested in meeting an educated older cis man.

I was thrilled because he was the first local guy (by that I mean within driving distance) to answer an ad other than Max. I was so excited after the San Francisco debacle. I had foolishly began to believe that FTMs were only out west or in NYC. He didn't send any pics, just a description. His name was Wes and he was 29, 5'7", blonde, blue eyes, athletic (gymnastics guy) in great shape – he said his weight fluctuated between 135-140 depending on whether he had enough time to work out. He told me that he tried to work out all the time, if not he would lose weight, I laughed to myself and thought what a nice problem to have. He was a student at the University of Chicago studying literature and philosophy. He seemed very nice and friendly in our emails. He told me he enjoyed intellectual conversations and sex. He hadn't had much experience with cis men but really wanted to try a patient RESPECTFUL cis man for a sex partner. We texted back and forth and he seemed very eager to meet me.

Finally, one day in late-September 2010 I decided I was going to drive to Chicago and meet him for fun and dinner. I was going to get a hotel north of the city because he didn't want to take any chances of being seen going into a hotel with a cis man. He also said he didn't want it to look like we were dating while in public either, I am not into public displays of affection generally so it wasn't a problem. I would pick him up on campus and we would drive out to the hotel and then dinner and he would spend the night. He told me he had only been with one cis guy, a friend of his that was gay. I was a bit nervous that he wouldn't enjoy sex with me but he assured me that he would be happy to bottom for me.

I remember I arrived in Chicago early and got the room out by Skokie in a nice hotel. I texted him that I was in town and ready to pick him up. I started to drive toward the lakeshore and down to Washington Park near UC. He texted back that he was held up at school and would be like 30 minutes late. I stopped and got a sandwich and drink at a cafe right near where I was to pick him up. I wasn't going to make the mistake of not enough energy this time. I remember watching everyone that walked by wondering if that was him or not. He told me he was going to be wearing jeans, a gray hoodie and a green backpack. Since it was near campus, you can imagine all the guys that looked similar to that description. It was exciting and scary at the same time.

He texted me that he was out front of the store and sure enough I saw this man in jeans and a gray hoodie with a backpack. I pulled up and he hopped in, it was nerve-racking even though we had emailed back and forth quite a bit. I am always nervous about what the guy thinks of me because of my insecurity. Since we had planned to spend the night together, which was totally new for me, it was particularly unsettling. He was very polite but I could tell he was nervous too. The more we talked the more I felt at ease and I could sense so did he. He told me about his classes and a bit about UC. We got to the hotel and we went straight up to my room. He excused himself to freshen up. Wes said he had been in line at UC trying to work out an administrative mix up for four hours and didn't leave the line to pee because he was worried about losing his place, so now he had to pee like a race horse.

I got undressed and turned down the bed. I decided I would be naked so we could get right at it when he came out of the bathroom. He smiled when he saw me and walked to the bed. The first thing he did was take off his binder, he had not had top surgery and he told me he hated the binder. After my experience with other guys with binders I was quite surprised by his nonchalant attitude about taking it off in front of me with ease. He told me he wanted top surgery really bad. When I finally saw his top I was impressed with how firm his chest was, and understood why he needed the binder. He got in bed with me with his clothes still on.

I decided I was going to undress him. I skipped his t-shirt and reached for his belt. I unbuckled it while he was stroking my cock making nice comments about it, mostly about the head. I reached to unbutton his jeans and he flip around in one motion landing his head within inches of my cock, he stuck his tongue out and started to lick my cock. I was pretty hard by this time, but his strong licks made it fully erect. He popped the head into his mouth and sucked it like a lollipop. He put his right hand on my balls, it felt really good. He had told me his hands were strong from gymnastics and he wasn't kidding. He was a bit rough, not to where it hurt or anything, just strong.

He sucked me for five minutes or more and I finally said let's take your pants off. He slid out of his jeans and pulled his t-shirt off. I was nervous that he might be self-conscious of his top so I ignored it, although unlike the other guys I had seen without top surgery he was very full and his chest was very attractive. I was surprised how much I liked it. I really didn't care if guys had surgery or not, but with Wes it was nice he hadn't because his chest was very fit. His whole body was fit, the most tone man I had known.

Anyway, Wes was only in his white briefs as he climbed on top of me and rubbed his body up and down mine. He stuck his chest in my face and I started to suck and lick on his nipple, he whispered to bite it lightly so I did. It was really a huge turn on for me, I love a sensitive nipple. I had been with guys that had surgery and lost all feeling in them so this was a treat.

We had talked about using a condom before we met and agreed we probably should use one, he said he wanted to be safe and I agreed. However, I told him the condom was his call. I would bring some but it was up to him since I knew he was practically a virgin and felt he was totally safe. He also told me before we met that he didn't like any feminine terms for his body, if anything, I was to call it his front hole and chest. I was cool with that, I am very respectful and that can be awkward if we don't talk about terminology in advance.

So, this hot guy is laying on top of me grinding his groin into me really hard while I was enjoying his nipples. I LOVE good old-fashion frottage as he ground his front hole and t-cock over my cock through his briefs. I could feel that he was getting wet as he started to kiss me on the neck and bite my earlobe. Soon he was biting my neck and grinding against my cock really hard. I laid back and closed my eyes and just let my body feel this sensation. I had never had anyone bite my neck so hard and passionately. It was such a sweet feeling.

After a few minutes, he reached down and pulled his briefs down and revealed a shaved front, totally. I got this huge grin on my face as he told me in our emails that he didn't shave because he didn't like it as it got all stubbly and was a nuisance. He laughed at my grin and moan of approval. Wes said he shaved for me. I felt so honored that he did that for me.

I stuck my hand down and felt him, it was so smooth and WET. His big t-cock was hard, it was so satisfying that he was enjoying himself as much as I was enjoying the moment. He pushed my hand away and started to rub his bare front hole and t-cock on my cock hard. He was so muscular that he could really grind it hard. He was the most athletic trans man I had been with. He would flex his hips up and back down again sliding his hole over my shaft but never letting my head get next to his hole. His t-cock felt so good on my cock. I kept staring at his abs, they were so tight, a very light six-pack. I don't like guys with super-defined six-packs, but his were just right.

After about five minutes of frottage, I suddenly felt him buck his hips down far and center his hole right on my big mushroom head. He held it there for about 20 seconds and began to push his hips hard against my cock. His hole would glance off my cock and he would re-center it again. He looked at me and smiled as he grabbed my cock. I could feel my head at the entrance to his hole. He started to rub it up and down just a bit. He was wet and I was leaking pre-cum like I always do when I am excited. He stopped moving my cock and held it right on his hole. He pushed his hips hard into my cock and I started to penetrate him. I didn't know what to

think, I thought we had agreed on condoms but I told him it was his call, apparently he trusted me. I trusted him.

It was incredible, absolutely the tightest I have ever felt, even tighter than Billy, that guy that was 4'10", maybe 100 pounds. We stopped after a couple of inches and sighed. He looked down at our genitalia enjoined and blocked my view, it had to be awesome. He slowly began to push his hips down harder until I was all the way in. He hesitated for what seemed like a long time, I assumed he was getting used to my cock in him, in my mind I was pretty sure this was a new sensation for him. He slowly began bucking his hips back and forth fucking my cock. When he seemed really comfortable he sat up straight and closed his eyes and just bounced up and down on my cock. His top was so beautiful, the T had not taken any of the fullness out of it yet and his nipples were straight out hard. I reached out and touched him gently to see his reaction and he moaned. I began to pinch his nipples as he continued to ride my cock.

I can't describe how tight, yet wet, he was. I am stomach man, I like all kinds of stomachs but a flat one is super hot, his was so tight and taunt. I slid my hands down to his stomach and massaged it in circles as he rode my cock. He then leaned in and started to bite my neck again. He worked his tongue and teeth up and down my neck. Then suddenly, without warning he straightened his legs out and started to go into convulsions, he was cumming and it was powerful. His muscles were stiffening everywhere on his body, he threw his head back and let out a moan of pleasure. His legs were so powerful that I felt he was like a vise gripping my thighs. He started to shake and pushed his hips into me holding them still after he had impaled my whole cock in him. His orgasm must have lasted 20 seconds, although it seemed like minutes.

I was amazed that no sooner than he came he started to fuck my cock again, hard. He was as tight as I have ever known, by far, no one was even close. He was so warm and gripped my cock like a under-sized glove. I could feel that old familiar burning down in my balls as my cock throbbed and blood gushed to my head. He moaned louder and I was trying to move my hips to meet every thrust of his. I grabbed his ass and shoved him hard down on my cock as I started to cum. His ass was so tight and firm I was just overwhelmed as I emptied my cock into him, one gush after another. My hips were pushing upward and my cock buried so deep, it was absolutely incredible.

He laid his head down on my chest as we lay still after my orgasm. My heart was pounding as I slid my hands gently up and down his back. When he started to climb off my cock slipped out of his hole and it was semi-erect, a gush of cum came swooshing out with my cock. I stared at his hot body as he climbed off and headed to the bathroom. After cleaning up he told me he felt so safe with me that he didn't even think of putting on a condom. He also told me that was the first time he had an orgasm fucking and HE LOVED IT! I felt really special.

We went to dinner and walked along the lakeshore and through Grant Park while I regained my strength. It was great listening to his life stories and sharing mine. It was a crisp night, and with the awesome Chicago skyline as the perfect backdrop I felt like I really connected with him. He was very into philosophy and wanted to know what I thought of his many ideas. I could tell he was very interested in my mind and found me intelligent, I found that quite an aphrodisiac. I took a Viagra about an hour before we left to go back to the hotel just to be sure I would be ready for round two when we got back to my room. I had quit my crazy diet and found I could stay hard without a problem, but I hadn't fucked twice in a day for over 18 years since I was first married.

We went back to the hotel and I couldn't wait to get to his front. He took his binder off first and then we took turns taking each other's clothes off. He pulled my pants down, followed by my briefs, then my t-shirt. I sat there naked as he squeezed my cock.

I practically ripped his clothes off and laid him on the bed as I dove into his t-cock and hole. I sucked and licked it for at least 20 minutes, he stopped me a few times as he didn't want to cum. I loved his taste, it was so

clean and sweet with just a little bit of a salty taste. I realized that salty taste was my cum and that was actually a turn on - HUGE - I had never done that before.

I took my mouth off his cock and hole and started to lick his abs and chest. I kissed, nipped (he taught me that term and how to do it :) his upper body. He rolled me over and started to kiss and nip my neck again, I was so turned on by him I didn't even think about the hickey he was giving me. I was rubbing his back and ass while he was starting to grind his t-cock and hole on my cock. He reached down and slipped my cock back into his hole for its second invasion of the night.

He was as tight as the first time, he told me he did tons of exercises and that kept him really tight. He also said he never used any big toys, I was the biggest thing he had ever had in there. Anyway, I kept bucking my hips to meet his hips trying to really enjoy the sensation. I knew it would take me longer to cum a second time so I just relaxed and tried to feel every bit of him on me.

I flipped him over and he opened his legs, not very far but a enough that I could get my knees in between him and push them wider. I got my cock close to his hole and used my thighs to push his thighs even wider. I plunged my cock in with a strong single stroke deep. I left it there for a few seconds then just moved back and forth, up and down feeling the entire length of my shaft wrapped in his tight tunnel. He squeezed his muscles tighter on me and laughed when I let out a big ole moan of appreciation.

I bent down and started to kiss his shoulders as I plunged my cock in and out. He was rocking his hips back and forth to meet every thrust I gave him. He started to become more vocal and moaned louder and louder. I couldn't believe it as I was just about to cum myself. I vaguely could hear him gasping as he started to cum simultaneously with me. My cock throbbed but was squeezed so tight by his orgasmic tunnel that I started to blast my first shot.

He his whole body tightened and he threw his head to the side and grabbed my ass with his strong hands and pulled me in deeper. He went through five, six, seven jolts of tightening and then relaxing, I am not sure how many as I was shooting more and more cum into him at the same time. I was surely in Heaven as I couldn't believe we shared an orgasm simultaneously - I had read about it but never was close to experiencing it before. I couldn't believe it was so awesome.

He fell back to the bed limp as a rag and just laid there as I fell on top of him resting my weight on my elbows. My cock slipped out after a few minutes and I knew there was going to be a wet spot for us to fight over :) Actually, it was right in the middle of the bed so no problem.

He rolled me over and I laid on my stomach. He climbed on top of me and started to rub my back with his unbelievably strong hands. He went on to rub every part of my body, flipping me over to do the front side also. When he got to my cock he licked his juices off of me and sucked me hard. I couldn't perform again but it was nice to enjoy the moment. I didn't say anything as I knew he wasn't planning to fuck, he just seemed to genuinely like my cock. I love when a man wants to explore my cock.

We both cleaned up and cuddled together for a few minutes and fell asleep. The next morning we overslept, I forgot to set an alarm. I was sorely disappointed that we didn't get to fuck again, but he was late to class and it was a long drive. When I dropped him off he thanked me for a great time, and me him. I stopped him as he was about to get off my car and I reached in my pocket and pulled out \$100 and gave it to him. He was really struggling with his bills and his asshole roommates, I wanted to help him out but I knew he was the type of man who wouldn't want me to. He told me no, and I said I insisted from one friend to another. He reluctantly accepted the help.

All the way back to Michigan I thought about how much fun it was and how pleased I was to help him. I knew neither of us was planning this to go further than a friendship, but there were great possibilities for a sexual friendship, I guess they call it 'friends with benefits' these days. I felt like Humphrey Bogart and Claude Rains in Casablanca however as we said goodbye that day: 'well, Wes this is the beginning of a great friendship'

Chapter 12: Houston, We've Got No Problems

After meeting Wes in Chicago and our awesome night together I was so uplifted that I put the whole debacle at the end of my last SF trip behind me. It was such a relief to know there are trans guys in other locations than SF. I was scheduled to make a trip to promote my business that October, it was a long trip taking me through Iowa, Texas, Florida, Georgia and back home. I was going to be gone for four weeks. I decided it would be a great opportunity to try to meet trans guys in other cities. Although the cities I was going to visit didn't seem like hot beds of gay/trans tolerance I decided to give it a try anyway. So, I posted ads in Iowa City, Houston, Orlando and Athens. I figured there wasn't much chance but what the hell, 'nothing ventured, nothing gained.'

I enjoy my business trips, I like to travel and I love meeting new people and promoting my materials. I arrived in Iowa City and was busy with my conference when I got an email message on my phone. I was meeting with potential customers on and off during that day but as soon as I got a chance I read the message. It was a trans man from Houston who was responding to my CL ad. I was surprised because of all the places, other than Iowa, I figured this to be the least likely place – you know given the Texas attitude toward anything progressive really. I know there are parts of Texas, well Austin, that are progressive.

This guy was a nice guy, he sent a pic of his face and top, he had top surgery. He told me he had never sent an x-rated pic and was a bit nervous about sending one, but he sent it anyway. He had a very nice t-cock, very nice indeed! In fact, it made me really hard as I kept opening it up on my phone while traveling between Iowa and Houston. He said his name was the same as the last guy I was with "Wes," I will call him Marty. Marty told me he was 25, 5'8", 160 and VERY inexperienced with cis men. He had a girlfriend he lived with fulltime but he was horny for cis man cock.

He was very direct and honest that he really loved the one cis cock he had been with before and needed more. His first cis male partner was a married friend of his from another city who he visited. His friend was also older like me and he found that comforting and less threatening. He said he loved that experience and wanted to try it again; although, he said he was nervous meeting a stranger, he LOVED MY COCK PIC. He wasn't telling his girlfriend as she didn't understand his desires and they were new to him. He wasn't sure if it was a passing phase or a transitional issue. He texted me the morning we were going to hook up at my hotel room and told me he was so horny he couldn't stand it and he had just jacked off to my cock pic,.

I thought for sure he was going to back out after he had jacked off that morning. I flashed back to the last time I was with Arizona, we were supposed to hook up with me in the afternoon his last day in town and then he emailed me around noon that day to tell me he jacked off in the morning and was going to leave for Atlanta without seeing me. I was so crushed, it was probably the cruelest thing anyone has ever done to me. I did something I never do, I begged Arizona to see me. I kept promising him more money if he would just see me one more time. I wanted to have closure with him so badly and he knew it. I won't tell you how much money I paid him to finally agree to stay and see me but it made the sex that day even more **bitter** sweet. When I say it ended very badly you can see what I mean. But, again I digress.

Unlike Arizona, Marty wanted it more after he had jacked off. He told me he couldn't wait until 2 PM, the time we had scheduled to meet in the hotel lobby. He had to drive 45 minutes but he said he thought it would be worth it. I was able to get someone to watch my business booth for me and I went to the lobby to meet him at 2 PM. I was quite excited because he was so enthused about being with me and MY COCK. I had hoped he wouldn't be disappointed. I was a bit nervous also because I really didn't know if he would be my type or not. He was a bit overweight and had a cute belly that had some small rolls to it that seemed soft and very pale from his picture. I usually only liked slender guys up to that point, but at the same time I liked Max and he was quite stout. I knew I wanted to experiment with all types of guys, including all bodies.

He texted me he was in the lobby and I found him with his baseball cap on. We politely chatted as we worked our way to my room on the 14th floor. I had been upgraded to this really nice suite, one of the nicest I had stayed at before. When we walked into the room he was thoroughly impressed and I hoped he didn't get the wrong impression I was some sort of Texan oil baron – HA – actually, he knew I was in education and didn't make much money.

I asked him if he wanted to use the bathroom and he said no but I better get a towel as he was a “squirter.” I had never heard the term before so I asked him what a “squirter” was and he said someone who really squirts a lot of cum. I was excited by the prospect and grabbed a towel and laid it down on the bed. When I came out he was getting undressed so I started to take off my tie and dress shirt. It seemed strange to be all dressed up for this tete-a-tete. He grabbed toward my pants and pulled me toward him. He started to unbuckle my belt and fumble with my pants trying to unbutton them. I could tell he wanted at my cock in the worst way. I LOVED IT!!! He was so aggressive about getting to my dick it put me in mind of Max. He pulled my pants down to my knees and then grabbed my briefs and pulled them down springing my semi-hard cock.

He grabbed it with his right hand and stroked it maybe two times before darting his head into my crotch to engulf my cock with his mouth. He pulled my cock all the way into his mouth and started to lick and suck it with a reckless abandon. I was trying to reach his body as he sat there on the bed gobbling down my cock. He stopped for a brief second to tell me how hot my cock was and then inhaled it back into his mouth. I was getting quite hard by now and he was started to choke and cough. I thought he would stop but he didn't. I kept trying to reach for his body as I wanted to touch it so badly. I put my hand on his shoulder and lightly massaged it while he sucked my cock with such lust like he had never had a cis cock before. It seemed at that moment that he wanted my cock more than anything in the world.

I felt so desired at that moment, well my cock did anyway, and that was good enough for me. What an ego stroke for me, I didn't get that very often. It seemed like I was always the pursuer, wanting the sex more than the other guy, it felt nice to be the ‘pursuee.’ I was a bit self-conscious about my belly but I don't think he ever saw that. Eventually, I was able to convince him to lay down, but when he did all he did was demand that I put the condom on and “stick it in him.”

I reached out and started to play with his large t-cock and super wet hole instead. We never talked about what to call it so I felt hole was appropriate to describe it. It was super wet and tight, very closely trimmed. I slipped my finger in and he started to squirm around under me. I pressed the top of my palm hard on his t-cock as I slowly stuck my finger in and wiggled it around in him. He was so turned on, I was so TURNED ON by his obvious lust for me, my cock and sex.

I stopped for a second to get a look at his body, it was so hot. I loved the paleness of it, his top was awesome, it was the best surgery I had ever seen. He told me where he had it done and I rubbed my hands all over his torso. He was mostly smooth, his belly was so cute and soft like a pillow. If things weren't progressing so quickly I would have loved to lay my head on it.

He had his hand on my cock, I didn't really realize it until he pulled hard on it and asked me to fuck him. Well, I guess it was more like an order that he backed up with a firm yank on my cock. I was looking around for a condom when I realized I had put it in my pants that morning knowing I would need it. My pants had been thrown across the room earlier. He told me to hold on and he reached down and grabbed his jeans and pulled out a condom. He tore it open and slid it on my cock. He only put it on about halfway and I thought back to my fun in SF with Robbie and the condom only on my head. Then I thought of Billy and that fiasco and I decided to reach down and pull the condom on all the way to the base.

Marty asked if I would only put it over the top half of my cock as he loved to feel the warmth of my cock inside him. The only other guy that fucked him used a condom but left the base uncovered and he liked that feel. I

told him I would but we had to be careful or it might come off. He said he wasn't too worried about it and I said I would keep an eye on it. I was about to climb in the bed to mount him on top when he jumped around and assumed the doggie-position. I really enjoy fucking doggie if the guy keeps his ass up high or I can stand up on the edge of the bed.

I decided to do just that, so I walked around to the foot of the bed and I grabbed his ass and pulled him back toward the edge of the bed. He was more than willing to accommodate me. I knew I was in complete control as it was clear to me that he wanted my cock in him more than anything he ever wanted. I lifted his ass and told him to hug the bed. I lined my cock up to his hole and rubbed it up and down watching his juices clinging to the condom.

I knew he was plenty wet so I put my cock up to his hole and started to push, it slid in slowly. It is such an awesome feeling, especially when my cock slowly invades a hot hole that is so tight giving resistance all the way in – a real rarity. Usually, once my cock slips past the outer muscles it slides in all the way quickly, with Marty it was a slow progression every inch of the way. I could feel his warmth as the base of my cock rubbed up against his bare hole. I loved it, I laughed to myself that this would be the best way to make sure I drive my cock deep as I wanted that heat and rawness of my bare cock on his hole.

I held his hips as I pulled my cock out almost all the way and slowly stuck it back in balls deep. He was moaning very loudly, I was so aware of his LOVE OF MY COCK. He made no bones about it, he was there to feel my cock in him and it was obvious he was enjoying every second of it. This wasn't about love, romance or even friendship, this was about satisfying two men's lust for hot sex, period.

I left my cock in deep and started to wiggle around a bit just to enjoy the warmth of his tight hole wrapped around me. As I pulled out I looked down and watched, not only because I LOVE to watch my cock fuck a great hole, but to make sure the condom was still on. It had moved slightly, the rolled up portion was a bit closer to my head. I gently pushed the roll up tight under my head which was huge at this point. I felt the condom was so secure that I pushed it back in again.

OMG, what a feeling, I swear he must have felt the warmth of my bare skin on his bare membrane he let out a very deep moan of satisfaction as I inserted it deep again. I pulled back out watching my bare cock sliding out of his hole except for the the condom on the head. It was so fucking awesome. After a few more strokes and my head popped out covered tightly in the condom I knew it was cool, just like with Robbie. I started to quicken the pace, a little harder and faster each time. I heard his ass slap against me and I smiled as I loved that sound.

He was totally lost in the fuck, he had his head buried in the pillow stifling his moans. I looked down and saw his hot ass spread with my bare cock thrusting in and out. Every few strokes I would pull it all the way out to check the condom and sure enough the condom was still there. Watching skin on skin is just so incredible. I imagine what a microscopic camera would see if it was stuck in his canal as my cock slammed in and out.

The look of my raw cock fucking him was just blowing my mind. I closed my eyes and tried to feel the difference between my condom-clad head and the rest of my cock. It was definitely different and so hot, literally. He was now moving his hips in unison with mine. I took my hands off his hips and started to rub his back and ass. I love body contact during a good fuck and that is the problem with doggie-style, there isn't much. Doggie-style does allow for me to have great control over how deep and fast my cock penetrates, plus the great view. It is a trade off.

He was moaning so loud I was sure he would cum any second so I kept driving hard in and out. I thought how cool it would be to have an audio recording of his pleasure and MINE! I am not a loud person during sex, I am

more primal I suppose, grunts here and there until I get close to cumming. Then I usually will express my approval with some sort of variation of ‘yes, God that feels good.’

I knew I couldn’t hold out anymore so I started to concentrate on his warmth, tightness and enthusiasm for our sex. I let out a deep guttural moan as I felt the delightful sensation of fire flaming through my groin up to my cock. I got scared and pulled my cock out to check the condom, sure enough it was still there. My first shot of cum flew into the tip of the condom. It was an unexpected thrill to watch that. I was desperately trying to reinsert my cock when I made a split second decision to finish on his ass. I pulled the condom off with one stroke as my cock was throbbing with the thrill of a really intense orgasm.

I watched as burst after burst of my cum hit his back and then his right cheek as I jacked it. Toward the end, I slowly rubbed my cock on his ass as I slowly finished off. It was cool to watch my cum roll down his ass onto his leg and then onto the floor near the condom I had dropped. I didn’t really notice until I was milking out my last drops that he had turned his head to try to watch.

I reached over and grabbed the towel I had on the bed for him and cleaned him up. He rolled over on his ass and reached out and grabbed my cock. I quickly yelled for him to be careful because it was sensitive. He then gently squeezed it and watched a few drops of cum pop up on my tip. He rubbed his fingers on my cum and smiled. There is always a few drops of cum or pre-cum after I have finished the “official cum,” it is hard to tell what it is as it is mostly clear usually. He seemed to be fascinated by it.

I laid down next to him and he told me to center the towel under him first, again warning me he was a “squirter” as he kept calling it. I stretched the towel out on the bed with my cum on the other end of the towel. I began rubbing his t-cock and hole with my right hand. He was responding with vocal approval. I slid my fingers in and out of his hole looking at it still pulsating around my fingers, at least it seemed to in my mind. I pulled my index finger up tight to the top of his hole and I was flicking his cock with my thumb back and forth.

He was really getting into when he said “give me your cock.”

His right hand was reaching around in the air like he was searching for it. I pulled my hand off of him and spun around and he grabbed a hold of my cock and was stroking it right next to his face as I continued to play with him. I could feel his hands exploring my cock and balls. I pressed hard on his dick and squeezed it slightly causing his hips to buck upward. I slipped my middle finger back in him and looked over his fairly red hole while I used my thumb to rub back and forth on his t-cock.

He was bucking his hips up and down as he was still jacking my cock. He was moaning and thrusting all around as his stomach started to pulsate in and out, it was so cool to watch his pleasure heighten. His breath became shorter and he was very loud now. He let go of my cock and I felt this fluid shoot past my finger.

I looked down and there was a stream of clear fluid actually squirting out of his hole. Another shot came flying out and I shook my head in disbelief I had never seen anything like it. Another long stream followed that one, then another, I thought he was pissing. How could that be cum?

I was almost in trance, I had lost track of his vocal enthusiasm I was just watching this fluid squirt out of him in really long thick strands. I looked at the towel and watched as his cum was puddling up on it. I know I was smiling as I was so into his cum. I kept rubbing his cock and I pulled my finger out of him out of reflex I guess, I don’t know why. But it gave me a great view of the fluid flying out of his hole with each contraction. It was thick and pretty clear. I stuck my head closer to smell it.

I was afraid it was going to be a urine smell but not at all. It was not a very strong smell but seemed a bit sweet, I couldn't really tell you exactly what it smelled like, I had never experienced anything like it before. He must have squirted ten times or more! Much more cum than I have ever had, I was impressed as hell.

He finally reached down and put his hand on mine and said "I told you I was a squirter."

I replied "HOLY SHIT, I have never seen anything like it."

He laughed with a definite hint of pride. I put my fingers back to his hole and gently touched it to see if he was still sensitive, he jumped a little but let me look. He was so wet, it was crazy hot! I looked down at the towel and saw his puddle of cum in the middle and a wet spot where my cum was starting to turn to clear liquid near the end of the towel. It was so cool I felt like framing the towel. I remember I specifically pressed the two cum pools together as I rolled the towel up, it turned me on to think of our cum mixing together.

We talked for a while about him cumming and how he doesn't always cum like that but sometimes he does. He told me he was so fucking turned on by sex with me (I think more just a cis man than me specifically) that he came hard.

I laughed and said "I guess so."

I was in a hurry to get back to my booth at the conference so I cleaned up in the bathroom while he just jumped up and used the towel to clean himself up. When I came out of the bathroom he was all dressed and sitting on the bed. I quickly finished dressing and walked him to the lobby. He told me he really enjoyed today and hoped that he could come back the next afternoon if I didn't mind.

I told him I would love for him to come back over if he could get away. He said he would text me later that day after he checked with his girlfriend to see if he could work himself free the next afternoon. I remember how much fun it was talking to my clients the rest of the day thinking of Marty's hot cock and body I was fucking just a few minutes/hours ago. I couldn't get over how much he squirted.

He texted me telling me he loved our sex and he **WOULD** be able to repeat at 1 PM that next day Saturday. He said he told his girlfriend he was going to the market. As I laid there trying to fall asleep that night, it hit me how his squirting had taken my attention away from just how much he thoroughly enjoyed my cock and fucking. It was a turn on for me, one always likes to be desired and for me being so sexual that was extra sweet. He reminded me of Max in so many ways including his huge desire for my cock.

Saturday I got up and before I went to my booth at the conference I asked the hotel clerk how much it would cost to hold the room a bit longer as I was supposed to check out at noon. He told me he would let me slide until 2 if I wanted. Shortly after I started the conference that day, Marty texted me that he couldn't get out, he was sorry but his girlfriend was going with him and he couldn't get away. I felt he was truly honest. Later, I found out he really did love fucking me, he emailed me numerous times telling me so and asking me for more pics of my cock and body for him to jack off to.

When I was heading out West later that winter I thought of going south past Houston on my way and he told me he would love it if I would stop by Houston and visit him. He asked me if he could spend the night with me because he had never spent the night with a cis guy and really wanted to try it. He said we could fuck all night and again in the morning.

I really believed he would have worn me out. The problem was I found out it was a two day excursion out of my way to drive to Houston and I had to be in California in four days. He was very nice about the bad news

that I couldn't see him. He told me to keep him in mind he would love to hook up again, thanking me again for sharing my cock with him.

I have great admiration for Marty and if we lived near each other we would have become great sex buddies I know. I am not sure if anything more would have developed, there certainly was a possibility as we had good chemistry in bed. We didn't know each other long enough to find out if it would have been more than good sex.

I had learned one thing for certain, a lot of trans men get super horny for cis cock after starting T – it seems to vary between 3-6 months before most absolutely CRAVE cis cock. One friend I made told me it was sad how so many of his friends couldn't resist cis cock after T and eventually it broke up some good relationships for them. He told me he thought it varied greatly from one guy to another, but most guys needed cock on a regular basis after T. I don't know if it is the T or what, but I know that I LOVED THE SEX DRIVE MOST OF THESE GUYS HAD!!!

Chapter 13: Fantasies Do Come True – The Return of Wes – Part I

This is the story of the first time my friend Wes from Chicago came to visit me. I was so excited we had enjoyed that great sex in the hotel in Chicago. He kept in touch with me during my month-long business trip filling me in on his life and inquiring about my trip. He was telling me how unbearable it had become with his roommates, plus he had a burglary and was upset about all his stuff being ripped off, including his laptop. He was couch-surfing with friends and very unhappy. When I got back home I offered Wes to come stay with me for a while for peace and quiet, maybe some refuge from his worries. I told him he could come here for the week and I would put him up in a motel. I couldn't put him up in my house because my daughters stayed with me at the time and we thought that would be too awkward. Also, he smoked and wanted some space of his own.

I drove into Chicago one sunny afternoon in the late-fall of 2010. I was so excited that I was going to see him again and I knew we would have the most awesome sex. All the way there I kept getting harder and harder thinking about what we would do when we got back to the motel. I was also thinking of how lucky I was to have a super hot trans guy just a couple of hours away. Now he was going to be a couple of miles away from me in my town. I just knew we would fuck every day. I hadn't done that since I was first married, 20 years earlier. I began thinking about all the fantasies we had shared with one and another and was getting hard.

As I drove through the South Side I thought how much Wes really seemed to like me, he genuinely wanted sex and FRIENDSHIP with me. I really liked Wes, he never asked me for money like so many of the hot trans guys I had known; yep, he genuinely seemed to like and trust me. I know he wanted to impress me, which is such a nice feeling when you know someone likes you enough that they care about what you think. It felt very good to have a friend like Wes, just like I knew it would if I found the right guy for friendship. I also was very impressed that he chose me to be the cis guy with whom he would have sex. He had very little sexual experience, some, but unlike most of us horny bastards he was different - it wasn't about getting laid all the time with him. He was about building relationships and exploring sex from that angle.

As we drove back to Michigan we talked about Wes' school and the burglary, pretty non-sexual stuff until we crossed the Indiana border and the conversation turned to sex. I asked if he had been with anyone since him and I were together a few weeks earlier and he said no. He was so caught up in his studies and straightening out his life he didn't have time to think about sex or hooking up with girls. I knew Wes liked girls for his relationships, so I asked him why he wanted to have sex with me the first time. He laughed and said he had been thinking about cis guys for a while and liked the way I treated him like a man and showed him respect through our emails. He said he felt I was very non-threatening. It was kind of embarrassing for me as that isn't what I was looking for him to say, I thought it would be something about a male organ or ... He went on to tell me that he was able to relax and really enjoy sex with me as he hadn't been able to do with the other cis man he had been with before I met him. As we drove, I pushed him more on what he liked about sex with cis men, specifically, what he liked about the act itself.

He told me he was surprised at how much he enjoyed me penetrating him, he didn't use the word fuck and that was cool with me. It was one more insight I was learning about trans men, they vary on how they describe penetration of the front hole. Some like the bawdy and sexual term fuck and be fucked, while others don't like it unless they are topping. I quickly realized that Wes didn't want me to use the term "fuck" as in me fucking him. He seemed to prefer penetrate or stick it in his hole. Wes said he loved my cock and with that reached over and patted it. I thought he was going to initiate something right then. He told me he loved the bonding that took place between us and he said I reminded him of one of his professors who turned him on. Again, I laughed and told him we had a whole week for fun and asked if there was anything he wanted to experience with a cis man that he hadn't already.

He said he really liked what we did in Chicago but was open to try more things. I prodded him a bit more and he said there was one thing he wanted to try but he would prefer to not talk about it. I was cool with that, so I asked him if he remembered our discussion of a threesome. He said he did but he wouldn't want to do a threesome with a cis woman and cis man at the same time but he thought he would enjoy two cis men. I have only talked to one man that was interested in threesome with a cis man and cis woman, even though women are the partner of choice for many of the trans men I have met. I think it has to do with the romantic angle with women as opposed to just sex with cis men.

Wes said he was open to two cis men if that is what I wanted, it wasn't necessary for him but if I was into it he would try it. I felt a jolt of energy fill my cock as that was my favorite fantasy. I told him I was a voyeur at heart and really wanted to watch penetration. He said he would like to try two guys some time during the week but he just wanted him and I for that night. With that he reached over and started to play with my cock in earnest this time.

He was rubbing me pretty hard through my pants with those strong hands, my cock was throbbing from the attention. He let out a bit of a moan as he grabbed the head of my cock and said he really loved my mushroom and couldn't wait to feel it in him again. He then put his fingers on my zipper and pulled it down reaching his hand in my pants. I loved that moment, it was so hot to know he wanted my cock, I didn't have to ask him, he wanted it and wasn't afraid to take it. He jacked me slowly while we drove down the highway, he couldn't restrain himself long and the next thing I knew he had bent over and slid his head under my arms and was sucking my cock.

He was devouring it like a castaway eating his first meal after starving for a week. He pushed my briefs down farther and stuck his hand under my balls and started to gently squeeze them. I kept fighting to make sure I was paying attention to the driving and not his great blowjob. Reality has a way of bringing you back from a great exotic moment, and our reality was a trucker that blew his horn twice as he drove by. I laughed and Wes sat up straight. He was embarrassed and so was I. I was probably more worried about cops.

I sped up and the next thing I knew I was checking him into his room and helping him throw his luggage onto the floor. I jumped on the bed and he was right behind me. We were both grabbing for each other's clothes, I wanted to get to his front hole and him to my cock. It was a struggle as I am not sure who wanted it more, he won however. I finally gave up and just laid back and let him start sucking me again. He loved to lick my cock up and down its shaft while holding my balls in his hands. He was so into it that I just loved it. He then asked me if I would help him make a fantasy come true for him. I said sure, as my mind raced at what that could be. He asked me to sit on the edge of the bed facing the full length mirror on the wall and let him sit on my lap and pretend my cock was his.

I was really surprised by his request and at the same time really turned on. I slid my clothes off and helped him pull his sweatshirt, binder, pants and shorts off. THERE IT WAS - that beautiful body, especially his front hole, it was not shaven like before but very closely trimmed. I quickly thought about how totally awesome his body is and pondered whether I liked a close trim over bald. I didn't have long to consider the thought as he jumped on my lap and spread my legs open so he could stick his legs inside of mine and wrap his front hole opening around the base of my cock.

It was a good thing he was a small man as I couldn't stretch my legs apart much further. He ground his front hard and deep down onto my cock base and pubic region leaving my cock looking like it was sticking straight out of his hole. He started to stroke me, I tried to sit up to see the mirror but it caused my cock to slide down a bit and he told me to lay back down. I had to really contort my body, no easy task, to look in the mirror. I damn near came as I watched his hand stroke what looked like his cock. I admired his smooth chiseled abs and tight legs. I couldn't believe that body looked like it was attached to my cock. I was never so proud of my cock as that moment.

Wes told me he wanted me to cum on his stomach, I told him he would have to get some lube as his unlubed hand was starting to hurt. He jumped off of my lap and reached in his bag and pulled out some KY jelly. It was such a startling contrast between his hot smooth body and my hairy body next to him. He jumped back on my lap and started to jack me with his right hand all lubed up. I bucked my hips a bit to resituate so I could see his hand stroking my cock with that hot body around it.

Wes was moaning and groaning as he was grinding his t-cock into the base of my cock. His eyes were fixed on the mirror looking at my cock and his body. I could feel the warmth of his front hole on my pubic area. He told me how badly he wanted a cock and he loved mine. I felt his other hand reach down and pull my balls up so he could see them between his legs along with my cock. He was squeezing my cock really hard. He kept begging me to cum on him.

When I saw my cock and balls on his body it was too much, I started to jerk and strain as my cock was building up to blow. He squeezed my cock harder as he knew I was close. I begged him not stop as I watched my first shot fly in the air and land on his right chest. That was so awesome in itself, knowing it was going to drip off his chest down on to his stomach was sweet. I didn't see it drip as I watched the next shot hit his rib cage and then another and another hit his stomach, soon it was just smaller shorter bursts that flew a few inches up to his pubic region. He kept going and I grabbed his hand and held it as my cock was just too sensitive to take any more. He took his hand away and watch my cock still throbbing as it stood straight up in the air, starting to tip toward his stomach.

He used his left hand to rub my cum all over his front. His hand came to my load on his pubic area and he rubbed it down onto his t-cock and started to jack himself off. I reached to help and he told me no he wanted to do it. I watched as he used my cum to lube his cock, he was rubbing it really hard and fast. My cock was still between his legs but growing a bit limp – although it was so exciting to see him jack off next to my cock. He started to shake and writhe in ecstasy. His legs tightened and squeezed my cock and balls hard – it kind of hurt but I wanted to let him enjoy this orgasm. He would straighten and shake, then straighten and shake.

He kept rubbing himself much longer than I would jack my cock. Later, I told him that a cis man's cock usually gets really sensitive right after he cums; well, anyone I had ever been with or talked about it anyway. He told me the same is true with his cock. Eventually, he just sat there and watched my cock go limp. He didn't want to get off my lap. After a few minutes, I rolled him over and started to suck and lick his front area. I couldn't believe I licked my cum off of him. I wouldn't think to eat my own cum, it was his body that made it such a turn on. I licked his t-cock and loved it.

As we laid there talking I told him how hot it was to lick him and feel him after he came. We talked about him sitting on my lap and how that was a longtime fantasy of his and how awesome it was. I asked if I could have a friend over for a threesome the next afternoon to fulfill my fantasy. He said he would be willing to try, but had to admit he was nervous.

After a few minutes rest, he sucked me hard again. He asked me to penetrate him from behind. I rubbed my cock up and down his t-cock and front hole while he was in the doggie-position. I wasn't as hard as I had been earlier, age does that too you, but hard enough to really enjoy his tight front hole. I had to push pretty hard to get my head in, but once it was in it was awesome. I slid my cock in and out for a good ten minutes before he started to moan and gasp. I knew he was going to come and I was so happy as I loved to please him.

His orgasm came quickly, he straighten his ass and legs and fell forward. My cock slipped out and I reached to put it back in but he was twisting back and forth moaning in pleasure so I really could not reinsert it. He said if I would wait a while he could take me again, I said I was good and would save my cum for the next day. We talked for a few minutes and I excused myself to let him get some sleep.

I was so excited when I arrived early the next afternoon, around 1 PM, my cis friend Brad was to arrive at 2 PM. I had contacted Brad and he was THRILLED I asked him to join me in sharing Wes. Brad's wife had surgery and hormone therapy that made it very painful for her to fuck. He said he hadn't fucked in a long while, like two years or something like that. I knew he was horny for "vagina," but I told him that my transfriend was a man, first and foremost he had to understand that and treat him with respect. First, no using the "p-word" or "vagina" around Wes, it was his front hole or just hole. He could have fun with his front hole and top him but couldn't feminize him. Again, above all no feminine terms. After some discussion, I felt very comfortable that Brad realized this was not going to be fucking a woman – he was the adventurous type and really looked forward to meeting Wes.

It was very important to me that Wes enjoy this experience and even more important that I didn't offend him by bringing some guy that would say inappropriate stuff to him. This was going to be sex with a man who happened to have a great front hole. I had known Brad for three years and knew he was totally safe, we first met when Brad and I shared a blow job as we both were exploring bisexuality at the same time. We both had similar complaints about our wives at that time. I didn't know I wanted a man, a man with a front hole. Brad just wanted sex and we shared mutual blow jobs on a few occasions since then.

As I sat there on the edge of the bed I could tell Wes was nervous, very nervous. I told him we could call it off if he wanted to. He said he was going to be alright after he had a cigarette, so he went outside for a smoke. I stripped naked and crawled under the covers to surprise him when he came back inside the room. He stepped in the door and I pulled the covers to the side and smiled. He laughed, kicked his shoes off and walked over toward the bed.

I reached out and grabbed his clothes and this time I won the struggle, his clothes came off before his hands and mouth got on my cock. I was still amazed at how hot his body was, so fit and athletic. It ran through my head he was going to share that hot body with my friend Brad in about 30 minutes and I would get to watch his sweet hole being penetrated. I had done two threesomes with husbands and their wives, but this was my first time with a trans man. I was really nervous as I was the third last time, now I felt I was part of the couple sharing the experience with another cis man.

The more Wes sucked me the more excited he got, I could tell the tension was leaving his body. He held my cock up and straddled it sliding it into his hole inch by inch. He was so tight, I couldn't believe how tight he was, tighter than I remembered. I asked him if he wanted another cock for his mouth.

He moaned "yes, I do."

He road my cock for 10 minutes then we flipped over and I was penetrating him doggie style when we heard a knock on the door. I felt him tighten and squeeze my cock hard, almost like he was trying to hold on to me and stop me from pulling out to answer the door. I told him we didn't have to do this and he said that he wanted to, but we had to be patient.

Wes reached for the covers to cover his body. I opened the door with my naked hard cock swaying back and forth while Wes laid there covered by the blanket. He was hot thinking he was naked under there and his front hole wet as can be from fucking me 30 seconds earlier. It was so hot that we had fucked before Brad got there, I think without us doing that Wes might have backed out. It is hard to say however.

Brad's eyes about popped out when he saw me naked and hard and Wes laying on the bed. I grabbed him and pulled him in the door and locked it. I told him that we had started without him and to strip and put his cock up to Wes' mouth. I gently pulled the covers down and rolled Wes over and continued fucking him doggie-style while I watched Wes pull Brad's briefs down and grab his BIG cock. I think Wes was terrified and thrilled at the same time.

Brad's cock isn't much longer than mine, maybe an inch or two, but it is thicker than mine with a bigger head. I knew it was big and I knew Wes was worried about taking it in his tight front hole. I tried to calm him by reaching down and playing with his t-cock but his hand had beat mine to it. I figured he couldn't be that worried; in fact, I was thinking he must be getting into it if he was jacking himself off.

Before long Brad was hard as a rock and the moment of truth had come. I pulled out of Wes realizing that I almost came picturing what was going to happen next. I rolled Wes over on his back and told Brad to come down here and replace my cock. Brad asked if he could suck and lick Wes first.

I said "where are my manners, Wes what do you think?."

Wes loved oral so he was more than happy to oblige Brad. With that Brad got on his belly and stuck his mouth directly on Wes' t-cock and started to suck and lick as fast as he could. I quickly climbed up to the top of the bed and stuck my cock out for Wes to suck. He didn't waste a second grabbing it and shoving it in his mouth. I looked down at Wes' tight abs and watched as they tightened and relaxed, I figured he was going to cum. He didn't, he just kept sucking me and wrapped his legs around Brad's head (he later told me it is a trick he uses to stop from cumming).

Brad stopped licking and sucking when Wes wrapped his legs hard around Brad's head. Brad climbed up on his knees and pointed his big hard cock right at the front hole he just prepared with his tongue. Brad pressed his cock against Wes' t-cock and rubbed it up and down. Wes said he didn't think he could take his cock – it was too big. I asked if he would please try, he said sure but if it hurt he wanted Brad to stop. Brad agreed and slowly stuck the head up to Wes' hole and pressed.

I pulled my cock out of Wes' mouth and crawled down to the bottom of the bed to get the best angle. I AM A HUGE VOYEUR and this was my wildest dream come true - watch a big cock penetrate a tight hole – and I wasn't going to miss a second of it. I saw the head disappear into Wes – it was so much hotter than I thought. I reached out and started to rub Wes' t-cock. Brad held his cock still for a few seconds then started to push more of it in. It got about 3/4 of way in and Brad stopped and Wes sighed with relief.

I continued to rub Wes' t-cock and his gasps turned to moans and Brad pulled his cock out and slowly pushed it back in again. I was in HEAVEN this was the most erotic moment of my life, a trans man I really care for was being fucked by a friend of mine and I was watching the whole thing. I could tell Wes was struggling with the size of Brad's cock, so I grabbed the bottle of KY and when Brad pulled out I slabbed a glob on Brad's cock and Wes' hole.

Wes laughed as it was cold. Brad put his cock head back up to Wes' hole and slid his cock in again. This time it went in more smoothly but again stopped at ¾ of the way in. I could tell this angle didn't work well, so I wasn't surprised when Wes asked Brad if would penetrate him doggie-style. Brad said he sure would and Wes got on his knees and lifted his ass in the air. I swung around underneath of Wes and got in the 69 position with him, he started to suck my cock. I hoped this would help him to enjoy this more and I WANTED TO SEE THE ACTION UP CLOSE.

Brad reentered Wes from the back and this time it slid in much easier, it must have been the angle that was the problem. Speaking of angles, my view of the action was INCREDIBLE. I was two inches from Brad's big cock thrusting in and out of Wes' tight hole. I could see that it was stretched to its limit. I stuck my hand on Brad's cock and the rim of Wes' hole and rub all the way around to see just how tight it was. GOD IT WAS TIGHT!!! Wes was so athletic and his hole so rarely used, I knew it had never had anything this big in it (later Wes confirmed my suspicion).

I stuck my tongue out and started to lean into them. My tongue hit Brad's cock first then as I followed his cock into Wes I came across Wes' t-cock. I stayed there and licked and sucked it, Wes was now bucking his hips to meet Brad's thrust. He had taken his mouth off my cock and had his head arched back. I was so relieved that Wes was starting to really enjoy it.

I pulled my head back a couple inches so I could watch for a while. Seeing Wes' lips engulfing Brad's cock so tight that they hardly moved was so hot. Wes was stretched to the max! Brad was pumping steady but not deep, only about 3/4 of the way which seemed about right for Wes. I put my lips and tongue back on both cocks. I reached my hand up and started to squeeze Brad's balls.

I licked his cock tasting Wes' juices, and some KY jelly, it was so incredible, it was my first time to taste KY jelly. I was glad Wes stopped sucking me or I would have surely cum by now. I kept licking and sucking, alternating between Brad's cock and Wes' t-cock. I could feel the tremendous power in Brad's cock, it was throbbing and growing bigger and bigger.

Brad put his hands on Wes' hips and started to really drive his cock in and out, again not going too far in but enough that I could feel his balls on my chin. I grabbed them again and could feel them contract. I knew what was coming, I wanted this moment to last forever but I knew it couldn't. I placed my tongue on Wes' t-cock and rubbed hard while my bottom lip caressed the underside of Brad's cock. This huge cock was starting to pulsate so I moved my tongue to Brad's cock. I could feel his cum shooting through his urethra into Wes. After several strokes, I began to taste the warm salty juice on my tongue, Brad's cock was so big it was forcing his cum out of Wes with each stroke. Brad pushed his cock in and held it.

Wes was tense and moaning loudly, again I thought he was going to cum. He did not, instead Brad pulled out and a huge glob of Brad's cum/Wes' juices/KY jelly fell onto my tongue. I will never forget that moment I tasted another man's cum mixed with the juice of a hot hole for the first time. I was surprised at my behavior, but the mixture tasted delicious. As Brad climbed out of the way I dove into Wes' front hole with my tongue and lips pressing hard against anything I could feel. I lapped my tongue up Wes' hole to his t-cock and back down again. My first creampie and it was awesome – feeling Wes react while tasting the cum was so surrealistic, for me anyway. Wes was moaning and yelled for me to stick my cock in him?

I jumped up on my knees and lined my cock up and slid it in expecting a loose fit and was totally surprised to feel how tight Wes still was given Brad's cock was just in there a few minutes ago. I started to pump in and out and Wes was moaning louder now, he said something I never heard him say before.

“Fuck me, Scotty fuck me hard, cum in me, I want to feel you cum in me.”

It was obvious Wes was coming. That was all it took for me, I started to tense my thighs and legs and shoved my cock in as far as it would go. A thousand thoughts were rushing through my mind at once, Wes called my name and was begging me to “fuck” him, I was sloshing around in Brad's hot cum and I was about to add my own ingredient to this mixture. With that I shot my first blob of cum deep, I stroked three or more times shooting a wad each time until I finally shoved it in as far as I could and left it there throbbing and emptying every drop of cum I had.

I didn't want to pull out, I didn't notice until now but Brad had gone up to the head of the bed and was on his knees with his cock near Wes' mouth. It was hard again. My cock finally fell out and a HUGE glob of cum/KY/front hole juices plopped onto the bed. I began rubbing Wes' back as I watched him suck Brad. I knew his front hole was tender after he came and there was no more fucking it this afternoon so I figured Wes was going to try to suck Brad off.

Wes licked and sucked Brad's cock for about five minutes while Brad bucked his hips like he was fucking Wes' mouth. I crawled under Wes again this time with my mouth on his nipples, I knew he loved them gently bitten and started to nibble on them.

It seemed like forever, but probably 10 minutes before Brad's legs tighten as he shoved his cock as deep as Wes could take it. I knew he was cumming. Wes gives great head but I didn't know if he swallowed or not, I soon found out as Wes pulled Brad's cock out of his mouth and pointed it down toward me and his top. Brad didn't cum much this time, just a few shots hit Wes' top and I licked them off while still nipping Wes' nipples. I cleaned him up pretty good.

Wes got up and took off for the bathroom. I waited until I heard the shower running before I asked Brad what he thought. He reached out and slapped me on the back and said it was the best sex he had ever had. He thanked me profusely. He couldn't stop talking about how hot Wes was and how much he loved his t-cock and now understood what I said about loving men with a hole and the big t-cock.

I was amazed that Brad thought it was his best sex as I knew it certainly was my best sex ever. Brad and I sat and talked about how fucking hot Wes was, how he had never done a threesome before and how much Brad loved the attention I gave his cock while he fucked Wes. I started to get a little jealous when Brad seemed to get carried away with his lust for Wes, he suggested that he should take Wes fishing and just hang with him. It surprised me that he was telling me this as if it didn't matter what I thought. I realized I was overly jealous and it was nice that Brad wanted to befriend Wes. At the same time, I didn't want to lose the bond that Wes and I had. I wasn't too worried as I felt Wes and I had a special bond that could withstand him seeing others for sex.

Wes came out of the bathroom all refreshed and I made my way into the john to clean up. When I came out Brad was propositioning Wes. He was asking Wes to go four-wheeling with him. It was really awkward when I walked out. I had decided that it wasn't any of my business. I heard Wes tell him he didn't know just before I came out. Later, Wes told me he wasn't interested in seeing Brad and I told him I would tell Brad if he wanted me to, he said he already did.

Wes told me the next day he was still sore from Brad's cock, but he fucked me anyway when I showed up to hang out together. We agreed not to have Brad back on this trip, maybe next one though 😊

Chapter 14: The Return of Wes – Part II - It's Called a Sex Worker Now

I want to back track a bit before I tell you what Wes and I did for the rest of the week he visited me the first time in November. On the way to Kalamazoo from Chicago, after the trucker saw Wes sucking me, Wes began to tell me how frustrated he was that he lost his job and was in such financial difficulty. He owed the University of Chicago lots of money and they were going to stop him from returning to classes the next semester – he was taking the fall off to try to earn enough money to pay off his account. I told him I sympathized with him and would help him the best I could but I don't have a lot of money.

I joked of course you could always make lots of money sharing your hot body. It got really quiet in the car and I felt this strange moment of awkwardness, I was just joking and wanted to tell him explicitly so when he shocked me. Wes said he had become so desperate he was thinking about it. I turned and looked at him with surprise. I am no prude by any means and don't judge people so I wasn't shocked by the idea, I was shocked to hear it out of Wes. He seemed so proper and a bit shy about sex, and I knew he really liked women.

He averted his eyes and told me he had thought about hooking up for money in Chicago after I gave him the \$100 as a gift. He told me he had never really thought about it before now and wasn't sure he wanted to go down that road. He really needed money and was desperate but he was afraid of so many things – cops, crazies, disease, the humiliation of his friends finding out, disrespectful guys... At the same time he told me he was actually turned on by the idea and if I thought that was wrong. When I realized he was serious my cock started to twinge and it wasn't from his great blow job earlier, one of my hidden fantasies for years was to be a pimp – not for money but a guy who shared his partner with another man. I had even written a fantasy sex story for Literotica about the subject.

I could tell Wes was feeling really bad he mentioned it as he didn't want me to think he was cheap or whorish. I told him I thought it was cool. I said I would do it myself if guys wanted me – hoping to make him laugh. He then said he didn't think any cis men would want him. I told him he was crazy, if he is just thinking NSA fun for cash he could easily attract a ton of guys.

He said he would love to be a paid stallion for females but they won't pay for that service.

I laughed and said “yeah, you're right there.”

I asked if he was serious and he told me he was thinking about it a lot lately and wondered what I thought. I felt a ton of pressure to not let my growing hard on influence my advice. I knew that Wes looked up to me as an older brother figure and I didn't want to lead him astray. We weighed the pros and cons about what he was suggesting. He was most worried about his safety, both physical and disease-wise. He didn't want some crazy guy that might harm him.

I have talked to a number of trans guys and know that is a fear that many have – being a big burly guy most of my life I never gave it much thought. Although, I was scared shitless when guys tried to hit on me when I was hitching-hiking back in my late-teens. I can remember older guys placing their hands on my legs and trying to grab my crotch and I felt so trapped in the car. I always told them my stop was the next block and jumped out ASAP. I remember once though when I got back home I jacked off thinking about what it would have been like to let an older guy suck me.

Anyway, Wes said he really needed the money and wondered how much he would make with each guy and what he would have to do. I told him that I had actually been with a guy that hooked up with cis guys for money, they call themselves “sex workers” today. I said it was quite common in SF, as so many guys need money. He told me his boundaries: he had to be treated like a man, no anal (although the guys could touch it),

no crazies, and condoms for fucking. I asked how many cocks he thought he could take in a day. He thought for a moment and said he could be with about two to three guys a day.

He said he was thinking the motel room I was renting for him would be a great place to meet guys for anonymous fun and get some cash to boot. He asked what I thought and I told Wes I would help him if he wanted me to. I asked if he was serious and he said yes, he had two payments he had to make for the University of Chicago or he was going to be booted out. He needed over \$600 in cash right now.

I told him that one of my fantasies was to be a pimp, he said he remembered from one of our discussions. He also knew how much I loved sex and being a voyeur. I told him I thought it would be cool to help him find the guys if he wanted me to as that seemed to be a big concern of his. He was very relieved, that was his biggest fear, trying to find guys. We agreed we had to be very careful that we weren't busted for prostitution and decided to post an ad on Craigslist for a man to join Wes and I for a threesome. We explained that Wes was a man with a front hole, that any respondents had to be respectful, disease-free and we preferred married. Wes thought married guys would be more likely to be disease-free. I agreed to filter the responses through my email account and select the guys that seemed sane, respectful, cautious about sex disease and willing to pay.

I asked how much he wanted and he said he would like \$100 for fucking but he would suck for \$50, maybe even \$40 but wouldn't swallow or take cum in his mouth. He also kept reminding me to tell them they had to use a condom for fucking. He didn't have to remind of that, but I liked the fact he was very interested in being safe. After all, I was going to be fucking him that whole week, if for just purely selfish reason I didn't want him to catch anything. Far more than that, I really respected him and wanted to help him while keeping him safe. I knew this was not his first choice but he was desperate. I wished I could have given him the \$600 but I couldn't.

I thought about what we were about to do all that night as I tried to fall asleep. Part of me was really excited about it, it was so new and thrilling. I thought what I told him about being a sex worker myself if I could was true, I had actually fantasized about it when I was in my early 20s and still pretty fit with a nice cock. I used to get hit on all the time by guys, I remember thinking if I was a woman I would certainly use my body to make some cash, but didn't think guys would pay me. Now that I am older and know more about the gay lifestyle, etc. I probably could have but there wasn't an Internet then, plus who knew how I would like it at that time in my life. I thought about the stigma that society places on people that are in the sex industry and that was certainly a consideration Wes needed to deal with, for me it is like big fucking deal what society thinks. However, I didn't know for sure how Wes would handle it, but I digress.

I will never forget how many emails I got the first night alone (over 35). Wes and I had agreed to do the threesome with Brian the next day (Tuesday) so we thought I should schedule a man or two for Wednesday. Wading through the emails took three hours a night or more. I asked a ton of questions, questions I thought would help me find out how safe this guy really was. I developed several rules, first if they asked to go bareback, they probably weren't safe and I wasn't going let Wes have anything to do with them. Secondly, I looked for guys that were married but their wife wasn't putting out and they had a bad case of the blue balls. That was tricky as Wes didn't want to be treated like a woman, but at the same time he told me he wanted to do this really badly. I knew this was going to be a challenge to find the right guys. Thirdly, they had to be locals, some guys answered from 100 miles away and coordinating that wouldn't work.

Once I established a preliminary list I probed further if they liked men, would they like sex with a man. I repeatedly told them they must understand that Wes is a man, he just happened to have a front hole. We had posted a pic of his front, Wes was really reluctant but I told him without it we wouldn't get any responses as people don't understand. They might be interested if they knew he was a man with a front hole. Of course, there were crack pots but I ignored them and that is why I did the screening to keep that from Wes.

I also had everyone send me a cock pic, more for me than for Wes. He really didn't seem to care, he usually asked to see the pics if I had them but he preferred face pics. I wanted to see the cocks that Wes would be pleasing, this was a big part of my fantasy as I wasn't going to be able to watch. I was really starting to get into the idea and fantasized about a stranger fucking Wes and it made me unbelievably horny. I was reaching a hidden desire that I hadn't realized was so strong. I kept imagining Wes being with these guys and me coming in the room right after and hearing all about it and touching and exploring his hot hole afterward.

After Brian had left on Tuesday afternoon I told Wes I had several candidates that wanted to meet him the next day. He asked me about each one and wanted to know something about them. He was really nervous and sore after Brian. He suggested I try to get smaller cocks, I laughed. I told him it was important that he really wants to go through with this and reminded him he didn't have to. He said he did, he admitted he was slightly turned on by it the more he thought about it. His biggest fear was that someone he knew would find out or that some guy would try to treat him like a woman.

I suggested he keep his binder on if that would help and that I would wait outside and if he thought there was a problem he could move the curtains and I would come in right away. He told me he liked his top played with and didn't mind a guy paying attention to it, he just didn't want any feminine terms or anyone to ask him to dress up... I told him not to worry I was very clear to the guys what was expected, and in terms of being recognized that he was far away from Chicago so he wouldn't have any worry about friends finding out.

He said he liked the idea he was so far from Chicago and that none of his friends would see the ad. Posting ad in Chicago was too dangerous for him he thought, especially with a pic even if it was just his junk. It is funny as I never thought one could pick out a person by his cock or t-cock or front hole alone. But I have recently had trans guys tell me that is possible. One guy told me he once saw a posting on x-tube and knew who the guy was right away. He had sex with him though so that is another story. I know I never worried about anyone seeing my cock and saying oh that is ...

I went back home and went through the five guys that I had considered safe and trustworthy that were willing to help him pay for the motel. That is how we set it up, the guy was to help pay for the motel room so he could have fun. We had decided that if the guy wanted a threesome I would stay in the room, if not I would be in the car. I selected an older married guy named Jim that owned a small construction business, he wanted to come over and play with Wes the next day. He would pay 80 for the room and he had a young friend who would join for another 80. I texted Wes and asked him if that was cool and he said yes.

That morning I arrived at Wes' hotel room and asked him if he wanted to go through with it, he said yes for sure. I could tell he was really excited and nervous, I think more nervous. I contacted Jim and told him it was cool and which motel to park in front of at 3 pm. He didn't know if his friend was going to make it or not.

Wes and I were both turned on as hell, but nervous as I said, I took him out for a late lunch and we went back to the motel room and got naked. I started to play with his front hole and he sucked me. I wondered if this would be too much for Wes until I touched his front and it was soaking wet, I knew then he was really excited about meeting this stranger for money. I licked and sucked him for 15 minutes while he sucked me. Wes finally asked me a question that surprised me, he said it was on his mind and he just had to ask

“Do you think I'm a whore for doing this?”

I laughed as I thought he was joking, I don't take stock in words like whore or slut, if it means you like sex than I am one, so what? He seemed very relieved when I told him that. It turns out he really didn't want me to think less of him, he had a lot of respect for me and my opinion mattered. I was so honored that he told me that, I knew we had a special bond.

My phone went off with the message that Jim was on his way and he didn't think his friend was going to make it. I quickly started to get dressed as Wes wanted some time for a smoke and to get ready. I went out to my car and waited. I was thinking about how nice it felt that Wes and I had become so close he didn't want me to think badly of him. I thought if anything I was more attracted to him. I love sex and think we should enjoy it and not tie ourselves up in some stupid straightjacket that others create to limit us from having fun with our bodies.

Just as I was getting into my rant against "the sex police" trying to control what is "normal or acceptable," the red pickup truck pulled into the parking lot as I had instructed. I texted Jim and told him Wes was in room 1005 and that he should go knock on the door.

I started to get SO hard as I contemplated what was about to happen, I tried to find the genesis of my feelings and why this was such a turn on for me. I was so horny I knew I was leaking precum like mad. I reached down and put my hand inside my pants and felt my briefs were drenched. I squeezed my cock and watched as Jim got out of his truck. He was probably 55 and had a beer belly, stood about 5'10" or so. He stood there for about a minute and I wondered what was going on when I saw an older Buick pull in next to him and this really hot kid (must have been in his early 20s) hop out of the car and joined Jim as they walked toward Wes's room.

I had pulled my cock out of the briefs and was jacking it discreetly under the cover of my steering wheel. I was trying to imagine what was happening, I had music on but was barely aware it was in the background as I was watching for the curtains to move. I hadn't received a pic of either of these guys' cocks so it was hard to imagine what they looked like as they were plunging in and out of Wes's mouth and front hole.

I sat there for 45 minutes watching that room and playing with myself, I definitely didn't want to cum as I knew I would need to fuck Wes after these guys left. I checked my phone and I had another 15 messages to answer, I got my laptop out and was able to pick up the wi-fi from the motel. I felt like such a pimp sitting there arranging the next guy while two guys were in there fucking my friend Wes.

I pictured the condoms we laid out on the night stand and the KY jelly – I kept saying to myself, he must be reaching for a condom about now. The picture of a condom-clad cock penetrating Wes's sweet tight hole just made me crazy. I thought how lucky those bastards in there were to have such a hot fuck.

Finally, the door opened and Jim came walking out followed by his friend (I found out later his name was Bobby, at least that is what he told Wes). I waited until they pulled out of the parking lot and I sprinted to the motel room and knocked on the door. Wes opened the door and he was mostly naked with just a towel.

I stepped and said "well?"

Wes didn't look at me and seemed kind of embarrassed. He said it went fine but didn't seem to want to talk about it. I was nervous as I thought it went bad. I looked over at the night stand and saw the two condoms sitting there. I was standing their puzzled. I asked Wes if he would tell me the details while I played with him if he wasn't too sore. He thought for an moment and stepped up to me took hold of my pants and reached in and grabbed my cock. I quickly reached for his towel and pulled it off. I could see red marks around his nipples and instantly regained my hard on in his hand.

I started to reach for his front when he resisted knocking my hand away. He told me he hadn't got to clean up yet and asked if I could wait. I told him that it was cool I wanted to see what he looked like after sex with another guy. He was quite reluctant and I felt bad but told him it was OK. He could tell by the tone of my voice that I was deeply disappointed and he told me it was be alright if I wanted to see him. I gently laid him on the bed and looked down at his tightly trimmed front hole, it was swollen alright. My cock throbbed as I couldn't believe I was looking at a freshly fucked hole – I just can't describe the excitement I felt.

I crawled up between his legs and stuck my nose right up to it to take in his sweet aroma. I wanted to see if he was red from penetration when I noticed a strong aroma of sex, he told me he tried to clean up first but I came in too fast. I told him not worry I really wanted to see what his hole looked like after someone else had the pleasure of penetrating it. I stuck my fingers out and gently probed it, my mouth dropped open and I completely froze, and I think my heart stopped, when I started to open his hole and saw white goo oozing out of it.

I glanced back at the night stand and saw the two unopened condoms and looked back at his hole. I shook my head as if I was an etch-a-sketch and could reset the picture. I slowly stuck my fingers in further and saw he was red and swollen and white stuff was deep in him. My cock started to throb and I realized I was close to cumming right then. I tried to close my eyes and think of something else so I wouldn't, he was quite nervous I could tell.

I said "you let them fuck you bareback" as more of a statement than a question.

He replied "no, well..."

I was torn between seeing the hottest sight of my life and wondering what the hell happened, Wes was so demanding in his plan to make them use condoms. I asked him for the details and he asked if I was mad at him. I told him no, I could never be mad at him, he was an adult and lived his own life. I got quite animated when I told him how just because I am paying for his room doesn't mean I own him or he has any obligation to me. He let out a sigh of relief, maybe because I started to play with him again. It was so fucking hot to see his red swollen hole, he started to tell me what happened.

He said they walked in and he was surprised at how hot the young guy was, he was very cute and friendly. The older guy was also friendly and respectful. He said he told them to strip down immediately so they could get right at the sex as he didn't want to waste time and he was nervous. He said he took off his clothes and laid on the bed, the young guy was the first one stripped and he climbed on the bed and began to play with Wes's front hole.

Wes said he loved the young guy's slender hairy body, but he said he wasn't turned off by the older guy's body either as it was big but tight, not a lot of flab. I laughed, looking down at my own belly. Anyway, he said the older guy started to play with the younger guy's ass while he played with Wes. He said at first he thought Jim might be fucking the handsome young stud however the young guy climbed up on his knees and started to rub his cock on Wes's t-cock and front hole.

Wes was shocked at how quickly this was taking place and he didn't have time to really think as Jim came toward him with this very small cock. He said it couldn't have been more than 3 inches when hard, it was thick but so short. He was concentrating on sucking it when he felt the young guy penetrating him. As he was telling me this I was running my fingers all over his t-cock and hole feeling its wetness and seeing this cum still in there. It was a good thing that my cock was hanging off the bed as Wes had laid flat while telling me the story or I would have cum from any pressure on it.

I was still playing with his hole with my face inches away. Wes continued saying that the young guy's cock was really long but not thick and he kept sticking it in further and further. Wes squeezed his legs together and reached for a condom. Wes said the younger guy stopped shoving his cock into him.

He continued "well, I asked him if he was for sure safe and he said yes and I dropped the condom back on the night stand."

I couldn't believe it, I knew Wes needed reassurance.

I said “cool.”

Wes told me the young guy’s story, or at least what he had told Wes; that he was very careful and had a girlfriend but wanted to try bisex. Jim asked him to hook up with just the two of them when at the last minute he heard about Wes and agreed to meet Jim and Wes. The young guy claimed he had never been with a trans man and thought it would be cool to meet one. Wes said Bobby didn’t seem to be interested in Jim, more in Wes. Wes told me flat out that he thought that the young guy was obviously there to fuck Wes. Wes wasn’t sure what to do and said he felt like he couldn’t stop him but told him he COULDN’T CUM IN HIM. The young man agreed.

I knew Wes loved pleasing guys but this was incredible. After few minutes, Wes said he started to feel his orgasm growing and knew he was going to cum as this scene was just blowing his mind. Two strangers having sex with him just drooling over his body. Jim reached down and started to play with his top, squeezing it and pinching his nipples. He said that threw him over the edge, he spit Jim’s tiny penis out of his mouth while the younger guy kept pounding his cock in and out. He was so turned on by how hard the younger guy was.

Wes said the young man kept moaning and telling Wes how sweet his hole was. Wes said he stiffened and wrapped his legs around the young guy’s torso drawing his cock in deep. He was really sensitive after he came and wanted to stop – I remembered that from my experience with Wes. Wes told me he felt he had to just take it as he couldn’t tell guys that were going to pay him to stop. I agreed he was probably smart to continue.

Wes said it actually felt pretty good, and he recovered quite quickly as this young guy was really handsome. I could tell Wes was trying not to offend me, but the guy had obviously really turned Wes on. Jim had stuck his cock back in Wes’ mouth just for a few seconds and then pulled out and went to the end of the bed and started to rub his cock on the younger guy’s ass while he was pumping in and out of Wes. He said obviously Jim’s cock was too small to penetrate the young guy but that it was hot to feel both of their bodies pressing on him.

Soon the young guy began to tighten up and quickened his pace as he knew he was getting ready to cum, Wes tried to lift him off and said he thinks the boy tried to pull out but with Jim pushing against his ass he couldn’t. Wes said he could feel the warmth invading his hole, it felt so good and so sinful at the same time. He was bucking his hips as if that would repel the cum out of him. The young guy collapsed on top of Wes and just moaned with pleasure whispering thank yous.

Soon, the younger guy wiggled out from under Jim. Jim knelt down and tried to stick his cock into Wes but he couldn’t, it was too short. So, he asked the young guy to jack him off on Wes while he looked at Wes’ hot body. The young guy did pointing Jim’s small cock at Wes’ hole. Jim threw his head back and started to cum on Wes’ front, mostly hitting his t-cock and groin. It wasn’t much, but Wes said the warm liquid really felt good. I looked closer at Wes’ pubic hair and could see a little wetness to it and realized that must be the remnants of Jim’s cum. I got so excited I lost control and stuck my tongue out and decided I was going to have my second creampie in as many days.

It was so sweet to taste Wes as I pictured that young cock plunging in and out cumming in his sweet hole. I licked and licked him clean. I started to lick Jim’s cum too up on his pubic area. I thought how hot it was to smell and feel someone else’s sex. Wes had quit telling the story and was laying back enjoying my oral action. I pulled back and looked at how sweet his hole looked so used and ready for me.

I couldn’t take it anymore and I got on my knees and climbed up and pressed Wes’ legs apart and stuck my cock in him without even rubbing his t-cock. I just wanted to fuck him so bad, I loved the feel of his really warm, almost hot hole. It was incredible and still tight, I don’t think I got more than ten strokes in before I started to feel my balls pulling up into my body. I didn’t know if I should speed up or just shove it deep, I kept

going with slow long strokes as my first shot fired into his hole deep mixing with the young guy's sperm. I followed with shot after shot, it was such an amazing orgasm. I kept thinking about the cock that was just in him not more than 20 minutes earlier fucking him the same way and unloading its juices.

Just then Wes started to buck and yell my name, he was demanding that I keep fucking him. I was so excited I had just cum but tried to keep hard and stroking as I knew Wes was cumming. His legs tightened as they do and I saw him close his eyes and slam his head against the pillow like three times. It was his most powerful orgasm I had seen.

I laid down next to Wes and asked him how did it end with the two guys. He told me they both got dressed and the young guy asked for Wes' cell phone number as he wanted to hook up again. I asked if he gave it to him and he said yes he did a bit sheepishly. I asked how much they paid him. As soon as I said it I thought it was none of my business and I shouldn't have asked him, I never did again. He said Jim gave him \$80 and the young guy only gave him \$20.

Wes seemed really pissed that the young guy stiffed him. Judging by his car he didn't have much money. I said I guess we learned a lesson, didn't we, get the money up front. I felt like such a bad pimp not realizing that. I asked Wes how he felt about the guy cumming in him and he said he would never do it again. I was really turned on by it, but I could tell Wes was serious. He learned his lesson too, be sure to have the condom ready and insist they use it.

Well, the young guy emailed me that night thanking me (thinking I was Wes) and asking me about my (Wes') disease status. I told him I wasn't Wes but I arranged the meeting. I said Wes was negative and disease free and then asked him if he always fucked bareback. He told me he only did that with his girlfriend and felt bad as he just got carried away with how hot Wes was. We kept asking each other about how sure the other was about their disease status for the next ten minutes. He said he had worried about it all afternoon but wanted to hook up again. I said I would get back to him as I needed to talk to Wes.

Surprisingly, Wes smiled and told me he would do it but with a condom this time. I laughed and realized what happened. This was Wes' first young hot guy and as much as he tried to deny it, he loved sex with this young stud as much the next guy would. I knew this was a step in Wes's evolution to letting himself enjoy sex with cis men. We never really talked about it because Wes didn't want to, I think it was because he didn't want me to be jealous or it was hard for him to admit this guy turned him on big time.

I don't know if they hooked up again as I told Wes he could do what he wanted and it wasn't my business. He didn't have to tell me anything. I loved to hear about it, it was such a turn on but I also wanted to give Wes his privacy. I am not 100% sure but I am pretty sure Wes was thinking about a more intimate one on one with this guy down the road – maybe a date.

I had decided the young guy was safe by this time and just reveled in the thought of how hot it was to fuck Wes with a stranger's cum in him. I asked Wes if he was going to use a condom in the future and he said he was going to for sure. I felt like Wes was like my teenage boy that I was just teaching about sex. I felt like he was so new to this he didn't have a clue what to do. I later found out this was true, he was only into women for so long he hadn't thought about cis men and the logistics of sex with cis men. He was dealing with the emotions and feelings that one has when one first explores sex even though he was 33 (not 29 like he had originally told me – I laughed about his little fib and wondered why he would care). I actually found that very enduring and I felt like I needed to support and help Wes learn to deal with these feelings, desires and sexual urges that were all so new to him. Not having sons, it was very rewarding to me.

Wes asked me if I had any more guys lined up and I said yes if he wanted to continue. He said he loved the feeling of getting paid for sex, something he really enjoyed. I could tell that he was battling the feelings of

enjoying this and the satisfaction of earning the money he really needed with the societal mores that have been associated with this type of “job.” I tried to place myself in his shoes and could relate to this internal struggle that he must be facing. I took him to dinner and we talked about adding more parameters to his list.

Chapter 15: More of Wes' Work

When Wes and I finished dinner we talked about the other “johns” from my list of the five guys that I had whittled down from some 40 “applicants.” Wes selected a guy who worked for a local fire department. He was in his 30s and married. He was bisexual and had never been with a trans guy before but really wanted to try it. There was another guy, named John, who was in his 40s, married and a professional who was willing to pay for Wes’ rent and wanted take him to dinner. Wes didn’t want anything like that but agreed this guy seemed very nice and safe. I contacted them both asking what their schedules were like for the next day. The fireman was available in the evening and John wanted the morning, perfect. Wes told me to give them his cell number and he would make the final arrangements.

The next afternoon I texted Wes and asked if the morning went well and he said yes for me to come over that evening as the fireman had changed to afternoon. I was really excited for two reasons. First, I was so happy for Wes that he was making the money he needed; and secondly, I was thrilled to think I was going to be laying Wes down playing with his front hole hearing a couple of more REAL sex stories.

I had Wes naked and laying spread eagle in less than two minutes after I entered the motel room that evening. I was looking at his sweet front hole and it was a bit swollen and red, but not nearly as much as the day before when I was playing with it 15 minutes after the fuck. It had been a few hours since Wes was fucked today and he had cleaned up. I glanced down at the trash can and saw two used condoms as I climbed on the bed earlier. I was surprised at how much it turned me on to see these used condoms. I almost got them out of the trash and looked at them but chose not to.

Instead I was laying there playing with his awesome hole listening to him tell me about the first gentlemen that stopped by that morning. He said he had the TV on for background noise so the neighbors wouldn’t hear anything and the guy came in and started to watch TV with him. Wes had a medical show on the screen and the guy starting to explain the various medical terms and Wes realized John must have been in the medical field. He said he talked to the guy for what seemed like forever, he kept hinting to get started until he finally told John that he had an errand to run and they had better get naked. John definitely saw this as a date which bothered Wes. He wasn’t looking for any romantic ties to these guys, he just wanted some money and fun.

He told me once they got naked John started to suck his t-cock.

Of course, my first question always was “how big was his cock?”

Wes laughed as that wasn’t important to him; in fact, he had requested I get smaller cocks as he was so tight. Wes said John’s was about 5” pretty thick and cut. John was about 5’10” or 11” and slightly overweight, not much though. Average looking. Wes told me that John sucked and sucked his t-cock for about 20 minutes or more. Wes stopped John and asked if they could shift into a 69 position.

John laid flat and Wes flung his legs over John’s head and stuck his tongue out and started to suck John’s flaccid cock. He said John got hard fairly quickly while licking and suck Wes. John asked if he could stick his finger in Wes’ ass and Wes said it was OK if he did it gently with lube. So John lubed up his finger and gently stuck it in Wes’ ass. I asked him if he liked it and he nervously told me yes, I don’t know why he seemed nervous, I was beginning to feel that was just Wes’ way.

Wes said John stuck his finger in his ass and his thumb in his front. I just had to try it so I asked Wes if I could do that right then.

He told me “sure, but be gentle.”

So, I grabbed some KY jelly and slowly inserted my middle finger of my left hand in Wes' ass, it was so tight and warm. It took me about three minutes to get it in. I LOVED IT. I had never done this before for a trans guy, I had fucked Arizona, but didn't finger his ass. I stuck my right middle finger in Wes's front, it was tight also. I started to slowly move the fingers and I could feel them rubbing against each other. My cock sprung to life and was oozing pre-cum. I was imagining my two fingers double penetrating Wes as if they were two cocks. I could feel the thin membranes that were separating the two and it was totally awesome. Wes stopped telling me the story and was moaning and pressing his hips down on my hands.

I was rubbing both fingers in and out in rhythm and wishing one of them was my cock. Wes returned to telling me about John as I was finger fucking him in both holes. His breathes were deeper and more hurried than usual but he seemed to be enjoying both the fingering and the story telling.

He said John 69ed him for some time before grabbing a condom and putting it on his cock and asking Wes to lay on his back. John crawled up in-between Wes' legs and rubbed his cock on Wes' t-cock and hole. Wes' sphincter muscles were pushing hard against my left finger as he told me this story. I slipped a second finger in Wes' front hole when he told me that John eased his condom-clad cock into Wes.

I pulled my fingers out of Wes' front hole and said "you mean like this" as I was working my two right fingers back into his hole.

Wes laughed and said "yup."

Just then Wes grabbed my hand and told me if I wanted to fuck him I better stop because he was pretty sore from the fucking that day. I stopped immediately and continued to listen. I was so excited to hear him say that his hole was so sore from being fucked. I pictured the two cocks pumping in and out of his hole as I gently rubbed his stomach and all around his hole and t-cock.

Wes said John fucked him slow at first and then started to really pound away with strong thrusts. I asked Wes if he liked it and he said yes but he was determined not to come as he knew he was going to be busy that day. I laughed. Wes said John rolled him over and started to fuck him doggie-style, Wes' favorite position. He said from this position John was fucking him much deeper and John's cock felt a lot bigger than when in the front to front position.

Wes told me John came quickly thereafter while holding Wes' hips. I was really getting hard by now and wanted to fuck his hole so bad myself but I needed to hear about the fireman. He said he first wanted to tell me how he had John put \$100 on the nightstand before they started. He seemed proud that he had learned the tricks of the trade. He said he had a hard time getting John to leave as he seemed very interested in Wes.

The next week John emailed me and asked me to hook up again, by then Wes had left town. I told him I was Wes' friend that set them up and I asked him if he would tell me what they did. He described it exactly as Wes did but in more detail. I found that to be so fucking erotic, to have a guy tell me what he did with my good friend I knew so well, it was as hot as it gets. I saved the emails for a while and jacked off to them.

Back to Wes and I, he said the fireman came in and was much more down to business. Wes said the firemen went by the name Nick, he was muscular and friendly also. I had to ask again about his cock size and Wes said "I don't know, about average, maybe a little bigger than John's but uncut." I tried to picture it in my mind. Again, the fireman started by licking and sucking Wes. He also played with Wes' ass but didn't stick his finger in.

The fireman spend more time on Wes' top than did John. Wes said Nick had strong hands and squeezed him pretty hard on the nipples and top. I looked up at Wes' top and couldn't really see finger marks but his pale white skin was definitely a darker color on his chest almost like a rash.

Wes said Nick licked and sucked Wes' top then crawled up in between Wes' legs and asked if he could rub his cock on Wes'. Wes said he told him yes. Wes loves frottage and I could see his wet front hole was getting wetter as he was telling me about Nick the fireman, he obviously enjoyed his time with him. He told me that Nick put the condom on before he started to rub the two cocks together. That surprised Wes as he didn't think he was going to, Wes said he had told Nick he had to use a condom to fuck and Nick was very much in agreement. I like that it was quite clear "the fireman," as I liked to call him, was into safer sex.

Wes said after a few minutes of Nick rubbing his cock on Wes' he started to press it against Wes' hole. He slid in pretty easily Wes told me. I laughed to myself as I knew why – Wes was much more turned on by him than John. Wes told me Nick penetrated him slow and steady for about five minutes before he reached under Wes' ass and pulled Wes hard toward his cock with each thrust. The fireman was in control and he was causing a fire in Wes' loins I could tell by how wet he was right then.

I reinserted my fingers in Wes and he responded by shortening the story to "he came and left."

I laughed and said "oh no you don't, please finish the story."

Wes simply said "fuck me, stick your cock in me now, I have to have that big cock in me now"

I didn't argue, I just crawled up on the bed pressing Wes' legs open with my knees as I got closer to his hole. I wanted that swollen used hole more than anything in the world right then. I rubbed my head up and down his cock, slipping it down to his hole for moisture and then rubbing it up on his cock some more.

I couldn't take much of this, nor could Wes as he told me "stick it in."

So, I did, with one fell swoop it slipped in balls deep with the first stroke. He was tight, very tight, but somehow it felt a bit different. It is hard to tell, was it my mind thinking about how this was his third cock of the day or was there a different feel to a hole that had been fucked twice before. It was a first for me as far as I knew. No other guys had ever told me they were with others before me anyway. In retrospect, I think Arizona was the last day I was with him, his hole looked a lot Wes' today after being fucked by two cocks.

Anyway, Wes closed his eyes and moaned loudly as I started to stroke my cock in and out. He reached around my chest and grabbed my back as he was trying to pull me closer and deeper. He was kind of sitting up now with his ass pinned to the bed by my hips as I thrust deep with each stroke driving him back down to the bed. He kept mumbling inaudible sounds followed by my name, not quite sentences more like pleas. It was obvious he was really into this moment, I was too but I wanted to focus on his passion and less on mine.

It was so hot to know how much he wanted me right then, it was clearly me he was fucking as he kept saying my name more and more as I fucked him harder and harder. I quickened my pace as I was so into fucking him at that moment. I was feeling a mix of closeness to him, a kindred spirit and a huge amount of lust for raw sex. It was so fucking awesome!

To this day, I can't describe the feelings Wes and I shared that night. I know for me it was a bit of pride for boy, my friend and his love for his "daddy," his love for sex and his absolute acceptance of sex with cis men. I don't know for sure what was on his mind. I do know that he met every thrust I gave him with passion and enthusiasm. I know that he grabbed me hard around my back and hugged me tight with his upper body, I still had his lower body pinned under me.

He started to call my name louder and louder. His mouth was right next to my ear, he suddenly bit my ear, pretty hard. I loved it, it didn't hurt that much, a little – enough to stop me from coming for a second while he started his orgasm. He let go of my ear and threw his head back while still holding me tight. His hole tightened around my cock and his legs straightened as much as they could with my weight on them.

He was trying to thrust his hips into mine as I was pounding my cock deep. Thinking back I am sure his t-cock was slamming into my cock or groin which had to intensify his orgasm. It was fucking amazing how hard he came on my cock. Within about 30 seconds after he let go of my body I started to come, growing deep out of my groin as I thought about how that hole that had been fucked so many times that day. I could picture his tunnel wrapping around my cock so tightly and I knew I was about to dump another load of my hot cum deep in him.

Knowing that I was allowed to fuck him raw and the others had to use condoms put me over the edge. I shot squirt after squirt of my jism into him. I ended like I almost always do with my cock shoved in as deep as it would go feeling his warmth engulf my cock and his soul engulf mine.

I knew we shared a bond, it wasn't love but it was real and it was intense. I fell down on my elbows and let out a sigh. I realized we had worked up a mild sweat and both were wet, not drenched but wet. I slid my hands under him and rolled him over on top of me. My cock slipped out and I felt my cum mixed with his juices drip out of his hole and onto my cock and balls. He laid his head on my chest and I rubbed my hands up and down his back as we laid there silent for about five minutes.

I have no idea what he was thinking about, I know I was thinking about how lucky I was to have a friend like him. We cleaned up and got dressed talking about how the fireman had cum. Wes said that Nick pulled out of him and slipped the condom off and came on Wes' stomach. I was surprised, it was interesting to think about how different guys like to cum in different positions and on different parts of a person's body. I had done that a couple of times at the bequest of my partner but I like to cum in a hole if I have the choice.

He said Nick gave him \$80 and his phone number and told Wes if he wanted to hook up again let him know. Again, I don't know if Wes did or not. I know he thoroughly enjoyed sex with him. I took Wes to dinner again and shopping for some food and beer. We sat around the motel room and watched TV together and got into some really interesting philosophy debates.

Wes told me he really missed school, he wasn't enrolled this semester because he couldn't afford it. He was still paying off bills from last semester. I felt sorry for him but was happy that he had \$400. He was thrilled, he told me the next day he was going to send off a money order and he would be square with UC.

We ended the day the same way we ended every day that week talking about tomorrow's plan. There were a couple of guys that wanted to be with him, we chose a chef and a guy from south of town. I had let the chef suck me off before and felt he was safe and I knew he was a nice guy. Wes liked the man from out of town so we contacted him and gave him Wes' cell number.

Chapter 16: Wes, My Cis Friend and More Fun Fantasies Fulfilled

I was so thrilled that Wes was into helping me fulfill my threesome fantasy with Brad and him telling me about sex he had had with others. I was so grateful to him for letting me fulfill those long-held desires. I loved his sense of adventure and love of sex. Wes and I had become good friends and shared our deepest thoughts and fantasies with each other. I had come to really respect and admire Wes and his dogged attitude of survival in a non-sexual way as well.

Things were rough for Wes in Chicago, his roommate situation had deteriorated to the point where he was “couch surfing” (sleeping on a friend’s couch) full time now. It was beginning to wear on him. I invited him back to stay for another week or so if he wanted to. He quickly took me up on my offer. He told me he loved the week he spent here before, having his own bed was so awesome he said. He would relish controlling his life and just relaxing for a change. He also said he would love to hook up for more money and sex. I was very relieved that he seemed to handle the experience well.

We made plans for him to take the bus to my town and I would pick him up at the station. I was very excited to see him again. It had been a month since I had last been with him and I was horny and missing his friendship. I felt that we both agreed there was nothing more than friendship between us, and great sex. I was surprised at how our relationship had evolved, I had never had such a “sophisticated relationship” before. The sex we shared had always been incredible, in terms of raw sex, perhaps the best ever for me up until that time. We seemed to get each other’s sexual needs and enjoyed each other greatly in bed. We hadn’t talked about romance or anything like that since we first met and we had agreed we were destined to be just friends and no more. I assumed that hadn’t changed with either of us.

The day Wes arrived we had our second threesome with my friend Brad. Wes was so much more relaxed and it was the best sex ever for me. Brad was able to drive deep in Wes’ front hole and Wes took his whole cock this time. I was able to lick and suck both their cocks while we shared very hot erotic sex. Wes took our cocks in both his available holes (no anal for him) multiple times. The finish was almost identical to the first time, Brad fucking Wes hard and me sucking on his balls, cock and Wes’ t-cock and hole as Brad came. I ate the creampie and Wes loved it. Again, Wes begged me to fuck him right after Brad finished. It felt so incredible for me to fuck Wes’ hole still holding some of Brad’s cum. I came hard and quickly just like the first time.

Brad was still trying to poach Wes away as his friend, I had gotten used to it by now. I understood Brad was very lonely and really enjoyed sex with Wes and wanted to set up one on ones with Wes. I also knew Wes wasn’t interested. Maybe that is why I wasn’t angry or upset at all; in fact, two weeks after Wes was here last time Brad and I hooked up for some one on one bisex. I remember it very well as we used the same motel and I thought about Wes a lot during the sex.

Our early hook-up started with Brad and I sucking each other before we switched to the 69 position. We debated who should fuck who. I had this really weird, to my mind, desire to see if I could take Brad’s big cock in my ass, remember Wes couldn’t take all of it the first time. We decided to have Brad fuck me. I remember being very turned on thinking about me feeling Brian’s big cock in my ass that day, pretending I was Wes. Having experienced topping in the doggie-position I knew I had to lower my shoulders and stick my ass high in the air.

I knew it was going to hurt even though we used a lot of lube. Brad was very patient and rubbed his cock on my ass slowly and lightly putting pressure on my hole as he was ready to enter. I had only been fucked like two times in my life and that was ten years earlier when I first tried bi sex. I was nervous as I knew it would hurt and I usually don’t get turned on by bottoming.

There is no way I would have done it but it was so unbelievably hot to think about Brad fucking Wes and how this time it would be me taking his huge cock. I remember wincing in pain as he first entered me and I pushed my hands back on his hips to stop him from entering further. I held him there and tried to relax as I felt like my ass was being ripped apart. It hurt but I was bound and determined to prove to myself that I could take his whole cock.

Brad slowly eased more into me and all the sudden it slipped past my sphincter and slid all the way in me. It was so weird to feel his balls hit me while his cock was deep in my ass. I was also surprised at how quickly I adjusted to his cock and he started to fuck me pretty fast and hard. He kept telling me how incredibly tight I was. I asked him if I was tighter than Wes and he said yes, I felt a certain degree of pride in that, although what else could he say right?

I was determined to make him cum, he told me it usually took him a long time to cum so I didn't know if my ass could take it long enough for him to cum. Well, he only pistoned my ass for about three or four minutes when he told me he was going to cum. He grabbed my ass firmly and shoved his huge head deep. I could feel his heat growing inside me, along with that monster head.

I considered telling him to pull out before he came, but I thought hell if I trusted him enough to cum in Wes, certainly I could trust him to cum in me. I returned my focus to his huge cock swelling up in my ass and his balls slapping mine hard with each thrust. I reached back to play with his balls as I know what a thrill that was for me. I wanted to be a great bottom ☺ I tried to tighten my muscles around his cock to intensify the orgasm for him. Brad was groaning and I could actually feel the heat in my ass increasing. I had never had anyone cum in me before and was very curious as to whether I would feel it. He tensed his legs and shoved his cock deeper in my ass. I really could feel the warmth of his cock it seem to penetrate deeper in my ass as he came. I suddenly realized that was his cum that was spreading warmth throughout my ass.

He pulled out and shoved his cock back in five or six times to finish unloading his jism in my ass. I was so proud that I took him all and made him cum so quickly. I knew my ass had to be tight as I was a near virgin, for all practical purposes I suppose I was as I hadn't been fucked in ten years or more. I couldn't remember the last time I had been fucked. I was pretty sure it was when I let a young man fuck me after he had bottomed for me for over a year. He used a condom and it hurt quite a bit and I couldn't let him finish in me. I didn't really care for it and I suppose that is why I hadn't bottomed for so long.

With Brad it was different, as big as he was it didn't really hurt too bad. At least I felt my ass was in one piece afterward. After cleaning up, Brad and I got into the 69 position and he sucked me off while I sucked his semi-erect cock. I was surprised he did that, I always lose interest when I have sex with cis men and couldn't even consider sucking or touching a cock afterward.

Brad was quite good at using his hand to jack the base of my cock while sucking the top half, including my sensitive head. He used his saliva as a lube for his hand and that made it quite warm. I was also shocked that he swallowed my cum. I know it was a first for him. We talked about it afterward and both agreed it was fun but much more fun with Wes. He said he always wanted to try making a cock cum in his mouth. I asked if he enjoyed that and fucking my ass and he said it was pretty good, but not like a vagina.

We both laughed as we agreed on that point for sure. He told me my ass was a reasonable substitute and very tight however. I told him I hoped he enjoyed it as I didn't think I would do it again. It was fun to try, I love new experiences but it just wasn't me. I did say, that if he caught me in the right frame of mind and horny enough I might do it again though.

I enjoy gay/bi sex while I am doing it, but right afterward I am really turned off by continuing. I am not ashamed or bothered by what I did, it just I have no interest in touching a cis man after I cum at all. I have

thought long and hard about this over the 10 or so years I had recently returned to bi sex. I always thought back to my best friend in high school, if I wouldn't suck him, or continue sex with him after I came, I wouldn't do it with any cis male. I loved him as much as I have loved anyone.

I will never forget the night the first semester ended my freshmen year and Bret (my best friend in high school and college) and I got drunk and ended up having sex together. Bret and I decided to share a very intimate, well as intimate as one can in a car, night of sex after we had a few beers. We went further than we had ever gone before, we didn't fuck each other in the ass but in between our legs. I was so in love with him at the time and it meant so much to me. But even then, I was the first to cum and I couldn't suck Bret to a finish. I jacked him off but really didn't enjoy it that much. It ended our experiment with a conclusion that we couldn't be lovers in a traditional sense even though we continued to have sex on and off for several years.

Again, I am digressing, the point is that one of the most important things I had learned in my journey into trans men was that although I saw them as men, I still wanted to enjoy sex with them after I came. That is part of how I knew it was different and how a trans man would be my true sexual partner, "a man with a p..." as Arizona first called himself 18 months earlier. I find cis men with hot bodies or cocks incredibly sexy, just like a find a hot cis woman sexy. I was pretty sure however at this stage of my life and journey into trans men that I knew whom I found most sexy, most erotic, and who satisfied me the most – trans men.

Back to Wes' second visit. After Wes and I had sex with Brad, we sat and talked about his week with me. I told him I wanted him to have as much chill time as he wanted in the motel room by himself. He thanked me and asked if I would hook him up with some of the guys that he had seen last time as he could use the money. I agreed to repost the ad, and he said that would be cool. I asked if there was anyone in particular from his last visit he wanted to see again. He told me the young hot guy, I laughed as I knew he liked him. I said I thought he had his text number so he could set something up with him. Wes said he deleted all those messages when he went back to Chicago.

We placed the ad on Craigslist that night together. It was fun. The most shocking moment for me came right after that when Wes asked me about my fantasy concerning an adult bookstore or theater. First, I was shocked that he remembered and more importantly, my cock sprang to life again thinking of fulfilling that long-held fantasy. Wes was so awesome and into fulfilling my fantasies.

I had thought for years how much fun it would be to share someone at the nearby adult bookstore. I had been there a few times in the past and seen a woman with her partner there and she was sucking cock and he was passing out condoms to guys he wanted to fuck her. I was one of the lucky ones he chose. Ever since then I wanted to take a friend to the adult bookstore and share him or her. I had seriously considered it with a cis guy once a few years earlier but we backed out at the last minute. Now that I was into trans men I wanted to try it. I loved the anonymity of it but was afraid of the disease possibilities so it would have to be safe sex all the way.

Wes agreed it would be so hot to see a cock come through a glory hole anonymously, not knowing who it belonged to. He said it would be fun to suck it and maybe even fuck it. He told me I would have the power to choose whether he sucked the cock or fucked it. I was very excited about that arrangement and realized that Wes had a bit of a kinky streak in him after all. He wanted to be the sub at the bookstore, I realized he liked being a sub to me in general, trying to please me.

We agreed to try the bookstore the very next night, a Friday night when it is likely to be the most busy I reckoned. I remember I was so excited that I was hard most of the drive to the adult bookstore 30 minutes away. I told Wes all about what I remembered about the place as we made the ground rules for that evening.

We agreed that he was going to control everything despite his earlier suggestion that I decide which one we slipped a condom on and he fucked. I wanted him to only do what he was comfortable with while we were

there. I couldn't believe my fantasy was about to come true. I had seen so many videos of glory hole sex and for some reason it turned me on. Wes' biggest concern was that no one see him. I told him it was dark and the glory holes were fairly small, big enough for a cock and balls and that was about it. At least, that is the way I remembered it. It had been years since I had been to an adult bookstore and I wasn't sure this one was still open until I researched it on the Web that morning.

When we arrived we agreed to go in separately and meet in the "arcade" as they called it. There were 12 booths and most had a glory hole. A couple of the booths didn't. The best booths were in the back where there were four in a row with glory holes. If you got in a center booth you would have glory holes on both sides. I told him we would shoot for one of those. He went in first and got his tokens and I followed him in a couple minutes later.

He was standing around looking at porno rentals until I walked through the curtain into the back where the booths were. He quickly followed me into the really dark hallway. I walked around to the back of the place and stepped into one of the middle booths. I left the door open and he followed me right in and I locked the door. I pulled out some anti-bacterial wipes I had brought with me and wipe down both glory holes in the booth. Wes said he wondered why I brought those in, now he knew and he smiled as he also knew I was preparing those holes for some fun.

I put a twenty dollar bill in the machine and a porno popped up on the screen. It was a white gay guy sucking a big black cock. There were two other guys in the scene. I told Wes to pick a channel and he pushed the button and stopped on a guy with a big cock fucking another guy in the ass. There was only one seat so Wes sat on my lap, we had agreed to that arrangement in advance. He was going to stay dressed until he saw a cock. He was there as a twink boy and only if the mood moved him was he going to strip and show the guys his front hole. I was going to rub his body and just enjoy the show. If he got into it we were going to do a lot more.

He watched the video for a couple of minutes while I rubbed his legs and top with my hands. Sure enough, we heard the door open next door and shut. As the guy bolted the door and sat down I could feel Wes squirming around in my lap. I wasn't sure if he was nervous or excited, probably both. I was hard by now and poking him in the ass. I think he enjoyed that. About thirty seconds later a cock came up near the hole but not in it. Wes stared at it and looked at me with a puzzled look.

I told him the protocol was for him to rub his finger on the hole if he wanted to suck a cock, most guys won't just stick their cock in the hole without an invitation. With that he reached down and touched his finger on the hole. It was so exciting to watch his hands, which were so hot. I have a bit of a hand fetish. I LOVE long slender fingers on a hand. He had fairly long slender fingers.

Watching his finger massage the hole was so hot, partly because I knew what was coming next. The cock came through the hole mostly erect. It was white and about 6", cut and pretty average. Wes reached out and started to jack the cock. Watching his sweet hands rub and jack that cock was such a turn on for me. The guy stuck his cock in further the more Wes played with it. He pulled back for a second only to stick his balls through the hole also. Wes played with it for a while. I tapped him on the shoulder and there to our right was a cock poking through the hole right next to us. This was an incredible scene, I am sitting in my sweats hard as hell with Wes on my lap in his jeans and sweatshirt and two cocks sticking through each side of the wall.

Wes was busy jacking the cock on the left so I started to jack the cock on the right. It was a bit short but thicker than the cock Wes was jacking. Wes leaned forward and started to lick the cock he was holding. He pulled his ass off my lap as he bent over and pulled the cock all the way into his mouth. I was watching Wes and not doing a very good job of jacking the guy to the right. He pulled his cock out and replaced it with his finger rubbing the hole. I figured he wanted a cock, but he wasn't going to get one. Occasionally, I let guys suck me in a bookstore but I always looked through the hole and scoped the guy out first. I was too busy enjoying

watching Wes and playing with his ass through his jeans. He surprised me when he reached down and unbuttoned them.

I knew what he wanted so I unzipped them and gently pulled down his jeans to his ankles leaving his briefs on. I could get a good feel of his front hole for the first time since we were there and it was wet. I was so pleased that he seemed to be enjoying himself. The guy to the right had stopped rubbing his finger and had reinserted his cock. I reached out and jacked it some more trying to stay focused on both jacking him and playing with Wes' cock and hole through his briefs.

I couldn't see much of what Wes was doing because his head blocked my view. I could hear the unmistakable sound of sucking though. It wasn't too long and Wes pulled his head back and I saw this bright red cock pointing straight out starting to cum. Wes put his hand up and jacked the throbbing cock as it shot wad after wad of cum on the floor in the booth. It just missed my leg and landed on the floor near the hole.

As that cock withdrew Wes stood up straight and pulled off his sweatshirt and shirt and pulled his briefs down all the way and threw his clothes in the corner of the booth under the chair. There he stood completely naked except his shoes. He reached into my sweats and started to play with my cock. I knew what was next and was hard as hell. Wes pulled on my sweats and I stopped him for a second while I raised my ass and helped him pull my sweats down exposing my cock; meanwhile, Wes grabbed the cock out of my hand from the right side and played with it.

I pulled my sweats off all the way and put them under me, I didn't know how clean that chair was so I decided to not sit bare-assed on it. No sooner had I sat down than Wes was sitting down on my lap. My cock poked him in the right cheek and he resituated until my cock slipped into his front hole. I was so incredibly turned on I thought I would cum.

As Wes sat there with my cock impaled into his hole he changed hands on the cock in the hole and began to jack him more firmly. His hole felt so hot and tight on my cock, I was in Heaven. Wes leaned in and started to suck the cock in his hand. I smiled as my dream had come true – have a hot guy riding my cock while sucking another cock through the glory hole. Wes and I had agreed if he felt comfortable enough he would do this, well comfortable and turned on enough.

Wes was really getting into sucking and was moaning as my cock was pretty deep in him. Not all the way by any means as that can't happen while sitting up straight given the angles... I heard the door open to the left and knew we would have another cock intruding our booth soon. I saw a guy squat and look through the hole at a distance to see what was going on in our booth. He watched for a while. Wes didn't see him as he was enjoying sucking the cock while I fucked him.

Suddenly, the cock Wes was sucking withdrew and the guy stuck his finger in the hole. Wes just sat there looking at it.

He whispered to me "what should I do?"

I told he wants to touch you. Wes shook his head no and I pointed to the hole to the left another cock was now up near the hole. It was another white cock that was pretty big, without it being all the way in the hole I couldn't tell for sure how big, but it was the biggest cock of the night so far. I asked Wes if he wanted to suck it and he nodded his head. I told him to rub his finger on the hole, so he did. The cock came in semi-erect and about 6" long and uncut. Wes started to jack him off. As Wes jerked the cock hard I reached up and started to squeeze his nipples, he seemed to enjoy it. It didn't last long however.

He had to pull off of my cock to reach over and suck the cock. Wes lifted his ass off my lap and cock to bend over to suck the cock. Wes took the 8" cock into his mouth and began to suck it. I couldn't see Wes suck it but could see his ass sticking out next to me. The guy in the booth on the right stuck his hand in a ways. I knew he couldn't reach Wes so I just watched him try in vein. I looked down at my cock and it was glistening with Wes' juices.

The guy on the right was now rubbing his fingers on the hole. I looked through and saw a pretty handsome guy in his 30s looking me in the eye. I got up and put one knee on the chair and stuck my wet cock up to the hole and slowly stuck it in. It was really tight in the booth and there wasn't enough room for both of us but somehow it worked. My left leg was against Wes' ass and it felt good. I hadn't really thought about being sucked that night from a stranger but the thought of him licking Wes' juices off of my cock made me stick it through the hole.

I felt his warm breath as his mouth moved in to suck me. He started to lick my cock, which I thought was so cool, he must have known what he was doing - licking Wes' juices off my cock. I pushed my cock in further and he swallowed it in one gulp. It felt good. He was licking my head with his tongue and working his lips up and down my shaft. I was facing the other wall so I couldn't see what Wes was up to although I could feel his ass moving on my leg. I assumed he was still sucking the cock. I let the guy suck me for a few minutes but my curiosity and desire to watch Wes won out and I pulled my cock back out. I looked over at Wes and he was still sucking the cock but was rifling through his pockets of his pants.

I knew what he wanted and I reached under me and pulled a condom out of my sweats' pocket and handed it to Wes. He smiled as he took the package. He stopped sucking the cock and the guy pulled back, Wes handed him the condom through the hole. I thought it would have been better for Wes to put the condom on but he was a rookie. The guy hesitated and stood there for a few seconds and then I could see him tearing the package open.

The guy on my right was rubbing his finger back and forth trying to get my attention, I knew he wanted to suck my cock some more but I didn't care. I looked back at the left and a condom-clad cock came through the hole. He was definitely almost 8" because at least 6" was sticking through the hole. Wes grabbed the cock and turned his ass toward the hole and began to back up to it. I sat there in total amazement. This was as hot and crazy as my dreams. It is rare when a fantasy comes as hot in reality, but I was really enjoying this scene. It was obvious Wes was also.

Wes' head was now just a couple of inches from my cock and he reached out and guided my cock into his mouth. I heard Wes moan just before he took me in his mouth and I knew that cock must have sunk into his front hole. Wes' mouth felt great, I leaned back in the chair to give him greater access. His ass was pounding against the hole in the wall, not making a lot of noise, just enough that I knew what a great fuck that guy was enjoying. The guy on my right now had his eye up to the hole watching Wes suck me while his ass was fucking the cock in the other wall.

It was a bit disappointing that I couldn't see the fucking but one of the things I was determined to do if Wes fucked a cock was to put my hand up to the wall and feel the cock fucking him. The main reason was to make sure the other guy didn't pull the condom off. It was so cool to feel the cock that was fucking Wes slip through my fingers into Wes' hole. I could definitely feel the condom and was relieved that this was going much like I had dreamed it would.

Wes was sucking my cock and now had quit fucking the wall and was just holding his ass up against the wall letting the guy on the other side do the fucking. I could hear him hitting the wall with each thrust. I dropped my hand out of the way so Wes could get better penetration. I moved my hand to his t-cock and started to play with his engorged cock. Wes moaned and groaned louder. I loved that he really seemed to be into this fun. We

had agreed if this went well we would go into the theater part later and put on a show for the guys. I was thinking how much less constricting that would be because this booth was cramped. The eye of the guy on the right was gone and I heard him leave the booth as the door slammed when he left.

Every once in a while I would slip my fingers back up the wall and make sure the guy had the condom on still. His balls had come through the hole and they were tightening closer to his body. I knew he was getting close to cumming, I figured Wes wasn't far behind him.

Suddenly, we heard a loud knocking on our door and I heard a male voice say "one per booth please."

I froze and so did Wes. I looked to the right and thought that little bastard went and got the clerk because he wasn't getting any action. I heard the clerk say something to someone in the hallway, it sounded like an acknowledgement that he had done his due diligence. I was so disappointed but we didn't want any trouble so I told Wes I would leave the booth and grab the one next door quickly. He could continue with that cock if he wanted to.

Wes pulled off of the cock and I told him to cover up. I threw my sweats on and when Wes had his sweatshirt clearly in front of him I opened the door and saw that little asshole standing there, I jumped in the booth next door right in front of him. I heard Wes lock the door behind me. I sat down put a \$5 bill in the machine and peaked through the hole into Wes' booth. He was coaxing the cock back into the hole from the other booth. He must have been successful as I saw him stick his ass back up to the hole.

I watched as he put his right hand on the chair and continued bumping his ass lightly up against the other wall. He put his left hand on the hole in front of me and rubbed his finger. I pulled my cock out of my sweats and stuck it back in the hole. I knew he couldn't reach far enough to suck it but I felt his hands on it. It was cool imagining what part of his body was touching my cock as I stuck my cock in as far as I could.

I could hear moans and groans coming from his booth, I looked back over my shoulder and the hole on the other side of my booth was filled with that asshole's fingers trying to get back at my cock. I thought to myself no fucking way buddy, 'you will never touch my cock again you asshole.'

Wes was playing with my cock, mostly squeezing my mushroom and occasionally reaching down for my balls. I had stuck my balls through the hole to give him totally access. It was actually extremely erotic to know Wes was in the booth next door fucking some big cock while I was here on this side trying to imagine what was happening next. Suddenly, I felt something warm on my cock. It was fun guessing whether it was Wes' mouth or front hole. I couldn't really tell, it was amazing, I concentrated really hard but I could have believed it was either one.

It didn't last long and I felt nothing on my cock. I sat back down and looked through the hole in which I saw Wes with his head up to the other hole again. I figured he was sucking another cock. I whispered stick your ass up and he did. I stuck my eyes up to the hole and saw his sweet ass with his front hole about 12" or so from my side and wet as hell. I watched it for a bit and was impressed at how swollen his hole looked. I wanted to touch it so I pulled back and stuck my hand through the hole, feeling around trying to find his ass. I hit his cheek and ran my hand around and under to his hole. It was so wet and warm.

I love the feel of a freshly fucked hole. It was so awesome. Meanwhile, I looked back at the hole to my left and there was another cock, this was one I hadn't seen before. It was quite large and black. I reached over with my right hand and started to jack him off. It was so crazy, imagine this I am spread open with one hand reaching deep into Wes' booth rubbing his cock and hole while reaching my other hand across the booth to jack this big cock.

I laughed as I saw myself in the reflection of the plastic covering the TV in my booth. Just then the money ran out on my booth. I know they are sticklers for paying and will come back and bitch about dropping coins (well bills now). I quickly pulled up my sweats and open the door and ran to my car to get more money. I couldn't believe what an idiot I was to think \$25 bucks would be enough to keep the video running in the booth long enough for us to finish our fun. Well, I suppose it would have been had I not had to pay for two booths to be running at the same time.

When I got back my booth door was closed and light was on over it. I tried the door and it was locked. I said "damn" out loud. I looked down the hall and the first three booths all had lights on so I quickly jumped in the last booth in the row, so I could see back into my old booth. But I was still a booth away from Wes.

I looked through the hole and I saw the black man, again another man in his 30s, nicely built sticking his hand through the hole. I figured he was now playing with Wes. After a bit I saw him pull his hand out and I wasn't surprised when he stood up and started to line his cock up to the hole. I couldn't see what was going on. I just saw his ass as his cock was obviously sticking through the hole. I figured Wes was going to suck him, I thought how there didn't seem to be a shortage of cock that night.

All I could see was this black ass, pretty nice at that, pinned up to the hole. It started to move in and out and I didn't think much of it until I figured if he was moving his cock in and out of the hole he must be fucking, and not being sucked. I was nervous as I didn't know if he had a condom on or not, certainly Wes had put one on his cock when he decided to fuck him. Of course, there was no way for me to see.

I could hear tons of noise in the hallway, it was obvious the word was out and guys were lining up for a chance at Wes' front hole. Just like I had imagined it would be. I knew I would get in line if I thought there was a trans guy in one of the booths. Then I thought I wonder if they knew he is trans. It was starting to bother me that I wasn't in his booth to enjoy this experience with him, but even more to protect him. I was kind of surprised that he was fucking cocks, I thought it would be all oral. It didn't bother, in fact I thought it was hot, it just surprised me.

I looked back in the hole after stretching my neck and saw that the black guy was sitting down with his cock covered with wetness peering through the hole and rubbing his fingers around the hole. After a couple of minutes he looked my way and stood up and took a step toward me with his huge cock swaying back and forth. His cock was still wet and I knew that it had been in Wes mouth to be that wet, a bunch of thoughts raced through my mind as suddenly I saw the cock poking through right in front of my face. I instinctively started to lick his cock.

By time I realized what I was doing I was desperately trying to figure out if it was Wes' juices I was tasting or his saliva, I really couldn't tell. I was amazed at how big this cock was, considerably bigger than mine. I wondered how Wes took the cock if indeed he did. I questioned if it was Wes in the other booth, it had to be Wes in the other booth, I am sure he didn't leave it for the short period I was fetching more money.

I licked and sucked his cock for a few minutes, when I thought the last vestiges of Wes' juices were gone I decided to stop. I pulled my mouth off his cock and opened the door and walked down the hallway past Wes' booth. I saw the light over his booth was still on but the door was open on the booth on the other side of him. I jumped in the booth and there was Wes sitting there watching the black guy sticking his fingers into Wes' glory hole trying to beckon Wes back up to the hole. I saw the black cock come through the hole as Wes got a view of me.

He leaned in and said "where did you go?" with some emotion to his voice.

I told him "get more money."

With that I realized I better put some money in this booth. I stuck a \$5 bill in and the video had a few guys sitting around fully clothed and I changed channels until I found some hot fucking. I stood up and stuck my cock in the hole and Wes started to suck on it. It felt so good. I was hard in no time. I heard his video stop so I pulled my cock out and I reached in my pocket and gave him a \$10 bill as that is all I had. I stuck my cock back in the hole after I heard his video start up again.

Wes sucked me for a few minutes than I felt his hand on my cock, at least I think it was, it seemed different. I loved how when you stick your cock in a glory hole you don't know what is pleasing your cock next. A few seconds later, I felt a warmth on my cock again. I knew Wes must be fucking me now. It felt so warm, wet and pretty tight, not as tight as earlier but tight. I started to fuck him back and he stopped moving his hips and just shoved his ass against the hole.

I was now fucking his tight hole hard and deep, it was causing the wall to shake. I slowed down a bit and went with long deep strokes, well as deep as you can go with a very thin wall between you and your partner. I thought about that and really got into. I also wondered what Wes was doing in his booth besides sticking his ass up to the hole for me.

It was so fucking hot to be fucking Wes through this glory hole. I could feel my balls dragging across the bottom of the hole as I shoved it in and out. I thought of him fucking the guy earlier from this same booth. I kept picturing his condom-clad cock fucking Wes while Wes was sucking me. Then I thought of the big black cock that had to be still sticking in the hole on the other side of Wes. I was still debating the taste of the juices on his cock I sucked and wondered if it really was saliva. Maybe, Wes fucked that cock bareback, no, he wouldn't do that.

The thought of that big black cock fucking Wes bare put me over the edge. I started to feel this huge orgasm pulsating through my groin. I drove my cock hard against the wall and I heard this smack as it hit pretty hard. My cock started to throb and I could feel the head rubbing against Wes' tight bare hole. I loved the feeling of me standing there with my cock through this hole cumming in Wes' tight front hole. When I finished I reached in my sweat pockets and pulled out a Kleenex and cleaned my cock up. I heard fumbling around in Wes' booth and when I looked through the hole I saw he was about dressed.

We met in the hallway and I followed him out to the car. We didn't say much on the way to the car as a few more guys were entering the store. When we got in the car I asked him if he liked it, he said yes until he saw an eye staring through the hole watching him fuck. He said that freaked him out and he wanted to get out of there but I was nowhere around. I told him I had to go get more money. He said he knew I was gone as this big black cock came through the hole. He wasn't sure what to do, he had never touched a black cock before. It was so big he knew he couldn't take it in his hole but thought it might be fun to suck it.

He said he sucked the cock for a few minutes and his jaw started to hurt really bad so he pulled off. He said the black guy told him to put his "p..." up to the hole and he would eat him. Wes, didn't like that term but didn't get too upset about that. Wes said he wasn't worried about the language what freaked him out was the other guy looking at him with his eye up to the hole while he was sucking the black cock. He said if he had his shirt on it probably wouldn't have bothered him as much. He said he wanted anonymity, total anonymity, and I told him I understood and obviously the theater would have been a bad idea as everyone would have seen him. He agreed.

We talked about the experience in some detail on the way back and I was very hard by time we got to Wes' motel. I particularly liked when I asked Wes what he liked and he started to describe the events of the evening. When we got into the motel room I practically ripped his clothes off and was all over his front hole and cock. As he described the details again as I sucked and licked his cock occasionally licking his hole. I also stopped on

several occasions and just stared at his red puffy hole. Knowing he had had two cocks in him that night and mine was the last was so sweet. I could still see remnants of my cum in him as I played with his hole.

I was so turned on by his enthusiasm when telling me the stories of what he did, I kept asking for more detail and the more I sucked and licked him the more he got into telling me. It wasn't long and I could tell he was about to cum, for one thing he stopped telling me the stories.

He grabbed my head and said "fuck me again"

He didn't have to ask twice, I jumped to my knees and slid my cock in his hole. I loved his use of the word "fuck" because he rarely used it, only when he was really turned on. His hole was so puffy when I was playing with it that was such a turn on for me.

Knowing my cock was pounding that well-used hole just really got me as hard as I have ever been, which was shocking because I had cum an hour earlier. He quickly started to breath hard and quick, his stomach was convulsing in and out and his legs stiffened. I knew he was cumming, with all the images of the sex we shared over the past few weeks flooding my mind I started to stiffen and felt my cum pulsing through my cock at the same time. **IT WAS SO FUCKING AWESOME THAT WE CAME AT THE SAME TIME AGAIN.**

We sat and talked about how great it was that we were so sexually compatible that we had not only cum at the same time once, but now twice. Neither of us had experienced that joy before.

I loved that Wes was so willing to just get into sex, I remember he was somewhat reluctant at first but once we got started he was so fucking into it. I have only picked a few of the more memorable moments that Wes and I shared with each other. We fucked each other at least 15 times over the few months we knew each other.

Wes tried to make a go of it in Chicago for the next month before he sent me a really sad email, he was moving back home to the West Coast. I felt so sorry for him as I knew he wanted to graduate from UC and this wasn't his first choice. He did tell me his mom was sick and that was a big part of his move. I hardly ever hear from him anymore, I look back upon my relationship with him as one of the hottest sexual relationship I was ever fortunate enough to have in my entire life. God I miss him.

Chapter 17: California Dreamin' – Down on Junior's Farm

All winter 2010-11 I felt trapped in Michigan far away from any of the trans men I had met. I wanted so bad to find that special one man that could be my partner. I knew it was a tall order given my age, shape and the fact I hadn't found many guys that wanted anything more than a friends with benefits arrangement at best. I kept posting in San Francisco, Los Angeles and other places hoping to find a trans guy to live with me as my 'kept boy.' I didn't really know what that meant exactly or how it would work out, but that was my dream. I talked to several guys from LA, Portland, DC and other places and was enjoying learning more about trans guys and making friends. Well, acquaintances via email.

My thinking on how my 'kept boy' would live with me evolved over this time period. Some guys emailed me who had experience being kept and they told me they had either been kept by an older wealthy man or a cougar. When two in particular told me how much they received in allowance, etc.

I replied "thanks, it was nice talking to you but I am not that wealthy."

I figured I would never hear from them again and I was right. Some trans guys were really nice and took the time to write me and get to know me though. I appreciated that as it was important for me to feel comfortable with a man before I met him or planned any type of relationship.

Although my stories don't reflect it, I actually turned down a few trans men in California and other places because they seemed too aggressive or wanted to hook up for sex right then on the first email, no questions asked. I can't handle that, I need to ask A LOT of questions. I want to make sure there is a very strong reasonable chance that the guy I am going to meet is sane and safe, disease-wise.

There was one guy in particular from the Central Valley in California that really caught my attention. He was only 19, but sounded super hot – 5', 100 pounds, no surgery, no-T, just starting to transition yet he really seemed to know what he wanted. He didn't drive and lived at home with his parents so he was totally dependent on them. His parents didn't accept him as male, but he got along well with his mother despite her unwillingness to accept him as he was. He made it clear to me in his very first email that he was not interested in hooking up, he just wanted to know why I liked trans men. I didn't mind emailing him and explaining my feelings and thoughts on the subject.

I love to share ideas, experiences and learn with others. We emailed back and forth for some time, I tend to write long emails sharing a lot of details about myself. It takes a long time to write my responses as I write an individual email to each person who replies to one of my ads. I want to learn and share so I don't mind taking the time, plus you just never know if this guy might be the one that I have dreamed of so strongly these past two years.

Back to Junior, the nickname I am going to use for him, he was really interesting and unique. He was extremely sexual for never having even kissed anyone. He was attracted to women and dated them but only in a quasi-platonic way. It was not that he wasn't sexually attracted to them, he simply was not going to jump in bed with anyone unless he was really spiritually and physically attracted to them. I thought that was cool and loved to hear his stories and he seemed to like mine. Our relationship escalated to something more than friends as we emailed each other every day several times a day. We both admitted that we really looked forward to each other's emails and got very excited when we received email from one another. I felt this was only going to be a friendship where he would teach me and I would teach him. There were no holds-barred with any questions we had for each other.

Junior wanted to talk on the phone and I was hesitant as I am not a phone talker, not at all. I also felt funny calling him with his mom and dad there in the other room. Finally, one night I decided to give it a try. It went

very well, I liked his voice and he said he liked mine. Our discussions were intimate, often involving sexual desires... Eventually, I could hear that he was jacking off while we talked. He would breath deep and moan lightly – plus he didn't make any sense when we were talking. Next thing I knew, we were having phone sex, my first time ever. I always thought I would hate it, but it seemed fun with Junior. He really liked my voice for some reason.

The first time he didn't tell me he was fucking himself with his toy, he just started to moan and ask me very erotic questions and stories like:

“What would you do if a man that you thought was hot just jumped you and bit you on the neck and clung to you like a Koala bear. Then he ripped your clothes off and started to suck your cock [I loved when he said cock]. He would lick your balls and finger your ass. He would throw you to the ground and grind his cock into your face until he came all over you. Then he would slide on top of you and push your cock into him raw clinging to you as he fucked your cock hard. He would beg you to cum in him... [moaning in background] – tell me what you would do if I was naked in front of you...”

I knew he was close to cumming and he wanted me to push him over the edge. So, I did when I replied:

“I would lick every inch of his hot little body. I would start with his forehead, nose and lips, licking and gently kissing every inch. Then I would bite and nibble on his ears and neck, while rubbing my hands all over his top. Continuing downward, I would lick his arms and chest, sucking and nipping them all the way to his belly button. I would stick my nose in his groin and breathe deeply just before I stuck my tongue out and started to lick his cock”

He suddenly yelled *“OH SHIT, YES”*

I paused and he pleaded *“DON'T STOP!!!”*

So I continued *“I would dart my tongue around his cock and suck and lick it hard. I would continue down his body licking and gently biting his hot thighs and chins. I would suck each toe into my mouth and lick it like I did his cock.”*

He stopped me and asked *“how would you fuck him?”*

I knew he was close because he was breathing heavily into the phone, he had never told me he was jacking off that night but I knew he was and I was so turned on.

I continued *“I would take my big-headed cock and rub it up and down his cock and hole. I would get him nice and wet and slowly slide it in, a little at a time so he could enjoy every second of his first fuck”*

I heard a loud noise and moans and groans through my phone. I knew he was cumming or had cum.

“I would drive deep and leave my cock buried deep in him kissing him darting my tongue into his waiting mouth at the same time I was pounding my cock in his waiting hole”

He came back on and told me he accidentally dropped the phone.

Later, he asked me *“what would you say if I told you I was jerking myself while you talked”*

I laughed and said *“I WOULD LOVE IT”*

He said *“Well I just did, I LOVE YOUR VOICE and when you told me you would drive your cock deep in me I came.”*

We started to have phone sex every night, he would cum while I would talk about sex between us, usually I would describe a new sex scene for him, like first-time anal, first-time bondage, first-time in the woods, a weekend in the city... It wasn't all sex by any means. We talked about our families and he asked to hear all my stories. I love to tell humorous stories about my past.

Every now and then he would lose focus and I would hear him cumming again, moaning and groaning. At first, it was really hot, he said my voice made him cum, didn't matter what I was talking about. After a while, it became annoying as he would go silent for five minutes and just be jacking and not carrying on a conversation. Although, honestly, mostly it was hot. I started to jack off while he would describe sex with me. Our relationship was taking a very non-platonic turn.

He was quite different to be sure, he practiced an unusual religion, he loved animals much more than people, he had some strange hobbies, and was definitely free-spirited. I am not going to say much more to preserve his identity, but I knew he was MUCH different than me, but I liked that. We began to share a dream together, it was strange how quickly we became very close and evolved from a friendship to something more. It scared me but at the same time thrilled me.

We began talking about living together, not in a concrete plan sense, but more of a theoretical state of being. Junior would talk about our farm and the animals we would have. It was fun exploring this fantasy with him. It was helping me hone my thinking on how a relationship might develop between me and a trans man. I didn't feel like I wanted to close any avenues off but marriage didn't seem likely for me again. The real shocker, for me anyway, was when we began to talk about having children together. He got off big time on the thought of me cumming in him.

I loved the way he would pose the question “what would you think about a man that wanted to get pregnant...”

Junior wrote me and sent me cards and small homemade gifts all the time. I replaced his favorite sex toy when he broke it one night, a multi-color glass rod. He didn't ask me to, he just told me it was broken and I ordered one to replace it as a surprise. It was strange that we were sharing honest details, like real names and addresses. We told each other very intimate details of our lives. I had never shared such an intense relationship with someone long distance. I came to really like it with him.

I am a very trusting soul by nature and he wasn't. In fact, he was one of the most paranoid guys I had ever known but seemed to trust me. I could understand where he was coming from, he had been given a rough time by some guys when he was growing up. He was small and masculine so he felt he had to prove himself over and over again. He was proud of all the fights he was in and the scars he had, and the weapons that he would carry. He seemed so gentle and kind to me, I couldn't believe his stories.

I knew I was starting to fall for him and should have pulled back, but that is hard for me to do. He told me he was catching shit from his mom who knew he was starting to really like me. According to Junior, it was more of a tease from his mother than a disapproval. He made it sound like she thought it was cute that he was finally falling for a “man.” He said his mom trusted him and he talked about me all the time to her.

I remember how hard it was for me to call when his mom would answer and tell me “just a minute I will get her.”

I felt great sympathy for him and the struggle he had with his family not accepting him for who he was. He seemed to shrug it off, but I look back now and know it was a huge obstacle for him that he was simply

denying. I didn't recognize it at the time because he told me he didn't care and I believed him. I got the feeling however he really wanted me to take him away from that environment and let him be who he was: a trans man. I might be projecting that onto him because he was so enamored with the idea (fantasy is more like it) of living with a cis man as partners on a farm it is hard to tell how much he cared for me, I think a lot.

He was poor and didn't have much in life, I don't know if that factored in or not. He never asked me for anything financial at all. I sent him a gift once, I paid his fee to join *Phi Theta Kappa*, a junior college version of *Phi Beta Kappa*. I remember how proud I was when I was asked to join back when I went to community college. I was poor also, so I knew what it was like to always have to do without those types of opportunities.

Anyway, he kept telling me how excited he was that I was going to a business conference in Sacramento and I could stop and visit him on my way up to Sacramento. I was planning on avoiding the snow and possible winter storms by driving the Southern route through San Diego or LA, right near where he lived. I was supposed to be in Sacramento in early March but I decided I would drive out to California early to meet up with some trans guys originally, but by this time it was just him.

I was going to leave February 15th so I could spend ten days with him before my conference. The plan was that I would stay at a nearby hotel and just hang out with him when he had time, take him on trips to see Vegas and San Francisco... I was hoping it would be sexual and I planned a weekend get away to San Francisco, I even bought tickets to a concert for us for the week after I got there.

I couldn't wait to go back to San Francisco again, I had gotten over the fear Billy had put in me on my last visit. Junior gave me such confidence. For one thing, he kept insisting I give him Billy's really name because he told me he was going to go beat the shit out of him – I laughed and refused to tell him anything about him. He told me he never felt about anyone as he felt about me- he called it 'extreme like.' He coaxed me into telling him that I loved him, and I did as much as anyone can care for someone after five weeks of 6-8 hour phone conversations every day and constant emails.

I had a few other guys I was talking to in late-December through January before Junior told me he wanted me to talk to him exclusively. One older trans gentleman was in his 40s, he seemed really nice and friendly. His name was Bryn. He was very interesting and had lived a fascinating life filled with adventure and fun. He was trying to go to school to get his degree late in life. I really admired him for that. He wanted to explore a friendship with me, along with sex. He was quite different than Junior, not only because of his age, but his body-type and interests. He described himself as white, 5'6", 160, very hairy, active and a dark complexion. He sent me many pictures, including really some hot nudes of him with another trans guy. I was definitely planning on meeting him when I went out to California until Junior got to me.

I let Junior talk me into exclusively emailing/contacting him, including no longer posting for trans men in California on Craigslist. He made some big promises about meeting me and possibly sex. He definitely made it clear he wasn't promising anything in one sentence and then the next telling me he had never felt so strongly about anyone or wanted to meet anyone so badly. Eventually, he sent me some nude pictures, which shocked me. He took them especially for me and they were complete nudes. He hadn't had surgery and didn't think he was going to. I was impressed that he felt so comfortable with me that he shared a nude pic – he was so asexual with everyone else in his life. Junior was hard to figure, totally sexual when talking to me but he had never kissed or even touched anyone in an erotic way. I had to admit that was quite intoxicating.

I was worried though, what if he didn't want to develop a sexual relationship with me once we met? I would be out in California, my perceived sexual paradise, and no pre-arranged meetings besides Junior. I really like to plan everything out when I travel, and sexual hookups are no different. Another concern about Junior was he seemed a little too much into jacking himself off all the time. He didn't need others, didn't crave sex with anyone else, well toward the end he told me he did with me but no one else. I was very dazed and confused but

totally wanted a chance to make a life with him. At the same time, I was torn about missing a golden opportunity. With no deadlines looming for me to return to Michigan, I could stay out there as long as I wanted, or until my money ran out.

My experiences had told me that I would have to contact 5-10 guys if I had hoped to hook up with a guy or two. I am somewhat picky and want to email a person back and forth for a long time before I actually meet someone. I RARELY hooked up with someone I meet online that day; in fact, Beau was the only one I had met online and had sex that same day. As I said earlier, I really want to talk to a guy and make sure he is sane, there are some guys out there that are not so sane, and SAFE – disease-wise. I won't go into it, but there are ways I try to find out about a man's disease status, that is a huge concern of mine. One way is to make sure he isn't just fucking anyone because he is horny at that moment. I know it may sound like that is me, but it really isn't at all. A few days or even weeks of emailing back and forth gives me a comfort level with a man in many ways.

Anyway, I was very concerned that I had stopped emailing other guys or posting ads to find prospective guys to talk about the possibility of hooking up when I was in California. I remembered Andy and how he was so gung ho to see me on my first trip to SF and then he back out at the last second, he was just using me to make his cis friend jealous. If suddenly Junior backed out I would be force to search for instant hook-ups through Craigslist, which I obviously didn't want to do.

By time I left, I had pretty much narrowed it down to Junior and Bryn before Junior gave me the exclusive request. I was so torn as I wanted to know these guys in advance as my plan was to date, have sex and find out if there was chemistry with as many guys as it took to find a partner or the seeds of a relationship. If I did find a guy I was going to sell my house and move near to wherever he was living, spending my time writing and working on my business and hanging with him. It seems so crazy of an idea, but I am a very strong believer in if you want something you have to put everything into achieving your goal.

I have been very successful in my life following that philosophy. I can't tell you how many people have told me I couldn't go to college and succeed, or coach football without playing in high school, or go to graduate school in Sweden without speaking the language, write my own textbook ... I proved them wrong every time. My family was very proud of my tenacity. I truly lived my life as so many people suggest, thinking outside the box and never taking no for an answer. I generally live that philosophy 24/7/365. It makes it hard to live with me at times because I demand a lot of myself and am driven to succeed.

Two days before I was to leave for California, the day before Valentine's Day, Junior emailed me and changed our plans. He told me he would only see me on that Saturday after I arrived in a very public place for two hours and with a chaperone, his mother. His demand really took me by surprise, his tone had changed and I was in shock. I couldn't understand how he could fear me given the intimacy that we had shared. I was hurt by his lack of trust and more concerned with the parameters he was starting to place on us meeting. We had talked for weeks about what we would do the first day. Just hang, talk and walk together, NO SEX, but unlimited time to get to know each other. He told me he would only hug me goodbye, that was the only physical contact we would share and I was cool with that. I wanted to make sure there was physical chemistry as well.

However, since I could remember I always meet people on dates with an open endedness to it, not pre-defined parameters, so this was quite a concession on my part. I understood the public place and maybe even his mom nearby but the other limits seemed too constraining and a bit high schoolish. He also told me he would probably only meet me that one time and wouldn't be free again for quite a while. In one email he seemed to be pulling way back.

I felt like I was suddenly seen as a predatory coming to California to stalk and hurt him. It was creepy and I was angry. I needed time to think and reevaluate. We had stumbled into a romantic thing and I was about to be hurt. I knew it; however, I didn't want to return a rash angry email. I waited until the next day and sent him an

email telling him I was disappointed by his parameters he had placed on our first date we had planned for weeks. I told him I thought we were two adults that would date like adults.

He called me and left a message telling me I misunderstood and he didn't appreciate my insinuation he wasn't an adult. I didn't get the message until later and he totally misunderstood my email. His email was disjointed and confusing – part of it seeming to be kissing me off and the other part still wanting to see me. Finally the truth came out, his parents were all over him about meeting a middle-aged man, which is an understatement, his dad was really pissed at him. It hit me like a ton of bricks. It is one of those ah-ha moments that isn't good.

I knew he was backing out because his parents weren't going to let him see me. I realized I made a huge mistake letting myself get sucked into a boy that was indeed a boy. He hadn't grow enough to break from his parents controlling his life, to being a man that is independent of his parents and lived his own life. I think he was still struggling with whether he was trans or a lesbian or just confused on his gender. I could understand his struggle, something most teenagers go through regardless of gender. In retrospect, he was way too confused for any sort of relationship to develop, hence no sexual experience for him. I take responsibility for not being wise and mature enough to recognize what I was getting into.

However, I felt used and hurt, but at the same time given his age I felt dirty thinking that. It was not a pleasant time for me. I realized I had done the same exact thing I did with Reny, let myself get sucked in by a boy who wasn't even close to being ready to hook up with his first cis man. He just wasn't in that space and I should have known it. I was mad at him at first, but as I drove and thought about it for the three days it takes to arrive in California I realized what had happened.

How immature can I be? There was no way a 19 year old still living with his parents struggling with his identity and never having had sex was going to be ready for me. I felt I was pretty sure I knew what I wanted, I certainly had my own independence and that made it hard for me to understand his confinement. In some ways, I felt like that “dirty old man” that his parents thought I was even though my feelings for him were sincere and honest.

Oddly enough, on the way to California, I got an email from Reny. I hadn't heard from him since he stood me up seven months earlier when I drove out to SF to meet him. I had sent him an email at Christmas telling him I wasn't angry anymore, that I wished him the best. I didn't get a response for three months and right now after what I was going through with Junior suddenly I got an email. It was so strange, almost “Twilight Zone” crazy.

Reny was apologetic and told me he would like the chance to explain what happened over lunch. Even though I don't hold grudges or can't hate for very long at all, I was very skeptical. I had forgiven Reny but thought maybe I should leave well enough alone. Especially, after what happened with Junior and how hurt I was, and I was indeed really hurting from the sudden emotional crash I experienced with Junior. It weighed heavy on my heart all the way to LA. I reposted on CL hoping that good sexual fun would help me forget the pain of being rejected by someone I felt strongly about, worst of all someone I had built into my future, in my mind anyway. I wish I was more cautious and didn't give my heart away so freely.

I also received an email from Bryn while driving through Oklahoma saying he remembered it was close to my visit to LA and he wanted to see me if I was still coming to California. I was very excited by that email, I liked him a lot and was sorry I had quit contacting him. At that moment, I was also relieved that he was closer to my age. Oh sure, the sexual thrill of a young man wasn't there, but after Junior I was very ready to see Bryn and let it play out.

Bryn had just transitioned a few years earlier after living in limbo for nearly twenty years. He loved sex, he was very sexual and had lived with a woman for a long time. He told me he often had done threesome with her and

was more on my wave length in terms of my sexual desires. We shared many sexual fantasies through emails and there were some definite possibilities with him.

We agreed to meet the day after I got to LA at a hotel west of town on Friday evening. I had already booked the hotel thinking it was near Junior and it would be a nice stop over before I was to see Junior that Saturday. Bryn said he didn't mind coming to my hotel if he could spend the night. I was more than excited about that possibility.

Spending the night together the first time is tricky to say the least. I knew there was a slight chance that we wouldn't click and it could be very awkward, but the risk seemed really slight to me as we had talked quite a bit through email. Wes and I spent the night together the first time we met and although it was awkward at first it worked out very well. One thing for sure that I was going to do different from my night with Wes was this time I was going to place a wakeup call so we could have morning sex :)

I arrived in LA quite early on Thursday evening, around 7 PM. I had expected to be there around 10. Just before I entered California I received an email from a guy that seemed very interesting. He was in his late 20s, well-educated and he said he was fit, African-American and loved sex with cis guys. I thought it would be a great treat to have sex right off upon my arrival to town, like what had happened in SF. I was nervous and texted him back and forth for about three hours. We agreed to meet at a club in LA and see if we liked each other. He wanted me to spend the night at his place and save the hotel costs if we hit it off. I was very nervous, yet excited about the possibilities. Saving \$125 for the hotel room wasn't bad either.

The traffic was crazy, as one would expect in LA, I-10 was undergoing major construction and I was stuck in a long traffic jam for over an hour, my ETA of 8 turned to 9, then 10 pm. This guy changed his mind about meeting in a club and suggested we meet at his house, his roommate was gone for the night and we could hang and have fun. I agreed although I was a bit nervous about the neighborhood, I don't know LA very well and it was on the south side. I had heard about South Central LA not being very safe and didn't have any clue how close his place was to a bad part of town. This guy was a student and seemed quite sane from the few texts we shared.

I was nervous as hell when I pulled up outside his place, first off it was an alley with no place to park and not the worst neighborhood, but not the best. I found a parking space and grabbed some condoms and headed to his apartment as he was going to meet me outside by the gate. He was a cute guy, not super cute, but cute enough and a very nice body. He was friendly and invited me up to his apartment. The hallway was nasty, dirty and stuff was broken and laying around on the floor. His apartment wasn't much better. I decided I wasn't going to be a snob. I would go in and try to get to know him and see if we clicked. If things seemed safe enough for me I would go through with this tryst. I love new experiences and this was certainly one.

First thing he did was asked me to smoke pot with him, I turned him down as I don't smoke anything or do any drugs. I don't even drink alcohol. I don't care if others drink around me or even do poppers, which he had also suggested while we were talking; however, I don't want people to smoke around me. Wes used to smoke pot but he always did it away from me.

Things about this tryst were starting to bother me, the dirty apartment, the fact he seemed quite into drugs, the lack of connection I felt with him, and a few intangibles. I didn't mind that he was of color, I had fucked an African-American woman before and loved it, race or ethnicity didn't really matter to me. When I went into his bathroom and I saw how dirty it was that was the final straw, that did matter to me, a lot. I came out and told him I am sorry I just couldn't do it. He was pretty cool about it and told me I could spend the night anyway. I said thanks, but I have a hotel reservation and have to leave that moment because they had a check-in deadline.

I quickly said my goodbyes and felt great relief when I got outside. I knew I had done the right thing. Now, I just had to find a hotel room at midnight as I had cancelled my original room. I called the hotel back and luckily my room was still available. I was so exhausted when I arrived at 1 AM. It was rainy and awful weather, I thought 'what hell happened to sunny warm Southern California?'

The forecast was the same for a week – rain and cold – lower 50s for highs. I was really down, I had driven 14 hours that day, Junior was out of the picture, this fiasco I had just happened with the trans man and I wasn't sure if Bryn was going to actually go through with our plans. On top of that, I had no plans for SF and the weather was going to be shitty so I couldn't even just enjoy sitting on the Bay.

I slept in the next day and didn't get out of bed until noon. I went to my computer and Bryn had emailed me and was going to come to my hotel room that night right after class at 7 PM. It brightened my day immensely even though it was pouring down rain all day long. Now, I just had to kill seven hours. I played on the computer, answered a few replies to my CL ad. There weren't any serious candidates, just the typical few cis guys or trans women that would answer my ads even though I specifically posted for trans men. It was a pretty dismal near-term future. Thank God Bryn was coming over that night.

Chapter 18: Looks Aren't Everything

Bryn seemed as excited as I was to meet. I felt a special bond to him, it could have been our age or the fact that we had shared some intimate emails that clearly laid out our expectations. He was looking for a cis man for sex and a daddy/boy relationship. I found it hard to relate to the daddy/boy relationship, just like with Randy, the older guy in SF from the previous summer. When a guy is almost my age it is pretty hard to see a daddy/boy thing. Bryn said he was hoping for more than just friends, he had only one boyfriend his whole life and said he did enjoy the sex they had. I felt very safe about his disease status. The first email he sent clearly stated that he only did safer sex and it was non-negotiable. His boyfriend was the only guy that ever came in him, and he recalled it only being a couple of times as his bf preferred cumming on him. He said that had been years ago before he transitioned.

His girlfriend for many years had several guys come over for fun with the two of them, but he said they always played safe. Usually Bryn did the bottoming in the ass while she watched. He had some really hot stories to tell about his experiences and I loved to read them. I knew he was quite experienced and we would have great sex. What I wondered about was if we would have chemistry to develop a more romantic relationship. Bryn seemed to be open to the idea. Of course, the first thing was for him to actually show up, after my recent experiences I wasn't terribly confident.

Bryn texted me he had left class and was going to take the freeway out to my hotel after stopping for a six-pack if I didn't mind him drinking. I told him not at all, I wanted him to be comfortable. It took him longer than he anticipated but when he texted me he was in the lobby I got very excited, not terribly nervous surprisingly enough. I felt like no matter what we would have a great sexual evening and I really could use the company. We had already agreed he was going to spend the night so there was no pressure there. When he knocked on the door I took a deep breath and opened the door to see a much older man than I had anticipated. He had gray in his hair and was probably about my age, late 40s, early 50s. He was ruggedly handsome with a nice beard.

He was very friendly as he came in and laid his six pack on the table. He asked to use the bathroom as he had a long drive out to the hotel. While he was in there I debated whether to get naked and jump in bed so we could get started right away or should I wait. I decided to wait giving him time to drink his beer and for us to get to know each other a bit. We had a great talk, we had much in common and it was obvious from our recollections and stories we were indeed the same age. I liked it, it felt strangely comfortable and although he was not a pretty boy, twink, like I usually prefer, I was quite taken by his sexual presence.

We both laughed how we had each gained about 20 pounds since we first started to exchange pictures. At first, probably because of the friendship I felt we were developing, it felt awkward to transition to sex from a great conversation. I was thoroughly enjoying hearing about his experiences. It was a bit mechanical as we undressed on our own side of the bed, no tearing at each other's clothes like I had done with some other guys. We laid next to each other and started to rub and explore the other's body, both starting with our tops. He had not had surgery and it was obvious he had been on T for some time. He wanted surgery, but like so many he couldn't afford it.

Bryn had nipple piercings in his pictures and I was really excited to play with them. Unfortunately, he had taken them out for an exam he was going to have that following Monday. It was OK with me, I still had fun pulling hard on them and squeezing his nipples. He had told me he really liked that and I couldn't be rough enough with his top. I like when I know in advance what the expectations are, sure there is much more excitement with spontaneity of finding each other's boundaries, but somehow for me I like to know them in advance. This is particularly true with trans men as some can be very sensitive to certain sexual acts.

Pretty quickly he grabbed my cock and was checking it out. At one point, I thought he was pretending it was a shift stick on a car as he was yanking it back and forth. He had told me it had been a while since he had sex with a cis man and I could tell it had.

He laid back and let me play with his body, it had been a long time for me too so I wanted to explore his very hairy body. I rubbed and sucked his top and down his belly to his pubic area. It was somewhat trimmed and very nice. I am a very visual person, unlike some of my trans friends who tell me they don't care what a cock looks like, I do like to soak up the look of a t-cock and front hole. They are all different and BEAUTIFUL. I want to explore them and appreciate each one's magnificence. Bryn's t-cock was big and thick. His hole was fairly concave, the most I had ever seen. No real definition to the lips or the hole itself. I had seen pics of it so I wasn't shock, but mildly surprised as I had never seen that before.

I reached my hand down for his cock and started to rub it and lightly squeeze it. His vocal responses encouraged me to continue. I love when a guy moans and groans from the first touch of his sex. It is an awesome experience, sharing the most intimate contact. I ran my hands up and down his front hole and could feel his moisture. I slowly pressed my tongue closer and closer to his dick licking a trail from his belt line to his cock. When I touched it with my tongue I slid my finger slightly into his hole at the same time. This caused a jolt of his hips and lower body and quite a moan from his mouth. I flipped around on my knees with my head in between his legs which he opened for me. I started to suck his cock and lightly penetrate his hole with my fingers.

I sucked his cock all the way in my mouth and licked his head flicking my tongue back and forth until he started to moan deeply. He reached his hand for my head but I released his cock before he touched me. I knew it was too much for him, so I licked down to his hole giving his cock a much needed break. I slowly licked back up to his cock and continued sucking and licking it wildly just enough to bring his hand up and then I would release him again and work on his hole. I loved teasing him just as much as he enjoyed me bringing him to a frenzied sensitivity only stopping when he couldn't take it anymore. This continued for a few minutes, maybe five or so, then he told me he wanted to taste my cock.

I suggested 69 and he agreed it was a great idea. I flung my hips up over his head and stuck my cock down on his face as he continued to lay on his back. I love this position, my balls hang freely and my hips can control the depth of my cock. It takes an experienced cock sucker to be on the bottom of this position. He put his hands on my hips to control my cock's entry into his mouth and started to suck me. I continued playing with his cock and hole. It is hard to decide which to concentrate on in this position, his t-cock or my cock. One really can't do both, I alternated my focus from licking and suck his cock to concentrating on his oral service of mine. I loved when my balls would land on his nose. Sometimes he would wiggle his head back and forth tease my balls. He knew how to give a blow job that is for sure. He even was able to take all my cock in his mouth at one point.

He told me later it was the beer, he like to get drunk before sex so he could try to deep throat and he couldn't relax enough while sober to try it. He had written me earlier that his girlfriend used to make him take big cocks deep in his throat so I figured he could take mine. It was nice to know this as otherwise I am always worried that I am choking my partner. I remember one female once that could only take about three to four inches of my cock and she would start to cough and choke. Bless her, she tried to take more, to the point where tears were running out of her eyes and down her cheeks, that was not a good blow job however, and far too common for beginners. But Bryn knew how to suck a cock, I was really getting into thrusting my hips into his face as he would swallow me whole at this point.

Sometimes I would bury my cock deep with my balls resting on his nose, as I said, just to see how long he could take it before he bench-pressed my hips back off of his face. I realized all this attention my cock was getting was bringing me dangerously close to cumming and I wanted to fuck him first. I pulled my cock out of

his mouth and reached for a condom. He grabbed it from my hand and expertly tore the package open and prepared the condom for covering my cock.

Bryn slipped the condom on and slide down on the bed with his legs open and slightly in the air. I climbed in between his legs and pointed my condom-clad cock right at his hole. For some reason I didn't rub it on his cock, later I regretted that. Anyway, I slowly pressed my head against his really long hole and watched as slid in all the way with one thrust. I pulled it out and pushed it back in again all the way. He felt great.

His warmth engulfed my cock with each thrust. It was so good to feel the inside of a man again. I started to stroke my cock in and out with a steady deep rhythm. He was truly enjoying my cock penetrating him. He grabbed my ass and tried to push me deeper with each thrust. He was lightly groaning and grunting as my groin popped into his, a bit harder with every stroke. I generally don't keep the same rhythm, I like to mix it up.

Occasionally, I would stick my cock in deep and wiggle my hips side to side enjoying the feel of my cock buried in his body. With a condom on it always takes longer for me to cum, this was no exception. I asked if he wanted to try doggie-style and he said he would prefer fucking face to face as we were. I found that interesting as we weren't kissing, he had told me he really didn't like kissing. I only get into kissing if the guy I am with really gets into it also.

I do love the front to front position as it gives the most body contact, and I LOVE body contact and so did he. I varied the pace of our fuck greatly. At times, I was pistonning in and out as fast as my hips could go, he seemed to love this action. He had told me he loved a rough fuck and so I tried. It is hard for me to keep this up for a long periods of time however. I remember even as a young man I never got into long periods of rough fucking, it is fun for short bursts but I can't sustain long poundings. I always tell myself to start working out in the back of my head when I am fucking a guy who wants a good old fashion pounding and I can't last as long as he would like, but alas I never do. The other factor with fast and furious is that it often will cause me to cum.

Well, sure enough, I began to feel that pressure and fire burning deep in my groin. I knew it was a matter of time, which is such a great feeling, knowing that your cock is just about to go through the most awesome thrill one can have. At least, for someone as sexual as me. It went pretty fast from the depth of my prostrate through the end of my cock. I could feel my first burst of cum firing into the tip of the condom which he was squeezing with his hole. I thrust in and out feeling shot after shot of my cum filling the condom. I rarely am aware of what my partner is doing during this time because it is so intense I totally become entranced with the feelings of my orgasm.

I felt my last few drops of cum being milked out of my cock by his throbbing hole, just then I heard him. He was in the throes of an intense pleasure himself, I wasn't sure if he had started or was close to cumming but he was definitely into our fucking at that moment. I kept going trying to stay hard long enough for him to cum too. He was breathing really fast and hard and his hips were squeezing in and out on mine.

He was yelling "yes, yes, oh fuck yes."

I think it was the same thing I said a few seconds earlier. His orgasm was keeping my cock hard and active, I LOVE to feel a man cum while I am in him. He grabbed my ass cheeks and squeezed them hard shoving my cock in deep. His shoulders and chest was heaving up and down as he was really enjoying this cum.

It is so rare to have my orgasm over and to watch my partner cum while I am still in him. It is such a thrill because I can totally concentrate on him and his pleasure, experiencing all the nuances of his orgasm. I loved his strong hands squeezing my ass cheeks. I was really enjoying this fun but began to worry about the condom and making sure that nothing leaked out. I pulled my hips out of his grip and was relieved to see my cock still covered by the condom which was drooping with my ample amount of cum weighing the tip down. Bryn

reached down and played with the condom, rubbing the tip with the cum in it between his fingers. It was kind of hot to watch his face as he looked at my cum. He had told me that he loved cum and as I said earlier only his old boyfriend had cum in him before.

I got up and rolled the condom off and tied the end and tossed it in the trash can next to the bed. I always think what will the maid think the next day when she empties the trash – I bet they find a lot of used condoms. I went into the bathroom and cleaned up. When I came out he was sitting naked on a chair drinking his last beer. He jumped up and went to the bathroom.

We sat and talked for another hour or two that night. I found him so interesting and felt like we could become great friends. We had a very similar outlook on life. It was also clear that we would never be more than friends. For one thing, he was really still in love with his ex-girlfriend, it was obvious. He went on and on about her and I was only too happy to listen and help him vent. Turns out it had only been a few months since they had broken up and it was pretty much her breaking up with him.

We both got ready for bed and I remember laying next to him thinking how weird it felt to be laying next to a stranger that I just fucked not more than two hours ago and now we were going to spend the night together. The next morning I woke up and went to the bathroom, I had my usual morning wood and thought of how much fun it would be to fuck him again. I took a Viagra as I got back in bed thinking I wanted to be ready as we might fuck his ass and I would have to be stiff to penetrate an ass. We hadn't said anything about fucking again but I sure wanted too. He had said that he had run several errands that next day but didn't specify when. Anyway, I fell back to sleep and woke up 45 minutes later with a full hard on and horny as hell.

It was now 10 AM and I didn't want him to leave before we had more sex so I reached over and started to rub his chest and shoulders. He just moaned lightly acknowledging my touch and his approval for me to continue. I dragged my hand down his front to his groin and slowly started to rub it up and down. Lightly at first until he kept responding with deeper and deeper groans. It was such a thrill to wake up with a hot body right next to me. I slipped my finger in him and he was quite wet. I was surprised as I thought he was sleeping. I pressed my palm against his cock and continued to pleasure him with my hand. Suddenly, he rolled on his side and stuck his ass up to my cock which was perfectly aligned with it as I was on my side also.

He reached around and grabbed my cock and started to rub it on his front hole, at least I thought it was. To be honest, I didn't know which hole but I knew it felt good. I thought it would be fun to get some good frottage in that I had missed the night before.

I practically came when he lined my bare cock up with his hole and shoved his hips backward sucking my cock into his hot front hole. God it felt good. He was so warm and tight, I could feel the walls of his canal gripping my cock as he moaned with delight. I thrust my cock in all the way and literally shuddered with pleasure. I held my cock deep, I wanted to feel his warmth. He must have had the same idea as he didn't move. I couldn't believe the intimacy we were sharing moments after we awoke, it had been a long time since I had a morning fuck, years. I had forgotten how hot it is to awake and slide your cock in a hot hole.

I decided to just lay there enjoying my entire cock being bathed in his warmth. I probably could have fallen back asleep it felt so awesome to feel his ass firmly pressed against me while my bare cock was throbbing in his bare hole. He was moaning softly. We never said a word but I knew what he was thinking, he was enjoying the first bare cock in his hole since he had transitioned four years earlier, maybe longer. He had told me how he wanted to go bare someday but it would be after we had been together for some time before he would feel comfortable.

A million thoughts went through my mind as to why we were doing this now. Like most cis men my instinct is to go bare, BUT ONLY if I know a guy is safe. I felt Bryn was safe, I really believed him when he told me he never did this type of thing.

It was obvious that this fuck was special to him, there was no rough slamming in and out to this coupling of our genitals. This was a melding of two organs. He was enjoying every moment of it. AS WAS I! There is something to a man giving himself to you raw that is very special, very special indeed! I don't mean someone that goes around and fucks raw all the time, I don't want to be with him. This was a man who was so careful yet he felt I was special enough to share this most vulnerable of acts. To me it is the most awesome experience in life when a man gives himself to me raw. I don't know if it is some validation to the lack of self-confidence I have about trans men caring for me or some more basic instinct, all I know was that it was INCREDIBLE.

He pushed me back a little further on the bed as he was kind of falling off and with that I began to pump in and out of him. I can't tell you how great it felt to slide my bare cock in and out of his bare hole. I know part of it was he wanted to feel my big mushroom, he had told me how much it turned him on in emails he sent me after I sent a pic of my cock to him. Maybe that was why he guided my cock in bare, or maybe it is because I had told him how I was tested just before I left for California because I wanted to make sure I was as sure as possible that I was clean. It didn't matter at this moment why, I just know I was thrusting my cock in and out of his front feeling his warm moist walls with every stroke. The great advantage of no condom is my cock head really swells up and my partner can feel it, quite often on his g spot.

I don't know if that was the case with Bryn or not but he started to cum so much faster than last night. He was getting louder and louder while he shoved his ass harder and harder onto my cock. I saw his lower back expanding in and out with a quicker and quicker pace as he got closer to cumming. It was so hot, I knew I was going to cum any minute. I reached down around my cock and touched his cock and that was all he needed. He went into a huge orgasm. I pressed hard as he shoved his hips as hard as he could against me. He was squirming and moving around so it was tricky but I kept my fingers or palm on his cock during the whole orgasm. It was amazing to feel him cum on my cock, on my palm and fingers and watching it with my eyes seeing his back tense up.

I hastened my pace not knowing if he was the type to get really sensitive and stop me so he could rest, I wanted so bad to cum right then. It didn't take long as my sensors were on overload. Between the raw feeling of his wet hot hole convulsing around my cock and the thought of him giving himself to me bare I came with one of my strongest orgasm ever. I just remember my cock head swelling to a size I couldn't imagine it felt so large, I could feel every centimeter of him wrapped around it. It was so sensitive yet yearning for more and more pleasure. I came a ton, I know I did, blast after blast filling his bare tunnel. I just know he was as thrilled as I was to feel me cum in him. We never talked about it, but it was so fucking awesome.

I held my cock in him forever rubbing his back and feeling his warm juices mixed with my cum dripping on my balls and onto the sheet. We finally disengaged and he jumped up and ran to the bathroom. I looked down at my cock and it was still lightly crimson red from my orgasm. I stroked it a bit as more cum oozed out the end. It was wet from all his cum and mine that had bathed it a couple minutes earlier. I thought about how awesome it was that we both came about the same time each time we fucked. I was thinking we could have a great friendship with benefits. I was also hoping maybe we would go to breakfast or spend some time together getting to know each other better.

But alas, it was not to be. He came out of the bathroom and told me he was late but he just had to get in another fuck so he didn't mind it. He knew I had planned to go to San Francisco later that day and had the conference in Sacramento at the end of the week. He told me when I came back through LA to let him know that maybe we could hook up again. I was quite surprised and taken back by how aloof he seemed. I was contemplating changing my plans and staying in LA even in the rain for a few days to hang together. I knew he was super

busy with school and work, which was obvious by how little time he had to chat online when we were talking in December and January. We politely said our goodbyes and I had a feeling I would never see him again, it was really strange, even surreal, that we were laying fucking raw twenty minutes earlier.

I sat and thought about him and what I was doing for some time that morning, I was late checking out I spent so much time contemplating what had happened. I knew I didn't have romantic feelings for him, I knew it would just be a friends thing, but I wanted to know him better. I am not sure he wanted to know me better and even though we had great sex it hurt a little bit that he seemed not interested in a friendship. He was the ninth trans man I had been with, and perhaps the least attractive from a physical point of view. However, from a purely having something in common he might be the most attractive. We never hooked up again and he only responded to thank me for the sex and acknowledge what I had thought, what several guys had told me – he felt I was very special and safe and he appreciated the opportunity to share raw sex with me.

I spent a lot of time thinking about how many guys had gone bare with me. Were they just full of shit and did it with everyone? Was I putting myself at great risk, and others? Or, does my honesty and disarming way of being with people give them a comfort level that allows them to go bare? I prefer to think it is the latter. Everyone I had barebacked had insisted upon condom, but something caused them to change their minds when we got down to it. I know with me everyone I have slept with I felt confident they were HIV negative and disease-free or I wouldn't have hooked up with them in the first place if there was any doubt. I have been tested many times and thank goodness I am negative.

I know for many people they don't like to talk about disease but I am very aware of it. I also know that most trans men and cis men WANT to fuck raw but know it isn't wise at all unless they are pretty damn sure their partner is safe. Some people get carried away with the moment and others plan condom but something happens that makes them go bare. For instance, guys have told me if they feel the guy they are with is a potential long-term partner they are more likely to go bareback because of the bond the two will share. Certainly, honesty and forthrightness in sexuality is the foundation of a long-term relationship, so perhaps that is a factor. I have thought if I was a sociologist I would definitely research this question in depth.

I thought about where I was at in terms of my journey a lot that day. I drove past Junior's house a few times thinking about how much I wanted to meet him and knew it never was to be. Foolishly, the romantic in me forced me to drive by his house one last time and I stopped the car and blew him a kiss threw my window as I drove off for San Francisco. It was very clear to me that day as I drove up Interstate 5 that I was lucky on one hand that many guys found me very safe, understanding and seemed to let their guards down with me; however, on the other hand, I wasn't romantic material for any of these guys. None of them wanted to date me, or have a romantic relationship, it was very hard for me to wrap my head around. I didn't know what to make of it. I felt there was something about me that repelled trans men from considering more than good sex.

By time I was closing in on San Francisco, I was quite depressed, between the nasty weather that was to plague me for over a week and the realization that it wasn't likely I was going to fulfill my dream on this trip. That dream was to come to California and meet the boy that would live with me, that would start a friendship that would be deep and meaningful. I didn't expect romance, it would have been nice, but I thought I might have a chance for a meaningful friendship. The worst of it was I was heading to my favorite city, San Francisco, and the weather was going to be rotten. I had no one to help me with my conference and I was quite down about my prospects of finding a trans guy. What started as a great day with hot sex turned sour and quite dark.

Chapter 19: Friendship with No Benefits

Needless to say it was a long drive up Interstate 5 that Saturday, the day I was supposed to meet Junior. I was wondering if I was going to see anyone while I was in San Francisco or Sacramento the next seven days. I love San Francisco and had great luck getting laid there. I wanted more, but I was beginning to think I would settle for a good fuck again. It would beat the hell out of sitting down by the Wharf or anywhere in SF in the cold rain.

Meanwhile, my wife, whom I had an agreement to legally separate from when I returned from this trip, called me and told me she was coming to San Francisco to go to the Sacramento conference with me. She was a kind of a co-owner of my business at that time so I felt I couldn't really say no, and to be honest I was lonely and kind of lost. I needed a friend. The bad thing was her presence was going to totally end any chance I had to meet trans guys once she arrived. The good thing, I wasn't sure that was important to me anymore. I was shaken by the revelation that it seemed no trans man wanted me. In retrospect, I should have discouraged her more and given myself a chance to 'go down swinging.' I am a fighter by nature and I don't easily give up. I was disappointed that I seem to give up on this, but in matters of the heart I had never been very successful.

About an hour out from arriving in San Francisco, I got two messages that perked me up some. The first was from Reny, the guy that had stood me up the September before, he wanted to meet me in Oakland for lunch on the next day, Sunday. He said he wanted to explain what happened and to meet me. We didn't talk about sex, I knew there was no chance. I agreed to meet him because, believe it or not, sex wasn't as important to me at that moment. I wanted to explore a friendship and Reny might be a good friend.

The other message was from Beau, I had emailed him that morning and told him I was coming to SF and would like to see him again, so I guess I did want sex 😊. I didn't know how he would react, this was the first time I would see him since I had backed out at the last minute of a "date" with him the previous September because of the incident with Billy going crazy over the condom coming off. Beau told me he would love to see me again, he was pretty open with the next week and either Sunday or Monday night would be good for him. I was so happy that he was not mad at me and still seemed to want to be my "friend." We never mentioned my helping him out financially, it was a given that didn't need to be discussed.

I was meeting Reny on Sunday so I told Beau Monday night would be better for me. We made a date and said we would text during the day Monday for the exact time and place for me to pick him up to take him back to my hotel. I had booked a really nice hotel down by the Wharf. I had a special rate, it was a suite overlooking the bay. I was going to be there four nights and thought it would be the perfect place for Junior and I to go had he followed through on our tentative plans to go to SF for a few days.

I checked into the hotel and received another email from Stan. Stan and I had started to email back and forth in December. He was a small-framed guy from SF that had been out of the Bay Area for a while and had just moved back and was looking for a generous daddy. He was in his 30s, white, light-colored, almost pale, and only had been with one cis man, actually a CD while visiting another country. He made it clear that he didn't want anything romantic, but that he would be interested in meeting to see if chemistry was there for us to have a sexual friends with benefits thing.

Now, the benefits were two-fold – sex for me and furniture and the like for him to help him settle in to his new apartment. I emailed him back that I wouldn't mind meeting him. I had no expectations at all from him. For one, he wanted me to buy him a piece of furniture before we even met back in January, so I knew any *quid pro quo* sex arrangement wasn't likely as he was expecting way too much money.

Well, suddenly, my schedule was full for the next couple of days. Lunch with Reny on Sunday was something I was kind of looking forward to, I was hoping to get some answers to why he led me on so much five months

earlier. Just before I arrived at the restaurant in Oakland I got a text from Stan and he was in Oakland also, just a few miles away house-sitting. He wanted me to come over and visit with him that afternoon. I laughed to myself at how funny it was that just the day before I felt I wouldn't see anyone and now I had two guys at the same time. I arranged to meet him after I had lunch with Reny.

The lunch with Reny was very interesting and helpful. I wasn't nervous about meeting him at all because I knew there was nothing going to happen sexually. He was very cute, very twinkish and had great facial features. I loved his short hair and he seemed to be a very fit man, I could have really had a great time exploring his body but...

Reny told me that the reason he didn't see me when I was in SF that September before was he was shanghaied by his family the weekend before I arrived. They had come to the Bay Area for his birthday and physically tried to bring him back East with them to take him a psychiatrist to "fix him." I felt so sorry for him as he told me the story and how painful it was for him. I thought about how sad it is that so many trans guys are disowned by their families and how difficult that was – no emotional or financial support in a very vulnerable time in their life, regardless of gender. 18-22 is a bitch if you're going to college or trying to start out with no financial support from parents.

It is no wonder that so many of these guys drift to big cities to find acceptance and support, and are often forced into the sex industry to make ends meet. It was a real revelation to me and I pondered how easy it could be to be drawn into the sex industry. As open as San Francisco is it is also a dangerous trap for trans guys. It is expensive as hell and between porn and some other elements I can't go into many trans guys have to make that tough choice. I could write a whole book on what I have learned about the trans sex industry scene in San Francisco, but that is for another time perhaps. By the way, Reny did not fall prey to the sex industry; I found that oddly refreshing, not that I hold it against anyone trying to make a living.

Reny, asked me a really tough question, I was shocked that he was so forward but it was a crucial question I needed to address.

He simply asked me "Why are you attracted to young trans guys?"

He went on to tell me that young trans guys don't even know who they are or have much of a foundation at all to enter into a relationship. Any young person he said is still searching for an identity, but he thought especially trans guys were so unsure of what they wanted, particularly in terms of something with a cis guy. He asked the question as I was bellyaching about Junior and the mistakes I made.

It became so clear to me at that moment and the fact that he sat across from me, a mere 21, drove the point home even more. I couldn't answer him, I knew on some level it was the hot bodies that attracted me, but also I actually really liked the transitional stage and me being able to help these guys find themselves. However, I totally got his point and knew then I had been setting myself up for failure all along.

I vowed to never attempt a romantic-type relationship with another very young guy (18-21 year old) again, although something deep inside doubted I would keep the vow. I at least allowed for some variation of it, those guys that want to have sex with me at that age in a NSA form would be cool. I was a little concerned about the ethics of me sleeping with guys that might be in the sex industry however and was slightly torn about it.

I thought back and wondered if any of the guys I had been with were not really into sex but were just trying to make money – other than Billy, I honestly didn't think so, I felt a friendship or some kindred spirit with the rest. Billy is the exception, he seemed to enjoy introducing me to light BDSM but it became very transactional by time I had cum. Him telling me to hurry up as it hurt, which generally should be a tip off I guess. I remember

sleeping with a young woman back when I was a young man who just wanted money and it was AWFUL. She just laid there and let me use her body – she wasn't into it at all and it sickened me afterward.

It is a thin line between someone in the sex industry who really likes sex and would have it anyway if he wasn't paid and someone who really wasn't into sex but was only doing it to make money. If I could identify such I would never sleep with a guy in the latter category. Some might say I am splitting hairs and justifying my paying some guys to sleep with me, in my mind I disagree but acknowledge their point.

My experience with Wes from the other perspective was very valuable in me thinking about this question and the morality of it. I don't believe in confining ourselves to stupid societal mores that most people don't practice anyway, but I do care deeply about using someone for my pleasure that may hurt them in either an emotional or transitional way.

Hell, I have seen surveys that over 75% of married men had been with a prostitute and I believe it is pretty damn accurate from my conversations with cis men. As someone with an interest and a minor in sociology, I often think about issues like this one – the vast majority, or at least a significant minority, behave contrary to the mores that either a religious or morality-based organization hold sacred. I find it fascinating that even though there is a preponderance of evidence that people just don't walk the talk, such as so many clergymen seeking extramarital homosexual relationships, yet, they keep preaching these hypocritical beliefs oblivious to reality.

The hypocrisy is off the charts. It is also part of why I have a hard time wrapping my head around marriage right now. How can we promise to never fuck anyone else given our primal urges to spread our seed or fuck any reasonably hot hole. I don't speak for every cis man, just myself and almost everyone else I know. Marriage based on fidelity and total monogamy is one of those practices that are doomed to fail, yet we keep on promoting the idea fucking up lives rather than dealing with the reality of our behaviors. I hope I don't sound too cynical?

Anyway, Reny and I agreed to be friends and perhaps have lunch again before I left Northern California. He seemed sincerely interested in seeing me again and I him. I knew it wasn't likely given my soon-to-be ex-wife was coming to town. I stayed friends with him for more than a year emailing back and forth occasionally sharing great philosophical questions and more mundane what are you doing now stuff. I enjoyed his perspective and he asked for my advice as well, so at least on the surface I feel like he was a friend. I'll come back to Reny later in the series. At this point, I wasn't sure if he was in the back of his mind still holding out hope I would pay for his top surgery, just a feeling I had.

Honestly, if I met a guy that I really meshed with and we had great chemistry, I wouldn't hesitate to help him pay for his surgery if he was my kept boy. I know some people have told me that isn't cool – a "kept boy" as if he is property. Aren't all relationships based on providing for each other's needs. I know it is certainly Marxian to believe that relationships are based on financial considerations but if many women, men and trans people would be honest with themselves, quite often they are at some level.

It always bothers me that some people, let's say a hot model-like woman, will judge other women that sell their body for money, while the beauty-queen acts all superior. If you examine this model-like woman she is being "kept" by her husband because she has a model-type body, it may be all wrapped up in faux marriage vows... Anyway, I will get off my soapbox.

Some trans guys have a tough time passing, they are betrayed by their bodies beyond their top, whether it is their facial structure, hips or derriere it can make it hard for a trans man to pass as a man from a physical stand point. I suspect Reny is one of those guys. He is 100% man but because he was born with a female body I think he finds it very difficult to convince other people that he is a man based solely on his outward appearance,

especially the uninformed or bigoted who won't look beyond that external shape. If people only took time to get to know these guys they would know they are indeed men.

Regardless of their sexual preferences, they are men in their inner-soul and being. That is one thing that has really struck me hard, there is no questions with the men I have met they are just as much a man as any cis man I have ever met. Of course, we all have different interests and physical limitations as men, cis or trans, but there is a part of a person that at his/her base is generally one gender or another, **sex organs aren't what determines that identity**. Further, some people sincerely are both male and female, or androgynous, and again it is not from a sex organ point of view.

I feel for all people that are confined by their bodies and wish there was some way I could help them find the acceptance this is especially true for so many trans guys I have met. It struck me for the first time as Reny walked away that some trans guys and gals have a tough time being who they truly are because their bodies still carry some characteristics of their birth gender. Take a hairy, rough-skinned trans woman that no matter how much surgery she has she may not have the body and face of an average woman. It is sad, an unattractive cis person still has his/her gender and identity, he/she doesn't have to fight over society accepting that for the most part. A trans man that has a cis woman's hips, I mean really wide and pronounced, will have a tough time being who he is because of a fact of nature that can't be rectified. Maybe, there is hip reconstruction surgery, but it seems like it would be difficult, painful and very expensive.

When I graduated high school I was for sure, in my mind, in love with my best friend, a cis man. He was super cute, funny, we were closer than brothers. I wanted him so badly, and he wanted me. I was considering a gay relationship, but he couldn't, it just wasn't in his DNA. He told me if I got sexual reassignment surgery (SRS – not that we knew what it was called back then) he would marry me. We spend a weekend talking about it seriously. It was never going to go anywhere as I wasn't about to give up my penis, and I knew he wouldn't either. Most importantly, we both identified as men and it made no sense to have SRS.

Nonetheless, I thought about how I would look as a woman and I knew even if I didn't want my penis so badly and would have agreed to have SRS, I would have been one ugly woman. I never would have fit in from a societal point of view, I just wasn't built to be a woman. Not that I don't have the "tits," or man boobs; I have a totally flat male ass, I have hair everywhere, accept my head, and I have a rugged face that all the hormones and face creams in the world couldn't make pretty. Of course, it was ridiculous to think about SRS when I am not a woman at my core, and I don't mean to make light of a very serious subject. I write this to illustrate how difficult it is for some trans people to make their outer-self match their inner-self.

Reny really taught me a lot about this issue and how one can become consumed and very unhappy because of it. He struggles with this issue mightily, I just wish him the very best in getting his top surgery as that may allow him to find acceptance of his body and lead to happiness in exploring his sexuality (2013 update, Reny had his surgery and is very happy for the first time).

It is so easy to sit back and tell someone 'forget about it and be yourself,' especially a young man, if you haven't walked in his shoes or experienced life from his perspective. Now that I am in my 50s I find it so much easier to spout the old Popeye saying that I changed somewhat: 'I yam what I yam and that's all that I yam.'

As I was walking to my car I received another text from Stan asking me if I wanted to come over for a snack and to sit out on the terrace and enjoy what turned out to be a pretty nice, albeit cool, day. I texted back yes, even though it was kind of hard to know I was going from one "trans friend with no sex" to another. Had I not had Beau lined up for the next day I probably wouldn't have gone to meet Stan. I drove up to the house he was staying at and nervously went to the door. He answered and I was surprised at how small-framed he was, he probably was a 30-something version of Junior, 5'100 pounds. He was very cute.

Stan and I clicked immediately. We had enough in common that our conversation was fascinating, I really liked his manner, kind and gentle, yet confident. He was very open to discussing anything and we shared some pretty intimate details of our lives as we seemed to trust each other. He made me some food for us to snack on and time just flew by. I spent around four hours with him. I felt if he had liked me in a romantic way that we could have developed something along those lines.

He was one of the few men I felt some chemistry was there. He always listened to me intently and gave me his full attention and honesty. I was a bit bewildered, Stan was a pretty hot man and I would have loved to fuck him but I knew it wasn't going to happen. He wasn't a passionate man, but he was a very thoughtful man, and that in and of itself is a turn on for me.

I know he liked me, it seemed a lot like Wes' attraction to me, very intellectual. Although Wes and I were attracted to each other sexually, there was a strong intellectual attraction as well. I think Stan had that for me also, I know I had an intellectual attraction to him, but he had no sexual attraction to me at all. At least, I felt that way but I am an awful judge of those things. My sexual attraction to him wasn't super strong, I mean it could have been there, I didn't let myself go there that first day we met. Stan wanted to see me again the next day, so we made plans for dinner.

Chapter 20: The Shock and the Constant

I remember waking up on Monday and feeling very excited that Beau and I were going to meet that night. I was also looking forward to dinner with Stan. I felt so cosmopolitan to have had lunch and dinner with two trans men on Sunday and then turn around the next day and have plans for dinner with Stan that night and sex with Beau afterwards. I had never had two dates in one night in my entire life, it was a very cool feeling. I wondered where things were going with Stan; on the other hand, I knew where they were going with Beau, straight to my bed 😊

Although I couldn't figure out where Stan and my relationship was headed, I agreed to take him to dinner Monday night. It was nice to find a trans man that wasn't a vegetarian or vegan, it seemed like almost every man I talked to about food was either one or the other, except Beau and now Stan. We had a great dinner on the Wharf. We connected as friends for sure. We walked around the Wharf a bit after dinner and I walked him to his bus stop. I thoroughly enjoyed our conversation but I was pretty sure nothing sexual was going to come of that relationship. He was struggling with a former lover, as so many guys I had met were, and it seemed pretty obvious he wasn't in the mood for sex. Unlike most trans men that I had met on testosterone, sex didn't matter to him at all. He didn't get horny from the T. I don't know if that is a myth or not, if it is a myth that T causes trans men to be horny as fuck, an awful lot have fallen for it from my experience.

Stan not being into sex would have been a deal breaker for any kind of meaningful relationship with him from my perspective anyway. In retrospect, I wish I would have invited him up to my room to see if something sexual might have developed however as you never know, but I didn't for two reasons: 1) I had promised Beau I was going to meet him that night and 2) I didn't want to ruin our friendship. Stan offered to show me around San Francisco during the week, he knew of places to go that I hadn't heard of and I felt he would be an awesome guide.

I texted Beau when dinner was over to see if he was ready to meet. He said he was, his class had ended early and he said he was really excited to see me as he was horny. We made plans to meet at a Safeway grocery store. I punched the name of the store into my GPS. I started to drive to the rendezvous texting him along the way how close I was to him. I pulled into the store and told him I was there, it took me a while to get there but I was so excited to see Beau again. I told him I would park in front of the store. I pulled up and he texted me asking where I was and what car I was in. I texted him back and it seemed so weird that we were in the same pretty empty parking lot and didn't see each other. It was then that it hit me, I was in the wrong Safeway store, it is a chain in the Bay Area and I was at the wrong location. I told him I would come to him and he texted me back it was too late.

He was very understanding and didn't seem pissed. He suggested that he would prefer to meet the next day as his girlfriend didn't want him to go out any more that night, plus he had early class. I agreed and went back to my hotel with a huge case of blue balls. I was so disappointed and pissed at myself. We agreed to hook up sometime around 1 PM the next day. This time I made sure we had both agreed to the same location. As I fell asleep I thought of Stan and how nice of a man he was, I was especially impressed with what I thought was his earnest desire to show me a good time around San Francisco. It reminded me of Andy and how excited I was that he had offered to be my tour guide and how that blew up in my face, Stan was different I hoped. I knew he was entirely sincere.

When I woke up the next morning I was very pleased to have two texts waiting for me. One from Stan thanking me for dinner and telling me where he thought we could go that Friday. The other message was from Beau confirming that he would be ready at 1PM if I would pick him up at the correct store. He was far too polite to put it that way exactly, he just reminded me of the address. I had one other message that was distressing, my wife had her flight booked and would be in the next afternoon. I knew my guided tour of the city with Stan was out and it would be a one-timer with Beau. I still cared for my wife as a good friend and also felt responsible to

allow her to enjoy this great trip away from the cold and snow of the Midwest. We traveled well together but all my plans of finding a FTM to build a relationship with were gone.

The desperation I felt in LA two days earlier when I agreed to meet her in SF so she could attend the business conference with me was gone. The loneliness I felt was gone, and I was sorely disappointed that my chance of finding a partner in California on this trip was gone also. I decided to focus on Beau and enjoying the last sex I was going to have for a while. It would be at least two weeks to drive back to Michigan and we would probably stop along the way to see things so I knew this was it for sex for at least a month.

I remember how thrilled I was to pull into the store parking lot and see Beau for the first time in months. He was as cute and hot as ever, much cuter than his pictures. He jumped in the car and we picked up our conversation like I had just dropped him off the night before, even though it was five months ago. The awkwardness I feared about me fleeing SF last time I talked to him was dissipated quickly when he told me he totally understood where I was coming from and added accidents happen with condoms.

Beau said he thought Billy overreacted and he had heard about the situation through the cadre of trans friends he had. I felt so at ease with him. I laughed and changed the subject joking about various guys we both knew that worked in the porn industry in San Francisco. It was at this point I had to decide what I was going to do with one of the most shocking bits of information I ever learned in my life.

Before I came to San Francisco, I was thinking of meeting up with a cis man in my hometown. During our conversation, he told me I could see his pictures by googling "Aiden Stud," I laughed and thought of George Costanza on *Seinfeld* and the hilarious episode where he makes up a porn name for himself, "Buck Naked." I thought that was such a clever episode because, as with most *Seinfeld* episodes, there is some truth to it. I knew other guys that did that, used a porn name as a joke.

Well, with Aiden, it wasn't a joke. I was really surprised when I found porn pictures of him online and realized he WAS a porn star. I remember being really astonished that a porn star lived in my small town first off, and secondly, that he was interested in sex with me. Well, I chose not to see him but it brought up an interesting thought in my mind as one trans man I was talking to gave me a porn-like name. Could he be a porn star?

So, I googled him and was quite surprised again that here he was on a FTM porn site. He had only done one video and didn't even get naked, but it was a real shocker. I was browsing through the site getting pretty hard watching FTM porn trailers when the shock of my life came. There was Beau's picture on that site. I totally freaked, I was in an almost cataclysmic state for two days. I slept with a porn star. That brought out a flood of emotions and feelings.

Part of me was oddly proud, but a bigger part was "WHAT THE FUCK!" This was Beau, my "Southern Man," who was so innocent and gentlemanly. I wouldn't have been shocked at all if Arizona was in a porno, or just about anyone I had met, but Beau?

The more I searched the more nude pics of Beau I found. As I thought about, hell, Aiden, Beau, maybe there was someone else I had been with that had done a porno? I decided to do a FTM porn site search and check all the stars to see if I knew anyone else. Of course, part of the idea was just to enjoy the sites, I had actually never been to one before. I didn't know there were trans male porn sites. I was absolutely blown away when I found Bryn on another one where he starred in a porn with another FTM. It was such a crazy time for me.

It took me weeks to get over it, part of me was worried about disease; after all, doesn't a porn star fuck all kinds of people? One reads about disease breaking out in the industry occasionally; but then again, this was the FTM porn industry and it seemed small and Beau wasn't in very many videos that I could find. Bryn was only in

one. Still, I was in utter disbelief for a couple of weeks. I was torn among several emotions and questions eating at me.

Was this that common among trans men? How safe were these guys I was sleeping with, I mean if my sweet innocent near-virgin Beau has done pornos, what had other guys done? How much did I really know about these guys? How much does a porn star make? Aren't they like movie stars and really wealthy? Why was Beau doing this, or Bryn for that matter?

Over that few weeks I came to learn something very important in my journey, not just my journey to trans men, but my journey in life. I had such a small conventional mind at times. Why would I be so freaky about someone being a porn star? Many guys fuck a hell of a lot more than a porn star does, how do you know how many partners a man has had and what type of sex he has had? With Beau, it was on film to see. Also, a very comforting thought with Beau was that in every porno I could find of him he ALWAYS used condoms for fucking and even toys, he even used gloves for women or other trans men. I thought he was a great role model for safer sex, and it eased my mind.

I spent a lot of time contemplating sex workers after that, I mean I had visited more than my share but never really thought much about it strangely enough. How much difference is there between a porn star and a sex worker who doesn't get filmed? Probably not much, I concluded, other than the visual evidence. I was particularly struggling with the large number of trans men I had met, either in person or via email, that were in the porn or sex worker industry. I thought of Jack and how I was afraid of being with him because he worked for a sex club, hell that seemed tame to me now.

Being the social scientist I wanted to know more, this was a fascinating subject for me that I knew little about. I wanted to ask Beau a ton of questions, but how the hell do you broach that subject? I figured it must be due to poverty and desperation that drove him to it. After all, I knew Beau had lost his job and was trying to work his way through college, and of course, I had paid him to fuck me so, really what was the big deal?

It did sadden me that so many young trans men are abandoned by their families and left in such awful financial straits that there is nowhere else they could turn but to sex work. I can't tell you how many have told me they have been approached. I have many more stories to tell about this subject but I am going to save that for another book.

Another important thought came to my mind, maybe they just enjoy having sex? I know I would have jumped at the chance to make money having sex. Why shouldn't they? I thought about how many of the trans friends I had made weren't using the term prostitute anymore, but instead used the term 'sex worker,' like any other worker, like an auto worker, or health care worker... I felt a lot of growth from this experience, internal growth.

I came to a tremendous insight about myself, however, I am this super liberal, but yet I still easily get caught up in the old unrealistic societal stereotypes of the 1950s and *Father Knows Best*.

I remember a great line from the movie *Reds* about a journalist in the early 1900s and one of the old men they interviewed who said "you know, there was just as much fucking then as there is now, but no one talked about it."

I laughed at that line and thought how true it was, I bet there were just as many sex workers back then, but no one talked about it. After all it is the oldest profession. I bet we would be surprised if we knew relatives or friends of ours that had to turn a trick or two at one time in their lives.

I even wrote a research paper about prostitution in the late-1970s while in college. I remembered at the time thinking the women were right that I read about. They had formed a group called COYOTE (call off your old

tired ethics). I sympathized with them and supported their argument that all the emphasis is placed on the sex workers and not the men who are visiting them. Speaking of men, I remember Wes saying he would do it in a second if women would pay for the service, but they tend not to.

Anyway, my shock of seeing Beau in a porno had worn off by time I got to San Francisco and was about to see him again. I was mostly proud that I was with this super hottie and I was dying to ask a ton of questions I had about the porn industry. I had purchased one of Beau's videos to remind myself of the time we spent together. I wanted to ask him about the details of how he made it.

I was still amazed at my discovery by time I met him again in person. Who would have ever thought that I was A, going to sleep with a porn star, and B, have a chance to talk to him about it. The second part made me really nervous, however. I decided to bring the subject up, mainly because I just had to ask him questions about it, I may never have this chance again. I am a small town boy from the Midwest talking to a real porn star, now was my chance.

So, I said very nonchalantly, as nonchalant as one can be asking someone about a such a thing, "so, you've been in pornos?"

As I would expect, Beau was super cool about it and very willing to answer my questions. I won't go into all the details he told me, but I was surprised that there isn't a studio that they shoot these at, but often go to the cameraperson's or director's home and shoot the scenes. The most amazing thing he told me was that he shot that video the same week I first met him. Of course, I checked out the video as soon as I could to see his physical attributes at the time, and sure enough, I knew he was right.

Beau was familiar with the different porn companies that existed in San Francisco and throughout California and he told me that they don't pay very well. Just a few hundred dollars and supposedly royalties, but he hadn't seen many royalties. He also told me something that made a lot of sense, he LOVED doing them. It started as a money thing, but he truly loves sex. That I could attest too. Another lesson for me, I shouldn't leap to judgments and think 'oh, these porn guys being forced into porn.' Many other guys since have told me they would love to do it except for their family.

Well, when we got back to the hotel I couldn't wait to get him undressed and check out that hot porn star body of his. He said he was thoroughly impressed with the hotel suite I had. We sat on the bed together and talked a bit as I reached out for his shoulders and gently ran my hands up and down his torso. He stood up and started to get undressed, I followed his lead and pulled my pants down and stepped out of my briefs. He sat back down next to me naked. He leaned into me and I knew what he wanted, a kiss. I turned my head and met his lips with mine softly pressing them together. I was so turned on by kissing this very hot man.

I had my hands on his shoulders as he reached into my lap and started to softly play with my cock. Lightly tugging on it and squeezing it up and down with his fingers and thumb. I could feel the blood rushing to my cock causing it to stiffen. I dropped my lips to his shoulder and let out a sigh as I was enjoying his touch on my genitals.

I ran my hand down his back and then up again. I couldn't wait any longer I had to see his front, I laid him down on his back. Running my hands down his chest to his stomach I traced his "happy trail" down to his t-cock. I didn't touch it, instead I lightly dragged my fingers down his thighs and back up to his hole, just stopping short of touching it. I continued to run my fingers in a big circle around his cock and hole occasionally allowing the back of my hand to lightly graze it. He seemed to be really enjoying the attention.

I laid my head on his stomach and watched his t-cock as I teased him trying to get him nice and wet. After about ten strokes around it I couldn't take it anymore and I pressed my hand against his hole lightly slipping my finger into the very outer part of it. He was wet alright, very wet. I loved it.

I turned my head toward his belly button and stuck my tongue out licking him all the way down to his t-cock while pressing harder and harder against his hole. I ran my tongue over the top of his cock and flicked my tongue back and forth still teasing him a bit as he seemed to really get into it. He put his hand on my head and started to press downward, I loved how this gentle man always did that when I would tease him. He moaned loudly when I sucked his cock into my mouth and pushed my index finger into his hole. I pressed my tongue firmly against the bottom of his cock while I sucked it all the way into my mouth.

I washed his t-cock with my tongue, going back and forth and around in circles while I slowly pressed my fingers in and out of him. My neck was getting a kink from this awkward position so I flipped my body around and stuck my head up in between his legs to get full access to his sex. He opened his legs and I dug in to his t-cock with my tongue again. Occasionally, I would lick his hole and lap up some more of his sweet juices. I thought about how he had the sweetest juices of just about any man I had met. He had placed his hand back on my head and was lightly directing me in my motions.

I quickened my pace with my tongue alternating between pressing hard on his t-cock while I sucked and flicked around his cock head and into his foreskin (hood). We had been together enough times I knew he what he liked. I also knew he always came from oral sex. I kept up the oral massage of his cock while he became more and more restless. His stomach was flexing in and out as he was breathing harder and harder. His hand still rested on my head as his legs started to stiffen.

He yelled out "OH GOD YES, OH GOD I AM CUMMING"

With that he pressed hard on my head and I sucked his cock deep into my mouth and rubbed its engorged head with my tongue. He started to buck his hips up and down as I tried to keep the pressure on his throbbing cock. He continued for quite some time before he gave me the all too familiar signal to stop, pushing my head to the side with his hand.

I put my finger up to his hole to check his wetness. It was the wettest I remember Beau. I thought he was going to suck my cock like he had all the other times but instead he surprised me by reaching for the condom on the night stand. He tore the package open and patted the bed indicating he wanted me to bring my cock up to him. I jumped up on the bed and laid flat. He unrolled the condom just a bit and slipped it on my head. He formed a circle with his forefinger and thumb and unrolled the condom all the way on to my cock.

Now that my cock was covered he flung his leg over me and started to rub my cock on his cock. It was so cool to watch my big head rub against his smaller head that was still engorged from his orgasm. After a few strokes he lined my cock up to his hole.

He was still holding my cock when he pressed the opening of his hole firmly down on my cock. I slowly started to slide in. I could definitely feel my head pass his tight muscles guarding his opening and slip deep into him. He started to ride up and down stroking my cock with his tight hole. He sat up straight and bucked his hips up and down.

I liked the spontaneity of this position but it was impossible to get any in and out action. My cock will move up and down within him but it does so within its own skin if you know what I mean. It is hard to explain but the sensation is nice, especially to start with, but there is no real friction for me. I patted him on his ass and asked him to roll over, he complied with my request.

I crawled up between his legs and aimed my condom-clad wet cock toward his hole. I stuck the head up to the opening and started to push. As always with a condom on, it harder for me to enter a man's hole. That is a big difference between condom and bareback, with a condom it is much harder for my big head to enter for some reason. If I am not very hard it becomes almost impossible. I don't think it is unique to me, I have read many CL ads that demanded that the prospective partner be able to stay hard in a condom. I have talked to trans guys that bemoan this problem, especially with older men.

Young guys generally can get it up and be rock hard at the turn of a hanky, as the saying used to go. However, I have been told that even younger guys can go flat with a condom on (see Volume Two of this series). I hate when that happens, your mind is saying "alright, let's fuck!" and your cock has other ideas ☹

That day, I was very hard and it slipped in and he jumped slightly as I penetrated him. I began to stroke in and out of his hole. I looked down and could barely see my shaft sliding in and out. It is a nice view because I can usually see a man's t-cock and Beau's was definitely visible. Although, I prefer doggie-style over front to front fucking because I get a better view of the penetration of the hole itself.

After a few minutes he flipped over and stuck his ass out over the bed. I walked up behind him and lined my cock up to his hole and slid it in pretty quickly as I was still very hard. He started to move his hips back and forth. At first, we were a bit off and my cock slid out several times. Eventually, we got into a great rhythm I grabbed his hips to try to maintain that rhythm as I was plunging my cock in and out of his hole.

I was really enjoying the fuck, I looked down at my cock and it was so thrilling to see it sliding in and out of his hot hole. The condom was secure so I started to concentrate just on feeling his tight tunnel wrapped around my cock. I don't do it often but when I can just get into fucking and only concentrating on my cock it is so awesome. I am really into pleasing my partner so I seem to always split my focus between my feeling and clues for his satisfaction. That was not the case this time, I tried to sense every inch of my cock and the sensations that were engulfing it. I wouldn't want to do it every time but I loved that I was just enjoying myself and wasn't worry about Beau because he had already cum.

I looked down again and saw the veins on my cock through the ultra thin condom and it really turned me on. I thought how when the condom is stretched like this it almost looks like bareback. I pulled my cock out and saw the near-purple head just for a second before I stuck it back in again. The feelings and sights overwhelmed me and I knew it was time to cum, I couldn't hold back any longer.

I closed my eyes and focused on that great feeling of ecstasy I have when I get a great orgasm. It built deep again and raced through my groin into my cock. I felt my cock throb and pulsate with delight as the first and second shots of cum blasted out of my cock into him. I quickened the pace a bit as the third, fourth and fifth streams of cum shot into the condom which was wrapped tightly around his hole. I was debating whether to continue to stroke or drive deep like I almost always do to finish off; the driving deep urge won out and I stuck my cock balls deep into him as I finished off my orgasm.

I started to regain my awareness of my surroundings and could feel Beau squeezing his legs around me. I wiggled my hips and cock back and forth while it was fully inserted in him. The sensation began to withdraw and the thought of making sure I pulled out before the condom came off entered my mind so I quickly pulled out condom intact and full of cum. Beau sat down and looked at the condom starting to sag off of my cock with the tip filled full. He smiled at me and I got up and walked over to the trash can and slipped the condom off and dropped it into the garbage.

I came back to bed and Beau asked me if I wanted a back rub and I told him for sure. We knew each other well alright, he knows how I love a good back rub after I cum. He flung his leg over me and I could feel his cock and warmth of his hole on my ass. I love that feeling as I have written many times before. He gave me a great

back rub lightly rubbing my neck and shoulders finishing with my ass. A lot of guys stop at the small of my back, but I loved Beau's rubs because he always knew to take care of my ass also. I looked at the clock and it was 3:30 in the afternoon. Beau had told me he only had a couple of hours so I knew our time was up. He had to get back for a 4 PM class.

We quickly got dressed and I gave him \$100 and thanked him. He thanked me and told me he enjoyed his time with me and he would definitely be down to do this again as often as I wanted during my stay. I told him I appreciated his offer but my wife was coming to town. Although we had an understanding that the sexual part of our marriage was over, she insisted that I not have sex while I was traveling with her. I had agreed to honor her wish so I told Beau we wouldn't see each other again until next time I was in SF.

It was always so easy to talk to Beau, he was so straightforward, polite and friendly. He gave me a hug as we said goodbye at the drop off point. It was really satisfying to know it seemed like I would always have a special friend any time I came to SF, at least for the near future.

That night I laid in bed and wondered where my journey was going to go now. It seemed so unlikely that I was going to meet a trans man who actually wanted more than a romp in bed with me. I was disheartened by the fact that almost all the really hot guys I had to pay to sleep with me. That seemed to run through my mind quite a bit that night as I was feeling a unattractive and doomed to loneliness.

I was particularly disappointed I was going to spend two more weeks in California and the Southwest without even trying to meet another trans guy. On the other hand, my wife and I are such good friends when we aren't fighting, and she recognizes we are just that, friends. We had a great time visiting Las Vegas, LA, and Southern Arizona enjoying the sunshine and warmth. We saw Yosemite in the snow, which was the most awesome experience we had had in the national parks. Death Valley was very cool, in more ways than one since it was only 73 degrees, and Tucson without a cloud in the sky and mid-70s may have been the scenic highlight.

I reflected often during the remaining days of my trip about Reny, Stan and Beau. I tried to erase Junior from my mind but it was hard as I drove past his home town in Southern Cal at least four times while cruising up and down the state. Stan was the most interesting to me because I felt had there been any sexual spark between us we could have had a very good relationship, never romantic, but friends with benefits which may be the best I can hope for. Stan and I stayed friends and emailed now and then catching up on what the other was doing. Reny and I also stayed in touch and I felt he was a good friend. I lost track of Beau and often wonder how he is doing. I hope he graduated and is happy. I guess that trip was all about friendship and learning what it is like to have trans men as good friends of mine. In those terms, it was quite fulfilling for me.

Now, if I can just find a sexual partner that is an amalgam of all the guys I have known: a super hottie like Robbie, Wes, Arizona or Beau – an interesting man that I can build a friendship with like Stan, Bryn or Reny – and a man who LOVES sex as much as Beau, Robbie, Arizona, Max, Wes and Randy – a man that can handle exploring new sexual experiences like Wes – and a man who could maybe fall in love with me like ???

Chapter 21: Looks Aren't Everything, Part II

I sat in my home back in the Midwest anxious about where my life was going. I had been with nine trans men and was certain that is what I wanted in life, but was equally certain it was going to be a tall order to find the right man especially here in Michigan. I kept posting ads around various parts of the country for a kept boy. I received several replies over the next few months. Most lasting two or three return emails at the most. I knew that I needed to move to a trans-populated area but selling my house in this housing market was crazy, to say the least. I changed my ad to asking men to come live with me. Again, a few nibbles but nothing serious.

Meanwhile, I was getting horny as hell. I hadn't been laid in months. I had a few guys from Chicago and one from Detroit that I had met online and was talking to with some interest. Sandy had emailed me months earlier. He was 26, 5'6", 125, white and had a nice ass. He only sent me one pic of his ass. I felt he was hot but he definitely wasn't interested in romance nor even friendship. He was interested in money to help with his rent... I was kind of tired of that relationship, but was also horny as hell. Was it worth the drive all the way to Chicago just for a good lay though? We would email back and forth for a while and then one or the other of us would stop replying. This went on for eight months.

Another guy from Chicago emailed me that he was going to school and needed some help. He didn't mention any specific amount I would be expected to pay him, but we agreed I would help him out if we hooked up. His name was Harry and he was 30, 5'8", 145 and white also. He told me he was really into sex and loved to experiment and try new things. He seemed to really be into group or threesomes and that was a big turn on for me. I don't know why that is, but my times with Wes were so awesome when I was sharing him. Some trans guys have gotten offended by my interest in threesomes... but I have to be me. I don't want a monogamous relationship, at least not now. How does that saying go 'been there and done that.' Still, I wouldn't say no to the right guy, for sure. It just couldn't be vanilla sex every time, month after month, year after year. That was part of what drove me from my wife.

I want a man that is willing to experiment and try new things, to share my fantasy to share him. This is tricky as I would want him to stay loyal to me, but on the other hand I am not very possessive. At least, I don't feel I am. Who knows, I had chances to share Arizona and I wasn't into it as I wanted him to myself. I think that was primarily because I was just learning about trans men and had become so in love with him. Maybe, that will happen again. I don't know. I do know that sharing Wes with Brad was so hot.

Finally, in the summer of 2011 I got so horny I agreed to pay Sandy the \$200 he wanted to hook up at his place in Chicago. He would host and was willing to try everything I wanted safely. I agreed, it was important that I top him and enjoy his hot body, so those were a must, after that we agreed to just kind of go with the flow. It was mid-August and I would drive to his place in the city and we would enjoy an afternoon of sex. We had come close to closing the deal on this plan before and I figured it would probably fall apart again. Sometimes Sandy texted me a day or so before we were supposed to hook up that he had to work the next day and other times it was me breaking the plans.

This time he texted me in the morning that morning telling me that he was really looking forward to us hooking up. I had an offer that day to fuck a young slender smooth cis man here in my town. It was a dilemma for me, would it be worth it for me to drive all the way to Chicago and pay \$200 for an afternoon of sex with a very hot trans man, or should I stay here and fuck a very hot cis man for free? I dinked around trying to decide, I was uneasy about Sandy, he seemed too into money and not enough into sex with cis men. He ran hot and cold, sometimes he was all let's meet and have fun, and others was distant and aloof. He told me he had been with other men and enjoyed it but was primarily into women.

Sandy got quite mad that day when I told him I wasn't sure I could work around his time parameters. If I got to Chicago without much traffic I would have about 2 hours with him, I hate being rushed and was concerned.

Plus, something just didn't seem right about him. On the other hand, he seemed so hot from his description and the few pics he sent.

He sent me back a rather unsettling response about how much time he had put into emailing me and was setting aside time in his busy schedule... he was quite pissy about it and I was very non-plused by his text. I thought who the fuck counts the hours you spend getting to know someone? I spent a ton of time on Reny and Junior and never even thought to add it all up, let alone tell them that was a reason they HAD to see me.

I decided not to reply and stay right here, maybe fuck the cis dude ☺ A few minutes later he sent back an apology and a pic of his dick. It was awesome, as with so many trans men who send nude groin pics, his dick was prominent in the pic and only a small portion of his hole was in the pic. I could see about half his hole and it was even hotter than I thought, it looked so small and tight. He said he was stressed and asked that I please come to Chicago. He needed the money. I appreciated his softer approach and was so fucking horny after his front pic. I really wanted to see what he looked like, and he is right we spent eight months talking to each other, and finally, I felt as sure as one can that he was safe, as in disease-free. I agreed to drive in and meet him at his place, I love Chicago and it was a very nice day.

I won't soon forget the nerves I had when I was pulling up to his apartment complex. I felt like he was going to take one look at me and want to run, even though he promised he would fuck me and he really wanted money. I had written in the last installment of this series that I hate sex with men that are just doing it for the money. That is true and was a huge concern about Sandy. He kept telling me he was horny for my cock, but I wasn't sure about it but I guess he convinced me enough that I was sitting in my car in front of his apartment.

I walked to the door where he was going to let me into the complex and I was SHOCKED at how cute and handsome he was. He was model-hot, the hottest man I had ever seen in person and he was going to have sex with me!!! His body looked perfect in his shorts and t-shirt. He had not had surgery and was on T for about a year. I was in shock when I met him, my heart literally skipped a beat he was so cute/handsome.

I decided as I followed him up to his apartment that it was definitely worth the trip. I kept looking at him without trying to be obvious but I was just drooling over his incredibly handsome face. He truly was the most handsome/hot man/women/trans... I had ever seen in person. We went up to his apartment and I noticed right away it was warm, he had a small window air conditioner that was running but not cooling the place off. Part of the problem was he had a window open. I forgot about all that when we sat on the couch together.

I kept looking for a flaw of some sort and I didn't see one. Sandy reached over and started to kiss me. I am usually neutral on kissing but kissing him was incredible. I couldn't wrap my head around this unbelievably hot man was kissing me. I got hard immediately.

He suggested that we strip and so I took off my shorts, briefs and shirt while watching him undress. His body was awesome, his top had been spectacular at one point I am sure; however, the T was having a bad effect on it. He wanted surgery and I thought it probably was a good idea. Well, on the other hand, had an equally hot top and his was still very attractive and sweet. Sandy's stomach and legs were so lean and tight. I thought I might cum from just looking at his body. I was telling myself this was so worth it!

He went back to kissing me and slid onto my lap. I hugged him and he kissed me harder, our tongues wrestling back and forth. I rubbed his back and noticed he had bad acne. I was cool with that, many trans guys do, it was kind of a relief he wasn't perfect. I couldn't see his t-cock very well as he was a bit too hairy for me. It wasn't gross as I had seen on some guys where you can't even see the cock it is so buried in hair. I rubbed his thighs, back and any part of his body I could touch. There was no question he was fit, very fit. His fingers were very slender and long, as I had written before that is a HUGE turn on for me.

I kept trying to lunge my cock forward to touch his groin, any part of it would do. He reached down and started to play with my cock with those long slender fingers. I could barely see his t-cock and but what I saw looked sweet, not nearly as big as it had looked in the pic he sent me that morning, but very hot. I wanted so bad to lay him down and check out his front hole but he was really into kissing me and sitting in my lap facing me.

Sandy was still holding my cock when he shoved his groin forward until his cock hit mine. He rubbed the two together firmly seeming to really enjoy it. I know I was, my head was still spinning from how incredibly hot he was. I really hadn't seen his whole body nude yet but what I could see was incredible. He rubbed our cocks together for at least 10 minutes. I loved it. He even rubbed my head across the very tip of his front hole hitting his back hole.

Finally, he stopped and we both said simultaneously lets go to the bed. When he climbed off of me and I watched him walk to the bed and I was so turned on by his body, I couldn't wait to get my hands on it. He had warned me when we started that he couldn't get too aroused or we couldn't fuck in his front hole because it shut down once he got too excited. I wasn't sure what to make of it, I had never heard of such a thing.

It usually was just the opposite, until a guy got aroused he wasn't ready for penetration. I rubbed and sucked his top, he seemed to like it; in fact, he encouraged me to play with his top. His nipples were nice, but not great, his chest was pretty saggy from the T, at one time it was very tight it was obvious. I didn't really enjoy it very much but I continued as he seemed to like it.

We were always kissing, he was so into kissing and I LOVED IT. I rubbed his hair on his head, it was somewhat coarse but had a great texture. I kissed his ears and lightly licked them. He had taken out his jewelry and it was the first time I had ever played with an ear that didn't have something pierced in it. I licked and kissed his neck down to his shoulders. They were broad, well-defined but not muscular. Just the way I liked them.

His arms were long. I kissed his hands and asked him if he would stick them in himself so I could lick off his juices. He agreed saying he had never done that before and it was kind of a turn on for him. It was AMAZING, just as hot as I thought it would be. I wanted him to do it again but he didn't seem to want to touch himself. I wanted to but was afraid he wouldn't be able to fuck me if I worked him up too much. It was beginning to feel almost surreal, his super hot body, but the crazy idea that I couldn't touch his hole or he would lose interest.

I continued licking his body to his stomach. I laid my head on it for a few minutes and just enjoyed it. I could see his t-cock and I thought how it was a bit small compared to what I had seen so far. I concluded that it was mostly the fact that his whole body was so small. I couldn't wait to fuck him, I LOVE FUCKING A SMALL BODY. Picturing my big cock forced deep into his small body was so incredible. I stuck my tongue out and touched his cock, I just wanted to suck it a bit before I fucked him. He seemed to like it but I didn't play with it very long as he had something else on his mind.

He stopped me and got down on his knees and started to suck my cock. He was quite good at it. He would look up at me while sucking me. I really liked that as he was so handsome and to see his hot face sucking my cock was such a turn on. He licked my cock head and shaft up and down, then pulled my cock into his mouth. He couldn't go very deep but it felt nice. He seemed to be into it and that is important to me.

After a few minutes, he grabbed a condom off his shelf and placed it over my cock and rolled it down. I was laying flat on my back and he climbed up on top of me and was lowering himself onto my cock. He rubbed it back and forth on his hole. I was really disappointed that I hadn't had a chance to play with his hole or cock much. I hadn't even seen his hole.

I was sweating and so was he, I wished he had his a/c on cooler, although it was great to feel our sweaty bodies rubbing together. What a contrast, my big hairy body and his petite smooth body. Watching him straddle my cock was so hot, he had to spread his little legs really far to touch the bed so it opened him more than he seemed comfortable. He pulled his legs back up and kind of squatted. His was struggling to land my cock head on his hole. I reached down to help and we finally got my condom-clad cock on his hole. He tried to push down and I tried to push up but nothing was happening. I wished I could have seen the contrast of my big cock head and his small hole.

I knew he was tight and with the condom I was going to have to be patient. He kept putting his hand on my stomach and pushing down on it like it was the floor or something. It hurt, I have had a couple of guys do that as if it wasn't part of my body with vital fragile organs inside it. I guess because I am so big guys think they can use my stomach as a bench to lift themselves up and down. I gently tried to push his hand to the side but it was obvious he wanted control over my cock entering him.

He pushed harder on my cock but it wasn't going in. I reached down again and tried to squeeze my cock head so it would shrink a bit and enter him. He got more lube and rubbed it on his hole. I finally felt something like my cock entering him. It was hard to tell as it wasn't in very far at all and the condom can reduce the feeling so much one doesn't know if it is a hand or hole for a few seconds anyway. He let out a groan, I think more in pain than pleasure.

I grabbed his hips and tried to push him down on me more, I could tell I was only in 2 to 3 inches max. He pushed his hand harder on my belly trying to lift himself off. I started to go limp from the pain. He moved his hips up and down slightly controlling how much I got in him. Finally, he said it hurt too much and he couldn't do it. I was so disappointed. I had driven all this way to fuck him in his front hole and now that was out of bounds. I felt like he had misled me knowing this wasn't going to work. It was obvious he didn't fuck in his front hole and he should have told me that. Later he told me he doesn't stick anything in his hole. I was so deflated after being so high when I first saw his hot body.

He asked if he could fuck me with a strap on. I had never had that done before but I wanted to see him wearing his strap on so I agreed to let him rub it on my ass. I wasn't sure if I would let him penetrate me or not at this point. He got out a blue semi-penis-shaped toy with balls and a Velcro harness. He fumbled with it and got the cock into the harness and strapped the harness around his hips. It looked so awesome to see him with that cock. I wish he had used a flesh colored one as it would have been so sweet to see him with a cock. It was as exciting as I thought it would be to see a trans man with his strap on cock.

I rolled over and he lubed up his cock and slid it in between my ass crack. It was kind of cool to feel his legs on my thighs and his strap on my ass crack. He kept rubbing it closer and closer to my ass. He was really getting into it. He asked me if he could fuck me, I thought about it for a few seconds and I told him if he went slow he could penetrate me. I really didn't want to but he REALLY seemed to need to do it so I let him.

I was surprised that it slipped in pretty easy and didn't hurt much at all. I adjusted quickly and he started to fuck me pretty fast and hard. I enjoyed the pressure on my prostate and that fact he was turned on. He kept fucking me for a few minutes and then he asked if I wanted his bigger one. He showed it to me, it looked more like a cock and was a bit bigger, maybe a 7" cock, while the first was 5".

I agreed to let him try and he stuck it into me and it didn't hurt too much, after a while it felt pretty good. He continued to fuck me for a while longer. He then said he had a bigger one he wanted to try. I rolled over on my back and watched him look for it. I noticed his bedroom was pretty cluttered. He found it under some clothes and said it was 9", it was long and thin with lots of beads on it.

I told him I would pass on it. He was a bit disappointed and put the blue one back on and fucked me again for a few minutes. He then suggested that he give me an oil body rub. I had never had one so I was excited at trying something new. He rubbed my back and neck, a bit too firmly at times. I loved his hands but they weren't really soft. It was fun but a bit disappointing to be honest. He never rubbed my ass and didn't even do my legs, although he did my front, but never played with my cock. I don't think he really liked cis cock which was hugely disappointing.

I then told him I wanted to rub his body with oil and suck his cock. He told me he doesn't take oil on his body because the T gave him bad acne and it would get worse with oil. I laid him down on his back and I enjoyed playing with his top this time. After a while, I worked my way back down to his front. I licked from his belly down to his cock. I sucked his cock into my mouth and started to flick my tongue around it. He was watching me and not reacting a whole lot, less than any other trans man I had been with before. I slid around to get in between his legs and he resisted a bit. Finally, he gave in and I sucked his cock and I ran my hands around his stomach and hips.

I got my first look, partially, at his hole. It was very small and his hair covered it pretty much. It became obvious during my oral play that he didn't want his front hole seen or played with that much. It was also obvious he was a total top. He didn't really like cis cock and didn't seem into this all that much, other than the kissing. I quickly came to the conclusion he was totally into women but did this for money. I was thoroughly disappointed by now and as hot as he was I was rethinking this trip and the value of this encounter.

When he reneged on me fucking his front hole he had told me I could fuck his ass. I rolled him over and started to rub his back and assumed one of my favorite positions – my cock firmly in between his ass cheeks while I rubbed his back. His back had very bad acne and it made it hard to rub it. His hotness was really starting to fade. It wasn't the acne, it was more that he wasn't in to it. Anyway, I was going to salvage this hook up as I wanted to fuck and I thought I loved fucking Arizona's ass so why not his.

I looked at his very small ass, it was smaller than his pictures and hotter. After a while, I lubed his ass up and grabbed a condom started to put it on. He then told me my cock was too big for him. I was thoroughly disappointed AGAIN. I really didn't know what to do at this point. What seemed like such a great opportunity to be with the hottest man ever was turning out to be my worst sex with a trans man, by far.

I asked if he would let me rub my cock on his cock and ass from behind without penetration. He agreed, but I had to keep getting him to put his ass in the air and give me some access. Either he had never been fucked before or he didn't want me to fuck him because he had no clue how to fuck, both the first time when he mounted me or now while I was trying to fuck his t-cock doggie-style.

I finally got him on his knees and was rubbing my bare cock across his ass, front hole and into his cock. I didn't have the condom on as he stopped me when I said I was going to fuck his ass. I finally came to the conclusion it would be cool to just do some more bare frottage and cum. He reached his hand down and cupped the bottom of my cock forcing it harder onto his two holes and cock. He formed a pocket with his hand, at least that is the only thing I can imagine it was because it started to feel pretty good.

I grabbed his hips and was fucking his hand with his warm front hole and t-cock rubbing the top of my cock. I think he enjoyed it because he got into pushing his hand harder and harder on my cock. This gave great friction to my cock rubbing his ass, front hole and cock. I was a little nervous my cock would slip in but I knew he was too tight and that was highly unlikely. Also, I was certain he would repel it with his super tight front hole muscles. Finally, I just said fuck it I may as well cum and get this over with, so and I just decided to fuck his hand and cum on his cock.

I kept stroking harder and harder pushing against his holes, almost hoping now that I would slip in. The thought of that possibility was really getting to me and I was feeling lots of warmth around my cock and the pressure of his hand on the bottom of my cock. Every time my cock head slammed into his t-cock he jumped a bit but he kept the pressure on with his hand. Before long I was really enjoying this “fuck.” I kept thinking about covering his t-cock with my cum and that was exciting. I got a peak at his back hole and God was it small. I watched my huge head go past it and realized he was right there is no way my cock would fit in that hole. The thought of trying to put my huge head into that little hole was so hot though.

I knew I was close to cumming, I started to grunt and moan, I don’t know what he was doing but he kept really strong pressure on my cock. I wondered if indeed I was actually in his front hole as I couldn’t see his front hole from my angle and my cock felt really warm. That is all I needed to send me over the top. I felt an orgasm build and fire through my cock. I thrust hard forward as my first shot hit his t-cock and palm. I pulled back and fired the second, third, fourth, glob of cum into his hand. The amazing thing is he kept his hand there let me finish cumming.

I looked down and I saw my cum dropping to the sheets as he moved his hand away. I wondered if I had cum in his hole and it fell out, then I realized there was no way. He pulled his hand out and it was dripping with my cum. It was actually kind of an erotic way to fuck. Certainly something new, but not nearly as nice as actually fucking a front hole, or back hole for that matter.

I looked down the bed and there was a huge wet spot where my cum had landed when he took his hand away. It was really cool to see my cum on his bed. I apologized for messing his bed and he said it was no problem. He jumped up and took off for the bathroom to clean up. I looked around his room and went over to the dresser to explore the 9” toy he had. I was really grossed out when I saw it was dirty. He obviously hadn’t cleaned it from the last use. I was so glad I didn’t let him stick that in my ass.

I looked around at his other two cocks and they looked clean but who knew? I was really thinking I hope those weren’t dirty when he used them. I was pissed at him for not cleaning the big one, perhaps the others. He had the two he used on me laying out so I hope he had cleaned them, he had to find the long one so maybe... He told me he never used them on himself, never put anything in either hole. I am a big hygiene freak and this was so uncool I couldn’t begin to tell you how turned off I was by him.

That was the clincher. I thought about how fucking hot he was but there was no way I was ever going to hook up with him again. I felt obligated to pay him the full amount so I did, I thought what a sucker I am and what a softy. A man with balls would have told him to fuck off, this had become so transactional and he didn’t live up to his end of the bargain.

I realized I am not sure I would go through that again with him for free, well I might, but I would go into the sex knowing that he had huge limitations and actually watch him wash his toys. I have been with a few guys that weren’t particularly clean, I pondered if they felt that made them more of a man. Of course, I didn’t think so, but overall jokes are made about men not being as clean as women. I keep myself very clean and always found that claim offensive. I don’t know what motivated him to be less than hygienic, his bathroom was pretty clean. I thought what a turn off it was, I don’t care how hot he is I am not going to be with a man that wouldn’t clean his toys after using them. I wondered if he cleaned them after I left, he left with me so it would have had to be when he came back. I know, I need to get off this gross subject.

It was obvious to me he was a total top and lied to me. He got me to come there knowing he wouldn’t bottom or at least knowing there was a good possibility he couldn’t. Had I known that in advance there is NO WAY I would have driven all that way to see him, even though he was the most handsome man I had been with up until that point.

The funny thing is I NEVER completely saw his hole, he always tried to hide it from me, plus it was so hairy that without being able to manipulate it open I couldn't see it. Also strangely, he told me he was going to do a threesome with trans friend and his boyfriend that weekend. I thought, the poor cis guy better not count on fucking him. My cock head can be big, but not that big. I thought if he can't take me then he probably hasn't fucked before.

I think Sandy lied to me about bottoming with guys, unless they were small cocks. He wasn't experienced with being fucked nor was he interested in bottoming at all. I am totally cool with that choice, but he shouldn't have told me he was going to bottom for me when he obviously he wasn't. I would have been cool with him if he told me before I went there that he would try but had never done it before and wasn't sure if he could handle it, or even if he would have let me have access to try to insert my cock.

We talked about his hobbies, we shared an interest in photography and that was interesting but even then he was a lousy conversationalist. We quickly went to say good bye and I kissed him one last time because that was the best part of the sex – kissing his HOT FACE.

All the way back home I thought long and hard about what I learned from Sandy. I always try to take something away from every person I meet. It was interesting that he was the hottest man, face-wise, I had ever met. His body was nice, but Wes' was nicer, and perhaps some others probably. The key is that if he isn't into bottoming, it doesn't matter. I couldn't be with a top only trans man. I have to fuck the front hole, period. The funny thing is I don't think he got how bad the sex really was because he asked me to consider coming back again sometime. I have emailed him to talk about common interest and to maybe be quasi-friends, but he isn't interested in that, so I will never see him again and that is cool.

I learned a lot from this awful experience. In fact, I choose the title of this Chapter because I truly learned that looks aren't everything, of the ten guys I was lucky enough to meet, he was by far the worst experience to that point.

Chapter 22: Where Do I Go Now and Reflections

This Chapter, or the entire book for that matter, is one cis man's reflections on my experiences with transgender men and is not meant to be an authoritative representation of how all cis and trans men act, feel or believe about sex, life and their own experiences. This is simply my opinion based on my interaction with over 40 trans men, ten of which I was tremendously blessed to share intimate moments that regardless of how superficial they might have been, were very personal and educational to me.

From a methodological point of view, being the good social scientist I like to believe I am, I have to point out that I have not talked or interacted with many trans men that have no interest in cis men. I recognize that is a large subgroup that I have not experienced in the formation of my conclusions and suppositions. Finally, as a precursor to this Chapter, this is not an attempt to lay false claim to me being an expert or having extraordinary insight into trans men. These are my honest conclusions and reflections I have drawn from my experiences after being fortunate to intimately know ten trans men.

If I am honest about my perfect man he would meet the following criteria: young, white, his front hole trimmed or bald, clean, disease-free, slender, enthusiastic about life, friendly, intellectual, or at least intellectually curious, adventuresome both in and out of the bedroom, into bottoming, and pleasing his partner. I know that is such a tall order that it is **extremely unlikely** I would find someone with all those qualities. Some of those characteristics are deal breakers for me, like he has to want to bottom and be clean and disease-free. Other characteristics from my list like white, young, slender are just preferences and I can easily see myself working around those. Remember, I used to hate tattoos and piercings before Arizona. If someone would have told me I was going to fall in love with a man that has tons of tattoos and piercings 10 years ago I would have laughed so hard. In fact, I like a man with tattoos now, they represent to me a man's journey in life and they tell me something about him. I have known so many men that have inked themselves as part of a rite of passage or to help heal a wound. I have come to respect these markings.

That leaves me thinking about what would make me happy, what is the bare minimum I would need in a partner to be happy. 'I don't know' is the short answer, other than my partner has to be into bottoming for me. I can be topped, I kind of liked it with Sandy, but without him bottoming for me also, it isn't for me.

There was a guy from Detroit that I was emailing as I finished this first volume of my journey in 2011. He seemed very hot, he had sent me great pics of his t-cock and hole. We had chatted real time online and he shared a video of himself jacking off with toys on cam. I loved that experience, man it was hot. I jacked off while watching him and picturing my cock replacing his toy.

He completely showed me his hole. As I mentioned in the last chapter, almost all the trans guys I have shared pics with have sent pics of their cocks cropping out part of the hole. I LOVE those pics. However, I would like to see the hole also, but I understand that many guys don't like those type of pics because they want, like cis dudes, to show off their cock not their front hole. I can dig that; however, I am a firm believer in if you have the equipment use it. But I am not trans and I don't thoroughly understand each man's issues so I totally understand a guy that says no I am not going to use it or want to keep it private.

Anyway, this hot guy from Detroit had a short smallish toy that he played with in his hole. He had never been with a cis man and had just found his love of cis cock since starting testosterone. He was jacking off all the time and craving REAL cis cock when he answered an ad of mine. He just wanted to explore the idea of sex with a cis man. One night he really got into penetrating himself with his toy on cam for me.

I captured the screen of it. He asked me to send him the pics, THEY WERE SO FUCKING HOT. In fact, I had decided I was going to drive to Detroit to meet him for fun. It was going to be sex only by his decision, but lots

of it. I felt he really wanted me to fuck him more than anything. Well, before I could we could make plans he emailed me that he couldn't contact me anymore.

He was starting to feel like his maleness was threatened by his attraction to cock. I write about this experience because just as I have gone through different phases of my journey into understanding my needs and preferences, so do all trans men, well, all people do. However, since this book is about my interest in trans men I wanted to point out that I have found most, if not all, trans men go through this phase of their transition. The fear that wanting cis cock would make them less male or more female.

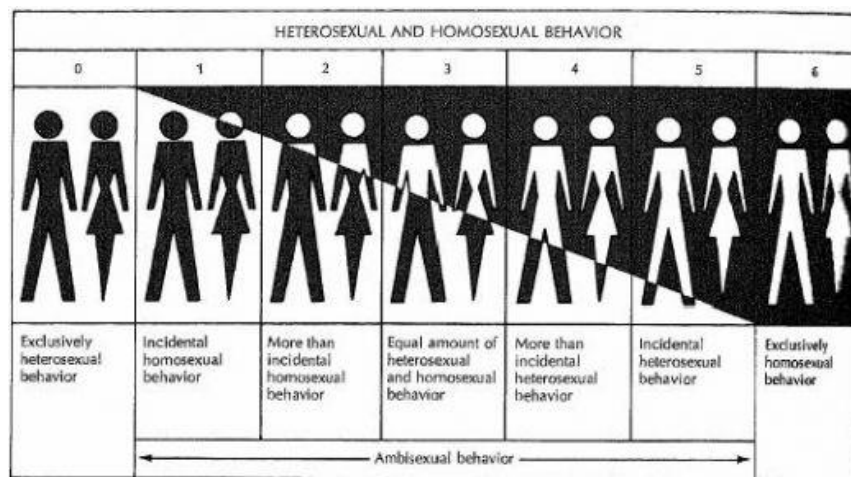
This trans man from Detroit said he was only interested in women and he was going to fight his T-induced lust for cis cock. I emailed him back and told him I supported his decision 100% and wished him luck. I know he will continue to fight those urges. Being a Heathen, I say if it feels good do it but everyone has to make his own decision on what he is comfortable doing with another human being. (2013 postscript he ended up giving in to his lust and emailed me at one point that he went wild and was fucking several guys from Detroit)

I have thought about this whole concept of T-induced lust for cock and I am torn. I have talked to countless trans men about it. Most have the urge for cock after starting T; in fact, of the thirty-some men I have talked to about this issue only two have told me it didn't impact their libido. Some say it dies down with time, others say it only intensifies over time. Bryn told me he hesitated to go on T because he had known many men that lost their relationship with their girlfriend and women in general because they began to crave cock so badly after taking T. But does T really cause a man to want cis cock if he really didn't want to have it to begin with?

I don't know the answer to that question, or dilemma as some men see it. I tend to agree with a couple of trans men that told me T doesn't change your desire, it just brings it out. Of course, I am a strong believer in that we are all sexual beings that can be attracted to either gender's genitalia but often societal forces make us deny our feelings for certain types of people or even positions during sex. I often describe myself as pansexual as I love sex with a hot body, male, female or trans. I much prefer trans men but wouldn't feel bad about myself if I had sex with cis men or women. In fact, I have, as you know from reading my journey.

However, I want to quickly point out I am not transgender and don't have all the difficult history that most of these men have endured. I do think that Kinsey's work on a scale on homosexuality is spot on and can be applied to all people, regardless of gender.

Diagram 1: Kinsey's Continuum



There are people that are totally heterosexual and others that are totally homosexual but the vast majority of us are in between. I can't tell you how many cis men I know that describe themselves as straight yet crave cock

and maleness. They will go so far as to only fuck men and still call themselves “straight” so they can lie to themselves and deal with the bullshit they were raised with that gay is bad/wrong/immoral... It is sad really.

To underscore this point as I re-edit this in 2013, I just had a sexual dalliance with a super hot young cis man. He told me he was totally straight and this was his last time to have sex with a cis man (he had his first experience with me in November of 2012). I found it so sad that he had to tell himself that. Both times I was with him he was so HUGELY into me fucking his ass with my cock, he begged for it and came by me fucking him without touching his cock. He sucked me with great reverence and even asked me to piss on him in the shower so he could suck my cock while I pissed. This is not a straight man, this is a man who enjoys sex with cis men but will go through a bunch of bullshit denying it.

I can tell you his story before it is written, I have experienced it myself and seen it in countless other men, both trans and cis.

He has the craving for cis cock, he will want to touch it, feel it and suck it. Of course, some men will want more, to be fucked, to fuck, to enjoy the cis male body completely. They will feel tremendous shame after the first, second, third... time they have sex with a cis man. They will promise themselves they will never do it again. They will suppress their feelings and feel shame for having the feelings to begin with, many will do stupid things to try to prove their manliness to themselves just to mask these feelings and try to fit into the ridiculous confines society, their family or their religion instills in them.

Eventually, the feelings will overwhelm them again and they will be on their knees sucking cock or getting fucked or... with a cis man. Each time it will probably be shorter intervals between hooking up with another cis man. Each time they will feel shame and guilt after they cum and satisfy their desire. In some cases, because they don't deal with their true desires they will only give into them in a fit of unfettered horniness and make really stupid decisions about safety, they will get fucked or fuck bareback because they are denying the feelings and the behavior.

I have seen it over and over again, and parts of it I experienced. I have fought with the feelings myself and have come to accept whatever attractions I may have to whatever types of bodies or organs. The bottom line, in my opinion, is that one should go with the flow and enjoy. I hate to see people that get caught up in denying their sexual urges because society or some people within their “community” tell them they have to.

I must say I have learned from many trans men that for as liberated as San Francisco seems to be there is a strong group of self-anointed leaders in the trans culture that have decided they will determine what is acceptable or orthodox behavior for all trans men. They will tell trans men they can't crave or want cis cock, or only in certain positions, or under NSA rules only. They tell them they can't ever want to wear women's clothing, or have feminine thoughts... It is so much bullshit in my opinion and very sad. Lots of young trans guys fall under that oppressive dogma because they are still searching for a gender identity that makes them feel comfortable in their own skin.

It is also so ironic that these self-anointed leaders decry the terrible oppression society gave/gives them about being trans and how they despise the people that tell them they are really just butch lesbians. Of course, that thinking is so ridiculous, mean-spirited and **ignorant** and... YET these same “trans policemen” that deride this attitude and treatment feel they have the right to do the same thing to other trans men – tell them how they have to behave to be “real men.” I may not know much as a cis man trying to learn the transgender culture but I do know that is **unadulterated bullshit and far too common in some places!!!**

Every person has to allow himself/herself to explore his/her own sexuality. It isn't black or white, there are tons of shades of gray for all of us. Living in denial for years suppressing our true desires simply prevents self-actualization, if I may borrow a Maslowian term. The final thought I will share about this issue is that I

strongly believe that we are constantly evolving as individuals. If we let that evolution take place without boundaries we can be happy and learn to love and accept ourselves for what we are, not what society or a group or people want us to be.

I come back to gender identity versus sexual orientation, with which I started this book. I surely see the difference now after the ten experiences I had with trans men. All these guys are men, they all identify as men. The journey/transition to finding that gender identity varied greatly for each man, sometimes coinciding with their search for their sexual orientation. Their sexual orientations also vary; however, they all to some extent liked sex with men. The more enlightened ones, if you will, or perhaps a better way to put it is the ones further along in their transitions had come to accept that and enjoy it.

For the young “straight” cis man I was just writing about it will be a hell of a lot easier for him to wrestle with his sexual orientation because he knows his gender identity, he is a cis man, his battle will be with accepting his enjoyment of and craving for sex with men, particularly penises. Is he gay or bi or ...? That will be a struggle that someday I reckon he will settle. It will be a very difficult journey fraught with ups and downs. Throw in a battle to gain acceptance for your gender identity that you yourself are struggling to validate and you may understand what a very difficult journey most trans men face. I applaud them and their courage and strength to come out the other side mostly whole, and sadly mourn those who didn’t make it.

My biggest problem with marriage, in the traditional sense, is that it requires two people to stand up and promise to never change. To love each other for the rest of their lives as if who they are at 22, 28, 30, 35 or 60 won’t change. We evolve as humans and sometimes that takes us down a painful road.

My evolution has hurt my wife and kids, there is no doubt and for that I am sorry, but it is who I am. I tried to deny it for years for my children and for my wife but sometimes it does have to be about me and who I truly am. That is not an entirely selfish point of view, for if I try to fake it, or be who I am not I will never be happy and never be able to share the good parts of me with my family. I won’t know who I am unless I let my feelings guide me in safe and intelligent experimentation. If I had stayed in my marriage it would have been artificial and phony and I would continue to exist as an incomplete person. I would never be happy and would have taken that out on my loved ones eventually.

That is the number one conclusion I have learned about my journey to loving trans men. If I didn’t let myself experience Arizona and all the wonderful things he taught me and let me share with him I would be so unhappy right now. I would never have found a part of me that I knew was missing for many years but didn’t know what it was. Sure, I wish I had a trans guy as a partner and wanting something I may never have could be very unsettling and painful, but I have had the joy of being with ten trans guys to this point. I have let myself evolve and learn that I truly love trans men and how they make me feel complete.

The first question I am always asked is how do I know I love trans men. That is a hard question to answer, there is the tangible “I want a man with front hole” answer I give. However, there is a more important intangible answer that is hard to explain, as hard to explain as why you like chicken over hamburger, or blue over green. It is part of me, I desire men that were born female. There is something about their struggle, their level of understanding about life and finding one’s self that is extremely appealing to me.

Further, they seem to have an appreciation of maleness that many of us don’t. Finally, I can’t deny their increased sex drive is a huge turn on. I think there is little debate that T increases these men’s libido, but that doesn’t translate into all trans men become uncontrollably horny all the time. Take Stan for example, he was almost asexual and seems to remain that way. On the other hand, I have talked to scores of trans guys that jack off three to seven times a day. I envy them ☺

I had more than one trans man tell me after reading parts of this story of my journey that I have fetishized trans men or have a fetish toward trans men. I strongly disagree. First, as I point out in the beginning of this book, I am extremely sexual and the genesis of this book was exchanging sex stories with a trans friend of mine that told me my stories were so hot that he jacked off to them and I should put them in writing and distribute them to other trans men, so this writing is primarily sexual in its natural. More importantly, I suppose if one read just one chapter and focused on me exploring my sexual fantasies with Wes or Randy one could say I was more into the sex than the human relationship dynamic, or that I used them for sex, if that is what fetishizing means. I totally disagree with that last part, for they wanted to have sex with me, they knew what we were doing from the start. I have been totally honest with all of these men as you read throughout this book.

On the surface, I suppose one could argue if the act of having sex with trans men was in and of itself the sexual payoff, that could be defined as a fetish I suppose. A fetish isn't a bad thing to start with, people have all sorts of fetishes ranging from feet, penis size, water sports, bondage... and as long as it involves consenting adults who cares? If fetishizing means using (misleading) someone to get your rocks off, or to cum, then it could be bad if the person didn't know he/she was being used solely for a sexual purpose. That was not the case with any of the men I have been with, nor are the stories meant to convey some aberrant behavior that in and of itself is a turn-on, perhaps the other definition of a fetish.

I want a relationship with a trans man, not just to have sex with him. You have picked that up as you have read about my journey. To be sure, having sex and experimenting was fun and there were guys I slept with that were only into sex and I knew it. That is not a fetish, that is human. Each of these experiences has helped lead me to where I am today. Sex is a big part of my life, exploring what I want and what I need is as important as any other aspect of my life as long as I am going to remain a sexual being. For some people sex isn't important, I can appreciate that and I allow them to explore what is important to them. I hope they will give me the same tolerance.

Finally, in a response to a few guys that have told me just saying I want a trans man over a cis man or cis woman or saying that I want a trans man that will bottom is fetishizing or objectifying them, I say think about what you're saying. Am I objectifying or fetishizing a cis man if I say that I want a man with a certain body type (slender, HWP or chubby or ...) that will bottom for me? No one would object to that ad on Craigslist, nor a trans man saying he wants a woman who appreciates trans men. Is he a fetishist because he states his preference? Hell no. If I have a preference for a trans man who will bottom for me as my partner that is no different than if I want a cis man who will bottom for me. Unlike what Arizona told me when I was first introduced to trans men, there are many trans men who have a sexual orientation to enjoy cis men. They don't all want women if they are truly men like some trans men have tried codify in the trans community, no more than all trans women must like cis men if they are truly women.

I have learned that all trans men are different, they have different histories, different experiences, different sexual tastes and preferences, different political and social beliefs, different families that are either supportive or not, or perhaps indifferent, different sexual desires and pleasures, among many other things. However, they all share one thing, they are men at their core, their very existence.

Just like all cis men have all these differences, some are gay, some are bi and some are straight; this is true of trans men, some are gay, some are bi, some are straight. They have just had a much different road to take than cis men to convince society to accept who they are. Finally, like it or not, they do have one other thing in common, they were born with female parts. Some of them embrace those parts and enjoy them and share them with others. Some don't, just like some trans women hate their penises and don't use them or have them surgically removed. I really feel for some trans men and women who hate their bodies and go through such emotional pain trying to deal with their birth-gender bodies. Regardless, the most important thing I have learned through this whole journey is **being a man or woman has nothing to do with your sexual organs.**

It truly took this beginning to a long fascinating and exciting journey for me to fully understand and embrace that truth. I have written this first part of my journey and my thoughts not as a conclusive end to understanding my love of trans men, but as a on-going journey and to share my truth with anyone who has taken the time to read my story. It is not an end, but a beginning.

As I update this volume in 2013, I can tell you that there are at least two more volumes coming, one in which I actually partner up with a trans man as my lover and we live together.