Bi Guy Deflowered by Young Asian Man

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How I finally lost my virginity and began to appreciate sex with men

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It’s ironic that those of us supposedly straight guys, who from time to time go out and seek some illicit sexual adventure with another bloke, often go about it in a clandestine and rather depraved way.

I’m married and just turned forty. My wife is beautiful and I enjoy making love to her. But even though sex is good she’s not that adventurous, and as for myself I’m afraid to ask for anything out-of-the-ordinary in case she uses it against me in the future. A question of embarrassment I suppose.

While I have always been known as a ‘ladies’ man’, I have, since I was younger wanked, fondled and probed myself at the thought of sucking, fucking and being ridden by another guy. Naturally I had to keep these thoughts very much to myself; my family was not the most understanding and also because I really did enjoy pussy. But I craved another guy’s dick.

At night I would lie in bed and think how dirty I could get with another boy. I wondered what it would be like to be seduced by an older man who enjoyed younger guys. How I would dance seductively for him while my cock throbbed through my tight, clingy Calvin Klein boxer shorts. How I would let him use me. I wondered what it would be like to take a big penis up my ass and feel hot cum shoot inside me.

As I became more adventurous I began to replace the fingers I used regularly to stick up my butt with either a small cucumber or carrot, or the handle of a toilet brush, or even a small plastic coke bottle.

The pleasure I could get from stretching and filling my ass was incredible but I knew that nothing could replace the real thing.

I refrained from making any rash moves and by the age of 25 I had not yet had any gay experience. It was simply just too risky. But it was at that age that I moved away to a new country, far from anyone I knew and far from prying eyes. And it didn't take long before I ended up tasting cock for the first time.

One afternoon I was out reading on my favourite rock on the pier. As summer had already passed there were only a couple of people swimming in the sea. One guy was not far from me but I paid him little attention – at that point my book was more interesting. But less than five minutes had passed when this slender Filipino guy in Speedo shorts got out of the water and sat on another rock not ten feet from me. At first I felt like this was an intrusion on my privacy but within no time he was beckoning me over to sit with him.

I found this exciting and a tingle worked its way through my body as I considered the request. It was the most blatant come-on that I had ever received. Initially I smiled but politely refused, pretending that my book was much too engaging. Thankfully I was sitting side on to him so he couldn't see my hard erection extending down my inside leg.

It's probably a good time to describe myself. I'm a white, athletic but slim 5'6" man with a good-looking but not beautiful face. I have a head of brown hair which goes with my brown eyes and sallow complexion. Not an ounce of fat in sight I was, and still am, good to look at and my medium-sized but thick cock is perfectly straight with a smooth velvety bulbous head. I have the body and looks which have attracted a host of overtly gay men in the past – but they're not the ones I was looking for.

But back to the Filipino guy who had just arrived. He was a good 2 inches shorter than me and the first thing I noticed was that he had no chest or leg hair. To me he looked 'smooth' and full of potential. Always having had a penchant for Asian women, I was pleasantly surprised to find that this translated well to Asian men too. He had boyish looks and I guessed he was around my age but his body had the form of an 18 year old, which suited me just fine. Although he had nothing else on except his Speedo's I couldn't get a good look at his crotch to see what he might be packing. But not knowing only increased my curiosity.

He wasn't long in convincing me to sit beside him. My intention to play hard-to-get went up in smoke as I took my firm ass, and even firmer cock, off the rock I was perched on and sat on another just to his left. He was softly spoken as he introduced himself as Jon and wondered whether I wanted to take off my shirt and trousers and join him for a dip in the sea. I had to decline. I certainly did not want to get caught with another guy.

But I really wanted to touch that youthful, almost undeveloped body, and put my hand down the front of his Speedo's to see what was on offer. And I bet he wanted to do the same thing to me. My heart was racing and the palms of my hands were moist with nervous sweat. Even my ass was sweating and I revelled in the knowledge that only I knew. One thing I couldn't hide though was the fully erect cock in my trousers. And he was quick to spot it, "Mmmm, that looks nice. Looks big," he said alluringly. I didn't think it was possible but this made me even more aroused and it seemed as if my manhood could no longer contain itself in my clothes.

Jon began to stroke the inside of my thigh, more towards the knee than my groin. It didn't matter, it was just so thrilling to have another man touch me with the sole intention of penetrating every part of my mind and body. Within about two minutes my mustard coloured trousers developed a considerable wet patch as my unbearably erect cock oozed a lot of pre-cum through my boxers. "And I didn't even touch it!" Jon added with a mischievous smile, rubbing his fingers in it and knowing precisely that he was completely in control.

Dusk was upon us and it was time to leave the pier. I had a decision to make. I was incredibly turned on by this sexy boy but knew that if I accepted to take this further, there was no turning back. It didn't take long – after all I did live on my own and didn't know the neighbours – and we were quickly in my car headed for my apartment. Jon, now sitting in the passenger seat, replaced his hand on the same leg as before but this time moved up a bit so he could caress the top of my knob, forcing yet more liquid to seep out. By the time we parked the car I had to wrap my sweater around my waist and let the sleeves hang down so nobody would see the glorious mess in my trousers.

The doors shut to the elevator and my new-found friend became even more forward than before, facing me full on and placing the palm of his hand firmly yet sensually on the bulge in my pants. He leaned forward, placed the other hand behind my neck and drew my lips to his. After a moment's teasing he separated my lips with his tongue which I let lick and explore the inside of my mouth. I had closed my eyes and found that I was entering a new world of ecstasy which was unceremoniously broken by the elevator bell which forced us to part so suddenly that I feared the moment had passed.

Upon closing the door to my apartment I didn't know what to do so I played the polite host and showed him around. The tour finished at the door to my bedroom. Jon took my hand, something I had never experienced with another guy before. It felt so wrong to begin this taboo intimacy but it stirred something deep inside me.

Once again he drew me to him and kissed me with his tongue deep inside my mouth. In response I put my arms around his waist and drew his pelvis towards mine so I could feel his meat and at the same time I wanted him to feel my extended cock gyrate around his. In a flash he had taken both of our shirts off and we briefly felt the hot skin of our chests meet. Knowing how close I was to living my

favourite dream made the whole episode almost unbearable. I also knew that living a fantasy means you're one fantasy short.

Nonetheless I buried this thought, sat down on the bed and gently urged Jon to follow me. No hesitation there. My head was at the level of his waist as I glanced up at him. He just smiled. I took both hands to the top button of his trousers and had him quickly unzipped. All that was left were the Speedo's which were being stretched tight by a bulging crotch. With my right hand I cupped his covered balls and with the other slowly peeled away the top of the shorts, leaving as much room as possible for his dick to emerge and swell more. And it duly did. What stood before me was a semi-erect piece of heaven. It wasn't very long and the knob was bent at the top, but to me it looked beautiful and full of promise.

I wasted no time getting my mouth down there. I just had to suck it soon before it got fully erect, I wanted to feel the whole thing with my mouth and tongue. It was just as I had hoped it would be; a musty smell, tart taste of pre-cum and an overwhelming feeling of pure 'forbidden' behaviour which just made me even hornier. Within about 10 seconds I had taken every last inch of him down my throat. As I surfaced for air I looked up and saw Jon's face which was a mixture of ecstasy and surprise - surprise that for someone who had never sucked cock before I could deep throat without gagging. It was pure ecstasy for me too.

Before I could get that cock back in my mouth Jon had me lying on the edge of the bed with my feet in the air, confidently removing my boxers and trousers. As I sat up again with my legs over the edge he got down on his knees and took my cock in his hand, stroked it and said admiringly, "That is the most beautiful dick I have ever seen. Can I have it?" I told him it was all his and he got to work with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy but with the ability of a well-seasoned cocksucker. It felt so warm inside his mouth and the sensation which ripped through my body as I entered his throat is hard to beat, even today. This was something I could never achieve on my own; it was personal, it was live and it really was happening.

Jon's attention to cocksucking surpassed anything I thought possible. With each movement I made he intuitively reacted to my every want. When I thought I was going to cum he slowed down, when I began to go soft he increased his pressure. I couldn't have asked for more but we were, after all, at the early teasing stages and this moment had passed its best. It was time to move on to pastures fresh and at Jon's not-too-subtle suggestion we were to suck each other off. Fuck me, what a thought, how much kinkier can this get?

As in a restaurant I wanted to get to the main course and not have to bother with the hors d'oeuvres and the starters. I wasn't, in this instance, the Boss. The choices were no longer mine, I had no experience in the way of gay sex and frankly I knew that when I did have the opportunity to have sex

with another man, I wanted to be the bitch. I wanted to be dominated, I wanted the other guy to dictate terms. And most importantly, I wanted this cute Asian guy with a twisted dick to fuck me like a woman.

We both lay embraced on the bed, still gently exploring each other's cocks, while we discussed which way to do this: Side by side facing each other? Spoon position with one guy's cock pulled back towards his ass? Or a 69er? "69 for me" I said, "but I want to be on top." Jon's reaction was clear judging by the upward movement of his rod. He had been semi-stiff for a few minutes despite my caressing and I figure the impending mutual cocksucking did it for him.

He rolled onto his back and started to masturbate with deep strokes of his cock. Inclining his head toward me he said suggestively, "Well, get that little dick of yours in my mouth. This is a two-way street and we both have work to do." I didn't hesitate to respond. I turned around and straddled his face while my own eyes were facing his wonderfully smooth cock. I reached down to rub Jon's balls with my hand, in preparation for taking a mouthful of his manhood but first I had to see him take my limp cock between his own lips. He looked at the hanging piece of flesh with relish and after gripping it in his fist and vigorously tugging at it four or five times he stuck it between his lips and attacked it like I had attacked his just 20 minutes before. It was only a matter of seconds before I was hard again and fucking his mouth. This was enough incentive to grab his now erect cock and let my moist lips glide all the way down the shaft. Once again he gave that moan of eyeball-rolling gratification. Each time my mouth slid down his cock I couldn't help amazing at my luck, how I could find myself in exactly the position I had dreamed of for so many years. And the thought kept getting me harder and harder.

Down the other end Jon had busied himself with consummate skill. My fully-extended cock was being devoured, there was saliva and pre-cum everywhere and both Jon's face and my manhood were a glistening sight to behold. But I wanted to live out another fantasy which, this time, involved my ass. For years I had used my middle finger to tease and arouse my anus. Wetting my finger with saliva and with just the tip I would run it sensually around the entrance to my holiest of holes. It would drive me wild and was a central point for a strong orgasm while fantasising about being sodomised by a giant cock.

So I told my sucking partner to lick my ass. After playing with the tip of my cock for another minute, driving me almost into ecstasy, he repositioned my ass so it was lowered towards his face. I still kept on sucking his crooked cock and between that and the prospect of having my rim licked, I nearly exploded there and then. As I lowered my butt to him I felt a gentle darting twitch in the centre of my hole. It was so sensual and so arousing. This was followed by many more, each wetter and more probing than the one before. I began to grind down on his tongue so he could stick it in further and at the same time upped the tempo on sucking his cock. After only a minute I told him I was on the verge

of cumming so he quickly and deftly penetrated my ass with a finger and manoeuvred my cock back into his mouth. He doubled his efforts as the rhythm of sucking increased. It was so hard to bear the feeling of a rising orgasm coursing through me, it was like nothing I had ever felt. It lasted about thirty seconds before I ejaculated a generous amount of cum down Jon's throat. With every twitch I came more but the orgasmic feeling lingered on. As I was going through it, the head of Jon's cock began to swell and before I knew it he had spurted his cream in my mouth, on my cheeks and down my chin. This was pure fucking bliss.

I swallowed as much of his bitter-tasting cum as I could, I couldn't get enough of it. Emptying his cock of every last drop was the focus of my attention and judging by his moans of pleasure I knew it was appreciated. Jon, meanwhile, had licked me clean and wore a satisfied look on his face. He drew me around to him and gently but lusciously began to lick his remaining cum from my face and then began to kiss me, allowing his sperm to ooze into my mouth. I accepted willingly and swallowed every drop he offered.

After a short break for a session of touching up and fondling in the shower, we dried ourselves and headed back into the bedroom. I knew what was about to happen and I felt weak with excitement. My cock however was fully erect and Jon looked at it seductively, took a gentle hold of it and led me to the bed. "Do you want me to fuck you first or do you want to fuck me?" He knew it was my first time and I also knew that he was dying to get his cock inside my tight virgin ass. That thought was worth savouring so in time-honoured tradition I decided to keep the best to last and I opted to take him first.

I thought he looked a little disappointed but I soon discovered he was relishing feeling my cock up his hole. Taking the bottle of Johnson's Baby Oil from the bedside table he poured some on his hand, got on all fours and began lubing up his ass. I moved myself around to get a good view and saw that he was rubbing his fingers sensually over his anus. This turned me on so much that I instinctively grabbed a hold of my dick and started stroking it, not taking my eyes off his rear. Jon brushed my hand aside and as he enveloped my cock in his warm mouth he plunged his middle finger deep into his ass and moved his hips around in pleasure. Frankly that was as much as I could take. Removing my cock from his mouth I turned around and got on my knees behind him. I was stroking my dick with my left hand so I placed my right between his legs and took a firm hold of his half-erect penis. I was still eyeing his ass and he knew it; this is probably why he continued the wild titillation by relaxing and contracting his sphincter. Watching this made up my mind for me. I took some oil, massaged it onto my pole and began to rub his ass with the head of my cock. I had a perfect view and watched as his hole would open slightly each time I passed. By this stage I could bear it no longer. I put one hand on his hip and with the other guided the head of my cock into his steamy hot and hairless ass. For me it was pure heaven but Jon gasped and his muscles gripped my dick, urging me not to move. After about ten seconds Jon said with a sigh, "Go for it. My ass is yours, lover." Not needing another reminder I gradually slid my whole cock into his ass. I couldn't believe I was finally fucking a guy, a

guy who loved cock as much as he did.

Now with both hands on his hips I stepped up the beat and began pumping hard to the hilt with every thrust. Jon was panting hard and as I reached around to wank his lovely penis, he started moaning and he pushed his ass back firmly onto me to see if I could go deeper. I could tell he wanted more. I pulled my dick out quickly then re-inserted just the head and waited. The moaning stopped and he looked around at me. Just as he was about to protest I rammed every inch of my cock hard into his ass. The reaction I got was a loud, protracted “Oh yes” so I continued at this pace for another few minutes. I wanked him at the same tempo and it wasn’t long before I began to suspect my own imminent explosion of cum. I changed the pumping to a slower grinding movement and could swear I felt his insides with the head of my cock. Jon’s persistent groaning was turning me on even more. I wished my cock were two feet long so I could feel the contours and hidden hot spots of his ass and colon. But it didn’t matter, I was in ecstasy and couldn’t stand the wait so I changed my motion and went back to ramming my dick roughly up his ass. The noise level increased noticeably and I realised through my own haze of pleasure that Jon was on the verge of erupting too. I hastily moved my hand around to take hold of his dick and help him unload. Within seconds he pushed back violently against my cock and released a remarkable volume of cum. It kept coming and by this stage I had caught so much of it that my entire hand was dripping sperm. This aroused me to the point that I resumed my previously fast pace, grabbed his waning cock with my soaked hand to drain him while I worked myself into a fuck frenzy climax. When it came, it was bigger than any orgasm I had ever experienced. My whole body convulsed and then went rigid as I pumped my warm sperm as far up his ass as I could. For nearly a minute I couldn’t move but it was time to sail down smoothly from my cloud of anal penetration.

Both of our bodies began to sag so I gently rolled over, taking Jon with me so I could keep my dick in there. I hugged him tightly, kissed his neck and said, “Thank you.” He was quick to add “No, Jamie, thank you. I have never felt so full in my life and this was the first time I came so strongly during sex.” I was flattered. Putting my hand on his dick, we drifted off to sleep, me with my cock still up his ass.

Some hours later I woke up. It was dark outside but we were warmly tucked up spooning in my bed. My dick had slipped out at some point and there was an considerable messy patch between us. Recalling the way it got there was arousing enough and I began to get a hard-on and started to sub-consciously rub Jon’s thigh. I ignored the spilt cum and moved my pelvis closer to his ass and dropped my hand to his balls. After a gentle, brief massage I moved my hand up to the base of his cock which I proceeded to take in my hand. It was slowly beginning to harden with each caress and within no time he was as hard as rock. My own cock was sitting snugly in between Jon’s firm little buttocks and I was sliding it slowly up and down, pleasuring my desires selfishly.

I was awoken from my stupor by a soft voice saying “Get away from my ass, big boy. You’ve already

been there. Now it’s my turn to fuck you like a woman.” This was music to my ears; this was a very long continuation of my fantasy. He rolled me over on to my back and sucked hard and fast on my now bulging penis. I could tell his mind was elsewhere, as he duly demonstrated. He grabbed me from under the knees and raised me almost vertically so that my butt was at the height of his chest. I admit it wasn’t comfortable but what he did next made up for that. With me balancing my legs on his shoulders he took both hands and separated my buttocks, leaving my anus widely exposed. The next thing I felt was warm breath caressing my hole, followed by a probing tongue. He certainly knew how to use it. It was driving me wild and I couldn’t get enough. His tongue and saliva were doing what no woman could ever do for me. And this was only the tip of the iceberg.

The feelings were so intense that I hardly felt Jon lowering me to where he could reach decent penetration. I could now hold my own legs over my head. This was the moment I had been waiting for and the thickness and hardness of my cock showed it. I wanted to see everything. He rubbed oil all over his own cock and balls before spreading my ass with it. He massaged it into my ass by inserting each finger alternately. After satisfying himself that I was ready for his cock, he edged forward and I began to feel something hard and large try to penetrate my anus. After another couple of efforts I felt this burning agony as he inserted the head. To me it felt like a watermelon had been shot up my ass.

With a calming hand on my thigh Jon calmly said, “It’s normal. Just relax your muscles and give it a few seconds. It’ll grow accustomed to the size.” He was right about one thing, my anus relaxed after a moment. But I didn’t grow accustomed to it. I wanted more! I was taking so much pleasure from having a cock up my ass that I wanted more cock, another cock, any cock to bring me to the level of ecstasy that only pain can give. It reminded me of the times I struggled but failed to insert a large zucchini up my hole. It was hellish pleasure.

Jon found a good rhythm which suited my virgin ass, or rather recently-deflowered ass. He leaned down and kissed me firmly on the lips, a look of concentration on his face as he continued to pump me. I told him that I felt like a woman and loved being fucked by a beautiful Asian guy. This seemed to turn him on and he started grinding faster. My cock was rock hard and I gave it serious attention as Jon raised me up so he could achieve maximum penetration. With every thrust I could feel the crooked head of his cock hit my prostate. Each time he was driving it in and taking it out almost to the tip. His breathing increased and he opened his eyes and said, “I want to come inside you.” I hurriedly said yes with the thought of his sperm leaking out of my ass the next day. A dirty secret.

He grimaced, slowed down his pumping almost to a standstill when I felt a hot liquid high up inside me. It couldn’t have felt more right. If I could use delicious in a sexual way, it was seriously delicious. Feeling that inside just drove me over the edge. Seconds after Jon’s orgasm, I arched my back and came with more power than ever before. My copious cum landed on my own face and chest and I just lay there exhausted, satisfied, but most of all, ecstatic. I didn’t want him to take his cock out, it still felt

so good up there. It was something so intimate, so unbelievably personal that I wanted it to stay the same forever.

This experience was more than educational for me and to this day I have no regrets. I was no longer a gay virgin. I had been sucked, fucked and probed like a bitch and I loved it. This opened up a new dimension for me and I have since come to realise that I crave cock more than I had thought.