Bi-curious? Not any more

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Cam buddy ends my curiosity once and for all.

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Bi-Curious? Not anymore.

Okay, so you have read the title and it has caused you to see what the story is about I guess. So, without further ado, I will relate the details as follows:

Let’s say I’m in my later forties. It is an out an out lie, but for the sake of my ego, please bare with me. I have been married to the same woman since I turned 19. You do the math, but it equates to very many years. During this time, we have managed to produce a couple of kids, bring them up and got shot of them as they branched out on their own.

I could not, hand on heart, say that I have been exactly faithful all this time. I not a raving nymphomaniac by any stretch of the imagination, but I have been lucky enough to have sampled the delightful fruits of the hunt on more occasions than I should admit to here. I lost count I suppose, but there have been quite a few and not all ravishing beauties either.

All sounds pretty heterosexual doesn’t it? For the most part, it has been a hetro life that I have led. I adore women, positively enjoy chasing them, absolutely love seducing a woman, especially if she is married and then, once the chase has run its course, making love and pleasing her body is the culmination of all that went before, the ultimate goal. Then I forget them because I sure am not going to fall in love with one. I suppose that makes me a user, a philanderer or whatever title you want to give me, but it is as it is and I offer no defence.

However, my very first sexual experience was with a man. Well actually, with a youth my own age while in a biology lesson of all things, at school. He had his cock out, rubbing merrily, under the desk I noticed, being that he sat next to me and kept jogging my elbow. So, I joined in, got my cock out and started to copy his actions. Pretty soon, he was rubbing mine as I was rubbing his.

I don’t remember the outcome, so to speak, but do remember a one off with him sucking me off a day or so later. It was just the once and of course, with the exuberance of youth, was a very short interlude. My load was unshipped in short order.

Then I discovered girls, or rather, they discovered me. Believe it or not, I was quite shy in those days. In truth, the first woman I screwed was the one I married and remain with to this day.

The day before I was to marry, being somewhat naive and possibly innocent, was my second encounter with a man. It didn’t go too well.

I had met John while walking my dog. We saw each other many times over a year or so. I found out he was gay, living with an ambulance driver in something akin to marriage. It was the evening before I was getting hitched. We met in the park, chatted some and then went back to his house. Bernard, his partner, was out working, not due back for several hours.

I’m a bit hazy about how it happened, but fairly soon after getting inside the living room; he had my cock out and was sucking me off. My soon to be wife had yet to deliver this service so, I was somewhat out of my depth. In too short a time (affliction of youth), I was staining his settee with my copious seed. He wasn’t too impressed with my lack of control or the sheer volume of sperm pooling on the velour. I never saw him again.

Since then, and until recently, there had only been one episode with a man, something of a disaster and really not noteworthy at all. But, the hankering never entirely left me. As much as I liked making out with my wife or other women, somewhere, in the back of my mind, the desire to get it on with a guy, chattered on.

I discovered a web-site dedicated to web-cam action about a year ago. Women, men and couples played to the silent audiences via their little cameras and somehow, managed to answer private and less private messages of encouragement in the chat rooms.

I discovered the site and then discovered the Bi-curious, male chat room. Usually, you can count on at least a dozen cocks on show in various stages of arousal. The chatter follows a standard pattern of innuendo or outright wantonness. I loved the room and became a frequent visitor.

Then I bought a web-cam and managed to work out how to connect and use it. Pretty soon, my little cock was joining others in public display and attracting several mentions from observers. Knowing you are being watched is quite an aphrodisiac I can tell you. Many loads were blown to messages of well done! Or Yum! Or something similarly inane. I developed a fan base would you believe?

Tommytwostrokes, that was his screen name, came on and introduced himself. I will only chat with people if they have their camera open, so I ignored him at first. Then, his camera opened to show a cock of about nine inches, if his fist was anything to gauge it by, cut and thick, full of blood and ready to unload at any moment. It was a lovely sight and I remember saying so. I checked his profile and found that, unlike ninety percent of the guys on there, he wasn't from the States, but lived within ten miles of my home.

So we chatted and over a period of a few days, had determined that he was completely inexperienced, had only dreamt of going with a guy, but really was serious in wanting to try it out. Ever the optimist, I invited him over. It took a bit of persuasion I can tell you, describing what I would do to him in detail, firing up his desire so that the offer was too good to miss and all the while, showing my shaven cock to him and anyone else who wanted to watch. He had specific demands, wanted certain things and I was happy to go along with most of them. But, I also had one demand of my own.

During my cam sessions, I had discovered that I like things in my ass. Over the years, my wife and I have accumulated several toys of varying descriptions and functions. My favourite became a vibrator, almost life like in feel and texture. It filled my ass to a point that was truly satisfying and guaranteed that when I allowed myself to cum, had the most intensive orgasm, producing more spunk than normal. My proviso to TommyTwoStrokes was that he fucked me in the ass at some point in the proceedings. After some discussion, he agreed. So, all that remained was for a convenient time to be arranged, it turned out to be a few weeks later.

I had been on cam, wearing a G string pair of lacy panties that belonged to my wife. The interest was as predictable, especially when they saw that the string part of the ensemble was holding my favourite dildo in my ass. The sight, and some choice answers to their advances, had several blasting their loads somewhat sooner than they would normally have done. Tommy's cam came up and fairly shortly, we decided that today was to be the day. He arrived at my home, about thirty minutes later.

I invited him in, meeting him at the front door with nothing but the G string on. No point in covering up, he knew what I looked like, so it shouldn't have been a surprise to him. He was nervous. I guess I was too, but the excitement of anticipating his fantastic looking cock, slipping into my body, overcame them.

We sat in the living room and chatted for a short while. I thought the ice needed to be broken and hoped he would calm down a bit. Eventually, I persuaded him to take his jogging bottoms off so I

could see his cock in the flesh. I suppose nerves had got the better of him, it had shrunk to miniscule proportions. This was disappointing to say the least and nothing like what I had seen on camera.

I sat at his feet, grasped his shrivelled cock and then began to suck him. I could feel him shaking with nervous tension, poor thing, and knew that, if I didn't get him to calm down, he would never get a stiff dick and the whole thing would have been a waste of time. It was then I remembered that he had expressed a fantasy that involved him being tongue rimmed. I remembered that when we had spoken about it, he had shot a load in seconds flat.

I got him to turn over so that his ass was in the air, his head resting on the seat of the armchair. Gently, I grasped his cock from behind. I was still quite soft, but I hoped I could persuade it to come out to play. Gently, so that I didn't scare him, with the tip of my tongue I ran around his puckered ass, wetting his hair and getting a slight taste of sweat. It had the desired effect. His cock sprang to life as soon as tongue made contact, or at least, a semi-hard life. That changed to a raging rigidity when I pushed my tongue into his ass. I had to stop massaging him otherwise he was going to blow his load, way too quickly.

It was his fantasy and I was more than happy to provide the wherewithal. I had managed to get as much tongue as possible passed his sphincter and was fucking him with it, nodding my head. Although lost to the concentration of giving him pleasure, I heard him moan and gasp at the assault of his ass.

He managed to wheeze out for me to stop. I guess his tolerance of pleasure is lower than mine. When he turned over, his previously miniscule cock had become a monster. Something is lost in the transfer of visual images, electronically, it looked huge on cam, but in reality, was absolutely fucking enormous. A deep purple head throbbed at the end of a thickly veined steel rod. I just had to have that beautiful cock pulsing in my ass. The thought had the desired effect on my own prick, it too was now straining at the leash.

Poor Tommy was in something of a quandary. The tongue lashing had him quivering with the need to blast a load, but the thought of entering a man was just a bit worrying, causing confusion in him. I was sensitive to his trepidation, but had my own agenda to fulfil. Without another wasted moment, I grabbed his cock through my legs with my back to him and sat down, feeding his stiffness into my already lubricated ass while I pulled the G string to one side.

It was as if a bomb suddenly went of in my mind. The feeling of being filled so hugely set off a chain reaction where, without any thought, I was acting like a woman, performing pelvic thrusts, driving him deeper. It was my first anal climax and it felt fucking wonderful.

I rested with him still buried in my ass and thought it would be good to face him while he fucked me. Somehow, I managed to get a leg over his and spin around without losing contact. He had his eyes closed, but seemed to be quite happy.

I don’t know where it came from, but I started to squeeze him using my anal muscles. It had the effect of milking his cock. His smile told me that he liked the feeling. Slowly, I squeezed and as I did so, lifted my ass so that it must have felt like an iron ring was massaging his cock. I can tell you that keeping a rhythm of tensioning muscles while fucking him was no small feat. The reward for me was worth the effort though and no toy could ever replace the sheer delight in having a living, hot and massive cock buried deep in my ass.

Then I started to stroke my cock while keeping the same actions going. It was impossible to do this at any pace, but that wasn’t a bad thing, I could feel every ridge of his cock as it slid in and out of me. A second anal orgasm was building and this time, it would be accompanied with an eruption of cum all over his stomach.

His eyes were tight shut now, beads of sweat formed at his brow. I thought he might be hating the whole experience for a brief second, but then saw that he was desperately trying not to cum. That small sign was all I needed. Unable to keep the three actions going, I just sat down hard on his cock, driving it further than previously managed. It was a bit uncomfortable for a moment until I wiggled around a little to adjust the angle of attack. With this managed, his balls were hard up against my tail bone. I had sunk his whole length, all nine inches that felt more like twenty, all the way inside my ass. I could feel every twitch, every ridge, everything and it felt fucking wonderful.

The anal orgasm ripped through me with little warning. Suddenly, everything tightened, gripping him in an unyielding muscular tube, holding him in me as if tied like a dog. My balls erupted. Sperm shot from me in almost painful blasts. I felt the passage of it through the length of my urethra as if it was forcing itself out of something too small to entirely manage it. Three, four and five blasts hit his stomach, leaving white trails in a fan shape. I cannot remember having such a devastating climax before. I experienced mini shudders the length of my body, something that has happened before, but only rarely, a bit like those shudders we have when suddenly cold, (someone walked over my grave) only more powerful, gut wrenching shudders.

I wasn’t finished though. I had promised him that I would suck his cum out of him and swallow the whole load. A promise is a promise. Somehow, I stood on shaky legs, feeling a little lost after his cock slipped from my body.

As I had also promised, I licked and sucked up my cum from him, holding it in my mouth. Then, slipping his cock head between my lips so that my fluids could, when he gave me his seed, mix with

his before I swallowed it all.

TommyTwoStrokes was beyond holding back now. We had discussed this, so now was his turn to let loose. After only a few bobs of my head, he grasped my hair at the back of my head, pushed his cock as far as I would allow and blew, in several shots, his load. Hot spunk hit the back of my throat, once, twice, three times, flooding my mouth, mixing with that I had already held of my own.

He withdrew, leaving my mouth full of his seed.

Now I really felt like a slut with the spunk of two men running around my tongue. I wanted to show him, but, knew that if I opened my mouth, it would slip out and be lost. Making something of a show of it, I swallowed, feeling the tang as it passed over my taste buds. There was a slight burning sensation, something I had tasted before when sucking out my cum from my wife's cunt, nothing I couldn't handle.

Gradually, I settled down from the aftershocks of the most explosive orgasm I had ever had. My dream of being properly fucked had come true. My fantasy of being used as a slut had happened and I felt totally alive. Every nerve ending was thrumming with pleasure, but I was exhausted. He left soon after and said just how much he had enjoyed his first Bi-sexual experience.

We arranged to meet again, but knew that work commitments would make this a rare treat. I told him that next time, I wanted to do the whole thing on camera so that my fans and anyone else, who wants to see a man become a proper cumslut, could watch and jerk as we fucked. I have yet to set that up, but it will be quite soon and I guess I will be letting you all know how it turns out. You could of course, sign up to the web-site and watch first hand if you like. Ask me and I will tell you the web address.