

# straight to gay in one evening

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*To Gay or Not to Gay, That Is The Question.....*

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What am I, straight, bisexual, gay? At this point I don't know. I always considered myself an average guy. Never had any thoughts about doing anything sexual with another guy. I was a girls only guy. I guess I never knew what to look for in a woman. I'm in my second marriage, and it's been going downhill for a good while now. My wife has gotten into drugs. And has some weird people always around. She... calls them friends. None of them held a job... I'd had just about all I could take. We were living in an apartment at the time. It was a holiday, and we were having a party at our place. I didn't want to be surrounded by only her dopey friends all night, so I invited a coworker. I'll call him Greg. He worked in a different department, but would get sent over to help out once in awhile. I didn't know him very well, but he seemed nice. So I invited him. I was happy he came. He mingled awhile, then just came over to me. He didn't seem to care for their company either. Although he didn't say so. As we were talking, it was as if I were seeing him for the very first time. Then a feeling came over me, I can't explain. Suddenly I was feeling very attracted to him. Maybe it was the drinks I'd had, or maybe I just needed some fresh air. I said, "It's stuffy in here. Let's step out for some air." We went out the patio door into the back. All the others were so wrapped up in themselves they didn't miss us anyway. About 50 feet back there was a creek, and a brick wall about three feet high along the bank. We sat down on it and started talking. As we talked, without realizing it, we got closer together. I kept feeling a strong attraction for him. I was confused by that feeling. But I just wanted to be close to him. He must have felt that as well. We stopped talking and were just looking into each other's eyes, as if we were looking into our very souls. I couldn't resist at that point, and I put my arm around his shoulders, and he leaned toward me. I realized he was feeling that too. So without another word I leaned in and kissed his lips. Softly at first. Then with more passion. Our tongues explored each other's mouths, and my hand went to his crotch. He didn't resist. I was enjoying this more than I ever had with a woman. His hand was on the back of my head, forcing our lips tighter together. I could feel his erection, and mine was hard as well. I wanted to take him to bed and make love with him the rest of the night, but I knew we couldn't tonight. I broke the kiss and told him, 'I want you'. He said, "I've wanted you since the first time I saw you." I told him, "We'd better get rid of our erections. Someone may miss us and come looking." He said, "I can tell you now what I've been feeling all this time. I fell in love with you the first time I saw you. I stuttered, "I.... I'm confused. I've never felt this for a guy

before. Let's get together and talk about this after work. I know I love holding and kissing you. Right now I want to be with you all the time, and I don't know why I'm feeling this way..." We returned to the apartment. Once inside, no one acted as if they knew we were gone. I wished then that we had stayed out longer. I wanted to hold him, kiss his lips, and fondle him. Hell, no one knew we were there anyway. So I suggested we go out to the car. We went to his car. It has dark tinted windows. There was no one stirring outside. We got in the car and I pulled him to me, kissing his wonderful lips again. He began rubbing my crotch, and trying to get the zipper down. I was fully erect and helped him get it out. He said, "Watch for people!" and began sucking me. My cock slid in and out of his warm, wet mouth. I had never felt so good with anyone before. He'd lick my prostate and continue sucking. It had been a while since I got that. He paused for a moment and told me, "I've had fantasies about doing this to you." Then started again saying, "Mmmmmmmmm," as he sucked. I couldn't hold back any longer and spilled my cum in his mouth. He sucked a little more, then came back up. Just in time too. A car was driving in. When they parked and went inside I french kissed him. His mouth tasted of my fresh semen. It was like I was in another world. I had french kissed a man, and now I was about to suck his cock. I got his fly open and got his erect cock free. It was so different than feeling my own, and I loved the way it felt. I wanted it in my mouth. I gave him a quick kiss, and went down and took all this gorgeous hunk of meat I could get in my mouth. As I sucked it, there was a voice in my head saying, 'you're really sucking a man's cock!!!'. That excited me even more. I could have sucked him all night. But I was anxious for my first taste of a guy's cum, and shortly I got it. His cock was throbbing, sending shots of his creamy cum over my tongue and into my throat. That was the most exciting experience I'd ever had. I was so excited my body quivered. I didn't let his cock leave my hand, as I sat up kissing him again. I wanted to get him naked, in a bed and make love to him for hours. I said, "Tell me we'll do this again. I want you!!!" He assured me we would. I felt like we were a part of each other now, and I wanted to love him, and be loved by him. Maybe it was due to a lack of love at home, or maybe I didn't actually love him. Maybe it was only lust. What I knew right then was, I wanted him. I didn't care why. We sat there a long time, kissing and fondling each other. I felt so loved. I didn't care if cars came in, or my wife came looking for me. I was enjoying this more than anything I could remember. He said, "It's getting pretty late. I better head on home." I told him, "Don't forget me. Let's get together again real soon. Ok?" He said, "We will baby. I told you I'm in love with you." I kissed him again, and went in. They were still passing the joint around, and talking, and laughing. They didn't even know I was even there. So I went on to bed. (there's more to this story. I'll post it soon in part 2.)