

# My short comings

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*This is a fictional story, which I probably will not continue, and it is based upon one of my horny day dreams. No, I'm not gay, I'm BI, but only when I'm horny and alone, laugh-out-loud. Also, I do not know the terms used during or when discussing male-male sex, so I improvised -- sorry. If you have any comments on the story that you feel you need to share, then you can contact me @ FORESTWRAITH1187 at HOTMAIL dot COM*

It was my decision to be here, with him, I had put it off for too long and now the curious need had overcome me with a passion compared to any other.

I lay there, naked on his soft double bed with my legs spread wide as my right hand parted my shaved ass cheeks for his viewing pleasure.

Paul kneeled on the edge of the bed, stroking his very erect manhood in eager anticipation. He wore no condom, as I wanted to experience the real deal.

This had all come about since I had moved state to Washington and token up the post of a writer for small time newspaper. Paul was one of my co-writers and for some months I had known that he had a deep felt attraction for me. Heck I had caught sight of his boner when passing by his desk as I took a draft piece to be submitted to the editor for review.

I am not gay though and I had a girlfriend then, Jenna, we had been together for around a year or so. However, I had been a little bi-curious but had never taken the plunge.

One night, during a office party I got a little drunk during the new year's party, well not a little, actually I got very drunk and Paul wound up taking me home to his place at about six in the afternoon, where he let me sober up. That's right, he did not take advantage of my stupor and I was well aware of his carnal desires for other men. It sometimes made me smile knowing that I could make both men and women overcome with hormones, me being their object of stirring desire.

I don't exactly know how it happened, but one thing led to another that night and soon I was naked, held in his strong embrace, and that's where we return to present time.

Paul moved on over me, taking the top position as he slid his manhood into my eager fuck hole, beginning the search and destruction of my gay-virginity. Heck, I was so horny that he slid right past my sphincter with a slurp and penetrated my hidden depths. The warmth of his hard cock inside of me felt so fucking good, it was a feeling much better than I had expected or day dreamed. Paul wasted no time in starting to thrust, and it sure felt good as he plunged in and out of my fuck hole, which sent electric cords of pleasure cascading through me endlessly. I don't know how many men he had bedded before getting me in the sack, but Paul sure was a pro when it came to riding and knew exactly where to hit. As he used his experience to work and build up my pleasure rapidly, turning all my hesitancy into latent desire, which only he could satisfy. With his thrusting like an out of control bush fire, which consumed my desire to be fucked and ride like a girl.

My hips moved in sync with his manly thrusts as we rode towards orgasm in each other's heated embrace, with the sweet scent of sex and sweet radiating through the air. By the

ten minute mark Paul was in full throttle, as his cock fucked my moist hole with vigor, well over 40 thrusts a minute. Our moans were loud as we worked our way towards a climax. And cum we did, as he shot his hot load of man cream inside me, my cock fired out cum upon his lightly haired chest. As he continued to ride me, until my orgasm as passed, what a sweet fellow he was.

That night really made me question my sexuality, and I'm still not entirely sure about it now.