

## The Tall Guy

We met on a plane to New York from LA in the exit row. Both of us are tall, but he is exceptionally tall. He is slim, a tennis coach. Late 20s or early 30s, I guess. He is very handsome in a dark-haired chiseled-jaw masculine way. A stewardess flirts with him, especially when she finds out what he does for a living.

We talk intently, small talk. He tells me about his tennis and football mates and the friends back home he had just seen. I was taken by his old-style charm immediately, and felt that he was interested in me, but I did not think he was gay. He might be, but he seemed like a very sensitive straight guy. I kept going back and forth in my mind about his sexuality. He gave me intense attention and never mentioned a girlfriend; it was hard to know. I watched him when he slept, he was so handsome I wanted to touch him.

He went to the bathroom and as he got up I realized just how tall he was; maybe 6' 7", and quite slender with very large feet. I was hooked. When we arrived at JFK, I gave him my card and he wrote his details down and we said we should meet for a drink, but I thought that that would be it.

For days after I couldn't stop thinking about him and then it happened. He called, and nervously asked how I was, and suggested we meet up. It sounded like a date to me, but he was not letting on.

Let me tell you about myself: I am 25, reasonably tall dark masculine and I think handsome. But I was very nervous about meeting him and whether he could be attracted to me.

We met in a sports bar. We drank a lot of beer and then went back to his place "for another". It was a bachelor's studio apartment with very little inside. We drank more beer. He was very intense in his gaze – it never left me. His concentration on me was mesmerizing.

He is my ideal: the older, taller, masculine, sweet guy. I was tantalized and we still had not broached the subject of partners, girlfriends, or sexuality. Was I just being overly optimistic? Or was he really interested in me?

It was getting late. I decided to tell him I had better go – even though I did not want to - to see what the reaction might be. He just said, OK. I was devastated. He did not seem disappointed – he was very laid

back. I thought – gee I have played my cards badly. But as I went to the door he was right behind me and I could feel his body heat. We agreed to meet soon and he had the most wonderful smile on his face that just about melted me on the spot. No touching, not even a handshake, and I was out the door.

I think I was in love but I was in turmoil. Is he gay? Why didn't I take more of a lead? But things changed for the better the next day. I got a call early in the afternoon and he asked me to dinner at his place. I put the phone down – I was nervous, excited and could not think properly for the rest of the day. Should I make the first move? But I really want him to sweep me off my feet. I can't decide. I don't want to scare him off, but what if nothing happens again, it might be my last chance?

I buy a bottle of wine and go to his apartment. The atmosphere is charged when I get there. We drink the wine quickly and get a bit tipsy, sitting facing each other on the couch. He is dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. He looks ravishing. A bit drunk I decide to go for it. I tell him I am attracted to him. He smiles a heart-melting smile. We move close to each other and kiss on the lips. We put our arms around each other and kiss deeply with our tongues in each other's mouth.

We stop to stare at each other and smile. Wow, I say, I wasn't sure if you were into guys. He says he wondered the same about me. He tells me he has waited a long time to meet someone like me.

My mind is rushing, euphoric. We kiss deeply again – I feel his back through his clothes. His body is lean and hard with muscle. I look at his face as we kiss. His skin is tanned; his face angular. He is very, very handsome. We stop kissing and he touches my face. His hands are huge but thin and gentle.

We hug and kiss and hug and kiss. He puts his hand in under my shirt and feels my chest and nipples as we kiss. His tongue explores my mouth and mine does the same to his. He takes off my shirt – my smooth tanned skin meets his approving gaze. He massages my stomach and chest, moving his hands up and down and up and down.

I feel under his t-shirt and am surprised to touch soft silky chest hair, and then large hard nipples. I help him off with his T-shirt. His chest is very long thin, slender and muscular, stretched over his long frame. He has a significant trail of hair from his stomach that spreads up and between his nipples.

We kiss with our chests rubbing against each other. I am getting very excited and I know or hope he might be to. You're beautiful, he tells me and holds my erection through my jeans. You are too, I say. He beams the widest most amazing smile I have ever seen. I feel his jeans between his legs and touch something large and hot. He smiles that wonderful smile again.

He stands up and takes my hand and as I get up, standing so close to him, I realize how much taller than me he is – more than six inches – and how broad his shoulders actually are.

We go to his bedroom and he begins to strip off. He is wearing just white boxers and white socks now. The bulge in his pants is simply huge. I strip down to my white y-fronts. My body is very smooth compared to his. We kiss and cuddle and eventually I grab his cock through the material of his shorts. It is hard and long. He drags my underpants down to reveal my raging cock. He starts to jack me off and then I release his cock from his trunks – it is enormous. We kiss and jack each other off. He shakes and moans in ecstasy at the exact same time I cum. I touch his beautiful come with relish. We hold each other until we fall asleep.

He is already up when I wake and his is ready to leave. He smiles and is warm but seems a bit rushed. He is leaving for LA again and kisses me quickly but passionately and says he will call as he goes out the door.

I speak to him that night and every night for nearly two weeks. He tells me he misses me very much. I tell him the same. I find out things about him. He is 34. Some of his colleagues and some of his family know he is gay but most people don't. He has never had a proper relationship because he has not been able to find the right person. I tell him I'd like to be that person. He laughs and says I could just be him. He tells me he wants to make love to me properly - he says he does not like condoms, so we hatch a plan to get AIDS tests before we meet to see if we could make love without them. I think about him daily. I walk around excited with butterflies in my stomach. I get tested. We exchange results. We realize we can make love as he wants. We are both crazily excited. The waiting seems endless. He comes back two days early.

We meet at his place. There is a different mood now, a much more serious one. Before we know it we are kissing and pulling off each

other's clothes. I feel his ass – it is tight and muscular with gossamer-like hair. He feels my ass, going around and in with his fingers. We fall onto the bed and he gets on top of me. I feel the heavy weight of his body on me as he explores my mouth with his tongue. He presses his cock onto mine and the feeling is amazing. I look down and see the beautiful red head of his cock, glistening with pre-cum. His cock is long and slender like a staff. I know he wants to put it in me and I want it too, but how do we negotiate it? I move my legs back and spread them more and he moves in between them with his cock getting closer to my ass. I can't help thinking it will hurt. His cock is rock hard and straight like a sword. I'd love to be in you, he says. I swoon and all I can say is Yes! He reaches for lube and teases my ass with it going right inside and out and then in again. He then lubes up his long beautiful cock that is by now dripping with pre-cum. I spread my legs further apart and he moves his shoulders onto them and puts his tongue back in my mouth. Then I feel myself being pierced by him. The pain is incredible but as I relax a bit I also feel intense pleasure. He only has the head in. He tells me I am beautiful and slowly moves further inside me, moving back and forward. I feel down and touch his big swollen balls and the base of his shaft as he moves slowly and surely into me. Halfway in my cock is rigid against his chest. He moves further in as he thrusts faster in and out. My body undergoes waves of pleasure and pain as he pushes further and further in. I am moaning now, wanting to cry. He pushes my legs back as far back as they will go with his taut shoulders. You're wonderful, he says as he pushes all the way in. I feel his balls: they right against my ass now. His pubic hairs mix with my ass hairs. I am somewhere else as he kisses me deeply once more and begins to speed up his thrusts faster and harder and then harder. He is breathing harder and harder. He pulls his mouth away from mine. I watched his beautiful face torn by pleasure. He is about to cum and I feel close to the edge too. As he thrusts he grabs my cock and starts rubbing up and down and curls back and shouts: I love you. He thrusts out of control as I feel his hot cum fill me up. I spurt and cum up onto his chest. I love you, I say. He thrusts and thrusts and cum and cum until he falls on top of me with his cock still inside me. I am in heaven.

To be continue...let me now your thoughts!

Copyright 2008 Mark Storm markstormnyc@gmail.com