

The Tall Guy: A Romance – Part 2 of 3

I wake up. Alone again. I find a note. He has to see his family and will be back soon. He calls later that day and says he did not want to wake me. He is seeing his family in the Mid-West and then has a coaching job in Florida and will be back in nine days. I am devastated. He tells me he loves me. I have a constant boner. We talk each day. I count down the days. I long for his return.

Seven days have gone by and it's Friday night. I go out with old friends for dinner – after two martinis and a lot of wine I make the mistake of my life. I go off by myself to a cruisy bar for "one for the road", or so I tell myself. I am so full of desire and now half-drunk and confused.

I walk in and nearly faint. There near the bar is Paul, a high school friend that for years I had a crush on. He is a handsome masculine man now, 25 years old and in executive's suit.

I ask him what he is doing here. He doesn't lie. He tells me his story over countless beers. He is married with two small kids back home. He is bisexual and no-one knows his secret. He loves his wife, but when he travels he sometimes has sex with guys.

I tell him I won't tell anyone. My thoughts rush back to all the times I spied his body in the change rooms back home. His very muscular chest and legs were covered in hair. We all admired his physical maturity. I would surreptitiously look at his large dangling cock and then jack-off at night to my memories of it. What really drew me to him though was his warm manner. There was no machismo or bravado about him. His temperament was masculine but kind of sweet.

I look him up and down. Those beautiful baby blue eyes and brown hair with a slight curl are still there. He looks as fit and muscular as ever. He tells me he wishes he knew I was gay in college, as he fancied "my ass like hell." I can't believe it. A mix of feeling erupt in me, including regret and quite a lot of lust. I realize now that I had probably been in love with him.

We move closer to each other as we talk. I can smell his after-shave. It is a brand I have smelled many times before but it seems exotic on him. I tell him I wish we had gotten together in high school but that I was scared to death about people finding out I was gay. He tells me he used to jack off with other guys from the football team. There was no

sucking or fucking but a hand job was seen as not crossing the line into being a faggot. I am so jealous and lustful.

Then I make a fateful decision. I go back to his mid-town hotel for a "night-cap". In the back of the cab on the way, he starts putting his hand up my T-shirt, feeling my chest without any embarrassment. He has done this before. "Still nice and smooth!", he says, and then he sweetly kisses me on the lips. His tongue then quickly enters my mouth and I am gone. All the years of wanting him build up in me, and I fall for him.

Soon we are opening the door of his room. We are kissing almost before the door is shut. He pulls off my T-shirt and then kisses me putting his hand down the back of my jeans under my Y-fronts and grabs the bare skin of my ass. His tongue is way down my throat as he begins to rub the hairs on my ass and then puts his finger right into my asshole and moves it forcefully up and down. I have a rigid boner by now and I can feel his hard-on press against me.

He then begins to take off his clothes and I see he is still in great shape. I do the same. He is now in his boxers with a huge boner and I am likewise in my Y-fronts. We get on the bed with all the lights in the room still on.

He immediately gets on top of me, pushing his muscular weight onto me. Our hard cocks are touching and the feeling is amazing. He then pulls down my underpants and stares approvingly at my cock and I reach into his boxers and pull out his. It is long and very thick with a pink round head. I have never seen it big and hard before, He rises above me and almost forces it into my mouth. I gag a bit but suck and lick it at the same time. It is thick and hot and salty with pre-cum.

He then gets up and gets off the bed and comes back with lube and a condom. He starts to lube up my ass putting one finger and then two in, massaging my hole as if it was his cock in there. He then carefully unwraps the condom and pulls it over his cock head and down his shaft as far as he can get it. It is a tight fit. He smiles at me and then gets on top of me, spreading my legs wide and back, pushing with his shoulders so that my feet are almost up at my head. He rubs his cock with lube and then grunts as I feel the head of his cock at the entrance to my ass. He move my legs back even further and then pushes in at least halfway and then all the way in. He feels wonderfully hard and hot inside me.

"I've wanted to do this for a long time", he says, and he then grunts as begins to thrust inside me. He is pushing harder and harder and thrusting harder and harder. His hairy chest, straining with muscle, lies heavily on top of me. He roughly fucks me harder and harder and harder. I feel no pain just wave after wave of physical pleasure. He is magnificent. I feel down, grabbing his swollen huge balls as bucks and rides me. With one enormous thrust he moans and I feel his cum spurting into the condom deep inside me. I cum at once – spurting load after load of cum onto his hairy chest.

"Wow", he says as he falls off me, the condom full of yellow-white cum. We fall asleep, just like that, with the light on.

I have strange fitful dreams about school. Next morning, half awake I feel him rouse. He is looking at me, his body beautiful with a huge boner. Before I know it he has a condom on it and is lubing it up and then starts fingering my ass with lube. In a second he has entered me with the head of his cock. He then pulls out and pushes me up onto all-fours facing away from him and enters me from behind, pushing his big hard cock almost all the way in, in one thrust. He leans on top of me as he thrusts in faster and faster and harder and harder. He jacks me off as he pushes further and further into me. He grunts and then says:

"This is the way I wanted to do you at school."

I can only moan as he powerfully thrusts into me with more and more physical force, his cock getting hotter and hotter in my ass until he makes one last push forward and cum in me, the condom filling to breaking point with his hot sperm. His large hands jack me off faster and faster until I spurt cum across the headboard of the bed. He falls on top of me and we just lie there exhausted with his cock still inside me.

After about an hour I shower and dress. We don't say much. He says we should meet again next time he is in town. We kiss on the lips and I go out the door.

What have I done? I am immediately struck with deep remorse. The sex was amazing, but I have betrayed the man that loves me. I sink into terrible self-recrimination and helplessness.

My lover calls – he tells me he loves me. I pretend all is good with me, but I am wracked by guilt. What will I tell him when he gets back in two days? Everything? Or nothing?

Comments welcome! Markstormnyc@gmail.com