

Pretty much since I hit puberty I wasn't a standard straight male, ever since one day when I was twelve I caught myself staring at a friends' hairy legs. I cross dressed a few times as a teen (I particularly enjoyed seeing myself in the mirror and feeling a bra on me, and putting on a skirt) and sometimes fantasised about what puberty was like for girls, but usually I was attracted to girls (but sometimes to guys) and usually fantasised about having sex with girls, by my late teens I wasn't cross-dressing any more and thought of myself as straight.

That started to change again after a man fondled me when I was seventeen – this was my first sexual experience with a man. It was in public transportation, it was crowded and poorly lit, a man brushed his hand against the front of my pants a couple of times. I just stood there, frozen and not knowing what to do, a bit panicked maybe. My body, however, responded with a raging erection. When he felt this, he immediately grabbed my cock through my pants. It made me incredibly aroused and very shocked at how horny it made me to be fondled by a strange man. I wanted to get on my knees and suck his cock; had he suggested going to a hotel, there is little doubt I would have lost my gay virginity that day. As it was, all I did was fondle him back through his pants. Sometimes I wish I had licked his ear, that I had lost my gay virginity in a sleazy hotel room with someone that had simply decided to fondle a teenage stranger. I was shocked; my response showed that I was a faggot, a slut that had wanted a total stranger's cock inside me. At least for a while, I couldn't deny that I desired men.

I started to fantasise about men again and often when having straight sex I would imagine I was her; especially when having kinky sex, what really aroused me was imagining that I was the one with my wrists and ankles tied up and my well-shaven legs spread wide, the one getting my tits fondled and a cock fucking my wet pussy, though I continued to be aroused by women. The arousal came from imagining myself in their bodies having sex with men. I started cross-dressing again, though not frequently. I got myself a bra, panties, a blouse, a skirt and nail polish and occasionally dressed up in my room. When the gay society at uni announced a drag party for Halloween, I was strongly tempted to go in drag and find someone there to fuck me, but I didn't and went to another party instead. Had I gone, I would have shaved and showered, gone dressed as a man and would have changed there, in the toilets, and then joined the party hoping that someone would pick me up to have his dirty way with a virgin slut, and if no man hit on me, maybe I would have had the nerve to walk up to one and say 'Hi, I like your muscles and want yours to be the first cock to fuck me.'

Around this time, walking on the street, I happened to see a black man, probably in his forties, washing his car. He wasn't especially handsome, but he was muscular and, importantly, topless. I stared at his chest. Had he approached me, I could have easily had ended up with black cock up my ass that day.

About a year ago I finally decided to take the plunge and have sex with a man; I decided to not just to get in bed with a horny man, not just go all the way and have anal, but to explore a special fantasy. I did it with a guy I contacted via the web; I role-played his maid whom he fondled, discovered she was unshaven and made her shave, she admitted to being virgin, he took me to his bed, put on a condom telling me it was to avoid pregnancy and took my virginity in the nearest thing we could manage to the missionary position. Yes, it was my idea. I didn't enjoy it that much to be honest, apart from how smooth my legs felt, and having my ass fondled. I never found out the guy's name.

My next sex partner I met through the internet. I sucked my first cock and was bottom on our first meet. On our second meet, I had sex dressed as a girl (as a whore, to be specific) for the first time. I enjoyed having my ass fondled through my skirt.

My next sex partner was a cross dresser. I role played a girl that was persuaded by an older woman to dress sluttily, and we did mutual masturbation. This was the first time I wore a wig and make-up.

There are periods during which I don't seem able to fantasise about anything at all other than being a teenage girl lying on her back and having sex with a man, or being a girl and going through puberty (growing breasts is the main motif), and if I look at straight porn I invariably imagine myself as the girl, etc. In terms of fantasies I'm always straight, just sometimes a girl.

I'm curious about trying two extremes: One, to be feminised by a man who taunts me and mocks me, then role play a schoolgirl that is half raped, half seduced. The other one is to top a man, and do it hard.

Comments, insights, suggestions, etc. welcome, send them to  
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