The ride to the airport was quiet. John and I talked mostly about work, mine and his. It never occurred to me to find out how a man who seemingly had no job could afford such a huge property. Apparently John’s family was very rich, and always very sexual. When John was a boy his family used what is now his house as a hunting cabin and he took it over and made it into a home when Natalie first got pregnant. John keeps the fortune going through stock trading, which judging from what I saw he must be very good at. The drive to the airport seemed very quick compared with the drive from it. Before I knew it we were there and unloading my bags. At the curb we gave each other a manly hug and shook hands and I watched him drive away. I headed up the ramp to the airport entrance and back to the me before the me I found this weekend.

 Getting into my seat on the plane I made myself comfortable, I had checked my messages on my phone, there was one from my wife, I called her and let her know I was on my way home and when I expected to get there. I sat back in my seat and the events of the past 2 days began to stream through my mind. The introduction to Natalie and the kids, John’s big cock, Buster’s animal fuck drifted through my head as the air host gave the instructions. The flight was only about 4 hours long, long enough for a good nap, long enough to read a good book, and long enough to fuck John and his entire family I thought. The thought of John, Natalie and the kids gave me an instant erection. As I noticed my cock growing hard so did the air steward as he asked what I wanted to drink. I couldn’t hide it, and really, I didn’t want to, it had been several hours since I had fucked last, the longest time since I started this trip, and I saw no reason for it to stop. I smiled at him as I asked for my drink. He smiled back and said he would look and see if they had any. He was very attractive, which is saying a lot, before this weekend I was bisexual in that I loved cock, I really never found myself attracted to the man attached to it. Since falling in love with John I saw men completely differently now. The man left and returned to dispense drinks to the passengers nearby, once his tray was empty he asked if I could follow him. I did, taking note of his ass as we walked to the tail end of the plane. He was effeminate, which usually turned me off, but I was horny as hell thinking about John and the Boys Club, and I just wanted sex right now. We got to the rear service area where the beverage cart was. He started showing me the various drinks they had and while doing so began to rub my cock through my pants. His touch electrified me, this was what I needed before going home, I needed another no strings attached encounter. My cock sprang to full erection now. Given the smiles I gave him while he rubbed me he stood back up and gestured for me to follow him. We went behind a curtain at the back of the wait station and this man had his hands on my zipper the moment the curtain closed. My hands went straight to his head as he pulled my cock out of my pants. Silently I fucked his hot mouth, loving the feel of warm spit on my hard cock with strangers no more than 20 feet away having no clue as to what we were doing. As this hot young guy was sucking me his hands went to his pants and took them off. His pale hard white cock popped out of his pants as he guided them to the floor. The sight of his cock, nice and shaved was driving me crazy, so I stood him up and turned his back toward me. Spitting in my hand I lubed my cock as he bent forward, hands spreading his ass before me. I quickly guided my hard cock into his hot ass. A quiet grunt was all I heard as I began fucking him. The urgency of my need was such that I filled his ass in no time at all, which is the common theme for closet bi guys, get it when you can, quick, so you don’t get caught. His ass felt so good around my cock as the last drops of cum shot into him. It may have been quick, but apparently he liked it as he gave my ass a nice squeeze while I pulled my pants up. Once dressed, we stepped through the curtain and he made my drink.

 Sitting in the seat watching the clouds pass I began to think about the past couple of days. I couldn’t believe how easily I involved myself in the activity at John’s. I couldn’t believe how natural it felt, to stick my cock into any and every available hole I could find, to have guys fucking my ass, my mouth and cumming all over me. I couldn’t believe how strongly I wanted to be doing it again. The thought occurred to me, “I’m married, I shouldn’t be doing this.” But the desire seemed to completely overwhelm everything else, what was right or wrong didn’t really seem to matter, just the desire to experience that release. Somehow I felt completely free, and completely trapped all at once. Having overcome my own doubts and inhibitions, I wanted nothing more than to live as I did at John’s. However, I loved my wife, and I felt horrible that nothing she would be able to do would satiate me. Let me explain to you about my marriage. First, as I’ve told you, I love my wife, dearly. My wife makes me laugh, she’s a wonderful partner, she’s fun to be around. My wife, I guess, is normal. The problem I have found, is I’m not. I used to think if I just kept things under control my fantasies would stay just that and all would be fine. How many people do you know live like that? It seems that life is a trade off, you get something you give something. So with that belief I met this wonderful woman who I enjoy being around and married her. Our sex has always been very good, but there was always a feeling of, how do I say this, duty over the experience when we have made love lately. Don’t get me wrong, I love a good cum and she can make me cum, but when we fuck, its almost as if we do it to a certain standard and go no further. I know she feels the same way, when we met we had sex all the time. Once we got married, life sort of took over and like most couples I know, sex takes a back seat to life. The problem is the wanting of sex doesn’t take a back seat to anything. So occasionally I would slip, with men, and feel that I had done nothing seriously wrong as my wife is firmly anti gay sex and she couldn’t give me what a man could. I was simply finding that which she couldn’t give and wouldn’t allow. It seemed an ok arrangement to me, until now. I had not only had sex with Natalie, Diana, and maybe 6 or 7 other women and girls this weekend, I didn’t think I could stop. I didn’t know if I even wanted to.

 I arrived at my house mid afternoon, the house was empty as my wife was at work. I texted her to let her know I had made it home safely. I then called John and spoke with both he and Diana, Charlie and Natalie weren’t home so we chatted for a while and I wished him my best and thanked him for the wonderful weekend we had. Once I settled in at home I decided to check emails. Sorting through the junk mail I began to feel my lust rising again. The air hosts tight ass was a wonderful reminder of what I was missing back at John’s place. I tried to put it aside, as I have so often done, but the feeling grew and I started to watch porn online. Stroking my cock watching snippets of video from one of my favorite sites I knew I would need a release and soon. I opened up another computer window and looked up one of my favorite gay cruising sites. I have been a member of this site for over 10 years, either the pay or free version and have found little action, but I was getting desperate by now. I started to read on some of the cruising locations around my house. I have never been much of a cruiser, the fear of getting caught by police terrifies me. Somehow having experienced all that I had at John’s I had lost that fear and now had only the hunger. I looked up the address of an adult bookstore and mapped it out. The ones my wife and I had gone to never had the video stalls in the back. I’ve heard about them, fantasized about them, but until now, never had the courage, or uncontrolled lust to visit them, I did now.

 I drove over to the bookstore, about 45 minutes from home. As emboldened as I was, I was still certain I didn’t want to be seen by anyone so I picked one further away. I walked inside and saw the usual rows of magazines, movies and toys. Strolling through the aisles of porn I started looking around. I noticed a doorway at the back of the store, a couple of guys were walking out from behind a curtain that hung in the doorway. I noticed the sign on the wall warning customers that public acts of indecency were illegal and would be enforced. The review I had read on the website said that the staff here was gay friendly and that there was always action going on. My heart was racing, the allure of cheap raw sex was overwhelming and was mixed with the sheer fear of being caught, “coming out” as it almost felt being gay so openly. I could feel the redness fill my cheeks as I began to move toward the doorway. As I approached the curtain my heart felt as if it would jump out of my chest. “Sir, Sir” I could barely hear over the sound of my heartbeat. I stopped and turned towards the voice, it was the man behind the counter, “If you want to go back there you need to buy tokens” he said. By now fear had gripped me completely, I felt like a child who had just been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. I walked over to the counter and laid $10 on it and said “Sorry, never been to one of these before.” The man simply grabbed the bill and counted out my tokens. My hand shook as he pushed the tokens across the counter toward me. Grabbing the tokens quickly to hide my trembling I headed back to the theater. Somehow not having been reprimanded by the employee made me feel more comfortable, my walk turned to a more confident stride as I headed towards my next adventure. Pushing the curtain aside I noticed a case with video covers on the wall in front of me. There was a hallway leading away from me to both my left and right, I turned right and started walking down the hall. There were maybe 8 booths in this hall, 4 on one side and 4 on the other. I could hear from behind several of the closed doors the sounds of porn playing, the traditional moans, oh gods and of course the music. I found an open door at the end of the hallway furthest from the entrance and walked inside. I shut the door behind me and looked around. There was a hard plastic seat bolted to the floor in the middle of the booth facing the small video screen on the wall. The video screen was recessed into the wall and the opening was covered by a piece of plastic, I smiled at the thought of how many loads had been shot on that plastic. To the right of the video screen was a little shelf with tissues on it. As I sat in the chair the door to the room was to my right and slightly behind me, to my left was a wall that had a glory hole in it. I sat down and put some tokens in the machine. My heart was calmer now, but still pounding. As the tokens clicked inside the machine a video started playing, the scene was an all male 3some outdoors. The men looked too effeminate for my taste so I began to click the channel changer. There were a variety of hetero and homosexual videos available and I settled in on one that had the most amazing transsexual I had seen. I sat back and started to watch this somewhat feminine black transsexual pull out a cock that would make John jealous. She had some guy suck her off while a woman was sucking him.

 I watched the video entranced by the action for a few minutes before I realized I needed to stroke, so I opened my pants and began to pull my cock out. No sooner than I had dick in hand I heard a faint knocking sound to my left, through the glory hole poked a couple of fingers motioning to me. I stood and turned, pants around my ankles I walked to the hole, sliding my hard cock through the hole I could feel a warm, wet mouth engulf me. This stranger was no stranger to cock, he milked my cock like a pro, his tongue working in waves up and down my shaft. I could hear the faint moans of other men near me, the sounds of the videos blaring in the background. It didn’t take long before my cock was properly drained, my knees pressed against the wall as my shrinking dick twitched from the orgasm. I got down on my knees to return the favor but could see the door in his booth open, must be a true cock whore I guessed. I turned back to the video and began to watch the tranny in action again, this time she had two men sucking her off, she was fingering their asses while they did. Eventually she took her huge pole and began to fuck one of her boys, it was beautiful to watch, that hard ebony cock sliding in and out of his white ass. I knew then what I needed next, I needed a ladyboy for myself. I stayed until my tokens ran out, I stroked my cock to orgasm one more time before leaving. As I left the video booth area the smell of sex hit me, the strong scent of cum and lust hung in the dark air in the back room, and I felt at home again.