I prepared dinner for my wife before she got home from work. I set out 2 wine glasses and set the table and had candles lit for her return. When she got home I greeted her warmly with a hug and a kiss. Guiding her to the table we ate together. She asked me about my trip and I told her about the camping I had done with my friends from school. This was the excuse I had given her, I had recently been reconnected with several old college buddies, one of whom had a cabin out west and we wanted to share a guys weekend out. My wife was all in favor of me spending time with my friends so it was a perfect excuse. After dinner we cleaned the table, put the dishes in the dishwasher and went upstairs and made love. The sex was wonderful, as all sex is, but that same feeling of something missing was stuck in my head. Somehow the excitement I got from random sex with anonymous people excited me far more than with the woman I loved, a brief thought crossed my mind as we lay there, would the same feeling happen with John and Natalie? After we finished and washed up my wife lay down to sleep, she said she hadn’t slept well with me gone. I hugged her and went downstairs to my study to catch up on emails and things I told her.

Starting my computer up I did read through some email, but the video of the transsexual with a huge cock kept appearing in my head. Before I had even noticed I was doing it I began to Google transsexual porn sites. I scanned through Latin trannies, Asian trannies, softcore, hardcore sites. I found video clips of trannies performing any and all kinds of sex. I was particularly excited not by the explicit pictures, though I do love the sight of a nice hard cock halfway into a tight hole, what excited me most were the pictures of the women in lingerie, bulges appearing in their panties. I began to rub my cock through my pajamas as I watched girl after girl getting sucked, fucked, sucking, fucking. My hunger was beginning to build. Soon my cock was out and I was stroking it slowly, letting the pleasure build. I logged into my messenger and saw John was online. I instantly felt my heart speed up its pace. Before I could message him he messaged me. We chatted about my flight home, his drive back. I told him how I missed being there, and how it was already affecting me not being around people as open as the ones at his ranch. I asked him what he had been up to that day, he said he had just come back from the Boys Club, he said Monday night was “Ladies Night.” I asked him what that meant, he said that every Monday, men who were interested were encouraged to wear female lingerie, panties, teddy’s, garters. I laughed softly, not wanting to wake up my wife. I told him about my interest in transsexuals and we chatted about our, or rather his, experience. He told me when he was much younger, in his late teens he had a need to wear women’s panties, he just loved them. He didn’t want to ever take on the feminine aspect of dressing, but he had always loved them. He actually said if he hadn’t met Natalie he thought he might have married a transsexual. The thought of his huge cock getting hard in a pair of lacy, frilly panties drove me almost over the edge. The hunger that had been slowly building was fully raging now. I was very sad I had missed “Ladies Night” at the club. I know I would have had one hell of a good time.

As our conversation continued John let me know Diana was upset all day and missed me terribly and Charlie missed me as well, but he said Natalie was very lost with me gone. I asked if I could talk with her but she had gone to bed early. John told me that he had spoken with Mike and he was impressed at the way I had gotten fucked by Buster. He said he definitely wished he had been there to watch that. I asked him if he had ever done anything with the dog and he said not with Buster, but there was a Great Dane he and Natalie had that had fucked both of them often. The thought of John and Natalie being with a dog nearly had me exploding, I was going crazy sitting at my computer. We talked about some experiences we had each had and I found out just how much more there was to John and Nat than I had previously thought. I missed them terribly, I missed being between their naked bodies. I couldn’t bear the feeling of needing release and not having it readily available anymore. Once John and I finished chatting I went to some personal ad sites. I needed sex, cock, pussy, ass I didn’t care at this point, I needed to be inside someone. The thought that I needed to be inside someone while my wife lay asleep just upstairs saddened me, but I knew, what I needed from a partner she would never, could never be, I needed something more raw, animalistic, uncontrolled and all encompassing, and my wife for all her many charms, was none of those things. My wife takes Ambien to sleep, and trust me, she doesn’t wake up when she falls asleep. I still had another couple of vacation days from work requested, so I decided it was time for a little night time scoping. I went upstairs to get dressed. Once dressed, I returned to my computer and started looking up transsexuals in my area. I went to my trusty Craigslist and looked up local trannies with ads. Fortunately for me, there were several ads for that day posted, so I emailed them and waited. I had started to work on some stuff for work when my email notified me of a new message. My heart jumped and I opened it immediately. The message was from one of the Craigslist girls, though not the most girly of them I didn’t care. She said she couldn’t host but would be available all night if I could host and depending on what I looked like. I sent her a pic and told her I couldn’t host, but if a hotel would be ok I would spring for the room. Once the message was sent I was already figuring out which hotel I might utilize.

If you are like me, and from what I’ve found millions of other people are, secretly conducting a search for what’s missing in their life, this might all seem horrible, but trust me, you’re probably doing it too in your own way. In my life I’ve found everyone keeps secrets, everyone keeps desires hidden, things they do hidden, for some people its drugs or alcohol, for others its money, for others its food, for me its sex. I need what I need and I have grown tired of having to feel ashamed of it, guilty for it. Some people would say I’m sick, what excites me is sick, that I cheat on my wife is sick. I am sick, I’m sick of feeling like I need to live up to some imaginary standard of living so other people can accept me. I want to fuck and to get fucked, in every way possible, I love it, and as I have found its what makes me feel complete. Sitting here in my house I feel less than myself, I feel I have to hide in my little room because what I want isn’t acceptable, to my wife, to either of our families, to our neighbors, to “everyone”. But I keep asking myself, if what I want is so unacceptable, how come there are always ads on Craigslist and hundreds of other personal ad sites offering openly, or hinting at sex? While I thought this argument over and over in my head I received another email, from the same girl saying she would love to get together with me, I could pick her up in an hour. I took down her address and looked it up and nearby hotels online. I wrote my wife a note explaining that I wasn’t able to sleep and went for a drive. Heading out the door I got into my car and headed out. My cock was throbbing in my pants as I drove the 20 minutes to my date’s apartment. I began to rub myself, imagining a nice thick cock hidden in tiny little panties just waiting for my mouth.

I straightened up and headed towards the door of her apartment. As I approached the door she opened it and stepped outside. “Hi, I’m Stephanie” she said reaching out her hand. I took her hand in mine and kissed it, “I’m Paul, very nice to meet you Stephanie.” I asked Stephanie if she was ready to go and she said yes. Walking towards the car she asked if I was married, this is a common question, but in the heart of the closet married bi male, one that always strikes fear, “Yes I am Stephanie, does that bother you?” “Of course not Honey, if I didn’t get together with married men I’d be alone all the time!” she said laughing. I was very excited now, Stephanie was wearing a very loose print dress, she was by no means what they call passable, but tonight I didn’t care, I just couldn’t wait to get that dress off. Stephanie had shoulder length black hair, dark red lipstick. I would have guessed her age at about 35 or so. As we drove to the hotel I had selected we made small talk, about how long she had been living as a woman, how many married men she traditionally saw. She was almost a caricature of a woman, she had the mannerisms of a female, but taken to the extreme. Of course, none of this mattered, at that moment, she didn’t need to speak, she didn’t need to be beautiful, she just needed to be available, and here she was. I checked into the hotel, not a pay by the hour, but not too far from it, somehow being in a more seedy environment made it all the more exciting. As soon as the door was closed Stephanie grabbed me, she had strong hands that pulled me to her mouth. We kissed hard, the kind of kiss that means nothing more than the need for human contact, the kind that only anonymous sexual encounters provide. We kissed over and over for some time as we undressed. Finally she stood before me wearing a bright pink bra and panty outfit. The pink was offset by some black trim which accentuated her curves. She looked amazing to me.

She sat me on the bed and began to dance in front of me, my hands reaching out to her waist. I pulled her body close and kissed her belly, my hands roaming up and down her legs, around to her very firm ass. She began to grind her panties in my face. As she was grinding the bulge began to grow, and the tight panties were beginning to swell. I began to kiss her cock through the panties. My hands gripped her ass and held her close. Finally her cockhead began to pop out of the top of her panties, and I licked at it eagerly. She pulled her panties down just below her balls and teased me with her cock, letting me get a taste before backing away. Finally she grabbed my hair with one hand, her now hard cock with the other and fed me her clit. I took every inch in my mouth and throat and sucked her sweet cock. Working her furiously with my mouth she pumped into me in rhythm. She fucked my mouth for some time before she let her panties drop to the floor, then she turned around and offered me her tight ass. Her hands ran across her cheeks, teasing me by pulling them open only to close them again. I grabbed her cheeks and pulled her ass to my mouth. Inhaling the scent of her sweet ass I began to run my tongue up and down her ass crack. Finally settling my attention on her tight little hole, she gasped at the touch of my tongue on her asslips. This woman knew how to work what she had, she began to grind her ass on my face as my tongue loosened up her ass. I ate her until her pussy was dripping, begging to be filled. Pulling her waist down towards my crotch Stephanie knew it was time for some cock. “Oh baby, fuck my pussy, fuck my tight pussy so good” she moaned. I pointed my cock up towards her ass as she lowered herself on me. Sitting on the edge of the bed Stephanie rode my cock reverse cowboy for several minutes, then she stood up and turned around. Her thick clit was bouncing as she took off her bra and straddled me again, her tits bouncing in my face as she lowered herself onto me again. I grabbed her tits while she rode my cock, squeezing them as she bounced on me. Our moans became louder as her bouncing intensified. Finally I unloaded my hot seed in her ass, she sat on my cock taking my load while I sucked her nipples. Once I had filled her completely she began to stand, as she stood I turned her back around to see the creampie I left inside her. Her hot hole was red and swollen from the fucking she took. I pulled her ass to my face and began to lick on her hole, pushing my tongue inside I could taste the of my cum in her. She gasped once again as she realized I was eating my own cum from her pussy, but offered her ass to me for eating. Once I had eaten my seed from her hole I pressed my face against her ass.

Holding Stephanie in place while my skin was pressed against hers I was thrilled to have finally fucked a tranny, another taboo now complete, and loved. I kissed her asscheeks then stood up myself. Pulling her into my arms I kissed her deeply. “That was incredible Stephanie.” I said “You were wonderful yourself there lover” she replied. “Will I be hearing from you again?” “Yes, I’d love to see you again.” She smiled at me, “Good, that cock feels so good going in I can’t tell you.” “I bet yours would too.” I said. “Let’s clean up, I should get home.” We went in to the shower together. While soaping up and kissing and touching the feeling came back and I fucked her again, this time leaving my seed in place. We left the hotel and I took her back to her apartment. Kissing her goodbye I knew I would have to see her again.

Walking back to my car from Stephanie’s doorstep my mind began to race. The excitement of finally having bedded a transsexual thrilled me to the core. My body tingled with excitement as I drove home. My hand never left my crotch the entire drive. Once I got home I dressed for bed again and laid next to my sleeping wife. I had thrown out the note I left for her, no sense raising questions I didn’t want to avoid. I laid in bed, mind racing, cock swollen, again. “I don’t know how I’m going to do this.” I said to myself. “I can’t keep doing this, it’s unfair to her, it’s unfair to me. But how do I crush everything we’ve done, everything we’ve built together, and will I want what I find when it’s over?” As soon as I asked that question my wife snuggled up beside me, as if to remind me of her presence, and I knew then the answer to my question was yes, it would so much be worth it.