Laying next to my wife, the touch of her skin set me on fire. I lay beside her thinking of my fun with Stephanie and my cock began to spring to life. As my wife was snuggling me I began to move her nightgown up her legs. In her drugged state she noticed nothing. Finally my hands had free reign over her pussy and ass. I began to gently rub her pussy, her body instinctively moved to accept my advances, she made no sound whatsoever. I continued to rub her pussy for sometime, slowly working a finger inside her I could feel her juices as they began to flow. My wife sleeps on her side, so she slept with her butt turned toward me. I got on my side and gently moved her legs where I could slide my cock inside her. The thought of fucking my unconscious wife was thrilling to me, in fact, more thrilling than fucking her awake had been lately. I pressed my hard cock inside her welcoming pussy. Her body could feel my entrance as it moved slightly to allow deeper penetration. I looked to her head to see any signs of her waking and saw none as I thrust my hard cock inside her. I fucked her for some time like this, each of us on our sides with me behind her pumping myself into her. Finally my cock exploded inside her, filling her with my hot cum. For the first time in I can’t even tell you how long she didn’t run to the bathroom to clean herself off, and I loved that she would carry my seed with her all day.

 After filling my wife with hot cum I was completely drained and fell asleep quickly. I awoke to the sound of my wife preparing for work. I could see the wet spot on the sheets where my cum had dried, and judging from her behavior she had no idea what had happened last night. The thought of fucking my unconscious wife was very exciting to me, I clearly had lost my grip on what was “acceptable” I thought, I was fucking anything I could get my hands on, I was expanding my boundaries to areas I had only thought of but never had the courage to try. As I climbed out of bed my wife came into the bedroom and kissed me goodbye. I watched her body as she moved away and out the door, she looked very sexy to me now, something about seeing her more as another fuck toy and less as my “partner” made sex with her seem that much more exciting and therefore her that much more desireable. I was looking forward to tonight! I rambled downstairs and got on my computer. I started checking my emails and read one from Natalie, her words touched me deeply. I can’t explain what exists between John, Natalie and I, it was completely based on sex, the promise of it, the sex we shared was beyond amazing, but somehow it went so much deeper than that. Somehow I was connected to them in such an intimate way, in a way that went far deeper than just the sex we shared. I replied to her, telling her how much I had missed her. She had asked if I had been up to anything since I had gotten back, which only told me how well she must have known what I was going through, she knew I had changed, told me I had, but maybe she knew even better than I what was to come. I told her about Stephanie, about the air steward. I told her about my never ending hunger for sex, about how when I was having sex, it always felt as if she was there, because honestly, in my head she often was. I sent her a long reply that included my best wishes to Diana and Charlie and John. After sending my reply to Natalie I sorted through the rest of the junk in my inbox. I came across an email address I didn’t recognize, it turned out to be a reply from one of the trannies I emailed the night before. She apologized for not responding sooner but liked my email and wondered if we could get together another time. I replied to her email saying I was free this afternoon if she was. After sending the email I began surfing the net, trolling for videos depicting the depravity that flowed through my mind constantly. As I sat at my desk, watching videos stroking my cock the thought occurred to me how normal and natural this felt to me. I loved the thrill of sex, the search for it, the obtaining willing partners. While I sat back watching my porn my hand working my now very hard cock I sat back deep in my chair. My free hand was rubbing my balls while I stroked myself. Soon I found my finger teasing my asshole picturing John’s big cock sliding deep inside. I finger fucked my ass uncontrollably while I stroked myself to climax.

 I was feeling particularly horny this morning, thinking of fucking my unconscious wife, of getting fucked by John’s big cock, thoughts of Natalie and Diana darted through my mind. While I was thinking of all these things I began to wipe the cum from my body and eat it. While I was cleaning up my mess, I noticed a new email had shown up in my account. I was so worked up from the thoughts in my head I felt anxious at the hope of new sex today. The email was from a male lover I’ve played with for months, he was off today and was looking to hook up. Traditionally we got together at his house, but today I was wanting something different, I asked him if he’d like to get together at the adult bookstore I had read about not too far from his house. This bookstore had what were called couple booths, they were supposed to be larger than a traditional booth. I was bursting to fuck by now, my ass was craving to be filled from the teasing my finger gave it. But the life of the closet bi male, especially a married one is so isolated, so secretive as to be suffocating. My lover was married as well, its what drew us to each other, each knowing there was safety in the others need for secrecy. After sending my email I waited, wondering if I would hear back from him, the tranny I had emailed earlier or another potential partner. Sitting in my chair, waiting to hear from somebody, anybody to reply to me I realized how empty my life truly was. I so wanted to be what I was at John’s open to anyone and everyone at anytime. The concept of not having sex never crossed my mind while I was there, it was everywhere all the time and I loved it. But now, here I sat, naked in my study, looking at other people having sex on film, thinking about the sex I should be having, could be having if I weren’t living like this. Anger and sadness were encroaching on my fantasies. I was so tired of having to keep everything hidden, so tired of having to be what everyone else was appearing to be. I loved walking around John’s completely nude, cum drying on my skin after a good fuck. I loved being surrounded by men, women and children, all enjoying, exploring their sexuality together. More and more I find it hard to understand how people can live like this. I knew it would be strange coming home, but I didn’t feel at home, I felt as if I were in prison. Everything scheduled, or arranged, everything hidden. I sat at my computer for another 20 minutes or so with no email response. Frustrated as hell I went upstairs and began to shower. While I was soaping up, wiping off the cum residue left on my belly my hands drifted down to my cock and balls. Soaping up my crotch my cock began to dance in my hand. I began stroking myself again, this time as much to relieve the frustration of being back in the closet again as from my need for sex. The more I stroked however the more hungry I became until I couldn’t hold it back. I grabbed the shampoo bottle, it was some specialty kind my wife liked. The bottle was cylindrical in shape, I began to rub the top on my aching anus. As I rubbed my aching grew, as my aching grew the bottle slid deeper inside me. Soon I was fucking my ass with my wife’s shampoo. I fucked myself good and hard for some time, the shower water had begun to grow cold when I finally came. I regretted the water from the shower would wash my ass from the bottle, the idea of my wife using something that had been up my ass was very exciting.

 Drying off my skin had in no way dryed up my lust, I was still hungry for sex. Years ago, when I was in my early twenties multiple masturbation sessions calmed me down, but over the years they only served to keep my desire growing. I think now might be a good time to tell you more about myself. I’m sure at this point I’m just some rambling idiot talking about sex, which, I am, but let me tell you how I got here. I have always been terribly shy, believe it or not, I still am. When I was a young boy, I really can’t remember how young I remember rubbing my body face down on the floor, feeling the sensation of my little dick rubbing against my clothes was amazing. When I was alone I would often grind my body into my bed, or on the floor to get that sensation. Eventually I found my hand to be a most wonderful replacement. I was young when I found my father’s porn stash, I wouldn’t even call it porn now, it was pretty much just nude pics of men and women. I loved looking at their nude and semi nude bodies and wanting to touch them, to lick them. Now while I had thoughts of licking, sucking and when old enough to know what it was, fucking, I was far too timid to ever ask for a date. Girls scared me, and the thought of being gay never entered my mind. As I went through high school I had few dates, but I personally kept Kleenex in business. I so desperately wanted someone to have sex with, and was so scared to ever approach anyone for it I could have gone crazy. I lived in this paradox for years, until I went to college. Once I was away from home, things seemed to change, I found I could talk with girls. I was still far too shy to ask for what I wanted. By now I had determined I was a piss freak, I would often drink and play with my own, I would get hard walking into a bathroom and smelling it. I was also starting to acknowledge my interest in cocks. I still hadn’t played with one, but the thought was with me more and more.

 While in college there was an adult bookstore I would often find myself frequenting, particularly after a night at the bar. One night while I was watching gay porn, a finger suddenly appeared through a hole in the wall next to me. Having gone to the bookstore yesterday reminded me of those days, almost 20 years ago, I had forgotten what those places were like, but had always kept the feelings I got from going. One thing that I think you should know, I’ve always been ashamed of my wants. I’ve always been ashamed of wanting sex, in any fashion. I don’t know why, I don’t know why I’ve always felt bad for wanting cock, pussy, both at the same time. This shame kept me searching for years for anonymous encounters. I’m not ashamed anymore, I know what I want, and I want it, out front, in the open. I think about my wife when I think about these things. I think about how hurt she would be if she found out about what I’ve done. I love my wife, and I think I am still in love with my wife, but more and more my wife seems to be a part of a world I don’t want to live in anymore. My wife is a very successful attorney. She is highly driven to succeed in her field, but with that drive comes sacrifices. I gladly made those sacrifices with her over the years, being the dutiful husband, appearing at the various legal events so she can show she’s successful in and out of the office. As my wife’s drive to become the lawyer she is grew, my drive to explore my inner passions had as well. At this point, we are simply living two different lives under the same roof. This thought should make me sad, but for some time now it really hasn’t. Since my return from John’s not only does it not make me sad, it almost makes me resentful, as if her life has somehow overtaken mine. Anyway, over the years I’ve held back my wants and desires for the sake of not embarrassing my family, friends, my wife, and my holding back has only increased my desire.

 My play with men started slowly, occasionally getting a blowjob from some anonymous mouth at the college adult bookstore. Then I began to chat with men online and eventually got the nerve to start meeting up with them. Each time I would meet with a man my heart would be in my throat, fear would overtake me sometimes, sometimes I would just be barely able to enjoy it, until over time, I just treasured the thrill of a new cock or ass. That’s where I am now, I love sucking cock, I love eating a man’s hot hole, and sometimes, I love having my ass filled. And now, I have no fear, no hesitation, just pleasure. I originally started my gay sex because of my interest in piss play. Women seem to think it too dirty, or disgusting, men, on the other hand, we love getting dirty, the more the better. So as my interest in piss play grew, so did my playing with men. I suppose there is one very important detail about my exploration with men, maybe you know the answer, with as much as I love gay sex, I have never been sexually attracted to men. I have never found a clothed man attractive, when I can see his cock, that’s when I want him! When I’m having sex, I get lost in it, I don’t want to think about doing this, that or the other, I just want to be surrounded by the moment. The feel of another man’s cock, or a woman’s pussy or either male or female ass just thrills me. The more lost in the moment I am, the more I am willing and capable of doing, and enjoying. The first time I ever got fucked was completely by surprise, I had promised this man I was chatting with online I would do piss play with him. His cock was so wonderfully big, the biggest I had ever seen in person at that time. I loved sucking it, in fact I sucked him while he was camming with an online friend of his and I loved it. The more I sucked him the more I wanted him inside me until finally I asked if I could sit on his cock. He looked startled at first, but then guided it to my hole as I sat down on him for his friend to watch. That is how I felt at John’s, completely lost in the moment, and every moment held the possibility of sex.

 Anyway, all that said, I think I’m just coming into my own. The experiences I have had led me to John and Natalie, and taught me how to enjoy what they and their lifestyle offers. I know its not for everyone, but as I sit here in my house, it sure felt more like home than this life ever has. Well anyway, I head back downstairs from my shower, nice and clean and looking to get dirty. I sit in front of my computer and check my email. My lover answered that he could meet me there in an hour. My heart was pounding, I was going to get my fix. I went upstairs and dressed, sweats and a t-shirt, I’m not going on a date, I’m going to get off, and I want as little as possible in the way. I hop in my car and begin the drive to the bookstore. While I’m driving my hand is rubbing my cock through my sweats. I’m sure the woman next to me has watched me stroke, but I don’t care. Once I would have been terrified she would call the police, now all I’m thinking is how good my lover’s cock is going to feel and taste. I pull up to the bookstore, my cock semi hard bulging the crotch of my sweats. As I enter the store I notice him looking through some of the magazines. At the sound of the door he turns immediately, his face somewhat panicked, a feeling I am well familiar with. I walk over to the counter and ask for $20 in tokens for the machines. I glance over at my lover, smiling softly as I walk into the booth area. I look at the case, much like at the other bookstore, which showed what movies were playing on what channel. I took note of several very hot video covers. I decided to start walking around, checking out the booths, since I had never been here before I wanted to make sure I could get one of the couples booths. Toward the back of one row of booths I looked inside an open door and saw a large booth with a bench that ran along the far wall , on the side of the larger television screen, and even ran along the back end of the booth, there was no chair in the room. As I pulled my head out from the booth I turned and saw my lover walking towards me, behind him was an older man, probably hoping to get some through one of the gloryholes here. I stepped inside the booth, leaving the door open for my lover to enter. While I waited for him to enter I put my tokens in the machine, and turned the volume up.

 He came in moments later as I had put on one of the videos who’s cover caught my eye. He was not into kissing, which always surprised me as I couldn’t really imagine sex without it. So as he walked into the booth, locking the door behind him I fought back the desire to kiss him. I sat on the bench against the wall to the side of the tv, pulling my pants down to show him my hard cock. He was unbuckling his belt as he walked over to me, I reached up and helped him undo his pants. Once his pants were down around his ankles I could feel the tension in his body. Remember me telling you how nervous and excited I would be before meeting a partner? He is what I was years ago. As I got his pants down I could see the big bulge in his underwear. I pulled his undies down and swallowed his thick meat. I could hear him sigh at my touch, I could feel his body begin to relax as my mouth worked his hard cock. I sucked him hard for some time, his hips pushing his cock deeper into my mouth. Pulling his cock out of my mouth I ran my lips and tongue up and down his shaft, occasionally stopping to lick his balls. I could hear him moaning as I licked and sucked his balls and cock. “Oh fuck man, that feels so good” he would say from time to time. I turned him around to see his ass, I loved eating his ass, he had a musky deep taste, like all asses, but there was something about the feel of his rim on my tongue, his ass, though always clean, had a deeper, richer taste to it. He bent over to let me taste his hole, his smell was driving me crazy. I ate his hole until his ass was dripping from my spit, he was moaning loudly now, I could hear him clearly over the porn. Finally I stood up behind him, reaching down into the corner I pulled out one of the condoms I brought with me, my lover was paranoid about disease, and I began to sheath my cock. He put one knee on the bench and leaned forward, arching his back like some porn slut. Once I had the condom in place I moved to him and pressed my cock against his waiting hole, pushing harder and harder until my cock popped into his waiting ass. I fucked him relentlessly, moaning loudly enough for others to hear in the hallway. My groin was slapping into my lovers butt, he was almost screaming under his breath, I could tell he was loving the sex from how hard he bucked back onto my cock. We fucked in this position until I came, I could feel the warmth of my load surrounding my cock. I knew he was close to I got on my knees and he jerked his load out onto my face. Sucking his shrinking cock into my mouth I loved his dick until he pulled away from me. I still had his cum on my face, and I turned away from him to get my pants, and wiped his load into my mouth. Such displays of perversion really bothered my lover, so I made sure he couldn’t see, but I had to taste his cum. He dressed hurriedly, leaned into me and whispered thanks as he unlocked the door and left. Once he was gone I pulled off my full rubber and swallowed the now cool load I had filled it with. Several men walked past the now part open door and caught me drinking cum and stroking myself again.

I left the booth after getting dressed, though every part of me wanted to stay and take on whoever wanted me. Walking out the front door towards my car I felt lighter, as if what I had just done had taken a burden from me. On the drive home my mind drifted between the road and the road to freedom I had started myself upon. I knew I could never be who and what I was, now I needed to figure out how to be who and what I thought I was supposed to be.