

Lana: Second Encounter

By: Ken

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Well, you may remember the satisfaction I felt at the end of my first encounter with Lana. I had not really expected to find a CD with whom I felt so comfortable. Usually, I had left my experiences with some discomfort about the surroundings or the person I had been with. Not in this case, she was a capable person who enjoyed spending part of her life as a woman and, in that role, having sex with a man. As it turned out, there seemed to be some serendipity in our meeting. She was searching for a friend with whom to share a secret life as was I. I am bi-sexual and enjoy being with women and with men who are passable or semi-passable dressed as women. But I have no desire to be with men. I am not sure why I enjoy some TG women. Probably some people would think I am nuts, the same people who could not imagine me thinking of myself as straight. But I have come to view gender as a continuum and therefore, my own preferences in a sexual partner are a bit more adventurous than the average guy. I find certain women and certain transgender women sexually attractive. Usually they are tall, fit, olive skinned and often Asian. And of course, in my mind they are all women although some of them have a little something extra.

Lana, my new friend is about 6' tall with heels and probably weighs 170 lb. She is not petite, in fact would remind one of a very athletic woman with a swimmer's build, strong legs and arms, broad shoulders and narrow hips. Her legs are long, smooth and look terrific in nylons (or without for that matter). She is Asian (Chinese, very tall even for a guy) and with long shoulder length hair and make-up she easily passes as a woman. She is an avid cyclist riding her road bike at every opportunity putting in more miles per week than I could imagine. It occurred to me that riding a road bike provided the perfect excuse for regular shaving of virtually every normally visible part of one's body. How convenient for a man who dresses.

One would have to look closely at Lana noting the size of her hands and the hint of facial hair to begin to think maybe things are not what they seem to be. That suspicion coupled with the narrow hips and broad shoulders would have one wondering. For me that is a total turn-on. The mystery really gets me going.

Anyway, our first meeting had arisen from a connection through CL Casual Encounters. Frankly, the first that had every really worked out for me. There are so many flakes. One never knows if the other party is who they say they are or what they really want or if they are just wasting your time and get a charge out of connecting on the net. Multiple e-mails and false starts had resulted in an evening meeting at her apartment, helped along by a bottle of Pinot Grigio. She loved to service her guy and I loved being serviced. We had departed with a plan to meet again as soon as possible. Her apartment was a convenient spot and allowed us the necessary privacy for an occasional discreet meeting as both of us

had another life to lead on a daily basis. Having a regular connection was attractive to both of us for a number of reasons. We thought we could trust each other with this part of our private life. Also, we are both drug and disease free and neither of us really wanted multiple partners to avoid the risks associated with promiscuity.

Our first meeting had ended with me receiving the best blow job I could remember. She loved to take me deep in her mouth and had ended up swallowing every drop of sperm with me buried as far down her throat as possible. I had cum after a long session where we kissed, talked, sipped wine, sucked c**k and explored one another's bodies. Although, I have to say she did most of the exploring. It seemed she wanted to know what pleased me and was eager to do anything on that list. Hmm. Such a treat. I had not topped her and although our date was totally satisfying, in the back of my mind I was wondering when we might move to the next step in our physical relationship. And I wondered if she wanted to play in that way. I assumed she did as she was eager to please me.

Finally, we arranged another meeting. This one on a Wednesday afternoon that we both had free. I arrived and after a gentle tap on the door was admitted just as before. I managed to find the corkscrew and some glasses and we were soon sitting on the couch giving one another an update of our respective personal lives. I enjoyed chatting as did she. We knew sex was on the agenda but a chat and a glass of wine set us both at ease and also offered the opportunity to learn a bit more about each other. After all, we seemed to be becoming friends.

I soon leaned in for a kiss and after several lengthy hot embraces and French kisses punctuated by a few more sips of wine, the fingers of her right hand found their way to the crotch of my pants and my hardening c**k.

She was wearing a short school girl dress and white blouse with panty hose instead of the garter and stocking combination she had worn for our first meeting. I reached for her crotch and felt her hardening c**k. Mine is 6", medium sized and cut. Hers was easily 7 or more inches and bigger than mine. I thought again that I was thankful she did not want to penetrate me nor did I have any particular interest in that. On the other hand, I enjoyed playing with her c**k struggling to find room in her panty hose. And I enjoyed thinking about the mutual oral we might get into as the afternoon progressed. While I contemplated the future, she had found my belt buckle and fly and before I knew it she was pulling my pants and boxers below my knees and pushing them to my ankles. I was distracted from her hardness as she leaned over and kissed and licked my c**k, then taking me in her mouth. I leaned back and luxuriated in the feeling.

She soon shifted her body around so that she was kneeling on the floor and facing me. Once there she really began to work on my penis and balls. I was again in heaven. I looked down and her fingers were sliding up and down my c**k. I could only see the top of her head and her forehead as she worked my balls with her tongue and explored the smooth sensitive area between the scrotum and the anus. What a feeling. I knew my ass was sensitive and I am sure she could tell that she had found another way to please me.

We found our way to the floor. I pulled her pantyhose down in the front allowing her c**k to spring free and decided to do some of my own exploration. So we were soon in the familiar '69 position both of us f**king one another's mouths. My mouth and throat could barely accommodate her c**k but I did enjoy the sensation so I worked hard to provide her with a good experience and avoid the gag reflex which came almost every time I had her fully in my mouth and at the top of my throat. At the same time she was working my c**k and scrotum. Occasionally I would sit up and move forward forcing her to focus on the tender area behind the sac. She seemed to enjoy working that area as she knew it pleased me. Now wasn't the time but I reminded myself to ask her about rimming. I hoped she might be OK with it as it is one of my favorite things.

After a while I was so hot I had to roll off and pause. Fortunately, we had not drunk all the wine so we both enjoyed another glass as we lay beside one another on the floor both of our c**ks at attention. I asked her if she was interested in cumming. She said she was more interested in my pleasure and it wasn't something she needed or necessarily wanted. However, if I wanted her to cum, she would preferably after I had. I thought about her answer. I could not imagine being involved in our love making and not eventually experiencing release. The more I thought about it the more I began to think that there is something to the gender continuum I had in my mind. Perhaps there was something about being the 'girl' which led one to not want to ejaculate. Hmmmm. But women like to cum and usually complain that guys don't do their best to in that regard. Oh well. What do I know?

Anyway, soon with me on my back Lana's lips found their way to my c**k and again I luxuriated in the feeling of being ravished by her lips, tongue and mouth. And, from her moans I had to assume she was happy making me happy.

After a while she paused and said in a matter of fact way, 'Would you like to f**k me?' My immediate answer was 'Of course!' As I answered, I wondered which would be the best position. My experience, maybe a function of my medium sized dick, is that 'doggy style' is the most fool proof for the first time. Not that I have had that much experience. Anyway, I asked her to lean forward over the arm of the couch. So with her tight ass in the air I grabbed a piece of the crotch of the panty hose and twisted and pulled. The crotch tore and her c**k sprang forward. Somehow, tearing her panty hose was a turn on. I reached forward and placed each hand on her smooth cheeks. I could see her man pussy which she had thoughtfully lubed before my arrival so I could tell this was something she had been thinking about and planning for. Her c**k and balls dangled below pressed against the arm of the couch. I reached down and caressed them as I contemplated what was to come.

My c**k was at attention as I contemplated entering her. I rolled on a condom and placed my c**k tip near her pussy and rubbed it up and down taking advantage of the lube already there. I pushed and she pushed back. She moaned but I could not tell if it was a painful or ecstatic moan. I pushed a bit harder and I realized that it must hurt. I pulled away and placed my middle finger at her bud, massaging and then entering. She screamed but once I was in and gently massaging her anus I could tell that she was enjoying my efforts. After a gentle massage I removed my finger and returned my dick to its original position and pushed. She pushed back and I entered as gently as I could, pulling out a bit then pushing again. She let out a cry as she pushed one final time and I entered and her cry was followed by a 'Yes!

Fuck me!’ By that time I had fully entered her. I enjoyed the feeling of a tight pussy surrounding my c**k and began to rock back and forward my hands around the front of her hips, alternately pulling her back and holding her steady as I f**ked her. She cried again ‘Oh yes, f**k me, f**k me, it feels so good. Don’t stop!’ I kept going and felt the urge to cum but I resisted. I paused trying not to think about the urge to cum. I thought about anything else for a few seconds to regain my control. I asked ‘Are you ready to suck me again?’ She answered ‘Of course I am’.

Knowing that she loved the taste of sperm I somehow had in my mind that that cumming in her boy pussy was not the way to finish this encounter. Added to which, with a condom the sensation for me just was not the same.

I pulled out and tore off the condom. She had cried as I exited but quickly recovered and turned toward me falling to her knees. She greedily took me in her mouth. Our first f**k seemed to have encouraged her to want my c**k even more. I was happy to give it to her but despite my euphoria I still did not want to cum yet. I continued to enjoy her lips, tongue and mouth. She was a true oralist. Not that I knew what a true oralist was – but she clearly enjoyed what she was doing and wanted me to enjoy every second as well. I was happy to let her have her way. I looked down as she kept pulling her long hair back out of the way as I rested my hands on the back of her head and thrust in and pulled back. I could see that she was enjoying herself as she reached down with her hand so she could f**k her fist with her own hard c**k.

I wanted to try something else. I wanted to be rimmed but I didn’t think she’d be up for that and did not want to push her into it but somehow I felt that my ass needed some attention. I pulled away from her and asked if she’d do something for me. She asked ‘What?’ in a way that implied she was ready to try almost anything. I grabbed the lube and rubbed some on my anus as I leaned over the couch as she had done a few minutes before. I explained that I had no desire to be f**ked but that I thought I would enjoy her c**khead rubbing my ass while she applied a little pressure. She jumped at the chance ready to tease her c**k. I felt her c**k rub my ass and pushed a bit enjoying the sensation and at the same time wondering if a day would come when I would want to be f**ked. I had experimented a bit with a dildo in private while I jacked off so I knew I might enjoy the experience but somehow it wasn’t in the cards for now. For sure her c**k was too big anyway. However, the sensation of her c**k rubbing my ass provided me with new pleasure I had not experienced before. Probably her lips in the same place would drive me into ecstasy but I wasn’t sure she was ready for that. I did ask if she would consider it as I rotated off the arm of the couch to face her and she responded ‘Maybe next time’.

Hmmm. So there will be a next time. I had assumed so but it was good to hear the words.

So now seated on the arm of the sofa I encouraged her to suck me again. She was so good at it – I loved having my c**k in her mouth. It was almost as if she worshipped it. My mind danced - some ancient religion involving phalluses being worshipped by all those eligible. I leaned back as she took all of my c**k in her mouth and somehow her tongue and the top of her throat made me feel a level of ecstasy that I had seldom felt before. I decided to stand and be more aggressive with me holding the back of her head as I had during our last visit. This time though she pulled away and asked if I was ready to cum.

I was close but still in no rush. She said, 'I want you to cum on my face. I'll stroke you when you feel like you are close. Just pull out and I'll stroke you'. She guided my c**k into her mouth again and I began to pump with my hands on the back of her head guiding her head back and forth. She gagged every now and again and pulled away to recover but then was right back at it as if she had an insatiable thirst. She was clearly enjoying herself as was I.

I know I was close and managed to share with that with her. I am not sure if it was a grunt or a moan but she understood. She pulled away and looked up at me and focused on my eyes as she stroked my c**k. I could not hold it any more. Nor did I want to. I trembled as spasms engulfed me. The sperm flew first on her forehead, then the next shot in her eyes and nose and finally a stream found her open mouth. The last shot of sperm landed on her tongue; she swished it around in her mouth and allowed some to dribble out of the corner of her mouth. She then took me in her mouth again and bathed my c**k in my own ejaculate. Lana moaned as she treasured the moment and continued to enjoy my semi-hard penis in her mouth.

I was spent. I pulled away, knelt and then lay on the carpet exhausted. Then she said 'I want a picture. There is a camera on the coffee table near the wine. Please take of picture of my face.' I managed to retrieve the camera and take a picture of my beautiful Asian TG woman looking up at me with sperm dripping off her forehead into her eyes and out of the corner of her mouth. A nice keepsake for her but not one I could frame and place above the fireplace. I could only remember our second encounter as an even more erotic adventure than the first and remind myself with an occasional glance at the picture she shared in my private e-mail.

To be continued...

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