

## Queer as (Trans) Fuck by Orlando Silver

“I like your t-shirt,” The man grunted, looking down at me.

I blushed, deep crimson, watching the way he moved his own hands across his flat, muscular chest.

The place was heavy with gay men, dancing in the darkness. Cruising. There was a formidable energy of relentless desire.

I respected that in cis guys. There was no discussion. There didn't need to be. Already my friend was in the corner with an older guy twice his age getting pegged hard while others watched. The look of delight and surrender on his face was intoxicating.

Even so, my shirt was a brave choice on a night like this.

“All cock, all night,” Said the guy, tracing the letters on my shirt. “I like it.”

It was tight to my skin. My brand new chest was only five months old but the scars were healing fast. It had transformed me, having top surgery. I was a whole new person.

Grindr got more interesting, and my needs got more definite.

My gender was twink, I had decided. That's who I was. I just wanted to be a twink my own way. So here I was at a gay men's club, my butt slipped into the tightest smallest shorts I owned, advertising who I was.

This guy was bigger than I was used to, leaning over me, making me take a step back and find the wall behind me.

I couldn't say a word, but I wanted everything.

He reached down and grabbed my hand, keeping his eyes on me. I groaned as he pushed my hand up and down his cock. It felt huge. Already hard.

He looked at me, grinning intently.

“Like that, boy? You want it?”

I nodded, opening my mouth to say how much I did, but in a quick movement he pushed me down to my knees.

In the half-light I could barely see anything but the task in front of me. I started nudging my mouth against his jeans, feeling his hand tighten in my hair, controlling where my mouth went.

I was mumbling please, not that anyone could hear it, in the din of this bar, but I was begging. I wanted to be used in that way that I dreamed about, where I was just a hole to fill, something to make someone feel good. My god, I wanted that.

His right hand unbuckled and pulled free his belt, and then roughly unzipped his pants to show a bulge that I wasn't sure would fit where he wanted it to go.

“I can take it,” I thought, with determination, and licked my lips. I looked up at him and kept my mouth soft and open. I wanted him to see my bravery.

“You ready, little twink?” The gleam in his eyes was unmistakable.

He pulled out his dick and pushed the tip of it into my mouth, testing me, and I jumped with surprise. It was silicone.

He looked down at me, growling. I felt a longing build in me. God yes. Another trans guy, in this place, defying all coding and taking what was his. “Please,” I said, and the words felt humble and almost holy in that desolate space. In that space where neither of us belonged but both of us fit right in. “Please. I want it.”

He nodded at me. He saw the way I was bringing him into his body, knowing him as male, just the way he had looked for.

He thrust quickly; the length of his silicone dick deep in my mouth. The noise he made as he did it was wild. I grabbed the base of his cock with one hand, so I could control how much I took, and began working him, hard.

I set to the task with dedication. I could see that the way I sucked him set a rough rhythm against his T-Dick, which was swollen and hot underneath.

That was the bliss of being on testosterone. Your clit grew, getting more sensitive by the day. It was hot as hell.

He had his head thrown back, groaning, as I ate him alive.

“Good boy,” He was saying, as he took me, pounding my mouth, owning me. “You’re doing great. Give it up for me.”

In the darkness of that place, with sticky floors and dark lighting, I realised this is what home feels like.

My body and his body. Nothing but heat, desire, and satiation. And it was ours.