

TRANSGRESSIVE LUST

By Michael M. Hernandez

Lust is about passion. About desire. About satisfaction. Lust, for me, is an intense feeling that materializes in the pit of my belly, which is most easily triggered by smell. The smell of a new leather jacket, of the pungency and muskiness of sweat which is only exuded during fear or intense excitement, of sandalwood, sage, or a particular cologne. Smell alone can be enough to set me off. It's a purely chemical reaction to stimuli, fraught with an almost obsessive desire to taste, smell and feed the intense craving that usually manifests when I least expect it.

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[*Chicago, Illinois.*] It's May, 1997. I've bellied up to the bar and I'm waiting for the over-worked bartender to bring back the over-priced domestic beer and Jack Daniels/Coke that I ordered ten minutes ago. It's hot. The number of bodies jammed into the room serves to choke out any measurable benefit which could be provided by the air conditioning unit that I suspect may actually work under normal circumstances. But these aren't normal circumstances, as evidenced by the overwhelming aroma of testosterone and sweat blended perfectly with the unmistakable scent of leather and Crisco. Perhaps the Crisco is simply my imagination running wild.

These pungent blends of fragrance are starting to making my head swim and have serve to trigger a number of memories. In my mind's eye I catch short glimpses of images such as piss scenes, the sounds of fucking in the stairwells, the smell and taste of cigars, a dance where you could cut through the feelings of lust and raw sensuality with a knife. I saw things through different eyes then and different eyes saw me.

I am brought out of my reverie by an odd sensation of being watched. Out of the corner of my eye I spy a hot looking bear staring at me. He has *that look* on his face and a huge grin to boot.

Anyone who has seen "that look" can tell you when it happens. It's sort of a cross between the wantonness of *I'd-jump-ya-if-I-had-half-the-chance* and the coyness of *I'm-a-shy-kind-a-guy*. It has taken me quite some time to realize that I could be on the receiving end of that type of look. I have a knack for being clueless when someone is sending those tell-tale non-verbal signals of attraction. That's because I'm short, stocky, overwhelmingly furry, bald or balding depending on your perspective and have a tendency to channel intensity, often forgetting to smile. It is the intensity and lack of outward friendliness that has often served to discourage any potential tricks/fuckbuddies from approaching me.

Through time I have learned that what I am is bear bait. Despite this new understanding of attraction and flirtation, new encounters can prove difficult for me. While I have learned to enjoy flirting, I don't do terribly well with subtle hints. Given an opening, I tend to be a blunt about what I want and prefer bluntness in return. "I wanna _____" works quite nicely when directed at me thank you very much, but this direct approach seems not to be in vogue.

The guy eyeballing me is in no hurry. I've got a live one, but I'm not here to

fuck. Well I am, but I'm not. Sex for me requires some preliminary groundwork of the talking variety. Sometimes it works out and other times it does not. I have learned to enjoy the sexual tension rather than the outcome. That delicious ache that throbs in the pit of my belly, the boiling of my blood, the stirring of my loins.

My drinks have finally arrived. I gather them and make my way back out to join the guys I am chatting with in the lobby of the hotel as we cruise the sea of men that ebbs and flows through this space. Several minutes later, he's headed my way and I'm more than a little tense. Cruising is fun, but I am relatively certain that it isn't going to go any further than that. Once the cat is out of the bag "thanks, but no thanks" is often the initial reply. This seems negative on my part, but in actuality my pessimism has served to reduced the tension associated with first encounters. In a perverse way, this is going to be fun. He sits down next to me. Conversation doesn't exactly cease, but I notice the subtle shift of my friends in their seats. I can tell they are gearing up to practice the fine arts of voyeurism.

"Good evening, Sir." *Mmm, manners too.*

"Hi," I reply flashing my best grin. We make some idle chit chat and it doesn't take long before he starts to play with my arm hair. *Oh, this is going to get interesting.*

"Oh, I'm sorry, I should have asked for permission first," he says coyly. He knows exactly what he's doing and so do I. All of a sudden it's hotter than I remembered it being in the room a few minutes ago. My forehead has broken out into a sweat and I feel a stirring south of the equator.

"That feels good," I reply. "I'm very flattered, but I'm not what your looking for."

"Yes you are, Sir." Such a sweet boy. I know better. This is old territory for me, but more than likely new territory for him. In a short time, we are going to have that discussion which will potentially fuck everything up. THE conversation. You know the one. It's part of the price paid for my transgressions and my lust in all of its wondrous variation. Life is going to get a hell of a lot more complicated in just a few seconds. I carefully lock gazes with him trying not to look too intense and take a deep breath . . . here goes everything . . . err . . . nothing.

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[*Seattle, Washington*] I realize that I am holding my breath and have broken out in a sweat, two things that I have honed into a fine art. My odd habit of zeroing in on certain peculiarities while missing the obvious is off and running. His eyebrows are what first captured my attention. Dark, wild, and waxed at an angle that could be equally sinister or playful, depending on your point of view and clearly related to his mood. There was something about him that I couldn't quite put my finger on, but the flames of desire were certainly stirred. It was this mystery that drew me in. That and the fact that his eyes twinkled mischievously. This is the greatest attraction for me. There is so much information and emotion conveyed through these orbs, so often ignored in our porn and our lives.

He has dark hair, light eyes, and a full bushy beard. Fortunately for me, the attraction appeared to be mutual, but the timing was bad. He and his lover were just getting over the flu. My old man and I were getting ready to leave town in the morning. We chatted ever so briefly, but I knew where to find him.

The next time I came into town I made certain to look him up. I was all geared up for the chat this time. As fate would have it we wound up at the same party, small enough to be intimate, but large enough to make it interesting. We flirted with our eyes for most of the weekend, then at the end of the party he hugged me from behind and put his hand down my shirt and played with my nipples. I get hard just thinking about this. He had what can be described as a nice touch, just the right amount of pressure bordering on pain, and just enough gentleness to bring the full essence of the pleasure through. I, being radio controlled by these two nubs of flesh, was squirming. I could feel the heat radiating from his groin as his hard on poked me in the back. At least now he has this little bit of information, but can I be sure that he *understands*. If there weren't so many other people in the room, I would have thrown him on the floor and started in right there. Well, maybe it wasn't just the presence of other people, but that blasted chat.

Exercising the greatest restraint, we take our appointed places and play out our respective murder mystery roles. It's all I can do to concentrate. After the party ends it isn't long before this hot bear of a man is working his hand up one leg of my shorts and is honing in on my jock. So much for talking first. Talking, however, is looming on the immediate horizon.

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Put yourself in the following position. Your eyes fall on someone that you are immediately attracted to. It's a random encounter. You know nothing about the stranger, but at the same time you felt your cock stir in your pants. What is it about *him* that attracted your attention? I know, I know, at the moment that's not what you were doing at all. No one I know spends a lot of, or any, time dissecting their desire in the moment. If they did, the object of that desire wouldn't be there when they were done with their analysis. He'd be busy interacting with someone else. Humor me for an instant. Think about it. What did you really know about the guy that got your dick hard? I would venture to say nothing at all. Is there anything that he could say that would change your mind about your attraction to him?

I've had *this* particular conversation more times than I can remember, but it never seems to get much easier. The level of difficulty depends on what kind of head space I'm in. That and the realization that "no" isn't really about me. Well, it is and it isn't. It's about him and the decisions that he has to make for himself about the risks of interacting with me on a sexual level. That and how my little revelation is going to change his perspective of what he wants or thought that he wanted. To what degree the bomb that I'm about to drop will alter our respective realities? He will need to weigh and balance the long term ramifications of our chance encounter(s). Yes, I am hoping that there will be more than one. I was never really good at one night stands because I never seem to manage to be able to do everything that I'd like in the space of time available.

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[*Chicago, again*] We are in sexually charged space and I'm not willing to look a gift horse in the mouth. I insist that I'm probably not what he's looking for tonight. He tells me that he's noticed the red hankie in my left pocket and while he's not into fisting, he is sure that we can work something out. He may be eating his words in a few moments. Here comes that talk that I was mentioning. There's no turning back and I really have no way to know how he's going to react. Fortunately for me the recent issue of *Canadian Male*, which just happens to be sitting on the coffee table, is going to make this just a wee bit easier.

"Mmm, have you heard about Loren Cameron's book," I ask nonchalantly hoping that he has. "No," he replies. "Well take a quick look at this review." I wait patiently for him to scan the 250 words of text that perfectly sets the stage for what I want to talk to him about. I look closely at his face waiting to see a trace of surprise, disappointment, anger, anything that will give me a clue as to how to explain what I need to without ruining the moment for either one of us.

"That's okay, Sir, I understand." Now I'm perplexed. Being the pessimist that I am, I am certain that I just misheard what he said. Kind of like the night I heard my partner say he was going to cook the cat when what he really said was that he was going to take out the trash. My ears play tricks on me sometimes. I am convinced that this is one of those times. He couldn't possibly have agreed to let me bury my dick up his ass.

He must have seen the puzzlement on my face because he says "I have friends who like to cross-dress." *Cross-dress. What the hell is he thinking??* A light goes off over my head. He still doesn't have the slightest clue. This guy thinks that I'm a drag queen and he must think I'm a horrible one at that. I'm covered in fur and lack the kind of talent that it takes to get all dolled up in those tight clothes and high heels.

"No, I'm transgendered."

"Really, it's okay. "

I shake my head and laugh to myself. Invisibility, is it my bane or my blessing? "No, you don't understand. How shall I put this? I wasn't born what society traditionally considers male. "

Now it's his turn to be puzzled.

"Being transgendered is a two way street."

He gets it now. The fact that his jaw has dropped is a significant indication of that. It also reveals the gist of what he's thinking. *If I'm gay, how could I have possibly been attracted to him . . . um . . . her. . . um . . . him. Whatever! Does this mean that I'm straight? Bi?* My friends are trying not to snort their drinks through their noses. They are enjoying this immensely.

When I said that we needed to chat he assumed I was going to tell him I was HIV positive. He now understands why I was so sure that he was looking for someone else. It's not that I'm selling myself short here. I'm sure that under the appropriate circumstances we could have negotiated something that would have been mutually enjoyable and safe to our respective psyches. Yet, I knew that the amount of discussion usually needed to assure someone that their attraction to me does not alter their sexual orientation could not happen within the span of time available to us on this occasion. There are so many other options readily available this weekend and so little time. It would take several hours, if not more, to sort through some of these issues. That's because my story is relatively new.

The numbers of openly queer and gay identified transmen is increasing, but on the whole our invisibility remains intact. There is very little porn about us. We represent the unknown and as such have not yet been eroticized and/or fetishized. It is the unknown that makes us a little unsettling to another's sense of self. At the same time, we pique the interest. What do our bodies look like? How do we smell? Do we ejaculate? Do we like getting fucked, fucking or both? What is off limits and what isn't? Only the most adventurous or the most secure venture into these waters. The fact of the matter is that each of us is different. Generalizations don't work. No assumption would be a correct one to make.

You couldn't pick me out of a crowd or tell what I'm into by looking at me, but you might be pleasantly surprised by what you find. I have a full beard, am covered in hair, except for my head, have talented hands, a wicked grin, an impish sense of humor, and pride in who I am. Yes, I do get hard-ons and can ejaculate if you hit just the right spot. No, I haven't had a dick surgically constructed. There are too many other things that I could do with the \$150,000. What I have was grown by better living through chemistry -- testosterone. If you are looking for more than a mouthful, you have the wrong fella, but we could go for a wild ride with a strap-on.

I do fuck on the first date, but don't assume that you will be the one doing the fucking. Don't expect me to become attached or overzealous about keeping in touch, but expect a call from time to time or better yet e-mail. I thrive for the delicious ecstasy of feeling fur on fur, tasting sweat and latex, and inhaling all of those aromas that only serve to fan the flames of yearning.

In short, I'm looking for adventure with a man who has a sense of humor, an open mind, who is comfortable enough with his body that he knows what he likes and who's not afraid that I get his cock hard. Someone who loves having their nipples tweaked, twisted, pinched, sucked, caressed and tormented in general. The guy that gets hard just thinking about having his cock and balls slathered in Tiger Balm™. But of course all of this is negotiable. I want a man who sees me for who I am, a mischievous little imp in bear's clothing, in search of sexual nirvana -- the delicate balance between agony (evidenced by squirming) and ecstasy (evidenced by moans) is what gets me off! That is where my lust resides.

Your gender doesn't matter, so long as you are intriguing. The packaging simply adds texture.

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