



*Saving Myself for Marriage,
Kinda*

BY RICK GRINER

Introduction to this Promotional PDF

Dear Reader,

Thanks for reading my first attempt at writing erotica and romantic fiction.

I made this PDF available to a limited number of people, largely for promotional purposes. As Rick Griner, I have no reputation as a writer yet, so it cannot hurt for more people to get a glimpse of my work. I don't mind so much if you want to share it with your friends, but please keep in mind that this is not a "Free Book" to be distributed publicly. I hold the copyright thereto.

My name is not really Rick Griner. That is a pen name I assumed for this purpose. I've been writing in other genres professionally for a very long time, and have cause to believe I am pretty good at it.

Whether or not I am any good in this genre is up to you, but the feedback thus far has been overwhelmingly positive, for which I am very grateful.

Having stated at the beginning of this introduction that this is "romantic fiction", I might clarify that most fictional stories have an element of truth to them. This story is no different in that respect.

Some of the people I give this file to will have a better idea what I mean by that than others, but for now it must suffice to say that I am neither so low a creature as to tell the world intimate details about my sex partners, nor creative enough to have made this up off the top of my head.

Perhaps a time will arrive when I can be more specific publicly.

In closing, a bit of non-fiction I'll share with you after having learned it the hard way.

Sex is a big deal. Don't let anybody convince you otherwise.

Enjoy the read.

When I was released from prison after far too many years, I longed for the touch of a woman. As luck would have it, I'd not have to wait long to find it.

One who had years ago rejected my marriage proposal, heard about my release on the news. She emailed me, hoping to reconnect, and mere days after I got my own place, she was in my bed.

Having felt the sting of her rejection all those years ago, and having been deprived of a woman's softness for all that time, the comfort she brought me in this was unrivaled. But as we began to fall deeper in love with one another, I realized that whatever our history, we had no prospect of a future together.

Though everything else about the relationship was going very well, this certainty that our time together would eventually have to conclude nagged at my conscience. To keep sleeping with her, armed with this knowledge, I felt like a predatory criminal, and the guilt consumed me.

So, abruptly, I ended our romance, ostensibly over a petty dispute. She saw right through my thin deception, and demanded a more honest answer.

I explained to her that although she had now, at the age of 46, changed her mind about never having children, a man's interests and those of a woman are quite different. With money and exercise, I can get a younger woman, and have a happier life, and a larger family, than I could by staying with her in exchange for a more immediate comfort.

She begged me not to leave. She even offered to be with me in a polygamous marriage. She said I didn't have to worry about the future, and we could just enjoy one another until the time came for us to part ways, whenever that happened to be. So long as it was not now.

Tempted though I was to give into these demands, I knew it would be wrong to take advantage of her. If I deprived her of what little time she

had left to find a husband, I'd be sentencing her to die alone just so I could be comfortable for a few more months.

Knowing I was about to damage her either way, I opted to rip the band aid off quick rather than slow. I left her just before Valentine's Day, less than one year ago from the time of this writing.

The guilt of this consumed me, and I swore I'd not do that to another woman for as long as I lived. From this day forward, I was saving myself for marriage, in a sense.

But I am a man, and I have needs that must be met.

I've had more than a few gay friends over the course of my life. Some told me the craziest stories about a GPS based all male dating app called Grindr, wherein gay men seek each other out for sex, and usually little else.

I'd taken advantage of this from time to time over the years. Most notably while traveling alone. By myself in a hotel room, I'd create and later delete a fresh account. I'd find somebody whose idea of a good time was to suck a stranger's cock, and make his night as much as mine.

Reeling from this experience with the woman, and driven mad with lust, I decided to try Grindr again, this time from home.

I met a number of men, with varying results. Several had come and gone by the time I met Jeff, a name I'd only come to know days after our first meeting.

The night I first messaged him it was pretty late. I had almost given up for the evening.

I thought I might have seen him on the app before, but he wasn't one of the familiar faces who seemed to be there all of the time. This seemed to me a positive sign, given what I had come to observe about the prevailing levels of human quality in this venue. His smiling young face of 23 years told me that he was not a threatening character. There was nothing obscene about his profile. He was pictured in both the driver and passenger seat of a car, indicating he both owned his own and maintained relationships with other people. His light-colored hair and fair complexion put me at ease, because in prison I learned to stick with my own kind.

His screen name was "Hmu" short for "hit me up", so I did. But aside from some basic stats he had no bio to go on, and I had little clue what to say. Most of the men I'd come into contact with described themselves as "bottoms" - meaning they tend to be on the receiving end of a cock with little expectations for their own. Jeff, was "versatile" - meaning he could pitch or catch as the situation might warrant.

I still had no interest in pleasuring a man. They were there, in my mind, to meet my needs. I had little clue what Jeff's expectations might be. So, when I hit him up as instructed, I said something to the effect of "How about you come visit a faceless stranger, and see what happens?".

I had no expectation that this would result in us meeting. I was half kidding. I thought in the best-case scenario he might interrogate my motives, and perhaps, I'd win him over.

He responded "I'm down" and followed up with "But I just got off work and haven't showered so I don't know if I'll be up for more than sucking your cock".

I was stunned at my good fortune. I told him that if he was *only* willing to suck my cock, that I'd just have to endure the suffering this brought me to enjoy the other benefits of his company. I asked him to give me 15 minutes to shower myself, and he arrived near exactly at that time.

I brought him into my small room where I had taken so few visitors prior. I invited him to sit on the bed while I sat in my desk chair. There, we talked about life for a bit.

I told him about the aforementioned heart I broke. I gave him a vague description of my being in online media, and how I was becoming anxious about racking up an endless string of new sex partners by meeting a new man each time I wanted to get off. I explained that being “outed” would seriously interfere with my career and other relationships, so his discretion was very important to me.

He told me he worked at a nearby hospital, but was on some kind of temporary assignment there. He’d be leaving in a few months, and wouldn’t at all mind the sort of “friends with benefits” type relationship I was seeking.

On those occasions I bothered to speak to the men who suck me off, I often ask if they are or ever were into women. Most of them have had some experience with women, but realized early on in their sexual activity that they were attracted to men, and at some point, began identifying as gay.

Jeff made me laugh when he said he was a “Platinum Gay” because not only had he never had a sexual interest in women, but he was born via Caesarean section, and had therefore gone his entire life without the contaminating touch of a woman’s vagina.

I enjoyed the conversation so much it seemed a pity to busy up his mouth, but my cock shot up like a rocket when I went to pour myself a drink and he said, “well, if you want me to suck your cock...”

Other words followed, but my attention had frozen there.

I asked him if he would like for me to take my pants off, and he nodded affirmatively.

When my cock bounced over the waistline of my underwear, his eyes were locked on it with evident desire.

He came off of the bed and knelt before me as I stood. He placed his hands on the back of my thighs, and the touch of his hands fed into the anticipation of what I knew he was about to do to my cock.

Most times I had done this with men before I was sitting or lying down. I approach close contact with strange men as a potentially dangerous situation that could turn violent, because I have plenty of experience with precisely that scenario. I wanted those men to know that I was not a threat to them, and I have had some concern about them being in a position to knock me off my feet in the past.

But with women, I had always loved receiving oral sex this way because it felt very powerful to have someone kneel before me for my pleasure.

Jeff was not a threat to me. He was just slightly effeminate. You might guess he was gay just by taking his food order over the phone. Standing 2 inches shorter than me, and of a slight build, he was by no means an imposing character. He seemed so comfortable walking into the home of a man nearly twice his age who had approached him so strangely, as if the thought of violence had never crossed his innocent mind.

That was not the case of course, as he disclosed during the course of our discussion, upon my asking, that he did carry a pistol. Far from making me nervous, this put me at ease because I understand the responsibility this requires, having done so regularly before being deprived of that sacred right. I can't imagine anyone wanting to hurt him, and perhaps that informs his perceptions of danger in his environment. He was charming and charismatic and a pleasure to speak to. A medical professional who had dedicated his life to helping other people, I had completely let down my guard with him.

The comfort and pleasure I had previously only known with women, was so closely approximated when the warmth of his mouth touched the head of my cock, and that warmth quickly engulfed the entirety of it.

I moaned out loud just slightly and whispered “Oh, fuck yeah dude”. My mind impaired by the pleasure, I could think to say little else for the next few minutes, and I repeated it more than once.

He was very talented. Though he took his task seriously, there was a gentleness to what he did to me that almost reminded me of a woman, but with the greater understanding and effort that I had come to find only in men. He gave me the best of both worlds. That disarming softness and affection I thought men were incapable of until that moment, and the devotion to task and competence that is chief among the defining characteristics of mature masculinity.

This was not a furious effort to make me cum as quick as possible. It did not feel to me like a dirty thing. It was affectionate. I got the sense he was enjoying this as much as I was, and he was in no rush to get it over with.

I asked him if I could touch him, and without diverting his attention from my cock, he mumbled “mmm hmmm”. So, I put my hand on the back of his head, and ran my fingers through his blonde hair. He rewarded my caress with more depth, and I felt the urge to rub his shoulders while he pleased me.

This was an unusual desire for me. Prior to this I had made one man cum while we were both high on drugs, using the same masturbatory toy I used to get myself off. He lost interest shortly after and the encounter ended somewhat disappointingly, though I had cause enough to expect this. I had “tried” returning the favor twice with my mouth quite recently, but this did bad things to my mental state, and I was quickly turned off by it. During the aforementioned drug experience, I had kissed another man for less than ten seconds. It was not as off-putting as I thought it would be, but I did not want to continue.

As Jeff knelt before me and performed this most affectionate of services, I wanted badly to reward him for how he made me feel. Not only the pleasing of my cock, but in that moment so little remained of the anxiety I had endured while doing this with other men. I felt liberated and was overwhelmed at the relief this brought me.

The way this urge to reward him worked on my mind makes the order of what occurred next difficult to recall. In this blurry haze it seemed like we were lost in one another, and time took on a different sort of significance. It might as well have all happened simultaneously.

I invited him to rise from his knees, as a king might command a warrior after knighting him. Initially I had the intent of going on the bed, but the urge to kiss him overwhelmed me. While we both stood, I pulled him closely as I stuck my tongue in his mouth without asking.

I had no certainty he would appreciate this. It was not part of my urge to reward him. This was for my pleasure at first, not his. What I did bordered on violent, and I felt like I had taken quite a risk.

Fortunately for me, he quickly reciprocated my passion. This had a multiplying effect on that passion I was experiencing, and I took him down onto my bed with a force he saw not fit to resist. I commanded him to remove his clothes, and he obeyed with some assistance from me.

With him on his back naked I climbed on top of him. The mutual passion of our kiss had driven me beyond all of my prior limits with men. I did not understand what was happening. To say I continued in an effort to understand it better would be to grant too much intelligence to what I was doing, but in hindsight, I might rationalize it this way.

I put my hands all over his body, trying to have it for myself. When our dicks touched, this thrilled me, and I tried thrusting against him, making an unfamiliar effort to aim so they'd not be apart.

When Jeff told me prior to his arrival that he would not be comfortable doing more than sucking my cock, I understood he meant that he would

not want to have anal sex. I laughed thinking his mouth was all that I wanted, but now I wanted badly to be inside of him. I felt like this was the only way to fully achieve the closeness I was sensing from our kiss.

I imagined the look on his face as I entered him, wincing from my girth at first, hesitant, thinking to tell me to stop. Then, accepting the inevitability of it. Releasing his tension as he gave himself over to me completely. Feeling only pleasure on par with mine from then until I tried in vain to give him my child.

I picked up his legs to look at his asshole, and he covered it with his hand. A rush of guilt swept over me that I had made him uncomfortable. Perhaps he thought I would take his ass without permission, much as I had taken his kiss.

I promised I would not try to penetrate him without his enthusiastic consent, and I asked eagerly for him to let me just look at it. When he did, the thought passed through my mind in an instant to touch it with my tongue, and it fled just as fast.

In my 30 years of passionate sex with dozens of women of all sorts, I had never in my life looked at an asshole with so much lust. I've enjoyed anal sex with women, but I have only rarely pursued it. A small number of sex partners had offered it to me without asking. From a smaller number of women I had been with for longer periods of time, I demanded the right to say that I had taken them in every way, as a means of more fully possessing them. It was very erotic to take them this way because less than an inch away was what I typically thought the grandest of prizes. It seemed almost humorous to fuck them in the ass while there was a pussy so nearby.

Nearly all the men I had been with before now were older than me. Most were not much to look at, and I was not there for their looks. They were there to suck my cock. They were a utility. A professional service in a sense. One I obtained for free, or at the cost of my dignity. I had no desire to connect with almost any of them, and certainly not to possess a single one before this moment.

I didn't just want to get something from Jeff. I didn't just want him to get me off. I wanted to *have* him, and since he lacked a vagina, I would have to go directly from his mouth to his ass to have him in every way.

Understanding his previously stated concerns for cleanliness, I invited him to use my shower. I told him he did not have to be ashamed of anything that might happen, and assured him I was fully informed by experience with women as to what that meant. I wanted to completely have him, and the only force powerful enough to prevent me from taking what I wanted, and was tempted to think of as mine to take, was his lack of consent.

But it would not be mine tonight. He offered instead to again suck my cock, and I was hardly about to say no to this.

He did for some time, and though his efforts were thoughtful, talented, and heroic, I knew after a while of this that it would not make me cum.

It had not been so long since my last ejaculation, and having trained myself to delay climax for the purpose of pleasing women, I've often had difficulty cumming from oral sex. A lifetime of women teaching me that blowjobs were mere foreplay, trained my mind to think I'd be stealing to cum in a mouth.

Few women ever tried to make me cum this way. The men who had brought me to climax from oral sex, usually found themselves in a position to do so because I had been so backed up, that I didn't care who got me off. I take a great deal of pride in my sexual stamina, but now I wanted so badly to cum just so I could feed it to him and show him how good he made me feel. I knew this would be almost impossible to do though, and that beautiful mouth had to be getting tired eventually.

So, I told him that it was hardly uncommon for my cock to outlast the mouth sucking it, and that although I would love nothing more than for his mouth to stay there forever, I'd understand if he needed to stop.

We checked the time, and daylight would soon be upon us. He had to be home, and I did not want my neighbors to know that I had a male guest in my bedroom overnight.

But I could not let him go without rewarding him. So I kissed him, brought him up to where I had been sitting, and took his place at the foot of the bed.

His cock was slightly thinner than mine, but similar in length. When I held it in my hand, it felt familiar, but different. Having gotten myself off by hand surely thousands of times in the decades I've been doing it, I know and enjoy that unique feeling of a dick in the hand quite well, but I had little experience with those of others.

I had told him earlier that I've had a dick pass my lips but that I found myself incapable of sucking one for more than a few seconds. When I put his in my mouth, he looked at me with a pleasant shock. When his head hit the back of my throat and I stuck my tongue out to lick his balls, he exclaimed "You've NEVER done this before?" and his other head went back to the pillow. I took this as a strong sign of approval.

For a moment I thought it suddenly made sense to me why he enjoyed doing this. His approval meant so much to me, and I felt a unique satisfaction of my own. I sucked on it hard, losing myself in the experience. At one point, he had to correct me because my teeth had scraped him too hard.

This snapped me out of my haze, and the discomfort I had felt when I had tried this before rushed back in. I heard my own voice scream in my head "WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!"

For the first time that night, I felt shame.

I pushed this out of my mind with all the mental force of Edward Norton trying to rid himself of Tyler Durden at the end of the movie Fight Club, with a bullet to his own head. This was a good thing, and I would not ruin it with my own thoughts. Had I not gotten so lost in what I was

doing that I hurt him, I'd have celebrated to feel him explode in my mouth.

Instead, I reached beneath my nightstand, and retrieved my favorite sex toy.

I have owned a few of these over the years, and become something of a connoisseur.

Some are open ended, making them easier to clean, but the closed ended ones, such as the one now in my hand, create a vacuum as the penis is withdrawn from it, and the suction this creates is very pleasing.

There are harder and softer materials to them, and this was among the softest I had ever purchased.

This one was very much like a woman. There is a hole made to look like a vaginal opening, and centimeters away, a much smaller hole not unlike the one I had looked at so lustfully a little while ago.

The channels behind each hole are separated by a thin wall, and briefly, we double penetrated her together.

I've taken a woman with another man before, but we typically took turns. Sometimes one of us would be in her mouth while the other in her pussy, but we never had our dicks bumping against one another pussy to ass.

I thought about doing this with Jeff in that moment. Having a woman between us, but being no less drawn to one another. Wanting that feeling of our dicks rubbing against each other, and her body serving much as a guide to keep them from missing. This was a much different idea than the great care that was taken to avoid accidentally doing something that could be called "gay", as my friends and I used to share girls.

He had taken some enjoyment in telling me about his “Platinum Gay” status, and I would not want to take this source of pride from him. A woman more than likely would have spoiled the whole thing.

But unlike a woman, trying to double penetrate this handheld device proved awkward. It required too much attention. Daylight was coming, and I was not about to send Jeff away without some reward.

I returned to the foot of the bed, and alternated between the toy and my mouth, giving him one hole of the toy, and then the other, then my mouth, in no certain order.

I watched his face as I did this, seeking cues. He clearly liked what I did with my mouth, but I didn’t want to hurt him again, or my hang-ups to get in the way. It was no shock to me that he seemed to enjoy the tight asshole of the toy more than the pussy, and not only because he is gay. I know how good that asshole of the toy feels from my own use. So, I stroked him that way as if I was trying to make myself cum, and he writhed.

My heart fluttered to think he was perhaps as happy with me as I was with him. My thoughts raced at the idea that I had this kind of power over another man, without violence, or money being involved. It was a new sort of power I had not considered in twenty years of contemplating that subject deeply. It was very erotic and I felt my own cock throbbing as I was turned on by his pleasure.

When he told me he was cumming, I felt the pressure break with him.

I remember being uncertain of what to do. When I use this toy by myself, how much of it I can tolerate it after I cum varies from one session to the next. To keep going beyond a certain point creates an uncomfortable hypersensitive sensation. I recalled being impressed with other men who had made me cum, and who knew when to stop without me saying so, since in this moment I was so unsure of myself.

I decided to keep going until he told me to stop, and that was mercifully brief. I removed the toy, sucked the tip of his cock for just a second, and tasted another man's cum for the first time in my more than 30 years of sexual activity.

I set the toy aside with the holes facing up, so as not to spill the gift he had given me.

I kissed him passionately and put my hands all over his body, hornier now than I was at any other time since his arrival.

After taking a few moments to recover, we looked at the clock and knew it was time for him to go. We got dressed, and I told him I had a really good time and I wanted to see him again.

He told me it was his best Grindr meet ever. At first, I was inclined to distrust what he said. I scraped him with my teeth, failed to cum myself, and had so many firsts I didn't even know what else I had done wrong that night.

But Jeff was not a liar. I could see that in him when he first walked through the door. His fearlessness to enter this place with this stranger was that of a man who trusts because he can be trusted. His profession is to care for the sick. His gun is uncontroversial because he would never use it to harm the innocent. The openness and generosity of his sexual performance, was that of a man who had nothing to hide.

Realizing his sincerity, I took great pride in his compliment. As I walked him to the front door of the building, I could scarcely resist the urge to hold his hand.

Returning to my bed in his absence, I laid there with my thoughts racing.

“I kissed him.”

“A prostitute won’t kiss you because that breaks all the rules. That’s intimacy, not sex.”

“What have I done?”

“I sucked his cock.”

“I liked sucking his cock!”

I saw toy where I had placed it, and my erection returned at the prospect.

His cum was still inside of it. Still warm from the thick insulation of the toy.

I entered it, and neither before nor since had it felt so good to jack off alone.

I smelled the cum, and there was plenty of it. It wet my balls and this drove me absolutely wild.

I picked up my phone, and sent him a message on Grindr to tell him what I was doing.

He said it was hot, and I agreed wholeheartedly.

After I came, I let him know that he had finally gotten me off. I just needed his cum to do it.

I told him I was going to try and get some sleep, which was not really a nice thing for me to do after he had been so honest and open with me.

I laid there, unable to sleep, thinking about what had happened.

I had come to Grindr seeking to avoid the emotional entanglements of women.

I had found what I thought I wanted dozens of times. Pointless, unsatisfying sexual encounters. What amounted to little more than masturbating with the assistance of someone else's mouth.

It confirmed for me, in some sense, what some would describe as bigoted stereotypes about gay people. Lust driven sexual deviants, with hardly another thought to consider.

As the time between encounters grew shorter with each meet, I had become painfully aware that my needs were not being met. Worse than this, I was becoming one of those stereotypes myself. I thought I was starting to understand how they emerged.

Unfulfilled by what we were doing, we sought only the next thrill. Like drug addicts, chasing highs, avoiding lows, wondering what unforeseen catastrophe would force us to stop our behavior.

As I laid there, I realized that for the first time since I had left that woman's bed, I was truly satisfied.

But now, I had what amounted to a boyhood crush, on a man half my age.

The experience was different from my affections for women. This was entirely new. I felt like a child confused by his puberty.

I knew for certain that I had just gotten myself into something I had not bargained for.

But I was not about to stop.

Parting Remarks from the Author

Thanks again for reading this promotional PDF copy of “Saving Myself for Marriage, Kinda” – by yours truly, the not so famous Rick Griner.

At the time I am writing these closing remarks, I have two other stories like it saved as drafts. Though they are substantially less romantic, and one of them much less emotional.

You can send me an email at RickGrinerBooks@ProtonMail.com

Maybe one of these days I’ll set up a website.

A straight man fresh out of prison breaks a woman's heart.
Reeling from the guilt, he vows never
to damage another woman like that again.
But he is a man, and he has needs that must be met.
Seeking to avoid the emotional entanglements of the fairer sex,
he tries his hand with men.
When he meets Jeff, he gets more than he bargained for.



About the Author

Rick Griner is an absolute nobody.

You can find his torso featured on various all male dating apps.