

Explorations Of Trans-Masculine Desire

(Written by a trans-masc)

In the dark his hands drift down his torso with the need to get off, but brushing his chest makes him feel like a shockwave has just gone through him. He rips his hands off of himself and hugs his pillow tighter. How can he satisfy this desire when acknowledging his body's existence feels like it's going to kill him from the inside? His skin crawls like maggots trying to make their way out of his skin and muscles, and he wishes they would so that the parts of his body that don't feel right could be torn apart violently. The thought makes him cringe as a hot, shameful feeling settles on his temple. The guilt of destroying a body which so many would die for frequently destroys him from the inside.

The heat in his groin doesn't cease. If he doesn't do something about this soon he's going to drive himself mad trying to ignore it, but how can he like this? The flush in his cheeks and the ache between his legs embarrasses him about as much as relieving it would make him feel free. If only he could escape this body then he could enjoy himself as much as the other men do. Except, maybe he can. With a sweating palm he reaches out for his phone, not looking at his reflection in the powered-down screen. He goes straight to the internet to find someone to project onto. A piece of fiction comes up and he clicks on it and begins to read. Two men in the dark of a room just like his, on a bed as small as his, with bodies like his is in his mind. One, he imagines as a blonde, short-haired, with a bigger frame and brunette eyes. The other he imagines as himself, a brunette with a flat chest, a less curvy figure and a dick.

The blonde kisses him, their teeth crashing together, with hands roaming his body gently. The brunette imagines the blonde shoving a hand between his legs as he presses his fingers to himself, and it's enough to make him clench his eyes shut. The blonde whispers to him, "Fuck, you're so hot like this..." and he can't help but go faster. He's hard and the blonde knows it. He's teasing. The brunette accuses him of being evil when he slows down and the blonde doesn't last too long before jerking him off faster again, hungrily rubbing up and down. He replicates his imagination as best he can. He feels his face start to heat up, his head spinning and before he realises it time slows and his body shudders. He relaxes and drops his phone onto his bed, the fantasy fading from his mind.

He's ashamed that it ended so quickly, and worse, as he comes back to reality he feels how his body, the one he's stuck with instead of the imaginary ideal version he'd concocted, has reacted to the activity. It makes him want to tear it apart as he spirals over how different the pleasure would've been if he had the anatomy he wanted. He hugs his pillow to himself again and curls onto his side. He tells himself that he'll never do this again