

2011

Carlos: My First Time with a Man

Michael C. Vocino

University of Rhode Island, vocino@uri.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.uri.edu/lib_ts_pubs

 Part of the [Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender Studies Commons](#), and the [Library and Information Science Commons](#)

Citation/Publisher Attribution

Vocino, Michael C., "Carlos: My First Time with a Man" (2011). *Technical Services Department Faculty Publications*. Paper 39.
http://digitalcommons.uri.edu/lib_ts_pubs/39

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Technical Services at DigitalCommons@URI. It has been accepted for inclusion in Technical Services Department Faculty Publications by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@URI. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@etal.uri.edu.

CARLOS:
My First Time with a Man

by
Michael Vocino

I've been there several times, and whenever I smell car exhaust, I am reminded of Florence. It is such a compelling city for all the obvious reasons, but narrow streets, high traffic, and leaded gasoline combine to make the most vivid olfactory memory that of car exhaust. My taste in art is pretty traditional and I feast on the traditional whenever I am in the city on the Arno.

Like most tourists, my first destination is usually the *Accademia* to see Michelangelo's *David*. Its celebration of male beauty, its detail, make for an amazingly moving experience no matter the number of times you see it. It's usually very crowded in the *Galleria* anytime of the year, but in the summer months, you must wait on a long line to gain entrance and then fight the crowds to get a really close view of this masterpiece. It's still more than worth the trouble. In that particular summer, it was more than worth the wait. I was on line with Carlos.

He was from Mexico. He was with a companion who I can't remember at all. I was so enthralled with Carlos, I saw nothing but him. He was the focus of all my energy. This guy was just the most beautiful person I had ever seen. He was tall, just over six feet with a slender build. He was not muscular, but soft (I touched him on the arm in conversation as many times as seemed normal to make a point.) His hands were like silk and his fingers were incredibly long and narrow. He surely must have a hand span of an octave and a half. His eyes were green-blue-gray and changed with whatever he was wearing as I would learn later. His hair was dark brown, and as thick as could be

possible on a human. It was straight and incredibly shiny. It was streaked from the summer sun and actually glistened. Like him, it looked healthy, vibrant, and alive with sensuality. He was wearing hiking boots with white socks laying crumpled at their rim.

He was in denim shorts that have seen better days and he was wearing a faded light blue tee shirt. He was carrying his entire belongings in a worn leather backpack slung over his right shoulder. Because of it, he tilted to the left. I expect it was heavy. In his left hand was a well-thumbed copy of a “Doing-Europe-Cheap” guide of one sort or another. Once my heart stopped racing and I could recover from the first sight of him standing there just ahead of me on the line, I pushed myself to establish some kind of contact.

“Are the lines usually this long?” I was desperate.

“This is my first time here, I really don’t know if this is usual,” he smiled as he spoke these words in excellent, yet too formal English. He was bright. He spoke several languages, and all of them relatively fluently, including Spanish, English, German and some French. He could get by in Italian easily with his Spanish language skills.

Carlos was traveling around Europe stopping at all the major cities, staying in youth hostels, making the most of his last summer before entering medical school in Mexico City. He comes from a long line of physicians. His father, grandfather and grandmother were doctors. His brother is in London studying medicine. He first arrived on the continent to visit his brother. He and a friend of his brother decided to team up on this jaunt before beginning the hectic studies found in the academic career of any medical student. It was August and Italy was the last stop. He was leaving from Rome the

following week to return to London to see his brother briefly before taking a return flight to Mexico City.

He was the scion of an upper class Mexican family, not wealthy but very well off. His ancestry is traced back to the conquistadors. Over the years his family picked up French and German strains to create this beautiful human being. Every feature spoke of the best in that long ancestral line. I learned most of this over the next several days as Carlos and I became close friends.

I lost Carlos at the ticket window. There were four or five windows, with everyone pushing to get at one. Carlos chose the same window as I did, but his friend got tickets first and Carlos said, "Goodbye."

I strained to get my ticket as I saw him and his companion move to the gallery leading to the most dramatic Michelangelo experience. I tried to follow, but he must have moved either upstairs or into one of the side galleries filled with religious art. As I approached *David*, the closer I came, the further Carlos fell from my consciousness. The statue was amazing. A woman was frozen at the foot of the long gallery leading to the rotunda under which the beautiful marble boy/man stood. She had tears streaming down her cheeks she was so moved by the vision. People encircled the statue. I stood glancing at every feature amazed at the detail and the beauty. I saw that there was a free alcove at the rear of the statue. I moved toward it. I did not want to make one circle and leave as most others were doing. I wanted to spend some time here. I was enthralled by the imagination which captured from the marble such a magnificent likeness of manly beauty. The back of the David was as astonishing as the front. The detail was awesome.

I was beginning to feel the same emotions of the woman at the foot of the gallery. I was floating away, unaware of anything around me except David.

“Is this his most famous work of art?” Carlos was standing next to me and jolted me back somewhat to the real.

“If it isn’t it certainly has to be near the top,” I kept my eyes on David, but knew it wouldn’t be long before I was focused solely on Carlos.

“I am happy I found you again.” Carlos said as he smiled wide showing a spectacular set of ivories.

“Yes, I thought you and your friend had already passed through,” I lied.

I really had forgotten Carlos in the anticipation of the David, but now that he was back, he recaptured my entire being. This never happened to me so quickly and so entirely. It was a bit frightening. I was beginning to swell with anxiety but it soon passed as I realized that no matter what happens, I have seen a human specimen who could easily posed for this masterpiece. I wanted to see him in the same garb as the David.

“Why don’t you join us for lunch? We are going up to the Pitti Palace and its gardens with bread, cheese and wine. Please come,” Carlos entreated.

“Sure, let me ask my friends,” I tried to remain calm.

My friends were a couple of acquaintances from Boston University who I met in class. Al and Sylvia were not close friends, but I liked them. They were not lovers but they were attracted to each other. They had an “open” relationship on this trip. They moved easily to brief encounters with whomever they found pleasing and willing. They were both attractive, articulate and genuinely interested in other people. They interacted

easily and warmly with strangers, and on more than one occasion saved me from my own lack of social skill and an inability to “read” others. They both agreed that Carlos was the genuine thing. They loved him. I was afraid Sylvia would be competition for me. But, she soon became attracted to Carlos’ friend while Al was moving closer to an Italiana he met at the other end of the line from Carlos and me.

Al and Sylvia loved the idea and urged me to ask Al’s friend, Stefania. She agreed to come too. She was an art history student at the University of Rome and was in Florence for the August holidays. She was traveling alone for a week and intended to meet her family on the Gargano Peninsula in a week or so where they had a summer home on the Adriatic coast. Al and Sylvia accepted her invitation to go there with her. I decided later to travel on to Venice by myself.

The gardens at the palace were as crowded as the Accademia. We found a shaded spot just behind the enclosed courtyard at the rear. It was on a sloping hill, and secluded somewhat from the crowds who seemed to prefer the more formal gardens. We talked, told our life’s history and laughed with the genuine warmth and comfort of a circle of close friends. True, some of us had just met, but this band seemed to hit it off very well. Carlos was the magnet in the conversation. His fluency in so many languages made it easier for us to communicate with each other. When one of us was trying to make a point that did not translate well into English or Spanish or Italian, Carlos would facilitate. Soon, everyone was directing the conversation to him. He seemed to be the tutor for this little ad hoc class. After lunch we played frisbee. Carlos and I soon broke off from the group and began talking more seriously. I was probing for any indication that Carlos might be interested in me.

“He must know I’m interested in him,” I assured myself.

Carlos said that his friend was spending the night with a cousin who was studying Florence for the summer. Carlos would be alone for the night and he asked if I might be interested in spending it exploring the Florentine nightlife.

“Would I!” I exclaimed to myself.

“Sure, O.K.” I said to Carlos in a more subdued tone.

Al and Sylvia were taking Stefania on a side trip to Assisi later in the afternoon and would spend the night there. I had seen Assisi before, and although incredibly beautiful, the center of Franciscan life was no match for the beauty of Carlos.

I suggested to Carlos that we meet at the Ristorante Apricena. I was told about this place by an aunt. She said a cousin owned it. She met him in the U.S. just recently. Although I had been skeptical at first, I believed this Peppino Decata when he called from a friend’s house in a town close to Boston and told my aunt who he was. Aunts and uncles went to visit with this fellow at his friend’s home, and they in turn invited him to their homes.

“When you come to Firenze please come to my ristorante,” he said as he passed out business cards to all present. My father was there. He gave me the card before leaving on this trip to Italy.

The ristorante was more than I had expected. It was first rate. When I visited my family in a small town in the Mezzogiorno, they told me the place was “good.” I thought it was nothing more than them being polite. I expected find a “mom and pop” kind of operation. I was wrong. This place was in competition with the best of restaurants in Florence. The family in the town told me to ask for Peppino when I arrived. As Carlos

and I entered, a waiter asked if we wanted a table for two. I asked him if Peppino Decata was around.

“No, but you must be Michele Decata. Senora has been expecting you,” he said.

“Senora” was Peppino’s wife, Ingrid. She was a German. She and Peppino had started the restaurant years ago. It was small at first but now is acclaimed for its elegance. Ingrid was sturdy blonde probably in her early fifties. She was effusive. She showed us to a table immediately and said she would be popping in and out. It was a busy time for her. She managed to tell us that Peppino was at the beach for a couple of weeks, but that the family had phoned to say that I would be coming.

The waiter returned and asked us to please accept wine, food, and pastries “Gratis from Senora.” I forced myself to agree.

I was beginning to feel a little apprehensive about having come here. I liked being treated so specially, but I really wanted to spend time talking to Arlos and not with distant relatives, no matter how pleasant. My fears, however, were soon allayed. After bringing a phone to the table—it was Peppino expressing his regrets at not having been there—Ingrid was really too busy to bother much with us. She and the waiter passed by occasionally to make sure all was in order.

We spent at least two hours at Ristorante Apricena with its sumptuous food and good wine. The wine was strong, however. I was really feeling its effects as we said our good-byes to Ingrid and thanked her for her hospitality. She said she, like Peppino, would be in the States one day soon. I urged her to call me on her arrival. She said she would. She hugged Carlos good-bye.

“Thank you, I enjoyed myself very much. Someday I hope to come back,” he said as he hugged her in return.

The waiter hugged us both good-bye as well. What a great experience.

We walked for hours around the town, starting at the Duomo and ending up there. We talked of everything. We talked about our dreams for the future, politics including American and Mexican relations, religion, and women. We reached women as a topic at the end of our sojourn. We both agreed we liked women and enjoyed their company. Carlos also enjoyed them sexually. He seemed nonplused when I told him that on a sexuality scale of one to ten where ten is heterosexual and one is homosexual, I was probably a four. Carlos responded, that he was probably a seven or eight. We then moved on to the type of women we each found attractive. If I am not mistaken, Carlos described his ideal woman as a virtual clone of himself. I couldn't blame him. The more I looked at this guy—and I couldn't take my eyes off him—he became more and more beautiful.

It was time for sleep, Carlos remarked.

“I really do not like the idea of going back to the pensione tonight,” Carlos stated and pleaded at the same time. Needless to say, he didn't need to hint more than once.

“Al and Sylvia are out of town tonight and tomorrow. Why not stay with me. Go get your things at the pensione and meet me at the hotel we've rented. It has three single beds and I'm only using one.”

“Great, give me the address,” Carlos said.

I did.

We parted. I went to the hotel and Carlos for his pensione. No sooner had I returned to the hotel when there was a knock at the door. I opened it and Carlos was standing there. Only then did I remember how close his pensione was to our hotel.

We each took a shower. I was in bed by the time Carlos finished. It is warm in Florence August and the Italians have little use for air-conditioning. I slept in my jockey shorts. Carlos came out of the bathroom nude, and just plopped on the bed next mine. I did not realize he was nude until I turned my head in his direction and noticed his bare ass. It rivaled David's in beauty and form. His body was marked by tan lines. He was incredibly white where the sun was unable to kiss him. He was like alabaster.

I turned my head away and asked of myself, "How am I ever going to get through this night?" I had no good answer.

The beds were singles and close to the floor. My left arm was dangling over the side of the bed. I was startled from my previous concern when I felt Carlos grab and hold my hand in his. I did not immediately react and when I did, I only turned my head back toward Carlos. The beds were close and he was staring into my eyes with a very serious expression which asked without words if I were interested in sex. It really was my first time, though I long had desire, and I was nervous.

I responded by squeezing his hand. He squeezed mine back and then placed that same hand on my shoulder. He ran his hand up and down my back. Goosebumps were everywhere. He moved those beautiful silky hands from my back and then up and down the back of my thighs and calves.

"I think I am in heaven," I whispered to myself and then he stopped.

I didn't move as I heard him push our beds together. He laid down again. His body was touching mine. I could feel his erection next my left side. He began massaging my back again lightly running the palms of his hands over the surface of my skin. When he reached the waistband of the jockey shorts he slid his hand over my butt. He then tried to take my shorts off. I lifted my body to make it easier for him. He was kneeling on his bed next to me as he did this. He pulled the shorts gently over each foot and threw them on the floor. While still kneeling next to me, he bent down and kissed both cheeks of my butt, squeezing gently as he did so. I was now as hard as granite, only pulsating.

"Turnover," Carlos whispered in my ear and I did so.

He began the same process with the front as in the back. He lightly and continuously ran his sleek hands over my entire torso except for its most sensitive shaft. Each touch became more electrifying than the last. I was literally pushing my butt into the air, hoping without having to say it that I wanted Carlos to grab my manhood. He understood, grabbed it and squeezed and pulled at the same time. He then stopped and licked and kissed my nipples. He moved onto my bed. He laid down next to me with his head on my stomach. He pressed his hard cock into my right side. He was masturbating himself as he kissed and caressed my stomach.

By this time I was in an emotional frenzy, when Carlos gave me a gift I will remember forever. Suddenly he laid his left cheek on my stomach and took my cock into his mouth. He used his tongue and hand to bring me to the most fantastic orgasm I had ever experienced. He took all my body offered in response and continued for a time thereafter.

I wanted to respond in kind, but, Carlos then groaned and rolled back onto his own bed. He had come against my right side. Not a word was spoken between us. Tactile communication became my favorite form of generating ideas after that experience. We both fell asleep and I didn't wake until the noonday sun shone on my face.

When I looked around the room, Carlos was gone.

© 2011 michael vocino