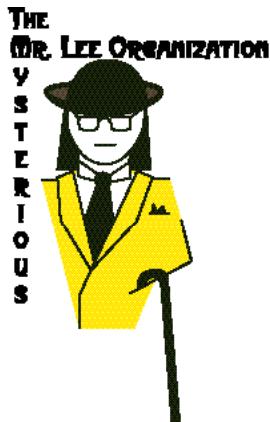


## So Typical My Desires



My college girlfriend, Deborah, didn't run with the same people I did. I thought they were pretentious art geeks, they thought I was a jock out of my league. She had thrown a big party, and they were everywhere. Somehow, my friends didn't get many invitations. So I stood around feeling stupid and thinking about anything that might amuse me. Mainly, I thought I wanted to get Deborah naked as quick as possible. She was flirting with a six-pack of fags, who hung on her words like half burnt cigarettes to a chronic smokers lip, all giggles and awe. She was a better fag than all of them, when it comes down to it—she walked the exaggerated walk of the flamers, and talked with the an out-of-control girlishness that the gay Adonises could only idolize. More than that, though, she was going to end up in bed with a big muscle boy—me—at the end of the night.

Now that I'm thinking it over, I guess what I really wanted was to show those fags I was a man, no—The Man—by fucking Deborah right there, in her room, the one with the paper-thin walls and a door that didn't quite close right. I wanted an audience. At the time, all I could think about is how good Deborah looked in her dress, a jazz age floozy number, cut low enough to show off her cleavage, slit high enough to show off the top of her stockings. Deborah was sculpted for loving, every curve seemingly designed to enhance my pleasure, and she topped off her lush flesh with a shock of auburn, cut into a very sexy, very smart bob.

I stood off with my beer and sipped it slowly, while thinking about all the ways I was going to touch her. I imagined my tongue tracing the line of her artery up her neck before my teeth scraped against her fleshy, soft, and ever-so sensitive earlobes. I pictured her turning towards me, pushing her body hard against my erect dick, her breath short and hot on my shoulder, a moan slipping from her lips. My mouth would move down her neck again, while my hand slipped up from her tiny waist to cup her breast. I bit my lip in anticipation and shifted my stance to try to gain some comfort for my growing erection.

I watched Deborah laugh as one of her friends said something about Monet and Manet, which is the kind of humor they possessed. Her head tilted back and the laugh came out like music, a Bach concerto in soprano. Her lips glittered as the faint light of the room found them. She turned her head to me and smiled.

I put my half-finished beer down and walked over to her. I came up on her back and put my hands on her hips, slipping them suggestively down, pulling her back on my erection. They all kept chatting away. One of the boys felt my muscle. My isn't he hard. Lots of laughs at the double entendre, but it wasn't mocking. I pressed my hardness into Deborah's ass, and rocked against her slowly.

I tried to make conversation with them, but they were talking about an exhibit they had seen at moma, and with my aroused state, my ignorant comments came out as if I were Deborah's stupid love-toy.

I decided to fuck it and let all my words serve only to caress Deborah's neck. She knew I was there on an academic scholarship. There was no reason to impress these boys, who we would laugh about while making love.

I should say, the next time we made love, because at that point, we were making love. My hands had slipped down to where I was caressing her through her dress and she had put a hand on my ass to guide my thrusts into her delectable posterior. I had stopped making the pretense of talking and was kissing her neck. It was more exciting than anything we had ever done. I knew they were all watching us go at it, watching as my fingers pushed her dress into her slit, as my hand explored her breasts. They were watching, trying to maintain their conversation as if nothing were going on, as Deborah moaned and moved up and down against my erection.

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Their conversation became ripe with sexual overtones. Mapplethorpes nudes, the rise of Greco-Roman themes in Renascence art as means of portraying overtly sexual images. Our pace intensified. I had successfully pulled her dress up high enough that I could slip a finger under it, into her. She was running with honey. She leaned against me, her collapse prevented by my entangled limbs. I looked around and realized we had an audience larger than just her gay friends. The boys one of Deborahs friends had been charming in the kitchen were not going to miss out on our show. They were chanting, I think, while Deborahs art friends continued the pretense of normal conversation.

I pulled my finger out of Deborah and took it into my mouth. It was truly the nectar of the gods. She turned towards me, kissed me, and shoved me backwards, towards her bedroom. I tripped over an ottoman, and fell into her door. It hurt, but not enough to stop the erotic trance. I scooted up onto the bed as well as possible, and Deborah gave the door a kick. It shut most of the way, but I could see most of the faces through the inch or two crack. I didnt care.

Unzip me. I did. She pulled her dress over her head. I had her bra unfastened before she had the dress off her arms. Youd think flesh wouldnt smell so much, at least if someones well bathed, but Deborahs breasts were like the most fragrant bouquet. I breathed them in, holding them both in my hands as she squirmed on top of me. She was trying to get my pants unbuttoned, but my attention to her breasts was getting in the way. Her attempts felt too good for me to care much. After fully appreciating her wonderful scent, I took to licking them. Her aureole get engorged and stand out from her breasts like most womens nipples do. And then theyre topped by the best nipples youll ever find. In short, perfection. I teased them with fingers and tongue until Deborah finally managed to release my erection from my jeans.

She scooted down and started taking my jeans off, largely one handed, while she stroked me tenderly, slowly. Precome was running off my cock onto her now-slick hand. If she had been using any more force or speed, I would have shot off right then.

Instead, I forced my eyes open and saw our audience. Most people were pretending not to look. I would see them flick their eyes towards the door, then quickly look away once my eyes made contact. It looked like fewer people were there, too. Perhaps it was too much spectacle. It was, and I knew, somewhere in my lust-befuddled mind, that I would regret the public display. One of the art fags hovered by the door. His eyes kept mine for seconds longer than anyone else's, and returned more often.

Deborah had gotten my pants off. I looked down at her, nude except her soaked panties, her glimmering lips descending on my cock. I exhaled with force when she first tasted me. It was overwhelmingly good. I had to look away, the picture of her was too erotic to endure for long. And there he was, looking at my eyes. He was visibly rubbing his crotch, watching me get blown. Deborah picked up her pace, her tongue swirling the tip of my dick, while her hand pumped. I was close to coming. The guy was matching her strokes. It was as if his cock was mine, his hand hers.

She took a break an sucked one of my balls into her mouth, letting me cool down bit. I looked at her, so beautiful, so sexy, as she took my balls into her mouth, one at a time, while playing with her self. She kissed her way back up my shaft and deep-throated me.

I looked up again, trying to put off the inevitable monster climax. He had taken his cock out and was stroking it in time to Deborah's mouth-thrusts. His other hand stroked his chest through his t-shirt. I could see his nipple was erect.

Deborah slid my cock out of her throat and began stroking me, getting me ready for the end. She knew exactly how I liked it. He took a finger and sucked it time with her. I closed my eyes and exploded in one of the most powerful orgasms Ive ever had.

Deborah climbed up on me and started kissing me. I opened my eyes and saw his come running down his hand.