

# Memoirs of a Bisexual: Chapter 5 - Fuck Buddies

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*Friends With Benefits*

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I recommend reading "Memoirs of a Bisexual: Chapters 1-4" to familiarize yourself with the characters and timeline. This story is based on true events. Fuck Buddy: n. A sex partner to whom you have no special attachment. A person you occasionally have sex with who is not your significant other.

Chapter 5: It was about noon when Felecia came knocking on the door. She gave her signature 2 knocks, then walked right in. I just got back from an 8am class and was cleaning up the kitchen. "Hey, didn't you go to class this morning? Where's Jeff?" Felecia asked looking around. "Jeff left this morning. He needed to get back to school. We got up together and he headed out when I left for my 8 o'clock. What about you?" I asked. "Just got back. Are you going to our 3 o'clock?" She continued. We have a 3pm Macro-Economics class together. Good thing because that class is a Bitch and we are able to study together. "Yeah, I'm going. So, did you have fun last night?" I finally asked, thus broaching the subject. "Yeah, it was fun." Felecia said with a very casual tone as if she was preoccupied with something else. She didn't even look at me. "Fun?" I asked, surprised by her response. "Just fun? That's it?" "Ok, fine. It was wonderful, magical, spectacular, amazing." She said sarcastically rolling her eyes. "Do you have any regrets?" I asked, cutting to the chase. "No," she said finally looking at me, "As long as you're not looking for a girlfriend!" This pissed me off. Why did she think she was so damn special all of a sudden? "And why would I be doing that?" I asked staring straight at her. "I'm just making sure." She said, avoiding eye contact again, "because lesbians don't date guys." I finally had enough of the lesbian shit! "Well, guess what Felecia? Lesbians don't let guys go down on them. Lesbians don't get off on watching two guys together. Lesbians don't let guys fuck them." I snapped, "You may be many things, but you sure as hell are not a lesbian!" "Excuse me!" She exclaimed not believing the way I was talking to her. I kept going, "I'll bet you next semester's tuition that you grew up living a sheltered life. You were a dork in high school and guys never looked your way very often. Then one day a guy was into you and you were flattered. So you dated for awhile and the time came when you gave it up to him, thus losing your virginity. But the sex sucked. He didn't care about you or getting you off. He was after one thing and he got it, probably hurting you in the process. Then he didn't speak to you anymore and you were crushed. Then along comes some

chick who was into other girls and she took a shine to you. So you picked yourself up and went with her. She opened your eyes to sex with a woman and it was so much better than the only other sexual experience you've had, which was with a guy. So naturally, you went with the women. However, you are still attracted or maybe even curious about good sex with a man. Then I came along and blew your mind!" Felecia stood there in utter shock, "You think so? You think you've got me all figured out?" She was so angry, her voice was trembling, "You don't know shit about me! Who, when and how I fuck is my business! So fuck you!" She practically ran out of my apartment slamming the door behind her. I was so pissed, my blood was boiling. Felecia avoided me at all costs. I saw her at our Economic class. I sat in back like we usually do, but she sat in front. All week she avoided me. Maybe I was out of line. Maybe I should apologize. But maybe what I said was sinking in and she might be thinking about it. Who knows? But her not being around definitely sucked. She had quickly become one of my best friends. It was Saturday afternoon and I was contemplating going to her apartment to apologize when the doorbell rang. I opened the door to see Felecia standing there. She looked at me with a straight face, "The Saints and the Falcons play each other tomorrow. Do you want to come to my place and watch it?" She asked. "Sure." I said a little surprised. "The game starts at 1pm. You bring the beer and tequila. I'll provide the pot and the food." She stated. "Ok. Sounds like a plan." I smiled. Felecia didn't. She just turned around and walked away. I thought about stopping her to clear the air about our fight, but decided not to. Maybe it was best not to rock the boat. I was relieved nonetheless. It seemed like I was getting my best friend back. Felecia was a huge New Orleans Saints fan and, of course, I'm a big Atlanta Falcons fan. So, Sunday around noon I went to her apartment. I was sporting my Atlanta Falcons jersey. She answered the door and was looking smoking hot! She had new braids in her hair. She was wearing a New Orleans Saints jersey that cut off at her waistline. She had on denim shorts that cut off high up on her thighs. Felecia worked out every day, so there was nothing on her body that was not firm. She had great muscle tone and I was completely turned on by what I saw before me. "Come on in." She said walking back to the couch where she was rolling a blunt on the coffee table. I popped us a few beers and sat down next to her. She took a swig of her beer, looked at me and smiled, "I hope you know that your Falcons are going to get their asses kicked!" So, the smack talking had commenced. I rolled my eyes, "What-the-fuck-ever! You are so dreaming. The Falcons are going to put a foot in your Saints' asses!" "Oh please! The Falcons don't even know where the end zone is, much less actually get there!" She laughed, "Hey, I'll tell you what....if the Falcons beat the Saints, I'll suck your dick." "What?" I was flabbergasted. "No, seriously. That's how confident I am in my team. If the Falcons win, I will suck your dick. Right here immediately after the game." She stated with confidence. She pointed to the tequila, "And we're doing a shot per touchdown regardless of who scores." Well Ok. Football, beer, pot, tequila and possibly a blow job. Nice. Over the next three hours we screamed, cheered, drank and yelled at the TV. The football gods were looking out for me that day because the Falcons kicked the winning Field Goal in Overtime! When the game was over I grinned at Felecia. She had this look on her face that showed she was really uncertain of what to do next. I stopped grinning and gave her a serious look. "You don't have to do this if you don't want to." I said remembering how much hell last

week was without her. "No, I made the bet and I'm going to own up to it. Now lay back." She said trying to push me back on the couch. I didn't move. "I'm serious, Felecia. I will not hold it against you if you truly do not want to do this." I stated. She pushed me back again, this time using her muscles. I slammed against the back of the couch. "Shut up and lay back!" She snapped. She quickly unbuttoned and unzipped my pants. She pulled my pants down to my ankles dragging my boxers with them. I sat there, my cock starting to come to life. Her forcefulness along with her attitude was a turn on. She slid down to the floor on her knees, kneeling between my legs. She grabbed my cock and started stroking it. Then she looked up at me. She had changed to a slightly humbled demeanor. She gave a half smile and said, "Ok, I've never done this before. So, if you want it to be good, you may have to coach me a little." I laughed a little and said, "Well you're doing a good job stroking me. So, try to do that motion with your mouth. Keep in mind that the head is the most sensitive, so spend a little time on it, too. You'll get the hang of it. If you start doing something that doesn't feel good, I'll let you know." She then took my cock into her mouth, slowly going down the shaft until she had me all the way in. Then she pulled her mouth up my shaft slowly and she made the stroking motions with her mouth, up and down, in and out. It was feeling so good. I moaned little, "Oh, that's it. Just like that." She kept that pace for awhile. Once she got comfortable with it, she started getting creative and changing it up. She would stop at the head of my dick and suck it while she stroked me with her hand. She would tease my head with her tongue. She pulled my cock out of her mouth and licked up and down my shaft. She was definitely getting the hang of it. It was feeling so incredibly wonderful. I laid back with my eyes closed, panting and moaning which encouraged her to keep going. Then I heard her starting to moan a little. I opened my eyes and saw that she had unbuttoned her shorts and was playing with her pussy with one hand while she stroked me with the other. The faster she rubbed her pussy, the faster she sucked my dick. She had a nice rhythm going. I could tell that she was about to make herself cum because as she sucked me her moans became louder and faster. Finally, she pulled my cock out of her mouth. "Oh, oh, fuck yeah, oh yes!" She was squealing as she came. She relaxed as her orgasm settled down, she was still stroking me when she looked up and said, "I want this dick inside me!" "Come on up" I said pulling her up by the shoulders. I still sat on the couch. As Felecia got to her feet, she slid off her shorts. She wasn't wearing any underwear. All she had on was her Saints football jersey and she straddled me. She knew exactly where my dick was. She didn't even grab it. She just lowered her pussy over the head and my cock slid all the way in her sopping wet pussy, balls deep. "Ooooh yeah! That's more like it, mmmmm," she moaned as she grinded her pussy up and down my raging hard cock. Her pussy was so hot and tight. This was great. She looked at me as she rode my dick, "I love the way your cock feels inside of me. It stretches my pussy ever so slightly that it hurts so good. Mmmm, oh yes, this feels so fucking good!" She moaned as she slowly rode my dick. "Your pussy is so tight!" I said continuing the conversation, which I thought was so hot. I loved the way we were talking dirty to each other while we fucked. "It squeezes my cock so tightly that it just feels amazing." "That's because it's not used to having anything this big inside, and your cock is so hot as it slides in and out. I like my toys but your cock is amazing." She said as she was grinding her hips, pushing her pussy further onto my cock in rhythmic waves. Now, my dick was not

the 9 inches Jeff's was. I have a modest 6 inch dick, but whatever I lack in length, I make up for in girth. I reached around her and grabbed her perfectly fit ass. Each of her ass cheeks fit perfectly in my palms. As I held onto her ass, I slightly pushed her hips down and up creating another rhythm as we fucked. Felecia was still panting and moaning. Then I spread her ass checks slightly and reached down to feel my cock sliding in and out of her pussy. I ran my middle finger along my cock, lubing it up with Felecia's juices. Then I took my finger and started rubbing her asshole. She opened her eyes, "What are you doing?" She asked but not stopping her rhythm. "Do you trust me?" I asked, "Does that feel good?" I kept playing with her asshole with my finger as she rode me. "Oh yeah," she moaned as she closed her eyes again, "Just don't stop." I kept rubbing her asshole as we continued to fuck. Felecia would start to speed up the pace but I would slow her back down, telling her to be patient. After a few minutes of this Felecia was getting hot and I knew hat she would be cumming soon. So I lubed up my finger again with her pussy and I started to put a little pressure on her asshole as I continued to tease it. Felecia's orgasm was building. She was really riding my cock hard. Her moans turned to squeals and she was panting harder. Her pussy started to convulse around my dick as she started to cum. I took the finger teasing her ass and stuck it all the way in her asshole. This sent her over the edge. "Oh fuck! Oh fuck! I'm cumming!" She screamed. She was riding me furiously. I had one hand slamming her hips down on my cock while the other was fingering her ass. She was slamming down on me. Her pussy was constricting my cock when she exploded all over me. It felt so hot. Her cream running down my cock and dripping onto my balls and I continued to fuck her tight pussy. As the intensity slowed. I pulled my finger out of her ass, but still grasped her ass cheeks as she continued to ride me. "Now I want you to cum." she said staring into my eyes. "I'm not too far from it." I stated back to her. "I want you to cum inside me." she said, "I want to feel your cock explode and pump me full of your hot cum." This dirty talk was getting me worked up. I could feel myself starting to cum. She knew too because my grip on her ass tightened and I sped up the pace. "Ooh you're about to cum, aren't you?" She cooed. "Oh yeah!" was all I could say and my cock started convulsing. This made Felecia start to get off again. "Ohh yes, your cock feels great. I can feel it against my pussy walls! Oh fuck, you're going to make my pussy cum again. Oh Shit!" she was screaming as I exploded inside her hot hole. "Oh fuck me! Fuck me!" she was screaming as I was slamming her pussy down on my erupting dick. I cold feel my dick shooting what seemed like a quart of cum into her constricting pussy! She slowed down the pace as we each calmed down from our orgasms. She finally dismounted me and we sat next to each other on the couch catching our breath. Felecia finally broke the silence. "I don't know what I am." She looked at me with a serious, concerned look. "What do you mean?" I asked "I don't know what I am. I know that I like being with women, but I also like fucking you. So does that make me Bisexual?" She stated. I looked at her, "Felecia, it doesn't matter. You do what you want to do. Do what feels good. Do what's fun. You don't have to put a label on it. I like fucking you, too. I also like being with Jeff. There's nothing wrong with it." "So, you think we can still be friends and not have romantic feelings for each other and still fuck each other?" she asked. "Absolutely," I said with a smile, "Jeff and I don't have romantic feelings for each other. We just like getting each other off." And that's what Felecia and I did. One night I was in

my apartment and the phone rang. It was Felecia, "Hey, you want to come down and smoke a blunt?" she asked. "No, I'm studying." I said, which I was truly doing for a big test I had the next day. "Ok, well, if you want to take a break, come on over." she said. "I think I might just crash after this." I said as I yawned. "Ok, I'll just come out and say it," she said with frustration. "I want you to come down here and fuck me!" That's all she had to say and that's exactly what I did. Then I went back to my apartment and studied. A few days later we ran into each other at the Student Center about 20 minutes before our Economics class. We hung out and walked to class together. We got to the building and I stopped at the door. "I really don't feel like doing this today." I said referring to the 2 hour Economics class that lay ahead. She looked back at me, "Me, neither. Let's go back to my place and fuck." she said. And that's what we did. One other time, we were at her apartment waiting on some friends of hers to meet us so we can all go play team trivia at a local bar. She received a phone from her friend stating they were running about 30 minutes late. Felecia looked at me, "So, while we wait, do you want to bang one out?" "Sure." I said with a smile. Felecia walked over to her kitchen table, dropped her pants and bent over the table. I dropped my pants, approached her and fucked her from behind. We had this awesome relationship. We were best friends. We got high together, drunk, watched football, shot pool, threw darts, played cards, and we fucked. . . .and fucked. . . . and fucked. To Be Continued . .