

Memoirs of a Bisexual: Chapter 7 - An Unexpected Surprise

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An early trip back to school unveils a nice surprise

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This is a continuation of the series "Memoirs of a Bisexual." I recommend reading chapters 1-6 to familiarize yourself with the characters and timeline. The following is based on true events. I returned to school from Winter Break a few days before classes started. I always like to get there a few days before the start of a new quarter so I can learn where my new classes are and plan my route through campus. The University of Georgia is a big campus, so the more I know on the first day of classes, the easier it is to get around. Besides, I also hoped Felecia would be back so we can get our fuck on. I quickly learned as a bisexual that when I get lots of pussy, I start craving dick. When I get lots of dick, I start craving pussy. It's a vicious cycle. Jeff and I had a wonderful time hooking up over the break, but I was still horny for some pussy. So I got back to Athens on a Friday afternoon and, to my dismay, Felecia had not returned. Since most people would not be back until Sunday, the bars were dead and closed early. So I was stuck at my apartment by myself. My roommates hadn't returned either. As I mentioned previously, I had two roommates. Our apartment complex leased units by the room, not by the apartment. So when I signed my lease, I was placed in an apartment with two complete strangers, but we got to know each other. My roommates were Chad and Philip. Chad was a nice guy but definitely lived a sheltered life and was very straight-laced. He didn't drink, smoke or curse. He was a large guy and had a girlfriend. If I had to guess, Chad didn't have much of a dating life prior to his girlfriend. He seemed rather inexperienced when it came to women. He spent most of his time over at his girlfriend's apartment. We only saw him when she went home for the weekend or during exam time when everyone was studying. As for Philip, he was the polar opposite of Chad. Philip was about 6'2", blond hair, blue eyes and was built very well. He was the stereotypical college prep boy. He was very stylish in the way he dressed. He played intramural sports and the girls loved him. He had an awesome body, very smooth with 6-pack abs. He was a hottie. I didn't even try to keep up with his girlfriends. I would see one for a couple of weeks, then he would bring home someone different. He was a social butterfly and a charmer, not just with the girls, but with everyone. He liked to drink, watch sports, hang out in the bar scene. He was very outgoing and everyone liked

him. So, there I was alone in my apartment on a Friday night. I decided to have a date night with myself. I bought some beer, ordered my favorite pizza and listened to my favorite music. I was easily entertained and was having a great time by myself. However, I was still horny and it was obvious that I would not be getting laid that night. So, I did what most guys do when they are alone by themselves. I had a porn movie stashed away (this was before porn was all over the internet). I took the porn out of my closet, popped it in the VCR in the living room and plopped down in the recliner. What was so great about doing this in an empty apartment was that I didn't have to sneak around. I had the place to myself, so no being discreet under a blanket with the volume muted. I sat in the recliner in nothing but my boxers with my cock sticking out of the opening in front. I turned up the volume so I could hear every coo, grunt, moan, squeal and scream. I sat watching the porn and stroking my cock, taking my time. I was really going to enjoy this. I was really getting into jerking my dick taking my time, not going too fast. I was caressing my balls with the other hand. This was feeling so good. Then the front door opened and Philip walked in. I was so startled I knocked the remote onto the floor. A feeling of terror went through me. The porn was blaring on the TV, the remote was somewhere on the floor and I was sitting there in my boxers. It was obvious what I was doing when Philip walked through the door, so there was no point in trying to hide it or play it off. So, I just shrugged, "I'm sorry, Dude." I said now feeling the embarrassment sweep over me, "You caught me in a private moment. I didn't think anyone would be back tonight." "No problem, man," he smiled and walked into the living room. I finally found the remote and stopped the movie and quickly made sure my cock was tucked away inside my boxers. "Where did you get the porn?" Philip asked. "I've had it for a few months," I said still feeling embarrassed. "Really?" he asked picking up on the fact that I was embarrassed. "You'll have to let me borrow it some time." "Um, sure," was all I could muster. "Well, why did you stop it?" he asked as he sat down on the couch. Still a bit disoriented with everything I just looked at him, "I . . . I didn't know if that was something you wanted to watch or was into." "Hell yeah, man! I haven't seen a good porno movie in a long time. Turn it back on. In fact, do you mind if I join you?" he asked. I wasn't sure what he meant by that, but I just couldn't say "no" so I just nodded, "Knock yourself out," I said casually. To my surprise, he took off his shoes and socks, stood up and dropped his pants. He sat back down in the couch wearing only his boxers and the shirt he had on. He placed his hand inside his boxers and was rubbing his cock and balls as he watched the porn. Now Philip was hot. I never really looked at him or any other guy (other than Jeff) in a sexual way. I never even thought about being with another guy. I guess it's because Jeff and I were still in the very early stages of our bisexual discovery. We were still learning and experimenting with each other and we never thought about having that type of relationship with other guys. But here I was in the living room with one of my roommates watching porn and we would most likely start jerking off. It was at this realization point that I started getting my confidence about me. I still wasn't sure what Philip had in mind. I know college roommates that live in dorms sometimes jerk off together, but that was due to limited space and privacy. Perhaps he was used to something like that. Hell, I didn't know, but what I did know was that I now saw Philip as a smoking hot guy whom I would love to play with. I relaxed and stretched back out in the recliner. I put my hand inside my boxers to feel my cock and to start getting worked up

again. I looked over at Philip and he had pulled his dick out of his boxers and was stroking it slowly. He had a nice looking cock. it was about 6 inches (the same as mine) and slender. He was circumcised and the head was nice and plump. I had him beat in girth. My cock was thicker than his. I pulled my cock out and started stroking it, as well. Philip looked over at me stroking my dick and said rather casually, "You know, it doesn't matter how much pussy I get, I still love stroking my cock. Believe it or not, I actually jerk off once a day." I looked back at him as I continued stroking my cock, which was starting to get hard again. "I know what you mean. I do it too, even on the days I do get laid," I said. "So, you're fucking that Felecia chick that lives downstairs, aren't you?" he asked as he continued stroking. "Yes, I am!" I said with a bit of pride. "Wow, dude, I bet that's some good pussy," he smiled and sped up the pace on his dick. "I see her at the gym all the time and she is built! I bet she can fuck!" "She's an awesome fuck and she likes fucking all the time!" I answered. Philip turned and looked at the porn on the TV for awhile, jerking his cock. I did the same. I would catch Philip watching me stroke myself. He really didn't try to hide the fact that he was watching me. When I noticed him watching me, I would slow down a bit and exaggerate my strokes as if I was putting on a show for him. Then he stood up. His rock hard cock sticking straight out of his boxers. He pulled his shirt off and I got a good look at his ripped body. He was a piece of work. He looks over at me as he tossed his shirt out of the way. "I don't want to get it sticky," he laughed. "Because I'm getting worked up over here," he said as he sat back down and continued jerking his dick. The sight of his hard cock followed by his ripped body and him jerking off was too much for me and I started to cum. "Oh fuck!" was all I could get out as I gasped and sped up the pace on my cock. I could feel my load rising. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed that Philip realized I was about to cum because his eyes were locked on me and he was jerking his dick faster. As I stroked my cock with one hand, I raised my shirt with the other just as my cock erupted, shooting my load all over my chest and stomach. Philip was now facing me, leaning against the arm of the couch. He had his legs spread and was stroking his cock at a rapid pace as he watched my dick squirt its load on me. I looked over to see Philip's cock explode all over him. His hot cum was pumping out of his dick onto his perfectly formed abs. That was a hot sight! I kept stroking and stroking and I was loving the sight of his cock squirting all over his stomach. Philip was panting heavily, "Oh shit that was intense!" he exhaled. "I can't remember the last time I came that hard!" I got up from the recliner and stopped the porn on the way to the bathroom. I cleaned myself off and returned to the living room. To my surprise, Philip was sitting on the couch naked. He had cleaned himself off and removed his boxers. He had restarted the porn and was stroking his cock again. I had figured that he would be finished since he shot his load, but he apparently wanted more. He looked so hot sitting there naked stroking his nice smooth cock. If he wanted another round, then I was up for it. But this time I was going to be a bit more aggressive. I took off my shirt and slid my boxers down. I walked over to where he was sitting on the couch and sat right next to him. He looked at me as he stroked his dick, "I haven't seen a good porn in a long time so might as well take advantage of it." "Sure, why not?" I said as I started stroking my dick, too. I didn't look up at the TV, I just kept watching him play with his dick thinking that either it would make him uncomfortable or he wouldn't care and continue. He watched the porn then looked over at me

watching him. He watched me jerk off for a bit then turned his attention back to the TV. Our dicks weren't quite back to full attention yet. Philip finally broke the silence. "One down side to being a guy is that we have to wait to build back up before we can get hard and cum again. I wish we were like chicks and have multiple orgasms without any down time." I smiled at him, "Well, it all depends on what you do with that down time," I said, "You could have some fun with it." "Like how?" he asked. "Let's see," I said switching hands from my right to left to keep stroking my cock. "Put your hands behind your head," I instructed him. He did as I asked. Then I grabbed his cock with my right hand and started stroking it. It startled him as he clearly wasn't expecting it. "Whoa! What are you doing?" he exclaimed. "What does it look like?" I whispered to him. His voice was trembling, "I don't think we should be doing this!" "Really?" I said smiling at him, "Don't look now, but your cock is hard as a rock!" He looked down at his cock and me stroking it. Precum was forming on the head of his dick. "I've never done anything like this before!" he panted. I pushed him back against the couch. "Relax. I have!" With that I slid down on my knees between his legs and took his cock all the way into my mouth. His ass came off the couch and I pushed him back down, "Oh fuck!" he yelled. "Oh, shit, that's good!" I massaged his balls with my other hand as I deep throated his cock. I was used to Jeff's 9 inches being in my mouth, so I had more room to play with having Philips nice 6 inches. I could do more like deep throat him, and stroke him faster with my mouth. I bobbed my head up and down pulling his cock in and out of my mouth as I sucked him. Then I deep throated his cock and pulled it slowly out of my mouth as I sucked him as hard as I could. I kept doing this for a few minutes. Philip was moaning and breathing heavily. He ground his hips in time with my mouth strokes on his dick. I felt his balls retract and I knew he was getting ready to cum. He ran his fingers through my hair, slightly guiding my head up and down on his cock. "Oh yeah, suck me! Oh work my cock!" he cooed as I kept sucking him. Then I sped up my pace. I felt his dick starting to contract. I kept on until he exploded in my mouth. I loved the way his hot cum felt on the back of my throat as his cock squirted in my mouth. It tasted salty and sweet. I hungrily swallowed every squirt until he had nothing left. I pulled his dick out of my mouth. He smiled down at me, "That was probably the best blow job I've ever had!" he said as I pulled myself back up and sat next to him. "That doesn't surprise me," I said in return. "Oh really?" he said, "And why is that?" I didn't answer him. Instead I turned to face him and leaned back on the couch resting my back against the arm. I spread my legs. "Now it's your turn to play with MY cock," I said. I could tell that he wanted to but was a little hesitant. "I...uh...don't quite know what to do," he said getting closer to me. "Think of it this way," I said getting into instructor mode, "You have a dick, right? Think of what feels good to you when you play with your cock. We have the same equipment, so what feels good to you will feel good to me." "I didn't think of it like that," he said. "How do you think I knew that I gave you the best blow job you've ever had? I simply played with and sucked your cock thinking of what would feel good to me," I stated. He took my cock in his hand and started stroking it. Slow at first then speeding up. He had a nice firm grip. "That's it," I cooed to reassure him that he was doing it well. "I love watching you play with my cock," I moaned. The more I talked dirty to him, the more confident he became. I could sense that he wanted to put it in his mouth but was working up the courage to do so. Precum was forming on the head of my dick. He

looked down at it. I smiled at him, "You are pretty good at this." I said. He leaned down towards my cock and licked the head clean. He paused for a second. I nodded my head at him. "How does it taste?" I asked. He didn't answer. He just kept stroking me. "Well, there's more where that came from," I smiled, staring into his eyes. Then he just let go of any inhibition holding him back and took my cock into his mouth. I placed my hand on the back of his head as it bobbed up and down on my cock. "Oh yeah, that feels so good. You do that so well," I moaned. He was sucking my cock really hard and at a rapid pace. I wanted to slow him down to make it last longer but it felt so good I didn't want him to stop. He had a tight vacuum around my dick and he was not letting up. It felt incredible. "Oh, that's it! Suck me," I said as I moved my hips in rhythm with his pace on my cock. I could feel that I was getting ready to cum if he didn't stop, so I gave him a warning, "On that feels so good. You're going to make me cum soon." He didn't stop. He was actually moaning too as he sucked me. Then he sent me over the edge. I could feel my load rising. "Oh, I'm cumming!" I yelled as final warning, not sure of what he would do next. But he kept sucking and stroking me. Then my dick erupted in his mouth. As it squirted my hot load he swallowed it. Feeling my cum shoot in his mouth actually encouraged him to keep sucking me. Oh, it felt amazing! "Do you like feeling my hot cum shoot down your throat?" I moaned as he sucked me dry. Finally when there was no more cum emerging from my cock, he stopped sucking me and fell back on the couch. He looked at me, "Oh, fuck, that was hot!" he said. "Hell yeah, it was!" I reassured him. I looked at him to see that his cock was hard as a rock, again. He saw that I had noticed and he said shyly, "Yeah, I was a little turned on by sucking your cock." "Would you like me to take care of it?" I offered. He looked up at the clock, "Actually, I have someone coming over soon, so I'll need to have something left," he laughed. I smiled back at him, grabbed my pants and shirt and got dressed. He excused himself to the bathroom to clean himself up. A few minutes later the doorbell rang. I answered the door to see this hot little brunette chick at the doorway. "Is Philip here?" she asked. I invited her in and saw Philip emerge from the restroom. He had put his clothes back on. They exchanged a small kiss. Philip gave me a smile and a wink. It was obvious what she came over for as she nudged him towards his bedroom. If she only knew how I had warmed him up for her. To Be Continued . . .