

My Personal Fag

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(MM, 1st-gay-expr, oral)

It started out as a fucking lark, honest to god. I mean I wanna puke just thinking about a guy sticking his dick in to another guy's brown hole. I can't even thing about a hot chick sitting on the can taking a turd, much less sticking my dick in some guy's shit hole.

But even with that said, when in my first year at Foothill Junior College, I met this guy named Brandon I struck up a friendship. We were in line together registering for classes.

Brandon was a good looking guy and we hit it off in right away I thought, what the hell, he'd make a perfect chick cruising buddy after hours.

So I suggested that we become roomies and take a student apartment near campus so we could get some serious partying done.

That's when he fessed up. He said that he knew what I expected, that I wanted a wingman who would know when to help out and when not to, but that he wasn't that guy.

Brandon told me that he thought I was cool and that we would probably make great roommates, but that he was gay and all the womanizing would have to be on my part, because he wasn't into women.

Well, I was blown away because all the talk up until then had been normal, and with Brandon's looks I was planning on using him to get some real chick action that year.

But if the truth be known, I was going to college on a VERY tight budget and needed a roommate to make ends meet, so I told him that I didn't care if he was gay. I even made some kind of joke about not having to put up with the competition.

Anyway, we moved into a place two blocks off campus and he did his thing and I did mine. It all worked out pretty well, because he would disappear when I brought a chick around to bonk and when he was getting some action he usually went to the other guy's place. So all in all things were pretty great.

Then one afternoon...

It at mid term and I'd just blown a test that I couldn't afford to mess up on and I was pretty fucking depressed. I took my girlfriend out for a sandwich and was planning on a god time that night to help me forget my troubles when just before it was time to decide, her place or mine, we got into a screeching fight.

Most of the screeching was coming from her. I forgot that it was her birthday and she felt that I didn't take our relationship seriously enough if I couldn't even remember something like that.

Well, I didn't take our relationship all that seriously. She was a good fuck and knew how to please a guy in bed, but other than the sex part I didn't really know her all that well, and frankly I didn't really care about all that relationship crap. We were just 22, what did she want, marriage or something?

That attitude is what screwed me, that and the fact that I was in no mood to fuck around and pretend that I cared. To make a long story short, I ended up walking home a little too drunk and with no pussy in sight.

I was pretty buzzed by the time I got home. I figured that I'd have another beer and go sit out in the back yard and work on my tan and feel sorry for myself. Fucking women!

I stripped out of my clothes and put on my sunning trunks which are pretty skimpy, no

reason to cover up more than you need to when working on your tan. Right?

I grabbed a beer out of the fridge and headed down stairs to the back yard for a couple hours of sunning, and there was Brandon lying on a lounge all splayed out and covered with suntan oil. I plopped down on the lounge next to him and began moaning about what a fickle bitch I'd been dating.

He listened and made agreeing noises which had the effect of calming me down. I told Brandon that I was breaking it off with her, that all I'd needed was a sympathetic ear and a little good sex to get through my current depression and what she'd done, she'd trashed me, that's what she'd done.

Brandon asked what was bugging me to make me so upset. He knew me well enough to know that missing out on a little nookie with a chick wouldn't put me in such a pissed off state. I told him that I'd fucked up on my mid terms and that I wasn't sure if I could make it up.

I remember thinking at that moment that I felt good. Even if my girlfriend was a bitch and I wasn't going to hook up with her anymore, well, it didn't seem to matter at that moment. Anyway there were lots of other chicks in the sea, like Sharon, she had awfully nice tits, and I bet she's as tight as a vice with all that working out she's always doing.

Then I realized that I had a hard-on from thinking about Sharon's bod and I guiltily looked over at Brandon and froze. He was sitting there with his feet on the ground looking at me, I mean looking at the bulge in my trunks. That's when I felt the light breeze wafting across the head of my exposed prick and suddenly realized that I'd grown out beyond the elastic waistband of my trunks.

I quickly glanced down my chest and saw to my horror that I was sticking out at least a couple of inches. My first thought was, 'Fuck! Brandon's gay, I better cover up!' But what actually happened I'll blame on being buzzed and frustrated by being cheated out of getting some sex with my girlfriend.

Instead of covering up, I just lay there with my mast sticking out beyond my swim trunks. I didn't say anything, I just let Brandon look. Then finally he tore his eyes away and looked into mine. I just looked back at him and kept silent. I watched as Brandon stood and pulled his shorts off.

Then he knelt beside me and tugged my trunks down to below my balls and without hesitation he leaned in and took me in his mouth. The lounge I was lying on tipped over and we were wrestling naked on the grass, Brandon sucking away on my like his life depended upon it.

I remember the feeling as he sank down over my prick, all the way to the root. I felt my prick head slide past his swirling tongue and into his throat. It was like a little piece of

heaven. Then my body arched as Brandon started to fuck me with his mouth and throat. His head bobbed up and down, faster and faster.

I couldn't believe the sensations Brandon's expert blowjob was eliciting from me. I'd never had a blowjob this good in my entire life. I helplessly grabbed his ears and went to town on his mouth. I think for a moment I forgot that this was my roommate's mouth and I started to violently fuck his face with an urgency I hadn't known in a long time.

Then I was cumming like a freight train. I remember thinking in the back of my mind that Brandon's mouth and throat were a better fuck than any woman I'd ever had.

As my cum erupted in hot blast after blast, my body jerked with the ecstasy of release and I grunted with each jet in satisfaction.



As it turned out, Brandon liked being used roughly. That was his thing, being dominated

by a strong aggressive partner. Also as it turned out, I used Brandon as a sex partner for a full two months. I loved that mouth of his and wanted to get at it at every opportunity.

It was only after this hot new chick transferred to our school and took an interest in me that I finally started sharing my time between her and Brandon.

Even now a full year later I still make time to dominate Brandon every once in a while. He has taught me what a good blowjob can be like and I've been able to teach a chick or two a couple of interesting things that has only served to make them better cocksuckers.

What started out as a lark became a life style. Go figure.



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