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Subject: Coitus at College

COITUS AT COLLEGE

by

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One cannot describe Maguerite Snyder without diminishing the beauty of the woman. She is an exquisite example of all that is feminine and yet strong, assertive and vibrant. Somehow she combined the qualities of Winnie Mandela with the delicate and innocent attributes of a child.

We met one Summer at the State University of New York -- Stony Brook. She was a junior. I had transferred there from a two year college and was also entering my third year. We were both 22 years old and both very bisexual. Ironically, we were placed in the same room together.

What intrigued me most about Marguerite was her intelligence. She could talk about Marx and Engles as though she knew them personally. Her knowledge of economics was equally astounding. Most importantly, she could express her ideas as brilliant as any scholar.

Physically, she was tall, about 5-feet, 8-inches and could not have weight more than 125 pounds -- very frail. Her eyes were bluish green. I'm not certain there's a name for the color of her eyes. Whatever one would call them, they were certainly hypnotic.

She was blonde with beautifully natural highlights. The manner in which she tossed her curly frock was a pleasure to behold.

I didn't know that she was bisexual, and she didn't know that I was bisexual and transgendered. I had used a two-year institution to establish my gender as female. Actually, I had been born a male. It wasn't easy to keep my secret a secret while living with another woman. Yet, somehow I managed to do so.

I was majoring in American literature. It's part of the reason I was so fascinated with Marguerite's elegant manner of speech. I would, however, have felt some attraction for her even if she had been a mute.

We were both taking two courses that Summer. I was attempting to graduate early and she was making up courses she had not do as well in as she had expected.

Stony Brook is a beautiful part of Long Island, and there were always several activities in which we could engage. There was the museum, the old diner, the Long Island Railroad, plenty of book stores, as well as stores providing rare arts and crafts.

Being a college town, there were also plenty of taverns and restaurants. We enjoyed each other's company and enjoyed exploring Stony Brook.

I kept a diary towards the rear of my desk drawer in the dormitory room. One day, I returned from class early and found Marguerite with the diary in her hand. I asked what she was doing with it and she immediately apologized for having removed it from the desk drawer. She told me she had been looking for a pencil. Her pen had run out of ink and she needed something with which to complete her assignment. She said that she saw the diary and, without thinking, opened it.

She apologized repeatedly. I, of course, had no idea how much or how little she had read. I knew that if she had read enough, she would know that I was bi and transgendered. Since she hadn't mentioned anything pertaining to my secret, I felt it best to forget the incident.

Very early the next morning, at about 2:00 AM, I was awakened by someone caressing my male part. I turned my head and could see it was Marguerite.

"What do you think you're doing?" I asked, more surprised than angry or upset.

"Do you realize that I've been fondling you for at least 5 minutes," she replied, "and you haven't become the least bit erect."

"You read my diary," I began to explaining. "You should know that I take female hormones."

"And that's why your dick doesn't get hard?" she inquired. "Is that why you have tits?"

"Yes, Marguerite," I said, slightly annoyed. "Do you realize it's 2:00 AM?"

She continued questioning me. "But you don't consider yourself to be a man though. Do you?" she asked.

"No. I don't consider myself a man at all," I replied. "Now would

you please go back to bed and let me get some sleep. I have an early class tomorrow -- or should I say today?"

"I just think it's so incredible that being a woman is so important to you that you would take hormones and grow tits and give up being able to get an erection," she commented.

"So, how do you cum?" she asked as casually as if she were suggesting that someone pass the salt shaker.

"I cum the same way that you do," I answered. "Through foreplay and sometimes through penetration. Now, will you please go back to your side of the room.

"No," she answered. "I wanna sleep her with you."

"Why?" I asked.

"I wanna fuck you," she answered. "I've never fucked a woman like you before."

As I parted my lips to refuse her offer, Marguerite kissed me with such a passion that -- like a snowflake striking a warm pane of glass -- I melted. Every muscle in my body began to submit to her advance and I felt as though the room was physically moving around me.

She moved into a sixty-nine position and began licking my anus as though it were a pussy. I licked her pussy as well. She was warm, moist and emitted an incredibly sensuous fragrance.

My tongue moved around her clit exploring it like a miner exploring an unexplored cave. I teased her with my lips and kept pushing her closer and closer, moving her towards the orgasm I knew would be inevitable. In the darkness, I could hear her moan. I could hear her sigh. No man could ever emit so sweet a sound.

I had been with women before, but Marguerite was special. It seemed that even before our first kiss, she had decided I was going to be her female. Nothing about my anatomy would distract her from her focus on my body as being that of a woman.

I, too, fell in love instantly with her aroma, her delicate curves, and the gentleness of her pubic hairs on my face. I could have licked her the entire morning, and it appeared she could have licked me as well.

"I knew you were a hot bitch the first day we met," she announced, her face still between my thighs.

"Well, now you know for sure," I replied, then we both giggled and continued savoring each other's delicate and highly aroused love hole.

For the next hour, we took turns having orgasms. I had three. I'm certain she had at least three.

She then focused her attention on my breasts. She kissed and sucked on one while fondling the other. Then, she switched -- fondling the other breast while kissing the one she had previously fondled.

She said that she had a vibrator and wanted to fuck me. I told her she could use mine instead. Then, I got up and returned to the bed with a tube of K-Y jelly. She began fingering me. Comfortable with one finger, she then used two. Eventually, she had all five fingers inside me. She suggested fisting me, but I told her that I didn't want to chance it. She complied.

"Well, you're more than ready for this vibrator now," she said.

She moved the head of the vibrator between my lips. It slid in easily. Then, she began to use it like an ivory cock. She fucked me furiously, inserting a good five inches each time. It was more than a sufficient amount. About 10 or 12 minutes later, I reach the most incredible orgasm ever. She paused briefly. Then, resumed her activity. She fucked me three times, and each time I reached an incredible orgasm. After the third orgasm, I was just about lifeless. We chatted a little while longer, then both fell to sleep in each other arms.

We both missed our morning classes. We even chanced showering together.

Marguerite and I repeated our love-making many times over the two years, even though we both had our share of boy friends. The boys could never quite take us to the emotional heights that we could find together.

Years after we graduated, I searched for Marguerite on the internet and through various other sources. I even tried to reach her through the college alumni. Unfortunately, I never heard from her again. Still, she's a woman I shall never forget.

The End

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