

BRUNO G M Ü N D E R



Edited by
Winston Gieseke

Blowing Off Class

Gay College Erotica

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INTRODUCTION: FOUR YEARS OF SEX EDUCATION

No one will dispute the fact that college is about discovering who you are and learning important skills for your future. But for many young men, it's also the beginning of their sexual independence—their first time free of nagging parents, annoying siblings, and unfair curfews; their first taste of freedom to entertain in their bedroom whoever, whenever, and *however* they want. Just where these experiences take them—as many students learn the, um, *hard* way—and where they don't is up to them. But in most cases, they're there for the taking. Because despite what the campus brochure may lead you to believe, not all experimentation happens in the science lab. And sometimes, regardless of the course you're cramming for, your sexy study partner will only want to go over anatomy—hopefully yours.

Blowing Off Class is a collection of fourteen sizzling tales of students hitting the sheets as often as—and often times, *more* often than—they hit the books. In some of these stories, the students adjust slowly, gradually finding their way, like the impressionable Evan in Vincent Lambert's "A Cam Star Is Born," who doesn't go looking for sex, but is lucky enough to have it find him. Others feature characters going balls out in their immediate quest for sexual gratification, like Landon Dixon's "First Day Jitters" and Rob Rosen's "Freshman on a Mission."

These four years are a lucky time for those adventurous young men who are clever enough to tap into their sexual prowess as a way of getting the most from their college experience, like Emory, who sleeps his way to the top of his university's art scene in Michael Bracken's "All-American Male," and Tony, the son of poor Cuban immigrants who works his impressive wares in various ways to cover his tuition in David Aprys's "Singularity." For these horned-up guys, it's a win-win for everyone involved. The same,

however, is not true in the case of Jarrod, the conniving lighting technician who resorts to blackmail in order to get his rocks off in Mark Wildyr's "The Drama Club's Jock." (Don't worry, the victim has it coming to him.)

Some carnally ambitious young scholars aim high, seeking out relations with professors, like the protagonists in Mike Hicks's "An Ethics Thing" and Roger Willoughby's "Outclassed." And then there's the *überambitious* Todd, who, within a scorching twenty-four-hour period, manages to land both the boy of dreams and the professor of his fantasies in Brett Lockhard's "Study Session." But are the results satisfactory? Do these dalliances help their grades?

I reckon the ideal student is one who can balance his personal life with his scholastic one. And if by chance they should cross, if these young studs find their sex lives easily meshing with their studies—as happens with daydreamer Tyrus in Nelson House's "Case Study" and the lovestruck Mino in Gerard Wozek's "Pray Like This"—that's all the better for them.

But not everything turns out the way our hapless young heroes would wish them to. Just ask Morgan, who doesn't make his school's basketball team but still gets to make it with one of its hottest players, in Gregory L. Norris's "The Mascot."

And what collection of collegiate sex tales would be complete without a story or two about fraternities? Pledge season often creates the most unlikely—but nonetheless tantalizing—bedfellows, as discovered by the anonymous accuser in Natty Soltesz's "Hazed Memory" and Toby in Kit Christopher's "Panty Raid King Trains a Pledge," both of whom find themselves sacrificial lambs in their quest for brotherhood. Do they enjoy themselves? That depends on who's telling the story. And to whom.

Get ready to pull some all-nighters as you head back to school and relive your hottest learning experiences, most of which happened outside the classroom. And while there will always be aspects of your academic career that you wish you'd handled differently (such as your choice of that expensive school that left you saddled with those student loans you'll be paying off well into middle age), hopefully there are plenty of experiences you'll want to relive time and again. Because chances are, the only college sex you regret is the sex you didn't have.

Winston Gieseke

Berlin

FRESHMAN ON A MISSION

Rob Rosen

Honestly, the mutual jack-off wasn't on purpose. Sure, on the surface of things, what with me being incredibly horny (seriously, always), and it being well past midnight in a nearly deserted campus library, the assignation might've seemed, shall we say, intended, but really it was just a chance encounter. Or, um, *half* encounter, mainly because only half his body and half of my body, well, *encountered*.

See, studying for my Psych midterm was hard, but my dick, at the time, was even harder. Ergo, it won out—as it generally tends to do. So down the stacks I traveled, hard-on leading the way, until I found myself in the bathroom, jeans around my ankles, cock out, head tilted back, eager to relieve some much built up first-semester freshman tension.

My fist worked its way up and down my steely prick, balls quickly rising, a thick bead of sweat meandering its way down my forehead, when, all of a sudden, the bathroom door squeaked open. Clearly, I was not alone, and so I momentarily stopped beating my meat, my ear tilted upward, listening. I expected the guy to head to the urinal, but instead he took the stall next to mine, the metal door clanging shut, a jolt suddenly ricocheting through my belly.

I bent down a tad. Dude had on one stellar pair of sneakers: neon green body with neon orange souls, neon blue in the back, and neon pink laces tying it all together. Should a blackout suddenly occur, we were all set. But there was no blackout. There were also no sounds coming from the stall next to mine—no peeing, no, well, number-twoing, just me breathing and him breathing.

I bent down a bit further, staring at the two feet or so of empty space beneath the divider. The stranger, as it turned out, had meaty calves, with thick curly brown hairs making their way up and out of frame, and pristine white briefs. My cock swelled at the sight of it all, of the guy's exposed flesh, at something so personal as his underwear, at the two of us being alone, late at night, dick and balls out, side by side—if you didn't include the couple of inches of metal, I mean.

So, romantic, no—but hot, well, fuck yeah. In other words, as quietly I could, I continued pounding away at my impossibly hard rod, head still slightly bent downward as my eyes stayed locked to his bare(ish) lower quarters.

And then, all of a sudden, *tap* went his brilliantly neon sneaker. I paused, fist at mid-stroke, pearlescent bead of pre-cum leaking out and down over the widened head. Again a single *tap* tapped out. My heart was now pounding, breath ragged. Was that *tap* what I thought it was?

Well, only one way to find out.

Up my foot went; down my foot went; *tap* came the muffled sound in the otherwise silent bathroom.

Then, wouldn't you know it, he tapped in reply. And so I tapped in reply. And then, lo and behold, the dude fell forward, landing on his knees before spinning my way, the two-foot gap all he needed to poke the lower half of his body through.

And what a lower half it was.

The hairy calves led to defined hairy thighs, hairy balls that swung down so low that it was a wonder they weren't in their own zip code, and a dick like a crowbar: thick and veiny and strong enough to crack a safe open with. Though what a waste of a perfectly good dick that would've been.

Instead, I, too, sunk to my knees, staring down rapturously at the proffered gift, which hung there in midair, waiting patiently for a helping hand. Fortunately, I had just said hand. Better still, it quickly had a neighbor.

While I reached out and held the beast, which pulsed in my grip, he did the same, his hand wrapped around my hovering prick, sending a million volts of adrenaline coursing through my body, causing my back to arch. I moaned in appreciation as he began a slow, even stroke on it. His moan echoed mine as I aped the maneuver. And then two cocks were being jacked within two feet of under-stall space, two sets of balls rising, two sets of

mouths moaning up veritable storms, the heady sound reverberating around the tiled room in two seconds flat.

“*Fuuuck*,” he softly moaned, a voice added to the otherwise incognito half-body.

Never one to be left out of a delightful conversation, I tossed in my own “*Fuuuck*,” and then, his dick so thick in my grip that it was almost impossible to keep a hold of it, he spewed, a thick band of aromatic cum that splashed on the tiled floor in great big gobs of white. At the sound of it hitting, the pungent aroma of it, the rasp of his heavy breathing, my own cock erupted. Out it shot, *splat, splat splat*, joining his load in a glorious pool of swirling spunk.

And that, astonishingly, was that.

No thank you, no handshake beneath the divider, no promise of a repeat performance. Up he popped, only his neon sneakers still in sight, and then, all too soon, not even that. Before I could get my wits about me, he was gone. Though clearly not forgotten. Not by a long—pardon the expression—*shot*.

By the time I cleaned up, no easy feat mind you, and got dressed again, also no easy feat because my dick managed to stay impossibly stiff the entire time, he was nowhere to be found. The stacks were empty, deserted. All I now had was the memory of the event. Well, that and one clue to go on: those awesome neon sneakers of his.

Which meant that I was now a man on a mission—or maybe make that a freshman on a mission. Because, yes, that dick was one thing—and one giant thing at that—but I had to find the rest of him, what had been hidden above the two foot gap, to see if he was simply a one trick pony or a true prized stallion.

And so, out into the night I went, my eventual sleep restless, visions of that hovering, bodiless dick filling my head, my heart, my very soul.

The next day my Psych test came and went. By same miracle, I aced it. Still, all I could think of was finding my mystery man, to piece together the rest of the puzzle, with no two foot gap separating us the next time. That was my plan, my mission.

After that, I spent all of my free time studying in the library, same floor, same cubicle, using the same bathroom, over and over and over again, until

my hands were pruney with washing, cock sore from jacking. In the stalls, at the urinal, my face was always craned down, looking for the sneakers, that telltale flash of neon. On campus, same thing, my eyes trained groundward, seeking even the slightest bit of it, every other color fading into the background.

But nothing. Nada, nil, zilch. My mystery man had come, no pun intended, and gone, vanished. Though my hope, suffice it to say, remained resolute. As did my ever-present boner. Go figure.

And then, a week into my search, there they were.

I spotted them through a gap in the crowd, the throng of students moving between classes at the time, the quad awash in them. My pulse quickened, as did my pace, trying my best to keep the neon in view. He was fifty feet in front, forty, twenty. I could see the sneakers clearly now, his jeans, stellar denim-encased ass, broad shoulders, curly brown mop of hair. There he was. Ten feet. Five. Almost there. Almost.

Close. So close. But close is only good in hand grenades and—keeping with the prized stallion analogy—horseshoes.

In the building, students filed, with him joining them. Me, I stood outside, watching him through the glass door as he entered the first classroom on the right. I had a philosophy class to be at in three minutes. What to do, what to do?

Well, what I did was enter the building and the classroom. I mean, what was a philosophy class going to get me? Not like there was a huge call for philosophers these days, right? Plus, who knew when I'd get another chance like this, a chance at him?

I scanned the classroom. It was one of those large lecture halls, a hundred students at least. But where was he?

There! I shouted, if only in my head, a flash of neon spotted, a vacant seat directly behind him. Down I sat, heart speeding through a furlong. I set my books on the desk and took out a pen before staring at the board at the head of the classroom: Biology III. I grimaced at the thought of the next hour. Suddenly, philosophy wasn't looking so bad.

And, yet, there he was, so close I could just about reach out and touch him, run my fingers through his thick mane of hair, no metal divider separating us now, no two foot gap of air. It was just me and him. Well, me

and him and a hundred or so other students, not to mention his back to my front and an hour lecture to look forward to.

Biology III. *Yawn.*

I watched his hands the entire time. Strong hands. Large hands. Hands that knew how to work a Bic pen. And a dick, if memory served. All the while, I bided my time, waiting for the class to end, waiting for a chance encounter. Though by then I was leaving nothing to chance. Chance, after all, had already had its turn. *Fuck you, chance! Fuck you very much!*

“Class dismissed,” I finally heard, after what seemed like an eternity.

I gazed up just as he turned around, locking on to eyes so blue that you could just about take a swim in them, the kind that could put the sky to shame. Out my leg immediately shot. For this, too, was my plan. Not a great plan, no, but pretty much all I had. In any case, down he went, books flying, Bic flying, and me flying to his aid.

“*Fuuuck,*” I heard. And there was that word again, sounding different, sure, what with it not preceding a cum-shower this time around, but there just the same. And damn if every nerve ending in my body didn’t shoot off Fourth of July fireworks.

“I’m so sorry!” I yelled, on him in the blink of an eye, my hand clasped to his bulky forearm. “Here, let me help you.”

Up he went, though with a noticeable frown on his otherwise stunning face. He set his foot down, but yelped and lifted it back up. “Fuck,” he repeated, again with the same result, namely a tightening in my crotch.

I snatched his books before he could. “Let me carry them,” I said, eyes glued, stapled, and frozen to his. “You just try and walk up the steps.” Though what I meant was, *you just try and get away.*

The frown remained, but at least he was able to hobble. I followed, his books in my sweaty grip, eyes now locked on his ass. *Yum.* When we made it back outside, he at last turned my way. “I can take it from here, dude.”

I shook my head. “You’re in pain.”

“Temporarily.”

“Sorry.” And I did mean it. Really. Not enough to not do it again, given the opportunity, but still.

He softened, his eyes again on mine, something hidden behind them. Longing? Sure, we’ll go with that. In any case, the frown had at last vanished,

face again picture perfect, enough to make Adonis jealous. “It was just an accident. It’s OK ...”

“Pete.”

He nodded and held his hand out. “Steve.”

At last, flesh on flesh, a spark suddenly running shotgun down my back. “Nice to meet you, Steve. And I’m carrying your books to wherever it is you’re going. No arguments.”

He shrugged. “Class is over for the day. Dorm is a couple of blocks over. Thanks.”

Dorm! He said dorm! As in dorm room!

We walked side by side. Or at least I walked. He sort of limped. He didn’t say much, and I was fairly paralyzed with fear and said even less. I mean, I’d already come up with a barely working plan, and I was now officially tapped out. Still, five minutes later, I was at the door to his room, books still vise-tight in my grip, heart beating out a mad samba in my chest, sweat fairly drenching my back and neck.

He opened the door and hobbled in. I quickly followed, setting his books down on his desk. I looked up. Steve lived in a small single, a bed to one side, clothes in a heap on the floor. The room smelled of dust and sweat. It smelled like him. In other words, or word, *heaven*.

I stared at him. He stared at me. I then stared down. “Nice sneakers,” I managed to squeak out.

He grinned and also stared down. “Thanks. Just got ’em.”

Every inch of me froze. “Just? Um, when exactly?”

He shrugged. “Yesterday. Why?”

Yesterday? No, not yesterday! Had to be more than week ago! Unless ... “Just out of curiosity, do you ever study on the fifth floor stacks, main library?”

He tilted his head and eyed me funny, those magnificent orbs of blue drilling into me, searching, hungry it appeared. “Nope. I study here. Benefit to living in a single. No one to bother you.” He winked. “*No one*, Pete.”

So, to clarify, I’d tripped the wrong man in order to sleep with him, and now was actually being given the chance. But with the wrong man! Same sneakers, fine, but wrong man! Again I stared up at him, his smile melting me to the quick. Damn if he wasn’t hot. In other words, gift horse meet mouth.

I closed the gap between us, my neck craned up, until our chins just barely touched. “No one, huh?” I purred.

His face bent down a tad, his lips brushing mine. “Nada, nil, zilch.” I grinned at his excellent choice of words, then sealed the kiss, which was about as close to landing on a cloud as a guy could get. “Nice,” he exhaled. “And thanks for tripping me.”

I chuckled, then kissed him harder, harder still, our tongues thrashing. “My pleasure.” Seriously.

If he was still in pain, he was no longer showing it. In fact, all he was showing was skin after that. Off came his fabulous sneakers, socks quick to follow, jeans even quicker. I helped him with his T-shirt, in between a few dozen more perfect kisses, and then stared at what I’d wrought, namely one beautiful junior in nothing but tenting boxers and a stunning grin, a body to match the face, if that was at all possible.

“You’re still dressed,” he said, now sitting on the bed, staring up at me, those pools of starling blue sparkling beneath the overhead light.

“Just seeing what I’m up against,” I replied, nervously fiddling with the top button of my shirt.

He laughed and ran his finger along the cleft between his dense pecs. “If you hurry, you’ll be up against *this*.”

In other words, I hurried. Like, duh.

You can say a lot about a single bed, but the best thing is that a muscly junior and a gymnastically built freshman fit ever so snugly on top of one.

“Hi,” I whispered, our faces millimeters apart.

“Hi,” he whispered back, with a gleaming smile. His lips were quickly on mine again, his hand tweaking one of my nipples, mine doing the same to his, copious amounts of spit exchanged before I realized that I was naked and he was still in his boxers, the material straining so much that it was a wonder the seams didn’t pop.

Reluctantly, I broke the kiss, choosing instead to move my mouth to lower regions, mouth and tongue traversing his peaks and valleys, goose pimples rising in their wake. When I reached the elastic just below his belly button, I pushed the fabric down and around his hairy legs. At last, his cock sprung free, swaying to and fro before coming to a vertical halt.

I gazed upon it, a grin working its way up my face. His dick was beautiful, a classic seven-incher, just thick enough, with a wide helmeted head that was

already leaking, massive balls that hung down to the sheets. The grin, however, was because, though a perfect prick it was, it clearly wasn't the one from the library bathroom. Not better, not worse, just different. Though the bonus was that I got to taste this one.

Down my mouth went, salty/sweet pre-cum hitting the back of my throat as I coaxed the monster in. I breathed in. Steve smelled like musk and sweat and sex, an intoxicating aroma to be sure. He ran his hand through my hair as I worked my way to the beginning of it all, inch after inch after steely inch. I gagged, a tear streaming down my cheek, and finally made it to the bushy base.

"Mmm," he hummed as I popped it out and took it in again, sliding my mouth up and around and off and back down his shaft, playing with his heavy balls as I did so, jacking my own prick at the same time. In other words, multitasking, which, if I'd learned anything in my brief stint at college, was crucial.

"Can two play at this game?" he eventually asked, dick now slick with spit.

Again his prick popped out of my mouth. "I thought two were." I slapped my dick. "One." I slapped his, sending it springing. "Two."

His grin returned. It was breathtaking, to say the least. "Though one seems awfully, um, *dry*."

I took the hint and swung my body up and around, until my knees were straddling his face, my mouth still eagerly sucking away on his pole, my ass and balls and cock his for the taking.

"Eeny, meeny, miny ..." he quasi-sung.

"Go with the mo," I advised.

He spanked my ass. "I thought I already had." And then he opted for my tender chute, his tongue doing a loop around the track before diving dead center. I moaned, loudly, and bucked my rump into his face, balls banging against the bridge of his nose.

I heard him spit on my hole a minute later, felt his finger caressing the creases before entering. I froze, momentarily, clenched, but allowed the intrusion. "To quote a very wise man, not to mention a hot and naked and hard one, 'can two play at this game?'"

His legs shot up and bent at the knee, feet now planted on the bed, crack and cheeks and hair-rimmed hole coming beautifully into view. "Help

yourself, dude.” I grinned as he continued to eat me out, his free hand deftly stroking my cock as he did so.

“Don’t mind if I do,” I replied, hocking a loogie at his hole, spit dripping down a second later, my index finger buried deep inside of him a second after that, my mouth once again working its magic on his throbbing cock.

I swirled my finger around, feeling the smooth muscled interior of him. He writhed beneath my ministrations. When he added a second finger inside of me, I did the same to him, until both our cocks were getting furiously worked and both our holes were getting pounded, that single bed of his creaking up a storm as sweat fell from my body and rained down onto his.

“Three’s the charm,” I grunted.

Now, I’d never had three fingers buried up my ass before, but, considering that I’d never had sex in college before, let alone with someone I’d just met—and nearly debilitated—it seemed like a rational request. Plus, the more of him in me the better, I figured.

“Ditto,” he said, with a heavy sigh, my mouth again sucking and slurping and licking his cock, teasing the cum up from his ever-tightening balls.

And, yes, he was super tight, and, yes, so was I, but with his legs spread wider and my legs spread wider, two sets of triple digits got worked in and up and back, the pace on both our cocks speeding up now.

“Close, dude,” he soon grunted, pounding his cock into my fist as I intently watched the action down below.

“Closer,” I moaned in reply, my ass and cock and balls practically on fire.

His back arched, cock impossibly thick in my grasp, and then he shot like Vesuvius, a molten stream of aromatic cum spewing up before arcing wide and splattering his rapidly and contracting chest and belly. And that, of course, was all I needed to see, to smell, to hear, because my own cock instantly blasted multiple heave loads down upon him, the cum pooling on his chest before dripping down his side and onto the sheet, my hole gripping tightly around his fingers before eventually relaxing.

He huffed while I puffed, both our bodies going limp, with him sweat-drenched by my side, me the same by his, like a perfect yin and yang—emphasis on the yang.

“God, I’m glad I’m so clumsy,” he panted.

I didn't have the heart—OK, guts—to tell him the truth. Besides, all's well that ends well, right? And *this* had certainly ended *well*. “And anytime you need your books carried, I'm your man.”

I instantly froze after I said it. Though the sentiment was true, perhaps the timing wasn't ideal. I mean, I'd only known him for just over an hour, and then only by the grace of God—or at least my right foot. Still, and thank goodness, he laughed, more cum spilling off of him as he turned his body my way.

Once again, my eyes locked in on all that glorious blue, butterflies taking wing from inside my belly. “So you want to do this again then, Pete?” he cooed.

I grinned. “What, like right now?”

His laughter repeated, softening willy bobbing as he did so. “I meant in the future, like tomorrow, next week, after a date, or during.”

I shrugged. “Or maybe again in five minutes, then tomorrow, and next week, before, during, or after a date. Take your pick.”

His hand reached out and stroked my semi. “Yes, yes, yes, yes, and, um, yes. Provided you don't maim, mutilate, or otherwise kill me in the interim.”

I held out my hand. And my prick. Ah, youth. “Deal,” I said.

He took hold of it, my hand and then my prick, and damn if those belly butterflies didn't swarm. “Deal, dude.” Then he flipped around, until we were again face to supremely handsome face. “That five minutes up yet?”

I looked at my wrist, at an imaginary watch, and nodded. “Three, two, one ... go.”

And, *yum*, how that deal was sealed.

A week or so later, that deal of ours still in full effect, I again found myself studying for a test. It was late at night, the library fairly dead, the stacks even deader, and visions of Steve's ass swimming around my Philosophy101-laden mind.

By then, the bathroom had become Pavlovian for me—see how much I was learning in my Psych class!—and my pants were down, swollen cock out in barely two seconds flat. I worked my spit-slick cock, picturing Steve's perfect prick, his hair-sprinkled chest, and those sapphire eyes of his. My balls were already rising, when, all of a sudden, I heard the bathroom door open, the stall next to me quickly occupied.

I stared at the sneakers on the other side of the gap: neon green body with neon orange soles, neon blue in the back, and neon pink laces tying it all together. I grinned. *Just like Steve to surprise me like this*, I thought. After all, the only person hornier than me all the time was him. And so, down my foot tapped. And down his foot tapped in reply. And down my foot tapped in reply to his reply.

I watched and waited. A few seconds later his knees came slamming to the tiled floor, his cock jutting out from beneath the divider, balls hanging low, low down. An index finger joined the fray, curling in reverse, indicating that I should follow suit.

I gazed upon the proffered prick, perfect in every way.

Except it wasn't Steve's.

I smiled and stood, hiking up my briefs and then my jeans and tucking my boner away. "Sorry, dude," I said, quickly exiting the stall. "But that mission is complete." I grabbed the door to the bathroom and opened it, hollering over my shoulder, "Nice sneakers, though!" I paused before adding, "Stellar cock, by the way."

Because I might've been on a diet, but that didn't mean that I couldn't still admire the menu.