

GQ ads

Sean Penn is no reason to buy the latest GQ magazine, but I have a penchant for buying my girl sexy, expensive perfume. I don't like to neglect myself, a way of balancing out my purchases but how do I tell her I love tight chests, nipples, abs, hung men in racy Calvin ads?

I love my swinging cock, my herringbone suits, my silk socks, shoes, jewelery, rings... I'd never abandon myself for strict male companionship. I adore the female body, the scents, the legs, my girl even. She's bi too.

I remember when I met her she asked me if I was gay because I am somewhat pretty, to females and to males. Honestly, I hate men with a passion but I'm just a joker with lipstick. They don't sell this in GQ magazine by the way but I love it anyways. I love it on her, on me and no, I am not gay. I'm bisexual and I don't care if anyone understands how I play both sides.

My girl doesn't tell me often enough just how good I look in what I wear. For the past few months, I've been bangin' her hard in the sack and having kinky fantasies this cute hairdresser I met. I love to put a guy on his knees and feel him lust after my cock. I always get praises for being so stiff, big, hot, whatever!

Sex is safe thumbing through a magazine - Men's Fitness, Johnston & Murphy - I get off on a pair of expensive Italian suede loafers as I climax to some stud's blood filled forearms. Sue me.

About the Author

I rap but the money kinds sucks once my agent takes his.

Source: <http://www.bisexualspace.com>