Editors Note - Lips 2013
Cum Together

Welcome to the twelfth ever issue of yr favorite zine - LIPS!!!
We are SO GLAD that you are reading this! Our theme this semester was "Cum Together"--meaning this semester, we opened up our submissions to EVERYONE. While Lips has always had a flexible definition of "female" sexuality, we decided that explicitly making this issue for all genders was a step necessary for our zine. With the variety of voices and sexualities on campus, it can sometimes be difficult to find (and create) a safe space for everyone. This is a continuing process with which we are engaging, and you, as our submitters, have absolutely helped along with our staff, and other zines and organizations (I'm Possible and Lambda, we're looking at you). All of you have helped to further the ultimate goal of having a campus that's safe and open for everyone. Men, women, and queers of all shapes colors and orientations submitted, and we thank you for it!

This time, we received a lot of stories and longer submissions - sometimes several pages long! They're really good, so buckle in for the long haul and prepare to receive some sexy Lips Lessons

Love and Vaginas -
Your editors,

[Signature]

Sarah Schuster

PS For comments, suggestions, feminist rages, paintings, nude pictures, and whatever else you want to send us - our email is wmlips@email.wm.edu
PPS. If you rearrange CUM TOGETHER, you get GET HER TO CUM!
She was pariah, then, and knew it. Knew that they despised her and believed that they framed their hatred as disgust for the easy way she lay with men. Which was true. She went to bed with men as frequently as she could. It was the only place where she could find what she was looking for: misery and the ability to feel deep sorrow. She had not always been aware that it was sadness that she yearned for. Lovemaking seemed to her, at first, the creation of a special kind of joy. She thought she liked the sootiness of sex and its comedy; she laughed a great deal during the raucous beginnings, and rejected those lovers who regarded sex as healthy or beautiful. Sexual aesthetics bored her. Although she did not regard sex as ugly (ugliness was boring also), she liked to think of it as wicked. But as her experiences multiplied she realized that not only was it not wicked, it was not necessary for her to conjure up the idea of wickedness in order to participate fully. During the lovenaking she found and needed to find the cutting edge. When she left off cooperating with her body and began to assert herself in the act, particles of strength gathered in her like steel shavings drawn to a spacious magnetic center, forming a tight cluster that nothing, it seemed, could break. And there was utmost irony and outrage in lying under someone, in a position of surrender, feeling her own abiding strength and limitless power. But the cluster did break, fall apart, and in her panic to hold it together she leaped from the edge into soundlessness and went down howling, howling, in a stinging awareness of the endings of things: an eye of sorrow in the midst of all that hurricane rage of joy. There, in the center of that silence was not eternity but the death of time and a loneliness so profound the word itself had no meaning. For loneliness assumed the absence of other people, and the solitude she found in that desperate terrain had never admitted the possibility of other people. She went then. Tears for the deaths of the littlest things: the castaway shoes of children; broken stems of marsh grass battered and drowned by the sea; prom photographs of dead women she never knew; wedding rings in pawnshop windows; the tidy bodies of Cornish hens in a nest of rice.

When her partner disengaged himself, she looked up at him in wonder trying to recall his name; and he looked down at her, smiling with tender understanding of the state of tearful gratitude to which he believed he had brought her. She waiting impatiently for him to turn away and settle into a wet skin of satisfaction and light disgust, leaving her to the postcoital privateness in which she met herself, welcomed herself, and joined herself in matchless harmony.
The Next Step And My Indifference

Here's something pretentious by someone pseudo-famous
But I deleted that line
Something about beer screams elixir of bad decisions
Or good ones, like making the shy boy go up to the cute girl
Contrary, the cute girl laughs in his face
While spittle and distaste spew from her mouth
And onto the floor, spelling something like "no control"
or "you can control me"
Something about watching brains being plucked from asphalt
While seconds before, the girl says "fuck you freshman"
and takes her last un-coordinated step off the curb
Revelations of a President With a Co-Ed Who Has a Surprise for Him

I lay down on the office rug, the hem of my black pleated mini skirt playfully riding up so that if you stood directly across from me you would easily be able to see my panties: a black silk thong with a pink bow, a garment I save for special occasions. My smooth milky legs curled up bended at the knees, and I could tell he was anxiously eying the effect that my 5-inch stilettos were having on this oh-so-soft carpet. “This is what I mean Mister President,” I said coyly, running my left index finger lightly over my breasts with casual indifference, “You have to consider other perspectives. I bet you never realized how soft this carpet is because you’ve only ever stood on it in your shoes. Why don’t you come down her with me?”

He nervously stammered out a reply: “Young lady, this is highly irregular…”

“Oh Mr. President, I know you don’t mind being a little…irregular. Drinking during office hours,” I pointed with my eyes to a cabinet in the corner of the room, “is highly irregular.”

“How…how did you…”

“It’s alright sugar,” I smiled, drawing my right hand across my red-painted, supple, slightly parted lips, “My lips are sealed. At least, for now.” He loudly gulped, a wave of fear washing over him, though there may have been a few reasons for his sweating. “I also know,” I said, re-crossing my legs to give him a brief glance of what was in between them, “That you like girls who many would consider…irregular.” The President’s body began to shake, though from apprehension or arousal, or both, only he knew. Large drops of sweat were beginning to stain his white button-up, and he removed his jacket and placed it on a nearby chair.

“I am not sure what you mean,” he said less-than-convincingly.

“Alright, let me be specific,” I lifted my right hand to count off while I playfully curled a loose strand of my long raven black hair in my left, “Co-edshemales.com, trannyoncampus.net, sororitychickswithdicks.org…”

“Ok, ok,” he said, a look of resignation settling the wrinkles in his worn, crinkly face. He lifted his right hand to the back of his neck and for a second, out of what I assume was a Pavlovian response to hearing the website names, he motioned towards the increasingly apparent bulge in his slacks but quickly jerked back into conscious restraint. “What do you want? More money for your Trotskyst werewolf wage increase brunch socials?”

“Perhaps,” I said, tossing my hair in indiscernibility to his pitiful degradation, “But all I want you to do right now is get down here and view things from a different perspective.” He began to kneel down to the carpet. “Hold on, Mr. President,” I said in my best Marilyn Monroe voice, “I’m in a short skirt but with your slacks on you won’t be able to truly feel, with every inch (I slowly stretched out my legs invitingly towards him) of your body just how soft I…I’m sorry, this rug is.” At this point something snapped in the President’s brain: after all, as that 1 in 6 or whatever it was called group had told him, men are really only helpless victims of the seduction of women. “I can’t control myself,” he thought as he quickly began to loosen his belt and undo his pants. They dropped to the floor, revealing tight-fitting boxer-briefs made of fine, white linen that barely concealed his now constantly throbbing member. “My goodness,” I gasped, a naughty smile slowly taking over my face, “What wonderful panties you have on Mr. President. Why, they look about as soft as this here carpet. How’s bout I get a little feel of them before you check out mine… I’m sorry again, don’t know where my mind is, I mean the carpet.” I sat up as he meekly nodded in anticipating approval. I beckoned him closer and closer with one hand until his leathery legs were just inches from my face. I placed my right hand softly on the pulsating mound, making the President tense up like he’d been electrocuted. “If that’s how sensitive you are, I can’t wait to see how you react to this,” I said as I hungrily pulled down his underwear with one hand and grabbed his 8 inch long, thick, cut cock in my left. I placed my tongue on his quivering head, and then brought it into my mouth as I slowly worked my way down to the bottom of his shaft. I moaned in muffled pleasure but the President was simply breathless, looking down in wonder at the co-ed on the ground fulfilling his deepest, most taboo fantasies. I pulled his dick from...
TRIGGER WARNING!! TRIGGER WARNING!! TRIGGER WARNING!!

my mouth and pulled him down in between my legs: “Will you hold my arrow Mr. President?” I said slyly, guiding his hand to my panties.

Unconsciously he let out an “Oh my” as he pulled out my girly 6 inch cock through the side of my thong. “Oh yes Mr. President, rub my coiff,” I mumbled as, in his manly ferocity, he ripped my thong completely off. I motioned his other hand to my leg and he expertly ran his hand down to my ankle, pushing my foot and head back onto the floor, exposing my open asshole to his dick now sticky with precum. “Have you been with someone like me before?” I asked, “You are very good.”

“No, but you can learn a lot working in an office in ‘69,” he said to me, pushing his cock into my asshole.

I gasped, and slowly exhaled a quivering, “Yes, oh yes.” He plunged his dick all the way into my tight asshole as I screamed in pleasure. “Mr. President,” I managed to stutter, “May I ride you?” He grunted an uh-huh, pulled out of me, and laid on the carpet with his hands stretched out to either side.

“Oh you are very right, this carpet is so AAAAAH!” he screamed in pain as I shoved the stiletto of my right heel into his open palm. Distracted by the sight of the blood pooling around the sexual stigmata, the President left his left hand open, and I shoved my left heel into it, pinning him to the ground. I looked down at the face of my enemy, red from sexual exertion and contorted from the shock of impalement.

“Oh Mr. President,” I said, slowly kneeling to rest my pretty girl-dick on his chin, “I can’t believe you thought that I came here just to fuck you. You really are a self-absorbed, egotistical jack-ass.” Though his face was stricken with panic, I saw that he was gazing at my clit resting on his face. “Wow,” I said, picking up my cock and beginning to stroke it, “You really still want me even as I’m killing you huh?” He nodded slowly, eyes shut tight in pain. “Tell you what Mr. President. Unlike the institution of date rape of which you are the executive head, I am a big fan of consent. I am going to kill you, but I am not particularly adverse to doing so in a way that can at least make your last moments pleasant. What I’m trying to say is, would you like me to fuck you to death?”

He managed a creaky, “Yes, yes, please just hurry and put me out of my misery.”

“Music to my ears you old hipster internet meme-wannabe,” I said, grabbing him by the hair and tilting his head up to suck me off. The sheer power of domination, of revenge, was so arousing, after a few licks of his tongue around my frenulum I felt ready to cum. “Yes you fascist fuck, suck my clitty.” I yelled bobbing his head back and forth on my dick. Despite his blood loss, or maybe because of it, he whined yes’s and oh god’s in between mouthfuls of 6 inch femme realness. I came harder than I ever did before, filling him up as he tried to swallow it all like a good boy. But it was too much, and he began to gag: he tried to turn his head to the side to cough out some of it, but I placed one hand across his mouth and nose and another tightly across his throat. A few gargles, but the look of resignation soon retook him. “Hail Satan,” I screamed triumphantly, lifting my fists into the air as l-

“Hold on, hold on,” Felicity said to me, reaching out a hand to desperately silence the perverse tale of dark fantasy being spun for her, “We can’t publish that.”

“What?” I asked, “Why not?”

“Seriously?” she said, looking at me like I had just run over the family cat and was now offering that we cook it for supper, “You think that we could publish an erotic tale about you murdering—“

“The completely fictitious President of the fictitious conservative think tank? Also it isn’t me, it is Mandy Tz, lone wolf anarcho punk trans grrl assassin for hire.”

Felicity’s frustration descended into exasperation, “I always wondered why past editors didn’t publish your stuff. No wonder they had to use those pieces on fistig as filler…”

“You know what? Fine. I can see when my work isn’t appreciated,” I ripped the manuscript out of her hand and stormed away, my black pleated mini skirt swishing around me. “I’ll submit this to LIPS, they’ll print fucking anything.”

TRIGGER WARNING!! TRIGGER WARNING!! TRIGGER WARNING!!

-Mandy Tz
Could you go your whole life without having sex? Are you confused when people call someone “hot”? Is the idea of “sexual attraction” mysterious to you? Maybe you’re asexual.

An asexual is someone who doesn’t experience sexual attraction.

Demisexuals
only experience sexual attraction after an emotional bond is formed.

Gray Asexuals
may experience sexual attraction infrequently, experience it and feel no desire to act upon it, or identify with asexuality in another way.

Aromantics
do not experience romantic attraction or crushes.

Asexuals may or may not...

...also identify as trans*, genderqueer, or another sexual/gender minority.

...identify as queer.

...be afraid of coming out.

...have a high libido.

...like porn.

...have a low libido.

...masturbate.

...like to cuddle.

...experience crushes.

...be biromantic, heteroromantic, or homoromantic.

...enjoy sex.

...dislike being touched.

...find sex repulsive.

...be virgins.

www.asexuality.org
www.asexualityarchive.com
talk to me: demigray.tumblr.com
I am not a pair of walking tits

I was at a party and some random guy says: damn you got great tits. Lost for words, my thoughts and emotions play catch up. Moments later it'll hit me like a wall of anger, my fists clenching and swear words leaping from my mouth when the injustice stings. He thinks he can say anything he wants to me, like I am nothing but something he looks at, to be dominated and spoken to however he wants. How dare he? Insolent, power tripping, ignorant person! Say it all in his face in front of everyone, show him what he is, show him what he is not: he is not above me.

Thoughts knocking into each other like white noise, I was so shocked, which always happens and I hate how that always happens, because I was so shocked that I did not react the way I needed to. I wish I put that boy in his place, teach him a lesson about respect, dump this anger on him instead of on this keyboard. I said something like ‘real fucking classy, know how to respect a woman.’ I should have put him in his place, but I was too shocked.

I am not a pair of walking tits; I am a person. I deserve respect. When it is lacking, I will demand it. Except for when I am too shocked. It is ironic that the more I experience this type of shit the more able I am to react. Had he touched me, for example, I would have shoved him. I’d have been ready and left him ashamed and too scared to pull that again with any woman. Until recently, that (someone grabbing me) would have shocked me into silence and did shock me into silence more than once, but (thankfully? Ironically) I have learned to react. Because what he said was somewhere on the line, this stupid gray area where some would say it’s not that bad, some would even call it a compliment gone wrong, as absurd as that is to me, but because of this stupid gray area, I think that’s why I didn’t react as I should have.

I was so angry. I am still angry. I am not an angry person; I hate being angry. I am trying to let it go. Writing helps.

After this disrespectful boy got away without hearing from me exactly what is so wrong with what he did, what is so offensive and unacceptable, I went back to the party. I tried to dance. I stopped. Too angry. Made even angrier by the fact that I knew he was there! That person that needed to hear what I had to say was there in the same room but I couldn’t remember what he looked like. He wasn’t wearing a shirt. I got pissed at everyone in that room not wearing a shirt (which makes me think of how sometimes I get angry at all men. I have to stop myself. I love men. Really, I’m a fan. But it’s hard when many of them are blind to my value as a person, like a person with rights to my body and personal space he get off my ass. It’s almost enough to make you hate the whole damn gender. See? Here I am getting angry at all men again. Ridiculous. I love men. I digress). Instead of going around the room jabbing every shirtless man in the chest with my finger, “Are you the fucker who likes my tits?” (As if that would help find him – like yes I’m sorry but uh what?), I walked around the room looking for a friendly face; I needed to vent. I found a friendly face: he introduced himself to me, asked how I was doing.

“I’m so angry,” I said. He listened to me vent.

“Is it really that bad?” he asks

YES! Yes it is that bad! I am not a pair of walking tits I am a motherfucking person and you will respect me! GODDAMN. I know it’s not intuitive but how ridiculous! Is respect for your fellow person not intuitive? Is the fact that I am a fellow person not obvious?? Why is it not clear that speaking to me
as if you can say whatever you want is 'that bad'? I am not an angry person, I'm wary of fitting or confirming that stereotype of angry feminist but GOD I am angry. I have the right to be!!! Why am I defending this? This nice guy that I'm venting to understands what I am saying, though it is not something he would have thought of himself. He says he wishes I could point out the guy so he could talk to him. He's a member of the frat throwing the party.

"Talk to them all!" I say.

I know it's not his battle. I say this as well. I know it's not his battle but if he understands why I am so upset then why should he not explain the error of their ways to the people he calls his brothers—people who do not understand (not all of them, I won't generalize, though I will say that the majority of men (and probably women) need this lesson). But it is not his battle. It is my battle. It is not the way it should be, it is the way it is.

While venting to nice fellow, and doing deep breathing to release my anger, some drunk fuck smacks my ass. Wowww I have not been so angry in a long time. I was very dramatic about it; I crumpled my cup in my hand and threw it on the ground. I make allowance for drunkenness, and normally this would temper my reaction, but it was the last straw. He was too drunk to even understand me telling him off. What does it matter.

I left. I fucking stormed out, all dramatic like, like a real angry feminist. Bastards. I don't want to be so angry! I know I looked melodramatic; I'm sure this is what creates the stereotype of angry hating feminists, but if that were the first time I'd had my ass slapped by some fucker who thinks he has the right to touch me, then yeah, MAYYYBE it could be called an over-reaction. As is, this ain't my first time at a party with ignorance about, people who don't know how to respect women. People who don't see what's so bad about demeaning me, publically, like it were nothing. I don't want to be so angry, I actively let my anger go, with yoga breathing. But, strangely, I also value it....it is what prepares me to, next time, tell whoever needs telling that I am NOT a pair of walking tits and you will respect me.
from Kidder Kaper and Josh Lynch's Sex is Fun!

Figure out what kinds of sexual interests you and your partner share! Or if writing is old, have a nice little list of what you like. Mark "Y" for yes, "N" for no, "M" for maybe.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MANUAL SEX</th>
<th>SEX PLAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Watch Partner Masturbate</td>
<td>Role Playing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Masturbate for Partner</td>
<td>Anal Sex</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mutually Masturbate</td>
<td>Delayed-Gratification Orgasm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genital Stimulation (Receiving)</td>
<td>Sex in Water (Pool, Shower, Etc.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genital Stimulation (Giving)</td>
<td>Different Locations &amp; Rooms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anal Stimulation (Receiving)</td>
<td>Watersports (Pee Play)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anal Stimulation (Giving)</td>
<td>Scat (Poop Play)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensual Massage (Receiving)</td>
<td>Position Experimentation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensual Massage (Giving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaginal Fisting (Receiving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaginal Fisting (Giving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anal Fisting (Receiving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anal Fisting (Giving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oral Sex</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cunnilingus (Giving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cunnilingus (Receiving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fellatio (Giving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fellatio (Receiving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swallowing Vaginal Secretions</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swallowing Semen</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixty-Nine (Mutual Oral Sex)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edible Lubes and/or Food</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Analingus (Receiving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Analingus (Giving)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toys</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cock Rings</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dildo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vibrator (Clitoral)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vibrating Dildo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G-Spot Dildo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butt Plugs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nipple Clamps</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sex Furniture</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penis Extension</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Artificial Vagina</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edible Lotions</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strap-On Dildo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fucking Machines</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sex Dolls</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anal Beads</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>FILL IN YOUR OWN</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Moments in Sarah Schuster's Life

Sarah! Why are you flipping?

March!! AHH! GUGH!

Gender Construct!
I hate my body. I hate to say it, and even more I hate to feel it, but it has been forever since I've felt sexy. It feels like years since anyone has wanted me, and I don't even remember the last time I had sex sober because sober self doesn't want it anymore. She knows she won't get it. At this point even drunk me knows enough not to bother because it won't be any good; it never is. I've lost count of the number of people I've fucked, let alone the number of times—and almost none of it is worth remembering. I feel old, I feel too old for sex and too old to be wanted—I just turned 22. I don't really remember the last time someone touched me with love during sex—largely it's been indifference or dumb lust. It makes me sad from a distance; when I get close it hollows me from the inside out.

The last person I fucked was high as balls—before that I was a booty call. Everything before that is a haze, stop there was you but now you're gone and I don't want to think about it stop, all I can think of are the bad things.

That time I got falling down drunk and went back to the bar by myself and met a guy and his friend and got pseudo-kidnapped trying to get laid and ended up stranded thirty minutes outside of the city with no way back because I started screaming until they finally stopped and let me out of the car and no one could help me, no one who could would and if it weren't for an angel of a truck driver I don't know how I would've gotten home. Thank goddess I spoke the language. Note to self: Never ride in cars with boys.

That time I carried you back to your apartment and took care of you all black-out drunk telling me how you hated yourself because I didn't love you after shoving me around in front of your friends who didn't do anything because they were drunk too and then after eight hours of throwing up and me stopping you from hurting yourself while you told me it was my fault you put your tongue to my clit like it was some kind of apology and I felt sick to my stomach and I remember the time you called me a slut and if I got upset at you for doing something stupid that made me hurt you just told me to chill the fuck out and how could you possibly think that I would want your mouth on me after all the things that had just come out of it? You apologized the next morning through facebook.

That time, the last time, I let you get me fucked up and then fucked because hell why not got nothing better to do on a Tuesday night and I want sex too even though you can't get me wet I'll just try thinking about someone else and when you were behind me I told you to stop, hold up hang on it hurts gimme a break and you said no I'm so close to coming and then you came and my insides felt bruised. You're not the great lover you think you are.

All of those times a man, a little-boy-who-thinks-he's-a-man, a-monster-of-a-man has put his hands on me without asking because he wants to because he thinks I want it because he think it's okay because he doesn't think about the effect it will have on me even if he doesn't mean any harm. It makes me want to crawl out of my skin. Don't do it. ✗

Those weird and disturbing and fortunately few times my best friend's older brother has crawled into my bed in the morning looking for either comfort or sex or both because we've fooled around twice three years apart and they were both fine times but the fact that he thinks he can do whatever he wants with me now and that it's totally okay makes me want to vomit and then never talk to him again. Possibly hit him in the face with a baseball bat, because he is so goddamn dumb about sex, sexuality, queer, gender politics, women, relationships, love, anything outside of the uber-privileged-white-rich-straight-male-my-parents-pay-for-my-weed world he lives in. Sometimes I'm not sure he's from this century; sometimes I worry that if he weren't a good person, with some of the ideas and understandings he has especially about women, he would be a rapist or a woman killer. I hate that. I hate having to worry about being afraid of my friend because he's a man and much bigger than me and could snap me in half if he wanted and he's not good at self-control when he's angry. What the fuck is hard to understand about boundaries and consent is never implied the second or any other time around and you do not have the right to make me feel unsafe because you have a penis.
That time I was having sex with the guy I'd met on OkCupid after talking online for three months and I thought he was super cool and sexy even if he had bad teeth and I just freaked out in the middle because that's what I do is flip a wild shit and start crying during sex even if I'm enjoying it at first because of the number of times I've stopped wanting it in the middle of switching positions and then I do it anyways, I don't say anything even though I want it to stop so goddamn bad and I feel like I can't speak and sometimes (as shown above) even when I say no don't it happens anyways and oh jesus what about rape? Was that what that was? Some kind of rape? Because it sure as hell felt like a violation. And he was super cool about it and made me feel safe (ish) but he didn't love me; he didn't care that much. Note to self: Crying during the first time you have sex with someone pretty much guarantees it will never happen again.

The first time I had penis-vagina intercourse (back in the day I just called it 'sex' because that was before I was introduced to the idea of a hierarchy of sex acts and fuck that shit) which I could only do after surgery so I guess the first ' intercourse' I had was with a knife (at least I was unconscious and at least they opened me up so I could put other things inside me, freakin' hymenectomy) I was so unbelievably, unspeakably in love with you and you were the only thing I was holding on to, you were the only person I trusted truly, and a few days later (after the second time) you told me you were seeing someone else. I was stupid enough to have sex with you again because of how badly I loved you; and then you left, and then not much later I fell into hell and it took me a long time to crawl back out, and then after that it was impossible to believe that a) any boy who said he loved me meant it, b) any boy would want to love me, c) any boy would want to have sex with me, d) any boy would care about me if he did. I believed I was worthless in the realms of sex and love and that I was completely undesirable, because if you had stopped wanting me, who the hell else would? Note to self: Using sex to repair a relationship is dumb. Don't do it. ✖️ever.

So that more or less sums up my feelings about sex and love in this moment: sexuality is great and everyone should have a healthy one and I'm so happy for my friends that do but I don't think it will happen for me anytime soon because there are too many feelings and factors telling me otherwise. I would love to be able to touch a penis again and really enjoy it and have fun with it and put it inside me and move it around and feel super sexy but frankly the idea of anyone I know or anyone I don't putting their penis anywhere near me makes me want to cry.

And that fucking sucks.

DARE TO MAKE DAMAGE VIRTUALLY DISAPPEAR

Yeah, well, sometimes you fucking can't.
"triathlon"
I never knew streaking could be so liberating
I felt freer then than I ever have in bed
walking across the sunken gardens naked

- SKJ

Be SMART, SEXY, and STRONG!

Minute-Made Fruits

First unwrap the straw.
Poke it through the Silver-and-clear seal.

Next, suck the wet juice
From its delicate cavern,
But don’t squeeze.

Happiness is a juice box.

Class of 2015
Weird Things I Have Learned About Myself: (This Year)

1. I am definitely a screamer. Possibly a shrieker.

2. All art professors are attractive to me. (Something about the hands I think...)

3. Threesomes are awesome. (moar, plz)

4. Something about how much I HATE cops makes me want to fuck one. (ew, right?! weird! so weird.

5. I like clits a lot. Possibly more than dix. Maybe. I still love. (not really weird but definitely new...)  

6. I will probably never want to fuck anyone like Spike. (bite me.)
If I dare,  
I will declare,  
I think I like it with some hair,  
Underneath my underwear.

When it is bare,  
I don’t despair,  
But I get sort of scared.  
Like it’s an invitation to stare or,  
It’s children’s clothes I should wear.  
Or I am expected to share.

Also, it can be fun to look like a mare or,  
A big fluffy chair.  
Or pretend I am wearing a warm sweatare,  
Or like I have my own secret lair!

And I don’t like to compare,  
Yet it seems quite unfair,  
That I am impaired,  
When I am not bare underneath my underwear.

Go ahead and glare,  
It’s not like I really care,  
Just a lot of work keepin’ it clear down there.
Best sex fantasy: we are in love & he fucks me senseless then makes a giant fucking vat of macaroni & cheese while we watch a movie & cuddle. mmm

Yes. PLEASE.
Okay, I have to admit – at first I did think it might turn into a threesome. That’s not the reason I invited you over, but the thought had crossed my mind. And then somewhere between the oil cans, the empty bottle of tequila, and the rum we were working through we ended up in my bed, they ended up downstairs, and things proceeded exactly as you might expect they would between two attractive young drunk co-eds on a Saturday night.

And DAMN SON, sorry if I ever doubted you!

Your tongue ALL OVER my vulva (the Vagina Monologues is right, that IS a sexy word) and sucking on my clit just right – not too hard but definitely distinctive and as soon as you slide your fingers in – hot DAMN but that is some GOOD STUFF. I’m getting turned on just thinking about it. And then the part where we roll over onto the side and really kind of too drunk still to figure out exactly where to stick it in but damned-if-we-won’t-try! All kinds of grindin’ and rubbin’ and glidin’ in smooth more-or-less, I have to apologize if it got a bit rough there, I have a theory that I just couldn’t get that wet because of how dehydrated I was from all the booze because it definitely felt good, maybe my body was just too drunk to function entirely correctly. Like the brain signals tripped and got lost on the way down to my hoo-hah (ha) and ended up rolling around on the side of the southern highway where we was burnin’ rubber.

And meanwhile we were hearing them downstairs and they could hear the bed squeak-squeaking through the house, and then the next morning we all got french fries! I cannot think of a better way that night could have gone, or the next morning (even waking up next to a half empty handle of vodka wasn’t a deal breaker). That’s the closest I’ve ever come to a foursome, and I had a great time. Thanks for the ride dude, maybe someday we’ll meet again on this particular stretch of road and take our sexy bits out for a spin or two.

Until then, god(dess)speed. Ke$hə.
Hot sweat rip your clothes off – the first time was in someone else’s bed, in someone else’s house and they were nice enough to be co-conspirators (they even made breakfast in the morning). The first time everything felt new, like I’d never done any of this before because I forgot how good it could feel, and everything you did was exactly what I wanted, exactly how I liked it, and I never had to say anything except Yes. You told me I felt amazing and I felt so powerful, so desirable and so wanted, and I had never expected to feel that from you. I know how to play, I know how to make people moan gasp and groan, I know how to make them come, but underneath you all I wanted was to give you everything. Your body pressed into mine (and later mine into yours) and all of that hot lust and big love compacted into us and there was no border or boundary between us, skin didn’t serve its purpose of separation but instead gave us new landscapes to lay and wash adrift in – a great full desert, full of sand and sun and sky and breath and burning.

Saying goodbye to you was one of the hardest things – three times, twice I had to say goodbye to wait until the next time, when we only had one night, or two, to tide us over; and the last time I didn’t know if there was going to be a next one. Obviously, there wasn’t. I cried almost the whole way home and I watched you walk away through the bus window from my seat high above your head. The next time I saw you, you were building bridges with someone else. I barely had a chance to get to know your body, already knowing you, and now you’re gone.

What once was a desert feels like a wasteland; nothing left between those sheets but air.
HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO ME

The definitive guide to making love to ME.

Preword- on mindset.
I think you'll have the most success if you read the entirety of this guide before trying the techniques described. It's designed to be a guide to a single encounter, and if you are referring to this document during the date, I will probably notice. If you're confused by my appearance or gender, consult the appendix labeled "how to talk about my body"
For longer term commitments, read the appendix "how to love me"
You'll have the most success if you decide that you want to make love to me, and then go for it! Be prepared to take NO for an answer, but if you show up interested in me, there is a good chance I'll be interested in you.

0. how to meet me

If you haven't met me yet, a good way is to see me somewhere, and then walk up and say Hi.
I've seen it work for lots of people, and it can work for you too!

1. how to court me

This is a fairly easy step - to court me, all you have to tell me about interesting things that I don't already know about. I'm interested in almost every topic, so as long as you have lots of knowledge you can serve up, in a fun and entertaining way, you'll ace this step.

One thing though - I have pretty extreme feminist views about the world.
I don't think you have to match my politics in order to successfully make love to me, but if you have strong feelings about how GENDER is sacred, or if you think 'reverse racism' or 'political correctness' are things worth worrying about, you will have significantly more difficulty.

2. how to woo me

In order to woo me you are going to need to turn up the sexual tension of our conversation - which up till now has probably been about an intellectual topic. Talking about our sex lives will be important, but it won't be enough won't be enough - I do a lot of sex activism, so talking about sex no longer has that lil thrill it used to have.
To turn up the heat, you must cultivate a playful atmosphere between us. Tease me a little bit. If I get distracted by the teasing and AM NOT SMILING, you've probably teased too hard. You can probably recover with a compliment and a strong hug.

After the teasing, you should try to touch me a little bit, in a social context. If I reciprocate the touching, it's a sign that I am interested. If I don't return your touch, keep going and try again - perhaps more courting is in order?
HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO ME

You should also compliment me around here. I like to feel beautiful. Make me feel beautiful.
If at this point I seem disinterested, or am texting or I AM NOT SMILING, you may not have succeeded at wooing me. You can make another attempt, but if you get similar results, perhaps you should attempt to woo someone else.

3. how to seduce me
There are two schools of thought here, roughly split into DANCE and NON-DANCE DANCE - if we are near a venue where music is playing, invite me to dance!
I like to dance to music that has a beat. I like to dance by myself with my eyes closed, but if I do that, you'll never seduce me! So instead, ask me to dance with you. If you have some awesome dance moves, now is the time to use them, otherwise probably try to grind.

The dancing should become increasingly touch-focused and eye-contact-focused as it goes on. This is good. Once it gets strong enough, go in for the kiss. (Ask first!)

NON-DANCE - Sometimes you aren't a good dancer or there is no way to get music playing. Perhaps we are on the roof of a building at night, staring up at the stars. Or perhaps we are in the forest, an academic building, or in a bar that is not playing music.
Touch is just as crucial to this technique as in the dance one, but there isn't the medium of dance to mediate the touch. This technique relies on some privacy, so you should get me to an isolated place. Ask me to go for a walk - I like walks, and because I have male privilege, I feel safe outside, even at night!
You're gonna wanna take my hand or some other cute way of initiating touch. I don't like to make the first move in case it is unappreciated, so it falls to you.
Once we're touching, we can keep exploring with the touch while we talk about the interesting topics you developed in (1).
I like consent, so please ask before touching new parts of my body - if I want you to touch them, I will say yes!
Once the touch has built up enough, or the moment seems right, go for the kiss. (Ask first!)

4. how to make love to me

You should negotiate whatever I say here with me at the time - who knows what kinda stuff I'll be into right then. This is just some general guidelines as to what I like.
I like explicit consent and discussion of turn-ons and turn-offs.
I like butt stuff. A lot!! I'll probably want you to play with my butt, and maybe yours too if you are down. Butts Rule!
I like having my dick sucked.
I like passionate sex that leaves both people sweating.
I like talking during sex
I don't like my stomach touched.
I like having my tits caressed, and my whole body caressed and appreciated.
I don't usually come from intercourse, so don't be concerned if I don't!
I don't like being pressured to orgasm.
I like having someone stick their tongue in my ear.
HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO ME

I like sensation play.
I like penetrative intercourse.
I like BDSM, but let's take it slow on that front!
I like feeling safe.
I like to have sex that is pleasure focused rather than orgasm focused.
I like sex that is playful
I like talking frankly about sex
I like feeling like sex is meaningful.

5. how to cuddle me

I like to cuddle after sex, but will probably have trouble falling asleep in the same bed as you. I like to sleep by myself, and if you have a way to offer me that, I might take it. But I'd wanna get my dose of cuddling first.

Appendix: how to talk about my body
I'm genderqueer, which means you may not be quite sure how to talk about me or my body. This is the definitive guide:
Name: Lady Jade or Chris, I like both
Pronouns: She, Her, Hers, Herself
gendered Terms of endearment: Girl, gourges, love, darling, dear, doll etc
Clothing: Drag, outfit
Genitals: Penis/Cock/Dick, Balls, Butt/Anus
General third person noun: "Person" or "Queer"
(If I was elected to congress, I'd be a congressqueer)

Appendix: cheat codes

Text me the following message and you may be able to skip a lot of these steps.

“Hey Lady Jade, this is ______.
I think you’re really hot - how would you feel about hooking up?'

Appendix: how to love me
You have to write this part yourself.

So now that you have the definitive guide, you have 1 week left to follow it before I'm outta this town.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~LADYJADE~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
MY VIBRATOR IS BLUE,
1-SPEED,
\_\_ WATER PROOF.

Bitch.

READY. SET. GLOW.

He has a septum ring!!! YUM.
III.
Pulse. Stop.
Resisting from your heart. Not your heart, your. What is it? Your deep mindsoulbody.

IV.
I take advantage of boys. I let them finger me and eat me out but I don’t reciprocate. Most of the time I try to tell them beforehand that they’re not getting anything. Sometimes I feel bad. Other times I don’t. Is it weird that I want them and I want them but I don’t want to see or touch their penises. ha
II.
if a hook up falls down in a forest, does anyone still remember it?

I.
what if a hook up goes unremembered? is that okay? that might be okay.
what if your name goes unremembered? are you okay with it? should you be okay with it?

What if you hold out like you wanted to? i think that might be something to be proud of.
what if you wake up in the middle of the night to that same boy peeing on all of your things? You should probably kick him out. especially because you didn’t know him.
and what if he gets back in bed? check his pulse. make sure he’s still alive. drag him to the door. If he’s not, the pee isn’t your biggest problem.
is his apology kiss persuading? no.
your notebooks are now disformed. your folders are now discolored. but you’ve already had them for days. take them to class
see him often. don’t make eye contact, until he asks if he can go home with you, again.
again for you, not again for him, he doesn’t remember. say no.
tell him he peed on your stuff. he doesn’t even remember hooking up with you. drunk confidence is strong.
1. You introduced me to sex and abandonment in your jeep's back seat.
2. Your overdoses, childish stupidity, I hoped to save you.
3. He caressed me so tendrilly I thought he was more than he could be.
4. Too innocently adoring of how I was, I prayed upon you.
5. So much more to me than seventeen syllables could ever express.
6. Having had sex once, you couldn't forgive, did not give you permission to violate me.
7. Loneliness, cocaine, and best friendship so awkward, yet we're still brothers.
8. A mother goddess, you loved me the most of all, I was such a fool.
9. Intoxicatingly, entirely poisonous.
10. My babymama, eternally in my heart.
11. What a fuckin' bitch.
12. A magnetic gaze; I wanted inside your brain. Please don't hate your lip.
13. I'm not sorry for not fucking your boyfriend: a deal is a deal.
15. So handsome and smooth, impossible to relax with such a weasel.
16. Coffee and metal, I made you so sick, you couldn't forgive.
17. The sweetest partner, yet the dirtiest lover.
18. My longest friendship, your embrace makes me feel so warm and un-alone.
19. Good ol' country boy, kinda dumb, not so pretty, still hurt my feelings.
20. Such magnificent bone structure; divinely shaped.
21. Crushing Gator jaws: I'm afraid to fall too hard, it may be too late.

- k Proud

You were once so sweet, and yet you still spilled my blood. We were so crazy.
My thumb against the lighter
makes that distinctive sound
The sound that signifies
tumultuous thoughts and
disengaged minds
The small flame licks the end
of the cigarette
And I wish it would likewise
incinerate all my thoughts
of you.
But I know it's futile
I inhale the smoke and try
to exhale my guilt
But I know there's no point
Either way, I'll be back here
in an hour
Giving myself cancer

—Demetria 16
March 17, 2013

Noon

I have an extremely sexy bartender sleeping in my bed — naked. The sheets are clinging to every inch of his skin. His smell is comforting and sexy. His skin is smooth and tight. His muscles bulge from his skin as he lies silently and I wish I could squeeze them again like last night. Curling up next to him is heavenly. He's so tall that I fit perfectly in his arms with his body wrapped around me. Probably the most endearing part to him that I've only noticed this morning — he has freckles everywhere. He looks sweet yet terribly handsome, lying there with his face on my pillow, deep in sleep, breathing heavily. His chest hair is coarse from shaving. I wish it was long and soft so I could run my hands through it. He thinks bushiness is gross. He shaved around his dick too and my God it's sexy. It looked like it could go on and on and fill me all the way up! On top of that, it was so wide I couldn't even fit the whole thing into my mouth. That was hot — really hot. I thoroughly enjoyed putting his dick in my mouth. It was familiar and wild at the same time. The more I sucked his cock the wetter I got. It was tempting to not use a condom, but I wanted to be smart. Ironic that when we were sober in the morning we didn't even bother. God that was hot too. He just started touching me and pulling my hips closer to his dick. When his lips reached mine with deep panting and wonderful softness, I couldn't handle myself anymore. I rolled on top of him and stuck his huge cock into me. It was raw and passionate. We couldn't get our hands off of each other, and the more our bodies undulated together, the harder it was to stop. He slipped out of me a few times when I was on top. I suppose we didn't have a good rhythm going yet. He likes me to be on top actually. I'm not quite sure why. Does he like to be dominated? Wrapping my arms and legs around him was incredible when fucking on my back. His skin was wonderfully warm and smooth and I couldn't help bury my face in his neck where I could suck in his spicy scent. I held onto him tighter and tighter as he shoved his cock into me and we moaned together. I'm getting wet just writing this.

freedom me freedom me Finally Free FUCK ME!

I don't know why I'm typing all this out. Maybe it's because it's my first sexual encounter besides him for two years and I want to reflect on how this felt and that it wasn't wrong. It was right for me. I want to remember that I can appreciate the differences in men. They're exotic at first, but that makes them sexy. The mystery of a new man is wonderful. It makes my lust even greater to try and find which buttons to stroke and press. Maybe I'm writing this to re-affirm that this actually happened and that I really am attracted to other men and need to explore. It says that I'm ready to move on, that the last two years are behind me. It's a good thing, and far too long coming. We held on as long as we could, but there was just too much damage done to repair it. I earned a lot about love and myself though, so I'm most definitely a better person for it. He was tight the whole time, I will be happier without him and find real happiness and a partner who loves me as much as I love him.

I should have left him sooner.

the best kind of work-out

We slept with the window open because we were panting and dripping with sweat while we fucked for hours. It was kind of hot that we both woke up freezing because we had to be closer for warmth. After closing it, we slept on the same pillow with his arm under my neck for another three hours.
I'm wondering to myself whether I like him or whether it's even possible for me to "like" someone right now anyway. I mean, he's adorable and sexy and I've always had a thing for him. He's basically exactly my type. And I love how tall he is. It's so sexy to look up at a man and him bend down to me. I don't know though. It seemed that he had one thing in mind when he hit me up for going out last night. I don't know or remember how he found out that I'm single, but I'm wondering if he just thought I'd be really easy and that's all that he wants. I kind of hope that's not true. I secretly hope that he likes me. I trust him.

I'm wondering when I'll see or talk to him. Hmm. Maybe he thinks we don't have to "court" because he already knows me. Wow, I can't believe that I want him to like me this much. Ugh I don't know. I shouldn't even be thinking of getting into another relationship so soon after him - I'm not even over him I don't think. I guess that it would be secretly awesome if he liked me, it would definitely boost my confidence right now. I know that my confidence has improved in the last two weeks, but I kind of want a man to affirm that I'm finally acceptable for the dating world again. I'm going to lose more weight too. That's a definite. I can't wait until my body is firm again instead of loose and gross. I know I can be better. I'll be at my peak when I feel sexy in my skin again.

So...I guess this means that I'm entering the real world again. I'm finally a normal person who has aspirations and wants to be the best she can be. Normal? Is that the word? I like being my old happy self. I have so much energy now days and I like to be active instead of sitting and watching a show or movie. I want to move around. It's fantastic and I feel great! It's going to be even better feeling when I start hitting the gym every day. Oh yeah!!

How it's 1:21pm and he's still asleep -- in my bed. I don't like admitting this, but it's kind of annoying me because I can't concentrate on my work. I can't believe I just said that. That says a lot about how far I've come in dealing with this break up. It says that I want me time so that I can be at my best. That's awesome!! Go Me!! You're finally acknowledging what your real feelings are and you are much quicker to drawing these conclusions. I usually figure out what is bothering me way after it happens. But it's still happening, and he's annoying me. Oh yes!! His phone alarm just went off!! Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha! I think he's getting up now. Thank fucking God. Get the fuck out of my bed and yo sexy ass out of my room!! He seriously never left my room once until right now. I've been in and out of that room probably 10 times today and he still hasn't woken up. Goddamn get up!

Are all these normal feelings? Yes?

Yeah that was annoying, but now it's 4:40 and I find myself wanting him again. I guess he was just sleeping. I sleep that late sometimes. Why was I being so critical? It smelled like ass in the room because we were fucking and sweating all night. It was the smell of sex. I'm never bold enough to write things like this. I'm a little shocked with myself.

But seriously, the sex was great.

- Natalie Liscio '13
Love yourself first and everything else falls into place. You really have to love yourself to get anything done in this world.

-Lucille Ball
The 3 minute Game

The 3 minute Game is a low pressure way to explore pleasure with your partner, and work on healthy communication.

Here's How: say the following sentence to your partner, filling in the blanks. (the wording is important)

"For my pleasure, I would like to do ______ to you"

You talk about it for 1 minute and negotiate for consent.

If your partner consents, SET A TIMER and go for 3 minutes after 3 minutes - STOP - Even if you both enjoying it (do what you agreed to)

Then your partner goes, and the process repeats.

Then repeat, but this time, say "For my pleasure, I would like you to do ______ to me"

And negotiate, then 3 minutes, and your partner goes too.

Enjoy!!!

Focus on exploring pleasure without pressure (not orgasm focused)

Sexual communication

Owning your pleasure

Having sex on purpose

Consent + Boundaries

---

Sinclair taught us! Check them out!
We at Lips believe that sex should be a positive experience between caring and respectful partners. Unfortunately, this remains an ideal rather than a reality. If you have suffered any form of sexual assault, know that YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

Police Dept. 
757-221-4596
(or 911).

Lips
is what you make it.

SEXUAL ASSAULT PEER ADVOCATES
757-645-8367

Email Us!!!
and submit at
wmlips@email.wm.edu

AVALON 24-HOUR HELPLINE
757-258-5051

W&M Counseling Center
757-221-3620

Dir. of Sexual Assault Services: 757-221-2510

MORE AT:
www.wm.edu/sexualassault

Student Health Center: 
757-221-4386

And now, a few friendly reminders:

♀ The more you fuck, make love, have sex the more you need a sex-health test.

♀ To take your sex from good to great, talk, discuss - communicate!

♀ If things are dry and chafe with pain lube up once, then lube again!

♀ Always start the pressure slow so pleasure has the time to grow.

♀ The only sex that makes good sense is sex when all agree, consent!

♀ One thing sure to raise his stalk is hotly whispered dirty talk.

♀ Anal play takes prep and work so start off slow or things will hurt.

♀ Sending 'round a naked photo? Ones with faces - major no-no.

Lips loves you.