

Heeeyeah

Consent-based

QUEER

Porn ***

Trigger Warning:

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This is porn.

Dear consenting queers,

I wrote this porn to express my experiences of the total hotness of consent, bodily autonomy, and self-love.

I hope these stories can contribute to a larger movement to build consent

The people in the stories represent only a few of many beautiful identities, bodies, and experiences

All of these pieces were written for Transcriptions trans & queer open mic

in Boston, but I live in Seattle now, where

I perform at Spit[!], our local queer open mic

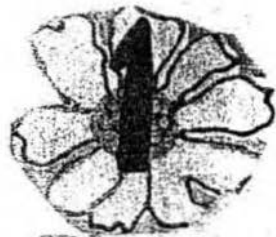
Give me a shout if you wanna[!]

whole lotta love,

Otr Eliconi[!]Ⓐ

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Contents



Self-love



Beloved



Wet



Cypress

Self -

It is ninety degrees, and my bare skin drips salty and sweet as I stand, brush in hand, painting my walls, the breeze through the windows caressing my skin.

Every

brush stroke

I feel reverberate in my body as each muscle contracts and releases, leaving each mark where it should be. the arm at my side, my skin on my skin so softly brushing intensifies the day's heat. I gaze down admiring my soft pink nipples, and I can't resist touching. Oh fuck, I am hot.

I move across the room and stand on a chair to reach the ceiling, and as I do, drops of paint land on my shoulders and neck, cool and sensual on my body. I glimpse myself painting in the full length mirror, and oh fuck, I am lovely, irresistible as my figure stretches up to reach the ceiling. My adorable feet are pointed as muscular calves are flexed, to lift me, and I delight in the view, savoring my soft thick cellulite-covered ass, and my eyes move to the small of my scarred back, up to my shoulders, and I turn with my gaze, meeting my eyes and resting on my full mouth, down to my collarbone, and I'm putting down my paint brush to get closer to the mirror. The other me stares right back, unabashed and hot for me like I want zán, and my eyes adore my chest as my hands tease it, the right side slightly bigger than the left, exactly as lovely as it should be, to the roundness of my soft stomach, and below.

I love
your
cunt

My eyes rest on
the soft tangle of curls
and my right hand plays
along my inner thighs as
my left grazes and grips
my nipples just hard enough,
and my thighs are dripping wet
with anticipation. I lift my hand
to my mouth to taste
my sweetness, and my scent
is just unbearably sexy,

and with one hand I begin rubbing in half moons my hard cock,
flicking briefly the exposed tip, sucking on my left wrist, then
caressing the backs of my knees.

As I'm watching my hard clit, I can't resist any longer and I begin
playing with the wet, soft layers of skin, full circles with the tip of my
finger, and the pleasure in my cock is transcendent as my hips rock and
rotate into my hand. I can feel my whole body anticipate and sigh,

yes and oh fuck

yes

with each motion. I feel my whole body begin to
contract, and I am being loud enough for the whole house to hear, and as
I'm on the edge of release, I decide not yet.

I slow down my hand on my clit and with my cunt-wet fingers I
play with each nipple, squeezing hard enough to stay here, in the moment
with myself and my image.



BODY = GOD

I reach down
so sensitive
feeling deep
so I am
through the
And I breath
past the point
me closer,
grows tight,
Waves of pleasure
with every breath
moves my whole being and my hips rotate to meet my fingers.

to my cock, and pull back the skin.
to my touch, and with my other hand
in me, I begin again, slowly,
connected to every part of my body
quakes and tremors in me.
slowly, deliberately, til my craving is
of breaking, every exhale bringing
feeling over the edge as my body
and I inhale and pull myself back.
wash over me and recede, intensifying
so that the motion of my hands

Oh, deeper, my love.

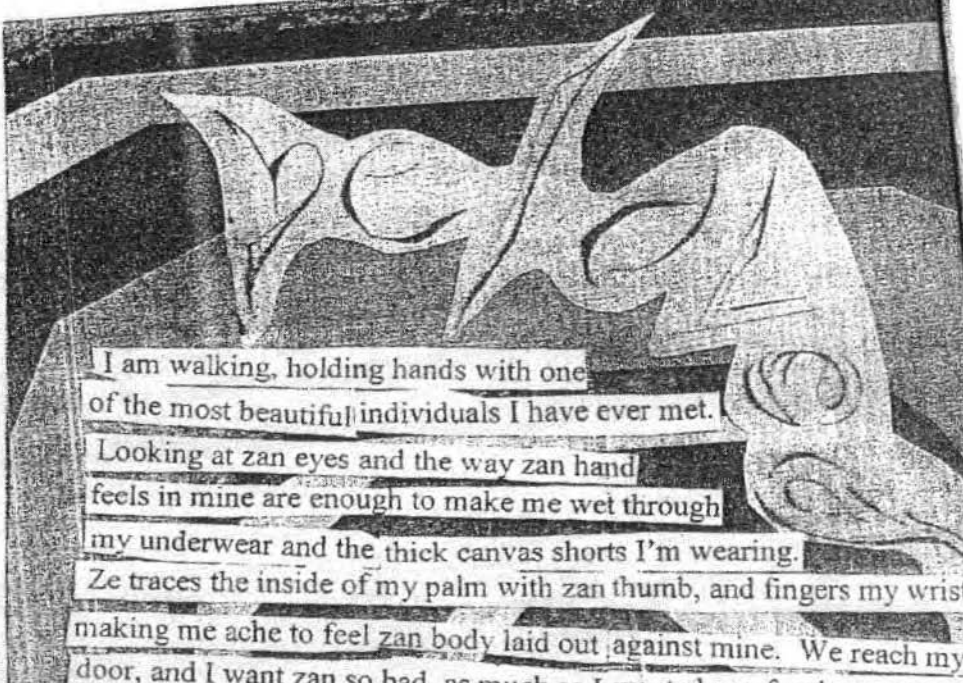
My body begins going to pins and needles from my cunt outward, and each pinprick brings me higher as my toes curl up on themselves so tight, and my fingers twist into claws, but even so, I can't stop.

I reach the point with my cock so hard and my fingers pressing up and circling so deep in me, that I no longer want to fight

the tide, and with one last breath, I let the current pull me under, and my entire self shakes as I release the pleasure bottled in my clit. My cunt pulls so tight to cut off the circulation in my fingers, and the tremors come in as many waves as I had passed up that seem to last beyond my body's ability to take the intensity.

And when it's over, every inch of me vibrates and my breath won't return. I raise my dripping wet hand to my chest to see if I am still alive, but I can't feel my heartbeat. "Oh no, I've masturbated myself to death!" I think, still glowing too hard to be afraid. I panic, but eventually regain my breath and the feeling in my hands. Exhausted and relieved, I fall back on my bed and fall asleep wrapped

in my own arms.



I am walking, holding hands with one of the most beautiful individuals I have ever met.

Looking at zan eyes and the way zan hand feels in mine are enough to make me wet through my underwear and the thick canvas shorts I'm wearing. Ze traces the inside of my palm with zan thumb, and fingers my wrist, making me ache to feel zan body laid out against mine. We reach my door, and I want zan so bad, as much as I wanted zan for the past year and a half. Ze looks at me with those beautiful eyes, just barely higher than mine.

"I really want to kiss you. Do you want me to kiss you?" I ask.

Ze leans in, with zan full mouth ever so close to mine, and almost breathless, whispers "Yes!"

"How do you want me to kiss you?" I ask.

And zan mouth pulls me under, body and mind. Ze kisses me passionately, with zan lips and mine forcefully taking and giving, and our tongues flirting between nibbling teeth. And I can taste zan desire on my tongue. I have never been with a better kisser in my life, and zan mouth excites me unbearably.

"Let's go inside," ze says, and I turn to unlock my door. "Do you want me to put my hands on your hips?" Ze asks, and I nod, and gasp as I feel zan warm hands on me as I open the door. Ze gently touches me and circles so that I go wild with anticipation.

"Will you kiss me here?" ze says, touching zan neck. I draw zan close, and let my mouth feast on the softness of zan skin, letting my teeth sink just deep enough to hear zan gasp aloud.

"Does this feel good, sweetheart?" I ask,

and ze asks me to kiss zan ears, and I take zan earlobe in my mouth ever so gently, and let my teeth run over zan ear, and inhale sharply so that zan body tenses and relaxes.

"Touch me here," ze says, and puts my hand on zan chest. I explore the contours of zan skin as I kiss zan mouth, and I feel zan breath sharpen when my palm grazes zan nipples.

"Do you want me to kiss you here?" I ask, gesturing toward zan midriff, exposed by our play. "Yeah," ze says, with that smile of anticipation I know so well. And zan skin is delicious as always, with the salt from the sweat of desire sweet on my tongue. "Can I take off your shirt?" "Yeah!" I lift zan shirt over zan head to reveal the body that is more beautiful every time I see zan. I gasp with admiration, lost in the moment of the way even the yellow hall light makes zan skin so sexy, raising my eyes to rest on zan loving eyes.

"Tell me what you want."

"I want you to kiss every part of me." So, I start again with zan mouth, and ze turns and beckons me to stand behind zan, and to kiss zan shoulders. Ze takes my hands and moves them as ze wants. Ze makes one of my hands excite zan hard nipple, and with my other hand, ze plays along zan waistline, tracing my desire.

"Do you want to fuck me?" ze asks.

"Yeah. Show me how you want me to." Ze moves my hand in zan pants, and I can feel how ze wants me. And I hold zan from behind, with my left hand on zan chest and my right hand fucking zan teasingly at first, just enough to make zan hungry for more.

As zan desire grows, all I want is to taste zan, so I ask "Can I fuck you with my mouth?"

"Yeah!"

I lay zan down on the steps of my house and gently take off zan pants and socks. When I get to zan feet, "Can I start here?" "You know that drives me wild" and I take zan foot, massage it with my hands, while I take zan toes in my mouth, one by one, circling each one with my tongue, biting each one just hard enough to make zan body shake, as ze grabs the banister to keep from kicking, and bites on zan other hand to keep from screaming out loud. Then, I bite zan heel and work my mouth up, lapping around zan ankle, while my hands massage zan other foot, and then work their way to zan thighs. I turn zan over and full mouthed kiss zan leg, especially the back of zan knees, and turn zan over again so I can see zan face as I get nearer to fucking zan. I take zan inner thighs so gently with my tongue.

"Does this feel good, darling?" I ask.

"Uh-huh," ze gasps. "Do you want me to fuck you?" "Yes! Fuck me sweetheart!" I leave my hands to tease while I get out my play safe kit and lay down the latex. While I fuck zan with my mouth, my hands tease zan thighs. Zan gasps come louder and faster, and ze grasps at my hair, the banister, anything, to keep zan from jumping out of zan skin with pleasure. I can feel zan body begin to flex. "Stop!" ze says, "Not yet."

"Will you take off my clothes?" and ze undresses me, so gently with zan teeth, lifting my shirt and tasting each of my nipples with such care, before lifting the shirt over my head and passionately biting my shoulder, quickly moving to my belt, stripping me bare. "What do you want?" ze asks, with our beautiful bodies bare together, almost more than I could take.

"I want you to taste me." And ze kneeled down, dental dam in hand, and covered me with zan sweet tongue, until I was half mad with passion. "Do you want me in you?" ze asked, and "Yes, I want you!" "Do you want me to use gloves or no?" ze asks. "That's probably a good idea, since we're both a few months out from our last test." I said. And ze touched me so gently, with zan tongue on my clit and zan fingers dancing on my slippery cunt, until I was so close, I could taste it.

"Fuck me from the back."

And ze holds me from behind, and lubes up first zanself and then me, gently working zanself into me, making me gasp with pleasure at zan

every move.

I reach between our legs and gently stroke zan, making zan legs shake.

With zan other hand on my clit, ze fucks me so slowly, rotating to give me more pleasure, and we moan in unison. "Oh sweetheart, I'm gonna come," I hear zan say, and at that moment, I can't hold back any longer, and my body contracts and shudders as I feels zan tremble as we release at once. Ze puts zan hand over zan eyes "Good lord, you're good," ze says, clearly not yet composed from the unbelievable orgasm ze just experienced. I smile and kiss zan mouth. "Let's get cleaned up."



The Georgia heat enveloped
our bodies, stretched in the grass as
the clouds gathered. The first
raindrop fell
a kiss on
my shoulder,
and as
the rain
intensified, the
lightning called
and the thunder
answered back.



I jumped up, "Come play!" I said, and we ran and skipped through the storm. You asked to hold my hand, and the water cooled our warmth as our bare feet's skin gripped and slid on the wet brick. Hand in hand, I felt the earth-heated water splash up to my thighs as we jumped through puddles, and I watched each drop trace your contours and then slip below to wear away the walkway beneath.

Our clothes were soaked through, making them translucent screens through which to view your nipples and hair, bright like mine from the sky's caresses. You and I wandered from the path, into a group of trees drinking the rain we'd rained in, and my toes were welcomed into the soft earth with each step.

I asked to kiss you, and you brought that lovely mouth near me, and fixed me with your eyes, and gave me your breathless "yes!", and your kisses combined with the kisses falling from the sky as my body slid wet against you. You leaned back against an ancient pine as our bodies pressed and rocked against each other. Your soft mouth playing with and teasing my mouth made my wetness mingle with the rain, and I asked if you wanted me to tangle our legs. You nodded with that smile. As our legs intertwined, I felt your desire hot on my thigh, and I spiraled my hips against you. "Do you like this?" "Yeah," you said with a low moan, your hot breath against my ear. Your thighs moved in rhythm with mine.

I drew your lip in, biting so gently and feeling your moist tongue connect with the wetness between your thighs and mine. I pulled back and met your dilated eyes. I wanted to taste every part of you at once, to feel the grainy, hairy texture of your skin run under my tongue. I craved to feel you in my hands and make you shake from your core.

I said, "Tell me what you want, sweetheart."

"Oh, you can do anything you want to me," you said.

"Yeah, but I want to know what you want."

"Kiss me here," you said, lifting your shirt to expose your hips. I brought my mouth down low to your hard hip bones and your soft flesh. "Do you want me to use my teeth?" I asked.

"Yeah, but be gentle," you said, and I grazed your hips with my teeth, and felt your legs quake with each movement of my lips.

"Aw, sweetheart," you said, unzipping your pants and letting them fall to your ankles. "I want you to fuck me."

"Tell me how," I said.

"With your mouth, and touch me here," you said, touching the inside of your thighs. I tasted you, so salty and sweet in my mouth, with the curls of your hair tickling my face. Your scent and the hard softness of your skin in my mouth overtook my senses as my tongue played circles on your wet desire. With my hands on your hairy legs, I could feel every twitch in reaction to the pleasure I gave you.

"Do you want me to touch your ears and neck?" you asked.

"Yeah" I said, and you caressed my neck gently, digging your nails in only enough so I could feel the intensity of your craving as I enveloped you with my mouth. And your fingers played along the edges of my ears, running my earlobes so gently between them.

"Hey, can I have control of this for a second?" you said, reaching for my hand. "Yeah," I said, excited about what you might want. You looked deep in my eyes with that otherworldly desire, and took each of my fingers in your mouth, while I looked up, still fucking you with my mouth, and every movement of your tongue on my fingertips sent a shock right through me. You took my wet hand and brought it around to your other side. "I want to touch me here. Do you want to?" and with my mouth twisting on you, my fingertips circled into you gently. I felt you, tight and quivering around me, moving your body into my hand.

"Oh, deeper, sweetheart," you gasped, and in my mouth your pulse came faster as you gripped the back of my neck for support. I felt your body clench tighter, stiffen in anticipation. "Just like that. Oh, I'm gonna come, oh fuck, don't stop!" and my fingers danced in you to the rhythm you made as my lips and tongue firmly traced half moons on you, when your hands clenched and I felt you contract and release in rapid waves. When your body was done shaking, you gently pulled on my arm, and I stood to face you. You said, "Kiss me sweetheart. I want to taste myself from your mouth."

Cypress

I was dancing my hardest, having such a good time, when a person named Cypress, who I had my eye on earlier started dancing near me.

"Hey," I said,
"I think you're
cute!"

"I think you're
cute too,"
Cypress said.

♡ Not their name

"Am I the sort of human being you'd be into?"
"I'm not really sure what kind of person I'm into right now, but maybe."

"Well, would you like to kiss?"

"Not right now, but would you like to do a standing up cuddle thing?"

"Yeah!" I said.

I put my arm around Cypress' shoulder, and Cypress' hand traced my spine, releasing so much tension, so comforting after the exhausting day. I was leaning there, blissful and warm when Cypress looked at me with those lovely eyes, and said, "Hey, can I kiss you?"

"Yeah, let's go outside."

I walked, with my hand in Cypress's hand, anticipating Cypress's soft full lips on mine. In the cool night air, pieces of dandelions floated like spells. I looked up to Cypress's face, and Cypress moved in to kiss me back, those soft lips passionately playing with mine, while our tongues flirted in the space between. And I was drawn in, all my senses were in my mouth, surrounding sight and sound fed into to taste and touch.

"Do you like the way I'm kissing you?"

"I like it a lot!"

"How would you feel if I bit your lip?"

"I'm really into gentle biting," and I was back in the overwhelming kiss, cradling Cypress's lip between my teeth.

"Do you want me to touch your neck?" "Yeah."

Drawing under again, with my hands caressing the sensitive softness at the nape of Cypress's neck.


"Hey, are you going to the sex party?" asked a disembodied voice.

"Do you want to go?" Cypress asked me.

"Sure, I'm sort of into the one on one thing, but

Why not?"

"Can I hold your hand?"




When Cypress and I went into the sex party.

people were trussed up along the wall and porn blared projected on the wall. Condoms and dental dams covered the floor.

Cypress and I chose a corner. "I really like that you're really good at consent." "Yeah, you're really good at it too. Do you want me to kiss you again?" We moved in, and I could feel Cypress's desire in the way Cypress's lips grasped at mine.

"Do you want me to touch your chest?"

"Yeah" and my hands ran over nipples hard with anticipation as my other hand teased the back of



Cypress' neck with my nails, never shallowing that kiss.


I saw out of the corner of my eye, that to our left, people were pouring wax on one another, and people were fuckin' all around, in groups of two, three, or more, but their sounds seemed distant as all my senses were in my mouth on Cypress's mouth, and the closeness of our bodies.

"Can I kiss you here?" I asked, fingering Cypress' neck. "Yeah."


"And here?" I asked, motioning down Cypress's arm to the tender place under the elbow. "Do you want my legs on top of you?" "Yeah." And

with my body above Cypress, I took each of Cypress' fingers in my mouth

, and teased the tips with my tongue as my teeth gently bit down, my



hands wandered toward Cypress' feet.



"Do you want me to touch your feet?" "Yeah, do you want me to kiss your neck?" and I massaged Cypress' feet, savoring the calloused roughness of Cypress' skin on my soft hands, and losing myself in the sensation of Cypress' kisses on my neck. I felt Cypress' teeth sink hard in my skin, combined with Cypress' soft kisses, and I was just fucking fierce with desire. "Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" I was yelling, and Cypress kept on, pushing the line where pleasure and pain meet.

Then Cypress offered me Cypress's mouth, and as we kissed, my hands found the hem of Cypress' shirt. "Yeah." "What?" "I want you to take off my shirt." I stood up to lift Cypress's shirt, and my eyes tasted Cypress' revealed body, and I was held fast. I raised my gaze to Cypress's eyes, where Cypress was kneeling. I looked down into that lovely face, and moved in for a kiss, only to move out of reach, heightening my desire each time I pulled away --- and when our mouths did meet, my hands indulged the pleasure of Cypress' exposed skin.

"Can I take off your shirt?" Cypress asked. "Yeah!" Cypress lifted my shirt over my head, then Cypress teased my nipples with Cypress's hands, drawing me into those points of longing. "I really want to taste your chest," and with Cypress' mouth on me, I gritted my teeth to fight crying out as my whole body shook with pleasure.

"Are you comfortable?" "Yeah! How are you doing?" "Good." We kissed and our bodies rocked back and forth

with mutual craving.

"Do you want me to kiss you here?" "Yeah!" and my mouth explored the hollows of Cypress' hips while my right hand cradled Cypress' head on the cement floor. My other hand wandered to Cypress' feet. "Do you want me to touch your leg?" with a look, Cypress told me of the longing for my touch, and my mouth traveled toward Cypress' chest. I held my mouth above Cypress' nipples. "Can I?" Cypress nodded, then gasped as my mouth firmly gripped and slid against Cypress' nipple.

I noticed Cypress was enthralled by the people fucking all around, so I turned Cypress to the side to give Cypress a better view. "I really want to kiss your back. Do you want me to?" "Yeah!" And I tasted the salty craving on Cypress's skin as I ran my mouth over every part of Cypress' bare skin, reveling in Cypress' enjoyment of the view, and when I reached Cypress's shoulders, Cypress faced me, and kissed me with our bare chests grazing one another.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I'm really into this, what we're doing." And our mouths joined. "Could you touch me here?" Cypress asked, touching under Cypress' arms. Delighted, I caressed Cypress, "Can I kiss you here too?" and the salty scented desire on my tongue heated me and my body sank intertwined with Cypress's, and

the time I spent there, kissing Cypress's mouth

could have been ten minutes or five hours.

"I'm really tired. I'm going to go to sleep soon," Cypress said, and we kissed, and reached for our shirts. As Cypress picked up Cypress's shirt, my hands ached to touch Cypress's body again. Cypress and I put on our shirts, put our arms around one another, and walked upstairs.

Consent

Me

on the
Roman

late

of

sexy

talk