

# On Making Love

*by XXXX*

He did many things for love: Once he placed his tongue in his boyfriend's nostril during sex, because he seemed to have read in the internet that this was a "thing" among the younger of their social class, those who huddle around internet message boards and talk in naive disregard for their privacy about their sex lives, and about how prodigious and enjoyable it is; and it turned out that this was not a "thing" at all but a product of that oft-misunderstood strain of rhetoric called "sarcasm" and the person was actually, in a tone of scathing irony, saying what should NOT be done, but, paradoxically, in such a way that would imply it is what SHOULD be done, much to the confusion of socially and sexually awkward gentlemen such as himself, whose only practice growing up was occasionally giving bananas blowjobs when he found himself in the dining room alone, or kissing the back of his hand when he awoke late at night feeling particularly horny.

His boyfriend pushed him away, and said: "What the hell are you doing?"

He opened his eyes. "Making love to you is what I'm doing."

"By licking the inside of my nose? Do you know what I find in there at the end of the night?"

"No, what?"

"Nothing you'd want in your mouth, that's what!"

"You know what I did for you?" he said, suddenly standing up and buttoning his pants. "You know I spent eight hours last night looking up the latest trends in fucking just so we can spend this night the

best way we can, just so I can pleasure you, and this is how you talk to me?"

"You crazy fuck."

"You prefer a crazy fuck or lazy fuck?"

It was here that perhaps they both decided that crazy fuck is better than lazy fuck, and proceeded thence to engage in the former; and it was so that he did do many things for love, but perhaps he did so only because he knew, deep in his heart, as his boyfriend went deep inside somewhere else within his anatomy, that love also did many things for him, and he was, at the very least, thankful.

