

# *Driving Lessons*

by Bingo

*Note: This is a story for adult readers.*

## **Chapter 1**

Piacevole Pizza was the center of the stuff that happened back then, 1959. Not that anyone would know. The pizzeria was on the corner of a not very busy street the south side of Central.

Central went through the old part of town, cutting it into two: north and south. South side wasn't so nice and got less so the further from Central one went. North side was better and the best houses were on the bluff above the river, fine imitations of someone's idea of colonial plantations – red brick with columned porches.

My high school was just off Central on the north side, called Central. There were three others, one for the blacks living on the south side, and another on the north side. Rich kids didn't go to Central. The neighborhood around Central was filled with what was called workers' cottages, small wood frame two story houses set closely together in tiny yards without trees.

The town's major employer was the factory which sprawled on the north side down to the river. Maybe a fourth of the old town was the factory. Beyond the factory, neighborhoods built up so that those in the big houses had to look at untidy development eating into their woodland vistas. That's progress, I guess.

Piacevole Pizza was always lit up, had large plate glass windows facing the streets making up the corner. A bench outside was popular for those waiting for their pizza if the weather was nice, a juke box and three tables inside were usually unattended until weather turned foul.

From outside Piacevole Pizza looked brightly lit, but once inside it seemed cavernous, getting darker toward the kitchen in back whose open door at that end was the sole source of light.

There might be a young couple outside, their '54 Chevy with its bright chrome shiny under the street light. Inside, Piacevole's was empty of customers, and the walk toward the counter by the lit door in back foreboding in a silly way.

Piacevole Pizza was run by the owner whose name I didn't learn right away and his two teenage sons, Randy and Darrell.

I was a junior at Central, Randy was a senior and Darrell was two years older. A girl worked there, unrelated, and that's how it started. She was a sophomore named Candy.

I skipped lunch to save money and did homework or read. I was an avid science-fiction fan, still read it but it's not the same anymore. So I was sitting there, reading, and felt a presence.

She was maybe 5'7" (I'm 5'10"), dark haired but straight, no curls. I'd noticed her before just like I'd noticed any girl who passed my way, but she hadn't caught my fancy or attention. Loose, nondescript sweater, skirt, nothing drew attention to her. She held her books against her chest.

"I wanted to know if you'd like to go out tonight."

I looked up to her face.

"I work, so it'd be after that, and not for long because I have to go home. You have a car?"

I shook my head.

"That's okay." She had a way of speaking so that her words tumbled over one another. "A walking date is fine by me. I can't promise much. Maybe fifteen minutes of passionate necking. Before I have to go home. But I'll make it up to you." She gave a theatrical wink. "If you'll meet me at four in front of Piacevole's." She added, "This isn't a pick up or anything like that. I'm a virgin." She gave a smile as if to assure me.

"Oh, I'm Candy and I work there. So will you?"

"I have homework."

"Is that a polite no?"

"It's a fact. I have a paper."

"An achiever. Okay. Meet me at four. There's something I want you to do at eight and then walk me home at ten. From eight to ten plus the walk. It'll be worth your time." Another wink.

Some girls have reputations and some don't. I'd never heard anything about Candy being loose or a tease or likely to drink or having any of a myriad of failings.

Like any place, in Central High there was a group that was extremely social and at the forefront. There were tight couples. There were kids that were known as hot rodders or thieves or drank a lot. There were a couple of girls rumored to be having affairs with older

men, fathers, though those were just rumors. A girl was rumored to be a lesbian. Some kids who dressed strange were rumored to smoke reefer. And so on. Most kids were average joes and janes who didn't do much. I was one of those, an observer.

"Can I sit down?"

"Sure." I moved my books and she sat next to me, not too close.

"It's just that I noticed you walking around and thought we could be partners." She raised her fingers when a girl passed but didn't look away from me. "Eight to a little after ten. You take breaks, don't you? What are you reading?"

"Frederik Pohl."

"That's the author, right?"

"And Kornbluth. *The Space Merchants*."

"So you're one of those spaceship and sputnik guys."

"It's set in the future, but spaceships aren't the main thing."

I saw she was taking English and math just like everyone had to.

"I asked around and you aren't inexperienced with girls but maybe you're a little shy." She raised an eyebrow.

Beth and I had broken up last winter. Who'd she been talking to?

"Like pizza? I can throw in a slice. Do it? Or should I go elsewhere?"

Marianne, one of the Barkley twins, walked by. She was just about the prettiest girl in school, she and her sister. They were new this year and I'd only recently figured out how to tell them apart.

Marianne glanced at Candy, then at me, back to Candy, and said, "When you're not busy." She waited a moment and walked away.

"I need to talk to her. She's pretty, isn't she?"

I watched the spread of freckles across Candy's nose. Green eyes.

"Four in front of Piacevole's. Okay."

"Pizza at eight, walk me home at ten. We can talk then. Can you drive?"

I shook my head. "No car, never sat in the driver's seat."

"Too bad, there might be a job in a week or two." She stood, raised the books to her chest. "Brian, we'll meet again at four." She stepped away, turned, said, "Thanks," with a smile. Marianne waited down the hall.

I sat back down. I hadn't been with anyone since last winter with Beth.

We were going steady and it was beautiful until a pregnancy scare shook things apart. I felt terrible, she felt guilty, both of us realized we didn't want to marry and that was the only option, really. She ended up refusing to talk to me and I ended up being angry with her and the weeks of waiting for the other foot to fall were agonizing. Nothing happened except neither of us could bear to look at the other.

I hadn't realized people noticed me walking at night. I did a wide swing, down to the river and back, each evening after dark. Months earlier I'd had to exhaust myself in order to sleep. Now I did it in a more relaxed manner in order to think and to enjoy the places and people I passed.

One day I hoped to be a writer. I was storing up images and impressions until the time when I would begin to put pen to paper or punch keys on a typewriter. What I didn't have were many experiences. My time with Beth was a few short weeks. I hadn't known death, or birth, hadn't begun to know life yet.

Until I walked through the door at Piacevole Pizza.

Candy came out at four and we sat for a minute on the bench outside. She told me my pizza would be ready at eight. My slice, she said, smiling. She touched my hand lightly as she rose, left me.

Her uniform was a shiny material, slick looking and light weight. Pants and blouse with short sleeves. Her hair was in a ponytail. She left me and I'd already decided she was interesting.

## Chapter 2

I was at Piacevole Pizza a little before eight and there wasn't much happening. Nobody sat at the tables and the bench outside was empty. Candy must have seen me on the sidewalk as I turned the corner since she was walking toward the door as I entered.

She was smiling and the light behind her created a halo effect, making the silhouette edges bright.

"You're just in time," She took my hand, leading me, "Through here."

We went through the back door into the warm kitchen where two guys were working.

"This is Brian, Randy." He looked up, gave a nod, and went back to chopping vegetables. "And Darrell." He was kneading dough and didn't look up.

After the kitchen there was a dimly lit hall.

She turned to me and we stopped. "I've just a minute. What you're getting is the special deluxe pizza and I hope you like it. You have to remember two things. You'll be asked for the numbers. They're thirty-six, five, ten. Can you remember that?"

"Thirty-six, five, ten. Sure."

"And you'll be asked how much a slice. Say five dollars. Yours is free, but it's to be five dollars."

"Five dollars."

"I know this sounds crazy, but you need to say these things and then you'll be able to enjoy your pizza. I'm off at ten and if you're busy I'll understand. I'll see you at school tomorrow."

She gave my hand a squeeze. "Thirty-six, five, ten. Have a good time." She looked away. "It's through that door."

I was looking at the door when she released my hand and left. I watched her go back to the kitchen, to Randy and Darell who weren't overly friendly, and wondered just a little bit what was going on.

I heard voices before opening the door, turned the knob and it was a medium sized room bare of furniture except for a table in the center and a mattress in the corner. The mattress was uncovered and the striped ticking was stained.

The men turned when I entered and quieted. A man who was, I learned, the owner of Piacevole Pizza said, "You're Candy's guest,

aren't you? Come on in. We'll be ready to begin after a few formalities."

The men were all older, in their forties mostly, some with graying hair. I didn't recognize anybody.

"We need three numbers, each between one and fifty." That was the owner. "Before we can begin."

Everybody smiled at me.

"Thirty-six, five, ten."

"Let's see." He pulled a paper out of his pocket, unfolded it. "Thirty-six, five, thirteen. You're close." He looked at the others. "That's the closest, isn't it?"

There wasn't a dispute, only more grinning.

"The pizza is almost ready. How much should a slice be?"

Every particle of his being was focused on me and I'd never experienced such intensity before. I hesitated then said, "Five dollars."

"Five dollars is what it'll be then. Pony up fellows."

He held out his hand and the men put bills in it. While they were doing this I counted and it was nine plus the owner and me.

The owner folded the bills and put them into his shirt pocket where they bulged. "Enjoy your pizza. We close at midnight."

The door opened behind me and a naked girl carefully entered. She felt ahead of her, not able to see because of the cloth bag tied over her head.

The door shut behind her and the men cheered but didn't move.

The owner put his hand on my shoulder and I looked away from the girl. "Candy must like you a lot. You get the first piece, your choice. The table, the bed, the floor, up against a wall. No one cares. The bag stays on. No one gets hurt. Enjoy yourself." He gave a squeeze and left us, closing the door on nine men, a girl and me.

She stood there, turning her head this way and that, as if she could see us, her hand rising to her breast.

Beth and I had done it but I'd never seen a naked girl in the flesh before. Boys had *National Geographics* and a post card or two and that was it.

She wasn't tall, her breasts seemed large. I couldn't see everything at once. My eyes rose to her breasts, dropped to her crotch and the patch of red hair there, rose again.

“She won’t bite, kid. Go ahead.” There were chuckles but they were good natured. No one was rushing me.

I was frozen, incapable of moving. I hadn’t the slightest idea what to do. The bagged head turned to me.

“He needs some help, Al.”

I watched as one of the men went to her, took her to the mattress and made her lie down.

“She won’t bite, honest, kid.”

I was about six feet from the bed, by the table, the men close by but not crowded around me. The one named Al was back with the others, some watching the girl, some watching me.

The girl lay on her back, one arm by her head, the other across her stomach. Her legs were spread, knees raised.

What I was thinking was I’d worked on the paper missing dinner, thinking there would be a piece of pizza later, not this. I was hungry, but not exactly for this.

I was also thinking about Candy and what the hell was going on. Did she really intend for me to do this. For an instant I thought she was Candy and then I thought about the red pubic hair and the height wasn’t exactly right.

“Kid, I don’t think we can wait much longer. Okay if we go ahead while you make up your mind?” The speaker was a chubby man in short sleeves and wearing a tie. He was going bald and was flushed, his face red like some of the others. I noticed then that most already had their clothes off.

“Yeah. Go ahead.”

“Thanks, kid.” He turned to a stripped guy. “Mike, you’re first.”

Mike was on her, like that, a snap of the fingers. He fiddled with her breasts for a minute then was in her and pumping. Everyone else crowded against the two sides of the mattress and I backed to the table.

I sat on the table, not able to see much, as they took turns. She wasn’t quiet after a few minutes, moaning some. I could see her legs wrapped around them as they fucked her.

The others were naked too, hairy and with bellies. They knew each other and cheered each other on and when they were all done and their dicks were wet they stood and talked.

Al came and stood by me. “Take your turn any time you want.” He scratched his hairy chest. “She must be a classmate of yours.”

Incognito. They don't usually come in with a bag like that. Limits things." He turned to me. "You know?"

She was lying there, alone on the bed, as the men talked. Her hand was over her crotch and she moved slowly, her whole body in a sway, still moaning.

Randy came in with a pizza, ignored me, putting it on the table. No one said a word. Randy glanced at the girl and left.

One of the men got back on the girl as the others ate pizza. I took a piece too. Of pizza and later the girl.

She was on her hands and knees then. She seemed to like it, screaming sometimes. Al or Mike or someone told me some of them were fucking her up the ass.

I did it normally, holding her hips, amazed at how slippery she felt. I fell out once but she quickly had me back in her, humped up her rear and slumped, arms limp, to the mattress, her fingers grasping the edge.

"That's it, kid. Bang her."

That got the others going. They all shouted, "Bang her," with every stroke I made and after I'd come and left her, kept it up as others took their turns.

By ten, when I dressed and left, she was limp on her back, head thumping the wall as they fucked her, until someone grabbed her ankles and pulled her down.

Darrell passed me in the hall and gave a wink. I turned and saw him enter the room. I could hear someone shouting, "Take that fucking hood off."

The kitchen was empty and Randy and the owner were relaxing at a table with Candy, who'd changed out of her uniform. She jumped up as I entered the dining area.

She reached out and took my hand and drew me to the exit.

The owner said, "Have fun, kids."

### Chapter 3

Candy pulled me along until we were a block away and abruptly stopped. “You have a zillion questions, I bet.”

I just looked at her.

“Sometimes the guys are mean and say two bits a piece or something like that and the girl has to accept it. She doesn’t know until afterwards. The girl, back there,” Candy swung her hand, “made \$45 for her family. Her dad’s laid off and times are hard for a lot of people around here, but maybe you hadn’t noticed. Next time might be only a couple of dollars. Those old farts can afford it. If you’d said ten dollars, there would have been groans, but they’d have paid. Even fifteen or twenty. But it’s best not to push it. So she has \$45 and that’ll go for rent, food for the table, and she’ll get maybe a barrette or a lipstick for her effort.

“Come on.” She pulled me on.

“Have you ever –”

“I told you I’m a virgin. Does it matter? I don’t want to get pregnant but there are ways – does it matter?”

I couldn’t answer as she pulled me along. There were girls in school who had reputations for doing it and girls who did it pretty indiscriminately. But I’d never heard of a girl doing like back there. Selling themselves to a group of men.

Doing it with men, doing it with anyone, doing it with nearly a dozen, how many times? For a couple of dollars or a hundred? And doing it what ways? To not get pregnant?

Candy asked me, “Did you kiss her?”

I blushed which she must have been able to see because she smiled.

She dropped my hand and came closer. “I’d like to kiss you. I wanted to earlier. At school. At four. At eight. A few minutes ago. I think I show remarkable restraint, don’t you?” Her face was lifted up to me.

I couldn’t see her eyes but it didn’t matter anyway. I kissed her and it was good. Her mouth opened and our tongues touched and played tag. I couldn’t help but imagine the girl back at the pizzeria, her bag off.

I can’t remember how long that kiss lasted. What I do remember is the impact it had on me. I’d kissed girls since I was fourteen. I’d kissed

Beth while making love which was better still. Kissing Candy on that poorly lit street was an entirely new experience. I was giddy afterwards and wanted to laugh and jump. My body was suffused with an erotic charge and heat that didn't seem to diminish.

Earlier that evening I'd been immersed in an entirely different type of erotic experience. New to it I felt awkward and self-conscious. My communication with the girl on the mattress was perfunctory. The experience was almost entirely internal, much like masturbating but much more intense. This earlier experience surely influenced how the kiss affected me, witness my momentary disassociation.

What I did after the kiss was pull her close to me and kiss her again, this time our bodies touching. So I felt her thighs against mine, her breasts and the soft angularity of her shoulders.

We held hands while I walked her home. I couldn't have remembered the way we were going and afterwards was blissfully lost for a half hour as I wandered in a daze, not really caring if I made it home that night or next week.

We talked but I have no memory of what was said. Each word was intensely significant, made ephemeral by the next. I felt she understood everything I said.

We kissed on her doorstep and she went in.

My time with Beth was intense and how I felt, when things were good, this feeling carried over into every moment, waking or sleeping, we were apart. I despaired of ever feeling that again, and yet here I was.

There was a snake in the grass, though I only stumbled in a dream I couldn't remember afterwards. I woke chilled to the bone with a feeling that the night's events actually held more strangeness than bliss. That I'd better be aware and be careful. Things were happening that I didn't understand.

Questions came at me from every side. Who was the girl on the mattress? What was her relationship to Candy? What was Candy's involvement with what went on in that room? How could Candy have set me up, happily, to sleep with this girl and kiss me afterwards? The girl herself baffled me, her reason for being there. What had she gotten from it? How did she feel before, during and afterwards? She'd been responsive with me, yielding and aware of my movements, mirroring them with her own, matching me, thrust for thrust, though weakly.

Disease wasn't talked about much, more as a bugbear than a real threat. Obviously the girl wasn't a virgin. Obviously she'd had sex with other men. Whether she were a whore or not was moot. I hadn't

picked her off a street corner. Frankly, I'd never seen a woman on a street corner waiting for a pick up. Such things may be happening in New York City or Paris but not here.

The other men hadn't cared, but maybe they already had it. I was an easy mark. I realized I didn't know much at all.

This went on for over an hour, to the point where I both dreaded and desired to see Candy again. I fell asleep when the room began to lighten from the predawn glimmer, to wake minutes later when my alarm went off.

Dazed and confused I didn't recognize Candy when we bumped into each other passing in a crowded hall in school. She touched my arm and smiled at me. I hadn't realized who it was until she was gone. I stood still for a moment, watched her walk away until I was bumped forward to my next class.

I have to admit every red haired girl had a special fascination for me. Was she the one I'd seen last night?

Candy waited for me at lunch, on the bench outside the gym.

"Hi, Brian." She said my name as if she were singing it.

"Candy." I reached out my hand. "About last night."

"Not here, okay? After work at ten again. No pizza tonight, I'm afraid." She said the last with a smile.

I was sitting there, lost, trying to imagine what she looked like under her sweater. "Okay. You start work at four?"

She nodded.

"I'll be there."

"Sure. That'd be nice. Maybe a coke. It doesn't get busy until dinner time. No book to read?"

"Forgot it." I blushed which she seemed to find sweet for some reason.

"Saturday's our busiest night, but I'm off till four. Things to do around home, but I can meet you, say around two. We can do stuff." She gave one of those atrocious winks.

Just then Marianne came up again. "When you're not busy." She took a moment to study me and walked away.

"A pretty girl like that shouldn't have problems," Candy said, "but she does in trumps." She looked back to me. "Maybe some special pizza again tomorrow night. Interested? I'll pay if you are." She said this innocently.

“I’m not sure.”

“That’s okay. Free tonight? No studying or anything?”

“The paper is finished. Just the usual. After dinner we watch TV. You know. Why?”

“Just asking. Let me go see what’s bothering Marianne and I’ll be right back.” She left and talked with Marianne down the hall. It was just a minute.

Candy was an inch or two shorter. Her straight dark hair contrasted with Marianne’s blond curls. Her obscuring apparel contrasted with Marianne’s tight sweater and skirt as short as was legal.

Candy came back with a smile. “Well, that was simple. She’ll pick you up at seven. Tell me your address and I’ll get it to her before school lets out. She has a car and is going to teach you how to drive. In return, you’ll take her to a movie.” She said this while digging in her purse. “Here’s money for your tickets. No. You must take it. After all, I sprang this on you.”

“I—”

“Come on. Do it. You learn to drive, there’s a job for you. Marianne is a nice girl. You’ll have fun with her and if you get caught up and can’t make it at ten, I’ll understand. I’d frankly be surprised to see you. It would mean a disaster of some sort, wouldn’t it? I’ll see you tomorrow, meet in front of Piacevole’s at two. We’ll have some cokes and you can tell me how your lessons are going.”

She was doing it again and there wasn’t anything I could say. I wouldn’t be a red-blooded male if I turned down a date with Marianne, though why they were doing this I couldn’t fathom.

“You can write your address here. And phone number.” Candy put her notebook on my lap, handed me a pen.

## Chapter 4

I was upstairs when Marianne honked the car horn. It was 6:30, not seven and she sounded impatient.

In just a minute I was out of the house and she had the door open for me, her sitting in the driver's seat, running the engine fast. She sped away as soon as I shut the door.

"Just so you know, I don't date juniors. I'm doing this as a favor for Candy." Marianne faced straight ahead.

"Nice car. Candy said you'd teach me to drive."

"Just so we get this straight. I don't date juniors, this isn't a date. Understand?"

"I know we're not dating. You're giving me a driving lesson."

"What we do tonight, your driving lesson as you put it, is not to be discussed with anyone. No one is to know about this or anything we do."

"Candy –"

"Candy's the one exception. But if you start blabbing I'll make your life utterly miserable. You'll wish you were never born."

"If you don't want to do this you can let me out here."

"What are you talking about? I'm just laying the ground rules. If you could slump down in your seat."

If she didn't have a sort of smile while all this was going on I'd have taken it personally. "Sure. Candy said you'd like to go to a movie."

"No movies, nowhere public. I don't date –"

"Juniors. I know." I slouched in my seat. "This better?"

"Lower." She was really grinning now.

Lower it was.

"We're going out of town for your lesson to a place I know. No traffic. In the country. No cops. You've never driven before? At all?"

"Never."

"Okay. This is an automatic so you won't have to worry about managing a clutch when you shift. It'll be easy."

"Even for a lowly junior like me?"

"Maybe. We'll see. It was easy for me." She didn't glance in my direction.

What I was watching was her legs. She'd pulled her skirt up and it was a nice view.

"Do I make you nervous?"

"A little. I understand now why you don't date juniors."

It was a bigger grin now. "You'll do okay. I have a real date tomorrow, so no lesson. I'm not sure about Sunday. I'll call you. For sure Monday and Tuesday next week. If you need to drive a stick shift, you'll need to find someone to help you there."

"I was hoping to meet Candy at ten when she leaves work."

"We'll see how you do."

"Thanks again."

"Wait until I yell at you five hundred times for being an idiot. You want to reserve your thanks until later."

"No. Thanks, for sure. This is great."

"We'll see. If you're completely incompetent you can't expect me to keep this up, can you?"

"I'm a junior, but I do okay."

"We see in five minutes. I hope this isn't one of Candy's elaborate jokes." She turned and smiled at me.

"Candy's a joker all right."

"Candy's a joker and a good friend. Don't hurt her."

Now things were serious. "I'm doing my level best not to."

"Good. We're almost there."

There was a country road. She parked the car and we changed seats. She showed me pedals and how to shift and how to aim the car which all of a sudden seemed awfully huge. I took a deep breath, turned the key, and started a car for the first time in my life. It was awfully loud. I crept forward and in spite of or because of Marianne's injunctions not to wreck her car I did okay.

After an hour I was ready to quit. It wasn't as easy as it looked, but I didn't think it'd be impossible for me to drive. What was pressing at the moment was an urgent need to take a piss.

Marianne was taking us somewhere else for another lesson. It was getting dark and this road seemed to go on forever with no houses for the last couple of miles.

She stopped the car by the side of the road. I could hear a creek nearby. "Now for the second part of your lesson."

"I need to take a break for a minute."

“Not here. There’s a blanket in back.” She reached across me and took a flashlight from the glove compartment. “Follow me.”

She got out, turned on the flashlight and waited. I grabbed the old Army blanket and followed her and the light.

She seemed to know the path well. We walked for five minutes; she stopped. “Here we are. Leave the blanket and go do what you need to do. I’m keeping the flashlight.”

“Okay.” I found a spot and let loose. When I got back she was lying on the blanket. Naked and on her back. There was mystery because the lit flashlight was lying by her side. She was mostly in shadow. “Look,” I said.

“Candy probably didn’t tell you about this part. If you want lessons, you have to please me. Six times, preferably with your tongue. Definitely not with your doohickey.”

“I understand. You don’t date juniors.”

“Brian, you look decent enough and aren’t smarmy, but a girl has to protect her reputation. Consider it an honor. Make it quick and not a chore and I’ll return the favor. Fingers for fingers, mouth for mouth. Some liberties are acceptable, some most definitely are not. In return I’ll take your seed in my mouth and swallow, with pleasure.”

“I’ve never done this before.”

“I guessed that. Doing it right isn’t hard.” She picked up the flashlight and shined it at me. “Take your clothes off. I want to see what you look like.”

I’d never fantasized about Marianne. I’d never fantasized about anything like this at all. I couldn’t see her face as I undressed, couldn’t tell what her impression of me was. I stood there naked with the light on me, my dick hard as a rock.

“Okay. Now you take the flashlight and point it here.” She directed the beam, taking my hand.

Just like the driving lesson, she explained things well. What was where and what it did. Eventually I got to turn the key.

I used my fingers first, feeling the little nobbin and the folds of skin. When I touched her she stiffened, didn’t relax until my tongue took over.

I was surprised at the taste, the intimacy of our position with her soft thighs brushing my cheeks. The first time came some minutes later and she made me stop. Her fingers touched my hair briefly.

“Okay. Again.”

After the second time it seemed like she was at a point where she was extremely jumpy. She was moving under my tongue and raising her pelvis. I wasn't keeping count, I'm not sure she was. We had been rolling about, my face pressed to her, my tongue deep in her and then back to her happy little knob. My arms and hands were everywhere. Wrapped around her or, far above me, holding her full breasts.

She pushed at my head. "That's enough. Stop."

I raised up on my elbows looking on her. The light had been turned off before I started. Her body's amazing landscape was lit by the stars and the moon.

"My turn," she said after a while. "Kneel at my head."

I crawled to the spot, my fingers on one hand trailing across her.

She took my prick and held it above her face, my knees by her ears, facing her feet.

"Lean across me and use my mouth like it's a cunt."

She took me as I bent over and I'm afraid I was excited that first time. I plunged once, twice, my face over her cunt, my body arched over her and plunged three times, one two three, the last as deep as I could go into her mouth and exploded with a silly little squeal coming unexpectedly from my lips. As she drank I teased her nub with my tongue and lips. She came another time; we'd rolled onto our sides, my dick lying damp against her cheek.

I must have fallen asleep because I came to with her kissing me. It wasn't the same at all as kissing Candy. She tasted raw and wet and lush.

She pushed me away. "You need to get dressed." She wiped her face on her panties, tossed them to me to do the same and dressed. The flashlight didn't come back on until we were ready to leave.

"I'll tell Candy," she said, "that you show a modicum of promise." She grinned at me as she stuffed the panties into my pocket. Then she turned and led the way back to her car.

## Chapter 5

I didn't get home Friday night until late and my dad had waited up for me. I said good night and went upstairs to my room wondering at the strange look he gave me. I discovered the reason in my bedroom; my shirt was misbuttoned. I was not returning the same as I'd left earlier in the evening.

My time with Candy Saturday afternoon was wonderful but I'll only give an abbreviated description. She'd already gotten the lowdown from Candy. We talked, walked and, of course, kissed. I dropped her off at work at four with a promise to return for a special pizza at eight. She wouldn't take no for an answer.

My time between four and eight was my own and I knew now to eat before returning to *Piacevole Pizza*.

This is all sounding a bit dry and remote but that's because I don't think readers want a minute by minute description of what happened or even a day by day one. I'll be abbreviating things here and there, aided by my faulty memory. This all happened when I was sixteen, decades ago. I haven't seen any of the people I'll write about since then. There's no way to talk over what happened or get others' impressions. This is going to be pretty one-sided.

I was deep in a mystery, going deeper. Candy, and Marianne, weren't acting like how I'd been brought up to believe girls acted. Candy seemed not only incapable of jealousy, but had a matter-of-fact concern for my sexual fulfillment. I'd never heard of anyone like her. Or Marianne, with whom one had sex first and then made out with afterwards. We'd spent hours in the car in a make out session like I'd never experienced before. I was dizzy with lust.

Maybe Marianne knew Candy's plans for me. On Saturday night.

Candy told me before we parted that Marianne had been pleased and we'd have another driving lesson on Sunday.

And now for an important part. Marianne wanted me to ask every female I met how they masturbated. This was with a grin so I assumed I need not ask my mom or teachers and people like that. I did ask Candy and this is what she said:

"On my stomach in bed, usually under the covers unless it's summer. And unless my younger sister is in the room. Then it's when she's asleep and for sure I'm under the covers and quiet as a mouse. I use my middle finger on my clitoris. In circles, just that and just once. I

usually fall asleep quickly after.” She smiled, leaned closer. “I think of you doing things to me. That helps.” A kiss on my cheek followed.

At eight Candy met me as I came in, looking bright in her blue uniform, hair in a ponytail. She took my hand and led me through the busy kitchen down the hall, but to another room. She forced some money into my hand, gave me a quick kiss and left me to fend for myself.

The room was larger and had many more men, a wider age spread this time though no one as young as I. Piacevole’s owner saw me and left the group of men he’d been talking with.

“It’ll be a few minutes. Have your numbers?”

Candy hadn’t primed me so I made up my own. “Thirteen, twenty-two, forty-eight.”

He scribbled them onto a pad. “Good luck.” He left me to greet the person who came after me.

My numbers were nowhere close. The winner said, “Two dollars a slice,” and the owner collected the money.

A few of the men had already disrobed. I wasn’t, in a way, as relaxed as last time because I knew what was about to happen. I wasn’t sure I’d even do anything tonight but observe.

Money in hand, the owner let in two women, naked as before but without bags over their heads. Both were in their early thirties, too young to be moms of my classmates. One was a slender brunette who got down to business right away, kneeling in front of one of the naked men and taking him in her mouth. The other was a plump redhead who was more playful and giggled a lot. She let several men fondle her before she got onto a mattress, one of two, in the center of the room.

I backed away, letting those who were eager move closer. There were a couple of chairs and a table and I sat there, still dressed, watching.

Last time had been relatively quiet compared to this. The redhead giggled, the brunette screamed continuously while she was fucking.

Some of the men liked the enthusiasm of the brunette, others preferred the redhead.

The men themselves were vocal, too, using language to describe the women that I found surprising. If they thought that then, to my

mind, out of sheer decency, they shouldn't advertise it. But the sometimes harsh language seemed to spur the women on.<sup>1</sup>

An hour later the redhead came to sit by me, me in my chair, she on the table, legs apart, leaning back, grinning more than giggling.

"Aren't you going to join us?"

"Shortly. I'm watching."

"Whatever. Look at her, she's such a show off. I think she's had half of them already. How many, do you know?"

"I counted twenty-seven."

"So thirteen at least. She likes them lined up." She leaned closer to me. "I like it up the ass. Just say the word."

"Just stick it in," a man by us said. "The whore can take it. When you getting back in action?"

"In a minute or two. I'm resting. I could use a glass of water."

"Sure." The man left us, left the room, still naked.

"Betty's going to be tuckered in another hour. I aim to last as long as I can tonight. Hubby thinks I'm off visiting my sister." She gave a big wink. "Hell, if I fall asleep, don't even dream of stopping. I got to make up for what that lousy bastard isn't able to give me." She leaned back. "Bet you're not like that. A real killer I bet. A girl's got to watch out for the quiet ones. Did I tell you I like it up the ass?"

"You did."

"I know I did." She shut her eyes and began giggling.

"I have a question. Maybe it's too personal."

"Go ahead. Try me."

"How to do you masturbate?"

"Bring myself off? Sure. I'll show you. No hands." She moved to the edge of the table, legs together, sitting up straight, eyes closed.

I almost missed the first one, there was a slight shudder and sway. She did another and I watched her face.

Someone shouted, "Holy shit, Alice is doing her trick. You got to see this."

Men crowded around.

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<sup>1</sup> I've deliberately not tried to imitate the words or language here. I don't think that way about women, usually, and anything I wrote would be forced and artificial. Insert what you want in these instances here and later.

Her face had smoothed and now glowed, like an angel's face in paintings I'd seen in books.

Betty stopped screaming and I turned and saw her taking on two, one at each end. I turned back to Alice and they had her off the table, bent over it, and were doing it the way she liked.

When I left, Betty was noticeably less vocally enthusiastic though very willing. Alice was still going strong.

I didn't get to ask Betty the question, she was too busy, and I didn't partake of either, deciding to try to be a little more selective. What Marianne (and Candy) offered was more appealing.

I never saw Alice again or came across another with her almost motionless way of bringing herself off. I ran into Betty but I'll leave that for later.

Candy was busy somewhere when I left the room at ten. I sat at a table in the pizzeria's dining area which seemed abandoned, no one at the counter, no one in the kitchen, lacking customers seemingly.

Candy eventually looked in, saw me and left without a word. She came back a while later in her street clothes, hair still in a ponytail.

"Sorry," she said. "It got hectic. You like your pizza?"

"It was interesting."

She raised her eyebrows. "Interesting? Come on." She grabbed my hand and we left. "Interesting? In what way? Did you kiss them?"

"Them?"

"Sure. The two of them."

"So you know."

"Sure I know. They're regulars. They'd do it for free which is okay. What was a slice?"

"Two dollars."

"So maybe fifty dollars. That's okay I guess." She swung my hand. "So what'd you do? If I may ask?" Another swing.

"Watch and talk. Only talked with Alice."

"No kisses, no nothing?"

"Just talk."

She let go of my hand. "That means we can't kiss."

"What do you mean?"

She rushed on ahead of me and turned back. "How could you?"

“What are you talking about?” I caught up with her and tried to imitate her fast pace.

“You didn’t do anything at all.”

“That’s not true. I talked to Alice. I’m learning things. I just didn’t feel like it.”

“But you’re supposed to *do it*. Why do you think I go to all the trouble? You just don’t understand, do you?”

“Candy, hold up.” I held her arm. “Stop a minute. There’s no rush.”

“I need to get home.”

“I know that. What don’t I understand?”

“I can’t kiss you unless, you know, you,” she waved a hand, “with someone.”

“We can kiss right now.”

“No *we* can’t.” She pulled away. “Don’t you understand? I have to *know* you like me. Before I *can*, you know.” She said this softly. “Kiss you.”

“I kissed Marianne last night. Doesn’t that count?”

“No. Don’t you understand? That was *yesterday*. This is *today*.”

“So if I’d stuck it to one of those —”

“Don’t say that word. I mean it.” She glared at me.

“Women. If I’d kissed one or both of them you’d let me kiss you now?”

“Sure. It’s obvious. I’d *know* you liked me. I want you to be happy. If you’re not happy, I’m not happy. How can you expect me to kiss you if I’m not happy?”

“Will you wait right here for a minute? Don’t move.”

“I have to go home.”

“I’ll be right back. In an instant. I mean I can’t fib or something. I really have to do it.”

“You can never lie. Not ever.” She was sweetly serious.

“Stay here.”

I ran back to Piacevole Pizza, only a block away. It was still empty of people, at least the front and kitchen. I went into the special room. There was still a crowd around Alice. Betty was being labored over by a single grunting man. I squeezed in and kissed her, silencing her for a brief moment. Her eyes flew open in surprise.

When I got back to Candy. She was smiling. “Now you can kiss me.” She raised her mouth.

It was a great kiss. We had another.

“Was that our first fight?” I asked.

“A misunderstanding.”

“I’ll make sure to kiss Marianne tomorrow.”

“She’s expecting a good deal more, you know.” Candy took my hand again, “She’s a sweet girl,” and we began walking.

## Chapter 6

My father looked at me but didn't say anything as I rushed out to Marianne's car. While we pulled away I could see his face peering down at us, the curtain pulled aside, the window glass' glare partially obscuring him.

Marianne didn't speak, drove efficiently; again we were leaving town but this time going along the river. When she found the right spot she stopped the car and we changed places.

This was an area with no traffic. I drove and was starting to feel relaxed until Marianne wanted me to talk to her and drive at the same time. "So, Brian, do you have any bad habits?"

"Uh, not really. I don't think so."

"Other than liking pretty girls?"

I didn't look over but could imagine her. She had a certain smile when she was pleased. Her tongue was just visible behind barely separated teeth.

"Is that a failing?"

"Depends on who they are, doesn't it? One might seduce you into, I don't know, robbing a bank, killing your parents, doing all sorts of despicable acts. Become a compulsion. You're doing pretty good, about ready for traffic. A mile up the road is a parking lot. We'll practice parking before letting you intermingle."

I gave a nod.

"You're supposed to ask me if I have any bad habits."

"Do you?"

"This is truly a secret. Don't tell anyone, not even Candy. I like to get drunk and when I get drunk any inhibitions go out the window. You know, like being choosy. It can be embarrassing."

I was thinking about this. I think she was warning me but of what I wasn't quite sure. "I don't think I've ever been drunk."

"Never puking, wish you could die, everything won't stop spinning drunk? I'd probably be safer with juniors but I don't date them."

I was still thinking.

"Go ahead and ask anything. If I don't want to answer, I won't. The parking lot is your next right. Take it slow and easy. Here's a

question. How many girls have you slept with? Done stuff with, including Friday night?"

"Three."

"I'm one of them?"

"Yes."

"I'm honored but you need more experience. Me? Turn here. With men? Since you're asking. I don't really know. Fifty, a hundred? Probably more. Pull into one of the spaces."

I bumped against the concrete curb and stopped the car.

"We'll check in a second. So this week you're my chaperon. Providing company, solace, and making sure I don't imbibe. Except next weekend. I talked to Candy. It's okay to let go of the wheel and look at me."

She was leaning against the door, facing me.

"I talked to Candy and you and I are taking a trip next weekend. You'd better make up a convincing story for your parents. Leaving Friday after school, returning Sunday night. You'll get in some highway driving and we'll have fun. We're going to the college I want to go to. Maybe you'll get laid."

I was sitting in this car with a truly beautiful girl and her toes were stroking my leg. I wasn't sure I wanted to go anywhere next weekend.

"So serious? Candy and I decided Tuesday's your big day with me. Aren't you lucky? We'll do it in an honest to god bed at a place I know. I'm running out of things to say."

"I'm kind of nervous when I drive. I'll be back in a second."

"Check how you fit in the lines. You'll do okay. Once you've done everything a hundred times or more. I've been told I'm a good lay, Brian."

I still didn't know what to say. "I'll be back in a second."

I found a spot and taking a piss felt really great. Coming back I saw I wasn't exactly in the lines but not too bad for a first time.

"Park a few more times. We're going to a Dairy Queen and you'll drive and park and thank god the insurance is paid up."

When we were back on the road Marianne slid across the bench seat next to me. "Both hands on the wheel." Her hand rubbed my leg, passed over my crotch. "Some guys like to be sucked off while driving. Keep your eyes on the road now."

"Marianne?"

“Drivers must put up with all sorts of distractions and not let them distract. I’m sure you can do it. Keep your eyes on the road.”

“Marianne, please don’t. Not right now.”

“Later then.” She gave a squeeze. “Promise?”

“Anything you want.”

“What I want is a bottle of tequila and ten horny men. We’ll have a good time at Dairy Queen but it just won’t be the same, will it?”

Her hand was still squeezing my crotch. “Marianne, you’re a great kidder. Everybody knows Dairy Queen is better than sex.”

“Only more sex is better than sex, kiddo. So you have a question to ask me, don’t you? A little traffic, hey. Keep on your side of the road and maintain a decent speed. We’ll survive this. I promise you. The question?”

“What question?”

“What are you supposed to ask women?”

“You too?”

“Of course. So ask it. You’re cute. You’re all worked up and you’re hoping I won’t notice. So ask me.”

“How then do you masturbate?”

“That’s a good question. I’m glad you asked. I usually do it privately but sometimes I let people watch. You’ll get to watch. I lie on my back, use my finger, this one,” she poked me, “on my clit and circle it, not rubbing it.”

“Sorry.”

“You did fine. I like to lick my finger first. Things are going to be interesting up ahead. You’re going to make a left into the Dairy Queen, find a spot to park. That’s usually not enough for me, I need to be filled. Two fingers from my other hand.” She waved fingers in front of me. “In my cunt. I like it hard and fast. File that away for Tuesday when you get to lay me. So sometimes I use something else instead. A bottle, a hairbrush handle. When I really want to go to town there’s something in my butt, also. Take the turn slow. That’s it. Next time, I forgot to tell you, use the turn signal. I could do that for hours. Find a spot to park. We’ll be doing that for hours, after your treat in the driver’s seat.”

I turned off the car and turned to Marianne.

She said, “I’ll order but you’re paying. I need your wallet.”

She was smiling, not with her tongue, but a real smile. I pulled her close and kissed her hard.

I let go and she slid back away, closer to the door. “Yes. Well. I know what you mean. Tuesday is entirely too long to wait, isn’t it?”

“You’ll survive.”

She swatted me and left the car.

Later, after the driving lesson, she did show me, using two coke bottles, just like she described, except she said beer bottles were better, liquor bottles the best. All that was after she blew me in the driver’s seat, the first of three. She said I needed to work up my endurance. I told her she should stop being so damned pretty, which she liked.

She said I was good for her, which I liked.

I drove back part of the way at night. She took over and we stopped at a pizza place we both knew. Candy sat down with us and before ten Marianne left but not before she and Candy went off to discuss matters.

On our walk to Candy’s home after work we kissed, so I guess she got a good report. There were never any questions, Candy wasn’t curious that way. We sat on her porch for a while and talked.

Apparently Marianne and I were going shopping Monday and Candy wanted a full report afterwards. Me, I was tired. I got home a little after eleven, my dad still awake reading downstairs. He looked up and went back to his reading.

Upstairs in my room I took the money Candy had given me out of my shirt pocket and put it in my wallet.

I liked Marianne a lot but I’d noticed desperation in her voice earlier today. I didn’t want her to be hurt and I didn’t want to be the one to hurt her.

## Chapter 7

Tuesday arrived too quickly. I felt like I was carrying on a long distance relationship with Candy because I saw so little of her. What time we did have together was occupied with my and Marianne's affairs, including Candy's bankrolling what we, or rather Marianne, did.

Tuesday night initiated a pattern that would take place the rest of the week: driving lesson, dinner, another short driving lesson before stopping at a motel for our tryst. I got home some time between eleven and midnight, always finding my father awake pretending he was reading.

I'm going to skip ahead to Thursday night since it was significant in several ways. After Tuesday night Marianne and I left school during lunch each day for a quick one, something she seemed to require, so my time with Candy was limited to the minutes before her work started at four. Thursday was the last we could expect to see each other until Monday.

Two things were happening to me. Sex with Marianne was great, lusty and pleasurable. She required both variety and utter satiation. Once or twice were not nearly enough. Being in public with her, though out of town, was pleasurable for me but I was surprised how low key the reaction was due to Marianne's beauty and vitality. She had both in spades. She was noticed but men didn't ignore their girlfriends and wives to stare at her. I did learn later that Marianne could be the center of attention in some environments. That would happen on the weekend.

After dinner I drove to the motel we always used, an older establishment with cabins. I waited in the car while Marianne made arrangements which took ten minutes or so. My mind didn't jump to the obvious. My mind doesn't work that way. Two clues. The time she took and her making me park in the shadow by a remote cabin. Once inside, after locking the door, she told me, "If anyone knocks, tell them to go away. If they bother us too much we'll go to another motel."

There were knocks each night, a few of the knockers being persistent and shouting things.

On Thursday we'd locked the door but this time Marianne wanted the light to stay on. She undressed while I watched, sitting in a chair across from the bed. She pulled the blankets from the bed, letting them fall to the floor, and flopped onto her back.

I undressed more slowly, watching her and trying to memorize what I was seeing, which was impossible. She constantly changed in appearance because she was three and not two dimensional. A slight shift in angle or gesture and everything altered. Still beautiful, sometimes imposing, sometimes mysterious, sometimes frankly sexual.

She was the latter now, exuding a heat. I crawled onto the bed and between her legs. Marianne usually preferred a warm up with my licking her clit. There was no kissing, cuddling or stroking until later. What was paramount at this moment was her orgasm. I was promised one shortly after. We'd fuck for hours.

At that moment, as my tongue was about to touch her clit, she said, "I've been good again. Joe always offers a bottle, but I said no. None since Saturday. I think if I can limit myself to just weekends everything will be okay."

I was on my elbows looking at her. She was looking at the ceiling. Just then someone pounded on the door.

"Tell them to go away. This is tiresome."

I shouted at the door, returned to look at her. That's when the shouting started.

"Oh god," she said. "We should have gone to the other place. I thought we had this settled last night."

I ignored the shouting outside. "Who's Joe?"

"Shit."

I watched her.

"I can't think with that noise. Make it stop."

I got off the bed, put on my pants.

"Don't you dare open that door, Brian. I mean it. Just tell them to go away."

So I shouted and they shouted back. I shouted again and things were quiet for a moment. Then someone began tapping on the window.

"What's going on, Marianne?"

She got off the bed, put on her slip and sat in the chair. "They can't see us, can they?"

"The blinds are shut. Marianne?"

"Give me a minute to think." She looked up at me, looked away. "Shit." She stood up and went over to the window and shouted. "Go

the fuck away, will you.” She said to me. “This is absolutely the last time for here. Sit down on the bed and don’t look at me.”

She sat in the chair. “Please don’t look at me like that. Okay? Give me a minute. Shit.”

I stared at the impression her body had left on the sheets.

“The problem is I’m starting to like you and this always happens, though you’d know anyway this weekend. I wanted to pretend just one more day. Fuck.” She shouted, “Go the fuck away. I’m not doing it. Just leave us alone.”

Things started to fall in place.

“Joe owns this dump. I come out here when I’m down. He gives me a key, a bottle, and after he’s gotten his, leaves me alone. I could finish the bottle, or try too. I never actually finished a bottle. Guys knew if they saw my car here that they could – How much do you actually want to know? I haven’t had a drop since Saturday and I was feeling good. You’re sweet, Brian. You let me call the shots, went along with what I wanted to do. No one else has ever done that. I’ve blown it, haven’t I?”

All this said while people were carrying on outside.

“Guys just want one thing. I want it too, so badly. It’s easier if I don’t actually know them. I’ve tried so hard keeping things in balance. My needs, my drinking, and my reputation. I actually do date once in a while and am absolutely good, nauseatingly good. Maybe a kiss at the end of a boring evening with the captain of the team, or some squeaky clean shit. I wish they’d stop. I brought you here because I knew there’d be no questions asked.

“You can look at me now. I’ve said the worst.”

I turned to her. Marianne’s eyes were tearless. Her demeanor had that frigid quality it had Friday night. “So while I was waiting in the car you and Joe were –”

“He gets his cock wet in my cunt first, then fucks my ass. That’s what you want to know? Usually I have a drink first, straight, out of the bottle. Then down to business. *But* every time this week with you I’ve been stone cold sober. Joe’s pretty much the only one, besides you, except for Saturday night. My date. Here. Loaded, letting anyone who wanted do anything they wanted. I have to tell you,” she smiled, turned slightly in her chair, “talking about it makes me hot. No boring preliminaries. They whip it out and slam it in. What’s the most incredible is taking on several at the same time, in a room full of stinking, lousy men, going at it for hours. Tonight I wanted you to

shove a coke bottle up my cunt and then take my ass. Joe'd gotten it ready for you. I could pretend it was two at once which is the best ever." She shouted, "Oh fuck, just leave us alone." She stood, removed her slip, found her bra and put it on. "We can't go until they leave. I mean you can go, but if I open the door it'll start. We could do that. You could go wait in the car. They'll settle down once they know they can get some. Maybe you shouldn't look at me any more." She found her panties and put them on. "I can't understand why Joe is letting them carry on like this. It must be disturbing someone. Joe's old, he's fifty or sixty, and fat and he only lasts for a minute or two. It's what I need. On my knees on the floor moaning as a fat old man fucks my ass primed me as it were."

She sat back down. "It's been nice, Brian. Candy's been a dear loaning you to me. I knew it wouldn't last. Okay? And I know you have other plans this weekend. Shit. Go ahead and open the door. You can watch if you want." She looked over at me and smiled. "It'll be edifying. One of the Barkley twins getting what she deserves. Actually my sister is little miss goody two shoes. I can't believe we're twins. I'll do it." She got up but I took her arm.

"You're so pretty, Marianne. Do you get told that often?"

She stared at me, shook her head.

"So you have a coke bottle somewhere?"

"In my purse." She began to smile. "You mean it?"

I was thinking in for a penny, in for a pound. "Take your clothes off. I want to watch you fuck yourself first, then we'll do it. I'm not happy, I'll toss you outside and you and they can do whatever they want. No reason for me to sleep in the car, is there?"

"None at all, dear." The panties and bra were off in seconds and she was on the bed, the bottle clutched in her hand.

She lay back. "I don't just ram it in. Slowly, like this."

She was going to give me another driving lesson.

## Chapter 8

We left immediately after school on Friday. I doubt my parents bought the Chicago story. I think if Marianne had looked different, hadn't had such a nice car, or, more importantly, a different last name, they'd been more concerned. I told them I should be home in early evening Sunday, hoping they'd accept a time nearer midnight, since that's how things had been working out lately.

It was two hundred miles to the college, really a university but she called it college. I drove all the way. My lessons were coming to an end according to Marianne. As long as I didn't drive too fast, didn't wreck her car, and performed certain duties I was considered passed by her.

She didn't say it, but I could tell she assumed after this weekend our association would end.

The radio never played in her car so to provide entertainment I talked. She answered but didn't initiate discussion. This was an important bit:

"So why do you go to our school? I would have thought –"

"This is the third this year. I was kicked out of the private one, my sister never does wrong but she stays stuck to me like a leach, and then a public one. In rapid order, a week apart. I've done better to make my activities less conspicuous. Having a car helps. Sis relies on dates for transportation. Dates never provided what I needed, more boredom than I wanted."

"How much do your parents know?"

"My mother, nothing. My father knows but never talks about it. His secretary takes care of things. She's nice. I think they've been having an affair since forever. My mother knows nothing of that either. She's happy with her clubs and projects. For all I know she's been carrying on in a cabin next to mine. Joe could be a busy man. If so, she can certainly afford to tip him more. It's depressing to think of home."

She didn't face me when she talked.

"So what's happening at the college?"

"This fraternity needs me this weekend. They have fellows who are interested; I'm to cement the bargain, show why they should join. I didn't tell them about you but I'm sure there's room. Or a motel. I'm not certain we'll have much time together. Sorry. We *will* have time together. I'll make sure we will.

“Candy and I talked and we both decided you’re free to fend for yourself. There are literally thousands of girls there and I’m sure you’ll find one or two who are willing. Take advantage of any opportunity. You’re up to three, forge ahead and make it five or a dozen.”

“I have homework, Marianne.”

“This is your homework, Brian. If you desire at all to make us happy you’ll do this simple little thing – get laid. As often as possible. As many as possible. Everyone knows it’s okay if a boy does that.”

“Candy told me you’re a nice girl. I agree with her.”

“What a boy will say to get in a girl’s pants. It works, too. Pull over next rest stop. I need to relieve myself.”

“Pretty, smart – “

“I’m a whore when I’m drunk and I intend to get good and drunk this weekend. You’ll change your mind quickly and you know it.”

“We’ll see. Rest stop or will a place to eat do?”

“Probably. I’m beyond caring any more.”

We had dinner at a small place by the side of the road. She didn’t use the restroom so it must have been the second sense of the word. I wanted to get to the university while there was still light so I wasn’t really open to a dalliance, no matter how much fun it would have been.

At the university we pulled up in front of a frat house and she had me wait while she went in and found a space for me. I waited an hour and figured she was busy. I wished her luck and took her car to a motel nearby, one we’d passed. Candy made sure, as always, I had plenty of money. I got a room for the night, carried our stuff up and spent a little time on my homework. In the morning I planned to take Marianne’s stuff to her, drop it off, and let her know where I was, no problem.

Television was no fun so I went to bed early. It already looked like a long weekend.

The next morning I wasn’t in a rush to deal with Marianne’s stuff so I walked to a place for breakfast. Just relaxed and tried to get a feel for the campus. Lots of kids (though older than me) for sure. Lots of cars of all shapes and sizes, even a few Model A’s.

When I’d had enough of that I went back to the motel. There was a guy in a suit sitting on the curb by the car. He looked up and I saw it was a bleary eyed kid.

“This your car?” he said.

“Friend’s,” I said.

“A girl?”

“Yeah, Marianne.”

“That her name? Needs her things. Something. Long night. Sorry. So can you take me with you back to the House? Let’s see. Says she’s sorry. You’ll understand. You staying here? So she’ll know? I think that’s all of it. God, my head hurts.”

“I’ll get her stuff. You can wait in the car.”

“Better here. I drank too much and I . . .” He was looking down and his voice petered out.

I got the room for another night and came back with her stuff and my books. I’d try out the college library afterwards. Gary, that’s what he said his name was, held his head. I don’t think it was my driving; I’m not that bad.

I parked in front of the House; he had to help me find it. He said he’d get a map for me, took her stuff and left with a parting question. “She your girl?”

“You can say so. It’s complicated.”

“She said you’d be understanding. This all of it?”

“That bag and the overnight case.”

He left and after waiting for thirty minutes I left. I found someone who could tell me how to get to the library. He sketched out a map for me: motel, library, Greek row.

It was Saturday and while the campus was crowded they weren’t headed for the library. At the motel they said I was lucky there wasn’t a game this weekend. I left my books in the car and had my first experience of a big library.

I wandered around figuring out a little how the place was laid out. It was quiet on the fourth floor and that’s where I decided to study.

I left the library, walked around and got my bearings. I was never going to college, there wasn’t the money or a reason. My dad worked in the factory; he’d get me a job there when I was out of high school, sooner if I wanted. He didn’t have twelve years schooling, certainly wasn’t stupid. I wasn’t doctor or engineer material. Writing was a secret desire.

Some of the kids looked okay, some looked like assholes. The strange thing was a large number of the guys had shaved heads. Except for that, it was just like high school. Girls were the same. Some

as pretty as Marianne but I didn't see any prettier. She'd fit right in. Maybe.

I found a place where I had a sandwich and a coke. Relaxed, wished Candy were with me. She'd like this. Candy was more a people person than me. She wanted to know all their stories. I mostly wanted to be left alone. Besides, once you knew their story, there was nothing you could do. I couldn't protect Marianne from herself, could I? I didn't have the feeling that's what she wanted me for, any of us for.

I grabbed my books from the car and went up to the library's fourth floor. I set up on a table since a nook didn't have good light. I worked for a while, put that aside and went to look for a book from the stacks, one with pictures, since I wasn't college material. I got back to my seat and a girl had chosen the one next to mine. Two tables worth of empty seats and she chose the one next to me. I wasn't feeling sociable. I was depressed. Marianne was having a good time right now but would be beating up on herself tomorrow or the next day.

So I'm looking at the pictures in the book. Roman ruins somewhere. And she asks me a question.

"You don't go here, do you?"

"No, I'm just a visitor."

She was cute. Not pretty like Marianne, but definitely cute. Her green eyes reminded me of someone. Short, red haired.

"I didn't think I'd seen you here before. Maybe I've seen you before in -----, my home town."

Her home town was my home town.

"Could be. I'm a student at Central High."

"I went to the academy." She sat up straight and turned her chair toward me. "I was back home just last week."

And I'm thinking red hair but she's maybe too short.

"There's this pizza place –"

Behind me Marianne said, "Brian, you're a fast worker. Sorry to interrupt but I need you."

I turned to her. "Everything okay?"

"Sure. I hate to do this but I need you and the car."

I grabbed my books, leaving the picture book on the table. "Maybe I'll see you again."

"Hope so. Nice to meet you." She turned her chair back to her work.

Marianne held my hand and if I hadn't known better I'd thought she was jealous. When we got to the car, she said, "No. You drive."

She looked out the window until I started the car.

"Back to the House?"

"No, we need to run an errand. Do I look okay?"

"Beautiful as ever."

"I'm sorry. About last night. I didn't think I'd get caught up so quickly. I. You know. Maybe you don't."

"What's the errand?"

"The liquor locker's empty and I need fifty dollars. Sorry. It's important. I'll get it back before the weekend's over. Tomorrow. Do you have it?"

"It's Candy's money. Sure?"

"It's okay. I have the address somewhere and a map. Gary said he was getting you a map. There it is." She set it on the seat between us.

"I told them I was spending the afternoon with you. That's okay. It's important I be there tonight. You have a room?"

I nodded. "How are we going to get booze?"

"I'm twenty-three on my license. I can get one for you if you want. I know this guy. There won't be a problem. The guys said it's okay if you come tonight. No problem at all. You didn't need to take off yesterday, though maybe it was better you did. I bet you have your homework finished already."

"Just about."

"I'm never good at that. Oh well." She added a bright note to her voice. "When you come tonight don't bring the car. There won't be any parking places anywhere near. You can bring your friend."

"I don't know her name."

"That's not important. You don't need to know their name to get laid."

"Marianne –"

"I bet you'd be a lot happier if you didn't know me. So liquor. Then the motel. I'll make it up to you. I promise. Good girl all next week. Cross my heart. I really need this, though."

"You're the boss. You want to keep the car?"

"No. I'll wreck it. Promise me you'll come by tonight. I want you to."

I wasn't so sure she did, but I nodded yes. "Where's this store?"

"God, I'll have to find it on this map. Okay. And I think I know where we are. Straight ahead. She looked like a nice girl, Brian."

"You didn't interrupt anything, Marianne. Besides, we're going to the motel afterwards, right?"

"Right. I won't drink anything until I get back to the House. You'll be glad you came this weekend."

## Chapter 9

An image is burned into my memory. Marianne is on her back, her legs drawn up, knees by her ears, breasts squashed almost flat under them. Marianne was one of the few women I've seen whose breasts didn't flatten and pool when they're on their back. Hers retained a mounded shape. They were flattened now by her legs. Her eyes were shut and there was a smile on her lips. The smile came after she downed a half glass of liquor, from the bottle she brought to the room, breaking one of the cases in the trunk.

I was fucking her slowly and methodically, in her tight ass, her body shuddering continually in what I took to be an unending orgasm. She'd, and there's not good word for this, stuffed the coke bottle bottom first into her cunt. About an inch of neck protruded and I'd hit this now and again, a surprising yielding feeling.

She was open beneath me, the happiest I'd ever seen her, at least I'd like to think that. What was gone was that superior wordy edge she always seemed to use as a shield.

I came and pulled out. A thin line of blood streaked my cock. She lay there shuddering, stopped after a bit, and fell asleep.

I left the bed expecting her to wake in a minute or two but she slept for hours, not moving at all, the coke bottle neck slowly receding from view, her anus closing.

I bathed, dressed, trying to make as little noise as possible, and sat by the bed watching her for a while. When it was plain she wasn't going to wake soon I got my books from the car and brought them up to the room. I worked on homework or read until five which is when she said she needed to go back.

I kissed her awake, tried to remove the bottle but couldn't.

"What time is it?"

"A little after five."

"I need to get back." She was in her efficient mode now. She extracted the bottle from her cunt, leaving it on the bed, poured several inches of liquor into a glass and drank it like water. She smiled at me, got up off the bed, steadied herself and began to dress.

"Last night I woke up several times and they were still fucking me. I felt so much safer than at Joe's. There I'd leave the door open, but I never felt safe. Someone terrible might come in. Still," she turned to me, pulling up her panties, "nothing bad ever happened. But last night was special. This afternoon with you was special. I can trust you

utterly. I can't say that about many men. You felt incredible. Thank you."

She put on her bra, changed her mind, removed both panties and bra. Grinning at me she said, "Don't need those where I'm going, do I?" She put on her blouse and skirt, fastened the zipper and button, put on shoes without socks. "What time do you have to be out of here?"

"Eleven."

"So soon? Oh well. Come by after you check out, I should be ready." She poured more in a glass, downed that. "I'll leave the bottle for you."

I made her stop and eat a sandwich before going back. We got there close to seven, parking several blocks away. Like she'd said, there were no parking spaces on Greek row.

"Come in with me." She took my hand and drew me up the short steps. There were Greek letters over the door but I couldn't tell you what they signified. I'll call the fraternity the Xetas. She gave a special knock and it was Gary who opened the door.

"You're back." He sounded surprised.

"Of course. I said I would be. Is Paul around? I have the hooch." Her posture showed a barely repressed excitement.

"I'll get him." He gazed at me and didn't look like he remembered our earlier meeting. "Come in."

Marianne led me into a large room filled with guys, most in suits, and a few girls. They were sitting and listening to the record player, some jazz. About half were in chairs or sofas and the rest were on the floor. We could hear somebody talking loudly in another room nearby.

Marianne went in immediately, leaving me by the hall door. A tall guy came in and went to her, putting his hands on her hips as they talked. Marianne came over to me as the guy shouted, "Our angel of mercy has arrived. The party is saved." Some people looked up but didn't appear that interested.

Marianne said to me, "You'll need to help the Xetas with the booze." She had a huge smile on her face.

When I returned with those selected to help, each carrying a case, things were more party-like in the House. I ended up sitting with a group in a smaller room. Marianne had been drinking from a glass and mixing socially. There were maybe twelve guys and two girls besides Marianne. Music, louder now, came from the other room. One of the girls seemed to be taking turns sitting in guys' laps and laughed a lot.

Everybody talked loudly. One of the guys said there was beer in the kitchen and I left to find it.

The House was filling up with drinking, laughing, shouting people and I was never able to find the kitchen or beer. I made it back to the room and Marianne was sitting on somebody's lap, her blouse open, falling off one shoulder, her skirt up around her hips. She leaned back against him and he must have said something funny because she started laughing, swinging one arm in the air. She turned to listen to what someone was saying next to her and fell forward, catching herself.

One of the girls looked like she was asleep, in a couch's corner; the people sitting next to her ignored her. A guy making the rounds with a bottle filled Marianne's glass. She finished the glass, set it on her leg where it and her hand wobbled.

The next I looked the glass was gone, as were Marianne's blouse and skirt. She was sitting on a different lap, her arm around his neck, looking like she might fall off, listening to what two other guys were telling her. One of the guys as he talked to her used his fingers to flick her nipple now and again.

I had to take a piss and left. Not finding a bathroom I went out into the back yard and marked a bush. Other guys elsewhere in the dark sounded like they had the same idea. Going back in I got turned around and was lost for a few minutes before I found the room again.

Marianne was in a different lap and the guy held her back against him, his hand kneading her breast. She was saying something and he laughed, dropped his other hand to her leg.

A girl came in, stood in the doorway for a moment, then sat on the floor next to me. The other two had gone somewhere else; she was the only girl in the room other than Marianne.

People were coming in and out continuously and often my view was blocked. Naked, Marianne moved from lap to lap like the girl earlier. Each one felt her breasts and fingered her. Her expression was constantly changing as she switched partners. It would change from one of joy to one of appeal. To a dazed look as if she were having trouble figuring things out. Her joy was wide open, like a child's and if she appeared happy in the motel room earlier, this was happier still. She talked with her neighbors or the one holding her, her motions exaggerated, often almost falling sideways or forward. I wasn't the first to notice that her hips were moving in response to the fingering.

I got distracted and now she was on her feet, in a clutch as if dancing, someone's fingers working in her as she was passed from partner to partner, her buttocks thrusting.

Two things happened at the same instant. I realized they were playing with her, taunting her deliberately. They knew she didn't want foreplay. They knew this finger play was driving her crazy. At that instant the girl next to me put her hand on mine and squeezed. Her lips were moving as she watched Marianne. Perhaps she only now realized Marianne was having orgasms, there in front of everyone, all measure of modesty dropped. Marianne was their common toy.

She ended up in Paul's arms, he laughing when she tried to pull his shirt up, to get into his pants, as the man holding her from behind worked his fingers in her, making comments to any who wanted to hear.

Paul yelled, "Everyone shut up." In a softer voice, "You were saying?"

Marianne mumbled something, for some reason looked at me with a look as if she couldn't stand such exposure.

"Louder, I can't hear you."

Marianne said something but all I heard was please. The girl's fingers never left my hand.

"I still can't hear you. Shut up everyone. The slut has something to tell us." He smiled at her. "Go on."

"I want to go upstairs."

"What's so special about upstairs?"

"Like last night." Again that look at me. "Please."

"You remember the song you learned? If you can sing it perfectly, you can go upstairs. Jimmy, let up a minute."

The guy behind her stepped away; they all backed away so only Paul and she were in the center of the room. Paul then backed away and left her by herself.

She sang it once, halting few times, but in a voice so low I don't think anyone could hear all the words.

Paul said, "You'll have to do better than that. Louder. So everybody can hear the slut. We're waiting."

She licked her lips, hands down at her sides. Her effort to concentrate was obvious as she sang louder.

The song she sang was terribly ephemeral. I can remember only the feeling that went through me, not the words (except the last two lines) or the tune.

*I like to fuck.  
I like to suck.  
I don't care how many.  
I don't care how often.  
I'm Xeta's whore.*

*I like to fuck.  
I like to suck.  
Stick it in my sloppy cunt.  
Up my ass or down my throat.  
I'm Xeta's whore.*

The girl next to me was mouthing the words as Marianne sang.

*I like to fuck.  
I like to suck.  
I like it hard and fast.  
I like it more than anything.  
I'm Xeta's whore.*

*I like to fuck.  
I like to suck.  
Use me as you will.  
I'll always come back for more.  
I'm Xeta's whore.*

*I'm Xeta's whore to use and throw away.  
I'm trash. I'm dirt.  
Because I like to fuck.  
Use me up the ass.  
I'm a whore for you and your friends.  
Toss me away when you're done.  
And I'll come back begging for more.  
Because I'm Xeta's whore.*

Paul said, "Jimmy, did she get it right?"

"Almost. She left out the stanza about horses and dogs."

Marianne's eyes found mine and darted away.

“You’ll have to do better.”

Marianne pleaded. “Please you guys. I came back and I’m begging for more. I’m your whore.”

“Maybe we can let her go upstairs if she tells each of us in this room, sincerely, what she is. Is that okay?”

Marianne who was always so capable was beginning to lose it. She was crying and hiccuping and starting to sway as people around her talked.

Jimmy said, “Sure, Paul. How about if we make it easy for the poor girl. She can just tell me. Is that okay, everyone?”

Paul told Marianne, “Go on. Tell him. Tell him what you are and what you want.”

Marianne turned to Jimmy and steadied herself. “I want to fuck –”

“Stupid slut. Show me. Down here.” Jimmy had his fly open, cock hanging out.

Marianne smiled, again glancing at me, that special smile with her tongue barely showing. She knew her ordeal was almost over.

She knelt and crawled to Jimmy, her hands to her sides. “I’m Xeta’s whore who’s come back to fuck and suck. I want it up the ass and down my throat. Do what you want. Toss me away and I’ll come back to fuck and suck.” She leaned forward and touched her tongue to the cock, twisted her head to get it into her mouth where it slowly hardened.

The girl next to me was licking her lips and for some crazy reason I leaned over, turned her head toward me and kissed her hard. She instantly became limp and started to fall so I held her with both hands.

“Don’t swallow it when he’s done with you.”

We kissed, there was a cheer.

“Show us you’re a Xeta slut.”

The girl pushed away from me, went back to staring at Marianne. I caught just a glance of Marianne as she stood, mouth open, come spilling out, as Jimmy held her, fingers deep in her. “The bitch is trying to eat my hand,” he said.

“Can she go upstairs, everyone?”

There was a loud yes and I couldn’t see any more as everyone stood and people left the room, including the girl and Marianne. I sat alone for a while, already deciding I wasn’t going up. I’d seen enough. I had a long drive tomorrow and felt half drunk though I’d not touched a drop.

At the car the girl from the library and another were waiting for me, sitting in the front seat. I sat in the back. “You guys are going to have to leave.”

“We’re going with you. My name is Sybil and this is Brenda. I don’t know why in the world my parents named me Sybil. You like Roman art?”

“It was something to look at.”

“I like that book, too. Where’s your girlfriend?”

“She’s at a party. I’m going back to the motel. Get out of here.”

“Is she a Barkley girl?”

I nodded.

“I thought so. She was in the same academy class as my sis. I thought she looked familiar. Which one is she?”

“Marianne.”

“She’s pretty. So why aren’t you at the party?”

“Get out of here.”

“She not the one – Marianne’s the wild one, isn’t she? Again? Tonight? She must be a glutton, or something, for punishment. The guys here give me the creeps.”

“I’m not impressed either. So are you going to leave?”

“Nope. We’re going to the motel with you. What do you think of beatniks?”

“Haven’t thought much.” I got out of the car, opened the driver’s door. “Slide over.” Sat down behind the wheel. “You don’t know me from Adam.”

“We can’t go yet. Amy felt a call of nature. She’ll be back in a minute.”

“I’m not up to this, you know.”

“We’re freshmen, easily tamable. You’ll see.”

“How about before we go to the motel you guys treat me to a pie or cake or something. I’m just about out of money.”

“Sure. Sounds fair to me. Then it’ll be like a trade, not an imposition.”

I looked over at Sybil. She was smiling at me and if she could have wiggled her ears I bet she would have been doing that too.

“I don’t have much left to trade.”

“Marianne’s boyfriend? I bet you’re special.”

## Chapter 10

Amy and Brenda let Sybil do their share of talking. Amy was suspicious and Brenda was obviously shy, not able to look me in the eye.

In the motel room, I switched the light on and we four stood around the bed staring at it. The coke bottle was near the center and a large wet stain on the sheet. The covers had been tossed on the floor halfway across the room. An open bottle of liquor was on the beside table. Marianne's panties, I noticed also stained, and bra lay at our feet.

"I have to say I'm impressed, Brian," Sybil said. "I can better understand your stupor at the diner. Miss Marianne must be something else entirely." She went to the bed, picked up the coke bottle and sniffed it. She placed it carefully back where it was and looked at me.

I gave a shrug, went to the vodka bottle and put the cap on.

"Demon rum." Sybil muttered. "So." She looked brightly at me. "How long you folks plan on staying in town? May we sit?"

"Be my guest. Going back tomorrow."

"She went to this party on her own two feet?"

I nodded, staring at Marianne's panties. It looked like she'd been getting fucked right up to the moment she put them on.

"Well, Brenda. You can see it's not *that* bad. You'll be able to walk afterwards."

I glowered at Sybil.

"Brenda wishes to be devirginated. I think that's the scientific term. Deflowered. Have her cherry popped."

"Out," I said, standing.

"Of course I need to try you out first. To see if you can be gentle. You guys really drink that stuff?"

I gave up. Walking from the House to the car I'd been doing some thinking. All along I'd been doing what other people told me to do. Maybe Marianne craved that; I didn't. Kissing that girl had been the trumpet call for my charge to freedom. I was in retreat again. "I don't drink much. Maybe a beer now and again."

"Oh, so it's Marianne's. She needs it to fortify herself." She dug in her purse, held in her hand a crude yellow cigarette. "Weed's better any day." She stood. "Okay, girls. You can go."

Amy said, “Sure?” I think there was a sneer there.

“He’s not a creep, at least not much of one, a shaved rat or a frat boy. He’s the best option we’ve found so far this weekend.”

“Out.”

“They’re leaving. I’m not back at the dorm at three tomorrow, call the police.” She turned to me. “They’re my insurance so I don’t end up a headless corpse in some ditch on the edge of town. We have your tag number, description, name. I think I’m safe.” She looked at the bed and gave a shudder.

“Out.”

Brenda and Amy sidled past me, eyes big.

“Out. You too.”

“I have the weed and you want to get stoned. I can tell. I have the feminine orifices any man, unless he’s a flaming homosexual, wants. Father O’Brien said I sucked his dick better than any other thirteen year old he knew and I was twelve at the time. It’s an accomplishment of mine.” She grinned and held up the funny cigarette.

I shut the door in Amy’s and Brenda’s faces; they were staring at us. “Shit,” I said.

“I think Brenda’s going to get a slightly skewed idea on how to accomplish a seduction. At least you don’t paw the floor and grunt like some here. By your ‘What’s that’ I assume you’ve never done weed. Sit down and we shall partake.”

“You’re crazy, you know that?”

“Masturbation makes one crazy, not the liking of the taste of semen. Sit down.”

“You’re going, aren’t you. Eventually you’ll leave me alone, won’t you?”

“This isn’t permanent, is that what you mean? No. This is a weekend sort of thing. Look, you get laid by two girls, smoke weed and, I don’t know, chat? There are thousands of males at this campus who would jump at the chance. They’d fall flat on their faces, for sure, which is why we picked you. Not a Neanderthal, hair on his head, not a complete idiot destined to take over daddy’s business or senate seat. You fit the bill. I’m glad I met you in the library because we were starting to get worried. Not Amy. She’s pretty sure she’s a lesbian. She’s a comrade. Not interested in males at all.” She gave a wink and wiggled the cigarette.

I sat on the bed, remembering Marianne's words about how I was supposed to get laid this weekend. I wanted to sit down with Candy and have a long talk about many things. Instead, I'm in a motel room with an evil red haired munchkin. I mumbled, "I've never done it before."

"Weed or virgins? By the evidence surrounding us," she moved to sit next to me. "Nice spring action. You don't mean S-E-X."

I shook my head.

"So what we'll do is light the bugger, take a puff, hold it in as long as possible, then exhale. Try not to giggle until we're done. That's gauche. Oh. And we'll need a glass of water."

More driving lessons. She and Marianne must have gone to the same school. I rinsed Marianne's glass, filled it at the sink and sat back down.

"It's lit. Now watch how I do it." She took a big puff, held it, passing the cigarette to me. I took a puff and immediately began coughing. "The water." I took a drink and another puff and held it. She took the cigarette from me and took a puff and handed it back. We did this until the cigarette was too short to hold. She carefully put it out. She looked at me, a look of concern on her face.

I began to giggle, tried to stop and couldn't. She was so funny.

"Feel better now, don't you? Three things are great to do on weed. Listen to music, eat ice cream." I was immediately hungry. "And have sex. No music or ice cream here, so sex it is. Ready?"

I couldn't stop laughing until she kissed me.

I was on my back looking up at her as she unbuttoned my shirt. She had a smile on her face and it would be easy to use mother and child analogies here and that's kind of gross but it's how I felt. Her fingers on my bare skin were incredible.

"Watch this," she said. She shook her hair and leaned so it stroked my chest. "So you just lie back and I'm going to do stuff for a bit. Think about what you want to do and then you can take over." As she was speaking she was unfastening my belt and pants, tugging them. She looked at me. "You'll have to help a little here, Brian."

I raised my butt off the bed and she got up to pull off my jeans, socks and shoes. She held my cock and knelt down between my legs. "The first one is for you. The second for me. The third for both of us. This place have a shower?"

I nodded.

“That’s good. Okay. Don’t think you have to hold back. Father O’Brien never did.”

I was hard and she licked the head then swallowed the whole thing. I raised myself up on my elbows, counted to ten before she rose. She watched me, cock in her mouth; she looked so small next to it. Down again, a long count, then up.

She held my cock, gave it a kiss. “Did I hear faster?” She plunged down on my cock, her hands circled my rear and pulled hard, raised, plunged, raised, plunged, like one of those crazy ducking birds but faster, her mouth and nose hitting my belly on each stroke, fingers grasping my ass, pulling me harder into her each time.

I shot off like a rocket and she plunged down. I could feel her throat drink me.

She winked at me as she got off her knees. “Pretty good, heh?”

“Incredible. I almost forgot. I have to ask you a question.”

“Kiss first.”

I could taste me but she didn’t taste raw like Mary Jane often did. Smoky instead.

“So what’s the question?”

“Take off your clothes first and then tell me how you masturbate.”

She gave me a look, nodded sure. She got off the bed to undress. “Like do you ask everyone this after they’ve given you a fantastic blowjob? Or just Catholic girls who like to wallow in guilt?”

She had barely there breasts, not many curves. Naked she looked a lot younger. She watched me study her for a moment. “Not at all built like your girlfriend. I’m sure you’ve noticed.”

“Everybody’s different.”

“That’s what makes us individuals.” She sat on the bed. “So do you want to hear?”

“Lie down here.” I patted the soiled spot on the sheet.

“Lady Macbeth would throw a fit in here. The coke bottle is sort of intimidating.”

I took it from her hands and put it by the liquor bottle.

“We’ll enter it in the next coffee house art show. They have a decent one off campus. Want to go while you recoup? Oh. The title.” She spread her hands. “Debauchery.”

“Lie down.”

“I’m a bit nervous as you can tell.”

“When you’re ready you can tell me.” I opened her legs and began tasting her. She was the second woman I’d done this to. So far each tasted slightly different. “Tell me now many.”

“How many what?”

“Orgasms you want. So I’ll know when to stop.” I touched her nub, more prominent than Marianne’s, circled it with my tongue.

“Oh god. You’re one of those monsters us poor girls dream about. I’m happy with one.”

“Six is okay.”

“Six is where I go and find Marianne and tell her she can’t have you any more.”

“She’s happy where she is. Try for six?”

“Oh dear merciful god. One. One. One.”

She took longer than Marianne the first time. She told me if I did this to poor Brenda she’d never want intercourse. After I thought she’d had six I stopped. She lay still for a few minutes.

“I can show you,” she said.

I moved up beside her.

“I squeeze my legs together like this while I’m fantasizing stuff. The fantasies are what does it really. I get all worked up. Then I do this.”

She wrapped her legs around one another, twisting herself onto her side. Her eyes were shut, her lips were pursed and I could see her body strain. She stiffened then fell open, rolling onto her back.

“Shit. It must be this room or something. I’m becoming like your crazy girlfriend. Next thing you know I’ll be fucking hordes of frat boys. That’s where she is, isn’t she? Any idea how many? Just an idle question.”

“No idea. She said they were still doing it to her last night when she was asleep.”

“That’s a lot. So she’s your girlfriend and she’s at some party? This is getting personal but I’m wondering why the fuck?”

“Candy is my girlfriend. She wants to be a virgin and I can only kiss her when I do it with another girl. Marianne has been teaching me how to drive.”

Sybil started laughing and couldn’t stop.

“Candy and Marianne were hoping I’d get laid this weekend.”

“Stop it.”

“Marianne and I had a serious discussion on the matter on the way here.”

“Stop it.” She slapped my chest, still not able to stop laughing. She propped herself up on an elbow. “You’re evil. You know that? Evil.”

## Chapter 11

So much happened that weekend I'm going to skip about, not that the things I'm leaving out weren't important, they were. It's just that I'm trying to focus on the important characters.

Sybil, Brenda, Amy and I had breakfast and went back to the motel. For some reason the steady parade of women didn't seem to bother people at the desk. Maybe college towns are different.

Chapters could be written about that morning. Instead, here's the short version of Brenda's deflowering.

Sybil was maybe showing off. She gave me a blowjob while Brenda sat next to us, still dressed, wide-eyed. Sybil told them it was better to do it this way first or else I'd kill the poor girl. Amy just snorted.

Once Brenda was naked and the center of attention, I brought her off with my tongue. Just once, Sybil warned me. At this point Amy was the only one with clothes on, though she had lost her bored look.

Amy and Sybil held Brenda's hands as I deflowered her, breaking her hymen easily. Brenda was in pain and I was ready to stop. This part with everyone in bed with us wasn't like in the movies. Nothing with Sybil around was normal and now she told me I couldn't stop.

"Does it hurt?" I asked Brenda.

She nodded. She was trying not to cry.

"Then I'll stop. Once it heals it won't hurt at all."

"You have to finish," Sybil said.

"Why?"

"You just have to. Sure it hurts, it hurt me. But you have to go on."

"No I don't. I can stop." I rolled off Brenda. "That was nice," I hold her. "You feel great."

"No way," Sybil said. "You can't just stop."

"Okay," I said. I slid down between Brenda's legs and gave a lick. "This feel better?"

I don't think she knew what to do so she nodded.

Sybil still wasn't happy, Amy was getting interested and what happened was we had four of us on the bed, all naked, doing things and comparing notes, Amy tasting Sybil and Brenda, Brenda trying out sucking me, Sybil and me fucking, Sybil and Brenda tasting Amy

who had a spectacular orgasm and screamed so loud someone next door started knocking on the wall.

I could be friends with these girls, I realized. It was easy and it felt like we were all growing together. That sounds so like the sixties and this was 1959. Of course this always happens each decade. I was amongst the few who had it happen to them then.

Sybil suggested I call Xeta House to rouse Marianne and she found the number for me. At ten I wasn't getting much of a useful response from anyone and Sybil went down to talk to the guy manning the desk, a student she knew.

She came back saying it meant blowjobs for a week but I could stay another day if I needed it. I'm still not sure she was kidding.

Sybil, Brenda and Amy left after Sybil gave me her dorm phone number and school address. I promised to call them if I was still around at five.

Just before noon I was able to park on Greek row. The guy at the House door didn't know anything about Marianne so I asked to speak to Paul, Gary or Jimmy. He said he'd go see and left me waiting outside. I sat on the steps for a while.

I wasn't sure they even knew her name and she hadn't been the only girl I'd seen there. They might be still drunk, sleeping or extremely hungover. Or they were purposefully ignoring me.

I gave them an hour, got some lunch, packed our stuff (in Marianne's case her bra, panties and liquor) in the car and officially signed out of the room.

At one thirty, back at the House, I knocked again and this time got the runaround about which girl, what girl? there's no girl. Gary was so utterly inept I knew he would either become an ambassador or president. Paul was unavailable. No one knew a Jimmy. Did I have the right House?

So I waited in the car, parked near the House, and watched those going out. It was Sunday so there wasn't a lot of traffic.

Three thirty, almost four I saw Paul leave with Jimmy and a girl in tow. She looked like she was the girl who sat next to me. I caught up with them.

"I need Marianne so we can go back home."

"Mary who?" Paul was a couple of inches taller than me and thought he was smarter for some reason. Maybe the tie and suit. Maybe the girl hanging on his arm. I don't think he knew how she was watching me. She remembered. I gave her a wink and she smiled.

“Marianne. Pretty blond. She stayed here Friday and last night. Built. You know, the girl who always keeps coming back.”

Paul looked to Jimmy who shook his head. He turned to me. “Don’t know her. Do you go here? If you don’t, do you realize you’re trespassing? Come on.” Jimmy and the girl followed.

A half block away the girl left them. She glanced back at me and walked toward the library, not so fast so I couldn’t follow.

I caught up with her by a building surrounded with large shade trees. It was a pretty spot. She drew me down some steps, in a side door, stood there looking up at me, her finger for some distracting reason resting on her lower lip. “You her boyfriend?”

“You could call it that. We came here together and are going home together.”

“We talked a little. I told her you kissed me. She liked that. She said you were utterly fantastic in bed. That true?”

“She exaggerates.”

“I’d like to sleep with you.” There wasn’t much inflection in her little girl voice.

“I bet you’re hot stuff. You kiss real nice. But I had three girls in bed with me this morning and I’m tuckered. Maybe some other time.”

“Three girls? Really?” She was twisting that finger right and left.

“Honest. They were pounding the walls next door because we were so loud.” I felt like wringing her neck. “So I’m pooped. No good for what you need.”

“We could do it here.”

“You know where Marianne is?”

She nodded.

“How about a trade? You tell me where she is. I’ll kiss you and then I want you to finger yourself. I’ll kiss you while you do it.”

“That’s all?”

I wasn’t sure what she was asking.

“Kiss me first,” she said.

I pushed her against the wall, held her hair, pulling it so her head tipped back. I kissed her hard. She started to go limp and I held her up by her hair, kissing her still. With my other hand I pulled up the front of her skirt. She didn’t have panties on. “My kind of girl,” I told her. I rubbed her crotch hard, swiping my fingers up her wet slit.

She moaned into my mouth.

This was getting me hard. I wanted to push her to the floor and fuck her. Hell, I wanted to take her home with me.

“Now do it,” I said.

She used both hands, back against the wall, feet stretched out, skirt up in my fist by her breast. One hand dug into her cunt as the other gracefully circled her clit.

I still held her head. I wanted to rip off her blouse, instead I popped a few buttons getting at her breasts. No bra either. “You’re a real slut, aren’t you?”

She moaned and worked harder, her pelvis thrusting at me.

“Tell me you like cock.”

“I like cock.”

“Tell me you like cock and mean it.”

“I want your cock.”

“Louder.”

She tried to shake her head and I slammed it back.

“Louder.”

“I want your cock.”

“Mean it, you little bitch.”

“I want your cock. Please.”

“If you come for me I’ll let you touch it with your tongue.”

She moaned and was thrashing from side to side.

“Where do you want my cock?”

“In my mouth.” She was reaching up to me with her lips, opening them wide.

“You have to come first.”

“In my mouth. Please. In my mouth.”

“You won’t swallow it after I come. You have to hold it in your mouth. You’ll leave here and the first man you see you’ll drop to your knees and say, “I drink come,” and let it dribble out so he’ll know it’s true. You don’t care who it is, do you?”

She tried to shake her head.

“You don’t care who it is. So why don’t we strip you here and now. You’re going home with me. Aren’t you? Come you bitch.”

She froze and then a shudder ran through her body. She fell to the floor, shaking spasmodically. Still shuddering, she rolled onto her back, eyes wide, fingers still working in her cunt.

“Good girl.”

I’d gotten completely carried away and forgotten myself. She lay on the floor, blouse open, hands working away.

“Tell me where Marianne is and I won’t bother you any more.”

She couldn’t stop. I was afraid to kneel down to her, get any closer. There was another orgasm and she slowed, stopped.

“Where is she?”

“I want your cock. Please.”

“Get up. Now.”

She rose to her knees and I pulled her the rest of the way, up by her elbow.

“So,” I said. “Do you let them fuck you?”

She nodded, looking at me, tilting her head slightly.

“Do you want to stay here or go home with us?” I was getting in way over my head.

“With you.” She began to pull up her skirt. “Please.”

“Okay. Show me where Marianne is.”

“You’ll fuck me?”

Heaven help me, my knees were shaking so hard I could barely stand. I wanted to take her every which way right now. On the floor. Against the wall. Again and again. Which was so different from what I’d felt earlier with Sybil, Amy and Brenda. This was of an entirely different nature. I wanted to completely break her to my will. “I’ll fuck you from here to Sunday. I’ll use your ass and mouth and my friends can use your cunt. They’ll line up for their turn. You’ll thank each one of them for their using you since their using use pleases me. And if it pleases me, it pleases you.”

She was starting to shudder again. I kissed her hard, sealing the bargain, sealing my doom, and she came moaning into my mouth.

I backed away. My palms were sweating. If just words – “Take me to her.”

“Okay,” she said, back to her little girl voice. She walked past, her hand sneaking a stroke of my bulging crotch and she smiled back, her finger on her lip again.

She led me to another Greek House, which I’ll call the Sigmas. “She’s here.”

I didn’t bother knocking, just went in, pulling her after me. We could hear them off to the left. We found Marianne and them in a large

room. A bunch of guys with shaved heads, Marianne on the floor, red ass in the air, dripping. A group of guys wearing ties, one with a leather belt hanging from his hand.

The one holding a fist full of dollar bills looked at me and said, “You have to get in line.”

“I’m taking Marianne home.”

Marianne said in a moan, “I’m waiting,” while she waved her ass.

“The blonde whore? We have her for the rest of the day. Wait your turn.” He turned to one of the shaved heads, “Rats are a dollar. Use either hole.”

The transaction was quick and the rat was down on his knees going at it.

“Time to go, Marianne.”

“I. Have. To. Stay. Another. Day.”

“Shut the fuck up,” the guy with the fistful of money said to me. “Who the fuck do you think you are?”

The girl next to me stared at Marianne.

“She’s going home with me. Right now.”

“Hardly. We have her for the rest of the day.”

The rat finished and another took his place while we argued.

I could call the police but I believed Paul. I was the trespasser. The girl next to me was slowly lifting her skirt, on her face a look which I won’t try to describe.

That rat done, another took his place. Marianne was saying something that was being ignored.

“Give her a whack,” the guy with the money said.

The belt came down hard across her back while she was being fucked, wrapping around and under. She jerked forward, the rat backed and fell out, shooting onto the tarp at his knees. He tried to stuff himself back in but was pulled away.

“Next. Give her another whack first.”

The belt landed on Marianne’s ass and she dove forward, falling prone. Marianne was mumbling something and I think it was, “More. More.”

“Shit. Roll her over. Okay. Next.”

The rat fell onto Marianne and her knees lifted. I could see her toes were curled tightly. She began to moan.

People were coming in to stand in line as others left. Greeks were free, rats and other students a dollar each. Nobody cared about Marianne's finer qualities. Nobody noticed the girl next to me, her skirt hitched up, her fingers working her cunt. She started to sway so I held her, pulling her back to the wall.

The guys were mostly lasting 30 seconds to a minute each. Even so it was getting crowded so they let guys who couldn't wait beat off and dump in Marianne's mouth for free.

The girl next to me thrashed from side to side as she watched.

"Do you want me to whip you like that?"

She came hard, fell back against the wall. "Or would you rather I trade you for Marianne? You could get what she's getting, right now. It would please me." I stilled her hands, though she thrashed wildly. "Do you want to be their slave? For real? For today, a week, a year? However long they want you? Just like Marianne?" I let go of her hands, turned her and pushed her to the wall, held her hands in one of mine over her head. I dug my other hand into her dripping crotch. Three fingers, four and let her buck onto them.

"One minute," I said. "And then I'm pulling away. We can leave Marianne here and I'll take you home with me." Heaven help me, I could easily do it. "Or, you will turn around, take off your clothes, drain my cock, and show these men here how much you crave fucking. How much you want the whip, want to be their slave." I twisted my fingers in her. "Understand?"

"Yes." The little girl voice.

"Minute's up." I pulled myself away. I think people were starting to notice us.

She turned and faced me, letting her skirt drop. There was nothing on her face. Marianne gave a loud moan and the girl smiled. She gave a nod, Marianne began to moan continuously, as the girl unbuttoned her blouse.

Her eyes never left mine as she stripped and more people were noticing us. She fell to her knees in front of me, unfastened my pants. They fell to my knees and she said, "I drink come," in a loud enough voice for everyone to hear.

I held her hair and used her mouth as if it were her cunt, fucking hard, deep and fast. She hung there limp, her hands by her knees, and I think she came again as I did, pulling back to fill her mouth.

"Good girl. Show these nice men what a slut you are."

Her eyes still on me, she stood, mouth closed, and went to the guy with the money, who'd come closer to watch. Her eyes stayed on mine as she knelt in front of him.

Her body wasn't as lush as Marianne's; it was graceful and nicely shaped with firm breasts and a firm round ass. It's funny the things you notice.

"Look at him and tell him."

She cupped her breasts, offering them, and said, "I drink come," the come dribbling out of her mouth, onto them.

"Fair trade?" I asked. "This slut for Marianne? Whip her first and that's the last thing I'll ask you to do." She turned to me and smiled, dipping her head just a little, her mouth open, still dribbling come. What strange games we play.

They were whipping the girl while Marianne reluctantly dressed in the girl's clothes. "When'd you get here?"

"Later. We need to go."

I saw a guy with a pen in his shirt pocket. He let me borrow it. I wrote my name and address on a scrap of paper.

The paper I gave to the guy with the money who absentmindedly took it. "You don't want the girl any more or she wants to leave, call me and I'll get her."

I think he threw the sheet away because I never heard from her. When we left she was writhing in pain and ecstasy while she was being whipped. The guy who was doing it had his hard cock sticking out of his pants. It looked like he'd be first.

## Chapter 12

Marianne's a sweet girl, smart and beautiful, but I think the image of her at that moment would have deeply shocked her parents. Blond hair and face smeared with semen, blouse sticking to her semen coated skin, breasts threatening to, at any moment, erupt into view, barely contained by the few remaining blouse buttons. The skirt hung from her hips, the button wouldn't fasten. Semen coated her legs and a series of globs leaked from her cunt and made their way down the insides of her legs or spun and fell directly to the pavement.

Marianne wasn't sober but she wasn't obviously drunk either, unless she spoke. She had few cares in the world, none for her appearance and presence on the sidewalk on Greek Row. I think the Xetas paraded her naked down to the Sigmas and I don't think the proper and well dressed girl cared a bit.

Marianne's immediate concerns had to be satisfied all at once. She had to go back to the Sigmas and do what she was supposed to do. She desperately needed a drink. And if we had to go, she had to have her purse, suitcase and overnight bag.

I was thinking of dinner myself and how to pay for it.

I couldn't leave her for a minute and a form of triage took place. No, she couldn't go to the Sigmas. We'd try the Xetas for her things but they were unhelpful shits. The drink last, in the car as we were leaving town.

Marianne attracted attention naturally, she'd never shunned it. She ignored the looks of those we passed. I tried to ignore the way she smelled; she hadn't bathed and the semen was fermenting, a heady odor. I was going to be in the closed car with that for two hundred miles.

I tried not to think too far ahead. We climbed the steps to the Xeta's door and went in. I figured Marianne was an honorary brother because of the fluids shared, much like a blood brother.

Paul wasn't hard to find.

"We want her bags and purse and we're leaving."

"What bags? Why isn't she at the Sigmas?" He turned to her. "We need money for the liquor locker."

"I know," she said. She was suddenly shy.

"Why are you constantly interfering?" said to me.

"I'm her boyfriend. Give us her stuff and we'll leave."

“We need fifty dollars.” He turned to her. “You have to go back. It’s a point of honor between houses.”

I took her arm before she could go any further.

“You have no idea where her things are? How about her clothes? From last night? Remember?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You’re full of shit. We’re going, Marianne.”

He grabbed my shoulder. I let go of her arm and sank my fist deep just below his ribs. That was the first time I’d hit anyone. The way he looked, I thought maybe I’d killed him.

The others watched us, wide eyed, as we left; Marianne always looking back and pulling. If she’d been sober I’d have had a fight on my hands.

“Remember that bottle, Marianne? It’s in the car waiting for you. I didn’t touch a drop and it’s nearly full.”

The car was where I’d left it. I’d not been surprised if it’d been gone. This place was like quicksand. I’d been trying to leave for hours.

Marianne settled in back with her bottle and I drove. I stopped at a grocery and checked my money in the parking lot. Enough for gas, maybe a loaf of bread and bologna. I locked Marianne in the car and prayed she’d stay there, out of view. Prayed she was so tired she’d fall right asleep.

I came back with the barest of sandwich makings and she was on her side in back smiling, the cap back on the bottle. I started the car and she said, “That was fun.”

She did sleep. I turned the radio low for company and hoped I didn’t wreck her car or get stopped for some reason.

Not quite ten years later I came back from Nam with a heroin habit and I began to better understand both Marianne and myself. Our whole lives revolved around our compulsion or addiction, and its demands on the body. I think she and the girl I’d left back there were much the same, but in Marianne’s case there was an additional layer of alcoholism which I now believe helped her deal with the other, deeper, needs she had. The girl was happy, thrilled to be in her world. Marianne not so and I think the alcohol made it worse for her.

When I came back from my stint in the Army, girls loved to have a man who could literally fuck forever. Marianne had sex with an astounding number of men, but in both cases we were laboring under a depressant, our senses dulled.

I managed to kick my habit and I hope she did eventually, her drinking. Fucking like a mink isn't a bad thing. Not being happy while doing it isn't good at all.

About a half hour from home Marianne woke up, was hungry and wanted a bath. The place we'd gone to a week ago, our first time together, wasn't far off, so we went there.

Marianne carried the bag of food, I carried the flashlight and the Army blanket. She stripped and scrubbed in the stream while I made sandwiches. She dried her hair with the skirt; the blouse was left by the stream. Wrapped in the blanket she ate, us sitting in the quiet with the flashlight off.

"I need a thousand dollars, Brian. By next weekend."

The first thing that came to my mind was she needed an abortion. "I don't have it."

"I know. I wasn't asking. I can't be a little sister for the Xetas. They checked. I have to be a student, preferably a member of a sorority to be a little sister. Can you go get that bottle? I forgot it."

"Sure." I came back, sat across from her while she drank.

"One of the guys checked, Jimmy said, their legal mind he called him. And I can be a mascot. I wouldn't have to be a student. I'd get to live in the house full time. I'd like that." She smiled, took a drink from the bottle and set it down. "As mascot, I'd be something like everyone's pet. They'd share responsibility for me, since I couldn't have a room of my own. I could be shared with other Greek houses on campus, for special events and such. It's actually much better than being a little sister." Her fingers loosely circled the neck of the bottle as she stroked it, slowly, not looking at it. "There's an initiation, special rituals. The rituals are an ongoing process, almost monthly. It's the initiation that costs \$1,000. Only a few of the houses, not just on campus but nationally, have mascots." She reached over and touched my hand, took a drink, and pulled down the blanket, exposing her chest. "I'd be marked, here, permanently as property of the Xetas. Even dressed, unless I was wearing a turtleneck or scarf, everybody would see it and know." She took another drink and returned to stroking the bottle. "It's late, isn't it?"

"After midnight."

"I can't go back home and I don't want you to leave me tonight." She raised her eyes. "It's cute you saying I'm your girlfriend. You're not my boyfriend, but that's okay. I like you a lot."

"I like you, too. A lot."

“And I know you think I’m stupid or crazy but I really want to do this. I know what they want to do to me. I don’t really care. It’s better than Joe’s and I won’t have to pretend any more. You know? That I’ll be good or nice. You know what I am, maybe better than anyone. I’m talking a lot, aren’t I?” She took a drink, held the bottle to the moonlight and shook it. “That’s all for now.”

No one said anything for a while.

“So did you get laid like I told you?” She grinned at me. “You’re going to fuck me in a minute, both of us know it, so relax.”

“Three girls.” I smiled back at her.

“Not really?” She leaned forward.

“Remember the girl in the library?”

“Her? Who else?”

“She had a friend who was a virgin who wanted to lose it. We had fun.” It seemed like years ago. “Then there’s this girl I traded to the Sigmas for you.”

Marianne started laughing and laid her fingers on my wrist. “All I remember is them getting me up and pushing me away. They weren’t done yet. Then you take me and all of a sudden everything was over.”

“Sorry, but it was time to go home.”

“Who’s this other girl? What’s her name?”

“I don’t know it. Names don’t matter. As mascot will you have a name? You won’t be Marianne anymore, will you? She was fresh meat for the Sigmas and they were happy with the trade. She was ecstatic. So I trade this girl for you and you tell me you’re leaving in a week. Doesn’t seem fair, does it?”

“You should have kept her, left me. Did you like her?”

“She made me feel lust in a way I’d never felt before. It wasn’t easy to give her up. You have bigger tits.” I smiled at Marianne.

“I’m a good fuck.”

“I showed the Sigmas how to fuck her mouth like it was a cunt. They liked that.”

“So is that what you want to do?” Her fingers stroked my wrist.

“I’m going to think a bit before I do anything.”

“I’m going to have to sell my car. I’m glad you didn’t take it, Brian. So I have better breasts.”

“Bigger, not better.”

“Okay. I’ll accept that.” She smiled, raising her face. “I’m going to miss you, you know.”

“I’ll miss you too. I enjoy your company.”

I think that hurt. She wanted to keep everything on a purely sexual basis.

“As their mascot, if they want a dog to fuck you, you’ll do it?”

She was motionless, then a smile grew. “I’ll do whatever they want.”

There are always limits. She knew reality and she knew the Xetas’ promises were empty. Maybe it was better than Joe’s. I still don’t know.

## Chapter 13

I took her in the mouth before we went back to the car, and again in the car, this time in her cunt. I don't know if she slept or what in the back seat. I parked near Piacetole's and joined her.

The blanket was over us, she naked, me with my pants down by my ankles. We did it slowly and went to sleep afterwards, me still in her.

We didn't bother with her needs, I wasn't concerned with giving her orgasms. I think we both wanted our relationship to take a new form. I used her like the others this weekend, though perhaps with a little more care and thought. For me, also, the ashes of my feelings for the girl colored how I wanted to act with Marianne. I'll never know if it was the right thing, to lose her and take back the girl below me. Too much had happened in that hallway for me to ignore our special affinity, even if it existed for only a moment.

I woke hard in Marianne and fucked her. I felt her wake under me and remembered her words about strangers at Joe's coming in her cabin when she was asleep and doing whatever they wanted. I was no different, except I had greater knowledge of both the body and its delights and the person who was fascinating to be with.

She wrapped her arms around me, thrusting against me. After I finished I could see she'd been crying, was smiling now. Back then I thought it was because of us but now I wonder if she ever saw her family again. If she was sure of the crazy decision she was making, especially knowing what idiots Paul and his cohorts were. They were powerful, from backgrounds enjoying more wealth than mine, graduating into a prosperous livelihood, marriage to a beautiful wife and having two good-looking kids. One of those kids maybe twenty years from now would end up being someone like Marianne, a special person with extraordinary desires that demanded satisfaction.

"Does Paul have a girlfriend?"

She nodded, hugged me closer then pushed me away. "Is Piacetole's open yet? Not really a girlfriend."

"That's the girl I traded you for."

"You're kidding me. I need to sit up. You're just saying that."

"So if Paul decides to trade you for the Sigmas' slut, what then?"

"He gets his girlfriend back. I'll make sure they won't ever do that. Not a permanent trade. Are they open?"

“The lights are on. It’s early yet.”

“Go see.” She bent and searched for the bottle, twisted off the cap.  
“Go on.”

I knocked on the window and the owner opened the door.  
“There’s someone who needs to talk to you. Can you wait a second?”

He didn’t say a word, held the door slightly open. I brought Marianne and he let us in. “Go on back.”

“I need a thousand dollars,” Marianne said. She held the blanket to her neck.

“Go on back.” He locked the door and followed us to the kitchen.  
“I’m making dough so say it quick.”

“I have a car parked in front. The rest, well,” she lowered the blanket a bit. “I need the money by next Saturday. Not a loan. I’ll work for it.”

I said to him, “I’ll stay with her until something’s decided.” He looked back at her.

“The car’s in my name. Brian can show it to you.”

“I know the car. Five hundred.”

I noticed a viscous dollop rolling down her leg, a thin string attached somewhere above.

The owner took her and they were gone for fifteen minutes. He came back to the kitchen. “Okay, you. You’re Candy’s friend. That girl – “

“Marianne.”

“That girl says you can drive. There’s a job here, four to ten, sometimes later. Seven nights a week. I think you want to take it. Be here at four to start. If that girl gets the money she wants you’ll drive her to where she wants to go, missing a day of work. No pay for that. You’re back on Sunday, no fooling around. Understand? She could take a bus. Understand?”

“Thanks. I – “

He looked at his watch. “It’s getting late. Take the car to school. Be back at four. No fooling around.”

“Thanks.”

“Do your parents know where you are?”

I shook my head.

He rolled his eyes, pointed to the phone on the wall. “Call them. You’re a dumb kid, you know that?”

“Thanks.”

“I’m too busy for thanks. Be ready to work at four.”

I made my call. There was no yelling. Mom handed the phone to dad which surprised me. Dad and sixty others got laid off Friday. I was to come home for sure, no delay, after school. I told them I had a new job and had to be at work at four. There didn’t seem to be much surprise there either. I didn’t tell my parents I loved them, not ever. I didn’t tell them then. I didn’t realize, either, how worried they’d been, seeing the writing on the wall about the plant.

I made it to my first class without a detention and managed to stay awake. I could hardly wait for lunchtime and Candy.

Candy was waiting for me. She was dressed up and didn’t have her books.

“Hi, Brian.”

I sat beside her. “A sight for sore eyes.”

“You heard? About the plant?”

“Your dad, too?”

She nodded, looked away, turned back to me. “There’s a way for me to get money. Mom’s sick about it but it’s the best thing. I quit school.”

I took her hand and she shook free of me. “No. Brian. I mean it. Listen. I can’t see you any more.”

“What do you mean? You’re not –”

“At Piacevole’s, no. I’m still a virgin and I have to stay that way and I can’t have a boyfriend. Understand?”

“No.”

“I didn’t think you would. I shouldn’t have come.” She stood and backed away. “I wanted to see you one last time. No. Stay back. Don’t touch me. Look.” She held out her hand. “I’ve taken what I feel for you and closed it up tight.” She curled her fingers. “Tight.” She held up a fist. “And buried it deep in my heart.” She thumped her chest. “Here. Where it’s turning everything to stone, cold stone inside me. It’s almost killing me. I had to tell you so you wouldn’t think I’m happy somewhere, enjoying this. I’m not.”

“Candy, don’t –”

“But realize after a few minutes I won’t ever think of you again. How –” She wiped her face. “I shouldn’t be here. This isn’t working as I planned. Did Jethro give you the job?”

“Jethro?”

“Piacevole’s owner. You know.”

“Yes. I start at four. I thought –”

“I won’t be there. I hope never to see you again. I have to go now.

Brian. Stop. Brian, take good care of Marianne. She likes you.”

“She’s –”

“Sit down. Please. I want to walk away without you following. Stop. If you touch me, I’ll tear what’s in my heart, I’ll tear it out and it’ll turn to ashes, we’ll all be ashes. I’m not saying this right. Touch me and you’ll be dead to me forever.”

I sat. “Look, Candy. Maybe with this job?”

“You have a family, too. You’ll meet some nice girls but Marianne’s the nicest. Don’t let her drink too much. It’s not good for her. Do something, don’t watch me. I –” She turned and walked away.

I watched her walk down the hall, turn the corner and disappear.

This is the part of the story, which like all stories, has endings mixed with beginnings. I was aware of the endings at those moments, not aware of the beginning that had already started. Perhaps more than most people’s my life has been like this. I never settled down like Paul with his beautiful wife and two kids. I think what I’ve had has been much richer. Paul hates his wife. I’ve never hated any of them.

I skipped school the rest of the day, spent the afternoon before the first night of work with my parents. I’m glad I did but that’s not part of this story.

When I got to work at four, the first thing I told Jethro was that I wanted ten percent of my pay to go to Marianne.

He gave a look of disgust, said, “Stupid kids,” and that was that. I was paid each day, minus ten percent and I trust Jethro applied it to her thousand. Stupid kids is right.

## Chapter 14

My duties were varied and evolved over time. I got to know Jethro and appreciate what he did. Some in town thought the pizzeria was a mob front to launder money but, to me, all its other activities would have jeopardized that purpose.

Jethro was a former coal miner from Kentucky, born in this country of Italian parents. He could easily shift from the patois of a barely educated immigrant speaker, to the slang of the hills, to the union activist's fiery rhetoric, to that of a plain spoken small businessman. Depending on the situation, the audience, and his purpose a particular nature appeared.

He was a master of organization. The warren of private and common rooms behind Piacevole Pizza, the apartments in town, varied and conflicting schedules (at times it was like Grand Central Station with people leaving and coming) was a demonstration of his skill. My job was to guide people, I was the conductor. He made sure the trains ran on time and got where they needed to go with proper cargo and passengers.

I had to be polite, even when I was forcibly removing someone, which didn't happen often. I had to quickly learn how to read people and discern their unspoken needs and remember customers and treat them as old friends. I wore a black jacket when I was on duty. I no longer looked like a kid and I stood out in a room full of men in suits.

At Piacevole Pizza there were private rooms upstairs, mostly used for one on one liaisons and most often self-organized by the users. They rented a room for a specified period of time, brought who they wanted in one of the several entrances. I began to believe the whole block was Piacevole's warren, the shoe and print shops next door just part of an impressive facade. I never learned all of its intricacies.

Private rooms might be used by a boss and their secretary for a short term liaison. For a longer term affair, Jethro had apartments to let or could help find a specific one to fit various needs, usually based on privacy and ease of access.

Common rooms were almost all a public service. Girls usually reserved these for parties, private or open to the public. Piacevole's cut, the first pizza, was its cost. Other food and beverages were paid for by those in the room. This brought in a little business, people weren't there to eat but did get hungry or wanted a coke.

I ferried food and people to these rooms and the rule was I could participate if I wanted, after work, and if those in the common room were amiable.

The girls were housewives mostly, some were students and some were professional prostitutes who used the common rooms as a calling card to increase their book. Some girls were on a lark, some had special needs, some wanted a little money.

If a girl needed an abortion, Jethro could help her find a willing doctor and a way to pay. He was a counselor of sorts and I had to be able to spot these situations. The girl who sat too long at a table in front not able to look at anyone.

By the way to pay, it wasn't necessarily on their backs. He knew a lot of people in town, probably better knew what was actually going on than most anyone else.

For instance, that second night during a lull, we sat down with cokes and he said, "Kid, it isn't the end of the world out there. If people can hold on for a few months it'll be back to normal. What Barkley and his gang are doing is fouling up the works, closing down the plant so it'll have to be sold cheap. They want to get rid of a couple of investors. More money for their pockets. The plant will be bought by a new company and open again and people back to work. There'll be a lot of overtime because Barkley and his gang will need to make a lot of money quick. Pensions are shot, new wage contracts favorable to the bosses so the workers get the shit end again, but that's not the main reason this is happening. It's just a little squabble amongst the bosses. Someone insulted someone's wife. It's as simple as that. Tell your dad I think things will be back as they were in six months. Your family needs anything, you see me about it. Understand?" Then he switched subjects. "That girl of yours, the Barkley girl, is something else, isn't she? She's a big hit in nigger town." He winked and went back to his work.

It was easy to like Jethro and be completely disgusted at the same time. I put my coke, unfinished, on the counter and went back to work.

By the end of the week I was driving the car, operating the taxi service, dropping girls off and picking them up. This is where Jethro made his money, guessing by the places I went, big houses on the bluff, the finest hotel in town, and nice penthouse apartments. It wasn't all so simple. I had to move a girl out of an apartment, apparently her replacement was due late in the afternoon. This was a place over a hardware store. Up a dark narrow stairway to a single door which opened to a big room looking like it was a set in a movie.

Furniture, rugs, pictures on the wall, girl in nice clothes like Marianne would wear, a HiFi with AR speakers and stacks of records and a big color TV next to it. I'm sure more went on than watching TV or listening to records but that's what it looked like they did. That and drink from fancy glasses.

She was young, dark haired and had a sweet face. Not beautiful like Marianne. A girl who it'd be easy to know, not too fancy.

She had a lost look and was sitting on the couch, wearing one of those shimmery robes that cling to the body in the right places.

"So, are you all packed?"

She shook her head, got up, poured a glass, turned and asked me, "Want one?"

"We have to leave. Remember? You're supposed to be ready."

"I'm not ready." She sat on the couch, spun the glass between her fingers.

"I see that. Go ahead, drown yourself. I'll pack your stuff."

She jerked my arm before I was in the bedroom. "Don't you put your stinking hands on my things."

"Then you do it. We have to leave in ten minutes if you're going to get to the airport on time."

"I'm not ready."

Before I left to do this job Jethro primed me. "She'll either be meek and proper and there'll be no fuss, or she'll be a witch, mad as hell. Do what you need to do to get her out of there by two. The cleaning people will be there at two-thirty to take care of any mess. Sometimes things are thrown. Understandable, nobody likes to be fired. Randy brings the new girl in at five. Hopefully this one will last longer. So. You have the money? Good. Buy the ticket at the airport, wherever she wants, so long as it's far away. Myself, I'm always partial to LA."

So the girl and I did a little dance, she back and forth to the bar, me for the bedroom. Nothing was thrown. She was too angry to cry, too angry to leave the place. In the end we made a deal while we were hashing it out in the doorway to the bedroom. She was getting plastered and starting to show herself off, letting the robe slip off her shoulder.

So I grabbed her, kissed her and she pushed me away. "Go ahead, pack my things." She sat on the couch in the other room with her glass.

I had most everything out on the bed ready for the suitcases, really nice clothes, when I heard something break in the other room and she began stomping about. I watched her from the doorway for a minute.

“You need to pick out what you’re going to wear so it doesn’t get packed.”

She gave me the finger and poured something out of a bottle onto the HiFi turntable. The clean up crew was going to have fun. She wasn’t really demolishing the place, but a quick sweep wasn’t going to clean this mess.

I waited until she put down the bottle, grabbed her and pushed her into the bedroom. “Get busy,” I said. She kicked back with her heel and struggled as I held her hands over her head.

“I hate you.”

“Look, this is just a job for me. Don’t take it personal. I’ll drive you to the airport, buy a ticket out of town, we can have a drink and talk nicely to each other. I’ll hand you an envelope when you get on the plane. You don’t want to stay here, do you?”

She was struggling, her back twisting against me, trying to turn. Maybe she’d gouge my eyes out, maybe she’d fall into my arms. It was impossible to tell. I shook her. “Do you?”

“Let go of me, you bastard.”

“I’m not the guy getting rid of you for some other girl and can’t tell you to your face. I’m the guy who’s going to give you an envelope full of money and a ticket away from here.”

She relaxed. “I want to see it.”

“At the airport.”

She struggled again, but more like she was going to fall into my arms, not kill me. I was remembering Candy a few days ago and how I felt, still was feeling. “Look, I’m a minion. I just got dumped myself. It’ll never be the same. If I could, I’d go somewhere else.”

“Minion. That’s cute. You can let go of me.”

I released her wrists and she stepped away, rubbing them, not looking at me.

“The white dress. I’ll get what I want. You stay there.” She took off the robe, tossed it to me. “There, this goes.” She was naked wearing high heels. Nice legs. The rest was nice too. More like the girl than Marianne.

She was picking through things, tossing some to me to put in the bags. “So how much is in the envelope?”

“A lot.”

“Fifty cents is a lot to a ten year old.”

“Fifteen hundred.”

“So I’m just a car to be replaced by next year’s model.” She handed me some bras which I stuck in a suitcase.

“Nice chassis.”

“How about the body style?”

“You remind me of this girl I knew.”

“I bet.” She was stomping again.

“Look. I lost this girl and think of her all the time. She wasn’t just a car to me.”

“A goon with feelings.”

“Minion sounds nicer.”

“I’ll give you five dollars to fuck me.” She was smiling now, standing still.

“You don’t have to give me a thing.”

“I bet. Five dollars. It’s in the purse over there. You take that and I’ll take your envelope later on.”

“You sure?”

“Fuck me like you think I’m her since I remind you so much.” She stood by the bed. “Over there.”

I found the wallet, pulled a five and showed her before stuffing it in my pocket.

“Now pretend I’m her.”

“She liked it rough.”

“I’m ready for rough.”

I grabbed her hair and pulled her head back and kissed her hard as my fingers rubbed her slit.

She resisted and then began to lean against me. I shoved her face down on the bed and slapped her ass hard, again shoving three fingers in her, my other hand pushing her down by her neck.

“Beg for it,” I said.

She tried to shake her head. I slammed her face into the bed and spanked her hard. “Beg for it.”

She tried to turn over but I held her down. “Beg for it in your ass.”

She said no, no, no but her ass was rising off the bed into my hand as I spanked her. I let go of her neck and she raised her ass higher, raised herself onto her knees.

I moved behind her, freeing my cock. I plunged into her cunt. “Beg for it up the ass.”

“No. I won’t. You – “

I shoved hard and was in her ass completely.

She rose higher and began to wail as I pounded her.

When I was done I lay on top of her, squashing her to the bed. I rolled off, zipped myself in. She rolled away, onto her back. She stared at me and then a smile began.

“What happened to her?”

“It’s no romance. I traded her for another girl some men had.”

“Men?”

“About twenty. I lost the other girl, too.”

She smiled. “Sounds strangely familiar. Get out of here and I’ll finish packing.”

I got off the bed and was leaving the room when she said, “You deserve a tip.”

I looked at her. She was sitting on the bed looking at the long smear her lipstick had left on the sheet. She turned to me. “Take a quarter out of my purse for a tip.”

“My name’s Brian.” I took a quarter out, pocketed it.

“Thank you, Brian.”

“You were worth every penny.”

“You, too. Get lost. I’ll be ready in fifteen minutes.”

## Chapter 15

Marianne was waiting for me Saturday morning. Jethro handed me an envelope, told me not to wreck the car, which brought a smile to both their faces, and told me to be back Sunday at four, no surprises.

She went to the car as I'd last seen her, wearing the Army blanket, with the addition of a pair of tall black patent leather heels. She carried a paper bag and that was all her luggage.

Her hair was still wet from bathing and she looked like she'd been scrubbed clean. Gone was her done hair, lipstick and other facial fixings. She looked young and innocent.

She sat next to me in the car, the bag to her right. She reached in and pulled out a no-name bottle of hooch and twisted off the cap. "We don't need to be there until seven, Brian." She took a drink and screwed the cap on. "We'll make a few stops along the way. There are things I need to do to properly prepare for my initiation. I have to be well-used. Congratulations."

This week had been a number of goodbyes and this one was going to be harder than I expected.

"We can ditch the car, Marianne. Go somewhere. You have a thousand. That would set us up, wouldn't it?"

She stroked my leg. "We could but we won't. I'm going to a place you can't follow. It's okay. So no more talk about it." She gave my leg a squeeze, then reached for my crotch. "How is my old buddy?"

"You know Candy left me?"

"Whatever I've done, I've done for myself, Brian. I'm egotistical as you well know. I'm a bitch, try not to be but everything comes out that way. I don't care about Candy right now. She's making a big mistake. Whatever we did wasn't for her, it was for me." She unscrewed the cap and took another drink. "Let's go back to that place we went to Sunday. By the stream. You can fuck me there." She left the cap off and held the bottle with both hands.

The skirt and blouse were still by the stream. She kicked the skirt and sat on it. "Here's good. I need you to paint me." She pulled out a bottle of paint and a brush from the bag. She dropped the blanket and said right here, pointing to above her breasts. "You know. Xeta whore. Big letters. More will be added later during the initiation, but this is how I'm to come to them."

We fucked first, her on her hands and knees, and then I painted her. No kissing or making out afterwards. I carried the blanket back to the car, she the bag and we continued the trip.

She told me about her week, taking sips now and again.

“Jethro had three choices for me. Mistress for a week to one of dad’s cronies. I would be bored to tears, so that was out. One of the common girls in his rooms, available to anyone day or night. That was okay. I’d have to wear a hood because dad comes down sometimes to slum. I don’t care if he sees me, bag or not. Not at all. I couldn’t drink though. Just colas. So that was out. The last choice was to be owned by a colored pimp. That sounded like fun.

“Stanley deliberately made it hard for me to stomach. He was going to break me or send me crying home. I don’t go crying home. He whipped me with a cane, so the marks would show, and he and his friends trained me, that’s what they called it. Monday night he set me naked on my spot on the street next to a club favored by rich whites. I haven’t worn a stitch all week. He remained close by and collected money from people who wanted to use me, there on the street, in a parked car, wherever.

“There were times that first night I was on my knees on the slimy sidewalk, cars going by, giving a blowjob, the guy’s friends waiting for theirs. Stanley always making sure everyone was arranged so people entering or leaving the club could get a good view. Women in minks stared, men in tux laughed as I performed in front of them. I imagine everyone knew who I was. Daddy’s daughter, a negro’s cock down her gullet, a common whore.

“On Wednesday Stanley moved me to a mattress in a vacant lot next to a bar. Little kids would stand around and watch. Thursday, maybe because of the kids’ mothers, Stanley moved me to a room. I always felt safe and cherished and could drink as much as I wanted, though strangely enough I needed less and less.”

She took a sip. “I’m nervous, of course. So this.” She waved the bottle. “Paint’s dry. Let’s have another stop soon. Okay?”

She leaned against my arm. “I feel safe with you, too, Brian, but it wouldn’t work out. What you need is pretty much a one man girl. Thanks for not being obsessive. When I give you a blowjob, the last from me, later, I want you to shoot on my face. At first I felt sort of naked,” she laughed, “out on the street like that. Hair not done, not wearing the proper clothes, you know what I mean. But it didn’t matter. People didn’t yell and scream; police watched from their squad cars and had a laugh. Poor little lost white girl. Nobody cared. And

quickly I didn't either. Stanley paraded me all over the place. Men had me against their cars as their girlfriends waited inside, fuming no doubt. Everybody was having a lot of fun. Not the girlfriends but that was their own fault.

"Stanley charged at first but I'm not sure it really mattered. It was a show. For all I know Jethro gave me to him, it's all Jethro's money in that envelope. People are pretty mad about the plant, down there maybe more than elsewhere since those are the only decent jobs. But everywhere they've all felt it. Angry but not mad at me. I was joining them in their revenge."

She took a drink. "You know theirs tastes the same. I mean everyone's different a little, but the same. They're no bigger, no different, well there's a difference but it's not anatomical. Like you're different from Paul. Maybe more like them. So. Why don't you pull over here and fill my ass? Do it dry." She rubbed her hand down my arm. "I'm naked sitting here leaking your come and you aren't talking much."

"Thinking. Sorry. So, do you want a burger or something?"

"Go ahead, stop if you need to eat. We can do it in the parking lot if you want. Honey." She nuzzled my ear. "Sweetie."

We made two stops before arriving at the campus. I had a reservation at the motel; I'd go there after dropping off Marianne. It was Saturday so we didn't try parking on Greek row. It was still early which she liked. It meant there was daylight for her performance.

She told me if this didn't work out she'd go back to Stanley or maybe Jethro had an option equally good. She wasn't worried.

She got out of the car and waited, leaving the blanket on the seat. I got out and asked, "Here?"

"If you want, or in front of the Xetas."

I wasn't feeling much like a circus bear at the moment so I told her here.

She knelt at my feet and I held her head as she fucked me with her mouth, pushing her away and shooting on her when I was done. There wasn't much, we'd fucked three times while driving here. It was across her cheek and nose.

She held my hand as she got up and I tucked myself back in.

I was always self-conscious with Marianne, about myself and about how others were seeing us. A mixture of pride and nervousness and the walk to the House was the same, no more, no less, because of her nakedness, the words painted on her chest, and obvious signs of

use. I felt like I was being drained emotionally. No matter what she thought, I thought this was a stupid idea. A mattress in a vacant lot next to a bar sounded much more wholesome. The people in that House were her kind of people, why she was drawn there, not my people.

I was to keep a distance when we got to the sidewalk in front of the Xetas. She stood there yelling, "I'm back." When people inside started to notice, she began her song, doing a little dance with it. I can see her Monday night working on her routine between customers, out there next to the club, the minks and tux not understanding at all. How much she was putting her heart into doing this. I bet Stanley understood.

She finished the song, started over. Others on the street and in the Houses were watching now, this beautiful woman offering everything she had to the Xetas.

Windows opened and guys hung out. Someone shouted, "The dumb blond is back," which made her smile. She cupped her breasts, offering them while doing a sinuous dance, continuing her song.

Jimmy and Paul came out, stood on the door step, as she began again, directing the song to them, not the House.

They motioned her to come up and she shot a smile at me and ran to them. I have this memory of her breasts doing this fantastic dance during that run. I wanted to grab her and take her home with me. They talked for a minute and she motioned to me.

I don't think they remembered the mascot thing at all. I don't think they liked or appreciated her or what she offered. They wanted to fuck and then put a woman down and she was easy.

"They need the money, Brian. And then I can start my initiation." She was smiling more than I'd ever seen her do, her skin glowing under the dollop of my sperm.

I pulled Paul aside, handing him the envelope. I told him, "You take care of her. Don't disappoint her, don't abandon her, don't hurt her. Or I'll come back and eviscerate you all and burn this place to the ground. Your heads will be on spikes. I'm not kidding at all. Don't ever hurt her. Understand?"

He was going to make a fine chair of a board of directors soon. He pretended everything was okay.

"You," I said to Marianne. "I'll be at the motel until eleven in the morning. This goes wrong, I can take you home."

“Everything’s okay, Brian.” She gave my arm a squeeze. “I’m ready to be your Xeta whore,” she said to them. The door shut behind her, things already were quiet again on Greek row, windows up on Xeta House.

I found a place across from Sigma House and waited there an hour, hoping to see the girl, but didn’t.

I went to the motel, checked in, and once I was in my room, gave Sybil’s dorm a call.

## Chapter 16

Sybil spent the night with me and it was good for both of us. We made plans to keep in touch. She left before eleven on Sunday morning and I waited until a little after on the chance Marianne changed her mind.

Before leaving campus I parked the car and went over to Greek row and waited not in front of the Xeta House but Sigma's instead hoping to see the girl. I wanted dearly to be able to salvage something from this trip.

This is the ending and beginning of this story. I never saw or heard of Marianne again. I hope she's happy. I know she did have moments of great joy which is more than some people get.

I still held back ten percent of my pay; this went into a savings account. The rest went to my parents. About five months later the plant reopened and my dad was back at work like many of the men in town. I bought a motorcycle, quit my job and rode to the university where I picked up Sybil who was flunking out. We went to New York City where we lived together happily. I got a job working on a film crew and when an opportunity arose to work in LA I took it. Sybil remained in New York.

All of that is another story.

I got back home before four and went straight to work. Jethro handed me a slip of paper and said, "Give this to Randy. He's in thirteen."

I went in without knocking; this was one of the common rooms. I could see Darell fucking a girl on the floor, another guy had his back toward me doing her mouth. I took him to be Randy.

Darell saw me and motioned with his eyes to the other but neither stopped. Randy finished, backed away and I saw the girl had long dark hair. Her eyes were shut as she thrust back to meet Darell's.

Candy shouted, "Fill my ass. God this feels good." She shook her head and prompted him, screaming and suddenly stiffening, arms rigid, as she rose up and flung her head back. She remained motionless for a long minute and resumed meeting Darell's thrusts.

I handed Randy the note. He began putting his clothes on and I think that's what caused her to open her eyes.

She saw me, no expression on her face, shut her eyes and said, "Fill my ass." She shook her head, her hair falling in front of her face, hiding it.

Darell reached and grabbed some of her hair, jerked her head up, pulling her back to him.

“God yes,” she shouted.

Randy left the room and I leaned against the wall and watched. It was a good show.

Darell rammed her hard three times and they both froze. She screamed and raised further up, her hands leaving the floor. She gave a shudder, he released her hair, and she fell to the floor.

Darell, his dick wet and dripping, said, “She’s all yours,” and left the room, carrying his clothes.

I didn’t move and neither did she. Her hair fanned out on the floor and she was twisted some onto her side so I could see a breast.

I tried to remain detached, but watching that foot move, pushing on the floor and relaxing, gave me an idea how she felt. She was incapable of sitting, much less standing.

I think if our relationship had been physical, I wouldn’t have felt so betrayed, especially if our relationship had been like Marianne’s and mine where secrets were the norm.

She rolled onto her back and I don’t know what it is but a woman’s breasts in that position hold a special fascination for me. Any woman on her back triggers an automatic sexual response.

“Take your time,” I said.

Not a word.

It was maybe five minutes later she got up and put on her clothes, not looking at me, but not ashamed of her graceful animal beauty.

“I thought you said you were a virgin.”

“I was. A technical virgin. I never lied to you.”

“Okay. I believe you. Was?”

“Virginity has a market value. I sold mine. He’s old, not too bright, rich and now I live well and my family, too.”

“Does he know about this?”

“No reason for him to. It doesn’t matter. There are things he can’t give me. Money, yes.”

“Okay. Marianne’s gone. You know that?”

“I know that. Look, Brian. I can’t stand here forever. I have things I need to do.”

“I need to get back to work, too. How long?”

“Randy and Darrell? Since I started here. That’s part of the job description. Jethro, too. Only them. And I remained a virgin. It wasn’t something I planned. Okay. Look, Beth needed an abortion which means she needed money and she couldn’t do any of this. So I did, for her. Understand? Remember Beth?”

“Abortion?”

“She told you she was pregnant, remember?”

“She said she thought she was pregnant. There’s a difference.”

“It’s the same thing. What matters is your reaction, Brian. Remember what you said?”

I didn’t at that moment but it came back. I try harder now to be a better person. And I try not to let my feelings of guilt swallow me.

“I’m sorry.”

“You could tell her that. She was desperate so I helped her. I’m not sorry I did it.” She wound her hair around a hand and threw it over a shoulder. “I didn’t like you. I didn’t expect to fall in love with you. That’s dead and gone just like my virginities. I’m happy and Randy and Darell help me out sometimes.”

“Okay. I’m sorry.”

“You should be.”

“What about Marianne?”

“Brian, I’m not going to fuck you. Ever. I’m not sure now it ever would have happened. I was playing with fire, loving you and hating you. I’m happy now. Things are settled. I don’t have to worry about you finding out. I don’t care any more, Brian. It’s over.”

“I know that. Look, I’m trying to understand.”

“I thought I could help Marianne. That you could help her. I should have known better. I knew you and still did it. Look, do you *ever* spend any time on the wrong side of town? Never, right?”

I shook my head. I had no reason to go down there.

“I saw her being used like she was an animal in the street there. You did that to her.”

I shook my head.

“I know where she is now and how she got there. You turned Marianne into a slut just like her sister. There’s something about you, Brian, that hurts women.”

I just watched her.

“Marianne’s problem was her sister’s lack of control, her sister’s drinking problem. Her sister’s – There’s no reason to go on. I can tell you were Bethanne is. Do you want to know? Bethanne would like being publicly fucked. She’s who you should date. She’s just your type. I have her phone number. You should call her up. You should.”

She tried to push past me. I started to stop her and dropped my hands to my side. “Goodbye, Candy.”

“I don’t want to ever see or talk to you. I’ll tell Jethro to make sure you’re not around when I’m here.”

She brushed past me and I let the door shut behind her. I felt like I was going crazy. It wasn’t like she said. Not Marianne.

Jethro knocked and came in. “All taken care of? You need to pick up Sue downtown. She’s wanted here for a special. When you get back there’s a party upstairs. As a break. Maybe you don’t need it.”

“I’m okay.”

“You don’t look it but you’ll live.”

So that was the last I saw Candy face to face. Jethro made sure to keep us apart. Darell and Randy never acted as if anything were different but I’d never been friends with them and never tried.

A year after Sybil and I were settled in New York, I got an envelope with a newspaper clipping. No return address and only our parents knew where we were and this wasn’t from them.

The clipping showed a photo of Candy as a bride and old man Barkley. The caption and story were about his second marriage. No note and I still have no idea who sent it, but guess it was Jethro, the only person with connections to track me down.

I can’t imagine Candy being happy, less able her than Marianne. I hope she ended up getting both what she needed and loved.

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