

WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment and should not be emulated in the real world.

Clara's Cuckold!



by Arthur Kay

Clara had no idea I knew about her and Nick, a married friend of ours. No idea at all. And no idea of how my original suspicions had grown to the degree to where I had to make sure of her fidelity. For, after seven years of being live-together lovers, I was very close to asking her to marry me. Thus, I had to be sure.

Unfortunately, my suspicions turned out to be grounded in reality. She was, indeed, fucking Nick's brains out, and on a regular basis to boot. I learned this fact by not believing her, one time, when she said she couldn't lunch with me because she had to spend her lunch hour with some girls from the office. It was some woman's birthday. Again! That made twelve birthday luncheons in two weeks! Christ, whom did Clara work for? Hallmark?

If it wasn't a birthday girl, it was a crash project that had suddenly popped up. Or out-of-town clients that *only she* could entertain, her being vice-president of sales, and all. Or it was to celebrate someone's recent promotion. That company of hers seemed to have more promotions than any company in the history of business commerce.

So, there I was, that fateful noon, waiting outside her office building for her to come out with the latest birthday girl, and a gaggle of women. She came out all right, but alone, and started walking west. I followed, glad that she hadn't hailed a taxi. "*Follow that cab, buddy!*" Not on my Things-I'd-Love-To-Say list.

Four blocks later, I saw her enter a Ramada hotel. I speeded up my walking pace to a trot, and got to the hotel's entrance just in time to see her board an elevator. An empty elevator, or so it appeared from where I was standing. I entered, and almost ran to the elevator banks.

I watched the floor indicator above me. It stopped on fourteen. I watched to see if it made more stops, just in case there *had* been someone on the elevator with her I couldn't have seen before. The indicator light hung there a while, and then dropped to twelve. I grabbed the next up car.

I got off at fourteen and looked both ways. I was the only one in the hallway, but fuck, the amount of possible rooms seemed incredible. Hopeless. But, with an idiot's view to it all, I proceeded to go up to each door, lay an ear up against it, and listen. Then, as if God decided to reward his pet moron, I got lucky on my third door.

I could clearly hear Clara's voice. There was no mistaking it, not after seven years. She said, "I really do have to get back to the office, Nick. So, why don't I just suck you off? OK?" I stood there, stunned and dazed. But not too stunned and dazed not to listen, and thinking there was only one Nick we both knew.

Let me tell you, friend, listening to a guy getting blown, through a closed door, isn't what it's all cracked up to be. I couldn't hear shit. I could only imagine it. Until Nick--no mistaking his voice, either--yelled . . .

"Oh, baby, here it comes! Take it all for me, darling!" I had to imagine she did. And, as I imagined her swallowing his cum, I was aware of my erection. It was harder than it had been in ages.

My listening at an end, I found the elevators and went home . . .

* * * * *

I DON'T KNOW WHY I didn't confront Clara about it, that very evening, but I didn't. I suspected there was something in me that appreciated that new, hard erection I had experienced in the hotel Ramada's fourteenth floor hallway. I admitted to myself that it had turned me on, a lot, her being with our friend Nick. And I wanted in on it!

Thus, after fucking Clara that night, I proceeded with a simple plan. A plan to make her want to let me watch her and Nick. And it was so easy.

I usually went right to sleep after our fuck sessions, but tonight was to be different. I wanted to get her hot. She had complained to me, more than once, about me being the fuck-and-roll-over type. She wanted, she said, some cuddling after sex. Well, I was now going to oblige her. I pulled her into a cuddle mode.

I said, "Gee, darling, I'm especially horny tonight. How about I finger your pussy a bit while we chat. Would you like that?" I felt her nod on my shoulder. Oh, yeah, she'd like that. My fingers found her pussy and started working on it. She moaned as I plied her pussy with deliberate and sensuous fingering.

I said, "God, baby, your cunt feels so fucking hot! I'm one lucky guy. I bet every guy in the world would just love to be me at the moment, with his fingers deep in your hot, wet cunt." I was using curse words for a lurid effect. My fingers continued to work on her.

After she moaned again, I said, "Oh, yeah, babes, and he wouldn't want to stop there, oh no, he'd want to put his big, hairy and thick cock, into your steaming cunt." She moaned again. I was really reaching her now with my lewd imagery.

I said, with my voice raspy, "Can you picture it? His muscular ass pounding your ass into the mattress? With long, hard and deep strokes? Driving your cunt wild with lust? Can you picture it?" She nodded, trembled all over, and moaned again.

"Can you feel it? His driving, pulsating, piston-action nine-inch prick, with a super large cock head, going way up inside you, hitting the bottom of your cunt? Can you feel him in you?" Again, she nodded and trembled. "Do you like the way he's fucking you?" She nodded once more, this time pinching my working arm as if she was in an exquisite pain. "Oooh, Arthur, that's soooo good! Tell me more!"

"His cock is so thick, so humongous, it stretches your cunt out wide. He's driving you crazy with desire. Pounding your ass, kissing your neck, squeezing and sucking on your hot tits, and making the nipples rock hard. Can you feel his big prick in your cunt?" I reached out and tweaked one of her nipples. It was rock hard. As hard as a frozen pea.

"Oh, yes, I can feel him! He's . . . he's so big! And so wide! Oh, God, so big and wide! Ooooh!" She sounded totally into it now. It was time for my zinger.

I said, excitedly, "I can see it too! I can actually see him fucking you, his ass going up and down as he pleasures the two of you. I can imagine you cumming all over his big, hairy cock. Then you throw your legs around his back, and push them as far up on him as they can go. He's now even deeper within your cunt. Feel him?"

"Oh, yes, I feel him! Oh, yes, oh, yes!" She shuddered all over, her legs bouncing from side to side, the knees knocking together. And my probing fingers kept up their onslaught.

"Do you mind me watching?" She didn't even hesitate.

"No, I like you watching. It turns me on!"

"Would it turn you on to do it in reality, with me watching you fuck another man?"

"Yesss, it would!" It was as simple as that. All it now needed was the other man.

I fingered her gently, but very deeply. "How about Nick? He's had the hots for you for eons now. He can't take his eyes off your body."

"Nick? *Our Nick?* I don't know, hon. I don't think I could fuck him in front of you. I would feel as if I was coming between a good friendship. And Nick would probably feel guilty as hell fucking *me* in front of *you*. Let's think of someone else."

While Clara spoke, I thought about the first part of her statement. "*I don't think I could fuck him in front of you.*" But you sure as shit can do so behind my back. And her concern for Nick. "*And Nick would probably feel guilty as hell fucking me in front of you.*" Yeah, real guilty.

I used her words against her now. "No, honey, no one else. I've got the real hots for seeing Nick fuck you. We could easily set it up to where Nick wasn't aware that I was watching. A hidden camera would do it. So, he'd feel no guilt doing it with you, and our friendship wouldn't suffer at all. Think about it. You might feel a tad uncomfortable knowing I'm going to watch it later, but . . ." She surprised me.

"All right, *let's do it!* Nick's as good as anyone else, I guess. If *you* don't mind watching me fuck him, darling, and it would turn you on . . . *I'll fuck him!*" Yeah, darling, thanks for sacrificing yourself for my pleasure.

I realized she really liked the idea. And why not? She not only could fuck her lover, with my willing permission, but also in the event the truth popped up, she could say it was my entire fault! Hadn't I pushed her on Nick?

Clever bitch . . .

* * * * *

WE SET IT UP, with comparative ease. We told Nick I was going out of town for an evening, a Tuesday evening. But I'd only be gone between the hours of 8:00 p.m. and 11:00 p.m. I didn't want him spending the night, and even though he did have a wife who just might object to that, Nick just might throw his normal caution to the wind, given this rare opportunity.

I even told him to, "Take care of my little girl for me while I'm gone, will you, Nick?" He smiled at me, and winked at Clara, a leering look on his face.

"Sure, Art, I'll take *real good care of her*. Don't you worry about a thing, old buddy." The man's a real pig, I thought.

I had put a hidden camera in our bedroom, focused on a spot in the air over the bed I knew would be occupied later on by Nick's prick. The camera, positioned so, wouldn't show Clara's face, but I didn't care. I had a vivid imagination.

On Tuesday, I said goodbye to Clara, who knew the farthest I was going, was to the local movie house. On my way out, I bumped into friend Nick.

He smiled on seeing me, and said, "Just coming over to check on our gal, old buddy. Have a good trip, will ya?" I mumbled a 'see ya' and left. And, funny, as I walked to the elevators, I had an erection. A good stiff one.

The movie sucked, but it killed time. The bitch is, I had to watch it twice. I knew Clara would have Nick out of our place by ten O'clock as it had been agreed between us. She was to delay fucking him until nine by, ha ha, playing coy with him. Playing the naive innocent, I suggested she use cocktail, canapés, and a thirty-five minute film of us, taken on a vacation trip to the Grand Canyon.

Once in the bedroom, Clara was to hit the Record button on the hidden camera just before getting on the bed with him. When I had told her this, she had a funny smile on her mug. It made me wonder if she wasn't thinking of how cute it would be to say she forgot to turn it on, ho ho, and we'd have to do it all over again. Two shots at Nick, both with my willing permission. If she pulled this crap on me, I knew I had no choice but to play along. After all, she wouldn't do it twice. Would she?

I was back at our apartment building at 10:10. I looked up at the building's facade. The light in our bedroom was on, our signal Nick was gone. I couldn't wait to see the film . . . my fresh, super hard, erection told me that much . . .

* * * * *

I HIT PLAY ON THE VCR and there they were, in living color, with me now watching her naked backside climb into bed to join Nick. Both were naked, and immediately started kissing up a storm. Because Nick wasn't aware he was being filmed, he was giving Clara all the passion and love a man can give to a woman he adores. He appeared to be as natural in his actions as natural could get.

I watched, with Clara beside me watching, too. We were both naked on the bed, cuddling each other. I had some fingers in her pussy, fiddling with her. Her head rested on my shoulder, and she had her hand wrapped gently around my cock, toying with it. We fiddled and toyed while we watched.

I watched as Nick scooted down and started eating her pussy. He did this for what seemed quite some time. I couldn't help but admire his stamina. I couldn't see Clara's face on the film, but I heard her continually moaning and groaning as Nick tongued away on her. And he sure wasn't shy when it came to muff diving. His mouth and lips looked as if they were trying to crawl up inside her. Christ, in one flashing scene. I could swear I saw him use his nose in her. I made a mental note to see that particular section of frames again. In slo-mo.

Then Nick spun around a 180, offered his cock to Clara's mouth, while his mouth found her pussy again. I watched as they heatedly 69'd. They did this for a long time, with Nick, here and there, mouth fucking her with his big dick. I surmised this by watching the tops of his buttocks go up and down.

I said to the top of Clara's head, squeezing her body to me, while fingering her, "Jesus, baby, old Nick's hung, isn't he?"

"Yeah, he's quite big, and long and thick. I could hardly get my mouth around it." Her voice had sounded hoarse to me. Her mouth must be dry. But her snatch sure wasn't!

I said, fingering away, "Tell me, hon, did you like sucking that big cock head of his?"

"Yes. It felt good in my mouth. Oh, see?" She pointed to the screen. "See how the ridge is so pronounced? How it sticks way out from the shaft?" I nodded, and she went on. "Well, every time my lips would cross back and forth over it, I felt like swooning it felt so good." She was very much into our little scene, now wiggling her ass in small circles. I now put three fingers into her.



Clara and the magnificent Nick.

I breathily said, "You sound glad that we did what we did? Are you, babes?"

"Yes, it was very exciting. A real turn on. I felt like a teenager getting fucked for the first time. And, you know what?" I said, "What?" She said, "I got turned on just knowing you would be seeing us doing it later on." She now had a license to fuck him, compliments of the house.

Speaking of fucking, they were now doing it on the screen. But Nick, old buddy of mine, just didn't fuck her . . . he *FUCKED* her! I had no idea men could fuck this way, with such force and wildness. *He was hammering her, rag-doll fucking her, right into the mattress!* With a muscular ass and powerful legs that, as he screwed her, made me truly envious, if not jealous.

As they fucked, Nick would tell her, here and there, that he loved her. He said it with such conviction; it was easy to believe he believed it. Clara, probably because she was in our little personal loop, held back from saying the same to him. Unless, I thought, she had whispered it in his ear, beyond the camera's earshot. The more I pondered it, the more I convinced myself that this must be the case. Otherwise, I reasoned, Nick might have reacted to her reticence to speak the three simple words.

Clara was so into it, his fucking her, I thought I'd cum just listening to her yell,

shout, and talk to God throughout her pummeling.

"Baby," I said. *"He is fucking you silly! Man, look at him go!"*

She giggled, and said, "Nick *does* fuck good. He also gave me lots of orgasms. But Watch! Here's where Nick cums, *and he really goes nuts!*" She was into it now, and lost in lust.

I watched Nick go nuts. He pounded her with such ferocity; I thought the bed would collapse. As it was, its frame squealed loudly in protest, and did so with each of his full cock-deep thrusts. *Squeak, squeak, squeak!* Over and over. The bed had undoubtedly squeaked earlier in the film, but I was so intent on them, I hadn't noticed. Then Nick came, the sweat just pouring off him.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! I'm cumming, baby, hold still and take me! Oh, God! Oh, God! Now! It's cumming now! Can you feel it? Oh, God!" Somehow, even though Clara had said, yes, I can feel you, and had said it twice; I don't think Nick had heard her. He seemed totally given to his ejaculating.

I tilted her face up to me so she couldn't see the screen, and laid a trap for her by saying sweetly, but hotly, and still fingering her pussy, "Does he cum a big load in your mouth?" She answered quickly, and without thinking about it, as I thought she just might. She spoke rapidly, in a machine gun fire tempo, with the words just tumbling out of her, and not thought out.

"Oh, yes, in buckets! I usually have to swallow twice. One time, I had to swallow him three . . ." She realized what she had just admitted to. I felt her tighten herself up in my arms. Her large, blue eyes stared at mine. Then she whispered to me, in a whisper so low I had trouble hearing her, "You know, don't you, Arthur?" She was now up to speed, and realized my question had been a loaded one.

"Yes, but if I didn't, I would certainly know now."

"How did you find out?" She said it dryly, matter-of-factly, as if she had been caught red-handed, and nothing mattered any more.

"That doesn't matter. What matters is, do *you* love Nick?" I waited for her answer, my heart standing still in my chest.

"No, I tell him so because he wants to hear it, but I don't really love him. But I'll admit, I do love fucking him. But I'll stop if you want me to." All our dirty laundry was now out in the open.

She would stop, if I wanted her to.

Was it really my choice? Would Nick simply leave her be? "Thanks, Clara, it's been real fun, but now that Arthur's forbidden us our exquisite fucking pleasure, it's ta ta time, old girl!" And would she be fucking me and thinking of Nick? Undoubtedly. Maybe. Would she miss Nick's big, inhuman-sized cock? Absolutely! Maybe. Would she miss it so much she took up with him again? Possibly.

I had no really, truly solid answers, and no guarantees, either. I decided to keep the status quo, for now, with her fucking Nick, and me watching it later on film. Which reminded me I had to lower the camera a tad. To keep Nick's muscular ass from getting cropped out.

I pulled her to me. "Keep fucking him, darling. It turns us both on." I felt her nod in my arms. I added, "Of course, love, we won't be able to get him into our bedroom all the time . . . there aren't enough excuses at hand . . . so I'll have to teach you how to set up the camera for the Ramada, or wherever else he meets you. OK?" I felt her nod, but also twitch. I guessed she wasn't too keen on having my eyes always on them, and ever present. Might take some of the exhilaration out of cheating. I felt like a buzz-kill, but I didn't really give a rat's ass.

Then the film Clara must have looked at the bedside clock, for she was hustling him to get dressed and go home, before Arthur came back. They both left the bedroom, but, from seemingly far away, I could swear I heard him tell her he loved her again and, this time, she told it back to him. It was too faint for me to be absolutely positive, but it made sense to me. And damn if it didn't make my dick even harder!

I then fucked Clara, trying to imitate wild man Nick, but I felt I needed lots of practice. There was no two ways about it, Nick had fucked my woman in a way I would never even have dreamed of up until now . . .

* * * * *

THE NEXT EVENING, with both of us home from work, we had an argument. A real fucking doozy of an argument. And it was my fault it had escalated from a mild disagreement to an all out battle royal.

It all started, soon after dinner had been over with, when Clara told me she had destroyed the Nick tape. I shouldn't have gotten as pissed as I did, but I had wanted to watch it again. It was not only exciting to watch, it was a weird sort of educational film for me. Nick was teaching me new tricks. And giving me new erections.

"Why the fuck did you do *that*?" I threw at her, suddenly boiling inside my skull, as if saying the words had ignited my mind.

"I thought it over and decided I didn't think it was a good idea to keep it around. What if Nick's wife got her hands on it? Huh? You know how she's *always* snooping through our closets and drawers. While she wouldn't see my face on the film, *she would surely recognize our bedroom!*"

The stupidity of her actions, and her having decided for both of us, made me absolutely livid, and weirdly crazy. Foaming at the mouth crazy. We didn't just argue over it, we got to the throwing and breaking things real fast. The more we said, the worse it got. We were on a fast track to splitsville, and for the life of me, I couldn't stop it. Or help myself. I now just wanted to hurt her.

Then my hate for Nick roared out and showed itself. Vehemently. Followed quickly by my hatred of her for cheating with Nick behind my back in the first place. I yelled at her that I knew all about her lying, cheating affair with my so-called friend. I knew she knew I already knew, but I threw it at her anyway, but making her affair seem as cheap and gawdy as I could. With as many curse words tossed in as I come up with.

I yelled at her how I had heard her at the Ramada, ho ho, telling Nick she would only suck him off because yadda, yadda. This little tidbit she didn't know, and it hit her hard. Possibly because I had revealed my clever, snooping, playing detective side to her. I called her a lying, cheating whore cunt, and much, much worse. I was hurt, and angry, and pissed. And totally out of control.

The capper came when I picked up one of her favorite Hummel figurines--a precious possession her late mother had bought for her--and crashed it through our glass-topped coffee table. I looked down at the array of different type glass, almost chortling away at my cleverness, and when I looked back up to find the target of my uncontrollable rage, I saw her in the bedroom, packing a suitcase.

This took the wind out of my sails--but not fully--and I slumped down on the couch, both wanting to rush to her and ask her forgiveness, but still angry with her. My mind was totally fucked up. I sat there, undecided on any a course of action. Then I watched her, silently, mutely, as she headed toward the front door, a suitcase in each hand. I wanted to call to her, but I was afraid to speak. Afraid of what would pour out of me. My overall anger had subsided greatly, but it was still there, hanging over me like a horrible black cloud . . .

* * * * *

CLARA WAS GONE, and I just sat there, staring foolishly at the closed door. I couldn't seem to move, and my head was full of thoughts of what would be happening to her within mere hours. I knew she would call Nick, in spite of her feelings for his wife. And Nick would easily, could easily, concoct a story to get out of the house, with his very trusting wife none the wiser.

They would go to a hotel, a motel, a friend's house. Wherever. And be together. The two cheaters in my life. I felt left out, and totally alone. Abandoned by them both. But I still had smoldering embers of anger within me. I looked down at the broken glass, and maniacally screamed out, "Hah! Who needs ya? Ya big dummies!" I would have been happy as a clam to know they had heard me.

I had seen Nick in action, so I knew what he would soon be doing with her, to her, and even for her. The vivid images of them coupling, so feverishly, so wildly, were burned into my brain, as if etched there by some godlike Davinci.

The pictures in my mind could easily be regarded as some strange space alien's unprocessed, and X-rated, DVD film, with my mind acting as the catalyst that brought it to life. In living color, and with motion, and I even had a pause button. I could stop them, Clara and nick, in mid-fuck as it were, and examine even the blond hairs on her nipples, the twisting and curling, wiry dark hairs of his pubic area. In my mind's eye, I could see it all with crystal clarity.

But for now, all I could do was sit and stare at a closed wooden door . . .

* * * * *

WEEKS PASSED, then months. I went to work and performed like a zombie. I hadn't seen either Nick, or Clara, in this interval. I came home and lived like a zombie, dead inside, but having to exist. And with the images of them continually playing in my head, over and over, and over . . .

I was becoming obsessed with the images, and driven to distraction. I couldn't go ten minutes without the two of them popping into my head, fucking and sucking each other with total, animalistic abandonment. My work was beginning to suffer. And bore me. I couldn't even force myself to concentrate on it. It seemed only a necessity, a necessity needed by me to eat and pay rent.

Another week went by.

People, too, were starting to annoy me. Greatly. Everything they said seemed to

be knee-deep in nonsense and meaningless concepts.

"How are you?" Who the fuck really cared?

"I bought a brand new riding mower over the weekend!" Fuck you, you status-seeking, keep-up-with-the-neighbors moron!

"I saw a great film last night." Yeah, as if you would know a great film from Genoa salami, you freakin' idiot!

And even worse, I knew it. Knew I was obsessed, nay, bewitched, by it all. And I also knew, even as I sat there watching the closed door again, that I could do nothing at all to change it. I was too hooked on it, these images from hell.

It was all too delicious. Too intoxicating. Too exciting. I hadn't been this sexually aroused in all my life, not even in my halcyon days, the salad days of my youth.

But it was wearing on me, too. The images would flood in and, within seconds, I would be harder than at any time in my history. With my erection needing immediate relief--if I were to vanquish the head pictures--which I fulfilled by masturbating. I was masturbating so often, during any given day, my prick was now chronically sore. And twice, it had bled, with the blood intermingling with my sperm. Many small red flecks among the white.

And another week bit the dust.

To aid me, and to give me some escape, I was now foolishly drinking to excess. But, amazingly, even when I was blotto, the images remained, seemingly even more vivid to my booze-soaked brain. How many times now had I jerked off in a drunken stupor? Sometimes falling asleep right on the edge of the bed, awakening to find my hand still on my dick, telling me the mission had failed. I promptly took the problem in hand and finished the task.

If I was to retain any of the sanity I hoped I still had left, and stop the dick soreness, I knew I had to do something. And quickly, before I drank myself into oblivion, and the death I knew was sure to follow.

But for now, I needed a drink.

I went into the kitchen and got chipped ice from the icemaker. Then hurried back into the living room, carrying the frozen ice in cupped hands.

I went over to the liquor cabinet, sloppily dumped the ice into a glass, and fixed myself a stiff Scotch and water. I took a sip and looked over at the closed front door, as if it might offer up an answer to my plight. I stared at, willing it to speak to me, to tell me what I must do, how to go about saving myself, but the dumb door kept acting as if it was nothing more than a door . . . *damn it all to hell!*

I should have felt foolish doing this foolishness, but I didn't. I was glad for this stupid game-playing distraction. For the moment, anyway, my mind seemed free of Nick and Clara. No images of them arose. Yet. But I knew they were on the way. They were just waiting in the wings for the door to tire of me, its boredom brought about by the frustration of its trying to communicate with an animate object, and then Nick and Clara would take their turn at center stage. In their tight-fitting costumes of naked flesh.

I chug-a-lugged the drink, and burned my throat in the doing, which forced me to cough several times. Which, in turn, made me need something liquid. So I made

myself another drink. Even stiffer this time, if that was even possible.

I finished the drink quickly and had two more. Both downed with great dispatch. The effect of the liquor was now doing its job of keeping the images at bay, but I knew it wouldn't be effective for too long. It never was. Tonight was no exception.

Shit! I needed a drink.

Then suddenly, there she was, Clara, in all her glory, and naked, her breasts quivering and jiggling, her naked skin glistening as she took her place upon the acting boards. Then she just stood there, waiting. Waiting for her naked Nick, who never missed a cue, or an *enter stage left* demand. I closed my eyes, and waited for him, too.

He now walked, no, he now strutted onto the platform, his magnificent nine-inch cock leading the way. It was thrust upward into the air at a forty-five degree angle, with its large cock head wobbling from side to side, cobra-like. My brain now applauded the image of him, as did Clara. He bowed from the waist as if thanking his audience then stood up and pointed down at his burgeoning prick. A cue to the lovely, naked Clara. She smiled at him, with a smile that hurt me deeply.

Then, heeding his cock cue, Clara quickly went to him and knelt down before his nakedness. Her small, dainty hand reached out for his massively thick and hairy cock base. I took another sip, a long sip. The evening's show had begun and I had front row seats. I glanced at the door. "Ha ha, I see that," I said out loud, "*my seat is better than your seat! Neener, neener, neener!*" I was happy.

I watched as Clara sucked Nick's cock with a fervor and passion I felt she had kept well hidden from me. Her head bobbed and weaved; even twisting itself here and there, as she laved his humongous member with a mouth I personally knew was the hottest on earth. Her eyes were wide open and staring right into his pubic area. And she looked as if she loved seeing what she was looking at.

From time to time, all of his thick, nine-inches would disappear completely into her face, her spittle dripping into his groin hairs, and her tongue showing itself and lapping wetly at the bottom of his large, hairy scrotum.

And her moaning! She sounded as if she tasted the sweetest candy made by God. And couldn't get enough of it. I would give an arm just to hear her moan that way, even one time, with me. Fuck it; throw in a leg, too. Who needs 'em?

Then, an amazing thing happened! The images of them disappeared. Kaput! As if, all of a sudden, the movie player had broken down. I giddily, tipsily, and quite idiotically, thought of searching for the remote, but quickly realized, dumbly, that there *wasn't* a remote for images that only existed in my mind.

Then I heard, quite clearly, "I have the answer, Arthur, to your Clara and Nick dilemma!" I opened my eyes and looked toward the door, feeling insanity dancing inside my brain. Or was it merely that I was *that* drunk? I stared at the door, as if waiting for it to speak again. And, a moment later, it did just that . . .

"Sorry it took me so long, pal, but we doors are notorious for our procrastination. Comes from having nothing to do all day long but swing on hinges. Capish?"

I nodded, numbly, and was, to say the least, totally flabbergasted. Doors don't speak. Not in the real world, anyway. Any fool knows that simple, undeniable fact. But I knew why I could hear the door. Simple. I had gone bonkers, round

the old bend, a candidate for the funny farm, or the loony bin. But, oddly, *I still felt sane*. But, I reminded myself, isn't that how all insane people feel? They're sane; it's the rest of the world that's crazy.

However, if I *was* now insane, fuck it was my attitude. I could be as delightfully insane as the best of them! I headed for the liquor cabinet; weaving a bit during the short trip, and said to the wood door, "Need a refill. Don't go away! I'll be right back." I laughed. Because where the fuck would the door go to anyhow? To my neighbor? Ha ha! I now picture my door knocking on a door! With its knob! How else? Doors suck in the hands department. I was silly and girlishly giddy. And as drunk as a sailor on payday.

"Whee!" I said out loud as I tried to find the bottle of Scotch that was now playing hide-and-seek with me. "Where are you, Scotchie Wotchy? Oh, there you are, you rat-bashtard! Trying to fuck my bottle of Vermouth, were you? Well, pal, I'll let you in on a little shecret . . . secret . . . she'sh shpoken for . . . you dumb shit . . . by that gentlemanly bottle of cor, cor, corvosheeay, who, at thish very moment, looks as if he wants to wring your long, glassy neck. Sho, buddy, behave yourself, you shilly sit!" There! That told him.

I laughed some more, feeling good by doing so. "Ha ha ha ha!" My laugh sounded maniacal, and identical to a crazy person's laugh, as if I had ever even heard a truly insane person laugh.

The door said, quite nicely and politely I thought, "Take your time, chum, I got all night!" This made me laugh heartily, too, and caused me to spill the Scotch bottle I was aiming wobbily at the rim of the now too small glass. This spilling action made me laugh anew.

"Waste not, want not!" I mumbled. Then, bending from my waist, I lapped up the spilled Scotch from off the cabinet's white Formica-clad extended shelf. The Scotch tasted raw and pungent, its sharp tang being undiminished by the shaved ice. It burned my throat and caused me to cough, which sent my spittle flying into the ice bucket. I said, out loud, "Shorry!" Then I heard the door say, "Tsk, tsk, tsk and tut, tut, tut!" I was being properly chastised by an entrance necessity.

"Tell me door," I said, looking over at it. "Do you have a name other than door?" I giggled, and then took a sip. I was ready for anything now. Talking doors included.

"Yeah, chummy . . . my friends call me Portal." I laughed again, so hard and strong, I spilled my drink, and then fell to my knees, clutching at my stomach with my free hand, and using it to hold my gut, which had started to ache.

I then fairly yelled out, "Portal! Of course! How fucking obvious. I should have guessed! And your brother's name is Access!" I roared with laughter now, my stomach hurting something awful. "And, and, and your sister is called, naturally enough, Ingress! Ha ha Ha ha Ha ha Ha ha Ha ha! *Or is it Stoa?* Ha ha Ha ha Ha ha!" I was delirious. And stopping my laughter was beyond my abilities.

I rolled around on the floor now, as giddy as an insane idiot; the Scotch spilled onto the carpet, and the chipped ice making little diamonds in the nap, with the empty glass clutched tightly in my hand. I was gone. Ga ga. Out of it.

I looked down at the carpet and thought of becoming a diamond merchant. Hell, I was sitting on a fortune! No wonder they called it ice! Diamonds *were* ice! And I had a refrigerator full of the shit! And it had an automatic diamond maker, too! Just hit the button, Jack, and voila! And you're as rich as Croessus. I threw my

head back and laughed as loud as I could.

To ease the stomach pains, and because I couldn't stop laughing, I started pounding on the carpet with both fists. Alternately my fists while hammering at it, as if trying to make it behave and lie even flatter. Dumb rug! This thought, too, struck me as very funny, and made me laugh even harder.

My juiced-up mind now wanted the rug to speak to me. Door like. To at least protest the vicious beating I was giving it. But the fucking rug wouldn't talk! Not a word. Doors, I reasoned, as if discovering something unknown to mankind, are much smarter than rugs. Just as pigs are much smarter than dogs. Everyone knows that truism, everyone except the pig. And the dumb old dog.

"Cat got your tongue?" I screamed at the carpet. I waited a decent interval, giving it a fair chance to say something. But it was either deaf, or dog-dumb, and had chosen to give me the silent treatment by clamming up on me, its angry interrogator. I beat it with my fists a few times, yelling, "Talk, talk, talk!" But it was made of stern stuff, and wouldn't utter a word.

So I hit it even harder, and said, my voice rising, "Take that, you deaf dog-mute!" I followed this up with more hard whacks and yelled, this time at the top of my lungs, "This'll teach you to play dog-dumb with me, you nappy pile of crap!" Gotta show them rugs and carpets just who the boss is around here, don'tcha now?

I finally tired of my rug beating and looked weakly, and bleary-eyed, toward my door, toward Portal. It, now a he to me, just stood there, not saying a word about what he had just witnessed. I was glad, for the last thing I wanted now was to be chastised by a wooden door named Portal.

Still sitting on the carpet, and supporting myself on one hand, I stared at the door, waiting for something to happen. An odd thought flashed through my mind. The door's lower hinge squeaked in the summertime, and I had put off oiling it. It always squeaked with each opening and closing, faithfully. I knew now the door had tried to communicate with me, through the language of the Doors, the squeaky language humans frequently choose to ignore.

I was suddenly impressed by Portal's ability to withstand the shameful ordeal I had so callously let exist, and by his saying nothing more to me than a mild squeak as I used him, uncaringly, for entry, and another equally feeble squeak on my way out. I felt contrite.

I wanted to apologize to the door. To Portal. To say it's not my fault, old door. I don't comprehend Doorsian too well, so how could I have known your pain, your shame? Let me make it up to you with a good, drenching of 3-in-1 oil. OK? Friends again? Let's shake on it, shall we, Portal? Here's my hand, give me your knob.

But I was silent, not saying a word to Portal. I felt he wouldn't understand me. How could he? I no longer understood myself . . .

* * * * *

I WOKE UP, but I couldn't remember going to sleep. I had slept in my clothes, that much was evident, and now felt that well-known icky feeling all over me, especially in my feet, which seemed to be way too big now for the shoes I hadn't removed. With my eyes refusing to open for fear light might enter and immediately blind me for life, I pondered my caged feet, and this icky

phenomena.

As a scientist might.

Three things had possibly taken place to make my feet feel the way they did: My shoes had shrunk. My socks had expanded in ply width. Or my feet had gotten fatter, especially my toes. They felt twice as big as normal.

Aha! The first two were impossible, ergo, my feet had fattened up! Write this down, before you forget it: Sleeping with your shoes on promotes fat feet!

I mused: Would the corollary of sleeping with your hat on lead to a bigger head? Had my unremoved shorts made my dick fatter? Should I start measuring it?

Perhaps, I funned to myself, *that's* Nick's secret! He *never* takes his shorts off! Even when showering! I was on a roll with my scientific probing.

Now, if I could get my hands on the son-of-a-bitch imp who stuck all those sharp needles into my eyes during the night, and stuffed 30 cotton balls into my mouth, I'd rip his heart out with my bare hands, then eat it raw.

Shit, I needed a drink.

With my burning, stinging eyes half-lidded, keeping light at bay, I stumbled around the apartment, as a blind man would, one who knows where everything is, but still plays it cautiously cagey.

A trip to the fridge got me a small can of V-8 juice. I stuffed the cold can into my trouser's right pants pocket, feeling the iciness of the can on my thigh through the pocket's thin inner material. This immediately made my left pocket jealous, so I stuffed it with chipped ice. Ah . . . I felt in balance for the first time today.

Still afraid to see fully, I furniture-groped my way to the liquor cabinet and easily, ha ha, found a glass, a tall one. I emptied my left pocket into it. I felt proud of myself. I could handle blind. No problem, son. But, hey, God, I'm in no rush to test it out, OK?

Believing it was OK with Him, I found the Vodka, a nice switch from Scotch, and poured what I felt was a jigger of it into the glass, if, that is, a jigger is measured as four fat fingers. Shit, I told myself, leave some room for the V-8, buddy! Hey, I then told myself, I'm not stupid. This has been carefully planned, don'tcha know?

I pulled the juice out of its pants pocket hiding place, popped its pull-tab, and poured the entire contents, willy-nilly, into the tall glass. Then I watched, but with only one squinting eye, fascinated, as V-8 sloshed over the rim and puddled up on the white Formica shelf. Oh, well, nobody's perfect! I bent over and sipped from the liquid surface of the glass top, in preparation of picking the glass up. The few sips tasted only of V-8, and obviously needed stirring to bring out the Vodka's flavor.

I marveled at how easily such a simple task as making a friggin' Bloody Mary, sans celery, could become a disaster in my klutzy hands. Shit, I mused, if it *absolutely* needed celery, my ineptness in shearing off a stalk would put the bloody in Bloody Mary. I squinted at my hands, just to make sure I hadn't sliced and diced them and forgotten about it. Aside from the visible trembling, they looked fairly normal. Goody, goody! I wouldn't lose any masturbation time! You hearing me, Nick and Clara?

Oops! I shouldn't have thought *that!* Here comes Nick and Clara! Entering stage right, in the buff, and holding hands. They gaily skip onto the stage, like kids, her tits jiggling and swaying, his cock jutting out, cutting through the air like a meaty saber, and his big, hairy balls bouncing all around, slapping themselves loudly against his legs. Go away, you two, can't you see I'm busy? They ignored me, right there in my very own mind.

Nick lifted Clara up and, with an expertise that comes from years of practice, impaled her cunt on his mighty dick. Her arms were around his thick, muscular neck, and she looked demented with lust.

I stirred the Bloody Mary with my finger, lifted the glass, took a big sip, and watched them perform their lewd act. Nick turned to his left a bit, showing her ass fully to me. He smiled at me. He had her firmly by the ass cheeks and was raising and lowering her with apparent ease, as if she weighed no more than air.

"Like what you see, Arthur?" Nick said, looking directly at me, and moving Clara up and down on his pussy-stretching shaft. "Clara rides my big, fat prick very well, don't you think?" I stared at him over the rim of the glass, and nodded. It was true. She did. In spite of the fact that his cock looked, as it sawed in an out of her, as if it was trying to cut her in two and, in my opinion, it might very well succeed in the task.

I now stared at her pussy and saw her pubic hairs surrounding his cock's wide girth, to the point where I couldn't distinguish her hairs from his, except when she was at the shaft's uppermost positions. In those positions, her pussy reminded me of a strange, hairy mouth, a large, inhuman hairy mouth that was sucking him off. And enjoying it immensely.

Just as the hairy mouth reached the cock's ridged flange, it would swoop downward, seemingly unaided by Nick, and deep throat him, all the way down to his balls. It was so fascinating.

Her back to me, Clara said, "You like watching us fuck, Arthur?" I nodded, but then realized she couldn't see me, so I said, out loud, "Oh, yes, Clara, very much!"

She threw her head back and laughed. Then she screamed. "Ooooooh, Nick, I'm going to cum! Oh, yeah, oh god, here I go, right now. Oh, darling Nicky, oh yeah, oh God, oh yeah, oh yeah! You hearing me, Arthur?" I nodded, not caring to voice a yes.

Her whole body trembled violently, and then she said, "Oh, Nicky, no one, absolutely no one, makes me cum the way you do. I love you, darling, with all my heart and soul. You hear that, Arthur?" I ignored the bitch by not even nodding.

She then squeezed her arms around his neck tightly, and kissed him, a fierce, passionate kiss, a kiss reserved only for the truest of lovers.

I hated Nick. For fucking Clara as only he could, and for giving me a roaring erection. I unzipped and fished out my hard, erect cock. I watched them, knowing that although I was their prisoner, and their captive audience, they were also mine, and couldn't leave the stage until my orgasm gave them permission to do so. We had a symbiotic relationship, if nothing else.

As I stroked my cock, feeling a soreness in it, I watched as Nick lowered Clara to the floor and said, in that super manly voice of his, "Now, darling, suck and clean all your cunt juices from off my magnificent prick and, when you've finished, I

want to cum in your mouth." She obeyed, and before you could say squat, she had his cock in her mouth and was bathing it with her saliva, sucking it clean.

Nick said, "Her mouth's talents know no bounds, eh, Art?" I nodded, dopey-like.

Then, feeling a sensation that signaled I could cum soon, I fast-forwarded the scene a tad. Nick's big, hairy cock, with the cum-laden hairy balls, was unloading a huge amount of cum; I imagined at least a gallon, into Clara's eager, talented-without-no-bounds mouth.

She was sputtering, her cheeks puffing in and out, bellows-like, as she swallowed as much as she could handle, with much of the gallon escaping past her lips, and waterfaling down onto her knees, and the wooden boards of the stage, creating a large puddle of his cum.

Nick pulled his cock out of her and finished his superhuman cum deluge on her face. In a trice, Clara's face, neck, and shoulders, was awash in his sticky sperm. I watched as gravity made lots of it cascade down onto her tits, dripping then onto her belly, and finally finding the hidey-hole between her legs.

Bingo! It's my turn, Nick. With my eyes closed, and a feeling of utter bliss all through me, I shot my load . . . I know not where. When drained, I opened my eyes and discovered that the "where" was the surface of my Bloody Mary concoction.

My white cum stood out starkly from its vegetable juice background, and floated on it, with a billion sperm undoubtedly drowning in the mixture and, also undoubtedly--and given their almost nonexistent weight--getting rip-roaring drunk on Vodka. "Belly up to the bar, boys, it's your last day on earth." I had whispered this, for some strange reason, hoping it had escaped Portal's ears. I didn't think of the fact that he had no ears to hear with.

"Waste not, want not." I said out loud. I grabbed a swizzle stick, stirred the new mix fully, and took a sip. Amazingly, I had discovered a new use for cum! It didn't taste bad at all. It was as if I had merely added some salty onions to the drink.
Celery, eat ya heart out!

I looked at the talking door. "Cheers, Portal, old thing." I took a long swig, and swallowed. The aftertaste reminded me that cum wasn't that easily cut. I could taste its sting in the back of my throat with each and every new swallow of my saliva.

I looked at the acting stage in my mind. Nick and Clara were gone, resting no doubt, from their recent sexcapades. Good! They might have said something truly embarrassing to me about my new sperm-loaded drink discovery, which, on the *sperm* of the moment, ha ha, I had decided to call a Cummy Clara! Do newly invented drinks, I mused, need to be patented? Or do the inventors merely rejoice in their silent, anonymous fame? I had no idea.

"Hey, Harry," I said out loud for Portal's amusement, "There's nothing like a Cummy Clara, buddy, to cure a hangover, you know what I mean?" Then, using a British accent for Harry, I said, "Bob's your uncle, guv'nor, and that bleedin' strange, oniony aftertaste gives you an instant erect. Me wife's taken to making 'em for me every night now! Cheers for Cummy Clara, mate." I giggled like a schoolgirl at my drollery.

Then I heard from Portal. He was, at last, awake. Or do doors, like sharks, never need sleep?

"You're a pip, Arthur, a real pip. An insane pip, to be sure, but a lovable one, too. Good morning, Arthur, did you sleep well? Or did having your clothes on give you that icky feeling we doors never need to experience?"

"Icky, but good morning to you, too, Portal." I lifted my drink and toasted him.

"Oh, well, *C'est la vie!* as French doors like to say. But we have more important matters to discuss. Your Nick and Clara dilemma. Ready for my advice?" I nodded, with great anticipation coming over me.

"It's simple, old pip. You've got to kill Nick, before these shenanigans kill you!"

I was stunned. I had expected something with more, shall we say, deep insight in it, something with ageless wisdom behind it. What did Portal have in mind next? Hiring a hit man? Wiring Nick's car with explosives?

I glared at Portal. "That's crazy, *and out of the question*. Even if I knew it would work, and I would get away with it, and Clara would be all mine, there's no fucking way I can kill anybody. My mother didn't raise me that way. Shit, Portal, even my father was against killing . . . of any kind." I glared at Portal. "He thought hunting for sport was barbaric.

"He hated the fact that we had to kill chickens in order to eat them. He felt God has gotten it all wrong when it came to chickens. They should be, my father would say, like peaches, unfeeling and edible. Grown in chicken orchards, and picked at their ripest and plumpest. Or, he would also say, chickens should have the magical ability to be eaten, but immediately reappear, alive and well, pecking away and no worse for the wear." I took a deep breath before plunging on.

"So, Portal, *killing Nick is out!*" I could swear I saw Portal tremble, as if in anger at my poo-pooing his wonderful suggestion. To lighten the atmosphere somewhat, I said, quite jovially I thought, "Hey, Portal, don't go getting *unhinged* on me!"

This had me laughing so hard my chest ached. I struggled to speak, and finally managed, "Any other bright ideas?" Clutching my chest, I stared at him.

"Yeah, pippy . . . if you won't kill Nick, then go and kill Clara!" Doors named Portal, it appeared, are not the brightest bulbs in the package. So much for a door opening and leading to great wisdom.

"Listen, Portal," I said, as if speaking to a child. "If I *won't* kill Nick, why the fuck do you think I'd up and kill Clara? Didn't you hear me when I mentioned my father and his chicken story? For crissakes, Portal, get it through your plywood head . . . *I'm not a killer . . . I don't do murder!*" That told him, I felt.

"Yes, you are, Arthur. I saw you kill a billion or so of your living sperm, and then, most cannibally I thought, drink them down, as if they mattered for nothing at all. And then, you hypocrite, you relished the salty onion taste left behind by their little corpses! And I'm sure your mother didn't raise you that way. Or did she?" He sounded too fucking smug, if you ask me.

But shit! He had me there. I didn't know what to say, or how to answer him. How do you explain to a door that sperm is expendable? And how do I tell Portal that billions, trillions, and even gazillions, are killed every day as a matter of course? That it's *not* murder, its . . . it's . . . what? I couldn't find the word with my fuzzy, boozed-up, and hung over brain.

Portal said, viciously almost, "*Even your lovely Clara is a cannibal!* Tell me, if you can, old chum, how many live spermatozoa has *she* swallowed in *her* lifetime, eh?" I immediately pictured Clara's mouth puffing in and out as she swallowed Nick's copious discharge. Zinca-drillions? Kerzillions? We would need to coin a new word for the infinite count.

"Listen, Portal, that's different. It's not considered murder to knock off sperm. Think of it more like . . . uh . . . oh . . . a sacrifice! Yeah, that's it! Sperm willingly sacrifice themselves, quite altruistically I should add . . . so we men can have some pleasure." I was warming up to it now, ready to teach the door all about it.

"You see, Portal, sperms get bored just hanging around waiting for a shot at getting a woman pregnant. Bored silly! And, because each and every one of them little critters knows only one will make it to the female's egg, they figure, what the hell, might as well make my man happy." It sounded good to me. But to Portal?

"Gee, Arthur, I had no idea. Please accept my most humble apology. I am truly sorry I misjudged you. And Clara, too. I know now it's not murder, it's love." Whew! Am I good at bullshit, or am I good at bullshit?

"Apology accepted, Portal. Now, what *can* I do about my problem?"

Portal thought for a moment, then said, excitedly, "I know! I'll hypnotize you, and make you forget all about your insane obsession. It'll be fun, too. What say you, Arthur? You game?"

I told Portal I was game, and up for it. What the hell, went my reasoning. I had to do something. And, who knows? It just might work, however foolish I now felt even thinking about it. I took a long swig of Cummy Clara and sat down on the couch. Then looked over at Portal, my new door friend.

Portal seemed to sway from side to side, hypnotically, his hinges gently squeaking. "Now, Arthur, your eyelids are becoming very heavy. You can't keep them up. They're closing. And, you're feeling very, very sleepy . . . "

* * * * *

I AWOKE the next day and felt more refreshed than I had in ages. I glanced at the bedside clock. Holy Moley, I had slept fifteen hours straight!

I showered quickly, put on my favorite robe, a ten-year old terry cloth, and briskly walked to the kitchen for some coffee. I walked on buoyant legs, with a spring in them, and a lightness all through me that bordered on the mystical. I felt, if challenged, I could walk on water.

I tried to get Portal's attention by humming, but he was either asleep or ignoring me. Oh, well, I finally said to myself, when he comes around, he comes around. And, if he never spoke to me again, well, that too was fine with me. Especially with the wonderful way I was feeling today.

The coffee, for a change, was perfect. Its usual bitter taste was absent. Even the sugar in it tasted special, as if the absolute correct amount had been used. I drank it with relish and gusto. I was alive, and feeling absolutely wonderful and grateful to be so.

Then my doorbell rang, its chimes sounding strangely beautiful to me. *Ding-*

dong, ding-dong-ding! I purposely ignored it, hoping it would repeat itself for my benefit. I wasn't disappointed. *Ding-dong, ding-dong-ding!* I waited even more. *Ding-dong, ding-dong-ding!* How lovely they sounded, like the tinkle of Tibetan temple bells.

"Coming," I yelled out on my way to the door. I threw it open, and there she was, whoever she was. She was so beautiful, I totally forgot I had my hand on a door named Portal.

"Geezy peezy, Arthur, I thought you'd died!" She kissed me lightly on the lips and pushed past me, as if she had done this many times before. I went along with what I now considered to be a joke. No doubt one sprung on me by Portal, that playful, frisky pixie. Besides, the strange woman was delighting me.

She said, "Arthur, can we talk . . . ?" She reminded me of Joan Rivers.

"Later!" I snarled, feeling the new me take hold. I then reached out and took her into my new, bold-as-brass confident arms. I then got even bolder, inspired by her lack of resistance to me.

"Kiss me!" I said to her, half expecting a slap across my puss. Instead, she put her arms around my neck, and planted a good one on me. A good juicy one, with her tongue playfully teasing mine. A good kisser, I thought, even if she turns out to be Joan Rivers.

She broke the kiss, but left her arms around my neck. She looked me right in the eyes, and said, "Whew, Arthur, I take it you missed me!" Well, I miss . . . "

To shut her up, I kissed her again. Then I heard the lovely creature moan, obviously enthralled with my fantastic kiss. "Mmmm!" So I kept kissing her. At one point, she broke from the kiss and said, "Your hair smells nice." I had no idea what she meant by the remark, so I kissed her again.

I felt my now erect cock's head hurting itself against the robe's rough terry cloth interior. I tugged at the robe's belt, pulled it away, and felt the robe part, exposing my naked front to her. Sensing my action, she put a hand down and found my cock. She squeezed it a few times, and moaned again. Whoever she was, I had no doubts that I would fuck her. But first things first . . .

"On your knees, love!" I commanded, feeling like a new man all over. She obeyed, without even the slightest of protest.

"Now, suck me off, woman!" The woman did and, in minutes, I came in her mouth. I then instructed her to clean all her cunt juices from my prick. She did, and I was impressed by her devotion to the task.

"Now, cunt, let's fuck!" The word cunt put a sour look on her face, but I didn't care. She seemed the willing sex slave, and that's all that mattered to the new me at the moment.

I fucked her, but with an animalistic passion I felt she had never known in her entire life. I was, if I may say so myself, absolutely magnificent. I pounded her ass into the bed, making the bed squeak loudly in protest. Then, just when she might suspect I was going to tire, *I let the dogs out!*

I hammered her. I rag-doll fucked her. I pummeled her pussy so hard; I thought the bed would collapse. *Squeak, squeak, squeak!* She moaned and yelled. I moaned and yelled. I sweated profusely.

I was giving her the fuck of her life. Using a new dick on her that was beyond magnificent, it was mystical and godlike. And long, and fat, and thick, and as hard as tungsten steel.

Then I yelled, magnificently, and at the top of my lungs, *"Oh, God! Oh, God! I'm cumming, baby, hold still and take me! Oh, God! Oh, God! Now! It's cumming now! Can you feel it? Oh, God!"* And I heard her say, quite clearly, unlike some men, that she could feel me cumming, and she enjoyed saying it so much, she said it again.

Then I collapsed upon her, my sweat splushing between us. I then kissed her, passionately, the way true lovers do, and then crawled up beside her and cuddled her to my sweaty, hot body.

As she snuggled sweetly into my arms, I asked her to tell me her name . . .

The End.