

# "Dirty Parts!"

comes from:



**FOREWORD:** The following "dirty parts" are from my full-length novel, **"When Groinkians Attack!"** A Detective Clu Sniffer Sci-Fi Mystery. You can download this free eBook by going to:

<<http://www.WhenGroinkiansAttack.com>> It's written under my Sci-Fi pseudonym, Arthur Kilcup.

Don't look for any space battles in this character-driven story because there are none. It's a story about a pig-faced race of aliens who first send two of their best soldiers to Earth as infiltrators.

The first one arrives "transformutated" into an Asian pot-bellied pig.

The second one later arrives as a huge mother of a hog with an ass the size of Kansas.

Their assignment is simplicity itself:

Capture a human and turn it over to their gourmet chefs who will prepare a grand feast for Major Grok. If the Major gives thumbs up (and, why wouldn't he?) a full-scale invasion will take place and they'll have all the slaves and human foodstuffs they'll ever need.

What could possibly go wrong? After all, the plan is easily executable, isn't it?

Well, for one thing, kidnapping the world's only Peeping Tom who wears a realistic pig mask as a disguise just might screw things up a tad. He may be dumber than a hammer, but he has street smarts from watching all those MacGyver reruns.

For another thing, the aliens didn't figure on Detective Clu Sniffer and Ms. Pooty Prissyfoot hooking up with a most unlikely, albeit sinister, ally.

This is a fun read, chock-full of hilarious situations. Sure, we know they save Earth in the end, la-di-da, but getting there is all the fun. And, well worth the trip.

Right, Pooty? "Poppycock!"

Now to the fun parts.

**SHORT EXPLANATION:** In the story, Bertram Burlappe Balliwick, a lecherous Peeping Tom, who wears a realistic pig mask as a disguise, has amnesia from being kicked in the head by one of the aliens. Not knowing where he lives, he heads for the only address he can remember, the home of an elderly woman he had peeped at through her bathroom window as she took a shower.

From the chapter: *"Why a bathroom is called the head!"*

**M**RS. HENRIETTA HIGGAMBOTHAM-SMYTHINGTON was in her garden, the love of her life, doing the chores she felt necessary to grow prize winning flowers, such as Azaleas, not to mention Rhododendrons.

She had finished her winter mulch chore, three-inches-high of mulch around each tree, two-inches-high over the garden beds. For the trees she used the big chunk-chip mulch, but for her precious, prize-winning garden beds only the smaller, fine-chip mulch would do.

She preferred chip mulch to the more common shredded mulch. Shredded mulch, she believed, and she would know, smothered plants, made watering less effective, and even though it cost less than the chips kind, gave a haven to the bad bugs and other insects that were a gardener's bane. And, to her at least, it smelled funny as it rotted out. Ms. aitch hyphen ess knew gardening, you betcha.

She was on her knees, a bulb planter tool in her right hand. She'd punch a hole in the soil, drop some bulb fertilizer into it, and plop in a bulb, pointy side up, you betcha. Then she'd cover it back up with soil. It was hard work and she perspired, for sure, but it was a work of love to her that went back many, many decades.

Whoever says gardening is relaxing has never tried to plant six hundred bulbs, one hundred each of Tulips, Crocuses, Anemones (Blanda type), Lilies of the Valley, Fritillarias, and Chionodoxas (Glory-of-the-Snow), each specie fussy about its planting depth.

Relaxing? You betcha! If having your hands covered in calluses while sweat pours down your back is your idea of relaxation.

And strangely enough, or maybe not, if anyone now saw our sweet, dear Ms. Henrietta Higgambotham-Smythington, all callused up and sweaty, on her knees punching one hole after another, smiling like an idiot, constantly wiped her brow, humming an unknown melody, with a happier-than-a-pig-in-shit look on her face, they might guess her ideas on the matter of what constitutes relaxation and what doesn't.

And, also strangely enough, she was being watched by someone. Because her widebrimmed straw hat blocked out the sun, and most of her view, she saw only the person's lower trouser legs and shoes.

Now, normally, our beloved Henrietta was a trust-all-souls type of gardener, but the pervert-in-the-bathroom-window episode had unnerved her and she was, one could say, just a wee bit antsy. The trousers and

shoes, being covered in only-God-knows-what, made her gasp as she looked up. She said fearfully, "Wh . . . What do you want?"

The man, if he was a man under all that only-God-knows-what, just stood there and blinked at her, a where am I? look on his messy face that only lost souls can muster up. On his chest, untouched as it were by the any of the slop that covered him, were two white letters: **M E**. The rest of the printing, **SE P R FI**, was unseen by Henrietta due to the muck, which was indeed lucky for Balliwick because she had yet to forget the Peeping Tom's Marine-like tee shirt.

Taking in the full spectrum of him, our sweet, bulb-planting gardener, for reasons probably known only to a Mother Teresa or perhaps anyone with a maternal instinct, felt no fear of the stranger. He looked so pitiful. Like something the cat dragged in and forgot to kill. He blinked some more. Then in a croaky voice that sounded as if it hadn't been used much lately, he said, "Do I live here, Ma'am?"

"No!" she said harshly. "This is my house! I live here." She stood up and found she was a bit taller than this dishevelled creature. "What on earth happened to you, young man! What's your name?" She said this so unfearfully and so forcefully, the man snapped to attention.

He answered the second question first, "I'm Bertram Burlappe Balliwick, Ma'am." He saluted her with a drill sergeant's dream salute. "And Ma'am," he held the salute firmly and unshakingly, "I can't remember what happened to me!" He finished the salute with a drill sergeant's snap. "Tsk, ts, tsk." was all she said.

Sometimes in real life, a lot of conversation is unnecessary and trust-all-souls type of people know their duty, know what must be done, when confronted with forlorn creatures covered in only-God-knows-what.

This whole exchange, as brief as it was, had the effect of bringing out Ms. Henrietta Higgambotham-Smythington's best Mother Teresa style of maternal instinct. She took him by the arm, turned him around and steered him toward the house, her house, the only house in the world with a bathroom window, and a blue bathroom, that he remembered as being home.

"You're going to get a right proper bath, young man," she said emphatically. "And a right proper clothes washing. Then after a right proper meal, we'll get to the bottom of this, mark my words!" He blinked again and said, right properly, "Yes'm."

She marched him, right properly, into the house and right into the bathroom. She stoppered the tub, turned on the water and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Give me your clothes and I'll put them in the washer!" She just stood there.

Bertam Burlappe Balliwick didn't even hesitate. "Yes'm!" was all he said as he stripped down right there in front of her, shyness never a part of the equation.

Naked now, he handed her his clothes, which didn't add up to much: A

tee shirt, trousers, shorts (briefs type), and socks. As he undressed, he missed the looking-at-it-way-too-long glance she had given to his very large, very thick--even though flaccid--male appendage. All he did was blink a few times, like a deer caught in headlights. Naughty, naughty, Henrietta! Twinge! Twinge!

She ordered him to get into the tub, this naked young man with the bigger-than-most-men's wee wee. She ordered him to soap up and stay put until she could get back to give him a proper wash up, mark her words. She ordered. He obeyed. Master and slave. Does it get any sweeter? Not for a sixty-six year old widow lady who hasn't had it in decades, you betcha!

Now, if the Guinness Book of World Records cared to time it, they'd have a new speed winner in the Get-The-Wash-Started-And-Get-Back-To-The-Naked-Man-With-The-Huge-Penis-In-My-Tub classification.

To say she was horny doesn't cover it. She was smokin'! Just the sight of that oh-so-unreal large, male member had aroused in our dear, sweet Henrietta the primordial lust of the ages. It was as if God had answered a spinster's prayers and had dropped a large-pricked plum right into her lap. And lordy, lordy, was she ever hungry! And she just loved plums. Especially the large-endowed ones served on top of nuts. You betcha!

She returned to the bathroom, in record time for sure, and saw that he hadn't gotten too far with the soaping up. Goody-goody! The tub's water was now gore-colored and it looked as if he was sitting in a tub of blood. Which, you could say, he was.

"Now Bertram," she said, "You just sit there while I change this water and get you fresh. OK?" He nodded as the water started to drain out.

His penis area, Goody-goody! soon became visible to her old widow's eyes. My, my! was all she thought, as new, fresh water started to refill the tub. My, my! My, my!

She took the soap in hand and scrubbed him all over, right properly, she did, including a scrubbing-it-way-too-long action around the plum with nuts area, which, if truth be told, had the usual and expected effect on one Bertram Burlappe Balliwick.

It grew and it grew! Then grew some more! My, my! In full anger, it reached well over ten inches. Ten and a quarter inches, if accuracy is your goal. Collectors of pornographic films would easily be reminded of Jeff Stryker, at his peak. My, my! Its girth was as thick around as a woman's wrist. The bulbous head, with a wide, flared ridge was--you guessed it!--plum shaped. My, my! The member stood straight up, pointed at the ceiling and was half exposed above the now clean, clear water. It looked very similar to those photos that show the Loch Ness monster. My, my!

For sure, our heroine had never seen anything like this in her entire life, not that she had much experience for comparison. Her now dead husband, on his best day, and at full mast, had half the length of the magnificent piece of manhood she now beheld--or more like, ogled.

And her husband's Wham-Bam-Thank-You-Ma'am-Gotta Snore-Now

attitude sure didn't add to her sexual fantasies. Nor did his Only-Need-It-Once-A-Month posture. If she had known, as a young woman, that men with things like this existed, she sure as Hell, Heavens-to-Betsy, would have thought differently about accepting the marriage proposal of one Wellington Frobisher Higgambotham-Smythington, Esq.

Girlishly now, and with soapy fingers, she reached down and proceeded to wash the plum-like head. Twinge! Twinge! The thought of using a wash cloth for this task never occurred to her. Fingers do a much better job anyway, dontcha know? Twinge! Twinge!

Balliwick moaned. He had a dream-like look on his face. His eyes merely blinked. He was now totally enraptured by his first--was it? Can't remember! Don't care, either!--male-female encounter.

That the female was almost three times his age, old enough to be his grandmother, and not what anyone, drunk or sober, would call a beauty, didn't matter to him, either. For now, anyway, his Nessie monster was in control.

So here was our hero, clean as a whistle and hung like a horse, ready to be towelled off. She ordered him to step out of the tub. He did, and stood before her, buck naked, all wet and glisteny. His beady little male eyes brimmed with male lust and his ten and one quarter inch woody, big around as a woman's wrist, pointed in her direction. In a bathroom that, sure as shit, seemed very familiar to him.

She ordered him to towel off his top part. She'd see to his bottom part, she told him as she handed him a big, fluffy, terry-like towel. He dried his top. She dried his legs. His stomach. His cute bubble-like ass. Twinge! Twinge! My, My!

Then gently, so gently, she dried his scrotum as his large member swayed mere inches from her face over the top of the towel. Then, for reasons probably only known to a Monica-of-the-oval-office type female, she kissed the tip of his penis. Smooch! Balliwick moaned, so she did it again. Smooch! And one more, to grow on, and for good luck. Smooch! Balliwick became a moan-fool, he did, with each gently planted kiss.

Smooch! Smooch! Smooch!

If old Welly, she thought, could only see me now! He'd do a double spin in his grave, that's for sure! This thought so invigorated her, that she decided, right there, right in her very own bathroom, all decorated in blues, her favorite color, to do to Bertram Burlappe Balliwick something only very, very--very bad girls did with men.

She took his engorge penis into her hot--oh so hot--sixty-six year old widow's mouth! How's them apples, Mister Wellington Higgambotham-Smythington, Esq.? she thought as she went farther along the shaft. Her mouth crossed the bumpy ridge--what some folks kiddingly refer to as a speedbump for the lips--and slowly continued downward.

Balliwick let out his loudest moan yet. This so emboldened her that she started going up and down feverishly. Her tongue swirled around. She clamped her lips here and there and changed the pace, slow, then fast, then slow, then fast. Her head bobbed up and down as she sucked

to beat the band. Her saliva ran down her chin. Her heart beat faster and lustfully, lost in the task at hand--her first ever blowjob.

His too, but he didn't know it. The little shit didn't care, either, if truth be told. Anyone for a cold shower at this point in our little tale? If not, proceed at your own risk! And those who consider this section too vulgar may skip to the next story section. Or burn this book right now. Take your pick.

Balliwick reached down and put both hands into her white, granny-like hair. He held her fast this way while he methodically sawed in and out of her mouth. He moaned a good one and picked up the pace.

One inward plunge hit the back of her throat and animated the gag reflex. She let out a gurgle and almost upchucked, right there on her blue bathroom rug. He sensed this, and being the gentleman he was at this particular moment, made his plunges shallower. A whole lot shallower.

She read this as some form of rejection, which it certainly was not. Thus our sweet Henrietta decided to take the--uh--plunge, so to speak.

After all, she thought, how difficult could it be? So, slowly, very slowly, she pushed her mouth farther down the shaft and took quarter inch by quarter inch. When the plump plum head nuzzled her gag reflex again, she chose to simply ignore the urge to regurgitate.

Mind over matter, she thought to herself, that's all it is. Five inches! Then six! Then Seven! God, she thought, does this darn thing have an end?

It was right about here, at six or seven inches, that a buried thought entered her mind: Thank goodness he's not Rasputin the Monk!

Long ago, when old Welly was still capable of bitchin' about the weather, she had read in one of those fact books on people, places, and things, that Rasputin was said, or rumored, to have thirteen manly longer-than-should-exist inches. Even the czarina of all the Russias, Alexandra, was said to have sampled the lengthy pole. Just how many times is unknown, but her undertaker could not remove the smile from her face. So it's rumored.

Well, Henrietta had trouble picturing a thirteen inch schlong in her mind, so she promptly went to her sewing room and got out her wooden yardstick. As she held it out in front of her, with fingers at both ends of thirteen inches, she let out a gasp.

My God, she thought, that damn thing would go in one of my ends and come straight out the other! That thought gave her a few girlish twinges, no doubt, fantasies being what they are and all. But let us not leave Balliwick . . . uh . . . hanging. OK?

With her now nearing the eight inch mark, this buried thought insinuated itself a tad more. She thought: This one still might come out my other end! She felt an involuntary shudder in her anus area.

Eight inches swallowed! Then Nine! Tears were in her eyes as she fought off the gag reflexes natural inclinations to dislodge the

massive invader.

And Balliwick wasn't just moaning now. He was A-MOANIN'! if you get the drift, and his legs shook like a rubber goose's. They had started this involuntary wobble when she had reached inch five on the penis-shaft scale, in case you're interested and must know everything.

When her lips pressed against his curly pubic hairs, at exactly ten and one quarter inches--remember?--he let out a "Sooeey!" that would have called any hog, even a stone deaf one, down to dinner! It felt so good he did it again. "Sooeey!"

So there they were, this mismatched pair, doing what is being done in millions of bedrooms every night of the week. Yeah, you wish.

He moaned and "Sooeeyed" as she worked at what her late husband considered sick, depraved, unnatural--icky-poo!-- and a sin in the eyes of God. You watching this, old Welly? she thought, You seeing your old Henny in a new light?

With this thought in mind, she moved her mouth back up to the speedbump and without so much as a bye-your-leave, took the plunge again, going right down, as some say, to the fur, in less time than it takes to say Welly. Balliwick yelled, "Sooeey! Sooeey!" Spin, spin, spin, old Welly.

When his climax came, it came with a deluge. Balliwick held her head fast and withdrew his penis to where only the plum-like head remained in her mouth. He then let out another "Sooeey" that was probably heard in all neighboring counties, and he unloaded.

His first spurt hit the back of her throat with enough force to remind her she still had a gag reflex. Many spurts soon followed and flooded her mouth with sperm as thick and lumpy as yogurt--no fruit on the bottom though.

She swallowed audibly, and more spurts refilled her. She swallowed again. And, as she felt the throbs that took place under the thumb she held at the base of his penis, she knew more was on its way. And more was. Jiminy Cricket, she thought, it's like being force-fed from a damn fire hose!

She swallowed again--Refill please! Thank you!-- then she swallowed for the fourth and last time. Her Bertie, it seemed, was now fully drained. Finally, thank you. Spin, spin, spin!

He withdrew his penis from her mouth and, to her utter amazement, and very unlike old Welly, he was still hard, erect, woodified, call it what you will. The damn thing still looked ready for more action. My, my!

"Ma'am," said Balliwick, a moon-eyed look on his puss. "That was unbelievable! Absolutely unbelievable! So unbelievable! Thank you, Ma'am. Thank you, thank you, thank you, Ma'am! Unbelievable!" He looked dreamy-eyed at her, having left no unbelievables or thank you's for anyone else's future use.

Still on her knees, with her hand at the base of his unWelly-like

pole, she looked up at him.

"You may not believe this, young man," she said. "But that was my first time ever doing that." she paused and ran her tongue lasciviously over her lips. "And my first time ever tasting sperm, mark my words! Very strange taste it has, it does." She licked her lips again.

"Sorta reminds me of salty onions!" she said. Then they looked directly into each other's eyes and laughed. That sweet, gentle kind of laugh, the kind shared by lovers everywhere. Spin! Spin! Spin! And Henrietta now added salty onions to the very short list of her favorite things. Right up there with large-pricked plums and hairy nuts.

"Now," she said. "How's about I rustle you up something real good to eat?" She stood up and gave his--amazingly, my, my!--still hard penis a playful squeeze. He moaned.

"And my sweet Bertie, I want you to show me later just how well you can use this precious thing of yours . . . in the normal way," She bent over and planted a smooch right smack dab on his indented little, innie-like pee hole. "OK?"

"Your wish," he said, "is my command!" He gave her one of those drill sergeant's dream salutes, the kind with a right smart snap on its tail end . . .

**SHORT EXPLANATION:** Detective Clu Sniffer, our hero, is enchanted with the sweet-as-punch school teacher, Ms. Pooty Prissyfoot, a witness to a kidnapping. As he interviews her for details, he is unaware of what took place on her honeymoon night when she married the owner of the local donut shop, Mr. Earl Doody.

From the chapter: *"Just how checkered is your past?"*

**F**ROM THE GIT-GO, Earl senior had enchanted her. Though exactly twice her age, he cut a dashing, man-about-town, man-of-the-world figure. Money didn't matter to Pooty but Earl had tons of the green stuff. And he lived all by himself, if you subtract the butler and maid, in a big house on a hill.

His ex-wife, Cluce, had her own house, fully paid by him, on a smaller hill. She lived with little Earl, Jr. who bounced back and forth between the two hills.

Pooty and old Earl had a head spinning, whirl-win courtship, which culminated three months later when Earl proposed as he stuck a glazed donut on her ring finger and asked for her hand. Why she said yes, she couldn't now tell you.

Perhaps it was his resemblance to her father. Or how much of a gentleman he was. Why, he hadn't even so much as tried to cop a feel here and there from the virginal kindergarten teacher. Whatever. Maybe her prince hadn't come along but he was an Earl. And she was enchanted

with him.

They married that very afternoon in the offices of the Justice of the Peace. Old Earl even had the ring ready, as if he knew she'd say yes. In spite of the long, long kiss the JP said they were now entitled to, it went downhill from here. But not right away.

Earl promptly took her back to his mansion. His man, Digby, would see to her clothes and such, later. This was their Honeymoon, dontcha know?

He gave the maid and the butler the night off. After a quick celebratory small drink of cognac to toast the nuptials and four or five hearty swigs by Earl straight from an Old Grand Dad 114 proof Bourbon bottle, he fairly rushed her into the master bedroom.

He seemed like a thirsty man who had discovered water was now at hand and he was to have his fill. It scared her somewhat but she also felt wifely. Now if she could only chase away how she felt like the lamb led to slaughter.

In the bedroom, Thirsty man became Lecherman. He stood her at the front of the bed and said, with both hands on her shoulders, "Now, Missus Doody, I'm gonna show you what you've been missin' all your life!" He eyed her body up and down, licked his lips, and looked demented and lascivious at the same time. It frightened her somewhat. But she still felt wifely.

"Now Darlin,' I'm gonna peel these here clothes offa you and see if I can't get your sweet honey-motor started." She stood there unable to speak.

He took her clothing off, piece by piece, and very slowly, as if he was unwrapping a present and wanted to delay the surprise for his better overall pleasure.

She trembled. His hands trembled while he worked. Then he kissed her with each new article he took off and tossed carelessly to the floor. He kisses were sloppy wet, hot, tongue-probing, and delivered nervously. Spittle ran down his chin. He smelled of booze. It mixed with the smell of his heated muskiness.

For some strange reason, she didn't protest, argue or get angry. Perhaps she thought this was only a man's way to get through the Honeymoon jitters. Whatever the reason, she just stood there. And tried, unbelievably, to respond mentally positive to what was taking place.

When she was finally nude, he stepped back for a better overall look-see. She stood there before him, nipples rigid from the cool air. Her eyes looked slightly downward. Her hands were placed primly in front of her groin area. Waiting. For whatever he decided to do next.

And as weird as she felt, as she stood naked before him, she also felt stirrings within her. As lecherous as he looked, she also felt greatly desired by him. He was her husband now. She his wife. For better or for worse, isn't that what the JP had said? Absolutely. No argument about it.

And she knew, and she thought, that in mere moments from now, she would be getting fucked. Wifely fucked. Her first fuck. And the thought of being fucked by the man, now her husband who drooled and salivated just by looking at her, somehow hit her twinkle buttons. Her honey-motor.

She now wanted him to fuck her. To take her and ravish her, just like in the gothic novels. In any manner and fashion he chose. She was now a wifely slave to her new drooling, twice-her-age master, who reminded her of Daddy.

"Honey, you have," he said, "the most loveliest titties I ever laid my eyes on!" He reached out with his hands and tweaked both of her nipples at once. This sent a shiver through her body. "They make my ex, Cluce, look like a cow by comparison!"

He pinched the nipples again then squeezed both of her breasts, his hands a-tremble noticeably. Then he pushed the pair of ample bosoms together. He kissed and sucked on each nipple in turn. Then he buried his head into her cleavage and kissed and licked. "Mmm, mmm, lushus." he said. She felt more stirrings take center stage inside her. Goose pimples broke out all over her body. She felt warm, overheated.

He covered her breasts and stomach with wet, sloppy, lip-tongue kisses, while his hands explored her all over. Her legs. Her back. Her buttocks. Her chest and belly were wet from this action and she could sense a wetness start to form in her vagina.

She moaned, and this encouraged him. He kissed her hotly as both hands massaged and kneaded her buttocks. He moaned throughout the kiss. He brought a hand around to her front and rubbed her vaginal area.

Then she shuddered violently when he, on his knees now, ran his tongue down her stomach and plunged it straightaway into the top of her vagina. And proceeded to lick up and down and around. The shock of it, the newness of it, for no man had ever done that, sent ripples of something unnamable and indescribable through her. Her knees almost buckled out from under her as a small orgasm overtook her. She moaned, louder now.

He stood up and ordered her to lie on the bed. She obeyed. When she was thus placed, on her back, her legs held coyly together, she felt surreal. It was all happening to her but somehow it wasn't. She watched him as he undressed. He fairly tore his clothes off as he watched her and eyed her body up and down. He looked insane. Spittle flew off his chin. Sweat glistened on his forehead, his shoulders, and his hairless chest.

She felt herself blush when his erection was revealed. It swayed with his movements. Its size both startled and frightened her. It was long, and extremely fat, with a huge purplish-pink head. But it was odder looking, too. It was bent, acutely, to the side, his left side. The bend was so severe it almost made a half-circle. It frightened her. And amazed her. He wiggled it in her direction and smiled at her.

In her younger years, she had never seen anything like it. And, amazingly perhaps, she had seen many. In high school, she had given eight boys handjobs, when the hormones that led to petting seemed

ready to go out of control and threatened to lead to more. She was saving the 'more' for marriage. The boys didn't complain. They had today.

In truth, she greatly enjoyed being the cocktease, it pleased her, but she knew it could be a dangerous game to play. So, to this end, and in pretense to spare the boys from getting what they called, blue balls, she offered her hand in masturbation. It never went beyond that, and sometimes letting them kiss and fondle her firm, young girlish breasts.

After the first time, when the boy had spurted all over her brand new jeans, she started carrying extra Kleenex for the after clean up. She would make the boy, with the threat of not doing it, promise to tell her when his moment had arrived. She would then wrap the head of his spurting joint in the Kleenex, wad it up, and put it in her pocket or purse for later disposal. She didn't want to litter.

Now and then, and she felt weird doing this, she would open up the wadded tissue and inspect its contents. Out of curiosity--and who knows? --to see if the color was white, as it should be, or had she run into a strange boy who spasmed green? Or blue. Or purple?

All eight of the boys shot white, as is to be expected, and returned for many rematches. The moment a boy had her alone somewhere, zip, out would come his favorite plaything.

It all happened so frequently, and so mechanically, she felt as if she was a demented nurse who had developed an unusual method for collecting sperm samples. At one time, she had no less than six such samples in her pocket and purse combined. All carefully preserved in Kleenex, for which purpose, as you savvy readers already know, Kleenex was invented in the first place.

And she had marveled at the differences in the boy's penises. A large one, a skinny one, a fat one, a short one, a short, fat one, one curved up, one curved down, a little head, big head, medium head. It amazed her no end. It seemed as if God hated sameness in penises.

Four of the boys had tried to get her to perform oral on them, two by pushing her head in the general direction, but she was having none of that icky stuff. Poppycock! Take what I offer or get nothing. None of them pushed the matter any farther.

When she went off to college, in another town, and shared a dorm room with a roommate, she went wild in her tease-'em-then-please-'em game. Dozens and dozens. And dozens more.

She quickly grew a reputation and any guy who was tired of using his own five-fingered Mary, knew just where to go and just who to see: The big-titted virgin who was saving up her anything "more" for her prince charming. "You can't fuck 'er, Harry, but get 'er to put Vaseline on it and you might not know the difference."

Her roomie, Wendy Turkle, informed Pooty one day that they were starting to refer to Poot's actions as "Getting Kleenexed," and comments such as "See Poot, she'll Kleenex out your pipes for you!" were becoming commonplace.

Pooty didn't care. Who knew her in this town, anyway? And they don't ask for ID when buying Kleenex. At least not yet.

Besides, who was the roommate to talk! She was well known as Windjob Turtle, for her oral skills, which, she eagerly told Pooty, were getting better with every guy.

"You should try it, Poot. It's really rad!" Someday, Poot told her, when the Prince came a-knocking. With his "more" hangin' out, one can only guess.

At times, the girl-talk they shared would give Doctor Ruth a heart attack. But they had fun with the whole thing. Ms. Windjob would tell Ms. Kleenex what sperm tasted like to her, salty with a long-staying aftertaste and give her all the juicy, you-shoulda-seen-me-in-action details of the event, including, usually, whether the guy smelled musky, sweaty or like shit in a diaper.

Ms. Kleenex would match her in the details arena, like the time the guy spurted, with Pooty being too slow on the Kleenex, and it hit the ceiling! Right there in a dark booth in the back of Howard Johnsons.

Sometimes Pooty would unfold the Kleenex tissue for a joint-committee inspection, analysis, and college-like discussion. Ah, those were the days! The salad days of yore. The halcyon days. When college really meant something to a kid.

Some of Windjobs stories were so unbelievable, so preposterous, that Pooty felt compelled to tell her as much.

"Wendy, you're full of poppycock! Just full of it."

Don't worry, Poot. We haven't forgotten you're lying naked as a jay on a bed in a mansion, watching the last of your husband's attire hit the floor and . . .

From the chapter: ***"What is this thing called, Love?"***

As Pooty looked at Earl's huge swaying cock, she knew she had never, in all her travels, seen anything even close to it. It scared and fascinated her. It looked nearly a foot long. Maybe more. Its severe bend reminded her of a coiled cobra ready to strike. If it hissed right now and lashed out and bit her on one of her big toes, it wouldn't have surprised her a bit.

Earl, with his black half-socks still on, walked over to the side of the bed and stood there. His crooked, humongous lady-thriller snake wobbled and swayed from side to side as if it sought out the best place to strike. He took it in his right hand and shook the huge, bent salami up and down at her.

"Ain't it a beaut, Darlin,' he said. "Cluce couldn't get enough of this little fella, dontcha know? He waved it around in a circle and, as he did, a pre-cum blob flew off the tip and landed on her left nipple. It both startled and titillated her.

"Like it?" he asked. Not knowing what else to say or do, she nodded,

her eyes a-bug.

"Soon now, Honeybunch . . . you're gonna love it!"

Just before he got onto the bed to place his body alongside hers, he gave a wink to the wall space that was behind and above her head. Earl's favorite picture of our Lord, the one with the eyes that follow you all around the room, now looked directly at him. It also watched him as he placed his left knee on the bed but it did not hear, one must assume, the bed groan from the now added extra weight.

He kissed her lips, sloppily and wetly. He smothered her body in slick tongue kisses, all the way down to her toes. He groped and he felt her. He trembled. He sweated. He wiggled around on top of her and beside her, as he groped, kissed and devoured her.

His left knee went between her thighs and opened them slightly. He pressed his knee into her vagina. He moaned and she moaned. A kiss. A grope. A feel. A squeeze. As he tried to get her honey-motor started.

As he worked on her body, her arms merely rested, in turn, on his back, his shoulders, his sides. Then he plunged a middle finger into her vagina. He wiggled it and probed. Farther in now. A push upwards. Then it was joined by a neighbor. The two now probed and pushed in a frenzy to find the elusive starter gizmo.

She moaned louder now. Her arms now found more of him. Her hands squeezed, pressed and explored. Her fingers wandered and stumbled on Cluce's favorite thing.

She could hardly get her small hand around it. It throbbed and pulsated as she explored its circular length. He moaned. They writhed, entangled, and kissed and groped some more. His fingering of her increased and her passions rose. They both sweated, slippery together. Her hand went farther and found his balls. Hairy. Combined, they were as large around as an orange. She squeezed and massaged the orange sack tenderly and felt the two large egg-sized lumps just beneath the surface.

She massaged his scrotum knowingly as if she had done it dozens and dozens of times before. He moaned. She moaned. The bed shook. Sweat flowed. Heat rose. "Oh, baby," he breathed hotly in her ear, "You are one hot Momma! . . . And your Daddy's gonna fuck you silly." She shuddered. Her mind was jumbled.

She was ready. Ready to be fucked silly. By a man twice her age who reminded her of her father. He knew she was ready, too. The moment for man and wife coupling had arrived. The foreplay was over. Earl's fun part was here.

He parted her legs with his lower body and got between the two alabaster-hued gams. He reached down with his left hand, took his penis' large plum-like head and started rubbing it up and down furiously on her moistened slit. She moaned and marveled at the strangeness of it all. And at his size. As a drop of spittle fell from his chin and alit on her shoulder, he whispered, "Won't be long now, Shugga!"

He pushed his member into her to the depth of its head. She felt her vagina spread out wide by the intrusion. He gave her more, slowly, teasingly, a small half an inch at a time. Then he was in four or five inches. Fear arose in her. Fear of what was to come.

Earl knew his new bride was a virgin. And he had only one philosophy on that matter. As a young man, he had broken in many a fine filly and knew just how to go about it. None of this, "Sorry. Am I hurting you, Honey?" stuff for him. No sirree. Just plunge the old yoitza right in all the way, quick as a rabbit, break the maidenhead and get the stupid shit done and over with--so a man can get to the good stuff.

Thus without any warning to her, he plunged the entire eleven and seven-eighths length in. (For you sticklers of accuracy, and you purists, it should be noted that the method used for the measurement was taken from the prestigious, and very well respected, New Oxford College Penile Measurement Guide, volume six, edition two.) His pubic hairs now bumped and shook hands with hers.

"Ohoouooooooooow! Oh! Owwww! Ohoow!" she shrieked, her eyes shut tightly and filled with tears. She felt split in two. Torn apart. Ripped asunder. As if someone had drove a pregnant baseball bat deep into her. One that curved acutely to her right. She felt the pressure of its enormity. The picture on wall watched her plight.

He took hold of her shoulders, from behind her, with both hands, held her fast and kept her in place. He pulled out some and plunged in to the hilt again. She screamed. She dimly felt the orange sack smack against her buttocks. He plunged again. And again. And again.

Earl's latest fine filly screamed throughout as he rode her. To break her in properly, his way. But her screams of pains were less loud each time as the pain was somewhat duller. Throughout her screams and groans, he plunged the bat with a vengeance.

In and out. Without mercy. He was a wild man now. A wild man who now tried to fuck his new wife silly. Even sillier than silly. His ass pumped up and down like a piston. Her legs were splayed way out on both sides of him. They wiggled and flailed in the air. He tried to drive the bat deeper with each plunge. Their bodies made slap-slap noises. Sweat flew in all direction.

The bed bounced and creaked. They sweated some more. They moaned and groaned. She screamed and yelled. He kept at it. In her jumbled mind, she wished he would spurt and stop the pain. And at the same time, something in her wanted more. He, with a control only learned by practice, could fuck all night if asked politely. He regarded her moans and screams as polite enough.

Then she felt the release. Her release. It exploded within her. It sent shock waves throughout her body. It overwhelmed her. It flooded her brain. Exploded within her brain. She saw stars through her closed eyelids. In full color. Then more explosions. Then even more. She rode the huge baseball bat straight to Heaven on a wave of explosions and starbursts. New waves of emotion flowed over her then lifted her higher. And higher.

Then higher still. And higher yet. Then something flowed back down.

And flowed out of her. She felt as if she had flowed out through her vagina, flowed out all over the bed, onto the floor. And then, miraculously, it all flowed back into her. Then out again. She thought she would faint. She hoped so. Then she didn't want it to end. She wanted it over with but never ending.

She and Earl surfed the flow, the wave. She was sure they were somehow on the floor then on the bed. Another wave. Stronger even. Had she gone insane? From somewhere around her, she heard a wild, crazy woman yell, "Poppycock me, Earl . . . Poppycock me! . . . Poppycock me, poppycock me, poppycock meeeeeeee! . . . Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! . . . Poppycock me silly, Earl, poppycock me silleeeeeeee!" And amazingly, old Earl only heard what he wanted to hear.

From a place somewhere way, way high above her, she heard, "Yes, Baby, yes! But you gotta tell your old Earl you love it! Say the words! Say it! . . . I love it, Earl! . . . Say it! . . . Now!" She couldn't speak. And then--she could.

"Oh, God, yes! I love it, Earl. . . I love it! . . . I love it, love it, love it!" As she said it, she wrapped her legs around his back, crossed her ankles and squeezed him. "Oh, yes! I love you, Poppycock! . . . uh . . . Earl! . . . I love you Earl, love you, love you! . . . Oh, God, oh, God! . . . Oh, sweet poppeeeeeeecock!"

She showered his ears, his neck, and his face, with wet kisses. Sweat rolled off both of them. They kissed. Their wet, sloppy tongues crashed. Spittle flew. More sweat flowed. Two people entwined in a rutting frenzy. No animals had ever matched their actions. They were driven. Out of their minds. Insane.

He told her he loved her, too. Once. Then he fucked her very hard and violently for a minute or so more. Then yelled, at the top of his lungs, "Here I comes, Darlin! Here comes your Earl! Hold still, Baby, hold still . . . now! . . . ooooooooooooooooooooooh" With one final plunge of the entire bat, he spasmed. And flooded her.

She felt it. Every spasm. Every spurt, deep inside her, spurt after spurt. And it felt hot. As if, somehow, each spurt was hotter than her own body temperature. She felt sure an elephant had just unloaded in her vagina. But he only had the weight of an Earl.

As she felt him flood hot and very deep inside her, a thought bounced in. She said, "Oh, God, Earl, you really have poppycocked me silly!"

He chuckled in her ear. "Told ya I would," he said matter of-factly. "Told ya."

Then he asked as his full weight collapsed upon her, "What does poppycock mean, Baby?"

"I'll tell you in the mornin' . . . Hon."

**SHORT EXPLANATION:** In the story, Colonel Grok, Commander of a Groinkian warship hovering above Earth, is homesick for his gona, which is Groinkian for female counterpart, almost a wife.

From the chapter: *"I'm gonna miss my gona!"*



COLONEL GROK looked down at the printout of Captain Grik's latest contact with Earth. It had every word that was spoken between the Captain and Lieutenant Gron. The higher ups had seen to that. They listened in on every form of communications. It wouldn't surprise the Colonel if they even had his ship bugged. Always paranoid, those bastards, he thought. They see spies everywhere. So they put spies everywhere.

He now knew Gron had eliminated Grin. On Captain Grik's order. Technically. For he knew the real order had originated with High Central Command. Listening in, they would have told the Captain, through his ever-present earpiece, what had to be done, right then and there--and by whom. He also knew his Captain, if allowed to, would have found a more saner and sensible solution. That he was sure of.

He had liked Lt. JG Grin. A good Groinkian soldier. Loyal and faithful and dependable. What more could you want in a man? Some schmuck in the HCC should go to his books and look up what the term "real waste" means. But even if he did, that wouldn't help Grin now, would it? Nosirree.

He was glad it wasn't he that would have to make the house call to Grin's gona, Gridda. He had only met her a few times, but he liked her. And she and Grin had one of those loves that he suspected would be gonotta renewed many, many times. He would have trouble facing her with the bad news.

He thought about her cooking. Gridda's Slave- Surprise Stew was something to die for! He chuckled when he realized the pun he had just made. Some slave did have to die for that stew. Oh, well, he thought, one man's meat is another man's stew! He chuckled again, his heartlessness hidden from him by over a century of Groinkian training.

His large warship was now in the static-filled position. The paradoxical situation this created wasn't lost on the Colonel. True, it made detection by Earthlings near impossible, but it also made communications between his ship, the infiltrators on the planet, and the home base, near impossible, too.

Even though he had ordered the ship's power output tripled. Even Groinkians, he thought, sometimes lose to the limitations of physics.

To push the output even higher would use up vast amounts of energy, which, should they suddenly have the need for, for whatever reason, including an attack, they just might find themselves caught short. Invincible Groinkian warships had their limits, too.

Now as he sat in his private stateroom, he wondered what events, those over with and those yet to come, were leading up to. Victory? The conquering of a planet? New slaves and foodstuffs? Or defeat--with all the trimmings? And one of those trimmings, he knew only too well, would give him his first taste of a Grun-gun's savage raw power.

He shuddered and his shoulders shook.

Oh, well, he thought, I've been trained to accept death. Bitch is they don't train you how to accept never seeing your Grinda again. The thought of her made his eyes mist up. He tried to picture her face more clearly, but it had been too long. Two years now. Of course, he had her on tape on his portable televiewer.

Did she, he wondered, ever miss him the way he now missed her. Probably not. At least not often. For he knew Grinda had dozens of slave gossixi to take her mind off things. And fill more than just her time. And quell her loneliness. Especially that one slave-gossix, Gundle, who she once said had driven her to Heaven with his three-headed penis. He had never met Gundle. Grinda had acquired him only recently.

Of course, he thought, when the transmutations arrive I'll have my fun, if I feel like it. They were sending along enough gammixi to keep the entire ship happy for a long time.

He reached for his portable televiewer and pressed buttons. He looked down at the square four-inch screen. Gundle appeared. Naked.

"Greetings Major Grok. I hope when you receive this you are well. I am Gundle, your gona's gossix. She has asked me to participate in this endeavor in the hope it gives you some form of pleasure." The image cut to Grinda's face. It was obvious she held the camera. "Hello my love." She said. "I miss you terribly. And I thought you would like some lurid entertainment. OK?" As if he had a choice.

The camera then cut and panned Gundle's body. In a close-up shot he saw Gundle's large penis come to life as Grinda manipulated it with her free hand. It was truly an amazing sight to behold. It was a normal penis that, at the four or five inch spot from the groin, split into three separate shafts, each with its own fully formed head. The three heads formed a perfect triangle, with an inch or so space between each pair. It looked awesome.

Then Grinda must have rested the camera on something stationary, for there she was, on her knees, sans camera, performing oral on Gundle. She went from head to head as if she was playing some type of musical instrument. The Colonel was surprised he couldn't hear a melody. She did this for a time and then the two of them kissed a few times before getting into the bed.

He had seen this before and wanted to get to where Grinda goes to Heaven. The Colonel punched in the fast forward number, frame 323. Click. 323 had arrived. He watched his gona scream, writhe and go crazy as Gundle worked his heavenly magic with his three-headed Hydra. When the action died down, he hit the off button.

What followed, he knew, were six more performances by Gundle along the same lines.

Gundle sure had stamina. He was also very adept, but he lacked variety and imagination. He hoped this made a difference to Grinda. How could it, he wondered.

The Colonel now remembered what he had said to Grinda in his once every six months home communications allowance. Knowing it would be

read by the spies, he worded it cryptically. Aside from the I love you and miss you part, he added: "Remember, my Grinda, three heads are not always better than one--I hope! Hee hee!"

And to Gundie he wrote: "Thank you from my wellspring for keeping my Grinda happy."

He forced his mind to shift this sentimental gear into neutral. He reached out and pressed the intercom button. When he heard his Captain-Soon- To-Be-Major say, "Yes, Colonel, Sir?" he felt once more like an important part of the invincible Groinkian invasion forces.

**End. Dirty Parts!**