

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 purely coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment only and should not be emulated in the real world.



MAVIS CONRAD looked at the image of herself in the mirror, and thought: In spite of what you did tonight, Mavis, old gal, it doesn't show on your puss. Well, shit, hon, what did you expect? A stigmata in the shape of a large red capital A? Actually, babes, a capital C would be more appropriate, don'tcha think?" Her mirror image nodded. Mavis thought some more, now watching herself very intently.

I must have been totally out of my mind, girlie! What the hell was I thinking, anyway? Oh, yeah, sweetie, I was a bit drunk, but that's no excuse. I know better, even when drunk. Don't I? Again, the mirror face nodded.

Then why did I do it, for crissakes? Don't answer. I know the reason. Because I felt like doing it. Yeah, you heard me right. I felt like blowing those four guys at the party. So fucking there, my evil twin. Go suck on it if you don't like it! The mirror face made a sour face, and stuck its tongue out at her. Mavis giggled.

You were there, you bitch, so why don't you tell me how it all got started, hmm? The image shrugged its shoulders at her. Shit, you don't know, either! I guess, ha ha, you were as drunk as I was! But once it got started, it was fun, wasn't it? The mirror face nodded, but looked unsure of itself.

Come on, you slut, admit it. You liked sucking Paul's cock. And Jerry's, too. And Chuck's fat thing. Shit, girl, you even enjoyed sucking off that skinny ass Jack's big banana. Fess up, child, don't try to fool momma, now.

The mirror face tilted its head, and rolled its eyes. Mavis giggled again, and thought, At least it was fun until Tad showed up. Shit, I didn't even hear him come in! All I heard was the door open and close. Oh, I sensed someone standing there, for sure, just watching me as I deep-throated Jack's super hard erection. But did I care? No a fig! Not even when Jack yelled, 'Here it comes, Mave, swallow it all, baby!' Which, as you also know, I did, and with relish, I should add.

Next thing I know there's a new cock in front of my face, a fifth one, a big and long and thick one. Soooo big! Soooo long! Bigger and longer than any the other four guys had, that's for sure. Eh, chummy? The mirror face

nodded up and down, in a good imitation of a bobble-head doll.

Shit, I didn't even know it was Tad, until I heard him say, 'I never would have guessed, Mave, that you were a cocksucker!' And there I was, palsy walsy, with his big dick head in my mouth, and looking up at his handsome face. My heart went pit-a-pat so furiously, I actually felt like telling him, so stupid, 'Oh, Tad, don't you know I've loved you ever since I was ten?'

Mavis moved her face closer to the mirror, and said out loud, in a conspiratorial tone, "*That*, my dear Mavie twin, would have gotten a big laugh out of them all, don'tcha think?" She giggled, and watched the mirror face giggle, too. She sat back in the chair, and thought some more.

Oh, God, I was so embarrassed and mortified I wanted to run and die. But Tad grabbed my head so firmly, I couldn't have moved if I had wanted to. Could I now? So, what's a girl to do? Huh? As you know, I sucked him off, as I'm sure you, you old slut, would have done given the same odd circumstances. The mirror nodded, but just once, as if it was afraid to admit to the obvious.

Yeah, right, Mavis thought, but you can't fool me, you sly dog. You would have shown him just how much you loved him by massaging his balls, squeezing his ass cheeks, and slobbering on his dick so much it would have shrunk. Hee hee, which is, as you well know, you bastard, were the very things I did! Mavis saw the mirror face laughing back at her. Then, suddenly, it frowned.

Don't remind me. I've tried not to think about it, but you and I have to face facts. By tomorrow, there won't be anybody at Cabot College who hasn't heard about my fellatio feat. No one. Remember that Debra chick? Shit, she only blew two guys in the back of her father's old Buick, and it was all over the place like white on rice. The mirror face nodded, remembering.

Before you knew it, she was doing everybody! Rumor had it that all a guy had to do was get her alone, and say, 'On your knees, Deb!' She sure became very popular real fast now, didn't she? The mirror face just smiled, reserving its nod for another time.

Remember the nickname they pinned on her? The mirror face nodded. Then, as if to make it seem truer, Mavis said, out loud, "Debby Downs-It-All! Shit, friend, what will they call me? Mavis the Muncher? Munchin' Mavie? Mavis the Meateater? I can hardly wait! The mirror face scowled at her.

But, hey, let's look on the bright side! I'm still a virgin! At least from the waist down. You listening, Tad? Or doesn't it matter you'd be marrying a virgin after you've seen her suck all your best friends off? C'mon, Tad, lighten up! Think of all the COCKtail parties we could throw for your buddies. I bet they tell you that you have the best COCKtail parties in town! And just think, Tad, we could even film it, and have something to watch in our old age, along with the grandkids. Ha ha! The mirror face frowned at her again, as if very displeased with her cavalier treatment of it all.

She said, out loud, "Fuck you, what the hell do you know about, anyway?"

The mirror face put on a hurt look face. Mavis said, "I'm sorry, old gal, it

ain't your fault I screwed up big time with Tad. But, shit, he never paid me any attention anyway, so what's the problem? And besides, if you and I are totally honest with each other, I have to say, being honest with you now, that I absolutely loved doing it! I never knew sucking cock could feel so delicious. So sexually exciting. Christ, my pussy at the time, was Niagara Falls! And, and, and, being a slut added something wickedly wonderful to it all. Know what I mean? The mirror face nodded, knowingly. Mavis now talked to the mirror out loud.

"When that first cock, I think it was Paul's, or maybe it was Jerry's, ha ha, who remembers now? Well, anyway, it sure felt good in my mouth. And knowing the others were watching, well wow, what a trip! And when he came in my mouth, boy was I surprised! What a load! I had to swallow three times . . . if I didn't want to drown, that is." Mavis laughed, and watched her twin do the same.

"As you know, hon, that was my first taste of cum. As you also know, I loved the taste! Like salty onions, only nicer. When the next two also came in my mouth, I was in cum heaven, woman! Ooohweee! Cum heaven! I even liked the taste of that loser Chuck, third, I think who by the way, spurts so hard it hits the back of the throat with enough force to send it right down into your stomach. But look whom I'm telling that to! You were there! You saw it all." The mirror face nodded.

"Tad didn't. He only saw Jack mouth fucking me, and cumming in my mouth, but I bet the other guys filled him in with all the details by now. Men being such kiss-and-tell types, and all. You agree? The mirror nodded.

"Christ, even before I left that bedroom, the rest of the gang probably knew what I was doing in there. The looks they gave me when I finally came out! Oh, yeah, they knew, all right. Paul probably told them all. I remember he left the room, to get a new beer he said, just before I was munching on the fourth guy, Jack. Oh, yeah, he blabbed all over the fucking place, no mistake about it. You agree with me? The mirror nodded, and looked sad.

"Well, fuck it! What's done is done. We can't change that, can we? So, you old cocksucking cunt, what do we do from here on out? Eh?" The mirror face looked at her quizzically. "Cat got your tongue, pussy?" The mirror face laughed at her. "Well, you may not know, you dummy, but I do! I'm just gonna go with the flow, and enjoy myself. And suck off any guy who wants it! All he'll have to do is get me alone, and say, 'On your knees, Mave!" She grinned at the mirror face.

"And I'll say to him, quite haughtily, 'What, no friends?' "

Mavis laughed, the mirror face laughed, and then she got up to go in and take her shower . . .

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THE NEXT DAY offered few surprises. The looks, the whispered comments, said it all. The word was out about the newest cocksucker on the block, Debra's replacement. All Mavis was waiting to hear was what nickname someone had chosen for her. In less than twenty minutes of her arrival on campus, she heard it. From some guy she had never even seen before.

"Hey, guys, look! Isn't that Mavis the Mouth?!" Some other guy shouted out, "Oh, yeah, but watch out! She's been known to mouth a guy to death!" As the laughs and guffaws followed, Mavis smiled defiantly at them, and said, "You said a mouthful, boys, I always leave 'em limp and dying!" She turned, walked away, and marveled at how quiet they had all become.

Shit, she thought, nothing works on a pack of idiots as well as a direct, frontal attack. She knew what she had said would only increase her cocksucker reputation, but that was exactly her point in saying it. None of this play it coy shit, as Debra had probably done, for her. Mavis wanted to suck cock, and lots of it, and she didn't care who knew it.

Not even her best friend, Carol, who rushed up to her and said, with her eyes saucer like, "You didn't, Mave, did you?" Mavis simply smiled at her, and said, "I did!" Then Carol, a look of utter amazement and shock on her face, wanted every juicy details, which Mavis was only too happy to supply.

"Jeezus, Mave, all five of them? Tad, included? I thought you loved Tad?"

"Oh, I did, Care, still do, but let's face it, he wasn't ever gonna return it. So fuck it, Care, you could say, in a way, he's now out of my system. For good."

"For sure! But what a way to go about doing it! My God, were you drunk?"

"Not that drunk. I knew exactly what I was doing at all times. And, you know what? I liked doing it! That's right, I liked it. All of it, even sucking off Tad's big schlong . . . and you were right; he *is* hung like a fucking horse! How'd you know?" She grinned at Carol, who now looked a little red around the ears.

"Oh, not the way you're thinking! Our friendship means too much to me, and I know how much you care about him, for me to ever . . ."

"I know, stupid. But tell me, just how did you know?"

"I saw it! You know Chloe, the one I tutor in math?" Mavis nodded. "Well, a window in her room looks right down into Tad's room. I was there one day, when Chloe says to me, 'Look! He's doing it again!' Well, I went over to the window, and there he was, wanking away on it as if he didn't have a care in the world. Chloe, that character, hands me a pair of binoculars! She'd been ogling his ass for months. Well, let me tell you, with the binoculars I had a real good close up of it. In spite of his hand.

"Chloe and I estimated it to be at least ten inches long, and two inches in diameter. Tell me, where we close?" Carol looked bug-eyed.

"Ha ha! Very! It's at least ten, and maybe even wider than two, if you can believe that." She laughed again.

"Oooh, that's a monster! Humongous! Did you choke on it, or did those things we read about deep throating help any?" She had to know.

"Hee hee! Not only helped, I swallowed him whole like an anaconda does

with a large pig! Whole hog, you could say. Ha ha ha!"

Carol roared, "Ha ha ha! Now we know where that term comes from! Ha ha ha!" They were having a grand old time.

Carol said, "Did he also cum in your mouth, as you told me the others did?"

"Oh, yeah, a big one, too. But not quite as big as the first guy, whoever the fuck he was!" She laughed heartily. Carol followed suit. "With him, whoever the fuck he was, I had to swallow three times!"

"My God," said Carol. "Wasn't the taste yucky and nasty?"

"Au contraire, Mon ami, if anything, it was fabulous! Though, I admit, one of them was a little on the pungent side . . . as if it needed more aging!" She laughed.

Carol laughed, too, and then said, "Don't you just hate that? When the cum is poured without a long decanting?" They laughed so hard, both had tears in their eyes. It was especially funny to Mavis, for she knew Carol had yet to even taste cum.

Mavis fumbled out, "The dummy didn't know cum has to breathe a lot first. But he did get one thing right?"

"What was that?" Carol was holding her sides in now.

"He served it at room temp!" They both laughed so hard they fell to their knees on the grass, and started pounding the ground.

"Shit," said Carol, still pounding the grass. "No one likes cold cum!"

"I know I don't!" Mavis gave the grass a few good whacks. "It's so . . . so gauche! Everyone knows cum has to be hot out of the spigot!"

Carol looked at her, a lopsided grin on her face, and then said, "Let's ask Martha Stewart! She'd know . . ."

"Yeah, she'd probably say, 'That's a good thing . . .'"

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WELL, soon after, the men started coming round, pardon the pun. In less than two weeks, Mavis had given head to twenty-two different guys. And shared it all with Carol. No detail was too small to be omitted. It ran the gamut from the size of the guy's prick to the amount of cum he had ejaculated to a full description of his balls. And Carol was all ears as she listened night after night:

Mavis: "Derek's cock head was so big, I could hardly get my mouth around it. He had to jerk off to cum."

Carol: "Holy shit! *That* big!"

Mavis: "Tonight, I sucked off this guy Tom, and his two friends. Right in

their dorm room."

Mavis: "Tonight, I did Paul again. You know, Paul from the party? He had me suck his balls until I got them soaking wet. Then he mouth-fucked me until he came."

Mavis: "You know the Dean's assistant, Rod? Well, let me tell you, he lives up to his name! I got a ruler and measured it! Eleven inches, plus a good smidgeon. I felt like a fucking sword swallower!"

On one occasion, Mavis handed Carol a small jelly jar. Carol asked, naturally enough, "What's this?"

"Sperm! I had Paulie and a few of his buddies cum in the jar for you. You could call it a souffle! Some people do."

"You told them it was for me?" Carol looked panicky.

"Yeah, right, as if! No, stupid, I told Paulie I wanted to have something to taste while I diddled myself. He said it was cool! Ha ha!"

Carol held the job up, and inspected the contents. "It looks frozen."

"It is. Paulie kept it on ice while he was . . . hee hee . . . harvesting it! I told him to do that, as I wanted it to stay fresh. You could call it freeze-dried cum!" She giggled. "All you gotta do is nuke it to thaw it out a bit. Ha ha!"

Carol laughed. "Mavie, you're one hot pistol! But what the fuck . . ." She unscrewed the jar's cap, tossed it on the coffee table, got up, and headed toward the kitchen. A few minutes later, she returned. Mavis noticed the cum in the jar was bubbling slightly. Mavis reached out, and touched the jar. It was hot. "Shit, Care, I said thaw, not cook! Souffle was an euphemism, not a cookbook direction. I hope you haven't burned out all the natural flavor!"

Amazingly, she hadn't. After it had cooled down, Mavis tested it for taste. She gave it the thumbs up sign. Carol tried it. "Mmm, just as you said, salty onions." She swallowed. "And, man, it tingles the throat!" Without taking more, she swallowed again. "And it sure stays with you back there, I can still feel it stinging."

"Yeah, and that can last for hours and hours, if you don't drink anything. I like the effect, it reminds me of my suck job, and one can wank to it, too."

Carol offered the jar to Mavis, who said, "No thanks, this one's for you."

Carol lifted it to her mouth, and said, "Cheers, and down the hatch!" She swigged half the remaining contents, swallowed, licked her lips, looked at Mavis, and quickly downed the rest. She said, "Mmm, mmm, it's good!"

"Right, but you shouldn't chug-a-lug it like beer, Care, you should sip at it, like fine wine. Stretch it out to enjoy it more. Sheesh, Care, you've so much to learn!"

On another occasion, Mavis said, "Guess what? Tonight I had Tad again. After a few minutes of blowing him, he said he wanted to fuck me, but I laid

down the law on his sweet ass. I told him I no fucky fucky, sailor, only sucky sucky. Ha ha!"

Carol said, "And then he retreated from this position, and came in your mouth?"

"Is a bear Polish . . . ?"

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AS CAROL LISTENED to these lurid tales of fellatio, night after night, she found herself feeling the urge to just bust out, and try it for herself. She had read stories, many written by women, extolling the joys of cock sucking, and now Mavis was telling her, over and over, the stories were based on a whole lot of truth.

"I envy you, Mave, I really do. It all sounds so deliciously exciting. I wish I could try it, but if word ever got back to my dad . . . you know how chummy he is with dean Witter . . . well, father would pull me out of here so fast my head would spin, and then I'd be carted off to a nunnery. In Nepal!"

Mavis seemed about to say something, but Carol went on. "As it is, your well-earned reputation is rubbing off of me. Chloe told me some people are now referring to me as Mavis' Minion Mouth, or 3M. Cute, huh? Half the college crowd reasons, if you're doing it, and I'm your best friend, ergo, I'm at it, too."

"Geez, Care, I'm sorry. Is it getting too rough for you?"

"Shit no! I can take it. Besides my ultra goody-goody image is so embedded in everyone's mind, very few believe it could be true. Christ, I could start saying I sucked off the entire football team, and no one would believe me!"

"They would if you described the coach's cock! It's six-inches long, and has a distinctive star-shaped birthmark on the left side." She grinned.

"Coach Hames? No, you didn't? You did! Shit!"

"Yeah, but he doesn't know it was me. I sucked Hames off at the Halloween party he threw at his house. Remember how I was made up as a clown, with all that clowny makeup on my face?" Carol nodded. "Well, when he asked me to dance, I knocked his mind right out of the old ball park!"

"What did you do? Did he recognize you?"

"He didn't know me from a football. Oh, I was using a clowny voice on him. Anyway, it was one of those slow dances, and coach kept running a hand over my ass. That didn't turn me on, but feeling his erect cock against my thigh, did have an effect on me. I could feel its stiffness even through my baggy clowny pantaloons. So, I whispered in his ear, 'I don't fuck, coachie, but if you can find somewhere private, *I'll suck you off.*' " Carol gasped. "Well, Care, he got me off the dance floor so fast, I had a new appreciation for Einstein's ideas on the speed of light!"

"Where'd he take you? One of the bedrooms? A bathroom?"

"No. He took me outside, and then to a gardening shed, you know, trowels and bags of cow shit, and such." Carol nodded, picturing the shed. She had been in there herself the times she helped Hames plant some flowers. He hadn't even hit on her. Of course, she hadn't whispered in his ear.

"Well, there I was, kneeling on the damp concrete, with him fishing out his dong. That's when I saw the birthmark. In the moonlight, it stood out from his pale white skin like a tattoo.

"I sucked him off, giving him the full Mavis Mouth treatment, and after he came, and had pulled out, he said, 'Is that you, Mavis?' Hee hee, I guess my reputation preceded me! Anyway, I told him, in my best Bozo voice, that my name was Charlotte, and I had never even heard of this Mavis dame."

"You think he believed you?"

"Who cares?"

"Why haven't you told me about this before? I mean coach Hames is . . ."

"I dunno. Hey, wait! I sorta told you, didn't I? Yeah, I told you I did five guys at that party. Sure I did. Don't you remember?"

"I remember that, but you never mentioned that one of the guys was the coach."

"Ha ha! I guess he and his little cocky wocky with the star-shaped tattoo got lost in the huddle. Ha ha!"

"Yeah, and you *were* just clowning around that night!" They both laughed.

"But you know, Care, that does give me a good idea if you really want to try your hand, or I should say mouth, on a cock, or two. Or three or four. We could make you up so your own mother wouldn't know you. Eh?"

Carol thought a moment, and then said, excitedly, "We could, couldn't we?"

"Absolutely. I could tell Paul that my cousin is visiting me, just for the one night, and if he could get, oh say, ten or twelve guys, my cuz and I would give them all blowjobs. He'd jump at it. And, being Paulie, I know he wouldn't risk ruining it with a bunch of probing questions. Right?"

"Right. What name would I use?"

"How about . . . Lola. That sounds kinda vampy trampy doesn't it?"

"Yeah, Lola, I like that. Oooh, Mave, this is getting to be fun. It's just like weaving a magician's illusion." A large grin formed on her face.

"Yeah, it is, isn't it? And as part of that illusion, you should spread the word, early on, that you have to go out of town for that weekend. Actually pack a bag, and then drive out of town. I'll pick you up a few miles down the road, and sneak you back. Oooh, you're right! It is getting delicious."

Carol bounced her knees up and down as she sat in her chair. "Oooh, oooh, oooh, what fun! And just think, my first blowjob! Oops, I should make that plural! Whee!" She bounced and bounced her legs.

"And, Care, to add to the mystique, and to help prevent the guys from figuring out it's you, I'll tell Paul we want to do it as a glory hole night. Remember we read about those? And those pictures?"

"Oh, yeah, but Mave, you can't expect Paulie to cut two big holes in one of his doors now, can you?"

"He won't have to. We can rig up an opaque shower sheet, with two holes at cock height, and actually hang it in their shower."

"Won't that be a little rough, not to mention cold, on our knees?"

"Pillows, my dear Watson!" Mavis, it seemed was thinking of everything.

"Oooh," said Carol, as he knees bounced up and down again. "I can hardly stand the wait! And all my practice with zucchinis just might bear fruit. Hey, that's pretty magical! Getting fruit from a vegetable." She laughed, and bounced merrily along.

"Now, Care, let me look you over, and see what we can . . ."

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WITH THEIR PLOT HATCHED, the execution was a piece of cake. Paul, as Mavis had predicted, jumped at the chance to meet cousin Lola. He would get eleven more guys and, per Mavis' wishes, they would be at his room on Friday night at ten. No problem, he had said.

When he heard her glory hole idea, he went so far as to say he could easily cut two holes in the bathroom door. One for her and one for cousin Lola. She adamantly stuck to her shower curtain plan, wanting no last minute variations to pop up.

Carol did her part to perfection. She blabbed about her trip, packed a bag, and drove out of town. Looking very much like herself to anyone who cared to notice.

A few hours later, however, she looked anything but like herself. After sneaking Carol back into town, Mavis went to work on her. She darkened her hair to almost jet black with a rinse-in, rinse-out hair dye concoction. She restyled it, too, by putting Carol's waist-length hair into a studious looking upswept bun. She was after the bookworm look.

Mavis dressed her in a white, man-tailored shirt, complete with a man's striped tie. Then she covered the bottom half of Carol with solid black slacks, and black pumps. It was a look far removed from Carol's usual one of bright summery colors. It looked sexy, but demure, and very big city like.

The pièce de résistance, one could say, was having Carol wear large, horn-rimmed, darkly tinted glasses, instead of her usual contact lenses. After Mavis placed the glasses on Carol's face, she stepped back, and said,

"Holy Magoley, lady, what have you done with my best friend Carol?"

Carol rushed to get to a mirror. One quick look, and the gasp that came rushing out of her was priceless. Then she fairly yelled, "Omigod! *Who is she, Mavis?*" They both laughed. What fun!

It was now time to grab a carefully prepared, and very opaque, shower curtain, along with two soft chair cushions, and go glory holing . . .

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MAVIS, knowing the guys were due at ten, made sure they got there at nine thirty. She didn't want them walking into a large group of men, all of whom might have suspicious ideas of their own. The less early contact with the men, the better. And they needed time to set up the shower.

As it was, Paul wasn't exactly alone. He had two other guys with him. Mavis didn't remember their names, but she knew she had serviced both of them before, and possibly on more than one occasion. She made the introduction to her cousin as brief, and as curt as possible. We women have prep work to do, don'tcha know? If you boys want to have fun, that is. They sure did, and therefore left the womenfolk to their business.

Mavis shut the bathroom door behind them. "Isn't this exciting . . . Lola?"

"I'll say! My heart's going a mile a minute. You sure we fooled them?"

"Shit, yeah. Those lunkheads would believe you're Quasimodo if I told them so. All they have in their wee widdle minds is beer, and getting blown." She was now up on the tub's rim, and removing the old shower curtain from off its clips. Care jumped up on the rim, and started on the other end. They chatted while they worked, and kept their voices down to a slight whisper.

"Speaking of getting blown, should I take off my glasses when doing it? What if they see, by peeking through the hole, that my eyes look familiar?"

"Details, details, are there no end to them? Ha ha! Care, once we get the shower set up, and Paulie has the lights set the way I told him to, we could both be nude back here, and no one would know. Oh, one thing, don't be afraid to masturbate if you feel the urge, for I'm sure planning on it!"

"Oh, you're baaad, Mave, real bad! But hell, I just might join you, and be bad, too." She giggled. "But fill me in on the lighting. Is that why you brought along that lantern?"

"Yeah, it's battery operated, and gives out a soft orange-red light. Photographers use it in darkrooms. I borrowed this one from my photo class. It'll be in the shower with us, helping us see. With the bathroom light out, and only the light from the other room coming in, the guys will have a hard time seeing us through the hole. So, if some guy gets it in his head to play peek-a-boo, all they'll see is our red, shadowy shapes. Nice, huh?"

"You're amazing, Mave! But will it be enough light?"

"Oh, yeah, it has a dimmer switch on it. Goes from orange-red all the way

to white. I'll set it for maximum visibility right after the first dick pops through the hole. Of course, it'll make every cock look orange-red, but, hey, you like that color, don'tcha?"

"Ha ha! If I didn't before, I do *now!*" They both giggled, while trying not to make too much noise.

The tub was now ready. The pillows now in place. Mavis turned on the lantern, set it on medium, killed the overhead light, and pushed the shower curtain to one side, and then said, "After you."

Carol, on legs that felt wobblier to her than a goose's, stepped into the tub, and knelt down on a pillow. As she made herself comfy, she felt her knees knock together. She looked up at Mavis, and said, "Oh, shit, Mave, I gotta pee!"

"Jeezy peezy, Carol, doesn't go before you leave home mean anything to you?" She laughed. "Oh, well, you gotta go, you gotta go."

Through the door, they heard Paul. "Hey, you two ready, already? There are twelve guys out here, just chomping at the bit."

Mavis hollered, "Hold your horses, Paulie, we'll be ready in less than five minutes. OK?" He hollered back that it was, but told her to shake a leg in there, for crissakes, already, all to hell.

As Carol peed, Mavis said, "Men! No fucking patience. They always want what they want when they want it, and in a damned hurry, to boot. So, fuck 'em, honey, you take your sweet ass time, and pee your little heart out."

Carol giggled, then peed some more, and said, "Mave, I did go before we left, you know, but I guess with the excitement of it, and all, I had to go . . . "

"Don't fret it, Care. It happened to me my first time out. You know, with Tad and the four amigos? Well, with all I had to drink that night, I had to pee so badly my tongue was drowning in urine. It took superhuman will power, I'll tell you, to hold it in until all those clowns were finished. I probably should have taken a pee break, but I knew if I did, I'd probably sober up enough to quit on them." She grinned. "But after? Hoo boy, did I ever piss big time!"

"Ha ha ha! You're funny! But I'm done now, so should we call in the cowboys?"

"Yes. Right after you get back into your widdle tubby wubby . . . "

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THERE THEY WERE, the two of them. Comfy on their pillows, the orange-red light aglow, with Carol's glasses beside her on the tub's floor, and them waiting for the first dick to show itself. They didn't have long to wait.

It popped through the hole, fat and meaty looking, and limp. It hung down, and hugged the shower curtain. Mavis reached out, lifted the flaccid penis, and lowered her mouth to meet it halfway. She took it into her mouth, and Carol could hear her sigh. A sigh of contentment.

So far, no second dick had yet appeared for Carol. Not thinking about this, Carol just watched Mavis go to it.

Carol watched as the flaccid cock elongated itself, stretched itself, and appeared to be well on the way to doubling its overall length.

Carol watched, fascinated, as if she was seeing a magician's trick being performed. "Here you see it, folks, four inches long, and as limp as a cooked noodle. Presto! Chango! There it is, folks. Over seven inches long, and as hard as steel!" Applause, applause.



Mavis the Mouth's magic trick.

She now remembered what Mavis had told her about how much she loved feeling a cock get erect in her mouth. Watching Mavis now, she could only imagine the feeling, but she could understand the reason why Mavis loved it so much. It was almost mystical, and something only a man could do.

Carol, enrapt by it all, was startled when she felt something bump her cheek. She turned and looked and, as she turned, her lips came in contact with a large cock head. And the quick glance told her this one didn't need help getting erect. It looked ready for action.

Showtime, she thought, no, make that blowtime! She took a deep breath, and reached for the cock's hairy base. It felt thick in her fingers, with a large muscle making itself felt under her thumb. She opened her mouth, and closed her eyes. Then opened them again. As Mavis had told her, it's more fun that way, seeing the cock's pubic hairs, and watching it as you suck on it.

Then it was in her mouth, and it amazed her. It felt both hard and soft at the same time. And, as her lips crossed over the wide flanged ridge, she knew she liked this sensation a whole lot more than the one she got from the zucchinis. From now on, she quipped to herself, a zucchini is just a vegetable.



Carol takes her first plunge.

There they were, the two of them. Side by side, and less than an arm's length away from each other, sucking on cocks.

Orange-red cocks . . .

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"IT'S COMIN,' BABY! Swallow it for me!" One of the two men had said it, but neither woman knew which one it was. So they both scooted up to where just the cock heads were in their mouths, and waited.

Who, wondered Mavis, is the lucky girl going to be?

Who, thought Carol, gets the first load of the night?

With each of them thinking it would probably be the other one, they both got a surprise. Both men came, almost simultaneously. Seems the other guy, whoever he was, didn't like to give any forewarning when he shot his wad.

Both women were caught by surprise. Carol, having a fierce spurter in her mouth, almost upchucked. But she didn't, though she did splutter some. Mavis could be heard gurgling, as she tried to swallow the large load that was overwhelming her mouth. She did so with an audible gulp.

Both women had the urge to laugh at the silliness of the situation, but they held themselves in check. But when the two dicks had disappeared, they allowed themselves a quiet chuckle. "Shh, Carol, they'll hear! They'll think we're laughing at the first two guys. And we are!"

They were all set for another round of giggles, but two new pricks popped in, and said hello. Both sighed, and went back to work.

The night was just beginning . . .

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THE THIRD COCK went to Carol, with Mavis drawing the bigger of the two, a good nine incher, with number four. Both pricks started out in the flaccid state, and had to be coaxed into hardness. The women worked the dicks like champion cocksuckers, with Carol putting in an impressive deep throat showing.

It was so effective, her guy came first. He spurted forcefully twice, and dribbled a bunch. The cum reminded Carol of warm milk. But the consistency was thicker. She liked the taste of it, too. Acidic, but not too much so. And she had had to swallow him twice, a fact she thoroughly enjoyed.

She then excited her mind by saying to herself, Oh, God, two men have now cum in my mouth! Two hot loads of their sperm! And I've swallowed both of them! And, lordy, lordy, I have four more men to pleasure with my mouth. And swallow their sperm, too! Oh, God, I'm loving doing this!

She reached down to the open zipper in her slacks, and fondled herself. She knew Mavis was working at her own pussy. She could see Mavis in her peripheral vision. Carol sucked the drained cock some more, and played with herself some more.

Then, after she had vacuum-sucked him dry, he was gone. Carol took a gander at Mavis' handiwork. In the orange-red light, Mavis looked enchanting. Carol watched, making mental notes, as Mavis would work on the head for a bit, and then deep throat him. Then she would scoot back up to the head, and repeat the process.

There was also an impressive thing Mavis did with her tongue. When her lips were firmly around the cock's base, with the pubic hairs right up against her mouth, Mavis would stick her tongue out, and lick the guy's nuts. Carol watched, as the tongue flicked back and forth across the balls a few times before darting back in. It was something Carol wanted to try, but she was afraid it would gag her and make her throw up. She made a note to talk to Mavis about it later.

Carol's fourth guy pulled out just before he was about to cum, and splattered all over her cheek, surprising her. Not knowing what else to do, she wiped her face with her fingers, and then licked them off.



Carol gets a bath.

Mavis shot her a look of approval.

The rest of the evening went on this way, with pairs of cocks popping through the holes, until all twelve men had dropped their loads.

When the two women entered the other room, they noticed Paul was the only one remaining. He was at his computer, enrapt with some intense game. He didn't even look up at them. Carol used this fact to make a hasty exit.

Hearing the door shut, Paul looked over at Mavis. "Lola always exit that way, unsociable like?"

"Yeah, she's the shy type. But she told me to tell you, she had a ball . . .

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IN THE CAR, Mavis said, "Well, peanut, do you enjoy yourself?"

"Enjoy? You kidding? Why do you think I'm sitting on this?"

Mavis looked. Carol was sitting on one of the chair cushions. "Huh?"

"Sheesh, you're slow, Mave. If I wasn't sitting on this, my sloppy puss would ruin your car seats!" She laughed. "Dummy!"

"Oh! I'll take that as a definite yes, then. Oh, on the way out, Paulie asked

me if we wanted to do this again, say once a week. I told him I'd think on it, but are you up for that much cock munching?"

"Sure, but you know, the more we do it, the more chance there is of being exposed. And besides, just how often can I go out of town, anyway?"

"Good point. And how often can dear Lola pay me a visit?"

"Point right back. I guess, Mave, it looks as if our glory hole days are behind us, huh?" She sounded very disappointed.

"Maybe, Care, but there's this idea I've been kicking around, which I'll tell you all about right after your surprise."

"What surprise?"

"Well, it's frozen, and it comes in a jelly jar . . . "

The End.