

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.

O H, THE SEX I'VE SEEN!

Part two. By Arthur Kay

As I always say, the secret to life is timing and fancy footwork! So, let's kick up our heels, and not waste a moment of time . . .

* * * * * My cock is ubiquitous!

I walk into Les' office and I see him looking at a picture. A color photo of a cute blond woman. "Nice babe!" I tell him. "You know her, or did you merely steal her wallet?" He looked up at me, and laughed.

"I know her. Well, almost know her. We have our first date set for tonight."

I kept teasing him. "The wife coming along, or are you hogging this one all for yourself?"

He grinned at me, quite shamelessly, I thought. "I'd ask Stella, but she's the *real* hog in our family. Hates to share me with other women. Quirky that way. And it runs in her family. Her mother's the same way with her dad. Stingy women folk, if you know what I mean?"

I nodded. "Where'd you meet this new future conquest of yours?"

"Picked her up on the street. She looked lost, so I told her I was the official city greeter, and it was my job to help lost women who looked just like her."

"Official city greeter? Shit, that line *never* works for me!" I laughed, then added, "Except on lost women over sixty."

"You lack my finesse, sonny. Anyway, we hit off and she even gave me this picture of her. She had tons of them." He flipped the picture over. "And look, it's even got her name and phone number on it." I looked, but couldn't see much as he had quickly turned it over again. I had the distinct impression he didn't trust me.

He said, "No you don't, you quick-eyed dog, go find your own lost lady."

I put a pained look on my mug. "Les, you cut me to the quick. Me? Con you? My buddy? My old buddy? My old buddy who keeps calling my old girlfriends, and asking them if they'd like a sensual massage, the same

kind of massage I used to give them. Me con you? C'mon." I smirked at him, and added, "You ever get lucky with any of them with that bullshit let me massage you line?"

"A few. But their names shall forever be a mystery to you, Tonto. A mild revenge for telling that woman I was with, just last month, that my wife had just called."

"Hey! I thought you were alone in the booth. She was so friggin' short, her head was below the backrest. But who the fuck cares? You? You taking to crying over spilt pussy these days?" I laughed at my silly remark.

"Nah. Besides, I still fucked her that night. So there! I told her you were the vile, jealous type, and always horning in on me, all because you caught your old lady in bed with some guy who just happened to resemble me."

I nodded at him, as if I understood his wily ways. "Well, anyway, Les, I gotta run. Enjoy your date tonight." I took a last glance at the woman's picture and noticed it was out of focus. She could be anyone, any luscious blond with great bazongas.

And I had a date with one this very night. And I didn't need to get lucky. I had been tagging her for weeks now.

We had just finished fucking, with her headed toward the showers, when her doorbell sounded. She asked me to answer it. I grabbed her pink, filmy robe, and headed toward the front door, resisting an urge to swish my hips. I opened door and just stood there, in all my new feminine glory.

There he was, this guy, with a small bouquet of flowers in one hand, and a big box of chocolates in the other. And he looked real spiffy, with his newly shined shoes and all. He gasped upon seeing me, and it wasn't because of the feminine robe.

He said, sounding flustered, "Holy shit, man, *you're everywhere!*"

"Hi, Les, how ya doin'?"

Fini!

* * * * * The naked newlywed neighbors!

Quick intro. I'm in the Navy. Ship is in Bristol, England. I pick up a woman. We get a motel, a cheap one. We kiss. We 69. We screw. I want to take a shower. I know we're sharing the bathroom--with our door to it in our room--with the young newlyweds we met on the way in. We saw them go into the room adjoining ours. It's one of those bathrooms set-ups where, if the door is locked, you wait. If not, you go in and lock the door to their room. Simple.

I'm bare assed, a towel around my neck, a toothbrush clenched between my teeth, and a black ditty bag in my hand. It holds all my shaving crap, toothpaste, deodorant, and what have you. Simple.

Well, I try the door in our room, and it's unlocked. So I go in and see that the floor is really wet. One of them, maybe both, must have showered. I go

to lock the door to their room, and I see it's one of those simple hook and eye arrangements. Simple.

However, the heat of the summer has swollen their door a tad, and the friggin' hook won't slide easily into the eye. It's slightly off kilter. By a good quarter-inch.

So, gritting on my toothbrush, I tug at the hook and get nowhere with it. It ain't going in no how. So I figure it all out, being as brilliant as I am. All the door needs, really, is a little push in their direction, and the old hook should have no trouble finding the old eye. Simple.

So I push, quite gently, but it's a no go, Jose. So I put a little shoulder into it, and Voila! But, instead of moving the door just a smidge, that stinking quarter-inch, my bare feet slip on the wet floor, the door flies open, and I go hurtling into their room, head first, arms flailing, and as fast as a naked express train.

I caught a glimpse of the two of them looking at me, horrified, as I flew into the room on legs unable to find even a shred of balance. They were both naked, and on top of the bedding, and had obviously just been fucking. They were clutching each other as if a ghost had just come in and said boo.

I'll never forget the picture in my mind of his globular, white ass cheeks as I sail-planed across them, my cock actually feeling the crack in his ass as I ricocheted off him on the way to becoming a naked mass of flesh on the other side of their bed.

I landed crash-bam, and ended up with my right facial cheek pressed against the cheap, smelly carpet. I was looking right at my toothbrush, which was now under the dresser. Funny, the things you remember. Like the toothbrush being covered with dust bunnies! And my towel was nowhere to be seen.

But, damn it; I was still clutching my black ditty bag!

I tried to get them to share some of the bedding by frantically grabbing at it, but their bodies wouldn't allow me much. So I hid myself, as best I could, behind the side of the bed. I could see they were quick enough to have grabbed the other side of the bedding, and were now somewhat covered up. But they were still laying in the missionary position, with him on top, and with both of their faces looking directly at me, their eyes big and wide.

I raised the ditty bag up to my face to cover my eyes so they wouldn't think me a pervert, and apologized. After a fashion. I don't remember the exact words I spluttered out, but it went something like this, all said from behind the relative safety of my black ditty bag:

"Sorry, sorry, sorry, the floor was wet . . . and the stupid hook and eye . . . and I slipped on the wet floor . . . pushing on the door, you see . . . and I put my weight on the door . . . slipped, you see . . . on the wet floor. And I couldn't stop myself; you see . . ." You get the general idea. And I was speaking into a ditty bag.

Then I heard them both laughing. I raised my head up to peek over the ditty bag, and there they were. Cheek to cheek, both looking at me, and both of them shaking with laughter. I even felt the bed wobble.

Then I felt my towel under my knees. I somehow managed to get it around my waist, with great difficulty, I'll tell you, and then I stood up, my legs wobbly. They were still laughing, so I nervously joined in. The ice had been broken, and we now had a strange neighborly bond.

Amazingly, it then all became quite civilized. They introduced themselves to me, and I reciprocated. While tightly clutching my towel, to be sure. I bid them ta-ta, reached under the dresser for my toothbrush, mindful that my towel-covered ass was aimed right at them, and started toward the door.

As I reached it, I heard her say, "Drop by anytime, Art, but next time, please knock first, OK?" She laughed. He laughed. So I laughed.

I had just met our naked newlywed neighbors . . .

Fini!

* * * * * Thar she blows, sailors!

I'm standing with a bunch of sailors on the port side of the ship, a mighty Navy destroyer, and we're watching two attractive women in a paddleboat going back and forth. Two French women. In skimpy bikinis. One blond, one brunette. Both young and sexy looking.

We're anchored to a buoy off the coast of Cannes, France, with the women paddling their little boaty thingie about forty feet from the ship.

One of them hollered something in English, but with a very thick French accent, that I thought was, "Can we come on board and use the head?" For those not up on their sailorese, a head is a bathroom.

Well, Chief Petty Officer Mason, probably hearing what I had heard, hollered back to them, "Sure, ladies, come aboard!" His big, chubby face looked even redder than it usually looked, which is saying something.

We helped the gals up onto the deck, and the first thing out of the one who had yelled to us before, was, "Hello Americain sailors, my name Fifi, and this Yvonne. We both give zee good head! You'll like. You'll see. Only five dollar Americain. Each man." Ho ho!

The Chief looked absolutely apoplectic. But, and in spite of it being a Navy no-no to have civilians, especially foreign nationals, even on the deck, he said, which surprised all us guys, "Okay, ladies, but make it three bucks . . . American." He was haggling price! With two French hookers.

Fifi nodded. We had a deal. Now all we needed was a place to take them to. Chief Mason solved that little problem by leading us all, the gals and us dozen or so salts, in single file, straight to the Captain's quarters. In for a penny, in for a pound. But it was, really, quite safe. The Captain and the First Officer were ashore, as well as all the other officers. We inmates had the ship all to ourselves.

I had never been inside the Captain's stateroom before, but the moment I entered, I was bowled over. It was indeed a stateroom, in the full sense of the word. Just like on a fancy yacht. Soft, plush seating. A full wet bar. A stereo. And a huge bed in the adjoining room. The Captain lived real well on a ship meant to destroy the enemy.

Chief Mason asked them if they also fucked. We heard an, 'Oh, oui, oui!' out of both of them at the same time. Along with some giggling. "Ten dollar Americain." Mason, flushed from his last haggling success with hookers, gleefully, I thought, got them down to five. Their teeny-weeny, itsy-bitsy bikinis were on the floor less than a minute later.

There these French women stood, naked, and surrounded by a dozen, or more, horny, goggle-eyed swabbies. All in their work clothes of blue denim shirts and dungarees. Except the Chief. He had a khaki uniform on. And he looked right smart, too, if I remember rightly.

Chief Mason, taking command, as only a Chief knows how to do in these situations, organized the order of things. The who's on first? He was first, of course, with rank having its privileges and all. And then, I'll be damned; he did the rest of us alphabetically! Which made me fifth. I was glad he hadn't done it by height!

Fifi took the sofa, and Yvonne went to the bed in the other room. They each pulled out a wooden cigar box and set it down beside themselves. I hadn't noticed either of them carrying the boxes, but I guess my eyes were on something else. Hey, I was only nineteen at the time, so cigar boxes ran dead last in my titty-ogling department. They still do, Bucko.

The bedroom, if you can call it that, didn't have a door to it, so when the Chief went in there and stood before Yvonne, with his back to us, we all knew he was getting just three bucks worth out of her. We all watched his fat ass khaki pants go in and out as he enjoyed himself.

Somebody whispered, "Hey, look! He's standing at attention!" And he was. His arms were ramrod stiff down both sides of his body, and his legs were together, with the shoes touching. He looked as if he was getting a blowjob to the national anthem. A short while later, we all heard Yvonne say, "Ooh la la, Cheri, you taste like zee salty popcorn!"

To the Chief's embarrassment, I'm pretty sure, we all busted out laughing. The Chief, unamused, glared at us, which shut up the laughter pronto.

Then the Chief came out and, sounding as efficient as all hell, called out the first two names, "Abbott, Boone! Take your places." It sounded so fucking insane, I half expected him to yell, "Now, Abbott, Boone, gimme twenty each on her! Up, down, up, down. C'mon, you turds, move your dead asses!" It wouldn't have surprised me even one whit.

I stood there, with the other onlookers, watching each guy take his turn getting sucked or fucked according to his preference, and possibly his pocketbook. And watched both gals collect the cash, count it quickly, and stuff it into the little wooden boxes. I had the feeling they had done this before. Either that, or they were quick studies.

My eyes were flying back and forth from the sofa to the bed in the other

room. There was Fifi, a big cock in her mouth, sucking away like a pro. There was Yvonne, her legs out in space, wiggling away, and being pounded by a sailor who was naked only from the waste down. She had a firm grip on the tail of his denim shirt, and was yelling something like, "Oh, mon Cheri, you are zo good." She would say this, often repeating it over and over while being fucked, with each guy, to where she sounded like a recording. With a French accent.

I remember standing there, gawking away, and trying to figure out if I wanted to spend three or five. I didn't care if I got sucked or had a fuck; it was my budget that mattered. A seaman's pay was mighty low back then.

I was so engrossed, both in my ogling and my budget considerations, that when the Chief called out my name, I jumped to attention and saluted him! He shot me a look that said, "Moron!" I then followed his pointing finger.

I had drawn Fifi. And then realized just how crowded the outer room really was. I only had to walk four or five feet to the sofa, and I was so close to the guys behind me, I could hear them breathing. I just stood there, in front of Fifi, feeling stupid and awkward. As I fished my three bucks out, I felt my ears redden--actually felt the color red--and was drowning in performance anxiety. And fuck, I could really hear them breathing behind me.

Fifi, probably in a hurry to get to her bread, wine, and cheese dinner, shrugged her shoulders, gave me a very sympathetic look, and reached out and started undoing my dungarees. I started to sweat in fear, for I knew when she took it out, it would be as limp as a wet noodle. And it was. I wondered what the fuck had happened to the four or five earlier erections I had had while I was in the gawker's stage? Never around when you really need 'em.

Well, Fifi, pro that she was, worked my noodle like the pro that she was. With her quite decent effort, and my concentrating really hard to forget I had an audience that was noisily breathing, I somehow managed to get hard. And she was so good at it; I came less than a minute later. Then I went and got stupid again.

It had felt zo good, and I was zo proud of myself, I assumed Fifi had put my dick back into my denims, and buttoned me up. So I turned, with a big, shit eating grin on my face, and started over to where my shipmates milled about. On my turn, the laughter was immediate. Someone said, "We don't need to see *that*, you friggin' moron!"

I looked down, and spun around.

And there was Fifi, clutching the wooden cigar box to her chest, with *Garcia y Vega Grande Coronas* printed along the edge I could see, and she was rolling on the sofa, just laughing her fool French head off . . .

Fini!

* * * * * How I beat shit out of the doldrums before they beat shit out of me!

There's no sex in this little tidbit, but I believe you'll find it amusing. I didn't at the time the event took place, but I do now. Ain't that how it works?

What seemed disastrous back then, now seems ridiculously funny today. If, that is, you're as primarily as lightheaded as I am.

Anyway . . .

Whenever I'm in the dumps, which seems more frequent these days, I use my handy-dandy self-hypno trick. I clasp my hands together, close my eyes, and picture something that happened to me years ago, on the day from Hell.

I was 25 and throwing a dinner party, with my girlfriend--her dumb ass idea--for my boss and his mistress. His wife couldn't make it!

I made the mistake of asking him what his favorite food was to eat---fucking Cornish game hens---something I, at the time, new diddly squat about. But, hey, who can't follow a recipe book, eh?

7 p.m. was to be cocktail time, with dinner at 8.

After a shower, I got into a time bind---damn hens took forever to fiddle with--- and found myself rushing around like a lunatic. Flustered, I trusted my girlfriend to watch the hens, not knowing she was leaving them to me. She wanted no part of cooking anything. She was busy trying out different napkin designs. From a book on the art of cloth napkin folding. As if that would win the night.

I was running all over the apartment, in my stocking feet, trying to get ready. It seemed as if everything in the apartment was conspiring against me. Dresser drawers got stuck when I hastily slammed them open. Items, such as my wallet and keys, decided to play hide-and-seek.

My new shoes looked dust covered, right out of the shoe bag, which I now noticed for the first time, had a big hole in the plastic. Mice? Something else to worry about.

I lifted a shirt off of a hanger in the closet, yanked it out, and a half-dozen or more other shirts wanted to come along for the ride. Whee! They settled for lying all over the bedroom floor, with their thin wire hangers tangled in a crazy mess. As if rebelling. I was feeling the pressure. And it made me have to shit! And pee at the same time. *You know the feeling!*

I finally got a shirt on me, and now my favorite pen, a gift from my Mom, plays hard to get. I find it hiding behind my wallet, which was hiding right where I had left it--behind my bedside alarm clock. My keys, however, have stayed out late and are nowhere to be seen. I worry about this.

But first, rather than answer Nature's call, which is getting real insistent on me, I wanted some trousers on--don't ask me why. So I yank a pair out of the closet, hanger and all, not yet learning that yanking doesn't work too well. And damn it, more shirts come flying out! Joined by a couple of pairs of slacks. They think I'm having a party, and they're all invited.

Well, I'm pissed. Slightly. So I sweep the clothing on the floor out of the way, using my sock covered foot. And step on one of those nasty pointy things--where the wires are twisted together--that thin wire hangers use to keep themselves in the proper shape. It hurt a tad. A very large tad.

I lifted up my stocking covered foot and saw blood. Tetanus came to mind--and a note to myself that I really gotta vacuum more--but I said fuck it, nothing's gonna stop me now from putting those slacks on. So, tossing caution to the wind, I jammed a leg into the trousers, all the way down to the floor!

And the rip I heard reminded me I also had to trim my toenails more--I had caught the big toe on the inside pants pocket, and tore the pants--almost in twain.

I threw them--now that they were dead--onto my wire hanger graveyard of shirts and slacks. Undaunted, but bowed, I managed to get a pair of slacks onto me, just in time to listen to my ass say, "It's time, bucko!"

I did my duty like a good little soldier, flushed my latest artistic effort, and then the real crap started to happen:

1. One of my cufflinks--how it got loose, I'll never know--fell into the toilet bowl. And just sat there at the bottom of the bowl, as if saying rescue me before I drown.

2. I bent over and reached in to get it--hearing my slacks rip in the back--and the pen, the pen from Mom that was in my shirt pocket fell in, too.

I watched the pen disappear down the hole. At the speed of light. At the same time the pen took flight, my pack of cigs did, too, as if the pen had the right idea about sinking ships.

3. In trying to grab the pen--fuck the cigs, who'd wanna smoke 'em now?--I had pushed my free hand against the toilet tank's top to steady myself, and heard it go blam! I must have knocked its already chipped edge against the wall. So hard it smashed into a zillion porcelain pieces. Which were flying all over. I was a tad annoyed, to say the least.

4. I threw a hand up to my face to block the flying glass, and on the trip up, smacked the back of my hand hard against the underside of the medicine cabinet. Man, it hurt! You know, when you hit all those little back of the hand veins?

5. I stood up, and hit my head on the medicine cabinet. Hard! I almost knocked myself out.

6. I stumbled out of the bathroom, groggy, pissed, and a beaten man. And saw my new kitty cat, Abby, shitting in my only pair of dress shoes! I guess she couldn't get at her litter box due to the maniac in the bathroom---he had the door locked on her!

7. My girlfriend decides to use the john. Seeing my cuff link at the bottom of the bowl, she mistook it for a turd that hadn't flush, so she flushed it down! I had forgotten to take it out of the bowl.

8. Then I smelled the unmistakable odor of burning flesh. My 4 hens! My four charcoaled hens. Who were even now sending smoke signal into the living room. Something else saying it needed to be rescued.

9. Then the fucking doorbell rang . . . they were fashionably early!

My girlfriend answered the door, and ushered them in while I hurried to salvage myself. When I heard my boss say, "Do I smell smoke?" I wondered what restaurant he and his mistress might enjoy. One that served those fucking Cornish Game hens!

And then I heard his mistress say, "Oooh, those are the loveliest napkins I've ever seen!"

I looked toward the half open bedroom door. There was Abby, in the living room, batting my keys around. Before I can even blink, she gives them a good hockey knock, and I watch them disappear under the couch, making a clunk-like noise as they bounce off the baseboard . . .

Fini!

* * * * * Instead of doing that, I ended up doing this!

The phone rang, startling her. Linda Firestone typed in, *The End*, smiled, and picked up the phone before it had a chance to ring again. It was, as she had half expected, Roger Wake, her long time friend, and publisher.

"Linny, how's that last chapter coming? Do I make a reservation at an outrageously expensive restaurant, or should I just take an antacid for my outrageously expansive ulcer?"

"You don't *have* ulcers, Roger, you *give* them. But to answer your question, Rodge, why don't you," she paused, enjoying stretching out the suspense, "make it for eight. The *Hunan Lion* would be nice."

This, dear reader, was the opener to a novel I never finished, one tentatively called *Death of a Dirty Writer!*

I had fully fleshed the plot out, right enough: She was a writer of sexually explicit novels. Seven of them, to date. She made lots of money, lots of fans, and lots of enemies. When she suddenly turns up dead, she may be gone, but she's not forgotten. Especially by her lover, Detective So-And-So. I hadn't named him yet, but you get the idea. I had the meat, and all I needed was the potatoes. And some time.

My day job, however, kept getting in the way, along with various and sundry other silly ass things, so I put it on the old back burner. Relegating it to something to do in my dotage, perhaps, when I had all the time in the world. But, when I finally had all the time in the world, the "insteads" came marching in.

Instead of finishing this yarn of illicit sex and murder, I wrote an altogether different story, using her as the basis. My fleshing out notes, damn it, had been lost in the shuffle of the years. Along with my memory of them.

Instead of the other title, I called it, *The Murder of Wendy Wilde!* Instead of her real-life name being Linda Firestone, I chose the mouthful, Jennifer Penelope Deaux-Fontaine. Instead of a police detective, I used a failed private investigator, and turned him into a hotel dick. But at least he now had a name, Tag Bonewell. Instead of her publisher friend being called

Roger Wake, I made him Hamilton Worthy.

Instead, instead, instead. All because I suffered from CRS in my time-generous dotage. CRS? Can't Remember Shit! And there was one last instead. Instead of making it a stand-alone book, I made it the second story of my Tag Bonewell, House Dick piece. Maybe you even read it.

After the new story was finished, and I had posted it, I found the lost fleshing out notes. For some unknown reason, they had decided to hibernate in the back pocket of an old art portfolio I rarely opened. And the twenty-five year snooze had made the paper they were typed on--from my pre-PC days--yellow and brittle. Almost like me.

I read them, and it felt as if I was reading words written by someone other than myself. I was time traveling, and meeting myself in the past, but not recognizing the old me. It was very weird, for sure. And it made me feel, for the first time in my life, older than fucking dirt.

After my time machine took me back to the present day, more insteads popped up! Instead of getting rich from my first novel, as the old young me had once dreamed, I was now giving the story to readers for free. And instead of the fame I had once thought I might enjoy, I was now unknown to everyone.

Except by a pseudonym, my Internet user name. Just like Wendy Wilde, my real name has to be hidden, or risk ending up just like her. Because, I don't have to remind you, the net is a dangerous place that one shares with every lunatic who can hit the Enter key. And sexually explicit stories are a magnet for weak-minded morons.

While it may be fitting, even ironic, for this older-than-dirt body of mine to end up taking a long time dirt nap, I'll settle for the somewhat dubious safety of anonymity. And the sweet thrill of remaining--unenviously--totally nonprofit.

I enjoy writing. It satisfies a creative need in me. And it fills, and kills, time. All that fucking free time I now have in my dotage! That all the time in the world time I once dreamed about having in the later years.

Linda now looked at the screen. The cursor was blinking at the end of The End. Her left hand's forefinger held down the Shift key, while her other forefinger stabbed at the exclamation mark key. She looked at the words, and had the giddy urge to add two more.

No, she thought, one says it all . . .

The End!