

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, THE SEX I'VE SEEN!

Part three. By Arthur Kay

* * * * * Words? I gotcha words right here!

I'll tell you, it's very weird looking back at my past and putting it in writing. I now know what it feels like to, as they say, pen one's memoirs, if that doesn't sound too highfalutin. The temptation to make myself over, a new old me, so to say--a better version of the me that used to be, if you will--is truly overwhelming.

For, you see, there's this sneaky little voice in my head that says, "Who the fuck would know?" *I can reinvent myself!* And I say to me, myself, and I, "Why not? Most who read this crapola are going to think I'm bullshitting them anyway, so why not bullshit them, anyway?" Hmm.

Who would know if I lied my ass off? And I just made stuff up? I could easily say to me, "*I would! That's who!*" But, and because I've always been just a tad more than irreverent, that would be real bullshit. So, it's much easier for me if I just tell it the way it happened. Believe it or not!

"Cunt! Her hot, steamy cunt! It was now staring right at me, hairy and hungry looking, and I was glad it didn't have teeth, for I wanted to eat it, and not the other way around!" He sighed, and dove right in, uncaring as to the risk involved in the familiar endeavor.

I was tempted, so very tempted, to toss in tons of sexual detail just to satisfy the ones who read just to wank off, but I chose instead to let the events be more important, and keep the sexy shit to a minimum. Oh, they're in there, alright, the juicy parts, but they're more background noise--- much like a low playing radio--than anything else.

If this fails to satisfy the wankers, I say, "Read it anyway! Your genitals will understand, and will still be there for you later on." Mine always are.

As it is, I've probably taken a liberty here and there with the dialogue. It's impossible to remember exactly what someone said at the time, so I've made an educated guess--here and there, and based on faulty memory--as to who would say what, and to whom. And, without trying to, and without wanting to, I've probably thrown in an embellishment or two on an event. But I'll tell you, after rereading what I've written, I don't have the "feel" that I did, except for those embellishments that have no effect on the truth of the matter.

With each story section, I go through a self-imposed ritual. I pour myself a large glass of red Burgundy wine. Cheapo Gallo shit that is sold by the gallon jug. I kill all lights, except the glow coming from my PC.

Then, for some odd reason, I turn on the radio in the other room, and set its volume so low I can just about hear it, but not make out what anyone is saying. Perhaps this reminds me that there are people in the world. Who knows? In some ways, I guess it's my Binky pacifier, my Linus blanket.

I take a good swig of the red, look at the screen, and think, "Think!" Sometimes I actually say the word out loud, as if I need to, so the gods of letters will know I'm on board, and I'm now ready to receive their help. Most times, however, I picture them looking down at me and saying, "Schmuck!"

Gods of letters are like that. I think.

I type in a tentative story header, knowing I'll get creative with it later on. Then, like a madman on speed, I start typing out the salient points--such as "Gene flew out of alcove, landed on Xmas tree, naked. And "Double Mastectomy (sp?)" One after the other, without concentrating hard at all.

I just let them flow, flying out willy-nilly, these so-called salient imps, without any consideration to the order of things. I'll, ha ha, put them in order later. I let my faulty memory lead me, knowing the critical me will be along soon enough to check me out and make things right.

Then I go back and put in as much dialogue as I can remember happening at the time, sometimes adding a new salient point I just remembered. It would probably be very logical to start the dialogue going at the start of it all, but I don't work quite that logically. It would hurt my brain.

Besides, my salient points are not, at this point anyway, in an exact order of how things happened. Their only exact order is the order I typed them in. So I just let them compete with each other for my attention, allowing them to show me why I should choose them, the little alluring sirens, over the rest, and type something for them. At least that's the way it feels after my third or fourth red wine swig.

In a short time, or so it seems, my writing is long enough to pass the bottom of the screen, and I have to do a ton of scrolling, back and forth, to read what I wrote just a moment ago. With a few more swigs of wine, and some fierce up and down scrolling crap, I'm soon totally confused! The gods must be angry, and they've made my usually acute memory suck. By forcing red wine down my throat. Bastards!

I scroll up a yard of screen, and think: When the fuck did that happen in the order of things? Or I scroll down another mile of screen, and think: Didn't he say that later, after he . . . ? I scroll up to check! I can't find him! *And I have the answer to when he said what . . .*

I scroll back down, or is it up? with the answer firmly in my head, and can't find the fucking place I want to put the answer into! And I know I better find it fast, before I lose the answer in my head--it's not carved in concrete, you know, it's ephemeral, and wispy like. Fragile even. And floating around in a

brain coated with the end product of red grapes.

Shit! How can anyone be expected to keep a fragile, wispy thought in one's head with all this damned annoying scrolling going on! It's my own fault, I know, for not organizing it better from the gitgo, but I had hoped this time would be different, and I might even overcome my scrolling phobia.

I need a new swig! It orients me.

I scroll back down, because now I can't remember the filmy, lacy answer that was just in my head! I need to refresh it by seeing that scrolled down place again. I can't find it! Up! Down! *Try the middle!*

I think: Where the fuck are you? And what was it I was thinking, anyway? By now, nothing looks familiar to me, in spite of going on a scrolling up and down voyage of the damned. Compliments of the gods of letters? Fuck it, it's gone! Flew the coop. Kaput. Nothing I see jogs my mind at all.

Another sweet swig. Helps me think!

Now, where was I in my scrollathon? Fuck it, I don't know, so go find a new tack, a new idea to pursue and punish. Another salient, ha ha, point. One with more meat to it this time. Not like that namby-pamby bitch I so easily forgot just a short while ago. What was her name again?

C'mon, you sexy salient points, talk to me, and wiggle your asses at me, and bat those eyes, and purse those lips, so we can get it on. Show me what you got, you cunning little trollops.

Sip! I can see clearly now.

I eventually straighten it all out, as I knew I would, by either solving it or getting sidetracked on something else, with the latter running a solid 10 to 1 in its favor. Oh, I think: If only I had the orderly mind of a Papa Hemingway, instead of one reminiscent of Daffy Duck.

Eventually, almost miraculously, I have a long river of words in Ariel Bold 11 pt. type. Which I then cut and paste into proper chronological order. More fun! *Sip!*

Then comes the funnest part of all. I have to read what I've written. *Sip!* And see if it all holds together, and makes sense--it never does! *Sip!*

Something is, or some things are, as fucked up as Hogan's goat, whoever he was. There I am, rowing up and down the Ariel River with only a blinking cursor for a paddle. "*C'mon, crew, put your back into it!*"

Sip! I reorganize. I rewrite. I parse it. *Sip!* I embellish where I think an adornment is needed, but without going overboard. It's hard work, this cursor rowing, but I row on, in spite of it all, for I know one thing will always be true: I will never, ever, run out of red wine! *Sip!*

Then finally, I'm finished, and I mean finished! I'm drained of all creativity and thought. It's time to turn it over to my friend, and enemy: The spelling and grammar checker. The stupid fucking mindless thing. Never catches a wrong word if it's spelled right. I wanted "here" not "ere," you dolt. Yes,

you moron, ere is a word, but who says, "Put it over ere and . . ."? Well, besides Eliza Doolittle? Huh? *Sip!*

Yes, I do sometimes--many times perhaps--type so fast I type "their" when I meant "they're," but why must I have to correct *you*--a gazillion times--by having to punch the Ignore button when I've got it right? You know what you can do with that Ignore button?

Sip! Helps me keep my cool.

So, with my wine-soaked efforts in your mind, let me just say this, "My memory box is again open . . . relax and enjoy it, and smoke if you got 'em!" And if you find a typo, you now know whom to blame.

This has nothing to do with the price of rice--then again--but my mind says to share the following. Jay Leno, doing one of his *Headlines* bits, read a headline from a newspaper article:

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED TO HELP TORTURE VICTIMS!

This cracks me up! Not only because I find it humorous, but also because it lets me know the gods of letters have a keen, and nasty, sense of humor. I can picture the poor schnook who had to write a headline for this article--while looking at a picture of torture survivors--thinking, "Think!"

The playful gods looked down, smiled their wicked smiles, and helped poor little schnooky do just that . . .

Fini!

* * * * * The night I saw Howie bat his wife!

"Guy walks into an empty bar, right?" I nodded, trying to picture an empty bar. "He sits on a stool, orders a beer, and his dog jumps up on the stool next to him. The bartender notices that the dog has these large, luscious lips that are opening and closing sensuously. Bartender says to the guy, 'Man, your dog has great lips! They're turning me on!' I was now trying to picture the strange-lipped dog.

"Well, the guy says, 'that ain't nothing! Rover here gives the best blowjob you could ever get.' The bartender says, 'No shit?' The guy says, 'Oh, yeah, and . . .' he looks around the place, 'hey, you're empty here, why don't you lock the front door, we'll take Rover in the John, and you can find out for yourself, OK?' Well, a few minutes later, there they are, in the John, with the bartender's big old boner in front of Rover's face.

"Well, the dumb dog just sits there, his luscious mouth opening and closing, the big lips looking just fine and sexy, but not taking the bait. The bartender says, 'Looks like he's not in the mood, huh?' And the guy says, getting on his knees and grabbing the bartender's dick, 'Listen, Rover, I'm gonna show you just one more time!' " Howie chuckled, and reached for his beer.

I laughed, picturing the silly bathroom scene. Then I said, "That's a good one, Howie, but tell me, what is it you wanted to ask me?" I swear he looked real sheepish to me at the time.

"Well, man, I don't know how to put this, so I'll just say it straight out. Would you be up for having a threesome with Ellie me and?" Holy shit and knock me down! I now reached for my beer.

Ellie was Howie's wife of many years--20 years?--25?--and although in her mid-forties, had a dynamite body on her. With big, firm tits and an ass that wouldn't quit. While not a raving beauty, Ellie had a natural sexiness about her that had, on more than one occasion, made me shiver in the nether region.



At home with Howie's Ellie.

I was in my late twenties at the time, and didn't know either of them that well--a weekend at their house here and there, with my latest girlfriend of the moment, was about the extent of our socializing. We traveled in different circles. Their circle was in the country, mine in the city. They had three kids. My first hadn't even been thought about yet.

Well, we set it up, and before you knew it, the three of us were naked in their bed. Me sitting up, my back against the headboard. Ellie kneeling between my knees, and Howie kneeling behind her. Howie, playing at Cruise Director, had positioned us.

Ellie put her mouth on my cock, per Howie's request, and was being more tentative than anything else. Howie entered her from behind, going at her doggy style. He gives Ellie just a few ins and outs, which I liked because she's taking more of me, and then he ups and quits.

And said, "Oh, I forgot. Let me get the new toy." Ellie said something, but my dick filtered it out too much for me to comprehend. But it did sound like an OK, Howie. How would you interpret, "Ofay Fowfie."

Howie jumped off the bed, went to a closet, put his hand in, and brought out the new toy. It looked like a baseball bat to me. A long one, at that, but not as long as a regulation bat. And it's colored red, but not just any red--it's Day-Glo red! Which didn't strike me as being too manly looking.

I had this quick, but weird image, pop into my head of little Tommy feeding the red Day-Glo bat to his little sister, Mary Kay. An inch at a time. Poor Mary. "Now, Mare, you have to hold real still if you wanna see the way Mommy and Daddy do it in their bedroom." Poor, poor Mary.

So I said, trying to kill the kids' image, and trying to ignore for the moment, Ellie's hot mouth, "What the hell is that?" He grinned at me.

"It's a Whiffle bat!" He had said it with some pride, as if Whiffle bats were the latest new mania in bedroom dildos, which made them harder to find than the first Superman comic, and he had lucked out. And he looked at me as if I was a moron for not knowing this well known Whiffle dildo tidbit.

I said, "A Whiffle bat? What adult store sells Whiffle bats?" I didn't know of any, not that I was an expert in such matters. But I got around.

"Oh, I didn't go to an adult store. I'd be way too embarrassed. I got it in a toy store. Three bucks. And it came with a ball, too. A big red one." What else? And he had made it sound like a bargain! A real steal.

Ellie is still nibbling away on me, taking this all in, I assume. Howie handed me the Whiffle bat, as if showing off the latest Louisville Slugger.



It looked like it was made of PVC plastic, about 2" in width, close to 3' long, and it felt as if it was hollow inside, and filled with only air. Your average kid would have a difficult time beating his best friend to death with it. I handed the red thing back to him, and put a hand on Ellie's head at the same time. She was starting to get to me, in spite of our segue into kids' playground paraphernalia.

Over Ellie's back, I watched Howie start to feed it to her. He appeared to be having trouble in finding the hole. Or else the hole was fighting him. But find it he did, and he put in a few inches. I think. It was hard to tell from my position.

I don't know how much he'd given her, but Ellie let out a whoop that even my cock couldn't muffle too well. "Ommmpaargh!" The Whiffle bat yell! Heard in bedrooms throughout the land.

Howie asked if he was hurting her, and I guess he could understand her cock-muted reply, for he fed her some more Whiffle. From my end, it looked as if she had about six inches in her end. And, from the way her ass now moved back onto the Whiffle, she enjoyed it a tad, too. It wouldn't have surprised me to see her turn her head to him, and yell, "More Whiffle, hon, and don't spare the horses!"

This, my friend, is how Whiffle junkies start out. A free taste. Then an inch or two. More inches. Then, before you know it, they want the whole enchilada. Hooked on Day-Glo Whiffle. At three bucks a pop, with a red ball included. Sad.

Well, before you can say Whiffle, Whiffle, who's got the Whiffle? Howie's arm is going back and forth looking as if he's sawing a log in two. Ellie's moaning and groaning all over my dick, and taking more and more of it, me and the Whiffle bat, which made my day, I'll tell you. The Whiffle bat, too, if it had any sense.

I don't know if she had ever deep throated before, but she was now. I could feel her nose bumping my lower belly. And her lips hitting me in the groin area, making my pubic hairs tickle me.

There she was, Howie's Ellie, impaled on two bats, but only one of them Day-Glo red. And as big around as the bottom of a Coke bottle. And I think you know which one that one was.

I remember thinking I was glad it was only a toy, and not Howie's real pecker. I would have trouble measuring up. But, on the bright side, if it had been his real thing, I would have felt happy for Ellie. I could picture her walking around town with a perpetual smile on her puss, with every woman dying to know her secret. *"Howie's big bat, don'tcha know?"*

I could feel my balls get wet. Ellie's saliva must have dripped from her. It felt nice, as if my balls had been invited to the party. I hate it when Ike and Mike feel left out. Them being such well behaved little fellas, and all.

Then Howie picked up the pace. It looked as if he was giving Ellie a good ten or twelve inches, and without mercy. The more she moaned and yelled, the harder he slammed it in. Wham! Out again. Wham again. Whew! She was a glutton for pussy punishment.

Ellie must have loved it, judging from the way she was thrashing about. Her head went from side to side, and raked me a tad here and there with her teeth--I understood and forgave her in my mind--and she was working her ass onto the Whiffle bat with such ardor, it seemed as if having a foot of Whiffle in her just wasn't enough. And I could now smell pussy in the air.

Well, I grabbed her head, to stop the side-to-side teething shit, and started mouth fucking her, with my hips leaving the bed an inch or so. Because she seemed so ga-ga, and totally lost to herself, I used my hands to bob her head up and down on me. I took a look at Howie. He was looking down at her ass, and grinning like a fool. And using his right arm to Whiffle the shit out of her.

There we were, Howie whiffing, Ellie yelling on my dick, and me playing bounce the head up and down. Like kids in a playground, we were having great fun. The only thing missing was the red Whiffle ball.

When I came, it must have been a sizeable amount, for Ellie not only sounded as if she was choking on it, she started spitting it out all around my cock. I could feel it hit my stomach. She surprised me a bit by removing her mouth from me and saying, "Sorry." I nodded. What else could I do?

I was going to say something, but the scene had fired Howie up. He whammed the Whiffle into her with such force she yelled out as if scalded. He looked maniacal. He did it over and over. I thought he was hurting her, and was ready to say something to him, but Ellie started having orgasms.

One on top of the other, it seemed. And she started agreeing with God. "Oh, God, oh yes, that's it, oh, God, yes, yes God, oh God, oh God, yes!" As she had the top of her head pressed into my belly, I felt like a Buddha.

I had the strong temptation to say, "Yes, my child, receive my gift." But I felt my humor would fall on deaf ears.

Eventually, Howie tired, and Ellie, too. I didn't because I don't tire just by bouncing a head up and down. Back then, at least. She fell to the side of

me and just lay there, with here eyes closed, and a look of great contentment on her face.

Howie still knelt on the bed, the slickened up Whiffle bat still in his hand. The way he stared at it, I knew he had the urge to sniff it. And if I hadn't been there, well, he probably would have done just that. I know I would have.

The reason I feel so sure about this is, Howie then reached out and put the Whiffle bat's business end as close to my nose as he could it get without actually touching me. I could smell spent pussy juice. So I got playful.

I gave the offered Whiffle bat a quick, overly-emoted, deep sniff, then a quick lick, and said, "Mmm, my Sommelier," I saw Ellie open one eye when this word was said, so I sniffed and licked the bat again to let her in on the beginning. "It has a nice bouquet to it. Sassy and pert with decidedly warm undertones." Another bat lick by me. "Yes, this will do quite nicely." I then started licking the bat's tip all over, acting as if I needed a Whiffle wine fix real badly, and said, "Mmm, mmm, mmm!" A few times.

We all had a nice laugh, especially Ellie. She kept smacking my thigh and giggling away. At one point, she said, still giggling, "Howie, maybe we should bottle it! Lord knows, I've made a lot of it tonight!" She giggled some more. Howie and I chuckled.

I said, "Yeah, Howie, just think. A little fermentation, and you could label it as *Lady Ellie's Whiffle Wine!* It would sure make the Gallo brothers sit up and take notice!"

Well, we kicked it around a little more, wearing it thin, and Howie went and got us all some real wine. Gallo red Burgundy. My favorite! We sipped away, with a remark here and there about the poor Gallo guys and, all in all, had a good time. I would love to have fucked Ellie, but she said she was too far gone. Too pooped to pop, and too numb to cum. Her exact words.

Perhaps next time.

The next day, I wasn't sure if I should call Howie, or wait and let him call me. I decided to wait. Three days later, he called. He seemed unhappy about something.

It came out of him slowly, but the upshot was it seemed they couldn't have sex anymore without the Whiffle bat. Ellie had taken a shine to it. A big shine. She now wanted to feel the big, old Whiffle *before* they fucked, and even *after* they fucked.

Exasperated, Howie said, "It wouldn't surprise me to hear her say she wanted the fucking bat *while* we fucked!" He took a breath, gathering steam. "And I suspect she's using it when I'm not around! Although I can't smell anything on it because it's washed good after each use, I swear, man, it sometimes feels slightly damp, as if she's just dried the fucking thing off."

Poor Howie! Not only had he created a sex monster in Ellie, he had reduced himself to being a Whiffle bat sniffer. A Day-Glo red Whiffle bat

sniffing idiot. It was easy picturing him standing by a closet, sniffing away, and checking for any small sign of recent moisture.

I even imagined him carefully drying his hands before proceeding, so he wouldn't mistake his natural perspiration for any possibly suspicious dampness on the bat. I was glad we were on the phone and not in person. But I couldn't help myself. I got playful . . .

"Howie, Howie, Howie, look at the bright side. Your only competition wears Day-Glo red, for crissakes, the pansy, and can't kiss for shit. So relax, old fart, and let Ellie enjoy herself. It's now a novelty to her, and she'll soon tire of it. Either that, or you'll end up in divorce court suing a frigging Whiffle bat for alienation of affections."

I was picturing the court room! "My next witness, your honor, is the rat bastard himself, Mr. Whiffle. He's the redheaded one over there!" I wanted to share this with Howie, but I held back.

"Maybe you're right, Art, she *did* tire of the 12" vibrator I got her that one time. So I might as well, as you say, be cool about it all." There was some noise in the background that sounded like kids at play.

I wanted to playfully ask him if the vibrator was a thoughtfully picked out birthday present, or had he had it gift wrapped for Christmas? I didn't get the chance. He had hung up on me. No doubt pondering my sage words of witty wisdom. Or stopping some kid from burning the house down.

I never did have another threesome with them, to my chagrin. Next thing I knew, they had moved hundreds of miles away. Packing, and taking the Whiffle bat along, I assume.

Howie never even called me after that, which gave me a twinge of guilt, as if I had done something wrong. I poo-pooed the idea, and went about my business of living life. Months later, a guy who knew them both, told me, over beers:

"Guess what? Howie and Ellie have gone splitsville . . ."

We talked about it some, but I didn't mention a thought that was floating around in my head. He wouldn't understand.

Howie and Ellie were possibly the first victims of the Whiffle bat curse . . .

Fini!

* * * * * Why I love farming . . . and all that deep plowing!

Now and then I would take one of those get-away-from-the-stress mini-vacations to one of those small bed-and-breakfast places. One place I frequently went to even had a farming element to it. Four pigs, two chickens, and an old cow. And I'm not referring to the owner's wife, even though the poor dear fit the analogy somewhat.

One day, I was out by a narrow stream practicing my spin-cast fishing. I'm no fisherman by any stretch of the mind, but I had wanted to try out my cheap new spin cast rod and reel contraption. And my brand new Mepps

lure. \$5, cash money.



The stream was so narrow where I was, I could throw a rock across it without too much effort. Then BAM! There it was, a fish jumping out of the water about thirty feet from me. A trout? A bass? A frigging piranha? Who knew? It looked scaly to me, and that's what mattered.

I tried casting out to where the fish was last seen, but I didn't have enough weight on the end of the line to carry the Mepps that far. I reached into my yellow plastic kiddie's tackle box, and brought out the only other lead weight I owned. A big mother! A jumbo kabola piece of lead. That oughtta do it. Get me some distance with that sucker!

With fingers better suited to anything but tying a lead weight to a line, I struggled, but finally managed to get that fucking piece of lead shit kabola crap attached. Triumphant, I gave it a cast. A really good cast. With all the strength behind it I could muster up.

And boy, did it fly! It sailed through air, taking line out, like a gray golf ball that was hit by someone who was very angry at it. It crossed the thirty or so feet of the stream with ease, and didn't stop there. Oh, no. It had way too much oomph behind it.

As it cleared the tops of small trees on the opposite bank, I said goodbye Mepps. Nice knowing ya. \$5 down the old pisser. I watched the line settle nicely into a tree, and felt a few more yards leave the rod before petering out.

Not wanting to lose the Mepps, I yanked upward on the rod, hoping to get the heavy lead weight to fly up and back over the trees. And come home where it belonged. In my yellow plastic kiddie's tackle box.

Then the sound . . .

I had hooked something. And it didn't sound as if it would be too easy to panfry. It was either a cow with a strange sound, or something else entirely. With the 'something else' reminding me way too much of a human. Definitely too tough to panfry. Unless you're Jeffrey Dahmer, I suppose.

Doofus like, I called out, "Is there anyone over there?" No answer. Musta been a cow, I reasoned. Sure, a cow. Who was now playing mum with me the way cows know how to do.

Then I felt a definite tug on the taut line, and then it started to droop in the section between the rod and the trees. As if it had suddenly lost the will to go on. Not knowing what else to do, I tentatively reeled it in a tad. It offered no resistance at all, which it should have, considering the weight of the lead on it. It fairly zinged back home, and I knew it would be Meppless on its return.

It was. Something, or someone, had cut the line. Neatly. I yelled something again, but again got no answer. This spooked me a mite, so I made haste toward my rental car. I was taking no chances on being attacked by a cow with a pocketknife. One who was cagey with her victims, and knew how to play mum when it suited her.

I trudged up the small hill, my gear in my hot little hands, and almost had a heart attack when a voice suddenly screamed at me from the top of the hill:

"You almost took my eye out!"

I jumped back so quickly I lost my footing, and tumbled, ass over teakettle, all the way down to the bottom of the hill, a good twenty feet. But funny, as I fell, I had an image of a nice looking woman in my head, standing there at the top of the hill. I then heard a feminine laugh. A nice laugh.

Then, "Serves you right, you big dodo!" The way she had said it reminded me of a playground. "Take that, you big baby!" "Am not!" "Are too!" But when I looked up at her, I saw she was no little tyke. Nosiree, Bob! She was one foxy woman, and I knew that she could play in my sandbox any time she wanted to.

I scrambled back up the hill, figuring out on the way up that my cow was now a human female, and I had hooked her with my \$5 Mepps. I'm quick at seeing the obvious at times. An inherited asset trait.

When I got to the top, I saw she was holding my Mepps. On a short leash, to be sure, but it was in the company of the big lead weight. She offered it to me, and all she said was, "Here!" But she was smiling.

"Thanks," I threw out, taking the stuff. "But aren't you taking a big chance?"

"What chance?" She now looked slightly scared, so I quickly relieved her worried mind.

"Returning the weapon to the one who used it on you." I twirled the Mepps and lead weight a few times, as if to emphasize my point. She smiled at me, and I melted, right there at the top of a hill in the country, alongside a narrow stream, holding a \$5 Mepps lure. Her smile could melt icebergs. She could have single-handedly saved the Titanic. Too mushy? I didn't think so at the time.

Well, with our own ice broken, we chatted it up. Her name was Sarah. She was staying at a B&B not two miles from where I was staying. I found her easy to talk to. Easy to be with. And easy on the eyes. We yakked and yakked. All the way to the meadow, the scene of the crime. She wanted to show me how pretty the meadow was at this time of the year.

I tagged along with her, knowing full well that if she had wanted to show me just how lovely cow plops are this time of year, I would have been thrilled, too.

We yakked some more, and then she asked me if I knew of the little lake nearby. She had stumbled upon it just yesterday. I said I hadn't known it even existed, so she offered to show it to me. I said, "No, you dumb cunt,

can't you see I've better things to do than lake gawking?"

Yeah, right, as if. Just seeing if the reader is still alert.

The lake was something else. The water was so mirror-like, and so sky blue, it made the mountain range in the background seem as if it was twice its height, and floating in the sky. I loved looking at it. I also loved looking at Sarah, who now surprised me by reaching down and holding my hand. Just like in some cornball movie. Thoughts of being in love flew through my head. Replacing the initial prurient ones I had had upon first seeing her.

I felt goofy. Dopey. Smitten and stupid. And I loved it! Even though it scared the hell out of me.

We then kissed. Followed by making love, with a big floating rock as witness. It was wonderful and magical and unlike anything I had ever felt before. Sarah had me on her hook, and I was just hoping she'd reel me in. And take me home and fry me up, with or without any butter. I was the willing kook du jour.



Sarah's lure.

Both of us lying there, half naked, we yakked some more, and made love again, but it was slower, and even better this time. After, we made a date for the next day.

Same time, same lake.

I'll tell you, I slept fitfully that night, you betcha.

Well, we used that lake for all it was worth. And then some.

On our second lake outing, I asked her if she would like to go and see a local comedian that night, at the town's one and only entertainment bar.

She declined. She had to spend her evening with her mother, a woman

with a handicap, who was also in a wheelchair. I understood, knowing we at least would have our days together. But a smidgeon of suspicion ran through my mind. Something in her voice . . .

Friday rolled around. Our fourth day at the lake. We made great love. Twice. And then she said she had something to tell me. *Oh, oh.*

"I can't see you this weekend, Arthur." *Oh, oh.* I asked her why not?

"Because," *Oh, oh.* "My husband comes up on the weekends." *Oh, oh,* to hell and back. She had said the words quickly, as if they were painful for her to utter. I looked at her, taking in her beautiful and innocent face, and had the strong urge to cry. Or yell. Or throw a temper tantrum by lying on the ground and beating the grass with my fists. Or go jump in the lake. Or eat worms until I upchucked.

I did none of the above. I merely reached out, took her lovely head into my hands, and kissed her. I tried to make it a long kiss, but my heart wasn't really into it.

Then I looked at her and said, with my heart breaking inside my chest, "Pity. All the good ones always get away . . . "

Fini!

P.S. I still have the friggin' Mepps!

* * * * * You can't rape a willing woman, or can you?

Jackie was filling me in on what had happened to her just last night. Two gangster wannabe's had raped her at gunpoint. Forced her to suck and fuck the both of them, she said, and twice each. And a black teenager. And she had engineered the whole scene. Except for the black kid. He was, to Jackie, an unexpected bonus. Yep, she had used the word bonus.

I pictured what she had told me so far in my heads. That's right, both heads! The soft one on top, and the hard one on bottom. Thank God it's not reversed! For then I'd be hardheaded with a limp dick, instead of mushy headed with a boner. Brrr!

It had all started at a nightclub, a jazz joint. She had flirted and teased and toyed with a guy named Harry, the first of her gangster wannabe's. The second one, Tank, joined them. His name says it all. Big guy, she told me, and all muscle. With, as she put it, an ugly face with big, thick ugly lips. Tank also looked, she said, as if he wanted to kill someone. Anyone.

I had the picture, and told her to go on with her story. She obliged, really relishing the telling, it seemed to me.

"Well, the place closed, and the three of us were out in the parking lot. Harry asked if they could give me a lift home. I was tipsy, so I got snotty with him, as you know I sometimes get." I knew. She could be hell on wheels with a few drinks in her. "I told him, 'Yeah, right, Harry, and whose home do you have in mind? Yours? Where you can whip your cock out and make me laugh? Or fuck me and make me laugh even harder?' " She paused, as if trying to remember what happened next.

"Well, Art, Harry got real pissed, and looked cute as hell. He told me that if he ever fucked me, I'd be spoiled for other guys. I laughed at him, and said, 'Oh, yeah, that'd be the day, Harry! You probably fuck like I shit, soft and mushy.' Well, he just about challenged me to let him prove it, but although I did want to fuck him, and would have right there in the parking lot, I got fresh again." Another pause.

"I told him, ha ha, that the only way he was gonna fuck me, was if he forced me. Which I hoped he would do. And he did! Fucker pulled out a gun and told me to get into the car. Which I did, and with a pussy so wet you could mop every floor of the Empire State building! And had enough left over to take a bath." She laughed, and then grinned at me. I told her to go on. Both of my heads were all ears.

"Well, there I am, sitting between the two of them in the front seat, and protesting my fool head off. Ha ha! Harry told me to shut the fuck up. Tank said, 'A dick in her mout would do it, Harry.' Tank then grabbed the back of my head and forced it down to his crotch. His other hand took his dick out, and he slammed it up against my lips, and told me to suck it, or else.

"Well, what could I do?" Indeed! "So, I sucked it, the big, fat thing of his. And just as Harry was parking the car, Tank came. A lot! I swallowed, and heard Tank say, 'Hey, Harry, da cunt swallows witout bein' tole to!'

I was amused at her gangster speech imitations. And the way her lip would curl up into a gangster style sneer when she used her gangster voice. Ha ha! She looked absolutely adorable.

"We get inside Harry's apartment, and let me tell you, it looked like shit. Messy as hell, and absolutely no decorator design. The fucking living room had a couch, two chairs, and a TV. Nothing else. There was a built-in bookcase that was empty, not even one fucking book in it. Unreal!

"And it looked as if Harry threw everything he was done with on the floor. Newspapers, coffee cups, drinking glasses, parts of sandwiches, and what looked like a fucking used condom! Ugh! Harry was a slob. And, Art, knowing I was gonna fuck him, and his bulldozer friend, in all this squalor, this bachelor pigsty, made me even hotter! I'm one sick puppy, ain't I?"

"For sure, but you have fun, don't you?" I grinned at her. We both knew the answer to that one. She nodded, and grinned back at me.

I asked, "What happened next?" I hoped I hadn't sounded too eager.

"Well, Harry told me to strip, and be quick about it. Nice foreplay, don'tcha think? So I stripped, with them ogling my sweet ass. Tank whistled and told me I had nice big breasts, but not like that. More like, 'Youse got some nice big jamommas on ya, Jackie!' Ha ha. Jamommas! First time I ever heard them called that. Anyway, they also stripped, and Harry led me over to the couch.



Jackie's big jamommas!

"He sat down, told me to turn around so my ass faced him, and said, 'Now, baby, park it!' Just like that. He grabbed me by the hips, pulled me down onto him, and told me to put him in. Which I did, knowing my wet pussy would give me away. Blow my cover. Ha ha! Well, his big dick slid in so easily, it felt small. Ha ha ha!"

Jackie was having fun. So was I. I could picture the lewd scene very clearly. But I wanted to know what Tank was up to all this time. So I asked, and she replied.

"Tank stood in front of me, having me blow him again. He also used his big, rough hands to play with my nipples, which felt great, I'll tell you. He kept telling me to get him real hard, so when it was his turn to fuck me, I'd really enjoy myself. He made it seem as if I was blowing him for my own benefit! And maybe I was! He had a nice dick when it was fully up and running. Mmm, real nice. And very thick, too. Mmm." She actually licked her lips, as if tasting him all over again.

"Well, Harry fucked me and came, and then left the apartment. Tank told me to bend over the arm of the couch, and then fucked me doggy. He was just cumming when Harry returned. And he wasn't alone. He had this scrawny teenage black kid with him. Who didn't look more than fourteen years old, if that." She paused again, remembering.

"Harry says, quite bluntly, 'Dis is da super's kid, Leon, I tole him you'd give him a blowjob. So, Jackie, give him a blowjob!' He leads Leon over to me, and tells me to get on my knees and just do it. So I did it. And I'll tell you, for a kid, Leon had a nice one. Seven inches if it was inch. A bit thin, but it had a nice big blobby cock head on it." She licked her lips again.

"I blew Leon until he came, with Harry and Tank watching me, and the two of them never said a word, which I thought they might, but they didn't. Then Harry told Leon to go home, and come back later, around 9 a.m. I knew then it was gonna be a long night. Anyway, Harry fucked me again, but this time in his king-size bed. With Tank standing there, drinking a beer, and watching us.

"Harry said he had cum, but I think he faked it. Probably for Tank's benefit. He hadn't twitched the way he did earlier. Then Tank fucked me, real quick like, and I swear he faked it, too! But I didn't really care because I had already had a ton of orgasms. Well, we went to sleep, with me in the middle, fighting their fucking bodies all night, especially Tank. He kept rolling over me like a fucking tank. Ha ha!"

She wound up her story. Leon had been prompt, and on time. Must have set his alarm! She fucked Leon in the big, king-size bed while Harry and Tank played observers. Then she sucked and fucked the other two while

Leon watched along with the guy who wasn't going at it. Then Harry called her a cab, and sent her packing. With a last minute threat:

"Youse cry rape, ya dumb cunt, and . . . "

The End.