

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.

H, THE SEX I'VE SEEN!

by Arthur Kay

Everything you're about to read is the unvarnished truth. That being the case, I'm only going to use first names, and I've even changed those names from the real life names of the folks involved--so even those portrayed won't recognize themselves. At least I hope they won't.

* * * * * Subway tale #1.

THE SUBWAY during rush hour. It's crowded, crowded. Cheek to jowl all the way, sardine-like, with some people having fetid breath, some, mercifully not. If your hand is down by your side, it's almost impossible, or at least hard work, to bring it up and scratch your nose without exploring someone else's body along the way. Got the picture?

I've never been the subway groper type, but my hand has, joyfully, ended up at times, tightly pressed into some woman's ass cheeks. Or her crotch! For the 45 minutes the trip usually took.

One time, I was pushed up against an attractive woman, my front to her back, her ass cheeks straddling my crotch area. Neither of us could move an inch. I don't know if she knew it or not, but I had a fierce boner the whole trip, which, it turned out, took two fucking hours--they had trouble on the track ahead. I didn't complain a whit! Or even consider writing a letter to the transit authority.

It's was amazing how nice it felt during the jolting, side-to-side rocking motions of the train as it rushed along the track, my dick buried between her cheeks. I was glad when the train stopped dead in its tracks for an hour and a half. The time allowed the stain on my dark trousers to dry!

On another trip, I felt a young woman's hand pressed against my crotch. Nice. Especially when she looked at me and grinned! I grinned back, idiot-like, my pecker stirring a tad, but still basically on the limp side.

Then she started playing with it! Squeezing it and stroking it. Christ, I thought, I hope it's her and not the guy next to us! I moved my hand, which was along my side, into my front area and found the hand. I traced the arm a bit, and felt relieved when it was obvious whose it was. I relaxed and let her have her way with me. I had 45 minutes to cum. Plenty of time.

Then she scared me! I felt her pull my zipper down and push her hand into my pants, going into my shorts, and seeking me out. She wanted to feel it in the flesh. This may sound great, but I had a bad scenario flash through my mind. What if she had a straight razor and wanted to lop me off? Her way of saying all men are pigs, so there.

Irrational? Sure. But strange shit happens, Jack. So, with a "better to be safe than sorry" attitude in my head, I found her other hand. Just to make sure it was empty of any sharp instrument.

It was, so I relaxed again, but held the hand--just as an added safety measure. She not only jerked me off but, when I came, she took the hand I was holding, yanked it free, and placed it over my spurting cock head. How she knew when to do that, I don't know. She just knew.

She then worked the hand, now a fist, up to her face and licked her fingers clean. I could smell my cum on her fingers, and I didn't give a shit if the guy next to us could, too!

Fini!

* * * * * Subway tale #2.

DIFFERENT WOMAN, similar scenario, but minus the hand job. She got on halfway through my trip and was crushed into me, the back of her hand jammed into my crotch. I had a funny feeling she had aimed it there. Because, just before we were smashed together, she dropped the hand down from her waist area, as if it would feel better to her against my trousers. It sure as shit felt better to me!

Four or five stops later, she pushed herself in the direction of the doors. Her stop was here. As she moved away from me, she took hold of my suit jacket sleeve, around the cuff area, and pulled me along with her, as if signaling me to get off, too. I followed, curious, and horny. So, I'd be late for work? So what?

We got off the train, her hand still firmly holding my suit sleeve, and she pulled me to the left. Everyone else was going to the right, toward the exit. The left side of the station was deserted of people, and all I saw, far down at the end, was a phone booth. We went right to it, not saying even a word.

She sat on the little seat and I squeezed in and stood before her. She unzipped me, took my cock out, and started sucking me off. Sucking like a champ, and deep throating me, right there in the station.

I felt a little twinge of pressure come over me when I realized a new train could come in at any moment. And we could, or would, be seen by people in the forwardmost car, which also housed the engineer. But I said screw it to myself. If they see, they see.

For the first time, I took a good long look at her face. She was gorgeous. Blond hair, cropped close to her head, topping a strikingly beautiful face. I guessed her age around 20. It was then that I saw the gold wedding band on the finger of the hand that held my cock's base. Naughty wife.

I came in her mouth, and she swallowed. She put my dick back and zipped

me up. I was getting ready to introduce myself to her, and hopefully give her my work and home phone numbers, when she whispered, pushing me gently out of the booth and going past me, "Thanks, that was just great!" They were the first, and only words we had together.

Then she ran down the station toward the exit. I never saw her again, even though, every now and then, I waited 15 or 20 minutes on that very stop, hoping to catch sight of her. Which usually made me late for work . . .

Fini!

*** * * * *** Subway tale #3.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, around 2:00 am. I was coming home from a party. The train wasn't crowded at all. In fact, the car I had stepped into had just me and two tipsy college girls, one blond, the other brunette, on one end, and a sleeping man on the other, as far from us as he could physically be on the car.

The girls, women really, were in a very good mood. They were giggling and twittering away. Everything seemed to strike them as funny. Even me, as I got on. The blond greeted me with, "Hi, bloke, care for a toké?" She held a joint out to me. This hit them as riotous, and they both laughed so hard they were bent over at the waist, and holding their guts. I felt dopey.

Well, the 45-minute wait for a train I had to endure at that late hour had taken the high off the wine I had imbibed, so I said sure, why not? I took one long hit and we were all immediate chums. Another hit and I was laughing just as hard as they were--at nothing at all. And at everything, even the silly sleeping man, who I told them, was my uncle Harry. This had them in stitches. Who says stand-up comedy is difficult?

They were from England, and were going to college here. At some point the blond, I think her name was Mary, turned the conversation around to sex. American men, she said, couldn't fuck worth a yam. Too quick, and never let a lady finish. The other one, the brunette, whose name I can't remember, echoed the sentiment. She referred to fucking American men as a zipless fuck. I had no idea what she meant, and I didn't both to ask her, but it sent Mary into laughing convulsions.

Then, to my utter amazement, Mary pointed to the empty conductor's booth, which are on every car, and said, "Why don't you show me, Arthur, how American men can fuck when their on a moving train?" Then she lifted her mini skirt and showed me her panties. They were solid black, so I couldn't really see shit, but I enjoyed the sight.

She grabbed my hand, yanked on it, and said, "C'mon, Clive, let's fuck!" A minute later, old Clive here was in her pussy, right there in the conductor's little booth. She standing, me behind her, her knickers down to her ankles, her mini pushed up her back, doing it doggy. With her girlfriend watching, and giggling to her heart's content.

With the effect of the grass upon me, I was too high to come. But she wasn't. In less than a few minutes, she was announcing her orgasm! With the words jolly good somewhere her comment. I was great, it seemed! Or maybe it was the train's motion. Mary didn't say.

She pulled herself off of me and said it was her friend's turn. Damn if her friend didn't come into the booth, drop her knickers, too, and offer her bare ass to me. And, being a good zipless American, I didn't refuse.

With Mary laughing like a hyena, and egging us on, and the effect of the weed, I had to concentrate real hard to cum. But I did. A lot. Or maybe it just seemed a lot. No, it was a lot, because it was dripping on the floor as she walked back to her seat.

As I left the booth, I noticed that the sleeping man had changed seats. He was sitting two rows over from the ladies and had a clear view of the inside of the conductor's booth. The fucker had seen it all, or most of it, anyway.

He hit on Carol, offering to fuck her, too, but it was obvious to anyone he was wasted. We joked him around until my stop came up. The two women, not wanting to be left on the empty train alone with him, got off with me. Four stops too early for them. I waited with them--for who knows how long?--until another train pulled in.

I gave them my phone number, but they never called. Alas. I guess they had sobered up in the morning. Or something . . .

Fini!

* * * * * Richard does the naughty, naughty!

RICHARD, I'll call him Dick, was a married, anal-retentive sort of guy. And always teaching and preaching to other people about how to live a good and decent life. A God-fearing sort. You know the type.

Well, one night, my friend Les had plans to go out catting from bar to bar, looking to get lucky. Dick asked if he could tag along, which surprised the shit out of us, but we let him.

We went to a place called Nemo's, where middle-aged women actually would hit on a young guy and offer to buy him drinks. A kind of role reversal place. And Les and I had gotten lucky there before, on more than one occasion.

On this particular night, however, Les and I got bubkiss! Nada! As if we had the plague. But Dick lucked out! Must have been his bright red beard. The woman wasn't great looking, as fortyish type women go, but she wasn't horrible, either. Had a great rack on her, and a bubble ass, all hardly hidden by the mini outfit she almost had on.

At midnight, we left Dick there and went home, defeated, dejected, and baffled. As we were leaving, Dick came up to me and asked if it was all right to use the office--if he got lucky. He didn't have to ask. He had a key to my office, and I didn't give a rat's ass in the matter. But I did appreciate his thoughtfulness.

3:00 a.m. The phone rings, waking me up. Dick! He's drunk as hell and stuttering, as he does when he gets as drunk as hell.

"C-c-c-can you b-b-b-b-ring me a pair of sh-sh-orts . . . and a p-p-pair of s-s-socks when you c-c-come in t-t-t-today?" Or something to that effect. I said sure, but when I started to pump him for more info, I heard a woman in the background calling to him. He hung up without even a quick goodbye! I went back to sleep, with visions of Dick and the lady fornicating in my office.

8:00 a.m. I open the office door and there's Dick, sleeping on the carpet, and as naked as a baby. The place is in shambles. Two office chairs overturned and pushed to the walls. The carpet, a 9' x 12' area rug, was peeled up on one end and was covering his legs--a makeshift blanket.

Papers from my reception/secretary's desk were scattered all over the floor. A wastebasket was overturned, its contents spilled out. A pair of red, lacy panties hung from a closet doorknob. Sticking out from under the closet's door was a black stocking.

As I listened to him snoring, I had this weird image pop into my head. He had strangled the lady, and had tossed her corpse into the closet! I was actually afraid to open it! Because, feeling a woman wouldn't leave the place without a stocking and her panties, she had to be somewhere. And I couldn't see her anywhere else in the small office.

I'll tell you, I held my breath when I opened that closet door. I half expected a pair of bloodied legs to pop out. But, thankfully, she had left her garments behind. Or had he thrown her out the window?

My mind works funny at times. I actually opened the window and looked down into the courtyard, slightly expecting the worst. She wasn't there, thank you lord.

I turned and saw he was awake, and was yawning and belching, and scratching himself, just like most God-fearing men do under the given situation.

I said to him, "What the fuck happened here, Richard? I thought you strangled her and stuffed her into the closet!" I threw the stocking at him, wishing it were a hammer. He laughed, the idiot.

"Oh, man, we *fucked* all night! She's a maniac! She ripped my shorts offa me, and my socks. Ripped 'em! Right off me! Did you bring me some more?"

"Yeah, but what did you tell your wife?" I just had to know.

"I told her there was a truck overturned on the Jersey Turnpike and it had spilled gasoline all over the road, so they weren't letting anyone through."

"She buy that lame bullshit?"

"Yeah." I handed him the socks and underwear, and told him that he shouldn't use that excuse again for at least ten years. Twenty would be better! He nodded at me, as if he believed I wasn't funning around . . .

Fini!

*** * * * * Unrequited puppy lust!**

I WAS AROUND 16, and my girlfriend Joyce was 15. Joyce wasn't beautiful. Far from it. She was small breasted, which didn't bother me in the least, but it seem to work on her mind a tad too much.

She had two canine-like teeth that hung down, fang-like, on both sides of her mouth that would make anyone think of Dracula, and a very pronounced overbite. She had nice long brown hair, but she kept it hidden in a scrawny looking ponytail most times. Although, there wasn't an ounce of extra fat on her, she complained, frequently, that her ankles were too thick. Women! In truth, however, the ankles were a tad on the thickish side.

But anyway, we were in love. Ho ho. Or in lust. Who knows? We had been having sex for over a year. From her blowing me to fucking, in positions that were new to us both, most of them inspired by a deck of French playing cards I managed to get my hands on. We even went as far as an anal attempt, which she didn't enjoy too much, so we only tried it the once. Who knew from lube? I had used good old and handy spit.

And then along came Albert. Fucking fat Albert.

Albert was in his early 20s, and worked at the school she and I attended. A handyman or something. He was, to me at least, porky looking, or, as most might say, on the portly side. I also thought he looked plain old fat. And what woman, I reasoned, would give him glance two?

He had a big, fat face, and a big sloppy gut that hung over the idiotic cowboy belts he always wore to keep his dingy, rarely-washed-looking denims up. If I sound a tad bitter, it's because I was at the time.

But, where I saw a big, old redneck slob, Joyce said Albert looked cuddly, like a big Teddy bear. Or, she also said, at the worst he was merely stocky. Ugh! Women! Their taste in men lives in their ass. But what the fuck do I know about it?

We were constantly bumping into him, and I know now it was no accident. He had the hots for Joyce. But we didn't know it, or at least I didn't know it, at the time. I can't speak for her, that Teddy bear lover.

One time, she and I were at the local ice cream parlor, and I had an upset stomach. I was constantly running to the damn John.

On one particular such run, when I came out of the bathroom, there he was, sitting in the booth with Joyce. But not sitting across from her, as one might reasonably expect, but right alongside her. *And he was kissing her!* And, from what I could see, she was kissing him back. I just stood there, watching, dumb like, not knowing what to do.

I don't know what I was feeling, anger probably, maybe jealousy, even betrayal, but I do remember getting an instant hardon. Which, at the time, seemed normal. Watching them was turning me on, but I had no idea why.

They stopped kissing and then talked for a minute or so. And then kissed again. I approached the booth, still not knowing what to do or say. He outweighed me by a good 30 pounds, if not more, so fisticuffs never

entered my head. I wasn't a coward, just prudent about bodily harm.

I guess my puppy love for her wasn't strong enough to put my ass in harm's way. And guns weren't as easy to come by back then as they are now. Nah, even if I could have gotten my betrayed hands on a gun, I wouldn't have used it. He was kissing my girlfriend, after all, and not raping my mother.

As I neared them, with them still hotly lip-locked, both their eyes shut tight, I saw that he had a hold of her hand, and was pressing it into a large bulge in his denims, making her hand squeeze him, and making it go back and forth along the bulge. And wondered why she didn't stop him. I don't know why, but I backed up, quite a ways, and just watched. Fascinated, and with a fierce hardon.

They finally ended the kiss and he whispered something into her ear, and then got up and left. I waited a minute or two before going to the booth, and didn't say a thing about it to her. She acted as if nothing unusual had happened since I had gone to the John. I let her believe it, and we had our ice cream, me taking a few more hits on the men's room. I don't know why I didn't say a word to her at the time, but I didn't.

Later that afternoon, I had her in my basement clubhouse, and fucked her, thinking of the bulge in Albert's trousers, and how it had appeared she had liked rubbing it.

The next day, I rode my bicycle over to her house, with the idea of asking her if she wanted to go bicycling, something we often did. As I turned the corner of her block, there she was, getting into a big, black car. Albert was at the wheel.

The car pulled away and I followed, hoping he wouldn't head for the highway. He didn't. He headed straight for the local park, a place where couples went to make out and neck and pet. And some to fuck.

Instead of pulling into the popular makeout site, he took a left turn, which led to an area of the park most couples avoided. It had a bad reputation as a place where some lunatic supposedly hung out. He was either a madman sex fiend rapist, or an axe murderer sex-fiend, depending on who told you the ever-changing story. In truth, he didn't exist. It was just one of those stupid urban myths, spread just for the fun of it.

He pulled alongside a large, 10' high rock, and parked, killing the lights. I went around the rock and climbed up the side opposite them. It was easy going as that side had no more than a 30-degree incline. And it was covered with easy to walk on grassy moss. At the top of the rock, I had a perfect view of them down below. At least into the car's two left side windows. My view was also enhanced by a full moon.

I heard them talking, but I was too far from them to make out more than a word or two here and there. A short while later, I saw him unzip his pants. He took his cock out and I could see it was indeed sizeable. White and long, and thick. Next thing I knew, her head was on top of it, hiding it from my view. She was sucking him off, not more than 10' from me. And I had a roaring erection at that moment.

I took my cock out and started slowly jacking, watching her suck on his big prick. He was saying things to her, but I couldn't hear what. Occasionally, I could hear him moan and say, louder than before, something like, "Yeah, that's it, Joyce, that's how I like it. Do that again!" I guessed he was giving her verbal instructions, and directions, on how to suck him off. And, from what I could tell, she was taking his instruction real well.

It wasn't long before I came all over the grassy moss.

I didn't think he had cum yet, but I wasn't sure. Anyway, the next thing I know, he's out of the car and has opened the back door. He just stood there, waiting. Then she got out, lifted her skirt, and took off her panties. I couldn't see what she had done with them. Then she opened her back door, and climbed in.

He took off his pants and shorts and placed them on the car's roof. I could see that, in the moonlight, he was truly well hung. Fat and long and up tilted. With what appeared to be an oversized cock head, large and white, gleaming in the dim light.

Then, as he entered the car, I felt another erection coming on. For I could see Joyce's legs, with a dark place where her pussy was, moving on the back seat, going toward his side of the car. She was getting into the "fuck me" position.

At first, I couldn't see much except for his legs and ass sticking out of the opened rear door, but when I saw her legs go around his, I knew he was fucking her, big brain that I was.

As I jerked off again, I watched his fat ass --pardon me, his sweet Teddy bear ass--go up and down, with great force, or so it seemed. Joyce was moaning, her legs bouncing all around him, but not saying anything intelligible. He was fucking her so hard; I saw the car sway from side to side.

When Joyce said, loud enough for me to hear, "Oh, God, Albert, I love you, I love you!" I shot my load into the moss once more. Then he got real weird by yelling at her, something like, "Don't ever say you love me when we're fucking! It means you love my prick more than me! Don't ever do that again. Got it?" It sounded insane and, with the vehemence he had used to utter it, so did he. I remember feeling sorry for her.

But I guess Joyce agreed with him, because they resumed fucking without further ado. A few minutes more, and he was cumming in her, his ass bucking to beat the band. I knew this because he had yelled, "Hold still! Here it comes!"

Then he himself got real still, just lying on top of her. I saw both her hands grab the top of his buttocks and pull them into her. She was moaning something continuously that almost sounded as if she was humming.

When he looked as if he was going to get up and get out, I went and found my bike and pedaled home. When I got home, I jerked off a third time, picturing his big, white ass pounding her ass into the car's rear seat cushion. And the way she had grabbed the top of his ass cheeks.

I figured Joyce and I were kaputs, but the next day she surprised me by coming to my basement clubhouse, and wanting to suck me off! As if she had never been with Albert just the night before, and I had dreamed it all. It felt weird, but I went along with program.

Well, I came in her mouth, and was still so hot; I immediately fucked her and came in her pussy, surprising myself. During the fuck, I tried very hard to make her yell the way he had. Man, I fucked her silly, but I couldn't get her to scream the same way. I guessed my dick wasn't thick or long enough to hit the right buttons. I also told her to grab my ass cheeks, which she readily did. And, funny, she also said, "I love you, Arthur!" Twice! Go figure!

Albert and I shared her for the next six months, with only me and Joyce knowing that fact. And Joyce having no idea I knew about Albert. She was blatantly cheating on me with him, and just as blatantly cheating on him with me. He was my cuckold and I was his, but somehow I felt I had the better deal. For I was, ha ha, the only one of us three with complete carnal knowledge of it all.

During this period, I watched them in the park about a couple dozen more times, or so. He was such a creature of habit; I sometimes would take a shot at it, and be there *before* them! I even joked to myself that I wished they would tell me when they were going there, so I would have time to buy some snacks, and get set up comfortably for the evening's entertainment.

Once, months into our little game, I followed them back to Joyce's house. I waited until he had driven off, and then I ran up and caught her before she went in. When she asked me how long I'd been there, I lied and said I had just arrived.

I managed, through wheedling, cajoling, and almost begging, to get her to go with me to the back of her house. There, in the almost total darkness, I kissed her, and smelled his cheap cologne on her. Then I fucked her from behind, her skirt up over her back, and her panties down around her knees. I could feel his cum inside her. It even squooshed out around my cock on my initial out strokes.

As I added my load to his, I knew for the first time, then and there, that I no longer had the puppy love for her I once had. It should have left me much earlier, but it hung on, like a long sickness.

I pulled this trick on her a dozen times at least, following them to her place, and having sex with her in the darkness, right behind her house. She never suspected a thing, or at least she never said anything about how strange it was that I was always Johnny on the spot. Each time right after her park escapades. Then again, maybe she knew and it turned her on. Who knows?

When I turned 18, I joined the Navy, and I didn't see her for a long, long time after that. Then, in on shore leave, I ran into her on the street. We went and had a few beers at a local bar. She filled me in, and then some.

Among other things, sweet and cuddly Teddy bear Albert had knocked her up, and, after she had told him so, sweet and cuddly Teddy bear Albert punched her in the stomach, causing her to miscarry.

Big surprise, eh? From a guy who thinks it's wrong for a girl to say I love you during sex. They had broken up over it, and she was now footloose and fancy free. I read it as in invitation of sorts.

I was tempted, to be sure, to pick up our old thread and see where it led us, but because I was dating a real stunner at the time, I gave it no more thought than a wild and crazy idea whose time had passed the doing point.

Joyce also mentioned something that had me thinking about her sister, Jill, her twin sister, no less. A fraternal twin, not identical. In fact, they looked nothing at all alike, except for hair coloring. Jill was much shorter, chunkier, and with a lazy eye that wandered off in all directions. She also acted, with good reason, sillier and more girlishly.

By a problem at their birth, it was said, Jill was born mildly retarded. It was also rumored that Jill had a penchant for giving blowjobs. Every day, right after school, so the story went, she would go to a local garage and give head to the five guys who worked there.

This story made the rounds with such great frequency; it was difficult to believe it wasn't true. And many times, with my own eyes, I saw Jill leaving the garage, and being real chummy with the guys. The kind of chummy that speaks volumes.

At times, I had the urge to pump Joyce for affirmation or denial of Jill's cocksucking adventures, but I was afraid to take us into uncharted conversational territory. It might piss her off to the extent she denied me her pussy and mouth. Besides, 99% of me already believed the story to be factual.

I also had the suspicion, superficial at best, that Joyce and Jill were doing each other. The only things pointing in this direction, innocent enough things for sure, were their super odd familiarity with each other. They hugged and touched each other just a tad too much, in my opinion, and were constantly saying I love you to each other, and I caught them, on many occasions, winking at each other, as if sharing a deep secret.

Of course, all of this could be easily explained away as pure innocence, and, as proof of anything funny occurring, it's really zip. Joyce could simply have been showing affection for a handicapped sibling, one who needed constant reassuring. But the feelings I had on the matter, very strong feelings, I might add, seemed to indicate otherwise.

Anyway, Joyce had me thinking about Jill because of something she told me about old Teddy bear Albert. He was now working part-time at the aforementioned garage! Cheek and jowl with the other five men.

This fact, let me tell you, really had me wondering about sister Jill . . .

Fini!

* * * * * My assistant's hot surprise for me!

MY ASSISTANT PAUL and I were working on the weekend, Saturday to be precise, on a rush-rush project. We usually worked a good 14 hours a day on these kinds of jobs, for days on end. It helped that we took a two-hour

break in the middle, to eat, to shit, or whatever. On one occasion, Paul said he had a nice surprise for me on the next break. Fucker wouldn't tell me any more than that.

Bingo! Break time. Paul asked me if I was ready for the surprise. I said yes and he went out of the office to get it. I had no idea what to expect as Paul was the playful, nutty type.

Less than five minutes later he's back, with Christa, a mid-twenties woman who was a secretary to a lawyer that had an office on the same floor as mine. I knew Christa, but not well. We had chatted here and there, in the hall, the elevator and, a few times, across tables at lunchtime.

Paul came over to me and whispered into my ear, which I regarded as a rude slight to Christa, "She's gonna blow you, all you have to do is whip it out!" Before I could say anything, he was headed for the door. Over his shoulder he tossed out, "Be back in an hour. Have fun, you two!" I heard Paul use his key to lock the door. Thoughtful of him, I thought.

I looked at Christa, who had her eyes glued on the carpet. Now, I'm not saying she was a dog, but St. Bernard's would find her attractive. Oh, her body was fine enough, with shapely breasts, a thin waspy waist, and nice long and lithe legs, but her face needed work. Lots of work!

It looked as if some witch, truly pissed at her, had exchanged her previously beautiful head for one that resembled Ben Franklin, but with Martha Raye's mouth thrown in. She was butt ugly, to put it mildly.

You may not believe this, but I'm the kind of guy who doesn't give two shits about looks. Hell, I would have married her, dogface and all, if she weren't so frigging dumb. And that's dumb spelled s-t-u-p-i-d. And she was as boring as boring can get. All she seemed to care about was cosmetic makeup. Her eyes lit up at the sight of a lipstick tube.

She didn't read anything, either. Book, magazines, newspapers were left to other folks to explore. They bored her, she once told me. Well, I could have played Henry Higgins to her Eliza, but I lacked the patience for what I believed would be a job requiring more than 14 hours a day.

I said to her, "Paul tells me you like giving head. Is that true?" She looked at me and nodded. Our ice had been, ha ha, broken.

I took command of the willing woman by saying, "Come over here." She came to me and stood before me, almost at attention. I put my hands on each of her shoulders and pushed gently downward. She sank to her knees with no more insistence on my part than that. I decided to play cruise director, or sex slave master, to her. Take your pick.

"Take my pants and shorts down, Christa." She did, giving me an erection.

"Suck my balls and get them really wet." She did.

"Kiss my cock all over." She did.

"You want to suck me off?" She nodded.

"Will you suck it really well?" She nodded.

"You like sucking cock?" She nodded.

"Have you sucked Paul's cock?" She nodded. I was having such fun.

"Lots of times?" She nodded. Hmmm.

"Where do you suck him off?" I was curious.

"In the law office, when my boss goes to lunch." Ho ho. That Paul.

"Have you ever sucked off more than one guy at a time?" She nodded.

"How many?"

"Forty-two." Holy shit! I was expecting two, maybe even three, with four as a wild stab. But forty-two floored me. And she had said it so quickly.

I walked over to a chair and sat down, signaling for her to kneel between my knees. She did.

"Now, Christa, tell me about the forty-two guys."

"Well, this guy Richie I know asked me to. He said it would turn him on really well if I sucked off every kid in the neighborhood . . ."

"How old were you at the time?"

"Thirteen." I motioned for her to continue her sex story. I was getting hotter just hearing it, although I couldn't quite yet get my mind around forty-two men using her mouth. That's a lot of cum.

"Well, it was a Sunday afternoon, around noon, and I showed up at Richie's house. I got into a car with five guys and we joined a bunch of other cars and went upstate. It was like a parade and the trip took almost an hour. They all parked their cars in a big meadow--oh, there were eight cars--and Richie told me to sit on a dead tree stump. That's it! I then blew 'em one after the other, and we left and went home." That's it! Just as simple as that, Jack. I blew 'em and went home!

"Did you like doing them all?" She nodded, seemingly bored. I wasn't.

"Did Richie have you do it again?" I had to know.

"Yeah, dozens of times. But it never went beyond forty-two."

"How do you know that?" I just had to know this one.

"I keep track in my head as I suck them." Great, she can do mental math!

"What's the biggest cock you ever sucked?"

"I dunno. Eleven inches, I think." Almost a footer.

"You deep throat?"

"Yeah! Wanna see?" Her face had brightened up. She was eager to do me.

"Later. Tell me, what's the weirdest place you ever sucked a guy?"

She thought a bit. "In church, I guess." Then, before I could ask her who, she added, as if asking about the rules covering weird places, "Does a cab count?" I nodded and she said, "Then in a few cabs, too."

"Whom did you blow in church? Richie?"

"No. The priest, Father O'Reilly." Then, as an afterthought, she said, "Oh, and my brother, Frank, but only once." Of course! Who else ya gonna blow in church beside the priest and a family member?

"But you sucked off the priest more than once?"

She nodded. "Oh, yeah, he wanted it once a week." Sundays, I assumed.

Well, I had her blow me, and she was quite good at it, deep throat and all, and I came a hot, large load in her mouth, which she didn't hesitate to swallow. I pictured forty-two such loads being swallowed by her in one outing. Staggering! I later did the simple math. If each guy came the usual one teaspoon, that meant 42 teaspoons. Divided by 3 equaled 14 ounces. This translated to 1-3/4 cups of male cum. Sheesh! Two ounces short of a full pint.

Paul came back and Christa surprised me, perhaps us, by saying, "You wanna watch me blow Paul?" I did, and I did.

For a few more years, Christ was my personal cocksucker. And Paul's. We used her at will and, let me tell you, it made those long work days a whole lot easier to swallow, if you get my pun . . .

Fini!

* * * * * The New Year's Eve bash and crash!

I HAD BEEN INVITED to a New Year's Eve party by a friend of the host and hostess, whom I had never met. But it was a night I'll never forget.

It started normally enough, at 7:00 p.m. with cocktails flowing freely for all. However, the hostess, I'll call her Joan, was nine sheets to the wind when we arrived, and the food, the canapés, had been burnt beyond help.

Joan was tipsily struggling with ham and cheese wedge sandwiches, and having a rough time of it. Her husband, let's call him John, was of no help. He was blotto, too.

Women, most a tad high, rushed in to the kitchen to rescue the hostess. They seemed to be having a hard time just finding utensils, and I could hear constant yelling coming from the room they were in.

Before you know it, with no food in sight, most of the guests were feeling no pain. I know I wasn't. And neither was my friend, Gene, whom I had gotten permission to bring along.

By 10:30, or thereabout, food, of a sort, was served, smorgasbord style. To a bunch of fucking drunks! Who had no inclination to ease up on their imbibing. Or grass, if they were so inclined.

I grabbed a plate of whatever and managed to get a seat at the long dining table. Right next to a luscious looking woman. I remember looking around and seeing that there had to be seventy or eighty people there, with most of them sitting on folding chairs.

Then things got crazier and crazier, as if we were all inmates in the nuthouse. Joan put her elbow in the potato salad, and laughed her ass off at it. John stood up, took his cock out, and stirred some woman's drink with it. This brought forth great raucous laughter from his end of the long table.

Somebody threw butter across the table instead of passing it. I overheard Gene telling the hostess he had a nine-inch dick. She was giggling at him, and looked wild and demented. Some guy, not too far from me, and as flaming gay as they come, was going on about how well dogs fucked, and what fun it was to suck them off. The couple he was regaling was nodding their heads like bobble-dolls.

I felt the woman next to me, a quite attractive gal in her mid-forties, grab my crotch and go exploring. I let her, being the gent I can be at times.

I saw Gene stick his tongue into Joan's ear. I saw her husband whispering something obviously very funny into a woman's ear. She was laughing uncontrollably at his wit.

I should mention here that their Christmas tree was still up. But it wouldn't be for too much longer. Gene saw to that.

Then, as we all drank, smoked weed, and nibbled on what food there was, it got even crazier. Gene had his cock out and Joan was bent over in her chair, slurping on it. Her husband was sucking a woman's half exposed tits, a different woman than the one he had whispered his joke to.

Then, as if the room had suddenly gotten too hot, people started shedding clothing with silly glee. I was now kissing the groping, exploring babe next to me, and was also feeling her up. I helped her undress, right there; all but her bra and panties, and led her upstairs in search of a bedroom.

But I'll be damned; all three upstairs bedrooms had people in them, lots of people. All naked and doing naughty things to each other. The smell of sex permeated the entire house, but especially that upper floor. It was, I'll admit, my first real orgy. A drunken orgy, to boot.

I took her back to a small alcove we had passed before. I had noticed it had a tiny sofa in it. That, I felt, would do the trick. I was horny and drunk and high, and wasn't sure if I would even enjoy it, but I was spurred on by the night's events. And the way the gal I was with kissed. Hot and passionate, with lips to fall into.

As we entered the alcove, I noticed, through its large opening, we overlooked the Christmas tree, which stood much higher than we were,

even higher than the alcove's ceiling.

She took off her panties, but when I went to help her with the bra, she pushed my hands away. This cross signal confused me, so I told her if she didn't want have sex, we didn't have to do it. Talk was fine with me. And it really was.

"I've had a double mastectomy," she explained, looking guilty. I told her I understood and, if she felt like removing the bra anyway, it would be okay with me. It may sound lame, even phony to you, but I told her, "I'm an artist, and find beauty in everything. Two tits, one tit, no tits, don't matter to me. You're still a beautiful creature as far as I'm concerned." And I didn't even know the creature's name yet.

Inspired by my words, I guess, she removed the bra and I kissed her flattened chest numerous times. The way she held my head, I felt absolutely fantastic. We had crossed some invisible line and it felt just great to me.

We kissed and petted for a long time, standing there, but finally made it over to the small sofa. We hadn't been fucking for two minutes when Gene and Joan came waltzing in, laughing and carrying on. They were both bare-assed, and I noticed that someone, probably Joan, had tied a large, red Christmas bow around his fat cock. The two forked side points hung down to almost his knees. He looked goofy, high, and happy.

Joan told me my date's name by saying to her, "When you're done with that one, Carol, here's another present for you to open." She laughed and grabbed Gene's cock, and wobbled it around. Gene still looked dopey.

He started toward the sofa, Joan going along with him, his cock still in her hand, and looked as if he wanted to give Carol his present right then and there. Joan, for whatever reason, yanked hard on his dick, causing him to spin around. He teetered for a second, and then started stumbling backwards, his arms pinwheeling, right toward us.

I tried to catch him, but I was too slow. He was moving too quickly, his arms flailing out in all direction, causing me to duck. One of his calves hit the bottom of the sofa, spinning him around, and he flew up in the air as if he didn't weigh a thing. Missing Carol's head by inches, he flew right out the alcove's opening and landed on the tree. We all gasped. I least I know I did.

There was Gene, clinging nakedly to the large tree. With no way down and no way up. In panic, I hollered, stupidly, "Don't move around, Gene, you could get electrocuted!" Then I yelled to the crowd down below, a mass of drunks, who were all shocked to silence by the scene, "Hey! Someone! Turn off the tree lights!" No one moved, not a one of them. I don't know why. Perhaps they were more amused than afraid for his safety.

I looked at Gene. He was as still as you can get, and clinging for dear life. And he had a long, piney branch springing out between his legs, just below his ass cheeks. It looked as if he had shit it out in panic and fear!

I couldn't help myself. Blame the grass. The sight was too funny for words. It was the first time, and still the last time, I saw a naked man in a

Christmas tree shitting pine branches. I started laughing, and pointed it out to Joan and Carol, complete with a description of what I was seeing.

They roared at the sight. Then I heard loud laughter coming from the lower room. I guessed they had heard my description, too. Poor Gene, he just hung there, afraid to move, as if he was someone's demented idea of a new kind of human ornament.

I said to him, "Gene, hang in there!" A new round of laughter broke out, both from the drunks below, and from us drunks in the alcove. Gene said something, but I couldn't hear him over the din.

Someone from below then yelled up to us, "Hey, Joan, you sure know how to decorate a tree!" More laughter. Poor Gene. He wiggled his ass a bit, as if the pine branch between his legs was now getting to be extra annoying.

Someone else shouted, a woman, "Yeah, Joan, with such nice big balls on it, too!" More laughter. Poor Gene, who was now yelling out one cuss word after another. I felt sorry for him, knowing how I would feel in the situation, but I couldn't stop laughing. I tried, real hard, but even a quick glance at him sent me over the edge.

I yelled down for someone to go and find a ladder. Joan hollered out that it was in a locked shed. She'd be right down.

Gene, cursing so loudly I doubt he heard the latest rescue plan, had a better idea. I watched as he, in slow motion it seemed, made a valiant effort to jump free of the tree. When I saw him start to leave the tree, my heart stopped. It was a good ten-foot drop to the floor.

He might have made it, too, if his leg hadn't gotten tangled in the very branch that had sprung out of his ass. Instead of clearing the tree, he took a nose-dive right into its middle, and let out a blood-curdling scream.

It looked, from where I stood, as if the big tree had eaten him. All I could see was his upside-down legs. The piney fir branches had swallowed up the rest of him.

People gasped and yelled out various things. Then the tree's lights went out, as if something had shorted them. Everyone knew what the something had to be. I looked on in horror. The room below, having been lit only by the tree, now looked dark and eerie, almost sinister looking. People milled around like shadowy, faceless creatures in a movie about hell. And no one spoke, making it all the more surreal, and very dreamlike.

Then, with my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I saw the tree start to wobble, and then sway. Gene was the cause. He was trying desperately to free himself, and his wiggling leg-kicking action, coupled with his weight, was having a very negative effect on the tree's stability.

I was going to yell something at him, but then it happened. The whole fucking tree just up and fell over, just like that, and as fast as can be. One minute, upright, the next, wham! Timber!

The room's front window exploded, sending glass shards flying everywhere, both outdoors and out. Glass Christmas balls could be heard exploding,

one on top of another, like strange mortar incoming. Or glass grenades. A large fish tank fell over, smashing on the carpeted floor, and sending water flying. I saw some of the water wetting the still settling tree.

Pandemonium set in. People gasped. People yelled. People ran and scattered, some getting smacked by the falling tree branches.

I knew Gene was now under the tree, and I feared for his life. Then two things happened, the first seeming rather odd to me. The tree's lights came on! And the new light now revealed a bombed-out room that had looked as if it had been bombarded with pine bombs. Needles were everywhere. I also noticed two large, ripped-like holes in the wall where the tree's guy wires had been anchored and now yanked out.

And then the second event occurred. Someone yelled, "Get me the fuck out from under here!" Gene was alive! But when the tree lights started flickering on and off, then totally died, I yelled to Joan, who was now down below, with a short, 4' stepladder standing next to her, to turn off the tree lights. I had no idea if she heard me or not, but I looked at the ladder. At four feet tall, it wouldn't have helped at all.

The room, now back to looking like hell's eerie darkness, needed lighting, but Joan was too drunk to simply turn on the overheads. And I was too excited to remember to tell her.

All I could think about was the water. And electricity. And tragedy. And a dry tree catching fire. And a dead Gene. And who knows whom else? I wasn't too happy being up high as I was.

I could see what looked like men, lots of them, all trying frantically to figure out how to get the big-balled human ornament out from under the massive fir. Women were cooing to Gene from the sidelines, comforting him, "They're coming, hold on, fella." And, "You'll be out before you know it." You get the idea. There motherly instincts were in full throttle.

In an effort to see, some of the men had lit their cigarette lighters. I immediately bellowed to them, at the top of my lungs, "Put them out! The tree could ignite!" Mercifully, they heard me, and complied. Then I bellowed again, "Joan, put on the overhead lights!" No response. Then the tree lights came back on again. Joan hadn't heard me before.

I bellowed again, "Kill those fucking tree lights, the water from the fish tank is all over the place." I felt like the captain of a ship who was bellowing down from the bridge to his drunken crew, who had found their way into the rum locker, and were on the verge of riotous mutiny.

Then, mercifully, the overhead lights came on. Compliments of Joan, I imagined. Or some drunk, who had stumbled onto the wall switch.

Afterward, and curious to know why someone, anyone, even a drunk, couldn't find the light switch for the living room, I found the reason. The living room lights, and the dining rooms, as well as other parts of the house, were all controlled from a panel box on the dining room wall. It was a new addition to the house, and the many look-alike switches hadn't been labeled yet as to what lights they controlled. I thought of the near tragedy again.

As the men--I guessed around a dozen--started to lift up the heavy tree, a kind of miracle happened. On the opposite side of the tree, opposite the men, Gene popped up! He had obviously found a way to crawl out from under.

He looked like the wild man of Borneo! A savage. A naked savage. One who, judging by the profusion of cuts and scrapes covering him, just loved to fight with razor-clawed cats. But wasn't too adept at it.

And, lordy, lordy, as he stepped around the tree, getting closer to civilization, so to speak, everyone could see that the cat-clawed savage Neanderthal man still had his large, red Christmas bow on his scratched up dick! If a tad worse for wear. Both the bow and the dick.

Looking dopey, like a deer in headlights, he blinked a few times, and said, "Get me drink, I need one." No one doubted that simple statement for even a second. And, in seconds, people had their hands out, offering him glasses with everything in them from gin to Scotch to Mai Tai's to who knows what?

He chug-a-lugged the first two, whatever they were, and started sipping on the third. Holding the old-fashioned glass, his pinky sticking way out, he said, quite matter-of-factly, and quite dryly, "What a fuckin' trip!"

Which I thought was the understatement of the century . . .

Fini!

* * * * * Liquor in the front, poker in the rear!

There was this friend of mine, more an associate, really, that I'll refer to here as Pete. Pete worked for a different company from mine, and we got together for lunch here and there, usually once a month.

On one particular luncheon, Pete seemed exceptionally excited, even for the usually ebullient Pete. No sooner had we ordered drinks than he said, "Oh, man, have I got something to tell you!" But the fucker wouldn't tell me a thing, he said, until after we had our drinks in hand. Finally . . .

"Remember so-and-so?" I did. I had met the guy from meeting him a few times at Pete's company events; picnics and such, that Pete had invited me to. A big guy, so-and-so was, who wore a blond crew cut, and appeared to be the competitive type.

Struck me as a nice guy, but I really hardly new him. I did, however, envy him his muscular, outdoorsy type physique, which he appeared to be well aware of, judging from the way he strutted on life's stage as if he was it's main star.

"Remember his wife, Lisa?" Ditto. A knockout dish if ever there was one. Tall and willowy. Lisa had an exotic face with large doe-like eyes that looked, in my opinion anyway, as if she needed constant kissing to keep her luscious lips happy. The mini-skirts she always wore told the world that God had it right when it came to creating long, shapely legs.

Lisa and so-and-so had, I thought I remembered correctly at the time, two kids, a boy and a girl. Toddlers. At one of the picnics, I was at a table with mostly men, discussing man shit, when some guy aimed a thumb, a signal to . . . look over there! ! We all looked. There was Lisa, bent over, with her mini-skirted ass pointed right at our table, wiping snot from her little boy's puss.

Now, friend, I can't speak for the rest of the guys at our table . . . Oh, fuck, who am I kidding? There wasn't a guy there, even the long-time married ones, who didn't want to clear the table of paper plates, throw Lisa on it, and fuck her until sundown--at least. And not care a fig how much sweat and drool fell upon her. And to hell with the long-time wife--she can watch, but she better not, sure as shit, interrupt.

While we guys ogled Lisa's backside, with all of us, I'm sure, imagining what was under that small white panty triangle, the two women at our table called us pigs, perverts, morons, assholes, among other sweet nothings. I think. I know they were throwing out barbs at us, but who the fuck heard them? Not me, for sure. Anyway . . .

Pete went on. "Well, man, so-and-so has these weekly poker games, see? And a few days ago he asked me to fill in for a guy who had been relocated. I'd be the seventh guy. Well, I said sure and last night we had the game.

"Seemed like a normal poker game, with one exception. Lisa acted as hostess, you know, bringing us beers, sandwiches, whatever we asked for. This struck me as a little odd because most wives clear out and leave the men to their game. Oh, another exception. Lisa had on a see-thru outfit that left nothing at all to the imagination. Man, she looked almost nude, if you get my drift!" I did.

Pete stopped yakking, grinned at me, took a sip, and I knew the story didn't end there. He looked too excited.

"Well, Art, you know me and my usually suspicious mind. I thought for a moment that so-and-so was using her to distract us, make us play sloppy so he could clean up. Boy, was I ever wrong!" Pete let it hang that way and took another sip. I was now getting excited. Finally . . .

"Anyway, the game broke up at twelve, which was also my winnings, twelve bucks, and I thought it was over. Goodnight, it's been fun time. Ho ho, the night was just beginning!" Fucker stopped again for a sip. Finally . . . !

"As I was putting on my jacket, so-and-so says, 'Stick around, Lisa wants some fun.' I asked him what's going on, and he tells me a story. I'll make it short. Lisa was a virgin when they wed. After two years, she starts obsessing about other men, in bed, you know?" I knew. "And, rather than let it break up their married bliss, so-and-so comes up with the bright idea of letting her eat her cake and have it, too." Damn, another sip break!

His eyes glowing, Pete said, "So-and-so told me the rules for the evening's Lisa party. Lisa was now, he said, in the bedroom, blindfolded with her hands tied to the headboard. We could all fuck her, with condoms compliments of the house. Get sucked if we wanted. But no talking. And no

kissing her." Pete grinned at me. "Shit, man, those were rules I could live with!" Another fucking sip. "And we had fifteen minutes for it. When a knock on the bedroom door came, we were to put on our pants and come out, no matter if we hadn't finished or not." Sip!

"Pete, get to the fucking juicy part, will you already?" My erection needed more details. I now took a sip, a long sip.

"Sure. Well, because I was the new man, so-and-so gave me the honor of going first. He handed me a fresh condom and told me to go and have fun, second door on the left. Oh, I passed a small bedroom that had kid's stuff in it, and wondered where the kids were. But not, ha ha, for long! I found Lisa just as so-and-so said I would, bare-assed on the bed, but where I had pictured her handcuffed to the bed board; I saw she was restrained by these soft, velvety, blue ropes. And the knots looked very loosely tied, as if it wouldn't take much for her to free herself. The blindfold was one of those that people use to keep the light out so they can sleep.

"I almost slipped and said 'Hi, Lisa!' but I caught myself in time." Pete chuckled here. "Well, man, I was out of my pants in record time! I went over and straddled her face, put my dick against her lips, and she took it in right away. Man, there I was, actually being given head by the gorgeous Lisa; the married with two kids Lisa. So-and-so's luscious wife. Man!"

I pictured her wide mouth, with those perfect teeth, sucking on me. Pete continued his tale.

"I let her suck me a bit, but with those fifteen minutes in my head, I soon took to fucking her. Yeah, I was tempted to just cum in her mouth, but I wasn't sure, ha ha, if that wouldn't be a violation of house rules! Ha ha! So I put the frigging condom on and got between her sweet thighs. Whoo!

"Well, anyway, it was sure weird fucking a blindfolded woman, but I, ha ha, took the plunge anyway. Ha ha!" He was enjoying telling the story. I was enjoying hearing it.

"Well, Art, I'll tell you, she sure loves to fuck! Moaning and yelling like she was being murdered. And her pussy, as tight as tick's asshole, just about ate my dick up. Chewed on it as if it was candy. An educated pussy, if you know what I mean." I did, to be sure. "She would throw her legs around my back, squeeze me, and then throw them way out to the sides . . . and then do it again, over and over while I fucked her. Man, she was hot!"

So was I! We both took a sip break, and shooed the annoying waitress away, pacifying her a tad by ordering a fresh round of drinks. Food? Who wanted to eat? I knew I didn't.

"Well, man, I soon realized why the knots were so loosely done up. All of a sudden, I felt her hands on my ass, pulling me into her. Then she started yelling, 'I love the way you're fucking me, oh yeah, fuck me good!' I guess the house rules didn't apply to the hostess. Well, I fucked her as good as I could manage, pumping her pussy as hard as I could.

"When I was done and was putting on my pants, she surprised me by whispering, 'Thanks, Pete, I really enjoyed that, and I can't wait for our next time.' Then I realized she probably guessed because I was the new kid on

the block. I went over and kissed her tits and told her thanks, me too on the next time stuff." Pete's story was almost over.

"As I came out of the bedroom I bumped into the next guy to take the Lisa trip. Fucker already had his pants off! I guess he didn't want to waste any of his fifteen minutes. So-and-so asked me if I had liked it, ha ha, and would I like to play in their next game? Shit, I was only disappointed that the game was just once a month!" He grinned at me. "Because, Art, you know how much I love to play poker!" We both laughed.

"Geez, Pete, me too. Any chance I could get in on that game?" I hoped I wasn't drooling when I said it.

"I'll ask so-and-so, but don't get your hopes up."

Well, I never did play in their poker game, the game waitressed by the lovely Lisa in a see-thru get up. The game with the fun-filled, blindfolded aftermath. To my utter chagrin. But it sure made me look differently at Lisa at future company events. And, you know, when I saw her at the next picnic, she looked so innocent, so mommy-of-the-year, so sweet, in spite of her mini-skirted look, so unlike the images Pete had painted of her, I truly wondered if old Pete wasn't just blowing smoke up my ass.

Then again . . .

The End.