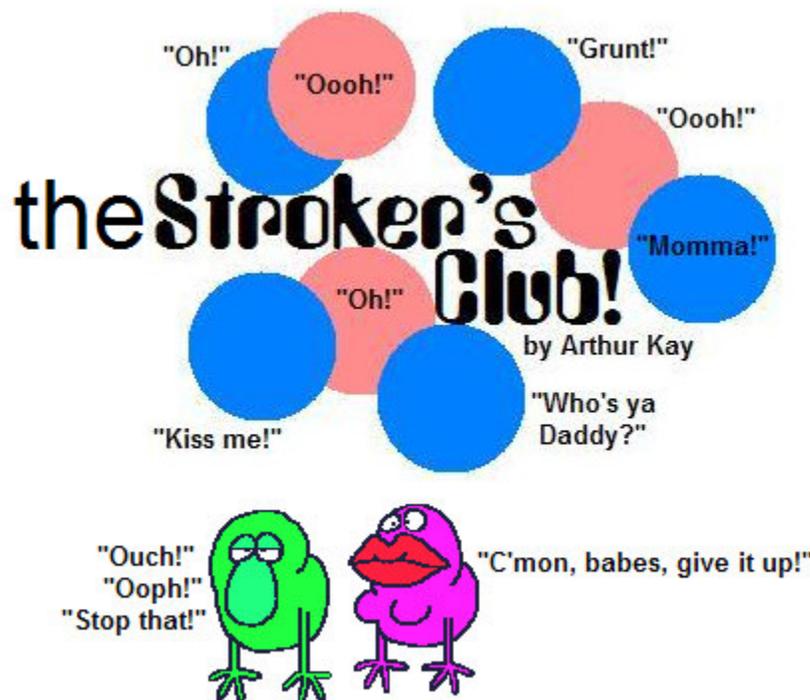


WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment and should not be emulated in the real world.



This story, unlike most of my other stories, will not go into too much explicit details along the suck and fuck lines. You know, for instance, "His cock head expanded as he unloaded his big, fat, 8" cock into her hot, wet mouth." There might be a bit of that as I write, to be sure, but right now I'm not sure just how much. But I guarantee it will titillate and tantalize you, if you have any blood in your veins at all, that is, for sexual imagery.

My main focus, in this tale of truth, is to try to remember events accurately and without too much embellishment on my part. And it's too distracting for me to write about hot pussies and throbbing, pulsating cocks. I won't tell you just how many times I've had to stop writing in the middle of a particularly steamy scene, fresh from the keyboard, and go pull the plank. Yeah, just like the comedian who laughs at his own jokes, I get turned on by my own lewd and sordid imagination. I's human, Poppa!

That said, shall I move it along? OK.

Some years back, my wife Barbara and I got into the swinging scene. The group and orgy sex set, if you will. Didn't start out that way, but it sure got there mighty quickly. It all started with our first threesome. With our neighbor, a guy I'll call Joe, that Barbara confessed to me one night, kiddingly to be sure, that she had the hots for. Can't say I blame her as Joe was a hunka-dunka, if get me.

Joe stood 6' 2ish" and was the muscular, semi-barrel-chested type, with lightly-haired legs on him that Barbara said she wouldn't mind licking up and down on. She liked to talk that way at times. Especially right after sex.

And this was right after sex. Great sex, which we managed to achieve slightly more times than we failed.

Well, my curiosity piqued, I asked her if she could (or had she all ready), picture herself with him doing the nasty. I expected a demure little nod, maybe, or an equally demure no-no shake of her head. I'm stupid that way sometimes. I leave the door wide open to her playfulness.

"Fuck him? Fuck Joe? That godlike adonis? Fuck, I'd give a tit to fuck him!" She laughed, in that evil way she has sometimes and quickly added, "If I can have my hair permed and my nails done first, that is!" Playful is her middle name.

But playful or no, I had the feeling there was a nub, a kernel, of truth in her statement. And, the knowledge of this had actually got my motor going again. It turned me on, our carnal playing with fire. And I was getting another woody growing on me.

So I fucked her again, but this time I added some Joe chat to the act. I asked her if she thought he had a big dick. She said she did as she had seen a bulge on him on more than one time. I asked if she'd like his big cock in her mouth. In her pussy. In her ass. She play-acted (ha ha) and said yes to all three orifices suggested by me.

I asked her if she would enjoy swallowing his cum. Again, she was in the affirmative. Well, man, we were both in heat about it all. The talking was firing us up in a way we hadn't felt before.

Now, Barb was usually a quick-on-the-trigger cummer, usually having three or four good ones during even our quickies, but this night she was orgasmic beyond both our imaginations.

At one point, just to give you a good idea, and as she was cumming, she hotly whispered in my ear: "Oh, God yes, I'd suck Joe's big prick and let him cum in my mouth!" And also, "And, if Joe wanted, I'd suck on his balls and lick his ass hole!" And, "Oh, God, Arthur, I'm becoming a fuck slut! I so want to fuck Joe! Would you like to see me fuck Joe? See his big cock in my mouth?" Man! My ass was on fire, fire with a capital F.

I remember breathing hotly into her ear and whispering, as I fucked her heatedly, "Oh, yeah, darling, I'd love watching you suck and fuck Joe. It would turn me on immensely." Then I took the plunge and outright asked her, half hoping she'd disagree with me, "Want me to set it up? You, me, and Joe? Huh, should I? You want that, baby?"

I was cumming right after the words were out of me as I heard her say, quite clearly, quite distinctly, "Yes, honey, set it up! Let's both do Joe. OK?" I nodded my head into her neck and collapsed on top of her. Our fate, as they say, was sealed. And though Joe didn't know it yet, his was, too.

Well, with the heat still hot in me, and wanting to strike while the iron was hot, so to say, I showered, got dressed, and went and knocked on Joe's door. He invited me in and I pussy-footed all around the purpose of my visit, but Joe wasn't the stupid type. He got my implications real quick like, drawing the correct inferences in less time than it takes to type this

sentence.

A short while later, and there we were, the three of us, in our bedroom. I had set the overhead light's dimmer switch to low the minute Joe and I had entered the room. Joe, being behind me, got to see his first look at a naked Barbara as she lay there on our big, king-size bed in all her feminine glory, the low lighting casting eerie shadows all over her.

What a sight! She looked as sexy as hell with her nipples looking up at the ceiling, her knees slightly raised up toward her chest and just slightly closed as if being coy and demure about it all. I knew she had douched during my absence and I could now see a slight dewdrop or two on her pussy, what little I could see of the cute, hairy little thing.

"Hi, honey," I said. "You remember Joe, don't you?" I'm obvious at times.

"Hi, Joe!"

"Hello, Barbara, fancy meeting you here! *Cum* here often?" Joe could be playful, too, it seems, for he had stressed the word cum, just so no one confused it with the other spelling.

The ice broken, ha ha, we got right to it. Joe and I stripped, to Barbara's oohs and aahs, which were said rather hoarsely, if I recall. Before he and I could approach the bed, Barbara got up and came to us. Without saying a word, she dropped to her knees and took two pricks into her hands. Two pricks, his super-fucking-hard, and mine, for some reason, not quite there yet. Still in the semi-boner stage. Nerves, I guess, from the newness of the whole thing. Here's a Polaroid I took of Joe sometime later on:



"Joe" and his 8-1/2 incher.

As you can see, neighbor Joe hadn't been cheated in life. And see the position his dick's in? That is its home base. Pull it down, let it go and it springs rapidly back to home base. Lots of strong penile pressure there. Pressure that most pussies will tell you they like, like. At least Barb's said so and I've yet to hear it lie.

Barbara told me one time that if she was sucking on Joe and let go of the base, she could feel his cock strongly pressing upward on her lip. Which my dick, being more the curvy-downy sort, didn't do to her. I felt a tad envious, but not at all jealous. Unless she fell in love and ran away with him, my attitude was: Hey, let her enjoy it, we only live once. I'm funny that way. Here's a pic of my almost 7" petunia:



It crawls to 7-1/2" when truly angered! I swear.

And here's the only pic I have of Barb in the nude:



Good eatin' I'll tell ya! Yummy!

Well, she sucked us both a while and then I watched as the two of them simply devoured each other. No other word for it. Shit, I felt left out here and there and a tad of the old evil jealousy, too. But I was there to play and it had been my brilliant idea from the start . . . eh? So I joined in wherever it felt right and let myself go, even in spite of them kissing each other so passionately you'd swear it was their honeymoon night.

And then Joe started fucking her, in the usual missionary style. I watched, fascinated, my cock in Barb's hot mouth in between their quite real kisses, as Joe introduced his iron-like rod to her pussy's entrance.

At first, he gave her just an inch or two, as if teasing her, which had that effect on her for I heard her say to him, my dick an inch from her lips, "Cock me, Joe, all the way! You're driving me crazy, Joe!" She then grabbed his head in both hands and planted a wet, sloppy one on his lips. It appeared, ho ho, he returned the hot kiss, while bumping his forehead against my cock in the doing. I decided to play watcher and let no noise from me distract the two new lovers.

I slipped out of bed, got a chair, and positioned it on one side of them. I now had a front row seat to my own live porno show, with my wife as the star. And a neighbor as her costar. With the smell of sex heavy in the air.

And, as Joe fucked her, no, he *really* fucked her, I had the feeling, a sensation if you will, that neither one of them knew I was still in the room. Or, if they did, they didn't give a rat's ass. Not judging from the way they fucked. Man, did they fuck. Him pumping his ass ferociously, her bouncing her legs up and down, way out wide to the sides of him. My dick was flying in a furnace! And they were both moaning up a storm.

At one point, she threw her legs around his back, squeezed him, and then drove them up on his frame as far as she could. The moan that came out of her was un-fucking-earthly. She was cumming, no two ways about it.

Then Joe grunted and, without a word, appeared to be cumming, too, almost to the same second she had. They were cumming together, and me, the dick-holding audience, soon joined them, spurting my red hot seed into my hot, little palm. Without making a sound.

I watched them in their afterglow. Joe was still in her. I watched as his ass cheeks seemed to squeeze themselves together and push forward into her. As he did, I heard that cum moan escape her lips once more. He had to be still super-hard, the rat bastard with the steel-spring dick.

Well, we did it once more that evening, with me taking center stage between her legs as Barb fellated Joe's home base-seeking prick, not more than a few inches from my head. As I fucked in and out of her, my head alongside hers, I could feel her head bobbing up and down on him. From time to time, I'd even take a good, long look. What a turn on it was!

I had just cum and was nestling there inside of her when Joe came. I watched her take him in and swallow all he had to offer. While I watched her lips around that fat head of his, I noticed her eyes were wide open and staring into his pubic area. I made a mental note to ask her later if she did the same with me. I kind of suspected she did. And, later, I found it was so.

She liked to see the prick going in and out of her mouth and enjoyed seeing pubic hairs up close and very personal like.

Well, we wound up the session with a drink in the nude and Joe went home, with the promise made to him for many rematches to come.

A short while later, I fucked Barbara again. Our first third timer since our honeymoon nights in the Bahamas. And we talked as we fucked, all about Joe and his prick and what it had done to her. And what she would do with it down the road. Mmmm, did we talk that night! Zowiee!

Well, folks, that's how it all began. Our first threesome, with Joe coming over once a week, my idea, for his rematch. Barbara denied it, but I have a feeling, a strong one, that she would have fucked that sweet, old boy every night of the week and twice on Sunday, had someone just up and asked her to. But, if the once a week routine frustrated her in any way, she never showed it to me. Which, although I didn't think I needed it, made me feel more secure in the whole affair, if you get my drift.

We partied this way with Joe for over three years before it had to end because he got transferred to Guam by the Navy, his career. We got together with him only two more times after that when he came to town on leave. Which flattered Barb no end when you consider his main family lived

a thousand miles from us and he had stopped by our place for the first three days of his vacation.

And then, one night, we started branching out . . .

* * * * *

WE'D READ ABOUT A PLACE on the other side of town, where you could go and find a third, a fourth, and even a football eleven, for hanky-pankying. So, we dropped by one night, hoping for the most and also expecting the least. What will be, will be, was our attitude.

To keep it short, we wound up that first night with a guy I'll call Jim. I won't go into any more detail other than to say it was wonderful. With many more rematches to come. And they did come. And we came, too. Ha ha.



Jim gave us this pic on our 3rd "date."

At some point, Jim told us all about the **Stroker's Club**. A large group of amiable couples that met once a month, on a Saturday evening, out on Long Island. He'd been a member for years he said, pun intended, and convinced us to give it a go.

Which we did one Saturday evening. Jim introduced us to two folks who went by the names of Mr. and Ms. Stroker, the host and hostess of the whole shebang. And, I assume but never really found out, the owners of the mansion-like house they had their parties in. Damn place had so many rooms you needed a map just to find any one particular bedroom. Big place.

The Stokers explained the lay of the land to us. And it was simple. No meant no. Don't push it. Yes meant yes, so go fuck your brains out. And, as Ms. Stroker told us, only the guys could do the asking. This struck Barb as a tad chauvanistic, so she asked why?

The answer was also simple. Because guys couldn't cum as frequently as the women can, why have a guy, who's all fucked out and as dry as a bone, have to say no, no, no, all friggin' night when all he wants to do is watch? Made perfect sense to me. And I just loved asking, or begging, if it came to that.

Aside from the usual 'show respect at all times' advice, the only other rule I remember is everyone had to be naked, with no exceptions, and stay naked until 3:00 am, close it up time. Which sat fine with me.

Jim then led us to a fairly large room just busting out with lockers. We

were to pick one with a key hanging out of it, strip, store our gear, and put the key, which had an elastic band attached, on our wrists. It felt like being at a public swimming pool. But one where all the swimmers and sunbathers were about to fuck each other.

Naked now, with socks being optional, we went to a room where we could hear soft music being played. I don't know what I expected, but when Jim opened the door and ushered us through, my mind blew a fuse. There had to be sixty or seventy naked people in there, all sucking and fucking and kissing and groping and laughing and giggling and talking and whispering and yelling and moaning and, well, man the scene was mind-boggling! I think you can imagine it, can't you?

After the overall scene had jiggled my brain to death, the first couple I kind of zeroed in on was a gorgeous blond sucking the huge dick of a very handsome, virile-looking black guy. I stole a glance at Barb. She had her eyes locked on an attractive duo who were fucking à la the missionary on a floor mattress, a futon, if you will. And obviously, they were very into it. And each other.

Jim said, "You like?" Succinct, I thought. Barb nodded, but I was too fucking busy throwing my eyes all around. I think I grunted something positive, but I can't be sure after all this time. We all then went further into the room, with Jim leading us.

Long story short, I fucked two yes-saying ladies that first night and Barb found it in her to say yes to no less than six askers of the male persuasion. Those six, she sucked and fucked. There were two more guys she gave cum-swallowing blowjobs to. Eight men in all for the sweet chickie. God, it made me wish I had been born female! Or at least have their selfish ability to cum, cum, cum all night long. But, hell, I ain't really complaining.

After my second load had been delightfully deposited, I decided to do a room-by-room reconnaissance, a Cook's tour if you will. I had long since lost sight of Barb, but I knew she was there somewhere, some place, in some room, sexing her sweet overcharged ass off.

Most rooms were simple. Mattresses and folding chairs. With wall-to-wall rugs and wall-to-wall fornicators. At some point, I stumbled into a room devoid of people, which surprised me no end. The only furniture in the place was a long table covered with books, pamphlets, and what looked like personal notes.

All four walls were covered in those foot square cork tiles and the cork had hundreds of 3" x 5" file cards push-pinned into it. I went closer and saw they were all of a sexually personal bent. Some were yellowed with age, but most looked recently penned and pinned. Here's but a sampler:

Cpl > M/F-bi for a 3rd. Call 555-1111 after 7 pm Wed. NHB! (I found out later, NHB stood for No Holes Barred, which meant anal was OK. The lack of a -bi after the M indicated the guy was straight. The wife in this case was bi-curious and wanted a reciprocal gal.)

Cpl > GB, any color, NHB, 10 or more, Call blah, blah, etc. (GB, of course, is Gang Bang. And, obviously, I hope, the gangbang was tacitly understood

to be for the wife and not her hubby.)

Suckafest girl avail. Any #, loves to swallow!!! Call, blah, blah.

Name yer poison and you could probably find it on a card. I read a few dozen more, which made me woody up again, but I decided to save it for when Barb and I would have our fuck and talk session later on.

Most of the cards I read were of this ilk with the only exceptions being one for someone who liked pissing into the female mouth and one for a woman who said she could show anyone, man or woman, how to fuck a dog. For \$100 for three lessons, she'd even supply the dog, a large-cocked critter, so she said. The puppy wuppy had 7 fucking inches! And could fuck all night, if you gave him a biscuit here and there! (I added the biscuit bit, it wasn't on the card!) But on the card was directions to the table, where one could pick up a copy of her EZ reading treatise on the whole matter.

I gotta admit, I did give it a quick scan. Surprisingly, I found it quite fascinating and doable even. And, when I read the dog could be trained to suck pussy, for eternity it seemed, I made a mental note to tell Barb. After all, she's been a dog lover all her life!

And, because she can knit, it would be a snap to make them doggy mittens to stop the scratchies. I'll bet the dog lady even sold 'em, or if not, at least the pattern to make them.

Well, since it's truth time, I'll lay truth on you. Yeah, after reading the dog lady's paper, Barb decided to give it a whirl. "What the fuck," she said. "It sounds crazy, but highly sex-charged." So we did it, all three lessons.

Barbara fucked the poochy three times and he ate her out a bunch of times. She even let him ass fuck her once. At all times, of course, with his cute little booties on. And, lordy, lordy, at the dog lady's insistence, and my perverted urgings, Barb sucked him. Four times over the three sessions.

And, as the dog lady had forewarned us, dogs don't just cum once. They cum from beginning to end, in one long cumathon. And, as Barb said after her first mouthful of doggy jizm, it tasted very much like a human man, perhaps a tad stronger.

The dog lady told us all about the dog's "knot," a penile phenomenon that swells inside the female, if allowed to, and is a bitch to get out. Nearly impossible without great pain to the female. To the dog, too, I can only guess.

So, she said, if the knot ever gets accidentally expanded inside, you'll just have to wait 30 to 40 minutes until the damned thing dies down. Of course, the dog lady had a solution to this knotty problem, but I won't go into detail here. Suffice it to say, it worked and Barb never got knotted up.

Well, old Barb wanted us to get a dog! A big dog. With a big dick. The dog lady would help us in choosing a large-cocked breed. Well, I was game, why not? However, we lived in an apartment building that had the No Pets clause in our lease. There would be no fucking doggy for us. Pun meant.

Barb saw the light and agreed it was a no-go. However, twice, and on her

birthday, I paid the dog lady \$25 skins to let Barb have her fun. In time, the novelty wore away and Barb was content to stick with us human males.

Now, the Stroker's Club had many special events from time to time. I'll run by them rather quickly. Ten chosen women would lock arms and form a circle, each woman facing outward. They then would unlock arms and get on their knees. All the men, in a line, would come up and get blown for a bit. The bit's length being governed by the sound of someone playing softly on bongo drums piped in. For about a minute, I estimate.

When the drums stopped, each man moved one woman to the right. Then it was drums, move, drums, move, etc. Until each woman had had all the men who were there that evening. I estimated that each woman had had over thirty dicks in her mouth, my Barb among them here and there. Maybe more, as I didn't do an exact count.

Because this event happened first thing in the evening's proceedings, all the men had large loads stored up in them. Partly from the suggestion by the Stroker's to *not* have an orgasm for three days prior to party time. Most men complied. I know I did.

Well, when it got down to the last ten men, the girls had to fellate them to orgasm and swallow. From time to time, I found myself as one of the lucky ten and it was just delicious dropping a three-day old, built-up load into a hot, willing mouth. You could hear lots of gurglings going on.

But even being a side watcher was great fun. What a scene! Ten gorgeous and naked babes sucking every guy in the house, one after the other, to the sounds of soft bongos. And, should this unreal scene bore you, you could cast your eyes around the room and see people fucking and sucking and doing all sorts of nasty shit. Talk about your eye candy!

One night, when Barb was part of the circle, and as I watched her sucking to beat all, a luscious redhead, a woman I hadn't noticed before, sidled up to me and just stood there, fingering her pussy and playing with her nipples. She ran her tongue over her lips as if advertising sex here, get your sex right here, no waiting.

I felt she was fishing for an asking and wanted me to play asker. I felt very flattered, but I wasn't ready to fuck yet. Watching Barbara, what I really wanted was a blowjob. So I asked her, with that restriction being said. She readily agreed by falling to her knees in front of me and placing her mouth on my nut sack.

What a mouth on the lady! Hot and wet and experienced. And, after drenching Ike and Mike, she showed me why deep-throat was her middle name. And why God had really given women a mouth and a tongue.

You thought it was to talk, I'll bet. Nosirree Bob! Women only talk to keep themselves from their basic mouthic instinct: Using that mouth like a heat-seeking missile to find the nearest cock to devour. Shit, if women didn't chatter incessantly, we men would have to live our lives pantless. And with dicks so bone dry they'd resemble a six-month old cadaver's! Ouch!

Another night they had was similar in nature, but this time the ten women laid on the floor, on futons, on their backs, in a circle, and fucked every

man in attendance. Again, the last ten guys being the lucky ones and allowed to go to orgasmic completion. But the other guys never complained, to my knowledge, anyway.

Sometimes, one woman would be picked, by lottery, to do a suckathon. In the dark, so to speak. They would put a plywood board, with a four inch hole in it at cock height, against a door to a bathroom. She would go into the bathroom and fifteen men, again by lottery, would go up, stick their erection through the hole and get fellated by her.

And, because each man had exactly fifteen bongo-timed minutes for his turn, this event lasted almost four hours. A suckathon, for sure. And, because the dear Stroker's kept a record of it all, the overall winner for speed was a tiny little gal with over-sized breasts. She clocked in at three hours and four minutes, flat out. Four other women were mere minutes behind her in the scoring aspect. Hell, with all those talented mouths, I would have figured on there being way more.

There was also a double penetration night. Very similar, except the ten ladies got the bonus of having the last ten doubled to twenty. Real fun.

And they also held what they called "Mask Hour Night" every now and then. Mask Hour Night was one of our favorites. It was an hour or so of sexual mystery, sensuality and, as Barbara usually put it, sexual magical. A term she had gotten from a few get togethers with a group of practicing black arts magicians, who followed the teachings of Alistair Crowley.

Crowley practiced and wrote about what he called sexual magic. Wherein sex was used in the practicing part. Women were told that they could get magical powers from male sperm just by swallowing it. Those fucking magicians! What a con! What a scam! What a delicious concept! It had convinced Barbara! She said she never felt more magical in her life.

Mask Hour Night was an attempt by the Stroker's to make people guess, just like that TV foolishness called Mr. Personality, where Monica Lewinsky plays host. To this extent, they strove to make everyone as much alike as possible.

Everyone, upon arrival, was given a black kimono style unisex robe, a black mask that hid everything but your lower face, and a black shower cap. One of the rules was you had to keep the robe on and belted up. You could, of course, push the front of the robe to the sides, which allowed you to be bodily exposed from the neck down.

You were paired off with someone other than your mate and told to go and have fun any place within the house. You had one hour to do whatever the two of you could dream up. Without talking! That was verboten as it might give clues to you as to who you were shtumping. A downer.

During this hour, they would pipe in sexy songs by the likes of Barry White and others of that ilk. And, cleverly I thought, they had the decibel level at a point to where the song would rhythm pound in your head. If you brought your own portable tape player with headphones, they would give you a tape of the exact same songs.

Now, while Barb and I had fucked many times at home listening to Barry,

being at the Stroker's seemed to add a magical dimension to it that being home couldn't reach. Perhaps the added attraction of seeing people in all kinds of sexual fiddlings, all around you, played a part.

The men liked Mask Hour Night, but the women loved it. Way much more than the men. When I asked Barbara why this was so, she said women were more into fantasy fulfillment than men and loved the thrill of being sexed by a somewhat stranger in a mask. I said, "Shit, woman, from now you're married to the Lone Fucking Ranger!" Damned if I didn't go and buy me one of the Stroker's black masks. \$2, no tax.

Yeah, no doubt about it, the women got off on it more than the men. Especially afterward. They would chatter away at who did they think they had had that hour? I'd hear stuff like, "It was Charlie, I'm sure of it. No, wait, couldn't be Charlie. Yeah, it was Charlie. No . . ." And so on.

The men, on the other hand, sounded like this, "Who'd you have tonight, Jack?" "Fuck if I know!" "Yeah, me too!" Verbum sap and finito, Jack.

I remember one Mask Night Hour in particular. Oh, I forgot and should have mentioned this earlier. The lighting throughout the place was kept to a bare minimum, almost cave-like if you will.

Well, anyway, this one night I'm doing doggy-style with a luscious-assed blond, just pumping my enjoyment into her, when I see, less than fifteen feet away, a woman who looks very much like my Barbara, on her knees sucking off a guy with an incredibly large pecker. Ten inches wouldn't be a bad guess.

I didn't know for sure if it was her, wouldn't bet my life it was, but she had her hands on his ass cheeks and was squeezing and pulling him into her face. He had one hand, the hand on the other side of her head that was away from my view, on the back of her neck. He was pulling her head toward his crotch area. Even in the dim light, I could see they had a very nice sexual cadence taking place. Ooh, was it hot to see!

Picture all those opened black kimonos, the dim lighting, the music, the sex going on all around you and, if you're a male, your hard dick in the hottest, wettest pussy your perverted mind can dream up. Got that picture? Well, fucker, triple it, 'cause real life is beyond pictures of any kind, no matter how vivid you think your imagination is.

As I pumped that sweet womanly ass in front of me, her black robe thrown loosely and carelessly over her back, with her moaning out continually, and me watching what could be my Barbara, I thought I had died and gone to fuck heaven.

And, what added to my enjoyment was just as I was cumming, the could-be-Barbara's guy was yelling. At least I think it was him. Yeah, I'm kinda sure. He yelled out, "Now, baby, now, hold still and swallow me, swallow all of me. There. You feeling it?" Or words to that effect.

Then I saw him remove his hand from her neck, place it with his other behind his back, and just stand there, ramrod stiff, as he unloaded in her mouth. Her hands were still kneading his ass cheeks.

Perhaps it was a trick of the lighting, but I thought I actually saw his dick twitching. But I know for sure I saw the woman's neck swallow. Twice. Then the two of them went their separate ways and disappeared into the night.

I asked Barb later on if she had been that woman, even describing the lurid scene in what I thought was quite a vivid recollection. Seeing that I wasn't absolutely certain who the woman was, my bitch wife got playful with me.

She said something like, "Did his cock have a tattoo on it? Of a penguin?" A penguin? A fucking penguin? What man has his most cherished possession tattooed with a snow bird in a tuxedo? I told her how the fuck would I know? She continued her playfulness, seeming to enjoy her sweet ass self.

"Well, let's see, did he have light pubic hair or dark?" I answered light, foolishly thinking I was on to something here. "Was his pubic hair kinda ash blond or was it more like strawberry blond?" What? I thought. How many men had she had in that small hour segment? I wouldn't know my ash from my strawberry if push came to shove, and I told her so. I was starting to get the drift that she was funning with me.

"Did his legs shake and tremble when he came?" I got playful right back.

"Don't remember, as my brain was buried in wet pussy at the moment and it couldn't see anything but solid black. Although I could tell you what it felt like while using that braille it possesses!" Hee hee, I can give as well as get.

Well, anyway, I never got the truth out of her, if she even knew what the truth was. She had been, she acknowledged, in the same room I had been in at one time during the hour, but was cagey about what she did and with whom she did it with.

The playful bitcharoony said she couldn't remember, exactly, if she had swallowed a guy in that room or not. Could be. Maybe not. The only concession she gave me, if you can term it that, was, yes, she had swallowed a few guys that night. Three? Four? She couldn't say.

When she said to me, 'How could I really tell when they all looked alike to me!' I took a tad of male umbrage and told her, "Honey, all men's dicks are different, you know that . . . don'tcha? Some are straight, some curve upward, some . . ."

She stared at me and said, "Oh, yeah, you dummy, I know they are! I meant the fuckin' rooms." Ha ha, she was right, many of so-called the rooms did have a sameness to them. Little furniture save beds and mattresses. Oh, and a few folding chairs here and there.

And there you have it, folks, as much as my memory as I can recall at this late hour about our shenanigans at the Stroker's Club. If you'd like to hear more, feedback me, and I'll do my damndest to dredge my memory lane for your reading entertainment.

Oooh, I just thought of something! Ah, shit, I'm running out of space. It'll have to wait for now, at least. Happy Stroking! Arthur Kay

The End.