

**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.**



Taggart Oliver Bonewell, Tag to his friends, was a detective, a private eye, a gumshoe, but a failed one of late. After six years on the police force, six long years of fighting his dislike for authority and his inability to play by the rules, he had formed his own P.I. shop, Taggart Bonewell Investigations. Discretion Assured.

He loved the idea of being his own boss and answering to no one. His time was his own, and it was nobody's business just how he went about spending it. He wasn't too crazy about having to do all the necessary paperwork crap, such as billing and those dreaded tax forms, but he felt it was a cheap price to pay for his freedom.

At first, things had gone swimmingly well. He had four cases from personal recommendations, had solved all of them, and had made over twelve grand in less than two months of deductive reasoning. He even hired a secretary, who was also the receptionist, and she wore many other hats, as the day called for. Tag also took on a bigger and better office. With a bigger and better nut to crack each month. And that monthly nut was about to crack him. Real hard and most unforgiving like.

Because the economy changed. Cases still came his way, but they were getting fewer and farther between. He was now down to his last five hundred bucks, with the office rent of six hundred and eighty bucks due in a few weeks. Not to mention his own apartment rent, which was due around the same time. There was no way, he knew, of having money be in two places at the same time. Something had to give. He knew just what that something would be. He shaved it every day.

His secretary, Lucy Fern, hadn't been paid in who knows how long, and the work phone was being threatened by its first turn-off notice. A sweet reminder that the phone company is really not your friend. His home phone would surely follow suit, leaving him in possession of his first cellphone paperweight.

His business, he well knew, was in the old crapper with a giant invisible hand poised on the flusher. If he didn't do something real soon, it was flushy flushy time, and hello sewer.

Motivated, he groaned his way out of bed and went to stand before his full length closet door mirror. As he always slept nude, the man in the mirror was also naked. Shit, he thought, I'm too fucking pretty to have these problems. He liked the image that now looked back at him. Grinning, just as he was.

People told him he reminded them of Tom Selleck and it was true, to some extent. In his mid-thirties, and 6' 2" tall, with wavy brown hair and deep brown eyes, he did cut a good looking figure. As a male friend of his had once said, "Taggy, for some unknown reason, women just love the cut of your jib." He had playfully asked the guy what he meant by a jib. The clown replied, "Oh, a jib is an 8" thing with a big, purple head. Any fool knows that!"

He now grinned at the man in the mirror and watched in fascination as it imitated him. Shit, he thought, I look downright dopey, grinning like that! Especially with my jib hanging down and all. He did a little dance, making his jib wobble about. The guy in the mirror played along and wobbled his jib back at him.

But, he thought, there ain't nothing dopey about my 8" jib! He grabbed it and wiggled it at the mirror, half expecting the mirror to flinch and look away. When it echoed his pecker dickerings in kind, he felt absolutely silly.

Christ, he thought, this must be how gays get into their game. Looking at their own dicks must make them want to get on their knees and try to suck it. Then when their mirror image also gets on its knees, whoa, baby, frustration sets in and they go looking for an alternative answer. The real thing.

He knelt before his image just to prove the point. See, he thought, dumb fucker won't remain standing! "Hey, buddy," he said to the mirror. "I'll do you, then you'll do me!" No go. The fucking image wanted to go first. Every time. Yeah, he mused, that's what causes homosexuality. Mirrors!

He looked at the clock on the bedroom wall. 7:00 a.m. Good. He'd get into the office earlier than Lucy and have time to plan his next move. A move he already knew the answer to. What choice was there after all? None. But, on the bright side, it would put a hold on the giant crapper flusher hand.

An hour later found him seated at his office desk, a cup of hot coffee in his hand. As he sipped, he reread the contract he had signed. His first careful reading. He had only scanned it just before signing, trusting all he had learned by watching Perry Mason on TV to make sure he wasn't being sneakily enlisted into the Israeli navy. Maybe I should have, he thought bekatedly, been more Mason-like and read more than just the first page. Ah, well, next time.

The contract said, in essence, that in exchange for performing the duties of the house dick at the Wellington Hotel, he would be paid the sum of \$70,000 per annum. A two-bedroom apartment suite would also be provided for his

personal use and would act as his office. All the amenities, rent, phones, cable, what have you, were to be part of the package. In a word, he now had no more monthly expenses other than food and clothing. He could live with that.

Also included was his choice of any car available from the motor pool for his personal use. A limo and driver would also be provided for his use, should the need arise for him to wine and dine some V.I.P. He could live with that, too.

It was a ten-year contract, something he had insisted on. They wanted it to be for five, but he had won the point. Mason would be proud. And this would give him a feeling of security, something he badly needed at the moment. He had a twinge that he was selling out somehow, but how bad could it be?

The hotel's owner, David Cunningham, had pleased Tag as well when he said Tag would be, in practice, his own boss and wouldn't be bothered by anyone, including Cunningham himself. Cunny, as he liked to be called, resided in Dallas, Texas, some 1,000 miles away and would only get involved if the shit hit the old faneroo. Tag liked Cunningham. He was a straight shooter, a no bullshit kind of guy. His type of guy.

The contract also included the use of all the hotel's amenities, including the pool, but the thing that Tag had almost begged Cunningham for, was in there, too. Lucy was to be his personal assistant with a salary nearly twice the crap he never paid her. She'll be pleased, he thought. He let his mind wander further along the pleasurable Lucy trail.

They had been having sex since the first day he had hired her. She was not shy when it came to sex. Christ, he thought, she fairly ripped the fucking clothes off of me! A wild woman, to be sure. And Tag made no attempt to tame her. He knew how to work in his personal likes when dealing with a wildcat.

Speak of the Devil! Tag heard Lucy's key working the outer front door. She was early, too. Was she always early? He had no idea, now that he thought about it. He usually strolled in when he was damned good and ready, which usually meant anywhere between 9:00 a.m. and noon. Sometimes later.

As he heard her settling in outside his office, he had the urge to see her lovely face and feast his eyes on that dynamite body. His crotch stirrings told him that much. And he was all ears.

"Could you come in here, Luce?" He hollered through the connecting door, which was wide open. She hollered back. "Yes, Sir, Mr. Boneher-until-her-eyes-pop-out. I'll be right there, Mr. Boneher-in-the-morning . . . when I get there, that is!"

That Luce, he thought, a regular cut-up. A real card. A natural funny lady. He liked that about her.

A dozen times a week, or more, he had to hear one of her cutesy bastardizations of his name: Mr. Boneher-good- and-hard. Mr. Boneher-all-night-long. Mr. Boneher-make-her- moana. Mr. Boneher-until-she-passes-out. That Luce. One funny fucking lady. And it didn't look as if she planned to stop doing it any time real soon. Not that he really wanted her to. It was part of their office high jinks and Tag would miss it if she suddenly stopped.

Thinking of her now, he reached in to the desk's center drawer and took out her latest poem effort. Real talent, that kid, he thought as he read it again:

The Price of Fame, by Lucy Fern

He's been buried by obscurity  
So no one knows his name.  
For years he managed easily  
To dodge this thing called fame.

Then one day, to his surprise  
His name was all the rave.  
And any soul with two good eyes  
Can read it on his grave.

Here lies George de Mestral 1907-1990

While walking in the woods one day  
He saw the cocklebur.  
It truly had a funny way  
To cling to clothes and fur.

His microscope revealed the fact  
Upon that fateful morn.  
That hooks and loops can interact  
And Velcro had been born!

Oh, yeah, he thought, real talent. His door opened, so he looked up.

Lucy entered his office and he got his first look at her of the day. He had come in early and missed his usual morning treat of seeing her at the receptionist's desk, her luscious tits on display, that bright face of hers starting his day with one of her sweet, sex-laden smiles. No matter how shitty the day that loomed ahead seemed it was going to turn out, Lucy Fern made him feel glad he had been born a man.

She now rolled and batted her eyes at him. "You want I should take some DICK-tation, Mr. Boneher-In-all-her-holes-at-once?" She smiled at him and licked her lips. He smiled back.

Then, without showing a care in the world, she quickly raised up her blouse and flashed her braless breasts at him. And, just as quickly, pulled the blouse back down. Then up and then down again. It reminded him of strobe lighting. The luscious, big-nippled orbs were there one minute, gone the next. Too fast to fully get a good look, but slow enough to get a full look. If you get the drift. Tag's mouth watered up.

Ms. Lucy Fern! Tag's faithful gal Friday. A 23 year old natural redhead with a body Tag believed had been created just for sex. God, he thought, must be a tad lecherous, if not downright perverted, to have created this perfect 36-24-38 creature. Yeah, old Tag knew her exact measurements. He had asked her for them for two reasons: He wanted to know and he didn't want God to be the only one who knew. God didn't seem to mind sharing the statistic.

Her young, firm 36D breasts reminded him of two football halves, only in pink. They pointed straight out and looked as if they were easily defying gravity's tenacious pull. The oversized areolas had a nipple dead center in each that would make even the fussiest baby salivate a river. They jutted out a good half-inch and seemed to always be on the hard side of arousal.

Put a pair of the loveliest, shapeliest legs you can conjure up on her 5' 7"

frame and, while you're at it, add a firm bubble-butt ass that won't quit no time soon and you'll have a better picture of Lucy Fern.

But, as Tag might say, don't stop there, Buddy!

Add a pair of pouty lips with the bottom lip so large, so plump, so luscious, it looked as if someone had invented a thing called the lip-pillow. Any guy with blood in his veins found it hard to hear her when she talked. Their minds wandered. They couldn't take their eyes off that bottom lip as it worked on putting out the words. They were mesmerized by that bottom lip. And, as sure as shit stinks, they were picturing those lips around their cocks, that bottom lip working a magic found only in a sex fiend's idea of heaven on earth.

Yeah, Tag thought as he looked at her now, with that face, those lips, those tits, those legs, that un-fucking-believable ass, a guy don't know what to look at first. His eyes took in the Lucy Fern circuit. Face. Lips. Tits. Legs. Then back the other way. The ass could wait for later, although he had to resist the urge to ask her to turn around.

As usual, he felt his cock stir and start its familiar push against his trousers. The Lucy circuit trip could do that to a guy. Any guy. Even one in his nineties. Or in his grave. Tag could imagine some morbid mortician saying, "Ms. Fern, I'm gonna have to ask you to leave this here funeral. Your presence is making the stiff stiff!" Oh, yeah, it could happen.

"Luce, I've made a life-altering decision. I know I haven't paid you in two months . . ."

"Three, but who's counting, Mr. Boneher-without-paying?" She giggled. He smiled at her, thinking, you gorgeous cunt, you.

"OK, three. But anyway, Lu, I'm going to take a job I've been offered. Hotel Detective at the Wellington . . ."

"House DICK, Taggy? Sounds perfect for a man of your many, uh, say we say, talents!" She smiled and grabbed her crotch and wiggled her hand around. "So many talents, Mr. Boneher-what's-your-name?" He laughed. She wiggled her hand some more.

"Will you be fucking serious for a mo, huh, Luce? Put that runaway libido of yours in neutral for a sec, OK?" He made an attempt at a stern face, but he couldn't help but give a little giggle. She brought her working hand up in a smart, drill sergeant's salute. The simple action made her breasts jiggle.

"Yes, Sir, General Boneher-with-hard-as-steel-nuts!" She held the salute. Then she wiggled her ass back and forth a bit. He laughed, but he knew the battle was over and his cock was now in command of the troops. And of him.

"Ah, fuck it, I give up, Luce. Get your beautiful redheaded ass over here, Corporal Lucy, to get your fucking orders." He rubbed his cock through trouser cloth with his right hand and beckoned her over with the left. "Is the front door locked?" He knew it was. She nodded, but remained standing where she was. She was in a playful mood.

"You want fucky fucky me, soldier? No! I give you sucky sucky. No fucky fucky me. Me want sucky sucky you. Me want all day long now to sucky sucky your big fucky fucky stick. Hokay?"

She licked her bottom lip a few times making it glisten with her saliva. Tag involuntarily shifted his ass in the chair, his hardon seemingly even harder than before. Lucy was in one of her cocksucking moods. He played along. He liked that mood.

"Only sucky sucky?" he asked. "OK, Corporal, but it better be the best sucky sucky I've ever had, lady, and I've had the best sucky sucky in the world. Capish?" He opened his fly and fished out his large 8" cock. The head looked more swollen than usual. He wiggled it at her as she took off her blouse and tossed it on a chair. Her beautiful breasts now stood out in a perfect array of titty symmetry. Tag rubbed his cockhead and let a small moan escape his lips. Lucy spoke.



**Lucy Fern's football tits**

"Capish, Mr. Boneher-in-the-throat-until-she-swallows. But let me see if I have this right. You want me to suck that magnificent lollipop of yours until your eyes bug out and you forget your last name." She ran her tongue over her bottom lip again. "And you want me to give you the best blowjob you've ever had." The tongue took its bottom lip trip again. "And you want me to swallow every drop of your sticky, icky, gummy cummy without spilling a drop on the rug. That about right?" Her tongue now made the full circuit of both lips, going around and around suggestively. She had her hands on both breasts, squeezing them.

"Fuck yeah!" He stood up, dropped his trousers and shorts and stepped out of them. He sat back down. His legs were spread out wide and his hairy cock pointed up at the ceiling in a 45 degree angle. The tip of his cockhead was covered with precum making it look slick and shiny. He didn't wipe it off. He knew she liked licking it away.



**Tag Bonewell**

She crossed the room to him and pulled up her mini skirt as she knelt down between his muscular legs. Without underwear, her beautiful red bush, neatly trimmed in a triangular shape, was now tantalizingly before him. She grabbed the base of his manhood with one hand and, at the same time, put her other hand into her red bush. Tag knew she just loved masturbating while she

sucked him off. He enjoyed her doing that, too. It added something sweetly lewd to the goings on.

She moved his cock so it was positioned an inch or so from her lips and then, as if speaking into a microphone, said, "Hello! Hello! Mayday! Mayday! Is anyone there? If you can hear me, I'm locked in a dark room with a large and meaty, one-eyed monster and I think he wants to choke me to death! S.O.S. *Suck Or Sink!* Oh, no! I'm going down! Down! Down! Choke, choke! Gasp, gasp!" She lowered her head.

Tag laughed as she took his blood-gorged cockhead into her mouth, shamming choking and sputtering. "God, Luce, that fucking mouth of yours is unreal! It's like a furnace! A hot and very wet furnace."

He placed his hands on the back of her neck, urging her to take more of him into her mouth. She not only complied, she deep-throated him. "Oh, baby, no one sucks cock like you do! Those lips of yours are something else!" He moaned as she went up and down, full throating him on every fourth downward stroke, her head turning left and right, her tongue swirling all over him.

"You like sucking my cock, baby?"

She moaned an "Hmm Hmm."

"Taste good?"

"Hmm Hmm."

"Tell me, baby. Talk to me!" She removed her mouth from his prick, licked her lips and looked into his eyes. She was still fingering herself frantically.

"Oh, Taggy, I love sucking you off! You have such a magnificent cock. The head is so spongy, so hard and soft at the same time. I love the way the ridge makes my lips feel when they cross back and forth over it." She knew he loved to hear her talk about it. "I love it when my lips touch your pubic hairs. It feels as if I'm full of your cock, gorged on it, impaled on it. Oh, shit, Tag, Darling, I'm gonna cum!" She shuddered. "Oh, God!" she whispered. "Oh, God!" Tag had been tweaking both of her distended nipples while her fingering was taking place. She shuddered again, her eyes rolling skyward. "Oh, God!" She was in an 'Oh, God' rut. Tag nipple-tweaked her wildly. It was his job, after all.

Lucy, having subsided a bit, grabbed her cock microphone again. "To anyone who can hear me, *don't send help!* Repeat, *don't send help!* I think I can tame this big ass creature all by myself, thank you. C'mere, you big fucking one-eyed monster! You've met your match! Over and out!" Tag laughed. That Lucy!

She grabbed his cock and went at it full bore, no holds barred. She sucked and slurped and licked and tongued. And salivated. She salivated so much his crotch area was sopping wet. Tag watched with lewd glee as drop after drop of her saliva cascaded down his cock shaft and added to the puddle at the base. It was so sloppy. And so hot. And so wet. And so un-fucking-real. All the while her left hand was caressing and manipulating his ballsack.

His hands were back behind her neck and he was pushing his ass off the chair slightly, gently mouth-fucking her. They had an excellent rhythm going. He knew he was close to shooting off, but he didn't want it to end. It felt too good. Hold out, he thought to himself, make it last, baby.

He did his best to hold out, and he did for a while, but it was finally way too much for him to control. He felt his balls rise and pucker up in a prelude to his cumming. He gave Luce the taste-my-cum words, "Just the head, baby, just the head!" She scooted up from the deep-throat spot to a point where her lips were just equal to the cockhead's ridge. Tag knew, and she knew he knew, that she wanted to feel it cum, taste the cum, not have it go directly into her stomach. What fun was there in that?

She was still massaging his rising balls when she felt the first of the cum start to travel under her thumb at the base. It rippled beneath her thumb as it made its short trip to her mouth. However, even before it reached its destination, she felt another distinct ripple. She knew she was about to get a mouthful. And she loved the thought. She wiggled her tongue across the underside, tickling the *glan penis*, urging the cum on. As if it needed urging!

Most men, so it's said, cum a full teaspoon, but Tag wasn't like most men. His usual, run-of-the-mill cum load was around three tablespoons. Which means, if you're up on your cooking equivalency measurements, nine of those teaspoons. He was one heavy cummer, old Taggart was. Two times in his life, to two women's chagrin, his load was so big it was choked on and it actually came out their nostrils. He avoided this from happening again by educating any woman who wanted to taste him, to swallow, swallow, swallow. One of the hapless women just happened to be Lucy.

Lucy was now ready to swallow. His first spurt was so forceful it not only hit the back of her throat, it slid down somewhat. Swallow. This was followed by four more throat-hitting spurts with a well-timed swallow here and a swallow there by Lucy. Her mouth had filled fully twice so far, and she could even smell the muskiness of his cum.

Then came his usual puddling effect. Cum just poured out of his cockhead, bubbling out, finding her tongue, and flooding her mouth a third time.

This time, Lucy did what she loved to do. She swished the large amount of cum around in her mouth before swallowing it all. She loved to feel it coating the entire interior of her mouth, even her teeth. To her, it tasted like heaven would taste if heaven was a flavor. A cum flavor.

She moaned as she swallowed it all. And fingered herself very quickly. His cockhead was still in her mouth, she opened it wide and said, "Oh, Dod, I'm cubbing abain!" Tag understood every mumbled word.

She then vacuum sucked his cock clean for a few minutes. Finally, removing her mouth, she looked up at him, a glazed, sleepy look in her eyes.

"Oh, Tag, that was so fucking good!" He just nodded as he tweaked a nipple. She shuddered and pulled away. "Oooh!" She shuddered again, her legs trembling. "Oh, Taggy, I'm gonna be tasting you all day!" She now felt playful.

Lucy reached out and grabbed her cockophone again. It was now limp in her hand. "To anyone who can hear me, the big, one-eyed beast is dead . . . Oh, No! *Wait!*" Using her thumb and forefinger, she squeezed Tag's cockhead, opening and closing the pee hole.

"It's still alive! It's winking at me, the cocky fucker. Hold on!" She reached out and pushed her tongue into the pee hole and wiggled it around. "I've just stuck my tongue into its eye and I think that did it." She squeezed the cockhead and wiggled it back and forth.

"Yep, he's down for the count. No signs of life. Now, if his two pals, Ike and Mike, don't get him outta here, I'm gonna bite his big, fucking head off! Over and out!" She leaned forward as if to do just that.

Tag, shamming great fear and cupping both hands over his genitals, jumped back a foot. He laughed as she stood up.

:Luce, I swear, you should do a one-woman show on, or off Broadway. I know I'd pay a ton to see it!"

"See it? Shit, Taggy, I ain't doing it unless your big, one-eyed monster co-stars!"

"Does it get *top* billing?"

"No, Taggy Waggy, I'm the star, so I get to be on top." She giggled. "Besides, it doesn't have any lines to learn!" She giggled again.

"Yeah, you say that now, but knowing you, you'll expect it to growl on cue." Now he giggled.

"So?" she said. "Is that asking too much from a co-star?"

Then, knowing what he just loved to do afterward, she sat on the edge of his desk and spread her legs, her pussy in clear sight. He leaned forward in his chair and, without saying a word, buried his head into her crotch area. Early in their game, and out of curiosity, she had asked him why he liked doing this, eating her out after any form of sex.

"Shit, woman," he had said. "there are two reasons. One, I want you truly satisfied. Way satisfied. And two, I love eating a pussy when it's hot and steamy after cumming. It feels fantastic to me. Any objections, Ma'am?"

"Objections?" she had said. "Fuck, if my wimp of a husband had your philosophy, I'd still be married to the frigging twerp!"

But that was then and this is now. Tag not only ate her pussy, he devoured it. Shit, he even nose-fucked her! His lower face was soon covered with her feminine juices. He tongued her gently and roughly and alternated between the two. He became a frenzied pussy eating maniac!

He would lick her clit and then suck on it. Perhaps bite it gently. He would swirl his tongue all over the place, making her squeal with pleasure. Driving her from one orgasm to another. He was fucking relentless in his desire to pleasure her. And she loved him for it. Her moans, groans, and yells told him that much.

As he chewed and licked her to a state of madness, he played with her breasts, her nipples. His hands stroked her back and the top of her ass. He licked her inner thighs. In a word, he drove her nuts and made her involuntarily wiggle her ass on the desk and grab his head with her hands and moan, and groan, and yell.

Finally, she pushed him away and jumped to her feet, wobbling a bit. "Christ, Tag, I can't take any more! Even though I want more!" She laughed. He laughed, his face covered in shiny juices. He licked his lips. She bent over and kissed him, a long kiss, with tongues flashing. He could taste his own cum. It now mixed with the taste of her pussy juices. They finally broke from the kiss.

"Yummy cummy, my dear Luce. Yummy cummy for sure!" He licked his lips again and said, "Did you enjoy that, love? The way I eat you? Or do I need to work on my overall technique?" He shammed a quizzical look. "Eh?"

She pulled down her mini skirt and crossed the room to get her blouse. Over her shoulder, she said, "Listen, Mr. Boneher-and-suck-her-cunt-dry, if your technique gets any better, I'll need the paramedics!"

He laughed and proceeded to get dressed. Their wonderful session was over. He filled Lucy in on the new job. The free suite and all the other included amenities. She had a question.

"What about me, Mr. Boneher-nice-and-hard-and-tell-her-zip?"

"Oh, that's right. I didn't tell you. You, my hot tamale puss, are *part* of my contract, so you go where I go. Capish?" He smiled. "If you want to, that is, at almost double the salary I don't pay you now."

"Capish. And I want to, at almost twice the salary I'm not getting anyway. And it'll be nice fucking you in a real bed for a change. I assume you'll have a real bed, won't you?" He nodded.

"Good. And maybe you'll let me watch you fuck all those rich and married hotel broads. Huh? Can I? Can I?"

He laughed. "Well, Luce, you know the old saying, 'Don't shit where you eat!' So I might not be doing too much rich, married lady canoodling. Don't wanna fuck up a good gig up, now do I?" He paused. "Fuck! Who am I kidding?" He laughed. Lucy giggled.

"Yeah, Tag," she said. "We both know you. Real well. But can I watch?"

"You'd like that?"

"Yeah, I'd like to watch a rich bitch put it to you. It would turn me on a lot. And, who knows? I just might let my bi-curious side show."

"Shit, Lu, you and your roommate, Brenda, have been eating each other's pussies for years now! Bi-curious side! My ass side!"

"Who told you that adulterated shit?" Her eyes had widened.

"You did, dummy, when you got drunk at the last New Year's Eve party. Remember? That was the one, and so far, only time I did you and Brenda at the same time. I saw you, girl, eat her out like a champ! And Vice versa."

"I plead the fifth, Mr. Boneher-and-fuck-her-roomie!" She giggled.

"Well, I rest my case, old gal. Anyway, why don't you get this place all prepped up for my big time move. You know, our so-called files and such. I start the new job in two weeks, so we have plenty of time, but you know me, I don't like leaving it all until the last minute." Lucy nodded. He went on.

"Now, I've gotta go and sell my car so I can pay you your back slave wages. Might as well start with a clean slate, eh?" She nodded again.

Tag knew she didn't need the money. Her daddy gave her a living

allowance of \$35,000 a year, just for being his adorable daughter, and gave her free rent in one of the many apartment building he owned. She also had a battery of charge cards without a limit restricting any of them. Name a store, she had a card, or two.

No, Lucy Fern didn't need the money. What she needed was now nestling restfully in between his legs. Along with its two best pals, Ike and Mike. And he, in a most gentlemanly manner, would never, ever dream of making her pay for it. Unless, of course, she insisted. Nah, he thought, not even then. Then again! Nah. Then again . . .

He went to her and put his arms around her. He gave her a juicy, sloppy French kiss, his tongue tasting his own cum again. He knew that if he came back in a few hours, that cum taste would still be there. Lucy had told him she wouldn't drink anything, even water, as she liked to hold onto the cum taste for as long as humanly possible.

She loved feeling the salty tickle in her throat every time she swallowed saliva. She also told him that there were many times when she would get so turned on by that unbelievable effect, she just had to wank off right there at her little desk. While picturing his big, hairy, large-headed cock. Now and then, Tag had tried to catch her at it, but she was always a step ( a finger?) ahead of him.

Tag broke the kiss, gave her ass cheeks a squeeze with both hands, and said, "See ya later, kid." He winked at her and headed for the locked front door.

At the door, he turned to her and said, "Lock it behind, Sweetie. Loonies abound in these times, you know." She nodded and mumbled a quiet 'Sure' as she went toward her desk. She opened the desk's center drawer and took something out.

Just before he closed the door behind him, he took one last look at the beautiful redhead who had just given him one great sucking. She was coming over to lock up, a white 12" vibrator in her hand and a smile on her face.

He whispered, "Fuck, woman, you're insatiable!" The door closed and he heard it lock. Through the door, he said loudly, "Watch out for that high-speed setting, lady, it could ruin your child bearing years!" He heard her giggle as he headed for the elevator.

As he waited for the elevator, he thought, That Lucy! Thank you God for putting her into my life. I owe you big time, fella!" Tag felt a stirring in his groin just thinking about her and decided if he was going to get on a public elevator, it was time to think about something else, like baseball. That always worked. Just as well as thinking about Abe Vigoda or Phyllis Diller. Or all three.

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TAG sold his car, getting less than he wanted, and sold all his furniture to some fat, old fart in an ill-fitting suit, getting way less than he wanted. But Tag wasn't in the mood for haggling price. He was never in the mood to haggle price. It wasn't in his makeup. To him, life was just too short for haggling, in spite of the fun some people said they got out of it.

After depositing the money, he paid up his rent to the end of the month, which was two weeks away, gave the landlady notice of moving out and, feeling the joy of getting squared up with the world, happily wrote out a check to Lucy Fern for three months salary plus a little bonus of a hundred.

Yeah, old Tag felt square with the world all right, but for two weeks he'd have no wheels and an apartment without any furniture to enjoy. And that lack of enjoyment included no bed in which to sleep. However, he felt sure that little detail would be taken care of by witchcraft. Or, to put it more correctly, by his next door neighbor, Wanda Blake, a practicing witch, who had one witchy body on her. That old black magic, as practiced by a white woman.

Of course, he thought, I'd better cast a spell on her first. Ha ha. That's a laugh! Wanda thinks swallowing male sperm gives her male power! And male magic. Christ, with the amount of my sperm she's gulped down over time, she should be Charles Atlas by now in the power and magic departments!

He figured Wanda was deluding herself, rationalizing a reason for sucking him off, but his attitude was: Whatever floats your boat is fine by me. And, if she was telling a witchy truth, four other men as well. All, she told him, contributed to her power and magic attainment.

The spell did its work! Wanda was more than thrilled to have Tag crash at her place for a few weeks. As long as his big cock crashed with him, that is. Any person watching how quickly she had agreed to the arrangement would have also been the first to see a witch salivate. And, if he or she had the eyes of God, they would have seen her pussy twitching, too.

"Oh, Taggy, it'll be such fun the two of us living in sin. Of the carnal kind, I assume?" She looked him directly in the eyes. He nodded meekly. His nod saying: You want carnal, I give carnal. I'm easy that way.

"Oh, goody, we have a deal then. You use my bed and I use you. All of you. For two whole weeks! Goody, goody. How married like and normal it will all seem!" She laughed, one of those throaty, hoarse laughs heavy smokers are famous for. He laughed, too, but not as vibrantly. More like the laugh a sheep gives when heading to the slaughter. A gallows laugh. But, in this case, he didn't mind being sacrificed.

Oh, well, he thought, how bad can it be? Wanda's got a great bod for a gal in her late fifties. Or was she now in her early sixties? Fuck if I know! Now, if I can only stand being in that all black bedroom of hers! Brr! Witchcraft!

He spent the afternoon packing up his personal belongings, which didn't amount to much as he lived life on the light side when it came to that kind of stuff. He would have to live out of a suitcase, so to speak, for two weeks, but if he cared he didn't show it. Hey, he told himself, lighten up, pal. I'm sounding as if I've been given a one way ticket to a Siberian gulag. There are worse things than bivouacking with Wanda for a few weeks. True, she'll want to devour my silly ass every chance she gets until my balls are the size of raisins, but I like raisins.

He had to be at Wanda's place at 7 p.m. for what she laughingly referred to as their first honeymoon night and celebratory salad supper. Brr! But, in the spirit of things, he had gone out and bought a pot of black pansies as a token of appreciation to his new roomie.

At the florists, he had felt like a total Satan worshipping freak when he had stupidly asked the woman waiting on him if she had flowers a practicing witch would enjoy.

"You mean witch as in coven?" She had asked, a tad of fear showing in her eyes. He said yes and she threw him a look that said should I call a cop or

what? He told her it was just a little joke and this calmed her enough to suggest black pansies. It was the only thing she could think of that your run-of-the-mill witch might like. He took out his credit card and his deal with the dark forces was duly made and sealed.

As he left the little shop, he looked down at the pansies. Oh, well, he thought, you guys have nice little yellow eyes. Just like Satan's, I imagine!

As he rang Wanda's bell, the pansies cleverly hidden behind him, he said hello to her neighbor, a Mr. Crane or was it Thane. Maybe Wayne. Whoever. It ended in an "ane" sound. Maybe. He tapped the bell again just as her heard behind the door opening up the first of four locks. She may have spells to ward off evil at her command, he thought, but she's a cautious spellbinder.

Mr. Whoever was still standing there when Wanda threw her door open and said to Tag, in her deepest, sexiest voice, "Hi, hubby of mine, had a rough day? I'll soon make you forget all about it, Baby."

Tag watched Mr. Whoever's eyes pop out. The guy just stood there, his key half in the doorlock, a shocked look on his puss. He appeared to be drooling from his gaping mouth.

Wanda was standing in her doorway dressed in only a flimsy white see-thru nightie and, with the ceiling light shining behind her and through the material, she looked absolutely naked. Her titties and pussy were just hanging out as if on the prowl. Mr. Crane, Thane, Wayne looked delirious. His tongue was now hanging out to one side. And his key hadn't moved a whit.

Tag played along. "Hi, wife. You ready for some good fucking and sucking?" He had said the words as he entered her place so he couldn't see the guy's face, but he had fun picturing it. As he turned to close the door behind him, he saw that Mr. Manynames had added a frozen stare and a sweat-covered forehead to his job as hallway statue holding a key. Poor man, thought Tag, I'll bet he dreams wet tonight! In living color, no doubt.

He handed Wanda the pansies. "Ohh, Tag, my favorite color! How did you ever know?" She laughed and told him supper was almost ready, and would he mind pouring the wine? As he nodded compliance, she said, "It's the red wine, darling, you'll find it already decanted and breathing on the prep board. I'll undress the pansies and we'll use them as a gay centerpiece." Gay? He thought, to who? A fucking mortician? Uncle Fester?

He got the bottle of wine and brought it to the dining table. Wanda had made a nice setting for them. It looked as if she had broken out her best china and silverware. Black china and black handles on the utensils.

Of course, it was no surprise to see the all black table cloth. But it did surprise him seeing this domestic, Martha Stewart side of Wanda. He heard her call out from the kitchen, "Din-din in a min, my love, would you kill the overhead lights, and put a match to the two candles?" Black! Of course. He noticed them now, two black tapers as sleek as India ink.

He did his chores in what he considered a logical order. He poured the wine. Lit the candles. Killed the ceiling lights. Sat down and tried to guess if he would be able to see what he'd be eating. Sure, as long as the light coming from the kitchen stayed around. It didn't. She had murdered the light on her way out..

"Shit, Wanda, with everything black on this table, I can't see my plate. I'm

not used to eating in Braille! Fucking yes, but not eating." She solved that problem by magically bringing the room lights up a notch. "I can see!" he quipped. "I'm cured, Ms. Witchdoctor!"

"Dumbkopf!" she said. "Can't you recognize a dimmer switch when you touch one? Or does it need to have a nipple dead center?" She giggled and sat down. He laughed and they dug in.

Tag enjoyed Wanda's cooking, if a salad comes under that general heading, and, after four glasses of a hearty burgundy wine, old Wanda was starting to look pretty damn good to him. Damned good. Despite some minor chin wrinkles and a few around each eye. And her body was pretty firm for her stage in life.

True, her titties sagged a notch, but not enough to make a federal case out of it. And, whatever the minor titty drawbacks, her still shapely legs and young-looking tight ass more than compensated. Dinner over, she now sat across the dining table from him, smoking a cigarette in a foot-long gold and black holder. She took a puff, blew it up toward the ceiling, and broke the silence.



**The witchy Wanda Blake**

"Taggy, dear, I hope you enjoyed the meal." He smiled and nodded. "I know this all seems rush rush, but at my age, Darling . . . well, fuck the niceties! I've wined and dined you, Taggy, my pet, and now I hope you'll give me my pound of flesh!" She laughed, throaty-like. It was pay up time.

"How'd you know my dick weighs a pound?" he quipped.

"Honey," she said. "We witches know how to use our mouths as a scale." She giggled again. "And, if it's called for, as a ruler, too!" Tag laughed. The talk was making his crotch come to life. He sipped more wine.

"Really?" he said. "Well, why don't you show me how you do those little tricks? I haven't been weighed and measured in a while now. Who knows? I might have put on a pound or two. But shouldn't we wait an hour after eating or something?"

"On salad and wine? Don't be silly, dear boy! Pasta and beer, yes, but only if we're going swimming. That old wives tale doesn't apply to what we have in mind. So, get naked, sonny, if you know what's good for you." She stood up, crossed her arms, tapped one foot and said, "Momma's waiting, baby." Even in the dim light, she looked near naked. He could see her eyes sparkling as she

watched him. They reminded him of a cat's eyes. Which reminded him of her cat, her familiar, an all black cat named Wizard.

"Wanda, where's Wiz?" He hadn't seen the little black devil all evening.

"He's at a friend's place for the next few weeks. I know you feel about having him around you." She'd said it matter-of-factly, but he could hear a small hurt in her voice. Or was it a disappointment?

"I like the little guy, Wand, it's just that he rubs me the wrong way. Every time I try to pet him, he hisses at me as if he's gonna chomp off one of my fingers if I come any nearer. It's his problem. You should talk to him about it." Tag felt he had handled that adroitly. She had other ideas.

"Wizard, Tag, is very in tune with *everything*. He psychic, in fact. If you want him to cozy up to you, you have to change your persona, Tag, and your way of doing things. Growling at him with, 'C'mere you black bastard!' won't win Wizard over. But now's not the time for that. Get the fuck out of those duds, cat hater." Tag decided not to pursue this line any farther.

He stood up, slowly undid his trousers, lowered them along with his boxers, and stepped out of the puddle of clothes. His cock, somewhat flaccid, hung down a good seven inches. Wanda came over to him and helped him out of his tie and shirt. She then cupped his balls in her right hand and the electricity of her gentle caress ran through him on high voltage. His legs trembled. And an involuntary shudder ran over his entire body.

"Ooh, look what I found!" she cooed as she squeezed and then hefted his nut sack up and down. "My, my, two pounds, three ounces!" She laughed. He followed suit. They were having fun with the guess-the-weight portion of the game. And any negative thoughts remaining in Tag's mind about Wizard were gone. They were mentally connected again, he and Wanda.

Tag reached out and grabbed her nightie with both hands. He whisked it over her head in one motion and she stood there, naked, exposed. And all his. There was no need to rush. They had all night. Two weeks of nights.

He took her into his arms and kissed her. His tongue found the now familiar plastic of her upper denture plate as she moaned in his arms. Now, some guys might be turned off by a woman's dentures, but not Tag. To him, it was just another reality of life.

Her mouth was hot and wet and she was one helluva kisser. Soft, thick luscious lips added to his overall pleasure and he knew that those lips, when the dentures were removed, could drive his cock crazy. To him, there was nothing as wonderful as mouth-fucking a toothless woman. She called it the only true gum job in the world. Just thinking about it now, his cock was as hard as hard can get.

He broke the kiss and whispered hotly in her ear. "Take them out, Love, both of them." She reached down and stroked his hard cock a few times and said, "Back in a mo, Sweetie, don't you start without Momma." She headed for the bathroom. As she walked away, he eyed her ass and stroked away on his prick, pulling on his balls for fun and excitement. She was back in less than a minute. Smiling at him.

He took her in his arms and resumed kissing her, this time finding only soft gums to greet his probing tongue. He tongue-kissed her for a long time, feeling saliva sputtering out and onto their chins. As he kissed her, his hands

roamed all over. He squeezed her rounded ass cheeks, pressed a finger into her anus, and kneaded and tweaked both breasts. When he put a finger, then two, into her dripping womanhood, her whole body jumped as if he had used a cattle prod on her. "Ooooh!" she moaned. Then she cooed, actually cooed. "Coo . . . coo." Over and over as he plunged his fingers in and out of her.

Her hands were busy, too. She ran them over his entire frame, as much as she could reach. His muscular back and ass cheeks. His neck. His outer thighs. When she reached down and firmly took his cock shaft in hand, it was his turn to jump. Her touch was magical, as if electricity had found a way to mix with friction. As if she really did possess real magic.

They kissed and felt each other for quite some time. Tag knew Wanda loved a lot of lip action prior to the main event and he was only too happy to oblige. He like kissing her. He also liked the way she squirmed as he manipulated her vagina, her body wiggling around. And, without looking, he knew the carpet would be covered with little drops of her bodily fluids. His soaked fingers told him that much. Wanda, like Tag, was a heavy cummer.

Foreplay was finally over. Wanda dropped to her knees and, without a word, took one of his balls into her toothless mouth. She sucked and slurped, going from one to the other, and soon they were both wetter than water. Tag was moaning throughout the pleasurable ordeal. And then he moaned a louder moan as she slipped a fingertip into his anus and wiggled it around.

"Wand," he said. "You suck my balls so well. Suck them, Baby, get them good and wet. Oh, yes, that's it. Suck them." He had both hands entwined in her hair and was moving her head around, watching her suck on his hairy balls. His hard cock was resting on top of her head, wobbling from side to side, as if having trouble deciding which direction to settle on.

"Now, suck on my cock, Wand, and get it nice and hard so it'll drive your pussy crazy when I finally fuck you." The spoken word had its usual lurid effect on both of them.

Her toothless mouth engulfed his swollen cockhead and the heat of it hit him hard. "Ooooh, shit, Wand! What a mouth!"

She gave his cock head a good sucking for a few minutes before plunging all the way down to his pubic hairs. All 8 plus inches were now in her mouth and down her throat. Without teeth to occupy any space, Wanda kept her lips at the base and put out her tongue, laving his balls with it. Her saliva poured out of her mouth further soaking his cock shaft and balls. "Oh, God, Wanda Baby, you're something else!"

And then, she was even more than something else. She stuffed his balls, both of them, into her mouth at the same time. With her teeth removed, there was just enough room for his testicles.

Wanda worked him a bit more, knowing when to stop here and there before he might go off, and finally stood up. He was primed. She was primed.

"Taggy, I want you to fuck me doggy style, but I want to add something new." That said, she opened one of the sideboard's drawers and took out an object. She handed it to him. "I want you to put this in my rectum. OK? I'm already lubed up for it."

He looked at the item and saw a 4" long replica of a cock. It was less

than an inch in diameter. An ass dildo. He grinned at her.

"Wand, I thought you didn't like anything up your ass?"

"I don't, normally, but something I read on the Internet got me interested in giving it a try. They recommended this thing here for us, uh, anal beginners. If it hurts too much, however, I expect you to stop. OK?"

"Sure, Hon, just leave it to me. I'll try my best to get you to like it, but if you don't, no problem, just say stop and stop it is." He led her over to the sofa and asked her to bend over one of the soft, plush arms. She complied, her wide backside at the perfect height. "Wanda, sweetie, I just love your ass." He moved closer to her.

"Now, Wand," he said. "Reach back and spread your ass cheeks for me. OK?" She said OK, then added, "Tag, you sound like a fucking proctologist!" She giggled, making her whole body shake, her ass cheeks wobbling. He laughed and bent over.

"What are you doing?" she asked, feeling a strangeness taking place at her anus. "I'm licking your asshole, Wand, in preparation. We proctologists must keep our high standards now, mustn't we?" She laughed and said, "Well, Doc, it feels strange, for sure. But nice, too. So, Doc, go on with your probing!" He laughed as his mouth headed back to her brown puckering hole.

He tongued her asshole, licked it, rimmed it, forcing little squeals of delight out of her. "Oooh," she said. "Something this nasty shouldn't feel so fucking good, Doctor! Ooooooh!"

"You like it?"

"Fucking A!"

"Good. Remember that when it's your turn to reciprocate!" He punched his tongue into her. She was silent. Not even a little moan.

He stopped and said soothingly, "Cat got your tongue, you old witch?" She finally spoke.

"I was thinking about your use of the word reciprocate, Taggy. I've never done that to a man before, or a woman for that matter, but I guess I could if push came to shove." She quickly jumped off the arm and sat down on the sofa. "It's so . . . so nasty, Tag. But it sure feels great. And, as you know, I once hated the idea of sucking a man's dirty old cock so . . ." He interrupted her.

"Yeah, I remember that story you once told me about that uncle of yours, who forced you, at age ten, to suck him off." He sat down beside her on the sofa. "Tell me that one again, Wand, I'd love to hear it once more. It turns me on." He wanted to side track her. She left her arm position and sat next to him, absent mindedly stroking his cock and balls.

"If you insist, Taggy. Let's see now. I had this uncle of mine, Harold, a big bruiser of a man. You know, the outdoorsy lumberjack type. Well, he used to babysit me so my parents could get a night out at the movies. Anyway, he had, for years, been giving me a bath before my beddie-bye time. Well, anyhoo, I was sort of used to him touching me all over in the tub. And drying me off afterwards. It didn't seem the least big odd.

"Well, one night as he was bathing me and was a little tipsy, he stripped off his pants and underwear and said we were going to bathe together. What did I know? He soaped me up real well, rinsed me off, and then handed me the soap and said to wash him up. But he said all he wanted washed was his cock and balls. He used those exact words, cock and balls. I didn't know what they meant at the time, but it didn't matter.

"I remember his cock hung down fat and heavy like. His balls were huge and very hairy. I guess it all fascinated me. As I soaped up his big balls I got a real surprise. His cock sprang up as if it had a mind of its own. It seemed like magic. The head was big and purple, like a plum. I was both scared and fascinated at the same time.

"He then told me to rinse him off and when I had done so he told me to take the head of his cock into my mouth and suck on it. Right there in the bathtub with both of us up to our ankles in tepid water. I remember the exact words he used. "C'mon, Wanny, put your mouth on it! You'll like it, I swear." I, for some unknown reason, balked at doing it. This made him more than pissed.

"He grabbed my head and pushed it toward his dick. "Now listen, you little cunt, you're going to suck me off or I swear I'll drown you right here and now. What's it gonna be, girl?" What choice did I have?

"Older boys, in their teens, had tried to get me to suck them off, but I wouldn't do it. To me, it was just too dirty and nasty. But with uncle Harold, I hadn't the luxury of saying fuck off, buddy. So, without further ado, I took my first prick into my young mouth. And almost threw up right then and there. I gagged and sputtered up a storm, but old Harold wasn't having any sympathy for me. He made me suck on it until he came in my mouth. As I followed his threatening order to swallow it all, I did throw up. All over his dick, crotch, and belly. He didn't seem to care, however.

"He grabbed me by the neck and squeezed real hard. I had tears in my eyes. He didn't care a fig. He told me that if I breathed a word of this to anybody, he'd drown me for sure. I promised not to tell a soul. Then he made me kiss the tip of his cock five times. Exactly five. Then he told me to take it in my mouth again, just for practice, and he assured me it wouldn't spit again. I complied and sucked him for another fifteen minutes before he finally told me to stop. The bastard was getting me used to the idea of having his cock in my mouth.

"He told me I was going to do this to him every day from here on out. I was to come over to his house right after school and he warned me that he'd better not have to come looking for me. Although he scared the shit out of me, I was also intrigued by it all. The secrecy of it all seemed to add something strange and magical to the whole thing. And, if I had to admit it, his cock, on the second time around, had felt good in my mouth.

"Well, to make a long story short, I sucked him off just about every day for five years. And in that time, he taught me how to take it all the way down my throat. Shit, I must have swallowed gallons of his cum over time. And, as I entered my teens, I found myself masturbating with the picture of his fat, hairy cock in my mind. I even pictured it as it spurted into my mouth. Harold had created one new cocksucker in the world. And, I loved it, if truth be told.

"I even started sucking off some of the boys at school. All they had to do to get me to blow them was to get me alone and say, "On your knees, Wanda!" I did dozens of boys and was quite the popular girl." She grinned at Tag. Her story was finished. Tag broke the short silence.

"And he never tried to fuck you?"

"No, never did. I don't know why as I was his sex slave, so to say, but he never tried to. Not even with a finger. Strange, that."

"Well," Tag said. "Uncle Harold was a bastard, for sure, but I'm glad he taught you so well!" She got up and resumed her over-the-arm position.

"Now, Doc," she said. "Where were we?"

Tag tongued her anus for a few minutes and then inserted the dildo into her. The first inch caused her to yelp, but she didn't say stop. He worked more of it in and heard her moan. He then pushed the entire four inches in. "Oooh, that does feel good, Taggy!" Inspired, he proceeded to saw it back and forth in her, fucking her asshole with the tiny plastic cock.

After a while, he position his cockhead at the entrance of her pussy. He wiggled it around her lips a bit and then slowly introduced it. She moaned again. "Feel good, Wand?"

"Oh, yeah, Taggy, it's lovely. Put more of your cock in. And move the dildo in and out at the same time. OK?" He said it was. He was enjoying this. He started fucking her and reaming her asshole simultaneously. Pretty soon, he had a good rhythm going. As he plunged his cock the full length, he pulled the dildo in the opposite direction. Wanda went wild, her ass thrashing about.

"Oh, God. Oh, God, Oh, fucking shit. Ooooooh! Oh, Mother. Oh, Taggy, I'm coming one after another. Oh, God. Fuck me, baby, fuck me like crazy. Oh, God. It's too much. Oh, shit. Oh, fuck. Oh, shit, oh, fuck." She was delirious.

"You like, lady?" he said, picking up the pace. He was now pistoning in and out of her pussy while yanking on the dildo to beat the band. She was screaming and yelling incoherently. Sweat poured off both of them. Her ass wiggled as if trying to swallow his cock and the dildo and never give them back. Finally, he yelled, too.

"I'm cumming, Wand. Hold tight, Baby, and take me. Here I go! Arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!" She felt the heat of his cum flood her insides. And each twitch his cock was making in her. She was cumming, too. And yelling. They were both now yelling. Like crazy people. Sex mad crazy people.

Finally, he collapsed onto her back, his cock slowly shrinking inside her, the dildo still in her ass. His sweat poured onto her back and neck. She shuddered beneath him as a last surprise orgasm snuck up on her.

Tag removed himself from her and stood up. Wanda just laid there, too weak to move. He slowly and gently removed the dildo from her anus, hearing her moan as he did. Impulsively, he bent over and placed his mouth on the little puckered anus and tongued it a bit. She moaned again. He did this for a few minutes and then she shifted, signalling she wanted to join the world of the erect standing people once more.

"Oh, Taggy, that was beyond delicious!" She put both hands on his arms and turned him around so his back faced her. "Before I lose my nerve, Taggy, I want to, ahem, reciprocate." Then, without a further word, she spread his ass cheeks and took the plunge. His anus surprised her. It didn't smell stinky or even close to it. It had a musky, manly odor. Hell, she thought, this ain't so bad.

She worked him for a few minutes, and then he spun around.

"That's enough, Wand, we'll save some for later. OK?" Then, feeling she might think he was rebuffing her, he kissed her. A long kiss. One that said all that was needed to be said.

"You know, Tag, I wonder what's next for me? Threesomes? Groups? Gangbangs? Dogs? Christ, Taggy, you've turned me into a wanton cum slut!" She grinned at him. "What time's the next orgy?"

"You left out horses, Wand! They have really big peckers! Fat around as Coke bottles, too!"

"Really? Wanna go riding sometime soon?" He laughed.

"Shit, woman, you get fucked by one of those horse cocks, I'd never see you again!" Now she laughed.

"Well, Taggy, what if I just do some big, black guy with a mere twelve inches and no bigger around than my wrist?"

"I'd still never see you again!" They both laughed.

"Now, Tag, Darling, shall we hit the hay?" She took his hand and led him into her bedroom. The bedroom all in black. Black walls, ceiling, and floor, Black bed, comforter, and sheets. Black lamps. Black throw rugs. Black this. Black that. Fuck, Tag mused, the only fucking thing not black in here is us!

"Geez, Wanda," he swept a hand around the all black room. "Where the fuck were you when the rainbow was invented?" Wanda giggled.

"Black, dear boy, is magical!"

One thing was for sure, Taggart Oliver Bonewell felt anything but magical just being in this black hole of Calcutta. But an amusing thought ran through his mind: I think I'll buy Wanda a box of black Trojans as a thank you gift. They'd fit right in with this pagan decor . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

THE WEEK FLEW BY. On Monday, Tag reported for work as the new house dick at the Wellington Hotel. He now stood on the sidewalk across the street from the place and took a deep breath.

He looked at the hotel's facade. It looked old world mixed with new world renovations. Four large, ornate concrete columns, two on each side, flanked the main entrance's large glass doors. A uniformed doorman stood on a blood red V.I.P carpet that looked as if it was embedded in black marble. The carpet and the marble went all the way out to the curb.

Tag looked up toward the top of the twelve story high building. He saw what looked like many gargoyles strung out across the roof's edge. Gargoyles? He thought, Why? Who can even see them way up there? Insanity! Total fucking insanity. He looked back at the entrance and crossed the street toward the doorman. Here we go, he thought . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

TAGGART OLIVER BONEWELL reported for his new job as house dick of the Wellington Hotel, not only on time, but an hour early. He wasn't due to log in until 11:30 a.m. and it was now only 10:25.

As he stood in the hotel lobby, his immediate overall impression was one of old money with distinct overtones of new money. Rich folk live here, Tag thought, make no mistake. Ostentatious and gaudy rich folk, judging from all the fake gold trim and the fake marble this and faux marble that. Assuming it was all fake, that is. If not, fuck it then, it's worth a fortune.

As he strolled through the lobby, he had the impression that it was all put together by an insane interior designer, who not only knew the first Queen Elizabeth personally, he had amplified her idea of what the word ornate meant. Many gold cherubs, their little gold wings frozen in time, sat on white, or sometimes black, marble topped tables.

To Tag, the silly looking angels seemed to have no purpose other than to occupy space and to jar one's sensibilities. He had a burning desire to knock the head off of one particularly annoying looking little angelic bastard. The ugly thing stood on its black marble base on one foot, its arms outstretched as if saying, "Fair catch! I got it! It's mine!" It had a shit-eating grin on its puss. As he passed by it, he whispered, "Next time, you widdle fucker! Say bye-bye to your widdle yellow head!" He smiled as he passed by it. He hoped it had heard the threat.

The lobby had all the usual city-within-a-city amenities that most hotels offer out of necessity. A florist. Hair salon. Gift shop. Tailor. You get the idea. Oh, and a bar and cafe called *The Den*.

Tag decided to check this place out a little more firsthand. As he headed toward the bar/cafe, Tag played a little mind game that he usually played. I will not, he thought, think of anything with the word Den in it. No Den of Iniquity. No Den of Thieves. Or Daniel in the lion's Den. Then he said aloud, in a melodic sing-song fashion, "Den, Den, Den, Den . . . Den." He was now Den free! At least in his mind.

He entered and found himself in a place that had no idea that lights had been invented. The lighting was so low, he had to take a few minutes to allow his eyes to adjust. His first visual scene was of some old guy in a booth feeling up a young woman. His niece, mused Tag. Naughty, naughty, you old fuck. He made his way to the long bar and sat at the short end.

Where he was seated gave him a perfect view of the odd couple. She now had a hand on his crotch and was moving it back and forth. Hmm, Tag thought, the idle rich sure know how to be idle.

With the idea of not overdoing the booze firmly planted in his mind, especially on his first day, he ordered a Scotch on the rocks, splash of soda, twist of lemon.

Tag had just taken a second sip when a woman, at least it appeared to be a woman in the low light, sat down beside him.

She whispered, "I've been following you, Mr. Bonewell!" The way she had said it made the hair on his neck stand up. The voice was sexy, but it had an undercoating of being threatening, with a trace of menace in it. But Tag didn't feel too alarmed. Strange women had followed him many times before. Most, however, didn't know his name.

He turned to face her. She looked harmless enough to him. Fortyish. Attractively packaged. Nice threads. A tight-fitting beige colored knit dress that displayed her shape beautifully. Nice titties, too, he noticed. A glance downward told him the legs weren't too shabby, either. But, he mused, it could be the lighting. He squinted at her and took another go around. Nope, it wasn't the lighting. She was a dish.

"You have?" he said. "Why would you want to tail little old me?" He was being playful. But if she reached into her purse, she'd bring her hand out missing an arm. Which would make rubbing her broken jaw awfully tough to do. Instead, however, she reached for his drink and took a big sip. He allowed her to keep the arm.

"Ugh!" she said. "Scotch! Almost as bad as Bourbon!" She licked her lips and smiled at him. "Tell me, Mr. Bonewell, where have all the nice Sherry and Brandy drinkers gone?" She giggled, a light giggle, and very feminine sounding. He took the hint, if it was a hint.

"How about I buy you a nice Sherry. Or, if you prefer, a nice Brandy. OK?" Might as well be nice. You never know. Might lead to getting lucky. It had before. Or, he knew, she could be someone important in this hotel.

"That would be nice. Tell Paul." she aimed a thumb at the bartender, "to mix up Mrs. Merganthal's usual. He'll know what to do. Then we can get on a nice first name basis, if that's all right with you." It was. He felt nice all over.

He gave Paul the instructions and when her drink arrived, which looked like a plain old whiskey sour to him, he toasted to "New friendships." They clinked their glasses together.

She took a sip and said, "I'm Mrs. Merganthal, Mr. Bonewell, that's Mrs. and not that awful sounding Ms. How do you do?" She put out a hand. Tag shook it and said, "Fine, Mrs. Merganthal, and I'm please to meet you, too, but what happened to your first name idea? I kinda liked that one." He smiled at her and took a sip, peering at her over the glass. She smiled back at him.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. I have, you see, a wee bit of trouble with my short term memory these days, but that's a long, boring story. My real first name is Henrietta, but I hate that name so much that if you ever call me by it, I swear I shall cut both your nuts clean off." She smiled, baring her teeth. "Most folks just call me Mergie." Tag sensed there wasn't too many things old fashioned about Mergie. Cut both my nuts off, indeed!

"Mergie it will be then, Mergie. And be assured, I won't call you Hen . . . you know, that other name you hate like hell." He grabbed his crotch and shammed great pain. "For I've grown accustomed to the little fellas and I'd be real heart broken if we should ever part company." She laughed. "And you, Mergie, can call me Tag. Or Taggart. Or any other fucking thing you can dream up. I answer to them all. I'm shameless that way." He grinned at her. He'd purposely used the word fucking to test her reaction to it. There was none. Mergie took it in stride. My kind of gal, thought Tag. He saw potential.

Mergie took a sip and said, "Did you know, Tag, that there are nineteen places on a woman's body that can be easily aroused, even by the mere use of the word fuck?" Now she peeked at him over her glass as she took another small sip. She was grinning. He leaned toward her and whispered conspiratorially:

"Really, Mergie. I didn't fucking know that." He liked the drift to this little chat. "I guess I stopped my fucking education soon after I fucking figured out where the fuck the fucking G Spot was and where it was fucking located on a fucking woman's body. Capish?" She laughed and almost spilled her drink.

"Damn you, Tag, you've lit up at least fifteen of the darling secret places already!" She might have been blushing, but it was still too dark for Tag to tell.

"Only fifteen? Let's go for the last four, shall we, Mergie, old gal? *Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!*" He had put extra emphasis on each eff. He took a sip and looked straight into her eyes.

"Oooh." She said. "Nice, but I think two of them went astray. Do it again, will you?" Oh, yeah, he definitely liked where it was going.

"*Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!* How's that?" He heard her let out a little moan. This conversation was beginning to really get to him. His crotch area told him that much. He and Mergie were fast becoming good friends. Very good friends. But anything further would have to wait for later, for she stood up, peeked at her watch, and said:

"Time's tight now, Tag. For both of us. You've got to go see our dear Mr. Smoot and I have a few errands to run. But I assure you, we'll get together later. I'm to be your personal hotel guide, Tag, as you'll soon hear from old Smootie." She polished off the dregs in her glass. "It's been real fun, Taggy, Darling, but I've gotta run." She gathered up her purse and made ready to leave. He reached out and placed his hand gently on her arm, lightly squeezing it.

"Same here, Mergie, real fun. And when we get together later, don't forget to bring your nineteen spark plugs. OK?" He was testing the future water.

"Bring 'em? Hell, Tag, treat me real nice and I'll show 'em to you! One by one and up close and personal like. That is, if you'd like a lesson that goes beyond the G Spot." Lesson? Hell, Tag just lived for lessons. Especially when the teacher looked like Mergie.

She leaned over and kissed him full on the lips, leaving no doubt about the future water. It was a really quick kiss. Her tongue did a one-time dip into his mouth, pulled out, and went bye-bye along with its owner.

As Tag stood there watching her walk away in the dimly lit room, he felt his crotch signal that he had better get some proper perspective before his meeting with Mr. Smoot. How would it look, he thought, to be picked up on suspicion of stealing a salami from the hotel deli and hiding it in my trousers? Old Smootie might get a tad pissed.

But he knew he had just enough time to at least get a good gander at her backside as she stepped into the bright lighting of the lobby. He wasn't disappointed, either. Nice ass. Wide and firm looking. And it looked fantastic in the beige colored knit dress that did its best, but failed, to hide the well-rounded twin globes. If anything, it amplified the double beauties. Then, Mergie was gone. Tag paid Paul and went out into the lobby in search of Smoot's office.

A glance at his watch told him he still had twenty minutes before Smoot time. He decided to check out the florist shop. He sauntered in and saw a woman behind the counter. An attractive woman, who seemed about to say something. He beat her to the punch by saying, "Hi there, I'm Tag Bonewell, the new hotel house dick. I'm not buying, not yet, just acquainting myself with the lay

of the land, so to speak. How are you?" She smiled at him and let him see her nice, even teeth. He also liked the looks of her nice, full lips.

"Oh, hello Mr. Bonewell. I heard you were coming. I'm Cheryl Wade. Most just call me Cherry. Welcome aboard the Wellington." She put out a hand. Cherry? Hmm, he thought, my first? He decided to throw out a little test in that direction. Just to see if she was a prude or a player. He shook her hand and held onto it..

"Thanks, Cherry. But please call me Tag. And I must say, you've got super hearing!" He waited, still holding her hand.

"I do, Tag? What told you that?" Here it comes.

"You said you heard I was *cumming!*" He had emphasized the cumming part. He looked at her, waiting. It was a stale old line, but still fun to spring now and then. True, it bordered on sexual harassment, but you only live once.

Cherry was quick-witted and no prude. She squeezed his hand and said, "Are you usually so noisy when you *come*? I know I am!" She had stressed the word come and squeezed his hand again. Tag like this so far.

"I can be downright cacophonous, Cherry. Perhaps we should compare decibel levels sometime. That could be fun, you think?" Now he squeezed her hand. She gave one more tiny reciprocal squeeze, extracted her hand and said, "Yes. We can call it our . . . coming out party!" She laughed. A girlish laugh. He liked her laugh. He'd love to hear it in bed sometime soon. He felt he would.

"Well, Cherry, I hate to leave, but I have a date with Mr. Smoot and I don't want to have to tell him I was late because I took the time to plan a . . . coming out party." He grinned at her. "He might want an invite." She laughed.

"Smootie? I don't think so, Tag, he doesn't like noise of any kind." Tag laughed. They said their goodbyes and Tag headed for his meeting with his new boss, the noise hating Mr. Smoot.

Less than ten minutes later, Tag was seated across the desk from Mr. Smoot. Or, as the nameplate on his black marble-topped desk announced in gold letters on a black marble background (surprise!) Mr. Raymond Q. Smoot, Executive Manager. Smoot was on the phone and was just winding down a conversation.

Q? mused Tag. Quigly? Quentin? Quiff? Quiff? That means pussy in some parts of the country. Smoot did fit that description a tad. He was a small guy and decidedly feminine in his mannerisms. He held the phone with his pinky sticking out into space. The way dainty rich ladies coddled a drink. Smoot ended his call.

Tag was told by Mr. Raymond (Quiff) Smoot, that he, Mr. Taggart O. Bonewell, could take the rest of the week to orient himself to the hotel. The dick he was replacing, Mr. Ivan Shakely, was finishing out the week.

"Call me Tag, Mr. Smoot." He liked things friendly and amiable.

"Fine then, Tag it is, and you can call me Mr. Smoot, Tag?" Shit, thought Tag, one of those! Well, fuck it! I've all ready sold my soul to the devil, so why not the rest of me? I want to be a team hooker, don't I?

"Fine then, Smoot it is." He had purposely left out the Mister, but had smiled warmly at the man. Smoot frowned and ran a hand through his hair. Tag noticed the man's entire head of hair had shifted slightly. Not a lot, but enough to tell Tag the man wore a toupee. A rug. But a damned good rug, thought Tag. He tickled himself with the musing of why wasn't it made out of faux gold? Or black marble?

"I'll make sure," Smoot said, "that old Ivan makes time to fill you in during the rest of the week on the small details you'll need to operate. You know, computer passwords, entry cards, the usual stuff. He'll also tell you how to have a firearm assigned to you. Any firearm of your choosing, Tag. You name it, we have it. Glock? Baretta? .38? But no need to choose now. Wait for Ivan. Now, so far, I haven't told you anything you can't handle, I assume."

"No problem, Mr. Smoot." The phone rang and as Smoot picked it up, Tag reflected. He had a personal penchant for the 9mm Glock. The Baretta lacked stopping power and the .38 had too few shots for his liking. But let's hope, he thought, I never have to use it.

In his six years on the police force he'd had to use it just once. Much to the chagrin of a now departed drug dealer. Why the fool couldn't see he was in a hopeless situation and should have simply surrendered, Tag could only guess at, but when the guy went for his gun, well, it was hasta la vista, baby time. Smoot was back.

"Now in the meantime, Tag, why don't you just absorb yourself in the hotel. See the sights, so to speak. I think you'll like your apartment suite, which is by the way, Suite 901, on the ninth floor. It has a breathtaking view of the city, the park and the lake." He handed Tag a room entry card with 901 in large block type printed on it. "Later, I'll also introduce you to Mrs. Henrietta Mergenthal. She'll be, so to say, your guide to all of the hotel's little ins and outs." Smoot then put on a very serious look.

"Mrs. Mergenthal is an attractive woman, Tag, very attractive, but don't get any funny ideas. She's not up for grabs, in case your mind thinks in that direction, which I hope it does not. Got that?" Tag smiled and nodded. Twice. Smoot went on.

"Good. But, to fill you in on her a tad more, she doesn't work for the hotel. She's a paying guest who resides here. Lives in one of the penthouse apartments up on the eleventh floor. Has more money than Croesus ever dreamed of, but don't get any funny ideas in that department, either. OK?" Tag nodded twice again. Shit, he thought, if I nod any more times, I'll feel like a fucking bobble-head doll!

Smoot continued. "She's also a personal friend, *a very personal friend*, of Mr. David Cunningham's, the owner, so tread lightly, young man. Cunningham took her under his wing, so to speak, after her poor husband, Cyrus, passed on. She volunteers her services around the hotel to, I assume, keep herself busy. And, because she's been here over twenty years now, even before the big renovation, no one knows more about what's what in this place than she does. I think you'll find her an invaluable ally. So, Tag, try to stay on her good side. OK?" The bobble-head doll did its nodding job once more. Smoot went on.

"Well, Tag, I believe I've covered most things. For now. You take the rest of the week and just enjoy yourself. If you have any questions, feel free to come to me or to Ivan. Welcome to the Wellington staff, Tag." He reached across the desk and offered a hand. Tag shook it and said, "Thank you, Mr. Smoot. I

believe I'll like working here." He really believed he would.

Back in the lobby, he took out his cell phone and called Lucy. She answered on the first ring. Poor darling, he thought, pining away for me by the phone. "Hi, Luce, guess who the fuck this is?"

"Don't tell me! I know! It's Mr. Boneher-and-talk-dirty-on-the-phoner! Alias my boss. Alias my favorite house dick! How's the first day going, Taggy-poo?" He laughed. That Lucy! He could always count on her to brighten up his day.

"Terrific! Fantastic! What else can I say? It's been . . . "

"Uh oh, you've met a new cunt, haven't you, Taggy-poo-poo?"

"Damn, Lucy, you should be the detective, not me. You're good, girl! What gave it away? My not too frequent display of exuberance?" He laughed.

"The word fantastic, Taggynuts. You're the only man on the planet who spells it cee you en tee!" She laughed. "What's she like and when's our first ménage à trois?" She made heavy breathing noises, sounding very much the pervert.

"Well, Luce, her name is Mergie and she may be twice your age, but she's still got it, if you get my drift. And . . . "

"Still got it? By your standards, Taggy, that means she has a pulse! Or have you gone necrophilous on me?" She giggled girlishly. She was having fun.

"Me? Fuck a corpse? Never again! Besides, she drinks whiskey sours. I'd like to see a dead body pull that little trick off. And she has this dainty way of sipping and farting at the same time. And you should see how nicely she makes funny noises with her armpits." Tag was on a roll now. Lucy was laughing and trying to listen at the same time. "Not to mention how delicately her pussy can pick up a quarter off the piano, even lying flat. The quarter, that is, not her pussy. Or the piano."

"Sounds like your kind of girl. Mine, too. Have you Tagged her yet?" He knew what she meant by the word Tagged. "Not yet, old gal, but it looks like it'll happen before the day's out."

"You're slowing down, Taggela, in your mid-life crisis. When do I get to meet her? Tomorrow? That is, if the poor thing can still walk!" She laughed.

"Not tomorrow, hon. Nor anytime during the whole week. Which is one of the reasons I called. I won't have my own office until next Monday. Old Ivan, whom I'm to replace, won't be cleared out until Friday. So, you have the rest of the week off, with pay. OK?"

"Sure, Tag. No prob. I have a ton of things I can do to keep me from going stir crazy. Like picking up a gang of winos and teaching them what a real woman can do with a crowd of wine-soaked perennials. They seem to like screwing a sober woman for a change. Kills the monotony drinking brings." She giggled.

"I never know when you're kidding, Lu. But then again, you do like red wine! It goes so well with fetid wino breath à la king."

"Listen, Tag. What about your suite? Can't I at least see that? It would keep a few winos off of me for a while."

"Good idea. Let me see how the afternoon goes and I'll call you. And Luce? I hate to say this, but could you dress, uh, well, a little bit more . . . uh . . . well . . . demurely? This place is run by a stiff-assed, anal retentive type guy and, well, you know. I don't . . . "

"Stop squirming, Taggy. I take no offense at your asshole manly insensitivity. I know I dress like a slut at times, well, most times, but I also have many very lady-like office duds. It'll be fun dressing up and surprising you. I guarantee, Tag, you sweet, perverted hypocrite, you won't recognize me."

"Luce, you know how it is. Play the game and all." He hoped she did.

"Taggy, Taggy, Taggy! Will you relax, for Christ's sake? It's no big deal, really. How do you think I dressed before I went to work at your dumpy little place? If you remember my resume, which you would if your eyes hadn't been glued to my boobies, I worked for a law firm. Talk about strait-laced! They had a pamphlet that outlined their dress code that had to be twenty pages long. And each salient point mentioned man-tailored suits. No skirts, mini or otherwise." She took a breath. "So, don't worry, fella, from here on out, I'm Ms. Lucy Fern, executive secretary to Mr. Boneher-with-a-dry-hump, the biggest dick in the hotel biz. OK?"

Tag laughed and said, "OK, Luce. Ha ha! I'll call you later." They said their goodbyes and hung up. He loved Lucy.

\* \* \* \* \*

TAG went up to the front desk and asked for Mr. Ivan Shakely's suite number. Old Ivan also had a ninth floor office/apartment, suite 915. A quick elevator ride and Tag found himself in front of old Ivan's door. He knocked gently a few times and, out of instinct, tried the doorknob. To his surprise, it opened. Some security, he thought. Shakely must be the trusting type.

He went in and heard murmurings coming from an inner office room. His experience told him that someone was having sex. He tiptoed up to the open door and stole a peek in. Yep, sex it was, and that someone must be old Ivan, a man who looked well into his sixties. Shiny wrinkled ass and all.

Ivan was standing against a desk, his trousers and shorts down around his ankles, and his firm, 7" large-headed pecker was being sucked off vigorously by a woman in a tight-fitting, beige colored knit dress. A very Mergie-like knit dress. What clinched the I.D. was her purse. Same one. No two ways about, old Mergie was doing old Ivan and, from what Tag could see, doing a fine job of it, too. What a hotel! What a job! What a life! He liked it all. And a free car to boot!

Tag started to back up, again in tippy-toe fashion, to keep the couple's privacy, but then had a better idea. Shock value! He walked, no, strode, right into Ivan's office and said, "Oops! Pardon me. I knocked, but I guess you didn't hear me come in." Tag just stood there awaiting their reactions.

Ivan jumped back as if he'd been scalded, and said, "Who the fuck . . .?"

Mrs. Henrietta Mergenthal simply stood up and said, "Oh, hi, Tag. We meet again!" She didn't even blush. Tag liked that fact. His kind of woman.

Tag said, "Listen you two, if I've come at a bad time . . . !" That Tag! A clown to the end.

Ivan, more composed now, pulled up his clothing and zipped himself up. He was blushing so much his face looked like a beet. He tried to say something, but only sputtered. Mergie took over.

"Ivan, get a grip, willya! So Tag caught us in an oral act. So what? This is your last week for Christ's sake!" She turned to Tag. "Tell him to lighten up, Tag. Tell him that if he does lighten up, I'll finish what I started and you're welcome to watch." Old Ivan's eyes were popped out. He was speechless. Floored by it all.

Tag said, "If I were you, Ivan, I'd listen to the lady. And if you're shy about me watching, just close your fucking eyes! OK?" He thought he handled that pretty tactfully. He felt proud of himself.

Ivan surprised him by saying, "What the fuck! First *you* surprise me, then Mergie does. I thought my frigging heart had stopped! But, hey, I ain't shy, Buddy. If you'd be so kind as to lock the outer door, you can watch to your heart's content." He all ready had his pants and shorts back down to the floor and was massaging his cock back into its unnaturally woody state.

Tag was back in less than a minute. He took a seat and moved it closer to where the action would take place. Nothing like front row seats. Tag was liking his new job more and more. Mergie knelt down before old Ivan. Old Ivan looked nutty lecherous. So much so, his tongue was hanging out and he was breathing heavily.



**Ivan Shakely**

"Now, Mergie, old gal," Ivan said. "Show this snotnose whippersnapper what you can do! Eh?" He took his rigid penis and placed the newly-gorged head onto her bottom lip. Whether Mergie was inspired by having an audience or not, Tag didn't know, but one thing was for sure. Mergie sucked cock like a pro. She swirled and, twirled her tongue, and whirled her head. Her tongue flashed in and out, all along the shaft. She deep-throated old Ivan with the ease of one who has practiced a ton. Tag felt his boner talk to him.

In a giddy mood, Tag grinned and imagined his penis saying, "Let me out, you dumb fuck! I've been cooped up long enough. I've places to go, people to see. There are pussies, asses, and mouths to fill. Who's gonna do it, if not me?"

Then an idea hit Tag. "Hey, you two, would you mind if I had the fun of doing some cocksucking directing?" Ivan looked at him and said, "Why not? Knock yourself out." Mergie, her mouth still around cock, merely said, "Hmm hmm!" Tag started to remove his pants and shorts.

"Now, Mergie, I want you to suck his balls, both of them, until their

sopping wet. Use both your lips and tongue. OK?" She answered in the affirmative by placing her mouth on old Ivan's nutsack and slurping noisily away, taking each nut fully into her mouth. The sound she made had a profound effect on the two men.

Ivan moaned and said, "Fucking kid knows how to direct, Merg. That feels super, just fucking super. Ooooh, yes! That's great, woman."

"Now, Mergie," Tag said. "I want you to use the same wet tongue and lip action on his entire shaft. Get it sloppy, too. And don't hold or swallow your saliva. Just let it pour out. It's called, appropriately enough, a saliva suck." She complied, working up and down the shaft, her saliva bubbling out and dripping onto her chin and onto the rug. Old Ivan was in heaven.

"Now, Mergie dear," Tag said. "Let's suck on the head a few times and then deep-throat him. Again, letting your saliva flow freely." She followed the instructions carefully. Four up and downs on the swollen cockhead and then, swoosh, right down to his pubes. Tag said, "Keep doing that, Mergie. Work the head, then deep-throat. And don't forget to let your saliva flow."

As Mergie obeyed, her saliva was soon cascading down old Ivan's cock shaft and puddling up all around the base. The more she sucked, the more saliva popped out. It was river-like. It was some sight. And the sound of it would excite even a brass monkey.

Old Ivan just stood there, moaning and moaning, a glazed look on his face. Tag knew old Ivan was close to cumming. He was right. A minute or so later, Ivan yelled, unashamedly, "I'm going to cum, baby! Swallow me, baby! Now! Here I cum, baby. Oh, oh, oh. Oooooooooo fuck!" He unloaded both balls into Mergie's eager mouth. The two men heard her swallow audibly. Twice.

There was a silence for a moment and then Ivan broke it. "Shit, Tag, I haven't cum like that in years! Your being here and talking about it seemed to add a new dimension to it all. Damn, I liked that!" He licked his lips. Mergie was still on her knees as Ivan got dressed. "Thanks, Mergie!" Ivan said, looking down at her.

Mergie looked back up at Ivan and said, "Oh, you're welcome, Ivan, and you're right, you did cum more than your usual. Mmm mmm, delicious!"

Mergie, still kneeling, looked over at Tag. "You want to be next or do you only direct and not perform?" She giggled and ran her tongue seductively around her lips. Tag didn't have to be asked twice.

He rolled his tie and shirt up to nipple height and said, "How about removing your top, Mergie, I like to play with nipples while I'm being fellated." She hesitated. This small hesitation clue told Tag that the lady wore a girdle. She was trying to figure out how to get her top off, it being a one-piece knit suit and all, without revealing the fact. He gave her an assist.

"Here, let me help you, Mergie." He went behind her and undid the back buttons. He pulled the top down to her waste, unfastened her bra and removed it from her. He went back around to her front for a look-see. He liked what he saw.



**Mrs. Cyrus Merganthal**

Her breasts were not as firm as he imagined they once were, but they looked soft and very feminine. Each sported an oversized aerola and had cute, little pea-sized nipples that now stood out erectly. He reached for her and brought his face down to her left breast. He suckled its nipple a little, feeling the pea get even harder under his lips. He then kneaded both breasts, tweaking each pea into even greater hardness. Mergie moaned. She liked that. And it didn't take a Sherlock to figure that out, either.

Tag shot a glance at old Ivan. The guy was seated in a chair, the same chair Tag had used, and had his pants unzipped and his prick out. He was stroking it and had his tongue out, too. He looked depraved, but very happily depraved.

Tag sucked Mergie's nipples a bit longer, then stopped. He went to Ivan's desk and pushed things aside to make room for Mergie to lie down. He then told her to lie on her back on the desk with her head hanging over the edge. She complied without hesitation.

This position had the added effect of making each of Mergie's titties flatten out and point slightly to her sides. Tag positioned himself at her head, her mouth at the perfect height for his dick. He then pressed his 8" bloated hardon against her mouth. She immediately got the idea, opened her mouth and took him in. They both heard Ivan moan, but neither of them looked in his direction.

Tag slowly fed his long, thick cock into her mouth. Inch by inch it went in. Her throat, now beautifully aligned with his dick, had no trouble swallowing the large member. In a short while, Tag's balls were resting on Mergie's forehead and nose. He started a slow and very deliberate in and out fucking motion. Ivan was now moaning up a storm and pulling on his pecker gleefully.

As Tag mouth-fucker her, he kneaded both breasts and tweaked her nipples. Mergie was moaning now, too. Tag joined in on the moanfest. The room sounded as if a hive of bees had been let loose. "HMMMMMMMMMM!"

They both heard old Ivan say, "Oh, shit, that looks so fucking lewd, so fucking good! I'm gonna cum again! Holy fucking shit. Twice in one day! Ohhhhhhh, here I go!" The desk couple were also moaning at the same time.

Finally, Tag was ready for the blessed release and relief. He pulled his cock out just far enough to leave only the head in her mouth. With a loud moan, he unloaded, and unloaded, and fucking unloaded. The scene, Mergie, the idea of it all, and old Ivan being there, all conspired to make him hotter than usual.

The cum just poured out of him and dear, sweet Mergie received it all. All three tablespoons worth. All nine teaspoons. She managed to swallow most of it, but the awkward position of her throat made proper swallowing somewhat difficult. Tag's cum flowed down into her nose, onto her forehead, into her eyes. She was awash in this facial cum bath. And squirming and moaning to beat the band. Finally, it was over.

The next few minutes were hectic. Mergie had somewhere to go to and she was all ready running behind time. In a trice, she was gone, leaving two very satisfied and happy men alone in the house dick's office. Tag got dressed. Ivan was all ready dressed.

"Sorry about the carpet, Ivan." Tag said, half quipping.

"Fuck the carpet, Tag. That was some fucking hot scene. Man, it makes me sorta sorry I have to move to California. Bigger salary or no."

"Well, Ivan, you still have all week. Think she'll be up for some more?"

"Oh, yeah, for sure. And with that King Kong dick I saw on you, Bucko, she'll fairly insist on it!" He laughed. Tag followed suit and asked, "None of my business, Ivan, but just how long have you two been . . . uh . . . fooling around?"

"Shit, man, it's been years now. Even when that eunuch of a husband of hers, Cyrus, was kicking around and bitching. He was so fucking dumb I often wondered how he made so much money. And the bastard was fucking his daughter, too. Oops! That slipped out, Tag. Mergie doesn't know and I hope you don't tell her." Ivan looked very embarrassed.

"Don't worry, Ivan. I don't like to hurt people. Mum's the word. But how do you know for sure he was doing the daughter?"

"Caught the fucker! Red handed. They didn't see me, but I saw them. He had the girl in the back seat of his limo and shit, she wasn't no more than twelve at the time, and the car was parked where it shouldn't have been. Well, I went over to check it out and opened the driver's side door and there they were. He had his back to me and was between her legs fucking her into the seat, his naked, sweaty ass glistening in the dome light. I'll never forget the picture. She would have seen me if her head hadn't been buried on the other side of his face. Well, I slammed the car door shut and high-tailed it the hell out of there."

"No cops?"

"You crazy? Cy Mergenthal's money would have buried me for sure, if he didn't just go out and hire someone to do the burying for him, if you get my meaning." Old Ivan had a scared look on his face. Tag himself would have reported the fucker, but he understood Ivan's position.

"I get you. Where's the kid now?"

"Killed herself . . . on sleeping pills. Right in her Daddy's very own bed. She was seventeen or so, I think. I guess she was trying to send him a message. Must have worked, too, because Cy changed real drastically after that. Took to drinking hard. Didn't eat. Died not much later, in fact. Good riddance to bad rubbish, I always say."

"Amen to that, Ivan. You think Mergie ever knew or suspected?"

"No I don't. Mergie, bless her sweet heart, walks through this world with blinders on while looking through a pair of rose-colored glasses. Losing a daughter and husband in the same year might have affected some folks, but she just sailed right through it. I guess you could say she's a dyed-in-the-wool fatalist. Whatever happens, happens and there's no good in crying about it. That's Mergie, for sure."

"Yeah," Tag said. "She seems like a very special kind of woman. Well, Ivan, shall we get down to the business of you filling me in and getting me a decent Glock?" Ivan just nodded. It was back to business. Hotel business.

\* \* \* \* \*

TAG had thought of going down the hall of the ninth floor and taking a peek at his new home, suite 901, but he had a better idea. He'd see it the first time with Lucy. They would share the magical moment, so to speak. That Tag. Who says he's not romantic? He called Lucy and told her he'd meet her in the lobby as soon as she got there.

Twenty minutes later, Tag was, with Lucy beside him, entry-carding the door to suite 901. He swung the door wide and turned to Lucy. Before she knew what hit her, he had scooped her up in his arms and carried her across the threshold. He thought he heard her swoon as he deposited her a few feet inside the door.

As she steadied herself, she said, "That was fun, Daddy, can we do it again?" He laughed.

"Yeah, kid, but only if you carry me this time. OK?" She winced at him.

"Yeah, right, big fella, and who's gonna pay my hospital bill?"

"Well, Luce," Tag said as he looked around. He didn't like what he saw. Gold gilt everywhere and black and white marble everywhere else. And three of those fucking gold cherubs. "Whadya think of my new place? Kinda chintzy, eh what?"

"No, Tag," Lucy replied. "It's nice. Very nice. High classy and all. Especially the little gold angels." Oh, fuck, thought Tag. It's all uphill from here on. Lucy continued. "And all that wonderful marble, Tag. I'll bet that marble cost a pretty penny, too." She looked entranced. He looked ill. And felt ill.

They took the Cook's tour of the place, Lucy oohing and aahing as if it was the first time she had ever seen gold, white, and black used so cleverly in the company of gold-faced cherubs.

Lucy pointed a finger toward one of the angels. "Oooh, Tag, my father has one just like that in his office. Same black marble base, too. Isn't it just precious?" He simply nodded, not wanting to bust her exuberance bubble.

"Aah!" Lucy said, running her fingers over a gold edged picture frame. "This is real gold, Tag, not faux gold. I'm impressed!" He wasn't. But he followed her around and made a point of not carping or complaining or even, for that matter, letting out a groan, even a small one. She led. He followed.

He heroically stood it for half an hour or more. But if he now heard one more, "Aah, Tag, look at this!" or an, "Ooh, Tag, look at that!" he knew he would use the 9mm Glock much earlier than he could ever have anticipated. He patted

the Glock, which nestled snugly in its shoulder holster on his left side. What jury of his peers would convict him after just one look at those fucking, gaudy, yellow faced little monsters? He mused to himself:

"Although the defendant, Taggart Oliver Bonewell, admits to shooting one Ms. Lucy Fern to death by emptying his 9mm Glock into her, hacking up her body into 72 absolutely equal parts, and then throwing them, one by one, out of the window of suite 901, we, a jury of his peers, find him not guilty by reason of circumstances beyond his control, or for that matter, beyond the control of any sensible human being with a modicum of good taste. So say we all!" All twelve jurors then stormed the prosecutor's table and proceeded to smash evidence exhibits A, B, and C, reducing them to gold cherub dust in mere minutes.

Lucy brought him back to reality, not realizing just how close she had come to being the recipient of the Glock's first slug by saying, "Oooh! Come in her and look at this, tag!" She was in the master bathroom. Tag headed in her direction, giving the Glock a warm and loving pat.

He found her at the sink, looking fondly at a pair of gold swan faucets. The twin swans had their wings spread wide as if about to fly off the sink and head south for the winter. The top of the sink was (need it be said?) black marble.

Taggart tapped one of the gold-plated swans and said, "They sort of go with the rest of the schmaltzy gold-gilt decor, don't you think? Gives new meaning to the word ostentatiousness, eh, Luce?"

Poor schnook, he was still trying to reach some point of human reason in her oohing and aahing brain. Fat chance, fella. Don't you know women are a sucker for anything gold? It's in their genes, or something. Would it surprise anyone to learn that Eve pestered Adam to dig for gold, melt it down when he found it, and hammer her out a wedding ring? Could have happened. Who knows? Were you there? Was anyone?

Lucy reached over and fondled the swan's twin, running her delicate fingers over the delicate neck. "I think they're rather nice, Tag. What would you prefer? Oh, I know! Matching gear shifts! With stainless-steel plating! Now, that's classy. I'll buy you pajamas with racing cars all over them." She laughed.

"Actually, I'd like that a lot better than these two ugly fake-gold swans. They look truly stupid, Luce, admit it."

"Now he hates swans! I love swans, Mr. Boneher-in-the-seedy-part-of-town. Their long, white necks remind me of long, white phallusi." She grinned at him while she stroked the swan's neck as if working a dick.

"Phallusi? What are you now? A freakin' scientist? And besides, Luce, old gal, I believe it is phalli, not phallusi." He laughed. "Or phalluses is OK, too, I believe." He looked superior and rather smug. But he felt seedy.

"Picky, picky, Mr. Boneher-with-wour-big-phallus-thingie. Perhaps I should have used the term, long, white penisi. Better?" Ho ho. Another chance for Mr. Seedy to act superior.

"Much. But it's penes or penises for the plural, Luce, not penisi." Silly point made. "But look at the clock!" The bullshit aside, it was time to get ready for their threesome tonight. Tag was looking forward to it. It had been a long time since Lucy's roommate, Brenda, had joined them for some wicked fun. And

Brenda said she wanted to bring this well-endowed black guy named Steve. Lucy, Tag thought, had never done black. He was eager to watch her facial expressions, among many other things.

\* \* \* \* \*

MONDAY rolled around right after Sunday, as is its habit. Tag was at his office desk and Lucy Fern, the all business-like Lucy Fern, was manning the outer office.

A while earlier, Lucy had really surprised Tag. She had shown up at the office in a grey, man-tailored suit, complete with a white blouse and a cutesy little black string tie. Black patent leather shoes were on her feet. With her hair put up in a bun and dyed, it appeared more strawberry than red. She also had on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses instead of her usual contact lenses. He hadn't even recognized her.

"May I help you, Ma'am?" He had actually asked her. After he got over the initial shock and they shared a good laugh, they settled down to business. Hotel business.

A while later, Lucy rang Tag on the intercom. "Mr. Bonewell, there's a Mrs. Cyrus Mergenthal on line three." Shit, thought Tag, Luce is sure into this business thing, down to her all business telephone voice. And no more Mr. Boneher-whatever. He missed that. He'd have to have a little chit-chat with Lucy. There were limits, after all.

But for now, two could play the all business voice game. "Thank you, Ms. Fern." He punched three on the phone and picked it up.

Mrs. Mergenthal, Mergie, wanted to know if he was free for a quickie. He was, and ten minutes later they were seated in her living room. They chatted about small crap and although Tag was eager to get to the fun part, he realized she desired a longer talk session. This was fine by him. What's the rush? She started out with an apology.

"I'm sorry, Tag, that we didn't have the opportunity to get together last week after our fun with Ivan, but I had to go out of town to a funeral. Old friend of mine passed on. Did you get my note?"

"Yes, love, I did. You have my condolences on your friend. I spent the week getting oriented to the hotel, not much to learn in the way of hard stuff, but I know I would have enjoyed it much more if you had been there to show me the ropes. In a word, Mergie, I missed you."

"I missed you too, Tag. Very much. I know we hardly know each other, but I'm a good judge of character and you and I seem to mesh well." Tag nodded. Then they small talked some more until Mergie said:

"My husband, Cyrus, Tag, lost interest in sex with me right after our darling daughter, Clarice, or Cee Cee, died. Took her own life, Tag, right there in Cy's bed." Tag looked quizzical so she attempted to answer the obvious question. "You see, Cy snored as if sawing redwoods, so we had separate bedrooms, as was the fashion in those days, you know." He didn't know. "Well, anyway, Clarice had taken a whole bottle of sleeping pills and it was Cy who found the poor girl. He was never quite the same after and died in the same bed a short time later." Tag remembered what old Ivan had told him.



Greta's husband was none other than Jake Stern, a mobbed up type who owned parts of casinos all over the world. He had passed the squeaky clean test for gambling licenses, but there were rumors all over the place about his ties to organized crime. And a few witnesses who had suddenly developed amnesia. Jake was one guy Tag didn't want to get to know, let alone get embroiled in something with him. Like Jake's wife, the luscious Greta.

That Greta had liked him, Tag had no doubts. Christ, he thought, she couldn't take her eyes off of my crotch long enough to look me in the eyes. He had almost jumped at her bait, before Ivan's filling him in on Jake, but instinct, or something, told him to play it aloof and cagier than usual. He was now glad he had. Once again, thank you inner voice.

He punched the button for line two. Greta sounded frantic, the words popping out of her in rapid order. It was hard to understand her at first, but then the message finally got through.

"Someone has killed my husband, Mr. Bonewell. I need your help. Please come up to my penthouse, suite 1219, on the twelfth floor. Please hurry, Mr. Bonewell. Please."

"Ms. Stern, if someone has murd . . . uh, killed your husband, you should really call the police. They should handle it. I'm just the house dick. Would you prefer I call them for you?" He didn't think so.

"No police, Mr. Bonewell, not yet. Please come up and hear me out. Then, if you like, we can call the cops. But please, hear me out first. OK?" Tag knew he should have insisted on getting the cops involved, but, as Ivan had drilled into him, our hotel guests come first, first even before the fucking Mayor himself. And the governor, too, when it comes down to it. With this in mind, Tag caved. He hoped he was doing the right thing. But Jake was dead and he'd still be dead later.

"OK, Ms. Stern, I'll be there as soon as I can." They hung up and he was in the Stern's living room in less than fifteen minutes. She didn't look too shook up, which surprised him. And at the same time, it didn't.

"Where is he, Ms. Stern?" He hoped he hadn't sounded too morbid.

"Who? Oh, he's in the bedroom closet. And, please, Mr. Bonewell, call me Greta. May I call you Tag, or do you prefer Taggart?" Christ, he thought, she's socializing! What's next? Tea and scones on the dead man's chest?

"Tag is fine, Greta. Now, where is . . . "

"He'll keep, Tag. What would you like to drink? You look like a Scotch and soda type of man. Am I correct?" Geezy, peezy! Rich folk are fucking nuts, Tag thought. Well, fuck it, I'll play her game. I know how to spell aplomb.

"Scotch on the rocks, splash of soda would be fine . . . Greta." The words sound too ordinary to him for this weird situation. He watched her carefully as she made their drinks. Not a tremble. Not a tear in either eye. It appeared that Greta Stern treated a murdered dead husband in her bedroom closet the same way she would a paper cut. Maybe even less than that if a bandaid was called for.

As she walked toward him with their drinks, he heard the ice clinking and the everyday sound seemed to make the situation even weirder. He took the

offered drink. She was in the mood to make a toast. Her glass was extended toward him.

"Here's to dead husbands, Tag! . . . Cheers." She held her glass out farther toward him for the expected clink. You're a pip, lady, he thought. But he could be cute, too.

"May they never come out of the closet!" He clinked her glass. "Bottoms up!" He took a sip. She grinned at him and took a sip of her own. The ice, as they say, was broken, but as they peered at each other over their glasses, the silence of the room seemed loud. Tag decided to fix that annoying thing.

"Now, Greta, before I get bombed on just one drink, may I take a look in the bedroom?" He didn't wait for an answer as he crossed the room toward the bedroom door. Over his shoulder he heard her say, "Be my guest, you party pooper." What a gal, he thought. Poor dear is just all choked up. New widowhood can do that to a gal.

He entered the bedroom and didn't even have to open the closet door. It was wide open all ready, as if someone had been searching for something to wear. Tag thought of Greta and the outfit she had on.

And there was the late Jake Stern. Sitting up, with both eyes wide open, and a neat, clean hole smackdab in the middle of his forehead. He also looked quite recently deceased, although a little dishevelled.

The red silk robe he had on had bunched up around his arm pits, probably from the fall, and his naked, flaccid dick and very hairy balls were just hanging down for any and all to steal a good gander at, if they had a mind to. Jake's legs jutted out of the closet, splayed out wide, and Tag noticed the man wore only one dark red slipper. The other was nowhere to be seen.

Tag took a few steps toward Jake and then jumped back and a foot off the ground. Jake's right eye had winked at Tag! It took Tag a few seconds to realize that it was a trick of the lighting coming from a dresser lamp to his right. He found if he moved his head around the eye would appear to open and close. An illusion. An illusion that probably took ten years off Tag's life.

He went closer to Jake and did a cursory exam. It looked like a professional hit job. Small caliber bullet, .22 short probably. It also looked like the kind of a job a woman, any woman, even a wife, might do. He knew one thing. A pro usually puts it in the back of the head, whereas a wife, well, you knows?

He heard Greta come in behind him. His ears, and instinct, told him she had stopped a few feet behind him and was just standing there, looking at his back. As the hairs on his neck stood out, he placed his right hand on the Glock's hand grip.

He didn't really think she was now enjoying killing and, after doing hubby so efficiently, she had invited him up for a second whack at all the fun simply because the closet was roomy enough for two. Or more. He stood up, pulled the Glock out, and turned, half expecting he'd have to open fire.

He needn't have worried. She was obviously unarmed. And unclothed. She just stood there, smiling, her drink in her hand, and as naked as naked can get. Tag felt mighty stupid pointing his Glock at a totally naked lady, so he holstered it. She took a sip from her drink. He let his eyes feast for a bit. If the situation gets any stranger, he thought, I'm gonna go ape.



**Ms. Greta Stern**

"See, Tag. Just as I told you, Jake's dead. Now, let's fuck, shall we?" Ape time had just arrived!

"Huh?" He wasn't sure he had heard her correctly. But he knew he had.

"I want you to fuck me, Tag. Right on my bed and right in front of that bastard Jake." She tossed a thumb at the closet. "That prick, lord knows, cheated on me enough times. I, believe it or not, never cheated on him. Not even once. And, believe me, Tag, I had plenty of offers." Tag didn't doubt that one bit. "So, Tag, fuck me, please. And let's have Jake watch. It'll be fun! I promise." She moved toward him, her breasts swaying seductively. Her arms outstretched.

"This is too crazy, Greta. And fucking downright ghoulish. And . . ." She was near enough now for him to smell her light, delicate perfume. Close enough to sense her body heat. Her arms were headed toward his shoulders.

And, though he hated himself for it, her weird idea coupled with her absolutely beautiful body, had aroused him. She didn't miss that fact, either. She changed the course of her right hand, reached down and pressed it onto his bulge. And squeezed. Twice for emphasis. Her left hand was around his neck.

"Ghoulish, smoulish, Tag. Jake's dead, for Christ's sake. He ain't gonna object! And I know that bump in your pants ain't your gun. I saw you put that away. Didn't I?" She squeezed him again. He decided to get cute.

"You know, Greta, I normally decline sexual invitations from delicious looking naked women who have a fresh husbandly corpse in their closet, but in your case, my dear, I just might make an exception."

He pulled her toward him and kissed her, full on the mouth, tongues aroar. Man, he thought, what a mouth! She kissed him back with a passion he sensed was long denied her by the rough-ass Jake. Still kissing her, he opened one eye and stole a peek at the closet. Jake was watching with glazed over eyes. Enjoy yourself, Jake, Tag thought.

They kissed a second time and he then undressed. The two of them, both naked now, and still standing less than six feet from Jake's dead eyes, kissed a third time. It was heaven for them both, but not much fun for old Jake, it is to be assumed.

Greta dropped to her knees and placed her right hand on the base of his cock. She looked up at him. "Your big, Tag, nice and big. I like big. Always have." She put her mouth on the head of his cock and moved down on it. Tag winced. Her teeth felt way too sharp for his general comfort. He placed a hand

on her chin and tilted her face up toward him.

"Open your mouth wider, Darling, and use less teeth. OK?" She nodded and placed her mouth back on his pulsing penis. This time, she felt a little better to him, but he was still aware of her teeth. Then, all of a sudden, she jumped a foot in the air, her teeth raking him painfully. She screamed out, "Ooooooooh, no!"

"What is it?" He hollered at her. Had she lost a tooth? A filling?

"Jake! He winked at me! He's still alive!" She was trembling now. It took a bit of explaining and persuading to convince her it was just a trick of light and that Jake, the bastard, was not winking at anyone, and wouldn't for the rest of eternity.

"Greta, why don't I close the closet door if it bothers you so much?"

"No, Tag. I want him to watch. I want him to see me suck you off and fuck you silly. I'm all right now, really I am." She knelt before him once more. Calmed somewhat, she went back to the task at hand. Tag winced again. Then once more.

Greta tried her best to suck Tag's cock really well, but she was no Lucy Fern. Or even a Mergie. Far from it. Her mouth was too small and her teeth way too sharp. They were cutting into him now. Both going and coming.

Tag said gently, "Less teeth, dear." She tried her best, but it was a losing proposition. Shit, he thought, I'd better fuck her before my dick feels like its gone through a paper shredder!" He winced at the thought. He'd had enough.

Helping her up from her kneeling position, he picked her up bodily and placed her gently in the center of the big king-size bed. Her legs spread wide as she landed, her pussy fully on display. He joined her on the bed and placed his head between her legs and proceeded to eat her out. She moaned in response to his first small, tentative lick. He worked her this way for a while. Then he crawled between her legs and placed his penis at the entrance to her moist, very ready pussy.

He fucked her gently at first, then quite quickly, and then quite violently as if she were a rag doll. He bucked and pumped and pistoned in and out of her. She was getting wilder and wilder with each stroking action. Her legs would fly out to the sides and then wrap themselves around his back, his ass, his legs. Her hands were clawing at his back, her teeth nibbling and biting on his neck and shoulders. The same sharp teeth she used for dick shredding. It hurt like hell, but Tag didn't care. He was beyond mere pain.

That she had come, he had no doubts. It was now his turn. He gave one last series of hard, deep fucks to her hot, wet pussy and then exploded within her. As he spurted and pulsated deep within, he felt her cunt muscles flexing and chewing on him, urging him on. He collapsed onto her and buried his face into her delicate neck. She moaned and said, "I love you." He knew she didn't mean it for real, so he said back, "I love you, too." For the moment, they had both meant it.

He crawled off of her and nestled beside her, taking her into his arms. They both looked over at Jake at the same time. Jake's dead eyes were looking right at them. If he had been turned on by what he saw happen, you'd never know it. His cock was still flaccid. Tag had a silly idea pop into his head.

"Greta, Jake's not enjoying our little sex show. Why don't you get up and go suck on his little prick a bit and give him a treat?" He was joking, but she surprised him by escaping his arms, leaving the bed, and rushing over to Jake.

"Greta, I was only . . . "

As she kneeled down between Jake's hairy outstretched legs and took the very dead penis in her hands, wobbling it around, Tag said, "Greta! You're crazy! You wouldn't . . . " She would. Tag watched as she engulfed the corpse's prick with her mouth and proceeded to suck on it. She did this for a time and then stood up.

"No use, Tag, he's impotent! Just like when he was alive!" She joined Tag in the bed once more. He looked shell-shocked, but he could still play cutesy.

"Think Viagra would help?" he asked. Then she got cutesy.

"Tag, Jake was such a prick that if he took Viagra he'd only get taller!" Tag laughed and squeezed her to him. He spoke softly to her.

"Well, this is a new one for me. My first ménage à trois with a corpse. And the cops will probably arrest you for tampering with the evidence by leaving your DNA all over Jake's schlong." He squeezed her again after she had giggled

"Plead insanity, hon. Tell them you thought he was stiff for the first time in years and you didn't want to miss out, dead or no. They'll go easy on you when you explain all about the winking eye. How it winked and winked while we were fucking up a storm right in front of him. I'll back your story. I'll tell how you cried and cried everytime you came. Poor new widow, I'll tell them, couldn't stop yelling until I shoved my cock in her mouth. They'll understand, being cops and all."

She shivered. "I'm not in any real trouble, am I, Tag?" Perhaps, he thought, my attempt at gallows humor went a tad too far.

"No, angel. If you didn't end his misery for him, you have nothing to worry about. Just don't tell the cops a thing. Lawyer up and let him do the talking for you. Sure, the cops will suspect you at first, that's only normal, but in time it won't mean crap. Of course, I'd appreciate your not mentioning our little romp in the hay to anyone, including the mouthpiece. OK?" He felt her nod.

They showered together, made more drinks, and Tag called the police. All they had left to do now was get quickly dressed and wait. Tag broke the silence.

"Did you kill him, Greta? Because if you did, you'll probably get caught and I won't be able to do a thing to help you."

"No, Tag, I didn't, but thanks for asking. Jake had a thousand people who had more reasons to want him gone than I have. Eventually, we'll probably learn who really did it, but for now, fuck Jake! And tell me the truth, Tag, were you as turned on as I was knowing Jake was in the closet?" She laughed.

"I hate to admit it, but I did. It was sort of like one of those threesomes in which the husband only wants to watch and be cuckolded at the same time. Only this time, the guy wasn't paying too much attention! Aside from the winks." They both laughed.

Then Greta thought of something deliriously silly. "Tag, what if the winks Jake gave to us weren't just a trick of the light? Huh?" She grinned at him and took a sip.

Tag winked at her. "We can only hope!" She laughed, long and hearty.

Well, the cops came, the body was removed, and before you could say cuckolded winking hubby, Tag was back in his office. With a horny, all business-like Ms. Lucy Fern. She locked the door behind him and, well, you know, they did the nasty. Twice.

A few days later, Tag read in the papers that the murder of Jake Stern had been solved. The killer was an amateur named Wilson Q. Wilson, one of Jake's many accountants. Q? Another Quiff? He would have shared it with Lucy, but it was her day off.

Seems the guy was pilfering from the company and Jake had gotten the goods on him and was planning on turning him in. All legal like, a first for Jake, probably. Well, the poor schmo, facing ruin both socially and financially, not to mention a long jail term, had taken what he thought was an easy out. Might have been except for one big mistake.

The dope had shot Jake with the dope's own gun. And then, stupidly to be sure, had hidden it in the Stern's own laundry basket! As if cops were not allowed to search people's dirty laundry, it being off limits and all.

Tag looked down at his desk calendar. He was free for the next four hours. Let's see, he thought, who shall it be for a nice fuckfest? Lucy? Mergie? Greta? Wanda? Or should he troll The Den for some strange? Or maybe give Cherry, the flower lady a ring? And Brenda, Lucy's roomie. Christ, he thought, so many women, so little time!

He smiled as he reached for the phone. One of those ladies was in for a rousing good time today, if she was up for it. She answered on the second ring.

"Hi, Baby, it's Tag. You free for some sexy shenanigans?" She said she was . . .

**The End.**