

Lynn

by Bingo

Note: This is a story for adult readers.

Chapter One

This all happened fifteen years ago and I wouldn't be writing this if I could get her out of my mind.

I'm married, happily to all outward appearances, to a beautiful wife, am wealthy and have two smart-ass kids. Everything a man could desire, right?

I'd always wanted to make my first million by the time I was thirty. Nancy believed in me when I told her that and we married just out of college. I beat thirty by three years; we had kids and the life she always wanted. My millions got me headaches, a cold fish for a wife, and two kids who if they weren't mine I'd have arrested. I also have memories of this girl I didn't understand one bit, didn't appreciate except in hindsight (almost immediately I might add); she's gone, and I've been kicking myself ever since.

Lynn was shorter than me, skinny, brown haired and not beautiful. That's what I thought then. She wasn't cute or pretty which is maybe a better way to put it. Mousy. She had a way of acting that was spacey, like her mind was on other things. She was easily distracted, and at the same time entirely with you.

I thought at first I'd write this from her point of view but frankly I still don't know what that point of view was. I'm going to keep this short, give an episodic presentation.

Lynn was a freshman in 1967/68, dropped out, reappeared on campus the autumn of 68; she left me in January 1969. We were together, if you want to call it that, for four months or so.

She'd been with a couple of the guys in the dorm the floor below then somehow ended up in our room, in Andy's clutches. Andy's girlfriend objected and Lynn was passed along to me. Andy said he'd never known a girl so easy to fuck.

She'd talked to Andy more than to me about the summer of 68. While kids were getting their heads bashed by rioting cops in Chicago,

she was making films on the east coast, stopping just short of doing it with a horse, and deciding it was time to move on.

After she left I found her notebook, spiral bound at the top, pocket sized, with a red cover. She used it to keep a record of her activities with an array of symbols and letters for each dated entry.

I've been able to figure out some of the entries, realized quite quickly that she wasn't a fastidious record keeper -- some entries are incomplete or completely lacking for events I know happened.

The memo book records, baldly, some of her film work. For July 17th the entry reads:

Film
dog
Q fs+

Which means there was a dog, I suppose. Q was for female (I'm using Q for the female symbol she used), I'm assuming another girl was in the film, fucking and sucking, the plus sign for more than once.

A week later there was another film, 3T fsa+. Three men (I'm using T for the male symbol she used), fucking, sucking and up the ass more than once.

She's just about the only woman I've fucked up the ass and I have to tell you it went in easy and felt just like her cunt, only different, if that makes sense. Nancy, my wife, just fucks. She's never given head or taken it up the ass -- at least not me. At first I had this foolish idea that if I'd give her head she'd reciprocate. It amazes me how long I persisted in this belief.

A dog reappears later in the memo book, under November 5th. It reads:

G fs+
A s
dog f

G I'm sure is for me, Greg. A is for Andy who was my roommate and best friend. I did tell Andy he could fuck her but that was a one time thing I thought, just for that night when his girlfriend couldn't stop by and that was later in November. Maybe Andy thought getting his knob sucked wasn't the same as putting it in her. I think maybe the dog was Andy's idea. I can see him finding some rangy mutt on campus and bringing it up into the room as a joke or for a show. Heaven knows I won't ask Andy.

Does it surprise me that she was fucking other people? Not now. The fact that I could be surprised then, even though in some cases, like

the time I told Andy he could, I was there, says a lot about me and I hope explains what and why I did those things to her.

This was some time in December. It's not in the memo book for some reason, though similar instances are, as shown by a special code. I was getting ready to leave for class and met her at the door.

"I need to use the room," she said. Four jocks from another dorm stood behind her. Big fellows. I'm 5'10"; they were bigger and heavier.

She pushed past me, "Here," she said, shoving some money into my hand.

I found myself outside in the hall, the door closed and locked and I could hear them. I held two tens and two fives.

When I saw her later I asked her what the fuck she thought she was doing.

She told me, "You said you didn't have enough money to feed me and getting stuff from the cafeteria was a pain in the ass, so now you have some money. Tell me when you need some more." She looked past me. "Can't I come in?"

I opened the door for her. I'd been paying for her meals in the Union. Meals as in one meal a day plus whatever I bothered to scrounge in the cafeteria and it was cutting into my budget of \$30 a month for dope and beer. I liked to believe I was one of the few business majors who smoked Mary J in 1968.

Her giving me that money, making it that way, did something to me that I can't explain now. I think maybe she was one of those traps; not like the devil, though Christians might disagree. I was offered a choice and I made a bad one. If there was a devil it was lurking in me.

Lynn lived for the moment; at least that's how I see it now. Being in that moment was what was important. She herself could only get there by saying yes or sure (my favorite word in the English language because of how she said it). She had to be open for the moment, always ready. My job was to present moments -- either myself or others -- or appreciate the moments she collected by happenstance.

I used her openness, never really appreciating it. And I kick myself for thinking I could make her wallow in sin and degradation -- my own belief system and how I constructed the world. Her world was structured differently and operated on diametrically opposite principles. What gets me is that she stayed in spite of the war our relationship became.

The memo book becomes filled with \$ signs after that -- the moments when she prostituted herself for money. Her whoring for

other reasons, my ego (or lack of a spine), was shown by sheer numbers.

I threw her at men. My rule when I took her to parties was I didn't care how many she fucked, but I had to watch her fuck at least four of them. The times I forced her to strip in public -- no humiliation on her part, at least not made apparent. She stepped out of her clothes and did what I told her to do next. She wasn't cock hungry, but I wonder sometimes if she would have stayed if my expectations had been different. January 11th shows:

? 13T f_{sa}+

G f_{sa}+

R f

K s

F f

Who were K and F? The question mark ones were unknowns to her, a party, my attempts to curry favor with fraternity friends.

Lynn and I could spend hours at it -- some of the most enjoyable times in my life. There've been others but no others like her -- consistently nice, consistently there, totally, when I needed her, and consistently open for adventure.

If I could, I would bring back those four months, or something like them, bring back an opportunity to not be such an absolute fool, maybe keep her. Even if I knew she'd leave when the time was up I'd give everything I have to redo that time.

On January 11th she was naked on a bed, on her back, a guy over her fucking. She usually didn't move much, didn't make much noise. Her legs were open as usual that night.

What her inner experience was I don't know. I remember how noiseless everything was and later her smile. One hundred percent for me for some reason.

She never talked much.

Chapter Two

I had seen Lynn on campus the previous year and that was all I'd known about her. Coming back to the room after dinner in October she was sitting in the chair by the desk in the corner of the room. Andy explained the situation, that she'd be staying with us for a while and that was that. She might have given a brief smile, but otherwise remained quiet.

She was dressed, I realized this later that evening when she got up to undress, in jeans and a plaid flannel shirt along with a pair of worn hightop sneakers. No socks, underwear or bra. A few women on campus, mostly the arty lot, had begun not wearing bras, just as a few men were growing their hair much longer. My hair wasn't jock short, but was fashionable for the time, touching the tops of my ears.

Her nakedness, what the loose jeans and shirt had covered, was memorable. She stood at the foot of his bed naked, I was sitting on the corner of mine, and while skinny, she had a woman's curves, including breasts whose shape I'd never seen before or since. Round, bowl shaped in form, high on her chest, nipples centered, large breasts but without a trace of sag, not the least bulge at the bottom like I'd seen even with small breasts.

She lay down on Andy's bed, in a few minutes the light was out and I could hear them. No preliminaries, he was in her and thrashing about for the couple of minutes it usually took him.

Andy was more experienced by far but I was by no means a virgin. I always considered myself average. Lying there that night I wondered what Andy's girlfriend would think. That she wasn't in his bed in Lynn's place wasn't unexpected. Girls weren't supposed to be in the men's dorm at any time. Lynn was an exception to a rule which was lax in its enforcement. Both of us had had girls over; sometimes the girls spent the night.

It also wasn't unusual then for one of us, the normal men, to have a girlfriend and also a woman we fucked on the side, one of the bad girls, since good girls didn't (but of course most did). One never became emotionally involved with a bad girl. So the fact that Andy was grunting over Lynn didn't mean anything special and certainly didn't mean Andy would dump his girl for Lynn.

The other thing was a curious reluctance, a civility, that men showed to naked girls. If a girl drank too much and began exposing herself we all sat and watched. We didn't leap on her. Even if she ended up with someone in a back room, we wouldn't have assumed

we all could too. Of course once a girl's reputation was gone she was fair game. But again that didn't mean she had to do anything she didn't want to do.

Lynn could undress in front of me and I wouldn't assume she was undressing for me. Later I realized she was, and if I'd asked she would have said sure, and Andy would have gone along with it (unlike if she'd been his girlfriend). It would have become a competition and rather than just once that night, we both would have done her a couple of times.

Lynn pretty much stayed in the room. Ate whatever Andy brought from the cafeteria, but I never remember her smoking (I did at the time) or reading or even talking. She had a nice voice but was shy, except for being brazen in her open availability. The communal toilets and showers down the hall seemed to provide no impediment to her. She did have a bag with other clothes but while she was with Andy she just wore the sneakers, jeans and shirt.

I'm sure Andy's girlfriend was over but can't remember if Lynn was in the room then. I'm not sure it mattered. Lynn used the common space in the room except to sleep in, when she shared Andy's bed. As far as I could tell they did it just once a day, shortly after the lights went out.

I write that but I have a memory of her on his bed, on her back with legs spread and Andy over her thrusting away. She didn't make a sound and I'm not sure if they ever kissed. Perhaps I'd come back late and the light was on or perhaps this memory was from November or December.

After two weeks Andy's girlfriend (I forget her name) put her foot down or Andy became bored or both and Lynn was told to leave. Literally and baldly. We were alone, I about to go to the cafeteria for dinner and she sat in a desk chair watching, a smile on her face. One just for me, not a general smile. This smile said, say something to me and I'll answer yes.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to bother with her. I have a hard time imaging that now.

She said, "It's cold outside."

I said, "How are you at giving head?"

She was on her knees, opening my pants, not looking up at me, not saying a word. I laid back on the bed, head raised, watching her go at it with an enthusiasm I'd never experienced.

Normally it takes me a while to come and normally the size of my dick is such that only a few have even gone beyond the first couple of inches when giving head. I'm not huge, am an honest eight inches with a downward curve.

I came quickly for her that time and she said, looking at me after swallowing, "Mm mmmm good." I realized she'd done this before. She refastened my pants and went back to her chair.

I think one of the reasons I came quickly was knowing after I'd used her, she'd still have to leave. That I didn't know her, we'd never talked, and taking on the responsibility (yes, responsibility) of a woman who fucked around a lot had never even crossed my remotest imaginings.

When I had my dream girl in mind she was blond, looked good in a bikini, we were on the west coast, and we did surfer things like drive around in my woodie, sit at campfires on the beach and maybe even, gasp, spend the night under the stars. I was a romantic and the fact that I'd never surfed, didn't own a woodie, never had been to California and seen few girls at the pool in bikinis didn't matter one bit.

I never imagined myself with a woman who was more or less a common whore (I'd heard a little about her making porn films besides what I'd come to know of her activities in the dorm). Who was dependent on me for food and shelter and in return I had the use of her body.

I told her I'd bring back something from dinner and whether or not she even looked up I can't remember. I do remember later that night the hours we spent playing, a better word than fucking, because it was more than that. She did anything I wanted and was creative in the opportunities she offered.

I'd never known anyone like her before, and few afterwards, except in love drenched moments, even came close.

Our first day and night she'd said, "It's cold outside," and "Mm mmmm good," and "Sure," and that was all. All the days after, when she talked, she never said much. I never learned where she came from, what she liked or didn't in the way of music or literature (or clothes or politics or anything), what her hopes and dreams were. In spite of that she was absolutely mine, again in a way I've never experienced before or since. Nancy's my wife but there's been no possession except in words. We sleep in separate beds now and we may as well have on our honeymoon.

To some extent I knew what I had in Lynn -- I wasn't totally oblivious. But I didn't fully realize until later, beginning with those first moments after she left. In a way having Lynn poisoned all my other relationships with women because none could ever match her, at least in these ways -- her openness and my possession.

If Lynn crossed my path tomorrow I'd divorce Nancy on the spot, let Nancy take everything, and I'd do whatever I could to repossess the woman I knew in 1968. I hope I would make a better job of it.

My pettiness back then amazes me. Sneaking food from the cafeteria, a simple and easy thing, was an onerous task. I found it easier to give her a dollar and send her off to the union. It was bad enough to feel that way; I expressed myself verbally to her. All she could do was shrug.

I would have left me.

The other thing I did was begin to impose rules on her. When we could and couldn't have sex, when she could and could not be in the room (I thought I needed solitary study), and how she was to dress at certain times. The rules were an expression of my possession beyond the mere (mere!) use of her body.

Some were cute and done in the spirit of play. Within a day or two, in the afternoon, when she was lying on my bed, I told her how I wanted her to be dressed.

She was on her back, looking up at me, that smile on her lips, eyes watching me. I opened her shirt. "Like that," I said. "I want you to be always open to my touch." She let me tug each button free, finally open her shirt and feel the coolness of her breasts.

"And like this," I undid her jeans button and tugged the zipper halfway down. I slid my fingers under the fabric, feeling her skin where the jeans slightly tented over her pelvic bones.

"Whenever you're here." I copped a feel of her cunt and returned to my seat and the course work I was doing. My impositions were on myself as well as on her. Now wasn't a time for sex, though that's all I thought of when she was in the room. Opening her up didn't make things easier.

She hadn't moved and when it was time for bed I think she was on fire as much as I was. That night was the first time I took her ass and discovered how easy it was with her. She wet me first with her lips, lay back more open than my rules could ever make her.

Chapter Three

I know now that Lynn was having sex with others when I thought she was only mine. The possessive is intentional since that's how I treated her. I didn't ask or need her thoughts when I disposed of her as I wished.

When I first saw them, the scattered journal entries vindicated my handing her over to my roommate and friends, would she, would she not. As time has passed I'm of two opinions. One is that the others, as was I, were her choice which must be accepted. The other opinion is that perhaps to her, her choice didn't matter in her scheme of things. If someone asked she invariably said yes, and guys were always asking. The fact that I could dispense her, open her for others, only made life easier for her, allowed her to focus on what was most important.

These journal entries in October into early November are usually associated with initials which meant she knew their names. For some days I was the only one recorded and always with a plus, since unlike Andy, we did it as many times a day as we could. Other days, along with me she had a solitary fuck or suck with one or two others whom I suspect she knew from the floor below, or were people she met in the union or in the communal bathroom on this dorm floor.

Where they had sex is another question and I suspect that while she might have used my room, she most often did it with others elsewhere: in their room, in the bathroom itself or somewhere on campus. I know from my own experience she could have impromptu coitus -- on the floor, bent over a chair, leaning against a wall, or even free-standing with her hands on her knees and her jeans around her ankles.

We did it in the showers late at night, outside a hall during a concert, in the woods (a scrubby little clump of trees near the campus entrance) on the grass, in the back seat of a car, and so on. I couldn't keep my hands off her and one touch opened her.

She couldn't keep her hands off me either: while watching a movie I'd feel her fingers in my pants, my penis' exposure, and then briefly her lips. I'd be frozen, wondering what those around me were thinking about us and I'm sure she delighted in my consternation and discomfort. That my consternation never affected my boldness cheered her.

The scattering of A's, I believe for my roommate Andy, through October and November was a surprise. That he would so transgress, have relations with Lynn without my sanction at that point, or

seeming concern for my feelings, says more for my brand of prudery than his. I crossed the line myself our senior year when I seduced Nancy from him, believing in my own mind I was the better man for her.

Fucking Nancy I was having sex with how she looked. It was great at first since she was so damn beautiful. I was fucking her and was all puffed up. After our marriage and as time passed I realized I wasn't fucking her; I was having sex with my idea of how she looked. With Lynn I was having sex with what I thought she was. My relationship with Lynn was more honest but only because of her honesty. Nancy is a gaudy bauble and her honesty is utterly lacking. In its stead is mind numbing complacent conformity.

Andy's use of Lynn affected me not one iota. My stealing his girl destroyed my happiness.

And I can't blame Andy a bit. I displayed Lynn, filled our room with the noise and smell of our lovemaking and had her present herself provocatively -- unbuttoned shirt and jeans. Who could blame those in the dorm for their reading of her by her appearance?

I'd intended for her to be accessible like this only in our room and I'd imagined it being a solitary paradise which could be turned on and off at my will. That others would see her like this hadn't even crossed my mind.

Did the others care for her? I think to all of them she was just an easy piece of ass. Did I care for her? That's a good question. I wanted her to be available for my whims. I wanted others to see what I had. But I never took the time to really get to know her. Never asked her what she wanted or how, both sexually and not.

We'd been fucking; the lights were on since Andy was studying. His girlfriend had come by but hadn't stayed long. She and Lynn never got along and maybe Andy's girlfriend had a better appreciation for the situation in our room than I had. Did the girlfriend love Andy? I think having a boyfriend to her was more important than love. Since she felt she had to fight for his affection it was all the more dramatic.

Lynn had incredibly soft skin. The softness that breasts have -- she felt like that all over. Heavy girls I've known haven't felt like that or girls who were skinny like Lynn. It was an exceptional sensation.

We were resting, my face by her ear, still panting. She was always wet and the moisture multiplied while we were having sex -- hers, mine and ours as ponds of sweat formed between us.

"Would it be okay if I had some of that?" Andy asked.

She gave my side a squeeze and I said, "Sure." I rolled off her, not leaving the bed and she waited while he undressed and climbed on.

The easiest fuck he'd ever known. I propped myself on my elbows and watched his cock slide in and out of her, from the top, not like the camera's view in movies. Her pubic hair wasn't thick and was fairly short. I saw her mound and his damp cock entering and leaving between the folds of her skin. Andy kept himself up over her, supported on stiff arms, so their bodies touched minimally.

Her orgasms weren't easy to spot, not that I bothered myself worrying about girls' anyway. If I came I assumed they came. In this instance I saw her give a brief jerk and turned to watch her face.

Her chin was up, eyes closed and every feature was smoothed as if she were made of marble. Living marble since her nostrils flared and her eyelids fluttered, her lips slightly open but dry.

When he was done he climbed off and said, "Thanks." To me, not her.

I climbed back on her and tried with my cock to discern some difference in her cunt between my cum and his. We kissed and began a second round for me, third for her. I thought she was more eager, more lively because I'd let Andy fuck her.

Did she like being handed to someone else? Did she like me watching her? Did she like that our hours before sleeping had been briefly added to?

Myself? I never kissed her after another man had used her mouth. My dick wallowing in another's cum was one thing; smelling and tasting it was something else for me.

I think it was about then that I increased her display. Had her be in the room without her shirt, without her pants or both. For me, having her in the room, waiting for me, wearing only a shirt, one of mine or her plaid flannel, open in the front, was the satisfaction of a number of Hollywood driven fantasies. No other girl would let me control this level of desire, but I'm not sure how much she understood it meant to me. She wasn't a coquette. She sat plainly, shirt open or closed, pubis exposed or not, without intent. I think for her how she used her face -- showed a flirting grin or wink -- was paramount. My wife Nancy understands her beauty, trained herself to achieve maximum effect -- a glance like Lynn's, but also a brief touch during conversation, a sway in her walk when she knows she's being watched, and an ability to dress so as to show nothing but be full of implication.

I enjoyed watching the faces of male friends when they were in the room and Lynn was dressed only in her unbuttoned shirt. People who

I didn't know well would drop by and stay. Lynn often sat cross-legged on the bed, her face showing animation though she didn't participate much in our discussions. Sometimes Lynn would lean back against the wall, hold her knees up to her chest or lie sideways on the bed.

Magazines like Playboy never showed pubic hair; a naked woman, or nearly naked, in our midst was as much a mystery revealed as a temptation. Lynn would never have appeared in Playboy -- her breasts weren't the right shape and she was too fresh. Her hair wasn't "done," she never wore makeup, and while she did at times wear a dress, it was a thrift store find; in no way did she ever present herself as more than you saw her -- free.

The cost of having Lynn was made apparent when she handed me the thirty dollars and let the four jocks use her as they, and probably she, wished. I took the money and bought a lid of good Jamaican, and, after our brief doorway negotiation, she joined me in smoking up the profit. Only later did I think of moving with her off campus, to a cabin in the piney woods, one of several to let, at a stable across the highway, for seventy-five dollars a month. Or buying gas for my car which sat in a campus parking lot, the gauge on empty. I never considered letting her keep even half of the money but in defense I don't think the whole issue of money bothered her or she wouldn't have been in our room in the first place.

For all the money she made me, and it wasn't that much, I never rented a cabin for us, left my campus womb, or even dipped a toe into the real world. I did get gas for the car, and she did eat a little better with less complaining (not no complaining) on my part. As a businessman I was an utter failure -- not for not jumping wholeheartedly into the role of a pimp but for not realizing the worth of things.

It's one thing to know your girl is a whore because your cock's nestled in her throat without gagging or complaint, another to know she's fucked a lot of men, another to watch someone fuck her, and then another to see her sell herself so cheaply and so easily. Enthusiastically even. If I'd told her afterwards she'd been a good girl I think she would have burst with joy.

Lynn was astonishingly shy. That always has to be remembered. What she did, she did in a roundabout way because of her shyness. Only now do I realize that she may have liked, even loved me. I saw her as a whore; she was a girl trying to please her man.

Chapter Four

My anger at Lynn was backhanded. While we were ha-haing over her joke with the four jocks, I began to distance myself emotionally from her. She told me I didn't have anything to worry about. Their dicks were smaller than mine and they were quick one-time fucks. I didn't believe her. Already my mind was filled with images, not entirely fleshed out, of her taking them on, verbally demeaning me and enjoying what she'd been missing the past month. Real men at last.

Her journal backs her up. The entry for that event is simple: 4 T f \$. No plus sign or letters for other acts that I thought were special to us -- her mouth and her ass.

I began to make demands. I required her often to be naked in the room. Walking across campus at night I might tell her to strip so I could feel her. This was in autumn, with autumn nighttime temperatures in the twenties or thirties. She never complained.

There are earlier \$ entries in the journal, from the summer, mostly for a simple fuck. After early December, as finals approached, the dollar signs are more frequent though the numbers are small.

I prostituted her casually; for instance when I sent her out to buy beer. The first time she asked me for money; I told her she knew how to get some. She came back from the convenience store an hour later with two six packs of Old Milwaukee and change and never asked again.

I wonder what she thought what I was doing. Perhaps nothing -- perhaps she'd already become used to it. She was happy to have a way to please me, happy to strip and drink her beer on the bed. Happy to expose herself to me and my (mostly new) friends.

I wonder what would have happened if she'd said no. Would I have stopped, changed tack? I don't think so. If I could have given her joyfully, knowing that was what she needed, that would have been different, even though events would have been pretty much the same. Instead I did it out of meanness, as if I could force her to her knees through humiliation. On her knees to do I had not the slightest inkling what.

After one of her beer forays, change in my hand, I told her to get on the bed and use an empty bottle on herself. While she did this she was to tell us, yes there were others in the room, what she'd done and if she'd liked doing it.

She couldn't say it. Not the way I wanted, elaborately described, each detail drenched in adjectives and adverbs. Instead she said, "I went behind the store and sucked him off."

She, we and eventually they, played a lot with empty bottles and shortly I let them, those who wanted, play other games with her, usually stipulating the act and position. I'd work at my desk as they grunted over her on the bed, or she crawled on her knees to each one and blew them. I didn't want to see their faces; I was drawn to watch hers. Her reaction to a kiss or a grope. Her response when they were in her and thrusting. Her look at me as one finished in her mouth, that tenuous smile around their cock as if a frown from me could destroy her.

Her journal increasingly shows this progression to hell. Not every day, but easily several times a week, dollar signs appear. Numbers and single acts without pluses; generally I had the only pluses. Strangely enough the numbers are grouped in discrete clumps for each day, only some of which I was aware of. I wonder if people weren't dropping by the room when I was out. Repeats from the night before, or their friends, or people from the dorm, making use of the only woman in their midst, who was astonishingly easy and open. She bothered less and less with initials. Mine always appears, and some others, but most she treated as anonymous.

This pattern appears several times earlier in her journal, during the summer and again in September. I've never totaled the numbers, not even for a week, because it would be too disheartening, and besides in my case meaningless. We probably did it five times a day; what did the others matter compared to that?

In spite of her many proficiencies she wasn't able to do everything. She was also limited by the cultural, and our own, imagination. Deep Throat was years away. She could swallow my dick with ease most times, but we didn't know what we were doing besides calling it fellatio, blowing, sucking, or giving head. We never imagined several in her at once, or extravagant porn-driven gangbangs. Guys fucked her, had their three minutes, and then the next used her. Flat on her back -- no screaming, no wrapping her legs around their thrusting hips, no embellishments that we imagine as necessary commonplaces today.

She gave head enthusiastically, and we men did too. We didn't know how to do it or even where the clitoris was but we lapped eagerly and she seemed to enjoy our efforts. In our minds we were hot studs; I think in hers was an anxious determination to please, to take it, to never say no.

She never, ever, said no to me.

As finals approached I worked out ways, convenient to me, to temporarily ditch her, occupy her for a day or more so I'd have peace to study. Loaning her to friends was too easy; I was afraid she'd be seduced from me by what I imagined other men had to offer.

I rented her for a night to a friend's fraternity. I told her to prowl a jock dorm and see how many she could make in five hours. I left her in the car, parked near a dance, and set up things so she'd keep busy. I parked her in the downstairs bathroom. I had her prowl the halls and knock on doors naked, offering herself. On bag day, I took her from dorm room to dorm room naked with a bag over her head. If they wanted to use her with the bag off it was fifty cents. I have strong memories of how her body looked then, standing erect, soft skin begging to be touched.

I never told her to read a book, gave her money to go to a movie, told her to go visit her roommate from the year before. I never took the money she made me and rented the cabin at the stable -- I'm afraid if I had, my mind would have immediately turned to her doing it with horses.

She may have done well without me, gone it alone and maybe been happy. What I may have provided for her was a psychic release because of my orders. She could do the things she wanted to do, but only because I "made" her.

One night, after a beer run, she was naked on the bed, leaning against the wall, knees up and the neck of an Old Milwaukee in her cunt. Sitting there and talking with the others as I worked. Andy's girlfriend left in disgust minutes before, dragging Andy after her. He was amiable. He said after watching Lynn, the girlfriend tried harder to direct his attention back to her. He was getting it every night, and by the journal, getting it from Lynn sometimes during the day.

I'd had enough, threw down my pencil and got up. Everybody got quiet. I went to the bed and pulled her face to my crotch.

There are positions where Lynn had no trouble at all sucking me. Others were impossible. I wanted to feel the spongy softness of her throat, indescribable and a treat after the tightness of her lips, the open cavern of her mouth where her tongue swam like a fish. She gagged and I thrust in and out unmercifully.

I never come quickly and I didn't expect to come now, especially with the noise of her choking. I wanted to show them and her how I could control her, "Look ma, no hands!" Her face was red and wet when I backed away from her.

"Go take her somewhere," I told one guy. I'm not sure I ever knew his name. "You all take her somewhere. And you," I said giving her head a shake, "be back here at midnight."

She wiped her eyes and nodded.

When she started to dress, I told her to go as she was, and not to forget her bottle. She turned her face to me and gave that smile, waiting I believe for me to say I liked her or she was good.

"Back at midnight," I said.

I never knew where they took her. There is no journal entry for that day so I can't even pretend to imagine what happened.

Ever hate someone and love them at the same time? I hated her and once the door closed I was afraid she'd never come back to me.

She did come back, alone, wearing someone's jacket.

"Where's your bottle?" I said.

"I lost it."

"That's okay. Warm enough?"

She said yes as she laid the jacket on Andy's desk chair.

"Have a good time?"

"Okay. I missed you."

"I missed you too. Want to smoke some dope or just go to bed?"

"To bed." That smile.

"I'll join you in a minute."

The first thing I did was stick two fingers up her cunt and feel the spermy slipperiness. I'd noticed her mouth was still red, a bruised ring just outside her lips. Me or all of us.

I didn't smell cum on her breath so I kissed her and her lips had that raw taste that they had after use. Her tongue was insistent but not impertinent. She wanted to draw me into her.

My fingers held her cunt as we kissed and then I climbed on. We didn't go to sleep until after three.

Chapter Five

Christmas break, since the dorm was closed, we boarded at the friend's fraternity house, Lynn paying the rent, such as it was. There were six of us there, Lynn, me, and four men. In some ways that was our happiest time together, maybe because I was a participant to every moment in her life. I had first dibs and I took them repeatedly.

The old house was too cold for Lynn's now normal nudity so she wore a heavy robe and drawstring pants that easily opened and fell when one of us wanted to partake. Lynn was a lousy cook but could wash dishes and that, besides her use, was her daily chore.

She ate better and looked better because of it. We drank cheap wine instead of beer and her bottle became larger with a longer neck. The others in the house were amazed that she'd do this, and everything else, so frankly for us.

I think she used sex to cover her shyness. She didn't instigate; fell readily into the desired behaviors because that was easier than her discomfort. In a way her shyness propelled her rather than held her back. She dove headfirst into a sexuality that all her life she'd been warned to stay away from. Women then were still expected to be virgins when they married, though few were. The path Lynn had chosen was beyond or away from conventional marriage. Goodness knows when she lost her virginity. One of the things I kick myself for is never finding out more about her -- her family, her history, her likes and dislikes. The only thing I can say is that she wasn't a compulsive reader. She would, now and again, pick up a book, but she never finished it, too easily distracted by my demands and her desires.

The next term of school saw my institution of the rule of four. She was no longer commonly available to all who dropped by my room. Instead she'd only have access to other men at parties or special events, when I'd watched her fuck at least four, all at once or singly through the evening. She still did beer runs for me and my stash expired with the first of the year so she earned another lid of good Jamaican in a way she never told me and isn't shown in the journal.

The room was quiet, no longer the noisy thoroughfare of those passing through her dark tunnels. What's interesting is that I spent less time there now, having made friends with a female classmate who I was seeing a lot of.

Stephanie was tall and dark, with a high pitched voice unusual for the time. I thought she was sexy. Though we weren't officially dating yet, we had done it a few times in her room.

Lynn's activity dropped, according to her journal, at the first of the year then quickly picked up. Many are question marks though I'm sure most were repeats. Besides Andy and myself, a new initial appears regularly and I believe it's for Randy, aptly named, the RA, who often had plus signs. Perhaps Lynn was the victim of a form of blackmail -- put out or get out.

I'm not a party person, still am not, though Nancy requires them to show off herself and the house. They're no work for her; the house staff manage everything in spite of her bossing. I smile a lot and carry the same half-filled glass throughout the evening. If there's an opportunity, a few of us go to the library and talk politics. The sort of politics you'd expect of the wealthy. Democrat or Republican, they all jump through hoops to keep us happy.

Stephanie didn't mention Lynn until the end of January. Before then Lynn and I had gone to a number of parties, usually on weekends.

There were two kinds of parties. Parties where Lynn acted through subterfuge, and parties where Lynn acted openly, may in fact have been the main event. For the first, depending on where we were, Lynn used a spare bedroom or the back seat of my car. I think I enjoyed the latter the most -- a group of us standing outside, stamping our feet because of the cold, while Lynn and another quickly fucked in the back seat. She could go through four or five in less than twenty minutes, straighten her clothes and reappear in the party with a rosy glow to her cheeks.

When she was the main event, she arrived naked or undressed after entering. Everyone had their chance, right there if it was a dorm room or upstairs if it was the fraternity house.

I liked watching her move about that kind of party, naked as if that were perfectly normal, a contrast to the dressed males. A few years later this sort of nudity wasn't totally unknown, a side affect of the social changes of the time. A few years later it could be a single girl at a party though it could just as well be a mixed group skinny-dipping at a public beach in the daytime. Unlike with Lynn, these other, later, events didn't often lead to sex. Even with Lynn the socializing wasn't sexually overt. She wasn't being pawed or poked. Sex took place elsewhere or at another time in a more intimate setting.

I wonder what shape these parties would have taken if Lynn hadn't left. Summer parties by a pool? Warmer weather where the outdoors was available? Environments that I was barely used to, like a major city?

There are clubs now in New York, and I suspect elsewhere, where swingers openly congregate to meet and have sex. It's possible if we'd stayed together, we could have fit right in and both of our needs would have been met.

It's crazy but it was getting so that at a party, as Lynn was busily fucking and sucking, I'd wish Stephanie were with me. I could sit (or stand) and watch Lynn and her new found friends, but generally when we had sex we were alone, or almost alone, in my room and we had hours to ourselves.

The tension between Lynn and Stephanie in my mind grew for no understandable reason. I gloried in my time alone with Lynn during sex. Stephanie in no way compared. What I didn't have with Lynn was the ability to talk about what I considered my work. A chance to have a woman listen as I expounded. I didn't expect or want to be challenged, I wanted my male ego to be assuaged. For some reason Lynn couldn't do that for me. I wonder why and I think I never saw Lynn as an equal -- or rather as a man sees women who he sees as equals, though they are still subordinate, having nowhere the equality of a male best friend.

In that respect Lynn's and Nancy's (and Stephanie's also) relationship to me was exactly the same.

We were at the fraternity house where we'd spent Christmas break and Lynn felt like she was with old friends. I'd never seen her so animated, actually conversing, cheeks flushed with pleasure, stark naked and looking beautiful.

Someone brought Stephanie and they'd just come in when Lynn got up and took my hand. "Come on," she said. Stephanie arched an eyebrow at me as we passed.

Upstairs, in the room allotted, Lynn took them one at a time, on her back, almost rigid, her body moving as a unit with each thrust. After the fourth was finished with her, while he was fastening his pants I kissed Lynn and left her to the ones who followed.

Stephanie didn't ignore me, but didn't immediately approach either. I got a drink, felt awkwardly uncomfortable as I tried to decide whether to try to talk to her or not. She beat me to the punch.

"I see now how you spend your weekends."

"Where's your date?"

"Where do you think? Is she a student?"

I shook my head. "Shall I get you drink?"

"Do. Red wine."

I passed her a cup.

"How charming. Plastic." She drank it off in one gulp. A sheen of moisture shone on her lips.

There wasn't anything to say. I looked away.

"I've known about her, what's her name, expected her to wander off or dissolve or do something efficient." She snapped her fingers. "Like that. But she hasn't, has she?"

"She's a friend." I still don't like myself for saying that.

"Such friends as that. Everyone?"

"What?"

"Everyone will have a go at the promiscuous bitch?"

I shrugged.

"And she's your girlfriend. What am I?"

Still nothing to say.

"I'm amazed I let you touch me after touching that." She tossed her hand toward the ceiling. "But then I'll probably be," she grinned, "shaking hands with my date later tonight. I amaze myself."

I looked away.

"Greg, you have a choice, don't you? Let me know Monday." She left me.

I like to believe I'm quicker now on the uptake, able to respond with more than shrugs and such. Writing this I wonder how I even saw Stephanie as desirable. I realize now I'd been told that what Stephanie represented was desirable, and what Lynn represented wasn't. It's that simple -- we don't originate ideas, don't operate from careful reason. We mimic what we've been told, choose according to fixed belief systems that have little basis in reality.

Back in my room that night, and the next morning, were the last times Lynn and I had sex. I won't even try to describe it. She clung to me throughout, even said my name in a moment of passion.

When I was done with her I told her she had to go. She didn't question me, gathered her things quickly, was dressed and out the door in a couple of minutes. I watched from the window as she walked across campus toward the highway, couldn't watch any more.

Stephanie and I lasted for about three weeks and I knew she wasn't worth it from the beginning. I'd given up too much for a chimera. Stephanie did well in her career, upper level management of a Fortune 500 company. I never saw Lynn again and pray that she's

achieved all her desires, which I'm sure are more wholesome than Stephanie's ever were.

When Lynn left the room she looked over her shoulder at me, gave that smile, her eyes red, obedient to the last. Good girl.

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