

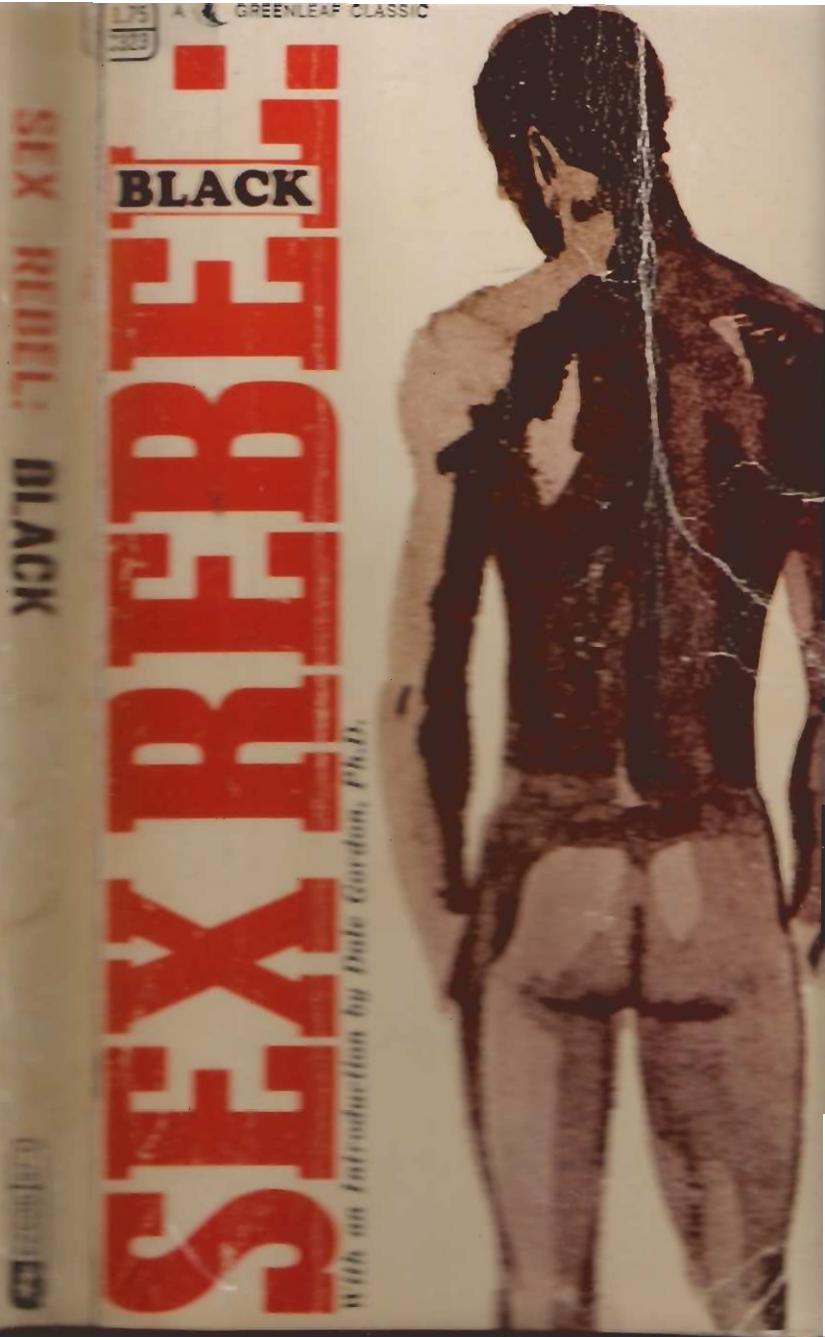
SEX & FREEDOM

BLACK

memoirs of a gay gourmet



Autobiographical candor reaches new heights as Bob Greene details with devastating graphic power this story of a fantastic Negro's four decades of bedroom adventures. Psychologically revealing and socially significant, Greene's masterful narrative has an impact that naked truth alone can produce.



SEX REBEL: BLACK

...is the startlingly candid account of how Bob Greene, a Negro without a racist message, devoted four decades of his life to bodily and empathetic associations with humankind. Autobiography seldom reaches the heights of revelation and understanding to be found in this psychologically and socially significant story of a man's multitudinous bedroom adventures.



BOB GREENE

SEX REBEL: BLACK

(memoirs of a gash gourmet)

GREENLEAF CLASSICS, INC.
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A GREENLEAF CLASSIC

Introduction

SEX REBEL: BLACK

By Dale Gordon, Ph.D.

SEX REBEL: BLACK

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Not since *My Secret Life* has any book been destined to create the tempest *Sex Rebel: Black* undoubtedly will. This controversial, almost incredible volume is a non-fiction sexual self-confession, an intensely personal autobiography. It is so sexy its pages fairly sizzle, yet it tells the story of the current sexual revolution better and more accurately than anything published in recent years.

Here we see four decades of "swinging," wife-swapping and sexual freedom pass before our eyes in erotic episode after erotic episode, described as they were actually experienced. We visit the sexual underground, meet its inhabitants, hear their stories in their language, and vicariously participate in their winters of discontent and summers of joy. We are invited inside the minds of people who walk thinly veiled behind the headlines of the sensation-seeking press, and perhaps for the first time we understand these people who rebel against society and its accepted standards.

Among the more amazing things about this book are its breadth and scope. Beginning in the lean, hard years of the depression in Chicago, we see the social and economic changes wrought by World War II, the affluent society of the forties and fifties, and then cross the Pacific to have an in-depth look at the homogenous

society of Honolulu and return to the mainland to view the current "swinging" society of Southern California. And although all of this is seen strictly through one man's eyes, it is a view few of us have ever been privileged to witness.

The author's sexual exploits will excite some, shock others, be repulsive to many and absolutely curl the hair on the censors' heads. Mr. Greene, however, handles this so beautifully in his foreword I feel little can be added. His purpose is not to shock, but to spell out his life as he actually lived it. And in so doing he gives us one of the most candid views of our sensual society yet published. He shows us how, in his world, sex was first used as a crutch and then became a means of self-expression. His is the approach of the hedonist, sex for nothing more than the sheer physical pleasure it brings.

Clinical psychologists and students of human behavioral patterns will find this book invaluable in their research. In a very real sense it's a casebook on both normal and abnormal behavior. We see fear of impotency, latent homosexuality, sadomasochism, urolagnia, an inferiority complex and emotional insecurity all in one kaleidoscopic personality. All these sexual aberrations are portrayed not from the imagination of some fiction writer, but as they actually take place in everyday life. And even more important, the author freely admits his psychological condition.

Many will feel this is an illustration of one man's struggle against homosexuality, and there is ample evidence to make such a case. The author was strongly attracted to his mother. The incident in the privy where she urinated on a lizard to kill it was certainly traumatic in the author's life. At that moment a fascination with the female genitalia was born, and this was to follow him for the rest of his life. In fact, this single incident provides us with the foundation for

many of the author's subsequent behavior patterns. His desire for female urine, seminal fluids, or, for that matter, anything that comes from the vagina, can be traced back to this incident.

The author's absolute and unfaltering devotion to cunnilingus may be viewed as either a fear of impotency or a fear of castration, both of which are important parts of the homosexual syndrome. The same may be said of his hypersexual activity, his driving need for continuous sexual conquest. The "cocks-men" of our society are often those who are fighting the hardest against sexual inversion.

Greene tells us he does not enjoy anal intercourse in any form. While this may appear odd coming from one who claims total sexual emancipation, it could very well be one more facet of his struggle against homosexuality. In his own words, he is a "gourmet of gash" and his every act must be directed toward the female genitalia.

While all this may be true, we cannot casually dismiss Greene's argument that he is a hedonist—the complete sex machine, as it were. What happens to the homosexual theory when we find Greene performing fellatio on another male? While it is true that he engages in this act only a few times in his life, we must remember that he does so willingly and without reservation. This can hardly be a man who resists any overt homosexual act. It could be argued that Greene uses fellatio with other males to gain sexual experiences with their wives, but this is far from the entire story. What we actually see here is the emergence of the bi-sexual personality in our modern society. Those who embrace the hedonistic view approach sex from the purely physical aspect. They make no differentiation between sexes and seek pleasure for the sake of pleasure. By running along the physical plane they feel that they can successfully avoid the hazards of emo-

tional hang-ups. This is a philosophy, a creed among millions of people today and it cannot be dismissed lightly.

When Bob Greene takes another man's penis in his mouth, he does so to provide pleasure for the man. And while there may be strong homosexual tendencies in his personality, this particular act is not so motivated. He is here fulfilling his desire to be the complete sex machine, the instrument of pleasure for his partner, regardless of gender. In each encounter, Greene's satisfaction comes only after he has satisfied his partner.

The separation of the sexual act and emotional involvement is certainly not unique. William and Jerrye Breedlove, in their *Swap Clubs*, and Matt and Kathleen Galant, in *Sex Rebels*, reported that this was the philosophy of the hundreds of couples they interviewed among the wife-swappers. Like Bob Greene, these people believed in and practice sexual freedom without emotional involvement. This in itself would not be remarkable if only a small minority were involved, but sexual researchers have published documented evidence that an estimated ten million married couples in this country have participated in some form of wife-swapping. If we use the 1960 census figures, there are approximately 40 million married couples between the ages of twenty-five and forty (the average age in the wife-swapping set). This would indicate that one out of every four couples in this age bracket has participated in wife-swapping!

I think that is what makes this book so important. It gives us an intimate and in-depth look at the modern generation. We see the progressive steps toward what many sociologists call the "sensual society." Sex becomes the be-all, end-all, of a restless, insecure society, whose individual members have to search farther and farther afield for stimulation and satisfaction.

We see this reflected in the author's life. From his rather normal beginning in sex, Greene progresses through almost every stage of sexual deviation until he ends up in the bizarre, fetishistic, sadomasochistic relationship with Flame and her husband, Andy. The more he experiments, the more it takes to satisfy him. The more bizarre the situation, the more he enjoys it. Yet through all of this, he somehow maintains a delicate balance. Disregarding for a moment his fixations on cunnilingus, semen and urine, which influence him from almost the very beginning, we never see Greene go off the deep end in any single direction. He remains consistent, and that is amazing considering the circumstances.

The author emerges as two distinct personalities in his autobiography. As a young man he seeks an identity, both in his own ethnic group and in society as a whole. This quest is fulfilled in the almost poignant love story of his affair with Diane and Ernie. Here his emotional involvement is total. He literally loves the couple, and the three form an empathetic commune in which each shares on an equal basis. His world is shattered and his life is meaningless when tragedy strikes this relationship and Bob Greene goes to pieces. He withdraws into a shell, pulling his emotions in after him, and his search must begin all over again. From this point on, he struggles to recreate the relationship he had with Diane and Ernie. His affair with Hilda, his marriage to Charlene, the encounter with Dorothy and Lloyd in Honolulu, and finally the orgies with Flame and Andy are all part of this search, the attempt to recreate the "sharing" he had found and then realized was so important to life's continuance. For it was through this "sharing" that Bob Greene found his identity in the world.

There may be some who will doubt the authenticity of this intensely personal autobiography. I must admit

that even my eyebrows lifted several times as I read the original manuscript. Several years ago I did extensive research in the wife-swapping syndrome sweeping the country, and I interviewed, and became friendly with, some of the leaders of the swinging set. To satisfy my own curiosity about Bob Greene, I called Adam Fredricks in Chicago. Adam is a long-time swinger and owner-operator of the *Kindred Spirits* club for modern sophisticates in the Midwest. Here is a capsule version of the tape-recorded conversation I had with Adam.

DOCTOR GORDON: Adam, I've just read an almost incredible autobiography of a Negro swinger who lived in Chicago some years ago.

ADAM FREDRICKS: It's got to be Bob Greene!

DOCTOR GORDON: How in the world did you guess?

ADAM FREDRICKS: No guessing to it, Dale. That cat is the absolute end among swingers. Everybody up here knows him. He was the life of every party when he lived here.

DOCTOR GORDON: ...Some of the things he describes seemed so fantastic.

ADAM FREDRICKS: Listen, Dale, if that man recounted all of his experiences it would take six or seven volumes! I haven't read what you've got, but there isn't a thing he could have described that he didn't experience, believe me! I can get you a half a dozen testimonials from satisfied chicks if you want. Better yet, call Linda and Dave in Hollywood. Bob's out on the coast now I understand, and they'll give you a rundown on him...

I didn't bother calling Linda and Dave. What Adam told me about Bob Greene convinced me there wasn't a word of fiction in this book!

Each of us will see something different in this man's life. Bigots—both black and white—will criticize it on the grounds of bedroom integration. Puritans will pull their hair over the candid descriptions of sexual experiences. Sexual-freedom advocates will find an eloquent plea for their cause. Sociologists will see one of the most penetrating views of the modern sensual generation yet published. And the average reader will delight in the honesty and integrity of the man. He describes his failures as well as his successes, and carries us to the depth of his despair as well as to the height of his joy.

If this introduction seems enthusiastic, it is intended to be exactly that. A book of this depth and quality is truly a literary event. Perhaps its frankly erotic theme will keep *Sex Rebel: Black* off the national best-seller lists, but it is a book destined to be around for many years to come. Not so very long ago this book could not have been published in the United States. Our enlightened generation has finally broken the stranglehold the Puritan censors held on the literary world and we can now learn more about ourselves and our fellow men through books of this nature. Even so, it is rare to find a man who has lived a life like this, and even more rare to find a man who is willing to candidly discuss his life and at the same time has the literary ability to turn out such a poignant, powerful and moving book as *Sex Rebel: Black*.

Dale Gordon, Ph.D.
San Diego, California, 1968

FOREWORD

Memo to members of the under-forty generation who think swinging and swapping in America is something *they* devised: I've got news for you. I've been at it since 1937, in Chicago—with interracial partners. And there were countless others before me.

I'm black. Well, not exactly black. It's more medium brown, if you want accuracy, but since my ancestry is predominantly African, I'm considered black. I'm also college educated, middle class economically, oriented toward literature and the arts, and in behavior quiet and usually reserved.

I'm a nonconformist, a rebel, a maverick, a heretic. I own a large libido. Early in adulthood I began accepting what for me were normal sex desires.

During my teens there had been this unresolved conflict: conform to accepted patterns and become neurotic through frustration, or do as your libido demands and worry over possible exposure as a freak. I chose freedom, and with the passing years learned to ignore labels.

I know neither shame nor guilt. Currently there are at least 5,000,000 Americans who swap and engage in multiple sex activities running counter to our generally accepted moral code. All of us have this in common: we believe in the right of self-determination in sexual practices.

I admit, however, that my sex syndrome may be more complex than that of many swingers and swappers. Under certain circumstances I am bi-sexual. In addition to cunnilingus, at times I enjoy analingus. I am interested in urolagnia. I'm also a voyeur and exhibitionist. Occasionally I am mildly interested in

sado-masochism. I have often wished I had two penises to enjoy simultaneously the double—but different—sensations of oral and genital copulation. As you see, I partake of many of the variations that our Puritans label “perversions”—a term which to me carries moral judgement and therefore has no place in my erotic vocabulary.

According to many psychiatrists I should feel guilt when I satisfy my normal sexual desires for variety—of activities and partners. But I do not think highly of many psychiatrists. So many of these peeler of the psyche are blindly dedicated to support of the ridiculous Judeo-Christian moral code. They are slaves of the status quo. This means that if your desires run counter to what our society calls acceptable sex practices, these headshrinkers consider you “sick” and try to “cure” you—for a nice fee, of course. On the other hand, if you feel no guilt you are “abnormal” and therefore need their help—still for a fat fee. So if you aren’t screwed up over your habits, many of these mind-menders will do their damnedest to screw you up. There simply aren’t enough liberated psychiatrists of the caliber and realistic outlook of Dr. Albert Ellis.

Although this is a complete sex autobiography and I feel no guilt over anything I have done, I realize I would invite trouble if I named those with whom I have enjoyed supreme pleasure. Our 20th Century Torquemadas still love to torture and punish heretics. Therefore I have changed names and identities. However, all incidents I have described have been taken from actual experiences. Since I have tried to accurately portray these happenings, I frequently use such specific Anglo-Saxon words as fuck, suck, cock, cunt, etc. Nobody can write realistically of sex encounters without using words common to intimacy. I have yet to find a partner who in the heat of passion and nearing orgasm will whisper, “copulate with me more intense-

ly!” instead of rasping “fuck hell out of me!” Using such phrases as coitus, oral-genital contact, cunnilingus or fellatio does not change the act, nor does replacing prick and pussy with penis and vagina change anatomy.

If I seem to enjoy minutely blueprinting many of my activities, you are quite correct in your conclusion. I do. Should I appear to cater to the “prurient interests” of various readers and cause them to become erotically aroused, that too is intentional, for sex is the greatest and most intense of human pleasures; if I can induce more fucking, maybe there’ll be less fighting. You can’t do both at the same time. I would much rather have my kids aroused by reading detailed descriptions of the varieties of sex acts than to be induced to rob or cheat or kill by seeing graphic presentations of these anti-social acts on television. Many scientists now believe what is called pornography has great therapeutic value.

Our contemporary Comstockians still mouth the ridiculous myth that the sole purpose of the sex act is procreation. If such were true, women would show desire only those two or three days each month when they could conceive. Yet sexologists know that women usually have their strongest erotic drives immediately before or after menses—a time when they are least likely to become pregnant. The logic of sex-for-reproduction-only would preclude female interest in coitus after menopause, when they were unable to become pregnant because of some physical malfunction, or after they had conceived and before term. As for the male, this absurd belief is at the opposite pole from the monogamous marital state on which our society insists. Males have sex desires from before puberty to the age of 100 or more. Not only would polygamy be necessary but the number of non-pregnant women needed in any given year to satisfy horny males striving for

offspring would be so astronomical this poor little planet could not hold them all—and think of the additional room needed for babies!

It is obvious that this whole concept of sex-for-reproduction-only carries with it contempt for women. It implies that women were created solely to bear children and provide sexual satisfaction for men and have no business wanting sex as normal human animals. If both men and women repressed their desires until they wanted progeny, the population would be even more neurotically loused up than it is—and I shudder at the thought. The natural desire of both men and women for sexual relief is so strong that when frustrated it bounces up in other—often anti-social—forms, producing our most dedicated racists, religious bigots, hired killers and censors.

This idea of procreation-only is an insult to the God in which the champions of this concept profess belief. I cannot imagine a Supreme Being, supposedly compassionate and all-loving, instilling in mankind the persistent drive for sex activity and then telling us we cannot satisfy this consuming desire when we need to, but instead must wait only for those times when we want offspring. Such a God would of necessity be the Supreme Sadist laughing his holy ass off at, first, daily tortures inflicted on those who abstain through fear of His displeasure and, second, at contemplation of eternal punishment in hell for those who ignore His dictum and go ahead getting the relief their bodies demand. I, for one, refuse to accept such an insane idea of a God. I believe sex is primarily for pleasure and, if there is a Creator, He stuck in reproduction as an after-thought.

Obviously I cannot agree that sexual intercourse is a sin. When a religion tries to ban sex on the basis that it is sinful, it considers its judgment superior to that of the deity it professes to serve; in this respect it denies its God. A true religion will not say, "God, you're a

jackass. We know better than You what mankind should do." I fully believe that if it were not intended that we copulate from an early age to the grave we would not have been born with this instinctive drive. The sin is in denying ourselves fulfillment of our normal desires.

I am aware that this book will be objectionable to the censors. But under their damp stones, I can envision them smacking salacious lips over its "obscenity" and "pornography." Right now I want to warn them that if they publicly object too strongly, I shall not produce any more volumes of this general type, thus diminishing the possibility of their future private jollies being kicked off by this writer.

I realize of course that I could placate the Puritans by making crime the main subject of this personal history. But I have not murdered anybody, nor have I staged a robbery. Thus I cannot describe anything of "redeeming social value." This is quite a society we live in! When I watch television I see brutal beatings and killings minutely detailed; I am shown bombs exploding and fellow humans blown to bits. But were an actor to expose his prick, or some gorgeous girl show her cunt on TV, the minders of our morals and their human sheep would have mass apoplexy. In other words, savage anti-social acts and passions are acceptable for graphic presentation for children and adults; the passion of sex which brings people together, literally and figuratively, is taboo.

Ethics: love hate, and hate love!

CHAPTER 1

Doris and I had been married six years, and I was contemplating separation, before we had our first swinging time together with a third person. Of course I'm a nonconformist in marriage. Our society makes a virtue of physical fidelity, although many who pay lip service to this idea are hypocrites and sneak around for fornication. Personally I prefer emotional fidelity and honesty. As long as my mate remains hooked on me I don't give a damn if she had discreet sex with another. I want companionship, affection, rapport, similar intellectual interests and emotional involvement along with erotic compatibility. Bluntly, I can enjoy coitus with unlimited partners but I have met few women who have these essentials for the long, intimate relationship of marriage. Also, I have no interest in the double standard. But I do know I would wither and die if I confined my sexual outlet to one woman; I need the transfusion of other flesh.

These ideas were not completely clear in my mind when Doris and I married. I had been overpowered by her sexuality and did not learn until later that our relationship was deficient in other ways and we needed more than marital sex, delightful as it was, to keep us together. Yet the introduction of multiple relations, engaged in jointly, forged a bond that kept us together another eight years, incidentally proving the adage: "The family that fucks together stays together."

Physically, Doris was thoroughly desirable. Short and voluptuously curved, she was the color of butterscotch, the heritage of Indian and Negro ancestors. Straight, black hair provided a rich frame for a roundish face with upturned nose and very sensuous mouth.

Normally quiet, she became an inferno when aroused. Doris boasted big, firm breasts in a day before Hollywood marketed mammarys; I called them "dinners." Hers was the soft, very feminine look which unloaded other thoughts from your mind and sent it scurrying to the boudoir. At that uncomplicated period in my life, this had been sufficient for marriage. In this respect I was like most American males regardless of color.

The city, Chicago; year, 1937. We rented a small three-room rear apartment on the first floor of a building on South Parkway honeycombed with small units. Other tenants shared a community bathroom; we were more fortunate in that we had a private toilet and wash basin just off our bedroom. Doris had become a close friend of a younger woman named Clara who lived with her parents in the front apartment on the same floor. From New Orleans, Clara had a face like a brown kitten, was slender and small with little breasts like turnips. I had never considered her as a potential bed partner although I knew she got around. At that time her main flame was a cab driver. Our relationship was such that Clara, Doris and I could talk and joke about anything.

One afternoon I came home from work and found them sitting on the bed, draining the life from a pint of bourbon.

"Lapping it up," I commented.

Doris nodded. "Clara's got a problem."

"What're you trying to do—drown it?"

"The more we drink the bigger it gets."

"All right. What's the problem?"

"It's been ages since Clara had a french lesson. She's simply dyin' of neglect. Her boy friend won't go that way."

"Obviously a man without taste."

"So I figured you wouldn't mind helping her out. After all, she *is* my best friend."

Two, three seconds, then it sunk in. Completely. I glanced at Clara. Her kitten face in repose, she was studying the ceiling. I half expected her to purr. I turned and looked sharply at Doris. So she had been discussing my boudoir habits after I had asked her not to! The mores being what they were, I didn't want people going around spreading "lies" about me.

"Yes, I told Clara how talented you are," Doris went on. "So don't let me down. Don't you wanna help out our close friend—specially since she's crying for relief? Remember, you're supposed to love thy neighbor."

Before I had time to even contemplate the social oddity of my wife insisting, out of a clear sky, that I french her best friend, she shoved Clara back on the bed with one hand and yanked up her dress with the other. Clara lay where she fell, legs parted and no panties. One look and any inclination toward debate fled. My lance rose straightway for the joust. Whenever I find a strange slit challenging me from beneath a shield of hair, I respond firmly. Conditioned reflex, no doubt.

In wild fantasies, I had envisioned complete coitus with one gal while another looked on impatiently. Then I would shift to the second, fingering the first. But I knew this could never happen in reality. That is, until now. I licked my lips.

"Let's take his clothes off," Doris said.

Clara arose and together they unbuttoned my shirt and removed it. Next came my shoes and socks and Doris unbuttoned my fly. Clara reached in through my shorts to seize my hard rod and fondle it briefly before they pushed me down in the bed. It was strange, having another woman handle my sex in front of my wife, but it was far from unpleasant. Each grabbed a trouser leg and pulled. Both now stripped completely as I snatched off my shorts. Clara lay back down,

thighs wide and knees bent at right angles as Doris sat down beside her.

"All right, Daddy," Doris said, "Do your number. And make her like it. You know how."

I was ready to burst with excitement as I rubbed my cheek against Clara's curly bush. Of course her odor differed from my wife's, but it was basically the distinctive, piquant aroma of a woman aroused—undoubtedly the greatest of all aphrodisiacs. My lips fastened upon her warm, wet labia and as my tongue explored I thrust my head as far as possible to one side to see Doris's reactions. She leaned forward, intently watching, her body tensing and face growing more lustful each moment. When Clara's moans and moving pelvis indicated she was near orgasm, Doris unconsciously started a sympathetic wriggling, meanwhile fondling her own breasts. Then as Clara pressed her moving thighs hard against my cheeks and rolled her head from side to side at the zenith of climax, Doris trembled as if she, too, were coming.

"Now, goddamnit, get on Clara an' fuck hell out of her," she told me in a hoarse voice.

Clara raised her bottom to meet me, grabbed my hard tool and pulled it inside her. I felt my wife's hands rubbing and pinching my thrusting hips. The experience was so new, so devastating that I quickly exploded and both Clara and I clung and clutched and groaned. Finally I rolled off.

Hurriedly Doris got a towel. Slowly and carefully she dried Clara, patting her gently. Just by watching, life flowed back into my limber organ. Then Doris turned to me and began dabbing and massaging with a fresh corner of the towel until I was thoroughly firm.

She grinned. "That's it. Now give me my stick candy." She lay down beside Clara and held her arms up to me. And now with Clara looking intently on, I

experienced the most pleasureable congress with my wife since the early days of our relationship.

Sleep came slowly that night. I still tingled from this radically new experience. I dismissed all thoughts of leaving Doris. Obviously from now on our life together would be wildly exciting. My lagging interest in her had been fully revived. Our sex life over six years had gradually lost its spice and was now no more than a pleasant habit. After all, sex had been our main bond. When it lost its edge the relationship had become unglued because there was no real community of interests otherwise. I liked jazz and blues; her taste ran to sugary Tin Pan Alley concoctions. I enjoyed good literature, especially satire; Doris preferred True Romances. I kept up with world news; she did not care what happened outside her own minuscule sphere. On the plus side, she was a good cook and housekeeper. We both liked to drink, although after a few shots she often became belligerently argumentative. However, constant association has produced emotional involvement; at this time I knew no other woman with whom I'd rather live. She knew how to wear clothes and was attractive enough to have many admiring glances turned her way when we went out together; this salved my ego. Still, this was not enough to make my marriage satisfactory to me. That is, until tonight.

I was as eager now to remain with her as I had been to marry her. I looked forward to a thoroughly fascinating future. Clara was only the first step; not only did I anticipate sessions with other of my wife's friends, but I might eventually be able to realize a dream so fantastic I hardly dared think about it. That dream was to watch another man make out with my wife. Because she was my wife and there was emotional involvement, the thought excited me far more than watching any other two persons copulating, as stirring as that, too, was.

I had often tried to analyze and anticipate my reaction should I ever surprise another jockey in my saddle. I knew that, according to the code, I should feel outraged, could even kill him under the unwritten law and go free. But being a maverick, in my fantasy I could never work up even a nadir of righteous indignation. Instead of imagining myself murderously mad, I just got hot as hell. If Doris were unavailable, I had to masturbate for relief.

I had never told Doris of this burning desire, for she had often said to me, looking sincere and solemn, that she could never, never, never be intimate with anyone but me, and if for some strange reason she were forced to accommodate another male she couldn't possibly enjoy it. She insisted she was strictly a one-man woman and that mine was the only stick candy she could enjoy. Although I did not believe her, the story was told with such sincerity I found it impossible to suggest that she get horizontal with another stud while I watched.

But everything would be different, from this night on. With one wall down, another would eventually fall. However, no hurry. Right now I would be more than satisfied with two-woman sessions. In order to get the greatest possible simultaneous enjoyment, I started thinking of techniques. With no blueprints available, I had to figure it out alone. By the time I finally fell asleep, I had it all planned.

Clara did not return until two nights later. When I came home, she was lying across the bed clad only in her slip with Doris sitting beside her.

"I was ready for Lesson Number Two last night," Clara said, "but at the last minute I had to go somewhere else. Nothing's gonna stop me tonight, though."

"Daddy," Doris said, "dinner's ready and waitin' in the oven. Do you want it now or would you rather ... uh ... eat something else?"

"My favorite food," I said, "is right here on this bed."

"Meaning what, Lover Man?" Clara said.

"Nice, hot, tasty twat. What else?"

"Then quit talkin' and start snackin'," Doris said.

"Fine. And I'm gonna start with a nice heavin' helpin' of you, Clara," I said.

"And if you don't heave enough I'll help you," Doris cut in.

"Don't worry about thing one," Clara answered. "I'm bound to shake it. I jus' ain't gonna break it."

As we stripped, I revealed my blueprint for a trio.

"After Clara gets her french lesson, I'll lie on my left side at right angles to her, slide both my legs under her right and scissors her left. That'll put me directly on target. Then Doris lies on her side facing Clara so I can shove my head through her thighs. That way I can take care of both you chicks at the same time."

To my boundless delight, it worked. I hugged my mate's hips as I frenched her while Clara pressed one hand against my bottom to hold me inside her. I obviously couldn't see, but it was evident from their comments that soon they were grabbing each other's breasts.

"Sure wish you had something besides these little mosquito bites," I heard Doris say.

"Yeah? You sure got enough for both of us," Clara retorted. "For the whole building, if you wanna know the truth."

"Ooooh, that feels good, girl," my wife said. "Pull 'em off, I don't give a damn!"

"Sh-i-i-i-t, everything's good," Clara sighed.

I was having a double ball, simultaneously fucking one and sucking the other. Doris climaxed first, triggering me and I set off Clara. Afterwards we lay where we were, in no hurry to move from our positions.

"Well," Clara finally said, "that gets it like it ain't ever been got before."

"Who taught you this?" Doris asked.

"Nobody. Figured it out all alone. Like it?"

"You better not forget how."

Clara returned three times the following week for more of the same. Then one day before we began, Doris said, "Old girl friend, I think we oughta try somethin' else."

"Like what?" Clara asked.

"Bob's been comin' on with you like gangbusters. I think it's your turn now."

"You mean, go down on him? I'd like to. He's got a fine—"

"Not him. Me."

"You? I ain't never done that to another woman. But, tell you what. I will if you do it to me."

"Great!" I cut in. "This is something I been wantin' to see."

"Okay, I'm game," Doris said. "But you gotta wash first. I'm not putting my mouth on any funky crack."

"You wash too. You ain't no Attar of Roses yourself."

I suggested they wash each other. They spent so much time at it that the real purpose became kicks instead of cleanliness.

At last they got in bed, Clara above in 69, and began. For a few moments there was silence except for sucking sounds, then Clara raised her head to complain, "You don't know how."

"Quit talkin' and eat," Doris said.

"I'd rather eat Bob's. He's got a mouthful."

"Wanna make it three-way Daddy?" Doris asked.

I nodded and joined. Afterward Doris said, "We'll have to add this to our repertoire, too."

CHAPTER 2

Doris had come a long way since I first met her. I never learned when or how the seed of multiple sex had been planted in her psyche, but it never had a chance to take root and grow until her relationship with me. Had she not met me—or some other sex rebel—it is quite possible she might have gone through life frustrated and hopelessly neurotic.

She was recovering from her first marriage when we met. Her husband had been strictly wham-bam-thank-you-mam and this only in one position: woman below, man above. To make matters worse for her, all her other pre-me partners, some four or five, had acted similarly in bed.

Two weeks after meeting we had our first intimacy on a couch in the parlor of the apartment where she roomed. That night both her landlord and his wife went out and left us by ourselves. We began a torrid petting party almost as soon as they left. I kissed her passionately, fondled her breasts through her clothing, then gradually worked my hand upward beneath her dress. She closed her eyes, asked me to stop, and began breathing heavily. I ignored her requests and tugged at her panties to pull them off. Still telling me to stop, she raised her hips in cooperation. Taking the bottom of her dress, I slid it up around her waist as she muttered "please don't" and scooted forward. When I knelt in front, she evidently thought I was going to enter and screw. Instead I began kissing the inside of her right thigh from her knee upward, stopping and remaining where her thighs joined. By now I had learned never to ask a girl if I could french her, for convention demanded an automatic "no." Instead I

usually went ahead, and by the time she learned what it was about, it was usually too late. The new and shattering sensation of a tongue caressing her clitoris was so wildly enjoyable she would rather fight than have me switch. So it was with Doris. Twice she had orgasms from cunnilingus; then immediately afterward from genital coitus she had three more.

When I saw her after our initial session, she said she still trembled each time she thought of what happened. Since childhood she had yearned for somebody to eat her pussy, but I was first. "It's even better than I dreamed it would be. And you may as well know, Mr. Robert Greene, that after what you did you're gonna be stuck with me. If you don't come over and take care of me regularly from now on, I'll come to your place and camp outside your door. So govern yourself accordingly."

From then on we went to bed two or three times weekly before we married. After our wedding the frequency rose to four or five. Actually I wanted it every night, plus some mornings. Although Doris was unusually passionate, she would not permit that rate. I learned later that her libido was as strong as mine; her refusal was caused by her conviction that if we copulated that often I would "tire" of her.

We tried every position we had ever heard about or could think up; at that time there were no marriage manuals available. Two years passed before she returned my oral attention. Then one night when we went to bed she slid down, pulled me over on my back, and began kissing the head of my resting soldier. Immediately he stood erect and she fellated me (clumsily but effectively) until I shot into her mouth. She did not spit it out and I was grateful; I look upon the expectoration of my semen as a rejection of me. Doris soon became expert, and we often 69ed with me above. Occasionally I would ask her to retain my emission in

her mouth and then immediately mount her (in those young days I was capable of screwing immediately after orgasm through fellatio). With my mouth pressed against hers, I would suck my juice, now thinned by her saliva, until I came in her.

At the beginning I asked Doris not to let anybody know I "went down" on her. I was then sensitive to the widely-held opinion that oral sex was "perverted" and I saw no reason why others should know this was one of my supreme delights. Obviously she must have told one or two of her closest friends before Clara; some gals can't keep quiet when they've got a good thing going.

One of these was, I believe, Ella, then her best friend and who came from her home town in Alabama. Ella was almost a daily visitor and the three of us often went out together, occasionally with her fiance, Chuck, as a fourth. When Doris was hospitalized for an appendectomy after two and a half years of marriage, she asked Ella to daily visit our living quarters, prepare my meals, and in general "see after Bob." At that time we lived in a huge room with kitchen privileges. On the second day when Ella came in the early evening, she made my bed and then sat upon it.

"Bob," she said, "there's a smudge or something on your cheek. Do let me get it off."

I sat beside her and leaned in her direction. She removed whatever it was with her own face inches away, then smiled with parted lips and looked challengingly directly into my eyes. Ella was an ordinary-looking, medium brown skin babe with an ordinary shape, but she did have beautiful teeth and a warm outflowing personality. In addition, she was slightly knockkneed and contemporary Negro folklore had it that knockkneed gals were hotter and tighter than those with straight legs. Thus when she looked at me with parted lips, then leaned slowly toward me, closing

ner eyes, I accepted the challenge. I kissed her, receiving immediately a mouthful of tongue.

My sexuality has always been transistorized. I was turned on forthwith with no warm-up necessary. Within moments her dress was up, drawers off, thighs parted and my head between them. She showed no trace of surprise, and climaxed speedily and violently. Then I boarded her train. After we reached the end of the line and were lying quietly, she said:

"I suppose you know this is the first time anybody ever went down on me?"

"Really?"

"It really is. And it's absolutely glorious."

"Odd," I said. "You didn't seem at all surprised. In fact, you acted like you were expecting it. Has Doris been talking?"

"Nothing surprises me." She smiled enigmatically. "Besides, why would your wife tell me about your habits? All she said was she wanted me to see after you while she was in the hospital."

"Did she ask you to see after me in bed?"

"She didn't say not to, so I used my judgment. If I'm gonna see after somebody, I want to do a thorough job."

Realizing I would not get a direct answer, I pursued the matter no farther. We had encores three times in the next five days, then Ella said, "You've really messed me up. You got me so dissatisfied with Chuck I simply can't stand him now. Last night I broke our engagement. It's ridiculous, and I know it, because when Doris comes home in a few days I'll be outa luck. I'm just a plain damn fool. But I'm gonna make the best of it while I can."

A month or so after Doris returned, Ella told me she had made up with Chuck. I suppose she became so progressively horny she was willing to settle for any kind of relief, and after all Chuck was crazy about her.

Shortly afterward they married and moved to St. Louis.

Still another incident a year or so later added substance to the suspicion my wife was bragging to her best friends about my educated tongue.

We were at a party—a real whinging with everybody smashed, or on the verge. Doris had passed out and I found myself alone in a bedroom with Maggie, a tiny cream-colored doll who was an ex-schoolteacher. For six months or more, after Ella left, she had been my wife's closest girl friend. Seeing we were alone, and her inhibitions drowned in alcohol, Maggie threw her arms around me and begged for action. As had long been my pattern, I began with cunnilingus.

Quite reserved when sober, now under the influence of liquor and me, she made so much happy noise that I stopped once—to her great disgust—to open the door and see if anybody had been moved to investigate. Luckily, the coast was clear. We finished without interruption.

I didn't see her for a week afterward. She purposely visited Doris when she knew I would not be present. When I did finally see her, she was nervous and refused to look me in the eye. Another three weeks passed before I chanced to see her alone, and then only because I ran into her unexpectedly on South Parkway.

"What in hell's the matter with you?" I asked immediately. "You've dodged me since the night of the party."

Maggie blushed. "If you must know, it's because I'm ashamed. I'd always wondered what it would feel like to have it that way. When you did it, I lost control. I sounded like a ... like a prostitute. And afterward I was embarrassed ... and still am. I don't want anything or anybody to get the best of me. And you did."

Circumstantial evidence against Doris, of course.

With Clara there was no longer any question. From then on, others found out in various ways.

Our kitchen door opened on a long rear porch. Two apartments away lived a couple with whom we had become friendly, Leo and Grace. Leo, little and lean, loved to lush, and was hip in most things non-sexual. Sexually he was a hopeless square. Grace was a brazen swinger, carrying on without detection virtually under her husband's nose. Like many small men, Leo compensated for his lack of size by getting a big woman who he thought he dominated. She was both tall and heavy without being fat, and was ready for anything at any time.

One night when Doris, Clara and I were in bed, Grace appeared suddenly in our room. Our back door had accidentally been left unlocked and Grace walked right in, coming to our bedroom when she found nobody elsewhere. She looked down on us, hands on hips, and said, "Well, I'll be damned! So that's why Clara can't keep her ass away from here these days. I thought there must be something funny going on."

Doris was irritated. "All right, so now you know."

"Wish you'd let me know sooner. We coulda had some stinkin' good times. I got some friends who're wild about this kind of party."

She said further she'd like to join us, but had to hurry back and fix dinner for Leo.

Two nights later she appeared in our kitchen a few minutes after I came home, ostensibly to borrow a cup of sugar. Clara was also present. Striding immediately to me without saying a word, she unbuttoned my trousers and took out my penis—which of course got hard.

"Just wanna see what it is you gals like so much," she said as she fondled me. "It does look just right at that—not too big and not too small." She rubbed her hand all over its length, lingering at the head.

"Look at the eye," Clara said, taking it away from Grace. "Ain't it a bitch?"

"That's my stick candy you indecent females are raving over," Doris reminded them.

"It's a mellow thing, I don't care whose it is," Grace said.

Although I welcomed the attention, I was aware of an increasing warmth creeping over the skin, becoming more uncomfortable by the minute. I was actually glad when Clara and Grace left. I told Doris about it immediately afterward, but she had no explanation. I was able to get relief only by a thorough scrubbing with soap and water.

Weeks later I learned the cause. Grace had been preparing a recipe calling for whole chili peppers and she had not washed her hands before fondling me. This spice can be almost as wicked externally as internally. But the experience was beneficial. I found that a tiny hint of chili pepper on the finger applied gently to the clitoris of a sluggish broad can turn her into a near-nympho.

When Grace saw Rose a few days later after stumbling upon our menage a trois, she told her all about her discovery. Rose, a mutual friend, lived a block away. Tall and with a tantalizing behind and full, provocative lips, she had long interested me, but I had never tried to lay her. But as soon as she heard about us from Grace, she hurried to our flat.

"I knew something like this had to be going on," she said as soon as she entered the door. "The way Clara acted around you two just about gave it away, but I had nothing to go on until Grace told me. You been leaving me out, and here I am dying for a party."

I was surprised. I'd never pigeonholed Rose as a swinger. She made like a devout Catholic, attending every mass and talking glowingly of the approaching confirmation of her daughter. True, her husband was a

quarter of a century older than she and his job as a Pullman porter kept him away five days at a time, but there had been nothing to indicate she deviated one iota from church dictum. However, after we came to know her sexually, I doubted she ever attended confessionals and told all. With the narrow official attitudes, her father confessor would himself have needed to confess to another priest to "cleanse" himself of what she told him. Rose soon became our favorite and most constant partner until she moved to Detroit a couple of years later.

Immediately after telling us she knew what we did with Clara, Rose insisted then and there on action. Of course we obliged. Afterward we had sessions with Clara or Rose, sometimes both. Grace, to her great disgust, thought it unwise to join in because when she was in our apartment, Leo often appeared shortly afterward. He knew nothing of her extra-marital activities and she intended to keep it that way. During all the years I knew him he never caught on.

Doris' passion at least doubled itself when she saw me making out with her selected girl friends. She got close, intently eyeing every move. She was sizzling by the time I finished with others and was more than ready for me. On those occasions when I ran out of rocket fuel after both Rose and Clara and fell asleep through sheer exhaustion, I would awaken to find her living the role of frustrated martyr until I balled her.

Clara and Rose were our only partners until we moved later in 1987. At our new, larger apartment we expanded associates and activities and for the first time I had the long-awaited pleasure of watching another husband fuck my wife during mate swapping.

CHAPTER 3

Undoubtedly an individual's sexual patterns can be traced back to early childhood experiences. However, there are obviously factors other than pure heredity and environment. Even identical twins occasionally develop different desires. I knew of one who desired active fellatio; it held no allure for his brother and more than one fist fight took place because a previous partner mistook the second twin for the first. In other words, since no two people are exactly alike, innate psychological differences may result in differing patterns—even among identical twins, with the same heredity, and reared in the same environment. A traumatic experience which may turn one child into a homosexual will have no noticeable effect on another. As the result of childhood punishment, some persons develop a lifelong emotional need for spanking or flogging to fully enjoy "naughty" sex; others, no matter how much, or why, they were beaten, reject sado-masochism in connection with satisfaction of the libido.

I do not know what caused Doris to develop her attitudes and needs, but I can trace the origin of all my desires except one. Oddly enough, that is the most consuming: cunnilingus. My earliest impression of the sex act, when I was seven or eight was that it was oral. A year later I was surprised—and disappointed—to learn that the male and female genitalia were joined for fucking. Although I have an excellent memory for early childhood observations, I can recall nothing that made me believe coitus was performed by mouth. However, with this first impression of the sex act, it is not surprising that the drive to use my lips and tongue has persisted. I cannot completely enjoy coitus until I

have tasted my partner's genitalia, even if only briefly.

I find cunnilingus emotionally invigorating as well as physically stimulating. I prefer a woman with abundant pubic hair. I am rarely enthused over a partner with a clean-shaven delta. If colored, I think of her as a baldheaded baby; if white she reminds me of a plucked chicken. I like to rub my face against a verdant bush and I like the natural odor. I prefer a doll without perfume around her pubes; for me the most exciting scent possible is that of a hot and healthy pussy.

In addition to the sheer joy of feasting on cunt, I like the sense of power I feel in bringing a woman to orgasm. Many who come rarely, if ever, through genital copulation go wild from talented oral attention. I derive tremendous satisfaction from knowing that not only has my partner received through me that most intense of all human pleasures, but that no matter how genteel and refined she may seem to the world, under the right stimulus she is a wonderful, raw animal. That is in addition to the tactile delight of having soft, warm thighs rub against my cheeks, the taste of her flowing juices and the beautiful sight of her most intimate anatomical areas. When I say I am hungry for a woman, I mean it literally. I want to enjoy her with each of my five senses—and of course I prefer a lighted room. But frenching is not an end in itself. I want genital copulation afterward. In my younger days when I was capable of several ejaculations with only minutes between, I could bring myself to repeated peaks. Now that I am past sixty, and no longer capable of multiple orgasms per session—except on rare occasions—I like to climb to the edge of the precipice and retain my balance indefinitely through various acts before sliding down to normalcy through climax. When I was younger I was hastier and far more selfish, knowing that if I did not satisfy my partner with one

fuck there would be others. Now I am far more sensitive to my partner's desires and with experience has come the ability to please in many exotic ways. Age does have its compensations.

As an only child living in a neighborhood with few potential playmates, I did not know girls were structurally different from boys until I was seven or eight, just before I got the idea that suck meant fuck. The first fully-developed female genitalia I saw were those of my mother, and the circumstances undoubtedly account for my lasting interest in urolagnia.

We had a privy in our back yard. One summer day I looked down through the twin holes and saw a foot long lizard sitting motionless on one of the slowly growing half-ossified fecal piles. He looked up as I looked down and I couldn't scare him away. I ran back into the house to get Mother. She returned with me and tried to frighten him by dropping small stones and twigs. He wouldn't budge. As a last resort, looking at me and smiling like a naughty child, she raised her skirts and, suspending her big brown butt a few inches above the seat opening, began urinating to drive off the creature.

I was so fascinated I forgot all about the lizard. I could see a mysterious black triangle of curly hair. From the center gushed a stream of water. So this was what you put your mouth on when you had sex! Females also used it to pee. Simple logic showed the two went together; pissing therefore tied in with what I thought was fucking. As I watched her I got my first recognizable feeling of arousal. I stood enchanted as the stream rushed out forcefully then slowly dwindled until only a few drops remained; she shook herself and these too fell with what seemed to me great reluctance. In addition to the strange tingling in my body, I believed this was one of the most beautiful sights my young eyes had ever witnessed. And this was obviously

the way my hang-up with female urination got its start. Ever since then I have been tremendously aroused at sight of the female fountain. (Have you ever noticed how many of the world's most famous fountains are sculptural representations of the animal function of urination?)

As I grew older, talks with other boys dwelt more and more on sex. Whenever a playmate mentioned pussy, I thought immediately of Mother peeing, for hers was the only cunt I was able to see except fleetingly until I was eleven. Then one day while playing with several white kids, I found myself alone on the ground in front of a 13 year old girl. Her dress was up, legs parted, knees raised and she had no panties. I looked. She saw me looking but did not change position until some of the other children returned. Instead her little vulva moved back and forth as I stared. Later I told a buddy she could make her pussy wink. I could not account for this phenomenon until years later when I realized she had evidently learned to contract her sphincter muscles, which, when rhythmically moved, look like winking. But this did not switch me from Mother; the girl's was pink and had only sparse soft down above.

Like many small boys, when by ourselves we talked about fucking. My fantasy partner was invariably Mother and the action was in line with my original concept of the sex act. What I wanted to put in her was my tongue. Always I recalled vividly the wondrous sight of her peeing on the lizard, and shivered with delight as I thought how it would feel to have her rain on me. I knew how good it felt when I emptied my full bladder; why wouldn't it be even more enjoyable, albeit in a different way, if she urinated as I placed my mouth against her pephole?

Our house was small. Each night I brought in a large porcelain pot for my parents and me which I dutifully

emptied and cleansed every morning. Sometimes when I was supposedly asleep I would hear Mother get up and use the vessel; her sound differed from Dad's. Immediately I would see again in my mind Mother and the lizard and grow excited. In summer she sometimes went to the back porch late at night, and when I heard her, I silently arose and sneaked to the back door to watch as she raised her gown, squatted and peed over the porch edge onto the ground. When the diminishing flow indicated she was almost through, I slipped back to bed, feigning sleep as she returned to her bedroom. Usually I was so stimulated I lay awake a long time. I was never caught—and in later years I often wondered what I would have done had I been apprehended.

I was so anxious to see her genitals again that I tried to think up ways to catch a glimpse. I was successful only twice, once when I "accidentally" came into the big kitchen which doubled as a bathing room (we used a big tin tub for baths and laundry) just as she stepped out. Since I was barred from the area when she bathed, I got the scolding of my life. The other instance was one morning around two or three, when ordinarily I was sound asleep. Evidently she and Dad had just gotten a piece and she turned on the light to find a towel to dry herself. On both occasions I felt giddy from the sheer joy of glimpsing her great brown breasts and thick bushy delta. And right here is, I think, a sound argument for nudity in the home. It is not only healthful, but accustoms young children to the appearance of the opposite sex, thus eliminating the basis for neurotic attitudes which later plague many people all through adult life. There is no sound reason why children should not learn basic physical differences between the sexes even before they start their ABC's.

When I reached puberty and discovered the bliss of ejaculation through masturbation, my love object was

still my mother. If there is ever a prize awarded for the biggest Oedipus Complex, mine should at least reach the final judging. I was so obsessed with desire for her, both orally and genitally, that I doubt I could have really enjoyed any other female during adolescence even had there been the opportunity. According to what I've read on the subject, the women with whom I later became emotionally involved should have physically resembled her. But here again, nonconformity. My first loves were invariably short, small women weighing less than one-hundred thirty. They were in direct contrast to Mother who was five-feet-nine and weighed over two hundred. It wasn't until I was almost forty that I became seriously interested in tall women.

Being imaginative, the first summer after discovering masturbation I devised a technique for added pleasure. Wide vacant lots separated our house from those of neighbors on both sides. On moonless nights when my parents were away, I stripped nude and walked into the backyard. The knowledge that I was violating a strong taboo by running around outdoors with no clothes on added spice. We owned a long hose for watering the lawn. I turned on the faucet, stuck the nozzle up my rectum until my belly felt comfortably full, then bent over and masturbated while I watched the water run back out, imagining I was looking at Mother urinate.

At fourteen or fifteen when I jacked off regularly eight to twelve times each week (the common belief that "self abuse" would lead to insanity disturbed me not at all), I made the astounding discovery one day when home alone and lying on my back that by throwing my legs far enough over my head I could french myself. Until I grew larger and became less supple, I had the unique experience of fellating my own prick until I shot off in my own mouth. This was real do-it-yourself cocksucking, complete self service.

Perhaps this should have turned me into a homo, but by then I was so frantic to eat my first pussy that nothing diverted me, not even my initial sex experience with another person—male.

Following my first year in college, I was in a city park one summer night listening to the weekly band concert when a little white man, apparently in his thirties, walked up, explained he was a stranger, and asked directions to the men's toilet. When he seemed unable to understand my directions, I said I'd accompany him. Not at all suspicious, I walked with him away from the crowd. As we passed a small clump of trees, he said this would do just as well and stepped inside. Since I also had to piss, I followed. No sooner had I taken out my staff than he clutched it and began fondling me. My surprise did not prevent my getting hard. Immediately he dropped to his knees on the turf in front of me and placed it between his jaws. I realized "this joker is a sissy" but it felt too good to stop. He completed the task, kissed and patted the head, then asked, "How about meeting me here tomorrow night at the same time? You're a perfect size for me." I was so ashamed and embarrassed, now that I'd gotten my nuts off, that I said nothing. I did not return the next night nor for a full month thereafter.

By the time of my homosexual experience I had outgrown my oedipus complex. But I was still frustrated for want of a woman. I had tremendous sex drive but no outlet except masturbation. I was almost desperate in my desire for cunnilingus. Yet I dare not let anybody know. In my small home town, those who orally contacted another's genitals were looked upon as the lowest form of human vermin in existence. Like most youths, I was determined to conform. No one must ever know how "perverted" I was. Solution? I stayed away from girls and burned. I'd have rather killed myself than let some gal be in a position to whisper

to her chum, "You know that Bob Greene? He's nothing but a dirty freak. He tried to eat my pussy when I went out with him last night." I could not face the withering scorn of my buddies when word got around; at that time I would rather retain the respect of my peers than satisfy my almost uncontrollable desire to kiss a cunt.

Several months after my homosexual encounter, I at last had my first connection with a woman. I was eighteen, and in a much larger city a good many miles from home. A college classmate, who preferred prostitutes to "romancing those goddamn silly young broads" asked me to join him in calling on a white whore who catered exclusively to Negro males. I sat in the parlor with her pimp, also white, while my buddy spent some fifteen minutes with her in the bedroom. Talking in a low voice, her pimp assured me I had "done the right thing" by waiting until last because my friend would "get her worked up" and then "if she's gonna come, she'll come for you." He extolled her good points at length, presumably to get me so excited that when my turn came I'd pop off as soon as I popped in.

When my classmate returned, I forked over two dollars to her pimp and walked nervously back to the bedroom. The gal was a reasonably attractive blonde, under thirty and rather small, lying on her back on the rumpled bed, a light green robe flung to one side. This was the first woman I had ever seen in-the-ready position. I took off my trousers, shaking with excitement, and got on the bed to crawl over her for my first piece then thought, *I'm not at home now and nobody will ever know what I do.* Instead of entering her, I backed off, lowered my head and gingerly shoved my mouth against her cunt. It was slick and wet, undoubtedly from my buddy's semen. I moved neither tongue nor lips, merely held them against her as I sniffed the

unaccustomed but wildly stimulating aroma of a loaded gash. Looking up over her belly, I saw her watching me with a smile on her face. Grabbing my throbbing cock I rapidly masturbated, ejaculating swiftly. As soon as I climaxed, I suddenly thought, *what if she's diseased? Maybe she's got gonorrhea or syphilis, and my mouth is on her pussy.* I jerked my head away, hurriedly slipped into my trousers and left the room. I glanced her way as I closed the door. She was still smiling.

As soon as my buddy and I left, I spit twice in a worried effort to cleanse my mouth. I was afraid to spit too much; he might want to know why. Saying I had a sudden headache, I left him and hurried along spitting all the way to my room where I carefully washed out my mouth with soap and water. Finally I thought, *the hell with it. I've done all I know to get rid of germs. If I get infected it'll just have to happen. Besides, so will my classmate.* By the next morning, however, I was mentally kicking myself for not having had a real feast.

I was living in Chicago, and had twice experienced hurried genital copulation before I got up enough nerve to make another stab at cunnilingus. Several young good-time girls (chippies, not whores) also lived in the apartment where I roomed. One in particular caught my fancy. My inhibitions dissipated by several drinks of corn liquor, I boldly asked her one night if I could french her.

Briefly her eyes lighted, then recalling I was a country boy she asked:

"Ever done it before?"

"No," I confessed.

"Then don't try it. You won't like it."

That was a real bring down. Later I learned, to my great embarrassment, she told another girl roomer, "If

he'd known anything about it I'd have let him. But he ain't gonna learn on me."

I reasoned the best way to learn was with a whore. So for the second and last time in my life I called on a prostitute. When I paid my two dollars (the going price in those days) she expected a fuck. Instead I told her I wanted to suck.

"Oh, good," she said, wriggling her heavy hips. She was a big yellow woman.

I got on my knees and began as if I were accustomed to frenching. She turned into a one-woman rooting section with "That's it, eat good pussy, lick it." Suddenly she stopped, sat up in bed and pointed. "Not down there! Up here around the boy-in-the-boat."

I shifted up to her clitoris, having learned my first basic lesson in this erotic art, and stayed right on it until the landlady called to tell her another John was waiting. My teacher did not answer the first two or three calls, but when they became louder she sat up, pushed me away, and announced, "That's all. Time's up."

Later that year I established the first real man-woman relationship of my life with a young divorcee named Gladys. I was attracted before I saw her face. Her walk floored me; she had a very rhythmic rump. We were both guests at a party and I got myself introduced. She would never win a prize in a beauty contest, but she had such a warm and vivacious personality, coupled with utter femininity, that I latched on immediately. Her raisin-brown face was unusual, with a semitic nose, and her legs were smaller than I preferred, but that did not deter me. Once when I kidded her about their size she came back with, "Did you ever hear a man ask for a piece of leg?"

Gladys was the first woman with whom I ever spent an entire night. Because I was quite fond of her, my desire for cunnilingus was difficult to control, but I

dared not risk a refusal and possibly lose her. But after four or five all-night sessions of genital coitus, I could stand it no longer. I recall it was a Sunday morning, after three ejaculations the previous night, that I finally broke down as soon as I awoke. I started off stroking her belly, trying to think of a way to broach the subject.

"Baby," I began, "there's something I've just got to tell you. It's something I want to do."

"Like what?"

I didn't answer. Instead I began kissing her across her stomach as I knelt to the left of her head facing her feet. I brushed my face against her hairy mound.

"Good God," she said. "Nobody's ever kissed me like that before!"

Thus encouraged, I kissed down the side of her triangle and came to rest with my mouth against her wet lower lips. Remembering what the prostitute had told me, I searched with my tongue until I found her clitoris. Had there not been a ceiling, she might have soared into orbit. As she writhed, I stared fascinated and triumphant into the scarlet interior of her cunt, thinking *at last! at last I'm eating pussy and I know it's clean! I don't have to worry about hurrying or anything like that any more. The walls of Jericho have finally fallen. And from now on I'll anchor my mouth on this delightful cove any time I feel like it. This haven is my heaven!*

Moments later, climax—so violent I stopped in alarm, raised my head and turned around. She almost shouted, "Get the hell back on it! Don't stop!" I returned to her clitoris, still astounded at the intensity of her orgasm. Nothing so tempestuous had ever occurred in genital union even though she was unusually passionate and had told me I was by far the best she'd ever had. Like most women I came to know, release by oral coitus was far more cataclysmic than orgasm by

prick. As for me, I learned my own excitation reached a far higher level if first I orally contacted my partner.

When Gladys was able to speak calmly, she said, "My God! I never knew anything could be like that! And do you know, if you'd asked me first I'd have told you no? Am I glad you didn't ask?" She shivered and giggled. "From now on, do *that* any time you want—and I hope you want to all the time!"

In the following days, weeks, months I invariably began with cunnilingus, experimenting and learning. Sometimes I'd spend minutes opening her lips and looking enraptured into the rosy interior; even now, almost forty years later, I still gaze in fascination upon the wondrous wet walls, fingering and fondling inner and outer labia and the ring of hair; this is still the most perpetually exciting sight in all creation. And I was thankful, too, for Gladys' inexperience. As time passed and I developed proficiency, I realized how crude had been my initial effort and a more discerning partner would have immediately realized my oral ignorance. Gladys, fortunately, required no sophisticated technique to ignite her fuse; nevertheless she learned to evaluate any subtle changes in my use of mouth and tongue. I learned never to attack the clitoris initially; my companion received far more pleasure if I kissed over and around her mound, ran my tongue across the top edge and down the sides of her triangle; kissed and lightly bit the sensitive flesh on the inside of each thigh from knee to pubic arch, then covered her entire slit with my mouth, running my tongue delicately over the hairy crown before parting her inner lips and roving upward from the bottom before exposing the throbbing, tumescent little button with its network of nerves to direct contact.

Six weeks went by and then Gladys asked if she could french me, and laughed loudly.

"You know why I divorced my husband?" she asked.

"Because he came home one day and asked me to suck him off. I was so insulted I walked out and stayed. I was really pissed off. And now I'm asking if I can go down on you." She shook her head. "I didn't believe anybody could change me like you have."

We soon shacked up together, developing personal intimacy as well as sexual rapport. We became as inseparable as Siamese twins when I came home from work, even going to the bathroom together with the result that my interest in urolagnia surfaced.

I sat close by, intently watching whenever she made her fountain. Even if I had just climaxed I would get another erection. One day I got up nerve enough to ask if I could dry her with my mouth. She consented. Later I took the final leap and asked that she squat above my mouth instead of the toilet. She hesitated, then consented but without enthusiasm. Knowing her reaction I seldom made this request.

I realized this was way-out, not only for Gladys but for the most sexually emancipated members of the population. American culture labels urine as revolting. Yet many world-famous figures have been strongly interested in urolagnia, among them one of the greatest of all sexologists, Dr. Havelock Ellis. Among a sizeable number of the world's peoples, a woman's urine is believed to possess magical properties. Some European and African populations make it into love potions. A maiden will use her pee as the basic ingredient of a concoction to be given a young man to make him fall in love with her. Estrogen, a hormone taken internally, is manufactured from pregnant mares' urine. Another hormone, HMG, for men, is produced from the piss of menopausal women.

A noted anthropologist, studying and living with a tribe in East Africa, tells of a marriage between the son and daughter of two leaders. He was invited to the ceremony, the final mark of his acceptance. As a token

of the high esteem he had won, the bride's mother sent him a gourd containing her urine by special messenger, an honor reserved for only the most select. He was required to drink it while the messenger waited to return the empty container to the mother. Knowing there is nothing either harmful or dirty about a healthy woman's urine and that a refusal would not only have been an insult but would have jeopardized his whole research program, he drank it down without a hint of revulsion.

In my youth I knew two sisters famous for their unusually beautiful complexions. It was common knowledge that before retiring at night, each applied urine to her face. Since then I have met others who used this liquid to soften and beautify the skin. When you get down to bare facts, the only objection is emotional. We have been conditioned to look upon anything coming from the excretory organs as unclean—a reason why many persons refuse active oral-genital contact. And yet babies come from the same hole which provides the greatest pleasure known to man. As for me, I cannot divorce pee from pussy; they belong together. And there is no doubt in my mind that if a woman urinated from some other orifice, it would no longer have erotic significance for me.

There is also less danger of contagious disease from urine than from saliva swapped in a kiss. Viewed objectively, kissing mouth to mouth is one of the most unsanitary customs in our society and those cultures which look upon this practice with horror are justified on a health basis. On the other hand the vulva, because of its location, is protected from germs which contaminate the atmosphere; the human mouth, out in the open is a way-station for unfriendly bacteria. Obviously, kissing cunt lips is far more sanitary than kissing facial lips.

I have frenched several women who lost control of

their bladders on the verge of orgasm and geysered. This to me was an added bonus; I especially enjoyed sessions with them. I have also gone to bed with gals who asked me to urinate full force immediately on entry, saying the pressure against the womb heightened their arousal. One doll insisted I pull her labia apart and then piss from two inches away; this seemed to make her hot as a blast furnace.

But in most instances urolagnia has been for my own unconventional pleasure. Women have humored me because they knew I craved it. However, although I always enjoy watching a woman pee, I have requested this warm fluid for myself only from dolls who particularly moved me.

From the time I broke with Gladys I did not make this exotic request of anyone until I married Doris, and even then I held off for at least a year. But Doris was as agreeable to this as to all other unusual suggestions, and I am convinced she got actual pleasure from performing the act.

I recall awaking one night after we both went to bed stoned to find something warm and wet running down over my midsection. I snapped on the light at the head of the bed to find Doris squatting above my cock, peeing. I got an immediate hard-on. When she was through, I grabbed her hips and pulled her down upon my rod. She slept through my thrusts and climax. When I released her she fell over on her side, snoring. Shaking my head I got up and changed sheets without her once waking. She not only knew nothing of the incident next morning but vehemently denied it all even when I showed her the evidence of the wet linen.

Shortly after Doris and I moved to our new apartment, Grace called and asked my wife, "How 'bout bringin' some people over tonight for a party?"

"That depends. Who and how many?"

"A couple I know. Old friends of mine. The wife

has the most freakish eyes you ever saw. Her husband runs on the road. He's a dining-car waiter. I told 'em 'bout you guys, an' they're interested."

"Okay. Bring them over."

A half hour later Grace appeared, face flushed, eyes bright. With her were Ola and Tom. She was right; Ola had strange and weirdly fascinating eyes: light brown, almost orange, seemingly glowing in a soft deep chocolate face. Around twenty-eight, she was lovely of both face and figure with a sweet disposition and a low, throaty voice. Tom was heavy set, about forty-five. They had a two-year-old son, kept by her mother when they went out together.

"Tom wouldn't even taste a twat until a couple years ago," Grace said. "Since then he's been tryin' to make up for all those years he missed. Now any time he sees a snatch he wants to snack. As for Ola," she turned and looked fondly in her direction, "this is my pretty-eyed baby. Ain't she somethin'?"

Grace also explained she tried to contact a boy friend to make up three couples, but he wasn't home. "However, we can still have a ball."

We all stripped. Grace, thoroughly bi-sexual, asked that she first take on Ola alone, explaining, "I'm hungry for that sweet slit of hers. Ain't had it in a long time."

As she frenched Ola, for the first time I had a leisurely look at Grace's cave and quickly decided I didn't want it. I was reminded of stale liver, and this is the only pussy I have ever seen that repulsed me. I resolved that somehow I must always invent an excuse to avoid oral contact without hurting her feelings.

When Grace could tear her head away, we formed a daisy chain on the living room floor. I eagerly attached myself to Ola, who serviced Doris, who had a mouthful of Tom, who feasted on Grace, who frenched me. Momentarily I felt peculiar at the realization that my

wife had another man's sex between her jaws, but the thrill of eating this enticing new quim soon wiped it from my thoughts.

We decided not to screw since Grace had no partner. Instead we sat around, getting acquainted with our top ends. Later somebody suggested we reverse our daisy chain. Horrified at the thought of frenching Grace, I looked at the clock and excused myself on the pretext of an important early meeting next morning. Instead, I told them, we should get together one night soon when Tom was in town.

A couple of days later when I came home, Grace was there with Ola, impatiently waiting for Warren, Grace's boy friend, who had been unavailable when we met Ola and Tom. Within minutes, Warren arrived, skinny and perpetually smiling.

As soon as we were introduced, Grace lay down on the floor, raised her dress and removed her panties. Then she commanded, "All right, get down now and eat my pussy."

Warren looked around, obviously embarrassed, and said, "Aw, gee!"

"Aw gee, hell! I want you to show these people how well you can nibble."

"Wait a minute—" Warren protested.

"You didn't come here waitin'? Eat it this minute or you ain't ever gonna put your mouth on it again."

That got him. Even though Doris and I were strangers and, like Ola, fully dressed, the possibility of not being allowed to french Grace in the future was evidently too horrible to contemplate. Without another word he dropped to the floor and buried his head between her big brown thighs.

Grace looked triumphantly around at us, then ordered, "rub your face in it." He complied. "Now lick everywhere with your tongue." He did. "Now make me come, goddamn it."

When he finished, she ordered, "Take off your clothes. I want you naked as a jaybird. You got an ass-beating coming. Where was you when I needed you the other night?"

"Now, baby..."

"Baby, shit! Git them goddamn clothes off!"

He stripped silently and speedily. Grace rose from the floor to sit on a chair. Warren lay across her lap, skinny bare bottom up. Strong as Grace was, she needed nothing but her hand. She slapped him hard and rhythmically like a mother spanking a child. Warren did not cry out, but with each blow his prick, hanging near her knee, leaped into sudden rigidity, becoming immediately limp when her hand was removed. She did not stop until she considered him adequately punished. By then Warren had a continuing hard.

When he arose and stood expectantly, Grace said, "All right. Put your clothes on and take me and Ola home."

He looked surprised. "Aincha gonna do nothin' 'bout this?" he asked grabbing his stiff shaft.

"Not one goddamn thing." She grinned as she quoted a rhyme:

*Your eyes may shine
An' your teeth may grit
But none of this poontang
Are you gonna git.*

"But, baby . . ." Warren started.

"I wanted your tongue, not your old black dick. Go jack off."

He looked at her dolefully, then shrugged.

"I don't see why you gotta treat me this way," he complained, turning away. "But I guess it's all right."

"You damn tootin' it's all right. Maybe this'll teach

you to be home when I wancha."

Warren dressed silently. By the time he left with Grace and Ola, his grin had returned.

If that's what he liked, I had no objection. I believed a person has a right to enjoy sex in whatever way pleases him so long as he does not force his desires on a responsible but unwilling partner. However, discipline, domination and submission rarely interest me, although I will occasionally engage in mild spanking sessions. Canings, whippings, floggings, humiliation—I do not need those to enjoy sex. I get no erotic pleasure from spanking, even when requested; my enjoyment comes from contact with a bare female bottom. That I do like.

CHAPTER 4

Tom was home two days, on the road four. Doris announced one evening when I came home that Tom and Ola would come to our place that evening round eight for a party. I looked at the clock. Exactly five-thirty. In two and a half hours we'd swap. Not only would I have complete coitus with a lovely new partner, but I would at last watch another man score with my wife. Time suddenly dragged. I fidgeted, inwardly fussed, but the seconds refused to rush. By eight o'clock I was like a small child waiting for a tardy Santa Claus.

When they arrived we wasted little time going to the bedroom and stripping. The gals lay side-by-side across the bed. I knelt before Ola with Tom in front of Doris. Complete togetherness! Afterwards I insisted that Tom fuck Doris while Ola and I sat on the side of the bed, watching.

I would not have felt a needle plunge into me as I looked, all concentration, while Tom got above her. I felt both giddy and elated as the head of his cock paused momentarily at her portal, then lost itself inside her body. Those brainwashed by Puritanism cannot understand the exquisite delight of permissively watching another man fuck your wife, especially that first time. It is unlike any other sensation known. When you are emotionally involved with a woman and have the loving, close association which had developed since Clara, the two of you tend to merge, becoming complimentary halves of a whole, opposite sides of the same coin. My own senses responded in complete sympathy with her stimuli. I became both sexes in one. As I watched I was myself enjoying my favorite wom-

an; I was that woman responding wantonly to a new man. For the moment I became pure sensation; my nerves were snatched to skin surface and left bare and quivering.

I moved as close as I could to watch his shaft, glistening with her wetness, thrust in and out. I climbed with them, gasping, to the pinnacle, becoming almost delirious with ecstasy as he exploded in her, groaning and holding her undulating hips tightly against him. Then Doris came, humping upward with her pelvis to pull his spurting cock even deeper inside. When they tobogganed down from their pinnacle I was still atop the razor sharp edge of desire, wildly exhilarated, realizing at last how Doris felt when she saw me score with a woman. Never before in my life had I been so strongly aroused. When Tom limply withdrew, I literally threw myself on my back and asked Doris to squat over my mouth. I was in a frenzy to taste her wet cunt. Parting her thickly creamed lips with my fingers, I shoved my mouth between them, licked hungrily with my tongue, and sucked as I would an orange. Their fresh sauce was warm and thick with a distinctive aroma unlike that of either man or woman alone. Had they produced a quart I would have taken it all. And had anybody touched my throbbing pole I would have ejaculated. I held Doris tightly, mouth hard against her hot, fragrant hole. Realizing I craved every drop, she pushed with her muscles to get rid of all Tom's semen—and peed. This was complete bliss; and the others didn't know what was happening.

When she finally arose, both Ola and Tom were staring at me in amazement.

"Goddamn!" Tom said in awe. "I've seen other cats who loved cunt, but you got 'em all beat."

"Just call me," I said, "a Gourmet of Gash."

"Do something about me," Ola said. "With all that

going on, I'm about to burst out in flames. I need attention now."

I screwed her immediately, after warning I was so hopped up I wouldn't last long. Almost as soon as I entered, I popped off.

"That didn't do me much good," Ola said reproachfully.

"That was a test run," I told her. "In a couple of minutes you're gonna get some real serious action." Ola was exotically exciting. If I'd met her at a dance I'd have made a big play for her. About her was an aura of childish innocence which did not belong to a swinger; this incongruity intensified her appeal. In addition, the thrill of seeing my wife with Tom still held me. I remained on Ola, knowing this double stimuli would speedily stiffen me. In not more than a minute I was able to ride with her again, this time to her satisfaction. Tom, however, was physically incapable of a rapid return. By watching Ola and me, Doris became so horny I had to fuck her soon afterward. But this was no problem; all I had to do was envision her recent union with Tom and I was hard again.

When Tom came home again, we visited their apartment for our next party. After our initial swap, we persuaded our wives to go into 69 for our viewing pleasure. However, we had not anticipated their request that we entertain them. When we could not talk our way out of it, we reluctantly consented, lying on our sides. For the first time in my life I took another man's cock in my mouth. Tom was limp and remained that way. I was only mildly titillated. Our wives let us stop when they saw nothing was happening.

I believe that virtually all humans have homosexual desires. But our society tells us to reject and be ashamed of such natural inclinations, so most of us fight fiercely against them and will never admit their presence. Nevertheless Beach and Arthur in their

significant volume, "Patterns of Sexual Behavior," published after the first Kinsey report, learned through observation that the mammal who is exclusively heterosexual is as unusual and strange as one who is exclusively homosexual. In other words, bisexuality is the norm. Personally, I plead guilty. One of my major pleasures is frenching a gal immediately after I have seen another stud load her with his semen. Yet I have no desire to make it with another man. If a woman is present and involved, I will at times enjoy active fellatio. Obviously I do not consider semen either "nasty" or "dirty;" chemically it is neither better nor worse than any other animal protein.

CHAPTER 5

For several months the four of us got together at least once every couple of weeks, with each session a real blast. Undoubtedly we would have continued our relationship indefinitely had not Dad unintentionally complicated matters.

In reality Dad was my stepfather. He married Mother when I was a young kid. After Mother died, we developed real closeness which broadened when I learned he had himself become a Grade A swinger.

We learned it through Melba, who joined our gradually expanding group after we moved to our new apartment. Melba, sister of a nationally known religious leader, was the wife of a young attorney who later became prominent in politics. At this time he was thoroughly square. He did not drink, smoke, swear, chase other women or vary in bed from the standard man on top position for genital intercourse. He would have died of mortification had anyone suggested he try cunnilingus. Melba liked him, but she had a constant hunger for more varied sexual fare. I had known her superficially for a year or so. Doris met her only after moving to our neighborhood where Melba also lived, and Melba soon began visiting us frequently. Doris, I think, was part sex bloodhound. She had an unerring nose for sniffing out new partners. In a short time Doris discovered they had similar erotic tastes and invited Melba to party with us. I was accustomed to Doris finding new playmates and was surprised only at the number of women—most of them married and unsatisfied at home—who leaped at the chance to try multiple sex. Despite their conditioning, I soon learned

that under favorable conditions they were as aggressive and far more uninhibited than most men I knew.

In common with genuine swingers, Melba had a tremendously strong libido and was willing to try anything once. Dad meanwhile had rented a room with a family on the second floor of our building and spent much of his free evening time with Doris and me. He fell for Melba, who in turn became fascinated by him, although he was more than thirty-five years her senior. Part of it was sheer sex; the rest was curiosity about the ability of a man of sixty.

We did not know anything had happened between them until one night Melba told us, "Dad likes to eat it as much as Bob does. I suppose 'like father, like son.'"

"Are you serious?" I asked her in surprise. "Do you mean to tell me my old man has a taste for tail? When did you find out?"

"I've been stopping off at his room when I leave here," she said. "We've had some wild times. That old man is a master."

Meanwhile I could see a twitch in Doris's ears. Had they been long, they would have stiffened and pointed straight up. I could almost hear her thinking, "look what I been missing almost under my nose."

"He's been holdin' out on us," she said aloud. "However, since it's out in the open now, tell me: is he as good as Bob?"

"That's hard to say because his style is different. I've never seen any two people yet eat it just alike."

"Interesting," my wife commented, a far away look in her eyes.

"He's almost as crazy about titty. He'll nibble as long as you let him."

Doris and I looked at each other, both thinking the same thought.

"Wonder if he'd like to join us one night?" Doris asked. "I mean all three of us."

"I bet he would," Melba replied.

We figured out a way to involve him without a blunt question. It would be a planned seduction. Next time he found the three of us together, the talk would be turned to who had the bigger breasts, Melba or Doris. Both would bare their boobies and he would be asked to judge, not only size but texture and softness. We knew this would turn him on.

I had no qualms about involving my stepfather in a session with my wife. It was no longer strictly a father-son relationship; as years passed we had become close personal friends.

Doris asked Dad to come up two nights later for red beans and rice with cornbread, a meal he especially liked. An hour before his expected arrival, both women carefully began making themselves as alluring as possible, applying rouge, lipstick, powder and perfume and grooming their hair as if preparing to attend a formal dance. They donned their frillest bras and briefs over which they drew on lacy, semi-transparent robes. No doubt about it, they looked seductive enough to make a stone statue get down from its pedestal and follow them.

They were seated at a kitchen table when Dad arrived. His eyes widened and sparkled, and I saw woman-hunger written briefly on his face. He looked from one bust line to the other in approving appraisal. Shortly both stood up and Dad dropped his gaze to both pairs of thinly covered thighs.

"I saw you looking our breasts over," Doris said. "Like 'em, Dad?"

He nodded, slightly embarrassed. "Of course."

"Whose are better, Melba's or mine?"

Diplomatically Dad replied, "Don't see how one pair could possibly be better than the other."

"Aw, c'mon!" Melba said. "Surely you can do better'n that. Never was any two things just *exactly* alike. Maybe you better examine them real close."

He gulped and shot a glance at me.

I ignored it. "Dad, as many dairies as you've seen and grabbed by now, you oughta be able to decide. But maybe he can't really judge when they're covered up."

"You may be right," my wife said. Slipping her wispy robe down across her shoulders, she backed up to him and said, "Unhook my bra while Bob takes off Melba's."

Since obviously I did not object, Dad unhooked her bra. Doris turned around, still close to Dad, ran a hand under each breast to lift and jiggle them, then said, "Thanks, Dad, that feels much better now. You're so sweet to do that for me, I think I'll give you a big hug and kiss."

Stepping completely out of her robe, she flung her arms around his neck, pressing titties and mouth against him. She wore nothing now but sheer black panties which contrasted wickedly with the gold of her flesh. Dad, meanwhile, was doing his damnedest to act cool.

I had also bared Melba's globes. She, too, dropped her filmy robe. Going over to Dad, she placed his hand on her breasts and when Doris released him, placed his other hand on my wife's knocker.

"Now you can decide," Melba said. "Just feel 'em and see."

"And if that won't get it," Doris added, "You can always tell by taste... Here."

She raised a breast, pulling his head down, and rubbed a nipple over his face. He didn't even bother to look in my direction, going immediately to work with his mouth on one of her large and shapely dinners. I watched the nipple of the other push rigidly out.

"Ooh, you sweet dog!" she murmured. Pushing him

away, she said, "It's much more comfortable on the bed than standing up like this. Why don't you take your clothes off?"

Doris turned, rolling down her briefs, stepped out of them and walked tantalizingly, naked hips swaying, toward the bed in the neighboring room. Dad took one quick look at me as if saying, "you'd better stop me now if you're going to. In a minute it'll be too late." But Melba was stepping out of her panties and I was disrobing. That cinched it. He followed Doris and got naked.

Doris lay on the bed, legs parted, fat furry mound waiting. Dad plunged head first into territory he had not previously explored. Melba and I looked on, rubbing and fondling each other. With her low boiling point, she usually panted for action at the drop of a suggestion.

Dad sat up reluctantly after Doris climaxed.

"Go ahead," I said. "Fuck her."

I recalled seeing his prick when I was a child and gasping at its size. Now that I was an adult, he still looked huge. I wondered how my wife would react, since he was so much bigger than I. But she did not find out that night. He was too large. Despite her variety of partners, Doris had somehow remained small and sensitive. She could not take the well endowed. The more he tried, the more she hurt. We had no vaseline, and I resolved from then on to keep a jar on hand. Finally, after several minutes of knocking and not entering, Dad lost his hard. (I learned in later years this often happens to a man his age unless there is speedy union). Melba, who could accommodate any size shaft, eventually got him stiff again and then worked it off. It was then I learned Dad had one habit which went beyond mine. Immediately after ejaculation he loved to frantically lick his own semen out of his partner. My hang-up is to remove another stud's;

after shooting off I have no drive to place my mouth on her until I get another arousal and by then my emission has become watery and changed its character. Of course I had to cool down Doris after all this activity.

Several days later, Ola and Tom called on us. Dad happened to be present and took an instant yen for Ola. He left shortly afterward. Next day he asked Doris about her—and was doubly interested when she told him of our swap sessions. After Tom left, Doris called Ola and mentioned Dad's interest in her and proficiency at cunnilingus. Responding immediately (she loved variety), Ola agreed to meet him alone that night.

Obviously she liked his style, for she began frequently visiting our building, going either to his room or coming to our apartment for sessions. Weeks later Tom learned of her many trips to our address and concluded she was coming down alone to go to bed with me after I had somehow gotten Doris out of the way.

Of course I was on the spot. I couldn't blow the whistle on Dad by telling Tom he had me all wrong, that his wife was balling my stepfather. He probably wouldn't have believed it anyway; I think he'd have laughed at the idea of his young wife liking to hit the sack with a stud some fifteen years older than he. But I didn't think Tom was the homicidal type, and I was confident he wouldn't dare attack me with his fists because of my size. Nevertheless, I was uncomfortable until Dad moved away from the building and his affair with Ola burned itself out. The real tragedy for me was the end of our swap parties with this couple. Each time he scored with my wife I rose to a frenzy of desire, and I had also become unusually fond of Ola. However, several times I got a piece of the action when she and Dad swung in our apartment.

CHAPTER 6

Rose came by one night to announce she was starting a job next day as maid with a white attorney and his wife in Hyde Park. She considered herself unusually lucky. The pay was generous, hours reasonable and work easy.

We didn't see her again for a week. Then she appeared wearing a broad grin, and about to burst from repressed excitement.

"I just found out today why I was hired," she confided.

"Meaning what?" Doris asked.

"Guess I better start at the beginning. The first couple days the work was so light I wondered why they needed a maid. Then the wife drifted into discussing sex. Real smooth, she was. She asked me a few general questions, nothing really specific. Next day she took up where she left off, gradually becoming more and more personal. You know, girl talk about men and what they do and how big they are. She asked me about my husband and if I'd ever been frenched. I told her the truth without going into details. She confessed she was crazy 'bout it and also said she likes to go to bed now and then with other men and asked if I ever played around. She even asked if I liked to watch others and how I felt. I didn't dig all her jive, but I played it straight."

"This morning when I went there—I've got a key you know—I didn't see either of them at first. Then I heard noises in the bedroom. I went back, and there they were, both naked and going at it with the door open. She looked up when she saw me but didn't stop or try to cover up. All she said was, 'Hi, Rose, wouldn't

you like to join us?" I'd never had a party with pinktoes, so I hesitated. Then he spoke up and said. 'Sure wish you would. You look like fun in bed.' I thought, 'Oh what the hell' an' took off my clothes and made a trio. They're both nice looking anyway and seeing them in action made me hotter'n a two-dollar pistol.

"They had such a terrific time the husband called his law office and said he wouldn't be in until afternoon.

"Don't let nobody tell you fays are more refined than us," she went on. "When it gets down to the nitty gritty, they behave just like us, both talkin' and actin'."

She learned before the day was over that occasional sessions with both husband and wife were part of her job. That was why there was so little actual work to do. Rose was their first colored maid. In the past they'd hired nothing but white girls. Recently there'd been complications. Of the last two before Rose, one became pregnant and they had to pay for an abortion, and the other had quit and tried to blackmail them. They concluded then that an attractive colored woman would know enough to keep from getting knocked up and wouldn't try to take them for cash. Rose said she told them she was now sterile and wouldn't dream of trying to beat anybody out of money for something she enjoyed as much as sex.

After another week, and two more threesomes, Rose returned with another report. Her employers told her they belonged to a small and very secret club with three other couples who met periodically to swap mates. They were frantic to get an intelligent Negro pair to join with them and wondered if she could recommend anybody.

"All the husbands want a colored gal because they believe all of us are just plain hell in bed, and the wives think all you spade studs are hung like a Jersey

bull," she said. "When they asked if I knew of a nice, clean, virile, refined colored husband and wife who might like to join, naturally I thought about you guys. When I got through spouting off about what you do in bed, their tongues were hangin' out—I mean way out. They begged me to invite you over to meet them socially and perhaps have a private initial session together. Wanna go?"

"Hell, no!" Doris exploded.

"How come? He's a good-looking guy, somewhere around thirty-five, lots of fun, an' really knows how to suck and fuck. His wife's a real cute blonde with a gorgeous shape, and she knows what to do with another woman as well as a man."

"The answer is still no." Doris paused. "I don't want a goddamn thing to do with any stinkin' ass paddies. I haven't seen a white man yet I'd let put anything in me—well, except maybe for George Raft—and I couldn't stand seein' Bob messin' with no fay broad. The whole things out. You know how I feel 'bout peckerwoods anyways."

Of course Rose knew that Doris, coming from a small town in Alabama where Negroes didn't have a chance, was bitterly anti-white but thought that with her strong sexuality she'd be interested in a brand new experience. But even my wife's overwhelming desire for variety could not overcome her rabid antagonism toward whites.

As for me, I have never felt indiscriminate prejudice. My pattern is to keep up my guard until I can determine whether a specific white person is friend or foe. In matters sexual, if race doesn't stop the other person, it doesn't stop me. Of course I like white women. I also like yellow, red, brown and black women. I simply like women.

Naturally I regretted Doris's firm decision, but I knew it was useless to argue. I would have enthusiastically

cally joined an interracial swap group. But since it was not to be, I sadly wiped the prospect from my mind and gave thanks for what I did have. After all, I was unique and lucky in having a wife who saw to it that I had a wide selection of partners and activity. I knew of nobody else anywhere with a like-minded spouse.

Rose was not acquainted with any other colored couple of any kind who swapped. A month later she had to quit what she called the most delightful job she ever had when her aging husband became ill and needed her at home. When he was well enough to return to work, they had hired another very satisfactory maid. Besides, Rose had a lot of catching up after her temporary absence from circulation.

Some weeks after returning to the scene she dropped in one night with a fifth of scotch and a ready girl friend. Less than an hour later two others showed up with a fifth of rum. Including Doris I had five horny, uninhibited chicks on my hands. I felt like a sultan with a harem—but a sultan is not expected to take care of five broads the same night. I remember coupling with three before alcohol and exhaustion overpowered me and I went to sleep. Early next morning I was awakened by a tickling sensation against my nose. I opened my eyes—and found a pussy gaping back at me. I immediately identified the owner as Rose. Evidently with my head resting on her thigh as I lay on my side, I had literally sucked myself to sleep like a baby with a pacifier and her hair brushing my nose when I changed positions woke me up.

She came by one night a month or so later with a prominent physician in tow, a man I had known socially for several years. Calling Doris into the bedroom, she told my wife she had been seeing him for a month, and two nights earlier had finally persuaded him to try cunnilingus for the first time in his fifty years. "But for God's sake, don't let on what you

know," she admonished my wife. "He'd die of embarrassment—especially if Bob ever found out." So immediately after Rose exited from the room, Doris called me in to dish the dirt.

I had already learned that some of those loudest in condemning oral coitus were secret enthusiasts. In those days B.S.R. (before the sex revolution) most of us were too fearful of ridicule by our associates to want it known. In public we poked fun at anybody jokingly accused of licking cunt even if privately we could never get enough. As Doris and my circle of swingers broadened, I got the lowdown on many community leaders and sedate individuals who loved to graze on a gash. Invariably the information came from some doll in the same social circle who had either been involved or was a close friend of someone who had. Either way, word oozed out. Sometimes it was hard to keep a straight face around some stuffy paragon of dignity when in my mind I pictured him with his head buried between some broad's thighs. On the other hand, I realized some knowledgeable people might be thinking similarly about me. The point, however, is that keeping cunnilingus a secret was almost impossible. After an experience, gals generally could hardly wait to brag that whoever-it-was "went down on me." The exceptions were those bashful babes who had been induced to try it for the first time—to their stunned delight—and then lived in mortal fear friends would learn they let somebody give them a "french lesson."

How hypocritical we were in trying to hide those pleasures we rabidly enjoyed! How hypocritical—and how 100 percent American! Only in recent years, in a society which now finds church leaders sanctioning oral coitus (although still a "crime" in most states) have I, even though a sex rebel, dared freely admit that I love to eat pussy.

But in the late thirties you remained noncommittal,

or joined in hypocritical condemnation at the "shock" of learning such "dirt" about your friends. I never let Rose's doctor know I was aware that he had "perverted" himself, although they often visited us. These visits, however, were exclusively social. I think this man of medicine would rather have strode into a Ku Klux Klan convention and grabbed the wife of the Grand Kleagle than engage in sex before an audience.

Of course Rose still came by without her doctor for swinging sessions. But in thirty-nine her husband moved Rose and her daughter to California to live. We never saw her again.

CHAPTER 7

Spring: warmer weather, children playing on the sidewalk in front of our building. An unusual-looking child stared solemnly at me each day as I approached the entrance, then turned away when she caught my eye. I knew she was a niece of Dad's former landlady, but that was all. Some day she'd be brightly beautiful; she had it now in miniature. Then after a while she no longer played in front of the door. Each evening when I came home I found her in our flat talking to Doris. There was still that solemn, intense look but she did not turn away as swiftly. I did not know what to make of it. After the fourth straight day of her afternoon visit, my wife called me into the bedroom as soon as I arrived. The girl sat alone in our parlor.

"As you know—or maybe you don't—that's Anne," Doris said. "She comes up every day now to talk and ask questions. I thought she was simply a curious and precocious child—until today. Then out of a clear blue sky she asked—I bet you'd never guess."

"Must have had something to do with sex from the expression on your face," I said.

"Worse'n that. She asked me—now get this—if I would let her fuck you and in just those words. I was so dumbfounded I couldn't say anything for a while, and you know how much it takes to clam me up. Then Anne went on, 'Next to God, I love your husband best. Please let me.'"

She stopped. I was mentally floored.

"How old is she?" I managed to ask.

"Thirteen."

"Thirteen?" I echoed.

"Yeah. Looks older, doesn't she?"

"I'd have guessed fifteen or maybe sixteen."

"Maybe it's because she's from Jamaica. They mature young down there."

"Well, she is cute as hell."

"Credit her mixture for that. She's Chinese, English Jew and West Indian Negro."

"Damn, what a combination! But thirteen! What in hell does she know about sex?"

"Plenty, believe me! She's the same age as Juliet when she had that mad affair with Romeo. Besides, Anne's no virgin. Lost her cherry last fall when she was twelve. Anne told me her aunt had a roomer she liked. One morning before he got up Anne took off all her clothes and sneaked in bed right beside him to kiss him awake."

"What'd he do?"

"What in hell d'you think he did? Start a checker game?"

Frankly, it had been a stupid question.

"This joker got right on top of this fine, hot young thing and was giving her a real trim when in walks her aunt. The aunt yells 'rape' and mighta scalped the poor guy if Anne hadn't piped up and said it was all her fault and explained what happened."

"At least she's honest."

"Of course. Else she wouldn't have asked me what she did about you."

"Yeah. What did you tell her?"

"I told her it was all right with me but I'd have to ask you first."

I'm not one to go in for Lolitas. Usually I'd rather not bed a babe under twenty. But there are exceptions. I didn't want to disappoint the trusting child. At her still-impressionistic age, a rejection might be traumatic, could even cripple her sexually for life. No, I didn't want anything like that on my conscience. What was it

she said, that she loved me next to God? Furthermore...

"C'mon, c'mon," Doris broke into my reverie. "Don't stand there looking stupid. You know damn well you're gonna say yes, even if you don't ordinarily like young girls. You know Anne is not like an ordinary girl her age."

"Well," I said slowly, "to please you..."

"Bullshit," Doris said scornfully. "I'll tell her it's okay." She left the room. I didn't know whether to stay or come out. Then I heard the front door close and Doris reappeared.

"She says thank you, thank you, thank you! Anne'll be up tomorrow night. Her aunt's going out and we'll baby-sit Anne. Her aunt thinks we're nice people and maybe we can keep her out of trouble. She thinks Anne is much too fast for her age."

No argument there.

"Any other sex experience since last fall?" I asked.

"Not with a man. She and some of her girl friends from school get together and play with each other and masturbate with Polish sausage..."

"Ah, those foreigners! Why can't our gals stick to Americans..."

"...but that's about all," Doris went on, ignoring me. "This is not enough to satisfy Anne. I tell you, this poor child is chomping at the bit."

Next evening about eight, she came upstairs to our apartment, and immediately began removing her clothes with absolutely no trace of shyness. My eyes widened as I saw her naked. Dressed, she looked like a child with great potential; nude you realized she was as physically mature as many young women. At rest, her face was unusually sensual and she had a peculiar way of curving the right side of her mouth when she smiled. Her hair—long, thick, shiny black and straight—reached her waist. Her smooth young skin was the

rich color of antique gold. But it was her bosom and general shapeliness that gassed me. Her loose child's clothing gave no hint of beautifully formed breasts. They'd grow bigger as she grew older but could never become more appealing. She'd also fill out more around the hips in years to come but even now I could find no flaw in her figure. It was hard to remember she was only thirteen.

When completely nude, she came over, sat on my lap, threw her arms around me and kissed me open-mouthed, her little tongue snaking between my teeth. She smelled young and fresh, like a newly picked bouquet of lilacs. Reaching down, she grabbed my sex through my trousers.

"You're ready, aren't you?" she asked.

I could not dispute the evidence she had in hand.

"Why don't you take off your things?" She turned to Doris. "You'll lie beside me and show me how to do it right, won't you?"

My wife nodded and we disrobed. Anne was already lying on the bed. Her tender little mound, sparsely covered with black silk, caught my eye.

"I'd better start with my mouth," I said.

"No! I don't like that. Some of us girls have tried it on each other and it's nothing."

"Believe me, you haven't been serviced by Bob," Doris told her.

"No. Even if it's Bob I still say it's no good."

"Tell you what," I said. "Let me try it three minutes that way—Doris can watch the time—then if you want me to stop, I will."

Reluctantly she consented and I began. When I initiate a gal in cunnilingus, I give her the grand tour, the deluxe treatment. I do not care for virgins but I enjoy being first orally, in unlocking the door to a devastating delight surpassing all else in her erotic experience. Of course Anne lacked development of

labia and clitoris and her genitalia was like a freshly opened rose. I was especially delicate, reasoning that her inexperienced previous young partners knew little of subtlety. In less than a minute she was boiling and bubbling—which shortly turned into screams of pleasure. I was glad we lived at the rear of our top floor and in an area of loud, big city cacophony. Before three minutes elapsed she climaxed, grabbing and squeezing Doris's hand with all her might.

"The kids didn't do it like that," she confessed, looking at me with awe and gratitude.

"Bob is an expert," Doris said.

"Did you like it?" I asked.

Vigorously she nodded her head, grinning sheepishly. "Will you do it again later tonight?" When I agreed, she said, "Now I'm ready for you to fuck me."

I am not a condom cat. Nevertheless I had bought a package, for I did not want to take a chance on making this sweet child pregnant. I automatically assumed older swingers knew how to protect themselves, but a thirteen-year-old could be precocious but not necessarily sophisticated. I slipped one on and got above her. But I couldn't enter unless I forced my way in, and I didn't want to hurt her. Although I am only average size and she had lost her maidenhead, I was still too large for easy entry into her small hole. Finally in desperation I got up to apply vaseline—but the combination of rubber and vaseline was too great an emotional hazard for me. I lost my hard. I dislike condoms even under the most favorable of circumstances because of the decreased sensitivity. I prefer the communion of flesh with flesh. After trying fruitlessly to get another erection I gave up, explained why, and apologized profusely.

"That's all right. I brought along a candle anyway," she said. "Besides, I want to learn how to do to you

what you did to me. Doris, will you teach me how to use my mouth?"

Freed of artificiality, my virility was immediately restored. My wife gave Anne minute instructions on fellatio and she tried enthusiastically although of course with little finesse. When her inexpert jaws tired, she quit and asked, "Why don't you fuck Doris? I've never watched anybody before and I've wanted to for a long time."

Obligingly I moved over my wife but Anne stopped me. "No, from the back like dogs. I can see better."

My wife rested on knees and forearms and I got behind, inside her thighs. I moved slowly, prolonging the demonstration, as Anne leaned close, intently watching. When we finished, she said wistfully, "Gee, that looked good. I bet it felt good too. Bob, please use the candle on me now."

Very carefully I used the wax dildo with one hand, meanwhile caressing her tender thighs with my other. Doris leaned over to suck her toothsome young tits. Anne next asked me to french her again, and in the process she pulled Doris above her and began eating her pussy. Shortly afterward Anne got up, dressed and returned to her apartment after voluntarily promising to "leave those other kids alone and come up to see you whenever you'll let me." Doris was so aroused she requested the full treatment before I slept.

Anne came up many times the next several weeks, her aunt thinking she was in good hands. Actually, she was. She obtained a course in practical sex from experienced and considerate practitioners rather than from ignorant, insensitive neophytes. Neither of us would have voluntarily thought of breaking her in at thirteen, but she was already on the way toward leading an active sex life. I think we did her a favor, although the pleasure was mutual. I never again tried to enter her. Instead I used her assortment of candles, cucumbers,

weiners and small Polish sausages. In return she learned the finer points of cunnilingus, fellatio, 69, and basic sex facts she was unlikely to get elsewhere. Anne maintained her overwhelming crush on me, and one night it assumed such magnitude that Doris, in a fit of jealousy, got out of bed in which all three of us were lying, called me into the next room, and demanded that I "get that woman out of here."

"But that's no woman," I reminded her. "She's nothing but a child of thirteen."

"I don't care how old she is—she's no child. Never was a child who can do what she does in bed."

"That's because of our efficient teaching," I said.

I finally calmed Doris, but it was difficult.

Two weeks later as I came home and opened the downstairs door to the stairway, I found Anne running down to her apartment with Doris in hot pursuit, her face ablaze with anger. Anne made it inside her own apartment and slammed the door. Doris turned and started back up to our flat.

"What the hell is going on?" I asked.

She didn't answer but pointed wrathfully to the front door of our apartment. When I got close enough to read I saw scrawled all over the top panel with white chalk in huge letters:

DORIS LOVES PUSSY

"My, my!" I exclaimed. "I wonder how she knows. Did somebody tell her?" I had never seen my wife french Anne at our threesomes.

Doris merely glared at me.

"Do you mean to tell me you've been snacking on sweet little Anne's snatch while I've been out trying to make a living? And that she got—shall we say—fed up?"

I moved just in time or I would have been incinerated by those twin laser beams she shot at me from her eye sockets. Turning abruptly, still without speaking,

she went in to get a wet sponge to wash the door. Fortunately the other two tenants on our floor were not at home or they would have learned something about my wife's habits.

I had never thought of the possibility that my wife might be having a ball with Anne after school before I arrived. Yet I could not blame her; our Lolita was such a joy. The fact is, I did not concern myself anyway with my mate's liaisons with others. But this development did bother me for I knew our little sex idyll with Anne had come to an abrupt conclusion with no chance of restoring our relationship. However, the end was already in sight. The clouds of World War II hovered and Anne's aunt had already announced she would be returned to her family in Jamaica while transportation was still possible. She left shortly after the run-in with Doris.

Later I learned that soon after reaching home she was knocked up by a Chinese merchant who paid her several thousand dollars to keep quiet. After V-J day in 1945 she returned to the U. S. Now a seasoned expert in sex and breathtaking in both face and figure she became engaged several times in California and Chicago only to have her fiancés back out when they learned of her voracious sexual appetite and desire for multiple activity.

I saw her once on a crowded elevated train in 1947 but had no opportunity for more than a hurried hello. She smiled warmly and returned my greeting. Maybe it was best that I didn't talk with her; as stunning and ripe as she looked at twenty-one I would have tried to resume where we left off a few years before. I have never seen her since, nor have I ever bedded another nymphet.

CHAPTER 8

Loretta, housewife, thirty-two, no kids, a strong sex drive; husband, fifty-seven, good provider except in bed, and then a boring traditionalist only. Result, great frustration.

Doris had a gift for extracting sex history from those she met and liked. Loretta was no exception. A week after they were introduced while visiting a mutual friend, Loretta came eagerly to our apartment for a trio session. I had never met her before and she had experienced only genital copulation. She was anxious to learn more and had come to the right teachers.

For some time now I had grown accustomed to meeting new playmates selected by my wife. Doris craftily chose those she knew I would enjoy, but nevertheless were not so appealing as to pose a threat to herself. Loretta was rather tall, big-boned and amply fleshed with little fat. Her gratitude at being invited to swing with us, as well as anticipating getting her ashes well hauled, made her flutter like a big brown bird. And when the initial session was over she actually cried for joy. She told us she had seriously considered getting an outside man to satisfy her erotic needs but had hesitated for fear of becoming emotionally involved. From then on she usually brought us some kind of present each visit in appreciation—and she never visited us without expecting action.

J. D. was there one evening when she arrived. J. D. was a lifelong friend of Doris, coming from the same Alabama town where, for all I know, he regularly knocked it off when they were kids together. As usual, the talk soon turned to sex and my mate thought it would be fun for both if they coupled. Loretta was

enthused. To get moving, we went into the bedroom where J. D. sat between both gals. Doris pushed him back, opened his trousers, took out his staff and ran her tongue from tip to testicles. Loretta was so hot she couldn't sit still. Excitedly snatching off her clothes, she lay down expectantly. Although he told me later Loretta was not his type, he did not want to hurt her feelings and got on her. But he could not become stiff. By now Loretta was frantic for action. I suggested J. D. lie on his back and Loretta straddle him, hoping this would work. Still no response. She grabbed his tool and rubbed it against her well lubricated hole. Nothing.

Old helpful me! As she begged and kissed him trying to get him aroused, meanwhile bumping and grinding against his soft sausage, I got the bright idea of kneeling behind, wetting her drying cunt with my saliva, then frenching J. D. into rigidity and shoving it up her immediately. So for the second time in my life I took another man's cock into my mouth. He remained limp. Now it became a personal challenge. Recalling my technique during the days of self-sucking, I applied what I remembered. Suddenly he stiffened. Proud of myself as I thought, aha, at last, I started to take my mouth away and pull Loretta down to sheath his shaft when I received a sudden surprise.

He shot off.

Momentarily I was immobile. In those stunned moments I had enough presence of mind to realize that if I quit now, his climax would be exposed and I'd never hear the end of it from both gals. I waited therefore until he finished, thankful he was not given to spasmodic jerkings. Knowing also that if I arose and went to the bathroom to spit I would give us both away, I took the only possible action: I swallowed it. Then as soon as I recovered my cool I arose, shook my head and said, "it's useless. He just won't get hard." I looked at J. D. He smiled faintly in appreciation. Neither Doris

nor Loretta ever caught on, and afterward J. D. and I never mentioned it.

It had not been unpleasant, but it was nothing I used to do again. It also confirmed what I had learned in recent years: that semen mixed with a woman's juices changes character and taste; flowing from a woman's pussy it becomes a spicy and delicious nectar.

Nor have I any great desire for fellatio by another man in a strictly male-to-male situation, although once after the J. D. episode I let myself be taken in completely.

Let me fix the opening scene: a rainy night on a street corner in the Loop. Time, eleven p.m. I am alone waiting for a South Side bus. A sedan rolls by, brakes to a stop a few feet beyond me, then backs up to where I stand.

"Going to the South Side?" the driver asks. He is lone, a white man in his thirties, average size.

I nod.

"Come on, I'll give you a lift. I'm going as far as Sixty-fifth and the lake. I can drop you off somewhere. It's a miserable night to wait for either a bus or a streetcar."

He opens the door and I get in. End of Scene 1.

Chicago is known as a cold, callous city, but on several similar occasions I have been given lifts by white strangers. I had no fear of being held up and evidently since I looked honest they had no fear of me.

His name was Jim, he told me as we drove along.

"You married?" he asked.

I said I was.

"Ever do any playing around?"

"I have been known to."

"Do you like blondes?"

I looked at him curiously, thinking *what in hell's going on? A white man doesn't ask a strange Negro a*

question like this unless he's got some kind of way-out angle. Just what's he trying to put down?

Jim laughed. "I know what you might be thinking. Truth is, I sing tenor in a church choir—I'm a soloist—and there's a blonde girl who is my close friend. She told me her greatest ambition is to go to bed with a colored man. Not just any colored man, of course, but a fellow who's safe, intelligent and discreet. Now, you talk like a college man, you're married and therefore not likely to have any kind of social disease from running around. You sound like you oughta be just what she wants."

He stopped. When I said nothing, he went on.

"She's real terrific! If you saw her you'd go for her right away because she's one of the most beautiful girls I know. She's got this long blonde hair she can sit on and gorgeous breasts just like grapefruit. She also attends the University of Chicago and sings in the church choir, so she has to be very careful around the people she knows. But she figures if she goes to bed with a colored man, she can be completely uninhibited without worrying about people she knows finding out. No offense, but her associates and you are not likely to meet socially. You'd be perfect and she'd go mad over you. I can have her come over to my apartment any time you say. Interested?"

Hell, yes, I was interested. He painted such a glowing picture that my imagination leaped ahead of him and I got hard. Evidently he anticipated this for he reached down and felt me.

"Gee," he said, "you're just exactly the right size for her. And me too. When you come over to take my blonde friend, will you let me kiss it?"

"Maybe," I said, thinking *so that's the play. He doesn't like women and thinks if he fixes me up, I'll let him blow me as a reward. When he said he sang tenor, I should have known. How come I never run into*

tubby baritone or bass? Still, if he can produce the kind of babe he's been bragging about, I'll let him.

"Here's my phone number and address," he said, handing me a car. "I live alone so nobody'll bother us. Just call me—any time—and I'll have my blonde friend come over. I know you'll both like each other."

I waited a couple of weeks before I phoned.

"Can you come over?" Jim asked.

"Can you get the blonde?"

"I'll ring her. Call back in 15 minutes."

When I called back, he said she was busy that evening but definitely would be available three nights from then, and would I telephone at eight-thirty in the evening?

At the designated time I called again.

"Coming over now?" he asked.

"Is she there?"

"Not yet, but I talked with her a few minutes ago and she's on her way. She'll be here by the time you arrive."

When I walked into his quarters, he was alone.

"She must've been delayed in traffic," he explained. "She drives her own car. Why not sit down and wait? Meanwhile I'll fix you a drink."

I sat in a large overstuffed easy chair. I finished off a large scotch and soda. No blonde. He refilled my glass. As he started away he knelt in front of me and began gently stroking my crotch with his fingers. Of course I got stiff, and he reached inside to grab my rod, me thinking *what the hell, I came here to get my nuts off and that's what I'm gonna do.* I leaned back and relaxed. In all fairness, Jim was damned proficient.

Of course no blonde appeared. Inwardly I gave him credit for laying down the right spiel to get me to his rooms.

Far more to my liking was an episode, a year or so later, which completely changed my life. It, too, began

on another rainy night downtown as I waited for a bus. As before, an auto passed me, stopped, and backed up. In the front seat were two Caucasians, a small man about my age and a stunning young platinum blonde.

"Want a lift to the South Side?" the driver asked.

Of course.

When I got in, I saw immediately the woman was more exciting than that first swift glance had shown. She could have doubled for Jean Harlow.

"You talk like a college man," the driver said after a few minutes of general conversation in which I learned they were married. His name was Ernest and she was Diana.

I told them they were right and named my school as well as the kind of work I did.

"Married of course?" Ernest asked.

"Definitely."

"Oh? This your night to play?" Diane asked banteringly.

"That's not why I'm out," I said, "although the night's not over."

Peripherally I saw them exchange brief glances and momentarily wondered why.

"By the way," Ernest said casually, "if you're in no hurry to go home, why not stop off at our apartment for a drink? You do drink, don't you?"

"Anything. I'm not prejudiced." I looked inquiringly at Diane. "I do appreciate the invitation but..."

"Please do," she said, impulsively placing her hand on my arm. It was a little thing, but it had a personal feeling, as if she sincerely wanted me to come to their place. "We'll drive you home later. But tonight is chilly and after getting wet on that corner, you really ought to have something to ward off flu. And we do enjoy talking to you, don't we Ernie?"

"Absolutely. I wouldn't invite you to our place if I didn't mean it. You know how it is in Chicago. You

have to be careful. But you...well...you seem like our kind of people."

The impression grew, as we rode along and talked, that there was more to this than appeared on the surface. I could not suppress a feeling of rising excitement.

"Do you like jazz?" Diane asked when I entered their small but tastefully furnished apartment. "Duke Ellington?"

"My favorite."

"Ernie, dear, put some records on the phonograph while I change into something more comfortable."

I tried not to stare, but Diane had the kind of seductive look that dominated her surroundings. She was heavier than Harlow and her features not quite that combination of devil and saint, but she would move anybody who admired the then-reigning Hollywood sex symbol. Frankly I wondered how a little house of a man like Ernie, despite a thoroughly likable personality, had grooved with a lion of a woman such as Diane. I watched her admiringly as she walked languorously down the short hall and disappeared, then turned back to see her husband eyeing me quizzically as he removed dust jackets from a stack of platters and placed them on the changer.

"You have an unusually lovely wife," I told him. "She's the closest thing to Jean Harlow I've ever seen."

"She is gorgeous, isn't she?" He beamed, then added significantly, "we think alike on almost everything. We have real empathy."

As I mulled this over, Diane returned, a pale green robe of thin silk fitting her body like a second skin. There were no bra or panties beneath, and I knew immediately this would be one of the most memorable nights of my life. I saw her dark nipples sharply outlined against the cloth. My gaze dropped to a

triangular shadow beneath her stomach. An inexperienced man might have been confused, might not have known what to make of this, but by now I was an experienced swinger and realized I was among kindred souls. Diane and Ernie were as nonconformist as I. Undoubtedly Ernie had my same basic attitudes. I knew therefore what to expect when she came over and sat on the arm of my chair, and I knew what to do. Nevertheless, I would be cool about it all.

"I'll fix some drinks," Ernie said and disappeared.

Ellington's *Mood Indigo* flooded the room. Diane placed her arm around the back of the chair and gently tickled my ear. I noticeably shivered. She laughed and leaned closer, her robe opening slightly to expose most of a firm and full pink breast.

"I like you, Bob," she said. "You're so big and virile looking. Mind if I kiss you?"

"Not if Ernie doesn't."

She laughed. "This may shock you but we have the same feelings about everything. We're completely unorthodox."

"So am I. I'm a hundred per cent maverick, a complete rebel."

"Wonderful! I felt when we started talking in the car that you weren't like most people. I suppose it's what's called feminine intuition."

"You intuition is perfect. There's nothing either of you can do that will shock me."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"We'll see." She leaned even closer. "Now may I kiss you?"

Instead of answering, I reached my arm around her waist and pulled her into my lap, knowing that from now on anything went. The warmth and fragrance of her body rolled over me like a wave. She parted her lips, closed her eyes and leaned forward into me. I was

conscious of my heart beating loudly and rapidly from contact with Diane, by far the most beautiful and exciting woman I had yet known. As I gently stroked the curves of her body, her robe slipped away and her warm, pale flesh flattened against my big brown hand. Her tongue plunged into my mouth and her breasts telescoped against me as she alternately moved each shoulder forward and back. By now she was trembling—or was it me? I felt her hand reach between us to my crotch, then run up and down the rigid bulge.

"Gee," she whispered, "that feels good! And it's not size. Not that size really matters."

"It's not what you got, it's how you use it."

"I bet you're terrific in bed. Simply wild."

Ernie reappeared bearing scotch and soda. I had the feeling he had been standing in the hall out of sight, watching as we built up each other's pressure.

"Darling," Diane told him, "we're in luck! Bob says he's as much a nonconformist as we are."

"That's a large order," Ernie said. "Here, have a drink."

His wife and I took glasses with her still on my lap. By now her robe was completely open down the front and she made no effort to close it.

"I especially like Scotch and milk," I said, taking one of her breasts and gently squeezing as I held my glass beneath, then pulling her forward until the nipple entered the drink. She flinched momentarily from the cold but I quickly placed my hot mouth around the entire aureole, licking and sucking and squeezing and tonguing the tip. When I let go she was panting, and reached rapidly down to kiss me hungrily.

"What do you say," her husband asked, "that we all dress?"

We did, with Diane so dazzling when she stood before me nude that I gazed on her in disbelief. I

sensed from the way they looked me over that I had the physical approval of both husband and wife.

In their bedroom now, Diane lay atop the white sheets. I noted that the soft bush above her delta was sand colored. Obviously she was a true blonde.

"Come on," she said impatiently, "get on me. Don't make me wait."

"Sorry," I said, "not yet. First I've got to kiss you there. I want the taste of your honey in my mouth."

"Why, I'd heard colored men didn't go in for that," she said in genuine surprise.

"Some do. I'm one."

I was both ravenous and nervous as I parted her pink lower lips, glistening with the thin syrup of anticipation. She moaned softly as I began, then reached down to hold my head to her as if afraid I would take it away. I remember thinking this the height of absurdity, for a team of wild horses could not have dragged my mouth from her. She rolled, turned, twisted, a crescendo of intense sound rising from her mouth. Finally she shrieked, her thighs a trembling vise against my cheeks, and climaxed.

"Quick," she said hoarsely, still moving convulsively, "fuck me! Now! Hurry!"

As I drove into her, I glimpsed Ernie sitting on the edge of a chair beside the bed, his face distorted as he stroked his stone-stiff staff.

This was one of those infrequent times when I was able to prolong copulation, completely enjoying every marvelous moment, until she had three orgasms. At the far end of the third I blew, and she had still another. We lay there, united but not moving, me still not fully believing I had fucked this ravishing woman.

Turning her head toward Ernie, she said, "Sweetheart, hold my hand." He grabbed and held on, Diane smiling tenderly upon her husband as I remained inside, covering her body with my own.

At last I flopped softly and wetly out and moved over by myself on the bed. Immediately Ernie lay down, face up. Diane squatted above him as he licked and sucked my semen from her cunt. Then she rolled over, and frantically he flung himself on her. I felt warm kinship with him; for the first time I had met somebody who had my appetites.

When he finished, desire had returned and I felt throbbing alive.

"If you don't mind, I'd like for you to kneel over me as you did over your husband," I told her. "You see, I'm like he is."

She laughed as she placed her knees on both sides of my head and lowered her loaded pussy to my reaching mouth. My prick was waving like a flagpole as I thrust my tongue inside her fragrant lips, so she bent down to catch it with her own mouth in 69. Ernie, apparently gifted with swift recuperative powers and stimulated by the sight of his wife with me, crept up behind and pushed his cock into her asshole. She braced herself to keep from smothering me. I felt his balls sliding softly across my face, but I had no objection to this strange new sensation. Actually, it heightened my enjoyment.

As we relaxed afterward, Ernie said, "You're right. I admit you really are as much of a maverick as I am. Until now I had often wondered if I'd ever meet anybody who liked the same things I liked."

"Same here," I said. "Think we ought to form a partnership?"

"When you first realized your desires were out of the ordinary," he went on, "did you think that maybe you were perverted or a freak? I know I did."

"Yeah, I felt the same way at first," I said, "but I have come to accept my desires just as I accept myself. I realize that everything I like and do is normal for me. Not to do what I want sexually would be abnormal for me. I now call myself a Gourmet of Gash."

"You're the first colored man we've ever partied with," Diane said. "But we've wanted to for ages. Ernie has been dying to see me with a colored man and I've wanted to try it. We've talked about it a lot. The idea of the contrast by itself—black and white bodies together—fascinated us. The trouble has been in finding the right kind of guy. We finally decided our best bet would be a total stranger. We began keeping our eyes open for colored men—alone, of course—who looked acceptable when we were out driving. Twice before tonight we picked up prospects we saw and liked at first glance and felt them out. After we talked to the first a little while, we knew he would not be satisfactory. The other seemed all right until he came here with us. He even undressed, but refused to do anything with Ernie looking on. When Ernie wouldn't leave he got mad and put on his clothes and left after calling us a pair of degraded white freaks. After that traumatic experience we gave up the idea for a long time. But we were so anxious to have a party with a colored fellow, about a month ago we decided to try again. When we saw you tonight we had a hunch you might be the right guy."

"Thank heaven for hunches," I said.

"And then we find you not only are everything we wanted but like the same things I do," Ernie said. "We hit the jackpot."

"Wonder what Freud and Kraft-Ebbing would think about us?" Diane laughed.

"Probably that I'm masochistic and a fairy at heart," Ernie said. "That's the usual glib explanation. They'd also probably say I wished to degrade you and myself by wanting to see another man—especially a Negro—have intercourse with my wife. But I assure you I don't feel the least bit degraded. Thrilled, yes; degraded, no."

"You know, darling, they'd tell you the desire is unconscious."

"The perfect out. I call it 'psychiatry's handy crutch.' Whenever you disagree with a headshrinker, he smiles in a superior way and tells you that subconsciously you really think like he has told you. That lets him get in the last word and preserve his supposed superiority. Not that I've ever been to one, but some of my friends have and I've done a lot of reading."

"Do you have parties with many others?" I asked.

"One other couple," Diane said. "They're very close friends. We've known each other since college. All four of us, I mean. But the husband is nowhere near as far out as you and Ernie. They're in Philadelphia now. He was transferred there some time ago—he and Ernie work for the same firm—and we're gonna vacation together this coming summer. We're really looking forward to it. Frankly, we'd love to have parties with other couples, but we have to be so damn careful. Even though Ernie's in a managerial position, he'd be kicked out in nothing flat if word ever got back to the big bosses. You know how prudish most people are."

"That's another reason we've been anxious to find a compatible colored guy," Ernie added. "We didn't believe he'd be likely to go running to my boss if he got irritated with us. But I want to know more about you and your wife. Does she go in for parties like this? Or is that a ridiculous question since you and I like the same things?"

"She's wild. She'll try anything once."

"Fine! How about bringing her over sometime?"

"Wish I could. But I can't." Might as well tell them now and get it over with. "She's from dear Dixie and won't party with anybody white."

Their faces fell and they were momentarily silent.

"I can understand it," Diane finally said. "This

other couple in Philadelphia—they're that way about colored people."

"Prejudice," I said, "is both rotten and senseless. I don't sanction it in anybody. But at the same time, with us it's usually defensive. It's a reaction to the prejudice we experience. If you ever heard my wife tell you how she and all other Negroes were treated in her home town in Alabama, you'd understand."

"But I do understand," Diane said. "Sometimes I wonder how you can take it without collectively blowing your tops and trying to destroy every white face you see. If you did, I couldn't blame you. I know that's how I'd feel."

"It's bad, all right, but it's not that bad," I said. At the same time I couldn't help feeling a surge of warmth for Diane because of her understanding sensitivity. "Most of us realize that all whites aren't devils. In fact, after tonight I'll place you both on my angel list."

"Thanks, Bob," Diane said. "Now I'm gonna take a chance at offending you. If I do, it's unintentional. But it's something both Ernie and I have wondered about. We've heard that most colored men like white women. Is that true?"

"Maybe you can answer that yourself," I said. "Is it true that most white women want to go to bed with black men?"

She smiled. "I admit I wanted to. And after tonight I can tell those who haven't that they don't know what they're missing."

"But I'm no more typical of colored men than you are of white women. However, many Negro men want white women, and vice versa, because it's supposed to be taboo in our society. Many people want to do things mainly because they've been told not to. I doubt that any of us will go after a chick *only* because she's white. She needs something besides a white skin. An ugly gal

is an ugly gal, no matter what her color. But if a colored and a white woman have the same appeal, many of us will ignore the black broad and make a play for the fay babe. That's primarily because she's white and therefore, according to the rules, we're not supposed to touch her. Part of it's because stolen fruit tastes sweeter, and the grass looks greener in somebody else's yard, and part of it's rebellion against the White Power Structure which tries to restrict us. Frankly, there's a certain emotional satisfaction out of thumbing your nose at the rules laid down by the System. As for me, I do like white women—along with black women, too. And a hell of a lot of white women appeal to me, not only because there are more of them, but because I'm a rebel. I wouldn't be a rebel if I didn't get real satisfaction out of breaking ridiculous rules—and what's more ridiculous than trying to restrict the color of your bedmate? However, most of the time all I can do is look and wish. I've got better sense than to buck the System unless a white woman who interests me indicates in some way that I interest her.

"At the same time I know many white girls are, for similar reasons, afraid to let us know they like us. I bet there are a hell of a lot of frustrated white women and Negro men dying to get together, but afraid to make the first move. If I'd seen Diane on the street, as stunning as she looks, my tongue would have been hanging out—but mentally only. I wouldn't have changed expressions, for I'd have thought, 'what's the use, I'll never be able to get anywhere near that.'"

"And now here you are in bed with me," Diane laughed.

"I still don't believe it. The alarm will go off any minute now and I'll wake up."

"Getting back to what you'd do if you saw Diane on the street," Ernie cut in. "Suppose she were colored instead of white. Then what would you do?"

"I'd look at her longingly without trying to hide my admiration. But I wouldn't make any kind of play. I'm usually not too aggressive. But I'd try to find out who she was, and do my best to meet her. At least I'd know I wouldn't have to fight a majority-enforced color bar in addition to trying to arouse her interest. I wouldn't face a possible rape or disorderly conduct charge if I made advances she didn't like." I laughed. "If she were colored, I'd run the risk only of being shot or cut by a jealous boy friend or husband. The radical angle would be eliminated—although you're just as dead if you're killed by another black man as by a white mob."

"Let me phrase it another way." I looked at Diane. "If you were colored, I could make a play for you without possible interference from the System—and I'd probably strike out. But you're white, and therefore if I saw you on the street I'd leave you alone for fear you'd invoke the White Power Structure. So what happens? An hour after I meet you the first time we're in bed together, mainly because you're nonconformists and have said to hell with the System. It's ironic—and ridiculous—this prejudice thing. In this instance it has defeated itself. It has promoted what it seeks to prevent. Instead of stopping you, my being black got you interested. Remind me to send an open note of thanks to all the racists.

"However, lots of Negro men sincerely hate white women. In fact, they're even antagonized by light-complexioned colored women because they're obviously mixed with white. They're as passionate in their hate as are those white women who have a pathological hatred for black men."

"I wonder what would happen if you locked up an attractive black man who honestly hated white women with a good-looking white gal who had an equally strong and sincere hate for colored men," Diane

mused. "Make them comfortable, feed them, but keep them isolated together for days, weeks, months even."

"If they didn't go stir-crazy and try to kill each other, when they got horny enough, they'd rationalize and try to fuck each other to death. And if they survived all this, they might actually fall in love."

"Hmm. How could they explain such a complete reversal of attitude?" Ernie asked.

"Simplest thing in the world. Each would tell the other, 'You're different. You're not like the rest. You're an exception.' That's always how it's rationalized."

"We don't have to go through that routine," Ernie said, "although, to tell the truth, you are exceptional."

"I know it. So are you."

"Of course we're going to see each other again," Ernie went on. "You're not only what we've been looking for in bed, but you're stimulating to talk to. I've learned a lot."

"I like you both. And you know I'll be tugging at my leash to come back."

"Since you and I think alike sexually, I don't need to tell you I'm completely in love with Diane."

"And do I need to add I'm just as much in love with my husband?" Diane said.

"No, you don't. It's pretty obvious. Although I'm not deeply in love with my wife, there is still strong attachment and I'd rather live with her than any other women I know. And I care enough about her to get a tremendous charge out of watching her enjoy coitus with others."

"Most people don't understand this," Ernie said. "I'm married to the most desirable, absolutely the loveliest woman I have ever seen. But instead of being jealous and selfish like most husbands, I want other appreciative persons to share the divine pleasure she gives me. It's hard to put it in words, but I felt tremendous pride in watching you have sex with

Diane. I thought, 'I hope he enjoys her as much as I do—although I really don't see how he can. She's something uniquely special.' I said over and over to myself, 'that's my wife and she is absolutely terrific.' In addition there was the esthetic pleasure of watching your contrasting colors, her white against your black. I felt another special kind of joy in being able to provide something, a kind of experience I knew she wanted. Watching her with you made me love her even more—if that's possible. And at the same time it increased my own desire for her to the boiling point."

"That's something like the way I feel when I watch Doris with some other guy," I said. "I'd feel even more strongly if I were completely in love with her. With rebels like you and me, Ernie, the stronger our emotional involvement with a woman, the more intense our reaction when we see her enjoy coitus—oral or genital—with another stud. But it's a waste of time trying to explain these reactions to most people. It's so far from their conditioning it's like living on different planets."

"Since none of us three is an average person," Diane said, "when can you come back?"

"Just as soon as I get a free night. I'll be back as often as I can. Believe me."

I sincerely regretted not being able to tell Doris about my new friends. I knew she'd like them if they weren't white, and I wanted to share them. But they *were* white and her rigid attitude made such a relationship impossible. Undoubtedly she'd have given birth to a trio of full grown brass monkeys had she known I'd been on a threesome with fays. She'd said she knew I wasn't "passing up anything that looks good" and undoubtedly she occasionally took on somebody who struck her fancy, but she did expect me to draw the color line. This I would never do, thinking this idea

absurd, but to maintain peace between us I kept quiet about any interracial action.

Fact is, there'd been only one pale dame since we started swinging. That was Millie, and I met her by chance one day at the main library on Michigan Avenue downtown when we were both looking for the same book. Finding we had similar tastes in literature, we became friendly, and before long, sex leaped into the picture. We discussed it several times before deciding to hit the hay together. Millie had hoped she would be the first white woman I ever took to bed, but I put her straight on that. Then, apparently thinking like Diane that "colored men don't french," she cleverly contrived to broach the subject, praise its merits, and offered to repay in kind if I would orally take her on. She went into graphic detail, drawing pictures and giving explicit directions. Since she believed this would be my first go at cunnilingus, I hadn't the heart to disillusion her. I played along, acting dumb. Finally we went to bed, and she shortly discovered I was no neophyte. Her chagrin was speedily washed away by her appreciation of my technique.

I saw Diane and Ernie at least once weekly. We soon established such rapport that we talked by phone virtually every day. During menses she offered me fellatio, just as was her custom with Ernie, but I refrained, telling them I'd rather wait until we could all enjoy everything together. Although sex was our bond, it was far from the only desirable aspect of our relationship. We liked so many things, sharing common ideas about jazz, books, art, humor, racism. We dovetailed, the three of us. We reached a plateau on which we could have thoroughly enjoyed a relationship without sex if need be. However, we had no intention of doing without, for our erotic pleasure had deepened with each session. And every time I saw Diane I was as knocked out as on the night when it all began.

One night the three of us were lying naked on the deep rug in front of the phonograph listening to a new Billie Holiday record Ernie had bought that afternoon. Diane was between us, on her stomach. I was gently stroking her lovely hips, feeling both content and exuberant, when suddenly a thought flashed in my mind. I sat up quickly.

"Ernie," I said, "I've just made an amazing discovery. I'm in love with Diane."

"Can't blame you one bit," Ernie said. "I don't see how any normal man who's around her can help falling in love."

She turned her head slowly to me, smiling quizzically.

"And yet, crazy as it sounds," I went on, "I'm perfectly satisfied like this. I mean, the three of us."

"Oh, then you don't want to take me away from Ernie," she teased. "How—what shall I say? Irregular? Unusual?"

"Stop when you get to unorthodox," I told her. "However, to be honest, if you weren't married to Ernie I'd want you for my wife."

"What would your wife do with me?" Diane giggled. "You know she doesn't like white women."

"What I want to know is, what would you do with Doris? Bigamy is frowned upon by the authorities, I'm told," Ernie said.

"And a goddamned shame, too. But seriously, if Diane were unmarried and available, I'd simply get rid of Doris—which ought to indicate how I've grown to feel about Diane.

"Now let's be realistic. You two are married. I'm in love with your wife, but want everything to continue just as it is now. I don't want anything changed one iota. You're part of the whole picture, Ernie. You're so important in the equation that if something happened, and you suddenly disappeared, I'd suffer a tremendous

loss. We're like a three-legged stool: take away one leg and the whole thing falls down. I don't believe I could ever feel right around Diane without you, Ernie. Not for a long time anyway. I don't know, but maybe I'm in love with you both as a couple. It's real screwball. If I had one wish, it would be to live with both of you. Have you ever heard of anything so nutty?"

Diane put her soft arm over my shoulder, kissed me on the cheek and said, "We both understand, Bob darling—and again it shows how much alike the three of us are. In a way, it's frightening. Last night Ernie and I talked for a long time about how we feel toward you—and we came to the same conclusion you did. We said that if we could have a dream come true, it would be for the three of us to live together."

"And I may as well tell you," Ernie added, "that Diane told me perfectly openly and frankly that she's in love with you. And I wasn't the least bit jealous."

"I told Ernie it doesn't detract from or change in any way my feeling for him," she said. "But I'm certain he knew it without my saying so. It's a lot of bunk, this thing about a woman not being able to be in love with two men at once. I'm at least as happy now with Ernie as I have ever been. I wouldn't dream of giving him up—but now I don't want to give you up either. With all my heart I want both you and Ernie. I guess I'm just plain selfish."

"And I like it that way, too," Ernie said.

I changed positions so I could hug each, hard, with an arm. "Do you know what? I think we deserve each other." I fought hard to keep from sounding maudlin.

They agreed.

After that, Ernie and I referred to Diane as "our wife" and Diane frequently spoke of how fulfilling polyandry could be with the right men. And yet although I felt more tenderness and love for Diane than I had ever before felt for any woman, this did not alter

my relationship with Doris. I knew I could not have Diane by myself—in fact, didn't really want to—so this outside affiliation had nothing to do with my domestic situation. However, seeing and knowing Diane did underline the deficiencies of my own spouse; nevertheless so long as I had this soul-deep kinship with Diane and Ernie I was satisfied. Actually it was like having two homes worlds apart.

August came.

Four months had flipped past since we met that rainy night—four fantastic, unbelievable months. It had been six weeks since I discovered I was in love with Diane—or was it Diane and Ernie as a couple? But never mind. Precise terminology is of no importance. The time had come for their trip to Philadelphia. They were to leave next morning by auto. Despite gas shortages and rationing, they were managing to take their car, and with it freedom of movement.

That night we planned a long, extended session. They would be gone a month, and although they looked forward to seeing their old friends, both assured me that after what we had created together, much of the zest of anticipation had vanished.

We went through it all that night, everything we had found so delightful together. With Diane on her back, I straddled her chest. She cradled my cock with her warm, velvet smooth breasts, holding them tightly together as I fucked them, then thrust her open mouth forward to catch my cream as I ejaculated. Meanwhile, Ernie was behind me, his head between her thighs, industriously frenching. As soon as I arose he shoved his lance into her sheath, simultaneously kissing away the last drops of my semen from her mouth until he came. I sucked his out of her pussy while it was still hot and thick, then she turned to lie on me, belly against belly, impaled on my rod. Ernie entered her from behind, kneeling, both of us filling her ass and

cunt with rampaging rods as she became a sandwich à la Colette.

Then the three of us rested, Diane between, with me thinking *she grows more ethereally beautiful, more divinely desirable each time I see her. A month without these two will seem a lifetime.*

"We'll miss hell out of you while we're away," Ernie said, as if vocalizing my line of thought. "We both look upon you now as part of our lives. I mean in everything, not just sex. It's what I call a complete relationship."

"And because it is complete," Diane added, "we've decided we're going to tell this other couple about you. And if they don't like it, they can go to hell."

"Hey, wait!" I said. "No need taking a chance on breaking up a long friendship because of me, a person they're never likely to meet."

"I don't care," Diane said. "You're so much like us that if they reject you they'll have to reject us."

"That's ridiculous," I pointed out. "You're inviting martyrdom for no substantial gain."

"Not at all," Ernie said. "The gain is intellectual honesty. Close as we are, I'd feel like Judas if I had a sex session with friends who rejected you because you're colored."

"Then I ought to feel like a heel, on that basis, for not telling Doris about you two."

"It's not the same," Diane said. "In the first place you're married to Doris. And in the second place, her trying experience with race prejudice in Alabama is reason enough for her to feel as she does about white people. But our friends have absolutely no justification. They think only as they do because it's customary. And that's a lazy and senseless mental habit."

"Listen," I said, "you're going to Philly to have a good time. So just enjoy yourselves. Forget about the color problem. I know how both of you feel deep down,

and that's what is important to me. I'll be impatient for you to return. Ignore the race issue where I'm concerned. No need of spoiling something you've looked forward to for a year."

"But we want to do it," Ernie insisted.

"It has no useful purpose," I reiterated.

"You know what's wrong with you?" Diane said, crawling atop me. "You talk too much."

She knew how to keep me from speaking.

Bending backward from the waist up, supporting herself on her hands, she allowed her marvelous mamaries to fall downward so their firm, pointed nipples brushed my lips. Moving rapidly from side to side, she virtually dared me to seize a floating bosom in my mouth. I reached fruitlessly, my lips at first closing on air as they flitted past, until at last I timed it perfectly and grabbed a teasing tit, holding on and sucking furiously until she fell on me, panting and laughing.

"Know what I want now?" I asked. "My Diane cocktail."

Ernie produced a bottle of Marsala wine, my favorite, kept at room temperature, and a wide-mouthed goblet. Diane sat on the edge of the bed, legs wide and buttocks extending a little beyond. Holding the glass beneath, I slowly poured wine over her sand colored muff, letting it filter through, down past the partially closed portals of her pussy, dripping into the crack between her hips before it flowed into the glass. Then I knelt and with exacting care kissed away every drop of Marsala remaining on her flesh, licking the thin fringe of hair surrounding her slit. By the time the wine was gone she was reduced to a writhing mass of moans. I took time only to drain the goblet of Marsala gently flavored by her, then sucked her until she came, and immediately fucked her.

I think Ernie now enjoyed watching me lay his wife almost as much as he enjoyed screwing her himself.

His hunger for our combined sex sauce was almost insatiable before frantically mounting her—and then it was my pleasure to tongue their juice away. I know I never tired of this routine.

"I suppose this will be all until we return," Diane sighed.

"Yes. But don't tell them about me. Please."

They said they'd think it over. I left them that night, not knowing what they would say to the other couple.

But my concern proved purely academic.

Two days later as I sat at my desk reading the morning *Tribune*, my eyes fell by chance to a short news article, stating both had been killed when their car was hit head-on by a truck in Ohio.

At that instant, the universe stopped: no time, no sound, nothing but a void. I reread it. Same words. Over and over I read, thinking maybe the words would disappear. Surely this was a mistake, an error, a macabre joke on newsprint. The words remained.

Slowly the void became alive again, and with it, rising from my stomach, nausea. I made my way quickly to the washroom and vomited. Then I went home and remained sick in bed for two days. Severe gastritis, I told Doris, and asked to be left alone.

I hoped it had been instantaneous with no pain for either of them. And as I thought about it, I was glad that if it had to happen, they both died together. I could not have faced a Diane grieving for Ernie and me powerless to console her, for my grief would have been almost as great as her own. And what could I have said to Ernie to douse his sorrow had only Diane been dead, when we both knew I loved her as much as he? No, better both, or neither.

All this a child still-born of self pity. I was not ashamed to admit it. They were dead now, beyond caring or feeling. But I was alive and wanted them and

needed them. So I hurt, because never again could the three of us laugh and talk and play and love together. And I could not unburden myself, for there was no ear into which I could pour my grief.

My relationship with Diane and Ernie had been kept secret by all of us. Their friends did not know, for in order to avoid interference or complications, I always visited their place when they had told others they would be "out" for the evening. As for me, I had no one among my friends in whom I had confided about this couple. We had created an intimate, tiny planet known only to the three of us. To others, ours was a world that never was, and so it had to remain.

During those two days, I relived in my mind our many marvelous moments together, recalling ideas and phrases and finely formed mutual attitudes on so many things. My feeling for both was still at its peak; cynically, I had expected it to drop some day and I would no longer have the intense emotional involvement with Diane and Ernie, but that time had not come. I was so fond of Ernie that, had I been the husband, I would have insisted on unreservedly sharing Diane with him. In fact, I would have loved to show my pride in her by sharing with anyone who thought like us. She was so beautiful, so tenderly feminine. I closed my eyes and brought her again to life in my mind: her platinum blonde hair, blue eyes, the cleft in her chin, those full breasts and shapely hips, the vibrant thighs and sensuous legs, the pulsating warm total person. Now I would never see her again except in my imagination.

After two days of looking backward, I got control of myself and was able to act normal. Doris assumed I had recovered from the illness that laid me low.

I suppose I might have continued indefinitely with Doris, had it not been for Diane's death. I did not expect another unusual relationship like theirs and

mine, but I now needed someone with the total appeal of Diane. For the first time in my life I had known a woman who filled all needs. Five years earlier, when I thought of splitting with Doris, I knew generally what was wrong with our marriage, but the introduction of multiple sex with Clara and others had been enough to keep us together. Frankly, she still moved me physically, but mere physical attraction, plus swinging sex, was now insufficient to cement our marriage.

CHAPTER 9

It was 1942. The nation was in all-out war with the Axis Powers. Because of my occupation I was deferred. But employees were needed in Washington, particularly clerk-typists. I convinced Doris she should go to Washington to work for Uncle Sam. After figuring how much she could put in savings from her salary, she consented. Of course I could not tell her I had to be alone while I adjusted to the shock of my dear friends' death, or that I needed an unrestricted chance to find a successor to Diane.

We still had parties, and I loved them. Sex is as necessary to me as air and food and water. I can be in love with one woman and frantic to score with another. In fact, variety deepens my desire for the one with whom I am in love. A steady diet of the same food, no matter how tasty, dulls my appetite. After a time it becomes monotonous and tasteless. I cannot thrive on filet mignon alone. When I vary my diet with lamb chops or barbecued ribs or baked ham or whatever, I return to filet mignon with thorough appreciation and a sharpened appetite honed by the chance. One sex partner, like one food, though it be my favorite, palls and jades.

I think World War II accelerated the sex revolution, begun during World War I. With so many virile men in service, thousands of wives who ordinarily might never have made it with another man looked to almost any available, interested and presentable male for sexual relief. By now wives had shed the Victorian idea that coitus was a necessary evil to be tolerated but never enjoyed, and frankly appreciated a good screwing. Expecting such a woman who had enjoyed inter-

course with her husband several times weekly to abstain for a year or more was unrealistic. Single girls, aware of what was happening, were often forced to give up to hold a boy friend. Thus it was that any reasonably appealing deferred male could, without really trying, accumulate a harem for the duration.

At the same time, many wives, who would have hot-footed it to the nearest divorce lawyer had they discovered their best friends in bed with their husbands, out of compassion importuned their mates to "take care of my girl friend. Her husband's been in the army six months and she's had to do without lovin'. Give her a break before she goes up in smoke." I was aware that this had happened to a couple of physicians and a dentist, friends of mine, after the lonely life had been invited in for cocktails and inhibitions vanished; undoubtedly this occurred among many others. Thus, with barriers lowered during World War II, it should not be surprising that what started out as makeshift measures should have become a way of life with many persons, snowballing until today we have the comparatively open practice of not only swapping mates but boldly advertising for swingers.

Before leaving for Washington, Doris, who would have loved to completely control my sex life, gave me a list of eight "approved" partners, pointing out "this should be enough to take care of even you." Among them were Clara, still unmarried; Melba, whose lawyer-husband was now in the army, and Loretta, the appreciative gal with the elderly husband. Of course none of these was as physically attractive as Doris; she had always been careful that anybody she chose for our parties was not her equal in looks. The only one of our swinging playmates who held her own in appearance with Doris was Ola, the soft babe with the strange eyes, but then Doris had not selected her.

Two weeks after my wife left, early in 1943, I found

myself sitting next to Florence at a pre-induction party for a friend of mine. I had known her casually for three years. On those rare occasions when we did meet, we kidded challengingly. I liked her, but until this night had never become really acquainted. Now, for the first time, we began to intellectually examine each other. After an hour together I became more alive than at any previous time since Diane's death.

I became oblivious to others at the party and started coming on with my real heavy jive. I recall we were sitting at a table and I began gently stroking her smooth brown arm. We'd had a number of drinks and our conversation was becoming earthier by the moment. In the midst of a barrage of innuendoes, I suddenly came out with, "I believe you'd like for me to fuck you." Ordinarily she was as hip as the next chick, but this caught her with her hip boots unlaced. Her mouth opened and shut several times but no words marched out. Finally, her face a deep crimson, she got up and stalked away.

Two evenings later at home the telephone rang. When I answered, a voice I recognized said calmly, "Hello. This is Florence."

"Well, this is a surprise." For one foolish moment I thought of asking, "Are you ready for me now?" but dismissed it as poor strategy. Obviously she was ready, or she wouldn't have called. Instead I said, "My mind has been filled with you since the other night. Won't you come by and have dinner with me? I'll cook it."

"When?"

"The way I feel about you, it can't be too soon. How about tomorrow night?"

"Okay. Is seven o'clock all right?"

"Fine."

We hung up without another word. I felt a spreading glow, not at merely the prospect of scoring with a new doll, but just at the pleasure of being near her. I

remember thinking, is this the woman who will fill the void caused by Diane's passing?

When she arrived, I opened the door and immediately kissed her. She looked surprised, but took it in stride. As for me, the moment I felt her mouth against my own, I tingled everywhere, and a curtain lifted. I knew immediately she had it for me.

Flo was quite attractive, and yet, viewed objectively, no match for Ola or Doris in sheer looks. Oh, she had unusually good legs, very sexy thighs and a thoroughly provocative ass, but almost no knockers. Yet she was soon to become for me the most desirable woman in the entire world. And she had another tremendous asset: an unbelievably sensuous mouth. Knowing this was her best facial feature, she had painstakingly learned how to use her mouth and lips as a visual excitant. Later, during the zenith of my involvement with Flo, I could become no more than superficially interested in dolls who had far more over-all appeal because their mouths were not like Flo's. But it was not alone sex attraction, strong as it was, that made me go overboard. Equally important were her warmth and friendliness, married to striking intelligence, artistic sensitivity and general philosophy and interests similar to mine. Not even with Diane had I as thorough rapport, for being black, Flo shared experiences that Diane could only intellectually know. Besides, Diane was no longer living. The Queen is dead; long live the Queen!

After dinner we sat for hours in the living room, talking. I knew already she taught school, and was a talented artist and writer. Separated but not divorced from her husband, also an artist, she was twenty-six and mother of a three-year-old daughter. As she sat first on the stool in front of my chair and then on my lap, we talked so eagerly together that for a time I even forgot sex, although fully aware of her ripe femininity. (Later she said she was embarrassed when she

realized she had spilled almost all there was to know about herself). I glanced at my watch. Past midnight. Knowing she was due at her school by eight, I made my move to get her in bed. I stroked her. I kissed her passionately. I moved my hands beneath her dress. She did not protest. When my fingers slid beneath her panties and I touched her furry triangle, me thinking *I'm home*, she announced casually:

"I suppose now is the time to tell you I'm having my period. For esthetic reasons I suggest you stop."

I froze. This was a real bringdown. I like female meat, but I'm not bloodthirsty. She laughed at the look on my face, threw her arms around me, and for the first time kissed me voluntarily, saying, "this pays you back for saying what you said the other night. But we will get together in a few days when I'm okay again." By the time I walked her to the bus stop (she insisted I not waste time taking her home) I was hot enough to heat a six-flat building in zero weather. I had to masturbate before I could sleep.

She visited me again a few days later, saying she wanted to hear some of my blues records. We began petting almost immediately. Soon I went for her panties. She folded her arms, announcing, "if you want 'em off, you'll have to do it alone. I'm not going to help you one little bit." I removed them, then took her arm, to lead her to the bedroom. She pulled away. She sat down in the big chair, saying, "you'll have to carry me. I don't intend to walk. I'm completely passive."

I carried her to bed, thinking *this is the wildest chick yet*. I undressed her, but it was not easy, for she was completely limp. I took off my own clothing. She hadn't moved. I pulled her thighs apart and delicately stroked her skin, not only to arouse her but because my hands yearned for her flesh. Still no movement. I thought *Unh-huh, I bet I change that in a hurry*. Placing both knees to the left side of her head, I began

kissing the outer rim of her bushy delta. I looked back briefly. Her face wore a puzzled expression. I ran my lips across the broad top of her triangle, below the navel, and back down the far side. When I reached the low apex and lingered, there was movement. Gentle but noticeable. I thrust my head forward and down. She could control her muscles but not her glands. She was dripping wet. I traversed her now with tongue and lips, coming up to and around her clitoris. Her entire torso began moving, rapidly accelerating, becoming jerkily violent. Her breathing was forced and rapid, rising to the roar of a swollen river when it crashes through walls of a dam. She clutched my closest thigh with both hands, fingers digging. And then, finally—peace. She said, "Please, no more now, I can't stand it."

I arose and looked into her face. She registered disbelief, as if this could not have happened to her. She lay panting, trying to regain composure. I said no word and stroked the sides of her body as I kissed her face. I let her rest awhile before genital union. As I entered, she commented simply, "This I understand," and moved rhythmically as if her life depended on it. She gave me tit. I gave her tat. We erupted like a skyrocket.

Later, as we lay side by side, she said, "Only once before in my entire life have I ever had an orgasm, and that was the second time I went with a boy. That was in high school with the guy I later married. Since then, over all these years, absolutely nothing until tonight. I don't mind telling you I've tried many times and found it pleasant, but that's all. It wasn't flag-waving. And compared with what happened tonight, my other climax was like a minnow beside a whale."

"That's odd," I said, "when you must have been frenched many times."

"But I haven't. This was the first."

"Do you mean to tell me that with all the artists and writers you know, with the Bohemian life you lead outside the classroom, nobody ever tried to eat it?"

"Nobody ever asked."

"But I didn't ask. I just went ahead. What did you think when I began?"

"At first I wondered what you were up to. Then I realized what you were about to do. I wouldn't have dreamed of stopping you. I've always been curious about how it felt."

"So now you know."

"Yes. Now I know."

Obviously the emotional and physical experience was eminently satisfying to Flo, but I did not know the extent until two nights later when the telephone rang.

"Hello," said my caller, "this is Flo."

"Darling—" I began, but she cut me off.

"I'm coming right over just as soon as I can get there. If you've got visitors, shoo them out. I want to go to bed with you again. I still don't believe what happened the other night. I want to see if it was a fluke. I won't be convinced until it happens again." She hung up.

Soon she arrived, snatched off her clothes and plopped down on the bed.

"All right," she said, "Prove it. Convince me. I dare you."

This time I not only caressed her with my fingers, but kissed her entire torso, mouthing her tiny tits. She particularly liked this, I speedily learned, for what they lacked in size was compensated for in sensitivity. When I began cunnilingus, I thrust my head between her thighs and looked up through the hairy underbrush toward her face. But she stopped me.

"Turn around like before," she asked. "I want your body beside me so I can grab and hold on if I need to."

I switched. Later she sighed. "It's for real, all right."

I'm convinced. And I'm going to do something strange. I'm going to thank you. You don't know what this means for my self-confidence. I told you I'd had only one other orgasm. Since my husband and I broke up I've had several lovers. Two offered to pay for my divorce and marry me. Although I liked them, I wouldn't, because they didn't please me enough in bed. Recently I wondered if I'd become frigid, and I was worried. But you made me know I'm not frigid. I'm normal after all."

These two sessions hooked me sexually on Flo. I did not know how thoroughly I had fallen until two days later when Jackie came back through Chicago.

Jackie and I had been corresponding for several years, following a written request for information that took a personal turn. She was private secretary to one of the period's foremost singing stars, and when her employer had a week's run at a loop theater, Jackie and I met for the first time.

That was three weeks ago. Because of her schedule, we were unable to spend an entire evening together until the engagement ended and there was one free day before they left Chicago. Jackie came to my apartment and we went to bed. Although it had never been discussed, she somehow knew I would start with cunnilingus. I was particularly impressed because she had the longest, the most copious bush I had ever seen. Her muff so stirred me that when she asked me to use a condom, I had absolutely no trouble.

Now she and the singer were stopping over in Chicago for a day before continuing to California. Jackie returned to my pad. But to my amazement I could not get hard. I virtually wallowed in her luxuriant black foliage, but Flo's impact had been so great I could think of nothing else. I gave her a monumental frenching, but nothing either of us could do produced an

erection. Finally I gave up in disgust and sent Jackie on her way.

As months passed, my emotional involvement with Flo intensified, although there was no repetition with others of my failure with Jackie. Now I wanted to marry Flo. I saw her almost every day, although her busy schedule permitted horizontal jousts not more than once or twice a week. I believed she would go in for multiple sex under the right circumstances. I'd detailed my swinging parties with Doris and assorted friends and Flo hadn't batted an eye. I never expected her to become as far-out as Doris, but I thought she would swing sufficiently to satisfy my needs.

Flo was now my filet mignon, but I maintained my appetite for other dishes. I took care of those on Doris' list, seeing that none was neglected. I also auditioned other talent on my own. Knowing the role of high morale on the home front, I considered it my sweet duty to lessen the loneliness of dolls whose husbands and boy friends were in the armed forces. I knew it was a thankless task, for I was certain no discharged serviceman would express appreciation to me for having taken care of his woman's sexual needs, even though I had kept her from falling into the clutches of some less worthy stud. In one noteworthy instance, I found myself satisfying both the wife and girl friend of a fraternity brother, the wife not knowing the existence of her rival, and the girl friend unaware I was balling the wife. Through both sources, I learned the rather off-beat desires of a leading businessman looked upon as a pillar of South Side society.

With the Soviet Union and the United States allies in the world struggle against the Axis, it was quite respectable to join and work with many groups later labelled Communist. Black and white mingled openly; for the first time many snow broads and spade studs

could meet without fear or stigma, and they made the most of this opportunity.

I met Gloria when the bitter memory of the Detroit Race Riots was still fresh. Just twenty-one, she attended the University of Chicago. Gloria was short and slightly plump but shapely, dark-haired, and quietly good-looking. Her eyes were memorable. Big and dark brown, they looked perpetually sad, the result of a racial guilt complex. Somehow she felt herself responsible, because of her white skin, for the evils of color hate and wanted to atone to Negro males individually.

We were both guests at a party, and Gloria selected me as the next to whom she would make amends, sticking leech-like all evening. Flo was not present, having another obligation. Gloria ended at my apartment. When she undressed, the sight of the large aureoles around her breasts smashed me right away. Almost as fascinating was a birthmark on her belly, like the silhouette of an Indian with war bonnet. I outlined it with my finger as I pulled her into my naked lap. Although she had made it plain how she felt about racism, I now expected only a different version of the boudoir bounce. Instead she seemed about to cry.

"Bob," she said, throwing her arms around my neck and kissing me, "I feel terrible when I think of what we've done to you."

"You haven't done anything to me yet but excite me," I replied.

"Yes, we have," she insisted. "Here you are so sweet and nice and—and your brown skin is so beautiful! It simply makes me ashamed."

"There's nothing personally for you to be ashamed of," I said. We were getting sidetracked and this wasn't what I brought her home for.

"Oh, but I am! I'm white, am I not? And just by being white I'm as guilty as all the rest. I ought to be

punished." She sprang from my naked lap before I could stop her, looked wildly around and saw my trousers. Snatching the belt she extended it to me.

"Here! Beat the evil out of me." Her sad eyes glowed oddly.

I did not take the belt. I have never beaten a woman in my life. Once, in a fit of anger, I had slapped Doris, but that was all.

"Please whip me," she pleaded.

When I still did not move, she dropped the belt and lay down across my bare knees.

"At least," she murmured, looking beseechingly into my face, "you can give me a good hard spanking."

I looked appreciatively upon the round mound of her naked ass thrust temptingly toward me. I reached out. I touched her hips and then grabbed them hard. They were soft but with a feeling of solid substance, unlike those of a skinny woman which have the character of loose cotton batting.

"Go ahead—now!" she pleaded.

What the hell, I thought. I can accommodate her in this. I raised a hand and came down, but without too much force.

"Harder," she urged.

This time I used more power, but not enough to satisfy.

"Please," she begged.

Again a stroke, and again too gentle. Raising her head, she looked me in the eye.

"What's the matter—scared to hit a white woman?" she sneered. "You—you cowardly nigger you!"

Momentarily shocked, I reacted with a furious slap, my hand leaving its outline on both hips. She squealed and went limp except for her writhing rear. Almost immediately I realized she had taunted me so I would swat her with the vigor she craved. I became angry

because I had fallen for her ruse, and rattled her rump from vexation.

Her flesh blushed deep pink, darkened to red and turned scarlet. Moaning, softly crying and twisting across my thighs, she begged me to stop. I continued. It was not because I enjoyed spanking her. What I liked was the feel of her hips as they flattened beneath my pounding palm and the stimulation of her rolling body against my stiff shaft, along with the soft pressure of her hanging breasts against the outside of my thigh.

"Stop," she gasped again. "Please, please!"

"Not yet. You begged for an ass-beating and you're gonna get it."

"Then talk to me. Call me dirty names."

"Why, you goddamned little bitch!"

"That's it, sweetheart, keep on!"

"You dirty stinkin' little whore!"

Now I was spanking gently and mechanically, pausing between blows to rub her derriere, rosy as a sunset.

"You're nothing but a low, shit-eating slut," I went on, "a cocksucking..."

At this she threw herself off my lap, face flushed and distorted, and knelt in front of me. Grabbing my stiff spike with both hands, she kissed the head, ran her tongue slowly and expertly around the ridge, then down its brown length. She did not stop at the wrinkled sack holding my balls, but continued, elevating both my thighs and burrowing beneath me until she reached my asshole. She thrust her tongue inside and licked furiously. I shivered. This was completely new and wild. Then, slowly, she returned to the glans, took all of me in her mouth, and slid her lips back and forth. When I was obviously ready to come she hugged both hips, pulling me into her throat, her tongue working madly. When I squirted she gurgled apprecia-

tively and held me in her mouth until I was limp. Finally she released me, gently kissing the head.

"I am your white slave," she said softly. "Do anything to me that you like." She backed away on her knees, then leaned forward and kissed each toe on both my feet.

Never before had I experienced anything like this, and it shook me up. The sight of her tempting rear in the air, no longer glowing but still red, called me to immediate action.

"It's my turn," I said. "The time's come for me to eat your pussy."

"I've already had one orgasm," she told me, "while you spanked me and called me names. If you wish it, I'm ready for more. I am your white slave."

After frenching comes mounting. As I started to lie above her, I recalled her age in time. Remembering she was single and with her hang-up might not be too careful, I asked if I should use a rubber.

"Absolutely not," she said.

"But what if you become pregnant?"

"That's what I hoped for. I'd like nothing more than a baby by a colored man."

"What would your parents say?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Yes, I do know. They'd kick me out."

"Then how'd you live?"

"Oh, I'd find a way."

If she didn't give a damn about getting knocked up, neither did I. But she was probably safe with me anyway. I'd never made anybody pregnant, although I'd worn condoms only a comparatively few times. I thought maybe I was sterile and usually mentioned rubbers for the sake of politeness and to make my partner think I was concerned about her welfare.

As I entered her wet vestibule, she flung her arms

two long blonde pigtails, and wearing a matching baby-blue dress. In appearance she could have passed for the definition of girlish innocence.

But it was camouflage. By the time I closed the door she was disrobing.

"I'm prepared," she announced. "I'm wearing my traveling diaphragm."

"Your what?"

"I have two diaphragms. I keep one at my regular Chicago boy friend's house. I took it over the night I got back from New York. I douche thoroughly, take it out and leave it. This makes him happy. He thinks I wouldn't dream of sleeping with anybody else because my protection is in his care. He doesn't need to know about the other diaphragm I keep for soirees like this."

I had to admit she was a slick chick.

"You've been on my mind for over a year," she continued. "I knew that when I returned here I'd have to look you up. Ever since that party I've wondered how good you are in bed. By the way, still dating Flo?"

"Still."

"She's not as interested in sex as we are, is she?"

"I'll buy that."

"I thought so. I've an idea she's like my regular boy friend. He gets all he wants, but it simply isn't enough for me. I need lots. I imagine it's the same with you and Flo. People like you and me need a hell of a lot of sex. And what the others don't know won't hurt them. I mean, we're not depriving Flo and my steady, are we?"

"Nice rationalizing," I commented.

She smiled. "We're wasting time with this gabfest." She asked me to get on my back, then got over me for 69. "No more talk. It's not polite to talk with your mouth full anyway."

No doubt about it, my mouth was full. Full of her

labia. Never before or since have I seen her equal. I've heard of the Hottentot Apron, a characteristic of certain East African women who boast lips three to four inches long. I'm told that among the populations of some South Pacific Islands, long labia are a mark of feminine beauty. When girls reach puberty, old men of the tribe are assigned the daily task of orally pulling and stretching their lips to the minimum acceptable length. But I doubt that any of these could have surpassed Tess'. I literally feasted on their thick, wrinkled, lengthy, erotic magnificence, first softly chewing them together and letting them slide slowly through my teeth, then individually sucking each. I isolated one side with my finger and leisurely caressed the soft, sensitive interior and the rougher exterior with my appreciative tongue. From her response, the entire sizeable surface was sensitive. I was so engrossed in the sheer delight of nibbling on the massive meat of her lips that for a while I completely forgot her clitoris. When I remembered and tongue-teased it, she climaxed within seconds.

We united genitally only twice. I had never before had anything like this to eat and I made the most of it. When we thought we were sated, we'd stop, turn to the book, and after mutually reading an erotic poem as we fondled each other, we'd be primed again. Tess was as frantic to have me suck her pussy as I was to do it. I do not know how long the session would have lasted had we not noticed it was becoming dark, and we hurriedly dressed, for we both had dates that evening.

"I can return to New York satisfied," Tess said as we got into our clothes. "You're even better than I thought. And you're just too damn dangerous. If I remained here in Chicago I couldn't possibly leave after a few more sessions like this. You could easily become a compelling habit I couldn't break. So back to medical school it is for Tess."

"Are you planning to be a general practitioner or will you specialize?" I asked. Inwardly I agreed Chicago was no place for Tess. I knew I could never become emotionally involved, but I also knew I'd be mouthing her amazing meat constantly if she were available.

"I'm going to be a specialist."

"In what?"

She laughed. "Gynecology, of course."

Well, it figured.

She called me three days later, the night before she returned home, and we staged a farewell bout. I've never seen her since.

CHAPTER 12

Doris was transferred back to Chicago, still working for Uncle Sam, some 18 months after going to Washington. I'd seen her twice. That first summer she asked me to spend a week with her in Washington and New York. Not even her glowing description of two swinging playmates she'd lined up—a schoolteacher and a dentist's wife—enthused me. I kissed Flo goodbye the night before I left and stood back for a long time motionless, gazing into her face. She seemed the most beautiful woman in the world and her mouth the sweetest. I was so deeply in love with Flo that the thought of being in another city, unable to see or even talk to her for an entire week, was almost unbearable. And yet I had to go to Doris; the time had not yet come for a break. Even with the wild action on the Washington and New York scene, I was anxious to return to Chicago and Flo. Then, early in 1944, Doris returned to Chicago for a week. This presented no problem; I still was able to see Flo and talk with her by phone. On Doris' last night she got drunk, and heatedly accused me of spending sack time with a gal I'd never touched, although it wasn't through lack of desire. Actually she was one of the many I wanted but couldn't get. This flare-up did not cement our relationship.

When she returned to Washington, certain friends began writing her of my association with Flo. When Doris asked about her, I said we did go out together. Early in June she wrote me her federal department was opening an office in Chicago and she could be transferred home if she wished. Which would I prefer: returning to Chicago or remaining in Washington?

Stay there, I replied, and listed the many advantages of continuing to work at the capital. She applied immediately for a transfer and returned permanently in September. I knew I was in for a long hard winter.

Two days passed before she mentioned Flo. I had been waiting. I was not going to be the first to bring up her name.

"This girl friend of yours—what's her name?" she asked without warning.

"Which one?"

"The one you been running around with most of the time. The teacher."

"Oh. You mean Flo?"

"Yeah. Flo."

"What about her?"

"Why don't you invite her over for a party this Saturday? I want her to eat my pussy."

"She doesn't go that route."

"What? All right then. Make her suck your cock while I watch."

"She doesn't do that either."

Doris exploded. "You mean you put your tongue up that bitch's slash and she's too nice to lick your dick? What is this? She must have you under her little finger. I bet if she said she wanted to shit in your mouth, you'd fall on your back and let her."

I turned and walked away. I knew Doris didn't want a session with Flo for strictly sexual pleasure. She hoped to humiliate her. Knowing how nasty my wife could become after a few drinks, as well as her reaction toward a female sex partner I had chosen, I did not intend to put together the components for an explosion.

It was only a matter of time, anyway, before our marriage would formally disintegrate. I did not dislike Doris; I was simply crazy as hell about Flo. Obviously I could not have both. Although I believed it would be

useless, I would try to talk Doris into agreeing to a divorce. A couple of days later, I made my pitch.

"Doris," I said, "we're both mature adults. We have no children. We've had a marriage that's been pleasant, generally speaking, for about thirteen years. Sex has been our greatest bond. We both share unconventional attitudes and, frankly, I still get a real blast out of you in bed. But similar erotic desires, strong and valuable as they are, are not enough to make this the kind of marriage we ought to have. In many ways we are incompatible. So many interests, other than sex, are dissimilar. And there's more to living together than horizontal action . . ."

"As you know, we were on the verge of breaking up seven years ago. What kept us together was your astute decision to have parties with others. That turned me on like new. And, frankly, I doubt if I could ever find another marital partner with whom I could have such wild and wonderful times. But unfortunately, that is no longer enough. I need intellectual and emotional rapport which you and I are unable to have . . ."

"You're still young and you know damn well you're good-looking as hell. Undoubtedly, during the last year and a half in Washington you made intimate contacts with men you wouldn't mind living with. You must know a lot of guys who could make you a better husband than I can. Further, you've got a good job, money in the bank, and you're in a position to make a nice living for yourself if you want to stay single . . ."

"I really want to remain close friends with you. But I can foresee our actually growing to hate each other if we stay together any longer. I think we ought to divorce while we can still continue as friends. I'd like to retain what we still have, rather than see it smothered in an avalanche of hate."

Yes, it was useless all right.

"Bullshit," she snarled. "You want to get rid of me so you can marry that school-teaching slut. It'll never happen." Then she came close, her entire manner now conciliatory. "Bob, Honey, I don't want to be married to anybody but you. I don't love anybody but you. And Flo can't have you."

We both knew I had no legal grounds for divorce. Technically we were both guilty of adultery and fornication so I could not get away with that in court even if I wanted to. It seemed to me my only out was to make her so disgusted she'd be anxious to have us parted by law. It would have to be psychological warfare until I came up with something that would stand up before a judge. However, since Flo was not divorced, I would carry on as I had been, spending all the time I could with her and engage in other outside activities to stay away from Doris. I knew also that my wife would now get together some unusually interesting swinging sessions to keep me home—and as a sensualist I would enjoy them to the hilt.

CHAPTER 13

It was midwinter. My campaign was working well enough to make Doris disgusted enough to flare up every couple of weeks. Then one day, during a peaceful period, she told me that Art, a playmate back in Washington, would be in town the coming weekend. Art had been drafted and sent to Great Lakes Naval Training Center north of Chicago. This would be his first leave since being confined to the base for six weeks of boot training. Should she get him a room at a hotel?

Sexually I'm an opportunist. "Hell, no," I said, envisioning a three-way session with another male. "We'll put him up here with us."

Doris smiled. "I thought you'd want to. And while we're at it, why don't we get him a date and take him to a night club Saturday night?"

A fine idea, I told her.

"How about getting him a date with Flo? After all, I've never met her. And I'd like to see my rival being escorted by my Washington boy friend. You gotta admit it could be an interesting evening."

The audacity of the suggestion forced admiration for Doris. Despite my hang-up with Flo, my wife still had a lot going for her. This provocative scheme could kill a flock of birds with one stone. I had been curious to know what would happen when Doris and Flo met, and I knew both gals were anxious to see each other in the flesh. I did not believe Flo would become sexually interested in Art, although after six weeks of abstinence Art undoubtedly would be horny enough to screw a snake if it dared open its mouth around him. However, from how Doris said he felt about her, I doubted

that he'd seriously try to make it with another broad as long as he thought there was a chance of getting between my wife's thighs again. I was certain she'd let him know her stuff was ready. And of course I became strongly aroused at the prospect of Doris taking on Art. But any way I looked at it, this was certain to be a screwed-up foursome making with small talk at a cafe: Doris with me, but impatient to take on Art; Art with Flo, but hungry for Doris; I with Doris, anxious for a trio in bed, but preferring Flo if it was to be a couple only, and Flo babysitting the paramour of her boy friend's wife, while the boy friend imitated a dutiful husband. Here were the ingredients for a farce or a tragedy.

It was neither. Saturday night we all acted disgustingly civilized. Both dolls were on their best behavior. A casual observer would have assumed they were intimate friends. Not one claw was unsheathed. As for Art, who arrived at our apartment after I came home, it was obvious he was not going to take any chances. I was some four inches taller and at least forty pounds heavier—essential statistics which Doris evidently forgot to mention to him. On the surface at least, a jolly good time was had by all. Around one-thirty we left the night club, Art to take Flo home while I returned to our apartment with Doris. A half hour later Art came in. He had not parried long with Flo. Doris and I put him to bed on a living room couch, clad only in shorts, and absolutely stoned. Evidently when he saw me he quickly decided to concentrate on drinking, no doubt thinking he had no chance of laying my wife and not wanting his first liberty to be a total loss.

Next morning around ten o'clock I woke him up.

"Come on and join us in the bedroom," I said.

When he reached the door, his eyes popped. Doris lay on her back, wearing nothing but flimsy black lace briefs. She smiled.

"Why not get on the bed?" I suggested.

He moved uncertainly and slowly, as if dream-walking, looking puzzled. He sat down in slow motion. I saw his gaze racing back and forth between her big bare breasts and the darker area beneath her navel. His mouth opened. He licked his lips.

Doris held out her arms. "Come here, Baby," she said seductively. Art glanced uncertainly toward me, desire and disbelief battling on his face. She grabbed his head with one hand and pulled him toward a titty which she cupped with the other. Automatically, yet at the same time uncertainly, he began nibbling her nipple.

I pulled off her briefs. Doris removed his shorts. I moved my mouth down to her cunt. From the corner of my eye I could see he was like a mahogany war club, even though his face registered deep perplexity. Shortly I raised my head, pointed to Doris, and said, "She's ready."

The six-week dry spell, plus the availability of a woman he was hot for, kicked all inhibitions out of his mind. He had to have some immediately. To hell with me or anybody else. Frantic, he almost sprang on Doris and she guided him in. I lay with my face so close to her thrashing hips I could touch her with my tongue as she moved back and forth. I felt my heart racing from excitement as I watched his cock moving in and out of her wet pussy. I had never before had a party with only my wife and another man. For the moment I even forgot about Flo, having feeling only for Doris as I watched her rolling and responding to another's thrusts. I felt personal involvement and my reaction because of this was different from watching Diane with Ernie. After all, Diane was Ernie's wife, although I had been in love with her. Doris was my wife and we lived together; with Doris there was the

additional satisfaction of rebelling against society's attitudes toward the marital relationship.

So intensely aroused that my entire body shook, I placed my hand under my wife's agitated ass and felt Art's member pushing inside and filling her cavity. I thrilled to the interplay of their genitalia. I felt their tempo rise to a frenzy as he ejaculated. As she received his initial spurt, Doris wrapped her thighs around his back and groaned as she seemingly tried to pull his entire body into her abdomen. Then there were diminishing shudders as both calmed. A warm trickle enveloped my finger as he pulled limply out and rolled to one side. But I was still on the uppermost peak of Mount Everest, giddy and almost breathless. Her lips were copiously spread with his white cream, for after six weeks his load was large. I shoved my mouth against her dripping gash, rubbing the sides of her hips with both hands in appreciation as I hungrily tongued away their tangy, fragrant sex sauce. I raised my eyes to see Art watching in astounded, disbelieving fascination. Obviously Doris had no more prepared him for my habits than for my size. But that did not deter me. I continued until I had sucked it out, then topped her, riding slowly at first, then racing. When I climaxed and rose, he still had said nothing.

Doris made breakfast then. We were still naked. Later she called both of us into the bedroom.

"Art, dear," she said, "you used to tell me how much you loved to eat my pussy. Have you changed your mind?"

He looked foolish, like being caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Despite the recent action, he was obviously embarrassed over having his patterns exposed before his girl friend's husband.

"Go on, don't be bashful," I told him. "If you like it, make her know it."

He moved his head sheepishly down and slowly

shoved his mouth against her gash. I could almost hear him wishing I wasn't there.

After a few minutes Doris looked at me and made a face. He just wasn't with it.

"Why don't all three of us try something together?" I asked.

Art raised his head and looked questioningly at me.

"Here—I'll show you," I said. "Doris, stay on your back. Art, lie on the bed at right angles and poke it in."

My wife had a fat, prominent mound with her slit up high. After he had shoved his shaft into her sheath, I got above her in 69. There was just enough room from his angle of insertion for me to tongue her clitoris. This rare sensation of copulating cock and mouthing of her sensitive button simultaneously, literally drove her crazy. Shortly she climaxed, gasping and panting and frantically trying to swallow my dick. Her rotating pelvis and grabbing gash ignited Art and he hurled another load inside her; her jaws and the aphrodisiac odor of their mixed fluid primed me into shooting off in her throat. Since my mouth was already there, I had only to reach down to take their thick juice when he plopped limply out of her aromatic snatch. I went at it so vigorously that Doris came again, involuntarily pushing the last of their juice into my probing mouth.

I arose then, excused myself and dressed, for I had an afternoon date with Flo. I left Art and my wife in bed together. When I returned some five hours later they were still naked in bed. I did not ask if they had spent the entire time fucking and sucking, and Doris never told me. I did not see Art again until three or four weeks later when he returned to the South Side on another pass. I had, regrettably, only an hour to spend on a threesome. On his next trip I was out but Melba was present and Art took on both. He became so

hooked on Melba that shortly afterward he came to town mainly to see her, and when Doris learned of it she blew her stack, accusing Melba of "stealing my boy friend."

CHAPTER 14

Months passed. I had not yet found a foolproof way to break off when Doris was assigned by her office to Cleveland for two months. A week after she returned home, I developed a sore shaft which burned when I pissed. Suspecting the worst, I went to a Loop medical center specializing in the treatment of venereal diseases. Tests showed I had gonorrhea. I was also given a routine blood test. I was told afterward that I had syphilis, secondary stage, which meant I had been infected some years before.

I told Doris she had brought me a special gift from Cleveland, a nice big dose of clap. I chose not to mention the result of the Wasserman test.

"Impossible," she said. "Why, I didn't go to bed with anybody the entire time I was gone. You'd better check with your schoolteacher friend. That must be where you got it."

"Very odd," I commented, "that I should get it only after you return. No, you're responsible. And you'd better see a doctor."

"Horseshit," she said. "There's not a thing wrong with me—unless I got something from you."

"I'm moving out," I told her. "You're lying and you know it. The only way to keep you from doing without sex for two months is to put you in a chastity belt and a straightjacket. No, you brought me back a clappy cunt and I'm through with you—especially when you haven't got the guts to admit you picked up gonorrhea while you were gone."

I knew I had at last found a legitimate excuse for a break. My first step would be to take separate quarters.

As I threw some clothes into a suitcase, she begged,

pleaded and finally threatened to kill both Flo and me if I left. I ignored her and walked out. A friend managed the Prairie Hotel. I registered under an assumed name, knowing Doris would call them all to try to locate me and attempt to coax me back. Later, when she adjusted to the fact that I had moved away for keeps, I periodically visited the apartment. We reached an agreement whereby she would keep the apartment and I would pay the rent. I kept my key to enter and leave as I wished. Since she went to work earlier than I, this permitted me to go there in the morning and cook my own breakfast when I felt like it.

With sulfa drugs, I was cured of gonorrhea within a week. I began taking the long course of injections at the medical center for syphilis, although I did not believe I had it. If it were in the secondary stage, I reasoned, Doris would be infected. But her thorough examination for federal employment, including a Wasserman, had shown her completely clean.

Inwardly puzzled, I told Flo that a test had shown I was syphilitic. She didn't bat an eye. Instead she asked who made the test. When I identified the clinic, she volunteered to check its reliability with a sister who worked for another Loop medical center. A couple of days later she made a report.

"Sis says to ignore the test," Flo told me. "At the medical center you went to, any Negro is automatically presumed to have syphilis—test or no test. That's their official policy. Besides, it's a nice little racket. It gives them a chance to rake in the shekels for a long drawn out 'cure' since a patient rarely questions their finding."

Knowing a state law required physicians to report all VD cases and an allegedly uncured case of syphilis could bring punitive action, I decided to visit the clinic once more. The center occupied several upper floors in a loop skyscraper, with the reception room on one floor

and treatment areas above. Each patient was given a portfolio at the reception desk containing his record and instructed to present it at the proper division. When I received mine this last trip, instead of taking the elevator up I went down to the street level, walked out of the building, then tore up and discarded my medical history in the nearest garbage can. I never returned. That was in 1944. Medical tests by a private physician showed no syphilis.

Quite by accident, one morning at the apartment alone, I saw a prescription stuck between the pages of a book I needed. It was made out to Doris and called for a sulfa drug. Since I knew the doctor, I called him.

"You've been treating Doris for gonorrhea," I said, "and I wanted to know if you thought she was completely cured by now."

"It's all cleared up," he said. "She's okay again."

"What about that last sulfa prescription?"

"That was like insurance. I wanted her to have a supply on hand should there be any indication of a recurrence."

"Thanks, doctor," I told him. "I feel greatly relieved."

I kept the prescription. Next time I saw Doris, I asked her casually, "Did you ever check to see if you had clap?"

"Of course not," she lied. "I told you there was nothing wrong with me."

A few weeks later I lucked upon greater evidence to go with the prescription. A letter addressed to a man in Cleveland was sticking in the mailbox when I came by the apartment. In Doris's handwriting, it had been returned for insufficient postage. I grabbed it.

It was a sex-love letter, graphically recalling the times they had gone to bed when she was in Cleveland and begging him to visit her soon in Chicago. She detailed at length what they would do when they got

together. Evidently writing about it got her so excited she wound up her letter by saying "my pussy's so hot now I'm going to have to take a cold douche before I can go to sleep."

To me this was comparable to finding a gold mine or striking oil. This letter plus the prescription was all I needed for a divorce. However, there was still no hurry. Flo was married and I was having a swinging time at my hotel.

I found Rachel at the apartment one morning when I came by to make my breakfast. She was little, not over five-feet-two, but all concentrated sex. Her eyes were big as a baby's and she had large, lovely knockers and a bee-stung mouth. From Philadelphia, she had attended the University of Pennsylvania for two years and had become one of Doris' closest friends. They worked in the same office. But under no circumstances would Doris have ever suggested a session with Rachel. She was simply too much potential competition.

Instead I had met Rachel when Doris invited her over (this was before I moved out) to meet an unattached male. Doris considered a good catch. I coveted Rachel on sight. So did the single stud, and judging from her actions, I assumed she returned his interest. Accordingly I did not think it expedient to let her know she appealed to me.

This morning I would have been no more than casually friendly had Rachel not been dressed in one of my old white shirts. She'd been asleep in it. When she heard me stirring about, she came into the living room. I was, of course, surprised to find her there. When she curled up in a chair immediately on entering the living room and showed her entire length of coffee brown thighs up to an inch or two below her crotch, my surprise gave way to drooling desire.

She sat coolly observing me, an odd smile on her face. I stood it as long as I could, then got up and went

over to her, thinking *all she can do is turn me down. If she wants to tell Doris, that's her little red wagon. But I'm sure gonna try just this once.* I was so aroused that I reached down wordlessly, placed both arms around her and bent over to kiss her, expecting any moment to see her turn her head away.

But she did not.

Instead she parted her bee-stung lips and closed her big eyes. I thrust my tongue inside her mouth, thinking *this looks like I've hit a home run*, and found her own tongue struggling to get past mine. She reached up and threw her arms around me, breathing hard.

"Ever since I first saw you," she said as we drew our faces a few inches apart, "I've wondered how it would feel to be kissed by you. You've got the most sensuous mouth I've ever seen."

"I'll be damned!" I said. "And I thought you weren't the least bit interested. You looked like you fell right away and hard for the guy Doris wanted you to meet."

"Don't you think I'd have better sense than to show how I feel in front of Doris?"

That made sense.

"I hoped you'd come by this morning. That's why I told Doris I felt sick after I got here this morning and asked if I could stay here and rest. I knew that if you Ed show up I would at least see you alone."

"Every time I see you, I look and wish," I told her. "I've been dying to touch those beautiful breasts of yours . . ." I reached inside the shirt to fondle her warm bosom "... and I've dreamed and dreamed and dreamed of kissing you all over."

"That's what I've wanted you to do. I knew you would—I knew it automatically. I've been living for the day when I could feel that sensuous mouth everywhere."

I dropped to my knees.

"Like this?" I asked, pushing aside the shirt and rubbing my cheeks against her short dense bush.

"Yes, darling—like that," she said, scooting down in the chair and making a V of her thighs. She placed a hand gently but firmly back of my head, as if to restrain me if I tried to leave. This, however, was completely unnecessary.

Afterwards I said I had to see her again and soon.

"God knows I want to—especially now," she said. "But we've got to be careful. I can't take a chance or Doris finding out. She's my friend, but she's neurotic. She goes out and does what she wants to, yet she tells everybody you're her husband and she's in love with you. Until you get a divorce there's no telling what she might try to do to a woman she thinks is involved with you. I believe she'd go absolutely crazy if she ever found out you and I had ever been intimate."

I saw Rachel twice after that, but at her own apartment several miles further south. On my second visit she by chance had a telephone call from Doris who after several minutes of gossip, wanted to come out for a friendly visit. Rachel was finally able to persuade her not to come, but the experience almost left her a nervous wreck.

I stopped seeing her after that. In a way it was a relief. Despite her bountiful appeal, I was already overextended. During those war years I of necessity passed up many dolls I would pant for today. One morning around ten I received a call at my office from a broad imploring me to come to her immediately. I made it as short as I could. Three more times that memorable day I received SOSs for immediate attention and answered each one as a matter of pride. The office receptionist with whom I often discussed personal matters, called me "a male whore." Nadja, who lived only two blocks away, was one of the callers. And to top matters, I had already scheduled a lying-down date with Flo that

evening. However, over a period of twelve hours, I satisfied all.

Another of those calling was Nora, a light, brown-skin freckled gal from Georgia who owned her home, a two-story house in an area swarming with apartment houses. Cora and I belonged to the same club, but during the first two years of our acquaintance had registered with me only as an attractive but hopelessly inhibited washout. She acted shy and timid, dancing grimly and bashfully at our social affairs. I received a certain satanic satisfaction from occasionally shocking her. She had been married, but was now separated from her husband, getting the house in the process. Tall and big-boned, she entranced me with her shapely, steatopygic ass. I often wondered why so much sheer physical appeal had been wasted on a woman who apparently did not know what to do with it.

For some reason I do not recall, the two of us had additional club business to discuss after the other members left a meeting at her home. We sat talking and smoking, and I grew more conscious by the second of how I'd like to get her horizontal. Our conversation slowly drifted away from club business, becoming increasingly personal. For the first time I was getting to know her as a human being. After an hour or more she got up from the large davenport, went to the kitchen, and returned with a bottle of Southern Comfort and two glasses, then sat down real close to me. Mentally, at least, my eyebrow lifted. Two drinks and the talk turned erotic. I reached over and lightly stroked her cheek. I started to pull my hand away and stopped, amazed. She had gone through a sudden metamorphosis. The shy look had vanished. Now her eyes glowed and her body tensed. I recovered and, out of curiosity, gently ran my fingers down her back. Sitting up very straight, she said huskily, "I hope you know what you're doing."

"I think so," I said, taking her hands in mine and waiting.

"You know I don't have a husband any more," she went on, "and my boy friend's in the army."

"Really?"

"Yes." She lowered her eyes. "You know him. He's a close friend of yours." Then she named Austin, the president of our club, a brilliant young barrister who had been rising rapidly in his profession. I was completely gassed. Austin not only was a personal friend who had talked me into joining the club, but I also had a pleasant social relationship with his wife. I had never suspected anything between Austin and Cora.

Undoubtedly my surprise showed, for she went on, "We've been lovers for over two years. He's unhappy with his wife and says he's going to divorce her and marry me. But now that will have to wait until after the war. And that's likely to be a long time."

This was my cue. I knew how to take it from there. "I'm sorry, Baby," I said, taking her hands in mine and leaning closer. "I know you must feel neglected."

"That's no lie," she sighed.

"That can't go on! Your body has come to expect certain regular activity, first from your husband and then from Austin, and for the sake of your health it should continue. It's all wrong for a woman as vibrant as thrillingly alive as you to wilt from lack of attention." I put my arms around her, and her body yielded. "I've often dreamed of you, and I've wanted so very much to reach out and feel the warmth of your soft skin. But I haven't dared. All I could do was wish that some day . . ." I sighed. This was corn, primitive corn, and I knew it. But I believed she would accept it as an excuse to get her ashes hauled. Her body now trembled against me.

To my surprise she jumped up, pulling me by the hand.

"Come on," she said, "before you talk me to death."

She led me quickly upstairs to her bedroom and without a word began disrobing. *So this is the girl I thought was so shy, so bashful, so retiring. How wrong can you be?* Now completely stripped and with no trace of embarrassment, she came over to me and began rapidly removing my clothes. I had been so taken aback by this brand new Cora I had done nothing more than take off my shirt.

When she finished undressing me, she lay flat upon the bed and uttered only one word:

"Now!"

As always, I began orally, with both knees left of her head. As her gyrations indicated she was near orgasm, a warm stream spouted against my lip. Involuntarily, she peed. I was to learn this always preceded her climax and was an action over which she had no control. If my lips happened to cover her entire slit, I could feel a surge of liquid in my mouth. If my lips were concentrating on her clitoris, I would move quickly down when it appeared. Since I welcome the urine of a healthy, appealing woman, I found this a bonus and looked forward to it.

After she came, she insisted that I top her immediately while her arousal was at its zenith. Afterward she said, "I hope I didn't get caught. But I needed it so much I'm willing to take a chance."

"If you're scared. I can use a rubber next time."

"I don't want a man to wear anything in me. I'd rather take a chance and have all the feeling—even if I have to worry until I have my next period. So don't ever put anything in me but you."

"Then we'll be getting together again?"

"Of course! If you think this'll be a one-shot deal, I got news for you! It won't! Especially after the way you eat it. Why, you're even better'n Austin, and I

thought he was tops. Hunh-uh, I need you on a regular basis."

So Austin went in for cunnilingus! I wondered how he would react if he ever learned I had found this out about him. Under the circumstances, however, there was little chance of him ever knowing about me. Obviously not from Cora, and I wasn't going to talk.

"Listen, can you stay all night?" Cora asked. "Of course we would have to be real quiet and I'll let you out early in the morning when nobody else is around. I don't want my roomers to know I've had a man with me all night long. They think I'm so refined." She laughed. "I've done without lovin' so long I got a lotta catching up to do."

I stayed, sleeping little, for Cora was both passionate and starved. Two days later she called me to visit her again, (this "shy" babe!) but it was an additional two days before I had time. When we ascended to her room, she removed a covered bowl from the refrigerator, carried it upstairs and carefully placed it beside her bed. When she got atop the sheets, nude, she removed the cover from the bowl and proceeded to apply whipped cream with a pastry brush all over the aureole of each breast, bringing the cream to a point above each nipple. Then she looked at me and smiled.

"Now will you lick all the cream away, please?" she asked. "You've no idea how good it makes me feel."

I crept beside her, holding each globe like a gigantic ice cream cone, and licked away. She had flavored the whipped cream with a blend of vanilla and almond. I must have spent at least twenty minutes lapping. On her face I saw passion rising like mercury in a thermometer immersed in hot water.

When I finished she explained, "That's somethin' Austin started me on and I'm crazy about it now. I thought maybe you'd enjoy it with me. You did, didn't you?"

"Of course," I nodded, "although, frankly, those were the first titties in cream I've ever had. They were real tasty. You can't get that in a sweet shop."

"Nor creamed cunt either. Here, let me get a towel. There. Now, will you cream my pussy and do the same thing you did to my breasts? Or don't you want to?"

"You know damned well I want to. I'm very fond of whipped cream."

She giggled. I took the bowl and brush and filled her towel, then completely covered her bush, leaving only a suggestion of black. I patted cream all over her genitalia, down to the very bottom of her gash. Opening her lips, I gently applied it inside, and after stuffing a copious quantity up her vagina, where the body heat made it rapidly liquefy, I dropped a blob just above her clitoris. Then I got down to business, thinking *I'm a gourmet for real. And what a fascinating way to nibble on a nooky.* I was licking her button when she came.

We went through the whipped cream routine many times afterward. She changed flavors to "avoid monotony." But one major flaw soon developed in our relationship. Cora became quite jealous. She didn't mind Flo, because she considered herself poaching on Flo's territory. But she seemed to have appointed herself second in command and resented any other doll she considered a threat.

Once I invited Beatrice, a nineteen-year-old forerunner in profile to Jayne Mansfield, with a complexion of moxa velvet, to attend a club meeting at Cora's to see if she cared to join. When this lovely young doll rang the doorbell (Cora was thirty-five) and asked, "Is Bob here?" looked around, spotted me, and came over to sit beside me without awaiting an answer, Cora was furious but held it until after the meeting and the others had left. "What's the big idea inviting one of your women to my house?" she began. Bea was actually a

platonic friend. I gave up any idea of going to bed with her when I learned that delectable facade covered a serious heart condition. But I could not sell this to Cora. Fortunately, Bea was not interested in joining the club anyway. And it was better that way, for as it was, Cora nagged like a jealous wife, constantly reminding me of "that young bitch" until the day she heard about Hilda. Then her antagonism was transferred, suddenly and completely.

On looks, however, Hilda could make most women feel insecure. She was tall, around five-feet-ten, with blonde hair the color of ripe wheat worn hanging below her shoulders, large cornflower blue eyes, and the look of having recently won a beauty contest in Stockholm. With her face and figure, I believe she could have made it in Hollywood, but she was not at all interested.

I met Hilda through the fortunate happenstance of being in the right place at the right time. I had gone down to enroll again in an evening class of a special school on the twelfth floor of an office building on West Washington Street in the Loop. I walked through at the same time Hilda was in the combined lobby-social room waiting to sign for a different course. The night before she had gone to see the stage play, *Othello*, starring Paul Robeson, and for the first time in her life had fallen for a black man. However, she looked upon the famous actor as unattainable, but was still agog over the concept of close association with a Negro male when she spotted me. Automatically, she told me later: I was it. Here was a black man, almost as big as Paul who might be available with the proper effort. She immediately asked who I was, where I was going, and enrolled in the same course, following me to the classroom a few minutes later. She sat behind me and when the session was over, rushed out and went down in the elevator to linger inside the street entrance until I

appeared. Then casually, as if by accident, she smiled in recognition and said:

"Oh, hello! We're in the same class, aren't we?"

"I believe so," I said, thinking *I wish the hell I were in your class. What a stunning angel you are!*

"Fine. I'd like to know more about it, since this is my first time at the school. Mind if I walk with you?"

"I'd love it," I said, trying not to sound too fervent. When a dazzling doll, out of a clear blue sky, beams special interest on me I always get a sudden dizzy feeling. I had it now, doubled and redoubled. And as we walked along I was conscious of another feeling, that of defiance. I knew many whites who saw us would be shocked and angered at the sight of a beautiful young blonde walking and talking with a Negro male. It is part of our way of life that many white men who love to bed negro women have custom-built antagonisms toward reverse associations, the intensity increasing with the attractiveness and class of the Caucasian female. Hilda and I could give them apoplexy. Further, I was in alien territory—the preponderantly white Loop. But I was reasonably confident no one or two white men, no matter how consuming their hatred, would do more than glare. I was just too big and black. They wouldn't become *that* insane. Besides, I might have a switchblade or a razor. ("Jack, you know how them niggers are!") Unless I faced a racist gang, I was safe with my defiance.

Hilda lived with her family in a suburb west of the city, she told me as we walked toward the El station a few blocks away. She had finished college, taught elementary school, and was on a year's leave to work for her master's degree at the University of Chicago. As for Negroes, from what she'd read, she thought they were "poorly treated" although she knew none personally. Having heard so much about Paul Robeson, she

was determined to see *Othello*. He had surpassed her wildest expectations.

"He's absolutely tremendous," she said, "simply marvelous. And do you know? You remind me of him. Of course you're not as huge, but you look a lot alike." She paused. "This may surprise you, but I've never been on the South Side. I hear some of the night clubs are real groovy."

Before I could answer, her train roared up and she sped away, me thinking *look what Santa Claus brought, and it's nowhere near Christmas*.

Until the next class a week later, I thought frequently of this alluring blonde who had been virtually thrust upon me. Then at the next class I saw Charlene, who had not attended the opener, and flipped.

Charlene was the same height as Hilda. Her hair, jet black and with the luminous sheen of wet coal in a soft light, was as long as Hilda's but she wore it differently. Parted three quarters of the way across her forehead, it swooped in long flowing lines across one eye and ended below her shoulders with ends curled inward. Her eyes, not particularly big, smoldered as if from a perpetual flame. A full, sensuous mouth; butter-rich olive complexion which shouted the South of Europe, and an oval face made her the sultriest, sexiest woman I had ever seen. Her frame was not as large as Hilda's, but her curves were even more devastating. Despite her obvious glamour, she carried herself in a way that can be described only as aristocratic. And she was chic: I later learned her obviously expensive suit was by Adrian. The skirt reached to her knees. Below was a pair of extraordinarily beautiful legs. Although tall, she wore high heels, further emphasizing the breathtaking lines of her limbs. Even without bright-golden hair, she was more spectacular than Hilda.

I caught all of this in one cataclysmic glance. At the same time I knew she was beyond me; the chance of

lightning striking twice in the same place was virtually impossible. At least ninety-five per cent of America's males would have envied my opportunity with Hilda, and until I saw Charlene I would have considered myself as already winning the sack race. This stunning blonde ought to be enough for me—or anybody else. But I was like a man on the verge of making my first million; I would not stop there but would look hungrily toward a second and third.

After this second class, Hilda did not go down to the first floor entrance and wait. Instead she stood at the door to the classroom and walked out with me as if it had been prearranged.

"I'm serious about what I told you last time," she began.

"What was that?" I asked.

"About wanting to go to some South Side night spot."

"Of course I'll take you. It would be a privilege and a pleasure. When? Next week? Tonight, maybe?"

"Make it next week. Not tonight. I've got to be home by one."

"You have a curfew? How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-six. I must be home by one because there are no trains after then until morning. If I stay out later I have to make arrangements first." She glanced at her wristwatch. "It's only nine. We could go to a bar which has entertainment, if you want to, for a couple hours. Just so I make the last train leaving the loop at twelve-thirty."

We rode out to Fifty-fifth and went to Square's Tavern, featuring the blues-guitarist Lonnie Johnson. The buzz of conversation broke its deep rhythm and I saw colored women firm their mouths into straight lines as we walked in. The men, however, registered envious approval. But all of this was lost on Hilda, who looked around, smiling naively.

It was actually too early for Lonnie. We sat side by side in a booth near the bar, jukebox loud, lights soft. I was acutely aware of her perfume, her thoroughly delightful physical appearance, and her overwhelming desirability.

"I suppose you've had a lot of boy friends," I commented.

"Oh no, just one. I've lived a very sheltered life. And I had him only because I was curious as to what it was all about."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled.

"I mean I had a boy in bed for the first time not long ago." She turned toward me, her brow furrowing. "Isn't that what you meant?"

"No." I had to laugh. At least she was straightforward, without guile. "I meant only about going out with boys. But since you've brought up the subject you may as well tell me all about it."

"I . . . I guess I misunderstood you." She blushed with embarrassment. Impulsively I placed my hand on hers. She looked at me quickly, smiled and took a deep breath. "Yes, since I've started, I might as well tell all."

Of course she'd heard friends discuss sex experiences, but she'd never been personally interested until a little over a year ago. Then, all of a sudden, the idea took root and speedily grew. She thought of it with increasing frequency, developing a warmth and itch in her crotch that a cold shower could only partially eliminate. Finally she decided that since she was now twenty-six she ought to learn how it felt to have a man. A few months earlier she had been introduced to sex by a youth she'd been dating for several months; he had persistently begged her to go "all the way." But it had been only moderately pleasing, not the big thrill she expected. She tried it again a week later with similar results. Still, she'd continued at about twice a

month for the past four months, not really satisfied although her partner had seemed to reach seventh heaven each time. Her biggest pleasure had been in making him happy. Recently she'd been wondering how it might be with somebody else. As she said this, she turned and looked me directly in the eye.

Inwardly elated, thinking *I've been elected president without a campaign*, I acted calm.

"Maybe I can supply what you've been missing," I said. "At least, I'd love to try."

She said simply, "I've wanted you since I first saw you."

"Why not now—tonight?" I couldn't avoid showing some elation.

Hilda looked at her watch. "We wouldn't have time, would we? It's already ten-thirty and I have to be in the Loop to catch my train at twelve-thirty."

"Then how about tomorrow night? Can't we meet early, say around six, and have dinner together first?"

She nodded. "I'd like that."

I squeezed her hand and moved my cheek over against hers. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, she removed her hand from mine, placed her arm across my shoulder, and kissed me. Emotionally I zoomed into orbit, but nevertheless out of the corner of my eye I saw two brown gals, drinking together at the bar and apparently watching our reflection in the long mirror, suddenly stiffen. One nudged the other with an angry elbow. I knew they had to be boiling with indignation. But I would not have cared had the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan and his staff, Senator Bilbo of Mississippi and a dozen fully armed sheriffs from Alabama been standing over me. I'd have said, "Go straight to hell, you lousy racist bastards!" I loved this shining red moment; when Hilda kissed me before spectators I suddenly felt powerful enough to take on the entire planet.

I could barely hear another colored woman say to her male companion, "These goddamned white whores make me sick. They play out among their own kind then come out here among us an' you poor black fools piss in your pants." To which he replied, "She sure don't look like no whore to me." I was thankful Hilda did not look brassy and did not hear the exchange.

When I escorted her to the El station, the platform was deserted. I grabbed and kissed her long and passionately. She responded with equal fervor, murmuring, "Nobody ever made me feel like this before."

We had dinner at a top South Side restaurant opposite the South Center Department Store on Forty-seventh Street. I had several reasons for choosing this cafe. As an exhibitionist, I wanted to show off this devastating young blonde, telling the world, "look what I've got," and I also wanted both Flo and Doris to hear about it. I still wanted to marry Flo, but Doris was bitterly opposed and had told friends she would "kill that bitch." Being seen with Hilda would take some of the heat off Flo when it got back to my wife, as I knew it would; Doris would transfer at least part of her wrath toward a woman she had never seen and what was, to top it all, white. There was also another angle. Recently Flo had gone out on dates with a couple of white boys. In the past I had not openly squirmed Caucasian chicks, but I thought the time had now come for me to repay her in kind. Being seen with a doll like Hilda would be sure to do it.

It was eight o'clock when we reached my pad at the Prairie. I put on a suave act, showing no haste. But Hilda was nervous. I undressed leisurely. She hopped into bed after removing her dress and covered up, handing out the rest of her clothing piece by piece explaining she had never before been nude before a man. Her experience with her boy friend were

grabassish, any quiet convenient place but usually in a car. She kept her gaze on my face.

As I kissed her ears, neck, eyes, nose and mouth she came magnificently alive. My eyes rode slowly over her flawless, full cream-white breasts before I suckled them long and hungrily. From her reactions no man had ever before done them justice. I pulled down the sheets and all her reticence had melted from the heat of our passion. My mouth roamed all over her smooth belly. The dark yellow silk of her delta was a soft brush against my cheek. As I bent eagerly forward for the first sweet taste of her labia, she grabbed my head.

"Darling, what are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm kissing you all over. I've wanted to savor every iota of your delectable flesh since the moment I saw you. Sweetheart, you are the most appetizing woman..."

"But darling, you mustn't." Her voice was firm as she pulled back strongly against my head. "It's not right. It's . . . it's indecent!"

"There is no part of you that's indecent. I want to enjoy your sweetness in every possible way."

"No." This was absolutely final. "I want you on top of me. I want to feel your big brown body covering mine, and I want you in me. Please, darling? And you will wear something, won't you?"

Reluctantly I took my head away. I felt like Moses, led on high and shown the Promised Land, but not allowed to enter. Or a starving man sitting down to a gourmet's feast and having it snatched away before even one bite. Oh well, I'd be thankful for what I could have. Later I'd have her orally and she'd chide herself for blocking me at the start. Of that I felt absolutely certain. I slipped on a condom and slid between her warm thighs.

I used every trick I had learned, and soon turned her into a wild, raging prairie fire of a woman. I was

determined that for the first time she would know the meaning of sexual fulfillment; never again would she wonder. Twice more we blended before we dressed and I took her to the El.

"When I first saw you, Bob, I knew I could go for you in a really big way," she said as we walked along. "But now, after we've been together, I love you. I mean it. I don't believe there's another man in the world who could make me feel as you did. That boy friend of mine—he was nothing. Absolutely nothing. He didn't know anything. But you . . ." she shivered "... you're just *it*. I love you, Bob."

I hadn't expected such a complete reaction. But I couldn't reject it. Not right away anyhow, as stunning and desirable as she was. But I'd have to be careful. I'd already told her I was married, but separated from my wife, and I'd also told her about Flo. So if, knowing the facts, Hilda fell in love with me, I could not be accused of deceit.

As if reading my thoughts, she went on, "I know I'm being silly, when you've told me all about Flo and how you expect to marry her, but I can't help myself. I'll settle for anything you have left over after Flo. Just see me when you can, like tonight."

I'd had this kind of hype put to me before. Usually a babe counts on throwing you off guard, then easing into your emotions. But, of course, I'd never had it from anybody as breathtaking as Hilda. Well, we'd see. I knew I wouldn't quickly tire of her. I looked forward to a bright sequence of horizontal sessions. Still, it would take more than a lovely body, youth and long blonde hair to make me fall in love. Despite her devastating physical attributes, she lacked something. There was no magic spark. Doris once had it, Diane too. Most of all Flo had it.

"I'm not asking you to love me in return," she went

on. "All I want is for you to let me love you. And let me be with you when I can."

That sounded safe enough. "I like being with you," I said.

"You do? Am I any good? In bed, I mean. I've had so little experience. I know I don't measure up to your other girls. But give me time. And please be patient."

"Be patient? Baby, you can get more experience, but you can't get better. You're absolutely terrific in bed. Besides, you have sincere enthusiasm."

"Oh, Bob, really?" She blushed. "You couldn't mean it. You can't!"

"You think not? I'm already looking forward to seeing you again. I'd like to be with you tomorrow night."

Hilda laughed gaily. "I guess maybe you do like me a little. But tomorrow night's impossible. I gotta go to a wedding. One of my best friends. But the following night . . ." She looked a question.

We got together again two nights later (and again she rejected my oral overtures). At the next class downtown she came in, sat down beside me, and began talking easily. Even a casual observer could see we had established real rapport. Suddenly I turned and saw Charlene gazing intently at us. When I caught her eye she smiled knowingly and wrinkled her nose. I turned back to Hilda, puzzled. Why had Charlene, even if ever so briefly, communicated with me—and what did it mean?

The following week when I came to class (after another pair of sessions with Hilda) Charlene came over and sat down beside me. Hilda had not yet arrived. I noticed that instead of her midnight hair falling over both shoulders like a black silken shawl, she had brought it together, tied with a vivid green ribbon, and placed it over one shoulder so that it rested above a full breast.

"I understand," she began in a deep, throaty voice, "that you have quite an interesting collection of jazz records."

"I do. But how'd you learn about it?"

"Oh, word gets around. I'm wild about jazz. I have a pretty fair collection myself."

"That so? Who do you specially like?"

"Ellington, Lunceford, Armstrong—anybody who plays the real stuff. And I'm just wild about Johnny Dodds and Jelly Roll Morton and Pops Bechet and Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey."

I was gassed. I had expected her to say Benny Goodman or Tommy Dorsey or even Glenn Miller. But she had named the masters. She now had my intellectual interest along with my physical attention.

"I admire your taste," I told her.

"But there's so much to know and so many recordings I'd like to hear that I've only heard about. I bet you have a lot of them."

"Probably. But how did you become so interested? Especially in bedrock jazz?"

"I've been crazy about jazz since I was seventeen. That was four years ago, and since then I've tried to learn all I could. That's why I'd like to hear what you have. May I? I could come to your place almost any time."

Before I could answer she glanced toward the door and smiled.

"Here comes your girl friend," she said. "I'd better move before she gets suspicious."

I turned just as Hilda saw us and momentarily stopped. Then she came over and sat down as Charlene got up and moved to another part of the room.

"What did *she* want?" Hilda asked.

"Oh, she asked about recordings. She wants to hear some of mine."

"I bet she does."

"Baby, it's nothing like what you seem to be thinking. Honest. By the way, I've got another spot I want to take you to after class. It's a place where Albert Ammons plays. He's one of the great boogie woogie pianists. He starts around ten and that means we can listen almost two hours before you have to catch your train."

"That'll be grand," she beamed, and the tiny crisis passed.

As I expected, somebody had told Flo I'd been seen squiring a beautiful blonde. She didn't mention it until after she came down to the school specifically to get a glimpse of Hilda. Next day when Flo saw me, she spoke of it casually.

"I got a good look at your blonde," she announced. "She's a real sensation."

"She is rather attractive."

"I like to size up my competition," she went on.

"Do you consider her competition?"

"Well, isn't she?"

"No more so than those two paddies you been eating."

"Oh, so that's it! You're getting even."

"If you wanna call it that."

"I hope that's all it is," she said seriously. "This sort of thing can be mighty dangerous."

"That's what I told you the first time you went out with that fay cat. Remember?"

She nodded. "After you have enough revenge, let's both turn it off."

I nodded. But I wasn't ready to quit yet, and with the way things looked it would be some time before I got my fill.

The next week, Hilda had not yet arrived and Charlene was waiting to speak to me at class. With no preliminaries she started in, "We didn't finish our talk last week. You never told me when I could hear your

records. Is there some place where I could call you during the day?"

As I gave her my office number, Hilda appeared. Again she stopped. But this time Charlene waited until she came over, then said smiling sweetly as she rose to move elsewhere: "I borrowed your boy friend for a few moments. I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, that's quite all right," Hilda said pleasantly. But when Charlene was out of earshot, she added, "She barged in last week. Just what does she want You?"

"Of course not! She's really serious about jazz and wants to learn all she can."

"Oh yeah? Sounds like bunk to me. I think she's trying to make a play for you."

"Ridiculous. Baby, you know I'm not interested in anybody else."

"I hope not." She sighed. "I'm sharing you enough as it is."

Two days later Charlene called me at the office and wanted a definite date for hearing some of my records.

"If it's more convenient, I can pick you up in my car at your office, tonight or any time," she told me.

"Not tonight," I answered. "I'm booked."

"Your blonde friend? Surely she can take a night off."

"No, not Hilda. But tomorrow night's free."

"Want me to pick you up at your office?"

"Sure, why not? Make it about five."

"I'll park and come up for you."

I liked that. Just as I enjoyed showing off Hilda at South Side restaurants and bars, I wanted my peers to see me with an even lovelier doll and to gape as she chauffeured me away in her car. And she didn't let me down. Her taste in clothes was impeccable—simple but dramatic. Everything she wore accentuated her Latin beauty. This afternoon she seemed to have been melted

and poured into her dark-blue, knee-length dress, or else the cloth was so understandably in love with her fabulous body that it clung tenaciously to every luscious curve. Unlike most white girls, she did not have fat hips; hers protruded in a soft, saucy arc. Hers was the glamour of a topnotch model or show girl beneath an aura of good breeding. Despite her abundance of sensual allure, she looked like a lady—to become banal for a moment. I was as fractured by her appearance as were those to whom I proudly introduced her, along with others who turned and gawked when we left the building and got into her grey De Soto convertible. I made a mental note also to have Hilda come by the office. They might as well see my stunning blonde, too. Few South Side cats ever had a chance to show off like this. So I was an exhibitionist! So what?

In her car I could not keep my eyes off her profile and the long, lustrous black hair tied and flung forward over one shoulder.

"Which way to your place?" she asked.

"Wouldn't you rather have dinner first?"

"Not if it will cut down on my time listening to your platitudes. How long can you give me?"

I felt like saying, "forever." Instead I replied, "All evening. I'm completely free tonight."

"Wonderful!" She laughed. "That being the case why don't we ride around for a while? It's too early to eat anyway."

We drove out to Washington Park and stopped. I learned she had married a year previously at twenty to get away from her mother, a rather wealthy widow who lived on the North Shore. She had her own small apartment on the Gold Coast in town north of the Loop, received a monthly allotment from her husband who was an Air Force captain, and a monthly allowance from her mother. No wonder she could dress as she did and drive her own car; her income was almost

the size of mine, and I was earning more than most Negroes. I learned further she was of French-Italian descent. Her mother was ultra-conservative, an admirer of Hitler and Mussolini and hated both Jews and Negroes. Charlene had been rebelling against her since age thirteen; her intense interest in jazz was a facet of that revolt, and that had led to her close association with black musicians. Currently she was involved enough with a nationally known tenor saxist, then blowing at the Three Deuces, a leading Loop nightery, to pick him up after work each morning and drive him home. This revelation felt like a tub of ice water. Maybe she wasn't as interested in me personally as my ego had led me to believe. Oh, well, you can't win 'em all. I would get what pleasure I could from a platonic relationship if need be. But unfortunately, I had already felt that spark, that electric charge. She had it for me.

We ate dinner at a Chinese restaurant and I took her to my hotel. My friend, Tony, was on the desk. He had been knocked out when he saw Hilda; now that I walked in with an even more alluring companion his eyebrows lifted almost to his hairline—his only show of emotion while working.

She dug my discs, not only enthusing to the music but intelligently discussing each solo and aural exploration. This was a kind of rapport I did not have with Hilda; although she liked jazz, her knowledge was superficial. And although I was alone with the most desirable woman I had ever met, both of us sitting on the bed, laughing and talking like old friends, and her sexuality thundered at me, I refrained from making any kind of pass. I felt she expected me to and I was determined not to be pigeonholed. We got along so well that when she looked at her watch and found it was one o'clock she could hardly believe her eyes. She jumped up, saying she had to pick up Freddie, he

sexist, at one-thirty and must leave. I accompanied her down to her car and when she got in I made no effort to kiss her goodbye.

She hesitated, then suddenly seized my hand and raised it to her lips.

"You've been so doggone sweet," she said, sounding very intense. "You haven't said one thing out of the way or made one proposition."

I did not reply. On a hunch, I reached through the window and kissed her gently on the side of the neck. She gasped, and turned her face toward me, eyes wide and softly glowing.

"My god!" she said in surprise. Then, impulsively, "I'll be through with Freddie between two-thirty and three. We generally have coffee together. May I return for a few minutes then, if you don't think it's too late?"

I assured her she'd be welcome at any hour. However, back in my room I doubted she would appear. But I marked myself a plus for the way I had handled this date. She had expected the usual frontal attack but I had used a more subtle, indirect approach, for which she was not prepared. I thought it had been effective. I napped only fitfully until there was a knock on the door shortly after three. It was Charlene.

"I'm back, like I told you," she said.

I tried to hide the joy I felt.

"I won't stay long," she went on. "I've got to go home. But I enjoyed talking to you so much I just want to tell you goodnight in person."

"It's late," I pointed out. "Why don't you lie down on the bed and rest?" She looked at it uncertainly and then at her dress. "Why not remove it so it won't wrinkle?" I suggested.

She hesitated briefly, then kicked off her pumps and removed her dress. Then she lay down in her full-length slip and looked up at me, a small quizzical smile on her lips.

I sat slowly down beside her. My bathrobe was drawn around me. There was nothing underneath, for I sleep nude. Now I leaned slowly down, my eyes holding hers, until I felt her lips against my own. She closed her eyes, but made no other move. At the touch of her mouth my cool evaporated. I felt as if a three-ring circus had sprung into being inside me. I grabbed her with both arms and kissed her with wild passion. She flung her own arms around me.

"Darling," I whispered, "you are the most beautiful woman I have ever known. I want you more than any woman I have ever seen."

I lowered my hand to the bottom of her slip and placed it beneath upon her warm thighs.

"No, Bob, no," she said. "I just want you to lie down beside me and hold me."

I decided not to move too rapidly. I lay beside her. My robe had become unfastened and she could see how I felt. I began kissing her gently all over the face and neck. I held back as long as I could, then again reached under her slip, softly stroking her lovely thighs.

"Please, Honey," she said. "I don't think I can. I was in an auto accident a few months ago and I'm not fully recovered. It's my lower back." But she did not brush my hand away.

I had discovered she wore no panties. And as my probing fingers found her luxuriant bush, I was nearly out of my skull with desire.

"You know I won't hurt you," I whispered. "I'll be very gentle."

She did not reply. I raised her slip and removed it over her head, unbuttoned her bra and took it off. For many moments I gazed motionless in admiration upon her breasts, full and perfectly shaped like an artist's dream, and with nipples like dark rosebuds. Then my eyes slowly traversed her long, lithe body. And I was

glad I had seen scores of naked women, for now I could more fully appreciate her heavenly beauty. She shamed all others I had ever seen. And so great her superiority, so supreme her naked loveliness it was almost like seeing Woman. Physically I knew I would never find her equal.

Suddenly I was a mouth guided by all five senses. I wanted to taste all of her at once. My mouth moved over and around her breasts, belly, dark bush and to the area below. Immediately I liked the odor of her genitalia, thinking *she won't be like Hilda. Since she runs around with musicians she must be sophisticated and love frenching.* I parted her long thighs and reached hungrily for her pink portals, noticing immediately with thankfullness that they were lengthy, just as I preferred, and deliciously wet with thin dew. Her clitoris, however, was small and hooded. It took skill to uncover and caress it with my tongue, but it was extremely sensitive. As I cupped a hand under each full thrashing hip, knowing her climax was now only seconds away, a warm stream suddenly geysered. She had lost control of her muscles and involuntarily urinated. I moved my mouth down to cover the entire opening. The stream stopped and I resumed rapidly tongueing her tiny button. She came, powerfully. Never had a woman's gasps of ecstacy sounded so sweet to me. When she pushed me away, hoarsely murmuring, "I want you in me now," I turned around and mounted her. She grabbed me with all her strength, whispering, "cover me like the wind, be the sky pressing down on me."

Now I was no longer mouth. I became all cock; Charlene became cunt incarnate; the universe was fuck. We whirled, spun, raced blindly, finally exploding into a shower of shining meteors. Then, little by little, matter rearranged itself and as we panted we

became again two microscopic, orgiastic organisms on a minuscule planet.

And I lay thinking, *how beautiful and yet how tragic. With her husband and Freddie I can be no more than a temporary thing.* But still I could not leave the paradise of her flesh even after my sex had become lifeless and slipped out. And she did not want me to go. We clutched each other until finally I rolled to one side.

"Honey," she said, "I've never had anything like this, not ever before. Everything—your mouth on me—everything."

"You mean nobody has ever kissed you there before?" I asked in disbelief.

"Nobody. Oh, I've been asked, but I've always said no. If you had asked I'd have said no again. But you didn't ask. You just went ahead."

"I thought the musicians you know would have enough imagination and sophistication to want more than plain, ordinary genital intercourse."

"You don't know those cats like I do. Most think only of themselves and getting their own selfish kicks. Some are almost brutal. Like Freddie."

"Freddie? But isn't he your special guy?"

"Yes, but he really doesn't give a damn about anybody. I think he's a sadist at heart."

"Then why do you go with him?"

"Two reasons. One, I want to make Al jealous and . . ."

"Wait a minute. Who the hell is Al?"

"Didn't I tell you about him?" She named another widely known Negro tenor saxist. "I've been in love with Al for almost a year. But I really can't get through to him emotionally. I've gone to visit Al in Detroit when his band was there and I've gone to him in Philly. But he's so goddamned careful. I thought if I played around with Freddie—they hate each other's

guts—Al would get jealous. But he hasn't. I suppose he has just too many women on the string. You know how women are about prominent musicians."

If she's in love with Al, I thought with a sinking feeling. And yet, since I'm in love with Flo, why should this revelation bother me?

Aloud I said, "I can't understand how anybody who knew you liked him wouldn't drop everybody else and turn handsprings for joy. Especially, with your Miss Universe looks."

"That's just the trouble. Sometimes I wish I didn't look like I do. When a man sees me all he thinks about is bed. They never look farther than my body. I want to be thought of as more than a hunk of meat. I think I've more to offer than plain sex."

"In all fairness, with your sultry glamour it's hard to concentrate on anything else. But if that's the way you feel about sex, why do you end up in the hay?"

"Because you have to if you want to keep a man. Most girls do these days. With the war on, and the shortage of fellows, no matter how you look a guy's not going to hang around if you don't put out. He knows if you won't plenty of others will. So if I like a guy, and see he's about to lose interest if I say no, I give in. I may not enjoy it particularly, but he does."

"That I can believe. You sound like you've gone through this routine a lot."

"I'm experienced, if that's what you mean. I lost my cherry when I was sixteen, to a boy my mother expected me to marry. Not only was he a white Protestant but he had the proper social and economic background. Our families had been friends for ages."

"What happened?"

"I guess Mother pushed too hard. I found myself opposing everything she wanted, and wanting everything she opposed. She hated jazz, so I went crazy over it. Then, logically, I wanted to get acquainted with the

musicians who play it. I like colored musicians because they play better. I fell hard for a pianist—I studied piano myself—and when we were finally alone, I expected him to ask to go to bed with me. I was frantic to get some sack time with him. When he didn't make even one tiny advance, I wondered if I was slipping. Later I found out the reason. He's fruity. But after Al and Freddy, I've decided I don't ever want to lay a white fellow again."

"I suppose you've had quite a few of both."

"Two colored men before you, and maybe six or seven whites—including my husband."

"Hmmm. Quite a bit of action for twenty-one."

"I've turned down at least ten times as many."

"But if you don't want to sleep with a paddy stud any more, what'll you do about your husband?"

"Him? He doesn't count. You *have* to sleep with your husband. But I'll get rid of him in a hurry when he comes back. You wait and see."

"He doesn't move you at all?"

"Not in the least. But I think I ought to tell you, in case you think I'm flagrantly promiscuous, that I never, never sleep with anybody unless I feel some degree of emotional involvement. And I don't think I can ever feel anything again for a white man."

"Wait a minute," I said. "You're not emotionally involved with me. How does that fit in?"

She gave me a peculiar smile, her eyes warm and liquid. "Frankly I didn't intend to be intimate with you. But I guess I'm just not as hip as I thought. You fooled me. You didn't behave like I expected."

"Like how?"

"Well," she said slowly, "I expected you to make a pass at me. I had intended to merely lead you on enough to keep you hopeful and interested."

"Why?"

"I wanted to hear your records and maybe con you

out of some I specially liked. I thought I could string you along until I got what I wanted, then drop you altogether."

"Interesting. And what made you change your mind?"

"In the first place you acted the courteous gentleman. I brushed against you, even laid back on the bed. But you said nothing at all out of the way. I was flabbergasted. And to top it all, you were so gentle and sweet. I couldn't help comparing you with Freddie, and the contrast got to me. Then when I went downstairs and got in my car, I still didn't have to fight you off. I kissed your hand out of gratitude. Even then, you didn't kiss me on the lips in return. Instead you kissed me on the neck. It was so unexpected I melted. You were so different and so tender, I simply had to come back and see you again tonight. I did get involved with you enough not to protest too strongly. And now ... well ... all of a sudden I find I like you a hell of a lot. I thought a few times in the past that I'd had an orgasm. I tried awfully hard with Al. I wanted to so very much. But I know now I never really climaxed before tonight. You showed me what it really is. Want to pat yourself on the back?"

"Let's go back a little way. You told me there were two reasons for taking up with Freddie. One was to get even with Al. What was the other?"

"You sound like a lawyer. But I'll tell you. Number two is that I wanted to make him quit the woman he's living with. She's a blonde."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I hate blondes," she said simply. "I've gotten so I don't like fays any more than fays like Negroes. And blondes are so uncompromisingly white."

I looked at her, questioningly. Evidently she read my mind, for she nodded.

"That's one of the reasons why I intentionally wor-

ried Hilda, your blonde girl friend, at class. She's unusually good-looking. In fact, she's beautiful—and that, coming from another woman, is something. That's all the more reason for upsetting her. If she were plain and ordinary I wouldn't bother. But I intended to arouse your interest in me and get your tongue hanging out—no pun intended—not because I wanted you for myself, but just for the hell of it. And, of course, to latch on to those records."

"You know you're not at all flattering."

"Oh," she laughed, "that was before tonight. Everything's different now. It didn't work out the way I'd planned. Why couldn't you have behaved according to my script? Why did you do wrong by acting right?"

"My sincere apologies."

"You ought to apologize." She laughed. "Do you know that just because you ad libbed I may have to stick around?"

"What about Al, the cat you're in love with?"

Her face momentarily darkened. "We'll think about that later. He's not here now, is he?"

"No."

"And neither is Hilda."

"Or Flo."

"Flo? Who's Flo?"

I told her. Since she had revealed her feeling for Al, I had to tell her I was in love with Flo.

Charlene shook her head. "I can handle a blonde, but a colored girl! I don't know."

"Tell you what," I said. "If you don't worry about Flo, I won't worry about Al."

She looked at me seriously, then slowly smiled. "It's a deal. And since it's late, let's get some sleep. Will you keep your arms around me all night, Bob? I want to sleep with you holding me real close."

I awoke next morning some minutes before Charlene, and lay there, looking at her in repose. *Hell, this*

isn't real! I've got to be dreaming! Did she really spend the night with me? Were my arms actually around her, and her body pressing against mine? But I can't let myself go wild over her. Besides, what about Flo? I was hypnotized by Charlene's loveliness. Asleep she seemed such an innocent child—a bit spoiled, perhaps, and impetuous, and bratty, but nevertheless a truly beautiful child. My feeling for her was overpoweringly intense; I told myself this was because of the newness of her nearness. I knew I loved Flo; what I felt for Charlene had to be sheer animal appeal. One doesn't really fall in love over night. I shook my head. I simply couldn't allow myself to let go completely, especially when she frankly admitted she was in love with another man. Nevertheless, I knew I wanted everything of her that she possessed. Tomorrow would take care of itself when it arrived. Let me salve my eyes on her adorable face. Very delicately I reached out and touched her long black hair, then leaned down to kiss the strands resting on my fingers.

She awoke, dark eyes coming to life, glowing with the fire of contented recognition as she realized where she was. She smiled, held up her arms, and I kissed her.

"Good morning, beautiful darling," I whispered.

"How utterly delightful to awaken and kiss you to start the day," she said.

There wasn't enough time for sex. We dressed and she drove me a block from my office. I didn't want those in the building who had seen her drive away with me the previous night also see her bring me back the next morning. No need for them to know *that* much about my business. But before she sped away she promised to come to my hotel room every night after taking Freddy home unless she were committed to driving him elsewhere.

I hovered around the top of Mount Olympus all day,

feeling Venus had reached down and lifted me up to be her lover. But I also knew I had to return to the flatlands because Hilda was coming over that night. It was impossible for me to ever feel about Hilda what I already felt for Charlene. There was no zing, no magic there. But no matter. I still wanted Hilda sexually, and I was still knocked out physically by her blue-eyed blondeness. And, viewed objectively, there was no denying the fact she was gorgeous. It was ego-pleasing just to show her off, to lave myself in the looks of envious admiration coming from other black studs. As things now appeared, I would have two prize babes to parade. I should thank my lucky stars for providing a brace of world-beaters at the same time.

I had never given up trying to french Hilda, and she had never quit rejecting it. But I was persistent. I reasoned that if I kept after it long enough, she would finally break down and give in. Oddly enough, this was the night.

"Bob, dear, since you want to so much, I've decided to let you kiss me there a little bit—even if it is indecent," she told me after we undressed and I again broached the subject. By now she had lost her bashfulness and stripped before me without embarrassment. I couldn't help comparing her with last night's partner. Her skeletal structure was larger and I believed she weighed around a hundred forty-five, some ten pounds more than Charlene. Being blonde, her skin was also paler and except for a mole on her right hip, was without physical blemish. I knew that many men (particularly those hooked on blondes) would choose her over Charlene; others would prefer the darker doll. But I did not have to pick. I could have both.

With real gusto I kissed beyond and below Hilda's apex. I could at last taste her most intimate sweetness. And I liked her natural aroma; she further emphasized what I had long known, that no two women are exactly

alike in odor. As I was acquainting myself with this new delicacy, she said, "stop now, that's enough." I did not quit. Moments later she said again, "Darling, it was to be for only a little while." I paid her words no attention. Instead I parted her soft, tender lips and, beginning at the bottom of her slit, ran my tongue upward until I found her clitoris, then raced speedily but gently around its tumescent head.

Hilda, who had raised up to push my head away, stopped, her body growing suddenly stiff and tense.

"My god," she said in disbelief.

I continued, softly biting the little button. She fell backward, body jerking, arms thrashing, head rolling from side to side, her breathing rapid and heavy. Suddenly she squealed—not once but a series rising in crescendo, ending in a long drawn out wail. Then she went limp.

I turned around to gaze at her with a triumphant, I-told-you-so expression. She looked both stunned and foolish.

"So that's what I've been missing," she said in awe.

"It was your decision," I reminded her.

"I'm a damned fool."

"And indecent, too."

She glared at me as much as she could under the circumstances

"Since you definitely told me 'only a little bit, just this once,' I won't do it any more," I went on.

"You want me to throw something at you?" she asked. "Why in hell didn't you tell me it was *that* good?"

I looked at her very seriously. "Do you really mean to say you actually enjoyed something that indecent?"

"Darling, don't make fun of me because I've acted like a jackass," she said. "I simply didn't know any better. Now be serious! Will you do it again tonight? Please?"

CHAPTER 15

Charlene did not come by that morning after taking Freddie home, and it was good she didn't, for Hilda had virtually worn me out. Each time she thought of what she'd been missing by being such a sexual square, she wanted to make up for it. We almost missed her last train west.

Next evening I went to class downtown and found Charlene already there as usual. She sat beside me and did not move until Hilda came slowly and hesitantly over. Then she said, just loudly enough to reach Hilda's ears:

"Thanks again, Bob, for letting me hear some of your records. I'd like to listen another time if I may." Then she arose, smiled, said "Hi, Hilda," and moved to another part of the classroom. Obviously she intended to let Hilda know she had competition, and had been to my hotel.

"What's going on?" Hilda asked, her eyes troubled on Charlene's back.

"She asked to hear some of my jazz records and I let her. I'll tell you about it after class," I said.

This pleased her as I hoped it would. She obviously assumed that if I was willing to tell her all about Charlene, she really wasn't a serious threat.

As soon as we were alone after class, she asked impatiently to be briefed on everything.

I did, within reason. I spoke of her marriage, her mother, of Al and Freddie and most of what I had learned except her aversion to blondes. Hilda listened silently, then said:

"With all these men she already has, why can't she leave you alone?"

"Baby, you have nothing to fear," I told her. "The way you look, you should never worry about another woman in the whole wide world."

"A girl as beautiful as Charlene—and she is beautiful, Bob, as we both know—could scare anybody if she goes after your man. She's far more sophisticated and experienced than I, has sharper clothes—and more nerve."

"But that's not everything," I tried to console her.

"I'm in love with you. I want you more than anything in this whole world. I don't want to lose you to anybody else."

"You won't."

"If only I could depend on that."

She sounded so dejected that I tried to be especially attentive when we sat in a booth listening to Albert Ammons create that night's blues. Since we were comparatively isolated, I placed my arms around her and held her close. Her blue eyes were so full of love—along with clouds of trouble—that I sincerely wished I could return her deep, all-consuming adulation. In a wave of feeling composed of pity, fondness and not wanting to hurt her, I kissed her very gently and tenderly. I felt something wet on my cheek. She was crying softly. Hilda said, "Even if you do quit me for Charlene, neither she nor anybody else can take away the taste of real happiness you have already given me." I was touched—but still, in what should have been a moment of soft vulnerability I could not feel what she so ardently desired. I remember thinking, *why can't she be content with what we do have? Why did she have to fall in love with me?* When I took her to the El station she didn't want to leave. But I insisted, knowing an overnight absence would foul her up at home. I promised that she could spend the night when she presented her family with a legitimate excuse before-

band. I also had a hunch Charlene would show up, and I was right.

At around two-thirty she knocked on my door. As soon as she entered the room I felt that strong, overwhelming electrical surge through all of me. It was useless to even try to think seriously of Hilda as long as Charlene was available.

"How's my blonde friend?" she asked almost immediately. "What'd she have to say about me after class?"

"She did not think of you as a long-lost twin sister," I assured her.

"Good! I hope I worry her right out of your life. I want you for myself. Or as much of you as I can steal."

"What for? Your stable of studs?"

She whitened as if I had slapped her. Immediately sorry, I grabbed her in my arms.

"I deserved that," she said very quietly. "But I feel differently about you since the other night. Until then I'd have enjoyed taking you away from that blonde bitch just for the hell of it. But now . . ." She sighed. ". . . I'm afraid to look ahead." Suddenly she switched moods. "This Hilda—how is she in bed?"

"Very competent"

"She would be! She could be a real dud, a Grade-A slop, but with that long, blonde hair and baby blue eyes and that lush figure, you'd swear she was great. I don't mean just you. I mean any man."

It dawned on me that both Hilda and Charlene staggered around under huge feelings of inferiority. But there was this major difference: Hilda accepted, with a spiritual wringing of the hands, but Charlene fought back. I marveled how two young women, so well endowed by nature and elevated in appeal far above all but a fraction of their fellow females, could nevertheless have developed such unreal syndromes of inadequacy.

"I bet she's got a long list of boy friends," Charlene went on.

"No, she hasn't. She tells me I'm the second man she's ever had in bed, and I believe her."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty six."

"Then she must be a Lesbian."

I shook my head. "Not her. She wouldn't even let me french her until a couple of nights ago. Said she thought it was indecent."

Charlene's eyes widened, then she laughed. "I'll be damned! So you initiated both of us this week. Know what? You oughta start an educational course. Call it Cunt Care or Pussy Pleasing. You'd get more enrollees than you could handle. You wouldn't have to advertise. Students would come to you by word of mouth—if you'll pardon the pun—what with the war and the shortage of expert male talent. But no, that wouldn't work, come to think of it. Every gal would insist on returning for more—like me, tonight. You simply wouldn't have the time. But tell me more about Hilda. I'm curious."

I told Charlene all that Hilda had revealed about herself, including her sheltered youth, years in school and determination not too long ago to learn about sex and quiet the growing gnawing in her crotch. I was curious to see Charlene's reaction.

"Is she in love with you?" Charlene asked.

"She says she is."

"You know, Bob, she makes me feel almost like a whore," Charlene said slowly. "But remember I said only 'almost.' I guess I don't hate blondes as much as I thought I did, or I'm softhearted. She's so naive, I feel sorry for her. I really do. And if I'd had this talk with you before the other night, I'd have picked up my dolls and run away. But I can't now." She took a deep

breath, exhaling slowly. "I want you every bit as much as she does. And I'm not backing off."

"What're you gonna do about Freddie? You were with him all last night," I reminded her.

"Forget Freddie. This is his last three weeks at the Deuces. Then he cuts out for New York. I won't see him again for at least a couple years—maybe never. Right now I'm just playing out the string until he leaves. There still may be a night or two when I can't get away until it's too late to come here but don't let that worry you. Frankly, I'll be glad when he's gone."

She had been undressing as she talked about Freddie and as she became completely nude she tossed her head and that amazing black hair tumbled all over her torso. She raised her arms in a yawn and her breasts rose, quivering, to attention. Passion-pommeled, I looked eagerly on, meanwhile thinking *she's far more compassionate toward Hilda than I believed. Although she tries to pose as a sharp, calculating hip chick, under the veneer she's sensitive and warm.* Now she lay on the bed, stomach down, arms folded to pillow her head. Her hips and the smooth, round mound of her white buttocks were so inviting I could almost hear them speak to me. I looked with almost uncontrollable desire for oral contact with the rich olive flesh. I touched it lightly, wanting it against my hand before I leaned over to grab a mouthful and bite it and shake it like a terrier.

"Gee, that feels good," she said as my hand touched her nates. "Why don't you tickie my entire back?"

"Tickie? What in hell's tickie?"

She gasped, then laughed. "This is only the second time we've been together like this, yet I feel so comfortable with you I forget we're still new to each other. You can't possibly know all my little idiosyncrasies. Tickie," she went on, "is something I specially like. What you do is move the tips of your fingers back and

forth over me ever so gently. Flutter your fingers constantly like butterfly wings. It both relaxes me and at the same time sends every nerve into a spring dance. Your fingers look sensitive enough to make you a beautiful tickier."

I followed directions, stroking just above her buttocks.

"Perfect!" she exclaimed. "You get the hang of it right away. But start at my neck, around my ears and throat, and work gradually down."

I did. Within seconds she was cooing with delight, her shoulders trembling. Similar reactions followed as I moved across her upper back, arms and sides around to the edge of her flattened breasts. She had absolutely no muscular control over the area receiving attention, she explained in explosive gasps. When I reached the mall of her back and touched the upper end of the valley between her hips, she jumped violently. Her buttocks bounced and rolled as my fingers flitted lightly over them. Finally I could stand it no longer. I grabbed a mouthful where the base of her bottom folds into a wrinkle as it meets the upper thigh, and bit.

"Good Lord!" she said. "You're the wildest I've ever seen."

Turning quickly on her back, she said, "Do you realize you've got me so aroused I'm almost ready to come—and you haven't even touched my pussy? Tickie me across the stomach and then down around the sides of my mound while I calm down a little."

I did as she desired, my finger tips whispering in the top of her muff and down the sides. Delicately I moved the hair above her clitoris and she cried out:

"Use your mouth on me . . . your mouth . . . your mouth!"

Almost as soon as I touched her long lovely wet lower lips with my mouth and my tongue found her clitoris, she came, whinnying like a colt. Reluctantly I

took my face away when her spasmodic pelvic gyrations ceased, but she told me:

"You might as well stay there. I climaxed so soon I didn't get a chance to fully enjoy being frenched. You're going to have to eat it again right away. God, are you talented?"

When we were both temporarily sated, she said, "Honey, I simply have to visit you every night—if you'll let me, and I can get away from Freddie. But I'm not going to expect sex every time. It's so cataclysmic, so earthshaking I couldn't stand it that often. I'd be a wreck. But I want to sleep with you—I mean real sleep—with your brown arms around me. Will you let me stay with you under those conditions?"

"I'll be so grateful to have you near that I won't even mention sex unless I'm sure you want it," I said.

"I know one thing for certain," Charlene said, "and that is you're not in love with Hilda. In fact, I'm not too sure you're in love with Flo."

I did not reply. Deep down I was disturbed about Flo, and now I knew she sensed it. What was this—woman's intuition?

CHAPTER 16

Undoubtedly our office receptionist knew more about me than any other person in Chicago. I often needed her help with gals, so she shared my confidences. She knew by voice all my regular feminine associates and had given each a name, usually not complimentary. So when, next mid-morning, she told me "the horny heifer" was on the phone, I knew it was Cora, the whipped-cream specialist.

She let her needs be known as soon as I spoke into the mouthpiece.

"I'm so hot I dare not put my thighs together for fear I'll blister myself," she announced. "I need some good lovin' bad. Can you come here right away while there's nobody home but me?"

When I was ready to leave, the receptionist asked, "If you get more urgent calls, shall I announce you'll not be available for stud service until later in the day?"

An answer was unnecessary. So far as I knew, she was unaware of my boudoir techniques and I intended to keep it that way. As for Cora, she now called up every week or two when she said she couldn't stand doing without any longer. It was usually in the day when she was alone and she could act uninhibited. I didn't have to screw her unless I wanted to; although she liked genital coitus, it was not necessary if she received a good frenching. Anything I did to cool her down was appreciated. I certainly did not intend to ride her this day; the past two exacting nights with Hilda and Charlene had left me quite depleted. That evening I had a date with Flo, and in the morning I expected Charlene back.

When Cora let me in her house, she had on nothing but a thin robe. I noticed she would not look me in the eye but soon forgot about it. She flung off the robe and literally ran up the steps, threw herself on the bed and spread her thighs, importuning immediate action.

"Daddy, I want you to suck hell out of my itchy pussy. I need lovin' so bad I'm about to die."

I obliged with the usual violent results—warm pee and all—me thinking *I still like this broad in bed. She's got her own highly individual odor and build and style which sets her apart.*

After she returned to normal, she began talking.

"I see you've switched," she said.

"What do you mean, switched?"

"You got yourself a couple pinktoes. Not just one, but a pair."

"What d'ya do, send out spies?"

"Don't need to. One's blonde with real long hair, the other's brunette with long, straight, coal-black hair. When they're as flashy as these fay broads, word gets around fast."

"Okay, so I've been seen around with a couple of white girls."

"What's the matter, aren't we good enough for you anymore? You know you can get any color woman or kind of hair you want among our own kind. You don't have to cross no color line."

"This is not a sociological project. I happen to like them as individuals—and race be damned," I said, realizing now why she hadn't looked me in the eye when I arrived. She was sore at me—but, being practical, she wanted to assure herself of sexual relief before she got into a knockdown battle. "When I find a gal who looks as good to me as either of these white chicks and who wants to step out with me, I'm gonna get right with it whether she's white, yellow, brown, black, purple or green."

"I'm pretty certain they're not green. What are they, ~~whores~~?"

"Not unless you're a whore."

"Don't you dare class me down with those lousy ~~white~~ sluts," she shouted angrily.

I got up to leave.

"So sorry," I said. "I didn't realize until now that you really are a whore. Baby, you had me fooled."

She grabbed my arm. "You know goddamn well I'm a whore! And I don't want you to leave this way." Her face softened. "I don't know what they are. All I know is they're white, and, from what I hear, they're unusually attractive. And I'm jealous as hell. I can stand to share you with Flo, but that's all. Speaking of Flo, what does she think of your fay friends?"

"She knows about them and she's very sensible."

"I can't be sensible when it comes to you and other women! Especially white women."

"What the hell's wrong with you?" I asked in exasperation. "You know I enjoy going to bed with you and all the way-out things we've done with whipped cream. You also know I'm available whenever you need to get your ashes hauled."

"But I really want more than just goin' to bed with you! When it was just Flo I didn't mind so much. But if you gotta spend time and run around with anybody else, why can't it be me? I'd feel that way even if they weren't pinktoes."

"Wait a minute. You're not supposed to get too involved with me. I'm just a fill-in until your boy friend comes back from the Army. Remember?"

"But suppose he doesn't come back? Or what if he's changed and doesn't feel the same way about me?"

"That's the kind of chance you have to take."

She sighed. "Yeah, don't I know! But just the same, I wish you felt about me the way he did when he left. Don't you realize I can't get real jealous of somebody I

look upon as a substitute?" She laughed. "Think *that* one over. And you will let me keep on calling like I did today?"

"Of course—so long as you don't make trouble."

"Don't be surprised," she said as I left, "if I call you even when he does come home."

CHAPTER 17

No longer was I swinging with trios or larger groups, but I did have five babes with whom I had sex in varying degrees of regularity. Of them all, my relationship with Nadja, the contortionist, was least complicated. We simply had fun together in bed. When we parted, whether for a few days or a couple of months, there were no emotional problems. Periodically we got a yen for each other and I called her or she called me. The receptionist termed her "that boneless broad."

I wished my relationship with Cora and Hilda could be that simple. I was fond of both, and had no intention of dumping either. Nevertheless I wished they had not become hung-up on me emotionally. I was having enough trouble with my own emotions centering upon Flo and Charlene. My reaction toward both was intense, yet not identical. Bluntly, I loved both and I was glad conditions did not yet necessitate my having to choose between them. Often when I was with Charlene I felt I preferred her above anybody else because of her looks, sense of humor and interest in jazz; it was also hard to believe that anyone as physically desirable as she had fallen for me. Then when I was with Flo, her warmth, intelligence and the way we both looked at life—along with her sheer sex appeal—made me realize I didn't want to do without her.

Nevertheless, I did appreciate the fact that Flo's preoccupation with other activities, which I once strongly resented, gave me greater opportunity to be with Charlene. It wasn't that Flo did not enjoy sex, but that her job, small daughter, creative work and generally tight schedule meant that I usually saw her for a few hours at night after her meetings. We could rarely

hit the hay except on Saturday nights and early Sunday. Now with both Hilda and Charlene claiming so much of my time, this pattern was ideal. Usually on Saturday night and Sunday Hilda was involved with some family activity and not available; the later Saturday night closing hours for the Three Deuces did not give Charlene a chance to break away from Freddie.

That Saturday night Flo and I went to a party and ended, as usual, at my hotel. She waited until we were alone before mentioning either Hilda or Charlene. "Friends" had gladly told her I had been seen riding in Charlene's convertible.

"You're getting to be quite a collector," she commented.

"Of what?"

"Fay girls. Do they come in pairs now? Sets of two, maybe, one light and one dark?"

"It wasn't intentional. It just worked out that way."

"And they're both so goshawful beautiful, Sugar," she went on. "I admire your taste."

"You know I have good taste. I offer my being in love with you as prime evidence."

"That's very flattering. They way they look, it's an honor to compete against either one."

"Compete? In what way?"

"You can't be around a girl like either of those without comparing me with her. I know that, physically, I'm no match. I have to outshine them in other ways."

"Listen, Baby. We've been going together for two years, since 1943. Doris doesn't know it, but I've got all I need to get a divorce from her any time I want it. You get yours, and we'll be all set to get married any day you say."

"I suppose you do care an awful lot, Sugar, to want to marry me when you can have your choice of those two stunning chicks. I know you could marry either-

one, if you wanted to enough." She looked at me, eyes melting with love, and I couldn't help responding in kind. "Remember what I told you about getting a job as counselor in that summer camp in New York? Well, it came through today. I'm leaving right after July Fourth. I'll be gone two months. That'll give you time to have a real fling with both gals. Then if you still feel as you do now, we'll talk about marriage. But tonight let's be real hedonists. Let's forget everything but the urgency of this moment. I need you . . . I want you in bed. We have only this and next weekend before I go to New York. Let's put them both to the best possible use."

Never before had she been as enthused or affectionate as on this weekend. And yet I couldn't shove Charlene completely from my mind. When we parted, late Sunday afternoon, I thought about it. This was the first time since I'd known Flo that the shadow of another woman had fallen across our sexual path. I rationalized that it was due to Flo's refusal to say "yes, we'll get our divorces and marry as soon as I return." Then it would have been finalized, and we could both work toward that goal. Instead she had said we'd "talk about it." Meanwhile, she'd be away two months and Charlene would be present. *But don't be silly. Charlene is in love with Al. And she's white. And so much younger than I. She's only twenty-one and I'm thirty-nine. Flo and I have built so much together; how can I find that unity of intellectual and emotional attitude with a girl of an entirely different background, both culturally and economically? That's asking too much. And she's in love with Al anyway.*

Around three o'clock that morning Charlene arrived.

Divinely beautiful as a deity, perfectly groomed, raven hair on one side combed back of her ear and a huge, round gold earring dangling, hair on the other

side seductively veiling her eye and falling like a shawl across her shoulder, she stood motionless in the door.

It was just as well. I didn't want to touch her, for fear she'd vanish, and yet I was compelled to touch her to prove to myself she was real. I kissed her, wondering how a woman can actually grow more beautiful each day (forgetting for the moment I had once thought this of Flo) and feeling my excitement suddenly doused with the cold-water thought *she's in love with Al.*

"I've missed you terribly," she said. "I didn't think I could miss anyone so much. It's Monday morning and I haven't seen you since Saturday. That's much too long, Sweetheart."

Al, Al, Al, Al, Al, Al, Al!

"I don't suppose you had time to think of me anyway," she went on, removing her dress. "Did you have a good time with Flo?"

"She's leaving right after the Fourth of July." I didn't want to give a direct answer to her question. "She'll be in New York until September. She's taking a job as counselor at a summer camp upstate."

Charlene stopped as if frozen. I couldn't see her face. Then she continued disrobing.

"How nice." Her voice was emotionless. Seconds later, she continued, "She's either supremely confident or a fool. I don't know which—yet."

Why should this concern her? She's not in love with me.

"I had a perfectly horrible weekend. We went to a party after I picked up Freddie Saturday night and he got real drunk. Drunk and nasty. I couldn't get him home until around eleven Sunday morning, and by then I was so beat I slept all day. When I woke up, it was dark again. And do you know what I thought about first? You and Flo—and I hoped you'd had a miserable time."

Dog in the manger?

"I wanted you so much I ached," she went on. "I counted the hours until this morning when I could see you again. Then just before I left home, I got the curse."

I looked down at her verdant delta.

"I wear tampons," she said. "It's not so messy."

"By the way, how is it you've never been caught?" I asked. "You don't use a diaphragm, and I don't suppose your partners wear anything."

"I don't know. It's just never happened. Maybe there's something wrong with me."

"Don't worry about it. No reason to think about babies until you settle down." I paused for dramatic effect. "With Al."

She looked quickly at me, then turned her head. "I'm not so sure about Al any more. Up until a week ago he was *it*, the only one. But recently I've been thinking. And there are so many things wrong with that relationship." She shrugged her shoulders.

I felt suddenly both weak and elated. Was she . . . ? Was I . . . ?

"I know I'm asking a lot," she went on, facing me now, "but will you just hold me while we sleep? I'd looked forward all weekend to this morning, and our making love together. But maybe it's better I can't. Probably Flo didn't leave anything for me anyway."

"There's always plenty for you," I said, "even after Flo."

She looked sharply at me, then moved to another part of the room. Did I offend her? I asked myself. She went directly to where she knew I kept my soiled laundry, removed two pairs of dirty sox and a pair of soiled shorts, took them to the sink, ran water, washed them, then hung the dripping pieces over the towel rack to dry.

That got directly through to me. Flo had never done

anything like this during the two years we had been together, nor had Hilda—or any of the others. Simple, but a master stroke.

My look formed the question my lips did not ask.

"I just wanted to do something for you," she said, returning to me, "something for my man. Now let's go to bed."

CHAPTER 18

Several afternoons later, I had an early date with Hilda. I was to meet her at six at the Forty Third Street El station. Then we'd walk over to South Parkway and take a bus to Washington Park. There were small, isolated spots where we rendezvoused in the open air.

But at five, just as I was ready to leave the office, in walked Charlene—unannounced.

"I wanted to see you. I couldn't wait until late tonight. I have nothing to do until I pick up Freddie. Why don't we have coffee or dinner together now and just ride around until later?"

Obviously there would be rough sailing that evening. But I acted calm and took her down to the coffee shop in the building. Several studs I knew grinned when they saw us enter, but they did no more than nod. I saw one or two get up and go out, and shortly afterward others drifted casually in to look us over and saunter out. Without being told, I knew they had been briefed to come in and look at "Bob's fine fay broad. Man, she's outa this world. I'd give five years of my life for some of that." "Man, he's gotta be eatin' it. He hasta be! When a white chick stacked like that runs around with a spade, you just know he gets down on his knees an' laps it like a dog." "You know I don't go that route, but for some of that I'd be willing to kiss it jus' once myself." I knew the dialogue without hearing a word.

I ordered coffee for both of us. I grew fidgety, wondering how in hell I could get out of this mess. Periodically I glanced at my watch.

"You seem awfully nervous," Charlene commented. "What's the matter? Did I spoil your plans?"

"Well," I said slowly, "I do have a date at six."

"Oh. Then I won't keep you. Who with, Flo? You ought to spend as much time with her as you can since she'll be leaving soon. And I want her last days with you to be pleasant." Verbally she underlined "last days" and raised her eyebrows for emphasis.

"Tell you what," she said, face glowing as if she had conceived a brilliant plan. "Why don't I drive you to wherever it is? That'll save time. Besides I want to meet Flo anyway, and this'll be an excellent opportunity."

"Thanks for your kindness, but I don't think Flo would particularly appreciate it."

"Why not? She knows about me and I know about her. I'd like to get acquainted."

"It wouldn't work."

"Flo's practical and sensible. You told me so yourself. And to take you there right after work and turn you over would indicate my heart's in the right place. I'm willing to bet she'd get a kick out of it. I'll even bet five bucks she won't be offended. Yes, that's just what I'll do."

No discouraging her now. I took a deep breath. This had gotten out of hand. "I didn't say I was meeting Flo anyway."

"Who then?" She paused, her face wrinkling into a frown. "That blonde bitch?"

"I am meeting Hilda at six." I spoke calmly.

"Why, that's even better." She was beaming now. "I'll thoroughly enjoy driving you out there and turning you over. She's not like Flo. I'll let her know who's boss. Where are you meeting her?"

Briefly I thought of naming some place other than the Forty-Third Street El Station, but I knew Charlene would stick around, and if Hilda did not appear, would

remain with me. Of course I had no objection to spending time with Charlene, but just the same I had promised to meet Hilda and she was expecting me. I don't like to break a date, and besides I wasn't ready to give up Hilda. In fact, I didn't even care to disappoint her. And if I told Charlene to leave, she might do so permanently, and that was a chance I couldn't take. No, I'd have to let her drive me there and hope for the best.

"Very well, Baby, if that's the way you want it," I said resignedly. "Take me to the Forty-Third Street El Station."

She laughed triumphantly. In her exuberance her voice was louder than normal, as she said, "Oh, I promise not to hurt your blonde girl friend," and several heads turned to look at her. At the same time, I was warmly aware that this hint of rivalry with another white chick did not hurt my swinging image.

Since it was almost six, we left and reached the station a few minutes late. Hilda was standing in front, waiting. She looked on in disbelief when Charlene drove up, stopped, and I got out of the car.

"Hi, Hilda," Charlene smiled. "I brought him to you just about on time. Here he is."

Flo would have had a cool answer. Most likely she would have said, "Thanks, Charlene. Now how much do I owe you for taxi service?" But Hilda lacked weapons. She merely stared, her body tense, looking terribly hurt. Two brownskin women came out of the station. One took a quick glance, stopped, and nudged the other. I was close enough to hear her say, "Let's wait a minute. Maybe we'll see a knockdown dragout fight between two paddy whores over some black mother-fucker who done outsmarted hisself." They both paused a few feet away, looking expectantly back.

"By the way, Hilda, why don't you call me, and we can have lunch or coffee together soon. Will you?" I

could tell from Charlene's voice and the look on her face she was already remorseful for her action and at the moment sincerely wanted to make friends with Hilda.

Hilda nodded slowly, almost mechanically. Charlene waved goodbye and drove off. The two women walked on. I was genuinely sorry at having brought about this unpleasant encounter.

"Darling, I know how you must feel," I told her softly as we started walking toward South Parkway, "but there wasn't a damned thing I could do. She showed up as I was leaving the office. I tried to get rid of her but I couldn't. She insisted on driving me here."

"I know—to lord it over me," Hilda said wearily. "Now the whole evening is spoiled—completely ruined."

I changed the subject. "Why don't we have dinner now? Maybe you'll feel better."

"Do you think I could eat anything after what that—that hussy did to me?" She turned her hurt eyes to look into mine.

And at that instant I knew why I never felt that vital spark, that zing with Hilda, despite her blonde beauty. She did not have spunk, could not fight back—and I could not become emotionally involved with a woman who lacked this kind of fire and spirit, even if it led to battles between us. Frankly, I knew I deserved a tongue-lashing for subjecting her to this encounter with Charlene, and no matter how great my momentary irritation I would have looked upon her with respect. Instead she cowered like a whipped cur. Without this will to wallop in return, Hilda lacked the spark necessary to kindle a flame in me. She could never be more to me than a stunning, voluptuous, golden goddess of a girl I enjoyed taking to bed and talking to. But there was no basis for permanency.

"She has a husband and two musician boy friends

and I don't know how many other men," Hilda said as we boarded the bus. "Why can't she leave you alone?"

When I didn't answer, she went on, "I wish you'd get married to Flo, then maybe Charlene wouldn't bother you. Just when *are* you and Flo going to marry?"

I told her next fall or winter. Meanwhile Flo would be in New York a couple of months.

"You mean she's going to be away from Chicago with that Charlene right here on the loose? Then it's all over! By the time Flo returns, Charlene will have you for keeps."

"No, I don't think so," I said, yet I knew deep in my heart that she was probably right.

"Oh, yes she will! I'll even bet she marries you."

"Wait a minute . . ."

"And have other men on the side."

"That's unimportant. I don't ever expect to have sex with only one woman."

"But you're a man! I expect a man to play around. But not a wife."

"I don't expect anything from my mate that I won't do myself."

She looked up at me, blue eyes still sad, then without a word slipped her hand in mine.

"You know," she said, "you're a nut, a real nut. But oh, so very nice."

When we reached the park, we walked past the open pavillion fronting the small lake, over a bridge and to a little knoll we knew. We could sit or lie back on the resilient green grass watching the birds and clouds above, or strollers on the ground below.

"I can't understand why she'd go out of her way to be nasty, to rub it in," she said. "I know she's been in bed with you from the way she acts in class. She made that plain. But she can't scare me off. Not even if she sticks a sign on your back saying in great big letters,

'Property Of Charlene, Keep Away.' The only way I'll leave you alone is for you to tell me yourself if you don't want me any more." Her eyes searched for an answer in mine.

"You know I'll never tell you that," I said. She looked so miserable, so forlorn and yet so piquantly lovely that I was compelled to lean over and kiss her.

"Bob, Bob," she said, clinging to me. "You know I'm completely in love with you. And in spite of what happened at the El station, I'm not one bit sorry! At the start I hoped you'd love me, too. But you don't. And since that's the way it is, I accept it." She shook her head, sighing. "I've got one favor to ask of you."

"What, Baby."

"Please let me be with you—alone—as much as you can this summer. That's all I ask, a summer with you giving me as much time as you can spare. Tell me to go away, if you must when fall comes, but not now. Please?"

And me thinking, if only I could feel something for this loving, giving, gentle doll beside sex desire and kindness. Yes, I can be kind. And grateful. Had it not been for Hilda's obvious interest in me, Charlene would hardly have known I existed. There would have been no blonde challenge—even though her plan backfired. I owe a lot to Hilda.

"I'm going to see you all I possibly can this summer," I told her, my hands dipping into the ripe-wheat gold of her long hair, "and this coming fall and winter too, if I can. I doubt that I could ever tire of you."

"You will eventually. But this summer—I want this summer! I'm going to the University of Chicago next fall to study full time and I intend to register in courses that'll keep me so busy I won't have time to think about you and Charlene. But now . . ." she raised her hands helplessly "... all I can do is wish I were with you when I'm not." She threw her arms around

me and hugged with all her strength. "My God, how I love you!" She trembled and her eyes glistened with tears. "Thanks for telling me I can have this summer." She sniffed once or twice, then regained control. "I'm very grateful to you in another way."

"How, darling?"

"For turning me into a woman. I finally know how a woman feels, and how good and satisfying and fulfilling being a woman can be. I know not only sexual satisfaction but all the hills and valleys of love. Until I met you, it was academic."

"I wish you didn't have to find out by getting hurt."

"That's all part of it, and I don't mind—not too much anyway. I understand emotionally what's meant now when I hear, 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' You're a real sweet guy and very, very kind and considerate in so many ways. We've had such gloriously wonderful times together. It's not your fault that you're not in love with me. That's just luck. But I can't imagine any other man making me feel as you do—or my even wanting anybody else."

"That, you'll get over," I assured her.

"But I don't want to! Not this summer anyway." We were now lying back on the grass, holding hands. I felt like kissing her until she lost that hurt feeling, but that would have attracted too much attention. Already several strollers had stopped, looking on from a respectful distance at the uncommon sight of a blonde woman holding on with both arms to somebody black.

"Just once this summer, may I stay all night with you?" she asked. "I want to fall asleep with you; the last person I see, and I want to see you first when I wake up in the morning. May I, just once? Do you think Charlene will let me have that much of you?"

"Charlene can't stop that. She doesn't own me."

"No, I don't think any one woman will ever own you. But she'll come as close as any one can."

I raised up on one elbow to look down in her face. In many ways she was quite astute. And again I was sorry she had been hurt. I ran my finger along her soft, pale flesh.

"I wish I had you in bed right now," I told her.

She shook her head. "I'm afraid that tonight I'd think about you and that Charlene together and I'd cry. No, why don't we just sit at a bar and talk? Tomorrow I'll be all right. I bounce back quickly. Then, whenever you have a free evening, we'll get together. Please don't make me wait too long."

When Charlene came by that night after taking Freddie home, she was both aggressive and contrite.

"I'm sorry, Honey, about this afternoon," she began. "It was a terrible thing. I didn't intend to hurt her that much. And I really would like to have coffee or lunch with her. We do have a lot in common to talk about." She giggled. "Actually, she seemed like a real nice girl. A little dumb, but nice. I didn't expect her to be that docile."

"She's not tough," I said slowly.

"What you really mean is, she's not a bitch like me."

"What would you have done had positions been reversed and she pulled that on you?"

"I'd have quietly cussed you both out, then I'd have gone back up to the platform and grabbed the first train that came along. After I got home I'd have waited for you to call me up and apologize."

"Suppose I didn't call?"

"You would, if you cared anything about me."

"Yes, but suppose I cared and was too darned ashamed or stubborn to call?"

She smiled and spoke very deliberately. "Then I'd have called you—even if only to give you hell. But I'd

have called. You see, I don't think I can go on without you now."

I swallowed silently, respiration rising.

"If you don't understand what I mean, I'll put it in plain words," she went on. "I'm in love with you, Bob. And I hope, with all my heart, that you're in love with me."

Here it was at last, stripped bare. I'd been fighting my feeling, pushing it back, giving it another name, trying to smash it because I didn't believe she returned my deep passion. But now she had said it, and now my unchained love swelled, blowing into a great balloon filling the room.

"You know goddamn well I'm in love with you," I almost shouted, grabbing her. "You've known it for some time—even though I refused to admit it to myself."

"No, I didn't know, I just hoped. I hoped like hell."

"But what about Al?"

"What about Flo? You've been with her for two years."

"I'll have all summer to work that out."

"Don't worry about Al," she said, her brow furrowing. "There are so many bad things about that relationship that I'd be better off without it. But you . . . you're right for me." She paused. "When's Flo leaving?"

"July fifth."

"She'll be here next weekend, won't she?"

I nodded.

"Has she mentioned me? She knows I see you, of course."

"Of course. She mentioned you and Hilda. Bluntly, she asked me to get rid of you both this summer while she was gone."

"Then I suppose you made pretty definite plans to marry next fall."

"No, we haven't. All we've ever done is talk about it for the future." My ego wouldn't let me say that failure to mention a definite date was Flo's decision, not mine.

"Then don't do anything hasty, Bob. We've got all summer to think things over. We'll be seeing a lot more of each other than we have up to now. When Freddy leaves I won't even have to take time away from you to chauffeur him. I want you to be sure of how you feel about me. I don't want you to say anything to Flo now, or take any action you might regret. I'm selfish. I don't want you to tell me later you wish you'd stuck with Flo."

CHAPTER 19

I knew when it got down to the nitty gritty and I had to make a choice, it would be Charlene. It wasn't that I didn't love Flo any more; it was only that what I felt for Charlene was far stronger. I wished polygamy were possible; I would have enjoyed having both women as wives, but for different reasons. At the same time I would have had no objection to polyandry, giving them the right to legal multiple mates. But this was not permissible in our culture. Our society allows you only one wife at a time; if you want others you must first divorce the one you have, a kind of installment-plan polygamy. Yet few will deny that strict monogamy is monotonous; surveys show that high percentages of both husbands and wives have at least one outside sexual affair during their married lives. As for me, I knew I could never give up other women; variety of partner was as essential to existence as food and air. Even if I should legally have both Charlene and Flo, I'd need others. But since I could have only one according to law, that would have to be Charlene. I was in love with her—but I could never concentrate on my sexuality exclusively in her, no matter how great my love.

Flo wrote to me frequently, and for the first time since we'd clicked I could find little to say in reply. Knowing it would soon be all over and hating the task of telling her if she came home with a decision to marry me, I dreaded writing. I fervently wished that while in New York she'd decide on her own that we should not merge; that would simplify everything. Meanwhile Charlene moved part of her clothing from her apartment to my room. We were together every

day except on those occasions when she drove to the country to visit her mother and stayed overnight; then I let Hilda know and she came gratefully to me.

I cannot recall how and when it began, but suddenly one day I realized Charlene had started talking about what we would do when we were married. That, of course, would be the logical conclusion of in-loveness but much as I wanted to marry her, it seemed like a dream. Even though we had now virtually shacked up together, after the first realization that she was in love with me cynicism set slowly in. I had the feeling beneath it all that she would tire of the relationship. Here was a beautiful young white girl of wealthy background and almost 18 years my junior, glamorous enough to attract attention even in Hollywood; why should she actually hitch herself to a man like me with neither money nor the talent for making money? Common sense told me to be a realist and live one day at a time. But if my dream did explode I hoped it would be before Flo returned.

One day in early August she came from her apartment with a strange, disturbed look on her face.

"I had a letter from Al today," she announced. "First in over a month. He wants me to spend a week in New York with him when the band plays the Apollo Theater. I think maybe I will."

So this was how it would end. I knew it was too good to last.

"But you told me everything was over between you and me," I said gently.

"I know. I really thought it was until I got his letter. It's a funny thing. I don't hear from him and I don't see him and I think I've gotten over him. Then he writes, or comes to town, and boom! I turn to mush inside. I know that's not very flattering to you, and I'm sorry."

"I half expected it—or something like it anyway."

Besides, if you're still in love with him, I ought to know it so I can learn how to live with the reality."

That's the point—I don't know! I know how I feel about you. We've talked about marriage—at least I have. Yesterday I was certain I wanted to spend the rest of my life with you. Then today, this letter from Al—and I don't know what to think. If I'm still in love with him, if I still have him in my blood, it wouldn't be fair to marry you and want somebody else, would it? That's why I feel I've got to see him. I think I'm over my affair with him, but I've got to know for sure. If I have Al and don't turn to mush like I used to, I'll know it's over for good. And to be frank, I don't think I will. Yet I can't be certain until I actually see him again."

Much as it jolted my ego, it made sense. I had been forced to make a choice between her and Flo; now she was faced with choosing between Al and me. I did not doubt her sincerity when she told me she loved me; undoubtedly at the time she believed it. Now she was equally sincere in wondering if it were true. Knowing she was not emotionally constituted to be in love with two men at the same time, I hoped she would get him out of her system forever, yet I prepared myself for the worst. I began concentrating my thoughts on Flo; meanwhile with both her and Charlene away I would keep busy with Hilda.

Next day I called Hilda to let her know Charlene would be gone for a week.

"Where?"

"New York."

"What for—to see one of her men?"

"Something like that."

"I expected that of her. One man could never be enough."

"I didn't call to discuss Charlene. I thought maybe you'd like to spend as much time with me as you could, sleeping overnight if you wished."

"Oh. Ohhh!" This last a shout of glee as it sunk in. I don't know what excuse she gave her family, but for that week I was with her every night, from late afternoon on. Twice she spent all night with me. She was incandescent with delight. Once I took her to the Club DeLisa and one of the managers, whom I knew and who had seen me there with Charlene, came to my table to talk when Hilda went to the powder room.

"You got a chick farm somewhere, Daddy-o?"

"Meaning what?"

"You latch on to nothin' but these fine fay chicks. You been makin' this scene with one black-haired babe who looks like a movie queen, and tonight you fall in with a wild blonde who's just as great. Man, you really come on." He shook his head admiringly. "That little boot broad you used to run around with ain't got a chance. Howya do it, man? What kinda jive you puttin' down?"

"Pops," I said, "all you gotta have is something the paddy boys can't come up with."

"What's that?"

"A fine brown frame."

He roared and cut out. But this dialogue had assembled an idea whose parts had been floating around in my mind. Since association with a glamorous white girl of obvious class brought a kind of prestige and I was an exhibitionist, I resolved that even if I lost Charlene I'd hang onto Hilda at least until I found another fabulous fay. It was a matter of personal black pride. I would show the world that if one ditched me, I could get another of similar quality. I knew also that I was attractive to most white babes who went in for Negro men. It was part of their personal rebellion against a restrictive and repressive society infused with color prejudice. If they wanted Negroes, they wanted thoroughbreds—big, black and strongly African in features, and that was a cameo description of me. As a

nonconformist and rebel against senseless patterns set by the Establishment, I received emotional pleasure through thumbing my nose at the mores and consorting with an appealing white woman. Even if I married Flo, I would be compelled to appear occasionally publicly with a lovely fay doll as a gesture of defiance against and independence from the Establishment which hypocritically touted freedom and democracy, but in practice was almost pathologically opposed to miscegenation. But always it must be a white woman of obvious quality; I did not intend to reinforce the stereotype that only white tramps take up with black men. Both Charlene and Hilda had the right kind of look. Even if I never saw Charlene again, Hilda fitted this image so well I would maintain the relationship indefinitely.

With this in mind, I squeezed out every drop of charm for Hilda. I was so thoughtful and attentive, she told me, "Charlene must be sick in the head! How can she run off to some other guy when she's got you at her beck and call is beyond me. But I'm glad. After this week is gone I could die with no regrets. I will have had my share of happiness." When I found myself out of condoms she said, "I don't care. I really don't like them anyway. If anything happens I'll take full responsibility. Besides, we've been intimate before without you using anything, and nothing happened then, did it?" Actually I wasn't worried; here I was virtually forty and I'd never yet knocked up anybody.

Still, no matter how hard I tried to concentrate on Hilda I couldn't get Charlene out of my mind. She controlled my thoughts. I had one letter from her during the week, and it was noncommittal. She spoke generally of New York City itself and the shows she had seen, mentioning Al only once. Tension rose in me when she sent a telegram stating when she would return. It was on Sunday, and Hilda had to leave early

in the afternoon; there was some kind of family gathering she was obligated to attend.

Seconds crawled like crippled hours as I awaited the moment I expected her to reach my hotel. I knew she would first stop at her apartment to get her car. When I heard her knock I took a deep breath. This was it. Had I won or lost?

I opened the door. She entered, closed it slowly, then stood motionless, her face with no expression. I steeled myself. *So I've lost. I'm out. She's trying to find a way of telling me she's still in love with Al.*

Then she spoke.

"I'm going to marry you. Don't you dare try to back out of it."

Suddenly I was weightless, floating giddily through air. I threw my arms around her. I might have unintentionally hurt her, so hard did I squeeze, had she not been hugging me with all her strength. I cried. So did she.

"I missed you," I said.

"And I missed you," she said.

Simple, direct, but at the same time eloquent.

Charlene had already kicked off her pumps and I began undressing her, kissing each bit of vibrant flesh as it became exposed. I kissed the tips and the tops of her toes, then up her slim ankles, shapely calves, knees and thighs. She got on the bed, face down. I tickled her, parting and moving her legs so I could softly touch the fringe of light hair around her vulva. Ravenous for the taste of her flesh everywhere, I pulled her hips wide, and, beginning at the upper end of the valley between, zigzagged with my tongue all the way down until I reached her crater, now tightening and loosening as if blinking. Then for the first time with anyone I thrust my tongue hard into the center, as far inside her asshole as I could force it, and violently chewed and sucked and bit.

"God, oh God! You've never done *that* before," she managed to gasp.

Raising my head, I said, "I've never before been so completely hungry for you in all ways."

Later—much later—when we were able to carry on a conversation as we rested, I asked about her trip.

"New York itself was fine. But Al—well, now we both know. I just don't have it with him anymore."

"Of course you fucked him."

"No, I didn't, oddly enough." Then silence, and finally Charlene saying, "Why lie about it? I did go to bed with him. But it was mechanical. I felt like I was merely doing a favor for an old friend. He didn't move me."

"Need I say I'm glad?"

"No, you don't have to. Frankly, I don't think a woman who is accustomed to what you can do can be satisfied without it. He doesn't go in for frenching. You spoiled me, you sweet bastard! I don't think I could stand anybody for long now who didn't eat my pussy."

"A man who won't nibble your toothsome twat is off his nut," I told her. "How can he keep his mouth off you?"

"He has a phobia about germs. He's so afraid of catching something that he carries around gargles and sprays wherever he goes. Why, do you know that after he ejaculated in me he could hardly wait to get out of bed to wash out his mouth just because he had put his tongue in mine, and to use soap and water on his damn dick? You'd have thought I was a whore."

"Was this something new?"

"No, he's always done it. I didn't mind before, but this time I felt positively insulted."

When she went to New York I believed that, if all other things were nearly equal, my oral technique would cast the deciding vote in my favor. I knew that through the years I had developed real proficiency; in

the past I had been able to hold any woman I wanted after frenching her just once. Even many girls who at first looked upon me as a bus stop decided immediately to remain for a prolonged visit. I based my hopes on Charlene not being the exception and I was right.

CHAPTER 20

I would have to tell her and I dreaded it. Flo returned around Labor Day, and came to my office the following afternoon, richly brown and healthy-looking after a couple of months outdoors. "Be gentle with her," Charlene had asked. "I know how she'll feel. I know how I'd feel if someone came between us—and I've known you only a few months."

"The other girls at camp asked me what my future plans were," Flo confided. "I said I was going back to Chicago to teach school and marry my guy. I've thought it over all summer. Being away has given me a better perspective on everything, Sugar. Let's get our divorces and marry as fast as we can."

Looking into her radiant, expectant face, it was even harder to tell her everything had changed. I thought, *Baby, why didn't you make up your mind before you left for New York? Why did you hedge for two years when we were both certain of one another, knowing we would eventually marry but just putting it off? And most of all, why did you start dating white studs last spring, causing me to retaliate?* I found it easy to rationalize and shove the blame on her.

"Let's go to the Warriors' Club and talk," I told her. "It's quiet there this time of day."

She looked at me queerly but did not protest. We chattered about her summer and inconsequential things in the way.

Seated and alone, with two cuba libres before us, I began, "You were right. It was dangerous." When she looked puzzled, I went on, "Remember what you told me last spring when I began going out with Hilda? You said then that this was something neither of us

should do anymore. Trouble is, it's too late now. I've fallen pretty hard for someone else."

"You mean, you've gone overboard for one of those fay chicks you were taking out when I left?" She spoke softly. "I don't believe it's Hilda. She just hasn't got enough on the ball other than looks. It must be Charlene."

I nodded.

"But . . . but . . ." She stopped to get a grip of herself. "She's very beautiful, Bob, and she's white. You don't plan to marry her, do you?"

"I do."

She looked down. Then slowly, "Maybe it's just infatuation. You're blinded by her glamour. But you'll get over it. I can wait."

"I don't think so, Flo. It's for real."

"I don't believe it! Why don't we wait and see?"

I didn't speak. I knew Flo had strength and wouldn't give up without a real fight.

"How often do you see her?"

"Every day."

"And night?"

"And night. In fact, she keeps some of her clothes in my room."

Flo looked down again. "Maybe it's just what they call summer madness." She put her arms around my shoulder, pulling me toward her, and tilted her face to mine. "You haven't kissed me yet, Sugar, since I've been back." I found myself responding strongly—not just sexually but with the kind of close, exciting warmth I had long felt for her. Obviously I still cared deeply for Flo, and I realized that if something happened to erase Charlene from the picture, I could still be content with Flo. Being with her was comfortable like relaxing at home, and yet it was stimulating, too. We had a kind of rapport impossible with a white woman. Being black in America gave us an automatic

bond. Yet close association with a Caucasian presented a challenge, a defiance of the Establishment not possible with a black mate. Neither Flo nor Charlene by herself could satisfy all my emotional needs; I regretted again that, feeling as I basically did about both, our culture did not permit polygamy and polyandry.

"Sugar, when can we get together?" she was asking. "I gotta see you alone—I just gotta! Do you know I haven't had sex since the last time I saw you?"

"Tomorrow night," I said. Charlene was going to the country to visit her mother and would be gone until the following afternoon. "We can spend the entire evening together."

As soon as I saw Charlene that night, she asked immediately, "Did you see Flo?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell her about us?"

"I did."

"So?"

"She doesn't want to accept it. She thinks it's just infatuation or summer madness and will blow away."

"I'm not surprised. Flo's no Hilda. She'll fight for her man."

"Not that it'll do any good."

"No, but you'll enjoy it, you skunk," she laughed. "You know, I'm pretty sure of you. That's why I'm going to ask you to let her down easy. Don't give her the supreme slap of breaking off completely. See her now and then, if you want to, and let her gradually grow accustomed to the idea that she no longer has you. That will be far more kind."

"You surprise me," I said. "What's come over you? I never expected you to be this considerate of another girl's feelings."

"I'm not always bitchy. From what you've told me, Flo and I are quite alike emotionally. Perhaps it's because we have the same birthday. I know if you told

me suddenly that you'd thrown me over for another woman and wouldn't see me any more, I'd feel like killing you. I believe Flo would have the same reaction. And what use would a dead Bob be to me?"

CHAPTER 21

When Flo entered my room the following night, she looked curiously around then went to the closet, opened the door and gazed silently at Charlene's robe, several dresses, a jacket, underclothing and a few pairs of pumps. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "I'll pretend they aren't there."

Never before had she been so passionate, far surpassing her peak before she went to New York. When I frenched her she grabbed and bit my thigh, then seized my prick and masturbated it so violently I had to stop her before I shot off. I don't like to fire into empty air when there's a target available. After I lay between her thighs following her two climaxes from cunnilingus, she experienced a pair of titanic orgasms before I unloaded. I had never before actually fucked her to climax, although she enjoyed it, telling me she received physical pleasure as well as emotional joy from uniting her body with mine.

"What happened?" I asked afterward. "This is the first time you ever came with me in you."

"I'm as surprised as you are," she said. "I thought until now that I couldn't. I suppose it's because I needed you so much and felt so deeply about you—especially when you say you're going to put me down for that white girl." She cocked her head to one side, looking at me quizzically. "You know, I just might not let her have you."

We left around midnight. As we stood waiting for a bus, she said, "Sugar, I want to kiss you." Reaching up, she pulled my head down to hers. This was completely unlike her pattern. She had always objected to showing affection on a public street. I reminded her that a couple of times when I tried to slip my arm

around her while awaiting a bus, she had pulled away, asking me to wait until we were alone.

"The picture was different then," she explained. "I knew then that I had you just as you knew you had me. But now you're trying to get away. And damn it, Sugar, I'll do anything I can think of at any time and any place to keep you."

Yes, Flo was going to fight.

When Charlene returned, she looked around the pad, peered in the closet, then said, "Flo was here last night."

"Yes. But how can you tell?"

"She left a message." Charlene removed Flo's panties, hanging on a hook above a slip of hers. I hadn't noticed them.

"It's all right, I expected these, or something else." At my look of incredulity, she added, "I'd have done the same thing."

When we undressed for bed, she maneuvered me to a chair, pushed hard enough to make me sit, kneeled before me, then took my cock and began kissing it from head to hair. This she had never done before, and I had never asked her to. Much as I love being sucked, I will not ask a doll to french me. To blow or not to blow, that is *her* question. But I have learned that sooner or later, the recipient of constant oral attention will begin repaying in kind. Charlene, of course, was a neophyte, but I knew with enough coaching and practice she could become expert. Besides, at this time it was the thought, not the gift, as they say at Christmas. Or it was not what the horse said, but the fact that we could talk at all.

She stopped short of success. "My jaws are tired," she said. "I guess you need experience to develop endurance. I'll do better next time."

"But I enjoyed it, sweetheart," I said, "although naturally I'm surprised. What made you do it?"

"Oh, I just wanted to. I thought you might like it."

"You thought right. Those luscious lips of yours around my rod! Kiss me, Sweetheart."

Inwardly I thought *this must be part of her strategy to see that I stay won over from Flo. If so, I'm gonna thoroughly enjoy every split second of this contest.* Then what she was saying began to penetrate my thoughts.

"You know, Bob, maybe Flo is far better for you than I can ever be. She is a very attractive woman. And she's much more talented and versatile. She's a college graduate. She's useful in that she teaches school. She's an artist and a writer. She works with people. She's had wide experience in many fields. From all indications she's unusually intelligent and gifted. You've been very close to her for over two years, with all kinds of shared experience, and she evidently has the same general attitudes that you like in me. I haven't got a thing—nothing that really counts—that she hasn't got much more of.

"Look at me. I don't know how to do anything worthwhile. I turned down a chance to go to college—any college in America—and instead spent a couple of years in vocal school. And we both know I could never make it as a singer. I can't even tell Mother about you. So what have you got? A perfectly useless girl who is a washout at twenty-one. I can't even french you right. If you had any brains you'd drop me like a hot potato and marry Flo."

I listened, thinking *so that's her hype. The reverse psychology of putting herself down and building up her rival so I'll tell her how ridiculous this is and how much I prefer her over anybody else in the whole world. She wants some ego salve. Huh-huh, I'm not going along this time, Baby.*

"You know," I said slowly, as if choosing my words carefully, "I think that, after all, you're right. I hoped

you'd reason it out for yourself. I'd been wondering how best to bring it to your attention, but you have saved me that trouble and embarrassment. You've solved a major problem, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you. I can't possibly tell you how relieved I am. I think I'll go out right now and tell Flo. You're a real pal."

I arose and started pulling on my undershorts.

Charlene looked at me open-mouthed, then leaped up and hurled her naked body against me. It was the kind of perfect block professional football coaches spend years teaching but seldom see. I tumbled back into the chair.

"You leave here tonight, goddamn it, it'll have to be over my dead body," she blazed. "What the hell's wrong with you?"

"But Darling, I'm just going to follow your suggestion," I said.

"You goddamn bastard, can't you take a joke? You didn't think I meant it, did you?" Her eyes all but shot forth flame.

"But, Baby," I protested, looking my most innocent, "don't you know I always take you seriously?" I tried to hold it back, but I couldn't help grinning at the look on her face.

She relaxed and smiled. "You gave me one hell of a bad scare. And I thought I was being funny! I guess I panicked. Did I hurt you when I shoved you?"

I shook my head.

"I won't try *that* again. Suppose you believed it (and it may be true) then where'd I be?" She frowned, then looked sheepish. "I must have been out of my mind."

"Baby, you know how much I love you."

"Yes, I know—or think I know. But I like to hear you say it. A woman needs reassuring—especially when she's got competition like Flo."

CHAPTER 22

Charlene's husband, Kent, was due home around Christmas for a two-week leave. Give her a week, she said, and she'd get rid of him permanently. There had never been time to develop a real marital relationship, so there would be no seriously ruptured emotions. Hurt pride, probably, on Kent's part and exasperation by her mother, but that would be all. Then she'd arrange for a divorce. Meanwhile I'd get mine and sometime next spring we'd marry.

"You still want me to be your wife, don't you?" she asked, early in December.

"Still. Although why you want to tie youself to me is beyond my comprehension."

"I've told you why, and I haven't changed. You're like an anchor for me. You're calm where I'm emotional and likely to fly off in all directions. You've had a world of practical experience and you've got a good mind. You can guide me the right way. We think alike in many areas and we like the same things. We're both nuts about the same kind of jazz. We laugh at the same things. And you know I'm a rebel, a nonconformist like you. You're terrific in bed and we're friends and companions. Besides all that, I happen to love you. I married Kent to get away from Mother, as I told you. I'm away from her now, even if I do see her now and then. But she doesn't control me anymore. I've thought this all out. I want this for keeps. I don't know what I'd do without you now. But if you want to back out . . ."

"Don't be silly."

I never doubted we could make a go of marriage, although by prevailing standards it would be unortho-

dox in many ways. Not only was there the black-white angle which conservatives of both groups oppose, but there was the matter of sophisticated sex. I had told both Flo and Charlene about the parties and switching which became part of my life with Doris. Flo had taken it in stride, as if her best friends were swingers. She had also been involved that memorable night with Tess and Nikky. When I first told Charlene, she was shocked—and then insisted on hearing every detail. I had little doubt of getting Flo to swing; Charlene, however, was younger, and despite her sophistication it would take longer selling her on the idea because of attitudes formed by her mother—yet I did not doubt it would eventually occur.

Variety of partner and activity were a way of life with me. I knew I had a powerful sex drive, requiring many kinds of satisfaction. Obviously all people are not similar. Some have large libidos just as some are tall, brilliant, swift or strong. Others have small sex drives just as many individuals are of tiny stature, have dull minds or are unimaginative. I see no more reason to pattern my own activity after that of the drab sexual weaklings than to demand that those with little libidos and no yen for variety engage in many types of coitus with new partners every night. What is unorthodox for many others is normal for me and vice versa.

Both Flo and Charlene were aware of this. They also knew I would not dance the boudoir dance with only one woman, and they knew also it would not affect my attitude toward my spouse. I automatically assumed that any woman with whom I established enough rapport to wed would have similar attitudes. It is normal for a man or woman with powerful sex drives to frequently feel strong physical attraction, even to chance strangers, and to attempt to get them in bed. I think that physical fidelity to one person is both

unnatural and ridiculous. I ask, therefore, only that my mate use common sense and discretion and have the mental balance to maintain emotional loyalty, and tell the truth. I do not care to own a woman.

Charlene knew my unorthodox way of thinking about marriage and sex, and she accepted it. We were therefore as prepared as we believed possible for a life together after we got rid of our present mates.

"You're absolutely sure you can swing it?" I asked Charlene again two days before Kent was due to reach Chicago.

"Leave it to me. He'll be happy to go away and never bother me again. And I won't do anything drastic. I'll simply be a sick martyr. He'll be horny as hell after his long tour of duty overseas. I'll make it plain that I'll screw him only because it's my wifely duty. That car accident which injured my back—you remember I spoke of it my first night with you—has made me so unfit to be a real wife to him that I'll never be able to bear his children; that will be my story. And I'll be completely unresponsive in bed, letting him know he's merely using me. I'll quietly oppose everything he says. I know enough about Kent to be certain six or seven days will be all he can take. I even predict he'll be so disgusted he'll ask me for a divorce. Wait and see."

"Of course I won't see you while he's here, and that will be the hardest part of all. I'll try to call you at the office when I shop for groceries, but even that will be very brief. But trust me, darling. By the New Year he'll be out of my life forever."

I believed her. But I knew I would be lonely while she was gone, even more lonely than last summer while she was in New York. Now she would be in Chicago, only a few miles away on the North Side geographically, but as unavailable as if she had taken a trip to another planet. And it was winter and Christmas and

the time when people who love each other should be together.

Since I couldn't see Charlene, I would concentrate on Flo and Hilda. I had seen them very infrequently since September. Gradually Flo had come to realize we would not wed. Nevertheless we remained close friends. Charlene and I spent Christmas Eve together, drinking Scotch and milk and dreaming past the next few days to the coming year and what it would mean. Early Christmas morning Kent would arrive and Charlene had to be home, demure and wifely, when he walked in the door. I had previously arranged a date with Flo for Christmas afternoon and night.

"But I expected you to spend Christmas, especially, with your white lady love," Flo had commented when I called her.

"Can't. Her husband will be there."

"How jolly! Why don't the three of you have a cozy get-together underneath the mistletoe?"

"I don't think he'd like it. Anyway, I want to see you."

"So you can cry on my shoulder?"

"No. Because I sincerely want to be with you."

"Since Charlene won't be available." There was a long silence, then "I know I'm a damn fool, but I'm still nuts about you, sugar. Yes, let's have a get-together for old times' sake. I'll do my best to keep you from missing her too much."

We both knew we would wind up the night in my pad. We hadn't romped since the week before Thanksgiving when I took her home after a club meeting. It was late and we had the entire basement rumpus room to ourselves. We had made love together hurriedly but enjoyably. Now we could have an entire night to tumble. I thought of Kent in bed with Charlene, and I attained an immediate strong erection. Added to this

was the flesh-and-blood face of Flo who still moved me strongly. I was ready for a rousing session.

Habitually I began sex with both knees to the left of her head as I faced her feet. But tonight she pulled one leg to the outside of her right shoulder, then reached up and placed her mouth around my tool. She, too, had never sucked me in the past, but now she went at it vigorously as if 69 were her greatest pleasure. Although surprised, I did not consider this a moment for discussion. I let nature take its course. I came.

"What got into you?" I asked as soon as I could.

"Your prick, of course. That *was* your prick, wasn't it?"

"You know what I mean. How come?"

"By mouth."

"Be serious. What made you decide to return the favor after all this time?"

"Because, sugar, I see so little of you now I want to load up on you in every way I can. Besides, I thought you'd like it."

"I did, baby, and you better believe it! Still, I can't help wondering why you never did it before."

"I wasn't as smart then as I am now. I've had to grow up and get much wiser in the last few months. Would it have made any difference had I done it all along?"

"I really don't know. But it wouldn't have hurt."

"Yes, I know, sugar. And from now on when anybody does that to me I'm going to do the same thing to him. That means you or anybody else."

"Good. I've got something to look forward to."

I saw Hilda one night during Christmas week. She came over with her hair done up in a very beautiful and intricate coiffure. Dressed in a simple silver lame sheath, that night she looked like a very sophisticated and startlingly lovely woman. Although summer was long since past, she was grateful for any added time.

She had been out on occasional dates with other men but couldn't bring herself to go to bed with any for fear she'd compare them with me and be miserable, she told me. She said she preferred doing without sex, waiting for what she described as "those rare and wonderful times" when she could be intimate with me. The wait always intensified her pleasure. I did my best to make her wallow in bliss.

The other evenings I spent with Flo, although we went to bed only once more during Christmas week. I heard from Charlene twice, two short telephone calls in which she told me not to worry, everything was progressing according to plan. Each New Year's Eve we had attended a big interracial party at a Loop hotel; I especially needed to go there this year and become stoned to relieve my growing tension as I awaited Charlene's call telling me she was rid of Kent.

Early in the afternoon of New Year's Day she called.

"I just drove Kent to the station and told him goodbye. It's all over. I'm coming home to you as quickly as I can drive there."

CHAPTER 23

With Kent eliminated, Charlene no longer needed her own quarters, and suggested we find an apartment where we could live together as man and wife pending our divorces. As for her own, it would be arranged quietly; if her lawyers forwarded the necessary papers, Kent had agreed to sign them.

Finding a landlord in 1946 willing to accept a mixed couple ranked with the Tasks of Hercules. Not only was there a severe housing shortage, but we also faced ethnic antagonism. Landlords, or their wives, or the wives of tenants, generally were opposed to black men consorting with white women, for it removed from circulation some black man who otherwise might provide security for some black woman. I had been able to entertain pinktoe chicks at my hotel only because the manager was a personal friend of mine. White women had been barred since a pale prostitute a few years earlier had been beaten to death by a drunken guest.

After several days of fruitless search, I heard of an apartment building on the edge of the Black Belt near Lake Michigan catering only to mixed couples. The landlord himself had a white wife and considered this a way to help others similarly paired. However, it was not altogether altruism; he charged more than the prevailing rates for similar accommodations in a district where rent was already exorbitantly high. Nevertheless, I was glad to get an apartment at any price. Actually, I could deduce by the look on his face when he first saw Charlene that he would rent to us even if it meant kicking out some of his present tenants. During our stay in his building he never gave up trying to get Charlene horizontal. After we had lived there several

months, he suggested to her one day that she could "make good money" of "at least a hundred dollars per date" as a choice call girl for an exclusive clientele at the Palmer House, Congress and Stevens Hotels where he had "connections." But he wanted no part of the "scratch," he hastened to explain. Instead he would be content with an occasional "sample" to assure himself the merchandise remained "in prime condition." Charlene laughed at him. However, her looks did get us the best suite in the building, a furnished apartment on the top floor of the three-story structure. We had a huge living room with in-a-door bed, a sizeable kitchen-dining room and private bath.

Four other couples could be classed as permanent residents. Others were transients, remaining from a week to a few months. Directly beneath us lived Herb and Jane. Herb—tall, thin, light brown—was described as a pimp, but this I doubted. However, he was a gambler and a hustler who also operated a small painting firm. Jane was from Tennessee, a thoroughly wholesome blonde farm girl who proved completely at home in the country when the four of us vacationed one summer in Michigan. Dave, a dark auto mechanic, lived with Rosa, a hefty blonde, on the second floor. Shortly after we moved in they decided to legalize their association with a wedding. Rosa's mother coming to the ensuing party in their apartment, becoming stoned on wine and telling Dave, "I never expected my daughter to marry a colored man. But since that's what she wants, take her with my blessing, but treat her right." Larry blew alto sax in a small swing band on North Clark Street. His woman was Lydia, a petite redhead who insisted on proudly lugging his instrument to the bus stop each night when he left for work. Marcus, who must have been a hustler only, lived with Karen, a sophisticated and svelte little ash blonde who always looked as if she had just stepped from the

pages of Harper's Bazaar. Instead she was a call girl making an excellent living in top Loop hotels. Karen had one flaw: her left hand had been amputated at the wrist. But she had such poised self-assurance and was so well adjusted you rarely noticed this handicap.

I realized, of course, that other black males would be the make for Charlene. A white woman who consorts with a Negro is obviously not prejudiced, and his ethnic brothers consider her fair game. I also believed other fay broads in the building would watch over their men like mother hens over baby chicks, and that, too, was correct. Charlene's extreme attractiveness usually made other women feel insecure.

We speedily adjusted to living together; the months in the hotel had given us a good start. In a way, this was a trial marriage. We habitually slept raw, usually undressing long before bedtime and not dressing until breakfast next morning. Sometimes as I was preparing to go to work, Charlene, now clothed but as usual without panties, would sit down on the big overstuffed couch, raise her dress above her hips, open her long sleek limbs and look at the ceiling. Almost invariably I stopped in my tracks. Even if I were pushed for time, I would at least kneel, part her long heavy lips, and plant a quick kiss on the pink interior of her shrine. On other occasions I would thrust my sword up to the hilt in her waiting sheath as she tossed her lovely legs across my shoulders and I held her body double against mine. Or maybe I would kiss her goodbye at the door, then feel her hand rubbing my pants. Invariably I stiffened. She would then lead me to the couch, unfasten my trousers and french me to ~~max~~. I later learned it was her master plan to keep me so busy at home I would have neither the time nor the capacity for outside activity, and for many months she was quite successful.

CHAPTER 24

In mid-February, I received a call from Hilda at the office.

"May I come by and see you briefly this afternoon?" she asked. "It's very urgent."

I wondered what she could possibly want. I hadn't seen her since Christmas week; she knew Charlene and I were now living together.

As soon as we were alone, she launched into her problem.

"I've missed my menstrual period," she said. "I'm now two weeks overdue. I think maybe we got caught that time around Christmas. Can you get me something to start me flowing?"

Well, now! Me knock up a girl? I was now forty and had been to bed with many women, some of them mothers with children, and had rarely used any kind of birth-control device. However, if Hilda were pregnant, undoubtedly I was responsible, for I was confident she had not allowed another stud to lie between her legs. But how could she be pregnant, when from all available evidence I was likely sterile? Undoubtedly, her menses was merely delayed for some reason neither of us knew.

"Don't worry, Baby," I told her. "I'll get something from a pharmacist friend. Where can I call you?"

She told me she was now living temporarily with a white couple both Charlene and I knew, less than a mile from our dwelling. Hilda had moved here for convenience while attending the university this quarter.

Next day I called, telling her I had a drug that would start her period. She asked me to come to her place immediately. She was alone when I arrived.

explaining nobody else would be there for at least two hours. As I handed her the small package, she said, "Why don't we have a session for old times' sake? If I'm not pregnant it won't make any difference and I've started a baby I can't get caught again anyway."

I have a serious speech impediment; I can't say "no" to a desirable woman. Besides, it had been over six weeks since our last intimacy and I still found her eminently appealing. We stripped.

Hilda liked to elevate her hips on a pillow and have me french her looking across her bush, saying it made me appear from her angle as if I wore a blonde mustache. Customarily she grabbed one of my hands and squeezed tightly, using her other hand to caress my head until she was ready to come. Then she pulled and held my face hard against her cunt. But this day as I started to thrust a double pillow beneath her soft bottom, she said, "Not this time. Let's try what you call 69."

I thought, *another convert, and at this late date.* She had frequently fondled my prick, coaxing and masturbating me to another erection when I was slow to stiffen for additional screwing, but she had never touched it with her mouth.

"Why?" I asked as I got above her.

"I've wanted to try it for some time but never had enough nerve to ask before. But I know I won't see you much, if at all, from now on and just this once, anyway, I wanted to try to make you feel as good as I do when you french me."

Even though a raw amateur, she got results. After fisting between her jaws, I withdrew my head from her thighs and looked around, intending to congratulate her for knocking a homerun her first time at bat. I found a puzzled look on her face as she frantically pointed to her mouth, cheeks puffed. I got the obvious message.

"Either swallow it or spit it out," I told her.

She hesitated, then arose and went to the bathroom. I heard her clear her throat twice before she returned.

"I guess I wasn't meant to french anybody," she said. "Oh, I enjoyed you in my mouth, but only because it was you. It's the taste of semen I can stand."

"I feel sort of rejected," I told her. "When you spit it out it makes me feel like you're getting rid of part of me."

"I'm sorry, really I am. I don't mean it that way. But I just can't swallow the stuff. I'd much rather have you spurt against my womb than my tonsils. I want you to shove it in me as soon as it gets hard again. And I feel embarrassed at asking this after what you said, but will you please eat me again before you leave?"

After that I did not hear from Hilda, and assumed the concoction got the desired results. In fact I have seen her only once since then, and that was three months later when she was hurrying out of a Loaf building just as I was rushing in. We could do no more than smile and speak in passing. Since I believed no useful purpose would be served in telling Charlene that Hilda's period was off schedule, I remained silent.

CHAPTER 25

As she predicted, Charlene's mother tried to talk her out of divorcing Kent. She did not know where her daughter now lived. She had only a telephone number in a white residential district where she could call and leave a message for her daughter. Meanwhile, word reached her that Charlene had been seen several times in public with "a big black nigger." However, nothing happened to stop Charlene's divorce. She received it late in April.

Doris had been unwilling to give me my freedom until my lawyer called on her with evidence of her real disease, the returned hot letter to her Cleveland paramour—and a promise to come back one night with a fifth of gin for a swinging party. Then she signed the proper papers for a cash consideration. A week after Charlene won her freedom, I got my divorce. That same week she and I were married.

Now that it was an accomplished fact, Charlene met her mother by prearrangement at a smart tea shoppe in the afternoon and told her she was now married to a Negro. Her mother was stunned, immediately assuming I had somehow cast a sinister spell over her innocent daughter, and begged Charlene to "come to your senses." And since she believed this would eventually happen, she begged Charlene not to have children by me which would bind her to a "horrible fate." Charlene has seen her mother only once since that day.

Increasing numbers of Charlene's former associates and school chums learned she had shed her first husband to marry a Negro. I met several, and we became friendly; we were invited to their homes and they

visited us. Neither Charlene nor I found resentment among them. Curiosity, yes, but antagonism, no. She confided they could hardly wait to get her alone to ask. "How big is he there? I understand colored men have huge ones," and were invariably disappointed when she answered frankly I was "just average size." One young redhead summed it up when she commented. "Gee, and I thought that was why you married him."

It is a fact that I found less resentment among whites who knew Charlene than among blacks who knew me. The union was completely beyond the comprehension of colored women. Charlene exuded style and class; she was not a whore. Since I was not wealthy and did not possess great prestige, they could not understand why a beautiful young white girl of obviously good breeding, a moneyed background and the chance to choose the pick of the Caucasian crop would tie herself to an older black man. It simply didn't make sense, and was therefore harder to accept.

Evidently word got around slowly to Doris, for it was several months after our marriage that she called me at the office one day, drunk and furious.

"You goddamn black bastard," she shouted over the phone, "waddya mean by ditching me to marry some white slut?"

"It's none of your business who I marry," I told her.

"The hell it's not! I'm comin' down there right now an' blow your black ass to kingdom come. You're not gonna do that to me!"

She hung up. But she did not come to the office. I later learned neighbors forcibly restrained her from leaving the building while she was stoned and evil. When she sobered she lost the desire.

A week later she called again, drunk this time also.

"I want you to come by and see me," she said.

"Why?"

"I want you to be my lover man. Even if you are

married again I want to be your outside woman. I'll settle for that. I don't want to do without you."

"But you've done without me for close to two years now."

"I was just waitin'. I figured you might change your mind and come back to me when you got tired of Flo. I didn't know you'd dumped her too."

"Not a chance, Doris. I feel the same way now I did the last time you mentioned sex. Remember?"

One day after I was cured of the gonorrhea she had given me, I had gone by the apartment and she had asked me to be intimate. Anticipating this request, I had taken out a condom and said, "I won't ever eat your cunt again. In fact, I won't even fuck you without protection. I don't want to take chances on catching something else." This had cooled any further consideration of sex until now.

Doris remembered. "Bob," she said over the phone, "go to hell." Then she added hurriedly. "You know I don't mean that. If you change your mind I'm ready. I'll always be ready."

Flo adjusted well. She not only visited our apartment but invited us both to various social affairs—to the disgust of many of her friends who thought she should have shown obvious bitterness. But Flo explained, "Life's too short to hold grudges. She simply beat my time. I like them both, so why be enemies?"

One July afternoon I came home to find Charlene quite depressed.

"I ran into Marian on the street today. We had a long talk," she said.

"So?" Marian was the distaff half of the couple at whose apartment Hilda had been living.

"She told me all about Hilda. Why didn't you tell me yourself?"

"Oh, you mean her late period and my getting

something to bring it on? What's so important about that?"

"That's not it, and you know it. I mean about you making her pregnant and her abortion."

"What in the world are you talking about?" I asked.

"Are you telling me you didn't know you knocked her up last Christmas when I was getting rid of Kent?"

"No, I didn't." My surprise was genuine. "She called me and said she might have been caught or else it was a delayed menses. Since I'd never in my life made a woman pregnant, I honestly didn't believe I could have started a baby. She asked me to get something to bring on her flow, and I got some ergot. Since I never heard from her again, I assumed it did the job. This is the first I ever heard about an actual pregnancy, let alone an abortion."

Charlene took a deep breath. "That stuff you got did no good. She didn't want to bother you any more. When she was certain she was actually pregnant, she wanted to have your baby, but Marian convinced her this was ridiculous, since you didn't love her and had no intention of marrying her. Trying to take care of a brown baby born out of wedlock would be just too much. So they found an abortionist. Hilda paid for it herself. Immediately afterward she came back to the apartment and spent the next two days with the most horrible pain imaginable. Marian says that during those two miserable days she cussed you in every conceivable way. But it seems wholly successful. She got you out of her system along with the fetus and now she's back in circulation. And do you know whom she's running around with now? Brace yourself. None other than Flo's estranged husband."

I looked flabbergasted, and then laughed. So did Charlene, in obvious relief.

"I guess you really did not know about Hilda," she said, "and I feel much better. Considerate as you

usually are, I wondered how you could have cold-bloodedly deserted Hilda when she had your child in her. But since you weren't aware, that changes everything. But do you know what really bothers me? That Hilda became pregnant and I haven't. And I do so want a baby of my own by you."

"In spite of what your mother says?"

"Mother can go to hell."

If Hilda had let me know the truth, I would have seen her through the abortion and paid for it despite her having told me more than once she would be solely responsible should she be caught when I did not use a condom. But what got me was the cold realization that I was not sterile. From now on, even though I was forty, I would need to use some birth-control device. I also found it ironic that the gal I had no intention of marrying had not only become pregnant by me but was now carrying on with the rejected spouse of a woman I had recently been frantic to marry. What were we doing, running finishing schools for each other? However, Hilda's association with him did not last long. She quit him for another stud when he would not engage in cunnilingus. I had spoiled her for a durable relationship with a cat who wouldn't nip.

The desire to become a mother grew daily with Charlene. After examination, a gynecologist began treating her for an acid condition which made her vagina a death trap for spermatozoa. One day she rushed to his office, holding a sample of my semen against her flesh to keep it warm and alive. Diagnosis showed my sperm were as active as an army of hungry ants. We kept a chart, using time and temperature to determine the date of ovulation as required by the rhythm method, and copulated copiously during her fertile cycle. I suspended all outside activity to maintain potency at home, and finally after sixteen months of marriage she conceived—only to have a miscarriage.

After three years we had our first, a boy. Then came a girl to keep our son company. Unintentionally we produced a third, then after that, sterilization. But what amazed me is that, despite numerous black partners, I have impregnated white women only—and just two of them.

CHAPTER 26

In 1950 we moved to Honolulu and a way of life radically different from that in Chicago. The Windy City is hot in summer, cold in winter; Honolulu's average between these seasons varies less than ten degrees. Chicago is all hustle and bustle and railroads and stockyards and crowded buildings and awful smells on a wide flat plain; Honolulu is leisurely and rests on mountains and valleys and Pacific shores and all year has fresh flowers on her breath. Chicagoans mind their own business, are cold and calculating and overcrowd their blacks in ghettos; Honolulu is an ethnic hash of rainbow people with Caucasians a minority of the total. Many Chicagoans resent a beautiful white woman with a black husband; in Honolulu where intermixing is commonplace we attract no notice except for size since we were far larger than most Orientals who were a clear numerical majority. Some residents automatically assumed Charlene was "part colored;" I know of no other section of the United States where a person is likely to be considered merely part Negro. In the rest of this democracy you are Negro, period, if you have any known African ancestry.

And the women, those kaleidoscopic women of Paradise! Not the few pure Hawaiians and Samoans, for they tend to run to lard; but mix them with Chinese or Japanese or Portuguese or any of a dozen European strains and so often you get a breathtaking blend. For those who like tiny dolls, there are Nipponeese and the darker, warmly luscious Filipinos. Chinese and Korean are usually taller, and Portuguese have a built-in sultriness typical of Mediterranean women whose

ancestors consorted with black Africans. Puerto Rican babes could, in many instances, be unadulterated Negroes—which many are. Add to this a sizeable quota of fay femmes, many tanned and healthy-looking from hours in the pounding sun, and there is enough variety to satisfy the most jaded appetite.

And in this land of perpetual spring, of lovely ladies ranging from black through brown and red and tan and yellow, of wildly exotic and alluring gals, the Negro stud makes out quickest and easiest with white chicks from the Mainland, either those who have come here to live or are visiting tourists. Local girls, as a group, have the fear and prejudice concerning black men learned as part of the American Way of Life; usually it takes time and patience to straighten their thinking. On the other hand, now that they are in a land where there is no strong antagonism toward miscegenation and where local brown boys (who would be considered Negroes in Chicago) walk arm in arm with blondes, fay broads lose their inhibitions and take to sepia studs. Thus we have the spectacle of black men coming over two thousand miles southwest of California and often bedding pinktoe gals who passed them unseeing on the streets at home.

One good look at the feminine landscape convinced me this was a place where I could swing strongly. In Chicago, after the kids came, there had been nothing like my earlier outside pace. Of my old playmates I had been intimate only with Cora—and just twice. When her lawyer-paramour returned from military service, he decided after several months of vacillation to remain with his wife. Very disheartened, she called me one afternoon and I went to her home to comfort her in the way she liked best. I didn't hear from her again for a year and a half. Then she telephoned to announce she was going to marry a postal clerk the following week and wanted a final all-out session with

me, whipped cream and all, "as a wedding present." She got it.

Charlene had met two studs who obviously moved her. It was apparent she longed to bounce with them. Reminding her of how much I would enjoy seeing her make it with another man, I suggested a trio session, but to no avail.

"I simply could not do that in front of another person," she said. "People look too grotesque when they fuck. Maybe later I'll lose this attitude, but at present I have a block against it."

I described again the memorable sessions I had with Doris, and pointed out the greater my emotional involvement with a woman, the more intense and gratifying my pleasure at seeing her in action. But still she refused, saying she wished she could because it would please me.

Several months before leaving Chicago we became quite friendly with another couple and reached such a stage of comaraderie that we made plans one Saturday night to swap mates, with Charlene going with the husband to his apartment and the wife accompanying me to mine. But that day their young daughter became suddenly ill. After that we never found a convenient time.

I was as much in love with Charlene as ever. Time had mellowed our relationship and given far more substance, for now there were the added factors of friendship, companionship and affection. Of course we had occasional minor fights; I expected that of a woman with spirit. The passing years and added experience made her even more physically appealing; it was an esthetic delight to proudly escort her in public.

Nevertheless, the time had come when I needed a more varied diet. Filet mignon was still my favorite food, but now that I was in a land of exotic viands I needed to sample new and different menus. Periodical-

ly, therefore, I stalked seemingly succulent babes with bed as the goal. I was the great black hunter out for whatever game reared its feminine head; if she was game so was I. Until I had been seen often enough to win the confidence of local chicks, I found Waikiki my most happy hunting ground. On Kalakaua Avenue, the main drag, where females of all ages walk the street in skimpy bikinis, and on the beaches virtually kissing the sidewalk where others sunbathed and loafed, and in the bars where many dolls sit eagerly waiting for action, there were always partners available for the male swinger of any color. During summer, Waikiki swells with coeds from all parts of the Mainland here ostensibly to attend the University of Hawaii summer session but actually out for wild kicks with beach boys and surfing bums. Winter brings an older, wealthier group, usually with husbands who want to learn if it's true what they say about those brown Polynesian maidens. I scored enough with the older babes to satisfy my taste for a supplement to filet mignon—especially after I hit upon the idea of going to Kapiolani Park in the middle of the day.

Kapiolani Park begins at the far end of the busy hotel, shop and beach area on Kalakaua, and runs almost to the foot of Diamond Head. It houses the city zoo, polo fields, rotunda for band concerts, Waikiki Shell for shows under the stars, an aquarium, natatorium, tennis courts and many picnic areas. Trees and benches are scattered liberally throughout. Tourists exploring within walking distance of their hotels or wandering back from the regular Kodak Hula Show, walk through the park with camera ready for action. I learned that by sitting alone at a table, ostensibly reading, I would be approached by or could diplomatically stop single women and friendly couples who strolled leisurely past.

This was how I met Alice, a widow from Butte,

Montana. It was summer, sunny and warm. I spotted her walking slowly some hundred yards away. As she drew closer I saw she was a brunette, around forty, plumpish but attractive. I hoped her meandering would bring her near my table so I could at least speak. Her face, I saw as she drew closer, was unhappy.

"Pardon me," I began when she was only a few feet from where I sat, "but I can't help noticing you look quite worried about something. Maybe I can help in some way."

She stopped, startled, and looked at me. Evidently I seemed safe enough, for she smiled faintly and replied, "It's nothing ... nothing at all."

"But something must be wrong," I insisted, "although I hope it's minor. Were you supposed to meet your husband out here somewhere and missed him?"

"Oh no. I'm a widow. My husband died a year ago."

"How unfortunate." I tried to get just the right amount of sympathy in my voice. "Had you planned to visit Hawaii together?" Her clothing had an expensive Mainland look.

She smiled broadly this time. "I don't think I could have pulled Jeff way out here from Butte with a team of horses."

"Butte, Montana? I was there once."

"You were? You're the first person I've seen in two weeks in Hawaii who's ever been to Butte!" She seemed genuinely pleased.

"If you're in no hurry, why not sit down and have a cigarette?"

She complied. I lit it and she asked, "When were you in Butte?"

"Ages ago. In June, I recall, and snow was piled near the railroad tracks. Miles and miles of barren or snow-covered land and no trees. The train—I think it was Union Pacific—went to the base of a huge, deso-

late mountain, turned around, and came back. I felt as if this were the end of the world, that there was absolutely nothing on the other side of that forbidding mountain."

"That's Butte, all right. But Jeff loved it."

"Jeff was your husband?"

"Yes, sorry. We were both born in Butte and finished school there. We started going together in high school, then got married. He was the only boy I ever dated."

"You must miss him terribly."

"I do! We were married twenty years. But I'm becoming adjusted."

"Any children?"

"One daughter. She's nineteen. She got married a couple months before Jeff died. She and her husband live in Minneapolis."

"That leaves you all alone?"

"Except for my parents. They live in Butte."

"Think you'll ever marry again?"

"If Mr. Right comes along. Except for being lonely now and then, I'm in no hurry. I'd like to enjoy life a little by myself first."

"Is that why you came to Hawaii?"

"Well ... yes. Yes .. I'd heard and read so much about the balmy nights, the swaying palms, the coral beaches ..."

"The romantic beach boys."

She blushed.

"And of course you found what you wanted. The romantic beach boys especially."

Her eyes dropped and she frowned. "Not exactly."

"Undoubtedly you will before you leave. How long'll you be here?"

She sighed. "That's just it. I'm going home tomorrow."

I understood it now, the reason for the unhappy

look, the slow reluctant walk. She was frustrated. This was my cue.

"D'you mean to say," I asked, pouring as much amazement into my voice as I could muster, "that as lovely and voluptuous as you are, the beach boys haven't literally fought each other for the privilege of your company? What's wrong with them? I know if I were a beach boy and saw you making the scene, I'd drop everything and dash straight to you."

"Oh, wait a minute," she laughed in embarrassment. "I know I'm nothing special ..."

"I disagree. You're very special. You're so very special that I couldn't take my eyes off you from the time I saw you walking across the park."

"But I'm too old," she protested, although obviously pleased. "What would the beach boys want with me when the beach is full of those pretty young coeds from everywhere?"

"Know what's wrong with you? You've got an inferiority complex. You simply do not know how appealing you really are. You look good enough to compete against any of these young girls. In addition, you've got something they haven't: the mellowness of experience. A woman isn't really at her best until she's thirty-five. Then she has the happy combination of youth, plus poise, plus practical living. You can't beat that."

She looked at me with an odd smile, saying slowly, "One thing about you. You sure know how to build up my ego."

"You're such a delight to be near," I said, moving my hand over to barely touch hers. She did not pull away. "I wish I could have met you when you first came to Honolulu."

"Why? What would you have done?"

"I'd have spent as much of every day and every night with you that you would have permitted." I

rubbed her hand delicately with the tips of my fingers, then moved up her arm. She shuddered almost imperceptibly and I noticed her breathing became more rapid. "Do you know," I went on, touching her cheek with my hand, "your skin is as soft as a baby's?" She didn't say anything, looking down, but her face was becoming flushed. "I like your hair and your brown eyes—but most of all I like your mouth. Your lips are so—so very sensuous." I leaned forward and kissed her. She did not draw away. Immediately beforehand I had glanced quickly around and saw there was no one within a hundred yards. She gasped as our lips met and I heard a hard, rapid intake of breath. I felt her flowing toward me. Then she pulled her head away.

"We shouldn't. Not out here in the open," she said.

"I know. But I was so carried away, my darling. I want to be with you the rest of the afternoon. I want to kiss you and hold you."

"I...you're the first man to kiss me since Jeff"

"Darling! A whole year? You must be starved for affection."

"I guess I am."

"I want you so very, very much. Please, darling."

She looked into my eyes, then turned her head away. Taking a deep breath, she said softly, "You'll be gentle, won't you?"

"Of course! I wouldn't dream of hurting you. And do you know, you haven't even told me your name?"

"It's Alice Lanier. And you?"

"John Jackson." I always used that name under these circumstances and for registering at hotels. "Where are you staying?"

She named her hotel. Knowing that she probably retained her Mainland behavior patterns despite the constant sight of brown boys and white girls parading boldly together, arms about each other, I suggested

that I drop her off at her hotel, park, and come up alone to her room. She nodded.

"I wish I could make you realize how lovely you are," I said. "You could turn on any man you wanted to. I'm wild about you already." I squeezed her hand as we arose from the park table.

Her eyes glowed warmly as she looked up at me. She was about five feet-four and weighed, I judged, around a hundred thirty-five—somewhat overweight, but it was well distributed. I was certain I had copped a real prize. She held on to my hand and walked quite close to me, then sat close as we drove the few blocks to her hotel. Her entire body almost vibrated with anticipation.

Finding a parking place in crowded Waikiki took time. I finally had to put my car in a lot. Almost a half hour elapsed before I knocked on her door. It was unlocked. I walked in.

"I...I thought you weren't coming," she said. "You took rather long."

"It seemed like hours to me. But an atom bomb could not have kept me away from you. Not as hungry as I am for you." I wrapped her in my arms and kissed her. She made no strong response, other than trembling, until I plowed my tongue between her teeth. Then she moaned softly and flung her arms around me. Suddenly she was boiling over; after a year of abstinence, what normal widow wouldn't?

"I want to undress you," I said.

"No." She sounded frightened. "I've never been naked before any man but Jeff. I won't want to seem prudish, but...well...I'm not used to anybody else"

"I understand. I'll turn my back until you tell me I may face you."

"Thanks, Johnny. I thought you'd understand."

I heard the rustle of clothing mixed with the dull drone of traffic five stories below. After several long

impatient minutes she announced, "You can turn around now."

She smiled timidly from the bed, a sheet drawn above the peaks of her breasts. I sat down to stroke her hair. There was a little gray in it, but not much. "You are thoroughly provocative and utterly desirable, lying there," I whispered as I bent over.

Alice began unbuttoning my Aloha shirt. "Do you know, I've never even touched a colored man's hand before today, and now here I am waiting for you to get in bed with me. And what's more, I'm impatient."

I undressed quickly. From the corner of my eye I saw her looking at me with intense curiosity, probably thinking to herself, they really are black all over. Her body was delightfully warm and soft as I crawled in bed beside her, thankful for air conditioning which made the room pleasant despite the booming afternoon sun. I reached under the sheet to seize a breast and found them far firmer than I expected of a woman her age. I fondled and massaged her globes as I kissed her face and neck and felt her body push strongly against me. Then I took a nipple between my lips. She pulled my head tightly against the yielding flesh. I started to tickle the upper part of her body, pulling the sheet away as I moved down.

"Your fingers feel like spiders," she said, "but I love it."

My tips flitted lightly under her titties, across her belly, down toward the black, hairy island, her breathing rising in rapidity with growing excitement. I could no longer keep my mouth from her. I doubted she had ever experienced cunnilingus, and relished the idea of being first with the same anticipation many men experience when they tap a maidenhead. As I kissed from her navel to her knee, and finally back up to the bottom of her pussy, then opened her double doors and entered her pink loving room with my tongue, she

screamed and cried out plaintively, "Johnny, Johnny!" That was all, except for the wind of moaning rising to a typhoon when she climaxed. Then afterward, calm.

But I was not. Nevertheless, despite my eagerness for genital union, I merely lay beside her to be certain that she was ready for further action.

She flung her arms around me and hugged me hard.

"Johnny, what do you call what you did? Was that touching?"

"Yes, darling. Did you like it?"

"Did I like it! What a silly question! Couldn't you tell?"

"I'd rather hear you say it."

"All right then, Johnny. It was great, stupendous! In all my life I've never felt anything like it. I often wondered how it felt. But Jeff would never have done anything of that sort, and I wouldn't have dared ask. Not that he was a prude; but I'm certain he thought, like so many people, that anybody who uses his mouth on a woman down there must be a pervert. Ridiculous, isn't it, when it feels so good? Or am I a pervert, too, because I like it?"

"There are a lot of absurd beliefs about sex," I said, "but, baby, you're no pervert. You're just a normal woman with perfectly normal desires." I kissed her, tipping my hard prick against her belly.

"I want that in me," she said, grabbing it with her hand. "You know, you're not huge like I always heard colored men are. I'm glad, because I was a little fearful. Now I'm not."

"Should I use something?" I asked. I didn't want Alice to be the third white woman I had knocked up.

"No, there's no danger. After my baby was born my doctor told me I could never have any more."

She was as appreciative of my stalk as of my tongue. After I ejaculated she wouldn't let me leave, holding me on with her arms for minutes afterward.

"You make love beautifully both ways, Johnny," she sighed. "I wish I'd met you when I first came here instead of my last day. Or that you lived in Butte."

"Butte? What could I do in Butte?"

"Oh, I'd give you a job at the store. Jeff and I owned a big hardware store. I still operate it. But that's silly, isn't it? I couldn't go anywhere with you in public—and sweet as you are, I couldn't keep you under cover."

"We'd have to settle for under covers."

"I thought Jeff was quite satisfying—but then, he's the only man I ever slept with up to now, so what did I know?" She began stroking my cock. "I guess I'm like most white women, curious about Negro men, since we're not supposed to have them. I'd heard you were such great lovers. If anybody asks me now, I can say it's true—and boy, do I mean it! You did say you could spend the afternoon with me, didn't you?"

As I nodded, she went on, "You touched something with your tongue down there that felt wonderful. Seemed like you pressed a button and it sent electric charges surging all through me. What was it, Johnny?"

"That was your clitoris."

"My clitoris? Really? So that's what it is."

For a short moment I thought she was putting me on. I couldn't believe anybody these days was that naive.

"Will you do that again, Johnny? French me, I mean?"

"I'd love to."

Suddenly she bent down and made of her mouth a sheath for my sword. It stiffened almost immediately.

"Ooh, I like that," she said, rubbing it now against her cheek. "I like the feel and taste of you in my mouth. That's something else I've always wanted to do. Can't we french each other at the same time?"

We made 69. She worked hard and vigorously, but I

did not come. After she had an orgasm, she said, "I'm sorry. I guess I just don't know how yet. I need experience—lots of it. But we can copulate. And will you let me get on top? I've never tried that, either." She giggled. "I must seem awful dumb for forty-one."

"You're forty-one? I'd have thought thirty-five, at the most. But you look as good as most gals in their twenties."

She got astride, facing my feet, and impaled herself to the hilt, giving a little cry. I watched her hips as they rotated and as my wet and shiny shaft was momentarily exposed. As soon as she climaxed, she rose and turned around to face me, again on top.

"I want your tongue in my mouth," she whispered.

Completion, and then Alice saying, "I don't wanna go home now! I want to stay here so I can enjoy you every day." She thought, brow wrinkling. "But I'd wear you out, and you'd tire of me. I know! I'll come back next year. You'll write to me, won't you, if I give you my address?"

This was more than I wanted. "In another year you'll find somebody you can enjoy."

"Not unless he's colored. I don't believe I'll find any white man as good as you. And you know I can't get involved with a colored man in Butte."

"Why don't you sell your store and move to some place like Detroit or Minneapolis or Chicago? Or else let somebody run it for you while you live elsewhere?"

"That's an idea!" she enthused. "A real good one. I'm sort of tired of Butte anyway. But I'm still coming back here."

"If you do, you'll find me in the park like you did today, and at about the same time. If I'm not there one day I'll undoubtedly show up the next. I'll be waiting."

We left it like that. But I never saw her again.

CHAPTER 27

Months pass before you make the right kind of connection in Kapiolani Park. During my entire ten years in Hawaii, I met only two other babes who were at all like Alice, and I never met another couple like Dorothy and Lloyd.

It was late November in 1958 when I met them. As usual, I was sitting by myself at a picnic table. Even if nothing interesting materialized, there was the park itself, restful and quiet and cool. Couples lay under huge shade trees, and people strolled leisurely past eating the ripe sun and spiced air. Women, when alone, were not the type to appeal to me or I did not appeal to them. Most couples were friendly but did not have the look of potential playmates.

From a block away I could spot a doll who could turn me on. This day in November I saw this gal and guy almost as soon as they left the sidewalk to cut across the vivid green grass in my direction. She was tiny but mighty; I received her message long before I saw her features. It was the way she walked and carried herself; none but an accomplished and confident swinger could move like that. The stud with her was also small; I wondered if he was her boy friend or her husband. She was blonde with hair the light yellow of mellowed straw. Short, I judged not over five feet, she wore her hair piled atop her head to give added height. Dark glasses covered her eyes but the rest of her face was pert and saucy with a frankly audacious turned-up nose and lips which turned down at the corners. Her face was striking enough to get her by with nothing else in her favor, but her appeal didn't

stop there. Blue short-shorts and a tight white sweater must have been poured into accentuated a small but beautifully proportioned shape; I doubt that she had ever weighed more than a hundred five but every pound had a purpose. I stared, desire rising as she drew closer. I judged her age as twenty-five and her companion, a nice-looking fellow, seemed perhaps a couple of years older.

Evidently they noticed and correctly interpreted the look on my face and, being the kind of couple they were, found it interesting enough to make conversation.

"Hi," the man said as they strolled a few feet away. She smiled.

"Hello," I said, "visiting Hawaii?"

"Yes," she answered, "our first trip."

"Wonderful! How long will you be here?"

"Another five days," he said. "Tomorrow we're going to the Outer Islands, then back here for another day, then home."

"Where's home?"

"Seattle."

"That's quite a city itself."

"Yeah, and we'll be glad to get back."

"Why? Don't you like Hawaii?"

"Oh, this is a beautiful land and the weather's great and there's lots of beautiful people, but after you've seen the sights there's not much to do," she said.

"There's just not enough action for us," he added.

"Action? Maybe you haven't been to the right places." Did they mean what I hoped they did? I'd find out. "This can be a real swinging town." I verbally underlined swinging.

They traded swift glances.

"Swinging? What do you mean by swinging?" he asked.

"Probably the same thing you mean."

"Are you sure? What do these swinging people here do for kicks?"

I looked her directly in the eye and said, "Same thing you do."

"He's got you there," he laughed.

"All right, I'll get personal," she said. "Are you a swinger?"

"Definitely," I answered.

"You mean you go in for fun and games?"

"All the way. And I'll tell you someting else: I've been swinging since 1937 in Chicago, with singles, couples and groups."

"Let's sit down and drop all pretenses," she said, deadly serious. "I wanna be sure I got it straight." They both joined me on the bench. She sat next to me and he on the far side of her. "You mean you have parties here—orgies is a better word—where people swap mates and do everything?"

"Yes. But it's very, very quiet. This is a small town and isolated on an island. Gossip gets around quickly in Honolulu."

"Everybody ought to be discreet anyway. Have you been to many?"

"No, not here. I confine my activities mainly to tourists, singles and couples."

She looked quickly back at him. He nodded. Her voice showed unmistakeable excitement as she said, "I like frank talk. If you're a real swinger, so do you. Let's use explicit, four-letter words. Basic Anglo-Saxon. Okay? Fine. Do you like to eat pussy? What do you do with a stud?"

Being close to her had upped my fever heat temperature even more. And with her leaning so close I could smell her perfume and feel her knockers pressing against me through the sweater, I was ready to take her on then and there in the park in broad daylight.

"All right, Baby," I said, looking at her but glancin-

periodically at her companion, "I'll dish it to you straight since you asked for it. I'm gonna tell it like it is. My favorite food is hot cunt. I like nothing better than snacking on a smoking snatch. I'm a Gourmet of Gash, and I've been dying to stick my tongue up your pussy since I spotted you walking toward me a few minutes ago. And after I finish I want to lie on my side and fuck you while I suck the hell out of his cock."

"That's what we wanna hear," she said, laughing gleefully. "That's the kind of swinging time we like with another stud. By the way, my name's Dorothy, but everybody calls me Dot. This is my husband, Lloyd. Now what's your name?"

"John Jackson—call me Johnny."

"Are you married, Johnny?" Lloyd asked.

"Yes."

"Does your wife swing?"

"No, damn it. Can't talk her into it. And it's a shame, too. Look." I took out my wallet and showed them a photo of Charlene and me snapped in Michigan. I knew it would knock them out.

"Jeez," Dot said, her eyes growing big. She had removed her dark glasses and I saw they were gray. "You got yourself a real beautiful gal. I'd love to taste that myself. She's white, isn't she?"

"Yeah. French and Italian."

"You gotta be good to have a wife like that," Lloyd said. "It's a real shame she's not a swinger."

"Exactly how I feel. But you should have met my first wife. She could keep up with all of us."

"What was she—white, too?"

"No, colored. And a switch hitter."

"I'm AC-DC too," Dot said, "and so is Lloyd. We've always wanted to party with a colored couple, incidentally, or at least a partner of either sex—but we've never found one."

"You have now."

"I mean back in Seattle. We've got a little club there. Four couples. We get together every weekend." She looked me up and down. "You're pretty big. Of course you're sitting but with those long legs of yours you look like you're around six feet. Are you big everywhere? In proportion?"

"Why don't you find out, darling, or is your hand paralyzed?" Lloyd asked.

Dot glanced around, saw we were virtually alone, looked into my face, grinned devilishly, and placed her hand on my crotch.

"Oooh, you're nice size! Not too big and not too small," she enthused. "Lloyd and I like 'em that way. And it feels like you're ready."

"Ever since I saw you. You're small, but you have stupendous allure and a terrific shape."

"She's thirty-four—twenty-one—thirty-four," Lloyd said proudly, "an' you oughta see those neat jugs of hers."

"I expect to. And I intend to kiss every bit of her gorgeous body."

"Lloyd will like that, won't you, Honey?" She turned to look lovingly at him. "He thoroughly enjoys watching another man make out with me. And the more I like what the other guy's doing, the better Lloyd enjoys it."

"I know exactly how he feels," I said. "That's why I'm so frantic to have Charlene join with me in swinging parties."

"The family that fucks together stays together, to paraphrase a well known saying," Lloyd cut in.

"I suppose you've tried just about everything, haven't you?" Dot asked. "You've been at it so long."

"Plenty. But I've still got a lot to learn at even this late date. Every so often something happens to amaze me."

I told them about a white marine sergeant who

appeared one day with a small airplane travel bag and his wife, a voluptuous redhead, at the Green Goose, a bar in Honolulu's "Little Harlem" on Smith Street, run operated by one of my friends.

Calling Dave, the proprietor, aside, he said, "How would you and some of your buddies like to entertain my wife?" When Dave looked at him in disbelief, he said, "I mean it. If you've got a small private room we're ready. She gets her kicks taking on as many different guys as she can until she tires out. I get mine watching through a keyhole or a crack in the door."

"What does she charge?" Dave asked.

"Charge? Hell, my wife's no whore. We do this whenever the mood strikes because we enjoy it. But if you're not interested . . ."

"I didn't say that." Dave took another appraising look at the wife standing nonchalantly to one side, waiting. He couldn't find a single flaw. Not only was she beautifully constructed but she had an unusually pretty and sensuous face. Hell, if that was how she and her husband got their special jollies, who was he to object? Without further hesitation, he led them to his small office which contained a cot where he sometimes napped or swung with a girl friend.

"I've got one request," the sergeant said. "Try your damnedest to pick only clean guys: that is, fellows you are pretty sure don't have VD. And don't tell 'em I'm watching."

Dave nodded and asked a friend to round up all qualified cats. There was a parade of some eight or nine black studs who went to the little office and came out grinning. The sergeant, meanwhile, crouched periodically as he watched unobserved. Most of those who went with his wife, two remained nude throughout the session, were strictly genital to genital performers but two partners, when they saw this allur-

ing redhead doll stretched out and apparently to onlookers, frenched her.

From then on this white couple visited the Green Goose an average of once monthly. And when the sergeant was observed walking down Smith Street with a bag on one hand and his sexy wife, word would get around and soon the bar would come alive with expectant males who knew the score. This went on for five or six months until the sergeant was transferred to a post on the Mainland—to the everlasting regret of those who had participated in the monthly ritual.

"Were you among them?" Lloyd asked.

"Just once. And I was, naturally, one of those who frenched her, although I knew her husband was watching."

"Why only once?"

"They had no set schedule, and this was the only time I happened to be present when they showed up. I don't regularly frequent that area."

"Sounds like she was a nympho."

"I don't know. But she came twice for me, once each way. I think she was simply highly sexed and wanted black partners."

"Were you first when you saw her?" Dot asked.

"No, I was number seven. I wanted her so bad that come was almost cascading from her cunt when I got it."

"Jeez, a real glutton."

"That's one reason why I call myself a Gourmet Gash. One of my prime fantasies is that I'm attending a gigantic orgy with all kinds of desirable women, watch each in action, maybe helping out in some of my special ways. And after each gal gets through squats over my mouth and I use my tongue for a bit. My other major fantasy is that I watch my wife on five or six studs and I suck out the juice after one."

"Damn, man! You really love the stuff!" Lloyd said in awe.

"Yeah, and do you know, I don't like perfume on a woman's genitals? Nothing is more stimulating than the aroma of a hot, healthy hole. I wish they could bottle the scent."

"Eau de Twat," Lloyd commented.

"Listen, this isn't helping me any," Dot cut in. "You've both got me so hot I feel like that live volcano we're gonna see. Let's get over to our hotel right now."

As soon as we reached their room and closed the door, Dot unzipped my trousers saying, "I've never seen a black cock close up before." She examined it carefully as it lay in her hand, then bent over and took it in her mouth.

"It looks appetizing, like a well-cooked sausage," she commented, "with a head." She beckoned to Lloyd. "Come here, lover. You know I love to compare pecker sizes." Taking his from his trousers, she fondled it with her free hand. "They're both nice. I like the contrast in color." Asking us to stand facing each other, in order to run her lips and tongue up and down each cock, she said, "A gal couldn't go wrong with either

one." Quickly undressing she stood naked before us and turned slowly and proudly around. Dot was one those rare dolls who look as fetching nude as dressed. I found her ass as appealing as her jiggling breasts, lovely as they were. Unlike most pinktoe badges, she was definitely steatopygic. Her nates were like two Golden Delicious apples and I wanted to bite into them. I stripped speedily but Lloyd was in no great hurry. Dot reached up and threw both arms around my neck, her titties feeling tipped with fire. As I bent way over to kiss her, she pulled me in front of the long mirror in the bathroom door so she could see how we looked pressed together, then commented to Lloyd,

"How's this, Hon, for contrast? I've always wondered how I'd look beside a big colored man. And I'd better get all these repressed desires out of my system now, for it may be a long time before we have a chance like this again."

I seized her appetizing, creamy breast. "I'm hungry."

"Oh, then get on the bed and have one of Dot's dinners," she said. "It's feeding time anyway."

I hiked all over her upper body with my mouth down to her blonde muff, then asked if she would like 69.

"No. Too hard to concentrate on two great things at once. When I french a guy I want to give him my undivided attention, and when I'm being sucked I want no distractions."

"She likes fingers in her," Lloyd said. "Stick a finger up her asshole and two or three up her crack while you eat it. She'll go wild."

Facing her feet I followed her husband's suggestions. She had a nice knob of a clitoris and thick labia which I assumed came from heavy Lesbian activity. Lloyd meanwhile stripped and sat on the side of the bed. Dot asked him to hold her hand shortly before she climaxed, long and strong.

"And now," she said, "fill my pussy with that stiff black pole of yours. Shove it all the way in, and fuck me like hell! By the way, don't worry about a thing. I take the pill."

"I'm ready for you, too," I told Lloyd.

Under circumstances like these, I enjoy sucking another man's cock. Simultaneous oral and genital coitus with husband and wife is fun, and I feel I'm treating both equally. I lay on my side at right angles to Dot, and as she snatched my tool I took Lloyd's prick and felt its smooth warm hardness between my jaws. Dot grabbed a hip to hold me firmly inside her.

As we writhed my tongue worked rapidly on the sensitive underside of Lloyd's tool while I held it steady with one hand and massaged his balls with the other. I saw Dot and Lloyd embrace and kiss. As he began to ejaculate, his nuts turned and twisted in their flesh sack. I sucked harder, taking its entire length into my mouth like a sword swallower, and felt the semen spurt down my throat just as my own dam broke and I bolted into his wife. Dot came too, and the three of us crashed and tumbled from the mountain in a wild thrashing until we rolled to a stop in the valley below, for the moment completely spent.

"I wish to hell you lived in Seattle," Dot finally managed to say. "Our whole club would have a real ball with you!"

"It would be a Grade A blast," I said. "I like uninhibited couples, group sex, a man and a woman or two gals."

"How about another fellow?" Lloyd asked.

"No. I don't care for exclusively homosexual sessions. There's got to be a gal involved. It's not because of the semen: I don't mind that. But I'm just not moved by the prospect of a strictly male connection. And by the way, in case you didn't know, come has an entirely different taste when it runs back out of a gash. Mixing with a woman's juices changes its flavor and general character."

"Yeah, you're a Gourmet of Gash all right," Dot said.

I ran my hands lightly over her enticing hips. I wanted to enjoy them next.

"Lie on your right side and draw up both legs at right angles to your body," I told her. "The gourmet wants another delicacy."

Dot looked puzzled but complied. Lloyd watched in fascination as I lay behind her, my head toward her feet. Very delicately I fluttered my fingers across each

hip and then down the front, sides and back of each thigh, returning to her buttocks. At first she was motionless, then there began a gentle tremor like a small breeze rippling the calm surface of a lake. Soon there were strong waves of shivers as her nerve edges seemed to virtually rise out of her skin, she told me later. I rubbed my cheeks against the warm flesh, then bit her apple-like ass all over. Finally I pulled her hips apart until they were taut, and with my tongue I strolled down the valley, stopping at the center pit. I licked all around it, then shoved my tongue inside. She wiggled ecstatically; she had never been rimmed before. Surrounding her crater with my mouth, I pulled and sucked, momentarily releasing it from time to time. Her anal muscles alternately tightened and relaxed. Meanwhile she was muttering, "God, God, God!" Then I bit the flesh immediately below her pit, at the same time opening the lips of her pussy. She was still wet from my come. I opened my mouth wide, covering both asshole and cunt simultaneously, and raced my tongue from hole to hole over those few inches of sensitive flesh between. The stimulation was so overwhelming that she climaxed—the most unusual orgasm she had ever had, she said afterward. Lloyd meanwhile had leaned real close, his prick hard again and throbbing.

"I wanna fuck while I still feel this way!" she cried.

"Would you like me to be your living mattress?" I asked.

"How?" This from both in unison.

I got on my back. "Place a pillow across my midsection and lie down," I told her. "Put that lovely bottom of yours right above my face. Now, Lloyd, get on her and do your damnedest."

"You won't suffocate?" Dot asked.

"No, you're both lightweights. Besides, what's a

little discomfort compared with the joy of tonguing your asshole while you screw?"

I placed a hand under each apple hip so I could control their pressure and move my mouth as I chose, and he topped her. I felt her flesh tighten as he entered and his balls moving softly across my forehead with each thrust. With the added stimulation of my tongue she climaxed within seconds, saying, "It's so good I can't stand it, I can't stand it!" Their pungent aroma increased my tremendous excitement, and when his gun went off their sauce trickled from the bottom of her filled cunt to my open mouth. As his now-limp sword slipped from her sheath, the bow of hot juice increased and I rapidly tongued it out. Immediately Dot got up and turned around, again squatting over my mouth to drain as she began mouthing my cock. She was so expert I went off like a firecracker; by now my own mouth was glued to her gash and I sucked her pussy like a mango.

"I'm certain of one thing," Lloyd commented later, "you didn't learn this in any book."

I nodded and recounted my experiences with Doris and my dear friends killed in that car crash en route to Philadelphia.

"We'll be back in Honolulu for a day after our trip to the Outer Islands," Dot said. "How about getting together then?"

"I'm all for it," I told them.

We were like old friends when I saw them four days later; nothing establishes genuine warmth between swingers like a successful sex session.

"How do you make out with Oriental couples?" Lloyd wanted to know.

"I haven't heard of much activity with couples as yet," I said. "I suppose it's because most husbands have a carry-over from ancestral cultural patterns in

which women are mere possessions while men are expected to run around as they please."

"That's a lotta crap," Dot said.

"I agree, and I envy you and Lloyd. You swing together. But with Oriental women it's another matter. However, when their husbands aren't around they act like all the rest here in Hawaii. They'll take you on if you move them and they think they can get away with it."

"And by the way, some of these moneyed Oriental men have real imagination. One of my close friends is a Japanese named Tomio, who is himself a close friend of a prominent Tokyo banker. Recently this banker and a business associate were here from Japan. Locally there is a Chinese millionaire anxious to do business with this Tokyo bank. To help pave the way, he staged some very special entertainment at an expensive suite in a major Waikiki hotel for Tomio and the bankers from Japan.

"When the trio arrived at the hotel, they found eight young girls, none older than twenty-two, all beautifully built and delightful to see. Each was chosen as representative of a major group here: Hawaiian, Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Puerto Rican, Filipino, Portuguese and a blonde classed as 'cosmopolitan,' a catch-all for mixtures. Each girl wore a brief and highly provocative costume symbolic of her national background. They were all lounging in the softly lighted parlor, specially and skillfully decorated. The three guests were joined by their host and all were served warm sake by the eight young beauties. Then as the rice wine began to work, four other shapely and attractive young women, all completely nude, appeared and carried the men to another room where each was bathed and briefly massaged. Then the quartet, each member by now thoroughly aroused, was taken to still another room, barren except for cushions everywhere. The eight beauties

were also present, and when the men entered the girls, slowly and seductively, to the accompaniment of soft music, removed their costumes and paraded nude.

The host explained there would be a contest. He signalled the beauties and immediately they formed a circle facing inward, bent over, and each grabbed her ankles. Thrust before these studs now were eight of the most tempting twats ever visible at one time. The contest would be like this: each man was to go up behind each girl in turn, starting clockwise, thrust in his prick up to the hilt, and then withdrew immediately. The winner would be whoever entered the most girls before shooting off, and he would then have first choice of any two girls for the rest of the evening.

Tomio told me that what with being massaged by the naked women and drinking the sake, he was ready to bust his nuts just by looking at the tantalizing snatches of the young girls. But evidently their host had mixed something with the wine that not only increased their virility but inhibited quick release. Even though each girl thrust back against him and wiggled her soft hips as he rammed his pole all the way in, he was able to preserve that rare feeling of total enjoyment without ejaculation until he had made it around the circle one and a half times. When he did climax it was with the blonde. And he says he doesn't ever remember having such a magnificent orgasm as took place then."

"Did he win?" Dot asked.

"No. He was third. One of the Tokyo bankers completed the circle twice, and the host made fourteen entries and withdrawals himself. However, it didn't really matter. All eight dolls were so eminently desirable Tomio was happy with any of them. Later they switched anyway. The four naked girl attendants kept them all cleaned up. They had a real orgy. The party didn't break up until around five in the morning."

"What a night!" Lloyd said. "Wish I coulda been there."

"I'd probably have over-eaten," I said. "Tomio told me that never before, not even when he was a boy, had he been so virile. Later he asked the host what the aphrodisiac was, but he wouldn't tell. He said only that it was something he heard about and got when he was in East Africa. And by the way, if anybody says there's no such thing as a genuine aphrodisiac, tell him he's nuts."

"Jeez, eight girls!" Dot mused. "Plus four attendants! I'd have knocked myself completely out."

"You'd have been busy with four studs, too," I said. "The blonde that night was overworked. Oriental cats are real weak for blondes—in fact, they go for all white women in a big way. A fay prostitute who may be literally starving around Los Angeles can come over here and coin a mint. Some Orientals think it gives them prestige to keep a white broad either for their exclusive use or for themselves and close friends."

"Were these girls at the party whores?" Dot asked.

"None was a pro. All were students at the University of Hawaii. When a chick is in school and has to operate on a tight budget, she's not going to turn down five-hundred dollars for a night of screwing if she's a practical person."

"Hell, damn few women, no matter who they are, would refuse that much bread," Lloyd commented.

"Quite a few coeds are available for special affairs," I said. "Usually they'll accommodate well-heeled tourists for a price, but for the most part it's posing nude for photographs. Chicks who would be grossly insulted if some of the local boys asked them to pose won't bat an eye at stripping for visitors. It's unlikely they'll ever see the tourists again after they leave, or that the pictures will float around town, so they don't expect to be embarrassed. Nevertheless, some wild prints do get

back to Honolulu. I've seen some—and I know the girls pictured would have six kinds of fits if they knew everybody here had ever seen 'em."

"How about stag movies?" Lloyd asked. "I imagine there'd be a lot here from Japan."

"There are some, but the prices are awfully high. It's not easy to smuggle them in, although some people do. Occasionally some are shot here in Hawaii, out in the open on secluded beaches—and then described in the credits as 'made in Florida.'"

"I suppose, when you get down to it, Hawaii is much like the rest of the states," Dot commented.

"In many ways, yes. But in other ways there's a five-to-ten-year time lag. In mate swapping, for instance, we're about like the rest of the nation was ten years ago. Right now most of the activity is among military couples or the local equivalent of the Jet Set."

"You must miss those swinging parties you enjoyed back in Chicago."

"That's for sure. And it's one of the reasons why I enjoyed getting acquainted with you both out in the park."

"If we don't get with it we're gonna run out of time," Dot said as she began undressing.

"I've been looking forward to seeing you in action with my wife again," Lloyd said. "That other time was a real blast. The color contrast fascinated me all by itself. But when you came on with your variations, man, it was the end, the very end."

After another tasty feast between her thighs, I told them I had another innovation. Asking Lloyd to lie face up on the bed, a pillow beneath his hips, I directed Dot to squat above, facing forward, and I would join them together. Then I lay between Lloyd's thighs just behind the action area. Parting her luscious labia, I took his prick, ran my tongue quickly over the

head and inserted it slowly in her wet gap, flicking my tongue around the entrance. I maintained oral contact here, the back of his cock and the bottom of her cunt constantly aware of my moving tongue as he thrust in. When her scabbard had completely swallowed his dagger, I raced back and forth from his nuts to her asshole, returning to lick both as they moved apart for another thrust. Once when his dick accidentally slipped out, I speedily took it all in my mouth to suck away the thin juice from inside her, and then licked as far up the open cunt as I could reach before I reunited them. Then, as Dot began her orgasm, I fastened my teeth around her crater and bit, tongueing furiously away, while I fondled her husband's balls. Both cried out from intensified sensation, and I released neither until they stopped their joint writhing. I asked Dot to rise slowly from his pole, exposing only an inch or so at a time, so that I could suck away the combined sex sauce buttering his cock. At last it plopped out, leaving her gash still loaded. The white semen dribbled slowly from her tangy twat. I caught every drop as it fell, then inserted my finger up her to pull down the rest. When there was no more, I kissed her softly and appreciatively, from the oval fringe of light hair to the interior of her thick pink lips, ending with a long final kiss in the exact enter of her asshole. Until now Charlene had been the only woman who moved me to analingus, and for the millionth time I wished my wife would engage in passion parties so I could do with her as I had with Dot.

"One of my main kicks from swinging sessions with a new partner is not knowing in advance exactly what's going to happen," Dot told me. "You may have a general idea, but that's all. No two people are ever exactly alike."

"We've been swinging together as a team for almost five years," Lloyd added, "and we're constantly learn-

ing something new. You've really added to our education, Johnny."

"We may never see you again, unless you visit Seattle—and we both wish you would—so I want total experience with you," Dot said. "Right now I'd like for you to put that sweet black peter of yours between my jugs. I'm also hung up on color contrast and I want to see it working there."

I straddled her chest and she wrapped her white milk wagons around my pole, squeezing it between them as she looked on. I started playing with her blonde hair, thinking momentarily of Hilda and idly wondering what had become of her. Lloyd watched for a while then said, "Now it's my turn. I want him to fuck me in my mouth."

I flopped on my back and he grabbed my pole with both hands, rubbed the head across his lips, then began sucking. I asked Dot to squat over my face; whenever possible I want my tongue up a twat when I come from being frenched. I went after her pussy so fervently that she had an orgasm just before my gun boomed in Lloyd's mouth.

"Even though you haven't had a session with Oriental couples, you must have gone to bed with Oriental girls," Lloyd said as we rested. "How are they?"

"Usually Japanese girls don't appeal to me. As a rule they're too little, with tiny breasts, short legs and long torsos. In addition some look so fragile I'm afraid I'd break them in half."

"Hey, I'm not big," Dot protested.

"Yes, but you're what I'd call ideally proportioned. I've been brainwashed by Hollywood for so long that I accept their ideal figure of the moment as the standard for all women, except for one thing. I do like a somewhat steatopygic doll. Most black gals have too much can and most white babes don't have enough. But Dot, you've got what I consider the ideal bottom—

you and Charlene. Most Oriental gals are flat, too. On the other hand, some of the most unbelievably beautiful girls I have ever seen have been Japanese. But the quantity is small. And, incidentally, many have the complement to my own attitude."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning they think I'd smash 'em because of my size or else that I've got too much jock for their little quims. I'm told that during and right after World War I, some of the Japanese whores found it either too painful or physically impossible to take on a lot of the black soldiers and sailors."

"You're not small, but you're not that big," Dot said.

"I know, but sometimes they judge by the cover without opening the book."

"What about Chinese chicks?" Lloyd asked.

"Usually they're bigger than Japanese, being taller and with longer legs."

"You've tried them both, of course."

"A few experiences, by luck or accident, maybe both. One happened downtown in front of the Palace one day when a woman couldn't get her Volkswagen started. We were at a stoplight and I was right behind her, so I gave her a push to get her going. Her car still wouldn't start. I continued pushing until I could get her to one side out of traffic. Then I got out to take a look. I'm no mechanic, but I thought she might have been out of gas and not realized it. She was alone—Japanese, about thirty-five, very smartly attired and coiffured and with the neatness and cleanliness I find typical of Japanese women. I looked at her and she smiled helplessly back. I don't think any women can look so helplessly feminine and make a man feel so overpoweringly masculine as the Japanese; that goes for even the ugly ones, the scarecrows. But this woman

was no scarecrow. In fact, she was mighty damn good-looking. However, I harbored no immediate horizontal thoughts. I reached through on the driver's side to wipe away some dust and check the fuel indicator on the dashboard, and noticed her dress was several inches above her knees. She wore nylons and enough was exposed to reveal where they fastened to her garters. When I withdrew my hand I accidentally touched her knee—I mean it really was an accident, in spite of what you may think—and she sort of gasped. But she made no move to pull her dress down.

"I offered to push her to the nearest service station and she accepted. When we reached there we both got out of our cars and I saw she was one of those rarities, a Japanese woman with sizeable knockers, an ample ass and a lovely, though tiny, little figure. The garage mechanic took a brief look at the car and said they'd have to send out to get a replacement part before it could be repaired. It would not be ready for a couple of hours. I asked if there was any place she'd like to have me take her, and she said there was nothing she could possibly do until she got her auto. I suggested that in that case, since I wasn't busy, I'd love to drive her out to a park or to a bar for a couple of hours and I'd bring her back to the garage. She hesitated for a second or so, looking at me questionably with those dark almond eyes, then said, 'Okay.'"

"By now that Japanese magic that can turn a Casper Milquetoast into a Saint George was working on me full blast. It had been growing ever since she first smiled at me helplessly and I accidentally touched her knee. Myra—that was her name—had become the personification of cuddlesome, dependent femininity. When she got into my front seat I couldn't help thinking of her as a lovely, delicate little doll who had been granted life and wanted to please me. And of course I was completely aroused.

"'You're awfully nice,' she told me. 'Why're you taking so much time with a stranger?'

"I told her, 'Because you need a friend right now—what with your car not running. If you can't stop to help somebody who needs help, what's the use of living?'

"Then she said, 'I'd heard you colored men were very kind and considerate, and now I know it.'

"This gave me an opening. I put my hand on hers and said, 'I can't imagine anybody not being nice to you, as lovely as you are.'

"She didn't move her hand. Instead she said, 'One of my very close friends married a colored service man right after the war and moved to Cleveland. She says some of her other friends told her she was making a mistake, but they were all wrong. She says she couldn't have found a finer husband anywhere.'

"We had pulled up to a red light. I squeezed her hand and said, 'Myra, you are very disturbing. I thought at first you were pretty. I was wrong. You're beautiful. You're delicately beautiful like an exquisite doll. But you're disturbing because you're also human, utterly feminine and so very, very appealing.'

"She turned her head away and said, 'My husband never tells me anything like that. I know it's a lot of humbug, but I'm woman enough to want to hear it anyway.'

"I asked, 'What's wrong with your husband? Doesn't he appreciate this priceless and rare jewel of a woman he has?'

"As the red light changed and I started driving, she said, 'He's like the old Japanese in his attitudes. He considers his wife a piece of furniture to be used when he sees fit. He never thinks of telling me anything nice.'

"I told her, 'What a pity. If I were around you I couldn't ever keep silent. I'd remind you every five

minutes how devastatingly adorable you look, and I'd want to kiss you all the time.' If you think Orientals are inscrutable, you're wrong. She was blushing like a young girl and looking so very pleased. So I added, 'I'd want to kiss you—all over.'

"I heard her suck in her breath, and her voice was trembling when she asked, 'What do you mean, all over?'

"I said, 'I mean everywhere.' I'd reached a spot where I could park for a time. I took both her hands and held them very tightly. I leaned closer so I could look her directly in the eye as I said, 'Every inch of you is so thoroughly delectable it would be a rare privilege to kiss you everywhere, from that lovely black hair on your head to your tiny feet.' It was easy to tell I had her genuinely excited. So I went on, 'You're like a perfect flower that blooms once in a generation.' It was a snow job, and we both knew it, but that was unimportant. She was breathing very rapidly. I bent over and kissed the tips of her fingers quite gently. And now I was ready to come on with what I believed would be the clincher. I said, 'You're so exquisite I wish I could put you in a golden shrine and burn incense to you.' And from the look which came over her face I knew I had struck pay dirt."

"Why? What's so earth-shaking about that?" Dot asked.

"Myra was married to a Japanese rooted in old-school thinking. In Japan, there's no tradition, like in America, of placing women on a pedestal. Not only that, but she was starving for affection. So when she heard not only words of affection from me but an indication that I was ready to worship at her feet, she simply melted, even though she knew inside that this was pure jive."

"What did she say then?" Lloyd asked.

"She said, 'I know I shouldn't pay any attention to

you, but I can't help myself. You make me feel important and wanted, and I like that for a change. And just once I'd like to be kissed—like you say.' She was so red for embarrassment she couldn't look at me, but she was also so aroused I knew she would go through with it. She said, "My husband would kill me if he thought I went with another man any kind of way, yet I know he gets around. He goes to teahouses at night while I'm stuck home with the kids. It isn't fair, is it?" Since she was trying to rationalize her contemplated act, I helped by condemning the double standard. And that was no bull, because it's the way I felt. Everything I do Charlene can also do without objection from me. I think that's only fair."

"We agree," Lloyd said, "but let's get back to Myra."

"She told me she'd have to go some place where she would not be recognized. I have a friend who keeps an apartment here in Waikiki for just that purpose. So we went there. Myra was trembling. On the way she said, 'I hope you're not as big as you look. You know most Japanese men have small ones.' I told her not to worry.

"I undressed her myself. She liked that immensely. In fact she liked everything. When we were ready to screw, she insisted on squatting above me. And by the way, she really was exquisite naked, and thoroughly delightful in every way. She tried to be reserved in her reactions—but failed, of course, and ended up almost a maniac. When we were dressing to leave, she asked me to hold her tight and squeeze her almost breathless. I did, and she told me, 'I used to dream somebody would make love to me as you did, and now that it has come true I'm scared. I'm so scared I'm never going to see you again. It's not because I'm afraid my husband might find out, but for my own sake. Another session like this and I'd want to quit him. You could easily

make me your absolute slave—and I can't afford that. So I'm quitting after one time with you, while I still can. Then I can pretend it was just something very wonderful that I just dreamed once and as time passes I'll let it go at that. I'm simply not going to lay with dynamite. So kiss me—real long—and when you drop me at the garage it's sayonara—but you know I'll be reliving this day the rest of my life.'"

"And you never saw her again?" Dot asked.

"Just once. Some months later I pulled up at a stoplight and she was in the car beside me on my left with some older Japanese man. I took it for granted he was her husband. She turned her head casually, saw me, and her eyes grew big. Then she rolled them in the direction of her companion as if to say, 'This is my old man,' and evidently thought of something amusing to tell him because he started laughing. This gave her a chance to turn back to me just as the light changed to green, smile, and wink one eye. I haven't seen her at all since then."

"Any others?" Lloyd asked.

"Yeah. Chinese. And I met her purely by accident, too. One day around noon I happened to be standing near a mailbox where you can post letters from a car. A Continental braked to a stop and the driver, a smartly dressed woman, scooted across the seat with a handful of letters. I decided to be helpful when it looked as if she would have a hard time reaching the mailbox and stepped over to the car to take them. Now when a woman driver squirms out from under the steering wheel to the other side of the car, her legs part and her skirts ride up her thighs. That's exactly what happened this time. I also saw something else as I stepped up to her Continental. She had no panties on. If her thighs had been thinner I could have seen her own male box. As it was I did see the top of her muff. I couldn't take my eyes away. No matter how much

pussy I see, I can't stop staring at a new one. I racked my brain for something crazy to say. As I took her letters I came out with, 'That reminds me, it's just about lunch time.' She looked puzzled, then saw where my gaze was focused and looked there herself. She jerked her knees together and I thought she was going to gun the motor and drive away, furious.

"Sometimes I'm lucky enough to run into a nonconformist babe. This was one of those times. Instead of splitting, she asked sweetly, 'And just what, pray tell, do you usually have for lunch?' I told her, 'I'm a gourmet. When possible I like some delectable delicacy I've never tasted before.' By now I had noticed her face. It was round, definitely devilish, and I judged her to be about thirty. She seemed much taller than the usual Japanese so I assumed she was Chinese or Korean. I saw also that she was rather buxom, but I had been turned on so strongly by that glimpse of her Promised Land that she would have had to be a scarecrow to cool me down—and she was far from that.

"She repeated, 'Some delectable delicacy. Now what has that got to do with me?' I played innocent and asked, 'Who said it did?' She came back with, 'But you looked under my ...' and then stopped in confusion. So I told her, 'As a matter of fact, you do look delicious,' and she repleid, 'Make up your mind,' so I told her, 'I have. And, as I said before, it's lunch time.'

"She fell right in with the idea and grinned devilishly as she asked, 'And what is it you wanted to eat?' I replied, 'Oh, just something I saw. It looked awfully good.' Then she said, 'I don't usually go around without panties. I left home in such a hurry I forgot them.' I told her I was very glad, because otherwise I would not have been able to choose what I wanted to make a meal of. Then she asked me, 'Are you serious?' and I told her 'Completely. Baby, I'll be blunt. Just that one look and I'm panting to put my mouth where your

thighs meet. I'm starving for you.' She told me then, 'In that case I'm all for it. I'm just too kindhearted to withhold sustenance from the truly hungry.'

"When she learned I had my own car, she gave me her address and asked me to wait ten mintues, then come to her house and bring books or a briefcase so any nosy neighbors would think it was a business call. I asked about her husband because I had spotted a wedding ring.

"She said, 'He's in Hong Kong on business and that's the whole trouble. He was supposed to be gone a month. He wrote me it would take another month to transact his business. That should have brought him back this week. But a couple of days ago he said he learned he would have to stop in Tokyo and Manila, and therefore must stay away still another month. Meanwhile I'm suffering. I could do without for a month but after two months it's misery. And now, I'm supposed to wait still another. I've got too much nature to do without that long. I really do need satisfaction. I've tried masturbation, but that doesn't help much. Frankly, I didn't forget my panties. I'm so horny I can't stand for anything, not even panties, to touch me. I really need a man.'

"I told her, 'Well, baby, you've got one now,' and she said, 'We'll see.' When I got to her house she had changed to a very tight-fitting cheongsam split up the side almost to her hip. She obviously had nothing on beneath. As I said, she was buxom but some women are extremely seductive and voluptuous when overweight, and she was one of them.

"As soon as I got in the house she asked, 'Ready for lunch?' and I told her, 'Ready all the way.' She said, 'I bet you are! How'd you like it served? Here in the living room or would you rather eat in bed?' When I told her I preferred a snack in bed she led me back to a large, beautifully furnished bedroom, took off her

cheongsam and lay back, her plump thighs parted, and told me 'Lunch is served.'

"I knelt in front and ran my tongue from her knee up the inside of her thigh to that hot meal I was anxious to taste. Ordinarily I don't like perfume but she had some strange fragrance that blended with her natural odor to make her wildly exciting. I literally gorged myself. When I arose to climb in her saddle, she suggested 69, with her above. I went for that too. Later on I again wanted to mount her but she wouldn't allow it. She said she'd promised her husband before he left that she wouldn't allow another prick in her pussy while he was gone. She said she intended to keep her word. She pointed out, however, that nothing was said about inserting it in her 'starfish', as she called it, then got on her hands and knees and looked expectantly at me. I admit her fat, fine fanny was tempting, thrust at me that way, but I told her I couldn't. I preferred the number one hole."

"How disappointing!" Dot cut in. "I was going to ask you to do it to me that way, especially since I want total experience with you before we part."

I thought it over briefly. I had been hooked strongly enough on her ass to perform analingus, and since I had already enjoyed her cunt I might as well try ass fucking for the first time.

"With you," I said, "I'll make an exception. And that's a real tribute to your thoroughly enticing bottom."

"Great!" she said.

"What happened then with your friend?" Lloyd asked.

"Oh, she said that since I didn't care for dessert, why not finish lunch with another cocktail. So back to 69 we went. Then I cut out."

"Did you ever see her again?"

"As I was leaving, she thanked me profusely, saying

I had done her a real favor and she thought this might allow her to last another month until her old man got back. But in case he remained away, she wanted to see me again. She asked that I telephone in a month and see if he had returned. I called and he was there. So that was that."

Dot knelt, rear elevated, those rounded apple hips parted. I'd try it that way once to please her, me thinking *who knows, maybe I might like it this way. But it'll be hard to find anybody as tempting like this as Dot except Charlene, and my wife doesn't dig Greek.* As I got in position behind Dot, she said, "Let me lubricate it first," then pulled me toward her by my hard handle which she wetly kissed.

"It's harder to enter," Lloyd explained, "so move it around the orifice with a circular motion until it starts in, and even then don't plunge too fast. We both like it this way," he added.

"In that case, I'd better moisten the center of contact," I said, bending over and with my mouth generously applying saliva in and around her anus.

It's funny about an asshole. The sphincter muscles are unusually strong and in repose it's far tighter than a cunt. Yet it can take a cock just as easily as can a pussy, especially after conditioning. I worked my pole up her educated pit within seconds, and I admit I enjoyed her soft nates flattening against my belly. I played with her clitoris meanwhile and her ensuing orgasm was tremendous. I won't say I didn't enjoy the novelty, but I prefer the yielding walls of a vagina to the less resilient tunnel of a rectum.

CHAPTER 28

My games with Dot and Lloyd had been such a gas that I renewed my efforts to involve Charlene. I begged and pleaded, pointing out for the millionth time that I was so proud of her looks and ability I wanted to share her talents with select friends. The more I loved a woman, I reiterated, the greater my desire to watch her giving pleasure to others and receiving their attention. Recalling how I would almost become delirious with desire kissing Doris in her cunt before and after observing her with another stud, I told Charlene my bliss would be far greater watching her in action because I loved her so much more intensely than I ever did Doris. I knew inwardly I could participate in the most fantastic orgy ever devised and with the most beautiful women in the world, but it would not give me the emotional satisfaction of watching another man fuck Charlene and then immediately afterward suck out the syrup. It was a matter of personal involvement. Some men wanted to own, master and use exclusively the women they loved; maverick and nonconformist that I am, I have an equally strong compulsion to share.

But Charlene remained adamant, despite my most impassioned pleas.

"Sweetheart, I honestly wish I could, because you'd like it so much, and I do want to please you, but I can't—I just can't," she told me for perhaps the millionth time. "I still have this emotional block against sex before an audience that I simply don't know how to overcome."

"But you don't object to going off and taking on a stud who appeals to you," I reminded her.

"That's different," she said, "it's in private. Nobody is there to see how grotesque I look when I'm being intimate."

"But you aren't at all grotesque."

"Oh, yes I am. Everybody is."

Stone wall. No way around.

Except, possibly, Monk.

I had known Monk only slightly back in Chicago. But now that we were in Honolulu and could reminisce about the Chicago Black Belt, we developed a close friendship that would not have existed back in the Windy City. I soon learned he was completely uninhibited. He let the world know he loved to graze around a gap. We had discussed Chicago chicks we both happened to know, and he had been exasperated to learn a gal he had wanted but never made had been an old playmate of mine who flipped over 69, and I had been put out to learn that a certain society belle for whom I had an unsatisfied yen had on several occasions spent the night with him.

I knew, from the way his eyes lit up like hundred-watt bulbs when he first met Charlene, that he was hot for her. But he kept quiet until one day he brought over a fifth of brandy and the three of us sat around drinking and talking. Then when Charlene rose from her chair and her dress showed a foot of white thigh, he broke down.

"Charlene," he said, "I'd give anything in the world if I could yodel in your canyon."

She was so startled by his choice of expression that her mouth popped open. I had to laugh.

"I mean it," he went on. "I'd give ten years off my life if I could kiss it just once."

"Then you'll live to be a centenarian," Charlene said.

Monk looked at me, throwing his hands helplessly

into the air. "Why is she like that? I just wanna put my tongue on it and then I'll take it right away."

Charlene vigorously shook her head.

"Well, then, can't I just see it?"

He sounded so pitiful even my wife laughed. "Not if I can help it," she said.

From then on whenever Monk came by and he'd had a few drinks he would revert to this theme. As months passed I noticed Charlene was gradually becoming interested; maybe her female curiosity was aroused by his persistent stimulation.

He happened to visit us following my latest unsuccessful plea to Charlene that she party with me and at least one other person, preferably male. As usual he made his pitch, and as usual was unsuccessful.

After he left, I asked her about Monk.

"Why don't you take him on? You are interested, aren't you?"

"Well... some. After all that smoke, I'm curious to know what kind of fire he has. But if you think I'd do anything with you looking on, perish the thought."

"Okay, okay. Tell you what I'll do then." I had formulated a plan as an alternate. "If you want to, go ahead and satisfy your curiosity in our room. I'll stay outside. But when you finish I want you to come immediately to the bathroom. I'll be waiting for the load. Then you can tell me all about it in detail while I drink it out."

"Why don't you french him yourself and get it straight from the spout?"

"You know I don't go for strictly homo relations. I've got to have a woman present. Besides, I want it dripping from your sweet slit, with your unmatched special flavor."

She pondered for a moment. Then, "How do I know you won't peek?"

"Close the door and the Venetian blinds."

"I'll think about it."

Three days later Monk appeared with the announcement he was returning for good to Chicago the following week. Turning to my wife, he said, "I wish you'd give me a going away present. Something to remember you by."

"You mean you gotta get up under my clothes to remember me?"

"I didn't mean it like that. How in hell can any man ever forget a woman who looks like you? I mean something I can taste in my mind for years to come—if you'll pardon the pun. Something to chew on."

"Gee, that would hurt."

Monk shook his head in exasperation. "You know what I mean, gal."

Charlene appeared to ponder. "Well, since you're going away, that's different. If you were going to remain here, I'd say hunk-uh. Because then I'd be bothered with you all the time. You know that slogan, 'the more you eat the more you want.' Ask Bob."

"The lady is absolutely correct," I said.

Monk for the first time it seemed, was aware of my presence. Evidently it dawned on him he ought to at least ask permission of her husband.

"You wouldn't mind, would you, old buddy?" he asked.

"Go right ahead. I'd like for a good friend of mine to know what she's got that makes me as wild about her now as when we were first married. But not tonight. Make it day after tomorrow—late—when the kids are in bed."

"Man, I'll be here whitlin' and singin'."

We lived in a three-bedroom, two-bath house—single-wall construction like most dwellings in Hawaii. Usually the children slept in two bedrooms and Charlene and I occupied the third, except when we had overnight guests. Then we bedded all three offspring in

the same room. Two of the bedrooms were adjoining. Next evening while Charlene and the kids were out for a couple of hours, I took a brace and bit from my tool chest, went to the adjoining bedroom and, removing a reproduction of a Gaugin print from the wall, drilled a hole just large enough to see the bed in our room. Later I would fill the hole with plastic wood. Also I put up another hanger, so that at the last minute I could move the picture over just enough to leave my peephole unobstructed. Although I could not participate, I intended to ogle the action.

Monk arrived excited and eager. When Charlene told him she hadn't backed down, he turned to me for final reassurance.

"I'm like the out-island Fiji Islands husbands," I said. "I understand from a friend of mine who lived among them for a couple of years and who recently stopped here briefly on his way back to the Mainland, that when a Fijian husband sees a male visitor to his house lustfully eyeing his wife, he suddenly remembers a fishing date or that he must go to another part of the village on business. He then splits the home scene, pointedly announcing he will be gone a couple of hours. This gives his guest time to have a ball with his wife if she is in the mood. And they usually are, for Fijian women consider themselves flattered when propositioned by a new stud and rarely refuse. Then when the husband returns, his wife has had a change and he has proven himself a real host. There's not even one tiny bit of jealousy. And I think it's a far more civilized behavior pattern than what we have here."

"You know I got to agree," Monk said.

"So you and Charlene knock yourselves out. I'll be here in the living room reading."

Charlene kissed me before she led Monk to our boudoir. All three kids were now asleep in the farthest bedroom down the hall; I had told them "Uncle

Monk" might spend the night. I waited a few minutes, then sneaked out to the hole I had drilled; earlier I had moved the print to give me an unobstructed view. Monk was already completely naked, his rod waving like a gun held by a nervous bandit. My wife was now pulling her slip down from her hips, baring her furry dark delta. Immediately I began to shake with excitement; the mere sight of my darling stripping nude before another man provoked a strange and strong arousal. I was aware of my powerful rapid breathing as Monk dropped to his knees to first pat her muff, then embrace her hips and shove his face against the glistening hair. Impatient, he pushed her back on the bed, spread her long, lovely pale thighs, and virtually raped her with his tongue. The pressure of my own fully stiffened tool was so uncomfortable against my trousers that I removed it for fondling as I watched. And now, after a few seconds of tasting my wife's wet and wondrous sex, joyfully he arose smacking his lips as if he were a connoisseur sipping some rare and delightful brandy, went over to the table lamp—and turned off the light.

I was aghast. Why? Was it his idea or hers? And I wouldn't be able to ask when they finished, for I was supposedly in the living room, reading.

Never have I felt more frustrated and helpless.

I heard Monk padding back to the bed but I could see nothing in the completely darkened room. I strained, trying to adjust my eyes to the blackness, but at best I could see only shadowy outlines. What were they doing? What was Monk's pattern? Was he still eating? Was Charlene's face growing distorted? I wanted to see how she reacted, and I was desperately anxious to look at Monk's head tight against her marvelous crotch and to watch her pelvic gyrations. Now and then I could hear strong, heavy breathing. Then a change in sound, the singing of moving

springs. He must be on her now—on her and in her. I fantasized what I could not see, their bodies joined and writhing, and his sword inside her soft, sweet sheath, withdrawing briefly, then thrusting in again with an ever increasing rhythm. Were his hands planted firmly against those strong, rounded hips of Charlene, holding her tightly so he could hurl every inch into her hot hole? Then the loud rasping sound of excited breathing . . . a whimper . . . a wail, almost a cry, from one of them . . . a long snort . . . and it was over. He had fucked my wife, had bombed her womb with his semen, and although I was immeasurably disappointed at not being able to watch, the sound of their copulation and my strong imagination had me tingling and nervous and burbling with lust. I tiptoed to the far bathroom to await Charlene; Monk was to use the closet.

She came in shortly, a robe around her body and long black hair tousled. She locked the door and flung the robe wide. I lay down upon the small thick rug, ravenous. At least I could have this.

"Good?" I asked as she squatted over my mouth, face toward my feet. "Tell me about it."

Minutely and graphically she described all he had done as I held her hips suspended an inch above me, so I could sniff the pungent, exciting fragrance of her crotch. Her damp short hairs tickled my nose as I inhaled deeply. Their blended juices had created a new and different aroma, almost maddening in its aphrodisiacal effect. Her long, tender lips were spread with glistening sex sauce which dripped slowly down. I moaned ecstatically as I licked away the warm piquant cream. I parted her buttered lips and rubbed both nose and tongue inside, then held her tightly with both hands as I sucked with all my might, trying to pull out every delicious drop. Her description intensified my colossal enjoyment. I tarried so long

over this rare repast that she was forced to ask me to release her because her knees had begun to ache.

"Besides," she said, "I want to give you a good quick fuck before we rejoin Monk. I want to feel I'm yours again."

"It'll be quick, I promise you, as aroused as you've made me. And if ever I should become impotent with you, I know the best remedy in the world—have you make out with some other stud and then rush to me right away, loaded."

"I'll keep that in mind." She backed up to impale herself on my throbbing spike as I got up and sat on the toilet seat. I was so steamed I exploded almost on entry.

"Tell me, before we join Monk, did you enjoy him? Does he know how to french? Can he screw well?" I asked.

"Oh, he's competent. But it was like a boy trying to do a man's job. I suppose at one time I might have thought he was wonderful. Now he's merely a novelty, a change. To paraphrase an old blues song, 'he's all right to visit, but please don't hang around. Understand what I mean?'"

I nodded. "One other question. Did he make you come?"

"No," she laughed. "It was enjoyable. But I doubt he could ever make me climax either way."

I was dying to ask who turned off the light, but I knew I could never do so without letting her know I had secretly tried to watch. However, she took care of that herself.

"Incidentally, Monk is a little odd for a man," she went on. "After he got a good look at me naked and saw up my snatch, he turned off the light. Said he's been nervous about sex in a lighted room ever since a girl friend's husband came home unexpectedly and saw them through a little crack in the window. He

happened to hear the guy stumble over something looking for his gun, so he got up and ran out the back way naked. Since then he's afraid of lights—even though he knew, in this case, he had your approval. Isn't that queer?"

"Yes. Very, and thoroughly stupid. How could he appreciate all your gorgeous charms if he couldn't see them?"

"That's what I thought, too," she said.

That was the closest I came to watching my wife in action with another man. She will not go to bed with a stud unless she feels a definite physical attraction, and since Monk left there has been nobody with whom I felt an uninhibited relationship who also moved her. Of course there are plenty of men who, after seeing Charlene, would be willing to hit the hay with her under any kind of conditions, but finding somebody who attracted her and would take her to bed with my knowledge and not contemptuously think I was some kind of freak has not thus far been possible. But I still have hopes.

CHAPTER 29

I wish I had met Gwen before meeting Dot and Lloyd in Kapiolani Park. Then I could have told them about the biggest cunt I ever saw. And it was owned by a Japanese girl, who ironically was the tiniest woman I have ever bedded.

I met her through Henry, a Japanese business man who had become one of my closest friends. As we came to know each other, we discussed politics, sex, sports, sex, sociology and sex. Finally one day he asked me, "Bob, did you ever eat pussy?"

"Sure, plenty of times."

His eyes bugged; he had expected a negative answer. "Really? You're not kidding?"

"Not one little bit. Set an appetizing babe before me and I'll show you how it's done."

"How about a Japanese girl?"

"I'm not prejudiced."

"Hmmm. I'm gonna take you up on that. She's got the biggest boobies and cunt you ever saw."

"I don't believe it. Not a Japanese chick."

"Can you go with me to see her tomorrow night after I close my shop?"

"I'll arrange to."

Her name was Gwen, he said, and she was about thirty. She was not pretty, but she was clean and did not run around. She worked in a market in Waikiki and he had known her for ten years but under the name of "Charley Watanabe." He had told her he was a mechanic, working at different jobs, and she knew no better. After giving him her maidenhead, she had hoped to marry him. He got out of that by telling her he was already married and his wife wouldn't give him

a divorce. Recently, to further complicate matters, he had gotten in a fight and had been placed on probation. While in court he became acquainted with a man called Smithy, a federal investigator who was looking for a nice little Nipponese girl to marry. "Charley" had told him about Gwen, describing her in such glowing terms Smithy had fallen tentatively in love; when he saw Gwen's picture he lost his head completely over her. Meanwhile Charley had painted such a bright picture that Gwen had, in turn, become hung up on Smithy. Since he could not himself get a divorce, Charley would give her up to Smithy, who was the man for her and could make her happy.

However, there was one problem with Smithy, Charley told Gwen. Smithy was unusually well endowed and when he heard Gwen had been intimate with only one man and was quite tight, he had asked Charley to develop her genitalia until she was large enough to accommodate him without pain. Also he had asked Charley to get her a dildo for regular use at home to help stretch her hole.

To make his story sound even more plausible, Henry began phoning Gwen and disguising his voice to make it sound like fictitious Smithy. He was not often in Hawaii, he explained to Gwen, for he had a staff working under him and had to roam the entire Pacific wherever American military forces were stationed. On those infrequent times when he was in Honolulu he wanted to talk with her. Meanwhile he was asking subordinates on his staff to help her get large enough vaginally to take care of him. Among those he wanted her to see was a Puerto Rican named Ricardo and another guy named Wesley. Charley would take them to her, Smithy said. Henry told me a business associate had gone with him as Ricardo and I could be Wesley if I chose.

That was all right with me.

"I'll call her now," Henry said, "but not as Charley or Smithy. I'll put a handkerchief over the mouthpiece and talk deep like you. I'm gonna be Wesley. That's you, of course. I'll tell her I'm Negro. Listen in on the extension."

He dialed a number and asked for Gwen. When she came to the phone he said, "Gwen? This is Wesley."

"Wesley?"

"Yeah. Smithy wants me to see you."

"Oh," she said eagerly, "You're the fellow he told me about. How is Smithy?"

"Fine. Did he also tell you I was colored?"

"No." A moment's silence. "But that's all right."

"Good. But he's getting impatient to see you himself. That's why he asked me to contact you when I came to Honolulu. He wants me to help get you ready for him."

"Yeah, I know."

"I understand you're a very sweet little girl. Smithy not only says so, but Charley too."

"Oh, you know Charley?"

"Yeah. I'm supposed to keep an eye on him so he won't get into any more trouble."

"Please do."

"But I'm interested in you."

"Yeah?"

"I wanna see you. How about tomorrow night?"

"I guess so."

"Fine! From what Smithy and Charley say, I'm gonna want to kiss you all over. Ever been kissed all over?"

"No." Giggles.

"Well, get ready for it tomorrow night. We'll have a real ball. And be sure to bring that dildo and vaseline. It'll be the same little hotel where you see Charley."

"Will he be there?"

"Don't know yet. But I'll call you at work before

you leave tomorrow evening and tell you what room to go to. Okay?"

"Fine."

Henry hung up, then turned to me grinning. "See how simple it was?"

I nodded. "What about that dildo?"

"Wait until you see it." He chuckled as he went to another part of his shop and returned with a light plastic replica of a penis in a size a percheron might envy. He told me it was eight inches long and two and a half inches in diameter. The head was painted red and the rest a light tan. I looked at it in amazement, knowing Japanese women were usually small vaginal-ly.

"This is the old one," he explained, "the one she outgrew. She asked me to make her a bigger one. I did. You'll see it tomorrow night. And by the way, do you know I can put my entire hand up inside her? For that matter, so could you."

I looked at my hand, big as it is, and shook my head. "Impossible."

"You'll see. I not only put the big dildo in now but my own cock on top of it. She loved it! And I keep telling her she has a little pussy and it's not big enough for Smithy yet."

I merely stared.

"Wanna see me make her piss? I do this with the dildo. I work it in and out in a certain way and she spurts like a geyser. Sometimes it hits the ceiling. She likes this too and insists on it every time, like a grand finale." He furrowed his brow. "But there's one hitch. When you screw you have to withdraw before you come. She's scared of getting pregnant."

"Why doesn't she use a diaphragm or take the pill?"

"She won't. She's Catholic and doesn't believe in birth control."

"Well, I can't withdraw. When I'm ready to bust my nuts I want to ram it in farther, not take it out."

"Why don't you use a condom?"

"Naw, no good. I had a hard enough time with rubbers when I was young. Now they're impossible."

"I got an idea. Why don't you get some of that foam stuff and slip it in before you fuck her?"

"Unhhh. Well, that might work."

"Anyway, come by here tomorrow during lunch hour and I'll call her again. I'll be you, Wesley."

Next day I was there. I was thoroughly fascinated by this unusual broad. She sounded too fantastic for fiction. This had to be real.

"Hi, Baby, this is Wesley," he said when she came to the phone. "Ready for me tonight?"

"Yeah."

"Waiting for your big new thrill when I kiss you everywhere?"

"Big deal."

"We'll see how big that deal is tonight. What time can you be there?"

"Soon's I leave work at five. But give me time to take a bath. And bring sandwiches. I'll be hungry."

"All right, Baby." He gave her the number of the room he had reserved and told her to go right up, the door would be open. He would be there at six.

After he hung up, I asked wouldn't she catch on when she heard my voice that evening.

"Not a chance," he assured me.

"Then she must be dumb or retarded."

"She's been holding down this job for seven years and she's now assistant manager. So she can't be either dumb or retarded. No, she's just a trusting soul."

When we reached the hotel, a small hostelry a block away from Kalakaua and Waikiki Beach, Henry told me to go in but leave the door unlocked and he'd slip in

later. He said she might be bashful if we were both with her at the start.

I knocked on the door, genuinely interested in meeting this girl. She opened and I walked in behind her.

Gwen was under five feet four I later learned and weighed an even ninety-five pounds. She was not the kind of gal you'd turn around to stare after on the street, although she could have been had she dressed to emphasize her good points. All she needed to attract attention was to wear tight sweaters instead of the loose blouses in which she regularly dressed. At the moment she had on only panties, a half slip and a bra. My eyes went to her covered jugs and stuck.

"I'm Wesley," I told her, tearing my gaze upward with an effort.

She smiled self consciously and sat on one of the small twin beds. Obviously she was making up her mind as to whether she liked this great big black man, some fifteen inches taller and more than twice as heavy as herself.

"I brought you a sandwich," I said. She took the paper plate of fried chicken, french fries and hot rolls and began munching.

"Want some?" she asked.

"No. That's not what I came here to eat."

She giggled and looked away. Meanwhile I leisurely removed all my clothing, as if we were bedmates of long standing—or laying. Then I came over and sat beside her.

"Your knockers are fabulous even through your bra," I said, reaching behind her to unhook the straps. "We ought to set 'em free." As I removed the undergarment they bounced into the open, big and firm and unbelievable. She possessed by far the largest pair I have ever seen on a woman anywhere near her size. A baby forty pounds heavier would be proud of their bulk and shapeliness; on a Japanese they were incred-

ble. I began kneading them, then pushed her back on the single bed, taking care to first remove the paper plate. As I sucked her titties I pulled off her slip and panties. She did not protest. Her shyness melted as I kissed her on the mouth; she was aroused and pushed her tongue between my teeth. I heard Henry slip into the room and from the corner of my eye saw him hide behind a big chair. She was oblivious now to everything but the business at hand.

My fingers told me she was wet enough to flat a canoe. I maneuvered my mouth down across her belly and black nest, then went to her juicy crevice. It was obviously her first oral experience and she gave in completely to this new sensation, rolling and tossing and moaning in such frenzied abandon that Henry could no longer remain an onlooker. Snatching off his clothes, he left the cover of the chair and came to the bed to mouth her breasts. She didn't open her eyes and clutched his head to her bosom. Meanwhile her thighs had clamped around my cheeks and I was amazed at her strength. Finally, with a mighty series of twists and turns she climaxed, then went limp, completely spent. Suddenly realizing I couldn't be sucking her cunt and titties at the same time, she opened her eyes—and stared into Henry's busy face.

"Charley!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Where did you come from?"

"I got a key from the office and came in," he lied. "I just had to see my baby."

"All right, Hon. Glad you're here."

"Did you like that? What Wesley did?"

She nodded her head, a silly smile on her face, and he kissed her passionately.

"Want him to do it again?" he asked, and again she nodded.

I started in afresh. Henry moved up in the bed to place his hard shaft in her face. She paid it no atten-

tion until my tongue set her writhing anew, then she took it in her mouth and began furiously sucking, stopping only when she had another orgasm and again became inert.

"I'm tired," she announced.

Henry winked at me and began fingering her gash. I looked on, interested. Then he slipped one finger, two, three and finally his entire hand, wrist and several inches of forearm. Her pelvis began undulating.

Reaching for my hand, Gwen pulled me to her and whispered, "I want you to put your dick in me. Give it to me now."

Hard and ready, I reached for my applicator which I had placed beside the bed, filled it with the foam contraceptive, and moved toward her vulva. She grabbed my arm.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"To keep you from becoming pregnant."

"No, no! I'm Catholic and it's against my religion to use anything. You can't put that in me."

"But isn't it against your religion to have sex relations if you're not married?" I knew this was no time to start an ecclesiastical discussion, but the observance of one dictum and flagrant disregard of others in the same category made no sense to me.

"Come on, please fuck me but withdraw before you shoot off," she pleaded, ignoring my question.

"How about frenching Wesley?" Henry asked.

"Okay."

I got over her in 69. She mouthed me vigorously but without talent. She had never tried fellatio before this night. She reacted as strongly to oral coitus this third time as the first, and in her excitement started biting my prick so hard I had to remove it from her jaws. As soon as she climaxed, she again pleaded, "please put it in me."

Immediately Harry mounted her and screwed enthu-

siastically for several minutes. But he was not big enough.

"Get the dildo," she said.

"Got it with you?"

"Yes. In my handbag."

He arose, went to her purse and returned, unwrapping a huge object. Even after the sight of his entire hand buried inside her, I had a hard time believing what was before me now. It was a hollow imitation cock nine inches long with a diameter of exactly three-and-a-half inches. I know because later I measured it.

"You're actually gonna put that up her?" I asked in awe.

"No problem." He was already applying vaseline over the had. "Why don't you put YOUR hand in first? It'll fit."

I looked gingerly at my hand. It was larger than Henry's. Carefully and slowly I inserted one finger then another until all five were in, up to the knuckle. I didn't have the nerve to do more at this time.

"All right, if that's as far as you'll go," he said. "Here now, watch this."

He slid the red head of the huge dildo into her vagina, rotating it gently as if he were boring, gradually forcing it until suddenly it was all the way in and she shivered.

"Feel good, Baby?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "now put yours in too, Hon."

Seeing is not necessarily believing. This had to be an illusion, Henry lying on her, one hand behind him working the monstrous dildo and with his own prick inserted above it. Gwen turned and twisted, moaning in pure ecstacy, as he fucked simultaneously with two cocks, human and artificial. When he was ready to ejaculate, he withdrew and shot off on her belly. Gwen meanwhile continued her writhing until Henry paused

to rest his arm. A few seconds later he turned around, sat across her upper abdomen facing her feet, parted the lips of her pussy and pulled the skin taut until her peehole stood out like a pimple.

"Now I'll make her piss," he told me.

Like a farmer churning butter he worked the dildo back and forth, then pushed it in and pulled it out almost to the tip as one would a toilet plunger, waited, then repeated. At the third pause she loosed a powerful stream that not only hit the ceiling but the wall ten feet away. He continued, getting a new urinary display each thrust, until at last she told him, "that's all."

After that I dubbed Gwen the Chick with the Cavernous Cunt. Sometimes I referred to her as Old Tunnel Twat.

Next day I stopped at Henry's place of business. He immediately called her pretending to be Wesley, to discuss the previous evening.

"Well, Baby," he began, "how you feel today?"

"Fine."

"Enjoy yourself last night?"

"Sure did."

"Get a real thrill?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Did you enjoy being kissed all over?"

"It's wonderful." Giggles.

"Wanna get together again soon?"

"Any time you say!"

"Was it really that good?"

"Of course!"

"What about Charley? Want him along?"

"No, just us."

He wasn't expecting that and it gave him pause. He cut the conversation short and turned to me with what I call a shit-eating grin spread all over his face.

"You bugger, you!" he said. "Looks like you're about to cut me out with this chick. Do all broads go

crazy about it when somebody eats their pussy? I knew you were driving Gwen wild, but I didn't know it was that wild."

"All depends on who does it," I said.

"Meaning that if it's you they flip?"

"Frequently. Specially if they never had it before."

"That settles it. You gotta teach me how. I wanna make a broad carry on like Gwen did. Or are you just expert?"

"After all these years of experience, I ought to be expert by now if I'm ever gonna be. But I can't really teach you. It's an art learned by practice. There's no textbook called, 'Frenching Made Easy.' There are some things women like that I can't do. I can't stick my tongue way up a twat like some guys because the connecting tissue underneath won't let it; I can't shove it out more'n an inch beyond my mouth. See?" I showed him. "So I have to concentrate on other techniques. If they've got long lips I chew and pull on them. Maybe I hold the lips wide and fasten my mouth around everything exposed, then I suck and pull rhythmically. Or I get right over the hole and suck like hell. Maybe I blow up in it; this drives some gals wild. As for Gwen, she's a very special problem. Usually I concentrate on the clitoris. But despite that Carlsbad Cavern between her legs, she has tiny labia and a clitoris about as big as the head of a pin. I had to probe carefully to find hers—and since it was so minute I had to operate where I knew it ought to be."

"You musta found something from the way she carried on."

"Pure luck."

"Listen, I gotta learn, goddamn it!"

"Okay. But you oughta know that no two people eat pussy exactly alike, just as no two cunts are the same. You've also got to learn about pressure and individual preferences. Some gals want you to be very delicate

with your tongue and lips while others demand vigorous pressure. But no matter what I tell you, actual practice and lots of it will be necessary to make you good at it."

"Next time we see Gwen, can I get real close and watch?"

In a couple of weeks I gave him a lesson. A few days later he saw her alone for his maiden try. Next day, posing as Wesley, he called her.

"Gwen, Baby," he started off, "I hear you were out with Charley."

"Yeah, I saw him."

"He told me he tried to give you a thrill like I do by kissing you everywhere."

"Yeah, he tried, but it was no good—just junk. He doesn't know how."

"You gonna let him try again?"

"Not if I can get you to do it. When am I gonna see you again? I get all messy an' googly just thinking about it. You're good!"

When Henry finished talking, he said, "That settles it. I'm gonna learn to eat pussy right if it's the last thing I do."

"Here's one suggestion," I offered. "Find a babe who's never had it that way and initiate her. She'll go mad for you."

"Yeah—until some expert like you comes along. No, if I start one out I'm gonna try to keep her for myself."

As time passed, Gwen grew indifferent to Henry alone, although he continued trying cunnilingus. Once or twice he showed up alone when "Wesley" was forced to change plans at the last minute. Usually she expressed disappointment, but tolerated him when he explained he was under implicit orders from Smithy to help enlarge her vagina. Most of his calls now, to the store or to her residence, were as me, and if I did not see her for three or four weeks she herself begged for

another session. Actually I received only minimum kicks, but both she and Henry were so grateful for my participation that I didn't have the heart to go more than a couple of months without a party. On a few occasions I saw her alone. Although she worked hard at 69 she was never successful, being unable to get the hang of it—if you will pardon the pun—and she usually finished the job by hand. I learned how to use the huge dildo to satisfy her and make her urinate.

The relationship became more interesting one night when Henry decided on anal copulation with her. In the past she had protested, contending it hurt her too much (I suppose nature compensated for giving her a huge cunt by providing a tiny anus) but this time by liberally applying vaseline while I diverted her attention through mouthing her boobs, he got it in. Then, by careful maneuvering, she got above me in 69 while Henry knelt at her rear. The combination gave her such excruciating pleasure that Henry did not have to move, for Gwen did all the work, grinding vigorously as I tongued her cunt. From then on she gladly bore the discomfort of entry in order to be frenched with a prick up her bunghole. You know—double the pleasure!

We continued the relationship, albeit sporadically, until I left Honolulu and she never caught on that Henry was not only imitating my voice but those of others. So far as I know she has yet to learn Henry's real name or identity. And I have yet to see another hole equal to that of this tiny Grand Canyon Gal. Quite likely, Henry is still trying to make it bigger for Smithy.

CHAPTER 30

Like so many men in our culture, at 55, I began wondering about my attractiveness to women. I have never been handsome, nor do I have money; I must therefore depend upon what charm and animal magnetism I can exude. Oddly enough, my advancing years made little difference to the hordes of homos in Honolulu; frequently when I sat alone in a park or went to a restroom I caught the eye of gay males on the prowl. But that was not what I wanted. That is why my association with Molly, although brief, was a real ego builder.

I had come out of a bank building on the edge of Chinatown and was waiting for a red light to change when I saw this white woman standing on the opposite corner, looking around. From her clothes she was obviously a tourist; local residents rarely dressed as she—with hat and parasol. I felt immediate magnetism; I wanted to know her.

When the green light flashed I hurried across the intersection, my eyes still on her. She continued looking around, as if uncertain of her bearings. I slowed down as I walked close. To my delighted surprise she spoke.

"Can you tell me where I might find a cab?" she asked.

I stopped and looked slowly up and down the street for an empty taxi, thinking *at least two-dozen men passed here while she was waiting and she spoke only to me*, before I replied, "It's hard to find a cab around here. Where do you want to go? I may be able to drive you there myself."

Despite her wide hat—it was held by a ribbon tied beneath her chin and her dark glasses—I saw enough of her face to be favorably impressed. She was around five-feet-four and comfortably curved. But even without these assets I would have liked her because of the voice. It was low, well bred, and the accent definitely a first cousin of upper-class British.

"Would you?" she smiled, and I saw her teeth were quite white and even. "Cabs are so expensive." She named a destination, that of a doctor's office a mile away. I asked her to come with me to my parked car a half block up the street.

"It is so terribly, terribly warm and I can't quite get used to your American money," she said.

"Where are you from?"

"Melbourne, Australia. I've been here only four weeks. It was midwinter when I left home."

She was a practicing physician, she said, handing me her card, and operated a clinic in Melbourne. She was also a lecturer for a worldwide religious sect, with an active branch in Honolulu, and wanted to know if I ever met with her group.

"No," I said, "although I have long been interested."

When she got into my car, she pulled her dress up halfway between knee and hip and began fanning with the lower half of her skirt, legs wide apart, head cocked in my direction and an enigmatic smile on her face. I turned automatically toward her, leaping immediately to a vigorous hard.

"It's extremely difficult to adjust to the August heat here," she said as she continued fanning. "Changing suddenly from winter to summer is not easy."

I turned back, but managed to ogle her thighs out of the corner of my eye as I drove along. Luckily there were no traffic problems or I could easily have become involved in an accident because of my divided attention. Her smooth thighs were like warm pink-white

velvet and I was painfully conscious of their overwhelming desirability.

"Why not come to our meeting tonight?" she asked.

"Impossible. I'll be tied up and won't have time."

"Do you think you can find time to help me look for a small studio apartment at a modest rental? I'm living in a hotel in Waikiki and it's a bit steep."

"Possibly." I covered my enthusiasm at the prospect of seeing her again.

"Please do." We had reached her destination and I stopped to let her out. "Call me at my hotel."

I had already decided to see her again. The entire woman pleased me—from voice to shape. Few had ever aroused me as strongly as she when fanning herself. And I was hooked at first listening to her voice and accent. She must be somewhere in her forties, I judged, although I still had not seen her eyes. But I could spend no time with her that night. I had previous commitments with Charlene and family.

Next morning—a Saturday—she telephoned before I left home. Charlene assumed it was a business call.

"I expected to hear from you last night," Molly began, "and I was quite disappointed when I didn't."

"I can stop by your place this morning around eleven," I told her.

"Can you really? Don't forget now," she said and hung up.

It did not take ESP to see this relationship was going to involve more than religion and a joint hunt for cheaper living quarters, and I was all for it.

When I called at eleven she asked me to wait downstairs for fifteen minutes while she took a shower, then come right up. She opened the door to her room clad only in a thin, light-blue, semi-transparent robe, unfastened over white nylon bra and briefs and I became poker stiff immediately. She was lighter in weight than her clothing had made her appear, with a

small waist and ample full breasts. Her hips were beautifully shaped and rounded. She wore no make-up and I saw her eyes were dark blue. But the skin beneath was wrinkled. Nevertheless she was still an unusually good-looking woman, who, in her younger days, must have been phenomenally beautiful. Her hair, so dark it was almost black, reached below her shoulders and showed only a few lonely strands of gray. Judging by the flesh beneath her eyes, she was fifty or more; if you accepted only the evidence of the rest of her body she could have been on the young side of thirty. But it really didn't matter. It was obvious she had the rare ability to arouse me completely on sight.

As soon as I closed the door, she came up to me and said, "I want you to pick me up in those big strong arms of yours."

What she wanted was spelled out for me now in capital letters. Her body trembled as I took her in my arms, lifted her off the floor and kissed her mouth, eager and open. My lips moved to her neck and ear before she asked to be put down.

"I'd like for you to powder me," she said, removing her robe and lying face upward on the bed. I sat at her feet and gently kissed her toes.

"Oh," she said, "how heavenly!"

I took the powder she handed me and began rubbing it over her legs, beginning at the ankle. They, too, were finely formed.

"Are you married?" she asked.

I nodded.

"How do you feel about extramarital affairs?"

I laughed. "In my book a wedding ceremony does not mean retirement, or sole private ownership. All I ask from my mate is emotional loyalty, if possible, and discretion. As for me, I absolutely must have variety. I cannot be satisfied with a diet for life of only one woman."

"I hoped you'd feel that way." She smiled. "Any children?"

"Three."

"Well, I won't do anything to spoil your relationship with your wife and family. I could not live with myself or my religion if I did."

I thought, *come now, you appeal mightily to me, but I haven't seen the woman who could replace Charlene. You're not THAT powerful, Molly.*

"I think God sent you to me," she went on. "I saw you across the street yesterday and immediately I wanted you. I knew God would direct you to where I stood so I could speak to you. Married or not, if God hadn't intended for us to get together, He would not have placed you on that corner at that exact time and sent me a message to look across at you."

So that was it. Our relationship would be justified on religious grounds. And with heavenly sanction yet!

"I'm a widow," she continued as I rubbed her soft smooth thighs with powder. "My husband died five years ago and I've never seen a man since then that I really wanted until I saw you—even tho twice I've seriously considered remarrying."

I went on with my rubbing. I had finished her thighs up to the edge of her briefs. The black thicket on her mound was dimly visible beneath the cloth. I moved above to her stomach.

"Hadn't I better remove your bra?" I asked.

"No, not yet. I'm rather shy, even if I am a doctor."

"Then I'll make it easier for you by taking off my own clothes."

I stopped and stripped, then got back on the bed. I also wanted her to see how hard she had made me. Immediately I kissed her and reached behind to unfasten her bra. She did not protest.

"Stroke my breasts," she directed, "up toward my face." They were unbelievably firm, like those of a

woman of twenty-five and obviously she knew how to keep them that way. I kissed and mouthed her large, dark nipples.

Shortly she turned on her stomach and asked me to powder her back. I pulled down her briefs and slipped them off, then kissed her in the center of each rounded hip.

"Coh," she said, "you're very sweet."

By then aroused to the melting point, I hurriedly finished, turned her over and began kissing her belly, trekking downward from her navel. The copious hair of her nest was jet black and long without a single strand of gray. Softly I inserted my fingers between her portals and to my amazement found them as wet as a young girl's. But I had no more than tasted her freely flowing syrup and sniffed her individual fragrance before she said:

"No—not now. I want you in me. I need it."

Reluctantly—and it took all my will power to remove my mouth from this tasty new quim—I got up and mounted her, sliding in easily.

"You will withdraw, won't you, at the proper time?" she asked. "I have no protection."

I stopped in midstroke and pulled out.

"I'll remove it now. It's impossible later. I'm no good at coitus interruptus," I said, thinking *she ought to be past menopause. As a doctor she knows conception is impossible then. But maybe she's having a late menopause. In that case, exactly how old is she?*

"No, don't!" she exclaimed, reaching down and grabbing me. "Or, better, don't move. Just put your penis back in and let me do all the moving. I really need your hormones for the sake of my health."

She rubbed the head of my stiff shaft against her clitoris, squirming and panting, then slipped it back inside, gyrating frantically as she almost immediately climaxed, head rolling from side to side. I remained

motionless on her, except for being tossed about. I think she must have thrashed around uncontrollably for at least a minute, me tensing my muscles and thinking *if she keeps this up, goddamn it, I can't help erupting inside her*, when suddenly she gasped, "get up, I can't breathe!"

I rolled off hastily. She tried to sit up and fell back, fighting furiously for each short breath, her lovely face a pasty white. I arose, moistened a towel with cold water and bathed her brow. Several minutes passed before normal respiration returned.

"That's the result of doing without for so long," she explained as soon as she could again. "I needed it so very much. And you're so unbelievably exciting. Do you know, I almost fainted from sheer ecstasy when you picked me up in those strong arms? You're more than a little bit of all right."

I lay down beside her, still rock hard.

"Wait a little while," she said, placing a hand on my rod, "until I recover more."

She got up, went to one of the half dozen handbags and suitcases cluttering the room and returned with several photographs.

"I'm a grandmother," she announced. "I have a son and daughter, both married. My son married a year ago. Here's his wedding picture."

She showed me likenesses of her children, her clinic in Melbourne, an apartment building she said she owned, and a photograph of herself in her midtwenties. I was right. She had been disturbingly beautiful when she was young.

"I'm still just about the same size," she said. "I measure thirty-six-twenty-six-thirty-eight. That's not bad, is it?"

I told her sincerely that most women, no matter what their ages, would envy her figure. I saw when she

stood there was no sag to her breasts and her waist was narrow, giving a truly voluptuous curve to her hips.

She had stopped in Honolulu to attend a medical meeting on their way to Chicago, where her clothes had been shipped in anticipation of a lengthy stay, but she said God had told her to remain here and she had heeded the call. Her parents, who lived in Melbourne, were upset over her stay in Paradise but she liked it here, except for the financial inconvenience.

"It takes so much to live here," she confided. "I have had to cable back home for funds. That's why I must watch everything I spend."

Molly had travelled all over the world, lecturing on behalf of her faith which took precedence even over her profession. And since God wanted her to stay in Hawaii, she was prepared to remain indefinitely.

"And, of course, I shall expect to see a lot of you," she said. "It is God's will. Otherwise he would not have had me meet you."

She rubbed her hand across my body. "Your dark-brown color fascinates me. As you undoubtedly know, Australia has a ridiculous law banning colored people except on temporary visas so we don't see many—except, of course, the aborigines and there aren't many in the cities. But you don't look like them anyway."

I had already realized that Molly, like so many white women, must have long dreamed of going to bed with a black man and only now had it become a reality. I also knew that no matter how religious a person might be, if that person wanted sex he could justify it some way through his religion. To Molly, the logic was quite elementary: God sent me. Well, I wouldn't fight it. Not with the way she turned me on.

"Kiss me," she said.

I did. And, of course, I didn't stop until my mouth had worked its way back down to her bush.

"I think you'd better stop," she said.

"But I absolutely must kiss you everywhere. Our relationship will be incomplete without it. I'm dying for the sweet taste of your vulva..."

"I couldn't stand it. It's not that I don't want you to, because I know I'd love it, but if just having you in me almost made me pass out, I know that at this time I couldn't possibly survive oral coitus. No, wait until I'm not so starved, after we've been together a few times and I've had more of you. But I would like for you to get back over me. I'll squeeze my thighs together—I've good muscles—with your penis between them close to my orifice. I think you'll like it."

She was quite right. Her appeal was so great and her passionate affection so strong that I enjoyed my first connection of this type and soon ejaculated.

Then we arose. She showered and I dried her. I watched closely as she put up her long hair. It was naturally black with no evidence of dye at the roots. Nor could she have colored all but the dozen or so lonely strands of white hair which extended their entire length from her scalp.

"How old are you?" I asked. "Around forty-five?"

"You'll never know," she laughed, "because I don't intend to tell you."

Even with artfully applied make-up, the wrinkled eye flesh still made her seem around fifty. I was never able to unravel the mystery of her true age. However, it didn't really matter, for the rest of her was youthful enough to please anybody not hung up on *Lolitas*.

When we finished dressing she asked me to go shopping with her, saying she needed to conserve funds, had trouble with American money, and wanted me to show her the best bargains.

On entering my car, she again raised her dress half thigh, and automatically I developed another hard.

"Too hot again?" I asked.

She nodded.

"You know that's what got to me in a hurry yesterday. You aroused me as soon as you sat down in this car."

"That was partly my intention," she laughed. "I wanted you to get my message. I had to do something to make sure you'd want to see me again as badly as I wanted to see you."

"I'd have wanted to anyway. I was anxious to meet you as soon as I spotted you across the street."

"Undoubtedly we attracted each other," she said. "Still, there's nothing like insurance."

As we drove along, she told me that in her younger days she had a very good singing voice, then, apologizing for its deterioration, she serenaded me with a selection of Aussie songs. Suddenly she broke off and announced, "I know a few of your songs, too," and launched into "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny" followed by "Old Folks At Home."

Had she been an American white woman, I would have been incensed by her stupidity. But as an Australian, she probably did not know much about U. S. racial patterns. Thus I was able to change my initial reaction of deep resentment to tolerant amusement. After all, she undoubtedly believed she was pleasing me.

We finished shopping and stopped at cool Kapiolani Park to lie on the grass. After easy, casual conversation she suddenly asked, "Why don't you join our faith?"

"Hadn't thought of it," I replied.

"You should! We believe in world brotherhood, and you have all the qualities to become an international leader. You're gentle, kind and intelligent. You have a magnificent speaking voice. And your touch is as therapeutic as an electric vibrator. You could be a healer."

"I'll give it due consideration." I knew I could never

join her sect, but saw no point in telling her so at this time.

"I wish you would. And also, I really do want you to help me find a small apartment. Living in a hotel is far too expensive. Rent alone costs me a hundred dollars weekly. With a small studio apartment it would be much cheaper and I could make my own meals. I'm a rather decent chef and I'd like to prepare something for you. And if you could help me a little with living expenses you could have a key and pop in any time. And I'd gladly do anything you wanted whenever you wished. Anything."

She looked seriously with her dark blue eyes into mine. I returned her gaze without changing expression wondering *what, precisely, does she mean? We're going to have sex together anyway; she has made that clear. Or does she mean to hold back from now on? But this, too, is unlikely, as desperately hungry for intercourse with me as she was. Does she mean she'll do 69? Or merely suck me if I ask? She doesn't know my wide variety of patterns. What if I wanted a party with others such as Henry?*

"I'll consider that," I finally said, "although, frankly, I have little money."

She dropped her eyes and turned her head away. "You do have a wife and three children and they come first. I never intend to do anything that would deprive them in any way. I'd retreat into my shell and become a celibate again before I'd let that happen."

"It's not that bad," I said.

"Still, you will help me find an apartment, even if you can't aid me financially, won't you? Meanwhile, come to my hotel room whenever you wish. You don't have to phone first at all."

For the next week we spent some part of every day together, although twice it was very brief. And every time I saw her I developed a sturdy hard. I did not

expect this reaction at fifty-five, yet I could not deny the physical evidence. As for Molly, each time she got into the car up went her skirt. "You don't have to do that to keep me interested," I told her. "Just seeing you moves me." To which she replied in a completely matter-of-fact tone, "I don't like to take unnecessary chances." I could never determine what made me so horny around her, unless it was her novelty and striking difference. I never tired of her cultured British-type accent, and the air of cool English reserve she displayed to the world was unlike that of any other woman I had intimately known, as well as an extreme contrast with the wild abandon she showed in bed. I completed cunnilingus only once and she became so demoniac at her climax that we thought it best not to again carry this act to completion. When we copulated, I wore nothing at the start because of her insistence that she needed "my hormones," but after a few moments I would slip on a condom and to my surprise I had no difficulty at all using this device with her.

Since she believed God wanted her to remain in Hawaii, she made inquiries about opening an office. One evening, after spending the entire day gathering information, I found her completely dejected.

"You have such absurd laws," she told me. "Although I am a licensed physician in Australia, a graduate of the best medical schools and thoroughly experienced, I can't enter my profession until I've lived in Hawaii at least a year—and then I have to take an examination like any young graduate fresh from college. It's utterly ridiculous!"

I agreed.

"What am I going to do? I can't live here a year doing nothing, with no income except from my rental property in Melbourne. Yet I can't leave now. You know," she said, looking beeeeechingingly into my eyes, "I'm sure God wants you to help me financially when I

find an apartment."

I shook my head. "That's not the message I got. The word I had was to help you with hormones, not money."

She looked at me queerly for a split second, then dropped her head in disappointment. "I realize I've no right to ask this, you with your family and all." She sighed. "What I really need is a man of my own, not another woman's husband. But where am I going to find anybody like you? I just wish you weren't—" Molly bit her lip. "I shouldn't say that."

"Listen, Molly," I said. "It's not because I don't want to help you. It's just that I can't afford it. The most I can do is buy you a few things now and then, such as part of your groceries."

She patted my hand. "I truly believe you would help me if you could. Maybe I ought to heed my parents. They're most anxious to have me come home. I'm sure God will understand. However, I may have to return. And if I do, I'll arrange to live here for a year, then open my office. Meanwhile we'll have to wait and see what God wills."

She left Honolulu some ten days later by ocean liner, intending to stop over a week in Manila on her way back to Australia. Whether she returned to Honolulu I do not know, for an offer came from the West Coast in my line of work that I could not afford to turn down. The time had come when common sense demanded that I accept this opportunity for economic security and leave Hawaii, no matter how much I love Paradise. And so, late in 1962, I moved to the West Coast with Charlene and the kids.

CHAPTER 31

Leaving Hawaii for the Mainland was not easy after twelve years of leisurely and open living among warm, friendly people of all colors and origins, where racism was at a minimum. I knew I would sorely miss this beautiful land, so I tried to concentrate on the advantages on living in a large city on the West Coast. And by far the biggest compensation, other than economic, was the easy accessibility of known swingers.

I was quite conscious of the mushrooming sex revolution and of finding partners by advertisement, something unthinkable a quarter of a century earlier when I was first introduced to multiple action. I began by reading national tabloids and their personal ads, then joined some of the clubs advertising in their pages. I, too, had placed ads, inviting contact by women and couples visiting Hawaii, but had received few answers. I learned also that because of my distance from the scene, I would receive replies from not more than twenty-five or thirty per cent of the women and couples whose ads I answered. Some who did reply stated flatly they were interested only in personal meetings, not "long distance romance." Yet I did correspond extensively and in depth with a few persons, both single women and married couples. I received candid action pictures and husbands invited me to "tell in graphic detail" what I would do sexually to their wives should we meet, and encouraged me to write "hot love letters" directly to their spouses. I learned that many men had hang-ups like mine: they enjoyed seeing their wives fuck other men. Although I knew swingers would, and did, visit Hawaii, I was never lucky enough to correspond with any who planned to vacation in Paradise.

Because of Hawaii's comparative isolation and the prevalence of gossip within an ethnic group, few residents dared advertise and even then it was in the same vein I had: to establish contact with swinging tourists planning a trip to Hawaii.

I knew it would be altogether different with me living on the West Coast. I need not hold vigil in a park, hoping by luck to meet my kind of babe or couple. The West Coast, with its millions of residents, had thousands of active swingers hunting immediate action with new partners. All I needed was to read descriptions in ads, look at pictures, and write those who interested me within a radius of a few hundred miles, or who announced they were planning to vacation from Seattle to Los Angeles. I soon learned to immediately reveal I was black, big, college educated, quite mature and thoroughly experienced in many cultures, especially French. Although a sizeable percentage of Caucasians wanted no contact outside their own ethnic group, the number of whites even in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas who desired parties with Negroes, or who already had such experiences and longed for more, was amazingly large. This I interpreted as the rebellion against sex taboos expanding to include rebellion against ethnic attitudes. One Texas wife in her first letter (a postscript to her husband's reply) asked for my phallic size and said she wanted colored men "with the biggest pricks" she could find and enthusiastically described one black stud who, from the measurements quoted, could have frightened a mastodon. I thought how happy he would have made Gwen—old Cavern Cunt back in Honolulu. I also heard from a young white couple in Atlanta planning to vacation in California and anxious for a party with a Negro duo. When I told them I was a single and could not guarantee a black gal for the husband, they quit writing.

One of my most memorable letters came from a strikingly sensual-looking blonde in Ohio who sent four Polaroid shots. One showed her standing in high heels, completely nude except for long black net hose reaching to the top of her well shaped thighs; another showed a partner on the verge of shoving his prick up her slit as she held the lips open, the third was of 69, and the fourth was taken just as she was placing her mouth around a hard, white cock.

In her completely uninhibited letter she wrote:

I sure am anxious to see a picture of you for your description of yourself really appeals to me. I picture your six-foot bronze body in bed with me and I quiver. Yes, I love sex in all ways with colored men and am not ashamed of it in the least. I have been on dates with five or six Negro men (one at a time) and was thrilled by each one, but the best times I have ever had have been the three mixed parties I have been to. The most recent was March 27. There were three girls (me, another blonde and a redhead) and nine men (seven black and two white)—it was wonderful! My pussy still tingles whenever I think of it. Two of the Negro men had the biggest pricks I have ever seen and the three of us had to warm up a long time before we could take them, but it was sure worth it. Size isn't everything; it's the "know-how" that counts, but those two boys had both. One of the Negro men I have been out with has a small one but he sure knows how to use it. Is yours a fair size?

I would love to send you some pics of me with a Negro man (or men) but much to my regret, no one has ever taken any. I sure would like to make a movie with some! I have a secret desire to some time go out of town—Chicago or somewhere—and do some things I really want to do—go out late at

night with nothing on but high heels—take on several men out under the stars—sell myself as a prostitute just once—participate in making a stag movie with three or four others—have a short Lesbian affair with a Negro girl—take on a big dog just to see how I'd like it—do a complete strip on a stage in front of a large male crowd and then see how many I could take on before I wore out—and some other things I'll tell you about later."

This is my kind of woman: a strongly sexed, honest hedonist. I have tremendous respect for a gal who knows what she wants and spells it out simply and plainly. Such is one of the many benefits of the present sex revolution and the growth of swingers' clubs. No longer need a man or woman with a powerful libido waste time playing hypocritical games when the goal is coitus, nor need anybody with common sense hit the hay with a partner and learn, to his chagrin, that his companion does not care for those activities which move him most. Even when not spelled out in the ads, through correspondence and possibly telephone calls one can determine prior to actual meeting whether a potential playmate is interested in Greek, French, English or Roman "culture," is a switch hitter, enjoys trios, quartets or exclusively homosexual parties; dog training, domination, restraint, submission, spanking, lingerie, transvestism, leather and rubber wear as well as any of the myriad motifs which many individuals prefer.

I know that if ever I find myself within two hundred miles of this blonde swinger's home base and she is still available, I shall spend at least one wild night with her and any companions she cares to introduce into the act. There are also many others with whom I've swapped ideas and photographs that I intend to meet if at all possible. These days a man or woman

with strong and explicit sex desires can arrange an itinerary carrying him to any part of the Mainland U. S. and by mail prepare for all the specific action wanted.

If ever I visit New York again, I intend to contact a couple I shall call T— and A—. A—, the wife, is French-Canadian and T—, the husband, is a black Brazilian. I answered their ad in which she specifically requested letters from colored men, and enclosed my photo. They sent me pictures of themselves together, completely clothed, and of A— in a bikini. About five-feet-three, she looked delectably sexy with her brunette hair piled high on her head. Her face had the piquancy frequently found among the French and her full thighs were a real delight to the eye. She wrote:

The reason I advertised for a Negro is not like most people think, just some nympho or nut out to get kicks with just anyone. That is not so; I happen to be married to a Brazilian (interracial), who I love very much and am more than satisfied with, but we both like variety once in a while. In our case the contrast affects us both very strongly. I have been with white men who were well endowed, intelligent and competent lovers, but who failed to move me in any way as there was no attraction there to start with. I have also partied with couples, some white, some colored or mixed, and some colored men who, though virile and endowed, didn't move me either. There has to be some magnetism for me. So you see I don't care for sex just for sex alone. There has to be warmth for me to respond the way a man's ego needs for him to be stimulated and at the same time be uninhibited the way he would want me to be.

"My husband has travelled around the world four times and has lived in Europe. Therefore his outlook on life and sex is so different from ours in

the States. He can get his kicks out of being a spectator as long as he can see I'm really enjoying myself. We have a wonderful future planned for us and things are so solid we don't worry about anyone getting involved emotionally."

In reply, I sincerely praised the way she looked and told her I would love to have a session with both. She wrote back, "you were so sweet and flattering to me, in reference to my pictures, that I'm enclosing two more you may keep." Also in color, but dressed differently, they reinforced my original verdict that here was a very special woman. She went on to say that T— did not care for any kind of action with men, but loved to see them with other women.

"He'd enjoy it if he saw someone like you making love to me," she wrote. "If he sees I'm pleased, then he's pleased. If you visited us, for example, he would watch us and get⁺ the greatest kick out of seeing you kissing and caressing me. Then he'd tell us to go to the bedroom and knock ourselves out. He might, or might not, join us and get his kick, he'd go to bed in another room and you and I could continue. If we liked each other enough, you could stay overnight and we could start all over again in the morning."

Couples like T— and A— (and their numbers grow daily) are both practical and honest. Unlike the repressed majority, they enjoy sex without guilt or emotional problems. Both accept sex for what it is: the supreme pleasure. They, like most swingers, have learned that emotional involvement is not essential for ecstatic sex. In fact, such outside activities often cement and spice a marriage. Statistics show that divorce rates among confirmed swingers are far lower than among nonswinging couples. One of the great effects of the sex revolution is the growing number of husbands and wives who refuse to be regimented into monogamy with what would be neurotic crippling for them. Of

course not all people want variety; but it is as unjust and dictatorial for those capable only of the monotony of monogamy to insist that we all follow this restrictive practice, as it would be for swingers, were they in control of social patterns, to demand that all couples swap partners so many times per month.

A— continued: "I'd like to know in every detail what you'd like to do to me and with me, although frankly I'm not capable of writing like that myself. I'd say and do anything under the sun with you and to you, except Greek culture which T— loves with a woman and I'm not capable of taking, and it's too late to train me now. This has something to do with massaging the rectum when you're younger, I'm told, but I make up for it in every other way."

With her photos to inspire me, I sent her a letter which must have scorched the mails. I did not hear from her again for several weeks. She then wrote she had unexpectedly entered a hospital for an operation but was now recuperating and expected to be back to normal soon. Then she went on:

"Every time I read your last letter I feel all kinds of crazy shivers and thrills all through me. I can feel your lips and tongue caressing me and can't wait until I feel what must be a beautiful experienced black dick fucking my pink slit. I'll be saying plenty when I feel your mouth savoring all of my wet cunt and I have your cock in my mouth. Now you're making me write like I don't ordinarily do. It's a good thing the doctor took my stitches out last week. I'd better close before I have a relapse."

I view such uninhibited correspondence as paving the way for immediate action when the writers come to the West Coast or I visit their cities. But for instant sex, I answer Pacific Coast ads, using a post office box and an assumed name. In my first letter I make it plain that I am black, following an experience with a

widowed schoolteacher of forty-two in Nevada. She told me in her reply to my initial note exactly what she liked, and how, sent along an action photo, and announced she planned to spend her Easter vacation in San Francisco and would like to meet me. Since her desires were fully in my bag, I wrote back enthusiastically and mentioned, in closing, that I was Negro. I never heard from her again.

However, the number of white babes interested in at least one meeting with a Negro male has been far more than I could handle. Invariably I mention my size, tell essential facts and enclose a picture. Many leap at the chance to ball a big black stud. Age seems to make little difference; undoubtedly many of those in their twenties combine an unsatisfied incestuous yen for their male parents with a desire to taste another forbidden fruit: sex with a Negro. I thus give them a chance to kill two birds with the same stone.

Seldom do I meet the same gal more than two or three times. After all, we seek novelty and variety. Also there is the possibility that some unattached single babe may become emotionally involved if sessions continue indefinitely. That's another reason for not using my right name. I reveal it only to those I judge to be safe and responsible.

Thus far I have had few disappointments with either couples or dolls. Quite a few married persons do not consider three a crowd and will party with another woman or man. I steer clear of chicks advertising for "general male companions" no matter how good they look in pictures. I do not intend to pay cash for sex when there are so many thoroughly desirable dolls willing to spend their own funds traveling to meet me because I have the kind of looks and specialized talent they crave. There are, of course, prostitutes who have started using club bulletins for contacts, write temperature raising replies to letters, agree to meetings, wait

until both she and the panting male have stripped for action, then ask big fees, but I have met none of these and hope I never do. There are also homos masquerading by mail as single women to obtain the thrill of passionate correspondence from men. I exchanged several burning letters with one of them; however I grew suspicious when repeated requests for "her" picture were ignored and wrote the bulletin editor. A check-up exposed this member as a fraud, and he was expelled. Reputable clubs are strict about weeding out frauds, for such persons can harm the reputation and subsequent income of a swingers' organization. Admittedly some women do not live up to the promise of their pictures which—much too frequently—have been taken years before, but I have never met a gal swinger in person who I didn't find appetizing enough to enjoy despite misleading photos. Frankly, had I casually met some of them I would not have taken a second glance; the fact that we had corresponded and revealed enough about our deep desires and personalities projected a positive-enough image to more than compensate for any unanticipated deficiencies in appearance. Whoever thought up the idea of personal ads for swingers deserves a medal of honor.

CHAPTER 32

The ad in the club bulletin read:

CAL.—WC1173—Couple 35 & 30, she stunning greeneyed redhead with waist length hair, dominant, 5' 11", 155, vs 42—24—41; he 6', 160, submissive, seeking bizarre and exciting experiences with singles, couples. Have secluded pad. See her photo.

Built like that? Long red hair? I'd had little experience with redheads. I searched through the pages for her picture, found it, and looked—and looked. She was completely nude, except for high heels and lacy black panties, standing in profile with only part of her face showing. But that was enough to send me in all directions at once. I don't go for the sadomasochistic syndrome, but with a fantastic dream of a woman like this I'd try even this once. I wrote to the code number.

Two weeks passed before a reply came, me thinking meanwhile *here's a couple that doesn't dig Negroes*. But when I opened her letter, all was forgiven. She had sent me a color portrait, front view, nude except for long, elbow-length gloves, positioned to hide her pubic area. Her lips were partially open and head tilted slightly back. I fathered a whimsical thought: *her face looks like Sophia Loren's if Sophia looked twice as sexy*. Yet this was absurd. How could any other woman look even as good as the Italian glamour queen when she was the most desirable woman I had ever seen? But the thought persisted, I suppose because her likeness displayed another trait, that of cold superior aloofness. Wedded with extreme sensuousness, it was a strange and incongruous combination that made my

pulse gallop and tripled her allure. If it were humanly possible I had to meet her. Hell, the way she looked I'd even consider letting her beat me a little.

I was so entranced that for the moment I completely forgot her letter. Then I read:

I'm called Flame (because of my red hair) and my husband is Andy. After receiving your letter and your photo (you look very virile, I must say) we turned over in our minds just what we might do together. You see, we've never had an evening with a colored man before, and while we have often discussed such a possibility, you're the first who impressed us as being right in regard to size, appearance, experience, general outlook and education. We're not snobs, although Andy and I are college graduates, but we do prefer partners from our same educational level. This may sound odd, coming from a former exotic dancer, which I was for five years after graduation until Andy and I married three years ago, but I want to assure you that one in my former profession need not be bawdy and common.

As our ad says, I am dominant and Andy is submissive. We have had many unique sessions with a variety of carefully chosen participants, all of them proficient in the various cultures, AC-DC, and with a liking for the bizarre. Of course I do not know the extent of your interest in the unusual. You can tell me about this in your next letter so that there cannot possibly be any misunderstanding.

Let me tell you first of all that Andy loves to see another man make love to me. But he enjoys being tied or chained, so that he can have the illusion it is occurring against his will. When released he likes to protest what he has seen, which is an invitation for me to flog him. Thus

doubly stimulated, he joins in any further action. I might add we are both bi-sexual and stage our sessions in a large, specially equipped and sound-proof room in our rather sizeable residence high in the hills above L. A.

What we want to know is this: how would you like to tear my clothes off and "rape" me in front of Andy while he looks on, powerless to prevent it? I realize this may have unpleasant connotations, because of the stereotype of a "burly black brute raping a white woman," but I assure you it has no actual racial significance. I mean that if prejudice were involved, neither Andy nor I would relish the idea of your having sexual congress with me. But after seeing your picture and reading your letter, I am, frankly, highly aroused at the prospect of going to bed with you. And Andy is equally enthused. So we have the unique situation in which both husband and wife eagerly invite you to participate in a rape. Incidentally, there may be others present who are as anxious as we for the maiden experience of partying with a colored man.

If the idea appeals to you, let me know when it will be convenient for you to get together with us and we'll arrange everything.

Please don't disappoint us. We are sincere about this.

FLAME

A postscript at the bottom in a different handwriting added,

I agree wholeheartedly with everything my wife says. It would be a real blast. Andy.

Well, now. Did this mean they really were chauvinists, despite what she said? Actually probably less than most whites. A genuine racist would not stage a rape

for fun and games. Instead he would be inclined toward extreme violence if a black man dared "defile white womanhood." Yet both Flame and Andy obviously desired this and expected to get a solid boot out of the happening. Of course there might be a few remnants of chauvinism or they would not expect real kicks. However, virtually all whites had some latent prejudice which they would vehemently deny were it pointed out to them. So I might as well join in. I took another long look at Flame's picture, thinking *to feel a new naked body like that against mine, I'd put up with a lot of crap.* Besides, I felt they'd draw the line at whatever point I designated.

I replied immediately. In return, they asked me to come to their home at seven o'clock the following Saturday night. Flame also gave me their phone number so I could call and discuss the evening's program.

At the appointed hour I drove up to the address in a Los Angeles suburb I'd never before visited. Judging from the homes I passed, this was a residential area of the wealthy. Flame and Andy's dwelling was set back from the main road in a small estate of obviously considerable acreage; the house looked to me as if it had cost at least a hundred-thousand dollars. This couple was undoubtedly well off. I saw a Continental and a Jaguar parked in their big garage.

A white-jacketed Filipino let me in when I rang the bell and led me through a long, richly-carpeted hall to a flight of steps, then down to a closed door in the basement. He pressed a button and a buzzer shortly sounded. He grinned as he pushed the door open for me and left.

I entered.

Before me was a huge room, with a couch and bed and innumerable cushions, stools of all shapes, sizes and colors covering much of the rubber-tile floor. At

the opposite end were two doors. Immediately in front of them was a clear space. In a brief glance I saw several rings imbedded in a wall, four metal posts rising some twelve inches from the floor, and an assortment of strange items for which I could see no use. The walls at both ends, one of the long side walls and the entire ceiling were completely mirrored; the other long side wall was a vast mural by an artist, obviously influenced by Vargas, depicting men and women of all colors, sizes and shapes in every conceivable coital position at a huge orgy. Lighting was soft, multi-colored and indirect, and I heard soft music from Daphne and Chloe. All this registered on my mind as I walked toward the couple seated on the couch in the opposite half of the room.

The woman had to be Flame and I assumed the man was Andy. However, he could have been a two-headed freak and I would not have noticed, for my eyes were glued to Flame. Her fantastically beautiful, long hair was a glowing, fiery red and I thought how perfectly the name of Flame suited her. She wore a simple, form-fitting green dress, ending a couple of inches above her knees. When she slowly and languorously arose as I came close, I saw its color was a perfect match for her eyes. I bulged in front as soon as I saw her.

"So you came," she said in a low, throaty boudoir voice.

I nodded. With a wave of her hand she said, "This is my husband, Andy." He grinned a greeting.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked.

I shook my head. "You are intoxicating enough."

She smiled. "Kiss me." She flung her arms around my neck. My tongue was in her mouth before she finished speaking. She bit my ear, whispering, "You're exactly what I want! Now go into your act."

I turned to Andy. "I'm gonna fuck your wife."

Flame and I by phone had prepared the broad outlines of the tableaux we were to perform.

"Now wait a minute," said Andy, half rising from the couch.

"I haven't said I'd go to bed with you," Flame interjected.

"I'm not asking," I said. "I'm telling."

"I'll be damned if I'll have anything to do with you that way," she said.

"You hear her," Andy said. "You'd better not bother her sexually."

"The hell I won't." I tried to sound tough. Flame's arms had fallen to her side. I grabbed her shoulders and shoved her back on the couch. Then I turned to her husband, "I'm gonna fix you so you can't move, then I'll rape your wife right in front of you." I turned to Flame. "Get over here and help me truss up your husband or I'll beat your ass so bad you'll have to wear it in a sling." She seemed to hesitate. "Now!" I shouted in my loudest and most imperious tone.

She rose without a word. "Show me where to take him and be quick about it," I ordered. She pointed to the four posts on the floor, which I now saw had manacles attached by steel chains. I picked up Andy bodily, carried him to the area and deposited him on the floor, face up. "Chain him," I ordered. She locked a manacle around each wrist and ankle, leaving him spreadeagled. "That'll take care of you," I said.

Turning to Flame, I commanded, "Come here, bitch!" She came slowly closer, and from her flushed face and breathing, she was strongly excited by this new game. "I'm gonna rape you," I said. Reaching down, I grabbed the hem of her dress and yanked hard. There was a ripping sound as it tore. I snatched it off and she stood before me in black bra and panties. Flame made a moderate show of resistance as I ripped her bra in two, and those big beautiful jugs jiggled

free, and then I snatched her panties, exposing the reddish brown hair of her muff. It was long and dense, almost a wilderness.

And her skin, her absolutely flawless skin! It had the delicate shimmering velvet softness of the petals of a young pink rose; under the indirect light her flesh was luminous, almost incandescent in its glowing warmth. I have never seen a body to equal Flame's for not even Charlene at her youthful best was her match. Flame was big-boned; although too large by Hollywood standards she stifled the breath and ballooned the eye of those who appreciate ample flesh on a female frame. There was no fat, only solid symmetry. I think Euclid would have needed a straightjacket had he seen her curves. Her legs and thighs were a living lesson for artists in their perfection. I stared in worshipful awe at the beautiful, sensual proportions of hips, waist and breasts. I was so overcome with lust at her lushness that at this moment I would willingly have become her slave for life to be near her; I could have looked up to her as a deity. For a while I stood as if paralyzed; then I wanted to lower her to the cushions and leisurely run my tongue over every nook and hair of her body. But I realized this would have to wait; that's hardly the way to rape a woman.

"Lie down on your back on the floor close to your husband and don't you dare move away," I commanded in a voice hoarsened by desire.

As I hurried out of my clothing, Andy pleaded that I not molest his wife. Her long thighs were together when I got down beside her.

"Open them," I commanded.

"Make me," she said.

I pulled her knees apart, kneeling immediately between them. Although my hand was actually shaking, I felt her cunt and pulled the lips apart, for I was compelled to see her pussy. One labia was of normal

size but the other was at least an inch longer, a freakish but fascinating imbalance I have seen in only three or four women. Both, however, were thick and thoroughly moistened by her secretions.

"What're you doing to my wife?" Andy asked, pulling fruitlessly at his chains and writhing.

"Getting ready to shove my black prick up her pink pussy and give her a real fuck," I replied and entered, sliding in easily. I didn't move, wanting only to lie above her, feeling the heat of her fabulous body as I ran my hands in appreciation over legs, thighs, hips and titties. But Flame was impatient. She tightened her muscles twice as if choking my pole, then began humping beneath me, throwing her arms around my neck, legs around my waist and shoving her open mouth hard against mine.

"Please for God's sake—don't rape my wife," Andy pleaded, me thinking through all the burgeoning sensation *this must be the goddamnedest rape in history, with the victim more eager for action than the culprit.*

Flame was a sizzler and snorter, her breath expelling forcibly in loud blasts as we moved rhythmically. I slipped my hand down between her rotating hips to push a finger up her asshole. With her mouth full of my tongue, her cunt full of my cock and her bunghole full of my finger, I had all coital holes plugged. She responded with an earthquake of a climax which zoomed me into orbit, and bit my tongue, lip, neck and shoulder. Obviously she liked my style, for she would not allow me to immediately break our connection—nor, frankly, did I want to for I could have gladly spent the remainder of my life in her. Flame held me tightly to her body as she shivered intermittently.

I had for the moment completely forgotten Andy until he broke in with "I told you not to fuck my wife." I raised up on my arms without withdrawing and

looked at him. Obviously he was tremendously aroused, for his face was red and his fly curved upward.

"You no good bastard," Flame almost roared. "If you were half a man you would not let another stud come into your own home and rape me." She made an effort to move and, reluctantly, I rolled off. "You clean us both up. You're gonna get a real whipping afterward."

She crawled over Andy, spermatized slit above his mouth and asshole touching his nose. Pulling her thickly buttered pink lips apart, she poked inside with one finger and let my semen flow into his open mouth, but only for a few seconds, me thinking *Andy and I have similar hang-ups*. Then she arose, her husband straining to follow her to the limit of his chains, and said, "That's your share. The rest is for Marie."

"Oh, yes, Marie." He sighed.

"Who's Marie?" I asked.

"One of our group. She's..." At this point a bell rang and Flame went over to a wall and pressed a button. The same buzzing sound began as when I rang.

"Clean him up," she told Andy just as she disappeared behind one of the doors.

I bent down so that my soft shaft could fall between his open jaws and reaching tongue. I was still in that position when I became conscious of two gals and a guy coming over to where we were. One woman was an amply-built blonde with short hair; the other was a slender but quite shapely brunette with an up-sweep hair-do. Their male companion was both short and thin. I judged none older than thirty-two or three. All three smiled at me, and Andy calmly continued his mopping up operation, performing so effectively I felt a tiny surge of renewed life.

"Do you know," the blonde said, watching Andy, "until now I thought he had been weaned years ago?"

Her companions laughed, but Andy paid them no attention. They began undressing and I arose.

"You may as well meet the others," Andy said. "The blonde's Marie. The other gal is Lou, and the fellow is Jake."

I acknowledged the introductions as I watched them disrobe. There's nothing like new potential partners to launch an erection, even with a swinger as old as I, and by the time both babes were completely nude I had a workable hard. Of course neither gal was anywhere near Flame's class, but my tongue has often hung out for dolls with far less appeal than Marie or Lou. I couldn't go wrong with either one.

"Say, you're terrific," Lou said admiringly. "That's a real convincing show you put on with Flame."

I looked inquisitively at Andy.

"Close circuit TV," he said. "They watched in another room. Hope you didn't mind."

"Of course not. I'd have no stage fright before a filled Hollywood Bowl."

"Here's Flame," Jake said reverently. I turned just as the door opened, and gasped.

She stood for a few dramatic moments, letting the full effects of her striking appearance sink into our minds. And I use "striking" intentionally, for she was dressed to administer discipline. Long, black-leather boots, with heels so high she walked on her toes, came up her thighs, looking molded to her flesh and contrasting with its warm color, ending almost at the apex of her thick triangular muff. Her flat belly was bare, then just above her navel began a corset of the same soft black leather, pulling her already small waist to a tiny size, emphasizing the wide-flowing curve of her voluptuous hips, and holding her big, alluring breasts high with generous cutouts for aureole and nipple. A half mask, also black, covered her face, and long, black gloves reaching to the middle of her upper arms com-

pleted the bizarre costume. In one hand she held a leather whip. With her heels she was now several inches taller than I, a big, fantastic, gorgeous, seductive Amazon who was undisputed mistress of the world before her.

And yet, although I had once been willing even to let her flog me, her regalia had the opposite effect. I was thankful, for it snapped me out of the hypnotic trance into which I had fallen when I came into the room. The overpowering willingness to pay her total emotional tribute vanished and I saw her now in proper perspective: A woman who I felt certain I could enjoy sexually every time I saw her but could never worship. Flame was now so obviously the dominatrix that I refused to be dominated. Maybe it was my nonconformity rising to the top, but I knew that if ever she attempted to use the whip on me I would do what I hated: hit a woman. My desire now was to tame her if ever it came to a battle of wills. I think this must have been written in my face, for she stared at me intently, evidently came to a quick decision, momentarily dropped her eyes, then spoke to Marie.

"Come here," she commanded. "Andy started, now you finish cleaning me with your tongue."

Flame strode majestically to the couch and placed one foot upon it. Marie came over, knelt down and shoved her mouth where Flame's thighs joined, her mistress meanwhile gently flicking Marie's rounded bottom with her whip. Perhaps it was due to the contrast between black leather and white flesh, but I have never seen a more exciting exhibition of frenching. I was so aroused I was tempted to go over, push Marie aside, and thrust my own tongue into Flame's gorgeous gash.

"That'll do for now," Flame said, shoving Marie away. "We've got to punish Andy. You saw him let me be raped without lifting a finger to prevent it." She

withdrew a small ring of keys from a small pouch on the outside of her boots, flung them to Jake, and ordered the trio to free Andy, remove his clothes, and chain him to the wall. They obeyed speedily.

With her lips set in a straight line, she walked quickly over to her chained husband, who looked back apprehensively over a shoulder. Drawing back the whip, she brought it down hard across his upper back, the lightly weighted thongs raising dark red welts on his bare flesh. He winced, crying out. Again and again she lashed him, marking his shoulders, waist, buttocks and upper thighs. I looked from one to the other of the observing trio. Lust painted their faces at each thwack of the whip and Andy's yelps of pain. As for Flame, she was still unbelievably beautiful but now her face was clouded with evil. As for me, I felt nothing erotic. Discipline has never turned me on sexually.

When she stopped, Andy still whimpered. His back was not bleeding, but he was severely bruised. The satanic look had for the most part left Flame's face as she commanded:

"Turn him loose. Lou, give him a good screw. He really wants it now."

Lou got down on the closest cushions and opened her legs as Andy, now freed and stiff as a crowbar, thrust into her. He had hardly begun screwing before Jake came up behind, parted his buttocks and pushed his own rod up Andy's moving anus. Never before had I witnessed buggery, and although it left me cold, I was fascinated by the sight of three frantic figures fucking simultaneously. Flame sat on the couch, head in one hand, whip in the other, closely observing until the gyrating trio spent and subsided.

"Nice show," she commented. Turning to me, she said, "How'd you like to eat my pussy and take on Marie at the same time?"

"I'd love it," I said fervently.

"Better get on your back with an extra cushion under your bottom," she said, and I noticed she did not use the imperious tone with which she addressed the others.

I lay down. She placed a leather booted leg on each side of my head, facing toward the front, then slowly lowered herself, me thinking *at last! at last here comes heaven! I'm finally going to taste this appetizing cunt.* My mouth was open and my tongue reaching as her moist labia made contact with my lips. Quickly I explored her full uneven flaps with my mouth, burrowed tongue and nose between them, and sniffed deeply. Her cunt odor was divine, as I knew it would be, and I squeezed and patted and rubbed her firm hips with both hands. My prick was rigid. I felt Marie's thighs pressing the outside of my own and her gentle woman's hand take my cock and guide it up into her hot, slippery slot. Flame half turned and called to Lou, "Get with it." Then I felt my hips being pulled apart and a warm, wet tongue slowly traverse each hairy ball, then make its way slowly down the furrow between my nates to the crater, stop, explore all around, then plunge inside. I moaned and momentarily closed my eyes from the sheer bliss of this new triple sensation of gorging on Flame's gash, fucking Marie impaled on my pole, and Lou's tongue up my asshole. I was glad I had already ejaculated earlier, so that I could prolong the enjoyment. I could have nibbled on Flame the rest of my life. Isolating the long lip, I sucked, bit, chewed. Then placing my mouth between them and over the hole itself, I took a deep breath and blew into her vagina. Flame jumped slightly in surprise, and the air rushed back out noisily like small firecrackers. "Do that again," she asked immediately afterward and I complied. (Later she told me it felt as if all her internal organs were trying to escape through her pussy, producing an exotic and erotic thrill she had

never previously experienced.) Then I shifted to her clitoris, licking rapidly with my tongue. She shoved herself down against my face, seizing the back of my head to hold my mouth to her cunt as I pressed hard against her hips. The sheer ecstasy of orally making her come would have been almost enough to drive me to climax alone, but the talented twirling of Marie and Lou's tongue in combination triggered an orgasm that all but shattered me; I groaned in a voice that even Flame's wonderful thighs pressing powerfully against me could not completely muffle while Marie shoved her crotch against me with all her strength to hold me deep inside her grabbing gap and get the full force of my ejecting sperm. Lou tried her best to keep up with my violent twitching but for the sake of her personal safety was forced to remove her head. I felt as if I were hurtling from planet to planet. I was a long time reentering earth's atmosphere.

It must have been mutually cataclysmic, for we were in no hurry to uncouple. Finally Flame said, "Everybody off," giving me a quick, queer look of what I assumed was appreciation. "Jake, it's your turn. Lick him clean. And you, Andy, clean up Marie. Now come here Lou."

They followed orders, but I was especially interested in watching Lou. The slender brunette lay down on the cushions and Flame got over her, at an angle, placing one leg between her thighs and positioning their bodies until their clitorises touched, then began rubbing and gyrating her pelvis. Lou followed each movement with her own body, and started sucking Flame's luscious jugs. The redhead snorted, seized Lou's head and held it tight against her. Their tempo increased, and their little cries blended as they climaxed. Jake meanwhile had been mouthing my prick, but I did not get hard again. When Flame and Lou finished, I pushed his head away. Andy and Marie, meanwhile, were in 69.

When Flame turned from Lou and saw them frenching each other, she leaped up and lashed Marie's shaking buttocks with her whip. Marie jumped.

"Who told you to suck each other?" Flame demanded.

"Why, nobody," Marie said.

"I tell you what to do," Flame said, striking her again. "You don't improvise on your own." Again the whip descended. Marie rolled to one side, rubbing her smarting hips, and looked fearful. "So that you won't forget who your mistress is, you may ride me around the floor."

Marie obediently placed herself on all fours and Flame got astride her as she would a horse, using her whip as a riding crop to control her mount. Luckily for Marie, she was sturdily built, but even so, Flame kept her going until she was almost exhausted. Then Flame stood up and flogged her three times across the fleshiest section of her backsides before turning to her husband, who was waiting meekly on the floor.

"As for you," Flame said to him, "cleaning up Marie wasn't enough. I'll have to see to it that you get more in your mouth. On your back."

Without a word Andy got supine on the bare tile. Flame squatted above him until her cunt was only a couple of inches above his mouth, which had opened, and pissed. (How I envied him this moment! Call it submission, discipline or what you will, *that* kind of domination I would joyfully accept from Flame. I would let her know that she simply had to pee in my mouth, too.) Most of the warm stream went into his oral cavity and we saw him gulp as he swallowed, but some hit his face and dribbled down his cheeks. I noticed that soon after his mouth filled, his dick leaped into rigidity, even as mine under similar stimulation.

"I want to be sure you get enough," Flame said as the last few glistening drops slid off her labia. "Marie

and Lou, you're next. You studs, give him a shower. Piss on his peter."

The gals did as ordered, Lou going first. At the same time Jake hosed his genitals. I felt a little odd when my turn came, but Andy seemed to enjoy it all. I had no strong desire for Lou and Marie this way—only for Flame.

"Jake," Flame said, "You've been a pretty good boy tonight. As a reward, I'll let you snack on my snatch. You may fuck Marie at the same time." Turning to me, she said, "Why don't you take on Lou?"

"I'd love to," I said, "But twice is my limit these days."

"I feel cheated," Lou said.

Flame frowned. "Well, if you can't, you can't. Andy, if you're okay now, you take Lou."

Her husband had dried himself with a towel, and he lay between Lou's legs, ramming immediately up her slit. Flame got above Jake as she had over me, and Marie eased down on his shaft. I watched intently, eyes traveling back and forth like a tennis ball, but despite the stimulating sight of copulating bodies, I could not get hard again.

When they finished and rested, I told Flame, "There's nothing wrong with my mouth. Marie, I want to eat your loaded pussy now. And Lou, keep Andy in you until I'm finished with Marie. You're next."

"So you like that," Flame commented.

"Of course. I'm a Gourmet of Gash. And I especially want to drink the cream of your cunt right after you've fucked."

She smiled, looking pleased. "Well, I'll remember that for next time."

I left soon after I had lapped the sex sauce from both Marie and Lou, enjoying every drop as well as the distinctive taste and smell of their wet cunts. As a

farewell for the evening, I planted a long and passionate kiss inside the lips of Flame's pussy.

I was certain that the others had enjoyed the session and we would get together again. I was right; since then I've been to her way-out happenings three times, twice as official rapist to break in new partners who yearned for the experience, and once for an orgy with the same group. Thus far I've been able to do everything I want with Flame, and I have no doubt I shall see her and Andy many times in the future. I doubt if I could ever tire of her sexually, but to take her includes taking her hang-ups, and I cannot stand a steady diet of the bizarre. I suppose this is all for the best, however, since it prevents my becoming more involved.

Once I ran into her alone and had a long and illuminating talk. She was dancing professionally when she met Andy, who had recently inherited two million dollars. Andy went for her immediately, as would most men—me included. But Andy had one great advantage: money. He soon became aware of her dominant nature, which dovetailed with his masochism. After considerable discussion and expensive courting, she finally consented to quit show business and marry him, but with the stipulation that he set aside four-hundred-thousand dollars in a special fund with no strings attached, so that should the marriage go sour, she would have security. He did so willingly. Thus far there was nothing to indicate they would ever part, for both thoroughly loved the life they lived. As for me, she said she sensed the first night I came to her place, that while I was moderately submissive, she could not dominate and discipline me as she did the rest of her sex companions but because of my other assets she was content to leave it that way.

CHAPTER 33

As I end this I have reached the age, 62, at which a surprisingly large number of American men have stopped their active sex life. As for me, I have no intention of quitting, and despite a wide variety of experiences still look forward to new partners and variations I have not yet tried. Of course I am not as virile as twenty years ago, but my enthusiasm has not diminished. Under favorable circumstances, as with Flame and her crowd, I am occasionally capable of two emissions in a single session, but that is an exception. With the decrease in potency has come a compensating increase in proficiency. In my youth I cared only for my own satisfaction. I ejaculated four times with my first all-night partner. Months later she told me I'd have left her crawling the wall had I not been capable of repeated encores; she didn't obtain release until the third congress. As time passed, I adopted the policy of seeing to it that my companion has at least one orgasm before I climax. That is why I invariably, unless requested to do otherwise, begin with cunnilingus. And that is also why many young women prefer older, mature men, for they know a sensitive and thoroughly experienced stud is as interested in pleasing his partner as getting his own kicks. I am no longer selfish, the common complaint against young men.

As I aged, my tastes altered. Only twenty years ago I would not have considered a woman of forty for a romp—particularly if she had gray hair. Today I can hardly walk down a busy street without seeing women obviously in their fifties, and occasionally around my age, who have that magic which turns me on. Sometimes I even reminisce about the willing women I

ignored in my younger days who now would start me panting on sight.

Close to a half century ago, when I first began dating (and to a depressingly large extent today despite the sex revolution) there was a rather rigid ritual which "nice" boys and girls observed. Even though bed was your goal, our Puritanical and hypocritical society demanded we follow certain time-wasting patterns. You were to flatter and romance the girl you wanted to the extent of your wallet. You took her to shows and dances, spending money for food and transportation. You rarely kissed on the first date, and when it took place it was little more than a brief brushing of lips. Sometimes it was just enough to give you a hard and a need to masturbate as soon as you were alone. Next time, maybe a longer kiss, perhaps lips partly open and the tingling sensation of her feminine curves against you as your briefly embraced. Then home and more masturbation. After more dates you grew bolder and hands explored breasts, hips and thighs. Her role in the ritual demanded that she at first protest such liberties and you were expected to wear down her resistance with romantic words and overpowering masculinity.

Maybe after some time you graduate to heavy necking which consisted of first touching and then fondling each other's genitalia. Now you were in position to spring the big question. But even if she were hornier than you, the unwritten rules made it clear she was to turn you down at first or lose status as a "nice" girl. Perhaps after the third or fourth try she reluctantly consented after letting you know it was against her better judgment. Or maybe she insisted (although burning for action) she would never, never give in for "I intend to save myself for my husband." You then had the option of dropping her and taking a loss on your investment in time, courting costs and attention,

or of saying, "I do want to marry you" if she had been smart enough to arouse you to such a high pitch you'd agree to anything *later* to get in her pants *now*. She, of course, had proven to you she was neither a "tramp" nor "an easy mark." On the other hand, if she did let you fuck her, there was always the chance you would lose interest and from now on view her with contempt, for didn't everybody know that "nice girls" went to bed only when they married?

This ritual requires a belief in a pair of myths: first, sex outside of marriage is sin; and, second, woman is created for man's pleasure and has no erotic desires of her own worthy of consideration.

Unless a guy or gal believed nonmarital sex is sin, there would be no onus to coitus out of wedlock. And unless there was a belief in female inferiority and the double standard, with the male privileged to behave as he wished, a boy would not "lose respect" for a girl who "went all the way." Even today with its crumbling mores, if a doll survives both her parents' and society's traditional attempts to subvert her instinctive desires and make her frigid, and instead has a healthy, normal interest of her own in coitus, instead of yielding to "do a favor" for a boy, she is still condemned in many circles as a "wanton," a girl with "loose morals."

Along with my peers, I accepted this ritual and its myths in my youth. But being a nonconformist and freethinker, I rejected this as so much bullshit before I became old enough to vote. Today I have respect only for those emancipated women who are sexual realists. I salute the honest "easy marks" and "wantons" who have sex relations because they really want to, and have only contempt for those females hungry for a stiff prick but lacking the moral strength to break their ridiculous Puritanical bonds or who want to barter their flesh only for a marriage license.

If America were as civilized as, say, Scandinavia or

some of the "primitive, inferior" cultures in various parts of the world, women would be as free as man to go to bed immediately with anybody who turned them on and they would not lose status. In the first place, a normal woman gets as much pleasure from a good romp in bed as does a man. I like to know if a woman who stirs me sexually is moved by me. If so, let's get with it. Why waste time observing a ritual?

No person with a strong libido should be expected to waste precious days going through a senseless ritual with everybody who moves him. In a world of three billion, there are at any given time at least a million people capable of arousing even a fastidious sensualist. That is around one-thirtieth of one per cent of the total population. Even if it were possible for a rabid swinger to make out with three completely different partners every day for a hundred years, he or she could still take on only a measly ten per cent of those found sexually desirable. As for me, the number of those I'd love to bed exceeds one in three thousand—so that after a hundred years I could not get around to even ten percent of those who excite me.

Since it is at best possible to copulate only with a minuscule proportion of possible partners, the time-consuming ritual of romance becomes even more wasteful. That is why the swingers' clubs are of such value to the strongly sexed. Today you can obtain mail order partners. Through letters, pictures and phone calls, you know what to expect before you meet a person and can get down to business immediately after meeting.

Sex is fun, and I do not need emotional involvement to have fun. Although I like intellectual rapport, many women have that something which can turn me into a bonfire without a word being spoken. Unless a person is sexually repressed or neurotic, what we call love is not at all necessary to fully enjoy coitus. Some of my

most pleasureable episodes have been with women I would never think of marrying.

I have no yen for virgins and rarely for teen-agers. Prior to the growth of the clubs I was seldom interested in chicks in their early twenties. My usual preference is for a gal between twenty-eight and fifty with thirty-five the ideal age. Usually it takes a woman thirty years to learn how to live and love, to become realistic and discard false ideals instilled by an anti-sexual society. At thirty-five a woman should know how to thoroughly give and receive horizontal pleasure if ever she's going to, and should still be at her physical peak, what with all the beauty knowledge available, and if she is smart can maintain her allure for fifteen to twenty years more. I'm as hungry today as I ever was for Hedy LaMarr, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Dolores Del Rio and Marlene Dietrich. And I find some personalities, notably Peggy Lee and Barbara Stanwyck, far more appealing today than they were twenty-five years ago. As for girls in their twenties, the sex revolution has permitted emancipation at an earlier age so that many now are as sophisticated as were women of thirty-five a quarter of a century ago.

There are many female characteristics that excite me, for I have no special fetish. It may be hips, legs, breasts, hair, nose, mouth, complexion, voice, walk, personality—the list is long. I like an ample ass but not a big belly. I do not care for a hairless mons; I love to see and feel a thick thatch. I prefer large lips and a sizable clitoris—and the more copious the secretion when she is aroused the better I like it.

Since puberty I have possessed a vigorous sex drive; I could not be a swinger without it. I regret none of my experiences or unusual appetites; for me they are normal. Undoubtedly I could have conformed to the strict moral code which society professes to accept—but by now I would have been in a mental hospital

or sublimation would have turned me into a raging black fascist or criminal. Instead I chose to try to satisfy my sexual desires—and so today I am a calm, emotionally stable citizen. But I would no more recommend my way of sex life to a man with a weak libido than I would advocate celibacy for myself. I have also learned to accept as perfectly normal for that individual those sex practices which differ from mine and which I personally reject.

How long a normally healthy man retains his ability to genetically copulate depends upon his mental and emotional make-up, plus his basic sex drive and activity. Some men develop emotional fatigue from years of laying the same partner (an argument against strict monogamy), others have a weak libido. But it is a scientific fact, stressed by Kinsey, that those who early launch an active sex life usually last longer, and that an individual who has regular activity may continue until the eighties, nineties or even the age of one hundred. Coitus is like so many other sports; to maintain ability you must practice regularly.

I intend to stay in condition.

THE END