

11.

the french connection

anything but beautiful, she was acned with a beak on her like dick tracy but she adored him and was hot for it. hers was the slickest tract he had ever entered, a regular coastal oil spill and with a pair that could nourish

an orally fixated battalion. once on the sofa he had them both out simultaneously, a mind gagging sight. her roommate was a problem, never leaving the place. so they made it on the bathroom linoleum, fragrant of lysol.

coming five times straight, he flopped over all petered out, when to his amazement the delicate lashings of her lucid tongue.

12.

strange company

it was an intimate afternoon: he and she and she. he tried a little foreplay in the tub. the big one rolled away like a great cellulite walrus. the little one just giggled. later,

on the bed, the big one invited him in but he felt foolish, lost, futile among those swimming hams. the little one, her lesbian lover announced her own receptivity by palming him a prophylactic with five warm fingers. much

later, when the occasion presented itself he attacked the little one amongst her stack of wax fished out a firm point and was guiding it mouthward, when she declared to fats waller a disgusting tumor of the lymph glands.