

I wrote this story back in 1977, and recently re-edited it. It's an erotic tale, with a bit of humor.

The Man With The Yard-Long Dong

Bernie Schwartz had a problem. Most men, just hearing about it, or, for that matter, reading the title of his tale, would say it was the opposite of a problem. They would say he was a very lucky man.

He was, actually, lucky. He had a 36 inch penis, longer than anyone had ever heard was possible. Men who believe a large penis is the secret to attracting and pleasing women would be quick to brag about such luck. Even those who aren't sure it is the secret would be envious. But, it was not an unmixed blessing.

Bernie was an average guy. Not too tall, not too short. Pleasant looking, but not handsome, intelligent, but not a genius. Growing up, he had known, long before he could use it, that his appendage was unusual. He kept it carefully hidden until puberty. The first girl he showed it to, ran away, terrified.

After that he studied as much information as he could find in books and videos about sex and physiology. He was careful to describe his equipment to any girl before showing her, and promise to be gentle and respect her wishes. With curious and adventurous girls, that often worked.

The problem was, he could fuck with a part of his dick, but never get close. Hugging, kissing, rubbing belly on belly, chest on breast, could be done, but not while fucking. The girls found him exciting, amusing, and fun, but couldn't imagine having a serious relationship with him.

It did get him a good job, though. He dated a young woman who worked at a sperm bank, and she had a great idea. Prospective parents would pay a premium rate for the chance they might have sons extra well endowed. There would be no guarantee of 36 inches, but the odds were they'd be bigger than average. If they had a daughter, perhaps she'd have a bigger clit.

She sold the idea to her boss at the Ace-in-the-Hole sperm bank, and suddenly Bernie was on the gravy train.

Carolyn

Bernie rode the bus five days a week to make his daily deposit. His sperm did become popular, and the bank paid him well. One day on the way to work (if it

could be called that), he met a very pretty blonde named Carolyn. She was flirtatious and inquisitive.

“So, Bernie, where do you work?”

“At a sperm bank. I make deposits.”

“You get paid for that?”

“Yes, I do. I not only come to work, but I come AT work.” Carolyn laughed, giggled, and blushed a little. Then Bernie explained to her why his sperm was so valuable. Carolyn was amazed and excited, her erect nipples making tiny mountains beneath her thin blouse. Bernie noticed that, and also caught her wide blue eyes glancing downward at his crotch.

He couldn't resist saying, “Hey, my eyes are up here!” While she giggled some more, and blushed again, he asked, “Would you like to meet me later?”

Carolyn said, “Yes.”

Carolyn was an extremely sensuous young lady. Once she discovered sex, she loved everything about it and went after it enthusiastically. Picturing Bernie's penis in her mind, she thought, “What an erotic thing to play with!”

That evening, she knocked on Bernie's apartment door. He greeted her with a smile, wearing only a loose pair of sweat pants. “Is there something you'd like to show me?” she asked with a grin. He grinned back.

“I could ask you the same question.”

In seconds she pulled off her T-shirt revealing a beautiful pair of bra-less breasts, pink nipples pointing prominently. His sweat pants were dropped as quickly, and his long dong rose to the occasion. He had described it, but seeing it, she could only say, “Wow!”

“It likes you, too,” he said. She pinched her own nipples, just to be sure she wasn't dreaming. She dropped her shorts, which had been hiding no panties, only a beautiful blonde bush.

“Care for a glass of wine, or a beer?” Carolyn was a little distracted as she watched his magic wand wavering in front of him, stretching horizontally toward her. She walked toward him, stretched out her hand, and gently grasped the end of it.

“Nice to meet you,” she said. Another step forward and it was poking her belly button. She guided it downward, brushing the tip through her blonde pubic hair, then prodding her pink labia, already slick with vaginal dew.

“Yes, wine would be fine.”

She let go of his cock so he could turn and pour the wine, sliding her finger to the spot it had touched, slipping it inside the well-lubricated opening. He turned back, glasses in hand, swinging his cock back in reach. She took the wine in one hand and grasped his organ with the other. As she sipped the wine, she widened her stance, exposing her dripping pinkness. She pointed his prick just below her pussy, snugly between her legs, and began to shuffle toward him. It slid slickly, slowly beginning to protrude out behind. Their bodies met, lips together in a soft

passionate kiss, his hands handling her flawless round breasts. Excitedly they humped and thrust and squirmed, their sweaty bodies rubbing faster and faster. Carolyn came with a squeal, and Bernie's rod fired its load, laying lines of semen on the floor behind Carolyn.

"It was good that way," said Bernie. "I liked being close."

"Yeah, me too," she replied. "So, I guess when you fuck, you can't get close, and when you're close, you can't really fuck."

"Yes, that's always been my problem."

"Well, you turn me on, and I'd love to help with your problem. We can alternate fucks and close humps."

"You've got yourself a deal, Carolyn."

They began to play around, and they discovered it was possible for him to lick her clit and fuck at the same time. She discovered that she liked that a lot. The two of them had a great deal of fun trying different positions and joking around in between. "I like you, Bernie," said Carolyn.

"I hope it's me you like, not just my dick," he replied, grinning..

"Like the commercial used to say, 'It's not how long you make it-- it's how you make it long!' Seriously, you're fun to be with. It's not the size of your toy, but the way you share it with me."

"Well, you can stay and play as long as you like."

"I'd like that," she said.

Carolyn did indeed stay and play, both inside the apartment and playfully teasing one another everywhere they went.

One day in the elevator Carolyn was teasing Bernie, flashing her tits and snaking her hand down his pants to fondle his balls. Bernie began to get hard, making his pant-leg look strangely swollen. Just then the elevator stopped at a floor and an older woman got on, carrying an umbrella. She glanced at the couple, looking annoyed, and turned away. When she heard Carolyn giggle, she looked again, then noticed Bernie's strangely shaped pant leg. "Young man, what have you got in your trousers?" she asked. Carolyn laughed out loud.

"That's his penis," said Carolyn, still laughing. Bernie grinned. The long lump in the loose sweat pants extended well below his knee.

"No, it's not," said the old woman scornfully. "It couldn't be!" With that, she swung her umbrella and struck Bernie, expecting to hit some solid object stuck down his pants.

"Ouch!" Bernie yelled. "You bitch! You just whacked my dick!"

The old woman stared, mouth open but saying nothing, realizing she might have been wrong. The sharp pain made Bernie's cock soften and retreat to a length just above his knee as she watched. "I'm sorry. I didn't know. I...didn't believe it." The elevator stopped at the woman's floor, and she quickly stepped out when the door opened.

Carolyn called after her, "Come by sometime, and he'll show it to you. Just don't bring your umbrella. Apartment 609!" Bernie pinched Carolyn's butt, and they both started laughing. The pain had subsided.

Yolanda

One day Bernie and Carolyn's playfulness almost ended in disaster. They were riding up in the elevator, along with a shapely dark-haired girl, Yolanda, who lived down the hall from them on the same floor. They hadn't actually met her before, and were mostly paying attention to one another, kissing and groping. Yolanda noticed them, of course, and was amused by their erotic antics. Then she glanced at Bernie's pants leg, watching his hardening prick creep steadily down the leg, past his knee under the material. She tapped Carolyn on the shoulder and asked, "Is he for real?"

Carolyn giggled. "He sure is. Would you like to see it?"

Yolanda's eyes opened wide. She was amazed, and more than a little excited. "Well...yeah, I would, if you don't mind." Neither woman had asked Bernie if HE minded, making the assumption that he wouldn't mind at all.

They were right; Bernie just grinned. He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his fly, and dropped his trousers to the floor. Freed, his cock sprang up to a horizontal position, reaching across the elevator to point at Yolanda's navel, wavering inches away from her. Yolanda stared down at it, momentarily speechless. Finally, she said "Wow!"

"That was my reaction, too," said Carolyn. "It's lots of fun to play with."

Just then they reached the 6th floor, and the door opened. Yolanda backed out, her eyes still gazing at the yard-long dong. She could feel moisture flowing inside her panties, feeling the need to go home, strip, and play with herself. Carolyn was turned on too, pleased to have showed off the "toy" she was privileged to enjoy, and eager to get started.

Bernie picked up his pants from the floor, and Carolyn grabbed the end of his pole firmly and began to lead him out the door, not looking back at him. Just then, the door began to close. Seeing this, Bernie stepped backwards, but Carolyn only tugged him forward by the prick, thinking he was playing. Yolanda had arrived at her apartment door across the hall, and turned to watch the couple. She saw what was happening. She squealed and sprinted with astonishing speed to the

elevator door. Barely avoiding Carolyn, who gaped in wonderment, Yolanda leaped feet first at the narrowing gap. The edge of the door scraped her calves painfully. As she had feared, the old elevator had no safety device in the automatic door. The door continued to press on her legs. With all the strength in her firm shapely legs, Yolanda strained to spread them, to force the door to open. It wouldn't budge at first, but finally her athletic extremities began to overpower the mechanism until she had opened it halfway.

"Get out," she said. Bernie, who had been standing transfixed, his prick no longer stiff but still held by the petrified Carolyn, leaped over Yolanda into the hallway. Yolanda quickly snapped her legs together and did a reverse roll onto her feet before the elevator door closed again.

She turned to face the others, both Bernie and Carolyn wrapped their arms around her, and everyone hugged and kissed at once. Bernie sank to his knees, lifted Yolanda's short skirt and began to lick her pussy passionately. After a few minutes he came up for air, wiping his mouth on her hem.

"Thank you, Yolanda. You're my heroine."

She smiled down at him. You already thanked me. But, I'm not a drug."

They all laughed. Bernie said, "I'll bet you could be habit-forming, though. He inserted a finger in her excited cunt. "Lets go inside, so we can thank you some more."

Though Carolyn hadn't expected suddenly making a new friend, she couldn't help but like the cute brunette, and the idea of a threesome intrigued her. She had been attracted to other women before, but never had the opportunity to try anything. She was about to get her chance.

As soon as the three were inside the door, clothing flew everywhere. A skirt landed on Bernie's face as he was unbuttoning his jeans. He inhaled deeply, getting high and hornier on Yolanda's delicious pussy-scent. When he tossed the skirt aside, his eyes were greeted by the sight of Yolanda's bare ass, firm and round. She had bent over in front of him to untie her tennis shoes. By now his long prong stood stiffly in

front of him. It required only a quick forward movement to poke her. He did. His prickhead caught her halfway between asshole and pussy. The unexpected goose unbalanced her, and she tumbled forward onto the resilient waterbed. Yolanda laughed as she sat up and finished removing the tennis shoes.

Carolyn had squirmed out of her tight faded blue jeans and stripped off her cotton T-shirt. She stood in glorious nudity, a goddess among women, behind Bernie, who was watching Yolanda remove her flimsy blouse. When Yolanda's blouse was unbuttoned and thrown to one side, Bernie and Carolyn both stared at her beautiful breasts. They were large and perfectly shaped with a slight sexy sag that only emphasized their natural softness. Yolanda leaned back on the waterbed and raised her ass, her legs spread wide, opening her still-wet pussy to view. As Bernie looked lustfully at the door to heaven, Carolyn stepped quietly behind him and dug her fingernails playfully into the cheeks of his ass. Startled, he stumbled forward, pivoting just as he reached the waterbed. The mattress sloshed noisily as he flopped onto it. Carolyn jumped aboard too, and the three of them frolicked and wrestled and tickled and giggled.

The activity quieted somewhat when Yolanda, finding the tip of Bernie's prick near her face, impulsively slipped her warm mouth over it. "Ummm," said Bernie. Carolyn, who had been as fascinated as Bernie at Yolanda's pulsing pussy, drew nearer to it. She had seen her own in a mirror, but this was different. She ran her fingers through the thick curly dark patch of pubic hair. Then she traced a finger down each of Yolanda's smoothly muscled inner thighs. Yolanda squirmed her bottom in sensual delight at the gentle touching. Carolyn placed her cheek against one soft thigh, caressing the other one with her palm, her fingers making forays into the dark damp jungle of hair in the middle.

Meanwhile, Bernie, enjoying the sensation of Yolanda's sucking lips and caressing fingertips on his instrument of love, turned his head to one side, only to confront Carolyn's blonde silky snatch only a few inches from his nose. She was lying on her side as she nuzzled Yolanda's private patch. Excited by the erotic activity, Carolyn's cunt was already glistening with moisture. Bernie reached out and grasped her pretty, soft-skinned ass and pulled her closer to his face. He lightly kissed her smooth velvety thighs. Bernie worshiped Carolyn's

body, and he showed it by the loving way he kissed and caressed this most beautiful part of her.

His kisses became firmer and more passionate. His tongue began to dart teasingly to the lower center of her magic triangle. His mouth watering with the delicious taste of Carolyn he licked hungrily as she opened her legs to unveil the feast. Her ecstasy grew with each lick of his avid tongue. She thrilled with every suck of his loving mouth on her throbbing clit,

She had forgotten for a moment that her head lay cradled on Yolanda's warm thigh, her nose pressing just above the brunette's pulsating pussy. When she became aware again, she was inspired to give the kind of pleasure she was receiving. She tenderly kissed Yolanda's clit and began flicking her tongue all around the lips of her love box. Carolyn darted her tongue into the tiny dark cavern as it drenched her face with excited lubrication. It was almost like licking her own pussy by remote control, and she was discovering first-tongue what men have known throughout the ages: that a woman's clean cunt was one of the greatest gourmet treats on Earth.

All three were too orally occupied to speak, but soft sighs and moans told their ears of an intense triple orgasm to come. The waterbed undulated rhythmically; waves of pleasure seemed to emanate from heated flesh, enveloping all three. The sounds blended in harmony and built in intensity to a crescendo, and then...silence, followed by happy panting sighs, swallowing sounds, sounds of tongues still caressing sopping pussies in the afterglow. In a moment the three broke formation and fell together lengthwise, hugging one another in deeply felt togetherness.

"Bernie," said Carolyn, "I must admit I felt a little jealous when you wanted an extra woman, but I'm glad you did now. That was so fucking good." They both kissed Carolyn at once, on each side of her neck. Then they kissed their way down to her breasts, each sucking and licking a nipple. "Oooh," said Carolyn. "I love you both."

As they lay warmly together and rested, Bernie's oversized organ began to grow and harden again. Creeping its way between them until it became a very prominent fourth member of the group. Bernie said, "Let's try the plan now. All right, ladies?"

Yolanda replied, "If it's fucking, I'm for it."

Carolyn giggled. "Places, everybody. Action!"

Bernie grinned. "Yolanda, you sit in the middle of the bed and spread your legs. Lie down if you like. Carolyn, you kneel with your back toward Yolanda. I kneel here, facing you. Get the idea?"

The women understood immediately and placed themselves accordingly. Bernie aimed his long dong between Carolyn's legs. As he inched forward on his knees, it slid beneath her slippery pussy and continued beyond her butt until it contacted Yolanda's cunt. Yolanda was ready for it. She raised her ass a little, and the tip of the big dick slipped between her pussy lips. "Right on target, Captain."

Bernie thrust his hips forward, poking another inch or two into Yolanda. He moved forward on his knees. Inch by inch he slipped further into Yolanda, approaching Carolyn at the same time. When he was belly to belly with the blonde, he was several inches into Yolanda. She rotated her hips and squeezed with her pussy muscles. Bernie and Carolyn kissed passionately, their tongues battling, retreating and advancing. Their bodies pressed together from breasts to public hair. Bernie grabbed Carolyn's beautiful butt and began moving his hips forward and back, the base of his cock slipping over her sopping pussy, rubbing across her titillated clit. His far end moved pleasingly in and out of Yolanda's equally excited pussy.

After a few strokes, both women started to moan in unison with the pleasure of each forward thrust. Carolyn clung to Bernie tighter and tighter as her first orgasm approached, hastened by her closeness to her lover. As Carolyn's breathing quickened and her moans turned to shrill passionate gasps, Yolanda's did too. As the end of Bernie's organ sloshed in and out of her pussy, providing plenty of pleasure. As both women came together, emitting harmonious squeals of delight, Bernie paused briefly, slowing his strokes. Then he increased the tempo again, feeling an urgency of his own. This set the females on the climb to another climax. Bernie pumped away, faster and faster. The wet squeezing friction on the far end was added to the satisfying belly-thumping closeness to Carolyn, equaling something very like the complete close fuck Bernie had sought all his life.

"I'm coming again," yelled Yolanda.

"Oooh, me too," cried Carolyn.

"Me three," said Bernie. Carolyn felt the twitch as his load of cream squeezed past her pussy through Bernie's solid shaft. He humped her wildly as his sperm sped onward on the three-foot trip to Yolanda.

Carolyn ground her clit on the top of his cock, rubbing her breasts on his sweaty chest.

“Oh, fuck!” she went, as she came. A second later Yolanda reached her peak as she was squirted full of creamy semen. She grabbed Bernie’s organ with both hands, not wanting it to leave her satiated slit so soon. But, as Bernie’s erection slowly subsided, it shortened and slipped soggily out, releasing a flood of trapped fluids to run warmly between her thighs.

“Fantastic,” said Bernie. “That was it!”

“It was wonderful,” Carolyn agreed. “Did you like it, Yolanda?”

“Fuck, yes!” she replied. “It felt a little funny to be far from the fucker, but it was still intense.”

“I know what you mean,” said Carolyn. “We’ll switch places next time.” All three lazily kissed and caressed one another until they fell asleep.

Harry

Early next morning, all three were still sleeping soundly, exhausted from the wonderful orgy. Several more hours of sleep could have been theirs, were it not for the interruption.

“What interruption?” you ask. Well, there comes a time in everyone’s life, even in an erotic story, when someone comes knocking. There is symbolism. A knock on the door is a nonverbal way of saying, “May I come in?” Or, perhaps, “May I come in YOU?”

Coming in, or allowing someone to enter, is what it’s all about.

The first three knocks on Bernie’s apartment door were not very loud. Bernie, Carolyn, and Yolanda remained asleep. Three more knocks, a bit louder, awakened no one, but a repetition began to set Yolanda on the path to consciousness. She opened one eye and mumbled, “Come in.” Had she been fully awake, she would have said “Who is it?”, but she wasn’t.

The door opened. There, gazing at the three naked people on the waterbed, stood the landlord, Harry Frog. He was slim and handsome, with long black hair and a mustache. Harry looked about 25, although when one looked closely at his eyes, they radiated an aura of experience and wisdom that made him seem almost 30.

“Hi,” he said. “I’m the landlord.” Yolanda opened her other eye. She was stretched out on her back between Bernie and Carolyn. She looked at the newcomer for a moment and sat up.

“Hi,” she said. “I was asleep. What can I do for you?”

He grinned at her. She grinned back. She noticed a swelling in his crotch. “Actually, I came to see Bernie. The rent’s due.”

“Oh,” she said. “Well, I’ll tell him.”

“I’m in 102.” He smiled, and left.

Yolanda wondered to herself, “One or two what?”

Yolanda leaned back and stretched her golden brown body, writhing in erotic pleasure at the feel of the simulated-fur bedspread on her bare skin. The waterbed molded itself to her every curve, as waterbeds do. Memories of the night before filled her mind. She shivered in delight at the thoughts of warm bodies caressing, licking, penetrating, inducing peaks of pleasure, and overwhelming orgasms. “Wow,” she thought to herself. “What a night. And what a lance the knight had.” She looked over at Bernie, still sleeping blissfully on his back, his penis lying languidly on this chest. She reached down and stroked it, as if she were petting a dog. After a few of those soft caresses, the hot dog began to twitch under her hand. Yolanda watched it slowly grow its way up Bernie’s chest, poke him in the chin, deflect to one side, and continue stretching past his ear. She thought of the old limerick that began “There once was a man from Nantucket...”, and giggled.

Bernie was still asleep, but his muscles began to twitch restlessly. His prick no longer lay against his chest, but stood up at an angle, a leaning tower of penis. Yolanda was not one to ignore an erection, this one especially. She moved toward the head of the bed, the direction in which the cock pointed. Straddling Bernie’s head, she grasped the tip of his organ and lowered it to her full, sensual lips. The tip of her tongue licked it lightly, and immediately the rod tried to spring upward, almost getting away. She placed it fully in her salivating mouth and began a slow, easy rhythm of sucking. As she tasted the twitching treat, she felt the curly hair on Bernie’s head tickling her thighs, then the tip of his tongue on her labia.

Bernie was still asleep, but had begun an externally-stimulated wet dream. The sweet fragrance of Yolanda’s cunt just above his nose had drawn him to taste the source, acting as he dreamed. Her thighs

gently squeezed his ears as she began to undulate her hips; her pussy began dripping with moisture. She spread her thighs wider, moving so that her clit met his probing tongue. Rapidly approaching climax, she quickened the tempo, sliding the end of Bernie's throbbing rod in and out of her mouth faster and faster. It strained upward.

"Here I come," she thought. As the orgasm struck, she was overcome with ecstasy. "Aaaahooo!" she cried aloud. The springy cock slipped from her lips and flew upward. Bernie came. Streams of sticky white semen squirted into the air, spurt after spurt. Then the cum pained down, like the big drops of a warm summer shower. Yolanda, exultant in her orgasm, lay back and rubbed the creamy sperm into her soft tanned skin.

The sprinkling of semen woke Carolyn. Sleepily, the blonde mumbled, "Raining?"

"No, coming," Yolanda murmured.

"Rain is coming?"

"Cum is raining. Cum that goes up, must rain down."

Carolyn opened her eyes. She put a finger in a droplet of white stuff on her left nipple, then licked her finger. "Oh." She looked over at Bernie. "And he didn't wake up?"

"No. I wanted to swallow it, but it slipped out of my mouth when I came."

Carolyn giggled. "Eat my pussy, then. I'll give you something to drink."

Yolanda rolled over and began to lap lovingly at the blonde snatch. Carolyn moaned at the pleasing sensations that coursed through her body. Enjoying each lick, she writhed and tossed on the undulating waterbed. She turned her face toward Bernie, and snaked her tongue into his ear. That woke him.

He looked at the two women and saw Yolanda feasting on her breakfast of pussy. "I'm glad you girls are having fun. I just had a terrific dream." Bernie's dong, having relaxed after the eruption, was getting hard again. He watched Carolyn's face as the pleasure of the pussy-licking took her higher and higher, up Mount Orgasm to meet the god and goddesses of love. Her excitement was irresistible. He kissed her passionately on the lips. Carolyn thrilled to the double sensation. Kissing down her neck and shoulders, he sucked lovingly on her already-erect nipples and smothered her perfect white breasts with tiny kisses and gentle caresses.

Suddenly Carolyn grabbed Bernie's rigid pole and squeezed it. "I'm coming! It's so good." Then a wordless gasp said eloquently that that her coming prediction had come true. Yolanda crawled up to lay nakedly with Bernie and Carolyn, enjoying the warmth of their bodies and the bareness of their skin. Carolyn said, "We make a good threesome, don't we?"

Carolyn suddenly noticed Bernie's hard but idle cock, and quickly plopped it into her mouth. She proceeded to make it even harder with her skilled lips and talented tongue. Meanwhile, Yolanda gave him passionate kisses on his lips, ears, neck, and chest, working her way teasingly down to his bulging balls. When she had gotten that far, whether by plan or coincidence, her fragrant hairy snatch was positioned right over Bernie's face. Noticing this, Bernie lost no time in tasting her sweet creamy cunt. His fast-licking tongue seemed to touch her everywhere at once. As he savored the flavor and felt the licking and sucking on both ends of his pole, he experienced his second coming of the morning.

Carolyn swallowed her mouthful of nutritious cream. Yolanda, lying languorously on Bernie, her pussy on his chest and her nose nestled by his nuts, suddenly remembered. "Oh, by the way, Bernie, the landlord came by this morning. He wants the rent."

"Oh, shit. I forgot. I don't have the money. I got laid off at the bank."

"You worked at a bank?"

"A sperm bank. They said my sperm count was too low lately. I guess I fucked myself out of a job."

"There are hard times ahead," said Carolyn.

Yolanda said, "That landlord was kind of cute. Maybe he'll take some head for the bread."

"It's worth a try," said Carolyn. "Maybe he'd like a double-header."

Yolanda slipped into her scanty skirt and flimsy blouse, while Carolyn selected a tight pair of shorts and a halter top for the occasion. Then they headed for apartment 102.

Yolanda knocked on the door marked 102. "Who's knocking?" came a masculine voice.

"Opportunity," replied Carolyn. The door opened.

The landlord grinned. "As the spider said to the fly, "Hi."

Yolanda giggled. "You wouldn't eat us, would you, Mr. Spider?"

"I might. The name is Frog, though."

“Frogs eat flies, too, but they do it with their long tongues,” Carolyn pointed out.

Harry Frog licked his lips. “What can I do for you ladies?”

Yolanda said, “It’s about Bernie’s rent. We thought we could try to work something out, since Bernie’s a little short right now. Of cash, that is.”

Harry raised his eyebrows. Carolyn said, “We have a proposition. Don’t you think some things are worth more than money?”

“I certainly do. And I believe you ladies are two of them. But unfortunately, the delightful pleasures of erotic love will not pay my bills.”

“We can’t pay your bills, but we could surely please your pecker.”

He laughed. “I know. But I know several ladies who will make love with me because they like me. No ulterior motive. Anyway, I really need the rent. If everyone pays, it just covers the payments and utilities on this place. I can’t afford to lose money.”

“OK, we understand,” Carolyn replied. “We’ll try to get some bread together.” She smiled. “Maybe we could get together sometime, just for fun.”

“Most certainly. It would be a pleasure.” He noticed that Yolanda was staring at his crotch. He was wearing only a pair of gym shorts, and they seemed to have a growing lump in front. “As you can see, I think you’re both delicious.”

Carolyn, too, had noticed the protruding boner. She thought to herself, “Nothing like Bernie, of course, but he looks nice.” She said to him, “I think you would be rather tasty too.”

The girls left. They had to think of some way to pay the rent. Both wanted to live together with Bernie. Yolanda shared an apartment with her parents, so that wouldn’t work. Neither had a job.

“Sorry, Bernie. It didn’t work. He can’t afford to take sucks and fucks instead of bucks.”

“That’s OK. We’ll think of something. It was nice of you girls to try, though.”

Carolyn grinned. “No trouble at all.”

Chastity

Bernie went to the unemployment office the next day to file his claim. He waited in line, filled out forms, waited in line again, and filled out more forms. Finally, he was interviewed.

The interviewer must have been hired right out of high school. She didn't look a day over 18. Although her body looked ripe and succulent in her light summer dress, her pretty face and clear blue eyes had a look of innocence that couldn't be faked. Her natural blonde curls kept falling down to her cheek. Each time she impatiently brushed them back and smiled apologetically. She tried her best to be businesslike in asking questions and writing down his replies.

"How long have you been out of work, Mr. Schwartz?"

"Two days."

"Your former employer?"

"The Ace-in-the-Hole Sperm Bank."

"Sperm bank? What's a sperm bank? I know what sperm are. They taught us that in biology. But I didn't know you could put them in banks." She blushed.

Bernie smiled. "Well, it works like this: say you want to get pregnant, and your lover or husband can't do the job. If, for some reason you don't want to go out and get laid by someone else, then you can go to a sperm bank and make a withdrawal. Presto! You're knocked up."

The woman at the next desk, who looked about 30, overheard the last line. "What are you, a magician or something?"

Bernie grinned. "Yeah."

"Well, don't wave your wand at me!"

The young interviewer said, "I think I understand that, Mr. Schwartz. But, who makes the deposits?"

"The bank hires sperm donors. That was my job."

She looked up at him. "Oh, my." She blushed and looked down again, carefully writing down his job title. "Salary?"

"Thirty bucks per sample."

Her eyebrows raised. "So, how much did that come to...I mean, how much did you make per week?"

"About \$180."

Her eyes opened wide. "You mean you..."

"Yes, I came six times a week. For the sperm bank, anyway."

She looked at him. Then, suddenly she started giggling and laughing. When she stopped, she said, "I'm sorry, but this was ridiculous. I mean, here I was embarrassed about YOUR job, and I'm 18 years old."

"That's all right. It was a funny job. I'll tell you all about it if you like."

"Oh, would you? I should learn about these things. My mother never told me much about sex, except 'Don't do anything nasty.'"

"I understand. So you've never had sex?"

"Never."

"Do you know what a man looks like naked?"

"I saw a picture once." She was beginning to squirm and fidget in her chair, but her eyes stared at him, fascinated.

"Do you know how men and women make love?"

"They explained that in biology class, but it didn't sound like much fun."

"But it is. It feels better than anything else in the world."

She moved her hand down into her lap, behind the gray metal desk.

"Anyway, I got the job at the sperm bank because I have a physical attribute that can be genetically inherited, which some people consider desirable."

"I'm almost afraid to ask what."

"Nothing to be afraid of. I have a 36-inch penis."

She turned pale. "But isn't that..."

He smiled. "A yard long. It's quite unusual. Anyway, a girlfriend of mine worked there as a receptionist and an exciter, and women kept asking for a long-dick factor in the sperm. So, she got me hired there."

"What's an exciter?"

"Sometimes a donor would have trouble coming, so she'd excite him. Usually a strip-tease would do it. She's very sexy. In extreme cases, she'd give them a blow job."

"Oh, my." She paused for a moment. "Mr. Schwartz..."

"Call me Bernie."

"OK, Bernie, you know I really enjoy listening to you. You know so much."

"I could show you a lot, too."

"Oh...well...we'd better finish the interview. The next one is "Reason for leaving."

"I was laid off. My sperm count got too low. I should explain. You see, when I started, I didn't have a steady girlfriend, so I only had sex 3 or 4 times a week. There was plenty of sperm left over for the bank. Then, a girl moved in with me, and we make it all the time. My sperm count went down, and good old Ace-in-the-Hole laid me off."

"I see."

"And now another woman is going to move in with us, so I doubt I'll be able to be a donor anymore."

"Another girl? But..."

"It's OK. Carolyn isn't jealous. She likes Yolanda."

"Oh."

"Carolyn and Yolanda are both very nice. I bet you'd like them. Would you like to come over and meet them? We could continue your education."

"That...that would be nice."

"Fine. You have my address on the form. See you after work?"

"OK. And I think your claim will be all right. We should hear back in a few days."

"You're beautiful."

"I'll bet you say that to all the girls."

"Only the beautiful ones. By the way, what's your name?"

"Chastity."

"Can I call you 'Titty' for short?"

"She laughed. "Go home. I'll see you later."

Bernie sucked on Carolyn's soft creamy breast, while Yolanda sucked his cock. He had a finger sloshing about in each of their juicy pussies. Suddenly he raised his head and reluctantly allowed the glistening erect nipple slip out from between his lips. "Oh, I forgot to tell you. The girl from the unemployment office is coming over tonight."

"What for?" asked Carolyn.

"I invited her. She's a virgin."

"How awful. Should we get dressed?"

"No. She wants to learn how not to be a virgin. Want to help?"

"Sure. That's a worthy cause. Higher education."

Yolanda momentarily interrupted the fellatio she was administering.

"Me, too. That's an important lesson; I'll be happy to help."

Just then there came a knock at the door. "Who's there?" Carolyn queried.

"Chastity," came the response.

The two girls sat up on either side of Bernie, who continued to lie back, his yard-long dong hovering above him. The girls each placed a tender hand near the middle of the pole of flesh. "Come in," Yolanda called out.

The door opened, and Chastity entered. As she beheld the spectacle before her, her eyes widened and her mouth opened in awe. She stood for several seconds, motionless and speechless.

"I'm Carolyn," announced Carolyn.

"Yolanda," said Yolanda.

"And you know me," said Bernie. He placed a hand on each of the feminine shoulders and rose to his feet. Standing, his prick reached out toward Chastity, pointing toward her navel. She moved back a

step, startled. Though Bernie had told her his measurement, it was quite another thing to meet it in person.

Bernie grinned. "Don't be shy. Take your things off and have a seat. Want some wine, beer, or weed?"

Chastity closed her mouth, then opened it again to say "Wow."

"Don't worry. It won't hurt you. You can touch it if you like."

Chastity blushed. "Umm...a glass of wine would be great."

Bernie walked to the refrigerator, his dick wavering in front of him, and poured her a glass of white wine. Then he reached into the cabinet and pulled out a joint. Returning to the bed, he handed the glass to Chastity, who was now seated on its edge next to the naked Yolanda.

Carolyn said, "I thought you were supposed to serve red wine with meat." Chastity looked at Carolyn, who was grinning impishly, and started giggling. She took a sip of her wine. Bernie lit the joint, took a toke, and passed it to Chastity, who showed she had met Mary Jane before, and knew what to do. Soon she felt more relaxed. "I feel kind of funny sitting here in my clothes, while you three are naked."

"Then please join us; take them off. We wouldn't want you to feel funny," Bernie advised. She started to unbutton her blouse, as Bernie continued to speak. "Sex is not primarily to make babies, as some people believe. It exists mainly to help people feel good together, and express love for one another. There is no human experience that is better, nor one as beneficial to physical and mental well-being." He stopped to take a drag on the joint, and passed it on. "When you're ready to learn more, we're here to show you."

Chastity had removed her blouse and bra, exposing a pair of pretty titties. They weren't large, but perfectly proportional to her slender, graceful body. She was slipping her unbuttoned skirt down a pair of slender luscious legs. Bernie sat on the bed, watching her. So did Yolanda and Carolyn, admiring the girl's fresh young body. Bernie's cock, which had relaxed a bit, started to stiffen and grow again. Chastity was now down to a pair of dainty white bikini panties. She looked at Bernie. His burgeoning boner extended over Yolanda's round tanned ass and hovered only inches away.

Chastity reached out her hand and touched it. "It's warm," she said. "And hard."

"It wants to be your friend."

Chastity removed her hand and placed both palms on her own smooth firm stomach, slid them downward, her fingers slipping inside the waistband of her panties. Slowly she pushed them down, wriggling them past her cute butt and down her long supple legs. The lacy white cloth lay atop one of her slender feet. Then she lay back on the waterbed, feeling it softly undulating beneath her. Suddenly Chastity raised her leg and flicked her foot in the air, sending the panties across the room into a corner. She giggled. "I'm free!" she said.

Bernie leaned over Yolanda's smooth shapely form, looking down at Chastity's slender form and gazing into her sparkling blue eyes. "Yes, you are," he said with a smile. "Now, what would you like to do with your freedom?"

She raised up and kissed him on the lips. He slid his body over Yolanda, who wriggled sensuously as he did so. He tenderly kissed Chastity again, pausing for a long moment before moving to her ears and neck, then downward toward her breasts. His kisses were accompanied by gentle fingertip caresses.

"Oh, my!" she said when he began nibbling and sucking on her pink nipples and licking her breasts with his wet tongue. Bernie lingered there a minute longer before he continued his oral journey downward, tickling her tummy and licking her perfectly formed navel. At last, his chin felt the beginning of her soft curly pubic hair. The triangle of silky blonde fuzz was tiny, he noticed, as he kissed his way through the small forest to the valley below. Chastity moaned softly. When his wet tongue found her clit, she gasped.

She moved her thighs further apart. Bernie lay crosswise on her thigh, his tongue tasting the nectar seeping from the pink virgin pussy. He felt his hard cock being handled, gently sucked on, and then being inserted into a hot juicy cunt. It was Carolyn's, with a little help from Yolanda, who was backing her pussy onto his prick. Having arranged the connection, Yolanda moved around in front of Carolyn so the blonde could lick her dark-haired snatch.

Chastity's ecstasy was increasing by the minute under Bernie's expert tongue-work. "Oh, Bernie, that's so good! Ooooh. It's getting

better!" She let out a squeal, closed her eyes, and began to shake all over, humping wildly at Bernie's face. He attacked her clit vigorously with his tongue, and sucked it between his lips. She tensed, squealed again, then relaxed. When she opened her eyes, she said, "Holy shit! That was intense!"

Carolyn, still sliding her dripping wet pussy back and forth on Bernie's organ, said, "Just wait till you try this!"

Chastity raised her head to see what was happening. "Wow!" she exclaimed. "Now, that's what I call multi-tasking." Bernie twisted his body slightly so he could add his own motion to the thrusting and increase the tempo. Carolyn started panting loudly, and suddenly a scream of joy left her lips. She thrust her ass backwards for one more stroke, then collapsed face downward on the bed, half on Yolanda, who had already come when Chastity did from the cunt-licking.

Bernie turned to look at Chastity. "I'm all yours now, pretty woman." "I want you," she said softly. "I know I can't have all of you, but...fuck me."

Bernie backed the necessary distance between her legs, his yet-to-come prick still at full staff. Carolyn and Yolanda came to lie on either side of her, their large soft breasts pressing against Chastity. Yolanda reached down to help guide Bernie's organ gently into the virgin vagina.

Carolyn advised, "It may hurt when he breaks your cherry, but it will feel good soon after that."

"I don't care." Chastity grinned. "Sock it to me." Slowly and carefully Bernie pushed forward, sliding into the slippery pussy easily, until he reached her hymen. With Yolanda holding his cock steady, Bernie made short rhythmic strokes, sliding in and out between her pink pussy-lips. She began to move her hips, humping back at him as he thrust forward. Finally, she gave a lunge and impaled herself on several inches of his slippery prick. "Ouch."

"Just ouch?"

"It hurt more when they pierced my ears."

"You mean you don't have virgin ears?" Bernie grinned.

"Shut up and fuck me," Chastity replied.

Bernie proceeded to do just that. Chastity responded with enthusiastic wiggles.

“My, my,” said Carolyn. “I think our ex-virgin friend is getting wanton.” “I’ve been wantin’ this for a long time,” Chastity replied between pants. “Oooh, this IS better.” Bernie pistoned nearly a foot of his pole in and out of the slippery pink pussy, going faster and faster. “Oh! Oh! Aieeee” Climax came for Chastity, and two strokes later, Bernie pulled out and came, a puddle of cream bathing her belly. His long dong softened and slid to the side. He leaned forward and kissed her. “I’m in heaven,” declared Chastity.

“And I’m your Saint Peter,” he said, a satisfied smile on his face. “Give me your peter, Saint. I’m going to blow your horn.” Chastity grabbed his limber dick and licked the tip. She smacked her lips and grinned. “Ummm, good.” Then she opened her mouth and enveloped the end of his organ.

Carolyn and Yolanda lay head to tail, licking one another to ecstasy. Bernie lay back, resting his head on Carolyn’s soft creamy ass, enjoying the fellatio of the young but quickly-learning Chastity. The ass shifted beneath Bernie’s head, both Carolyn and Yolanda moving to caress his face, ears, and neck with soft wet lips. They kissed their way down his body in unison until they reached his crotch, and there, with darting tongues, titillated his testicles, while Chastity sat astride him, slurping on his lollipop.

This position placed a pussy on either side of Bernie’s face, both of which he alternatively licked with relish and enthusiasm. Carolyn’s pale pink love-nest was sweet and succulent, while Yolanda’s tasted spicy. The variety delighted his tongue. It was a feast for a vaginal gourmet.

Four soft hot hands caressing his body, two vibrating tongues tasting his testicles, two firm lips sucking the point of his penis, and the erotic odor of two quivering wet cunts by his nose created a symphony of overwhelming sensations throughout Bernie’s body. He felt he would soon explode into a million pieces.

Yolanda and Carolyn squirmed almost out of control with their impending twin orgasms, and Chastity rubbed her sopping crotch into Bernie’s chest. Not wanting to neglect the new member, Bernie snaked an arm over her thigh, and his finger caressed her swollen clit and dipped into her slippery love canal.

As the two prone women began to come, they sank passionate fingernails into Bernie's thigh, and the slight pain intensified the pleasure with a jolt. His back arched as Chastity rode his chest, still sucking in rapid rhythm. She was quickly rewarded as Bernie groaned and sighed with release, speeding his creamy offering to her waiting lips. As she tasted it, she came, not entirely coincidentally. Her look of bliss as she licked her lips seemed to illuminate the room. All four squeezed into a loving mass of flesh, at peace with the world.

"I have a proposition to make," said Chastity after a few moments.

"I'm kinda tired right now," said Bernie.

"Not that kind of proposition. I mean, with you unemployed, Bernie, I thought maybe if you took in a new roommate with a job, we could afford the rent. And I can make sure you get your unemployment checks with no problem."

Bernie looked at Carolyn and Yolanda. Both were grinning broadly.

"Consider yourself accepted," he told her.

"By the way, Chastity," said Yolanda. "Your name doesn't seem to fit you any more."

Chastity smiled and replied, "Well, you can call me 'Titty' if you like. But personally, I rather enjoy the irony."

"I don't mind doing the wash, then," interjected Carolyn sleepily.

Soon the fucking foursome had drifted off into the deep, completely relaxed sleep of satisfied lovers.

Chastity awoke early the next morning, climbing out of the warm pile of flesh on the undulating waterbed, and left reluctantly for work. The others lay undisturbed for two hours longer until a knock resounded on the door. Yolanda opened sleepy eyes, rose, and tiptoed barely to reply. Standing stiffly at the portal, eyes wide with anticipation, was the old woman they had met in the elevator. Rather than her previous knee-length dress and seamed stockings, she wore a new pair of jeans, a sweatshirt, and tennis shoes. Yolanda grinned impishly. "I see you're really *with it today!*"

"I hope so," the lady replied. "I've been without it for a long time."

"Come on in." Carolyn and Bernie still slept, oblivious to the conversation. "We're very informal here", Yolanda continued. "Why don't you shed your clothes and start stroking Bernie's dong? That should get him up."

Slowly and uncertainly the old woman pulled the sweatshirt over her head, unfastened her jeans and stepped out of them. In her bra and panties she revealed a remarkably firm body, slim and agile despite her years.

She stood transfixed in underwear and tennis shoes, staring at the sleeping Bernie, lying on his back, his head nestled in Carolyn's crotch. A foot and a half of penis curled dormant on his stomach. "Go ahead. He won't bite." Yolanda giggled. "If you don't bite him first, anyway."

The woman seemed not to hear, but, still staring, she unhooked her bra and slid her panties down and off. Then she slowly walked to the bed, knelt and gently grasped the giant organ. It felt warm and alive. Her touch soon caused it to twitch and grow. Before long it was stretched to full length, and its tip was tucked into the woman's warm mouth. She stroked the shaft and treated the tip like a lollipop.

Meanwhile, Yolanda tickled Carolyn's public hair to wake her up. Carolyn opened her eyes and grabbed Yolanda's snatch. Her middle finger slipped into the moist hole and Yolanda moaned with pleasure. Carolyn became aware of the action happening just between her legs and smiled. Bernie was not yet awake, but his prick was up. As the old lady sucked and stroked delightedly, Yolanda returned the favor by slurping the platinum blonde cunt. Their excited movements on the waterbed finally awoke Bernie, who opened his eyes, closed them again, and reopened them.

"What the fuck?" he inquired.

Carolyn looked up. "It's the lady from the elevator, remember? We promised her a fuck."

"YOU promised," he reminded her. "besides, I think she should apologize for hitting my dong with her umbrella first."

The old lady popped his dickhead out of her mouth. "I'm sorry, honey. It's just that I found a penis that long hard to believe."

"Well, now you've found it hard, and believe it, I'm sure. Come on-- lay down and spread your legs."

"You don't know how nice it is to hear those words again," she replied, complying. Bernie began to apply some expert cunnilingus to the aged snatch. The woman writhed and moaned, thoroughly enjoying her first non-solitary orgasms in years. Faced with a completely lubricated vagina, Bernie sat up and eased his big boner into the

eager sheath, slipping in a full foot on the first stroke. He slowly withdrew about halfway and began pistoning in and out at an increasing pace. The grateful woman moaned and screamed in ecstasy, her cunt full of real live cock. Carolyn and Yolanda watched with interest as they fingered one another's honey-holes.

Suddenly, in the midst of the woman's most intense orgasm thus far, Bernie stiffened, the veins standing out around the base of his swollen prick, gave three more rapid strokes and exploded, shooting a stream of semen into the aged grotto. "Thank you, young man," she said a few minutes later. "You've probably added ten years to my life,"

When she had left, Bernie, Carolyn, and Yolanda involved themselves in further pleasures. Carolyn lay atop Yolanda, face to face, while Bernie stroked in and out of alternating pussies. With practice, he was able to thrust accurately, switching with every stroke, though a few times he slipped into the same slit twice. The two women kissed and rubbed their sweaty breasts together. Having ejaculated earlier, Bernie was able to continue the pleasurable pokes for some time.

Eventually, though, Bernie began to feel the pressure building that told him his orgasm was on its way. His thrusting pole became stiffer with excitement. Both Yolanda and Carolyn had climaxed several times. Bernie could not decide which wet love-port should receive his hot load of semen. He did not want to disappoint either of them. Down the dark-haired tunnel of Yolanda slid the slick dick, only to re-emerge and explore the horny honey-hole of Carolyn. Just as he could stand to wait no longer, a solution occurred to him. He pulled out and carefully placed his prickhead between the two sopping cunts. Then he thrust. Three feet of erect organ slid between the two women, up sweat-slickened tummies, between boobs.

The tip reached the mouths of Carolyn and Yolanda just as the first spurts of semen squeezed its way up the pulsating pole. Each woman covered half the head with their mouths, lapping up the cream contentedly as it came.

Completely spent, Bernie collapsed limply on Carolyn's back, his satisfied salami still pressed between the women. He had discovered a second solution for his long quest to fuck with his whole pole.

Honey

The three lovers, several minutes later, were in the midst of tender hugging and kissing in the afterglow, when someone knocked on the door. Bernie slowly got to his feet, his limp wet dick hanging to his knees, and opened it. Standing there, smiling and unpreturbed by the nudity, was a tall slim young lady with bright red curly hair, big green eyes, wearing a T-shirt depicting a large red heart with the letter A in white, and a yellow and black striped miniskirt.

Bernie looked at her striking green eyes, her pretty freckled face, her bra-less nipples poking the underside of her T-shirt, her long slim freckled legs, then back at her green eyes. She was nearly 6 feet tall, and when she looked down at Bernie, it was hard to tell how far down she was looking.

“You must be Bernie Schwartz,” she said. “I’m Honey B Jones from the Ace-in-the-Hole sperm bank.”

“Come in,” said Bernie. She stepped inside and seated herself on the edge of the waterbed. Carolyn and Yolanda sat up and smiled.

“Honey, meet Carolyn and Yolanda.”

“Hi,” said Honey. “Now I understand what happened to your sperm count.” She grinned. Bernie leaned back and placed his head on Yolanda’s thigh. Honey sat facing them, her legs crossed in the lotus position, giving Bernie a perfect view of her thick curly red pubic hair beneath the miniskirt.

“Bernie, the reason I came by is that the bank has run out of your sperm, and we have a great demand for your special genes. You are the only one we know that can alleviate the shortage. I thought perhaps we could work something out.”

As she spoke, Bernie was listening, but he could not avoid looking at the red bush between her shapely freckled legs, and he involuntarily paid her the ultimate compliment. His long dong stiffened until it tapped her on her knee.

“Why, thank you,” she said with a pleased smile. Bernie grinned.

“Anyway, of course we can’t ask you to give up your sex life with these two attractive women...”

“There are three of us,” Carolyn said. “Chastity’s not here right now.”

“Oh. Well, at any rate, I have an idea. Since you ejaculate your sperm at home, I could come here and collect it. You could still make love to your girlfriends-- just give your sperm to me.”

"I don't know," Bernie said. "The girls like me to cum inside them, and to swallow it when they suck me."

"I know," replied Honey. "I like that, too. But the bank is willing to pay well. Fifty dollars every day I collect all your sperm."

Bernie asked, "Well, what do you think, ladies?"

"It's worth a try," said Carolyn. "We'd still get the orgasms, just not the juice."

Yolanda said, "This could be interesting, actually. And of course we need the money."

Honey smiled. "Shall we plan on 5 days a week? I'll have to spend all day here to get all your semen for the day. Since you're coming more often, the bank will have to condense it, but with the price they're getting for it, it will be worth the extra expense. I'll be assigned to you full-time."

"Sounds like you might as well move in here," Bernie suggested.

Honey reached down to her knee and grasped his swollen member with her long slim freckled fingers. "Thanks. That will be a lot easier."

Carolyn commented, "I think it will be fun. But we'll need another bed, I think. Five people are a lot even for a king-sized waterbed."

Yolanda giggled. "Looks like the fun has already started. Hard to resist, isn't it?"

Honey had begun stroking the hardening penis. Suddenly she leaned over and gave it a wet kiss. "I hope you don't mind."

Yolanda crawled across the waterbed until she was behind Honey.

Grabbing the bottom of her T-shirt she lifted it, baring Honey's freckled torso. "The more the merrier." Honey raised her arms to allow the shirt to be slipped off. Small but beautiful breasts stood out proudly, nipples erect. Carolyn leaned over and began to kiss, lick, and suck one of the shapely mounds.

"Oooh. That feels good." Bernie scooted toward her and pushed the short skirt up her thighs. He ran his fingers through the curly red bush, finding dampness in the center. Her long legs stretched out and spread apart. Honey lay back, with Carolyn and Yolanda each sucking on an excited nipple.

Bernie dived at the triangle, kissing up and down Honey's thighs and licking at her pink pussy. She began to tremble with excitement, humping upward at Bernie's face. She reached out to caress both of

the women, reaching between their thighs, probing with her long slender fingers.

Bernie's tongue vibrated over her swollen clit. "Mmm. Wow. I'm gonna come." Bernie had to hold on to her ass to stay in place with her excited movements. Suddenly she grew rigid, squealed and moaned as she came. Honey relaxed. "Damn. That teamwork sure makes a difference. Now I'm ready for this." She grabbed the famous Schwartz pole, brought it to her mouth, and slurped on its head for a minute or two. Then, holding it with both hands, lowered it to her dripping snatch and pulled it several inches inside her. "Come on, Bernie-- do my thing."

Bernie wasted no time sinking the allotted third of his choice meat into the silky hole. He stroked steadily. Honey was already on her way to a second coming.

Carolyn and Yolanda sat on either side of the fuckers and watched for several minutes. Carolyn had an idea. She grabbed the prick two feet from the base so that, on the in-stroke the side of her hand bumped Honey's pussylips and clit. This gave Honey the feeling that a penis was sinking in to the hilt, which hastened her orgasm. Carolyn placed her other hand on the pole too, squeezing a little.

Yolanda, taking the cure, grasped Bernie's organ further toward the base with both hands. Those four hands intensified Bernie's pleasure as well. Honey came time after time, and Bernie quickened his tempo, feeling that he was coming soon. Everyone squeezed a little harder, including Honey, with her cunt muscles. Bernie pumped again and again, the pressure building. Finally, his love-gun went off. Semen shot into Honey's hole with such force that Bernie was blown backward. His prick popped free of pussy and fired one final shot, streaming white cream from navel to nose. Honey was overcome. She licked her lips and sighed. "Good stuff. Too bad we'll have to give it to the bank. I could eat more of this."

"They freeze it at the bank, don't they?" asked Carolyn.

"Yes."

"Far out," said Yolanda, licking her lips. "Ice cream. Chewing cum. Frozen fatherhood."

Bernie laughed. "Pop-suckles!"

"You know," said Honey, with a giggle. "That's an idea. They could open a snack bar."

"I like this better," Bernie said, looking at their three pussies. "A snatch bar." The ladies all smiled and gently stroked their own pussies, the pretty pink labia glistening enticingly with moisture. Playfully, they tickled and pinched and prodded one another for a while, then lay back and napped.

Honey headed home late that afternoon to pack her belongings. On her way she stopped at a phone booth and dialed the sperm bank.

"Ace-in-the-Hole," answered the receptionist.

"Jackie Offenhauser, please. This is Honey."

"Jackie here," said the bank president after a moment.

"This is Honey B. Jones reporting in about the Schwartz assignment."

"Oh, yes. Well, did you succeed?"

Honey giggled. "I sure did!"

"That's great. Monday through Friday you'll deliver the sperm to the bank at 5:00 PM. You'll need to get all the semen he ejaculates from morning until 4:00. Do you think you can handle that?"

"I can handle it. And, by the way, Bernie needs to be paid cash under the table."

"Sure, no problem. Anything else?"

"Well, I have an idea I want to tell you about sometime, but that can wait. See you tomorrow."

"Right on, Honey B., have a good one."

"I did. Bye."

When Chastity walked in, Bernie was cooking some chili, Carolyn was baking bagels, and Yolanda was reading a porn novel and laughing.

"What a day," said Chastity. "Would you believe some guy got mad because I couldn't find him a job? He's getting a hundred a week unemployment. What would he want with a job?"

"Search me," replied Bernie.

Chastity grinned. "I think I will." She began shedding her clothes.

"I'm horny as a hare." Nude, she walked into the kitchen and hugged his bare body from behind.

"Wait," said Bernie. "If you do that, I won't be able to reach the stove to stir the chili."

"Man cannot live by chili alone," she said.

Bernie dropped the spoon in the chili pot and backed away from the stove. "Carolyn, could you stir for a while? Our ex-virgin's got the urgin'"

Chastity fondled his balls and checked the result. "It's erection time, and I'm going to take a pole."

"Oh, no!" Carolyn giggled. "Another polish joke."

Chastity led the grinning Bernie by the boner to the waterbed. She turned to face him and guided his stiff member between her legs. Her crotch was already wet and slippery. She let the rigid rod slip between her legs and out behind her as she shuffled toward him, guided like a monorail train toward his arms. She was no longer giggling. Desire showed in her eyes and on her lips. On contact he hugged her close, kissing her hard and passionately. Chastity grabbed his shoulders and threw her slender legs around his waist, kissing his neck and rubbing her wet pussy on the top of his dong.

Her slim but shapely body had a rosy glow. Her nipples stood erect, her face flushed pink, and her lips looked fuller and redder than usual. She drew her head back and looked him in the eyes. "Fuck me, Bernie. Lets make love." He tossed her to the middle of the waterbed, took aim, and poked his hot hard pole into her waiting, wide open hole. The eagerness of Chastity turned him on as much as three women at a time did. The first stroke brought a cry of pleasure from her, and within five more she came for the first time. Bernie slowed his pace, caressing her feet with his hands as he pumped steadily in and out of her love-box. She had sensitive feet. In the next 15 minutes she came three more times.

"You're really hot tonight, newcomer."

"I've been thinking about it all day. Couldn't wait to get home."

Bernie leaned forward, dick still embedded several inches into Chastity, and kissed her knees. Then he raised her leg, slid his cheek along the side of her calf, and gave her butterfly kisses on the soles of her feet. She gasped.

He resumed stroking with his penis and she uttered moans and cries of renewed pleasure. Faster and faster, in and out he went. He was panting and pumping in anticipation of spurting, the visible excitement of Chastity spurring him on.

"Dinner's ready!" Carolyn yelled from the kitchen. Come and get it!"

Chastity came one more time with a scream and a sigh, and so did Bernie, a jet of hot cream surging down the tube and into her tunnel. He pulled out and leaned over her, sprinkling kisses over her whole body. Then he lay down next to her and whispered in her ear, "Let's eat."

"Be my guest," she replied, spreading her legs.

Just then, the door opened, and in walked Honey B. Jones, a large suitcase in each hand. "Thank you," she responded to Chastity's words, smiling. "You must be Chastity. I'm Honey."

Chastity was unaware of the new plan, but her retort was too good not to use. "Hiya, Honey, want to fuck?"

Honey burst out laughing. Finally she said, "I'd love to, but I'm starved. Something smells good in here."

"That's a combination of fresh sex and my famous Jewish chili. Which is the next best thing, in all modesty," Bernie said.

"Make yourself comfortable and have a bowl," Carolyn invited. Honey quickly shed her clothes and grabbed a bowl in the kitchen and served herself from the steaming pot on the stove. All of them sat on the floor in a circle to eat. Dinner was fun as well as tasty, as any spilled droplets on breasts and thighs were quickly licked up by whoever noticed them first.

Bernie explained Honey's job and the deal they had made. "She'll be staying with us too."

"Welcome to the fold," Chastity said.

Carolyn took her last spoonful of chili and raised it to her lips, but she had tilted the spoon. Half of the chili fell and landed on the end of Bernie's middle leg, which had extended itself into her lap. "Ooops," said Carolyn. She quickly bobbed forward to recapture the morsel. As she did so, the organ on which it rested cooperatively rose and further extended itself. Into Carolyn's mouth popped the morsel of chili and the swollen cock-head.

"Don't bite the wand that feeds you," Bernie said. Chastity, Honey, and Yolanda laughed, but Carolyn was too busy swallowing the chili and slurping on the seasoned knob that brought it. After several minutes of Carolyn's diligent efforts to thoroughly clean the tip of the outstanding member, Yolanda spoke up.

"Hey, don't hog all the pork. Let's share." She laid out her plan of action. Accordingly, Bernie stood, his 3 feet of solid prick standing

straight out in front of him. Honey straddled it first, hugging him tightly and squeezing the base of his cock tightly between her legs. Next, Chastity climbed aboard, her firm breasts and erect nipples pressing on Honey's back. Carolyn followed, hugging Chastity from behind, her mound firmly against the ex-virgin's beautiful butt.

About eight inches were left for Yolanda, the planner of the four-woman fuck. She could not get the right angle while standing, so she placed her hands on Carolyn's shoulders and swung her supple legs up to Carolyn's sides. Carolyn then hooked her arms under Yolanda's knees. In this position, Yolanda could meet the meat head on with an open pussy.

Yolanda was already dripping with anticipation when she positioned her pussy onto the protruding portion of the prick. She thrust herself on to it with an audible slosh. "Aaah," said Bernie from the other end of the line. Honey squeezed Bernie a little tighter. Chastity squeezed Honey, Carolyn squeezed Chastity, and Yolanda pressed her mound tightly against Carolyn's ass. Another two inches slid into her. "Mmmm," she said.

Bernie began to pump in and out, rubbing beneath the wet lips of three pussies and into the fourth. He could feel the slick wetness of the the three middle crotches as well as the squeezing snatch at the end. His prodigious pecker was completely covered in pussy. It felt good. He stroked harder and longer, as much as he could without slipping out of Yolanda. Meanwhile, sensuous kisses and caresses were traded all through the group, except perhaps for Yolanda, who was just hanging on, but getting the most pleasure, anyway.

The slippery friction, tit-tweaking, and earlobe-licking brought everyone to a fever of sensual ecstasy. Yolanda, gasping and moaning, came first, followed by Honey, Chastity, and Carolyn. Bernie excitedly stroked in and out, overwhelmed by the feeling of three feet of solid pussy squeezing his entire organ. Yolanda neared a second coming. Her ass swayed from side to side and her cunt muscles pulsed on the shaft inside her. He could wait no longer. Giving Honey a deep open-mouthed kiss, he thrust five more times through the foursome of femininity, and fired hot semen down the line into Yolanda, just as she reached her second peak as well.

They disassembled and regrouped on the bed, forming a mass of kissing, licking, and hugging.

Next morning Honey awoke to the distinct feeling that her pussy was being licked. Opening her bright green eyes, she discovered that the cunnilingual culprit was Bernie. He had awakened with his head on her mound of Venus, so he did what came naturally. Noticing she was awake, he peered out of the valley, past the mountains, and into her eyes. "Delicious breakfast," he said.

"Be my guest." She grinned sleepily. Bernie licked up where he left off, and the redhead was soon squirming with pleasure.

Meanwhile, Bernie's long prong had awakened as well. Yolanda was sleeping face down with her large soft breasts upon the base of it. It continued between Chastity's loose-pressed silken thighs and beyond, just inches from Carolyn's full pink lips as she blissfully slumbered. The taste of Honey's honeypot was stimulating Bernie from end to end. It stretched a little further, tapping Carolyn's lips and waking her. Sleepily, she opened her mouth and instinctively began to suck on it. A thrill shot through Bernie's sexual synapses, and he began to stroke gently in and out, his yard of excitement sliding under Yolanda's breasts, between Chastity's thighs, and into Carolyn's soft mouth. She opened her eyes fully and smiled around the throbbing rod.

Bernie was still nose deep in snatch, concentrating on this tongue-work as if studying for an oral exam. Honey B. was lost in ecstasy. Suddenly she cried out, "I'm coming! Oh! Oh. Oh." And she did. "Me too, in a minute," said Bernie, tenderly kissing Honey's thighs and tummy.

Suddenly she sat up and said "What? No, wait, you can't yet. I have to capture it." Quickly she leaped across the room and grabbed a small black bag. From it she extracted a clear plastic tube with a rubber stopper in one end. Then Honey tapped Carolyn on her round shapely butt to get her attention. "Excuse me, Carolyn. When he gets ready to come, I've got to collect it."

Carolyn looked up, still sucking, and nodded. Chastity woke up, feeling the prick throbbing between her thighs, and pressed them together tightly. Yolanda also awoke, pressing her breasts together around the moving rod. Bernie could wait no longer. "Here I come," he announced. Carolyn slipped the tip out of her mouth as Honey

quickly slipped the tube over it. Carolyn grasped the stiff dick down further. It was not a moment too soon; the clear tube immediately filled with thick white semen. Honey pulled the tube off and corked it with the rubber stopper. She stashed it in the black bag.

Meanwhile, Yolanda had begun licking Bernie's balls, and another erection would soon be underway. Chastity stood up and grabbed the end, rubbing the tip on her rapidly moistening pussy lips. Soon she had slipped it into herself, doing shallow knee bends to achieve a nice in-and-out motion. Carolyn moved to position her excited cunt over Bernie's face and lowered it to his mouth. He quickly began returning her earlier favor with relish.

Yolanda was still nuzzling nuts, her butt raised high. Honey spotted an opening, slipping two fingers into the precipitating pussy. "Don't forget to warn me of your second coming, Bernie," said Honey.. Naturally, it took longer this time. Chastity slid up and down the usable portion of the cock for at least half an hour, bringing herself to several orgasms. Carolyn also gasped with cunnilingual pleasure, occasionally leaning forward to tongue-tease the middle of the pussy-pleasing pecker.

Finally, Bernie said "Mmmmf!" Carolyn's face-sitting made enunciation a bit unclear. She raised her ass, giving him room to speak. "Honey, it's come time." Honey freed her fingers from Yolanda's sopping snatch and grabbed a new tube from her bag. Chastity cooperatively unplugged Bernie from her pink pussy, letting Honey tuck the slick dick into the plastic tube just in time for the eruption. The ladies all looked, licking their lips, as the sweet milk of life squirted abundantly into the transparent device.

The next day Bernie had to go to the unemployment office to pick up his first check. Chastity, of course, had to go to work at the same place, so they left together to share a bus ride. As might be expected, she managed to give him a blow job on the bus by sitting in his lap, allowing his erection to slip up her skirt, under her turtle-neck sweater, and project just enough out to allow her to slurp surreptitiously on the tip. She covered the exposed end with her lace-

trimmed silk handkerchief, so the surrounding passengers may have only thought she had a cold. The bouncing of the bus, the throbbing cock-base between her legs, and the thrill of getting away with public sex brought her to an orgasm of her own just before she drank his hot cream from the forbidden fountain.

Meanwhile, back in the apartment, Carolyn, Yolanda, and Honey had slept late and woke up horny. Lazily they drifted into a sensuous triangle of pussy-licking. Just as the three were on their way to a climactic experience, there was a knock on the door. Preoccupied, they ignored the sound. Tongues titillated clits with increasing fervor. Bodies writhed in ecstasy. Carolyn announced enthusiastically, "I'm Coming!"

The door opened. It was not until all three orgasms were done that the women noticed Harry Frog, the landlord, standing casually in the doorway smiling. "I thought you said "Come in," he explained.

"A reasonable mistake," said Honey, grinning up at him.

"Since we were licking each other's pussies, you probably think we're lesbians," said Carolyn.

"Not really," he replied. "I like to eat pussy too, and I'm not a lesbian. Actually, I'm Irish."

All three women laughed. "Would you care for some?" Yolanda asked, opening her legs.

"Looks delicious. I'd love to." He knelt next to the waterbed and kissed his way up Yolanda's firm thighs to the magic intersection. There he began to kiss, lick, and suck with enthusiastic abandon. He hardly noticed when Carolyn and Honey removed his sandals, then his jeans, leaving his bottom half naked.

He did notice when they began planting kisses on his bare skin and fondling his hard prick, and when they started taking turns sucking on the excited organ, the exquisite pleasure was too much to ignore. The excitement was contagious. Yolanda came quickly, and Harry turned and buried his nose in Honey's red-tufted honeypot, and proceeded to bring her to an equally pleasant climax. Yolanda transferred to the sucking department, and Carolyn caressed his smooth tanned body. When he finished Honey, Harry was tongue-tired, but his hard penis was more than ready for Carolyn. She was wet with excitement, and he slid into her with slippery ease.

Harry's organ was no match for Bernie's in length, but it was a match that could ignite the flames of passion in the beautiful blonde. The fact that she could engulf the whole prick and feel a pair of balls slapping her ass, a belly against hers, and a chest against her breast, was nice for a change.

Harry enjoyed himself immensely; Yolanda was kissing the back of his neck, and Honey straddled his back, rubbing her wet pussy against his vertebrae and tickled his ass with her long fingernails. He fucked Carolyn with hard, fast strokes and sucked on her round bouncing breasts. One come kept leading to another until they all collapsed, exhausted and satisfied.

After he had rested a few minutes, Harry Frog propped his head up on Carolyn's smooth plump butt and said, "You ladies are really great. And, not just because you taste, fuck, and suck so well, but also because you are so completely natural and open about it. You're not afraid to ask for what you want nor to admit you enjoy it."

Yolanda smiled. "I think we all agree, that's how it's supposed to be." Harry continued, "I've made love to many beautiful women before, but some of them try to pretend they didn't want to, and that I had to seduce them, or that they were just repaying me for dinner. That's a bummer. It detracts from the overall experience. I'm not just taking pleasure; I'm giving it. Why should have have to talk her into fucking?"

"I agree completely," said Honey, giving his prick an affectionate squeeze.

"Right on, Harry," said Carolyn. I guess it will take more women like us, and more men like you, to finish making the sexual revolution. We can't pull out of it until we've come all the way." She giggled. "So to speak."

Honey removed her hand from Harry's dick and engulfed it with her mouth instead. He sighed at the sudden warm, wet thrill. "I see why they call you Honey B.," he said. "You're sweet."

"That's not why," she replied.

"Why else?"

Still sucking, she said "Hmmmmmmmmm."

An electric thrill shot through Harry's already excited rod. "Wow."

Carolyn decided she had a yen for a little more licking. She moved to straddle Harry's face, and he extended his tongue as she lowered her pink labia. Moments after the licking begun, the door opened. Bernie had returned. "Hi, Harry, how's it going?" Carolyn lifted her pussy a bit so Harry could reply.

"Fine, thanks. How'd you know it was me?"

"Lucky guess. By the way, I've got the rent for you."

"Oh, yeah...that's why I dropped by. But then the girls invited me in for a snack."

"Those box lunches are really tasty, aren't they?"

"Delicious."

"Hey, Bernie," interjected Carolyn. "We came up with a great idea!"

"So I see," said Bernie, undressing.

"Not that one," Carolyn giggled. "The idea is to form an organization to advance sexual freedom. Oooh!" Harry had resumed licking her clit.

"Harry mentioned that it's unfortunate that there are so many hung-up people in the world who find it hard to freely enjoy sex.," Honey explained.

"So I thought of the idea of an organization," Yolanda said.

"Sounds fine to me," Bernie replied, poking his pole at the entrance of Yolanda's wet and waiting cunt.

"I'll bet everybody would like to come to our meetings," said Carolyn.

"I'm coming," announced Harry, as he shot a copious load into Honey's hungry mouth. Sooner or later, they all came.

Later that evening, after a meal of barbecued ribs, a recipe Bernie called "Adams Ribs", they passed around joints and ideas. Chastity said, "Several women in my department at work either want or need to be sexually liberated. Remember Cindy, Bernie?"

"Oh, yes, I remember Cindy! Chastity told her about my long dong, so she insisted on trying it out in her office today."

"Doesn't sound like she needs much liberating," commented Carolyn, "but she could help with the campaign."

"For sexual liberation," Harry said, "A fuck is worth a thousand words."

"Right," Chastity said, "A really good fuck is itself an education in sexual freedom. It opens the mind to the joys of uninhibited pleasure."

Carolyn added, "Many women don't realize how much they would enjoy sex if only they weren't afraid to try it. Once they do, they want it as much as men do. I know I do."

Bernie said. "As the great Swami X says, *The more you fuck, the more you want to fuck.*"

Harry said, "But sometimes we must reach minds before we can touch bodies. Spread the word, then spread the legs. We should explore the psycho-social-physiological ramifications of fucking; write essays, lobby legislators, let everyone know that sexual freedom enhances social harmony."

"Men need to know that consensual is essential for being sensual, so that women can freely explore their erotic desires without fear. And once that happens, both sexes can be happier," said Honey.

And so it was that a young organization for sexual liberation began, back in 1977. Whether they contributed to the freedom and enlightenment that developed in society since then is not known. We can safely assume that Bernie, Carolyn, Yolanda, Chastity, Honey, and Harry, along with the occasional guest, fully enjoyed their own sexual liberation, just as others, young and not so young, were exploring their own.

As we know a great deal of progress has been made. The right to privacy in several aspects of our intimate lives. Reproductive rights, LGBTQ rights, interracial marriage rights, the right to sell dildos in Texas. Yet, none of these can be taken for granted. Preserving our liberty is a constant struggle. Sex is fun. Freedom is serious.