

“[Watching Jason Pettus read] is like you’ve suddenly been thrown in a John Hughes film and there’s Duckie, standing right in front of you. Well, Duckie with a beer, a cigarette and a stiffy.”
--*NewCity*

the tape



a dirty story by jason pettus



Dirty Stories for Nasty Children

An imprint of GAD Publishing Co. Chicago USA

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02

“You got it?”

“You didn’t get it. I can tell.”

“No, she got it. Um, you got it, right?”

Kristin smiled back at the other two. She slowly pulled a battered shoebox out from behind her back. “I got it.”

Joy and Alison smiled at each other. So, here it was. Three weeks of hard work finally about to pay off. It had all started at school one day, when Joy had been hanging out with some of her male friends. Joy was a bit of a tomboy, truth be told. Muscular and with small breasts, she had always enjoyed flaunting her aggressive nature. She kept her hair short, shopped in the men’s section of thrift stores, played on the soccer team and was considered “one of the guys” by most of her male friends. Three weeks ago a bunch of buddies had seen a porno film for the first time, and they had all been sitting around the lunchroom bragging about it.

“Aw, Joy, it was great,” one said. “It was people actually going at it! It was hot!”

“You guys,” Joy retorted, “that’s just gross. Porno is stupid and immature and just plain goofy. How could you guys really get turned on by some-



thing like that?” She stretched her back, pushing her pointed little boobs out at the men, and started gyrating in a satirical way, giving out fake-sounding high-pitched porn star “OOH!”s and “AHH!”s. She suddenly stopped and looked at them all in scorn.

Mark, one of the smarter, more quieter ones in the group, spoke up. “Joy,” he said simply, “maybe you need to watch one first. Then maybe we’ll take what you say seriously.”

Well, that was IT. No one threw a challenge down to Joy Neisbaum like that without her responding. *Springfield, Ohio isn’t big enough for both of us*, she thought to herself. *Them’s fighting words*. Later that afternoon, she ran up to Kristin and Alison by their lockers. “Ladies,” Joy said to the two of them in defiance, “We’re going to look at some porno.”

The women looked at each other, then back to Joy like she was crazy. “Why?” Alison said, perplexed.

So Joy had explained the throw-down at lunch that afternoon. Now, Kristin and Alison both had their own thoughts on the matter, both of which were similar to Joy’s in some respects, but in others completely their own opinions. Kristin, a sweet and always-cheerful girl, had a bit more popular life than the other two. Vice-president of the student council (and only a junior!), member of the cheerleading squad, rooting for her long-term football-playing boyfriend Patrick out on the field, Kristin led what she considered a pretty happy life.

Not that she’d fault anyone who had any other kind of lifestyle. Indeed, she was starting to form a newfound respect for the brains and the freaks and the burnouts. Just this year, Patrick and she had cranked up their relationship a notch when they decided they were old enough to start exploring their sexuality with each other. Well, actually, Patrick always felt that way – it was Kristin who had decided that this year. They were a tender couple, always slow and polite and forgiving. But Kristin discovered a small surprise – after assuming she would be the reluctant follower of the activities, giving handjobs to reward Patrick’s continual patience over the last year, she found herself instead the leader of the activities. She had become much more turned on by Patrick’s clumsy attempts at petting than she ever realized she would. Good girls don’t get turned on by that, right? Kristin was starting to discover that this attitude was a lie. And, with that, she started wondering just how many other things exactly had been told to her that were lies also.

Alison, now, she was a different one altogether from the other two.



Curvy, tall and intellectual, she kept to herself a lot more than others. She got a lot of joy over doing some pretty geeky things, she knew that. That wasn't so bad to her. She ran an all grrrrrl website about empowerment issues for teens, cool bands, vegan recipes, whatever. She had gotten written up in *Sassy* once, you know. "Girls to Watch." That was pretty cool. But still, the thing was, Alison was starting to think that maybe she liked women. You know...*liked* them. Right, you see. She wasn't sure – she wasn't even sure how one was supposed to *be* sure. She liked them all right – she had a great time with her female friends. Every so often she would think about what it would be like to kiss one of them. The thought didn't seem so bad. Did this mean she's...you know, a lesbian? She thought farther. She thought about being naked with a woman, sliding their bodies against each other against cool sheets some weekend when mom was off at the "step boyfriend's" again. Nope, that didn't seem so bad either. So did *that* mean she was a lesbian? Damn, those boys weren't bad either, that was the thing. They were idiots, don't get her wrong, they were complete chowderheads. But she was told that boys get a lot more tolerable when they're older, so she was holding on to that. And so much fun to watch. And kiss!

So. Joy wanted to prove she was as tough as anybody else. Kristin wanted to see if she could learn anything new, to maybe spice up her love life with Patrick. Alison wanted to watch the women having sex, to figure out if the sight of their naked female forms would turn her on. And it was on this fateful silent agreement that the three decided that they would indeed watch a porno together. It was going to be easy – Kristin's brother *had* porno, for God's sake. She knew all about it. A shoebox of black videotapes in the back of his closet, at the bottom of his old toybox that was still somehow in his room even though he was eighteen. She had caught him with them out once, and when she had asked what they were he had grown red in the face and quickly covered them.

"They're nothing," he said. "Just some old videos."

"Oh God, they're pornos, aren't they?"

He hemmed and hawed and then got really angry and kicked her out of the room. God, what is it about boys and naked people, anyway? They get all *crazy* about it. They get so embarrassed and stupid. It's not that big of a deal. Really. So the plan was for the three to find a time when not only Alison's mom would be having a weekend over on the other side of town, but Kristin could safely sneak the shoebox out of her brother's room and



the three could have a private screening of their own. This of course turned out to be much easier said than done, and as the weeks grew each of the women started getting a little more fidgety about it. Together they were cool as cucumbers, but privately each started wondering a little more about what exactly they were going to find on those tapes.

Kristin set the shoebox on the floor and the three of them started going through the titles.

“Girls who Take Cum on the Face, Volume...27?” said Joy. “God, they put out 26 of these before? I don’t know about that one.”

“Where The Boys Aren’t,” Alison read, secretly a little thrilled. “That doesn’t sound too bad.”

“DP Madness,” said Kristin, holding the tape up for inspection. “What do you suppose that is?”

“Dildos and penises?” offered Alison.

“Deep pussies!” cried Joy, making the other two crack up. “Should we start with this one and get our curiosity out of the way?” The two looked at each other and silently nodded. The three of them were in Alison’s bedroom, a weird hybrid of little girl frilliness, leftover stuffed animals and several thousand dollars in cutting-edge computer equipment in the corner. She also had her own VCR and TV in her room — an attempt by her mom to apologize for all the time she spent out of the house. Joy popped in the tape and sat back, the three of them in a semicircle around the television.

They scrolled past the legal requirements and the “totally lame” ads for phone sex lines. Soon they found themselves at a European countryside. At least they thought it was European, because they were watching a couple having a picnic and the two kept speaking in a language they didn’t understand.

“Is that Polish?” Joy asked.

“Why are they having a picnic on the side of a highway like that?” said Alison.

Soon they were in for a shock, when the woman pulled a gigantic erect cock out of the man’s pants and started sucking on it. Joy was flabbergasted. “Oh my God, that’s a *huge* cock,” she said. “I’ve never seen a dick that big before. Kristin, is Patrick like that?”

“No,” she said, mesmerized.

“Alison, what about you? Have you ever seen a cock like that?”

“Hmm?”



“Alison...oh my God, look at you. You’re totally into this.”

“Well, it’s just...” Alison suddenly flushed, turning bright red. “You know, it’s just...”

“No, no, it’s okay,” Joy said, touching her on the arm. “I’m into it too. I’m just running off at the mouth. Let’s just sit and watch some more of it.”

Kristin was glad Joy had admitted the situation out loud, because truth be told *she* was starting to really get into it too, and she was worried she might have been the only one. It was a complete surprise to her – she had simply assumed that a porno tape would be stupid and insulting and completely geared towards men. And in a way, yes, this was all true. But it didn’t change the fact that the naked couple now starting to gyrate was also turning her on something serious. She could feel her pussy starting to generate its own heat between her legs, and suddenly her jeans started feeling a little too tight.

Alison was starting to get into the same state. Watching the tape, she was discovering that she loved watching *both* the naked man and the naked woman. Fantasies were flying in her head about being in the middle of them, feeling the smooth, hot flesh of both rubbing against either side of her body. The ache from Alison’s pussy was starting to become really uncontrollable. As inconspicuously as she could, she leaned back in her sitting position and placed her outstretched arms behind her on the floor. She moved her hips around until she had found a perfect position – her clit straight against the floor, with the hard seam of her pants directly between the two. With the smallest of movements she could make the seam push hard against her clit, left to right, right to left, sending rough shock waves of pleasure traveling through her body.

On the tape, the couple had just started going at it when a second man arrived. He was dressed to look like a hitchhiking college student, although it was completely obvious that he was in his mid-thirties. He gave a hilariously false look of shock when discovering the couple, then stood over the two and spoke to them, sounding like they were working out some sort of agreement. Soon the new man was naked himself and was pushing his cock in and out of the woman’s face while the “boyfriend” was plowing in and out of her pussy.

Well, Joy’s excitement level turned up a notch with this. She kind of suspected that she was going to enjoy porno – even though she had never seen any before, she *did* have this sort of personal relationship with her



erotic literature. Joy masturbated every single night before going to bed, along to her dog-eared copies of Anais Nin and Erica Jong, and hell, sometimes even Judy Blume or one of her mom's trashy romance novels. She knew that she loved sex and she knew that she loved pleasing herself, but this porno was something else entirely. Watching the three naked people going at it was igniting something primal in Joy, a pure, unfiltered sense of sexual excitement that made her feel like doing something courageous.

So that's exactly what Joy did, starting to take her pants off right in front of the other two.

"What..." Kristin said suddenly, looking at Joy. "What are you doing?"

"I'm gonna masturbate," Joy said in a husky voice, then laughed when she saw the panicked looks on the other's faces. "Oh, come on!" she said. "I guarantee you that's exactly what those *boys* did when they watched their porno. I bet you a million bucks they all sat around in a circle, beating their little cocks and having some sort of contest over who could come first."

Kristin had a sudden image of Patrick and all his friends, standing around in a circle showing off all their cocks, pumping them fiercely with their cupped hands. Then she started fantasizing about being there herself, kneeling in front of the men one at a time and sucking them each off, feeling their come spurt on the back of her throat, saving her dear Patrick for last. She started to see what Joy was talking about.

"Well..." Alison said. "I guess the point of porno *is* to get off on it, right?"

"Exactly," Joy said, proceeding to strip entirely naked. "God, I'm going to have this screaming orgasm, I can just tell."

"I've never had an orgasm," Alison said sadly.

"What?" Joy stopped midway through pulling her t-shirt off. "Alison, are you insane? What do you mean you've never had an orgasm?"

"I just haven't," she said, shrugging. "I think maybe I don't know how to have one. Or maybe I just *can't* have an orgasm. That happens to women sometimes."

"Bullshit. Anyone can have an orgasm. It's just a matter of jerking off the right way. What about you, Kristin? You've had an orgasm, right?"

Kristin scrunched up her face. "I *think* I've had an orgasm," she said. "But I mean, really, how can you be sure?"

Joy got an incredulous look on her face. "Believe me, Kristin," she said, "the fact that you don't know if you've had an orgasm or not means you



haven't had one." She looked at the two of them. "Man oh man. Orgasms are the only thing that gets me through high school. I'm surprised you two haven't pulled a Columbine yet if you've never had an orgasm."

Now completely naked, Joy leaned back against the canopied bed and said, "C'mere, both of you. Watch what I'm doing here and how I do it." Joy stretched her long, tight body out, splaying her legs across the floor and giving the two an unobstructed view of her dark black pussy. "Just remember rule number one," she said, spreading her legs apart and showing off her cunt, already glistening with liquid. "Your clitoris is your best friend. It may be fun to put things in your pussy, but your clitoris is the one that's going to get you to orgasm every time." Joy reached down and started expertly gliding her hand across her clit, stroking in a circular motion.

"It's the rhythm," she said, closing her eyes and smiling. "You've got to find a steady rhythm and stick with it. And don't be afraid...God, that feels good...don't be afraid to take your time." Jerking her arm faster, Joy looked at Alison. "Maybe that's your problem," she said. "Maybe you've been giving up too fast."

Alison was stunned. Here suddenly was Joy – her biology partner, her field-trip buddy, her childhood sleepover invitee – now completely naked and in the process of frigging herself to orgasm. Alison looked her up and down. She had an amazing body, tight and tall and muscular. She had a really nice tan from all the time she spent outdoors with sports, and her now rigid legs were showing off the beautiful steel-like curves of a soccer player's thighs. The three sat in silence for awhile, Kristin and Alison watching Joy slowly start getting into her masturbation, closing her eyes and biting her lip and smearing the clear liquid leaking out of her cunt all over her inner thighs.

"Shit," Joy breathlessly exclaimed, "Shit, this feels so good." She opened her eyes and looked at them. "I can't believe I'm sitting here jerking off in front of you two. Goddamn, I'm getting so turned on doing this." Joy's hips were gyrating on a pretty regular basis now, and her hand was moving even faster over her clit, approaching a frantic pace. "Kristin, do you like watching me do this?"

Kristin was on her knees next to Joy, still clothed but rubbing her cunt now through the fabric of her jeans. "It's beautiful," she said. "It's simply beautiful."

"Alison, what about you?"

Alison was getting turned on enough by now to start getting daring.



“Can I...touch you?” she said to Joy. “I mean...I mean, not if you don’t want me to. I just have this uncontrollable desire to touch you.”

“Shit yeah,” said Joy. “Here, rub my stomach.” Alison reached over and placed the flat of her hand against Joy’s smooth, toned stomach, rubbing in a circular motion. Joy audibly moaned and closed her eyes again. “Yes, yes, that’s it,” she said, her whole body starting to rock back and forth now. “God, Alison, touch me anywhere you want, anywhere at all.”

Alison started rubbing her hand up and down Joy’s inner thigh, and Joy moaned even louder now. “Fuck,” she groaned, “fuck fuck fuck.” Joy suddenly put her other hand between her legs, shoving two fingers up her cunt and pumping in and out while continuing to beat her clitoris into shape. “Look what’s happening,” she said, nodding at the television.

The three looked up at the screen. The threesome from the porno had moved into a complicated position, the boyfriend lying underneath the woman and fucking her cunt, the hitchhiker above the woman and slamming into her anus at the same time.

“Double penetration,” Kristin said. “DP. Of course.”

“Jesus Christ, that’s fucking dirty,” Joy said in a coarse whisper.

Kristin looked back to the activities in the room. Joy’s tiny breasts had swelled a little bit because of the masturbation, and her thick, pinky-sized nipples were thrusting outward into the air. Kristin knew how much she enjoyed having her own nipples played with, so she thought she’d return the favor. She reached in and gave them a quick, hard squeeze.

Joy yelped with surprise, then quickly came back to her surroundings. “Yes, Kristin,” she said, looking at her. “Yes. Squeeze my nipples. Go ahead.” Joy certainly was gearing up for an orgasm, her entire body starting to take on a flushed, pinkish tone, her muscles tightening more and more up and down her body, Kristin on one side gently kneading her nipples now, Alison on the other, running her warm hands smoothly up and down her thighs, spreading the liquid from her now oozing cunt all over the place and making a sticky mess.

“Alison, look, look,” Joy panted, nodding down at her vagina. “Look at it. See how it’s all red and swollen, how my lips are all puffy? You can actually see if you’re near your orgasm or not.”

“How close are you, Joy?”

“Ah God. Shit, shit. Thirty seconds, maybe.”

Joy sat there, transfixed by the video screen, feeling the six hands exploring her body. Finally one of the men on the tape had his orgasm, a



thick, gooey, messy blob that went all over the woman's ass and dripped down onto the other guy's cock. It was too much for Joy. Curling her legs up and her head down into a rough fetal position, she braced herself for the coming wave of ecstasy. A high-pitched whine came out of her, as if she was a balloon and someone was slowly letting the air out of her.

Alison was half-crazed with lust by this point, and watching Joy actually have an orgasm put her over the top. She leaned in and threw her mouth against Joy's, ramming in her tongue. Surprisingly, Joy kissed back, using the force of her neck to push her mouth against Alison's as hard as she could. Alison squeezed down hard on Joy's thighs and could feel the rhythmic bucking of her orgasm through them. The contractions seemed to last for minutes, as Joy kept slamming the soles of her feet hard against the floor with each spurt, continuing to kiss Alison.

Finally Joy's body became suddenly limp and heavy, as she slid out of the grip of the two woman and melted into a fully prone position on the floor. She was still breathing hard and a fine sheen of sweat had appeared all the way up and down her body. "Damn," she said after a few minutes of silence. "Damn, damn, damn." Her eyes were closed and she was absently stroking Alison's leg. "Oh...*damn*, that was so good. That was so fucking good." She continued silently breathing for a moment, then opened her eyes and smiled. "Okay, Alison, your turn. I can't wait to watch you come for the first time."

"Oh, I don't know..." Alison said nervously, looking around the room. "I just don't...oh, I don't know how I feel about this."

"Oh, that's a load of crap," Joy said, pointing at Alison's crotch. "Look. You've soaked all the way through your jeans."

Alison looked down and, sure enough, saw a tiny wet spot on her jeans right between her legs from her sopping pussy. "Yeah, I guess," she said. "I'm just...I'm a little nervous, that's all."

"That's okay. I'll stay naked if you want," Joy said.

"Yeah, and I promise to do it too after you're done," Kristin added. "I won't back out." Truthfully, Kristin didn't know if she could bear the thought of backing out now. Her pussy was fairly screaming at her for release.

"Well...okay," Alison said, smiling shyly. "Maybe we should try another tape." She grabbed the lesbian tape with as much a sense of randomness as she could muster. "Here, put this in." Kristin grabbed the tape and started reloading the VCR, while Joy sat and helped Alison get her clothes off.



Soon Alison was as naked as Joy, and had assumed the center position of the trio. She sat down on her shins and scooted her body back towards the bed. "I, um, masturbate while I'm on my knees like this," Alison said to the two. "I hope that isn't too weird."

"No, it's not weird at all," Joy said, absently running her hand over Alison's ample bosom. "God, you've got great boobs. I wish I had breasts like this."

"Don't be jealous. They're mostly a pain in the ass...ooh." Alison gave a soft moan as Joy gave her nipple a quick pinch. Immediately Alison's hands went to her crotch and she started rubbing herself almost subconsciously. "Forward the tape, Kristin," she said in a whisper. "Forward up to the first scene."

Kristin picked up the remote and started scanning through the tape. She got to the first scene, two pretty women but with obvious boob jobs and frankly, a little too much makeup. But still, there they were, licking at another woman's pussy. It was almost surreal to watch. She would alternate between this and studying Alison while she jerked off, which was a whole interesting process unto itself. She had now seen two other women in her life besides herself masturbate, and it was fascinating to compare them. Joy's hip gyrations were a continual smooth, fluid motion, like watching a wave undulate through. Alison, on the other hand, had a rhythmic, back and forth jerkiness to it, almost like riding a horse. Joy had rubbed her clitoris with one hand, making a circular motion across the entire region in a steady rhythm. Alison, however, used one hand to stretch the skin nice and tight around the clitoral area, the other hand to pointedly move a steady finger in a vertical path across the clitoris, up and down, up and down, with the precision of a machine. While Joy's was a tight fighting body, Alison's had the natural curviness to define it as a modern stereotypically feminine build. Large rounded breasts, a hippiness to her waist, a little pooch right over her pussy. Her pubic hair had a fine quality to it, as if stroking a child's head, versus Joy's fully adult black bristly pussy.

Things were getting interesting between Joy and Alison, Kristin suddenly noticed. It was the same situation as before, except now with Joy's hands on Alison's inner thighs, stroking up and down. But the two were now both naked, they were both on their knees, and they were a *lot* closer together. Joy kept rubbing her entire nude body up and down the side of Alison as she brought her hands up and down her thighs, occasionally reaching up to grab a nipple very gently and giving it a good turn in either



direction.

“I loved it when you kissed me,” Joy whispered to Alison. “Do you mind if I do it back to you?”

Alison turned to her, suddenly out of her inner fantasy thoughts. “You want to kiss me?” she asked.

“I want to kiss you, yes.”

“Okay,” Alison said in an irregular pattern from the shallow breathing. “Yeah, you can...kiss...me, because I’d...like...to be...kissed.”

Joy sort of pounced and soon they were making out something fierce, Alison still jerking away. Kristin suddenly wondered what kind of situation she’d gotten herself into. *This isn’t happening to me*, she thought. *This is one of those things that happens to people on afternoon talk shows. I’m in the Honor Society, for the love of God. I’m a cheerleader.*

Yet she couldn’t deny the fact that she was here, and she couldn’t deny that it was turning her on. It was pretty amazing to watch two of her best friends neck while completely naked, witnessing both of their orgasms. And she couldn’t deny that she was getting an uncontrollable desire to put her lips onto the neck of Alison, reaching down and giving her a big hug because it was just so damn sexy to watch her masturbate.

So, she did. She reached in and gave Alison a big long kiss, and said in a very quiet voice, “Come on, Alison. You can do it. Come for me. I want you to come for me.”

Alison spat out a frustrated laugh. “I’m trying...believe...me!”

“Put your fingers up inside you,” Joy suggested.

“Can’t...I’ve got to keep...my clit tight...it’s the only way it...works for me...”

“Well, I can help you with that,” Joy said, and immediately slipped two long fingers up inside Alison’s cunt. Alison let out with a little unexpected scream from the surprise, then immediately started rocking her hips back and forth, impaling herself on Joy’s fingers.

“That’s it,” Joy said, putting an arm around her waist. “Keep doing this. Keep your rhythm, Alison. Think in the back of your mind about the orgasm you’re going to have.”

Alison thought this was a weird thing to say, but what the hell. She searched in the back recesses of her mind for initial thoughts about orgasms. Although she had never had one, she had had several close calls and knew what the general excitement was about. It was almost the same as if you had to go to the bathroom, and you could feel the urine moving



down the pipe right before you peed. An orgasm was a thing that crept up on you, giving some sly signals before you finally got there. It was a journey you made with your body, from “relaxed” to “climax,” along with the physical changes that happened to your body along that journey.

Once she started thinking about that, she realized that she was actually very near to this point right at the moment. In her mental concentration, she had finally let her body go out and enjoy itself, and it had been bringing her to a state of more and more arousal.

“Oh...oh my God, that worked...I’m almost...there...”

“Alright, Alison, don’t give up,” Joy said in a determined voice. “You can have this orgasm. Right, Kristin?”

“Yeah,” Kristin exclaimed breathlessly, cupping Alison’s jerking hand under her own, bringing the total number of hands between her legs to five. “Come on, Alison. I want you to come. I want you to have an orgasm.”

Alison looked at Kristin with a glazed look of ecstasy in her eyes, then bent over and expertly slipped her tongue into Kristin’s mouth. Kristin, now so totally tight in her jeans, her body temperature risen, just aching to jerk off herself now, reached up and put Alison’s head in a two-handed lock, pushing her closer and throwing her tongue into her mouth.

Alison’s eyes suddenly got wide and she started sending rhythmical, soft moans straight into Kristin’s mouth. Her entire body had suddenly locked into immobility and Kristin could immediately tell that Alison was having her orgasm at that moment. After a sustained period where her body trembled in its frozen position, Alison slumped loose again. She threw her arms around Kristin as if she were a lifesaver.

“Oh Kristin, that was...*incredible*. My God. I’ve never experienced something like that in my life.” She caressed Kristin’s sweaty and saliva-covered mouth with her hand, still with a bug-eyed glassiness to her. “Oh Kristin,” she said, kissing the side of her cheek tenderly. “You have to experience this. You have to do it, really.”

“Well, okay,” she said. “You don’t need to do a lot of convincing with me.” Kristin was already in the process of taking her pants off, stopping for a moment to pick up the remaining videotape. “Here, put this in,” she said, lying down on the floor and picking up her ass in order to slip off her pants.

“Are you sure?” Joy said, looking at the tape. “This one sounds kind of gross.”



“I don’t mind. Really.” Kristin was removing her bra, very close to completely naked now. “I don’t mind at all.” In fact, it was hard for Kristin to even describe to herself the complex relationship she had with semen. Although she and Patrick had never had intercourse, Kristin had caused him to have an orgasm 17 times now in the last six months – she knew it was 17 because she wrote it down in her diary each time it happened. Patrick’s come was sticky, impossible to get out of her hair, and fairly disgusting when it was in her mouth. But at the same time it was warm, felt sexy on her skin, and was a fairly amazing thing to have in her mouth as well.

Kristin loved the way she could have her boyfriend under complete control when she had his cock in her hand, lubricated to a shiny sheen and jerking it up and down and up and down. She loved the way his body would tremble and his hands would touch her ears as delicately as they could when his penis was in her mouth. Feeling the hot rush of the gooey white liquid as it was pushed straight down her throat was kind of gross, but it was glorious as well. And she especially loved it when he would jerk off for her, the way he would suddenly stop all movement, the skin on his cock pulled tight by his unclenched fist, standing for the briefest of moments in complete stillness, then issuing forth with spasm after spasm of his semen.

Which was now exactly what she was watching on the television screen, an endless series of orgasms spliced together in ten-second intervals, some via masturbation, others by blowjobs, others still through fucking. Kristin felt an uncontrollable itch all the way up and down her body, and realized she had already gotten halfway to orgasm just by watching the other two go through it first. She lied horizontal on the floor, spreading her legs so far apart they were nearly at 180 degree angles. She reached up to the bed and grabbed the first thing she could get her hands on – an oversized stuffed bear with a giant gingham bow around its head – and quickly stuffed it under her head, propping up her face so she could see the television.

“Kristin!” Joy said in amazement. “Your pussy is shaved!”

Kristin looked down at the clean, measured triangle of curly auburn hair between her legs, noticing how it made a trim and cultured trapezoid up the center of her abdomen. “Yeah,” she said. “I do it for Patrick.” Kristin’s breathing was already shallow, and she had to wipe her hand on her shirt because it was already so wet from just a few seconds of playing



with her pussy. “It makes me feel sexy.”

“It makes you look sexy too,” said Alison. In fact, Alison was having a hard time getting over the utter perfection of Kristin’s body. She was used to the physical imperfections of her own body and indeed was starting to learn to love them as she got older. But Kristin literally looked like a model once she got rid of all those ill-fitting clothes – smooth, tight stomach, gracefully curving legs that were shaved and waxed, breasts that were neither too small nor too big, with deep red aureoles and nipples that stood fully erect, and a deep brown tan that extended all the way up and down her body, the result of either a tanning salon or full nude sunbathing. Alison checked out Kristin’s entire body once again and let out with a tiny sigh/moan before she could stop herself.

Kristin noticed the sigh and looked over at Alison. “You can kiss me again if you want,” she said in a tiny, desperate voice. “I won’t mind.” Not needing a second invitation, Alison reached down and placed her lips over Kristin’s, the two opening their mouths as wide as they could and letting saliva leak out, forming a wet and sticky mess all over each other’s faces. Joy, meanwhile, had gone long enough since her orgasm to start getting turned on all over again. She decided to break a wall that up to that point had still been standing between the three, as she leaned down and sucked a nipple gently up into her mouth, running her tongue over it and occasionally giving it a semi-serious bite.

Kristin let out with a long and loud groan, placing her free hand on the back of Joy’s head, grabbing a fistful of hair and pulling tight. With a nipple still in her mouth, Joy said in a low, sexy voice, “You’re going to come for us, Kristin, right? Tell me you’re going to come for us.”

“I’m going to come for you,” Kristin said, out of breath and almost in tears from the amount of pleasure she was receiving. “Oh God, yes, I’m going to come for both of you.” She had the flat of her hand against her vagina, rubbing the entire region in a fast, random motion as quickly as her hand could move. “I want you both here. I want you to both be a part of this orgasm. I want you two holding my body as tight as you possibly can when I come...oooohhh. Oh my...fucking...God...” In the middle of her speech Alison had reached down and slipped two tiny fingers in Kristin’s cunt, then quickly added a third when realizing how wet and open it was. She was ramming them in and out of Kristin now, sinking her fingers in to the knuckles before pulling out again.

“Yes,” Kristin yelled, “yes! Don’t stop! Don’t you dare stop doing that!”



She felt a small ripple of sudden coolness erupt over her body, turning her skin into gooseflesh. This had always been the point Patrick had brought her to that she had assumed was an orgasm, but she was now realizing that it was merely the tip of the iceberg. Having her “mini-orgasm,” as she had now just dubbed it in her head, only made her completely aware of the deep, earth-shattering orgasm that still lied within her, waiting to be brought out.

The problem, however, was that Kristin couldn't actually find that orgasm that was buried within her. As she lied there, furiously rubbing her clitoris, Alison's hand beating a steady rhythm into her cunt and the wet, hot lips of Joy starting to now explore her body, Kristin suddenly felt herself hit a sort of plateau, a kind of glass ceiling that she was now pressed against, keeping her physically separated from her orgasm. “Shit,” she muttered under her breath. “Shit, shit.”

“What?” Alison murmured, caressing Kristin's hair which was now completely wet and matted down from all the sweat she was producing.

“I can't do it,” Kristin said in frustration, now with real tears starting to well in her eyes. “I can't get it. I can't get my orgasm.”

“Shh, shh,” Joy said, suddenly stopping what she was doing so she could give Kristin a long hug. “We're right here with you,” she whispered to her. “We're not going anywhere.” Joy caressed Kristin's sweat-covered breasts as she spoke. “Sometimes it takes a really long time, that's all. We forget that because we're always with these boys who can come when the wind blows the wrong way. Sometimes it just takes us a long time. But we're here all night, Kristin.” She kissed Kristin's forehead softly. “We're all spending the night and nobody's going to be interrupting us, so take all the time you need. Don't feel pressured.”

So Kristin set in with renewed purpose, jerking her hand against her clit as hard as she could, constantly having to wipe off the fluid from her cunt so as to increase the amount of friction. Alison was still thrusting her hand in and out of her slit, and Joy had now started the process of giving her a hickey on the side of her neck. Kristin kept at it, for ten minutes, fifteen, twenty. Slowly her rational mind started shutting off and her instinctual one took over. At one point she felt like screaming as loud as she could, so she did. At another point she felt like saying something incredibly dirty, so she did that too – “Fuck me, Alison. Come on, fuck me harder. Fuck me with that hand as hard as you possibly can.” Kristin realized with a sort of ecstatic detachment that she had now lost all ability to say



yes or no to a situation. If Patrick had suddenly showed up at that moment and told her he wanted to fuck her in the ass, she would've gladly turned over and thrust her butt up in the air for him. If Joy was to suddenly straddle Kristin's face, she would have immediately ground her mouth up against her cunt, trying to push her entire face up inside Joy's vagina. Kristin had become a machine, she realized, a fully-functioning sexual machine whose one and only job in life was to produce orgasms.

After a full half-hour of this, Kristin was no closer to pushing through the glass wall but had gathered up a lot more of the energy keeping her flattened against it. It was like that scene at the end of Willy Wonka with the elevator – “We have to generate terrific speed, Charlie my boy, if we ever want to break through the ceiling!” The three of them were now one writhing, sweat-covered entity, and it would have impossible to individualize any of their sexualities at that moment. Alison had lied down next to Kristin ten minutes ago and had now put Kristin's left leg between her own two, humping it unconsciously at a feverish pace, pushing her clit against Kristin's knee as hard as she could, leaving a long smear of sticky clear fluid up and down her thigh. Joy, on the other side, had Kristin in a full-body embrace, her arms wrapped fully around Kristin's waist and squeezing as hard as she could, still working on the hickey which had turned quite noticeably purple by this point.

“Oh, GodDAMNIt,” Kristin said, mad at her body now. “This isn't working. I can't break through.” Tears of frustration slowly slipped from her eyes as she continued her frantic rubbing.

“Wait,” said Alison. “Hold on just a minute.” She stood up and ran out of the room. Walking naked down the hallway to her mom's bedroom, Alison noted with amusement that her fingers were now wrinkled and prune-like, as if she had stayed in the tub for too long. She pillaged her mom's drawers like a cat burglar, making a mental note to come back and get everything straightened up again before falling asleep later.

Finally she found what she was looking for and ran back into the room. She held up an enormous black dildo, ten inches long, for the other two to see. “It's my mom's...” Alison said with a sense of questioning in her voice.

“God, I don't CARE,” Kristin said, the excitement in her voice apparent. “Jesus, stick that thing in me. Stick it in right now.”

Alison knelt in front of Kristin's exhausted, prone body. She put her hand back inside of Kristin to get it lubricated, then smeared the sticky fluid all over the end of the dildo. She then bent down, her head close to



Kristin's vagina, and started slowly inserting the mammoth cock into her. Kristin's breathing suddenly started coming in irregular gulps, as if she was having trouble getting a bite of food to go down. Alison slowly pulled the dildo back out to its head, making sure that all points of contact were readily lubricated, then suddenly started thrusting the dildo in and out of Kristin as fast as she could.

Kristin could see cracks start to appear in the glass ceiling. She was reduced to a non-speaking language for few moments, communicating her pleasure in a series of grunts and slaps with her hand. Alison was so worked up again that she thought she was going to burst. She suddenly decided to do something that she would've thought impossible for her if you had asked her merely two hours ago – lowering her face even more, she pushed Kristin's hand away from her clitoris and quickly covered it with her mouth, licking as hard and as fast as she could, swirling her tongue in a circular motion over the hard button of flesh, small breaths escaping out of the sides of her mouth from the excitement she felt having her tongue on another woman's vagina.

The mouth is what finally did it. Kristin suddenly felt her orgasm as a physical object, a mass of warm water that was normally kept in a small container inside her body. Feeling the warm, wet tongue on her clit, she felt this container inside her suddenly burst, the liquid contents now rushing down inside her body and making its rapid way towards her vagina. With barely an acknowledgement, she idly noticed all the muscles in her legs locking themselves against her will, then all the muscles in her arms, then her back. She took in a deep breath of air and held it, not exhaling. Distractedly she noticed that Joy was doing something to her, kissing her or rubbing her or something, but it barely registered.

Feeling that mass of orgasm flooding its way to her vagina, Kristin could suddenly pinpoint with exact accuracy how far away it was. Five seconds, then four, three, two, one...and then suddenly Kristin's entire world was thrown upside down. She felt a wave of pure, utter ecstasy and pleasure flood over her system so intensely that it was a little frightening. The fog of her orgasm was punctured by repeated flashes of light, sending rough charges of electricity through her system. Kristin looked down at herself and noticed in amazement that she was actually squirting like a boy, her vagina pushing out small eyedroppers full of clear liquid that were splashing on Alison's face. She suddenly felt completely at one with the world, as if the entire collection of organic material on the planet were



suddenly part of one mass consciousness and that they were all now experiencing her orgasm with her.

After a good ten seconds the spasms subsided to the point that Kristin's rational mind started coming back to her. But rather than stopping, Alison instead jumped right back into the fray, pushing her mouth against Kristin's pussy again and eating her out something fierce. Suddenly, after just another twenty seconds of this, Kristin felt another bubble burst inside her and the same broken dam making its way downward.

"Oh...oh God, no..." Kristin begged, pushing against Alison's face. "No, please, I can't handle another one..." Kristin thought her body just might spontaneously combust if she had another orgasm so quickly, just simply burst into flames and engulf the entire house. But Alison ignored her, continuing to work the dildo in and out of her poor overworked pussy, and sure enough the contractions started coming again. Pushed to the breaking point, Kristin started sincerely crying now, fat drops of water streaming down her face, her body racked with sobs and the ecstatic thrusts of her orgasm, completely and utterly unable to communicate her feelings to the two with language.

Eventually this orgasm winded itself down too, and this time Alison finally came up for air. Grasping her with shaky and exhausted arms, Kristin pulled Alison up into a sweaty and ecstasy-fueled embrace. Reaching over she pulled Joy into the embrace too, and the three simply laid their bodies onto each other in silence, feeling the sweat cool on their skin, occasionally giving each other soft kisses, Kristin slowly getting control over her crying.

The three fell asleep in this position, naked and on the floor, and when Alison suddenly woke around 4 a.m. she had an unfocused panic attack over what time it might be and whether her mom had gotten home yet. Waking up a bit more, Alison gained rational control over herself again and quietly padded to her mom's room, carefully washing and drying the dildo and placing the disheveled mess back into their proper drawers. Coming back into her own bedroom, she lightly tapped the other two women as softly as she could, rousing them into a gentle semi-conscious state. The three crawled up into the bed, scattering stuffed animals around, and promptly fell back asleep in each other's arms.

The women never repeated the activities of that night, and they never really talked about what happened either. The code of silence was in fact only breached once in high school, when a rather irate Patrick wanted to



know the next night how exactly a bright purple hickey had appeared on Kristin's neck. Far from being angry, Patrick was instead pleased and turned on by hearing the story, and their sex life took a turn for the more dramatic as a result. Boys, I swear. Kristin continued dating Patrick, assuming that their relationship would last far through the years and eventually culminate in marriage. It all fell apart their first two weeks in college, of course, but it ended up being for the best. Kristin went on to become a real estate agent, with a handsome and sensitive husband and two beautiful children. Her fellow employees would be shocked to know the level of depravity she and her husband still enjoyed in their suburban bedroom once the door was closed and the kids were asleep.

Joy carried the memories of that night with her and never told another person about it. It did, however, permanently open her eyes to another world she had never really thought about. During her freshman year in college Joy quickly befriended, and then started dating, another member of her NCAA soccer team. Over the course of the next ten years she went through the normal stages of her lesbian development – angry feminism, new-age pagan rituals, her first really emotional breakup (which led to an unfortunate eight months of being with men again), maturity, calmness, and an eventual desire for domesticity. Joy now taught gymnastics at a forward-thinking elementary school in a wealthy liberal suburb of Chicago, and neither the parents nor the school board minded when she brought her long-term partner Carol to the annual spring fundraiser.

Alison's world simply continued to bloom after that night. Unrestricted by her own desires, she started fully exploring her sexuality in college in any and every way possible, while still fiercely maintaining a 3.83 GPA in computer science. Alison outed herself as bisexual when she was 21, and her eventual range of experiences included group sex, S&M, bondage, sex in public and sex with strangers. She moved to San Francisco after graduation and found a community completely ready to embrace her. On a whim she and her friends started a website dedicated to the intelligent analysis of human sexuality, a site which quickly became a cult phenomenon and attracted rave reviews from publications as diverse as *Hustler* to *Newsweek*. Alison regularly writes for the website, chronicling her rich and full sex life memoir-style to the public under a pseudonym. You never know, you may have actually read one of her stories once and never even realized it.



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is the author of three novels and, to date, over 35 self-published books of short work. His performance credits include National Public Radio, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art and the National Poetry Slam, where he placed second in 1997. He has been written about in such diverse publications as the *Chicago Tribune*, *Arbyte* and *Hustler* magazines, and his experimental writing garnered him a grant from the Illinois Arts Council in 1999. Mr. Pettus lives in Chicago and is completely ashamed of himself for writing this story.

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