



Guy New York and The Dirty Gentleman
January and February, 2013

Coffee in The Morning

I brought them coffee in the morning and they were still tangled up in each other's cunts and lips. Their fingers were pruned from fucking, and their bodies were scarred from teeth and nails.

Brooke crawled between Stephanie's legs as I moved closer to the bed and without pause there were lips around my growing cock. I combed her hair with my fingers as she opened her thighs wider. Her eyes were closed as our friend's mouth did unseemly things to her pussy, and her sucking grew more frantic and less precise.

After a few minutes there was no practice or skill left in the room. No one remembered what they were supposed to be doing, and no one focused on anything at all. Stephanie screamed, Brooke drowned, and I thrust my hips wildly hoping to find something wet.

By the time Stephanie started coming I was on my own. It

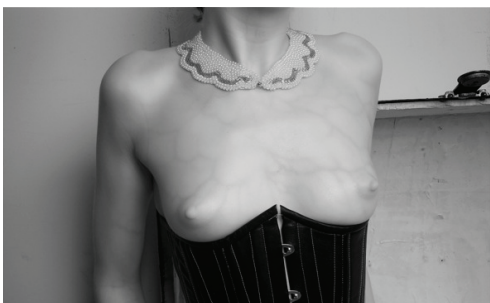
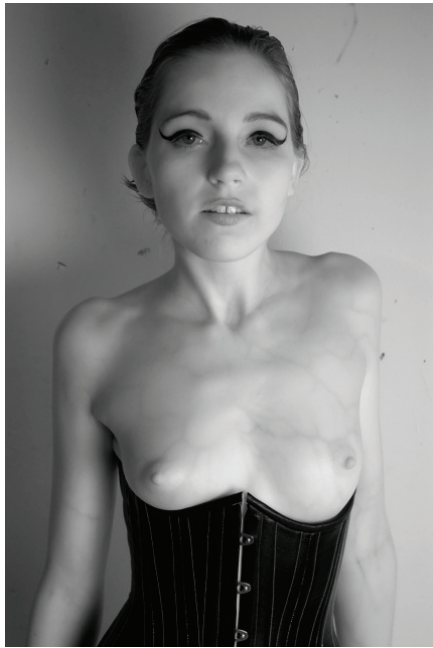
didn't matter. My hand had long since found it's way around my cock, and the noise from my sweet girl's lips were not something I had heard before. They weren't sounds she made as we fucked, and they certainly weren't sounds she made when I knelt between her thighs. They weren't even the sounds she made when she was tied to the bed begging and moaning for things she nearly wanted. They were deep and full bodies noises. They came from someplace she had never reached before, and even as my fist moved in a blur, I watched tears burst from her eyes and her hands rushed to Brooke's face.

She arched her back, she clenched her fists, and she made my own organs look like a grace note in the middle of her symphony. We held her for a long time after that, and the coffee grew cold on the window. Brooke smiled at me and kissed me as shivers subsided.

Stephanie curled up between us as I pulled a blanket over our bodies, and for a very long time there was nothing at all to say.



the girl in the trunk



WAS THAT YOUR HUSBAND?

I leaned in and kissed him in the back of the cab, but it was hesitant and restrained. I held back everything that might be construed as real affection. He kissed me a few times as well, but even though I held his hand beneath my heavy coat I kept staring at the name badge of the driver. His name was Tarek, and I wondered if in his country they killed people for less than we were doing.

After our first stop I was suddenly alone in the backseat, and I fidgeted nervously. I couldn't keep still no matter how hard I tried.

"Was that your husband?"

"Um, no," I stammered.

"Why not? He's a good looking man. He clearly likes you."

I nodded as though I were listening. None of it made any sense.

"It's hard to find someone who looks at you like that. You know I've been married three times and three times I've hoped to see that look."

"And did you find it?" I asked finally.

"I guess we'll see!" He said with a laugh. "It's \$15.00."

I handed him a twenty and told him to keep the change. I got out and walked up the steps to my building. I walked into my empty apartment before sitting down on the couch with a sigh.

I thought back to the ride home, but as hard as I tried, I couldn't remember his expression at all.

bound on the polaski



Comfortable

by La Traviata Rossa

Occasionally an acquaintance will discover that I've posed for photos for the QNY Tumblr, and I can see a hint of scandal in their eyes. It doesn't bother me. I don't make a big fuss about hiding it, so it's bound to come up every once in awhile. It does amuse me... and at this point the reaction is easy to predict.

"Oh. I mean, wow. I. That's really interesting. But... naked pictures? I can't believe you're comfortable with that."

And then I smile in a way that says I know something you don't, and I shrug and change the subject, because if that's how you're reacting, I've learned there's not much hope of making you understand that "comfortable" is absolutely, completely, entirely beside the point.

It's not about "comfortable."

It's about exciting. It's about thrilling. It's about bohemian opulence, and decadence, and art.

It's about gathering in a room of friends and lovers and strangers and knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt that every single person there can mix a flawless Manhattan.

It's about the sparkle in Ms Darker's eye while she chastises you for being too fidgety as she applies your liquid liner, because, "Pretty girls who are really just art supplies should know better than to squirm so much." It's looking in the mirror when she's done and wondering how exactly she managed to make you look like Greta Garbo, and whether there's any way in the world she could teach you how to do it too. It's feeling like a goddess, like a movie star, or like the cover of a vintage magazine.

It's about the moment when The Dirty Gentleman praises Ms Darker, and not you, for your stunning appearance... and discovering that she wasn't kidding,

you actually are just an art supply... and then realizing how insanely fucking hot that is.

It's about the flash of uncertainty that comes when you slip out of your dress, and about feeling the urge to put your hands over the parts of your body that make you feel fat or self-conscious. And then, it's about realizing that, in the eyes of everyone there, the parts that make you feel self-conscious are the parts that make you unique, and they're probably a big part of the reason you were invited.

It's about being told you have a beautiful pussy. Because every woman should hear that in her life at least once, from someone who isn't (at least for the moment) trying to get in her pants.

It's about the laughter coming from the sofa as Guy New York and Ms Darker catch up over whiskey (served on the rocks, in real glass tumblers) and tacos (eaten out of crumpled tin foil over flattened paper bags) discussing past projects and future ones, their husbands and wives and girlfriends and boyfriends, and how Ginger's last party, the one with the specialty cocktails, was as sexy and scandalous as if Guy had written the plot himself. It's about that smug smile he gives her when he confesses he already had that thought, and that the story will be posted next week, and he wonders who will know it isn't fiction at all... and then it's about trying to keep a straight face and focus on the camera as you listen to them swap stories of the evening... because you were there too, and you know they haven't even heard yet about what happened after they left in their taxis at 2:00 am.

It's working through the awkwardness of trying to act sexy for the camera, until you suddenly realize you aren't acting anymore, and you actually are sexy.

It's about holding your muscles in place

for what feels like hours, until you're sure they're on fire, because The Dirty Gentleman wants the shot from yet another angle, and about the glimmer of enjoyment in Ms Darker's eyes as she catches your gaze and nods her calm approval of your obedience.

It's the moment when you feel The Dirty Gentleman's boot digging into your flesh, as he holds you in place to capture a perfect moment. It's gasping, and whispering, "That hurts," and then making eye contact over the top of the camera just in time to see him smile.

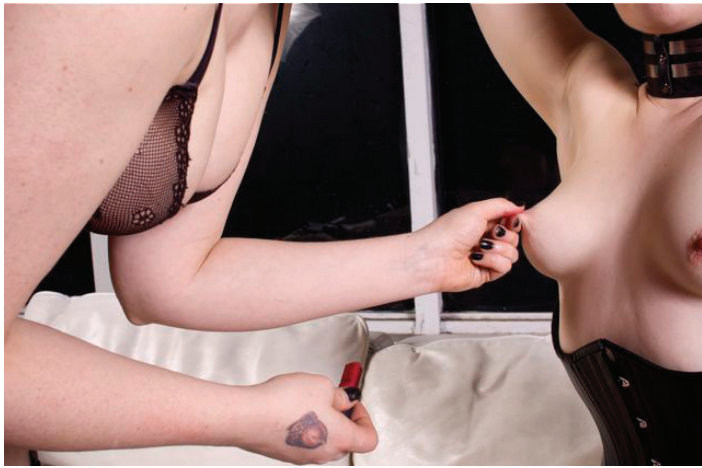
Later, it's about the look on Guy New York's face when he flips through proofs of all the images from the day, and his warm, sleepy sincerity when he says that we are the luckiest people on earth to have such hot, sexy, friends. It's knowing he's right, and replying that you have the same thought at least once a day... because almost all of the other pictures on the blog are your friends as well as his, and you are consistently overwhelmed at how gorgeous they all are, and how lucky you feel to see this side of them.

It's about feeling naughty. The secret of knowing that your naked body is on the internet somewhere. Wondering what you would do if your father ever found out. It's the amazing rush of realizing that you don't care, because you're proud of these pictures that celebrate sex and beauty and human connection, and you could never find them demeaning.

It's about getting three kisses good night.

It's about being a part of something beautiful.

But it's definitely not about "comfortable."



black & white

TIE YOU UP OR WHIP YOU

When beating her no longer worked as a punishment I moved to words.

She had been behaving poorly all day and it wasn't hard to guess what she was looking for. She kicked her shoes off and she pouted. She put ice in my drink and she was sarcastic about everything. Her phone rang incessantly and she did nothing to silence it. By the time I had finished my whisky, I was bordering on actual anger.

"Go into the bedroom and wait by the foot of the bed," I finally told her. She looked relieved when she got up, but she still stuck out her tongue as she left the room. I let her wait far longer than I normally would, and by the time I opened the door she was fidgeting where she stood.

"Lift your dress," I told her. She wiggled her ass at me as she stood leaning over the footboard. She had already pulled the box of toys out from beneath the bed, and she positioned the one she wanted at an angle I was sure to notice.

"Lose the underthings. They're not pretty."

She turned and pouted at me as she dropped them to the floor, but still she shuffled on her feet in a small dance of anticipation.

"I'm not going to hit you," I finally said, pulling a chair up next to where she stood. "Open your legs wider."

She did as I said, but her twitching slowed instantly.

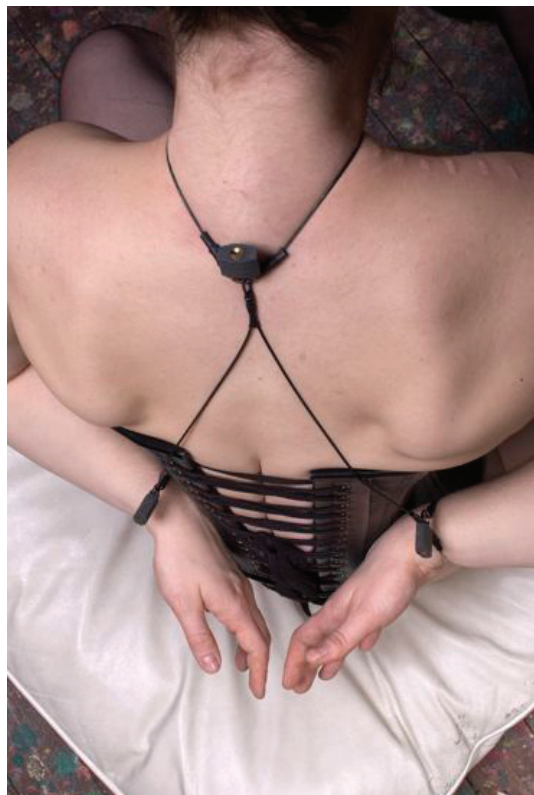
"I'm not going to slap you, spank you, tie you up, or whip you." She whimpered as she stood there, and I could see her struggling to be still. "I'm not going to fuck your mouth or your ass. In fact, I may not touch you at all."

"Please..." she whispered before remembering I hadn't asked her to speak.

"This afternoon I had a lovely date with a young woman I'm not sure you know. She has pretty blue eyes and the softest lips you can imagine. When she first opened them around my cock I

completely forgot I was supposed to see you tonight. In fact, as I ran my fingers through her hair, I didn't think about you at all."

She was holding her breath, but as I leaned in closer I could see clearly how wet she was. Her legs were trembling for a completely different reason now.



"I wasn't even going to fuck her. I mean, we hardly know each other, and it wasn't what we planned for, but there we were on her bed, her legs opened and she was so sweet and so willing."

I stood up for a moment and moved close enough to her that she flinched. I touched the air above her skin, and nearly brushed her hair.

"I don't know how to describe it. She was gentle and tender, and her cunt was so tight I almost came the second I entered her. She kissed my eyelashes as we fucked and even as she clenched around me we smiled and laughed at the sheer pleasure of it all. You know how sometimes you just fit with someone? It's like your bodies were meant to connect because you're both shaped exactly the right way for everything to feel perfect?"

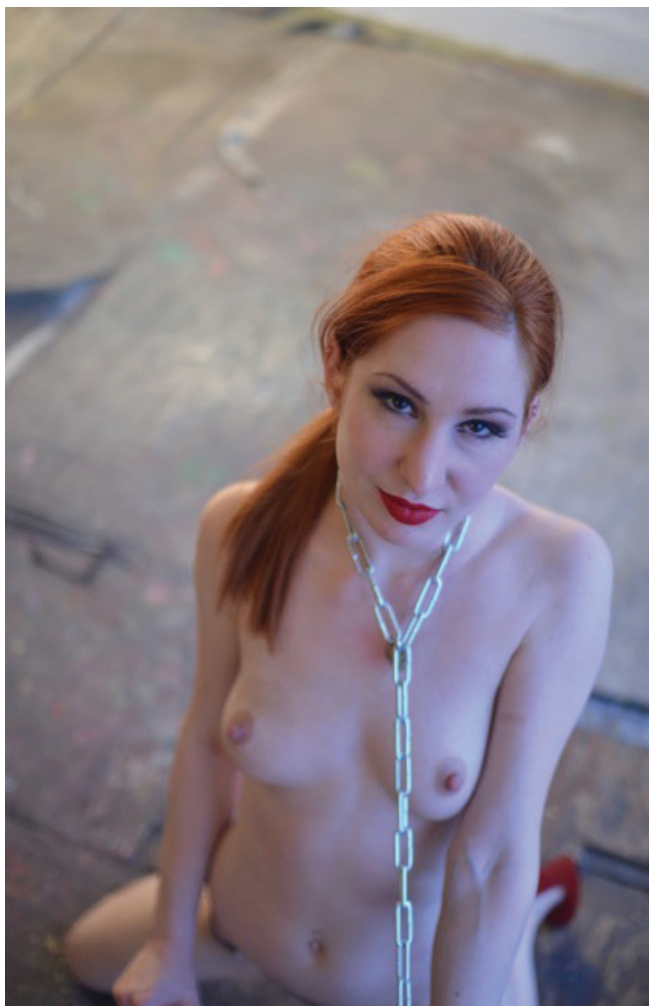
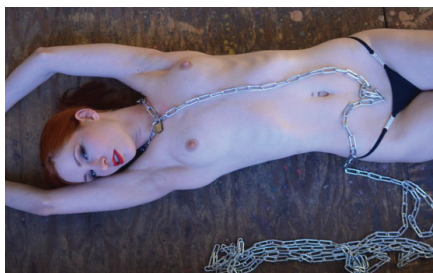
"Anyway, it's hard to describe. Let's just say it was inspiring."

I sat for a while looking at the soft curves of her ass as she waited for me to continue. Her breathing was fast and her whole body shook as she tried to stay still. She bit her lip as she tried not to talk, and there were tears in her eyes.

I stood quietly and she held her breath. I unzipped my pants and stepped closer. I was painfully hard and for a moment I simply stared at my cock, holding it tightly in my fist. Without another word I pushed inside her. She gasped loudly and within seconds she was coming around me, her tears flowing openly and her whole body shaking in release.

"Thank you," she whispered over and over again as I pushed her down onto the bed.

red snake moan



TINA OR SHANA

*The coffee is good at the diner
The food is always the same
She woke me up each morning
But I never knew her name...*

The words were written on the wall of the bathroom in thick black magic marker. The rest of the room was covered in graffiti as well, but for some reason this poor excuse for a rhyme stuck with me. I found myself saying the words over and over again in my head until I mistakenly said them out loud.

"What did you say?" she asked, looking up at me. My cock was mostly hard, and her hand was wrapped around me squeezing as tightly as she could without hurting me. It was nearly four in the morning, and we had both been drinking too long to expect much.

"I never knew her name," I replied. "It's just something stupid written on the wall."

"But you do know my name," she whispered, licking the head of my cock before taking it back into her mouth.

"It's Baby, isn't it?" I said, my fingers twirling in her hair. "No, maybe it's Tina, or is it Shana?" She sucked me all the way into her throat and I had to hold onto the handicap railing to keep from falling over. She let go with a pop, but her fist didn't stop moving. She looked up at me with a grin and I held my breath. A second later she was standing and her mouth was on mine.

She kissed me tenderly, and her hand gripped me hard.

"Your name is about to be messy," she whispered.

"I swear I knew it when we got to the bar." She pushed me back against the wall and ran her knee between my legs. Her thumb moved over the head of my cock as she stared into my eyes.

"On the bright side, if you don't remember it, I don't have to worry about you calling me tomorrow and begging for more." Somehow she managed to move out of the way when I came, but my jeans weren't so lucky. She brought two sticky fingers up to my mouth and pushed them between my lips before I could object. She kissed my cheek as she nearly choked me, and then suddenly she was laughing and pulling a towel down off the sink.

"I love your turn-ons," she said as I zipped up my pants.

"And I love the evil grin you get when you know I'm about to come."

"That grin's not evil. It's sweet and tender. Just like your cock."

"Thank you Tasha," I said, wrapping my arm around her as we left the bathroom for the dim lights of the bar. "Or is it Rachel?"

playing with swords



the problem with ecstasy

The problem with equality is how easy it is to sacrifice ecstasy. The other morning I tried to please her as she tried to please me, and while both of us were pleased, it was far too easy.

She wrapped her hands around me as I kissed her neck and searched between her legs. I pulled her on top of me as she rubbed me against her wet skin. We both sighed and moaned, but our breathing was slow and our eyes were open.

And then suddenly she covered my head with her shirt and I paused. She wrapped it tightly around my eyes, and in my moment of wonder everything changed. She pushed my hands to my sides, and for the first time all morning I felt her skin against me. I relaxed my feet, and stopped struggling. I closed my eyes and gave in.

Then it was her hair on my skin. Her fingertips touched my lips and scraped down my neck to my chest. Once I stopped, I could feel the head of my cock rubbing against her, and her teasing was painful and glorious all at the same time. It was a constant struggle to keep still, but the more I gave in the stronger it became.

When she touched my cock I nearly jumped off the bed. She rubbed her thumb over the head, and my hips bucked against my will. My muscles shook, and I could feel her breath. She wrapped one hand around me as the other slowly circled, and she pressed her fist hard against my body, pushing down against my pelvic bone. For a moment I wasn't sure if it was her tongue touching me, but when her lips closed I screamed out in laughter.

Where did that come from?

I didn't have time to think as my body trembled. She moved so slowly, that every emotion rose from the base of my spine,

through my stomach and chest, until they came out through my lips in sighs, giggles, and tears. Her tongue made me cry, her fingers gasp, and when she pressed me against her chest I was madly in love with everything.

Her speed increased, and she pressed down on my chest with one hand. My heart pushed against it, and the muscles in my legs began to convulse. Her fist began to move up and down my shaft, tightening at the base, and barely touching me at the top. I found my breath was gone, and all I could see was red. I bit my lip as everything pushed down into my thighs,

and the tears poured down my face. I clenched my ass, pushed into her hand, and turned my head trying to escape. My fists were clenched so tightly my palms were screaming in pain.

And then suddenly my tears became laughter and everything let go. My legs twitched, my hips bucked, and I came for a hundred years. I arched my back, my chin reaching

up towards the sky as everything spilled from my body, and I couldn't control a thing. I laughed and groaned, and she never once stopped.

Even once my body was drained the spasms shot through me. Even as she held me, whispering her own amazement, my muscles released over and over again until finally I could once again open my eyes.

"You should let me do that more often," she said as she pulled the shirt from my head and kissed my tears.

"I'm not sure I'd survive it."

"I don't know how you could live without."

I wrapped my arms around her, kissed her face, and thought about absolutely nothing at all.



A RECIPE FOR DESIRE

There's a fairly basic formula for wanting someone so badly it drives you crazy.

If you start with a high dose of attraction you're half way there. Once you mix in at least one solid reason why you shouldn't, you've almost got it. It's easiest when it's an external obstacle: I'm dating her sister, we live too far apart, she's too married, or possibly she just broke my best friend's heart.

Maybe he's a student in your class or a co-worker who is just too close. Any of them will do when it comes to someone else telling you it's not allowed.

Once you've got those two, you just need to push against the reason long enough for it to come to a boil. It often starts in the head: I shouldn't, I can't, it's a terrible idea. And that's bad enough, but when you both know it (and say it out loud) it comes close to impossible.

"We shouldn't do this, what would your mother think?"

"I can't, our boss will kill us."

"I wish I could fuck you without going to jail."

"Our families will feud for the next hundred years."

And then come the details. The pot is already bubbling, but once

it moves from a vague impossibility to a specific certainty you're totally fucked.

"What can't we do?" is the question that starts it all. "If I kissed your neck, would that count? What if I touch you here or what if we just watch? I won't enter the room, just let me hear you come."

And when it's far too late you realize all the places you could have stopped it. You see how months ago if you had kissed in the elevator it never would have gotten this far. If you disrupted the pot before he even knew he was in it, it never would have happened at all.

But then you're stuck kissing and moaning as you tear clothes off each other's bodies. No one has ever been this hard or this wet, and no one has ever been so blinded by desire. You're laughing as you're biting and scratching, and by the time someone is inside someone else, it's the most glorious relief in the history of the universe. Your bodies are strong and passion flows through you like a river of fire until you're both exhausted and yet ready for more.

And somewhere in the middle of it all, you stop to wonder why it can't always be this way.



TENDING TO THE BARTENDER



The bar closed thirty minutes ago and you and I are finally locked in with the bartender. How long have we been trying? How long have we been visiting, dropping huge tips, and flirting until it hurt?

We decided I'd leave you alone with her when the time came. It seemed easy and comfortable and so that's just what we did. I walked back to the men's room as she crawled out from behind the bar and I waited exactly four minutes before I returned.

She was sitting on a tall stool and you were kissing her softly and running your fingers through her long blonde hair. I walked up behind her and pushed her hair to one side as I leaned in to kiss her neck. I thought she was moaning for me, but I quickly realized you had a hand up her skirt and at least two fingers inside her.

She had your shirt and bra off in quick succession and pushed you back. As she pinched a nipple hard between her fingers she leaned her head back and kissed me deep and long. She tasted like red wine, and when I looked up you were completely naked. You pulled yourself up onto the bar and she didn't wait to dive in between your thighs.

My fingers replaced yours as she lashed at you with her tongue and now she was moaning for all three of us. Her skirt was around her waist as she leaned over you and I was so hard I thought I would burst. You pulled her up to your mouth and whispered something in her ear. I didn't hear her response, but when she moved back between your thighs you reached down and handed me a condom.

Seconds later I was inside her and fucking her with four years worth of fantasies pouring through my head. You were screaming and coming in her mouth and I was fucking her faster and faster. Her hands were on the bar now, as she pushed back on me and you grabbed her by the chin and pulled her up to look in her eyes. My grip was tight on her ass and thigh as we fucked and seconds later I was coming as well.

She spent the next hour lying on the bar as we took turns sucking, fucking, and kissing her. I fed her cherries from a glass jar as you made her come and you rubbed her clit each time I was inside her. She kissed us both over and over again and when you finally kissed me too it was tender and sweet

BENEATH THE SURFACE

When it's this cold out I remember her ass in the pool. I remember slipping her bathing suit bottom to one side and sliding my cock inside her. Beneath the water we look strange. Our skin is covered in bubbles. Pink becomes white and unsettling. Every contour and crease in my cock is highlighted as I press against her folds, and I can't stare at us for too long.

When I look up all is glorious and the sun is bright, and I can hear people nearby. Can they see from the far side what we're doing? Can they tell if she's sitting on my lap or getting fucked slowly in the shallow waters?

This is where our turn-ons veer in different directions, because if her sister swims closer I'm going to cum and she's going to push me away with a laugh and pretend we were just talking.

If I open my mouth it will ruin a perfect moment, and if I think anything too loudly it will end. So instead I pull her tighter to me as we turn ever so slightly. I pull her head to my shoulder and look out across the water.

"Can anyone see us?" she asks.

"They don't have a clue," I whisper.

"Come for me," she says, and I hold her, trying so hard not to look up.

But from across the pool I can see her staring into my eyes. She holds my gaze for too long, and just as I start to come she winks at me before diving beneath the surface.

CALLING THE MOON

I called the moon down to lay between her breasts.

It kissed her skin better than I could, but there was no shame there. When she opened her lips in grateful protest I parted her thighs and asked for forgiveness.

She offered it in moans and sighs of love that stayed with me far longer than either of us expected. I accepted, she confirmed, and together we bruised our bones with arms clasped behind one another.

We moved slowly.

She arched her back and I bit her collar bone. She raised her hips, and I lifted her from the small of her back until neither of us could move.

A SERIOUS ENDEAVOR

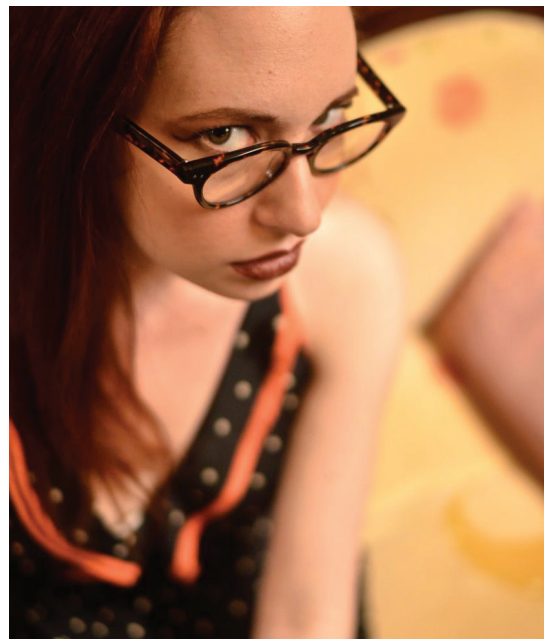
It was less of a gang bang and more of a cuddle pile. With cocks and fucking.

A gang bang is a serious endeavor. It's a primal experience where only desire is worshipped and everything else is forgotten. It's about a hungry cunt and uncontrollable cocks that need one thing only. It's power and force without thought.

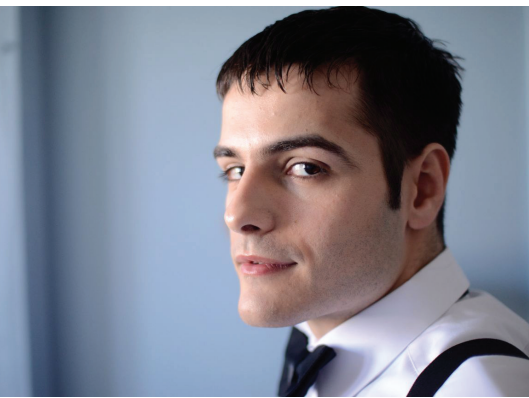
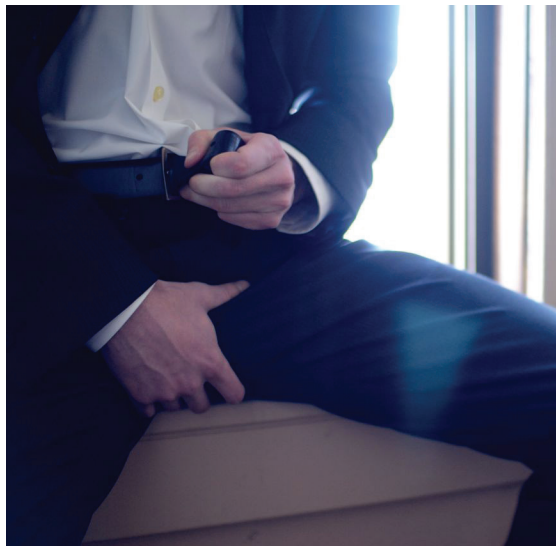
But we laughed too hard. Even as we slid bodies inside bodies and swallowed tongues whole, we giggled and grinned like we had forgotten sex was supposed to be serious. We tickled as we fucked and our kisses were tender even when sticky.

When we were done one of us made cocktails while another found a warm towel. Someone ran a shower and someone untied her.

We failed completely in the best way possible.



men in suits



NOWHERE TO GO

She was looking out the window when I woke up. She had my bathrobe on and coffee in hand.

"The bed is warmer," I said, pulling the comforter up to my chin.

"Why did you let me stay here?"

I rolled onto my back, still beneath the blanket. Because I wanted to see if we could fall asleep without giving in? Because I still want to fuck you even though we shouldn't? Because I love you and miss you, and I thought I could manage them both?

"You had nowhere else to go," I mumbled.

"You got hard six times in your sleep," she said.

"You counted?"

"It was hard to ignore. You had your arms around me and your cock was pressing against my back."

"I'd apologize, but I had no control over anything. Besides, I get hard when you walk into the room. Sleeping next to you was impossible."

She put her mug down on the window sill and opened the robe. The clothes she had slept in were gone, and I could see goose bumps covering her naked skin. I lifted the blanket without a word and she crawled in next to me.

"What are we doing?" she whispered as I pulled her to me.

"I was planning on fucking you."

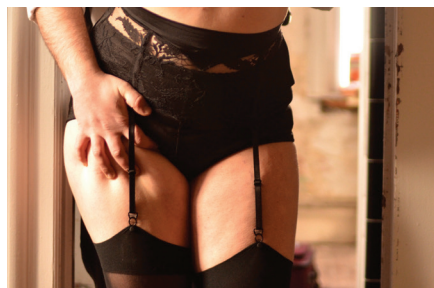
"We did so well last night."

"We were sleeping," I said before kissing her for the first time. She collapsed next to me, her mouth open and her hands searching. Within seconds I was inside her, she was beneath me, and all those years of wanting vanished in an instant.

"I didn't sleep at all," she said as she lifted her hips up to meet me. I brushed her hair from her face and kissed her again. I kissed her lips and her chin. I kissed her cheek and her neck. I kissed her shoulders, her wrists, and the palms of her hands all because I could.

"Neither did I."

stockings and pretty things



snapshots

Some days it's harder to write snapshots of my life.

I want to instead offer the whole of it, but that's decidedly unsexy. It comes with my laziness and my depression. It comes with guilt and fear even if it's spiced with the occasional burst of arrogance and long moments of peace that comes either through sex or sleep. The whole of it is both more interesting and less exciting than any one moment.

Recently I've been dreaming and about quitting my job and going back to school for something completely ridiculous. I've dreamt of writing each day in a different coffee shop or bar, and crafting stories that demand their pages be turned. I've dreamt of warm weather and I've seen visions of myself completely at ease.

But the snapshots have their appeal as well. On Thursday I can freeze a second in time when I was inside her and she kissed my lips with so much love and want that I nearly cried. Tuesday morning I walked to work in the sun and my entire body felt strong and relaxed for minutes at a time. Sunday afternoon the three of us lay in bed laughing and nothing mattered for nearly an hour.

The snapshots are the moment. They're the present and the now even when they've long passed. And the whole of my life is simply me, sitting on the couch, writing it down as I pretend I'm not living it.

LET THEM WATCH

“Put your hands where I can see them.”

Ten minutes earlier we had slipped out the back door of the bar for what we liked to call executive privileges. For the last two weeks we had a running challenge going where one of us could ask for sex no matter where we were. We started with the shower, then moved to her office window. We fucked on the A train at two a.m. and we fucked in the laundry room of her building. She blew me in the elevator, and I tongue fucked her in the bathroom of her parent’s apartment.

The back door opened onto a patio abandoned to the cold. It was dark and quiet and the chance of getting caught felt dismissible. I had her turned around and against the cold metal of the building wall before either of us could say a thing. She was wet, I was mostly hard, and the rain wasn’t trying enough to make a difference. In fact everything was silent as I pushed inside her until we heard the voice behind us.

“Turn around slowly.”

Her skirt dropped back to her knees, but my cock was still standing at attention and my jeans were low enough to keep me still. Once I could see through the flashlight my fear turned to anger and relief almost immediately.

“You fuckers,” she said turning around again. “Don’t mind them, just let them watch.”

Her friends had a flashlight out, and I turned almost instinctively to avoid eye contact. I pressed against her ass as I kissed the back of her neck, but the cheering was too much for me. The light moved over our bodies and their cries of encouragement had the opposite effect.



Until she turned her head and whispered in my ear.

A minute later I was inside her again. Her friends vanished as my mind raced and I couldn’t think of anything but how hard I was about to come. She arched her back, pushed against me and then it was over. I pulled on her hips, closed my eyes, and tried not to laugh as I came inside her.

It took me a moment to realize everyone had stopped talking. In fact, my pants were back on, her skirt was flattened, and we turned around before I even knew they were still there.

“You are such a fucking pervert,” she whispered as she took my hand.

TEN PLACES TO SNEAK INTO AND FUCK IN NYC

1. The roof of Soho House. Fuck in the pool. No one goes in it, but everyone will watch. They may even applaud.
2. The bathroom of the Campbell Apartment. They will throw you out, but after two or three Delmonicos you'll be happy not to have to pay the bill.
3. Freeman's Alley. You'll have to wait an hour for a table anyway, and while the cocktails are good, the graffiti in the alley will get you hot enough to drop panties and take it like a girl.
4. Tomkins Square Park. It's not a nice park. You won't feel fancy. Cover someone's mouth, hold someone down, scream all you want, and then drink at Docs until you want to do it again.
5. The bathroom at Lillie's in Union Square. There's an unmarked bathroom by the bar upstairs, and it locks. There's simply no reason not to fuck there. Unless you don't like sex. Do you like sex?
6. In the Fountain at Washington Square. Sure it may be a cliché, but so is anal sex in a school girl uniform. Trust me. You'll like it and you'll end up having a good laugh.
7. On stage at the Parkside Lounge. You may have to bribe someone, or you may need to book yourself a burlesque act. But it won't be the dirtiest thing to happen on that stage by far.
8. In the net of the Trapeze school at Chelsea Piers. Didn't even know that was there, did you? Well, take off your dance belt and see how high you can bounce without breaking penetration.
9. On a chair on the High Line. You can look in the windows of the Standard or just stare into your partner's eyes. Just bring a blanket, take it slow, and enjoy the view.
10. A sky car at the Bronx Zoo. Sure, someone may see you in a car passing the other way, but how often do you get to fuck above a giraffe? I mean, they're really tall.
11. Bonus: See how long you can get it on in a row boat in the lake in Central Park before the cops can reach you. Trust me, no one wants to fall in.

SLOW DOWN

There are times in between when everything slows down.

On occasion I can pull out a slide, a moment in time, and hold on to it while the rest of the world keeps moving. One moment is full of tension and expectations while the next is the feeling of warmth and comfort.

There's a hint of regret, and here's a touch of envy. Thirst, desire, fear. They overlap and they confuse each other, but they're the moments that return over and over again once everything else has passed.

For a second he was hard and none of us knew if it would happen. Her eyes were closed and mine were looking everywhere at once. I could feel both of their bodies warm against me and my hand was wrapped around my own cock. Our lips touched, our fingers invaded, and our voices quivered. Someone moaned and she quietly begged.

We hung there, in that instance, for what felt like hours until someone moved and it began all over again.



mary's cunt is crimson

She used to read me dirty stories in bed, but I swear she made up the parts in the middle.

One night while it was snowing, she warmed up the wine and cranked up the heat. She lit a candle that smelled like spring and we crawled into bed with Anais Nin and George Bataille. She made me lie on my stomach as she read out loud, and I only sat up for slow sips of mulled red and spices I didn't know.

"Mary's cunt is crimson and her dress covers nothing. I can still smell her sex on my fingers, but I miss her presence between my legs already. If I don't fuck her again I'm never going back to Paris."

"It doesn't say that," I said as I reached out for my glass.

"Be quiet," she said, before she continued. "Mary's brother says I'm a terrible influence, but I know he abused himself as he watched us last night, and I can't get the image out of my head. His prick was red and hard, and when I pulled her mouth hardest against me he collapsed on the other side of the door. I believe he wants to fuck Mary as much as me, and frankly I don't care."

"You're totally making this up."

"Do you want me to finish the story?" she asked.

"Yes love," I replied, and it was the truth. I was hard against the bed and I didn't care whose words they were at all. In fact, the only thing that mattered was the sound of her voice.



"One day I'm going to have them both and I'll write words on her thighs with my tongue as he fills me until I drown. Some nights the thought keeps me up forever, and I wonder if it's my only hope. Maybe the more I lose myself in my dreams the less it will hurt to be awake. Maybe drowning will be my bliss."

I rolled over and pulled her to me with a kiss that was long and deep. The thought of her drowning in anything did too

many things to my mind for me to let go. She was wet between the legs as well as both her cheeks, and by the time I was inside her the book had fallen to the floor.

She didn't open her eyes for hours, and I was afraid that if I said a word her dream might end.

MS. SMITH'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD CATHOLIC GIRLS

There's a strip club on the 23rd floor of an office building in midtown. It has a name that's something like Ms. Smith's School for Wayward Catholic Girls, and it's exactly what you would expect it to be. One stage has two long rows of lockers with an open shower at the peak. The other has two rows of desks leading up to a blackboard. There's one large desk in the middle with an old wooden chair where the teacher sits.

They tell me all the uniforms were bought at auction from the Academy of the Holy Angels in New Jersey, but I can't verify that at all. All I know is they're plaid and they're more real than anything you'd find at the sex shops in the West Village. The girls wear saddle shoes and knee socks, and if they put on too much makeup they get punished.

We walked in one Thursday night, and as enticing as the it was, we passed by the cheerleaders stripping off their clothes and jumping into the shower. We walked into the backroom where a ridiculously handsome man in glasses and bow tie was writing something on the blackboard as six pig-tailed girls sat in near attention.

My date and I sat down on a thick leather couch, and I pulled her onto my lap before ordering drinks. Two minutes into she show, Jessica raised her hand as she sipped her cocktail on my lap. I shook my head, amazed at how quickly she cut to the chase.

"Father James, Stephanie was totally texting under her desk." One of the girls looked over her shoulder at us with a grin that was somewhere between evil and adorable. She snapped back to attention when she heard the loud whack of a ruler hitting her desk. The bow-tied teacher looked down at her and before we could start to applaud he hauled her up to the front of the room. She trembled as she looked over her shoulder, and with a sheepish grin she placed her phone on the desk.

"This is my favorite part," Jessica whispered in my ear.

The girl on stage was quickly turned around and bent over the desk. Father James circled her three or four times as the other girls fidgeted with their hair and played with the buttons on their blouses.

"How many does she deserve?" he asked the audience. There were shouts of ten, twenty, and fifty, as the room was suddenly full of filthy expectations.

"Over or under?" he asked even louder.

The audience was in total agreement on that one, and seconds later Stephanie reached beneath her skirt and slid her white cotton panties down over her knees and onto the ground. She kicked them off one leg, picked them up and folded them carefully on the desk.

"And the skirt," he said as he smacked the ruler against his open palm. The poor girl lifted her plaid up onto her back as she leaned over the desk; the room went crazy.

"He's going to bruise her, I know it," Jessica whispered between kisses. "He's the mean one."

The first smack lead to more applause from the crowd and a loud cry of "one" from Stephanie. By the time she counted five her ass was crimson, and the audience was a pack of feral dogs. He pushed her thighs wider with his knee as he ran his hand over her, and suddenly the rest of the class was shifting in their seats.

"They're being naughty" Jessica whispered in my ear, and we watched the other five girls gently slip their hands up beneath

their skirts. I could see one of them pinching her nipples and another clearly had at least two fingers inside herself.

At fifteen, the cries from Stephanie's mouth were somewhere between ecstasy and misery, and not one person cared which it was. Her skin was red up and down both thighs, and more than once Father James ran his fingers between her legs before showing the audience his soaking wet fingers.

By the time he got to eighteen the whole crowd was counting. Three of the girls had lost their shirts, and Father James was clearly hard in his pants. Jessica was rubbing against me as I slipped a hand beneath her skirt, and the room smelled like the ocean. Everyone counted the last five together, and at least two of the girls on stage were coming as they watched.

When Stephanie finally reached thirty she nearly collapsed onto the desk. She was panting and moaning as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other, and the teacher had sweat running down his cheek.

"Do you think you've learned your lesson?" he asked, his voice deep and loud.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"Excuse me?" he asked.

"I mean yes Father James," she quickly corrected herself.

"Now be a good girl and go back to your seat."

She stood up slowly, straightening the back of her skirt as she did, and when she finally turned around her cheeks were flushed. She trembled as she took the smallest of bows, and then walked slowly back to her desk. The other girls in the room watched her in wonder as she sat down, their own clothes a mess on the floor.

When she finally sat down the lights went out and the audience burst into applause. Jessica kissed me again, her own breathing finally returning to normal as I pulled my hand from her skirt.

"I love this bar," she said as she collapsed against me.

"And I love you," I whispered.

HAPPY NEW YEARS

