

CREATIVE HOMEWORK

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I

t's when I have that gig teaching creative writing at the community college. He's teaching ESL – English as a Second Language. I meet him one morning in the faculty lounge. The coffee machine has him stymied. I demonstrate the trick: Double-clutch the lever, to coax the Styrofoam cup to drop down. Then keep the lever pressed, till the coffee finishes pouring. He thanks me. Explains he just started last week, replacing the previous prof, who got increasingly frustrated, finally walked off the job.

We keep “accidentally” running into each other – the lounge, the halls between classes, outside in the parking lot. Less than a week after first meeting, we rendezvous

after school at the nearby Starbucks. Linger over something more closely approaching actual coffee. Discover common interests. We both love literature, particularly short stories. He's a Chekhov man, I prefer Flannery O'Connor.

He's a runner, last year flew out to do the Boston Marathon. I'm impressed. Reveal I'm an avid cyclist; have several Seattle-to-Portland Classic's under my belt. We trade stories about our colleagues, the jerks in administration, our favorite oddball students. Get two refills. Survive twice that many embarrassing moments of finding ourselves quietly smiling into each other's eyes.

The other night I finally confess all to Jerry. The cornerstone of our marriage being that

we share all of our many lusts. But this one, we come to realize, goes beyond any passing fantasy I might spin around some hunky store clerk, or Jerry might likewise concoct for some new babe just moved into the neighborhood. Such imaginings are one-dimensional. Soon grow cold, all but forgotten.

“I gotta have this guy – I’m getting wet just talking about him.”

“Okay, honey,” Jerry sits up straight, flattens his palms on the table, catches my eye. “Let’s have him over some night soon. You know the rules: start whatever you want, just so I’m around for the show. And if he gets uptight – back out. Be cool, and I’ll be cool, too – okay?”

So tonight, at my invitation, he drops by

after work. We nibble from the cheese plate. Fork in a few kiwi rings, raspberries, cantaloupe slices. Sample a fifth of Willamette Valley Chardonnay.

Jerry and my crush get acquainted. The former gives me the high sign, and I ask Antoine out of the blue if, now he's met Jerry, seen him and me together, would he like to get comfortable, see what develops?

I've been prepping Antoine the last couple days, mostly after work, over Starbucks coffee. Explaining, blushing down at their Formica table, I've had the hots for him since that first morning in the lounge. He says, yeah, he's got it bad for me, too. I look up. He takes my hand. We pass another five minutes of small talk. Dry kiss goodbye.

Next day we pretty much exhaust the topic. I disclose my husband and I have enjoyed one or two three-ways before (not true, but a white lie seems, at the moment, the best way to icing the cake). He shrugs. Smiles nervously. More or less agrees he wouldn't be averse to such an encounter.

Tonight is the night after that afternoon.

He leans back in our overstuffed chair. Widens his eyes at me, then at Jerry: "Sure – whatever!"

I pick a grape off the platter. Fix it between my teeth. Totter over on my black patent-leather stilettos. Lean down and give Antoine a peck identical to the one we shared exactly once before. Draw back, reflecting his tentative smile. Then tongue the grape between his lips. We trade the Concord

back and forth. On the half-dozen exchange, the slick fruit in my own mouth, I end the soul kiss.

“Wow!” he says, falling back into the chair.
“So, uh, who eats the grape – you or me?”

I’m already over at my spouse of seven years, who has stood up from the sofa. “Jerry does,” I get out, before frenching hubby. Whose mouth, I find, is ultra wet. Good, he’s turned on seeing me make out with Antoine, just like he claimed he’d be.

Me? I’m turned on like the ballpark for a night game. I let Jerry, while we’re breaking off our tongue tango, unbutton and slide off my blouse. I’m not wearing a bra. Don’t need one, my young breasts upturned and firm.

I wander halfway back to Antoine. Kick off my Armani's. Unzip, step out of my skirt. I also, both men suddenly learn, seem to have forgotten to wear panties. Stand there jay-bird, except for my garnet choker, the choice diamond on my ring finger, sheer nude thigh-highs.

I do a little bump, a kinda grind, finish with a twist; my nyloned-sheated feet zinging over the oak floor. Smile into Antoine's eyes, cupping both breasts. Lower my head. Stick out my tongue. Am just able to lick with the tip each conch-pink nipple. Shoot my new flame a sidelong, straightening back up. Pinch nipples almost-painfully erect.

Out of the overstuffed Antoine rises. Presses lips to my lips. Swaps with me spit.

Wet-kisses my chin. Slides his tongue along my neck; as Jerry comes up from behind, hugs me around the waist.

“Okay, boys,” I toss my head back, laughing. “Strip!”

Antoine’s momentum carries him down to my breasts. Which he’s helplessly licking and kissing, struggling to get out of his shirt and slacks.

Jerry slips around beside Antoine. Appropriates a boob. This is something I’ve always wondered about three-ways – what is it like to have both breasts kissed at once? Well, it feels... GORGEOUS! Both nipples at the same instant tongued, sucked, teathed. Or one breast licked underneath, the other half-swallowed, areola getting slobbered. Or any other combination dual

lovers might hit on. I glance down at two busy dude heads. Clamp both tight to my tits.

Jerry is already naked. Must've disrobed while I was entertaining Antoine. The latter has his shirt unbuttoned, belt unbuckled, but that's about it.

I heave a lustful sigh. Pull away from my tit-worshippers. Sink to my knees. Unsnap, unzip Antoine. Rustle his slacks and boxers down around the ankles. Help him step out of his loafers, kick off the clothing.

Nice one. Erect and ready to go, right out of the wrapper. I fondle the shaft, hard and smooth as a fresh-picked cuke. Maybe three inches shorter than Jerry's godsend. But I'm not arguing with a solid, reasonably-thick seven inches. Especially when I

am habanero hot for the owner.

I give the head a peck – shaft secure in my left fist. Smile up at the man I've wanted so desperately these past ten days. His lips are parting in disbelief, dreamy gold-brown eyes half-closed. I rub his glans softly against my chin. Wait for his peepers to squint all the way shut, and to feel the first droplet of precum slicken my skin. Then go down on my new love-toy.

I lick the head sloppy. Focus on the frenulum – that linear scar on the underside of the shaft just below the pizzle. Tongue this ridge of flesh left after circumcision. Which – chez Antoine – is taller than on any of the couple dozen I've yet had occasion to explore.

His quickening grunts reveal satisfaction

with my work. I bend the cock to one side. Just manage to get the ridge between my teeth. Nibble oh-so-slightly. He moans, slumps forward, hands dropped at sides.

My teeth and tongue alone could probably make him cum right here. Way too early for that. So I do a quick job on the knob. Take half the shaft to the roof of my mouth. Pull out. Look around for Jerry.

No need to look far. He's been all this time dangling his erection a few inches from my cheek. I take him at once to the hilt. We've practiced for years, so shoving his entire ten-inches past my gag reflex is a leadpipe cinch. Especially if I don't stop to think about it. But this time I nearly choke, so distracted am I with Antoine's deliciously prominent frenulum. Such can be the sur-

prises of fresh penis. Makes familiar territory fascinating to rediscover. In fact, as I wag my head from side to side, drawing slowly back from Jerry's shaft, I haven't so enjoyed the tang and touch of hubby since we first tumbled into bed seven years ago.

I grab each hardon. Soon synchronize handjob. Grin up at first one, then the other. Both dudes, Xmas merry, steal glances at each other, then down at me.

"You go first," I hear Jerry say, while I'm tonguing the rim of Antoine's glans, jerking hard both cocks.

"The sofa?"

"Either that or the floor."

"The floor looks too hard, recently polished..." Antoine starts to say, but my

teeth nip his frenulum, causing him to go dumb, save a series of grunts I not only hear, but feel – transmitted through his hardon.

“Good, isn’t she?” Jerry grunts.

When I start going from cock to cock, sucking and nibbling knobs, both boys shut up. Moans, grunts – yes; but nary a word.

My nostrils fill with male musk. I try to distinguish. Maybe Antoine’s more pungent, but maybe that’s because he’s new. Jerry’s seems stronger than usual – chestnut blossom with traces of bleach, artichoke, tofu; a sure sign he’s super-excited. But what’s that castor oil finish? Must be Antoine. Mmh, I could get to like that!

Become aware I’m being lifted up. It’s

none too graceful, but somehow the boys manage to carry me over to the sofa without my losing grip on their cocks. But I do have to relinquish, while the three of us – mumbling suggestions and directions – settle into position.

I'm lengthwise on my knees, elbows rested on the arm. Jerry is standing with his cock in my face, Antoine climbing up on the other end of the sofa, mounting me from behind.

I'm soaked from all the preliminaries, so there's little to obstruct his sliding in. Maybe two-thirds deep. Draws out, rubs the head over my puckered labia. Slips it in almost as far. Rinses, repeats. After half-a-dozen dives, as my mouth is latching onto Jerry's ten inch, beginning to throat him

hands-free, Antoine suddenly jams his all the way in.

Jerry pops out of my mouth, my eyes rolling back up into my head, as I surrender to Antoine's masterful pounding. Oh, dear – this is a romantic who DOES know how to screw!

Jerry rubs his glans over my nose. Re-inserts the thing into my mouth. None of which action I see, just feel, my eyes squinted shut, Antoine's humping overwhelming me with vaginal joy.

A finger, obviously Antoine's, parts my labia; locates and pets the clit. Like most ladies, I prefer a gradual warmup with the little man. Antoine seems to know this, taking his time building up to at last sternly twirling and wiggling the magic button.

I deepthroat Jerry. Purr against his pee-hole, buried past my adenoids. Pull all the way back. Pop him out. Gasp, clear my throat to stave off a cough. Leave his slobbery unit bobbing against my nose. Give myself over once again to getting slammed from behind.

“Mind if I fuck my wife for a minute?”

“Uh...,” Antoine dives in four or five more hard and fast times; pulls out... “No; gee, sorry if I’ve been Bogarting – sure you’re okay with all this?”

“She’s hot for you, buddy. And you’re good. I like to keep my wife happy. But let’s switch. She’d probably like to taste you, after all that fancy work you’ve done.”

When Antoine steps around, I smile up:

“Thanks, mister. You won’t get scared if I put your weenie in my mouth?”

He grins down. Shakes his head no. I seize his delightfully slimy hardon. Drag the frenulum over my upper lip. Squeeze a drop from the pizzle. Sticks to the tip of my nose, as I inhale the bouquet of our mingled juices. A spider-thread of precum links my nose to my lips, as I angle him down inside the mouth against my tongue.

Lick, suck, savor. Flip it out. Say to his washboard abs, “Mmh – tasty!”

Jerry slams in to the hilt. His balls slap my vulva. The cock-head piledrives my cervix. I gasp. Hang onto Antoine’s pole for dear life. Those three inches DO make a difference. Plus, Jerry is instantly fucking me harder than ever before in the history of our

marriage. I'm not the only one here who's super-turned-on!

My chin bumps the sofa arm, my tits swinging madly. I study Jerry's rhythm. Start humping back in response, his cock slapping louder and louder into my sloppy cunt. I think I'll marry this guy. Again. And again.

Find myself staring down at the underside of Antoine's knob. Two drops of nearly-clear precum are trickling down the frenulum. Manage, in between Jerry's thrusts, to lick his cute little ridge clean. Yes – seems this is the source of that castor oil hint. Also seems, when I plop him in my mouth and slide my lips most of the way down the shaft, judging by the intensity of the throbs, he's about to cum.

Flip the cock back out. Turn my head around enough to spot hubby slamming away at my uptilted pelvis. “He’s about to cum, Jerry!”

Jerry yanks out. Slaps, for good measure, his boner on my ass cheeks. Jumps down. Helps me swing around to where I’m sitting on the edge of the sofa.

“Antoine,” Jerry gasps, catching his breath. “Step around here in front... cum in her face.”

Antoine follows orders, despite a puzzled look on his sex-stoned face.

“This is how,” Jerry explains, “we like it. You spray her pretty little face. Then I finish up in her pussy.”

“Do it, babe,” I lock onto those dreamy old-

gold eyes. “It’ll turn him on like a lighthouse. C’mon, honey, sperm my face!”

I’m not even sure he hears me, he’s wanking so furiously. I smile down at the head of his dick. Curl a forefinger under the top of the shaft. Tickle that moist little ridge. Flick the thing with my fingernail. Flick it hard. Harder yet.

Spunk hits my nose, lips, chin. Another squirt arcs onto my cheekbone. A third splatters the opposite cheek. Several more weakening efforts follow. Out of which the garnets on my necklace catch a few splatters. Others land on my forehead, temples, streak my Titian hair (tonight swept back in a bun).

My eyes are closed for most of the drenching. I’m reporting the majority of the hits

by feel alone. I'm not fond of getting my face spermed. But I do like what it does to Jerry. I've allowed him to do it a few times in the past, and he always follows up with frantic humping, ended in a second, deep-pussy orgasm. I get a kick out of sending Jerry over the cliff.

Exactly what happens tonight. Antoine has no sooner squeezed the last droplet onto my chin, when Jerry encircles my waist. Picks me up, dumps me supine on the sofa. Hops to it missionary, his bishop converting the horny little natives lining my vagina.

My nyloned legs wrap around his kidneys, cross at the ankles. My arms clasp his shoulders. Arms and legs hug vise-tight. Leave minimal leeway for humping. So he digs into me, harder, deeper.

When I sense we are both teetering on the knife-edge of a monstrous little death, I extravagantly lick a gob of Antoine's cum off my upper lip. Gaze into Jerry's eyes, while my tongue jiggles the gob. Swallow what I let him know – by an accompanying mmmh! – must be pure ambrosia. Wince, in spite of myself, at the rank aftertaste.

Together – Saturn rockets on a collision course – we come. Maybe that's laughable imagery. I could possibly be expected, as a writing teacher, to do better. But at the moment I'm no mere mortal community college prof. I'm the Goddess of Slut; Jerry my own personal Adonis.

He nods off in my arms. I kiss his cheek. Stroke his back. Glance over at Antoine, who now lounges back in the overstuffed.

Put a finger to my lips, whisper, “Shh – don’t wake the baby!”

Antoine nods okay. Smiles wistfully. I can tell he wishes he had even ten percent of the joy Jerry and I possess. Well, maybe our example will help him overcome the inertia of bachelorhood. He’s a handsome hunk; intelligent, strong, considerate; knows damn well how to use that seven inches.

Hmm, maybe I can find just the woman for dear sweet Antoine. Like my longtime girlfriend Nellie, who teaches English at the University. I’ve always kinda had the hots for Nellie. Maybe in the coming months I’ll succeed in doing a good deed for Antoine, Nellie and, well, sure: Jerry and me both!

