

THE BEST LAST SEX YOU'LL EVER HAVE

By Glen Lamont

Richard was at one time the type of guy that one might call a ladies man. He would definitely fall into the category of player. The kind of guy that other guys actually envied. He always had a steady girl and at least one or two on the side. He wasn't exceptionally good looking or intelligent or even wealthy. What Richard had money couldn't buy, charm and loads of confidence. He could talk even the most cold-hearted women right out of their knickers while they were right in the middle of trying to blow him off. Big women, small women, short women, tall women, plain women, exotic women, foreign women, domestic women, and even the odd lesbian, they were all the same to him. He discovered he had this rare talent, this gift as it were at a very young age. Twelve to be exact. That's when he managed to charm his fifteen year old babysitter into letting him have his way with her. A couple of years later it was his tenth grade English teacher and so on and so forth. Like I said it was a gift.

But like all things, gifts can be taken away as well as given. And such was the case with our friend Richard. It seems he was enjoying a particularly good run of luck when it came to the ladies when it happened. At the time he was seeing a yoga instructor, a stripper, twin sisters and his therapist. He was thirty eight years old and in his prime. He leased a Porsche Carrera, he lived in a warehouse apartment on the Upper East Side, and he'd just been promoted to regional marketing and sales director for the pharmaceutical company he worked for. He was materially well heeled and morally bankrupt. In short, life was good for Richard.

As you have probably already ascertained our friend was the type of man that Oscar Wilde, describing a cynic said, 'A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.' And so it was when he met the woman that would come to be his undoing and ruination he didn't recognize her as such. He only saw her physical beauty and not the spiritual vampire that lay beneath. Her name was Melanie and they were introduced through his friend's wife. She was what Richard would refer to as a hard-body. She was well educated, had a good career, liked the finer things in life and was extremely high maintenance. But the most intriguing thing about her was that she would not give up the booty on the first date. Or for that matter the second, third or fourth. Our man Richard was determined to rise to the occasion as it were.

A woman who wouldn't have sex with him was an alien concept to Richard. No female had ever been immune to his charms or not succumbed to his romantic overtures. Once or twice he'd met women that had held out a little longer than the others but in the end he'd always win them over. Not Melanie. She just kept playing out a little more line and letting him run with it before she'd reel him back in and start the process all over again. It seems good reader that our hero had met his match and it didn't set well with him at all. One thing he wasn't was a quitter. He believed she had been sent to test him

and test him she would. It never occurred to him that he was actually falling in love. Well at least what passes for love with a narcissist.

So, one a self seeking egotist and the other a woman with a polar ice cap in place of a heart. It was only a matter of time before a champion in this emotional game of scissors, rock, and paper was crowned. I think we all know who would emerge the victor. The first thing that Melanie did to begin the castration process was to make him return the Porsche. It was, after all, not the type of car a man in a committed relationship would drive. Before long they were spending their weekend's house hunting. In the meantime she made him give up his bachelor pad and move in with her because she needed to know where he was when he wasn't at work. He could feel the life being sucked out of him but was powerless to do anything about it. His friends stopped calling which she pointed out was a good thing as they really weren't the type of people who fit into his new lifestyle. What she really meant was that he could have friends as long as she picked them. He began to develop a stoop, a distinct slope to his shoulders. His once dazzling smile was reduced to a moronic, slightly puzzled grin closely resembling that of some mental patients. One day in a moment of clarity it occurred to him that he couldn't remember the last time he'd thought about sex. He arrived home that night determined to take what was rightfully his. He'd done everything she asked. He'd placated her at every outburst. He'd even let her destroy his little black book with the phone numbers of all his previous conquests.

He walked into the bedroom with renewed confidence and vigour only to be greeted by a stone faced Melanie and a set of luggage.

'Are we going on a trip darling?' he asked fearing the worst.

'We're not going anywhere. You are.'

'I don't understand Love Muffin.'

'I'm sorry Richard, but it's over between us.'

What were left of his balls began to shrivel up and crawl deeper inside of him.

'Run that by me again?'

'I'm in love with someone else.'

'Really? Did you and Satan decide to give it another go?'

'I'm going to marry Raoul.'

'Who the fuck is Raoul? Do you mean Raoul the gardener? You're leaving me for a fucking illegal immigrant, minimum wage gardener?'

'That fucking gardener just won the national lottery. Forty seven million dollars to be exact.'

'You fucking cunt!' Richards's voice was becoming a falsetto. He could feel the rage welling up inside of him and the next thing he knew he was launching himself at Melanie hands reaching for her milky white throat. Unfortunately he failed to notice the Prada shoes she'd purchased earlier that day with his gold card and tripping over them he smashed his head completely through the French doors and landed unconscious on the balcony. When he came to he found himself in a hospital bed with a splitting headache.

Slowly but surely the previous evenings events started to come back to him. At first he thought it must just have been a bad dream, but when he tried to raise his head off the pillow the pain made the whole thing all too real. He

remembered her telling him about Raoul, he remembered losing the plot and going head first through the glass doors and his next memory was of the ambulance and the police. What the fuck were the police doing there anyway? He went to scratch his head but realized he couldn't move his left arm. That's when he noticed he was handcuffed to the bed.

The door to his room opened and man in a cheap suit came in holding a Styrofoam coffee cup and sat down next to the bed.

'You're awake are ya champ?'

'Yeah, who the hell are you?'

'Detective Leary, I deal with the domestic violence cases and I'm gonna need to ask you a few questions Richard.'

'Domestic violence? I don't understand.'

'You tried to throw your girlfriend off the balcony last night, what's not to understand?'

'No I didn't.'

'Yeah you did and apparently it's not the first time you've tried to kill her either.'

'What?! I've never laid a finger on Melanie. Ever! Is that what that lying, cheating, gold digging bitch told you?'

'Sounds to me like you've got a pretty strong hate on for her.'

'She destroyed my life and dumped me for some Spic gardener. How would you feel Detective?'

'Well first of all my sainted Mother was Cuban so I don't appreciate the racial slur and second regardless of what you claim she did to you it doesn't give you the right to raise you hands to her. I'll tell you something, I used to work the organized crime task force. All I ever dealt with were drug dealers, murderers and sociopaths, some real sweethearts, know what I mean? But I gotta tell ya, since I started working this detail guys like you make them look like saints. You're a real fuckin tough guy aren't ya? Guys like you make me wanna puke. Any man who would hit a woman is nothing but a fuckin coward and a bully!'

'Well I can see this is going to be a real unbiased investigation.'

'I'm just telling you what I think off the record. On the record I'm gonna keep you handcuffed to that bed until you're well enough to be discharged and you can appear before a judge to answer to the charges.'

'Okay fine. In the meantime could you fuck off and leave me in peace. It's not like I'm going anywhere.'

Detective Leary got up to leave. 'I'm going to go have a word with your doctor and see how long they're going to keep you here. Just remember, I'm gonna see to it that they nail your ass shitball so don't get to fuckin comfy.'

Richard couldn't believe what was happening to him. Yesterday he got up and went to work, stopped on the way home for a couple of drinks and continued on his merry way with the hopes of hopefully, maybe, possibly having sex with his cold fish of a wife to be. And now here he was in the hospital with a head wound, a concussion and hand cuffed to a bed because he was being charged with aggravated assault. All because he wanted to get lucky. That

was it! Sex. He'd been deprived of sex for so long that this was what it had come to. Well fuck her (or rather don't fuck her). If I get through this in one piece, thought Richard, I'm going to go back to the way things were. I'm gonna chase every stray piece of tail that comes my way with no strings attached. Just like how it used to be. Please God, he thought, just get me out of this one and I'll never do anything as stupid as that ever again. Or so he thought.

As it turned out Richard did make it out of that one alive but with one very big difference. He had lost the ability to communicate with women. His charm and charisma had completely left him. Try as he may he just couldn't get them to buy what he was selling. Melanie had a change of heart and dropped the charges against him, which was a good thing. He went back to work and eventually found a place to live but it was nowhere near as nice as his warehouse apartment when it came to entertaining women. Actually what he ended up with was just a plain old one bedroom apartment in a very average building in a very average part of the city. He was reduced to driving a company car, very plain and very practical, good on gas that sort of thing. Also his hair had gone funny. It seems that the head wound had caused his hair to grow in a very erratic pattern just there and no amount of cutting and combing could change it. But all that was okay because our Richard still believed that if he just got back out there and turned on the old charm they'd be lining up around the block to sleep with him again. He couldn't have been more wrong.

His first obstacle was the fact that good old Mel had made him burn his address book so he had to make a completely fresh start of it. Not that big a problem as he still knew the best pick up spots in town. All he had to do was put on a clean shirt, slap on some aftershave and get to work. His first attempt was an unmitigated disaster. The doormen at his favourite bar didn't even recognize him, what with the geeky hairstyle and the fact that his new contact lenses were giving him a headache so he had to wear his glasses. After waiting in line with all the other average people it's was nearly closing time when they finally let him in. He went straight to work. He honed in on good looking blonde at the bar who was chatting to her equally attractive friend. With his usual bravado he walked right up to them and introduced himself. Richard believed in the direct approach. To his amazement they just kept talking. It was like he was invisible. He made another attempt. This time they turned and looked right at him and then promptly moved further down the bar. He could not believe what had just happened. They blew him off. He, Richard, the guy that women found irresistible had just been blanked. To make a long story short he got quite drunk and ended up hitting on a big boned girl who pepper sprayed him when he tried to walk her to her car at the end of the evening. Even fat women were repulsed by him. What the hell was happening?

His next attempt was an even bigger disaster. He'd been hearing about this new singles craze called speed dating. How it works is this; there's a room full of members of the opposite sex seated at tables. You start at one table and you have five or ten minutes to chat to that person and glean as much

information as possible to ascertain whether it's worth pursuing at the end of the night. When the bells ring you move on to the next table. Our man couldn't even get past the first round.

The one thing he prided himself on was his gift of the gab. Just be the smooth talking glib son-of-a-bitch that you know you can be, he thought to himself, and they'll be throwing their underwear at you by the time the evenings over. Round one, Janine.

'Hi, pleased to meet you I'm Richard.'

'Yes I could see that by your name tag', she giggled. 'Janine, nice to meet you Richard. Honestly, I'm quite nervous.'

'That's okay, so am I. This is my first time at one of these things. Hey it could be worse, I could be one of those sad internet chat room people', he chuckled. 'Actually that's how I met my last boyfriend.' She was no longer smiling.

Richard stopped chuckling and a small sweat broke out under his nose. 'I didn't mean you. I just meant that, uh well, me I'd be sad. Anyways tell me about yourself Janine.'

'Well I'm a systems analyst, my hobbies are entomology, rock climbing and salsa dancing and I'm a single mom. That's last bit usually scares them off.'

'Hey don't sell yourself short, I love to dance.'

'I meant the single mother bit.'

'Oh right. Well I for one love kids', thinking to himself that kids were right up there with having a root canal and having his fingernails removed with a pair of pliers.

'Really? Most men run a mile when they hear that. Not to mention the fact that he's autistic.'

'There's nothing wrong with that. You should encourage the little guy.'

'I'm sorry; I should encourage him to be autistic?'

'Well sure he may turn out to be the next Picasso or something.'

'He's not an idiot savant.'

'I never said he was I'm just saying that you should probably buy him a load of paints and paper and let him go nuts.'

'Let him go nuts?! Next you'll be calling him retarded.'

'Hey you're the one who called him an idiot not me.'

'Oh my God! This is so over!'

'Hey come on keep your voice down people are staring.'

'You really are a pig-ignorant bastard. Just so you know he's autistic not artistic and that hair cut makes you look like a paedophile.'

And with that she got up and left. Richard sat there dumbfounded and watched her as she walked over and started chatting to the man at the security desk. Crazy bitch he thought to himself as he scanned the room for the nearest fire exit. He may not know the difference between autistic and artistic but he was very familiar with the unhappy look on the security guards face who was heading in his direction with his hand resting on the butt of his gun. He beat a hasty retreat and sought sanctuary in the nearest bar. As he sipped his bourbon and ice he reflected on his current inability to score with the opposite sex. This truly was the granddaddy of all losing streaks. One

thing he knew for sure was that if he didn't get laid soon his penis was going to have to start looking for other work. Masturbation had long since lost its appeal as a substitute for the real deal but at least he was doing it with someone he loved. More importantly was the fact that his bladder was telling him that it was time to drain the main vein. As he stood relieving himself and perused the sports section of that day's paper, something caught his eye. Stapled next to the racing results was a business card with a picture of a busty blonde and the words, "the best sex you'll ever have", and a phone number. Is this what it had come to? Was our hero going to be reduced to the status of 'a john'? A man who was forced to pay for sex? Not if he had anything to say about it. Richard zipped himself up with new resolve. He was going to have sex tonight and that was the end of that. And he sure as hell wasn't going to pay for it. Beg maybe, but not pay. Upon returning to his seat at the bar he noticed a new addition to the assortment of drunks, petty criminals and various lost souls. A woman. Two seats down from him sat, as far as he could tell, a member of the fairer sex.

Okay so she wasn't much in the looks department but let's face it, Richard wasn't exactly the picture of handsomeness these days. Her hands were shaking as she raised the glass to her lips spilling most of it in the process. Her hair was wet from the rain outside and stuck to the side of her face and her nail polish was chipped and cracked. She managed to get most of the remainder of her drink in her mouth and ordered another. She tapped a cigarette from a battered pack of Camels and fumbled in her bag for a light. She turned to Richard and revealed her tombstone eyes.

'Hey you. Got a light?'

Richard being a non-smoker raked his pockets and then spied a pack of matches on the bar next to him. He struck a match and shoved the flame in the direction of her trembling cigarette.

'Ain't you the fuckin gentleman.'

'Chivalry is alive and well at the Tip Top Lounge.' He gave her his best smile.

'Whatever. Are you buying me a drink or what?'

'I'd be delighted. Barman, I'll have another bourbon and whatever the lady is having. Allow me to introduce myself, I'm Richard. May I be as bold as to inquire as to yours?'

'I didn't understand a fuckin word you just said. But thanks for the drink Richie. The names Roseanne but everyone calls me Rosie.'

'Well', said Richard raising his glass in a toast, 'here's to the start of a beautiful friendship Rosie.'

She drained her glass. 'I'll drink to that. Hell, I'll drink to anything if you're buyin.'

He was definitely getting laid tonight, no question about it. If he couldn't score with this poor lost soul then it was never going to happen. Here were two people who needed each other. He needed sex and she needed more drink. It was a win-win situation for both parties. Maybe that was what it was all about. The needs of individuals. All this time he'd only been thinking about his own needs and not what the other person wants. Perhaps, just perhaps, he was becoming less selfish in his quest for what had eluded him so far. As he proffered up another light for bitter-sweet Rosie's Camel from the fresh pack

he'd just bought her his eyes were drawn to the pack of matches. There she was again, beckoning him from a greasy match book, 'the best sex you'll ever have'. Obviously a hooker with a degree in marketing. Not tonight, he thought to himself. Several more drinks at the Tip-Top Lounge and then they were in a taxi on a tour of drinking establishments privy only to those who belonged to the cities under-belly and nether regions.

'Yeah well fuck you Abernathy, ya fucking slum-lord!!'

They had ended up at Rosie's humble abode somewhere down by the docks. Apparently she was involved in a long running dispute with her landlord over the rent. She slammed the door and stumbled to the sofa where she half fell, half sat down.

'Pour me a drink Ricky baby.'

'Where the hell do you put it all Rosie? You'd put most sailors to shame.'

'I have and I do.' She drained her glass. 'Keep them coming babe and maybe if you're a good boy later on you'll be coming.'

Richard liked the sound of that. Finally after all those embarrassing knock backs and slaps in the face, not to mention the pepper spray, this was it, he was going to have sex. He'd been quite meticulous about not getting too loaded that night. He'd have to rise to the occasion after all.

Okay so she wasn't exactly a beauty queen and she was incredibly drunk, but she was still conscious, barely, and as far as he knew she had a vagina. Check and mate. It was just then that he noticed her starting to nod off.

'Rosie! Hey come on now, none of that. Wake up girl.' He gently slapped her face.

'Wha, wha, 'm awake.'

'Come on it's time to go to bed.'

'Yeah baby, take me to bed you big stud.'

'Now that's what I was waiting to hear.'

After a somewhat lengthy struggle to get her dead weight into the bedroom and on to the bed Richard stripped off as quickly as he could before she passed out again. He fumbled in his pockets for the condom he had bought earlier at one of the seedier establishments. Never can be too careful about these things. Next he undressed Rosie. She was mumbling something about rabbits in the fridge. She didn't look half bad naked. A few stretch marks, a scar on her midriff, which could have been the result of a surgical procedure or a knife fight and a tattoo right above her pubic region that said Mitch. As he was about to mount her the odour permeated his nasal membrane. Could that be? Yes that was definitely urine. Richards's barroom queen had pissed herself. He immediately stopped what he was doing. After pondering several seconds he decided to press on. After all he was wearing protection and if he didn't get laid this very second his testicles were going to spontaneously combust. That's when the second bouquet reached his olfactory sense. Dear God don't let it be. Please, please, say it isn't so. But alas the inevitable had happened. Rosie had also shat herself.

Richard stood drying himself after what had to have been the longest hottest shower he had ever taken in his life. He doubted if he'd ever be properly clean again. His latest quest for carnal knowledge had ended in a puddle of human waste and our hero was no closer than before to achieving his goal. He poured himself a bourbon and sat down in his favourite chair. He took a good long swallow, placed his head in his hands and began to weep.

At some point during the wee hours of the morning he managed to pull himself together. He woke the following morning, steeled himself against the realities of life and went to his work. The events of the previous evening slowly faded as the day wore on and he was almost back to feeling himself again. Richard had just finished calling on his last client of the day and had made a substantial sale somewhat elevating his self-esteem. Climbing into the front seat of his car he noticed a flyer stuck underneath the wiper blade. There she was again. This woman was everywhere. Printed above the buxom blonde's photo were the words, "The best sex you'll ever have." It was like he was being stalked by paper. Baby, you are really barking up the wrong tree, he thought to himself. But then nightmare of the night before, Rosie's lower extremities covered in urine and faeces came flooding back to him. He paused only a second and flipping open his cell phone dialled the number.

After spending many hours deep in thought Richard had finally come to terms with his admission of defeat. Look at it this way, he told himself; it's easier to find a job when you already have a job, so it stands to reason that it'll be easier to get laid when you've already been laid. Let's face it women can smell desperation and it's not a turn on. So, he'd go do this thing, make amends with his aching balls and get himself back on track. It was just that simple. He found it odd that you had to make an appointment with this woman and she wasn't exactly cheap. Was this really going to be the best sex he'd ever have? I wonder if she's as good looking in person as her photo. But most importantly, would I end up coming in the first fifteen seconds. These and many other thoughts too bizarre to even mention ran through his brain as he awaited the appointed hour. He was sitting at a sidewalk bistro dismantling a carafe of Merlot. Richard adjusted his Ray-bans as he watched a stretch limo pull up to the curb across the street. A good looking blonde in a fur stole and a dark skinned man got out. He did a double take as he realized that he was staring straight at his ex Melanie and her lotto winning gardener. You gotta be fucking joking. Of all the times that she could've made an appearance. I mean tonight of all nights. She's riding around in a limousine with Senor Shithead and he's just about to go and pay for sex. Where is the fucking justice in this world? I mean really. I hope she gets gang raped by a group of escaped mental patients and he gets nut cancer, he thought to himself as he raised his glass in a toast. He checked his watch. It was almost time to go.

Riding the elevator up to the twenty-first floor Richard realized he was actually nervous. It was almost like his first time. He still couldn't believe he was going to have to pay for sex. Oh well, he was getting laid and that was that. She wasn't going to blow him off or throw a drink in his face or call fucking security. He was going to give her money and in return she was going to have sex with

him. Actually, according to the business card, the best sex he'd ever had. A simple business transaction was all it was. And there it was. Apartment Twenty One C. He rang the doorbell and waited. He took a step back as the door opened. She was in her mid thirties, brunette and had a pretty quality about her but not in a glamorous way. She was not the woman in the advertisement.

'Richard?'

'Uh, yeah that's me. Uh, I mean, I'm Richard yes. Hi.'

'Pleased to meet you, my name's Olivia. Please come in.'

'Thanks.'

It was a pretty average apartment. Clean and tidy and conservatively decorated. Nothing at all what he expected. Nor was she.

'Can I fix you a drink?'

'Uh sure. Bourbon rocks if you have it.'

As she disappeared into another room he couldn't help thinking that she looked like a housewife or maybe a secretary and yet there was something in her eyes. There was pain there and a lifetime of hardship and yet a smile played around the edges. Very strange. Whatever, he was getting laid. She returned with the drinks and sat down next to him on the sofa.

'Here you go Richard this will help you relax.'

'Thanks.'

'Is this your first time?'

'No I've had sex before.'

'I meant with a pro.'

'Oh right. Yeah this is my first time. And I don't mind telling you I'm a little nervous.'

'Well there's absolutely nothing to be nervous about. I'll make this as pleasant an experience as possible. Although I must say you don't seem typical of the clientele that I'm used to.'

'What do you mean?'

'They're usually a little geekier than you.'

'I'll take that as a compliment.'

'So what brings you to my door Richard? Some woman done you wrong I suspect.'

'Well yeah. But it's more than that. Now I'm not bragging but I used to be able to get any woman I wanted anytime I wanted. Even the ones that said no, eventually said yes. It was this gift I had.'

'A real ladies man, huh Richard, love 'em and leave 'em type of guy?'

'Yes exactly. I mean I could have sex any time I wanted. Then I met this girl who turned out to be the most evil bitch you could ever imagine. Then she totally screwed me over and ever since then I haven't been able to score to save my life. I'm just girl repellent. I mean I couldn't get laid in a Cambodian whore house with a thousand dollar bill and a gram of cocaine. So I thought by coming here I could change all that.'

'Well you've certainly come to the right place. So why don't you finish your drink and we'll get started.'

As he stood up from the sofa he couldn't help thinking that he shouldn't have had that merlot back at the bistro. He was feeling a little woozy. It didn't matter though because the next thing he knew he was sitting in a hot bath with special oils and candles with some sort of new age music playing. He was

very relaxed. This was followed by a full body massage and then being deposited in a very large bed with very soft fragrant sheets. Olivia appeared next to him wearing a silk kimono that was open revealing a very nice body indeed. She sat down on the bed next to him.

'Comfy?'

'Very.'

As he got a good look at her pert breasts and neatly trimmed pussy he found himself instantly hard.

'Oooh, somebody's excited. Shall we get started?'

'Yes please', he heard himself purr. She reached behind his head and began to tie his wrists to the bed posts with calves' leather thongs and then did the same with his ankles.

'I didn't know it was gonna be kinky Olivia.'

'Well I can't have you squirming around to much.'

'I'm all yours baby.'

Olivia got up and began to busy herself at her dressing table. Richard couldn't see what she was doing but he just knew it was going to be something special just for him. This made him even harder. When she turned around she was holding a very large hypodermic needle filled with a clear liquid.

'Uh what the hell is that?'

'Just a little something to ease the pain baby.'

'Hey wait a minute; it's not supposed to be painful Olivia!'

'Of course it's painful. But if you don't want the local anaesthetic then fine; all the more fun for me.'

'Please tell me what the fuck you're talking about?!' his voice now becoming falsetto.

'Sorry Richard but you can't change your mind now.'

'Wait! Your business card said this was the best sex I'd ever have. That's why I'm here.'

'My business card said what?'

'Your card with the busty blonde read the best sex you'll ever have!'

Olivia stopped what she was doing and looked at him somewhat confused.

'Do you still have that card?'

'Yes, it's in my coat pocket.'

'I'll be right back. Don't move.'

'Where the fuck am I going to go?'

She left the room and returned a moment later holding the card.

'This is a terrible mistake.'

'Thank God. Can you untie me now?'

'No I mean this card is a terrible mistake. I'm going to have to call those printers first thing in the morning.'

'For the love of God Olivia please tell me what's going on?'

'Sorry Richard, that printing mistake just makes me so damn angry. Anyways, men come to me for the special service I provide. Some of them are masochists, some of them are convicted rapists and paedophiles and some are just your run of the mill Christian fundamentalist nut jobs. But they all come here for the same reason. Castrations.'

‘What?!’

‘You see I’m a sadistic man hater and these people need a discreet service. It’s a win-win situation. You on the other hand are just a victim of unfortunate circumstances. Those business cards were supposed to read, “The last sex you’ll ever have.” But no matter. By your own admission you were a real misogynist pig back in the day,

so this is going to be extra special for me Richard Dear.’

‘For the love of God Olivia! I’m begging you, don’t do this!’

‘Shut the fuck up! You’ve had this coming for a long time. You’re getting off lightly. When my ex-husband cheated on me I shoved a curling iron up his ass and plugged it in and left him there to die, so quit moaning you pussy.’

‘Please. I’m begging you,’ he said as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

‘Begging only makes it all the more enjoyable,’ she laughed and then produced a pair of bolt cutters. ‘And you were wrong about your ex-girlfriend Richard, because I’m the most evil bitch imaginable. Say good bye to the twins you bastard.’

Richard was no longer hard.