

Naked People Doing Naked Things

By,

R. S. Courier

“Fuck! This shit is impossible to get out!”

“Too much Gel?”

“Cum.”

“What?”

“It’s not so bad if you can get to it when it’s still kinda wet, but once that shit dries, it’s a total bitch to get out.” She scrubs furiously for a couple seconds, her fingers get stuck, she curses, and starts the process all over again.

He stops brushing his teeth for a second. “Are you fucking serious?” He mumbles through a wad of mint foam on his lips, Crest brush clenched in his molars, then spits. “Is that what that shit was? I thought you were trying some new look or something.”

“It’s not funny.”

“Who’s laughing? I put my hand on that shit.” He switches the water on the facet from cold to hot and runs his hands under it.

“Don’t blame me, I told you not to touch me until I showered.”

“I thought you were just sweaty, or oily, or whatever. You let him cum on you?”

“Them.” She says sharply after spitting out a mouthful of water.

“Them? There was more than one?” He stares at her foggy outline behind the shower glass. She turns her back to him and continues running her hair under the shower head.

For a moment he feels like an ass.

For a moment he remembers how hard all of this can be.

For a moment he has sympathy.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“Not really.”

“That’s cool.” He says quietly as he pulls the towel from around his waist, hangs it on a hook and heads into the bedroom.

She stands in front of the bed, silhouetted by the glow of the bathroom light, holding two long sleeved shirts by their hangers. “Which one?” she asks rocking from her heels to the balls of her feet like an eager child.

The man rolls over and blinks the blariness out of his eyes so he can take her in. She’s completely naked from head to toe. Her hair is still damp and stringy from the shower, skin glowing with a combination of moisture and glitter. At first all he can think about is the glitter. No matter how hard a person scrubs it never comes completely off and he was guaranteed to wake up with sparkling sheets tomorrow.

But she isn't concerned about the glitter, she never is. She wants to know what shirt to wear; what shirt to cover in glitter. "The flannel, the red one."

"You always pick that one. How come?" She moves to the closet, rising slightly on her toes to hang the other shirt up. The man gazes at the tight little muscles in her back, buttocks, and legs and a slight smirking smile comes to his face.

"It's the one you look best in." Truthfully, he had designated it the 'glitter' shirt and didn't want to infect the rest of his wardrobe.

"Whatever."

"Seriously, it looks cute on you. Just out of curiosity, why don't you ever bring anything to sleep in with you? It's not like I borrow your pajamas or nightgowns when I stay at your place."

She snaps a glare at him over her shoulder; kind of angry, but more hurt than anything. "I didn't know it was a problem."

"No, it's not. I was just wondering." He grabs an ashtray, cigarettes and lighter from the nightstand and arranges them on his perfectly chiseled torso. Slowly and unconsciously, he pulls a cigarette from the pack and plays with the flip top lid of his lighter while watching her put the shirt on.

"I like the way your clothes smell. It's like a mix of sweat, smoke, and spring scented detergent. And... I don't know, I feel... I guess, 'safer' in your shirt, if that makes any sense."

"I guess." He says through clinched lips as he lights the cigarette. She finishes the bottom button, bounces in a circle and strikes a pouting vogue pose. "Very nice." He says half giggling, half choking on the smoke. The shirt dwarfs her; hanging down past her knees, sleeves bunching up at the cuffs. She smiles, hugs herself and rocks back and forth.

"Reminds me of when I was a little girl."

"What does?"

"This shirt."

"Yeah? Wear a lot of guys' shirts when you were little?"

"Just my dad's," she keeps talking while she pulling her hair into a ponytail, pulling the sheet back and climbing into bed not really caring if anyone is listening to her. "When my mom and dad split up, she pretty much took him for all he had. He lived in this little piece o' shit apartment with cold brick walls. It was horrible. Anyway he barely made enough to pay for rent on the damn thing which, of course, meant he couldn't spend much on me. Which meant everything I wore on the weekends I would visit him came from my mom's house. For some reason, she would never pack any PJs so my dad would give me one of his shirts to sleep in. We'd sit in front of the TV and he'd rock me to sleep singing Pink Floyd songs. I hated everything about that place. I hated the cold. I hated hearing sirens go by all night long. I hated sleeping on his grungy couch, and the way he looked so defeated all the time. But I kinda miss those days now. Ya know what I mean?"

"I suppose. I mean, none of that happened to me, but I can still relate." She snuggles in close to him and he wraps his arm around her, cradling her. Cautiously, he sniffs her hair. Once positive all he can smell is the peach/mango combination of her shampoo, he relaxes as she gently traces the muscles in his abdomen with her finger.

“So what happened tonight?” He had waited until he finished his cigarette before he asked her. He knew she was almost asleep at this point, but thought this was probably something that needed to get out before the sun came up. She twitched as if someone pinched her.

“What?”

“What happened tonight? Tell me about it.”

“Fucking seriously? Can’t we just go to sleep and deal with this shit in the morning?” He smiles, thinking how cute she is when she’s irritated.

“No. C’mon, talk to me.” He gently slaps her shoulder and she sighs angrily.

“Fine, what do you want to know?”

“Just tell me what happened. It was Chad Gilmore’s bachelor party tonight, wasn’t it?”

“How the fuck did you know that?” She pushes herself off of him and tries to make out his face in the dark.

“Look, I wasn’t prying or anything, you just forgot to erase the message Cindy left on the machine the other day.” She says nothing, but slowly sits up and pulls her knees into her chest.

“I thought we agreed never to talk about this shit.” He can barely make out her shape in the darkness, but is sure he hears the faint trace of tears in her voice.

“We did.” He sits up fully and tries to stare intently at where he thinks her eyes are. “But, why?”

“What do you mean why? I think that’s pretty fucking obvious.”

“Not really. I mean it’s obvious, if you think about it, for other... I don’t know... normal people.” Her arms cross and she sighs angrily. “You know what I mean. If you did what you do and I did... I don’t know, something else, then sure, it could be a problem. But, why is it such a big deal for us? Seriously, we both do the same shit. It’s not like we don’t understand what each other’s going through. Everybody needs to vent. Why not to a colleague?”

“Really? Don’t take this the wrong way, but how could this be so bad for you. Oh, no you have to get blowjobs from a bachelorette and her smashed wedding crew. Yeah, sounds real rough.”

“Sometimes it is.”

“Do you really expect me to believe you suffer so much when you get paid to do things most guys have to pay to do?” He props himself against the headboard and grabs another cigarette. “Fine, you go first.”

“What?”

“Tell me how fucking bad your night was. Tell me how degrading and pathetic you felt on your drive over here.”

“So, you want to compare scars?”

“No, I’m just trying to prove a point.”

“Fine.” He takes a long drag from his cigarette and blows it slowly to the ceiling. “You’re right, tonight wasn’t that bad. I did a couple sets at the club, the crowd was fun, everybody had a good time, and I cleared almost a grand. I brought this up because you acted like you had a bad night and I thought I was being nice.”

“What are you talking about?”

“The whole cum in your hair comment. You started this, but whatever, we’re talking about me now. Yeah, tonight was ok, so what. Some nights aren’t so good. I’m sure it’s no different for you.”

“What’s the worst thing you had to do?”

“Tonight?”

“No, anytime. In the couple of years you’ve been doing this, what’s the worst thing you’ve done?” He takes another drag and stares thoughtfully at the ceiling.

“It’s not one thing you can just nail down, it’s all of it. There’s never really a ‘run-of-the-mill’ day for us. We get naked and/or fuck complete strangers for money. The only reason we’re not prostitutes is because we don’t label ourselves as such. But, that’s what we are, and we both know it.”

“You’re avoiding the question.”

“No, I’m serious about this.”

“No, you’re bullshitting me. You always do this when someone asks you a question you don’t want to answer.”

“Do, what?”

“This, you go off on some stupid tangent that really has nothing to do with the question asked, but you always make a valid enough point that the people asking either forget what they asked or give up and move on to something else.”

“Like when?”

“It’s usually when you want to avoid lying.”

“I don’t lie about anything.”

“I know. That’s my fucking point! You always do this so you don’t have to. Have you ever given your mother a straight answer about how you really feel about Law School?” He crosses his arms, almost pouting. “You can’t tell her you hate it, because that would break her heart, and you can’t tell her you love it, because ‘you don’t lie’. So you instead ramble off on some philosophical rant about ultimate corruption in government, or some other bullshit.”

“It’s ultimate corruption of man, which leads to corruption of....”

“I don’t give a shit! Just give me a straight answer.”

“Fine! You want to know about the worst thing I’ve done in this job? Well, ok. I’m working this party. It’s the typical setup; 10 to 15 women ages 16 to 46, family, friends, acquaintances; all suffering borderline alcohol poisoning, all wanting the toned, shaven naked guy to stick his dick in them somewhere, anywhere, repeatedly. Not to get off the subject, but women are truly frightening. I mean it, you guys always give men shit for being slaves to their hormones, or mindless sex fiends, or whatever, but there is nothing scarier than a mob of horny women. They’re like rabid beasts.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean,” she says more to herself than anyone else.

“What?”

“Nothing, keep going....rabid beasts who want your dick.”

“Right, so I’ve been dancing around, letting them lick Cool whip off my nuts, all that stuff, and then the maid of honor, at least I think that’s who it was, regardless she was in charge. Anyhow, she comes up with this game, right. She convinces them all to pitch in twenty bucks and do this, like, spin the bottle/roulette game with me.”

“I’m sorry, what?”

“I know, just wait. So the rules are; they set chairs up in a circle, someone spins the bottle, whoever it points to spends ten seconds sucking my dick, and whoever happens to get me off, wins the pot.” He gives her a smile and a ‘see I told you so’ shrug of his shoulders.

“Ok, that’s kind of odd. But, that can’t be the big black dark secret. To be honest, it seems like kind of a fun idea.”

“No, that’s not the fucked up part. You’re right it was kind of fun for a while. Everybody’s laughing, cheering, having a good time and I’m getting the best blowjobs I’ve ever had in ten second bursts.”

“Right.....”

“Right, so then the rabid beast in charge gets her turn.”

“The one who came up with the game?”

“Right, she takes me in her mouth, I mean all the way in. I know you haven’t seen me at full mast, but believe me, that’s not an easy thing to do. Anyhow, she’s flat going to town, and I’m just about to lose it right there. She can tell, but instead of finishing me off, she pulls off. Naturally, I look at her like ‘what the hell?’, you know? So then she looks over at the bride-to-be and whispers, ‘Give it to her.’ Of course, I it dawns on me that that was the plan all along.

“Hang on.”

“What?”

“I have to pee.”

“Are you kidding me?”

“It’ll just be second.” She crawls out of bed and scampers off to the bathroom. He stares up at the ceiling grinding his teeth in annoyance until she comes back. “Ok, where were we? Oh, yeah, you’re supposed to shoot it in the bride’s mouth. Go.” He just glares at her. “Oh c’mon, don’t get bitchy, I really had to go. Please, I really want to hear the rest of it.”

“Fine,” he says, taking no measures to hide how angry he is. “So one of the other girls spins the bottle accordingly and I move over to the future Mrs. Somebody. Now I can’t even begin to explain how fucking drunk this girl is. Her head’s all rolling around, eyes barely open, drooling everywhere; fucked up, right.”

“Ok.”

“Ok, so when I walk over to her, I’m so hard and aching, my junk is literally shaking like a vibrator. Hell, it looked like it was about to explode. I don’t know anybody in their right mind that would have touched it for anything.” She starts giggling. “What?”

“I’m just trying to picture that. So what did she do?”

“She grabbed it and went to work.”

“No shit?”

“No shit. So I’m standing there trying to hold everything back, and doing pretty good, if I do say so myself, when I notice that she’s fucking passed out.”

“Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Get out!”

“I’m totally serious. There she is, dick in her mouth, dead asleep.”

“Oh my God! What did you do?”

He pauses, takes a breath, squints his eyes and says, “I finished.”

She laughs so hard she falls off the bed.

“It’s not funny,” he says, trying not to laugh himself. She spends the next few minutes trying to compose herself, catch her breath, and not smirk. Yet, losing the battle every time she looks at him. “It’s not funny.”

“Shut up! I can’t breathe!” She finally brings herself to manageable giggles and climbs back into bed. “How? I mean.....holy shit! You have got to give me details.”

“It wasn’t that hard to do. I had her head in my hands, and I just kept bobbing it up and down.”

“Nobody stopped you?”

“They couldn’t really see what was going on from that angle, and I don’t think they were paying much attention anyhow. But here’s the really fucked up part;”

“Oh, God, it gets better?”

“Oh yeah, right as soon as I cum, she wakes up.”

She stares at him in amused disbelief.

“Yeah, and I hit her with both bags. It was like a rocket. If I hadn’t been holding her head it would have snapped her neck. And, it had to have lasted at least thirty seconds. The whole time her eyes, raccooned with runny mascara, big as silver dollars staring at me with absolute confusion, shock, and terror. Best orgasm I’ve ever had, some of it even came out her nose.”

“Wow. I mean, wow. That is a good story.” She props her back against the headboard, exhausted. “Wait, wait, wait, I think you still cheated here.”

“Oh, my god, How?”

“Well, don’t get me wrong, that is pretty fucked up. But....”

“But?”

“It just seems to me that that would scar her way more than it would you. When did this happen anyway?”

“It was my first time.”

“No way!”

“Dead serious. I did it on a dare, and I needed some extra cash for the upcoming semester. I swore it was only going to be that one time, but we all know that’s never the case.”

“Why?”

“What do you mean?”

“Why would you keep doing it after that?”

“What can I say, I got hooked. Something about that moment stuck with me, scarred me. Every time I do a job, I’m always trying to recreate that moment. It sucks. When I have sex, I have to fantasize about my dick sliding back and forth across that girl’s unconscious tongue, or I can’t get off. You know that Rescue Annie, CPR doll I have?”

“Yeah.”, she says cautiously.

“That’s what I use to jack off with.”

“Ewww, I always wondered why you had put her in a dress. Now I’m not so sure I needed that information.”

“Hey, you wanted a no bullshit answer to a fucked up question. You knew whatever I told you wasn’t going to be pretty. Now it’s your turn.”

“Huh?”

“Chad Gilmore’s bachelor party, fess up.”

“Oh right. Well, first of all, it wasn’t Chad Gilmore’s bachelor party I worked. It was Sarah Gilmore’s 21st birthday party. She’s a lesbian. Second of all; that wasn’t cum in my hair, it was whipped cream. We had a naked, whipped cream balloon fight. It was actually kinda fun.”

“So.....what the fuck? What.....why....What the fuck?”

“I just wanted to get you to open up to me for once. Good night.” She kisses him on the forehead and snuggles down into the blankets.

“Yeah, sure. Good night.”