

Circle Jerk

by

Brett Paufler's Computer

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Brett Paufler

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2018-05-30: Start First Draft (third version, start)

2019-05-30: This Story Ends

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WARNING
SWEARING, ADULT SITUATIONS, AND
OTHER NASTINESS ABOUNDS

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Let's forget about the story.

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Can you forget about the story.

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I want to be balls deep. Do you know what I am saying? Balls deep! In her, to the hilt, deep, hard, pounding. You are young. I am young. Tommy is young. And he is balls deep in this girl. Her name is Holly. It cannot possible matter. Her brother's name is Blaine. He's a total psychopath. Right now, he's leaning against the car, whittling his fingers with a knife, as Tommy fucks his sister.

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Balls fucking deep!

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I pull in and out. I don't know if you know that feeling: falling into a story, falling out, one moment it makes sense, the other, it does not.

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But right now, I just want to be there.

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We can get technical. Is there anyway to explain things? Tommy will cum three times tonight. That first time when he's all excited. It all comes to quick. And he just lets go. And that second time when he's in the groove. It feels good. It feels fresh. But it's more distant. He already knows he's going to get some, so the worry and anxiety and the rush for the finish line is gone. And then, there is the third time. When maybe, he should have stopped at two. But

he didn't. And it's too late now. And he's chasing a dream... no, that's not it, he doesn't want to lose face, so he's going to cum, no matter how many mountains he's got to climb.

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And this tells you almost nothing.

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There is that slow gentle kiss that first time, almost asking permission. And the second time, well, the sport, the rules of engagement are understood. And that third time... it's every man for himself with the sweat dripping off, the tired ache setting in, but one dare not stop lest one has to begin from the start, all over again, until you are there, a painful release.

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There is so much pain in sex... especially when done to excess.

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2019-12-01

And I need not wonder too much why this version fell apart. There is a limit to how graphic I want to go. Not because I care, mind you. But because I believe the market does.

Heck?

Who knows?

Maybe the market not only does care but craves a more

graphical representation of the old in and out. Besides, if you are going to start a novel with a psuedo rape scene, maybe you should go all in, balls deep, and never look back, even if that means slapping a confused elfin lass (as a metaphorical stand in for the reader) a might bit too hard, square in the face, on account of that's the way you like it, bitch.

Eh, whatever.

I must go... after all, another novel awaits... one in which I got past the opening chapter.

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