

Sacramento

A short story by Sonia Ramos Rossi

I'm at a party, or a nightclub, I'm not sure which. There's a loud techno beat booming out from some speakers that are taller than I am, and smoke in the air. In front of me there are red and yellow lights flashing, blurred through the dark cannabis haze. I'm smiling to myself, feeling content, not hot or cold, just right.

There's a heavy rhythm to the music, it moves around my head in a pleasant way, like a stranger exploring. My hips are moving, but not in synch, just for the pleasure of moving, to make the light material of my skirt swing across my thighs.

From behind me a guy puts a large hand on my hip and pulls me gently back until my bum is nestled into his lap. There's an erection there as well, of course, a stiff one, pushing up inside his jeans, rubbed into me as we sway together.

His arm is around my waist now, holding me. I put my hand on it to feel his skin, smooth and strong, sweat-slippery. It feels so comfortable that I relax into him, rest the back of my head against his shoulder and grind my hips a little harder against him.

"That's right, good girl," he says into my ear. He licks my neck from shoulder-bone to ear, warm and slippery saliva wet. Then he gives my earlobe a small suck to finish. I turn my head to see who is doing this and he takes the opportunity to push his tongue into my mouth.

"Is she ready then?" Somebody else is talking to the guy who is kissing me. He breaks off to answer.

"Oh yeah, she's up for it. Let's go. Are you going to come with us sweetheart?"

For some reason I think they are speaking German and I am surprised that I can understand. I smile up at them.

"Oh yes, she'll do, come on."

I feel like I know where I'm going, but my legs don't work very well, so the guys help me along, one on each side.

Outside the air hangs heavy with damp cold and the orange streetlights have a misty halo. The taxi engine sounds as if it were burbling under water. The seat is cool. I must have left my coat inside.

I'm snuggled between the two guys in the back seat, my head on a shoulder, the one on my right, the blonde smoothie. He takes my hand and puts it on the bulge in his jeans. The other guy puts one of his hairy hands down the front of my top and squeezes my left boob. I start to giggle.

It doesn't take long to get wherever we were going. It doesn't seem to anyway. When we get out of the taxi the cold gets right down into my lungs. The big round moon above smiles down at me, and I smile back. I feel as round as she looks. I would fall over and roll down the hill if I wasn't being held up.

"Let's get her inside, quick."

The house looks silver in the moonlight as they help me up the garden path. Dew is glistening on every blade of grass. I'm sure I could count them all if they'd let me. The chimney pots on the roof point right into the moon, like cannons on a big battleship ready to blast at her. Maybe we are entering a cleverly disguised spaceship. Or maybe it's not so cleverly disguised. The bay windows look just like command and control posts.

The door shuts behind us and the light comes on so that I have to blink.

"Alright darling, up the stairs we go." I'm giggling again, he's got his hand under my skirt and he's boosting me up the stairs, his thumb under the strap of my tanga seeking my little back door entrance. I think it is Smoothie, but it might be Hairy, I can't tell. He's making me go up fast though.

On the landing I can see that it was Hairy had his hand in my panties, right behind me, smiling. He guides me through a door on the right into a room with a double bed with white bedclothes. The walls and carpet are white too, in fact the whole room is white, except the curtains which are blood-red velvet.

Hairy sits me on the bed and pulls my top over my head. As he bends over to unhook my bra he rubs his nose deep into my hair. "Fuck, she smells good."

When my bra comes off it feels as if my boobies are pointing straight out into the room. I realize that I'm excited, but relaxed too. Maybe it's because I can see the guys are happy. Smoothie stands at the other side of the bed with a big grin and an enormous hard-on, all pink skin and no hair. It's funny; I don't remember him getting undressed.

I'm busy looking at Smoothie, so when Hairy slips his hands under my butt and flips me on to my back I'm surprised and let out a little yelp. That makes them both grin, and I'm tittering on the bed too while he pulls off my skirt and then my leopard print tanga. I'm naked now except for my heels.

"Jesus, would you look at that!" I think he's talking about my wet pussy. It's dripping, I can feel it. Legs akimbo, leaning back on my elbows; I'm giving him an eyeful, he's staring even as he struggles to get out of his jeans, hopping first on one foot and then on the other.

"Fucking perfect innit," says Smoothie. He's pumping his cock quick-time with his right hand.

Hairy still has his socks on when he clambers on to me and rams his cockadoodledo so hard into my slippery pussy that I'm pushed right down into the soft mattress. "I'm gonna fuck you bitch, and you're going to love every second."

I want to stroke the back of his neck as he pounds away, but my wrists are pinned to the bed by his large ape-like hands.

I don't have much time to think about that anyway because Smoothie has climbed onto the bed and has pushed the angry red head of his cock between my lips.

"Alright sweetheart, just suck."

I do my best, but Hairy's thrusting makes it difficult. Smoothie takes his cock out my mouth and rubs it over my face.

"Lovely. She's a proper slut."

Hairy stops fucking me and positions himself on his back. He beckons to me with his index finger and I crawl over to him.

"Good girl."

I get on top of him and let him guide his still wet dander back inside me, one hand on my ass, the other on his thingy. I have my hands on his furry ribcage to steady myself as he pushes me down onto him, nails digging in to hold on.

He gets a rhythm going and I relax more and more onto him until I am lying on his chest. I can see my breath moving his soft down as the air is forced out of me by each thrust.

When he stops I don't understand why until I feel Smoothie behind me. I know what he is going to do a split second before he forces his way into my little back hole.

"Yeeha!" he shouts and starts to batter away as fast as you like. This hurts a little, but my moans only seem to excite him further. Of course Hairy is in on the act too, trying to keep up with Smoothie. I can't move, I'm just a fuck thing, a screaming fuck thing.

They can't keep up that rate for long of course, and they soon fall into a slower rhythm, first one thrusts, then the other, like two pistons. I relax into the beat, there's nothing else I can do, I can't move. I can feel their cocks rubbing against each other through my insides and I concentrate on that, the only thing that exists, time stopped.

When Hairy comes he starts to shudder and shake so much that it sets off Smoothie too. So cute that they came together.

"You fucking slut."

I think they enjoyed it.

I cross my legs, brush the hair out of my eyes. There is silence in the sacristy. I say, "So, that's my dream, Father, what do you think?"

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