

NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD ARGUE that the idea of anonymous high-risk sex with a total stranger isn't exciting. EVERYONE knows it's exciting. There is something undeniably appealing about impulsive rutting unburdened by the dreaded word "relationship" and all the torture/drudgery it implies. The one-night stand, at least for one night, frees the captive blackbird from his dirty cage. With the implicitly fleeting nature of such a genital tête-à-tête, there is no emotional melodrama, no annoying teardrops, no wide-eyed recriminations. You both know why you're there, and you don't give a fuck about their soul, their dreams, their interests, or EVER meeting their parents. A one-night stand is something that only "cool guys" get to enjoy—mobster guys in blue sharkskin suits with big hairy dicks and padded expense accounts.



So I'm not arguing that one-night stands don't *seem* exciting and cool. They seem PLENTY cool.

But I can count at least two dozen such incidents in my life, and for me the sex was only decent—not great, mind you, and certainly not artery-blowing—in only two of them. And I'd reckon ALL these girls would say I'm a lousy lay, if I even made it to the point of insertion. Instead of the intrigue and heated embraces you read about in those dime-store novels, I left a slug's trail of prematurely blown wads and sad, stony impotence.

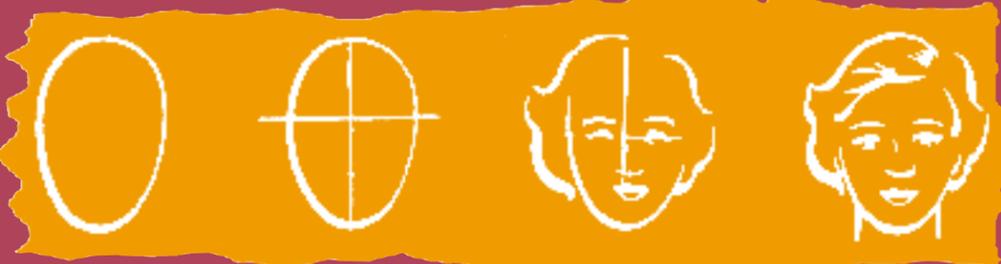
There is nothing inherently wrong with the one-night stand until you enter ME into the equation. I am a paranoid part-time sociopath who walks around inside prison walls made of flesh. I am petrifyingly nervous around new sexual partners, and I only start to warm up with someone after a half-dozen or so encounters with them. So these unlucky dames never got to taste the true glories of physical intimacy with me. I present these stories, highlights of ten one-night encounters, merely for your amusement.

♥ As the dark, salty Atlantic waves crashed nearby, I learned a surprising and invaluable trick to ensure a woman will fuck you: Act like you *don't care* whether she fucks you! I laughed to myself while working this maneuver on a dumb-but-nice blonde girl I met at a bar one summer night in Wildwood, New Jersey. We were both drunk, and during our slobbery make-out session in the parking lot, she expressed some shy hesitation about walking under the boardwalk and "going all the way" with me. A few aloof shrugs and "sex-isn't-important" on my part, and we were 69'ing in the dark sand. While walking 'neath the boardwalk, I crunched my head on a concrete beam and was bleeding, but I didn't want to tell her and "ruin the mood." I also didn't inform Blondie I'd shot my wad all over my leg about two seconds after we undressed. While I lapped away at her downy vagina and tried to hide the white fluid on my leg and the red fluid on my forehead, she kept blaming herself for failing to get me hard.

♥ A butch girl I knew from college who vaguely resembled Mickey Dolenz of rock combo The Monkees. She had a very hairy pussy and dark brown circles under her eyes that made them look as if they were poking out of an unwiped anus. It was my last night in Philly before moving to New York, so we rented a hotel room and decided to "go for it." Amid a flood of hotel-room artificial light, I suffered humiliating shrunken erectile dysfunction all night long, peppered with her repeated question, "What's wrong with you?"

♥ After ten years of marital fidelity, I decided it was high time I cheated on my wife. I met a very large young girl with rosy cheeks at a local bar, hoisted her into a cab, and pointed the driver toward the nearest hotel. During our post-coital pillow talk, she spoke openly of how her boyfriend had mistreated her. This, naturally, hastened my arousal. I fucked her again, for a grand total of one minute's worth of fucking.

♥ She had a bald eagle's pointed face, yellow buck teeth, thinning brown hair, and she drove a semi truck for a living. Can you say, "Boner Mountain"? She mounted me on top and had some seriously strong hip-thrust action—that is, for



the five or so seconds it took me before reaching climax. When she broke the tense, silent "afterglow" portion of our evening with laughter, I asked if she was laughing at my performance, but she denied it. I gave her a friend's phone number and told her it was mine.

♥ The fattest girl I've ever fucked. Possibly the fattest girl *anyone* has ever fucked. But with her giant pelican nose and utter lack of charm or intelligence, she would have been hideous without even a droplet of blubber. When she took off her clothes, it was like pulling the string on an emergency life raft—she instantly ballooned up to twice the size. When I climbed atop her bulk, it was like laying on a jiggly waterbed. I nearly got seasick. I had serious difficulty finding her vagina. Once the evil portal was located, I squirted a tiny raindrop of cum within a nanosecond. During our unforgettable night of rapture and ecstasy, she warned me that she didn't want to become "just another one-night stand." After I'd successfully avoided her for weeks, she confronted me at a bar and reminded me of her warning. I felt afraid, but in the end, she became just another one-night stand.

♥ A highly intelligent pharmacist with monster boobs I met in San Francisco while touring. She fed me pharmaceuticals and allowed me to enter her "special place" four times. She was on the rag at the time, and I felt like a ruthless conqueror as I roamed around her apartment naked, my bloody cock dangling in front of her face while she talked to her live-in boyfriend over the phone.

♥ It was a blazing Portland summer night where the orange moon was so big, it spanned Burnside and got clipped on both sides by the buildings. I dragged a freckly, frizzed-out thing from Dante's upstairs into the infamous *Exotic* back room and let the frosty air conditioner roar. When I leaned in to orally pleasure her, I caught a sharply unpleasant whiff of something. The moment my tongue touched down upon her teeny pink pinto bean, she uttered the word "shit." She meant to say, "Shit—that feels good," rather than "Shit—that's what you smell," but I couldn't help making the connection.

♥ A libertarian political candidate with frightfully large melon breasts. I performed cunnilingus on her curvaceous frame while reclining in my girlfriend's bed. (She was away on vacation.) I rapidly came inside my tighty-whiteys and didn't tell her. Instead, I kept my underwear on, then lied and told her I like to eat pussy all night.

♥ In sociological terms, this is the most interesting of my one-night stands. It was a few years ago at 4 a.m., and I'd recently arrived back to my tiny apartment from a marathon magazine-deadline session. Exhausted, I'd taken my shoes off and was wandering around clad in my windbreaker, white socks, and a white mustache from a late-night vanilla protein shake—in short, I was looking SEXY. A knock came on the door. It was a black stripper who lived in my building. She was obviously smashed. "Can I come in?" she slurred. *Um, sure.* "So," she said happily, tearing off her clothes to reveal a pair of mammoth coconuts, "I hear you're a Nazi." *No, well, that's not true.* It didn't matter if it was or wasn't. She was already naked and in my bed. Things transpired that evening, my friends, which would permanently disqualify me from membership in several top-flight white-supremacist organizations. In the morning, she smelled like garbage. I don't mean she smelled foul—she smelled precisely like a sodden brown bag filled with orange peels and coffee grounds that had been left out too long in the sun. I'm not implying it had anything to do with her blackness, only that she smelled like garbage in the morning. You didn't smell what I smelled, so you're in no position to judge.

♥ I can't even tell you about this one. It's too dangerous. Like, on my skin. Her old man would kill me, and it wouldn't be the first time he did something like that. Lifelong insufflation of crystallized stimulants made his wife look twice her age. In my defense, I will say that no man on earth has ever been able to resist the "I'm in town and would love to fuck you" pitch.



my one- night stands