

The Lady Killer

by H. W. Moss

Odd how realization dawns. Jefferson had known the kid since birth, but it was not until he sat between Rex and a pretty but plump blonde girl who identified herself as Jenn that Jeff saw the amazing power Rex had over women.

“Not going to school right now, taking a vacation. Looking for a job. Was working as a driver at the cemetery until I had a car accident crossing one of the roads. Lost my license, so now I don’t drive.”

It was a typically inane soliloquy, the kind of self-indulgent history you expect from a vapid 23-year-old male. All Jenn asked was, “How are you?” His reply was anything but succinct.

Yet Jenn sat in rapt attention listening to these mundane meanderings. Eavesdropping only enhanced Jefferson’s sense of boredom. He could not put up with it for long. He drained his beer, stood to say goodbye to Lucas and Marie, mutual friends who had introduced Jenn, and said, “Which explains why I’m driving us home. C’mon, Rex. Gotta go.”

The young man at last stopped talking, grabbed his coat off the rack and began pulling it over his shoulders with a flourish that reminded Jefferson of a Cavalier Poet setting off to war bidding his sweetheart adieu. Jenn said, “So nice to have met you,” and at that instant Jeff knew, knew from the depths of his soul, here was a world class lady killer.

At first Jefferson thought Jenn meant him, so he lifted his hand only to find her reaching right past to take Rex’s as it shot out his worn jacket sleeve. “I do hope we meet

again,” she said with a unique resonance in her voice that fell somewhere between a beckon and a tremble.

It was obvious to Jeff she was head over heels in lust. It was also clear to him that Rex had absolutely no idea. It was as if Rex inhabited a parallel universe separated from their own by a thin, impermeable barrier through which the subtle signs were blocked. Rex was blank to her imploring gaze, her suggestive position on the bar stool, the way she held her shoulders, how her outstretched arm and fingers were indicator signals leading to a flashing yield sign. It was clear the lad was blind to all this as he took her palm in his and bobbed it up and down two, three times before withdrawing it saying, “Me too.”

Jefferson could not decide if he was more amazed that he saw this ability in Rex or that his cousin’s son had no idea he could direct, decree or demand all women, any woman, do his bidding at any time under almost any circumstances. Like Jenn, they would become starry eyed in his presence, enthralled by the otherwise unassuming physique of a pale skinned manchild with a stubble of a beard on his chin not worth buying razors to remove.

What convinced Jeff of this was Jenn. She held Rex’s fingertips in her own and squeezed with the lingering clasp of her thumb above. This spoke a language Jefferson had all but forgotten. It was a touch that fulfilled her unspoken words, a touch that said she was Rex’s to take if he wanted, any time he wanted, any place he wanted, all he had to do was ask and she would lie down for him, kneel in front of him, lift her skirt and slide her panties aside to allow him to enter her whether in the alley out back, in a men’s

room stall or standing on the other side of his mother's bedroom wall. It did not matter where, when or how -- so long as he took her. She wanted that desperately.

Her eyes did not see Jefferson because he was invisible to her. They looked beyond him the way you look past an old dog lying half asleep on a hearth rug and snap your fingers saying to the frisky puppy leaping around in front of the fire, "C'mere boy. Here you go. Come here."

Where Jefferson was electrified by these coded signals, Rex was just the opposite. He was completely and utterly apathetic to the many signs including the subtle odor her body began giving off which went straight to Jefferson's brain causing him to be suddenly flooded with memories, deluged by the way things were once, but were no more, at least not for him.

Jeff assessed Rex's inability to recognize the effect he had on the girl and decided this failure was due to the boy's incredible self-absorption, his peanut sized humility which was made smaller, was dwarfed by an elephantine ego. In short, Rex was a typical post teenage male who did not have benefit of the insight true manhood eventually brings.

Jeff saw this dispassionately and was dumbfounded for he knew the innate ability for what it was. He had once possessed this incredible gift and used it with abandon until it dissipated over time with maturity. It was the province of a special youth, perhaps it ran in the family, but Jefferson knew it faded as does the flower. When he saw it in Rex he knew the boy had maybe a decade before the talent was reduced to commonality, which is what happened to Jefferson as he hit his late 30's. Now he was older and fixed in his

profession, had taken detours along the way and not thought about the lost gift in years because it would only have made him angry.

Seeing this incredible power in Rex startled Jefferson. Then he realized Rex needed an education in how to use his potency or he might never figure it out. Jeff thought back on the days when he had the influence and realized he might profit from Rex if he were able to assist the young man in developing it fully. Rex had to be shown the way, this was obvious; he needed guidance. He needed target practice, if you will. He needed to learn how to aim, how to develop this aptitude which, as yet, he was unable to find the trigger to pull, let alone hit a target.

Outside the bar, Jefferson asked, "You ever been laid?"

"No, but I got a hand job once."

"From a girl, I hope."

Rex looked askance and said, "Of course a girl. What did you think?"

Jeff shrugged. "So, technically you're still a virgin."

Rex said nothing but looked down at his feet while they walked.

"Spare me the particulars," Jefferson said with an ironic tone as they crossed the street. It was a small city and they entered what passed for the town square, heading toward the car, when Jefferson noticed two college girls deep in conversation sitting on the steps around the fountain which had been turned off at ten. Although not raving beauties, the girls were wholesome and pretty in a young collegiate sort of way. Jefferson needed to test his theory so he stopped walking and turned toward his cousin.

“Rex, here’s a twenty dollar bill.” Jeff dangled the folding money in the air, danced it in front of Rex’s eyes. “I’m going to give it to you if you’ll simply do me a small favor.”

“Sure thing. What?”

“Walk over to those two girls and introduce yourself. It’s that easy.”

Jefferson was certain no one had ever asked Rex to do anything quite so brazen and the young man would ordinarily have been too shy to walk up and say anything to two complete strangers, especially females, without the money and a couple of beers in him. But that was part of the test. If Jeff gave him a specific task, could Rex perform it?

Almost without hesitation, Rex marched over to the fountain, approached the co-eds and said, “Excuse me ladies. My name is Rex. I just wanted to introduce myself to you.”

Rather than shun him as they would almost any other male on the planet, both women leaped to their feet and practically bumped each other out of the way to weave like cobra snakes in front of a mesmerizing fakir.

Jefferson sauntered over to stand beside Rex, gave his name and added, “Rex and I are related. What are your names?”

The one to his left said her name was Kathy. She turned slightly in Jefferson’s direction, but the one named Mare simply could not be bothered. She was so fixated on Rex she was unable to take her eyes off him. That did not bother Jeff; he had expected that sort of reaction from her. The important thing was the test had succeeded in making Rex aware of something. He was not sure what it proved nor what it was he had just

accomplished, but Jefferson handed him the twenty which Rex seemed to believe he had earned fair and square.

Kathy smiled and asked, “In what way are you related?”

“We’re first cousins once removed,” Rex told her. “He’s my mother’s cousin. We kind of pal around together and shoot pool when he’s in town. He stays in the guest room at Mom’s house.”

By now neither girl gave Jeff more than a glance. He decided enough was enough and said, “Rex. Time to go. Promised your mother I’d have you home by eleven.”

It was obvious Rex was attracted to the women, but his attention wilted when Jefferson tugged on his sleeve. At the car Jeff unlocked the doors and Rex snapped the handle on his side. The door opened, but he took a second to lean on the frame facing Jeff over the roof.

With a beatific smile, “Wow,” was all he could say. Rex was impressed with himself.

Across the car roof, Jefferson said, “So here’s the deal, Rex. I have no idea why, but you have inherited an unusual talent. Get in and I’ll explain.”

The radio came on as Jeff stuck the key in the ignition to prevent the alarm from going off. He turned the audio down and switched power on, ignition off. No sense burning out the points.

“Listen to me, Rex. I don’t know what to call it. Let’s call it ‘the sex gene.’ Some guys have it, some never develop it at all. And it really has nothing to do with looks or pimples or physique. Who knows what attracts women to a man? George Orwell was said to have had a peculiar body odor no woman could resist. Sometimes it’s called ‘The

Knack' and it goes all the way back to Elizabethan England. Have you ever heard of John Wilmot, Second Earl of Rochester? Seventeenth Century swordsman, pun intended, part of the Merry Gang as Andrew Marvell called them. Poets and cuntsmen who flourished for about fifteen years after 1665. It was said Rochester could bed any wench and did."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"I'm getting to that, just hold your horses. The Knack. There's even a movie with that name directed by Richard Lester called 'The Knack and How to Get it.' Lester went on to direct The Beatles in 'Hard Day's Night.' Remember the lyrics to 'A Day in the Life'? Remember the famous line, 'Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall.'?"

"Yah, sure."

"Holes is slang for girls, birds, chicks."

"Yah. Sure. Okay."

Jeff was not to be put off. It was important he convince Rex of something in those first few minutes or he may never have the opportunity again. "I am trying to tell you you were born with the Knack, Rex. You have Rochester's innate natural ability. Orwell would have nothing on you. Any woman with viable eggs except your female relatives would like to fuck you."

His disbelief was palpable. "You're shittin' me, right?"

"No, I'm not. And I can prove it if you will allow me. All you have to do is set your mind to it and we can start tomorrow by getting you a whole new wardrobe."

"Thought it didn't matter how I looked."

“I didn’t say that, exactly. Clothes still make the man and classy women notice classy clothes. Even if you just wore jeans and a tee shirt as you usually do, you would do well. But we want you to do extremely well, Rex, old boy, because this is going to set you up for the rest of your life.”

“How d’ya mean?”

“Money, Rex. Not only is there almost nothing any woman wouldn’t do to fuck you, they will also spend their money, their husband’s money, their boss’s money, they will embezzle their company, their children’s milk money in order to entertain you and treat you like their boy toy. All you have to do is suggest you might like to be in Paris in the morning and, voila.”

Rex sat opposite Jeff and lit a cigarette.

“You know, that’s one of your bad habits I barely tolerate. I hope you’ll quit, but I also know most women find it sexy.” He punched the power button and rolled down the passenger window, then he rolled his own window down as Rex exhaled into the night air. Jefferson started the engine, began to back out of the parking space.

“Don’t worry about a thing. When we get home, just act normal. Don’t let on things might be different. And remember, you don’t have the same effect on your female relatives. Not your mother, your grandmother or your sister will even notice you entered the room, but every other female from teeny bopper to house frau is going to try and bed you without the least hesitation.”

“How come I never noticed this?”

How Jefferson answered that could be dangerous. He realized he was on thin ice. If he said, because you are an insecure, self-absorbed fool, if he told the truth in other

words, it could alienate Rex completely. Jeff chose his words carefully: “It’s a forest for the trees kind of thing, Rex. You are unable to see what is right in front of you. You are blind to your own ability. I know because that’s what I was like when I discovered the Knack and the power it gave me over women.”

Rex smoked in silence. Jeff decided he should explain further.

“You never notice what’s right under your nose, Rex. Ever see guys with girls literally dripping off them? There are men who need say nothing and women are attracted. You are one of them.”

“It’s just so weird. I mean, I never get to first base with a girl.”

“That’s because you want to rut, you’re feeling randy, but you’re not debauched. Women like danger and a certain level of debauchery. Let me give you an example. I was younger than you when I met and fell for Donna Jean. It was not love at first sight, but we got into bed immediately. We were both 18 and we quickly made plans to live together. My father didn’t care if I moved out, in fact he was kind of proud I’d moved in with a woman. What she liked, what she craved I learned later, was the fact we defied her parents. It wasn’t just me, it was the combination of my knack and her need to add danger to the mix.”

“What happened to you and her?”

Jefferson did not hesitate, had thought long and hard on this over the intervening years, so he answered honestly. “Trouble was, I couldn’t keep it in my pants. I wanted to fuck anything that moved and that was my mistake.”

“You mean you should have been faithful to Donna Jean?”

“No, I should have been much more discriminating and I should have been more careful not to get caught. I slept with classmates, my buddies’ girlfriends, I even bedded my female college professors. It was easy. All I had to do was catch their eye and the next thing I knew we were in a compromising position behind the lectern or in the car. Hell, I once caught a quickie while the husband sat downstairs drinking and watching television. She assured me he wouldn’t be home, but he was. So she introduced me and told him I needed to use the restroom, she would show me the upstairs bathroom. On the hallway landing she dropped her panties, spread her legs, unzipped my pants in seconds flat. She slid me in and did me for sixty seconds before dropping to her knees. She wanted me to cum quickly, so I accommodated her. Then we went back downstairs where her husband offered me a beer.”

Rex seemed amused. He enjoyed this impromptu history of sexual encounters.

“But it works both ways. Erica Jong wrote about her zipless fuck. Marilyn read ‘Fear of Flying’ and confided that I was her zipless fuck.”

“What’s a zipless fuck?”

“Anywhere, any time, any place you boink.”

“Who was Marilyn?”

“Another girlfriend. Long ago and far away. Point is: You have it, now you gotta use it.”

Rex considered this as they drove. He threw the butt of his smoke out the window and asked, “How? How do I use it?”

“You need some pointers. You are an excellent student, Rex, you just need confidence. I can give you the techniques, the ways to make contact, methods of turning a

girl's head, but you have to believe in this or it won't happen. I've seen it over the decades. Guys who have it, but don't or can't use it. They are afraid, unsure, self-conscious and when a chick smells your fear she won't have a thing to do with you."

They were home too soon for Jefferson to finish the lecture, but he made Rex promise to phone when he got up the next day. That would be about noon.

* * *

The room was full of people and noise, but the center of attention was clearly a shapely girl with long dark hair who was surrounded by a number of overly solicitous young men variously engaged in conversation, ordering drinks and making small talk. Another young woman sat on a bar stool next to the brunette, but she was not being fawned over so slavishly.

"Listen up, Rex. I'm going to tell you how you can handle the situation."

Jefferson apprised the young man who was now dressed in slacks and a long sleeve shirt. Rex wore a pair of brand new bright white sneakers. "You look great. Now, first you need to learn the brunette's name. You do that by going over to the other girl and asking. It's that simple. Second, once you have her name you must get close enough for a loud whisper in her ear. That's when you use the goodbye tactic."

"Goodbye? What's that?"

"You say her name, then apologize. You explain you have to leave. You tell her it was great seeing her again, sorry you didn't get a chance to talk, repeat her name, tell her maybe next time. Got that? Don't forget to say her name at least twice. You merely have to believe in yourself to pull this off, Rex. Now go over there and say hello to the other

girl, get her friend's name and proceed. I'll follow you outside and we can take it from there."

Jefferson watched his protégé amble up to the bar, stick his hand out to the girlfriend who was at that moment taking a sip from her wine glass. She briefly slid her fingertips into his and they exchanged a few pleasantries. He must have learned what he needed right away because very soon he did as Jeff instructed him. He leaned across the first girl, crooked his finger beckoning the second girl to get closer. She placed her head near his mouth and he leaned in and up toward her ear.

There was an amused expression on the brunette's face as Rex bent forward and spoke to her alone. Her eyes brightened with a half smile, half frown which flew across her lips when he delivered the parting words, raised his beer in salute, took a final sip, set the unfinished drink on the bar, turned around and walked away.

She didn't miss a beat. She was off that bar stool and following behind him in an instant. As they passed, Jefferson heard her say, "Wait a minute. Do I know you? What's your name?"

Rex stopped just beyond Jefferson's elbow allowing him to hear the reply. "No, you don't know me, at least not yet. I just said that to get your attention. But you have an opportunity to give me your telephone number now," he produced a pen and paper. "I'll give you a call tomorrow."

She eagerly began writing. Handing back the pen with the paper under its clip, she said "Goodnight for now," pressed fingertips to her lips, those fingertips to his lips. It was such a show of fawning obsequiousness Jefferson almost choked on his drink.

Jeff followed Rex outside, turned to him and said, ““Jesus God, boy, you’re hard to resist.”

Rex beamed with pride.

“Next time, you may introduce me as well, like you did last night. Is that going to be all right with you?”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t think it appropriate. I mean, you didn’t tell me to do that, so I didn’t. I got her name and number, though.” Rex fished the piece of paper out of his pocket. “You were absolutely right about always being sure you have a pen and something to write on.”

This was sound advice and one of Jefferson’s own early rules. They walked a block to the next pub where the crowd was much thinner, the light was low and there were booths in addition to a bar. Two well dressed young women sat together in one booth with drinks on the table between them. Their conversation was animated and they appeared to be fast friends.

“How do you get them apart?” Rex asked as they entered. He was a quick study, all right. No messing around. Right to the heart of the matter. Jeff guided him to a booth two away from the girls, but in plain sight. Jeff made sure Rex faced the women, not him.

Jefferson said, “Sit tight. We should see a wait person at our table soon.”

Within two minutes they were asked what they would like to drink.

“This is another secret: don’t drink.” Rex made a face as if annoyed by the thought. “Seriously, the problem with many men is they get tongue tied when they have a little alcohol in them. A few more drinks and they begin to stumble over their words. While it is true alcohol emboldens, it also makes you stupid.”

He plucked the straw from a drink the waitress set in front of him and held the liquid up to view. "This is my secret weapon, pal." It was an ice free diet cola. "Kinda looks like a dark ale, doesn't it? Without tasting it, you wouldn't know the difference."

"It's no longer a secret if you told me."

"Nonetheless, the key is keeping your mind active when all the others around you are losing theirs or dumbing down. And here's another trick. Waitress," Jeff beckoned.

"What are those two girls drinking?"

"White wine, I believe."

"House white?"

"Yessir."

"Do you have any Champaign on hand?"

"I believe we do, sir."

"Fine. I'd like to order a bottle. Deliver it to their table with our compliments. Say it is from Rex here," Jefferson indicated the boy. "That's his name, Rex. And ask if we may join them." He pulled a bill out of his wallet, put it on her tray and laid a credit card on top.

She left with alacrity. Jefferson said, "The government taxes tips, which is why service people prefer cash."

It was an inexpensive bottle of bubbly by New Year's Eve standards, but few women can resist such an offering. Jeff turned in his seat to watch as it was delivered to their table and the girls both looked amazed as if to say they had not ordered this. Then they looked at each other when they learned who it was from, turned to admire Rex,

made their decision, and nodded toward the waitress. She poured each a glass and glanced toward the two men with a smile. Jeff and Rex rose and strode over to the table.

Naturally, Rex introduced himself first. When it came time for Jeff to talk, he told a little lie. "I'm a friend of the family. Rex's father and I were roommates in college. You girls go to college, don't you?"

Later, to prove they could write, Rex asked both for their phone numbers. He produced the pen and took a napkin from the table dispenser. After they finished, Jefferson glanced at his wrist where there was no watch, said, "Uh, oh. Time to go. The boy genius has a physics test in the morning. I have to get him home early."

On the sidewalk Jeff said he had no intention of calling it quits, at least not yet. "But I have something to say, Rex." As they walked sedately and calmly to another drinking establishment, the town was full of them, Jeff explained what Rex had done wrong.

"One at a time. Don't get greedy. It is considered bad form and a major faux pas to ask two women for their contact numbers at the same time. You got lucky. They didn't take offense. But I have seen it turn on a dime. So be warned: pick one. Concentrate on that one and make your play to her, not two at the same time." Jeff added, "I'll be there to take up the slack. Learn to concentrate on one once you've decided which you desire most."

"Do I have to pick one over the other?" Rex sounded disappointed. He was just beginning to flex his muscles and it felt good to have the girls' phone numbers in his pocket.

"You have to pick one, let the other one slide."

The evening lasted two hours more and Rex collected four additional phone numbers. By the time he had a few introductions under his belt, Rex became proficient, expert, adept at connecting. The next step came in the morning. Over coffee, Jefferson explained Rex had to call the top two, in descending order, and ask them to dinner.

“One of them is bound to accept and I learned long ago not to ask more than two out without getting a firm answer from one or the other before calling anybody else on the list,” Jeff explained. “None of them need know where they stand in the hierarchy. In fact,” he continued, “never let on that you have others to call if they can’t make it. Tell each of them you were excited by them, you want to see them again and would tonight be good or is Friday better?”

“I don’t get it. Why did you say it that way?” Rex was genuinely interested. He was in a classroom, a unique classroom.

“Old sales technique. Always give the customer a choice and let them pick. Instead of telling them what to do, what night to go out, give the girls options. That way they feel like they are in control.”

The next step, Jeff said, was to create credible dinner conversation for Rex to follow.

“Give the woman an opportunity to talk. In fact, ask leading questions such as: what’s your favorite color? Stupid stuff like that really appeals to them. Don’t ask if they like to cook, tell them you do. In fact, tell them you want to cook for them. I realize you don’t know which is the business end of a spatula, but never mind. We’ll get over that bridge when we come to it. Now, don’t just stare at me, pick up the phone. What’s the matter? Want me to dial for you?”

Rex seemed genuinely perplexed and held the receiver in the air, a finger on the hook switch to prevent dial tone from filling the air.

“Suddenly this sounds kind of manipulative,” he said. “I mean, when does love come into the picture?”

Jefferson struck a strident tone. “What? Do you think women want sensitive, compassionate, caring men? Is that what you believe? The only tenderness they want to feel is around their vagina the next morning. It’s all sex and food, food and sex. That’s it, there’s nothing more until . . .” His diatribe trailed off as Rex looked at him with the same expression you see on the chimpanzee watching you in the zoo.

“Don’t get me wrong, boy. It is good to tell the whole truth, but try not to embellish. Here, let me explain something else to you. When I was your age I discovered 26-year-old women. Now that I’m more than twice your age, I still like 26-year-old women.”

“That sounds so shallow,” Rex said in response. “I mean, you never fell in love?”

“Are you kidding? I was in love with all of them.”

“But what about children. You never had any children.”

“None that I know of. None I was asked to name.”

“Don’t you miss that? I mean kids, a family and all that.”

“What’s to miss? Kids grow up and move out. And they can turn out to be so bad. Your wife either looks as old as you or older. Either way, it’s a good bet you won’t make love more than once a year by the time you’re my age.”

“But what about mortgages and a home?”

“Frankly, having another decision maker involved in buying real estate usually muddles the deal. I should know, I’ve had lots of partners over the years. You know I owned at least ten buildings, don’t you? Still have a couple and let me give you one more piece of advice: multiple units.”

“Not a home? A house?”

“Not at first. You can always refinance multiple units to buy a single family residence, not usually the other way around. And here’s another aphorism: you can have kids or you can get rich. You can’t do both.”

“I’ve never asked, Jeff. I mean, I know you do pretty well from the car you drive to the restaurants you go to when you visit, but tell me the truth. Are you wealthy?”

“I’m pretty well off. I did well. Yes. What do you want me to say? I’m worth a couple million. Not a lot. Maybe a lot to you, but that’s not a lot really. Not in the scheme of things.”

Rex held the handset in the air, let it sway back and forth from its cord. He said, “What kind of dinner conversation would you recommend?”

“Well, to begin with, don’t say something hackneyed like, ‘You have lovely eyes.’ Instead, try something absurd such as, ‘I love your frizzy eyeballs.’ Believe me, dumb works on the first couple of dates. Later on you can say, ‘Let’s go somewhere quiet where we can discuss linear equations and the source of all wisdom.’”

This last comment elicited a blank stare from the young man’s eyes.

“Speak philosophy and mathematics,” Jefferson said. “Tell them you contracted toe-lio when you were a kid. I don’t know, offer to rub their back and let the pox out.

Point is, it really doesn't matter what you say as long as you give them a chance to pick up on it, let them start talking because that's when they pay attention to you."

Rex said, "How about, 'Would you like to wear my shoes?'"

"That's good. It's not my kind of material, it's yours and that's good. I used to say, 'The air is as fresh as the bottom of my pocket.' Nobody understood what I meant by that, not even me. And another thing, you will notice on the first date they barely touch the food on their plate. This is because they want to impress you. They don't want you to think they're gustatory vacuums."

"So who's paying for all this?" Rex asked. "Dinner out, maybe a show, a movie right? I don't have that kind of money."

"Don't worry. I do. I'm backing you. I will see to it you have the money. OK?"

Jefferson offered several more insights before Rex finally began punching numbers on the touch tone pad. Apparently he had his confidence back. As Jefferson waited to hear one side of the conversation, the girls Jefferson had spent his youth bedding but not wedding began to return in his mind and he recounted many moments spent with them.

The list was not long, but it was full of enjoyable never to be recaptured memories. Suzanne lived in a forest near a creek and they made love on the hillside, naked in the morning sun with no one else around. She was a few years older, 27 at the time, when she dumped him for a younger man. He could not remember the name of the pregnant girl next door, but she wanted him to make love to her right up until the day she gave birth. He never saw her after that. One of several threesomes he was involved in over the years, "menages" he called them, was with a porn star named Nancy who was so slight with such tiny budding breasts she played Eve as a twelve-year-old and Flora, into whom he

slipped, moved out of and over to Nancy lying next to them on her back, into whom he slipped, gave two minutes of in and out until he withdrew and moved back to slip into Flora's wet womb once more. Nancy suckled Flora's breasts while he stuck his third leg deep inside and Flora sighed in pleasant exhale. There was Ginger who enjoyed it doggie style on the living room rug in front of a roaring fire. Barbara who, when he asked, "Would you like to suck me off before we go out?" replied, "Where? Right here? Oh, what the hell. My neighbors have seen everything," as she dropped to her knees and unzipped his bulging cock from the blue denim fly, then released it from the white jail of his fruit of the loom underwear. Janet who liked to have her clit licked. And there was the Polynesian princess he met one night at a club. When it came time to drive his friend home, James asked where the girl he was chatting with at the bar was now and Jeff replied, "Those are her headlights in the rear view mirror." She had enormous breasts for such a small girl; he lay an hour with his face between them on his pillows. He remembered many anonymous one night stands where he played the satyr particularly well, sometimes entering the third hole which he tended to avoid except when the girl asked him to take her through the back door which, surprising to him over the years, was not a small number making the request after he filled the other two. One afternoon at a downtown lunch counter he wore his suit and tie, purchased a salad in a plastic container, said hello to a young business woman standing near a potted palmetto. She asked if he lived nearby. "Not far." Then she asked, "Do you have a car?" He replied, "Yes, why?" "Because I'm in heat." He was remarkably slow on the uptake, not sure if he had heard quite correctly, asked her to repeat. "Because I'm in heat. I thought maybe we could go to your place and be back in half an hour. But if you live too far . . ." He set his salad down

inside the pot, lifted his right arm crooked at the elbow and said, “I’m parked down stairs.” Her only request was that he wear a condom. The girl Bob introduced him to at the Adler who lived up stairs and invited him there after Bob left the bar. Manhattan head Jeff liked to call it, and he thought of it often. He lay on his back in her bed, fingers twined behind his neck as she swallowed and enveloped his entire cock down to the base. She drew her head back and ran her fingers gently up and down the saliva covered shaft and sucked throughout the Gershwin piece. When it came to its end he said, “I have pretty good control. I won’t cum until it plays through again if you want.” She laughed lightly without removing his flesh from her mouth, his small rosy head whispered on as she reached over, flipped the record to play again and continued sucking and stroking. When that performance ended, she simply flipped the switch once more without his asking or her removing his cock from her mouth. She sucked through three entire runs of a full and complete orchestral rendition of “Manhattan” before he emptied his testicles and shot his sperm down her throat. She ate it without spilling a drop. He asked Christine, with whom he had an affair for several years, if she liked the taste of sperm as she swallowed, squeezed and pinched the last drop from the tip and licked it down, “It’s not my favorite food.” Martha answered the same question, “Yes, I do like its salty fishy flavor.” Anita, who prized herself on having sucked a piano player off while performing in front of an audience taught him the game of Suck and Fuck. “When you say fuck, I hop on your dick. When you say suck, I hop off and put it in my mouth. Back and forth. As many times as you want. You get to choose where you finish, in my cunt or in my mouth.” He often chose her mouth. And Gina, whose skirt rose up her thighs when she turned to get out of his Fiat and he realized she wore no underwear. She smiled up at him

as he held the door and his eyes widened when he saw the black fur between her shapely Italian legs and she said “That’s for you, Jeffie.”

“Today we will play,” was a favorite line of his as was, “Come with me, and we will have fun.” But he had not said these things to any woman in several years and he missed it, he wanted it back; he would do almost anything to be with one of three women who proposed to him one year and two the following, but how could he have known the last girl to ask him to marry her would be the last girl to ask him to get married? None would he wed except the lovely Isabelle who never asked.

Jeff thought of the many first times, which he enjoyed inordinately. Sex crackled between you when you did not know each other’s bodies, when you finally saw her unclothed, naked flesh, the nipples firm and pointed on breasts that turned out to be no more than a mouthful, a belly that could have a bit more bulge than you expected, hips or calves smoother than you dared hope and the vee of black hair in the center which was always a delight to gaze upon, place thumb between and spread the legs with gentle pressure from forefinger and pinkie almost as if she were waiting for this command which allowed the odor to waft out, up toward his waiting nostrils which were thrilled by the muskiness of her scent sometimes masked with perfume.

He enjoyed orgies and saturnalias, spent hours in concupiscence as an avid satyr using up nearly a lifetime in sexual encounters with different women, sometimes a new one a month. But it had all faded and gone away.

He hoped that might change. Jefferson intended to take advantage of this second time around. As soon as he realized all Rex needed was a little self esteem and he could conquer the world of women, that he simply required a little direction, some small

nudges, pointers here and there in order to win the hearts and bodies and begin to have what Jeff once took for granted, he knew how much he missed and longed to have again a first time, a second time, the continuing perpetual time with a new woman, a woman he recently began to date, a long time affair with a woman or even living with a woman for years because, you see, what he missed the most was the fact the knack was gone, did not work any longer, was a part of his past and there was little or no chance it might return. It was not something one could buy no matter how wealthy you were. You either had it or you did not and you could not pay for and receive the excitement of a first time, you had to have it happen as if by magic.

Except vicariously.

“Go ahead,” Jefferson said. “Call her. I want to listen in if that’s all right with you.”

Rex nodded as if he accepted this. “And I want to watch.”

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