

At Breakneck Speed

The Moped Vents All The Exhaust Fumes!

I'd often toss a little pack in there! Nothing but heavy stuff... All dope!

She was there, near the parking lot.

The road was the most slippery stretch of asphalt in the suburbs! Beneath a bridge, a sewer outlet spewed out huge rats with deadly eyes. That was the old whore's hideout.

"What a decrepit old chump!" I thought.

But I was absolutely starving, and since she had dentures, I figured it might be soft without them.

So, I'm taking her along for a quick ride on the moped.

Blowing wind and crumbling clouds.

Tight thighs on the dual seat. Delivering food is my cover. Right chin, left cheek, there drops her dental!

But it didn't matter. We were there; and we stopped!

Still, she grabs it back—trying to put it in her cakehole.

I told her to leave it: no need to that piece of junk cause I'm really lagging behind! I'm a pizza delivery guy, and—look at this—I had to head back to the track!

Her big ass right under my nose... there she is, the old hag! Oh! What a plot! She sucks me passionately while I take off her stockings.

Varicose veins and various bruises.

I try to slip a finger into her sickly-pink cunt verging on red; but on the contrary, that pussy was all dry—completely dehydrated.

And it stinks! Wow, does it ever stink!

The old chick is badly chapped! A mixture of horse breath and a diseased, old liver. Dead meat! Yuck! Too much of a narc!

A total tox!

Calm the fuck down! "What the heck?" I told myself. "Am I a strut dickwad?" Things got out of my hands...

But instead of let me in, she keeps sucking vigorously, drooling profusely and making loud slurping sounds. And with it out falls her set of false teeth!

She had insisted on putting it back in place, and, favoring me with an involuntary smile, she wedged it between chapped lips.

I thought she was more atrocious—and far worse—than Mom with her clients.

The day was wearing on; it was nearly 1 p.m. I had to unload!

A right hook to the chin, a left to the cheek... and out falls his set of false teeth! Again!

I grabbed her by the ears so she wouldn't pick it up.

I imagined fucking my girlfriend—that "holier-than-thou" type who made a big deal out of her anal virginity—and stretching out her tight little asshole.

"Uh-oh!

— Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

— Ooh!! Ooh!! Oh!! Ooh!! Oh!!

— Ow...

— Oh my Gosh, oh gosh!

— Hmm. Mhm."

Wham! Got it all... I almost broke her collarbones!

After that fling—which, all things considered, wasn't half bad if you closed your eyes—she wanted to foist her work on me, wanted us to shoot up together using the same needle.

I got a real mean streak!

And yet I told her to forget it; there's no point in saddling ourselves with that junk. Sin trick!

On each of her cheeks I give her a faint goodbye kiss!

I am wearing blue jeans, a white T-shirt, a red like do-rag coat covering my head under a yellow beanie, a blue hoodie, and, over it all, a silvery-greenish coat.

All jokes aside, that was dumb. Symmetrical rub, and a light hug?

Never mind.

Before speeding off, I look back at her and see what I did: her lips are swollen, misshapen, and all cracked up!

Despite that—or perhaps because of it—the old fart is genuinely smiling at me... Yuck! So, I maxed up the speedometer in thoughts!

See you, my love, and with you, your larynx!

And don't forget: "Never try to get unnoticed by the cops!"