

## Short Stories

### A Maid in My Bed - And I Always Made It

*Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.* Charles Kingsley

There is nothing average about being a Don Juan, and since I could not even become an amateur libertine and had never learned Spanish, I became a writer of sorts, composing haikus and sonnets about sex, and love, although love always paled without the lunch box and the honeypot to render it real. Of course, I also wrote short and long stories in various forms where sex had to be used in various positions.

*The Milky Way*

Like a newborn sucking  
a thumb, waiting for the  
breasts of his latest mom.

My new job brought me to an old city. I rented a condo, as they call it nowadays in some parts of the world, furnished and with utilities included, but not all of them, of course. I needed a maid. Not at first, however. I am neat in my ways and thus needed little cleaning, save the bathroom, the various floors, and the particles of death. It was also a one-bedroom dwelling, so I will not dwell on it much longer. It was on the seventh floor, exactly halfway between the top floor and the ground level, so the maid only needed a short elevator ride before reaching my door.

Please, come in!

“Nice apartment. It doesn’t even look dirty. What exactly do you need me to clean?”

Just the bathroom, the floors, and the particles of death.

“What?”

The dust.

“Oh! Right!” she said smilingly.

I made coffee, and it took her less than two hours during which I lay in bed reading and counting cats. I paid her and she left. Yes! What did you expect? Please remember that I am not even an amateur Don Juan.

I called her four weeks later when the bathroom and particles of death were starting and then succeeding to steal the show. What show? You know; that of the neatness I was accustomed to. Show and tell!

She mentioned, while cleaning, that two hours of work were not really worth her time. But I like you and you make this place look new, I replied. I could ask you to clean everything else, but as you can see, it is pretty clean, I continued.

“Oh, I see that. You’re a very clean man.”

Oh, I am dirty, but it seems to only occur in my mind.

“You must miss your wife.”

Life is a bitch and a bastard.

“I know, but don’t give up. Life can be good too. You know.”

Yes! I know. But it is hard, too hard. You know.

“Yes, but what can we do?”

We can have sex.

“What?” she replied with a one-eared grin.

I meant; can we have sex?

“I’m still not sure that I understand,” she answered looking into my eyes.

I had lowered mine just then but said: I will pay you for a full day’s work if you also have sex with me.

“A full day’s work?”

A week. A month. A year.

“You’re not that rich,” she said laughingly.

I am not. A week is feasible, but Tuesday is better.

“Starting the week from Monday?”

No! I start my weeks on Sundays.

“You’re a funny man.”

I am serious; very serious.

“I can see that. You’re sweet too.”

But you are beautiful, which rarely loses to sweet.

“I like you.”

I like you too. More than like. I prize you.

“You prize me?”

Yes. I look at you and then I look at myself and think: what a prize you are!

“You’re too funny.”

I hope that I can be even funnier.

“So, you want to have sex with me.”

Yes, I do.

“Before or after the cleaning?”

It is up to you. You can take a shower or even a bath after the cleaning, or arrive here almost ready for me.

“You are funny.”

But how can I let you clean for me before or after having sex with you? It is a bad idea.

“But I’m only cleaning for you. You live alone. You have no family as you had mentioned and no friends. And I wouldn’t mind cleaning for you after or before having sex with you.”

Thank you! I mumbled. Which would you prefer?

“To clean first!”

You are the best.

“Am I? We didn’t have sex yet.”

You are funny too.

“I’m serious; very serious.”

Yes! You are funny too. What else can you do?

“I can sing.”

I love to hear music during sex, but I do not think that you will be singing.

“Oh my God; you are funny.”

And you are sexy.

“And you said beautiful before.”

That too. Beautiful and sexy. I am afraid of what comes next.

“Are you trying to make me fall in love with you?”

No, but it could help me if I miss the mark.

“Do you want to start today?”

Yes! I almost shouted.

“So, I’ll take a shower. You did before I arrived.”

Yes, but can I join you, or can we take a bath together? It may be better than meeting in bed.

“You’re trying something. Well, you’re succeeding whatever you’re trying to do.”

Under the shower, although it would be tight together, or in the bath, head to head or toe to toe?

“You choose.”

Forget the waters! I want to taste you after a day of labour, and it is only two hours of work in your case.

“OK, I suppose. Let me at least freshen up.”

Of course, Dolores! Make yourself feel at home!

She went to the clean bathroom and I freshened the bed. When she returned, I barely kissed her and went to freshen up, especially my head. She was spread out naked on my bed when I returned.

“I hope that I didn’t go too fast.”

I barely noticed, but little Don did.

“I bet that he did. Which area do you think that he liked best?”

I must say that he considered all of you to be one area.

Come here already and kiss me!”

I did, passionately this time, at least it is what I thought when I did. Then came her ass, which I only caressed and squeezed a little, just to feel a whole woman again. She touched my ass too. Well, whatever was left of what was once an ass. Now, it is really my ass. I kissed her again before facing her breasts, which in this case were beaten by her nipples. Triumphant tits! What can one do in front of such monuments? Some would bow. Some would launch an assault. Some would even pull on them. I touched, both, one by one, from right to left, and then kissed them, longly, and lastly sucked the protruding<sup>2</sup> nipples; yes, protruding-squared nipples for at least a minute each. The Milky Way is rarely creamy, and milk is never good if you are not a baby. There was no milk; I was just describing my head at that moment.

What can one say about the pussy? What can one not say about it? It is just a spectacular setting; even the Sun pales in comparison; the Moon is a lump of processed cheese; the stars are too far. The pussy, and I said it before, many times I might add, is the greatest evolutionary fruit, and I mean the greatest thing in the Universe and any other universes that may exist. The pussy is perfection. Naysayers be educated! Take a good look at it! It is beautiful. I am teary just thinking about it. I hope that you understand that I, therefore, mean that the woman, every lass of them, epitomises that perfection albeit on an inconsistent spectrum.

Thank God and any other god and devil for porn! Many thanks to all the pornstars, and eager amateurs — them too — for all their hard work, especially during hard times like the real wars. I digressed again. Back to the pussy, her pussy, and what a pussy it turned out to be! How did I love her pussy? Let me describe the ways. First, I almost cried when I saw it up close. I cry a lot. I even cried, more than once, watching TV episodes of Star Trek and, of course, when Spock died on the big screen. But here I felt tears of joy, also imagining all the bliss I was going to experience very soon.

“Are you OK?” she asked, a little alarmed.

I am fine. You are just much sexier than I imagined, and your pussy is to die for. I will surely be dead soon.

“Oh, thank you! And you’ll be OK.”

My face was relishing her pussy before she finished her last sentence. It was juicy and succulent; better than the taste of any food on any menu. I lost myself in her pussy. It felt like a drug; even better than cannabis. She moaned when I suckled her prominent clitoris. It sounds better than clit, even if it rhymes with slit. She almost orgasmed. I even urged her too,

with my tongue and one finger. No, two! The middle finger and the index. I licked and licked until my mouth was numb, at which point I remembered my half-hearted erection which had been either muffled against the sheets or her feet, or stroked by her kind hands. She wanted me in her mouth, but I preferred to find myself in her pussy. It did not take very long for me to ejaculate at that juncture. Only women orgasm and climax; men shoot and die.

I wanted her to spend the night but she had other obligations. I paid her for the cleaning and the sex. I wrote her a check but promised to have cash readily available for the next rendezvous. She had arrived at 10 am and left at 4 pm. It was almost four hours of heaven. Remember that she cleaned for close to two hours! It felt like a ménage à trois: me, her and her pussy. My Roger; it actually looks like a Don; was like a fourth wheel. It could have been a swinger celebration, her and her pussy and me and my Don, but such couples are often confounded, so there is always one man out, and it is always the prick. Come on! It even looks weird, especially with that wafting negligée on its head. One may even feel at times that circumcision is not such a bad deal.

A problem soon arose. How could I wait four weeks for our next blowout? So, I called her every two weeks, and eventually every week, some weeks even twice. Of course, there was not much to clean, so to bed we went as soon as she entered the condo. One last thing! I do not like quickies; I only like it long, very long. I only like *longies*.

P.S. And I always made it; the bed, that is.

P.P.S. Maybe one day I will tell you about her sister.

## Poetry

### Dirty Pussy Ditty - 'Tis Better If You Sing It



Photo by Shomitro Kumar Ghosh on [Unsplash](https://unsplash.com/photos/BDARQYqX9J8)<sup>1</sup>

You can sing this poem like the song, My Favorite Things, by Julie Andrews (The Sound of Music).

Sap drops on noses and squirts on some faces,  
Crap-coloured tresses and loosely hooked braces,  
Skin-fabric outfits supported with strings,  
These are a few of my favourite things.  
Gals in clear getups with red golden clasps,  
Long pricks that pile up in hallways and dumpsters,  
Sucking parched lips that eat pussy in swigs,  
These are a few of my favourite things.  
Double-crossed asses and ironed-out panties,  
Anus and pussy and pee-covered Dantes,  
Sweet pussies parting with sap on their rings,  
These are a few of my favourite things.  
When the breast swings,  
When the hand brings,  
When I cannot sling,  
I simply remember these favourite things  
And I always cling.

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<sup>1</sup> <https://unsplash.com/photos/BDARQYqX9J8>