



SCROLL DOWN TO FIND THE LATEST CHAPTER

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## *Chapter One*

Alexis Spew, head of the British Secret Service, slouched at his desk and shook his head despairingly as he opened a red folder marked *Sleaze File - Top Secret*. Sex scandals involving MPs were rife, and the Prime Minister was far from happy. The odd cabinet member caught with his trousers down and his purple knob embedded in a prostitute's gobbling mouth was one thing. And MPs strutting about on Clapham Common dressed in red miniskirts and fishnet stockings was almost acceptable. But hordes of half-naked MPs in compromising positions regularly spotted in public toilets was intolerable.

With sleaze continually fronting the tabloids, the PM had instructed Spew to root out the guilty cabinet members and have them discreetly done away with. "I've had enough," the PM had stated firmly during his visit to Spew's office. "The newspapers are full of stories concerning MPs lurking on the common seeking the disgusting and unwholesome services of rent boys. Last Sunday's story was one blow-job too many."

Spew had immediately realized that this was a job for top Special Agent, Dick Shaft. But, as always seemed to be the case when Dick's services were required, he was in Moscow on another assignment. Special Agent Miss Flange would have been an ideal candidate for such a mission, but she'd disappeared in action some three years previously. There was only one man available for the job, the infamous Special Agent, Haynes Blond.

A knock sounding on the door, Spew looked up from the file and grimaced. His narrow eyes frowning over his gold-rimmed glasses as a good-looking young man entered the office, he brushed his greying hair back. "If only Dick was here," he murmured, opening a small bottle of Valium and making a mental note to buy some more *Black as Midnight hair dye for ageing men*. Swallowing a pill, he sighed as he rested his elbows on the desk. *Any special agent would have been better than Blond*, he reflected irritably, rubbing his lined forehead. *The fucking cleaning woman would have been a better option than Blond!*

"My name's Blond, Haynes Blond," the besuited man grinned as he breezed across the plush carpet. "Blond by name, dark by nature. Unlike your hair, sir."

"You're an asshole, Blond," Spew returned agitatedly, banging his fist on the desk. "And leave my hair out of it. Do you think I don't know who you are?"

Blond loosened his crumpled, beer-stained, red polyester, Marks and Sparks tie. "I apologise profusely for my asshole, sir," he said wryly. "I was simply practising my intro."

"Your intro?"

"My name's Blond, Haynes Blond. That's how I introduce myself. It also helps to remind me who I am when I doubt my identity, as I quite often do."

"You doubt your identity?" Spew echoed, rubbing his aching fist.

"Only my sexual identity, sir. Er ... Who am I? Oh, yes. My name's Blond, Haynes Blond. By the way, I had beans on toast for breakfast."

"Shut the fuck up, Blond," Spew growled. "Where the hell have you been for the last three months?"

*On a severe bender.* "Er ... On a secret mission, sir. A secret missionary position."

"On fucking holiday, more like. I won't even mention your expense account."

“It has been creeping up of late. I mean my account, not my ...”

“Blond, you were supposed to have returned from Morocco at the end of June. It’s now fucking September.”

“You really should try and curb your foul language, sir.”

“I’ll curb your balls in a minute.” Spew paused, straightening his bow tie as he scrutinized Blond. “Where *have* you been?” he finally asked, wondering how one would curb someone’s balls.

“Enjoying beans on toast.”

“Before that, you fool!”

“Er ... I was waylaid, sir. I had a spot of bother with customer services ... I mean, customs. They took an unhealthy interest in a plastic bag they discovered in my suitcase. When they noticed that it contained white powder ...”

“White powder?”

“Er ... Talcum powder. It’s for ... It’s a present for a young tart who squats over my face. Actually, she squats in a dirty, filthy, basement bedsit in Brixton.”

“A present?” Spew echoed.

“I should say, it *was* a present. The customs officer deemed it his duty to confiscate the aforementioned bag of powder. He also had me incarcerated by the balls, which I found rather pleasant. I mean, most painful. Still, I’d rather be incarcerated than incinerated.”

Spew held his hand to his head. “I worry about you, Blond,” he sighed.

“Worry killed the cat, sir.”

“*Curiosity* killed the cat. I’m also worried about your psychiatric tests. I’m expecting the results at any time.”

“There’s nothing like a result,” Blond chortled. “So, what’s on the gender bender?”

“On the what?”

“What’s on the agenda?”

Spew’s voice took on a serious note as he locked his narrow eyes to Blond’s. “The PM was here yesterday. He gave me a right seeing to across this very desk.”

“Lucky you,” Blond sniggered. “I haven’t had a right seeing to across a desk since I last popped into the local girls’ school and ...”

“This is serious, Blond. The Prime Minister is concerned about sex and ...”

“I’m not surprised, if that’s the sort of thing he gets up to. It’s bloody disgusting, carrying on like that. Which reminds me of the time I was in a cute little whorehouse in ...”

“Stop waffling and pay attention, Blond!”

“Yes, sir.”

“Sex scandals are rife within the government and the PM wants those involved discreetly done away with.”

“Killed, sir?”

“If necessary.”

“That reminds me. I must remember to buy some brown bread. I just hate beans on white toast without brown sauce.”

“Blond!”

“Sorry, sir. I was making a mental note.”

“That shouldn’t be too difficult for you. So, what the hell do you suggest we do about ...”

Ignoring Spew, Blond walked over to the map of the world adorning the far wall and began mumbling to himself. Wondering what he was up to, Spew finally came to the conclusion that he was probably devising a dastardly plan to do away with the perverted MPs. There again,

Blond never came up with a plan, dastardly or otherwise. Apart from plans to lure young girls into bushes and rip their cunny-wet knickers off.

Watching Blond run his finger over America, Spew pondered on rounding up the perverted MPs and packing them off to some remote island. Far away from the shores of Great Britain, they could carry on with their disgusting and highly illegal ways without upsetting the electorate. *Better still, castrate the filthy bastards*, he mused.

“Stroke me, baby,” Blond murmured abstractly, turning on his heels and facing Spew.

“Stroke your what?”

“Stroke me, baby. It’s a chat-up line I used in a seedy bar in Mexico. Although I say it myself, it worked rather well. She was a randy bit of skirt with bloody great knockers and a shaved ... What time do Sainsbury’s close?”

“For God’s sake, Blond! We are *not* here to discuss your sordid exploits, or the opening hours of supermarkets.”

“Sorry, sir. Please, carry on.”

“Thank you. The tabloids are full of sleaze concerning the government. The PM wants us to discover which cabinet members are involved and ...” Spew paused, frowning disapprovingly as Blond nonchalantly unzipped his trousers and hauled his balls out. “Blond, what the hell are you doing?”

“Scratching my bollocks, sir. I picked up a nasty little rash when I was in Morocco. She was a horny little tart by the name of ...”

“Do your trousers up, man! For fuck’s sake, Miss Honeycunny might come in.”

“She might come off when she sees my equipment.”

“Talking of equipment,” Spew said, rising from his chair. “I want to show you something in the lab.”

*Time for a wind up*, Blond mused, frowning at Spew. “I know how much you like me, sir. But I’d rather not go to the lav’ with you.”

“The *lab*, you fool!” Spew returned, his anger rising as he stared hard at Blond. “And I don’t like you at all.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. There again, I’m not surprised. By all accounts, I was a most unlikable child. A most unlikable child most unliked by most. My mother couldn’t stand the sight of me and my father ... I don’t think I had a father.”

“You do this deliberately, don’t you?”

“What’s that, sir?”

“Try to annoy me. You deliberately try to annoy me. And put your balls away.”

“*Me*, try to annoy you? Nothing could be further from my mind,” Blond replied, zipping his trousers.

“If I believed that, I’d believe anything.”

Opening a door behind the desk, Spew walked into the laboratory and tripped over an electric cable lying on the floor. “Fuck!” he spat, hauling himself up as Blond sniggered. The sound of whirring computers resounding around the lab, Blond gazed at a bank of panels of flashing lights as he walked across the tiled floor. A group men in white coats fiddling with a piece of electronic equipment, others scribbling on clipboards, the place was a hive of industry. Turning his attention to a curvaceous young woman as she bent over to pick up her pen, he plunged his hands into his trouser pockets - which he’d cut holes in should an occasion like this arise - and fiddled with his stiffening cock. Eyeing the woman’s tight red panties faithfully

following the contour of her rounded buttocks as he massaged his swollen knob, he imagined slipping his solid penis deep into the hot shaft of her anal canal.

“What does this look like?” Spew asked, grabbing a mobile phone from a bench.

“It looks like something worth pursuing,” Blond grinned, his eyes locked to the young lady’s rounded buttocks, her taut panties clearly defining the deep gully of illicit pleasure between her anal orbs. “I’d love to slip my bayonet right up her ...”

“Your bayonet?” Spew broke in, following Blond’s gaze. “I’m talking about *this*,” he snapped, waving the phone in front of Blond’s face.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Er ... It’s a mobile phone, sir.”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Spew laughed triumphantly. “It *looks* like a mobile phone but ...” His smiling eyes frowning as Blond unashamedly fiddled with his tackle through his pocketless trousers, he shook his head. “Pay attention, Blond,” he sighed exasperatedly. “I haven’t got all day.”

“Sorry, sir.”

“Now, this is a neat little gadget designed by our top scientists,” he continued as Blond again focused on the firm globes of the young woman’s alluring buttocks. “Are you listening to me, Blond?”

“Mmm? Oh, yes. Intently, sir.”

“This is a technological fucking breakthrough.”

“You’re swearing again, sir. What does it do?”

“I can’t tell you, that’s classified information. Apart from the nature of its function being classified information, I have no idea what it does. But you are to carry it with you at all times. It could save your life.”

“Life’s a bitch and then you die,” Blond quipped. “I shall keep it about my person, sir. In my jacket pocket, to be precise.”

“You do that, Blond. And now for your new car.” Spew walked across the lab and opened two huge metal doors. “There it is,” he beamed proudly. “This is the result of years of work.”

Gazing in amazement at the vehicle, Blond scratched his head. He’d driven some amazing cars in his time, but nothing like this. *I can’t believe it!* he thought as Spew opened the driver’s door and began rambling on about the host of electronic gadgets that had been fitted to the vehicle. Blond eyed the alloy wheels, the deep-throat exhaust and the blackened windows. *I can’t drive a ...* Breaking Blond’s reverie, Spew climbed out of the car and clapped his hands.

“Well, what do you think?” he asked like an excited child.

“A Robin Reliant?” Blond frowned.

“Your powers of observation leave me speechless. But this is no ordinary Robin Reliant.”

“Thank fuck for that.”

“I realize that you’re over the moon, beside yourself with excitement, but try not to swear. You’ll notice that the vehicle is finished in a rather fetching primrose yellow.”

“Will I, sir?”

“You will if you look at the vehicle rather than that fucking girlie calendar on the wall.”

“Sorry, but I thought I recognized those wet pouting lips from somewhere. Had her face been in frame, I might have been able to place ...”

“Will you stop rambling and listen! Now, this is most important. Important to the point of extreme importance. This is no ordinary paint, Blond. It might look like ordinary paint but it contains a lethal quantity of cyanide. One lick, and you’re dead.”

*I wish I could give mine a lick.*

“If your hands come into contact with the paint for more than a couple of minutes, you’ll drop dead.”

“That should keep the traffic wardens at bay. I would have thought the registration a give away, sir. I mean, any fool will know who I am with BLOND ONE plastered all over ...”

“That’s where you’re wrong, as usual. Any fool will realize that it’s not you because only a fool such as you would have such plates.”

“If only a fool such as me would have such plates then it stands to reason that it’s my car.”

“That’s the whole point, Blond. Being the fool that you are, you’d have plates like that which in turn would indicate that it’s not your car.”

“I see. Well, I don’t see but it doesn’t matter.”

“It’s lateral thinking, Bond.”

“Yes, right. Might I ask why I’ll not be driving an Aston Martin?”

“Because you’re a painter and decorator.”

“Am I?”

“Indeed, you are.”

“I thought you said I was an asshole.”

“You’re both. How many painters and decorators do you see driving Aston Martins?”

“Quite a few, actually.”

“How many?”

“Well, none.”

“Exactly. You’ll be working in the Houses of Parliament, redecorating the hallways. The first thing you’ll do is pick up ...”

“Horny little tarts, sir?”

“No! You’ll pick up snippets of information, discover who’s into perverted sex, and befriend one of the guilty members. All you have to do is drop a few hints to get in with him. You know the sort of thing I have in mind.”

“I know exactly what you have in mind, sir. Once I’ve located and befriended a pervert, I’ll get chatting to him.” Blond folded his arms, his dark eyes looking up to the ceiling as he smiled. “How’s this for starters? I could do with a quick shag. I don’t suppose you know any horny birds with hot, wet, tight ...”

“No, Blond, that’s not the sort of fucking thing I had in mind,” Spew returned. “Subtlety is the name of the game.”

“I thought prostitution was the name of the game. OK, how’s this? Er ... Could I do with eating some hot, juicy pussy, or what?”

Spew shook his head agitatedly. “No, no, no,” he sighed. “Try this one. I have an idea that we’re like-minded perverts. Wink wink, nod nod. We must get together for a chat.”

“What if he’s a brown dirt cowboy, sir?”

“A what?”

“A cocoa shunter, a chutney farmer, a chocolate runway pilot, a ...”

“What the fucking hell are you talking about, Blond?”

“Language, sir. What I meant was, what if he’s gay?”

“Gay? Ah, that’s a good point. In fact, it’s a bloody good point. I’m glad I thought of it. Should he turn out to be gay ... I’ll leave it to you, Blond. I’m sure you’ll come up with something.”

“I’m sure I will!” Blond chuckled as Miss Honeycunny approached. “Sooner than later, if my olfactory nerves are correct and that’s hot, wet fanny I can smell.”

Eyeing the young woman's long legs, Blond adjusted the bulging crotch of his trousers. His penis stiffening as he imagined her naked body writhing in orgasm as he crudely shafted her tight pussy, he brushed his dark hair back with his fingers. He reckoned that her suckable fish flaps were dripping with goose grease as she flashed him a salacious smile and winked at him. There again, Blond reckoned that all women's suckable fish flaps were dripping with goose grease. *Time to spurt my spunk and drain my bollocks*, he reflected as she ran her hands over the violin curves of her young body. Cupping the fullness of her rounded breasts as Blond's eyes widened, she wiggled her shapely hips.

"Haynes," she said huskily, provocatively licking her succulent red lips as she tossed her long golden locks over her shoulder. "It's been a long time."

"Time can be a long time at times. In fact, I've not had it since I was body-searched by a naked stewardess at Gatwick Airport last Friday. And that time last Friday was a long time ago."

"I'm sure we can do something to put that right. Do you need the loo?"

"Er ... No, why?"

"It doesn't matter. It was just a passing fantasy. A fantasy that has passed me time and time again during my long and lonely nights and left me wondering what life is really about and ..."

"Miss Honeycunny," Spew interrupted her in annoyance, mopping his brow with a handkerchief. "We are *not* here to discuss sex."

"Aren't we? Oh, I mean ... No, sir."

"What was it you wanted?"

"I know what I want!" Blond chuckled. "A tight, wet, squelchy ..."

“Shut the fuck up, Blond! Miss Honeycunny, how can I help you?”

“The sleaze file, sir,” she smiled, trying to forget her fantasy and appear concerned. “It’s missing.”

“My God!” Spew gasped.

“Fuck me!” Blond breathed.

“Any time,” Honeycunny smiled.

“What do you mean, *missing*?” Spew asked, rubbing his pointed chin.

“It was in the filing cabinet yesterday, and now it’s gone.”

“There’s a mole in our midst,” Spew murmured pensively.

“There’s a fanny in our midst,” Blond sniggered, gazing longingly at Honeycunny’s shapely hips as Spew dashed to his office to answer the phone.

Lifting her short skirt and displaying the triangle of tight, red silk bulging to contain her swollen sex lips, Honeycunny let out a rush of breath as she walked behind the car. She was a horny little beauty, he observed as he followed her, his penis twitching as he eyed the white fish-juice stain on the crotch of her panties. Out of sight of the lab assistants, he unzipped his trousers, hauling his erect cock out and rolling his foreskin back to reveal the bulbous knob of his rock-hard shaft. Kneeling before him, Honeycunny wasted no time in taking his purple plum into her hot mouth and fervently sucking and slurping like a starving babe at the breast.

“You haven’t lost your touch,” Blond gasped, driving his glans to the back of her hot, spunkable throat. “Or your tongue.”

“Mmm, mmm,” she moaned through her nose, rolling her inquisitive wet tongue over the silky-smooth surface of his twitching knob.

“You’re a good cock sucker, Honeyfucker. I mean, Honeysucker, Cunnyfucker ... Honeycunny. Oh, what the fuck.”

“Haynes,” she said pensively, slipping his saliva-glistening knob out of her hot mouth and looking up at him. “Why have you never fucked me?”

“You know I can’t do that, baby. To shove my meaty fleshpole up your juicy spunk pot and release my spunk would be tantamount to screwing you.”

Her sky-blue eyes frowning, she cocked her head to one side. “That’s the idea,” she said, somewhat puzzled.

“Yes, but Spew won’t allow it.”

“Spew won’t allow anything that involves having fun with sex,” she sighed wistfully. “Talking of which, do you need the loo?”

“No, I don’t. Why do you ask?”

“Just another passing fantasy. I do wish you’d fuck me, Haynes.”

“One day, I might fuck you. Anyway, don’t speak with your mouth full.”

“It’s not full.”

“It is now.”

Driving his orgasm-ready glans deep into her hot mouth, Haynes gasped and writhed in oral ecstasy. Honeycunny’s head moving back and forth as she crudely mouth-fucked herself, she closed her eyes, lost in her wanton act of fellatio. Blond looked up at the ceiling as his heavy balls rolled and his purple crown twitched and swelled within her gobbling mouth. This was heaven, he reflected as she wanked his solid shaft and kneaded his full balls. But it would be hell if Spew returned!

His throbbing glans absorbing the wet heat of her sperm-thirsty mouth, he knew that he had very little time as he heard Spew bang the phone down and yell something unintelligible. His sperm finally coursing along his veined shaft and jetting from his pulsating glans, he breathed heavily as Honeycunny sucked and drank from his ballooning fountainhead. On and on his spunk gushed, bathing her pink tongue, spraying the back of her throat, dribbling down her chin as his heavy balls drained. Repeatedly swallowing his gushing sperm, moaning through her nose as she wanked his rock-hard shaft and sucked on his throbbing knob, she sank her teeth into his veined cock. The last of his male cream spurting from his slit as Spew's footsteps grew louder, Blond pulled away, hurriedly withdrawing his saliva-dripping penis from the woman's sperm-brimming mouth.

"What the fuck's going on?" Spew asked as Honeycunny rose to her feet and licked her spunk-glistening lips.

"Er ... Nothing, sir," Blond grinned, zipping his trousers.

"What were you doing?"

*Fucking Honeycunny's wet mouth.* "Scratching my bollocks again, sir."

"Why were you both hiding behind the car?"

"Er ... Any luck with the missing sleaze file?"

"I haven't looked into it yet."

"I realize that," Blond chuckled.

"Then, why ask?"

"You can't look into the file because it's missing."

"I mean ... Never mind. Why are you shaking?"

“Lack of alcohol causes me to shake like a leaf in the wind, sir. I’ll be all right once the wind drops. I mean, once the pubs open.”

“You’re to keep away from pubs, Blond.”

“I wonder what the weather forecast is?”

“Hot, wet and windy. Miss Honeycunny, instead of standing around licking your wet lips, go and search for the missing file.”

“I only wish I *could* lick my wet lips!” she giggled. “Sorry, I meant my pussy lips ... No, I didn’t.”

“The missing file, Miss Honeycunny.”

“Lick the missing file? Oh, I see. Straight away, sir.”

As the woman strutted across the lab, Blond eyed the swell of her rounded buttocks. Pondering on the tight and no doubt fingerable entrance to her rectum, he recalled his contact in Tokyo. The eighteen-year-old bisexual nymphomaniac was desperate to marry Blond and live in England. She was a good fuck, he reflected. Her forte was shoving a cucumber up her anal shaft and using a rubber hose connected to a vacuum pump to suck orgasms out of her inch-long clitoris. While her naked body shuddered and writhed, she’d feed her vaginal throat with grapes and suck her nipples into her hot mouth to add to her debased pleasure. She also put on excellent schoolgirlie lesbian shows for Blond’s benefit, but to marry the girl?

“Now that she’s out of earshot, I’ll tell you a secret,” Spew whispered mysteriously, placing his hand on Blond’s shoulder.

“She’s in Japan, sir,” Blond murmured, lifting Spew hand off his shoulder and wondering whether the man fancied him. “I hardly think she’ll hear you from there. Especially with the vacuum pump running flat out.”

“What? I was talking about Honeycunny. Who the fuck were you talking about?”

“Fukie Fanny, my horny bit of ... My contact in Japan. Funnily enough, she’s Japanese.”

“Stop waffling, Blond. I’ve just received a phone call from Special Agent, Dick Shaft.”

“Good old Dickie. How the fuck is the old perv?”

“In rather an awkward spot. And don’t swear.”

“I didn’t fucking swear.”

“You fucking did, and you’re doing it again.”

“You’re the one who keeps fucking swearing, sir.”

“Don’t fucking argue. To answer your question, Dick’s chained naked to a wall in a stenching hell-hole of a rat-infested, disease-ridden, puss-bubbling, spunk-flooded prison in the darkest depths of fucking Siberia.”

“Sounds nice. Was it a package holiday or ...”

“You’re pushing your luck, Blond.”

“Sorry, sir. I must say that it was rather sporting of his jailers to allow him to use the phone.”

“Are you completely mad, Blond?”

“Not completely, sir. I’d say, on a scale of one to ten ...”

“Shut up. Of course they didn’t allow him to use the fucking phone.”

“You’re swearing yet again, sir.”

“Shut the fuck up, Blond! Due to his professional training and years of experience in the field, he had the sense to nip out and use a local call box.”

“Dickie always had initiative. It’s just as well he also had a ten-pence piece on him.”

“The point is that he’s discovered the phrase used by foreign agents to confirm the authenticity of their contacts.”

Rubbing his chin, Blond thought for a moment. “What does that mean in plain English, sir?” he finally asked.

“An agent meets whom he believes to be his contact, right?”

“Where?”

“It could be in a bar or ... It doesn’t matter where the fuck it is. The agent says, *do you have the time?* The contact replies, *it’s twelve-fifteen.*”

“Excuse me for asking, sir. What if it happens to be five o’clock?”

“It doesn’t fucking matter what time it is, the answer’s the same. It’s twelve-fifteen.”

“What if it really *is* twelve-fifteen, sir?”

“Blond, it wouldn’t matter what the fucking time was.”

“You’re swearing again, sir. My point is, if the agent asks someone the time and it really *is* twelve-fifteen, the agent will incorrectly believe that he’s found his contact. His assumed correctness will be incorrectly assumed. Assumed incorrect assumptions can be wholly incorrect and subsequently very dangerous.”

“Your mental state is bloody dangerous. Anyway, the chances are a million to one against.”

“But there’s a chance, all the same. You should never assume anything, sir.”

“There’s one assumption I made years ago which turned out to be correct. You’re clinically insane, Blond.”

“Yes, sir. Of course, insanity must be looked upon as relative.”

“I would imagine that all your relatives are completely mad.”

“Relatively speaking ...”

“Shut the fuck up!”

Sighing, Spew mopped his brow with his handkerchief. Stuffing the sweat-dripping rag back into his pocket, he watched in despair as Blond began fiddling with an electronic gadget on the bench. The pink, cylindrical device suddenly buzzing loudly, Blond sniggered as a red-faced assistant dashed across the lab and grabbed the buzzing phallus.

“It’s, er ...” the white-coated man stammered sheepishly as Spew frowned at him. “It’s a two-way radio, sir.”

“Press my buzzing tip harder against your pulsating clitoris!” the thing voiced monosyllabically. “Stuff me up your wet cunt and bring yourself off!”

“A two-way radio, my fucking foot,” Spew returned, snatching the device and thrusting it into his jacket pocket. “Go and get on with whatever it is you’re supposed to be doing.”

“May I have one of those?” Blond asked. “It might be useful for ...”

“No, you may not. Now, listen to me. Should you be asked the time, you know what to say.”

“Yes, sir. It’s twelve-fifteen.”

“Good man. It’s unlikely that a foreign agent will mistake you for his contact, but you never know. Right, pick up your decorator’s gear from wardrobe and drive over to the Houses of Parliament. You’ll be met at the gate by a man wearing a black velvet jacket with a white carnation in the buttonhole.”

“Will he ask me the time, sir?”

“Of course he won’t ask you the fucking time. He’s not a foreign agent, for God’s sake.”

“Rub me over your clitoris and I’ll buzz you to orgasm!”

“Fucking thing!” Spew hissed, taking the vibrator from his pocket and smashing it against the wall. “Off you go, Blond. And good luck.”

“Thank you, sir. I’ll report in as usual.”

“Right you are. And don’t touch the paintwork.”

Leaving the lab, Blond decided to drop into Honeycunny’s office before going to Westminster. Another quick blow job wouldn’t go amiss, he mused, creeping along the corridor. Hovering outside her office, he spied through the crack in the door, making sure that she was alone before daring to dash in with the knob of his erect penis protruding from his pocketless trouser pocket. “My God,” he breathed, gazing at the woman in disbelief as she reclined in her swivel chair and parted her shapely thighs.

The hairless lips of her knickerless pussy blatantly displayed, she opened the desk drawer and pulled out a small vibrator. Watching as she switched the device on and pressed the buzzing tip against the erect nub of her protruding clitoris, Blond’s eyes widened. He’d known for some time that she was a sex-crazed nymphomaniac, but he had no idea that she had a vibro and was heavily into masturbation resulting in vibro-induced orgasms. There wasn’t a bigger turn on than watching a woman bring herself off, he reflected, his cock swelling within his trousers, his knob threatening to peer out of his pocket slit.

The trembling woman gasping as the vibrating sensations transmitted through her quivering pelvis, she licked her succulent red lips. “Yes,” she murmured, her head lolling to one side, her eyes rolling as she yanked the engorged lips of her cunt further apart. Gazing into the

dark, wet hole of her accommodating vaginal canal, Blond massaged his penis-head through his non-pocketed trousers as she reached beneath her twitching thigh and drove three fingers deep into her hot lust sheath. Her inner labia gripping her slender fingers as she pistoned her drenched cunt, she let out whimpers of pleasure, pressing the vibrator harder against her pulsating passion spot as her obvious arousal rose.

“Oh, my cunt,” she whispered in her ecstasy, her fingers squelching the juices of female lust within her burning sex sheath. Parting her thighs further, unwittingly displaying her open girl fissure, the distended inner wings of her vagina to Blond’s gaze, she slipped her fingers out of her fiery love hole and thrust them into her mouth. Sucking her juices, licking her fingers clean as the vibrator buzzed against her pulsating clitoris, her nostrils flared as the birth of her orgasm stirred within her rhythmically contracting womb.

Her curvaceous young body becoming rigid, she thrust her fingers deep into the fiery heat of her juice-brimming cunt again, fervently massaging her inner flesh as she tossed her head back and wailed uncontrollably. “Yes!” she sang in her sexual delirium as her orgasm exploded within her vibrating clitoris, her juices or ecstasy spewing from her finger-bloated sex cavern and splattering the smooth skin of her inner thighs. On and on her pleasure rolled, the hairless skin of her fleshy vaginal lips turning crimson as she sustained her massive climax with the buzzing vibrator.

In dire need of de-sperming his heavy balls, Blond watched through the crack in the door as Miss Honeycunny relaxed in the aftermath of her self-induced, vibrator-aided climax. She really was a horny little sex-pot, he reflected, gazing in amazement as she parted the rounded

orbs of her pert buttocks and pressed the tip of the vibrator hard against her tight anal ring. The pink shaft defeating her sphincter muscles, disappearing deep into the murky depths of her hot rectal tunnel, she finger-fucked the tight sheath of her drenched cunt, shuddering and whimpering in her sexual frenzy.

Ramming the buzzing phallus in and out of her tightening arse duct, her fingers pistoning her juice-spurting vagina, she placed one foot on her desk, fully opening her inviting sex orifices in her wanton self abuse. Her naked thighs twitching as her second orgasm approached, her mouth hanging open, she shook fiercely as her intense pleasure built. Her face flushing as her crude sexual stimulation inevitably erupted within her blossoming passion spot, her body contorting with the agonising pleasure, she almost fell off the chair in her near-semiconsciousness.

“Bloody hell,” Blond breathed as she vibrator-fucked her anal canal, her orgasmic juices spurting from her finger-crammed vaginal orifice and spraying her inner thighs. Never had he seen anything like it, and he wondered at Honeycunny’s wanton self abuse as she again cried out in her debased act. Her hot pussy milk bubbling from her tightening vaginal orifice, splattering the carpet between her twitching feet, she maintained her multiple orgasm until her quivering body convulsed violently. The buzzing vibrator embedded deep within the tight tube of her anal tract, her girl-creamed fingers slipping out of her fuckable pussy sheath, she lay shaking in the chair as her vaginal cavern drained.

“Whoops,” Blond murmured, hearing Spew’s voice emanating from somewhere down the corridor. “Time to disappear.” Taking one last look at Honeycunny’s rag doll-like body

trembling in the chair, he grinned. If Spew caught her with a vibro stuffed up her bum, her juice-streaming cuntal crack gaping, she'd be for the high jump. "Duty calls," he muttered, dashing down the corridor. Smiling as he passed a miniskirted lab assistant, he vowed to fuck Honeycunny's tight bottom-hole at the earliest inopportune moment. The woman needed a bloody good arse fucking, he thought happily. Well, *he* needed to give her a bloody good arse fucking!

## *Chapter Two*

**W**earing a white boilersuit, Blond climbed into the Robin Reliant and fired up the engine. Leaving HQ and driving to Westminster, he prayed that he'd not be recognized as he passed his local haunt, the Trotsky Club. Driving a three-wheeler finished in a fetching primrose yellow was embarrassing in the extreme, he mused, stopping at a pedestrian crossing for a hunch back of Notre Dame look-alike woman in her hundredth year.

Smiling as a blonde-haired, fresh-faced young schoolgirl dressed in a tight gymslip crossed the road, he imagined her sniffable, cunny-stained navy-blue knickers stretched tightly over the swell of her young pussy lips. A perfectly normal thought for a perfectly perverted man. The sheath of her virginal cunt was bound to be hot and wet, he reflected, his cock stiffening as he pondered on parting the soft hillocks of her outer lips and tonguing her well-juiced sex duct. Her young clitoris would be ripe for sucking, ready for taking to several tongue-induced multiple orgasms. Her naked buttocks yanked apart, her open bottom-hole would invite his tongue, his fingers - his massive cock!

“Want a lift, baby?” he called, leaning out of the window and eyeing her firm thighs.

“In *that* thing?” she returned sarcastically.

“Any chance of getting my hands inside your wet, navy-blue knickers and finger-fucking your tight cunt?”

“I've heard about sad perverts like you.”

“There’s no need to be like that.”

“Perverts like you should be locked up.”

“I’d like to have my mouth locked to your hot, juicy cunt hole.”

“Piss of out of here.”

“Well, that’s nice. Out of the kindness of my heart, I was simply offering you a lift. And a quick finger fucking, juice licking, pussy squelching, cunt fucking, cervix spunking ...”

“Go fuck yourself!”

“Charming, I must say.”

“Go fuck your asshole!”

“I’ll fuck yours in a minute!”

“Bollocks!”

*The youth of today*, he reflected sadly as she strutted off. Still, it was her loss. Had she played her cards right, he would have parted the swollen lips of her schoolgirlie cunny and slipped his wet tongue into the oh-so-tight sheath of her virginal sex sheath and rubbed her erect clitoris to orgasm as he fucked her pretty mouth and spunked down her throat. *And that’s only foreplay!*

Shaking his head, he pondered on his disguise as he reached the Houses of Parliament. A painter and decorator wearing a boilersuit and driving a Robin Reliant finished in a not-so-fetching cyanide-yellow had no chance of pulling a horny schoolgirlie, he reflected. Had he been wearing a crisp open-neck shirt and cruising along in an Aston Martin with Pulp singing *Common People* blasting from the stereo ... *Dream on, Haynes.*

Catching sight of a man in a velvet jacket hovering suspiciously in the car park, he pondered on visiting the Trotsky Club that evening and getting wrecked. Getting wrecked had nothing to do with the velvet-jacketed man, but sinking twenty-five pints of lager followed by a night of rampant sex with a cheap hooker dressed as a schoolgirlie sounded like a good idea. Sex, drugs and rock and roll - and alcohol. Not necessarily in that order. All at once? Now there's a thought!

"Got the fucking time on you, mate?" the man asked, resting his hands on the roof of the car.

"Er ... Yes," Blond smiled. "It's twelve-fifteen."

"Twelve bleedin' fifteen? Fuck me, it must be at least four o'fuckin' clock."

"No, it's twelve-fifteen o'fuckin' clock. I mean, it's twelve-fifteen." Blond paused.

"You'll have noticed my boilersuit," he said, his lips furling into a grin as he winked at the man.

"Will I?"

"Of course you will. In your considered opinion, what would you say I look like?"

Holding his chin, the man looked Blond up and down and frowned. "You look like a prize fucking prat to me."

"You cheeky cunt!" Blond returned. "I'm a fucking painter and fucking decorator. I paint and decorate, if you get my drift."

"Oh, right. Why the fuck didn't you say so?"

"Because you asked me what the bloody time was."

"I asked you because ..."

"Had you not wasted time by asking the time when time is of the essence ..."

“Forget about the fucking time. Park over there where it says, *no parking, wheel clamps in use*. Then go through that door over there where it says, *no unauthorized entry, intruders will be shot on sight*.”

“Right, thanks.”

“When you get inside, ask for Dave the dyke.”

“Dave the dyke. OK.”

Parking the car, Blond locked the door and turned towards the building. Cringing as the man in the velvet jacket let out a blood curdling scream and collapsed to the ground, he scratched his head. “What the hell ...” *Ah, it’ll be cyanide poisoning*, he concluded, walking across the car park. *Life’s a bitch and then you die*. Pushing the door open, he pondered on the notice. *Intruders will be shot on sight?* “I’ll be OK, I’m a painter and decorator,” he murmured, wandering through the door.

Following a maze of corridors, he finally found himself entering a busy bar. Besuited men drinking scotch and smoking cigars were strewn about the bar like manakins in a shop window and the place wreaked of alcohol and sex and drugs and rock and roll. Blond wondered what the hell he was doing mingling with a bunch of lying, toe rag MPs as he edged his way towards the bar. Still, the sex smelled good. *I’m hardly dressed for the fucking part*, he reflected, hoping that his white boilersuit wouldn’t rouse suspicion as he ordered a pint of lager.

“A pint of larger?” the camp poofter behind the bar echoed. “Darling, if it’s a pint of lager you want, I suggest you try the East Lambeth Working Men’s Club.”

“I don’t want to try a working men’s club,” Blond returned through gritted teeth. “I want a pint of fucking lager. And don’t call me darling.”

“*Fucking* lager? Mmm, I like a man with spunk. I’ve got plenty of spunk. I’ve also got the inclination, if you’ve got the time.”

“The time?” Blond said, raising his eyebrows and looking about him. “It’s twelve-fifteen,” he whispered, leaning across the bar.

“Your watch must be slow, my little pert buttocks. It’s way past four.”

“No, I mean it’s ... Look, fuck the time. I want a pint of ...”

“I’d like to give you a pint of sperm. I’ll tell you what I’ll do, angel eyes. How about a pink gin?”

“A pink gin?” Blond gasped. “What are you, ginger beer?”

“But, of course. I’m an uphill gardener, a fudge packer, a brown hatter, a ...”

“Listen, give me a fucking pint of lager or I’ll rip your fucking balls off.”

“Seeing as you put it like that, I’ll pour you a half.”

“I’ll have two halves in a pint glass.”

“We don’t have pint glasses.”

“Two halves in half pint glasses, then.”

“Two halves it is. Two halves are better than none. Two balls are better than one. So, sweetie pie, what brings you here?”

“Don’t call me sweetie pie. As it happens, I’m a painter and decorator. I’m here to do up the passageways.”

“You can do it up my passage any time you like. Have you got two balls?”

“You disgust me.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere, sweetness. There you are, two halves.”

“I am *not* your fucking sweetness!” Blond looked about him again. “Actually, you may be able to help me,” he whispered. “Do you know Dave the dyke?”

“Dave the dyke? That cheating, two-timing, bum-fucking, arse-licking, unfaithful rent-boy of a mother-fucking bastard! Er ... What I mean is ... No, I’ve never heard of him.”

“Shame,” Blond sighed. “I’m looking for someone who might be able to put me in touch with a bird.”

“A bird?”

“You know, a bit of stuff. A chic, a tart, a bit of skirt, a floozie, a loose woman, a whore-slut, a ...”

“I get your meaning, my little flower. You want to have a word with the Minister for Lesbian and Gay Rights. His name’s Brown, Gladys Brown.”

“*He?*” Blond frowned.

“He changed his name by deed poll. His office is just down the corridor. He’s usually there about now.”

Downing his halves, Blond wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. “Thanks,” he called, hurriedly making his way through the crowd to the door.

“Any time, petal. Come again, I know I will!”

“Don’t call me petal!”

*So far, so good*, Blond mused, walking along the corridor. Hopefully, Gladys Brown would turn out to be a valuable contact. There again, he’d probably be as bent as a Kirby grip and ... Noticing a miniskirted young woman walking towards him, Blond smelled hot, wet fanny and stopped dead in his tracks. In her early twenties with long blonde hair cascading over the swell of her firm, suckable breasts, she was a real stunner. *Wonder whether she’s hot, tight and*

wet? he pondered, imagining his bulbous knob driving deep into the well-creamed, steaming duct of her honeypot. *Of course she's tight and fucking wet, she's a fucking bird!*

“Good morning,” he smiled, as she approached. *She's an easy lay if ever there was one!*

“Good afternoon,” she corrected him.

“I should have said, good day,” he chuckled, eyeing her erect nipples pressing through the tight material of her white blouse. *I wonder whether she sucks her nipples?*

“Why should you have said good day?” she asked perplexedly.

“Well... There'd be no mistake, would there?”

“It might be night time.”

“What?”

“Had you said good day at night, you'd have made a mistake.”

Blond frowned and shook his head. “Yes, but it's not night time.”

“It's neither night nor morning.”

“Look, this is getting us nowhere.”

“Where did you want it to get us?”

*Inside your wet knickers!* “I didn't mean ...”

“Well, you've got us where you wanted us. Be seeing you.”

As she strutted down the corridor, Blond scratched his head. *They're all fucking mad in this place!* he reflected. *Either mad or bent, or both.* There again, this was the Houses of Parliament! Walking on, he finally came to a large oak door bearing the name, Gladys Brown. Knocking, he eased the door open and peered into the room. *No one*, he thought, looking about

the plush office. Slipping inside, he moved to the huge leather-topped desk and began rummaging through the drawers.

“Interesting,” he breathed, opening a file marked, *do not open*. “I just love opening files marked, *do not open*.” Flicking through the pages, he was surprised to discover a list of names, addresses and telephone numbers of what were described as, *horny little tarts that take it up the arse and fuck something rotten*. Ripping the page out, he stuffed it into his boilersuit and was about to make his escape when he heard footsteps nearing the door. “Fuck,” he murmured, wondering what the hell to do. “I just hate wondering what the hell to do.”

“Can I help you?” a middle-aged man asked as he entered the room. Blond stared at the bearded man, wondering why he was wearing a tight red dress. *Whatever gets you through the night*, he thought, looking down at the transvestite’s fishnet stockings and red stilettos. *It’s no wonder the country’s in the bloody state it’s in!* Fuck the country, this was serious. Sneaking around a minister’s office was probably punishable by a life sentence, or a death sentence, or both - or worse.

“Can I help you?” the man repeated, teetering towards Blond. “Jesus, these bloody shoes are killing me.”

“Er ... I’m a painter and decorator,” Blond replied sheepishly. “I was just ... Well, just painting and decorating, I suppose.”

“Where’s your equipment?”

“In my trousers. Oh, I see what you mean.”

This was Spew's fault, Blond reflected. All painters and decorators carried lengths of copper pipe and wrenches and blow torches and ... No, that was plumbers. Brushes and rollers and ladders and suchlike were the tools of painters and decorators. The only thing Blond had was a mobile phone that wasn't a mobile phone, a non-mobile phone that he dared't use because he didn't know what the fuck the fucking thing did or didn't fucking do. Looking up at the ceiling, he decided to stick with the painter and decorator scam.

"Fuck me, your ceiling's in a bad way," he said, rubbing his chin and sucking air in through his teeth like a tradesman. *Why do tradesmen do that?* "Look at the size of your crack," he grinned.

"You'll be in a bad way unless you tell me who you are and what you're doing in my office," the man returned threateningly. "And leave my crack out of it. That's a sore point."

"Point taken."

"I'm not having the operation until next month. I can't wait to have a hot, tight, wet hole with juicy, fleshy bits and ..."

"Neither can I! Actually, I'm looking for Gladys," Blond confessed.

"Are you, indeed?"

"Indeed I am, indeed."

"And what would you be wanting with him? I mean, her."

"Him, her? I was wondering whether he or she was a like-minded pervert."

The man grinned and hoisted his false tits up. "Are you a like-minded pervert?" he asked.

"Well, I could be."

"I'm heavily into like-minded perverts of the perverted kind. Got any dirty pictures?"

Blond frowned, pondering on what he thought might be a trick question. "I have one of my grandmother that's pretty filthy," he said. "I inadvertently spilled coffee over it."

"You're here to expose me, aren't you?" the man asked accusingly.

"Certainly not."

"That's a shame. As it happens, I'm Gladys. Gladys Brown. Brown by name, brown by sexual preference, disgusting by nature."

"Ah, I thought as much. It was the massive penile bulge in your tight dress that gave the game away."

"Are you on the game?"

"Certainly not."

Blond backed away as Gladys lifted his dress and moved closer. Sexual encounters of the bent kind were the last thing he wanted! Eyeing the man's bulging silk panties, his hairy balls squeezed out either side of the tight crotch, he looked out of the window and remarked on the weather. Ignoring Blond's meteorological mutterings, Gladys tugged his panties down and displayed the huge shaft of his erect penis.

"Get your laughing gear round that," he said, pulling his foreskin back and exposing his bulbous, purple glans. "I'll bet you'd like to give me a good sucking off."

"You must be fucking joking!" Blond returned. "If you think I'm the kind of sad pervert who'd even dream of sucking ..." *Ah, saved by the bell!* he thought happily as the phone rang.

Lifting the receiver, Gladys began wanking his rock-hard cock as he spoke to the PM. Blond decided that this was his chance to escape the sad, depraved, homosexual of a fucking

perversed, sadistic, bum-licking, masochistic, arse-fucking wanker. Cautiously moving across the room as Gladys wanked his cock faster and began gasping in his self abuse, he slipped though the door.

“That was a close fucking shave,” he breathed, walking down the corridor. Noticing a door marked *keep out*, curiosity getting the better of him, he opened it and peered inside. “Fuck me backwards,” he murmured, gazing at a naked young woman lying on the floor of the cupboard. “There’s a naked young woman lying on the floor of the cupboard.” *With my powers of observation and seduction, I should have played Sherlock Holmes.*

Her hands and feet tied with rope, her mouth gagged, she looked up at Blond with fear mirrored in her wide eyes. Noticing her shaved pussy, her pinken inner lips protruding alluringly from the deep ravine of her drenched and inflamed vaginal slit, he massaged his erect cock through his boilersuit. She was a horny little tart, he observed. Worthy of a damned good penile-induced anal ring massaging and a stiff, cocktile rectal rogering terminating in a severe bowel spunking. *Where are my manners?* he reflected as she moaned through her nose. “Sorry to have disturbed you,” he smiled, slipping into the corridor and closing the cupboard.

Creeping into an empty office, Blond dashed to the desk and grabbed the phone. Dialling Spew’s number, he tapped his fingers on the desk as he waited impatiently for his boss to answer. A dead car park attendant, a gay barman, a transvestite minister, a naked woman tied up in a cupboard ... There was something out of place, but Blond couldn’t quite put his finger on it. Or up it.

“Who’s calling?” Spew asked.

“Who’s calling who?” Blond said.

“It’s whom, not who?”

“Who is?”

“Who’s calling whom.”

“I’m calling you.”

“Who is this?”

“Who’s that?”

“I asked you first.”

“I’m a painter and decorator.”

“Bloody tele-sales people. Piss off.”

“No, it’s me,” Blond whispered. “Is that you?”

“Of course it’s me.”

“Spew. Is that you, Spew? Oh, that rhymes!”

“Blond, is that you talking bollocks?”

“Who the fuck else talks bollocks?”

“Good point. Where are you?”

“On the phone. Listen, there’s something strange going on.”

“I can’t hear anything.”

“What?”

“This conversation is completely and utterly inane, Blond.”

“I couldn’t agree more, sir. Or less, come to that. I couldn’t agree more or less.”

“Shut the fuck up, Blond. I have bad news. I’ve just received the report from the psychiatrist. He reckons that you’re absolutely, completely, totally and acutely clinically insane.”

“Fuck the psychiatrist. On second thoughts ... Listen, there are things going on in parliament that would make your anal hairs stand on end.”

“Impossible, I shaved them off last ... I mean, what sort of things?”

“A dead car park attendant, a gay barman, a transvestite minister, a woman who reckons it’s neither night nor morning, a naked woman tied up in a cupboard ...”

“What did she look like?” Spew interrupted Blond excitedly.

“She looked like a naked woman tied up in a cupboard.”

“Describe her, you fool!”

“Well, she had tits and a fanny and wet inner lips poking out of her vaginal crack and a wet mouth designed purely for sucking cocks and drinking spunk and ...”

“My God!” Spew gasped. “That’s Special Agent Flange.”

“Special Agent Flange? It can’t be.”

“From your description, I’m positive that it’s her. Has she got long nipples?”

“Very long. Long in the extreme. Or, extremely long.”

“There’s no question about it. The naked woman tied up in the cupboard is Special Agent Flange. She went to the Houses of Parliament three years ago to give the Chief Whip a taste of his own medicine and she hasn’t been seen since.”

“Correction, sir.”

“Yes, that’s what she was going to do with the Chief Whip.”

“No, I mean, correction with the whip ... No, I didn’t mean the whip. What I meant was, correction to your statement.”

“What the fuck are you talking about, Blond?”

“I don’t know, Yes, I do. You said that she hasn’t been seen for three years. Correction, I’ve just seen her.”

“Stop waffling and release her, you fool.”

“Now, sir?”

“Yes, now. Bring her back to HQ.”

“Her back? What about her front, sir?”

“All of her, you fucking idiot!”

“Yes, sir.”

Banging the phone down and leaving the office, Blond raced along the corridor to the cupboard. Yanking the door open, he was surprised to find that the young woman had gone. “Festering, ovaries,” he breathed, wondering where she could have got to. Noticing a white stain on the floor, he went down on his hands and knees and poked his tongue out. Tasting the small pool of cream-like liquid, he licked his lips. “Vaginal secretions,” he muttered, climbing to his feet and wondering what Holmes would have made of the discovery. “With a tang of sperm.” Miss Flange had had her flange fucked, he mused - and recently. “There’s something afoot, Doctor Watson.” *Or a fanny.*

Noticing a door ajar, Blond stole across the corridor and listened as male voices emanated from the room. It was the Prime Minister in conference with his cabinet members, Blond deduced. A little eavesdropping might well reveal the whereabouts of the infamous Moriarty, he mused. And if he was really lucky, he’d discover the whereabouts of Miss Flange and her well-juiced and recently well-fucked flange.

“The bastard Inland Revenue are the biggest fucking, cuntin’ load of bastard thieves in the cuntin’ land,” the PM growled.

*Come the revolution*, Blond thought, nodding his head in agreement. *Fucking cunts!*

“With all due respect, the banks are the biggest fucking thieves,” someone countered.

“No, it’s the church,” another rejoined. “They’re the biggest fucking land owners in the ...”

“Fuck the church,” the PM interjected. “And the pretty choir boys. What I meant was ...”

“We know what you meant, Prime Minister.”

“Yes, well ... The Inland Revenue are a bunch of thieving, fucking bastards. The point is, how are we going to tell the vulgar, fucking bastards of the common masses that MPs will no longer have to pay income tax?”

“Don’t tell them.”

“Fuck me, that’s an idea. I’m glad I thought of it. OK, let’s move on to the problem of MPs being caught on Clapham Common with their knobs sperming in rent boys’ mouths.”

This was worth listening to, Blond mused, looking up and down the corridor to check that the coast was clear. *MPs with rent boys?* Wondering whether there was such a thing as rent girls with shaved vaginal lips and hot, wet, tight, juicy cunts, he decided to take a stroll on the common that night. *Might get my knob sucked and my balls de-spunked*, he reflected, pressing his ear to the crack in the door. *Why are female knob suckers called prostitutes rather than rent girls?*

“I blame the fucking public,” the PM continued. “The interfering bastards go sneaking around the fucking common looking for members behaving badly.”

“It’s the members who are looking for members,” someone sniggered.

“If an MP can’t go to the common and have his cocked sucked to orgasm in peace, then I don’t know what this fucking country’s coming to. It’s high time we outlawed heterosexuals.”

“I agree, Prime Minister.”

“All they do is go on about ostracizing gays and lesbians. It’s time *they* were fucking ostracized. By the way, I’ve been onto Spew at Secret Service HQ. Obviously, as Prime Minister, I have to be seen to be doing the right thing. Spew’s going to have an agent look into the problem of sleaze within the government.”

“Is that wise, Prime Minister? I mean, how are we going to roam the common for rent boys if ...”

“Worry not, my friend. None of us will be exposed for exposing our dicks.”

“But ...”

“Spew has assigned Haynes Blond to the job.”

The room resounding with shrieks of laughter, Blond frowned. *The cheating, double-crossing bastard doesn’t want anyone exposed*, he thought angrily. *The whole thing’s a bloody sham!* Rubbing his chin, he decided that this was war. But his first mission was to return Miss Flange and her sex-juiced and well-fucked flange to HQ. *Where to begin?* he pondered, massaging his erect cock through his boilersuit as he recalled the woman’s shaved vulval flesh. Trying to put himself in the abductor’s shoes, he reckoned that the best place to hide a naked female agent would be in a cupboard. *I’m right so far*, he reflected happily, wondering what Holmes would have done. *So, where would I hide her next?*

Standing outside the cupboard, he looked closely at the floor. He was in luck. There was a trail of fresh fanny juice leading to a staircase. *Interesting*, he mused, climbing the stairs. The

trail leading to a door marked, Minister for Governmental Cock-ups, he gingerly turned the knob. The door creaking as it opened, he looked into the office at a young woman sitting at a desk. *Might as well go for broke*, he decided, walking boldly into the room and staring into the alluring depths of her mammary cleavage. He'd rather have looked into the alluring depths of her vaginal cleavage but she was sitting crossed-legged.

"May I help you?" the woman asked, looking up as Blond pictured her chocolate-brown nipples and licked his lips.

"That all depends on what it is you want," he smiled.

"What *I* want?" she frowned.

"*You Can't Always Get What You Want*. Rolling Stones, circa ..."

"Surely, it's *you* who want something?"

"Do I? Oh, yes, how silly of me," Blond chuckled. "I'm looking for a naked woman."

"No problem. But first, what's the password?"

"Password?" Blond echoed.

"You have to tell me the password."

"Bollocks," he returned. "I don't know the fucking ..."

"Bollocks, that's correct. Go through the door over there," she said, pointing across the office. "The one marked, *brothel*. Fifty pounds up front."

"I don't have any cash with me."

"Credit card?"

"No, my account's been frozen by the Inland Revenue. Fucking cunts."

"OK, you can owe it to me. Have fun."

“Thanks. By the way, do you finger your cunt and rub your clitty to orgasm?” Blond sniggered.

“Several times a day. Have fun.”

Shaking his head disbelievingly, Blond crossed the room and opened the door. “Miss Flange,” he gasped, discovering the naked women tied to a bed. “What are you doing tied to a bed?” Tossing her head from side to side and pulling on the ropes, she moaned through her nose as Blond sat on the edge of the bed. “Why don’t you take the gag off?” he asked. “I can’t understand what you’re saying.” Struggling, the woman nodded her head in the direction of her tethered feet. She was obviously trying to indicate something, Blond mused, gazing at the swell of her hairless vaginal lips rising either side of her deep and extremely wet sex crevice.

“Oh, you want me to fuck you,” he smiled, standing up and slipping his boiler suit off. “Why didn’t you say so?” She shook her head negatively as he climbed onto the bed with his erect penis hovering above her well-creamed sex slit. “No?” he frowned. “Ah, you want my tongue shoved right up your hot spunk pot,” he grinned. “By the way, any chance of lending me fifty quid?”

Licking the full length of her rubicund sex crack, he lapped up her flowing juices of desire. His tongue delving into her tasty cunt as she writhed on the bed, he licked her hot, creamy vaginal walls. *She’s loving it*, he reflected as she arched her back and squirmed uncontrollably. *There again, I am a bloody good cunny tonguer*. Working up her cunt-creamed valley of lust, he swept his tongue over the swell of her ripe clitoris, sucking the solid protrusion into his wet

mouth as she again moaned through her nose. She was going to come and spurt out her lust juices, he knew as her naked body began to shake violently.

“I’d better fuck you,” he grinned, taking the solid shaft of his cock in his hand and slipping his purple glans between her pouting cunny lips. Driving his knob deep into the hot shaft of her spasming cunt, he breathed heavily as she again writhed and squirmed on the bed. Withdrawing his penis until her inner petals of love hugged the rim of his pleasure dome, he thrust his swollen glans deep into her steaming lust duct again. She was a good fuck, he mused as her vaginal muscles tightened around his intruding shaft and her love juice spurted from her bloated cunt, flooding his full balls. There again, any naked woman tied to a bed would be a good fuck!

“God, I’m there already!” he cried, his spunk jetting from his pussy-juiced glans. Again and again, he drove his rock-hard member deep into her writhing body, his heavy balls slapping the firmness of her tensed buttocks as he pumped her young sex sheath full of sperm. Her vaginal juices mingling with his spunk, the orgasmic blend spurting from her burning cunt and spraying her inner thighs as he pistoned her tight sex cylinder, he pondered on his luck. *Life’s not so bad*, he thought, his thrusting cock squelching her well-spermed and extremely tight fannerial sheath. Fannerial? *Life’s bloody brilliant!* His heavy balls finally drained, he stilled his deflating cock and wondered what Holmes would have done next. *Fucked Doctor Watson’s arse? More than likely!*

“You’re a good fuck,” he gasped, collapsing over her quivering, sex-perspiring body. “Give me a minute or two to rest and I’ll fuck you senseless again.”

“Mmm! Mmm!” she moaned through her nose, pulling desperately on the ropes as Blond pushed himself up on his arms. “Mmm!”

“All right, all right,” he grinned. “I know you want my fucking great cock forced right up your juicy cunt again but you’ll just have to wait until I’ve ...”

“Mmm!”

“Don’t make so much bloody noise, woman. I must say that you have a most cuntable fuck ... I mean, fuckable cunt. Do you shove cucumbers up your arse when you masturbate?”

“Mmm!”

“That must be nice for you. I might try it myself.” Finally pulling her gag off, he eyed her pink tongue peeping between her succulent lips. “How about a mouth fuck?” he asked, his sex-slimed cock sliding out of her squelching pussy as she squeezed her vaginal muscles. “How about a damned good mouth rogering terminating in a tongue spunking and ...”

“You fucking bastard!” she hissed. “How dare you come in here and fuck me to a multiple orgasm!”

“I apologise profusely. I incorrectly assumed that you wanted me to fuck your sweet cunt to a multiple orgasm.”

“Incorrectly assumed ... Who the hell are you?”

“I’m the hell Blond. Haynes the hell Blond. Blond my name, fucking crude by nature.”

“Oh, my God! That’s all I bloody need,” she gasped exasperatedly.

“Really?”

“I’ve heard of you, Special Agent Blond. They reckon that you’re fucking crazy.”

“Do they? How nice of them.”

“Yes, they fucking do. And they’re fucking right.”

“Bad language doesn’t become you, Miss well-juiced Flange.”

“I’ll become *you* in a fucking minute!”

“You can’t become me, it’s a physical impossibility. Not unless you dress like me and talk like me and ...”

“Untie me and let’s get the fuck out of here.”

“Certainly, my little spunky cunny.”

“What’s the time?”

“Ah,” Blond grinned. “Now there’s a question.”

“I realize that it’s a fucking question, you spunk bubble. What’s the fucking time?”

“It’s not twelve-fifteen, if that’s what you think.”

“If I knew the time, I would be asking. They’re right, you really are insane.”

“Insane by nature, lunatical by preference. Are you a lunatic?”

“Of course I’m not, you shrivelled foreskin! I shall report you to Spew and have you thrown out of the service,” she threatened him as he released her.

“No one’s reporting anyone,” a male voice resounded around the room as the door flew open and crashed against the wall with a loud thud.

Blond turned and gazed at a man wielding a machine gun as the door fell and hung from one hinge at forty-five degrees from the frame. “Good afternoon,” he smiled. “You seem to have damaged the door.”

“Fuck the door!”

“Yes, quite. I don’t believe we’ve had the displeasure. I recognize your ugly face from somewhere, but ...”

“I’m the Prime Minister. It’s the end of the line, Haynes Blond.”

“Is it? That’s odd. Any chance of a cup of tea?”

“No, the canteen’s closed.”

“Shame, I’m rather parched.”

“There’s a soft drinks machine in the ... What the fuck am I talking about?”

“The soft drinks machine, if my mammary serves me incorrectly.”

“Mr Blond, prepare to ...”

“Die?”

“Exactly!”

## *Chapter Three*

“Where the hell has Blond got to?” Spew complained as Miss Honeycunny strutted into the office on her red, six-inch stilettos and placed a tray of coffee on the desk. “He fucks everything he comes into contact with.”

Honeycunny scratched her juice-drenched vaginal crack through her miniskirt. “I wish he did,” she sighed wistfully.

“You wish he did what?”

“I wish he fucked ... Nothing, sir. Will there be anything else before I go to the chemist?”

“No, I don’t think so. Did you say, the chemist?”

“Yes. I need another jar of Vaseline and some Femfresh.”

“Would you get me some Hardo Cream while you’re there?”

“Of course. Any particular flavour?”

“Strawberry, please. Oh, and some anal lubricant. My wife’s fist seems to be getting bigger and ... That reminds me, did you find the sleaze file?”

“No, sir.”

“I just don’t understand it. Apart from you and Blond, and that one-eyed stray cat you took in last week, no one has been in here.”

“Perhaps he’s a spy,” Honeycunny quipped, scratching her tits.

“Of course Blond’s a spy. That’s why he’s employed by the ...”

“No, I mean the cat.”

Spew looked her hard in the eye. “You could well be right,” he murmured pensively. “I never did trust mangy pussies. I’ll have the flea-ridden thing put down at the earliest opportunity - *and* I’ll have the cat murdered. By the way, I know what you were doing to Blond earlier.”

“*Doing*, sir?” she echoed, her pretty face reddening.

“Does the phrase *blow-job* jangle any balls? I mean, ring any bells.”

“Oh, that.”

“Yes, *that*. It’s just not good enough, Honeycunny. I cannot have a member of my staff behaving in such a sordid and orally disgusting oral manner.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“You will be if it happens again. I know that you’re as abnormal as the next nymphomaniacal woman, Honeycunny. Obviously, you get hungry and like a bit of ... I also realize that the oral incident in question isn’t entirely your fault. Blond’s equally to blame for the sordid episode, if not more so.”

“That’s right, sir. I was so frightened. He forced me to kneel down and open my mouth and suck and lick his beautiful ...”

“Don’t push your luck, Honeycunny. OK, off you go. And mind what you put in your mouth in future.”

“Yes, sir.”

Popping another Valium as the stray cat wandered into the office, Spew rubbed his chin. The cat might have been planted by a foreign agent, he mused. It would be easy enough to hide a small transmitting device in the animal’s fur. If that was the case, then any conversations made with the cat present would be heard by the enemy. *An agent might be hiding outside somewhere listening to my every word*, Spew thought, wondering whether to blow the cat away with a

twelve-bore shot gun. Coming up with a better idea, he got down on his hands and knees beneath the desk and stroked the feline.

“Our new military base in Catswana is a closely guarded secret,” he said. “Don’t worry, Prime Minister, this phone call is being scrambled. Yes, our nuclear sub is still patrolling the Straits of Dire. No, Haynes Blond is in Los Angeles on holiday. Of course, Prime Minister. I’ll be in touch.”

Banging his head on the desk as he rose to his feet, Spew grimaced. “Fuck!” he cursed, flopping into his chair. “Fucking fuck, fuck!”

“Is everything all right, sir?” Honeycunny asked, leaning in the doorway and scratching her crotch.

“Ah, Honeycunny,” he smiled. “I didn’t know you were there.”

“Neither did I until I was here. There again, I suppose I wouldn’t know I was here before I was here. Why were you talking to the cat, sir?”

“Er ... I wasn’t.”

“I’ve been watching you. You were on your hands and knees beneath the desk talking to the cat.”

“Well, yes ... I was just making sure he was OK. I thought he might be a little lonely and ...”

“Are you feeling all right, sir? I mean, are you of a sound mind?”

“Of course I am. What are you implying?”

“It just seems strange to call the cat, *Prime Minister*.”

“Yes, yes, I ... I’ve decided that we’ll name the cat, Prime Minister. It’s better than tiddles, don’t you agree?”

“If you say so. I’ll get off to the chemist, then.”

“Yes, you do that. And don’t forget my Hardo Cream.”

Sighing as the woman left, Spew checked his watch. Blond should have reported in, he reflected agitatedly. There again, knowing Blond, he was probably in some seedy bar chatting up a young knickerless floozie with a dripping lust hole and ... There was no need for concern, Spew concluded. As usual, Blond would materialize at some stage and start talking a load of bollocks about how he was waylaid by a prostitute or attacked by a gang of vicious agents disguised as pension book-wielding grandmas. Cursing as the cat clawed his leg and ripped his trousers, Spew leaped up from the desk.

“Get the fuck out of here!” he yelled, almost falling over as he tried to kick the cat up the arse. “Fucking well fuck off!”

“I beg your pardon?” a besuited man asked as he appeared in the doorway.

“Oh, Watson,” Spew grinned sheepishly as the cat shot out of the room like a bat out of hell. “I’m sorry about that. I was talking to the cat. Er ... I don’t mean having a conversation with the cat. Anyone who’d have a conversation with a cat would be deemed insane.”

“Indeed, they would.”

“So, how can I help you, Watson? How might I be of help in your helplessness?”

“I’m far from helpless. I’m concerned about Blond’s psychiatric tests.”

“Yes, I’ve received your psychiatrically disturbing psychiatric report.”

“In my unconsidered psychiatric opinion, Haynes Blond doesn’t exist.”

“He doesn’t ...” Spew paused, taking the incredible theory on board. “You know what this means, don’t you, Watson?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Neither do I. Wait a minute. Of course Blond exists,” he returned. “I was speaking to him earlier.”

“You’ve heard the term, *I think, therefore I am?*”

“Have I? Oh, I mean, yes.”

“Blond doesn’t think, therefore he aren’t ... I mean, he isn’t.”

“Aren’t he? Hang on, hang on. If he isn’t, then what is he?”

“Nothing, he doesn’t exist.”

“Wrinkled ball bags! I wonder whether Blond realizes that he doesn’t exist?”

“I doubt it. A mind that thinks nothing and therefore isn’t can play tricks on the nonexistent mind. He probably believes beyond all doubt that he exists when doubtless he undoubtedly doesn’t exist.”

“I’m with you, Watson. Well, I’m not but ...”

“Would you like me to break the devastating news or will you tell him?”

“I’ll tell him,” Spew murmured sadly. “I suppose I’d better inform his mother, too. The poor woman will fall into a state of vaginal shock when she hears that her son doesn’t, and probably never did, exist. It must have been a difficult birth, seeing as there was no baby born at the time of the birth of a baby boy.”

“At least it wouldn’t have been a breach birth.”

“A breach of contract, seeing as the contract to deliver a baby was breached.”

“I wouldn’t want to be in your shoes,” Watson sighed.

“Why’s that? Are you suggesting that my feet smell?”

“No, no. It’s just that I don’t like elasticated Marks and Sparks slip-ons.”

“Neither do I. I only wear them because they were a gift from a pregnant nun.”

“It’s a sad life at times. Well, I’ll leave you to get on.”

“Right you are. And, Watson.”

“Yes?”

“Thanks. Thanks a million.”

“Don’t mention it.”

“I won’t.”

As the psychiatric left the office, Spew perched himself on the edge of the desk. It was hard at the top, he reflected. The rest of it was pretty hard at times but being at the top of the British Secret Service was hardest of all. *Poor old Blond*, he mused, wondering how to break the news as the one-eyed cat peered around the door. His shredded trousers flapping as he walked across the room and rested his bum against the windowsill, he scratched his balls. *If Blond doesn’t exist, then how can I tell him that he doesn’t exist?* he pondered. “Fucking hell,” he breathed. “Of course Blond exists. Watson needs psychiatric fucking help!”

Blond looked up at the PM as his wrists and ankles were secured to the table by metal clamps. He was in real trouble, he knew as he lifted his head and gazed at the circular-saw blade spinning between his thighs. The blade nearing his naked crotch, he reckoned that he had about a minute before the two halves of his scrotum parted company. The last thing he wanted was a ballectomy, he mused, pulling desperately on his bonds.

“You’re doomed!” the PM chuckled in his devilry. “Your balls are doomed!”

“Wait!” Blond gasped, his eyes darting between the whirring blade and the PM. “Can’t we do a deal?”

Switching the saw off, the PM frowned. “A deal?” he echoed. “You’re in my torture chamber, Blond. You’re hardly in a position to do deals.”

“Yes, but ... What day is it?”

“Tuesday.”

“Thank God for that. I thought it was Wednesday. It’s just that I have to pay my phone bill by Wednesday otherwise the bastards will cut my balls off. Excuse the pun.”

“You’ve plenty of time, it’s only Tuesday. I know that because my grandmother calls on ... Stop talking bollocks.”

“At least I still have my bollocks to talk about.”

“Not for long, you haven’t. What sort of deal did you have in mind?”

“A square deal. I’ll give you my new mobile phone if you release me.”

“I don’t know, Blond. It’s tempting, but ...”

“I’ll also take you for a spin in my new Robin Reliant.”

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do” the PM smiled. “I’ll forget about sawing your bollocks in half if you agree to my secretary sexually abusing you.”

“You’re on!” Blond grinned.

“Am I? I wondered what that mess was.”

Ordering the Minister of Sex Education to release Blond, the PM moved to the window and rubbed his stubby chin. Pondering on having his shaver repaired, he grinned as his secretary entered the small room. In her late teens with long jet-black hair, the little tart was a real beauty. She was an invaluable member of staff, even though she did break the PM’s razor by shaving her

pubic hairs. She was also an insatiable nymphomaniac who couldn't survive without a minimum of a dozen damned good fucks every day.

“I need vile sex,” the girl breathed, gazing at Blond's naked body as he stood before her. “Really perverted, debased, filthy, disgusting, vile ...”

“I can give you a hand on that front,” Blond smiled as she tore her flimsy dress off.

“I don't want your hand,” she returned, looking down at a tattoo of an erect penis adorning the swell of her firm tits. “It's your cock I want. And I want it forced right up my Gary.”

“Up your Gary?”

“Gary Glitter, council gritter, pint of bitter, shi ...”

“Ah, I'm with you. You want my magnificent cock shoved right up your kingdom come.”

“Thy will be done, and done rotten,” she grinned, leaning over the table. “Christ, that saw blade looks fucking sharp.”

“It fucking is, you'd better be careful.”

“OK, shove your cock right up my kingdom come and come.”

To fuck an eighteen-year-old girl's bum rather than have his balls separated by a circular-saw was a pretty good deal, Blond knew as he stood behind her with his rock-hard weapon in his hand. Reaching behind her back, she yanked her firm buttocks apart, opening the brown ring of her anal eye in readiness for Blond's bulbous glans. The PM and the Minister of Sex Education gleefully looking on, Blond pressed his solid pleasure plum against the delicate tissue of her bottom-hole.

“Shove it right up my arse!” she gasped in her wickedness as his knob defeated her anal sphincter muscles, penetrating her rectal duct and slipping into the dank heat of her bottom sheath. “God, you’re big!” Driving his veined shaft into the murky depths of her hot bowels, Blond gasped as she tensed her muscles and gripped his twitching organ. She was a right little tart, he mused as his heavy balls pressed against the swell of her wet vaginal lips. And right little tarts deserved a damned good anal rogering terminating in a crude bowel sperming.

“Spunk my arse!” she cried, squeezing her muscles again and crushing Blond’s purple plum. Withdrawing, he grabbed her shapely hips and drove into her again, his rock-hard shaft stretching the clammy walls of her rectal tract, jolting her naked body with his illicit penile pistoning. Again and again his swollen knob glided along her anal duct, massaging the soft walls of her tightening sex tube as she squirmed and writhed in her depraved pleasure. Gasping, projecting her naked buttocks further to allow him deeper penetration, she clung to the table as her naked body began to shake violently. Close to coming as his knob swelled and throbbed within her tight arsehole, Blond increased his debased anal fucking rhythm, shagging the little whore like there was no tomorrow.

Repeatedly pistoning the tight cylinder of her arse with his huge cock, his lower belly slapping the rounded firmness of her bum cheeks, he felt his sperm coursing along his solid cock shaft as his ballooning glans throbbed. “Jesus!” he cried as his sperm jettied from his purple crown, lubricating the crude rectal pistoning. “You’ve got a tight Bovril bypass!” His swinging balls slapping the wet cushions of her vaginal lips, he arse-fucked her with a vengeance, delighting in his crudity, and hers, as she cried out in her wanton act of depravity.

Chuckling, the PM watched the crude anal rogering as Blond drained his swinging balls and the girl let out screams of pure sexual ecstasy. The squelching sounds of arse fucking resounding around the room, the girl shuddered as her vaginal muscles tightened, squeezing out her lubricious juices of orgasm as her thighs twitched and her arse crushed Blond's thrusting knob. Her clitoris pulsating, her inner thighs dripping with spunk and cunny cream, she projected her buttocks even further, offering the very core of her hot bowels to the intruding knob. Rocking her naked body, meeting the penile thrusts, she cried out again as her orgasm peaked, sending tremors of crude sex through her quivering pelvis.

This was what real sex was about, Blond reflected as his balls drained, the last of his spunk pumping into the girl's spasming anal canal. There was nothing like riding bareback on a frisky filly. Talking of arse shagging, it was about time Miss Honeycunny had her arse screwed rotten, he again decided as he stilled his deflating cock. His knob absorbing the inner heat of the young girl's anal cylinder, the root of his huge shaft stretching her delicate brown ring, he pondered on the immediate future. There was no way Honeycunny was going to enjoy a bowel spunking while he was held prisoner in the PM's torture chamber. But, apart from arse fucking Honeycunny, his priority was to make his escape.

"You did well, Mr Blond," the PM grinned.

"Although I say it myself, I'm a damned good arse fucker," Blond replied, slipping his sperm-glistening penis out of the girl's hot anal duct. "My nickname at school was arse fucker, although I have no idea why."

“Really? I hope it wasn’t a boys’ school.” The PM hesitated, rubbing his solid cock through his trousers as he gazed into Blond’s eyes. “I’m sorry to be the bearer of bad news but I have to tell you that I’m the bearer of bad news,” he finally confessed.

“Bad news?” Blond echoed, watching the girl reach behind her back and sink two fingers deep into her well-spunked anal sheath. “What is this bad news that’s so bad it’s bad news?”

“I lied to you.”

“You lied?” Blond frowned, his spermed cock snaking over his hairy ball bag as he rubbed his chin. “You’re the Prime Minister, and you tell lies? I simply can’t believe it.”

“Of course you can’t believe it, it’s a lie.”

“What is?”

“Everything I say is a lie. Everything that dribbles from my mouth is a blatant lie. Apart from my secretary’s vaginal juice, that is. Anyway, forget about that. The bad news is that you’re to remain here until you die. And that’s the truth of the matter.”

“Shit, that could be fucking years!”

“Shit, it could be longer than that. I’m sorry, Blond, but I have no choice. I’m choiceless.”

“Sounds nasty.”

“It is. I know that you’re a decent sort of chap and ...”

“No, I’m not.”

“That’s true. The thing is, I’m the Prime Minister and I have to do these dreadful things. It’s a sad and depraved part of the job. Believe me, I don’t like it.”

“How can I believe you when you’re a liar?”

“Good point. Anyway, let’s stop talking crap. On second thoughts, I’m pretty good at talking crap. I talked crap at Brighton and I’ll talk crap again.”

“Am I going to get another fuck or what?” the young girl asked as she slipped her fingers out of her well-spunked bottom-hole.

“Shut up, Marianne,” the PM returned. “Can’t you see that I’m talking to the infamous Haynes Blond?”

“That’s all you ever do. Talk, talk, fucking talk.”

“Go back to my office and use the vibrator if you’re that desperate to come.” Turning to Blond as the girl strutted off, the PM smiled. “You see, Haynes ... You don’t mind if I call you Haynes?”

“It’s better than cunt face.”

“Yes, it is. Who calls you cunt face?”

“My mother.”

“My mother’s a right bitch. She calls me bog face. The thing is, Haynes ... Now I’ve forgotten what I was going to say.”

“Prime Minister, would you mind awfully if I were to move my car? It’s the wheel clampers, you see.”

“They’re a right bunch of fucking bastards. You go and move your car and by the time you get back I’ll have remembered what it was I was going to say.”

“That’s awfully good of you.”

“Mention it not.”

“Thank you. I won’t mention it, either.”

Hurriedly donning his boilersuit, Blond left the room and made his escape. The PM was as thick as two short planks, he mused as he reached his car. There again, that’s why he was the Prime Minister. *No wonder the country’s fucked*, Blond reflected, noticing a dead wheel-clamper

lying on the ground by the Robin Reliant. Starting the engine, he decided to pop into the Trotsky Club. Spew would only bollock him for not rescuing Miss Flange, so it was best to spend the night leaning on the bar getting totally pissed and chatting up any young floozie who happened to come his way, or come over his face, or in her knickers, or over his rolling balls, or ...

“Good evening, Mr Blond,” the man on the door said as Blond entered the club.

“Boilersuits aren’t allowed, I’m afraid.”

“Aren’t allowed to do what?” Blond frowned.

“To enter the club.”

“But *I*’m entering the club, not the ... Oh, I see what you mean.”

“I’ll let you off this time.”

“Thanks, you’re a mate. Well, you’re not. In fact, I don’t even like you let alone look upon you as a mate. Come to think of it, I can’t stand the sight of you. But thanks anyway.”

“You’re most unwelcome, Mr Blond.”

Making his way to the bar, Blond again cursed Spew for forcing him to wear a boilersuit. *Fucking prat*, he reflected, brushing his hair back with his fingers as the barmaid smiled at him. Ordering a pint of strong lager, he sat on a bar stool and adjusted his sperm-sticky cock. The barmaid was a right little tart, he mused, eyeing her deep cleavage as she placed his beer on the counter. She was also a stuffy bitch because she always rejected his crude and usually highly illegal sexual advances.

“How are you this evening, Caroline?” he smiled. “Hot and wet in the cuntal area?”

“More to the point, how are *you*, Mr Blond?” she asked, leaning on the counter and deliberately forcing her tits up to accentuate her mammary cleavage.

“The same as I was last night,” he replied.

“You’re unhappy?”

“Am I?”

“You were last night.”

“That’s because you wouldn’t serve me.”

“You were unconscious, Mr Blond. How could I serve you when you were unconscious on the floor?”

“By ripping your skirt off and ... Yes, well ... We won’t go into that.”

“Into what?”

“Your knickers. I’d like to get inside your cunny-wet knickers, Caroline. Of course, if you won’t let me, there’s not much I can do about it. There again, I could always pull them down with my teeth and suck and lick ...”

“Oh, I almost forgot,” she interrupted him. “There’s a woman sitting at the corner table over there who’s waiting to meet you.”

“A woman? I could do with meeting a woman. I could also do with pulling a woman’s knickers down with my teeth and sucking and licking ... I wonder whether she fucks?”

“I have no idea, Mr Blond. Perhaps you should ask her.”

“Perhaps I should. It’s a shame that you don’t fuck, Caroline. Still, it’s your loss. I’d better go and join her. Dearly beloved, we are joined here today in sexual intercourse. You will excuse me, won’t you?”

“Why, what have you done?”

“Nothing, yet.”

Wandering across the bar with his drink, Blond scrutinized the attractive young lady sitting alone in the corner. In her mid-twenties with long blonde hair framing her angelic face, she was a real stunner and he wondered whether or not she fucked rotten. *Biggish tits*, he observed, gazing at her tight blouse straining to contain her massive breasts. He couldn't abide big tits. Apart from the nipples ending up in the armpits, which was a real turn off, what the hell were you supposed to do with them? Push them together and fuck the cleavage?

"I hate big tits," he mumbled as he approached the table.

"Charming!" the woman returned.

"Sorry, I didn't mean ... I was thinking aloud. Not about you, you understand."

"Who the hell are you and what the fuck do you want?"

"To answer your first question first, that is, before the second question, my name's Blond - Haynes Blond. As for your second question which I shall now answer seeing as I've answered the first, which makes the next question the second question ..."

"Sit down and shut up, Mr Blond. My name's Eva Titsky."

"Eva. That's a nice name. No, I cannot tell a lie. To be honest, I don't like it at all. It's a crap name. It stinks."

"What's in a name?"

"Not a lot. The barmaid said that you were waiting for me."

"I've been watching you for some time now, Mr Blond."

"Damn! You didn't notice me picking my nose, did you?"

"Please, this is of the utmost importance. I would have approached you last night but you passed out."

“Someone spiked my drinks.”

“Fucking bastards.”

“They’re a right bunch of cunt-faced ... Wait a minute, if you know who I am, then why did you ask who the hell I was and what the fuck I wanted?”

“It was a clever ploy on my part. The point is, Mr Blond ...”

“Haynes, call me Haynes.”

“Why?”

“Why not? It’s better than cunt face.”

“OK, Haynes. I’m your London contact.”

Blond frowned. “What time is it?” he whispered.

“Just gone six. The thing is ...”

“Are you sure it’s not twelve-fifteen?”

“Twelve-fifteen? Mr Blond, it’s five past six.”

“No, no ...”

“What the fuck are you on about?”

“If you’re my contact, then ... No, I can’t tell you.”

“What do you know about twelve-fifteen?” she asked suspiciously.

“Not a lot, apart from the fact that it’s fifteen minutes past midday - or midnight, come to that. It’s also fifteen minutes past twelve.”

“You know nothing else about that particular time?”

“No, why?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

Looking around the bar, she pulled a piece of paper out of her cleavage. She looked nervous, Blond observed as she fiddled with her hair, twisting her golden locks around her slender fingers. She wasn't a foreign agent, that was for sure. If she was his London contact, then it was odd that Spew hadn't mentioned her. There again, what with the excitement of the Robin Reliant and the non-mobile phone, perhaps he'd forgotten to mention it. Scrutinising the woman's nipples clearly defined by her tight blouse, Blond's penis stiffened as she passed him the piece of paper.

"Meet me at this address," she whispered. "Be there at eight this evening."

"Why?" he asked, reading the address.

"To receive your instructions."

"I know that Spew was overly excited about the car, but he mentioned nothing about this."

"No, he wouldn't. Look, I have to go. I'll see you at eight."

As she left the table, Blond caught sight of her stockinged legs as he downed his pint. Wondering what colour her knickers were, and whether or not they were well cunny-juiced, he ambled back to the bar and sat on a stool. *Eva Titsky*, he mused, sure that he knew the name from somewhere as he eyed the barmaid's deep cleavage. Ordering another drink, he checked his watch. He had just under two hours before meeting the mysterious woman - enough time to get really plastered.

"You want to take it easy, Mr Blond," Caroline grinned as she passed him a pint of lager.

"This stuff's six percent by volume."

“All the better to blow my bollocks clean off,” he quipped. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to swear. Well, I suppose I fucking did mean to swear but ... That woman I was with. She said that she was here last night.”

“That’s right. In fact, I’ve seen her in here several times over the last week or so.”

Blond looked around the empty bar and leaned forward. “Caroline, would you do me a great favour?” he whispered.

“If I can.”

“This is very important. Show me your clitoris.”

“Certainly not!”

“Go on, just a quick look. I promise not to touch it.”

“Mr Blond, will you get it into your thick head that I am not going to show you my clitoris, or any of my other naughty bits that you continually demand to see.”

“When you’re in your bed at night, do you ...”

“And don’t ask me whether I masturbate. Is that *all* you think about?”

“Well, yes. I can’t help but picture you with your fingers up your ...”

“Spare me the sordid details, please. Night after night you put me through this.”

“I’m sorry. I promise I’ll never ask you again.”

“Thank God for that.”

“Tell me, how big is your clitoris?”

“Mr Blond!”

“OK, OK. It’s quiet in here tonight. Where the hell is everyone?”

“Elsewhere.”

“Where’s that?”

“Anywhere else other than here.”

“Oh, right. I’ll have another sixteen pints of lager and then I’ll be going. I have an appointment at eight but don’t tell anyone because it’s a state secret.”

Turning at the sound of the door opening, Blond frowned as a middle-aged man entered the bar. Wearing a Gaberdine mac with a newspaper folded over his arm, his eyes concealed by dark glasses, he looked highly suspicious. He didn’t smell too good either, Blond mused, gazing out of the corner of his eye as the man stood next to him and ordered a large vodka. Turning again as another man walked into the bar, Blond began to feel uneasy. Something was afoot, and an armpit, but what?

Watching as the two men went into the toilets, Blond placed his glass on the counter and followed them. They were either bum boys or foreign agents, he decided, slipping into a cubicle as the men stood at the urinals and whipped their dicks out. Standing on the toilet seat, he peered over the door and watched the suspects. He didn’t reckon that they were gay as they both seemed to ignore each other’s cocks as they pissed all over the floor. *Dirty bastards!*

“What time is it?” one asked with a heavy foreign accent.

“Twelve-fifteen,” the other replied.

“Fuck,” Blond murmured. “Twelve fucking fifteen.”

“The meeting is taking place at eight this evening.”

“That is good, comrade. I shall be there.”

Almost slipping off the toilet seat as the men zipped their trousers and walked to the door, Blond pulled the chain to bring credence to his visit to the cubicle. *The meeting is at eight*, he

mused, returning to the bar. It was quite a coincidence that his meeting with Eva Titsky should coincide with the meeting the men were coincidentally attending at eight that evening. *Coincidence is a funny thing*, he reflected, sitting on the bar stool and downing his pint. It was also quite a coincidence that this coincidence should take place. But it was nothing more than coincidental. Or was it?

“Another one please, Caroline,” he said, placing his empty glass on the bar as the men left. Leaning forward, he whispered in her ear. “Have you seen those two before?” he asked.

“Of course I have,” she returned somewhat indignantly, looking down at the half-moons of her firm breasts bulging between her parted blouse.

“No, I don’t mean your tits. Those two men, have you seen them before?”

“Oh, I thought you meant ... No, I’ve never seen them. Why do you ask?”

“I never ask, I only enquire.”

She raised her eyes. “It’s the same thing,” she said.

“No, it’s not.”

“Yes, it is. Anyway, I can’t stand here chatting. I have a busy bar to run.”

“The bar’s empty.”

“No, it’s not.”

“Yes, it is.”

“You’re here, aren’t you?”

“Well, yes.”

Shaking his head despairingly as she started wiping glasses, Blond decided to go to the address early. If he waited until eight, he’d be as pissed as a rat, which might jeopardize the

meeting. Apart from that, he knew only too well that rats didn't get pissed. Downing his pint, he said goodbye to Caroline and left the bar. This was the beginning of an exciting and dangerous mission, he knew as he walked along the deserted street. There again, it might be the beginning of nothing more than a meeting with Eva Titsky's big tits.

## Chapter Four

Making his way to the address, Blond repeatedly turned to ensure that he wasn't being followed. *It's just as well that I'm highly trained in the art of tailing people*, he reflected, noticing a man reading a newspaper beneath a street lamp. *Why stand beneath a street lamp when the sun's shining?* Quickening his pace, he rounded a corner, sure that he wasn't being followed.

Finally reaching the address, Blond looked up at the shabby building. Noticing bars at the windows, he rang the doorbell, wondering why the place looked like a derelict Victorian prison. *Perhaps it is*, he pondered as chains and locks rattled and clanked. *I should have had a piss before leaving the club*. The door was finally opened by an attractive girl in her teens. With small breasts and long dark hair, she was Blond's type, and he wondered whether or not she fucked rotten. As she asked him what he wanted, he also wondered whether she took it up the Gary.

"I want anal sex," he replied. "Oh, sorry. I mean, may I come off? Come in?"

"You may come where you like but I can't let you in," she returned. Her wide eyes mirroring suspicion, she looked him up and down, obviously perplexed by his boilersuit. "Before all I know, you might be a sad pervert."

"I *am* a sad pervert. I've also come to see Eva's tits. I mean, Eva Titsky."

"You're somewhat premature."

"It's a condition I've been plagued with for years. I really must visit my doctor."

"Is he plagued?"

“Only by my infrequent and irregular visits to his surgery. Enough about doctors and the black death. I *must* see Eva Titsky. It’s of the utmost importance that I converse with the aforementioned woman immediately or sooner.”

“Eva isn’t here yet, but you might as well come in and wait for her.”

“Great,” Blond smiled.

“You may converse with me, if you wish.”

“I wish very much. I don’t suppose you have any afternoon tea?”

“Your supposition is correct.”

“I’ll take that as a no, then.”

Following the girl along the hall, Blond looked about him as they entered the lounge. Sparsely furnished with the aroma of cannabis hanging in the air, he didn’t take too much notice of the room as the girl sat on the sofa with her legs apart. Unashamedly displaying the tight material of her bulging navy-blue knickers running between her shapely thighs, she licked her lips provocatively. There was a whitish stain on the crotch of her knickers, he observed as his penis twitched and stiffened. A sign of rampant teenage arousal, he mused, imagining sucking the tight material into his mouth and tasting the cream of girlie sex.

He’d have loved to get his tongue up her young cunny, but he felt that something was wrong as he glanced around the lounge. *This might be a trap*, he mused, noticing a ball and chain on the floor in the corner of the room. *Not the sort of thing one normally finds in a lounge*. There was a pair of crotchless panties hanging from the mantelpiece, which he also found odd. Gazing at the girl’s stained knickers again, he eyed the small indents at the tops of her thighs, imagining his heavy balls resting in the recesses, his solid penile shaft embedded deep within her

schoolgirl-tight pussy. Noticing her vaginal slit clearly defined by the wet material of her knickers, he raised his eyes and focused on her pretty mouth as she let out a giggle.

“Why are you looking at my wet navy-blue knickers?” she asked, parting her thighs further, her swollen outer lips partially emerging either side of the thin strip of material.

“I’m so sorry,” he smiled. “It’s just that I have a pathological obsession with teenage girls’ wet knickers.”

“Really? I find that extremely interesting.”

“It’s fascinating. My pathological obsession stems from the days when I was an obsessive pathologist. By the way, my name’s Blond - Haynes Blond.”

“Pussy, Pussy Damp.”

“Yes, I can see that!” he chuckled. “I’m afraid I don’t have a tissue.”

“No, that’s my name.”

“Atishoo? That’s an unusual name.”

“No, Pussy Damp.”

“Oh, right. Pussy by name, damp by nature. So, Pussy, what’s this meeting about?”

“I have no idea. Eva didn’t tell me.”

“That’s somewhat remiss of her.”

“She never tells me anything because she reckons that I’m completely and utterly mad.”

Raising her eyes to the ceiling as if in thought, she frowned. “I suppose she’s right,” she sighed.

“Where did you meet her?”

“In the Trotsky Club,” Blond replied, again focusing on the wet material covering the girl’s swollen sex cushions. “Eva’s got massive tits, hasn’t she?”

“They’re fucking enormous.” Lowering her head, she squeezed her small breasts through her T-shirt and grinned. “Are you a tit man, Mr Blond?”

“No, I’m a cunt. I mean, a cunt man. I’m not a cunt. If I was, I’d lick myself.”

“Why would you lick yourself?”

“Well, I like licking cunts so ...”

“Let’s not talk about licking cunts. Would you like afternoon tea?”

“Why, how thoughtful of you.”

“With cucumber sandwiches?”

“Yes, but it’ll be evening tea.”

“Afternoon, evening ... What the fuck?”

“I agree, what the fucking fuck.”

As the girl skipped out of the room, Blond conclusion was that she was totally insane. Insanity seemed to be rife, which he found worrying but not overly so. *Worry killed the cat*, he reflected, deciding to take the opportunity to take a nose around. Opening a battered bureau, he sifted through a pile of unpaid bills and court summonses. They were of no interest, he mused, again wondering what the meeting was about. *Perhaps it’s about sanity?* Opening a small drawer behind the pile of papers, he pulled out a small notebook.

“What’s this?” he breathed, noticing a list of names on a page headed, *hit list*. “Christ, they intend to hit people.” He was about to read the list but heard the girl approaching and tossed the notebook back into the drawer. Closing the bureau and dashing across the room, he sat on the sofa. Folding his arms and whistling nonchalantly, he hoped she’d fall for the innocent look as she wandered into the room and stood before him.

“Sorry, but we’re right out of afternoon tea,” she smiled sweetly. “I thought we had plenty in the cupboard. In fact, I could have sworn that we had enough afternoon tea to last for dozens of afternoons. I must be fucking mad.”

*As a fucking hatter!* “Morning tea will be fine,” Blond said. “Morning, afternoon, evening - what the fucking fuck?”

“Will you be here in the fucking fuck morning?”

“More than fucking likely. There again, I very much doubt it. On the other hand, I could be. What I mean is, if I’m here then I’m here. Obviously, if I’m not, then ...”

“God only knows where I’ll be in the morning,” she sighed. “I never know where I’m going to be from one minute to the next. I never know *who* I’m going to be from one minute to the next.”

“I know the feeling. Actually, I don’t because I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“I was talking about being someone other than me in a minute, or several minutes or not at all. Perhaps I’ll always be me.”

“Yes, perhaps you will.”

“Do you like being you?”

“I’ve got used to it, I suppose.”

“I’d like to be you. Still, let’s not talk about licking cunts.”

*I’d rather do it than talk about it!*

Blond stared in disbelief as Pussy pulled her T-shirt over her head and displayed the hard roundness of her petite breasts. Her nipples stiffening as she slipped her skirt and pussy-stained knickers down, she kicked the garments across the room and stood before him in all her naked

glory. This was a come-on if ever there was one! Blond thought happily as she provocatively licked her succulent lips. Lowering his eyes and focusing on the swell of her hairless vaginal hillocks, he wondered how old she was.

Her body was almost boyish, her breasts barely developed, her cunny lips smooth and firm in youth. It was probably best that he didn't know her age, he decided. *A little knowledge is dangerous. Ignorance is bliss. And so's schoolgirlie arse fucking.* Again thinking that something was wrong as he glanced at the ball and chain in the corner of the room, he decided to fuck the girl before worrying too much about balls and chains.

"You'll have to be gentle with me, Haynes," the sexy young girl said huskily, cupping her pert breasts and distending her ripe milk teats. "No one's ever done it to me before."

"Fear not, my sweet virgin," he whispered, his full balls heaving expectantly at the prospect of a damned good de-spunking. "I'll be as gentle as gentle can be." *Like fuck, I will!*

"You don't mind fucking me, do you?"

"Mind? No, no of course I don't mind. In fact, I've never minded less about minding. I'd go as far as to say that, in my mind, I'm mindless."

"You'll have to tell me what to do."

"Er ... Yes, right."

"I'm so very young and innocent and angel-like, you see."

"Yes, I can see that. Er ... Just let me strip off and I'll tell you exactly what to do."

Grinning, Blond ripped his boilersuit off and stood before Pussy with his erect penis pointing to the ceiling, his purple globe swollen and in dire need of the welcoming heat of a wet

sex sheath. She was going to be a good fuck, he knew as she peeled the hairless outer lips of her vagina wide apart and asked him whether she was doing the right thing. Reassuring her, he gazed at the pink cone of cream-glistening flesh surrounding the inviting entrance to her young vaginal sheath. Grabbing his solid organ by the base in readiness to give her the screwing of her young life, he wondered how tight her lickable cunt was. *The tighter the better!*

This was a stroke of luck, he thought as he eyed her sex juices decanting from her pinken love mouth. But he again felt that something was wrong. There was nothing odd about a teenage girl opening her vaginal valley and exposing her sex-drenched inner flesh. After all, Blond had spent many an afternoon behind the bike sheds at the local girls' school where dozens of horny little tarts had opened their vaginal valleys and exposed their sex-drenched inner flesh. But to be lured to what appeared to be a Victorian prison and find a young virgin begging to be fucked? Something was very wrong.

Deciding not to worry too much as Pussy turned round and stood with her feet wide apart, he focused on the mounds of her pert buttocks, the deep ravine of her anal divide. Bending over and touching her toes, the girl parted her feet further as Blond gazed longingly at the wet entrance to her tight vaginal duct nestling below her sweet bottom-hole. His eyes widening as she squeezed a banana out of her drenched cunt, he realized that she was no more a virgin than was his mother. *God rest her fanny.* The steaming banana protruding alluringly between the pouting lips of her vagina, he knelt behind her and began to eat the hot, sticky fruit.

Pussy gasped and quivered as he parted her firm buttocks, fully exposing the small brown hole nestling within her anal gully as he chewed on the cunny-milked banana. Sucking the juices

of desire from her swollen outer lips, lapping up the creamed banana from her gaping hole of lust, he focused on the brown iris of her rectal entrance. Wondering whether she'd been introduced to Gary Glitter as he finished his snack, he pondered on the implausible situation.

Firstly, where was Eva Titsky and her fucking great tits? Secondly, why didn't Spew know anything about a London contact? Thirdly, where the fuck had the afternoon tea got to? Sixthly, what was Pussy Damp's role in the mysterious affair? And what the hell was she doing with a banana stuffed up her hot, wet, fuckable, fingerable, lickable, suckable shaggable, cockable cunt? *Cockable*? There were too many unanswered questions for Blond's liking. And too many adjectives roaming around the foul swamp of his perverted mind.

"I'm going to slip my finger into your tight bottom-hole," he said, wondering at her reaction to the suggestion of such a vile and crude act.

"I love it up my bum," she breathed huskily. "I mean, I'm sure I'll love it up my bum."

"Why did you put a banana in your pussy, Pussy?"

"I ... I didn't. It must have slipped in without me realizing."

"Stranger things happen at sea."

"No, it happened in the kitchen while I was preparing a fruit salad."

"Stranger things happen in kitchens. I usually have beans on toast in the kitchen. Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever discovered beans on toast up a girl's cunny. Talking of beans on toast, do you masturbate."

"Fuck me, yes! Every day I tear my wet schoolgirlie knickers off and rip my hairless cunt lips wide apart and have a damned good ... Er ... Masturbate? What's that?"

“I’ll teach you the fine art of masturbation after I’ve rogered your arse. But first, I’m going to massage your rectal tube to warm you up.”

Driving his finger deep into the tight sheath of her hot and decidedly fuckable anal canal, Blond watched in anticipation as her brown lust-ring stretched open. Forcing a second finger into the burning tunnel of her rectum, the delicate tissue surrounding her abused arsehole stretching further, he felt his balls roll and his penis twitch in expectation of a damned good arse fucking. There was nothing he liked better than fucking a young girl’s bottom-hole, he reflected as she gasped in her illicit ecstasy. There was nothing he liked better than visiting the bike sheds at the local girls’ school!

Pussy’s buttocks were very firm, well rounded, unblemished in youth. Her anal entrance was tight, her rectum hot, her bowels ready for a damned good sperming. Recalling the netball team he’d recently met at the girls’ school, he hoped that the judge would empathise with his obsession with schoolgirlies as Pussy writhed and gasped. The episode in the school gym was innocent enough, he reflected. Yes, the netball team had been naked. OK, so there were two girls strapped over the horse and Blond had been caught by the headmistress with his penis embedded deep within a young girl’s cunny. But it had all been in fun. The judge would understand, Blond was sure. After all, he had given him the phone number of the netball team captain, and half a dozen condoms suitable for anal intercourse.

“I’m sorry but have no choice,” Blond said, slipping his fingers out of Pussy’s tight arse and standing behind her as he recalled the lewd scene in the school gym. “I’ll have to give you a

damned good anal rogering terminating in a massive, orgasmic bowel spunking whether you're ready or not."

"Ooh!" she whimpered as he pressed his bulbous glans hard against her tightly closed anal inlet. "Ooh! You're so big!" she squealed, his knob slipping past her rectal iris and gliding into her tight anal tube, stretching her arsehole open to capacity.

"Are you sure you're a virgin?" he asked, driving his purple plum into the hot depths of her inner core.

"Yes, yes," she murmured. "God, I've never had such a huge cock forced right up my bum."

"I'm the first, then?"

"I've lost count of the cocks I've had forced up my ... I mean, of course you're the first. I'm an innocent little schoolgirlie, angelic in the extreme. I've never taken my wet navy-blue knickers off and shown my hairless crack to anyone. I've never deliberately allowed dirty old men to glimpse the wet patch on the crotch of my navy-blue school knickers. Do you think I'd lie to you?"

"No, of course not. It's just that ..."

"I'm so very young, Haynes. I'm hardly grown, my breasts barely formed, the lips of my cunt ... I mean, my vagina, devoid of pubic hair in my virginal prepubescence. You do believe me, don't you?"

"Well, yes. But ..."

"I'm so young, naive and vulnerable. I haven't discovered my clitoris yet, the amazing sensations it can bring me when rubbed or sucked and licked."

"I'll show you where it is and what it's for, my child."

“Oh, please do. I’m so puerile and pure that I have no idea what the wet hole is for between the soft, hairless lips of my pussy. I’m so innocent that I’ve never even heard of a vibrator let alone push one deep into my pussy and come a dozen times. I’m so naive that I don’t know what it’s like to suck the salty sperm out of a man’s fucking great orgasming knob and swallow his gushing come.”

“I will teach you all there is to know, my fallen angel of carnal lust.”

“I don’t know what the white cream is that pours out of my sex hole and stains the crotch of my navy-blue school knickers whenever I think about boys’ stiff cocks sperming in my mouth.”

“I’ll tell you ...”

“Let’s cut the fucking crap and arse-fuck something fucking rotten!”

“Well, as you put it like that!”

Withdrawing his rock-hard penile shaft, Blond grabbed her bony hips and drove his silky-smooth knob deep into the dank sheath of her fiery bowels. There was nothing like fucking a naive, innocent, vulnerable, little schoolgirlie’s tight bottom-hole, he reflected as she gasped and writhed. Recalling the local girls’ school again, he pondered on the horny little tart he’d seen behind the bike sheds with her hand down the front of her navy-blue knickers. The young girl hadn’t been aware of him as she’d rubbed her young sex crack, her face grimacing as she’d pleased herself. Hiding behind the wall, he’d watched as her arousal had risen to the point where she’d lifted her skirt and tugged her pussy-stained knickers down to her ankles, exposing her sweet girlie crack to his wide eyes.

Picturing the schoolgirl's hairless sex slit as he repeatedly thrust his granite-hard cock into Pussy's tight anal canal, he recalled the girl kicking her knickers aside and sitting on the ground behind the bike sheds with her sex crack blatantly displayed. She'd parted the pouting lips of her young vagina with her slender fingers, her ripening clitoris emerging from beneath its pinken hood as he'd spied at her. Slipping her fingers into her vaginal sheath, she'd stretched open the creamy walls of her pussy sheath, allowing Blond a perfect view of her dripping inner flesh.

*The naughty schoolgirlie was something else*, he reflected as he vigorously shafted Pussy's tightening rectal tunnel. The bike shed girl's cunny stained navy-blue knickers discarded as she'd reclined on the ground with her thighs spread to the extreme, she'd massaged her ripe clitoris to a massive orgasm as Blond had looked on from behind the wall. Vowing to return to the school as soon as he could, he grinned as Pussy's howls of debased pleasure resounded around the room.

Completely impaled on his love staff, her naked body trembling uncontrollably, she reached between her thighs and kneaded his swinging balls as he crudely arse-fucked her. His belly smacking the firm globes of her bottom, his throbbing glans repeatedly thrusting deep into the turbid depths of her hot bowels, she wailed in her forbidden pleasure as her anal muscles tightened around the pistoning shaft of his erect penis. She was learning fast! Blond knew as she again cried out in her new-found perverted ecstasy.

“Oh, Haynes! Fuck the tight shaft of my fucking arse like you've never fucking fucked before!”

“I am! I fucking am!”

“Spunk my bowels! Cream my anus! Shag my fucking bottom until your fucking spunk bubbles from my inflamed fucking arsehole!”

“I will! I fucking will!”

“And then fucking mouth-fuck me until you spunk over my fucking tongue!”

“OK! Fucking OK!”

“Then cleavage-fuck me until you spunk and give me a beautiful fucking pearl fucking necklace!”

“All right! All fucking right!”

“But you must be quick because I have my homework to do. I really don’t want my teacher to put me across his knee and pull my wet navy-blue knickers down and spank my bare bottom again.”

“He does that to you?”

“Yes, almost every day after school he puts me across his knee and spanks my pert bottom until I have strange feelings in that hard spot between the lips of my pussy. And then he forces me over the desk and pokes something long, warm and very hard between my girlie buttocks and rubs me with it. I don’t know what it is, but the cream that comes out of it makes my sore bum feel better. I’m so young and innocent, Haynes.”

“I’ll look after you, my angel.”

“I have no idea why my teacher makes me sit on his lap and wiggle my bottom until he gasps and wets his trousers.”

“I’ll tell you all about wiggling bottoms and ...”

“No, just fuck me rotten and sperm my hot fucking bowels with your fucking great knob!”

“Anything you fucking say!”

She certainly *was* learning fast! he thought happily as he increased his anal fucking rhythm. Spanking the milk-white flesh of her firm buttocks as he felt his climax nearing, he repeatedly drove his massive cock into the tight shaft of her anal canal as she clung to his balls and gasped in her debased pleasure. His spunk coursing along his veined shaft and exploding in a shower from his pulsating glans, jetting deep into her inflamed rectal tube, he grimaced and breathed heavily in his coming. Again and again he propelled his orgasming purple crown into her tight rectal channel, filling her very core with his white liquid to the accompaniment of her screams of orgasmic ecstasy.

“I’ve come!” she wailed in her decadence as he spanked her crimsoning bottom cheeks harder. “Fuck! I’ve been fucking arse fucked until I’ve fucking come!” The squelching sounds of a spunked and fucked arse resounding around the room, Blond continued the crude anal pistoning until he’d drained his heavy balls. This was what the Secret Service was all about, he reflected, his swollen knob absorbing the inner heat of her young arse as he stilled his thrusting cock. Shagging, spunking, shagging, spanking and more shagging!

“God, I’m totally fucking arse fucked!” the girl cried, his spent cock leaving her spermed sex duct as she fell forward and collapsed to the ground in a quivering heap of limbs. Gazing at the spunk oozing from her sore bottom-hole as she lay on the floor, Blond again pondered on her alleged naivety. *I’m so young and innocent. I’m so very young, Haynes. I’m hardly grown, my breasts barely formed. I’m devoid of pubic hair in my virginal prepubescence. You do believe*

*me, don't you?* As she rolled onto her back and parted the hairless lips of her sex-juiced cunt, her slender fingers massaging her swollen clitoris, he frowned. Believe her? Like fuck he did!

“I don't want to go on about it,” he said, focusing on her juices of desire spurting from her open lust hole as she masturbated faster. “The thing is, I find it difficult to believe that you know nothing about sex.”

“Fucking believe it!” she gasped, her orgasm obviously approaching as she vibrated her fingertips over the nub of her solid clitoris. “I know nothing about ... about ... God, I'm going to come! Ah, yes! Oh, my beautiful cunt! How I love having my fucking cunt fucked and fucking licked and fucking fingered and abused my men and fucking women!”

“You have a wonderful command of the English language, Pussy.”

“Fucking right, I fucking do. God, how I love my vibrator. Christ, I'm going to come again! Ah, yes!”

Waiting until she'd finished her wanton self-loving, until she'd brought out her multiple orgasm and sprayed her fanny juice all over her thighs, Blond sat on the sofa and pondered on Eva Titsky. Where the hell was she? It was way past eight, she should have arrived long ago. Smelling a rat, and a juicy fanny, he watched Pussy quiver her last orgasmic quiver and clamber to her feet. Her girlie come streaming in torrents down her inner thighs, sperm dripping from her inflamed bottom-hole and pooling on the floor between her bare feet, she grinned at him.

“That was incredible,” she said, flashing him a salacious grin. “You're the best arse-fucker I've ever ... I mean, you're the only one, Haynes.”

“The only one to have been taken in by your bloody lies and ...”

“I’m not lying, Haynes. I ... I’ve fallen in love with you.”

“Fuck me!”

“Haynes, I love you so much. I know I’m young, far too young for you. The thing is, I’ve never felt like this before.”

“You’re a beautiful girl, Pussy, but ...”

“I’m so desperately in love with you. All my life I’ve waited for a man like you to come up me. I mean, to come along and whisk me off me feet.”

“I’m very flattered, I must say. The thing is ...”

“Will you marry me, Haynes?”

“Marry you?”

“Yes. Be my husband for life, until sex with another man do us part.”

“Sex with another ...”

“Ah, that’ll be Eva,” she said excitedly as the doorbell rang.

“Doesn’t she have a bloody key?” Blond asked as the girl hurriedly dressed. “I mean, surely she has a bloody key? What’s the bloody point of having a bloody lock on the bloody door if she hasn’t bloody well got a bloody key?”

“Of course she bloody well has a bloody key. This is her bloody house for bloody fuck’s sake.”

“Then, why doesn’t she bloody well use the bloody thing?”

“She has a bloody phobia about bloody keys. Shall I go and let her in?”

“Why bother?”

“I like bothering. It bothers me if I don’t bother to bother. I just love Christmas eve. I can’t wait to open my presents in the morning.”

“It’s the bloody summer.”

“Oh, good. There’s nothing like a hot Christmas day. I won’t be a minute.”

Pussy really was a complete nut case, Blond mused, slipping into his boilersuit as he heard her open the front door. Eva’s mental state was also suspect. Reckoning he’d been lured to a home for the clinically insane, he smiled as Pussy led Eva into the room. *That’s odd*, he mused, eyeing the gun in Eva’s hand as she stood before him. *What the fuck’s she doing with a gun?* This was a trap, he was sure as Pussy closed and locked the door. With the windows barred, there was no escaping the mad women.

“What’s the gun for?” he asked shakily, wondering whether she was going to blow his bollocks clean off. Or dirty off.

“For killing people,” she replied as a matter of fact.

“I thought as much. Are you going to kill me?”

“No, of course not,” she laughed, tossing the gun onto the sofa. “If I were to kill you, then who would fuck Pussy’s pussy?”

“Fuck Pussy’s pussy?”

“That’s right, Mr Blond. I’ve lured you here because I want you to fuck Pussy’s pussy. You see, Pussy’s pussy is a virginal pussy and we’ve been looking for a suitable man with a suitable penis to initiate her into the fine art of crude pussy sex.”

“I take it that you have a suitable penis?”

“I am the proud owner of a most suitable penis.”

“Good, then let the penile fucking of Pussy’s pussy commence.”

“I thought you were my London contact? You said that I was to come here to receive my instructions.”

“He’s already fucked my tight bottom-hole and spunked my hot bowels,” Pussy confessed. “But my pussy’s still a virginal pussy.”

“I’m pleased to hear it, Pussy,” Eva smiled. “The last thing I want is a man’s cock fucking your pussy.”

“But I thought you said ...” Blond began in his confusion.

“Don’t even try to understand, Mr Blond,” Evan broke in. “You can come in now!” she called, turning as Pussy unlocked the door.

Blond watched as two middle-aged and seemingly drunken men walked into the room. They were the very same men he’d seen in the Trotsky Club, the very men who’d hauled their dicks out and pissed on the floor in the toilets, which he found most odd. It was particularly odd as they had to attend a meeting at eight o’clock that very evening. *Shit*, he mused. *This is the bloody meeting they’d bloody well planned to bloody attend!*

The stouter of the two scowling at Blond and raising his finger, he didn’t look at all friendly. “Prepare to ...” he growled.

“To die?” Blond interrupted him, his eyes darting between the gun on the sofa and Pussy’s pussy juice running in milky rivers down her inner thighs.

“Prepare to fly to Penisburg,” the man chuckled.

“Fly to Penisburg?” Blond echoed. “What the fuck do I want to fly to Penisburg for?”

“You’ll fly over the Urinal Mountains and parachute into Penisburg tonight.”

“Will I?”

“Of course you will. You’ll be met at the village hall by your contact, Spenda Penny.”

“No thanks, I went earlier.”

“That’s her name, you fool!” the second man growled.

“Mr Blond,” Eva smiled. “This is your latest mission. Spew said nothing to you about it because he thought you’d get as pissed as a lord and go blabbing your mouth off in the Trotsky Club.”

“Lords don’t get pissed. Well, I suppose they do occasionally. I really don’t want to go to Penisburg. I mean, I’d rather stay here and fuck Pussy’s pussy and ...”

“There’s no time for pussy fucking, Mr Blond. You must hurry. The plane leaves the recreation by the library in half an hour.”

“That’s a funny place for a plane to be.”

“The airport was teeming with police and armed guards and ... Never mind about that.”

“I can’t go to Penisburg in a boilersuit,” Blond complained. “What will the foreigners think of the English if I turn up in a bloody boilersuit?”

“Worry not. You’ll be given a change of clothing on the plane. You’ll also be furnished with a passport and your instructions. The beer’s very cheap in Penisburg and the girls are ... Well, you’ll find out for yourself soon enough.”

“Sounds like fun,” Blond grinned. “I’ve never been to Penisburg.”

“And you’ll never come back!” one of the men chuckled. “I mean, not until the mission is over.”

“Shut up, Poltsky!” Eva scowled. “Spenda Penny will take you to a safe house, Mr Blond. You’ll complete the mission and then be flown back to England.”

“You mean, his body will be flown back!” the other man laughed.

Eva kicked him in the shin, scowling as she grabbed his lapels and head butted him. “Shut the fucking hell up, Bronsky!” she hissed, pushing him against the wall and kneeling him in the balls before turning to Blond. “Mr Blond, the car is waiting outside. You have to leave now.”

“Anything you say, Eva baby!”

## *Chapter Five*

“Dave the dyke?” Spew echoed, pressing the receiver to his ear. “Who the hell are you and what the hell do you want?”

“I’ve just told you who the hell I am. I’m Dave the bloody dyke.”

“You haven’t told me what the hell you want.”

“A man was looking for me in parliament yesterday. The thing is, he never found me.”

“Where were you?”

“I was with Mike the Marmite miner. It’s that wanker of a bloody barman’s fault.”

“Wanker of a barman?”

“Had he not caught me in the toilets with Roger the fudge packer ...”

“What the fucking hell are you talking about?”

“Haynes Blond was looking for me.”

“In the toilets?”

“No, no.”

Spew paused. “How do you know Blond?” he finally asked.

“The PM said that ... It doesn’t matter. Where is he?”

“In a seedy bar with his hands up some knickerless tart’s skirt, I would imagine.”

“I have to speak with him in connection with a dose of common clap ... I mean, Clapham Common.”

Spew smelled a rat and frowned as he pondered on Clapham Common. Dave the dyke knew more than he was letting on, but what? Other than a few perverted MPs whipping their

cocks out and having their knobs sucked to orgasm, Spew was sure that the common held other, more sinister, secrets. Perhaps it was a meeting place for foreign agents? he reflected as the one-eyed cat wandered into the office and arched its back.

“What do you know about Clapham Common?” he finally asked.

“It’s a big piece of land with grass and weeds and trees and dogs’ shit and used condoms strewn about the place and fucking beer cans and ...”

“I know what it is, you prat!”

“Then, why the fuck waste my time by asking?”

“What I meant was ...”

“Meet me in the Trotsky Club.”

“What, now?” Spew gasped. “It’s nine o’clock in the bloody morning. What are you suggesting?”

“I’m suggesting we meet in the Trotsky Club.”

“No, you’re not. You’re suggesting I’m a fucking alcoholic. OK, so I do a couple of bottles of scotch a day but ...”

“No, no. Listen, I’ll be there at midday. I’ll be wearing a turquoise dress with sequens. And red, six-inch stilettos. Oh, and black fishnet stockings and a frilly suspender belt and no knickers and ... God, I’m stiff! Don’t be late.”

Banging the phone down, Spew perched himself on the edge of his desk. “Fuck!” he breathed as he sat on his left bollock. *A turquoise dress with sequens?* he pondered, manipulating his aching ball through his trousers. *Fishnet stockings and a frilly suspender belt and no*

*knickers? What sort of man ...* It was obviously one of Blond's weird friends, he concluded. *Why he can't mix with decent people instead of fucking perverts, I have no idea.*

As the phone rang, he reckoned that it was Dave the dyke again. There was no time to talk to idiots about being caught in the toilet with fudgers, he decided. Ignoring the incessant ringing, he scowled at the one-eyed cat as it peered at him from behind the filing cabinet. *The thing wants its balls ripped off*, he mused as it hissed at him. As Miss Honeycunny entered the office, the cat scurried across the room and hid beneath the desk with its claws bared.

"Excuse me, sir," Honeycunny said, hoisting her microskirt up and displaying the vaginal lip-bulged, wet material of her red panties. "Have you seen Haynes Blond this morning?"

"No," Spew murmured, eyeing the white stain on the crotch of her tight panties. "I don't know where the fuck he's got to. Why do you ask?"

"Because I wondered whether or not you'd seen him this morning."

"To answer your question, I haven't seen him this morning."

"The phone's ringing, sir."

"Do you think I don't know that?" he returned, grabbing the phone and repeatedly banging it on the desk. "The fucking thing's been ringing for ages. God only knows why it rings incessantly. If you ask me, there's something wrong with the bloody thing. Ring, ring, fucking ring."

"Talking of cars ..."

"Were we?"

"No, but we are now. The yellow Robin Reliant ..."

Spew slapped his palm against his forehead and gasped. “Blond’s car?” he asked, his forehead stinging like hell. “I must stop slapping my forehead.”

“Yes, sir. I noticed it outside the Trotsky Club on the way in to the office this morning.”

“The car was on the way in to the office?”

“No, *I* was on the way in to the office.”

“But you said ... Never mind. I wish the bloody phone would shut the fuck up. What’s your point, Honeycunny? Get to the point by making your point instead of uttering pointless words.”

“I don’t know what my point is. What with the confusion with cars and me on the way in to the office, I’ve forgotten my point. I don’t mean my man in a boat point, my man in a boat clitoris. I mean .... ”

“For Christ’s sake, woman. Take a grip on yourself.”

“In here, sir? Wouldn’t you deem that rather rude?”

“What? Look, come back when you’ve remembered where your point is ... What your point is. That reminds me, I could do with some coffee. Oh, and a decent chunk of chocolate fudge tart.”

“I didn’t know you were that way inclined, sir?”

“Now what are you going on about? Just get me some coffee and a bit of tart. Fuck me, the bloody phone’s driving me fucking insane!”

As Honeycunny fled the office, Spew decided that there was only one way to shut the phone up, and that was by answering the damn thing. Shrieking and recoiling as the cat clawed his trousers, leaving scratch marks on his leg, he accidentally knocked the phone to the floor as

he tried to kick the feline's arse. "Fucking hell!" he cursed, pulling the phone up by its wire as the cat did a runner.

"Speak spewing," he panted, rubbing his sore leg. "I mean, Spew speaking."

"Blew, this is Splond. Fuck, you've got me at it now."

"Get your butt out of that fucking seedy club and your fingers out of whoever's well-juiced fanny they're stuffed up and report to my office immediately!"

"I'm in Penisburg, sir."

"Your penis is where? My God, you're insufferable. I do *not* wish to know where you've shoved your bloody penis!"

"No, I'm in Penis ... Never mind. Have you got a map handy?"

"A map? What the hell do you want a map for?"

"I'm looking for the village hall."

"The village hall? Blond, I really don't know how you survive this life. You seem to lurch from one insane moment to the next without any sense of ..."

"My money's running out, sir. It costs a fortune to phone several thousand miles."

"Stop talking ovaries and report to my office within two seconds!"

"But I'm looking for Penisburg village hall."

"Two seconds!"

Walking to the window, Spew thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and sighed. What was the point in having agents such as Haynes Blond? he mused. Blond was an arsehole, an incompetent fool, a sex-crazed maniac, a waste of time, money and space ... "If only Dick Shaft

was on the case,” Spew mumbled, wondering how the man was fairing in the darkest depths of a Siberian prison.

Blond shivered as he tried for the umpteenth time to rob the cash box before leaving the call box. *Bloody country*, he cursed inwardly. *Does it always bloody snow like this?* What with the flight over the Urinal Mountains in a clapped out biplane and then parachuting into a twenty-foot snowdrift, he was far from happy. Add to that the fact that he’d received no instructions or passport, was freezing cold, starving and in desperate need of a piss, he was really fucked off.

Trudging along the snow-blanketed lane, he finally came to a small shop with welcoming lights glowing in the window. *At least it’s fucking warm in here*, he thought, wandering inside and gazing at the hundreds of cans of processed peas lining the shelves. *Why processed peas?* The fat woman behind the counter looked him up and down and mumbled something unintelligible as he turned to face her. Scowling as she folded her arms beneath her breasts which were so big that they reminded Blond of two sacks of rotten potatoes seething with maggots, she seemed far from friendly.

“Excuse me,” Blond smiled, wiping snow off his eyebrows as he pondered on having a piss up against the counter. “I’m looking for a bog house ... I mean, the village hall.” Waiting for some kind of response or reaction, which was obviously asking far too much of the fat cow of a woman, Blond waved his hand at the window. “Terrible weather,” he remarked. “I’ll bet the forecast was wrong again. Bloody meterological office. They’ve got computers and satellites and radar and they still get it wrong.” Nil response from the fat slag. “So, the village hall. Is it far?” Shaking her head, she locked her beady eyes to his as exasperation overwhelmed him. “Are you

fucking deaf?” he finally snapped. Poking her tongue out at him, the woman gave him the V sign.

“You fucking, fat, foreign slag of a cowbag!” he yelled as she spat on the floor.

“English fucking bastard!” she returned.

“Cunt-faced slut!”

“Go spunk up your arse!”

“Charming, I must say!”

Leaving the shop, he pulled his coat collar up and continued to trudge along the lane until he came to a large wooden shack. “This must be the fucking village hall,” he murmured, becoming increasingly bogged off as he walked up the path and pushed the door open. Noticing a young woman making sandwiches on a table at the far end of the hall, he brushed the snow off his coat and walked towards her. She was a bit of all right, he observed, eyeing her microskirt. Focusing on her shapely thighs, he wondered whether she’d offer him a quick shag. A sandwich would go down well after his long and tedious journey, and then a shag. *Cheese and pickle or ham and mustard?* he pondered, his stomach rumbling.

*Fuck the sandwiches!* With succulent red lips, the young tart had a delectable and most fuckable mouth. And her tits were worth a damned good mouthing and sucking, not to mention a cleavage shagging. Wondering whether her fanny was dripping with goose grease and in dire need of a good spunking, he realized that business had to come before pleasure. There would be time enough to fuck her senseless later. *And if there fucking isn’t, I’ll fucking make fucking time to fucking fuck her.* Praying that she spoke English as he pondered on the dreadful expletives

roaming around the stenching swamp of his foul mind, let alone falling from his lips, he offered her a smile.

“Blond, Haynes Blond,” he introduced himself. She stared at him with a gormless expression. *No fucking response as fucking usual.* “Do. You. Speak. Fucking. Eng ...”

“You’re late, asshole!” she hissed.

“I take it that you *do* speak English.”

“Jesus F Christ! Are you fucking thick, or fucking what?”

“I must say that I find people so incredibly friendly in your neck of the woods,” Blond returned. “That fat slag with tits like melons and armpits that smell like rotten fish in the shop down the road was a delightful woman. You’ve obviously both been taught English by the same foul-mouthed teacher of fucking English. Either that or you’ve both got PMS. There again, I doubt that the fat slag ...”

“What time is it?” the tart asked, scratching her fanny slit.

“She stinks like a prostitute’s fucking bottom-hole. If I had my way ... I’m sorry, did you ask me time?”

“Yes, what time is it?”

“Ah, now there’s a question. A leading question, if you get my meaning. A searching question, if ever there was one. A rhetorical question. In fact, a question that deserves an answer. A premeditated answer regardless of what the time really is.”

“Now what the hell are you going on about?” she snapped. “All I asked you was the time.”

“*Time Is On My Side.* The Rolling Stones, circa ... Any chance of a sandwich?”

“No, they’re for the girl guide meeting this evening.”

“Just a quick round of navy-blue knickers and pussy cream. I mean, ham and mustard.”

“No!”

“Cheese and pickle?”

“No!”

“I wasn’t hungry, anyway. Bollocks to your bloody sandwiches. Screw your fucking sandwiches, and the Earl of Sandwich. As far as I’m concerned, you can stuff them right up the cuntal canal of your cunt and ...”

“Are you completely insane?”

“On a scale of one to ten, I say about twenty-eight.”

“I’m not interested in your level of insanity.”

“Then, don’t ask. I mean, why the fuck ask a question if you don’t want it fucking answered? For Christ’s sake, what the hell is the point in asking a fucking question if ...” Blond paused and grinned. “I like your hair. Long, black, shining in the light ... I wouldn’t mind spunking over your hair. Anyway, enough bollocks. I assume that you’re my contact. My assumption is that I’ve contacted my contact. Is my assumption correct in assuming that you are my contact, the infamous Miss Spenda Penny?”

“Your assumptions are wholly incorrect. What time is it?”

“At the third stroke of my wrist, the time will be twelve-fifteen, precisely.”

“Good, there’s still time.”

“There’s always time. Time is infinitely infinite. Time waits for no man and is relative which means that relatively speaking in relation to mankind ...”

“We have to be at the pub within ten minutes,” she interrupted him, wiping her hands on a tea towel.

“Bloody licensing laws. I really don’t know why the pubs can’t stay open ...”

“Not for closing time, you limp prick! We have to meet our contact.”

“I really don’t see what my prick has to do with it, limp or otherwise.”

“Just shut up and follow me. I wish I’d worn knickers, it’s bloody freezing outside.”

Walking across the hall, the woman leaned out of the door and checked that the coast was clear before stepping outside. Pulling his coat collar up as he followed her down the lane, Blond realized that he didn’t know her name. If she wasn’t Miss Spenda Penny, then who was she? *Fuck her name*, he reflected, focusing on the half moons of her buttocks emerging alluringly below her microskirt. *No panties? I wouldn’t mind sinking my teeth into her anal orbs!* Pondering on her fanny slit, he grinned. Her vaginal lips would be freezing, her sex juice hanging in milky icicles from her inner butterfly wings. *Sheer sexual bliss!*

Vowing to heat up her vulval flesh and melt her icicles of lust, he wondered who they were going to meet and why. All would be revealed before long, he knew as she rounded a corner and dragged him into a shabby bar that resembled a saloon from a cowboy film. He also hoped that her pinken pussy slit would be revealed before long but, at the same time, didn’t hold out much hope. *Hopelessness is hopeless.* That was the trouble with women, he reflected. They went around knickerless, displaying their pussy lips and dripping cunt milk all over the place but started complaining the minute a cock reared its beautiful head in readiness to fuck them.

At least there was a real fire burning in the grate, Blond observed as the warmth hit him. *That’ll melt her sex icicles!* Looking about him, he raised his eyebrows and licked his frozen lips. The bar was full of gagging, scantily-dressed, horny, sex-starved, fuckable little schoolgirlies who were obviously underage. Under age for boozing, that is. Or isn’t, as the case might or

might not be. *Fuck their ages, and their cunts!* Adjusting his stiffening penis as he eyed a young girl's milk-white inner thighs, the sex-bulged swell of her pussy-stained navy-blue knickers, he decided that the place wasn't so bad after all.

"This is a bit of all right," he whispered as they approached the bar, his eyes transfixed on a girl's white ankle socks as she lay on the floor writhing in an alcohol-induced sexual stupor. "I wouldn't mind spending a few hours in her knickers. I mean, in here. Or years, come to that."

"Shut up," his female accomplice hissed. "Er ... Two Russian vodkas, please," she said to the barman who, in Blond's opinion, looked more like a council rat-catcher than a barman. Whatever council rat-catchers looked like!

"I hope you don't mind me asking," Blond began, squeezing the woman's arm. "But I don't know your name."

"Get your hands off me, you sad pervert!" she returned, pushing him away.

"You bloody female foreigners are a fiery bunch of foul-mouthed bitching bitches of bitches, I must say. Shit, I pity your husband. There again, I don't suppose you're married. I mean, what man in his right mind would marry a cow like you?"

"I am not married, and if I was to consider marrying then it would be to an attractive young girl," she returned.

"Oh, you're a lesbian! I like lesbians. I love watching lesbians licking each other's wet, juicy cunts and ..."

"Shut up, you damned fool! You're attracting attention."

"Sorry. So, what's your name?"

"My name's ... What that bleeping sound?"

"Oh, it's my mobile phone."

“Aren’t you going to answer it?”

“Well, no because ... The thing is, it looks like a mobile phone but it’s not really a mobile phone.”

“What the fuck is it, then?”

“I have no idea. Taking a wild guess, I’d say it’s a look-alike mobile phone. Actually, it’s about time I found out what the fucking thing is.”

Taking the phone from his pocket, Blond pressed the green button and waited in anticipation. *Fucking technology*, he mused, becoming impatient as the thing continued to bleep. Punching the buttons at random, he bashed the phone against the counter several times. “Fucking bastard,” he breathed, the bleeping becoming louder as he repeatedly beat the phone against the bar. Finally flinging the thing into the roaring log fire, he rubbed his hands together gleefully. That was that little problem dealt with, he reflected as the barman placed the drinks on the counter. *A problem burned is a problem solved*. Sipping his vodka, he turned to the woman and again asked her name.

“My name is of no consequence,” she returned stiffly.

“Miss Of No Consequence? What a strange name.”

“My name doesn’t matter, you fool!”

“I once knew a girl call Miss Cumalot. She did, too.”

“Forget my name, for shit’s sake!”

“What am I supposed to call you, then? Chic? Bird? Tart? A bit of skirt with a juicy ... We’ll settle for Miss Shit’s Sake, shall we? How are you, Miss Sake?”

“If you have to call me anything, then call me Labia.”

“Now there’s a lovely name. It’s not English, is it?”

“No, it’s Gynaecoidian.”

“Fascinating, I must say. Actually, it’s not fascinating. It’s a bloody stupid name. Who’s ever heard of anyone called Labia? Or Miss Inner Lips, come to that?”

“Shut the fuck up!”

“Sorry. So, who am I meeting and why? With whom is one meeting at the meeting?”

“You’re meeting Boris.”

“Boris the spider?”

“Boris Bollocksky. He’s going to take you to zone twenty-eight.”

“Zone twenty-eight? What’s that, a night club?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“A brothel?”

“No.”

“A bar?”

“No.”

“A massage parlour?”

“I can’t tell you, for fuck’s sake!”

“Bloody don’t, then. See if I fucking care. What are all these horny, fuckable, lickable, fingerable, suckable schoolgirlies doing here?”

“Getting pissed and looking for a shag, I would imagine. Ah, there’s Boris standing by the door. Go with him and do exactly as he says.”

“He looks like a fucking gangster!” Blond gasped.

“He *is* a fucking gangster.”

“Oh, right. Well, it’s been nice meeting you, Labia. Miss Inner Lip. Miss Pussy Lip. Miss ...”

“Likewise, I’m sure. Go now.”

“I’d rather come now.”

Knocking back his vodka, Blond made his way to the door and followed the bald-headed man outside to a waiting car. This was all rather odd, he reflected, again wondering why Spew knew nothing of the Penisburg mission. No instructions, no passport ... Had the pilot not been as pissed as a newt and lost the instructions, Blond would have known what his job was to be. *Do newts get pissed?* All he could do was place himself the in capable, or incapable, hands of Boris. It probably wasn’t a good idea to place himself in the hands of a gangster. In fact, he was sure that it was a fucking naff idea.

Grunting and pointing at the rear door of the car, Boris climbed into the front and started the engine. Blond got into the back, making himself comfortable as the car moved off. This was it, the beginning of the journey to ... To where, he had no idea. As long as there were horny, naked, sex-starved, juicy-cunted young girls waiting for him, it didn’t matter where the fuck he was going. And a bog house, he mused, his bladder near to bursting point. Wondering why his driver was so quiet, he decided to try to strike up a conversation. If they were to be couped up together for a while, then a little banter would pass the time.

“You look like Odd Job from the James Bond movies,” he quipped. His joke meeting with stony silence, he assumed that Boris didn’t speak English. “Do. You. Speak ... What’s the bloody point,” he breathed, looking out of the window as they drove through a forest. “I’m

fucking pissed off trying to be friendly to you bloody foreigners.” Again wondered how far their destination was, he realized that their journey was taking them into the Urinal Mountains. Leaving Penisburg far behind them in the dark of the freezing night, he dozed off and dreamed his disgusting dreams about the schoolgirlies he’d seen in the bar.

After an hour of travelling along snow-blanketed winding lanes, they finally arrived at a log cabin situated miles from anywhere. This was bizarre, Blond thought, opening his eyes and recalling Labia’s words. *Zone twenty-eight*. He’d heard the term before but couldn’t recall where. It wasn’t a night club, that was for sure. *It’ll come to me later*, he thought, leaving the car and following Boris along the icy path to the door. *Hopefully, that’s not all that’ll come to me!*

“In!” Boris growled, kicking the door open with his size twelve boot. Blond ventured into the cabin and looked about him as the door slammed shut. The key turning in the lock, he span round on his heels and frowned as he heard the car door slam and the engine start. Boris the bastard was leaving him prisoner in the cabin, he knew as he looked at the barred windows. *Now what?* he mused, rubbing his cold hands together and wondering what the fuck this had to do with MPs seeking the wet mouths of rent boys on Clapham Common.

At least there was a welcoming pot of coffee steaming on the wood-stove. *And a plate of sandwiches*, he observed happily, his stomach rumbling again as he gazed at the food placed on a table by the far wall. “Fucking hell!” he cursed as he took a bite. “What the fuck’s this meat? Alsatian fucking dog?” Spitting the meaty morsel out, Blond tossed the sandwich back onto the plate and poured himself a cup of coffee. “I’ll bet it’s fucking chicory,” he muttered, taking a sip.

“Mmm, not too bad.” Sitting on a chair by the stove, he again rubbed his hands together, warming himself as he wondered what the hell to do.

There were several options, he mused. Sit around for half the fucking night and wait for ... For what, he had no idea. Or try and break out of the cabin and ... And what, he had no idea. Or have a wank while he was waiting for ... For whom, he had no idea. *Might as well have a quick wank anyway.*

Walking to the corner of the cabin, Blond pulled his cock out and was about to piss in the floor when he heard a muffled sound which seemed to come from behind the back wall of the cabin. Turning, he zipped his trousers and returned to his chair by the stove, wondering whether there were wolves roaming outside. *Or scary monsters!* he mused fearfully, wishing he was leaning up against the bar in the Trotsky Club being wholly obscene and abusing to Caroline the barmaid.

“What sort of life is this?” he breathed, again pondering on having a piss. “Talk about the spy who shagged me. I’m the fucking spy who’s been captured by the enemy.” Sipping his coffee, he wished he’d taken his mother’s advice and become a university lecturer. There again, a PE teacher at a girls’ school would be far more interesting and the perks would undoubtedly be ...

“Mr Blond, we meet again!” a female voice chuckled.

“Jesus fucking Christ!” Blond gasped, spilling his coffee over his trousers as Eva Titsky emerged from a shadowy corner of the cabin. “Eva, what are you doing here? Shit, I was about to have a piss. You’d have seen me and I’d have been really embarrassed and ...”

“Shut the fuck up, for God’s sake. I have bad news for you.”

“Can I have the good news first?”

“There is no good news.”

“This news, is it bad or really bad?”

“Dreadfully bad. You are now in Penisburg ...”

“I know that. Good God, as if I don’t know where the fucking hell I am. For fuck’s sake, of course I fucking know where the fuck I am. I’ve flown over the Urinal fucking Mountains, parachuted into fucking Penisburg, and you tell me that I’m in fucking Penisburg. ”

“You’re in Penisburg - as my prisoner.”

“What are you on about? I thought you were my London contact?”

“That’s what I told you and that’s what you believed.”

“That’s why I thought you were my London contact. Because you told me you were and I believed you.”

“I lied.”

“Lied? Are you the Prime Minister of Penisburg?”

“What?”

“Prime Ministers are renowned for lying. You lied, so I thought ...”

“You’re a retard, Blond. If I were to tell you that I was a goddess of sex you’d believe me.”

“A goddess of sex? You must be joking. With your fucking great tits ...”

“Do you have a problem with my tits?”

“I don’t, but I would imagine you do!” Eyeing the swell of her massive breasts ballooning beneath her tight blouse, he grimaced. “Actually, I do have a problem. There’s nothing worse than a pair of wobbly, jelly-like, fried egg look-alike, bloody great tits. I mean, what the hell are you supposed to do with them?”

“I don’t find you very funny, Mr Blond.”

“I don’t find your tits very funny. Tits aside, what’s this all about?”

“Fool that you are, you’ve walked straight into my trap.”

“Step into my parlour, said the Russian agent to the painter and decorator.”

“Painter and ... We’ve wanted you out of the way for some time, Mr Blond.”

“So did my parents. What do you mean, *we*?”

“I’m head of Penisburg Intelligence. We’ve planned the downfall of your country, Mr Blond. My comrades and I have designed a formidable weapon. The Orgasmatron.”

“You’re a fiendish cow!” Blond spat. You’re a cow of fiendish proportions. And your tits are out of proportion. You’re a formidable cowbag!”

“Indeed, I am. The Orgasmatron will render Great Britain completely, totally and utterly defenceless.”

“You mean, the people won’t be able to defend themselves?”

“I couldn’t have put it better myself.”

“How? What does this weapon of immense sexual gratification do?”

“When aimed at Britain, all the inhabitants will be overcome by multiple orgasms of incredible strength and duration. While they’re in a state of pure sexual ecstasy, my troops will move in and take control of the country.”

“A fucking great vibrator? Devilish, I must say. But you’re overlooking something, Miss Titsky.”

“I overlook nothing, Mr Blond.”

“You’re overlooking two fucking great tits for starters.”

“There’s no need to be crude.”

“It’s in my nature to be crude. I come from a long line of crudity, ancestral crudity. Talking of which, have you ever given any thought to the humble earthworm, Miss Titsky?”

“What the hell are you talking about now?”

“I have to warn you that I’m nothing like an earthworm, humble or otherwise. I’m more akin to a fighting machine. I’m well practised in the martial art of ...”

“OK, girls! You can come in now!” she called, turning and facing a door in the rear wall of the cabin.

Blond stood open-mouthed as half a dozen naked teenage girls filed through the door and stood behind Eva. Their vulval flesh shaved, their inner lips protruding enticing from their tightly closed sex cracks, they were fine specimens. *Well worth fucking*, he mused, casting his eyes over the petite mounds of their rock-hard and most suckable breasts. But what had they to do with his imprisonment? And what had they to do with rent boys sucking parliamentary members’ members to orgasm on Clapham Common? Did it really matter? They were young, curvaceous, firm, tight, hot, wet, juicy, slippery, lickable, fuckable, shagable, fingerable ... *Fingerable?*

“My girls are young, Mr Blond,” Eva smiled, waving her hand at the little beauties. “As you can see, they have been shaved in order to emphasize their youth. You’ll notice that their vaginal lips are full and well-formed. Regular massaging has made their outer labia taut and firm. The inner wings of their vulval slits are supple, ripe for taking into the mouth and sucking. Their clitorises are mature, of a good size and extremely sensitive to the caress of a tongue. They

vaginas are tight, hot and always well lubricated in readiness for debased sex. Their breasts are topped with fine, sensitive nipples ...”

“I don’t think you need say more,” Blond grinned, his solid penis bulging his trousers.

“I’ll have you know that I have three eyes.”

“Three?”

“Two either side of my nose and one on the end of my cock.”

“You pathetic fool!” Eva hissed. “I will leave you to your fate, Mr Blond. When the girls have had their fun, you will die.”

“Die?”

“Die.”

“Blimey!”

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