

## Sales Call

Today was going to be the big day for me according to Julie. I was to get up bright and early and with kit in hand head out to cover my route starting with section number one for the first time. I had four routes all located in the same section of the community, the southwest section was number one, the northwest section was number two, the northeast section was number three and the southeast section was number four. I don't know if you are familiar with the way Boston is laid out, but on average 8 blocks equal one mile and this section of town selected for me to cover was sixteen blocks on a side or four square miles, give or take an d inch or two on each side. Inside these parameters were lots of single family dwellings, but a large amount of high rise apartment buildings, too. All of this lying in a segment of Boston that might be classed as upper middle or lower high income level. In short, a terrific route for a kid who didn't know his way around. If this route was handled correctly a lifetime could be spent just covering the entire area. By the way, all of it was located on the far west side of town where all the "better than thou types" had relocated from the inner city in order to maintain what they felt was "their level of community pride". I don't mean to imply the area was saturated with money; it wasn't, but the families who had managed to emigrate to this portion of the city were able to afford some of the finer things in life and "Top Line" silk undergarments

came under that heading. Most, then, if not all the ladies on my territory could and did come under the heading of "able to afford" and would, if given the right treatment, buy the product I had to offer. When I went to bed the night before, the last thing I had seen as Julie sashayed out of my bedroom and into hers, was the cute little ass swishing back and forth just below the lower hem of her Shorty nightgown and the thing that stuck in my mind was her

admonition to join her in her bed should the need arise. Man, oh man, what an offer, but I was saturated at that moment with sex and intended to sleep in the next day. After all, the job I had set myself off on was not a real 9 to 5 operation and there was no time clock to punch, so my plan was to sleep late, have a leisurely breakfast with Julie and be on my way. Julie, however, had other plans for the day. It was still dark out, for Christ sakes, when I felt this little warm body snuggle in next to me and plant her frame around my bent and twisted torso; so close I could feel her pussy hairs against the back of my ass. Nothing was said, nothing was done other than her right hand snaked itself around my right hip and clamped on to my soft dick. She didn't move her hand, nor did she try to instigate any sexual action of any kind. She just took hold of my soft pecker and held it in her warm hand, sighed and, apparently went back to sleep. I will have to admit, the situation while not to my liking at that particular moment did feel great. That soft warm female form tucked in all the folds and creases of my fetal position torso was terrific; not to mention the comfortable feeling of her warm hand holding my soft little dick. We were, for all intents and purposes, welded together and I went back to sleep instantly. It was not to be for long, however. As the light coming in from outside turned from black to slate grey to the blue grey color of predawn, pre-sunrise morning, Julie awakened, slithered herself around until she was in a position to take me into her mouth and started to suck. I whimpered, of all things, and twisted away because I was still hurting from all the sex we had had over the past few days. She was set back a bit, but went right back to gobbling my old dingus. I, then, said out loud, "No Julie.

Jesus Christ my dick is so sore from yesterday I can hardly stand it. Let's not mess around this morning. And, for god's sake, why get me up so early?" "Honey, you have to get out on your route if you're going to get anything done. Come on, we'll take a nice shower together and you can stick it in if you want to. Then we'll have breakfast and you can be on your way. I want to relieve you of the load you have no doubt built up while sleeping and I want it rather than have you give it to some slut out on your route." I had no intention of letting Julie have any at that time of the morning and had no intentions, either, of "giving it" to any broad on my route; not today, anyway. We did shower together and we went through the routine of "you scrub me; I scrub you" and she did rub my dick into her wet, soapy crotch, but I wasn't in the mood and she soon dropped the subject altogether. Getting dressed, she in her room and me in mine, brought us, finally, to the kitchen where she prepared a great meal of bacon and eggs and then I was off for my first day of selling. As I prepared to leave the house, she took me in her arms at the front door, clamped her hand on my shaft and looking up into my eyes said, "Have a good day, baby. And keep all your equipment in your pants. This "Top Line" sales shit is dangerous. Save all of your fucking for Julie when you get home. Use it only if it means plenty of sales." With that, she kissed me soundly on the lips, patted me on the behind, took my hand, the one that wasn't clamped onto my salesman's case and pressed it hard into her crotch, rubbed it up and down a couple of times, winked and pushed me out the door. She had given me the keys to the Caddy, so the bus route was past history at this moment. Wow, old Timmy was riding high on the hog. So off we go into the wild blue yonder to see if we can do any selling. Besides, somewhere out there, and in my territory, was the gorgeous chick who played on my nerves a few days ago. I could still see that torso barely covered with two strips of cloth, gold high heel shoes and uum, uuum. Dispensing with the tried and true method for gaining admission, the free gift, I decided I would get right down to the nitty, gritty and not go around the entire area hanging a little sign on the door which promised a free gift on my return tomorrow. Instead, I decided to just knock, hold out the free gift and announce why I was standing there in their doorway. For the first 35 or 40 doorways my method was fruitless. I not only didn't meet any cute chicks, or sex starved housewives; I met numerous disgruntled husbands who had words not meant to be included in any biblical play. Thank god this was all taking place in an apartment building and the walking was curtailed to the nth degree. Elevators were the thing and saved a lot of foot stomping. After rejection after rejection, I decided to stop off at a local cafeteria and have a piece of apple pie and coffee. After finishing, I went outside and got in the Caddy, looked around at the endless line of high

risers and decided to head for greener pastures; the area with single family dwellings. Maybe this was where the green pastures started. I guess it would have been smarter and more productive for me had I been a bit more systematical in my approach, but I was becoming a bit anxious to make a sale, number one, and, maybe, with a little bit of luck the next door I knocked on would produce the vision that was stuck so firmly in my mind; Blondie with the two strips of cloth. As the day wore on and door after door was opened and I was met by resistance so virulent I thought I was in danger of being hit in the face a couple of times, my ambition began to wane and my spirits were in a nose dive and the decision to give it up for the day and go home began to become more desirable all the time. One more door and one more growling, ugly housewife and I was going to pack it in. Jesus, I didn't know there were so many ugly married women. Where did all the cute little brides go? Crossing the street into a section that was not, strictly, my territory, but an area that looked like it might have some interesting encounters brought me to a duplex deal that was in need of some repair, but looked clean and neat otherwise. The contrast in the dwellings from this side of the street to the other was an eye opener. How could some people live like this and just across a busy 8 lane city thoroughfare the uppity level was 20 fold higher. Oh, well, nothing ventured, they say. Knock, knock and before I could tap a third time a high pitched little voice said, "The door is open. Come on in." Wow! This was a welcome relief from what had occurred during the last four hours or so. Thinking it was some youngster doing something her mommy might not like, I hesitated and said, "Is your mommy home, little girl?" "Mommy, hell, either you want to come in or you don't. Mommy is busy and I don't feel like getting up to open the door for you. Come on in." So, taking the door handle, gently, I cautiously opened the front door not knowing what to expect and sort of oozed into the living room which, by the way, was quite dim as all the shades were drawn and the only real light was coming from the open door. As I was trying to get my eyes adjusted this same voice came to me from my extreme right saying, "Close the door for Christ's sake. You want me to catch cold or something?" I looked, quickly, in the direction of the voice and saw a girl of about 15 or 16 lying on the settee just inside the door. She was dressed in a sweater, buttoned at the bottom with one or two buttons and the cleavage just popped out at me. Wow! This was different than the past few hours, to say the least. For bottoms, she had cut off dungaree trousers which were unbuttoned so far down you could see the top of her pubic hair. This was some high school kid. As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I could see she was very cute and overly made up. Suddenly, she sat up, got up and stood rather close to me and said, "What can I do for you, honey? You selling something or buying something?" With that I told her about my reason for being there and wanted to know if I could show her mommy some samples and, of course, give her the free gift. "Cut the mommy shit, junior. Mommy doesn't live here anymore. And, as far the free gift, I'll take it before any of the other kitties come down from upstairs. If the gift is nice, I got a free gift for you, too." I gave her the gift, she looked it over carefully and said, "Hey, honey that's nice for keeping girlie secrets in. Thank you very much. Now, for the free gift I promised." I stammered and stuttered that nothing like this had ever happened before, but I couldn't accept a free gift from my customers and, besides, I wanted to show her my samples. "Hey, honey, that's great. You show me your samples after I show you my free samples." With that, she reached up and opened the sweater to display her rather large tits and immediately closed the sweater again. In one smooth move of her hands from sweater to the top of her dungaree shorts, she slipped the shorts down far enough for me to get a good look at her pussy and then immediately pulled the shorts back up and said, "There. You saw what I got to offer and now you show me what you got to offer and maybe we can make a little deal. Would you like that, pretty baby?" Man, oh man. Julie didn't cover any situation like this and I, truly, didn't know what to say or do. I was beginning to wish I had stayed in my territory and avoided crossing this damn street. Just as I was stammering out some crappy nonsense about showing her my sample case three more girls came down a flight of stairs all in various modes of undress. One with just panties and a brassiere, one with just an open kimono on that hid nothing and the other was dressed in a little short ballerina type skirt with, obviously, no panties on underneath. By this time I was not only stammering and making no sense, I was beginning to sweat profusely. I had no idea what I had walked into, but I was wishing like crazy that I could get the hell out of there. The one with the sweater said, then, "Honey, you look nervous, but you got a big bulge in your pants. Do we turn you on?" Jesus, what do you say to a question like that? So, I blurted out with, "It's nothing. I'm just nervous, that's all." The girls nearly fell down laughing with that dumb remark and the one with the open kimono said, "Katie just showed you her free gifts, you can see mine and, by the way, my name is Karen, the gorgeous blonde here playing the ballerina bit is Sue and the one with the bra and panties on is Allie. Now that you know who we are, what is your name, sweet thing?" I could barely get it out and, even then had to stop and think what my name was. Finally, stammering and stuttering and blushing like a dolt I muttered, "Alex." "Girls, meet bashful Alex. Well, honey, what do you have to show us? All of our goodies, well most of them, are on display and we haven't a clue as to what your goodies are. Why don't you unzip that fly and let us take a look at your goody machine or, perhaps, you have something else to show us. Come on, Alex, don't keep secrets from the four. We just want to make you happy, don't we ladies?" As the other three chorused what sounded like "we sure do" or something like that, I opened the sample case and started into my opening sales pitch. As I was doing this, I passed out the catalogue and handed each girl one and told them to follow page by page as I introduced what I had to offer. This caught their attention rather quickly and all four of them sat down on various settees and chairs,

all displaying tits and pussy like there was no tomorrow.&nbsp; All sitting in very un-lady like positions.&nbsp; Man it was difficult trying to get the spiel out especially when one would find something of interest and yell out, "Hey, Karen, look at the cunt on page 22.&nbsp; She's got bigger tits than you have and Allie, look at that ass on page 19.&nbsp; Don't you wish you had an ass like that? Jeez, what a pretty butt."&nbsp; This, of course, elicited rebuttals and cat calls and cries of, "let the kid talk for cripes sake." On I went until, finally, Karen just stood up, dropped her kimono on the floor and balls ass naked, walked up, took a pair of panties out of my display case and as quick as a wink slipped them on and went parading around the room.&nbsp; While I was trying to recover from this, Allie took a bra and some stockings and put the m on and then the free for all began.&nbsp; Each girl taking something and putting it on, removing it and trying something else and I was losing all track of what was going where.&nbsp; Here I am, trying to be businesslike

in a room with four goofy females parading around stark naked at one time, stockings and nothing else the next, panties and bra the next until I could stand the mess no longer and just sat down and wanted to tell them all to go to hell.&nbsp; I had no idea what sort of setup this was.&nbsp; Finally, they all settled down with what they had chosen for themselves and Karen, who seemed to be the spokeswoman, said, "Girls, stop it.&nbsp; You got the kid all upset and his hard on has disappeared.&nbsp; Shame on you all.&nbsp; Turning to me she said, "Sweet thing, we'll take all you got in that case.&nbsp; Now how about that girls?&nbsp; You want to give the kid a break.&nbsp; Buy what you got in your hand or buy more if you want and need it.&nbsp; These things are really nice looking.&nbsp; Better than anything any of us own right now for sure. How about that, honey?&nbsp; You want to talk a deal?" Deal?&nbsp; What the hell was this place?&nbsp; So, I said in a quavering voice, "What kind of a deal?&nbsp; What is this place a sorority house or what?"&nbsp; Sorority house broke them up and they did an, almost hysterical round of laughter and thigh slapping and pounding the

arms of their chairs.&nbsp; Sorority, indeed. "Honey, you really are naive.&nbsp; You really don't know what this place is do you?"&nbsp; I shook my head no and she went on with.&nbsp; We're Pussy peddlers, honey, this is a cat house.&nbsp; I guess my ignorance showed, because she went on by saying, "You don't know what a cat house is, either, do you?"&nbsp; Another shake of my head and she said, "We haul men's ashes in here; we sell female goodies to men who need that sort of thing; this is a cunt cafeteria; a pussy parlor; a whorehouse, honey." Oh, Jeepers.&nbsp; A whorehouse?&nbsp; Jesus, how do I get out of this? As I stood there dumbfounded, Katie, out of her cutoff dungarees and sweater and dressed, now, in one of our better nighties, stood up and said, "Alex, I been sitting here getting prices out of the catalogue on all the stuff the girls got.&nbsp; Between the four of us, we got nearly \$260 dollars worth of stuff.&nbsp; Here's our offer.&nbsp; Each girl is a specialist in something or other.&nbsp; Me, I like to fuck better than anything, but I dabble in blow jobs and around the worlds.&nbsp; Karen takes it anyway you can find to give it to her.&nbsp; Sue is a contortionist and can give you a screw that really looks like your being screwed; man she can twist into all sorts of pretzel

shapes while you slam it home.&nbsp; Allie is our aristocrat and does it kind of cool like.&nbsp; She uses ice cubes and kitty cats.&nbsp; She'll give you a thrill like you haven't ever had before.&nbsp; Now, with \$260 dollars of credit, that's 130 visits here. What do you say?&nbsp; Is it a deal?"&nbsp; "Man, no, it isn't a deal.&nbsp; Jesus, I got to replace all of that stuff and it isn't for sale in the first place.&nbsp; 130 visits, my ass. That would take me a year, even if I was able to come 2 or 3 times a week and I know I won't be able to do that.&nbsp; No, sir ladies.&nbsp; No deal!"&nbsp; "Okay, no deal.&nbsp; Tell you what, though.&nbsp; Let's do this.&nbsp; We keep what we got.&nbsp; We pay you for your samples, whatever they cost, and, as we isn't busy right now, we play a little game.&nbsp; Russian roulette via the pussy method.&nbsp; No,no,no,no..just listen for a

minute and I'll explain before you start bitching.&nbsp; Here's how it goes.&nbsp; We blind fold you, we all get situated and can move whenever we want, but not out of this room.&nbsp; In other words, we will change positions and chairs and all that stuff, but there will be somebody in each chair or settee just as you see us now.&nbsp; We won't cheat you. Now, what you do is this.&nbsp; You go from one to another and using any method you want try to identify each girl; by smell, by feel of her tits, her pussy, her hair or whatever.&nbsp; When you feel able, just put your hand on each one and say this is so and so and this is so and so and for each one you get right, that girl will have to pay you for the things she wants to buy right here and right now and you can go home broke or wealthy.&nbsp; In order to give you every chance

each girl will stay right where she is right at this moment and you can go to each one, smell her hair, feel her pussy, smell her perfume, her armpits, her ass, her cunt, her feet or whatever.&nbsp; Feel her tits and get an idea of the size of each girls breast; notice, none of us has the same size tits, feel her crotch and get an idea of how the hair feels and that sort of thing. You can tell a lot by that.&nbsp; Put your dick in each girl and test for the depth of her twat.&nbsp; You can tell a lot by that.&nbsp; Kiss her and feel her tongue and lips; you can tell a lot that way.&nbsp; Use your imagination, have fun and, maybe, identify each of us and

collect the entire amount here, now, on the spot.&nbsp; Game?" No, I wasn't game.&nbsp; How was I going to explain to Julie having to come up with that kind of money if I couldn't do it?&nbsp; On the other hand, what if I could?&nbsp; I hadn't missed the fact each girl was a different size, nor had I missed the fact each girl had a different perfume on, nor had I missed the fact each girl had different textured pussy hairs and, by the same token, different textured hair on their head.&nbsp; A sneeze!&nbsp; Man, I could get in some good fucking, lots of kisses on my dinger and come out smelling like a rose \$310 richer.&nbsp; Decision time!&nbsp; Yes? or No.?&nbsp; Besides, if I couldn't and failed, I could always park the Caddy in Julie's driveway and take the next bus out of town.&nbsp; Decision? "Okay, let's give it a good try."&nbsp; How brave old Timmy is, I said to myself. There was general cheering and lots of whooping and yelling about good sport and all of that.&nbsp; Then all four of them fell on me en masse and stripped me naked in nothing flat.&nbsp; While one of them blind folded me, another had fallen on her knees and was playing



and so forth and, finally, putting my dick in and doing a pump or two. After letting it soak a bit, I patted number one on the butt and said, "I'm sure

this is Allie." The chorus of "holy cow and Jesus Christ and god dams" was proof enough I was right. They couldn't get over it, but warned me that there were three more to go. Then they shifted again. When I went around feeling only three were left and I was kind of sorry Allie was not still in the running. She seemed to be the best of the bunch as far as I was concerned.

Oh, well, back to work. The first one this time had a wart and was easy to spot so I just blurted out, "This one is Sue." The shouts and catcalls all indicated I had hit the mark again so the rest was going to be easy. All I had to do was find one dead fish and

one hot to trot and that was that. Two K's left; Karen and Katie. Karen, hot and loaded for screwing; Katie, needing a bath and just one step above being emotionless. As I mounted the first one of the last two I was able to detect the sour smell that indicated this was Katie, but, Jesus, I no more than got my prick inserted and my hands on her hips and all hell broke loose. She started to squirm and wiggle and buck back against my body, groaning and moaning like all the world was coming to an end so I pulled out and asked her not to do that. I didn't want to cum right then and action like that was going to force the issue for sure. So, instead, I went to the next one and started the routine all over. If that one had been dead fish Katie then this, surely, had to be hot cracker Karen, but now I

wasn't too sure. I put my hand on her right hip and with my left hand guided my dick into her canal. The head had barely slipped in when she started to tremble all over. She was quivering like a taught string. I pushed in deeper and I could hear her breathing as she hissed her breath in and out. A push all the way in and taking it almost out to the head caused her to gasp and whine. Reaching around, ever so gingerly, I ran both hands up to her breasts, around the side of each one and by the time I touched her nipples, she was covered in goose flesh and her skin was literally moving under my hand. Not her body, her skin. You could feel it slacken and get tight as my hands moved slowly upward. Her cunt hole was doing a number on my shaft by tightening and loosening in hard, involuntary, opening and closing. Cripes almighty what a sensation, especially when she would clamp down on the head of my dick as I would pull out almost to the end. It was no longer a question of who it was. It was Karen, for sure, and in between strokes I managed to quake out with, "I know this is Karen and that had to be Katie." By this time I wasn't listening to any outside sounds. I was concentrating on what Karen was

moaning and that happened to be nothing but requests for me to fuck her hard, do it to me, screw me hard, etc., etc. She was really into it and was bucking and rotating her hips like crazy. When I would go all the way in, she would brace her arms and push her pelvis back so hard her butt hole would almost touch my stomach and, then, she would wiggle her hips and dig in. I could not have stopped at this point if I had wanted to, so I drove it home time and time again until I felt her stop, tense up and let out an immense sigh as she started her orgasms. I came, too, and she let out a scream that could have been heard for blocks. She was not only yelling out loud, she was crying and laughing and practically in hysterics. At this point I started to pull out and she reached back and tried to stop me, but my dick was getting smaller and smaller and it was only a question of time before it fell out on its own. As it came out, love juice ran down her left inner thigh and she turned over in the chair, tears running down her cheeks and said, "Oh, baby, I'd like to do this whole thing over again in about four minutes." The other three, however, were sort of miffed, it seemed, because I had gone "all the way" with Karen, but I couldn't stop. Jeepers they should be able to understand that. I flopped down on the nearest chair, legs spread out in front of me and I was exhausted. Here I was, alone in a room with four young chicks, all naked, all with dripping cunts and all owing me money. So, after getting my breath I said, "Well, did I do it as promised?" There was general agreement that the mission had been accomplished, but the other three felt that Karen had gotten the best of the bargain and all of them wanted me to have a go at them right here and right now. No charge, either, they said. That was out; definitely out. My old dick was hurting like hell this morning and now it was all red and swollen and sort of raw looking. No more fucking for a long time old buddy. So I had to decline. I suggested, however, that now that I knew them and

knew where they were and that they were in this business I would, on occasion visit them on a professional level and pay for it. There was some general applause and lots of "hey, honey, that's the way to talk" all done in good humor. Katie, my original contact person, brought me a wet wash cloth and, gingerly, washed me off and dried my dingus. Karen, left the room and came back about 4 minutes later with \$308 dollars; \$310 for the contents of my kit [they took it all] minus \$2.00 for her payment for, as she put it, "one hell of a good screw". She also said, "Next time, baby, knowing what I know now about you, I might let you have one on the house." While all this bantering was being tossed about, I got dressed and prepared to leave. I had one hell of a time, sold all my samples, but had to face Julie and explain what happened and have her order me a new kit. Oh, well, you win some and you lose some.

## About the Author

Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple

partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! &nbsp;The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

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