Too-Ra-Loo

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A Buick car

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Let me set the stage and admit. This is a story with true people, only the names have been forgotten. The relevance being that I was young and naive. But that doesn't go against the grain when ones cock is hard and proud.

During my time in the service of the our country I spent a year and a half on the west coast. It was there that I met a witch. That's what she claimed to be and she was also the owner of a bar and took me under her spell. She was of a different breed, she told me. I was about to find out.

Of course none of this happened over night. It was well after I had spent helping's of Uncle Sam's green back dollars on draft beers in her establishment . It was sometime later that I found out the place was off limits to military personnel .

I remember the day and night that she put the witch on me. It was St Patrick's Day. I didn't know St Patrick from St Elmo's Fire.

It was the day and night I would meet her leprechaun . He looked like Quasimodo in a green suit with tails, a shillelagh and green top hat.

I rode a bus from the base into the city. Getting off the bus I had to walk several blocks to her place. I first discovered the bar on a whim. The whim being a March rain shower. I sought cover and found myself inside the surroundings of what should have past as a bar.

Opening the door should have sent a warning to my brain to leave quickly and never shadow the place with my person again. It was behind the bar standing a gristly old hag by the n ame of Maggie humming a tune. A tune that I remembered my granny sang to me.

"Too-R a -Loo-R a -Loo-R al , Too-R a -Loo-R a -L I "

It wasn't that Maggie wasn't attractive. The simple truth being she was damn ugly. I being anti-ugly

had shivers up and down my spine. A dollar a mug for green beer has away of erasing bad looks. That and tits swaying over her lowered bodice caused me to down many of the drink.

Picture in your mind your worst case scenario of a watering hole gone against the grain of an old spaghetti western. Put in your own two cents and be in the rears on the rent. That pretty much sums up the lay out of the bar. The place was hopping if you can call a violin and accordion jamming.

Nude dancers showing their, what the big guy gave them. Nude waitresses in between giving blow jobs and serving the crowd. This was pussy gone a muck but I was horny.

Once a regular you got use to the stale beer ambiance gone sour. One gets use to stepping in tobacco spittle's or that of the carcass of one of God's critters. Have you had the non-pleasure of running head on into a roach with teeth. If the sole of shoes didn't stop them in their tracks the stench of the stopped up commodes would.

By 2am the place was uproarious and factions had divided into who could knock the top hat off the leprechaun. Him being Maggie's hired help to sweep out the bugs and tap-in to new kegs of beer. I assumed he washed glasses also.

Tequila shooters were served in a condom. I had two and after placed the condoms in my pocket.

Maggie settled down the now dwindling crowd with the leaf of the dried and rolling papers. She sat down next to me and ask what I wish. I should have sung the song granny sang to me. Maggie thought better and broke out in an out of tune, My Wild Irish Rose. I was stoned and hard boned and she knew it.

She had Quasi lock the door and the few that remain were given the stone. The stone being a pill that would keep the juices flowing and the cocks in elocution. The back door open and among the flow of people was My Wild Irish Rose. There wasn't anything Irish about her except a tuft of red hair atop her pussy mound.

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Rose had taken me under her wing some weeks ago. Maggie's was our rendezvous place. Rose knew all the right places. She was a much older woman then me. She had a Buick car but sat in the back with me. The driver being a women friend of hers. Rose like the feel of my cock in her ass as the car ran over bumps in the road. We were headed for a place she knew well.

I had not yet broken the ice into the curiosity of bisexuality but I did admire the flesh of male gender

also. The Buick stopped at the High Street Lounge. It was after two and after hours but this place was just awakening. I was 18 and underage but Rose had the reputation and that was what mattered.

Protocol was undressing and drinks at a premium . Being in the military dollars were short. All Maggie said was, "You owe me then".

I have never seen so many cocks in one place that including the shower on base. It wasn't until Rose turned around that I saw her cock. That night I was initiated into the society by sucking cocks from night till morning. I became her boy toy and submissive by 6am.