

# Pete And Joe Get Laid (Second Stab At Humor In Sex

By DirtyMartini

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*Joe has a string of failed plans to get laid, always dragging his friend Pete into it. Until...*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/pete-and-joe-get-laid-second-stab-at.aspx>

Pete and Joe have been friends all their lives. As such, they have shared quite a bit in the 30 or so odd years they have known each other. They shared a neighborhood. They shared a school. They shared friends. They shared the same drunken babe the night of their first sexual experience. They now share an apartment, and in a few minutes they will be sharing a pizza.

"You did order the pizza," Pete asks quizzically, "right Joe?"

"Yea, I ordered the damn pizza."

"Extra sausage?" Pete asks.

"I got your sausage," says Joe sarcastically.

"What's taking Jose so long, he's usually much quicker?" asks Pete.

"What am I, his mother? How should I know?" Joe adds.

Suddenly the door buzzer rings. Joe goes over to the intercom and presses the button. "Hello."

"Pizza," a voice says.

"Alright, come on up."

Moments later there is a knock on the door.

"Coming."

Joe opens the door and in pops in an energetic young man carrying a pizza box.

"Yo, dudes, wuz up? Ah man, let me tell you. I had the best bitch last night. This bitch was amazing! She could suck the white off rice. I mean she was hot. She did me every way till sundown. I got no sleep last night, this bitch had me pumpin' all night. She sucked me dry, she sucked my ass. I sucked her pussy. I sucked her titties and I mean she had the most perfect titties. I mean the biggest titties you ever seen...and her ass, ah man, to die for! Ah, bros, you should have seen this bitch!" said Jose energetically. "I mean she was hot, and a freak in bed!"

"Sounds hot," says Joe.

"Was she. I mean she cleaned my pipes," says Jose. "That be twelve bucks, by the way."

"Here, keep the change."

"So, what you dudes doing tonight?" asks Jose. "I bet you getting some action yourselves."

"Ah, we waiting on a couple of babes," replies Joe.

"All right! You guys don't wear 'em out too bad, hear?" Jose says.

"Yeah, we'll try not to break 'em in half," says Joe.

"I hear ya. Later dudes."

"Later."

Jose leaves the apartment as Pete and Joe stare at the pizza on the table like they are waiting for it to get up and dance.

"We waiting on a couple of babes?" Pete says.

"Ah, well, yes," says Joe.

"We been waiting on a couple of babes for about the last ten years," Pete says. "Like waiting for Godot."

"Alright, so we ain't exactly Don Juan," says Joe.

"Ain't exactly Don Juan? Heck, you haven't had pussy since the pussy had you," Pete says. "Shit, you still got that condom in your wallet since high school prom."

"I can't help it Sharon Keller got sick that night," says Joe.

"Eat your pizza," says Pete. "I guess we're both just a couple of hard up losers."

"Join the club."

After dinner, the two men sit on the sofa and watch TV.

"Pete man, do you feel like renting a skin flick on pay for view?" Joe asks. "Maybe it'll give us some ideas."

"Yeah, sure. Can't hurt."

The two men order the porno movie and turn it on. While some boring porno flick music plays obnoxiously in the background, a pizza deliveryman approaches a house.

He then rings the doorbell. A hot looking blonde wearing only panties answers the door and immediately drags him inside. She happens to have an equally hot looking friend over, also wearing nothing but panties, and they all start to have wild sex. There is a lot of grunting, moaning and slurping sounds over the boring porno music.

"Eureka! I got it! I am a genius! Man, you are going to love me! I deserve a Nobel Prize for this!" Joe suddenly exclaims. "I have the answer to all our problems!"

"Dude, can you even spell genius?" asks Pete.

"Man, you know how Jose is always bragging about all the pussy he scores?" continues Joe.

"Ah, yeah, so?"

"You know how the pizza delivery guy is always getting all the babes in the porn flicks?" asks Joe.

"Ah, something to do with his twelve inch cock maybe?" Pete says.

"Seriously," starts Joe, "I finally figured it out. Women dig pizza delivery guys. Pizza delivery guys get

laid!"

"Um, I think I'm losing I.Q. points just talking to you right now. Look, dude, rock stars get laid. Sports figures get laid. Tiger Woods gets laid. Bill Gates probably gets laid. Pizza delivery guys deliver pizza," explains Pete.

"Man, I think it must be the uniform. Women dig a guy in uniform," adds Joe.

"Look, women dig a guy in uniform if the uniform has five stars on it and says general. Not if it says Domino's and has a handwritten nametag on it with 'AssFace' scribbled in crayon. What have you been smoking?" asks Pete.

"All we have to do is get jobs as a pizza delivery guy and we will be living like rock stars. We'll have more pussy than we'll know what to do with," says Joe.

"You have more stupidity than you know what to do with. When they were handing out stupidity, did you go back up for seconds?" Pete asks. "Were you born this stupid or did it take years of practice? I would say you are as dumb as dirt, but that would be insulting dirt."

"Look man, it won't hurt to try. I'm willing to quit my job at the fast food joint to change careers."

"Ooh, a big career move," says Pete.

"I just need you to drive me around, since you have the car," adds Joe.

"I figured I had to be involved in your idiot scheme somehow," says Pete. "OK, I'll give this a shot, just to humor your royally dumb ass."

"Thanks bro, you won't regret this."

The next day the two go to the local Domino's and Joe applies for a job as a driver.

"You have any pizza experience?" asks the guy behind the counter.

"I've ordered pizza before," explains Joe.

"Do you have a car?"

"No, but my friend here will drive me," answers Joe.

"Do you have any references?"

"My mother will probably say something nice about me," adds Joe.

"OK, you're hired."

"Oh thank you. You won't regret this!" exclaims Joe.

"I need a pie delivered to 41 Main."

"Yes sir!"

Pete and Joe get in the car with Pete behind the wheel and head to Main Street to deliver the pie.

"I just know there will be a horny babe at the door. Probably a bunch of horny cheerleaders looking for a man," Joe says.

"Probably a bunch of leather clad gay guys looking for some ass," says Pete. "If they're looking for an asshole, I think they've found one."

"I think you have no faith in me."

"I think you're right," says Pete.

They pull up to 41 Main. Joe gets out of the car with the pizza and goes up to the door. He knocks. The door opens and a balding middle-aged man with no shirt appears.

"Pizza. Oh good. How much I owe you?" he asks.

"That'll be ten bucks," replies Joe.

"Here."

"Thanks."

Joe returns to the car. Pete is still at the wheel with the engine running.

"Damn Joe, you fucked all those cheerleaders already. You are the man," Pete says sarcastically.

"All right, all right."

They return to the pizza place. Joe goes in.

"I have two pies going to 178 Bradley Court," his boss tells him.

The two take off and arrive at their destination. Joe hesitates then says, "There has to be a woman here."

"There has to be," Pete adds.

Joe goes up to the door and rings the bell. The door opens and a large woman in stretched-out sweatpants and curlers in her hair answers the door.

"Oh good, my dinner!" she exclaims, obviously excited at the sight of food.

Joe finishes the transaction and runs back to the car.

"No supermodel convention, huh?" Pete asks.

"Very funny," says Joe.

Once again they are back at the store.

"Got a pie going to 247 Madison."

They head off in the car.

"We have to get lucky this time," Joe says.

"Oh, we have to."

They arrive and once again Joe goes to the door and rings the bell. The door opens and a shapely brunette answers the door. She is wearing a sexy black dress.

"Hello there," she says. "Would you like to come in?"

Joe gets so excited he almost hurts himself. At last, he gets lucky, he thinks to himself.

"What's your name?" she asks.

"Uh Joe," he manages to get out.

"You're a handsome young man," she says, "and so strong." She is stroking his arm. Joe can hardly believe his good fortune. He says to himself he knew he was right about pizza delivery guys.

"I've been looking for a man like you," she says as she grabs his hand and leads him into the bedroom. Joe can hardly contain his excitement. "Please, take your clothes off and lie down on the bed for me, honey,"

"Oh, for you anything. I mean, really, my pleasure," stammers Joe.

She then takes Joe's hands and, pulling out a pair of handcuffs, proceeds to handcuff Joe to the headboard.

"I see you like to get a little rough," Joe comments.

"Oh, you have no idea."

The girl then removes her dress, revealing a black leather bra with studs and leather panties. She reaches behind the bed and produces a whip.

"Oh, you do like it rough, ouch...um, take it easy!"

"Have you been a bad boy?" she asks politely.

"Ah, the worst thing I ever did was come here," answers Joe.

"I have something for you," she says softly.

'Now what,' Joe thinks. 'Is she really going to give me a present after all this?' he wonders.

The girl in the studded underwear then reaches into a drawer and pulls out a large black rubber penis and straps it onto her leather panties.

"Here I come, honey, with your present!"

"Yikes! Help!" shouts Joe.

An hour later Joe returns to the car. Pete is at the wheel half-asleep. Joe gets in the car and slams the door shut.

"Did you get laid?" Pete asks groggily.

"I don't want to talk about it," Joe says in a serious tone. "I don't think I'm cut out for the pizza business."

"OK, we'll go back home."

The next night Pete and Joe are in their usual positions on the sofa in front of the TV. There is a documentary on about prison life.

"Man, you think we have it rough, it could always be worse," Pete says.

"Yeah, I'll say," Joe adds.

The documentary starts to talk about women's prisons. There is an interview with a couple of women prisoners discussing the hardships.

"Pete, I got it!" Joe shouts excitedly, "Bro, I really am a genius this time!"

"Bro, do you know what the word means?"

"No, seriously, I have the answer to all our problems," Joe states.

"I think a psychiatrist is the answer to your problem," Pete says.

"Really. I have a sure way for us to get laid."

"Really, sure, huh."

"You know how women's prisons are full of women that have not seen a man in years?" Joe asks.

"Uh, so?"

"Well, we just have to hang out by a women's prison. When the girls get released, we'll be the first guys they'll see," Joe says.



"This is your prize winning idea?"

"What's wrong with it? What can go wrong?" Joe asks.

"Not sure yet, but I'm sure something will," answers Pete.

"Don't worry, this is a sure thing," Joe assures him.

"I was afraid you'd say that."

The two get a good night's sleep and in the morning set off in Pete's car for the nearest women's prison. It is about an hour away.

"Let's stop at the liquor store," suggests Joe.

"Good idea, I could use a drink." Pete says.

"No, for the ladies. We should have something for the fine looking babes when they come out of jail," Joe says.

They stop at the next liquor store they see and pick up a twelve-pack of beer. They get back in the car and continue on their way.

"It's just a mile up the road, Pete. I'm feeling great right now. No way we can miss with this one."

They enter the prison parking lot and park the car. They get out of the car with the beer. After asking a few questions of people in the area, they figure out where the exit is and make themselves comfortable.

"Now what?" asks Pete.

"We just make ourselves comfortable until the hot babes come out."

An hour or so passes and no hot babes.

"Um, Joe," Pete says. "Give me a beer. I'm getting thirsty."

"Good idea. I could use one too."

Another twenty minutes or so pass with no activity. Suddenly a pair of large, burly looking females comes out the door. They start walking in the direction of Pete and Joe.

"Pete, Pete, look!" Joe says excitedly. "Here come the women!"

"Are you sure these are women?" Pete asks cautiously.

"Man, I bet these babes are hot to trot. I bet these babes are dyin' for some action," Joe says.

The girls approach the two men. Joe strolls up carrying the twelve-pack.

"Would you ladies like to join my friend and myself for a drink?" Joe asks in a friendly tone.

'POW!' One of the women kicks Joe hard in the nuts while the second punches him in the face. The two each grab a leg and turn him upside down as his money falls out of his pockets and on the ground. They then grab the money and the twelve-pack and run off. Pete is seen running in the other direction as fast as he can.

Back in the car Pete asks, "How are your balls?"

"Really, I don't want to talk about it."

"OK, we'll go back home," Pete says. "I can't wait for your next bright idea, genius."

Back at the house the following night Pete is watching TV and Joe is reading a magazine. He is reading an article about women who are addicted to sex. He is totally absorbed in the article and for some time does not say a word.

"Pete, Pete!"

"Yeah Joe."

"Pete man, I got an idea how we can get laid that can't fail. This is true genius!"

"I'm worried already."

"Pete, it says here in this article that there are women that are totally addicted to sex. They'll screw anything that moves, even us."

"So."

"Pete man, don't you see, we just have to meet these women and we are in like Flynn."

"Joe, where we going to meet women like that?"

"Dude, it says here there is an organization, SLAA. Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous. We just have to go on the Internet and find out where the nearest women's meeting is," explains Joe.

"And then what, genius?"

"Then, um, we just happen to be strolling through the parking lot about ten minutes before the start of the meeting," continues Joe.

"And what? These women are just going to grab us and stuff us in the car and take us home and screw our brains out? I think your brain is already screwed out."

"No. We, um, we just have to come up with a good story. Like, um, we're from out of town and we were driving through the neighborhood and our car broke down," starts Joe, "and since it is too late to get it repaired, we have to find a hotel till morning. We just ask these women if they know where the nearest hotel is. We happen to have just enough money for a room."

"Uh, I don't know. It don't sound too bad, but um..."

"But, um, what?" asks Joe.

"All right. We'll give it a shot. This just might work."

The men get a good night's sleep and the next day Joe looks on the net and finds the location of the nearest SLAA women's meeting. It is about two hours away. They get directions off the net and head on out in the afternoon. Joe is in his usual good mood and Pete is his normally skeptical self.

"Pete, man, I'm really feeling good about this."

"Good, Joe. Glad to hear it."

"Pete, man, stop at the liquor store. I want to get a bottle of something."

"Why, so when you get kicked in the balls this time you won't feel it?" Pete asks sarcastically.

"Dude, I think you got no faith in me."

"Dude, I think you're right."

They stop at the nearest liquor store and Joe runs in and gets a bottle of brandy. He runs back out to the car and gets in.

"Something for the ladies, to get them in the mood. Not that it will be necessary this time," says Joe.

"I'm sure they'll just look at us and take their clothes off."

"That is the idea," says Joe.

After a bit of driving, Joe opens the bottle of brandy and takes a swig. "Want some?" he asks.

"No, I'm driving," Pete says. "I thought that was for the ladies."

"And for me. A few swigs can't hurt."

As they drive to their destination Joe continues to drink from the bottle. As he continues to drink, it is obvious he is becoming intoxicated.

"Yo bro, do you think you should be drinking so much?" asks Pete.

"Yo man, I'm just loosening up. Better to get my freak on, you hear?" says Joe.

The men arrive at their destination and park in the parking lot. They get out of the car and walk towards the building. Joe is carrying the bottle of brandy in a paper bag.

"We'll just wait here by the building till the hot babes show up," Joe says, slightly stuttering from drunkenness.

A few moments later three tall blondes appear, walking in the direction of Pete and Joe.

"Pete, man, do you see what I see! Ah, man. Just like I imagined."

The blondes are getting closer.

"Pete, let me do the talking. I got the natural rap, you hear?"

As the tall blondes get within range, Joe leaps forward. "Hey ladies. My friend and I are from out of town and, um, our car broke, and, um, do you know where the nearest hotel is?" Joe stammered.

"So you boys want to go to a hotel?" one of the blondes asks in a husky voice. She is tall with lots of makeup.

"Ah yes!" Joe exclaims. "We'll take our car. Follow us. All right!" He turns to Pete and says, "Man, was that easy or what?"

"Ah, I don't know, Joe."

"Ah, come on man!" Joe says emphatically.

The five of them pile into Pete's car. One of the blondes gives Pete directions to the nearest hotel and they are on their way. The blonde explains it is cheap and they are well known there.

"You girls sure are tall, aren't you?" Joe asks.

"I'm six foot one," one of them says.

"Oh, big girls. Ya hear that, Pete?"

"Yes, we are big," one of the blondes says. The others giggle.

Pete can't help but notices the 'girls' seem awfully large and seem to have very deep voices. "Ah, Joe. Can I talk to you in private?" Pete asks.

"Not now, Pete, we're almost at the hotel."

"Ah, Joe, I think we should talk. I have a bad feeling..."

"Ah come on, Pete. You should be feeling good, like me," Joe says.

"You're cute, sugar," one of the blondes says as she pinches Joe on the cheek.

"See Pete, we're going to have a ball," Joe says. "Look, we're here."

"Ah Joe, I just have a bad feeling...um."

"What's the matter, Pete, you don't feel good?" asks Joe.

"Yeah, that's it. I don't feel good. You go on without me," says Pete.

"You sure? We're gonna have a ball," says Joe.

Giggle from the blondes.

"Yeah, I'm sure, Joe."

The four of them go into the hotel. About an hour later Joe returns to the car not looking nearly as thrilled as when he left. Again Pete is half-asleep at the wheel.

"Did you get laid?" Pete asks groggily.

"I don't want to talk about it," Joe answers in a serious tone.

"You know, maybe some people weren't meant to get laid," says Pete.

"Man, even eggs can get laid. Why not us?" answers Joe.

"You hungry, Joe?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

The two men start down the road and stop at the nearest restaurant. They park the car and make their way towards the entrance. Standing by the entrance are two girls looking rather sad. They approach Pete and Joe.

"Hi. Are you two heading North after you leave?" one of them asks politely.

"Why yes. Why do you ask?" says Pete.

"Well, our boyfriends dumped us and we are kinda in a bind. By the way my name is Nancy and this is Sue."

"Nice to meet you. My name is Joe and my friend here is Pete."

And that is the way Pete and Joe met Sue and Nancy. Last we heard Pete and Sue had been married

five years and had two kids. Joe and Nancy had been married just over four years with one kid and another on the way.

Which just goes to show, even eggs can get laid.

May, 2009.