

Cum On Baby (Take me to Chicago 1962)

By DirtyMartini

Published on Lush Stories on 08 Nov 2009

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Fantasy takes me back to the Chicago blues and a special dancer.

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Alright, I've been playing you people...I'm sorry, but that is just the way it is. I've been taking the easy way out, like the song says. I've been writing about stuff that happened in my sordid past, not taking into account that this is a fantasy site. This is a sex fantasy site, not a sex reality site, right? So, now I am going to treat it like it deserves, I am going to tell you nice people about one of my dearest sexual fantasies. I, Alan W. Jankowski, am going to spill my guts out on the table...for all of you to observe... This is a sex fantasy site, right? As someone in the audience commented recently, "and that, ladies and gentlemen is why this is called a fantasy site". I really don't know what he meant, I mean, that story was true...I have never really taken the liberty of fantasizing on this site...until now. I mean, really, if others can do it why not I? If other people can write stories about living out every line of some sixties song, and someone else can fantasize about making love to 'Little Wing' while Jimmy Hendrix plays on, why can't I? Really...so, I started to fantasize. I mean, it is no secret guys think about sex, so it is not so unlikely I can come up with a fantasy. I thought about it long and hard. What scenario would I like to live out? Hmmmm..... I thought.... There were a few. Anyone who knows me knows I'm a Jimmy Reed fan. To me music is second only to sex, and not by much. I don't want to say I worship the man, that wouldn't be right. I mean, just because I think his birthday should be a national holiday and I think he should be the fourth person in the Blessed Trinity, does not mean I worship him, right? Anyway...I finally came up with a real fantasy. Yes, after all this time I did it. Humor me, alright? I know it is a bit corny, with time machines and all, but it is a fantasy. I mean after all, I am entitled, just like anyone else. So let me begin...it goes something like this. You girls might want to get comfortable. You men as well. After all, this is a fantasy site, right? Let me indulge myself for a while. I think I deserve it...my fantasy goes something like this.... When I was working back at my friend Rich's telephone business, we hired a new guy named Carl. Carl was one of these techy type guys, a real nerd, so to speak. He was smart though, I have to admit. Got something like a 790 on the math portion of his SAT's. He was really a smart guy and that was what we needed. Anyway, one day Carl was a bit excited.... "Alan." Carl said. "Yes, Carl." I answered. "I think I invented a time machine." "Um...what dude?" I asked cautiously. "I think I invented a time machine." I started to think. I time

machine, eh? I mean I know this is a fantasy, but what are we in cartoon land? "OK, Carl. You been smoking something good and not sharing again?" I asked. "No, really man. Where do you want to go? I mean you tell me a time and place and I think I can send you there." Carl stated confidently. I started to think. There were so many possibilities. Did I want to go back to the dawn of creation and talk to God? Did I want to look over De Vinci's shoulder as he painted the Mona Lisa? Did I want to be there with Thomas Jefferson as he wrote the Declaration Of Independence? Did I want to converse with Lincoln as he pondered the Civil War? I thought for a moment, and then I spoke. "Chicago, 1962." "What?" Asked Carl. "Chicago, 1962." I was confident. "Are you serious?" He asked. "Serious as a heart attack." I answered. I watched Carl as he stared back somewhat quizzically. He pondered the situation and then started punching in numbers in his crude keyboard. I think it was a Radio Shack TRS-80, this was the 80's after all. In a moment, I started to feel funny. My head started to spin and I felt lightheaded. The room around me started to spin out of control. I shook, I started to sweat. My mind started to race at a fast pace. I was out of control and there was no stopping it now. I was on a natural high and I don't know why, The room started to spin and it took me all in, There were natural forces, pulling me like horses, I was along for a ride, taking me in stride. I woke up on a dirty street on the South side. I was the only white person in sight. I looked around. "Do you want to go out?" A nice looking black girl came up and asked me. "No thank you." I answered. I didn't think I had enough money in my pocket anyway. I wandered around the corner to a bar. I stepped in. It seemed all eyes were on me. "What can I get you?" The barkeep asked. "A Guinness, please." I answered. There was a bit of laughter and then he spoke. "How about a Bud, Bud?" I ordered a Bud and sat there quietly. I felt uneasy, as I was the center of attention. I sucked down my beer quickly and walked out. I headed onto the street and looked around. I really didn't like what I saw. I headed out onto the boulevard. I passed a number of seedy looking bars and clubs. I just kept walking. I really wanted to disappear. I began thinking this was one big mistake. Then, suddenly I walked passed a small hole in the wall. There was a small plaque that read 'VJ Records'. I went in. Once inside I felt immediately at home. I heard blues music coming out from behind the walls. I was in a trance and I did not want to leave. "Can I help you?" A handsome black man asked at the front desk. "No, I'm just looking." I answered dumbly. "You ain't from around here, is you?" He asked. "No sir. I'm just looking." I realized I was talking to James Bracken, the founder of VJ Records in 1950. This was the same record company that would be the first to sign the Beatles about a year later than this. James Bracken was also the co-writer of many famous blues records. Him and his wife Vivian were the V and J in VJ. I asked him about the music coming from the back. He seemed amused by my interest. He led me into the first room. It was a small recording studio. I looked around and saw various horn players laying down tracks. The song they were working on was 'Steppin Out'. As I sat there in awe, there was no wonder in my mind why Eric Clapton would choose this song as a staple in his performances throughout the sixties with both the Bluesbreakers and Cream. The notes sang in the air as the musicians played. I knew it was written by James Bracken himself, and he himself led me to this room. I was in awe. As I leaned back in the corner attempting to take it all in, a jovial black man came over to speak. He had a guitar around his neck. I suddenly realized it was Memphis Slim himself, the man who out T-Boned T-

Bone Walker. "You ain't from around here, is you?" He asked. "No sir." I heard this before. He laughed as he went his way. He returned to his station in the recording studio and when it was his time he began to play. His notes from his fingers gave off such intensity that my skin buzzed. I was in such awe. I had to leave the room. I went back to the front desk. An attractive young black woman was sitting around talking on the phone. A man stopped by the front desk on his way out. He made a comment to the pretty girl on the phone. "I'm going to get Jimmy his medicine." He chuckled as he walked out the door. The pretty young black woman just smiled. After a while I found myself staring at her beauty. She had a casual way about her that was truly seductive. I was standing there staring like a fool. In a while I realized I was staring at Vivian Bracken, wife of James. He had founded VJ Records for her back in 1950. "Can I help you?" She smiled, pausing to put down the phone for a minute. "No, I'm alright." I answer, "Just feel a bit queasy." I wander back down the hall. I hear voices coming from inside a room. I step inside. "OK Jimmy, just do whatever you want." I hear a male voice say. I hear a guitar start to strum a lazy rhythm. As the drums kick in, I hear a singer. The voice sounds familiar but I can't see the singer. The room is packed with women. They are literally four or five deep around the singer. All I can hear is the man start to sing... Oh John, look at you sittin' in that corner, Oh John, I can talk to your old lady but I don't want to. Oh John, Oh John. I know they call you Big Bad John. Oh John, call your old lady on the telephone, Hey John, I know your old lady even home, Oh John, come on ask Jimmy what's going on. I immediately recognize the song and the voice. It is Jimmy Reed. He must be recording the album 'Just Jimmy Reed.' It hits me like a ton of bricks. I try to make my way through the throng of beautiful black women surrounding the man. They are so enthralled that they hardly notice the skinny white kid in the room. I stand on my tiptoes and catch a glimpse of a handsome black man sitting on a stool strumming an old Kay guitar. A pretty black girl is sitting on a piano bench right next to him. It must be Mamma Reed. The notes from the guitar hang in the room electrifying the air. The notes have a certain familiarity, like two old friends getting back together after many years. The notes feel so comfortable, like a newborn baby cradled in its mother's arms. As the notes hung in the air, I wanted to reach out and touch them, like a schoolboy lusting after his first crush. I felt my knees getting weak as I stood totally in awe of the man who seemed to have every woman in the room under his seemingly magic spell. When the music stopped, an extraordinarily beautiful young black woman came over to me and spoke. She had perfect large breasts and thighs that looked like they could crush my head, if that was her desire. She spoke. "You're not from around here, eh?" She smiled. "Um, no." "You a Jimmy Reed fan?" She asked with a big grin. "Yes, very much so." I answered. "Jimmy is an old friend of mine." She explained, "He gave me an acetate of a new song he just recorded. It is not out yet but I'm going to dance to it tonight. Come on by at eight." She handed me a small handwritten note and stuck it in my pocket. I took out the note and read it. The Black Garter it said, and gave an address. "I'll be there." I stammered. She just smiled at me and walked back over to where she was standing before. I was starting to sweat from the excitement and electricity in the room. I needed air. I walked back to the front lobby and straight out the front door. I walked back out into the hot Chicago afternoon. I wandered the streets, as all eyes seemed to be upon me. Men hung in alleyways as women plied

their wares on the hot Chicago avenue. I ducked into a small bar. I sat down at the bar. The barkeep came up to me. "What can I get you?" He asked cautiously. "Just a cold draught." I replied. I sat there with my cold beer and pondered the situation. I had always wanted to see a dancer dance to Jimmy Reed, and tonight would be my chance. Jimmy's music was always the most sensual, most erotic music on vinyl. "How far is the Black Garter?" I asked the bartender. "You best take a cab. But I don't think you want to go there." After a couple of hours I left the bar and walked back out on the avenue. I stopped in a small rib joint and had a plate of ribs with hot sauce. When the time approached I went back out and tried to get a cab. I walked for a while without a cab in sight. I walked for about twenty minutes until I came to what seemed to be the main drag. Finally a cab pulled up. I got in. "Where to Mack?" "The Black Garter." I answered. "Are you sure you want to go there?" "Oh, I'm very sure." I stated boldly. I started to wonder what I was getting myself into. This seemed to be a tough part of town and people are telling me I shouldn't go there. I was a bit nervous as we finally pulled onto a relatively deserted street about fifteen minutes later. There were abandoned buildings and cars everywhere. The Black Garter seemed to be the only business on the block. I paid the fare and got out of the cab. I was greeted at the door by a shabbily dressed man who stunk of liquor. "Spare a nickel?" He asked in a drunken voice. I reached in my pocket and gave him a dime. I walked into the Black Garter and it seemed all eyes were upon me. I wandered through the smoke filled room and seated myself at the bar. "What can I get you?" The bartender asked. "Shot of whiskey and a beer chaser." I answered. I looked around the room. There were men playing pool as the smoke hung over the pool table like clouds. You could hear the cracking of the pool balls over the music. Onstage a dancer was dancing to Elmore James 'Shake Your Moneymaker.' She was captivating as she did her thing. Finally, about two beers later, I could hear the distinct harmonica sound of Jimmy Reed come over the old speakers. My dancer friend appeared on stage as the music started to play. I immediately recognized the song. It was 'Take It Slow', certainly one of the most sexually charged songs ever recorded. Now if you want a love, One gonna really last, You don't want no love, That you catch on a fast. Take it slow. Slow, slow, slow and easy... Take it slow. Slow, slow, slow and easy. The girl with the large breasts and inviting thighs moved seductively to the erotic rhythms. The colored lights shined through the smoke and the beams of light danced in various shades as she slowly moved to the music. As the erotic rhythms continued, everyone in the room stopped to watch. Even the drunk in the doorway came in and stared. It was like the call of the wild and everyone was answering. When the song ended, a few other dancers got on stage and danced to music by artists like T-Bone Walker and Howlin' Wolf. In a while my dancer friend came back out and danced very erotically to Howlin' Wolf's 'Smokestack Lightning.' Again all eyes were upon her light brown skin as she graced the stage with her pure sexuality. Several minutes after she finished that number, she appeared from out of a doorway and sat down next to me at the bar as all eyes watched her every move. "Buy a girl a drink?" She asked in a seductive voice. I complied. She asked me what I thought of her dancing and I told her it was probably the most erotic thing I have ever witnessed. She smiled in approval. We sat there and talked for a while. Soon, she touched my hand and smiled. "I live only a couple of blocks away." She cooed. She grabbed my hand and led me out the door as all eyes were

upon us. When we got out to the Avenue again all eyes were upon us. The same Chicago street toughs that snickered before now gave me telling glances of envy as I walked down the street hand in hand with the most beautiful girl in Chicago. About ten minutes later we arrived at her place. We went up the stairs and into her small apartment. Minutes later we were both naked. Now people. At this point you are probably expecting me to tell you this got hard and this got wet, and this went here, blah blah blah, yada yada yada. Well, I think we are all adults here so I don't have to tell you that. But, I do want to tell it like it was... Because I want you people to understand. Oh, I want you people to understand. So, I'm going to recollect. I'm gonna reminisce. Because it went something like this... That girl was fine, like fine wine, And she was mine all mine... Cum on baby... I bent her over, Rover, And as I took over, I was in control, I was on a roll. As I eased on in, I was in like Flynn, I let the pumpin' begin. I was the man in charge, My cock was large. Cum on baby! She had a need I was ready to feed, That pussy was tight, But it felt so right. Cum on baby! I was the motion in her ocean, The object of her devotion, I was the man with the plan. I was the prize between her thighs, I tell you no lies, When she looked me in the eyes, She forgot those other guys. CUM ON BABY! We were humpin' We were thumpin' I was ready to explode, And when I shot my load, I was drivin' her insane! And when she came, She screamed my name! That girl wanted my baby and I don't mean maybe! Now, do you understand? I mean, do you understand? Oh, I think you do... And when it was over, oh, when it was over... We held each other so tight, It felt sooo right.... We lay there on the bed in each other's arms and eventually fell asleep. She told me if I ever get back to Chicago I should look her up. I just smiled and told her I would. Now that my friends is my fantasy for today. Good night ladies and gentlemen. May all your fantasies cum true. Later. 06-22-09.