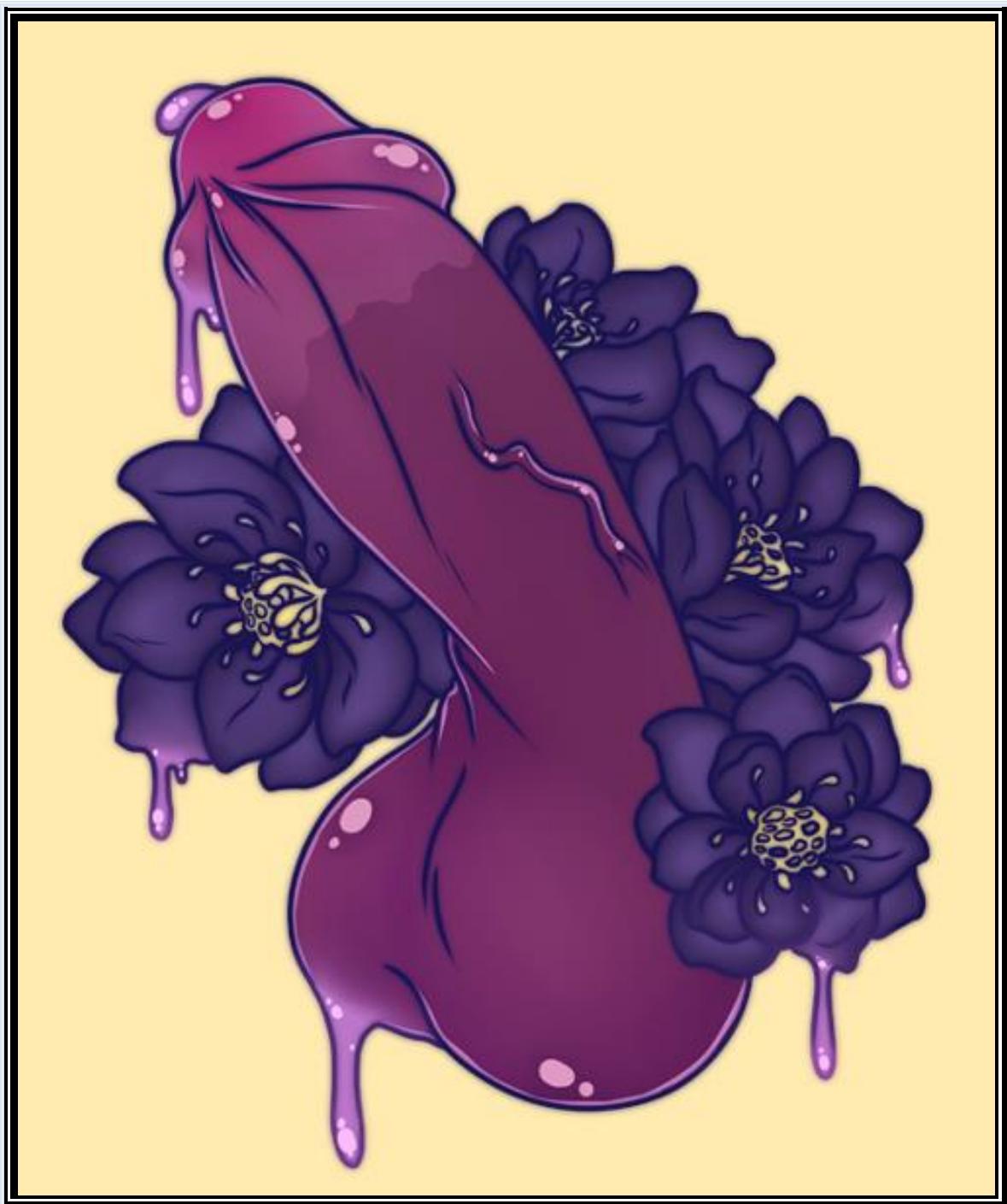


A Dick's Life

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In common with everyone else in this world, Dick was much smaller when he was young than he became later. In fact, he was so tiny he wasn't remotely important or prominent. The only time there was any suggestion of his later significance was when he disposed of liquid waste

At first Dick's two small companions, barely more than acorns, were at best ornamental. They were hard enough to the touch and they hurt like mad when squeezed. But there came a time when everything changed in Dick's neighbourhood and his companions were the ones who made it happen.

It was something of a shock the first time it happened. It's not that Dick hadn't noticed that he was getting bigger but he imagined that it would continue to be nothing but a slow gradual process, rather like a boy growing taller or a voice cracking or the fresh sprouting of all those long hairs in Dick's vicinity, still sparse but becoming steadily more dense. He didn't expect growth to be so sudden, so unannounced, and at so many multiples of his previous height and girth.

But reassuringly, this didn't last forever and Dick was soon back to his original size just like a comic book superhero when the effects of cosmic radiation or a magic potion had worn off.

It took a while till Dick could make sense of this and subsequent changes to his size and dimensions. Like the Incredible Hulk or the Amazing Spiderman he figured out how to take control of the situation and—this took longer to work out—what was most likely to trigger this mutation. It wasn't long until Dick was actually yearning for these moments of rapid growth and he learnt how to facilitate this by manual stimulation and the service of a feverish imagination.

It was later in Dick's life that his changes of state were stirred by something more concrete than fancied fleshly images, most often disembodied, whose shape and texture were becoming ever more consistent. In those early days, nothing much more than a bare shoulder or a rounded knee or a glimpse of a bosom was adequate, in fact all that was required, for Dick to swell to his full size. These were days when Dick was most inordinately proud of himself and even potentially exhibitionist, but there was nobody with whom he could share his magnificence. The moments of maximum engorgement never lasted long until, like a hothouse Hulk in a rage, he exploded in a cascade of sticky warm secretions, viscous and slow-flowing, and then, like the great green Avenger he shrunk back to the relative dimensions of a scrawny Bruce Banner.

Dick's first introduction to a friendly companion came first in the form of a handshake. In fact, not so much a handshake as an urgent tugging by unfamiliar hands somewhat more slender with sharper nails than the hands to which he'd become accustomed. And these tugs were inexpertly applied with little understanding of his feelings and what was most likely to give him satisfaction, but at the same time they were dramatically effective. He shot to life like a balloon puffed full of helium and in all this exuberance burst forth suddenly and prematurely. And those delicate tender hands were now pasted with the same viscous liquid he'd come to associate with such handling. But perhaps rather more copiously than was usually the case.

At least, Dick thought with some relief, he hadn't peed all over those hands. Now, *that* would be embarrassing. Not that his premature ejaculation wasn't in itself a cause for concern.

He'd have to do better next time.

There was a next time fortunately but it wasn't for several weeks. And this time the hands were different. Darker skin. Round dimpled knuckles. Shorter nails. But no more expert. This time, however, Dick kept his cool. It took longer until he released himself, although in a vicinity far from the portal he was most desirous of entering.

And on this occasion, although the semen splattered on the hands that facilitated its explosion it was properly wiped off with tissues and even given further somewhat more relaxed and unhurried attention after the event.

Dick desperately wanted more. And furthermore he now knew exactly where he wanted to be. More than anywhere else he wanted to be inside a warm tunnel that would grip and squeeze him but was moist enough to facilitate easy access. But this wasn't going to happen quite yet, although he encountered more often a growing variety of hands.

The portal he first entered was hirsute above and around two sets of doorways, a minor and a major one, rather like the entrance into a Swedish apartment. The grip was tight. Not well lubricated. And because of this there was some pain and discomfort to both Dick and the portal owner, but Dick did his job (and in this way helped to lubricate the entry hall) and was mightily satisfied.

This was a momentous occasion not only for himself but also for the lucky beneficiary of his attention.

This was a vagina Dick visited many times in the future. And on subsequent occasions, it became gradually less tight, more amenable and emanated a powerful odour which became ever more potent as Dick gained confidence. Dick also had an

odour. Not that it was unpleasant like bad breath. And the scent was a fair companion to that of the vagina inside which he'd become steadily more at ease.

Inevitably, Dick's early days of innocent untrammelled freedom couldn't last. A day came when just before he was once again due to be ensconced within those siren lips he was roughly sheathed inside a strong rubbery coat from his purple tip to most of the way down his fully erect body. It deadened some of the sensation but not by as much as he'd feared. Greater familiarity and the benefits of anticipation meant that Dick had swollen enough—his veins bulging and his glans as soft and tender as the Elvis Presley song—that in the heat of lovemaking Dick barely noticed the difference.

The hot liquid Dick spurt forth was contained this time and when he once again surfaced, like a deep sea diver coming up for air, all that viscous fluid was now disposed of much more easily. There was almost no need any more for the tissues whose application was such an anticlimax after the preceding climax.

However, it wasn't enough for Dick that he be acquainted with only one pussy. He needed to get to know more and he didn't care how he was going to get satisfaction. And in these early days he didn't care too much about the consequences. That was for someone else to worry about. He'd compromised enough by allowing himself to be covered up like a man in a mackintosh against the rain, though in this case, the soaking came from within rather than from outside. He had a hunger for pussy and the more pleasure he experienced, the more he hungered for more.

This became Dick's mission in life. He rarely let other considerations take precedence. However, it wasn't always possible to find satisfaction without also

straying beyond the accustomed comfort between a woman's legs. There were times when the need was so strong that he wondered whether the boundaries he observed weren't self-inflicted and that a walk on the wild side mightn't be so bad. But he was a he and he wasn't going to pretend to be anything else. Not in this life.

Dick's pursuit of satisfaction took him to new, perhaps dangerous, places. The portals that now opened for him were more various than he'd originally imagined, just as in many cases his arrival had been preceded by others like him but of a diversity in girth, length and skin-colour. And likewise, the pussies he visited were sometimes dark, occasionally almost black. But most often, like Dick himself, his encounters were with those of an average pinkness that became redder when engorged with excitement and anticipation and perhaps also reddened from friction and frequent use. The hair was sometimes thick, sometimes spare, and sometimes altogether absent (or as just a blue stubble from a recent shave). The lips were sometimes tight, sometimes loose and sometimes falling out entirely so that every fleshy fold was visible from a distance and no need for close attention to discover what was on offer. And just above each portal, like a prominent door-knob, was the clitoris, sometimes so small that it was hard to find and other times as hard and rigid as Dick himself but for the most part discreetly keeping out of the way. Once Dick had introduced himself he invariably stayed for as long as he was welcome. And sometimes he'd entered naked and unsheathed and was allowed to leave a gift behind, but this wasn't very often.

There was much to enjoy in these encounters, of which there was never enough and of not enough variety. The most delicious was the anticipation, the preparation and wait, as the pussy was exposed from beneath the lace, cotton or nylon

knickers. And then once revealed, the initial probing as it unfurled itself for ingress. Sometimes there was little time to become familiar with the outer layers but when the opportunity was offered there was much to explore. The flesh often swollen. Sometimes so tight it was almost like that of a shop window dummy.

And then in. A plunge. A splash. Oftentimes the suction and warmth of entry was like a hot bath just waiting for you. The best was when it was liquid and warm and so welcoming that the thrusts were already lubricated with no need for additional spit or lotion.

And then back. And forth. In. And out. Thrust after thrust after thrust. In a sense, each inward and outward motion predictable and monotonous, but within it all was the constant beat of a dance track with its own subtle progression building up and up until the drop.

And it was the release that it was all about, whether sheathed or not. A release of all that sperm manufactured in the testes, now so sore and swollen, transported from the scrotum along Dick's engorged length and with that delightful spurt of slight pain out into the waiting receptacle either to be wasted or (who knows!) to further the same genetic line as Dick himself.

There was a modicum of variety in these encounters of course. And it wasn't always just about the pussy.

Sometimes Dick was inside a mouth, quite different in tightness to a vagina, although it felt much the same if he entered the throat. The teeth and tongue were so different to the labia: responsive, versatile and potentially dangerous. Dentine was much more likely to cause sudden and permanent harm than anything between the

legs. A single involuntary bite would spell Dick's premature end. But the very risk and danger, not to mention the glutinous saliva and the press of testicles against the chin, was enough to make this experience worth repeating, even if the final release down a throat or on the face or anywhere other than the warm and welcome vaginal receptacle somehow never seemed quite enough.

On the other hand, a release between the buttocks, so deep, so tight and so strangely mysterious, combined the warmth of a vaginal fuck with the danger not so much of abrupt emasculation as an encounter with unsavoury solids most often hidden deep within the anal canal. Nothing was more likely to bring a sudden collapse of desire and the instant end of lovemaking than when Dick's glans, especially its open mouth, came up against unexpected faecal matter. But such occasions were rare, but when they happened, the trauma of disgust and the need for a thorough shower was enough to ensure that Dick's preference was always the orifice with the richest features and which nature had designed for Dick's convenience and comfort.

But with all this variety, this pleasure and risk-taking, there came penalties. Dick couldn't expect to be as free as he was, with such a diverse population of willing partners, for there not to be consequences.

And these were not always very pleasant.

At all.

The signs of misbehaviour were as various as the infections. Dick sported unsightly warts. He discharged foul smelling green, yellow and white pus. He became sore, red and flaky. He ached. Sometimes, the pain was sharp and agonising. Dick became poorly and unsightly in so many ways. And worse than the discomfort and

disfigurement was the enforced abstention during which the only hands he encountered were sheathed in stretchy blue plastic gloves and administered relief from the tip of a syringe.

Dick was sick. So sick, indeed, that the physical contact made was not to promote pleasure but mostly to add extra pain to prevent worse in the future or to apply lotions that weren't designed to facilitate and enhance pleasure but rather as relief for excruciating itchiness, flakiness or rawness.

Fortunately, the cures always worked and after a time of relaxation and quarantine, Dick was well enough to socialise again, fraternise with those he already knew well and to make himself known to new friends, associates and companions. And in all cases, Dick did his best to hide evidence that anything had ever been out of sorts. A reputation for unsavoury contagion was something Dick wanted to avoid at all costs. If those he got to know had any idea of the suffering he'd been through, there'd be no expression of sympathy at all.

Quite the opposite, in fact.

Indeed, he could become a pariah with little hope of future reward. But at least these occasions of quarantine and forced rest persuaded him to stay properly dressed in future. There were symptoms far worse than warts, discharge and peeling skin. Symptoms that would almost certainly prevent Dick from living to a ripe old age.

But increased age was something that Dick *did* learn to live with. There were fewer encounters as the years passed by and those encounters were somewhat rarer than they'd once been. Furthermore Dick was no longer a reliable performer, though at least he was far less likely to finish too soon.

It wasn't that Dick visibly displayed the ravages of age so evident elsewhere. The surrounding bush of hair had become increasingly flecked with grey. The skin pouch that supported the testes had become less tight and smooth. More like a sad sack of two large potatoes whose most productive days were behind them. But when Dick was persuaded to spring to life, he was as big, bold and stiff as he'd ever been.

That wasn't the problem.

The problem nowadays for Dick was to regain the proud bearing and youthful exuberance that had made him so popular in his younger days. But medicine, as well as finding and supplying a cure for most ills, was able now to add that extra youthful bounce. But at a cost.

As Dick approached middle age and beyond, this cost was a painful stiffness that lasted longer than it should, beyond even the moments of ejaculation, and left him battered and bruised for many hours after.

And for what benefit?

Dick knew he couldn't complain. He was lucky to have any companionship that wasn't procured at expense. But the pussies with which he now engaged lacked their youthful splendour, just as Dick did himself. They were less elastic. The surrounding hair was wiry and grey, if not now utterly free of pigment. They didn't always afford painless entry, although this was rarely because they were tight. And little choice was now available for free. It was only after an exchange of cash that Dick was able to visit tauter, plumper pussies with silky hair and a tighter grip. And only after even more significant expense was he able to re-visit those other playgrounds he'd once frequented: the tighter orifice between the buttocks or a mouth

with teeth, tongue and deep open throat. But these pleasures were ones he frequented less and less often.

In fact, even with medical assistance, Dick was losing his desire to do much more than rest and relax. Indeed, the primary activity that had always been a necessary part of his life from the moment he was born was itself becoming more of a chore and more often associated with pain.

Perhaps the illnesses that had afflicted him over the years had made his suffering that much worse, but Dick recognised that there were others in equal distress who'd never made as many acquaintances and, in most cases, had never been party to financial transactions.

And so it was that Dick's final days were supported by a catheter that took over the duties and responsibilities he'd previously taken on himself. He had to resign himself (reluctantly) to the realisation that he would never again provide or be provided with pleasure. And would certainly never again be an object of desire.

But as Dick reclined in his shrivelled piss-covered senescence, he could reflect that in a sense it had all been worth it.

He'd lived a Dick's life and he'd lived to tell the tale.