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POLITICAL POWERFUCKING

CONFESSIONS OF A CONVENTION SLUT

by Filly Miller
as told to Dr. Jack Fritscher

WRITTEN
BY JACK
FRITSCHER.
NOT
BASED ON
ANY
INTERVIEW

FILLY
MILLER IS A
NAMED BASED
ON MY GRADE
SCHOOL
NAME
ST. PHILOMENA'S

You want one good for openers? My name is Philomena Miller. Now you can call me Filly, or you can call me Milly, but you better never call me unless you got two-hundred bucks packed in your wallet. I'm harder on credit than a gas station. I ain't no A-Hab the A-Rab. You know? No Visa. No Master-charge. Just plain cold cash. The long green. One time I got offered a Kruggerrand. Can you believe that? But with the price of gold being what it is, I took it. I wear it on a gold chain. Makes me look like the Class Act I am. ¶ Actually, sweetheart, you can call me Filly.

I'm a real campaign trail slut. Love those conventions. Love those candidates. Those delegates. This Filly really loves a good race. I mean do you believe these conventions we've just had? I've never fucked so much in my life. Why is it that when a guy gets out of his hometown and away from his wife and kiddies, all he can think about is fucking and power, power and fucking, power-fucking.

Powerfucking is what these conventions are all about. Back in Detroit, at the Joe Louis ^{Arena,} ~~Hall,~~ and in New York ^{at the Garden,} ~~pp~~ I charged those powerfuckers by the minute. One way or the other. I mean, I can talk street-nasty, or I can talk high-society. A man can take me anywhere. I got the body, the face, the brains. But mainly inside these big, big boobs, and behind these luscious lips, I got control. Control! Can you dig it? Control! Just stare into my eyes. Big and honey-green. Deep eyes. Stare on into them till you start to pick up on the Control deep down inside me. I got myself under the kind of Control that drives these convention Powerfuckers craaaaaazy!

These guys, and some of the "liberated women" delegates--oh yeah, I'm gonna lay it all out about one or two of those lezzie political types with their short-cropped efficient haircuts. That surprise you? Don't tell me you think

all those delegates are for God, Mom, and Apple Pie? A person can only stand so much convention showbiz before he either pukes or needs a good lay. The night The Actor was nominated--funny he was never nominated for an Academy Award, yet he got nominated to be a fucking candidate-- I had left my Detroit hotel suite, and had been driven in a chauffeured limo, compliments of I'm-not-telling-who, to the Joe Louis Arena.¶ There was this one redneck bozo from some place south of the Mason-Dixon Line who had spent nine hours blowing up 12,000 red-white-and-blue balloons. He came up to me as I was getting out of the limo and escorted me straight on into a box reserved for some good old boys who were tagging along with him on this big-deal political trip. They passed around the Jack Daniels and tried to feel me up while all those goddam balloons fell from the ceiling. What a comedy! You know: Manny Harmon's Convention Orchestra playing Sousa marches! What a trip!

Now just because I get paid good for what I do better, I don't want you to get a wrong idea about me. Filly ain't your ordinary housewife. I know what's going on. Politically. I have to. Especially in presidential politics because presidential politics is personality politics. That's why I live in Washington. Being around men who have power, and men who want power, and men who have suddenly lost power, let's me help them keep things under control.

Nobody needs fucking like those fuckers in Washington.

The truth is that the higher up a man goes politically the harder time he has getting the lay he needs. And the real truth is that the higher up a man gets, not only does he get hornier, he also gets kinkier. Yeah. Kinkier. You know what a trip it is for me to put on my high-heel boots, slap my

riding crop into my hands, and make a man sit up like a dog and beg to eat out his mistress' pussy--especially when that man has a face and a name you see and hear on TV all the time!

Some of my clients are Big Time International Deals. Most of my trade are just your ordinary-type legislators. I never rush any man out. The whole point of Powerfucking is to pick up all the information I can. Not that I'm some kind of Mata-Hari spy collecting secrets in bed and selling them to the enemy; but I can see how Mata Hari came by her info. These guys drop bits and pieces of some really important stuff. It doesn't take a great brain to piece it all together. For instance, I knew all the stuff about the Libya cables before Walter Cronkite had a chance.

And I've participated in some "interviews" that Baba Wawa would give her right tit to have been able to suck up.

I'm sort of your middle-of-the-road hooker. But I only do it for the Powerfuck. If a guy can't get it on in politics somehow, there ain't no way he's gonna get it on with me. I mean I have a sliding scale. Not just for cash. But for Power. If a man has low-range Power, I let him eat me out while I lay back. Like the redneck bozo with the balloons. He ate my pussy. Period. Right there under my dress in that crowded Arena while all his buddies put their chairs around us. I laid my jacket across my lap. His head was down between my legs. One of the guys put a campaign poster halfway over us. There I was, surrounded by all these guys, who started taking turns going down on my cunt, right there on the convention floor, with the TV lights on real bright and the video cameras sweeping the crowd and their wives probably watching from home to see their hubbies on TV.

I know for sure that basically you can do whatever you want, even in

public, because most people are so wrapped up in themselves they hardly ever see what you're really doing; and if they did start to figure it out, they'd just figure it was some mistake on their part. ¶ That's one way I can handle sex with congressmen and senators and lobbyists and still attend parties and receptions and say how-do-you-do to their wives whom I know for sure don't do too well. At least in the sack. Believe me: political wives don't suck. They only fuck enough to breed enough kids to stand behind the man who needs to show the Country that since he's fathered six kids, he's no closet faggot--and he loves his wife. Even if she dresses like a mannikin and has a smile pasted on her face because she can't wait to get to her next martini.

A Medium Powerfuck Politico can eat me and I'll get into it a bit more. I like to have a guy take his stiff prick and put it between my big boobs and squeeze his dick while he massages my tits. I really like it when a man can do a good Tit Fuck. That gets close to my wanting--did you hear that--wanting to put a guy's dick in my mouth. Makes me crazy to wrap my lips around the head of a powerful dick. I like to tongue it, lick it, wet it, kiss it, suck more and more of it into my mouth. I like to take my long hair and pull it by the handful around to the base of his cock and give him a "hair-job" up and down the shaft of his dick while I suck on the tip of it and tease him till he's drooling and then I shift from his dick to his balls. ¶ I can always tell how far a man will go in politics by the size of his balls. When I see a man is getting to be an Important Power, I check out his nuts to see what they predict. And one secret I'll let you in on: it's not how big a pair of balls are so much as how the dude makes them swing. Size of equipment ain't everything. Maneuvering cock and balls means the whole ballgame!

I really like looking at a man's crotch in his pants. No thing turns me on more than to see a bit of dick pressing through the undershorts, because I like to score a direct hit when I close in on a man in a political reception line and lean in to give him a smooch on the cheek. If I can see some dick, I'll press my pussy into him anytime. I think it's time all men showed their stuff more proudly. Hardly anybody "struts" anymore. I guess that's why I doesn't like Powerfucking. Ain't no man who think he's cock-of-the-walk first off--ever before he thinks about running for office.

Let me tell you a little incident that happened. There was this guy, a convention delegate, nice-looking, an ordinary joe, but a man who had a real taste for power. Unfortunately in '64, he marched over a cliff with Goldwater. This time around he wasn't so misguided, except on one issue: ERA. There. I said it. I mean I love guys from the Sunbelt in polyester suits and white cowboy hats just as much as I love fucking guys from the Northeast in striped ties and horn-rimmed glasses, but, honey, let me tell you about the whipping I gave this clown-of-a-delegate who showed up at my suite wearing his STOP ERA button.

A real woman can only take so much phoney Boola-Boola from a guy. Right? I'm a straight-shooter. I never try to change anybody's political beliefs, but that doesn't mean I don't try to correct a man when he's wrong. This guy was no small potatoes in his party's structure. So I figured, even with his goddam button, he's a High-Range Powerfuck. He deserved to get the whole round-the-world sex trip. Suck. Fuck. Rim. Hum. Blow. Eat. Lick. Sniff. All the stops along the way. He makes great speeches in public, so I let him eat my cunt and suck my ass. And you know what that asshole was thinking about the whole time? You know what he started saying while we were for crissakes fucking?

He was deep inside me and he started shouting about "we fucking got to freeze federal hiring, we got to increase our defenses, cut taxes, take measures to stimulate economic growth!" Can you believe that? I swear it's true. I pushed the fucker off me. I'm a professional, so I try to keep my professional Control. But he's a professional Power Broker too, and he lost his. When a man gives up control, the only thing a woman can do is step in and take matters into her own hands.

And these longfingered, strong hands of mine can be real soft and tender all over a man's body--or they can be tough as my nails. Get the picture?

Anyway, I pushed the fucker off me. He was shocked speechless. Nice switch since he was running off at the mouth. I mean I like a guy to whisper sweet-nothings in my ear, but the only economic growth I want stimulated in my bed ain't Republican or Democratic. Politics is supposed to make for strange bedfellows, but as McMahon says to Johnny Carson: "How strange are they?" This guy was too strange. Come to think of it: he may have set me up.

I knocked him back on the bed and slapped his face with the open flat of my hand. I made a fist and punched on his chest and at his belly. My butt and cunt were scooting down his stomach while I was straddling over the top of him beating at his face and chest. My thighs held his arms down at his sides. I spit down on him and he just smiled. He spit back. I scootched farther away from his face, but my tits hung down just to where he could lunge his head up and grab ahold of my right nipple. A good hard grip. The fucker was really chowing down on my tit. It felt terrible. It felt good. Then I felt his hips rise up under my twat. I was still juicy from the heavy fucking his speechifying had interrupted.

"Okay, Buster," I said. "You want it rough? You got it." So I cuffed him up against the side of the head. He let go of my tit; but when I backed further down his hips, the mean fucker tried to jam his rod up my cunt. I sat down on it just like a sleek Cessna cuming in for a redhot landing, and gave him the ride of his life. Some guys really like it when a woman climbs on top and takes control. I raped the dude. I mean RAPED him. I mean I took away all his famous Control. I'd fuck him right up to where I could feel his shaft start to cum. Then I'd lift off. Just a light touch-landing. He'd say, "Baby! Baby! Filly, Baby! Stay on me. Let me stay in you. Let me cum inside you." Ha! This big Powerfucker Fat Cat who has everything in the world except someplace warm, wet, and furry to stick his dick. Begging me.

He was totally hot to trot. I dropped my twat back down on his cock. I worked my hips up and down. Jeez. We were both moaning. I was cuming myself. But I was still in Control. "

"Please, Baby; I'll do anything."

"Anything?"

"Anything."

"You promise you'll remember you said that, won't you? Cuz you know Filly has her ways around Washington to make your ass grass."

"Anything. I promise. I'll remember."

"Okay, Buster," I said. "Here comes mama!" I sat down over his hips. I straddled his dick and licked my hand good and wet. I worked his shaft and his head. I rubbed dick up against my throbbing bush.

"Sit on it, Baby. Bury it, Filly Baby! Fuck me, you fucking bitch!"

"Fuck your hole on my cock, you beautiful fucking cunt. Fuck it!"

I had the power edge over him. I had him harnessed in complete control. I was raping his fucking head. I sat down so just the head of his dick went into the lips of my sweet pussy.

"You promise?" I moved my twat around. I let the lips of my cunt just fold nice and smooth and wet over the head of his dick. My thumb and forefinger were playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" all over my clit. I was galloping right along. "You promise?"

"You run my rod up inside you. You let me cum up inside you. You can have anything you want."

I inched down his dick. My pussy tightened down on him. He got harder than ever. "Anything?"

"My kingdom for a fuck!" He was redfaced and perspiring. "Anything."

"Okay, Buster. You got it."

And I started tightening and loosening my way down his dick. I buried him to the hilt in my heat. His hips were working up into me. Trying to fuck me deeper.

I kept one hand for my clit. I always keep one hand for my clit. And with my other hand on the pillow next to his head, I leaned down over him, dropping my boobs on his chest, dragging my firm tits up to his mouth, teasing him, then lowering my breasts into a tight squeeze on his chest. My face was staring straight into his face. I could tell he was about to blow his rocks like Mt. St. Helens.

"You wanna cum?" My breath was warm and sweet on his face. "You wanna cum?"

I moved my hips up and down real nice and nasty, hitting hard into his hips, almost pulling his dick out on my upswing, then jamming down hard on my landing.

"I want to cum."

"Anything?"

"Shit! I'm going to shoot!"

"Buster, you shoot that load up inside this Filly, and you're gonna spend the rest of your life promoting passage of the righteous ERA!"

"You goddam fucking shitfaced sonuvabitchin' beautiful...uh...uh...uhhh."

"Don't stop there," I said. I was working his dick with my cunt.

"Uuuuuh...You bitchin' beautiful...."

"Say it!" I commanded him. The power of ordering him thrilled me. My fingers played fire with my clit. I was going to cum again. In my power and control over him. "Say it."

"Uh...You bitchin' beautiful woman. Woman. WOMAN!"

Now don't you tell me about these ugly housewives out there objecting to ERA. A woman who's got her shit together knows what's needed. And if I have to fuck my way up one side of Capitol Hill and down the other, I'll get the amendment passed. ERA means as much good stuff for liberating men as it does for women--and that's all I want to say about that.

As I said, "This is no ordinary housewife you're dealing with!"

You know, on the subject of those lesbian delegates whom I mentioned before. There were two in Detroit and one in New York that I made it with. Also one TV newslady. Charged them all the same as the male delegates. Equal pay for equal work. Right? Well let me tell you that fucking with a

9 politically motivated woman is a real trip. 9 This one Chicana, maybe she was a delegate, or maybe she was just a convention-groupie like me, but whatever, she was hotter than a taco, and that's a lot coming from me, because for all my political consciousness, my only real interest in the Third World is sexual exploitation. That's sort of true on every interracial trip. White women like big black dick. Black dudes like blond chicks. Politicians like stuff that makes whatever happened at Chappaquiddick, and I happen to know what happened, | seem as innocent an accident as it really was. And that's the truth. Whether you like the Last of the Clan or not!

My intuition tells me anyway that the best way to find out who should be president is to put each one of them in a car by himself and drive it off a bridge. The one who escapes and swims to the surface, we know for sure has the smarts and the will to survive. He should be president.

Anyway, this Chickie-boom Chicana called herself Rita. They always call themselves Rita or Carmen. Rita Cardona. Obviously her prostie name. She was hooking New York when she got tired of selling it to the guys and wanted to buy equal time from me. Hell. A buck's a buck even when it's a peso. Besides, I had this TV-broad sent to the Big Apple to cover the Demo Convention for her local station back somewhere in the Midwest. I mean she was there mainly to videotape the delegation from her area.

Her "area" was something else. As Rita Cardona and I found out after midnight when the girls get alone together. A little grass. A little coke. A toke and a toot. And anything becomes possible. I liked bedding down the news lady. Let's just call her Lois. Like Lois Lane. Lois and I know one thing in common: "The reason it's easy for anybody to gather information in Washington

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is that the whole town is full of competing leaks. Everyone wants to be noticed, and the way to get attention is to leak." The same thing's true of a convention. Same thing's true in any little town or neighborhood. You want attention, you spill somebody else's beans. I mean I got your attention because I agreed to tell you the truth of what happens to me everytime I hit the campaign trail. I'm the latest in a long line of "camp followers." If I kept my mouth as tight as my pussy, you wouldn't have your tape recorder going and you wouldn't be taking notes and you certainly wouldn't be interviewing me.

I just want to make it clear that I've changed all the names and some of the circumstances, but the facts and fucking I'm telling you are the truth. My reality, I'll be the first to admit, is farther out than most people's fantasies. I want to take life to the limit one more time every time. I may be a Convention Slut, but I sure as hell ain't no conventional slut! Make sure you get that in your nasty rag of a mag!

I can tell you're getting impatient to hear "The Story of Rita and Lois and Filly." So hang on, all you blue-balls guys, because my life happens in episodes like a TV series that hasn't yet been picked up by the networks for the next season!

Obviously, this part happened in New York. There's more politically correct dykes in one party than the other. Stands to reason. So the TV-women seem to have a better time covering the one convention rather than the other, because there's more available tits and ass. I got to hand it to women who only ball other chicks. Me? As a pro, I'll ball almost anything for two hundred bucks. For my own fun, it's guys mainly, although I must admit to getting off on having a threeway with a guy and his old lady. Especially if it turns him on to watch me lappin' up his old lady after he's fucked her and made her cum and pulled out before he shoots. I like to eat his dick, taste that dick covered with pussy

juice, and then get down on that wet gash he's just plowed, while he kind of kicks back watching pussy-get-at-pussy and while he beats his meat. I really like to let a man have his rights. There's that word again. But a man has certain rights. One of them is to lay back and smoke a jay and stroke his meat at his own rhythms watching two ladies warm up a pair of pussies for him so he can fuck first one and then the other.

One man. Two women. Endless foreplay. Heavy mindfuck. Hello, threeway, hello!

Anyway. Here I am in New York surrounded by all these overheated and under-ventilated convention delegates. On the floor at the Garden--Madison Square, you know?--they're all bumping into each other. Feeling each other up in the name of politics. Getting all shot and bothered....And nowhere to dump it. That's where Filly comes in--guns and tits ablazin'!

Lois is an onscreen personality. Just like the TV-anchorlady back in your hometown. Strong. Firm. Real healthy-looking. Stare at those ladynewscasters and you can separate the real ballbusters--who nobody wants to fuck with--from the career-climbing cunts who'll do anything. Lois is more of a slut than I am.

And, by the way, just so no liberated lady types get down on me for calling Lois or myself a S-L-U-T, let me explain that a trashy slut has as good a meaning in its own way as does v-i-i-i-rgin or, even, wife. Men prefer sluts. A slut will do anything anytime anyway. A slut knows her way around a man. And real men know that any woman worth fucking wants to be treated--at least behind closed doors--like the slut she knows she really is. One thing these conventions bring home, and it's the main reason why I'm so active politically, it that there is no nation on the face of the earth that has produced a breed of woman quite so fast as the ALL-AMERICAN SLUT!

You're talking to someone who knows!

Lois is a real slut. She carries a shoulderbag full of vibrators, rubbers,

I have to laugh. She told me that she shaved the whole pussy of this one married broad who was a delegate from Kansas or Iowa or someplace like that where her hubbie was sure as shit going to wonder why-the-fuck his old lady came back from the convention with her squeezebox shaved down to the lips. Lois likes to set people up that way. Sort of a sadist, you might say.

Lois had this hot-tamale Rita in tow. Petite little disco-type girl. The kind you see on those disco-dance shows on TV. Lois liked that TV-look that Rita had. Flashing eyes. Good body. Good moves. Just the kind of just-old-enough girlchick that would turn on a chickenhawk like Lois. Lois is maybe twenty-six. Rita, maybe eighteen. Nineteen tops. Lois promised she'd help get her some behind-the-camera job at the TV station if she'd put out. Maybe she will. I hope so. Filly believes in powerfucking your way anywhere you can. Makes you wonder sometimes who has the power. And that's nice. If it's shifting back and forth maybe both parties are getting, if not what they want, then what they deserve.

Rita was like a slut in bud. Waiting to become a fullblown cunt. I admire a tight little pussy on a good dark body and tits that won't quit. Lois kept a running rap going on how sweet Rita tasted.

"Come on, baby, give it up to mama. Let me sniff you up and down. Suck on you. Tongue your pussy. Tongue your butt. Eat you out. Fuck. Goddamn little bitch. Gonna chew on your tits. Gonna eat your tits. Gonna bury your tits in my hair. Gonna sit in your face and let those big Latin lips of yours eat out my slit. Sixty-nine it, baby. Come on, muchacha! Tongue it deep. I'm gonna sit back on you face and roll your big boobs in my hands like the juicy jugs they are. I'm gonna feel your tongue up my cooze while I shave your little twat down south of the border. I'm a mean-riding she-devil gonna take you where I want you. Exactly where you want to be. Eat me out, bitch."

Well, with all this tit-thumpin' and pussy-pulling going down, what's a mama to do? Last one in the pool's a rotten egg! So in I dive. Right in the

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fuckin' juice of this Mexican-American war of the whores! Lois is such a pervert that she paid me two hundred green ones just to watch and get in on what I wanted to get off on. I guess being on TV has gotten to her: she has to have an audience for everything she does. Made me no difference. I busted my rear in Detroit. I kind of liked not being the Main Attraction at this set-two in New York. Lois was sure as hell enjoying herself. I've always said, for journalists, there's no such thing as a dull convention!

We girls were doing just fine behind closed doors when the phone rings. It was this pair of ~~dudes~~ ^{delegates} who wanted to come up for a little fun. I told 'em what was going on. The one said he didn't think he could handle it. The other one said he'd be right up. I told him cash on the barrelhead. He said he had the bread in his hot little hand. I told him once he took the bills out, he could put his dick in and wack himself till he got good and ready to shoot. I got real particular ideas about how a man ought to unload his gun!

So Lois and Rita and Filly got ourselves all together to really lay it on this dude. Sluts really like to pimp a guy good. And, shit, man, we had him outnumbered. When he opened the door he thought he'd died and gone to heaven. You could tell by the smile on his face and the dick hanging halfway down his leg. A perfect Democrat: had a dick like a donkey!

The three of us crawled all over him. Stripping him slowly. Kissing him. Tongueing his mouth deep. Rita went straight for his big donkey dick and wrapped her red lips hot all over it. Tongue-teasing the fucker. Lois started licking his armpits, for chrissakes, saying how much she got off on the heavy-duty smells of a man in heat. She licked her way all over his chest, down his belly, and around Rita, who was still sucking on the top-half of his big dick. Lois was headed for his nuts. Me? I was all eyes for that dick of his. He was all eyes for my body. I was just standing there tweaking my clit and rubbing one of my tits.

We all three kind of just laid this guy back on the bed. Lois and Rita were taking care of his ground floor. I looked at his face. He had the look of

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powerful, political fatcats.
a man who talked in smoke-filled room with highranking, ^ So I sat on
it. I mean: I straddled his chest, one of my thighs on either side of his face,
kind of slowly moving my pussy toward his tongue. He was licking his lips and
talking shit like, "Come on, baby. Gimme a taste. Let me eat it out." So I pushed
my snatch forward up against his chin. His lips kissed my cuntlips. He tongued
my clit. I started to juice. He sucked at me, turning me inside out with his
tongue. Fucker was nibbling at my clit with his tongue.

His eyes were boring right on into my crotch. A couple times he'd look up
where I was playing my tits. His whole body sort of convulsed. Here he was, the
lucky fucker, getting serviced by three no-holds-barred convention sluts who
were licking his balls, sucking on his dick, and forcefeeding pussy into his
very willing face. We kept him on the edge of cuming for at least an hour. Sheer
pleasureable torture. To keep him hot, and to keep him guessing, we switched
fast. Sometimes Lois was feeding him her pussy and slowly sliding up his face
to make him rim her beautiful butthole. At first, he wasn't sure about that one;
but when he got the first sweet whiff of that All-American hole, he was a goner.
Started moaning real loud with Lois humping down, fore and aft, on his face. We
got him right up to the edge of cuming, and then, like it was some kind of
rehearsed woman-dance, Lois and I almost instinctively climbed off his face and
balls. We stood next to the edge of the bed. Rita was still slurping his dick.
Without saying a word, the two of us, Lois and I, picked up this little piece
of Mexican disco trash--I mean picked her up bodily--and spreadeagled her over
him. Just held her in midair with him laid back in amazement. His face was cunt-
juice-shiney.

His dick was up and ready.

He looked straight up at the two of us holding this lithe body over his
great big dick, and you could tell from the look in his face, he knew what was
coming. He had the grin of a candidate who has the convention sewed up.

little bit of a thing stretched out over this delegate with a donkeydick.

She started screaming, half in English and half in Mex, ^{that he} was going to fuck her, was going to fuck her so deep and wide she'd be split open. She fought and cried and begged us not to lower her on his hard prick.

Donkeydick just laid [#]back with his hands behind his head. He was slowly gyrating his hips, making his dick wobble real mean back and forth. He saw he was going to be gifted with a genuine "rape" of this screaming little Mexican whore.

Filly, I thought, how do you get yourself into these situations?

We just lowered the squirming chacha down on that big dick. She was light as a feather. We lowered her enough to meet the head of his dick. Contact! She was cuming with the excitement of it all. She dripped down on his shiney cock. We lowered her onto the big head. He smiled. She suddenly got religion, yelling for God and mama just like the candidates downstairs.

"Okay," Lois said, with a vengeance, "let 'er rip!"

So we dropped our little Chiquita on his big banana. Gravity impaled her. His dick ran deep inside her. Lois and I held her butt in place. She squirmed. And the more she squirmed, the hotter he got, until he just roared up off the bed. Lois and I stepped back. He had his arms around the little chicky-boom. Her boobs were squashed in up against his chest. His dick was plowing into her mean and deep. Her legs wrapped around the small of his back.

Lois and I were knocking each other off watching the hardfuck we had set this guy up for. He was watching us. Rita was screaming. About twenty or thirty good hard pokes, and Donkeydick started to shoot his load. He had a good build. His whole body contracted as he unloaded all the convention tensions he was carrying around. God, her cunt just opened up and slammed shut the way he wanted it. You could tell. He was as pleased with himself in the sack as he had been the night before on the nominating platform. A guy like him had maybe played a little ball in highschool, but he'd never played a game of hardball quite like this.

One thing, this Filly could tell for fucking sure, good old Donkeydick realized for once in his life that having one beautiful woman was at least two less than he really wanted. Some guys need two women just like both Political Parties need two candidates.

He lifted Rita real slow off his big dick. She was moaning and crying and having a real good time. He dropped her back on the bed. She started masturbating herself. She ran her hands all over her body. Her tongue licked her lips. Her eyes were closed. Lois and I knew we had a live lady on our hands, so we helped Donkeydick clean himself up and threw him out into the hall. We got from him exactly what we wanted.

What we wanted? A cunt dripping with sexjuice. His chunky white load of cum. Her deepfuckedout juices. All of it swimming in her cunt. I don't think I need to describe to you how Lois and I ate that little bitch out. Talk about the "ladies-who-lunch-bunch!"

All told, I guess I fucked with about fifty different people during both conventions. I made close to \$10,000. My expenses were around \$4,000. And I've got a whole new network of connections in Washington and around the country. You never know when you please somebody in bed how appreciative they're going to be later on. Especially if they get somewhere politically and know that you're clean and discreet and crazy enough to do anything these powerfuckers want and need behind closed doors.

I've fucked them all: backers of dark horses; righteous rightwingers; leftists; lesbians for the candidate with the hottest wife; delegates who wanted an open convention; delegates who wanted to remain true to their candidate; VP lovers; president haters; liberationists; lobbyists; frightened incumbents; backroom powerbrokers; whiney governors; out-of-power bureaucrats; discredited econ-

omists; political nostalgia buffs; rules freaks; and even people who vote their "conscience."

"There's lots more I could tell. I've probably told too much."

But maybe America will sleep a little better tonight knowing for a change that the politicians who control this country's destiny are getting a little nookie, and getting a little kinky nookie at that.

I swear I'm telling you the truth of my life and my world as I live it.

If any of my clients, about whom I think I've been most discreet, don't like it, well, fuck 'em, if they can't take a joke!

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