

1: One lucky bastard | Redtube Free MILF Porn Videos & Threesome Movies

One Lucky Bastard features outrageous tales from his own life and career as well as those told to him by a host of stars and filmmakers including, Tony Curtis, Sean Connery, Michael Caine, David Niven, Frank Sinatra, Gregory Peck, John Mills, Peter Sellers, Michael Winner, Cubby Broccoli, and many more. Wonderfully entertaining and laugh-out.

Mary and I had gone out a couple of times since then, spent a lot of time on the phone, the usual. But, being the young bloke I was, I was whacking off every day too. Mum shot through years ago. So that left me with the mornings to myself to have a really good wank and watch a bit of porn. I was getting a bit interested in blokes getting it up their arses. It started with a finger, then a couple, and I was loving it. But I wanted something a bit bigger. So one morning, once the house was empty, I was in the kitchen finishing brekky and I eyed off the carrots. There were a few big contenders there, one I estimated was the size of Curly, but I decided to start with a smaller one. I lay on my bed, naked, with some lube, and eased it in. After a bit of practice I got used to the rhythm and to opening up my backside and started trying a whole bunch of different angles. I was the star of my own little gay porno! Glad nobody could see me! I discretely chucked out the carrot and chalked the morning up to an interesting new experience. But then the next morning, right after Dad drove away down the street, something came over me. I went back to the kitchen and grabbed the Curly-sized carrot. I was halfway to my room when I decided to grab the second-biggest too. I nicknamed him Charlie- not after anyone in particular, just seemed like a good name. I wanted to make the session last for a bit so I started out gently, but lust overcame me pretty quickly. I squatted down on Charlie and throated Curly. Then I got myself on all fours and drove Charlie in deep. It was when I was on my back, legs in the air, ramming the carrot in me while I was still sucking like a whore on the other one, that I realised a couple of things. It was the worst moment of my life. I pulled Charlie out, dropped Curly, started mumbling all sorts of crap, tried to cover up with my blankets. There was an awkward pause. But eventually I put some shorts on, hid Charlie and Curly under some tissues in my bin and walked out to the kitchen. Dad was sitting at the bench, his tie undone, with two cups of coffee ready. I sat down, avoiding eye-contact. He sounded weirdly calm. And I really like Mary. Inga knows but other than her and a few friends I keep this to myself. Did dad get Inga to put on a strap-on and do him up the arse? He was also a pretty good-looking bloke for his age, kept in shape a lot. The thought of Nubs giving it to another guy, or copping it in the arse, was baffling. But also a bit arousing. We were flatmates back then, used to watch porn together, one thing led to another. So whenever one of us has a dry spell in the bedroom we just help each other out. Mostly I think I got out "Oh. I started to leak some pre-cum. I better get to work. He had the biggest, most obvious erection through his trousers. Dunno how I suddenly got so bold. Dad looked down, laughed, and gave his manhood a squeeze through his trousers. You get yours sorted though. I laughed and took a sip of coffee. Dad put his hand on my shoulder. My head was eye-level with his crotch. I was a bit worried what the last two things would be because, while this was a good chat, I know how a lot of these chats end in porn and I was NOT up for that with my own father. And the other thing? Can I tell Nubs? Ok Joshy, have a good morning. He was not wrong about the zucchini. I named that one Nubs.

2: One Lucky Bastard: Tales From Tinseltown PDF

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Things were all good though, especially between me and Mary. We were getting on so well that I decided to bring her home to meet my dad and his girlfriend, Inga, for dinner. I ended up having a job interview the day of the dinner, so Mary was going to come around a bit later, but Inga piped up that she could pick her up on her way home and Mary could help her prepare. It was just dad and me in the house for a long time and Inga said Mary might need a bit of "girl time" before she sat down to dinner with the likes of us. I should probably explain a bit about Inga now. Totally upbeat chick too, very friendly and happy. Anyway, I got home from the job interview and, just out of habit, went in round the back. I hardly ever use the front door at home, never have. Walking round the side of the house though means you go past the kitchen window. I was gonna tap on the glass and keep walking, just to freak the girls out a bit, but then I looked through the window and saw them. Mary was up on the counter-top, legs spread wide, clothes off, head rolled back, just loving getting her snatch eaten by another woman. And Inga was a total surprise, I had no idea she liked box. I should have made a noise or gone round the back or something, but I was staring, transfixed. This was clearly not the first time for either of these gals. Mary, completely starkers, stayed seating on the benchtop and picked up a glass of wine. She took a sip and put it back down as Inga came back Mary rolled over onto the benchtop and arched her arse up in the air. I think she was expecting Inga to spank her, but instead, Inga grabbed Mary by the hips and drove her tongue into her arsehole. I remembered to try that one next time we were together. After a while, Inga brought the spoon up Then, once it was good and moist, Inga changed tactics a bit. The spoon came out Mary nearly fell off the bench she backed up on it so fast. With one hand she started to flick her bean while Inga worked the spoon handle in and out of her backside in slow, steady strokes. I saw Mary start to shudder and I knew where this was headed. Eventually Inga moved and Mary collapsed on the bench, completely spent. I figured the girls would finish up now, Mary would get dressed, and then I could make my entrance- as soon as my throber had calmed down. Instead, Mary, still naked, walked over to the fridge and took out a can of whipped cream. Dad was a lucky man. Then in she dove and ate it up, super-fast. I waited, pressed against the wall, for a good half a minute, heart pounding. Mary lost it first, flooding the ground beneath her with her juices. Inga shook and trembled then arched herself in the air, overcome with her orgasm. Eventually she came back down to Earth. Mary got up and began to put her sundress on. Inga began to clean the floor and bench up. I stood by the wall, desperately wanting to have a tug but not sure how private the garden was, until eventually I saw it was the time I was expected home. When she mentioned how good the whipped cream had tasted though I lost it, parked us down a dirt road and ate her arse until she squirted all over me.

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Stephanie didn't do anal later in her career, unfortunately. She's out of porn now, a cancer survivor.

I felt I needed a break from work and a week in a big city was the perfect thing to make me forget about work. Work had been pretty rough the last 6 months and to be honest I felt that I earned this break. Kim seemed to be a little older than Suk but if you had to make a choice on which one was the sexiest you would not be able to pick one over the other. I would have been lucky to have one or the other but later in the day I discovered that they were long time friends that shared almost everything and almost anybody! I met both girls during lunch; they were having lunch at the table next to me so we started a conversation. I was going to be in Austin for a week, Kim and Suk had already been there for a few days and were only going to be there about 3 more days. The night life in Austin was always really good so we decided to meet at a club down the street around 9pm for drinks and dancing. I made it a point to get to the club early so I could order a drink and watch the door because I could wait to see what they were going to be wearing. Suk walked in, but Kim was not with her. She was wearing a sexy, body hugging, one piece skirt, that made every man in the room drool, including yours truly. You gonna fuck me or lose out on what will be one of the most memorable moments of your vacation? I wanted to fuck her at lunch and seeing her in the skirt she is wearing now makes me want to fuck her that much more. She was fit, her skin look soft, inviting She slowly continues to remove her dress, literally she starts to peel the dress off, she has no bra and that makes me happy because that is one less obstacle to worry about. She moves seductively and takes this time to show off her body of course she has to know that this is something I have dreamed about all afternoon. She continues to slowly remove her dress revealing the loveliest pair of see through panties that barely cover her pussy. She takes her time to walk where I am sitting, drops down to her knees, and finishes what she started earlier. She removes my pants, then boxers she then takes my throbbing cock in her hand and strokes it nice and slow for a minute or two. I start to squirm and my breathing gets heavier as I really start to enjoy the feeling. She slowly takes the head in her mouth licking it slowly, allowing just a touch of her hot spit to spill over the edge of the head. Next, she starts to take me slowly into her mouth, moving her head up and down, taking all she can while stroking the base of my cock with her hand. She loves the feel of my cock in her mouth and hands, she loves the way it pulsates in her hands. Thanks to the work she is doing with my cock I can feel my erection getting stronger and longer. At this point I was lost in the feeling, in the eroticism but I have noticed more than once that she keeps looking around the room as if she is looking for something or someone. Out of curiosity I start to look around the room but all of a sudden I feel something change. I look down and she is using her teeth to nibble very gently on the head of my cock and she rubbing my cock all around her lips. The feeling is so different and exciting, scary but it makes me want her more and more. Do you want your cock in my wet pussy? She had been watching us the whole time waiting for the right time to join in. All Kim is wearing is a skimpy see through bra, no panties revealing a very wet and tasty looking pussy that looks like it was meant for eating. Kim joins in and gives the following instructions as she holds my cock in her hands. Do you want to feel the warmth of that pussy wrapped around your cock? She licks the shaft and head of as if it was her last meal; she takes all of my cock in her mouth, down her throat! Kim guides my motion and my stroke by kneeling behind him and using her hands to push and pull me, helping me establish a rhythm. I pull her onto my cock and she pushes back forcing more of my cock inside her. Suk begins to moan and enjoy the moment. Her moaning gets me excited, especially now that I know she wants my dark cock inside her and now she has what she wanted. Back and forth, in and out, forcing my cock as deep as I can into her pussy. She starts out slow and gradually speeds up moaning and grinding on my cock to get as much pleasure as she can. You like how hard I am riding you, forcing your dick inside me. She moves her pussy back and forth over my mouth allow my tongue to access her wet pussy lips and feel her juices dripping all over my tongue. Unfortunately I cannot hold back much longer, Suk and Kim know that I am getting close to the point of no return so they decide to let me have that sweet release. We want all of it every last drop, we own it and we want it! Suk takes this time to suck the remaining cum from my cock until there is nothing left to give. They both taste and swallow all that I have and

all that I can give them. Suk gives my cock one final tug and lets it fall to the side. The three of us crawl into bed and relax together. I am wide awake from excitement thinking about what just happened. I take this time to look at the girls who have just made my vacation a time to remember and realize that I am truly one lucky bastard.

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Orange Counting "Get in, quickly. The convoy is about to leave. Luckily I was alone that day. Despite having officially given up any political hope of seizing power after the Mozambique civil war ceasefire more than two decades ago, some of the more militant factions had not given up their weapons and were still popping up sporadically with a shooting here and a kidnapping there. Capitalising on my visit and unintentional magnetism for civil unrest and minor revolutionary activity, Renamo had recently taken control of a swathe of land in Sofalo Province, including a km stretch of the very traffic artery that was to expedite me towards the Zimbabwean border. With the only reputable bus company suspending services indefinitely, my only option other than a five day detour back down and across into South Africa was to hitch a lift with one of the fifty heavy goods vehicles in a convoy allowed safe passage through the lawless strip every day at 9am by virtue of a heavily armed military escort. As a Muslim still fasting despite Ramadan having ended, I clearly understood that he had to eat enough in the forty minutes before daybreak to keep him awake and vigilant during the 12 hour drive he had to Beira; but unless Mozambican citrus fruit was periodically laced with amphetamines, I was at a loss to explain his bulk purchase of twenty-six oranges. Once we are settled inside the cabin, he proceeds to line them all on the dashboard, creating two neat lines of imperfect, gnarly oranges on the inside of the windscreen. Unable to hide my consternation any longer, he answers the unspoken question with a rueful smile and a curt "You will see. With the protection racket secured, the jeep slots in ahead of us and leads the way into the rebel-held area. The soldiers are useless anyway. But we had no choice", Aboubakar hisses with undisguised contempt. Three oranges and a buck thirty do not buy you much, however, and our escort pulls away after ten minutes in search of the next contribution to their five-a-day. So much for protection, I think, but good riddance to them anyway. As my sleep-deprived brain struggles to compute what has just happened, a new jeep appears to our right, overtakes our vehicle and flags us to pull over in the exact middle of the rebel-controlled strip of highway. That we get through the danger zone without any incident is almost of no consequence with the corruption charade that has played itself out. During the remaining four hours to Inchope, where Aboubakar is to drop me off before heading back towards the coast, we are stopped a further eight times by both transport and regular police, bringing to an incredible total of twelve the number of extortion attempts on our vehicle in the last six and a half hours. A truck windscreen that was practically vitrified vitamin C when we left Pambara now has one single mangy orange sitting in its recess. Just as I prepare to bid Aboubakar farewell and express my sincere gratitude for providing both a ride and a spectacular insight into the absurd underworld of local officialdom, he takes the last orange and peels it, passing me alternate segments as they are freed. We share the fruit in silence, a nutritious symbol of our eternal bond and righteous consecration of the absurd gangster parody we have just experienced. Bullet In The Head My ride: Orange Crush - R.

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A grand total of more than 21,km travelled on public transport across an entire continent was always going to generate individual journeys that were more momentous than their eventual destination.

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