

## **A Night at the Triple X**

I have heard it said that the biggest sex organ in the body is the brain. Years ago, I had reason to confirm this statement.

Miss C and I were a number but we were beginning to get on each other's nerves. She was smart and confident, and good looking and blonde. I was simply young and dumb. Even though we worked in the same industry, the biggest attraction we had for each other was sex, pure and simple.

Six months had passed in our relationship and the attraction had begun to wane. Both of us, it seemed, were searching for a way to let the other down easy. My friend J was in town from Colorado and staying at my house. I was divorced but my ex and I had not yet sold our house. We were taking turns staying there until we found a buyer.

Miss C's friend Miss A took J with her to one of our favorite bars and Miss C and I were supposed to join them. It was Friday night, Miss C a lease broker who had just returned to town from a week of checking records in Roger Mills County, had been doing her thing during that time, and I mine.

"I just want to go home and go to bed," she said.

"What about J and Miss A?" I asked.

"They don't need us," Miss C said.

"Okay," I said. "Let's drive over anyway. J can ride back with me and Miss A can take you home."

"Fine," she said, "But I'm not staying."

On the way to the club, I caught a whiff of her perfume and suddenly remembered why I liked her so much. We were on 10<sup>th</sup> street, an area in Oklahoma City populated with strip bars and seedy hole-in-the-walls. About that time, we passed a stand-alone x-rated movie theatre.

"Have you ever seen a porn movie?" I asked.

"I'm not ten," she said.

On a whim, I pulled into the parking lot. "Let's go in."

Miss C grinned. She was trying to dump me but she had just enough kink left in her to consider my offer.

“Come on,” I cajoled. “You don’t have a hair on your ass unless you come with me.”

“Okay, Perv,” she said. “You’ll say uncle before me.”

The XXX Theatre was a single-storied building with a very dark lobby. We purchased two tickets from the disinterested ticket puncher that had likely seen it all. The theater was small and dark and smelled like urine. A naked man and an equally unclad woman were going at it on the screen.

There were probably ten patrons in the theater and they were not people you would want to call your best friends. Miss C and I found an empty aisle and settled in to watch the movie. The couple on screen was performing every sex act imaginable, complete with grunts, groans, moans and even a few screams.

As I began getting into the flick, I put my hand between Miss C’s legs, groping her most private parts, fully expecting she would slap me. Instead, she began licking my neck. Before long, we both had our jeans pulled down almost to the floor, helplessly locked in the throws of hot, mindless sex, right there in the middle of an x-rated theater, surrounded by perverts with their own pants down. We were suddenly shocked back to reality by a raspy voice.

“You two need to take it outside,” the man from the ticket booth told us. “This is a theater, not a bedroom.”

I do not know who turned us in but duly chastised, we headed up the dark aisle, buttoning our britches as we went. We were both still hot – hell, I mean my head was cooking off! I was all over Miss C as soon as the doors of my car closed. She was as hot as I was and I am not sure who was all over whom. Our passion continued, the windows steaming like a sauna when someone tapped on the front window. It was a cop and he was smiling.

“This is no place for what you two are doing. Take it to the house, and I mean now.”

Our ardor had not waned by the time we made it back home and we spent the rest of the night locked in hot passion the like of which I have not experienced since. J interrupted our ardor, knocking on the door around two in the morning. I let him in and quickly returned to the bedroom without bothering to listen to the story he was trying to tell me.

Miss C and I broke up shortly after our night of red-hot passion. My lust had dissolved and my brain again able to add two and two and not come up with an answer of five.