

Memorable Fucks

I've had this title in mind for a lot of years.

Not customary to talk, or write, about real fucks. Not completely okay. Unless, of course, in a piece of fiction - or perhaps a piece of therapy, although that only (and perhaps) gets written down by the therapist in note form. It's a bit intimate, private, narcissistic maybe, although I hope that isn't what I am doing. Anyway, I thought I'd just do it. Without real names of course!

In remembering ones relationship with another person, the special qualities of its sexual intimacy seem to me very interesting. They are as different as the other aspects of any relationship may be. And as illuminating, both about a particular relationship and about how one goes about relating to anyone, in whatever way. And how one can learn and develop.

So, not just a naughty compilation. Some fun, I hope, but - a serious purpose too. And helps to make sense of my life, like the construction of this website altogether and the sorting out of old documents and memories.

Of the hundreds of times I have fucked (thousands I suppose) in my by now rather long life, there are some that I distinctly remember. Some because they have been especially pleasurable - or, a few, especially unpleasurable. Specific fucks have sometimes epitomised the particular nature of my interaction with a particular person. They have often been important for my development, or I've learned something.

I'm not doing a cataloguing job here. Just indicating what might be the cause of a particular fuck staying in my memory, indicating to anyone reading this, and also, perhaps more so, indicating to myself, exploring, what that cause might be.

So what makes for a 'good' fuck? What makes it memorable amongst all those hundreds (or thousands)? What wisdom can we gain from an account of a fuck that we remember with special clarity, what enlightenment even can we pass on? I shall describe some particular fucks; and also some memorable ways of fucking that particular sexual partners had rather than a particular occasion.

One problem is, will we offend anyone? Is disguise of circumstances needed (the name is easy) to maintain privacy? Should we leave instructions in our will that these accounts will only be revealed after all the people in them have died also!?

And what about that sort of 'parental control' issue. Do we restrict access, how do we decide, how in practice do we restrict to whom it is given? Password? I'm not getting into that. I leave these questions hanging.

Most people I would think remember their first fuck. I remember mine, in fact my first two, which happened within a few days of each other and with the same person. So here goes. Memorable fuck number one.

I was on holiday in Mallorca, and this was a woman older than me, English as well as myself, actually a family friend. I was twenty-one. (In those days, of course, a good half-century ago, virginity was lost much later than now). She was about fourteen years older. We'd been there a few days already. We were in a little open boat and were coming back in the evening, after dark, from another part of the island. We'd had a lot to drink, and my companion, my initiator (or initiatress?) was pretty drunk. We started kissing, really total kissing, with her hand up my shorts and fondling my balls. I was vaguely, uneasily, aware that the others in the boat were somewhat shocked (I don't mean about the hand up my shorts, that was partially hidden, just the total kissing) but we were too drunk to properly notice, or care.

Then there was a bit of a ride back in a cab. She (I shall call her Mary) sat next to me, her hand on my thigh, and suddenly she gripped my thigh really hard, it was painful, and she did some heavy breathing with a short grunting sound - well, the road was bad but the car was well-sprung and created a rocking motion and I realised afterwards she must have had an orgasm.

Anyway, back in the hotel she came to my room and got undressed and encouraged my own slower undressing. I had an erection, but already when I felt the flabbiness of her breasts (she'd had children) it started to soften, and when I tried to put my penis into her, she was so soft and large that I felt completely deflated, I mean it wasn't so much the lack of physical resistance or friction, it was more that image of flabbiness: here was this big shapeless hollow which offered no sensible response. So my erection was completely gone.

She was very understanding, very caring, explained how this often happened the first time (she'd asked me 'are you a virgin Tom?' and I'd said vaguely 'well, I'm not completely without experience', which she took to mean, correctly, 'yes'). She said I shouldn't worry about it and it was probably her fault and so on. She also said that drink can have that effect.

So now part two of this story. A day or later later, we went to a bull-fight. (It was Mallorca, remember?) I found this a very exciting event. This isn't the place to get into the ethics of bull-fighting, I just know that for me this extraordinary spectacle, this skill, this bravery, were hugely thrilling, engaging, stimulating. One of the kills was particularly well executed, the matador stood firm, the sword went in, the bull suddenly stopped, stood stock still, frozen, rooted to the spot, then very slowly started to fall, its legs gave and it partly collapsed, partly fell on its side and lay there, motionless. The audience rose to its feet and there was huge applause. (Especially as the matador was a relative novice). I make no excuse for this ancient Spanish tradition, nor for my own excitement. Actually I don't think an excuse is required - it seems better than a slaughterhouse - but that would be entering a discussion I said I wouldn't get into.

The thing is, laughably almost, something in that excitement must have accompanied me into the bedroom. And I performed fine, accepting, rather than ignoring, the flabby utilised breasts and passed-through vagina of this experienced older woman, enjoying her pleasure, enjoying also her ease, and mine, in coming to climax, which I experienced several more times on that holiday. The second memorable fuck was a gratifying sequel to the first.

One of the striking things about sex is the different ways in which different people express and experience it. It is a very individual thing.

I am always touched, and a little envious, when I meet couples who have been together all their lives, I enjoy seeing an old couple holding hands while they walk along in the street. But there is another part of me which values the thought of that great variety in different people in the way they relate sexually and the great variety in actually the way people have sex. It would, of course, be wonderful to have a 'soul-mate', and for that to last for life. But, short of that, not having experienced it, I am glad that I have experienced some (just a little...) of the rich variety.

Two of my lovers were very opposite in the way they were physically when they had orgasms. One made a loud shrieking sound. The first time I had sex with her was certainly made memorable by this. It seemed involuntary, she was a little ashamed afterwards and once wondered if the neighbours could have heard! I found it exciting.

Another lover was very silent, she made no sound at all, it was only the quivering in her body that made me sure that this was how she came to climax. There was no particular occasion with her that is memorable, but her 'style' of climaxing (if one can put it that way) certainly was. She was someone I was in love with and we had a relationship for some years.

Another difference is how and where people like, or dislike, to be touched - especially perhaps dislike. One of my lovers had a total dislike of touching my genitalia, she just wouldn't do it. Yet she enjoyed touching the rest of my body, and enjoyed her own genitals being touched. Another totally rejected my mouth going anywhere near her genitals, yet she enjoyed stimulation by my fingers. I don't remember particular occasions with either of these.

As to the mouth - is oral sex a fuck? For the purposes of this memoir I'm going to say it is. The first time I came, inside a lover's mouth, was memorable. This was with another lover I was greatly in love with and had an important relationship with. We had been together for some months. I don't remember what led to the oral sex, it was only one-way, she was passive.

What makes me remember it was what happened afterwards. She said she felt a bit sick! I said 'You shouldn't mix your drinks' (bit of a sick joke?) - to which she replied 'You shouldn't mix my drinks'. We both laughed and it didn't interfere with our relationship. But we didn't do it again.

One of my relationships, again with someone I loved for a few years, sort of ended with oral sex. She really liked penetration, and although I have never been defective in that department, somehow she wanted more than I gave her. Our relationship had become a little strained (I don't think it was for that particular reason). One night I used my mouth and she came with what seemed great intensity. She seemed very satisfied - but just minutes later she became angry, she was furious with me for cheating her! I certainly remember that one.

Another memorable fuck was one that I had in my marital home on the floor of the living room, an extra-marital one (not part of an important relationship). The living room was upstairs and I thought we were alone in the house but the *au pair* had come back and came in and walked in on us! She was wide eyed and silent and retreated quickly. We on the floor were rather deflated, we laughed quietly. Of course (I suppose it's of course!) the *au pair* never mentioned it, to anyone.

Twice I have felt bad after fucks (one-off occasions). I don't remember what it was with one, I just remember feeling bad afterwards and never wanting to touch or be touched by her again. The other was with a student on a course I was running, who was a virgin. She wanted it, I deflowered her, and afterwards felt really guilty. (I hasten to add she was not under-age).

One lover, the first time we made love we went into her room (this was her room in a communal house, so it was where she slept also), she went out for a moment and while she was out I took all my clothes off and squatted on the bed waiting. She was really surprised when she came back, but she responded by taking all her clothes off and we made very satisfying love - and had a strong relationship for a few years.

Another lover, this was a casual, we were not 'in love': she could not bear to be seen without her clothes on. She always wanted the light off before she undressed. One night I tricked her, she was standing in the room without her clothes and I switched on the light. She shrieked and speedily covered herself up. I switched the light off and we had sex. Actually her body looked very good. Anyway, that was memorable.

Another memorable occasion I describe in the story *Pleasure*.

Can't remember any other specific occasions or styles of interaction just now. Well, I still think about that issue: soul-mate or variety... Is at all the possibility, of combining both, in our evolved human-being nature? I think there are a few commune-idealists who have tried to put this into practice, and not just engaged in a sort of self-indulgent free-for-all. The religious, or even the non-religious, 'for life' doesn't seem to work very well. I don't have an answer. Does anyone? I think if I had my life again I would like to explore this, in myself, in a partner (partners?), in others, and perhaps as a research project. But who thinks about this early enough in life, and who at that time has a way of thinking and feeling that could encompass it?