

Birthday Time

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Birthdays are a time for reflection, for celebration, for enjoying good times with friends. My girlfriend Nancy had picked me up and was taking me over to another friend's house for what she said would be "a quiet evening." When she told me that I looked her in the eye and said, "You'd make a bad poker player. I don't believe you." She laughed and patted me on the leg. "Trust me."

I laughed again. "I did that once."

She gave me a hurt look. I sighed and said, "And enjoyed it immensely. Thank you."

Now she laughed; it's a good thing, too. As my friend Doctor Rothman says, nurses are bright and caring folks who can carry a grudge beyond the grave when necessary. I'm a paramedic, Nancy is an emergency room nurse at a local hospital. When we see each other during working hours, you can be sure someone isn't enjoying it.

When we pulled up to Josh's place there were only the usual number of cars around. Nancy said, "See, just a quiet evening." Right. "Like to drive around the block once?" I asked her. She chuckled and pulled into the driveway.

As I expected, we walked into the house to shouts of "Surprise!" and "Happy Birthday!" Josh and his wife Carol were there, along with a small assortment of fire, paramedic, and emergency room crazies.

We had a very good dinner; lasagna, bread, salad, wine, enough to feed the crowd, which is a lot. We sat around the dining room after dinner discussing the usual topics of the day; gore, who was sleeping with whom, and the problems with managed health care. We all helped clear the table and clean up. As we were finishing, Carol and Nancy came in and said "Party time! Let's go!"

Now I know it's practically a California state law to have a piñata at kids' parties, but for me?

"Come on, not a fucking piñata!" I said when I saw the thing hanging from a rope in the den.

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I wasn't expecting the raucous laughter I got; what was so damn funny?.

"All right, birthday boy first, right over here Jim," Carol yelled out. Carol came over and put a blindfold around my eyes and handed me a broom handle. She turned me around a few times and as she did she yelled out, "Now remember, pink ones are for the girls, blue ones are for the boys." What was that about?

One thing I've got, or at least I think I've got is a good sense of direction. She left me pointing pretty much 180 degrees away from the piñata. So I raised my weapon menacingly... Someone hollered, "No!" and helped orient me closer. I got my three whacks at it, hitting the thing once.

After that the others got chances; Charlie and his wife were running the piñata. As the others were swinging wildly it struck me. Other than Carol and Josh, Charlie and his wife, the rest of us, four couples, were single, and a pretty wild bunch all in all. What's in the piñata, color coded for boys and girls?

I found out soon enough. I think the whole thing was fixed. Josh, the lightest of the bunch got one good whack and on the second whack it burst open. There was a mad scramble with the ladies; I saw blue bundles, pink bundles, and one gold one, along with the usual candy. There was a scramble for the gold one and Nancy got it, holding it up triumphantly. I managed to get one of the blue ones. I started to open mine when Carol yelled out, "Don't open it yet!" Then she herded the other single gals into the kitchen. I gave Carol a quizzical look; she just smiled. Josh was looking at the ceiling. I looked at the other guys; they were smiling. It seemed like everyone but me knew what the hell was going on.

The ladies emerged from the kitchen laughing. Carol looked at the ladies and said, "Who wants to go first?"

Denise raised her hand and stepped forward. Her pink package was opened; she pulled out a little foil package -- a condom. She held it up, showing something written on it and said, "I've got... Mike!" I laughed and applauded. I'm going to like this game. Carol said, "Okay Mike, open yours now."

Mike was laughing and looking a little embarrassed, but not too embarrassed to go along. He opened his; it had a few lottery tickets in it. He looked at them. Carol stepped over and turned them over, holding up one of them. "Guest room!" she announced.

Denise stepped over to Mike and gave him a big kiss. Mike put his arms around her and gave her a very professional feel.

"Hey!" I said,. "What about you married folks?"

Carol said, "We get each other. Josh -- what does your say?"

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Josh opened his package, then grimaced and shook his head. "Game room futon." I applauded anyway. Charlie opened his. "Grand prize! Master bedroom!" He laughed and picked up his wife, putting her over his shoulder and heading down the hall with her shrieking and laughing.

I stepped over to Nancy. "So do I get to guess who's name was in the gold one?"

She leaned over and kissed me on the nose. "You, birthday boy. Where are we going?"

I opened my little package. There written on one of the lottery tickets was "Hot tub." I knew there were some good cushions out there as well. "They just give you one condom in that package?" I asked her with a smile.

"We don't need them; how much energy do you have?"

"Enough, lover. Shall we go?"

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