

A Wild Ride on the Nasty Side

(MMF, MFM, exhib, ws, scat, true)

by bluepervina - © 2004, 2011

bluepervina@gmail.com

www.asstr.org/~bluepervina

IF YOU ARE UNDER THE AGE OF ADULT CONSENT or are otherwise forbidden by law to access/view erotic material, do not read anything else in this file. Furthermore, THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION. The following story is not a true account, not based upon fact, and is not in any way connected with reality. It is a fantasy. Please do not read this story if you cannot or will not accept that this is purely a work of the imagination.

As most people who've been there know, a certain world-famous theme park is quite good territory for some salacious goings-on. The theme park people know it, too, and they work really hard to make sure idiots like us don't ruin it for all the "normal and decent" folks who visit. However, we still try to have our fun, don't we?

I drew a great deal of embellishment out of three real events in order to write this story. There truly was a "gotcha" moment on one ride and a bit of voluntary incontinence that I witnessed on another ride, as well as a nice moment I once spent in a spacious and clean family-style restroom; beyond that, however, lies the realm of fiction, fantasy, fetish-frenzy, whatever. Nonetheless, I hope you enjoy!

----1----

Traci and I had begun to feel the years creeping on. Our college days were gone, we were entering our thirties, and going back one more time for the old alumni weekend festivities just seemed like way too much humiliation anymore. Everyone we saw on that campus was younger and hotter than we were. Even though we both remained in great shape and had retained our looks through the years, it was hard not to feel envious and ugly, nonetheless. Why couldn't we be eighteen again, right? Why did we have to start getting the crow's feet around the eyes and the little sag in the ass that kept us at the gym an extra hour every day for a month?

So we skipped the alumni stuff and decided instead to head to some theme parks. In the Orlando area of Florida, there was a choice of several theme parks to attend, and we figured we could have a lot of fun hopping from place to place, feeling like silly kids again, and be around a lot more people who were in worse shape than us!

We were there in mid-October, but of course it was in the high 80's the whole time, so it gave Traci an opportunity to throw on the light spaghetti-strap tops she favored. No bra, of course, so her nice firm C-

cups were going to get her a lot of notice; that would go a long way to improving her mood. And juice her up. She liked her Old Navy gym shorts a lot, too; she wore them like the teenagers, with the waistband folded down, so they got shorter that way. Almost like hot pants, but the "OLD" and the "NAVY" printed on each cheek of her ass left no doubt, in case the pants still weren't quite short enough to make everyone behind her stare. Then, with her toenails painted a nice deep blue, she slipped on her flip flops and practically raced me to the hotel's courtesy bus. This girl was ready to show off and have some fun.

It's not that Traci is exhibitionist, though. On the contrary, she enjoys watching others to the point of distraction. It's why she likes places like theme parks so much. Tons of people from all walks of life, from all parts of the world, all crammed into one weird place that is nothing like anybody's real life back home. Everybody's a fish out of water, and the water's gone odd, like some color of Kool-aid instead of clear. It makes for a fun combination, to Traci's way of thinking. I knew we'd end up spending half the time on the trip just sitting around discretely staring at the vacation-sluts and the church group floozies and awkward dads trying to actually involve themselves in conversations with their children. There would be a lot of groping between lovers while waiting in the insanely long lines. There would be a lot of groping between idiot friends in those times, too. Both types are equally enticing in their own ways; one, because it's public sexual contact, and the other because it usually ends up becoming some variety of accidental violence that pisses off a bunch of innocent bystanders. It fascinated her and reasonably entertained me - and since she was going to sex herself up so much with her little teenager-casual look, I'd probably just spend most of the time watching her, anyway.

----2----

"Oh, right there...." Traci whispered, as I stood behind her in the line for a ride. My hands were on her hips, and I leaned in to kiss her bare neck. Her hair was up in a cute pony tail, and little wisps of brunette silk tickled my nose as I slowly slurped my way around her sweaty skin. "Me-likey..." she purred, reaching back playfully and squeezing my cock as I pressed it against her ass. My own strategy had been to wear a nice long, loose Hawaiian shirt over my cargo shorts. If I hadn't learned by then how Traci could affect me, I didn't deserve to be her man! But that little pump-pump-pump of her long fingers about shook me right out of my Birkenstocks. An older couple stood just across the chain - in the same line but one series of Byzantine turns behind us - and they were watching our every move. It didn't occur to me until after the first "pump" of Traci's hand. Something made me stop my nuzzling on her neck and look up. And I looked right into the older woman's eyes. I thought I'd come right there and then.

They were both smiling little smiles of delight. It was quite a contrast

to the irritable bitch-glares being shot at us by the woman right behind them. She stood holding onto two small children at once, both of whom were trying to alternately pull her and push her and climb upon her all while talking talking talking. But Traci and I were obviously going to spoil her kids' upbringing by modeling adult intimacy, so we got the hateful eyes. That was almost as much of a turn-on, really, just knowing that it was getting under her skin like that.

In theme park lines, you go around and around for a torturous length of time, and you pass the same people - who are all in the same line with you - over and over again. So we saw the older couple at least a half-dozen more times before we got into our own little honey pot and bobbed off into all the fun fakery. I tried to keep up my affections on Traci as much as I could whenever they got close, because it was cool to see how they were starting to get closer, too. The man's hands were always either on his wife's hips or on her ribcage as he stood behind her, and he kept his crotch up close against her, just as I was doing. He was perhaps in his mid-50's. His wife was a bit younger - maybe 45 or so - and her legs and arms were nice and firm. Her tits had been lifted and "enhanced", but that only increased her sexiness because her doctor had obviously known what he was doing.

She wore an outfit much like a tennis skirt - a top and a single-pleated skirt as one unit, made of some sort of blended fabric that looked like it kept her really cool. It was a soft pink and blue, with foreign writing across her luscious chest, what I assumed was German. She wore a matching ball cap with a long bill in the front, and her page-boy cut was tucked neatly behind her ears. A very, very sexy lady. She only smiled and kept shuffling forward in her little tennis shoes, much as Traci was doing with me, but it was clear that our two little couples were having a good time together.

We got on the ride first, and Traci of course couldn't stand it any longer. She unzipped me and pulled out my cock almost before we were ensconced in the semidarkness of the ride's interior world. The other travelers ahead and behind were seemingly too entranced by Winnie and his pals, so it seemed as safe a place as any for me to get a hand job. I sat back and watched the scenery - as did Traci - while her hand relentlessly worked me over.

"Baby, I'm gonna suck this so good when we get outta here," Traci declared. "There's a family restroom back on the other side of this building, and we're gonna go in there...." She then made some lip-smacking noises and "mmm-mmm-mmm" sound effects and really jiving herself up to be funny. I couldn't help but laugh. And I was seriously ready to come. By the time we hit the part where the honey pot jolts up and down like it's floating in the floody waters, Traci just let her hand whap back and forth on my meat as the motion of the ride took us. It was a moment like few others. My cock was so close it actually felt like I would weep if it didn't happen soon.

Then the ride stopped.

In an instant, flashlights were on us, voices sternly bombarded us, and

Traci was all the way over on the other side of the seat, leaving me to stuff my dick back into my shorts like the busted pervert that I was.

"Sir, ma'am," said a grumbly Hispanic flashlight, "You cannot do that here in the Magic Kingdom. I am sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to exit the ride."

The light moved out of my face and onto Traci's breasts, and I could see that it was in fact a young Latino guy who was addressing us. He looked ridiculously inappropriate trying to pull off this authoritarian crap in his lederhosen and Puerto Rican accent. But the other two guys with him were equally stern-faced enough to make me wipe the smile off mine. I'd thought they might just be trying to scare us, but apparently they were serious.

"Hey - listen - you guys - " I tried to stammer, but one of the other men cut me off.

"We got infrared, OK?" His light swept up toward a ceiling corner that was shockingly low overhead. "We been watchin' you real close since owl's house, ya' know."

"Well, what-the-FUCK!" Traci yelled. She threw up her hands and bolted to her feet. The honey pot rocked like a real boat, and I was actually alarmed and impressed at the same time. The lederhosen patrol was not, however. They half-blinded her with their lights and tried to steady the ride with their free hands.

"Ma'am," said the Latino, more gently this time, "you must please get out of the ride now."

Traci, as I said, really wasn't a true exhibitionist at heart, and so this all really embarrassed her more than anything. She was ashamed and so she was angry to cover it. Typical stuff, really, and I could see it getting ugly really fast. People in other honey pots were plenty close enough to see and hear most of what was going on. Some small children nearby were already crying. One kid somewhere close actually sounded so miserable that he could've really been dying, he was that good at it. So I sort of squeezed Traci's thigh as she stood beside me, and she slowly sat down. My hand then went into my pocket.

"What can I do to fix this problem, fellas?" I politely asked. "Is there any way we can continue with a nice, G-rated ride, I mean?" I casually reached up and rested my hand on the top edge of the honey pot, tapping my roll of bills just enough to make a little noise.

"Aw - hell no!" said the third worker, and he took a step back and killed his light. "You see all that shit?" he only barely whispered. "You see it? Goddamn!"

"Ssshhh!" the Latino hissed. He also turned out his light, but he was obviously waiting on the second guy to make the call.

"Listen, folks," said the gruff man, whose face we still hadn't seen. His light remained steadily on Traci's beautiful tits as they pushed against her clammy shirt. The man spoke slowly and quietly, so only the five of us could hear. "I got infrared on *me* now, and I ain't losin' my job on

account 'a you." He stepped back, unlatched the door, and motioned for us to come out. "Please exit this ride now, sir."

As we left through the maze of rails and partitions and hissing air gears, we found ourselves passing right by the spot where everyone was waiting to get their own turns on the pots. There were moans and angry shouts from the crowd as they saw us delinquents emerge, but it was easy to block that out. As it happened, the horny older couple was first in the line. And it appeared as if the woman was now in some distress. She faced away from the people in line, looking absently at the honey pot a few feet away from her as she pressed her thighs firmly together, holding her hands folded against the front of her crotch. The man, though, rather than appearing worried about his lover's obvious discomfort, was instead looking just as fuck-happy as he had before. He stood there rubbing her shoulders and muttering sweet nothings in her ear as he watched us pass by out of the corner of his eyes.

And when I caught his glance, he winked at me and grinned. I couldn't help but chuckle and wave back. Of course, that got a couple rounds of "asshole" fired our way, too!

----3----

It took about half an hour in the claustrophobic office. Next to the gift shop, just beyond the security control room, we huddled around a messy desk and quickly came to terms. We got our names in the official report, but with just an official warning "Instead of the abolishment you deserve" said the gruff man. It actually was handed to us in the form of a neatly printed page that came out within seconds after the report was sent to the mainframe. Folding the paper into my pocket, I couldn't help but thank them. Admirably, they refused to take a single bill.

And we were off, with Traci even biting her tongue about vocabulary and rednecks and everything. Seemed a decent price to pay to keep us in the parks for the rest of our vacation. A little restraint from my girl - and her nipples nice and hard in that cold little office.

Out in the main causeway we came up right behind the older couple. His arm was around her as they walked, slowly weaving their way through the throngs of sweaty families and happy couples and pimply teenaged gaggles of church girls or cheerleaders or whatever clique it was that made them all squeal like soaked cats at the slightest happy moment. She was staggering a bit now, and he was obviously helping her. Her steps were very short and mincing. It looked like she hadn't gone to the bathroom yet.

"God, don't you like tennis outfits, babe?" Traci gushed, grabbing onto my bicep as we trailed them, both of us admiring her long legs and high, firm ass. There is something very clean and good about that kind of clothing, to be sure. The ankle socks and plain court shoes helped,

too, and her hat was perfect. She was one fine, piss-heavy woman! Traci leaned hard into me and nuzzled my shoulder with her nose. It was ice cold.

"That was some chilly office!" she winked, and we both looked down at her still-rigid nipples stabbing so hard against the thin fabric of her sweaty top. Our noise got the older man's attention, and he glance back and nodded at us as we happily meandered in their wake.

Traci just called a simple, "Hey!" and went back to admiring her own slutty chest. The man, however, maintained eye contact with me. Soon our steps had overtaken them, and the man maneuvered his wife over to the wall beside the Teacups, where she leaned in agony with his arm still around her. Nevertheless, she managed an enthusiastic smile when she noticed that we'd stopped with them.

The man spoke in decent English, but with a strong European accent, "You want that we ride together? That one over there?" He pointed off in the direction of the race cars, beyond it somewhere.

Traci was concerned for the woman, though, and she let go of me and approached her. "Are you alright? Can I ... can I help you find a ... you know...." But the woman waved her away with a small laugh.

"I am fine. Yes. No problem. Yes." Her accent was a little heavier, but she made it clear that she was still winning the fight with her bladder. She pushed away from the wall and leaned harder against her man, hugging him with both arms. "We are very good. Yes. Thank you."

The man pointed with his chin this time as he wrapped both arms around his lady and squeezed. "The one called Tourist Transporter, of course," he said with a grin. "It is our best. Favorite." Up close again, it was easy to see that he was fit and handsome. His hair was a refined salt-and-pepper gray, still full and soft, and his body retained the spring and taut lines of a man perhaps in his thirties, rather than his fifties. I wondered if I'd be so lucky in twenty years.

But then Traci choked down a laugh at what he'd said, and I had to admire her yet again. Restraint twice in one day! But she still had to say something. "Really? The Tourist Transporter?" She began. "That's an interesting favorite! Usually I just get on there to take a little snooze when it gets too hot to stand in line."

The woman laughed gently again. "Yes. I sleep in it too, sometimes. It is nice for a ride. Yes." She shivered almost violently, and the man gasped and watched her with some concern, but then it passed and she laughed again. She muttered something to him in their own language, and he laughed and kissed her forehead. Then she turned to us and said, "You will see. Come with us, yes?" She held out her hand to Traci, who took it almost instantly.

As we started back off together, Traci and the woman remained holding hands between the man and myself. We talked idly of the park and what rides we'd been on, but he avoided asking us about Winnie the Pooh. Traci and the woman just continued between us, saying nothing.

I wondered aloud how often they'd visited the place, and the man softly snorted in good humor.

"Every fall we come," he said. "Since our wedding, years and years ago." He waved swept his hand vaguely, as if to indicate not just the entire theme park but all of the years of their marriage as well.

"Twenty three years," the woman said simply. "We have great loving here. It is true."

Traci nodded, "Yeah, we really love it here, too. But we've never come that much, and we live pretty close."

The woman clucked her tongue and painfully shifted her gait to bring her right up against Traci's side as they walked. She leaned in and bit my wife playfully on her ear. Shocked, Traci yelped and shuddered in surprise. It was one of her favorite things, getting sneak nibbles like that. I wondered instantly what her pussy was doing just then.

"You do not understand," the woman said. Her eyes shone merrily through their haze of distress. "We have loving." She pointed at the brick thoroughfare beneath our feet. "Here."

Traci caught her breath, as did I. The older couple happily chuckled and led us on, while Traci clutched at my hand for all she was worth, sneaking wild looks at me every now and then. It was like a dream come true for her. She was actually being invited to go along with people who got risky outdoors. The woman was now leaning more into Traci than she was her own husband, and so my wife slipped her own arm protectively around the distressed lady's shoulders. Even from several feet away, with all the crowd noises and blaring bursts from the nearby rides, I could still hear the woman moan and suck in her breath with almost every step.

----4----

"She is Elise. I am Rolf." The man held his arms out wide to indicate that the two women should precede us into the small open car of the Tourist Transporter. It was a small train of open cars, six to a group, that took a leisurely path all the way around the environs of the Tomorrowland section of the park. Twenty feet above the ground, the Tourist Transporter went from outdoors to indoors periodically, and riders got to peer around inside the various rides to see what they looked like from a different perspective. Meanwhile, a piped-in narrator explained all about the exciting things happening in "the bright future of Tomorrow".

But this time, instead of giggling at the inane monologue and attempting to catch a little catnap, Traci and I were both wide awake and wondering what was going to happen in that little car. The other five cars were occupied, but no one was near enough in front or behind to really be considered too close. And they were all either talking amongst themselves, trying to rest, or listening earnestly about

Tomorrow. It was as if being surrounded made us more alone.

Traci and the woman, Elise, sat next to each other. Rolf and I sat together, facing them across a floor area perhaps eighteen inches wide. The wind gusted around us as the Tourist Transporter swept elegantly around a couple turns. We were about to enter our first building. I knew it got very, very dark in those places, especially when you passed from bright day to the inside, as we were doing now. But surely the infrared cameras were being used here, too? If they could nail us for something in Winnie the Pooh, then we were certainly at risk on that thing just then!

As if reading my mind, Rolf said, "We will all sit very still now and relax. Have no worries." And, just as we plunged into the first long, dark tunnel, he simply said, "Elise."

"Unghhh!" Came the muffled reply, as if Elise's face was covered. I was completely blind in the black world we'd suddenly entered. But my ears took over. There was a hissing. A splatter. A drippy kind of spittle-spattle sound. Then I felt it. My feet and my ankles - my legs! I was getting wet. Elise was pissing!

Instantly too hard to endure, my cock raged to get out. The flow of the older woman's urine was heavy and wide. It was hitting both my legs and feet at once. In a weird sort of rhythm it pulsed a bit up and down, then side to side, and the sound of it changed tone. It was as if Elise was doing something to direct the flow.

But it wasn't Elise. It was Traci.

"Yes," Elise groaned. "Feel it. Yes. Play in it. Yes, sweet girl."

At that, I could hear Traci groan, and the spray of piss got suddenly even more messy as it splattered up over my knees and onto my thighs and shorts. Beside me, Rolf murmured, "Careful. Easy...."

With a growl, I think Elise's, the flow suddenly stopped. It might have lasted all of eight seconds, maybe less. I sniffed for the smell of her piss, but we were moving fast enough for the breeze to sweep it away. My feet were soggy in my Birkenstocks, and I could only imagine what they'd smell like later, but it didn't bother me. My cock, though, that was bothering me!

The light grew rapidly upon us, and in a dazzling burst of color and sound were suddenly swept out across a long bridge, just behind a stage where some dancing cheerleaders were performing. I could see a couple hundred tourists all standing around in every expression of exhaustion, staring in various positions of discomfort or impatience, or both. Many were eating ice cream. They had no idea what was going on in the little blue electric tram that was whizzing by overhead.

I looked at Elise; she was breathing in short, ragged gasps, clearly trying to retain control over the bladder she'd just pinched off. She still had more to come. Her little skirt was bunched up in her trembling fingers above her waist, and her bloomers and panties were in Rolf's lap, held balled-up casually in his hands. Traci was leaned in hard next

to Elise, and one of the older lady's legs was actually draped over one of my wife's thighs, helping her to spread. Traci had one arm around Elise's shoulders, and their heads were leaned together. Meanwhile, my wife's free hand was soaking wet with piss and sliding fingers all up and down Elise's slick, shaved cunt.

"Wow," was all Traci could mutter, as she caught my eye. All four of us laughed at that. Traci kept working her fingers against Elise's mound, though, and Elise was pumping her hips ever so slightly in response. Her ass was an inch deep in a puddle of urine, and some of it had even run over out of the slight indentation and onto Traci's side - her little shorts were obviously wet underneath. But she didn't seem to care. Most of the piss, however, had been sprayed elsewhere, and the floor beneath our feet was in fact quite sloshy. Someone prior to us had eaten some gum in that car, and now there was a Bubble Yum wrapper awash in urine, sticking to my heel.

Rolf nodded discretely at a camera as we serenely glided past. He then winked at me smiled. "We don't move much, they do not notice us. Even if we spread - sprawl, yes? - sprawl a little." Elise hoarsely chuckled at that and pitched her other foot out until it nestled on my seat, sandwiched between my hip and the inside wall of the car. She threw her head back then and groaned.

"Is it soon?"

Rolf crooned back to her, "Yes, my love, yes. It is coming... almost... now."

And we were back inside the darkness of another building.

"Unngghhh - mmmpphhh!" came the broken grunts, and within the slightest moment I was once again inundated with piss. Warm, slippery liquid ran freely down my legs, dripped from the backs of my calves. Traci and I had indulged privately in some fun wet sex from time to time. Usually it was her on top of me, pissing all over my dick before she jammed it up inside. But a few times she'd let loose while I was eating her out; once she'd even crawled up and squatted over my face, drunkenly slurring out "Down the hatch" before nearly drowning me with her wonderful hot water.

It wasn't something we'd talked much about, but we each knew we liked it. The timing had to be right, and usually we had to be a little drunk, of course. But nothing from before could have possibly prepared us for this! Nevertheless, I decided I didn't want to waste what small opportunity I had.

I held one hand down near my knees to sort of catch some of the splattering juice. And there in the dark I brought the hand up to my nose and sniffed. Ah, yes, there it was! The golden odor. I stuck my fingers, one by one, into my mouth. Licking each clean, I quickly returned them to the aberrant stream below, eager for another taste. Elise's piss was strong and bitter. It was clear she'd been holding it probably since the morning. Perhaps even some of this was from overnight. Very nice.

"That is essence, yes," Rolf's voice came in close beside me. His weight on my shoulder increased as he leaned in and put his mouth against my ear. My cock nearly went off as I first felt his lips against my skin. They were soft and warm and sort of cradling the outer rim of my ear as he spoke. "You like the piss. I can tell that. You drink it." His tongue slowly, wetly licked up from my earlobe, then down into the center of my ear.

"You do like the kinky things. I am sure," Rolf muttered. I felt his hand on my shorts, his fingers unsnapping and unzipping. My cock enthusiastically popped right out of the fly of my boxers, and his long, warm fingers wrapped around it with luxurious, expert delicacy. He did not stroke. He lightly squeezed. And, after a few more moments of tonguing my ear, he spoke again.

"It is a nice cock you have. I am to enjoy it, OK?" I nodded, and I barely even able to do that, I was so close to exploding. Much more movement of mine or his was going to send me all the way around the bases, for sure.

There was no more piss from the women's side anymore. Perhaps thirty seconds had passed in that current darkness; it was a long journey around the periphery of the inside of the space-themed rollercoaster ride. The darkness was complete within our little car. Our only light came from far overhead, where fake starlight shined in the form of pinpoints of tiny directed spotlights. I'd always admired the realism of that, but not today. Every now and then the rumble and rush of the rollercoaster cars could be heard up overhead, and sometimes you could even see the greenish blur of light as the glow-in-the-dark things whipped on through the wild twistings of their path.

A moan, then another, and I guessed that Traci and Elise were probably enjoying themselves too much to notice my fun little handjob from Rolf. He was still gently squeezing, now nibbling, on my earlobe. His other arm went around my shoulders, his long fingers reaching down inside the top of my shirt, quickly finding and stroking my nipple. One of the best ways for Traci to make me come when she wants is to fuck me until she's ready, then she'll reach up, squeeze one or both of my nipples, and most of the time that makes me blow huge gobs of sperm all over the place. Rolf, of course, began to pinch and rub, pinch and rub. He squeezed my cock in the same rhythm as his tender assault on my nipple, and I knew I didn't have a chance.

"You will cum now for me," Rolf whispered. His hand suddenly stroked, once, twice, and I came. Growling, clenching my fists, I hunched my hips up against his fist and fucked his hand as I shot jet after jet of my seed up into the windy darkness. I threw my head back and shouted, "Oh, FUCK!" my eyes shut tight. Rolf's hand began pumping me again as my orgasm subsided, and the sweet agony of his work brought me to tremors and this uncontrollable nervous giggle. I finally had to grab his wrist and hold him still, just so I could attempt to breathe.

Turning to him to say thanks, I instead met his lips on mine. Automatically, my mouth opened and my tongue slid against his in a

deep, delicious kiss. Rolf's skills as a lover were mind-blowing, that much was obvious. His kissing was the best I'd ever experienced, man or woman, in my entire life. He gave me the kind of intimacy that finally made it crystal clear to me why they sometimes call it a "soul" kiss. I could've stayed there with my mouth glued against his for a couple days!

But then there was light, and his hand was flinging my shirt tail over my cock, and we were leaning away from each other, looking all around in an absurdly super-casual fashion. The tram was out in the open again, leisurely traversing the elevated track toward another indoor section. Traci and Elise were slowly, deeply kissing, Traci's two hands gently cradling Elise's face, while Elise had her hands up under my wife's top, kneading her breasts with exquisite skill. Both their legs were splattered wet with piss. I looked down and chuckled to see my own legs and feet completely soaked, the urine collected deeply enough in the floor of the tram to slosh back and forth as the car turned, getting my feet wet all over again in the process.

Rolf's cock was straining against his own shorts, and I caught his eye and grinned. "Thanks," was all I could say. But Rolf laughed heartily.

"It was good! And I enjoy it," he said. Nodding his head toward the women, he continued, "But see how they enjoy it, too, risking our getting caught, they love it so much." Perhaps not even hearing him, the women continued their passionate kiss unabated. "So exciting when you are in a place to have chances of catching you."

"Hell," I said, "It's exciting to get my first handjob and kiss from another guy in like, fifteen years." I leaned into his shoulder then and pointedly looked down at his crotch. "I'll be happy to return the favor, you know."

"Yes," Rolf nodded. "It is nice for a good stroking from a man. I enjoy it, of course." He reached down and pressed on the front of his shorts, outlining his long cock underneath. Running his thumb up and down over his length, he said, "But it is better for a sucking, yes? To have a man's mouth on it, drinking my fluid."

We were nearly to the next darkness, and in my enthusiasm I was already making to get down on my knees and go totally Hoover on his cock. But he stopped me with a firm grip on my thigh, and held me still beside him. "Yes, that will be good, but now is not for that." He unzipped his fly and let his cock spring forth, as thick and beautiful a penis as any I'd ever seen with my own eyes. It was not completely hard, but close enough. Not normally one to seek my arousal in other men anymore - not since my teenage experimental days, anyway - I nonetheless found myself given in completely to the lust that had taken hold. No doubt, I wanted to see a lot more of that cock.

Just as the darkness swallowed our tram again, with a small hiss, Rolf's cock began to spray piss toward his wife and mine. In the blindness of the moment, all I could do was listen and imagine. It sounded as if he had good aim and distance, because the groans

increased from the women. One of them, probably Traci, began to grunt, "Unnnnggghh - unnnnggghh - unnnnggghhh!" And it was suddenly nothing but heavy breathing and the whispery-wet sound of urine rushing out of Rolf's gorgeous dick.

"Oh, oh, God - FUCK!" Traci's voice cried. "This is so fucking wild!" She laughed, and so did Elise. Soon Rolf and I were joining in. And Rolf was still pissing. We could see the light approaching fast, and in its growing illumination I couldn't help but gasp. Traci was soaking wet. From her chin down to her knees, Rolf's piss had covered her like a well-aimed fire hose. Elise was not nearly as wet, but a good deal had splattered enough to make her top pretty sloppy-looking, too.

Traci's nipples looked painfully erect, poking so hard and long against the inside of her soaked top. She had the crotch of her gym shorts and her panties pulled aside with one hand, while the other worked furiously on her clit. Elise leaned over, bent her head, and began to suck on one of Traci's nipples through her shirt. I could hear the sieving of the piss through the cotton material as Elise worked her mouth back and forth between both nipples. Traci was going to come soon. Rolf was shaking the piss off his penis and stuffing it back in his shorts, smiling broadly at the two women.

"A beautiful sight, you agree. Such beauty is the love of perversion." His hand found my knee and rubbed it gently. My cock, already re-awakening, came fully back to life with his touch upon my knee. I was ready for anything. Cameras and idiot park workers be damned!

Suddenly we were at the terminal where we'd originally embarked. It was a large disk, a slow-moving platform that spun slowly around a central axis, allowing riders to get on and off safely while the cars still moved along at a decent pace. On a fixed dias jutting out above the center of the platform disk was the main operating console and security nest for the ride. Two guys in ridiculous orange and yellow jumpsuits sat up there, pushing things and watching little screens and lights. One of them was particularly interested in us as we passed by, not twenty feet from where he was perched. Rolf had simply said, "We stay in here for some time, so relax now," and that kept us right there in our seats. It looked like the plan was to stay in the Tourist Transporter until we'd dried off, I guess. But with his hand still massaging my knee, I guess maybe he had something else in mind, too. In any case, the guy in the jumpsuit seemed just as curious as me. His eyes stayed on us until we were completely around the platform and out of sight, once again on our way into the breezy darkness.

"Ah, we are under suspicion, I see," Rolf chuckled, yet in the black tunnel his fingers nonetheless began to trace the outline of my cock inside my shorts. "We must be normal for a while now. Pity." His hand disappeared, but that was OK. Who needed to be busted twice in one day, right?

But Traci and Elise were having a more difficult time settling down. We could hear more moans and shuffling movements from their side of

the car as we rolled along. Rolf cleared his throat a few times, but to no avail. Finally, I felt him shift his weight and apparently reach out. "My love, you must not," he said. Elise gave a funny, melodramatic groan, then the movements from the women stopped. "Yes, yes, yes - all right, my boss!" she cried, then laughed. Traci joined in soon after, then the two of us men.

As our merry car emerged into the light, Rolf's arm was around my shoulders, and Elise's arm was around Traci's. The two women looked like they'd been left out in some bad weather, but their smiles told the real tale. I was sure Rolf and I gave much the same appearance. Already the piss had mostly dried on my exposed skin, just as it had on Traci's. Now it was just a matter of getting the clothes dried.

Conversation got going, we small-talked and learned about each other for a while, and our little car went around its circuit at least seven or eight more times. The clown in the security nest eventually seemed to lose interest in us - or at least in staring us down - and we all settled into a nice coziness with one another. Rolf and Elise were pretty good people, and it was plain they felt the same about us. He worked as an engineer back home, while Elise was a teacher. They had two children about the same age as Traci and myself; the daughter lived in Australia now, while the son was in Boston in graduate school. Elise was something of an heiress, also, having been the only daughter of a rich businessman; two years prior he'd passed away, and now they had more money than they ever needed. The only reason they still worked was because they liked their jobs and the people they knew there. They'd decided it was a good buffer in their daily lives, too, to keep them apart and focused elsewhere so that when they saw each other in the evenings they were more passionate about being together. "It is not for us to become tired of one another," Rolf explained. "We want this to be the normal life always: work, play, work, play. We need balance, you see. Just as everyone must."

He cast a look at his wife then that told the whole tale of their rich, successful marriage. There was a deep, abiding love there in his smile that I dearly hoped I came close to showing my own wife. He then said, "It is a wonder, it is, what more and more you learn as the age of life goes on...."

His arm tightened around my shoulders, and we rode on.

----5----

Eventually we staggered out of the Tourist Transporter and onto the platform, making our way to the escalator back down to the surface level of the park. The women went ahead of us, and Rolf and I both chuckled softly to see the backs of their clothes still damp. I could tell mine were, too, from the cold clamminess of the fabric sticking to my skin on my ass and lower back. How in the hell did I manage to get *that* wet? And how were we going to keep this stink of ours from

making every head within fifty feet turn our way?

It was true. We reeked. Now that the gentle wind of the moving car was gone, there was nothing to whisk away the unmistakable stench of urine. Of course, this being a theme park, there were people everywhere, all around us now, and we had to walk right through them. Muttering, whispering, laughing... I could hear it trail in our wake like chum behind a shark boat. Surely all that would draw the attention of some security guard, sooner or later. What the hell were we going to do?

Rolf directed us back toward the tea cups ride, past the race cars and the gift shops. As we neared a quaint little set of buildings - alpine architecture built to house an ice cream shop and a souvenir stand - between two rides, Rolf pointed to the end of a short alley and a wide alcove. "There is our last stop for today," he said. Then he steered us to a place across the thoroughfare from the buildings, beside an enormous carousel. With a little happy effort, the four of us soon sat crammed into an uncomfortable bench. "We will go in separately, slowly, of course. But there are not cameras inside them, you see."

It was a family restroom. That would be perfect!

One of the greatest inventions of our generation, the public family restroom allows people in the same group, no matter what their gender, to all go in together to use the toilet facilities. Even better, the door locks from within, and there is usually more than sufficient room inside to do what you need to do. Traci and I have used these kinds of restrooms in the mall near our home, at the local stadium, and even at the beach, where we've actually managed to "enjoy" them the most. It was clear that Rolf and Elise had exactly that same kind of enjoyment on their minds, too; they knew how to fully appreciate the miraculous gift of the family restroom, too!

"The moment is key - it is not to be noticed," Rolf told us, "that you go in and do not come out." He pointed at various park workers going about their jobs around us. Some were stationed at the rides, some at the shops, two were sweeping the streets, and one was just standing guard near a cobblestone-encrusted water fountain, staring off in another direction. "It is night falling soon, and these people will be rotating like always. I will go get a frozen chocolate for Elise now, but you go on with each other into the door there marked 'family'."

Rolf was right. Evening was rapidly on its way. Traci and I both glanced at each other, shaking our heads in wonder. How long were we on that Tourist Transporter, anyway? Then, sure enough, one by one the park workers began to wander off, replaced by other workers who seemed to appear out of nowhere. The workers closest to us were still hanging about, though, so it was clearly our best chance to get up and go, since those people would soon be leaving and their replacements wouldn't have a clue that we were already in the restroom. As we got up and walked casually forward, Traci reached out and squeezed my hand with painful zeal.

"Oh God, baby!" she whispered. "Can you fucking *believe* this?"

I squeezed back. We were past all the nearest workers, almost to the door. My cock was hard again, tenting my shorts somewhat. "I feel drunk," was all I could manage to say, but that did come close to the feeling, I suppose. Traci giggled a little, then we were at the door and going inside.

It was a ten-by-ten square-foot room, all white tiles on the floor, walls, and ceiling. One large stainless steel sink, handicap-accessible, stood beside a wide, comfortable-looking toilet. Also designed for handicap use, it had a handrail bolted to the wall beside it, and it was a little longer and lower than usual. On the wall opposite was a flip-down changing table for babies, as well as a trash can. And that was it. But, this being the theme park that it was, everything was very clean. It seemed like somebody must've come in there right before just to spiff it up and get it ready for us. God bless the tourist-friendly ethic!

As soon as we got inside I pushed Traci back against the door and peeled her spaghetti straps down off her shoulders. She lifted her arms out of them and let me pull the top beneath her breasts. Her tits were so rank with the stink of piss! But my mouth found her nipples, one after the other after the other, sucking and nibbling and flicking with my tongue. I wanted that nasty flavor in my mouth. Rolf's piss. Traci moaned and cradled my head between her hands while I slobbered away. My own hands by then were down the back of Traci's little shorts, rubbing her ass as she swayed it back and forth.

"Oh! Mmmm... yeah, that's nice...." Traci crooned. "You lick that piss off me and make me clean, baby."

There was a soft thump against the door, and immediately it began to push against us. "It's us," whispered Elise, and Traci and quickly sprang behind the door to let them into the apparently empty restroom. With a grin of triumph, Rolf clicked the lock on the door and held up his ice cream cone in a toast. Elise touched her own cone to his, then they each took one last lick and tossed them into the sink.

"Well, now we do it," Elise said, and she knelt in front of Rolf and unbuttoned his shorts, pulling them off, along with his briefs. Rolf pulled his shirt off over his head, then stood before us in nothing but his tennis shoes and socks, his hands proudly on his hips. This time I of course got a much better look at Rolf's cock, and it looked even better than before - hard, thick, and uncircumcised. Maybe seven inches long, it had the girth of a tank, or a battering ram. Something built for sustained heavy action. I doubted some women could even get their mouths around the tip. Traci moaned and joined Elise on her knees in front of him. Elise reached up and massaged it, pulling back the long foreskin to reveal the slick purplish tip of Rolf's dong.

"You suck now, yes baby," Elise said, popping Rolf's cock right into Traci's mouth as she instinctively leaned in and opened up. My wife's eyes rolled back into her head as she got her first taste, then she proceeded to stroke and suck, lick and squeeze, worshipping every last

bit of that heavy, gorgeous hunk of meat.

Elise's hands were on me then, pushing my hips until I was backing up, right against the toilet. I clumsily sat down on the seat, an instant after the older woman managed to pull my shorts down around my ankles. My cock was about as long as Rolf's but circumcised and not nearly as thick. Yet Elise didn't seem to care. She swallowed my dick in a progression of sloppy gulps, until she had my member buried all the way. I could feel the vise of her throat around the head of my cock as she ground her face into my clipped pubes. Her tongue was mashed onto my balls, wiggling against them, hurting a little in that good way. I gripped the toilet seat with both hands and just watched the back of the woman's head as she worked. Fucking me with her mouth.

Off and on she went, taking me all the way down now in one huge gulp each time. And each time back up she brought with her copious globs of slobber and mucous from her own mouth and throat. My whole waist was soon coated in the slippery stuff. I could even see fluid coming out Elise's nose as she worked on me, but she loved it. There was this humming sound that kept bubbling up out of her as she did me, and I could see from time to time that she always had at least one hand busily working between her own thighs.

Traci, for her part, was now crouched directly beneath Rolf, slurping away on his balls as she stroked him. He had thrown a foot up on the edge of the sink to give her better access. My wife, naturally, moved her mouth all over, and soon she was rimming his asshole. An eternal favorite of mine, I could tell Rolf was appreciative, too. As Traci's tongue plunged deeper and deeper into his spread anus, the older man's eyes squeezed shut and a look of deepest pleasure spread across his face.

"You make it ready, yes," he whispered, and he suddenly looked at me. "Your husband is to be fucking me there soon."

"Fuck yeah!" Traci gasped, pulling herself out of his crack just long enough to readjust her balance and get a hand against his ass cheeks. She wiggled a finger against his hole while she continued to tongue him. Rolf bit his lip and began a gentle squat up and down against Traci's finger and face.

Elise stopped her vacuum-job on my cock, sat back on her haunches, and stroked me long and slow. She eyed me wickedly and asked, "You fuck men?"

I laughed. "Not since high school," and I inclined my head toward Rolf, "but yeah - I'd still like to get it like that, I gotta admit."

"OK. Good," Rolf said, and he pushed Traci's head gently away and got down on his hands and knees. "Your wife is to get here under me, yes? And I can fuck her sweet pussy?" He patted the white tiles with one hand, winking at Traci as she wiped saliva off her cheek and glanced at me, wide-eyed. She definitely didn't mind. And neither did I.

"Yeah," I answered, and Traci got on her back and scooted beneath

Rolf. It was clear that he could tell my wife was a limber kind of girl, considering what he managed to have us do next. He helped her pull her legs up until her knees were against her chest and her heels were resting on his shoulders. Rolf then maneuvered himself into a catcher's crouch above her open cunt, which was now at a perfect angle for his cock. With a grin and one long, slow thrust, he crammed it fully inside her. It was the most she'd ever been stretched. Traci had to bite her own hand to keep the noise down. Her eyes were nothing but whites, they were rolled back in her head so far!

"Now you on one knee, OK?" Rolf directed. He spoke in a calm, conversational tone, as if we were playing golf and waiting to play through or something. Not like his fat cock was buried to the hilt inside my spasming wife! But I was there, on one knee, right behind him. In that position, I could tell I'd have a good angle up into his asshole as he went in and out of Traci. I'd have to lean back a little on my one heel to make it work, but it would be nice. And no more lube required, of course. My cock was still plenty messy with Elise's throat goo, and Rolf's ass was actually dripping Traci's own spit onto my crotch.

Elise knelt low beside me, grabbed my cock, and put the head right against Rolf's dark hole. "Push," she muttered, and I did. Rolf paused his fucking motion and let me make my move. With very little resistance, my dick slid slowly in until it was completely swallowed by his hot asshole. I could feel the thick, tight warmth of him all around my meat, and as he resumed his fucking of Traci, I simply sat still and braced one hand back against the floor, the other lightly on Rolf's ass, as if I was steering him or something.

From the sounds coming from Traci, I could tell she was enjoying this as much as I was. Her moans shortened to little funny yips like they always did when she started to orgasm from penetration, and soon Rolf and I were both shaking hard as Traci's legs jerked against him. But he kept on fucking her relentlessly, steadily pushing his massive cock in and out of her cunt. Soon she was building again, coming again, gasping for breath. Rolf, meanwhile, started to grunt. He was close. Sweat began to roll down his back and ass, dripping onto me. I could sense my own pressure rising, too, and I knew it wouldn't be long.

"Elise - please!" Rolf suddenly cried, and almost immediately I was getting wet again. Elise stood beside me with her panties pulled aside, thrusting her crotch forward as she spread her pussy lips apart. She urinated all over Rolf's back with a heavy jet of piss, backsplashing me from my crotch to my eyebrows. The three of us fucking nearly lost it all at once, of course. Traci began to cry out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! OHHHHH!" And Rolf growled almost scarily, his entire torso shaking as he crammed every molecule of cock that he had into my woman. As his orgasm wracked him, his ass clenched ridiculously tight over my cock. Again and again, his violent, clenching ass clamped hard on my dick, and I thrust myself up fiercely into him as he held himself deep inside Traci. It was a sweet moment of stillness, with only the lightening rain

of Elise's piss moving over us. My cock finally burst as well, throbbing wildly against the iron walls of Rolf's pulsating rectum. It was all I could do to maintain my balance and stay inside him. I felt like my cock was going to rip right off if I didn't!

----6----

Elise very demurely rearranged her panties, pulled her tennis skirt back down, and stepped forward to kneel beside Traci. She grasped Traci's ankles and held her steady while Rolf turned his head a little and spoke to me.

"And now we do a nice thing for Elise, if you like."

"Yeah, sure," I panted. "Whatever you want."

Rolf nodded, then ducked his head a little as if concentrating. "Then you wait, and I will do it."

Do what? I couldn't even fathom it, but I was an idiot not to expect it. With a subtle tilting of his hips, Rolf raised his ass a few inches until only the head of my cock was still inside him, but the whole of his cock was very much still deep inside my wife. Then his rectum began to clench against my dick again, but this time in a completely different way. It was more of a push, like an undulating pressure. And then I figured it out. And of course I just had to sit there and be amazed that this was happening to us.

Rolf was going to shit on me.

"Oh my God! Is that piss?" Traci gasped. We three rocked a little as her legs jerked in surprise. Then I heard a small trickling sound, which was the overflow of Rolf's urine forcing its way out of Traci's pussy, around his cock. She laughed, and we shook even more. "This is so fucked-up, oh God!" she moaned, and later I found out that she was stroking her clit the entire time (pissing in her cunt became a new thing for us after that).

Suddenly my cock popped out. The head was thickly crowned with dark shit, and a large glob of it promptly fell and bounced off my nuts onto the floor. Rolf's asshole was grotesquely dilated, his anal flesh stretched wide as the milky end of a turd began to push its way out. My semen was coating it like a thin membrane, as if his shit was some kind of stinking brown alien from a science fiction movie. Out and down it came, steadily just like his fucking, thick just like his cock. When gravity had enough claim on it, the thing broke off, flipped over lewdly as it leveraged against my scrotum, and finally hit the floor with a wet, heavy splut. It was at least as long as my own cock, and definitely thicker.

The trickling continued to issue from Traci's cunt, and Rolf softly grunted in time with his thrusting bowels. Meanwhile, Elise intently ducked her head to look around Rolf's hip at the mess he was making on and around my crotch. She bit her lip and clearly was more excited

than she'd been at any point so far. Rolf crapped out two more respectable turds, then a bit of softer shit flowed out of his hole for a moment, draping itself like pudding over the logs he'd just deposited on the floor beneath us.

Suddenly the door began to rattle, and a little voice could be heard on the other side: "Mommy, I gotta peepee! I gotta go now!" Then a woman's angry voice: "Oh shoot! Come on, it's locked..." and the voices faded away.

As if on cue, the stench in that bathroom was immediately overwhelming. The spell of lust had been broken for me, at least for that split second, and as my heart pounded from the shock of near-discovery, reality seized its chance and invaded my nostrils. God! Does shit smell bad! Taking shallow breaths and no longer looking at it, I tried my best to master my natural reaction. But Traci wasn't so lucky.

Rolf had been just as startled as any of us by the sudden intrusion upon our nasty moment of fun. He lurched to his feet, one last dollop of shit flinging itself from his ass like a trapeze artist, splattering itself three feet away on the tiles. A spurt of piss jetted out of him as he caught his balance above us, and it splashed rudely right into Traci's ear as she'd turned her head to stare in fear at the locked door.

"Oh!" she cried, her feet still in the air, even though Elise had now let them go and Rolf had stepped away. I looked and saw the messy puddle of urine that was still growing as more thinly poured out of Traci's narrowly gaping cunt. That was the moment when the stench overtook me, and I nearly gagged, puked, and passed out. But I didn't. I looked away from it all, got my breathing under control, and everything steadied. Traci, however, sat up.

"What the - " was all she could manage, staring in complete shock at the pile of crap that now lay between her feet. Then she sucked in this ragged, involuntary breath, and in the next moment she puked. A gallon of gut-juice seemed to burst out of her sweet mouth, and I quickly scrambled back out of her way. But that made my cock bounce like crazy, so shit got all over my thighs and belly as I attempted my getaway. I still got a sick splash of vomit on my legs as I escaped her range, but I did manage to miss the worst of it. Rolf's mound of shit was soon utterly buried beneath everything Traci could have possibly brought up. It was a slimy, chunky, horrific mess.

"Oh - ugh, God - oh fuck," Traci groaned, crawling away toward the sink. "I'm so sorry. I didn't, you know... I didn't expect that. Fuck...." She got up on her knees and ran the cold water, cupping her hand and taking little sips, splashing it on her face and neck. I couldn't help but admire her gorgeous nude ass while she suffered there, trying to regain some kind of sexual dignity in the midst of the newest turn of perversion. A gooey mixture of semen and piss ran down the insides of her thighs, coating her to the knees. I'd recovered enough by then, and I suddenly wanted her very, very badly. Stink or no stink. I could lick her from head to toe and back again - my filthy, weak-stomached, sexy-assed wife!

Rolf turned to my wife and said, "No, it is fine. What else can one do sometimes? It is a sick thing, yes." He pulled down a couple paper towels and offered them to her. "I am sorry," he said. "We must stop now, I think. Yes."

But Elise had other plans. As her husband spoke she came and knelt on her hands and knees before me. I still sat there on the cold tile floor, my back against the wall, just a bug pinned under the glass, I guess. With a dazed, hypnotized expression, Elise admired the messy shit that coated the head of my cock. She took my cock by the root and held it up. Still nearly as hard as before, I couldn't help but let Elise have her way. Rolf, seeing this, gave up any pretense he had of stopping the fun. Even Traci turned around and came back a little closer, watching intently as Elise slowly opened her mouth and slid it around the head of my shit-covered dick.

Her lips touched the filth on my penis, and suddenly I was the hardest that I think I'd ever been in my life. Elise was going up and down on me with her wet, hot mouth, showing ten times the passion she'd had before. "Mmmm-mmmm.... Mmmm-mmmm...." She moaned and groaned over my cock as she worked on it, not taking it deep at all this time, but clearly trying to lick and suck every scrap of her husband's crap off it.

One of her hands shot down between her thighs, rubbing hard over her panties. I did my best to help, reaching out and cupping her breasts through her top, rubbing at her nipples as they prodded desperately against the fabric that held them. And then Rolf was on her. Crouching over her like a wild ape in heat, he flipped up her skirt, yanked her panties to one side, and rammed his wide cock home. Elise gave a sharp yelp of pleasure around my bone, then redoubled her efforts to get it clean.

Rolf, pumping away, began to pant again. His chest, covered in a light mat of fine gray hair, was running with sweat. He smiled broadly down at me and winked. "It is her perversion, the **scheisse**, as you see," he said. "She is loving to eat it off cocks and watch it fall from the ass." Elise then began to yip like Traci, the sound seeming to come mostly through her nose as she continued to suction my dick, her orgasm obviously coming on fast.

"Elise has not been in this way for many years now," Rolf continued, "having **scheisse** on a new cock to suck. She is happy to have more than just mine to play with today, you can be sure."

Traci, her hand holding a damp paper towel over her nose and mouth, moved up beside me, crouching close to watch my penis disappearing in and out of the older woman's mouth. I turned my face and buried it against her shoulder, licking her skin and tasting the sweat and piss that caked her. I was ready to come again, my nuts bunched and loaded. My wife reached over and pinched my nipple, in a nice rhythm to match Elise's movements, and in no time at all my cock reached its limit.

"Here it is!" I hollered, and Elise groaned and took me to the hilt, letting my sperm shoot straight down her throat. A moment later, Rolf was ready too, and he uttered a long, low growl and hunched against his wife in a flurry of short, fierce thrusts. All the while, Elise breathed this little whining song of pleasure out her nose, and her entire body shook with the orgasm that was rattling through her. Then she pulled completely off my dick and panted heavily, whimpering as she tried to thrust back against her husband and claim every ounce of semen that he could possibly produce.

Meanwhile, my cock was completely clean, and so was Elise's mouth. There was not a single trace anywhere in or around it that could tell what she just ate. Her breath, though, would for a while be quite a different story. But in that bathroom just then, there were plenty of other odors to mask it.

As she and Rolf finally cooled down and stopped moving, Traci leaned heavily against me, pulled the paper towel away from her face, and grinned. "Well, well, well..." she croaked. Her throat was a bit ravaged by her heavy puking, from the sound of it. "This sure beats the hell out of anything else we could've done this weekend!"

Without a trace of irony at all, not even thinking before I said it, I automatically replied, "Yeah. No shit."

Then I groaned and buried my idiot face in my hands.

The four of us laughed about that one for a good long time.

by bluepervina - © 2004, 2011
bluepervina@gmail.com
www.asstr.org/~bluepervina

Pursuant to the Berne Convention, this work is copyright with all rights reserved by its author unless explicitly indicated.