

ADJUSTMENT DAY

By Chuck Palahniuk

Delicious felt his fingers inching the damp skirt up her thighs. ...His erection prodded at her through his chinos. ...She could only hope that bulked-up, hot-blooded brother wasn't tapping her husband's bony white boy's backdoor. ...She told herself it was harder for a brother being gay. A sister could flirt and be coy, but a dawg was expected, especially a gay dawg, to be dicking or getting dicked on a more-or-less nonstop basis. Still, as Gentry's lips roved over her breasts, she had to ask. "Brian?" His name before was Brian. She asked, "Is that dawg been up in you?" His mouth still exploring her, his fingers pawing the dress down her shoulder and exposing her, Gentry mumbled something. ...Gentry had dropped to his knees and was working his way up inside her dress instead of down. What looked like a pregnancy was Gentry's big white blockhead stretching her skirt at the belly. His hot breath gargled something into her sex. Delicious asked, "What?" She wanted answers, but their time was limited, and she didn't want him to stop. ...Gentry's tongue stopped its running around between her legs. ...Gentry started to laugh. With his mouth cupped over Delicious, he was laughing air into her. He was going to give her pussy farts. She made a fist and rapped on his head with her knuckles to stop. ...It was a lot to explain with his face shoved into her snatch, but he sounded sincere. ...He was gently but insistently turning her around and lifting the back of her skirt. He took himself out. ...But now Gentry put himself inside her from behind so she stepped her feet as wide as the little cubical allowed. She leaned over the toilet and pushed her ass back against his thrust.

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Men and women, black seeking white, white seeking black, all heterosexuals, all illegal, they lined the dingy hallway, some exposing themselves in the hope of enticing a sex partner. ...Splintering doors opened onto closet-sized cubicles in which same-sex adult films flickered on streaked video screens. ...The video screen glowed with two astonishingly attractive men, one black, one white, copulating romantically beside a luxurious swimming pool outside of a regal mansion. ...Even then her mouth was seeking out the man's. Her hips were grinding into his. His hands were roving over her, sliding up her legs to discover her wet readiness. Without prompting, her knees buckled and she squatted low. Her hands fought to yank his slacks down his slim hips, and her lips sought the opening in his boxer shorts. Her lush mouth didn't give a thought to repercussions before they were committing one of the most heinous crimes known in Gaysia. The result should've been immediate, but his manhood failed to respond. She worked it with her hand so she could ask, "Gentry, baby?" Her husband groaned softly. "I can't." Delicious spat on her hand and kept at it. "What's up, baby?" ...Squatting there, she worked Gentry with both her hands and her mouth, but to no avail. ...Frantically weeping, she allowed her falling tears to wet her smooth palms, and Delicious redoubled her hopeless effort to arouse her beloved's flaccid member.

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