

A Long Strange Trip

The Life of a Hypersexual

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Positive and intelligent commentary is always welcome.

Negative comments serve no purpose as the past is behind us and irreparable.

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Table of Contents

Introduction	1
Early On	5
Elementary Education	12
Summertime	16
Covert Operations	25
Sleepovers	29
Awakenings	32
Hypocrisy in Action	38
The Last Sleepover	45
Keeping Score	48
A New Town	50
Breast Etiquette	61
High School	67
College	73
Recession	90
Fear	96
A Girlfriend	99
Newlyweds	109
Swinging	115
Deployment	132
Divorced	139
Moving On	149
The Eyes of God	157
Back to School	161
Gone to Texas	168
Internet Dating	175

The Group	180
New Directions	188
Married Again	193
Decline and Fall	198
End Game	204
The Future	208
Epilogue	214

Introduction:

“I don’t know how I could ever thank you.” She said as she turned and walked away. I just smiled that stupid grin that all men smile when they hear a woman say something that ludicrous. She knows I have a cock. Any woman past puberty knows very well how to thank a man. Like I said, I just smiled and stared longingly into her ass as she turned and walked away. If that sounds bitter, it is not meant to be. I am just frustrated and a bit disappointed that I live in a culture so sexually backward that the dishonesty and blatant disregard for the self-evident in that kind of an exchange has become commonplace.

My name is Ben and everything in this story is true except for that last part about my name being “Ben”. I made that part up. I also made up the names of everyone else in this book. I am not completely stupid and I do live in a sexually backward culture after all. You cannot really expect an American to be completely honest and use their real name at the same time. I had considered writing a book in which I (or Ben) would be having a conversation with a woman about what men really think about sex. Yes, that is as stupid as it sounds. First of all women already know what men think and just refuse to admit it to themselves. They prefer to imagine that there is something romantically alluring about their genteel and angelic nature that makes us stick our cocks in them and grunt while we fill them with sperm. They know nothing could be further from the truth but they have been trained to rest their self-esteem on the illusion, no matter how fragile that illusion may be, forcing the rest of us to play along.

Masturbating alone is probably as close as a woman will ever get to honesty in our culture. Before any of you men start feeling smug, the same applies to us. We all

know that we could never tell our wives or girlfriends what we really think about when we jack off without some fear of embarrassment or retribution. No one in our culture can afford to be completely honest about sex. There are far too many potential social, legal and financial penalties for honesty. We live in a culture that is decidedly anti-sexual.

This is the part where everyone will expect me to blame religion for our collective inability to get off. That is a cop out. As a student of comparative religion, I can tell you that the whole idea is patently false. Buddhism, Hinduism and Taoism promote sexuality as a matter of self-actualization or at least self-awareness. Even Judaism and Islam make allowances for multiple wives, concubines and masturbation. As anti-sexual as many American Christian churches seem to be even a cursory reading of the New Testament reveals that Christ died for all of the believers sins (past, present and future) therefore, having been pre-emptively forgiven, it hardly seems fair to blame the church for your own inability to get laid.

I am not going to try to sell myself as the world's foremost expert on sex and sexuality. I am not. I am a genius (if you believe in the concept of an IQ) and I am highly educated as I have four honors degrees and continue to take classes from time to time just for sport. I am also quite involuntarily celibate. I have not had sex in years. Mostly for lack of trying but certainly not for lack of interest. There is a girl in the next office (not 30 feet away) that I would gladly bend over and fuck in an instant if I thought I could get away with it. She is a temp, a high school work-study actually. I try to make certain my cock is half-hard when I walk past her in case she might glance my way. When little fantasies like that are all you have you make the most of them.

I am married to a woman that is physically unable to have sex and emotionally unable to share. I am not entirely certain that I can understand that concept. If I was incapable of having sex and my wife was desperately horny, I would like to think that I would be kind enough to let her enjoy a mercy fuck whenever she needed to. She obviously does not see it that way. In her mind, even masturbation is out of bounds. Don't get me wrong. She knows that I masturbate (constantly). She just does not want to know. She prefers to maintain the illusion that without her I could not possibly have a need for sex.

When we were first married, I used to share a little internet porn with her. I got over that very quickly. If a woman looked too good, my wife would feel insulted that I wanted to look at someone 'better', younger or kinkier than her. If a woman looked too average or below, my wife would feel insulted that I wanted to look at someone skanky, fat or otherwise substandard when I had her to look at. Either way I was going to be wrong so I knew I had to stop sharing. Honestly, there are a hundred ways that my wife and I could be intimate without running up against any physical or medical disabilities but once she decided she could no longer be sexual, she could no longer tolerate me being sexual, at least not in her presence. She goes to bed early and I stay up late, in the next room, with my laptop on my knees and my cock in one hand.

I am what would be referred to clinically as hypersexual, not that there are any consistent definitions for that term. Let us just say that short of violating the law, I meet every criteria for sexual addiction. As I am writing this under a pseudonym there is no reason to pretend that I do not also at least fantasize about violating the law as well. I think about anything that can get my dick hard and since I do not actually have sex, I

see no reason to put limits on my imagination. I have heard that there are twelve-step groups and similar programs for recovering sex addicts. To me the whole idea is laughable. I can imagine joining a group like that just to meet up with likeminded women and enjoy the orgy in the parking lot after the meeting but to pretend it would be some kind of real therapy just sounds weird. I enjoy my level of sexuality. I would prefer to reform our backward culture rather than change that part of myself.

I intend to take a detailed look at my own sexual development. Perhaps this work will provide a clinical look at how someone develops a sexual addiction. Perhaps this book will just give me an excuse to recall some of my fondest (and not so fond) sexual memories. Perhaps I will just go off the rails and give you an endless list of stories with which to masturbate. However it may turn out, sit back, grab a couple of dry towels and enjoy the ride. If you are not a fan of explicit sexual commentary this would be the part where you put the book down and walk away unharmed. This book is a frank and comprehensive look at my own sex life beginning at age four. If you are offended by facts, you should stop reading now. If you have religious objections to subjects such as incest, adultery, homosexuality and sadomasochism, you should skip ahead to the epilogue and then decide if you still want to read the book. Anything you read beyond this point is your own fault.

Early On:

First of all, let me just say that I am not in denial. Neither am I ignorant or confused in any way. I am well aware that sexual abuse exists and that millions of people are victimized by it every day. I know the gravity of that situation and I am familiar with the kind of permanent damage that can result from sexual abuse. I am not a victim of sexual abuse. I love sex and I always have. My first sexual encounter took place before I knew how to write my own name. Actually, I think I knew how to spell my name but was still uncertain what direction to make the letter "E". My first sexual memory is of a much older male relative (a teenaged cousin) engulfing my hairless little cock with his wet hot mouth. That was a feeling like nothing I had ever felt before and from that moment on I was hooked. I had no idea what sex was. I had no concept of gay or straight yet. I did not even have a vocabulary to express the desire that I felt. All I knew at that point was that a mouth was obviously the place where a cock belonged. From that day onward, I would search out any excuse to put it back in there.

Obviously, as wonderful as I remember that experience, my first encounter with sex was not of my own volition. However, I made a conscious effort to seek out or invite every encounter after that. Never have I considered myself a victim because someone allowed me to give in to my own desires. When the man who first enthralled my cock with his mouth asked me to put his cock in my mouth it seemed to me perfectly logical. Knowing how it felt to have a mouth on your cock, I could understand why he would want to share that feeling. I was not mature beyond my years. I am not incredibly mature now fifty years later. (I am almost 54 years old.) I was always incredibly logical.

His request made perfect sense to me. This early experience flipped my sexual switch to the fully 'On' position and I have made no effort to turn it off.

My earliest memories are actually scattered snippets of memories. I am guessing that a working vocabulary is necessary to forming any kind of consistent working memory. I had a cock but still did not yet know that word. I am not sure when it was but I am guessing soon after the first encounter I had my second sexual experience. This time was with the same cousin, two of my younger uncles (all of them in High School) and my oldest sister Debby who was two years older than I was. When they put my cock in her mouth it remembered that same feeling I had the first time. There was no doubt that mouths were invented for cocks. It was not long before this particular encounter turned darker than the first. Groupthink always seems to bring out the more adventurous aspects of a person's nature.

I remember an automotive battery charger the kind with the toothy looking alligator clips on the ends of the red and black wires. I remember seeing the sparks like lightning as the clips were touched together. I remember the feeling of fear and apprehension as the steel teeth clamped down onto my little cock. There was no actual electricity involved. That was all for show. The other end of the cable was harmlessly clamped onto the lips of my sister's pussy holding it tightly closed. We both cried a little wondering when we were going to get shocked by the cable. Neither of us were electrical engineers. It seemed like a really weird game we were playing and not nearly as much fun as just being sucked. When the guys had their fill of scaring us my sister took my bruised and aching little cock into her mouth again and I was directed to return

the favor by licking the four little purple bruises that the clamp had left on her pussy. That was nice.

To this day, I do not know how my sister was invited to join in the game but later we would get a chance to play more. I did not really know anything about girls yet. As I said before I had no working vocabulary. Cock and pussy were not words I would have used back then. It was apparent to me that girls did not have cocks. The obvious similarity between both sides of a girl that age would leave me to refer to their pussy and ass as a 'front butt' and a 'back butt'. Strange terminology but logical I suppose.

I grew up in a rural community in a house that set back in the woods well off the local gravel road. I have two older sisters. Shari is one year older than I am and Debby is two years older. In the summers, when it got hot, my parents would let us play in the sprinkler. Being so far out of the way there was no need for bathing suits. We played together naked. I always enjoyed that. Having already been introduced to sexuality, it did not take long before Debby convinced Shari to let me lick her butt. I had never actually had that pleasure before but I told her I would do it if she promised to put my wiener in her mouth. She pulled her wet butt cheeks apart and let me lick the hole. I still crave the flavor of a freshly washed butt hole. True to her word, Shari closed her mouth around my cock for a few seconds. Then Debby spread her own butt cheeks and let me taste her hole without reciprocation.

Of my two sisters, Debby was the one most likely to think of herself as a victim. I can only suppose that was because she was the oldest. Debby was also the one most likely to dream up ways to torment her little brother sexually. I can only imagine that when you think of yourself as a victim you have to do something to regain your control. I

have always imagined the butt licking experiment to be her way of establishing her control and making certain we knew she was in charge.

I was lucky to be able to spend a lot of time naked with my sisters. I have always looked back fondly on those memories. I have no idea if they feel the same way about their own memories. As adults, they have made no mention of it. I would be happy to service either one or both of them with my cock or mouth if they should ever ask. They are both over fifty and overweight but that is ok. I have tasted them before and would be glad to do it for them again anytime. They are family after all.

I have a natural tendency toward addiction. When I find something I enjoy I will generally go a little overboard. I collect things. I enjoy shooting so I have a big collection of guns. I started using custom ammunition now I have dozens of different kinds. I used to drink and naturally to excess. Having seen how my father handled alcohol, I gave that up early when I noticed the signs. I do not drink at all now. I smoked for forty years and managed to kick that habit as well. Anything I enjoy I will do in quantity and I enjoy sex. Whatever experience I find pleasurable becomes a new craving and I have to have more. Drop your pants and spread your butt cheeks and I will prove it no questions asked. You do not even need to tell me your name. I have never turned down the opportunity to lick any woman's butt hole. I crave it that much.

I have a number of cravings and I can trace many of them back to my early years. I imagine that is probably true of most people. One craving in particular stands out above the rest. I mentioned that Debby enjoyed tormenting me sexually. When we were still quite young, the three of us bathed together and we played in the bath, as children will naturally do. For a time Debby had decided it would be fun to piss in her

little brother's face. She would stand up behind me and piss on the back of my neck. When I turn around to see what was happening she let me have it full in the mouth. She nearly fell over and hurt herself laughing at me. She found various excuses to get me to turn around and take another squirt of piss in my face whenever she could. She was older and bigger than I was. After a while, I decided in self-defense that I would learn to like it. Once it had become too easy for her to 'trick' me into drinking her piss, she realized that I was having too much fun. She asked me if I wanted her to pee in my mouth. I said 'yes' and she filled my mouth to overflowing. For her, I had taken the fun out of tormenting me. For me, I am still tormented to this day by my craving to taste female piss any way possible. That particular craving will become a recurring theme throughout my life.

My father used to have a stash of porn magazines in his closet. Anyone with kids should know that you have no secrets from them. Whatever you hide they will inevitably find. Before the internet, porn was pretty tame. There was little in the collection that got much more explicit than Playboy magazine. There were luckily one or two exceptions. When we were supposed to be getting dressed after our baths we would sneak into the closet and thumb through the magazines. My sisters would imitate the poses of the playmates in the pictures and we would take turns licking and sucking on each other. Those were good times. I loved every minute of it.

I do not remember the day we found the porn in the closet. Debby seemed to find everything first. I guess she snooped around more than most. One day she showed Shari and I a couple of Polaroid photos that she had found. For anyone who cannot recall those days the Polaroid was a great leap forward for amateur porn. It allowed you

to take a photograph that developed itself chemically so that you did not have to share your sex life with the people at the photo lab. One picture was of my mother's face with her cheek bulging from the cock in her mouth. I liked that one a lot. I can still picture it in my head. The other photo showed mom's ass with a little knob of some kind covering her butt hole. I was not sure what to think of that one until Debby opened mom's dresser drawer and pulled out a solid glass butt plug. The part in her ass was much bigger than the little knob on the end. I was impressed.

The box in the dresser contained a variety of glass plugs in different sizes with very clinical sounding instructions for how to use them. None of us was adventurous enough to try to put them into our own butts. They were too big. I imagine that had we tried to it would have been dangerous and painful and may have put an end to the good thing we had. It is probably for the best that we let that opportunity slip past. I saw my mom naked a few times. She was large and never fully recovered from having three kids in as many years. I remember that she had those big brown silver dollar size nipples that you see on big women in porn. I never did actually try to have sex with mom. Maybe I should have. Knowing where those plugs had been I used to sneak into her room now and then just to lick them.

I suppose most kids would be shocked to see photos of their own mother having sex. I think they appropriately put off Debby. I found them comforting and reassuring. Seeing mom with a cock in her mouth and a big butt plug in her ass allowed me to see that my own thoughts and desires were normal and healthy. I imagine that if I had asked mom to suck my cock she would have said 'no' politely. I suppose the thought of her saying 'no' at all was why I never asked. I do not handle rejection well and the prospect

of being rejected by my own mother simply was not worth the risk. This was probably the first time that I preemptively rejected myself but I have repeated the pattern many times since.

With all of the bath times that my sisters and I played together when we already had an excuse to be naked, we never continued our play very much outside of bath time. We never really progressed that far. We just were not mature enough to make that connection yet.

Elementary Education:

School changed everything. Having lived out in the country apart from most other kids, school was a new world of experience. With one or two exceptions, the kids on the bus were all cousins of mine. Talking to girls that I was not even related to seemed incredibly intimidating to me. I remember that I immediately developed a crush on one girl on the bus (Vicki) who lived a few miles up the road from our house. She looked like the stereotype of a beautiful Native American girl. She was not actually native anything. She just looked like the stereotype. If she had ever wanted a sex-slave all she had to do was glance in my direction and she would have owned me. I eventually, some years later, befriended her little brother just to get near her. Hold that thought. That story comes later.

Once I got to kindergarten, I would meet up with girls behind the benches on the playground. We would play the standard 'I will show you mine if you show me yours' game. I showed a few of them how to suck cock and they let me lick their sweaty butt cracks. An aunt that lived up the road from us had foster children, cousins of mine as it turns out. I met Tina and Becky on the school bus. I would show Tina my cock and she would lift her skirt and show me her panties. Having befriended them worked out well for me. Mom would drop me off at their house from time to time when I needed a babysitter. When I would spend the afternoon at their house Tina and I would play our game of show and tell. At home, she could pull down her panties and let me kiss her butt. This was something we could not do on the bus.

Tina's little sister Becky was a thumb sucker. They put everything foul thing they could think of on her thumb to try to get her to stop. No matter how bad it must have

tasted she would go right back to sucking on it as though she were trying to deep-throat her own hand. Once when we were playing in the yard Tina pulled Becky's thumb out of her mouth and told her that my wiener would taste better. Becky looked at her funny then sucked it in hard. She obviously felt comfortable with my cock in her mouth. My aunt never was able to figure out how to get her to stop her thumb sucking. All I had to do was hold her hand and pull down my pants. She would always stop sucking her thumb for me. Sometimes I would suck her thumb for her while she held her vacuum like suction on my cock. She liked that very much.

One of the girls I played with was a chubby girl named Sara. She was even kind enough to let me watch her pee. She knew I really liked it and would let me know when she needed to go so we could sneak off together. One time I reached out and let the last of it cover my fingers then I licked them clean. She thought that was weird but she was ok with it.

As you can imagine it was not long before my parents were informed that I was not going to be allowed to spend any time alone with girls at school. Apparently, what I had thought was normal and healthy could get you into a lot of trouble. Although I thought it strange that anyone would get upset over such simple pleasures, I persevered. For the next year or so, it was common knowledge that if a girl lifted her dress at naptime and showed me her butt I would pull out my cock and return the favor. I enjoyed the look on the girls' faces when they saw my penis. I still do. This landed me in more trouble. Society was grooming me to be an outcast. One day when I was in the first grade, I raised my hand because I needed to use the rest room. The teacher did not notice. I started to get the feeling maybe she was ignoring me. Eventually I gave up and

just peed in my pants. It was a wonderful feeling; the relief combined with the spectacle of peeing in front of everyone was delicious. What could be more fun than peeing your pants in front of a room full of schoolgirls?

The teacher was quite sympathetic. I was kept after class and subsequently sent home. The janitor was called in to clean up my desk. As much fun, as it seemed at the time I was now officially the weird kid that pees in his pants. People like to think that elementary school is more babysitting than education. From experience, I can tell them that is not true. Within my first year of education, I had become fully indoctrinated in our culture's rejection of sexual pleasure. Soon I would get to see how adults use kids to enforce, through shame and degradation, their own sexual prejudices. Once I reached second grade I was well aware that nudity in any form was shameful and urine entirely taboo.

Eventually my friendship with Vicki's brother had reached a point where I was invited to sleep over one night. We had a very mundane afternoon fishing in his farm pond and shooting BB guns. Nothing sexual ever happened between us. I did not sleep well being in a strange house. Sometime in the middle of the night, his baby sister Kathy had wet her diaper. Vicki had gotten up to change her. I met her in the hallway and rubbing the sleep from my eyes I asked her what was going on. She told me that she changed Kathy now and then so her mom could sleep and asked if I would like to help. Vicki was wearing a nightgown that was partly see-through in the dim light revealing the cotton panties underneath. I kept the baby entertained as Vicki, very matter of fact, stripped off the piss-soaked diaper exposing her baby sister's wet pussy and ass for the entire world to see. She cleaned her and powdered her then held her up off the

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