

The Nicest Guy and His Lonely Penis

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Nothing in this book is true except my desire to cover my ass with this statement.

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Phil & Testes Plus 500,000,000

You think the Gosselins have it tough? Bah. I have millions of little ones to worry about. Imagine taking care of such a brood. Sure, they are tiny and spend most of their days swimming, but I'm exhausted trying to keep up with them. There's keeping them safe, feeding, and taking them out to play, just to name a few of the draining activities.

I take my children with me everywhere I go, even to the gym. Although Daddy loves the stationary bike and sauna, my little ones are none too impressed. I tell them a happy daddy is the best daddy so sometimes they need to suck it up and take one for the team. If Daddy stops working out then they will not get to spend as much time doing their favorite activity: egg hunting. Oh, my boys can't get enough of that. They don't want one Easter a year either. Nope, not my boys. Every weekend is Easter in their minds. Good Friday? Every Friday.

I have to be careful when I drink alcohol because I sometimes neglect my children, and they beg me to come out and play. Nag, nag, nag. They start looking for eggs where there are few to be found. Sometimes Daddy meets a nice woman his age. You'd think the boys would be happy. Nope. I explain (in my baby voice) that older women have more experience with them and are more fun to play with. Yet, when the boys get involved, they whine and complain that she doesn't play nice. Her eggs are too hard to find.

My children are always up before I am in the morning. God, what I would give to be able to sleep in. Sometimes I take them out to play right before bedtime, hoping to tire them out. They love to watch TV, but Daddy loves sports, and they have no interest. We end up watching their favorite shows as I try to tire them out, but still in the morning it's "We're up, Daddy, get up!" and no more sleep for me. I tell them I have to pee, but they won't let me. They want to play first. How exhausting.

A few years back I was concerned that my boys were dysfunctional or had A.D.D. I was married and putting my boys to work doing regular egg hunts. They sucked at it, so off to the doctor's office we went. They sent us to the "collection room" where I was told to get my boys out so they could be examined, counted, and evaluated. They were a little shy to come out, but we found some of their favorite magazines (which Daddy held with his sleeve, not his skin, because the pages were wrinkled and gross). After a bit of coaxing, they finally did come out. I felt bad because I hardly had time to name all 500,000,000 of them. It turned out that there were some slow ones and even a few two-headed little monsters, but most of them were healthy and good swimmers. Daddy was so proud.

Well, I wish I had the time to tell you more. They're up again and nagging me about going out for another egg hunt tonight. I told them Daddy's tired, and if they keep it up, he'll have to hire them a playmate. They're oddly OK with that. I threatened to take them to the shower. They hate showers. However, Daddy taught them how to make pretend, so they stop nagging him. I'm sorry, I have to go ... Phil the 216,549th is crying and wants his pacifier (*nookie*).

How Do I Work You?

I know, I know: "Men never read the instructions or ask for directions." Well, damn it, I'm asking. How do women work? I'm tired of guessing. I've tried all of the tab "A," slot "B," a little WD40 (vodka), twist here, and tug there methods. The levers and buttons don't work the same on all of you.

Men are primitive beasts—visual and impatient, especially at my age. So, when we meet, kindly hand us your instruction manual. Is that too much to ask?

"Oh, but the learning about each other, the experimenting, those awkward moments; it's all so exciting." I'll tell you what it is: *frustrating*. It's like trying to assemble a ten-speed bike with a stripped screwdriver and without cold beer.

It would be a lot easier if women all worked the same—not even close. This one likes to talk dirty; that one calls it a "wee wee." This one likes the cashmere sweater gift; that one is offended that I bought a size five because she's "a four even on a fat day" (like I have a decoder ring to figure out women's sizes). This one appreciates the perfume I picked out; this one takes it as a hint that she smells bad. I feel like I'm at the roulette table.

Here's how simple it could be. In your instruction manual, you list:

- Clothing and shoe sizes and designer and store preferences (please don't say Saks);
- Ring size (holy crap, marriage, scratch that one, I don't want to know, la-la-la, not listening);
- Chocolate preference (milk, dark, or syrup);
- How often I'm supposed to call you (does texting count?);
- Favorite Starbucks drink (so I don't get dirty looks from or hit on by the barista again);
- Are you seeking a solution or do you just want to vent?

Now, wouldn't that be easier? Look at the time it would save. If there are certain instructions I can't follow, I'll kindly return the manual and dive back into the estrogen pool.

My manual is simple. Just keep your fingers out of my belly button. No, you're not allowed to ask why. I am *not* a freak. Maybe a weird uncle violated me. Find something else to diddle. Oh, and keep your damn tongue out of my ear. Who likes that anyway? I'm getting heebie-jeebies just typing this.

Some of the embarrassment an instruction manual would save includes:

- "Oh my God, he totally tried to..."
- "She has hairy nipples: hairier than mine. How does that happen?"
- "He sleeps with his dog. In fact, he spoons with his dog. God help me."
- "I was brushing my teeth, and she came in and sat on the pot right next to me ... mid-floss."
- "He has more porn than novels, and I found a Costco-sized tube of Astroglide in his pantry."
- "She licked the roof of my mouth and at one point I think our molars touched. How is that possible?"
- "I caught him shaving his taint ... with my razor."

Consider all the alcohol and cell minutes saved by knowing which buttons to push. Start assembling your manual today. I suggest a spiral binding and lamination. I have my highlighter and tool ready.

Trying on Shoes

That's my dating life. I apologize in advance. This essay is filled with self-deprecation and is not an indictment of anyone I have dated (or will soon date) who happens to have done the precarious thing of buying this book. There are numerous comfortable, classy, and attractive shoes that I'll never own. Similarly, there are many women that don't fit. So, this shouldn't be offensive. Oh, how I hate feigning political correctness. Go ahead, laugh, or be offended. I'm just here to get a reaction anyway.

So, how is my dating life like trying on shoes? Well, I seem to have no problem finding awesome shoes and I'm fortunate enough to afford most of them. I can't seem to find any that fit. I know, I know ... I should wear them for a while and break them in. Well, what if I invest all that time and end up with bunions? It's best to try on a variety of shoes, take home ones that fit, and give them away when they cause discomfort.

Here are some interesting parallels between my shoes and my women:

- I admire them even when I can't have them.
- I'm overconfident that they'd look better on me.
- Some are best at certain events only.
- My friends love to criticize mine, but they're just jealous and have awful taste.
- I don't let my mother pick them out for me.
- Sometimes older ones are softer, more comfortable, and easier to slip in and out of.
- Flashy, loud ones are usually more expensive and wear out more quickly.
- Ones I find online rarely arrive as advertised.
- Athletic ones seem to get dirty more quickly.

- Some look incredible but become dull and painful after a few hours.
- Some are too narrow or too wide.
- I have had my toes curled by a few.

I've been advised to just pick some and take the time to get used to them. But I'm an impatient shopper. I would rather take three home, and return the ones that don't fit right. I do try to return them in original condition but sometimes I leave a scuff or two with my caustic opinions and beliefs. Damaged goods are still *goods*, right?

Maybe I'm destined to try on dozens because I'm a tough fit. It certainly will be a stretch; lots of flexibility will be required to spend significant time with me. Until I find the right pair, I guess I'll have to toughen up and get used to the occasional pain caused by going without.

Letter to Myself

At birth: Dear baby Phil, nice ears and fur. What the fuck? Don't let anyone put anything sharp near where you pee and enjoy the boobs while you can because you're going to have to wait another fifteen years to grab one.

At age 6: Dear little Philly, don't be shy or embarrassed to ask the teacher to use the little boys' room. It is a lot worse to sit in your own excrement. When you get sick and someone wants to give you this tasty pink liquid, spit it out. It is tetracycline and it will stain, costing you thousands of dollars for veneers when you get your adult teeth.

At age 9: Dear clueless Phil, no, girls do not have cooties and although being mean to them makes them like you now, keep it up and you won't have a prom date and may end up cutting monthly checks to a greedy ex. Try writing love notes instead of throwing gum at girls' hair.

At age 11: Dear Phil who just discovered his penis elasticity, yes, it's supposed to do that.

At age 13: Dear Phil with the unwelcome hard-on in math class, do not go to the board. Tell the teacher you ate too many sugar babies, have a sour stomach, and will likely vomit if you stand up. Meanwhile, think about Grandma's hairy chin.

At age 14: Dear polka-dotted Phil, quit picking your damn zits. Stop masturbating so much and go buy some Clearasil. No, you won't go blind or get hairy palms, but if your parents catch you, it will mean years of expensive sessions with a therapist who will laugh about your case with his peers.

At age 15: Dear fashion-blind Phil, bell-bottoms, platforms, and Indian jewelry necklaces are not cool. Go buy some T-shirts and baseball caps.

At age 16: Dear deflowered Phil, no, you are not in love. You are having sex and you suck at it, so practice and do it with more than just one girl. Older women are preferable.

At age 17: Dear Dutch-boy Phil, your haircut is stupid. Cut it and put it in a bag for use later when you go bald. You're not big enough to play football so don't bother taking protein pills or doing squats. In fact, you'll never get paid to play sports so stay on the computer. Your Computer Science teacher will not show you her boobs or sleep with you, so quit staring.

At age 18: Dear alcohol-poisoned Phil, put down the Riunite wine and start smoking weed, you pussy. No, it's not a good idea to drink a pint of kamikazes while camping. Oh, and your Volkswagen Beetle is cool but the color orange is not.

At age 20: Dear Phil the waiter, learn the come-hither and proper oral methods for giving girls orgasms. Black beauties make your heart race because they are not good for you. If you want to stay up drink some damn Starbucks. Oh, that's not available yet? Try Maxwell House

then.

At age 22: Dear career-guy Phil, you don't want to be in management. Just keep coding and DJing and buy stock in this little startup called Microsoft with your extra dough. For fuck's sake, *please* move away from the snow and ice already. I don't care if you have to live in a closet with three roommates.

At age 23: Dear romantically-blind Phil, snap out of it. You do not need to get married to have lots of sex. Return that diamond ring immediately and buy more Microsoft stock. Owning a club is a real bad idea so stop thinking about it. Start writing shit down so it doesn't give you a headache when you're old, trying to remember how much of a mess you were.

Speech Template for the Next Governor Caught Cheating

I have had it with whiny sniveling middle-aged men at the podium apologizing for indiscretions. The latest is South Carolina's Governor Mark Sanford, who spent a week in Argentina and returned to give the anxious-as-always media a tear-filled dose of his lament.

I couldn't make it through his speech because I became nauseated. I'll take it upon myself to write a template for a man's man speech that will be more about the truth and less about what voters need to hear:

Dear fellow Americans, let me start by making it perfectly clear: yes, I *did* have sex with that woman, and lots of it. In fact, I had to rehydrate with two quarts of Gatorade—while I iced down my apprentice—to recover from the many nights of “hitting it” like Albert Pujols.

Those of you without a penis may wonder how I could do such a thing. Those of you *with* a penis just want to know how the sex was; I'll get to that. So, how could I cheat on my wife of twenty years? Quite simply, I did it because the bitch stopped putting out. Tell them, honey. When's the last time *you* headed south? Seriously, she had her day, and she's not bad for fifty. But, after pushing out four pumpkin-headed monkeys, sex has been one-sided; I only feel it one side at a time. It's like stirring warm gravy.

Hey, I admit that I'm not the physical specimen I once was, but I have these things called money and fame that make up for it. Still—and this is for my sons—if Mommy would have hit the lights and backed up to Daddy more often than once a month, Daddy wouldn't have spent your summer camp money on his trip to South America. Believe me, boys, soon enough you'll learn to understand and envy Pop for taking the road trip.

I know you nosy perverts are all getting off on my emails that you intercepted. Well, just so you know, here on my iPhone I have action shots that will make the most timid of you hotter than the desert sun. My little playmate, Olivia, isn't shy about showing Uncle Mark how she loves Americans. I'll be selling these photos on eBay to fund her summer vacation with me.

You may be expecting an apology. Let me see, do I apologize? Um, how can I put this gently? Hell no I don't! The only thing I *am* sorry about is that I couldn't get a travel visa quick enough to have her here by my side in a crotchless Latina maid's outfit.

I'm well aware that my little trip will cost me dearly in terms of alimony and child support. That's why I'm tendering my resignation effective immediately. I'll move into a studio rental and make my living from appearances and book deals while I continue to bang South American chicks by the dozen.

In conclusion, I'd like to wish my future ex-wife well in Cougarville. All you judgmental, hype-seeking drama queens of the media can “suck it.” God bless money, God bless fame, and

God bless hot foreign chicks willing to put out for old glory.

Breakup Form Letter

There are many ways to handle a breakup, but most of them create pain and resentment. Why don't we take the high road? Let's avoid hurting the ones we love by letting them down gently. Here's a letter you can feel free to use:

Dear [insert name of the person you will no longer be sleeping with, unless you get really drunk and lonely],

I [have enjoyed/was bored by/regretted] our relationship but [unfortunately/fortunately/thank freaking God] it has come to an end. You're a real [special/nice/stupid] person, and I'm doing this in print so that you don't have any misconceptions about why our [marriage/engagement/fuckbuddyship/relationship] is over.

Here are the main reasons why I [don't love you anymore/need a break/can no longer stand the sight of you]:

[Insert all that apply.]

- You smell.
- You're a slob.
- My friends confessed that you keep trying to seduce them.
- Your [pets/children/family] are nuisances.
- You're a cheap bastard.
- I know you're banging somebody else.
- I found your Match.com profile, and it is chock full of lies. (Athletic and Toned? Really?)
- You don't wash your [sheets/shirts/self] often enough.
- My parents think you spend weekends in prison.
- You never call me.
- You're a Boston [Celtics/Red Sox/anything] fan.
- You seem to need a GPS to find my [clit/G-spot/zipper].
- You dress as if you're going to a [trailer-park party/high school gym class/luau/funeral].
- Your taste in [food/wine/TV shows/movies/music/coffee beans] sucks.
- I found compromising pictures of you on [your cell phone/Facebook/my friend's phone].
- Whereas you used to [workout/run/surf] multiple times weekly, now you spend more time [riding the couch/playing video games/surfing porn].
- You haven't bought me [jewelry/flowers/chocolate/squat-ola] in months.
- You're a [terrible/horrible/awful] liar.
- I need space.
- I'd rather pay twice the rent than have to stare at your [fat/hairy/bald] [back/butt/head] for another night.
- You forgot about [my birthday/our anniversary/my orgasms].
- I've met someone [nicer/better/prettier/more handsome/less annoying].
- I got back together with an ex.
- I checked your [text messages/email messages/wallet] and found evidence that you're a

[disloyal douche/player/brazen dummy who thinks I'm blind].

All that remains for us to settle at this point is the following:

- We [will/will not] hook up from time-to-time when masturbation becomes tedious.
- [I am/You are] keeping the [sofa/DVD player/pictures/videos/watch/engagement ring].
- [I am/You are] [not/only if I don't hear about it/totally] allowed to hook up with [your/my] friends.
- Please [leave my stuff in a bag on your front porch/bring my stuff to my place, and maybe we'll have farewell sex/donate my stuff to Goodwill, except my toothbrush, you ass].
- You [are/are not] allowed to hang out in my favorite [bar/gym/restaurant].
- You [may/may not] write about our relationship and my odd fetishes.

I [thank/hate] you for the time we [spent/wasted] together. I wish you [good luck/facial warts/lonely nights]. If you'd like to discuss this in person, [I'm open to it/tough cookies/get over yourself]. I'm [sorry/glad/fucking ecstatic] if this comes as a shock to you and causes severe emotional damage. Have a [nice/awful/lonely] life, you [deserve to find someone nice/douche/loser/fuck nugget].

[Love/Sincerely/Yours/Ew, please go away],

[insert your name]

[The one that got away/It's your fault, so die already/Coming soon with a friend near you].

P.S. You're a [cadaverous/clumsy/incompetent] lover. Go get some professional help.

Dating Profile Lessons

Stop lying. Do you really think you're fooling anyone with pictures from the eighties? You are not "athletic and toned." All the typos and misspellings in your profile also give away the fact that you barely made it through high school. There's a reason you're fifty and single: you're misrepresenting yourself.

I understand and appreciate the sales pitch. Sure, at times we need to exaggerate the good, forget to mention the bad, and conceal the ugly. This only works, however, when the person you are meeting did it to the same degree with his profile. Otherwise, somebody is going to be disappointed.

You don't want that to happen. You want them to be pleasantly surprised when they meet you. If you say you're "a couple pounds overweight," most people expect a couple of pounds, not a butt with its own zip code. When you say "athletic," most people assume you are referring to jogging, lifting weights, or playing sports, not bowling. When you say you "love to read," people assume you mean novels, not cartoon captions.

This lying and exaggerating has gone on so long that the entire online dating profile paradigm has shifted. When the profile says they are thirty-nine, everyone assumes they are in their late forties. When it says they drink occasionally, we all know they get drunk almost nightly. When it says "separated," nobody believes it and expects the spouse to come home while you're getting busy on the sofa.

Here's a smart profile, employing the wise strategy of setting low expectations that can be easily exceeded:

"I am a single man seeking consistently mind-blowing sex. Once we figure that out, the rest of our relationship will be easy. I don't give a shit how old you are as long as you are legal, firm,

and disease-free. I'm not moving because the weather sucks almost everywhere but here, so deal with it. I'm also not driving more than fifteen miles to get laid, even if you swallow. Yes, I was once married, and we cheated on each other because we got bored. Boo-fucking-hoo. I don't want any kids, and I'm not dealing with yours. Keep them and your dogs away from me. I'm not fat and I don't have six-pack abs. That should make it easier for you to feel secure because you're no fitness model either. There is no God, cigarette smoking is stupid, and I will drink enough to make our dates interesting. If you're looking for a meal ticket, you're wasting your time because you're not worthy. I play baseball, smoke the occasional contraband, and enjoy loud rock music the way every man should. I'm tired of watching striped-shirt douche bags lie to get women only to treat them like crap. I'll be kind, supportive, and caring exclusively with you in exchange for—you guessed it—mind-blowing sex.”

How could anyone resist?

The Halls Method

Notice: this is not for children, the faint of heart, or the sensitive of hoo-hays. Back in my college years—when 8-tracks, payphones, and wine coolers were popular—my roommate (Fester) inadvertently discovered a sexual method well beyond his years.

His girlfriend (Kate), who lived across our coed hall, was a demure girl who hardly ever made a peep. I heard her gentle tapping on our door late at night, as she snuck into the bottom bunk with Fester. I'm a very light sleeper, so not much sneaks past me. After she crawled in, I'd listen with mixed emotions hearing them get busy. At age twenty, it wasn't something I was trained to appreciate, but curiosity certainly prevailed. She was so quiet that I rarely heard anything, in spite of Fester's proud professing of his sexual proficiency.

One memorable night she came by and something was drastically different: noise. It started out subtle but grew into an upper-bunk swaying pork-fest. She moaned, wailed, and climaxed multiple times. I thought, “That can't be Kate. My dog of a roommate has another lady caller. You go, Fester!”

As soon as the door closed behind her in the morning, I did a swan dive off the top bunk and threw water on Fester. “Wake up, Studly. Who's the new chick? I almost got seasick from the tremors.”

“Dude, I don't know what the hell got into Kate. That was insane.”

“That was not our little Kate. Don't be coy with me.”

“I swear, it was Kate. She was an animal last night (*cough, cough*)!”

“Um, ya think? She sounded possessed. What did you do?”

“Nothing (*cough*). I mean nothing I haven't done before. She just was super turned-on when I went down on her, for some reason (*cough*).”

At this point, Fester grabbed a Halls lozenge. He developed a bad cough and a worse addiction to Halls Mentho-Lyptus. They grossed me out—even the smell—but, not for long.

“Wait a minute. You've been downing those things like Tic Tacs. Do you think they had something to do with it?”

“Hey, you might be onto something. Maybe menthol is the trigger. That's it! I'll experiment tonight.”

That night, as predicted, Kate came by and, almost immediately, I heard the crinkle of the wrapper as Fester went into “vapo-action.” She writhed and moaned so much that I must confess

to vicarious wood. Then suddenly the moaning stopped, and I anxiously awaited the results that I'd hear about in the morning. As soon as she left, Fester kicked me through the bunk and sent me flying to the floor.

"What the fuck, dude?"

"Holy shit! This is not good," Fester said pacing nervously as I got off the floor.

"What's not good? Dude, you just discovered sexual gold! Are you kidding me? We are going to be the kings of cunnilingus."

"Seriously man, I don't know what to do. I was getting all savvy with the Halls, rubbing it around down there, blowing on it, and then suddenly I lost it."

"You lost what, your turgidity?"

"No, dickhead, the Halls! It kept going in and every time I tried to dig it out it went deeper until I couldn't feel it."

"You're telling me she's going to give birth to an eight-pound Halls in nine months? I'm going to be uncle to the world's largest cough suppressant?"

"What am I going to do?"

"Well, you told her, right?"

"Oh, hell no! That would be embarrassing. I guess it will just dissolve."

"Hey genius, I'm pretty sure from anatomy class that vaginas don't come with their own digestive fluids."

I continued trying to convince him that he needed to fess up as we walked over to the showers. You lose all pride in college showers because they are as private as prison toilets. The other hall-mates in the shower room were peppering him with, "What's up with you and your girl? It sounded like you were sacrificing animals last night."

Suddenly Fester looked up and said, "Uh oh, I think I found it."

"Found what?" I asked, hoping it wasn't my class ring.

"The Halls. It's matted in my ball hair."

"Lovely."

We experimented with our new discovery throughout junior year. I must personally attest that indeed, nine out of ten women give the "Halls Method" two thumbs (and one pair of taint clippers) up. I guess it's time to buy more stock in Pfizer.

Matters of Size

I hear conflicting stories and logic considering male and female sizes. I can only speak from experience, and I'm no "sexpert." Most people will keep their opinions and responses to themselves on this essay. That's unfortunate. Stand back, I have my tape measure ready.

Let's start with male genitalia, shall we? Yes, men prefer it that way. We let women go first most of the time, so grant us this one. Three factors are involved here: length, girth, and angle. (OK, motion and duration are also factors, but how does one measure them?) Every Web site I check is—as women are—exclusively concerned with measurements taken when sails are at full mast. According to Wikipedia, 95% of men fall between 5.1 – 5.9 inches in length with a circumference (hee hee, he said "cum") of 4.85 inches.

Please allow me to check their math. I'll surf over to tinyjugs.com (recommended by a friend, who found her teenage son visiting the site). Let me see. Egads, that's just wrong! Delete, delete, delete. OK, how about this other site? Hm, not bad. Uh oh, too many man shots. I must

have lesbians. Ah, there, that's more like it. My cats are staring. Damn it! Nothing. Go away, you nosy felines! Back to Destiny and Summer. Now we're talking. Nice rear view. I'm getting light-headed—a good sign.

Now, I'm ready to take the all-important measurements. (Mom, please stop reading.) I'm (over)confident that I'll come out well beyond the average. Let me see. I must be careful with thin metal measuring tape. Five and 3/4 inches. Damn it! How the hell could I have descended from African ancestors? I mean technically we all did, right? Son of a thimble dick!

Well, perhaps my legacy will be my girth. I love that word: girth. I wonder if that's how Garth Brooks got his name. Anyway, this is going to be tricky. I don't want to be wrapping metal anything around my manhood. I've got it; I'll use blue masking tape, wrap it, and then measure the tape. Brilliant! Here we go. A quick once around and—ouch! I forgot about that part: removing the tape. *No bueno*. OK, the final girth numbers are in and—drum roll, please—once again, I'm fucking average at 4.9 inches. Piss me off. Now, I'm not even in the mood anymore. Going down.

What about female genitalia? Some are nicely tucked up and barely visible (my personal favorite) and others hang down, resembling an oyster, cheese steak (sans cheese, preferably), or worst of all, Patrick Ewing sleeping on his side. Don't get me wrong; some people prefer plumpness. How do you measure plumpness? I'd need a drafting table, calipers, and a woman with a sense of humor as twisted as mine. This is further complicated because the measurements would all change based on the time of the month and the most recent novel read.

It doesn't matter anyway. For women, it's what inside that counts (I learned that in Sunday school) and how would one measure that?

Sambuca

If you've never tried it, and are not averse to licorice, you must order one tonight. Sambuca is served at room temperature in a snifter with three coffee beans (*yum*). In Italy, they call it "*Sambuca con mosca*," which means Sambuca with flies (*yuck*). However, the beans are said to represent health, happiness, and prosperity. I propose a modernization of the service of this tasty beverage, with additional beans, now representing:

- Flirtation – Nothing beats a little inhibition- and panty- lowering alcohol.
- Sex Under Intoxication – A bit sloppy and cumbersome, but memorable, nonetheless.
- Awkward Date – Wow, gee, how do we go back to courtship after spending so much time between each other's thighs?
- Baggage Handling – Now you tell me you have a psycho ex, two problem teenagers, and a pitbull. Check, please!
- Courtship – OK, the sex was good enough for me to tolerate the baggage. Damn, this dating thing is expensive. Didn't you typically drink well vodka?
- Meet the Friends – I really wish you had uglier friends.
- Meet the Parents – So, this is what you will become in twenty-five years or so? Hm.
- Commitment (kind of) – Yes, we're exclusive. No, I'm not sleeping with other women, although since our sessions have become less frequent, I've become more concerned.
- Engagement – My friends think that either I have completely lost my mind, or you have the world's best vagina.
- Marriage – Wedding cake: the ultimate anti-aphrodisiac. Maybe I can take up golf.

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