

TRUTH BE TOLD

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"What's my name? What's my name?"

"Franklin! Franklin!"

Afterwards, Franklin dozed for a while. Sarah went away, but came back once he woke.

She sat on the edge of the bed.

"Remember I told you about that new woman at work? With the short blonde hair?"

Franklin didn't answer.

"She talks to me a lot. She talked to me today in the stockroom. Nobody else was around."

He rolled over in bed, looking at Sarah. "What'd she say?"

"She said I was pretty."

"Who's this?"

"She's new. I told you about her. She's tall, with short blonde hair."

"What's her name?"

"Eva."

"She said you were pretty?"

"Yeah. Later on, I was in the stockroom, and she showed up in there too and started talking to me. I think she's attracted to me."

Past the attic's one window, the lights of the distant city shimmered, helicopters circling, planes passing overhead.

"Did she touch you?"

"Huh? No, it was nothing like that. She didn't touch me. She just, I don't know, she like is always there wherever I am. She really smiles at me a lot, too. A really broad smile. She's got nice teeth. They're very white."

She put both palms down on the mattress, pulling her ass up to her pillow, so she was sitting on the bed by Franklin's shoulder. He looked over at the undersides of her thighs, which seemed larger and barer this close.

"Then while she was talking to me, she reached over and ran her finger over my collarbone."

The blouse Sarah wore to work today hung over the top of the dwarf door that led to the crawlspaces. The blouse

had a square-cut neck that exposed her collarbones.

"Why'd she do that?"

"I don't know."

He looked at her. Big brown eyes, big red lips, big orange nipples.

"Was she coming on to you?"

"No. I mean, I'm sure she wasn't. Girls touch each other all the time."

"What were you talking about?"

"Bikinis."

"Bikinis?"

"She said I should buy a sexy black French bikini, one of those thong ones, and show off my beautiful body."

"She had her hand on you while she was saying this?"

"Well, just my collarbone."

"Did she run her finger along both your collarbones, or just one?"

"Just one."

"Show me."

Using her right index finger, Sarah ran her finger along her collarbones, nipples popping up.

"That was both collarbones."

"Yeah."

"Did she touch your breasts?"

"Not... she didn't put her hand over my breasts."

"Did she put her hand over one of your breasts?"

"No."

"Her hands never got near your breasts."

"She trailed her fingers on the tops of my breasts." Sarah put her hands on the tops of her breasts, fingers caressing from the wide rims towards the nipples.

"What did you do? Did you step back?"

"I stepped back. I told her I felt funny about that, that I have a boyfriend, and I didn't know if he'd like me doing that with her."

"Did anything else happen before you stepped back?"

"Well, she put her thumbs underneath each breast while she was

trailing her hands over the tops, and she started squeezing my breasts, kind of pulling them forward, like she was milking them or something."

"And what did you do?"

"I didn't do anything."

"Your hands were at your sides the whole time."

"Well no, I mean I was squeezing her breasts too."

"Did you play with each other's nipples?"

"No. Just the breasts proper."

"The 'breasts proper'?"

"The, you know, the part of the breast which isn't the nipple part."

"And she never pinched your nipples or anything?"

"Well, while she was kissing me, she did. She was playing with them then."

"Were you playing with her nipples by then?"

"Yeah, then I was."

"Did she put her breast in your mouth at any point?"

She thought back. "No, no, I don't think she did. As a matter of fact, I left then."

"So that was the end of it?"

"Yeah, except she did this-- I was talking to her and then I left, and she did this weird thing, she slapped me on my ass as I walked away." She looked over her bare shoulder at him.

"She slapped you on your ass?"

"Yeah."

Sarah wore her black pants today. She never wore underwear. He had slapped her across her cheeks in those pants. He knew how good it felt to the palm, that round weight under the black dacron.

"So you told her you had to go, and the two of you stopped touching each other's breasts, without you ever sucking her breast, then you got to talking, and then you left and she slapped you on your ass as you left?"

"Yeah."

"What were you talking about?"

"She said my ass looked really good in the pants I was wearing. She said I have a heart-shaped ass."

"Was she facing you when she said that?"

"No, no. She was facing my ass."

"And was she touching your ass while she was praising it?"

She shook her head, long brown hair swinging. "No. Why'd you ask that?"

"She wasn't cupping your ass in her hands, maybe squeezing your cheeks a little, while she whispered all these compliments in your ear?"

"Yeah, she did. But it was on the outside of my pants. I didn't let her put her hands inside my pants."

"Directly on your bare ass."

"Yeah. Yeah, to no, I didn't let her put her hands inside my pants."

"But did she, anyway?"

"Towards the end, sure."

"And when she did this, was she still facing your back, or were you facing each other?"

"She was facing my back."

"She stayed facing your back the whole, entire time?"

"Yeah."

"Did she put her hand between your legs?"

"Well, on my hair down there, but that was all. I didn't let her put her hand on my, you know. She wanted to, but I didn't let her."

"When was this?"

"She was kissing my breasts by then, and telling me how beautiful my body was, and how pretty my eyes were, and how good my nipples tasted, then she reached down and put her hand on my pubic hair, and started stroking it and twirling it around her fingers while she paid me all these compliments."

"I assume this is while you were both facing each other?"

"Uh-huh."

"Where were your pants?"

"She told me to pull them down."

"How far did you pull them down?"

"Just a little bit. Just so she could get her hand in."

"To your knees?"

"A little below the knees, yeah."

"And were her pants down below her knees too?"

"Yeah. Is that relevant?"

"I think it is. And may I assume you both had pulled your blouses up over your breasts by then, and unstrapped your bras?"

"Yeah."

"So you were facing each other, kissing each other's bare bodies, and her fingers were playing with your pubic hair, but she never put her hand all the way between your legs, on your clitoris, or up inside you?"

"No. She wanted to, but I told her no."

"I appreciate that. So what happened then?"

"She was telling me she could kiss me anytime she wanted to, and put her hands on my breasts and my ass anytime she wanted to, and masturbate me anytime she wanted to."

"What did you say?"

"I was agreeing with her."

"Was she masturbating you?"

"She had her fingers between my legs, and she was touching me there, rubbing the tip of her index finger across my clitoris, and sliding her middle finger in and out of me while she kissed me, but it wasn't really masturbating me."

"Did you respond to her?"

"I was really wet and swollen down there, but I didn't really respond, that much. I just kind of kept kissing her body, and tongue-kissing with her, and sucking her breasts, then at one point I laid down on this bale of hay in the storeroom and put my legs up on her shoulders so she could get her hands between my legs more easily."

"She had both hands between your legs by then?"

"Yeah. She was masturbating me with one hand, and with her other hand, her left hand, she had the fingers stretched apart, and she was like very lightly stroking my anus."

"Did you have an orgasm?"

"I don't know if you could call it an orgasm. I started coming, but it was really violent, I had my back lifted off the bale of hay by then, and I was slapping my rear end against her stomach, and biting my hand—see?— so I wouldn't scream because it was lasting so long, and it was multiple, which I had never experienced before."

"What happened then?"

"Then she left."

"Just like that? She didn't expect you to reciprocate?"

"Well. I mean she had this idea of what we would do next, but I didn't go along with it."

"What was her idea?"

"Her idea was that while I was still lying on my back on the bale of hay, she was going to climb up on the bale, without any clothes on, and sit on my face."

"Did she say why she wanted to sit on your face?"

"It was a dominance thing, she said. She said she wanted me to find out what it felt like to have a woman dominate me, what it felt like to have her sitting on my face, to feel her ass on my face. She told me she could sit on my face anytime she wanted to now, even if it wasn't for sex, if it was just like, you know, to read the newspaper or smoke a cigarette."

"What did her ass feel like on your face?"

"It felt really warm, and soft, and heavy. I had no idea it was going to feel as good as it did. Plus I could smell the hay, which smelled really earthy."

"Did she put her cunt down on your mouth?"

"No! I would never let her do something like that. That's how you turn into a lesbian."

"So she just got off you then?"

"After a while. I kissed her pussy a couple of times, but I didn't lick it."

"Your tongue stayed in your mouth the whole time?"

"Just about, yeah."

"How long was your tongue out of your mouth, licking her cunt?"

"Maybe about fifteen minutes or so, until she came. Then she said I could stop. She got off me finally, because I kept licking her."

"How much of this actually happened?"

"She smiled at me while we were both back in the storeroom, sorting through the airplane parts, and told me I had pretty eyes, then as I left she slapped me on my ass."

"She actually did slap your ass?"

"Yeah."

"Didn't you think that was kind of an odd thing for one girl to do to another? Slap her ass?"

"Well, she didn't actually slap it, but when I turned around as I was leaving, she was looking at it. Like a guy would, checking it out."

"Maybe you had a sign stuck to it."

"No, that wasn't it. She was flirting with me." Sarah's eyes looked down at the soapy washcloth in her hands, then past the pulled-aside shower curtain at Franklin, who was sitting on the lowered lid of the toilet, watching her wash. "Courting me."

Franklin pitched his cigarette at the bucket of water they kept under the bathroom sink.

"She kissed me."

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, this time." She stooped over in the shower, turned it off.

"How'd that happen?"

"We were in the storeroom, and we were laughing really hard at this customer I just had, this old woman who said her husband had water on the brain, and I thought she was just being sarcastic, like saying he had water on the knee? But

it turned out it was true, he really did have water on the brain. I was really embarrassed, but Eva kept trying to get me to laugh while I was apologizing. Right after the woman left, we both ran to the storeroom, giggling."

"That makes me jealous, that you have giggling fits with women, but not with me."

"Yeah? Maybe women just giggle more. A lack of power thing, or we're just more free."

"So she kissed you?"

"Yeah. In the storeroom."

"On the lips, I assume?"

"Yeah."

"You kissed her back?"

"Yeah. We were laughing, our faces were close to each other because we were trying not to make too much noise, then she looked in my eyes, laughed again, squinting her eyes at me, like, Isn't this crazy? Then she snaked her hand behind my neck, behind all my long hair, and pulled my mouth up to hers, and kissed me."

"Is that the first time another girl ever kissed you?"

"Yeah. I mean, I kissed a couple of girls when we were like fourteen or so, to practice for boys, but this is the first time I ever kissed another woman, where it wasn't for boys, it was just for us."

"Did you kiss long?"

"A few minutes."

"Was it more than just one kiss?"

"It was a couple. A few."

"Did you tongue kiss?"

"Yeah."

"Did you like it?"

"Yeah."

"Better than kissing me?"

"No. It was different from kissing you, because kissing her was something I really was not supposed to do. Even more so than kissing another man. It was like only half-cheating, but it was also like an even greater cheating, than if it had been with a man."

"Did you touch each other?"

"No. Our blouses were pressed against each other, and after the first kiss we had our arms around each other, around our shoulders and our waists, but we didn't touch each other's breasts, or between the legs. The fronts of our thighs were touching though."

"So what happens now?"

"She invited us over her place, for this Friday."

"Both of us?"

"Yeah. She said, You and your boyfriend."

"Right. And once we get there, we're going to start drinking, maybe get high, then she's going to sit on the couch with you, while I'm in the easy chair, watching her compliment you on your blouse, and your eyes, how soft your skin is, then she's going to grin at me and ask me if I want to watch her make love to you, but wait until I've had enough that I might agree. Then it's going to go on for hours, you two exploring each other in bed, and it'll be scary and exciting for me at first, but then after a while it's going to be boring, and sad, but you won't be willing to stop by then, she'll have you."

"Do you want to see me with another woman?"

"Why? Are you volunteering?"

"I'm just asking. It's come up before."

"As a fantasy."

"Well, isn't that what this is? She said you could fuck her, too. After she fucks me."

"What?"

"Eva said that after she finishes fucking me, you'd want to fuck her, and she said she'd let you. And I could watch that."

"Is she bi-sexual?"

"I don't know. When we were kissing? I said she didn't put her hand anywhere, but actually she did put her hand between my legs."

"Inside your slacks?"

"No. Just the outside. She put her hand on the crotch of my slacks, and just squeezed slightly while we made out. I

think she did it to see if I'd ask her to move her hand away."

"Did you?"

"No."

"Did you put your hand on her crotch?"

"Yeah. I did. I wanted to find out what she was feeling, to be holding another woman's crotch while you kissed her. I could feel her cock. It was hard."

"You could feel her what?"

"Her cock. It was really hard."

"What's 'cock'? Is that lesbian slang or something?"

"No." Sarah looked at him with her big brown eyes. "She has a cock. I didn't know how to bring it up. She told me one of the first times we talked. At first--"

"Wait a minute. Wait. Are you saying she has a real cock, like I have a cock?"

"Yeah! She's a hermaphrodite, or whatever it's called. She's a woman, but she was born with both sex organs."

"Sarah, she's lying to you! She's a pre-op transsexual, a guy who's taken female hormones, and has breast implants, but she's a guy! That's ridiculous! You're letting a guy kiss you and feel you up!"

"No, I'm not! She's a girl! She's not a guy!"

"How do you know that?"

"She told me."

"She told you, well that's--"

"Franklin, really! If you saw her, you'd know she's a girl. She doesn't look anything like a guy. She doesn't have an Adam's apple, or a guy's jaw, or wide shoulders. You can just look at her eyes and you can see they're a girl's eyes, not a guy's eyes."

"I can't believe this. Her name's probably...Steven or something, and she shortened it to Eva."

"No. She's a real hermaphrodite. She's a woman with a woman's sex organ, but then she also has a cock. But her body's a woman's body." Her hands, held

apart mid-air, sculpted down the invisible, classic hourglass shape, from armpits to hips.

"It's a full-sized cock?"

"It felt like it."

"Is it bigger than mine?"

"I don't know."

"So in other words, she not only wants to introduce you to lesbian sex, sucking her nipples and licking her cunt, but she also wants to fuck you with her cock? And she's got a bigger cock than I do?"

"I don't know how big it is. I haven't seen it yet."

"Yet? This is what this is all about. You don't want to have lesbian sex, you just want to try on a new cock."

"No, that's not true. To be honest, what I'm looking forward to is the gay sex. Just to see what it's like. That's the truth."

"And then I'm going to fuck her? I'm going to fuck a woman who has a cock? I'm going to be fucking her and there's going to be this big, long cock waving back and forth across her stomach?"

"You could fuck her from behind. You could be fucking her pussy while her cock fucks my pussy." She shrugged, bare-shouldered. "Or something like that."

"On our way over to Eva's, when we were sitting at a red light and you were just staring straight ahead, your hands draped over the top of the steering wheel, I was wondering what you were thinking."

"I was watching each car that passed in front of us from the side street. I was imagining the driver of the first car having sex with the driver of the second car, the driver of the third car with the driver of the fourth, and so on. You can get some pretty weird combinations. If it's an odd number of cars, I imagine the final driver is masturbating."

"You think about sex an awful lot."

"Yeah."

"What did you think of her apartment building? Didn't it kind of look like the United Nations?"

"Yeah, I guess. I looked up at it while I was locking the car, in the street below. I noticed all the apartments had individual balconies. I figured she must be rich, or have a rich father."

"We didn't hold hands in the elevator on the way up."

"Yes, we did."

"Not the whole way up."

"I was tense about meeting this Eva. About what was going to happen."

"What did you think of her when she opened the door?"

"She was taller than I thought. She looked kind of gangly."

"She has pretty eyes."

"Yeah, I mean her eyes are pretty, and her face, but being loose-limbed, and gangly, it put me off. She didn't really have an hour-glass figure. It made me think that her legs probably weren't going to be that shapely, being so gangly."

"As she led us into her apartment, and I was looking around at how well she had decorated it, such expensive tastes, you whispered to me that you still thought she was a man."

"Well, yeah. I mean, she was tall, gangly."

"She didn't have an Adam's apple."

"You can get surgery for that, probably."

"Is that why you started right in, telling her to prove she was really a woman?"

"I'm not going to let some pre-op transsexual guy fuck you. That's not going to happen."

"Were you surprised then when she very flamboyantly pulled her caftan over her head, and showed you her naked body?"

"I was a little."

"You gasped."

"Big deal, I gasped. What do you expect? We're only in her apartment twenty seconds, and here she is pulling her caftan off, stark naked underneath, and that wouldn't be bad, I mean her breasts looked really nice, and her legs looked a lot better than I expected, in fact they looked really great, but right in the middle there's this big, ugly hairy cock flopping around."

"She only did that so she could show you her vagina."

"I know, but even so."

"You obviously weren't convinced though, even when she sat up on the kitchen counter and spread her thighs apart, so you could see her vagina. You had this really tight look on your face."

"I couldn't help it. I'm trying to get a good look at her cunt to see if it's real, and there's that cock dangling all over the place. I didn't want to get too close, so I couldn't really inspect her."

"She put her finger up inside herself, though, to show you it wasn't fake."

"That doesn't mean anything. A surgeon could have done that."

"Were you surprised then when she said, If it's an issue, I have proof in the other room I am a woman, a real woman, as you're putting it?"

"I didn't know what her proof was going to be, but I figured maybe she'd come out with a birth certificate that said she was a female child, but even then, those things are easily faked."

"So how did you feel when she did come back out of the room with her proof?"

"Well, I mean, we're both standing there in her living room, it's an awkward moment, I don't know what proof she's going to bring out of that room, she closed the door when she went in, and she was in there for a while, then next think I know she's opening the door again and leading out this little sleepy boy in his pajamas, moving him forward to meet me with her hand behind his head."

"She explained why he was so tired. She said, He's been in Outpatients three hours today, poor dear. Otitis medea. We can't seem to put off the infection, can we, Colin?"

"Yeah."

"Then her son looked up at her and said, May I go back to bed, Mum? And Eva looked at you, holding her head up, and said, See, Franklin? He called me Mum. Pre-ops don't have wombs. Proof."

"He did look exactly like her. Plus, looking at her body, she was still naked, I don't know if that's such a good idea around a little boy, even if he is only half-awake, but looking at her body more, I guess I did start to realize she really was a girl. Her skin tone, her hips."

"You were getting aroused."

"That cock was still bothering me though."

"You kept insisting that I not touch it while Eva and I kissed and started caressing each other."

"Well, yeah. I don't want you pulling on somebody else's cock, even if it is a girl's cock."

"You let me stroke her balls while I was licking her, though."

"Well, only because they're right down there by her cunt anyway, and it does feel good to have your balls stroked. I could tell she really liked you doing it, the way her head lolled back on the sofa cushion, and her putting her hands behind your head, holding you down there between her legs, like a man would do."

"You kept objecting, though, everytime I pulled my mouth away from her pussy, and started planting kisses up the height of her cock. It was like you were a policeman or something."

"Well what did you expect? We agreed you wouldn't suck her cock."

"You let her fuck me with her cock, though."

"She didn't have her cock inside you. She was lying on top of you, rubbing

her cock against the outside of your cunt while you sucked her nipples."

"No, she did slide it up inside me. That's the point when I lifted my legs off the sofa, and wrapped my thighs around her hips, and started kissing her under her jaw while she pinched my nipples."

"Yeah, but that was later. And getting fucked by her cock isn't the same thing as sucking her cock."

"I didn't see what the big distinction was. I suck your cock all the time, even though it takes you forever to come that way."

"That's why they call it a blow job, instead of a blow vacation."

"Then while she was fucking me on the couch she looked over her shoulder at you. What did she say?"

"She said, Come on, Franklin. Want to fuck me while I fuck your girlfriend? You must be getting raunchy."

"So what did you do?"

"I got on top of her back while she kept fucking you. I had to hang onto the back of the sofa with one hand so I didn't get bucked off, with both your hips banging together, and I slid my cock up her cunt from behind."

"How did that feel?"

"It felt really good. Better than I thought. Over her shoulder, I could see your face, it was all red and sweaty, your eyes were closed, you were moaning and gasping, and I thought that, in a way, I was the one fucking you, indirectly, with my thrusts into Eva."

"Oh, it's 'Eva' now."

"Well, I mean, I was fucking her by then."

"How did you feel when she suggested we switch positions?"

"She didn't suggest that. We kept fucking the way we just described."

"Not later on, though. She turned her head around, so she could look you in the eye over her shoulder, and she said, Do you fancy switching?"

"I didn't know what she meant."

"But when she got off me then, you got right down on top of me."

"I thought she meant that now I'd fuck you for a while. Your body was really warm and sweaty. You had red splotches on your stomach and ribs where Eva had been lying on you."

"So you slid your cock up inside me then, right?"

"You were soaking. Every time I pumped up inside you, air would noisily blow out."

"Then Eva got on your back, while you were fucking me."

"No, she didn't."

"Not right away, but then she did. She said, See if you fancy this, Franklin. Remember? And she slid her vaselined cock up inside your asshole."

"No, she only rubbed her cock, the head of her cock, on the outside of my asshole. She didn't actually put her cock up inside my asshole."

"Yes she did, after a while."

"Well, after a while she did, yeah. It's always surprising how strong women are. She kept asking me if I wanted to find out what it felt like to have her cock inside me."

"I could feel your own cock, inside me, harden even more once her cock was up inside you. You were all Adam's apple, jaw line, and sunken eyes."

"Well, she was giving me a really deep fuck."

"Then I snaked out from under you, the combined weight was too much on me, and then it was just you and Eva on the couch, she was lying on your back, her big wet breasts wobbling, fucking you up your ass. And you were loving it. And then she said, So what's my name, Franklin? What is, Sweetie? And what did you shout out then, Franklin? What did you say?"

"I said, 'Eva! Eva!'".

Franklin's back bucked up off the white bedsheet, sperm shooting out of his cock, landing across his chest, stomach.

He let out a long sigh, let his elbows drop back down to the bedsheet. His chest rose and fell as he caught his breath.

He took his hand off his cock, turning to Sarah, a girl he had asked directions of once, about a year ago. He called her Sarah because she had looked like a Sarah that day. "Why'd you give her a cock?"

"I didn't. You did."

He shook his head. "You did. I just wanted a lesbian thing."

Sarah shook her head even more vehemently. "It couldn't be me, Franklin. You're the only one here."