

Subj: **"A Clean Liver"....a story**
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"A Clean Liver"

by Jeff Davies

A clean liver is usually the thing to have, unless it happens to be your ex-girlfriend. I met Imogene Smitka in the Soaps and cleanser department of Walmart. She was lovely to look at in a blonde slim, Grace Kelly sort of way, and I fell for her instantly. There was only one problem. Imogene WAS a clean liver. She lived a life so unbelievably clean that she once refused to go out with a fella who said he was Episcopalian, 'cause she hated the sound "piss" in the middle of it, and was convinced those people pissed in pails. She also hated Catholics 'cause she heard "lick" in there. She was so naive that she thought that word meant "near the evening". She thought "pubic hair" was a breed of rabbit. I tried to show her my penis and she tried to put ketchup on it, and said, "That's unclean keepin' your food in your pants."

She thought "boobs" meant dumb people, and "prick" meant you peirced your finger. She thought "Sex" was the number before seven, and if you said "fuck" she thought you hiccupped, and said, "bless you". I tried to feel her lovely breasts once, and she just remarked, "I can judge my own size thank you". She thought the word "panties" meant little hard breaths, and "cock" meant to make a gun ready to shoot. She thought "vagina" was a Southern state, and "cunnilingus" was an Irish airline. I once told her I wanted to throw her the pork, and she said "I just had some ham".

Imogene was exasperating. If you said you loved her feet, she'd say, "well, do you like my inches too?" When I got drunk and said I'd love to eat her pussy, she got furious and yelled, "You ain't eatin' my kittycat, you animal cannibal." If you said you were gonna take a shit, she'd answer, "silly, you don't take one, ya leave one!". I kissed her once and put my tongue in her mouth, and she laughed and said, "that's sure a funny wat ta clean my teeth". Finally I got her drunk on Port, which kep her giggling and sayin, "Go ta starboard" so, I put my dick in her and she liked it and kept thrustin and wigglin and finally came, and then just said "Ya know, I just keep tryin ta get clean in there in the shower, but can ya lend me that, it goes in lots deeper than ma fingers."

Well, Imogene Smitka finally left me for one of them guys that lives inna little bubble house 'cause he's allergic to everythin', and last I heard she lived in there with him and had sterilized boiled-water popcicles passed in ta masturbate with, thinkin she was makin clean water fer her sweetie ta drink, cause he'd hang his head under her pussy and drink his fill. Imogene may have been a clean liver, but she really did have a heart of gold.

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