



Iâ??m Sorryâ?| Could You Please Repeat That? Part I

Description

Well, howdy do!!! I know, I knowâ?| Itâ??s been a minute since my last *real* post. I donâ??t count photos as posts, and why the hell am I even wasting precious key-tapping sounds explaining myself?! We all know why youâ??re really hereâ?|..

Before I start, I feel itâ??s important to remind those of you who find my blog so grossly offensive, that in my bio, I state emphatically that I never apologize for what I say or how I feel and that is inherent to who I am, and therefore shall never change. Having said that, this post you are about to read has a few offensive parts to it. I feel itâ??s necessary that you know that going into this, because you shall read things that may be offensive, and you may very well be appalled, but rememberâ?|.. ***these are not my personal views and/or thoughts***. I receive emails from all over the place, as well as texts from friends, and I am simply **relaying information**â?| The shit I talk about after is all me, and you may judge me as you choose. Now that thatâ??s out of the way, shall we?

Okayâ?| So about a month ago, I decided I wanted to write a blog post about some of the most random and outlandish sexual requests people have ever made and/or received. I got **a ton** of responses from this question, and I finally realized that I should get off my lazy ass and then immediately sit on it again and type this shit out so that I may share this candy jug of love with you. But youâ??ll need to keep a few things in mind. These are in no particular order, some of these are stories I was told and some are simply requests that I will have to dissect. Not to mention, I am literally winging this entire thing, so who the fuck knows what will end up on your screen.

â??I was giving a guy a blow job and he asked me if I would stick a dildo in his ass. Then he said he would think it was really hot if I licked the dildo after.â?•

Lol okay, look â?? I said these were in no particular order, and they arenâ??t. Iâ??m literally looking at my janky notes that were copied and pasted from emails I received, so while you might think Iâ??m trying to kick you in the face with this one, trust meâ?|. I havenâ??t even *cum* close.

Soâ?| allow me to play Devilâ??s Advocate for a momentâ?|. Itâ??s hard for me to imagine myself as a dude, although I feel like Iâ??d have mad swagger, but I **do** think that if my clit was eight inches long, I,

too, would be horny 24/7 and would have a constant want and need to make contact with shit as often as possible. Unfortunately in this case, I think the gentleman really DID want to make contact with shit, because **why the fuck** would you ask your girl (or guy) to stick something UP YOUR ass and then INTO THEIR MOUTH, which will inevitably end up making contact with YOUR MOUTH? Are you *that* in love with yourself? *Yes, baby*. please assist me so that I may make out with my own excrement. I think we should call this guy Mr. Hanky. Panky.

Mr. Hanky, the sex time poo.

Up my ass, then on you.

Oh, won't you give me a kiss or two,

So I, too, can kiss my Poo?

(YouTube South Park's Mr. Hanky so you can sing my words to their melody. Brilliant, they are!)

And for the record? I'm so glad you said no to his request. FIST BUMP EMOJI

This next one I have to relay as a story, and as always I shall be using fake names.

I have this buddy who likes to meet up with other men online for sex. I love it. Especially when I get to hear all the crazy stories he tells me! FOR EXAMPLE. He met this guy online who, when they met up, was dressed in a slutty girl's outfit. My buddy, whom I'll call John looked at the guy and was like, "What are you doing?" The other guy "I shall call him Sparkle" tells my buddy John that he has this crazy fantasy of wanting to have sex and pretend like he's getting impregnated. Now, seeing as how my buddy is a total power top he figured this would be relatively easy; as long as he can still get a boner while looking at a dude dressed as a woman, why not? So. my buddy says he's down, so they start hooking up. And they're totally going at it, and THEN. right as my buddy is about to cum, Sparkle yells. fuck that, he SCREAMS, **Give me your BABIES!!!!!!**

John told me that if Sparkle had screamed that three seconds earlier, his penis would have imploded and he would have started laughing, but luckily for physics and forward momentum he was spent and so he didn't say shit. Sparkle left, and that was the first and last time they hung out. Puns intended!!!

First of all, Sparkle. you're using condoms. What is going through your mind as you partake in such role-playing? Why do I keep picturing Jim Carrey with his head out the window of a car yelling, *So you're sayin' there's a chance!* No, Sparkle, no. I'm sorry, my darling! but there is literally **no** chance for you to get John's babies. Or anybody's babies. ever. Well, at least not the way *you're* doing it.

Here's one that will leave you with a nice, warm, fuzzy feeling.

I met this guy at a bar and we hit it off right away. I had recently ended a long relationship and was on the rebound, so when he asked me out on a date and not back to his place, I was excited. We went on a date, and it went so well, that we ended up, well, back at his place. He poured me some wine and

started kissing my neck. As we were getting into it, he was getting more and more excited and things moved pretty fast. Before I knew what was happening, we were having sex right on the couch. I wasn't even using protection, which is bad enough, but what's WORSE is what happened when he came. He hadn't really said much while we were having sex, but as soon as he started to orgasm he yelled out the name "Mariah!". That is NOT my name. He fell on top of me and I was in utter shock. I couldn't believe he'd yelled out someone else's name. And then he looked at me and said, "Jessica, that was amazing." Okay, now I'm really confused because that IS my name (for this blog, it's not), but I knew without a doubt that he'd said "Mariah". So I looked at the guy and said, "What the hell just happened? Why did you call me Mariah? Do you have a fucking girlfriend or something?" The expression on his face changed in an instant, and he started crying. while still laying on top of me. I couldn't move, and there was a grown man crying on top of me. I asked him to please get off of me and he did, and I got dressed really fast. It was the most awkward silence of my life. He stopped crying and said, "I'm really embarrassed. I didn't mean to say her name. Sometimes it just happens." This was followed by MORE awkward silence, followed by the last words I heard him say before I literally ran out the door. **"I just really love my mom."**

Okay I'd like to pause for a minute and just state that I hold no judgments, whatsoever, towards people's personal sexual proclivities (well, except for the one right above dude, your mom?!?!). As long as there's mutual consent and you're both adults, do you. But I must say, some of these requests or actions I just don't understand. For example:

"I was sucking a guy's dick and he asked me to squeeze his balls. But there was more to it than that. While I was sucking his dick, he would literally count to ten, and then tap the back of my head as a signal to squeeze his nuts as hard as I could. I told him i was worried I would pop them, but he said he could man up and take it."

What the fuck does that even mean? What is "manly" about counting to ten and then bird-calling your girlfriend to attempt to castrate you?

She told me she never squeezed as hard as she could out of pure fear and I wrote her back and said, "I don't blame you." But I must admit I have questions.

- how can that possibly feel good?
 - how do you keep a boner while counting?
 - how well can you multitask?
 - when did you first realize you liked giving your balls mammograms?
 - what do you do when you're alone?
 - is twister your favorite game?
 - are you a cyclist?
 - Do you ride horses?
 - are you insane?
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I have this friend, Josh, who works in a bullpen at his job, and one of his co-workers was this guy, Ryan. Ryan, according to Josh (and the photo he showed me) was an extremely attractive, athletic guy with an equally gorgeous girlfriend. Well one day, Josh noticed a peculiar pattern: Every time he went to the bathroom, so did Ryan. Literally. And when in the bathroom, Ryan always seemed to be just one or

two (at most) urinals awayâ?!. So finally, one day Josh goes to the bathroom and lo and behold, in walks Ryan. So Josh confronts him. **â??Dude. Why do you always follow me to the bathroom?â?** Ryan looks down at the floor and then looks at Josh and says, **â??I have a favor to ask you. If I pull out my dick and show it to you, will you tell me if you think itâ??s pretty?â?**

At this point, Josh is confused as fuck, because he doesnâ??t know if this is a cruel prank or if this guy is bi-curious or what, but heâ??s definitely curious enough to poke the bear, so he says, **â??Umâ?!. what?â?**

â??I know. It sounds dumb. But youâ??re into men so you have a unique viewpoint.â? My buddy told him that yes, it was a very pretty penis, and gently patted him on the shoulders.

Truth be told, I have about 12 more stories to tell, but Iâ??m tired and Iâ??ve been waiting to watch Ink Master all morning, but I will definitely be presenting a Part 2 of this subject, because trust me when I tell you, I havenâ??t even scratched the surface of â??fucked-upperyâ?. Also, keep sending me submissions. I canâ??t wait to tell you about the doozies. And on a side note, not one single request has been made by a womanâ?!. Iâ??m waiting ð???

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Enjoy the rest of your week, and find me on Instagram. Also, this is my 105th post, so thereâ??s plenty more for u to scoff at. â??ð?¼ï,•

@highsakate1

Later. Peace Sign Emoji

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