

# A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS...

A TRILOGY: VOLUME 1



AURORA DELLA CROIX

Copyright © 2020 by AdC Publishing, LLC.

All Rights Reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

The Corner Chair

Author: Aurora della Croix

Cover Art: Amore, by Anthony Armstrong

Photos of the author courtesy of the author.

Printed in the United States by AdC Publishing

AdC Publishing

P O Box 229

Effort, PA 18330

[www.adcpublishing.com](http://www.adcpublishing.com)

First Edition and first printing: October 2015

First eBook Edition: October 2015

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data available upon request.

ISBN: 978-1-7355780-1-9

<b>FORWARD</b> .....	<b>3</b>
<b>THE LOTTERY</b> .....	<b>3</b>
<b>ITCHING TO SCRATCH</b> .....	<b>8</b>
<b>THE THUG</b> .....	<b>10</b>
<b>OH, MICHAEL!</b> .....	<b>16</b>
<b>ON TOP OF WATERMELON</b> .....	<b>17</b>
<b>QUENCH YOUR THIRST?</b> .....	<b>21</b>
<b>ODE TO MOLASSES</b> .....	<b>25</b>
<b>FIRE AND BRIMSTONE</b> .....	<b>30</b>

# Forward

As people, we have many thoughts. As I see it, our thoughts are *virtual* to our reality; however, once these thoughts have manifested into what we consider to be the “real” world, they take on a different form from when they were just floating around in our heads. They can cause waves of disorder, and in some cases, destruction!

Over the years, I have entertained many in conversation. For reasons unbeknownst to me, people enjoy sharing their secrets...their secrets or someone else’s secrets; all of which can be purchased for a penny, or less. *Secrets*...some sad, many salacious, some baffling, many unbelievable...but secrets nonetheless.

Of the hundreds of stories I’ve been told, several remain steadfast in my mind, and all have a common denominator...acute dysfunctional behavior. On some level, we all are dysfunctional in some way...some deeper and more complex than others, but dysfunctional, nonetheless.

Dysfunction brings about chaos in our lives, and if we don’t recognize and address our dysfunctional behavior, we continue to perpetuate uncertainty and displeasure in our lives, as well as in those who we allow into our lives. Dysfunction brings lost of control—making us say, and potentially do things we typically wouldn’t do in most cases.

It will be unfair to air-out others' dysfunctional behavior without sharing my own. My mother always said, "people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." This is why I don't live in a glass house!

This small collection of vignettes contains true stories, and others...you decide. Names have been changed to protect the guilty and troubled. Collectively, it is my hope these stories will shed light on the level of dysfunctional behavior that exists in our society, and so close to home. These stories may help you, the reader, become aware of not only your dysfunctional behavior, but perhaps recognize it in others, especially in those you love, because love seems to blind us to dysfunctional behavior until it is too late.

Please enjoy and be enlightened!

---



---

## The Lottery

It was a Friday; a typical, hot, humid summer evening in New York, in July 1982. The Village was the place to be, if you were gay, and wanted to have a good time.

Albert, a 17 year old, black, gay Long Islander, found *this* Friday night to be the same as any other night during the week—he wanted to have a good time, at any cost.

Albert was wild and free. And was always seeking new adventures, even at an early age. Albert had been sexually curious with the neighborhood teenage boys since he was ten years old. He had more than his share of penises in his mouth, and had tasted too many sweaty balls, to say the least. His sexual antics accelerated as the years progressed.

One night at the tender age of 12, Albert found himself tiptoeing his way into the living room of the two bedroom apartment his single mother rented, and to where his uncle, who was just released from prison, laid asleep on the sofa.

He stood over his uncle for a few seconds. He heard a light snoring sound over the noise of the television, which was left on invariably by his uncle. His uncle's 6'2, 220-pound, muscle-ripped frame was stretched along the couch, clad only in boxer shorts, as the fan blew warm air in his direction. The

penal opening in the boxer shorts, illuminated by the flickering light emanating from the television, revealed dark, coarse pubic hair.

Albert was intrigued. He got on his knees, near this uncle's crouch, and placed his nose close to it and took a deep breath. Albert saw the outline of his uncle's mammoth penis through the boxes lying limp against his thigh. He reached to touch it—gently—and pulled away. Not gentle enough. His uncle experiencing a sensation between his legs, opened his eyes, unbeknownst to Albert, and looked at his nephew, whose diapers he used to change, and whom he had placed many a time over his shoulder to burp, admiring his manhood. This aroused him even more. And the dormant penis began to rise to the occasion.

Albert knelt in marvel, as he witnessed the seemingly instant growth. He reached to touch it again. This time, his uncle grabbed Albert's hand slowly and held it against his throbbing manhood, directing and demonstrating to Albert how to massage it...up and down...up and down.

A consummate professional, and a slut in the making, Albert wasn't startled by his uncle's participation; and undaunted, reached to pull the massive penis out through the hole. Assisting him, Albert's uncle pulled the boxers completely off...grabbed Albert's head, and whispered in a husky voice, "suck it, baby, suck it"; and without a first or second thought, Albert's mouth, stretched as far as it could open, attempting to clear entrance for his uncle's staff; albeit his uncle was no

shepherd! As his uncle became more aroused, he became aggressive, causing Albert to gasp for air at times. Three minutes into this “Latin” lesson, Albert’s uncle held Albert’s head in place, as he massaged his penis feverishly, until he had relieved himself into Albert’s mouth, and all over Albert’s face.

The next evening, Albert voluntarily and instinctively returned for more. The same steps he took the night before were repeated, except this time, when he arrived in the living room, his uncle was waiting, massaging his fully erect penis. Albert wasted no time to put his intermediate skills to use. However, *this* evening, his uncle had other plans.

Soon after Albert started his performance, his uncle requested he lay on his back, on the carpeted floor. Albert obeyed. His uncle hoisted Albert’s legs up into the air...Albert helped. Grabbing his massive penis, he plunged into Albert’s tight, virgin space, as Albert let out an agonizing scream. Quickly, his uncle placed his hands over Albert’s mouth and continued to submerge his 12 by 6 erection into Albert’s lower orifice.

Albert squirmed, as tears fell from his eyes; but about two minutes into it, he was relaxed and began to accommodate his sweaty uncle deep inside of him.

So into what they were doing, they didn’t hear Albert’s mother, his uncle’s sister, come out of her bedroom.



She was awoken by the initial scream, and subsequently heard grunting and moaning, and decided to investigate.

As she walked down the carpeted hallway towards the living room, the groans increased, and she was certain her brother had brought some *hoe* in from the streets after she and Albert had gone to bed.

She flipped on the lights to find her brother lying on her son, effete from a recent ejaculation. She noticed there were blood stains on her new cream-colored carpet.

“What the fuck!?”

\* \* \* \*

## Itching to Scratch

LaShaunda and Raheem Brown had been married for three years. They met on a Saturday in the spring of 1995 at a local club in Long Island, and had unsafe sex that same evening in a stall in the men’s bathroom. The attraction, at least on LaShaunda’s part, was more than physical, she really enjoyed Raheem...in every way...and initiated the first contact after their initial lust-fuck.

Raheem was 26, and had four children ranging in age from 10 down to 5, all by three different women. He was a street hustler, a liar, a thief...all the wonderful qualities and characteristics one seeks in a mate! Raheem was never one to be tied down, but something about LaShaunda kept him

quite interested. She was employed!

LaShaunda, 24, was no saint when it came to her sexual prowess. She had her share of sexual encounters. She seemed to be a magnet for abusive men because four out of the four relationships led to physical abuse very shortly into them. Every time she tried to work it out, the abuse always escalated, until she was forced to leave.

LaShaunda and Raheem dated for six months before he proposed marriage.

“Yo, we’ve been doing this dating thing for six months, and you know I really likes you a lot. Why don’t we just do this...make it legal...y’know wha `m saying?...”

My response would have been “what...who...when...what?”, but the question wasn’t posed to me.

LaShaunda said, “Are you serious!?...”

“Yeah!...”

“Yes...”

“A-aight...but you have to wait on the ring until I get some cheddar.”

Though LaShaunda had reservations at first, she didn’t express them to Raheem. She thought about his children and the other three women of whom she *knew* he had dealings; however, she thought she was special. She was