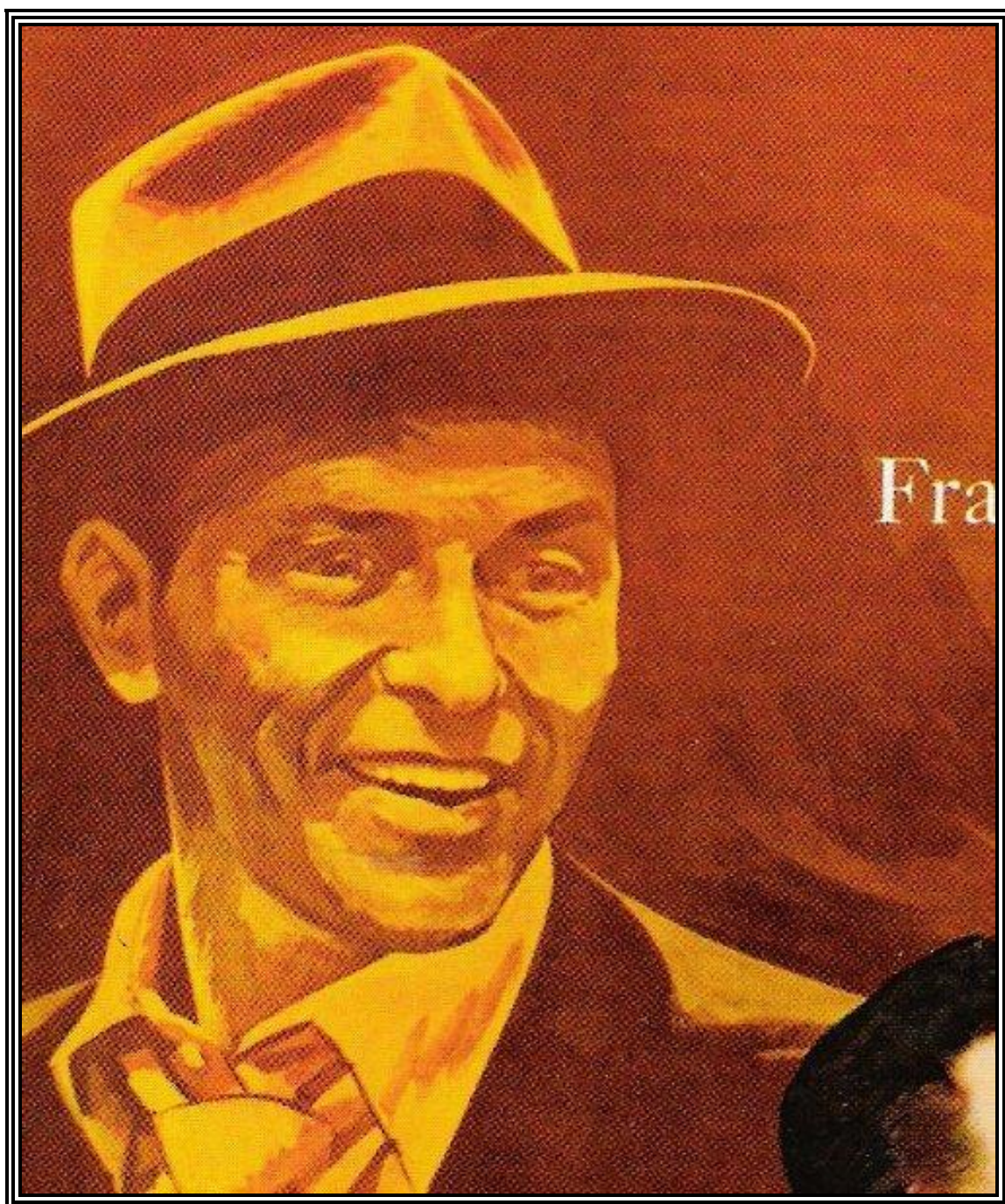


Frank Sinatra

Bradley Stoke



“Frank Sinatra had a massive johnson.”

Sarah looked up from her copy of *Marie-Claire* at her husband nestled in his armchair reading the Daily Telegraph. She furrowed her brow quizzically.

“It says so here. He was incredibly well-endowed in the trouser department. His crowning glory was a real whopper!”

“Was it, Phil dear?” Sarah remarked, lifting herself up slightly but not able to disguise the smile that flickered across her face. Nor, she was sure, a flash of excitement at the thought of a well-endowed Frank Sinatra.

“These singers have pretty big john thomases. Except Elvis, of course. Tight foreskin. All he could do was dry-hump. Not a whole lot of shaking going on there. No wonder he had such tight trousers!”

“Frank’s trousers weren’t tight,” Sarah mused.

“They couldn’t be, could they?” Phil agreed, standing up and letting his newspaper fall to the floor. “It wouldn’t do, if you had a trouser snake of *his* dimensions!”

Sarah felt Phil’s hands land on her shoulder. She looked up at his face.

“Just imagine it, eh?” Phil continued, a lustful smile breaking the contours of his face. “Frank Sinatra. No wonder Ava Gardner went for him! And she knew a thing or two about *lurve!*”

Sarah smiled. Not that Phil was such an expert really.

Her husband tightened his grip on Sarah’s shoulders and brought his mouth down to peck little dry kisses on her cheeks, on her forehead and on her lips.

“That man! The bobby-soxers! If they knew!”

Phil swivelled round and loomed above his wife. Sarah looked up at him, studying with interest the excitement that illuminated his eyes.

“Perhaps they did know, dear,” Sarah agreed, her lips slightly pouting and a slight heave escaping from her breast.

“That’d explain a lot, wouldn’t it?” Phil agreed, leaning over Sarah, his legs between hers and a foolish grin on his face.

“I’m sure it does, dear,” Sarah agreed, placing an open palm on his trouser front. Phil was clearly no Frank Sinatra, but there was an undeniable stirring inside his Gap chinos.

“So he really did it *his* way! What it would be to be a stranger meeting him on a night!”

Sarah mused momentarily about Frank. She enjoyed those CDs they’d bought cheap at Woolworth’s, especially *In the Wee Small Hours* and *Only the Lonely*. What she wouldn’t have done for Frank to ask her to fly with him. Or to call her his funny valentine. Or to take her round *his* kind of town.

But there was a more pressing need to address.

Sarah squeezed the hard rod in Phil’s boxers.

“Yes,” she said softly.

“Yes?” pleaded Phil.

“Yes!” she assented.

And then the fumbling, as gallantly (for a change) Phil undid one by one the buttons on Sarah’s blouse while she pressed her hand hard on Phil’s throbbing manhood, keen that it shouldn’t lose that proof of love and affection which she had

once enjoyed so frequently and so regularly,

And then the disinvestment, as shirt followed blouse, chinos followed culottes, trainers slipped and espadrilles kicked off. Until the moment that widened Phil's pupils to nearly obscure all trace of the green-grey cornea, as the bra and vest accompanied the boxers and knickers in that final inelegant fumble that meant that every last obstacle was gone and there was only one thing left to do.

And that was to fuck.

Which Phil did with a sudden and irrepressible thrust, all thought of foreplay discarded as he surrendered himself to the need to bury his weapon of manly virulence in the shaft where he so often said it belonged.

"Imagine Ava Gardner being fucked by Frank," commented Phil, his penis thrusting back and forth, his buttocks clutched in Sarah's clawed fingers, his face close to his wife's.

And indeed Sarah was imagining just that as Phil thrust away, his more modest member no match she was sure for the crooner who, if he made love with the same skill as he sang, holding those notes for such a deliciously long time, relishing every moment of every syllable, would have shamed her husband rather more than in just crude physical dimensions.

Conversation became impossible as there was thrust after thrust as Phil pushed inside her, his penis pushing open the folds of Sarah's vagina rather more than usual in their occasional lovemaking, his sweat pouring off his forehead, shining his fifty pence sized bald spot, the sweat from Sarah's bosom sloshing against that entangled in the curls of Phil's chest hairs.

But although talk was impossible, Sarah's mind could wander. And not only to thoughts of the man with the strangely vulnerable smile and the confident voice, but to another who was also well-endowed and who had taught Sarah a love that Phil for all his exertion, let alone his perspiration, could never match.

Thrust after thrust. Each one a mere echo of the other lovemaking that Sarah yearned for so often, pencilling in, but only in her mind as a real pencil mark might be seen, those occasions never as often as she'd like when she and David would, on the same couch (and once even the marital bed), fuck in a way that Phil was never able.

Sarah looked down her body at that strangely distant penis thrusting inside her, the sensations so vivid and strong, but curiously outside of her. And Phil's penis was so much more slender, such a feeble affair compared to the animal thrusts from David's huge, Frank Sinatra-proportioned penis.

And so soon! Although Sarah fancied she'd come a little. Not a lot. Not like with David. But enough. Something anyway. Phil released his load inside her, his penis withdrawing so very quickly, a trail of pale semen leading from his deflating glans and leaving its trail in Sarah's pubic hairs and upper thighs, while also shining on the thicker hairs of his legs.

Phil leaned over and kissed his wife.

"Fuck! That was great!"

Sarah smiled.

"Did you enjoy it, dear?"

Sarah nodded.

But what she couldn't tell her husband was that she enjoyed it rather more

with his best friend and the best man at their wedding.

And that in comparison Phil was very much Elvis Presley to David's Frank Sinatra.