Man vs Hair Removal Lotion

After having been told my danglies looked like an elderly Rastafarian, I decided to take the plunge and buy some some lotion hair remover. Previous shaving attempts had only been mildly successful and I nearly put my back out trying to reach the more difficult areas. I thought I would do this to surprise the wife on her birthday.

I waited until the better half was asleep and went to the bathroom to apply the lotion... and stood waiting for hope of some cold relief. something to happen. It didn't take long. At first there was a gentle warmth, which in a matter of seconds was replaced by an intense burning and a feeling I can only describe as similar to being given a barbed wire wedgie.

Though not a religious person, I was suddenly willing to convert to any religion to stop the violent burning all around my nether parts.

I tried to wash the cream off in the sink and only succeeded in clogging the drain with a mat of hair the size of a small poodle. Through a haze of tears, I struggled out of the bathroom across the hall to the kitchen. By this time walking was impossible, so I crawled the final yard to the fridge in the

I managed to yank the freezer door open and out fell a tub of ice cream and a bag of brussel sprouts. I tore open the lid of the ice cream and positioned it under me.

The relief was instant but only temporary. As it melted, the fiery stabbing pain ret-

urned with a vengeance. Due to the shape of the ice cream tub, I hadn't gotten any near the puckered up starfish bungie hole. As I leaned back in agony, my hand touched the bag of sprouts. I ripped the plastic bag open with my teeth and shoved a handful between my clenched cheeks.

I realized this was not going to do the trick, as some of the lotion had found its way up the chocolate channel and it felt like the space shuttle was running its engines behind me. This was probably the only time in my life I would wish for a gay snowman in my kitchen, if that gives you any idea of the depths to I was willing to sink, in order to ease the pain.

The only solution my paincrazed mind could come up with was to gently ease one of the sprouts where no vegetable had gone before.

MM 99 Bayside

• Maintenance • Tree Work

• Installations • Hardscape

Key Largo

Awoken by the grunts coming from the kitchen. the wife chose that moment to come and investigate... and was greeted by the sight of me, ass in the air, strawberry ice cream drippushing a sprout up my ass and sighing, "Ooooh that feels good."

Understandably this was a shock to her and she let direction. Having a strawtic surprise I had intended for her.

ping from my Johnson, while

out a scream. As I hadn't heard her come in, it caused an involuntary spasm of shock which resulted in the sprout being ejected at quite some speed in her berry-ice-cream-covered sprout farted 90 MPH across the room at your leg at midnight was not the roman-

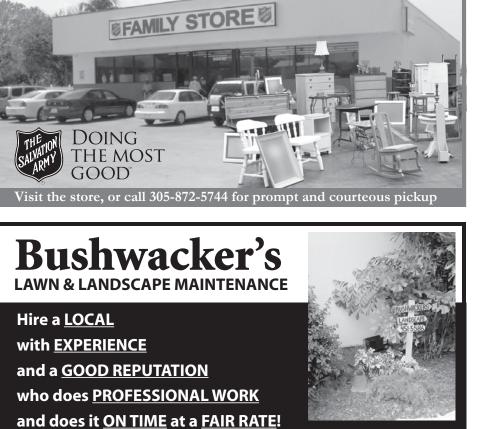
You can bet your ass I won't do that again!

SHOP DONATE

Key Largo to Lower Matecumbe

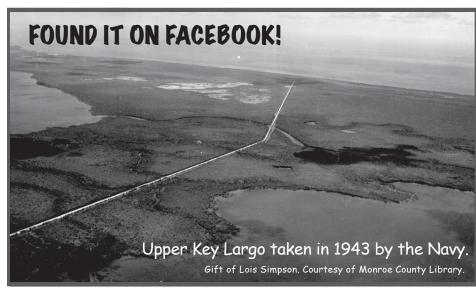
305-451-5586





Salvation Army Family Store







Let's Keep Islamorada Pristine and Unique

Vote Janet Wood

NOVEMBER 4, 2014

Find me on facebook at Janet Wood for Village Council

www.janetwoodforvillagecouncil.com janetwoodforvillagecouncil@gmail.com

305.395.0241

Educate

And

Eradicate

