Blind Man's Bluff

by BOSTONFICTIONWRITER©

I already had a dog; I just needed to buy one of those red and white collapsible

canes and a pair of dark glasses. Only, I needed to buy a pair of those totally

dark glasses that wrap around the sides of my eyes like the old people wear when

they have a cataract operation. The Ray Bans that Ray Charles wore and that

Stevie Wonder wears would not work because they could see my eyes peeking out

the sides and would immediate realize that I am not blind. I ordered the cane

and dark glasses on the Internet and had them rushed shipped for next day

delivery.

I put on the dark glasses and tried out the cane as soon as I got them.

Suddenly, I thought of the blind Master Poo in Kung Foo and thought about all

the things that pretending to be blind could do for me, such as, filing as blind

with the IRS at tax time. Boy that would save me big bucks. Now, I couldn't wait

to turn sixty-five-years old for another exemption, one for myself, one for

being blind, and one for being sixty-five, although, sixty-five was many years

away. Of course, I'd have to prove that I was blind, somehow.

Let's see, what else could I do when pretending to be blind? Oh, I know. I could

accidentally on purpose walk in to a woman's restroom instead of a men's

restroom. It would be great to try that at the public pool, walking in to the

women's dressing room instead of the men's dressing room because as soon as you

turn the corner, you are in the women's showers and all the lovelies are

standing there naked. Only, with my luck there will be a bunch of fat, old women

who would not cover their nakedness. Let me think, what else could I do when

pretending to be blind? I could strip naked in front of a woman pretending that

I did not know she was in the room with me. Also, being blind would get me in

line first at restaurants and movies, well, maybe not movies.

The only fly in the ointment was my dog, a twenty pound Rat Terrier and not the

typical 80 pound German Shepard or Retriever. Still, with a little patience and

lots of dog cookies, I could train Polo to pretend to be my blind guide dog. I

bought Cesar Millan's Dog Whisperer's video and his book and watched and read

that. I was ready to totally train my terrier, I hope.

I bought one of those dog harnesses at the pet store that the blind people strap

on their dogs to control them and for the dog to lead them. I had the hand

holder extended to arm's length because since my dog was a low rider compared to

the Shepard and Retrieve. I looked ridiculous pretending to be blind and leaning

down to hold the dog by a too low hand holder or holding the dog by a leash.

Those other dogs, the Shepherds and Retrievers, are twice as tall as my dog.

Yet, my Rat Terrier should suit my purpose.

I was ready to dress the part. I dressed in a pair of unmatched socks, one red

and the other blue and I wore green pants with a purple shirt. I figured if they

did not believe that I was blind, they would at least think me color blind.

I donned my dark glasses, harnessed up the dog, and grabbed my cane. Oh, yeah,

step aside and watch out for the blind man because here I come.

"Look out! Blind man walking. Look out! Blind man walking."

It was great to watch everyone move out of my way on the sidewalk. Once I

mastered the tap, tap, tap of the cane, I did not have to yell out, "Look out!

Blind man walking." I just whacked them with my cane if they did not move out of

my way fast enough. No one is going to hit a blind man, I hope.

I slowly made my way up the flight of stairs to the office where they were

conducting the interviews tap, tap, tapping my cane as I went while humming

Georgia On My Mind. A woman in front of me on the stairs somehow accidentally on

purpose entangled my cane under her short flared skirt. Honestly, I do not know

how that happened. I was so embarrassed for her. In trying to free my cane, I

raised her skirt up to the middle of her back and allowed the cane to slowly

slide between her legs. Oops.

"Hey," she screamed and turned in my direction. Too late, I had already had a

nice peek of her thong covered ass. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said when she saw that

I was blind. She held her skirt down with her hands and stepped aside to let me

ascend the rest of the stairs. As I was climbing the stairs I was thinking how

cool it would be to hide a small camera somewhere on my dog's back to record up

skirt videos.

Finally, when I reached the top, I asked someone for directions to room 224,

which was directly in front of me. I opened the door and stepped inside. Not

only was I the only sightless person applying for this job, I was the only man.

There were half dozen women waiting to be interviewed ahead of me.

"May I help you," said a bright and cheery pretty girl of about 22-years-old.

"Yes, I am here to apply for the position as Proctor."

"But," she said giving me an uncomfortable smile. I smiled, threw my head back,

and swayed side to side giving her my best Stevie Wonder impersonation. "The job

is for the woman's dormitory."

"Yes, I know that," I said smiling and swaying. "Why should that matter?"

"But," she said smiling again and lowering her voice almost to a whisper. "You

are a man."

"Are you discriminating against me because I am blind?"

"Oh, no, of course not, this school is an equal opportunity employer but—"

"Then, I do not understand why you will not give an interview to a sightless

person."

"I'll get my supervisor." She picked up the phone and punched in an extension

number. "Please have a seat. It will only take a moment."

I sat across from three women wearing short skirts who when they realized that I

was blind, obviously with my dark glasses, white cane, and somewhat of a guide

dog, they relaxed their postured, uncrossed their legs, and practically sat like

a guy would sit with their legs spread apart. One had an itch on her upper thigh

and she raised her skirt to scratch. I was in panty Heaven. I think that I am

going to like this job. I hope I get it.

"Yes, hi, I have a gentleman applying for the position," said the receptionist

talking to her supervisor, no doubt. "No, I cannot ask him to leave. Yes, of

course, I know that the position is for a women's dormitory but he said that we

are discriminating against him if we do not interview him." Even though, she

knew that, as a sightless person, I could not see her, she smiled in my

direction before muffling her voice. Still, I was blind or, at least pretending

to be blind, I was not deaf. "He's blind," she whispered in the receiver of the

phone.

It was then that I realized a strange thing happened. Suddenly, maybe because I

was wearing dark glasses indoors but my hearing seemed amplified. I wondered if

this is what happens to sightless people, one sense compensates more for the

loss of the other.

"Can someone direct me to the men's room please?"

A pretty woman in her mid to late twenties from across the way, got up from her

seat and came over to me.

"There is not a facility for men on this floor," she said.

"Take him to the ladies room," said another. "What does it matter? It isn't like

he can see anything."

"Well, you have a point there," said the woman escorting me.

She took my hand, placed it on her arm, and escorted me to the ladies room.

"Upon entering, a woman stood at the sink in her panties while holding her skirt

and blotting at a stain with a wet paper towel. The stain was on the front of

her panties, too. She must have spilled her coffee in her lap making her panties

practically transparent. I could see her dark, bushy pubic hair. She quickly

wrapped her skirt around herself.

"He needs to use the facilities," she whispered to the woman and waved a hand at

her. "It's okay, he's blind."

The woman at the sink removed her skirt again and continued working on the stain

as if I wasn't there. I pretended that I did not hear the conversation that she

had with the woman. I walked to the sink, unzipped myself, pulled out my cock,

and gave them my best Mr. Magoo impersonation, as I was about to pee.

"Sir, you are standing at a sink and not at a urinal. You are in the ladies

room." She took my arm and escorted me to the stall.

I turned and without zipping up followed her with my exposed penis dangling from

out of my pants. She did not think that I could see but I saw her staring at my

cock. The lady standing at the sink dropped her skirt, gasped, and stared at my

cock, too.

My escort left me to my own devices once I was seated inside the stall.

She waited for me outside of the ladies room to escort me back to the area where

they were conducting the interviews. She returned to her seat to await her turn

to be interview and I heard her whispering to the other two women who sat on

either side of her and they were giggling. She told them that I nearly peed in

the sink and was walking around with my cock outside of my pants. I heard her

say that I had a big cock.

Finally, the supervisor appeared and walked over to the three women.

"Would you mind if I interviewed this gentleman first?"

The woman smiled and looked at me. Then, all three women looked over at me and

smiled. Hello, I'm blind, I thought to myself. Why are you smiling at me? I

cannot see you smiling at me.

"Sure, of course not," said one woman.

"Certainly," said another woman.

"Go right ahead," said the third woman.

"Hi, I'm Grace," said the supervisor walking up to me and holding out her hand.

She was an attractive woman of about thirty wearing another short skirt.

I ignored her outstretched hand and spoke to her off center and to the left of

her voice.

"Hi, I'm Freddie," I said standing and smiling and unfolding my cane with a

flick of my wrist. Only, unfortunately, oops, again, I caught the front of her

skirt raising it as I allowed my cane to slowly run up between her legs.

She stepped back but that only allowed me to raise her skirt waist high,

nice...pink bikini panties. Oh, yeah, I really hope I get this job.

Polo growled.

"Easy boy, do not growl at the nice lady." I leaned down and patted where I

imagined his head was and patted air.

"I never saw that kind of guide dog," she said looking down at Polo. "He is a

little on the small side, isn't he? And I never heard a guide dog growl before."

"Well, I had to take whatever they gave me. This dog was free. I really wanted a

German Shepherd or a Retriever but because, unfortunately, I do not have health

insurance, yet, that is, until I find employment, this was all that I could get.

I'm sorry about the growling. He is still in training."

She put a hand by my arm and I took her arm making sure that my hand brushed the side of her tit and my forearm stayed in constant contact with her breast.

"Well, I would like to start off the interview by giving you a tour of the

facilities."

"Okay, that would be nice. I hope you do not mind if I count my steps, so as to

get my bearings, should I get the position."

"Of course, go right ahead."

I pretended to count.

"Does it interfere with your concentration if I talk as you count?"

"No, not at all, 33, 34, 35."

Around this corner are the girls' dormitories.

There were a dozen girls standing around in the hall by the showers. Only a

couple of the girls were fully dressed. Some were wearing towels, one was in

panty and bra, one was in panties and topless standing there drying her hair and

talking with another girl who was in a bra without panties, and another was

totally naked and talking on a cell phone.

Immediately, a couple of the girls gave out a scream and ran to their room. The

naked girl turned to look but stayed where she was as we approached remaining

obvious to us as she talked on her cell phone.

"It's okay, girls, he is blind and cannot see." Grace looked over at me and

suddenly pushed me away. "Well, I can see that this will never work."

"Pardon? What do you mean? Did my dog pee? Bad dog!"

"You said you were blind."

"I am, totally. See, I have the white cane, the dark glasses, and my guide dog."

"And you, Sir, have an erection. You cock is pitching a tent in your pants.

Security!"