

Geoff's Joke

A man is walking the strip in Vegas when a fantastic looking hooker catches his eye.

He strikes up a conversation and eventually asks, "How Much?"

The hooker replies, "I start at \$500 for a hand job."

The man says, "\$500 for a hand job? Holy crap, no hand job is worth that kind of money."

The hooker says, "You see that KFC on the corner?"

"Yes."

"Do you see the McDonald's in the next block?"

"Yes."

"And do you see the Wendy's across the street?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the hooker, smiling invitingly, "I own all those, and I own them because I give a hand job that's worth \$500."

So the guy says, "What the hell? You only live once. I'll give it a try."

They go to a nearby motel. A short time later, the guy is sitting on the bed realizing that he has just had the hand job of a lifetime, worth every bit of \$500.

He's so amazed, he says, "I suppose a blow job is \$1000."

The hooker says, "No, \$1500."

"I wouldn't pay that for a blow job!"

The hooker replies, "Step over to the window. Do you see those two casinos across the street? Well, I own those, and I own them because I give blow jobs that are worth every cent of \$1500."

The guy, still reeling from the terrific hand job, decides to put off

buying a new car for another year or so, and says,
"Sign me up."

Fifteen minutes later, he's sitting on the edge of the bed, more amazed than before. He can hardly believe it, but he feels he truly got his money's worth.

Deciding to go for broke, he asks, "So, how much for some pussy?"

The hooker says, "Come back over to the window. Do you see how the whole city of Las Vegas is laid out before us? All those casinos, with the beautiful lights, the gaming, the showgirls?"

Damn!" says the guy in awe. "You own the whole city?"

The hooker says, "No. But I would... If I had a pussy!"

Derek's Joke 1

FYI

**Went out last night for Halloween dressed
as a chicken**

Met a girl dressed as an egg.

A lifelong question was answered.

It was the chicken.....

Derek's Joke 2

Defence Attorney:

**You are a lady of advancing years, will you please
tell the court your age?**

Old Lady:

I am 94 years old.

Defence Attorney:

Will you tell us, in your own words, what happened the night of 31st October?

Old Lady:

**It was a fine evening and there I was, sitting on my rocker on my front porch,
When a young man comes creeping up on the porch
and sat down beside me.**

Defence Attorney:

Did you know him?

Old Lady:

No, but he sure was friendly.

Defence Attorney:

What happened after he sat down?

Old Lady:

He started to rub my thigh.

Defence Attorney:

Did you stop him?

Old Lady:

No, I didn't stop him.

Defence Attorney:

Why not?

Little Old Lady:

It felt good. Nobody had done that since my David died some 30 years ago.

Defence Attorney:

What happened next?

Old Lady:

He began to rub all over my body.

Defence Attorney:

Did you stop him then?

Old Lady:

No, I did not stop him.

Defence Attorney:

Why not?

Old Lady:

His rubbing made me feel all alive and excited. I haven't felt that good in years!

Defence Attorney:

What happened next?

Old Lady:

Well, by then, I was feeling so spicy' that I just laid down and told him 'Take me, young man. Take me now!'

Defence Attorney:

Did he take you?

Old Lady:

**Hell, no! He just yelled, 'Trick or treat !
And that's when I shot him.....the bastard.**