**Alice in Wonderland**

by Art Martin

*Times are tough, and a young wife and mother of two finds a job promising high pay to help her family through a rough spot…*

Alice glanced through the classified ads when she spotted one that was vague, yet held promise. “HELP WANTED, attractive lady, 25 to 35 yo. Flexible hours, top wages and a chance at management. Serious inquiries only.”

She circled the ad and continued to scan for a job, any job actually that would help pay the bills. About the only other jobs advertized were for either waitressing positions or “work at home” scams. As she read the ad that she had circled, she at first concluded that it was most likely one of the “work at home” scams, but if that was the case, then why specify “attractive lady, 25 to 35 yo”?

Glancing up at the clock, she noted that she would need to leave in about five minutes to pick up her kids at school. Setting the paper aside, she made her way out of the house.

Later that afternoon, with supper on the stove and the kids outside playing with friends, Randy, her husband, came home from work. Without hardlyspeaking to her, Randy went to the refrigerator, pulled out a can of cheap beer and flopped down at the kitchen table. Alice immediately noticed that he was in a foul mood. He always seemed to be in a foul mood lately and she knew why. Hours at the plant had been cut back and money was very tight. ‘At least you still have a job,’ she thought stirring dinner. ‘Thank God for that.’

Randy gulped down half of his beer and asked, “Did you find a job today?”

“I’m looking, but I haven’t…”

“God damn it! I didn’t tell you to look for a job, I told you to find a job. Any job! We’re getting down to the last of our savings. If anything happens… we’ll be in deep shit. You know that or are you too stupid to get it?”

Alice bristled at being called stupid, but she held her tongue. “Well, I did see an ad today.”

“Did you call about it?” her husband asked.

“No, I…”

“Damn it, Alice, call the damned number!”

“Okay, I will tomorrow.”

“No, you call it right now!”

“Do you want your supper first?”

“No! Call the number!”

Alice pulled the pot off the burner and set her spoon down. In a huff she grabbed the paper with the ad, and called the number. A man answered, “Wonderland Adult Arts.” Alice was taken aback and started to hang up, but one glance at her husband glaring at her she reconsidered.

“Uh, I’m calling about the Help Wanted ad.”

“You good looking?”

“Uh, yes, I think so.”

“Over eighteen?”

“Your ad said 25 to 35.”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

“Can I ask what kind of job this is?”

“Well, I just lost my assistant and I can’t work from 10AM to midnight six days a week. I need someone to help mind the store from 10 AM to 3 PM.”

“How much does it pay?”

“Last girl averaged $25 per hour in wages and commissions.”

“Twenty five dollars!” Alice was expecting something minimum wage at around nine dollars an hour.

“You interested in interviewing?”

“Yes! When?”

“Tomorrow at eleven?”

“Yes, I’ll be there.”

Alice scribbled down the address and hung up the phone. Turning to her husband she said, “They’re paying $25 per hour part time! From 10 till 3! What do you think?”

“I think you better go talk to them,” Randy beamed. Seeing her husband smiling for once made Alice very happy, but when he asked, “What kind of job is it? What company?”

“It’s a store of some sort,” she answered leaving out the suspicious name of the outfit.

\*\*\*\*\*

After dropping off the kids, Alice put on makeup and dressed as nicely as possible. Looking at herself in the mirror, she took pride in her appearance. Her dark hair looked perfect and her makeup set off her pretty face. The low cut blouse showed just enough cleavage to be interesting to a man, but not so much as to be provocative. The tight skirt clung to her curves, curves she had maintained despite having two kids.

At ten to eleven, she pulled into the parking lot of the address she had been given the night before. A rather generic sign in red letters proclaimed, “Wonderland Adult Arts”. Other signs made it perfectly clear what this business was… movies, books, magazines, lingerie, toys, XXX.

“What on earth was I thinking?” she asked herself. “I knew what this was last night. No way am I going inside.”

But rather than driving away, she thought of what she would have to tell Randy that night, and thought of what his likely reaction would be. “I can’t just say I didn’t even go in. Oh, don’t be such a baby!” By golly, they needed the money and she needed to do her part to support her family. Determined to make the best of it, she slid out from the car and bravely entered the porn shop.

At the sound of the ding from the door bell, Joe looked up from the nasty mag he was perusing. ‘Hello, hello,’ he said to himself seeing the shapely young woman who had just walked in.

As Alice stepped into the porn shop, she couldn’t help but feel uneasy about it. It was, after all, a sleezy place and not the sort of place the 27 year old mother of two would ever willingly enter. But she had entered… to help her family. She tried her best to ignore the merchandise and to ignore the porn video playing silently on a large flat screen TV hung high on one wall; instead she focused on finding the owner or manager of the store, who she presumed to be standing behind the counter, a brawny man, hairy with short cropped balding hair, in his forties wearing a red wife beater shirt. Standing before the muscular man, she couldn’t help but noticed that his eyes were brazenly roving up and down her body.

“Umm, I called about the Help Wanted Ad,” she said in a near whisper.

Joe looked up from her cleavage not believing his good luck. She wasn’t just attractive, by his standards she was gorgeous. “You’re hired!”

“Uh, well…”

“My name is Joe. I own this shop. And you are?”

“Alice. Alice Smith,” she answered.

“Are you married, Alice?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Kids?”

“Two.”

“Perfect. When can you start?”

“Can you tell me a little more about this job?”

“Yeah, sure,” he replied lifting his eyes once again from her cleavage. “Like I said, I need someone to do what I’m doing right now,” he explained closing the rather graphic magazine on the counter, “from ten in the morning until three o’clock in the afternoon. Monday through Saturday.”

“Six days a week?”

“City won’t let me open on Sundays,” Joe explained. “Basically, you ring up sales. Base pay is nine dollars an hour plus you get a cut from whatever you sell.” Picking up a realistically rendered big rubber dildo he waved it at her and added, “Plus you get a discount on all merchandise.”

“Uh, I thought you said $25 an hour.”

“Yeah, with the commissions, an attractive lady like yourself should be able to make at least $25 per hour, maybe more… a lot more.”

“Well, I…”

“When can you start, doll?” Joe asked.

“I, uh, I guess right now.”

“Excellent! Why don’t you come around the counter and fill out the application and a W2 Form?” Alice did just that and with the paperwork completed he showed her the sign-in sheet and instructed her on how to fill it out. He then quickly typed in her information into his computer and assigned her an employee number.

“You ever worked a cash register?” he asked her.

“Yes, before I was married.”

“Okay, I have two cash registers. One is for cash sales only, and the other is for all other sales, checks, credit cards and debit cards. It helps me keep my books straight by doing it this way. Now, it’s important to check a photo ID with any non-cash transaction just to be sure we’re not being scammed. Before you ring up a sale, you need to press the number 21… that’s so you’ll get credit for the sale. If you don’t press the number 21, you won’t get a cut of the sale, and I’m not going back to retroactively fix it if you forget. When you ring up a sale, the taxes are automatically computed. Scan checks through this gizmo, and swipe the credit and debit cards on this gizmo. Any questions?”

“No, that seems simple enough.”

She heard the ding of the door bell announcing a customer. Joe kept a wary eye on the man as he had a low opinion of shop lifters. “See that guy? Keep an eye on him, but don’t make it obvious. I have enough security cameras in plain sight that he probably won’t try to steal something, but you never know.”

After a few minutes the man selected a video and brought to the counter. “Have at it, doll,” said Joe pressing her forward with a hand on her butt. “This is your first sale.”

Alice was downright anxious and couldn’t look the man in the eye. Instead she froze, staring down at the video cover titled, "Anal Highway" and featuring a naked woman having her ass fucked. ‘I can’t do this,’ she thought to herself. When Joe put his big hand on her shoulder she nearly screamed.

“Relax, doll. Just scan the bar code and take the man’s money.” She picked up the optical scanner and did what she was supposed to do.

“Cash or credit,” Joe asked the customer.

“Credit,” came the terse reply.

“Check his ID and run his card,” Joe instructed.

Alice looked at the photo and the name on the driver’s license and forced herself to look up into the man’s face. He, however, wasn’t looking at her face. Instantly she regretted wearing such a low cut blouse, but she couldn’t do anything about that now. It seemed like forever for her to complete the transaction as she was ogled by both her boss and the customer, but by and by the ordeal ended when the customer exited the store.

Alice felt relieved, but that was short lived as another customer entered the store. Soon thereafter several men were milling about, browsing the wares, but not making any purchases.

“It’s important that you act friendly and give the customers a big smile,” mentored her boss.

“I’ll try,” she whimpered.

“Do more than just try, honey. This is a business. Be nice to the customers.”

As more men came into the store, Alice realized that it was almost noon and correctly guessed that the men were on their lunch break. When a rather provocatively dressed woman walked in, Alice was somewhat shocked, but what shocked her more was that she seemed to flirting with the customers. Joe went to the woman and they chatted for a moment, then the woman disappeared through a door. Almost immediately, there was crowd at the counter with money in hand.

The guy first in line shoved $20.00 towards her. “What’s this for?” she asked genuinely clueless.

She felt relieved when Joe suddenly appeared from behind her and asked, “For the show?”

“Yeah,” replied the man rather impatiently.

“Toots,” Joe addressed her, “You ring up the shows as Code B, twenty bucks. Hand the man his ticket.” She took the red generic ticket from her boss and handed it to the man. As soon as he cleared the counter, another man was shoving a twenty at her for the show. There were so many men, so anxious to buy a ticket to the show, that Alice didn’t have time to find out what show they were all talking about.

After fifteen hectic minutes, the crowd around the counter thinned out and Alice noticed that the men were all disappearing behind the same door that the woman had entered.

A well dressed man came up to the counter. “Good afternoon, sir,” she managed. “Can I help you?” Alice felt the man’s roving eyes undressing her and devouring her.

“Oh, yes, baby, you could help me for sure,” he replied with a knowing grin. His meaning wasn’t lost on Alice and she blushed. “I need some condoms,” he added pointing to the display behind her.

Alice looked and saw the wall of condoms, seemingly hundreds of varieties. “Uh, which ones?”

“Pick out something for me that you would enjoy,” he replied with a lecherous grin.

Feeling faint, she tried to study the display. The only thing she knew about condoms was that she and her husband used them before they had gotten married. Randy had always bought them and as far as she knew, a condom was a condom. Selecting a package of three at random, she turned and placed it on the counter.

The man picked up the package of Super Studs, studied it for a moment and then holding it up for her to see commented, “So, this is what you like? I’ll have to remember that.” It was only then that she saw the big knobs that studded the condom on the label. He laid out some cash and also ordered a ticket for the show.

A late comer rushed to the counter and slapped down his twenty. Alice didn’t even ask, she just rung it up as Code B and handed him a ticket. He turned and rushed through the doors where everyone else had gone.

Soon it was just her in the store, even Joe had disappeared. After the rush for the show, it was eerily quiet in the store, allowing Alice a chance to survey the offerings without recoiling. Soon however, Joe emerged from the mysterious door and rejoined her behind the counter.

“Okay, Toots, the rush is over. Now, if you’re going to work here, you need to very familiar with our product lines. You can’t sell something if you don’t know what it is or how it works… you can ring up a sale, but can’t make a sale. You get my drift?” Joe reached under the counter and produced a flesh colored cylinder. “This is called a pocket pussy,” he explained fingering the faux vaginal lips of the device. “We have several models, but this one is my personal favorite. Want me to demonstrate?”

Alice, quick on the uptake, blurted, “No! No, that’s okay. I get it.”

“Very well. To use it…“

I understand how it’s used,” the flustered new hire said.

“I’m sure you do, honey, but what I was going to say is that a guy needs to lubricate it and lubricate his cock before using it.” Reaching under the counter he pulled out a tube of KY Jelly. “KY is just fine, but you can get it practically anywhere. Instead you need to recommend ‘Slip N’ Slide’. Very slippery stuff,” he added holding up a bottle of clear liquid. “Tastes like pre-cum too. Want to try?”

“No! I’ll take your word for it,” said the scandalized wife and mother of two.

“No, you won’t just take my word for it,” rejoined Joe emphatically. “When a lady comes in, you need to be able to tell her from experience. This is much better tasting than the pure glycol stuff, natural tasting, if you know what I mean.”

“I’ll take your word for it.”

Joe ignored her and squeezed out a few drops onto his index finger. “Open wide,” he said as he put his finger to her lips. “I said, open wide.” Alice would later wonder why she did as he told her. “See, it tastes just like hubby’s leaking cock.”

Pulling his finger from between her lips, Joe rushed off to the toy section of the store, returning with an arm load of Pocket Pussies in a variety of styles and colors. Laying them on the counter he told her, “In just a few minutes, those guys are going to be streaming out that door and heading back to work. What I want you to do is call out, ‘Pocket Pussies! Pocket Pussies! Ten percent off today only! Pocket Pussies. Come get your own Pocket Pussy.’ Can you do that?”

“No,” she said in very small voice.

“Honey, this is a sex store. We sell sex stuff. Pocket Pussies are sex stuff. Now you either make a sale when they file out of there or I’m going to have to reconsider hiring you. Be successful… make a sale. Oh, and by the way, be sure and tell them to rinse it out after use.”

Mortified, Alice stared at the closed door.

Then grasping her by the shoulders, Joe turned her to face him. To her shock, he unbuttoned the top button of her blouse.

“What do you think you’re doing?” she demanded.

“Helping you make a sale. Now be still.” Alice didn’t know what to do, so she passively allowed him to unbutton two more buttons until her tits were practically hanging out. Suddenly the door burst open and men, smiling men began pouring through it. Joe spun her around and she felt him nudge her in the back. Trying to find her voice, she squeaked, “Pocket Pussies.”

“Louder,” ordered her boss.

“Pocket Pussies.”

“I said louder, cunt.”

“Pocket Pussies! Pocket Pussies!” she nearly shouted. “Ten percent off Pocket Pussies!” To her surprise a couple of guys peeled off and approached the counter.

“Wha’cha selling, baby?” asked one of the men his eyes clearly fixed on her nearly exposed breasts.

Cringing inside she replied, “Pocket Pussies. They’re on sale.”

Picking up a clear wrapped package, the other man asked, “How does this work?”

Fighting back the tears, Alice did her best to explain how to use a Pocket Pussy to the delight of the two men who insisted on playing dumb and asking for clarifications. Yet when the ordeal was over, she had rung up two sales.

With the store once again vacant for the moment, Joe praised his new hire. “See, that wasn’t so hard. I’m proud of you, honey.”

Alice heard the praise, but she felt so numb that it didn’t register other than the realization that she hadn’t lost her job.

Another man wandered in and browsed the videos for five minutes before selecting one. Joe leaned into her and whispered, “Make a pitch to him for a Pocket Pussy… full price. Be sure and smile and look him in the eye.” Alice closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Harking back to something she learned in high school, she visualized making the pitch and making the sale.

The man placed the raunchy video on the counter and looked up into her sparkling green eyes, then down to her half opened blouse. “Good afternoon, sir,” she purred. “May I interest you in a Pocket Pussy today? It gives a very realistic feeling,” she said as she displayed Joe’s counter sample.

“How would you know what it feels like?” the man asked.

“I, I, I…” stammered Alice, her confidence destroyed in an instant.

The man looked over at her boss and asked, “New girl, Joe?”

“Yeah, she just started today.”

“Very nice. Very nice indeed.” Turning back to the defeated woman on the verge of sobbing, he lifted her head by the chin and repeated, “Very nice. I don’t want or need a Pocket Pussy, sweetheart. I like my pussy in the flesh. But for being such a delightful creature, I’ll buy one anyway.”

Regaining her composure somewhat, Alice ran up the sale of the video and a Pocket Pussy. Joe leaned in and whispered, “You forgot to ask him if he needed any Slip N’Slide.”

Bravely she asked and he replied, “In fact I will need some of that tonight.” Fingering the package containing the Pocket Pussy he added, “But not for this. This I’ll keep and give away as a gift.”

With the man carrying his package out the store, Joe told her, “I knew you had it in you, baby. Way to go!”

“Who was that? He seems to know you.”

“He’s just a customer. Always pays cash.”

For the next twenty minutes or so, it was dreadfully slow. While Alice waited for something to happen, Joe returned to scanning the graphic sex magazine. With the magazine open and laid out flat on the counter, standing at her post she couldn’t help but see the salacious content.

“Man-o-man, this whore has some tits,” Joe uttered while pushing the magazine in front of his new hire. “I’ll bet you have a rack just as fine,” he added before pulling the magazine back in front of him. Alice’s face flushed red and she felt her ears burning.

Then the mysterious door opened. The woman who had gone inside before the show looked haggard and wrung out. She was followed by the man who Alice had sold the package of Super Studs. The man left without saying a word. The woman, however, approached the counter and spoke to Joe in a low voice. Joe nodded and opened the cash drawer. Alice watched as Joe peeled off a stack of twenties. Then the woman in turn, peeled off a smaller amount and handed it to Joe. Stuffing her cash in her bra, she left the store.

“Uh, Joe… what kind of show was it?”

“At lunch? Just a strip show.”

“How much did you pay her?”

“Half the ticket sales, about two hundred bucks.”

“Then why did she turn around and pay you?”

“She owed me some money?”

“And those two. They were in there long after everyone else left.”

“Yeah? So what?”

“So what were they doing?”

Joe looked up from his magazine and replied, “I really don’t know… Fucking? What do you think?”

“You have prostitutes?”

“Who said anything about prostitutes?”

“Oh, my gawd! She is a prostitute!”

“Maybe, maybe not. It’s really none of my business and it’s certainly none of yours,” he answered tersely. “What two adults do together on their own time is their business and their business alone.”

Around two thirty, a rather seedy looking guy came in with a four day old beard and unkempt grey hair. To Alice he looked like a dumpster-diving homeless guy, but to her surprise, he worked there. “Alice, this is Ernie. Ernie works during the late afternoon and evenings until closing.” Licking his lips, Ernie looked Alice over, but didn’t say too much.

“Alice,” Joe said after the introductions, “now that everyone is gone, I need you to go in the theater and straighten the place up. There’ll be another show at seven tonight and I can’t have a mess in there.”

Expecting the worse, Alice entered the small dark theater with a plastic trash bag in hand. Up front was a stage with a large bean bag chair placed in the center. Facing the stage, several tiers of comfortable looking seats climbed to the back wall, affording all a good view of the onstage performance. Other than that, there was only a scattering of trash among the seats. Carefully picking up the first crumpled Kleenex by the fingertips, she cringed while speculating on what the colorless sticky goo was.

Upon leaving the theater, she thrust the partially filled plastic bag out towards Joe and declared, “I’m not being paid to clean up this kind of mess!”

"You sold the tickets and you’ll get your cut. It’s up to everyone to do their part to pull off a successful show, one that those guys will tell their friends about and even come back themselves. It’s all part of the deal, baby.”

“Where do you get off calling me, baby, or honey or Toots?”

“Okay, how about slut? Or cunt? Or would you rather me use your real name around here. Maybe put it on the bathroom wall with your phone number!”

Realizing that she really didn’t want anyone around here to know her real name, she sheepishly replied, I’m sorry. I didn’t think of it that way.”

“Well, you had better think about your privacy around here. Some of the guys who come in here are gonna want to know who you are and where you live, if you get my drift.”

“I understand, Joe. I really do appreciate it that you haven’t used my real name.”

“So what shall we call you? Slut? Cunt?... don’t look so shocked. This is sex shop. Look around you. It’s fantasy sex… we sell fantasy sex, and that includes you. So don’t take it as a personal insult if I or anyone else calls you a cunt or a bitch or worse. Okay? Now, how about April? You like that name?”

“April? Yes, I do,” Alice replied.

“April… conjures up freshness, springtime and the breeding season.”

“Joe! You’re awful!”

“And you’re one gorgeous cunt.”

As three o’clock approached a man entered the store. He was tall and rather grubby looking with a salt-and-pepper beard. He didn’t have the dumpster-diver look as had Erine earlier, but he was carelessly dressed and equally careless in his grooming. As he approached the counter, she cheerfully smiled and asked if she could help him. He looked at her, but didn’t respond in any way other than step behind the counter with her.

“Sir, you can’t come back here,” she told him.

“And why not?”

“No customers are allowed behind the counter.”

“You must be the new cunt,” he told her.

“Sir! You can’t…”

“Relax, Honeypot. I work here too. Billy’s the name. I work late afternoons and nights. And your name?”

“Uh, Alice.”

“You got a nice pair of tits, Alice,” he brazenly declared while his eyes appraised her. “Nice ass too,” he added with a gap-toothed grin.

To Alice’s relief, Joe reappeared from the back. “Ah, I see you two have met. Alice, this is Billy, my night assistant. Billy, this cunt’s Alice. She just started today and shows lots of promise.”

Turning to Alice Joe said, “It’s almost three o’clock. You need to pick up your kids?”

“Yes.”

“Take out the trash on your way out. Dumpster’s in the back, so watch out for Ernie. See you tomorrow, baby.”

With the store empty and knowing that business would be slow until 5 PM, Joe took out his Pocket Pussy and lubed it up real good. Visualizing a nude Alice at his disposal, Joe slid his cock into it, seemingly ignoring Billy’s presence. “Oh, fuck yeah, baby. What a nice tight pussy. Hubby a little too small? You like a big dick, you slut? Beg for it, cunt!” He paused, looked over at his night assistant and the two men shared a knowing laugh.

\*\*\*\*\*

What with homework to do and super to fix, Alice didn’t have much time to reflect on her first day at work before Randy came in from work. Still, what she did reflect upon was how sleazy the store was and that it just wasn’t the job for her.

“How was your day, Alice?” he asked her before grabbing a beer. For Alice, that was a very pleasant change from his recent foul demeanor. “Do you see about that job?”

“Yes, and we need to talk about it. I’m not really sure if I should…”

“For Christ’s sakes!” he exploded. “Did they offer you a job?”

“Yes, but…”

“Did you accept the job? Don’t you even think about telling me, no,” he said with a hostile glare.

“I, umm, I got the job, Randy.”

“Really? That’s great news, honey! When do you start?”

“I, uh, started today. They hired me on the spot.”

“Well, if that don’t beat all. Look, after supper, I need to go talk to this guy. I have a line on a night job. Doesn’t pay much, but we need every nickel we can get.”

With Randy now seeking a second job, a low paying job at that, there was no way that Alice could quit her job, no matter how distasteful the job, the setting and people she had to deal with. It was after all a legal business and she steeled herself to do what she had to do… for her family.

\*\*\*\*\*

Next morning, after dropping the kids off at school, Alice dressed for work. It was a little early, but if Joe didn’t mind, maybe she could get in an extra hour. The parking lot was quite empty, except for a bronze pickup truck that she had seen yesterday. ‘That must be Joe’s,’ she thought. It was a quarter to 10 when she pulled on the front door and found it locked. Looking through the glass door, she didn’t see anyone inside. She beat on the door to no effect. Looking back at the parked truck she realized that maybe it wasn’t Joe’s truck after all.

At the sound of the door unlocking, she turned back and saw Joe, dressed in only a pair of plaid boxer shorts. Letting her inside he asked, “Shit, what time is it?”

“Almost ten.”

“Fuck! I over slept,” he said locking the door behind him. He turned back to face her. For a long minute he stood rubbing his head, the fly of his boxers open with his long soft cock hanging out.

Alice was speechless as she stared at the big male organ on display. Joe, feigning ignorance, watched with one eye the reaction of his new employee. When she looked up and saw him watching her, he looked down. “Oh, sorry about that!” he said pushing his dick back inside his shorts. “I’m still half asleep.”

With his cock tucked away Joe asked, “What the fuck are you doing here so early?”

Ignoring the foul language, Alice replied that she wanted to get an early start. “Where, up in my bedroom?” he quipped with a grin.

“No! I just need the money, so I thought I’d come in early. I thought you opened at ten.”

“Ten, ten thirty, really don’t make a flying shit of a difference. First customers don’t come in until around eleven, but hell, if you want to hang out with me in the mornings, I ain’t gonna tell you, no, sweetheart.

“Now I need some coffee in the worst way. You do make coffee, don’t you?”

“Of course I make coffee,” Alice replied. “But I didn’t see a coffee pot yesterday.”

“I got one upstairs in my apartment. Wanna see it?”

“Some other time,” she rejoined.

“And I’ve got another one in back where the customers can’t see it. Otherwise the bastards will just help themselves to it. Fuck, they want a cup of coffee? McDonald’s is just down the street. I ain’t a god damned café.”

“You want me to make you a pot?” Alice asked knowing the answer.

“Yeah, that’d be nice, doll, real nice. I’ll show you where it is.”

In the back, among boxes of pornographic material, he showed her the coffee pot and where he kept his supplies. “I guess I’d better go get dressed. Care to join me in the shower?”

“No, you can dress yourself.”

“But I have such a hard time with snaps, buttons and zippers.”

“I’m sure you’ll manage,” she said while deftly moving out of arms reach of him.

“No harm in asking,” he said with a mischievous grin. Then he turned and ascended a flight of stairs to his apartment above his store.

With the coffee brewing, Alice went out into the store. Finding the sign in sheet, she wrote down 10 AM for her start time for the day. With nothing much to do other than wait, she had a moment to think about how different Joe was from Randy. Both were rather demanding she thought and both towered over her five foot five inches, but that was where the similarities ended. Randy was tall and somewhat thin. Joe was likewise tall, but massively built. He wasn’t exactly fat. She now knew that first hand, just beefy with a slight paunch typical of men his age. It surprised her that she found him somewhat attractive in a primitive sort of way. She also thought that he looked good with his hair very short, whereas Randy kept his oily hair too long. Then there was Joe’s demeanor, the playful naughty boy whereas Randy seemed to have changed from the man she had married. She knew that Randy was having a hard time of it, his pride wounded as he was unable to support his family and it had taken a toll on him. But then there was another difference, a difference she had just realized this morning. She had never considered her husband to be small cocked, but seeing Joe’s sizable cock this morning, by accident or design, she knew that there was a major difference between the two.

Her reverie was disturbed by Joe loudly proclaiming, “You make damned good coffee, woman! Hell, I think I’ll keep you.” Looking up she saw the big man dressed much as he was yesterday, khaki shorts, comfortable running shoes and a loose fitting red wife beater shirt. He was definitely dressed business casual… very casual.

Sipping his coffee, he appraised his employee’s dress. Nothing really to complain about, she would be a looker even if she was dressed in a potato sack like Sophia Loren in Spartacus. Still… Setting his coffee down, he stepped up to her and boldly began unbuttoning her blouse. “I told you yesterday that you needed to show a little skin to generate sales and keep the customers happy.” He was expecting a pushback, but she let him do it for the first two buttons.

Not wanting to push it too soon, Joe stepped back and regarded his work. “Nice. Very nice,” he appraised. “But a plain white bra just won’t do. Wait here.”

He hurried over to the naughty lingerie section and came back with a revealing black lace bra. “I am guessing a 38 C,” he announced.

“That’s right,” she said, “but I really can’t wear…”

“You mean you can’t afford it. Here, it’s a gift. Now let me help you out of that granny bra.”

“I can do it myself,” she replied as she snatched the see-through bra from his hand. “I’ll be right back.”

He followed her into the back to the restroom, but stopped her before she opened the door. “Uh, some clown left a big mess in there last night. I need to clean it up. Here, come with me.” He led into another section in back of the store and directed her to a door. Ever since he started the daily strip shows, he really had no use for this room other than as a dressing room, but occasionally it did come in very handy and today was one such occasion.

As she shut the door behind her, Joe slipped off his shoes and slipped into an adjacent observation room. He had to be absolutely quiet, as the room was designed for the observer to be able to speak to and thus direct the slut in the “dressing” room to do what he wished her to do. Standing before the full length one-way mirror he watched as Alice first removed her blouse and then her bra.

‘Magnificent,’ Joe said to himself as he studied the splendor of her 38C breasts standing proud with hardly any sag on her petite frame. An image burned into his brain of her dark tan quarter size aureoles and the thick nipples that capped them.

Donning the lacy black demi bra, Alice groaned in distress as the half cups left her nipples completely exposed. Joe’s reaction was quite the opposite. She tugged at it to try and cover her nips, but to no avail. After trying for over a minute, she gave up and put back on her blouse. For Joe, all too soon the show was over. Quickly he snuck away, gathered his shoes and went back into the store. In a minute or so, she came out from the back, her blouse unbuttoned as he wanted, displaying not only her cleavage, but a goodly portion of her superb boobs.

‘Should I go for another button,’ he thought while ogling her. ‘Patience. Patience. Don’t fuck this up.’

“Damn, you’re one sexy cunt,” he blurted. The sour look let him know that he had gone far enough.

Deflecting any blowback he brightly asked, “Well, what say you that we open for business?”

Alice watched as he strode to the front door and unlocked it. Then returning to the counter, he worked with some equipment under the counter. He explained that the equipment controlled the movie showing on the TV which at the moment was showing some horse hung guy buggering a well endowed skank. Alice shuddered at the vulgar image of the woman’s asshole as it gapped open in display for a moment before being filled with man’s huge organ again.

While things were still slow, Joe took her to the Toy section and explained what all beads, rings, straps, paddles, etc. were used for. When he got to the display of vibrators he went into some detail of the features, advantages and disadvantages of the various models for sale. “I’ve got a few of these under the counter, you know, display models. I want you to try them out later today and see which ones tickle your fancy the most.”

Alice began to say something, but he cut her short. “This is for business. You need to know how these things perform, sweetie. End of discussion. You can use the room you changed in earlier, but do it after the noon rush.”

The ding of the doorbell alerted them to a customer. “Okay, cunt, you’re on.”

“I really wish you wouldn’t call me that,” she huffed.

“I told already told you. It’s nothing personal. In this store you are a cunt, so get used to it. Now get your fine ass behind the counter, watch him and be nice.”

Still bristling somewhat, Alice marched off to the counter. A few minutes later Joe joined her. She ignored him as best she could, but she felt his looming presence behind her. After a few silent moments, she felt him press up against her. Leaning into her, he whispered into her ear, “Cunt. It’s just a word.”

“It’s not a very nice word,” she spat.

“What’s not nice about it?” Breathing in deeply he added, “Hmmm, you smell delicious. How can any word applied to a hot assed cunt like you not be nice?”

As he pressed into her harder she pleaded, “Joe, please. I’m married.”

“I know, honey. Married cunts are the best. They’re not likely to want to move in after a toss or three.”

The customer approached the counter and Joe backed away, letting Alice complete the sale. To Alice’s relief, after the customer left, Joe busied himself with other matters and let her be. Soon it was approaching noon and the store began to fill up with men for the lunchtime show.

A young woman, about Alice’s age came into the store. Unlike the “entertainer” yesterday, she didn’t mingle or flirt with the customers, rather she went straightaway to the counter to have a hushed conversation with Joe. Alice was fairly certain of why the woman was there, but what struck her as odd was her appearance. Unlike the woman yesterday who looked whorish the moment she arrived, this lady looked to be… a lady dressed in conservative clothes and easy on the makeup, as if she were going to a PTA meeting or meeting her friends for a tea room luncheon.

Ending her conversation with Joe, the woman disappeared through the theater doors. As soon as the door closed, there was a rush of men to the counter to buy a ticket for the show. The flurry of activity lasted for ten, fifteen minutes, then it was suddenly quiet again as the last man went inside the theater. Alice turned to Joe and asked, “Why is it such a big rush all of a sudden? Why don’t they just buy their tickets when they come in?”

“I don’t sell any tickets until after I’m sure there’s a cunt ready and available to put on a show. The girls are more like free lance, I set up a time and maybe they show or maybe they won’t. I used to let’em just come in, but if two or more ladies want to perform at the same time there’s almost always a fight, so I keep it to one at a time.”

“But why the wait?”

“It’s easier if I don’t have to give out refunds. Guys… once they pay for something, they expect something. It just keeps the peace and the hot heads cool.”

“That woman… who is she?”

“I don’t give out real names, not yours, not theirs.”

“I don’t mean that, Joe. I mean, she looks like a soccer mom.”

Joe laughed. “She is a soccer mom, sweetie. Just like you, only she needs the cash more than you do. Either that or she gets a kick out of taking off all her clothes for a bunch of strangers.”

“Which is it for her?”

“Ginny? Both I guess. At first she needed the dough. Now she needs the kicks and the dough.”

“Does she just take off her clothes?”

“Yeah, she takes off her clothes… and she masturbates for the guys.”

“You’re kidding!”

“No… she gets extra tips for that. Most likely she’ll make close to $300 in a half hour.”

“Three hundred dollars!”

“Not bad for just letting a bunch of guys see you.”

“Do the guys touch?”

“Only if they make arrangements to touch. The guy yesterday, he made arrangements to do more than just touch after the show.”

Alice fell silent, mulling over what Joe had told her about the show. Her thoughts were interrupted when she felt Joe pressing into from behind again. ‘Oh, shit,’ she said to herself. ‘Is he going to get fresh again. Oh, my god, he is!’

Joe noticed that she didn’t immediately try to pull away or thwart his advance. When she did try to get away, he told her, “Be still.” Alice froze. She felt him press into her more and touch her hair. “There, got the little bugger,” he declared. Pulling away, he showed her a small bug that he had crushed between his fingers. “Completely harmless, but I don’t want you screaming over a little critter like this.”

Alice thought he was full of bullshit, but he did have a crashed bug of some sort on his finger.

“Hey, they’ll be coming out in a few minutes,” Joe told her. “Better get yourself a handful of Pocket Pussies and lube to sell.”

Like the day before, the men began streaming out of the theater. Alice immediately began hawking the Pocket Pussies she had laid out on the counter. Today a small crowd gathered to see her demonstrate the Pocket Pussy with a realistic dildo. At first she was embarrassed by doing the demonstration, but then she realized that the men had gathered mainly to see the amount of black bra encased tits that she was showing. Still, she managed to sell a few.

With the lunch hour over, the Wonderland Adult Arts store was empty of customers once again. Alice looked about and realized that she was alone, even Joe had disappeared. By and by, Joe and the lady who had performed came out. Alice watched as Joe paid her a couple hundred bucks. Not bad for thirty minutes or so. Then the woman left.

The remainder of the day was rather mundane, except for Joe rubbing up against her “by accident” and every time he got close, she could smell it on him… pussy. After only two days in Wonderland, Alice was jaded enough not to be too shocked.

\*\*\*\*\*

For the rest of the week, every day was pretty much the same. Joe would make her wear something revealing and at the noontime show, he would have her hawk something to the men after the show, like a lotion to make a man’s dick bigger (just rub it in), a ring that fit against the base of man’s cock with small vibrator for his partner’s clit, and a set of anal trainers. Alice thought she was doing pretty good on her sales and was looking for a nice paycheck to take home. But when she was paid Friday afternoon, she was disappointed. She had only made $14 an hour, a far cry from the $25 per hour she had been expecting. Three hundred fifty dollars less FICA taxes wasn’t much to show for her efforts. On the way home she rationalized that she was only working five hours a day, so maybe she hadn’t done so bad after all. If it weren’t for the commissions she would have made only $9 per hour.

With the kids fed, she waited for Randy to come home. It wasn’t uncommon for him to come in late on Fridays as he often got together with the boys for beer or three at the end of the week, but with money so tight lately…

When he did show up, much later than usual and rather inebriated, she gave him her pay for the week. He looked at the check and then back up at his wife. “Three hundred twenty three dollars and seventy five cents? Are you fucking kidding me! Three hundred bucks! You should have made six hundred bucks!” He turned away and bemoaned, “Oh, my god. What am I gonna do? Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” He turned back to his wife and yelled, “You gotta make more than that, god damn it! A lot more!”

At first Alice was taken aback at his outburst, then she realized that something was wrong, seriously wrong. “Randy! What on earth is the matter with you? What have you done?”

Sheepishly he answered, “I, I… I know this bookie and…”

“You didn’t!”

“I’m behind and need to pay him.” Holding up her paycheck he said, “This isn’t enough, but maybe it will buy us some time.”

“Buy us some time? How much do you owe him?”

“About a thousand altogether. I need to at least pay him half by the end of the weekend.”

“A thousand dollars! What if you can’t?”

Choosing not to quibble over the amount he needed by Sunday, Randy answered, “That’s not an option.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Saturday morning, Alice was in a quandary as to how she could make enough money to keep Randy from being sent to the hospital Sunday night. “Two hundred dollars will do it, Joe,” she explained to her boss.

“Lending money isn’t what I do. Ain’t nothing but problems.”

“But I need the money… by tomorrow.”

“Well, maybe I can help you out of your jam, if you help me out a my jam.”

“How’s that?”

“The cunt for the noon time show? Her boyfriend called just before you came in. Said she was in jail for something or the other.”

“You want me to… No way, Joe! No, way!” she blurted. To Joe she looked like she was ready to pop a cork.

“Okay, okay,” he replied holding up his hands to ward off any blows that might be headed his way. “I’ll just call one of the other cunts. It’s no big fucking deal, one of you sluts will want the work and will be glad to get it. As for you… I’ll give you 25 dollars cash, right now for a blow job. Where you get the other 175 dollars is your problem. ”

Alice’s jaw dropped. Unable to form words, she just stared at her boss. It wasn’t the crude language he used, but the salacious suggestion. She realized then that she wasn’t going to get the money to save her husband, not that he didn’t deserve having the crap kicked out of him.

Joe saw the tears forming. Above all else, he hated a crying woman. In an attempt to mollify her, he upped the offer to thirty five bucks. It didn’t work. A plaintive wail filled the store, luckily there weren’t any customers yet.

As much as he hated a crying jag, Joe was quick to pick up on an opportunity. Joe put his arms around her as if he was seeking to comfort her. Instead, he pressed into her, rubbing his chest into her generous tits while his hands s groped her ass.

“Stop!” she protested while twisting away from his embrace.

Like every other time this past week when he had tried to feel her up, she resisted and he let her escape. Despite her protestations, Joe had figured she would eventually come around like all the other cunts. But despite all the not so subtle suggestions and all the humiliations she had dealt with this past week, she still put on a brave face. So why hadn’t she been scared off by now? Then something occurred to him. ‘The money,’ he concluded. ‘Is it really just the money? Why else would a classy broad like Alice put up with everything if she really didn’t need the money?’

“Okay, Alice. Tell me what the problem is.”

“I don’t like you…”

“You don’t like me?”

“That’s not what I mean. I like you, Joe. I really do, but I’m a married and have two children.”

“Yeah, I know that. That’s what I like about you. A hot assed MILF. So what’s the desperate need for money? I just paid your ass yesterday.”

“It wasn’t enough.”

“What do mean it wasn’t enough? Fourteen, fifteen dollars an hour? I’d say I was rather generous with you.”

“I was expecting more, but that’s not the problem.”

“Then what the fuck is your problem?”

“It’s my husband. He owes money to a bookie and…”

“Whoa! Let me tell you, honey, you don’t want to mess around with those bastards. I know a guy who got behind… wound up in the hospital for a week. Naturally he couldn’t work and when he couldn’t pay the bookie the next week, they cut the tip of his dick off. Ruined him for life! Then they grabbed his wife and took her down to this run down whorehouse where she worked off his debt pulling a choo-choo with a bunch of Mexicans. From what I hear, nearly a hundred guys did her that night.”

The deer in the headlights look told him that he was getting through to her. “Look, you do the noon show and if you collect an extra hundred dollars in tips, I’ll throw in an extra fifty bucks. Hell, you can make $350 easily.”

Alice sniffled and wiped the tears from her eyes, streaking her mascara in the process. What choice did she have? Joe was offering her an opportunity to save Randy. She knew how much the girls made doing the thirty minute show, and that would do the trick, but taking all her clothes off and dancing naked for a bunch of lecherous men? How could she ever do that?

“Look, I gotta make a phone call,” Joe said impatiently. “Do you want to do the show, or should I call someone?”

Alice steeled herself. In a very small voice, she whispered, “I don’t want to do it, but… I will.”

Joe wanted to shout, ‘YES!’ but he restrained his urge. “Come again. I couldn’t hear ya.”

“I said, I’ll do it!” she spat.

“You’re gonna get naked and show off your tits and pussy?”

Cringing at the thought she replied, “Yes.”

“You ain’t gonna chicken out on me, will ya?”

“No. I promise, but I… I don’t know how I can do it.”

“Easy. You just dance around taking all your clothes off. Then if you want to make some serious tips, you play with yourself.”

“Come again?” she asked.

“You know, play with your tits and play with your pussy. Guys love that sort of thing.”

“I, I don’t think I can do that.”

“Nonsense. Just squeeze those big tits and pinch your nipples to keep them erect. Then you slide a hand between your legs… best to sit down, lie back on the bean bag and open up while you finger yourself.” Picking up a realistic dildo from under the counter he added, “Use this too… they’ll love it!”

Alice felt a little faint. “Oh, gawd! I can’t do that,” she moaned.

“Nervous are you? Look I can help you out with that.” Joe placed the dildo on the countertop and then he pulled out a small metal box. He opened it and removed a single blue and pink capsule. Offering it to her he said, “A lot of girls need a little help at first. You know, something to help them relax.”

“I’m not taking any drugs!” the desperate mother of two declared.

“It’s not addictive if you just take it once every so often. It’ll just help you relax. You’ve got to act like a real whore out there, Alice. This will help you loosen up. This will help you earn the money you need.”

\*\*\*\*\*

The customers began wandering in and gathering. As they lingered, they all studied the pretty brunette and wondered if she would be doing the show. A few had seen her earlier in the week, selling Pocket Pussies and other toys, but for most, she was fresh and new. To a man, they all wanted to see her naked, see her tits and see her diddle herself.

The minutes ticked off and as it grew later and later, the butterflies became increasingly unbearable for Alice. It didn’t help that Billy, the night assistant, was there giving her his usual lecherous look, and like Joe, casually groping her ass whenever he had a chance.. She shuddered at the thought of Billy watching her upcoming performance. ‘Gawd, is he going to watch me too?’ Then she took comfort in the thought that someone would have to mind the store, and if anyone was going to watch her, it would be Joe and not Billy.

Soon the place was crowded with men out running Saturday errands, on their way to play golf, or going fishing, or whatever excuse they had come up with to make the Saturday noon show at Wonderland Adult Arts without arousing suspicions with their wives or girlfriends. As no alcohol was served, the shows at Wonderland could be as raunchy as the slutty performers permitted and Wonderland had reputation for the ultimate in solo performances… no phony stuff, but real live solo sex.

At twenty to twelve, Alice broke down and accepted the pill Joe had offered her. At a quarter to twelve, she bravely waved to guys and disappeared behind the theater doors. Immediately Joe and Billy were mobbed with customers eager to be the first to buy a ticket and get the best seats.

Alice gathered her wits and her courage in the small room with the one-way mirror. With hands shaking, she touched up her makeup and wondered if could do this. ‘You have to do it!’ she told herself over and over. ‘You have to do it to save Randy and the kids.’

Suddenly she felt relaxed and began critically appraising her outfit. She wasn’t dressed particularly sexily, just the clothes she had worn to work this morning, a plain black skirt, white blouse (half unbuttoned as per Joe’s demand), white high heel sandals, plain white bra and thong panties to minimize panty lines. ‘You should have worn something else,’ she scolded herself. ‘But then again, I won’t be wearing any of it for long.’

Joe stuck his head into the changing room, startling Alice in the process. “You’re on, Alice,” he said. “Are you ready?”

The pill didn’t make her giddy or anything, but she did feel relaxed. “Sure, Joe. I’m ready… I guess.”

“Good!” Holding out the dildo he’d shown her earlier he said, “Now, be a good girl and use this.”

Even impaired by the drug, she wasn’t about to stick that thing up her twat. “I don’t think so, Joe. I’d die of embarrassment.”

“You won’t die and once you get started, you won’t be embarrassed, but have it your way. Now, buck it up, Toots, get out there, get naked and show some tits and pussy. And remember, touch yourself and hide nothing.

“Now, I’m going out to announce you. When the music starts, you come out and be the total slut. That’s what these guys are paying you for.”

Joe disappeared and a few moments later she heard his voice over the PA system. “Gentlemen, I have a special treat for you today. She’s 27, the mother of two and needs to earn some money to help her husband out of a jam. She’s never done anything like this before, so be generous and she might do it again. Now, without further ado, I present April, a hot assed MILF for your entertainment.”

The mike went dead. Alice heard the music begin. Joe entered the dressing room and gruffly told her, “Get your ass out there, slut and strip!” If the sternness of Joe’s voice didn’t immediately move her, the sharp slap to her ass did. Suddenly she was bathed in light. Dimly she could see a sea of anonymous male faces, some wearing glasses, but none actually recognizable.

“STRIP! STRIP! STRIP! STRIP!” the voices canted in unison along with a coordinated stomping of feet.

Alice turned away and was ready to bolt, but there was Joe in the wings, slapping a wooden paddle in his big hand. Instinctively she knew that it would be far worse to back out now than to do what she had agreed to do. Her hips began to sway to the music, and tuning out the audience like Joe had instructed her to do, she began to dance. The stomping feet ended and the chant to “Strip!” faded away. She glanced back at Joe in the wings and saw him smiling at her, giving her a thumbs up, the menacing paddle now hanging down in his hand. She saw that Joe was pleased and strangely… that pleased her too. But she wasn’t here to dance for Joe, she was here to dance for the customers and suddenly she wanted to please them. She had seen a movie or two where a woman was stripping and she tried to mimic what she had seen. Slowly she unbuttoned the blouse until it hung open, then she twirled about so that it flared out giving her audience a glimpse of her bra.

“TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!” came a few shouts. Turning her back to the men, she eased the white blouse off her shoulders and allowed it to float to the floor. She spun back around and playfully kicked the discarded blouse off the stage, basking in the wolfish whistles of approval.

For a few moments she pranced about in her white bra and black skirt, circling the big beanbag chair that occupied center stage, but the audience quickly grew impatient with that. “TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!” they began to chant. Once again turning her back to the audience, she deftly unhooked her bra, then turning back to the spectators, she held it tightly to her breasts as she strutted on stage.

“TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!” The moment of truth was upon her. She let her hands down and with it came her bra. “OH, YEAH, BABY! GREAT TITS, BABY!” and other appreciative remarks were shouted to her, making her feel… alive…beautiful… appreciated… wanted. It was thrilling to hear the men praising her naked tits. How many years has been since Randy had even looked at her, really looked at her and lusted for her?

She quickly realized that causing her generous tits to shake was a big hit. It wasn’t that she was top heavy, but her small 5’ 6” frame seemed to enhance her 38C beauties, making them appear to be larger than they actually were. She flashed a big smile and her green eyes sparkled as she held her hands behind her long dark hair and wantonly exhibited her jiggling tits.

She was now getting into it and it wasn’t long before the skirt was on the floor and launched offstage to join her blouse and bra. The wolf whistles and cat calls continued, filling her with a singular exhilaration as she showed off her fine taut ass. This was fun, more fun than anything she’d ever done before, especially since she had begun having babies.

“LET’S SEE SOME PUSSY!” someone shouted. Soon a chant began of, “PUSSY! PUSSY! PUSSY!” and along with it they began to shower her with wadded up bills. She couldn’t tell if they were ones, fives, tens or twenties, but once the flow of dollars ebbed, she instinctively knew how to quickly get it flowing once again.

Down went the thong, a little at a time and sure enough, the wadded up bills began to rain down on the stage once again. Soon she was slipping it over her white high heeled sandals and off. She was about to discard it with a flick of her foot, but she saw a guy near the stage offering her two twenties for her panties. A moment later, she was forty dollars richer.

Now as she danced in just her shoes, she became concerned that she didn’t shave. She shouldn’t have worried. The guys came to see a woman, not a girl and the whistling confirmed their approval of her neatly trimmed dark bush.

She danced for a while, showing her goods, but the customers weren’t satisfied. “PLAY WITH YOURSELF!” someone shouted to a roar of approval. Alice glanced back at Joe standing in the wings. He gestured to her by feeling himself up, tits and crotch. The instructions were plain enough. She began mauling her tits. The hoots and the hollers, along with the wads of airborne cash, let her know that she was doing good.

Playing with her naked tits and now distended nipples was one thing, but playing with her pussy? Even Randy had never seen her play with her pussy before and she thought she should stop before going too far. But suddenly Joe was on stage with her.

“Lie down, open your legs and finger fuck yourself,” he instructed while helping himself to handful of bare tit. After going this far, she knew she couldn’t refuse, so she sank into the malleable beanbag chair. Once she was down, Alice decided that she didn’t have to finger herself, or at least not right away, so she began to writhe and squirm seductively in a prone come-fuck-me dance that met with universal approval.

But Joe knew his customers and what they had paid to see… a sexy woman masturbating and bringing herself off. He also suspected that Alice was going to hold back. Suddenly she felt the big man grip her and position her. “Open your fucking legs, slut,” he growled.

Alice complied with the order and displayed her most private parts to the room full of strangers. Then to her surprise he grabbed both wrists and drew her hands back behind her head. She felt the cold steel of the hand cuffs on her wrists, and before she realized what was happening, he had secured the cuffs to a chain that was hidden under the beanbag.

In a blink of an eye, Joe moved around the naked woman, and reached under the beanbag. Suddenly her right ankle was cuffed with a Velcro strap that was in turn chained to floor underneath the beanbag chair. She was so shocked at what was happening that she hardly struggled when he grasped her left ankle and pulled her open.

 ‘Oh, my gawd! I’m going to be raped, in public!’ “Joe, no! No! Don’t rape me. Please, I’m married!”

“I ain’t gonna rape you,” he hissed as he pulled his shirt over his head. “I might wind up fucking you, but I ain’t gonna rape you. Now just relax, slut and enjoy.”

Once again he rooted around under the beanbag and came up with a vibrator. Deftly he loosened his shorts and let them fall to ground. As he went about commando, he was stark naked and sported a massive erection. Money rained down upon the stage and the two naked actors. Straddling her head so as to not block anyone’s view, he played with her tits for a moment while his nut sack settled upon her forehead. Then with a showman’s flare, he put the tip of the vibrator to her clit.

Alice’s head nearly exploded. She didn’t hear the roaring crowd who were getting everything that they had paid for and then some. She was only vaguely aware of the hefty nut sack playing across her face. Indeed, the only thing she was really aware of was the electric feeling coming from her cunt and the fact that everyone was watching what Joe was doing to her. Helpless to prevent Joe from doing anything to her that he wanted, she felt a tantalizing joy as she surrendered completely.

The room filled with her cry of exhalation as the intense orgasm seized her. Restrained as she was, she could only jerk about in place as her pussy contacted violently and every nerve in body shorted out. Little did she know that the awestruck customers were going crazy as streams of clear liquid shot from her spasmodic pussy for several feet. Then suddenly the vibrating stopped, but her clit continued to buzz. The music had stopped too and stage lights had dimmed while the theater lights went up. She was only vaguely aware that her hands and feet were once again free and only vaguely aware of the thunderous applause. Then she was lifted up. Joe had her in his strong hairy arms, that she knew, and she felt safe and secure as he carried her back stage and to the dressing room.

Joe laid the married young mother of two on the padded bench that he had previously pulled away from the wall. Spreading her legs wide, he spread her still pulsating pussy lips apart, lowered his head and slowly licked up her sopping trench. Alice’s hands reached down and grasped his head. Finding a rather large head with short cropped hair rather than the long hair of her husband was something of a surprise. Looking down she could plainly see it wasn’t Randy eating her out, but Joe, the man who had just given her the thrill of her life.

She’d never know why she said it, but she did. “Fuck me, Joe. Fuck me.”

It was music to Joe’s ears. He stood and adjusted her position, his cock swollen, hard and ready. He reached down and picked up a foil packet. “I believe these are your favorite,” he declared as he held up a package of Super Studs condoms. She didn’t know what he was talking about until he rolled the studded condom over his large cock.

Her eyes grew wide at the sight of what was to come. Not only did Joe have a much larger cock in both length and girth than her husband, it was covered with a black condom sprouting numerous spikes that appeared absolutely medieval. He poured on a generous amount of Slip-N-Slide lube and moved into position on top of her, taking a moment to pause and nibble and suck at each brown nipple.

As the fat tip of his cock touched her pussy, Alice realized that a man who wasn’t her husband was going to fuck her, and by all appearances it wouldn’t be a gentle fucking either. She started to protest, to say no and try to stop this before it was too late, but as the bulbous head of her boss’ cock spread her labia around it, it was too late. Instead of crying “No!” she instead cried out, “Ohhhhhhhhhh!” as her pussy was forced to accept the thick studded invader. With Joe buried to hilt in her cunt, she tried with no success to dislodge him with her feet… but to be so thoroughly filled felt so good. Her legs went slack, signaling her surrender.

\*\*\*\*\*

Back in the store, Billy watched the action on the HD TV mounted on the wall. Playing a control board stashed behind the counter, he made a few adjustments to the remote cameras in the dressing room capturing the salacious deed for posterity. A few customers stood about and watched too, not realizing it was live feed they were seeing and not just another fuck video, except that it was four frames at once. As Alice’s cry drifted from the back, no one could be sure if it wasn’t just the recorded audio… no one that is except Billy. He zoomed in one of the four cameras for a close up of Joe’s prickly cock sawing in and out, her pussy lips moving in and out with his cock despite being tightly stretched around the large caliber organ. He played with one of the cameras and zoomed in on the big man mercilessly fucking the petite woman whose tits danced in sync with the impact of his groin slamming into her at full penetration. The third frame caught the action from behind with her legs flopping about and spread around the big man’s body as his hairy buttocks drove his cock into her. The fourth frame focused upon her pretty face twisted into a mask of sheer lust or perhaps agony… it was impossible to tell which.

Even though the effects were evident enough, what couldn’t be seen on the big screen TV was what the soft spikes on the condom were doing to her clit as they moved across it, relentlessly stimulating it and sending Alice into an intense orgasm that went on and on and on, with no let up. Nor could they see the battering that was taking place inside her as the fat head of his cock repeatedly slammed into her cervix adding a dosage of pain to her howling ecstasy.

Alice completely lost track of time as the rough fucking went on and on, but all good things must come to an end and no man can fuck forever without eventually spilling his seed. Joe pulled out of her battered pussy, ripped the French tickler from his cock and unloaded on her tits and tummy, the action deftly caught by Billy when he zoomed out the frame of one camera.

\*\*\*\*\*

Covered in sweat and spermy sauce, Alice continued to buzz even though the fucking had stopped. With her mind in an endorphin induced haze, she felt Joe pick her up, flip her over and place her on the padded bench on her hands and knees. She was so exhausted that she couldn’t support herself with her hands, so her head slumped to the bench while her fine ass was presented. She was going to be fucked again, but she made no effort to protect herself or prevent it, nor did she wish to prevent it. She wanted to be filled again with a demanding cock, filled and fucked like she’d never been fucked before. Unaware that Joe was getting dressed, she waited to be taken again. Moments passed and she waited, still buzzing from the terrific fucking given to her by her boss.

As Joe stepped out onto the store floor, Billy made his way into the back. As the two men passed, Joe gave Billy a packet of Super Studs. “She really likes these,” Joe said to his long time employee. “And she does like it rough.”

Stepping behind the counter he checked the nearest HD TV. The four frames showed Alice from different perspectives, waiting naked with her sumptuous ass hiked in the air.

“Say, wasn’t that you on the TV?” a bug eyed customer asked. “Shit! That was live!”

“Yes, it was,” replied Joe. On the monitor he saw Billy enter the dressing room and begin to disrobe. Pointing to the wall mounted TV he asked, “You wanna watch him fuck her? Up close? Room has a one-way mirror, you’ll be this close to her face as she’s fucked.”

“Holy, shit! Yeah, I wanna watch!”

“Fifty bucks,” Joe stated.

“Fifty? Okay, yeah, sure. Fifty. You take Visa?”

Once the purchase had been made, word spread like wildfire through the store that a live fuck show was about to begin. Joe quickly sold out, ringing up a quick two hundred fifty bucks and then escorted the five men to the small observation room, leaving several men disappointed. “Just watch on the video screen,” Joe told the three men who wanted to watch too. “There’ll be another show in about twenty, thirty minutes.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Alice thought she heard voices nearby, but dismissed them as general store traffic. Billy with his cock jacked to an erection waited for the green light to go on, Joe’s signal to proceed. He opened the foil packet and rolled the spiked black rubber over his dick. Alice distinctively heard someone say, “Jesus, he’s going to fuck her with that?” She made a move to look around and see where the voice had come from, but she was grabbed by a handful of hair and her head was lifted. The pull was relentless and lifted her off the bench.

In self defense she pushed herself up with her hands, lest her lush brunette hair be pulled out by the roots. But that wasn’t enough, he kept pulling until her neck was hyper extended and her back arched. “Nice tits,” she distinctly heard a voice say. Slowly it dawned upon her that she was being watched and the thought mortified her, but not as much as who she saw in the mirror behind her, the grubby looking, flecked with grey bearded Billy with his gap toothed grin.

“I’ve been looking forward to this since I first laid eyes upon you, cunt,” he hissed. Then she felt him enter her, the rubber studs raking across her pussy flesh and sending a thunderous jolt throughout her nervous system. He wasn’t as big as Joe, and for that she was thankful as her stretched cuntal canal easily accepted him, but to her smoldering pussy, it could have been a donkey’s dick.

“Now smile for boys on the other side of the mirror, slut. They paid good money to see you get fucked and cum on my dick. So, let’s put on a good show for them.”

After his initial foray into her pussy, Billy pulled out completely. Breathless, Alice was looking straight at the mirror when a voice came from behind the mirror. “Fuck her! Fuck that slut!” Billy re-entered her and the little room filled with the sound of her moaning as her pleasure began to build. Within a half a dozen strokes, her clit erupted and once again she was launched into never ending series of peaks of pleasure, each seemingly more intense than the last.

Billy, despite looking like some homeless guy was a consummate cocksman like Joe was. He knew how to get a woman going from a dead start, but this was far from a dead start. Still, he fucked her with skill to give her as much pleasure as humanly possible, and to that end, he drove the head of his cock into her g-spot on each and every stroke. Her pussy had been squeezing his dick as he fucked her, but soon he felt her pussy muscles contacting violently as the vaginal orgasms took hold of her body.

Furiously she pushed her ass back into him to get as much hard cock into her as she could. From the side view cameras, her ass was practically a blur.

\*\*\*\*\*

Out in the store, the patrons who now included a few women watched the live action. No one thought the howling shrieks of the female in a sexual frenzy were recorded.

Joe had already sold out the next two live shows, but he wasn’t confident that either he or Billy would have the stamina to do a third show. There would plenty of volunteers who would pay good money to do the honors. By Joe’s reckoning, he was going to pull in maybe as much as two grand, maybe more, before she went home to her kids and hubby later that evening.

\*\*\*\*\*

Billy paused with her impaled upon his sheathed cock. He pushed her forward and then straddling the bench, sat back down and pulled her upright in his lap. “Now fuck me you whore,” he hissed into ear. “Show everyone what total slut you really are.” With her feet now touching the floor, he lifted her by the ass and sat her back down. It took her few times for her to catch on, but once she did, she used his cock like a pogo stick, freeing his hands to maul her tits for the entertainment of the men behind the mirror.

Crazed with fuck lust, Alice bounced on Billy’s prick with abandon. She’d never been fucked like this before. Billy wasn’t all that much bigger than her husband, Randy was, but Randy lacked the stamina and expertise of both Billy and Joe. Indeed, the only way Randy ever fucked her was in a Missionary and he was always quick about it. Until today, fucking had been a marital obligation for Alice and not a source of consummate pleasure… today it was all totally exhilarating.

Billy pushed her off and ripped the French tickler from his cock. Grabbing her by the hair once again, he pulled her face to his prick and unloaded. Thick gouts of spattered across her face, across her nose and across her lips until she was a dripping mess.

Billy released her and told Alice to stay put. ‘Stay put,’ Alice thought, ‘I can hardly move.’ Through the endorphin induced fog she watched as Billy dressed and left the dressing room.

Emerging from the back room with the five spectators in tow, Billy was greeted with a round of applause. A few customers even slipped him a tip for his performance. As good as the earnest praise was, Billy knew that business had to be taken care of, and with Joe leading the next set of five men to the special back room, he took over for his boss and best friend.

Upon entering the dressing room, Joe handed Alice a bottle of cold water and with a wash cloth, cleaned up her face. “You’re doing great, baby,” he told her. “You’re making a ton of cash today. Thanks to you, we’re having the best day in months. You fuck like this for your husband?”

“No, I never…”

“Well, that’s his loss. You really seem to dig this shit, don’t you?

"Now, listen up, Toots, we have a new set of paying customers behind the mirror, so let’s not disappoint them.” To Joe’s surprise, she weakly smiled and nodded her agreement.

Joe kicked off his sneakers, peeled off his wife-beater shirt and dropped his shorts. Even soft his organ was an impressive size. It’s hard to say who was most awed by his manhood, Alice, who had seen it several times and had felt it in her, or the guys behind the mirror. Stepping up to her, he helped her to her feet, moved the bench out of the way and then ordered her to kneel, giving the spectators behind the one-way mirror (as well as two cameras) an unobstructed side view.

Randy enjoyed a blowjob as much as any other guy, so she knew what was expected. Grasping the soft heavy tube of man meat, she kissed the big fat head, gaining a new appreciation of Joe’s impressive endowment verses that of her husband’s smaller cock. As the spongy organ began to swell, she had increasing difficulty getting her mouth around it. Forget taking it all, just the head and not much more, was all she could handle.

Wallowing in the depravity of what she was doing, Alice lovingly laved the big cock head that had so recently punished her cervix while stroking and caressing the large bull balls hanging loosely in their sack. She had never before imagined that being a wanton slut could be so much fun, but now she knew and she relished it. That is until Joe forced his cock into the back of her throat, causing her to gag. She spit the thing out only to have it shoved to back again, again, each time she gagged. With eyes watering up, foamy spittle leaked from her mouth to hang in long strands from her chin. She gasped and then gagged, causing tears to flow from her eyes, streaking her mascara.

Just as Alice thought that things couldn’t get worse, Joe stopped pulling back after banging into the back of her throat and instead held his dick in place, plugging the maw of her throat and cutting off her air. It was quite obvious how deep his dick was in her mouth and as she beat her hands ineffectually against his thick hairy thighs, it was obvious that she was under some duress. Just as she thought that she might choke to death, the cock was withdrawn, allowing her a moment to gulp air before he shoved his big stiffening cock into the back of her throat again.

It was a great relief to have him pull his cock from her mouth. Little did she know that he pulled out before his salami was too hard, as he had plans, plans for his cock and her mouth. Moving her aside, he moved the padded bench back in place, with one end near the mirror. He directed and helped her lie on her back with her feet on either side of the narrow bench with her pussy exposed to men behind the mirror. He made a few adjustments with her head hanging off the other end of the bench.

“Play with your slutty pussy for the boys, cunt,” he told her. While she diddled herself for the amusement of others, Joe stood at her head, leaned over and took both nipples into his big hands. He tugged and pulled at her nips, but not so hard as to bruise them. Then lowering his dick to her lips, he ordered her to open wide. Supporting her head with his hands, he aligned her throat with her mouth. To the astonishment of the spectators, his entire cock to the root disappeared into her mouth, its presence in her throat evidenced by the bulge in her throat. The bulge moved up her neck as he withdrew to give her a chance to breathe. She had a breath of fresh air, then the bulge moved back down her neck.

Alice too was astonished at how much easier this was to do, than what he had been doing before.

With her in the correct position, it was easy to support her head and neck with one hand, freeing the other to maul her tits while she continued to frig herself to an orgasm. For several minutes, Joe throat fucked her. He saw the blush of her breasts and knew that she close to a climax.

The men certainly enjoyed the sight of the woman bucking and her pussy contracting, but Joe knew she could do more, or at least he was determined that she would do more. Abandoning her tit, he reached down and displaced her dancing fingers. Shoving three large fingers into her cunt, he palpated her pussy with a rapid motion. The bucking increased and she tore his dick out her mouth as she screamed. Then it tore into her. Joe barely had time to pull his hand away as she began squirting, the clear liquid ejaculate splattering onto the mirror to the astonishment of the five men watching.

He wanted to fuck her again, this time bare back, but he knew he had to pace himself for maximum profits. So he left her sprawled out on the bench, drenched in sweat and spittle, her pussy lips lewdly opening and closing.

Joe dressed and ushered the five men from the viewing room. Billy then gathered up the next five and led the group to the viewing room. Alice, still buzzing from sexual overload, was only vaguely aware that someone had entered the dressing room. Like Joe before, Billy offered her a bottle of cold water, which she greedily gulped to sooth the burning in her throat, then he wiped her down with a damp wash rag. He ordered her to kneel and then he undressed. She knew she was going to have to suck him and that was fine with her. After Joe’s heavy weapon, Billy’s cock would be a piece of cake that she could accommodate with ease, just as she could easily accommodate her husband’s prick on a Saturday night.

Kneeling before Billy as he grinned down at her, she first noticed how different Billy’s cock appeared compared to Randy’s or Joe’s cock. Both Randy and Joe had been circumcised, but other than significant differences in size and a distinct curve to Randy’s dick, the two cocks were more or less similar in appearance, both having a pleasing flare to the head and a more or less constant thickness of the shaft. Billy’s cock on the other hand wasn’t circumcised, but there were other significant differences as well. The head was long and pointed, almost arrow-like with little flare, and the stalk increased thickness from the head to the base. She really didn’t have much time to compare and contrast as Billy grabbed her head and more or less forced his semi-erect dick into her mouth. To Alice’s surprise, other than the demanding entry, he let her do what she wanted, so long as it made for a good show and brought him to a full erection.

Once he was ready, he slipped his cock from her mouth and handed her a condom to roll onto his ready dick. To Alice’s relief it was a smooth condom and not a French tickler. She resigned herself to being fucked again and rolled the latex sheath over the sex spike. Helping her to her feet, he put her on the bench on her hands and knees facing the mirror and paying spectators. With her inhibitions lowered, she was actually eager for another vigorous dicking and seductively wagged her ass in a not too subtle invitation to fornicate. Ready for the strange looking dick to slide into her cuntalcanal, she was startled when instead, Bill began fingering her asshole.

Her head snapped around and she began to protest the filthy anal play, but Billy silenced her with a stinging slap to her ass. Immediately thereafter she felt the arrow-like head of his cock press against her brown star.

Noooooo!” she cried out, but it did her no good as the slender tool slid inside her, her asshole stretched wider the deeper it penetrated her rectum. Billy wasn’t much on subtlety and banged away at her virgin ass without regard to the wishes of the woman he was fucking. Fortunately for Alice, the shape of the cock driving in and out of her asshole made entry easy on the both of them and other than a mild discomfort at first, it wasn’t painful at all. Indeed to Alice’s surprise, it felt pretty damned good. It was still nasty as hell, but as her pleasure began to build, the nastiness of the act was of little consequence to the 27 year old mother of two.

He abruptly stopped with his dick up her ass, grabbed her hair and asked her, “You ever been fucked in the ass before, slut?”

She shook her head and replied, “No.”

“Do you like being fucked in the ass?”

“Oh, god help me, but yesssss. Yes! I do. I do.”

“Good girl,” Billy praised and resumed his anal assault with vigor.

\*\*\*\*\*

Joe was pleased to see how well she took to anal sex, after all a good whore should take it in all holes without making a fuss. He was especially pleased at how well she was doing for the Saturday show. His only regret was that the city wouldn’t permit him to use the main theater for this part of the show. However, with cameras and video taping he was, in the eyes of the law, merely making a movie with consenting adults. And with the mirror partition, there was no physical contact between the paying spectators and the “actors”, so that was perfectly legal too. The only problem was that he didn’t have a written release from Alice, but he was confident that before the day was over, that little detail would be resolved one way or another.

The bigger matter was a bit trickier. There was only so many times he and Billy could get it up and that that limited the profitably big time. Alice or any other whore could be fucked for hours, or until his patrons had lost interest. What he needed was some additional “actors” and looking out over the counter to customers watching the big screen TV, he confidently felt that he had a ready pool of potential “actors”. Problem was, he was loathe to offer up one of his whores for free, but if he required the “actor” to pay a sum for the privilege of ravishing a whore, then according to his attorney, it would considered prostitution and he would be in legal jeopardy. However, he had an idea last week that just might do the trick, and the more he thought about, the more he liked the idea… more importantly, his lawyer liked it too. He would simply have an aspiring “actor” pay him an agency fee. Then he in turn would pay the “actor” to perform. The expenses of $1 to perform for the cameras out of a $200 agency fee, left Joe with a hefty $199 profit. It was an elegant solution to a thorny problem.

He gathered the next five paying spectators and made his pitch. A hefty guy of mixed origins was quick on the uptake and jumped at the opportunity. The paper work was done in the proscribed order and that was that. Then Joe sold another ticket for the next show to replace the spectator who had suddenly become the next performer. There was of course a risk that the performer couldn’t perform, but with the cash in hand and no refunds, that was an acceptable risk.

Monitoring the action, Joe saw that Billy was finished with her for the moment. The one last bit of business before he led the group of six men to the “dressing” room complex was Joe’s requirement that the new “actor” provide his own condom, which Joe was happy to sell him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Alice was alone once again in the dressing room, with not only sore jaws and a sore pussy, but her ass was somewhat sore by now too. As long as Billy’s dick massaged her pooper, all was well. It was only after he stopped sodomizing her that she felt any discomfort. She figured Joe would be in soon to do her again and that thought brought a little smile to her face. Would he fuck her pussy or would he fuck her ass? A pussy fucking would be good fun, but she shuddered to think what his large caliber organ would do to her poor asshole.

The sound of the men gathering behind the one-way mirror broke her reverie. She had never been one to be lackadaisical or slovenly in anything she ever did… that coupled with the fact that her embarrassment had been left somewhere out on the stage of the theater some time ago and replaced with an strange new exaltation of strange men watching her and lusting for her body. She decided to give the guys an extra treat. She rose up and sat back on her heels, still facing the mirrors, then slowly she began caressing her tits, knowing that the men would love it. She caught a glimpse of movement in the mirror. She was expecting Joe, but other than his large build he didn’t look like Joe. It took her moment or two to realize it wasn’t Joe, in fact it was a man she’d never seen before in her life and the look of him sent a shiver down her spine. She wasn’t particularly prejudiced, or at least she didn’t consider herself to be, but as he stripped off his shirt, two things became very apparent… first, whoever this guy was, he was going fuck her just like Joe and Billy had fucked her and second, whatever his heritage, he wasn’t a white guy. He sort of looked Asian, but he was too dark. He lacked any African facial features and looked rather like a Neanderthal topped with curly “Grecian” hair. With the shirt off, she noticed he was over-muscled and more or less hairless, covered with tattoos from the neck down. But when he dropped his drawers a dark snake on the rise hung between his hairless legs.

“Oh, my gawd,” she gasped as the situation came into focus, “who are you?”

“Joe just hired me to do you.”

“He hired you?”

“Yeah, I’m now an actor just like you,” he said as he rolled on the extra-large ribbed condom. “Did he pay you a dollar too?”

“A dollar?”

“Yeah, that’s what he’s paying me... for the video, you know. I’ve always wanted to be a porn star, and by golly, now I am one. You sure are pretty, but cut the talk, bitch, and spread’em wide.”

Alice was helpless once he grabbed both ankles and spread her wide. Ignoring her pleas, he stepped into the slot and unceremoniously speared the cunt that before noon that very day had been her husband’s exclusive territory.

As the woman howled, the spectators, both behind the mirror and in the store, cheered hardily. Soon there was a vigorous completion among the customers to sign up with Joe’s Agency for the privilege of being a porn star. For Joe, this was proving to be by far the best day ever for Wonderland Adult Arts.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was sometime around nine thirty that evening that Alice dragged herself into her home. She was worn out, her pussy was sore, her asshole was sore, her jaws were sore, her tits were sore and her butt cheeks still glowed from the spankings. She felt Joe’s cum trickling from her still burning cunt, as he had taken her bareback for their final screw. She hoped that Randy wouldn’t notice, but she was almost beyond caring what Randy thought. All she wanted to do now was take a hot soaking bath and then crawl into bed for the night.

“Mommy! Mommy!” her two children cried in joy as they ran up to hug their loving mother.

“Where the fuck have you been?” her husband Randy demanded to know.

“Working! Getting the money you need to keep from having your legs broken, that’s what!”

“Oh, okay… did you get it?”

“Yes, I got it!” she snapped back knowing the double meaning would go right over Randy’s head. She opened her bag and pulled out a wad of bills and threw them on the coffee table.

“Oh, wow! We’re rich!” exclaimed her little boy.

Alice ignored the child as she glared at her husband. Randy saw the angry stare and muttered, “Thanks, Hon. I guess I really should ask where you…”

Alice cut him short. “Not once have you asked me where I have been working or what I was doing. And now you want to know? Do you really want to know? Do you really care?” Not once this past week had he asked her where she had been working or what she had been doing to help him and her family, and to do so now infuriated her. Then she stormed out of the living room to take her well deserved hot bath, leaving Randy to wonder what she was so upset about.

For several minutes Randy laid low, finally deciding that his best course of action would be to find his bookie and pay him off… and maybe place a bet on the fourth race at Hialeah. He had a hot tip on the fourth from a guy he knew and...

As Alice luxuriated in the soothing hot water, she replayed the events of the day in her mind. She never imagined how much fun being promiscuous, willingly or reluctantly, could be.

Randy ushered the kids off to bed and then gingerly poked his head into the master bath. “Uh, Hon. I just put the kids to bed and…”

“And you want to go out,” she finished.

“Just a little while. You know, pay the bookie what I owe him.”

“Sure you do. Do whatever you need to do.”

“Uh, okay, but listen. I heard some good news this afternoon. That rumor about cutting back more hours at the plant, turned out not be true. Word is they’re going add hours, not cut them. Looks like you won’t have to work anymore.”

“Maybe I like my new job. Maybe I like it a lot. Maybe it’s just what I need.” Her glare was withering.

“Uh, look I really need to go.”

“Then go, damn you, just don’t stay out too late. I need you to look after the kids tomorrow.”

“Aw, gee, Baby, not tomorrow, I…”

“Don’t ‘baby’ me!” she shot back. “Watch out for the kids tomorrow. I have to work.”

“But it’s Sunday!”

“I know, but Joe wants me to help him with the inventory tomorrow. We do need the money, don’t we?”

THE END