Caught!

It was inevitable that I got caught. I was so stupid, but what

do you expect from a 13 year-old girl?

There was a CD I wanted. The group was gone from public memory

in 3 months, but they were hot shit at that moment, and I wanted

the CD.

The problem was, I'd already spent most of my allowance. I stood

in the music store in the mall that day of summer vacation,

holding the CD in my hand, knowing that the $10 in my purse

wasn't going to get me a $18 CD.

But I wanted it so bad! I thought and thought, trying to figure

out some way to get that money before my next allowance was

issued, but nothing came to me. I was about to give up when I

remembered something that my cousin Janice had said. Janice was

15 and a real "bad girl," although her parents didn't know it.

She smoked and drank, and snuck out at night to go do stuff with

her friends. I'd been admiring a top she was wearing that Sunday

morning, as we walked home from church.

"Five-finger discount, babe," she said, smirking. "Yeah, I just

swiped it from that store on Main Street. Real easy; just

stuffed it in my coat when no one was looking and took off."

I thought about it. I got better grades than Janice, so if she

could get away with it, so could I. I looked around; no one was

watching me, and I didn't see any cameras. I was wearing a

cropped T and hip-rider jeans, so I'd have to hide the CD

somewhere else. Nervously, I slipped the CD into my bag. My

heart pounded, and I was sure my face was flushed, but I couldn't

make out anyone watching me, and as I wandered nonchalantly

towards the store exit, no one stopped me.

I was about to step out into the main body of the mall when I

remembered the security system. D'oh!, I thought. I'd been so

wrapped up in not being watched that I forgot about the little

puffy sticker inside every CD case. I moved back in behind a big

display, made sure the coast was clear, and put the CD on a

random shelf. No alarms, no yells, no looks my way as I stepped

out back into the mall. I'd gotten away with it!

I figured I should probably leave the scene of the crime, just to

be safe. I walked leisurely to the mall entrance where the

shuttle bus ran and was nearly there when a deep voice full of

authority spoke up behind me: "Excuse me, miss?"

I turned around and saw mall security guard addressing me.

Unlike most of the security at our little mall, who were

generally old retired grandpa types or skinny high-school

dropouts, this one was huge. He made me feel absolutely tiny as

he towered over me, his hands on his hips. His muscles bulged in

his white uniform shirt, which only served to contrast his rich,

dark chocolate skin. This man was black! There weren't many

black people in our town, so any of them stood out in our

community. His bald head gleamed in the flourescent light, and

his dark eyes burned with a frightening intensity. One huge hand

made a beckoning gesture, and he boomed, "Please come with me."

I stood there, petrified. When he saw that I wasn't about to

move, he leaned in closer, "Please come with me, or I'll have to

call the police."

That got me going. He lead me through a side door between

storefronts and down into a small, cramped office. There were

several video monitors and an array of VCRs off to one side. He

asked me to sit down, sat down next to me, and worked a few

buttons on the console. Black and white footage from the music

store played; this was a corner shot, but I couldn't figure out

which one, since I'd seen no cameras. My heart sank as the

footage clearly showed me hiding the CD in my purse, then rose a

little when it showed me also putting it back.

He swiveled his chair to face me. "My name is Darrell Jones," he

said, his voice still full of that authority. "I was hired

because the store owners were complaining about shoplifting. The

first thing I did was to install hidden cameras in every store;

I've caught quite a few perps in the month since I moved here."

He leaned in closer to me; I shrank back a little. "You could be

in very big trouble, little girl. I could call the cops and have

them haul you off and call your parents."

I was near tears. "Please don't, mister," I begged. "I put it

back, I didn't really steal anything. Please don't call my

parents, please don't get me in trouble."

He considered me for a second. "Little girl, you're the one who

got yourself in trouble here. Technically, just putting the CD

your purse is enough to prosecute on." He leaned back a little,

and sighed. "But you did put it back before leaving store, so I

guess you ain't entirely stupid." He thought for a second, then

told me to stand up. "Move over to that wall over there," he

ordered, and got out a camera from a drawer under the console.

He took my picture and printed it out. He asked me some

questions, and I answered them, not knowing what my fate was to

be. "Linsey Hamilton. 4'10". 80 lbs. Hair: brown; eyes:

blue."

He wrote down the information on the back of the picture, and put

it in a file folder. He stood up, walked over to me, and sighed

again. I held my breath, feeling a slight ray of hope. It

blossomed when he said, "I'm going to let you go this time," but

turned into apprehension as he leaned into me, putting his face a

scant inch from mine. I gasped in fright as his face filled my

field of view; he seemed to overload my mind and senses, his dark

eyes burning into my blue ones and his slightly oily scent filled

my nostrils. He growled, and it was all I could hear; "But if I

ever - EVER - catch you doing something even half as sketchy as

what you pulled today, I will not hesitate to throw your

lily-white ass in jail, do you hear me?!"

I felt myself flush and my knees weaken; I struggled to stay

upright and respond, but my lips were dry. As I wetted them with

little darts of my tongue, I felt like I could almost taste him.

"Y-yes," I managed weakly.

He stayed where he was, and I felt myself flushing even more. My

fear was still there, still intensifying, but there was something

else, something I couldn't quite process. He growled again.

"Say it again, and say it right this time. Say, 'Yes sir, Mr.

Jones, I hear you."

I managed a hoarse whisper. "Yes sir, Mr. Jones, I hear you."

He looked at me, burned into me with those eyes, and then moved

away. I was breathing in shallow gasps, feeling faint but

\*warm\*. He moved back to the console and sat down.

"Go on, get out of here, girl. Don't let me see you again

anytime soon." I walked out of the office on trembling knees and

stumbled my way down the hall and back into the mall. I got on

the shuttle bus that would take me back to my neighborhood, my

safe, white, neighborhood. Darrell Jones had scared the shit out

of me, and I would do my best to get him out of my mind. I won't

come back for a year, I thought, or at least a couple of months.

I'm going to stay away from the mall.

\*\*\*

But I was back on the bus the very next afternoon. I had spent a

sleepless night replaying the events of the previous day in my

head, whispering to myself, "Yes sir, Mr. Jones," and feeling

that heat rise in my face every time. I couldn't get his eyes,

his dark burning eyes out of my mind, and I tossed and turned

over and over, remembering how he had towered over me. The sound

of his voice kept me from slumber, and when I noticed that dawn

was lighting my window and that I had spent the entire night

thinking about the black security guard, I knew I had to see him

again, knew that it was necessary if I was to have this feeling

exorcised from within me.

I kept my eyes down as I rode in the back of the bus. My hands

were folded on my lap, keeping my skirt from being too immodest.

I had dressed in a white blouse and a little white skirt that

didn't quite cover all of my thighs. I wore white thigh-high

tights with these cute little red bows at the top. I looked

virginal, but underneath, I had on something that Janice, who was

anything but, had given me - a brief black g-string held together

with a tie-string. I had carefully shaved myself that morning in

the tub and slipped on the thong, trying not to think about what

I was doing and knowing full well why I was doing it. Ever so

often, I whispered it again - "Yes sir, Mr. Jones," and felt that

flush creep up my neck.

Finding him was no problem - he was walking around the popular

stores, peering in every so often. His dark head contrasted

sharply with his crisp white uniform and cocked at a slightly

confused angle when his dark eyes found me, standing in front of

the music store and looking straight at him. We stood there for

a moment, just looking at each other, and then I turned and

walked slowly into the music store. I walked to the back, my

heart pounding, and turned my head slightly to look; there he

was, just off to the side of me, those dark eyes burning. I

found his eyes with mine, the heat rising in my chest, and put my

hand out and grabbed the first CD it touched. Looking straight

at him, I started to open my bag.

He walked the three steps over and clamped his strong hand over

my wrist. "Dammit, girl," he said angrily, "you're in a world of

trouble." Without another word, he plucked the cd out of my

unresisting hand, put it back on the shelf, and led me into the

back room of the store. Through another door in that back room,

we made our way into through the back hall of the mall into that

cramped office again. Almost throwing me in, he locked the door

behind him. I sat in the same chair as the day before, with my

head down, not daring to look at him, smelling him, and hearing

him as he asked, "You done fucked up, little girl."

A whisper. It was from me. "Yes sir, M-mr. Jones."

His voice again, full of authority. "You know what you did in

there."

Again, a whisper, but louder. "Yes sir, Mr. Jones." I felt the

flush creeping over my body and trembled a little. I kept my

modest bus posture and shivered, waiting.

There was a pause, and then he stepped closer to me. I didn't

raise my head. His shoes - shined to a high polish - and his

crisp black uniform pants came into my view. He spoke again,

still with authority, but with a questioning note. "You know

you're in a lot of trouble, little Linsey Hamilton?"

Short breaths from me, warmth still flooding my core. "Yes sir,

Mr. Jones."

He must have heard a note in my voice that revealed what I wasn't

daring to acknowledge, because the next question cut incisively

to the heart of the matter. "You did that on purpose. You

wanted me to catch you."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Jones."

A new note in his voice, more positive, more...dangerous? "You

wanted me to catch you and bring you in here. You wanted ME to

catch you. You put on this little outfit that's white like

church but ain't no Sunday dress and came to the mall because you

wanted me to bring you..in here."

"Yes sir, Mr. Jones."

He crouched down in front of me. I swallowed. My heart thudded.

I was about to pass out. His huge hand cupped my chin and

raised my face to look at his. His eyes, his dark, angry eyes

searched mine and took in the flushed color of my cheeks and

neck. I looked straight at him, licked my lips, and spoke as

clearly as I could. "Yes. Sir. Mr. Jones."

He looked at me for a few more long, heated seconds. Then his

hand left my chin and moved down swiftly. I felt it touch my

knees and part them with only the slightest resistance. They

moved up my leg, past my tights and underneath my skirt to cup

the crotch of my small - too-small - panties. The heat of his

hand sent a wave of something new through me, and I gasped as

they rubbed the thin material ever so slightly. His eyes widened

a little - some surprise, not much, but some - and he growled

that growl that haunted me since the day before. "Little girl,"

he growled, "you're wet." He rubbed my pussy through the silky

panties again, and my hips twitched. "You're so wet you soaked

your panties through."

I gasped as his fingers found my barely-explored clit through the

sodden fabric, and stammered, "Yes sir, Mr. Jones. I wore them

for you, Mr. Jones. Yes sir, yes sir, YES SIR, MR. JONES." The

pressure built as he rubbed and rubbed and rubbed...but suddenly

he stopped, leaving me panting and desperate for something more.

He stood up, his huge frame dwarfing mine a good foot and a half.

He grabbed a handful of my long blonde hair and yanked my face

up. He stared hard at me as I panted and whined, and said, "You

came here to be mine, didn't you, little Linsey?"

I whined, the pressure in my gut not quite subsiding. "Yes sir,

Mr. Jones."

He growled again. "You came here to be my little bitch, didn't

you?"

I sobbed, wanting something so much I couldn't stand it, "Yes

sir, Mr. Jones."

"Tell me what you want, little white bitch. Tell this here

nigger what your white lolita ass wants."

I pulled deep within myself, summoning every rap song I'd ever

heard and what Janice had confided in me. "I want to be your

bitch, sir. I want to your little white slut, sir." I dropped

from the chair to my knees in front of him and buried my face in

the front of his pants, almost chanting now. "Make me your black

cock slut, sir. Make me your little ho." I felt him harden in

his trousers and begged, groveled, my hands rubbing my inner

thighs, almost leaking on the carpet. "Yes sir, Mr. Jones sir, I

want to you to fuck me sir, fuck me with your nigger dick, fuck

me with your BIG NIGGER DICK SIR!"

He yanked me up by my hair and pulled me over to the console. I

yelped and followed, letting him bend me over his knee as he sat

on the console's edge. I felt a yank and my skirt ripped away,

exposing my 13-year-old ass to a man for the first time since I

had been out of diapers. One hand rose and smacked against my

pale, firm ass while the other hand muffled me. I screamed and

twitched as the pain and heat rose from my buttocks and suffused

me entirely. He kept up a litany of filth as he beat me, telling

me that I was his slut, his little white slut, that he was going

to fuck me and rape me and breed me and that I wanted him to do

it because I was just a little bitch for him. I screamed and

nodded and writhed in his lap, feeling his length stiffen under

my belly and the pressure building from the pain to unbearable

heights. I had lost control of myself and was reveling in it,

and he knew it.

Just as suddenly as he started, he stopped spanking me. His

hands grasped me and put me on my back on the console. He ripped

off my shirt, buttons flying everywhere, spread my legs, staring

at the wet spot on the damp fabric of my underwear (what little

was there). He pinched the nipples on my just-budding breasts,

and I screamed into my hand, the pressure in my gut needing a

release. He quickly undressed, and when pulled down his boxers,

I gasped at the sight of his mighty cock. He moved between my

legs (which instinctively spread to welcome him), and lay his

meat on me, the balls just underneath my crotch. It was long,

dark, and HARD, throbbing against my belly. I reached down to

touch it, my hands not quite big enough to go around it, feeling

the head lay just beneath my heaving diaphragm. He spoke, and I

looked at him, hearing him, knowing the essential truth of his

words.

"You want this, little white girl?" he growled. I nodded and

rested my feet on his buttocks. He moved back a little, and

looking deep in my eyes, said the words that sealed my fate.

"You belong to this black man, white bitch. Do what needs to be

done."

Without hesitation, I reached down to my hips and untied that

flimsy barrier to my enslavement. I pulled it off, wiggling

slightly and feeling his cock throb against my belly as I did so.

I grasped the hard, ebony length as best as I could, lifted my

hips, and guided him to the entrance of my smooth, shaven, virgin

cunt (HIS cunt, as I thought of it now). I pressed the head to

my wet slippery lips, feeling them spread around the plum-like

head, and then pressed him to me by pulling in his buttocks with

my feet. I pulled and pressed and rubbed, whining, and trying to

get him in; gradually, with enough pressure, his cock head POP!-d

into my unused cunny. My eyes widened with pain and pleasure as

I gasped, "Aaah!"

He took pity on me and just sat there, allowing me to adjust to

his immense girth, never taking his eyes off of mine. After a

few moments, I was ready for more. It wasn't that I was

stretched enough for him; it was that the throbbing in my clit

had overshadowed the pain. I wanted more, NEEDED more, and I

tried to pull him in further with my long, trembling 13-year-old

legs. He got just a tiny bit further inside me, then stopped

short. His eyebrows went up; there was real surprise on his face

for the first time. "You a cherry, little Linsey," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Jones," I whined, wriggling my hips and pulling harder.

It was all to no avail. It was then that he took charge, really

took charge. He unwrapped my legs from around his waist put them

on his muscular chest. My feet barely reached his broad

shoulders as he angled himself directly over me. I wrapped my

hands around his neck as he swiveled his hips into position, the

motion causing my toes to curl. I had given myself to him as

best as I could, and now he was going to take ownership of me. I

knew this, fully acknowledged this for the first time in my head,

and felt my pussy juice even more, fluids running down the crack

of my ass.

He rested on his elbows, one hand wrapped in my hair behind my

head, the other stroking my cheek. We looked straight at each

other, that hard gleam still in his eye. A sheen of sweat

covered our bodies, and he saw that I was ready for him. He

whispered, with surprising tenderness, "Keep your eyes on mine,

little Linsey lolita - you're going to remember the second I made

you mine." Then he covered my mouth with his hand, took a deep

breath, and then DROPPED his hips.

The full force of his body on mine alone would have made me gasp.

That single motion, though, ripped open my cherry and opened my

pussy up entirely to him. I felt a fiery pain race through my

crotch and engulf me and I screamed into his hand. I'd never

known pain like this was possible. My pelvis strained to hold

the pressure of his big, muscular Nubian body while my pussy

strained to embrace him. Little by little, the burn passed as he

held himself inside me. I felt the walls of my pussy gradually

throb less from pain and more from pleasure. My big black lover

noticed my tears subsiding and began a slow circling of his hips.

My clit was stretched across the wide shaft of his masterful

cock, and each rotation ground that rock-hard shaft across my

pleasure button.

My sobs shifted into moans, and Mr. Jones, his big arms holding

me tight, began to slowly fuck me. His huge rod barely moved in

the airtight grip of my cunt (my "slutty white cunt," he reminded

me), but gradually my natural lubrication overcame suction and

his cock, his beautiful, huge, monstrous cock, began moving in

and out of me. In and out, in and out, his strokes gradually

growing longer and deeper, until he was fucking three-quarters of

his horse cock into me. I could feel it fetching up against

something at the end of my pussy channel - it hurt but it hurt

really \*good\* - and that pressure made me pant and whine and fuck

my little girl hips up to receive every inch of big nigger dick

that I could. I was on the verge of SOMETHING - something I

couldn't define - and it was going to be BIG - when Mr. Jones

stopped fucking me.

"No," I pleaded, "no, please, don't stop, don't stop, DON'T STOP

-"

\*WHACK!\* The slap caught me across my face and shut me up.

"Lolita bitch, you don't ever tell this black man what to do, you

hear me?" I sobbed, still writhing underneath him. "I SAID, DO

YOU HEAR ME?"

"Yes, sir, yes sir, YES SIR MR. JONES, but I need YOU I NEED YOU

PLEASE..."

"Shut up. You got most of me in, but not all." He pulled out

his long, thick log, and I almost burst into tears again. "I'm

gonna make you ALL mine, bitch. Too bad you'll be ruined for

anything but big black meat from now on."

He moved me onto my side and shifted so that his crotch was next

to my face. His cock stood out, hot and heavy and veiny, and I

could see slime and blood on it. "Open your mouth, slut," he

said. He slapped his cock against my lips until I, feeling

degraded, feeling humiliated, feeling like a whore and liking the

feeling, opened up and received the taste of my first nigger cock

- my first cock EVER. I licked and sucked, knowing what was

expected of me, and he adjusted my legs so that they were parted

and he could fit one massive hand between my thighs. He wiped

some of my cunt slime onto his long, thick middle finger, and

eased it into my sensitive cunt, causing me to moan around my

mouthful of meat. His finger slid deeper and deepr into me until

it fetched against the back of my pussy. "That's your womb,

little slut," he said, gently pumping his cock in and out of my

mouth. "It's stopping you from taking all of me into you." His

finger rubbed and probed the back of my pussy, causing me to

twitch and grind my clit into the heel of his palm. Slowly,

slowly, as my pussy started dripping again from all the pressure,

something began to loosen in that wall that had denied him full

access.

"Your cervix is opening up, little slut," he declared, as his

finger somehow forced deeper inside of me. I moaned and sucked

harder on his beautiful cock, tasting the pre-cum leaking out of

the slit. "Your womb is opening up, and soon I'll be able to get

balls deep into you, fucking as deep into you as possible. When

I cum, it will shoot into here," as his finger twiddled into my

cervix, "and you will be carrying my black seed. Do you want

that, little lolita? Do you want my nigger baby in your white

cunt?"

My only response was to grind my hips upwards and whine. He

smirked, eased his finger out of me, and pulled out of my mouth.

He sat me up, pulled me off the table, and sat down on a folding

chair, drawing me onto his lap. He spread my legs with his knee

and positioned his cock at my pussy mouth once more. "I'm going

to own you all the way, little white girl," he said. "Sit down

on this here nigger dick and sign the deed to your cunt over to

me." And with that, he knocked my feet out from underneath me.

The sudden invasion knocked the breath out of me. The

simultaneous pain and pleasure of being filled with that much

meat so suddenly overwhelmed my senses. I couldn't move for a

second or ten because I didn't quite know if I should cry or

scream or breath or \*something.\* Mr. Jones took the initiative

for me.

His cock was only three-quarters in, same as before. I could

feel the pressure of my body weight on the head of that massive

cock. Mr. Jones threaded his massive bull arms underneath mine,

placed his hands on my shoulders, and pressed downwards, all the

while punching his hips slightly back and forth in and in small

circles. The strain of my clit on his shaft, the rubbing of my

G-spot, and my cervix slowly opening and stretching and opening

and stretching around the hot head of that magnificent masterful

dick made my nipples pop and my juices drip straight down and

over our thighs. The way we were positioned, our heads were at

the same height, and his tongue filled my mouth just as his cock

was filling my cunt.

The pressure inside me built and built and built. I stretched

and stretched, and just as the head began to force its way into

my cervix, I felt ready to explode, to burst, to do something

that I didn't know how to express except in the way I was already

expressing it, by letting this massively built and hung black man

abuse my poor virginal (no longer) cunt. I was edging closer and

closer to some cliff I couldn't see, only anticipate, and just at

the verge of it, Mr. Jones broke the kiss and said, "Now get

ready to be owned by this nigger."

His mouth covered mine. His hips punched upwards as he pulled me

down. I felt my clit scrape along his shaft as the head of his

cock suddenly shot through with brutal force into my womb. I

screamed in his mouth as my clit ground against his pelvic bone

and his cock filled me the way that no cock was ever supposed to

fill a woman. That impact was the final straw; as our pelvises

met with crushing pressure, I had my first ever orgasm. I came,

and I came hard, my pussy throbbing and pulsing and leaking

fluids as it was filled as much as was humanly possible. I

screamed, thrashed, whined, and shook, fully impaled on the first

cock I had ever seen, fully owned by a black man I had just met

the other day. There was no thought, only primal instinct, as

that cock filled my womb and fucked me, fucked me like no one

else could possibly fuck me and I shook on that magnificent meat.

My magnificent black lover choked me with his tongue as I

quivered and shook on that majestic black cock. His hands held

me in place as my first, my very first orgasm ever, filled my

consciousness, filled my perception, leaving no room for anything

else. I didn't notice that his hands, which had been holding me

in place as I shook like a broken washing machine, had slid down

to my hips. I didn't notice that his fingers tightened on my

hips hard enough to leave marks that would find in the morning.

I only knew that my world centered on his rock hard onyx-like

cock piercing into my center, and then suddenly, that world began

to shake and explode.

Mr. Jones had started grinding my hips back and forth, and the

stirring of his massive cock in my stretched cunt mixed with the

sudden grinding of my clit on his pubic bone made the pleasure

explosions even more intense. I managed to break our kiss and

inhale a huge breath of air; he laughed as he saw my eyes rolling

back into my head. "Yeah, you like, don't you, little white

cunt?" he said, moving my hips in tight, rapid circles. "You

like that, don't you? What do you say, cunt? You like that?"

"Oh God yes!" I babbled, "Oh God, yes, I like, I love it! I love

it! Please Mr. Jones please fuck me!"

He laughed and ground me some more. "So tell me, cunt, who do you

belong to?"

No hesistation, no pause. "You! I belong to you! Oh God, you're

inside me so deep and I belong to you!"

He laughed, hugged me to him, and stood up out of the chair as if

I weighed nothing at all. I wrapped my legs around his waist and

my hands around his neck as he started pumping slightly, bouncing

me on that thick black log that was stuck inside me, and my cum,

which had never stopped, just got more and more intense. I

sobbed and twitched and called his name and told Mr. Jones I

loved him. He just laughed and said, "That's right bitch, you

love me, and you'll never be same after today, because I OWN YOU,

and I own your TIGHT LILY-WHITE LOLITA ASS!"

With that, he placed me back on the table and just started

plowing me. I screamed, feeling that python cock pull out of my

womb almost all the way of me before slamming back in and forcing

its way back through my cervix. He did once, twice, and a couple

of hundred or million times, and I took it all, biting his

shoulder, twitching, my toes point straight up at the ceiling in

that tiny office. My pussy, stretched and abused, throbbed along

that wonderful black cock, trying to hold it in and welcoming it

back with each pull and thrust. I didn't think it was ever going

to stop. I didn't know if I could take any more pleasure and

pain. I didn't know if I WANTED it to stop.

But after some unknown period of time, Mr. Jone started shake and

groan. His thrusts became faster and harder, making me scream

more and more, and then suddenly, he thrust himself as deep as he

could into me, his cock well beyond my pussy's capacity and deep

inside my womb. He bellowed, sweat dripping off of his chin, and

I felt that monster hose inside me swell and swell until pulse

after pulse of waved into me. I felt the fiery hot sperm shoot

into my womb, into my baby-making place, and my body went rigid

as my orgasm finally overwhelmed my system. My breath caught and

my heart stopped as my brain simply turned into pure white light

and my womb filled with hot black sperm...and then I was finally

given reprieve.

Mr. Jones rested on his forearms, still looming over me. My

thighs ached from holding him for so long, and my legs simply

fell to the table. The snake in my guts started to soften some,

and as he stopped putting pressure it, my cunt slowly squeezed

the monster out. We stayed like that, resting, sweating, and

content (for now). He kissed my cheek, and said, "Was it as good

as you wanted, little white girl?"

I shook my head no. "No Mr. Jones, it wasn't."

He cocked his eyebrow, and I explained, "It wasn't as good as I

wanted because I didn't KNOW that's what I wanted."

He laughed, a harsh bellow that scared me with its sudden volume.

"Well, then I guess you got it after all."

"Yes, Mr. Jones," I said. "Can I have some more tomorrow?"