**Room with a View**  
by Art Martin

**Chapter 6 - Jake's Barter**

The grating noise of the alarm clock wasn’t enough to disturb her slumber, the sudden soft light from the bed stand lamp didn’t disturb her, but the sudden rush of cool air over her bare skin gave her goose bumps and made her nipples rise and stand tall. The bed moved and as she approached the twilight transition to wakefulness, she felt her husband nestling his body between her legs. Instinctively, she wrapped her legs around Luke’s waist and pulled him into her.

Five minutes later, she was wide-awake and already her pussy yearned for the cock that had so recently filled her. A fleeting glance told her it was still pitch black outside as she sat upright, gently rubbing her boobs before she moved off the bed, leaving behind a wet spot on the sheets to mark their morning union.

Snuggling into her fluffy robe to ward off the chill, she trudged to the kitchen to fix Luke his breakfast. Luke came in still buttoning his work shirt and sat down to his waiting coffee. After one sip of the dark brew, a plate with a ham and cheese omelet appeared before him.

Shelly stood behind her man as he ate, running her fingers through his still wet hair. Luke ate silently, greedily wolfing down his morning meal as if some unseen competitor might snatch it away before he was finished. The plate empty of all but a few crumbs, he pushed it way and gently pulled his wife into his lap. Tongues danced and her robe fell open. Quickly, with as much urgency as he ate, he felt her up, mauling her full soft orbs before reaching down into the wet, swamp like environment of her cum-laden sex, his finger quickly finding her hooded clit. A few quick swipes and the little-man-in-the-boat emerged from hiding, eager for the attention. Biting into the back of his neck, Shelly moaned as she shuddered and jerked, cumming within minutes with the sure touch of her man.

Luke withdrew his hand from her slick slit and put his wet fingers to her mouth. One by one, she sucked each finger clean of their mutual juices.

“Better get dressed,” he said softly kissing her ear.

“I need a shower.”

“No time. I’ll be late. Shower when ya get home. Now be quick about it!”

Shelly rose, closing her robe all in one fluid motion.

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David pulled away from the window of his darkened kitchen, disappointed that he really couldn’t see anything other than some necking. He too was an early riser, eager to get to his small bookstore, supposedly to take care of the books, but actually to have time to read his secret trove of nasty books before he opened at 10:00 AM.

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She hurried to the bedroom and pulled on sweatpants and a sweatshirt. After quickly primping her hair, she put on a little makeup.

“Let’s go, Shelly!” he called with irritation.

“I’m coming, Honey, I’m coming!”

Standing at the bathroom door he answered the double entendre with a laugh, “Not now ya fuckin’ slut!”

To Luke’s delight, Shelly blushed with a coy smile. “You have a wicked mind, Luke Blalock and…” He cut her off with a kiss, smearing her freshly applied lipstick. “…but I love you!”

“I love you too, Baby,” he whispered. “C’mon, I really gotta go.”

Shelly grabbed the keys to Jake’s truck lying on the dresser and slipped on a pair of old tennis shoes. “Let’s go… don’t forget your lunch.”

Sliding behind the wheel of the late model Dodge Ram pickup, Shelly exclaimed, “It really is nice of Jake lend us his truck.”

“Just be sure and return his keys as soon as ya get home. And for God’s sake don’t wreak it!”

They rode in silence to the railroad shop. Once there, Luke sat for a long minute, then turned to his beautiful young wife. “I’m sorry Shelly… I just don’t have enough money to take care of everything. It’ll get better. I promise.”

“I know, Honey, I know.”

“Just do as Jake says.”

“I will.”

“Love you, darling.”

“Love you too,” she replied kissing him goodbye. Luke slid out of the truck and headed for the shop, his mind filled with doubts and recriminations. But what choice did he really have? He turned and she waved before she drove off into the first light of a foggy morning.

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Jake heard the back door open and the creaking of the floorboards. Reaching into his nightstand, he put his hand on the loaded 45 semiautomatic. At the sight of her face, peering around the open bedroom door, he withdrew his hand from the pistol.

“Hey, doll,” he greeted trying not to wake his slumbering wife.

“I brought your keys back.”

“Put’em on the bureau.”

As silently as she could, she entered the neighbors’ bedchamber and placed the keys where she was directed.

“Sorry I woke you,” she whispered, “but Luke said to return your keys as soon as I got home.”

“That’s fine, Shelly, I don’t mind having a beautiful woman sneak into my bedroom.”

She headed for the door. “Where’re ya going? I don’t have to get up for another hour or more. C’mon, climb in,” he said in low voice, holding the cover up. “Plenty of room for ever’body.”

Shelly kicked off her shoes and commenced to get in bed.

“Wha’n the hell are ya do’in girl! Strip! I only allow naked women in my bed.”

Toni stirred, “Jake, what’s the matter?”

“Go back to sleep, it’s only Shelly.”

“Shelly?”

Toni partially opened her eyes and focused on Shelly as she pulled the sweatshirt over her head, her boobs jiggling invitingly in the process. “Hi, Honey, this is a pleasant surprise.”

Shelly scooted under the covers and as she snuggled her hip into Toni’s husband’s hard cock, Toni rolled over to get a little more shut-eye.

Jake’s hand immediately began caressing. “Ya’ve got the best tits,” he said in a low voice as he squeezed and released each in turn, “best tits of any whore I know.” Shelly, enjoying his attention’ rubbed her hip against his early morning hard-on.

“Ya wanna fuck, don’t cha girl?”

Shelly squirmed in reply.

Jake dropped his hand from her breasts to her crotch. “Damn girl, you’re all wet. Ya already been a bad girl this morning?”

Shelly giggled as she climbed on top of the shaggy man, straddling his wide girth, directing his turgid cock to the entrance of her cock hungry cunt. Grasping her by the hips, Jake rocked her body back, his thick cock gliding easily into her sperm lubricated fuck hole.

“Ooooo, sloppy seconds, and so early in the morning,” he whispered pumping his hips slowly up into her. Jake quickly settled in for a long leisurely screw, letting Shelly do most of the work, trying not to disturb Toni as she lay next to him. But by now Toni was awake. Rolling towards the mating couple, Toni watched the undulating languid motion of the fornicators.

Shelly was so hot that she didn’t feel the chill as the covers were pulled off her body. A sensuous kiss to the back of the neck sent shivers down her spine. Shelly moaned in approval as Toni kissed all across her neck and shoulders, gradually working down her back to her buttocks, causing Shelly to groan with increased pleasure. Shelly continued working her hips, driving the pleasuring cock in and out of her needy pussy as Toni nibbled and kissed her gyrating buttocks.

Toni spread her pretty neighbor’s ass cheeks apart. As Jake’s cock emerged from Shelly’s pussy, Toni quickly licked up the underside of his glistening shaft and then across Shelly’s asshole.

“Oh,” Shelly uttered softly into Jake’s ear as the tongue lewdly slid over her anus before she drove the cock back up into her. Her hips rocked upwards, the cock slid partially out, and the tongue licked up the exposed shaft and across her anus again. “Oh.” For the next several minutes, only soft susurrant noises marked the threesome’s leisurely love making.

Toni became more orally aggressive, slathering Jake’s testicles and fleetingly nibbling at his bulging cock tube, licking as best she could the cunt lips stretched around her husband’s dick, and flickering the tip of her tongue back and forth across Shelly’s delectable backdoor.

Shelly had been on the edge for several minutes when the tongue began thrusting rapidly into her backside. The motion of her hips became increasing urgent until a wave of total pleasure burst over her, the climax hitting her hard.

“That's it, ya fuckin' slut, cum on my dick,” hissed Jake when her vagina clamped down on his cock. “Hold my dick tight, cunt. Make me cum in your sweet, sweet pussy.”

The orgasmic pulses coursing through her began to ebb. The other woman gently pushed her off and to the side. “My turn,” she heard through a lust induced mental fog. Slowly she regained her senses, moving to kiss Toni’s back while the petite woman fucked her husband. As Shelly kissed across the undulating ass, Toni reached back and spread her butt open momentarily.

Shelly paused, hesitant to perform oral-anal sex. She knew how incredibly good it felt, but she couldn’t help remember the other night when Jake ground his butthole into her face. That was appalling, at least at first, but she decided, it wasn’t so bad after all. Crawling into position, she spread open the firm round cheeks of Toni’s ass. The wrinkled brown eye stared at her. It was lovely, she decided, not gross at all. Aided and fueled by the sight of Jake’s cock sliding in and out of Toni’s tightly stretched pussy, a groundswell of lascivious passion began to fill Shelly as she contemplated putting her mouth to the pretty little anus. Drawn to it as if by a tractor beam, Shelly’s lips descended on Toni’s nether hole.

She was clean, with only a hint of musty crotch odor as Shelly willingly kissed her friend’s anus, her tongue tentatively exploring the tight little orifice. She licked at the emerging cock and nibbled on the tight skin of his scrotum and then, casting all remaining restraint aside, attacked Toni’s asshole with abandon, grinding the flat of her tongue into it before attempting to insert the tip into it. Toni’s anus dilated and opened up allowing Shelly’s tongue to slip deep into her rectum.

Shelly’s passions were driven to a feverish pitch as she wallowed in the nastiness of what she was doing.

Toni cried out, “Oh, fuck!” as she was lanced over and over, the lewd act igniting a thunderous pinnacle of out of control orgasmic sensation. “Ahhhhhhhhhh!” she cried just before her world imploded.

Unable to take the intensity of what she was feeling, Toni screamed, tearing away from her husband’s cock and the pleasuring tongue that tried to follow her, curling up into a ball of shuddering flesh.

Jake grasped his knees, drawing them to his chest. His ass rotated up and was presented.

Shelly looked at his partially spread hairy butt and the dark nether region. It wasn’t nearly as pretty as Toni’s hole.

“Hey, cock slut! Eat me! Eat me, ya dirty ass licking whore!”

Shelly fell into his crotch, licking his hairy balls, gathering her courage.

“Lick my ass, ya god damn bitch!” he roared.

Luke's words this morning came to her, 'Just do as Jake says.' Obedient to her husband, she put her face into his hot and humid crack, instantly finding him more aromatic than his wife. Cautiously her tongue ventured into the thick forest of ass hair. The clef of his ass seemed bottomless and she had to burrow her face into him deeply to reach the pungent valley floor.

Gleefully, Jake felt her hands pulling his buttocks apart and her face burrowing ever closer to his anus, licking at the sides of his cleft until he felt her hot tongue finally reach it’s goal.

“Yeah, that’s it, Shelly-girl. Lick it. Lick it, ya dirty slut!” Shelly licked and teased for several minutes until he dropped his legs. Jake sat upright and pushed her down on her back.

“Ready for a hard fucking?” he growled shoving his cock into her snatch before she could reply. The bed bounced and shook, clanging against the wall as he mercilessly pounded her. Just as abruptly as he started, he pulled off and mounted his wife, pumping her just as furiously.

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Julia and her children heard the unearthly howl. “What’s that, Mommy?” asked her middle child with wide eyes.

Guessing at the true origin of the salacious racket Julia answered with a hiss, “Sounds like the devil himself.”

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Jake collapsed, exhausted and drained, on top of his tiny wife, trapping her underneath him, crushing her into the mattress with his bulk.

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Sitting at the kitchen table, thumbing through the morning paper, Jake was in a very good mood. He kept one eye on the two nude women as they prepared his breakfast, comparing the shape and firmness of their butts, size of their tits, flare of their hips, and other such assessments of their womanly charms. It was a difficult, but not an impossible choice to make, deciding that he’d simply fuck them both again before dressing for work.

“More coffee!” he growled gruffly.

Shelly brought the coffee pot to the table, pouring him another cup. His arm wrapped around her back and he held her, nuzzling his bearded face into her naked tit meat, lazily dragging his tongue across the expansive surfaces.

“Stop,” she giggled.

“No, never,” he growled as he playfully bit her nipple.

“Oww!” she cried pulling away.

“Is he always this bad in the morning?”

“Sometimes, but I think this morning he’s really excited about something,” Toni said with a laugh.

“Damned right I’m excited. Ain’t everyday that I have two naked sluts fixing my breakfast, both ready to screw me blind.”

“Well, you better eat first, it’s getting late.”

Jake glanced at the clock, uttering “Damn!” as he realized that despite their availability, he wouldn’t have time to fuck either one of them.

Toni set his plate down while Shelly brought the other two plates to the table. Jake dug in, not waiting for the ladies to sit. As he ate, his eyes darted back and forth between the two sets of tits concentrating on the differences in the nipples. Shelly had nice, quarter-sized aureoles, dark pink in color, each capped with a large nipple. His wife’s aureoles were a darker shade of tan, smaller, but more crenulated and capped with pert nipples that turned upright in defiance of gravity.

“Nice tits,” he hissed between bites. “Both of ya have nice tits.”

“Thank you, darling,” said his wife, “I was beginning to feel inadequate.”

“I’ve always loved yer little titties.”

“You always talk about big titties.”

“I love all sorts of titties, so long as they ain’t drooping ‘til they drag on the ground.”

“That’s a lovely image,” said Shelly suddenly self-conscious about the size her breasts.

“Like I said, ya both have nice tits. You’re different, very different, but you’re both so very beautiful.”

“Why thank you, Jake. That’s a very nice thing to say.” Toni looked at him suspiciously, twisting her lips sideways. “What’s with the sugar coating?”

“Nothing. I just like yer tits!”

“Mine too?” asked Shelly coyly.

“Ohhhh, yeah.”

Jake finished his eggs and pushed the plate away. “Which of ya whores wants to blow me while I brush my teeth?”

“Jake! Don’t be so…”

“I know. Ya both want to…”

“Jake, enough!”

“Okay, okay.”

He turned to Shelly. “I’ll pick ya up at ten. Wear something nice, look yer best. The dress ya had on yesterday… ya looked terrific in that, but skip the bra, and no goddamned panties! Now if ya two ladies will excuse me, I need to shower.”

“Can we join you?” asked Toni with a twinkle in her eye.

“Damned right!”

The shower was a typical tub arrangement, barely big enough for Jake, but positively crowded with two extra bodies. The girls giggled and squealed as Jake soaped them up and he in turn got his share of goosing and soapy hands. Toni managed to find room to kneel and suck dick while Shelly stuck a soapy finger up his ass.

“Oh, fuck!” he cried as Shelly finger fucked him. “Fucking slut! I ought to… to… ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ah, fuckkkk! Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Oh, yeah baby! That feels gooood!”

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Ten AM rolled around and Jake was at the curb, honking his horn. Shelly strutted from the house, dressed in her low cut blue dress, her white lace up sandals, and the best makeup she’d ever wore. She looked terrific.

Sweeping her front porch, Julia stopped and watched the young shapely woman approaching the beast’s truck. “Whore!” she spat just as Shelly reached the passenger side of the pickup.

Jake whistled low as she slid into the passenger seat. His eyes went to her tits and he was pleased to see the outline of her nipples pressing against the fabric of her dress. He gripped the helm of her dress and pulled it upward until he could see her hips, pleased to find no panties. He inhaled deeply, enjoying the scent of her perfume.

“First, we’ll go see O’Ryan at his parts store. If he won’t do business, we’ll try the NAPPA store, then the mechanic. After that, we’ll go see Dad. Ready?”

A look of apprehension crossed her face, but Jake ignored it and drove away, waving to Julia Jenkins as he drove past.

“Fornicators!” Julia hissed before scurrying inside as if Jake’s friendly gesture would somehow darken her soul.

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The door chime rang. “Hey, O’Ryan!” called Jake as he followed Shelly into O’Ryan’s Auto Parts.

O’Ryan turned. His eyes nearly popped out. Standing dumbly, he stared at the beautiful girl with Jake Stringer.

“Remember what we talked about this morning? 1968 Ford F-100 pickup, three speed manual transmission, inline six.”

“Is this for real?”

“Ya got it in stock?”

“Yeah, I’ve got one. Rebuilt.”

“Good, Henderson will pick it up, return the old one… Hey, ya listening?”

“Uh, sorry, but I never…”

“Seen such a pretty thing?”

“You weren’t serious about…”

“Her husband needs the transmission. He’s broke.”

“I don’t know, Jake, I…”

Shelly looked at the pot-bellied middle-aged man and shuddered. His close-cropped red hair revealed a roll of fat at the nape of his short neck. He wasn’t downright ugly, but wasn’t attractive either. He was old enough to be her father.

“C’mere, Honey.” Jake took her and turned her with her back to O’Ryan, lifting her skirt until her bare buttocks were showing. Shelly’s face burned with embarrassment to be put on display like this to a total stranger. Slowly Jake rubbed his hand across her buttocks for a long minute, watching O’Ryan’s expression.

"Well?"

The doorbell chimed with a another customer entering the store and Jake quickly dropped her skirt.

“Uh, uh, can I help you?” stammered the flustered O’Ryan.

“Need some antifreeze,” said the customer.

“Aisle two.”

“I see it.”

The man carried the antifreeze to the counter. “Aren’t they first?”

“Go ahead. We’re waiting for someone,” said Jake evenly.

Completing the transaction, the man left them alone in the store.

Jake had her turn away and slowly lifted her skirt once again. O’Ryan muttered, “Oh, sweet Jesus.”

“Well?”

“I, I, I, don’t know… I… Are you sure about this?”

To O’Ryan’s disappointment Jake dropped her skirt. Jake turned her to face the storeowner. Again he lifted her skirt until her pussy came into the middle-aged man’s view. Blushing, Shelly wanted to flee, but she stood still.

“Lordy, lordy!” O’Ryan muttered.

Jake rubbed the soft blonde pubic hair before he took the liberty to run a finger along her slit. She was already so wet that he slipped right in. Jake went straight for her clit and rubbed it around and around.

Unconsciously O’Ryan was rubbing his hard dick in his pants, his mouth agape, while Jake flagrantly masturbated the shapely girl. For two minutes O'Ryan silently gwaked at the lurid display, before Shelly shuddered and jerked in orgasm. When the girl came, he came too. The grimaced expression told Jake everything.

Jake dropped her skirt and stepped to the counter. “Deal?”

“Jake…”

Jake shoved his aromatic finger to O'Ryan's nose and asked, “When’s the last time ya got to fuck a nineteen year old? Twenty, twenty-five years ago? Bet ya’ve never, ever fucked a girl as pretty as this one.”

“Okay, okay, I’ll trade.” O’Ryan fumbled around in some papers. “Okay, the transmission is Three-hundred fifty dollars with the exchange.”

“I want it wholesale.”

“Okay, Two sixty-five… but I want it wholesale too… ten bucks a pop.”

“Get outta here! Twenty-five, twenty-five a pop.”

“Twenty! And that’s twenty for an hour.”

“Twenty-five. Twenty-five an hour.”

“You’ve got a deal, Jake!”

“I’ll have Henderson come by and pick it up.”

Jake quickly finished the arrangements. He was about to leave when O’Ryan had a problem. “What if after you have my transmission, she won’t put out?”

Jake leaned forward and said in a conspiratorial way, “Oh, she’ll put out… I guarantee it.”

“How?”

“I’ll tie her up if I have to.”

“No, not good enough.”

“Ya can fuck my wife?”

O’Ryan thought about that. Toni had quite a reputation around town and he’d heard it all. “Your wife? Those stories about her… They’re true?”

“Yeah, she’s a slut. Ya’ve got a dick? She’ll fuck you.”

“Okay, okay.”

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On the ride to Henderson’s garage Shelly was confused. “I thought I was supposed to… you know…”

“Fuck him? Damned right yer gonna fuck him, and yer gonna give him the best damned fuckin' of his life.”

“But…”

“Ya can’t screw him now, fer Christ’s sake! Man's got a business to run. He’ll be over tonight to collect his first installment. Don't ya worry, girl, you'll get that pussy of yers massaged then”

“Installment?”

“Yeah… ya don’t think he’d give ya a fuckin’ four hundred dollar transmission for a five minute quickie do ya?”

“Well, I…”

“He’s going to fuck ya more than once, sweetheart. Fuck ya until the transmission is paid for. Count on it.”

“But I thought…”

“Oh, here we are! Now look pretty and smile, not to whorish, but seductive.”

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“It’s all set. Pick up the transmission at O’Ryan’s. Pick up the truck at this address.”

“Next door to you?”

“Yeah, that’s what I told ya. This here's the cunt…

"Shelly, this is my good buddy Henderson.”

“Hi,” she said demurely casting her eyes down in shame.

“Good looking girl… How old are you, Honey?”

“Nineteen,” she whispered. ‘He really isn’t too bad except for all the grease, but he could be cleaned up nicely,’ thought Shelly

“Nineteen! Okay, I’ll take your word for it, Sugar,” said Henderson with a toothy grin.

“You got a deal, Jake. Sex with this cunt at twenty-five dollars an hour. Two hundred to install it plus towing charges.”

“How much is towing?” she asked in a small voice.

“Fifty, no, let’s make it seventy five bucks!”

“Fifty,” said Jake protecting her interests.

“Hey, what’s an extra hour?”

“Fifty.”

“Okay, fifty for towing. See you tonight, doll.”

“Collect after the truck’s returned, in good running order,” said Jake.

“That might be a couple of days!”

“Then I’m sure you’ll have it done by tomorrow.”

“Damn right it’ll be ready tomorrow,” replied Henderson with a grin. “I’ll see you tomorrow, sweetie!”

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Driving over to Stringer and Son’s, Shelly was silent. ‘Twenty-five dollars an hour? Oh, well, that's better than five fifty an hour at Walmart,’ she reasoned.

“Jake, I’m nervous.”

“’bout what?”

“You know.”

“Fucking? Hell, ya love to fuck! I know that fer a fact!”

“Yes, but…”

“Relax. Just relax and enjoy it. Henderson’s got a big dick and knows how to use it. Just ask Toni. O’Ryan? Who knows, but I guess you’ll find out tonight. My dad? He’s had a hard-on for ya ever since yesterday morning! Hell, Toni likes him.”

“Toni likes your dad?”

“Sure…Mom’s been sick for years, but he’s not dead. Every man needs a little nookie every now and then. He’s crazy about Toni… do anything she asks of him…

“Here we are, Doll. Now put on a happy face… yer about to get laid. Oh, yeah, don’t say anything about the truck.”

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“Hey Dad! You remember Shelly, the slut next door?”

The old man’s eyes sparkled with excitement. “Oh, yes! How could I forget! Such a lovely girl.” His eyes roamed across her from head to toe and Shelly felt his eyes undressing her.

Taking her hand he jested, “You damned near gave me a heart attack, young lady.”

“Sorry, Mr. Str…”

“Don’t be sorry! At my age, I take my thrills where I can find’em!”

“Dad, can we talk a little business?”

“I’m busy now!” snapped the old man.

“Dad, it’ll only take a minute.”

“Oh, very well,” the old man said crossly.

Jake and his dad stepped away. During the conversation the old man turned to look at her several times. Soon his head was nodding up and down. Then he reached up and clasped his son on the shoulders. The old man turned, his eyes wild with excitement and strode back to Shelly.

“I understand you need a refrigerator?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, the one Jake spoke of is at the warehouse, but let’s go see what we have back in the storeroom. Jake’ll watch the store for me.”

Then Jake’s dad, much older than her own dad, led her into the back storeroom. She looked for appliances, but saw none as they zigzagged through the inventory of household furnishings. Finally they reached the very back, where some used mattresses, received as trade-ins where stored.

The old man stopped her. “Shelly, isn’t it? Well, Shelly, you just bought yourself a new refrigerator. The one Jake spoke to you about. When we’re finished here, he’ll deliver it. Agreed?

“I expect payment monthly. That’s twelve installments. You’ll make your payments by appointment. Here. Do we have an understanding?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then get those goddamned clothes off, girl!”

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Even though physically he was only half the size of his hulking son, Shelly had no trouble in figuring out where Jake got his penchant for rough sex. The spry old man really gave it to her and she was exhausted and fucked out by the time he tired of her.

Like Jake, he never really hurt her, but heaped lots of verbal abuse as he reamed and re-reamed her holes. Long before it was over she knew that the only thing she was good for was as a place for a man to put his dick, or so he said. Still, as tawdry and humiliating as the experience was, it was exhilarating. When it was all over, he was as sweet as before, telling her how beautiful she was and other sweet compliments. Shelly figured that Jake’s daddy was going to be fun.

She was still a mess when Jake arrived at the warehouse. Switching trucks, Jake pulled a delivery truck up to the loading dock and with a black helper loaded the refrigerator into the back.

She was just looking around when Jake raised the rear tailgate. He came inside and in plain view of the warehouse help, pushed her against the wall. Dropping his pants, he pushed her dress up and took her by surprise, fucking her standing up.

“Oooooowwwweeeee!” shouted the two black men in unison.

“Oh, noooo,” she whimpered looking at the two leering black men while Jake did her. “Oh, no please, not here.”

Hearing the magic word “no”, Jake stopped thrusting into the whimpering girl. “There, there, it’s okay, Shelly, I won’t let’em fuck ya… unless ya want to fuck’em. Ya wanna fuck’em?”

“Nooooo. Luke wouldn’t want that.”

“I know, I know. He’d wanna watch’em fuck ya. Come to think of it, I’d like to watch’em fuck ya.”

“Nooooo, please, Jake, don’t make me do it. Pleaseeee.”

“Okay, okay," laughed Jake. "Relax," he reassured her, "I won’t let’em touch ya. Just let'em look. Okay?”

Having no real choice in the matter, she nodded in understanding and Jake thrust back into her.

“Noooooo.”

“Relax slut, we’re just gonna give’em a thrill. Get’em all horny… Get’em all horny, just like you are… Get’em all worked up… Wanna get’em worked up?”

“Please…”

“They ain't gonna touch ya, they’ll just look… look at your big tits… look at your ass… look at your pretty pink pussy.”

“Please, oh, please, I, I, oh, oh, ohhhhhh!

“That’s it slut, cum on my dick… squeeze it, Shelly. Squeeze it, ya fuck’n slut!”

It wasn’t a powerful climax, just a relatively small shudder of unquenchable desire, but pleasurable nonetheless.

“Fuck me, Jake, yes, fuck me,” she begged abandoning her sense of humility.

Jake abruptly pulled out of her.

“Noooo, please, I neeed you. Oh, god, I need…”

“Take off the dress!”

“Oh, please… don’t make me… don’t let them…”

“Take off the fucking dress or I'll rip it off and let’em take ya… Luke’ll know about it too.”

Confused and addled by the passion now raging within her, she pulled the dress off her shoulders, allowing it to fall to the warehouse floor.

Pushing her away from the wall and out onto the floor so his workers could see her better, Jake announced, “Boys, take a close look at my new fuck toy! I can’t let ya fuck her, but’cha can come’n take a close look. Ya can look. Ya can smell. But ya can’t touch. Ya touch her and I’ll fire yer black asses! Understand?”

“Yes, suh, Massa Jake, Ayes understands,” said the black known as Horsefly as he stepped closer to the voluptuous nude girl.

“Yes suh, boss,” added the second black man, “wees won’ touch her… She shore purty!”

Tyronne and Horsefly gathered in close, their eyes darting across Shelly’s exposed body, feasting on her sensuous nakedness.

Jake kicked his shoes and pants away and snuggled into Shelly’s back. He kicked her legs open a few inches and squatted, his cock head bumping into her crotch, but not penetrating. “Put it in,” he whispered loudly so that his two helpers could hear. “Do it girl!”

Trembling with a mixture of excitement and shame, Shelly reached between her legs and grasped Jake’s thick cock, pulling it forward and into the maw of her vagina. The cock jammed fully into her to the appreciative approvals of the two excited blacks. For extra effect, Jake mauled her tits for the two men as he fucked her.

“Oh, boss, Ah can’t stands it!” exclaimed Horsefly as he opened his jeans, freeing his long black cock. Seeing the black cock at the ready, ready to screw her, sent a salacious shiver through Shelly that triggered a full-blown orgasm. Closing her eyes, she allowed herself to be lost in the sweet rapture.

“She’s cumming on my cock boys! Cunt’s cumming on my fuckin' cock!” grunted Jake.

Jake continued to thrust rapidly into the lust-frenzied girl while his men furiously jacked off. Squatting, Jake pulled Shelly down with him, impaled on his pistioning rod, supporting her weight on his massive thighs as he bodily fucked her on his dick like she was a rag doll. Jake grunted as his balls erupted, cumming in her cunt.

At the feel of his semen shooting into her, Shelly opened her eyes. The two black cocks were mere inches from her face. “Ohhh!” she cried as first one, then the other black dick spit a gout of milky white essence onto her forehead and in her golden hair. Jake grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked her head up so that the next gouts of cum spattered across her nose, lips, neck and over her tits, drenching her with runny clots of semen. The cum-fest over, Jake released her and she crumpled ungracefully onto the floor splattered with a thick coating of Negro splooge.

The three men stood over her, all three dicks still drooling, as she struggled to regain control. Tyronne looked up from the prostrate girl pleadingly to his boss.

“Forget it!” growled Jake menacingly. “Ya can’t have her. Go home tonight and find yer own whore!”

Jake nudged her with his foot, “C’mon slut, get up, get dressed. We gotta go.”

Dazed, she struggled to get up, her dress landing in her arms, catching it against her sperm coated tits. She looked a mess after Jake’s dad was finished with her, now she looked positively used.

“C’mon goddamnit, I ain’t got all day!”

Jake turned to his men. “I gotta deliver this whore’s refrigerator. Be back in thirty, forty-five minutes. There should be a shipment coming in soon. When it gets here, start unloading, but take careful note of what’s there and what condition it’s in. Got it?”

“Yes, Massa Jake,” replied Horsefly with a nod still watching the still nude girl fumbling with her soiled dress.

Jake pulled his pants and shoes back on and led Shelly, still dazed and still naked to the cab of the delivery truck.

Wiping her face with her hands she pouted, “You really think I’m just a slut. Don’t you?”

“Now, now, Honeypie, don’t get yerself all upset. I like sluts. My wife’s a slut. I love slutty girls like you and Toni. What I don’t like are the goody-goody-two-shoes bitches who don’t know how to have a good time. You’re fun! Lots of fun! Ya really know how to have a good time.”

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Jake pulled up to the curb in front of the Blalock house.

Peeping through the blinds, Julia spied Shelly as she climbed out of the truck cab and walked towards her door carrying her shoes in her hands. “My god! Would you just look at her!”

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By the time Shelly had taken a much need bath, Jake had removed the old clunker, installed the new refrigerator, and was back at the warehouse supervising the unloading of the expected shipment from North Carolina. His two helpers were a happy lot, and gave it their best effort, unloading the truck quickly, efficiently and without causing any damage to the goods. All in all, they did an excellent job.

Well before nightfall, Luke came home from an easy day. “Shelly!” he called from the front door as he closed it.

“Hi, babe!” she cheerily replied before giving him a loving kiss. “You’re home early.”

“Yeah, we didn’t have a lot to do today, mostly make work stuff. What’s that I smell?”

“Your favorite, pot roast.”

“Hmmm, smells great. Ya get the refrigerator?”

Shelly beamed and like an excited child, led him to kitchen.

Luke studied it for a minute, looking for the damage.

“See? You can’t really see it!” said Shelly excitedly, “The damage is up against the wall!”

“Yeah, that’s great! Jake was right about that. Got any cold beer?”

Shelly proudly opened the door for Luke’s inspection. “Nice,” he remarked reaching for an Old Milwaukee. Popping the top he asked, “Get the transmission?”

“Uh, huh,” she replied with a tentative smile.

Biting his lip, Luke nodded, sipped his beer and said, “You’re good wife, Shelly.” After a long moment of silence he added, “After supper, I’d better start working on the truck.”

“Unh-huh! Truck’s at Henderson’s garage. Most likely it’ll be ready tomorrow.”

“Damn girl! Ya gonna fuck the entire town!”

“You said for me to take care of it… do what Jake said… so don’t get mad at me!”

“I’m not mad at ya… I’m just… oh, forget it. What's done's done!” Luke saw the distressed look on her face. “C’mere,” he said as he hugged her, his hands lovingly embracing her. “We’ll just make the best of it. Okay? With a little luck, maybe I’ll get a raise soon.” She nodded, relieved that she was doing what he wanted and happy that she was helping make ends met.

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Shelly was drying the last of the supper dishes when Jake stuck his head through the back door.

“Finished eat’n?”

Luke looked up from his cup of coffee. “Yeah! C’mon in!”

Jake stepped in followed by O’Ryan.

“Luke, this is O’Ryan. Sold ya the transmission.” Luke offered his hand to the middle-aged, potbellied Irishman, assessing the man that was here to screw his wife.

“O’Ryan, this is Luke, Shelly’s husband.”

A look of alarm came across O’Ryan’s freckled face. “Husband? I didn’t know…”

“Relax, deal’s a deal,” said Jake cheerfully as O’Ryan looked about nervously, expecting that some sort of trickery was involved.

“Coffee?” offered Luke.

“Uh, no thanks… Wife’s expecting me home for supper shortly, so…”

“Henderson has confirmed that ya delivered the transmission to him as agreed,” Jake said to the overweight autoparts suppplier, but also for the benefit of the Blalocks. “Well, let’s do it then. How do ya want her, pal?”

“Uh…”

“On the table here, out on the sofa, in her bed…”

“Uh, bedroom,” the portly freckled redheaded man said tentatively, unsure of what the husband might do.

“Okay, follow me," commanded Jake.

"C’mon Shelly, time to pay the man,” Jake called out. Jake led O’Ryan into the Blalock’s bedroom, followed by Shelly and finally Luke.

“There’s no curtains, no blinds?”

“Don’t worry about it. That’s my house next door. Ya’ve got plenty of privacy.”

Jake turned to Shelly growling, “What are ya waiting for, cunt? The man has to get home soon.”

O’Ryan’s eyes were riveted on Shelly as she undressed. Discarding the last vestige of her modesty, Shelly sat on the bed, waiting for O’Ryan to make his move.

O’Ryan’s eyes darted from the naked teenager to her young husband, to Jake, back to the girl and then back to Luke. “Uh, do you mind?”

“What’s the problem?” asked Jake.

“Uh, well, are you two gonna watch?”

“Luke here wants to be sure you don’t hurt her. Me? I just like watching the fun.”

O’Ryan hesitated a moment, shrugged and began to strip, placing a small notebook and pen on the dresser. Down to his boxer’s, he took a look at his watch and scribbled a note in the notebook.

Shelly shuddered as she scrutinized his flabby body with it’s distended gut and soft dough-boy contours. His skin was at the same time pasty white, yet heavily freckled and fairly hairy. His face was fairly pleasant, but showed the effects of years of heavy drinking and general neglect.

O’Ryan put the notebook down and sat next to naked girl. Shelly lay back onto the bed, offering herself to him.

Eyes blazing with excitement and rapidly growing arousal, O’Ryan’s hands roamed freely over her big bosoms, her stomach, between her legs and back to her tits. With only a few minutes of foreplay, he pulled his boxers off, freeing his stiff pecker and mounted her. She felt his foul breath on her face, stinking of stale cigar smoke and whiskey. The stench made her wince as he began rutting, blindly poking at her cunt, but finding no entrance. Shelly reached between them and directed his dick to her pussy hole and felt him slide into her.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned as his dick was enveloped in the warm moist confines of her young vagina. Shelly grunted as he allowed the weight of his body to crush her.

With seeming urgency he pumped his hips, grunting and panting as he pumped, “ughg... ughg… ughg... ughg”. His orgasm built quickly and he groaned loudly as he emptied his balls into her. O’Ryan stopped pumping, lying breathlessly on top of Shelly, worn out from his exertions.

“You’re crushing me,” she finally protested. “I can’t breathe! Get off!”

O’Ryan rolled off and sat up with a big satisfied smile upon his face. Abruptly standing, he looked at his watch, picked up his little notebook and scribbled a note. Then he started dressing.

Curious, Luke picked up the notebook and opened it to a page titled, “Blalock transmission, $265 @ $25/hr = 10.6 hrs = 636 min”. Columns were set up for the date, beginning time, ending time, elapsed time, and total time, with data neatly recorded in each column. His first and only entry was for today. Total time recorded was nine minutes.

O’Ryan tucked in his shirt and buckled his pants. He took the little notebook from Luke, offering by way of explanation, “Just to keep tract of things so that I get my due.” Then pointing to a blank column, he directed, “Initial it here.”

Luke initialed the nine minutes and handed the notebook back. O’Ryan turned to Shelly, “Thanks, that was the best pussy I’ve had in a long time. See you soon. I’ll call Jake and set up the next installment.” Then he turned, smiling ear-to-ear as he rushed out to go home, laughing to himself that he’d managed to cheat them out of three minutes.

‘That was the worst lay I’ve ever had,’ thought Shelly as she lay staring at the ceiling. ‘I hope Luke is happy.’

Dropping his pants, Luke said to Jake, “Flip ya for her.”

“No, you first,” deferred the big man, “she’s yer wife.”

**Chapter 7 - Paying the Bill**

*Shelly picks up the old truck from the mechanic.*

The men of his work gang were all standing around, having a smoke in the parking lot when Shelly dropped Luke off in the early morning. He kissed her goodbye and got out of Jake’s truck. Just as she was about to drive off, she noticed that he’d forgotten his lunch. She grabbed the lunch box and ran after him.

“Luke! You forgot your lunch!”

All the men turned to look at the pretty girl, her face radiantly smiling, her big tits bouncing unrestrained under her t-shirt as she trotted towards the group. Giving her husband another goodbye kiss, she ran back to the truck.

“Nice ass!” said Lenny.

“Damn, Luke, she’s really pretty,” said Big Mike, the straw boss of the group. “Is that your truck?”

“No, that’s my neighbor’s truck.”

“Neighbor’s wife too?” quipped Big Mike with a grin.

“No, that’s my wife.”

“Lord a mercy!” exclaimed Rodger, “What a fine bod!”

“The truck?” asked Lenny.

“No, asshole, not the truck, Luke’s wife! Where have ya been hiding her boy?”

“Ya’ve never seen her before?” asked Luke already knowing the answer.

“I guess I seen her sit’n in your old truck, but never up close like.”

“Next time,” interjected Lenny, "introduce us, will ya!”

“Sure, Lenny. Guess I shoulda done that already.”

Big Mike looked at his watch announcing, “Time to get cracking.” The four men piled into the railroad work truck, a Chevy Suburban equipped with guide wheels to run on the tracks when lowered. They drove a short distance west towards Luke’s daddy’s farm, and turned north to intersect the tracks, then riding the rails, continued west a short ways to the area where they were to work today.

It was another day of light work, inspecting a little used siding and drawing up a list of maintenance items that needed to be performed. The chill of the early morning quickly gave way to mild heat as the sun rose higher in the sky, the men stripping off their shirts as the heat intensified.

They had lunch under the trees and as usual had a very ribald bullshit session focusing on their favorite topic, women.

“Yeah, she really likes it when I stick a finger up her butt when we’re fucking,” said Lenny of his wife. “I do her like that,” he said animating a rapid thrusting of his finger. “She loves it! After I cum, I make her suck me while I finger her ass. Drives her wild.”

Luke smiled as always, listening to the older men’s tales of conquest, of fucking bar maids on a bar stool, of the moles on the genital regions of a neighbor’s wife, of making it with young and always pretty girls. Luke never said much as he never felt it appropriate to talk about Shelly like that, and the guys didn’t seem to notice that the kid rarely contributed to these discussions. Big Mike was probably the raunchiest, his stories of whoring in port as a young sailor and tales of fucking his fifteen year old stepdaughter always seemed to be over the top, goading Rodger and Lenny to try and top him.

Time permitting, they usually had a friendly game of poker, using chips and never real money. As a player’s chips were exhausted he would bet his wife’s pussy on the outcome. If you win, you win, but if you lose, you were obligated to bring something to the group the next day. Panties, pubic hairs and blurry Polaroid photographs were the norm.

As Big Mike had lost his final bet on his stepdaughter’s pussy yesterday, it was his turn to pay up. Big Mike reached into a paper bag and extracted a pair of pink panties with teddy bears, handing them to Rodger who was yesterday’s big winner.

“Oh! For Christ’s sake!” Rodger exclaimed displaying the bloodstained crotch of the panties.

Big Mike quipped, “Thank the Lord she started yesterday! She was over two weeks late and I was getting a bit nervous!”

Once the raucous laughter had died down, the group got down to the business of today’s game. The ebb and flow of losing and winning bets turned into a series of losses for Luke. Usually Luke would have been cautious and simply folded, but exhausted of chips and holding three Jacks, Luke bet his wife’s pussy. Smugly he laid down his cards. Lenny and Rodger folded, throwing in their hands. Everyone turned to Big Mike, who smiled broadly as he laid down a full house of threes over sixes.

“Shit!” exclaimed Luke at being bested while his buddies laughed and made lewd remarks about his wife’s pussy. Luke laughed with them, finally becoming a full participating member of Big Mike’s work gang.

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It was late afternoon when Toni came by to tell Shelly that Henderson had called and said that Luke’s truck was ready and for Shelly to come and pick it up. A twinge of excitement coursed through her. She was horny, had been horny all day despite the wonderful fucking she’d gotten from Luke that morning, followed by some wild sex with Jake and Toni upon returning Jake’s truck.

She had plenty to do to keep her occupied by cleaning the house, but all day her pussy yearned for cock. Now she wondered how Henderson would be and when he would want her. Tonight, she presumed, he’d follow her home and screw her. Remembering the pathetic fucking by O’Ryan, she reasoned that it couldn’t possibly be worse. Besides, Toni told her that he was a good lay, a very good lay.

The old Ford truck was parked outside and the bay doors to the garage were all closed. Shelly tried the front door, finding it unlocked. Waving goodbye to Toni, she stepped inside, the pervading smell of grease and gasoline filling her nostrils as she looked into the dimly lit, grimy garage.

“Hi!” said a masculine voice from under a car. “Be with you in just a moment.”

After a minute or so, Henderson rolled out from under the vehicle and put his tools away for the day. Shelly watched with great interest as Henderson strode towards her, wiping his greasy hands on an old shop rag. Despite the tousled hair and a grease smudge on his face, she thought him quite handsome. He was tall and of a similar build to Luke, but the bushy crop of chest hair sprouting from the open collar of his stained overalls also reminded her of Jake.

“Truck’s ready to go,” announced Henderson without emotion as he locked the front door. “Are you ready to go?”

“Uh, sure…where to?”

“Here.”

“Here?”

“I work here, I take payment here. Now, if you don’t want me getting grease all over your clean clothes, I suggest you take’em off.”

Shelly looked around the shop. There was only the one room to the garage and it was mostly filled with shop tools and old parts. There wasn’t a chair to sit on, much less a sofa, just a simple high stool next to the grime covered computer and cluttered, waist-high desk.

“Put your things on the desk,” he directed as he snapped the first photo with a digital camera.

“Jake didn’t tell me you were going to be taking pictures.”

“He didn’t tell me I couldn’t,” he replied. “Turn towards me… good.” Henderson directed her to pose as she removed each article of clothing.

Dropping her bra, she stood posing for a bare-back shot before removing her shorts, noticing for the first time the shop calendar with a whorish-looking buxom babe, cupping and offering the viewer her oversized hooters as well as a couple of old magazine photos of scantily-clad and nude women tacked to the wall. “Oh, my god,” she uttered in dismay, knowing full well whose picture might be displayed on that wall tomorrow.

“Okay, dollface, stay facing away and now… drop your shorts, just down off your hips first… wow, nice butt! Now lower… now turn around… damn! Nice tits, very nice indeed! Now pull’em back up… your shorts not your tits… all the way, and spread open the fly so that you’re just showing a bit of your panties, a little more, good… now lower… all the way now… Damn, you’ve got one hell of a nice body!… Now the panties… hold it, sweetie…ooooooo, that’s goooood baby, gooood!… turn around… Holy shit! What a butt! Beautiful, absolutely beautiful! There, that should be enough for now.”

She turned to see Henderson put the camera on a bench and then strip off his overalls. It sort of surprised her, but he wasn’t anywhere near as hairy as she’d first supposed. The thick mat of chest hair, faded away quickly below his pecs, becoming a dark line that ran across his navel to flair into his pubic hair. But it wasn’t his pubes that mesmerized her, it was the impossibly long dong that curved up from his groin that demanded her attention, causing her pussy to moisten impulsively at the sight of the impressive organ.

Henderson stepped towards her and as his grimy hands encircled her waist, she protested, “Aren’t you gonna wash your hands?”

“They’re clean enough for a whore,” he whispered in her ear as he drew her naked body into his, pressing his hands firmly into the flesh of her buttocks, grinding his mighty erection into her abdomen, rubbing the soft hair of his manly chest into the soft womanly flesh of her full-size bosoms. He kissed her hard, driving his long tongue deep into her mouth while he ground his stiff cock against her.

“Mmmmm,” she moaned softly in response to the flurry of kisses raining down on her lips, her neck, her ears. “Mmmmm,” she imperceptibly moaned as the kisses began landing on her shoulders and then her breasts. “Mmmmmm,” she purred as Henderson buried his face into the soft pliant flesh of her large bosoms.

Her growing arousal was briefly interrupted when the coarse stubble of his five-o’clock shadow tickled her as he rubbed his face across her magnificent tits, causing her to involuntarily giggle, but the ticklish feeling was soon supplanted as Henderson greedily sucked in an excitedly erect nipple. “Ohhhh! Yessss, I like that,” she hissed as the wonderful sensation released a flood of endorphins into her bloodstream, bringing on an immediate sexual high that was destined to rapidly spiral out of control. Soon she was begging, “Fuck me, please fuck me. I need you to fuck me.”

Henderson tore way from her desperate clutch, eliciting a pathetic plea to, “Come back, come back, I need you,” just before he dragged her by the wrist out onto the filthy shop floor.

Henderson grabbed an old thin blanket from a heap of trash and spread it out over the bare cement floor. The cold penetrated the thin blanket as he laid her out on her back, but neither the chill nor the unyielding hardness of the floor were enough to dampen her ardor as she spread her legs out to receive him.

With barely restrained excitement, Henderson positioned himself between her parted legs, nuzzling the shaft of his long cock lengthwise between the very wet lips of her vulva. Holding all of his weight off the girl and rocking back and forth, he slid is long cock along her juicy slit, the crown nudging her clit each time it slid across the aroused nubbin.

Shelly began humping her hips, mewling salaciously, her face twisted in a grimace of primal lust as he masturbated her with his dick. Her climax built rapidly, her breasts taking on a ruddy hue and her nipples standing painfully erect as she teetered on the precipice.

Sensing it was just the right moment, Henderson drew his hips back farther than before and reversing his movement, sank his long dick deep into her vagina. The sudden sensation of her pussy being filled with a nice cock triggered in her a mind-altering orgasm. The complete, utterly raw sexual ecstasy delivered a staggering blow of furious intense pleasure to her already lust addled brain.

Henderson found it difficult to push into her tightly squeezing cunt, but he shoved into her nonetheless. The contractions eased as the fury of her orgasm began to recede and Henderson found it increasing easy to fuck her incredibly juicy snatch.

Shelly, still in a fog of carnal passion, pulled on her nipples as Henderson fucked her. Her arousal began to peak again when he buried his organ deep in her cunt. Pressing the head against her cervix, Henderson began rotating his hips, stirring her cunt with his cock. The violent contractions returned with a vengeance as the muscles of her belly contracted and she thrashed about beneath the mechanic, his throbbing cock pumping his seed into her wildly contracting womb. Unable to take a breath as her world imploded again, the lights went out. When she awoke, Henderson was walking around her, once again snapping pictures of her with his digital camera.

Suddenly, Henderson was straddling her, offering his wet, semi-soft cock to her lips. Greedily she gobbled down the dick, sucking him with great smacking noises. She gagged when the growing sausage hit the back of her throat before sliding down her esophagus. Repeatedly she swallowed, the throaty contractions embracing his cock and causing him to groan in delight.

He pulled his hard cock from her throat and withdrew it from her mouth. “Fuck me,” she huskily hissed. “Fuck me again, and again!”

Henderson wasn’t someone to deny a hot bitch in heat, and Shelly was some hot. Kneeling, Henderson pulled her towards him, lifting her hips towards his cock as her shoulders maintained contact with the floor, her ankles resting on his shoulders and directing his cock to her cock hungry cunt. The acute angle of entry caused his cock to stimulate her g-spot on the front wall of her pussy. Soon she was mewling again, lost in the lascivious pleasure of fucking a nearly total stranger. After a few minutes, he dropped her ankles from his shoulders, allowing her toes to reach the ground as he continued to hold her gyrating hips up to his thrusting dick until she came and then he changed positions again.

The fucking continued for the better part of another hour until they were both too exhausted to continue. Lying side by side, staring up into the rafters and tin roof of the garage, Shelly sighed, “That was wonderful. I feel so… alive.”

“You’re not still horny are you?” asked Henderson with a laugh.

“No, well yes, but, I don’t know… I just really enjoyed you.”

“Hell, I enjoyed you! You know, you’re a hot babe, beautiful and passionate. You’re too nice to be just be a whore.”

“I’m not a whore!” she said with conviction.

“Whatever,” said Henderson standing, “but I’ll be happy to fix your old truck anytime.”

“Maybe we could do this again, that is, if it’s alright with Luke.”

“Luke, that’s your husband, right? Doesn’t matter what Luke thinks, you still owe me several hours of your time for my time… and I intend to collect.”

“Good,” she cooed, “I think I like being in your debt.”

Shelly wrapped her arms around his waist as he stood, pecking at the grimy keyboard of his computer with one finger. “Aw, here it is… Shelly Blalock… Two hundred to install the transmission plus fifty bucks for towing. At twenty-five an hour, you owe me ten hours of hard fucking lady. Let’s see, today we were at it for what? An hour and a half? Say, why don’t we round that off and call it an hour?”

She kissed his shoulder and purred, “Why don’t we call it forty-five minutes?”

“How about a half hour?”

“Half an hour? Sure, sounds reasonable to me.”

“I like your math, lady. How about a few more pictures?”

Shelly leaned against the high desk, gently plucking at her nipples. Arching her back just so to emphasize her firm premium-quality tits she purred, “Like this?”

Picking up his camera, Henderson whispered, “Oh, God yes. You’re beautiful, Doll, just beautiful… Big smile… Now tweak those nipples again… Perfect! Just Perfect!"

Shelly posed for the next five minutes, doing her best Marilyn Monroe imitation, enjoying every minute of it.

Putting the camera down, Henderson ran his hands over her mammalian orbs while brushing his revived erection against her stomach. "You really know how to make a man hard," he said. "Don't ya, Doll? Tell you what, how 'bout another fuck?"

“Mmmmmm, just for fun?”

“Yeah, just for fun.”

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An hour later, it was already dark as she drove Luke’s old pickup home, the throbbing and emptiness she felt in her pussy a pleasant reminder of the wonderful fucking she’d just received. “Toni was right,” she dreamily reflected, still drugged by her runaway lust, “he is a good lay. A very good lay.”

As she went through the gears, she was pleased that the truck shifted smoothly. Still she was dissatisfied. No matter that the transmission no longer clunked ominously, nor did the gears grind every time you shifted, but it was still an old truck; it just wasn’t as nice as Jake’s truck. “Someday,” she mused, “Someday we’ll have a nice truck.”

Turning into the drive she saw the neighbor, David, scurrying down the narrow alleyway between the two houses, and disappear into his house. She didn’t know the man and held no animosity towards him; in fact, she took pity on him, as his wife was demonstratively the most unpleasant woman she’d ever met. “How can he live with her?” she asked herself as she parked the truck under the lean-to attached to their back shed.

Entering through the kitchen, she made her way towards the front of the house, finding Luke and Toni together on the sofa. Toni lifted her head from Luke’s groin, his saliva coated cock slapping against his belly as she released it from the embrace of her lips.

“Hi! Looks like you had fun!” greeted Toni with a broad smile. “Oh, my!” she laughed. “You should see yourself! You’re a mess!”

“I could use a shower,” Shelly laughed.

Changing the subject she continued, “Say, you know the neighbor… David, isn’t it? He was out in the driveway.”

“Yeah, he’s been watching us!” Toni said with a chuckle. “We pretended we couldn’t see him, but he was backlit by the window of his house. Gave the creep a show! He’s been out there for fifteen, maybe twenty minutes, whacking off the entire time!”

“Maybe you should’ve invited him in,” Shelly said in jest.

“No way! He’s as bad as Julia! What a couple of hypocrites! Wait’til I tell Jake!”

Shelly turned to head for a shower, allowing Toni to return to her oral ministrations. She knew she smelled of grease and gasoline, but when she saw the blackish smudge on her face she had to laugh. Stripping off her clothes, she saw that her tits were smudged as well, looking almost as if they were bruised. She twisted around to see her butt and called out, “Toni! Come see!”

Not waiting for Toni to respond, she strode back out into the parlor. “Look!”

Toni burst out laughing at the sight of the two black handprints on Shelly’s pinkish-white ass. Luke growled, “Ya been out fucking! Ain’t ya?”

“Yes, and I did it all for you,” she said contritely.

“You’re a good girl,” Luke said with a grin. “Did ya have fun?”

“As a matter of fact… I did. Yes, I did.”

“I bet,” added Luke dryly. Wishing that he could have seen it, he visualized Shelly getting screwed by a grimy mechanic. The scene playing in his head caused his dick grow even harder, so hard, it hurt.

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Later that evening as they snuggled in bed, Luke remembered losing his bet. “Honey, are ya busy tomorrow?”

“No, I just planned to clean the house, maybe do a little laundry at Toni’s.”

“Well, I lost a bet at work today and…”

“Luke! We can’t afford you gambling!”

“No, no, no… it’s nuttin’ like that. We don’t bet money, just chips and well… well, it’s just that I need to… well, I want ya meet us at lunch. We’re working on that old siding near the Miller place. We’ll have a picnic!”

“Oh, okay. Maybe I can fix up some fried chicken.”

“Yeah! That’ll be great! The guys will really like that! Come on by around noon and look for the work truck.”

“Sure, Honey, if you want me too.”

“Yeah, I want ya to," he said gently stroking her full breasts. "Now, tell me all about it.”

“About what?”

“Today… the mechanic, Henderson… I wanna hear all about it.”

**Chapter 8 - A Picnic for Shelly**

*Intending to just tease his coworkers, Luke invites Shelly on a picnic by the siding.*

Shelly returned home after dropping Luke off at the railroad shops and set about preparing a picnic lunch for four hungry men. She was thankful that she’d gone shopping yesterday morning with Toni and had picked up several whole chickens that were on sale. Cleaning and cutting up the three chickens, she marinated the pieces in buttermilk. Having prepared the potato salad and baked beans from scratch, she was busy frying up the second batch of chicken when Toni came over.

“Hi! Can I come in?”

“Of course! How about a cup of coffee?”

“Thanks, yes. Hmmmmm, that smells good.”

“Luke wanted me to bring a picnic lunch out to him today. Treat the guys for some silly bet he lost.”

“Oh?” said Toni arching an eyebrow. “What kind of bet?”

“I don’t know, just some silly game that they play at lunch.”

“I see,” Toni said with a smirk. “Sounds like my kind of picnic.”

“You wanna come?”

“Love to, Shelly, but I gotta feed the big lug his lunch. He’ll be grumpier than hell too! This morning he woke up and demanded to know, ‘Where’s that big titted cunt?’ I told him that you probably had something better to do than to screw him this morning. He said, ‘Like what?’ He didn’t cheer up until I reminded him that you’d be over for lunch.” Toni laughed, “He’ll have his dick in knot for sure!”

The two women chatted while Shelly continued frying her chicken until Toni had to go home and prepare her husband’s lunch.

Time was tight, but Shelly quickly showered to remove the frying odors and perspiration from her skin. She dressed in the outfit Luke had selected for her, a pair of cherry red shorts and a white button-less blouse that tied in the front under her bust line, displaying an abundance of cleavage. Quickly she painted her toenails and fingernails a bright red to match her shorts, did her eyes with blue eye shadow and black mascara to accent her big baby blues and applied the red lipstick Luke requested. Brushing her shoulder length blond hair back into a ponytail, she secured her coiffure with a red scarf. She dabbed on some of her favorite cologne, and grabbed a pair of low-heeled white sandals. Barefoot and careful not to mess up her pedicure, she loaded her picnic lunch into the back of the old pickup truck and headed out to meet her husband and his coworkers.

It was beautiful day without a cloud in the sky and the drive out was very pleasant. The warm breeze blowing through the truck fluttered her blouse, threatening to untie the knot that preserved her modesty. She had no trouble finding the old siding, even though it was tucked back in the woods, as she had been out this way with Bobby Ray many times before she’d gotten knocked up and had to marry Luke. Nothing ever really happened, just two naive teenagers picnicking and making out under the copse of tall red oaks next to the tracks. She fondly remembered Bobby Ray putting pennies on the tracks and waiting for a freight train to roar by. She still had some of those flattened coins, keepsakes that she cherished.

Emerging from the woods, Shelly parked at the edge of the siding. About a quarter of a mile away, she saw the men milling about near the work truck. She waved and someone waved back. Then she spread out her blanket under the trees and waited.

Soon the Chevy Suburban bounced along next to the tracks towards her. The four men piled out, shirtless as it was hot working in the sun. Though older than Luke, the other three men were reasonably handsome, with deeply tanned torsos and bodies honed by manual labor.

“Ooooo-Weeeee!” exclaimed Rodger upon seeing the pretty girl standing by her blanket. The men, bare-chested and sweaty, gathered around for inspection. Shelly watched with growing excitement as the three pair of eyes roamed up and down her body.

“Goddamn, Luke,” muttered Lenny, “introduce us.”

Stepping to his wife’s side smiling, Luke began, “Fellas, this here’s Shelly, my wife. Shelly, this is Rodger, Lenny, and the big one with his tongue hang’n out, is the boss, Big Mike.”

“Hi,” said Shelly holding out her hand and shaking each in turn. “Nice to meet ya.”

Big Mike, rather than shaking, kissed the back of her offered hand. “You smell good, Lassie,” he said with a wolfish, hungry look in his eyes. Shelly thought he reminded her of a combination of O’Ryan and Jake. Big Mike was big like Jake and very muscular, but not nearly as hairy. Like O’Ryan he had red hair, but even though he had something of a potbelly, he wasn’t flabby like O’Ryan was, though he was nearly as old. Looking him over, she studied the tattoos his thick arms sported. A stereotypical anchor with USN superimposed on one arm, and two interlocking hearts on the other. On his forearms, he sported a Chinese dragon on one arm and a serpent coiled around the other.

Shelly fluttered her eyelashes and blushed slightly as his greedy eyes unabashedly bore into her cleavage. Shelly pulled her hand away as she demurely asked, “Is anybody hungry?”

“You can bet we are, Lassie,” said Big Mike with grin.

Shelly knelt on the blanket and opened the large picnic basket, laying out the fried chicken and baked beans. She pulled out five plates and flatware, and began serving up her meal.

“Luke, be a dear and go get the ice tea and potato salad from the ice chest.”

The three men ogled the young woman, as her husband walked to the old pickup to retrieve the bottle of tea and ice for the cups.

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All day Luke had been in quandary. Yesterday he had planned to have a little fun and tease his co-workers. Then he had other thoughts, thoughts that any good husband shouldn’t have. He questioned whether or not he was a good husband, sharing his wife with the neighbor and outright whoring her out just to meet some relatively minor financial emergencies. All morning he had pondered this. The more he tried to anaylize the whole situation, the more doubts he had.

The thing with the Stringers, that was a mutual thing. Jake and Shelly, he and Toni, it was all good fun. Two weeks ago he wouldn’t think it possible, but he found the whole Jake/Shelly thing very erotic, and Toni, she was fun, a lot of fun. Shelly was certainly okay with it, not at first maybe, but once it really started, Shelly enthusiastically embraced it. It was like his dad had said, “What a man and his wife do is nobody’s business but theirs.”

The thing with the refrigerator and the truck, that was economic necessity. It wasn’t his first choice, but he was glad that she could help them out of a money bind. He didn’t even want to think about Jake’s old man doing her, but O’Ryan? Shelly didn’t like him, that’s for sure, but Luke knew that it turned him on to see the flabby guy rutting his wife. Then there was that Henderson fellow. He’d never met Henderson, but they way Shelly gushed about having such a good time with him, well, that was something he wanted to see.

He thought about Shelly and how she felt about all this. She had adopted the position that she was obligated to do whatever he told her to do, and she did. Was that all there was to it? She seemed to enjoy it all, all except O’Ryan and then only because he didn’t fuck her long enough or make any attempt to make it fun for her too. No, the wife’s obligation thing, that was just her own rationalization. She enjoyed it. Hell, she was fucking Jake every morning after he was at work and he hadn’t told her to do that.

If he could share her with Jake just for fun and share her with others for financial reasons, then why not share her with his friends at work? Shelly wouldn’t mind. Or would she? That was the rub. The whole thing with the Stringers, at first she did that to please him. The other, she did it to help out. Would she do this just for fun? Would she really enjoy being used like that?

By the time Shelly arrived at the siding, he wasn’t so sure that this was such a good idea anymore. But as he watched how she flirted with the guys, he wasn’t so sure about that either. Then he had an idea, an idea that put his mind to ease. He wouldn’t ask her to do anything she didn’t want to do. Whatever she did, she do because she wanted to do it. If she had any reservations, all she had to do was say ‘no’. Say ‘no’, and no it would be. He’d tease the guys and leave them hanging! Yeah, that would be fun too!

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Roger and Lenny were nearly beside themselves as they looked down her blouse as she leaned over. Big Mike unabashedly grabbed his hard cock and readjusted himself in his jeans.

Shelly was loving all the attention and purposely arched her back slightly as she sat up. “Damn,” muttered Lenny to himself as her nipples pressed against the thin fabric of her top.

Luke, returning to the blanket, saw his wife’s not so subtle move. ‘That’s it, ya hot prick tease. Make’em hungry,’ he thought before handing his wife the Tupperware container of cold potato salad.

Shelly scooped out the potato salad, adding it to the baked beans on the five plates while Luke poured the iced tea. With a bright smile designed to addle their brains, she passed the plates out, allowing the men to pick the pieces of chicken they wanted from a basket.

“Goddamn,” exclaimed Rodger as he took a bite of her fried chicken, “she’s a good cook too!”

“Watch your language,” admonished Big Mike.

“Sorry, Ma’am,” apologized Rodger insincerely.

The four men voraciously consumed all the chicken, baked beans and potato salad, letting nothing to go to waste, and leaving nothing to be brought home.

Licking the grease from his fingers, Big Mike complimented, “That was mighty fine, Shelly, mighty fine.” Big Mike looked towards Luke and loosened his belt before looking back to the pretty girl. “I think I’m gonna burst!” he said rubbing his gut.

Shelly pretended not to notice and stowed away the empty containers and dirty dishes. Having just learned this week that like women’s breasts, men’s cocks were all different, she wondered and tried to imagine what each of these men’s cock looked like. Were they all uncut like Luke and Jake’s daddy, or had they lost their foreskins to circumcision like Jake and Henderson? She thought of O’Ryan and frowned. She couldn’t remember whether he was cut or uncut, not that it made any difference.

Her excitement grew as she anticipated what her husband had in mind. ‘Is he going to let them all fuck me?’ she wondered with a shiver. She’d been thinking of it ever since Toni suggested that she just might get gangbanged this afternoon. At first she was mortified at the suggestion that Luke would use her like that, but after the events of the past week she couldn’t rule out the possibility.

The more she had thought about it, the more excited she became. All the sex over the past few days, sex with several different men, had altered her outlook. It had been a sexual epiphany for her. Like the sexual epiphany she’d had with Luke in his father’s bed a week after she and Luke were married, this epiphany was a harbinger of radical changes in her sexual outlook and liberation.

Before that day at the Blalock farm, she was as naive as they came, a sheltered girl, completely unaware of sexual matters. After she gave herself freely to her husband and discovered the joy of uninhibited sex, sex became forefront in her thoughts. Sexually awakened, she couldn’t seem to get enough.

As she had considered the possibility that Luke might have salacious plans for her today, it excited her, causing her pussy to itch in need. Well before she even arrived at the picnic site, she had felt the dampness of her arousal accumulating.

“Well, Big Mike, I guess it’s time for me to pay up,” said Luke.

Big Mike shot him a questioning look, his eyes blazing.

“Honey, take off your shoes,” Luke instructed his wife.

Shelly obeyed her husband without hesitation as Luke sat down behind her. His prick stiffening in anticipation hee whispered to her, “Lift your foot up, honey. That’s it.”

Big Mike stared at the pretty foot offered to him and took it in his hand.

“Goddamn,” uttered Lenny as Big Mike kissed her toe.

Shelly mewled softly as her big toe was engulfed into the warm wet mouth of the older man. She moaned in pleasure as Luke’s hands descended into her blouse to caress her tits. Big Mike slobbered all over her foot, watching as Luke boldly fondled his wife. Lenny and Rodger were dumbstruck. Shelly’s breathing became increasingly rapid and shallow as her sensitive nipples were rolled between Luke’s fingers.

“Goddamn! Oh, goddamn!” exclaimed Rodger as he squirmed to accommodate his stiffening erection.

Luke withdrew his hands from under her blouse and cupped her big tits. Then, as Big Mike sucked her toe, he untied the knot and spread her blouse open.

“Oh, fuck me!” hissed Lenny. “What a set of jugs!”

“Yeah, look’t ‘em hooters!” added Rodger.

“Play with yourself, Baby,” whispered Luke into her ear. Unhesitatingly her hands shot down into her shorts.

“Jesus, fuck!” cried Rodger as Luke pushed her shorts down just enough to give everyone a view of her fingering her pussy.

“Show’er your cock, Lenny!” said Luke to his disbelieving buddies. “Go on… You too, Rodger.”

Shelly’s fingers noisily plunged in and out of her sopping pussy and she gazed up hungrily at Rodger’s and then Lenny’s cock once the two men had dropped their jeans around their thighs and began stroking their hard organs. Neither of the men was as well endowed as her husband she realized, but that didn’t matter, their cut cocks were beautiful to her nonetheless.

Watching the men’s cocks as they masturbated, she furiously frigged herself while the three strange men watched and her husband delightfully tortured her tits. Shelly’s excitement quickly built to the point of no return, her orgasm exploding upon her with a blinding flash of light. She stiffened, her body becoming rigid as she trembled and shook.

Lenny cried out, “Ahhhhh!” as he erupted, shooting a wad of jism onto the expansive mammalian orbs of the climaxing girl. His cry of pleasure was quickly joined by a shout from Rodger as his seed began spewing from his cock, adding to the accumulating thick goo that Lenny was still pumping onto her fat tits.

Big Mike dropped her foot and pulled off his jeans, eager to get in on the cum-fest, eager to fuck the luscious girl.

“Can’t let ya fuck’er,” said Luke to Big Mike’s disappointment, “but if ya want a tittie fuck, go ahead.”

“Damned right!” exclaimed Big Mike.

Shelly was still leaning back into her husband as her orgasm subsided. She opened her eyes to see Big Mike straddling her, his big, meaty red-tipped rod jutting from a tangle of red pubic hair beneath the slight overhang of his gut. Big Mike leaned forward, resting his hands on Luke’s shoulders as he nestled his cock between her womanly mounds. Luke gently pushed his wife’s breasts together around the stalk of his boss’ big dick and Big Mike began humping his hips, his cock gliding easily in the cum lubricated valley of her bosoms. With each forward thrust, the angry red tip of his cock would appear from between her tits, pressing invitingly close to her face.

Big Mike was much too excited to last very long. Through a fog of lust, Shelly looked inside his cock tube as his large meatus gapped opened just prior to the rush of cum jetting forth onto her pretty face. With each pulse of his ejaculation, Big Mike grunted, until he was depleted and left gasping for air.

He moved off and joining Lenny and Roger, knelt beside her to study her luscious body. Lenny looked at Luke, eyes burning with unconcealed lust. “Can we fuck her?”

Luke looked at Lenny’s re-stiffened pecker and laughed, “No, ya can’t fuck her. But you’re welcome to watch me fuck her.”

Luke abruptly stood, letting Shelly fall back onto the blanket, her blouse open, her tits and face simmering with a coating of cum, her shorts pulled down off her hips. Luke quickly stripped down completely. Then he pulled his comely wife's shorts off and tossed them into the grass. With great show, he positioned himself between her legs, raking his cock head up and down her wet gash while his buddies looked on. For some minutes he played with her, rubbing her clit with his cock head.

A thunderous horn blew, warning of the approach to Miller’s crossing of a westbound train on the main tracks. Shelly looked up and studied the three hard or nearly hard cocks gathered around her and her husband. She wanted them, all of them, and the more she thought about it, the more her desire built.

Her stomach began undulating with her muscle contractions. Luke plunged into her just as her orgasm broke over her as the diesel-electric locomotive roared past. Her legs flayed helplessly in the air while her husband, for the entertainment of his co-workers, fucked her spasmodic pussy to the rhythmic clacking of a long line of passing freight cars. As the last car passed and the racket subsided, Luke unloaded into his wife’s grasping pussy.

Luke rolled off the side and looked up at his three friends. All were slowly stroking their rigid cocks.

“Damn it, Luke. Can’t we fuck her?” pleaded Rodger.

Luke cocked his head and looked down at his wife. “How about it, Shelly? Ya wanna fuck 'em?”

Shelly wanted to scream, “YES!” but a little nagging voice in her conscience held her back. Yes, she desperately wanted to fuck them. Fuck them all. Fuck them one and two at a time all afternoon, but… Luke hadn’t told her to fuck them. If he had said, “ Shelly, I want ya to fuck 'em,” that would have been okay, it was her duty to obey her husband, but… he hadn’t said that. What he said was DID SHE want to fuck them, leaving the choice to her. To act on her own, even with her husband’s consent, that was sinful… or was it? Toni said there’s no sin in sex, only if she didn’t want it and then the shame was on whomever forced himself upon her. Still, Luke hadn’t told her to fuck them and she was pained to save her soul.

“Do you want me to?” she said meekly, hopefully, afraid that by asking she may have crossed the boundary into illicit desire and sin.

“God help me, Shelly, but I love it. I love watching ya get fucked. You’re so beautiful, lying here all naked and hot to fuck. I love it when Jake fucks ya. I even loved it when O’Ryan did ya in three seconds.” His finger slipped into her juicy slit and circled the base of her clit adding to her desire.

“Look around, baby, three nice hard cocks just dying to get in your hot pussy. Now, show these boys what a hot fuck ya are, baby… rub all their cum into your tits, and show’em ya want’em. Show’em ya wanna fuck’em.”

Her arousal mounting again, she smeared the three men’s cum across her big tits, hearing Luke say soothingly, “That’s right, slut, get ready, ‘cause you’re gonna get fucked.”

Looking up at his friends with a toothy grin Luke said, “Okay, boys… ya can fuck her! All of ya’ll!”

Big Mike asserted his position as crew boss and mounted her first. Shelly shouted, "Yesssss!” as he skewed her cock hungry pussy with his big dick. He didn’t pause for a moment as he began fucking her hard.

Susurrating sounds of rustling leaves and the sweet, sweet songs of birds filled the air, accompanied by the slap, slap, slap of Big Mike’s belly slapping against her as he fucked her hard. He rode her high in a missionary., so that the friction of his big dick rubbing against her clit would set her on fire. Big Mike wasn’t disappointed; soon he felt his cock being squeezed by her contracting vagina.

“Yeah, Lassie, squeeze it,” he grunted as he thrust hard into the young girl. “You fuck’n slut, squeeze it!” Big Mike pounded her through three orgasms before he shot off deep into her snatch. “Fuck! I’m cumming, you slut! I’m cumming in your goddamned pussy! I’m cummmiiiinnnnggggg!” Big Mike’s vision blurred momentarily as his semen flooded into her.

Big Mike had barely recovered when an argument broke out between Rodger and Lenny as to who got to fuck her next.

“I’m next!” asserted Lenny.

“The hell you are!” replied Rodger.

“Union rules,” bellowed Big Mike as he dismounted the girl. “Who’s got seniority?”

“I do,” shouted Rodger.

“What, two weeks?” protested Lenny.

“Yeah, two weeks. You’re last, pinhead!”

The matter settled, Rodger went about putting the lust dazed girl on her hands and knees for some doggie action while Lenny sulked. Rodger slid easily into her cock stretched and cum greased cunthole and proceeded to fuck her. Luke sat back, his fevered brain enjoying the lascivious show.

Big Mike whispered to Lenny, “Let her suck your dick while he fucks her.”

“Yeah!” said Lenny as he slowly realized the endless possibilities of gangbanging a willing girl. Despite the stories he had told, participating in a gang fuck was something he’d never done before.

Luke excitedly watched Lenny lift his wife’s face to his hard cock. With a twinge of pleasure, he watched as she took the offered prick into her mouth. Lenny groaned as her tongue swirled around his cock, her dick-stuffed face being driven into his crotch from the vigorous thrusting she was receiving from Rodger.

“Switch with Lenny,” said Big Mike into Rodger’s ear after several minutes.

Rodger looked back with uncomprehending eyes.

“Switch with Lenny. Let her suck you for awhile while Lenny does her.”

“Oh, yeah, sure Big Mike.”

Lenny and Rodger switched, with Lenny hissing loudly as he slid into her pulsating snatch. Big Mike plopped down next to Luke, joining with the young husband in watching her pendulous breasts swinging wildly as Lenny fucked her from behind.

“Never figured you for a swinger,” said Big Mike to his young charge. “You never let on that you had a hot-assed slut wife. Damn! She’s gonna be fun!”

The two watched Shelly wantonly fornicate with the other two men, before Big Mike ordered, “Switch!” His underlings gleefully complied with his order.

Puzzled, Luke asked, “What’s a swinger?”

Big Mike roared in laughter. “You’re alright, Luke! Say, how’d you like to come over and met my missus sometime. She’d enjoy a young stud like you.”

After switching off with Lenny for the forth time, Rodger felt the beginnings his second orgasm building. He was huffing and puffing, fucking the gyrating, lust crazed girl with gusto. He choked back his cry of sweet anguish as his dick throbbed and pulsated, pumping his load into her. Upon his completion, he staggered back and flopped ungracefully onto the ground exhausted.

Lenny immediately pulled his dick from her voraciously sucking mouth. Pushing her over onto her back, took her missionary style. His pimply white butt was a blur of motion as he brought himself off. “Oh, fuuuuuuck!” he hollered as he came. “Fuck! Fuck! Oh, fuck!” he spat in unison with his balls unloading. Lenny collapsed on top of her, lying there for several minutes before Big Mike extended his foot and shoved him off to the side.

Big Mike turned to Luke. “You think she’s had enough?”

“Naw,” replied Luke with a shake of his head.

“Well, she’s your wife… you should know.”

Luke grinned at the older man as he rose. Placing her legs over his shoulders, Luke reached down, gathering a handful of cum leaking from her pussy and rubbed it into her asshole.

Shelly was so fucked out, that she was unaware of another cock sliding into her.

After a few strokes to grease his pecker, Luke pulled out. Grasping the back of her thighs, Luke pushed her legs forward, rotating her butt off the ground. “Hold her legs,” he said to no one in particular. Big Mike went to his assistance, holding her wide by the ankles, spread out and doubled over.

Lenny and Rodger sat up to watch and as Luke put his cock to his wife’s asshole, Lenny exclaimed, “Oh, my god, he’s gonna fuck her in the ass!”

His cock stiffening once again, Roger moaned, “Oh, sweet Jesus,” as Luke’s dick pressed into her ass, disappearing with a sudden jab as her sphincter surrendered to his cock crown.

Anally penetrated, Shelly’s eyes flew open. Then slowly, dreamily, she closed her eyes as her husband began sodomizing her while his three coworkers watched.

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“Listen up, guys,” said Big Mike as the work truck sailed down the tracks back to the shop. “Keep yer yaps shut about what happened today. Word gets around we were fucking a girl while on the job, we’ll all get fired! You hear me! Union rep won’t be able to save us, so keep your goddamned mouths shut. If I hear about any of you clowns talking, I’ll personally beat your ass so bad, you’ll never be the same again. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yeah, Big Mike,” said Lenny peevishly, disappointed that he wouldn’t be able to talk it up with the other work crews.

“Sure,” said Rodger fully aware of the possible dire consequences of what they’d done on company time.

“Goes for you too, Luke. I don’t give a flying fuck what you and your slut wife do on your own time, or who knows about it, but this has to remain a secret. I got too many years in this outfit and I don’t want to start over. Not just for a piece of some whore’s ass!”

“Ya got it, boss,” replied Luke with a grin.

“Can we do it again?” asked Lenny eagerly.

“That’s Luke’s call,” replied Big Mike. “Let’s just see what happens. Can’t make a habit of it. Work’s gotta get done, but when things is slack, well… we’ll see.”

Conjuring up images from the afternoon, Rodger said sincerely, “Your wife’s a beautiful girl, Luke, very passionate.”

“Yeah and she fucks like a mink!” added Lenny sneeringly. “A slut mink! What a piece of ass! Best in town that’s for sure!

“Hey, Luke! Does she sell that stuff or does she just give it away for free?”

“Lenny, shut up!” ordered Big Mike. “Just shut the fuck up.”

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Shelly pulled into the parking lot of the railroad shops and found Luke waiting for her. Too tired and worn out to drive any further, she slid over to let Luke drive. He kissed her and put the old truck in gear. Big Mike waved as they pulled away, his thoughts turning to his stepdaughter and what time her mother would get home.

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The disheveled appearance of Shelly as she stepped from the pickup didn’t escape the watchful eyes of Julia, nor did the waddling gait. Wrinkling her nose in disgust at the sight of the new neighbors, she hissed, “Spawn of Lucifer!”

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Luke looked at his struggling wife and suggested, “Let’s get a quick shower and then take a soak in the hot tub, you’ll feel better.”

“I feel great,” she said honestly, “a little sore, but I feel great. Thanks, Honey, that was fun.”

“Yeah,” answered Luke as he kissed her, “that was a lot of fun!”

Jake looked out the back door just in time to see “the big titted cunt” discard her robe and step into the hot tub, followed closely by her husband. He opened the back door and called out, “Make yourselves at home!”

Luke and Shelly waved enjoying the hot swirling bath. Jake ducked back inside and commented, “Pushy bastards!”

“Now Luke, you told them to they could use it anytime they wanted.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.”

“You’re still cross about this morning?”

“What about lunch?”

“I told you, she had to go meet Luke.”

“Selfish bastard. Here I let him screw ya whenever he wants, but he holds back on me.”

“Baloney!” laughed Toni. “You’re such a big baby sometimes. Well, she’s here now, so why don’t you grab some beers and join’em.”

Jake arched his eyebrow, grinned and replied, “That’s a good idea, Hon. Why didn’t I think of it?”

Jake stripped off his clothes, scattering them on the kitchen floor, leaving it to Toni to pick up after him while he rummaged for four beers.

“Hurry up, Toni,” chided Jake, “come on out as soon as ya can.”

“I will just as soon as I put the casserole into the oven.”

Jake strode out into the back porch and down the stairs in all his glory, toting three beers with him. “Anybody need a beer?” he asked in a booming voice, hoping to attract the attention of Julia the Awful.

“Yeah, thanks, Dude!” called Luke.

Shelly weakly smiled, but took the opportunity to study Jake’s physique. She noticed that despite his large bulk, his stomach was flat, in fact his torso tapered from his broad chest before flaring again around his hips. Just as he climbed onto the deck, Shelly said, “Hold it minute, Jake. I want to look at you.”

“Sure, Doll. Wanna see my dick?”

“I can see your dick, I just want to look at you.”

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Julia craned her neck to see through the attic window, seeing Jake flex and strike a body builder’s pose. “My goodness,” she whispered so that the children wouldn’t hear her, “he’s shameless.” Jake turned and struck another pose. “He’s also magnificent.” Jake turned again.

“Mommy, Mommy, Jenny has my dolly!”

Reluctantly, Julia tore herself from the window to mediate yet another sibling dispute.

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“You’re really beautiful,” said Shelly admiring his body.

“Most girls just say I’m hairy.”

“You are hairy, but you’re beautiful too.”

Jake frowned, no one had ever called him beautiful; intimidating, beastly, bearish, even handsome, but never beautiful. “Hey, I’m no queer,” he said defensively.

“I didn’t say you were, I said you’re beautiful, and you are. Look at him, Luke… no potbelly, no flab, just 100% man on the hoof.”

“Ya just like his big dick,” teased Luke.

“No, look at him. You have a nice body too, Luke, and I want you to always keep it that way. Big Mike would be so much more attractive if he didn’t have that gut, and O’Ryan, what a flab bucket.”

“What about the other guys?”

“Lenny and Rodger?”

“Henderson too.”

“Henderson looks good! Lenny, he looks like a weasel and Rodger, well, he’s nice, but I like you and Jake better.”

“Can I come in now?” asked Jake petulantly, “or do ya want me to pose for ya some more?”

“I like looking at you. How about you, Luke?”

Luke nearly choked on his beer. “He doesn’t do a thing for me, Babe. I like pussy and tits.”

Toni stepped out wearing a robe. Seeing her husband preening, she burst out laughing. “Jake, you perverted old bear! Get in the water! The neighbors might see you!”

“Good! Give’em a thrill,” he replied as he lewdly waved his dick at his wife.

Toni dropped her robe and followed Jake into the tub. Jake slid up next to Shelly and Toni slid next to Luke giving him a kiss on the lips. “You have a hard day?” she asked wryly.

“Ya could say that,” Luke replied sheepishly.

“Say, where were ya this morning?” Jake asked Shelly. “I missed my morning screw! Made me cross all day.”

Luke looked at Jake and then his wife, shaking his head in dismay. “I shouldn’t be surprised,” said Luke dryly. “Hell, ya should of seen her today, Jake. Spread out, covered in spunk, doing a choo-choo, begging, ‘Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!’ Wore us all out!”

“I told you so!” said Toni to Shelly.

Toni looked to Jake and explained, “Shelly didn’t come by this morning or at lunch, because Luke took her on a picnic with the guys at work.”

“Hey, how come I wasn’t invited?”

“You had to work.”

“So did Luke, but that didn’t stop him.”

Luke suddenly remembered Big Mike’s admonition to keep a tight lip. “Uh, look, we could all lose our jobs over it, so keep it to yourselves.”

“Who would I tell?” asked Jake innocently.

“Who wouldn’t you tell,” said his wife icily. “Keep it a secret you big oaf. Just forget about it. A story like that could cause some real harm, so just forget about it.”

Toni turned again to Shelly. “O’Ryan called for you this afternoon, several times. I told him you were out and you might not be back until this evening. He got real testy about you owing him. Said he wanted to see you after he closed tonight. Said for you to call him.”

“Fuck him!” said Jake derisively. “He’s got no call to be nasty.”

“He wasn’t nasty, just pushy and demanding.”

Jake changed the subject, “Hey, Luke, I've got a line on getting that leaky roof fixed, cheap.”

“Oh?”

“If Shelly’s willing to help out, we might be able to get it done for just the cost of materials.”

“Oh, she’s willing… aren’t ya, Shelly?”

“If that’s what you want, Honey,” she replied, eagerly bending to the demands of her husband. “But I’ll need a few days after this afternoon.”

“What about me?” asked Jake in alarm.

“Not tonight, okay? My pussy’s sore, my ass is sore, my tits are sore…”

“Damn! Must have been a fun fuck’n picnic!”

**Chapter 9 - What God's Joined Together**

*Concerned for their mortal souls, the Reverend Mattox enlists the aid of Luke's father to instruct the newly weds in matrimonial matters.*

Shelly still felt a wonderful glow in her pussy from the vigorous fucking Luke had given her this morning. Despite the lingering soreness, a good fucking was just what she needed to soothe the discomfort. As they drove to the railroad shops, the cool air and the rustling of her blouse stimulated her braless nipples to stiff erectness. The combination of sensations felt wonderful and she felt very much alive.

Luke set the brake and allowed the truck to idle in neutral as he slid out of the cab. Shelly slid over behind the wheel, handed him his lunch box and kissed him goodbye.

“Morning.”

Luke turned to see Big Mike standing by him. Big Mike leaned towards the window.

“Just want to thank you for the wonderful picnic yesterday. Great fried chicken and even better pussy,” he laughed. Big Mike looked over the good-looking cunt, the memory of her enthusiastically gang fucking yesterday foremost in his mind. Smiling lecherously he leaned forward to caress her breast.

Keenly aware that she didn’t pull away and Luke didn’t protest, he slid his big hand up inside her t-shirt for a bare-tit feel, softly saying, “Say, how about you joining us again for lunch today out at the siding?”

“Not today, Big Mike,” said Luke. “She’s kinda sore!”

“I’ll bet she is,” Big Mike chuckled.

Luke's gang boss turned back to Shelly. “Well, Lassie, if this old man never has another opportunity with you, I just want you to know that you will always be a fond memory for me.”

Shelly blushed and meekly said, “Thank you.”

“No, thank you, Lassie. You’re quite a woman.”

Big Mike then directed Luke to go help Lenny and Rodger load the supplies that they needed for today’s work. As Luke went off to the task at hand, Big Mike smiled at Shelly. “Got a few minutes?”

“Uh, sure.”

Big Mike walked around to the passenger side and got into the truck. Slamming the door, he immediately undid his pants, pushing them to his knees. “We got about five minutes for a blow job, Lassie, so be a good girl and help an old man.”

She looked down at his cock, rising to the occasion, but partially obscured by his gut and the shadows cast by the mercury vapor lights. As much as she wanted to take him in her mouth, wanted to feel his big cock throbbing between her lips, wanted to savor the taste of the product of his big balls, she hesitated. Even though his cock had been in each of her holes at least twice yesterday afternoon, Luke hadn’t told her to suck his boss’ dick this morning.

“C’mon, Lassie, suck it!”

Shelly then remembered that her mother’s hero, President Clinton, had asserted that oral sex wasn’t sex at all. She remembered how everyone at school giggled about it and how all the boys wanted the girls to give’em head. “The president says it ain’t sex,” they asserted, “and what the president says is the law.” Some of the girls bought into that fallacious argument and did it, but she hadn’t. She concluded that Luke probably wouldn’t mind, and if blowing a guy wasn’t sex, there wasn’t any sin in the act anyway.

“Oh, yessss, Lassie girl, yessss,” Big Mike hissed as she slid his cock between her sultry lips. “That feels soooo goooood! Goddamn, you’ve got a sweet mouth for sucking!”

She pulled up from his big cock. “I won’t have you taking the Lord’s name in vain!”

“Uh, sorry, Missy, I’m really sorry, I… oh, fuck yeah! Suck it, babydoll, suck my dick!”

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Big Mike had a shit-eating grin on his mug as he joined his work crew. Taking Luke aside and out of ear shoot of Lenny and Rodger. “Your wife’s a mighty fine cocksucker, Luke,” he said to the young husband. “Mighty fine. I can hardly wait until you let me fuck her again.”

Luke nodded to his straw-boss thinking, ‘That could be arranged.’

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Dreamily Jake woke to Toni gently kissing his man-nipples and running her fingers through the dense hair of his chest. There was another pleasant sensation, the pleasant sensation of a second warm, wet mouth engulfing his hardening cock. “Mmmmmmm,” he moaned as he lay back lazily, enjoying the early morning.

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Late for work again, Jake rushed to the warehouse to ride herd on his helpers. He was gone only ten minutes when the phone rang.

“It’s for you,” said Toni handing Shelly the cordless phone.

“Uh, hello?”

“Ms. Blalock?”

“Yes.”

“Listen, whore! This is O’Ryan. I want to collect on a part of your debt this morning. Before I open my shop.”

“Uh, well, I’m at the Stringer’s this morning and…”

“I don’t give a damn where you are, so long as you’re naked and ready for me when I get there. Understand? I don’t have time to waste waiting for you to undress, so you be ready when I get there.”

“Uh, what time?”

“ ‘Bout fifteen minutes.”

“Uh, okay.” She cut a glance towards Toni. “I’m naked now, so come on by. I’m next door at Jake Stringer’s house.”

“Fine. You be there, whore.”

“What an asshole,” observed Shelly as she put down the receiver. “He wants a fuck,” she added with a shrug.

“Oh? Maybe we can have some fun.”

“Don’t count on it,” she replied bitterly. Her heart softened and she added, “Then again, maybe he was just rushed the other night.”

Fifteen minutes later, O’Ryan was impatiently beating on the Stringer’s door. Toni opened the door and let him in.

“Jesus,” he muttered as his eyes took in Toni’s nude figure.

“She’s back here, waiting for you,” Toni said with a smile. She turned and led him to her bedroom, his eyes glued to her swaying bare buttocks. “In here,” she motioned. “Take your time, I’ll go brew up a pot of coffee.”

His eyes followed until she disappeared around the corner. O’Ryan looked into the bedroom. The whore was ready and waiting for him, as he had instructed.

Feasting his eyes on his shapely naked whore, he thought of the times when he sneaked at peak of his own voluptuous daughter who was now off at college. Laying his little notebook on the dresser, he quickly undressed. Having shed all his clothes, he looked at his watch for the time and duly noted it in the notebook. Then, without so much as a feel, he mounted her, jabbing his rigid prick at her willing hole until she reached down and assisted him. Slam, blam, thank you ma’am, he had gotten his rocks off and was recording the time. “Four minutes,” he said to himself. He looked over to the whore and shaved a minute off his time.

“Here! Initial here,” he said thrusting the little notebook in her face. She initialed where indicated and then watched him quickly get dressed. Turning at the door, he said, “I’ll see you later.” Then he was out the door.

Toni heard the front door slam. ‘Who could that be?’ she wondered. She looked into the living room and saw no one. Then she checked the bedroom. “Where’s O’Ryan?”

“Finished and gone,” Shelly said sourly. “God, I feel like such a whore!”

Toni smiled, “You are a whore, dear. Take it from me; being a whore can be a lot of fun. Of course you wind up giving yourself to a few unappreciative jerks along the way, but most men, most men appreciate what an enthusiastic whore can do for them.”

“You make it sound so dirty.”

“Oh, it is dirty! Wonderfully dirty. If all goes well, you get a great fucking and make a few bucks too.” Toni slid between her legs. “Here, let me kiss it and make it well. Let me clean out all that ole nasty cum in your sweet whore’s pussy.”

The two women spent a languid morning pleasuring each other, fondling one another, bringing each other to the sweet release. All too soon the demands of the day intruded and they reluctantly dressed to go grocery shopping.

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Shelly was reading a label and turned to join Toni on another isle. Doing so she collided with a man with an offensive odor about him. She looked up and recoiled.

“I remember yooouuu,” drawled Jetter Quimby slowly. “You’re Toni’s friend. ‘Member me? My name’s Jetter.”

“Uh, oh, yes. I remember you.”

Jetter stood silently, dressed in work clothes, his eyes wandering up and down her curvaceous body. She shuddered as she saw how his two eyes moved independently of each other. Like the eyes of a chameleon, one focused on her face while the other focused on her tits.

“Ya wanna party with me.”

“Uh, no, no I don’t.”

“Okay, maybe later. Wanna see my scars?” He suddenly lifted his shirt, proudly displaying a full canvas of tattoos and scar tissue on his belly.

“Oh, god,” uttered Shelly under her breath. “Uh, that’s nice, real nice. Look, I gotta find Toni.”

“Toni’s here? Tell her hello. Tell her I’ll see her later. I gotta get sumpt’n to fix sandwiches. We got a job to finish today, so we can’t party today.”

“Uh, yeah, well, see you.”

“Ya’re sure purdy,” she heard him say as she made her way down the isle and made her escape.

“C’mon Toni, let’s get outta here.”

“What’s the matter, Hon?”

“It’s that creep, Jetter! He’s here! I ran right into him. Ooooooo, he gives me the creeps!”

“He’s harmless, Shelly. He really is. Ugly as sin, but harmless.”

“He told me to tell you hello and he’d see you later. He wants to party!”

“Let’s get out of here!” said Toni in mock alarm. “Just kidding,” she laughed.

“Be nice, Hon, it’s not his fault… Oh! There he is,” said Toni pulling Shelly to the side and out of view.

“Let’s go to the other side of the store,” pleaded Shelly.

“Sure, Hon, relax. He won’t hurt you. Not here at least.”

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Luke lay in the grass under a big live oak digesting his lunch, listening to the other members of his work gang. The talk today was all about Shelly, Luke’s pretty slut-wife; what a fine piece of ass she was, how she enthusiastically squeezed their cocks with her pussy, how she sucked them again and again to a hard-on, how she seemed to like the abuse they had heaped on her big tits, and how she really seemed to like having cock after cock up the ass.

Luke pretended not to listen, but he heard every word about his big-titted, cock-sucking, hot-assed slut whore of a wife. It didn’t take the hard lump in his pants to convince him that it had pleased him that she had pleased them. It had been fun yesterday, a lot of fun. He really got a kick out watching the guys fuck her silly.

He thought back to how she had almost cost him the friendship of his lifelong buddy, Bobby Ray Williams. Shelly and Bobby Ray had been sweethearts all through high school, while Luke had thing about Bobby Ray’s little sister, Lynnette. Not that there were any serious relationships, just kids and high school sweethearts.

Then Shelly and Bobby Ray had a big fight. It was the night before that fateful Sunday when they all got drunk in the woods behind the church. Luke didn’t mean for it to happen, but it did. One thing led to another and he and Shelly screwed, both losing their virginity during the same act of coitus.

When they sobered up, they were both mortified at what they had done. Shelly was mortified for giving herself out of wedlock. Luke was mortified for having betrayed his best friend. Neither could bring themselves to tell Bobby Ray what had happened and weeks later after Bobby Ray and Shelly had reconciled, Shelly tearfully told Luke that she was sure that she was pregnant. The bad news hit him like a ton of bricks. How could she be pregnant? They only did it once! He’d hardly gotten into her when he had shot off!

“Are ya sure, Shelly?”

“Yes, Luke, I’m sure.”

“How do ya know?”

“A girl knows!”

“Are… are ya sure it’s mine?”

“Yes!” she sobbed. “I’ve only done it that one time, Luke Blalock!”

Bobby Ray was the least of his worries. He needed guidance and he sought counsel from his father.

“Well, ya really don’t have any choice, son. Ya’ve gotta marry the girl.”

“But, but she’s Bobby Ray’s girlfriend.”

“Should’ve thought about that before ya fucked her.”

“We only did it once!”

“Once is enough… Don’t look so down in the face, Son, look at the bright side. She’s pretty, damned pretty and she’s got big tits! God that girl’s got some tits! Hell, boy, just think, you’ll get to fuck her every night!… Tell me, Son, ya suck on those big tits?”

“No, I mean, well, when we…”

“If ya didn’t, ya should’ve! Best rack on any girl in the whole county! Tits like your mama had. Got nice hips too; shouldn’t have any problem having babies.”

“What am I gonna do, Pa?” bemoaned the panic stricken boy, who was barely seventeen.

“You’re going to marry her, that’s what! Ain’t no grandson of mine being born a bastard!”

“But, but we don’t love each other.”

“So what? Ya get to fuck her whenever ya want! Just treat her nice. When ya screw, give her pleasure, lots of pleasure and make her wanna screw. Ya do that and you’ll have no problems. Now c’mon, we gotta go talk to her folks.”

The very next day, Shelly’s dad married them in his church.

Luke’s dad offered to let them live with him, but Shelly’s mother would have none of that. “It wouldn’t be right; an impressionable young girl living with two men. I’ll have none of that for my daughter!”

Luke’s dad argued that he needed Luke’s help around the farm, but Mrs. Mattox was adamant. Even if Luke was ignorant of his old man’s reputation, Mrs. Mattox had certainly heard the randy gossip. The newly weds would live under her roof.

That night was awful, for both Shelly and for Luke. Besides the awkwardness with her parents, there was a pervading awkwardness between the two teens. Shelly cried all afternoon and into the evening. Her mother glared at Luke like he was some sort of criminal to be despised and hated by decent society. The Reverend Mattox, a man who was never without words, was silent. Luke felt like an unwanted guest.

That night, Shelly refused to let Luke sleep in her room. The impasse lasted three days until the Reverend Mattox took the two teens aside.

“Shelly, you are to stop this nonsense immediately!”

“But, Daddy. I don’t want…”

“You’ve made a covenant with God to take Luke as your husband. He is your husband!”

“But… Daddy, please… I…”

“Enough girl! Enough! You’re his wife! You’re carrying his child! Now, both of you listen to me. I don’t understand why God chose Luke for you or why he chose these circumstances. But, I do know that the Williams boy, he is a fine lad, but he’s not your husband. It’s clear now that he was never intended to be your husband. Luke is your husband. You are man and wife.

“It is your duty as his wife to honor and obey him. That includes freely giving yourself to him… Now tonight, you two will sleep in the same room. Do you understand me, Shelly?”

“Daddy…”

“Do you understand?”

“I, I think so.”

“Good. Now, Luke, you take good care of her. Be gentle and be kind. She’s my daughter and I love her dearly, but she is now your wife and your responsibility. Be a man. Act like a man.”

“Uh, yes, sir.”

That night and next, they slept in the same room. Shelly slept in her bed. Luke slept on the floor.

Friday afternoon came around. Luke’s dad telephoned and told Luke that he needed his and Shelly’s help tomorrow. Early Saturday morning, Mr. Blalock picked up his son and daughter-in-law and took them out to his farm.

“What do ya need help with, Pa?”

“I could sure use yer help, Son, but that’s not why I’m here.”

“What do ya mean, Pa?”

“Ya’ll. Shelly and you. Ya kids need some help!

“I talked to your pa, Shelly. He called me and told me that he was concerned for yer very soul. He said that ya weren’t performing yer wifely duties. He asked me for my help.

“Now, the Reverend has a habit of beating around the bush, and ya being his daughter and all… Well, I ain’t gonna beat around the bush. Now, Luke, you and Shelly… go in my bedroom and lock the door. Go in there and fuck. Fuck all morning. Luke, don’t ya come out of there without fucking her!”

Shelly was bright red with embarrassment and wanted to flee. She’d heard that word before, at school from some of the rougher kids, but now to hear Luke’s dad say it, and to hear it being said about her was almost too much.

“Ya’ll can make all the damned racket ya’ll want. Nobody’s gonna hear ya. I’ll be in the barn, taking care of things.

“After ya’ll’s finished, ya can give me hand for a few hours. Then you’re to go to bed again and fuck until its time for me to take ya back to Shelly’s folks.

“Now, Luke, I don’t mean for ya to go in there and rape her, but ya’ll need to fuck.

“Shelly, that means you’re gonna get naked, girl; bare assed naked. Then you’re gonna spread your legs open and let Luke stick his cock into ya. Get the picture?”

The old man grinned and unconsciously adjusted his own stiff cock. “After that, I’m sure ya’ll figure out what to do next.” With a wink he added, “If ya don’t know what to do next, I’ll be glad to show ya.

“Now go on, boy. Go fuck her!”

Shelly was distraught and sobbing as Luke led her to his pa’s bedroom. Luke closed the door and like his pa had instructed, locked the door. Gently and tenderly, he took his trembling young wife in his arms, kissing away the tears that streaked down her face. Embracing her, she snuggled into his chest for protection. They stood and hugged for a good ten minutes before she looked up into Luke’s eyes, their lips meeting for the first time since the wedding ceremony.

Luke remembered something his pa had told him the day that they were married, that a woman liked to be kissed. Kissed on the lips, kissed on the cheeks and along the jaw line, kissed on the nape of her neck, kissed behind and on her ears. “Son, there’s no need to rush things, take yer time and do it right. A receptive woman is better than a reluctant woman.”

Luke took his time and laid kisses across her lips and across her face, inhaling her sweet fragrance. He was rewarded with Shelly kissing him back, tentatively at first, but soon with increased ardor as her breathing became deeper. She broke it off and Luke thought that he’d done something wrong. With trembling fingers, she began unbuttoning her blouse.

Luke watched, afraid to say anything, afraid to do anything, afraid to make any move at all, afraid that whatever he did, that it might be wrong. Slowly she pulled the blouse off her arms. Unsure what to do next, she neatly folded it and placed it at the foot of the bed.

Luke’s eyes were wide at the sight of her standing before him in her bra. Her fleshy orbs seemingly trying to escape out the top of the lacy garment. She stood with her eyes cast down. Instinctively, Luke stepped forward and took her in his arms again, their lips meeting in a smoldering exchange, his strong hands gliding lightly across the smooth skin of her back.

Luke grew bold enough to tentatively cup her breast, extracting a soft moan of approval from his young wife. Dreamy eyed, she stepped back again, tugging at his shirttail. He peeled his t-shirt off. Immediately he felt her fingernails running across his muscular chest. Luke leaned forward, laying kisses across her neck and shoulders and across the top of her breasts.

Shelly stepped away again, unbuttoning her cutoff shorts. Breathlessly, Luke watched as the denim shorts fell to her ankles. Daintily she stepped out of them, leaving them where they lay, leaving her flip-flop sandals behind as well. Reaching behind, she unhooked her bra. As it fell away, she modestly covered her bare bosoms with her hands and sat on the bed.

Luke’s cock was harder than it had ever been in his life. He croaked, “You’re beautiful, Shelly. Beautiful.”

She gave him a bashful smile and crawled to the middle of the bed. Lying back, she let her hands fall from her breasts. It was the first real look he ever had of her magnificent tits in all their unrestrained glory.

“Oh, my god,” he breathlessly whispered. For several minutes he just stood and stared, dumbstruck by the sight of the beautiful, nearly naked girl that was his wife. He’d never seen anything so incredibly beautiful before in his life. His eyes roamed from her pretty face, her sparkling blue eyes, her full sultry lips and button-like nose, all framed with her honey blonde hair; down her neck and across her unbelievable mammaries, proudly capped by dark pink nipples and their crinkly areolas; down her voluptuous body to her tummy with its deep, deep naval; down across her panty-clad broad hips and down her shapely legs to her delightfully dainty feet and toes. Over and over, he silently scanned back and forth, his erection threatening to burst at any moment.

With his mouth partially open, he was dumb stricken for so long that she began to worry, ‘What’s wrong with me?’ Finally she gathered enough courage to speak. “Is…is there something wrong? Did I…”

“Oh, gosh no! Not at all! You’re just so, so, so awesome!”

Having broken the spell that had been cast upon him, Luke bent down and pulled off his boots and socks. Having cleared his feet, he fumbled with his belt, button and zipper. Then in one swift motion, he was nude.

“Oh, my!” exclaimed Shelly with a giggle as his eight-inch man meat bobbed about. “I, I really don’t remember much about when we… I’ve never seen a guy before. Little boys, yes, but not a real guy.”

“Uh, uh,” stammered Luke, suddenly very self-conscious about his own nudity.

“You’re pretty awesome yourself, Luke.”

“Think so?”

“Yeah,” she replied with a winsome smile. As she studied the impressive male appendage of her husband, her own wonderment soon turned to concern, ‘It’s huge! How’s that thing going to fit inside me?’

Luke didn’t notice her change of expression as he lay down beside her. Again he remembered what his pa had told him so many times, “Son, women liked to be kissed. Kiss her. Kiss her all over. Leave no skin untouched by yer lips. Don’t sober all over her, but don’t just peck at her either. Lick and suck. Don’t be afraid to put yer mouth anywhere on her, she’ll love it. Pay particular attention to how she responds to yer kisses. She’ll let ya know what she likes and what makes her crazy.”

Again, he kissed her lips tenderly and she responded by kissing him back with a newfound passion. Hands roamed across bare skin as they feverishly kissed one another. Shelly gasped as Luke cupped her bare tit and felt her up in earnest for the first. As his lips kissed and then suckled her nips, she cried out in joy. The fires of passion had been ignited and soon were raging out of control as their youthful hormones took control.

When she felt his hand slide under the elastic band of her panties, her first instinct was to stop him. She grabbed the wandering hand to prevent it from going any farther. She strained to hold it fast, but Luke kept up a steady pressure, not overpowering her, but making it known that he wasn’t going to be stopped. She released her grip, allowing his hand to glide over her pubic mound.

Flowing between his fingers, the soft, springy hair of her pubis felt divine. He rubbed her there for several minutes before gathering his courage to explore lower. Shelly gasped when his fingers first brushed the flesh of her vulva. Again, for several minutes he contented himself with the tactile exploration of this new territory. Her deep breathing and apparent pleasure at his touch encouraged him to trace his fingers up and down her moistening slit, not yet penetrating, but teasing her as he became bolder. He noticed how she seemed to become very slippery between her lips and then without even trying, his digit slid between her juicing labia.

“Oh!” she squeaked at the new sensation, an electric sensation that felt better than any sensation she’d ever felt before. Except to clean herself during a bath or wiping herself after urinating, she’d never even touched herself down there, having taken heed of her mother’s admonishment that “nice girls don’t touch themselves down there.” Now as Luke’s probing fingers slid up and down her sopping trench, she nearly passed out from the new found delightful feelings taking place in her most private place.

Luke felt around inside her, feeling her sex for the very first time. He had nothing to compare it with, and every fold and ripple was a new discovery.

He tried to think back to what his pa had told him about a woman’s pussy. “Take it slow, Son. Feel around, but be gentle. A woman’s very sensitive in there. Slide yer fingers up and down, all around. Only when she’s good and hot, do ya want to stick a finger up inside her. And for god’s sake, don’t have a hangnail!”

Luke stopped momentarily. He wasn’t sure if he had a hangnail or not. If he had a hangnail he reasoned, she would have screamed and yanked his hand away from her. She hadn’t screamed or even winced in pain. He looked to her face to see if she showed any discomfort. Shelly’s eyes were closed and she had a look of total serenity about her.

Satisfied that she was enjoying what he was doing, he went back to his inaugural exploration of his young wife’s pussy, relishing the slick texture of her cuntal flesh, discovering the flaps of her inner labia and a hard little lump at the nexus of her folds. He flicked the little bump and she twitched in response. His pa had told him about this too, about the little love button that sent women into orbit. Despite his sense of awe at this discovery, he sort of knew what it was.

Doing as his pa had instructed him, he rubbed around the base of the slippery little organ, circling it with his finger. After a few minutes she began pumping her hips and he was rewarded with her long low wails of pleasure, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” each moan was louder and louder. “OHHHHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Out in the barn, Pa heard the cries of carnal delight drifting through the open window. “That’s it, boy! Make her howl!”

Shelly dug her fingernails into Luke’s back as the orgasm built to a momentous and thunderous conclusion. Sucking in her breath, her body went rigid as the overpowering initial shockwave of intense pleasure spread swiftly from the epicenter of her loins. Robust waves of unbelievable pleasure flowed over and through her, causing her shudder and tremble as the gut wrenching climax tore through her nubile body, her hips pumping uncontrollably as she rode the crest of penultimate sexual pleasure for the first time.

Luke was totally surprised at her reaction, the intensity of it causing him alarm. He knew that she had climaxed, and he thought he knew how that felt, but this was different. She seemed to be on the verge of dying. Pulling his hand away from her sex, he allowed the raging orgasm to subside.

He heard his pa’s voice. Looking up at the open window over the headboard of his pa’s bed, he saw the gleeful old man looking in.

“Go on boy, fuck her!” the old man said in a hoarse whisper. “What are ya waiting for? For Christ’s sake, do it!”

Shelly’s universe had shrunk down, centering exclusively on her quaking pussy, but as her orgasm began to recede, her universe began to expand again. She thought she had heard voices, but she really wasn’t sure. Still drifting along some ethereal plane, she was only barely aware that her panties were being pulled off. Dreamily, in post-orgasmic lassitude, she became aware that Luke was on top of her. Automatically she spread her legs for him. Then she felt another sensation, the sensation of her pussy being slowly stretched, invaded and being filled by her husband’s cock.

She winced in pain as he pushed into her for the second time. The pain quickly faded and she was filled with a most wondrous sensation, the sensation of being fucked. Still on autopilot, she wrapped her legs around Luke’s waist and pulled him in to her. Luke was so excited that he came within the first minute, shooting his sperm into his pregnant wife for the second time in their lives.

Enveloped in a warm glow Shelly murmured, “Mmmmmm. That was wonderful! I never knew that it would be like this.” Shelly smiled as she hugged her husband. To Shelly it was a moment of true discovery. All her friends at school had told her how much fun fucking was, but she’d obediently followed her mother’s instructions and had abstained from sex. “Save yourself for marriage,” her mother had told her over and over. Now she wondered at what she had missed. A smile spread across her face as she realized that now that she was married, she could do it all she wanted, and she wanted more.

“Luke… Luke? Could we do it again?”

“Yeah, Babe, we’re gonna do it again, and again, and again. Would ya like that?”

“Oh, yes… I think I would.”

“Give me a minute.”

“Why?”

“Why? ‘Cause I’m soft. I gotta wait a few minutes.”

“How come?”

“Well, a guy has to wait a few minutes before his dick can get hard again.

“Tell ya what… Suck on it and it’ll get hard quicker.”

“Suck on it? I, I don’t think so.”

“C’mon. What’s the problem?”

“That’s dirty!”

“My dick? It’s been in your pussy. It ain’t dirty unless your pussy’s dirty!”

“I, I…”

“Hey, it’s okay,” he said trying not to push her too hard and too quickly. “Ya don’t have to suck me, not right now at least. I don’t want to rush ya. Here, just put your hand on it.”

Shelly tentatively touched her husband’s soft cock. It felt like nothing she’d ever felt before. Spongy, but thick and substantial, it was so soft and pliable that she could twist it and not hurt Luke in the least. She found it difficult to believe that this flexible tube of flesh had been so hard just a few minutes before.

While Luke suckled her breasts again, she doodled with his noodle. It somehow began to feel different, thicker and less pliable. Her eyes went wide as she felt a cock growing in her hand for the first time. “Oh, my goodness! How does it do that?”

“What?”

“Your thing. It’s growing bigger and bigger.”

“Pa says that blood gets pumped into it. Makes it hard for sex… Hey, don’t stop, keep on playing with it. That’s it, Shelly, make it hard, real hard. Make it hard and we can fuck again.”

Luke rolled back on top of her, holding his weight off her body with his arms. “Go on. Put it in. Yeah, that’s it. Put it in.”

Luke grunted, “Ughn!” as his cock slipped into the silky tube of his young wife’s inexperienced cunt for the third time. Looking out the window, he looked directly into his pa’s lust filled eyes. It was as if his pa could feel what he was feeling at that moment.

For Shelly, being filled with a hard cock was one of the best feelings she’d ever had. In fact the only thing that felt better was fifteen minutes earlier, when she’d been sent into orgasmic orbit for the first time in her life. That was a feeling that she wanted to experience again and again, and as Luke began pumping into her, she could sense the orgasmic tidewaters rising again within her.

The old bed began to bounce and squeak as her young husband settled into pounding into her, giving her the first long and hard fucking of her life. Reaching above her, she grasped the spindles of the iron headboard, arching her back slightly as she squirmed in delight, unknowingly giving her father-in-law an unobstructed view of her naked DD tits, pronounced nipples hard, wildly swaying to and fro as Luke fucked her.

Her eyes were out of focus; her face was flush and twisted with sexual desire; her body tingled from her erect nipples to her toes, begging for release when Luke suddenly pulled his cock from her stimulated snatch.

“Don’t stop!” she gasped begging. “Please, don’t stop.”

“Roll over!”

“What?”

“I said, roll over.”

Confused and uncertain of the ‘what or why’, she nonetheless followed Luke’s orders and rolled onto her stomach. She felt him lifting her by the hips and in response she got up on her knees. She tried to lift her head, but Luke drove her face back into the pillow. With her ass in the air, she felt his cock seeking out its goal and having found its target, felt his cock penetrate her vagina again.

As he fucked her, Shelly couldn’t help but feel that how they were fucking was dirty, that copulating like this was somehow wrong and sinful. But sinful or not it felt good, so good that that she didn’t care what her Mama or even what God would think of her now. The only thing that mattered was the joining of her pussy with a big dick, the big dick of her husband. As pure rapture enveloped her, she whimpered as the buildup of sexual energy rose ever higher in her body, overwhelming her senses with its carnal sensuality and flickering electric shocks.

Covered with a thin sheen of sweat, Shelly lifted her head and moaned salaciously in response to the sizzling sensations, forever surrendering to the wonderful lust that now consumed her.

As her passion mounted and her pleasure intensified, her moans turned to soft shrieks.

Something inside her seemed to erupt and Luke felt the wildly spasmodic contractions of her cunt clutching his cock. She was cumming and cumming hard.

Shelly pulled herself up on the iron bed frame as the tornadic orgasm ripped into her very soul. Her mouth open in a silent scream, she shook and trembled violently while Luke continued to fuck her, her unseeing eyes gazing into the grinning face of her father-in-law. Suddenly, she collapsed onto the bed having expended every once of energy that she had.

Her mind swirled in a vortex as she lay nearly unconscious. Gradually, she became aware, aware that the big cock was still in her pussy, still stroking her, stroking to another orgasmic burst of delight. Closing her eyes, she shook beneath her husband as he fucked her and fucked her and fucked her and as he fucked her, her own body responded with orgasm after orgasm.

After a good forty minutes of continuous fucking, Luke finally cried out in sweet agony as he let it rip. “Aaaaggghhhh!” he yelled. “Fuckin' aye! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!” Exhausted and spent, he collapsed on his young bride. Within two minutes he was sound asleep.

Luke wasn’t sure how long he’d been napping, only that Shelly had managed to get him off her back. Opening his eyes, he saw her looking into his eyes, her eyes smiling with newfound knowledge as she played with his dick.

“Hi!” she said. “Welcome back to the living.”

“Huh?”

“Can we do it again?”

“Huhh? I must’ve…”

“You’re hard again. Can we do it again?”

“Uh, yeah, sure.” Luke climbed back on top and sank his cock into his young wife’s welcoming pussy.

“Oh, Luke. I like this. I like it a lot.”

“That’s good, Shelly, ‘cause we’re gonna be doing it a lot.”

“You promise?”

“Yeah, I promise. We’re married, remember? Pa says we can fuck as much as we want and no one can stop us.”

“Good,’cause it feels soooo good!”

The third screw du joir was long and leisurely, with none of the frantic rutting that had characterized the second screw. It was also done in private, as Luke’s pa had chores to attend to no matter how good the show was. The third screw was actually eight screws. Luke paused often, withdrawing from her to kiss and nuzzle in her incredible boobs and then remounting her for another five to ten minutes, before withdrawing to kiss and suckle again. With each new penetration, he varied their position, using some of the positions that Pa had told him about.

It was well past dinnertime when they broke it off, both too tired to continue.

“We’ve been in here for over three hours, Luke. C’mon, we need to help your pa out.”

“Yeah, I need a break. My poor dick’s about to fall off.”

“Really?”

“No, it just needs a rest.”

“Good. I hope it doesn’t have to rest too long.”

“Something tells me that it won’t.”

They found Old Man Blalock out in the barn, puttering around. “I see ya’ll two kids have gotten to know each other better. Bet ya’ll are both gittin’ hungry.”

Luke suddenly realized that he was hungry, very hungry.

“Yeah, Pa, I could do with some chow.”

“Tell ya what. Shelly, see them hogs over there? The mama with her piglets? Go see if all those piglets are happy and healthy.”

“What am I supposed to do?”

“Just go watch’em fer a few minutes while Luke helps me with something.”

While Shelly stood and watched the eight piglets suckle their mama, Luke and his Pa went around back where they wouldn’t be overheard.

“You’re a damned lucky boy, Luke! That girl’s got some knockers! If I was you, I’d be in there fucking her right now rather than standing here flapping yer jaws with the likes of me.”

“Don’cha need some help?”

“Naw, not me, but I know you could use a few pointers. First of all, ya gotta change positions more often to keep it interesting. Now I know that she don’t know the difference, but soon she will. Next time, try putting her ass on the edge of the bed and fucking her while ya stand up, or make her stand and bend over, grabbing the bedpost. I thought I taught ya better than to just fuck in one position.”

“Pa, we did…”

“Okay, ya flipped her over, but she stayed flipped over.”

“Pa…”

“An another thing. Change up the way ya fuck her. Ya know, do her slow, do her fast, do her shallow, do her deep, grind into her, stir yer fuck stick around in her pussy. Ya know, mix it up.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Preacher’s daughter or not, seems to me that she’s gonna be a real wildcat. Damn! What I’d do to be in yer shoes!”

The old man chuckled, “Actually, I don’t want to be in yer shoes, I jus' wanna to be in yer wife!” Oldman Blalock studied the shocked reaction of his son and was duly amused. “Hey, don’t take offense, boy… just man talk… a man talking to his son about the greatest pleasure in life.

“Now, did she suck yer dick?”

“No, Pa. She’s not ready…”

“Hell, boy! She’s yer wife! Look, ya gotta get things straight with her real quick. Trust me on this. If ya want her suck to ya off, she should suck ya off. If ya wanna fuck her, ya should fuck her. Fuck her however ya wanna fuck her.

“I know ya think she's a sweet innocent girl, but she’s yer wife, your own personal whore to do with as ya like. Man’s prerogative! Now I don’t mean fer ya t’go off and hurt her. I don’t approve of that sort of thing, but she belongs to you now, and she’s got to know it. Claim her as yer own and make sure that she knows that her ass belongs to ya to do as ya please! Along the way, if ya do it right, she’ll be eager to please.

“Now, after we git a bite to eat, ya take her back in the bedroom and get her to suck yer cock! Ya understand me boy? Now, ya might not wanna cum in her mouth, not the first few times at least, but she needs to learn that yer dick belongs in her mouth just as much as it belongs in her pussy.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good, we understand each other. C’mon, I’m a gittin’ hungry too.”

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The Reverend Mattox was very pleased to see the beaming face of his daughter when Luke’s daddy dropped them off that evening. At supper, she and Luke were all giggles and gaga. Mrs. Maddox wasn’t all that pleased. It was obvious what they had been up to and to her, married or not, the behavior of the two teens was positively scandalous.

After supper and when the dishes were done and put away, Luke and Shelly disappeared to their bedroom. The Reverend and his prim wife were watching a religious show on television when the Reverend heard a noise, a gentle tapping sound that seemed to pervade the house.

Thinking that something was amiss, the preacher naively asked, “What’s that noise?”

Mrs. Mattox listened, then furiously began blushing.

“I think I’d better check in on that, it may be…”

“It’s them, you old fool!” she scolded.

“Them?”

“Yes! Them!”

“Oh… I see,” said the Reverend as he felt his face blush.

While the TV preacher railed against the sins of the flesh, Shelly’s parents listened to the sounds of mating going on in their daughter’s bedroom. Ten minutes passed and the rhythmic tapping sounds continued. On and on it went, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, thirty and forty five minutes, the rhythm only breaking momentary at several times throughout the duration.

About thirty-five minutes into it, Mrs. Mattox exclaimed, “You’ve got to do something, Henry!”

“What? What can I do?”

“Put a stop to it! That’s what!”

“I can’t do that. They’re married!”

“They’re children!”

“They are man and wife!”

“I won’t have that sort of thing going on under my roof! Not with my daughter!”

“Be still woman and hush up! They are married. They are fulfilling God’s plan! It is not for us to interfere with God’s plan, so be silent!”

Mrs. Mattox glared at her husband. Knowing in her heart that he was right, she cast her eyes to the floor and in stony silence tried to mentally block out the unrelenting tapping noise.

“Thank God!” she declared when the tapping sounds finally ceased.

“Yes, thank the Lord,” replied her husband. “God’s work is at hand.”

“I didn’t mean it that way,” his wife said contritely.

“Well I did,” retorted the Reverend, “ and so should you!”

The television program was over and silence had reclaimed their house. The older couple settled in for their evening Bible reading. Thirty minutes or so into their reading hour, the tapping noises began again. The two looked at each other in genuine surprise, surprised that the kids were screwing again. Gamely the Reverend and his wife continued their discussion of the Book of Acts while other acts distracted them. Unable to endure anymore, the older couple fled the house to the serenity of their front porch, replacing the tapping sounds of human sex for the sounds frog calls and chirping crickets. The Reverend, having studied biology while attending seminary school, knew the true nature of the chirps and croaks.

“Sounds like even the creatures are doing God’s work tonight,” he said with a chuckle.

“What do you mean, Henry?”

“The sounds. The frogs and crickets. They’re calling for a mate.”

“Really, Henry! I’m surprised at you!”

“I’m stating a fact. The night sounds. It’s God’s creatures calling for a mate so that they can multiply and fill the earth.”

Mrs. Mattox thought on this for several minutes in silence. The noises seemed to get louder and louder. “I’ve had enough of this!” she suddenly proclaimed. “I’m going to bed.”

Inside, the tapping sounds were once again mercifully mute and like every night, the older couple went about their routine preparations for sleep. Snug in their pajamas, they slipped between the sheets. The Reverend kissed his wife goodnight and turned off the light.

In the dark and quiet bedroom, the Reverend, always a thoughtful man, reflected on the events of today. As he thought of God’s good works today, he was keenly aware of his own erection. Soon, the tapping sounds began again. The Reverend sat up and stripped off his pajama top.

“What are you doing?” asked the wife who was almost asleep when the tapping began again.

“It’s been too long, Martha. I need you tonight.”

“Oh, for heaven sake’s, Henry. Act your age.”

The Reverend pulled down his pajama bottoms and kicked his legs free.

“Age has nothing to do with it,” he said as he kissed his wife.

“Henry!”

“I need you Martha. I need you as a man needs a woman, as a husband needs his wife.”

“Oh, very well. If you insist.”

“Tonight, I insist.”

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Word had naturally gotten back to the school administrators and they had already made it clear that Shelly, married and pregnant, could not attend school. Luke, of course, could attend. The next morning, Luke returned to school.

As he stepped off the school bus, he saw Bobby Ray waiting for him. Luke’s stomach was already in a knot from thinking about what he would say to his best friend. Taking a deep breath, Luke stepped from the bus, ready to accept whatever Bobby Ray had in mind for him. He didn’t have long to wait.

Bobby Ray stepped forward cursing, “You son of a bitch! You fucking bastard!” Before Luke could raise his hands in defense, Bobby Ray’s fist caught him in the face. The fight between best friends was on. Bobby Ray tried his best to cause has much damage to the friend who had so sorely betrayed him, while Luke simply did his best to defend himself from harm.

Even when other friends tried to intervene and stop the fight, Bobby Ray was so incensed that he took them on too, successfully warding off all attempts to restrain his fury. After five or six minutes of exchanging hard punches, the coaches arrived and successfully separated the two bloodied boys.

Bobby Ray and Luke were hauled off to the principal’s office for disciplinary action. As they sat, each with a coach by his side to insure civility, the raging fury that Bobby Ray had felt all week began to subside.

“How could you, man? You’re my best friend. You’re like a brother to me.”

“I’m sorry Bobby Ray. I didn’t mean too…”

“She was my girl! I loved her! You fucked her!”

“I, I, I didn’t mean… we didn’t mean…we got drunk… we… As God is my witness, I never meant to hurt ya, Bobby Ray. I’d rather die than do what I did to ya.”

“You fucked her,” Bobby Ray whined. “You fucked her.”

“Watch your mouth, Williams!” admonished the coach. “There’ll be none of that talk in here.”

Luke closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. ‘Yeah, I fucked her,’ he thought to himself. ‘In fact, I fucked the hell out her yesterday, I fucked her this morning and I’ll fuck her again tonight, all night.’ “I never meant it to happen, but it did, Bobby Ray. I love her too. I’m sorry man, I never meant to betray ya.”

“You fucked her,” whispered the broken hearted Bobby Ray.

Both Bobby Ray and Luke got a one-week suspension and both spent the time working at their father’s farms. But whereas Bobby Ray toiled ceaselessly in the fields from sunrise to sunset, Luke mostly screwed his enthusiastic bride under the watchful eye of his father.

A week or so later, Shelly miscarried. Mrs. Mattox wanted the two teens to get a quick divorce, but the Reverend wouldn’t have any of that. “They’re married, Martha. Now and forever! We can’t undo what God has wrought.”

“It’s just so disgraceful. All that racket coming from Shelly’s bedroom! Don’t they know any shame?”

“I must admit it’s… disturbing, but there’s no shame in what they’re doing.”

“Well, you’re going to have to do something, Henry! Something! Anything!”

The Reverend’s solution was to put the newly weds up in the old trailer that a church deacon had recently donated to the church. It was a dump, but the price was right and best of all, it was out of the way. There wasn’t anyone around to hear Shelly’s salacious moaning, or the bed creaking, or the bed banging up against the wall every time the two horny teens were alone. It also allowed Luke to try out a few things his dad had suggested, but just weren’t practical to do under the in-laws’ roof, such as fucking on the kitchen table or having Shelly grip the a door frame while Luke fucked her from behind. Luke also had a fondness for making whoopee outdoors where there was always a possibility of being seen.

**Chapter 10 - An Itch That Needs to be Scratched**

*Toni and Shelly put on a show for Julia and the postman.*

Jake studied the double ottoman that had been damaged during shipment. The black leather covering was damaged, nothing too bad, just a small rip. It was serviceable, but it certainly couldn’t be sold. Jake made a notation that it was severely damaged and then instructed his helper, Horsefly, to put it in the back of his pickup.

At lunch, he found the girls at Shelly’s putting away the groceries. “Hey, cunt!” he coarsely called goosing Shelly’s butt. “Got something for ya!”

“Not now, Jake,” pleaded Shelly, “I’m still too sore.”

“Not my dick, Sweatheart! Even though that’s most likely just what ya need!” he added with a grin. “Out in my truck, I’ve got a piece of furniture for ya. Be back in a minute.”

Jake retrieved the double ottoman from his truck. Shelly held the door open for him while he effortlessly hauled it inside.

“There! It’s a little scuffed up, but other than that…”

“I can’t afford that.”

“Don’t worry about it. It was going to be thrown away.”

Shelly studied the low elongated bench. “What’s it for?”

“What’s it for? Here lie down on it… That’s it, on your back, feet on the floor… oh, yeah… Now spread yer legs… Whatcha think?”

“It’s kinda short.”

Jake broke out laughing. “Hey, it ain’t to sleep on. It’s to fuck on! Wanna try it out?”

Shelly snapped her legs closed. “Oh!” she replied blushing, embarrassed because of her naivety, not because of what Jake had suggested.

“C’mon,” interrupted Toni. “Let’s get you fed, big boy.”

“I want some of this,” Jake replied while playfully running his hand up Shelly’s skirt.

“Later,” retorted his petite wife.

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While the girls split a sandwich between them, Jake wolfed down two club sandwiches.

“Ya better get over being sore, cunt,” growled Jake still chewing his last morsel. “I didn’t give ya that ottoman just to improve yer décor, I gave it to ya to use. Sore or not, tonight yer gonna try it out.”

Having had a little time to reflect on the gift, Shelly replied saucily, “Well, it wouldn’t be polite not to say, ‘thank you’.”

“Thank me when I run my cock up yer”

Jake glanced up at the clock. “Damn! I gotta go.”

“No time for a quickie?” asked Toni with a whine.

“Not now, Baby. Got a lot of deliveries this afternoon and I wanna finish up early.”

Then turning to Shelly he bid his farewell. “See ya later, cunt!”

Once Jake was out the door, Shelly turned to Toni. “What’s come over me? I’ve been sitting here, thinking about that ottoman thing and why Jake gave it to me. Damn, I wish he’d stayed.”

“Don’t worry, darling. He’ll scratch that itch for you tonight.”

“That’s just it, I want it scratched now!”

“I thought that you were sore.”

“I am! But I need… I mean I want…” Shelly’s voice trailed off as she was lost in thought, wicked thoughts, thoughts of cocks, thoughts of pleasure.

Toni too thought for a minute. Standing before Shelly, she reached out and caressed the younger woman’s breast. “Help me clean up, Doll, and maybe I can take of it for you.”

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Shelly was waiting impatiently for the neighbor woman to arrive. What Toni had suggested to her had set her mind in a whirl. She’d never heard of anything like it before! She couldn’t fathom how this was going to work.

Toni walked in carrying a canvas satchel.

“How do I look?” asked Shelly nervously.

Toni looked her over, unconsciously wetting her lips. “You look fabulous! Turn around.”

Shelly modeled the outfit that Toni had given her. Black stiletto heels, black fish net stockings and a black garter belt.

“Mmmmm, you need to wear that for Jake sometimes. It’ll send him in orbit.”

“Think so?”

“I know so,” replied Toni with a laugh.

Toni looked into her bag and brought out a strip of black cloth. “Stand still,” instructed Toni as she approached the stacked blonde from behind to secure the blindfold.

“There! Can you see anything?”

“No.”

“You sure? It won’t work if you’re cheating.”

“I’m not cheating!” protested Shelly. “I can’t see a thing.”

“Okay, just stand there. Stand there and don’t say a word. Understand? Not a word.”

Shelly stood for what seemed a long time. Becoming accustomed the darkness, Shelly listened hard, hearing a multitude of sounds that she never before paid much attention to. She didn’t hear Toni for several minutes and began to think that perhaps her friend was playing a joke on her. No sooner had that thought formulated when she felt something very, very lightly brush across a tit. The sensation stopped. Shelly strained to hear what happening nearby, but she couldn’t discern anything. A long moment passed and she felt the delicate sensation again, but this time it went across her other tit. Shelly felt her nipples swelling in response to the tactile stimulation and she sighed with pleasure. Next she felt the delicate sensation run down between her breasts to her navel.

Toni played with Shelly for several minutes, running the feather lightly across her neighbor’s bare skin, across her tummy, across her shoulders, across her cheeks and of course, across her sensitive jugs. As she played with her, Toni studied her reactions, the subtle changes in Shelly breathing, the way her nipples became so stiff that they crinkled up, the way her fur-lined pussy lips gathered moisture. Having so easily aroused Shelly, Toni put away the feather.

Shelly strained to hear what was happening, but heard nothing. She was about to speak when she felt Toni’s fingers lightly traverse across her torso. Involuntarily, Shelly softly groaned. Toni’s fingers were doing crazy patterns across her body, going everywhere but across Shelly nipples. She wanted to shout, “Squeeze’em!” but she obediently remained silent as the fingers roamed oh, so close, but never touching her where she now desperately needed to be touched.

Toni stopped her finger dance and took Shelly by the hand and guided her to the new double ottoman. With her hands on Shelly’s shoulders, Toni directed her to sit and then lie back onto the leather surface.

Toni retrieved two long silk scarves. Wrapping the ends around the stubby legs of the ottoman, she then tied Shelly’s wrists securely. Pulling on the two ends, Toni drew back Shelly’s hands to the stubby legs. The effect was to arch the shoulders causing her chest to protrude even more. Once her hands were pulled to the ottoman legs, Toni tied the two scarves together. With mild alarm, Shelly discovered that she was quite unable to move her arms.

Almost helpless, staring up into the darkness, her tits thrust upwards, Shelly once again felt the delicate tracing of Toni’s finger circling around the mounds of her breasts. Once again Toni teased her nipples, coming maddingly close, but never actually touching them.

Toni stopped her erotic play and picked up two ordinary clothespins. As the two clothes pins painfully closed simultaneously on Shelly’s nipples, Shelly let out a shriek.

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Julia Jenkins was watching Opra when she heard the blood-curdling cry. “My goodness! What was that?”

She muted the sound of her TV and listened. There it was again. Not so loud, but she did hear it. Ever curious, she stepped outside and listened. A pitiful whimpering was coming from the whore’s house. Curious, Julia crept down the alleyway and peaked in to the whore’s living room.

“Oh, my God!” she whispered.

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The shock of the initial pain had passed, but Shelly’s tits felt like they were on fire. Toni removed the blindfold. As Shelly’s eyes adjusted to the bright daylight flooding her living room, she saw first the angry clothespins biting into her flesh and then she saw Toni. Toni was now dressed as she was, in black high heels, fish net stocking and a garter belt. Nothing more except for her nipple rings and a simple black mask that obscured her facial features.

Through a fog of pain, she slowly realized that Toni was strapping on a rubber cock, a big rubber cock, bigger than any real cock she’d ever seen.

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Julia stood transfixed by the obscenity she was witnessing, a woman, the beast’s harlot, wearing a faux penis. As Toni shoved the fake cock into Shelly’s pussy, Julia nearly fainted.

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“Ohhhhhhhhhh!” cried Shelly, her field of vision narrowing to a gray tunnel as the thick faux cock abruptly invaded her poor pussy. Toni wasn’t anymore gentle with her than Jake would be in ramming into her, except that once she had impaled Shelly, Toni paused to allow Shelly’s cunt a chance to adjust. While waiting, Toni put a vibrator to Shelly’s clit and toyed with the clothespins. The hot-assed teen's vision slowly returned and once Toni began fucking her with the dildo, she cried out again, a long pitiful cry. Then something curious happened, the pain meddled into intense pleasure as a powerful orgasm swept over her.

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Julia was beside herself. Never in her wildest, dirtiest fantasies did she ever imagine anyone doing what the harlot was doing to the whore. She was revolted, yet she was also transfixed and the longer she watched, the more she felt the excitement building in her own groin. Several moments passed before Julia’s mounting rapture was rudely disturbed by a voice, a male voice somewhere off in the distance.

“Mrs. Jenkins? Ma’am?”

Julia turned toward the sound. To her horror she saw the postman in the drive. He had been watching her while she was peeping into the whore’s window.

“Ma’am, I have package you must sign for,” said the mailman, trying very hard to keep a straight face. Julia, her mouth agape, didn’t respond. “Uh, Mrs. Jenkins, you need to sign for the package.”

It was only after he’d spoken again did Julia realize that her hand was up her skirt. Putting her soaked fingers to her mouth, she attempted to stifle a warbling cry. Deeply embarrassed, Julia fled down the alleyway, mortified at what had just happened.

The postman couldn’t help but roar in hearty laughter at the town prude’s predicament. It would be story that everyone would want to hear. In a matter of days, dozens of townsfolk would have heard the tale. No matter if was true or not, the tale would spread from reliable source to the next, the story transmuting in the retelling, until there was very little in truth remaining. Nevertheless, the core points, Julia the Peeping Jane and Julia frigging herself would somehow survive. For months afterward, Julia would hear the sniggering and when she did, she turned a bright shade of red, confirming to all the essential truth of the story.

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In her peripheral vision, Toni caught a glimpse of Julia in the window as the snoopy woman ran away. She paid no mind to the invasion and continued to fuck Shelly with her strap-on. Moments later she caught sight of another motion at the window. There, looking in at the window was a man. Toni stopped thrusting into Shelly and tried to make out just whom it might be. The man waved and Toni recognized him as the mailman, Sam Porter, an old friend of hers and Jake. Toni turned, cupping her tits for him and then pulled the soaking wet dildo out of Shelly. Sam’s hands went to his head and he took on an exaggerated expression of mock surprise.

Toni removed the clothespins from Shelly’s tormented teats and untied her. Once freed, her hands immediately went to sooth her abused nipples. She was drenched with sweat and as Toni helped her sit up, she saw the man at the window.

“Oh, God!” she whimpered. “How long has he been watching?”

“Not as long as Julia,” laughed Toni. “Don’t worry, he’s a friend of mine. Now spread your legs for him, Honey.”

Toni motioned for Sam to come inside.

“Hi, Toni!” greeted Sam with a lecherous smile. “Who’s your friend?”

“This is Shelly, my new neighbor. Shelly, meet Sam, an old friend from high school.”

Shelly smiled up at him meekly and lamely covered her now tumescent nipples.

“Damn, you two ladies sure are sexy… nasty too. That’s was some dildo you were wearing! Love the fish nets!

“Toni, you know I love your sweet titties, but your friend... Shelly, isn’t it? Now those are some tits to die for! Pretty too. Man, what I’d give to…

“Hell, Toni, now I’ve got a hard-on something awful. Shit! I need someone to take care of me. How about it, Toni? Please? How about if one of you wicked ladies help me out?”

“Sam, you know I can’t let you fuck me without Jake’s permission, and she can’t do it without her husband’s permission. Perhaps if either one of them were here we could have a little fun and you could dip your wick. But they’re not!”

“Aw, Toni… don’t give me that crap about Jake. The way he passes you around, you’re practically in the public domain! He could care less about who you lie down with.”

“Mind your tongue, Samuel, I’m a married woman! You know that. I have to honor, cherish and obey my dear, darling husband.”

“Gimme a break!”

“Hey, I have an idea that might help you. If you want, you can jack off… Yeah, pull that pretty pecker of yours out and jack off.

“I know! You can jack off on her tits! Yeah, don’t you want to cream up those big beauties? Do that and I’ll lick’em clean.”

“My dick?”

“No silly. Her tits.”

“Why doncha just give me a blowjob?” pleaded Sam. “For old times sake.”

“I can’t. She can’t. But nobody’s gonna say you can’t give us a little show. We gave you a show. C’mon, be a sport… beat your meat for us.”

Sam looked at the two scantily dressed bare-breasted women and rubbed his aching erection. “I’m as hard as rock looking at you two naked…”

“We’re dressed,” interrupted Toni with a coy smile.

“Yeah, right! Fish nets and high heels! Do those garter belts count too?”

“Of course.”

“Well, I like your sense of fashion, but it doesn’t leave much to the imagination.”

“You want us to put on a bathrobe?”

“No, no, no… you’re dressed just fine, real fine! It’s just that you’re driving me crazy!”

“Well, I told you what you could do to help yourself.”

“Yeah… I, I, I’ve never jerked off in front of anyone before…”

“Suit yourself,” replied Toni with hint of contempt.

“Thinking about it, I guess jerking off while looking at bare tits and juicy snatch isn’t such a bad option…

“Well, here goes.”

Sam unzipped and unbuckled his belts and dropped his pants. Pulling down his boxers, his rigidly stiff pecker sprang forward. Shelly wasn’t sure before if Sam just had a dark complexion or if he was actually a light skinned Blackman. At the sight of his dark pecker and sparse kinky pubic hair, she decided that he was indeed a Blackman.

Sam immediately began jacking his cock, the nearly black glans playing peek-a-boo as his brown foreskin alternately covered and exposed it.

The cock before her fascinated Shelly. It wasn’t the size; it wasn’t nearly as large as Luke’s cock. It was the shape, curved like a banana and it’s dark coloration. It was two-toned, but then again all the other cocks she’d seen were also two-toned, only this was brown with a black tip rather than white with a ruddy tip. Feeling the urge rapidly building, Sam stepped forward to shoot off on Shelly’s tits, but once he got near, she suddenly lunged forward, taking him in her mouth.

“Oh, fuck, yeah!” Sam exclaimed as his cock was surrounded by the warm wetness of her mouth. Sam grabbed her head in his hands, pushing in deeply and slowly withdrawing as until she was lashing the head with her velvet tongue. “Oh, fuckkkkkkkk, ughhhhh! Ughhhhhh! Awwwwwww!” he cried out loud as he fucked her pretty face. He didn’t last much longer. “Goddamn bitching whore-girl!” he bellowed as his cock erupted.

Shelly gobbled at the copiously spouting cock, slobbering on it, rubbing it across her face and lips as he ejaculated, wildly shooting cum in her mouth, over her lips, on her face, in her hair and across her upper body until she was thoroughly drenched and dripping. Even after he was spent, Shelly slobbered and mouthed Sam’s softening cock, slurping up as much of his sexual emissions as possible.

“Mutherfuck!” he mumbled. “Shit fire!” he cursed pulling his soft dick from the voracious girl’s lips. “Damn, that felt really good! Thanks, slut! Man, I’ll have to stop by here more often.”

Sam bent forward to cop a feel of her fun bags as Shelly continued orally laving his dark cockmeat.

“Hey! These things are for real!” he said with genuine surprise. “They’re so firm, round and perfect, I’d a thought they were fake. Man, you gots some nice melons, ‘ho.”

His hands on her breasts felt good and she allowed the postman to feel her up good while she kissed and sucked on his jewels and his nearly black nut sack.

Reluctantly Sam pulled away from the stacked blonde slut. He knew damn good and well that he could get more than just a dick sucking from her, but he had to finish his mail route. To hang around and get laid, that was so very appealing, but the Postal Service severely frowned upon dereliction of duty. Even for a piece of her ass, a piece of high quality ass like this, he wasn’t about to jeopardize his job.

“Sorry Sugar, I’d like to stick around and stick you, but I gotta go. Maybe we can do this again sometime when I have more time.”

Pulling up his pants he turned to Toni. “Thanks Toni, I needed that... Look, I’ll see you later. ‘Kay?”

Toni shook her head in mock dismay. “Shelly, Shelly, Shelly. What are we going to do with Shelly?”

“I know what I’d do with her,” replied Sam as he got in a last feel, “if I had the time.”

He glanced at his watch and exclaimed, “Damn! I’m running late, real late. Bye!” As he rushed through the door Toni heard him curse, “Fucking whores!”

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Julia answered the front door. She’d thought that he would’ve been long gone from the neighborhood by now, but there he was. Her face immediately flushed and began to burn.

Openly smirking, the mulatto mailman said, “Ma’am. I have a package for you. I need your signature.” Julia just wanted to crawl in a hole and hide.

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“Luke will kill me,” lamented Shelly as she stirred her cup of coffee.

“I must admit, I am surprised at you,” deadpanned Toni.

“I’ve sinned. I’ve broken my solemn vows. I’ve…”

“Gimme a break! You sucked his dick… you didn’t screw him.”

“I would have.”

“Yeah, I know, but you didn’t.”

“You know, these past few days, all I think about is penises and men, and what men can do with me if they please. If Luke wants’em to, that is… It was so close, so beautiful… I couldn’t help myself.”

“Well, you won’t get pregnant doing what you did.”

“I suppose not.”

“Wasn’t it you who told me that sucking cock really wasn’t sex, and if it wasn’t sex, then there’s no sin.”

“Yeah, but it sure felt like sex,” said Shelly with a contented sigh. “Gawd, I was so turned on! I just had to have him. I had to taste him. Lord forgive me, but I wish he’d just taken me.”

“Don’t fret darling, you’ll get taken tonight. Henderson said he’d come over tonight around 8:30. He’s the one who sent over the fishnets, garter belt and shoes.”

“Henderson? I’m going out with Henderson?”

“I don’t know if ya’ll are going out, or just staying in, but he said for you to wear what you’re wearing now. I suppose you can cover up a little for the trip over to his place, but when you get there, he wants you dressed just like that. Nothing more, nothing less.”

“It’s kinda sexy,” giggled the buxom blonde.

“Sexy? It’s a positively whorish outfit!”

“You really think I’m a… whore?”

“Who’s turning tricks for auto parts?”

“We needed the truck fixed,” Shelly replied in defense of her actions.

“Yeah, ain’t it great how business works! Luke gets his truck fixed and you get laid. What a deal! Everybody’s happy!”

“I wouldn’t have done it if Luke hadn’t told me to,” pleaded Shelly unconvincingly.

“Really? Whatever darling! No matter how you slice it, you’re now a whore… You might as well enjoy it.”

“God help me, I do enjoy it!” gushed Shelly casting aside any feelings of guilt. She sipped her coffee a few times before asking, “Where did you get that rubber dick? It’s so real looking.”

“I bought it.”

“Where?”

“At a sex shop in Rockford. Where else would I get something like that; Walmart?”

“I never knew such a thing existed. It’s really nasty,” she giggled, “but it sure feels nice!”

Shelly pondered again for a moment before asking, “Why did you buy something like that?”

“Jake.”

“Jake?”

“Yeah… I use it on Jake.”

“You’re kidding? He let’s you… Oh, my gawd!”

“Sometimes he gets drunk… too drunk and I handcuff him to the bed. Then I ream his asshole good. You know, payback for all the times he’s been mean to me.”

“What does he do after?”

“After what?”

“After you let him go.”

“Nothing. He growls a little and then he smiles. He won’t admit it, but he likes it.”

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Julia was relieved when her two oldest children were finally dismissed from school so that she could slink off to her parents’ home for the weekend. There was no way she could bear the stares and knowing smirks of her neighbors, neighbors who by now had certainly heard the gossip from that awful half-breed mailman. ‘The nerve of that man!’ she rationalized to herself.

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It was almost quitting time when Big Mike took Luke aside. “Luke, ya wanna raise?”

“Damned right I do!”

“I thought so,” said Big Mike with a benevolent smile. Big Mike put his arm around the shoulder of his young apprentice adding, “Listen, it might take me some time, what with your lack of seniority and the frigging union rules… but I’ve got connections.”

“Connections?”

“Yeah, with the big bosses, Jameson and Estrada. Ya want me to talk to ‘em?”

“Sure, I guess.”

“Like I said, it will take some time.”

“Okay. Thanks, Big Mike!”

“Estrada, he and his wife like to play around. Jameson, he just likes pussy.”

“Oh, I see,” replied Luke cautiously.

“Ginger and I are going to Estrada’s farm tomorrow night. I’ll talk to him then.”

“Okay,” replied Luke sensing that there was something else.

“Ginger and I, we don’t have any plans for tonight.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, maybe we can get together, so to speak.”

“Tonight?”

“Yeah. Ya got a problem?”

“I dunno.” Luke thought for a moment before replying, “Hell, why don’t ya’ll come over about eight?”

“Eight o’clock it is. See ya, Luke. Be sure and tell that pretty cunt-whore that Big Mike’s gonna do her tonight. All night.”

“What about your wife?”

“Ginger? What do you think? I’m sure she’d love getting stroked by that young cock of yours.”

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Luke was ready for a night of fun when he got home that afternoon, and was sorely disappointed when he heard that Shelly had a date that night with Henderson to work off some of their debt, especially since his boss and his wife were coming over. Shelly enthusiastically modeled the outfit that Henderson had bought her to wear.

“That’s all you’re wearing?”

“No, silly! I’ll wear a dress too.”

“She won’t have the dress on for long,” quipped Jake. “Turn around again, Honey. Damn, you sure can make a man hard.”

“Yeah, I know,” replied Luke sourly.

“Don’t get all pissy, Luke,” admonished Jake. “A deal’s a deal.”

“Yeah, I know, I know,” whinned Luke. “It’s just that…”

“Ya suddenly having a problem with it? It’s a bit late for that.”

“It’s not that, it’s just that Big Mike says he’ll get me a raise and… he’s coming over…”

“A raise? Oh, I see… Hey, she can’t leave with Henderson tonight until O’Ryan is finished with her,” Jake added to relieve Luke’s stress. “He’s coming over after he closes up shop. Should be here around nine, nine thirty. If yer boss is here on time, that should give him some cockpit time.”

Jake mulled the problem over and added, “Hell, ya know, Henderson’s easy to get along with. Once he’s here maybe he’ll will forget about taking her home and just hang out here.

Another consideration occurred to Jake. “What’s yer boss’ wife look like?”

“I dunno, but she puts out,” replied Luke.

“Man, I sure hope she ain’t ugly!”