**Room with a View**  
by Art Martin

**Chapter 11 - An Impromptu Soiree**  
  
*Luke invites Big Mike and his wife over after work, but Jake had already scheduled Shelly with Henderson and O'Ryan. No Problem, but Shelly is in for a surprise.*

Slumped down on his tattered sofa, Luke looked to the right and studied Shelly’s honey blonde hair cascading over her shoulders. His attention was then drawn to the profile of her pretty face, especially the profile of her sultry lips as she mouthed Henderson’s weeping glans as he sat next to Luke. The young husband smiled. This was all working out just fine. It was obvious from the manner in which Shelly licked and polished the mechanics knob that she was really enjoying herself tonight.

As his slut wife knelt, sucking cock, Luke marveled at how deftly Henderson seemed to getting Shelly off by rubbing her clit with his big toe. When Henderson’s long prong all but disappeared in her mouth, Luke thought, ‘What a whore!’ Then he chuckled, ‘Who would have thought… the Reverend? Never. Old Mrs. Maddox?… She would die of shame! How ‘bout Bobby Ray? Don’t think so. Pa?… Yeah, Pa might think that, he’s never made no bones about her. Yeah, yer a whore babe. My sweet whore, just like Pa said you’d be… but this? I dunno… but if Pa has a problem… that raunchy old bastard?… Not likely.’

Sucking and fucking one man after another, Shelly was having the time of her life. She marveled at the differences in the men’s cocks that she had enjoyed today and tonight. All were nice and all had given her pleasure. She especially noticed the differences in each man’s cock as she eagerly sucked them off. Henderson with his long dick slid deeper into her throat than anyone else. She especially enjoyed the feel of swallowing and caressing the full length of his cock with her throat. Jake’s dick on the other hand was thicker, much thicker and the feel of the smooth expanse of his broad glans on her tongue brought her great delight. Luke’s cock was nice as always. She really enjoyed nibbling and gently pulling on his foreskin with her teeth and then sliding it back and forth along his shaft with her tongue. Big Mike? He had such a big dick! He was even thicker than Jake and he was as nearly long as Henderson. It was struggle for her to do much more than half of that cock, but she enjoyed every bit that she could cram into her mouth. Then there was the postman this afternoon with his multicolored prong.

The feel of a cock as it hardened or softened in her mouth was especially erotic to her. The entire erectile process was still a wonderment to her and she delighted in the diversity of oral sensations generated by differing degrees of hardness.

It also struck her how odd it was that each man’s sperm tasted different. She’d thought that it all pretty much tasted the same, but after the first time Jake came in her mouth, she knew that really wasn’t the case. But the variety? Sometimes it was bland, sometimes sort of bleachy, sometimes slightly salty, sometimes slightly pungent, and sometimes it was sweet. In that department Luke was by far her favorite. Of course until this week, Luke’s cum was the only cum she’d ever tasted. Naturally she had acquired a taste for her husband’s semen and for her, the flavor of Luke’s cum was the gold standard.

Both teens were lost in the lascivious pleasures that they were now freely wallowing in. Luke and Shelly eyes met just as Henderson’s dick-tip slipped momentarily from her lips. She glanced down at the woman sucking off her young husband and then smiled back at him wickedly with a long strand of clear precum still joining the mechanic’s dick to her full lips. The strand broke. Shelly’s tongue flickered out to catch it, coming to rest just under the cock crown. Looking into her husband’s eyes, she whorishly mouthed the glistening glans. That was all he could take. Luke came, shooting a nice load into the voraciously sucking mouth of Big Mike’s wife.

Recovering from his latest climax, Luke turned his attention from his wife to the woman who was still kneeling in front of him, licking the residual discharge from his dick and then sucking on it again. She was nice looking, with short red hair that matched the color of Big Mike’s flaming hair. Unlike Big Mike, Ginger was petite, not as petite as Toni, but certainly not the large woman he had earlier envisioned. Though older than either Toni or Shelly, at 38 she was a very attractive lady, if you could call a slut like her a lady. She wore too much eye makeup and had a sleazy aura about her. Moments after she and Big Mike arrived, they had barely been introduced when Ginger went for his cock, sluttily hissing, “Luke, I hear you want a raise.” He certainly got a raise and she certainly knew what she wanted, and it wasn’t someone to converse with.

Apparently Ginger didn’t realize or care that he was growing soft, so enraptured was she with Toni’s oral ministrations to her posterior. Luke felt the older woman humming as she came, the vibrations reversing the ebbing flow of blood from his cock. Toni, having Ginger up on a nearly continuous orgasmic plane, was unrelenting and showed no mercy.

Luke then saw Jake with a video camera, walking around and acting as the temporary official chronicler of tonight’s event, zooming in on Big Mike’s prodigious red tipped organ as Luke’s boss once again skewered Shelly’s hot pussy from the rear. With salacious delight, Luke watched her shapely buttocks quake, framed by the black fish net stockings and black garter belt, as Big Mike pounded into her. That was all that Luke needed for his own dick to surge into a fully erect state.

Ginger broke away from Toni’s relentless mouth and as she did so, let she Luke’s newly hardened cock slip from her mouth. In a flash, she was up in Luke’s lap, guiding his youthful erection into her mature juicy snatch. She was just getting into a rhythm when there was a knock at the front door.

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David gleefully headed home with his secret stash of DVD porno he kept hidden at his bookstore. He could hardly believe his good luck. Julia had unexpectedly called and said that she had taken the kids to see her mother for the weekend. No nagging wife and no screaming kids, for the whole weekend! He wasn’t sure which DVD he’d watch first, maybe “Lost Angels” or “Little Fuck Toys”, yeah, they were both hot and very illegal!

Just as he was about to turn into the driveway, he saw a middle aged man enter the house next door. Pulling up the narrow driveway he shared with his young libertine neighbors, David couldn’t help but look into the large window and into the well-lit living room of the whore’s home. He only got a glance, but… “Holy shit!” he muttered. The glance was only a fraction of a second, but there was no doubt that the whore and her pimp boyfriend were hosting yet another sex party.

Leaving the porno in his car, David crept down the dark alleyway to the brightly lit window. He was already hard from thinking of the little kids in the videos fucking and being fucked, but now with the prospect of a real live sex show, he could hardly catch his breath. Easing his way closer to the window, and careful to stay in the shadows, David gained a clear view of the wanton debauchery. “Son of a bitch,” he cursed to himself.

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As Jake approached followed closely by a wide-eyed O’Ryan, Big Mike, smiling broadly, pulled his big wet cock from Shelly’s spasmodically clutching cunt. The two Irishmen regarded each other for a moment. They each recognized the other, but they were only vague acquaintances. Glancing at the exceptional size of his countryman’s jutting organ, O’Ryan felt instantly intimated. Looking about at the generous size of the other men’s cocks that were in plain view, he indeed felt very inadequate.

With a loud, “CRACK!” Jake slapped Shelly hard on her ass, causing her to bolt upright from Henderson’s groin. “You’ve got a customer, cunt!” bellowed the big hairy man. “C’mon, whore, time for work!” Jake pulled her to her feet and led her to the double ottoman.

“Lie down and spread’em like the slut-whore cunt ya are! Be damned sure and make it good for the man!”

Her ass stinging from the slap, Shelly rubbed the glowing red handprint and lay down to be fucked just as Jake had told her to do. She knew that obeying Jake was tantamount to obeying Luke, and it was her duty as his wife to obey Luke. Lying on her back with her feet flat on the floor while seductively cupping and playing with her big tits, Shelly spread her legs, giving O’Ryan an unfettered look at his evening treat.

“Right here?” asked O’Ryan.

“Yeah, right here,” confirmed Jake.

“Can’t I have a little privacy?”

“Hell, this is as private as it gets tonight,” growled Jake. “Now, do ya wanna fuck her or do ya just wanna hold yer dick and watch us fuck her?”

O’Ryan looked down at the sumptuous young whore ready to receive him. His dick, already stiffened by the lurid scene, began to throb in real need. Looking at his watch, he pulled his notebook from his pocket and made his entry. Placing the notebook and pen on the table, O’Ryan began removing his clothes.

Moments later he was pumping his cock into the girl. Three minutes later and he’d shot off in her already cum laden cunt. He dismounted, looked at his watch and noted the time. Then he made another entry into the notebook. Putting the notebook down until he was dressed, O’Ryan was distracted by the wanton action still going on the couch.

The red head had been riding the whore’s husband when O’Ryan had arrived and she was still riding him. As she rose and fell on the young man’s prong, O’Ryan suddenly recognized who she was. She sang in the church choir! He’d seen her many, many times at church and had always admired her natural beauty, undressing her in his mind while she sang a sweet solo of salvation. Now he could see what she looked like naked. The vision pleased him, causing him to linger longer than he might otherwise.

“What the fuck is this?” roared Jake as he analyzed the entries in O’Ryan’s notebook. “Blalock transmission, $265 @ $25/hr = 10.6 hrs = 636 min. Total time 15 minutes! Three screws! Fifteen minutes out of 636 minutes! No way, pal!”

“Deal’s a deal,” countered O’Ryan defensively.

“Well, this deal is gonna change! I had in mind thirty minutes a fuck! Not five minutes!”

“Twenty five dollars an hour! That was the deal.”

“That’s rather taking advantage of this girl, don’t ya think? Twelve fifty a fuck is already pretty god damned cheap, ya friggin' chiseler! Five minutes a fuck works out to be two dollars a fuck! Hear that honey, he thinks yer a two dollar whore!”

“Deal’s a deal,” asserted O’Ryan standing his ground.

“Fuck that! Here’s the deal, O’Ryan,” growled Jake menacingly as he stood face-to-face, towering over the middle-aged man. “One hour minimum!”

“What? You can’t…”

“I just did! Either that or I’ll call the sheriff and ya can explain yer little book!”

“That’s not fair!”

“High grade pussy like this goes for a hundred dollars a pop! Twenty-five is one hell of a bargain! Take it or leave it!” roared Jake.

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David couldn’t figure out what all the yelling was about. The Beast seemed very angry with the pot-bellied middle-aged guy. While they were arguing, the red headed woman was still fucking the guy on the couch. The other big guy, the red head with the tattooed arms, he was on the floor, fucking the Beast’s harlot. What with all that was going on, the Beast was blocking his view of the young whore who the middle-aged guy just fucked. She was sitting up, but he couldn’t see those magnificent breasts. Breasts that he’d daydreamed about ever since he first saw her naked through the kitchen window. He moved a foot or so, to get an unobstructed view of the big titted blonde whore.

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Out of the corner of his eye, Jake saw the movement outside the window. He didn’t directly look out the window, but clearly saw the weasel peeking through the window before retreating into the shadows.

His glare softening, Jake took on a more conciliatory tone. “Hell, what’s yer god damned hurry, O’Ryan? The girl likes to fuck. Hell, she loves to fuck! Take yer time and fuck her properly, will ya? When the frigging transmission’s paid for, she’ll buy something else from ya, a water pump, some antifreeze, whatever, but not if yer quick as a rabbit.”

“I, I don’t have time. I, I, I gotta go.”

“Slow down, O’Ryan! Enjoy this young pussy! Yer fat-assed wife will be there when ya get home, all three hundred pounds of her! Damn! I woulda thought you’d enjoy this!”

O’Ryan looked at his watch again. He’d been there ten minutes already. Now if he was going to get anything near his money’s worth, he’d have to stay longer. He looked back at Shelly and mentally compared her to his constantly bitching wife. He shuddered. There was no reasonable comparison. “Okay, but my hour starts now.”

Jake wasn’t paying too much attention to what O’Ryan had said, and quickly agreed. Gripping O’Ryan by the arm he said, “Come here,” and guided him to near the open window.

“C’mere cunt,” he ordered his neighbor. “Yeah, you Shelly!”

Shelly rose and stood where Jake directed her.

“Now I want ya to suck his dick ‘til he gets good’n hard. Then, I want ya to fuck him. Nice and slow, on top. Got it?”

Shelly shrugged and knelt before the pot-bellied older man. She played with his limp dick for a moment, still wet from her cunt, taking note that like Luke, O’Ryan was not circumcised. Compared to the other dicks that had fucked her tonight, he was smaller. Not terribly small, but then again, compared to Big Mike, even Luke seemed small.

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Standing in the shadows, his pants down around his knees, David stroked his demure pecker as the stacked whore took the middle-age guy into her mouth not more than six feet from were he was standing. She sucked the older man like the sluts in his favorite videos sucked dick. It was obvious that she was enjoying it as much as the guy was. In his entire life, David had never had a blowjob, at least not from a woman. Julia was repulsed by the thought. In fact she gave him a black eye once when he tried to force the issue. That was years ago, before the brats were born.

He couldn’t believe the size of these guys’ cocks. Even the pot-bellied man getting the blowjob had twice the man-meat than he did. Lustily he watched as the blonde whore ardently slathered the man to respectable erection.

Suddenly something grabbed him by the collar of his shirt. David let out a high pierced scream as he was lifted from the ground. Horrified he saw that the Beast, buck naked, had him.

“Don’t hurt me! Please, don’t hurt me!” he shrieked as Jake effortlessly held him at eye level, six inches off the ground.

“Well, well, what do we got here?” growled Jake in his most menacing voice. “A peeping Tom? No, a pervert little weasel.”

“Don’t hurt me! Please! Don’t hurt me!” the small man whimpered in terror.

“So, ya like to sneak around spying on folks? Looking in their windows. Ya get yer jollies from watching decent people living their lives? Ain’t ya got no respect for privacy?”

“Please!”

Jake sat him down enough so that at least his toes touched the ground. “I oughta tear yer sorry ass to pieces,” Jake snarled as he let David’s feet fully touch the ground.

“Oh, please, no!”

The Beast glared for a moment before a cruel smile spread across his face. “C’mon neighbor!” said Jake jerking David off his feet again.

Next thing David knew he was being hauled by the collar down the dark driveway to the back of the property. His pants down around his ankles, the terrified man shuffled as best he could as the hairy Beast carried him away. Convinced that he was about to die, David peed on himself. Surely it was his last moments on this earth and as he was being spirited away to a certain doom he wailed, “Nooooooo! Nooooooo! Noooooo!”

His pleadings had no effect. He envisioned being hauled behind the lean-to parking area where the brawny troll-like man would literally pull his head off, or worse. Then in his mind’s eye he saw his lifeless carcass thrown into the back of Luke’s old pickup truck to be hauled off somewhere remote to be disposed of, with a wood chipper spraying his finely minced remains into the river. There would be no trace of him! No one would ever know what happened to him!

Jake dragged him up the back steps and into the Blalock’s kitchen. David opened his eyes, surprised that he wasn’t still outside in the middle of a killing field, but in a kitchen. He saw a meat cleaver hanging on the wall above a large knife lying on the countertop. In his panicked state he thought, ‘Oh, god! He’s going to butcher me alive!’ A vision of being castrated and then gutted flashed through his mind.

Much to his surprise, Jake didn’t haul him up on the table for slaughter. Instead he was bodily dragged by the shirt collar through the kitchen. By this time, one ankle had come free of his soiled trousers and he was able to somewhat walk and relieve the pressure on his neck. Suddenly he was in the room, the room with all the naked fornicators.

Still terrified and unsure of his ultimate fate, David, shaking with fear, nervously looked around. The blonde whore was sitting on top of the middle-aged man, rising and falling on his cock. The whore’s boyfriend/husband had decoupled from the redheaded woman and was now standing next to the blonde whore, stroking her hair as she rose and fell, rubbing his dick in her face as she fucked herself on the middle-aged guy.

The other redheaded man, the big one, now had the Beast’s harlot on the low bench. She was howling as he again and again brutally drove his cock deep in her ass. The other guy now had the redheaded woman bent over the sofa, fucking her doggy style and filling the room with the repetitive slapping sounds of groin and buttocks meeting.

“So, ya wanna watch?” growled the Beast.

David was too terrified to say anything. Jake swatted him on the back of the head. “I said, do ya wanna watch? Ya wanna watch us fuck? That’s what ya was doing, watching us fuck. Weren’t it?”

Unsure what to do and opting to be agreeable, David rapidly nodded.

“If yer gonna watch, then ya gotta join the party.”

Confused, David looked up into the menacing bearded face.

“Well?” snarled Jake.

His voice cracking, David squeaked, “Wha, what do you want?”

“Ya have a choice, ya frigging worm! Ya can get naked and join us, or I’ll take yer sorry ass out back and beat it to a pulp! What’s it gonna be?”

“You, you want me to join you?”

“That’s one option.”

“Really?”

“One condition. Ya do exactly as I say. I tell ya to do sumptin’, ya do it! Understand me, neighbor? Ya cross me and you’ll be fertilizing the okra in the garden, if ya get my drift.”

David couldn’t believe it. Rather than being summarily dispatched in some horrible manner, he had actually been asked to join the orgy! He looked about at the three naked women, three very desirable naked women. Julia hardly ever let him see her naked, but these woman flaunted their nudity. He knew that all three women were whores, whores who would willingly perform every and any sex act imaginable with every cock in the house and that now included his cock!

His stomach now churned anxiously. A forbidden door had suddenly been opened to him and he was unsure whether he should cross the threshold. He’d never done anything like this before. He knew such things happened as he had seen videos and actually seen the Beast and Harlot wantonly entertaining friends in their hot tub, but these things never happened to him. The only woman he’d ever had sex with was Julia and she did it only one way and then only for the purposes of procreation. He’d never had sex with her just for the sake of sex.

“Well?” growled Jake, “Do I really have to beat yer sorry ass?”

“No! Please!” He really just wanted to go home to safety, but he had no real choice. “I, I, I’ll do it! I’ll do it!”

Jake picked up the video camera and aimed it at David. “Alright pinhead, ya look pretty silly, so why don’t ya get like the good Lord made ya? Go on, shuck the rest of yer clothes!”

Jake zoomed in on David’s pants still hanging by one ankle adding, “Jeez, ya wet yerself!”

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Shelly was oblivious to everything around her but the wonderful sensations of a nice hard cock hitting against her g-spot. Drunk with fuck-lust, the only thing that mattered was the sexual frenzy that now controlled her. Who she was fucking was of no consequence, it only mattered that she was fucking and sucking.

She skillfully moved her hips just so to maximize the contact of the cock. She really liked the smaller penis she was fucking. After being stretched out by bigger cocks, she was now able to drive the cock-head directly onto her g-spot, and each time it struck her just right, she became even more delirious. The cumulative effect was mind-altering.

Luke looked down into her unseeing eyes as she fellated her husband’s dick while fucking the older portly man. He knew that Shelly was truly off into some other world, a world of continuous sexual bliss. He envied her, but at the same time was very happy that she was enjoying herself so much. He had long been concerned that he couldn’t give her much in the way of material things. Now after moving into the old house and hooking up with Jake and Toni, he was able to at least give her this.

For O’Ryan, his cock sliding within the perfect vessel, this was absolutely the best fuck of his life. He simply couldn’t imagine doing this with his obese wife; she’d crush him. With Bertha, the best he could do was hump her and hope that the fold of blubberous flesh he was poking at was her pussy. Often it wasn’t, but only she knew for sure.

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“C’mere, weasel, and watch this closely,” said Jake to a very self-conscious David. Covering his stunted genitals, David meekly followed Jake to where Shelly was screwing O’Ryan.

Luke, standing to the far side was lovingly stroking his slut wife’s hair. When Jake moved in, Luke pulled his semi erect cock from his wife’s lips. Straddling O’Ryan’s head, Jake rubbed his cock into Shelly’s face as she continued to fuck O’Ryan.

O’Ryan, lost in the wonderful fucking he was receiving, felt something lightly brush against his ear. Opening his eyes, he found himself starring up between two massive hairy legs and directly up at Jake’s pendulous ball sack. He saw Jake’s cock, brushing her full lips. Like the suckling reflex of an infant, Shelly’s mouth opened up to orally receive the offered cock and automatically began servicing it.

David didn’t know where to look. Look at the glistening dick alternately appearing and disappearing between her engorged pussy lips and into her smacking snatch, look at her incredible bouncing tits, or look at the way she slobbered and sucked on Jake’s meaty member. Having no clue as to what Jake was experiencing, he fell back on his own limited experiences and found himself mentally in Shelly’s position, rising and falling on O’Ryan’s prick while sucking the Beast’s big cock. He’d done both before at church camp, when he was in high school, before he married Julia, and the sights and sounds reawakened some suppressed, latent memories.

His revere was disturbed when the Beast pulled his now stiff pecker from the whore’s mouth. The boyfriend/husband reached down, physically lifting her off the man she was fucking on the floor. As soon as she was decoupled from the cock that was giving her so much pleasure, she began whining, “No, no, please don’t stop, I need… I need… oh, please… please, let me go!” O’Ryan, near the point of no return, throatily groaned in disappointment at being cheated of his release after being so close.

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Jake whispered something to Henderson and then led Shelly to the ottoman that was now available. Lying her on her back, Jake tied her arms to the stubby legs of the ottoman like Toni had done earlier in the afternoon. Shelly squirmed a bit to get comfortable, waiting for Toni to strap on the big faux-penis and give everyone a show. She glanced at Toni, but Toni wasn’t getting prepared.

Shelly gasped as Luke put an ice cube to her right nipple. Immediately her nipple became stiffly erect. Luke continued to rub the ice on her nip, chilling it until it almost hurt. Then while everyone watched, Henderson opened a box and offered it to Jake. Curious, Shelly watched as Jake took out a bottle of rubbing alcohol and drenched a cotton ball. Swabbing her numbed teat, Jake whispered, “Now this might hurt a little, but…” He didn’t finish the sentence and before she could protest, Henderson was diddling her clit with his finger.

As the mechanic fingered his young wife, Luke put another ice cube to her nipple. Then Shelly saw the thick needle in Jake hand. She wanted to cry out, “Nooooo!” but she was already panting from the building climax. Jake grabbed her right teat with his left hand and squeezed, making the chilled nipple stand even more prominent. Then as he pulled her nip taut, Shelly watched as Jake put the thick needle to the side of her engorged nipple. Just as the climax broke over her, she felt a lancing pain in her nipple as Jake drove the needle through it.

David nearly fainted as he saw a thick drop of ruby colored blood drip from the rigid flesh and trickle down the side of the whore’s out thrust breast.

With the needle still piercing her breast, Luke put the ice back on her nip while Jake retrieved a gold nipple ring from Henderson’s box. Jake held up the nipple ring for everyone to see. She only vaguely saw what he had in his hand. “Yer a slut-whore, Shelly,” Jake announced to the gathered crowd in the room. “This ring is ta remind ya that yer Luke’s slut wife and yer to always to do as he says.” With that pronouncement he carefully pulled the impaling needle from her nip, followed by a pronounced trickle of blood that ran down the side of her melonous tit.

With a thud, David fell to the floor.

Turning to the sound of the noise and seeing David lying ungracefully in a heap, Jake asked with contempt, “What’s his problem?”

“Must’ve fainted,” replied O’Ryan breathlessly. Suddenly O’Ryan realized that he had been masturbating. His face flushed a deep red, almost matching the blood of Shelly’s tit. He felt humiliation, as he thought that everyone would regard him as some sort of pervert, playing with himself while the whore girl’s nipple was pierced. Whacking off, that was something that he had always done privately, usually in his back stock room of his store and something that he had never admitted to doing to anyone. Now everyone here knew that he practiced self-abuse. He never considered that no one really gave a shit if he masturbated or not. After all, they all did it.

Jake snorted and returned his attention to inserting the ring in Shelly’s tit.

After swabbing the freshly pierced flesh with another cotton ball soaked with alcohol, Jake and Luke switched sides. Once again, Luke put ice to his wife’s other nipple, chilling it and numbing it for piercing.

Struggling fruitlessly against her restraints, Shelly groaned, “Oh, god,” as Henderson began diddling her again. Jake swabbed the needle with a fresh cotton ball and alcohol, then swabbed her chilled left nipple. Again he squeezed her tit just below the nipple. Without waiting for her to climax, Jake drove the needle through her left nipple.

The pain shot through her and she cried out, but soon the pain was lost as another orgasm tore suddenly and unexpectedly through her, melding her pain with her sexual pleasure. When she could once again focus her eyes, she focused on the gold ring that Jake held up in front of her. She cut her eyes up into the grinning bearded face.

Once Jake knew that she was again cognizant he announced, “Yer a slut-whore, Shelly Mattox Blalock, but we already know that. This ring is ta remind ya that yer also my slut-whore, and I too will do with ya as I damned well please.” With that declaration, he removed the needle and replaced it with the second ring. Jake handed Luke the bottle of alcohol and a clean cotton swab. Luke sterilized the fresh wound.

While her loving husband dabbed away the blood that streaked down her breast, Jake moved between her legs to run his cock up her wet snatch, fucking her until Luke was finished cleaning her up.

Jake instructed Henderson to untie her. Helping Shelly sit up, he said, “Listen up everybody. Her tits are gonna be sore for a while, so take it easy with’em.

"C’mon, cunt, stand up."

Turning back to the gathered throng, Jake asked, "Now, ain’t she pretty?”

Everyone nodded appreciatively. Even David, who had by now had recovered and was sitting on the floor, nodded in approval. Luke was especially appreciative of his wife’s new jewelry. Shelly, looking down at her aching, newly pierced nipples, realized that she was now marked as a slut-whore. As she contemplated that, a smile came across her face. If her husband wanted her to be a slut-whore, she would be a slut-whore, an enthusiastic slut-whore. It would be easy, because that’s what she wanted too.

Jake called out to O’Ryan. “Ya ain’t finished yer hour yet. Come over here and lie down, O’Ryan.”

Turning back to Shelly he ordered, “Okay, cunt, make the man cum.”

Jake directed the middle-aged man him to lie down on his back on the ottoman. Moments later, Shelly took his semi-flaccid cock in her mouth again, quickly getting him up for a ride. Once she had him hard, Shelly quickly straddled him, taking his cock into her dripping snatch for the third time that night.

Jake grabbed David by the arm and yanked him upright to stand immediately behind Shelly. Once he realized that Jake wasn’t going to hurt him, David lustily watched her full buttocks quake with each impact into the man’s groin. Each time she rose, the shimmering cock appeared again, wrapped around swollen cuntal lips. Each time she rose, her ass parted just a little, just enough to flash her crinkly brown star at David.

A hand grasped David’s shoulder and he jumped with a start. He was now face to face with the Beast’s harlot.

“Well, well, well… What do we have here?” Toni said with a wicked look.

David was speechless. As always, the openly sexual dark haired creature intimidated him. Secondly, he was awed by what he saw. Nice firm titties capped with dark nipples and small aureoles and the gold rings piercing those dark nips. He couldn’t take his eyes off her tits.

“So where’s that bitch you call your wife?” she snarled in contempt.

“Uh, uh, at her mother’s,” he meekly replied, eyes still glued to her tits.

David jumped again as Toni suddenly grabbed his stiff pecker. “A man can’t help what the good Lord gave him. What counts is what he does with what he’s got. You do anything with this thing besides jacking it off outside other people's window?”

Humiliated, David cast his eyes down and away from Toni’s pierced nipples, his eyes settling on her neatly trimmed black bush.

“I didn’t think so,” she said with contempt as she released his cock.

As she turned and walked away, David’s attention was caught by the sight of the Beast, slathering on handful of KY on his meaty rod. The Beast pushed the blonde whore between the shoulder blades, leaning her forward on top the middle-aged man until her sultry lips feverishly mashed into the man’s lips in a frenzied, feverish kiss. David’s eyes bugged out as the Beast ran his whole middle finger up the whore’s rear portal, fucking into her anus as the other man’s dick continued to fuck into her pussy. When the Beast ran two fingers up her ass, David furiously began beating his meat.

As the elastic walls of her rectal passage gave way to Jake’s invading cock, O’Ryan was astonished at the feel of her tightening vaginal grip. “Oh, my God,” O’Ryan gasped as her snatch became incredibly tight. Then came the rubbing sensation on the underside of his vagina-encased cock as Jake fucked her ass. It was too much for him. With an incredible rush his orgasm was upon him, his cock spewing semen into the girl’s cunt.

Shelly then briefly screamed as her own orgasm hit. Then in a gasping silence, her entire body trembled and shook, her pussy nearly turning inside out as her orgasm gripped her like two pit-bulls tearing into each other.

“God damn!” exclaimed O’Ryan, totally surprised at the intensity and duration of her pleasure.

David, excited as never before, felt his own pleasurable release.

Once her peak had passed and she was settling down, Jake paused, buried deep in her ass. He looked down at his hip and the glob of stray semen running down his leg. “Who did that?” snarled Jake at David.

David looked and to his horror, realized that he had cum on the Beast. David wanted to flee for his life, but he was seemingly paralyzed. He couldn’t move, except for his hand that was still flogging his flagging member. He knew he probably should run like hell. Maybe he’d make it. At least if he tried… maybe…

Jake pulled his cock from the slut’s ass, spreading her cheeks apart to admire his work. “See that, neighbor?” David stared into her gaping rectum. With a malicious smile Jake said, “Weasel, that’s what yer asshole’s gonna look like.”

It didn’t register on his fevered brain what Jake meant, but when the Beast roughly grabbed his arm, David wailed, “Nooooooo!” as it did register. With his bare hairy foot, the Beast unceremoniously pushed Shelly off onto the floor with a thud. Then he likewise pushed O’Ryan off the ottoman and on top of her. All the while, David fruitlessly struggled against Jake’s iron grip.

“Ya ready for some real sex, ya pathetic creep?” asked Jake as he and Toni tied silk scarves to David’s wrists. “What’cha prefer, girls or boys?”

“He not getting any of my pussy,” added Toni. “So I guess he gets dick.”

Jake forced the much smaller man down onto the double ottoman face down. David was powerless to prevent being tied down. He cried out pitifully when he realized just how helpless and vulnerable he was.

“Don’t worry, neighbor,” said Jake. “I won’t fuck ya. Yer not my type. But lookie here…” Jake turned David’s head so that he could see Toni. David was confounded by what he saw. Some how, the Beast’s harlot now had a dick. “My wife’s gonna fuck ya,” whispered the menacing hairy brute.

Toni smeared KY over her strap-on faux-penis. It wasn’t the big black one that she had used on Shelly earlier in the afternoon, but a smaller flesh colored dildo that was very realistic looking.

David felt something cold on his ass. Then he yelped as Jake roughly ran his middle finger up his butt. The big finger roughly plunged into him time and time again, just like it had plundered the whore’s ass. It really didn’t hurt, not too much, but when he looked up, he saw that everyone was watching, watching what was being done to him. Humiliated beyond belief, he also realized that he was enjoying what was happening to him. Out of shame, David whimpered, “Oh, gawd!”

As abruptly as it had entered him, the finger was suddenly removed. He felt Jake’s big hand close around his stiffening dick. Jake leaned forward and whispered, “Ya must’ve liked that, creep, ‘cause yer get’n hard again. Well, if ya liked that, yer gonna love this.”

David’s eyes flew open as he was fully and swiftly penetrated by Toni’s cold dildo. Once the initial shock had passed and the stars began to clear from his brain, David quickly resigned himself to the rape. Resting his head on the ottoman, David tried to shut out the laughter ringing in his ears. Instead of feeling outrage at the violation, David realized that he was enjoying the feel of the faux-cock raping his ass. Mentally, he was back at church camp, being willingly abused by the older boys. He heard Jake announce to the crowd, “Hey everybody, look at his dick! He likes it! He really likes it!… Hey, Toni, fuck him ‘til he cums.”

Toni, being skilled at getting her raunchy husband off like this, knew just how deep to fuck him for maximum effect. Toni wrapped her hand around his waist and took his hard little pecker into her hand.

David gasped at the feel of the soft cool fingers on his dick. It was quite unlike Jake’s rough thick digits. Now he wasn’t sure what felt better, getting fucked or having a woman masturbate him. He didn’t last long.

Toni felt the subtle swelling of David’s prick and knew that he was close. She stopped rubbing his dick and concentrated on fucking him, skillfully stimulating his prostate. David’s world collapsed momentarily while he squirted his essence onto the ottoman. Suddenly his ass was empty, very empty. Realizing that the best sexual experience of his life was over, David began to beg for more.

Jake turned to Big Mike. “Damn, I didn’t think he’d like it that much!”

“Maybe he wants some real dick,” said Big Mike with a gleam in his eye.

“Help yerself.”

David looked up and heard O’Ryan mutter, “Sweet Jesus!” Then he felt the hot spongy head of a real cock nestling into his ass. It wasn’t cold like the faux-penis was initially and it was much larger.

“I ain’t had no boy pussy since Singapore,” said Big Mike as he began pushing against David’s abused anus.

“Maybe ya shouldn’t do that, Mike,” said Luke shaking his head. “A girl’s one thing, but a guy? What if he goes to the cops?”

Big Mike paused and considered what Luke had said. He really didn’t want any trouble with the law. He’d heard the stories and rumors about how the sheriff had swept the county clean of troublemakers and he wanted no part of him. Besides, if this got out, he could lose his job. David felt the pressure on his anus ease and then felt the broad cock head slide out from between his cheeks.

“Yeah, you’re right, Luke. I ain’t gonna rape nobody, except maybe that hot-assed wife of yours.” Suddenly feeling uneasy, Big Mike wandered off to the kitchen for a beer and to collect his wits.

Jake announced, “Any ya girls wanna fuck him?”

“Let him go,” said Luke evenly.

Jake briefly bristled at Luke’s interference. “Why should I?”

“Ya had your fun with him, now let him go.”

“Fer Christ’s sake, Luke! He was looking in yer window!”

“So what? Let him look. He ain’t hurting nobody! I ain’t got no cause to hurt him.”

“I weren’t gonna hurt him. I… Oh, fuck it! It’s yer party! You untie him!” Jake turned and stormed out of the living room towards the kitchen. There was a brief awkward silence.

“Uh, I really gotta go,” said O’Ryan nervously as Luke untied David.

“Hey, Shelly, it was really fun. Thank you for making it special for me.”

“You need to thank Jake,” replied Shelly rubbing her sore boobs. “You know, it was fun, once you took your time.”

“Yeah, well next time…”

“Next time ya fuck her good!” bellowed Jake from the doorway. “Ya pull that rabbit crap on her again and it’ll be yer butt getting reamed!”

O’Ryan was certain that Jake wasn’t bluffing about a retributive butt reaming, not after what he’d just witnessed. “Uh, I will, Jake. Promise. I’ll take my time with her.”

“Might as well. Remember, one hour minimum!”

“Yeah, sure. One hour minimum.”

O’Ryan looked over to Ginger, Big Mike’s wife. “We didn’t get introduced, but… I’ve seen you singing in choir. You’re as pretty as I had imagined.”

“Why, thank you,” replied the redhead pleased at the compliment and cupping her freckled breasts. “That’s really sweet of you. Perhaps we can get together sometimes. Name’s Ginger,” she said walking up to him.

“Everybody just calls me O’Ryan.”

“Pleased to meet you, O’Ryan,” she replied as she took his flaccid dick in her hand. “Do you really have to go?” she purred as she laid kisses down his torso.

“I guess… I could… stay… for…oh, sweet lord,” he gasped as she took his sticky cock into her mouth. She laved it for only a half a minute before letting his stiffening organ slip from between her lips.

“Next time,” she said smiling up at him. “Perhaps next time we can get to know each other, you know, in the biblical sense.”

“Yeah,” he breathlessly gasped. “Next time.”

“Let’s make it soon,” she added. “I know where your store is. Maybe I could drop by someday at lunch for a bite to eat.”

“Uh, yeah… that sounds great.”

Big Mike strode into the room swigging a beer. “Hey, Ginger! We gotta get going too, so find our clothes will ya?”

The big man turned to Jake, “Nice to meet ya, Jake, you’re my kind of fellow. Loved fucking your wife.”

“I enjoyed yer wife’s pussy too,” replied Jake with a friendly grin. “We’ll have to do it again.”

“Damned right! But, next time, let’s leave this wimp outside,” Mike said referring to David.

**Chapter 12 - A Trip to the Country**  
  
*Jake rousts Luke and Shelly out of bed for a trip out in the country to make arrangements for fixing the roof.*

The johnboat rocked gently as Luke struggled to pull an eighty-pound catfish from the strangely iridescent waters. Luke’s pa was watching proudly and offering his encouragement while his boy struggled with the creature that had somehow morphed into something strange, something that he’d never seen before.

With a start, Luke’s eyes flew open. Grey-white flashes from an approaching storm temporarily lit the room. Through the strobe light effect, Luke saw that Shelly was staring at him with a far away look in her eyes. For some reason the boat was still rocking. His hand instinctively went to his wife’s newly pierced breast only to find another hand already there.

‘What the hell?…’ Then he remembered the pleasure he had felt. Of feeling through the thin membrane of her rectum another man’s cock invading his wife’s pussy while he was sodomizing her, and remembering how much she had enjoyed it too. Trailing his hand down to her crotch, his fingertips felt the slippery cock as it worked in and out of her. It was strange, touching another man’s cock as it fucked his wife.

The events of the past few weeks ran through his head. Shelly had really surprised him. At first she was reluctant and then with his encouragement she crossed some sort of imaginary line. On one side was a conventional morality bordering on prudish. On the other side was an amoral carnal pleasure that was clearly intoxicating her.

He too had crossed an imaginary line when, with his approval, Jake fucked her. Suddenly they had both been transformed. He had fulfilled an unspoken fantasy of sharing her with another man. It was a big bonus that the other man shared his wife in return, but seeing Shelly get screwed, that was a major turn on for him.

Prior to moving into the old house and meeting her new neighbors, Shelly had never even considered lying with any man other than her husband, much less another woman. Now, in a matter of days, that had all changed. At first the morality of it all did bother her, but as long as it was what Luke wanted, then she easily justified it all as simply doing her husband's bidding. Doing her husband's bidding was her duty as his wife. To do otherwise would violate her wifely duty. To do otherwise would jeapordize her soul. As for the morality of it, if what her husband required of her was sinful, then the sin fell on him and not her.

For Shelly, she didn’t just enjoy getting fucked; she loved it. As long as Luke wanted her to be fucked by other men, she would eagerly fuck them. If Luke wanted her to be a slut-whore, then she would be a slut-whore. It was simply what her husband wanted of her and it was her duty to cheerish and obey him. Her very own father had taught her that. The added bonus was that she enjoyed it so much. Enjoyed having men lust after her. Enjoyed having them use her. Enjoyed rutting with them at every opportunity.

Now freed of conventional morality, she craved it; craved to be fucked, and not by just men, but by women too. Luke remembered how eagerly she went after the other two women’s pussies last night as well, as how eagerly she spread herself for them. It seemed that she had become insatiable, as if some beast lurking inside her had been unleashed and had consumed her. It was also apparent to him that there was no longer anything between himself and his wife that was out of bounds.

Luke suddenly realized he was lingering, fascinated by the feel of the thick tube of flesh sliding through his fingertips, plundering his wife’s eager pussy. Thankfully, Henderson didn’t seem to object to his touch. His fingers moved from the underside of the slippery cock and settled at the mouth of her vagina, at the junction of man flesh and woman flesh. The soft tissue of her sex alternately protruded and then receded as she was fucked by the mechanic’s long prong.

Shelly let out a low moan as she felt the pressure of her husband’s finger, pressing her clit into the reciprocating cock. As he pressed, Luke rotated the pad of his finger in a tiny circle. He watched with salacious delight as her eyes rolled up into her head.

Henderson buried his cock in deep as he felt the intense vaginal contractions squeezing his organ. With a grunt, he came. It still felt incredibly good, but after a long night of sex, his balls were severely depleted and he ejaculated dry. Sated for the moment, Henderson pulled out of the whore’s cunt and rolled away. A moment later, Henderson felt the bed shake as the young insatiable horny husband mounted his insatiable horny slut wife for yet another vigorous screwing.

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It was late morning when Luke awoke. He was dimly aware of someone cursing, “Oh, fuck! I’m late!” Then the bed shook as Henderson got up. A few minutes later he heard the door slam. He rolled over and gently caressed Shelly’s newly pierced tits, careful not to tug at the nipple rings. He smiled as he reflected on the past evening’s fun. He knew for certain that Shelly had enjoyed the wild night of sex with five men and two women, followed by more sex with himself and Henderson. He certainly enjoyed himself. Big Mike’s wife proved to be a real wildcat and Toni was as fun as ever. As for Shelly, he really enjoyed watching her having sex with one, two or even three men at a time, especially when he was one of the men. But, the best part was the piercing. Ever since he first saw Toni’s ringed tits, he wanted Shelly to be pierced too.

Idly he played with his limp cock as he thought back on the highlights of the bacchanalia. As exciting as it all was, he couldn’t get a rise. Next thing he knew, Jake was shaking him, bringing him out of his latest dream.

“G’morning neighbor,” greeted Jake as Luke slowly opened his eyes. “Ya’ll gonna sleep all day?”

“Yeah, matter of fact. What’s it to ya?”

“We got business to take care of. Remember the roof job? Told’em we’d meet them this afternoon and finalize a deal.”

‘The roof?’ thought Luke. “Fuck the frigging roof! It’s okay.”

“Yeah, that’s why the ceiling and the wallpaper in yer front room is all wet and why the fuckin’ floor’s wet too. Ya know it rained last night. Ya gotta get it fixed.”

Luke knew that Jake was right, it was just that he really couldn’t afford it, at least not with hard cash. “Ah, fuck,” he softly cursed. “Oh, all right, I guess you’re right.”

“Damned right I’m right. Ya gotta get it fixed, if ya don’t want yer house to rot and fall down! No telling how long it’s been leaking.”

Thinking of the roof and how he was going to pay for it, Luke remembered the real reason that Henderson had been over all night. Idly, he wondered how much of their debt had been worked off. He tried to do the math, but his brain wasn’t up to the challenge. Then he decided that it really didn’t matter.

“Yeah, okay. What time?”

“After lunch.”

Jake shook Shelly. “C’mon, cunt! Rise and shine!”

Shelly groaned, rolled onto her side and buried her head with a pillow.

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It was past noon when David saw his new neighbors pile into the Beast’s pickup. Normally on a Saturday, he’d be at his bookstore, but since his nagging wife and bratty children were away, he had closed up shop early today to watch his videos. As the pickup pulled away, he wondered where they were going and whether they would have another sex party this evening. He especially wondered if he could get in on it somehow. Closing his eyes he remembered all the cocks, tits and pussy on display last night. He especially remembered the butt reaming he got from the harlot’s dildo.

He thought of Julia with all her hang ups. “She’d have a cow if she’d knew what went on last night,” he chuckled to himself.

Then reflecting upon the libertine attitudes of his neighbors and Julia’s prudishness, he frowned. “Why can’t she be like that? Why can’t we be like that?” Feeling somewhat sorry for himself, David returned his attention to the video.

"Maybe he can give me some tips,” David said out loud to himself and the empty house. "Naw, he wouldn’t do that. But, then again it wouldn’t hurt to ask… No, he’s just too scary! But, you know, he’s really not such a bad sort… He didn’t hurt me, even though he certainly could’ve killed me last night if he wanted to.”

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Shelly sat up front between Jake and her husband. For some reason Toni couldn’t, or wouldn’t, come with them. Shelly wasn’t all that sure of where they were going and she really didn’t much care. All she knew was that they were going to talk to the some roofers about fixing their roof. She also suspected that to get the job done, she would once again be required to spread her legs for total strangers. A sly smile formed on her lips as she closed her eyes and thought of strange cocks plundering her holes. The salacious daydream brought a tingle of anticipation between her legs. Glazing forward without really seeing, she transfixed on her fantasy, becoming lost in that fantasy world of unlimited sexual pleasures.

Luke looked over at his pretty wife. She had a far away look. He glanced down and saw that she had her fingers up the legs of her shorts. It was obvious what she was doing. He caught Jake’s attention.

Jake touched her hand, laughed and said, “That’s right, Honey, better get yerself warmed up.”

Startled, Shelly quickly removed her fingers and blushed furiously.

Jake laughed at her embarrassment and put her hand back on her crotch. “Enjoying yerself? C’mere, I got sumpthin for ya.”

Jake drove out into the country for a half hour or so before he turned off the road at a locked gate. Pushing Shelly’s head up off his lap, he forced her to relinquish his cock from her mouth. “Sit up, cunt, we’re there!”

Shelly reluctantly released the cock she was so engrossed with. Seemed to her that they had just been in town a few minutes before. She looked around and saw nothing but woods and a pasture.

Jake tossed Luke a key chain with a single key. “Unlock the gate, will ya!” he ordered. Luke opened the door and then opened the gate. Once Jake had pulled through, Luke closed and locked the gate.

“Where are we going?” she asked when Luke closed the passenger door of the truck.

“To the Quibly place,” replied Jake as he pulled forward along the track through the pasture.

That didn’t mean anything to her, so she calmly sat, jostled between the two men as the truck bounced along the rough road. Soon they were going through the woods. Shelly noticed with displeasure the junked washing machines, TV sets, piles of trash, rusted car bodies and other debris littering the woods alongside the crude road. Soon they bounced into a clearing that had even more junk and trash strewn across the landscape, as well as several beat up trucks of various sizes.

They passed an area with numerous small wire enclosures with half barrels for shelters, each occupied by a colorful rooster. Several large dogs of unknown breeding barked menacingly as they ran alongside the Jake’s truck while un-penned white chickens scattered in every direction. Off to one side was a fair-sized non-descript barn. In the center of all the mess was a ramshackle house in need of serious repair. On the porch, a grizzled old man sat in a rocking chair watching the approaching truck.

Jake parked his truck so that he could call out from his window to the old man on the porch. Reaching under the seat, he pulled out a large caliber handgun and waved it out the window shouting, “Call off yer goddamned dogs, old man, or I’ll shoot ‘em!”

“Fuck you, Jake Stringer!” the old man replied. “Ya shoot one of my dogs and I’ll shoot your godddamned ass!”

“You’ll be dead before that! I’ll shoot ya first, ya old bastard!”

The old man picked up a double-barreled shotgun from the porch floor and as he swung the gun towards the truck, Luke shouted, “Get down! Get down!” pulling Shelly down and covering her with his body.

Shelly screamed when she heard the loud boom of the shotgun discharging it’s deadly load harmlessly over the truck, but scattering the dogs in the process.

“That’s better, ya old shit eater!” called Jake with a laugh. As Jake opened his door, Luke was expecting a shoot out, but nothing else happened other than some crude banter and insults between Jake and the old man.

Cautiously Luke peeked over the dash. Jake and the old man were waving their guns and talking.

“I come to see Jetter, not yer sorry ass, Pawpaw,” said Jake poking the handgun into the old man' belly.

“I thought ya come to stick Sissy,” replied the old man with a grin.

“Maybe I will, but I really came by to see Jetter.”

“Last time I saw him, he was getting his dick sucked.”

Shelly looked up just as Jake shouted in the door, “Yo, Jetter! Get yer god damned tattooed ass out here!”

A few moments later, Shelly gasped as she recognized the barefoot and shirtless man who strode outside holding up his pants.

“Hey, cunt!” called Jake to Shelly. “Get yer ass over here! There’s somebody ya need to meet!”

“Oh, my god!” cried Shelly as realized what was about to happen. “I, I can’t do this!”

“Whadda ya mean ya can’t do it?” asked Luke annoyed with her sudden sense of propriety. “Get yer ass out the truck, Shel!”

“No! I can’t. Not with him!”

“Damn it, I said, get out of the truck!”

Shelly looked to her husband for deliverance and found none. A resolve to defy him settled upon her.

“Ya don’t do as I say, Shelly, you’ll burn in hell.”

Her resolve instantly evaporated knowing that she had to obey her husband or face possible divine retribution in her afterlife. After all, so far all he had said was for her to get out of the truck. With a deep sense of dread and trepidation, Shelly said, “Okay, if that’s what you want, Luke Blalock.”

“We need the roof fixed,” he replied brushing a small tear from the corner of her eye.

“Can’t we get someone else?”

“This is the best deal that Jake could come up with. Now, be a good girl…”

“Okay,” she meekly acquiesced.

“Godddamn!” said Pawpaw Quibly when he saw the stacked girl standing by the truck, her long blonde hair set in gentle curls just touching her shoulders. Due to her limited wardrobe, she was wearing the same outfit she wore to the picnic at the railroad siding a few days ago. Nervously she adjusted the knot that held her blouse closed.

“C’mere, Hon,” said Jake with a wave of his hand.

Shelly still hesitated until she felt Luke’s hand on the small back pushing her forward. Reluctantly, she slowly walked forward.

The attention of both Pawpaw and Jetter was initially drawn to her well-developed bosoms straining to be free of the white cotton top. The red short-shorts she wore rode low on her hips. The two men’s eyes scanned up and down her shapely body, from her sandal clad feet, up her curvaceous legs to her wide hips. Jetter noticed that the fabric of her too tight shorts was riding up into her slit, the sight adding to the pressure of his now raging erection. Pawpaw scanned up to her deep navel set in her slim waist, back to the ample cleavage on display and on to her sultry lips and the prettiest face he had ever seen.

Shelly shuddered as she took in the grotesque man before her. She now saw the full palate of mangled tattoos adorning Jetter’s upper torso and the hideous scar tissue that damaged those tattoos beyond repair. She saw the stringy, greasy hair and the pierced nose and pierced ears highlighting a pockmarked face that sported several more deep scars. She shivered as his grey eyes, moving independently of each other, scanned her sumptuous body as she approached.

“I know her,” drawled Jetter. “She’s Toni’s friend.”

Shelly quickly glanced at the old man, a wiry, weasel-looking old bastard, with rotted teeth and graying beard. Then she saw another man, completely stark naked, step out from the house to stand next to his paw and younger brother. Unlike the slim builds of his relatives, Bubba Quibly was a rotund, blubber ball. Shelly noticed how his eyes seemed sunken in his puffy face. His mouth hung slightly open and his tongue protruded from his thick lips. Shelly shuddered as she glanced at his naked body, then she had to stifle a giggle. He too had extensive tattoos, but unlike the various Satanic and reptilian creatures adorning his younger bother, Bubba was covered with his favorite cartoon characters, like Batman, Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Sponge Bob Square Pants. It was obvious to Shelly that he was mentally retarded.

“She’s shore purdy,” drawled Bubba.

“Prudiest girl ever been on this farm,” replied Pawpaw Quibly before turning to his brainless son.

“Goddamn, ya moron! Where’s yer goddamned pants? Yer gonna scare her off!”

“Sissy took’em,” the dimwitted blubberball meekly replied.

Pawpaw turned to Shelly, “Sorry, Missy. He ain’t quite right in the head.”

“I am too, Pawpaw,” replied Bubba defensively.

“Suddup, ya moron!”

“It’s okay, Pawpaw,” interjected Jake. “This girl ain’t easily offended by the sight of a cock.

“Are ya, slut?”

Turning to Luke, Jake added, “Hey, Luke! Look at her! Goddamn! She’s blushing again! If that don’t beat all, a blushing whore!”

“Jake!” she protested offended by Jake’s taking of the Lord’s name in vain. “Watch what you say.”

“Shudup, cunt. This is business! Now how about if ya show these boys a little flesh? Ya know, just a teaser.”

Luke reached around Shelly and pulled her into him. The encompassing arms of her husband comforted Shelly. “I don’ know, Jake,” answered Luke in defense of his wife. He was reluctant to have her do anything for these people for free. “Do we have a deal?”

Jake shrugged, “I dunno.”

Turning towards Jetter, Jake asked, “Well, Jetter, do we have a deal?”

Jetter turned and in hushed tones talked with his father while his older brother listened. He really didn’t need to consult with either of them as the roofing business was his. Of course Bubba helped him every day, he could at least lay shingles, but that was about it. He had no role in the decision making end of the business. As to his father, Jetter consulted with him only out of respect for the old man. Regardless of what the old man might say, he had already made up his mind. As much as he wanted to use the pretty girl like the three of them used his sister, he knew that he couldn’t afford it.

“Ya mean we git ta fuh her?” asked Bubba incredulously. “I wanna fuh her Jetter. Please, let’s do it. C’mon, let’s fuh her.”

“If we do the job, we get to fuck her, Bubba. All weekend for four weekends,” explained Jetter. “But I ain’t got enough extra materials. Maybe for half the roof, but not all of it.”

“Please Jetter, I wanna do her,” whined Budda who was now unabashedly sporting a stiffy.

“Jake, I told ya we could do it, but... Problem is, I just ain’t got enough shingles left over from the school job. I can throw in what shingles I got, but yer friend here's gonna hav'ta buy some shingles to get a new layer over the whole fuckin' house. And another thang, we ain’t stripping the roof, just overlaying it.”

“How much?” queried Luke.

“I can git’em wholesale fer ya. Be ‘bout five hundred fifty dollars, including nails.”

“Five fifty!” choked Luke.

“One other thang. We's gots the time in first part of da week to do it. After dat, I got paying jobs set up. So if ya want a new roof, I’ll need the money by tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?! I ain’t got five hundred fifty dollars! Hell, I ain’t got one fifty!”

“Sorry. I know yer Jake’s friend and all dat... and I'd sure would like to spend some time between dat one’s legs. Surely I do, but I can’t buy all the god damned shingles for ya too.”

“Well, hold on, Jetter,” interjected Jake. “A few days ago ya said ya had all the shingles.”

“I said I might have ‘em. I checked. I ain’t got ‘em. I got most of’em, but I need money to buy the rest of the shingles.”

“Okay. If we get the money, do we have a deal?”

“Depends.”

“Depends on what?”

“I wanna, I wanna see her naked. I wanna see her naked now!”

“Well, ya can’t fuck her,” stated Jake flatly. “Not ‘til ya’ve started the job.”

“Fair enough, Jake. You fuck her.”

“Maybe ya should ask her husband,” answered Jake.

Jetter turned to Luke. “How ‘bout it, friend? Yer purdy wife and ya. Right here. Right now.”

Pulling his wife into him tightly, Luke thought for a moment. “How about it, Hon?” he whispered in her ear.

Shelly closed her eyes. Luke should have just said, “Do it,” but Luke had asked her and had now put it all on her. She struggled to choke back the building tears. She wanted to say ‘no’, but she knew that they really did need the roof fixed.

“It’s up to ya, Shel.”

“I’ll do whatever you want, Luke. You know that,” she whispered back.

“We need the roof, Baby. The sooner we get the roof, the sooner ya can put up new wall paper.”

“I don’t care about the wallpaper.”

“Okay, okay. But it’s really up to ya. We can’t let the house rot and fall down.”

“I said I’ll do it,” she sobbed. “I’ll do it if you want me to.”

“Ya sure?”

“Yes. You know I’ll do anything you ask.”

“It’ll be just you and me. Pretend they’re not here.”

“I don’t care about that. I’ll make love to you anywhere, anytime. I just don’t want him to…”

“Shhhh. He ain’t gonna fuck ya. Least not today. He’s just gonna watch us fuck, so just close yer eyes and pretend we’re off somewheres else. Pretend that they’re somebody else watching. Just close yer eyes and enjoy it. I know, pretend we’re at the church pot luck dinner.”

“Luke, don’t make fun of me. I just don’t want him to…”

“Shhhh. I ain’t making fun of ya. I just want ya to relax. Hell, they ain’t the first ones to watch us do it. Just pretend it’s Jake and Toni watching.”

“Okay,” she sobbed, “if you want me to.”

“I want ya to. I’m sorry, Babe, but we gotta do this.”

“If you say so, Luke.”

Luke’s hands went to the knot holding her blouse closed and deftly untied it. Opening up her blouse, they heard PawPaw Quibly exclaim, “God Almighty, lookit them thar big tits! God damn Almighty! Sumbody git me the milking bucket!”

Pulling the garment off his wife’s white shoulders, Luke looked up at the lustfully staring men. Behind the naked retard who was now openly fondling himself, Luke saw a woman step out to watch.

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Jake was watching the Quiblys as Luke began stripping his wife. He saw Sissy step out from behind her brother. She was never a very attractive girl, always somewhat overweight and with a piggish face, but Jake was surprised at how worn out she looked. He hadn’t seen her in several years and those years hadn’t been very kind to her.

Seeing her, Jake remembered losing his virginity with her. He was thirteen. He and four other fellows each paid Jetter ten bucks apiece to screw his homely sister. It was right near here, along the wooded track to the Quibly house, in the dirt, the six of them, brother included. They gang fucked her for nearly two hours. Jake remembered screwing her on at least a dozen more occasions before he ever fucked another girl, always for ten bucks and always with a crowd.

Seeing Sissy’s distended belly, Jake also recalled that she was always pregnant. The old man had deliberately bred her to collect welfare checks on the resultant offspring. Once again she was pregnant and ready to drop yet another little bastard at any moment. Fleetingly, he wondered if any of those bastards were his.

He also recollected the deal the old man Quibly had made with him. When he was fifteen, the old man let him fuck her for free, on Saturday nights. That’s when the old man put on cockfights and sometimes dogfights in his barn. He always had a crowd, sitting on the makeshift wooden bleachers surrounding the small arena. The money flowed freely as bets were made and beer was guzzled.

For the final fight of the night, the patrons had to ante up admission again or they had to leave. There were always those who grumbled, but rarely did anyone leave. The old man paired Jake and Jetter, or sometimes Jake and Bubba to one of the fighting cocks. To the cheering, hooting crowd, the winner of the match then fucked the old man’s daughter in the center of the ring. Sometimes the crowd booed when Jake won, as they wanted to see her be screwed by a brother. But, once he rammed his big dick up inside her, the crowd cheered him on. Afterwards anyone with enough cash could complete his evening and take his pleasure with Sissy in a back room. That was years ago, when she was young.

When Jake’s dad discovered what Jake was up to on Saturday nights, he put a stop to it, forbidding his son’s participation. Nonetheless, Pawpaw Quibly didn’t miss a beat. He came up with a raffle, and for two bucks anyone could have a chance to be paired with a fighting cock opposite Jetter and/or his moron brother, Bubba, for the final fight. The old man made even more money off Sissy.

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Once Shelly stepped out of her short-shorts, Luke quickly stripped. He then led her to a wooden bench on the porch. For the leering men’s entertainment, Luke mauled his wife’s tits from behind, careful not to cause her nipples to bleed. Then he slowly pulled down her thong.

Shelly shuddered as she watched Jetter drop his pants. Immediately her eyes went to his cock. It seemed somewhat deformed with an ugly lump on one side, just below the head. She didn’t know nor did she guess that the foreskin had been torn on one side. Healing, the wound had left a mass of scar tissue on one side of his cock, just below the glans.

Straddling the wooden bench, her husband guided her down and onto his cock. She was already so wet that he slid up inside her effortlessly. Luke whispered in her ear, “Okay, babe, fuck me.”

Facing away from her husband and towards the leering crowd, Shelly rose and fell on her husband’s dick for the Quiblys’ entertainment. That’s when she noticed the children, several children, from about twelve to three years old. They were in various states of undress, some in just underwear, some in just a dirty t-shirt, some wearing nothing at all, and they were all watching her too.

“Oh, my god!” she gasped. “There are kids here!” she exclaimed.

Unbuckling his pants, Pawpaw Quibly replied with a laugh, “Now don’t ya worry yer pretty little head. It ain’t nothing they ain’t seen their ma do! Hell, it ain’t nothing they ain’t done!”

Moments later Bubba was practically in her face, stroking his pink dick. Then on the other side, Pawpaw took up the other side. Jetter took up the middle, but rather than jacking his knobby cock, he reached into her crotch and fingered her protruding clit while she fucked herself on Luke’s dick.

Bubba came first, shooting a messy, watery load all over her tits. Soon after, Pawpaw was hosing her titties down with thick yellowish gouts. Shelly stopped fucking Luke and shuddered in orgasmic release. When she recovered enough to open her eyes, she saw Jetter, his eyes blazing, step forward, straddling both she and Luke. Jetter nestled his deformed cock between her semen-lubricated breasts and squeezed them around his nasty-looking dick for a tittie fuck. With each stroke, Shelly could feel the bulging lump of scare tissue. On each upward stroke, the foreskin rolled back and the arrow like head would bump her lips.

Repulsed, she steadfastly refused to take him orally. No matter. When his trusting body accidentally caught a nipple ring, she cried out, only to have her cry stifled by the malformed cock that was suddenly shoved into her partially open mouth.

Jetter took full advantage of the situation. Grabbing her hair, he drove his lumpy dick deep into her mouth to the root. The acrid and salty taste of his cock was foul. There he held her, his pubes crushed into her nose. She had to breathe and when she inhaled through her nose, his unwashed rank odor nearly made her retch.

Jetter began moving, fucking Shelly orally until at last he came in her mouth. Not surprisingly, Shelly discovered that his semen was bitter tasting. With his cock still in her mouth, she spat it out as best she could. The mixture of foul semen and her salvia dribbled down her chin to join the vile man's father’s and his brother’s seed coating her chest. His ejaculation complete, Jetter stuffed his cock deep into her mouth and held it there.

As his cock softened, Jetter sighed, looked down and breathlessly said to Luke, “Ya got deal, my friend. Bring me the five fifty by tomorrow.”

**Chapter 13 - Tonight, For Your Entertainment...**

*Luke needs to raise money to buy roof shingles and Jake has a plan.*

Bounding down the dirt tract leading from the Quibly place, Shelly pouted, “You told him he couldn’t touch me!”

“I didn’t tell Jetter he couldn’t touch ya, I told him that he couldn’t fuck ya,” replied Jake with irritation. “He didn’t fuck ya. Did he?”

“No, but…”

“Then quit yer belly aching, girl! Ya know, ya might as get used to the idea of having that weird cock of his up inside ya. Hell, I know it doesn’t look right, but it’s just a scar from when he got thrown from the back of his truck and nearly got killed. It ain’t a canker sore or sump’n really nasty. It’s just a scar.”

“He gives me the creeps!”

“Get over it! He’s gonna be massaging yer cunt with that lump in a day or two!”

“Not if I can’t come up with five hundred fifty dollars,” interjected Luke. “I don’t have that kinda money! Where in the frigging hell am I gonna come up with that kinda money?”

“Don’t ya worry, Luke,” replied Jake smoothly. “Ole Jake’s got a plan.”

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Looking for a hand-me-down, Toni and Shelly rummaged through the closet of Toni’s old friend finding a short red skirt and black silk blouse.

“Oh, yes! These will be just fine, Megan,” said Toni to her friend. “You don’t mind do you?”

“No, not all. I haven’t worn either of those things for years. Doubt if they still fit,” laughed Megan patting her bulging tummy.

“When’s it due?”

“Not soon enough,” lamented Megan. “These past weeks have been hell! Can’t hardly move, much less do anything.”

Toni sighed, “I sure wish I could have children.”

“Be careful what you wish for,” said her friend with a laugh. “I wanted a kid and POW! I got one. Wish I had a man first.”

“Know who the father is?”

“Could be just about anyone, Jake included.”

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There were perhaps two-dozen pickups and a dozen motorcycles, plus a few stray SUV’s and an old 1959 Cadillac convertible parked in the gravel lot of P-Willy’s.

Shelly got out of Jake’s truck and adjusted the short red skirt she was wearing. A rough looking guy walked by and whistled as he got a good look at what she was wearing, black high heels, black fishnet stockings and a skintight red skirt that barely covered her ass. The tight fitting black silk blouse completed her outfit.

Playfully pulling on the top button of her blouse and sneaking a peak, Jake said, “Ya look good, cunt! Don’t ya think she looks great, Luke?”

Luke checked out his wife. Her blonde hair was curled just so and the makeup she wore highlighted her blue eyes to give her a mysterious look.

“Yeah, she looks good enough to eat!” Luke said approvingly.

Jake retrieved a small knapsack full of supplies from the back of the truck and strode to the door, not waiting for either Luke or Shelly. Tenuously and with Luke’s helping hand, Shelly struggled to negotiate the rough terrain of the gravel parking lot in her high heels.

Opening the plain wooden door, Luke and Shelly were assailed with loud Country and Western music. “Great! This my kinda place,” said Luke to his young wife.

Upon entering they saw Jake over at the bar talking to the bartender. Luke looked about. P’Willy’s was fairly crowed tonight with nearly all the tables taken. At several occupied tables there were piles of money and cards. Many more men stood near the bar, drinking and watching the various poker games going on. Others played pool on one of the two billiard tables. At first Shelly didn’t notice, but the only women in the joint were the two harried bar maids working the tables.

Jake signaled to them to work their way back to a vacant table set near the low bandstand. As they walked to the vacant table, all eyes turned to the blonde bombshell who had just walked in. Instinctively Shelly jumped when a hand suddenly grabbed the helm of her short skirt and tugged it upwards. She quickly patted it back down, but not before a few lucky men got a view of the bottom half of her bare ass.

She had hardly sat down when Jake signaled for her to come over to the bar. Again she ran a gauntlet of surreptitious hands patting her butt and taking other minor liberties.

“Shelly, this here’s Willy.”

“Hi,” she said demurely as Willy’s eyes bore into her chest.

Willy said nothing, but Jake added, “He owns this joint.” Willy handed her a beer and Jake instructed, “Here, take Luke this beer and then come right back.”

She took a slightly different route back to the table, but with the same results. “Here, Jake sent you this,” she said putting the beer down in front of her husband. “Jake wants me to come back, so I’ll see you in few minutes.”

Shelly adjusted the too short skirt, turned and went back to the bar, wishing with each step that she had worn something underneath more than just the garter belt holding up her fishnet stockings. She took yet a third path through the tables and was yet again groped at every opportunity.

“Willy says that he’s short on girls tonight. Should be four girls tonight, but one’s out sick and another just plain didn’t show up. Ya can wait tables for tips,” said Jake taking a swig of cold brew. “Beers are four bucks. Get after it.”

Shelly looked out on the crowd. ‘Well, at least it’s an honest job,’ she thought.

“Hey, cunt! One more thing,” added Jake. “Remember what I told ya this afternoon. Go t' each table. Ask if anyone needs anything. Don’t be afraid to touch a guy’s shoulder when yer talking. But, don’t let these clowns feel ya up without tipping ya. If he gives ya big tip, rub his cock real quick-like to show yer appreciation, then move on to another table. The idea is to tease, not please. Got it?”

“Er, okay. I guess I get it.”

For the next thirty minutes, Shelly made the rounds, taking orders, serving beers, getting her ass felt up, flirting and getting lots of tips. Meanwhile, Jake joined Luke at their table, drinking beer, watching the crowd’s reaction and judging its collective mood.

When he sensed the moment was ripe, Jake signaled Shelly to come to the table. Jake took her tip money and handed it to Luke. From there he led her up onto the low stage where on rare occasions a band would play. Seeing Jake and the cunt take the stage, Willy turned down the music and turned on the PA system. On stage, Jake picked up a mike and tapped it to see if it were live.

“Testing, testing… Good evening guys! This here cunt is Shelly! Now, ain’t she one fine piece of ass?”

“YEAH!” roared the crowd in unison.

“Damned right. Finest pussy in the whole damned county!”

“YEAH!” shouted the crowd of smiling men, all wondering where this was going to lead.

“Now, how many of ya would like to see her dance?”

“YEAH!” answered the now expectant men.

“How many of ya horny bastards wanna to see her dance... bare... ass... neked?”

“OOOOOOOOOOWEEEEEEEEEEE! FUCK YEAH! YEEEEE HAAAAAW!”

“I take that as a yes.”

“FUCK YEAH! YIP YIP YIP YIP!”

“Good. Now it’s Saturday night and she really needs the money, otherwise she'd be home knitting, so be generous with her and she’ll give ya one hell of a show tonight. So... tonight... for yer entertainment...”

“Take it off!” cried out a lone voice.

“Yeah honey, take it off!” added another.

“TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!” chanted the merry men as they pounded their fists into the tables.

Jake went to say something else, but Willy had already killed the PA system and had cranked up some honky-tonk music.

Shelly closed her eyes, looked down at the floor and took a deep breath. Toni had helped her all afternoon with a routine and now it was time for her to perform. “Oh, gawd,” she whispered to herself. Naturally the music was different from that she had practiced with and that made all the harder, but it was the routine that mattered. If she remembered the routine and didn’t rush things, everything would be all right.

Looking up, she flashed a broad smile and began her dance. The first set she just danced, wiggling her butt and jiggling her tits. Naturally the short red skirt rode up onto her thighs and whenever she turned away, the men all hooted in appreciation of the glimpse afforded them of her ripe buttocks.

When the second tune began, she was still on stage, strutting about, while undoing one button at a time of her black silk blouse, until it opened freely as she spun around. At the end of the song, she held it closed with her hand.

The third song she knew would be the moneymaker. As soon as the driving beat began, she slipped out of the blouse and then stepped down off the stage to dance among the tables, letting the men stuff money into her black bra and into the waistband of her skirt. If the bill was large enough, she allowed them to stuff the money into the top of her stockings and or under her garter belt. By the end of the fourth song, the flow of tips became a trickle.

Shelly made her way back to the table to unload the largesse from her appreciative audience. While Luke unfolded and stacked the growing pile of bills, Jake took to the stage. He wasn’t really sure what he was going to say. The crowd took up a chant, “TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!” Jake knew he didn’t need to say anything and put the microphone down. To a resounding cheer, Shelly took to the stage again.

The music began and she began dancing. This time she seductively hiked her skirt, giving the audience quick, furtive views of her bottom. She had everyone anticipating her losing her skirt to give everyone an unobstructed view of her fine lower assets. Instead she turned away, and in an instant had unfastened her bra. A thunderous roar of approval rocked the rafters as the black bra fell to the stage floor.

Again she went out among the tables, to be fondled and tipped. She flinched every time some jerk pulled on a nipple ring, but bravely she kept a smile on her face and collected even more money than the first time. It took four songs for her to make it around to every table. By that time every guy in the place, including Willy, had felt her up. After each song she made it back to the table to unload her tips.

For her final dance, she made her way up onto a table in the center of the barroom. She unzipped her skirt and was planning to tease, but someone reached up and yanked it down off her hips. Again the crowd hooted and shouted, as she now wore only her shoes, stocking and garter belt. Jake had forbidden her to wear any panties tonight, not even a thong, so her cunt and ass were now barred for all to see. She shimmed down low to accept tips, tips that were now shoved up between her butt cheeks and stuck up into her pussy slit.

Jake hovered nearby and before she dismounted the first table, she pulled the sweaty bills from her cracks and handed the to him. Then she mounted the next table and danced for the men who all groped her before depositing their money in her snatch or between her buttocks. Eventually she made it to every table and at every table she collected generous tips.

When the honky-tonk music ended and the country songs began, Shelly was hot, sweaty and exhausted. Joining her husband at the table, she thankfully guzzled half a beer. She didn’t get to rest too long before Jake took to the stage and the music stopped.

“Testing, testing…” Everyone looked to the stage to see what was coming. “She’s one fine cunt, eh guys?”

“YEAH!” answered the crowd.

“One hell of body! Pretty too!”

“YEAH!”

“One thing though… But, tell ya what… I’ll let ya’ll be the judge. Shelly. Shelly, honey… Yeah you, cunt! Get yer ass up here, darling!”

Shelly mounted the stage, still in her state of undress. The men applauded and whooped it up. Standing about, she suddenly felt very self-conscious about the circumstances of her exposure. Dancing was one thing, but just standing about while a crowd of leering, strange men gawked and hooted at her was another matter altogether. Never mind that every man in the place had already had their hands all over her.

“Ya see this,” said Jake running his hand through the sparse curly blonde hair of her bush. “What ya think? Ya think she looks good as she is, or do ya think she needs a shave?”

“YEAH! SHAVED! SHAVED! SHAVED!” went the rowdy chant.

For Shelly, this was totally unexpected. Her pretty face turned a bright red.

“Lookit that, boys! She’s blushing! Well, Shelly,” said Jake as he lewdy fingered her sex, “I think these boys wanna see that sweet cunt of yers shaved.”

“YEAH! SHAVED! SHAVED! SHAVED!”

Jake picked up his knapsack and pulled out a small towel, a can of shaving cream and a safety razor. “I’ve been wanting to shave this cunt all week,” said Jake into the mike. “Ya can be glad I didn’t, cause now, one of ya lucky guys will get to do it. Do I hear a starting bid of twenty bucks?”

“Twenty!” shouted a man.

“Twenty five!” said another.

“Forty” topped another.

“Forty five!”

“Oh, did I tell ya? When yer finished, ya get to lick it.”

“Sixty!”

“Sixty five!”

“One hundred!”

“I hear one hundred for the privilege of shaving her sweet cunt and licking her clean. Do I hear, one-twenty? One-ten? One-oh-five? Going for one hundred. Going, going, gone! Sold to the gentleman in the black Harley shirt!”

Jake put down the microphone and directed Luke to bring the table up onto the stage. The biker who out bid everyone else made his way to Jake and handed him five twenties. Jake directed Shelly to sit up on the table, face the crowd and spread her legs. “Ain’t that a nice pussy, boys?”

“YEAH!”

Jake handed the pony-tailed dude the supplies he needed, plus a beer for the final rinse.

Propped up on her hands, Shelly watched as the dude ran his hands over her genitals and massaged a finger up her snatch. His finger slid over her button and she gasped. Looking out into the crowd, she saw the bar maids scurrying to fill their orders while card games renewed. She couldn’t figure out why so many men had suddenly lost interest. Then she realized that with the guy working between her splayed legs, no one could really see anything. She felt her pleasure building as he continued to diddle her clit. Suddenly, just as she was ramping up for a cum, he stopped, picked up the shaving cream and squirted a foamy mound onto her pubis and between her legs. Shelly let her head fall back as he rubbed the shaving cream into her skin and between her legs.

“Now ya be real careful,” admonished Jake as the dude picked up the razor. “And be sure to get it all.”

Carefully the dude began removing her pubic hair, shaving her with as much care as he would give his own face, except taking much more time to do it. First he did her mons, then her vulva, pulling each lip taut so that every hair was cut flush with the skin.

Finishing his task, he picked up the towel.

“Be sure and get her butt crack too,” instructed Jake as he lifted her legs. Shelly lay back while Jake pulled her legs back. She looked back to see Luke take her ankles and spread her out. Jake then spread her ass cheeks with his hands, giving the dude complete access to the recesses of her valley.

The dude took his time and did a through job of it. Finally he splashed her ass with cold beer, which naturally made her jump and wiped her clean with the hand towel. Luke lowered his wife’s legs, handing her off to the dude between her legs. Again she felt the cold splash of beer on her genitals and the soft cloth of the towel drying her off.

Shelly pushed herself upright onto the table. By now a group of men had moved in for a close look at her freshly shaven snatch.

“Now ain’t that a prudy sight?” said Jake into the mike. The men who were close enough to see all nodded their heads in agreement. “Okay dude, why don’t check yer work out. Make damned sure ya didn’t miss any.”

The pony-tailed biker dude looked up at her and grinned. Then he slowly lowered his head between her splayed legs and began licking her between the thighs. He licked her all over, including up into her butt crack, making absolutely sure that she was completely smooth and hairless. Shelly was already beginning to pant when he raked his tongue up between her labia, collecting a generous quantity of freshly secreted cunt juice on his way.

Luke saw that she had that glassy look in her eye. It didn’t go unnoticed by the some of the other men watching her be eaten out. Her breathing became more and more labored and her tummy rippled with delightful sensations.

“She’s cumming,” said a spectator.

“Yeah, look her tits are getting red.”

“Yeah, baby. C’mon, cum, ya slut,” said another.

Shelly looked out and saw the leering faces. “Oh, yesssssss!” she hissed through clenched teeth. “Lick my cunny! Make me cum!” Suddenly her world imploded as a powerful orgasm tore through her ripe body.

“Yeah baby! Cum baby! Cum!” shouted a man. More men suddenly gathered around to see her pumping her pussy into the dude’s mouth, squeezing his head with her thighs and shudder with decadent gratification.

When her pleasure had ebbed and her thighs once again parted, the dude pulled his soaked face from her cunt. His face glistening and the front of his shirt was wet with cunt sauce. With a toothy grin, he turned to the crowd.

“How was that pussy?” asked Jake thrusting the mike into his face.

“Best fuckin’ pussy in the world!” the dude exclaimed.

“Here that fellas? Ya can’t get any better than the best in the world!”

Jake paused before resuming his prattle, “Unless yer a queer or sumptin’, I know everyone of ya horny bastards would like to fuck this girl.”

“YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!”

“Well, I can’t let all of ya fuck her. She’s just nineteen ya know. A young thang, just learning her trade. Just last week, the only man she ever screwed was her husband. Now she ain’t no virgin, but she’s young, fresh and tight. I know that personally as a fact. I also personally know that she’s the best fuck in this county.

“Now to be fair and give everyone a fair shot at shoving yer cock in her cunt, we’re gonna have a raffle. Winner gets to fuck her… right here… right on this here table. Runner up gets sloppy seconds. Ya got two chances to win!

“Now my friend Luke over here will be selling tickets. Twenty dollars a ticket. Three tickets fer fifty bucks. Eight tickets fer a hundred. We’ll have the drawing in exactly thurty minutes!

“One other thing. Even if ya don’t win, ya get to watch. Only ticket holders get to see the show. The rest of ya will be shown the door until the fucking is over. So, get yer tickets boys and grab a beer!”

A great hub-hub went up as the patrons jostled to buy the raffle tickets. Within twenty minutes, every man except Luke and Jake had at least one ticket and most had three. Even Willy had three tickets, provided gratis of course.

As instructed by Jake, Shelly sat up on the table while the raffle tickets were being sold. Men gathered around the table to get a close up look at her newly shaved pussy and another look at her newly pierced tits. Her old morality was still nearby and she blushed at the lewd comments the men were making. It wasn’t that she minded them looking at her most private places, it was just that it seemed so sordid sitting there with her legs open like that.

A man stuck a ten-dollar bill under her garter belt. She locked eyes with him as his hand slid down to the smooth mound of her mons and then over her the smooth skin of her vulva. She let him gently rub her for a minute, then closed her legs and squirmed away, signaling the end of his ten dollars worth.

Immediately another man slipped another ten-dollar bill under the top of her stockings. Immediately he cupped her pussy and began rubbing her. After a minute or so, she signaled the end of his time and he yielded to the next man who repeated the process.

The effects of the rubbing were beginning to accumulate and the third man was rewarded with wet fingers before his time was up.

By the time she had collected fifty bucks, there was a great hubbub as the men sniffed her scent from their fingers and let their friends have a whiff too. After about fifteen minutes of having her pussy rubbed, Shelly was really getting hot and bothered.

A man produced a twenty-dollar bill and tucked it under her garter belt. Shelly groaned approvingly as his fingers slipped inside her. The man freely explored her inner folds and then drove two fingers up her cunt. At the verge of losing control, Shelly had presence of mind to close her legs, but the man produced another bill with his free hand. She spread her legs for him as he tucked the extra five under her stocking. As he finger fucked her cunt with two fingers, his thumb found her excited clit. Uncontrollably Shelly hissed, “Yesssssss,” in response to what the man was doing to her. Soon her hips were reacting with convulsive lurches, her passion climbing rapidly to that familiar pinnacle of penultimate sensation that she so craved. Shelly fell backwards, flat on the table, her legs hiked and pointing heavenward as she mauled her own tits. Just before her orgasm broke, she forced her eyes open so that she could see all the leering men packed around the table to watch her climax. When the glorious wave of pleasure finally peaked, Shelly arched her back, her body went rigid and she trembled all over.

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Luke’s pants were absolutely bulging with cash. Jake’s pockets were bulging too. Luke couldn’t believe how easy it had all been. “Ya got five minutes to buy yer tickets,” announced Jake. “Anyone wanna another ticket? No? Well, no sense in wastin’ time. Willy, come over here and draw the winnin’ ticket.”

Willy came around the bar. Jake held the jar with the numbered ticket stubs high enough for everyone to see that it was an honest drawing. Willy stirred the tickets and then selected one.

“Two six…” announced Jake. There was an audible groan from those already eliminated. “Five…” More disappointed groans. “Seven! The winner is Two six five seven!”

“Hot damn!” cried out a man in his twenties. “I won! By god, I won!” Waving the winning ticket in the air, the man, a construction worker by trade, made his way to the stage and the girl waiting for him.

“Willy, please confirm that this man does indeed have the winnin’ ticket,” instructed Jake who by now was very comfortable in his role as the master of ceremonies.

Willy took the ticket and read out the numbers. “Two… six… five… nine.”

A joyful hoot came from the back of the bar.

“What!” shouted the construction worker. “Bull shit!”

Willy looked back at the ticket the man handed him. “Correction! Two…six…five…seven. Sorry, I don’t have my glasses. Yes, it is two… six… five… seven.”

“Aw, fuck!” came a plaintiff cry from the back.

“That’s a match!” declared Jake. “What’s yer name mister?”

“Uh…”

“That’s okay. Ya don’t have to give it out. Hell, maybe yer wife’s got a spy in here,” Jake joked.

A worried look came over the man as he glanced about the room full of witnesses. “Aw, fuck her!” he spat unbuckling his belt. “Name’s Charlie!” he announced boldly using the first fictitious name that popped into his head.

“Okay, Charlie! Have fun! Now ya gotta get naked, buck naked and take yer time drilling her. Ain’t a race, buddy, ya already won! So take yer time and give us all good fuck show. Now let’s see what yer made of. Go on Charlie, fuck the hell out of this slut!”

Charlie kicked off his cowboy boots and socks and stripped his shirt off revealing his tanned chest, buffed and honed by honest labor and decorated with an assortment of tattoos. Quickly he dropped his pants and boxers and kicked them out of the way. Like Luke, he was pasty white below the waist, a testament to his labors outdoors. Clad only in his green and yellow “John Deere” gimme-hat, Charlie stepped between Shelly’s legs, aiming his jutting uncut cock at her glistening fuckhole.

Shelly, still buzzing from her most recent orgasm, dreamily watched the strange cock approaching her cunt. It was a pleasant looking cock she observed, with a reddish-brown helmet-shaped head where a bead of clear pre-cum had gathered at the opening. Ramrod straight, the stalk was crisscrossed with bluish veins. It wasn’t as large as Luke’s cock she reflected, but it certainly wasn’t as small as O’Ryan’s cock either. To Shelly it was beautiful sight to behold. It was certainly a nice cock, a nice cock to give her pleasure.

A lustful smile spread across her face as the tip of Charlie’s cock touched her puffy labia and the slippery pleasure-slit of her needy pussy. With only slight pressure, the perfectly shaped head, fashioned by a billion years of evolutionary design, and greased by lustful passion, flawlessly performed God’s intended purpose as it slid into the velveteen cavern of her hot vagina.

His pubes mashed into her shaven mons once he penetrated her as far as he could. Their eyes met, both blazing with wanton desire. Shelly contracted her kegels like Toni had taught her and Charlie moaned in gratitude as she massaged his cock with her pussy.

“Fuckin’ aye!” he cried out. “Her pussy’s eatin’ my dick! Oh, yeah, baby! That feels soooo goooood!”

Charlie eased his cock out her completely. Shelly softly moaned, “Nooooo,” as her snatch was emptied. “Yessss,” she whispered to her lover-of-the-moment as he re-entered her. Again and again, he slowly penetrated and slowly and completely withdrew only to re-enter her again. The stimulation was intense and wonderful.

“Oh, yeah, Charlie-boy, fuck her. Fuck her, boy, fuck her,” urged a spectator.

“Stick her good. Stir it around!” said another.

“What a whore,” sneered one more. “Pretty, but still a whore!”

“Put it in, Charlie!”

“Fuck her good! Make the friggin’ slut squirm!”

“Lookit that! Her pussy stays open!”

“Yeah, man. Fantastic!”

“Lookit them tities a flopping!”

“She’s cumming! Look she’s cumming! Goddamned whore’s cumming again!”

“Pay ya a hundred bucks to take yer place, Charlie.”

“One twenty!” topped his buddy.

“One twentyfive!”

“Screw her boy, screw her!”

Charlie ignored the rancorous banter and continued to screw his luscious prize. Shelly heard the mocking words too, words like slut, harlot, whore, cunt-bag, hooker, fuck-meat, trollop and fuck-toy. The words stung a little, but they didn’t bother her too terribly, after all she was just doing what her husband said she had to do. The added bonus was that she enjoyed it so much.

Charlie pulled out for a moment to let his dick cool off. Ever helpful, Jake rolled her on her stomach so that her feet hit the floor, positioning her so that Charlie could fuck her from behind.

“Look, his balls are dripping with pussy juice!”

“Oh, man, what an fine ass!”

“I’ll say! Man, wouldn’t ya just love to crawl up in there and die. That’d be heaven fer sure!”

“A man could smother between those cheeks!”

“Beautiful, baby, beautiful!”

“Go on, Charlie, do her! Do the slut-whore!”

“C’mon, Charlie, a hundred fifty bucks!”

The tingling in his dick subsided. Charlie stepped up to the task and ran his cock back into her dripping snatch. Immediately and with no conscious effort on her part, her pussy began rhythmically contracting around his plunging fuck-rod as she quickly built to another climax. After five minutes, Charlie had to pull out again to cool off. He didn’t know how many more times he could get so close and stop, but he was determined to hold out as long as possible.

Jake pushed Shelly to the side and set a chair up on the table. With a little coaxing, Charlie climbed up on top of the table and sat in the chair. He was now high above the crowd. Everyone was laughing and having a good time watching the lewd show. Charlie gave the crowd a thumbs-up and received loud applause in return.

Jake manhandled Shelly onto the table and told her, “Go sit on Charlie’s dick.” She quickly straddled him and his cock disappeared inside her to the hoots and hollers of the gawking minions. Up and down she bobbed on his cock. Charlie’s eye got wide as he struggled to keep from cumming. Suddenly he pushed her up and off his dick. Shelly struggled to impale herself again, but he managed to hold her off and standup at the same time. Charlie then directed her to kneel on the chair, facing away from him as she gripped the chair-back. He squatted and once again ran his cock up her spasmodic snatch.

“FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!” chanted the crowd as Charlie now flailed away at her. All restraint was now gone. His face twisted in agony as he screwed her to his completion.

“Ahhhhhh, FUUUUCKKKK!” he bellowed as his body jerked with the sweet agony accompanying his ejaculation. “Ahhhh!” he hollered as the next thick gout of sperm-laden semen shot out his dick and into her twitching twat. He continued thrusting. “Uhhhh!” he grunted as his cock pulsed once again, and again and again until his manly essence was squishing out of her pussy to coat his balls.

“Fuuuuck!” he cursed breathlessly as his copious flow became a dribble. “Mother fuckin’ hell!” Charlie slumped forward supporting his weight against her back, causing the chair to tilt back and then over. Shelly screamed as the two fornicators were launched off the table and onto several spectators who fortunately broke their fall.

In the tangled mass of bodies now sprawled out onto the floor, Shelly was groped whenever an opportunity presented itself. Hands were everywhere on her and in her. Eventually Luke and Jake sorted the bodies out and extracted Shelly from the clutching and near riotous mass.

Order was restored and Luke told Shelly to get back up on the table.

“Let’s all give Charlie a big hand of applause!” prattled Jake. “Good job, Charlie! Good job! Ya made the bitch cum twice!”

“YEAH!”

“Okay, Honeypot, show the boys what a slut you are. Squeeze your little pussy!”

Shelly squeezed, forcing cum to dribble from her hole.

“See that boys! That’s Charlie’s spunk! Don’t ya just wish it was yer spunk?”

“YEAH!” roared the laughing men.

“Who wants sloppy seconds?”

“ME!” shouted the patrons.

A chant filled P-Willy’s. “SECONDS! SECONDS! SECONDS!”

“Okay! Okay! Honey, are ya ready for seconds?”

Shelly smiled coyly and nodded ‘yes’.

“See that? Slut’s ready for another screwing fellows! Are you?”

“YEAH!”

“Okay, slut. Since yer the one who’s gonna get fucked, yer gonna pick the ticket for sloppy seconds.”

Charlie had found his clothes and was about to pull on his boxers when Jake added, “Not so fast Charlie! Keep yer pants down, buddy. Since ya did such a good job fucking this whore, yer gonna get a chance to do her again!”

“YEAH! GO CHARLIE, GO! GO CHARLIE, GO!”

“Here’s the deal, buddy. If ya can get it up again before the next guy finishes with her, ya got thirty seconds to stick her again. Got it? Ya got thirty seconds to plant yer cock in her snatch from the time he pulls out fer good. Willy here will be the timekeeper, and his ruling is final. Got it? Thirty seconds.”

“Uh, how long do I get to fuck her?”

“ 'Til yer done! But ya got only thirty seconds to get started.”

Jake turned to Luke. “Luke, bring the bowl of ticket stubs over here… Now hold it up so she can’t see. That’s it baby, stir’em up to spread’em out!”

Shelly picked a ticket and handed it to Jake. Jake waved the ticket in the air. “Who wants sloppy seconds?”

“I DO! I DO! I DO!” yelled the crowd of horny males.

“Well, ya might want sloppy seconds, but only the holder of this here ticket is actually gonna get some.”

Jake paused and looked out onto the hopeful crowd. “Standup, doll. That’s right, up on the table. Now give everyone another good look at what’s at stake.”

Up on the table, oozing Charlie’s cum, Shelly still clad in her high heels, fishnets and garter belt, smiled and turned and struck several poses, remembering to heft her boobs like Toni had shown her for maximum effect. The whistles and hoots told her that she was doing a good job. Once Jake signaled her, she sat back down on the edge of the table to wait for her next screw.

“The winning ticket fer sloppy seconds with this lovely girl is… Two… six…”

“Aw fuck!” came a cry from a disappointed ticket holder.

“three…”

A general groan of disappointment rose from the crowd.

“eight! Two… six… three… eight!”

“Ah wons! Ah wons! Muh fuh! Ah wons!” came a cry from the left.

The crowd parted as the winner made his way to the stage. Luke nearly blanched when he saw the man who had won a turn at fucking his wife. It was a black guy, slight of build and blacker than black. He was so black that until he got up close, his most prominent facial features were the white of his good eye and the gleam of his few remaining teeth as he grinned broadly.

Eagerly and proudly the Blackman handed Jake his winning ticket.

“He can’t fuck her!” whispered Luke desperately to Jake.

Taking Luke out of earshot Jake asked, “Why not?”

“He’s a…he’s…he’s black! That’s why!”

“Shhhh! He won. Fair n’ square.”

“I don’t care! He can’t fuck her for Christ’s sake! Not him!”

“Ya wanna welch on this deal? He bought a friggin’ ticket. Ya sold it to him yerself! He won goddamn it! And now ya wanna crawfish?”

“Declare some sort of irregularity! Let her draw again.”

“FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!” took up the crowd.

“Ya must be kiddin’?”

“FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!”

“Ya hear that, Luke? They wanna see him fuck her! Ya welch now and we’ll have a riot on our hands. They’ll tear ya to pieces and then gang fuck her till she’s dead! No way, buddy! Deal’s a deal. Grow up and deal with it!”

“Jake, please…”

“Fuck off, Luke! Ya wanna get us all killed?”

Jake turned away. The black dude was already stripped for action before Jake could go through the motions of confirming him as the winner.

“FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!”

Jake held up his hands to quiet the crowd. “Tell me friend, what’s yer name.”

“Moss.”

“Okay, Moss, ya got anything to say before ya do her?”

“Uh, ah ain’t never got no white pussy b’fore.”

“Well, today is yer lucky day, Moss! Yer gonna get some first-class white pussy! Now all these good folks who bought tickets deserve a good show. Ya gonna give’em a good show, Moss?”

“Yes, suh! Ahm gonna do mah best and screw this ‘ho til she squeals!”

“Ata boy!”

Moss’ temper flared and he replied angrily in a low voice, “Ah ain’t a boy.”

“No, judging from the size of yer dick, yer ain’t no boy, that’s for sure! No offense intended, Moss. Now enjoy yerself.”

Moss stepped up to Shelly who had closed her legs.

“FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!”

Once he got close, Shelly could make out some details of his face and body. First she noticed that he was kind of skinny. Then as his face became clearer, she realized just how unattractive he really was. He was born ugly, but what was most appalling to Shelly was the hideous facial scar that crossed his bad eye. Shelly looked over to Luke, who was looking the other way, then to Jake. Jake hissed, “Spread yer legs, ya god damned whore!”

“I won’t have you taking the Lord’s…”

“Shut the fuck up! Shut up and fuck him!”

Shelly was taken back by the harshness in Jake’s voice. For some reason he was angry.

“I said fuck him, Shelly!”

Shelly knew that Luke wouldn’t want a black to have her, but without any contradicting directives from her husband, she had no choice but to obey Jake. Turning back to Moss, she smiled meekly and parted her legs.

Moss pried her legs apart and rubbed his callused, black hands across her legs, rubbing ever closely to her snatch.

“FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!” continued the chant.

Shelly couldn’t look him in the face, so she concentrated on looking at his dick. She had always heard how blackmen had enormous dicks, but this blackman’s cock was about normal size. The coloration against his skin made it hard to for her to judge just how big he was, but she settled on him being as nearly as large as Luke. It was so black that it seemed to be almost iridescent with hues of blue. To her wonderment, the head of his dark, dark dick was much lighter than the rest of his dick, almost a light tan. She thought back to Sam, the mailman. He was a Blackman too, but he was so light that it was hard to judge his race until he dropped his pants. Sam was handsome too and what amazed her even more was remembering that Sam’s dickhead was much, much darker than the rest of his cock. It was quite the opposite of this fellow.

His tan cock head touched her lily-white pussy. Resigning herself, she laid back to be publicly taken. Moss slammed it home causing her body to jump from the forceful entry.

“YEAH!” roared the crowd! “FUCK HER, MOSS! FUCK HER!”

Fuck her he did, brutally and without mercy. He pounded into her so hard the table inched across the stage floor. With each brutal thrust into her, Shelly grunted, “Ungh!”

Over the cants of “FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!” Luke heard his young wife’s grunts as she was fucked hard. “Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!” Luke didn’t want to look, but he couldn’t help himself. Slowly he turned back to witness her latest debasement. He saw that Moss had her nipple rings in both hands, gradually pulling so that her nipples were stretching out while he fucked her.

The pain in Shelly’s tormented nipples increased to an unbearable point. Suddenly she let out a shriek, and as she did an orgasmic wave swept over her, melding her pain with her pleasure. Moss let go of her rings. Her nipples snapped back into place. Suddenly he pulled out.

Willy started to count, one, two, three… Charlie was whipping his dick furiously trying to get a rise.

“Ah ain’t finished yet,” declared Moss. “Ah made her squeal, but ah ain’t done!” That said he crawled up on the table and put Shelly on all fours. Grabbing a handful of her blonde hair, he pulled her head back and mounted her. There was barely enough room, but he somehow managed by riding high up her back as her rammed it in again.

“YEAH!” roared the crowd as they witnessed the continued rough fucking of the pretty white girl by an unattractive black.

Moss fucked her for a few more minutes before puling his dick out for a pause. “Hey, mista! Mista Charlie! Ahm ‘bout ta cum in dis ‘ho. Yo ready fer another go?”

Charlie shook his head, ‘no’ as he frantically tried to get hard again.

“Hey, Mista Charlie. C’mere, let this ‘ho suck dat dick nice ‘n hard. C’mon, now.”

Charlie immediately accepted the invite and stepped close to the table. Moss pushed her head down towards Charlie’s crotch and semi-soft dick. “Suck him, ‘ho! Suck his dick! If ya wanna ‘nuther fuckin’, get ta suckin’!” ‘SMACK!’ Moss slapped her upturned ass hard. “Ah said ta suck him, bitch!”

Charlie was pushing his dick into her face. Shelly took the proffered cock into her mouth. Moss penetrated her again, fucking her furiously from the get-go. Suddenly he slowed his pace and sawed in and out at a leisurely pace while his balls began to boil.

“Oh, baby, work dat thang! Oh, yeah, girlie! That’s it! Oh, muh fuh!”

Luke watched as Moss’s buttocks clinched and he knew that the Blackman was cumming in his wife’s vagina. “Oh, goddamn,” muttered Luke. “What have I done?”

Moss stopped jerking and paused for a moment buried deep in the white girl’s pussy. His contorted face gradually unscrewed and he took on a very contented look.

“Ya ready, Mista Charlie?”

“Yeah, Moss,” replied Charlie. “I’m ready.”

Moss pulled his limp dick from Shelly and climbed off the table. Willy began counting, “One…two…three…” Charlie made Shelly surrender his stiff cock and pulled it from her mouth. Gripping the edge of the table, Shelly made no effort to change her position.

“Eleven…twelve…thirteen…” Charlie clambered up onto the tabletop. “Sixteen….seventeen…”

“Do her ass!” someone shouted.

“Yeah, up the butt, Charlie! Up the butt!”

“UP THE BUTT! UP THE BUTT!”

“Twenty three…twenty four….”

Charlie got into position. “Twenty seven…twenty eight…twenty nine…”

“Ahhhhhhh!” screamed Shelly in pain as her unlubricated ass was suddenly penetrated.

“YEAH!” roared the crowd in approval.

Having beat the clock, Charlie withdrew his cock from her burning bum. Shelly was sobbing as he scooped some cum from her leaking pussy and coated his dick with it. He penetrated her again. This time his cock slid in much easier. This time it didn’t hurt her nearly as much.

“UP THE BUTT! UP THE BUTT! UP THE BUTT!” intoned the crowd in unison with his thrusts up her butt.

The burning in her ass gradually eased. Shelly opened her eyes slightly, just enough to see the black form as he stepped near her. Grabbing by the hair, Moss ground his wet, flaccid cock against her lips. Shelly automatically took his still drooling cock, coated with a mixture of sex juices and began sucking him clean while she was sodomized.

“Oh, fuck,” muttered Luke at the newest violation of what was left of his sense of propriety. Stunned, he watched as his wife eagerly sucked the blackman’s cock.

“Fucking whore,” he muttered. “Fucking dirty slut whore!” Somehow that made him feel a little better.

“Suck his black dick, ya slut!” he suddenly shouted.

“Easy, Luke, easy,” counseled his hairy friend, “She’s a slut. Ya know that. She’s just doing what ya told her to do.”

“Yeah, I suppose,” replied Luke bitterly.

“Just think of all the money we made tonight.”

Luke’s countenance brightened. “Yeah, we did make a lot of dough.”

“And she’s no worse for the wear.”

“Yeah, perhaps. It’s just that…”

“Get over it, Luke! Ya dwell on it, and it’ll eat ya inside. Just get over it. Yer gonna get yer roof fixed.

“Now excuse me a moment, I need to make a call.”

Luke considered what his friend said and knew that he was right. What was done was done. What they did, they had to do. There was no sense in wallowing in self-pity. He remembered what his pa had said about having to make tough decisions. “Once ya made a decision boy, there ain’t no need to have no regrets. If ya have to choose, make the best choice ya can with the facts at hand. But, if ya choose wrong, just go on. Ain’t nuttin that ya can do ‘bout it, so jest git over it and go on with yer life.” Luke looked up at the man cornholing his slut-wife and then at black cock now fucking into her face. He adjusted his own hard cock, noticing that his jeans were damp from pre-cum. Suddenly, he could hardly wait to screw her tonight.

Despite having cum earlier, Charlie only lasted about ten minutes fucking her tight ass. He didn’t try to prolong it, he just let it rip into her ass. Once he came, his dick slid into her easier.

Meanwhile Moss grunted and cursed, “Swallow it, bitch! Swallow it! Oh, yeah, drink it up ‘ho!”

The two men pulled out simultaneously. Shelly collapsed onto the table in a blissful near-swoon. Jake placed another call on his cell phone.

A leather-clad man suddenly pushed Luke out of the way, almost knocking him down. Another grabbed Shelly and spun her around on the table. Two men grabbed her arms, each holding her tight. Another two each grabbed a leg and spread her open. A rough looking fellow, a motorcycle dude wearing a vest with a skull superimposed over a Confederate flag, dropped his pants. Moments later he was thrusting into her.

“FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!” shouted his seedy compatriots who had swarmed around the table with rape on their minds.

Without thinking of any consequences, Luke lunged into the group to protect his wife, but he was caught and stopped dead in his tracks by Jake.

“C’mon, Luke! She’s okay! She’s just getting’ fucked. C’mon. We can’t take’em all on.”

“Jake, do something!”

“C’mon,” replied Jake as he bodily dragged the struggling Luke to the bar. “Hey, Willy! How ‘bout two beers?”

“Ya want a beer?! Jake!”

“Shut the fuck up, Luke. Watch and learn.” Willy set two beers up on the bar. Jake took a swig and offered the other to Luke.

About that time the other good ole’boys had gathered around the motorcycle gang eager to have a turn at the stacked blonde bimbo. Jake looked at his watch. “C’mon. C’mon,” he repeated. Minutes passed. Another motorcycle dude was now raping Shelly to the rancorous urging of the crowd.

Suddenly the place grew quiet. Not all at once, but like someone was deliberately turning the volume down until just a few individuals were shouting their encouragement. Luke looked about and saw what had caused this change. Sheriff Damian Reed, six foot six, dressed in an immaculate and crisp uniform, a man with arms the size of tree trunks, was in the bar.

The crowd parted as his imposing figure made it’s way into the crowd. Everyone who saw him coming scattered to get out of his way. Sheriff Reed was not someone to trifle with. He had a reputation for making troublemakers literally disappear.

Woo be the day that you found yourself on Reed’s list of undesirables. If a thug’s first visit to his jail didn’t encourage the ruffian to move far away to another jurisdiction, his second visit would be his last. It’s not that anyone died in Reed’s jail or custody, but if the courts failed to prosecute, or if some smarmy lawyer got a release on some trivial technicality, within two, three days of being released that hooligan was never heard of or seen again.

Who was to say that the thug didn’t simply flee the jurisdiction. There were rumors, rumors a plenty, but absolutely no evidence to tie the sheriff to any criminal’s disappearance. Within a year of his election, violent crimes against the good citizens of the county had dropped to near zero.

The fact that a disproportionate share of the missing thugs were black, led to charges of Reed being racist by the usual whiners and Victimcrats and by those whose zealous actions had the effect that criminals had more rights than the good citizens they preyed upon. In Sheriff Reed’s county, the whites didn’t care how he did it, nor did the law-abiding majority of blacks care, universally everyone liked the results. Much to the dismay of his pinheaded detractors, at every reelection Damian Reed won with an ever-increasing majority, enjoying broad voter support from the good citizens of the county.

As soon as he made it to the table where Shelly was being raped, the hands that were holding her arms and ankles let go and their owners disappeared into the crowd. The rapist looked up to see Sheriff Reed glaring at him. “Oh, fuck!” the brute muttered under the withering glower. He stopped thrusting, and eased out her pussy. He was so close that as soon as his cock was free of her pulsating cunt, he shot off on her stomach and shaved mons.

Reed looked down on the blonde girl, taking in her big tits and nipple rings, her slut shoes, fishnets and garter belt, as well as the bald condition of her genitalia decorated with fresh ropes of cum. Freed from being held down, Shelly struggled to sit upright. Looking up she saw the Sheriff looking down at her, his massive frame, fashioned by years of active bodybuilding, blocking all else from her view.

“Ma’am, are you okay?” he asked evenly.

“Uh, yes, thank you,” she replied unevenly.

“Were you raped, Ma’am?”

“She’s a whore, Sheriff!” called someone from behind. “She got paid!”

“Is that right, Ma’am? Did that man pay to have sex with you?”

Shelly knew that she couldn’t lie, that would have been a violation of the Ten Commandments and a blot on her soul. She started to say that he hadn’t paid her for sex, but had simply paid for a chance to have sex with her. He didn’t win and therefore… but, she realized that would be quibbling and her father had taught her that quibbling was tantamount to lying.

“Uh, sort of,” she replied.

“Yes or no.”

“No, I mean, yes, but…”

“What’s your name?”

“Shelly.”

“Full name.”

“Shelly Blalock.”

“Stand up, Ms. Blalock.”

Shelly stood. To her dismay, the Sheriff turned her around and handcuffed her behind her back.

“Shelly Blalock, you’re under arrest for prostitution and publicly lewd and lascivious behavior.”

“But, I…”

“Tell it to a judge, Ma’am,” said the Sheriff as he pushed her towards the door.

“My clothes, I need my clothes.”

“We've got clothes at the jail.”

Stunned by the sudden turn of events, Luke watched as his near naked wife was hauled off to jail. “Jake?”

“Don’t worry, Luke. She’s in good hands. Hey, she ain’t being raped is she?”

“No, but…”

“Who do ya think I called? Sheriff’s a good friend of mine. He’s a fair man, a good man.”

“But…”

“She’s safe, Luke. Don’t worry. Trust me. We’ll have her out by the morning. Sheriff doesn’t give a damn about what whores are doing. In fact, he’s real partial to whores.”

“But…”

“Hell, man! He just saved her ass! Ain’t nobody else in this county that could’ve done what he just done.”

A big grin spread across Jake bearded face. “Now, let’s count up the money.”

Beer in hand, Jake led Luke into Willy’s backroom where they could have some privacy.

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“Are ya sure?”

“I just counted it twice. Eighteen hundred thirty seven dollars. Not bad for a single night of whoring!

“Now, let’s see, Willy gets twenty five percent. That works out to be four hundred fifty nine dollars and twenty-five cents. Round that up to four hundred sixty. That leaves thirteen hundred seventy seven dollars split two ways between me and you. That’s six hundred eighty eight dollars and fifty cents. Seeing that it was yer wife, I’ll round yer share up to seven hundred dollars and I’ll take six hundred and seventy seven dollars.”

“Hey, that was my wife! Shouldn’t I get more?”

“Ya got more! Twenty three dollars more!

“Look, consider this, Luke… I was the friggin’ brains behind this deal. Weren’t fer me, yer house’ll fall down before ya ever got a proper roof. Now, whadda ya say we get on over to Jetter’s and pay him what he needs.”

“What about Shelly?”

“Shelly’s fine! Fer Christ’s sake, she’s with the friggin’ Sheriff! Jeez, would ya quit with the bellyaching?"

**Chapter 14 - Arrested Development**

*Shelly's been arrested for prostitution. After dividing up the nights proceeds Jake and Luke pay Jetter for the roofing shingles and are treated to a cock fight and a show.*

Sobbing uncontrollably with her hands cuffed behind her back, her stomach tied into a knot, Shelly sat in the front seat of the Crown Victoria police cruiser as the Sheriff headed towards town and the county jail. The road was dark and nearly deserted. They had passed only one car since they pulled out of P-Willy’s parking lot.

“That’s the law, Ma’am,” explained Sheriff Reed. “Ninety days in jail and/or a five hundred dollar fine for prostitution. Publicly lewd and lascivious behavior, in layman’s terms, Ma’am, that’s fucking in public, carries forty-five days in jail and/or a two hundred fifty dollar fine. That plus court costs.

“I personally know several of those boys in that club tonight. Good boys. Good honest citizens. I know that if I ask them, they’ll testify to what they witnessed tonight. That’ll make it a slam-dunk conviction.

“Now, as I recall, Ma’am, the other day I got called out by your neighbor, a Mrs. Jenkins, on similar charges. It was her word against your word at the time, but that’s all changed now. That makes two counts of publicly lewd and lascivious behavior. Honey, you’re looking at maybe six months in jail.

“Then of course there’s the publicity, but then again a girl like you just might want some advertising…”

Shelly hadn’t thought of that. It’d be in the County Sentinel, tomorrow or next week, detailed in the Police Reports. “Saturday, 10 PM, Shelly Blalock, 19, white female arrested for prostitution and publicly lewd and lascivious behavior at P’Willy’s, a notorious nightspot near the county line on County Road 33.” Her father and mother always read the Police Reports. If by chance her parents missed it, it was as certain as night follows day, that someone in his congregation would see it. Within hours, everyone would know what she did.

“You’re the Reverend Henry Mattox’s daughter, aren’t you?”

Barely able to speak, she whispered, “Yes.”

“He’s good man, a very good man. He’ll forgive you, but I don’t know about his flock. You know, his congregation will probably take it out on him…”

“Oh, god!” she bawled realizing the possible repercussions. “Daddy could loose his church!”

At a cross road, Sheriff Reed pulled his Crown Vic police cruiser over to the side of the road. The blue white light of a lone mercury vapor lamp lit up the interior of the Sheriff’s car. Idling the engine, the Sheriff regarded his captive, her forward-thrust bare breasts heaving as the girl cried.

‘God damn! Takes your breath away,’ thought the Sheriff adjusting his hard pecker in his pants. Soaking up her sumptuous nudity, he let her cry. There was absolutely no hurry.

The police radio crackled to life in a gibberish of code and jargon that only the initiated could understand. After a moment, the radio was silent again. He saw a car coming from behind and judged his speed to be excessive. He smiled as the brake lights lit up the darkness behind the speeding car as the car quickly slowed. Then, as if it hadn’t yet been noticed, the car passed going ten miles an hour below the speed limit. A moment later, the car made the bend in the road ahead and disappeared into the darkness.

Shelly, having cried herself out for the moment, was reduced to sniffling. Under the circumstances she couldn’t imagine ever being any more embarrassed or despondent.

She was startled when the Sheriff’s big hand momentarily went between her legs.

“You know, Ma’am, you’re leaking all over my seats.”

“I’m sorry,” she squeaked, dying from the latest indignity.

“That’s okay. Goes with the territory…

“You know, Ma’am,” he said giving the inside of her thigh a gentle squeeze, “personally, I don’t have a problem if you want to sell your body for some man to use. That’s between you and him. No one’s really hurt if sex is all that’s involved. It’s not like whores are out mugging and killing good folks. Fact is, some marriages aren’t any different, the woman gives herself to her husband in exchange for clothes and jewelry and anything else she needs. A woman who shacks up with man for a week, three months, whatever, sometimes they’re doing it for the same reason, financial support. Hell, everyone needs money for everything.

“Now, I don’t know why you were out whoring tonight, but I suspect you got your reasons. You needed the money for something. Lots of women have lots of reasons. My mama, bless her soul, whored herself out on occasion just so that she could feed her six children. That’s not criminal, that’s just plain survival.

“On top of all that, if I book you, good people, like your mama and daddy, are going to get hurt, hurt real bad… Now, I’ve been charged by the people of this county to fairly administer and enforce the laws. That doesn’t mean I have to do my job blindly and without compassion. When it comes to enforcing the law, I actually have a lot of latitude.

“The way I see it, the only real problem with prostitution is that it’s unregulated. All businesses are regulated to some extent, and follow certain rules and procedures. Take for instance liquor. Liquor can cause a lot of problems… so it’s regulated. It’s against the law to sell a bottle of beer or a bottle of whiskey without having the proper permit. If you have the permit, you can sell it. If you don’t have the permit, you can’t sell it. The purpose of the permit is the orderly regulation of the sale, not to prevent the sale. With the proper permits, I know who’s selling it and what they’re selling.

“Same thing with whoring. There’s no real harm done as long as the people involved agree to and are satisfied with the transaction. But, at the same time, I can’t have whores walking the streets or making a nuisance of themselves. People won’t tolerate that. It needs to be regulated.

Reed reached over and cupped a breast still wet with her tears. “What you need, darling, is a permit.”

“A permit?” she sniffled.

“Yes. A permit to whore yourself out.”

“You can actually… How do I…where do I get…”

“It’s all up to me, Ma’am. Of course I won’t actually give you a permit that you can frame and hang up on the wall. It’ll just be between you and me.”

“You mean... I don’t have to go to jail?” she said hopefully.

“Not necessarily. I’ll leave it up to you. Town’s this way,” he said pointing at the road ahead. “Special permit office is that away,” he said pointing to the left. “Which way, Ma’am?”

“I don’t want to go to jail... The permit office?”

“Your choice.”

Relieved of a crushing burden Shelly giggled, “I want a permit.”

“Permits aren’t free, Ma’am and there’re no refunds.”

“Oh… Okay, but I don’t have any money on me. My husband…”

“Don’t worry, Ma’am, you got everything you need and then some.”

The radio crackled to life. After the transmissions were completed, the sheriff keyed the mike. “Unit One. Three-three at four-six. I have a six-four-two, white female. Transporting for an eight-four-one. Report your three-eleven to Unit Three.” The radio burst into a frenzy of activity.

“Unit Six. Ten-four Unit One.”

“Unit Three. Ten-four Unit One.”

“Unit Seven. Ten-four Unit One.”

“Unit Eight. Ten four Unit One.”

The radio fell silent for a moment before the various units began reporting their positions to Unit Three. Shelly tried to figure out what was being said, but it really made no sense to her at all. The sheriff pulled back onto the road and turned to the left.

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Jake pulled up to the gate to the Quibly place. Even though it was 10:30 PM, there was a young boy, maybe ten, barefoot and shirtless, tending the gate. A hand written sign by the gate stated “$5.00 per car”. Another crude sign on the opposite side stated, “Private Property, enter by invitation only.”

The boy slowly sauntered up to the driver’s side of Jake’s truck. ‘Must be one of Sissy’s little bastards,’ thought Jake.

“Kinda late, mista.”

Jake held out a five-dollar bill to the unkempt boy. “Here to see yer Uncle Jetter.”

The young boy spit tobacco juice off to one side. “Suit yerself, mista.” He took the offered five and slowly opened the gate.

Jake pulled through the gate and proceeded down the dirt track through the woods. Coming out into the clearing, Luke was surprised to see nearly every square foot of available space was occupied by vehicles of various sorts; mostly pickup trucks, but there were a few sedans and motorcycles also. Jake snaked his way through a maze of haphazardly parked vehicles until he found a spot that wasn’t blocking someone else.

The perimeter of the barn was well lit, but other than that, it was dark. Luke followed Jake as they made their way towards the barn. A rancorous din was coming from the barn.

At the door was another boy, a bit older than the first. He too was barefoot and shirtless. “Yer kinda late, mista. Fights’re ‘bout over.”

“Here to see yer Uncle Jetter.”

“Gotta charge ya mista. Ten dollars each. If ya wait a few minutes, ya won’t have ta pay again.”

“Fuck it,” snarled Jake as he handed the boy a ten. Turning to Luke Jake added, “Pay him.”

“Suit yerself, mista,” replied the boy with genuine disinterest as he accepted the bills.

“Where’s Jetter?”

“In the back, get’n thangs ready fer da last fight.”

Jake led Luke to the back. Through a thick haze of cigarette smoke, Luke caught a fleeting glimpse of a rooster, furiously flapping his wings as it rose momentarily above a low wall. Chicken feathers seemed to be everywhere. Men where yelling and stomping on the wooden bleachers. The noise was deafening.

In the back, they found Jetter with a large brown dog on a short leash. The dog was excited and somewhat agitated. Sissy and Bubba sat on an unkempt small bed, the bed where Sissy made extra money.

“Jake! Good ta see ya, buddy!” gushed Jetter. “Ya got the money?”

“Sure do. Luke, pay the man.”

Luke dug into his pocket and counted out five hundred and fifty dollars. He just had a little over a hundred dollars left, but that was a hundred dollars more than he had this morning. “Five hundred fifty dollars,” he said handing the money to Jetter.

Jetter counted out the money. Satisfied of the amount, he stuffed the wad of bills into his pocket. Jetter grinned and looked up at Luke, one eye looking off in the distance while the other just seemed to roll around in its socket.

“Ya got a mighty prudy little wife. Fine looking girl. Nice, big jugs. Ah’m shore gonna enjoy fuckin’ that one. Bubba too. Paw’ll be so happy, he won’t be able to sleep tonight thinking ‘bout get’n between her legs.”

“When can ya get started?” asked Jake.

“Furst thang Monday morn. That little girl, she better be thar.”

“How long will it take ya?”

“Two, maybe three days, max. Depending on how distracted ah git.”

“Don’t git distracted til ya finish the job.”

“Ah’ll finish da job! Don’t worry ‘bout that. Ya just be sure she’s thar. Ever day. Neked and waitin’. Waitin’ and willin’.”

“She’ll be there.”

“And we want her next weekend.”

“Agreed.” Jake nodded to the dog on the leash. “No dogs, ya hear?”

Jetter laughed. “Anythang ya say, buddy.”

There was a commotion outside as the fight was over and it was time for the finale. Patrons were streaming out. Those who wanted to see the last fight, queued up outside the barn.

“Last fight,” said Jetter. “Ya boys staying? Tonight, it’ll be on me.”

Jake regarded the dog replying, “Better not. We need to git going.”

Luke turned to Jake. “Hey, I’ve never seen a cock fight! I wanna stay, Jake. How ‘bout it?”

“Luke, I don’t…”

“Hell, I wanna stay,” said Luke emphatically. “What’s the rush?”

“Let’m stay, Jake,” laughed Jetter. “Bet he ain’t never seen nuthin like it.”

“Luke, let’s just go.”

“No! God damn it, Jake! Let’s stay!”

Jake stuck his tongue into his cheek. “If ya insist.”

“I insist!”

“Bubba, show’em thar seats,” instructed Jetter. “When yer done, git yer sorry ass back in here. Ah don’t wanna hav’ta go lookin’ fer ya. Understand?”

“Ah can do it, Jetter,” whined Bubba. “Ah can do it.”

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Sheriff Reed drove down the dark road for several minutes before turning off onto another road. A few minutes later, he turned again, but this time onto a gravel road. Around a sharp bend, he turned again into a narrow gravel road. About twenty-five yards off the road and around a bend was an eight-foot tall, industrial quality chain-link gate. Reed punched in some numbers on a keypad and the gate rolled open to one-side. Once the police cruiser cleared the gate, it began to close. The narrow gravel road continued, running a little ways into the woods.

Suddenly an old farmhouse appeared. A lone mercury vapor lamp bathed the farmyard with a blue-white light. There wasn’t a single light on inside the house. Nor was there a truck or car parked outside. Other than the harsh floodlight, the place looked vacant.

The sheriff parked the Crown Vic near the light. Killing the engine, he stepped out of the car. Shelly sat watching as the Sheriff walked around the front of the car. He opened her door and helped her out of the car.

The whole thing at the club, being arrested and then the ride towards town to jail, the chance for deliverance and then the ride to this place seemed a blur. She knew that he was big, but now standing next to the Sheriff and clearly thinking, she had the first realization just how big he was. He towered over her by over a foot. He was unbelievably broad at the shoulders, yet seemed very trim at the waist.

“This is the permit office?” she naively asked.

“Yes, Ma’am,” replied the Sheriff with a smile. “It certainly is.” The sheriff then held out a small tape recorder. “For the record, Ma’am, state your full name, date of birth and Social Security Number.”

“Uh, I don’t know what my Social Security Number is.”

“Then just your full name and birth date, Ma’am.”

“Shelly Mattox Blalock, born January 27, 1986.”

“That makes you nineteen?”

“Uh, yes sir!”

“What is your address, Ms. Blalock?”

“Uh, let me see, uh, 432 Fifth Street.”

“Are you married or single?”

“I’m married. My husband…”

“And what is it that you want a permit for?”

“Uh, well, I, uh…”

“Don’t be shy. Just state your intentions, Ma’am.”

“Uh, well actually…”

“Do you want a special permit or not?”

“Yes, yes I do!”

“Then answer the question. For what purpose?”

“Uh, prostitution?”

“Just state that you want a special permit to be a prostitute.”

“I want a permit, a special permit to be a prostitute.”

“Have you ever engaged in prostitution?”

“Uh, well…”

“Have you ever fornicated with anyone in exchange for money?”

Shelly cringed. Prostitute, fornicate, it all sounded so squalid. Shelly hesitated again, loath to admit the truth.

“Well, my husband…”

“Let me rephrase the question, Ma’am. Have you ever engaged in sexual activity in exchange for money or in exchange for goods and services?”

“Umm, well, sort of.”

“Yes or no?” asked the sheriff with a hint of irritation.

“Yes, I suppose.”

“You are then in fact a prostitute?”

“Uh, well, I guess.”

“Yes or no, Mrs. Blalock.”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I am a prostitute.”

“Do you swear by God Almighty that what you have just stated is the truth?”

“Do I have to swear to God?”

“Yes. You don’t want there to be any misunderstandings, do you?”

“No, I suppose not.” Shelly took a deep breath. Fleetingly she pondered what would be worse, jail and scandal or God’s displeasure with her for taking such an oath. ‘Maybe jail wouldn’t be so bad,’ she considered.

“Ma’am, the truth is the truth. The good Lord doesn’t have a problem with the truth, no matter what it is, as long as it is the truth. Now do you swear to God that the statements you have just given are true?”

Shelly closed her eyes and took another deep breath. “Yes,” she whispered expecting to be struck blind on the spot.

“And do you swear to God that the these statements given by you were given freely and without coercion?”

“Without…”

“Without coercion. Without being forced against your will.

“Yes.”

The Sheriff turned her around facing the car. Her ordeal about over, she waited patently for the Sheriff to remove the handcuffs. A minute passed and nothing happened. She turned her head slightly to see what the Sheriff was doing, but just as she moved, his powerful hands gripped her shoulders, pushing her towards the right fender of the police car.

“And now for the fee. This special permit is good for only as long as I say it is good. Understand?”

“Uh, okay.”

“You will have to periodically renew it. Understand?”

“Uh, yeah… okay.”

His hands came around her waist to cup her full breasts. “You’re a very pretty girl, Shelly. Well endowed and very pretty. Such tits! You’ve got some magnificent tits. Love the rings! Had’em long?”

“No. Just since yesterday.”

“I really like them. Do you?”

“Yes.”

“They certainly leave no doubt that you’re a slut.” Reed pulled the rings outward, “Do you like that?”

“Owww, please, please don’t. Ohh…”

“What are you, Shelly?”

“A, a, a slut?”

“Yes, you’re a slut and more. You’re a slut-whore,” he hissed in her ear. A slut-whore to be used by men. You like being used?”

“Please, it hurts!”

“Do you like being used?”

“Owwww! Yes! Yes!”

Reed released her nipple rings. She felt his hands rub over her sore tits and then side down to her stomach, to her back, across her garter belt and then to her exposed ass. “I like your sense of fashion, Shelly. Provides very good access to your goods and wares. Again, it doesn’t leave any doubt about who and what you are, now does it?”

“No, I suppose not.”

“No, it doesn’t. I like it. I like it a lot… You’ve got a nice ass. A very, very nice ass. Do your men friends fuck you in the ass?” Without waiting for a reply he snorted, “I’m sure they do.” She felt his finger on her anus. “Tell me slut, do you like to be ass fucked?”

“Yes,” Shelly replied softly.

“I figured as much. That’s good. It really doesn’t matter if a whore likes it or not, but if you like it, so much the better.”

“Oh,” she chirped as his finger bore into her cum lubricated asshole.

“You’re already loose and slippery. You get ass fucked tonight?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

“At P’Willy’s… in public?”

“Yes.”

His finger abruptly left her ass. “Stay right there, whore, and don’t move.”

Reed moved away and opened the back door of the cruiser. Shelly stayed right where she was, afraid to make any move at all. The Sheriff who was so authoritative at first had then turned very compassionate, even nice… now he was acting mean. His polite referrals to her as ‘Ma’am’ or ‘Ms. Blalock’ had suddenly turned to ‘slut’ and ‘whore’. It was the same things Jake called her, but for some reason it was just different.

How mean could he be? She too had heard the stories about him and had roundly applauded the results of his work. A sense of panic began to fill her. Shelly reasoned that he could be very mean and she feared the worse.

She didn’t hear him come up behind her and when he put his strong hands on her shoulders, she jumped with a start. Again his hands went around her waist and up to her tits. Bodily he pushed her against the cold metal of the car fender, while simultaneously pulling her against him. Shelly instantly felt the skin-to-skin contact. Opening her palms she pressed her cuffed hands as best she could into the bare skin of his incredibly hard abdomen. There was only a thin layer of skin and then hard, hard muscle.

Pressing his groin into her buttocks, Shelly felt his hot bare cock nestle flat into her butt cleft. Almost instinctively she widened her stance while pressing and grinding her buttocks against his cock. It felt enormous. ‘God! He’s even bigger than Big Mike!’ she judged.

She had no illusions as to what was about to happen. She had known what would happen as soon as he made his spiel about a special permit. Now that the time was at hand, she felt an uncontrollable urge for him to take her. He grabbed her by the back of the neck and bent Shelly forward onto the warm hood of the car, her hands stilled handcuffed behind her back.

“You want this bad. Don’t you?” he said holding her down while rubbing his cock into her derrière. “Tell me what you want, whore. Go on, slut, tell me what you want.”

“Fuck me,” she hissed.

“Say it louder.”

“Fuck me!”

“Louder, slut!”

“FUCK ME! PLEASE FUCK ME!” she screamed. “I need you to fuck me. Please!”

“Where do you want to be fucked?”

“My pussy. Please fuck my pussy.”

“I thought you liked ass fucking.”

“I do, but… please fuck my pussy. You’re too big.”

“Too big? Bullshit!”

“Please, do me in my pussy!”

It was only then, while begging the Sheriff to fuck her that she realized something. Luke had not told her to fuck him. Luke hadn’t said, “Shelly, I want you to fuck him,” and neither had Jake as his proxy told her to do this. Sheriff or not, he was still a total stranger. She had said, “Fuck me. Please, fuck me.” She had said, “I want a special permit.” She had spread her legs apart and invited him to screw her. Of all the men she had fucked this week, she had always done so because Luke had told her to fuck them. It wasn’t permission per se, but it was always at his direction. There had been no sin on her soul because she had simply done what her husband had required her to do. But now she was wantonly humping back into the cock of another man, a total stranger, eager for him to copulate with her.

Her mind reeled with the implications. It might be okay with Luke. It might be what he wanted her to do, but still, he hadn’t told her to do it. She had decided to do it, and in doing so, she knew that she had crossed the line into sinfulness.

She felt his massive head fill the entire area of her pudenda. ‘He’ll never fit!’ she thought as pressure built between her legs. She tried to stand upright and somehow call the whole thing off. Going to jail was nothing compared to losing her soul.

“No, please!”

The massive head spread her lips apart.

“No, please, ungh! I… I can’t… do… ohhhhh! Stop! Ohhhh!” She felt her pussy stretch like never before as the log-like dick somehow pushed inside her.

“My husband… ohhhhh… oh… oh… oh, my god, oh, my god…” Her pleadings were ignored as the sheriff penetrated her slowly.

Balls deep and pressing against her cervix, the sheriff ground his thick cock into her until her discomfort meddled into incredible pleasure and his new whore moaned in salacious pleasure, “Oh, my god… oh… oh, yes… oh, yes… That feels sooooo goooood! Ohhhh, gawd yesssssss!”

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Looking about the arena with the seats nearly filled, Luke took another swig of his beer. He had been peppering Jake with an endless stream of questions about cock fighting ever since they had taken their front row seats. Jake seemed strangely silent and somewhat evasive. Luke couldn’t figure it out. ‘What’s the big deal? It’s just two roosters!’

Then Bubba came through a low door and paraded around the ring wearing what appeared to be a bathrobe. He was grinning ear-to-ear and gesturing wildly with his hands. In return the crowd hooted derisive insults at him.

Then came Sissy. She too wore a bathrobe, but rather than parade around, she waddled directly off to one corner. Even in a bathrobe it obvious that she was with child. She stepped up on a stool, and then with some difficulty, climbed up on a low shelf about four feet off the ground.

Jetter entered the arena next. Going to Sissy’s corner, he removed the stepping stool. Then he went to Bubba’s corner and sat the stepping stool down. Bubba stepped up and climbed onto the tiny shelf in his corner.

After completely removing the stool from the arena, Jetter came back in carrying a bandana in each hand, a red one and a green one. He held the two bandanas high in the air. Then he pointed the red bandana towards his sister. The crowd let up a half-hearted cheer. He pointed the red one towards his retarded brother. Again the crowd cheered half-heartedly. He pointed the green towards his sister and got a good response. Pointing the green to his brother there was only a faint response. The mattered settled, Jetter handed his sister the green bandana and the handed his half-wit brother the red.

“Jake, what in the hell is this all about?” asked Luke.

“The roosters have ribbons tied to their legs. One red, one green. Sissy is paired with the green tonight.”

“What? What for?”

Jake didn’t answer.

Bubba tied the red bandana around his neck and discarded his bathrobe. The heckling was intense, as he stood nude on the shelf. “What the fuck!” exclaimed Luke laughing at the chubby and naked retard covered with tattoos of cartoon characters.

Sissy tied the green around her neck and then discarded her robe. The crowd cheered as she stood nude and eight months pregnant. She too had a few tats, the most prominent of which were the starbursts centered on her distended navel and her pendulous breasts.

“Whoa!” exclaimed Luke in true amazement. “Would ya look at that! Jeeze! She’s ‘bout to pop!”

Paw Paw Quibly and Jetter then entered the arena, each with a rooster. Holding their birds by the legs, they hoisted the critters high in the air accompanied by the furious beating of their wings.

A general uproar then ensued, with bets being placed at an incredibly fast pace. Bookies quickly worked the stands taking bets. After the evening was over, the bookies would split their evening take with Paw Paw.

Luke looked about confused. On a whim, he put ten dollars on Green. Jake rubbed his forehead. He knew that when this was all over, he’d have a lot of explaining to do. He didn’t know how to even begin to explain to Luke what they were about to witness.

The betting over, Jetter and Paw Paw thrust the two roosters together, infuriating the fighting cocks. Once the birds were sufficiently enraged at each other, Jetter and Paw Paw released the birds. Immediately the two cocks went after it, each slashing at the other with their leg spurs, each dodging the attack of the other.

Feathers were flying as the two roosters fought it out. The shouting became an unbearable din. Soon fresh blood streaked the dirt floor of the arena. It looked as if red had an advantage over green, but suddenly green made a slashing attack that hit home. Red fought for a minute more, his life’s blood flying about onto the dirt and onto the wooden walls. Green hit home again and again until red staggered and ceased his fruitless attacks. In a fit of uncoordinated movements, red thrashed about in his death throes.

While the bets were quickly settled, Jetter quickly captured the winning bird and whisked him away. A barefoot boy ran out and fetched the dead fighting cock. There would be plenty of chickens for the Quiblys’ pot tomorrow.

Two more boys quickly spread a white powder onto the floor while the first boy returned, manning a rake and working the blood into the dirt floor along with the white powder. As the boys were finishing their work, the men in the stands began stomping feet.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Luke turned to Jake. “What in the fuck’s goin’ on?”

“You’ll see,” is all that Jake replied. “Ya sure ya don’t wanna go?”

“Hell, no! What’s with ya man? What in hell is goin’ on?”

Getting no answers from Jake, Luke turned back to the arena. Bubba was now sitting on his shelf, swinging his feet like a little kid. Sissy however, was awkwardly clambering down from her perch. The stomping ended only to be replaced with whistles and shouts as Sissy moved to the center of the arena. For the next minute or so, she stood in the center, smiling a toothy grin while rubbing her belly and hefting her swollen tits.

A hush fell as the doorway opened and large brown dog trotted into the ring. The dog went immediately to her, circling and sniffing. Sissy spread her legs apart so that he could sniff and then lick her crotch. The dog became increasing agitated, circling and sniffing, circling and licking as his red prong extended from it’s sheath. Suddenly he jumped up on her back. Sissy went to her knees and then all fours. A cheer went up as the dog mounted her.

“Oh, my god!” exclaimed Luke. “Holy fuck! Ya gotta be funkin’ kiddin’ me!”

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Moaning, sweating, panting and convulsing with primal passion, Shelly thrust her hips back, driving the Sheriff’s large cock into her needy vagina as deep as she could. For a good forty minutes he had been fucking her hard, savagely hard, his pendulous testicles slapping the back of her quivering thighs. Every five minutes or so, he would pause, ease his tingling dick from her cunt, and soundly spank her until she cried for mercy. Then he’d pound her savagely again until he pulled out to once again slap her ass until it burned.

Again her body stiffened. Again her legs shuddered to the point of nearly giving way. Again her ass muscles clinched and pulsed. Again her poor cunt clenched down on his wonderful, yet punishing rod. Again she was filled with an overwhelming pleasure bordering on tortured agony.

His engorged cock swelled, pulsating as his potent sperm flooded into her cunt, triggering within her yet another orgasmic cycle. Hyperventilating, she passed out. When she came to, he was still inside her. His cock had shrunk appreciably, but semi-erect it still filled her. Automatically Shelly ground her ass into his crotch, and in doing so, his spent dick slithered out of her cum soaked cunt.

“You want more?” he growled breathlessly. “I’ll give you more, slut!” Grabbing a handful of hair, he pulled her upright. Shelly felt a river of cum stream down her thighs, and felt the cool night air fill her gapping pussy. He grabbed the handcuffs. Expecting him to yank her aching arms upright, Shelly braced herself for the pain.

Instead she was spun around. Immediately the Sheriff’s hands were on her, squeezing and mauling her tits. Grasping her nipple rings, he applied a steady downward pressure. Shelly cried out as she sank to her knees. Once she was down, he released her rings.

“Suck me, slut. Suck me good. Get me hard and I’ll fuck you again.”

Shelly immediately began licking his wet, dripping dick, slurping up the juices of their recent union. Licking and sucking on the surface of his great shaft, Shelly did a yeoman’s job of cleansing his dick. Kissing up the flaccid shaft, she sucked in the massive head when she finally reached it. ‘He’s wonderful,’ she thought as she passionately mouthed his cock. ‘You can fuck me anytime, Mister.’

Stuffed with a mouthful of cock, she stifled a giggle as she realized that from now on, he was going to do just that, fuck her whenever he wanted. What could she do about it? What could Luke do about it? Sheriff Reed was the law and he was going to fuck her whether Luke approved or not.

Immediately she felt a pang of guilt for wanting it so much. With her lips surrounding the large caliber cock she smiled as another thought occurred to her; Luke did approve, even if only indirectly. She wouldn’t be here now if Luke hadn’t whored her out for roof money. And since Luke had approved, she was free to enjoy being used by this well endowed man without losing her soul to the devil.

Comforted by the knowledge that she wasn’t going to hell in her afterlife for something her husband had done, Shelly lost herself in the pleasure of sucking the big cock, in the process cramming as much of his meat into her mouth as she could. Suddenly she realized that the cock had swollen deep in her throat, swollen so much that she was having difficulties breathing. She tried to pull off, but the Sheriff held her head in his powerful grip as his dick continued to engorge with blood.

“Mmmmphh,” she murmured. “Mmmmphh!” she grunted with an increasing sense of urgency. “Mmmmphh!! Mmmmphh!!! Mmmmphh!!!!” The Sheriff, enjoying the increasingly desperate vibrations of her throat around his cock, held her head firmly.

Shelly struggled, but still handcuffed, she was powerless to do anything as it became impossible to breathe at all. “Mmmphh… Mmmm… Mmph.” Her desperate grunts became weaker and weaker until she slipped into unconsciousness.

The next thing she knew, her head felt like it was being jabbed with thousands of needles and pins. Slowly she came about, crumpled at the feet of her abuser. Not even realizing that her hands had been released, Shelly gripped her aching head with her hands. Slowly her eyes focused on the large bare feet, just inches from her face. Looking up, she saw the big man towering over her, stroking the biggest dick she’d ever seen.

“Get up, whore!” he commanded. “Get yer ass up!” he repeated with a gentle, but firm nudge with his foot. “I’m not finished with you yet.”

With a helping hand from the Sheriff, Shelly struggled to her feet. As soon as she was on her feet, he pushed back against his car. He lifted her left leg, placing her foot on the fender. Wrapping his left arm around her waist to help her balance, the Sheriff moved in close enough that his dick was touching her spread open pussy. Grasping his cock with his free hand, he rubbed the massive head all across her puffy vulva.

Shelly grasped his broad shoulders while he stirred his cock head around her seeping cunt, reigniting the fire of her arousal.

“Does that feel good?” he whispered.

“Oh, yes,” she moaned.

“How good does it feel?”

“Very, very good.”

“Do you want some more?”

“Oh, yes,” she whispered as her passion built.

“What do you want more of?”

“Your dick. I want more of your big dick.”

“You like big dicks?”

“Yes,” she panted as his glans parted her nether lips.

“Does your husband have a big dick?”

“Not as big as you.”

Raking his cock head in her slit he asked, “Is that why you’re a whore?”

“Nooo. My husband… he needs the money.”

“Your husband whores you out?”

“Yes.”

“Do you enjoy being a whore?”

“Yes,” she honestly replied.

“So, how do you want my big dick?”

“In my pussy,” she hissed.

“You like my big dick in your pussy?”

“Yesssss,” she hissed while trying to push him in.

“Tell me what you are, Shelly.”

“I’m a whore.”

“No, you’re a slut-whore.”

“I’m a slut-whore.”

“Tell me what you want, slut.”

“I want your dick. I want your dick in my pussy,” she whispered.

“Louder, slut.”

“I want your dick in my pussy!” she screamed into the night air.

“Say, ‘please’.”

“Please!”

“Please, what?”

“Oh, god… just fuck me, you bastard! Please, fuck me.”

“My pleasure, whore,” he grunted as he shoved his massive cock up into her.

“Ugh!” she groaned as her belly was filled. “Oh, yes, you wonderful bastard. Yesss!”

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“Dear sweet Jesus,” Luke muttered in disbelief as he watched the pregnant woman being fucked by a dog. “Damn! That’s the old man’s daughter?”

“Yeah. First girl I ever screwed.”

“Ya screwed her here?”

“Not at first, but later on… yeah, I screwed her here. Right out there.”

“Damn!”

“It was a job,” deadpanned Jake. “Didn’t pay much, but it sure was fun!”

“This is sick!”

Luke was surprised when Jake reached over, grabbed his cock and gave him a squeeze.

“Hey!”

“Yer hard dick says ya like what ya see,” said Jake with a laugh.

“Let go!”

“I will when ya admit it.”

“Damn it, Jake, somebody might see ya!”

“Fuck’ em! They’ll just think that yer queer. Now, tell me the truth.”

“Okay, okay. I do like it, but it’s still pretty sick!” Jake released Luke’s dick. “Say, ain’t this against the law?”

“Probably. Old man Quibly says it’s ‘entertainment’. Yer being entertained, ain’t ya?”

“Yeah. I guess I am.”

“Then yer sick too,” said Jake with a laugh.

The dog apparently had finished in her and was trying to dismount, but his knot was still stuck up Sissy’s snatch. While the dog struggled to free himself, Bubba paraded about shaking his dick. The crowd began stomping the bleachers again.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

“Now what?” asked Luke with a grin of anticipation.

Stark naked, Bubba circled about before approaching his sister who was still joined to the dog.

A cheer went from the crowd as soon as Bubba’s stream of piss began slashing on Sissy’s back.

“Aw, Jesus!” bemoaned Luke.

Bubba pushed his preggo sister with his foot and she fell onto her back, dislodging the dog’s cock from her cunt.

“Aw, fuck!” moaned Luke in disbelief of what he was witnessing.

The brown mutt wandered off to the side to lick his dick while Bubba continued to soak his sister in urine.

“I don’t believe this shit!”

Bubba’s piss stream dwindled to a trickle and the crowd began stomping the bleachers again while Bubba paraded about triumphantly.

To his horror, Luke realized that next weekend, this could be his wife rather than the Quibly woman. “Hey! They ain’t gonna do this to Shelly? Are they?”

“I doubt it,” replied Jake. He was somewhat surprised that it had taken Luke so long to ask that question. “Look, the Quibly’s… they’re not exactly…”

“I wanna call off the deal.”

“Ya already paid the money! Jetter ain’t gonna give it back.”

“I don’t care. They ain’t doing that to Shelly!”

“Who said they were?”

“I got eyes!”

“Look, the Quibly’s may look stupid, but the old man and Jetter have a good sense of business. Now, take a good look,” said Jake pointing to Sissy. She had gotten to her feet, covered in piss, dirt and chicken feathers. “Would you pay good money to fuck that?”

“Hell, no!”

“Neither would anyone else… Well, some will, but…”

“I don’t see yer point.”

“Shelly. Who would pay to fuck her after that?”

“Whadda mean?”

Another cheer went up from the crowd as a young girl entered the arena with Paw Paw Quibly.

“See her?” asked Jake.

“Yeah.”

“Would ya pay to fuck her?”

“Yeah, I suppose. Kinda young ain’t she?”

“Yeah, fourteen, if I recollect.”

Standing behind the girl, the old man announced over the PA system, “This here cunt’s my granddaughter, Sue Ann.”

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

“I think they like ya, darling.”

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

“Purdy little thang, ain’t she?”

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

“Let me ask ya this,” continued the old man. “Who wants’t see some young tittie pie?”

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Once the din faded to a few catcalls, the old man looked over her shoulder and said, “I think they wanna see yer tits, Sue Ann.”

Sue Ann drawled into her own cordless headset, “Ah don’t know, Paw Paw. There’s sooo many strange men out thar.”

“Well, Honeypot, they paid good money to see yer tits. Later, some just might pay good money ta get ta know ya better.”

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

“I think ya oughtta show these good people what ya got for sale this evening, darling.”

Paw Paw grasped the tails of her t-shirt and pulled it over her head. The crowd went wild once her developing mounds were barred for all to see.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The demonstration continued while her Paw Paw lewdly felt her up.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The noise died down. Paw Paw’s hands slid down from her budding breasts to her slim waist and the to the button and zipper of her cutoff jeans. There was a strange hush as Paw Paw folded back the flaps of her unzipped fly. Slowly, his gnarled hand descended into her shorts. With a showman’s flair, he rubbed his granddaughter’s pussy with an exaggerated motion.

Paw Paw stopped stroking her. With his hand buried in her shorts, he looked about at the crowd. “Who wants to see some young pussy?”

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Save for a few stray shouts and whistles, the crowd quieted. Slowly, Paw Paw pulled her shorts down off her hips until they fell by gravity to her ankles. The crowd once again roared its collective approval.

Stepping out of her shorts, she flippantly kicked them through the air. Nude, the young girl did a slow pirouette to give everyone an eyeful from all angles. After her second revolution, she stopped facing away from her grandfather. Once again the old man’s hands came around her hips. One went to her tit and the other went to her sex.

“That feels so good, Paw Paw,” she said as the old man fingered her. “Make me cum, Paw Paw, make me cum.”

Paw Paw’s hand vigorously stoked her hairless cunt. Sue Ann spread her legs further, bending her knees slightly as she rose onto the balls of her feet, squirming in pleasure. Within a minute she began squealing with an ever-increasing intensity, as she expertly faked an orgasm. It wasn’t that Paw Paw couldn’t get her off, he did that regularly; there simply wasn’t enough time for the real thing. The crowd couldn’t care less if the orgasm was faked or not, as they were now anticipating the grand finale.

Luke was surprised when everyone began clapping rather than stomping their feet.

Paw Paw made show of smelling his fingers and then licked her juices off from his digits.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

“Now for tonight’s drawing!” announced the lecherous old sod. “The lucky winner gets a chance to fuck this young girl, right here, right now!”

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

One of Sissy’s younger boys ran out into the arena with a bowl filled with tickets.

“This here’s my grandson, Kyle. Kyle, tell me, what do ya want to do when ya get bigger?”

Without hesitation the boy gave the practiced answer. “When I get bigger,” the young boy said grabbing his crotch, “I wanna fuck Sue Ann!”

“But she’s your sister.”

“I’m gonna fuck mama too!”

The crowd roared in laughter, knowing full well that the boy had already fucked both of them, in the arena for their entertainment. It was one reason why everyone eagerly anted up for the late show, weekend after weekend. You just never knew who Paw Paw would pair up to put on a depraved show.

“Alright, Kyle, hold the bowl up as high as ya can. Good boy! We want an honest drawing.

“Sue Ann, time to pick yer man.” Sue Ann reached into the bowl, selected and discarded a two tickets before extracting her hand with the winning ticket. “And the winner is… five… two… eight… five. Five, two, eight, five.”

A hoop went up high in the bleachers.

“Do we have a winner?”

A fat man waving his ticket, scrambled out of his seat shouting, “Yes! I won!”

“Well, come on down, my friend, and collect yer winnings!”

While they waited for the fat man to get down to the arena, little Kyle got behind his older sister. Sue Ann squatted, placing her hands on her knees while her little brother wallowed his face between her butt cheeks. Meanwhile two more boys rolled in an upright wheel of the type used in the old west and on Wheel of Fortune.

After a minute or two, the fat man waddled out into the arena and handed Paw Paw Quibly his winning ticket.

“We have a match!” declared the old man after examining both ticket stubs. “Now, John, you’ve been coming here for how many years? A long time, so I know that you know how to play this game. Ya spin the wheel to determine what sex act ya get to perform with my granddaughter, and ya gotta do it right here so all these good folks get their money’s worth.

“Now, she’s fourteen and in this state that means she old enough to give her consent, besides, I know for a fact the Sheriff ain’t coming here tonight. Maybe he’ll sneak over tomorrow while most folks are in church, but not tonight.”

The crowd burst out laughing.

“Now, if ya lucky, ya get to fuck her. And ya can’t fuck her with all yer clothes on… so get to it.”

John, knowing that he should have already stripped, began removing his clothes, aware that Paw Paw had a habit of humiliating a winner who was slow on the uptake. Thankfully the old bastard held his tongue and soon John stood before the gathered crowd in his birthday suit, standing as tall as he could so that his flabby belly looked smaller.

“Hey, Paw Paw!” called Kyle as he removed his face from his sister’s ass. “He’s got tits bigger than Sue Ann!”

The crowd roared in laughter. Humiliated, John felt his face burn with embarrassment.

“Mind yer manners boy, before I let him fuck ya just for the fun of it! C’mer ya little squirt!”

Kyle walked up to his grandpa wondering what stunt the old man might pull.

Paw Paw sniffed the boy’s face and declared, “Ya smell like shit, boy! Better go an brush yer teeth!”

Again the crowd laughed and John laughed with them, happy that any further comments on his physique would not come from the little boy.

The boy scampered away. Paw Paw turned to the obese man standing naked before everyone. “Okay, John, spin the wheel!”

John gave the wheel a spin.

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

Finally the wheel stopped. A collective moan of disappointment filled the hall as it landed on a black square.

“Ohhhhh, that’s too bad, John. Ya don’t get to fuck her. Ya don’t even get a blowjob! But… ya can jackoff on her tits!”

John held up his hands, taking a pass on the whole thing.

“Not so fast, John. If ya can cum in less than two minutes, ya get to take another spin.”

John paused and thought about that. He might get to fuck her after all, and that’d save him a hundred bucks later that night.

“Are ya ready, John?”

“Wait! Lemme get hard!”

“Fair enough. Ya got a minute ta get it up.”

John began diddling himself. He tried to concentrate of getting an erection, but he could hear the snickering in the stands. He shut his eyes and wanked his limp pud.

“Yer two minutes starts… now!”

“Ah, fuck!” John cursed as his organ remained stubbornly wilted. The snickering began to grow into laughter. Flustered, John began regretting ever buying a ticket. “Shit!” he cursed filled with embarrassment of his lack of virility. ‘Why couldn’t the old bastard keep the game simple tonight?’ he lamented as he futilely stroked away.

“One minute.”

John desperately beat his reluctant meat. Finally he was rewarded with a growing stiffening.

“Time!” called out the old man.

“Fuck! Mother fuck!” cursed John who was now not only frustrated, but was also thoroughly humiliated. At that moment he didn’t know if he would ever show his face here again.

Paw Paw, well aware that he was on the verge of losing a good, steady customer, changed the rules on the spot.

“Ya nervous, John?”

“Yeah.”

“I thought so. I know that ya can get it up. I’ve seen that pecker of yers hard too many times. Ya ain’t impotent. Did the snickering get to ya?”

“Yeah.”

“I thought so. Hell, if I had a bunch of fellas snickering at me, I don’t know if I could’ve gotten it up, either. Tell ya what. Why don’t we let this girl suck on that wiener? That oughta get it hard.

“Sue Ann! C’mere darling! Ole Mr. John needs yer help. Be a good girl and suck him off.”

Sue Ann smiled to her audience and sank to her knees. Hefting his ball sack in one hand, her lips engulfed the fat man’s pecker while his gut rested on the top of her head.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The riotous stomping, cheering and heckling continued during the entire act of fellatio. When the first jet of cum shot into her mouth, Sue Ann pulled off, taking the remaining pulses in the face and across her budding breasts. The stomping stopped and a rousing applause filled the makeshift arena. Once Mr. John was spent, Sue Ann rubbed his cum into her tits before lewdly licking her fingers. Her Paw Paw beamed, secure in the knowledge that he would make plenty of money off of his granddaughter after the show.

Jake turned to Luke. “That’s what they’ll have Shelly do. Well, not exactly, but sumpthin’ similar.”

“No dogs?”

“No dogs. There’ll be a dozen men waiting in line to fuck that little whore tonight, maybe two or three waiting for a cheap blowjob from her mama. Don’t make good economic sense to have a dog fuck Shelly. Damages the goods.”

“Ya mean… Hey, the deal was for her to fuck them, not everybody else!”

“Relax, Luke. We have a fair deal.”

“What deal?”

“It’ll be a 50-50 split.”

“What happened to 25-75 like at P-Willy’s?”

“I gotta give‘em some incentive, Luke. No incentive and… here comes Fido.”

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Lovingly laving the big cock that had given her so much pleasure, Shelly saw the sweeping motion from the headlights of an approaching vehicle well before she heard the crunching noise of tires and gravel. The crunching stopped and the headlights went off, followed by the sound of a car door slamming.

Sheriff Reed backed away, but Shelly was reluctant to release his cock from her oral embrace. Pushing her off his cock, he exclaimed, “Damn! Don’t you ever get enough? Jake Stringer was right about you; you’re one hot piece of ass. Enthusiastic too.”

Shelly heard approaching footsteps and turned to see the smartly uniformed deputy.

“Hal, this whore is Shelly Blalock. Caught her in the act working without a permit at P-Willy’s. She’s rectified the permit problem, but there’s still the matter of Publicly Lewd and Lascivious Behavior. Now rather than jail time, I’ve decided it would be more appropriate for her to repay her debt to society by performing twenty-four hours of community service.

“Now, Ms. Blalock, you don’t have to do all twenty-four hours at one time. We can break it up. A few hours here, an hour there.”

Shelly looked up at the Sheriff and to the deputy, a strapping Blackman who was grinning so broadly that his teeth seemed to be glowing. “Uh, what is it that I’m to do?” she asked cautiously.

“Simple. Just do what you do best; perform lewd and lascivious acts with my deputies. They’re public servants and none of them can afford a pretty whore like you. Should be easy for you. It’s either that or jail time, darling. It’s your body, so it’s all up to you, Ms. Blalock.”

Shelly thought for a moment. No way was she going to jail and have her name dragged through the mud, but… Luke wouldn’t like it… maybe he would, but with a Negro? Then she remembered the Blackman who won her at P-Willy’s. Luke didn’t stop that. He just stood by watching as the black guy took her. She looked back to the deputy who was already unbuttoning his shirt. He wasn’t particularly handsome, but then again he wasn’t as downright ugly as the black fellow at P-Willy’s. Her thoughts began to drift off, wondering what sort of equipment the deputy was hiding in his pants.

“Well?”

Shelly’s musings were interrupted by the gravely voice of the Sheriff. “Ummm, what did you say?”

“Pay attention, Ms. Blalock. Do you agree to the terms for your release or do I haul that fine ass of yours off to jail.”

“Yes. That’ll be fine.”

“What’s fine? Be clear, Ms. Blalock,” demanded the Sheriff. “I don’t want any misunderstandings. You don’t want any misunderstandings.”

“I agree.”

“You agree to plead guilty and accept the twenty-four hours of pubic service in lieu of jail time?”

“Yes. I’ll do it. My husband…”

Ignoring her rambling explanation, the Sheriff turned his attention to his deputy. “Hal, I’ll pick her up in a few hours. Every man on duty gets a thirty-minute break with her. Off duty officers… no time limits. Understand? You are to remain here the entire time and supervise her community service. Call me when you men are finished.

“Now, I want to be clear about this, Deputy. You and the other guys can fuck her as much as you want, but I don’t want any bruises or other marks on her body. Do I make myself clear? The governor will be in town in few weeks to present the department the State Public Safety Award. I’m sure he’ll want to visit with Ms. Blalock when he’s in town, so there had better not be any bruises.”

“Yes, suh!”

**Chapter 15 - New Toys for the Boys**

*Returning home after the cockfight, the boys discover a mélange de trio in progress at the Stringers.*

It was well past midnight when Jake pulled his truck up to the curb in front of his house. “I need to check on, Shelly,” remarked Luke with a slur as he stepped out onto the curb.

“She’s probably ain’t home yet,” knowingly stated Jake.

“I thought ya said the Sheriff was gonna drop her off here.”

“He will… when he’s damned good and ready.”

“Well, I’m gonna check anyway. Ya comin’ or ain’t ya?”

The two men entered the Blalock house. Save for a light coming from the kitchen, the house was dark. Luke checked the kitchen first and not finding his wife there, he checked the bedroom.

“She ain’t here!”

“No shit, genius! She’s still under arrest,” chuckled Jake.

“She ain’t really in jail, is she?”

“Naw,” replied Jake from the living room with a smirk. “Don’t worry about her, Luke. If she is, we’ll get her out in the mornin’. But I suspect that she’ll be along in a short while.”

Jake heard Luke mumble something and then excitedly call out, “Hey Jake! Come check this out!”

Jake stepped into the Blalock’s darkened bedroom. A light was on in his bedroom next door, illuminating a mélange de trios.

“Well, well, well, looks like we stumbled onto girl’s night,” whispered Jake with a snicker.

“Who’s that?” asked Luke.

“The preggo?” asked Jake referring to the obviously very pregnant woman lying on her back. She was pulling on her swollen tits while another figure was munching her cunt. “That’s gotta be… yeah, it’s Toni’s friend, Meagan.”

Jake chuckled adding, “See that belly? Cunt keeps sayin’ that I knocked her up. But hell, it could’ve been just ‘bout anybody.”

“I recognize her from this afternoon,” replied Luke. “But, who’s Toni reamin’ with that big ole dildo of hers?”

“I dunno… Can’t make her out… Say, I gotta idea.

“Ya wanna come over?” With a wide grin the big man added, “Whatcha say we fill them lesbo-slut’s cuntholes with some genuine man dick.”

“I ain’t never screwed no pregnant lady.”

“She ain’t no lady!” snickered Jake. “She’s a fuckin’ tramp-slut!”

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Jake and Luke slipped out of the Blalock house through the back and entered the Stringer house through the kitchen. Like two little kids up to no good, they were doing their very best not make any noise, their stealth betrayed by the creaking of the wooden sub-floor.

Jake signaled Luke to stop and shuck his clothes. Nude, the two men proceeded to Jake’s bedroom to crash the sappho-party in progress.

“Well, well, well…” boomed Jake as he strode boldly into the bedroom wagging his prong. “What the fuck do we have here? A bunch of friggin’ lesbians?”

Startled, Meagan bolted upright at the sound of his loud voice. Toni calmly backed her dildo out and turned to her husband. “Hello, sweetie!” she purred as she stepped away from the dilated ass that she had been fucking.

David Jenkins’ head popped up too, only to be restrained by a collar and dog leash secured to the bed frame.

It took Jake a few moments to grasp that it wasn’t three girls after all. When it did finally register, Jake growled bear-like and shoved David’s butt with his big foot, sending the smaller man sprawling on the floor, still chained to the bed.

With the apparently enraged beast towering above him ready to strike, David squeaked, “Oh, shit!”

“Just what in the hell do ya think yer doin’? Sneakin’ over here while I’m out! Fuckin’ my wife!” yelled Jake menacing. “I oughta kill yer sorry ass on the spot!”

“No! No! No! You, you, you don’t understand! Oh, please God! I, I didn’t sneak over! I, I …”

“Shut the fuck up, ya weasel!”

Coming to David’s defense Toni chided, “Oh, don’t be so harsh on him, you big gorilla! He came over looking for you, not me.” Taking her bare foot, she gently rubbed the cowering man’s genitals adding, “We just decided to have a little fun with him until you got home. You don’t mind, do you darling?” she purred.

“He weren’t a fuckin’ ya?”

Taking David’s prick between her toes she replied, “Did it look like he was fucking me?”

“No,” he growled, “I suppose not.” Jake glanced down at David and the puddle he was lying in. “Damn! He pissed all over himself again! Goddamned wimp!

“Luke, go get this sorry piece of shit some towels, so he can clean up my floor!”

Trying his best to act pissed without breaking out laughing, Jake glowered at Toni saying, “Let him up for Christ’s sake! This ain’t no way to treat a guest.” Freed from the dog collar, David scrambled to his feet.

Jake poked a finger into David’s boney chest. “So, you were looking for me. Wha’cha want, neighbor?”

“I, I, well, I need some advice.”

“ 'Bout what?”

“Ca, can we talk in private?”

“Whatever.”

By the time Luke returned with the towels, Jake had escorted David to the kitchen for a friendly chat. “Here give me those,” ordered Toni. “Jake’s out back with David.”

“He ain’t gonna hurt him, is he?”

“No! Of course not! You know Jake; boisterous and intimidating at times, but underneath, he’s as gentle as they come.”

“I ain’t so sure about that.”

“Don’t you worry, sweetie. They’re just talking. Say, have you met my friend, Meagan? Meagan, this handsome stud is Luke.”

“I know, Toni,” replied her friend in a sultry voice. “We met this afternoon.”

“Oh, that’s right! But, you don’t ‘know’ him, yet,” the short, darker complexion woman laughed. “Besides having a sweet wife, Luke’s best quality is that he can get it up and keep it up, all night long.”

The introductions having been made, Meagan scooted around, hanging her head off the edge of the bed. Looking at Luke upside down, Meagan purred, “C’mere lover. I wanna a taste of some real man-flesh.”

Luke accepted the invitation and treated himself to a deep-throat fuck while his hands wandered over her swollen tits and swollen belly, his cock slipping easily into her hyper extended throat. There wasn’t a hint of gagging on her part, just the wonderful constricting motion of her throat around his cock whenever she swallowed. It was obvious to Luke that she had done this sort of thing many times before.

After an evening of watching Shelly dance and getting fucked at P-Willy’s, plus watching the nasty dog show at the cock fight, not to mention the young girl blowing that old fat fart, Luke needed to cum really badly. With the added stimulation of Meagan’s expert tongue action on the underside of his cock, he didn’t last long, cumming after just a few minutes. Once his balls began to boil over, he pulled his cock out of her throat to cum on her tongue, giving her two good mouthfuls before finishing on her swollen tits.

True to Toni’s praise of his virility, after ejaculating, Luke hardly got soft at all. Instead he shoved his spermy cock back into the pregnant slut’s mouth to keep him in fighting form while he smeared his potent screw juice over her fattened breasts with his hands. Meagan eagerly gobbled the semi-erect cock until it was once again swollen and hard.

Meagan pushed him away and out of her mouth. With a dexterity that belied her pregnant condition, she quickly repositioned herself at the edge of the bed on her hands and knees. “I need a good fucking,” she called over her shoulder while wiggling her ass. “A rubber dick’s nice, but I want the real thing, a nice warm cock. Show me what ya got, Studly! C’mon, baby, shove it in. I need it bad!”

Rubbing her offered buttocks, Luke studied the elaborate tattoo on the small of her back before gently prying her ass cheeks apart. From the games she’d been playing this evening with Toni, Meagan’s anus was red raw and her swollen labia protruded from her puffy vulva. “Where ya want it?”

“I don’t care. Just fuck me, baby.”

“Ain’t never fucked a pregnant woman. Least not one as pregnant as you.”

“Well, there’s always a first, cowboy! Mount up!”

Luke aimed his cock at the center of the mass of glistening pink tissue that was her engorged labia. With a gentle push, his cock head disappeared into the hot slippery flesh and found her channel. Luke took it easy, afraid that he might somehow hurt her or hurt her baby.

“Harder, baby! Harder!” the preggo-slut pleaded. “Damnit, fuck me hard!”

Luke picked up his pace and was soon pummeling her pussy, making a loud slapping noise each time his groin slammed into her butt. With each impact, her butt cheeks flexed and quaked, a sight that Luke found to be incredibly erotic. Despite the fact that she hadn’t had a proper fucking in nearly two weeks, Luke found her pussy to be somewhat loose due to the stretching caused by Toni’s big strap-on rubber cock. Nevertheless, Luke found the slippery, enveloping caress of her hot cunt around his thrusting cock to be divinely pleasurable.

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“Whadda mean she’s never given ya a blow job? Didn’t she make a promise when ya’ll were married? A promise to ya and a promise to God, that she’d honor, cherish, and obey ya? What kinda religion are ya’ll anyway? Some kind of quirky cult?… Ya ain’t Catholic are ya?”

“No, we’re not Catholic,” answered David defensively. “And yes, she did promise those things.”

“Ain’t much on keepin’ her promises, is she? I know that she’s a mean spirited bitch, but I figured that was just to me and Toni and the whore next door. Don’t she know that she’s invitin’ everlastin’ damnation in hell for breakin’ her promise?”

“She says it’s dirty,” replied David.

“Dirty? Ass fuckin’, now that’s dirty, but a simple blowjob?… Ya wash yer dick don’t ya?”

“Yes. Of course I do, but she…”

“And she won’t let ya fuck her?”

“No. Says it for the procreation of children only.”

“Yer shittin’ me! She’s gotta let ya fuck her whenever ya want. That’s why ya got married!”

For a moment Jake pondered David’s plight. “In my experience there’s basically three kinds of women when it comes to sex. First there are those cunts that were born with a natural love of fuckin’. Toni’s one of those. That preggo in there, she’s another.

“Then there’s those cunts that are just a little slow learnin’ that they love to fuck. The whore next door, Shelly, she was like that.

“Then ya got them bitches that no matter what, they’re cold fishes. No matter what ya do, they hate fuckin’ a fellow. Now, yer wife, she definitely ain’t the first type. That’s fer sure. Now, fer yer sake, ya damned better hope that she’s the second type and just hasn’t yet learned to love a good screwing. If she’s the third kind, yer out of luck, little buddy. Might as well get yerself a divorce and go out and find yerself a real cunt who knows what a cunt’s for. Lord knows, there’s plenty of those around. Take the preggo-slut in there; she's in the market.”

“What can I do?”

“Simple, ya gotta give her a proper fucking. I don’t mean no slam-bam-thank-ya-ma’am quickie, I mean a long, hard fuckin’. Send her in orbit and keep her there. Ya gotta fuck her good and fuck her often. Soon she won’t be able to live without a good dicking on a regular basis.”

“How am I gonna do that? I can hardly remember the last time I even saw her naked!”

“What’s wrong with bein’ neked? Goddamn, she’s got a problem with that too?”

“Yes! Says it immoral.”

“How can being neked be immoral? God created ya neked. Yer born that way from the start! That’s like sayin’ walkin’ or breathin’ is immoral.”

“What about Adam and Eve and the forbidden apple? Weren’t they shamed by their nakeness?”

“That apple was our free will,” pontificated Jake. “The free will to do good or the free will to do evil. Before they tasted the fruit, those two weren’t really any different from animals. It wasn’t that being neked was evil, it was realization that they had committed a sin and the sin was evil. They just figured that because they had sinned and were neked, then bein’ neked was sinful. They just got it wrong and we’ve been on a guilt trip ever since. Is bein’ born with two arms and two legs an evil thang? ‘Course not. Can ya use those arms and legs for evil? Of course ya can, but that don’t make ‘em evil from the get go.”

“I suppose. Never thought about it like that.”

“Well, ya should! Now take Shelly. She’s a whore. That don’t make her evil. She as sweet a thang as they come. I do love fuckin’ her. Ya know why she’s a whore?… She’s a whore because her husband wants her to be a whore. She obeys her husband like God says she should and she fucks anybody he says she should fuck. God’s got nuttin’ against fuckin’. God wants us to fuck and made it fun so that we’d do it often. The more ya fuck, the more ya doin’ God’s biddin’!”

“Who says that?”

“It’s obvious! C’mon, the good Lord gave ya a goddamned brain. Use it! Ya can figure it out… Okay… Weren’t fer fuckin’, none us’d be here!”

“Mmmm, I suppose.”

“It’s a fact!”

David scrunched his forehead as he thought. “Okay… Let’s say that you’re right.”

“I am right,” glowered Jake. "Ya calling me a lair?"

“No, no, no! Okay. You’re right! You’re right... I still don’t know how do I deal with Julia.”

“Simple. Yer wife, she seems to be genuinely religious even if she does have everything upside down. Talk to yer preacher; ‘morrow mornin’ before church services,” counseled Jake. “Tell him what ya told me. Remind him that she has broken her promise to ya and has broken her promise to God by denyin’ ya. Tell him that it has made ya real despondent. Tell him that ya abuse yerself because she won’t do her duty to ya. Tell him that because of her stubbornness and unwillingness to give herself to ya that ya been lookin’ at porn. That yer being driven to commit adultery if sumpthin’ doesn’t change right away. Remind him that she promised to give herself to ya and to obey ya. She ain’t doin’ that and she’s riskin’ the loss of her soul because of her broken promise to God Almighty. That oughta get his attention!

“Then tell him that ya need fer him to talk to her. Today, after services. Tell him that ya need fer him to impress upon yer wayward wife her obligations to ya. Tell him to remind her that she made a promise to God to obey ya. Now durin’ that meetin’, ya got to be there, so she knows that ya heard exactly what the preacher tells her. That way, ya can remind her later what he said about her afterlife in Hell for breakin’ her promise to God. That’ll get her pants off. After that it’s up to you.

“Another reason ya want to be there is in case the preacher takes it upon himself to try and cast off the evil in her heart by layin’ on his hands. Preachers can get a little carried away doin’ that,” chuckled Jake. Having finished, Jake absentmindedly scratched his balls.

“Okay. Sounds like a reasonable approach.” David reflected on Jake’s advice for several minutes, all the while idly observing Jake playing with his genitals.

“Ya like what ya see, little buddy.”

“Uh, wha… I, uh…” stammered David.

“It’s okay if ya do. I like seein’ other guy’s dicks too. Ain’t no harm in it.”

“Well, I…”

“Wanna touch it?”

David froze, staring at the hairy man’s cock and balls.

“Go on. I know ya wanna touch it.”

As if it had a mind of its own, David’s hand reached forward. Before he was consciously aware of it, David was holding Jake’s thick dick as it swelled. Memories of church camp flooded his brain, memories of the older boys and what he so willing did for them and the camp councilors came back vividly.

“Ya wanna suck it, don’t ya? Go ahead. It’s okay. Ya can suck it if ya want. I don' mind none.”

David tore his eyes away from Jake’s stiff prick and looked up at Jake’s smiling face.

“Don’t worry ‘bout them,” said Jake nodding towards the bedroom. “Luke and the girls are busy playin’ hide the sausage. Ain’t nobody gonna know. Nobody ‘cept you and me, little buddy. Go on, ya know ya wanna.”

David found no hint of malice in the bearded face, just kind eyes twinkling with expectation. Jake placed his hands on the shoulders of the smaller man and gently guided him to his knees. Now at eye level and only inches from his face, David could smell the musky aroma of the beast’s sex. To David, it was an irresistible offer.

“That’s it, little buddy,” cooed Jake as David’s lips surrounded his glans. “Oh, yeah… Suck it good, little buddy. I always knew ya were a faggot. Hmmmm, that feels nice.”

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Luke’s cock was tingling as he neared the point of no-return. He knew that just stopping and holding still just wouldn’t do because Meagan’s hips were anything but holding still.

Upon his pulling out of her cunt, Meagan began to whimper, “Don’t stop, baby. You feel so good. Please don’t stop.”

“I gotta stop for a moment,” replied Luke breathlessly.

“It’s okay. Cum in me, baby. Cum in me. I’m so close… ahhhh, yesssss.”

Having plunged back into her broiling cunt, Luke buried himself as deep as possible and tried to minimize any further stimulation to his cock, but the gentle squeezing and releasing his cock by her pussy was just too much.

“Ah, fuck. I’m cumming, bitch. I’m cumming.”

“Yes! Yes! Cum in my cunt, baby. Cum in my cunt.”

Meagan squeezed down and held his dick in a tight vaginal embrace. She felt his cock pulse.

“Ahhhhhh!” moaned Luke.

The feel of the throbbing cock pumping its creamy seed into her cunt was all Meagan needed to be pushed over the top. The steady constricting squeeze of her cunt gave way to wild vaginal contractions as her orgasm swept over her.

Luke’s fingers dug into the flesh of her hips as he joined Meagan in a last chaotic burst of frenzied fucking.

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“Move yer tongue around some more,” calmly instructed Jake. “Tickle the underside. That’s better. Yeah, that feels real good, little buddy.”

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Meagan continued to wildly gyrate her hips until Luke’s softening cock slipped out of her pussy. Moving off to the side of the pregnant woman, Luke more or less collapsed onto the bed.

Gasping for breath, Luke opened his eyes just in time to see her drooling cunt descend over his face. She was a big pussied girl and the distended lips of her engorged labia surrounded his face like an enveloping facial mask as she ground into him. To prevent suffocation, Luke placed his hands on her hips and pushed her upwards, just enough so that he could catch a breath of fresh air as he wallowed his entire face in her juicy aromatic snatch. At the same time, he felt his flaccid cock being played with and then slurped into a warm wet mouth like it was a noodle.

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“Keep suckin’ it, faggot. I’m almost there. Oh, yeah, here it comes, fruitcake.”

Lost in a fog of lust, David sensed the big organ pulse and felt the gout of spermy fluid shooting into his mouth. Except for his own, he had never swallowed cum before. As his mouth filled, he allowed Jake’s cum, mixed with his own slobber, to run from his mouth. Dripping down his chin, the copious viscous mixture streamed down his neck and hairless chest, crossing his stomach to soak his own undersized cock and nuts before it continued to dribble down his thighs and eventually pool onto the floor about his knees.

Ultimately, Jake’s seemingly endless stream faded to a trickle. As his cock softened, Jake pulled it from David’s eagerly sucking lips with a wet and sloppy sounding ‘plop’.

While Jake wiped his wet cock across his face, David suddenly realized what he’d done. In shame and humiliation, he stared down at the floor and the wet mess covering his body.

“Yer a mighty fine cocksucker, little buddy. Me and you, we’re gonna be good buddies from now on. Ya hear?”

Mortified, David continued to stare at the floor while Jake sang his praises about what a good cocksucking faggot David was. His deep secret was now out, a secret about him that no one, including Julia knew.

Jake swatted him across the head, “Hey, I’m talking to ya! I said, ya got any porn at yer house? Ya know, dirty movies.”

“Uh, yeah,” stammered David expecting a severe blow to the head rather than the gentle, attention getting swat that he had received.

“Well, let’s go see what ya got.”

“I, uh…”

“Maybe it’s the stuff ya watch. Ya know, women can be mighty funny about that stuff. If ya present Julia with the right material, it might ease thangs along. On the other hand, if it’s the wrong stuff, it’ll just disgust her. Gotta be careful. Cunts can be unpredictable sometimes. C’mon, let’s see what ya got. Maybe I can lend ya some of my stuff.”

Having been yanked to his feet, David was dragged from the neighbor’s house, still buck-naked. With David in tow, Jake cut through the Blalock’s back yard and entered the Jenkins’ house through the back door.

“Nice house ya got,” sincerely complimented Jake upon seeing the interior for the first time. “Now where’s yer smut stash?”

“I, I, well, maybe we shouldn’t,” pleaded David with a growing sense of panic. “It’s really not very good stuff.”

“Ya let me be the judge of that,” replied Jake. Upon entering the living room, Jake went directly to the DVD player and ejected the disc. “Hmmmm, ‘Lost Angels’”. Jake popped the DVD back into the player, pressed fast forward and turned the TV on.

“Wait! I…” It was too late. Once the screen flickered to life, Jake pressed the play button.

“Whoa! What do we have here? Son of a bitch! Damn! Yer a perverted little shit! Ain’t ya? Goddamn, she can’t be but seven! Oh goddamn, he’s gonna fuck her! Holy shit!”

Jake punched the pause button and turned to David. “Ya know ya can go to jail for having stuff like that! Ya got any more like that? Yeah, ya got ‘em. Give’em to me!”

David wanted to throw up.

“I said, give’em to me!” roared Jake. David scrambled and found the other kiddie porn DVD that he had at the house. With a shaking hand, David handed Jake the DVD.

“Little Fuck Toys. Ya like this kind of shit? Is this what ya dream about? Turns ya on thinkin’ about fuckin’ little kids? Hell, ya got little kids. Ya think about doin’ ‘em?”

“No, I just found those in a shipment to my store.”

“Bullshit! Ya think about it alright… Ever do it?”

“No! Never!” shouted David in defense.

“Okay, okay, don’t git yer dander up, little buddy. I was just asking. I really don’t give a shit what ya like to watch, but these probably won’t do. Sumpthin, tells me that Julia wouldn’t take too kindly to this sort of thing,” laughed Jake. “Women are like that.

“What I had in mind was sumpthin’ artful. Ya know, a good lookin’ guy and a good lookin’ girl, soft lightin’, silk sheets, two naked people engagin’ in a long, lovin’ and sensuous screw. Doesn’t even have to really show nuttin’, just two people a grovelin’, a gropin’ and a humpin’. But it should have some oral sex too. Butt fuckin’… maybe not. Ya know, I think I’ve got just the thang fer ya.”

Jake turned and pushed the play button; the little girl’s ‘daddy’ mounted her. After a minute or so, Jake paused the DVD and ejected it.

“Whadda ya do, sit around and whack off to this stuff? Gives ya hard on, don’t it? Hell, gives me a hard on!” Jake turned back towards David, his aroused organ jutting from the thick jungle of crotch hair. Lewdly stroking his stiff cock, Jake asked, “What do ya think we ought to do about this?”

Thinking that Jake was referring to his illegal pornography, David stammered,“I, I dunno.”

“Another cock suckin’ would be nice, but I bet ya might like sumpthin’ else.”

“Wha?”

“Ya really seem to get yer rocks off when Toni reams yer butt with her dildo. Ya like that, huh?”

“Well, I…”

“It’s okay. Ya don’t have to lie to me. I already know what a kinky pervert ya are. Lots of guys like a corn-holin’.”

David looked at the big cock that he had so recently sucked with abandon and imagined it sliding up his rectum.

“Just kneel on the couch and hold on to the back rest. I’ll take care that itch fer ya. Go on, little buddy. Ain’t nobody here but me and you. Like I said, me and you are gonna get real close.”

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Luke struggled to hold Meagan off of him enough so that he could breathe. While he pushed up, she ground down. After ten minutes or so, his arms were becoming fatigued. Mercifully she lurched off and flopped down on her back. He looked down at Toni who was still playfully licking his dick. Toni smiled wickedly and then took his entire length. After a few head bobs, she pulled off.

“C’mon, Hon,” she said while helping Meagan to sit upright. “He’s all yours tonight.” Meagan straddled him and sank down on his cock, pumping his cock in her puss. Then she pulled off and sank down on his dick again, this time driving it up her ass.

“Ooooo, I missed,” she giggled.

Luke could care less except that her ass was considerably tighter than her cunt. Luke took advantage of his free hands that the position afforded him, rubbing her distended belly while she fucked him and mauling her swollen bosoms.

“That feels good, baby,” she breathless whispered. “My poor tits just ache so much these days. Ooooo, not too hard.”

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After his second screw with Meagan, Luke was wasted. He was only dimly aware when Jake returned. Soon he fell asleep to the gentle rocking motion of the bed as the big man fucked each girl in turn.

Sometime around three AM, the cacophony of Jake’s loud snoring rudely jarred Luke awake. Blinking in the darkness, his attention was drawn towards the window by a sudden illumination from next door. Looking over the slumbering body next to him, Luke saw his giggling wife dance merrily into the bedroom, wrapped in a blanket. Apparently she had had a good time tonight while being under arrest. That brought a large measure of peace of mind to Luke. The sudden appearance of the Sheriff at P-Willy’s, though carefully orchestrated, wasn’t expected by either of them. As a result, he had been dreading what her reaction might be when she got home. He hated the crying jags with all the recriminations of not treating her like he should.

Following close behind Shelly was the massive figure of Sheriff Damian Reed. Once inside the room, the Sheriff took the blanket from her. ‘Where’s her clothes,’ wondered Luke as Shelly struck several poses for the Sheriff. ‘Oh, yeah, she didn’t have any clothes,’ he thought with a chuckle. Then he realized that her fishnets were gone and what little other clothes she had when she was arrested at P-Willy’s were now gone too.

Fascinated he watched his slut-wife flirting with the Sheriff. Soon she was unbuttoning the big man’s crisp uniform shirt and peeling it off his torso. “Holy smokes,” muttered Luke. One glance at Reed and you knew he was a massive man, but bare-chested with his shirt off, his finely honed musculature was apparent. He wasn’t just big; he was chiseled and sculpted. Each and every muscle bulged with precise definition under his taut skin and every thick vein under his skin stood out prominently. Jake and Big Mike were both big men, but this guy… the only time Luke had ever seen someone this developed was in those body building magazines he saw at the drugstore.

‘His nuts must be shriveled up from the steroids,’ sneered Luke as his hand reached round and cupped Meagan’s fat breast.

“Mmmmm,” moaned the pregnant woman in her sleep. She was lying on her side, facing away from Luke. At the feel of his caress, she nuzzled her buttocks into his groin.

Luke’s supposition that the Sheriff had steroid shrunken testicles was dashed when Shelly pulled his boxers off. “Damn,” muttered Luke. “He’s as well hung as Big Mike. Maybe even better… Hmmm, that’s it girl, kiss his dick… What a slut!”

“You say something, Honey,” mumbled Meagan as she squirmed, rubbing her butt against his growing erection.

“No, just talking to myself. Go back to sleep.”

Meagan snuggled in closer and soon her breathing was steady as she dozed off again.

Luke was very impressed by the size of the Sheriff’s fully erect organ. ‘He’s bigger than Big Mike,’ he observed. Suddenly he felt somewhat inadequate. Luke had always thought that he had a nice dick and a nice body, but this guy… Abruptly Shelly stopped kissing and nibbling on the big dick and stood up. Taking the Sheriff by the hand, she led him away to towards the bath. ‘Damn,’ cursed Luke disappointed that he might miss the show. The light came on in his bathroom. Luke caught a fleeting glimpse of Shelly and then the window filled with the Sheriff’s unbelievable body as the showering water cascaded over his naked backside.

Staring back up at the ceiling, Luke became keenly aware of the building pressure of a full bladder. Carefully and with consideration for his slumbering bedmates, Luke rose and padded off to take a leak. Having relieved himself, Luke went into the room adjoining the Stringer’s bedroom. There he had a clear view of his wife and Reed showering and washing each other. Idly he mused that they really needed to buy a shower curtain to restrain the spray.

When Reed and Shelly suddenly hollered and jumped out of the tub, Luke had to laugh. From experience he knew that the hot water had run out without warning.

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Before drying herself, Shelly took a clean towel and vigorously rubbed Damian down, drying him off quickly.

“C’mon, Damian. You promised me,” she said as she led him back to her bedroom.

“That’s Sheriff to you, slut. Shouldn’t we turn out the lights?”

“No! I like the lights on, Da…uh, Sheriff. I like to look at you. And I like to see what’s going on. Besides, Luke might be next door. I want him to see you take me.”

“Haven’t you had enough for tonight?”

“No… There’s something you haven’t done for me. I thought you were going to do it, but before you did it, you left me with that sweet, sweet man.”

“Hal? Hal’s a sweet man? I’m sure the boys will love to hear that!”

“He is sweet! I hope I get to see him again.”

“Don’t worry honey, I’m sure that you’ll see him again.”

“I hope so, but… you promised.”

“I don’t think I promised you anything, but okay, if that’s what you want, Shelly, fine by me. Where’s the grease? I’ll need more grease than just Hal’s jungle juice to do it proper.”

Shelly went to the bed stand and retrieved a tube of KY jelly. “Will this do?” she said coyly.

“Yeah, that’ll do. Look, I don’t give a shit, but I really don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t hurt me,” she replied handing him the tube of lubricant.

“Very well, slut. Get it up.”

“My pleasure.”

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Back in bed, nestled between Meagan and Jake, Luke watched the proceedings unfold next door. Once again, Shelly sank to her knees to kiss and mouth Reed’s low hanging, flaccid cock. Once again she brought him to a truly substantial erection. Knowing how much she enjoyed sucking dick, Luke thought that she was going to fellate him to completion, but once again she abruptly arose. Turning, she took a wide stance and leaned far forward, supporting herself with the bed post.

Reed greased his pecker up and stepped up to her. Luke couldn’t be sure just where the Sheriff was aiming his pecker. The Sheriff pushed. Shelly’s body moved forward, but the Sheriff’s prick didn’t enter. He pushed again and Shelly’s head arched back as she let out a primal moan. Just hearing her moan like that, Luke knew that Reed’s thick cock was penetrating her anus. Reed pushed again, and Shelly cried out.

“What’s goin’ on?” asked Jake sleepily in a low voice.

“It’s Shelly. She’s getting’ ass-fucked by the Sheriff.”

“Ya don’t say?”

The quiet of the darken bedroom was rudely broken as Jake shouted out, “Ram it in, Sheriff! Fuck that whore’s ass! Give it to her… hard!”

In one swift motion, the Sheriff’s entire cock disappeared. Shelly’s cries now crossed the side yard and filled the Stringer’s bedroom as if she there and not next door.

Groggily Toni asked, “Wha? What’s going on?” One look out the window and she knew.

Shelly continued to holler and curse the entire time that Reed buggered her, alternately complaining of his enormous girth and then urging him to fuck her harder. She was absolutely wild, shoving her hips back to meet his thrusts, wildly gyrating on his impaling prong, her tits swinging and her blonde hair flying about. Only her grip on the bedpost prevented her from soaring off into space.

The foursome sat up in bed to watch the animated act.

“Damn, would ya look at that?” mused Luke.

“He’s killing her,” offered Meagan with genuine concern.

“Naw, she likes it! I can tell,” replied Jake.

“FUCK HER, SHERIFF! FUCK THAT SLUT BITCH!”

“Jake! Don’t! He’s killing her,” repeated Meagan.

“Naw, she’s a real whore. She’s lovin’ it.”

After a good ten minutes of seemingly brutal sodomy, the Sheriff’s voice joined Shelly’s in a chorus of sexual abandonment as his cock pulsed, filling her gut with yet another load up her butt. The frenzy over, the two lovers were suddenly motionless except for the heaving of their chests.

Stepping back, Reed’s cock slithered snakelike from her, leaving her ass gapping wide open. Picking Shelly up as if she were a child, he laid her down on the bed. Then he turned off the light.

Luke blinked into the sudden darkness. “Damn, that was hot!”

“Show’s over, Luke,” replied Jake with a yawn.

“Mmmmmm, yessss,” hissed Meagan as Luke painfully erect cock slid into her cunt.

“Jeezum, Toni! Luke’s doin’ her again!

“Will ya two just go to sleep?”

“Fuck me, Luke, fuck me...”