**Room with a View**  
by Art Martin

**Chapter 21 - Be Careful What You Wish For**

*Lenny's wife, Millie, agrees to put on a picnic for the railroad crew, where Big Mike discovers and sets in motion a plan to fulfill her greatest wish. Desperately wishing Julia was sexually more open, David enlists Jake's help.*

Lying awake all night, Millie contemplated her husband's request. 'Parade about in my bra and panties before all those men... I never!' As incensed as she was, the thought still intrigued her. 'Would they find me attractive?' Lenny certainly didn't look at her in a sexual way, at least not for the past few years. To him, all she was good for was to cook and clean. The only sex they had was a quick once a week affair where Lenny mounted her and got his rocks off as quickly as possible. It certainly wasn't making love. 'Maybe if they took interest in me, perhaps Lenny would too,' she reasoned.

She thought back trying to remember when was the last time Lenny was considerate enough to pleasure her. 'Has he ever? Has he ever even tried?' Certainly not since they discovered that his sperm count was too low to impregnate her. Children, that's what she wanted, not money, not a fancy house or a fancy car, just children, her own children to love and cherish. Was that too much to ask for? She knew that she would be a good nurturing mother. As simple as her desire was, it was not to be, at least not with Lenny.

Her thoughts drifted to Lenny's boss, Big Mike and the last time she'd seen the burly man, bare-chested and sweaty. ‘Now that's a man, a real man,’ she said to herself as she felt her pussy twitch. Then she considered the way the big man always looked at her. It was a look that made her feel desirable. She was always embarrassed by his forward manner and the way his eyes wandered over body as if he was mentally undressing her. Still it was nice knowing that someone, a man, found her appealing. A faint smile came upon her lips in the darkness as she thought about her favorite fantasy. Taking the biggest zucchini she had on hand, she would use it to bring on the orgasm that Lenny failed to provide her with, pretending the entire time that it was Big Mike's cock working over vagina. Having self-pleasured herself with it, she would later peel it and prepare it for her negligent husband's supper.

'Just a bra and panties? They would all laugh at me. Or would they?' she thought looking up at the ceiling from her loveless bed. No sooner had she dismissed the thought when it came right back to her. 'A picnic would be fun. I don't have to parade around half naked. Of course if I wanted to, I could... no, I couldn't... could I?'

With butterflies filling her stomach, Millie got up and went to the medicine cabinet in the bathroom. She pulled out the bottle of Xanex. Half an hour later she wasn't feeling nervous anymore.

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"Okay. Ya know what I need," said Jake to his helper Horsefly. "Now can ya get it for me?"

The black buck thought about the request and nodded.

"Good. Take the morning off and get it for me. Don't worry, I won't dock your pay."

Horsefly grinned and replied deferentially, "Yassir, boss. I's be goin' now. Yo kin count on me."

"Ya just bring it to me. Bring it or don't show yer black ass around here again!"

"Yassir! Yassir! I's be back!"

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Nervous as a cat, dread and foreboding filled Lenny's being as the noon hour approached. How could he explain to Big Mike, Roger and Luke when his wife didn't show up for the "picnic"? He was about to be figuratively castrated in the eyes of his co-workers for reneging on a bet.

Aware of her husband's angst, Millie had spent morning happily preparing for the picnic with a smile on her face. 'Let the bastard sweat,' she thought as she went about her business. It'd been a long time since Lenny had asked her to go anywhere and she was determined to have some fun. Of course Lenny didn't need to know that.

Last night and this morning Lenny had begged and pleaded with her to at least show up. She could wear whatever she wanted he said. She wouldn't have to do anything that she was uncomfortable with he said.

"Uncomfortable?" she snorted. "I'll be as comfortable as I can," she said to the mirror while primping her hair. Carefully she applied just enough makeup to enhance her appearance. It had been a while since she had bothered with makeup and so she was somewhat out of practice. The pleasant face smiled back from the mirror. "I should do this more often," she said to herself, "maybe Lenny would..." The smile on the face in the mirror faded to a scowl. "No, he wouldn't."

Thoughts drifted back to her idealized vision of Big Mike, bringing on the urge to touch herself. She resisted the temptation. "Not today," she said to the mirror. "Later, maybe, but not now."

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Shelly too went about her morning with a smile on her face. She was pleased that despite the heavy use yesterday, her pussy wasn't sore and the swelling of her labia that was so pronounced last night had gone down. She thought of her father-in-law and how shocked she was when he told her to "squeeze yer pussy whenever ya can, darling. That'll keep yer cunt nice and tight fer yer husband." That was right after she and Luke had gotten married. She remembered thinking that the old man was just being nasty, but it had proved to be sage advice from an elder. Even after yesterday she knew that she would be still nice and tight for Luke tonight when he got home.

But it would hours before Luke came home and memories of yesterday with the roofing gang played over and over in her mind. She felt a yearning in her loins and regretted that the roofers had finished yesterday and wouldn't be back today.

Around nine, the doorbell rang. It was O'Ryan standing there with a sheepish grin. "Hi, Shelly. Got a few minutes?"

Shelly tossed her long blonde locks back and in doing so thrust her tits out. Shelly saw just where O'Ryan's eyes were looking. 'Men,' she thought, 'they're so predictable.' With a comely smile she replied, "No, I don't have a minute, but I've an hour or so."

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David's morning was filled with feelings of guilt and self-loathing. He knew he should have never allowed things to go so far as they did last night with Billy. Easing his guilt, he rationalized that it was really all Julia's fault. If she'd been a more loving wife to him, he wouldn't have been sleeping with the curious boy and none of it would have happened.

If all the boy did was play with his dick, it wouldn't have been so bad, he reasoned. He closed his eyes and remembered what happened after he rolled away from the boy to end the sexual play. David shuddered as the lewd memory filled his mind's eye of the little fingers, wet with his emission, probing between his ass cheeks until the boy had found his father's swollen anus. How one by one the little fingers slipped effortlessly through his stretched out sphincter, the way well lubricated with the semen of his burly neighbor, until the boy had his whole hand up his butt. How he had bucked his hips and how he had urged the boy on.

With a start, he heard the doorbell announcing the arrival of a customer. David let go of his reddened dick, stuffed it back into his pants and zipped up. Sticking his head around the stockroom door, he saw that it was the Reverend Brown, the pastor of his church who was now rummaging through some books on the closeout counter.

"Reverend!" greeted David with sincerity.

"David, my boy! How are you today?" beamed the Reverend.

"Fine, just fine."

"Well, I just stopped by to see how you and Julia are getting along. Did you two take my advice to heart?"

"Well, to be honest, no. I tried, but Julia just shut me out."

"Well, I realize that she can be a difficult woman," sympathized the pastor. "But you two will have to work it out between yourselves. If I can be of any help, please don't hesitate to call on me."

The pastor picked up a weighty tome from a shelf and handed it to David who beamed at the prospect of a sale. "I suggest that you read this," said the pastor. "Julia too. Perhaps it will lead you to some common ground.

Well, I'd best be going. Just wanted to stop in to see how you were doing." A moment later the Pastor was out the door leaving David holding a copy of "The Christian Marriage".

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Lenny couldn't believe his eyes when saw his wife drive up to the crossing and park their car. Big Mike saw her too. He was truly amazed that Lenny had the gumption to ask his wife to come out to where they were working.

The butterflies were back and Millie reached into her purse for another Xanex. It was too soon to take another tab, but she took it anyway washing it down with bottled water. She checked her makeup one last time before stepping from the car into the searing heat. Gingerly she walked up the roadway shoulder towards the railroad tracks, wobbling a bit on her thick high heels as she navigated the uneven surface of the county road. At least the big straw hat shaded her face.

As she approached, the four men gathered into a group. "Way to go, Lenny," whispered Roger so that Millie couldn't hear.

"I don't fucking believe it," muttered Big Mike. "Hats off to you, buddy!"

Approaching the group, Millie shivered as she checked out the array of sweating half dressed beefcake waiting for her. There was Big Mike, broad chested and tattooed, as handsome as ever. Through the red body hair, his chest glistened in the sunlight with sweat. She then covertly checked out Roger before stealing a glance at the young kid who was rippled with muscles. 'I suppose that's Luke,' she said to herself with glee. 'My, he's a handsome boy!'

"Hi, honey!" called out Lenny from the group. He was elated that she had come, thereby saving him from the certain fate of forever henceforth being treated like a goat. The fact that she was dressed head to toe like she was heading off to church didn't bother him too much, even though he wished she could have dressed a little more lightly. "Do you need some help?"

"Of course I do," replied his smiling wife. "Please, you boys go and get all the things out of the back of the car."

Lenny, Roger and Luke trudged off to get everything she'd brought with her, leaving her alone with Big Mike. She watched as Big Mike scanned her from head to toe with that wolfish look in his eyes. 'Is he always so forward?' she asked herself.

Big Mike's eyes finally settled onto her face. "Good to see you again, Millie," he finally said. "You look nice."

The compliment, as weak as it was, was not lost on her. She hadn't heard a compliment of any sort for what seemed to be forever. "Nice to see you again too, Mike," she replied cordially. "Is it always so hot out here?" she asked fanning herself.

"Yeah, but we get used to it."

"Is there any shade? I'm simply going to melt."

"Sure. Just down the tracks is a river crossing. There's plenty of shade along the bank and there's a nice sand bar. Good place to take a swim and cool off," answered Big Mike pointing to an area that wasn't visible from the road.

"I didn't bring a swimming suit. I didn't realize..."

"We're all adults," replied Big Mike cryptically.

Millie didn't answer but immediately thought of cooling off in the stream. 'Maybe I could,' she thought considering her options.

Without waiting for the others, Big Mike led her down the tracks and into the woods. Carefully she stepped from cross tie to cross tie, certain that she would twist her ankle in the loose ballast of the track bed. At the railroad bridge, there was a path down to the riverbank. Millie stopped and removed her shoes before making the steep decent.

Out on the sandy spit, she tentatively stepped into the shallow clear running water. It was at least ten degrees cooler down on the water. A feeling of absolute calm and serenity sweep over her induced by the Xanex as well as her surroundings. "Oh, this is so beautiful," she remarked as she looked out over the small steam.

Big Mike stepped up from behind her. Resting his hands on her hips he remarked, "Not as beautiful as you are."

Millie froze, unsure of what to do. She gasped as Big Mike pressed his groin into her buttocks. 'Gawd, is that what I... Oh, my gawd, he's huge!'

"I want to thank you for coming out today," he whispered in her ear, his hot breath on her neck sending shivers down her spine. "It's not often that we have a pretty girl come out to take care of us."

To her horror, Millie realized that she was pressing back into his hard cock. Breaking away, she said breathlessly, "I, I think I hear them coming." Moments later, the trio of shirtless men were noisily coming down the tricky path carrying with them everything Millie had brought.

Millie excused herself and went about the business of setting up lunch, directing Lenny on where to spread the blankets, where to put the paper plates and utensils, etc. Big Mike directed his crew to remove their shoes before sitting on her blankets as Millie pulled out the cold lunch from the cooler. One by one, she served each man a plate of cold tuna salad, cold six-bean salad, and potato salad. As the men began ravenously devouring their lunch, she passed out cold drinks to each before fixing her own plate of food. Each man had seconds and then thirds until all the food was consumed.

"Anyone for a swim?" asked Big Mike as he rubbed his full belly.

"You need to wait thirty minutes before going in the water," instructed Millie, "otherwise you'll get cramps."

"That's an old wives' tale," remarked Big Mike. "Besides the water is too shallow here to actually swim. All you have to do is just stand up."

"But I didn't bring..."

"I know. You can just go in your bra and panties," said Big Mike as if he were giving her directions to a store. "It's just like wearing a bikini. In fact, compared to the skimpy bikinis my step-daughter wears, I'm sure you will be covered adequately."

"I don't know... Maybe I'll just sit it out."

"Suit yourself," stated Big Mike. "It's awfully hot today and that water's just perfect."

"Well, you boys go ahead. I'll just watch."

"Okay," said Big Mike as he stood. Millie shouldn't have been surprised, but she was when Big Mike dropped his jeans into the sand along with his boxer shorts. Lenny braced himself for a screaming fit from his erstwhile prudish wife, but none came as she was stunned into silence.

Giving her a moment to witness his substantial manhood, Big Mike nonchalantly turned and headed into the cool water naked as the day he was born. Gawking at the nude man, she caught the sight of Luke coming into her field of vision. He too was buck-naked. Turning, she saw Roger drop his jeans. Avoiding looking Roger square in the eyes, she quickly looked away toward the backside of the two men now wading out into the middle of the creek. A moment later, Roger passed by on his way to join in the refreshing swim.

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry," apologized Lenny. "I didn't think that they'd do such a thing."

"It's, it's alright, Lenny," the scandalized woman stammered. Aided by the Xanex she'd taken earlier, she put a brave face forward. "Honest. I've seen naked men before. Why don't you join them and cool off. I know it will make you feel better."

"Are you sure?"

She wasn't sure of anything at the moment other than being in the woods with her husband and three naked men. "Yes, I'm sure. It's alright."

"Okay, but what Big Mike said about wearing your bra and panties. He's right. So, if you want to join us..."

"Join you? You want me in my bra and panties? Why not naked like them?"

"Look, I'm sorry Millie, I..."

"Oh, it's okay, Lenny. I'll think about it. Now go join your friends."

Lenny wasn't at all sure what she was thinking or how she felt about the turn of events. Still it was hot, he was sweating, and he needed to cool off.

"Are you sure?" he asked again.

"I'm no prude," she replied defensively. "You want to go swimming, go on. I'll be fine right here."

Lenny shrugged, stripped and then ran into the water. Millie watched with embarrassed amusement as the four men frolicked about like schoolboys. There was no breeze what so ever down below the creek bank and despite being in the shade she soon began to perspire.

Relaxed and dulled by the Xanex she had taken, her natural shyness faded. "Oh, what the hell," she finally said unbuttoning her dress. "They're right, it is just like a bathing suit. Otherwise, I'm going to die from this heat!"

Roger looked back towards the shore. "Hey, Lenny, your wife's getting naked!" All four men looked to shore in time to see Millie drop her dress before sitting down on the blanket wearing just a black bra and black panties.

"Maybe she's coming around," ventured Big Mike.

"I don't believe it," remarked Lenny. "This ain't like her at all."

"Don't count on it, Lenny. Women can be strange creatures," remarked Roger.

Big Mike turned to the somewhat flummoxed husband, "You did tell her that we were going to fuck her, didn't you?"

"No! For Christ's sake!"

"Just bustin' your balls, Lenny," laughed Big Mike. "Relax. Like I said, maybe she's coming around."

"I just said for her to wear something revealing."

"And now she's in her bra and panties. That's revealing. Mind if I go talk to her?"

"Mike please... don't..."

"I'm just going to coax her out in the water," replied Big Mike. "Relax, nobody's gonna rape her or anything."

"Goddamnit, Mike, she's my wife!"

"Relax will ya?... Shit! You sure can be a real pain in the ass. Ya know that? Look, I'll give you choice. We need to change the secondary transformer in the crossing signal, right? We don't have a spare secondary transformer. So, here's your choice. You can go back to the shop and pick up the parts we need, right now or... or ya can just shut the fuck up and go with the flow.

"The way I see it," continued the crew boss, "as long as we don't have the right parts, we might as well take a break from the heat. We can pick up the transformer in the morning and come back out here tomorrow morning when it's relatively cool. Besides, this is a perfect place for Luke's wife to seriously entertain us, don't you think?"

Lenny, nervous as a stray cat in the dog pound, remained silent.

"Lenny, you've been gripping for some time now that Millie's as cold as a fish. Sorry pal, she don't look cold to me at all. She inhibited, yes, but cold, no."

"You don't know her, Mike. You don't know her at all," replied Lenny.

"I know women... Tell you what. I'll make you a bet. I'll bet my wife's pussy that I can get Millie to come out in the water with us and cool off."

"Maybe you can do that, Mike, but..."

"I also bet I can get her to lose the friggin' bra and the panties."

"Bull shit! You're on, Mike," declared Lenny confident that Big Mike had overreached.

Big Mike gave his underling a harsh look. "There's to be no interference from you. None whatsoever! Agreed?"

"Agreed," replied Lenny with a hint of resentment in his voice.

"And none of that, 'I didn't think' or 'I didn't know' crappola. You interfere and you'll spend the rest of the afternoon working the grade by yourself."

"And if you lose?" asked Lenny skeptically.

"I told you. I'm betting my Ginger's pussy right here and now." Mike formed a loose circle with his thumb and forefinger and obscenely thrust his other index finger through the hole. "I lose, and I'll have her out here buck-assed naked to entertain us like Luke's Shelly entertains.

"Now, you lost at poker, Lenny and so far you've been a good sport about it. Nobody's going to force Millie to do anything she doesn't want to do. You have my word on that."

Millie looked up when Mike was halfway to where she was sitting. The butterflies immediately returned as she watched him casually approaching with his big dick and heavy ball sack swinging in the breeze. "Oh, my," she whispered unsure whether to stay or to bolt. He was only a few steps from the blanket when she had presence of mind to grab her dress and cover herself.

Kneeling down in front of her, Big Mike rested on his heels, not failing to notice that she was staring at his penis. After a very long moment, she looked up and blushed brightly. Mike reached forward and brushed the brown curls from her face and looked into her soft brown eyes. "You're a beautiful woman, Millie," he began as he gently pulled her crumpled dress away with very little resistance. "There's no need to hide your body, darling. You've got a beautiful body." The flush on her face grew darker.

"What with this heat and all, I know you've got to be incredibly uncomfortable up here," he said evenly. "Why don't you come join us in the water to cool off?"

"I can't, I... uh, can you put some pants on?"

"Why? It's hot and I'm swimming," he replied as if it were a common occurrence. "Oh, I see," added with a hint of contrition. "Sorry if you're embarrassed by my nudity, but you shouldn't be. Half the people in this world are more or less built like me and the other half are women built like you. It's no big deal, and it's nothing to be embarrassed about."

"Well, I am embarrassed, and..."

"I going to let you in a little secret. My wife and I, we're nudists... that's right," he lied. "Luke and his wife are nudists too. We go to this camp every weekend and get in touch with our inner beings. It's no big deal."

"That's wicked," she whispered staring down at his cock, the cock she modeled with a zucchini.

"Wicked? Not in the least! We're a Christian group! We have services every Sunday morning."

"Naked?"

"Of course. It's a nudist camp. There's nothing sexual about it you know, just liberating, casting off all the stupid baggage that society burdens us with. Now, come with me and have some fun."

It never occurred to her to ask why was he pale white below his waistline if he really was a nudist. "I, I, I'll get my things wet."

Mike reached out and lifted her face up to look her in the eyes. "I understand that, truly I do. I hate wet clammy clothes too. Just take them off and they'll stay nice and dry."

"I can't. What if somebody finds out?"

"Finds out? Who? Nobody's gonna find out about nothing. Hell, we could all get fired for goofing off like this, but it's too damned hot to work on the grade. Now, I can promise you this... I ain't saying anything, Luke's not saying anything, Roger ain't gonna say a thing and Lenny ain't saying anything either. So look around, there ain't nobody else but us sinners around here. So, if you don't say anything, nobody will ever know. Besides, it's no big deal... we're all adults. Now c'mon, the water's fine and so are you."

Millie's stomach fluttered again at his compliments. No one ever said she was beautiful, or fine or any of the other things that Big Mike had said to her this afternoon.

"I'm so ugly," she whispered.

"Who says? You are beautiful. You know, Lenny's a lucky man to have someone like you. Now c'mon, let's go have some fun. I promise that in five minutes, six at most, you'll be having the time of your life. Heck, maybe you and Lenny can join us down at the camp some weekend."

Mike stood taking her by the hand to help her to her feet. Millie felt the butterflies again and felt a little dizzy as Mike's eyes brazenly wandered to her generous cleavage set off by her best black bra and then across her body.

Suddenly he stepped behind her. Before she could protest, she felt her bra loosen. "Oh, my, oh, my" she whispered as Mike gently pulled the black straps down off her arms.

"Holy shit!" declared Lenny who was watching Mike's every move from midstream.

Millie covered her exposed bosoms with her hand as the bra drifted to the ground. With her mind in a panic she froze in place as she felt her panties being pulled off her hips.

"I don't fuckin' believe it!" declared the astonished husband from fifty yards away.

"Hot damn!" snorted Roger. "He's got her naked! Buck-assed naked!"

With her black lacy panties down around her ankles, Millie discovered that she didn't have enough hands to modestly cover herself.

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"I always thought that I was the biggest slut in town," remarked Toni as she sipped her coffee, "but you win that title, Shelly."

"What do you mean?" asked the buxom blond feigning insult.

"Well, for starters, at least I wait until the afternoon to get laid by some strange dick. I saw you and that O'Ryan fellow getting after it this morning. It was barely nine o'clock in the morning! You should be ashamed."

"No, I'm not in the least ashamed. Besides he brought me a pretty silk robe. It's red, and it's so pretty and feels so good against my skin. He must've paid a fortune for it! Besides, I owe him, you know, and..."

"Was it good? The way you were squealing it must've been good," giggled Toni.

"Well, after what Jake told him the other night, he took his sweet time... used his mouth to get me off, before he, you know... Anyway, he wasn't as good as Luke or Jake, still... Poor man was late getting his store open!" The two women laughed and discussed O'Ryan's anatomy in great detail over coffee comparing his penis to every other penis they had recently been privy to.

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The afternoon dragged slowly for David at his store. It would be a day or two before orders for Boris' new DVD came in and as usual, there was no one in the bookstore. Monday's were always particularly slow it seemed. There hadn't been a single customer since his pastor was there earlier. He had already watched the DVD that Boris had sent some weeks before, watched it twice without interruption: a full hour and a half of butt-fucking, cock-sucking little boys.

The setting was a camp, much like the church camp where he spent the entire summer. The sex was the same, more or less, but it certainly wasn't a church camp. For one thing, the boys were always naked as was the entire camp staff. Another difference were the games they played. For instance, just before filling into the mess hall, the councilors would pick two boys to wrestle, the winner cornholed the loser. In another scene, they played another game. The loser of that game got cornholed by the camp cook (who had a very large cock) on a table.

On his second viewing that latter scene with the cook got David to reminisce about his own experiences. Of Joey, the program director, lying buck naked in the bright moonlight telling him, "You're a cool guy, David. How's camp for you?"

"Okay, I guess. Swimming every day is great and so is the canoeing, but the craft stuff is getting kinda boring. I mean, how many popsicle-stick bird houses do I have make this summer?"

Joey chuckled. "I know what you mean. You're the only camper who's been here for more than two weeks. You're staying until the end of the season?"

"Yeah. How many weeks is that?"

" 'Bout six. I understand that you're a pretty good swimmer. Have you done the mile swim?"

"Yeah, three times already. It's the best part of camp! I want to join a swim team next year! If my parents let me."

"Would you like to help out with the aquatics? Unofficially of course. You, know, help out at the pool and at the boat dock?" asked Joey while he idly played with his dick.

"Would I!" exclaimed young David as he watched the older male fondling himself.

"Well, let me see what I can do for you. Maybe I can even arrange for you to bunk with staff."

"Cool!"

"Like I said, you seem to be a pretty cool guy."

David beamed at the complement. No one had ever said that he was cool before.

"Can I tell you something, in confidence?" asked the older male.

"Yeah, sure, Joey."

"I knew you were a cool guy when I saw you looking at my cock in the showers. If you want, you can get a closer look. Go on, it's okay if you want."

David indeed wanted a close look at the seemingly huge staff that jutted from Joey's groin.

"I really want to beat off," the older male said as he continued to fondle himself. "You mind if I do?"

"No," replied David.

"You ever beat off?"

"Uh, no..."

"You're kidding me? Cool guy like you? I would have thought you pounded your dick every chance you got."

"What's beating off?"

"Well, I tell you, David, it's about the best feeling in the world. Feels so good sometimes that you'd swear you were going to pass out. Feels great. Most guys do it all the time."

"Uh, how do you... beat off?"

"Well, you put three fingers on the underside of your cock, just below the head and along your tube like this, and put your thumb on top of your dick, like this. Then you move your hand up and down, like this. After a few minutes, you get a great feeling, a feeling that'll take your breath away."

David gripped his pecker like Joey was showing him and began stroking himself for the first time. Joey stopped masturbating and watched as his young charge jacked off.

"I don't feel anything," said David thinking that he was somehow doing something wrong.

"It takes a few minutes. You know what? It feels even better if someone else does it for you."

"Really?"

"Want me to show you?"

"Okay."

"You're sure about that?"

"Yeah."

"You're not going to run back and tell anybody?"

"No, of course not."

"I didn't think so, but I have to be sure."

"C'mon, show me, Joey."

Joey sat up beside the willing boy and took David's small cock in his big hand. Caressing the boy's cock and balls, Joey asked, "You like that?"

"Oh, yeah," replied David in a whisper. "It, it feels really good."

The two were silent for a moment. The soft thumping sound of Joey working over David's dick joined the night sounds of the crickets and tree frogs.

"You've got a nice dick, David... Seeing that you've haven't beat off before, I guess you don't know if your nuts are creaming yet."

"Creaming?"

"Yeah, making sperm."

"Uh, no, I... oh, shit!... Oh! It's... it's feeling really funny... Oh! Ohhhhhhhh!"

With salacious pleasure, Joey continued masturbating the boy, watching him squirming around on the blanket in the throes of his first orgasm. David became motionless and his dick began to soften. There was just a small dollop of cum that had oozed from his cock. Joey scooped it up on his finger and smeared it on David's lips. Then Joey licked his finger clean.

Eventually, David's eyes fluttered open. Licking his lips he tasted his own cum for the first time. Joey was still sitting beside him, playing with the boy's nuts and cock again.

"How was that?" asked the senior councilor.

"Cool! Awesomely cool!"

"I thought you'd like that." Joey removed his hand from David's crotch and lay back down on the blanket. "Shooting off has got to be the best feeling in the world." David's attention was once again drawn to the big cock jutting from Joey's groin. Tentatively David reached over and ran his fingers through Joey's curly pubic hair.

"You've got so much hair," remarked David as the he felt the springy hair. "Can I... you know... touch..."

"You really are a cool guy, aren't you? Listen, you can touch whatever you want, as much as you want."

Joey lay back, enjoying the feel of David's small fingers exploring his cock and then his balls.

"How come your... your..."

"Dick?" ventured the older male.

"Yeah, dick. I get spanked at home if I use that word," revealed David.

"It's just a word, like leg, arm, or fingers. Call it what it is, a dick, a cock, or even penis," instructed Joey.

"Uh, okay. I won't get into trouble?"

"You have to use some common sense. Around me, or some of the other cool guys here, you can say whatever you want. Others, especially around the girls, you have to be more circumspect."

"Circumspect?"

"Yeah, discrete. There are some people you can say things to and others you can't, just as there are some people you can do things with and others you can't. For instance, you can touch my dick, like you're doing now whenever we are alone, but don't try and touch Mr. Cransky's dick. He'll go ballistic! Mr. Cransky is definitely not cool. Understand?"

"Yeah, I understand."

"You have to be very, very careful who you reveal things to. I figured you were cool and I was right."

"Thanks. Will my dick ever be as big as yours?"

"Once you get a little more hair around your dick, it'll start to get bigger."

"Really?"

"Yeah. You're bigger now than you were a few years ago. Right?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"You just have to give yourself time to grow."

"Yeah, but I want to be bigger now. Is there a way I can do that?"

"Fertilizer!" laughed Joey. "You can fertilize it!"

"I'm serious," said David smarting from the sting of a perceived put down.

"I'm serious too. All you need is some extra hormones."

"Where would I get that?"

"From me," answered the older male with a smirk.

"You?"

"Yeah. I'm grown. In addition to sperm, a healthy guy's nuts make a lot of hormones too."

"Yeah, we sort of learned about that at school, but they didn't say what the hormones did."

"The right kinds of hormones that make you grow. They'll make your dick bigger. You know what? The wrong hormones can turn you into a girl."

"You're putting me on now," said David skeptically.

"Serious. What sex you are, how big you grow, where you grow, it's all governed by hormones. Right now, your nuts are starting make certain hormones, it's called puberty. Your voice changes, you become more muscular, you start getting hairy between the your legs, your dick gets bigger. If you're a girl, you develop curves where there weren't any curves before, your tits start growing, hair starts to grow between your legs, you start menstruating."

"Menstruating? What's that?"

"Well, let's see. Once a month a girl's pussy bleeds."

"Ewwww!"

"If you pay attention, you'll notice that for a few days, a girl won't go into the pool."

"Really? How come?"

"They'll bloody up the water, goofus!"

"Oh!... I never knew that."

"They also can be in a really bad mood."

"When?"

"When they're on the rag!"

"Rag?"

"Never mind... All this talk about girls is making me horny."

"Horny?"

"Yeah. Makes me want to beat off. Tell you what. Seeing how I got your rocks off, how about if you return the favor."

"You mean, do this?"

"Oh yeah. That's it. You're a fast learner."

David stroked Joey's big cock diligently until Joey announced, "I'm cumming. I'm cumming. Here it comes. Here it comes." To David's amazement, Joey's dick jerked in his hand as a long rope of semen shot from his cock and splattered across his stomach. Then another jerk, and more cum shot from his dick. Then another, and another, each pulse a little less forceful than the previous one until it no longer flew through the air, but more or less gushed, and then oozed from the tip of his cock.

Breathlessly the councilor whispered, "Mmmm, that felt good, David. Really good," praised a momentarily sated Joey.

"Know what else feels good?"

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Big Mike's promise was right, Millie was having the time of her life, frocking nude in the water with the four naked men. Once her rectitude had diminished and the feeling lessened that someone might be watching them, Millie felt liberated for the first time in her life. They all laughed and played like teenagers splashing about, playing tag and other innocent games. The way the men ogled her naked body made her feel as beautiful as Mike had said she was. The fact that the men quite often displayed erections intrigued and beguiled her.

Even Lenny was giving her the attention that he rarely displayed, hugging and kissing her. Now and then he would cop a feel of her tits as much for show as a demonstration of his affection.

"Now that everybody is relaxed," said Big Mike, "I have a game we play at the nudist camp. It's called... uh, Discovery. Seeing that we have four guys and only one girl, you're it, Millie. Now, c'mere darling and stand facing the shore; hands to your side. Okay, close your eyes. The object of the game is to guess who it is by using all your senses but sight. No, peaking."

"What if I peak?" giddily challenged Millie.

"You look and you take a penalty," replied Mike in a serious tone.

"Penalty? What's the penalty?"

"You get a spanking," answered Mike with forced firmness.

"Oh, and who does the spanking?" she asked with a wag of her butt.

"I do," replied Mike brightly.

"Oooo, guess I can't cheat."

"You can, but you get penalized. Now close your eyes, baby."

Millie stood stark naked in the knee deep water with her eyes closed. Behind her she could hear the men whispering. "Something bit me!" she suddenly blurted as she danced about in the shallow water with her tits flopping about.

"Its just minnows," reassured a bemused Mike. "They won't hurt you. Now stand still."

"But it tickles!"

"If one bites your butt, I'll kiss it and make it well. Now turn around and close your eyes. Open your eyes again and you'll be sorry."

Millie stood as instructed, but soon the little fish were nibbling on her legs and causing her to move about.

"Be still, Millie. Okay, now who is it?" came the command from somewhere off to her left side. From the tone she knew that it was Big Mike's voice.

Millie stood fast bearing the ticklish assault by the little critters while straining to hear some clue. The only sound she heard was the rustling of the water and songs of a mockingbird and a cardinal.

Someone took her hand and placed it on the bare chest of a man standing in front of her. "Okay, Millie, can you tell me who it is?" said a voice off to one side.

She cautiously felt the man's chest in front of her. He was well muscled and nearly hairless. So it couldn't be Lenny nor could it be Big Mike. She took a stab at it declaring without confidence, "Roger?"

"Very good, Millie," said the voice that she knew to be Big Mike's. The man stepped away and another took his place. This man was solidly built, and very broad. Her fingers trailed through a forest of thick hair. She was tempted to feel lower, but stopped herself at the man's deep navel.

"Who is it?" asked a voice that she recognized as Luke's.

"Big Mike!" she declared with supreme confidence.

"Very good," replied Big Mike lingering a bit to see if her hand would go any lower. It didn't, in fact she pulled it away.

She heard some whispering again. Suddenly she felt someone pressing and rubbing his body into her back.

"Oh, my," she whispered. Then as his hard cock pressed and rubbed against her buttocks she nearly jumped, but gamely stood her ground.

"Who is it?"

"I, I don't know."

"Take a guess."

From the size of the penis pressing into her she reasoned that it wasn't Big Mike. "Uh, Roger!" she blurted with a giggle.

"Wrong!" said Big Mike.

"Who is it?" she asked as the mystery man backed silently away.

"Can't tell you. You have to guess correctly. Okay, let's do it again. Next!"

Moments later another man pressed his body into her backside. This man rubbed her too, but lacked any real enthusiasm.

"Who is it?"

"Uh, Lenny!" she said with a giggle.

"Very good! One down and three to go," announced Big Mike from his place off to the side. Millie jumped up and down with glee. She was enjoying this game. It was naughty, but very innocent too.

"Okay, next!" said a new voice from her right side. She knew that voice. It was her husband Lenny.

Moments later she felt a man pressing and rubbing his body against her back. Again she deduced that it wasn't Big Mike and it wasn't her husband. Seeing that she had guessed Roger the first time and got it wrong she blurted out, "Luke!"

Instantly she realized her error, but not before Lenny announced, "Wrong! Okay next!"

Inwardly she smiled, expecting Big Mike to be next, she was puzzled when she felt the mystery man at her back. It wasn't Big Mike. Correctly deducing that it would be Luke's turn, she called "Luke!"

She was rewarded by Luke whispering in her ear, "Very good, gorgeous," as he continued to rub his own substantial endowment into her ass.

"Okay, Luke," said Lenny. "Luke!" Millie was disappointed to feel the hard cock pull away.

The next man, she instantly knew to be Roger, as he was larger than her husband, but was nowhere near the size of the big man.

With growing excitement and visions of her zucchini-lover in the flesh, Millie finally felt the massive bulk of Big Mike press into her, his cock felt huge as it nestled into the valley of her buttocks. Thinking the game would be over once she said his name, Millie hesitated enjoying the feel of Big Mike and his masculinity against her body. Unconsciously she ground back into his groin savoring the hot feel of his thick turgid cock.

"Who is it?" asked Lenny the third time with exasperation.

"Uh, uh, I don't know."

"Bull shit!" said her husband. "There's only one person left!"

"Uh, Big Mike?" she replied playing dumb.

"Oh, you're brilliant!" chided her annoyed husband.

A hot flash and a shiver ran down her spine to her pussy when Big Mike tenderly kissed the nape of her neck softly saying, "No, you're beautiful. Very beautiful." He stepped back and glared at Lenny. Millie caught her breath and turned thinking the game was over.

"You looked!" said Big Mike accusingly.

"The game's over!" she protested.

"No, it's not!" declared Big Mike. "You know what that means!" he said grabbing her by her wrist.

"You can't be serious!" she protested as she was hauled away to a half submerged tree trunk. "Aren't there snakes in there," she asked in genuine alarm.

"We scared all the snakes off hours ago," replied Big Mike as he straddled the log and pulled her over his lap. "Now you peaked so you have to pay the price."

Millie was giggling until Big Mike's big open hand landed smack on her wet butt. The resounding, 'CRACK!' set the birds in flight from the surrounding trees. "Owwww!" she hollered as she arched her back. "Owwww!" she hollered again as the second blow landed next to the bright red handprint left by the first blow. "I won't do it again!" she pleaded. 'CRACK!' "Owwwww! Pleasssseee stop!"

Big Mike stopped and admired his handiwork of three perfect handprints glowing red from her soft butt checks. "There, there," he cooed as he rubbed her stinging flesh. "Punishment is over."

Rather than be outraged, Millie discovered that she was somehow aroused by the experience. They remained in place for a minute or two with Mike gently rubbing her bare rump until Lenny started to wade over. Seeing Lenny's approach, the boss simply pointed his finger at his underling and glared. Remembering what Mike had said earlier, to Lenny the message was clear. He retreated not willing to challenge his boss. After all, he told himself, he had agreed to this, sort of, and his livelihood was possibly at stake.

"C'mon, sweetheart," said Big Mike. "Time for round two."

Disappointed that moment had passed, Millie stood up and rubbed her butt. Her disciplinarian duly noted the faint smile on her face before leading her back to the game site.

"Okay, now hands to the side and close your eyes," instructed Big Mike.

Millie followed the directions, but was tempted to peak. She decided that perhaps she would peak later, but for now she would play the game. Again behind her she could hear whispering, but couldn't make out what was being said.

"You lost fair and square twice," whispered Big Mike. "I promised not to do anything she didn't want to do. You promised not to be a friggin'worm!"

"I didn't say anything," said Lenny defensively.

"Did I say anything?" he asked looking about for support and finding none.

"You just keep your mouth shut! If and when she says 'no', I won't press her. Now, we're all having a good time, right? Let's keep it that way."

Millie was straining to make out what was being said. There was a momentary silence until from somewhere in front of her she heard her husband say, "Okay, Millie. Who is it?"

"There's nobody..." she said just as the massive form of Big Mike again pressed into her back. "Oh gawd!" she moaned as his hands boldly slid over her tits from behind. It took a moment before she realized that her husband was silently watching the whole thing as Big Mike brazenly felt her up.

"Nice," whispered Big Mike in her ear. "Very nice indeed."

"Uh, who is it?" croaked Lenny. Millie moaned softly as the big fingers rolled her stiff nipples. "Millie, who is it?"

"Mike," she said breathlessly.

"No, shit, Sherlock," hissed her husband.

With a dismissive wave of his hand, Big Mike took over as the master of ceremonies. Big Mike nodded to Luke and called "Next!" Grinning ear to ear, Luke approached the flushed woman who was waiting anxiously to be molested again, but before he got there Big Mike called him over for a quick consultation.

"She's hot for it, Luke," Mike whispered.

"Lenny looks pissed."

"Fuck him."

"I'd rather fuck her," Luke chuckled.

"Me too," replied Mike before imparting his instructions.

Luke circled around in front of Millie who was expectantly waiting for the game to continue. The afternoon romp and especially the nudist game had been risqué, but now it was becoming downright wicked. The fact that Lenny hadn't objected to what Big Mike had done to her just proved to her that she really didn't mean anything to him at all. Rather than being hurt, she was excited and aroused. She'd never had this much fun in her entire dreary life.

She felt the excitement, especially between her legs. The yearning had been building ever since she innocently took off her dress onshore. Now as she lusted for Mike to touch her again, the tingling in her pussy was becoming almost unbearable. Her breathing became increasingly ragged as her mind filled with the mental image of Big Mike taking her right in front of Lenny.

Knowing the men were watching, she fought the urge to touch herself. It was somewhat of a shock when she felt moist lips surround her stiff nipple and she almost opened her eyes. She felt the tongue swirl about her brownish aureole and then the teeth gently bit and pulled on her engorged teat. Whoever it was didn't touch her anywhere else. There was only the strange mouth on her nipple, slurping and licking and nibbling and sucking on it teasingly causing her to moan like a sick cat.

"Who is it?" croaked Lenny. It was obvious to all from Lenny's raging hard-on that he too was turned on by the scandalous game centered around his naked wife.

"I, I, I don't know," moaned his wife who actually thought it was Big Mike, but who didn't want such a quick end to her pleasure.

"Well, take a guess," her husband said breathlessly in a lame attempt to bring on an end to this salacious segment.

"I, I, ohhhh, that feels soooo nice."

Roger had his instructions from Big Mike. Silently he prodded Lenny to continue and finally got the perplexed husband to call out, "Next."

Millie was happy that the wonderful laving on her right tit continued even after his turn was over. "Oh gawd," she moaned as a new pair of lips surrounded her left nipple. Her hands rose from her sides, cupping the two men behind the head and pressing them into her bosom. Each man in turn reached around to cup and kneed a fleshy ass cheek as they lewdly sucked her tits. She didn't have presence of mind to analyze just who hands were on her ass, nor did she care. The decadence of simply having two men simultaneously feeling her ass and sucking her tits caused her knees tremble to the point of threatening collapse.

Mike motioned for Lenny to stay quiet, but approach his wife. When he was in the position Mike wanted, Mike tapped Luke's and Roger's shoulders for them to move away. As soon as the pleasuring mouths separated from her now very sensitive tits, Millie softly protested, "Noooo, don't stop. Not yet. Please?"

Taking Millie's hand he guided it to her husband's hard cock. With a throaty groan she wrapped her delicate fingers around the hot turgid cock and squeezed.

"Who is it, Millie?" asked Luke standing off to the side.

"Mike? Is it Mike?" she asked hopefully.

Mike took her free hand and guided it to his own stiff manhood. Unable to close her fingers around the thick dick she blurted, "Oh, god, you're Mike!" as she squeezed and gently pulled on both erections. A hand, big and rough, went between her slightly parted legs and grazed her sopping labia. Despite the threat of another spanking, Millie was unable to resist opening her eyes.

"You're all wet, darling," said Big Mike softly as he pulled his wet hand from her pussy. Wide-eyed and broiling with lust, Millie desperately looked from Mike to Lenny and back Mike.

"See, it was Lenny's dick you were holding first," said Mike. "See how excited you've gotten him. See how much he wants you. He does love you, Millie. He just needed a new way of showing you. He wants you, Millie. He wants you now. Here darling, lean on me... Let go of his dick... that's it sweetheart. Now spread your legs a little. Your husband is going to fuck you, so just relax and enjoy his cock."

Lenny's relationship with his boss had always been a contentious one. Over the years that they had worked together Big Mike had squashed his ego on a regular basis, as well as humiliated him in front of his co-workers. Today as events unfolded under Big Mike's direction and as Millie's passions soared, Lenny had expected Big Mike to make a cuckold out of him. Now that moment was at hand, to Lenny's utter surprise, Big Mike deferred to Lenny. Mike hadn't been preparing his wife for himself, Lenny realized, he had prepared her for him!

"Well, show her you love her," urged Big Mike in a friendly tone. "She's yours, Lenny. She wants you. Take her." Lenny beamed as he realized what a good friend Big Mike was after all. He had shown both he and Millie the best time of the lives together. "Go on, do her," urged his boss with a disarming smile.

Lenny stepped up from behind and poked his achingly erect dick between her legs until he found the right spot. Her slick puffy labia parted, allowing him easy entry. "Oh god, yessss!" she hissed as her husband filled her burning cunt with his cock.

Grasping his wife by her fleshy hips, Lenny started to slowly fuck her. In response, Millie pushed her hips back to meet her husband's thrusts. All the while her husband fucked her, she braced herself on Big Mike's broad shoulders and maintained a firm grip on his big cock. Big Mike in turn, reached between her legs again, easily slipping into her opened gash to find her aroused love button.

Millie whimpered and groaned, making soft mewing noises as her orgasm began to quickly build under the coordinated attack on her pussy.

"Squeeze his dick with your pussy," instructed Mike. "Squeeze when he's pulling out. Give him the best fuck of his life and make him yearn for more."

She began to buck her hips and thrash about, destroying the rhythm they had established. In response, Lenny fucked her harder and harder, pounding into her soft ass. With each impact of his groin with her backside, her butt cheeks shook like Jell-O.

Millie was screaming out her pleasure now, her voice echoing off the steep banks of the creek bed. Luke and Roger had by now repositioned themselves to get the best view of the copulation they could. Something caught Luke's eye and he looked up at the railroad trestle. Up on top, sitting on the edge, two young black boys were taking in the show. Luke gave them a friendly wave and they both waved back, their white teeth gleaming between their wide smiles.

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Sitting alone in his customerless bookstore, mindlessly watching kiddie porn, David became lost in the recollection of the ass reaming he'd gotten the night before. His butt still throbbed, a reminder of not only the vigorous sodomy by his big neighbor, but of the fisting his little Billy did to him. The dull, throbbing then reminded him of the night Joey took his virginity in every manner. How the camp councilor had cornholed him over and over throughout the night, and how he had David sucking his stinking cock to get him hard again and again.

He remembered the next day, how his ass throbbed all day and how Joey fucked him again that very next night in the pool shower. Indeed, nearly every night thereafter Joey took him to the showers at the pool and fucked him. The pool was relatively remote, off the beaten path, off limits and normally locked during the night. Of course Joey had a key and nothing was off limits to him. At night, it was the safest, most private place in the entire camp for nefarious activities. If someone should came by and discover them, it would be perfectly normal for them to be naked. It was also the best place to clean up after sodomy.

He remembered how much fun it was at first, fun and taboo. The taboo part was the best he remembered. During the day, the lifeguards at the pool had him sucking their cocks in the equipment room.

The vivid memory of the night that Joey invited the camp cook to join them at the pool showers came back in to him. Sarge was a retired Army cook, short and somewhat portly, he had a gruff demeanor that made David afraid of him. He remembered how friendly he was once he met up with them in the shadows. How he rubbed his head and made David feel like he had genuine affection for the boy. David remembered the butterflies he felt in his stomach as the three of them walked down the dark path to the pool.

Once inside, they quickly stripped and showered off the day's sweat and grime. David remembered Sarge handing him the soap and telling him to wash his backside. How his soapy hands rubbed the man's hairy back, before rubbing on the man's hairy haunches.

"Get inside my crack, real good will ya?" It was an invitation that David readily accepted and he did a very good job indeed with Sarge holding his butt cheeks apart so he could get to his anus that much easier. Satisfied that his ass was clean, Sarge turned so the boy could minister to his front. With a shortness of breath, David remembered the feel of the old man's large turgid penis in his small hands. He wasn't as long as Joey was, but he was thicker, much thicker. "Got me good and clean?" Sarge asked with a friendly smile.

"Yes, sir."

Sarge then took the soap and lathered David up, washing his dick, washing his balls and washing his ass. The ass washing quickly morphed into finger penetration.

"Joey, watch the door, will ya?" said the middle-aged man.

Joey moved to the doorway and took up position as guard. Sarge's fingers left the boy's ass and slid up his back to the top of David's head, where his stubby fingers intertwined with David's hair."You ready to have your ass fucked, kid?" the man snarled as his grip tightened.

Using his superior strength, Sarge forced David downward until he was prone on the cold concrete floor. With his free hand Sarge lifted David's hips, positioning his substantial cock at the boy's asshole. Trained by Joey's cock, David's sphincter opened just enough for the older man's thick cock to gain advantage. With little regard for the boy, Sarge roughly shoved his fat cock up David's boy pussy.

After that night, Sarge fucked him whenever and wherever the cook felt safe. In the pantry room, in his private quarters, in the pool showers or off in woods in the dirt, the old man fucked him, calling him his faggot boy and his boy pussy. He was never fun and never reciprocated like Joey did. Instead, he routinely brutalized the boy. David fearing exposure, wasn't allowed to refuse and after a few weeks, it wasn't so much fun anymore.

He remembered how slack his sphincter became, to the point that he couldn't control his bowls. Joey's solution was stick a girl's tampon up his butt. It wasn't until he was home for two weeks before the abused muscle ring regained elasticity.

Still, the recent butt fucking brought back good feelings. "Who needs Julia," he said out loud.

"I beg your pardon?" said the old lady jolting him from his daydream. Somehow she had managed to come through the door without David hearing the bell.

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Spent, Lenny's soft cock slipped from his wife's pulsating pussy followed by a trickle of semen that ran down her thighs. Breathless, she was still leaning against Mike with her head buried in his hairy chest with his cock in her hand. Mike stroked her hair as she began recovering from the wonderful fucking.

Once she was more or less back to earth, Mike asked, "Tell me, pretty lady, what do you want the most in the world? What would give you the most happiness?"

"Babies. I want a baby," she whispered.

The answer took Mike by surprise. They way she had been squeezing his cock, he was certain that she would say, 'I want you to fuck me.' Instead she said she wanted babies.

The native intelligence that had served him so well in life kicked in. 'This could be even better,' he thought. The possibilities that flashed through his mind sent a surge of blood to his already stiff cock. "Of course you do," he replied quickly regaining his balance. "You'd make a wonderful mother, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I want a baby."

"You want a baby to hold, to love and to nurture. I bet you want lots of babies." Millie shook her head in the affirmative.

Stroking her hair and thinking back, Mike knew that she desperately wanted children. He knew that because Lenny had told him. Lenny had told him everything. How they both came from large families with lots of brothers and sisters and how they both wanted a large family too. Ten kids? Yeah, ten kids was the goal.

Lenny told him how he had contracted the mumps when he was a senior in high school. 'Never been so miserable in my life,' he said. 'My balls we so swollen that I thought they might explode. And hurt... I'd take a kick in the balls any day over that constant agony. Can you imagine being ruptured for days on end? That's what it was like.' Then they got married and started right away trying to have kids, but to no avail. At first they thought there might be something wrong with Millie, but everything checked out just fine. Then they discovered the culprit was his very low sperm count. For all practical purposes, the mumps had rendered him sterile. Lenny had confided to him how his self esteem as a man plummeted because he couldn't provide his wife with the one thing they both wanted most in this world, babies. From there, their marriage pretty much tanked becoming a marriage of convenience rather than a marriage of love and caring for each other.

"Yes, I know, darling. Lenny told me everything, how he can't give you the one thing you want most in the world. He told me how it has torn you two apart. That's why we're here today, Millie. Lenny wanted to show you how much he really loves you. He knows how much you want a baby. He wants a baby too, don't you Lenny?"

Lenny still reeling from the best fuck ever with his wife replied, "Yeah, I love kids."

"He loves kids too, Millie. You know that. That's why he spends so much time working with Little League and Youth Basketball. Now do you really want a baby? More than anything in the world?"

"Yes," she answered with tears now streaking her cheeks.

"Now, we have all talked about this. The four of us. And Lenny agrees," he lied. "All you need is some sperm, Millie. Do you understand me? Lenny doesn't have any sperm. That's not his fault, it's just the way it is. But we do, Millie. We'll give you our sperm, Millie. We'll give you that baby you and Lenny want so much. That's really why you're here today, darling. To get a baby."

Her eyes widened at the proposition. She'd never considered anything like this before, but it somehow made sense to her.

"What are friends for, if not to help each other out?" continued Big Mike. "Now, this doesn't go beyond our little group here, so whatever you decide, no one will ever know but us."

"Who would..." she began before her words failed her. How could she ask who would father her child?

"Who'd be the father? This will be your child and Lenny's. I think it's best if you didn't know exactly who the father is. Don't you agree? As far as the world knows, it will be Lenny's child. As far as we know, we won't be sure, and it won't be important."

"I don't understand. Why wouldn't I know?"

"Because we're all going to make love to you, Millie. The three of us, me, Luke and Roger. That way, no one will know for sure."

"I, I can't do that," she replied tearfully.

"Why not?"

"I just can't."

"Then we can't give you the baby you deserve."

"But it's, it's..."

"It's the only way, darling," Big Mike said smoothly and soothingly.

"I... okay." Then gaining confidence she said more forcefully, "Okay! Yes! I want a baby!"

"Then tell Lenny what you want."

"Lenny, oh Lenny, please... I want a baby! I want a baby so bad," the freshly fucked woman pleaded to her sterile husband.

Lenny was dumbstruck. It all sounded logical, but... "I don't..."

Mike cut him off with a sharp glare and a throat cutting motion. He stepped up to his underling and got right into his face, looming over the smaller man. In a low voice so Millie couldn't hear, Mike laid into him. "No back peddling, no welshing, Lenny! You said you wouldn't interfere! Now your wife wants to give you a son, maybe a daughter. She wants to get knocked up in the worst way and by god we're going to knock her up and make the lady happy! Today! In the next few minutes! So get used to it! Now tell her. Tell her you want a baby too! Don't you disappoint her! Tell her that she can have her baby."

Intimidated as always by Big Mike, Lenny readily agreed. "Okay, okay," he said automatically without actually thinking.

"Go on."

Lenny cleared his throat. "Yeah. Do it, Millie. Let them put a baby in you. Our baby."

Mike smiled and patted Lenny on the shoulders for doing the right thing. "Now take your sweet wife over to the blanket. We'll be there in a moment."

Big Mike gathered up Luke and Roger to determine the rotation order. As usual, Big Mike showed no hesitation when it came to implementing a plan on the fly. "Boys, we got ourselves a gang bang!" he began with a smile. "We'll do paper-rocks-scissors to see who goes first and last. Sorry, Luke, you're the short timer, so Roger and me will go first." Not wasting a moment, Roger and Big Mike played the game. Mike picked 'rock', but Roger chose 'paper' and as paper covers rock, Roger won first position. Mike turned to Luke and within five seconds, Mike had secured the caboose position as Luke's 'rock' broke his 'scissors'. It was all over with before Lenny and Millie waded to shore.

As the implications of what was about to take place sunk in, Lenny tried to talk for a moment with his wife, but she was so wrapped up in the anticipation that Big Mike was going to make love to her that she didn't hear a word her husband said. His three co-workers were upon them the moment they made it the blanket and his opportunity was lost. Taking over from her befuddled husband, Roger and Luke guided her down on the blanket. To Millie's dismay, Big Mike announced casually, "Roger's first!"

Lying on her back, she looked up as Roger knelt between her legs. While Roger jacked his cut cock to get it good and hard, Luke gently took her arms and pulled them over her head. A feeling of total vulnerability swept over her. Then the reality hit. She wasn't going to be made love to; she was going to be fucked, fucked by three men while her husband watched.

"Ohhhhhhh!" she cried as Roger unceremoniously ran his cock up her cunt, a cunt that had previously been the sole domain of her neglectful husband.

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Jake fumed as he glanced at the clock, it was getting late in the afternoon. Horsefly hadn't come back yet and they had a delivery to make. Not expecting an answer, he rhetorically asked his other black worker, Tyronne, "Where's that nigger?" As he expected, Tyronne remained silent.

"Well, c'mon. Let's get this shit loaded up. If his sorry black ass ain't back in..." His bluster faded as he considered Horsefly's open-ended mission.

"Aw, fuck! Ya just watch. That bastard ain't gonna show up 'til five minutes before quittin' time."

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The trickling of water, the buzzing of insects and the grunting of a rutting male filled the still air by the creek. Millie tits were jiggling about as Roger clinched his teeth, his semen spewing into the depths of Millie's seldom visited love tunnel. Half a dozen grunts and he was finished, for now. Dismounting from the missionary, he smiled at the woman he'd just fucked and simply said, "Thanks, honey."

Millie glanced around and saw that the two young black boys, buck naked and fresh from the creek, were just a few feet away, fondling themselves as they casually observed the whole licentious affair. Unconsciously she tried to cover her nakedness from their stare.

Big Mike merrily sang out, "Next!" Moments later, Luke swung around and positioned himself.

Lenny wanted to look away, but couldn't take his eyes off his sweat-covered wife. Millie gazed up lovingly at the virile young man who was about to fuck her. Luke thrust forward. The soft cry of a lustful female, coupled with the rhythmic staccato of lustful fornication mingled with the other natural sounds of the creek.

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Hours before quitting time, but after the truck was loaded, Jake was pleasantly surprised when Horsefly sauntered in. "Where have ya been? Fucking your little sister?"

"No, suh," laughed the big black man, "But ah wus doin' Tyronne's ho' of a wife!"

Tyronne laughed nervously with his boss and buddy as he knew that the 'joke' could very well have been true.

"Where in the hell have ya been?" asked Jake asserting his authority. "Ya been gone all fuckin' day!"

"Ah did my bess, Massa Jake, ah shore did. Ain't as easy as it sounds. That stuff yo wants, only college kids use dat stuff, an they ain't many of dem 'rounds here."

"Well... did ya get it?"

Horsefly beamed as he produced a small baggie filled with some white powder. "Ah gots it, boss. Ah gots it. Now it ain't easy finding dis stuff, but I finds it." Jake held out his hand for the small bag of drugs.

"'Fore ah gives it to ya, ya remember what ya promised?"

"Yeah, I remember. Tomorrow, Horsefly. I'll bring her tomorrow."

Horsefly beamed broadly, his mind filled with the nude image of the blonde, big-titted white girl that was promised to him for an hour.

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Millie lay on the blanket in a semi-lustful state, gasping for breath, spread out looking and feeling like a well-used whore. Her second fuck, actually third for the day, was good, but wasn't very satisfying. Luke knew how to pleasure a lady, that was for sure, but he had ejaculated before she had reached her point of no return. Her hand felt her puffed up labia and the wetness that leaked from her. Next to her, the two black boys knelt in the sand grinning ear to ear. She heard someone say, "Next," as if they were at the local Burger Barn. Suddenly she felt shame for what she was doing.

Looking up she saw Big Mike looming above her, his impressive organ jutting from the tangle of reddish pubic hair. For some reason her attention was drawn to the tattoo of a dragon coiled around one forearm. Around the other forearm, but heading up his arm was a snake. She studied his hairy muscular chest and the slight paunch of his belly. It struck her as odd that he would be so dark above the waist, yet so white below, but then again, all the men, her husband included, sported the same two-tone scheme.

Mike knelt down beside her, leaned over and kissed her full on the lips. "Do you have any idea just how beautiful you are right this moment?" he whispered sending her spirits soaring. "Beautiful and sexy?" His hand caressed her full tits as he smiled down at her.

"What about those boys? They shouldn't..."

"Forget about them. They're just kids.

"Now c'mon, baby, get up on your hands and knees for me. I'm gonna fuck ya doggie-style."

She'd never done it like that with Lenny. She never would let him. To fuck like a couple of dogs? It was obscene, maybe even immoral! Still, as Big Mike gently positioned her, she allowed it.

"Hey, Lenny, c'mere," called Big Mike to her husband. "Sit here, Lenny...Yeah, just spread your legs forward and support yourself with your arms." Lenny took up the position in front of his wife, his legs straddling her arms. "Scoot up some." Lenny butt crawled forward a few inches.

"Sweetheart, Lenny tells me you never suck his dick." With those words, Millie blushed furiously.

"Now listen to me... a good wife sucks her husband's dick at least twice a week, if not more. In fact, a really good wife will suck him daily. Now, I don't know the full story behind whatever problems you two have been having, but the problems stop, today. Now be a good girl, take Lenny's dick in your mouth and suck him while I fuck you. He'll like it, I promise you. And if he likes it, you'll like it too. Trust me. Now, go on."

"But that's dirty," she protested meekly looking down at her husband's cut organ.

"His dick ain't dirty! It's his dick. You're supposed to suck it as well as fuck it."

"I don't think I can..."

"That's right. You don't think. From now on you just do it. He's giving you a baby, ain't he? Okay, so give him a blow job!"

Millie hesitated. It was apparent that she wasn't going to comply. A resounding 'CRACK!' filled the air. Millie's head shot up as the stinging blow landing on her bare rump. 'CRACK!' Millie hollered as the assault on her buttocks began. 'CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!' Her butt was ablaze, and she screamed for him to stop, but oddly she never moved away from the punishment.

"Suck his dick, Millie!" came the commanding voice that demanded instant compliance.

Sobbing Millie lowered her head and took her husband's semi-erect dick into her mouth. To her surprise, it wasn't unpleasant at all. Lenny instantly began to refresh his hard-on. Looking up at Big Mike, he smiled broadly as his wife began giving him her first blowjob ever. She lacked skill, but learned quickly, following Big Mike's suggestions to use her tongue on the underside, to tease the head, to gently suck and move her mouth over the stalk. Soon the act that she had always considered disgusting and wicked wasn't so disgusting anymore. It was still wicked, but delightfully wicked. She did worry that he might pee in her mouth, but somehow managed to put that thought aside and simply concentrate on the feel of the spongy organ in her mouth.

Laving away on her husband's cock, she felt Big Mike husky hands grip her by the hips. She moaned at the feel of the broad head of his fat organ pressing between her legs and gaining purchase between her sopping engorged lips, stretching them around his wide girth.

Lenny felt his wife groan around his dick as Big Mike pushed slowly into her, stretching her cunt hole like never before. Millie grunted as the big cock forced her open. Just as she didn't think she could take him, he paused for a moment, then withdrew and reentered her. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before, unlike anything she had ever imagined. Big Mike worked his cock back and forth, restricting his depth until she was comfortable with his size. Then he slowly pushed in deeper. Her clit had by then rotated downward to rub against his vein covered stalk. With each stroke, her passion increased incrementally, until she was panting around the stiff dick in her mouth.

Unbeknownst to her, Roger and Luke had followed their boss' orders to give her no more than a perfunctory first fuck. Just enough to warm her up and establish precedent. They would be back for more.

"Mmmmfff! Mmmmmmffff! Mmmmmmfff!" she moaned non-stop as she became accustomed to the turgid mass sliding ever deeper into her womanhood with each passing minute. Big Mike finally bottomed out on her cervix and the real fucking began. Slowly at first with long slow strokes, he plowed and replowed her cunt. Her tits began to swing and her body began to quake as Big Mike gradually his increased his pace.

Millie's passion grew with each stroke of Big Mike's cock into her cunt. The skin-on-skin friction of his large cock sliding against the velvety ribbed walls of her tight vagina and tightly stretched pussy lips took its toll. The rubbing of her distended clit on his shaft took its toll. The repeated raking of his broad cockhead across her G-spot took its toll. With his cock, Big Mike felt the familiar tremors of a woman going into orgasm.

"She's cumming on my cock, Lenny. Your wife's cumming on my cock!

"Yeah, squeeze it, Millie! That's it, cum on my cock, baby!"

As the vaginal contractions increased, Mike reached forward and grabbed a handful of Millie's brown hair, pulling her head up. Her husband's dick slipped from her voracious mouth and Lenny saw the contorted face of his wife in the throes of pure rapture.

"See how beautiful she is, Lenny? That's the face of orgasm!/P>

"C'mon baby, show Lenny how pretty you are. Show him much you like to be fucked! Oh, yeah, cum my cock, honey! Cum on my fucking cock!" The intense squeezing of her pussy around his cock was too much and Mike felt his balls beginning to boil.

"Get ready, sweetie, old Mike's gonna give ya that baby you want! Yeah, here it comes. Here comes the winning entry in the baby derby! Oh, fuck, I gonna cum. I'm gonna cum. Oh, oh, oh fuck, baby!"

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David rang up the sole legitimate sale for the day, some note cards that the old lady picked out after spending a half hour browsing through the store. 'That won't even cover the utilities for today,' thought David with disgust as he put the meager purchase into a bag. Moments later, he was alone again in his empty store.

Thoughts of Joey and how much fun he had being his butt-boy that summer filled his mind. He considered how the Prophet's boys seemed as happy as he was. Then thoughts of the abuse he received at the hands of the camp cook wiped the serene smile from his face. Boris' boys seemed as miserable as Sarge made him. Then another thought occurred to him, one that he never had before, it was Joey who had delivered him to Sarge.

His thoughts turned to his son, Billy, and how the boy had played with his cock and played with his ass last night. His heart sank. "That never should have happened!" he shouted to the empty store as tears welled up in his eyes. "How could I have allowed that?"

For the next few hours until closing, David reflected on the wrong he had done. 'It's Julia's fault!' he finally rationalized. The woman was as cold as fish and as mean as a junkyard dog. She never allowed him to be a man and take his pleasures with her as a good wife should. Sure, he had purulent inclinations, but he had always kept them at bay. If she'd just listened to the preacher and done her wifely duties, he never would have slept with the boy. He'd never have spanked his children bare butt while the others watched or inadvertently encouraged them to play touchie-feelie games naked in their bedroom. The pleasant visions of his three children naked made his cock stir.

He thought of Kindall, all of nine, and how he had bathed her and her little sister. How she wanted him to touch her inappropriately and how she wanted to see his dick. 'Little tramp,' he thought. Memories came to fore of his struggle with the demons who had urged him to molest the little vamp and her little sister. For the moment he had won that battle, but now swirling in his fevered mind were visions of his dick slipping between her tender nether lips, visions of fingering her, darker thoughts too.

Little Trisha, what must she be thinking? What were she and Kendall doing at night in their bed? 'The little whores... bet they'd both like a fucking,' he thought before he once again recoiled from the evil filling his soul.

Again the thought occurred to him that none of that would have happened if Julia had honored him as her husband. Then another thought occurred to him, a thought that gripped his heart with fear. Julia would find out. That he was certain of. Then what? Divorce? Jail? Yes, he'd go to jail and never come out alive!

If something didn't change soon, he was now certain that he would fuck the boy, possibly even tonight. Hell, he'd fuck the two girls too! But once that line was crossed would he be like Joey or would he be like Sarge? Would he then, like Joey, deliver the boy to be abused by another Sarge? An image of little Trisha being ripped apart by Jake Stringer's thick cock excited and revolted him.

"Oh, God!" he cried out into the empty store. "Help me, Lord. Help me to find strength!"

In his darkest moment, it occurred to him that the preacher was right and that Jake was right. His salvation lay with Julia, with her learning to do her duty to him as his wife. His thoughts then centered on the two neighbor women and how they gladly acted as whores for their husbands.

"Jake is right. Jake is right," he muttered. "I'll do it! By god I'll do it! I'll do it to save my babies!"

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"See, I told you that your wife was hot to trot," remarked Big Mike as the men rode back to the railroad shop. "Damn, once she got going good, she couldn't get enough! I told you that she loves to fuck, Lenny. Treat 'em right and all women love to fuck... except perhaps the bull-dyke types, and I'll bet that even they love a rubber cock up the snatch.

"Now, don't you worry none, Lenny. Soon you'll be a daddy! Me and the boys here, we'll have her knocked up in no time. Meanwhile, you need to treat her right... don't just fuck her, make love to her. You do that and she'll be sucking your dick and fucking your brains out every day just because she loves you.

"Tonight, take her out to dinner, somewhere nice, like Denny's. Tell her how beautiful she is when she's swept away with fuck-lust. Tell her how it was all your idea, to get her pregnant... She'll love that! Yeah, tell her how much you look forward to seeing her belly swelling with a child. Her child will be your child. Then take her home and fuck her.

"Tell you what, if you want, I'll have Ginger come over and talk to her about oral techniques and the secrets of giving a man a great fuck. She can teach Millie how to dress more provocatively, how to do her make up and maybe how to shed a few pounds."

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As soon as Jake pulled into his driveway, David was out to meet him.

"So ya really want me to help ya? Help ya train Julia to be a good wife like my Toni?"

"Please, you've gotta help me, Jake!"

"I'll help ya, little buddy, but I gotta be sure ya understand."

"I understand. I really do."

"Once we start, there'll be no turning back, and no half measures. Ya understand that, don't ya?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Okay, here's what you need to do. First, get rid of the kids. They're in the way. Besides, you don't want 'em to be nosin' 'round. So, send them off somewhere... to grandma's."

"Julia's mother?" asked David with a shiver.

"Yeah, tell her Julia's sick and needs some rest. All grandmother's love their grandkids."

"You don't know Julia's mother."

"She's like her daughter?"

"Maybe worse," replied Davis ruefully.

"Well, that's your problem, little buddy. Deal with it.

Now, tomorrow afternoon... hell, we could get started tonight if ya get your shit together. Either way, once the kids are gone, slip a quarter teaspoon of this powder into a glass of wine and see to it that she drinks it."

"She doesn't drink wine."

"Then give her Coke, root beer, whatever! Just put the shit it in her drink and make sure the bitch drinks it. She'll be out cold in thirty minutes or so, and then we'll get started.

"Oh, yeah, and go get some ropes. Soft ropes that won't cut her... We don't want to hurt her," added Jake with a leer, "we just wanna just fuck her."

**Chapter 22 - LAW AND ORDER**  
  
*Shelly is arrested and brought to court for failing to met her plea bargin, leaving Luke and the boys high and dry for their picnic. Luckily, the Blalocks have good neighbors.*

Shelly was puttering around her kitchen in her new silk robe, fixing up a picnic lunch for the boys, when Toni and Ginger stopped in for morning coffee.

"That is such a gorgeous robe, Shelly!" gushed Toni.

"You really like it?"

"It's beautiful! I didn't think O'Ryan had that kind of taste."

"What's up with the picnic basket?" interjected Ginger as the older woman took a seat at the kitchen table.

"Luke lost a bet, so I have to bring lunch out to the crew today."

"Really? I've heard about those picnics," declared the redhead with a smirk. "They had one yesterday with Millie."

"Who's Millie," asked Toni.

"Lenny's wife," replied Ginger. "He's a fellow who works with Mike and Luke for the railroad. Kind of plain, but she's a sweet girl.

"You wouldn't believe what Lenny let them do to her!" went on Ginger with fiegned shock. "But then again, you already know how they are," she added with a laugh. "Gee, some girls have all the fun. Wish they'd invite me to a picnic."

Shelly poured three cups of coffee and sat down.

Ginger continued, "Mike says that Lenny didn't say a single word once they started on her. Now Mike's a little worried that they may have gone too far."

Indeed, Shelly knew what had happened, but Luke was short on the details. "What on earth did they do?" she asked probing for the lurid details.

"Mike says she went skinny dipping with them. They played a little game and Millie was receptive. When Mike told me that, I couldn't believe it. Millie's so... sheltered, but he swears it true. He said they all fucked her while Lenny watched. Mike claims he fucked her three times. Said she sucked his dick too."

"What did Lenny do?"

"Mike says he fucked her first. After that he just watched."

"Mmmm, sounds like fun," laughed Toni.

"I'll say!" replied Ginger. "You know, it's just not fair!" pouted the older woman. "Here's Shelly, about to go on her second picnic and I've yet to be invited to a single one."

"Maybe you should talk to Mike," interjected Shelly.

"Oh, I did! He said, he doesn't gladly lose a bet, but when he does... I'll have my turn."

"You two are lucky," pouted Toni. "Jake never invites me anywhere!"

There was a knock at the front door. Shelly excused herself and answered it. Opening the door she saw the hulking body of Sheriff Damian Reed. Shelly's pussy twitched at the memory of how the muscular man had pleasured her.

Provocatively she loosened the belt to the robe slightly to show more cleavage. Shelly purred, "Why, Sheriff. How nice to see you. Won't you please come in?"

The sheriff's eyes fixated on the newly bared skin. "Be my pleasure, Ma'am," he answered after moistening his lips. Shelly closed the door behind the hulking man. He spun her around and ran both hands into the red silk robe to cup and caress her full breasts.

Shelly pulled away and remarked coyly, "Uh, I have guests."

"You prick teasing whore," he hissed.

"It's okay, they'll be leaving soon. C'mon, I'll introduce you." Shelly escorted him to the kitchen where her two girl friends were chatting. To Shelly's surprise, Toni greeted the Sheriff as soon as she saw him.

"Damian! Long time no see!"

"Been busy, Toni, much too busy. Whose your friend?" he asked casting a glance towards Ginger.

"This is Ginger. Ginger this is Sheriff Damian Reed. You better watch out, he'll arrest you for the least little thing. Once, he gave me a ticket for doing two miles per hour over the speed limit! And you know what...?"

"That'll do, Toni," interjected the sheriff. He had to be careful about his reputation as a fair, honest lawman and he didn't know this Ginger. Still, if the woman was friend of Toni and Shelly...

"He fucked me, that's what!" continued Toni with mock indignation. "Just for going two miles an hour over the speed limit! Took me out in woods and fucked me on the hood of his squad car!"

"That's enough, Toni. Don't make me arrest you for using obscene language in the presence of a lawman!"

"Ooooo, I'm so fucking scared!"

"You had fair warning, lady!" The sheriff grabbed Toni causing her to squeal with laughter. Spinning her around he slapped handcuffs on her behind her back.

Next door, Julia heard the commotion and looked out her kitchen window to see what was happening at the whore's house. There still weren't any curtains to obscure her view and as the lights were on next door, she could clearly see the Sheriff and the three women. She saw the Beast's harlot go down on her knees.

"Toni Stringer, I'm putting your foul mouth under arrest!"

"Not my pussy?"

"No, just your mouth," replied the Sheriff as he dropped his pants.

"Oh, my word!" exclaimed Ginger as she took measure of the man's prodigious organ.

Next door, Julia gasped at the size of the Sheriff's exceptional cock. Still soft, it was huge. In stunned amazement, she watched the sheriff playfully swing his cock to and fro, slapping the harlot's face with it. Then as it began to harden, it grew in length and girth. Despite her shock and disgust, Julia remained riveted to the window, watching the harlot try and lick the sizeable penis as the Sherriff pummeled her face with it.

The Sheriff grabbed Toni by the ears. Like a baby bird, Toni opened her mouth as wide as she could, while he teased her lips with the fat oozing head. Well before he was fully erect, he began plunging in and out of Toni's mouth. Sticking it in, pulling it out until there was a frothy spittle that connected them whenever he completely withdrew. Once he was hard enough, he began to ram it down her throat.

Both Ginger and Shelly were amazed as Toni took the great dick seemingly without much trouble. The only visible discomfort was that her throat bulged obscenely as he fucked deep into her throat.

"You suck dick good, Toni," he whispered loud enough for all to hear. "You've always sucked dick good."

Turning to Ginger and by way of explanation he offered, "Voted best cocksucker by our high school football team, three years in a row. She's still the best cocksucker too!"

The lewd mouth fucking continued nonstop until at last he pulled all but the fat head from her mouth and grunted. With each grunt, his cock throbbed and his ass cheeks clinched as he unloaded in her mouth. Being the good cocksucker that she was, Toni gulped down every savory drop that was pumped into her mouth.

Having busted his nut, the Sheriff pulled his semi-erect dick from Toni's voraciously sucking maw and pulled up his pants. Shelly felt a twinge of jealously at the attention Toni was getting from the Sheriff, after all, he came to see her, not Toni.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit, Sheriff," asked Shelly in her most syrupy voice.

"This is official business," replied the big man as he zipped up his fly.

"Oh?"

"I had you scheduled for community service this morning. You didn't show up."

"I, I didn't know about..."

"The terms of your sentencing were clear," he said as he uncuffed Toni. "If you'd rather do jail time..."

"No, no, no! I just didn't know about today. This is the first I've ever heard..."

"Well, now you know, Missy. Ladies, you will have to excuse your hostess. She's under arrest."

"Oh, you can't be serious, Damian," huffed Toni wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"I am serious," he replied coldly but politely.

"But I can't... not today... I have to... I have to go meet my husband."

"Meet him another day."

"Don't worry your head about the picnic, Shelly," chimed in Ginger, "You've got the food all ready. I'll go in your place!"

'That'd be so perfect,' thought Shelly. "Would you?" she gushed. Even though she was looking forward to the picnic, spending the day with the Sheriff and his deputies sounded even better.

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Soon, after Shelly left with the Sheriff, Jake came home unexpectedly well before lunch. Barging into Shelly's kitchen via the backdoor he gruffly demanded, "Where's that big titted cunt?"

"You mean Shelly?" replied his somewhat surprised wife.

"Of course I mean Shelly!"

Taking another sip of her coffee, Ginger offered flatly, "The Sheriff arrested her."

"Whada'ya mean?"

"He didn't actually arrest her. She had community service today and..."

"Aw fuck! I promised..."

"Promised what?" asked his wife suspiciously. "You promised Shelly? Who did you promise her to and for what?"

"Never mind. I jus' needed her ass for a few hours.

"Well, guess she can do it another time," the big man groused.

"I'd stay and have coffee with you two pussies, but I've got furniture to deliver. So, if ya'll excuse me, ladies..."

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Walking into the sheriff's office, handcuffed and unable to close the billowing silk robe she wore, Shelly felt that all eyes were upon her. In actuality there were only two deputies doing paper work in the office. They did look and stare. Who wouldn't look at the voluptuous blonde who was being paraded practically nude through the office. They recognized her too as the whore they had all fucked just a few nights before.

"Time for community service?" hopefully asked one deputy.

"That's an affirmative, Bruce," replied the Sheriff brightly. "So get your dicks warmed up, boys. You can have her after I'm finished with her."

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Big Mike's jaw dropped when he saw the two women pile out of his wife's car. Both were wearing bikini tops with a sarong wrap around their waists. The top of his wife's green number barely contained her bouncing freckled tits. He knew good and well that underneath the sarong wrap she wore sting bottoms, the crotch of which always rode up into her slit for a bare camel toe. Toni was wearing a sunny yellow outfit that contrasted sharply with her dark olive skin. The material of her top was so thin that the outline of her dark nipples and nipple rings was plainly visible. Mike wasn't sure of what was under her sarong, but Luke knew for certain that is was just a couple of yellow strings that left precious little to the imagination.

"Holy shit, Mike! Ain't that yer wife?" exclaimed Lenny. "Man. I'll fuck that in a heartbeat!"

"Who's the other cunt?" asked Roger.

"That's Toni, my next door neighbor," replied Luke. "Jesus, I wonder if Jake knows she's here?"

"Who gives a shit? She's here now," stated Lenny. "Christ, what a body! You can practically see her friggin' nipples. Oh... my... gawd! The cunt's got pierced tits!"

"Ginger! What in hell are you doing here?" growled Big Mike as the two women approached with coy smiles upon their faces.

Ginger handed her husband the blanket she was carrying and then twirled around. In doing so her sarong flared, allowing the men a glimpse of her minimalist bottoms and a peek at her firm freckled ass.

"Damn it! Answer me woman!"

"You like?" she laughed. Her husband may have intimidated everyone else, but he didn't intimidate Ginger in the least.

"What the hell's goin' on? Where's Shelly?"

"She couldn't make it, so... we volunteered to stand in her place."

"Hell, you ain't gonna be standing lady," snickered Lenny.

"Lenny, shut up!" snapped his boss.

"Whadda mean she couldn't make it?" asked Luke concerned that his wife had disobeyed him. "I told her to be here!"

"She apparently had an appointment with the Sheriff. She's down at the jail... doing hard time."

"Oh, yeah. The community service thing," mumbled Luke with irritation. He was not at all pleased with the situation. It wasn't that he minded her getting fucked, hell she liked that, liked it a lot it seemed; what he minded was the lack of control he had over the matter. She was his wife, he should have a say as to who fucked her and when they could fuck her. But with the Sheriff, he had no say so on the matter of who, when or where the Sheriff and his men could have their way with her. It was supposed to be what? Twenty-four hours on her back? After that, he was quite sure that another charge would be trumped up requiring an additional twenty-four hours of putting out. And after that, another twenty-four hours of whoring for free. The fact was he couldn't do a damned thing about the situation, and that fact gnawed on him.

Luke was snapped back to the present situation when Toni abruptly knocked into his arms after escaping an ineffectual groping by Lenny.

"Does Jake know you've come out here to get fucked?" asked Luke as he held Toni in his arms.

"Who said anything about fucking?" laughed Toni.

"Toni, these guys were expecting to, uh..."

"Fuck Shelly?"

"Yeah," replied Luke sheepishly.

"You were going let these guys gangbang your wife?"

"Yeah! What of it? So... who do ya think they'll gangbang now?"

"Not me! I am married woman! If I did anything like that, it'd be adultery. Of course, you and me could do it, and that'd be alright, and maybe I could do Mike too, but the other guys... no way! Jake wouldn't like that."

"Then what did ya expect?"

"Oh, Ginger and I decided we'd just flirt... maybe show a little flesh... maybe put on show for you boys. But only if they promise that they'll behave themselves and show us the proper respect. Besides, Ginger said that Mike would make sure nothing happened."

About that time Big Mike roared, "Listen up men! These girls didn't come out here to substitute for Shelly. They just came out to feed us and give us a little company during for lunch. If anyone gets any ideas and molests one these girls, you'll get your ass fired!

"Understand that, Lenny?"

Lenny glared at his boss. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair at all. After all, they had all fucked his Millie yesterday. Not only that, but Ginger was here as Shelly's substitute, so why couldn't they fuck her? She herself had said so much. 'Fucking hypocrite,' the underling mumbled to himself. And what about the other woman, the short Italian girl? She wasn't anyone's wife. Certainly she was fair game. 'Yeah, sweet talk her bikini off and slam bam, just like yesterday,' he thought. It just wasn't fair.

Roger was disappointed, but as usual he took it all in stride. He had certainly been looking forward to running his cock up Luke's hot slut wife again, but she wasn't here. What the boss said went and that was that.

"Roger, you and Lenny go get the food out of Ginger's car," ordered Big Mike. "We'll set up by the creek where we were yesterday. Least it'll be cooler down there."

Lenny was grumbling to Rodger as they fetched the goodies. "Lighten up, Lenny," counseled Rodger, "all fucking morning, wasn't it you who was telling us over and over how after yesterday, Millie's suddenly become obsessed with sucking your dick and how she fucked your brains out last night? And wasn't it you who said that Millie's on cloud nine because she's now gonna have a baby? And wasn't it you lamenting that you weren't sure if you could get it up today to fuck Shelly because Millie had gotten your rocks off so many times last night and early this morning?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Big Mike did you a big favor yesterday. He tore down some walls between you two and loosened her up to enjoy sex. Hell, we all did you a big favor. And now you're whining?"

"Well, I... aw, fuck!" Lenny was on loosing ground and he knew it. Big Mike was doing it to him again, making him seem like a fool. "Okay, okay," he grumbled. "But I'd still like to fuck those two."

"Me too! Me too... That little short one is hot, hot, hot. But I ain't going get fired for sticking my dick where it don't belong!"

Down by the creek bank where the crew had gangbanged Lenny's wife yesterday, Toni and Ginger went about the business of laying out a blanket for the picnic lunch. Luke and Mike were off to the side discussing the situation. The women's attention was drawn to the two black boys who were frolicking naked in the creek. "Aren't they adorable," giggled Toni.

"Mike said those two watched the whole thing yesterday. Guess they've come for another show," replied Ginger wryly.

"You don't mind them watching, do you?"

"Not at all. Might just teach them something."

Just out of earshot Big Mike and Luke were discussing the situation. "Toni loves a gang fuck," stated Luke, "but there's no way we can all fuck her without Jake's permission."

"Well, if we all can't fuck her, then you can't either. Wouldn't be fair to the others," declared Mike as he pondered what to do.

"What about Ginger?"

"Ginger? Hell, I didn't loose her pussy in poker! I don't mind you fucking her, Luke, but I'll be damned if I just let Lenny crawl up between her legs."

"Ya know, we're gonna have a problem if Toni takes her wrap off. I've seen that bikini before. There's nothing to the bottoms but a couple of strings. Lenny's gonna go berserk when she wags that ass!"

"You've got a point. The bottoms Ginger has on rides up into her slit. Revealing would be an understatement. Maybe we should tell them to keep the wraps on."

"Good idea, Mike."

While lunch was served, the men ogled the two women who both took great delight in bending over so that the men could see down their tops. The two black boys were grateful that the two ladies had offered them lunch too and unabashedly sat naked just off the blanket with sand sticking to their dark skin.

At one point Ginger boldly rubbed her husband's crotch with her foot to check his state of arousal. If Big Mike didn't have a hard-on from that, the other men's pricks nearly exploded. Seeing Lenny rubbing himself, Ginger gave him a saucy smile and a wink.

With lunch over, Lenny suggested that they all go for a swim. "Good idea!" beamed Toni. "It's hot down here!" Flashing her radiant smile, she dropped her wrap to the ground. When Lenny saw the yellow string disappear between her pussy lips he nearly choked. But then she turned and walked towards the water flaunting her near nudity. With the spectacle of her firm bare ass sexily flexing, Lenny's imagination went into high gear.

Before Mike had a chance to tell Ginger to keep her wrap on, it too was in the sand.

"Oh, goddamn, Mike!" exclaimed Lenny. "Your wife's a slut! So is the other one! I vote we do 'em!"

Big Mike turned amd glared at Lenny. "Shut the fuck up, will ya?"

"Aw, come on..."

"I said I'd fire your ass! So don't make me do it!"

"Well, no harm in looking! Think I'll join them." Lenny kicked off his boots and socks and then stood to drop his jeans and boxers. Naked he boldly waded out into the water towards the two women.

"Good idea," rejoined Luke as he stripped.

"Yeah, let's go for a swim," conceded Mike knowing things could get out of hand quickly if he weren't there to stop it. "Roger, you coming?"

"Yes, sir!" answered Roger with a grin.

Soon Toni and Ginger were surrounded with four naked men and two naked black boys splashing about in the water. As the play continued, Big Mike struggled to keep a lid on things as neither Toni nor Ginger shared his reticence. Mike's men deferred to their boss, but all had trouble ignoring the dick-grabbing game the girls were inflicting upon them.

Mercilessly Toni and Ginger teased the men. Poor Lenny was beside himself. Obviously both women were hot sluts and he yearned to fuck one or both of the women, but he feared for his job. 'It would be just like Mike to set me up like this,' he thought, 'and then fire me.' His restraint was made even harder when Toni took his cock in hand and lewdly fondled him.

"Does that feel good?" she asked while gently stroking Lenny's painfully erect cock.

"Oh, fuck me!" he exclaimed.

"Damn it, Mike! Can't we fuck her?"

"I said, no! And that's final!" growled his boss.

"I can't fuck you anyway, baby," Toni purred, "my husband would be furious with you. But he wouldn't mind me getting you off. Would you like that, sweetie?"

"Fuck this job," moaned Lenny. "I gotta have you."

"No, no, no. I've got you... see? Now just relax. Close your eyes and concentrate on what I'm doing to your cock... Mmmm, doesn't that feel nice?"

"Oh, fuck... I'm gonna cum," Lenny whispered. "Ahhhhh!"

Toni giggled gleefully as long streams of cum shot from Lenny's dick and splashed across her chest. Lenny felt weak at the knees as he orgasmed. It wasn't necessarily the cum he wanted, but it would do.

After making Lenny cum, Toni was really feeling horny. She wanted to play in the worst way, but Mike was spoiling a good time. Then she had an idea. Leaving Lenny with a wilting prick, she took one of the black boys into the shallows. To everyone's astonishment, she knelt in the water and began sucking the boy's black penis.

The boy was as surprised as the men were. He and his buddy sucked each other often, but he'd never been treated to a blowjob from an experienced woman before and a white woman at that. It felt so incredibly good, he wished it would never stop.

His buddy wanted in on the action and Toni gladly included him, alternately sucking the two black boys while the others watched.

Following Toni's lead, Ginger went down on her husband. Looking up at Mike, Ginger sloppily slobbered all over Mike's big dick. She paused and told her husband, "Toni and I came here to get fucked. If you've got a problem with that, get over it. Let these boys have some fun... or else!"

Mike felt his wife squeezing his balls, not too tightly, at least not yet. "Ginger, I..." Her grip tightened. "Okay, okay, baby." To his relief her grip loosened and her warm wet mouth engulfed him again.

Her hand let go of his balls and moved further back rubbing across his anus. Mike automatically loosened his sphincter to allow his wife's finger to penetrate him. Expertly she sought out the bump that she knew to be his prostate and began to massage it through the wall of his rectum. Mike knew he wouldn't last long, he never did when she did that to him, so he pushed his cock down her throat. Ginger swallowed again and again, her throat muscles contracting around her husband's cock while she fingered his ass. Mike's prostate spasmed, sending a thick bolt of man juice surging through his cock accompanied with a beastly bellow that echoed through the creek bed.

Ginger let her husband's spent cock slither from her mouth. She stood and kissed him. "Thank you, sweetie," she whispered. "Now, be a good boy and help me with my top." Dutifully Mike untied the halter string and then the back strap. The green top fell away, freeing her freckled bosums. Then without being asked, he knelt and pulled her thong bottoms off. Holding the two pieces of his wife's green bikini in his hand, he watched as she waded off to get fucked by his men.

"Who wants to fuck me?" Ginger cheerily sang out.

Gallantly Roger extended his hand and offered, "I'll do you, Ma'am."

Longingly Lenny watched as Roger led Ginger back to blanket on the sand bar. "Yeah, this is more like it," he muttered as he played with his flaccid dick.

"I get sloppy seconds!" he brashly called out. Then he watched as Luke took Toni doggie style in the shallow water while she continued sucking the two black boys' cocks.

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Shelly waited and waited for someone to come and fuck her, but no one did. She'd expected the Sheriff to do her as soon as they were in his office, but he had left her there to sit and wait. It was chilly in the air-conditioned office and Shelly struggled to keep her robe closed for a little warmth, but it was difficult without a belt. Shelly fumed about the stupidity of the Sheriff taking her belt; no way would she hang herself with it, but that's is what he'd said.

After what seemed to be hours, the Sherriff returned. "Get your ass up, whore. The judge wants to see you."

"The judge?"

"That's right, the judge. I have to put aside my personal feelings towards you, Shelly. This is a matter of law. You can't just violate the terms of your plea agreement whenever the hell you feel like it without consequences."

"But... I didn't know..."

"Hush up, it's too late for excuses. Now turn around."

Obediently Shelly turned her back to him. The Sheriff placed her hands behind her back and cuffed her. "Is this necessary?" she asked indignantly.

"Absolutely. I can't have you trying to escape. Then I'd have to shoot you."

"You would, wouldn't you," Shelly snapped back with anger.

"Yes, Ma'am, I would," he whispered in her ear. "It'd be a shame too. A real shame."

The Sheriff spun her back around to face him. Reaching forward, he pushed the red robe off her shoulders. For a long minute he feasted upon the sexy sight of her bound nudity. With her arms pulled back by the cuffs, her large tits seemed to explode from her chest. "You're magnificent!" he leered. "Best tits I've ever seen." His powerful hands went behind her back to draw her to him. Shelly opened her mouth to receive the tongue that was thrust into her mouth.

He broke contact and stepped back. His hands went to his belt.

"What about the judge?"

"You're my prisoner. He can have you later."

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Down at the creek the orgy raged. Twosomes, threesomes and foursomes formed and then dissolved only to reform with a different combination of sex partners. Everyone was included, including the young black boys who had their first taste of both white pussy and white cock. When the party wound down and the girls went home, the only one frustrated was Lenny. Try as he might, he couldn't get it up after Toni's hand job; he had been too drained by his wife the night before. While his buddies fucked themselves to exhaustion, he was forced to watch while fruitlessly whipping his dick with no luck in getting a rise. Even the black boys fucked both women with their four-inch boyhoods.

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Judge Horace Mecom watched as the blonde bombshell was frog marched handcuffed into his courtroom with her big tits bared and bouncing freely. Automatically his hand went to adjust the swelling organ under his stately black robe. With her head low from the shame of it all, the Sheriff stopped Shelly several feet from the bench.

Shelly forced herself to look up from the floor. Perched high above her in his judicial robe, she noticed first that he was a balding man with black horn-rimmed glasses, the kind that geeks and nerds are supposed to wear. It may have been her perspective, but he seemed to be a large man, but not necessarily obese. He was older too, well beyond his prime.

The judge absent-mindedly moistened his lips as he studied the nubile and nearly naked prisoner. At first he was focused on her pierced tits, but by and by, his gaze went lower to her thin waist and deep belly button and then further to her shaved pussy. He casually observed the streams of cum trickling down her thighs, evidence of the gang fucking she'd just received.

Again the Sheriff slipped the silk robe off her shoulders to expose more of her voluptuous body. Even after all she'd been through these past weeks, Shelly felt her face flush from the embarrassment of being displayed like a piece of meat. Never mind the fact that in the past few weeks she had indeed become meat... fuck-meat for the numerous cocks that had taken pleasure with her.

The judge cleared his throat. "State your name," began the judge in a forced professional voice.

"Shelly. Shelly Blalock. Shelly Mattox Blalock, your honor."

"Says here that you're a whore. Are you a whore, my dear?"

"I..."

"You were arrested for whoring without a permit. Is this true?"

"Your honor, I..."

"I asked you a question. A simple yes or no will suffice."

"Yes, sir. But..."

"Come closer, dear."

The Sheriff escorted her up the podium and around the bench to stand next to the judge. Judge Mecom reached between her legs and fondled her dripping tush. He withdrew his hand, now wet with a mixture of sexual secretions and held it up for her to see.

"What is this?" the judge asked.

"It's..."

He cut her off again. "Let the record show that the defendant appeared in this court dripping semen from her vagina.

"You are married, aren't you?" the judge continued.

"Yes, sir."

"Is this mess from your husband?"

"No, sir."

"I see... Well, so far we have established that you are indeed a slut. There's no law prohibiting a woman from being a slut. But, that's not really the question today is it?"

Judge Mecom turned his attention to Sheriff Reed. "Sheriff, what evidence do you have that the defendant is a prostitute working without a permit?"

"Your honor. Saturday night, I observed the defendant at P-Willy's Club. She was in the bar, in plain view of all the patrons, completely nude and lewdly engaged in sexual intercourse, intercourse with apparently several different men. After a short investigation, I established that she was taking money in exchange for sex."

"Is that true, Miss Blalock?"

"Well, you see..."

"A simple yes or no will suffice."

"Yes, sir... But..."

The judge held up his hand to cut her off. "The facts in this case are clear. Ms. Blalock, you are indeed a whore and a prostitute." Shelly's face reddened with shame.

The judge turned to the Sheriff. "I am to understand that she did not have the required permit for such activity."

"No, sir. There were no permits of record."

"What of her status now?"

"She now has a temporary permit to whore, your honor."

"And to avoid a public nuisance and prostitution charge, you made a deal with her to avoid jail time?"

"Yes, sir. Twenty-four hours of public service."

"I see. It is evident she's been recently, uh, engaged in public service. So just what is the problem today, Sheriff?"

"The defendant failed to show up this morning as ordered. I had to go to her home and arrest her."

"Is this true, Miss Blalock?" asked the judge with a stern contenance.

"I didn't know I was supposed to show up this morning! Honest! I didn't know." Sobbing she pleaded, "Please don't put me in jail!"

"Jail? Why, heavens no, my girl. Jail is the last place for a girl like you. You're better suited for public service. But we can't tolerate you just flaunting the law at your whim."

"Oh, no sir! I wouldn't do that!"

"Well, that's exactly what you've been doing, my dear. The Sheriff gave you a very fair deal to avoid embarrassment and the stigma of public prosecution and you failed to carry it out. Now, he's had to bring this entire affair to my attention in open court. This could have been just between you and the Sheriff, but now I'm afraid it's a matter of public record."

Turning to the sherriff the judge asked, "Sheriff Reed, just how many hours of public service has she performed so far?"

"Let's see. About three hours Saturday night after her arrest and two hours today."

"Five hours total?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Hmmm, let's see... Five hours," mullled the judge. "That's less than a fourth of her required time. I don't want to be harsh, so I need to know if she performed her public service adequately and with the proper enthusiasm?"

"Yes, sir. She's been most enthusiastic and I've gotten no legitimate complaints."

"Miss Blalock, in order to impress upon you the seriousness of the charges against you and your need to comply with the lawful terms of your plea agreement, I hereby order that you serve an additional twelve hours of public service to be served consecutively with remaining nineteen hours of your original obligation. That's a total of thirty one hours, dear."

The judge paused and took a different tact, "I understand that you're the daughter of the Reverend Henry Mattox."

"Yes, sir," Shelly answered in a small voice.

"He's a good man; a very good man. Situations like this can be harmful to innocent people. In this case your father. I see no good in providing grist for the rumor mill. Therefore, I hereby order that the proceedings of this case be sealed."

"What does that mean?" asked Shelly hopefully.

"It simply means that it will not be reported in the newspaper, nor will anyone have access to the transcript of this proceeding without my say so. Your secret is safe, Miss Blalock."

"Oh, thank you, your honor!"

"My pleasure, dear."

"Sheriff Reed, will you be so kind as to remove the handcuffs from this charming creature?"

Once the cuffs were removed the robe was free to fall to the floor, leaving Shelly completely nude save for the high-heeled pumps she wore. Knowing that she wasn't going to jail or be publicly exposed, Shelly felt much more comfortable and struck a deliberately provocative pose.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the judge. "Absolutely splendid! Takes your breath away, doesn't she!

"If you don't mind dear, please turn around so I can see all of you... Lord have mercy, what a callipygian masterpiece! You are certainly a sight for my poor old eyes!" For several minutes Judge Mecom openly ogled the girl, young enough to be his granddaughter, as she turned this way and that way with no hint of false modesty.

Regaining his judicial composure Judge Mecom continued, "Uh hmm! Now that the contempt matter has been settled, Miss Blalock, may I ask you a personal question off the record?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Nineteen! I must say you are gorgeous my dear, absolutely gorgeous. A magnificent example of God's good works!"

The judge turned to the sheriff and beamed, "You're right, Reed, she is indeed a knockout!"

Turning back to Shelly he said, "Most whores around here are of two types. The first is the prostitute who whores to support a drug habit. Most undesirable... we take active steps to make sure they understand that they are not welcome to work or live in this town or in this county. The second type of whore is a single mother with two or three children to support. I will not prevent a mother from doing what is necessary to feed her babies, that would be unconscionable! The permits we issue generally go to that sort of whore. Do I understand this correctly, that you are married?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have babies to support?"

"No, sir."

"Then why are you whoring yourself out?"

"Well, I didn't mean to. It's just that Luke and I bought this old house and it took every cent we had. We were hardly moved in before the refrigerator went out, then the truck broke down and roof needed to be replaced. We couldn't pay for any of that, so Luke told me..."

"Jake Stringer lives next door to them," interjected the Sheriff.

"Ah, Jake! Haven't seen him or his cute wife in a while. Well, I suppose that explains it, an emergency cash situation. Your husband does work, doesn't he?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He's with the railroad. We were just short of cash, and Jake suggested that I..."

"I understand completely my dear," said the kindly judge. "Your husband needed some money and turned you into a whore. Perhaps I have a better solution to your problem. No need for a fine young woman like yourself selling herself to every stiff-dicked John in town. Not when I'm in need of a special assistant. The job pays $400.00 per week. Would you be interested?"

"$400.00 per week? Yes! Yes, I'm interested!"

"Very well, but you must interview for the job."

"When?"

"How about right now?" The judge stood, reached under his black robe and pushed down his pants below his knees. Then sitting back down, he pulled his robe up exposing his six-inch pecker proudly protruding from a tangle of graying pubic hair.

It was obvious what the job as all about, but Shelly wasn't at all offended, after all she had made peace with herself. Luke wanted her to be a whore and it was her duty as his wife to be a whore and pleasure other men in an exchange of sex for the goods and services that they needed. In fact she had been offering her body for a whole lot less than what the judge was offering for a "special assistant". Besides, the judge was kind of cute and... and he was a man... a kind man if she was any judge of character. As far as Shelly was concerned, he was just like all the other men she'd gotten to know. Regardless of their character, they all wanted her body for their own pleasure. She thought of Luke and Jake, of Luke's dad and Luke's co-workers. She thought of Jeter and his kin, of O'Rielly and Henderson, the Sheriff and his deputies and the nameless faces of the men she fucked at P-Willys. She concluded that all men wanted to have sex with her, which when she thought about it was exactly what she wanted too. She then thought, 'Well, maybe not all men. My daddy isn't like other men... or is he?'

The sound of the Sheriff's gravelly voice broke her revere. "The judge said he wants to see some qualifications. Turn around, honey and show the Judge your fine ass." Shelly turned as directed. "Now bend over and grab your ankles." With a touch of reluctance, Shelly took up the obscene pose. She felt the Sheriff's big hands on her butt, pulling her ass cheeks apart. From behind her she heard the judge utter a low throaty groan.

"At first glance, she seems to have the proper qualifications," she heard the Judge say, followed by, "Come closer, my dear."

Shelly felt her butt cheeks snap together. Sherriff Reed grasped her upper arm to help her stand upright. Then he turned her around and pushed her towards the leering judge. To make room for Shelly, Mecom pushed his chair back another few inches away from the bench with his cock still peeking out from his black robe.

"Let me have a closer look at your qualifications," the judge said with a lecherous grin. The Sheriff spun her around facing away from the judge. Hands spread across her ass, hands not as big and not as rough as the Sheriff's hands. The hands stroked and jiggled her firm cheeks.

"Nice and solid," came the judgment, "a perfect badonkadonk butt of exceptional quality and bounce!"

One hand rose higher up her back and then forced her to bend over and across the top of the judge's bench. Once in position, she again she felt the judge's hands on her curvaceous haunches, peeling apart the soft white globes of her ass.

Shelly gasped as she felt him nuzzle his face deep between her shapely butt cheeks. His wet flexible muscle lapped the deep valley from her seeping cunt to her puckered asshole. He mumbled into her ass, but she made out, "I love a girl who's taken the time to remove those pesky hairs that are so distracting." His lips molded over her anal ring as his long tongue probed her in an obscene colonic kiss.

Sensing that she should take an active part in her "interview", Shelly reached back with both hands to spread open her ass, and in doing so freed the Judge's hands for other duties. Almost immediately she felt one hand slide up her thigh to rub the puffy lips of her cum seeping pussy. Moments later, fingers were inside her exploring her cuntal topography while he continued the deep tonguing of her anus. The probing exploration of his fingers soon transitioned into a simple in-and-out motion as he began to deeply and firmly finger fuck her vagina with two fingers.

As the courtroom filled with wet, squishing sounds, Shelly's hips automatically started to rotate and thrust back into the judge's face. Soon the wet noises were supplemented by the salacious moaning and groining of an eager slut in heat.

Shoving three fingers up her well-traveled fuck-way, his curled pinkie repeatedly slammed into her engorged clitoris, causing the level of her arousal to quickly escalate. The judge felt her cuntal tunnel contracting around his deeply thrusting fingers as the pressure within her quickly rose. The climax slammed her in an explosive rush, ripping through her with a searing pleasure. She spread her arms outward and across the top of the bench like she was being crucified and screamed.

Mercifully the tantalizing assault on her cunt and ass ended. She went limp, her orgasm reduced to little after shocks that suffused her pleasure, causing her pussy to clench and quiver with the afterglow of her orgasm while dripping its nectar from between her thighs.

After some minutes, Shelly pushed herself upright. Taking a deep breath, she turned towards the judge and leaned against the bench making her big breasts even more prominent. The judge was sitting back, his face sparkling with moisture. He had discarded his robe altogether and was as naked as she was. She immediately noted that he looked somewhat soft and pudgy, and not too hairy. She certainly didn't find him to be unattractive, the loathsome Jetter with his scars and uncoordinated eyes was the gold standard for being unattractive, but then again her attention was mainly concentrated on his rigid cock that he was lewdly stroking. Shelly loved cocks, even Jetter's. Shelly cut a sultry smile and asked, "Do you find me qualified for the job?"

"Oh, I find that you are indeed exceptionally well quailed, Miss Blalock. But do you possess the skills and experience necessary for such an important job? How about if we do a simple test to determine your skill level?"

"What do you have in mind?" she asked with a naughty grin.

"How about if you climb aboard and put my cock in your ass. Let's see if you're as good as you look."

Shelly was about to do just that when she paused and asked herself, 'Why rush this? Take your time, show him that you are indeed the best candidate for this job. Take your time, make him happy and get the job. I'll make Luke so proud!'

Standing immediately in front of him, she towered over the sitting man who was gazing up at her as she sluttishly stroked her big breasts. Her hands ran down her sides as she seductively gyrated her hips before the middle-aged judge. Then she sank down and took his upright cock in her mouth. Expertly her sultry lips slid up and down his turgid shaft as her tongue played across the sensitive underside of his cock. She found it strangely pleasurable to be sucking a cock that wasn't so damned big that it nearly choked her to death, like Damien Reed's dick. Then she thought just how comfortable it would be to take the Judge's six-inch cock up her ass. No way would it feel like she was about to be ripped apart, it would just feel nice, like a cock should.

Letting his cock slip from between her lips, Shelly stood. She was prepared to simply straddle him and take him dry, but the judge handed her a tube of lube. Appreciatively, she slathered the judge's cock with handfuls of lube. Momentarily she looked up from her object of affection and saw that the judge's head was back and his jaw was slack. Without even trying very hard, she had already brought him to the edge of orgasm. Little did she appreciate the effect her nubile body had on him during the preceding proceedings.

Playing him like a fiddle, she let his orgasm subside. 'Why make him just cum?' she thought, 'when I can blow his cute little pumpkin head off?' In that instant, she decided to tease him unmercifully... get him close and then pull back... again and again until he was nearly insane; only then would she make him cum, and cum with an intensity not often experienced.

Straddling the judge, she rubbed her big knockers in his face, making a game of capture the nipple. She winced when he snagged a nipple ring and tugged at her tit. She batted his head about with her soft tit flesh for a few more moments, then reached down and aimed his cock at her rectal entrance. As his cock head speared into her, she gasped as she felt the exquisite sensation of his glans forcing open her anal barrier. As she had recently learned to do so well, Shelly relaxed and dilated her hole to accommodate his cock's passage into her rectum.

The creamy warmth of her rectal channel slowly surrounded his cock until she had taken all he had to give only to have her grind down so hard that he went in even deeper. His mouth was offered a bejeweled nipple which he greedily began gnawing. He felt her silky rectum pulling off his dick until only the very tip remained inside her before his cock was being driven into her again. Shelly set up a slow motion ass fuck, feeding the judge her tits and paying strict attention to his reactions. Once deep inside, she squeezed his prick and ground into him, again and again. Rocking his head back, Mecom released her tit-meat and slack jawed prepared to ejaculate. But before he could, she pulled off his cock completely, leaving him hanging on the very edge.

Shelly watched him intently. Once the glassy-eyed look left his face, she offered her other nipple to his mouth. Once more he suckled the offered tit as his cock entered her yielding asshole for a second time.

Over and over, she brought him to the edge and left him hanging. Finally he couldn't take it anymore. Suddenly he rose from his chair with Shelly impaled on his dick. The action took Shelly by surprise as she was suddenly on her back on the judge's bench, with her asshole being hammered by the lust-crazed jurist. With a bearish growl that echoed through the judicial chamber, Judge Mecom forcefully unloaded in the young woman's ass, and when he did, Shelly felt the old man's essence shoot deep up her rectum. He bellowed again and Shelly once again felt the ejaculatory pulse.

The penis inside her cum laden bowels ceased it's throbbing. The judge, now sweating and gasping for breath was collapsed on top of her, pinning her to the bench. Shelly felt proud of herself. Her recent experiences with various men had allowed her to toy with the middle-aged man, bringing him to the edge and then denying and delaying his orgasm until he nearly went mad with the need to cum. She felt his once hard organ soften and shrink until it slithered from her rectum. Immediately she felt a sense of loss. Shelly let the man lie on top her while he recovered his senses. She wondered whether he would be able to get it up again and have another go at her, but the judge was far past his prime. It would be several hours before he would be ready to fuck her a second time.

As the minutes ticked by and the judge failed to move off, Shelly became worried that maybe she had killed him, but his breathing was steady. Then she felt his drool accumulate to the point that it ran off her breast and down her sides. A sudden rasping snore let her know that he was napping. Gently she cuddled the sated man's head, holding him tightly to her breast. It was a happy moment, knowing that she had pleased him so, and in the bargain, she felt certain that she had secured the "special assistant" job.

Mecom catnapped for only five minutes or so. Waking, he discovered the tit that served as his pillow. Then he remembered the fantastic fuck he'd been treated to. Slowly and somewhat reluctantly, he extricated himself from her tender embrace.

The naked teenager smiled broadly at him. "Did I get the job?" she asked with a girlish giggle.

The judge, knowing a good thing when he saw it replied, "Well, let's not get ahead of ourselves, my dear. I'm not one to jump to conclusions before all the essential facts have been established. From the first portion of your interview, you seem to be exceptionally well qualified for the job. But we'll just have to see."

The judge saw her bubbly expression fade into disappointment. Her lower lip began to tremble and her eyes began to water. Rubbing his chin as if in deep deliberative thought, he added, "But considering your outstanding qualifications and demonstrated skill level and considering the fact that I'm desperately in need of a "special assistant"... And by damn, that was the best fuck I've had in years! Yes, my dear, the job is yours! Can you start tomorrow?"

"Yes!" she happily gushed. "But I'll need to speak to my husband first."

"Now that my mind is made up, I won't take 'no' for an answer."

"Oh, I'm sure it will be okay with Luke," ebulliently bubbled Shelly.

"Well, if it's not, then I'll have to do something about that. Be here tomorrow.

"Now I have traffic court in an half hour, so if you will excuse me, my dear."

The judge turned to the Sheriff. "Damian, see that she gets home. That is, of course, when she's finished for today with her public service obligation."

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Later that afternoon, after another session of providing public service to the lucky public servants, Sheriff Reed brought Shelly home. Seeing the police car pull up to the curb next door, David looked out to see Shelly get out, still dressed in only her new red silk robe and wearing red high heeled shoes. The belt securely around her waist served to accentuate her hips and ample bust line. The short robe exposed a generous expanse of bare leg. The sight of the shapely blonde so skimpily dressed sent his organ into an aroused state. He watched intently, seeing her boobs bouncing as the Sheriff escorted her inside. With memories of seeing her naked and getting fucked filling his mind, he muttered to himself, "God willing, Julia will soon be more like her."

The show over, David nervously glanced up at the clock. Noting the time, a feeling of panic began to well up inside. In twenty minutes Rev. Brown would be there to pick up the kids. Then it would be all up to him.

He was distracted by the squealing of children. Turning he saw Billy chasing his naked little sister through the living room and into the kitchen with a squirt gun. He quickly corralled the two kids in the kitchen and seized the water pistol from his son. Then playfully he shot Trisha between her legs causing her to squeal in delight. A sudden urge welled up inside him to press the tip of the gun against one of her holes and squeeze off a round. Immediately he felt ashamed for thinking such perverse thoughts. His demeanor changed instantly and he sternly told little Trisha to go get dressed as the Reverend would be there soon.

Kendall came into the kitchen. "Daddy, Mommy said she wants a Coke." David's spirits soared; it was the moment and opportunity he had been waiting for!

"Sweetheart, go tell her that I will bring it to her in just a moment."

"She said that I should bring it her. She hates you," replied the little girl.

"She's just angry. Well, let me fix up a glass for her. Then you can take it to her."

"Okay," replied the young daughter. David waited for Kendall to wander off like she always did when a task was at hand, but instead the little imp just stood there and waited.

David pulled down a glass from the cupboard. Opening the freezer section, he filled the glass with ice. He glanced over and saw Kendall was still waiting and watching. The freezer door didn't provide much cover, but when he opened the refrigerator section to get the bottle of Coke, he had just enough cover to make his move. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the baggie with white powder that Jake had given him. With trembling hands he poured out what he thought was the right amount and then stuffed the bag back into his pants. Nervously he glanced over at his daughter, still standing there, watching and waiting. He made a show of moving things around and then extracted the quart bottle of Coke. Moments later, Kendall was off, taking the drug-laced drink to her unsuspecting mother.

A few minutes passed. He heard Kendall and her two siblings running back down the stairs. The three noisy children had made it down to the landing when the doorbell rang. David took a deep breath. "Daddy! It's for you! It's the pastor of our church!" ran out his oldest daughter's voice.

David entered the living room to see the Rev. Brown kneeling and giving each of the kids a hug. David was relieved to see all three kids appropriately clothed.

"Children, go up to your rooms and play," the father said evenly. Surprisingly, the three kids obeyed instantly. Once the kids were gone, David thanked the pastor for his help.

"Think nothing of it, David. It's my pleasure to assist my flock in their time of need. You and Julia take as much time as you need, the children will be fine with me."

"That's very kind of you, Rev. Brown. Very kind indeed. I'm afraid I don't have their things ready yet, but it shouldn't take me but a few minutes."

"Don't bother, David. I have everything they need. Of course if they have a favorite toy or stuffed animal, they'll adjust quicker."

David went upstairs and found the three kids in the girl's room. "I want you all to be very quiet. Get your favorite dolly or toy animal and then come downstairs." Billy went straightaway to his room while his two sisters picked out their toys. Then David ushered them downstairs to where the Rev. Brown was waiting.

Kneeling, David addressed his three children. "As you all know, your mother is not feeling very well lately. For the next few days, you will be staying with the Rev. Brown while Mommy gets better. I expect you all to be very good and to do everything the pastor tells you to do. I do not want to hear a bad report." Having kissed each child, David with Rev. Brown holding little Trisha's hand, led them to the church van. Moments later they were gone and out of the way.

David gathered his courage and ascended the stairs. He tried bedroom the door, but it was locked fast. He knocked; gently at first, and then harder. There was no response. He pounded on the door, to no avail. A feeling of elation swept over him. "I did it! I did it!" he shouted to the empty house.

"You're now mine, bitch!" he shouted at the door.

Feeling confident for the first time today, he turned and headed downstairs and out the house. Taking the back way, he cut across the Blalock's backyard and went through the old rusty and frozen gate into the Stringer's backyard.

Through the backdoor he could see Jake and Toni eating supper at the kitchen table. He knocked. Jake looked up and seeing that it was his wimpy neighbor, motioned him to enter. Not wanting Toni to hear what he had to say, David shook his head and motioned for Jake to come outside.

Jake muttered curses and pushed away from the table. "What does he want?" asked Toni.

"No telling," grumbled Jake. "Maybe he wants to suck my dick."

"He can do that while you finish your supper," replied his wife with a grin.

"That's not a bad idea," he rejoined as he reached the door.

Upon opening the door Jake growled at David, "The fucking door is unlocked!"

"Uh, can we talk in private?" asked the smaller man.

As he was eager to return to his evening meal, Jake grumbled, "Whatever," and stepped out onto the back porch.

"It's done."

"What's done?" asked Jake.

"Julia. She's out! I put the stuff you gave me in her drink and I think she's out cold."

"What about the kids?"

"Gone. Rev. Brown picked them up. He'll keep them for a few days until we get this all sorted out."

Jake was impressed, David had some balls after all. "How long has she been out?"

"Ten, maybe fifteen minutes I suppose."

"Ya really want to do this?" asked Jake. "Tell me now, because once we get started, there'll be no turning back."

"You won't hurt her will you?"

"Hurt her? Of course not! I'll fuck her, give her the fucking of her life, but I won't hurt her. Ya got to understand this, little buddy. Once I fuck yer wife, I'll keep on fucking her whenever I want to fuck her. I'll make her my whore, understand? She'll still be your wife, your problem, but she'll be my whore to use. Is that what ya want?"

"She won't be my whore?"

"Of course she'll be your whore, little buddy," laughed Jake. "She's your wife. But I'll sell her cunt to my friends and take my share for free. She'll turn into a fucking machine in constant need of dick, lots of dick, like that big titted whore next door. Hell, little buddy, think about it... she's gonna fuck your brains out after I train her."

"That's what I want. I want her to be more like your wife and Luke's wife."

"She will be a cock loving slut, like God intended her to be. So later on, if ya have any problems with any of it, just get over it.

"Now, we'd better get busy. I'm not too sure how long that stuff lasts. How much did ya give her?" David shrugged noncommittedly.

"Didn't ya follow my instructions?"

"Best I could. I couldn't measure it, so I just poured some into her Coke."

"Personally, I could care less, but let's hope fer yer sake that ya didn't kill the bitch."

Jake stuck his head back inside. "Gotta go for a few minutes. Keep my supper hot."

Jake followed David inside and up the stairs. At the bedroom door, David knocked and then banged on the door. There was no response. David jiggled the locked doorknob. "You don't really suppose..."

"Only one way to find out," replied Jake. "Move aside." Jake put his shoulder to the door and shoved. With a splintering sound, the flimsy door snapped and shattered. Unceremoniously Jake kicked the remains in and gained access to the bedroom.

Dismayed by the shattered door, David complained, "You know, I could have unlocked it!"

"Then why didn't ya?" growled Jake. "Hell, it's too late now! You'll just have to replace it."

Jake flicked on the overhead light and saw Julia sprawled out on the bed. In two quick strides, the big man was at her side, checking her vitals. "She's alive," he announced to David's relief.

Without wasting a moment, Jake began stripping Julia's clothes off, not bothering to unbutton or unzip, but rather ripping them away from her prone body and tossing the ruined garments to her husband. He took a moment to feel her up commenting, "She's got nice tits, David. Very nice tits. Nice body too. Very nice. Very fuckable."

"Are you gonna do her?"

"Now? While she's out cold? What'd be the point? I ain't gonna rape her when she's unconscious. She'll be wide-awake when I shove my fat cock up her tight cunt. Then it'll just a matter of fucking her until she comes around.

"Now, do ya got some ropes? We're gonna need to tie her up 'til she wakes up. Then I'll fuck her."

Jake didn't care much for the filly canopy, but the four high posts suited his purposes very well. Jake put several pillows behind her back to put her in an partially upright position. Satisfied that her head angle was correct, he took two lengths of rope from her husband, securely binding her wrists to the two posts at the head of the head, then he secured her ankles to the two foot posts, tying them off high up the posts so that her spread legs were obscenely lifted high off the bed.

Jake admired his handy work and then stated, "I like the cunts of my whores clean shaven. Go get a razor and some shaving cream. Better bring a moist towel too and some hand lotion to sooth the razor burn."

David scurried away and returned, offering the shaving equipment to Jake. "She's your wife, so ya get to shave her, little buddy. Be sure and be careful with her cunt lips. Then afterwards eat her out if ya want and fuck her too while ya have the chance. I ain't finished my supper, so I'm going home. When she comes to, come and get me."

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Returning home, Jake found Luke sitting at the kitchen table and listlessly eating supper. "Hi ya, good buddy!" the big man called out cheerfully to his neighbor. Luke didn't even look up.

"Why so glum? I heard ya railroad boys had a lot of fun with my wife today."

"Yeah, that was fun," Luke replied without enthusiasm.

"Then what's your problem?"

Luke sat back and with a expression of disgust replied, "I get off work... mind ya it wasn't a hard day or anything, but still... I get off work and I have to walk home. Then when I get home, I find that my supper's not cooked. My supper's not cooked because my wife is in bed with the Sheriff."

"Yeah, I saw them fucking a little while ago. He's still doing her?"

"Naw, they're both asleep."

Luke put his fork down and continued, "She was supposed to come out for a picnic today. That's what I wanted her to do, but instead the Sheriff comes gets her and takes her off so his men can fuck her. It ain't fair and it ain't right! I'm her husband! I should have a say in what she does, when she does it and with who she does it with, but I don't. Hell, I don't even know if I can sleep with her tonight without someone else being between her legs!"

Jake waxed philosphocally, "Well, that jus' goes with the territory. You whore out your wife, so ya can't be too surprised if some other guy fucks her. Speaking of which, I need Shelly at lunch tomorrow."

"What for?"

"Whadda think?"

"Who is it this time?" asked Luke sardonically.

"Well, it's sort of my personal business and I need to take care of someone. I'll make it up to ya pal."

"He wants her to fuck Horsefly," interjected Toni.

"Who's Horsefly?"

"Black guy that works for me," replied Jake annoyed that Toni had interfered with his business dealings.

"A black guy?"

Again Toni interjected, "A very black, black guy. Big guy in more ways than one."

"Oh, for Christ's sake!" exclaimed Luke angrily.

"Hey, she's fucked black guys before! You've seen her! And this weekend at the cock fights she'll be fucking a lot more black cocks, so don't go get all indignant! In fact, ya better prepare yourself buddy, cause Saturday night, she just might get fucked by a dog while everyone cheers him on! Now, I jus' need a favor, Luke, that's all. I owe the guy and promised him. I'll make it up to you. Ya can count on me."

Luke rubbed his forehead as he absorbed what Jake had just told him. "Ya told me they won't be doing a dog with her."

"They didn't bring along one their dogs last week, did they? But I can't guarantee what might happen out there this Saturday. So as a favor to me..."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," muttered Luke acceding to Jake's request. "Do whatever ya want with her."

"Thanks, good buddy! You're a real friend!"

"And you're an asshole, Jake Stringer," commented his wife sourly.

"Hush up, woman!" growled Jake angrily.

In silence, Luke finished eating and then excused himself. "I need to get to bed."

"What about Damian Reed?"

"Fuck him," Luke scowled.

"Easy, Luke. Go easy there," wisely counseled Jake. " I've known Reed for a long time, went to school with him, fucked girls with him, did a lot of other things with him that I'm not free to discuss. Trust me on this... Reed ain't someone ya want to trifle with. Ya don't want to get on his bad side... ever. He's the law around here."

"I know, I know. I'll ask him real nice if he's finished screwing my wife for today, so I can get some sleep."

Luke finished supper, thanked Toni for the meal and on behalf of Mike's gang, he thanked her for all the fun she provided them that afternoon. Then he headed home. He made no attempt to be quiet when he came in, deliberately slamming the back door and making other racket upon entering his residence. Certain that his presence was known, he entered his own bedroom. The Sheriff was just getting up, obviously still groggy from his post-coital slumber. Once again Luke took measure of the man's impressive physique. At 6 foot 6, he easily towered over Luke and his massive muscularity let no doubt of his phenomenal strength. Luke knew instantly that he would be the loser in a one-on-one with this guy.

Sheriff Reed sleepily regarded the young husband of the whore. Knowing that there was no threat there, he absent mindedly rubbed his prodigious genitals, still damp from fornication, bringing attention to his massive endowment. Luke's attention was indeed drawn to the capital cock. The young husband couldn't imagine that any woman could accommodate a prick that size, but he also full well knew that wife had done just that.

Without a word of acknowledgement, Reed sauntered to the bath to freshen up, passing just inches from Luke, giving the younger man a close up view of what he possessed. Meanwhile Shelly sat up in bed and forced a remorseful smile for her husband. Luke knew the situation was far beyond his control. He may give, trade or sell his wife's cunt to other men, but when it came to Sheriff Reed, Luke knew that he was merely a cuckold. The Sheriff could and would do whatever he wished with Shelly, whenever he wished and Luke would just have to accept it.

Luke was silent long after the Sheriff had left his home. Shelly offered to fix him something to eat, but he begged off saying that Toni had taken care of him. Then he remembered what Jake wanted.

"Tomorrow, at lunch, I want you to go to Jake's warehouse. He's got something for you."

"Oh, Honey. I can't... not tomorrow. I got a job today, a real job! It pays $400.00 per week!"

"Doing what?"

"I'll be the Special Assistant to Judge Horace Mecom."

"The Judge Mecom?"

"Yes," she gushed.

"Four hundred a week, you say?"

"Yes, Luke! This could be the answer to our money problems, Honey!"

Luke knew it'd be at least three months before he got a raise of fifty dollars a month as proscribed by the union contract. Of course, Big Mike had said that he might be able to work something out with the big boss and get him an early raise, but when Luke told him that Shelly would be busy that Saturday, Big Mike just got angry with him and told him to just forget it about it.

"Hmmm, well, we do need the money. What will you do as the Judge's Special Assistant?"

"File papers, run errands, type..."

"You can't type."

"I know that and you know that, but the Judge, he doesn't... I think he mainly likes me."

"Oh... I see. And just how did you come about this job?"

"Well, Damian arrested me this morning for not showing up for public service. He sent me to court. The Judge added another 12 hours of public service. Then he..."

"He fucked you?"

Shelly lowered her eyes and answered with a whisper, "Yeah. Is that okay?"

"Shit!"

"He wants me to start tomorrow... Is that okay with you, Luke?"

"Yeah, why not! I don't really have a choice, do I?"

"Yes, you could tell me 'no' and I won't take the job."

"You mean that, Shelly?"

"Of course I mean that. It wasn't my idea to become a..."

"A whore?"

"Yes! A whore! That's what you wanted, Luke and that's what I am now!"

Fully aware of his own culpability the young husband replied, "Sorry, baby. I never imagined it would go this far."

"Well, it has!...

"Oh, what's done is done," the comely cunt waxed. "I don't put all the blame on you, Luke. I agreed to it, but the fact is that there's no going back."

"No, I don't suppose there is. Let me ask you something, Shelly. Do you like being a whore?"

"To be honest... yes. Yes, I do! I love men and I love to screw. I have you to thank for that."

"Do you still love me?"

"Yes, Luke. I love you and I adore you. I fuck Jake, but I don't love him. I fuck the Sheriff, but I don't love him. Hell, I fucked your daddy, but I don't love him... well, I do, but you know what I mean."

"I love you too, Shel."

"Oh, you just love my tits like every other man around here does," she quipped impishly.

"I love your pussy too," Luke playfully rejoined.

"You don't love my ass?"

"Hmmmm, yeah, I love that too!"

"Well, dear husband, I love your dick."

"You just love dicks, all dicks," Luke replied with a laugh.

"I do, I really do," admitted Shelly with a grin, "but, I love your dick the best."

"Not the Sheriff's?"

"Gawd! He's enormous! But he's only using me. He doesn't love me like you do, Luke."

"Do you mind being used like that?"

"Hmmm, not really. I really like it... getting laid and being a whore. Is that bad?"

"Guess it's better that ya do like it. At this point, looks to me that you're gonna get laid a lot, whether ya want it or I want it... It's just the way it is, so it's best that were both okay with it. So... the public service thing... ya get fucked?"

"Yeah, I got fucked. Doing all the deputies was a lot of fun today. You know, when my public service time is up, I'm going to miss that."

"Something tells me ya won't ever run out of time!" laughed Luke.

"Probably not."

"So, tell me about your day."

"Not much to tell, except... I got fucked a lot. You know, all the deputies are really nice, all except Deacon Jones."

"He was there?"

"Oh, yeah. Made get down on my knees and pray with him for forgiveness. Then, like all the others, he fucked me. The bastard fucked me and he cursed me. Then we prayed together again. He got very agitated and had a demented look on his face. He then started to slap me around saying he needed to beat the devil out of me. Reed came in a broke it up, thank god... The Sheriff told Jones to leave his religion at home where it belonged. Said Jones could fuck me if he wanted, but he also told him that he had to leave me alone. Deacon Jones looked very angry when he left. You know, he scares me."

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Jake was snoring away, in bed with his wife when David came to fetch him. "Jake! Jake!" he called through the open bedroom window. "Wake up, Jake!"

"What the...? Oh, it's you!" growled Jake not at all happy to be awaked. "Jesus Christ! Ya know what time it is? Whadda fuck ya want, weasel?"

"She's awake! Julia's awake and she's hopping mad. You gotta come, Jake!"

"Bitch get loose or something?"

"No, but she's fighting the ropes like a mad woman," answered David with concern.

"Well, let's just let her wear herself out some," Jake replied.

"What am I supposed to do?"

"How about if ya let me get some sleep? And I suggest ya do the same."

"Oh, okay," replied David. "But I thought..."

"Don't think! Just do what I tell ya to do! Now beat it!"

**Chapter 23 - REAPING THE WIND**  
  
Lenny's big mouth lands Shelly spread out and lands him in hot water with the crew. While Jake harvests Julia's hidden libdo, David reaps the consequences of his actions.

Jake woke up with a start. Glancing over at the bed stand and the red-glowing digital alarm clock he saw that it was 4:30 AM. He grumbled because it was just a little too early to get moving and rolled over. In his half-sleep condition, he had the feeling that he had something to do, but couldn't quite place it. With a clarity, it suddenly came to him.

With the stealth of a cat he slid out of the bed, only to hear Toni say, "It's early. Where are you going?"

"Got something to do. Go back to sleep."

Unconcerned about what her husband was up to, Toni rolled over to go back to sleep. She hoped she could pick up her dream where she left it, having her pussy licked by... by... just who was licking her? She couldn't remember. Moments later she was back to sleep and a new dream, unrelated to the first, began.

Jake padded into the kitchen and turned on the coffee pot. Regardless of what he was about to do, he needed a cup of strong coffee first. Toni had everything set up the night before, just like she always did, but to Jake it seemed to take forever for the coffee to brew. Not waiting for the brewing to complete, he removed the carafe and poured himself a cup.

Standing by the counter, he sipped his coffee until the cup was half full, contemplating his course of action. With a plan generally formulated, he topped off his coffee cup. Before heading out he considered putting some pants on, but dismissed the thought... he wouldn't need any pants. He chuckled at thought of chance discovery, sneaking around in the early morning in his birthday suit, but also realized that it would be unlikely if anyone, except maybe the Blalocks, would see him. Then he reconsidered. Rummaging around in the laundry room he found a pair of jeans and a shirt. Barefoot, but dressed, he headed out the back door to the Jenkins' residence.

David yelped when he woke to find the hulking black shadow hovering next to him in the dark. "Hey, it's me, fuck-wad," said the shadowy figure.

"Jake, is that you?"

"Of course it's me! Get your ass up. I ain't got all day ya know." David, instantly fully alert, jumped up.

"One last chance to change yer mind," offered Jake. "Ya really want me to turn yer wife into a cockslut whore?"

"Well, I..."

"Yes or no. If it's no, I'm gonna go back to bed."

David's mind raced. He'd been thinking about this question ever since Julia came to from the drug he had given her. She was spitting venom she was so angry. No way could he be left to deal with her alone. "Yeah, okay."

"Then ya do exactly what I say. Understand?"

"Okay. What first?"

"Got some paper?"

"Yeah, what do you..."

"Just get it, damn it! And a pen too!" David flicked on a light and hurriedly found the required supplies and handed them to Jake. Jake sat down and wrote down a few sentences. Folding the paper in half, he handed the paper to David, instructing him that he was to read it aloud when was told to.

"So... Ya ready for me to fuck your wife?"

The moment of truth was at hand. David's mouth and throat felt parched, his gut churned with anxiety. It was all he could do to weakly nod his head.

They entered the darkened upstairs bedroom. Jake indicated where he wanted David to stand, near the foot of the bed where Julia could clearly see him.

Flicking on the table lamp next to the bed Jake growled, "Wake up, bitch!"

Julia's eyes flew open. Immediately the bound woman began to screech and fight the ropes holding her in place. Jake let her struggle fruitlessly against the ropes and she quickly wore herself out. Julia stopped struggling. Focusing on her husband, she began to curse and berate him. It wasn't until she heard Jake forcefully say, "Shut the fuck up, bitch!" that she realized that someone besides her husband was in the room with her. Her head snapped in the direction where the harsh voice came from.

Seeing the Beast with his full dark beard, the object of her loathing and secret longings, standing near her she froze in silence. "That's a good girl," said Jake reassuringly. "Ya keep yer trap shut, cause I can't stand the racket and I don't wanna have to put a gag on ya. Understand? Ya start yer bitching and I'll gag ya.

"Like I told David, you've got some nice tits, woman" said her despicable neighbor. With those words she became very aware of her nakedness. She whimpered and squirmed, desperately trying to regain her modesty. "Ya oughtta show 'em off more.

"Now, do ya know why we are here?" Jake asked evenly. Julia was too frightened to even shake her head.

"We're here to teach ya to how to be a good wife to David. David has asked me to help him.

"Isn't that right, David?" Julia glanced to see her husband nodding in agreement.

"When ya married David, ya promised to love, cherish and obey him. Instead, ya've denied yer husband his rights before God. Except to bear children, ya denied him sex. God created man in his own image and he gave him woman for sex, so ya gotta know in yer heart that He approves of sex.

"God loves sex. It's central to his divine design. Sex is not sinful, God invented sex, so how can it be sinful? He made sex pleasurable to encourage copulation and procreation... that means fucking and making babies." Jake smiled broadly down on the naked and bound woman, proud of his command of the essential truths.

"Now if he intended sex only for making babies, then every time ya got fucked, ya'd git pregnant. It don't work that way and ya know that. In fact, it can be down right difficult for a woman to get pregnant, but that don't mean she's gonna go to hell for fucking. God made sex fun and pleasurable regardless whether ya got knocked up or not... Ya see, getting knocked up... it ain't required. Letting yer husband fuck ya, however and whenever he wants, that's required. To do otherwise is the deny God's intent and ya risk going to hell for that.

"Now, ya did yer duty to bear him children, so ya ain't all bad, but ya failed in yer duty to give yer husband the pleasure that's rightfully his when he wants it. Yer Rev. Brown has already explained all this to ya, but ya failed to take heed. So, David, having no other alternative, has turned to me for help."

'This can't be happening,' thought the bound woman. She struggled against her bindings again, knowing that she was helpless to prevent whatever would happen next.

"David has asked me to teach ya how to give and receive sexual pleasure, so that in turn, ya can pleasure yer husband. Woman, I am gonna to teach ya to love fucking." He paused for a moment to let that last statement sink in.

"Do ya know how I'm gonna teach ya?" Julia slowly shook her head not wanting to hear the answer. "I'm going to fuck ya, Julia." Julia nearly fainted upon hearing the words.

"In the next few minutes, I'm gonna shove my cock up yer tight cunt and fuck ya." She couldn't understand it, but her pussy was suddenly throbbing with unfamiliar desire. "In fact, if ya got a nice cunt, I'll probably fuck ya several times today, several times tomorrow, and the next day and the day after that. I'll fuck ya until ya learn to love fucking." Julia tried to voice a protest, but again words failed to form. "Now David here, being the good husband he is, he's gonna stay, watch and make sure ya don't get hurt in anyway.

"Now, ya got to understand, lady. I know ya don't wanna go to hell, but there's no sin on yer part, woman, if I fuck ya. If there's any sin, it falls on me and falls on David. David wants me to fuck ya and he demands that ya obey him as God demands of ya! So, just lie back and enjoy a stiff cock like God intended."

Turning to David, Jake instructed, "David, tell yer wife what ya want."

David stood about stupidly for a moment until he realized it was time to read his script. "Julia... my darling wife," he croaked, "I am your... husband and you will... obey me. I want you to give yourself to our good friend Jake, so that you will learn to be a good wife to me and not burn in hell for an eternity." The glaring stare from his wife made David's hand shake. "From now on, you... you will do as Jake and I say. That is my rightful command."

A motion out of the corner of Julia's eye distracted her death-ray stare. Glancing to her side she saw that Jake was slowly unbuttoning his shirt. One by one the buttons opened revealing the brute's bearishly hairy chest. With the last button undone, Jake slipped the shirt off his shoulders. Julia's mouth opened to speak, but words failed to form. Next she saw him unbutton and unzip his jeans. Jake pushed his jeans down. Julia saw his large organ come into view, the same organ she'd fantasized about in her darkest moments of self-pleasure.

Jake kicked the jeans off his ankles and stood, stroking his large cock, a cock that was at least three time the size and volume of her husband's. The organ began to engorge. Julia watched as the erection grew. She'd seen his dick from afar when spying on him and his harlot frolicking in plain view in their hot tub. She'd seen what he did with it to the whore next door during their orgies. She'd imagined countless times what it must feel like to have that cock moving inside her. Indeed, in the past she had used her own fingers in her fantasies, pretending that a thick cock was inside her, stretching her out and making her feel like the slut she always dreaded was lurking inside her. She knew she had wronged her husband for years with her imaginary trysts, but she never felt that she'd wronged him by denying him sex. Sex was sinful, the original sin, yet she also knew Jake was fundamentally right... God invented sex, so how could it be sinful?

Her entire body quivered when he lightly touched her bare tit, tantalizingly tracing circles all around her mound of flesh. David had never done that before, she'd never allowed it. His entire big hand surrounded a tit, caressing it and making her feel funny inside. She fought the growing pleasure that she felt. This was wrong! Then his hot wet mouth surrounded a nipple and gently bit down. Julia arched her back and resisted the urge to moan. His beard felt soft against her breast.

Alternately Jake nibbled and licked at her nipple until it became very sensitive. She fought the urges welling up inside her as he continued to torment her teat. She felt the neurological connections forming between her nipple and her groin. This can't be happening!

"Ohhhh," she moaned almost imperceptibly.

Jake heard it, and released the nipple he was sucking. "Feels good, don' it?" Not waiting for an answer he lowered his head and began suckling on her other tit. Jake now watched her expression. Her eyes were closed, but he couldn't be sure of her arousal.

More neurological connections formed, this time linking her other tit to her groin. This time she moaned louder. Hearing her, Jake was confident that she wasn't the stone cold bitch as she'd always portrayed herself. He released her nipple and moved in between her up-splayed legs.

Right away Jake noticed the pecker tracks on the sheets. "Looks like someone beat me to ya," he said jovially. David cast his eyes down knowing that he had been discovered.

Julia, having no recollection of her husband fucking her while she was unconscious had no idea what Jake meant, besides she was focused on the immediate prospect of being raped. 'This can't be happening,' she thought as she began to struggle futilely once more.

Jake patiently waited until she stopped struggling so much.

To Julia's surprise, she wasn't summarily raped. Starting at an ankle, Jake licked and nibbled his way almost to her crotch. Always he was watching her reactions. Julia was horrified by what was happening, but at the same time, being powerless to resist she found it incredibly exciting. Then he started on the other ankle. At first she was both relieved and disappointed he hadn't touched her cunt, but as he nibbled and sucked and kissed his way up her calf again, she felt her pussy tingling with unaccustomed expectations. Relentlessly his furry face worked his way up her inner thigh to the crease between her thigh and her vulva. Pausing to lick the crease, he let his nose and then his beard brush across her freshly shaven cunt.

A low wailing moan filled the room as Jake's slowly licked up Julia's low-mileage sex trench. Looking up at her, he was pleased to see her nipples were pebbly hard and distended. A quick vision of piercing those meaty nipples flashed through his mind. 'All in good time,' he thought to himself. Then he licked up her trench again, starting near her asshole and ending at her clit. She got wetter with each stroke.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" she moaned to the new sensations. Never before had anyone licked her like that, it was just too dirty to contemplate. 'This can't be happening!' she thought. 'Not to me, not to me...'

Jake watched as her chest rose and fell as his wandering tongue took liberties with her cunt that were never allowed before. "Ohhh, gawd!" she moaned over and over as the wet muscle explored her vulnerable sex.

Jake captured a pussy lip between his teeth and tugged on it gently. Releasing it he paused to comment, "Ya seem to like this. Feels good, don' it?"

"No! No, you rapist bastard!" she cried out

He resumed sucking her pussy and toying with her nubbin.

"No, please, no," she wimpered.

Jake paused to tell her, "Let yourself go. Enjoy it. Embrace God's gift. Embrace the feelings you're havin'" Then he resumed licking and sucking her cunt.

Under the unrelenting oral assult, Julia moaned and squirmed, her movements severely restricted by her bindings. Uncontrollably her hips began punching into Jake's bearded face, letting him know that he had her near.

David looked on in amazement, in awe in how easily Jake had aroused her. She'd never, ever, been aroused with him enough to punch her hips.

The always moving tongue was doing things to her that she'd never experienced before. She desperately wanted him to stop, but at the same time she wanted it to continue, continue forever because it felt sooooo incredibly good. She felt her clit smashed between her pubic bone and the devilish thing that was so arousing her. She couldn't comprehend the sensations welling up inside her as the tongue ground into her pearly nub while slowly rotating. She moaned like a sick cat and bucked her hips, trying to get Jake to press harder on her already swollen buttton. Her stomach rippled as shivers of excitement ran up her body, lurching her lower body up into the air, mewling and whining with delirious pleasure as she climaxed with surging, white-hot waves of sexual ecstasy shooting through her body.

Never before had she climaxed with a man. Never before had she'd been eaten out. Never before had she coated a man's face with her nectar. Never before had she experienced the soaring euphoria of a good cum that wasn't self-induced.

Jake held on tight, keeping his face buried between the legs of the wildly buckling woman, his mouth covering her throbbing and juicing hole. Greedily, the Beast drank the flood of juices flowing from her pulsing cunt hole. Jake sucked and sucked the climaxing woman's cunt and clit, keeping her aroused like never before. Again and again she peaked while her husband watched in wonder.

Knowing he needed to give her a short break, Jake pulled away from her. He turned to face David. "Damn, little buddy, she came quick and she came hard. Ya got yerself a hot one here partner! I thought ya said she was cold!"

"She's never acted like that with me."

"Maybe she will from now on. Ya know, she's gonna love getting fucked."

Jake slid up Julia's body, taking a moment or two to nibble on her tits before getting face to face with her. After a few moments, her eyes fluttered open. She looked into the grinning bearded face that was mere inches from her own.

"Now, wasn't that fun?" he said before kissing her full on the lips. It was a shock to her feel the Beast's tongue worm its way into her mouth. She always hated that when David had done that, thinking that the exchange of saliva was disgusting, but this was different. He broke the kiss and rubbed his wet beard across her face. "Ya know what that is? It's the juice from yer pussy, honeypie." It had barely registered on her brain what he'd said before he thrust his lingual digit back in her mouth, and when it did, she thrust her tongue into his mouth.

David saw that Jake was in a perfect position to stick his big cock into her, so it was with mixed relief and disappointment when Jake sat back on his knees between his wife's legs.

Julia too was disappointed, but when the thick fingers began exploring her sex, she closed her eyes and simply concentrated on the sensations of being caressed. "Mmmmmm," she murmured as a thick finger entered her vagina. Only her fingers, dainty fingers had been there before, and on occasion, very few occasions, her husband's dick had briefly been there.

"Damn, ya sure got a tight cunt, sweetheart. Ya sure ya had all them babies?... Yeah, ya just gotta love a slut with a nice tight cunt. 'Course before I leave, it ain't gonna be so tight no more."

His fingers plunged in and out of her sex, taking liberties that no one had taken before. "Does that feel good, baby? Tell David, if ya think if feels good." Julia made an undecipherable babbling noise. "I take it that means, yes?" To Jake's surprise, Julia nodded in agreement. "I thought ya'd like it. Ya know, me and you, we're gonna have fun fucking. I just know you're gonna like having my cock up your tight cunt."

By then the pad of Jake's thrusting finger had found the fleshy bump on the fore wall of her vagina. "I'm gonna get ya off again, sweetheart, then we'll fuck." Jake stroked her G-spot and then moved to swipe her clit. Again and again he repeated the process.

Julia felt the orgasm building in her groin. She tired to resist the sensations, but quickly realized that she couldn't. He was going to make her cum and that was all there was to it. Looking down between her splayed thighs she watched as Jake's thick middle finger fucked into her. She knew she was helpless to prevent the molestation, but why were her hips moving so obscenely? She tried to hold still, but her hips kept moving, betraying the dirty little secret that she was indeed enjoying what was being done to her. Little did she realize, but Jake had already discovered her secret.

The pleasuring finger moved in, out and about her throbbing cunt hole. The groans of the squirming woman were music to Jake's ears as he watched her upper torso flush. He knew that the sweet velvet electricity was building up and that she was close. Nerves began shorting out in her abdomen. Her hips reacted with convulsive lurches as she rapidly climbed to the very pinnacle of ultimate sensation. A glow began somewhere in the area of her hotly pulsating vagina, a glow that explosively burst into an inferno of hot passionate pleasure. Julia shrieked with joy and then fell silent as her world suddenly imploded taking her very breath away.

Jake patiently waited for her to recover a portion of her senses. Again he slid up her torso, stopping momentarily to suck tit, tits that were now salty with sweat, until he was face to face with her. "Are ya ready to get fucked," he whispered as he nibbled an ear. "Are ya ready to feel my big dick moving inside ya? You're gonna love me fucking ya, baby. Are ya ready to obey yer husband and become my whore?"

The old Julia, appalled at what was happening wanted to scream, "No!" but the new Julia, excited by not only his brazen actions, but excited by his dirty sex talk, whispered back, "Yes."

Immediately he slid back down her torso, with a brief stop to suckle her other tit. Jake rocked back sitting up on his heels. Gripping his turgid cock, Jake ordered, "Look at me! Look at my dick, honeypot! Now watch my dick. It's gonna go up inside ya." He scooted forward until the fat drooling head touched her vulva. Julia only had to bend forward slightly to have a clear view of the strange cock poised to ravish her. Jake raked his cock head up and down her wet cuntal furrow.

She felt the fat cockhead spreading her lips open and shuddered. The old Julia hated fucking; found it demeaning, degrading, a necessary evil in an evil world, and had never found pleasure in it. The new Julia, having never been properly fucked, now acquiesced to the old Julia. To Jake's surprise she wailed, "Oh, god noooooooooo!" as she fought against the bindings. Suddenly her cunthole was stretched open and filled with the cock. The new Julia, finding the sensation of being stuffed with a hard dick pleasurable, salaciously moaned, while the old Julia was stunned into silence.

Her head flopped back against the pillow. "Ahhhhharrrgggg! Ohhhhh, gawwwwwd!" the woman cried as the authoritative cock began moving deep into her tight cunt, stretching her cock-socket much wider than her husband ever had. "Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!" she cried as yet another new aspect of sex was introduced to her.

"I knew ya'd like it," hissed Jake as he sawed away slowly, relishing the tight grip of her seldom used fuck tube. "I always knew there was randy slut hidden inside ya, just waiting to be released. So ya just let it go, baby. Be the wanton slut you were meant to be, be the slut God created for a man's pleasure."

Filled like never before, her head moved forward to watch the big demanding cock moving back and forth inside her, stroking areas of her near pristine vagina that had never been stimulated before. Her toes, pointing to the ceiling curled up tightly. She looked up at her husband with a wild demonic look on her face and then back down at the strange and wonderful dick that was fucking her pussy, fucking her like she'd never been fucked before.

Jake shifted his body forward to ride her higher. His cock now rubbed on her clit with every stroke. Every nerve ending in and on her body screamed and howled in gratification as an unfamiliar sexual intensity ripped through her. Quaking and trembling, her body slid into another orgasm. Her head lashed back and forth desperately as the pandemonium of a raging storm of sexual energy tore through her addled brain. As the climax roared through her, Julia's eyes rolled back in her head. Her mouth opened in an ecstatic groan of release.

Jake pounded away at the helpless woman who came repeatedly as he relentlessly fucked her. Julia was too far gone into own new world to hear, but her husband heard Jake urging, "Come on my cock, ya slut! Come on my cock! Yeah, that's it whore! I always knew ya was a cock loving slut!"

David had never lasted more than five or six strokes, so the fierce pounding she was receiving was totally new to her. Crests of pleasure quickly followed one another in an unending succession. To Julia the only thing that remained in her universe was the insistent cock and the wonderful things it was doing to her pussy.

The entire bed pounded against the wall over and over. Seeing his wife being brutally fucked was too much for David. He had his cock out and was abusing himself mightily while his big hairy neighbor did things to his erstwhile ice-cold wife that he only dreamed of doing.

David saw a twisted expression come over Jake's face. Jake's already thick dick swelled even bigger and the veins on his thrusting shaft thickened and bulged. Suddenly the fast paced stuccoto of fucking was shattered as Jake roared, "Arrrrrrrrrrrrgggggggg!" David saw Jake's buttocks clench convulsively, while his wife felt the large dick inside her swell even more before explosively erupting hot thick cum deep inside her unprotected cunt. The rhythm broken, Jake jerked violently and bellowed a second roar as he pumped more potent semen into his neighbor's quivering quim.

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Next door, Shelly and Luke were just getting out of bed when they heard a bellowing noise that sounded like wounded animal being attacked by wolves. Alarmed by the sound, Shelly asked, "What was that?"

"I dunno," replied her equally mystified mate. They listened again and heard the bellowing again. Then there was silence. The young couple got about the business of a new day. Almost immediately a fight broke out.

"No, I'm taking the truck! I ain't walking home after a hard day just because you're too busy getting screwed!" shouted the husband.

"I need the truck," countered Shelly. "I'll pick you up, Baby, I promise! I can't get all dressed up and walk to the courthouse in high heels."

"Get one of the Sheriff's Deputies to come pick ya up. 'Course ya might not ever make it to work, but at least I ain't gonna be walking."

"Oh, Luke, please. I'm sorry you had to walk home. I couldn't help it if..."

"Ya couldn't get from underneath the sheriff long enough to pick me up... could ya?"

"He wouldn't let me go anywhere! Please, Baby! I promise! Besides I'll need to pick up some groceries if you want supper tonight."

Luke hated to argue with Shelly. It always seemed to be about stupid stuff and hardly worth the effort. Besides, he wasn't very good at it and he knew it. "Ah, okay, okay. But ya better be there, Shelly or by god, ya walk from now on!"

Shelly whipped up some bacon and eggs. Dressed for work, Luke ate in gloomy silence. Feeling the need to comfort her husband, Shelly stood by his side and rubbed his hair. The scalp massage melded into her rubbing her tits into the side of his head. Opening her terry cloth robe and pressing her pillowy bare tits into the side of her husband's head, she asked in her best come-fuck-me voice, "You got a few minutes?"

"It's getting late, Shel. Shit! I wish ya wouldn't do this me like this. Damn, I ain't fucked ya in days and... Christ, I'll get fired... Naw! C'mon. I gotta go, so take me to work. We'll fuck tonight if ya ain't too worn out."

"I'm not dressed."

"Ya got a robe on, don't ya? Take me to work now or I'll take myself!"

"Okay, okay, grouchy."

The old pickup pulled into the parking lot at the rail yard. They were fifteen minutes early, but as usual most of the men were already there. Knowing he had a little time, Luke spent a few minutes chatting with his comely wife. Opening the door to get out of the truck, he heard the crunching sound of heavy boots trodding through the gravel parking lot. Looking across the cab, he saw Jess Baker, the gang boss of one the maintenance crews, strolling towards the truck. "What the fuck's he want?" Luke mumbled under his breath. Baker was a neckless, baby-faced man whose massive frame towered over most of his peers. Luke didn't care for this guy as he was arrogant and a bully. Upon reaching the truck, Baker stuck his head in the open passenger-side window.

"Well, well, who and what do we have here?"

"My wife," replied Luke irritated at the interruption.

"Yeah, I've heard about your wife," said the big man smugly. "Shelly, ain't it? Damn, ya sure got some nice legs there, honey."

Baker looked up from examining the exposed expanse of shapely bare legs with an unctuous smile. "Lenny told me that you bring her out and pass her around. I didn't believe him, of course. But then a friend of mine told me about this blond bimbo with fantastic titties at P-Willy's the other night. Said that her husband was selling her cunt. He also said the slut's name was Shelly and that she was a terrific fuck. That got me to thinking... that maybe, just maybe, there's something to Lenny's story after all. Especially when they both said her pink nipples were pierced and that she wears nipple rings." Reaching inside the cab, he tugged on the lapel of her terry cloth bathrobe to get a peek. Instinctively, Shelly grabbed the robe to preserve her modesty, but she was just a little too slow.

"Well, I'll be god damned! You do wear slut rings! How about it, Honey, do you fuck for cash or do you fuck for free?" Baker reached into his wallet and pulled out a twenty. Holding the money up, he said, "We've got ten minutes or so before the first whistle." Then he dropped the bill in Shelly's lap and opened the door.

Luke immediately saw that Baker had unzipped and had his cock out and ready. The brusque man added, "How about if you take a walk kid, or maybe you'd like to watch. Don't matter to me none."

"Hey, wait a minute," protested Luke.

"Get the fuck out, kid! She's a whore, and you pimp her out. I paid you, now I'm going to fuck her." Baker shoved Shelly into her husband. It was a rather tight fit with the three adults in the cab of the truck and Luke found himself partially ejected out the driver's door.

Baker then threatened, "You suddenly have some scruples, kid? How about if I report what you've been up to on company time? You and everyone else on your crew will get fired!

"Now, beat it, sonny! I won't be long with her."

Dismayed, Luke did the sensible thing and got out of the truck, stunned that Lenny had put everyone's jobs in jeopardy by shooting his mouth off. Moments later, Shelly was on her back, her head hanging off the seat making it impossible for Luke to close the door.

Baker roughly yanked her robe open. "You certainly do have some fantastic titties, girl!" growled Baker. "Just like Lenny said."

Fully clothed, Baker mounted Luke's wife, holding his weight off with one hand, and with his other gripping and mauling a fat tit. Without ever knowing why, Shelly automatically spread her legs apart. Shelly's head flopped back the instant Baker ran his hard cock up her snatch, her blond hair hanging down towards the gravel.

With both doors of the truck wide open, Luke watched the energetic fornication with consternation. Automatically his wife's ankles had locked around Baker's hips, pulling him into her with each stroke. Automatically her vagina squeezed around her erstwhile rapist's cock to give just the right amount of friction between the walls of her cunt and his cock shaft. Automatically, her hips punched forward with each inward stroke to take the cock deeper. She wasn't exactly smiling back at Luke, but she certainly seemed to be enjoying the assault. Later Luke would ask her why, but she didn't tell him the truth. Thanks to him, she was now addicted to taking cock. She craved cock and she wasn't particular as to the when, where or whom.

Then to his further dismay, Luke saw a group of three men approaching; Baker's work gang. "Oh, shit," he muttered. He looked around to see if any of his own crew was nearby. He saw Lenny, but knew that the bastard was useless. Rodger was facing away, messing around with some gear in the back of their work truck. Big Mike was nowhere to be seen. "Where is Mike?" he asked out loud knowing that only Mike could help in this situation. But by then it was too late. The men were jostling for position to observe the illicit screwing taking place.

After five or six minutes of heavy fucking, Baker's motions became irregular and choppy. He dismounted and put away his spent cock. Slipping from the truck he mockingly apologized, "Sorry, Honeysnatch, but I forgot to use a rubber."

Then he announced, "She's a working girl, boys. Be sure and tip her."

The whistle blew. Baker then reassured his crew, "I'll clock all of you in. But you only have fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes!"

Luke was now faced with another dilemma. To stay and protect Shelly as best he could, as he really didn't know any of these guys very well, or go clock in so he wouldn't be docked. He saw Lenny and Roger walking to the dispatch shack to clock in. One of the men, Hank, had thrown another twenty dollar bill on Shelly, pulled his pants down and had mounted her. A guy known only to Luke as Trapper, came around to the driver's side, threw a bill into the cab and dropped his pants. Shamelessly Shelly began licking and nuzzling Trapper's balls and semi-erect cock while Hank's cock had a go at her pussy.

To Luke, it didn't appear that his wife was particularly upset about any of it. The young husband decided that they weren't going to hurt his wife, they were just going to fuck her. He only had a few minutes, so he headed towards the dispatch shack to clock in. On his way he noticed two more men heading for his truck.

Outside the dispatch shack, Jess Baker was yukking it up with the crowd. With knowing smiles and barely concealed glee, they watched as Luke went inside to clock in. Exiting the building, Jess Baker collared him. "Your wife's a mighty fine piece of ass, Luke. Mighty fine!" he announced to the mirthful crowd. "Are you gonna make her available at the company picnic?"

Stung with embarrassment and shame, Luke made his escape from the laughing maintenance crews. Straightaway he headed back to truck to ensure that Shelly was okay. Baker's three men were now standing about as the two other men were having a go at Shelly from both ends. Luke glanced back, a large crowd of men were now heading towards his truck. Fortunately, the second whistle blew and the pack's advance stopped. In moments the mob broke up, the men scattering to their work vehicles.

Laughing, Baker's crew took a parting glance and went their way. A minute later the two other men were finished and quickly ran to their respective work trucks while buttoning up. Luke looked around and saw Roger and Lenny standing by their truck talking to Big Mike. His boss was late, but at least he was now here. Luke turned back to his wife. Her head was still off the end of the seat looking back at him, whorishly running her tongue across her spermy lips. Wads of cum were splashed across her pretty face and in her hair. Her naked tits were heaving, nipples erect and flushed. They too were covered with jism. She had one foot resting on the floorboard and the other up over the seat back. Her hand was between her legs, feeling her gaping fuck hole as the mix of fresh semen ran from her happy cunt.

"Are you okay, Baby?" he asked. Glowing with endorphins, Shelly nodded yes and then sat up. She closed her robe and wiped the semen from her face. She picked up the money scattered around the cab and handed it to Luke. He counted out two twenties, two tens, a five and two ones. With a snort, he commented wryly, "Sixty seven bucks. Ya better get yer ass home." Pocking several bills, Luke handed his wife seventeen dollars sourly adding, "Here, this is yours. Ya earned it."

"That wasn't my fault," she defended.

"No, no it wasn't. It's just the way it is, I guess." Luke closed the doors as Shelly slipped behind the steering wheel and fired the old clunker up. "Ya be damned sure and pick me up this afternoon."

"I will, Luke, I promise. What if...?"

"What if what?"

"What if they... you know... those men..."

"Shit, I don't know," replied Luke dejectedly. "Just say, no."

"We really do need the money," she stated hoping for some encouragement.

Luke threw up hands and turned away without further comment. Walking away, he cringed hearing the gears grind as Shelly forced the transmission into first gear. Then he heard the truck pull away. Approaching the work truck, Luke saw that Roger was helping Big Mike unload something from his truck and put it into the back of the Suburban work truck. Mike then dashed off to the dispatch office.

"You're late, Mike," observed the dispatcher.

"Had a flat tire," replied Mike dryly as he clocked in. Making no issue of it, the dispatcher made a notation in his log book and then gave Mike his crew's work assignment for the day. Leaving the dispatch shack, the first thing Mike saw was the fistfight in progress. Roger was doing his best to break it up, but Luke was flailing away at Lenny who suddenly went down ungracefully.

"What the hell!" yelled Big Mike as he ran up to his crew. Roger had Luke more or less under control, but Luke still managed a glancing kick to Lenny's back.

"Roger! What the fuck's going on!" demanded Mike.

Roger replied, "Ask them!"

Lenny by that time had regained his footing and lunged at Luke. Big Mike grabbed him and easily pulled Lenny away. Having restored order, Big Mike got to the bottom of things.

"He's fucking nuts! He just went crazy for no good reason," replied Lenny when he was asked.

"He's been blabbing his big mouth off," replied Luke. "He told Jess Baker about the picnic with Shelly last week. Jess threatened to get us all fired if he couldn't fuck her. Fucked my wife right here in the parking lot! His crew fucked her too and two guys from Ken's crew! Everybody knows about it! Everybody!"

"Ya stupid piece of shit!" yelled Big Mike as he slammed Lenny against the truck. "I told ya to keep your fucking mouth shut!"

"I didn't mean to," defended Lenny. "Last Friday after work, everyone was at Joe's drinking beer. I, I, I let it slip... accidentally."

"Accidentally, my ass," growled Mike. "I ought to pound your sorry ass into the payment right now. God damn you, ya know what you've done? We could all get fired because of that loose mouth of yours!"

Letting loose of Lenny in case anyone was watching, Mike growled, "How about if we let it be known that we ran into a couple of whores yesterday, but ya couldn't get it up? How about if we let everyone know about your Millie? I'm sure we can find a lot of new entries to our baby derby."

"Aw, c'mon, Mike. Please, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry, I..."

"Lenny, shut the fuck up! Just shut the fuck up!"

Seething, Big Mike thought about the problem for a moment. "Now, here's what we do. We won't deny that we all fucked Shelly... sorry Luke, everybody's gonna know about that. But we fucked her after work, not on company time! Ya got that Lenny? Not on company time, but after work. Now get your pathetic ass in the truck, ya piece of crap!"

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"Where have you been?" asked Toni of her husband as he swaggered through the backdoor.

"Busy," he replied. "Ya got my breakfast ready?"

"I thought you left."

"Hell, ya seen my truck's still here!"

"I guess," Toni remarked without much concern. "You been molesting Shelly again?"

"Nope, haven't seen her this morning," replied Jake as he struggled to conceal a grin.

"Well, then what have you been up to?"

"Guess."

"Jake, I don't want to play games this early."

"Go on, guess. Ya won't believe it."

"Then how would I guess it?"

"I dunno. Just guess."

"You were doing that little weasel, David?"

"Close..." Thrusting his chest out proudly he added, "Julia."

"Julia? Get out of here!"

"It's true! David had her all tied up. Wants me to make a slut out her, ya know a cock loving slut like you and Shelly."

"Bullshit!"

"Bullshit nothing. I fucked that bitch! Fucked her good. Ya know, I think she liked it."

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By the time Shelly got home from dropping off Luke, Jake had left for the warehouse. It was barely past eight. Shelly noted the time; she didn't need to be at the courthouse for her first morning of work until nine thirty, so she went straight away to draw a hot bath. She was enjoying a relaxing soak when Toni came in.

"Good morning, girlfriend," Toni cheerily greeted.

"Oh, hi, Toni, come on in."

The two women chatted for a few moments before Toni asked whether Jake had been with her that morning. "No, I haven't seen him... Honest!"

"Oh, you know I don't care if you did, it just that he had this crazy story and I..."

"Want to hear a really crazy story?" Shelly grinned mischievously. "At the rail yard this morning, in the parking lot, I got laid right in front of Luke. Gang banged."

"I believe that," replied Toni.

"I don't think he was exactly happy about it. I did four or five of them. The guys gave me money."

"You whore! In the parking lot? Really Shelly, you really take the cake."

"And guess what else?"

"Not another guessing game," groaned Toni.

"I got a job! A real job."

"Doing what?"

"Special Assistant to Judge Horace Mecom."

"That old lecher! Special Assistant... you're his whore, aren't you?"

"Well, I'll be doing other things."

"Oh, honey. You'll just be on your back."

"What's wrong with that? Luke's okay with it."

"Nothing I suppose. Guess that's better than doing Jetter's gang of in-breeds for roofing shingles."

Picking up a washcloth, Toni offered, "Want me to do your back?"

"Sure. Thanks." Shelly and Toni had a silent moment as Toni began washing the blonde's back. "You wouldn't have something I could borrow for work, would you, Toni? You know, something sexy."

"I'm two sizes smaller than you, but I might be able to come up with something."

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Shelly posed in the full-length mirror in Toni's bedroom. The black wrap-around miniskirt was very short and it barely made it completely around her hips leaving a bare expanse of thigh exposed along one side. The white silk top stretched across her ample breasts, straining the sole button that tenuously kept everything in place. The blouse was too low cut and revealing for her to wear a bra, and the blouse exposed a scandalous amount of the inner contours of her big tits. Her nipples, clearly defined by the tight fabric molded onto her skin, were barely concealed at all.

"What do you think?" she asked Toni.

"You'll be raped before you make it into the courthouse," her friend laughed. "The only thing you're missing is a pair of "fuck-me" shoes."

"You think so? Do you have any shoes like that?"

"Of course! I have just the thing."

Toni dug around in her closet and produced a pair of black open-toed sandals with four-inch heels. "Try these." Shelly slipped on the minimalist shoes and instantly gained another four-inches on her friend while at the same time arching her ass.

"They make your legs look fabulous! And see how your butt is now emphasized."

"Gawd, I look like a whore," lamented Shelly.

"You are a whore, dear," quipped her friend. "You might as well look the part."

"You don't think it's a little too..."

"Sluttish? Absolutely! You're going to give that old fart a hard-on that won't go down."

"Okay... I guess."

Toni spent a few minutes fixing Shelly's hair and doing her make up. To complete her outfit, Toni fastened a gold necklace with a blue topaz pendant around her neck. "Matches your eyes."

"As if anyone will be looking at my eyes."

"Well, it does soften the outfit, don't you think."

Shelly fingered the low hanging pendant. "I think it draws even more attention to my breasts."

"Honey, that's the point!"

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Sliding into the driver's seat of the old pickup, Shelly immediately realized just how short the miniskirt was. "Thank goodness I wore panties and not the thong as Toni suggested," she said to herself as she tugged at the helm of her skirt.

"Oh, my god! If my mother saw me like this..." She adjusted the rearview mirror to check her makeup and smiled back at her reflection. "If Daddy saw me..." Giggling, she blew a kiss to the hottie in the mirror.

Happy to find a parking space near the courthouse, Shelly took a deep breath and made her way to her first day at work. Finding walking in the high heels to be somewhat wobbly, she concentrated on not falling on her face. Falling wasn't her only concern as her jiggling breasts threatened to spring free of her blouse with each step. Everyone else, men and women alike, stopped and gawked at the curvaceous blonde bombshell as she made her way into the courthouse. Those who didn't stop found themselves running into objects and other people, as their total attention was drawn to the feminine spectacle.

Much to her relief, she made it up stairs of the courthouse without incident. She was pleased when a well-dressed man held the door open for her, flashing the man a radiant smile as she passed. "Sweet Jesus!" the man muttered as she passed, causing her face to flush from a curious mix of pride and embarrassment.

Once inside she made her way past the courtroom to Judge Mecom's chambers. Outside the judge's chambers, the bailiff, a middle-age man who wore the uniform of a deputy sheriff waved to her. She didn't recognize him at first, but after he greeted her, "'Morning, Sunshine! Damn, you sure know how to make a man's cock hard," she did indeed remember; he'd fucked her yesterday afternoon during her public service.

"The judge isn't here yet," the bailiff said while making an adjustment to his crotch. "You can wait for him in there," he said pointing to a door. "He should be in soon."

The bailiff escorted her to the door and opened it for her. It was a small room with single desk. Shelly heard the door close behind her and turned to see that the bailiff was with her.

"Old Mecom's gonna flip when he sees you dressed like this. Bet he'll take one look and bend you over his desk... Can't say I blame him. You're the best looking whore in the entire county."

The man unzipped his pants and fished out his stiff pecker. "Now we can't have your cunt dripping cum when the judge gets you, but how about a quick blowjob, honey?" Knowing full well that it was total bullshit, he added, "I'll put it down as time towards your public service."

Seeing her favorite object, a stiff cock, Shelly shrugged and replied, "Why not?" Moments later she was savoring the feel of another cock in her mouth, a feeling that she'd grown quite fond of. As her full lips slid up and down his shaft, Shelly marveled at the dichotomous qualities of a man's erect penis, at once hard and firm, the skin was also soft and yielding. Swirling her tongue over the smooth head, she tasted the seeping lubricating liquids, whetting her appetite for what was to surely come.

The bailiff closed his eyes as he concentrated on the wonderful sensations radiating from his prick. Up, down, up, down, swirl, up, down, up down, swirl, the pattern was repeated over and over. The accompanying lewd smacking noises added immeasurably to his pleasure. His breathing became faster. He opened his eyes and gazed down at the young pretty girl eagerly sucking his cock, a girl the same age as his own daughters who were both away at college. He visualized his youngest, a blonde like this girl, on her knees blowing her professor for a better grade. The thought was all it took to take him to the edge. He grabbed the slut's hair and forced his dick as deep in her mouth as possible. He pulled out and rammed it back in, transforming the blowjob into a face-fucking. Half a dozen forceful strokes and he felt his cum surging up from his balls.

The cock throbbed in her mouth and Shelly felt and tasted the thick man-juice discharging into her mouth. Greedily she swallowed the first two spurts, but allowed the last pulses to linger in her mouth to savor the gelatinous texture and taste. All too soon the cock began to soften and Shelly knew that it was over, for the moment. Seeking to please him and herself to the last, she refused to release his cock until she was ready, making him involuntarily jerk about as she lovingly teased the now hypersensitive tip of the organ. Only when he stopped twitching did she let it slowly slip from between her lips.

Rocking back on her heels, Shelly looked up and gave the older man a big spermy smile. Breathless, he exclaimed, "Holy smokes! That was really good, Babykins. Really good. You'll have to do that for me again, sometime."

"Anytime," she replied earnestly. "You have a nice cock."

"You really think so?"

"Yes. It's not so big that it chokes me." The bailiff beamed. In all his years, never before had a pretty girl compliment him on his cock.

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David sat in his bookstore watching the dust collect. His mind filled with the happenings last night in his home. His pecker stiffened at the memory of Julia tied down and blindfolded, helplessly struggling while he fucked her. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever done in his entire life, raping his wife. As he thought about it he realized how strange it was that she tried to fight him the entire time, but when Jake fucked her, the fight went out of her almost immediately. It was if she really liked what Jake was doing to her. Did she?

Yes, fucking her when she knew what was happening was much better than when he raped her while she was out cold. He recalled how she helplessly struggled and cursed him after Jake had finished with her and went home. He remembered how it made him feel so powerful to take her like that.

His mind drifted back to watching big hairy Jake, pumping into her, how she groaned and fucked back at her hated neighbor. Yes, she really did seem to enjoy Jake taking her, despite that fact that she had always detested the man as wholly immoral.

By and by David considered what Julia would do to him once she was untied. A vision of his severed nut sack lying uselessly on the floor made him almost faint. His gut tightened into a knot. "My god, what have I gotten myself into?" he cried out to the empty store. A temporary respite from his anguish presented itself when a potential customer came in and browsed around. But when the old man left without making a purchase, his thoughts went back to the revenge his shrewish wife was certain to inflict upon him.

To get his mind off the disaster that seemed inevitable, he checked his e-mail. There was a curious e-mail from The Prophet simply saying, "Thank you for your generous gift. Most enjoyable." It made no sense at all and he quickly put it out of his mind, as he often received nonsensical e-mails from the kiddie-porn master. He also had a few dozen requests for Boris' latest boy-fuck flick and set about filling the orders.

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Except for Big Mike occasionally cursing at Lenny for being a big-mouthed asshole and other disparaging descriptors, the ride out to the field was mostly in silence. Roger tactfully kept out of it and Lenny was too cowered to make any retort. Luke for his part was lost in his own thoughts of Jess Baker and his pals flagrantly taking his wife for a few measly bucks and how Shelly seemed to enjoy every minute of it.

Arriving at the assigned area for today, Mike scanned the tracks for problems. There had been some reports by train crews of excessive sway in this area, indicating that the tracks needed some repair. With his trained eye, he quickly found the problem. Stopping the truck, he got out for a closer inspection. Moments later he slid behind the wheel again and flipped a hydraulic control that raised the steel rail guide wheels, returning the truck into an all-terrain vehicle. With a few sharp bumps, he pulled the modified Suburban off the railroad tracks and bounced down the sharp embankment towards a copse of oak trees.

Once the truck lurched to a stop, no one needed to be told that it was time to get to work. Standing about, Mike's crew waited his instructions. Without saying a word, Mike went around and opened the back tailgate where he rummaged around for a minute. To everyone's surprise, especially Lenny's, Millie crawled out the back of the truck.

"Hey, what's my wife doing here?" demanded Lenny.

"Shut up, Lenny. Just shut the fuck up! I don't want to hear another fuckin' word the rest of the day coming out of your big mouth," snarled Big Mike in reply.

Millie looked to her husband and asked, "What did you do, Lenny?"

Then turning to Mike she asked, "What did he do? Is he in trouble?"

"He's got a big mouth," replied Mike. "He doesn't have the sense to keep it shut."

"Do you, asshole?" snarled the angry crew boss at his underling.

Lenny raised a hand, but before he could speak, Mike cut him off. "Not a word, Lenny, not a fuckin' word. I'm warning ya. Just shut up, do your job and stay shut up!"

Mike turned his attention to the group at large. "First of all, we got a job to do today. There's some rotted ties up there. We're going to dig them out and replace them.

"Roger, you and Luke, take the truck and go up to Brice siding. Get a dozen ties or more and get back.<

"Lenny, you can start digging the rotted ties out.

"Now I'm gonna say this just once. What happened back at the depot will not happen again on company time or on company property. We all have to work together and that's that. Any fighting, and I'll have ya fired. Understand, Lenny?"

"I didn't start..."

"Shut up, damn you!"

Turning to Luke, Mike said, "No doubt everyone knows about Shelly. Nothing can be done about that now, so... just get over it."

"Mike."

"What is it, Lenny?" asked the exasperated crew boss.

"Why's Millie here?"

"What do you think? We promised your wife a baby and we all need to work on that promise. Making babies is a hit and miss proposition. Ya never can tell when it's gonna happen. Might just take once, but then again it might take months, ya just never know. Now Millie here, she wants a baby real bad and we're gonna give her one. Now as I recall, ya already agreed to this Lenny, so no back tracking."

"I ain't back tracking, I just..."

"So now ya know. She's here to be fucked by the three of us. Roger, Luke and I will take breaks throughout the day. Ya can't contribute to this effort, Lenny, so just enjoy the show."

Mike turned to Millie who was blushing furiously. "Darling, go get that blanket I had ya wrapped up in and go spread it out over there. Then get undressed. I'll be with ya shortly."

The boss turned back to his crew. "Lenny, get a shovel, a pickaxe and a crowbar from the truck.

"Roger, you and Luke be on your way. Don't be lollygagging about. We've got important work to do today and ya can't breed this fine woman if you're not around to do her."

"I'm senior to Luke," protested Lenny. "Union rules. I should go with Roger."

"Lenny, don't ya think ya oughta be sticking around to give Millie some moral support? She's your wife, man. Very shortly, I'm gonna fuck her. Ya should be here when that happens and make sure she's safe.

"Now go get your tools, shut up and get to work."

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At the warehouse Jake made his plans for the morning. He would do a couple of quick deliveries, swing by and pick up Henderson's video equipment, go home and do Julia, have lunch and bring back Shelly. He prided himself as a man of his word and he'd given Horsefly his word that in exchange for procuring the drugs for Julia, the big black buck could fulfill his fantasy and fuck the big titted blonde. A video of Shelly taking Horsefly's big black cock would definitely be a moneymaker. As his two black workers loaded the delivery truck, Jake made his final plans.

"Hey, Horsefly! I got a treat for ya after lunch, just like I said I would. Now, ya go get one of those used mattresses and lay it out on the warehouse floor."

"Yes, suh, Massa Jake! Yes, suh!" replied Horsefly with a knowing grin that showed off his pearly white teeth.

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While Roger and Luke drove away to procure the needed supplies, Lenny trudged up the embankment grumbling to himself about how unfair Big Mike was being to him. Up on the tracks, he found a rotted tie and threw down his tools. Looking down the embankment, he saw Big Mike unbuttoning his wife's dress. The housedress fell to her feet. Stepping behind Lenny's wife, Mike unfastened her bra, and it too was discarded. Then Lenny watched as Millie pulled her panties down and stepped out. When she stood upright, Mike's strong arms encircled her from behind, his hands cupping and mauling her tits. Lenny adjusted his stiffening cock in his pants.

Between kisses along her neck, Mike whispered into her ear, "You're so beautiful, Millie, so very beautiful."

"You're just saying that," she protested.

"No, it's true. You are very beautiful. I love a woman with full tits."

"He can see us," the wife protested.

"It excites him. Trust me. Watching us, he's as hard as a railroad spike."

It was hard for Lenny to concentrate on doing his job with what was going on just a few yards away and down the embankment. Uneasily he watched as Big Mike stripped off his shirt, boots and then his pants. He saw Mike taking his wife in his arms again and kissing her. This time the big hands roamed freely across Millie's naked back and buttocks. He could see everything, but he was too far away to hear his wife say, "I need you, Mike. Ever since the other day, I've thought of nothing but you and the other guys. I never knew it could be so good."

"Then suck me, Millie. Suck my cock and get me hard."

Lenny was astounded to see his wife sink to her knees and eagerly take Mike's prodigious dick in her mouth. "What's that got to do with knocking her up?" he mumbled.

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Judge Mecum licked his chops when his buxom "Special Assistant" stepped into his chambers, her full ripe tits jiggling seductively with each unsteady step. He hadn't realized it yesterday with her standing next to Sherriff Reed, but she was indeed a tall girl, her heels and short skirt making her legs appear longer than they were.

He glanced up at the clock. Mustering a stern countenance, he snapped, "You're late!"

Shelly stopped dead in her tracks. "The bailiff said you weren't in yet, and..."

"And what?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be late, I..."

Knowing he really couldn't be angry with such a divine creature, the Judge softened up immediately. "Oh, don't worry about it, dear," he said with a shrug and a friendly smile. "It is your first day, and I must say, you look absolutely fabulous!"

"Thank you." Shelly stood about nervously not knowing what to do as Mecom's eyes scanned up and down her body. "Uh, what is it you want me to do?"

"Yes, of course... Well, for starters you can go downstairs to the canteen and get me a cup of coffee. French roast. Black." Shelly turned to fetch the coffee but before she got to the door, the judge had a change of heart. "No... on second thought, I'll get someone else to bring me coffee. Come here my dear and let's talk about your duties." The judge pressed a button on the intercom and ordered coffee to be sent to his chambers.

The judge rose and walked up to her. "Now, let's see..." His hands came forward and slipped into her blouse. With a minimal amount of effort Shelly's double-D hooters popped out of her blouse.

"Incredible," the judge muttered as he fondled her. "Absolutely incredible. They are all natural too. Where did you get such a rack?"

"Uh, my mamma?"

"Of course," he replied as he tweaked a nipple until it swelled appreciably. "Fantastic tits. When did you pierce your nipples?"

"A week ago, I guess."

"Yes, they don't seem to be fully healed yet."

"They're not," she gasped as he painfully tugged the gold ring.

"Does that hurt?" he whispered giving the ring a slight twist.

"Yes."

"The pain, it excites you?"

"Sometimes."

"You will always refer to me as, Sir," he demanded giving the ring another twist.

"Yes, Sir. Sometimes it does, Sir."

"So you enjoy pain?"

"I don't think so, Sir. Please, Sir, you're hurting me."

The judge released her ring and gently rubbed the tormented nipple. "There, is that better?"

"Yes, Sir."

"We'll see," he replied cryptically. "Now, as to your duties. Do you type?"

"No, Sir."

"Not a problem. You don't need to type."

"Then what am I supposed to do."

"I think you know very well what your duties will be. Otherwise you wouldn't show up for work dressed as you are. Now would you?"

"No, sir," she admitted.

"That's better. No need to be coy. You are to be my sex-toy, pure and simple. Whatever I want you to do, you will do it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Now, over there in the corner is a box of files. Look in there for a file marked, "Anderson verses Dillon". I have to hear closing arguments in an hour and I need to refresh my memory."

Shelly went to the box and bent over to search for the file. As her skirt hiked up, it was plainly evident to the judge that she was wearing panties. He turned and went back to sit at his desk. Moments later, his comely assistant brought him the requested file. Taking the file from her, he sat it on the desk. Leaning forward he took her thighs in his hands and pulled her towards him.

"I couldn't help but notice that you are wearing black panties," he said flatly.

"Yes, Sir."

"How do panties help you do your job?"

"You don't like them?"

"I would like them better if you took them off... Go on, I haven't all morning!"

Shelly's face flushed as she reached under her skirt and pulled the black panties down and then off.

"Give them to me," came the order. Shelly placed the panties in the Judge's outstretched hand.

Bringing the panties to his nose, Mecom said, "You smell heavenly. I'll keep these until you return to your husband." The judge then opened a desk drawer and placed the panties inside.

"Now come closer."

As Shelly stepped a little closer, the lecherous Judge leaned forward and ran his hands up her skirt to grasp and stroke her bare buttocks. Shelly felt the pressure of his hands pulling her closer until his face was pressed into her crotch. His hands left her butt cheeks and lifted the short skirt, allowing him to nuzzle into her.

Suddenly he pushed her back against his desk. "Spread your legs." Shelly immediately obeyed his command. "Now sit up on the desk. Keep your legs spread. That's it. Now show me your pussy." Shelly instantly complied. "Now spread your pussy open."

Even Shelly felt that it was obscene what he was demanding, but she really didn't have a choice. With her own fingers, she pulled apart her cunt lips to display the glistening pink interior of her treasure.

The Judge leaned closer and closer until Shelly felt his hot breath blowing from his nostrils onto her splayed sex. Mecom inhaled deeply, relishing the aroma of the young woman's pussy. "Are you always this wet, my dear," he asked.

"I guess," she answered, placing a sharp emphasis on the last word as the wet tongue touched her inner flesh. The tongue slowly plowed through her cunt, sending a shiver of pleasure coursing through her ripe nubile body.

"Wonderful, just wonderful," she heard him breathlessly remark before the tongue began the next trip up her moist, humid trench. On the second trip, the tongue stopped to tease her nubbin momentarily. The pleasuring tongue pulled away. She was expecting another lingual swipe, but instead she felt him nuzzle his entire face into her. For several moments the Judge wallowed his face in her splayed open pussy. Then he unexpectedly rocked back and sat back in his chair, his entire face sparkling with her dew.

Closing his eyes, he took several deep breaths, relishing the heady scent of her sex. "Marvelous! Simply marvelous, my dear. I will be able to smell your delicious cunt all throughout the dreary proceedings today. Now, if you will excuse me, I need to review those papers."

"Aren't you going to fuck me?"

Horace Mecom looked up and was surprised by what he saw in Shelly's pretty face. There was a genuine pleading, and unfulfilled yearning and unmistakable burning need in the young woman's eyes. "Doesn't take much to get your motor humming, does it, sweetheart? Fuck you? Yes, I'll fuck you, but later, my dear, later. It's still quite early, and if I did, I would be remiss in my duties by being late for court. I don't tolerate tardiness in other people, and I don't expect them to tolerate belatedness in me."

"Now don't get me wrong, my dear, you look absolutely lovely this morning. In fact, you're going to give every man who sees you today an instant hard-on. No doubt, you're going get the attention of a few dykes too," the Judge added with a chuckle.

"But I've got a very special guest coming by later this afternoon and I want you to look your absolute best. So, I made an appointment for you this morning with Miss Rita at Rita's Salon. She and that cute little gook that works with her are going to give you a makeover. Hair, nails, facial, makeup, the works.

"So why don't you trot that pretty ass of yours down the street and let Rita and Ming Le take good care of you. I expect you back by 2 o'clock. Meanwhile have fun, but I want you to try and keep strange peckers away from your sweet puss." With a chuckle he added, "You'll get plenty of pecker later today... I promise.

"Now, run along, child."

**Chapter 24 - NEW AWAKENINGS**  
  
*David is torn by the Pastor's care of his children, while Jake enjoys his erstwhile prudish wife's cunt. Lenny is torn too, but by the flagrant trackside use of his wife, while Luke's wife, Shelly gets a new do and is challenged in her new job.*

Lenny struggled to keep his mind on the task at hand of digging out the rotted crossties. It was hard work for sure, but he was used to hard work, it was simply too difficult for him to keep his eyes off the lewd scene taking place a few feet away. Out in the open, under the cool shade of the oaks, his wife was being royally fucked by Big Mike.

The way Millie was carrying on while Mike rutted with her, gave lie to this just being a biologic exercise to get her pregnant. She was obviously enjoying every minute of it, every hard demanding stroke into her pussy, every change of position, and every loving caress laid upon her voluptuous body. Mike was certainly in no hurry, he was having a great time making the woman repeatedly squeal with pleasure. Lenny fumed that all the oral sex the two lovers periodically engaged in had absolutely nothing to do with procreation. What did fingering her asshole have to do with anything? The uninhibited wantonness exhibited by his erstwhile loyal wife was staggering.

The copulating couple broke apart once again. Once again Millie was kissing and slobbering all over the rigid expanse of Big Mike's big prick. Then Mike rolled on his back and Millie climbed aboard, slowly taking his cock.

Lenny couldn't be sure, but was she taking him in the ass? She never, ever let him do that. No, maybe she was just fucking him? The cuckold husband couldn't be sure.

With his prong buried deep, Big Mike sat upright, making Millie lean back and support herself with her arms. Now as her hips rotated and ground into his groin, Mike was sucking her tits. Lenny couldn't stand it any longer. He fished his hardened member from his jeans and began stroking himself.

"Look over at Lenny," urged Mike in a whisper. "He's masturbating." Millie looked towards her husband. Sure enough, Lenny was tugging at his root while watching them fuck. "See, he's getting off on watching ya. He's really enjoying the show. I told ya he wants ya to be a slut. Makes him hot to see ya gettin' fucked."

As preposterous as Big Mike's proposition was this morning, it all now made sense to Millie. She wanted a baby, while Lenny wanted her to be a slut. They were both getting what they wanted, so why shouldn't she enjoy her new found sexuality. She was beautiful, she realized. Beautiful and desirable, she was the object of virile men's lust. She was born to be fucked and fucked often, Mike had told her. That essential truth was now evident to her. Exalting in her newfound purpose, another scream of female pleasure filled the air.

Millie's shouts of, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me, Mike!" sent Lenny over the top. Trembling with the self-induced climax, Lenny's sperm-deficient semen splattered uselessly on the ground while Mike's potent screw-juice flooded into the ripe womb of Lenny's wife.

Lenny was dazed as he watched his wife being unceremoniously dumped off Big Mike's lap. Mike rose and pulled on his jeans. The fucking was over... for now. In a daze Lenny stupidly watched as his boss pulled on his work boots and donned his cap. Purposely, Mike strode up to his underling.

"Just what the fuck do ya think you're doing?" demanded Mike harshly. "You're supposed to be digging out the ties, not beating your meat!"

"Did you... Did you screw her in the butt?" the husband asked meekly.

"No. But now that ya mention it, before the day is over, I think I will!" snapped the irate gang boss. "Now let's get busy. We've got a job to do and we're gonna do it." With an unctuous grin Mike added, "While we do her."

Surveying the little progress Lenny had made Mike observed, "We've got at least a dozen of these to do today. Give me the friggin' pick, ya lazy bastard. You shovel."

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It was midmorning when Julia heard the heavy footsteps ascending the staircase. Fruitlessly she tugged at the bindings one last time. Seeing the hulking mass of Jake Stringer appear in the bedroom doorway, she stopped her useless struggle. She shuddered as he began stripping off his shirt. "Oh, god, he's going to rape me again," she whispered. With the conflicting emotions of fear and yearning, she watched as the hairy brute of a man removed his jeans. Lewdly the Beast stood in the doorway, fondling his large cock while the helpless woman watched, certain of her immediate fate.

Julia let out a whimpering cry as her loathsome neighbor stepped towards the bed where she was tied. Once he was at the bed, she cried out, "Don't rape me! Please, Jake, don't rape me!"

"I ain't gonna rape ya, Julia, but... I am gonna fuck ya."

"Oh, please... I'm married!"

"And yer husband gave yer cunt to me... for trainin'. Just between the two of us," he chuckled, "I ain't ever gonna give it back to him either. Yer my fuck toy from now on, bitch. Now ya can make it hard on yerself, or ya can make it easy. Don't matter none to me. I'm gonna fuck that tight pussy of yers no matter what ya want."

"That's rape! I'll call the police! I'll..."

"It ain't rape... I'm just helping my neighbors out. Tomorrow, the next day, or the day after that yer gonna want my dick filling yer pussy. Yer gonna be begging me to fuck ya. You'll love what I do to ya. You're gonna love being my slut and having my cock inside ya."

"Oh, please, Jake. I'll get pregnant."

"Yer not on the pill?"

"No."

"Ya don' say? Hmmm, now there's a thought. Ya being a proven breeder and all, maybe ya want my baby?"

"No! I already have three children!"

"Don' worry none, darling. Tony and me will raise it. The only thing that woman can't give me is babies, but you... ya can. Yeah... I'm gonna breed ya, bitch."

"Oh, god..."

Jake reached out and lightly traced circles around her tit. "Now don' that feel good?" Bending forward he licked around the areola and it's rapidly stiffening nipple. "Ya 'member how much ya liked that last night?"

"No," she whimpered.

"Ya did. Ya loved it. Look at your nip, standing straight up like that. That proves ya like it." Julia glanced down at her erect nipple just before he engulfed it with his mouth. With the wet warm and demanding embrace of his mouth on her nipple, the new Julia was roused from her deep psyche. It did feel good, the new Julia whispered to the old.

"Yeah, ya like it," he declared again, before he resumed his gentle suckling and licking.

"Nooooo," the helpless woman whimpered again, but her body was saying 'yesssss' to sensations of his unrestrained oral caress to her breasts. "No, please..." she pleaded as the unwelcomed feelings began to well up from deep inside. The old Julia shuddered and squirmed to get away before the new Julia manifested itself again. The new Julia had been a total shock to her sensibilities last night, and she struggled mightily to keep the alien demon from reappearing, but even as she steeled her resolve, her body was betraying her.

"Yeah, ya like it. Admit it, baby. It feels good."

"Yessssss," came the alien voice from somewhere inside. The old Julia quickly countered and asserted itself, "No! No! No!"

"Ya got nice titties, baby. Very nice titties. Want me to suck the other one?"

"No! Please... please... oh, please... oh, gawd!"

"Relax, baby. Ya know how much ya want this."

"Nooooooooo," was her mournful reply. She felt him gently bite at her turgid nip, sending a jolt of pleasure straight to her groin. "Yesssss," she hissed, "yesssss."

Having gotten the response he wanted, Jake began kissing and slobbering all across both boobs as Julia squirmed with her eyes tightly shut. "Yessss," she heard herself say over and over to her dismay.

"Ya like it, don't ya?"

"Yesssss," she moaned. "It does feel good," she admitted surrendering ground to the demon inside her.

Jake kissed up her neck and gingerly kissed her on the lips. To his surprise, her tongue shot out, forcing its way between his lips. He parried in return and she sucked in the probing thick tongue.

She felt him showering her with kisses all across her face and along the nape of her neck. No one had ever nibbled at her ear lobes before and with it a surge of passion was released. Jake noticed the heaving in her breathing.

She heard the whispering directly in her ears, "Ya want me to fuck ya? Fuck yer sweet pussy? Ya want me to make ya feel like a woman? Ya want me to do it, baby, don'cha?" The old Julia struggled to regain control, but the new Julia felt the primal call to mate beginning to throb in her pussy. "Tell me ya want it," came the whispered voice. "Tell me how ya want me t'fuck yer needy pussy."

To the old Julia's horror, she heard the new Julia saying, "Yes, yes, yes." 'No, no, no,' she wanted to cry out, but words refused to form. 'Yes, yes, yes...no, no, no,' the old and new battled for her very soul. Louder and louder the 'yeses' were overwhelming the 'nos', as the new Julia grew in strength until the primal call to lustily mate could no longer be restrained.

"Fuck me," came the sweet reply that Jake wanted to hear. "Yes, yes... take me." Jake let loose of the fleshy ear lobe from between his lips and started kissing downward, down her neck and down and across the springy flesh of her heaving tits. Taking a nip, he sucked it between his teeth briefly. In response Julia arched her back, desperately trying to drive the tingling nipple deeper into his mouth. The kisses went lower, across her tummy and down between her legs.

"GAWD!" she moaned as her cunt lips were spilt by the wild and crazy tongue. The tongue! Yes, the seductive tongue, so wet and lewdly moving! The sensations she had first felt last evening once again rang like a gong. The vibrations radiating outward throughout her body then collapsing back inward, like a pulsating standing wave, infusing her with a lust that demanded carnal satisfaction. Again and again, the shockwaves propagated throughout her very being, engulfing and sweeping away the old Julia in the maelstrom of lust and passion. Her hips began to rapidly thrust and then rotate as she was overwhelmed by the release of the pent up sexual energy from a lifetime of denial.

The momentous tingling started at her clit, electrically connecting her nose to her toes. Something inside her seemed to erupt. She inhaled a large gasp of air as the orgasmic tremblor hit hard and ripped through her soul. To Jake's delight, a fountain of girly nectar flowed across his lapping muscle and into his greedily sucking mouth.

Jake quickly positioned himself for the main event. He swiped his bloated cockhead up and down her juicy slit and then moved over her, holding his weight off her petite body with his arms. Showering kisses across her face, he waited until she had coasted down enough to be cognizant of the moment when he penetrated her sex.

With his kisses now being feverishly returned, he pulled away. The panting woman opened her eyes. He slowly pushed his hips forward. Feeling her pussy lips being parted and stretched around the fat cock head, Julia's eyes grew wide. With an unyielding force, the cock slowly slid deeper and deeper, stretching her more and more to accommodate its thick girth. As his sex spike drove into her, Jake watched her eyes roll up into the back of her head. Before he was fully in, he felt the constricting pulses of her vagina that signaled her renewed orgasm.

"You're a hot fuck," he grunted as he pushed all the way in. "Yeah, bitch, I'm gonna love fuckin' ya!" In as much as she was already cumming on his dick, he dispensed with his plan for an initial slow fuck and just began ramming it into her. Full powerful thrusts made her whole body rock, only the bindings that held her helplessly open to him prevented the trashing woman from being bodily pushed into the headboard.

It excited him to feel how her body readily responded to the fucking. "Yeah, ya love it! A natural born slut," he grunted. "Take my dick! Take it all, ya whore!" he roared. He didn't even try to hold back to make the moment last, instead he relaxed and let the sexual energy flow into him unchecked. An army of virile spermatozoa moved up his testicle cord and into his prostrate where the vast hoard of potent squigglies mixed with thick carrying fluids that would sweep them into the vulnerable womb of the woman. With a powerful contraction of his prostate gland, the spermatozoa were forcefully launched through his cock to begin their epic struggle to find a fertile egg.

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Feeling more surefooted in her high heels, Shelly strutted through town to Rita's Salon. She'd heard about Rita's for years, how it had an exclusive clientele and how you had to have a loyal customer recommend you to even secure an appointment. Throughout her walk she heard the wolfish whistles and remarks from the men she passed. "Are you busy, sweetheart?" "What's your number, baby?" "Holy smokes! What I'd give to do that!" And other lusty comments, some downright obscene, made it to her ears.

The sign on the door plainly stated, "By Appointment Only - No Walk-ins Accepted". Entering the salon she was greeted by a somewhat heavyset lady with short red hair. In a friendly manner Rita stated rather than asked, "You're Shelly. I'm Rita. Horace said you'd be here. We're expecting you." She followed Rita into the salon area where another lady, beautiful and obviously wealthy, was getting the finishing touches on her makeup by a small girl of obvious oriental decent. Shelly felt the cold disapproving stare of the other woman as she was led to an adjacent adjustable chair.

"You look gorgeous," she heard the oriental girl say to the other client.

"Yes, I do," replied the vain woman as she basked in her own reflection. "You do beautiful work, Ming Le."

"Thank you, Ma'am," came the deferential reply.

A well-dressed man, sitting across from Shelly's chair was reading Field and Stream while waiting for his wife to finish. He looked up from his fishing story as the hot bombshell walked by. He saw the flash of the bare thigh exposed up one side and her bouncing mammaries straining to be free. Sitting in the chair, Shelly felt her scandalously short skirt hike up her thighs. The man's eyes grew wide as he found himself looking straight up Shelly's short skirt and straight at the dewy cleft of her naked pussy. Shelly blushed when she realized the spectacle she was presenting. His eyes darted up to quickly look her in the eye and then back down. He looked up again and smiled. Raised to be polite, Shelly smiled back. Then the man's eyes unabashedly settled on studying her bare cunt, with an occasional glance to see if his wife was watching.

On display, Shelly squirmed in her seat, causing the helm to ride up further. The man looked up and with his index fingers subtly signaled her to spread her legs apart further. She didn't know why, but she did it. He signaled again for her to spread wider. This time she felt a cool breeze as her labia parted. The man unconsciously licked his lips.

'Gawd! I can't believe I'm doing this!' she thought to herself. She glanced sideways to the other woman who was totally self absorbed. 'You're a bad, bad girl,' she chided herself. Feeling wickedly naughty, Shelly glanced back at the man with a come-hither smile and dropped a hand into her lap. With her finger, she pulled the helm even higher and spread her thighs even wider. Inwardly she laughed, observing the man's inner struggle to contain himself.

His wife turned towards him and he quickly raised the magazine. "What do you think, Edmond?"

To answer her query, he dropped the magazine, finding it a strain to keep his eyes upon his wife. "You look ravishing, my dear," he gallantly replied. To his dismay, his wife rose from her chair. It was time to go. 'Damn!' he thought to himself. Placing the magazine down, he quickly reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a business card, upon which he quickly scribbled a note. While paying the bill, he handed Rita the card. Rita looked up questioningly. He saw her confusion and he shook his head. With a slight nod towards Shelly, he silently indicated that the card was for meant the stunning young woman. Rita understood immediately and smiled knowingly.

"Why did you give Rita your card," asked the wife as they left the premise.

"I need to set up an appointment," came his quick reply. The wife accepted the deceitful explanation and the two walked down the street for a luncheon date.

Ming Le immediately moved over to Shelly and began her manicure while Rita tended to some paperwork up front. Finishing one hand, the manicurist moved to the other, stripping off old polish, filing and buffing and then expertly painting the tips of her fingernails with white polish in the French-manner. Shelly marveled at her beautifully done fingernails as Ming Le removed a shoe and began a pedicure. Wanting to ask Shelly something, Ming Le looked up and saw the flagrantly exposed cunt just inches away. Their eyes met and knowing smiles were exchanged. Ming Le continued her work, glancing up now and then at the slut's shamelessly exposed pussy. Suddenly she rose to confer with Rita up front. Rita looked back. Shelly imagined correctly what was being said.

Rita went to the front door and locked it. This was standard procedure, as she never accepted walk-ins unless it was painfully slow, a situation that almost never occurred.

Rita then approached Shelly and discussed what they were going to do. It would be the "full deluxe treatment". First a shampoo and conditioning to restore her hair and a stylish cut to emphasize her youthful face properly. They would add a little color to bring out the shimmering highlights. She also explained that while she was having her hair shampooed, she would be receiving a facial mask to improve the complexion of her skin. Ming Le would then give her a Swedish massage and then apply makeup. The whole procedure would take several hours.

"I need to be back at two," stated Shelly with needless concern.

"It's only ten thirty, dear. We have plenty of time. Are you ready to get started?" Rita asked.

Shelly giggled and nodded. She was very ready to get a full deluxe treatment as she had only dreamed of such a luxury. In a flurry of motion, both Rita and Ming Le wiped the makeup from Shelly's face. With the last dab removed, the chair was lowered until her head was resting on the headrest of the sink. Suddenly, Rita sat her upright again.

Without warning, the hairdresser reached forward, unbuttoning the single button holding her blouse together. Almost explosively, her tits were bared. "We don't want to chance ruining this beautiful blouse, do we?" Shelly nodded her agreement, as she certainly didn't want to chance ruining Toni's silk blouse. "Sit up a little, darling." Shelly sat up so Rita could slip the garment off. "That blue topaz really sets off your eyes, dear. Mmmmm, such lovely breasts... When did you get your nipples pierced?"

"Uh, about a week ago, maybe two."

Along with an unsolicited caress of her ripe melons came the earnest remark, "Stunning! Absolutely stunning!" Rita brazenly stroked and mauled the full orbs and toyed with the jeweled nipples while Ming Le hung up the blouse. Having taken a measure of the exceptional quality of Shelly's natural breasts, Rita moved her hand to the helm of Shelly's dress and pushed it up. "I can see why Edmond Johnson wants a date with you," she mused. "He left you his card and wants to you to call him. He pays very well from what I understand. Here, let's hang up this skirt before it gets too wrinkled up. Horace hates wrinkled clothes you know."

Before she knew it was happening, the skirt was removed leaving her totally naked save for a single high heel shoe. Moments later, that shoe too was gone as the Vietnamese girl began work on her last foot.

Shelly was stunned at the boldness Rita had exhibited, but was too inhibited to say or do anything about it. The chair was adjusted and her head was lowered back to the sink. Rita wet her hair and began the shampoo while Ming Le worked on her toenails and the calluses on her heel. Shelly began to relax and enjoy the attention she was receiving despite her total nudity with these strangers. She convinced herself to relax, as they were all just girls and that somehow this was all normal.

The work on her foot came to a stop. Shelly felt a small hand on her inner thigh, then the unmistakable feel of hot breath on her shaved vulva. Startled by the beginnings of a sexual advance, Shelly's eyes opened. She saw Rita was smiling down at her when the small wet tongue first touched her sex.

Rita watched the slut's reaction to Ming Le's oral caress and saw how Shelly automatically spread her legs wider to give the petite Vietnamese better access. She saw how the blonde teen's nipples immediately stiffened and was amazed at how quickly Shelly was aroused. Rita's hand glided across Shelly's neck and down to lightly brush over the erect nipples. The look in the girl's eyes and the slightly opened mouth said everything to Rita... she'd seen it on many a woman's face. It was a look of raw passion. Passion of the sorts only processed by nymphomaniacs.

Rolling the titty tip in her fingers, Rita smiled down at her aroused customer. "You really like this, don't you, slut?"

As she lay there being molested by the two lesbians, the expertly lapping tongue on her clit was sending electrical shocks up Shelly's spine, making it impossible for her to form words. Rita released the ringed nipple. Shelly saw Rita push away the mobile sink. Then the chair made a clunking sound and a narrow headrest swung upwards to support Shelly's neck. In rapidly growing stupor, Shelly watched Rita's hands making their way up the older woman's dress. Almost instantly, the hands reappeared pulling a pair of pink panties down the somewhat thick thighs. Rita bent forward to step out of the panties and took the opportunity to kiss the slut's sultry lips.

With the oral talents of Ming Le, Shelly was already experiencing the "deluxe" part of a treatment at Rita's Salon, available by appointment to both men and women who were well heeled and open minded. She was about to experience the "full" portion, also available to both men and women. Rita hiked her dress up around her waist, and straddled Shelly's head. The plump cuntal cleft was soon pressed into Shelly's face. With a grinding motion, the large meaty lips parted and the wet interior was pressed into her customer's mug, smearing Rita's juices across Shelly's entire face in a "full" facial treatment.

Having her whole face suddenly engulfed within the folds of a large pussy was startling to say the least. Needing to breathe, Shelly moved her head about, but was unable to escape the large wet flaps molded around her face. Mercifully, Rita gave her a quick moment to inhale and then sat on her face again. While her tits were being expertly mauled and her own cunt was being skillfully eaten, Shelly felt the thrusting motions of the hairdresser's hips and felt the enveloping pussy sliding back and forth across her face. Shelly nearly passed out several times from lack of oxygen, but Rita was attuned to when a life sustaining breath was needed.

Rocking back and forth with two handfuls of oversized tit, Rita observed the firmly rounded mounds of Shelly's well-endowed chest turn a ruddy shade and the tell-tale rippling of her abdominal muscles as well as the twisting motions of her customer's hips as the shuddering climax was delivered.

Shelly was only barely aware that Rita had moved off her face when she felt the hot green glop of a facial mask being applied. One thing hadn't changed though; the delicate tongue was still scouring inside her pulsating sex channel. With a low plaintive moan, Shelly came again.

"Try not to move your mouth, dear," came the impossible directive, "or the mask will crack." Shelly did as best she could, keeping her lips as motionless as humanly possible, but also kept them slightly parted so that she could at least pant and groan. There was no way, however, that she could prevent her hips from jerking or wildly pumping as Ming Le assaulted her clit over and over. With a muffled scream, Shelly finally had to push the Asiatic girl from her sensitive cunt. Ming Le popped up with a broad smile across her girlie-goo coated face.

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Upon the return to the worksite with a work cart loaded with new railroad cross ties, Big Mike set Lenny and Luke to the task of unloading the cart.

"Rodger, Millie's waiting for you," said Big Mike as Lenny looked on. "Screw her good and knock her up."

"You got it, boss!" Rodger replied with a grin. "I'll do my best."

"I know you will, Rodger."

Turning to Lenny, Big Mike said, "You see that, Lenny? Rodger doesn't whine and complain every damned time I tell him to do something."

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David was staring off into space, rubbing his sore shoulder, thinking about how Julia cursed and spat at him last night. Even with her tied up he found it difficult to fuck his wife. Jake told him to just fuck her and don't worry about it. "She'll come around," Jake had assured him, but after she had bit the hell out of him, David wasn't so sure about that.

His worrying was interrupted when the Reverend Brown came into his bookstore. "Good morning, David," the pastor cheerily greeted. David returned the pleasantries. He hadn't expected to see the Reverend and was now worried that his unruly kids had proved to be too much.

Brown looked about the store to insure that they were alone. "There's not anyone in the back is there?" he said in a low conspiratorial voice.

"No," replied David puzzled as to the question.

"Good. I have something for you, Dragon."

Surprised that he had addressed him by his code name used in his pornographic business, David was speechless. The Reverend looked again to be sure that the coast was clear; then he produced a homemade DVD.

"I must admit that I am honored by your generosity," Brown continued. "The children are quite delightful and so... so willing. You've trained them well."

"What are you talking about?"

"You know very well what I'm talking about. But I must admit I was pleasantly surprised that the two girls were still virgins. Of course, I'm not greedy and saved the young one for you."

"You what?"

Holding up the DVD the pastor continued, "I recorded for posterity the deflowering of your oldest. She's quite the eager one!"

Brown watched the color drain from David's face. "Are you feeling well? You look pale."

"I... I... I..." stammered the hapless father.

"Well, this is unedited, but I'm sure that you will enjoy seeing this. Once I have edited it properly, I'm sure our clients will appreciate it immensely."

David looked at the label on the DVD, titled 'The Prophet - Sessions 1, 2 & 3 - Kendal, Billy and Trisha.' "You... you... you..." he stammered as his voice trailed off to a forced whisper.

"Spit it out, man!" demanded the Pastor. David's mouth was moving, but no sound was coming from him.

"Should I call a doctor?" David shook his head.

Waiting impatiently for David to speak the pastor realized that something was seriously amiss. He correctly concluded that David hadn't known who he really was after all. "Look, you know who I am and I know who you are. We are in this together, Dragon. You knew who I was when you called me."

"I, I, I didn't know!" blurted David.

"Well, you know now," replied the infamous pedophile.

"Don't get any ideas. Remember, what you've been doing is just a culpable as what I do. I simply meet the demand that you created. We both profit from our arrangement. If I go down, you go down."

Stripped of his public façade, The Prophet grabbed David by the collar and hauled him into the back of the store. A moment later, the pastor's cock was out, "Suck it, you god-damned pervert! Suck it like your boy sucks it!" David hesitated and received a slap to the side of his head.

"On your knees, damn you! Now suck it!"

David, with tears welling up in his eyes, took the limp organ into his mouth. Soon it began to swell as David mindlessly sucked and sucked while the pedophile pastor cursed him. Memories of the abusive cook at church camp came to fore. As his pastor came nearer to orgasm, David was ordered to, "Swallow every drop." Moments later, David felt the thick slimy semen shooting across his tongue as the hard cock pulsated.

Spent, The Prophet pushed David away from his softening cock. "You and Julia take your time working out your differences. I assure you that the children will be fine with me. They are very eager and willing. They are going to be stars. I'll return them when I'm finished with them, unless you want me to make other arrangements for them." He then zipped up and left the store, leaving David stunned and utterly dismayed on the floor of his storeroom.

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Taking an early lunch, Jake strode into the neighbor's house as if he owned it, stripped bare and made his way upstairs. At the smashed doorway to the bedroom, he brusquely announced, "Ready to be fucked again, slut?"

Still bound, Julia squirmed in anticipation, her bed now soaked in urine. "Can I have some water?" she asked hopefully.

Jake considered the request. He realized that a little kindness now would go a long way in the future. "Sure. Ya hungry too? Want something to eat before we fuck?"

"Yes, please," she answered softly, her mouth parched from thirst. She watched as the naked man turned and headed back down the stairs.

In a few moments he was back with a tall glass of ice water and a ham sandwich. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he noted the wet sheets and distinct odor of urine. "Ya pissed on yourself?"

Embarrassed by his observation she nodded her head.

"Guess ya couldn't help it."

Again she nodded her head.

"Can't be helped," he stated as he offered the water to her lips. It was awkward in the half prone position she was in and water spilled and ran down her neck and across her tits.

"Could you please untie me?" she asked politely. "I won't run away. I promise."

"I don' trust ya," Jake replied, " but I see no harm in making a few adjustments." He then loosened the ropes holding her legs, lowering them to the bed. "How's that?"

She was grateful when the pressure of the ropes finally eased. "Better, thank you. Much better. But I can't sit up." Jake gave her more slack, which allowed her to sit upright. With her hands still raised and bound, Jake offered her the water again and then the sandwich. He gave her all the time she needed to drink and eat.

"Ready to fuck?" he asked bluntly.

To his surprise she answered, "Yes, thank you."

"Okay, Doll. Spread'em and show me where ya want my cock." Again he was surprised as she opened her mouth like a little bird. "Ya wanna suck my dick?"

Julia smiled and nodded. She did indeed want to feel his thick cock in her mouth again. Jake straddled her and kneeling, offered his cock to the woman by first swiping the head across her lips. He was again surprised when her tongue lashed out to lick at the growing organ. Seeing little need to continue the tease he pressed the fat head against her lips and was immediately rewarded with the warm, wet embrace of fellatio.

"Ya like sucking my cock?"

Unable to verbally answer she nodded 'yes'. Immediately he felt her tongue playing across the underside of his shaft.

"Ya learn fast," he praised. "Yer gonna make a good whore after all, bitch."

Even though he didn't have too much time during his lunch break, Jake allowed her to explore his cock with her mouth and tongue. He loved seeing his fat glans move in and out of a woman's mouth, and today was no exception. Repeatedly he pulled out from her lips and then pushed back in to be rewarded with her madly trashing tongue along the little flap of skin at juncture of his cock rim and his bulging cock tube. Finally he pulled out and announced, "Let's fuck."

Julia slouched down into the urine soaked mattress, and lewdly spread her legs. "That's the way, baby. Show me ya want it." Julia responded by punching up with her hips. "Yeah, ya want my cock alright." Jake then mounted her.

"Ya want it slow and sensuous or hard and fast?"

"Do me slow, Jake."

Jake's pushed his hips forward, slowly but steadily. His cock pressed between her cunt lips, spreading them wide.

Julia hissed, "Yesssss," as the big cock head began its journey through her cuntal tube. The deeper he went, the better it felt to her. "Yesssss, baby, yesssss. Oooooo, that feels soooo good," she groaned in pleasure.

"I'm gonna knock ya up," he growled once he had bottomed out against her cervix.

"No, Jake. Please don't. Fuck me, but don't make me pregnant."

"Your cunt belongs to me, bitch. I want a kid and you're gonna give it to me." Jake slowly withdrew until her cunt was vacated.

Feeling her cunt empty she moaned, "Oh, god, don't stop." Slowly he pressed into her again.

"Ya like that? Ya like me fucking ya?"

"Yes, Jake, yes. I never knew it could feel so good."

"Then ya wanna have my baby?"

"Oh, please... Just do me," she whispered as the big cock vacated her cunt again.

"Oh, I'm gonna do ya, Julia. Do ya until yer belly swells and then I'll keep doing ya."

"Yessss," she moaned in pleasure as the big cock once again made its way deep into her.

"That's better," replied Jake knowing full well that she meant the copulation and not his expectant results. He then settled into a slow steady screw of his new fuck-toy, delighted that it had all been so easy. He had been expecting a long campaign of humiliation and abuse before she broke. Never had he guessed that he would break her in this quickly in less than twenty-four hours.

Julia savored every stroke of Jake's large-caliber cock. This morning quite unexpectedly, her inner slut had been released and it wouldn't be restrained. All morning, all she'd thought about was when would Jake return to fuck her again. Now was the moment and she wallowed in the fulfillment of her newfound sexual yearnings. The friction of his big cock plowing through the clasping walls of her tight cunt, the friction of her clit rubbing against the mighty stalk and the persistent rubbing of his fat cock head against her g-spot quickly brought her ardor to a fevered pitch. Soon the feelings so alien to her before yesterday began mounting and mounting until she screamed out her pleasure at being fucked by a man.

Jake felt the unmistakable pulsations of her cunt around his dick as the woman came hard. Having accomplished his goal of bringing her off with his cock, he concentrated on working towards the baby he wanted so much. Before her spasms had ebbed he felt his impending ejaculation building. Planting his cockhead tight up against her battered cervix, he spewed his potent seed directly into her fertile womb. Julia felt the great phallus throbbing inside her and knew that she was being bred. With that unseemly knowledge, she was swept away by yet another crashing climax as intense and as satisfying as the first.

As his cock slithered from her gaping hole, he checked to see if his semen followed. He knew he'd shot a pretty good wad into her. The fact that it didn't just gush out when he uncorked her meant that it had gone where he intended it to go, directly into her womb.

Pushing himself off the languid women he glanced at the clock. He was now running a little late. He hoped that Toni had his lunch ready and waiting for him as he didn't have time to wait around while she fixed him something. Then he'd get Shelly and haul her ass down to the warehouse to pay off his debt to Horsefly.

Realizing that he was leaving her again Julia quickly protested, "You can't just leave me here like this! Please untie me!"

"Why should I?"

"The sheets are wet... "

"And ya ruined your mattress. I didn't do that, you did. Wimp Weasel's just gonna have to buy a new one."

"I really need to go to the bathroom."

"I ain't stopping ya."

"Please, I'll do whatever you want, Jake."

"I know ya will, one way or the other."

"I'll have your baby," she whispered knowing that it was going to happen anyway, no matter what she said or did. "I'll do anything, but please, untie me."

"Ya ain't proved yourself to me. Not yet."

"I'll do anything..."

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything. But don't leave me lying in this mess."

Jake thought for a moment. If he left her now like she was, she'd reek to high heaven when he returned. That didn't appeal to him. He'd accomplished what he'd wanted, but it was just too easy... way too easy in his mind.

"Okay, cunt. Maybe I believe ya, maybe I don't. Knowing ya as I do as the spiteful and malicious bitch-neighbor-sent-from-hell, I suspect yer just lying to me. No way that just a couple of good fuckings would change ya so much and so quick...

"It's against my better judgment," he went on, "but I do believe in redemption. Not the, 'I'm not going to hell,' kind of redemption, but the, 'Hey, I really do love to fuck,' kind of redemption. So let me be clear, bitch... if ya cross me, there'll be hell to pay... Understand?... I don't like smacking around a woman, I like fucking 'em.... and I especially enjoy fucking an uptight cunt like you and turning her into a total whore. That's what you'll be when I done training ya, honeypot, a total whore. Understand?"

She really didn't understand. Something had happened, something marvelous had happened to her even if it occurred during these horrid circumstances. Suddenly everything was different; she was different and Jake seemed different. Rather than a God-forsaken Beast who courted Satan's favor, she now saw him as a virile man, the man who made her feel like a true woman for the first time in her life.

She had always abhorred sex. It was an evil, a necessary evil, but an evil nonetheless. Her mama had taught her that and had taught her well. She especially abhorred the sex act as it was dirty, messy, foul and seeped in all manners of wickedness. And she loathed men of all stripes, including her own husband and the father of her children, with their disgusting cocks. She especially loathed women who eagerly spread their legs for some man so he might soil their very souls. They were whores, sluts, harlots and slatterns, and now she was to be a whore too. A whore for the one man she'd loathed more than any other. The man had ignited the fireworks and lit inside her a roaring flame of unbridled passion and lust. She would do anything for him, she realized, anything, just so long as he continued to run his wonderful cock up her cunt like he'd been doing. So, why was he so mean to her? She didn't understand. But she was pleased that he was suddenly untying her feet. Hope soared when he untied her hands. But her hopes of freedom were dashed when he made her stand and securely bound her hands behind her back.

"I'm gonna fuck ya some more today," he said dispassionately while pushing her out the door and towards the bathroom, "so let's get ya cleaned up. I want ya nice and fresh for me later."

As he forced her to step into the tub with him, she pleaded, "I really need to pee."

"Then wrap yer legs around mine... I said, wrap yer legs around mine."

"How's that supposed..."

"Now pee, sweetheart."

"Oh, god! I can't do that! That's so nasty, so filthy and disgusting!"

"Get used to it, Julia. You and me, we're gonna do lots of nasty things together." Pulling her head back by her hair, he growled, "Now pee, bitch!"

With satisfaction Jake felt the gush of warm liquid on his hairy thigh. A steady stream flowed down his leg and Julia's legs too, down across their feet and then into the bottom of the tub to drain away. The stream ebbed and then stopped altogether. "Now look what ya did!" he said with feigned outrage. "Ya pissed all over me."

"You told me to..."

"That's right. Now on your knees," came his demand.

"What do you..."

"On your knees, whore!" he commanded harshly.

Julia obediently knelt. With her head down low she waited dreading the worst. 'God, what is going to make me do?'

"Who do ya belong to?"

'Belong to? This whole thing was supposed to be about being an obedient wife. My husband,' she reasoned. "Uh, David?" she whispered uncertainly.

"Wrong! Not any more! He's may still be your husband, but your cunt belongs to me. Seeing that ya miserably failed this simple test, I'm gonna leave ya tied up until ya know yer new place in life... as my whore. Now look at me! I said look at me!" Julia lifted her head. "Let me show ya what I think of yer wimpy husband."

Julia cried out as the warm stream of yellow piss hit her square in the chest and then played all across her torso until Jake had emptied his bladder. She began sobbing as she had never been so humiliated in her entire life. Humiliated, degraded and somehow excited at the same time; it was all so confusing. But what Jake had to say next was just too astonishing.

"Let me tell ya something about yer husband. He's got this thing about kiddie porno, ya know, movies... movies of little kids... little kids getting fucked by old men... ya know what I mean? Probably been molesting his own kids, the sick piece of shit.

"Another thing.. he likes to have a dildo used on him. Ya know what I mean? Fucked in the ass? Toni has this strap on cock that she fucks him with. He likes that so much that he gave ya to me as his whore, just so Toni would keep doing him. Ya understand? Yer husband's a piece of shit."

Julia realized that she understood nothing, except for her newfound desire to be used by Jake. But she did understand what he wanted when he swiped his cock, wet with sex and piss, across her lips. Eagerly she sucked in the flaccid organ and licked off all the residues. It was odd, she thought, how different his cock felt when soft than when it was hard. 'Was God a cock?' she thought. 'Is that why He's so magnificent?"

Pushing her head away from his dick, Jake commented, "That's more like it, baby. Now, be a good girl and standup." Knowing she would had trouble standing on her own with her hands bound behind her back, he gave her a helping hand. Jake then turned on the shower. Julia shrieked from the shock of cold water on her body, but Jake paid it no mind. Reaching for a bar of soap, he began soaping her body down with his bare hands.

Jake hadn't bothered to pull the shower curtain closed as it blocked the view in the mirror, a view he wanted her to see. At first Julia was concerned about all the water spraying all over the bathroom floor, but as his big powerful hands glided over her smooth skin, she pushed the growing flood of water out of her mind and concentrated on the flood of new erotic sensations she was feeling.

She'd never showered with anyone before, not even her husband who had cajoled her fruitlessly when they were first married. As she felt her soapy tits sliding under Jake's strong hands, she now couldn't understand why she had denied herself such a simple pleasure. The hands freely explored her, leaving nothing untouched. She shuddered as the slippery fingers went over and into her ass and then over her anus, again and again, cleaning her better than she had ever cleaned herself. Then she gasped as the fingers began probing into her cuntal sluice, sliding back and forth until they settled on her aroused clitoris. Soon she was weak kneed and trembling as she was masturbated to completion. She would have slumped into the tub, but Jake easily held her upright as he brought her off.

Satisfied that he'd done a proper job on her, Jake led her dripping wet back into the bedroom where he toweled her skin dry. Considering the gentleness he had shown her, it was a surprise when he barked, "Get on the floor, bitch!" Immediately she complied and was dismayed to find him binding her feet together, then binding her feet to her arms bound behind her back.

Secure in the knowledge that she wasn't going anywhere, Jake stripped the soiled linens from the bed. It was no surprise that the urine had soaked through the mattress pad.

"Where are your clean sheets?" he asked.

"In the hall closet," she replied. "If you'll just let me up, I'll do it."

"That's okay," he replied.

The wet mattress was a problem, but he solved that by spreading several handmade quilts over the stain, before laying a sheet on top without bothering to tuck in any loose ends. Jake then lifted Julia from the floor and deposited her in the bed, laying her on her side, and then covering her with a sheet.

"I'll be back in a while," he said as he turned to leave.

"Untie, me. Please, untie me. I won't do anything. I promise. I won't run away."

"That's right, ya ain't going nowhere. Now later today if ya do real good, I might let ya loose while I fuck ya. But not now."

"Please," she begged in vain as he walked out the door to get his lunch. "I love you."

"Yeah, right!"

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Lenny gathered around with his crew for the company-provided lunch of bread, mustard and luncheon meat, the same as every day. Today they had some processed cheese slices and apples too, along with canned ice tea that was so sweet as to induce a diabetic comma. While munching on his lackluster sandwich, he watched as Luke took his Millie for the second time this morning.

Lenny's attention was drawn away by the horn of a passing freight train, slowly navigating it's way through the damaged track section under repair. The engineer waved to the work crew, feeling a little envious of what was happening out in the open. "Some guys have all the luck," he muttered as he watched the unmistakable act marked by the rising and falling of a man's bare buttocks. He blew the horn again in several short bursts, showing his appreciation for the salacious show.

Lenny started in on his third sandwich. In dismay he observed Millie greedily taking Mike's cock in her mouth while Luke continued to hump away in her well used and sperm drenched cunt.

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Shelly found herself suddenly upright in the chair, as Rita rapidly snipped portions of her shoulder length blonde hair. Before she knew it, Rita was pulling strands of her hair through the holes in the perforated plastic cap, while Ming Le carefully peeled away the hardened facial mask and buffed up the dried nail polish. With the application of a highlighting tint to the exposed hair, Shelly was directed to follow Ming Le into a back room.

With her high-heeled shoes returned to her feet, Shelly wobbled after her. "Up here!" directed the petite woman pointing to a low table in the back room. Shelly did as directed lying on her stomach. Immediately the probing fingers began kneading into her muscles.

"That feels good," Shelly sighed as the massage began it's relaxing magic.

"You want dildo?"

"What?"

"You want dildo? We've lots and lots of dildos," came the reply. Ming Le stopped the massage and opened a cabinet mounted on the wall to display a wide range and variety of dildos of many sizes and shapes. "Buzz, buzz, buzz," she said holding up a torpedo shaped object. "Feels good in cunt... Feels good in ass too! You want?"

"No... no thank you," replied Shelly.

"You want bigger? Too big? How about small one? Like this? You like?"

"The Judge told me not to..."

"Not too big! Feels good in butt!" laughed the woman. "Buzz, buzz, buzz!"

'Well, he didn't say anything about my bottom,' thought Shelly as she recollected the Judge's instructions. "Okay."

Shelly moaned in pleasure as the thin vibrator was pushed up her rectum, but that was nothing compared to deep sensations she experience when it was switched on. With the dildo buzzing in her butt, Shelly took even greater pleasure from her massage.

All too soon it was over, and Ming Le led her back to the chair where Rita again rinsed her hair and began to brush and dry it. Still damp, a few rollers were introduced.

Ming Le approached holding out a small box. Opening the box, she displayed two brass balls.

Realizing Shelly's naivety, Rita explained. "They are Ben Wah balls. The Judge ordered them for you. They go up inside your vagina. Then as you go about your business, they roll around together. Feels marvelous. The objective is to keep them inside. That works your vaginal muscles. Within a week or two your cunt will be as tight as a virgin, that's even if Sheriff Reed is poking you several times a week.

"Isn't that right, Ming Le?

"Of course before you have sex with a man, you have to take them out. Any questions?"

"Inside? How do I get them out?"

"Ming Le, show Shelly how to remove them." Ming Le scurried to a drawer and produced a similar box. Hiking her dress, the small woman squatted and stuck the two metallic spheres up inside. Then she walked about, her dress held high, demonstrating how comfortable she was.

"I take out now," she said. "You squat. You push." The two balls dropped to the floor with a double clang and rolled away. "No problem," the beaming woman declared, patting her dress into place.

She then pickup the box she'd first shown to Shelly and took out the gleaming metal orbs. "Open legs!" When Shelly didn't immediately comply, she repeated, "Open legs! Open legs! Next customer here soon! Open legs!" Shelly spread them and watched in amazement as the petite woman shoved the two balls up her cunt.

"You like?"

"Uh, uh, I guess so."

"Promise, you like."

Ming Le's head snapped to the sound of rapping at the door. "Next appointment here!"

"It's that time already?" asked Rita checking the time. It was little early, but she wasn't about to leave a customer standing at the door. "Ming Le, go let Mrs. Adams in."

Shelly turned to protest that she was still nude save for her shoes, but just as she was about to speak, Rita covered her with a drape. Shelly was hardly settled when an older, matronly lady walked in, followed by her husband. The lady paid scant attention to the young blonde sitting next to her, but Shelly certainly caught the attention of the gentleman. The drape adequately, but barely covered her, leaving the long expanse of her shapely legs exposed. Sitting directly across from Shelly, Mr. Adams, a lifelong leg-man, was in heaven. The older gentleman unabashedly scanned up and down the length of her shapely legs, from her painted toes and slut-shoes, up to where the smooth skin disappeared under the drape.

Having put on the finishing touches to her hair, Rita moved to begin work on Mrs. Adams. Meanwhile, Ming Le, busied herself with the skillful application of makeup to accentuate the best features of Shelly's face, her full pouting lips and her sparkling blue eyes.

Without being too obvious, Shelly watched as the gentleman vainly tried to see higher up her legs. Then out of the corner of her eye, she saw Rita recline the other chair. Quickly Rita wrapped the lady's face in hot moist towels.

Rita spun Shelly's chair around so she could see herself in the mirror. "Well, that's it, dear. What do you think?"

The reflection staring back at her was so stunningly beautiful that Shelly hardly recognized herself. "Gosh, I hardly recognize myself! I love it!"

"Yes, you are beautiful." Rita then spun the chair back around facing Mr. Adams.

"What do you think, Mr. Adams?" asked the hairdresser.

Glancing over to his wife he stammered, "Ah, umm, very nice."

"Very nice indeed!" declared Rita. Then to Shelly's horror, Rita stripped away the drape covering her. Adams was astonished with the vision of sumptuous female beauty laid bare before him.

While Mr. Adams gaped in awe, Rita pulled a blushing Shelly to her feet, all the while gushing about how pretty her new hairdo made her. Rita made her turn and look at herself in the mirror. Certain that Mrs. Adams couldn't see a thing that was happening, Shelly got into posing, knowing the effect that the display of her nubile nude body and close up view of her killer ass was having on the stunned older man.

Rita handed Shelly her black mini skirt. Much to Mr. Adams disappointment, the lovely buttocks disappeared from his view. In the mirror, Shelly caught a glimpse of motion behind her and after slipping on the silk blouse, turned to look. There to her astonishment she found Ming Le on her knees before the broadly smiling older gentleman, her head bobbing up and down in his lap. Raising her hand to her mouth to stifle a giggle, Shelly took a quick glance over her shoulder to the man's wife. The woman was still lying back with her face totally covered in hot towels, oblivious that her husband's cock was being sucked just a few feet from her.

She felt Rita's hand slide around from the back to caress her still exposed boobs. Gladly playing her impromptu part in the naughty game, Shelly arched her shoulders to make her tits look even larger and more inviting.

Watching the lewd fondling of the blonde bimbo's big tits while he was being fellated had a predictable effect on the gentleman. Slack-jawed and slightly drooling, he developed a glassy-eyed stare. Gleefully and with her own arbor raised, Shelly watched as the old man's eyes rolled back in his head, evidence that his watery semen was being injected into the oriental woman's talented mouth.

Ming Le rocked back on her heels letting the rapidly softening cock slip from her mouth. After a moment or two of listlessness, the man stood while zipping up and handed over a generous tip. "Well, I must be on my way," he announced. "Enjoy yourself, dear, but I must get back to the office."

With the nefarious event over, Shelly buttoned her blouse and made her way to the door. Almost immediately the ben wah balls nearly slipped out her cunt. She stopped, squeezed her cunt muscles and the balls returned to the proper place inside her cockway.

Rita knew exactly what had happened and whispered, "You have to pay attention, dear, or gravity will cause you embarrassment."

"Gawd, how am I supposed..."

"You'll learn, dear. In a few days, holding them inside will become second nature. Remember, they will tone up your cunt to give a gentleman a nice tight fuck like nothing else in the world. Now run along, dear."

Shelly took a few more steps towards the door and felt the balls moving around inside her. Gathering her wits, she concentrated on keeping the balls inside while wobbling around on the heels. "Oh, gawd," she groaned in apprehension.

Just outside, Mr. Adams was waiting for Shelly. "My dear child, I absolutely must get to know you better. I'm Dale Adams... and you are?"

"Shelly. Shelly Blalock."

"I assure you it is a pleasure to meet you, Shelly. I hope you don't mind me saying, but you are gorgeous. Simply gorgeous! I never expected a vision of beauty such as yourself as a bonus today," he chuckled. "Now, may I be so bold as to have your phone number?"

"We, uh, I mean, I don't have a phone... just yet."

"No phone? Please, I'll pay you very well for a few hours of your company. Please, just a few hours."

"I really don't have a phone," she replied apologetically.

"Then call me... At the office, of course." He pulled out his business card and handed it to Shelly.

Shelly knew exactly what he wanted, what every man she'd met since marrying Luke wanted. She found it refreshing that he would be so polite to her, not at all like the ruffians who had brazenly fucked her in front of her husband earlier in the morning.

She looked at the card of Dale J. Adams, President, First National Bank and then the card of Edmond R. Johnson, Esq., Attorney-at-Law. In a moment of clarity, Shelly realized that there was a difference in men after all, not so much in what they wanted, but vast differences in their approach to getting it. She was about to agree to a meeting and implied tryst when she thought of Luke. 'Would Luke mind?' she asked herself. 'No, I don't think so. Not if there's money involved.' She looked up at the graying man, much older than her father, smiled and answered, "I'll be glad to call you, Mister..."

"Dale. Just call me Dale, my dear."

"Mr. Dale."

"No, just Dale."

For Shelly, it was strange to address an older gentleman in such a familiar way. "Okay... Dale."

"Excellent! Excellent!"

Clutching the two cards tightly, Shelly made her way back to the county courthouse. With each step made, the ben wah balls rolled about inside her pussy. With each step she had to concentrate on, first, staying upright and then second, keeping the balls inside her. With each step her bouncing mammaries threatened to break loose. Complicating matters, with each step the massaging motion of the brass balls inside her cunt increased her ardor.

Halfway to the courthouse she had to stop for a moment to let the vaginal sensations subside, lest she cum on the spot. Steadying herself on a signpost, she heard the wolf whistles and honking horns of passing cars. A car pulled up and the window rolled down. "How much, Honey?" came the indiscrete inquiry of a middle-aged man.

Not knowing how she should respond to such a proposition, Shelly hurried off towards her destination. She only got half a block before she had to stop again for a moment. Within seconds, another man was hitting her up. "No, I can't," she cried as she hurried off. If she had had fifteen minutes to spare, she may have not had as much willpower, but knowing the judge would be waiting for her, waiting to use her, she moved on towards her destination. She needed to be fucked in the worst way.

Climbing the steps was pure agony, a sweet agony to be sure, but agony nonetheless. A well dressed man holding the door open for her saw the unmistakable look of a hot bitch-in-heat written across her face. Shelly was so near orgasm that she barely heard him mutter, "Damned hot!"

Rushing to her destination, she ran into the women's room and slipped into a stall. Immediately her fingers were between her legs. She cried out "Ahhh, ahhh, ahhhhhh!" as the sweet climax swept over her. Nothing mattered for the next minute or so but the release she was having. Then she heard a soft voice on the other side of the stall door, "Are you okay? Can I help you?"

"No, no, no," she replied breathlessly. "I'm okay now."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, I'm fine, thank you." To Shelly's relief the unseen woman then washed her hands and left. Collecting herself, Shelly straightened her clothes and exited the stall. Washing up, she looked at the beauty in the mirror looking back, hardly believing that the reflected beauty was indeed herself.

The bailiff whistled when he saw her and directed her right into the Judge's chambers, where she found the Judge and another man sitting and chatting. The other man, well dressed and very handsome, looked very familiar, but in her aroused state she couldn't place him.

"Ah, you're back!" proclaimed the Judge. "My, my, you certainly do look lovely! Come here, child and let me introduce you. Shelly, this is Speedy Hammonds... Governor Speedy Hammonds."

"Oh, my gosh! You're the Governor!" gushed Shelly.

"Governor, this is my Special Assistant, Shelly Blalock."

The Governor's eyes shamelessly roamed up and down the shapely fuck-meat standing before him. "My, my, my Horace. You certainly do have excellent taste!" remarked the Governor. "Do you type, my dear?"

"Uh, no," she replied to the men who were now laughing enjoying the joke.

The Judge then commented about a case he was hear in a few minutes and directed Shelly to the box of files on the floor. Shelly then rummaged around for the non-existent file, bent over the file box. In doing so, her skirt rode up exposing her bare ass cheeks. The Governor nearly fell over backward in his club chair.

Shelly straightened up and turned to the Judge. "I can't find it."

"Look again."

Once again she bent over the box and fruitlessly searched. In a hushed voice she heard someone say, "Son of a bitch!"

Standing upright again she lamented, "It not here, Judge."

"Never mind. It's not that important."

"But you need it."

"Then look again. It's there."

Thinking the Judge really did need the file, and fearful that she might loose her new job, Shelly searched and searched, feeling that she had stupidly overlooked it somehow.

"I can't find it," she said dejectedly having failed to perform the simple task asked of her.

The Judge then told Shelly, "Well, I guess I'll have to wing it. Now, be good girl and go to the bar and fix Speedy and me each a scotch-on-the-rocks. Use the 15 year old Glenlevet."

Shelly looked over to where the Judge was pointing and then back. She had never fixed a mix drink before as her father was a teetotaler and Luke just drank beer. "Uh, how do you fix a scotch-on-the-rocks?"

To Shelly's discomfort, the men roared in laughter. Thinking once again she was about to be fired, tears welled up in her eyes. Then it happened. Distracted as she was about the inability to do even the simplest of tasks asked of her, she forgot to maintain the steady vaginal contractions needed to keep the ben wah balls in place. With a reverberating clang, the two balls dropped from between her legs and hit the hardwood floor, each taking their own random path as they bounced and rolled away. Shelly was mortified and turned a bright shade of red.

Through the flood of tears she couldn't see the amused astonishment of her boss and his honored guest. Could things get any worse?

Seeing her distress, the Governor jumped up. "Now, now, don't be upset." Gallantly the Governor wiped the tears from her cheeks with his handkerchief. "Now, now, now. There's no need to cry. It'll ruin your makeup. Here let me show you."

With his hand resting on her ass, the Governor patiently explained how to put ice in two glasses and how to pour the scotch whiskey into the glasses.

"That's all there is to it?" she asked bewildered at the simplicity of the task.

The Governor's hand slid up and under her skirt to cop a feel of her bare ass. "Yes. You're now a qualified bartender."

"Oh, my parents wouldn't approve of that," she said without thinking, causing the Governor to laugh once again.

"Well, your parents don't need to know," he smoothly replied while cupping her in his hand. "Now do they?" The ben wah balls all but forgotten, he then escorted her back to the two overstuffed chairs. After she handed the Judge his drink, Speedy Hammonds pulled the stacked blonde into his lap.

Taking a sip of his scotch, the Judge explained that the Governor was in town for a political rally. "I have asked Speedy if he would be my guest at my estate tonight, but he hasn't made up his mind. I assured him that he would enjoy it." He then reached across and unbuttoned the one button that kept her blouse in place.

"Damn," uttered the Governor as his eyes dilated.

"Now, Shelly, I expect you to keep our guest entertained until he goes back to Capital City. Can you do that for me, my dear? I really need to be in court."

Turning to the Governor, he asked, "Should I call my car for you? My estate is only fifteen minutes from here."

"Yes, I do think I will stay overnight," the Governor replied as his free hand took measure of the quality of Shelly's tits.

"Well, perhaps I will see you tomorrow, Speedy, before you return to the capital."

"Yes, yes indeed, Horace," he replied while stroking her breasts, "and thank you for the generous hospitality."

"My pleasure, Sir. Now if you will excuse me." The Judge gulped down the remainder of his drink and headed to his courtroom. As soon as the door closed, Hammonds lay Shelly back in his lap and immediately put a nipple in his mouth.

The Governor had barely begun feasting her Grade-A tit flesh when his aide came into the room. The aide coughed to let his boss know of his presence. "What is it, Johnson?" said the Governor with irritation evident in his voice.

"Uh, sorry sir, but the Judge's man is here to take you to his estate."

"Very well." Turning to Shelly he said, "I guess I'll just have to wait, but I'm sure we'll both be more comfortable where there's some privacy." He then helped Shelly off his lap. While the young handsome aide gawked, Shelly wrestled her blouse closed and fastened the sole button. Patting her skirt down, she was ready to go.

"I think you lost something," said the Governor. "There's one," he said pointing to a brass ball on the floor. I think another one rolled over there."

Reminded of the recent embarrassing fiasco, Shelly blushed. Walking over to the first ball she knelt and retrieved it preserving what little modesty she had left. The second ball, however, had rolled under an antique credenza forcing her to get down on her hands and knees to retrieve. Bending over, her skirt hiked up exposing her derriere to the lustful stars of the Governor and his aide.

The aide silently mouthed, "Holy fuck," to his boss, who silently replied with an obscene hand gesture that was universally understood. The aide then hopefully pointed back and forth between himself and his boss. To his disappointment, he received a negative shaking of the head. As Shelly stood blushing with her errant ben wah ball, the Governor casually remarked to his aide, "Next time, Johnson," giving the man renewed hope for the future.

Shelly now had a new dilemma, what to do with the two brass balls. She couldn't just shove them back in place with the two men watching, and she couldn't just hold them in her hands. The Governor rescued her from her plight. "Just leave them here, my dear. They'll only be in my way." That sounded reasonable to Shelly, so she placed them in an ornate dish that adorned the Judge's credenza. The Governor then held out his hand and led her from the Judge's chambers.

Following the Judge's driver, they had made it to the grand foyer of the courthouse before Shelly remembered something important. Luke... she was supposed to pick up Luke after work! She'd promised and she knew he wouldn't accept any excuses if he had to walk home from work today. "Oh, my god!" she exclaimed.

"What is it, Shelly?" asked the Governor.

"Luke! I need to pick Luke up after work."

"Who's Luke?"

"My husband. I have the truck and I promised him..."

"Married? You're married?"

"Yes, I..."

"Excellent," he replied as married women were always more discreet than single women. "Not to worry. But I assume he's not expecting you home this evening. Is he?"

"Well, yes, but... that's okay. I just need to get the truck to him. He'll understand."

"I see. Well..." About that time the Sheriff walked into the building.

"Oh, Sheriff! Sheriff Reed!" called out the Governor. Reed was pleased that such an important man had remembered his name and immediately acknowledged the hailing.

"Would you be so kind as to see that this charming lady's truck is taken to her husband's place of business?"

"No problem, Governor," replied the Sheriff. Turning to his whore he said, "Where is it Shelly and where do I have it taken?"

"It's just over there," she replied pointing in a general direction. "You know what it looks like don't you?"

"Yes. Yes, I do. I'll find it. Now, where do I take it?"

"To the rail yard. Track maintenance area. There's a large gravel parking lot. Just leave it there."

"You have the key?"

"Uh, it's unlocked... It doesn't lock. You really don't need a key."

"Aren't you afraid someone will steal it?"

Shelly laughed, "No one but Luke wants that old truck, and that includes me."

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David nervously looked at the DVD that The Prophet had left for his viewing. He had been staring at the disk for hours now and had successfully fought the compulsion to view the content. "How could this have happened?" he asked himself over and over. "My god, what have I done?" As usual, there were no customers in sight, not even a stray little old lady.

His stomach turned thinking about what had been done and what would be done to his children. For the third time since Pastor Brown's unexpected visit, David ran into the back to the bathroom to vomit and heave.

Returning to his counter, he rationalized, "It couldn't be too bad. The children all looked so happy on The Prophet's other videos. A reoccurring vision returned of Billy, on his knees and lapping at the adult cock before being sodomized, and he thought of the money shot of the bloodied cock emerging from Kendal's freshly deflowered young snatch. As the visions formed and reformed, he grew increasingly nauseous. Once again he ran to the back to dry heave until he was too weak to stand.

"How bad is it?" he asked himself examining the sordid DVD featuring his own children. Finally he convinced himself that he had to know. As a father, he had to know.

He popped the DVD into his computer and the screen came alive with Part 1. The kids were playing with toys in a rumpus room, the walls festooned with clowns and circus animals. Billy and little Trisha were engaged with whatever they were doing, while Kendall sat looking bored.

"Let's do something fun," Kendall said as she stood up.

"What do you want to do?" asked Billy looking up.

"Let's play doctor!" she declared. "You can be the doctor, Billy and I'll be the nurse. Trisha will be the patient. Come on, Trisha, let's play!"

Trisha abandoned what she was doing and jumped up declaring, "I want to be the doctor! Billy can be the patient." There ensued a brief squabble, but the matter of roles was quickly settled. Kendall would be the doctor and Trisha the nurse, leaving Billy to be the patient to be examined.

Kendall then went to a toy box and retrieved a toy stethoscope and white lab jacket. Trisha held the doctor's bag and put on a nurse's hat, while Billy pulled together two ottomans to serve as the examination table.

Ready for the game, Kendall called in her next patient. As Trisha handed her the requested items from the doctor's bag, Kendall looked into Billy's eyes and ears and throat. She then told him to take off his shirt, and with her toy stethoscope she listened to his chest and told him to breathe deeply.

"Hmmmm," she said. "I need to do more tests. You need to take off your pants."

Billy shucked his shorts and stood in only his underwear. Kendall placed the stethoscope at his crotch and listened. "Just as I thought," she announced pompously. "We must operate right away!" Then she pulled her brother's underwear down until he was able to step out of them.

"Nurse! Prepare the patient!"

David quickly became absorbed with the common child's game and the vulgar obscenities unfolding before him. It was a complete surprise to hear the gruff voice of a deputy sheriff asking if he could help him. Panicked by being nearly caught, David hastily closed the video and stammered, "Ca, ca, can I help you?"

Deacon Jones was already annoyed at being required to ferry the Sherriff's whore's truck to her whoremonger of a husband and he scowled at the little man. 'He's up to something,' thought the suspicious deputy. David's blood turned cold when he was asked, "What were you looking at?"

"Uh, nothing."

"You were looking at something."

"It, it was personal," stammered David very self-conscious that his now softening hard-on had left a wet spot on the front of his trousers.

"Pictures?"

"Uh, uh..."

"Pictures of your wife?"

"Uh, yeah! My wife."

"Naked?"

"Uh, no, just pictures."

"If you say so. No sin in a man seeing his wife naked, but it was a sin to photograph her like that."

"She isn't naked."

"Should I take your word for it?"

"Yes! It's personal."

David felt the penetrating stare of the deputy as if the man could see into his soul, if he still had a soul. "Like I said," began Deputy Jones, "I need some help. I'm looking for a treatise on adultery."

"Adultery?"

"Yes, adultery and fornication. I need guidance from the Lord on how to deal with a certain situation."

David thought about the request and suggested an analytical thesis on certain passages from the Old Testament that dealt with such matters. Satisfied that he found the guidance he needed, Jones bought the book and left the store.

David felt relief when the deputy finally left his store. It had been a close call and the man was scary. The fact that he'd unloaded a book he had in inventory for five long years was a happy occasion too.

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Big Mike wasn't the only boss who didn't want to hear complaints and whining from his employees today, but Jake was getting an earful from Horsefly about how he'd been promised white pussy and that it was unfair that Jake hadn't lived up to his promises and that there were racist reasons behind his default.

"Get yer black ass out of my office," growled Jake irritably.

Once again, Jake had been left high and dry, unable to meet his promise because of the Blalocks. He owed it to Horsefly to bring the big titted blonde and let Horsefly fuck her brains out for procuring the date-rape drug that he needed for his conquest of Julia. An extra benefit would be the profits from the video of the interracial coupling, now that too was lost.

"Damn it," he grumbled. "I told Luke what I needed and he agreed." Even so, Shelly wasn't made available after lunch and that made him cross, very cross. It was a matter of honor and pride that he kept his promises. If there was one thing Jake hated above all else was to be made to look like some worm who didn't keep his promises. Everyone knew his promises were his bond and it insured him that favors were granted without question. That was now all in jeopardy, at least with his two black workers, and that was unacceptable.

Mulling over the situation he came to two conclusions. First, Luke and Shelly would pay... pay with her cunt of course. Second, come hell or high water, he would satisfy Horsefly and redeem himself in the eyes of his dim witted underling. The more he thought about it, the more he liked the unfolding lurid scenarios playing in his head.

**Chapter 25 - A NEW ORDER**

*Horsefly's fondest wish is granted when Jake delivers on his promise of white pussy, and David is on the recieving end of the blunt realty of the new order of things.*

Shelly was giggling almost uncontrollably as the bubbly champagne had gone straight to her head. Speedy Hammonds, state governor and a notorious womanizer, was in his element, cracking stupid jokes and enjoying the company of the vivacious and voluptuous girl he was with. They had already fucked once, almost as soon as they had gotten into the hot tub. Now it was time to recharge his nuts for another go at the delightful creature who promised to satisfy him in every way.

Chester, Judge Mecom's butler/driver was happily pouring the curvaceous girl yet another glass of champagne, enjoying the bounce of her wet naked big tits as she giggled. The old negro was well past his prime, but he was far from dead as evidenced by the stiff snake trapped inside his uniform trousers. "Lordy, me, Gov'ner. But ya sure gots a hots one heres."

"She's hot alright," laughed Speedy. "Aren't you, baby?"

With the Governor's playful tweak of her pierced nipple, Shelly giggled and bounced about in the water, enjoying the admiring stares of the two men.

"Lordy, me..." came the longing sigh as Chester adjusted his crotch. "Lordy, me..."

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On the way back to the maintenance shop, Big Mike took a detour to drop Millie off at her house. "Thanks, guys," she said as she got out of the truck, "I had fun today." She blew a kiss and headed up the walkway.

"Fucking slut whore!" mumbled Lenny from the back seat.

"What is your problem?" asked Big Mike wearily.

"Nothing! Fuckin' nothing!"

"She's a sweetie, Lenny. You should appreciate her more."

"Yeah, we all appreciate her," chimed in Rodger jovially.

"That's what I mean!" protested the cuckold. "From now on she's gonna be fuckin' every dick in town, thanks to you guys!"

"Hell, I bet she now tears you up at night," added Mike. "Am I right?... I thought so. So quit the beefing, will ya? Besides it was your idea to breed her!"

"It was not! That was your idea!"

"Well... maybe it was... but you sure as hell went along with it. Anyway, it's too late now, buddy," remarked Mike. "Hell, it's not like this isn't between friends."

"Friends, my ass!" snapped Lenny.

"Ya want on another crew?" fired back the crew boss.

"Yeah! Maybe I do!"

"Fine with me, Lenny. You've been nothing but a pain in the ass from day-one."

"You've always had it in for me, Mike!"

"Shut up, Lenny," groaned the exasperated gang boss. "Just... shut... the... fuck... up!"

The remaining short ride back to the railroad maintenance shop was contentious, with Lenny and Big Mike yelling back and forth at each other. Rodger and Luke sat in silence, not wanting to add fuel to the fire nor wanting Big Mike's ire turned on them.

They were late pulling into the gravel parking lot, and most of the crews had already gone home. Luke was pleased to see his old truck waiting for him. Glad to escape the hostile atmosphere of the work truck, he and Rodger rushed to the office to clock out. After exchanging a silent farewell, Luke walked towards his pickup truck, but he could not see anyone inside. He paused and watched for a moment. "Fuckin' whore," he muttered thinking Shelly was down on the seat getting screwed by who knows who. After a minute of watching and not seeing anything, he once again approached until he could see inside and saw that Shelly wasn't there after all.

Luke looked around the parking lot, trying to figure out where his wife was. There were several other vehicles still in the lot. Luke checked out each one, expecting to find her any moment being humped in at least one of them. But she wasn't anywhere to be found. Then he thought of the "Iron Spike", a favorite after-work hang out for rail workers looking for a beer and maybe a backroom blowjob from a hooker. "They took her there," he reasoned. "She's dancing on the tables... Hell, she might be getting' fucked on a table," he muttered.

Absent mindedly, Luke stuck his hands in his pockets. Immediately he felt the small roll of cash from Shelly's morning performance with Jess Baker's gang. He wasn't accustomed to having extra cash in his pocket and had always begged off having an after-work beer with the guys at the Iron Spike. 'What the hell,' he thought. 'Maybe she's there and maybe not. Either way, she's not here. She's off fuckin' somebody, somewhere, so why should I rush home? Yeah, let's have a beer.'

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Jake wolfed down his supper with hardly saying a word to Toni.

"What's your rush?" she asked irritably.

"Got things to do."

"Like what?"

"Like screwing Julia."

"You're serious! You really are screwing that bitch!"

"What's it to ya?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. I'm just surprised."

"Surprised at what? I told ya this morning I was doin' her."

"I know... I just... I didn't believe you."

"Believe it. When I'm finished with her, she'll be a cock whore just like you, Baby."

"That'll take some doing," Toni replied.

"Don't be so sure. She's sure surprised the hell out of me. Woman loves a stiff dick."

"Well, you certainly do have a way with women," Toni replied wryly.

Jake grinned at his wife. "How 'bout it, Baby? Ya wanna join me for some fun, maybe get a little pussy time yerself?"

"No thanks! The way that woman has treated us through the years... really!"

"Suit yerself," he replied as he pushed away from the table and stood.

"And just what am I supposed to do tonight, while you're rutting that bitch?"

"Why don't ya call Henderson? I'm sure he'll scratch that itch for ya."

"Perhaps. Of course Luke is always handy."

"Fuck him!" snapped Jake. "I don't want ya screwing Luke! Ya hear?"

"What on earth has Luke done?"

"Never mind, woman. Just keep his pecker away from ya."

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David sat at his kitchen table, munching on some leftover chicken. Wracked with guilt, he thought of his children and what they may be doing this very minute. He thought of his wife too, upstairs, naked and bound... he could just go upstairs and fuck her and there wasn't a thing she could do about it. Trouble was he wasn't all that interested as his pecker was sore from flogging it so many times that afternoon. He couldn't get it up again if he had to, and he'd tried.

"What's wrong with me?" he moaned in disgust. "How could I do that?" he asked the kitchen walls thinking of what he'd done that afternoon and what had stimulated him. "I'm a bad person, a bad, bad person. This has all been a huge mistake. What am I to do?"

His self-loathing was interrupted when Jake strode into the house like he owned it. "Time to fuck yer wife," the big man declared. "Wanna watch?" David shook his head.

"Suit yerself, fuckwad. But don't go anywhere, I may need ya later."

David's head sunk to table. He closed his eyes, hoping to shut out the nightmare of his own makings. Try as he might, he couldn't block the sounds of Jake's heavy feet climbing the stairs to his bedroom where his wife lay naked and helplessly bound.

Walking through the frame of the smashed bedroom door, Jake was pleased to find Julia Jenkins just as he'd left her earlier that afternoon, lying on the bed, her wrists bound behind her back to her ankles. He studied her helpless naked form for a minute before he spoke. "Hi ya, Doll," Jake greeted "Ready for some cock meat?"

Julia woke from a light sleep at the deep sound of the male voice. "Hi, Jake," she said in a low voice. "I've been waiting for you all day."

"Ya have? What have ya been waiting for?" he asked as he sat down the gym bag he brought with him.

"You know," she whispered.

"No, I don't. Why don't ya tell me?"

"To make love to me. To untie me and make love to me."

"I might untie, ya, but I won't be making love to ya, bitch. I'll be fuckin' ya like a whore... my whore."

"Yes, I'm your whore, Jake," she replied to his surprise. "Fuck me as much as you want."

"I will, Julia. I will."

"I need you, Jake. I need you so bad. But please, untie me. My muscles are so cramped. I promise, I won't run away or anything."

"If ya do run, I tie ya up for a month! Ya hear me, slut?"

"Yes. Please. I promise. I won't run away."

"Ya do as I say. Understand?"

"Yes, Jake. I understand. I'll do whatever you say."

"We'll just see about that." Jake set about untying his captive.

Free of her bonds, Julia rubbed her wrists and stretched her legs. "Thank you. Thank you, Jake."

"Yer welcome."

"Jake, I..."

"Enough talking! It's time that we fucked. Now get yer ass over here and undress me." Jake was again surprised to see how quickly she moved to fulfill his demand, and was even more amazed at the initiative she demonstrated.

Julia started with his shirt, unbuttoning it and nuzzling into his chest as she went, his manly odor having an intoxicating effect on her. "You smell so good, Baby," she whispered as she fully opened his shirt and caressed his hairy chest. "You're so big and so strong," she murmured as she felt the hardness of his muscular chest. After pulling the shirt over his wide shoulders, she let it fall carelessly to the floor. Jake groaned with approval as she suckled a meaty man-nipple.

"Ya seem to be learning," he whispered to the surprising neighbor woman as she licked and kissed his chest while her hands began working on his belt. Next she feverishly clawed at stubborn button and obstinate zipper to get at the prize inside. Roughly she yanked his jeans down off his hips and began tearing at his boxer shorts.

"Whoa! Whoa, little filly!" he laughed. "I said undress me, not rip my damned clothes off!"

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry," she pleaded fearing that she had displeased him.

Jake sat on the side of the bed with his pants down and his cock out. "Ya gotta get my shoes off," he said holding up a foot. Julia wasted no time in removing the heavy steel-toed work boots and his socks. She then worked his jeans and shorts down his legs and off.

"Yer an eager one for cock today, ain't ya?"

"It's all I thought about all day," she replied looking up at him seeking approval.

"Is that so?"

"Yes," she answered with an unaccustomed smile.

Jake really didn't know what to think about the radical change in Julia that had so suddenly manifested itself. He suspected a ploy of some sort.

"Yer husband's downstairs. Ya want him to watch us screw?"

"I don't want to see him. I hate him. He's pathetic and always will be. I can't believe I've wasted my whole life with him, thinking that he was just like every other man and every other man was just like him. He's not. You're not. He's nothing like you, Jake. You make me..."

"I make ya cum when I fuck ya."

"Yes. Yes, you do. I never knew it could be so good. For the first time in my life, I feel like a woman. Jake, you make me feel like a woman."

"Yer a woman alright, and a whore too. Now tell me, who does your cunt belong to?"

"It belongs to you, Jake," she whispered.

"That's right. Yer cunt belongs to me. Shit! I guess ya have learned something today after all."

"I've learned a lot. I really have. I learned that I have needs, burning needs, needs that I have kept buried all my life until you uncovered them."

"Well, I'll be damned. I think you're sincere."

"I am, Jake. I am. Fuck me. Use me. Do what ever you want with me."

"I will, Honey," he laughed. "I will."

"Do you want me to... to suck you?"

Jake looked down at the pretty woman kneeling before him. It couldn't possibly be the same uptight cunt he'd known all these years. He wished Toni were here to see and hear all this... No way would she ever believe him. He lifted his foot and offered it to her. "Yeah, ya can suck my toe fer starters."

With only a brief hesitation, she kissed and then surrounded his salty big toe with her lips and then her mouth. "Yeah, that's it, Baby. Suck it like it was my dick." Jake felt her tongue playing lewdly across the fleshy pad of his toe. "Yeah, that's it. Fuck, ya do that as good as Toni!

"Christ, ya know, yer giving me a hard-on!" Her eyes cut upwards and she was pleased to see not only the expression of approval on his rugged bearded face, but also pleased to see the genuine approval demonstrated by his growing erection.

"That's good, baby. Real good." As his dick lengthened and grew thicker by the moment she marveled and grew needier by the moment.

"Now suck my dick like that," came the husky command.

Releasing his toe from between her lips, she sat upright, keeping her eyes locked on his as her hands trailed up his hairy calves and hairy thighs to the object of her ardor. Whorishly, she stuck her tongue out and licked up the long thick stalk along his bulging tube, until she reached the purplish helmet-shaped crown. With gleeful eyes, Jake intently watched as she laved over his now throbbing dick. Julia paused and smiled up at him when he muttered, "Yeah, I always knew ya was a whore," and then went back to her task with renewed vigor.

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Luke was both relieved and disappointed when he didn't find Shelly at the Iron Spike. Ordering a beer, he felt the eyes upon him and knew the hushed talk at the tables had to do with his wife and himself. Pulling out the cash in his pocket, he regarded the crumpled bills for a moment before paying the barkeep. It was easy money and hard cash.

Luke snorted, drank up and was then on his way home. He really needed to have a talk with Shelly and hoped that he'd find her home with his supper ready for him. To his chagrin, he found the house empty and the kitchen clean.

"Fuck," he cursed. He wanted his supper and there was none. "God damn it!" he fumed. He dug out the cash from his pocket and decided that for just once, he'd go to the Burger Barn and treat himself to dinner out.

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Jake felt the tell tale signs of an orgasm building. His dick was tingling and his balls began to rise as his testicular cords began contracting, drawing up his bull balls. He considered pushing her off and letting the sensations subside, but then thought better of it.

"I gonna cum, bitch," he warned. "Keep suckin'. Keep suckin' 'til I blow my wad."

Just as his prostate contracted, sending a jet of semen through his prick, he pulled out of Julia's mouth and shot the first gout in her face. Then just as the second gout spouted forth, he put his cockhead to her lips sending the forceful discharge into her mouth. For third contraction, he pulled away again slightly to sperm her again in the face. His final contractions were weaker and smearing his pulsing cockhead along her lips simply added to the globs coating her face and dripping onto her B-cup tits.

Catching his breath he praised, "With a little practice, yer gonna be a great cocksucker."

"I didn't do it good?"

"Yeah, ya did fine. Just fine, but you'll get better." The praise wasn't all that she'd hoped for, but she accepted it, as she really wasn't sure what felt good to a man when it came to fellatio.

"I'll do better next time," she said seeking approval.

"I'm sure ya will, slut." Jake glanced up and saw Horsefly standing in the doorway. Then from the corner of his eye he saw Julia start to wipe way the mess on her face.

"Leave it, slut!" he growled. "I want ya dripping with sperm until I'm finished with ya for the night."

"Okay," she meekly agreed, afraid that the harshness in his voice really meant he was dissatisfied with her blowjob.

Assured that she wouldn't try to clean herself up, Jake looked back up at Horsefly. "Is pencil-dick still down there?" he asked his helper.

Julia turned to see who he was talking to, but Jake grabbed her by the hair and prevented her from looking behind her. Horsefly nodded in the affirmative. "Then haul his sorry ass up here. I have something to show him."

Horsefly turned and headed downstairs, finding David right were he was a moment before, but now biting the hand he had over his mouth. "Massa Jake says yo's to come wid me."

"No. I, I can't," the cuckold whimpered.

Horsefly, dimwitted as he was, knew that his boss had little patience with excuses. The big Negro grabbed the small man by the collar, hoisted him upright and bodily dragged him upstairs while David pathetically pleaded, "Don't hurt me! Please!!!! Please don't hurt me!"

"Is dis whats yo wants, boss?" announced Horsefly at the door.

"Bring his sorry ass in here," replied Jake.

"Don't hurt meeeeeee!" wailed David as he was forcibly dragged into his bedroom.

"Fer, Christ's sake! Quit yer whinning, will ya!" complained Jake. "Ain't nobody gonna hurt ya, ya sorry sack of shit!"

Hearing the commotion and no longer constrained by a fist full of her hair, Julia turned. Seeing the large Blackman she screamed, "Oh, my god!" and did her best to cover her nakedness with her hands.

"Put yer hands down!" commanded Jake seeing her reaction. Slapping at her hands he repeated, "Put yer hands down!" Julia reluctantly complied with Jake's order even though she was very embarrassed.

"Now stand up!" Trying her best to blend into the floor, Julia remained kneeing. "I said, stand up!"

Jake grabbed her arm and pulled her up. "Put yer hands down, woman! I ain't gonna tell ya again, put 'em down, or I'm gonna tie yer ass up again!...

"That's better."

"Now Julia, this here's Horsefly. He's my right hand man."

"Ah, is?" beamed the black with a broad smile. He had always thought of himself as Jake's number-two boy. Being blacker than black, he was always on the bottom of the pecking order. Even in black society he was disparagingly cast as a field nigger.

"From what yer husband has told me, Julia," continued Jake, "ya never let him see ya naked."

Jake looked over at David, "Well, she's naked now, so enjoy it, little buddy."

Turning his attention back to the furiously blushing woman, he continued, "Show yer husband what ya got, Honeypot."

"Jake, please..."

"Ya wannna get tied up again?"

"No... I just..."

Cutting her off he angrily spat, "If ya back talk me again, or if ya refuse another simple request, I'm gonna tie yer ass up again and leave ya tied up fer a month! Ya understand me, bitch!"

"Yes, I'm sorry Jake, I did mean to..."

"Hush up! Ya don't have flap yer trap, just just gotta do what yer told."

"Okay, okay..."

"Hush, will ya? Jesus...

"Now turn 'round slowly so yer husband can get a good look at ya."

With a shiver of helplessness, Julia turned to display her nude body to both her husband and Horsefly. Jake stopped her when her back was to the two men. Jake reached out and grabbed an ass cheek and shook it. "Nice ass, huh guys?"

With a slap to the cheek, he sent her to again slowly spin around. Facing the men, Jake stopped her again, this time to fondle a breast. "Not too big, but very nice, don'cha think? Pretty nipples too, light brown and puffy... look how they poke out. Just begs for a sucking, huh?

"Okay, now turn 'round again, sweetheart and show yer stuff." Again, Julia rotated around, blushing furiously at the humiliation of being displayed like this.

"Ya got a pretty wife, little buddy. Mighty pretty. Nice and hippy too, good breeding stock.

"I'm happy to say," continued Jake, "that I've done what ya wanted me to do, Davy boy. Yer wife's now a whore. My whore. 'Course ya can use her whenever ya want, seeing that yer her husband and all. But she's gonna carry my baby, and that means ya have to keep yer lil' pecker out of her puss until I say otherwise, that is unless ya use a rubber. Ya got that? I'm gonna knock her up... not you or any other jackleg. Once her belly's swelling, ya can do what ya want, but until I say so, you'll do as I say. Understand, fuckwad?"

David nodded that he did understand. It wasn't how it was supposed to be, but at least Jake didn't say he couldn't fuck her. He just couldn't fuck his wife without a rubber until after Jake had impregnated her.

"Good, then we understand each other. I catch ya fucking her without a rubber and I'll have yer balls sniped."

Jake then turned to his helper. "So, whadda think, Hoss? Ya like the little lady? Think she'll do as an act of good faith?"

"Ah.... Ah... Ah..." stammered Horsefly.

"Well, ya wanna fuck her or what?"

"You can't be serious!" blurted Julia. Throwing caution to the wind, she desperately tried to plead her case. "Oh, please, Jake! Not that! Not with him!"

"What did I tell ya, bitch? Ya want me to tie ya down?"

"No, no, it's just..."

"Look, whore. I don't need to explain myself to ya. But just this once, I'll fill ya in on something. I owe this nigger. I owe him and yer gonna pay him with yer cunt. Got it?"

"Oh, gawd. Please, not with a... a..."

"Nigger?"

"Oh, gawd!!!!"

"Now shut yer trap woman and get on the friggin' bed unless ya want to do him ya on the floor... Get on the bed! Now, woman!" Reluctantly Julia sat on the edge of the bed.

Jake had to chuckle at his three companions. He couldn't be sure whose eyes were the widest. Julia was understandably alarmed and David was mortified, but big ole Horsefly was the most comical. Set in his broad coal-black face, his eyes were so bug-eyed that they looked like two headlights coming out of a dark tunnel.

David gathered the courage to speak up. "Jake, I don't think..."

"That's right," Jake snapped, "ya don't think. Ya just do as I say. Do that and we'll stay friends and buddies."

"But..."

"Listen up, nit wit. Ya wanted yer wife to be a whore. I made her a whore, but I ain't proved that to ya yet. Have I?"

"Well, I..."

"I'm a man of my word," declared Jake with an unctuous smile. "Just so you'll know that I did what ya wanted, I'm gonna prove it to ya... Fair enough?" David was about to say something else, but Jake raised his hand and silenced him.

Jake looked down at Julia. The poor scandalized woman was trembling. "There, there, Sweetheart," he cooed as he brushed a strand of hair from her face. "He ain't gonna hurt ya. He's just gonna fuck ya. Hell, from here on, lots of my friends are gonna fuck ya. But, I'll be honest with ya. That black bastard has a huge dong. Biggest dick I've ever seen on a human being. With ya being so tight pussied and all, well... it's gonna feel like he's shoving a baseball bat up yer twat. So... to make it easier on ya, until ya stretch out to take him, ya need to get yerself all wet down there. Ya know, make yerself real slippery. That'll help... help a lot. So I want ya to lay back, spread yer legs and play with yerself."

"I can't! I can't do that," she cried.

"Yes, ya can. Ya gotta, or it's gonna hurt like hell."

"Oh, gawd," she moaned clutching onto Jake, praying for delivery from her immediate fate of intercourse with a Negro. Instead of deliverance, she felt him lying her back on the bed to be fucked.

"Now slut, spread yerself open!" She'd never know why, but she did as Jake commanded.

"Play with yer slutty cunt, ya whore!" Her hand went to her crotch and she began diddling herself with her feet on the floor.

With both Julia and David firmly under control, Jake turned to the minor task of getting Horsefly to move. The big black was fixated on watching the slim white woman masturbating. He'd never seen anything like it before. If there was one thing he knew, it was his place in life, and until that moment, his place wasn't between the legs of some white woman.

"Anytime, Hoss," he heard the bossman say. The closest he'd ever come to screwing a white girl was when he'd shot off in the face of the big titted blonde when Jake fucked her in front of him and his buddy, Tyronne. Except in a strip club, that was the first time he'd seen a white girl up close and nude and it was the most exciting thing he'd ever seen. Before that, it was Tyronne's sister... she was half white or more, but still she was a colored. This woman, she was lily white and she was fingering herself while he watched.

"Hoss, ya can't fuck her with yer god damned clothes on," said Jake with growing impatience.

"Yas, suh!" came the short reply. Horsefly peeled off his grimy t-shirt and kicked off his tattered sneakers. Hurriedly he undid his pants and pulled them off.

"Oh, my god!" cried Julia when the hard outsized organ came into view, sticking out nearly horizontal due to the weight of the thing and looking more like a downed telephone pole than a man's penis. Shocked at the sight of the horrific thing that would soon ravish her, Julia stopped diddling her twat.

"Let me help ya out," said Jake helpfully as he took over the task of fingering her pussy. His object was two fold; get her hot to fuck and to stretch her cunt some so that she could take the massive cock that would soon be shoved up inside her. Jake finger fucked her with one, then two and then three fingers. The room filled with her yelling and the lewd smacking noises signifying that she was wet, very wet. He finally went for four fingers, but couldn't do it without hurting her. Having her as ready as possible, he pulled his fingers and hand away from her sopping cunt.

"Ready, Hoss?"

"Yas, suh," came the eager reply.

"Wait a minute!" Jake dug into the gym bag he'd brought and pulled out a foil packet. Tossing it to Horsefly, he instructed, "Use a rubber. I don't ya sullying her womb and puttin' some piccaninny or monkeyboy in her."

"But ahm too big!" protested the black.

"It's an extra-extra large, ya goon. Cost me five bucks at a novelty shop. Now use it or put yer pants back on."

Extra-extra large or not, the condom was a tight and very snug fit on his expansive cock. He took one step towards the offered fuck-meat before Jake stopped him again. "Here, squirt this over yer dick," said Jake handing him a bottle of lube.

"Yo white folks suh do goes ta lots of trouble jus' to fuh," grumbled the darkie as he squirted the lubricant all over his latex shrouded cock.

Jake grabbed one of Julia's legs and instructed her husband to do the same. Together they held her legs wide as Horsefly moved to position himself in the slot. The big black grabbed both of Julia's wrists with one massive hand and held them over her head. With the other hand he traced his fat fingertips over her perky tits, smearing Jake's cum over each stiff nipple. The only sound in the room was Julia's muffled whimpering as the big Negro toyed with her tits.

"Shove it in," growled Jake breaking the quiet of the room. The next sound was a shrill howl from Julia as she was rudely stuffed with the huge black battering ram. It wasn't a slow entrance at all, but a punishing entrance as she was abruptly and fully impaled on the dark monstrous cock.

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Luke had just returned with his bag of greasy burgers and fries when he heard the piercing shriek. "What the fuck?" he asked looking out an open window in an attempt to locate the source of the cry. He didn't hear anything else, so he shrugged it off and dug into his supper.

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At the same moment, across town in the rich section, another female was crying out, but Shelly was crying out in carnal pleasure as the Governor plowed in and out of her receptive cock socket.

The Judge sitting in his study, sipping a brandy, heard the salacious racket upstairs and smiled broadly. "She sure is a live one," he commented to Chester, his black man-servant.

"Yes, suh! Dat girl loves fuckin' more than any female I'd ever seen befo'! Ah swear, she's gonna kill da Gov'nor 'fo the mornin' comes!"

"Let's hope not," chuckled the Judge, "but if she does, he'll die with a smile on face that no mortician will ever remove!"

"Youse gots dat right, Judge! Wouldn't mind goin' that way myself, between the legs of that one!"

"Maybe you'll get your chance, Chester. Not tonight, but next week... Can't promise anything, but we'll see. We'll see."

"Youse a gettin' mah hopes up fo' a fall, Judge!"

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Finishing his burgers, Luke sat about wondering what to do with himself this evening. The TV was broken and the radio needed another electrical plug, and as for reading, he didn't do that unless he had to. With Shelly gone he simply didn't have a thing to do. No one was at home at the Stringer's either. Jake was gone... his delivery truck was there, but he was nowhere to be found and he'd seen Toni leave earlier with Henderson and some other guy. "Damn, I hate this," he muttered to the empty house. Having nothing else to do, he cracked open a beer.

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Yet another female was howling in town. Toni with two cocks shoved up her was in her element. Feeling Henderson's long cock up her ass pulsating as he ejaculated, she climaxed for the third time since the three of them started fucking twenty minutes before.

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Out in the country, Lynette was moaning around the cock of her brother as Jonah plowed his pregnant daughter's pussy. J.D. Blalock gleefully watched the threesome, waiting his turn at his son's former girlfriend.

While in still another country home, far from the prying eyes and ears of noisy neighbors, Deacon Jones' wife writhed in agony as she hung from a rafter by her wrists while the demented deputy and church elder alternately assaulted her sexually and then sought to purge her of the sins of women with a whip.

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For Julia, the ordeal was short-lived. As painful as the initial penetration was, she quickly stretched out to accommodate Horsefly's enormous cock. With her cunt stretched tight around his sex piston, the incredible fiction was taking its toll. The initial discomfort was all but forgotten. She too began to howl, only this time it was orgasmic as the terrific fucking continued. With each powerful trust, her cervix was battered and moved upwards until it no longer stopped the big black cock from penetrating deep into her womb.

"Damn," muttered Jake as he saw progressively more and more of the huge cock disappearing deeper and deeper into the wailing woman.

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Once again Luke heard a cry, only this time it was more mournful. Once again he looked about, but couldn't discern where it was coming from. Never would he have guessed it's true origins. Then he heard another sound, the great bellowing of a bull male of some sorts. Luke chuckled... someone nearby was really getting a fucking tonight. With a smile now on his face, his thoughts drifted off recalling his own pleasures today between the legs of Lenny's wife.

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The huge black cock slid from Julia's abused vagina like a slithering python. The sweating Blackman pushed himself upright and stood. Still holding her left leg up and outward, David looked down in disbelief at the raw gapping hole that was his wife's cunt. Then he noticed that she too was covered with sweat.

"Wha' should ah do wid dis, boss?" Horsefly asked as he peeled off the used condom, slimy from her cunt sauce and heavily laden with his spunk.

"Give it to him," answered Jake. "As a momento."

Without thinking, David took the used condom. "Jesus," he groaned as it registered upon his addled brain. "Wha.... What am I supposed to do with this?"

"Save it," came the reply. "I want ya to frame it and hang it on yer wall. But before ya do that, Hoss needs some help getting his dick cleaned, and yer gonna clean him."

"You can't be serious?"

"Get to it, weasel!" came the audacious command.

"I'll go get a wash cloth."

"Use yer mouth! Ya like sucking dicks, at least ya like sucking mine. C'mon, show yer wife what a dirty nasty boy ya are!" The burning glare of Jake's eyes left little doubt that he had no choice but suck on the Negro's sent dick.

Horsefly looked on in disbelief as the small white man sank to his knees and took his wet wilted cock into his mouth to suck and lick off the sex residue.

"Look at yer husband, Julia! On his knees giving a nigger a blowjob! Look! Can ya believe it? He likes suckin' dicks. I know that from personal experience." As the humiliating prattle burned into his brain, David wanted to run... run as far away as he could. How could he ever face his wife after this degradation?

Horsefly felt pity for the man. He remembered the time when he dropped a piece of furniture and smashed it. Jake's dad was right there and went ballistic. He wanted him fired and forced to pay for the damages out of his meager wages. After his dad left, Jake took him in the office and offered him a choice. Be fired or he could suck Jake's cock. Suck his cock and Jake would take care of things for him. Having no prospects for another job that paid as well as the one he had, Horsefly reluctantly went down on his boss. No one ever learned about the disgrace, especially his coworkers, but Horsefly knew his place after that. And he knew from personal experience that the man sucking him, would suck him again in the near future, suck him whenever it struck the boss' fancy to see something dirty and degrading.

David was relieved when Jake pulled him away from servicing the huge black cock. He soon found out that Jake was simply ready to move on.

"Time to breed this bitch," Jake declared. Julia was beginning to move around and Jake's cock had recovered and was once again ready for action. He maneuvered the exhausted woman onto all fours and positioned himself for a rear entry. No longer as tight as it was earlier in the day, his cock slid easily into her channel. Seared with the heat of her abused cunt, he hissed, "You're a hot fuck, slut." With his bare cock firmly and completely inside her, he reached forward and grabbed a shock of her hair. Pulling her head up and then back, arching her back, he began fucking her with hard punishing strokes, pushing through her open cervix and into her uterus.

David watched in awe as his wife was brutally fucked for the second time, relishing the sensuous quaking of her buttocks each time Jake slammed into her. Julia, still filled with lust chemicals from Horsefly's fucking, soon was pushing back to meet each and every stroke. With each fierce stroke, she climbed towards the orgasmic pinnacle, a goal she now eagerly sought.

"Who owns your cunt?" he rasped pulling her head back until the tendons stuck out from her neck.

"You do, Jake. You do," she grunted through her teeth. "Fuck me. Fuck me, damn you. Fuck meeeeeeeee!"

"Whose whore are ya?"

"Yours, Jake. I'm your whore," came the reply; a reply that her husband found hard to fathom.

"Use me. Use my cunt. Fuuuckkhhh... Fuccccchhkkk... ughghhhhh! Make me cummmmmmm! Yessssss. Yessssss. Yessssss. Harder! Harder! Uhh, uhh, uhh, ahh, ahh, yes-s-s-s-s! Aaaaiiiieeee!!!!!!!!!!"

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Once again, Luke looked about trying to determine the source of the cry; a cry of wanton sexual abandon and intense fulfillment.

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"I'm cumming! I cumming! I'm cumming in yer cunt, ya slutty whore!" roared the Beast.

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"That sounds like Jake," Luke said to himself. He got up and went to a window to see if anyone was home, but the Stringer house was still dark.

"Maybe he's in the hot tub."

Luke checked, but there was no one there. He listened intently, but no longer heard anything but the chirping of crickets and tree frogs. In the distance he heard the comforting sound of a train's whistle.

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"This is a fuck party featuring yer wife, and it's your turn, little buddy," said Jake magnanimously. "Time fer yer slut wife and ya to fuck."

"Really? You mean that?" replied David with surprise.

"Course I mean it! It's what ya wanted, ain't it?"

"Yeah!... Oh, yeah!" gushed David as he began to disrobe.

"I don't want to fuck him," protested Julia with venom dripping from her words.

"Now, now, don't give me that kind of crap! He's yer husband. This is what's this is all about... fucking. David and you... man and wife... fucking."

He leaned into her to whisper, "That doesn't necessarily mean that he's actually gonna fuck ya."

With puzzlement clearly upon her, Jake pulled her upright to stand next the bed. Turning his attention to her husband, he urged, "C'mon, get outta those clothes! We ain't got all night."

A moment later David stood naked and ready. The eagerness on his face wilted away under the hostile glare of his wife. Fretfully he looked over at Jake for support, but Jake was occupied in a hushed private conversation with his big black helper. Nervously he glanced back and forth between his wife and the two well-hung men, growing more and more self conscious of his shortcomings by the minute.

Finally Horsefly was nodding that he understood what his boss required of him. Jake then picked up the gym bag he'd brought with him. The shocked expressions of his three companions brought an amused smile over Jake's face as he displayed one of Toni's strap-on dildos. Holding the dildo to Julia's crotch he said, "Here, let me help ya with this." With practiced dexterity, he quickly positioned the device and adjusted the straps.

A desperate, squeaking chirp filled the room as Horsefly manhandled David into position, bent over the edge of the bed. Horsefly positioned himself on the bed holding David under the arms with the small man positioned between his legs so that the great black cock and heavy balls were pressed into his face.

"Noooooo!" howled David as his butt checks were pulled open and his anus lubed up.

"Quit yer whining," castigated Jake. "I ain't gonna fuck ya, yer wife is."

Having gotten the gist of what was to happen, Julia's shocked and befuddled expression quickly transformed into a malicious sneer.

Pouring a liberal amount of lube over the life-like dildo, Jake explained, "Yer hubby likes getting fucked in the ass. Toni does him all the time. So do I... I'll bet, you're gonna like doing him too, Julia."

"Yes, I will," she replied with malice as she stepped up and put the tip to her husband's puckered hole.

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"Jesus! What in hell's going on?" muttered Luke as yet another cry drifted into his open window.