**Room with a View**
by Art Martin

**Chapter 26 - CHANGING FORTUNES**

*Shelly gets a raise and Jake gets a surprise. Lenny's fortunes change with Millie's ass broken in, while David realizes that there is a solution to his immediate financial problem.*

Waking with the morning sunrise, Shelly dreamily looked into the mirrored canopy of the big luxurious bed. Gazing at her reflection and the reflection of the snoring man she'd slept with last night, she stretched cat-like and shifted her position. Unlike her own bed, the mattress felt so soft yet firm at the same time and the 750-count Egyptian cotton sheets felt like silk against her naked skin. It was all so different from what she was used to.

Looking out over the ornately furnished room, she recalled that her grandmother had a marble-top vanity similar to the one in this room. Of course, she giggled inwardly, her grandmother didn't have a bed like this where you could look up and watch yourself having sex. She smiled mischievously remembering the sight of the Governor's buttocks rising and falling as they made love last night and wondered hopefully if she would see that naughty sight again this morning.

She giggled to herself again remembering when Chester had brought in that big blue pill and left it by the bedside. She asked him what it was and he told her. "Dat's Viagra Missy, ta make the Gov'nor hard for yo."

"Are you going to take it?" she eagerly asked the surprised Governor.

He protested that he was already worn out, but she insisted. To his surprise and pride he had it back up within a half hour. That's when the fun really began. For over two hours he was hard, and for those two hours that hard slab of male-meat was used and abused. He finally had to beg for mercy and still had to push her off.

Shelly wondered if he would be playful when he woke, or would he be too drained from the previous evening. Slowly she stroked his bare chest, playing with his light chest hair. Slowly she worked her hand down his tummy and eventually to his soft cock. To her delight, the organ began to swell and engorge.

Speedy Hammons slowly came out of his deep sleep to discover that the sweet dream he was having was no dream at all. The covers were indeed pulled back. In the overhead mirrors he could see the voluptuous blonde teen feasting on his dick, her head moving in crazy patterns as she performed fellatio in a most sloppy manner. Sloppy, as in wet and playful, letting his organ noisily slip from her lips only to be noisily sucked back in her mouth. His balls were already coated and dripping with excess saliva. The whole blowjob was delightfully wicked.

Her sumptuous teen body was a sight to behold, but he was surprised that he had it up after last night's marathon fuck. It had been twenty years since he'd had that much sex in one night. As nice as the early morning blowjob felt, that's not how he wanted to use his morning hard-on. Not with this sex-pot. Even so, he wasn't about to tell her to stop either.

Shelly felt his hand on her head and felt him stroking her hair as she sucked him. He was awake! She looked up his torso and into his smiling eyes. She let his dick slip from her lips, only to recapture it and lewdly lave over the fat bulbous head. Then in a whisper, she heard the words she longed to hear... "C'mon, baby, let's fuck."

Again she let the hard cock slip from her mouth. Crawling forward she positioned herself over him, aimed his wet and drooling sex-spike at her eager cunt and lowered herself on him. Shelly closed her eyes, enjoying the feeling as the cock slipped up inside her. Having taken all of him into her as possible, she leaned forward to kiss him, thrusting her tongue between his lips to dance and duel with his lashing tongue.

Breaking the protracted kiss she rose up enough for him to play with her bulging tits while she ground her hips into his groin. His hands left her tits and firmly grasped her hips. He lifted her hips and then drove her down on him. Shelly let him guide her pace, but didn't make him work at it either. Soon the ornate room was filled with the slapping sound of her shapely buttocks meeting his groin, as his hips trust upwards to meet her downward moving hips. Having established the pace, his hands returned to maul her wildly gyrating tit flesh.

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With the rising sun, Julia too was awakened as Jake mounted her yet again. Her legs automatically wrapped around his hips and her heels dug into his hairy buttocks, urging him on, unaware of the victorious spermatozoa penetrating her egg.

Across the hall, David heard the pounding of the headboard against the wall. 'Christ, he's fucking her again,' he said to himself. He tried to move, but he was pushed up against the wall as there wasn't that much room in his son's small bed for both him and the big black buck he was sleeping with. The musky body odor of his bed partner made David's nostrils flare. He felt the big man stirring and rolling towards him, and then felt the man's huge organ nestling between his between his buttocks. The big cock pressed and humped while it hardened and grew to a monstrous length that fully spanned the length of his butt crack with room to spare at both ends.

A large black hand gripped David by the chest and he heard Horsefly whisper, "Da's fuckin' agin, white boy. Listen to yo 'ho wife and Massa Jake. He be doin' her real good, ain't he?' David nodded in agreement.

"Yo likes Massa Jake doin' yo 'ho wife?" Again David nodded.

"Ah likes doin' her too, but shiiittt, all ah gots is yo shinny ass!"

Across the hall, both Jake and Julia heard David cry out, "Oh, gawd!"

"That black bastard's cornholing him again," Jake whispered between thrusts into his whore's pussy.

"I guess he likes it," replied Julia.

"Yeah, guess they both do," he chuckled in reply.

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Next door, Luke woke to an empty bed. "Where in the hell is Shelly?" he asked the empty room. Asking the question, he realized knew that he knew, but at the same time he didn't know.

"This is bullshit," he cursed. "She should've come home."

After rolling out of the squeaky bed and getting ready for work, Luke was confronted with preparing his own breakfast. Again he cursed the fact that his wife wasn't there to take care of him. He wasn't a stranger to a kitchen, having been the chief cook for his dad and himself before he got married, so he rummaged around until he found a skillet and cooked up a mess of eggs. Out of practice, he scorched the eggs, and event that added to his bad humor.

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Shelly had leaned back, supporting herself with her arms behind her back. She watched herself in the mirrors overhead, watching how her full tits bounced about as fucked the Governor, watching how her hips moved and how as his cock moved in and out as she rose and fell on it.

The Governor watched the young slut too. It was obvious to him that she was enjoying this as much if not more than he was and he was indeed enjoying it very much. "What a fantastic fuck," he muttered. "Damn, that's it baby, do that squeezing thing again... Yeah, that's it. What a fuck! Yeah, baby, fuck me... Christ, I'm gonna blow!"

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Arriving at the railroad yard, Luke was taken aside by Jess Baker. "I had a talk with Big Mike late yesterday," the other gang boss began. "Mike told me how tight things are for ya, and I just want to tell ya that I was... uh... out of line yesterday morning." Luke was surprised that Baker was actually being contrite and apologizing to him.

Baker smiled unctuously and continued, "Just because you're whoring her out doesn't... uh, give me the right to take advantage of ya. I should've negotiated a price for your wife's sweet ass instead of just throwing ya some money and taking her..."

Baker lewdly squeezed his groin and with a laugh added, "That's a fine, fine fuck, ya got, boy. Yes, siree. Hell, that was the best damned pussy I've had in years! The way she squeezed my cock with her cunt... damn! Ain't never had a fuck like that before! Only complaint was it was over too damned fast.

"I'll be straight with ya, kid, I gotta get me some more of that pussy. So here's what I propose... Me and the boys, we have a hankering to have a little party, and we want to invite your little lady. We'll pay ya. Say, two hundred bucks for two hours with her."

Luke didn't know how to respond. Sell her cunt, just like that? Of course, he'd been doing just that, but that was different somehow. Or was it? Yes, it was different. He'd only gone along with Jake's suggestions because they desperately needed something and couldn't afford it. This was just for cold hard cash, like the thirty bucks he still had in pocket from yesterday morning. Two hundred bucks? Two hours? Hell, she'd been gone since yesterday morning and he knew good and well it wasn't to go see her mom and dad.

"I gotta think about that," he found himself saying.

"What's there to think about, sonnyboy?"

"That's my wife yer talking about."

Baker snorted, "She's a whore! You whore her out. So what's the problem?"

"I just gotta think about that... talk to Shelly."

"Fuck that! We want her ass again and we're gonna have it," growled Baker as he stuffed a wad of bills in Luke's hand.

"That's a down payment on her sweet ass. Now you just deliver her... tonight... at my place. Ya get the rest of the money tonight when ya deliver her."

"I don't know..."

"Don't even think of crossing me, boy. Cross me and I'll beat yer ass to a pulp," the bully snarled. "Then we'll just help ourselves to her whenever we want. You got it, boy?"

Luke felt the knot in his stomach tighten. He had no illusions that Baker could and would beat him until he couldn't walk for weeks. 'What the hell,' he thought, 'The slut will enjoy it.' "Uh, how many will there be?"

"What do you care?"

"How many?"

"Just my crew... Four of us."

"That's all?"

"Might invite a few others. Not sure."

"Okay. Two hundred for two hours with the four of ya. Any extras and ya owe me fifty dollars a head."

"I'll have to think about that, sonny. Just bring her ass over."

"Where?"

"My place. Here's the address. Bring her ass over around nine. That'll gives us a chance to get some cards in and get the boys worked up a little, if ya know what I mean."

"Nine it is," replied Luke shoving the money into his pocket and sealing the deal.

"Make sure she wearing some sexy panties, a lacy bra and some slut shoes. Ya know, something for a strip show."

"Okay."

"One other thing. We're gonna do her bareback, if that's alright with ya. In fact we're gonna do her bareback even if it ain't alright with ya. She on the pill, ain't she?"

"Sure. Whatever... What the fuck!" Luke then thought to himself, 'She likes it better that way anyway.'

"Hmmm, that's really too bad. I'd love to knock up that one."

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The three men sat around the kitchen table while Julia hustled up breakfast. Hoss fidgeted nervously as he wasn't used to eating with white folks, especially when he was the only one of the three men still buck-naked. Jake had told him he might as well stay native.

"Now that's a fine ass," remarked Jake nodding to Julia while she worked at the stove wearing only an apron to protect against the splatter of hot grease.

"Yas, suh," replied Horsefly enjoying the callipygian display of her bare butt. "Ah only thoughts dat nigger girls had asses like dat. Mighty fine! Mighty fine!"

"Hurry up there, woman," impatiently urged Jake. "Me and Hoss gotta get to work."

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can," replied Julia with a hint of irritation in her voice. "If you want your bacon raw, I'll serve it up now."

"I like it cooked," replied Jake.

"Then you'll just have to wait until it's cooked!" she snapped.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah! But watch yer tongue, bitch, or I'll have Hoss paddle yer ass raw!"

The fight in her dissolved instantly and Julia turned to plead, "I'm sorry, Jake. I didn't mean to be..."

"Shut yer trap, woman and just get on with the damned breakfast, will ya."

Turning on the charm Jake quickly added, "Oh, I almost forgot. Seeing that ya ruined yer mattress, I took it upon myself to bring ya a new one. It's in the truck outside. Hoss'll fetch it for ya before we go. We'll get rid of the old fer ya too."

"That's kind of you, Jake. That old lumpy mattress is really starting to stink."

"Yer welcome."

Julia served the men and started to sit down. "No, not there," corrected Jake. "Ditch that friggin' apron and go sit yer naked ass in Hoss' lap."

Hoss could hardly eat with the naked white lady sitting in his lap as his hands were mostly busy feeling her up. His boss on the the other hand was enjoying the distressed look on Julia's face. "Ya can't fuck her, Hoss," commented Jake as he wolfed down his food. "Not without a rubber."

"Yas, suh," the big black replied dejectedly with the realization that Jake made all the rules. He would just have to be happy with feeling her up, and what's wrong with two handfuls of bare tit?

Julia felt relief, she'd just be molested by the Negro, and not fucked by him again. It never occurred to her that just two days ago she'd be screaming bloody murder being mauled like this; this morning, it was a blessing.

Keeping an eye on the breakfast show being played out across the table for his amusement, Jake finished his breakfast. Ready to go. He pushed his empty plate aside, and to Horsefly's disappointment, his boss told him to go put his pants on and go fetch the mattress and box springs.

'It ain't fair,' Horsefly thought to himself. 'It ain't fair at all.'

"Get yer black ass moving, boy," growled his boss. "We got work to do and can't spend all day playing with this whore."

"Can't ah least get ta kiss her?"

"On the lips, on her tits or between her legs?"

"Tween her legs?"

"Go fer it!" laughed Jake. "We ain't in too big a hurry!"

Before she knew what was happening, Horsefly stood and laid her on her back on the kitchen table and over the dirty dishes, her legs suddenly spread apart by his powerful arms. In disbelief she watched the grinning black face descend to her defenseless sex.

Hoss saw the whitish ooze seeping from her red raw pussy and knew what it was. He didn't care, he was eating out a pretty white woman and that's all that mattered.

When the thick lips and fat pink tongue made contact, Julia squealed. It was all so wicked, but it also felt oh, so good. It only took a minute before she was humping his face as he lapped and scoured her cunt. She found herself gripping his ears and pulling his black face into her tighter as her hips moved in rapid motion.

David watched in utter disbelief, as Julia was obviously enjoying the oral assault on her cunt, and by a black man no less. "Feels so good! So good! So good!" she cried over and over while her arms were moving across the table, raking dirty dishes and food onto the floor as she ground her cunt into Horsefly's face. "Don't stop! Don't stop! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Gaaaaawwwwwdddd! Suck my cunt! Yessss, suck my cunt, you bastard! Ahhhhhh!!!!"

Suddenly Horsefly bolted upright, his dark face shinning with girlie goo, his eyes blazing as if possessed by a demon. Before Jake could stop him, he plunged his bare black cock into Julia's primary fuck orifice. Julia shrieked, "Yessss!" and then began to uncontrollably trash about in orgasm.

As Horsefly assaulted her pussy, his boss could plainly see that he was quite beyond reason. Jake wisely declined to interfere with the big buck as he fucked the hapless woman, instead he took a different tact to regain control of the situation. "Fuck her, nigger! Fuck her!" he shouted in encouragement. "Fuck her white pussy hard! Hard, I said! Fuck her hard!" Hearing his bosses encouraging words, Horsefly did just that. "Fuck her good, boy! Fuck her good! Fuck her hard, but don't cum in her Hoss. Don't cum in her. Pull out when yer creaming, Hoss. Pull out when ya cum boy, and I'll let ya fuck again someday."

Horsefly heard his boss' voice as if where miles away. Still the message came through loud and clear, 'Pull out when ya cum, pull out when ya cum.' He felt his testicles boiling and the overwhelming urge to cum building toward the precipice. "Ahm a gonna cum, boss! Ahm a gonna cum!" he yelled towards the ceiling.

"Pull out when ya cum, Hoss! Pull out when ya cum!"

"Fuuuckkhhh!!!!!" hollered Hoss. With Herculean effort, he pulled his huge dong from the trashing woman and began spewing his voluminous seed all across her tits, into her face and across her tummy.

The shear volume of ejaculate squirting all over his abused wife staggered David. Then he recalled what he'd felt when the big black had hosed down his bowls earlier, it wasn't his imagination, it really was a hosing, like getting a sperm enema.

With the incredible display of virility over, Hoss sort of slumped back, exhausted by his efforts. When he finally recovered enough to look up, he saw Jake glaring at him.

"Ya didn't cum in her cunt, did ya?" his boss growled.

"No, suh! No, suh! Ah did likes yo tolds me, boss."

"No, ya didn't. I told ya not to fuck her without a rubber! If ya put some worthless pickaninny in her belly, I swear, I'll have the Sherriff's boys take ya out in woods and cut off yer black balls!"

"Ah, pulled out! Ah, pulled out, Massa Jake, like ya tolds me! Ah, pulled out!"

"Shit, fuck!!! Well, what's done's done's, damn you. Only time will tell. Now go get yer god damned pants on and fetch that new mattress from the truck!" Hoss made for the door, eager to escape Jake's wrath. "Take the old one out with ya, Hoss, an' save yerself a trip!" shouted Jake at his scurrying helper.

Ignoring the fucked out woman still sprawled across the kitchen and her wimpy husband, Jake made his way outside to retrieve the paperwork for the new mattress. On his way back in he met Hoss halfway, carrying the old ruined mattress like it was nothing at all.

"Where's yer shirt, Hoss?"

"Ah don'ts know."

"Where's yer shoes?"

"Ah don'ts know, boss."

"How'd ya find yer pants?"

"Ah don'ts know, boss."

"Well, I suppose yer friggin' shirt and shoes are where ya found yer god damned pants! Personally I don't give a shit, but folks 'round here see a half naked nigger like you running around, they're likely to call the Sherriff."

Jake made it back inside the Jenkins home, finding Julia, still naked on all fours, cleaning up the mess of the kitchen floor. "Where's yer husband?"

"I really don't care," replied Julia.

"Don't give me no lip, woman! I need yer worthless husband, now where is he!"

"I'm sorry, baby. I didn't mean to..."

"Fer Christ's sakes, where is he?"

"He said he had to go to the bathroom."

Jake found him in the downstairs bathroom, sitting on the toilet, emanating loud, wet farting sounds. "Here ya go, weasel. Sign here!"

"What's this?"

"Invoice for yer new mattress."

"I didn't..."

"Sign it!"

Without further argument, David took the invoice and examined it. "Fifteen hundred dollars!" he exclaimed in shock.

"The very best and worth every penny of it," replied Jake.

"I can't afford..."

"Sure ya can. Ya can finance it through Stringer and Sons."

"At that interest rate?"

"Hey, ya being a neighbor and buddy and all, it's the least I can do."

"Don't you have something cheaper?"

"Sure, but the way I see it, from now on me and yer wife are gonna be fucking a lot on that mattress and she deserves the best. Now sign it!"

"But I don't have..."

"Sign it! I ain't got all day dealing with the likes of you, so sign it!"

Jake waited for a reply and when none was forthcoming, he reached forward with the speed of a snake striking his pry and grabbed David by the balls. "Sign it or I'll rip yer balls off!" Wincing in pain, David scribbled his signature across the invoice.

"Ya wanna finance it?" David nodded his assent.

"Then date it and sign there and there." Having signed, to his relief David felt the iron grip on his testicles lessen.

"See, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Having completed his business, Jake turned away, leaving David to complete evacuating his bowls and with a bad case of aching balls.

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As the work truck pulled out of the gravel parking lot of the railroad maintenance depot, Lenny sighed with relief that Big Mike hadn't clandestinely secreted his wife in the back for the entertainment of the troops today. Yesterday had been rough. He could hardly concentrate on his job hearing her squealing all day with abandon. At least Big Mike didn't cornhole her like he had threatened.

Nervously he glanced to his right where Luke was riding looking out the window. 'Fuck him,' snorted Lenny silently. 'He started all this by bring out that whore wife of his.'

His attention was drawn up front where Mike and Rodger were having a good laugh over some stupid joke. 'Why do I have to be stuck in the back here with Luke?' he fretted. 'I have seniority over Roger.'

He considered complaining to Big Mike, but then thought better of it.'No sense in getting Asshole in a bad mood. When he does, he always takes it out on me,' he grumbled to himself just as Mike took an unexpected turn.

'Where in the fuck is Asshole going?' he thought.

Big Mike turned down one street then another, streets very familiar to Lenny. He began to get an uneasy feeling. "Hey, Mike..."

"Shut up, Lenny," came the immediate reply.

"Shit! What are you doing, man?" the underling exclaimed as the truck pulled to a stop in front of his home.

Mike came to a complete stop and put the Suburban in park and turned off the ignition. Turning around in his seat, Mike replied, "Picking up, Millie, of course."

"Oh, come on, Mike! Yesterday was enough!"

"Your little lady had a good time yesterday, Lenny; a mighty good time. Besides, how is she going to have a kid if she doesn't work at it?"

"Mike... please!"

Lenny's plea fell upon deaf ears as Mike was already out of the truck and walking up the sidewalk to the front door. He was halfway there when she came out the door, carrying a picnic basket. "Hi, ya, sweetheart," Mike greeted. Lenny nearly lost it when he saw Mike take Millie in his arms and kiss her, with one hand groping her butt and the other on her tit and all right out in front of neighbors.

"Good girl," Mike whispered when he confirmed that she wasn't wearing either a bra or panties under her cotton sundress. Millie blushed as she just wasn't completely comfortable with all this, but when Mike telephoned earlier this morning and had insisted, well...

Mike escorted her to the truck and opened the rear door where Luke was sitting.

"Luke, upfront!"

"Rodger, you drive," came the simple orders.

Luke unhesitatingly moved up front as Rodger slid over take over as driver. Mike handed Luke the picnic basket and directed Millie to get in the back, sandwiched between himself and her husband. Once the back door was securely shut, Mike told Rodger to get going.

As the truck pulled away from the curb, Mike told her, "Loose the dress."

"Mike, someone will see me."

"Loose the dress or next time you're ass will be naked before ya ever get in the truck. C'mere, let me give ya hand."

Lenny was speechless as Mike helped Millie out her dress. Sitting naked, save her sneakers, between her husband and Mike, Millie blushed and tried to cover her nakedness from Luke's grinning stare.

"Put your hands down, baby," admonished Mike gently. "You've got nothing to be a ashamed of. You've got nice tits, very nice tits and ya shouldn't hide 'em. I've told ya that. Yeah, I love your tits, Millie," he said while taking liberties. "Lenny's a very lucky man to have a wife with such nice tits, eh Lenny?"

"Now yesterday we had a little problem. Lenny was too distracted all damned day to get anything done. We can't let that happen again, or we won't be able to do this again. Poor guy was just dying, beating his meat all day, so today we're gonna do things different. I want ya to give yer husband a blowjob on our way out to the work site. That way he'll be able to get to work and not just lurk around gawking all day.

"Go on... suck his dick, Millie. Suck him 'til he blows his load."

Millie blinked at the outrageous demand. She looked to Lenny and back to Big Mike and then back to her husband.

"Get yer dick out, Lenny. She can't suck ya off if she can't get to yer dick. C'mon, get it out!"

Lenny fumbled with his zipper and then fished his cock out.

"See that, Millie. He's hard just thinking about it. Now, hop to it girl and do yer man right." Millie leaned over and took her husband's cock into her mouth.

Watching the lewd scene, Luke thought to himself, 'She's as dumb as Shelly. Maybe dumber, if that's possible.' He watched as her head bobbed up and down Lenny's cock and he watched as Mike felt her up her bottom, running his hand up and down her ass cleft. Luke noticed that she made no protest when Mike's hand settled in for some anal play.

Mike toyed with her for a moment and judged her to be as compliant as he thought she'd be. His hand left her deep valley and fished something out of his shirt pocket. Both Lenny and Luke watched with varying degrees of excitement as Mike squirted a glob of KY jelly on his fingers. With his free hand he spread her ass cheeks apart so that his greased fingers had unfettered access to their target.

Millie's head popped up as she felt her anus being penetrated. "Oh, gawd!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing, Mike?"

"Playing with your ass," was the direct reply. "Now get back to sucking cock, and I'll tend to your other assets."

"Mike! Oh, shit!"

"Get to sucking!"

"That's so dirty," she gasped between taking a quick suck of her husband's cockhead.

"Time ya got another lesson in the sexual habits of sailors. Now just do what yer told and take care of Lenny, while I take care of you."

"Oh, shit," came the whimpering reply muffled by the cock in her mouth.

Over the roar of road noise, the smacking sounds of Lenny's wife being finger fucked in the ass filled the cab. Millie shifted position, hiking her butt in the air to give Mike total access to her anus. It was more than Lenny could take and he gasped as he felt the first surge of semen rushing down his cock tube and into his wife's mouth. Like the pro she was quickly becoming, Millie swallowed with each and every pulse, catching some on her tongue to judge it's watery consistency. She had sucked cum from all four men so often now, that she could almost distinguish who was who just by the viscosity and taste of their semantic discharge. The watery consistency of Lenny's sperm-deficient cum was unlike any of the other guys, who all tended to yield full-bodied semen that was not at all unpleasant.

Even after Lenny had cum and his cock shriveled in her mouth, she stayed in position, sucking his limp noodle while enjoying the fingering she was getting from Big Mike. By the time the work truck bounced down the embankment and lurched to a stop at the work site, Mike had her opened up enough to worm three fingers up her backside entry.

Mike abruptly removed his fingers and gave Millie a sharp stinging slap on the butt. "Time for work," the boss announced to no one in particular. "Get yer asses moving, boys.

"You too, Millie."

The crew piled out and Big Mike began barking quick orders as he stripped off his shirt. "Lenny! Rodger! Get a pick and shovel and get up on the tracks. Luke, you fuck her first. Take your time, but don't take all day. Rodger, you get sloppy seconds and I'll be the caboose. C'mon guys, let's give the lady what she wants and give the railroad an honest day's work too."

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Shelly sat up in the bed with her back supported by several pillows. She only had the sheet covering her legs and lap, exposing her large perfect breasts to the appreciative eyes of Chester as the black butler served her and the Governor breakfast in bed.

"Yo shore is purdy, Miss Shelly," the butler commented. "Dem's fine jugs yo gots. Mighty fine jugs! Best jugs ah ever sees."

Shelly blushed at the comments and resisted the urge to cover up. The Governor wanted her exposed like this and what the Governor wanted she would give him. Speedy Hammonds opened a stick of honey, placed a drop on his finger and rubbed it into her nipple. "Would you like a taste of honey, Chester?" he asked the butler.

The old black man beamed. "Yes suh! Ah sho' do at dat."

"Help yourself."

The ancient Negro smiled broadly at the pretty whore and lowered his thick lips to her honey-coated teat. Hammond watched the slut carefully, noting how she never objected and how she seemed to enjoy the pink tongue and fat black lips. Chester stayed on her nip laving and tormenting it for a good five minutes. When he pulled away, it was quite noticeably engorged and larger than it's twin. He looked to the Governor and said, "Thank yo, suh! Thank yo!"

"Thank the young lady," came the easy reply.

"Thank yo, Ma'am! Thank ya! Yo sho' gots some nice uns."

Blinking her blue eyes rapidly, Shelly replied, "Your welcome," a response that got the Governor chuckling.

"What's so funny?" she asked sincerely.

"You are priceless, Shelly. Priceless! Is there anything I asked that you would say 'no' to?"

"Not if you asked," she said with a demure smile.

"I believe you," he replied with a shake of his head.

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It was late mid-morning when Chester dropped the Governor and the Judge's special assistant off at the courthouse. The Bailiff immediately announced their arrival and escorted them into Judge Mecom's chambers.

"Good morning, Speedy," greeted the ebullient judge. "I trust you got a good night's rest?"

"I don't know about the rest part, but it was a good night, a damned good night."

"Did my assistant take care of your needs?"

"Did she! She's fabulous, Horace, absolutely fabulous!"

"Excellent! Excellent! Any complaints?"

"Only that my balls ache," laughed the governor. "But I'll be better by the time I return to the capitol."

He looked about the room expecting to see his personal assistant, but he was conspicuously absent. He checked his watch and asked, "Is my assistant anywhere about? We need to get going."

"I sent him over to get a haircut," answered the Judge. "He should be back any minute. I told the girls to give him the deluxe job, but not to over do it. I'll send Chester over to fetch him right away."

The judge then turned to Shelly. "My dear, if you will excuse us. The Governor and I have a few things to discuss before he departs."

"Okay," Shelly replied batting her baby blues. She turned and walked away as both men watched her butt flex.

As soon as the door closed behind her, the judge exclaimed, "That girl gives me a hard-on every time I lay eyes on her."

"She damned near killed me last night," remarked the Governor in mock seriousness. "I can just see the headlines, 'Governor fucked to death'. Christ, what a fine fuck that girl is!"

Shelly heard the muted laughter behind the closed door, but thought nothing of it. The Bailiff looked at her expectantly. "The judge told me to wait out here, I think."

The Bailiff pointed towards a closed door. "Would you care to wait in there?"

Shelly regarded the door. She'd been in there several times now and the result was always the same. Shelly struck a come-hither pose, with one leg extended, her head tilted to one side and her hand on her hip. She looked at the door and then back at the Bailiff. "Will this count towards my Public Service time?"

"Of course, Babydoll," replied the Bailiff smoothly while laughing to himself at the bimbo slut's unbounded naivety. "I'll personally make sure that you receive proper credit."

Breaking out in a radiant smile, Shelly strode to the door with the eager Bailiff following right behind.

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Lenny kept his head down and kept his attention on the task at hand of digging out and replacing rotted crossties. It was hard work and it was hot, so that he and the other men were soaked and dripping with sweat, a not at all uncommon state in this line of work. One small blessing was the slight breeze that made it almost bearable. He was thankful of another blessing of the breeze bestowed upon him, it carried away the sounds of the rutting taking place just down the embankment, so he didn't have to be constantly reminded what a total slut his wife, Millie, had become. She was enjoying it all too much.

Even so, it was still much better than yesterday when had to endure the sounds and sights of the daylong gang fucking of his overly enthusiastic wife. Another plus for today was the blowjob she gave him on the way to the worksite and the fact that Big Mike was being decent towards him.

He looked up at the sound of Rodger's voice calling out, "Hey, boss!" as he climbed the embankment after doing his part in the group's effort to knock up Millie. "The cunt's pussy's running hot and she'll all yours, Mike!"

Big Mike set down the pick he was wielding and wiped his brow with his bare arm. "Roger, c'mere for a minute."

Lenny strained to hear what was being said but couldn't make out anything that was being said. The private conversation ended and Big Mike approached Lenny. Slapping him on the back in a friendly manner, Mike said, "You've been doing real good today, Lenny, real good. No pissing and moaning, and no slacker bullshit either. Tell ya what, at lunch you can do her too; hell, it sure won't hurt anything, and it would be well worth it to maintain your positive attitude."

"Uh, thanks, Mike," Lenny replied cautiously.

Mike sniffed the air. "I smell pussy," he remarked adjusting his crotch, "sweet, sweet pussy and I've got a hankering to use my cock." Condescendingly, Mike patted Lenny on the back again and then headed down the embankment to satisfy his needs.

Sprawled naked out on a blanket in the shade, Millie waited for the next cock of the morning. The fact that it would be Big Mike sent a shiver of expectation through her. The shirtless sweating man came ever closer. She glanced past him momentarily and saw her husband standing idle and watching them, and then her gaze returned to the man who had promised and actively sought to give the one thing she wanted more than anything else, a baby. A baby to hold and to love, a baby to suckle at her breasts, a baby to fulfill her as a woman and a baby to make her a complete woman.

Mike stopped at the edge of the blanket and smiling down at the woman, began unbuckling his pants. He took his time disrobing, studying Millie's sweat covered tits and her lewdly displayed hairy cunt; a cunt that was swollen and oozing sperm that ran down her ass crack.

As Mike's buttocks came into view, Lenny put his head down and turned his attention back to his work. A shadow crossed his own shadow and stopped. Looking up he saw Rodger.

"Boss wants you to watch, Lenny."

"Why?"

"You'll see. He said for you to take a break and watch."

Lenny straightened up and resting on the shovel had been wielding, looked over to where he knew his wife was. She was on all fours, head down on the blanket, ass high in the air. She was spreading open her ass checks.

Millie whimpered as she prepared to be anally debauched for the first time in her life, trusting that it was true when Mike told her, "It'll be a little uncomfortable for a moment, Millie, but then it start to feel real good. You're gonna love it, baby."

At the feel of the cold lube being worked into her hole, she jumped slightly. As Mike's fingers penetrated her anus for the second time this morning, she tried her best to relax, just as Mike instructed her. She expected Mike to finger her butt for a long time, just like he did during this morning's ride out to the worksite, but he didn't. Next she felt something the size of a plum, snuggle into her greased hole. "Oh, god," she whispered as the pressure against her anus increased. "Oh, god... Oh, god... Oh god..."

Her eyes went wide as her anus opened and Mike's cock head popped inside her. "Ohhhhhhhhhh!" she groaned.

"There, there, there, baby. The worst is over. Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" Millie shook her head in agreement and grunted as the cock pushed up inside her.

Mike was surprised that she didn't cry out from the shock of the initial penetration. Of course he wasn't that deep, not yet, but still in his experience, his big cock took some getting used to. Mike noted that she was panting, but she didn't seem to be in any pain. The she surprised him again, by pushing her ass back and driving his cock into her gut another inch.

"You okay, baby?" he asked.

"It just feels kinda funny," she whispered. "God, I can feel every vein and... deeper, Mike, deeper... Ughn!"

"Oh yeah, I think you're a natural... you're really gonna love this, baby... Ready?"

She nodded uttering, "Uh, huh," and then her breath was taken away as Mike shoved his big cock all the way up inside her rectal passage. Mike paused, allowing her to catch her breath and stretch to fully accommodate him.

Up on the embankment Rodger quipped, "Guess he's up her ass."

Lenny heard the remark and knew it was true. Mike was up his Millie's ass. Standing motionless, Lenny's stare was transfixed on the motionless joined couple. After a moment, he saw Mike's hips begin to move, sodomizing his wife.

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Entering the small side office, Shelly turned and leaned back on the desk as the Bailiff closed the door, locking it behind him. With the deputy's eyes roving up and down her voluptuous body, Shelly arched her shoulders to emphasize her large tits. As she did, the lone button holding the straining white silk top together, popped open. Even knowing what a wanton slut she was, the immodest sexual display took the older man's breath away.

Inwardly, Shelly was amused at the man's reaction to the sudden display of her bare breasts. With a coquettish smile on her sultry lips, she watched as he took the few steps to bring him nearer to her.

"You wearing any panties, honey?" he asked as he tugged upward on the helm of her skirt.

"No, I see that you're not," he observed as he exposed her shaven pussy. With his free hand, he tested between her legs and found her found her to be very wet and still leaking cum from her last and very recent encounter with Governor Speedy Hammonds.

"You've just been fucked," he declared with a certainty.

"You know, I don't think the Judge will mind, but if he does, well, he won't be able to tell..."

The Bailiff took a half step away from her. In a flash his trousers were down to his knees and his hard pecker was free and ready for some action. He took the half step back towards her and as he did, Shelly parted her legs to receive him. Moaning her approval, Shelly threw back her head as he abruptly thrust upward and entered her.

"I just love getting fucked," she whispered as the man pumped into her while slobbering all over her tits.

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Alone in his bookstore, David fretted about how he was going to be able to pay for the new mattress that had been foisted upon him that morning. "I can't afford that," he said in self-pity. "I don't have that kind of money." As he struggled to cope with this new and unexpected burden, his eyes caught sight of the DVD that Pastor Brown had given him yesterday. Suddenly, his finances didn't seem so hopeless after all.

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Shelly was urging, "Fuck me! Fuck me, Fuck me!" when the Bailiff began jerking, ejaculating into Shelly's cunt. His stiff rod quickly became flaccid and literally fell out her sopping fuck hole. With his heart still racing and his breath coming in ragged gasps, he unceremoniously pulled up his pants and tucked himself away, leaving Shelly still hanging on the edge.

"I didn't cum," she desperately whimpered.

"Next time, honey. Next time," came the empty insincere reply.

Having gotten himself squared away, he grabbed a handful of brown paper towels from the stack he had brought in this morning and handed them to Shelly. "Here! Clean yourself up, slut." The bailiff smirked as the half naked slut dabbled at the creamy moisture smeared along the inside of her thighs.

"Don't you have something better than this?" she asked, glancing up just in time to see him slipping through the door. Having no other choice, she set about cleaning herself up with the rough industrial-strength paper towels from the men's room.

Closing the door to the small office behind him, the Bailiff saw the Governor's aide striding towards him with his new haircut, and with a look of satisfaction spread across his face.

"The Governor's inside waiting for you," informed the Bailiff.

The blissful glow faded from the aide's face. "How long has he been waiting?"

"Not long. He's in chatting with Judge Mecom. I was told the moment you arrived to see you in." The Bailiff then entered the Judge's chambers and announced the aide's arrival.

After no more than five minutes, the Governor emerged with his aide in tow. The Judge instructed the Bailiff to call Chester and have him bring the car around. Once the Governor was on his way, the Judge asked, "Where's my new assistant?"

"Assistant?"

"Yes, the girl that was just here. You know the one."

"Oh! Her! She's waiting in that office," replied the Bailiff.

"Very well, send her in."

The Bailiff popped his head through the office door and said, "Judge wants to see you."

Having done as best as she could with the mess between her legs, Shelly buttoned her blouse and was about to ask, "How do I look?" but the Bailiff was already gone. She looked about for a mirror to check her hair, but couldn't find one in the office. The Bailiff popped his head though the door again and barked, "The Judge is waiting! Get a move on it!"

A moment later, Shelly found herself standing before the Judge, flustered by being rushed and the sensation that something was running down her leg.

The Judge looked up from his desk and beamed, "Come closer my dear!"

As Shelly took the first step forward, the Judge gushed, "You did an excellent job last evening entertaining the Governor. Most excellent! Thanks to you, we will be getting that highway bypass project moved up the list! Excellent job, my dear! Excellent job!"

Shelly was pleased that she had done so well, but she had no idea what highway bypass project the Judge was referring to.

"He was so taken by your charms, my dear," the judge continued, "that he wants you to come up to the capitol next week."

Shelly frowned saying, "I don't have any way to get to the capitol. Luke's old truck..."

The Judge laughed, "Don't worry about any of that. Tell you what, how about if we get you a new car? Something sexy and reliable, and while we're at it, you have earned a raise!

"A raise?"

"Yes, an extra hundred dollars a week."

Shelly beamed a broad smile at the good news. The Judge continued, "The Governor and I have decided to put you on a special project."

"What kind of special project?"

"As a campaign liaison for both his and my reelection committees. There are any number of well-heeled businessmen around these parts that we need to bring to our side, and you're just the one to do that."

"At lunch today, we are going to meet with Dale Adams, President of the First National Bank."

"I met him," gushed Shelly, "when I was having my hair done."

"Excellent! That should help things along I should think. Dale and I go way back," explained the Judge, "but he can be difficult at times and I need you to work your magic with him. Can you do that for me?"

"Sure... I mean, yes, your honor, I can do that," she replied with confidence. She wrinkled her brow and asked, "What is it you want me to do?"

"Why screw him of course! Screw him until he's cross-eyed and his nuts ache. I want you to give him the best fuck he's had in years. When it's over, I want him falling all over himself to have another go at you."

"I had a dress sent over from Maxim's," he said holding up a flimsy red sequined number. "I wasn't sure what size you are so I had them send over several, so why don't you step out of those clothes and we'll try them on."

Excited by the prospect of nice new clothes, Shelly quickly stripped off the outfit she'd been wearing since yesterday. Immediately the Judge noticed that the insides of her thighs were glistening. "My, my, my," he chuckled while running his fingers across her dampness. "The Governor did indeed have a good time with you. You know, before we accidently soil one of these new dresses, I think that maybe you should shower and freshen up."

The Judge licked his fingers and glanced at his watch. "You know, we have little time before lunch, my dear. Why don't you come over here... Come and lie across my desk."

Shelly, feeling naughty, slithered nude, save for her come-fuck-me shoes, halfway onto the judge's desk like a cat sneaking up on its prey while locking her eyes with his.

He stepped around his desk, nostrils flaring and ran his hand across smooth moons of her shapely ass. Throatily he murmured, "Hmmm, I swear, I don't what part of you is the most delicious."

She felt his hands spreading her cheeks apart, and then felt a finger rubbing lubricant into her anus. Then something bigger was pressing against her ass. Bracing herself, she relaxed as best she could. It came as no surprise when the Judge's cock slid inside her ass. "You know, I think I love your ass the best," he added huskily as he thrust deep into her. "Yes, you have a wonderful ass, my dear.... A most wonderful ass."

The Judge's chambers filled with the thudding sounds of sodomy, of soft teen buttocks meeting middle-aged paunch. The Judge set up a steady pace of sliding in and out of his whore's sweet ass. He wasn't rough or brutal in anyway, just perfunctory in his thrusting with the sole goal of getting his rocks off, a process that took less than three minutes. She felt a slight throbbing and then felt her rectal passage becoming extra slippery. His cock softened and then fell from her ass. His hands remained holding her hips as he basked in his post-orgasmic glow as Shelly felt a renewed trickling down her thigh.

A hand left her hip and she felt, rather than saw, the Judge reaching for the intercom. "Bailiff, will you step inside for a moment?"

"Yes, Judge," came the crackling reply. Immediately the Bailiff entered the chambers just in time to see the Judge zipping up behind the naked prostrate girl who was still bent over the desk.

"We have a luncheon appointment. Take her down to the showers, so she can get freshened up. Have her back here no later than 11:30."

"Yes, sir," the deputy replied. "Come on, sweetheart, you heard the man," he said as he lifted her upright by the arm. Clad only in her high heels, Shelly was led out a back door and into a hallway.

"My clothes. I need my clothes," she protested as she was led through yet another door.

"What for?" replied the deputy. "You're going for a shower, not a reception."

After several doors and various hallways, she found herself in a brightly lit vestibule that had bars at one end. On the other side was an overweight jailer who regarded Shelly with great deal of interest. His beady eyes crawled all over the naked girl who was now keenly aware of not only her nakedness, but her vulnerability too.

"Take this whore and give her a shower," said the bailiff to the jailer. The jailer disappeared behind a partition and moments later to a great clanking noise the bars began sliding to one side to permit entry. The jailer reappeared.

"Judge Mecom wants her back for 11:30 and cleaned up. You can have a little fun with her, but don't mess up her hair or her manicure, or there'll be hell to pay." The swarthy jailer nodded that he understood and with another nod of his head, indicated that she was to enter.

Timidly, Shelly stepped forward. At the threshold she turned back to the Bailiff who was hanging back. "Aren't you coming with me?" she asked hopefully.

"I'm not your babysitter, doll. Look, don't worry about a thing. Nothing's going to happen in there that hasn't happened to you already this morning.

"Now I've got to get back. I'll fetch you in forty minutes."

Walking in front of the jailer and entering the block of jail cells, the hoots and whistles quickly became a thunderous din in the close confines. Prisoners pressed against the bars to get a look at the heavenly female form being paraded before them. Cat calls of, "Look at those tits!", "Look at that ass!", "Hey, baby, wanna fuck?", and "How about a blowjob, baby?" echoed from the walls. As Shelly proceeded down the gauntlet, she nervously glanced from side to side. She'd never been in a place like this before, and it was frightening.

Suddenly from behind, she was spun around and pushed up against a jail cell. Hands reaching through the bars immediately grabbed her arms and then her breasts, holding her fast and facing away from the cell. The jailer grinned evilly and began unfastening his pants.

"Pigface's gonna do her! Pigface is gonna do her!" came a shout from across the walkway. The thunderous din became even louder as the prisoners shouted their encouragement. "Fuck her, Pigface! Fuck her!" went up the cry.

The jailer took his time, removing not only his pants, but his shoes and shirt as well, until he stood before her as naked as she was. He kicked at her ankles and as she spread, more hands came through the bars to grasp her ankles.

Shelly shuddered as the hog-jowled man licked his fat lips before helping himself to two handfuls of prime tit meat, replacing the hands that had already mauled her, his sweaty, acrid body aroma filling her nostrils. A hand that had been molesting her tits now found its way between her legs. Shelly gasped as the wandering fingers roughly penetrated her, driving into her vagina and mashing her clit. Shouts of "Fuck her, Pigface! Fuck her!" filled her ears.

Roughly sucking her tit, the jailer began rutting up against her. She felt the hand that had been finger fucking her disappear and then reappear, this time guiding the jailer's uncut cock to the entrance of her honey hole. Thrusting upward, her attacker's belly pressed against her and his cock entered her. As he rutted, his bubberous layers jiggled and shook. With some relief, Shelly felt the growing wetness in her cunt and knew the very moment that he had finished.

Having spent his seed, the jailer abruptly pulled away and roughly yanked her from the grip of the men holding her. There was a clanking noise behind her and then she was shoved into the cell. Immediately hands were all over her, spreading her open and holding her down as the first prisoner positioned himself to use her. In quick succession, the four men occupying the cell each fucked her, their level of excitement of having a girl to use insured that none of them lasted more than a few minutes.

Abruptly she was yanked up and led to the other side of the cellblock where a line of stiff cocks were out and pressed out through the bars. As the prisoners wanked and waited hopefully, Shelly was forced to lie down on the bare concrete floor with her side pressed against the bars. Again hands groped her big breasts through the bars and groped between her cum slickened legs and into her sopping sex. Looking up, she saw a thick gout of ejaculate issue from a jacking cock, the trajectory carrying it to splash across her heaving tits. Quickly the jailer placed his shirt over her coiffure so that her hair didn't get gooey. Another gout from a second wanking prisoner flew through the air and landed on her belly. Soon she was literally being rained upon as the masturbating men got off, taking hits all across her body and in her face while hands smeared the slime into her skin and worked it into her freshly fucked cunt.

The cum-fest over, the jailer pulled her to her feet and frog marched her into the open shower at the end of the cellblock walkway. With her eyes watering and stinging from cum, she struggled to remove her high heels. She didn't know where the jailer came up with the shower cap, only that it was roughly pulled over her hair while a fat finger was shoved up her anus. The shock of the cold water cleared her mind and she found herself being roughly soaped down by the jailer, who lavished attention on her tits, her ass and then her cunt, as the shouts from the cellblock continued. As his fat fingers alternately plunged in and out of her cunt and bunghole, washing away the residue of sex, Shelly began to shudder as a climatic wave swept over her. She had needed to cum ever since the Bailiff took her in the side office and now she was getting the relief that she craved.

Having completed his duty, the jailer frog marched her dripping wet down the walkway again, parading her wet naked body to the hooting hoard. At the barred entry way into the cellblock they stopped. Glancing over at the clock, he saw he had at least five minutes before the bailiff arrived.

"Get down on your knees, whore," came the gravelly growling command. It was the first words she'd heard the jailer mutter. "Now suck me." Shelly grasped the offered cock and licked around the uncut head. "I said suck it!" was the response she got along with a slap to the back of her head.

Shelly worked the cock diligently. She didn't want the brutish man to slap or hit her again. She was working away, giving him the best blowjob she could offer when she heard the Bailiff's voice.

"I ain't done," replied the jailer in a rasping tone. "Just a minute. I'm getting' close. Yeah, Missy, suck my dick. Mmmm, you do suck cock good... Ah, ah, ah, ahhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhh!" Shelly was expecting a flood from the pulsating cock, but only received an acrid tasting trickle as the man's nuts hadn't time to fully replenish.

Pulling his spent cock from her mouth, the jailer went behind the partition and bars began to open. "Get up," ordered the Bailiff. "C'mon, get your ass up off the floor. You're gonna be late." Shelly rose to her feet and carrying her shoes in her hand, was led back through the maze of doors and hallways until she standing once again in the Judge's chambers.

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"You certainly look refreshed, my dear," said the judge jovially as he took in her naked splendor.

Thrusting out a slinky red dress. The judge ordered, "Here try this on."

Shelly slipped the tiny dress over her head and pulled it into position. Two sizes too small, the glittering red fabric had a lot of give to it and molded onto her like a second skin while at the same time barely confining her tits. The judge studied his assistant and liked what he saw. "It's perfect! Simply perfect!" Shelly thought it perfect too, as it was very revealing of her every curve.

The third pair of matching red slut-slippers was a good fit, even though she had difficulty standing in the exaggerated four-inch spiked heels, much less walking in them. The steep angle of the heels thrust her butt outwards; accentuating it, while at the same time causing her to arch her back, thrusting forward her tits.

"Old Dale is going to have a heart attack when he sees you, my dear," the Judge chuckled.

"Now run along to the powder room and fix your makeup. Be ready to go in five minutes."

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It was already hot and it wasn't even noon yet. Following the lead of his two helpers, Jake stripped off his shirt in an attempt to stay cool. He grumbled that his father was too damned tight fisted to have the office A/C fixed., not that it did any good anywhere else in the warehouse. Still, he knew the old man would have fit if he ever saw them, because it wasn't business-like to go around half naked. Jake didn't see what the big deal was about, as customers rarely came to the warehouse and he opted to stay as cool as possible.

Looking at the clock, he saw that it was almost time for him to knock off for lunch and pay Julia a little visit. In addition to the heat, he was more than ready to get out of there and get away from all the pissing and grumbling he'd been forced to listen to for most of the morning. Earlier Horsefly had been on cloud nine, boasting to his co-worker, Tyronne, about the pretty white girl Massa Jake had let him fuck last night and again this morning. After getting all the sordid details that Horsefly could provide, Tyronne became sullen and then jealous.

"It ain'ts fair," complained Tyronne to his boss. "Ah gots the senority, rounds here, not dat dumb nigger. It ain'ts fair!"

"Tyronne, let me give ya bit of advice," Jake began calmly. The restrained calm didn't last long as he immediately followed with an explosive, "Get the fuck out of my office!"

Tyronne slinked away, grumbling incoherently. Shaking his head in dismay, Jake mumbled, "Here I try to do right by Hoss and my other nigger gets uppity. What did I do to deserve this?" For the rest of the morning Jake had to endure Tyronne's incessant hostile glare and mumblings. Jake really had it when a scuffle broke out between the two black men.

Jake's attention was drawn away from the clock and his personnel problems when he heard the faint cry of a baby outside. Listening intently he realized that it was indeed a baby he was hearing and the crying was getting louder by the second. Then to his surprise, his wife opened the office door and stuck her head through. "Got a minute?" Toni asked her husband with a big smile.

"Yeah, sure," replied Jake curious as to just what in the hell was going on.

Toni pushed open the door and stepped in, followed immediately by a woman with a crying baby in her arms. Jake recognized the woman immediately. It was Megan, Toni's best friend and a great screw. Last time he saw her, she was screwing Luke and had resembled a heavily laden whale. That was just last week.

"Megan!" called out Jake with a genuine smile. He'd always liked this cunt and her indisputable eagerness for his cock. Megan returned his smile, but didn't say a word as she took a seat in a straight chair, pulling out a milk bloated tit for the baby to suckle.

"Man, I'd sure like some of that," he quipped. Megan gave him a skewed smile, then pulled out her other tit and held it up offering it to him. Jake looked briefly at his wife and then back to Megan.

"Well, I don't suppose a little taste will spoil my lunch," he said with a grin as he rose from behind his desk.

Jake came around and took the offered milk jug in his hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. To his delight, a thick stream of mother's milk shot from her nipple and wet his jeans. The next squeeze wasn't wasted, shooting directly into his wide-open mouth. A moment later, his lips had surrounded the fat teat and he was sucking a steady stream of milk from her bloated breast. She let him suckle for a few moments before she laughingly pushed his head away.

"Save some for the baby," Megan laughed.

"Lucky kid," he replied grinning and licking his lips. He made another move to latch his mouth on her tit, but Megan deftly deflected his playful attack while still managing to feed her baby.

"Boy or a girl?" Jake asked.

"He's swaddled in blue, dummy," answered his wife curtly.

"Oh, yeah. So what's her name?"

"For God's sake, Jake! It's a boy!" exclaimed Toni in exasperation. "I swear, sometimes you..."

"Just kidding," laughed Jake. "Cute kid, Megan. So what's the little bastard's name?"

"What do you want to name him?" she replied cryptically. Both women burst out in a fit of giggling.

"What do I have to do with it?" he replied not getting the joke.

"Everything. You have everything to do with it," replied Megan.

"What are ya talking about?"

"He's yours, Jake. He's your little bastard baby."

"

How do ya know?" he answered suspiciously.

"He has your DNA, Jake," explained his wife. "He's your son."

Jake's eyes lit up. "My son! He's my son! Hot damn!!!!!!"

Horsefly and Tyronne heard the celebratory racket coming the office. They both smiled even though neither of them had a clue as to what had happened. All they knew was Jake was back in good humor and that was a mighty good thing as far as they were concerned.

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By lunchtime, all three of Lenny's co-workers had had their dicks up Millie's ass. Mike had been right, she did love it! Now after all the food had been consumed, it was Lenny's turn at his wife. Being ever helpful, Mike had maneuvered into a position where Millie could suck his cock when Lenny did her. Rodger too was helpful by straddling the woman's back and spreading open her ass cheeks for her husband.

Lenny was greeted with the sight of his wife's gaping asshole, enflamed and dripping a small stream of milky white liquid, mixed with fecal particles. Below that hung the distended flaps of her furry labia. Gleefully the husband took up position, and became to the fourth man to enjoy fucking her in the ass.

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Lunch came and went, without a thought about food or pussy crossing Jake's mind. All he cared about was holding his son... his son and occasionally getting a little treat from the mother's tit. It was the fulfillment of his most ardent wish, to have a child, his child and provide his own father with the heir that the old bastard was always harping about.

In the jubilant room full of smiling faces and joyous celebration, it was difficult to discern who was the happiest about the arrival of Megan's bundle of joy. Jake to be sure was elated. Toni too was happy, happy for Jake. She was happy for Megan too, and not just because her friend had had her baby, a beautiful healthy baby with all his fingers and toes intact. She was also happy for one of the same reasons Megan was happy. Jake would unhesitatingly and eagerly embrace the child as his own, help raise him, protect him, and provide for him as a father should. Had it not been Jake's baby, Megan would have been out on her own, struggling to support herself and her child.

All too soon for the proud new dad, the two women left. They had plenty to do. Jake helped them by offering one of his workers to help move Megan into the Stringer house, where the child would live with his mother, father and Aunt Toni.

Before she left, Toni took Jake aside to ask him the question that needed a straight honest answer. "You want me to leave? Move out and move on?" she asked fearing the answer.

In a rare moment of tenderness, Jake took his wife into his arms. "Toni, I couldn't live without ya. If ya leave, I'll come get ya, drag your ass home and give ya a hard fucking. You're not just a cunt to me, Toni. You're the love of my life."

Horsefly stuck his head in the office to ask about using the truck. He stopped dead in his tracks at the sight of Jake with his pants down engaged in a conjugal moment with his wife bent over the desk. Surreptitiously he watched the married couple for a few minutes then stole away before he found himself in hot water, not that Jake would really give a damn what Horsefly saw.

**Chapter 27 - POLITICS AS USUAL**

*Judge Mecom is very pleased with the work his new Special Assitant is doing and unwittingly sends her home with Deputy Jones.*

Judge Mecom strode into the dining room of the exclusive Tower Club atop the First National Bank Building. With the stunning blonde bombshell on his arm, heads turned. The Judge could have been dressed in a clown costume and no one would have noticed, as everyone’s attention was riveted on the voluptuous sex-pot whose dress appeared to be painted on.

The moment she walked into the room Dale Adams saw her too. Realizing it was Horace Mecom at her side, his excitement grew as he knew that they were headed for his table. Adams rose from his chair, and offered his greetings to his host.

“Nice to see you again, Mr. Adams,” Shelly purred in sultry voice she had recently mastered.

“I can assure you that it is all my pleasure,” he replied as he gallantly pulled the chair out for her.

As the two men chatted before the waiter arrived to take their order, Shelly noticed how both Adams’ and the Judge’s eyes kept returning to her breasts that were amply displayed. With the low cut and skin tight dress she wore, Shelly was keenly aware that that her tits were practically falling, or rather bursting from her dress. The old Shelly would have pulled the immodest bodice higher, but she resisted the temptation. It pleased her greatly that the two older men, pillars of their community, were both so obviously taken by her. The short dress rode high up her shapely thighs and looking past the Judge she saw two men ogling her legs. How different things were now than they were just a few weeks ago when she and Luke moved into their house. Back then, she was a modest girl who rarely dressed provocatively, now she had an urge to exhibit her charms. In a single move she adjusted herself in her chair, arching her back slightly so that the bodice slipped further down, while simultaneously crossing her legs to give the two men a brief glimpse of her naked pussy.

The Judge laughed as he said, “My dear, I do believe your nipples are beginning to show.” Fearing she had gone too far in such a swanky public place, Shelly began to pull her bodice back up.

“No, no, no, my dear, please leave it,” admonished the Judge, “that is unless Adams objects.

“How about it, Adams?”

Dale Adams’ mouth was dry and he could barely speak, managing only a hoarsely whispered, “No, that’s fine with me.”

Ready to take their order the waiter appeared. “Jacob, what do you think of my new play toy?” the Judge asked the waiter.

“She’s something else, Judge.”

“Yes, indeed she is,” beamed the Judge. “Girl gives me a hard-on," he laughed.

“How about you, Adams?” Adams nodded that he was similarly affected by the blonde bimbo.

He turned back to the waiter, “I think we need a little more privacy, Jacob. We have sensitive business to discuss today and I don’t want prying ears. Would you be so kind as to move us into a private dining room?”

“Certainly, Judge. I would be glad to. This way, sir.”

As the party of three moved to a private dining room, Shelly felt the eyes of every man soaking up the generous curves of her voluptuous body. Passing through a set of double doors, she felt a tinge of disappointment that they wouldn’t be able to ogle her anymore.

Once seated in the private dining room and their orders taken. Lunch was promptly served as the busy businessmen and civic leaders who belonged to the club demanded fast service along with superb food. Once they had finished eating, the Judge got down to business.

“The Governor is facing a tough re-election campaign next year. I am the re-election chair for Speedy Hammonds in this part of the state. As you know, the highway bypass is important to the economic well being of this town. We can get that bypass built sooner rather than later, Adams, and along a route that would be very beneficial to certain business interests, yours included. I’ll get right to the point, Dale. Can I count on your financial support for the Governor?”

“Well, of course.”

“Your substantial financial support?”

“How substantial?” warily asked the banker.

“We can discuss specifics at a later date. Meanwhile, please accept my invitation to review the benefits of your generous support with my assistant here. I’m sure that she will be most helpful.

“Now, if you will please excuse me, I have to be in court in twenty minutes.”

As the Judge stood, Shelly stood too. Determined to do a good job, but unsure of what financial items she was to discuss, she whispered her concerns to the Judge. He chuckled at her boundless naivety and replied, “Here, I’ll show you.” Next thing she knew the zipper in the back of her dress was lowered and the dress pulled off her hips. Pantyless and braless, she was suddenly nude except for the dress down around her knees and her high heeled sandals. Copping a feel of her shapely bare buttocks the Judge said, “I think you get the idea.”

He turned to his luncheon guest. “Dale, I think you’ll find that Shelly gives an incredible blowjob, but what she does to your dick with her pussy is simply indescribable.

“Now, you two enjoy yourselves. I’ll see to it that you won’t be disturbed.”

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It took her most of the morning, but Julia managed to more or less clean up her house. She always keep her home impeccably clean, but after not being tended to for so many days, not to mention the mess caused by Jake, it had taken her all morning to get it done reasonably. The biggest mess was in the kitchen where the floor was covered in food and broken dishes from when the big black took her on the table at breakfast. Then there was the shattered door and wrecked door frame to her bedroom, not to mention the flooded bathroom where she was forced to shower with the big Negro. At least the stench in her bedroom wasn’t so bad after the old soiled mattress had been disposed of.

She looked up at the clock and saw that it was approaching noon. Her pussy tingled in anticipation of a boisterous Jake Stringer bursting through the door to take her during lunch, take her and breed her. Thinking of all of his sperm swimming around inside her, she patted her stomach in the knowledge that she was at her most fertile peak these past two days. ‘I’ll give you your baby, Jake Stringer,’ she thought as she removed her apron. ‘God, what a man!’

She moved upstairs to her bath to freshen up and to apply some makeup. ‘What to wear?’ she pondered. ‘Don’t be silly,’ she chided herself but smiling in the mirror, ‘he doesn’t want you to be wearing anything!’ Quickly she shed the housedress she had put on once the men had left this morning and examined herself in the mirror.

‘You are pretty,’ she said to herself. ‘So why have you tried so hard to hide it all these years?’

‘Because it's sinful!’ she heard the voice in her head saying. ‘Slut! Harlot! Whore!’

“You’re just jealous, you old hateful witch,” she answered.

‘Don’t you speak to me that way!’ the sneering voice in her head said.

“Oh, go stuff it, Mama! Everything he said is true and everything you said is a lie! The best thing in this world is a woman giving herself to a man, a real man. And soon, I’m going to give myself to him again.

“It’s all your fault, Mama. I should have never listened to you!”

Suddenly she became aware that she was jabbering to herself, cursing her mother for making her into such an uptight prude and cursing herself for being saddled with such a pathetic husband like David. She didn’t love David, she never loved him and that had made it easy to deny herself of life’s greatest pleasures. She loathed the very sight of him, particularly now that she knew what a perverted creep he really was and the thought of him touching her made her flesh crawl. Still, he had given her babies, three beautiful babies…

“Where are my babies?” she asked the reflection in the mirror.

Then she looked down, patted her stomach, smiled and said, “Is that you inside, Baby?”

She returned to brushing her hair and admiring the nude female reflected in the mirror. Satisfied with her hair, she had one last thing to do… lipstick. She dug around deep in her vanity drawer and found an old tube of lipstick from her wedding day. She hadn’t worn lipstick in years, but she wanted to be as alluring to Jake as possible when came to make love to her.

‘I ain’t gonna make love to ya, I’m gonna fuck ya,’ her mind heard him say.

“No, Jake. I’m going to make love to you,” she said to the mirror as she leaned forward to apply the lipstick to her lips.

“Oooooo,” she complained as she dabbled her mouth to remove the errant makeup. She tried again, and again found it difficult to get the results she wanted. “Oooooo,” that’ll just have to do,” she said critically.

She stood and then remembered one other thing. Again she dug deep in her vanity drawer and found a small bottle of cologne hidden away. Lavishly she applied the scent to her neck and to her breasts.

Having done everything she knew to be appealing to Jake, she turned and descended the stairs to wait for him to come and fuck her.

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 Horsefly drove Jake’s wife and Megan to Megan’s apartment to help her move out. The one bedroom studio apartment wasn’t much, but it was much better than the run down shack he lived in. Still shirtless from the heat of the warehouse, the big black stood around and watched as the two women scurried around trying to pack up a few things, passing the little baby boy back and forth between them as needed.

“You just need your clothes, Megan,” Toni told her girl friend.

“What should I do with my things, my furniture?”

“Give it away. We have everything and besides, this stuff is a bit worn.”

“Worn is an understatement. Look at this bed! It sags so much that it has been killing my back.

“Here, give me a hand, Toni,” Megan asked as she struggled to pull something out from under her unmade bed.

Toni turned to Horsefly and handed him the child. “Ah don’ knows nuttin’ ‘bout babies,” he protested.

“Just hold him like this,” Toni instructed.

“Wha’ if he cries?”

“Just hold him to your tit,” Toni joked. “Like this.”

Horsefly’s eyes grew wide as the baby reflexively began munching on his large black man-nipple as the shirtless big man held him.

Toni then turned to help her friend pull out the old suitcase that was wedged under the sagging bed. “Would you look at that,” Toni whispered to her friend.

“What’s he doing?”

“What does it look like?”

“I didn’t think men did that sort of thing,” giggled Megan.

“Jake says he’s dumber than a fence post.”

“He may be dumb, but look at him. If his size and the size of his hands are any indication…”

“They are… Jake also says he’s got biggest cock he’s ever seen.”

“Really? You think…?”

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Julia looked at the clock. It was now past one. “Where is he?”

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“Pa! I’ve got some great news!”

The elder Stringer looked up from the paperwork on his desk. “What is it, Jake? Can’t you see I’m busy?”

“Yer a grandpa!”

“What in hell are you blabbering about?”

“I’m a daddy!”

“Toni? I didn’t know Toni was going to drop a kid. Sure didn’t look that way last week.”

“No, not Toni. Megan.”

“Who’s Megan?”

“One of Toni friends. I knocked her up and she had a boy!”

“A boy? Are you sure it’s yours?”

“Absolutely!”

Old man Stringer’s eyes lit up. “A boy! We have a boy?”

“Yes, Pa!”

“Are you gonna marry her? What about Toni?”

“I ain’t gonna marry Megan and I’m keeping Toni.”

“You’re just going to abandon my grandson?”

“No, no, no. I'm keeping Megan too. Megan’s moving in with me and Toni. I think yer gonna like her Pa. Girl simply loves to fuck.”

“Hot damn! This is cause for a celebration, son!”

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It was late afternoon when Dale Adams dropped Shelly off at the courthouse. She was all smiles as she returned to the Judge’s chambers.

As soon as the bailiff saw her strutting towards him in her slinky red dress and with her glorious bosoms bouncing, he hit the intercom button and said, “Judge, your special assistant is back.”

“Send her in right away,” the Judge replied.

Shelly watched in amusement as the bailiff’s eyes roamed up and down her sumptuous body. It really pleased her that she had such an effect upon men. The bailiff smiled and said, “Judge wants to see you right away.”

Upon entering the Judge’s chambers, Mecom was on his feet. “I just heard from Adams! He called me from his car just as soon as he dropped you off, my dear. He told me that you secured for us a very large contribution to the Governor’s re-election campaign! Excellent work! Excellent!

“I must say, I’m going to have to give you another raise! In fact, I’m going to double your salary! You’re worth every penny of it!”

Shelly was very pleased that the Judge was so pleased. ‘Double my salary? I haven’t even gotten paid yet,’ she thought smiling brightly. ‘Luke is going to be so pleased!’

“Fix me a drink! Fix one for yourself too! This is a cause for a celebration!”

“Uh, what do you want?”

“Scotch of course! Make it the good stuff too!”

Shelly went to the bar and was overwhelmed by the variety available. Her eyes fell upon the bottle of Glen Livet and she set about preparing two scotch-on-the-rocks.

With the two drinks in her hand, Shelly turned and saw that the Judge was on the telephone. He looked up and grinning from ear to ear gave her a thumbs up. “Edmond Johnson, please,” she heard him say.

‘Edmond Johnson? He knows that nice man I met at Rita’s this morning?’ she thought. Remembering the look on his face as she exposed her pussy to him she at the hair dresser’s she thought with a smile, ‘Well, I really didn’t meet him.’

“Ed, Horace. You remember those tracts of land we talked about?... That’s right, the ones along the alternate route for the proposed highway bypass. Buy them! Buy them all!

“Has something changed?... I’ll say things have changed… It’s in the bag!...

“No, no, no, we don’t need to meet and talk about it, we need that land!...

“Excellent! Excellent!

“You’re going to have to come by next week and meet my new special assistant, the loveliest creature you ever set eyes upon…

“Fine, we’ll have lunch on Monday.”

The Judge hung up the telephone and looked back on the girl that had made it all possible. He and his cronies stood to make millions off the bypass project and he had this lovely cunt to thank. Taking his drink from her, he toasted, “Here’s to you, my dear!” and took a sip.

Shelly, having seen this sort of thing on TV before, took a big gulp. Mecom watched her eyes get big and then deftly stepped aside as the burning liquid sprayed from her lips. “Oh, my god,” she whispered through her burning throat.

“That’s sipping whiskey,” the Judge intoned in amusement. “Oh, now look what you’ve done... you’ve gotten your pretty new dress all wet. You’d better take it off, my dear, and let it dry.”

Shelly was still coughing and trying to catch her breath when she felt the zipper of her dress being lowered. As the slinky red dress was pulled off her shoulders, it never crossed Shelly’s mind that perhaps she should protest being stripped.

Stepping out of the dress, she heard Mecom instruct her to, “Lay it over that chair to dry, my dear and then come tell me all about your meeting with Dale Adams.” Gazing at the vision of perfect feminine beauty Mecom felt his cock stirring as Shelly carefully laid her dress out to dry.

Turning back to her new boss, she saw him sitting in an armless straight-back side chair with his pants and underwear down around his ankles. “Do you really want me to tell you about the meeting, or would you prefer that I show you?” she said with a playful twinkle in her eyes.

“Show me,” the Judge huskily replied.

Shelly walked up slowly to the jurist with an exaggerated sway of her hips, causing her big full tits to bounce invitingly. She could see the dazed expression on the older man’s face as he watched the nubile nude teen approaching.

‘Magnificent! Yes, by god, she’s worth every penny of it,’ the Judge said to himself as he unconsciously moistened his dry lips.

Shelly stopped before him and then turned this way and that, giving the older gentleman a good look at all of her charms. Then she knelt before him with her glossy full lips slightly parted, running her hands up and down his bare thighs, but not touching his erection. Maintaining eye contact, she lowered her head to his cock and playfully licked at his glans.

“Aw, fuck,” hissed the Judge as her sultry lips engulfed his weeping cock crown, her tongue playfully wandering over the velvety smooth skin of his knob. For what seemed an eternity to the Judge, she merely orally caressed the head of his cock all the while looking up with worshiping eyes at him.

Shelly was very well aware and was very pleased with the effect she was having on her boss. Abruptly she broke eye contact and released his throbbing dick tip.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh,” she heard him groan as she licked up the length of his cock tube from the base of his dick to the little flap of skin just below the rim of his dick. Teasing the sensitive spot, she felt Mecom twitch in his chair with each playful swipe of the tip of her tongue. For the next few moments, she gently caressed his balls with her hand while she licked his dick like a lollypop, covering every square inch of his dick flesh and like a lollypop, she occasionally stopped licking the sides to momentarily suck gently on the end.

Having fully wet his cock with her saliva, Shelly rose up and straddled the Judge facing him. Offering him a tit to munch upon, she reached down between her legs and guided his throbbing fuck stick to her ready snatch. As she slowly sank down, the poor judge moaned into her breast. Once firmly seated with his cock fully encased in the warm velvet embrace of her vagina, she sat motionless except for the squeezing of her pussy around his dick.

Mecom released her tit and rocked his head back groaning, “Oh, sweet, sweet child.”

Having gotten his full attention on his dick, she began rocking her hips back and forth, causing his throbbing prick to move back and forth within her gently squeezing cuntal canal. She wasn’t in the least concerned about her own pleasure, only the pleasure of her boss. She felt his cock pulse and felt the familiar sensation of a man ejaculating in her. It was a sensation that she was addicted to and one that gave her immense pleasure and feeling of self-worth. It didn’t matter at all to her that it wasn’t a huge load like the Sherriff, Luke, Jake or Big Mike could deliver. It only mattered that a man was giving her his seed and she was pleasing him, like she had pleased Dale Adams earlier that afternoon.

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After a few beers to celebrate, Jake and his father rushed home to see the new heir. Jake was pleased to see the company delivery truck parked out front of his home, as it meant Megan and the baby was there.

Entering the empty kitchen, Jake heard the two women laughing from somewhere in the front of the house. With his father in tow, he followed the voices to the guest bedroom.

“What in the hell?” he exclaimed seeing Horsefly standing buck naked holding the baby to his breast, while the two women busied themselves with the closet.

Seeing his boss and knowing that Massa Jake was about to blow his stack, Horsefly pleaded, “Dey made me, boss! Dey made me!”

“Ya fucked my wife?” roared Jake.

“No, suh! No, suh. Ah ain’t do nut’in!”

Toni turned and seeing her enraged husband greeted brightly, “Oh, hi, Honey. I see your home.”

“Goddamnit, woman! He’s works fer me!”

“Oh, keep your shirt on you big lug. He hasn’t done anything. Megan and me, we just wanted to see if he was as big as you said he was.”

“Oh, fer Christ’s sake!” the exasperated husband exclaimed.

“Oh, hi, Pa!” greeted Toni seeing the smaller older man behind her hulking husband. “Jake’s told you the good news?”

“Uh, yes, he did.”

Toni turned to her husband, “Jake, take your son from Horsefly and show him to his grandfather.”

Glaring, Jake stepped up to the big black.

“Ah ain’t do nut’in! Ah swear on ma dead mama’s grave, Massa Jake. Ah, ain’t do nut’in…”

“Just give him to me, will ya?”

Horsefly pulled the voraciously sucking boy from his dry teet and handed him to his father. Jake gawked disbelievingly at the Blackman's hugely swollen and engorged man-nipples. “Jesus,” he muttered.

With the boy now in Jake’s inexperienced arms, Horsefly instructed, “Hold’im like dis, boss.”

With a firm and secure hold on his newborn son, Jake turned to his father beaming with pride.

“What’s his name?” Mr. Stringer asked no one in particular.

“Before I came and saw you, Pa, I went and had my name added to his birth certificate and gave him his name, Jake Stringer, Jr..”

Turning to Megan he said, “C’mere Megan.” Megan stepped to his side all smiles.

“Pa, meet Megan, mother of my son.”

Then directing his words to everyone crowded in the small bedroom. “I want everyone here to be my witness. This child is the fruit of my loins and is my rightful son and heir. This woman is the mother of my son. Now, I can’t marry her proper like, but I hereby declare this cunt to be my Common-law Wife.”

“Oh, Jake!” gushed Megan happily.

Toni smiled and hugged her friend. “We’re going to be sisters!” She had been just bursting to tell Megan of Jake’s earlier decision, but like a good wife and help maid, she held her tongue to give her husband the opportunity to tell everyone his intentions.

Jake pulled the new mother from his wife’s embrace and told her, “Ya wanna fuck and make it official?”

Just as Megan replied, “Yes! Yes! Yes!” an irate Julia Jenkins burst into the room, nearly knocking Jake’s daddy to the floor.

“Where have you been?” shrieked the irate woman. “I’ve been waiting for you all day!”

Turning to the two startled women, Julia shrieked, “You’ve been fornicating with whores!”

Jake quickly handed Jake Jr. back to Horsefly. Startled by all the racket, the little boy took comfort in one of Horsefly’s now familiar living pacifiers. Jake grabbed Julia and spun her around. “What in hell’s wrong with ya?” he roared.

“Oh, Jake. I need you. I need you. I’ve been waiting for you all day to give you a baby.”

“Hell, I’ve got a baby, ya loony slut. Megan, she gave me a son.”

“I’ll give you lots of babies!” pleaded the crazy woman.

“Hell, you just wanna get fucked.”

“Yes! Yes! Take me, Jake! Use me!”

“I’ll use ya alright,” he growled. “Git yer goddamned clothes off! Ya can’t fuck if yer all dressed up. I’ve told ya that and I’m sick of repeatin’ myself!” Obediently Julia threw off the simple house dress she was wearing and stood nude waiting further instructions.

“Git on the bed, whore!” he roared. “Now spread’em!”

Toni was absolutely astonished at what she was witnessing, she knew this unpleasant woman and was shocked at the transformation that had taken place over the past few days. Megan and Mr. Stringer were astonished too, but not nearly as much as Toni.

Jake turned to Horsefly and took the child from his arms. “You’re ready to go,” Jake told his wide-eyed underling. “Go on, put yer cock in her!”

As Horsefly approached the bed, stroking his prodigious organ to an erection, Julia pleaded, “You, Jake! I want you!”

“You’re my whore and you’ll fuck who I tell ya to fuck!”

“Horsefly, this cunt wants a baby. Breed this bitch! Put a monkey in her!”

“Yas, suh! Yas, suh!” With a speed that belied his great size, the big black mounted Jake’s newest whore. His black ass surged forward and Julia let out a blood curdling scream as she was fully penetrated.

Jake thrust his son into Toni’s arms and grabbing Megan, growled, “Let’s do it, slut,” and dragged her from the guest room to the master bedroom.

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It had been a hard day for Big Mike’s crew, as there seemed to be more and more rotted ties than there had appeared at first. With all four men working together and not distracted by Lenny’s wife, they made good progress, using up all the new cross ties that were easily available. They still had a lot to do to refurbish this section of tracks, but that would have to wait until Monday when more cross ties could be delivered to the job site.

With nothing much else to do, Big Mike decided to knock off early. “Ya’ll wanna do, Mille?” asked Lenny offering his wife up for another gangbang.

“Naw, not today, Lenny,” said Big Mike. “We’re still on company time and if the wrong people saw this work truck parked in front of your house, it wouldn’t look good.

“You guys can take the rest of the afternoon off. I’ll drop everyone off and punch everyone out at quitting time.

“After that? Anyone wanna come over and screw Millie?”

“No, Lenny! It’s Friday, pay day and I’ve got plans for tonight,” replied Big Mike for the entire crew. “Jesus, just screw her yourself.”

Back at the railroad shop, everyone picked up their pay checks and went their way. Everyone except Big Mike. He’d have to hang around to clock everyone else out at quitting time. Of course he planned on hanging out at the Iron Spike and having a few beers while he waited.

It was rather odd to be home so early, but Luke looked about and determined that Shelly wasn’t there. He popped open a can of beer and headed to the bathroom for a cool refreshing shower. Stopping off in the bedroom first to undress, he saw Jake across the way, riding some girl from behind, riding her high and trusting downward at a very steep angle. It clearly wasn’t Shelly he was fucking and it clearly wasn’t Toni either. It was kind of odd though, it seemed to Luke that more than one girl was howling and he thought he heard a baby crying.

“Ain’t none of my business," Luke shrugged. Gulping down the rest of his beer, he wandered off for his shower thinking of his plans for whoring out his wife later that evening.

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“Judge,” came the squeaky voice over the intercom. “Chester says that he’s at the car wash getting the car cleaned. They just started and it will be awhile.”

“Then get one of the deputies to drop Mrs. Blalock off at her home,” the judge instructed.

Turning to the nude girl, sprawled out over his desk like a decoration, he said, “Shelly, you can get dressed now, darling. I don’t think I could get it up again today if my life depended on it. I’d like you stay with me this weekend, but my daughter is coming home for the weekend and that just wouldn’t work at all.”

Shelly sat upright and was about to dismount the desk when the Judge handed her a paycheck. Taking the envelope from the Judge, she was excited as this was her first pay check ever. Of course she’d only worked for two days for the judge, so she was shocked at the amount the county check was made out for.

“This can’t be right,” she said. “It’s way too much.”

“Let me see that,” said the Judge. “No, that’s right. There is only two days pay here, that’s four hundred, the other thousand dollars is a bonus… a well deserved bonus.

“Now, you run along, sweet child, and have a nice weekend. I’ll see you here bright and early Monday morning. We’ll have a busy week next week, so you rest up and be ready for work.

“Oh, and you forgot these yesterday,” added the Judge picking up her Ben Wah balls from the dish on his credenza. “Here, allow me,” he said as the stooped and then shoved the balls up her cunt one at a time.

“You really need to remember these, Shelly.”

She slipped on her dress and the Judge zipped her up. Adjusting her boobs in the bodice, the bailiff stuck his head inside the Judge’s chambers and said, “Shelly, your driver is here.”

Clutching her check, she kissed the Judge goodbye. Outside by the bailiff’s desk was her driver. Immediately her smile faded.

“Miss Mattox… I mean, Mrs. Blalock. I’ll take you home,” said Deputy Jones, deacon of her father’s church and the only man that she truly despised. She was so distracted by the loathsome man’s presence that she forgot to keep her pussy muscles tight and the brass balls suddenly dropped out from under her dress to clang loudly on the marble floor and then roll away.

Jones was quick to stoop and pickup one wayward ball. Immediately his hand was covered with semen and goo.

Blushing furiously, Shelly captured the other ball.

Then to her mortification, Deacon Jones handed her the brass ball and made a great show of wiping the slime from his hand onto his trouser leg. She could see the absolute disgust in his eyes, but he said nothing, just a nod of the head to let her know to get moving.

Shelly slid into the passenger seat of the Crown Victoria police cruiser, tugging at the short helm of her skimpy dress. Jones, in the driver’s seat, regarded her for a moment, his eyes burning into her and casting judgment upon her. He knew what he must do. Without speaking a word, he started the engine and pulled away, heading towards the section of town where the Blalock’s lived.

As Jones passed an intersection, Shelly said, “Oh, you needed to turn back there.” Jones, his eyes focused on the road ahead said nothing. When he passed the next intersection and headed out of town, it was apparent that he wasn’t taking her home.

“Uh, Deputy Jones. I live back there,” she said. Again he said nothing.

Uncomfortable with the situation, Shelly demanded, “Where are you taking me?”

Jones glanced her way with an evil smile upon his face and answered, “Oh, I’m going to take you, slut.”

“Turn around right now!”

“Why should I? You are for the taking, so I’m taking you to a nice private spot. A spot where a wanton whore like you should be taken to.”

‘Oh, gawd! He’s gonna rape me, again,’ thought Shelly. ‘He wants to humiliate me. Well, I won’t let him! I’ll just egg him on and show him how much of a slut I am. That’ll drive him crazy!’ “Sure, whatever you want,” she answered.

About five miles out, he turned off the main road and drove back into the woods, coming to a stop at a small clearing under the trees. Jones got out of the car, came around and opened Shelly’s door. “Get out, whore!” he spat.

Rolling her eyes, Shelly scooted out of the car. Without even looking at him she turned her back and told him, “Unzip my dress. I don’t want it to get dirty.” After shimming out of the form fitting garment she tossed it onto the front seat of the police cruiser. As she was braless and pantyless, she now only had her 4 inch slut slippers on.

‘Let’s get this over with,’ she thought and turned to face her father’s deacon. She was taken by surprise when he grabbed her wrists and quickly looped them together with a length of rope. His captive secure, he hauled her over to a tree with a low hanging branch. Deftly tossing the other end of the rope over the branch he quickly hauled her arms up above her head.

Helpless she shouted, “What do you think you’re doing?!!”

“Fornicator!” he viciously spat. “I’m going to be your savior,” the deacon replied as he admired his handiwork.

“I have a Savior and He’s not you!”

“You’re a wicked, wicked girl, Shelly Mattox Blalock. You have been possessed by evil and I intend to save you from yourself.”

“What are you going to do?”

“You think you are so beautiful. You are beautiful, so beautiful that you turn men into instruments of the devil. You're Satan’s whore! When I’m finished, you won’t be so beautiful. Only then will Satan be purged from your soul, so that you can live in God’s grace once again!”

“You’re crazy! The Sheriff and the Judge will hear about this!”

“So what? They won’t want you after I'm done with you. No man will ever want you again!”

“What are you going to do?!!!” she cried out in a panic.

“HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!”

“Go on and squeal, you pig,” the deputy spat. “No one will, hear you. No one but God and He will rejoice in your redemption!”

“HELP! HELP! HELP!” the struggling beauty cried as loud as she could manage.

Jones walked away and opened the trunk of his police cruiser. To Shelly horror, she heard the crack of a whip. “HELP! HELP! HELP!” she cried as he approached her, banishing the menacing bull whip and making it crack in the air.

“Oh, PLEASE, no!!! Don’t! Oh, please… I’ll, be good! I’ll be good,” she pleaded. Then as the tip of the whip came within an inch of her breast, she felt the miniature sonic boom and screamed in terror. Again and again he lashed the whip, coming within an inch of her tender unblemished skin, terrifying her with what was sure to come.

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Having finished his shower, Luke returned to his bedroom to see if the show next door was still on. It was, only Jake wasn’t the one fucking the strangely familiar woman, but another man, much smaller than Jake.

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Suddenly Jones stopped and Shelly saw that he was holding something up for her to see. Through the blur of her tearful eyes, she saw what appeared to be an animal pelt. “See this, whore?” he snarled. “This is what your flesh will look like when I’m finished with you.”

He then turned and sat the rabbit pelt on a log, stood back and popped it with his whip, causing the skin to fly up into the air. He picked the pelt up and then brought it back to her.

“See this, whore?” he snarled again. Shelly looked and saw that a strip of fur had been removed from the pelt. “Very soon, this will be you. Very soon no man will lust for you ever again. Only then can you return to God's grace.”

He prodded her tit with the handle of his whip and suddenly fell to his knees, crying, “No! No! No! I belong to God! No! You can’t make me!”

Shelly struggled against her bonds and felt that she just might be able to worm a wrist from the loop that was holding her. Suddenly Jones sprang from the ground and tore at his uniform trousers until he had them below his knees.

As the crazed man attempted to sexually assault her, Shelly began screaming. The very thought that this despicable man would be the last man to take her, made her clamp her legs together tightly to deny him entry into her body. Wildly he thrust his organ at her, knocking her off her feet to dangle by her wrists.

Nearly hysterical, Shelly screamed again and again, but it did no good. There was no one who could hear her or who could help her. As he poked at her, she defended herself as best she could, kicking at him while she helplessly dangled from the rope. Suddenly Jones went to the ground, holding his crotch, writhing in agony after she had landed hard blow to his nuts.

Shelly regained her footing and once again desperately tried to free a wrist from the rope. Then to her horror, he began to stand up. His face was red with rage. “Whore!” he spat before leaning over picking up the bull whip once again. “You bitch!” he cursed.

Jones raised his hand to begin ripping the devil’s flesh from her body. Expecting a painful blow to her naked flesh, she cried out, "Oh, God, please, God, no!" she cried. He stopped. For a long moment he stood frozen in place.

Then she heard it, the police radio crackling. “All units! All units! Three eleven in progress! Charlie’s Country Crossroads. I repeat, three eleven in progress. All units respond! Three eleven at Charlie’s Country Crossroads. All units respond.”

Jones looked at the police car and then back at Satan's whore. Then without saying a word, he pulled up his pants, got in his Crown Victoria and sped away, leaving Shelly in the woods, naked and strung up by her wrists.

**Chapter 28 - JUST REWARDS**

*Shelly jumps from the fire into the frying pan...*

It took Shelly several minutes, but she managed to get her wrists free from the binding rope. Now she faced a dilemma. She had no clothes, but she couldn’t stay where she was and just wait for Deacon Jones to return to strip the skin off of her with his whip. She had to make it to the road, and naked or not, flag down someone, anyone, to help her get to safety. She started off walking down the track that Jones had used to bring her to this place, but in her 4 inch high heels, the walking was just too difficult. Wisely she choose to remove her shoes and just go barefoot.

She only walked fifty feet or so when she realized that if Jones came back, he’d see her on the road. Quickly she stepped off the track and into the woods. The brush wasn’t too thick and keeping the track in sight, she had a relatively easy time of it. Still the sticks were hard on her feet and the going was slow.

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At Charlie’s Country Crossroad, Deputy Jones was the first to arrive. He immediately took note of the garish purple Cadillac with the gold rims and trim. He knew this car, there wasn’t another one like it in the county. It belonged to a petty thug who went by the moniker, Mad Dog. Jones had had experience with Mad Dog and his brother, Little D and knew that one day, someone would have to take them down. He smiled at the prospect that it would be him to bag Mad Dog in the middle of an armed robbery. It would be him, the avenging angel who would be the hero. That would show Sheriff Reed what his meddle was.

Unholstering his service revolver, he stepped from the car. Just as soon as he was clear of the car door, there was a blast, blowing out the store's glass door and hitting Deputy Jones in the groin. The avenging angel hit the pavement, gravely wounded with his genitals blown away.

“Wha da fuck?” Mad Dog called out to his brother.

“Cops! He’s down!” answered Little D.

Mad Dog looked down at the man on the floor. “Well, fuck… Looks like it be bye bye t’yo mutter fuck.” Another shot rang out, blowing off the side of Charlie Ringo’s skull and killing him instantly. Grabbing the meager cash in the register, Mad Dog made a dash for the door.

“He dead?”

“Yeah, he be dead,” Little D replied looking down at Jones in a pool of blood.

“Datutter mutta fucker's dead too,” said Mad Dog. “C'mon, bro! Let’s git while the gittin’s good.”

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Shelly made it to the main roadway and crouching in the tall grass, waited for a car to come by. It made no sense for her to be hiding in the grass, but instinctively she didn’t want anyone to see her naked. “Don't be silly!,” she said to herself. “Of course I want someone to see me. Anyone!”

She stepped out onto the roadway and saw a car approaching. “Deacon Jones!” she gasped and immediately went back into the brush.

With her heart pounding the terrified girl just wanted to hide, but she knew that if it wasn’t Deacon Jones… She peeked out of the tall grass and as the car came nearer, she knew it wasn’t a police cruiser. Boldly she stepped out of hiding and waved her arms to get the driver’s attention, as if she really needed anything to draw attention to herself.

“Whoa! Would ya look at dat, Little D?”

“Dat ‘ho ain’t got a stitch of clothes!”

“What a fox! I gots to have me some of dat!”

 Shelly saw the purple Cadillac come to a stop. Immediately she ran up to the car.

“Hop in, Baby!” offered the grinning younger brother throwing open his door. Without any thought other than the salvation offered, Shelly, holding her shoes, slid buck naked into the front seat between the two black gangsters.

“Ooooo, Baby, yo sure is fine meat!” declared Mad Dog as his hand went immediately to her bare tit.

‘Oh, gawd, I’m going to be raped,’ she thought with an absolute surety as the other black grabbed the other fat tit.

“Boys, I know you both wanna fuck me…”

“Ya gots dat right ‘ho!”

“But I really need to make a phone call.”

“Fuck dat. We’s gonna screw ya until ya can’t walk.”

“You can screw me. Both of you. That’s okay. But... I really need to make a phone call.”

“How’s ‘bout we screw ya first, den ya makes yer phone call.”

“Thanks. I’d really appreciate a good time. I'll even suck you both, but first... Where’s the nearest phone?” The two brothers looked at each other not believing their good luck. This fine white girl would screw them just for a phone call. They didn't even have to rape her.

“Uh, der’s one at da Starlight Club,” offered Little D.

“Yeah, dats da closest one dat we could take ya to and not cause a ruckus. But, how about some luvin’ first?”

“Please. I promise. We’ll have a good time, but I really need to make that phone call.” She reached out and gently grabbed the two men in the crotch. “Then you can show me what you boys have hiding in your pants and show me what you can do with it.”

“Shit, fuck! Yer on lady!”

Shelly was very pleased with herself as the purple Cadillac sped down the road toward the Starlight Club.

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Horsefly took another swig of his Colt 45 malt liquor, “It’s da truth!” he defended.

“Ya really think ah’m gonna believe that some white man let’cha fuck some white woman dat’s he’s tryin’ ta make babies with?”

“Dats wha’ ah’m tellin’ ya happened,” Hoss pleaded.

“If ya thinks ah’ll believe dat shit, youse dumber than ya look!” retorted his bar friend.

Horsefly was determined to make this guy believe him and was about to explain the whole thing once again when there was a ruckus at the door to the Starlight Club. To everyone’s surprise, the two black thugs frog marched a naked white woman into the bar. It wasn’t just any white woman either, it was a voluptuous white woman with the most incredible tits anyone had ever seen. Not only did she have great tits, but the rest of her was just as incredible. Instantly the room filled with steely erections.

“Lordy, lordy. Ah knows dat girl,” Horsefly told his buddy.

“Man, don’cha ever give it a rest wid yer bullshit?” the man said rising to his feet to get a better look at the stunning beauty.

“Remember, my phone call first,” Shelly said as she was surrounded by a room full of horny blacks.

“Who wants ta see this ‘ho dance?” Mad Dog asked the crowd. Immediately the crowd roared their approval.

Turning to the stacked beauty he’d stumbled across naked, Mad Dog said. “First, ya dance. Then ya make yer phone call. Then we’s ALL gonna fuck ya.”

Horsefly watched as Massa Jake’s fine white whore was lifted up onto a table. The juke box blared out some indecipherable rap music. “C’mon, ya bitch, dance!’ said someone in the crowd.

“Dance, Honey. Shake dem big titties!” said another.

The mob quickly became unruly as the men jockeyed for position, all wanting to be first in line when the fucking of this slut began. Shelly thought it was best if she just danced like everyone wanted her to, maybe then she could call the Sheriff to come rescue her. To the jungle beat and gibberish, she began to move, dancing about as best she could on the small three by three cocktail table while the leering blacks cheered her on. It didn’t help that the table was wobbly either.

“Massa Jake. He won’t like dis. He ain’t gonna like it at all,” Horsefly said to himself while watching the stunning whore that had been promised to him dance for the mob.

He thought a moment what he should do. ‘Ah could take five or six of ‘um, but not all of ‘um. Ain’t no use in gittin’ ma ass kicked, not fer some whore. Ah knows, ah’ll call Massa Jake. He knows wha’ta do.’

Horsefly dismounted from his seat at the bar an went to the public telephone. He dropped in a quarter and dialed zero. “Hello? Hello? Ah needs ta talk wid Jake Stringer… Ah ain’t gots his number, lady, dats why ah called yo… Dat’s right, Red Oak Street… Thank ya, Ma’am.”

“Massa Jake! Massa Jake! Oh, hi Miz Toni, I gots t’talk wid Massa Jake! Yez um, dis is Horsefly...

“Massa Jake. That white lady… ya knows da one that ya promised t’me.

“No, suh, she be a fine ‘ho too, but dats not…

“No, Massa Jake, it ain’t like dat! Ah ain’t complaining, Boss. But dat white lady, she's here.

“Where? Here! At the Starlight Club an she be dancing neked on a table.

“Dat’s right, she’s neked and she wuz neked when dem two nigger boys hauled her neked ass in here! An let me tell ya, boss, dem two is some bad ass niggers!...

“Just dem two?… Naw, deys gots to be lots of niggers here, an dey all want a piece of her ass… Ah knows dem two niggers and deys bad niggers, boss, bad, bad niggers. Last time I saw ‘em, dey was ridin’ round in a purple Caddy.

“Ah jus’thought ya needed t’knows…

“Okay, boss, my eyes are glued to dems tits, boss!...

“Thank ya, Boss, thank ya! Ah'm a' watching her her tits like ya wants me.”

Horsefly sauntered back to the bar, sat and ordered up another Colt 45. Taking his first swig and enjoying the show, he muttered, “Jus’ keep dancin’, Honey, jus’ keep dancin’. Da calvery is a comin’! Yez, Ma’am, da calvery is a comin’ and dat white pussy's gonna be all mine!”

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Sherriff Damien Reed arrived on the crime scene just as Deputy Jones was lifted onto a stretcher. “Jones, can you hear me, Jones? Who did this Jones? Who did this?”

Jones opened his eyes and tried to speak. The Sheriff lowered his ear to the weak and possibly dying man. “Purple Cadillac,” the severely injured deputy whispered weakly.

“Mad Dog?” asked the Sheriff. Jones nodded his head and then went unconscious again.

Reed surveyed the scene. They could have taken any one of four roads. “Don’t matter,” said Reed to himself. “I know who you are ,you son of a bitch, and I will find you.” He slid into his Crown Vic and was preparing to alert all units to be on the lookout for the distinctive chopped purple Cadillac when the dispatcher said, “Base to Unit One. Base to Unit One.”

“This is Unit One. Go ahead.”

“Sheriff, Jake Stringer needs to talk to you, says it’s urgent.”

“For Christ’s sake, tell him I’m busy.”

“It’s about Shelly Blalock.”

“I don’t have time to waste on whores!”

“But sir, he says she’s in danger.”

Reed shook his head. Here he was dealing with major situation and Jake was worried about that whore. Of course, Judge Mecom would be worried about her too and if anything happened to her… “Put him through.”

“Reed, Jake. Horsefly just called me from the Starlight Club. Shelly was hauled in naked by two bad dudes driving a purple Cadillac.”

“Come again with the car description…”

“Purple Cadillac. Reed, I think she’s…. Reed?”

Jake turned to Toni and said, “The bastard hung up on me.”

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Sheriff Reed cased out the honky-tonk Starlight Club. There was the purple Cadillac just as Jake had said. There were dozens of other cars in the parking lot too. The Sheriff weighed his options, none of which were very appealing. He could just surround the place and go in blazing, but a lot of innocent folks would get hurt, not the least of which was Shelly Blalock, and she was worth too much to risk any harm.

Quickly he came up with a plan that he thought had the least chance anyone getting hurt, anyone that is except Mad Dog and hopefully his just as nasty brother, Little D. He picked up his mike and began giving out instructions to his deputies. Once everyone called in that they were in position, the Sheriff slowly rolled into the crowded parking lot of the honky-tonk. Reed took a deep breath and steeled his nerve, then exited the patrol car and alone, strode boldly to the door.

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The mob was getting impatient and unruly in the Starlight Club. As much as everyone was enjoying seeing the shapely blonde wiggle her awesome tits and wiggle her sweet ass, everyone was yearning to have a go at her with his cock. A few had been with a white woman before, but none had ever had an opportunity to copulate with a fine bitch like this one. Black hands gripped her ankles and then lowered her onto the table. As Shelly’s legs were spread open and her arms were held down over her head, she gave up all hope of making her phone call until after she had been ravished.

Horsefly, as agitated as the other black men in the bar, joined the bartender to stand up on the bar so as to get a better view of the gang fucking of the white goddess.

At the feel of the bulbous cockhead raking up and down her slippery snatch, Shelly prepared for the worst, or possibly the best, night of her life.

Suddenly a hush settled in the club. Mad Dog was about to push into his ‘ho when he too sensed the change in atmosphere. He turned to look behind him and saw the other patrons part like the Red Sea in a Cecil B. DeMille epic. His stomach knotted and his hard pecker wilted at the sight of the county sheriff striding boldly towards him. No one dared mess with the law, especially when the law was in the form of Sheriff Damien Reed; to do so would definitely ruin not only your day, but the rest of your life... if you had a life left to live.

The hands gripping the girl’s ankles dropped her and disappeared into the crowd, leaving Mad Dog alone, standing with his pants down and between the legs of the whore.

Reed quickly surveyed the scene, avoiding direct eye contact with his prime suspect. He had Mad Dog right where he wanted him with his pants down around his ankles, but where was Little D? He knew full well that the bastard, where ever he was, was probably angling to place a shot to his head. In an instant he decided to ignore Mad Dog for the moment and keep with his original plan. Like everyone else in the imposing presence of Sheriff Reed, Mad Dog moved out of his way.

Reed grabbed Shelly’s arm and pulled her upright. “You again!” he roared. “Didn’t I tell you that you can’t whore in public without a permit? You're under arrest for prostitution!” Grabbing her by her hair, Reed roughly yanked her off the table and then practically dragged her to the door while he read her rights. “You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. Anything you say can and will be…” To Reed’s astonishment, he had Shelly outside.

“You’re pulling my hair!” she protested as she was shoved unceremoniously in the back of the police cruiser.

By the time Reed made it behind the wheel, a crowd of half dressed Negros had piled out of the door to fully witness the extraordinary turn of events. No one would ever believe what just happened, but there were too many witnesses who would all tell the same story. With lights flashing, Reed tossed rocks and gravel as he sped from the parking lot of the Starlight Club.

Turning partially as he drove he asked her, “Shelly, are you all right?”

“Yes! You pulled my hair!”

“Sorry, but I had to get you out of there in one piece… Just what in hell were you doing in there? After P-Willy’s, didn’t I tell you and Luke to never pull that sort of stunt ever again?”

“I didn’t…”

“Christ, girl, you could have gotten us both killed!”

“I’m sorry, but…”

“Just what in hell were you doing in there?”

“It’s a long story, but Deputy Jones…”

“Jones has been shot. That dude who was fucking you…”

“He didn’t fuck me…”

“Never mind. He goes by the name of Mad Dog. He shot Jones, blew his dick and balls clean off! He’s still alive, barely. He also shot Charlie at Charlie’s Country Crossroads, blew half his head off; he’s not alive.

“That Mad Dog is a bad one, girl… he and his brother, Little D, have reputation for carving up girls like you with a knife after they’ve finished with them.”

“Am I in trouble? Am I under arrest?”

“No, you’re not in trouble, you dumb bitch. But you are under arrest for your own protection.”

“Deacon Jones, he…”

“Not now, Shelly,” said Reed as he slowed down at the ambush site.

“But, Deacon Jones, he…”

“Not now, damn it!” Reed stopped in the roadway and in reverse, backed the Crown Vic at high speed off the road and into the bushes.

“Unit One to all units,” he spoke into the mike, “report.”

The radio crackled to life. “Unit four in position.”

“Unit six in position.”

“Unit three in position.”

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Mad Dog wasted no time in pulling up his pants and gathering up his brother. Joining the crowd outside, they saw the dust still swirling in the parking lot, but the Sheriff was gone. Mad Dog nodded to his brother and they made their way to their purple Cadillac. Pulling cautiously up to the highway, they saw a police cruiser to the west, stopped on the road with its lights flashing, the Deputy stopping cars and checking driver’s licenses. Easing onto the highway so as not to draw attention to themselves, they headed east, well below the speed limit.

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Shelly heard the radio crackle to life. “Unit two to Unit One. Suspects in purple Cadillac on the move east bound.”

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Mad Dog looked in his rear view mirror and was relieved to see that the police car was not following them.

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Reed searched up the road and saw the garish Cadillac approaching. “Unit one to all units. Bandits in sight. Wait for my order.”

Reed held the mike to his mouth as the purple Cadillac drove past him. “Now!” he shouted into the mike.

Shelly screamed as she was thrown back into the seat as Reed shot from the bushes and blocked the road. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw another police car shoot out from the other side of the road to block the Cadillac from the front. A dark tinted window lowered and Shelly saw the flash and report of a handgun from the suspect’s car. Suddenly all hell broke out from both sides of the road. The dark tinted windows of the Cadillac disappeared in an instant, pieces of the car flew into the air, and the car sagged as tires were shot out. Shelly covered her ears and screamed again, but she wasn’t heard over the roar of the intense gunfire being laid into the purple Cadillac.

Suddenly there was silence. After a moment, she heard Reed exclaim, “Those dumb fuckers! Why didn’t they just give up? Now I’m going to have the fucking NAACP and ACLU all over my ass for using undue force! That race baiting Marxist, Al Sharpton, he’ll be all over national television telling everyone that this was all racially motivated! Shit! I wanted to see those boys fry for what they did to old Charlie, not to mention Deputy Jones.”

He then stepped out of the car and walked up to the car with his service revolver drawn. He opened the door and Shelly saw a bloodied lifeless body fall onto the pavement. Suddenly Reed raised his pistol and shot into the car. Shelly, feeling ill, passed out in the back seat.

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Shelly woke with a start. Damien Reed was holding her in his arms, offering her a drink of water. She greedily gulped the water down to quench her burning thirst.

“Hey, are you okay?” he asked.

“What happened?”

“You fainted. All the excitement I suppose. There, now sit up. Say, you’re not leaking all over my seats again, are you?”

Shelly suddenly was keenly aware of her state of total nudity. “My clothes…. Where are my clothes?”

“You didn’t have any clothes when I found you, remember?”

“Oh, yeah.”

Reed held a pair of red slut slippers. “Hey, put these on, I found them on the floor of Mad Dog’s car.”

“Those boys!”

“Those boys are standing before the Pearly Gates. Odds are, St. Peter is not going to let them in.”

“Did you shoot…”

“Didn’t have any choice. He raised his gun and I defended myself. Now, don’t you worry your pretty little head about scum like that. World’s a much better place now without those two.”

Reed gave her tit a playful squeeze and moved to the front. Picking up the mike, he called, “Unit One to dispatch. Send a tow truck and a meat wagon to mile marker 176 on highway 13.”

“Roger, Unit One.”

“Be sure and have that car gone over with a fine tooth comb. There’s probably something in there that will directly link them to the crime scene.”

“Roger, Unit One.”

“Dispatch, Unit One.”

“Have Deputy Smith consolidate all the reports. I want them on my desk by tomorrow morning. I’m going home to get some rest. Do not disturb me for any reason.”

“Roger, Unit One.”

Reed pulled the car back onto the road, leaving the details of the murder and subsequent shoot out to his capable deputies.

Shelly sat up and pressed her face up against the cage isolating the back seat from the front. “Damien, I need some clothes.”

“You won’t need any clothes until tomorrow. When we get to my place, you can call your husband and let him know that you’re spending the night with me.”

“But we don’t have a phone.”

“Then don’t call him.”

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It was well past six and Shelly still wasn’t home.

“Where in the hell is she?” he asked himself as he opened yet another beer. She wasn’t at Jake’s or he would have seen her through the window. ‘Of course, maybe she’s fucking in another room,’ he decided. He really wasn’t in much of a mood to put up with Jake this evening, as he had decided that if it weren’t for Jake, he would have never turned his wife into a whore. It wasn’t that he put all the blame on Jake, for he knew the lion’s share of blame rested squarely on his shoulders.

Still, if they just hadn’t moved into this particular house with these particular neighbors, everything would have been so different. Now he had to deliver her to Jess Baker and his work gang for a party that night. He looked up at the clock and saw that he still had plenty of time before he was supposed to deliver her for their use and entertainment. Still, he wanted to be ready because Big Mike had warned him to never mess with Jess Baker and he didn’t want to get on the bad side of the notorious union thug and enforcer by something as trivial as being late.

Crushing the empty beer can in his hand, he set out for next door to find his wife. As was his custom, he walked right through the back door of and into the Stringers’ kitchen without knocking. Not surprisingly, he found Jake parked at the kitchen table, drinking a beer with his dad, each with a naked woman in his lap. Toni was with her father-in-law and the woman he’d seen through the bedroom window was in Jake’s lap. The only real surprise was the naked woman in Jake’s lap had a baby suckling at her breast.

“Don’t ya ever knock, Blalock?” Jake growled at seeing his neighbor.

“Uh, sorry, I didn’t think…”

“That’s right, ya didn’t think. What else is new?”

Toni immediately came to Luke defense. “Jake, now you stop that right now!”

“Why should I? He double crossed me!” Jake glared at his startled neighbor. “Oh, don’t give that, ‘What’s wrong, Jake, old buddy, old pal,’ crap.”

“Wha… Why ya got yer dander up?”

“Yesterday… Ya said I could take Shelly and let me pay off a debt to my nigger, Horsefly. She didn’t show and god damn it, ya made me look bad in the eyes of my employee.”

“Shit! Sorry, Jake. You can have her tomorrow. She got this job at the courthouse with Judge Mecom and she started yesterday. I didn’t know that until after we talked.”

“I told you, she had a job,” Toni interjected.

“Hush up, woman!” snapped her burly husband.

“Look, I don’t wanna get into an argument with ya, Jake. It was just a scheduling problem, that’s all.”

“Made me look like I don’ keep my word!”

“I said, I’m sorry. Look, by any chance is Shelly here.”

“Ya see her under the table sucking cock?”

“Jake, that’s enough!” scolded Toni. “Honestly, you just won’t let it go; will you?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” grumbled Jake.

“Really, I need to find her,” Luke implored.

“Ya really wanna know where she is?” asked Jake with an unctuous smile.

“Yeah, I really do!”

“Last I heard, she was in bar full of niggers getting fucked by all comers.”

“Oh, Jake, really! How can you say such a thing?” Toni asked thoroughly annoyed with Jake’s attitude.

“Because Horsefly called me from the bar. Said she came in stark naked with two black dudes… was dancing on a table, shaking those big tits and showing off her pussy. Oh, she got fucked alright, probably is still getting fucked.”

“Where?”

“Nigger bar called the Starlight Club out on Highway 13.” Luke turned and rushed out of the house.

“Luke! Luke! Where are goin’?”

“Where do you think he’s going, you big ape!” said Toni as she swatted her husband about the head.

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Luke pulled into the dark parking lot of the Starlight Club. He sat for a minute watching people come and go. Gathering his courage, he cautiously entered the bar. He looked around the dimly lit and smoky room and didn’t see anything unusual, just men, black men, enjoying a Friday night with a few black “ladies” while other stags hung about on the fringes or shot pool. After a moment of looking around for any sign of Shelly, he noticed that everyone seemed to be looking at him. In the next moment, six dudes where walking towards him.

“Hey, white boy!” said one of the blacks. “Wha’ ya doin’ here?”

From behind him Luke heard, “Sorry fellas, but my friend here has gotten lost.”

A firm hand gripped Luke's shoulder and Jake said to him, “She ain’t here now, Luke. C’mon, let’s go. We don’ want no trouble from these folks.”

Once safely outside, Jake told him, “Don’ ever go in that joint alone, Luke. That’s their place and they don’ want no white trash hanging around.”

“Ya said, she was here, Jake.”

“She was. Now she ain’t.”

“Where is she, Jake?”

“Fuck, I don’ know. Horsefly said the Sheriff came in and arrested her. Maybe she’s with him.”

“Shit! I gotta find her, Jake.”

“Try the jail, but most likely that’s not where she’s serving time.”

Without thanking Jake for saving his ass, Luke ran to his truck and took off for the county jail. Jake shrugged and muttered, “Fuckin’ dumb ass hick.”

Luke didn’t fare any better at the jail, as she hadn’t been booked on any charges. “Where’s the Sheriff?” he asked the middle-aged jailer.

“Home, I suppose.”

“Where’s he live?”

“I’m not giving you that information, sonny,” said the older deputy.

“My wife’s with him!”

“Then I’m sure as hell not going to tell you where to find him!” the deputy retorted.

Having run out of options, Luke went home on the off chance that Shelly would be there.

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“Oh, god, yes! Fuck me. Fuck me with your big, wonderful dick,” the blonde slut hissed as the Sheriff’s prodigious cock sawed in and out of her very needy pussy. “God, I’m gonna cum again, Baby. Oh, god! I love your big, big prick! I love it! I… Ohhh, ohhhh, ohhhh!!”

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Nine o’clock approached and then faded off into history. Luke knew he was in deep, deep shit. Not only had he agreed to deliver Shelly to Jess Baker’s card game tonight at nine o’clock sharp, but Jess had already made a down payment of one hundred dollars on her cunt. How could he explain that he tried to get her there, but she never came home. Never mind that he hadn’t seen her since yesterday morning! He considered how Jake had reacted when he had thought that Luke had stiffed him, and Jake was a good friend! Jess, he wasn’t Luke’s friend… in fact he was nobody’s friend except perhaps to his crew of thugs, and even then, Jess had a reputation for extracting a pound of flesh for the slightest disrespect or indignity from even a member of his own crew. Luke had taken Jess Baker’s money and failed to deliver the goods as promised, and Luke was certain that there would be hell to pay.

‘Big Mike! Big Mike will know what to do!’ he told himself. Maybe Big Mike could fix things! A ray of hope filled his heavy heart and he set off to confer with his boss.

Pulling up in front of Big Mike’s home, Luke was pleased to see his boss’ pickup truck parked on the curb. As far as Luke knew, Mike never went anywhere without his truck. He also saw that the lights were on in the front living room. The blinds were tightly drawn, so he couldn’t see in, but unmistakably, a light was on in the living room.

Luke knocked on the door, waited a few moments and knocked again. He heard muffled voices inside, but no one answered. He knocked again, this time with a sense of urgency. Again, no answer. He knocked again and the door came partially open.

“Luke? Is that you?” Mike asked peering through the slightly ajar door.

Suddenly the door flew open wide, “Hell, come on in, Luke!” the big man invited.

Luke stepped inside and seeing Big Mike dressed only in boxer shorts, stammered, “I’m sorry if I’m interrupting something, Mike, but I just gotta talk to ya.”

“Well, you are interrupting, Luke, but that’s okay. I know you’ll be discrete.”

Mike turned and called out, “It’s okay, Vicky, it’s just Luke.” Out from the hallway a young girl appeared wearing only the top of a pink see-through teddy that partially covered only half of her bare ass.

Mike leaned to whisper, “Ginger’s off visiting her mother. I’m watching out for her,” he said nodding towards the partially nude girl. From the photos he’d seen, Luke recognized her as Mike’s teenaged step-daughter, and like her mother she had light strawberry blonde hair, only longer.

“She had a hot date tonight, but I made her cancel. Why let some pimple faced punk fuck her when I could fuck her for him?”

“Shit, I always thought ya were bullshittin’ about all that!” Luke whispered.

“Does she look like I’m bullshitting?”

“Naw, she sure don’t.”

“Now don’t you go getting any ideas. That’s private stock.”

“Sure, boss.”

Mike offered him a beer, but Luke declined. Directing him to have a seat on the sofa, Mike introduced him. “Vicky, this here is Luke. He’s my best hand on my crew. Your mother and I party with him and his wife sometimes, so he knows the score.” With that, Mike unsnapped his boxers and let them fall to the floor. Kicking the garment away, he sat next to Luke and patted the sofa indicating where he wanted Vicki to sit.

“You don’t mind if I get a blowjob while we talk, do you?”

“Uh, no… go ahead.”

Mike turned to the young teenager, “Okay, darling, you were working on getting me up again. Don’t pay him any mind, it’s nothing he ain’t seen before.” The young teen hesitated. "Come on, baby, suck it for Daddy.”

Cutting a look towards Luke, the half clad girl knelt before her step-dad and took his flaccid cock in hand. She smiled at Luke and then did what Mike wanted her to do.

“Oh yeah, that’s it, babygirl.”

With the girl busy rooting around in his naked lap, Big Mike turned to Luke. “Now what’s so damned important you have to talk about?"

“Shelly.”

“What about Shelly?” Luke went on tell Big Mike all about the sordid deal he made with Jess Baker and the fact that Shelly never showed up for him to deliver.

“Oh, fucking hell!” Mike exclaimed, pushing the girl off his turgid prick. “I told you to stay away from him. I told you not to trifle with him.”

“Can ya fix it, Mike?”

“You know what’s going to happen? Come Monday morning, you’re going to be transferred out of my crew, and into Jess Baker’s crew. Then you know what’s going to happen? There’ll be an accident. I don’t need to tell you who will have that accident, do I?” Mike shook his head, the worry was plainly written across his face. “If you’re lucky, you won’t be crippled for life.”

“Can’t you talk to Estrada?”

“Estrada? You’ve already pissed on Estrada!”

“I thought you were tight with him.”

“I let him fuck Ginger. In return, he does me a favor every now and then. He’d gone wild over Shelly… Christ, we had it made on easy street, but no… you fucked up the deal!”

“He can still fuck Shelly.”

“He probably will, not that it will do you or me any good.”

“Ya gotta talk to him, Mike.”

“Listen, kid, this is the way it is. Baker is an enforcer, and he’s protected by the big union bosses. He makes sure everyone signs their union card and makes sure that everyone votes the way they’re told to vote. Sometimes some fool tries to buck the system and Baker deals with him and makes sure he’s never a problem ever again. Estrada, he does what Baker tells him to do. You understand, Estrada couldn’t help you even he wanted to and right now, he could care less what happens to you.”

“Oh, shit! What am I gonna do?”

“You don’t show up for work on Monday.”

“I’ll get fired.”

Big Mike snorted, “Fired? Son, you need to find another job!”

“Ya, mean, I gotta quit?”

“You want to be a cripple the rest of your life?”

“No, but…”

“There are no buts! Stay away from the rail yards. Find something else to do.”

“How am I gonna pay for my house?”

“Kid, take my advice. Leave the house and move away. Come Monday morning and you don’t show up for work, Baker is going to know where you live. Don’t be there Monday night. You understand? Otherwise Shelly might be hurt too.”

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Afraid to go home and face his wife, David curled up in the back room of his bookstore. Before he left for work that morning, Julia had told him that she was going to “cut his balls off”. It was an idle threat, but one that he took to heart.

**Chapter 29 - THE BUY OUT**

*Luke and Shelly's debts are bought out by her new employer, or at least most of them. Still, there are major problems for Luke...*

Approaching midnight and basking in the afterglow of a great sex session, Damien Reed stroked Shelly’s full breasts as she languorously waited to be taken yet again. “Listen, we have some business to discuss,” he said softly playing with a nipple ring.

“What kind of business,” she listlessly replied.

“You. You and your pussy.”

“You like my pussy?”

“I love your pussy, Shelly. Love your tits too. But seriously, the Judge and I had a talk this afternoon after you had left the courthouse to go home.”

“I didn’t go home, remember. Deacon Jones took me…”

“I know, I know. He won’t be able to hurt you ever again. I should have fired him last week when he was mistreating you.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“He’s a vindictive man and he would have caused a lot of problems, not only for you, but for me as well. Besides, he was good officer.”

“He’s a creep!”

“Maybe so, but… forget about him. He probably won’t live through the night.”

“Ohhhh, don’t say that!” she cried. “I don’t hate him that much. I don’t hate anyone that much!”

“You are the best, you know that. You’re drop dead gorgeous, a total whore and you’re a sweet, sweet girl.”

“Is that a compliment?”

“I forgot to add that you’re the best fuck in the county and you give the best blowjobs.”

“Well, that is a compliment.”

“Like I was saying, the Judge and I had conversation about you and Jake Stringer.”

“Jake? What about Jake?”

“You’re his whore.”

"I only do what my husband asks of me," she defensively replied.

"Like I said," Reed continued, "you're Jake's whore."

“You have a problem with that, Sheriff?” she asked coquettishly.

“Not exactly. The problem is the business deals he made on your husband’s behalf.”

“We needed a new roof, a new refrigerator and we needed to get the truck fixed. Jake arranged all that and I’m happy to help Luke out,” she dutifully defended.

“What the Judge has in mind for you is much more than petty whoring. Your pussy is worth a lot to us. You proved that with the governor and with the banker. Now the Judge strongly believes in the sanctity of a contract, so he proposes to buy out your outstanding contracts. I’ll speak with Jake tomorrow and make a deal with him.”

“You mean I can’t have sex with anyone?”

“You can have sex with whomever you please, but you’re not going to be whored out at PawPaw Quibly’s cock fight tomorrow night. In the meantime, we’ll take care of the outstanding balance for the truck. The refrigerator… I know Jake’s daddy… I can’t do anything about that, so you’ll just have to continue spreading them for the old man.”

“Is that all?”

“No, suck my dick, sweetheart, I’ve got a need to have my cock up inside you.”

“Again?”

“Yes, again. You complaining?”

“Oh, not all.”

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Sunday morning, the pounding on the front door woke Toni first. She poked Jake in the side. He snorted and then continued to snore as the incessant knocking continued.

“Jake! Jake! Jake!” she called while shaking his hairy shoulder.

“Wha?”

“Jake, someone’s at the door!”

“Wha?”

“Someone’s at the door. Go see who it is.”

The big man started awake and tried to roll out of bed like he always did, except that Toni was in the way. He rolled the other way, and was blocked by Megan’s nude form. He sat upright and glanced around the familiar bedroom, except it was different somehow. Then as the knocking continued he realized it was because of the new crib in the room, the crib where his new son slept soundly. “Shit, they’ll wake the baby,” he muttered as he scrambled out of the sack.

Glancing at the clock, he saw that it was only seven fifteen AM. “What the fuck?” he cursed softly.

Per his usual, he didn’t bother putting anything on, preferring to answer the door in the nude at this time of morning. Brazenly he opened the door, relishing the chance to shock and offend anyone who would dare disturb him this early on a Saturday morning. “Reed! Ya know what time it is?”

“We need to talk, Jake.”

“Well, shit, come on in then.” Jake turned and plopped down on the sofa while the Sheriff closed the door behind him.

“Have a seat, Sheriff!” he offered pointing to a club chair.

“Now what in fuck is so important this time of day?”

“Shelly Blalock,” the Sheriff said.

“Oh, did ya get her out of that bar, last night?”

“Yes, I did, and I want to thank you for the tip.”

“What tip?”

“The purple Cadillac. We were looking for it in connection with an armed robbery and double homicide.”

“Ya don’t say? Well, ya really need to thank my boy, Horsefly. He called me and told me what was goin’ on. I knew there was trouble afoot, so I called you.

“Ya arrest those two guys?”

“Not exactly. Let’s just say the taxpayers have been spared the expense of a trial.”

“Oh, I see... Well, is that all you wanted; to thank me?”

“No, I'm here on another matter.”

Jake's eyes got big and he jumped up, “Oh, wait here! I’ve got something to show ya!” His hairy naked bulk disappeared into the house, a moment later he came out holding his baby son.

“Sheriff Reed, met my new son, Jake, Jr.!” the proud father beamed.

“I didn’t know Toni was pregnant.”

“She wasn’t. I knock up Megan. Ya remember Megan, don’t ya? Toni’s friend.”

“Oh, yeah. Nice fuck,” replied the Sheriff as he offered the child a big finger to grab. The now awake the baby declined the finger, but cried out lustily.

“Time for some titty sucking,” Jake quipped as he turned to take the hungry child to its mother’s breast. After a moment, Jake returned scratching his head.

“You want to get dressed?” the Sheriff asked still amazed at Jake’s brazenness after all these years.

“Naw, now that I’m awake, once you’re gone, I’m gonna mount the kid’s mama and fuck the hell out her. Why bother getting dressed?”

“I suppose you have a point, Jake,” Reed chuckled.

“Now, let’s get to business.”

As the men began to talk, Toni had risen and prepared coffee and delivered it, modestly covered with a thin robe. “Good morning, Damien,” she cheerily greeted handing Reed a cup of black coffee while letting her robe fall open for his benefit.

Sliding his free hand over her tit, he responded, “You’re just as cute as ever, Toni. But, I’ll have to decline your invitation this morning. Rain check?”

“Oh, pooh!” she pouted. “What’s a girl gotta do to get laid? Well, as a taxpayer of this town, I expect you to collect on that rain check, Sheriff, and sooner rather than later.”

“Leave the man alone, Toni,” her husband grumbled. “We’re talking business, not pussy.” Reed and Jake’s eyes met and the two old friends laughed at Jake’s little joke.

“Now, O’Ryan and Henderson, they’ll be no problem,” stated Jake. “They’ll take the money gladly, so long as they can still get a little now and then.”

“That’s no problem,” replied Reed. “What she does in private is her business.”

“I’m glad to hear ya say that, ‘cause I’m gonna be between those legs a lot, no matter what ya say. She’s my whore.”

“Yes, she is your whore, Jake, but from now on that’s for personal use only. No whoring her out at P-Willy’s, or Quibly’s, or any other place.”

“See, now that’s a problem, Damien. Both the Quibly’s and I are expectin’ her to turn us a nice profit at the cock fight tonight.”

“No, absolutely not! Work something out with Jetter and his old man.”

“What if they won’t cooperate?” Jake reasonably asked.

“You tell them that if they don’t cooperate, I’ll shut their ass down!” Reed declared. Jake was certain he meant it too.

“Ya can’t be serious?”

“I am serious, Jake. You whoring her out comes to an end, right now. Work something out.”

“Hmmmm, maybe that’ll work?”

“What, Jake?”

“Never mind, but I’ll take care of it.”

“Good, then it’s settled,” Reed said and prepared to go about his business.

“Wait a minute! Twice, I've promised Horsefly that he could have a go at her. Twice!”

“No, Jake.”

“Look, if it weren’t for Horsefly, ya might not have found Shelly and those fellas as quick as ya did. He’s a hero. I can’t go back on my promise to him, Reed. I can’t and I won’t! It just ain’t right!”

“Okay, okay. Just this once, you can give her ass to this Horsefly. Deal?”

“Ya got a deal, Sheriff!”

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Luke didn’t sleep a wink that night. Right away Shelly noticed when she got in that something was wrong, but he wouldn’t tell her what. Of course she figured that he was upset that she had slept out the past two nights. She wanted to tell him what had happened these past two days, but he was disinterested at best. Finally she hit upon the huge pay check she’s received, but she couldn’t show that to him because it was still in Deputy Jones’ car along with her the pretty dress the Judge bought her.

Tired from a night of fornicating with the Sheriff, she really couldn’t concentrate of getting to the bottom of Luke’s morose mood. Besides, she already thought she knew what the problem was and to her, it was no big deal as it was direct consequence of doing what he had wanted and demanded that she do. ‘He’ll get over it,’ she confidently told herself.

Needing to get some sleep, she took off the baggy sweat shirt and sweat pants the Sheriff had given her this morning and sprawled out onto her bed. Just as she was about to doze off, her nap was interrupted by Toni and Megan who came by to show her Jake’s baby. As the three women oooed-and-awed over the young boy, Jake came by and fetched Luke to take care of business.

Jake explained the new situation to Luke, but Luke was beyond caring. Everything else was a trivial matter considering his problem with Jess Baker. Listlessly he half listened to Jake's plan to buy out Shelly’s contract with O’Ryan and the Henderson. His only role was to peel off the money from the roll of bills Jake had handed to him to pay off his creditors.

Things didn’t go so smoothly over at the Quilby’s. Jake, Jetter and the old man got into a heated argument, but Luke wasn’t interested even though it was his wife’s pussy that the three men were talking about. A deal was made, even though the terms were quite fuzzy to Luke. The Quibly’s and Jake all seemed to be satisfied, so whatever it was, it was fine with him. Again he peeled off several hundred dollars to buy out the contract on his wife’s ass.

As they drove back into town, Luke realized that he still had at least a hundred dollars still in his pocket. “Jake, I got a problem that I need yer help with.”

“What kind of problem?” Luke proceeded to tell him about his dilemma with Jess Baker, but left out most everything concerning the seriousness of the possible retribution against him.

“Look, I ain’t got nothin’ to do with that deal,” Jake said declining to help him out, “but if ya want, I’ll ride over with ya and watch yer back. Look, I can’t be part of selling her ass anymore, ya got that? What ya do with yer wife is none of my business. I can’t afford to get crossways with Sheriff Reed and Judge Mecom, and quite frankly, neither can ya.”

Knowing that Baker wouldn’t try anything with a witness around, Luke directed Jake to the address he still had in pocket. While Jake waited in his truck, Luke walked up to the door and knocked. The door opened and there stood Jess Baker towering over Luke’s smaller frame.

“Well, well, well, if ain’t the little boy who can’t control his slut whore of a wife.”

“Jess, look, I didn’t mean to not to deliver. She never came home last night. Here’s your money back.”

Baker took the cash and stuffed it in his pocket. “So ya think that’s all there is? Ya think this over? Ya made me look bad in the eyes of my men.”

“Jess, I said I was sorry. She never came home.”

“I ain’t interested in yer problems, sonny boy, I’m only interested in the problems ya made for me. Ya understand? I told ya what would happen if ya crossed me and ya crossed me.”

“Look, how about tomorrow night? I’ll bring her.”

“I already told ya, ya cross me and we’d just take her slut ass whenever we wanted. I intend on taking her too, just you see, and I ain’t paying a dime for it. Now beat it, ya frigging weasel before I lose my temper with ya and do something we’ll both regret.

Returning to the truck, Jake asked, “How’d it go?”

“Not real good,” the younger man replied. "Holy fuck, Jake. I'm in deep, deep shit."

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With their business finished, Luke was surprised that Jake didn’t head right home, but instead detoured to the black section of town. Pulling up to a rundown trailer that was hardly bigger than a camper, Jake stopped and told Luke to wait for him. By that time the heat of the day had set in and it was hot sitting the truck out in the sun. Luke, used to the heat, hardly broke a sweat as Jake talked to an enormously large black guy who was stripped down to a pair of shorts. He couldn’t hear what was being said, but the black guy seemed to be very happy about whatever Jake was telling him.

It surprised Luke to see Jake wave for to him to come join them. Luke shrugged and exited the cab of Jake’s pickup and then followed the two inside the shabby trailer. Once inside, Luke was appalled at the squalor; this was worse, much worse than the trailer he and Shelly had lived in before buying the house.

“Massa Luke, ah’m pleased t’meet ya!” the big black greeted with a toothy smile. Luke took the offered hand and was amazed at the size and strength this man possessed.

“Horsefly here is gonna roll us up a number,” explained Jake.

Luke was no stranger to weed, but it had been some time since he had access to it from a high school buddy. Toking up, he felt the familiar curtain slowly descending, giving everything around him a surreal look. Jake was definitely in a celebratory mood, and Luke chalked it up to the new baby. Generously he paid Horsefly for a half gallon bottle of cheap wine that was in the refrigerator, passing it around for all to partake in to sooth the harshness in their throats. As he got more and more stoned, Luke forgot about his problem with Jess Baker and just enjoyed the comradery with the other two men. The dichotomy between Jake and big black struck Luke as odd. First there appeared to be a genuine fondness between the two, yet there was no doubt as to who stood where in the pecking order of things.

Then the strangest thing of all happened. Jake told Luke that he wanted to show him something. He then told Horsefly to stand and drop his pants. To Luke’s surprise , the big black did just that. Not only that, but to Luke's utter amazement, Jake took the man’s huge cock in his hand saying, “I wanted ya to see this, Luke. Ya ever seen a dick this big before? Now old Sheriff Reed, he’s a big cocked bastard too, but he don’t compare to Horsefly.” By the time Jake finished talking about the huge black cock in his hand it had swollen to a truly monumental size. Jake began to laugh, almost hysterically, and the laughter was soon infectious, even though Luke had no idea why he was laughing so hard, other than the whole cock show had been outrageous.

Once the infectious laughter had died down, another smoke was passed around and the mental haze thickened. To Luke it now seemed perfectly normal that the black guy was and remained totally naked. It also seemed to be perfectly normal when Jake instructed his helper to lie back and beat off. Horsefly, always eager to please his boss, did just that and ejaculated an amount of semen that was nearly supernatural.

As distracted as he was by his situation with Jess Baker and then with the impaired mental capabilities as they started smoking pot, Luke never did realize that this was the black that Jake wanted Shelly to fuck. Instead he was simply drifting in a surreal world where everything and anything was very funny.

With the time distortion brought on by the weed, Luke had no idea how long they stayed in the cramped squalid trailer, but the fresh air blowing through the cab of the truck seemed to have revived him somewhat by the time they arrived back at Jake’s. It didn’t surprise Luke that Jake was ready to rut when they arrived, but Jake’s two women weren't home. With no pussy available, he took Luke to the Jenkins’ house where Julia was tied up to her bed.

Luke followed Jake up the stairs and through the shattered doorway. Luke was stunned by what he saw. Jake immediately addressed his captive, “Hi, ya, slut. Ya ready to be fucked?”

He was even more stunned to hear the unpleasant woman beg Jake to take her and put his baby inside her. Still stoned, he watched like a zombie as Jake fucked the howling, begging woman. Having completed the act, Jake dismounted the still bound woman and offered her to Luke. Stoned or not, Luke wasn’t about to rape anyone, Julia Jenkins in particular and he fled the house.

In the safety of his own kitchen he heard noises, familiar noises, the sounds of the bed squeaking rhythmically. “That slut is in there fuckin’ somebody,” he muttered. Not caring who was enjoying his comely wife, he went to the refrigerator and pulled out a beer. The cold liquid felt heavenly on his parched throat. ‘Must be O’Ryan,’ he thought, then he remembered that O’Ryan had been paid off. ‘Can’t be Henderson either,’ he reasoned. Curious as to who was screwing his wife, he went and stood in the doorway to watch the copulation taking place. ‘He’s a big fucker,’ he thought as he took a sip of beer. He laughed inwardly at the sight of his wife’s toes curled up as her feet bounced about in the air. It was quite a show, the stoned and drunken husband thought.

The man’s motions became erratic and Luke knew that the bastard, whoever he was, was sperming his wife’s cunt. He stopped thrusting altogether and a few moments later, rolled off to the side. As the two men’s eyes met, there was instant recognition by both men. Luke’s stomach knotted as he looked into the baby face of Jess Baker who was grinning broadly.

“Where ya been, kid?” the big neckless man asked grinning. “After our little talk, I decided, what the hell, I paid for it, so I might as well enjoy it. And let me tell ya, I really enjoyed it. So did the little lady. Yes, siree, ya got a mighty fine piece of ass here, kid, mighty fine.

“Say, ya want sloppy seconds? I’ve been pounding this slut for nearly two hours and she ain’t near ready to quit!”

Baker rose from Luke’s bed and slowly dressed. By that time, Shelly was aware that her husband was home and she sat up to gauge his reaction. She could tell that he was angry, very angry and waited for him to explode into a rage. Baker slipped on his shoes, turned to Shelly and said, “Nice to see you again, whore. I’ll see ya again soon. Promise.”

Buttoning his shirt, Baker slowly approached Luke who was still standing in the doorway. He stopped about a foot from Luke who was standing his ground, still wondering how he could take this guy down. “She’s a fine fuck, boy; mighty fine," the grinning bully taunted. "I’ll see ya Monday at the shop. Now be a good boy and say, ‘Yes, sir,’ and get the fuck out of my way.”

‘Think, think, think,’ Luke was saying to himself. Suddenly his feet were raked out from under him and he hit the floor with a thud. As Baker stepped over him, he made sure that he stepped on Luke’s left hand with his heavy work boot. “Ahhh!” Luke cried out.

“Oh, sorry, boy. I didn’t see ya down there,” Baker said in a parting shot.

Before the front door slammed shut, Shelly was at her husband’s side, nursing his hand. “Are you alright, Luke? Are you alright?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, I’m fine! I’m fine!” he declared while pulling his hand away from his wife.

“He did that on purpose!”

“Ya think?”

“He did. I saw him.”

“Ya have fun with him, Shelly?” Luke asked sourly.

“Yes, I mean… I thought he was a friend of yours from work. I remember seeing him…”

“Seeing him? Ya mean screwing him!”

“He said you owed him and that you told him to come over and to do whatever he wanted with me.”

“Did he? Did he do whatever he wanted to ya?”

“Yes… You mean you didn’t send him over here?”

“No, goddamnit, I didn’t send him over here to screw ya!”

“Oh, Baby, I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I, I didn’t know.”

Luke got to his feet and kicked a pillow across the room. “Aw, shit, Shelly! This should’ve never happened! It’s all my fault! What a fucking mess I’ve made.”

“Why did he say you owed him?”

“I do owe him! Shit!”

“Why do you owe him. Luke?”

“Because I sold yer ass to him for last night; him and his crew. We needed the money and I didn’t think ya mind. I never should of done that. Never!”

“It’s okay, baby. It’s okay. I’m not mad at you, Luke. If you wanted me to do that, I would have done it. You know that.”

“Yeah, I know that! Boy, do I know that!”

“Don’t be angry with me, Luke.”

“I ain’t angry with ya, Shel. I’m angry with myself. Fuck! He’ll be back, ya know.”

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Luke went out back to get some fresh air and to think things over. ‘How am I gonna tell Shelly that I gotta quit my job? How am I gonna tell her that we’re gonna have to move? Move where? Aw, Jesus, I’ve really fucked things up.’

He was nowhere nearer a solution to his problems when Jake poked his head out of the Jenkins’ backdoor. “Hey, Luke! C’mere!”

“I ain’t having no part of that shit, Jake.”

“What are ya talking about?”

“Rape, that’s what!”

“Rape? Who’s raping who? Oh, her! Hey, I ain’t raping her, I’m fucking her. She loves it!”

“Oh, yeah, right!”

Jake frowned and disappeared briefly inside. To Luke’s astonishment, Julia stepped outside completely nude. She didn’t appear to be distraught in the least. He saw Jake poke at her from behind the door and then whisper something in her ear. She turned and asked sweetly, “Luke, would you like a glass of iced tea?”

“Ice tea?”

Jake whispered something else to her. Julia turned and giggling said, “How about if you come inside and I’ll suck your dick?”

“My Lord,” Luke intoned, “if this don’t beat all.”

Luke looked back at his house where his wife was and then looked back at the naked neighbor woman. ‘She ain’t half bad,’ Luke assessed.

“Why, thank ya, kindly, Ma’am," he replied with a smile. "I think I will have a glass of iced tea.” As soon as he said that, she and Jake disappeared inside, leaving the door open for Luke.

The effects of the marijuana had pretty much dissipated, so Luke was fairly sure that he wasn’t just seeing things. As incredible as it was, Julia Jenkins, self-righteous prude and all around nasty neighbor, had in fact come outside nude and asked him if he wanted a blowjob.

“This has been a weird ass day,” he said in wonder. Taking a parting glance back towards his house, Luke crossed the common driveway and entered the Jenkins’ home.

When he stepped inside the kitchen he saw Jake, sitting in a chair with Julia sitting on his lap. They were both obviously naked. “Uh, where’s David?” At the mention of the name of her husband, Julia’s expression turned into one which he was very familiar with.

“I’ll have to pick him up later,” answered Jake. Julia immediately snapped her head around to look at Jake.

“Now, now, now, be good,” Jake said in a soothing voice meant to calm her. “Why don’t ya tell Luke here, about our new arrangement?”

Julia snapped back around to face to Luke and in a strange, almost robotic tone declared, “I’m Jake’s whore… just like your slut wife.”

“Jesus, Jake. What did ya do to her?”

“What all women need and want. Fucked her. Fucked her until she was begging for more. She loves to fuck.

“Don’cha, slut? Now be a good little whore and give our good neighbor here a nice dick sucking.”

Julia immediately moved from Jake’s lap. It wasn’t until she knelt before Luke did he notice that her hands were tied behind her back. Once in position, she looked up a Luke with an expression of anticipation.

“Yer gonna hav’ta help her out, Luke,” stated Jake.

“I ain’t gonna rape her,” replied Luke.

“Who said anything about rape? She’ll suck ya off, willingly.

“Ain’t that right, slut?”

Luke glanced back down at the kneeling and bound woman and saw that her expression had not changed as she looked up at him.

“Look Luke, I’m promising ya, just take yer dick out and she’ll do the raping.”

Luke reasoned that the effects of the powerful weed they had smoked at Horsefly’s trailer was still having a lingering effect. It had been a strange and difficult day for him and he wasn’t at all sure what was real and what he imagined. Finding Jess Baker helping himself to his wife, that seemed real enough, especially considering the throbbing pain that still lingered in his hand. But this whole deal with Julia, Julia the Terrible, it just couldn’t be real… or could it?

“She’s learning what it really means to love thy neighbor,” chuckled Jake. “Now give the lady what she wants, Luke.”

“What the hell,” muttered Luke as he unzipped his jeans and fished out his cock. He really expected her to start screaming, so he was surprised when Julia leaned forward and gobbled up his dick.

“That’s it, slut, suck his dick,” growled Jake as he stretched his barefoot forward and goosed her between the legs. Luke was expecting her to protest the degrading molestation, but she continued to suck and even spread her knees apart to give Jake's foot better access to her cunt.

After a minute or so of apparently toe fucking her, Jake withdrew his foot. Holding his foot up so that Luke could see he said, “Look at how wet she is, Luke. Wet and ready.”

Jake then rose and pulled Julia from Luke’s now hardened pecker. Quickly he positioned her on her knees, hands still tied behind her back with her face pressed sideways against the kitchen floor. A moment later Jake was sliding into her cunt with an exaggerated cartoonish expression of bliss while Julia moaned in approval.

“Man, ya gotta try some of this low mileage pussy, Luke,” the big man said as he fucked the bound woman.

Pulling his glistening rod from the prostrate woman, Jake told Luke, “Now Luke, it’s time ya love yer neighbor like the Good Book says ya should.”

By this time all doubts that Luke had about rape verses consent were gone and he quickly unsnapped and unzipped his jeans. As he kicked is jeans free from his ankles, Jake said, “Look, Julia. Ole Luke here’s gonna give ya some dick, slut. Now just ya relax. Yer pussy was meant to be fucked, so just enjoy the Lord’s greatest gift.” Jake then sat back down to watch his conquest be taken. It especially pleased him that Julia was pushing her hips back as Luke fucked her from behind.

“Be sure and cum in her cunt, Luke. She likes it better that way.”

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Luke was pleased to see Shelly cooking when he returned from the Jenkins. Looking back over her shoulder from the stove and the frying pork chops Shelly asked, “Where have you been?”

“I was just next door.”

“You go to see the baby or its mother?”

“Uh, neither.”

“You’re not angry with me, are you, Luke?” asked Shelly.

“No, baby. I just stepped out to think and Jake called to help him out with something.”

“Oh, okay.”

“Uh, ya ain’t goin’ to the cock fights tonight. Me and Jake took care of that. Roof’s all done and taken care of.”

Seemingly unconcerned with her husband's the good news, Shelly said, “Sheriff came a little while ago while you were gone and returned a few things of mine from Deacon Jones’ police car.”

“What things?” her husbanded asked suspecting that she had been screwing again.

“Well, my dress and my paycheck!” Shelly reached over to the counter, picked up the pay check and handed to her husband.

Luke was about to ask her why her dress was in Deputy Jones’ car, but once he saw the magnitude of her first paycheck, all questions of Shelly out fucking Deacon Jones became irrelevant. Instead he uttered a low whistle and said, “That judge ya work for, he really must like ya.”

“I really think he does. He’s a sweetie.”

“Tell me something, Shel. Are ya planning on leaving me?”

“No! What on earth makes you ask such a question?”

“It just that… well, yer so pretty and all, and everybody wants to screw ya, and I jus’ figured that maybe the Sheriff and ya… ya know?”

“No, I don’t know. Damien likes me and likes to screw me and all, but I don’t think he’s interested in taking me away from you, Luke. For one thing, I have a husband, secondly he’s too busy and…”

“Were ya really there when they shot those two fellas?”

“Yes,” she replied in a whisper.

“They just shot them down like dogs?”

She had tried not to think about everything she had seen, but one thing she did remember… “Those two boys, they fired first, Luke. Sheriff is really upset that they didn’t just give up.”

“It’s just all the rumors I’ve heard about him over the years,” Luke replied. “Are any of those rumors true?”

“I don’t know, Luke. I really don’t know. All I know is that he walked into that bar all alone, just like at P-Willy’s. Everyone in that room was afraid of him. He grabbed me, hauled me outside and no one tried to stop him. Then those boys drove to where he and his men were waiting for them, blocked the road and all the shooting started. They should have just given up.”

“How did ya wind up naked with those two boys?”

“Deacon Jones… He started it. He…” Shelly’s explanation of the events of Friday afternoon was interrupted when Jake strode into the kitchen as if he owned the place.

“Luke, ya need to have Shelly’s ass over at the Quibly’s before eight o’clock.”

Turning to Shelly, he said, “Wear this, slut,” as he tossed a red bikini onto the table.

“What the hell, Jake? We had that all settled,” said Luke.

“We did settle it and ya was there. Ya know the deal.”

“I thought…”

“There ya go, thinkin’ again!” said Jake with a shake of his head.

“But…”

“No buts about it, a deal is a deal and we made a deal today just like the Sheriff wanted. If ya recall, Luke, she won’t be used as a whore tonight after the fights, but she will be in the big show.”

“The show?”

“Yeah, the show. There’s gonna be drawing.”

“Ya said, no dogs, Jake!”

“Ain’t gonna be no dogs, Luke! Shit, didn’t ya hear anything we said? ‘Cause ya certainly gave yer blessings on the deal. Now, she’s gonna be the night’s finale. Ya know, give the crowd a thrill and a chance to win a suck or a fuck… that’s all. No dogs! Shit, what’s with ya today? That’s the deal we made to pay off yer debt on the roof. After the show is over, ya can take her home.

“Now, ya think ya can find yer way out there without getting’ lost? I gotta take care of providing some alternate entertainment, so I can’t drive ya. Is that asking too damned much of ya, Luke?”

“Okay, okay, okay… I just thought…”

“Damn it, Luke. Don’t think. Just do it or the whole fuckin’ deal is off!”

**Chapter 30 - SHOWTIME**

*Room With A View Concludes - With the help of Shelly's admirers, Luke gets a helping hand while Jake makes good on his promises...*

During the ride out into the country to the Quibly “farm”, neither Luke nor Shelly said much. Both were relieved that after tonight, their obligation to the loathsome Quibly clan would be at an end, yet neither were sure that it would be as simple as Jake said it would be.

As Luke pulled to the gate, a bare foot and shirtless boy demanded five dollars to enter. Luke explained as best he could that they weren’t there as spectators. The boy steadfastly demanded the five dollars for entry and parking on the grounds, and wasn’t in the least persuaded by Luke.

Grumbling, “I gotta pay five bucks just to bring my wife here to be fucked,” he dug out a five dollar bill. He handed the money to the scruffy looking kid who then immediately ran to open the gate.

Once he was parked and they were ready to go inside, another boy demanded, “Admission is ten dollars each, Mista.”

“I’m just bringing her to be in the show,” explained Luke.

“Ten dollars each.”

“Look, go get Jetter and he’ll explain it.”

“I ain’t got time to find Uncle Jetter, Mista,” said the boy. “Besides, it ain’t gonna do ya no good. Ten dollars each and no exceptions. That’s PawPaw’s rules and I ain’t getting’ my ass beat for nuttin’!”

Realizing there was no use in arguing with the boy, Luke reluctantly handed over another twenty dollars and then escorted his comely wife, carrying her costume for the evening in a bag, into the arena barn. Luke looked around, trying to figure out where he was supposed to take Shelly and noticed the place was only moderately crowded as the cock fights weren’t to begin for another half hour or so. To his relief, he saw Jake striding up to him.

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"Turn around, cunt." Shelly turned modeling the skimpy red string bikini for the group of men gathered in her makeshift dressing room.

"She's damned near fallin' out of dat thang," observed Uncle Chester.

"Jump up and down fer us," PawPaw demanded. Shelly jumped and the breakaway halter strap gave way allowing the skimpy top to fall away from her tits. A roar of appreciative laughter filled the room.

"Perfect!" commented Jake. "Wha'ya think, Luke?" Knowing he had no say in the matter, Luke shrugged.

"Better do it again, just to make sure," said Jetter. "Let me fix up that top for you, honey.

"That's it. Now, jump."

"Hot damn!" exclaimed PawPaw. "That'll make 'em go wild!"

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Luke sat with Shelly in the makeshift dressing room, making small talk. Outside they could hear the shouts of spectators as the last pair of fighting cocks engaged in the last fight-to-the-death for the night. The shouting rose sharply in intensity and then abruptly died down. The fight was over. It only remained for the young Quibly boys, acting as bookies, to pay off the winning bets.

Minutes passed. Knowing the second half of the show would began soon, Luke's anxiety increased and he fell silent. Jake had assured him that everything would be fine, but the gnawing in his stomach made it clear that he didn't exactly believe Jake. Shelly, she too was anxious, but for different reasons. She worried that her tits might not pop out and therefore ruin the show.

It grew increasingly quiet as the crowd thinned, filing outside before the second half of the show began.

Jake popped in. "Where've ya been?" demanded Luke.

"Taking care of business. In a moment they will be filing back in for tonight's main event. Jetter told me that we should stay in here, Luke, until the crowd comes back in. Dat way we don' have'ta pay to get in again."

Turning to Shelly, Jake asked, "Are ya ready, cunt?"

"I'm ready."

"Remember, ya got to play the game, no matter how it turns out."

"I will, Jake. I will."

Running his hand up inside her thigh to her nearly exposed vulva Jake implored, "Make it a good show, Shelly. Make it something for these hicks to remember. I'm counting on ya to act like the total whore you are."

"I said, I would, Jake."

"Good. Now be sure and have fun."

"Uh, you're making me wet."

"Ya just might need it, cunt" Jake replied with a grin.

Outside they heard the first voices of the crowd filing back in. Soon, the noise increased to a boisterous level. Jake removed his hand from Luke's wife's juicing cunt.

"Com'on, Luke. Time fer us to find us a seat."

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"That punk's gonna wish he'd never been born," groused Jess Baker into his seventh can of beer for the evening. His foul-tempered demeanor changed momentarily when he thought of his afternoon screw with the punk's gorgeous wife and how he had humiliated the kid as he left for home.

"Hope I broke his fucking hand," he muttered vindictively.

"Then again, maybe not," he added realizing that if he had broken Luke's hand that Luke wouldn't be at work on Monday, ruining his plans for the kid and that just wouldn't do. He took another swig, emptied the can and crushed it in his work hardened hand. Standing to get himself another cold brew from the fridge, he was stopped by a knocking at the front door.

Glancing at a clock he saw that it was almost 9 PM and groused, "Who the fuck is that?" The knocking continued, but more forcefully.

"Shit fuck! I'm coming! I'm coming!" he shouted.

Opening the door, he saw Sheriff Reed illuminated by his porch light. "Jess Barker?" the imposing lawman asked.

"Yeah, what's it to you?"

Reed presented Baker with some papers. Baker took the papers, glanced at them and asked, "What's this all about?"

"That's a restraining order issued by Judge Horace Mecom thirty minutes ago. You are not to come within twenty five feet of either Luke Blalock nor his wife, Shelly Mattox Blalock."

"The fuck you say?" snarled the inebriated bully as he swayed in the doorway.

"I do say. I suggest that if you value your freedom, you will comply with this order. Be sure your men know that if they harass the Blalock's in anyway, I will hold you directly responsible. If I hear one complaint, you'll be cooling your heels in my jail."

"Fuck you," snarled Baker an instant before he fell forward onto the Sherriff.

On Monday morning, Sherriff Reed would testify in court that after lawfully serving Jess Baker court papers, Baker lunged at him. For assaulting a police officer, Baker would receive 180 days in the county jail.

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Mingling with the crowd, Luke bumped into his father and Jonah Williams. "Pa!" Luke exclaimed, "What are ya doin' here?"

"Jonah and me, we're celebrating!" his pa explained. "Who's yer friend?"

"Uh, Pa this is Jake Stringer. Jake..."

"I've heard about you," J.D. Blalock said reaching out to shake Jake's hand. "From what I hear, ya got a big dick and know what's for," laughed J.D.

"Celebrating? Celebrating what?" interrupted Luke.

"We've got Lynette fixed up. Come graduation in a few weeks, she's gettin' hitched!"

"Hitched? Ya mean married? Married to who?"

"Me!"

"You? Yer marryin' Lynette?"

"Girl needs a husband. Can't marry Bobby Ray, jus' wouldn't be right... or legal. Still, her baby's gonna need a daddy. I need a wife. Don't worry, boy, yer welcome to come over and dip yer wick in her whenever ya like."

Astonished at what he'd just heard, Luke asked, "What about the Widow Tinsley? I thought you two were sweet on each other."

"We are," replied J.D. "So is the Widow and Jonah. Jonah's needs a wife too, and he's gonna marry her. Really changes nuttin', but maybe it'll stop the old hens' tongues from wagging; then again, maybe not," laughed Luke's pa.

"Now why don't ya boys come join us? I hear it's gonna be a really good show tonight. They've got this goat, they've trained..."

"I think we ought to go, Pa."

"The hell ya say? I ain't goin' nowhere. Now don't tell me ya wouldn't want to see a goat fuckin'..."

Luke didn't hear what else his pa said, but turned on Jake. "Ya promised, Jake! Damn it, ya promised!"

"Relax, Luke," his neighbor. "Nothin' bad is gonna happen."

Grabbing his son by the arm, J.D. hauled him away saying, "C'mon, before all the good seats are taken."

Seated between his pa and Jake in the wooden bleachers overlooking the small arena, Luke was in a state. The news Jake had conveyed to him earlier about the impending restraining order on Jess Baker had been a huge relief, but how could he ever explain to his pa what was about to happen? 'A goat? A fuckin' goat?' he lamented silently to himself. He had to stop it, but how?

PawPaw Quibly strode out into the arena. Holding up his hands, the noisy crowd grew silent. Luke wanted to puke. Tapping on the microphone he held in his hand, and confident the volume was correct, he spoke, the PA system booming with, "How are ya fuckers doin' tonight?"

"YEAH!!!!!!" roar the enthusiastic crowd.

"We got a very special show for you fellows tonight," PawPaw said, "compliments of Jake Stringer.

Jake, take a bow!"

The crowd hooted it up as Jake stood beaming and waved. When Jake sat, Luke noticed a big black fellow sitting next to him. He looked familiar to Luke, but couldn't quite place him.

"Tonight, we're gonna play a new game, Man or Beast," announced PawPaw. "We got us a new fangled wheel of fate, and I'm sure yer all gonna love it."

With that flabby Bubba came strolling out buck naked. The crowd, familiar with the simpleton, hooted and laughed it up, speculating on what sordid degrading act PawPaw had in store for him. As Bubba paraded around the arena pumping his fist in the air, two shirtless and barefoot boys scurried out carrying a slanted bench of some sort. They set it down in the center and then ran out. Those familiar with the show, including Luke, had seen that bench before, it was used in conjunction with the dogs.

When the noise died down, PawPaw said, "Jetter! Bring out tonight's first contestant."

All eyes went to small door in the arena's wooden wall. Luke couldn't look and cast his eyes down. The door opened out came Jetter and Uncle Chester, frog marching a small man dressed in only his tightie-whitie underwear.

"What the fuck is this all about?" asked J.D.

Luke raised his head to see what his pa was talking about. He could hardly believe his eyes. It was his neighbor, the weasel. Relieved that it wasn't Shelly they had brought out, he asked with a laugh, "What the fuck?"

"Ya know how this game is played?" PawPaw asked a mortified David Jenkins.

"No," he replied in a whisper.

PawPaw hit him upside the head with his open hand. "Ah already explained it to ya before the show! So, answer the damned question! Do ya know how to play this game?"

Afraid he'd be swatted again, David meekly replied, "Yes."

"That's better. Now explain to these good folks what the bet is."

"If I win, I get a thousand dollars." An audible gasp went up from the crowd. Never before had a prize of that magnitude been offered.

"And if ya lose," prompted PawPaw, "ya lose... Lose big. Ain't that right?"

"Yes."

"Which color do you chose? Red or blue?"

"Uh, blue," David chose.

"Blue, ya win, red ya lose," clarified PawPaw. "Now spin the wheel."

Back stage, Jetter threw a switch on the control board of the new wheel. David spun the wheel. The wheel itself was very plain and had nothing written on it. Lights above the click-clacking wheel flashed in an apparently random manner. As the wheel slowed the flashing lights slowed. The slower it got, the more the anticipation rose. What would it be? Win or Lose? When the wheel finally stopped, the lights were red. The hubbub of the crowd reflected a mixture of disappointment and glee that the contestant had lost.

"I'm sorry," PawPaw unctuously declared, "but ya lose. Now, loose the panties, pal. Let's see what ya got." David hesitated.

PawPaw's previously benign demeanor turned dark. "Ya knew the rules and ya agreed to play. Ya sure as hell was eager to take my money if ya won, but ya lost. So, loose 'em!"

To PawPaw's delight, David lowered his drawers to his ankles without being forced. It was best if David did it willingly.

"Okay, now that yer ass is naked, take another spin to see what perverted sex act yer gonna perform."

David looked pleadingly at PawPaw, but found no sympathy. It wasn't supposed to be this way, the odds were in his favor, or at least that was what he was told and what he believed.

"Spin the wheel," PawPaw growled. David looked about for an escape, but there was none. After a swat to the head, David spun the wheel for a second time.

The lights above the click-clacking wheel began flashing. When the wheel stopped, the word, "CORNHOLE" was displayed in lights. David wanted to crawl into a hole.

"Before ya get butt fucked, buddy, what's yer name?"

Knowing that he'd be swatted again if he didn't quickly answer, and without thinking, David blurted out, "David."

"David Jenkins?" PawPaw said revealing his identity to everyone. "You own a bookstore in town. Ain't that right?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"What kind of bookstore?"

"I, uh..."

"The Holy Word?"

"Yes." The crowd mirthfully roared. It was then that David realized that after this night was over, he'd never be able to show his face in town again. "Oh, my lord!" he whispered in anguish.

"Grease him up, Bubba!" commanded Bubba's father.

"That is unless ya want it bone dry," PawPaw added.

Bubba waddled over and behind David. Jetter came out and handed him a bottle of lube. Bubba squirted a copious amount of lube onto his hand. David jumped when Bubba ran his wet hand up his butt crack.

"Be still," directed PawPaw as Bubba molested David for the amusement of the crowd. After a minute or so of publically abusing David, a laughing Bubba was told that that was enough. The moron pulled his fingers from David's ass. Once again Bubba paraded around the area making a great show of lubricating his dick for the next phase of the show.

"Ya ready to be fucked in ass?" PawPaw asked to the great amusement of the assembly. "So, what's it to be, man or beast?"

David, his throat dry and parched, was quite unable to speak at all. "Take another spin, David. Blue and Bubba will do ya. Red and... the beast."

Without any enthusiasm, spun the wheel for the third time. When the wheel was about to stop, blue showed for long pregnant moment, then flipped to red.

David cried out, "Nooooooo!" He tried to run, but there was nowhere to run to. As he madly ran about the arena, Jetter took a lasso and roped him like a calf, the loop of rope falling down his body. At just the right moment, Jetter jerked on the rope, the lasso closed about his legs and David fell with a thud naked in the dirt. The crowd loved it.

Uncle Chester ran to assist Jetter in hauling David to the slanted bench in the middle of the arena, where he was placed face down, butt up and tied securely into place. David was mortified at the prospect of a dog raping his ass, but he was helpless to prevent it. He heard a cheer from the crowd. Looking up, he saw the animal trot into the arena. Something just wasn't right, David, realized. He'd never seen a dog like that before. Then he noticed the horns. It wasn't a dog at all, it was a billy goat! "Noooooooooooo," he cried out plaintively, but no one came to his aid and rescue.

The goat trotted about the arena, somewhat confused by all the noise. Then it heard the command, "Mount!" Conditioning kicked in. Seeing the upturned bare buttocks, he trotted over and as he had been trained, mounted. With unerring aim, the billy goat's prong penetrated the soft warm hole, accompanied by a howling cry that filled every corner of the arena.

"Holy fuck!" exclaimed J.D.. He was as stunned as everyone else in the place. Soon though, surprise turned to glee at the plight of the poor bastard being fucked by a goat. A steady stomping began, in sync with the goat's thrusts.

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The crowd cheered as David, his ordeal over, was helped from the arena. Passing out of the arena through the door, he passed his wife who spat upon him.

"Okay, folks," PawPaw announced as the bench was removed. "Ever'body should have a ticket. Keep it handy fer the first drawin' of tonight."

He then turned to the door in the wall and announced, "For your pleasure, I present, Julia!"

Julia, mortified by what Jake required her to do, was shoved through the door and into the arena. Despite the robe she wore, she felt very exposed. It didn't help that she was unaccustomed to the high heels she wore. Like a frightened animal, she huddled closed to the now closed door.

PawPaw waved to her. "Com'on over here, darling. Nobody's gonna bite ya. Now, come here."

Knowing that she was to unquestioningly obey PawPaw's orders, she wobbled unsteadily towards him standing next to the wheel.

"This here's Jake's special whore," PawPaw announced causing Julia to cringe. "She's gonna be with us for the next few weeks for the drawing and she'll be available for after hour entertainment in the back room."

Turning to Julia, he said, "You're overdressed, darling. Why don't ya show the boys yer body?"

With trembling hands, she untied the belt holding the robe closed. From behind, PawPaw assisted her by pulling the robe off her shoulders. He paused for a moment with her boobs and pussy on display to the hooting crowd. Then he removed it completely, leaving her totally naked save for the high heels she wore. As his hands slid from behind to caress her breasts, Julia closed her eyes. It was easier to shut out the crowd of leering men and just enjoy the feel of the roaming hands on her breasts. A hand left her tit and slid lower to rub her momentarily between the legs.

PawPaw sniffed his fingers and then held up his hand and declared, "She's all wet, boys. Wet and ready. Are you ready?"

"YEAH!!!!"

"Wanna buy an extra ticket or two to improve yer odds?" Shirtless boys quickly moved through the crowd selling extra tickets for five dollars a pop. Once everyone had an opportunity to buy extra tickets, the game continued. A minute or so later, Jetter brought out a glass bowl with all the ticket stubs.

"Now, darling, seeing that it's you who just might get fucked here in a few minutes, you should draw for who gets that honor." PawPaw held the bowl up high. "Go on, pick a winner."

Julia reached into the bowl, closed her eyes and picked a ticket. PawPaw took it from her hand and read, "Five... seven... six..." The already-eliminated groaned in disappointment. "Two..." Julia heard a scattering of 'Aw, fucks'. "Five!"

"I won!" came a shout from Luke's far left. He looked and saw a man dressed in denim overalls standing and waving his winning ticket in the air.

"Come on down!" called out PawPaw. As the winner made it through the crowd, he was jostled about in a friendly manner. He made it to the ground and moments later he was in the arena, standing before the naked whore, his disbelieving eyes feasting upon her nudity and charms.

"Ya ever played this game before?" asked PawPaw.

"Ahs seen it, but I ain't ackchuly played it."

"Then you know how it's played?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name, farmer?"

"Clem."

"Well, Clem, good luck to ya. Take a spin."

With an energetic pull, the wheel was sent spinning rapidly, the lights flashing madly above. When the wheel finally stopped, the lights spelled out, "BLOWJOB". The crowd hooted their approval.

"Help the man out of his clothes, Julia," PawPaw instructed.

With trembling hands she unhooked the shoulder straps of the bibbed overalls, then she peeled the denim garment down to his knees. Next she unbuttoned and removed his plaid shirt. Kneeling before him, Julia pulled the man's boxer shorts down. She was now face to face with the semi-flaccid uncut organ of a man she never met before. It was a nice dick, she thought. Not too big, certainly not as big as Horsefly's or even Jake's, but much larger than the pathetic excuse for a dick that her loathsome husband sported. She took it in her cool hands and began to fondle it. Immediately it began to swell in her hands. Putting what she was doing and where she was doing it, out of her mind, she leaned forward and planted a kiss on the still covered head.

Pulling back, she looked up, like Jake had instructed her to do and smiled at the wide eyed man whose weather beaten face peered down at her.

"Suck it! Suck it! Suck it!" the cant began accompanied by a stomping of the feet. Julia, realizing that as Jake's whore, her destiny henceforth was to suck men's dicks, lots of men's dicks. Tuning out the growing din, just as she tuned out her squabbling kids, she slid her lips over the nearly erect strange prick.

'Hmmm, yes,' she thought. 'I like this. I like this a lot.' There wasn't even the faintest peep from the old Julia.

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Having brought Clem to completion, Julia savored his flavor and laid several kisses on his testicles. Standing, she looked him the eye and asked, "Will I see you after the show?"

"Yes, Ma'am! Ya shore gonna see me again t'night. Yes, indeed."

"Good. You have a nice dick."

"Yes, Ma'am!" he politely replied. It will cost him he knew, but she was worth the expense. "My wife kin do widout shoes fer a'nutter week," he added.

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Julia, feeling liberated and brazen, walked around the edge of the arena, blowing kisses and giving every man a closer look at her charms.

Eager to be the first in line in the back room with her, several men stood up. PawPaw saw what was happening. It pleased him to no end as dollar signs danced before his eyes, but he also knew that there was more money to be made if he got them to stay for Shelly's show.

Without waiting for Julia to leave the ring, he quickly called out, "Bring Shelly out here, Jetter!" The men who were leaving, thinking the show was over, stopped and looked towards the door. A moment later, the door flew open, and out strutted Shelly stuffed in her too little red bikini, confidently smiling and waving to the crowd while concentrating on remaining upright in her slut-shoes. With each pronounced practiced step, her exposed ass cheeks flexed and her jiggling tits bounced threatening to cause the halter strap to give way.

"Yoooooweeee!!!!" the gathered men hooted. "Shake those titties! WhoooWhooo! What an ass! WhoooWhooo! I'd fuck that! Yoooooweeee!!!!" "

Pleased with the effect she had on men, Shelly soaked up the whistles and cat calls. The stomping began again in earnest.

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J.D. turned to his son. "Holy shit! Is that our Shelly? Son of a bitch!"

Jake turned and spoke across Luke to Jake's pa. "That's one fine piece of meat, eh, J.D.?"

"Ya got that right, boy!" the older man declared. "Look'it them titties bounce! Makes a man hard!"

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Shelly made the rounds twice. A storm of wadded up dollar bills rained down into the ring to the shouts of "Take it off! Take it off!" PawPaw could hardly believe the reception.

After her third circuit, she stopped next to PawPaw in front of the wheel and struck up several poises. It took several minutes for the noise to die down. Judging the moment to be right PawPaw said into the mike, "Shelly, you're one fine woman!

"How about it, boys"

The roar was deafening.

PawPaw held up his hands to quiet the rowdies. When it did, he asked, "Shelly, are you ready to play our game?"

With exaggerated enthusiasm, Shelly clapped her hands and jumped up and down. The halter strap gave way allowing her big bouncing tits to fall out of the top. The crowd went wild. It was a near riot and PawPaw knew he had the suckers. She stopped jumping and PawPaw slid a hand around to cup a bare breast.

"These hooters are fer real, boys. Who wants a feel?"

With all the stomping, Luke was getting concerned that the rickety bleachers might collapse.

PawPaw held his hand up again and the noise died down. "Now all you boys have already had a chance to fuck Julia. If ya want a chance to fuck this big titted honey, ya gots to buy another ticket." A loud groan filled the air. On cue, the shirtless boys all held up rolls of green tickets.

PawPaw reached around her hips and with a flourish down pulled the bows that kept her bottoms in place. "Just five measly dollars for a chance to go heaven tonight," PawPaw said as he pulled the tiny garment from between her legs. "Be generous, boys. This fine piece of ass has a sick mamma who needs an operation. Whose gonna help her out?"

Jonah turned to J.D. and said, "I didn't know the Reverend's wife was sick." J.D. looked at his friend. Both men roared in laughter.

Nudging his son, J.D. laughed, "I can get that for free, but what the hell, I think I'll buy five tickets."

"Save your money, J.D.," Jake said. So that no one could over hear him, Jake gathered J.D. and Luke in close. "The fix is in." Then he handed Luke a green ticket. "Now don't go and lose this."

Luke understood immediately. "Thanks, Jake. You're a true friend."

By the time Luke looked back, PawPaw had completely relieved her of her bikini top and she was once again parading around the ring, displaying the exceptional quality of what she had to offer.

At long last, PawPaw had extracted every dollar he could and called for the bowl of tickets. A hush fell over the arena as Shelly, smiling broadly, reached up and selected a ticket. PawPaw took the ticket and read out the first three numbers. "Eight... three... five."

Luke wasn't paying attention to the disappointed groans, his attention was on the ticket Jake had slipped him. Eight, three, five.

"Four!" announced PawPaw.

Sure enough the next number on Luke's ticket was a four. 'Could I fuck her right here in front of everyone?' he thought. 'Hell, yes!'

"One!"

Luke stared down at his ticket. There had to be some mistake. The last number on his ticket was a seven.

"Ah won! Ah won! Ah won!"

Luke looked up to see the black who had been sitting quietly by Jake, jumping up and down, waving his green ticket. Suddenly it dawned on him where he'd seen this guy before. It was earlier in the day. Jake had introduced him, they all got stoned and then at Jake's order, the big black buck stripped off what clothes he had on, lay down and stroked himself until he came. "Holy shit!" Luke exclaimed as he remembered the horse dick this guy had... and when he came, he came in buckets.

"Ah won! Ah won! Ah won!" Horsefly shouted trying his best to make it seem that it was truly spontaneous.

The crowd of mostly white men fell silent in disbelief.

Luke grabbed Jake's arm. "I thought... I thought..."

"How many times do I hav'ta tell ya, Luke, don't think, just do what I tell ya to do."

"But he... he can't fuck her!"

"Who says he's gonna fuck her? I already told ya, the fix is in. Now relax, buddy. Ole Jake's got things well in hand. He's just gonna jack off on her tits. Trust me."

"I don't know, Jake."

"I took care of that Jess Baker guy, didn't I? Hell, ya gotta have more faith in yer friends."

Mollified, Luke turned his attention back to the ring. J.D. now grabbed his arm. "She ain't gonna fuck that nigger, is she?"

"No, Pa. Jake's got it under control."

"He's one big son of a bitch," J.D. added.

"Ya don' know the half of it, Pa. Guy's gotta a dong that long! And I ain't exaggerating."

"How ya know'd that?"

"Long story, Pa. But, you'll see soon enough."

They watched as Horsefly entered the ring, smiling broadly and showing off his gleaming teeth while pumping his massive fists in the air. There was a smattering of clapping from the bleachers.

PawPaw looking up at the big black commented, "You're one big son of a bitch," to subdued laughter. "What's yer name?"

"Hoss."

"Well, Hoss, are ya as big where it counts as ya are everywhere else?"

"Yes, suh!"

"Well, show us and show the lady what ya got, boy."

"I ain't yer boy," the hulking black growled.

"No offense intended," PawPaw apologized. "Ya can't do nuttin' with her with all yer clothes on, so.... let's see it."

Like Jake had told him, he slowly pulled his t-shirt over his head, discarding it in the dirt. He managed to kick off his work boots without using his hands. Then he untied the rope holding his pants up, unzipped and lowered his trou. A gasp went up as his enormous prick came into view. Not being let in on the fix, Shelly's look of surprise was genuine.

"Mother fucker!"

"Son of a bitch!" And other exclamations came from the astonished crowd.

"Do you know how this game is played, Hoss?"

"Ah, spins da wheel. Den I do her."

"Close. You only get to do what comes up on the wheel."

"Ah can't read all dat good, Mista, so ya gots ta hep me out."

"No problem, Hoss. Now spin the wheel."

Hoss took a spin and when the wheel stopped, all the lights were out. "Wha da fuck?"

"You get a bonus spin, Hoss! Two tries. Spin it again."

Luke looked to Jake. "What's going on?"

"I'm not sure," Jake replied.

Hoss spun again. When the wheel stopped, the lights read "BLOWJOB".

Luke turned to Jake. "Ya said..."

"Son of a bitch! This ain't what we agreed to, Luke. Fuckin' double crossin' bastards!"

Alarmed at the turn of events, Luke pleaded, "He's got another spin after this, Jake! Ya gotta stop this!"

"I can't stop it now," Jake told him while struggling to keep a straight face.

'This is payback, buddy.' Jake said to himself. 'Ya should've brought her to the warehouse the other day so he could fuck her or none of this would be happening now.'

Shelly, hefting the huge organ, had never felt anything that heavy before. 'It must weigh five pounds,' she judged. The black iridescent python began to grow in her hand. 'My god, how am I gonna fit that in my mouth. Lord! It's getting even bigger!'

As it grew harder and harder, the fore skin rolled back to reveal a light brown cock crown. But, no amount of blood or hydraulic pressure could get a dick that size to stand up, so that it drooped when fully erect.

Someone shouted out, "Suck it!" He was joined by another, "Suck it!" A chant began, "Suck it! Suck it!" more and more joined in. "Suck it! Suck it!" The stomping began. Soon the noise was deafening. BAM! BAM! BAM! "SUCK IT! SUCK IT! SUCK IT!" BAM! BAM! BAM! "SUCK IT! SUCK IT! SUCK IT!" BAM! BAM! BAM! "SUCK IT! SUCK IT! SUCK IT!" BAM! BAM! BAM!

Encouraged by the crowd and intrigued with the huge organ, Shelly leaned forward and took as much of his glans into her mouth as she could. Soon the cock was seeping pre-cum, copious quantities of pre-cum. Shelly loved the taste of pre-cum and she greedily lapped it all up, but unlike all the other men she'd been with, the pre-cum kept coming, flowing freely to the delight of the pretty cum slut sucking away at the huge dick. She could never get the entire silky smooth cockhead in her mouth at one time, but she did know where the most sensitive parts were.

Horsefly gasped at what the white whore was doing to his dick. Never before had he gotten a blowjob like this one. Even black girls with bigger mouths didn't do as good as this white girl. She knew right where to lick and nibble.

He began squirming, almost dancing as Shelly sucked his big black dick. Then with a bellowing roar that drowned out the other noise, he came.

The force and sheer quantity of spermy cum shooting into her mouth took Shelly by surprise and she nearly choked on it. She swallowed, but not quick enough and the excess slimy fluid flowed from her mouth and dripped onto her big breasts. Struggling to contain the first massive load, she was totally unprepared to handle the second copious thick gout and let it spew into her face. For the third bountiful pulse she was ready and sealed her lips around the tip of his cock and took the relatively smaller load with ease. Maintaining her puckered seal on the spouting organ, she relished the fluids delivered by the remaining and diminishing ejaculatory pulses.

When he stopped cumming, she rocked back, her face and tits covered in thick whitish clots of goo. As she admired the great prick, she noticed that it didn't go soft right away, but maintained a full load of blood as it took a while to drain. As unfamiliar as she was with a dick like this, Horsefly was very cognizant of his physiology. Without being coaxed, he reached back and took his second spin. Jake had promised him that he could fuck the big titted blonde beauty tonight and he was determined to do just that. The wheel stopped. "FUCK" lit up.

The crowd began hooting and stomping all over again. "FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!" BAM! BAM! BAM! "FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!" BAM! BAM! BAM! "FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!" BAM! BAM! BAM! "FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!" BAM! BAM! BAM!

Needing no encouragement from the rowdy crowd, he bent down a picked Shelly up as if she were a child. By one hand on her back, he held her to his broad muscular chest. Her legs wrapped around him for support. With his free hand he directed his still turgid prick to the juncture of her legs. Shelly felt the big head press between her slippery pussy lips. She opened up. He let her slip down and mechanics and gravity did the rest. Shelly threw her head back, her eyes rolling into the back other head as the big black's dick abruptly penetrated and stretched her pussy like never before.

With her fully impaled on his dick, it was much easier to hold her and move her up and down on his massive prong. Walking the perimeter of the ring, he displayed his prize and fucked her on his dick.

"God damn," exclaimed Luke's pa. "I'd never have believed it! Fuck her, boy! Fuck that slut! That's it, make those tits bounce!"

Luke looked to his pa and found him totally into the brutal public fucking of his big titted daughter-in-law by a huge black guy. Just moments before he thought he'd be disowned, but now he realized that his old man was into the vulgar ravaging just as much as any other leering man there.

It was a show that would be talked about for years to come.

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Eight months later, after a hard week of campaigning, with the top down on her red BMW convertible, her blonde hair blowing in the unseasonably warm breeze. Shelly pulled in front of her house. She raised the Ralph Lauren sunglasses to get a true sense of her newly painted house. Rather than a monotonous boring white, the old house was now festooned in multiple colors, as it would have been when first built. The old place never looked so good. Pleased with colors, she pulled into the drive they shared with Julia Jenkins and her new live-in "boyfriend".

Julia, her tummy bloated with child, looked up and paused sweeping her front porch to wave. Behind her, standing in the doorway was Horsefly, barefoot and shirtless as usual, who waved to his pretty blonde neighbor. Checking out the big black and remembering when, Shelly briefly wondered whatever became of Julia's wimpy husband.

Driving further up the drive, she saw Julia's three bratty kids, darting across the driveway bare butt from their backdoor and across her backyard. Shelly smiled, knowing where the naked kids were headed, to Auntie Toni's hot tub.

She parked behind Luke's new truck and carrying her expensive designer purse, she entered into her kitchen. "Luke! I'm home, Baby!" she called out. There was no reply, so she made her way into the bedroom. She paused and admired the new wallpaper, the big new bed with the mirrors in the canopy and the big wide open windows.

Shirtless, Luke appeared in doorway. "Hi'ya, cunt," he greeted with a grin. "Ya got any of that sweet pussy left for me?"

With a sultry smile, she squatted and her two Ben Wah balls clanked to the floor. The spectacle always amused her handsome husband. "I'm all yours for the weekend, baby," she cooed peeling off her top and freeing her unrestrained tits. Stepping up to her husband, she rubbed her bare tits into his bare chest.

"I'm real happy to see ya, baby," the young husband said as he took his voluptuous hot-assed wife in his arms. "Ole Jake's gonna be happy to see ya too.

"He always is," she replied with a grin.

THE END of

ROOM WITH A VIEW