**Tiffany Tantrum**

By[JackandJilldo](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1234952&page=submissions)©

**Tiffany Tantrum Pt. 01**

A few years back, my girlfriend of seven years and I split up. It wasn't anything bad; we just found ourselves going in different directions and came to the mutual decision that we should part company on good terms. On that note, we stay in touch and I do with her family as well, even though they all live about eight hundred miles away. In fact, I still refer to them as my in-laws. Her brother Bobby and I still act like brothers ourselves, calling each other for support when a trusted guy friend is needed. So it was because of the latter that he called me at wit's end one evening, ranting and raving about his own longtime girlfriend, Tiffany.  
  
Tiffany! I never liked her. She was obnoxious to say the least; always interrupting and continuously sarcastic to Bobby and everyone else. She was also prone to tirades and fits of rage, hence her nickname among the family as Tiffany Tantrum. I wasn't the only one who didn't like her either. No one else in the family could stand her attitude, either. Even her own family had told her if he kicked her out, she could not stay with any of them. She would literally have no place to go. Finally, I got a call around nine o'clock one night, as I was finishing a binge watch of a series I had recorded on DVR.  
  
"Hey Brother!" I greeted him, as I saw the caller ID on my phone. "What's up?"  
  
"I can't take her anymore!" Bobby said desperately. "I'm driving around right now, trying to cool off. I'm ready to fucking kill her!"  
  
I certainly understood. My ex wife was the same way. After a particular night of her shit, I got up the next morning and packed all of my stuff while she was at work. When she came home, the house was nearly empty and there was a note on the kitchen table.  
  
"That was smart." I responded. "The last thing you need is for the cops to show up at your house."  
  
"Yeah, I know!" he replied. "Wouldn't look too good for a domestic at another cop's house, would it?"  
  
Bobby had been on the town's police department for nearly eleven years and he was well-respected. While his fellow officers were well aware of Tiffany's outbursts, if a call were made, they would have to answer it and under that state's law, one of them would have to be arrested for domestic violence. While these laws were probably created with the best of intentions in mind for serious cases, they were absolute bullshit when it came to a simple dispute.  
  
"I just can't take it anymore." Bobby repeated. "If I don't get her out of my house, something bad is going to happen."  
  
"Well then, let's figure this out." I said, as I stood up and began pacing up and down the hall. "You've been living together for a long time. Can you kick her out like that, or is she covered under like a renter or something?"  
  
"She never changed the address on her driver's license or voter registration card." Bobby replied. "So technically, she does not live at my house. I can have the local sheriff remove her."  
  
"Good!" I exclaimed. "That's what you need to do then."  
  
"But she has nowhere else to go." Bobby sighed. "As much as I hate her, I can't put her on the street. It's not in my blood. I became a police officer to help people, Jack."  
  
"Then help yourself for once." I admonished him. "Look, nobody will take her in, right? Not her own family; none of her friends?"  
  
"No. They all know what it's like to be around her."  
  
"Then she has two choices." I stated. "Let her pick."  
  
"What's the other one?" Bobby inquired in a puzzled tone. "No one else will take her."  
  
"I will." I said casually.  
  
"What?! Are you out of your mind?"  
  
"Not all." I replied. "Your hands are tied as a cop in a large town. Here, it's a small town and people look the other way over certain things. Remember what you went through in Basic Training?"  
  
"Of course!" my brother-in-law answered. "That fucker was a total prick."  
  
"Exactly." I said with a smile. "And that is exactly what Miss Tiffany Tantrum needs right now."  
  
"She'd never go for it!" Bobby exclaimed. "She can't handle authority."  
  
"And that," I replied, "is one more 'exactly.' I'll break that bitch down until she's in so many pieces that she'll be begging for guidance. And I will be there to give it to her."  
  
"You really think you can control her?" Bobby asked dubiously. "I mean, she's not just a bitch. She's THE bitch, and that's 'Miss Bitch' to everyone else."  
  
"I can handle her." I said confidently. "I'll offer her the deal in front of you and the deputy."  
  
"Frere Jacques, if you want her, you can have her." Bobby stated. "She's all yours."  
  
The next morning, I started the long drive to New York to implement my plan. Tiffany had never been properly disciplined as a child, and had carried her spoiled brat mentality into adulthood. She had never held a job - not that she could anyway - because Bobby had taken her in right out of high school. Ten years later, it was time she had a taste of the real world; with real world consequences that resulted from her actions.  
  
I checked into a motel and called Bobby to let him know I had arrived.  
  
"I stopped by the courthouse this morning and filed the paperwork." he said. "The sheriff happened to be there and we had a long talk. Two deputies will be there at 9:00 AM to evict her."  
  
"I'll be there at a quarter 'til." I replied.  
  
Bobby snorted good naturedly on the other end of the line.  
  
"I love the way you say that down South." he laughed.  
  
"And I suppose you think 'quarter of' is appropriate?" I countered. "A quarter of what?"  
  
"I know. You've made your point." Bobby chortled. "I'll see you in the morning."  
  
I arrived at my brother-in-law's house at 8:45 AM, and knocked on the front door with a shave and a haircut knock, despite the fact there was a perfectly good doorbell button to push. I heard some rustling inside the house and a call of, "I'll get it!" from within. A few seconds later the door opened, and Bobby smiled broadly.  
  
"Hey Brother!" he said exuberantly.  
  
I stepped inside, and we shook hands and hugged.  
  
"Hey yourself!" I burst out, loud enough for Tiffany to overhear. "How the hell have you been?"  
  
I followed Bobby into the living room, and we parked our asses on the sofa.  
  
"Thank God you're here." he whispered. "She's already started her shit. I'm 35 years old and my temples are getting gray! I can't take it anymore."  
  
"It'll be over shortly." I said quietly. "Just hang in there."  
  
About that time, Tiffany entered the room. She looked me up and down and then huffed disapprovingly. She knew I didn't like her, and the feeling was mutual on her end as well.  
  
"What are you doing in my house?" she demanded. "You're not a part of this family anymore. Why do you still come back here?"  
  
I smiled at her as I mulled over in my mind that in five more minutes, neither was she.  
  
"I'm more a part of this family than you will ever be." I replied smugly. "At least my in-laws like me."  
  
"Bullshit!" Tiffany bellowed. "Get out of my house!"  
  
"He's not going anywhere!" Bobby said authoritatively. "This is MY house, not yours."  
  
Tiffany backed off slightly at his admonishment. It was the first time I had seen him stand up to her, and she was clearly taken aback at the rebuke.  
  
"Then at least take your shoes off." she said sullenly. "You know I don't like people wearing shoes in here."  
  
"I'm not taking my shoes off." I responded casually. "Your house is a disgusting mess. You never vacuum or clean the carpets. If I took my shoes off, I would get my socks all dirty and then put them inside my clean shoes and ruin them? No thanks."  
  
"I said, take your fucking shoes off, you fucking redneck bastard!" Tiffany screamed. "This is MY fucking house, you fucking piece of shit!"  
  
As if on cue, there were three loud knocks on the front door.  
  
"Sheriff's Office! Open up!"  
  
Tiffany looked at Bobby accusingly.  
  
"What the fuck have you done now?" she demanded. "You're the most useless excuse of a cop I've ever seen."  
  
"Why don't you answer the door and find out?" I suggested, with a huge smirk on my face.  
  
"Fuck off!" Tiffany retorted.  
  
She strode over to the door and jerked it open, revealing two uniformed deputies.  
  
"Tiffany Riviccio?" one of the deputies inquired.  
  
"Y-yesss." Tiffany stammered.  
  
"By order of the County Sheriff, you are hereby ordered to evacuate these premises immediately." the deputy informed her. "You have fifteen minutes to take what you can. The rest of your possessions will be boxed up and sent to your new location."  
  
"W-what?!" Tiffany gasped.  
  
"He means that you are no longer welcome in MY house, Tiffany!" Bobby burst out.  
  
I could see the freedom in his eyes, and I heard in his voice, a clarity that I had not heard before in Tiffany's presence.  
  
"I want you out of my house!" Bobby yelled. "I've put up with your shit for years! I'm done! Get the fuck out of my house!"  
  
Tiffany stood silent for a moment, before her rage kicked in. She headed straight for Bobby and kicked him square in the balls. He fell like a sack of grain and cupped his testicles, as he tried to regain his breath.  
  
Within a second, Tiffany was face down on the nasty carpet; her hands cuffed behind her back and her snotty face pushed into the filth she'd never bothered to clean.  
  
"You're under arrest for assault and domestic violence!" the deputy hollered. "You're going to jail!"  
  
"Wait!" Bobby gasped.  
  
I rushed to his side and held his hands firmly in mine.  
  
"Are you okay?" I inquired.  
  
He nodded and tried to move, but could not.  
  
"Take the bitch!" he grunted. "She's yours!"  
  
He fell back and curled up into a fetal position.  
  
"I won't press charges on one condition." he gasped. "Place her under custody of my brother-in-law. Turn her over to him."  
  
"This is highly unusual." the other deputy chimed in. "I need to call this in."  
  
"I talked to Tom yesterday." Bobby groaned. "It's okay. Just get this bitch out of my house and turn her over to him."  
  
"What the fuck is this shit?!" Tiffany demanded. "I'm not a piece of meat!"  
  
"No." I replied calmly. "You're a piece of shit. And you're going to jail, unless you decide to cooperate."  
  
"What do you mean?" Tiffany spat. "Cooperate with who?"  
  
"Me." I replied cheerily, as I knelt next to her.  
  
"What the fuck are you talking about?" Tiffany barked. "I hate you, you fucking redneck motherfucker!"  
  
"Well, it's like this." I explained, as I stroked her hair. "Your entire family won't take you in. None of your friends will, either. Bobby was your last chance and you blew that. Look, you were supposed to be evicted today and for me to offer to take you in, but now, you assaulted him in front of two cops. Do you have any idea how much trouble you are in?"  
  
"Not only are you out of a place to live, you're looking at felony time. You won't need a place to live because you'll be in prison! And then, what will you do when you get out? Turn tricks? OD? Commit suicide? You have one choice, Tiffany, and you'd better take it. Come home with me."  
  
Tiffany stared at me for several seconds before replying.  
  
"I hate you!" she responded. "Why the fuck would I go with you?"  
  
"It's me or prison." I said with a shrug. "Thirty, twenty nine, twenty eight, twenty seven..."  
  
"Stop." Tiffany said. "Please."  
  
She planted her face back down into the retched carpet and began sobbing; muttering something incoherent. I reached out and buried my fingers in her hair, and pulled her head back up.  
  
"Jail or me." I repeated. "And just so that you know, by the time I'm done with you, you'll wish you'd spent the five years in state prison instead."  
  
I let go of her head, and Tiffany fell forward. Her whole body was shaking as she sobbed hysterically.  
  
"Are we done here?" the second deputy inquired.  
  
Bobby nodded.  
  
"Yes. If you ever have to come back here, it won't be pretty." He leaned next to Tiffany's head. "Will it, Bitch?"  
  
He reached into his pocket and used his own handcuff key to release Tiffany's restraints. He handed the cuffs back to the first deputy, who accepted them with a nod.  
  
"She's gone?" he inquired.  
  
"She's gone!" I replied. "I'll take care of her from here on out."  
  
She was still laying face down, and I slid my hands under her chest until I was cupping both of her tits in my hands. I gave them a wonderful squeeze before pulling her to her feet.  
  
"Did you see that?" Tiffany screamed. "He sexually assaulted me!"  
  
The first deputy reached over his shoulder and gave us the middle finger as he exited the front door.  
  
"You're on your own." Bobby snarled. "You have fifteen minutes to get what you can and get the fuck out of my house."  
  
For the first time in her life, Tiffany suddenly realized that this was not a game. She was no longer in charge and even worse, if she did not play by the new rules, she had nowhere to go.  
  
"My... my clothes!" Tiffany sniffed. "I need my clothes. Will you send my other things later?"  
  
"If you're a good little girl and obey your master." I cut in. "Don't even worry about that right now. If you can somehow manage to get home without me putting your ass out on the side of the road for smarting off, it'll be a miracle."  
  
Thirty minutes later, five garbage bags were stuffed with Tiffany's clothes and tossed into the back of my crossover, along with a personal bag of stuff. I spoke not a word for the first hour, as I threaded my way through back roads to hit the interstate to take me home, country roads!  
  
"Why are you doing this?" Tiffany finally inquired.  
  
"Because I want to fuck you." I replied casually, checking my mirrors and changing lanes to pass a slow moving box truck.  
  
"What?! Fuck me? Fuck you!" Tiffany screamed. "I'll never fuck you, you fucking shit head! I fucking hate your fucking ass!"  
  
Without a word, I pulled to the side of the road and came to a stop.  
  
"Get the fuck out of my car!" I snarled. "Get the fuck out and leave everything you have here. Go! Get going, Bitch! Get the fuck out of my fucking car! See how long you last on your own."  
  
Tiffany stared at me dumbfounded. No one had ever dared to talk to Her Majesty like that before, and she was at a loss for words.  
  
"I-what... I mean... I don't..." she faltered.  
  
"We still have ten hours to go." I said sternly. "You will get three strikes, and then you are out. This was Strike One. Next time, you'll take off your top and bra and toss them out the window. Strike Three and you'll have the option to take the rest off and try and make it home, or I put your ass out on the side of the road topless. If you opt to take the rest off, you'd better be damned certain you don't fuck up again, or you'll find yourself on the side of the road completely nude, understand?"  
  
Tiffany stared at me but did not answer.  
  
"Get out!" I roared. "Get the fuck out! Do you think I'm playing a game? Do you think you can play me like you did, Bobby? Who the fuck do you think you are, you little entitled bitch? Get out of my car and go find someplace to live."  
  
Complete silence followed, and after a minute or so, I continued.  
  
"This is your last chance, Tiffany. Nobody else wants you. Even your own family won't take you in. Believe me, Bobby tried. Many times. What does that tell you, huh? You are such a fucking cunt that even your own parents won't take you back. Your own mother and father don't want you, Tiffany. The only thing between you and a box, is me. Fuck up two more times and you'll be living in that box by the end of the day, got it?"  
  
Tiffany looked downward for several seconds before replying.  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"What?!" I bellowed in her face. "What did you just say to me? I was in the Marines for twelve years, and if I ever answered my superior that way, I'd have been doing KP for six months! Now, what did you mean to say to me, you little worthless piece of shit, you fucking bitch?!"  
  
"Yes... SIR." she finally answered.  
  
"Good girl." I replied. "You WILL learn respect, and you will learn to be respectful. Not just to me, but to everyone on this planet. The world doesn't revolve around you, so wake the fuck up! You will be rewarded for being respectful to others. Consequently, if you fuck up, you will be punished for being disrespectful, and if you think you have it bad between here and home, if you fuck up there, I will humiliate you to no end. I'll turn you loose in the middle of town without a stitch on, got it?"  
  
Tiffany nodded.  
  
"Yes Sir." she replied.  
  
I thought that was it; I really did. Had that been it, there would be no need for a story, but Tiffany just couldn't keep her mouth shut. Almost thirty years of disrespect were flowing through her veins, and she just could not help herself.  
  
By the time we reached my little Blue Heaven in the mountains of Appalachia, all of her clothes had been tossed out the window, and with less than twenty five miles to go, she fucked up yet again. She just could not help herself!  
  
"What the fuck is wrong with you?" I demanded, as I coasted to a stop along a quiet country road. "You never fucking learn, do you? Get the fuck out of my car!"  
  
"I can't!" she shrieked. "Oh God, I can't! Oh please Jack, don't make me get out. I'll be good, I promise! I promise. Oh please, Jack. I'll be good. I'll be good, I promise."  
  
"You know, Tiffany..." I began, "I just don't understand you. You treat everyone around you like shit. You're no prize. In fact, you're pretty fucking ugly in my book. I have no idea whatsoever, what Bobby ever saw in you, but you're goddamned lucky my brother-in-law thought you were worth a fuck. If you think you're chipping off of your sister's block, she's a fucking fat pig with bleached hair that won't be able to make a living off of porn sites in the next five years, so pull your ugly fucking head out of your tight little ass."  
  
"I'll try." Tiffany responded.  
  
She dropped her head in shame.  
  
"Am I really ugly to you?" she asked quietly.  
  
I thought about her question for a minute or so, before I replied.  
  
"Yes. Your face matches your personality." I responded. "What part of this do you not understand? No one wants you, Tiffany. You have the personality of an ogre. The only reason Bobby took you in is because you go both ways. And then, there's that whole thing with the dog at your prom..."  
  
"Stop!" Tiffany implored. "Please stop. Please. What do I need to do?"  
  
"Whatever I tell you." I replied, reaching out and squeezing her ample tits firmly. "And you can start by sucking my penis until I cum in your mouth."  
  
"You're disgusting, you filthy fucking pig!" Tiffany shrieked.  
  
"Then get out." I replied calmly. "You have no clothes on and you know the way home. Get out of my car."  
  
"You fucking bastard!" Tiffany exploded. "Fine, you son of a bitch. I'll suck your dick. I'll swallow it too. Just you wait until I call the sheriff about this!"  
  
I burst out laughing at Tiffany's last remark.  
  
"You think that's funny?" she demanded.  
  
"Yeah." I replied. "I do, you clueless bitch. In the event you haven't been paying attention, I won the elections in this county last year. I AM the sheriff!"

**Tiffany Tantrum Pt. 02**

"You're the fucking sheriff?" Tiffany barked at me. "Bullshit!"  
  
I reached into my back pocket and pulled out my wallet. I skillfully opened it with one hand so that my badge was visible, and my ID dropped open. I rotated my hand around so that she could clearly see both my badge and ID, before closing it up and putting it back.  
  
"Remember how Bobby said to release you to me?" I inquired. "This is what he was referring to. If you pull any of your shit with me, I will charge you myself, and have Bobby press charges for assaulting him up there on top of it, got it?"  
  
Tiffany remained silent for a second.  
  
"Let me remind you that we still have thirty miles to go." I said smugly. "And you're out of clothes. GOT IT?"  
  
"Yes Sir." she said dejectedly.  
  
"Good!" I replied cheerily.  
  
With that, I reached out and began groping her firm tits aggressively. Tiffany started to say something, but for the first time in her life, kept her uneducated mouth shut, letting me squeeze her perky D cups vigorously. I wasn't doing it hard, and it must have felt good to her, because after a minute or so, I heard a slight sigh. Tiffany reached down between her legs and began masturbating right there in the car next to me!  
  
"Oh, that feels nice." she murmured. "Squeeze my titties, you fucking pervert. It feels so nice in my titties. Oh shit, in my cunt too."  
  
She continued rubbing her fingers in circles over her clit and then plunged her hand into her sopping wet cunt with a squishing noise. I stared in amazement, and pulled to the side of the road to keep from crashing, as she slid her entire hand into her cunt!  
  
Her hips were a little wide, and from what I was seeing, I was betting I could slide my hand all the way up to my elbow once we got home! I was definitely going to enjoy being with her and having sexual relations, while I rehabilitated her nasty ass into someone a lot more pleasant to be around. Tiffany gasped loudly, and began bucking wildly as she came hard.  
  
"Oh God!" she panted. "Squeeze my big titties, Jack! Squeeze them! Oh God, I'm gonna cum again!"  
  
This time, I heard a nice squirting sound as she dribbled all over the seat. Naughty girl! She was going to have to clean that up! Tiffany finished her orgasm and slid down the seat, looking at me intently.  
  
"I didn't mean for that to happen!" she said defensively. "I didn't want it to."  
  
"Don't worry about it." I replied, as I put the car in Drive and continued the trip. "It'll happen again too. Many, many times. Don't forget, you agreed to suck my dick and swallow when we get home. Thank goodness we're almost there. I'm about a nervous wreck trying to keep from fucking you right here in the car."  
  
Tiffany said nothing, but stared sullenly ahead. She'd cum because of me, and she hated I had that control over her. She still had a lot to learn though! That had been nothing compared to what she would start experiencing come morning, when Sheriff Jack became Drill Sergeant Jack. She would soon come to rue the day she agreed to be released into my custody!  
  
We arrived at the house, which sat on several dozen acres of hilly land overlooking some mountains, and I parked the car.  
  
"Out you go." I instructed. "Time to start paying your debt to society."  
  
Tiffany exited the car and looked around.  
  
"This is really beautiful." she said quietly. "I never knew this was where you lived. I thought you still lived in Raleigh."  
  
"Nope." I replied, as I joined her next to the car. "This is where I've been for several years now. Nice, quiet little town. I like it here. That's why I decided to run for sheriff."  
  
I put my hand around her bare waist and guided her toward the house.  
  
"How does it feel to walk around without any clothes on?" I inquired.  
  
Tiffany sucked her breath in, as she suddenly remembered she was nude.  
  
"I- I..." she stammered. "I don't know."  
  
"You like it." I responded. "That's why you came in the car. Now, speaking of cumming, it's my turn."  
  
"You want your penis sucked." Tiffany said quietly. "I remember."  
  
"Good!" I said sternly. "And I want you to do it right here, out in the open."  
  
"But someone might see us!" she protested.  
  
"No chance of that." I said cheerily. "I own forty acres up here. If anyone sees us, they'll be shot for trespassing. Now get down on your knees where you belong."  
  
Tiffany stared at me intently for several seconds, mulling over in her head whether to open her mouth or not. Finally, she did, but not in a belligerent way. She dropped to her knees as I unzipped my jeans and grudgingly opened her mouth, engulfing my dick in the warm wetness inside. It was a half-assed blowjob she was giving me, but it still felt nice, and the thought of this all the way home had me pretty ready to go.  
  
"You're doing an okay job," I commented, "but I'll teach you how to do it right. Fortunately for me, I've been fantasizing about this the whole trip, so I'm rather horny. In fact, I'm ready to cum in your mouth right now."  
  
I sighed and smiled, as I ejaculated in my sister-in-law's mouth. Spurt after spurt of my thick semen erupted from my cock and filled her mouth.  
  
"Swallow it!" I instructed. "Swallow it all."  
  
I'll have to give the snotty little bitch credit; she did her best to take it all, but a little went down the wrong pipe and she began coughing in response. A thick rope of cum dribbled out of her nose and hung there for a second before dropping off. She continued coughing for a minute or so, before she was finally able to speak. As soon as she opened her mouth, I was expecting a sarcastic remark, but to my surprise, that was not the case.  
  
"I tried." she said plaintively. "I'm not used to doing that."  
  
"It's okay." I replied accommodatingly. "It still felt nice, but I'll have to teach you how to that properly. I'll wanting one of those seventeen times a day."  
  
"What?!" Tiffany burst out. "Are you fucking crazy?"  
  
"No." I said sternly. "That was a joke, and while I realize that you are probably incapable of the concept of humor, it was still in fact, a joke. However, your response was clearly rude and disrespectful. I'm going to have to punish you for that. You have to learn your manners and have respect for others, Tiffany."  
  
For the first time since I'd met her, I saw a look of trepidation cross her face. She was clearly fearful for what might happen next.  
  
"I'm going to turn you over my knee and spank your naughty little ass." I stated. "Come here."  
  
"Don't you touch me!" she hollered, as I approached her. "Stay the hell away from me!"  
  
We grappled for a few seconds, but it wasn't much of a contest. She was face down on the floor in clean carpet this time, and I cuffed her hands behind her back.  
  
"I'm not even going to bother turning you over my knee!" I snarled. "I'm going to do it right here!"  
  
With that, I brought my hand down on her ass with the loudest smack I've ever heard. Tiffany howled like a baying hound, and I continued spanking her for almost a minute, carefully keeping track of how many expletives she used in communicating with me. I finally stopped when she started crying, and I knew it was for real.  
  
"Have you had enough?" I demanded.  
  
Tiffany nodded, with tears streaming down her cheeks. I uncuffed her and helped her up. Her ass was glowing a fiery red from all the smacking it had taken, and to be honest, my hand was stinging a bit as well. It was worth it, however, to have her at this point; a point I was confident she had never been at before in her worthless life.  
  
"Here's how it goes from here on out." I said gruffly. "Every time you sass me, I will destroy a piece of your clothing. I kept count of what you said to me when I was spanking you, and I will throw seven of your bras in the fire. Conversely, if you can keep your mouth shut for a while, every eight hours that you don't fuck up, I will allow you put one article of clothing back on. Be civil to me for a few days and you'll be fully dressed in a couple of days.  
  
"Remember this, however, if you are rude or nasty I will tear a piece of clothing from your body for each offense, and I will start with your tops. Then, I'll go through your bras, then your pants and finally, your panties. When those are gone, you will have nothing left to wear. I will take you into town and drag you along with me while I go grocery shopping. Everyone will be leering at you."  
  
Tiffany paled noticeably at the threat. It was clear that I meant business, but she had twenty seven years of life to overcome and change. It was going to be a challenge for her, that was certain.  
  
"So here is what is going to transpire from here on out." I explained. "Since we're both tired from the trip, I'm going to make some dinner and then we'll go to bed. In the morning, your training will begin."  
  
"W-what training?" Tiffany inquired cautiously.  
  
"Basic training." I replied. "Boot camp. I will teach you discipline and respect. I will tell you right now, it's gonna be tough, but it's your last chance. Blow it, and you may as well put a rope around your own neck right now."  
  
Before she could respond, I continued.  
  
"Come with me. You're going to help me fix dinner."  
  
She followed me into the kitchen and I opened the freezer, removing a couple of vacuum sealed packages.  
  
"What is that?" she inquired, trying very hard not to sound negative, lest she get another spanking.  
  
"Good food from the good Earth." I replied. "This is all food that I have either grown or shot myself. No GMOs or soy; no poison like you get from all the crap that you've been shoving down your piehole all these years.  
  
"This food is all natural. It will enhance your ability to tone down on some of that soy-based fat you've started to retain, and it will cleanse your system of all the garbage that has ruined your body. It may even help with your attitude. It's amazing what can happen when you stop taking in all of those toxins."  
  
I took one of the packages and slit it open. I removed a nice, thick slab of red meat and placed it onto a plate.  
  
"That's a nice looking London broil." Tiffany said, trying to be polite.  
  
"You like steak?" I asked.  
  
Tiffany nodded.  
  
"Good." I responded. "Because I cook a lot of it. As you can see, it's very lean, no fat marbling in my meat. It's all grass fed. Pure protein. Same with my pork. No artificial feed."  
  
I turned on the broiler and placed the "London broil" onto the broiler pan, dusting it generously with with a lemon herb seasoning that I make myself. I then took the other package and opened it up, revealing a frozen glob of summer squash. I stuck it in the microwave and thawed it while I boiled up some wild rice. Together with a little olive oil, I made a nice stir-fry to go along with the "London broil" that was in the oven.  
  
When the meat was done, I removed it from the oven and placed it onto a large carving platter; slicing it delicately until the entire "London broil" was completely carved.  
  
"Help yourself." I encouraged, as I took a generous helping of meat and the veggie-fry.  
  
I sat down and watched Tiffany, as she took some of the food as well. I knew she was hungry, and it all smelled damned good. To my surprise, she loaded her plate with meat and vegetables and sat next to me at the table. She started to put her fork to the food, but I stopped her.  
  
"We will give thanks for this food first." I informed her. "It didn't come from a magical food tree."  
  
Tiffany looked puzzled. Obviously, she was not used to giving thanks for anything she received; it was all owed to her. This was an entirely new concept to her.  
  
"I don't understand." she said blankly. "Thanks for what, and to whom?"  
  
I realized that this was a teachable moment, and I seized upon the opportunity to help her understand that the sun and planets did not revolve around her.  
  
"Whether you believe in God or not," I began, "you still have to understand that in all of the randomness in this universe, something binds it together. In all of that randomness, it has allowed me to put food on this table and therefor, I give thanks that I have this food. It's not a prayer, Tiffany; it's just an acknowledgment that I am grateful for this food. Do you understand that?"  
  
Tiffany thought about it for a moment and then nodded.  
  
"Yeah." she replied. "In some weird way, it kinda makes sense. I never thought about it like that before."  
  
"Good." I responded. "Take my hands and we will give thanks for this food."  
  
To my astonishment, she actually took my hands in hers!  
  
"I give thanks for this food." I said simply. "I am very grateful to be able to grow and harvest my own meat and vegetables."  
  
I let go of her hands and she gave me an odd look.  
  
"I know what you were thinking." I said with a gentle smile. "There are no prayers at this table. Go ahead and eat."  
  
She did just that, as well as myself. I was pretty hungry from the trip and so was she. We didn't say a single word as we ate our dinner, until we were finished.  
  
"Jack..." Tiffany said quietly. "That was really good. Thank you."  
  
I was taken aback, to say the least, at her comment. Her freely giving a compliment was like hearing Donald Trump admitting he'd made a mistake.  
  
"You're welcome." I replied. "Did you notice a difference in the flavor?"  
  
Tiffany nodded vigorously.  
  
"Yes!" she exclaimed. "That beef was so tender, and it had a different flavor too. It was delicious! Was it black Angus?"  
  
"No." I responded, with a shake of my head. "It's not Angus at all, black or red."  
  
"What then?" she implored. "That was the best steak I have ever eaten."  
  
"It wasn't steak." I replied nonchalantly. "It was venison."  
  
It took a few seconds before it sank in.  
  
"Venison?" she repeated, her voice wavering. "That's deer, right? Oh my god, you're telling me I just ate Bambi?"  
  
"Yes you did." I said with a smile. "And you enjoyed it. There is plenty of room in this world for all of God's creatures, right next to the mashed potatoes."  
  
Tiffany was for the first time in her life, at a loss for words.  
  
"It was good, wasn't it?" I prodded. "Be honest, now."  
  
"It was." she acknowledged. "That was really deer meat?"  
  
"It was." I parroted. "Shot and dressed right here on this property. I also have wild boar, which is the free-range pork I was talking about earlier, and wild turkeys. I also have a bunch of beavers, which make really good stew. Not to mention all the fish in the pond."  
  
Tiffany looked bewildered.  
  
"I've always gotten my meat at the grocery store." she admitted. "I never knew what it was like to kill your own meat and consume it."  
  
There was a slight pause, and she continued.  
  
"You grew that squash too, didn't you?"  
  
"Yes. All of the food I eat comes from Mother Nature." I replied. "And I am going to teach you how to do this yourself. Part of what I am going to teach you involves respect, but the rest will be learning what this planet has to offer you. You cannot take anything for granted, Tiffany."  
  
She seemed confused, but managed to answer.  
  
"I don't understand, Jack." she responded. "How does teaching me about shooting a helpless deer or planting Charlie Brown's pumpkin patch make me different?"  
  
I smiled broadly at her response and took her hands in mine.  
  
"Tiffany," I said quietly, "if all of this had happened yesterday instead of today, what would you have said? Would you have eaten my deer? Be honest; if I gave you an unknown piece of meat, you would have told me-"  
  
"To go fuck yourself." Tiffany interjected.  
  
She looked down and shook her head.  
  
"Am I really that bad?" she asked. "Am I that obnoxious?"  
  
"And then some!" I happily added. "I wish there was family video about you. You always have to be right! It's your way or the highway. If someone doesn't agree with you, you shoot them down and treat them like shit. It all ends now, Tiffany. From here on out, I will be in charge of your life. I will tell you what to do and when to do it. Come tomorrow morning, it's going to be a whole new ball game."  
  
Tiffany nodded.  
  
"I understand, but I have a question, if I may."  
  
"Of course." I responded. "You can ask me anything you want."  
  
"You said we will be going to bed." she faltered. "Are we sleeping together?"  
  
I laughed heartily at her question.  
  
"Of course not!" I replied. "I can't stand to sleep with anyone else. They toss and turn and snore. Keeps me awake. You will have your own bed in your own room."  
  
Tiffany seemed to be weighing her options.  
  
"So you're just turning me loose tonight when we go to bed?" she inquired. "What if I decide to leave?"  
  
"Well," I replied carefully, "there might be a few issues. You might want to take those into consideration. I mean, we have a good start, Tiffany. Don't blow it by doing something stupid."  
  
"Even if I run away and I'm nude," she offered, "someone will take me in and all of this will be revealed. I don't care if you are the sheriff here; I will get somewhere else."  
  
"Tiffany," I replied, "there is something you are missing. First of all, I really want you to do this voluntarily, because I'd really like to fuck you. I want you to understand that there are consequences for your actions. Piss me off, and I may not be so understanding."  
  
Tiffany gave me one of her condescending looks that led me to believe that she really didn't respect me, or anything we had just discussed.  
  
"And how are you going to keep me here?" she demanded. "Once you fall asleep, I can just sneak out the door and make my getaway."  
  
I reflected on this for a minute before I responded.  
  
"Of course you can." I replied. "You are free to leave this place anytime you wish. Clothes or no clothes, all you have to do is leave. Now, the big question is what will you do once you leave? Will you really try and hitchhike nude?  
  
"The obvious answer is no. But there is an even bigger situation to address. How will you even get out of here? I know, it seems so obvious; just sneak out in the middle of the night and make your getaway, but there is another thing you need to know."  
  
"Oh," Tiffany inquired, "and what would that be?"  
  
I could hear that tonal inflection in her voice; she was getting ready to get smart with me again. It was time to put an end to this before it went any further.  
  
"Do you remember how we passed through a gate when we entered the property?" I asked casually.  
  
"Well, yeah." she responded. "I figured it was to keep people out. Are you saying it's to keep me in?"  
  
"No." I said, shaking my head. "Of course not. You aren't worth that kind of investment. I told you, if you want to leave, you're free to go at any time. You don't need to sneak out. Just remember you'll have warrants for your arrest and nowhere to go, so I would suggest you remain here. But if you do decide to take off in the middle of the night completely nude, there is the matter regarding the fence around this property. It's a regular chain link fence with a pipe on top; you can climb right over it. You'll just never make it to the fence."  
  
Before she could react, I continued.  
  
"Cats are very smart animals." I informed her. "I've had house cats for years; they were always indoor/outdoor cats, but they all learned really quick that no matter how far away they were, rather than trying to hear me call them if I had some people food to hand out, all I had to do was give two blasts on the old Acme Thunderer, and they'd come hauling ass from wherever in the neighborhood they happened to be."  
  
"What's an Acme Thunderer?" Tiffany inquired.  
  
"This," I said, taking a silver whistle that was hanging by the front door, "is an Acme Thunderer. Watch this."  
  
I motioned for her to follow me onto the front porch, where I gave two sharp staccato blasts on the whistle. Tiffany looked puzzled.  
  
"You're calling your cats?" she asked in bewilderment.  
  
"Mm-hmm." I responded. "Oh, here they come now."

A pair of blurred figures suddenly appeared from the woods and streaked across the five open acres of lawn in just a few seconds. At first they appeared to Tiffany to be greyhounds, but they were much larger, yellow, and covered in small polka dots. As they bounded onto the porch, it dawned on her what these two animals actually were.  
  
"Oh my god!" she burst out. "Are those...?"  
  
"Yep." I replied. "Those are African cheetahs. Meet Timba and Timon. Still thinking about sneaking out in the middle of the night, Tiffany?"

**Tiffany Tantrum Pt. 03**

Let me just pretense this by saying the drill instructor portion was inspired by an acquaintance of mine who has since passed, R. Lee Ermey; referencing his unforgettable role in Full Metal Jacket. I can only imagine how big of a dick he must have been as a DI, but was nice as hell when I talked with him. We miss you, Lee.  
  
Tiffany stared at the pair of large, polka dotted cheetahs just a few feet from her, and instinctively shrank back against me.  
  
"Oh my God!" she exclaimed quietly, not wanting to upset the pair of large, golden cats. "Those really are cheetahs!"  
  
I laughed good-naturedly at her response.  
  
"You're in no danger." I said with a chuckle.  
  
I made a kissy sound with my lips, and both Timba and Timon came over to me. I patted my chest, and each cat picked a shoulder to put their paws on as they stood up. Each one rubbed the side of their face against mine lovingly.  
  
"You see," I began, "most people don't know that cheetahs have been domesticated almost as long as house cats. Cats were domesticated to keep rodents at bay and were given a safe place to stay in return. Cheetahs got the same deal for killing game. They were used for falconry before falcons were even thought of.  
  
"These two are nothing but giant kitties, Tiffany. They won't hurt you. Well, unless you run. In that case, their instincts will kick in and they will see you as prey. Even as sweet as these two are, I have to be careful when I'm working outside. I wear a tee shirt with a pair of eyes on both sides. Cats are cats; it doesn't matter how big they are, they all react the same way. That's why I told you not to try and literally run away.  
  
"Here, kneel down and call them. Just like your own Mr. Fluffy back home."  
  
Tiffany stared at me incredulously.  
  
"They really won't hurt me?" she inquired.  
  
"Of course not!" I replied. "And if you're good with cats, you'll understand them just fine. Any cat that can purr and meow, has pretty much the same vocabulary. Now seriously, kneel down and call them."  
  
Tiffany dropped to one knee and made a half-hearted attempt to call them over.  
  
"Here kitties." she muttered. "here... Kitty, Kitty."  
  
To her amazement, Timba and Timon dropped from my shoulders and approached her.  
  
"Oh shit!" Tiffany exclaimed, looking at me in a panic. "Now what?"  
  
"They're cats." I laughed. "Just pet them."  
  
She reached out gingerly, and the two cats both muscled in to get petted. Timon (pronounced Temone), being the male, stuck his head in first, and began purring loudly as Tiffany rubbed his head. Timba eventually pushed him out of the way and purred just as loudly, as Tiffany rubbed her neck and back.  
  
"They're just like cats!" she exclaimed incredulously.  
  
"They are cats." I replied. "I told you, they have been domesticated almost as long as the common cat. You can go to Africa and take a wild cheetah kitten out of the bush, bring it home, and it will be a giant house cat. Albeit, a huge cat with a tiny head, but a friendly cat nonetheless."  
  
"Why do you have them?" Tiffany inquired. "Why would you have cats like this? What purpose do they serve?"  
  
"I have plenty of room for them to roam and even sprint if they need to." I replied. "But you remember I said they were domesticated to be used like falconry?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Well, the same holds true here. The fence is for them, as I said before. It's just a deterrent to show them the boundaries. Deer can leap over it, and wild hogs just bore through. The hogs are a particular nuisance in these parts. These two though, they handle it all."  
  
"What do you mean?" Tiffany asked curiously.  
  
She was no longer being bitchy about things, or afraid of the cats. She seemed genuinely interested, as she continued petting them and even butting heads.  
  
"Well, you've had a cat leave you a 'present' before, right?" I inquired.  
  
"Of course." she replied. "A mouse or a snake or something. It's a gift."  
  
"It's not a gift." I explained. "It's their way of telling you how horrible a hunter you are, that they had to kill it and show you good they are. That's why they'll always eat their trophy in front of you. A cat will bring you that mouse or squirrel, but these two... well they like to leave me prey their own size.  
  
"I get hogs, deer, and once in awhile, a beaver gets left on the porch. I've even gotten a turkey once. Yeah, I do shoot a lot of my own meat, but most of it comes from these two. Chances are good, that that venison we had for dinner was from a kill from these two."  
  
Tiffany turned white.  
  
"I ate roadkill?" she burst out. "You gave me-"  
  
"Shut up!" I interrupted. "I did NOT give you road kill. What you ate - and enjoyed by the way - was either shot by me or killed by the cats. Time of death to butchering was the same."  
  
I looked at her intently.  
  
"Does it really matter to you how your dinner was killed?" I inquired. "Do you want to know how all the commercial meat you buy was killed, huh? Well, let me tell you, Tit-fanny; they run them all into a pen where they slit their throats with a razor sharp machete. As they're gagging on their own blood, they get turned upside down until they bleed out. Then, they're butchered. That's your store meat. Oh, and there's the other method where they put an electrode on the side of the poor cow's head and electrocute its brain."  
  
Tiffany looked sick.  
  
"That's your 'humane' way of harvesting meat commercially." I said sardonically. "Remember that the next time you eat a hamburger at the Falling Arches, or Jack in the Crack, or at Booger King, or when you have an In'n'Out urge. (Yes, I know that last one goes back to the 70's).  
  
"All of the meat you get here was either shot dead with a humane bullet to the head, or else these cats took it down by way of nature and left it for me. Or from here on out, for us."  
  
Tiffany was, for the first time in her life, at a complete loss for words. Never before, had she ever found herself remotely anywhere near this situation, yet here she was; petting a pair of cheetahs on the front porch of my log house and wondering if they had killed her delicious dinner.  
  
"You should probably go on up to bed." I suggested. "You have really surprised me, Tiffany. You're petting my cats, and you haven't said anything overly snotty since dinner. It's a really good start, too. I'm actually amazed."  
  
"Start?" she inquired nervously. "I was just trying to be nice."  
  
"And you have!" I replied cheerfully. "It's really refreshing too, but it's still just a start. Come morning, your world is going to be turned upside down."  
  
"I don't understand." Tiffany responded. "I really was trying to be nice."  
  
I looked at her intently for several seconds before replying.  
  
"You know, Tiffany, I actually believe that." I said. "I really do believe that you were actually trying for once in your pathetic life, but unfortunately for you, it's just too little; too late. It's time you learned things the hard way. At 05:00 hours, I'm going to turn into the worst thing in your life. You will be smack-dab in your own personal boot camp and I will be your personal monster. If you thought I was a dick up until now, just you wait until the manana, Missy."  
  
5:00 AM came way too quick for my little protege. I burst into her room with a large stainless steel pan lid in my left hand, and a wooden spoon in the right. I began beating the lid as hard and fast as I could, and screamed at her at the top of my lungs.  
  
"Wake up!" I bellowed. "Get your ass out of bed, you little bitch!"  
  
Tiffany rolled over and looked at me; her eyes glazed over as she blinked at me.  
  
"What time is it?" she inquired groggily.  
  
"It's time to get your fucking ass out of bed!" I roared, as I stuck my face in hers. "That's what fucking time it is! You have two minutes to take your shower and get back here!"  
  
I ripped the sheet, blanket and bedspread from the bed and tossed them on the floor. Tiffany stared at me blankly as she lay there completely nude. It still was not registering with her.  
  
"I said, get your lazy, fucking ass out of bed and do it the fuck now!" I repeated at the top of my lungs, as I stuck my face in hers. "Play time is over! Welcome to Bitches Boot Camp! Your life as a pampered princess is over, your Royal Hiney! Move, move, move!"  
  
Tiffany was in shock at such treatment and amazingly, did as she was told. She hustled into the bathroom and turned the water on, waiting for it to warm up.  
  
"Get in!" I ordered, as I pulled the curtain back. "Are you going to waste time waiting for it to warm up? You have one minute, forty five seconds left."  
  
Tiffany stepped into the cold shower and shivered as she wet her hair and began shampooing.  
  
"One minute!" I reminded her, as I watched her lather her hair. "If you run out, you'll continue the day with soap in your hair, now get moving!"  
  
She wisely chose to rinse her hair before soaping up, and I counted down from ten to zero. She barely had time to rinse her body, as I reached in and turned the water off, which had just gotten comfortable. I handed her a towel.  
  
"Dry off!" I instructed. "Towel dry your hair and brush it. You have one minute!"  
  
Tiffany was still shivering a little from her cold shower, so I decided to help her warm up.  
  
"Into the living room and do one hundred jumping jacks! Then, you will drop down and give me fifty pushups!"  
  
Somehow, she was managing to keep her tongue in her mouth where it belonged, but I knew it wouldn't be long before she slipped, and I wasn't disappointed. She made the jumping jacks and the pushups, but when it came time for her next set - situps - she blew it.  
  
"You motherfucker!" she muttered.  
  
"What did you just say to me?!" I screamed, as I stuck my face in hers. "Alright Bitch; make it one hundred situps instead! Open your mouth again, and I'll make it two hundred! You WILL do what you are told and you WILL be respectful about it! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?!"  
  
Tiffany blinked at me in astonishment.  
  
"I asked you a question, Tit-fanny! DO I?!"  
  
She nodded.  
  
"What the hell was that?" I demanded. "Am I speaking motherfucking Chinese? I asked you a fucking question in English, and I expect a fucking reply in English, and it'd better include a 'Yessir' in it! DO I MAKE MY FUCKING SELF CLEAR?!"  
  
"Yes SIR!" she barked back.  
  
She was defiant and I could see the loathing in her eyes, but her attitude was beginning to change. It's the same change that every cadet goes through during basic training unless they are just too proud and end up being kicked out for lack of discipline. Tiffany knew this was her last chance or she would end up behind bars, and I think it was finally dawning on her that she had to change.  
  
"Alright then, one hundred situps!" I responded sternly. "Since you decided to be so fucking disrespectful to me, I lost my motherfucking count, so you're going to start from the beginning! One! Two! Three..."  
  
Tiffany was worn out and it took her almost ten minutes to finish them all, but to her credit she did. When she was finished, she rolled onto her side and began to cry. I of course felt sorry for her, but I couldn't let that show. I had to be a hard-ass, or she'd never learn.  
  
"Take a five minute break," I said with feigned disgust, "you miserable little cunt."  
  
Tiffany nodded, but this time with a reply.  
  
"Yes Sir." she said politely, as she panted heavily through the tears in her eyes. "Thank you."  
  
What? Whoa! That was the first time I'd ever heard the little bitch thank anyone for anything. I knew that inside she was still cursing me, but at least she was starting to learn to hold her tongue. In time, she would be happy to have even the slightest reprieve from what she was going through. It would take time, but I had plenty of it. Not much goes on in this county, which is why I moved here in the first place. Since I was an elected official, I was not expected to be in the office 9-5 and unless there was a major emergency, my chief deputy could handle day to day affairs until I straightened Tiffany out.  
  
"Five minutes is over!" I barked. "Go get your socks and sneakers, and put them on. You're going to need them for your hike."  
  
Tiffany nodded, but knew better than to question me. She would find out soon enough. She returned wearing her sneakers, but other than that was still completely nude, due to her disciplining earlier.  
  
"Let's go!" I said cheerfully. "We're going to start off easy, since this is your first day, so I'll keep this one short."  
  
"How short, Sir?" she inquired.  
  
"Only five miles." I replied with a chipper tone.  
  
Tiffany groaned, but quickly recovered before I could react.  
  
"Yes Sir." she replied. "Five miles. You have that much room?"  
  
"I have fifty two acres." I replied. "Due to the different angles of the property lines, I have just about one mile around the perimeter. Each time you complete a loop, it's a mile thereabouts. So, you are going to make five laps today. The average person can brisk walk three miles per hour, but since this terrain is all up and down, I'll allow you one mile per hour for the first week. Next week, I'll expect two, and by week number three, I want you doing five miles in an hour and a half."  
  
"Yes Sir!" Tiffany replied. "I can do this!"  
  
"I know you can." I said with a smile. "This part is easy. Come week four, you're going to start running it, and I will expect ten miles in two hours. The week after that, in one hour or less."  
  
Tiffany gasped, but said nothing.  
  
"Here is where we start!" I stated, as we reached one of my boundaries.  
  
The entire property was fenced in as I said earlier, and it was cleared out fifteen feet to act as a fire break; also easily patrolled by the cats or myself on an ATV. If the shit ever hit the fan, no one was accessing this compound without permission. Motion sensors and CCTV kept it under constant surveillance.  
  
"Okay, Princess Tit-fanny, your Royal Hind End; start walking in that direction." I instructed. "I'll be back shortly. In the meantime, Timba and Timon will keep you company."  
  
I pursed my lips and gave a loud kissy sound. As if by magic, the two cheetahs materialized from the woods and approached me. I gave them both quite a bit of lovable petting and then an instruction:  
  
"Go see Tiffy!" I said encouragingly.  
  
"Hey Kitties." she said dejectedly.  
  
The two cats darted to her and began head butting her eagerly, as she petted them.  
  
"Start walking." I commanded. "And remember, don't make this the day where you decide to start running. They'll stay with you and keep you safe, as long as you don't run and look like a giant catnip toy for them to pounce on and play with."  
  
Tiffany nodded and began walking. This part was fairly flat, but after that, it was all up and down, eventually ending about two hundred feet lower by the creek. That was flat as well, but then it was that same two hundred foot vertical rise to get back up to this part of the property. It was that last 1,500 feet that were going to test her mettle.  
  
I retreated to the garage and mounted my ATV. It wasn't long until I caught up to her and began pacing her as she walked along.  
  
"Not so bad is it?" I inquired.  
  
"Not really, Sir." she replied. "I think I can do one lap an hour."  
  
"Good!" I responded enthusiastically. "But you aren't here to think. You're here to do what I tell you to do. Now get your fucking ass in gear and start to make some time! I'll be waiting for you by the creek. It's all downhill from here, so pick up the pace!"  
  
I kissed my lips again, and the two cats followed me as I accelerated along the path. With the terrain, I couldn't go much more than 15-20 mph, so they were happily jaunting along at a trot. I reached the creek and turned the ATV off. A few minutes later, Tiffany came into view. It took her another minute to reach me and I offered her a bottle of water when she caught up.  
  
"You're doing well." I complimented her, as she took a few sips of water. "You're about a third of the way. Next little bit will be flat, but the last leg will all be uphill. Your legs will be burning. You'll still have four more laps though. Just keep it slow and steady. I'll see you up top."  
  
The cats and I made the remaining thousand yards or so in good time. It took Tiffany almost ten minutes to catch back up to the starting point.  
  
"One fifth down, and four more to go!" I said with a smirk. "Drink?"  
  
Tiffany paused to take the bottle from me.  
  
"Permission to ask Sir a question." she said pointedly, before tilting the bottle to her lips.  
  
"Permission granted," I replied, "but before you even speak, let me tell you that I know what you are thinking. You're thinking I'm a pussy-assed douche making you walk while I ride this very comfortable ATV, correct?"  
  
"Yes Sir." she replied. "Permission to speak freely?"  
  
"You have one minute, Tiffany." I replied. "After that, it's back to Major Dickhead the Drill Instructor, understand?"  
  
"Yes Sir. I think it's unfair for you to make me walk this course while you are riding that thing." she said flatly. "Why don't you walk it with me?"  
  
Normally that would be cause for an admonishment, but it was time to make her understand that I was fully capable of everything I demanded from her. In all fairness, I did owe her that. I dismounted the ATV and approached her, as the cats ran around and wrestled with one another.  
  
"I'll tell you what, Tiffany." I responded. "We'll both start right here; right now. I say that I can run three times around this course in the time it takes you to walk it. Don't run; just walk. I say I can pass you three times. Do you think I can do that, or am I just blowing smoke?"  
  
"No Sir!" she responded. "I don't think you can."  
  
I nodded in agreement and offered a response.  
  
"I'll tell you what..." I suggested. "You walk - don't run - for a full course. I will pass you three times. That is my guarantee. If I fail, you have the rest of the day off, okay?"  
  
Tiffany nodded.  
  
"But if I pass you three times, I get to fuck you. No whining; no bullshit. A straight up fuck. Think I can do it?"  
  
"No way!" she replied. "I mean, no way, Sir!"  
  
"No way to the deal or no way that I can do it?"  
  
"I don't think you can do it," she clarified, "but if you do, I'm okay with you fucking me. I've always thought you were kind of cute. A little eccentric maybe, but cute. I guess that's why I got so turned on in the car on the way home. Even though I was mad at you, it was still nice to have my boobs squeezed like that."  
  
"See you soon." I responded, as I clacked my tongue against my teeth like an old fashioned 'giddy-up' to call the cats and took off at a fast jog with them alongside me.  
  
It had been a while since I'd really run this course, so I was a little out of shape and actually in risk of losing the bet. I was determined to fuck her, however, so I was going to do my best to win the challenge and slide my dick inside her hairy cunt.  
  
I started out effortlessly; the ups and downs along the high side of the property weren't too bad, and then it was all downhill from there. I crossed the creek on the foot bridge and then ran across the other side, crossing the creek once again on the graveled drive where it was then all uphill. I could feel the muscles in my calves working, but nothing major. I reached the top and caught up with Tiffany on the way back down just before the creek.  
  
"Pass one!" I hollered, as I ran around her.  
  
The cats were getting a little tired and decided to drop back and tag along with Tiffany as I kept going. Cheetahs are amazingly fast, but all of that energy is exerted in a quick burst of speed. Long distance trotting was not their cup of tea.  
  
I waved as I crossed the bridge and continued on. I definitely felt the pull of gravity against me as I ascended the hill the second time, but it still wasn't too bad. I decided I would definitely need to run this more often, and definitely faster, though. It was good training for the both of us. Lap three found me crossing the creek not once but twice, and still no sign of Tiffany. I got a little concerned as I reached the top of the hill, but as I rounded the corner at one of the boundaries, I saw her ahead of me. She was getting dangerously close to the starting point, so I laid into it, bringing my speed up to as close to a sprint as I could after running three miles over the hilly terrain.

I passed her for the third and final time with less than ten feet between us and the ATV. It was for all intents and purposes, a tie. While I did technically beat her, I wasn't going to be a dick about it. Fair is fair, after all, and so is a wager. I was breathing hard, and now it was my turn to take a drink of water.  
  
"I can't believe you did that!" Tiffany exclaimed. "I didn't think you could do it, Sir."  
  
I think she was really in awe that I had in fact done it, and it hadn't yet dawned on her that she had lost the bet.  
  
"I told you I could!" I burst out with a smile in between pants. "But it was pretty close. Too close to call. Let's call it draw."  
  
"We didn't discuss what would happen if we tied." Tiffany mused.  
  
"Well, it could mean one of two things." I responded. "First, it could mean that neither of us gets what we wanted. You keep walking and I resort to masturbation, or we could make it a win/win situation. You get to rest, and I get to fuck you and cum in your cunt."  
  
"I'll take that option, please." she replied.  
  
"Good. Then come sit on my lap and I'll give you a ride back to the house. You'll have to steer though, because I want to feel you up."  
  
Tiffany laughed, and it was actually the first time I'd ever seen her do that. To be honest, I didn't even know it was in her abilities.  
  
"We'll take a shower and clean up, and I'll make you breakfast." I stated, as I started the engine.  
  
She settled onto my lap and navigated the ATV back to the front porch, as I massaged her perky tits all the way. I reached between her legs and began diddling her clit as well, and she squealed eagerly as she parked it.  
  
"You have nice hands." she said quietly as she got off my lap. "You know how to make me feel good."  
  
"I'll make you feel even better, very shortly." I said with a smile. "Come on, let's take a shower and cool off."  
  
Tiffany nodded and followed me into the house. The cats elected to stay on the porch and cool off in the shade, before drifting off into a deep sleep to catch up from the long run they had just endured. We entered the bathroom and I turned the shower on, letting the water warm up as I removed my clothes and Tiffany her sneakers. We stepped into the tub, and I immediately had my hands all over her perky knobs; squeezing them firmly, and pulling on her chunky and quickly-hardening nipples.  
  
"You really didn't have to be so mean to me earlier." she said quietly, as I continued feeling her up. "Believe it or not, I'm getting the point. I never realized how much of a bitch I really am. I'm sorry, Jack."  
  
I was genuinely surprised. First a smile and now an apology!  
  
"Well, don't get cocky." I replied. "This is only the first day and it's going to be tough, I promise, but the more you learn to hold your tongue and be respectful to others, the faster you'll get your clothes back and maybe even stay here with me if you want."  
  
I poured a drop of shampoo onto my palm and began to massage it into her hair and scalp. Tiffany tipped her head back and sighed as I worked her scalp with my fingers.  
  
"That feels soooo nice!" she whispered. "I've never had anyone do that to me before. It feels so good."  
  
"I can make you feel good in a lot of ways if you'll let me," I replied, "but you'll have to become a new person."  
  
"I know, and I really am trying." she responded. "It's going to take a while but I really do want to change."  
  
"That's a good first step." I said gently in her ear.  
  
We finished showering and dried off. This time, I let her dry her hair before leading her to my bedroom. We began to kiss, and it quickly turned hot. Tiffany fell back onto the bed, pulling me down on top of her. I was already hard in anticipation of having sex with her, and I easily slid inside of her cunt. I'll have to admit that I had wanted this to happen for quite some time, but she was such a bitch I figured the only way up until now would have been rape. This was much better.  
  
At 5'6", her height was perfect for my size and length. I was stimulating her G spot something vicious with my cock, and she was moaning uncontrollably. The thought of a fantasy fuck coming true was more than I could handle, and I couldn't hold back for too long.  
  
"Oh shit..." I groaned. "Oh Tiff... here it comes."  
  
I sighed blissfully, as spurt after spurt of my semen erupted inside her cunt. I filled it completely, and the excess ran out around my dick and dripped off my balls and onto the bed.  
  
Tiffany placed her hand over her mouth as she bucked in her own orgasm. It was more than she could bear, however, and within a few seconds she was screaming like a banshee. Her cunt clamped down on my cock like a vise, as she shivered violently.  
  
"Oh shit, Jack!" she exclaimed. "I felt it! I felt you shoot off inside me! It hit my uterus. I've never felt anything like that before!"  
  
"Your cunt felt so good." I whispered. "I couldn't help myself."  
  
I dropped to the bed next to her, and we embraced. I ran my fingers through her dark hair and stared into her eyes.  
  
"This was nice," I said gently, "but you know that come morning, it's going to start all over again."  
  
Tiffany nodded.  
  
"I know, but that will be then. This is now."  
  
She sighed wistfully.  
  
"What if it could be like this all the time?" she inquired. "This is what I've always wanted."  
  
"And it's yours if you want it." I replied. "Just stop being a bitch and be a respectful woman. It's not that hard, Tiffany. Just learn to think before you speak."  
  
"I will try." she said quietly. "I am so sorry for who I have been and how I've made everyone hate me."  
  
She turned over with her face buried in the pillow, and began to cry. Her shoulders were heaving violently, and I knew this was no act. Somehow, after all of these years, the goodness inside of her was fighting to emerge and take her life back from the sullen, hateful bitch that I had always known. I gently rolled her over onto her back and kissed her tenderly on the cheek.  
  
"Get some rest, Tiffany." I said kindly. "You're going to have a looong day tomorrow."

**Tiffany Tantrum Pt. 04**

Morning came and I got up early just as I had the day before, to continue Tiffany's training. I was a little sore in my calves from having pushed it to be able to win the bet and have sex with her, but nothing major. I opened her door at 5:00 AM sharp, but before I could flip the light switch, she addressed me.  
  
"Jack..." she said desperately, "I can't move."  
  
"You'd better." I replied, as I flipped the lights on. "You have another five mile hike ahead of you."  
  
"I'm not lying." she said quietly, tears trickling from her eyes. "I can't move. My legs are stiff, and my stomach muscles hurt so bad. It must have been from all of those sit-ups. If I try and move, it feels like I've had surgery in my belly."  
  
She began to cry, and I really felt sorry for her. I had honestly pushed her too hard on her first day, and this was the result. Since it was my fault, it was now my responsibility to help her as much as I could. I pulled the covers back, exposing her nude body, and sat next to her.  
  
"I'll get a hot bath going, and then I'll come back and help you up." I said as kindly as I could without sounding soft. "You can soak for a while and it will help loosen all of those muscles. Then, I'll give you a full massage to help get rid of all of that lactic acid in your muscles and relax them. You won't be as good as new, but you will feel a lot better. Then, we'll talk some more about your situation."  
  
Tiffany nodded in response, and I left to get the tub filled. I returned several minutes later and she was holding her stomach in her hands.  
  
"Come on," I said gently, "Let me help you up."  
  
I eased her onto her side, so she could roll out of bed as easily as possible. I remembered full well, what I went through the morning after having had hernia surgery. It took me more than thirty minutes to get up myself, as I never took a single pill for pain. I knew full well, what she was going through.  
  
"Here we go." I said quietly, as I picked up most of her weight. "Just roll with me. I'll pick you up, Tiffany."  
  
She winced loudly, and my true personality kicked in.  
  
"It's okay. I've got you." I said soothingly, as I lifted her up. "C'mon, stand up. There you go... that's it, Tiffany. Up goes my little girl!"  
  
I hoisted her onto her feet and guided her down the hall to the bathroom, where the tub was already full of hot water and ready for her to take a good soaking.  
  
"Step in." I instructed. "Lay down and let it cover you."  
  
"I can't." she moaned. "Oh Jack, I am so sorry! I swear to God, I can't! Oh Jack!"  
  
"I'll help you." I responded. "Get in the tub and I will help you, okay?"  
  
I did my best to try and lower her down from the outside, but it was no use.  
  
"I have to get in there with you." I informed her. "I can't do it from here."  
  
I removed my own clothes and stepped into the bathtub with her. I clasped her around her midriff and gently lowered her into the tub until she was mostly submerged, with her head resting against the back of the cast iron tub. I sat on the edge of the tub and faced her, my cock swelling as I stared at her nude body resting in the tepid water.  
  
"Lay there until it cools down." I instructed. "It will help to relax all of those muscles so I can work the kinks out of them for you."  
  
Tiffany nodded.  
  
"Okay." she replied. "Thank you."  
  
I watched her for thirty minutes or so, until the water had cooled a bit.  
  
"Feel better?" I inquired.  
  
"Yes, it's helped a lot, thank you. I have to pee now, too."  
  
"I can't help you with that," I said with a laugh, but I'll get you up and over to the commode."  
  
I helped her up and she toweled off, before I assisted her in getting over to the toilet. I then led her back to the bed and gently guided her face down onto the mattress so I could start on her neck and shoulders. I worked my fingers deep into her knotted muscles, allowing them to relax even more and help expel the lactic acid that was causing her such discomfort. Next, I began kneading my way down each arm and back up, before moving to her back.  
  
I felt for knotted muscles using my left elbow. Don't ask me how this works because I don't even know myself, but it does. I can't feel them with my fingers or my right elbow, but with my left, it feels like the round muscle on a chicken drumstick; the one that always peels off. There were a few knots in the lower half of her back that were tensed up and pulling on the neck and upper back. I worked them loose as well.  
  
"Feel good?" I asked, as I turned my attention to her glutes.  
  
"Mmm, yes." she replied in a muffled voice, as her face was buried in the pillow.  
  
I worked my fingers around the base of her butt and rubbed my thumbs around either side of her labia to tease her a bit before moving to her inner thighs and calves. I eventually found myself back up top and rubbed around her labia again, running my thumbs in ever tightening circles until I was massaging them directly.  
  
Tiffany began to shake slightly, and it wasn't long before my hands were wet. I helped her to roll onto her back and I started on her shoulders again.  
  
"You made me cum." she whispered.  
  
"I'll make you cum again, too." I responded, as I turned my attention to her ample tits.  
  
I massaged them gently, kneading them with a gentle firmness that was pleasurable for both of us. I sucked her nipples for a few minutes also, allowing them to stiffen. I was careful with her abs, as I didn't want to tickle her, but was able to get them loosened up a bit as well. I then went to work on her legs and finally back to her cunt, which I began rubbing again.  
  
Tiffany started squirming around on her back as she grew closer to orgasm. By the time she climaxed, she was writing in ecstasy, so she seemed to be feeling much better. She grunted as she came hard; cum dribbling out of her gooey cunt.  
  
"Oh fuck!" she gasped. "That felt so good!"  
  
"It's my turn." I said, as I pulled her legs apart and slid inside of her.  
  
I was really worked up at this point, so it wasn't long before I added to the gooeyness inside of her loins.  
  
"Oh shit, that felt good!" I said quietly, as I pulled out. "Let's take a shower and get cleaned up. Then I'll fix us some breakfast. Are you feeling any better?"  
  
"Yes!" she replied. "My muscles feel a lot better, and so does my cunny. Thank you."  
  
"You're welcome." I said with a smile.  
  
We stepped into the shower together and shared it. I'm not overly fond of shared showers, because someone is always nice and warm, while the other is waiting and chilly, but this was a nice. We soaped each other up and lathered each others hair. We toweled off and I smiled at her.  
  
"Congratulations Tiffany." I complimented her. "You've managed to go almost sixteen hours without being nasty or sarcastic. You may put on two articles of clothing, your choice; for breakfast."  
  
"I kind of like being nude." she responded wistfully. "Do I have to?"  
  
I was genuinely surprised at her response. I suppose it was possible that was setting a plan up to keep me from keeping her nude if she acted up, but I didn't think so. Like may people, she was probably enjoying the freedom of not having to wear clothes.  
  
"Not if you don't want to." I replied cheerily. "Less laundry for me to do."  
  
She smiled and followed me to the kitchen.  
  
"What are you fixing?" she inquired.  
  
"Eggs, with sausage and bacon. A glass of milk too, if you'd like."  
  
"That sounds good." she said, as she sat at the table. "May I help?"  
  
Holy shit, was I taken aback! Never, in the seven years or so I'd had the displeasure of knowing her, had I ever heard her volunteer to do a damned thing before.  
  
"Thank you, but I've got it." I said in surprise. "This is all local stuff, and it cooks up a bit differently. I'll teach you though."  
  
"Thank you. What do you mean by local?" she asked curiously.  
  
"Well, the bacon is from wild boar, and the sausage is venison." I replied. "The milk is raw, and it's from a farm about a mile away."  
  
"What about the eggs?"  
  
"Alligator. I go down to the creek every few days and harvest them." I said, doing my best not to laugh. "It's a little tricky though. Mama doesn't really like me stealing her eggs. I have to take the cats with me."  
  
"You're really going to fix alligator eggs?" she asked carefully.  
  
She was trying very hard not to sound sarcastic or unappreciative, but I knew what was going on inside her mind.  
  
"Nah!" I giggled. "This is Appalachia. We don't have gators up here. They're turkey eggs. There's about sixty turkeys up here and I have a couple in a shed out back. They're bigger than hen eggs and taste about the same."  
  
"I've never had turkey eggs before." Tiffany responded politely.  
  
"Me neither. I was teasing you again."  
  
I couldn't contain myself any longer, and I burst out laughing. To my surprise, so did she.  
  
"You really had me going there for a minute." she said, wiping her eyes as she continued to giggle. I was trying to think of a way to tell you I didn't want them, but I was afraid you'd punish me if I didn't eat them.  
  
I looked at her intently.  
  
"You look good when you laugh." I said quietly. "When you smile too. You should do it more often."  
  
"I'll try." she promised. "So, where are the eggs really from?"  
  
"My neighbors have a small poultry farm." I replied. "The honey's local too. We all trade. The cats keep me loaded with more deer and hogs than I need, so we all barter stuff. It works really well. If the shit ever hits the fan, we essentially have a self sufficient community already set up. I got everyone together before the 2012 scare, in case something happened, and we've just run with it ever since."  
  
"That's really cool." Tiffany said quietly. "No wonder you like living here so much. It's also no wonder the people elected you as their sheriff. I think I'm beginning to understand."  
  
Wow! That was a shot from out of the blue. It was beginning to dawn on me that for all of these years, she'd gotten away with her crap simply because she was allowed to. All Bobby had to do was punch her in the face once or twice, and it probably would have stopped a long time ago.  
  
"Tell you what..." I suggested. "Why don't you make the eggs while I fry the bacon and sausage?"  
  
"I'd like that." she said with a smile. "Fried or scrambled?"  
  
"Your choice." I responded. "Surprise me."  
  
I went to work on the meat, while Tiffany cracked the eggs. It was nice; having someone to not only cook for again, but to cook with. While Bobby's sister was a wonderful person, she was a horrible cook, so she had always let me do all of the cooking, except for the time she had tried to make meatloaf and didn't realize it required some sort of bread or crackers to make it work. I was presented with a giant burger and did my best to choke it down until she tried eating it herself. Needless to say, the dog feasted that night, and she never tried cooking again.  
  
"I'll make scrambled, if it's okay." Tiffany said. "I could never get the whole 'sunny side up' or 'over easy' thing figured out. Do you have any onions or garlic, or chives?"  
  
"Yes." I replied. "Go out the front door and look for some spindly shoots. You might call them scallions."  
  
"Oh yeah, I've never cooked with them before. Can you?"  
  
"Obviously." I said with a feigned look of disgust. "It's actually wild garlic, and surprisingly, it's not overpowering. You can use the bulbs and the chives. There's a trowel on the front porch railing specifically for digging them up. Just make sure it smells onion-y. We don't have death camass in these parts, but always check anyway. If it smells like onions, garlic or mustard, it's always edible."  
  
Tiffany nodded, and returned a few minutes later with a couple of dime-sized bulbs.  
  
"Wash them and pull the roots off, then peel the outer layer from the bulb and do what you would typically do with a small onion plant." I coached her, as I began frying the sausages.  
  
Tiffany nodded again, and I left her to her own devices as she sliced the wild garlic bulbs and chives.  
  
"Can I check the fridge?" she inquired.  
  
"Help yourself." I replied, as I kept watch on my own portion of breakfast.  
  
I wasn't paying attention, but I heard cutting and chopping, and then the sound of something in a frying pan as I pulled the thawed bacon from the microwave to begin frying it up as well. To my surprise, Tiffany was cooking up one hell of a giant omelet; full of the wild garlic bulbs and chives, cheese and tomatoes.  
  
"Looks good." I complimented her.  
  
She beamed and nodded.  
  
"Thank you. It's an Italian thing." she replied. "I haven't really cooked in a while. I'm used to ordering pizzas or whatever, and I stopped trying to cook for Bobby because of our relationship; or lack thereof."  
  
"Can't wait to try it." I responded. "It smells really good."  
  
"So does your meat."  
  
I giggled uncontrollably and Tiffany chuckled as well. It was really nice to see her acting like this. I was actually starting to like her. I know, it was a dangerous avenue to pursue, but if she did change, it would be nice to have her around. We finished our respective dishes, and Tiffany folded her huge omelet lover and cut it in half. Between the two of us, we had a really nice breakfast; something I was not expecting.  
  
"Let's go out on the porch." I suggested.  
  
"Okay." she agreed and followed me out.  
  
The sun was just breaking the horizon and illuminating parts of the valley that my house overlooked. The rest was still in shadow which created a nice contrast, particularly with the twenty feet or so of fog nestled on the valley floor.  
  
"This place is beautiful." Tiffany breathed as we sat down to eat.  
  
She reached across the table and I took her hands in mine.  
  
"I remembered." she said with a smile. "And I'd like to give the thanks this time if it's okay."  
  
"Of course. Please do."  
  
"I give thanks for this wonderful food we have before us." Tiffany began. "And I give thanks for actually picking some of it myself! I also give thanks for having this opportunity. I really do appreciate it."  
  
"You're welcome." I added. "Now, lemme try some of that monster omelet you made!"  
  
We both dug in and enjoyed each others cooking. The cheetahs both showed up looking very sad and pathetic, as they hoped for some of our breakfast as well.  
  
"You can lick the plates when we're finished." I stated. "Now go lay down and behave yourselves."  
  
To Tiffany's astonishment, they did as they were told.  
  
"They understood you!" she exclaimed.  
  
"Of course." I answered, as I took a mouthful of her delicious omelet. "Cats aren't stupid. They actually understand full well, what you are saying. As long as you keep the words simple, they'll have no trouble obeying you if they're in the mood to, that is."  
  
"You know so much." Tiffany observed, as she took a forkful of the seasoned sausage. You are so different from Bobby."  
  
"You can't go through life comparing everyone to someone else." I said, as I set my empty plate on the deck.  
  
The cats immediately returned, and began licking the plate in earnest, pushing it all over the place. Tiffany finished her own breakfast and put her plate down as well, allowing the pair of giant felines to each have their own plate to lick.  
  
"How are you feeling?" I asked, as I looked intently at her.  
  
"Full." she said with a smile. "And a lot less sore too. And amazingly, for the first time in a long time, I also feel happy. Thank you."  
  
I nodded, trying to find the correct words for my next question.  
  
"Why are you such a bitch?" I queried. "You're so nice now. It's like night and day."  
  
Tiffany looked sad.  
  
"I was the middle child." she explained. "Just like Jan Brady I guess. But instead of 'Marsha, Marsha, Marsha,' it was always 'Crystal, Crystal, motherfucking Crystal.' Then Tommy was born and he got all the attention as the little one.  
  
"I hated both of them. Crystal was always the older and prettier one, and Tommy went off to college and got a degree. I got an apron and a chow bell. I guess all of that resentment made me feel entitled. I was owed everything, and it was everyone else' fault."  
  
Tiffany dropped her head.  
  
"I'm sorry, Jack." she said quietly. "I mean that. I am so, so sorry. The way I have treated you, Bobby, my friends and the rest of my family... I am so sorry."  
  
Tears welled up in her eyes as it finally dawned on her who and what she was, and why everyone hated her so much.  
  
"Are you up for a walk?" I asked, as I stood up.  
  
"I think so, yes." she replied. "I can't do another five miles, but a slow walk I think so, yes."  
  
"Good!" I responded with a smile. "I want to show you something."  
  
Tiffany looked puzzled.  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"Come with me and I'll show you." I replied. "Oh, maybe we should put some shoes on first."  
  
We both donned socks and sneakers, and I led my new interest down the ridge and into the head of a hollow overlooking the creek. After ten minutes or so, we arrived at a portion of creek that she had never seen before because the trail went around it. The sound of falling water tinkled over the noise of the flowing water at hand, and I motioned to the upstream side.  
  
Tiffany gasped in awe, as she looked at a set of small falls that ended in a pool about five feet deep, and fifteen feet or so in diameter.  
  
"Jack, this is beautiful!" she gushed. "I don't know which is better; the view from the cabin or this."  
  
"This is my special place." I replied. "I love to come here and masturbate."  
  
"I can see why." she responded. "It's so serene. Can we go for a swim?"  
  
"Yes. This time of year, the water is heated by warm runoff." I explained. "Most of the year though, it's too cold. I like to jerk off in the water and watch it float downstream."  
  
"Pervert." she laughed, as she took off her sneakers and waded into the pool. "I don't blame you."  
  
She reached the depths of the pool and began swimming around.  
  
"This is great!" she gushed. "It feels so nice on my body. I've never swum nude before."  
  
I pointed to a tree upstream.  
  
"See that rope? When it rains, I hang onto it, and all of that fast moving water around my dick and balls feels to nice. It's a moving solid, and it feels so good. It makes me cum every time."  
  
"Will... would you let me try it?" she inquired gingerly.  
  
"Yes." I replied, as I joined her in the quiet eddying pool. "I think you will like it. I think you will like it here in general. I wanted to share this place with you, because I want you to stay."  
  
"You are a very kind and generous man." Tiffany said, as she reached out and tugged on my cock. "I used to hate you, but now I understand you. It was me who was the asshole all this time; not you or Bobby or anyone else."  
  
"Will you stay with me then?" I asked quietly.  
  
Tiffany nodded.  
  
"Yes Jack, I would love to stay with you." she replied. "I'll make mistakes - I know that - but if you will have patience with me, I will make you very happy, I promise.  
  
"I want you to teach me everything you know about living up here. What to pick in the yard and eat, what to shoot and how to do it. I always thought you were a loon, but I see now that you were always ahead of the curve. It wasn't you that was crazy. It was everyone else. Yes Jack, I will stay with you if you will have me, and I will be the best woman I can be. I am so sorry for all of the pain and hurt I have caused all these years, and I want to start with you. Please forgive me."  
  
An overwhelming sense of emotion flowed through me as I tried to make sense of her contriteness. Just yesterday, I hated this bitch more than anyone else on the face of the planet, and now I was really starting to fall for her. I thought back to the words from an old Dan Fogelberg song, "Beggar's Game."  
  
"And with the first rays of the sun I knew; love had another captive. Love had another FOOL."  
  
SHIT!!

**Tiffany Tantrum Pt. 05**

For the next week, I let Tiffany walk the perimeter just a single time each day, to allow her muscles to get used to the grade. After that, I gradually brought her up to the full five miles. Then came the day to start running. She did amazingly well for a couch potato, and soon was able to run the full five miles, instead of walking or taking walking breaks.  
  
As for her attitude, she did slip up a few times but immediately realized her mistake and apologized for it. She still had to be punished, however, and a good spanking let her know I still meant business without overdoing it as long as she showed genuine contriteness. The only exceptions were a few incidents while the Red Baron was paying her a visit. She received a stinging slap and a stern warning the first time, followed by the promise of full discipline once she was feeling better after the second one.  
  
"You're Italian." I warned her. "You know what happens when a mechanic comes after you. You'll never know when or how, but you'll know for certain, it WILL happen."  
  
Tiffany made no more slip ups after that, but the damage had been done. Her entire attitude was one of a meek kitten; trying her best to make me happy, but knowing that some sort of punishment was coming. Sometimes, it's the anticipation of the act rather than the act itself, that incurs more fear than immediate punishment. For three weeks I let her wonder what I would do or when I would do it. While she presented a brave face, I could see her eating less, and I knew she was a nervous wreck. The day of reckoning presented itself one morning that was unusually cool for the time of year.  
  
I allowed her to don jeans and a frilly buttoned blouse in addition to her undies, so that she wasn't chilly, as I instructed her to run not five laps around the perimeter, but ten. By the time she was finished, she was utterly exhausted and completely out of breath. She stepped onto the porch, and that's when I grabbed her.  
  
I twisted her right arm behind her back and dragged her backwards into the house. Tiffany was trying to catch her breath and respond at the same time.  
  
"Jack!" she cried out. "What are you doing? Please stop! Please! Oh God!"  
  
"I told you that you would regret it!" I snarled, going back into Lee Ermey's drill sergeant mode. "I don't care how bad you're feeling, you don't take it out on me or anyone else, understand? I asked you a question, goddammit? Do you motherfucking understand me?"  
  
"Yes Sir!" she hollered. "I didn't mean it! I'm sorry!"  
  
"You will be!" I barked back.  
  
I dragged her into her bedroom and threw her onto the bed. She knew what was coming and began to cry.  
  
"Please don't!" she whimpered. "I'm so sorry, Jack! I'll never do it again, I promise!"  
  
I said nothing, but put my hands on either side of her collar and ripped her blouse open. Buttons popped off and flew in all directions, as I tore her top to shreds with a pleasant sound of tearing fabric. I tossed the rags on the floor and snatched her bra off with a violent tug, leaving her topless. I squeezed her tits for a few seconds, before resuming my attack.  
  
Next came her jeans. I pulled them off of her intact and cast them aside, before yanking her panties off as well. This left her wearing nothing but a pair of ankle socks, which I opted to leave on her. I straddled her hips and pulled my tee shirt off, then pinned her down with my left arm while I pulled my own socks, sneakers and jeans off.  
  
Now keep in mind, this was all just part of her punishment and I really cared for her, so there was no way I could simulate raping her like this. It didn't turn me on and I wouldn't be able to follow through with it. Thank goodness for over the counter Cialis! I had taken one about halfway through her laps, and I was as hard as a fucking crowbar. My huge erection throbbed over her as I positioned myself between her legs to slide my cock inside her cunt.  
  
"No!" she begged. "No! Please Jack, please don't rape me! I'm so sorry. I love you, Jack!"  
  
The head of my dick lined up with her furry fuck hole, and I pushed it deep inside of her; all the way in. Tiffany began to cry, as I slid my penis in and out of her cunt in a rhythmic fucking. With the Cialis keeping me hard, it didn't take more than a minute or two before I came inside of her. Amazingly, I stayed hard even after I came, due to that magical little capsule, and all of my cum made everything all the more slippery. I continued raping her for an other five minutes or so, before I was finally finished.  
  
I pulled my cock out of her cunt and stood up, looking down on her as she sobbed hysterically. I wasn't happy at all, about what I had just done, but it was the only way to teach her that final lesson. Bobby had told me that she had been molested by her uncle when she was ten, and it was probably a contributing factor to her bitchiness. Add to that what she had told me about her sibling jealousy, and it all made sense.  
  
Raping Tiffany was the final nail in her coffin of contempt. It drained the last remaining iota of dignity from her; leaving her a docile and subservient shell to be retrained into an obedient Stepford wife. She continued crying for several more minutes, with her hands pressed against her face.  
  
"Why?" she wailed. "Why did you do that to me? I love you, Jack. I told you that! I told you I loved you and you raped me anyway! Oh God, I hate you now!"  
  
I sat next to her and gently lifted her up.  
  
"You love your brother and sister too, don't you?" I inquired.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"And yet for all of these years, you have treated them, your parents, Bobby and all of your former friends, like shit. You raped them just as hard as I just raped you. Maybe not physically; but psychologically, you've ass fucked every single person you've ever known."  
  
"I didn't mean to." Tiffany said softly. "I told you, I was trying to change. I thought I was doing a good job."  
  
"And you were." I replied. "Until you hit the rag, and your deep seated hatred sprouted again. You have to learn to control those hormones, Tiffy."  
  
She was silent for a second, before replying.  
  
"You called me Tiffy. That's your pet name for me." she said quietly. "I don't understand."  
  
"Your defenses went up when your uncle raped you." I responded.  
  
"You know about that?" she demanded. "Bobby told you, I'll bet! I'll-"  
  
"Do nothing." I interrupted. "Listen to yourself, Tiffany! Did you not learn a fucking thing?"  
  
Tiffany dropped her head and nodded.  
  
"I did. I'm sorry." she acknowledged. "I just had no idea that you knew."  
  
"Well I do!" I retorted. "I know everything about you. Who you are and what makes you tick, and why. I'm not your enemy; far from it. I love you just as much as you love me, but I will NOT take any shit from you, do you understand that?"  
  
Tiffany nodded again.  
  
"I mean it. All Bobby ever had to do, was punch you right in the face every time you pulled that crap, and it would have ended a long time ago. He was too scared, because he's a cop afraid of losing his job. That doesn't work with me. I'm in charge here."  
  
"I understand." Tiffany said respectfully. "I was wrong, and I admit it. I will never raise my voice to you again, Jack, I promise. I will never be rude to anyone else again either. And I didn't mean it when I said I hate you! I'm sorry, Jack! I don't hate you! I love you!"  
  
She leaned in and put her arms around me. I embraced her as well, and ran my fingers through her dark brown hair.  
  
"I love you too." I exhaled softly in her left ear.  
  
"Will you teach me?" she inquired.  
  
"Teach you what?" I responded, somewhat confused.  
  
"Everything! How to hunt, dress the kills, grow food and identify wild food... everything." she explained. "I used to think you were a loon, but you have it made here. Your house is beautiful. Your view is gorgeous. Your neighbors are all part of a symbiosis that trades everything you all need."  
  
I smiled, and nodded in agreement.  
  
"I'm glad you understand," I said with a smile, "but it's pronounced 'y'all.' You're in Dixie now. The first thing you need to learn, is to drop that annoying Yankee twang. Yes, I will teach you, Tiffy. Provided you stay respectful and submissive. No more outbursts, no more menstrual mania; nothing."  
  
"I have no desire to ever be the kind of person I was before." Tiffany responded. "I promise you, Jack, I will make you a good woman. I'd like to live here with you and have your children. I just want to start over."  
  
"Well, you can." I replied. "You're eight hundred miles away from home. Nobody here knows you, so make this your new home now. You can start over with me. Now go take a shower and get cleaned up. I'll take you into T Town for lunch, how's that?"  
  
"That would be nice," she responded. "Bobby never took me anywhere. Can't say that I blame him either."  
  
She retreated to the bathroom and showered, returning a few minutes later.  
  
"I need another top, please." she said respectfully. "You ruined the other one."  
  
"It's warmed up out there." I replied, glancing out the window. "It's a beautiful day. You won't need a top."  
  
Tiffany looked at me in bewilderment. She wasn't certain if I was serious or not, but she was about to find out."  
  
"This is a top-free state." I informed her cheerfully. "I'm taking you to the drive-in, so you don't have to worry about putting a top on to go inside and eat. If I take you to dinner though, you'll have to wear one. 'No shirt, no shoes, no service' you know."  
  
"What about pants?" she said coyly. "Do they have a sign for that?"  
  
"I think that's more of a California thing," I said casually, "but I like your attitude. Let's go."  
  
We traveled into the north end of the big city in an adjacent county, as the small town that housed the county seat had a gas station and market, and a single restaurant. Nothing much more than that. It took forty five minutes or so to get to the Mega Burger drive in, and I parked under the aluminum awning. One of the waitresses roller skated over the SUV with a smile on her face.  
  
"Hey Sheriff!" she said, smiling broadly. "How are you today?"  
  
"Doing well, Sally." I replied. "I hope you are, as well."  
  
"I haven't see you in a while." she continued. "You been okay?"  
  
"Yep. I've started eating more healthy; mostly at home. It's a quite a drive to come down here anyway."  
  
"Who's your friend?" she inquired, peering in the window and catching a glimpse of my topless passenger. "Nice tits."  
  
"Thanks." Tiffany mumbled.  
  
"The other reason I haven't been by." I explained. "I've been teaching her to behave. She's kept me pretty busy. It's her first time out since I got her, and her first time topless in public. She's still a little shy."  
  
"Isn't that illegal?" Sally asked in surprise.  
  
"Believe it or not," I replied, "it's legal in most states. Only a few make it a crime for a woman to do the same thing that a guy can do."  
  
"So I could take my top off and skate around here like that?"  
  
"As long as your boss doesn't fire you for it, but yes, it's perfectly legal. I'll bet everyone would be clamoring for you to take their orders too. Speaking of which, I will have a Mega Burger combo, all the way."  
  
"You got it, Babe. What about you, Sweetie?" she asked of Tiffany.  
  
"I'll have one too; with mustard and ketchup, lettuce and tomato, and pickles."  
  
"You got it! Be back in a jiffy with your drinks."  
  
"Thank you." Tiffany said politely. "And thank you too, Jack."  
  
"You're welcome." I replied, reaching over and honking her left hooter with my right hand. You look really good like that. I might have to take you out more often."  
  
And I did just that. I took her to dinner a couple of times, and she was very well behaved. In fact, she was the perfect date. Even during her visit from the Red Baron, she never got ugly or combative in the least. She had become very gentle and obedient, and I really cared about her.  
  
One day I took her to a nearby state park that had an impressive waterfall, with a large viewing deck overlooking the falls and the deep, natural pool below. As usual, there were several swimmers in the pool, despite the sign that said "no swimming."  
  
"Are you going to say something to them?" Tiffany inquired.  
  
"Nope." I replied. "First of all, if the rangers don't care, it's not my place to interfere. Secondly, you have to realize you're in the South. We do things a little differently here. We don't bust people's balls just because of an infraction. We tend to let things slide. We also say hello to everyone we encounter, and we wave at oncoming traffic."  
  
"I noticed that." Tiffany said. "I thought it was because you were the sheriff."  
  
"No, that's how it is here." I explained. "You walk past someone in the grocery store, you say hi or nod. Not just here either. Even in cities like Charlotte or Atlanta. It's the southern way. It'll be a huge culture shock for you, but once you get used to it, you'll never want to live anywhere else. It's one of the reasons so many people are fleeing the North and moving here."  
  
We watched the waterfall for a few minutes, as people milled around and moseyed on. I looked to my left and pretended to pick something up from the wooden deck.  
  
"Look at this!" I said in mock disgust. "People leaving trash all over the place. Is nothing sacred anymore?"  
  
I pressed a small white box into her hand.  
  
"Better see what it is." I suggested. "It might be something important."  
  
Tiffany gingerly opened the box, somewhat picking up on what I was doing, but still uncertain. She clamped her hand over her mouth, as her gaze fell upon an engagement ring with a very large aquamarine instead of a diamond. It was her birth stone, and diamonds were overpriced semiprecious stones anyway.  
  
I dropped to one knee, and took her free hand in mine.  
  
"Will you marry me?" I inquired.  
  
I looked around, and about a dozen people were watching the situation.  
  
"I think she should marry me." I said to a couple about eight feet away. "What do you think?"  
  
They nodded in reply, and someone shouted their support as well. Tiffany nodded, as tears welled up in her eyes.  
  
"Yes." she said simply.  
  
I slipped the ring on her finger and everyone began clapping. Some dispersed, while others hung around out of curiosity. I put my arm around her, and we walked back to the car.  
  
"You couldn't have picked a more beautiful place to ask me." she said, as she kept looking at the ring on her left hand and admiring it. "I love that it's my birthstone, too. Diamonds are so overrated."  
  
"I figured I'd do something different." I explained.  
  
"Well I love it!" she exclaimed. "And I love you, too! Thank you!"  
  
"You're welcome." I replied. "Now, since you're going to be my wife, we should probably drive back up to Bobby's and get the rest of your stuff."  
  
"He's going to freak out." Tiffany said sadly. "It will hurt him. I know he really loved me once. I really ruined so many things with so many people."  
  
"Well, he's over you." I replied. "He gave you to me, remember? He'll be fine. You can meet his new gal-pal while we're up there too. He told me about her, but I didn't tell him about us. I just said I'd broken you. No details."  
  
"When did you want to get married?" Tiffany inquired. "Are we going to invite people? No one from up North will come down here because they all hate me, and I don't know any of your friends."  
  
"Why don't we just elope?" I suggested. "We can stop by the courthouse and fill out the paperwork, and have the Justice of the Peace say the magic words and file it for us. We'll be home in time to make dinner, and we can get your stuff on our honeymoon."  
  
"Not very romantic," she pointed out, "but you're right. It makes the most sense. We can always take a real honeymoon later, if you want."  
  
With that, we filed all of the paperwork - including her name change and new driver's license - and were married and back home within two hours. Perks come with the job, especially in a small town. We got to the house and I paused at the front door. I picked her up and carried her inside.  
  
"I have something for you." I said quietly, as I retrieved a small, neatly wrapped package from the little table next to the front door, and handed it to her.  
  
Tiffany looked puzzled, but began tearing the wrapping paper off.  
  
"I figured you'd say yes, so I ordered this for you a few weeks ago." I explained, as she unwrapped the box. "It came in the mail yesterday, so I proposed today."  
  
She opened the box and stared at the object for a moment, before taking it out. It was an official black leather ID case with the county seal embossed in gold, and when she opened it, there was a clear window for a photo ID. In her case it would be her driver's license, but on the other side was a five-pointed star badge. It was identical to mine, but instead of saying "Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, Bailiff or Captain" etc. across the top banner, hers read "Sheriff's Wife."  
  
It's something that sheriffs in the South tend to do. Many family members will have them, and good friends will oftentimes get one titled, "Honorary." While legally meaningless, they are nonetheless usually recognized anyway; much like a favor card in northern jurisdictions. It's a common courtesy for a friendly warning, unless one has done something really bad.  
  
Tiffany stared at the badge for almost a minute, running her finger around the state seal and over the banner that identified her as my wife. Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked at me.  
  
"No one has ever done anything like this for me before." she said tearfully. "I love you so much!"  
  
She placed her arms around me, and we embraced tightly.  
  
"Why don't you put your new driver's license in it?" I suggested. "You'll need it for the road trip."  
  
"You're going to let me drive?" she bubbled.  
  
"Part way." I replied. "It's a long drive, and the last time I made it, I had to drive nonstop with you nagging at me the whole time. We'll split it in half, and stop at some attractions along the way, okay? It'll be a like a semi-honeymoon."  
  
"That sounds great!" Tiffany burst out. "Can we stop at one of the caves we passed on the way down? I've never been in a cave before."  
  
"We can." I replied. "I've been to every one of them, and one of my favorites is owned by a couple of brothers that used to race off-road motorcycles. I haven't stopped by there in close to twenty years though. I wonder if they remember me."  
  
"Let's find out!" Tiffany exclaimed. "Call Bobby and tell him we're on the way."  
  
The next morning, we left bright and early and started our first road trip as husband and wife. It was completely different from the last one, as Tiffany drove for a while, and we would switch off. We talked about a lot of things and pointed out landmarks as we drove by. As we approached a familiar exit, I asked Tiffany how we were for gas.  
  
"About half a tank." she replied. "We can keep going."  
  
"Get off here and head for that truck stop." I said, pointing to the right. "I want to show you something."  
  
She did as she was told and pulled up to one of the pumps. I exited and topped it off.  
  
"Pull in over there and let's go inside." I instructed.  
  
She parked the SUV and I motioned for her to follow me. We stepped into a long hallway that was full of glass cases all along the length of both walls. They we were loaded with knives and firearms of all sorts, including a Thompson sub machine gun that also displayed the Virginia Class 3 license to own it.  
  
"This is incredible!" Tiffany exclaimed. "This stuff is so cool!"  
  
"They have another truck stop in New Mexico too," I said, "but I never found it. Wonder what I missed."  
  
We got back in the car and continued on. We stopped at the cave I had mentioned, along with the famous Luray Caverns, and several other attractions along the way, including a natural bridge that we could drive across. The state actually uses it as a real highway bridge over the gorge! All in all, it took us three days to get to Bobby's house, but it was the best trip I'd ever taken. We stayed overnight for the last time, just outside of Harrisburg, PA, and as we were getting ready to head out for the third day, Tiffany approached me.

"You gave me something really nice the other day." she said quietly, as she approached me with one hand behind her back. "The ring and the badge, and now I have something for you that I think you'll like just as much."  
  
"Oh?" I responded. "What is it?"  
  
She pulled her hand out and showed me a pregnancy test. It clearly showed a plus sign. She was pregnant! We both embraced and laughed, and then cried. It was a very emotional time, but something we both wanted very much. I reflected back on the past few months, and everything that had brought us to this point.  
  
It had been tough. In all honestly, there were times when I thought she was hopeless, but she had always persevered. She had stood up to my relentless training, while learning at the same time how to act civilized and respectful. It was a hard act to balance, but she had done it. I couldn't have been any more proud than I was at this moment; proud of her for her accomplishments, and proud of myself for the next step my life was about to take as a father.  
  
Kudos to Bobby! They say one man's trash is another man's treasure, and how true it was! Tiffany HAD been trash when I offered to take her home. Literally and figuratively. She had been a nasty and spiteful person who was about to be kicked to the curb like a bag of garbage. Now, she was a treasure to me and our unborn child. I tossed our bags into the SUV and smiled.  
  
"Let's go, Tiffy." I said brightly. "Even when this trip is over, it's just the beginning of the rest of our lives. We have an even bigger journey ahead of us, and it's called, 'raising a family.' This isn't the end by any means. It's not the beginning of the end either. It's the end of a wonderful new beginning."

**Tiffany Tantrum Pt. 06**

I called Bobby to let him know what time we would be there, so he would be expecting us. We arrived and exited the SUV, as the front door opened and Bobby and his new girlfriend approached us.  
  
"Hey Brother!" I exclaimed, as we shook hands and gave each other a hug.  
  
"Hey yourself!" he said enthusiastically. "This is Amalie; my girlfriend."  
  
"Hi Amalie." I introduced myself. "I'm Jack. This is my wife, Tiffany."  
  
"Your WHAT?!" Bobby asked incredulously.  
  
I had told him I had succeeded in taming her temper, but he had no idea we'd gotten married. I grinned and motioned to Tiffany.  
  
"Show him." I said with a smile.  
  
Tiffany nodded and reached into her purse, retrieving the pregnancy test and holding it out.  
  
"I meant the other thing," I said through clenched teeth, as I rubbed my fingers across my forehead,"although they now know the second surprise."  
  
"Oh, sorry." she apologized. "I'm still just so excited about it!"  
  
She put the test back and proudly displayed her "Sheriff's Wife" badge.  
  
"Hey, that's a nice gesture." Bobby acknowledged. "Congrats! I'm glad things have worked out for you; I really am."  
  
"Thank you." Tiffany said politely. "That means a lot to me."  
  
"You know, I'm getting kinda hungry." I said suggestively. "How about if we call Mom and Pop and have them meet us at the Beef Barn for dinner?"  
  
"Sounds good to me!" my former brother-in-law responded. "They'd love to see you again."  
  
"They won't want to see me again, though, I'll bet." Tiffany added. "I understand though."  
  
"You're my wife now. It'll be fine." I replied. "I'm sure Bobby's told them how you've changed."  
  
"I have, but they're still a little skeptical." he said. "Sorry, Tiff."  
  
"It's okay." she said quietly. "I understand, believe me. I wouldn't want to see me either. I can't believe who I used to be."  
  
"Come on." I said encouragingly, as I put my arm around her. "We can talk about it over dinner."  
  
Around forty five minutes later, we arrived at my favorite restaurant in the area. It was built like an old barn, with wide open spaces and quite a Western flavor. Wagon wheels and cowhides decorated the walls, along with a myriad of other cowboy kitsch. They were famous for their steaks, but my favorite was always the prime rib.  
  
"Hi Mom! Hey Pop!" I greeted them enthusiastically, as we all hugged.  
  
Tiffany was standing awkwardly to the side, and I motioned for her to join us.  
  
"I'd like you guys to meet my wife." I said with a smile. "I know you used to know someone with her name that looked just like her, but trust me; that person no longer exists."  
  
"It's very nice to see you again." she said respectfully. "Please accept my deepest apologies for who I may have been before. I am very ashamed for the things I have done and said, and I hope that you will forgive me. I know it's a lot to ask of you, but perhaps one day we can be friends again."  
  
Bob Sr. and Lynn stared at one another in stunned disbelief. There was no way that this was the same bitch that had once been engaged to their son.  
  
"Who are you, and what have you done with Tiffany?" Lynn inquired, as she reached out and hugged my wife. "Bobby told us you were a different person, but we didn't think it was possible."  
  
"Neither did I." their son admitted. "Jack must have had the patience of a leopard."  
  
"More like cheetahs." I replied, and Tiffany and I both laughed at the inside joke. "C'mon, let's go in and see if we can get a table for six."  
  
We were seated at a round table on one end of the dining area, and the hostess left menus for us.  
  
"I don't even need to look at mine!" I exclaimed, casting it to one side.  
  
Bob laughed.  
  
"Let me guess, the prime rib?"  
  
"You know me too well." I admitted.  
  
"So Tiffany, how have you been these past few months?" Lynn inquired, as our waitress arrived with glasses of water for everyone.  
  
"Very well, thank you for asking." she replied politely. "It was a pretty hard transition at first, but Jack had a lot of faith in me. He worked very hard on my manners and attitude. I feel horrible for the way I used to act. I am so ashamed of what I have said and done to all of you over the years. I hope you find it in your hearts to forgive me at some point.  
  
"It took a few months, but I was finally able to overcome most of my hate and frustrations with life. Oh, speaking of life, there's a little one on the way! We're going to be a mommy and daddy!"  
  
"That's wonderful!" Lynn burst out. "Isn't it Bob?"  
  
He nodded grudgingly, still not fully convinced this wasn't some sort of elaborate act on her part. The waitress took our orders and left, so we continued our conversation.  
  
"Jack was so patient with me." Tiffany continued. "He's taught me a lot about country living and how to work with other people. They have this whole collective thing going, where a not of people in the community raise meat and vegetables and trade for stuff. It's a whole life I never knew existed, until he introduced me to it. Now, I can't think of anything else I'd rather do, or a place to be."  
  
"Well, I'm glad you like living there." Bob responded, reaching out for the whole wheat loaf of bread and accompanying jar of real butter on the cutting board in the middle of the tasble.  
  
Instead, he accidentally knocked Tiffany's glass of ice water over, causing it to run onto her lap. She yelped and stood up, looking at her wet jeans.  
  
"I am so sorry!" Bob apologized, fully expecting her to fly off the handle and make a scene. "I must need new eyeglasses or something."  
  
Tiffany reached out and picked up one of the cloth napkins, and tried to soak up as much of the liquid as she could.  
  
"It's okay." she replied, as she daubed her waist with the absorbent material. "Lucky it wasn't red wine or tomato juice."  
  
"Right now, it just looks like you peed your pants." I responded dryly. "Tomato juice would have looked much more embarrassing."  
  
My wife let out a giggle and set the napkin down.  
  
"Why don't you go to the Ladies Room and take your jeans off and use the hand dryer on them?" I suggested. "You should be back before dinner arrives. If not, we'll send Amalie to get you."  
  
"I'll just go with her." Amalie said. "I need to use it anyway, and wash my hands."  
  
The two women left for the restroom, and I glared at my former father-in-law.  
  
"You did that on purpose, Pop!" I said accusingly. "That wasn't very nice."  
  
He shrugged.  
  
"There were a lot of times over the years I didn't want to just spill it on her, I wanted to throw it in her face." he explained. "I really thought she was putting on a show, and that she'd jump up and start screaming at me. Not only did she not throw a fit, she actually laughed at your comment! I've never seen her smile before, let alone laugh like that. I guess she really has changed."  
  
"She has." I replied, as she and Amalie returned and sat down.  
  
"All better?" I inquired. "Got your bladder issue all fixed?"  
  
"Yes Sir." she answered with an affirmative nod and smile. "No harm done."  
  
Bob looked uncomfortable.  
  
"Actually, there was." he said quietly. "I did that on purpose to see how you would react. I'm sorry."  
  
"But why?" Tiffany asked. "I told you I was sorry for how I used to be."  
  
"I thought you were acting." he admitted.  
  
"No Sir." she replied. "Being with Jack really has changed me. I know y'all are going to find that hard to believe, but it's true. He has made me very happy. Don't worry, I hated his guts at first - no offense, Sweetie - but he made me see how ugly a person I'd been."  
  
"I believe you." Bob said contritely. "Again, I apologize for what I did."  
  
"No worries." she said cheerily, as our food arrived. "You can make up for it later on by picking up the check."  
  
Bob was uncertain how to respond, and I grinned.  
  
"Believe it or not, Pop," I said with a laugh, "that was actually a joke you just heard coming out of her mouth."  
  
"Imagine that," Tiffany said with mock stoicism, as she cut her baked potato open and dropped a glob of butter into the slit, "humor emanating from my mouth instead of profanity."  
  
She smiled and gave me a kissy face, before slicing off a chunk of steak.  
  
"Ooh, god Jack." she mumbled, with her mouth full. "This is really good! Don't get me wrong, I love your venison, but there's just something about a different recipe once in a while that makes it delicious."  
  
She paused for a moment and smiled.  
  
"Plus, there's no cat cooties on it." she said with a wink.  
  
"Cat cooties?" Amalie echoed. "I'm sure there's a joke in there somewhere, but what am I missing? Do your kitties like to nibble on your food or something?"  
  
"Oh, I have a couple of cheetahs." I responded casually. "If a deer makes the mis-steak of jumping the fence, they become one. They drag 'em home and I give them both a leg and then have the rest butchered up. I haven't had to go deer hunting in quite some time now."  
  
Amalie looked bewildered and went back to her food. Bobby chortled and looked at me.  
  
"She's a city gal too." he explained.  
  
"Come visit us sometime." I invited. "She'll be amazed at how differently we live."  
  
He chuckled, and we went back to our wonderful steak dinners. An hour or so later, we were standing outside saying goodbye to Bob and Lynn.  
  
"It was great seeing you again, and catching up." I said.  
  
"Same here." Bob replied. "To both of you, and I mean it. If you ever come up this way for a few days, you're both welcome at our house."  
  
"Thank you." Tiffany said, throwing her arms around him and giving him a huge hug.  
  
We followed Bobby and Amalie back to their house so we could load all of her stuff into the back of the SUV from the garage. Bobby had assured me it would all fit, and I wouldn't need to rent a trailer. We spent close to two hours packing and repacking all the boxes until everything finally fit, with no room to spare. By the time we were finished it was dark, and crickets were chirping loudly outside in the cool air of the upstate New York evening.  
  
"Wait!" Tiffany suddenly called out. "Did you pack my Christmas ornaments? I don't remember seeing a box marked fragile or anything."  
  
"Shit." Bobby muttered. "I totally forgot. I'm sorry. Let me get the box of Christmas stuff out. You can go through it and take what belongs to you."  
  
He retrieved the box and opened it, so that she could pick through and get her personal ornaments.  
  
"These belonged to my grandmother." she explained, as she carefully removed several antique glass ornaments from the box.  
  
They were beautiful; hand blown and covered with silver and enamel. They were so old that the silver had long ago tarnished to a shiny black surface.  
  
"We'll have to be careful with these." I observed. "They've got to be really fragile."  
  
"There's a box with some packing peanuts that was delivered yesterday." Amalie piped up. "Let me get it."  
  
She returned a short time later and everything fit nicely. The only problem was that there wasn't any room left in the car for the box.  
  
"Oh no!" Tiffany wailed. "I got my Christmas stuff, but now there's no room left at the inn!"  
  
"We'll make room." I said gently. "Don't worry, Sweetheart. We'll get your ornaments home. We'lljust have to repack some of this stuff again, that's all."  
  
"Thank you." she said with genuine feeling.  
  
Another forty five minutes or so, and I had turned enough boxes on their sides to accept the final parcel. I closed the hatchback and sighed.  
  
"All done." I said with a yawn. "Let's get going and find a motel outside of town. It'll be cheaper."  
  
"You'll do no such thing!" Bobby asserted. "We still have a spare room. You can stay here tonight and head out in the morning."  
  
"Thank you, Bobby." Tiffany spoke up. "That is very kind of you."  
  
I locked the car, and we followed our hosts inside. To say they had done some redecorating since Tiffany had been ousted from the house was an understatement! I looked around and saw new carpeting and furniture everywhere, and there was a set of floor to ceiling bookshelves on the far end of the living room, laden with hundreds of volumes. The loud and brassy Italian influence had been replaced by a more moderate look, and the transformation was remarkable.  
  
"Wow," I commented, "y'all've been busy."  
  
"It was time for a change." Amalie stated. "I'm from the Midwest, and the ranch look fit a lot better. Besides, I needed space for all of my books! I'm a bookworm of sorts in case you hadn't noticed."  
  
"I would have never guessed!" I laughed.  
  
"Well, you know where the room is." Bobby called out. "There's towels in the bathroom closet, so help yourselves when you get up. G'nite!"  
  
Tiffany and I closed the door and pulled the covers back before undressing.  
  
"How's your neck feel?" she inquired.  
  
"A little stiff." I replied. "Why."  
  
"Lay on your stomach." she instructed. "I'll rub your shoulders and back for you. I'll get you all nice and relaxed so you'll be refreshed to drive in the morning."  
  
That was a first! She really was becoming a dutiful wife. I had never asked for a back rub before, so this was a pleasant surprise. Tiffany ran her hands around the base of my neck and shoulders, kneading them firmly in her hands. I sighed as she continued down to my back, working out the kinks that I wasn't even aware were there.  
  
"That feels nice!" I said quietly. "You do that very well."  
  
"There's something else I do very well that will feel even better." she whispered softly in my ear. "Turn over."  
  
I rolled onto my back and she smiled at me. I knew what was coming, quite literally, and this was the first time she'd offered to do it willingly. I sighed as she moved in between my legs and took my cock into her mouth. Tiffany smiled as she slid her warm, wet mouth up and down the shaft of my penis; sucking it exquisitely.  
  
"Mmm, you've been practicing!" I sighed quietly. "That feels really nice, Tiffy."  
  
She didn't answer, but flicked her tongue all along the underside at the same time. It wasn't long before I knew I was going to cum, and I let her know.  
  
"Here it comes." I whispered hoarsely.  
  
"Mm-hmm." she replied through her nose.  
  
I groaned as quietly as I possibly could, given the circumstances, and ejaculated inside of her mouth.  
  
"Mmm!" she responded, as she took it all and swallowed.  
  
She continued for several more seconds, milking every last drop she could, before pulling her mouth from my dick and smiling at me.  
  
"Feel good?" she inquired, as she sat up and faced me.  
  
I nodded in reply.  
  
"Yes, Sweetheart." I replied. "That was wonderful, thank you."  
  
"You're quite welcome." she said, as she snuggled up against me. "You've been so nice to me and understanding. I wanted to do something nice for you for a change."  
  
"Well you know... if you did that more often, maybe the pregnancy test wouldn't be positive," I joked with a facetious smile, "but I'm glad it is."  
  
"Me too." she agreed. "I still can't believe this, Jack! A few months ago, I was a heartless bitch with nowhere to go and no one to even care about me, let alone love me. Now, I'm happily married to a wonderful man, with a child on the way. Even more in the future, I hope. I couldn't be happier Jack. Thank YOU."  
  
"Mmm, you're welcome." I said quietly, as I snuggled up against her. "I love you, Tiffany. I never thought I would ever say that, but I do. I'm glad you're my wife too."  
  
We embraced for several seconds, and I turned off the light.  
  
"Get some sleep." I suggested. "You're driving the first leg tomorrow."  
  
"And for what do I deserve THAT honor?" she inquired into my ear, as she kissed me gently on the cheek.  
  
"I always make a wrong turn trying to find the interstate." I replied. "You know these roads, so you're the captain on the way out."  
  
"Okay." she agreed. "Good night, Jack."  
  
"Good night, my love." I responded.  
  
All too soon, morning was there; annoying me with its presence. Why did it always have to arrive so damned soon? We rolled out of bed and stumbled into the bathroom, feeling our way in the dark. It was still rather early and we didn't want to wake Bobby or Amalie just yet, so we decided to shower in the dark. It was something I was used to doing in my own house, but not someone else's.  
  
"You know your way around." I whispered. "Turn the shower on."  
  
We enjoyed a very nice shower together; one of us standing to one side and freezing our ass off while the other got the hot water. We finally finished and toweled off, hanging the towel over the curtain rod. By the time we returned to the spare room and got dressed, Bobby was up and had all the lights turned on.  
  
"Well, we're ready to head on out." I said cheerily. "Thanks for letting us stay the night."  
  
"You guys want some breakfast?" Bobby inquired. "I can make some eggs and sausage or something, if you'd like."  
  
"Nah, we're good to go." I replied. "Thank you for the offer though. I wanna get a good start. We'll stop for lunch, once we hit Pennsyltucky."  
  
"Okay." he said with a smile. "Drive safe, Brother."  
  
"Thanks, but she's driving first." I responded with a grin. "I'll let you know when we get in."  
  
"Sounds good. Take care."  
  
We got into the SUV and I promptly fell back asleep. Sometime later, however, I was awakened by Tiffany's voice.  
  
"Uh-oh."  
  
I opened my eyes to see the entire interior of the vehicle illuminated by flashing red lights.  
  
"What were you doing?" I asked sleepily.  
  
"Sixty five in a fifty five." she replied. "I think. What do I do?"  
  
"When he asks for your driver's license and registration, open your badge carrier to get your license. He'll ask you what it's for and you say 'Sheriff's Wife.' In the meantime, turn on the interior lights and keep your hands on the wheel."  
  
"Okay."  
  
Sure enough, a New York state trooper strode up to her window and peered in.  
  
"Do you know why I pulled you over?" he inquired authoritatively.  
  
Tiffany shook her head.  
  
"I haven't a clue, Sir."  
  
"You were exceeding the posted speed limit by almost ten miles per hour." he informed her. "License and registration please.  
  
Tiffany opened the badge case and pulled her driver's license out.  
  
"What's the badge for?" the trooper inquired.  
  
"Sheriff's Wife." she replied. "This is my husband."  
  
I waved casually.  
  
"Hey Brother." I said nonchalantly. "I was letting her drive because I was too tired. We're headed back to North Carolina with some of her aunt's stuff. We aren't familiar with the roads here, so I guess she missed the signs. I really do apologize."  
  
The trooper nodded.  
  
"No problem." he responded. "Just so that you know, it's double nickels until you hit the interstate, so keep it under sixty. Have a nice trip, and please drive safely while in the state of New York."  
  
"Yes Sir." I replied. "I will see to it. You have a wonderful day, now."  
  
"You as well."  
  
Tiffany pulled back onto the road and set the cruise control for fifty seven miles per hour.  
  
"Now, see how easy that was?" I asked, as the trooper's red lights faded around a curve in the road behind us.  
  
"I'm still shaking like a leaf!" she answered.  
  
"It'll get easier." I said confidently. "Pull into the rest area when we get into West Virginia and wake me up. I'll drive the next leg."  
  
When Tiffany woke me up, it was well into mid morning. I was surprised at how deeply I had slept. The drive up had taken more out of me than I realized, but now, I was wide eyed and ready to take over. We used the facilities, and then got some candy bars from the canteen to keep us going until we stopped for lunch and to refuel. Some time later, as were passing through northern Virginia, Tiffany suddenly pointed to a sign for another cavern.  
  
"Can we stop there, Sir?" she inquired.  
  
"I thought you were sleeping." I replied.  
  
"I was, but I woke up." she explained. "Can we? I love going through these caves for some reason."

"Sure." I said with a shrug, as I exited the interstate and headed for the cavern. "This is a nice one. They filled everything in with gravel to make it nice and flat. It's easy walking."  
  
A few minutes later, I pulled into the parking lot and we headed for the gift shop, so we could get our tickets for the tour. It was a rather large group that was waiting, and we caught up just in time to tag along at the very end.  
  
"We're late, Sir." Tiffany said, her voice tinged with disappointment. "We'll be at the back of the group."  
  
"It's okay." I said reassuringly. "It's even better, because when they turn the lights off and we're in absolute darkness, I'm going to reach around you from behind and feel you up. I'm gonna honk those hooters for about five seconds before they turn the lights back on."  
  
"Ooh Baby, that will make me so horny!" she responded. "Feeling me up in public, yet no one will ever know. You'd better find a motel pretty quick afterwards too, because I'll want to ride you like Sea Biscuit!"  
  
Her voice got slightly louder at that point, and a really hot-looking redhead with very sharp features who was standing nearby, smiled at us. She didn't say anything, but it was abundantly obvious she was quite interested in our conversation.  
  
The tour began, and we descended into the bowels of the cool earth to see yet another marvel of nature. I had been through this cave before; in fact, I had been through every show cave in both Virginia and West Virginia at least once, but since my wife wanted to see them for herself, I was more than happy to take the tour again.  
  
Curiously, the redhead stuck fairly close to us for the entire tour. We were deliberately trying to hang back so that when the lights went out we would be in close proximity to each other, but she was always there. Finally, we reached the chamber where they cut the lights out and we were all crowded together. So much for hanging back. Suddenly, I had the urge to sneeze and I turned my head just as the lights went out, leaving us in complete darkness. The sound echoed like a rifle shot through the cavern, reverberating several times, and I turned back quickly to reach out for my wife. I found her and reached around, feeling her up and squeezing her tits firmly for a few seconds, before breaking off prior to the lights coming back on.  
  
The guide flipped the switch, and once again the room and all of its speleothems were bathed in a weak incandescent yellowish light. Tiffany was slightly to my left, and the redhead - who was grinning broadly at me - was a few feet away. I turned my gaze back to Tiffany, and she was frowning slightly.  
  
"I thought you were going to feel me up!" she whispered fiercely. "What happened?"  
  
"I did." I replied defensively. "I gave them a really nice squeeze, and I heard you sigh an 'mm-hmm.' in return."  
  
"You never touched me!" Tiffany retorted. "Who the hell's tits did you just grab?!"