

Destination Azahar

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CONTENT: oral MF ScFi

UNIVERSE: The Swarm Cycle

Chapter 31 - The Big Pickup

[Note to readers: This chapter was previously published as *A Pickup in Texas* and has been included here for convenience and continuity. Those of you who are familiar with the story can skip this chapter. There's nothing new.]

There is no geographic location on Earth that more clearly demonstrates how a few men with guns can change the course of history than the state of Texas. But, with their opening gambit being The Alamo, and its example being the standard for all that followed, what else could be expected of native-born Texans?

The populace may squabble like a horde of siblings who constantly fight with each other, but it's patently impossible for an outsider to pick a fight with just one Texan. An assailant must be prepared to fight them all.

The "Good Ol' Boy" mentality permeates more than politics in Texas. Written contracts are typically between Texans and non-Texans. A handshake is all that's needed between two Texans, and if it's a couple of "Good Ol' Boys", then a simple nod of the heads can close a million-dollar deal.

Of course there are those who argue that the only real difference between a redneck and a "Good Ol' Boy" is that a redneck just throws his empty beer can out the window of his pickup truck where a "Good Ol' Boy" will hook shot his empties into the bed of his truck. In either case it's a statistical fact that the most common last words of either group are, "Hey! One o' ya'll hold my beer an' watch this!"

Texans are unbelievably proud of themselves and their state. Every new Cadillac that comes off of the assembly line in Dallas has a sticker in the back window that says, "Made in Texas by Texans".

The general population in Texas had mostly ignored the ruckus caused by the Earth First movement disrupting Confederacy pickups in the state until people began to notice the dramatic drop in extractions from Texas compared to a rise in extractions from New York City, which has roughly the same population. Both the "Good Ol' Boys" and the rednecks agreed that something had to be done.

The Earth First supporters in Texas were reasonably easy for native Texans to spot because the pinheads were mostly a bunch of bleeding heart liberals from places like

California or Massachusetts who were trying to push their values onto others. And very few of them drank beer.

Beer was present at the very beginning of civilization. This observation could lead statisticians into making a case for Texas being one of the most civilized places on Earth. The only real competition for Texas in the arena of breweries per capita is Bavaria.

Chester Rawlings and Miguel Diego had consumed a rather large quantity of Shiner Bock and were arm wrestling for the tab they had run at the Toro Rojo Bar and Grill when a huge foreigner with a Georgia accent stepped up to the bar and called for everyone's attention. Chester and Miguel ignored the rude man and continued their contest.

Mr. Rude loudly announced, "Excuse the interruption everyone. My name is Corporal Mullins of the Confederacy Space Marines. My companions and I are here to retrieve six volunteers. If the six of you will kindly step up to the bar and identify yourselves we will begin the next phase of this extraction."

About a third of the women in the bar, including Chester and Miguel's waitress, Debbie, were shedding clothes as soon as the word "Confederacy" was spoken. Chester and Miguel figured they had enough time to finish their contest before stepping up to Mr. Rude and continued to stare each other down. About the time the first of the volunteers arrived at the bar a rude and unfriendly person shouted, "Die traitors! Take everyone or no one," and began firing at the big Marine and the volunteers.

Chester and Miguel were no strangers to bar brawls and immediately dove under their table content to let the "rude" duke it out with the "rude and unfriendly" up until one of the latter group shot Debbie. The two friends looked at each other and sighed. Each knew that they had just chosen a side. One thing you don't do in Texas if you want to live; well, three things, actually: you don't kick a Texan's dog, you don't insult a Texan's woman, and you don't shoot a Texan's waitress. And it's pretty much in that order.

Neither of the men particularly liked Debbie. She was as dumb as a post and hadn't missed a branch on the ugly tree that she had fallen out of 26 years ago, but she was *their* waitress. Those who think that this is a dumb reason for two grown and normally sensible geologists to begin killing people are clearly not from Texas. As dumb a reason as it might be, it was enough for a Colt single-action revolver to appear in each man's right hand as if by magic. The two men stood back-to-back and began clearing the bar of rude and unfriendly people.

A key difference between Chester and Miguel, and the six idiots of Earth First is that the true Texans actually knew what to do in a gunfight. It's also possible that the Earth First idiots didn't realize that they were in a gunfight until it was too late. The sixth one fell onto the sawdust-covered floor after two forty-five slugs plastered the wall behind him with most of his heart and about three inches of his spine after passing through the middle of his chest.

Chester looked around for more targets before telling Miguel, "We share that last one, but it's three for me, and only two for you. I get the check." The honor of paying the check meant that Miguel would owe Chester a favor.

"No fair," Miguel complained. "There were more of them on your side of the room!"

"Don't be a pussy, Miguel," Chester admonished his friend.

Miguel was not pleased when he said, "Okay, but I get the tip."

The two men looked at their dead waitress, and then at each other. Chester said, "Don't waste your money. She can't use it now."

Chester looked around wondering what had happened to their ride. It was doubly rude for that guy Mullins to start a fight and then disappear into thin air. Maybe joining the Confederacy Marines wasn't such a good idea after all. If all of them ran from a little bar brawl like a bunch of sissy girls, then associating with them would be just too embarrassing to live down.

The Marines had only managed to push their own wounded, one volunteer, and six mostly naked women through the transporter nexus before shutting it down. The other three volunteers who had made it all the way to the bar lay dead on the floor.

Miguel was sure that Chester was wasting his time when he went to the Confederacy testing center to complain about being left behind. Chester had locked his revolver in his truck and was annoyed when he was required to also leave his knife with the guard before being allowed to see Tribune Wentworth. The fact that Chester's Arkansas Toothpick was about the length and weight of a Roman gladius didn't keep it from being "just a knife" to Chester.

The bureaucratic nonsense that Chester had to endure before seeing Wentworth had allowed the Tribune time to review the after-action report of the aborted pickup before seeing Chester.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Rawlings," Tribune Wentworth said as he stood and extended his hand to Chester. "I understand that you aren't pleased that Corporal Mullins failed to extract you and your friend when violence ensued at the Toro Rojo Bar and Grill earlier this week."

"Mr. Rawlings is my grandfather. My name's Chester," Chester said as he took Wentworth's hand. "Yeah, I was wondering why those four Marines disappeared like a bunch of cockroaches when the kitchen light is turned on."

Wentworth assumed his most sympathetic demeanor. "Well, Chester, Corporal Mullins was seriously wounded and the Marines are not allowed to bring body armor or deadly weapons with them for a normal pickup assignment."

"Well that's pretty stupid," Chester responded. "Who made that idiotic rule?"

Wentworth smiled, "Someone far above me, I'm afraid."

"Look," Chester replied. His patience was clearly wearing thin. "Miguel and I work for a living and are about to be shipped off to a South American oil field for six months. Guys like us could be real dangerous to the dickheads if we had the right equipment. Look at how we dealt with that little problem at Toro Rojo. We were outnumbered three to one and the bad guys were shooting first."

The Tribune nodded and asked, "Yes, but I was wondering why you waited so long before returning fire?"

Chester shrugged, "We don't butt into someone else's business during a bar fight unless we don't have a choice. It wasn't our fight until that Earth First bozo shot Debbie."

"I see," Wentworth replied. "This Debbie was a friend of yours then?"

"Nah," Chester replied, "She was just our dumb-ass waitress."

Wentworth was clearly puzzled, "Your waitress?"

Chester grunted, "You're not from around here, are you cowboy? Look, what will Miguel and I have to do to get picked up?"

Wentworth shook his head, "Pickups have been suspended in Texas. It's just too dangerous. You might have a better chance in South America. Where will you be?"

Chester laughed, "The backside of nowhere. We'd have a choice between snakes and wild pigs for concubines. No thank you!"

"Yes, that would be a problem," Wentworth sympathized. "It's a real shame that the thousand pod *Othello* is being diverted to California. It'll take weeks for them to recruit a full load there."

Chester was thinking hard enough for Wentworth to smell the smoke from the wooden gears turning in his head. "So, you guys can grab more than five or six people at a time? Why don't you do big pickups here?"

"Like I said, it's too dangerous," Wentworth replied. "And where would we find a thousand volunteers along with a selection of suitable concubines?"

Chester started laughing, "You really aren't from around here, are you? The Rodeo Championships are this weekend in Mesquite. There'll be a couple thousand cowboys and all kinds of high rollers there. Cowboys and high rollers are chick magnets, and the

mutton bustin' competition alone will bring in a hundred or two young mothers there with their brats."

Wentworth had a totally lost expression and responded, "Mutton busting?"

Chester filled him in, "Yeah, it's like bull riding for six-year-olds, but on sheep instead of bulls. It's a real scream to watch."

Wentworth walked around his desk and pulled up information about the Championships on his computer. "Yes, this type of crowd could easily fill a thousand pod ship, and then some. But, there's too much risk that the civilians will be armed."

Chester nodded, "Some of the competitors will have a piece in their trailer, maybe. But spectators are screened for weapons. If you're worried about security I can get some of the guys from the Oil Workers Union to be there. Even cowboys respect those guys. In any case, the more of them that are armed, the less trouble you'll have."

Wentworth was almost afraid to ask, "Why's that?"

"Well," Chester considered how he could relate to this guy before beginning his explanation. "A few cowboys are freeloaders, but most are working stiffs. The Earth First guys seem to be a bunch of pansies that expect something for nothing. If they start trouble, the cowboys will throw them in with the bulls, literally. Now, there might be a problem if you interrupt the main event. The cowboys won't stand for that, but if your guys lock it down during a break you should be fine."

"Saturday night, Mr. Wentworth, be there! I'd hate to have to come back and get your attention before explaining things to you again," Chester warned the Tribune before shaking his hand and leaving.

Wentworth knew that he'd been threatened, but didn't exactly know to what extent. But he got on his computer and sent some messages up the chain of command.

Wentworth was not as confident as he would like when he was contacted regarding a pickup at the rodeo arena in Mesquite shortly after he had filed his report. "I know that I've supported the suspension of pickups in Texas, but I believe this extraction venue can be exploited with an acceptable level of risk."

Porter took a deep breath as he considered what Wentworth suggested. "I'm familiar with the arena in question. It has the capacity to be secured to the satisfaction of the Secret Service. Its Presidential Box isn't an honorary designation and is often occupied. A major pickup would allow me to keep all of my Marines together and eliminate using inexperienced squads to conduct extractions. We've had basic crowd control training. I think it's worth a try."

"I believe you can count on this Chester Rawlings and his associates to assist your Marines, Commander." Cooper added with more confidence than Porter felt, but he nodded his agreement.

"Come on, we need to be at the rodeo tomorrow!" Chester was recruiting everyone he knew. "There's going to be a big Confederacy pickup. It's going to be real entertaining to see how those Marine wimps deal with a rowdy Texas rodeo crowd."

"How can you know that?" Miguel complained. "You told me we'd get laid if we went to the Toro Rojo and look how that turned out."

"Hey, that wasn't my fault! Come on, guys!" Chester was doing his best to motivate the crowd at the backyard barbecue at his mom's house. "We can take highway six instead of I-45 and get a busload of college girls at Texas A&M on the way to Mesquite."

"They're not going to believe you," Miguel insisted. "I've got fifty bucks that says the Confederacy is a no-show."

"You're on! Does that mean you'll go?" Chester looked around, "Anyone else want fifty? I'll give you two-to-one odds?" Chester figured it was a safe bet. He'd collect from Wentworth's hide if he had to pay off because of a no-show. Wentworth was a big fucker, but Chester had him figured as a candy-ass.

No one else could be tempted to bet with him, but Chester talked everyone at the barbecue into chipping in to hire a tour bus and come along. Not only did his mom ride along, but the Johnsons and Crawfords did also.

They didn't go through College Station, but everyone brought along family, friends and neighbors. Chester's younger sister, Veronica, had talked fourteen of her sorority sisters at Rice into coming along on the family outing. It was a warm fall day and the girls weren't wearing much. Several of the outfits could have been made from a single bandana.

Looking around the bus on the way to Dallas, Chester realized that the dozen or so girls with them would be no more than a drop in the bucket for such a large rodeo event, but his sister's friends had some very nice buckets to drop into. Too bad his mom and Mrs. Johnson were keeping a close eye on everyone.

It was a four-hour ride from Houston to Dallas. The late lunch stop in Corsicana had everyone sleepy when they pulled into the rodeo arena's parking lot right at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Chester and Miguel met up with the guys from the local union hall and briefed them on what to watch for in the crowd.

It took a bit of rowdiness for them to get into the arena offices and convince the manager that extra security would be needed before opening the gates at five o'clock that evening.

The extra security at the rodeo didn't affect the typical carnival atmosphere. Over a hundred were turned back to the parking lot when they came to the gate packing. The Texans could have been allowed through with their weapons without causing trouble, but today everyone had to secure their weapons in their vehicles before being allowed inside for the event. About every tenth person in Dallas is packing on a normal day and you'd never know that they had a sidearm.

The Confederacy was smart enough to wait until after the bronco and bull-riding competitions were completed before a voice came over the arena's sound system.

"Ladies and gentlemen, your indulgence please! My name is Commander John Porter of the Confederacy Space Marines. My marines and I are here to extract as many of you as we can in as short a time as possible. Even if you don't wish to participate, the proceedings should be very entertaining. A word of caution: There may be some terrorists in the crowd looking to stop us from evacuating anyone. Please do not confront anyone acting suspiciously. Just bring them to the attention of an arena security officer or one of the marines. Thank you for your assistance."

Chester held his hand out palm up and didn't even look at Miguel. When Miguel saw his friend's hand, he reached into his pocket and began counting out five ten-dollar bills into Chester's hand.

The voiced continued, "A word of warning to anyone disrupting this extraction: Snipers are posted throughout the facility and violent disruptions will not be tolerated. We're going to sort everyone out by seating section. This is going to take a while, but if everyone follows instructions it will be over in as little time as possible. I would like everyone who wishes to participate in the extraction and are seated in sections C-1 and D-1 to begin making your way to the arena floor.

"As each section is called, the volunteers should proceed to the staging areas behind the roping or bucking chutes. It doesn't matter which end you choose. Couples wanting to be selected together as concubines should make their way to the arena floor in front of the bucking chutes near the D section. Gentlemen applicants should proceed to the arena floor in front of the bucking chutes near the C section. Ladies, you will no doubt be the star attractions during the selection process. Please find your way to the arena floor near the roping chutes. Those who elect to abstain from consideration should remain in your seats. Thank you for your cooperation." Commander Porter turned off the microphone.

Turning to his senior NCO he said, "Keep everyone alert. If this thing gets ugly I'm in deep shit." Porter was a native of Lubbock, Texas and had stuck his neck out by volunteering to take this pickup mission.

Shots rang out several times as the crowd sorted itself into the five categories. In three cases it seemed that someone who had slipped through security with a Glock was clumsy enough to shoot himself. These three Glockes were handed to the nearest marine grip first by someone sporting an OWU-299 lapel pin. Stray bullets hit one marine and two bystanders before spectators subdued another gunman. He suffered several broken bones before 'accidentally' shooting himself.

One Earth First terrorist tried remaining in his seat and waiting until no one was near him, but three stingers hit him before his handgun cleared the seatback in front of him. He somehow managed to shoot himself in the head while unconscious and when no one was looking.

"Miguel," Chester got his friend's full attention with his serious expression, "I know you've had the hots for Veronica since we were in high school. Think you can save her from the meat market by asking her now?"

Miguel was shocked that his friend knew about his fantasy, and was giving him a green light. "You're okay with that? Maybe you can do the same with my sister, Inez?"

"What!" Chester exploded, but looked around Miguel at the raven-haired beauty Miguel was referring to. "She's just a kid!"

"She's sixteen and has never been touched. I know she makes moon eyes at you when she doesn't think anyone's looking, and I've even caught you checking out her chest and ass," Miguel responded with a big smile.

The flustered Chester responded, "Yeah well, Inez is a cute kid who shouldn't be too much trouble. On the other hand, Veronica is no virgin, but life around her is never boring."

Miguel added, "You know that if I take Veronica I'm going to have to keep her off balance, don't you?"

Chester smiled, "Yeah, she's a bit headstrong and a real feisty one. If you were thinking about breaking her in by bending her over the back of one of these seats right now, I'd say go for it. If it doesn't freak you out you might also try out my mom. She hasn't had a boyfriend since Dad died six years ago, unless she keeps one tied up in the basement that I don't know about."

"I don't know," Miguel was hesitant. "Your mom's hot, but she'll be upset with me fucking your sister, won't she?"

Chester shrugged, "Let's find out. Hey Mom," he leaned over and shouted. "Is it okay with you if Miguel fucks Veronica right here in the stands?"

Miguel was pounding on Chester's arm, "What are you doing!"

"Don't start with me, Chester!" Martha's eyes were dangerously hooded as she looked at her son.

Veronica stood up with her fists on her hips, "Don't I get a say?"

"Sit down miss, this section hasn't been called yet," the tall Marine warned Veronica.

Turning to the marine she snapped, "My asshole brother is asking my mom if it's okay for his friend to fuck me!"

The marine looked puzzled, "Why is that a problem, miss? Isn't he qualified to volunteer?"

Dorothy turned around in her seat and looked up the row of seats at Miguel. She told her sorority sister, "If you don't want him, Veronica, I'll fuck him. He's cute! Although, I'd much rather give your big brother a ride."

"Dorothy!" Veronica shouted.

"What?" Dorothy responded. "This is a pickup, silly. I'll fuck anyone who's interested."

Martha looked up at the marine, "Is it okay for Miguel to move down here with us?"

"This isn't working," the voice boomed from the PA speaker. "We have six dead and three wounded including one of my Marines. Oh, wait a minute, I see. The dead guys all pulled guns. Let's try this: Sections C-2 and D-2, introduce yourself to your neighbors. Get personal enough to find out if he's packing."

One person in C-2 was escorted out after the woman sitting behind him began pummeling him with her heavy purse when the man next to him yelled, "This guy's got a gun!"

Back in D-4 Veronica sat down again and the Marine asked, "Where's your brother's friend?"

Miguel was six seats down the same row and spoke up, "I'm right here."

The Marine was in the aisle near Veronica and motioned for Miguel to come his way.

Martha asked Veronica, "Move over so Miguel can sit between us." Looking up at Miguel as she tucked her knees in to let him pass she asked, "Veronica is twenty. Why were you asking me if it was okay?"

Miguel blushed, "Chester was saying I should take you both, but I didn't know how you'd react to me having sex with your daughter."

"What about me?" Martha asked Miguel. When he just sat there gaping she prompted him, "What would you do with me if I went with you, Miguel?"

"I..." Miguel was having trouble speaking, "I'd have sex with you, I guess."

"Sex, you guess?" Martha looked at him and smirked, "That sounds boring. Is that all? If you can't even say it, how can you do it? Tell me what you'd really like to do with me, Miguel."

"I don't want to be disrespectful," Miguel explained.

Martha looked him in the eyes and asked, "So, you don't respect the women you... fuck?"

Miguel's brown cheeks had a noticeably pink coloring as he stammered, "No... yes... I mean... Yes I respect them, but they're not the mother of my best friend!"

Martha rolled out her bottom lip and pouted for a bit before saying, "I see. You don't think you can fuck your best friend's ugly old mother, so you're just going to leave her for the wolves?"

Veronica punched Miguel in the back and Chester raised his eyebrows questioningly before Miguel husked, "Take off your blouse and bra if you want to come with me, woman!"

Martha smiled and kissed Miguel before she began complying with his instructions.

Miguel turned to Veronica, "That goes double for you! And get rid of those ridiculously tight shorts. They're cutting off circulation to everything below your waist, and you're going to need plenty of circulation for the workout you're going to get."

As the second group was making its way out of the stands, the show was starting at the roping end of the arena.

A cowboy wearing a brown Stetson, leather chaps, a worn-out pair of Jensen boots, and a satisfied grin was vigorously fucking a buxom blonde leaning against a chute rail. All that she had on was a squash-blossom necklace and a pair of red boots. She had her shapely legs straight and her back slightly bowed down as she bent over at the pelvis with her arms straight over her head and her ass thrust back giving the cowboy a straight shot into her pussy as he stood behind her. The blonde's heavy breasts bounced wildly as the cowboy slammed into the plush padding above her soft thighs. The straight men watching the spectacle were a bit uncomfortable with the sight of the cowboy's hairy ass alternately clenching and relaxing above his battered pair of chaps.

A slender redhead in a white hat and bright smile had her back against the arena wall and her bare ankles locked around the hips of the cowboy standing in front of her in black boots and a black hat. He was doing his best to push her through the wall with his dick.

Up in the stands the marine in D-4 had let Inez take Miguel's vacated seat and the topless Dorothy knelt in front of Chester where she was happily sucking a load out of his seven-inch cut cock. By the time Commander Porter called their section, Miguel was ready to head straight to the transporter with the two women his six-point-nine CAP score allowed him to take. Chester still needed to hook up with two more to fill the quota allowed to him by his seven-point-one CAP score.

The sorority girls had left their clothes on their stadium seats and headed to the roping chutes with full confidence that they would have no trouble fucking their way onto the colony ship that was orbiting overhead.

As much as Chester was tempted to plant his dick in the field of bare-assed girls in front of him, he steeled his resolve to locate someone closer to his own age and maybe someone a bit older. The sixteen-year-old Inez and eighteen-year-old Dorothy might be more trouble than he could handle as it was.

Inez was clinging tightly to Chester's right arm and the firm pair of orange-sized globes on her chest jiggled just a bit as she descended the steps next to him. Her tiny nipples were puckered and inviting. Chester really wanted to work them over with his mouth, but he had other things to take care of first.

Looking past the light brown hair that cascaded onto Dorothy's shoulder he could get glimpses of the large reddish-brown areolae on the blunt ends of the wobbling torpedoes thrusting out of the larger girl's chest. The bottom of a soda can wouldn't be large enough to hide her areolae, and her tight nipples were as big as the tip of Chester's little finger. He kept stumbling on the steps as he pictured himself comparing the two pairs of breasts with his tongue and lips.

The naked Inez had ignored her scowling mother as she accompanied Chester to the arena floor. Chester briefly considered heading over to the bucking chutes for a husband and wife couple, but the twitching of the naked butts of Veronica and Dorothy's sorority sisters quickly put that idea out of his head. He was again seriously considering asking another of the energetic young women to join him when he suddenly remembered his comment about the mutton bustin' moms.

When Chester, Inez, and Dorothy stepped onto the thick sawdust floor of the arena he began looking around for his target group. The naked and near naked women milling around the roping chutes were either too young or too old, but he was about to approach one of the older women anyway when motion at the other end of the arena caught his attention.

A large group of women were making their way from the competitor's entrance at the bucking chutes and heading across the length of the arena shedding clothing as they walked.

Chester intercepted a naked woman with small breasts and a long, auburn braid that almost reached her butt crack. The puffy, clean-shaven labia protruding below a sparse rust-colored bush grabbed his attention. He was still focused on the woman's soft looking pussy when he asked her, "Excuse me, may I see your CAP card please."

Judy clearly wanted to keep Chester's attention and came to a stop with her feet open a bit more than shoulder width to give him a clear view of the moist inner lips that were hanging below the plush outer lips. She gave a friendly smile at the giggling Inez and Dorothy who knew that Chester was not speaking to the woman's face, or anywhere near it. All three had experienced men talking to their chests, but having one talk to a crotch was a new low.

Chester had been handed a CAP card reader when he had shown his CAP card to a Marine as he came down from his seating section. He dropped the reader onto Judy's card, but didn't really see what it said. He had torn his eyes away from the enticing junction of Judy's pale thighs, but still couldn't focus. He didn't need the reader to see the six-point-two overall score, though.

When he was finally able to scan her curves up above her perky tits, he absorbed her bright smile, freckled nose and laughing eyes and was sold. A pussy that got that turned on from walking naked across a rodeo arena couldn't possibly be attached to a dead lay. He knew that if he started fucking her, he wouldn't be able to stop until he passed out, and he had one more candidate to go.

Chester coughed to get some moisture into his dry mouth and said, "I'm Chester Rawlings and I'd very much like to have you...." He got lost in her sparkling green-blue eyes and couldn't think of anything else to say.

Inez and Dorothy busted out laughing which got Judy to giggling as well.

Judy held out a hand with long, slender fingers and told him, "You can have me any way you want me, Chester, if you'll allow me bring by two kids with me."

"Kids, dogs, a pony," Chester responded as he took her hand. "Anything you want to bring with you is fine with me." He stopped breathing again when his eyes drifted down to the junction of her legs.

He didn't start breathing again until after Judy pressed herself against him and stood on her toes to give him a passionate kiss on the mouth. When Judy broke the kiss and stepped back, Inez poked Chester in the ribs, "We need one more before we get out of here, Chester."

Judy blinked to clear her own head after the sizzling kiss. She hadn't ever been this turned on. She couldn't decide if it was the setting or the man in front of her that had her so fucking hot!

Looking at Dorothy and Inez didn't help cool her off much. They were both incredibly good looking. Boys had switched Judy away from girls when she was sixteen, but she clearly saw girls in her future activities.

Shaking off the lusty thoughts, Judy observed, "I'm guessing you're going to need a wet nurse to keep the three of us free to party when the babies try to spoil our fun. She's not much to look at, but Sonia over there is very good with little ones."

Judy led the group to a Rubenesque brunette with short brown hair, sagging breasts and dark brown eyes on chubby face displaying a sad expression. She looked a bit strange in a pair of white, French-cut panties and brown ankle-high boots. "Sonia, this is Chester Rawlings and he needs someone to mother him and take care of his kids. He's got to be a lot nicer than that pig of a husband you have. And I'll bet he's a better fuck than that asshole supermarket manager that you put out to just to keep your job."

Sonia hid her face in her hands before Judy finished her pitch. Judy plucked Sonia's CAP card from the older woman's hand and gave it to Chester. He frowned at the three-point-nine overall score. Drilling down he found that Sonia wasn't all that dumb, but she lacked self-confidence and had a submissive streak that was off the charts. She only had a modest sexual response, but a very high ranking for nurturing and mothering.

He hadn't test driven any of his selections, other than the excellent blowjob he had gotten from Dorothy. He looked at the forty-year-old Sonia and explained, "You appear to be a fine example of motherhood, and with Judy's recommendation of your skills with children I'm inclined to accept you, but I need to know more about your sexual prowess. Let's see what you can do with your mouth."

Sonia dropped to her knees in the sawdust and opened Chester's jeans. She was doing a passable job, not in Dorothy's league, but passable when he told her, "Very good, Sonia. Now, get rid of your panties and lay back on that bit of fresh sawdust."

She mechanically did what she was told, and Chester was beginning to be concerned that Sonia wasn't going to fit in. He explored her thick bush with his mouth. She tasted fresh and clean, which were points in her favor. When she began to lubricate, he moved high enough to sample her soft breasts and was delighted to discover that she was lactating. She was frowning nervously when Chester moved on top of her and swiped the length of her labia a couple of times to better lubricate the head of his cock.

When he found her opening and pushed his cock through the entrance and into her tunnel, she moaned but didn't move. It wasn't until Chester lifted her legs and pushed the last of his seven inches into her tunnel that her eyes popped open and she sucked in a gasping breath. Chester was reaching places that had never been touched by a cock. When he started pounding into her wet core and crushing the bundle of nerves at the top of her slot, she began thrashing and squealing. Her orgasm pulled one out of Chester.

Chester was more than pleased when he pulled his limp, wet dick out of Sonia and helped her to her feet. Judy was very supportive of the older woman, but Dorothy and Inez held back until invited by Judy. Chester noticed that his erection was returning as he watched the four naked women hug each other. The soft curve of Dorothy's eighteen-year-old ass kept his erection growing. He again considered fucking her right then, but the comments from Veronica and the others assured him that she was in demand as a fuck-buddy and couldn't be a dead lay.

Chester got Judy and Sonia's attention. "Do either of you have youngsters here under fourteen years old?"

Both said that they had left their kids in a makeshift nursery in the holding pens. Chester asked them to lead the way. As soon as they retrieved the kids they headed for a transporter pad that would take them away from Texas forever.

Chester was surprised to see Miguel as he made his way to the transporter. A large crowd had gathered around Miguel. A puzzled Chester asked Inez, "What's your brother doing with my mom and sister to draw such a crowd?"

Inez shrugged, but as they got closer they could see that Martha and Veronica weren't the center of attention; it was the keg of Shiner Bock that Miguel was rolling ahead of him.

Chester asked, "*¿Que pasa, amigo?*"

Miguel looked up from the mundane task of rolling the keg with his foot to say, "I got here early, and while I was waiting I asked one of the marines what kind of beer they had. The uncivilized bozo just looked at me and said, 'Beer?' So, I headed to the tap room and negotiated with a barmaid for this full keg."

"Good thinking!" Chester praised his friend; then added, "I'd best get me one!"

"Don't bother," Miguel advised. "When I got back with this thing, there was a stampede that cleaned out the tap room in ten minutes. Some of the guys are stuck with imports like Corona and Coors. This keg is going to be worth a fortune!"

Chester and Miguel would miss their old home, but with a wide selection of beer and so many Texans traveling with them, they knew that Texas would always be with them.

Commander Porter smiled when First Sergeant Waters stepped out of the transporter after completing his emergency errand to Tribune Wentworth's office and handed Porter a device that looked like a cross between a water faucet, bicycle pump, and short garden hose. Porter hadn't had a decent beer since leaving Texas two years earlier. The Marines manning the transporters were shocked when Porter had authorized them to allow the volunteers to take their pilfered beer with them to the ship.

Porter looked at Sergeant Waters who was from Venice, California and appeared clueless. "Cowboys can be so naïve and trusting, Sergeant. I'll have the only portable beer tap aboard *Othello*. It'll be worth a fortune!"

Othello was going to be overloaded with the 1,237 volunteers, but *Zephyrus*, *Aurora*, and *Chronos* were due in from a trip to Azahar and could take the excess. There were fourteen bodies at the arena for the coroner to deal with, all with out-of-state driver's licenses. Commander Porter's casualties were limited to the one wounded marine. The two injured bystanders had brushed off the medics and participated in the pickup with a bit of first-aid. It was a good day for everyone, except Earth First.