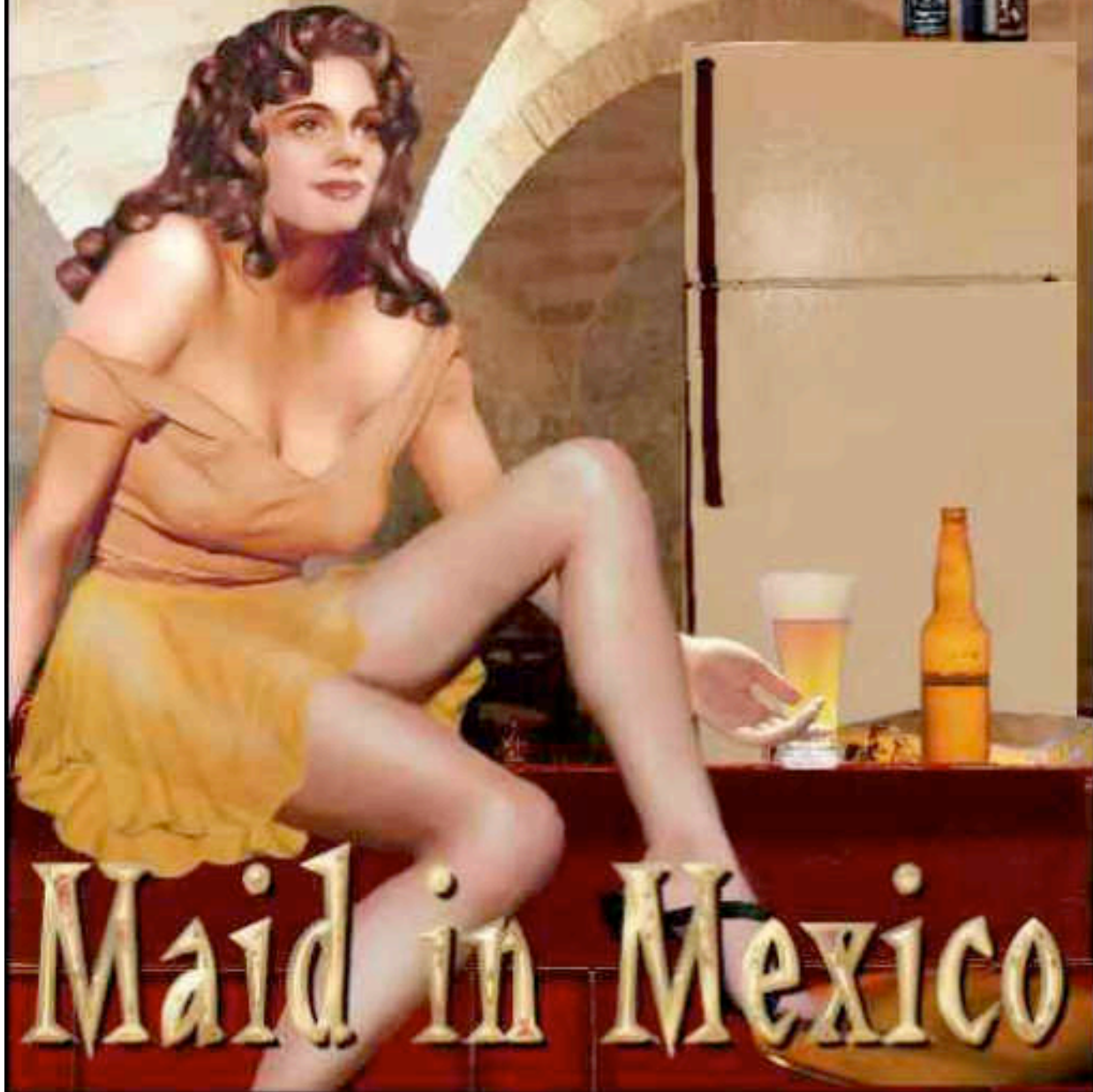


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T. C. Allen



Maid in Mexico



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Maid in Mexico

by

T.C. Allen

MAID IN MEXICO

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Maid in Mexico

I have done business all along Mexico's northern border and found more honest and friendly people than you would ever expect to come across. Usually, people look on the border towns as places filled with dangerous sex, sneering merchants who will rip you off in a yanqui second, and cheap goods of dubious quality. If that is what you seek, you will find it, because whatever there is a market for, someone will supply, no matter how sleazy. On the other hand, if you look past the glitter and flash of the quick buck merchants and vendors, you will discover something better. Down in Old Mexico, you sometimes find love, real honest to God true love...

Even today, the largely Spanish-influenced Mexican population frowns on casual sex. In Mexico, love is the balm of the soul, and if a guy and a gal happen to end up in bed, love forgives almost everything, provided you avoid getting caught in the act or end up pregnant. Mexico is a country of extremes and seeming contradictions, even along the Americanized northern border. As it was, when I found love down there, I found it where I least expected.

A road just south of the US Mexican border runs from Tijuana to Tecate, two under appreciated Mexican towns. Because of the great amount of commerce in the area—from machine shops to vineyards and dairy farms—the paved road is as excellent as any in our country. Nestled among these lucrative businesses, a number of small businesses operate in typical Mexican style.

After ten years, a machine shop in Tijuana suddenly jacked their prices up, so I canceled my order and headed toward Tecate to find a more reasonable vendor. The air conditioning in my car stopped working, and the hot July sun sucked the moisture out of me.

Parched, I stopped at a little roadside place that I figured was either a cantina or some kind of convenience store—the weathered sign out front was undecipherable. Years of burning sun on cheap paint had faded the lettering into undistinguishable scribbles. The sign proclaimed something. Probably the owners figured the locals knew what they sold, and the stuck-up gringos wouldn't stop anyway. Either way, the odds were that I would find something cold to drink inside the place. I walked toward the darkened interior. The small building was at least a hundred years old, erected in the style of the brick and adobe architecture of the Old Mexico of the eighteen hundreds. The only signs of the modern world were the electric line coming in and the antique refrigerator. Five half-naked kids ran in and out of the building, chasing a pissed-off rooster who didn't like the game at all. A pink- and olive-complexioned young woman sat next to the fridge, fanning herself with an old magazine. As soon as I stepped inside, she yelled at the bare-assed kids. They scampered outside. Once we were alone, I looked at her, *really* looked at her for the first time.

Remember Jane Russell, the not-too-talented actress who played opposite Audie Murphy in the old movie classic “The Outlaw”? Remember those not-really-too-big, beautiful tits of hers? How they would have made any normal man's mouth water, just looking at them? Now transport that gorgeous body into the present and add wonderfully brown nipples, unfettered by a bra that pushed against thin cotton fabric. She wore a skirt as sheer as the blouse that covered her curvaceous hips. The small window, directly behind her, let in the bright sunlight. She slipped off the stool and stood with her body silhouetted by the backlight of the window. Her silhouette made it clear she wore neither slip nor panties under her skirt.

“My God, you're beautiful,” I exclaimed, as the sheer, raw sexual beauty of her jolted me hard.

She smiled at my spontaneous exclamation. “Thank you, sir.” She held her almost lisping “ess” sound the slightly extra beat in the way many of the border people do. “How may I help you?”

Oh Jesus, lady, how indeed. I groped for an answer. “Just a Tecate,” I answered, thinking of the punch line to the old joke. You know, “Just gimme a piece of beer.”

Hips swaying seductively, she walked with a natural feline grace seen so seldom these days, when girls learn at an early age to pout and posture. They flop their asses around in clumsy poses, meant to prove something but just look stupid. I had the urge to run up behind her, raise her skirt, and run my tongue over her beautiful ass. That woman could have made Richard Simmons get off. Well, *maybe*.

I restrained myself and leisurely straddled a rickety stool at the bar. She smiled as she brought me a beer, and I finally got my mind out of her crotch and assessed the rest of her features. Her skin had the healthy, pink and olive glow found when European, Spanish, and a bit of Indian mix in all the proper proportions. Her green cat-eyes seemed to glow hypnotically in the semi-darkness of the room. I had a hard on.

“Would you like anything else, sir?”

Oh, what a clever lead-in line I could have answered her question with, I thought to myself.

Just one problem, she meant nothing sexual when she asked the question. I looked into her sweet, lightly freckled face and smiled. “Chicharons, por favor.” I reached for the roll of bills in my pocket and impulsively added, “Si, Tamarindo por los ninos.” I don’t know why I ordered soft drinks for the kids, but it seemed the right thing to do.

“Ah. You speak a Spanish.” She smiled at my attempt to use the border-style Spanish *gringos* must learn to do business in the area. It is a matter of manners more than anything else. Too many years of arrogant, rich Americans ordering them around had given many Mexicans an *attitude* when doing business with us.

“Only a little,” I replied. “I am afraid my ability to speak your beautiful Spanish tongue is limited.” I always try to add in a little compliment here and there when I’m with Mexicans; it is their way. They appreciate the effort, and it costs nothing but a little thoughtfulness.

“Oh, in that case, we shall speak Engleesh. I am trying to speak a better Engleesh than I now do.”

She leaned forward and smiled, as I glanced down at her scoop-necked semi-open blouse. These young women were born flirting. They didn’t mean anything by it usually; it was their custom. You know, show a hint of titty, some leg, and stop right there. What’s funny is you’ll find many Mexican sluts dress modestly, as if trying to hide their sins. It is also why so many Americans seldom, if ever, make out with the nicer Mexican women. I look on it as a message telling me, “See what you’re *not* getting.” Believe me, if a Mexican woman wants to do you, you will damn well know it and fast.

“Just another beer, please,” I answered in English.

“You are very beautiful,” I said again.

Her face darkened, and she backed away from me. In her eyes, I had become just another horny, old gringo who thought his money made him desirable, charming, and eligible for a fast piece of tail, as he passed on through and down the highway.

“Forgive me, miss, I didn’t mean to get too personal or insult you. I’m not suggesting anything improper. It is just you are so good-looking. Your skin is

wonderful, and your freckles are charming. Your light brown hair hangs past your shoulders in a way an artist could only hope to paint. And let me tell you,” I gestured at the model in the beer poster on one wall, “you would look so much better in that picture than the model does.”

What I told her was true. The model in the beer ad was too skinny, and the string bikini she wore did nothing to enhance her scrawny body.

Taken in by my little speech, she stopped and looked at me intently, as if trying to discern if I was sincere or just another yanqui bullshitter. After a while, she let me know she believed me by leaning over the countertop so I could peek at her charms.

Damn. I felt like a teenage schoolboy. My dick quivered in my pants, begging for attention, while I simpered over a girl who looked young enough to be my daughter. Was I ashamed of my lechery? You’ve got to be kidding.

“Would you be offended if I asked to take your picture? I have a camera in the car. I normally use it for business. It would take just a moment to get it.”

“How you want to take these pictures? None of that...” She wiggled her index finger from side to side in a *no, no* fashion.

“Beautiful lady, you would be able to show any picture I take to your priest,” I reassured her. *Especially if he’s as horny as I am, right now. Or if you’re in confession.*

“Hokay,” she agreed doubtfully, but willing to go along for now.

I hurried out to get the Petrie commercial thirty-five millimeter camera with the assortment of lenses and filters. I used the expensive camera to take pictures of mag-fluxed stress fractures in the steel and iron products I inspected. That day, I put my camera to a much better use.

I brought the camera in and set it on the tripod. I posed her and used my auxiliary flash unit to backlight her hair, giving it a halo effect. I did profiles and three-quarter profile poses, face on and head down. As much as I could, I captured her delicious breasts in the shots. I used two twenty-four-exposure rolls on her.

I got brave as I put the third and final roll of film in the camera and told her I wanted to take a few of her in the doorway, using the natural light to silhouette her. I don’t think she knew what silhouette meant, but she agreed. I shot her from inside the cantina and from the outside. She posed leaning out the window, almost showing her nipples as I took pictures of her white, glistening smile; it was the kind of smile toothpaste makers wished they could give their customers.

A pose of her licking her lips made me want to kiss her passionately on her oh-so-lovely, natural red lips. By then my hands shook from the electric sexuality she generated within me. I knew it was time to stop. I went back in for another beer, knowing I would have to leave and head home to my bland, tasteless marriage to a woman I had never loved and couldn’t stand to be around for long. *Oh, to be free, I*

thought for the millionth time. The worst imaginable torture inflicted on any man or woman is a loveless marriage.

When she handed me the cold beer, her hand closed over mine, as I lifted the bottle. I brought the bottle up toward my lips, and she didn't let go. I used my tongue to ease her middle finger into my mouth and sucked it gently. She gasped. With her finger still in my mouth, I looked up at her face and saw her eyes wide, her lips slightly parted. I released her finger and kissed the back of her hand, licking her wrist for a flicker of a moment.

"You are so beautiful, so desirable," I murmured. She leaned over the counter a little further and caressed my lips with a soft, gentle, lingering kiss that shook me to the depths of my soul. I almost exploded, immediately. My tongue darted between her lips. Her tongue met mine and licked it. I drew back to look into her eyes and saw complete surrender to the moment. Contrary to what a cynic would have you believe, it was then I felt the first stirrings of love.

"Come around to this side of the counter," I urged.

"I better not," she answered shyly.

"I promise I won't do anything you don't want me to. Come here." I looked into her green, hypnotic eyes. They seemed the greater part of my reality just then.

"But I want to, and I shouldn't."

"Come on," I whispered. Normally I would have gotten up and left before things ever went this far. Sexual roulette is not my idea of fun. Perhaps I should say sexual suicide is not my idea of a great way to die. Casual, unprotected sex is just plain old stupid these days. Yet here I was, urging this enchantress to come to me.

Head bent low in submission, not to me but to our passion, she hesitantly came around the bar and stopped in front of me. I stood and put a finger under her chin, raising her face. I kissed the tip of her nose and then her lips. Greedily, her mouth sought mine as her arms went around my neck, and she drew my head down level with her face. Willingly, I bent forward and kissed her repeatedly. Inside, the urge to explode persisted.

I dropped to my knees and slipped my head under her skirt. I came face-to-face with her sparsely haired pussy. I detected the wonderful aroma of her passion. I opened her pussy lips with my tongue and explored her, as I later found out she never had been before.

She arched her back and came up onto tiptoes, whimpering. Sexual tension made the muscles of her legs taut. I teased her small button of a clit and toyed it to quivering firmness; almost immediately, she orgasmed. Spasm after spasm gripped her body, each as intense as the one preceding it. Finally, she grabbed my face with both hands and tugged upward, whispering, "Enough. Enough."

Still breathing hard, I regained my seat and took a swig of beer to settle my nerves. Never had a woman affected me so. I did not know if approaching middle age caused me to look for one last hurrah, or just the magic of her presence broke down my inhibitions. It may have been the sad fact that sex and I had been strangers for a long time. Whatever the reason, for once in my cautious life, I didn't care.

I put her hand on my hard cock.

She gave it a squeeze through the pants and smiled. "It likes me, no?" She inexpertly opened my fly, bent over my lap, and took me hesitantly in her mouth. Just her lips touched my cock as she endeavored to keep her tongue from touching anything.

I could tell she did not have much, if any, experience at cock sucking. I drew her back up and lied, "It's okay. I don't want you to, if you don't want to." Oh, what a lie that was.

"But you did it to me, and I must..." I placed a finger across her lips.

"Hush. Just sit on my lap, facing me."

I slipped my cock inside her and drew her forward until she surrounded every inch as far as it would go, at that time. She grinned and sat down hard, rose, and sat back down hard again. There was a sharp resistance, and I was buried inside her to the hilt. Thrills shot through me; starting in the calves of my legs, and ending somewhere in the depths of my groin. Ecstasy coursed through me, and the overwhelming power of the emotions was almost more than I could stand.

"Oh yes," she squealed with delight. "What chu did before was great passion. Now, thees. Thees is great fon." Her accent grew thicker, as she got into the swing of things. "Whoosh," she exclaimed as she had one last orgasm.

I could hold back no longer. I exploded in gigantic gushes. It left me empty, completely empty, and totally sated.

She slid off my lap and wiped my cock with some paper napkins, then tossed the napkins in the nearby trashcan. "Momento," she said, before hurrying out of the room, I guessed to clean up. She returned a few minutes later. "You are one messy guy." She laughingly told me.

Suddenly her face became serious. "I only do thees one other time; any years ago, when I was very yong. I do thees. It was not good then. But, thees was...eet was *como se dice?* I don' know how to say..."

Her eyes pleaded with me not to hurt her.

"I felt it too," I whispered. I held her in my arms until she pulled back.

"Mi Madre . . . my mother . . . be here soon." She hurried around to the other side of the bar and smiled at me once more. It sounds cliché to say it, I know, but her smile melted my heart.

I paid for a few more drinks. I realized right before her mother came in that I had gotten more than a little sloshed. By then, I was all zipped up proper and sitting straight on my stool, but Mamacita still looked at me suspiciously. I didn't blame her, not one bit. A little later, I thanked them for their fine hospitality.

"You come back later with the pictures? I want to see them," the daughter told me eagerly. Her eyes asked me to come back for other reasons. I nodded, winked once, and was gone.

When I got back to my house in Chula Vista, I reluctantly showered the remains of our lovemaking off and changed into fresh clothes. I threw my soiled clothes into the hamper for our part-time maid to launder, and dressed in fresh clothing.

That afternoon delight, just across the border, with my magical *senorita*, made things finally come together for me. I saw what I had to do to regain my self-respect. I resolutely went downstairs.

"You get the house and the savings account. I get the business." I told my wife while she sneered at me.

The sneer dropped from her face. "What? You aren't divorcing me."

"Wanna bet? You get the house and the joint savings, and I keep the business. If you try to screw with me, I'll arrange it so you get nothing. Our marriage is a farce and has been from day one. We haven't had sex in ten years. I want out."

I checked into a motel that evening and dreamed of the little Mexican girl whose name I didn't even know. It was a sweet dream, a loving dream, and an impossible one. Even asleep, I knew beautiful young Mexican maidens did not throw themselves at gringos closing in on forty. Oh, how I dreamed of love and laughter, and a certain young Mexican *senorita*. But mostly I dreamed of love.

The next morning, feeling rested for the first time in a long time, I went back to the house and packed my clothes and personal belongings. Considering all those years of marriage, my personal belongings added up to pathetically little. There were no mementos of past Christmases and birthdays, or pictures of family outings. I left with my clothes, a file cabinet of business papers, and little else. It was sad.

I called the shop and told my secretary to send two men to give me a hand. The men came, loaded the company van, and took it back to the shop. Just as I reached my office, the phone rang.

It was my wife's lawyer.

"We have some matters to discuss," he said brusquely.

“Oh? And what is that?” I knew exactly what he wanted to discuss, but I didn’t like his attitude.

“Look, don’t play any smart assed games with me, my man. If you want to keep the clothes on your back, you will get down here and ask me what your wife of these many years will permit you to keep. This is California, you know. We have laws here.”

Do tell, as if the rest of the country doesn’t have any laws.

“I already have a court order blocking your bank accounts.”

“Well, sir, look up the definition of foreign incorporation. Then actually check out what is in the one bank account you can freeze.” I hung up and went back to work.

A few hours later, my secretary, Brenda, came into my office. She had a cruel smile on her face. “Your wife is in the front office bawling her eyes out. In all the time I’ve worked for you, this is the first time I have ever met her face-to-face.”

I smiled and stood as my wife stormed into my office.

“Well, Mildred, what a happy surprise. Do you realize in the twenty-two years of our blissful marriage, this is only the second time you have ever been in the shop?”

“Where’s my money, Sam? My attorney found only a few hundred dollars in the household account, and the savings account is a shell. He said the money goes into the account and back out into a numbered account in the Caymans.” She sniffled and continued. “A Delaware corporation owned by a corporation in the Cayman Islands holds the title to my house. I don’t even own my own house.

“Oh, how I hate you,” she screeched in a voice filled with the first honest emotion she had ever shown me, unless the word *mine* was a part of the sentence.

“Very nice, now I suggest you get together with your lawyer and draw up a divorce agreement I will like. If you do, the retirement funds and the savings go back to you, and the house is yours. If I get any more crap from you, I’ll close the shop doors and get the hell out of town. It’s up to you. I want you completely out of my life forever.”

“Do you really hate me that much? Why?”

It suddenly dawned on me that she had no idea how I felt about her.

“I don’t hate you, Mildred. I do dislike you thoroughly. The only time you talk to me is to say you need more money. I married you because you claimed you were pregnant with my child when we were seventeen. That was a big lie. Melinda not only doesn’t resemble me, but our blood types are incompatibly different. In spite of that, I still did my best to be a good father to her. It’s not Melinda’s fault her mother is a lying slut.”

Mildred flinched and then let it slide off her with a shrug.

“You have turned both the girls against me. I just want out of a family I have no ties to anyway. If either of the girls decides to contact me, I am here.

“The girls are taken care of; their educations are assured. But you see, I have suddenly come to realize how much I want to be me and not some ghost who goes to work, drinks lunch, and goes home to drink his dinner before quietly going off to bed. I just want to be a *whole* person who experiences emotions again.”

She left. I don’t think she listened to a word I said. All she got out of the whole conversation was the money tree had withered.

An hour later, she called from her lawyer’s office. “Come down here and sign the papers,” she directed in a bitter voice.

“Nope,” I told her, “have the lawyer bring them to me, along with a notary, and we’ll sign them here.” I had no more time to waste.

It did not take long for the lawyer, his notary secretary, and my wife to arrive. I kept my word, and I had funds restored to the savings and retirement accounts. I did one last thing and signed the house over to her, as promised. After the divorce, I heard no more from her or her lawyer. I was free. This seems like a good place to stop the narrative and add the words *lived happily ever after*, but this is not a made-up story, so it doesn’t stop here. I still had those three rolls of film to develop and print. And so I did; oh, how I did. I mentioned I took x-ray pictures of metal fatigue, but I also did, and do, take a lot of pictures of many other things as a hobby. In fact, I am quite talented. But that time, I even outdid myself. *Nearly every one of the damned pictures I took that day was a masterpiece.* Was it talent? You bet it was talent, but also mixed in, was the best luck an undeserving man could ever hope for.

When I saw the magic the camera imparted to the scenes, I knew my life had changed, and how! The poignancy of her smiles, the seductive lips, and the lustful yet innocent *take me to bed* facial expressions all came through. The drama of the silhouetted body showing naked through the thin material of the skirt and blouse invited the viewer to ravage the picture.

My image showed up in some of the pictures, reflected in the shiny polished finish of the old refrigerator. Again, perfect. The ghostly reflections merely added depth to the shots. I had enlargements made. The larger blowups helped to remove the graininess and blurring effects of excessive enlargement. I was in photographer’s heaven.

The week following the divorce, I headed back to the little cantina. The naked kids ran up to me. After all, the nice gringo bought them soft drinks last week. What will he do this time? I gave each of them a dollar bill and went inside.

She was there, eagerly awaiting me. I tossed a small envelope of pictures on the counter. “*Como se llama?*”

“*Mi llama es Maria Elena Lopez*,” which translated into ‘My name is Maria Elena Lopez’.

She came around the counter and backed up to me intimately as I showed her the pictures. “Oh, these are very nice,” she exclaimed and rubbed her soft, yet firm ass against me.

“Oh, but they are not nearly as nice as the lady who posed for them.” I kissed her neck. “You are even more beautiful today.”

While she looked at the pictures, I slipped my hands under her blouse and cupped her breasts. She squirmed and looked at the shadowy pictures I called the *naked* ones.

“These are naughty.” She giggled. “I like them.”

“Well, maybe you should let me show you some more.”

I reluctantly unhandled her nipples and rushed out to the car for the folio of enhanced blowups, which I had tentatively titled, “Marie Elena: A Study.” I propped the blowups against the bar one at a time.

She grabbed her throat and stared. “Madre. A miracle,” she gasped. “I am beautiful. I mean thees are beautiful. Oh.” She looked at me. “What is your name?”

“Sam, Sam Parker.”

I asked permission to show her pictures in one of the San Diego galleries. If the reception to the pictures is as well as I anticipate, I will want to take more of her in other surroundings with better equipment. She would have to come to San Diego for a week or two. She was doubtful. Her Mamma would not approve. Someone had to work in the cantina during the day. Oh, so many reasons not to do it.

I took out my wallet and laid three one hundred dollar bills on the bar. “Take these to your mother and tell her to hire your cousin or the neighbor. I’ll get the ball rolling to get you a two-week visa, to start. Later on, you’ll get a permanent green card through my company. I want you in San Diego, where I can do some really good work with you. If I’m right, you’ll make thousands of dollars as the model of these pictures and many others. If I am wrong, I will give you a thousand dollars and bring you home.”

She searched my face. Suddenly, it dawned on her, “You’re not keedin’, are you?” She looked scared.

“Look, if your mother would like, I’ll bring the thousand dollars and leave it here right now, as a guarantee.” I kept money in a dollar account in a bank in Tecate, so there would be no problem keeping that promise.

“Oh no,” she said. “If you leave it here, it belongs to *mi madre*. She shoved a hundred back to me. “Thees ees enough for Mamma. I’ll go tell her.”

Those two hundred bucks bought me a world of respect. I explained to Mamma I wanted to take more pictures to show in San Diego. At the end of the two weeks, I would bring her home. I would buy a new wardrobe for Maria in Tecate. Mamma

wanted to know who paid for the clothing. When I said I would, she was all smiles. Maria's mother and my ex-wife were soul sisters.

To prove my sincerity, I showed her three of the "modest" exposures. One I had processed in black and white, one in sepia, and the last was in high gloss color. Mamma's eyes got big, and she started to renegotiate our deal. I left the pictures where I had placed them, said adios to Mamma, and started toward the door. Maria wanted to know what was wrong, and I said I thought Mamma was greedy, so I would find someone less greedy.

"Good-bye," I said and headed toward my car.

"Wait," Maria called out.

She yelled at her mother, and the mother yelled back that since I was a *rico Americano*, I would pay more. Maria ran after me. We left Mamma standing in the front of the cantina looking pissed off.

"Would you have really left me behind, Sam?" Maria asked.

"No, but I thought your mother needed to learn a lesson."

"You cannot make a pretty trick pony out of an ugly old pig."

She said this so seriously I had to laugh. I patted her leg and never once considered going back to *mamacita*.

We were in Tecate minutes later. Maria waited in the car while I took the test results into the office from the previous week. I asked the owner, Enrique, if I could borrow his receptionist, the one who always dressed so beautifully.

"You ask me to lend you my daughter, *senor*?" Usually I was Sam, but right then I was a dirty *yanqui*, despoiler of young and innocent daughters.

I laughed. "Please forgive me, Enrique. In my car is a beautiful young lady who I need to buy clothing for today. I am showing her pictures in San Diego, and she must dress for the occasion. Your daughter always dresses so beautifully, so I thought she could guide us in making tasteful purchases."

He looked relieved at my explanation." Okay, Sam, I understand. Alicia can go with you, if you like."

We went to *Mercado Tecate*. It resembled a giant flea market and swap meet all compressed into a huge three-story building. The building held dozens of small shops crammed together. One small shop sold three-dollar plastic chess sets, and the next one offered finely tailored leather clothing, next to Mexico's answer to Victoria's Secret.

It all confused me, but Alicia treated it as a woman's cure for every unhappiness—from post-partum depression to the old man leaving. To Maria Elena, it was heaven.

“How much can we spend?” The ever-practical Alicia asked.

“Here.” I handed her a corporate Visa card. “Maria needs a complete wardrobe.”

While I talked to Alicia, Maria shoved her wonderful ass against me, more or less marking her territory. When Alicia noticed, she smiled. I kissed the top of Maria’s head, confirming my total interests were in Maria Elena only.

Maria was rapidly becoming a sickness, but an illness from which I wanted never to recover. They left to shop, and I sat down and had a beer, or six, and waited.

No way in hell was I going shopping with two crazed women. *Crazed women*, you ask? Two women with a platinum ten thousand dollar limit credit card equals two crazed women in any man’s book.

When they returned, some guy with a big cart trailed along behind them. I was drunk, not staggering around, but if a cop pulled me over in California, he would have arrested me, for sure. We called a cab and loaded it with the purchases. I handed my keys to Alicia and asked her to drive us to the hotel. The cab full of purchases could follow.

Alicia warned the cab driver in Spanish, “If you run off with my friend’s possessions, he will hunt you down and kill both you and your family.”

Wide eyed, the cab driver held his hands to his heart and reassured her. “Oh, senora, you do me a grave injustice. I would never...”

“Good,” she told him haughtily. “Then you shall live to see tomorrow’s sun rise.”

Dramatic? You bet, but it was really a good precaution. Many Mexican cab drivers are worse thieves than Arabian rug merchants.

We checked into the hotel, and I gave Alicia fifty dollars to pay the cab driver and get home. She grinned mischievously and thanked me for the jacket I didn’t know I had bought her and left.

Maria acted like a child visiting Disneyland for the first time. She carefully opened each package and, just as carefully, unfolded, and held up for my viewing pleasure each garment. With glee, she modeled five bikinis and twenty changes of underwear. Even in my debilitated condition, she looked wonderful.

Like a dammed fool, I had filled up on beer and hadn’t eaten all day. Now I paid for it. I told Maria the straight out, “I’m drunk and about to pass out. Please wake me in an hour.”

Boom. Sleep closed down my brain, and I was out like a light.

I felt Maria shake my arm.

“Sam. Sam. Ees has been two hour. Wake up.”

Groggily, I opened my eyes and sat up. I had to piss badly. I crawled off the bed and stumbled into the bathroom, took it out, and started pissing. Suddenly I felt

Maria's hand take hold of my cock. She held it while I pissed. Her touch felt nice. When I finished, she kept holding it. That felt nice, too.

I started to kiss her, and she made a face. "Eeeww."

I agreed, took my clothes off, and stepped under the shower. She joined me, and we soaped each other. I scrubbed her back, and she scrubbed mine. I noticed how when I washed her delectable ass, she squirmed a lot. It excited her when my questing finger passed over her tight pucker hole, so I gently invaded it with my tongue, as the water cascaded over us.

"Oh yes," she screamed and pressed against my face. When I finally stood up, she backed up against my hard cock and tried to insert it in her tight little ass. But she was just too tight. I stepped out, grabbed a bath towel, and dried her off, then myself. We hurried back to the bed, and she laid back, long legs spread wide.

I buried my face in her beautiful little pussy, nuzzling it, and greedily licked inside and out, and all around it. My tongue teased her tight little pucker hole again, and she whimpered with delight. Finally, I crawled up and slipped my cock inside her, a fraction of an inch at a time, while kissing her mouth. She licked her juices off my face and out of my mouth.

"I taste good," she whispered excitedly.

I pumped faster and faster. Just like the first time, I exploded gloriously inside her. She screamed with another crashing orgasm. We collapsed. I shifted my weight, so I wouldn't smother her, and laid quietly, my soft cock inside her, luxuriating in the sated, wonderful sensations of the moment. Jesus, but I had forgotten just how good sex could be. Oh, how so very good it could be.

"Sam?" She whispered. "Sam? Roll off me."

I did and ended up on my back. She crawled down, grabbed my cock, and started sucking it. Her lips surrounded my shaft, and her tongue curled tight around it. Her head went up and down. I did a short cum in her mouth, just a couple of drops.

She swallowed and said, "You taste good, too."

We rested a while then dressed. She put on the black leather skirt and vest, with a white dickey. I had a change of clothes with me in an overnight bag—dress slacks and a short-sleeved white sport shirt. The expanse of her breasts showed almost to her nipples from the open sides of the vest. This girl had style. Many people would question her style, but she had it, all right.

When we entered the restaurant, heads turned. The women, both young and old, stared enviously at her fresh, clean beauty, so full of life. The men stared with naked lust in their eyes, wanting to take her in all the ways just minutes before I had. Okay, I'll admit it. All of those people staring were an aphrodisiac to me.

I noticed how some of the women appraised me, wondering just what hidden qualities I had to win over this beautiful creature. While we ate, I noticed how the

post-coital glow made her even more desirable. It also caused Pedro, our waiter, to stumble twice, as he tried to get a better look at her breasts.

“She doesn’t have any underwear on either,” I told him in a low voice. Maria heard and laughed.

That little tidbit made him back up and fall into a woman’s lap. The woman, in her fifties and dining alone, laughingly hugged him and told him to come to her room after he got off work. She handed him her room key and a healthy tip before leaving. Definitely, *love was in the air*.

When we returned to the room, Maria just had to go one more time. This time we went sixty-nine. She sucked and licked until I called for surrender. I was so weak by then, only sleep mattered. She switched ends in bed and snuggled her rear end against me, and we fell asleep with my arms around her.

That was twenty years ago. After we married, I learned Maria was older than I first thought. She had just turned twenty-nine when I met her. She looked eighteen. Today, I am fifty-nine, and she is a beautiful forty-nine. Our three wonderful sons are in college and show great promise of becoming successes in their own right.

As far as I am concerned, Maria is still as desirable as she was that hot afternoon when I lost my heart and regained my soul. Men still turn their heads to watch her when we walk down the street. That boosts my ego as I imagine them thinking: *What does he have to rate her?* More important is the answer I have for them: “I have Maria Elena. That’s all that matters.”

THE END

About the Author

T. C. Allen

Born a bastard child in Dust Bowl Oklahoma at the beginning of the Great Depression in 1933, T.C Allen copped an attitude early in life. In those days, to be a bastard was an unforgivable sin, especially in an ignorant town like Woodward, Oklahoma. Raised on the *wrong side of town* gave him an education no effete literature instructor could ever instill in him. Incest, drunken fights at country dances, and bar room brawls further shaped that attitude.

Miss Baker, a beautiful, grandmotherly woman taught him reading and self-respect. A UB preacher, Brother Moore, taught him not all adults were assholes. Miss Cole, his seventh grade teacher taught him about sex. Books, his constant companion from age six on, taught him the art of thinking. His stepfather taught him to *drink like a man*.

Having done *a man's work for a man's pay from age twelve on*, he thrived on hard work. After leaving the navy, he worked as a radio announcer in Minnesota, a talker in a carnival nationwide, and even changed beds in a sleazy New Orleans hotel for a dollar a day plus a room. That was the year he was called an *intellectual hobo* by a job counselor. Oh yes, that was also the year he worked as a bouncer in a gay bar.

Drug addiction and alcoholism rounded his character. Today, after a few years of sobriety, he writes about what he lived.

His view on his life? "I wouldn't take all the money in the world for what happened to me. But I'll kill the son of a bitch who tries to force me to live it over."

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

You can write to T.C. here:

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