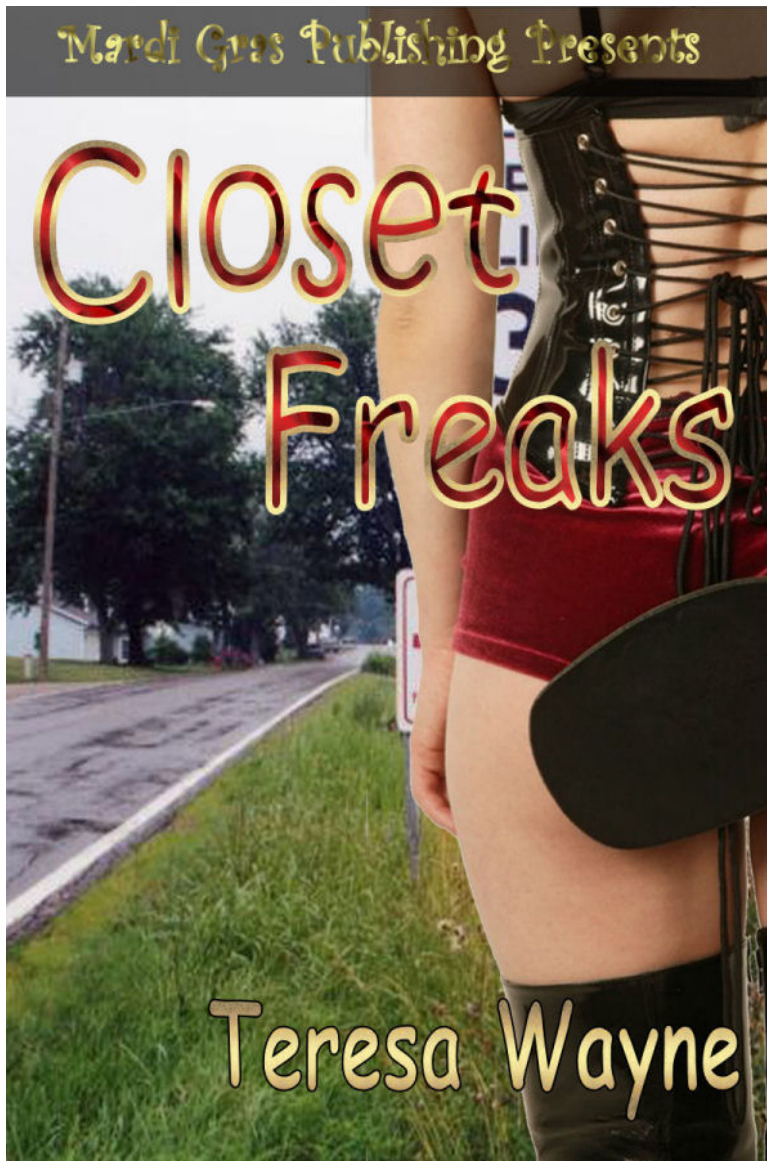


Mardi Gras Publishing Presents

Closet Freaks

Teresa Wayne



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By

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The Andersons

Darkness was all around her! She stood there shaking, blindfolded with her hands tied above her head. The feel of his breath and movements were all she needed to know she was not alone. Fear began to creep in. “Why did I let him in? Yes! He is good-looking and well built but, I could have resisted...Those eyes, dark penetrating eyes mesmerize me. I hope he just takes what he wants and leaves. I hope he does not hurt me.” His movement around the room began to frustrate and anger her. “Hey! Take what you want and go! Please do not hurt me!”

“Hurt you? Of course I intend to hurt you, in so many ways that you will love. You know I have had my eye on you for days. I watch you as you check your mail with that tiny little bathrobe on, wash your car in those short shorts, walk your dog as your tits bounce around in that flimsy athletic top.. I especially love to watch you sun bath... Oh, the sunbathing. I could see the shape and outline of your pussy. How your tits want to break free. Oh yes...I watch you.”

“Useless scum!” She whispered.

“Don’t worry my dear I will not hurt you to bad, but I will fuck you. Matter of fact, I plan to fuck you for hours.”

“FUCK ME? That’s rape.”

“Matter of perspective my dear.” He spoke confidently. “Fine bitches like yourself love to walk around exposing as much as possible. You taunt and bait us men to ogle, making us wish we could have you. You stroll around with your pussy lips split by your tight shorts or your ass cheeks exposed thru slits in your jeans. Then...Then, when you are approached you want to yell sexual harassment. Telling the judge you were innocent and minding my own business. Well, not this time, I tell you. Your

pussy or whatever hole I want to fill is mine, for as long and as many times as I want to take it. My take on things is you were silently calling out for dick. I answered the call.”

Nervously she squirmed, as the bindings on her wrist became painful. No longer able to hear movement or feel his breath. Her heart sank, as her mind raced when she heard the metallic click. “He is in here, but where...Bastard’s probably just staring at me... Oh, please go... Just go.” The pounding of her heart was deafening, while beads of cold perspiration began to appear on her forehead.

With her arms tied above, he could take unrestricted advantage of her large firm breast. He scanned his victim with lust as her chest moved with each breath. The shape of her pussy outlined to perfection through her tight terry cloth shorts really excited him. Her legs were nicely tanned and very tone. The way her muscles moved as she shifted from one to the other enticed him further.

“Please don’t do this...”

“Shut up bitch! I’ll do as I feel.” He slapped her, just enough to sting, emphasizing his point.

The sudden attack snapped her head back making her ears ring, her cheek numbed for a moment, as a burn engulfed her tender flesh. She made no sound, refusing to satisfy his anger. He placed the flat part of a knife blade against her inflamed skin. The cold steel startled her, yet felt good against her abused cheek.

“Be very still now, we sure don’t want to accidentally cut up that pretty face... Do we?” He changed to the blunt angle of the blade as he traced the outline of her face. She tried to control the shaking fear that was welling up inside as she felt the tip trail down. First caressing it along her throat, as he admired her Adam’s apple quiver as she swallowed, running the knife over her chest

and between her mounds as he followed the contours of her rounded orbs circling into their centers. Her nipples rose to the attention, despite her fears. Fingertips replaced steel, as he pinched and rolled her aroused nub. The combination of pressure and the soft fabric motivated her to release an unexpected moan.

“You like that don’t you?” Whispering in her ear, the feel of his warm breath washed over her. “I think I will bring them out to play.” He slashed a slit into her top, grasped the separated material ripping them apart, like an anxious child tearing into a gift.

Her muscles seized at the sudden assault. She lifted herself from the floor, trying to bring down her elbows to cover her nakedness. He stood back watching as she weakened from all the exertion.

Walking around her, he pressed himself against her back. She stiffened as his hands slid up her waist to cup a breast in each hand. He kneaded the spongy tissue, softly at first then with more intensity. His thumbs closed across her nubbins, feeling the ridges upon the pink skirt that encircled her nipples.

His rhythmic massage ignited a spark of heat in her groin... She told herself to resist. It did little good. The more he stimulated her mounds the hotter the fire grew. She listened to herself sigh and moan. Unconsciously, she squeezed her legs together feeling the warm juices that soaked the crotch of her panties.

He released his hold to move his hands down her waist as he knelt behind her. He snatched her shorts down to reveal the tiny little white thong panties she wore and the luscious curves of her ass.

“Spread your legs.” He ordered.

She made no move, not wanting to give into him or her body’s desire.

He placed the steel of the knife to her thigh as a reminder. "Spread those pretty legs, or things will get nasty."

With slow obedience, she obeyed.

Placing his hands on each cheek, he pulled them apart. Exposing the thin strand of material that ran between them it was just barely enough to cover her asshole. He could see the beginning of the v-shaped material that shielded her. Her plump full lips pushed at the fabric as her short hairs peeked from the sides. He was glad to see the dark wetness of arousal. Placing his face close to her, he inhaled deeply. His cock grew larger as her sexual aroma filled his nostrils. Not wanting to rush, he rose from her garden to return to manipulate a breast. He began to apply soft kisses on her neck and shoulders, as he whispered along the way. "I can be very gentle or very rough that is all up to you." With a single finger, he pulled the thin line from between her ass cheeks using it as a guide to her wet pussy.

The sensation of his finger, as it slipped between her lips released a flood.

She could not help but love the feeling as he made tight circles around her opening. With subtle pressure, he sank his finger in, to the first joint. As if on queue, she tried to sink down on him, her body needing to be filled. The constant gently roll of her nipple as well as the torturous shallow finger in her pussy shot waves of pleasure through her. Her hips ground against him, her moans grew deeper.

"Oh, you have a tight pussy. I want to stick my thick cock in..." As he talked to her she grew more excited. "I am going to finger your pretty round ass. Would you like that?"

"Yes, yes... Finger my ass." She had given in to her needs.

He used her natural lubrication to coat his finger placing it against her asshole.

“Relax now. Just relax.”

Her muscles stretched to accept his digit with a mixture of pleasure and pain. Now buried deep inside her, she clenched unto him.

He slowly pumped in and out. “Damn your ass is tight. Maybe I will slip some of my dick in there too.”

Realizing what he had said, she pulled herself off his finger.

“Now that was a very bad girl. I believe you will have to be punished,” as he moved around to the front to pinched hard on both nipples.

She bit her lip to hide the urge to scream tugging forcefully at her restraints attempting to back away. “Please,” she sobbed, “I will do whatever you say!”

“Yes you will, whether you like it or not.” He gathered her binding in one hand cutting her loose. Then he twisted her arms behind her and tied them. Grabbing a fist full of hair he forced her gently to her knees pulling her head back to remove the blindfold.

It took her several moments for vision to re-adjust to the light in the room. When it cleared, she saw the enormous head of his cock as it throbbed with impatience just inches away from her. The slit glistened with pre-cum.

“Suck it.” He ordered.

She sat watching as it bobbed and twitched—a manifested life of its own.

With a plunge, he drove his shaft between the wet lips of her mouth groaning with pleasure as he sank himself into her warmth. “Watch those teeth. I would hate to have to hurt you,” as he began to pump his stiff pole in and out.

On her knees with hands tied, she had little options. If she was going to survive this without injury, she knew it was best to cooperate. With force of will, she sucked his cock listening to his

intense moans. The taste was salty-sweet as the feel of his tightened grip of her hair signaling that he was close to orgasm.

“Maybe he’ll stop once he cums, she thought beginning to suck harder. She felt his shaft grow thicker, his thrust and his breaths, quickened.

Suddenly he held her head tight stopping his movement. “Oh damn...” His cock jerked as it filled her mouth with warm sticky fluid.

She swallowed to breath, while he released load after load.

“Mom... Dad... We’re home...” They both heard faintly.

She instantly pulled her mouth free of his cock.

“Joe, it’s the kids—quick.”

“Damn it... The kids are home early.” He responded as he untied her.

“I forgot today is only a half day for school.” Her bindings free, she hurriedly rose to dress.

Joe ran to the bedroom door opening it a crack to yell. “You girls get a snack. Mommy and I will be right down.

“Dad... Lisa is over. Can she have a snack too?”

“Yes dear.”

“Can she come with us to the fair? We already asked her mom. She said yes.”

“Yea sure baby, that’s fine. We’ll be out in a minute.” Joe shut the door turning to look at his wonderful wife of twenty years, already dressed in jeans and sweatshirt, smiling back at him.

She responded with a smile and a moment of admiration. “Tonight is my turn big boy.” Then she wiggled her ass as she walked to the bedroom door.

“Don’t forget our dinner date tonight with the Jones.” His voice rose to catch her attention as she closed the door. “It’s about the Town Meeting tomorrow.

The Jones's

He looked up from his vantage point on the plush shag carpet. Straddled above him, stood a woman dressed in a black leather halter. She wore a leather hood only revealing her luscious red lips and dark painted eyes. Knee high stiletto boots and thong panties graced her body. Her hips swayed from side to side, as she slapped a cat of nine tails against her thigh.

“We seem to have a problem Mr. Jones.” Her voice sounded of mischief. “I think you need to be punished. You see...I am the one in charge here. Isn't that right Mr. Jones?”

He nodded furiously, unable to speak through the gag he wore.

“I see you nod, but I just do not believe you truly understand.”

She rolled him onto his stomach, his hands tied behind his back, and ankles tied together, leaving him vulnerable. Without warning, she came down with the whip against his naked ass. A sharp crack filled the air as the sting of pain made his body stiffen.

“Would you like another?” She mocked.

He shook his head to no avail. The multi-tailed implement landed again. His body stiffened. He could feel the welts rise as the burn left behind receded when the sting subsided. He tried to bring up his ankles to protect his exposed flesh, but the way she had him bound, with the rope encircling his legs all the way down, left him unable to move. Again, he was struck, and again, he stiffened.

She laughed with cruel intentions letting the ends trail along his naked back and legs.

He caught movement from the corner of his eye seeing the long heel of her boot, as she stopped by his head.

“So Mr. Jones are we getting anywhere? Or do we have to continue the lesson?”

He tried to respond but could not. His body arched as the whip came down again, a tear fell from his eye. With the same fluid motion as before, his tormentor rolled him onto his back. He could now see all around him, watching mesmerized, as the woman walked about.

The whip snapped and cracked as she practiced her strokes. He observed the way her naked ass moved as she walked. The high heels made her shapely calves more defined.

With swift reflexes she turned to stare at him, her beautiful full lips formed an evil grin as she stepped toward him. The ends of the whip danced along his chest and onto his stomach.

He tried to remain calm, in hopes she would not be strike again.

She brought the dangling ends down around his rock hard shaft manipulating the tool to allow it to caress his balls.

“Ohh...” He moaned.

“Ah, you like that Mr. Jones. I see your hard cock and tightened balls. Even your breaths have become labored. I believe you do like this.” With practiced movement, she pulled the gag from his mouth with just her heel.

“Oh thank you, thank you.” He groveled.

“Shut up and suck the heel of my boot.”

With obedience, he took her heel into his mouth, sucking it, loving it. From his view he could see her crotch, the panties she wore covered little. The thick lips of her pussy pushed hard against the thin material. His own sex moved and throbbed with his heartbeat longing for a place to settle.

She slowly turned her head toward his feet and with slow movement she squatted over his face. Her pussy was so close he could smell her scent. His swollen organ pointed straight toward her like a divining rod. She gripped his cock roughly.

“Lick my pussy slave,” she ordered, as she pulled the tiny bit of material to the side. “I said eat my twat, or I will tear off your dick.”

With gusto, he lapped her wet nectar savoring the taste of her sweetness.

She must have been pleased because she pumped his erection tenderly...Teasingly... She released her grip just long enough to trace her long fingernails up and down his shaft, outlining the ridge of his crown. She leaned forward taking hold, and sliding his solid pole into her mouth she sucked hard.

Even tied as he was, he was able to lift his hips. His attention locked on the ecstasy of her perfection of sucking his cock and her luscious pussy above him. He moaned again, deeply this time.

The woman above him stopped sucking to ground her crotch into his face. Almost covering him completely, she pushed her swollen folds against his lips. “You had better not cum! Not until I give you permission. You need to take care of my needs first.”

“Yes...Yes...What ever you say.”

“Now that is a good boy.”

She pulled herself off his face noticing his look of disappointment. Her laughter soared, at his response. She reached into her waistband pulling out an elastic ring, sliding it down his shaft, she placed it snugly at the base of his cock. “There now...That should help your self control.”

She again, squatted over him. With two fingers, she spread her lips, while with her other hand she rubbed the mushroom head of his cock through the warm soft wetness of her sex. He lifted his hips to enter, but she pinched his crown to stop his assault.

“No, no, now. That’s a bad boy.” She waved her finger in pendulum fashion. “Try that again, and I will be forced to punish you.” She returned to her sensual torment holding his staff in place

while she moved her hips in a slow up and down motion, riding his erection. Her plunges were slow at first, then increasing as her need to be satisfied, grew.

The urge to cum grew intense, as he moaned his pleasure in quiet fashion, for fear she may stop.

“Don’t you dare cum... I want you hard as a rock.” She whispered her orders thru clenched teeth. “Yeah -- that is it slave, keep that cock hard. I want all that cock. Ooh, that feels good.”

With forced will, he tried to lie still feeling the warm depth of her tight pussy.

She pumped harder to drive herself down on him slapping against his balls.

“Yeah slave, that’s it. Stay hard. Make me cum. Yeah; yeah that’s it. Ooh...god yes.” Crying out as she climaxed, she grinded her groin against his, pulling him deeper into her enflamed alcove.

She lifted herself from him taking the ring off. His cock glistened with her juices. She took him into her mouth, sucking deeply. “Umm...I do have a good tasting pussy.” She spoke between pumps of his shaft from base to head. “Your turn now. I want to watch you cum. I want to taste it.” Stroking faster; making sure to squeeze his head as she slid down.

He raised his hips to drive his shaft deep in unison with her strokes. “Oh jeez.” He bellowed, as his cock squirted warm thick fluid several times deep within her throat.

She smiled and ravished the last remaining drops. Sliding his member deep into her mouth, sucking him dry.

She reached around her husband to untie his bounds kissing him sweetly on the cheek “I wasn’t to rough...was I?”

“You were PERFECT, my mistress!” He spoke with a sheepish grin.

Hustling around the bedroom, they both dressed quickly to prepare for their dinner date with the Andersons.

“I spoke to Mayor Hancock on the phone today. He said he would be back in time for the town meeting tomorrow, also that they were enjoying their vacation immensely.”

“Good for them. Hope they have a fun and safe trip home. We can not have a town meeting without the Mayor.”

The Hancock's

Charlie Hancock cleaned the dinner dishes from the small table while his wife Deloris and young Josh, a hitchhiker they picked up just outside Paducah, Kentucky, straightened the kitchenette in the RV. He overheard his wife talk about how hot and muggy the evening was with the young lad agreeing with her.

"I believe I'm gonna have to take a cool shower and rinse off." She said while bent over to wipe off the table, giving the young man a clear peek at her cleavage, while letting him watch her breast wiggle as she wiped.

Out of the corner of his eye, Charlie could see Josh stare down his wife's shirt.

He smiled to himself as he listened to the idle chit chat while in thought. *Let the games begin.*

The trio finished clean up. All showered to rinse off the days grime. They sat around with cocktails talking bullshit, while hours seem to fly by quickly, as well as the drinks.

Charlie could see the young man was getting loose and more comfortable. He shot a knowing glance at his wife who winked back her acknowledgment.

"Charlie, pop in a movie while I go change."

"Sure baby." He replied as he watched her enter the bathroom to change. "Hey Josh you like porn?"

"Uh...Yeah...Sure." A bit startled at the question.

"Good, good...So do we. Let's pop this in." Sliding a disc into the DVD player, the TV came to life, filled with close up shots of a huge cock sliding into a beautiful pussy. While engrossed in the moans and groans, as they watched the man piston in and out, Charlie glanced over at Josh, who watched with intently. Charlie

pulled his cigarettes and lighter from his shirt pocket. He lighted his and asked, "You want one?" offering the pack to Josh.

"Hey, thanks man." He took one from the pack lighting it up. He inhaled deeply several times, pulling the smoke deep into his lungs. "I have been out of cigs for two days now. I was dying for one."

Deloris stepped out with only a tee shirt and panties. The shirt stopped just at the top of her crotch. Josh's eyes looked as if they would pop out of his head. Though she was a little over forty, Deloris's body was still shapely and tight.

"What we got going on here, a little smoky-smoky. Give me one." As she reached for the cigarette, Charlie lit for her.

It was not long before the RV filled with a smoky haze and the smell of liquor as all three became absorbed in fuck movies.

Josh stared nervously as he watched Deloris rub her pussy through her panties while watching the TV. Charlie slid his hand to her crotch pulling her panties to the side exposing her swollen lips. Josh's cock grew hard, aching to be released from its denim cell.

"Come closer." Charlie encouraged. "Get a closer look."

A bit uneasy, Josh hesitated, but the sight of her spread lips and the hardened nipples against the fabric of her shirt, not to mention the uncomfortable bulge in his pants erased any doubts. He moved in closer.

"C'mon...Get down on your knees. Right here between her legs. Take a good look. My wife's got a beautiful pussy, doesn't she?"

Josh could only nod, not believing what was happening. Deloris leaned forward pulling his head into her. The aroma of her sex caused his lust to jump and throb.

"Lick my pussy Josh, you know you want too."

Slowly, with caution he slid his tongue through her wet folds. She slid her hips to the edge of her seat, giving him more access. He sucked and licked her with lustful need. Her moans of approval encouraged him, easing any nervousness he may have had.

“Pull your cock out...I want to see your cock. I want to fuck your cock.” She pleaded.

Charlie sat back watching as the young man removed his clothes.

Deloris squealed with delight as his erection bounced freely from its restraint. Hungrily, she took him into her mouth to suck hard and deep.

Charlie pulled out his own hard cock stroking himself as he watched the young man unleash his hard-on, while his still buried tongue, ravished his wife’s juices.

Deloris guided Josh to sit on the couch, his cock pointing upward like a titan rocket. She dropped to her knees beginning to mouth his tool and lick his balls.

Charlie’s hand pumped faster as his own need grew standing when Deloris laid Josh down

. She climbed on top guiding his thick head into her tight, wet hole. The need to have his cock deep within was strong. She forced herself down on his shaft. “Oh...That feels so good.”

Josh reciprocated. “Oh, fuck.”

With long intense strokes she began to ride the young man.

Charlie removed his own clothes to step in. He shoved his throbbing organ into her mouth.

Josh tried to watch, as she sucked her husband, but her warm, tight pussy, moving up and down his cock, made it hard for him to pay attention. He was lost in lustful amazement. *This is definitely a Penthouse letter moment.* The RV filled with sounds of pleasure.

“Double fuck me baby.” She begged.

Deloris leaned forward as Charlie moved in behind her to place the head of his cock against her tight ass. “Ah, yes...My favorite spot.” Charlie whispered his pleasure as he nibbled his wife’s ear.

She groaned encouragement, as he buried his dick in her ass.

This was something new to Josh.. He found it erotically arousing. The added pressure increased the tightness and friction of her pussy. The feel of their balls rubbing against one another was an oddly wonderful sensation.

“Oh yes...That’s it...Fuck me...Fuck me hard.” Deloris begged.

They increased their tempo driving themselves deep into her. The sound of flesh against flesh reverberated above the gratifying moans.

“Oooh yeah, that’s it...Pump harder. God I love the feel of two cocks...Ooh yeah.”

Charlie’s face grimaced as his eruption neared.

Deloris helped by plunging herself down and back on the two, together.

Josh’s hips lifted with his eyes rolling into the back of his head as he let loose his load. She could feel his shaft twitch and jerk as he shot his cum deep into her.

“Ooh my God!” She screamed, as her own orgasm erupted from deep within, sending waves through her, muscles tightened as her body convulsed.

Charlie felt Josh’s release as well as the tightened muscles of Deloris’s orgasm. This chain reaction caused him to empty his swollen balls into he ass.

They collapsed in a heap of tangled bodies. A pile of heavy breaths and satisfied moans.

The next morning, the RV pulled into a gas station just off I-65, outside of Montgomery. Josh made a phone call to have his mom come pick him up.

“Well Josh, I hope things work out for you.” Charlie said, shaking his hand.

“I believe they will. Hey, I really appreciate the ride.”

“You take care now.” Deloris gave him an almost motherly hug.

Charlie and Deloris climbed back in hitting the road on the last leg of their trip.

“So vacation is over Mayor.” She said sadly. “The Town Meeting is tomorrow.”

“I know sweetheart. I spoke to Mr. Jones letting him know we would be back in time for that meeting. But then there is Mardi Gras to look forward too.” He smiled mischievously.

They quietly watched the road pass by; only to see the sign for Mobile making them realize they were almost home.

Town Meeting

A town meeting was called in a small Alabama community, located in south central Baldwin County. The rural town was close enough to large metropolitan centers like Mobile and Pensacola to take advantage of the positives incentives, but far enough away to distance itself from the negatives. Beaches to the south, large cities to the East and West and beautiful woodlands to the North. All directions, making it the perfect location.

The room reverberated with the sound of the gavel, signaling the meeting to order. People stopped their own private conversations to direct their attention to the business at hand.

Charlie Hancock the Mayor chaired the meeting. He called for the secretary Mrs. Hancock to read the minutes of the last meeting. Deloris Hancock was the principal at the elementary school. She read down the list to remind everyone of what was accomplished at the last meeting, what was put on hold for further review, and what might be brought up for discussion.

Mr. Anderson being the Pasture of the local Church sat on the board also. He and his wife are who we have both voted in as councilman and councilwoman for being such up standing citizens. They are always there to help someone guiding them on the path of the straight and narrow. They both sat at the large bench, which sat higher than the public seating, as if to look down at his wayward flock.

Mr. Jones, being the town sheriff, held the Master at Arms post. He stood just behind and to the right of the Mayor. He called the session to order and maintained discipline. His wife, a financial advisor for a large firm in Mobile was voted in as treasurer.

All listened quietly as the minutes were read. When completed, the Mayor brought down the gavel to read off the list of pending business. The floor opened for discussion.

The first bit of business was about a lot of wooded land, northeast of town, a developer wanted to build 250 housing units ranging in the 150's, to accommodate the growing population. Issues such as drainage, trash, environmental impact, schooling and increased revenue were all brought up. The Mayor's best friend's sister's, husband's, brother-in-law owned the property with he pushed hard for a vote of yea which he received.

'Most folks that lived here did not want to make waves. Everyone knew each other. It was easy to become an outcast. If a vote of yea or nay were pushed hard by any of the council, most people obliged.

The issues were tabled, and either voted on, or put on hold. This went on for a time, because the area had grown making more issues arise. Finally, the last bit of business was tabled.

"We have a permit, requesting the construction and operation of an adult novelty store. The building would be located just off the beach expressway. Reviewing the plans, the county engineers say it would not be visible from the road. The Mayor read on, then opened floor for discussion.

Several citizens expressed themselves, with consensus equally split. It was now up to the council members to express their concerns.

"I believe allowing such an establishment would promote deviant sexual behavior, and as your Pasture and friend, I strongly urge a nay vote."

Mrs. Hancock spoke her piece. "As a good Southern Christian. I cannot with good conscious, allow a store that sells sex toys to

open their doors in our community. It would undermine our strong moral integrity. I too feel a nay vote is in order.”

Mr. Jones stepped forward. “Evening folks, all y’all here know me. You know I rarely speak at these meetings, but being sheriff, I strongly believe that such an establishment would bring riff-raff and illicit drugs into our community. My training has exposed me to many of the sexual paraphernalia that would be available. Most take people into the sinful world of sodomy, a disgusting act of sexual depravity. I will vote nay on this matter and so will my wife.”

“AMEN, Brother Jones.” Mr. Anderson called out.

All took their turn to vocalize their opinions, and then the floor closed. The proposal was put to a vote. No surprise, the nay vote was overwhelming.

Once again, the small Alabama town was saved from the infringement of a growing society that believes and promotes open-mindedness and individual choice.

They all returned home to their own private worlds, opening drawers, shoeboxes or closets, full of their freaky secrets they publicly denounced.