

Trains, Dreams & Other Things

Jay Hughes

CHAPTER ONE

Maria shifted her head left and right. Her neck was stiff. Too many clicks and too many pictures. Too many links, not enough inspiration. She had come to the wall, and it stared back at her.

Out of ideas, Maria closed her eyes and tried to picture someone, anyone, who might serve as a character. Somebody real, somebody interesting. Sexy.

What had started as a story about a woman in love had turned into a faceless person with no goals.

Maria stood and stretched her arms. The pink cotton shirt clung to her torso like a second skin and accentuated the hard nipples that popped through her top like two brown corks.

She walked to the window and watched the sun paint the passing train. Yellow, black, yellow, black ... the train cars seemed to ooze across the horizon like a long lazy snake, hiding behind a building, then reappearing.

Endless, it seemed.

Dani finished the dishes and joined Maria at the window. She put her hands on Maria's shoulders, soft like snowflakes. A gentle kiss on Maria's neck brought her back to reality.

"Find anything exciting on the Web?" Dani cooed in Maria's ear.

"Oh, yeah ..." came the long, drawn-out answer. "Some really sexy stuff. It made me so horny." Maria turned to accept a kiss from Dani. Tender, warm, full on the lips. "I found one or two ... well, a lot of them."

"You spend too much time on the Internet," Dani said, her eyes moving down Maria's front to her tits, which stood firm and full against the top. Dani's hands found them and gently, softly caressed them. "Um, your nipples are so, so ... suckable."

"Well, I can't write. I'm out of ideas." Maria puckered and moved her hands to her waist. She pulled the top from its confining waistband and drew it up, exposing her breasts to her admiring lover. "Taste them. I'm so hot right now."

Dani slid her lips down Maria's chin, kissed her on the neck once for good measure and sent her tongue exploring one, then the other nipple. They glistened in the evening sun as Dani's moist tongue coated each one with saliva.

Maria tilted her head back and closed her eyes, enjoying Dani's soft, tickling tongue on her nipples.

Dani found Maria's button, popped it open and slid Maria's jeans down, down ...

“When did you decide not to wear panties?”

Maria murmured a sense of self-satisfaction. She didn’t know? “I took them off before I got on the Web. Just in case.”

“In case what?” Dani said, nibbling at Maria’s navel and down toward a well-trimmed patch of hair, trimmed to hide a bikini bottom that covered oh, so little.

“In case you weren’t in the mood. I was going to finger-fuck myself. I almost did.”

Dani slid to her knees and kissed Maria full on the pussy. “Um, you smell like a flower.”

Maria pulled Dani’s face closer. “Just the thought of that girl, it made me want to rub it. But you can do it, lover.”

Dani’s hand brushed Maria’s warm bush, found the sweet spot and kissed it once ... twice ... “Whatever you want, baby.” Her tongue found Maria’s pussy and eased up and down.

Maria’s quivering grew intense. She pulled Dani up and kissed her. “I want you to finger-fuck me off.”

“You don’t want it licked?”

Maria shook her head. “I have the fantasy for a finger-fuck. If you don’t, I will.”

“Whatever.” Dani’s hand found Maria’s pussy. She motioned her to sit on the sill. Outside, the train had gone and the sun had begun its descent into twilight. “Spread your legs a little.”

Maria’s long tanned legs spread apart and she sat back to give Dani good leverage. “Get me off, Dani!”

Dani’s finger moved up and down on Maria’s clit and the moment grew frantic. Up

and down, easy, easy ... oh, so gently. It found the perfect spot.

Was it a minute? Two ... ten ... fifteen? Maria jerked once, twice and heaved a sigh as Dani finished her off.

Dani sank to her knees and licked away the warm perspiration from Maria's midsection. She eased back up and kissed each nipple, then moved to Maria's lips.

"God, that was good!"

"I guess I don't get one?" Dani said, half pouting. She knew she would not. Maria was like that. Do me, then I'm done. You can get yours later.

And how.

Dani knew that. The wait would be worth it. She stared into Maria's coal-black eyes. "What are you thinking about?"

Maria sighed. "Oh, lots of things. When you were doing me, my mind went off on a trip."

"Trip to where?"

"That train earlier. I just thought for a second what it would be like to jump on it and ride ... wherever it takes me."

Dani put her arms around Maria and buried her short curly blonde locks into her lover's chest. She felt the heartbeat against the warmth. "Would you hop a freight train? I think I'd be afraid."

Maria shook her head and kissed Dani on the head. "Maybe. The adventure would be a gas. I'm a writer. I need to fantasize. Just think about riding that train, somewhere in the night ... maybe meeting some hobo, having sex with him in the boxcar"

Dani giggled. "I think the hobos you have in mind are a bit on the grungy side."

“Well, it’s my fantasy and my hobo can be anything I want him to be. He’d be tall, with a day-old beard, lots of muscles, tight jeans.”

“Sounds more like a model than a hobo.”

Maria sat back and closed her eyes. “Yeah, but think about it. You’re in a boxcar, it’s dark, the train is moving fast and it’s clattering along. This guy comes to you in the night and”

“And what?”

“He unbuttons my pants, pulls my undies away and licks me, gets me so fucking wet ... my nipples get so hard, and I want him ... but he just keeps eating me, driving me crazy.”

Dani looked up at Maria and watched her eyes dart back and forth in the fantasy. “Does he ever fuck you?”

“Oh, yes ... I pull him up and take down his pants. He has no underwear on and a cock as big as a flashlight ... one of those that uses five batteries. I get it hard with my hand and I lick the head of it. It starts oozing passion juice. I suck it ... get it all in my mouth.”

“All of it?”

“Well, it’s too big for that. Just the head. That’s all that fits. I lick it and he gets so hard. He wants to come but”

“But what?” Dani watched Maria’s face. Her smile was awesome.

“I lay back and pull him down on me and drive him home.”

“Feels good, huh?”

“Yeah,” Maria cooed. “Terrific. He fucks me and fucks me and then he pulls it out

and shoots it all over my tits.”

Dani shook in mock orgasm. “Oh, I wish I could be there to help you clean it up.”

“Let’s do it, Dani!”

“Do what, fuck some guy?”

Maria pulled her close. “Let’s hop a freight train.”

Dani leaned back on her rear, still on her knees. “And go where?”

“Wherever it takes us.” Maria turned to the window and looked out into the twilight. The warm fall breeze was turning chilly now. She closed the window.

“Wherever.” She pointed west.

Dani pulled herself to her feet. “I worry about you, girl. You dream of the women on the Internet when you have me. You dream of fantasy men and you dream of hopping freight trains when you have a Corvette parked outside.”

Maria leaned against the window that she had just closed. “You do the same thing.”

Dani straightened her blouse and fluffed her hair. “Not like you do. I have some fantasies, but they don’t include trains.”

“Really?”

“Well, I guess I wouldn’t mind pulling one. I think I’d like to fuck six men in one night. Like, right in a row.”

Maria giggled. “What is that, sloppy seconds ... thirsty thirds ... fabulous fourths And”

“That’s enough. Just say sex with six is my fantasy.”

Maria stood and pulled Dani to her. The kiss was warm, soft. On the eyelids.

“We’ll never live out our fantasies and we know it.”

“You might not,” Dani whispered. “I will. Someday.”

“That sounded like a dare.”

Dani heaved a warm breath of air. “Did it? Is it?”

“Yeah,” Maria laughed.

. . .

Maria rolled over. She couldn't sleep. The sound of the distant train horn seemed larger than life. Beside her, Dani snoozed, her chest rising up and down under the blanket as though it were a soft tide against the sand. Maria's mind drifted and she resisted an urge to pull back the blanket and gaze fondly at Dani's naked chest.

She could resist ... to a point before she eased the blanket away with her fingertips. Dani's nipples lay soft like tiny florets against a pair of white melons. Maria wished them hard. Should she wake Dani?

She got up and went to the bathroom for a drink of water. Tap water sucked, didn't it? She licked her lips and thought back to her fantasy. She imagined her lips engulfing that giant cock, sliding up and down against its firm bulges, tightening over the hard purplish head, sucking it until it yielded its creamy delight.

Maria went to the parlor, checked the time ... three in the morning. In the distance, the train clattered away, taking with it still another fantasy, another call ... join me, Maria, as I continue my journey.

She sat on the couch, crossed her legs in the dark and rubbed her hand lightly against her knee, up her inner thigh toward her pussy. It felt warm and moist.

Had it been Dani? She wanted Dani's tongue again, but Dani needed rest. Dani

would not be in the mood at this hour, would she?

Maria could ask.

No, she thought not.

She ran a long finger up her cunt, finding her clitoris, feeling the tension. She rubbed a little more. “Um, get yourself off, girl. Ooo, that feels good. Dani, come lick me.” She cooed under her breath to that fantasy man ... “oh, please fuck this wet thing. One of us has to get me off.”

The strokes went faster now, and Maria had found the perfect fantasy. Aboard that train, that cock rubbing up and down against her pussy, stroking, pulsating, not quite in, not quite out. Just the ridge, just the head.

Maria jerked. “Oh, fuck!”

“What’s the matter?”

Maria had awakened Dani. The muffled question, the muffled confusion from the bedroom.

“Nothing, Dani. My mystery man and I just had a little talk.”

“Oh, that again. Come to bed.”

“I will soon. I need some ice, I think.”

“What for? You sick?”

Maria smiled. “Ah, no ... just a little weak.”

“Are you out there masturbating?”

“Not now, Dani.”

“Was it good? Come to bed and be with me if you want some attention.”

Maria eased herself off the couch, pulled down her cotton nightie and ran her hand

down the inside of her leg. So long, so tan, so straight. She put her hands on her breasts and jiggled them. So firm, so taut. At this moment, at least, she felt like she needed to buy a bigger cup size. “Oh, damn,” she said aloud, “double D. That would be something, wouldn’t it?”

She ambled back to bed.

“Come to me, Maria,” Dani said softly in the dark.

“Dani, do you think my tits are big enough?”

“Big enough for me. Come, let me suck them.”

“Uh-uh.”

“Why not?”

“You need to sleep. I’m sorry I woke you.”

Dani rolled over on her stomach. “Well, you did and now I’m awake. You owe me, remember?”

“I remember. Can it wait?”

Dani turned on her side and watched Maria slither into bed. The light from the street peeked through the blinds. The silhouette was like art to Dani. “Then you have to help me get off.”

Maria slid into bed and kissed Dani on the forehead. “I’ll watch, OK?”

Dani sighed and ran her hand down her stomach, pulled up her gown and found her pussy. Her hand made fast, hard strokes against it as her breath quickened. “God, Maria ... I am so fucking horny.” Dani’s hand closed and her fingers stretched down into the wet, moist slot. Her groaning intensified.

Maria gazed into Dani’s face, kissed her on the nose and lips, then eased down to

Dani's tits. Her nipples were peaks now against the white, pillowy mountains. Sweat dripped down Dani's cleavage as her chest heaved.

"God, I'm coming, Maria!"

"Go, girl. Get off for me, baby. Get that sweet spot. Rub it. Come, girl, come for me!"

Dani's breath stopped for a second as her legs began to quiver. Her breathing was in spurts now.

Everybody was happy now.

Except for the man in the boxcar.

Wherever he was headed.

Maria fell into a slumber and awoke at dawn to another train whistle. "Come with me, Maria, on my journey."

"I will," Maria said under her breath. "Someday."

CHAPTER TWO

The phone rang as Dani Rusher was leaving the apartment. "Damn. I'm late!"

In spite of that, she answered but her tone was less than pleasant. Grumpy, in fact.

"Jerry?"

"Wrong number. Piss off," Dani said, slamming the the phone down, then door behind her.

The yellow note attached to the door stopped her. "We tried to deliver a package.

We will try again at noon Friday,” the note said. “What the hell is this?” Dani stuffed the note into her purse.

Traffic would be worse than usual because of the road construction. Why couldn’t bridges be closed in the summer when she was in Maui, tanning her gorgeous body, nude on a secluded beach?

Well, why not?

She unbuttoned the top two buttons of her blouse, just in case the man at the toll booth was looking. She didn’t have proper change and, even though it was only a dollar to take the expressway, a buck was a buck and this was not her usual route, anyhow. She thought she smelled nice this day, and if she turned on the fan full blast, perhaps the guy at the booth might even give her a pass for the week. If it was a man.

Well, why not? When a girl has tits, she ought to show them, or at least let somebody know she has some.

Dani thought her tits were nice. Bigger than Maria’s, her nipples weren’t quite as firm but her cleavage was nicer. She shoved them together and they made a nice sandwich. Maria couldn’t do that without a little effort.

Tits are tits.

It worked. The man at the booth waved Dani through, only to allow her to come to a dead stop. Late is one thing, stuck in traffic is another. Get up earlier tomorrow, you dumb bitch, she told herself as she eased forward at the torrid rate of five miles an hour.

The red light on the dashboard made quick work of Dani’s next decision. Pull over and shut it off. Overheated. She had wanted the Porsche and had settled for that fucking Ford Escort with a hundred and some million miles on it.

None of that was important now, because Old Paint was dead at the side of the road and Dani was a good half hour from the office. No phone, no pool, no pets. And the fucking pantyhose would have to go.

Dani hiked up her rear and slid the godforsaken things off her ass, flung them out the window and gave the mess a finger. Her panties went into her purse. If she had to sit out on the highway, at least her cunt could breathe. She spread her legs and let the fresh air in. The skirt went up a little higher, just for good measure.

A few drivers slowed to check. If one had planned to stop, it was not apparent. Two of them were with their wives and another was just ... well, not that attractive.

Dani waited. Not long. A van pulled up from behind. It yielded a tall man, handsome from what she could tell in her rear-view mirror. A mechanic's shirt. Salvation.

"Need some help, miss?"

Dani looked up and smiled. She had forgotten about her skirt. She followed his eyes and ... oops ... oh, what the fuck!

"I'm overheated."

"I'll say," said the man whose shirt read Steve. "Want me to cool you off?"

Dani smiled and sat forward on the car seat. She took the keys from the ignition.

"I'm already late. What do you have in mind? I mean, about my car?"

"I don't know shit about cars, babe." Steve winked and put his hand on the back of her car seat.

"I suppose this means I get to fuck my way out of this mess."

"I never said that," Steve said, admiring her legs and crotch. "But I sure was

thinkin' it."

"Me too." Dani shook her head, as if to clear away some long-hidden cobwebs. Do women do this sort of thing nowadays? Isn't there at least dinner and a movie? Was she that desperate, or just that naughty? "I really don't think this is such a great idea."

Steve stopped and turned. "Suit yourself." He looked up at the morning sun. "Gonna be a scorcher."

Dani's eyes followed Steve's into the blue sky. Yeah, a scorcher. She looked off into the distance, down the long, winding interstate that led somewhere into Omaha. It was a long walk. Hitchhiking is dangerous, isn't it?

Fucking a guy in the back of a van is dangerous, too. But a helluva lot more fun.

"What the hell," Dani said, throwing up her hands. She smiled at Steve and nodded. "Lead on, my knight in shining armor."

Steve led Dani to the back of the van. "It ain't much, but I can make it comfy."

"Just drop your pants," Dani said. "I'll suck you off and you take me downtown. Deal?"

Steve smiled and undid his pants. He slid his cock into Dani's hand. A dab of hand lotion from Dani's purse had him hard and throbbing within a few seconds. Dani smiled into Steve's eyes as she stroked his hard cock, up and down, up and down, slow ... slow.

"Ahh," he groaned. "It's ready!"

The orgasm splattered over Dani's skirt and gathered in a pool. "Fuck!"

"Can't."

"You have to take me to work now," she said.

"Oh, yeah. Gonna leave your car here or have it towed?"

“Fuck my car,” she groaned as she grabbed a tissue from her purse and tried to wipe away the semen. “I can’t go to work like this.”

“Go lock ‘er up,” Steve said. “I’ll wait here.”

Dani Rusher rushed to her car, made sure the windows were up and the door locked. She looked up in time to see Steve’s van pull away and disappear into traffic.

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Maria Silvestri’s morning had gone well. She had found three potential buyers for her magazine article. A light-hearted look at dating in the early nineteen hundreds was a difficult sell, but Maria had talent.

The problem was selling the story on the Internet. In person, Maria could make a strong case for her work. On the Web, she was just another e-mail. Her regular agent was “out of town” someplace. Maria wondered about that. He hadn’t answered her calls.

She sat back on the chair and clicked on her favorites. A few scans would take her mind off work. It always did. Maria could use up an hour gazing at the women who seemed to have no flaws. She wondered what they smelled like, what they felt like.

Another train horn. “Don’t miss me, Maria,” it seemed to say.

She cursed her cowardice and decided that, if she were a boy, she’d just snatch a few things, tie them up in a bandana and run for the freight.

Maria closed her eyes and imagined the rumbling of the freight car, cutting through a valley somewhere, headed for some other city, some other freight yard. Why was she suddenly obsessed with this?

She opened her eyes and looked out the window. The huffing woman coming up the walkway was steaming mad. Dani's face was red.

The door slammed. "Fuck!"

"Car break down again?" Maria giggled from the other room.

"Eat me, bitch!"

"That's no way to talk," Maria said, meeting Dani in the hallway. "You look like you could use a shower and a rubdown."

"And a shotgun! Some bastard left me out on the tollway this morning. I had to hitchhike back home." Dani flung her purse onto the couch. "Do you realize how few cars there are out at this time of day?"

Maria shrugged. "I thought traffic was going to be heavy this morning."

"It is," Dani shrieked. "Going the other damned direction!"

"Come here," Maria cooed, holding her arms apart. "Let me get you in the shower and give you some therapy."

Dani drew close. "I could use some TLC, I suppose. Let's go out for dinner. Presumably, you have a car that runs."

Maria laughed and held Dani close. "I have a six-year-old Corvette, not a granny-fucker Ford Escort."

"Don't rub it in," Dani snarled. "On the other hand, do rub it in. Baby oil, please, after the bath."

"Done. Where for dinner?"

"Peaches. Then we can go dancing and meet some nice men." Dani slipped out of her skirt and unbuttoned her blouse.

“Where are your undies?”

Dani shrugged. “In my purse. Don’t ask.” She stood in the hallway. Then, she remembered. Sign for what package on Friday? “Maria, did I order anything lately?”

“Such as?” came the voice from the bathroom where the water was gurgling.

“Like, as in a package?”

“Some lingerie, I think,” Maria said, meeting Dani at the bathroom door. “But that already came.”

“Fuck!” Dani’s face turned cold. “Some body left a note this morning and told me to be here Friday and sign for some package.”

“Didn’t say who it was from?”

Dani shook her head and put a foot into the tub. She eased herself down into the soapy water and splashed it onto her breasts. The soap clung to her. She rubbed her nipples and they responded.

Maria took her turn on Dani’s tits and ran the soapy water around her neck and shoulders. “Feel better?”

“Yeah.” Dani eased back into the water and slid down. Only her head and neck were visible. “Care to join me?”

Maria shook her head softly. “I just want to take care of you. Just sit there and have a good soak. Want your feet rubbed?”

Dani’s feet appeared. “Rub me anyplace you like.”

“Um,” Maria cooed. “This might be the best bath you ever had.” She unbuttoned her blouse and moved closer to Dani. Her nipples stood firm in Dani’s face.

The sucking began in earnest.

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“I still can’t figure it out,” Dani said at last as she waited for Maria to return from the bathroom with a towel. The rubdown had been perfect, but Maria had used just a bit too much lotion on Dani’s bottom. The extra dribbled down between her legs, coating the light brown bush with white, creamy stuff.

“It looks like jizz,” Maria laughed. “Can’t figure out what?”

“That damned phone call. I guess I learn what it is when Friday comes.”

Maria ran her hands gently across Dani’s ass and leaned down to kiss her backside.

“I’d be going crazy. This is only Wednesday, you know.”

Dani turned over. “You don’t seem to be all that anxious about it.”

Maria shrugged. “Whatever it is, you still won’t know until you open it.”

“Maybe it’s a bomb.”

“Dani! People don’t send bombs that way. They don’t make you sign for them, at least.”

“Well, maybe it’s a politically correct bomber. Wants to make sure all the paperwork is in order.”

Maria laughed. “Get dressed. Let’s go to Peaches.”

“It’s too early.”

“Yeah, but I’m hungry.”

Dani rolled over. “Help me find something to wear.”

“Wear the pink dress, the short one, low-cut. No undies. You wanted to meet nice

men. Dress the part.”

“What are you going to wear?” Dani asked, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Tank top, tight jeans, high heels.”

“Wow,” Dani said. “If I was a guy, I’d be panting so hard I’d look like a dog.”

“And if I was a guy, I’d be fucking your eyeballs out this very second.”

Dani thought for a second. “Do you ever wish you had a cock?”

“Like, in me ... or on me?”

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Maria smiled that saucy Italian smile at the man who said his name was John. They all lie about their names, don’t they? She could tell he’d taken off his wedding ring. The imprint showed. Oh, well ... being married doesn’t make him a bad fuck.

“Buy me a drink?” she cooed. Maria knew how to bat her eyes and stick out her chest. In a burlap bag, Maria would have passed for Miss January. As it was, she was Miss World.

John drooled that droll that comes over men when they lean against the bar too long, drinking vodka martinis and sucking the red stuff out of the middle of the olives. “Of course.”

Maria smiled. If she had expected to spend any money in Peaches this night, it was for condoms in the ladies room. At that, she might even borrow the change. She excused herself, looked half-intent around to see if she could spot Dani and went to the restroom.

Blue ones with those knobby ridges. Nah, a little too silly. How about just some regular ones? Why, indeed. Maria slid the coins into the slot and turned the handle.

Nothing. “Shit!”

What now? No condoms. Well, there were alternatives but they wouldn’t meet all the expectations the tall, slender woman had when she walked into the dark bar.

Dani was nowhere to be found and Maria found herself longing for something that qualified as a sex organ. A finger, a tongue, a foot, a baseball bat.

But not a penis. No condom, no fuck. That was tonight’s rule, and that was not changing. Maria was going to be that way -- just to fuck with John. He would have to improvise, Maria decided as she walked arm and arm with him to his minivan.

“All you married guys drive minivans,” she laughed as she hopped into the front seat of the vehicle. John went around and hopped into the driver’s seat. “Your place or mine?”

“Don’t give me that bullshit. It would not be your place, and you know it! Do me here, in this fuck truck, right here under the lights.”

John pointed his finger downward. “Here, in the van? Hell, why not? Join me in back, sweetheart.”

Maria slithered around the seat and found herself on her hands and knees in the back of a carpeted minivan. John followed her and had his hands on her ass before she could balance herself.

“You got a great ass,” he whispered as he ran his hand between her legs and rubbed her crotch. “Nice tits, too.”

Maria righted herself and flopped down. She crossed her legs and sighed. She found herself in John’s arms, wishing the damned condom machine had worked. “I won’t fuck you unless you have a rubber.”

“Ah ... no ... sorry, all out.”

“Geez, don’t men ever think of anything?” She crossed her arms in front of her and pulled up her tank top. Her tits hopped forward as if at attention. “Just suck them awhile.”

John didn’t need coaxing. His lips were on Maria’s nipples as though she were giving milk. His tongue found one nipple, then the other, back and forth. He licked her cleavage and sucked some more. His hands found her midsection and he slid his hands around, pulling her off her rear and closer to his mouth.

“Titty-fuck me!” Maria lay back, her globes standing up tall. “Run your cock up between my jugs and come all over them.”

John sat back, found his belt and unfastened it. Maria helped him pull down his pants. She found his cock, not quite erect, but dangling. It needed little coaxing.

Maria slid her hand up and down John’s shaft until it felt like stone. She couldn’t tell how old he was, but he was no grandpa yet. He had about seven inches, she guessed as she put both hands on his cock and stroked it.

She pulled him forward and lay back. She eased his cock into her cleavage and shoved her tits together. “Get it, baby!”

John rode Maria hard. His cock slid in and out, the head finding daylight to allow Maria’s tongue to flick at the end as it made an appearance, then retreated. He lurched forward and felt the wet passion fluid moisturize his cock as it thrust up and down inside Maria’s warm, wet titties.

She could feel him growing bigger, the head harder, stiffer.

The blast of semen covered her neck and pooled up on her chest. John was loaded.

“When’s the last time you got off, baby?” she said, rubbing the come around her

tits and licking a bit of it from the end of her finger.

“Earlier today.”

“Wow. What if you had held off?”

John laughed quietly. “All women think they’re the one who gets the most out of a man.”

“Baby, I can.” She sat up and found her tank top. “Wouldn’t happen to have a towel in here, would you?”

John grunted. “Here, use my undershorts.”

Maria wiped away the excess semen. “I have to go find Dani now. I suppose I should ask you to eat me out, but I don’t think that would make any difference now.”

“Meaning?”

“Never mind. I’m just not horny now.”

“Personal problem?”

Maria looked at John. Damn, why would he think that?

She poured herself back into her tank top and tripped on her heel as she got out of the back of the van. At least a titfuck didn’t make it hop up and down. Two women snickered as they watched Maria walk back toward the night club. They knew.

Finding Dani was less an exercise in search than a battle against friction. Elbows and hands were Maria’s biggest enemy this night. All Maria had to do was find a blonde in a pink dress.

A hand on her shoulder. Maria turned. “Hi.”

“Dani! Any luck?”

“A million offers but I’m being picky tonight. You?”

Maria smiled. “So-so.” She twisted her wrist to emphasize the point. “I’m ready to go home. The music’s too loud and it’s too smoky in here.”

Dani nodded approval and pulled Maria through the crowd. “I guess I can stay horny one more night,” she said as the two cleared the crowd. “Whew, it’s hot in there.” She looked down at her sweaty dress. “Damn, I danced a lot.”

Maria chuckled. “Let’s go for ... Where is it!”

Dani caught the moment. Maria’s Corvette was ... gone.

CHAPTER THREE

“We could have at least had a male police officer,” Maria grumbled as she kicked the rock at the side of the road. “A man would have given us a ride home.”

Dani shivered. “And I would have at least brought a sweater if I’d known we’d be walking two miles in the middle of the night. Why didn’t we just call a cab? Don’t tell me ... we needed the exercise.”

The dark sidewalk gathered shadows in the night as the two women shuffled along. Dani’s car was somewhere in a storage compound, in need of a radiator. Maria’s Corvette, a gift from a long-ago old geezer lover, was somewhere else.

Now, they waited. “I only thought you waited for a train when you were driving,” Dani bitched. “Not when you were walking.”

Maria sighed and shivered. “I’m cold as fuck. Hurry up, train!”

The monster slowed, slowed ... and stopped.

“What the fuck!” Dani shrieked. “Do we go under it or just wait?”

“I wouldn’t go under it,” Maria said, surveying the options. “We could get crushed.”

“Well, we can’t go around it,” Dani said, looking both directions. “I can’t see the end to it.”

“We could just jump on!” Maria smiled at the thought. “I wanted to do this all along.”

“Not like this! I’m not ruining my dress on some dirty fucking train!”

“Plus, we don’t have our bandanas,” Maria said. “This one won’t do.”

Dani scoffed at the comment. “At least you have some principles about the trains you hop onto.”

“Trains are trains,” Maria said. “I just need to have my shit with me.”

“You’re serious about this?”

Maria stood silent, staring at the boxcars that had come to a halt, blocking their path across the tracks. “Dead serious. Want to join me?”

“On this thing?”

“No, the next one. After we get across, I’m packing my bandana and coming back here. The next one that stops, I get on.”

“What’s with the bandana?” Dani looked perplexed. She was freezing now and shivering.

“It’s what you take when you hop a train,” Maria said, condescending to the comment. “You put it on a stick.”

Dani threw up her hands. “Shove the stick up your ass. I’m not getting on a train, unless it’s a passenger train.”

“Chicken!”

“Fuck you.”

The train thumped and edged forward. Soon, it began to move. An hour, it seemed, had passed before the women saw their apartment on the other side of the tracks. As the train clattered away, Maria could hear it calling her.

• • •

Dani threw her purse onto the table and cursed. “Nice evening. No car, no cock, no nothing.”

“I’ll do you some good,” Maria said, putting her arms around Dani. “It’s all my fault.”

“What, that some bastard stole your car?”

“Can I at least make it up to you?” Maria kissed Dani on the ear and blew warm breath on her neck. “Let me take you to bed.”

Dani leaned back and felt Maria’s hands on her tits. Her nipples popped up and the passion grew inside her.

• • •

Maria fumbled through the dresser in the dark. It had to be in here somewhere. She had worn it to the picnic last summer, the day the fellow named Mike screwed her on the

picnic table.

She held it up to the window. Nope, this is not it.

“Screw it,” she whispered. “I need light.” She walked around the bed, pulled the sheet up over Dani’s face and flicked on the lamp near the nightstand.

Right on top. “Fuck.” Maria pulled the bandana out of the drawer and tried to determine just how she would tie it to a stick. She was going, wasn’t she? Now, before she changed her mind.

She turned off the light and eased out of the bedroom, into the parlor. She looked out into the darkness and wondered if another freight train would stop this night. “Dani, come with me,” she pouted.

Dani was fast asleep.

Maria gathered her thoughts. If she were to load up the bandana, like she imagined the tramps had always done, just what would it include? A pair of panties, a toothbrush, some perfume ...

Perfume? Maria shook her head. “Get real!” She shrugged and tossed the bandana onto the desk. She’d have to think about this. Leaving was one thing, going was another.

Plus, she’d need a train.

What was she going to do, sit out there and hold up a thumb? A short skirt might catch the engineer’s eye, but she didn’t think it would stop a train. Well, maybe. She looked down at her chest and her tummy. It just might.

She tottered back to bed, and decided to hop a freight train another time.

She thought of Mike and how he had rammed her on that picnic table. The sandy shore of the little stream was so romantic in the moonlight. The tree frogs were chirping.

That smooth rush of the water. Mike was so strong.

She had given in so easily to him. She thought of how he had backed her up against the table, lay her back and eased her cutoffs down, down, down to her knees, then onto the ground. How he had managed to get her panties off with his teeth was still a mystery, but that big hard shaft was not.

Damn, he was big. He had so gently placed his pants under her ass, to avoid splinters, he had said. He had stood there, fucking her, making her cry for more. Slow, slow. The slowest, hardest fuck she had ever had. And the warm moonlight made it so wonderful.

She had spread her legs so far, it seemed she would split apart when he drove his cock into her. A man can't have that much semen in him, can he? Maria drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

Deputy Lieutenant Wadd stared down at the man with the long hair and fuzzy beard. "Harmless, get the fuck out of town before I send you so far upstream you'll need a paddle the size of Montana to get home."

Harmless, who described himself as a petty burglar, smirked at the police officer and pulled himself to his feet. "No car, man ... no bread."

"No future either. You ain't old enough yet to be such a suck-dick bum!" Chester Wadd was fuming. What he thought was a good case against Jason Harms turned sour. Harms, at twenty-four, was dancing on a thin line, but he was lucky.

This time.

Wadd looked him over. With a bath and some decent clothes, Harmless might have passed for a civilized human being. He wasn't ugly, if he'd shave and cut his hair.

As Harmless liked to put it, "chicks like me as I am."

Wadd wondered. He pointed to the door. "Hit it, you mangy fucker, before I lock you up."

Harmless smiled and headed for the street. No bread, no car. He had pushed his luck far enough. He headed for the other side of town. He hoped to score some money and hitch a ride somewhere, anywhere.

It was six o'clock in the morning and the rain had begun to fall. The city had begun to come to life and Harmless wandered about, avoiding as much human contact as possible.

One more encounter with Chester Wadd would do him in.

"Fuck it," he told himself as he walked aimlessly down Fourth Street. He'd give Elena a call before he left town. Maybe she could spot him a few bucks.

At worst, he could get a blow job and some pancakes, not necessarily in that order.

No answer at Elena's.

The rain fell harder now and the warm fall day had turned into one of those gloomy, dismal stay-at-home-and-fuck events. Except Harmless was on the wrong side of luck.

He cut left down an alley off Fourth, turned right onto Fifth and headed for the tracks. He had not considered what had brought him here, and he did not care if he left or stayed. He just walked the railroad tracks, thinking.

Harmless didn't think much. He hopped into an open boxcar to avoid the drizzle and sat back, his feet dangling. He lost his balance as the train lurched forward. "Damn!"

The train picked up enough speed to keep Harmless in tow and he watched the buildings whiz past. "I guess I'm on my way out of town," he screamed. "Yeah, baby!"

The train slowed as it neared the edge of town and ... stopped. Harmless sat, wondering if this was it. The end? Not quite out of town yet, he noticed.

Like a giant log, the train sat. Harmless got up, surveyed the landscape. A big building here, some apartments over there ... a factory not far off, and some other dinky shit that didn't matter. He relieved himself, shook his cock once for good measure and zipped his pants. "Shake it more than twice and you're playin' with it," he said aloud. "What the fuck time is it, anyway?"

. . .

Dani brushed her teeth. Minnie would be late picking her up. Minnie was always late. She was even late with her period and Minnie hadn't had sex in two years, Dani figured.

Unless the girl was up to some tricks Dani didn't know about. One never knew these days. Dani, herself, had hidden her relationship with Maria from the folks at First Commons Bank.

Dani is so sexy, the women would say. Dani would be a great fuck, the men would say. Dani was also popular, and she wondered just how many of the nail-filers in the installment loan office would have liked to nibble on her virtue just once.

Women don't seem to have as much trouble with getting it on with other women, Dani had understood early on. From the day she had first tried it when she was seventeen, until now, it just seemed all right. Easier, more relaxing.

Like, women seem to know other women better for some reason. With men, a woman has to point the damned thing in the right direction. Once they're in, they can manage. Up to that point, men never quite seem to know just what to touch and when.

All they want to do is suck your tits.

Which is nice, but

At eight-twenty, the doorbell rang. Minnie. Late.

"We have exactly forty minutes to get through that maze out there on the bridge,"

Dani said, grabbing her purse and sweater.

"Sorry," Minnie whimpered. "I was running behind schedule."

"You ever think of getting up a day early?" Dani slammed the door behind her.

"Remind me to call Maria if we get to the office."

Minnie stopped. "You could just go back in and talk to her, couldn't you?"

"What, and be late for work?"

Minnie Holmes eased out of the parking lot and turned right. She adjusted the mirror, fiddled with her purse, stopped to adjust something on the dashboard and made a left turn. No turning signal.

"Jesus, Minnie. Can you just fucking drive!"

"I have things on my mind, Dani. What's wrong with your car?"

"Radiator or something. It's fucked. I need a new one."

"Well, you do work in the loan department."

Dani laughed. “Yeah, and with what I earn, I could get a loan if I provide a blow job every day for old Honker.”

Minnie giggled. “How do you think I got this thing?”

Dani’s mouth opened. “Minnie!”

Minnie nodded. “Honker does that sort of thing, you know.”

“I suspected, but I’d rather”

“What, ride with me for the rest of your life?”

Dani straightened her blouse. “Minnie, may I say something that won’t offend you? This car is well ... ugly.”

“Three percent loan, Dani. And it runs.”

“So, you sucked off old Honker for the loan. Did he do it, like ... right off?”

“Are you kidding!” Minnie screeched as she pulled up to the toll booth. “I did him for a month before he came across!”

“I always wondered if you had a sex life.” Dani studied her chauffeur. Tall, thin, a so-so chest, nice legs. About thirty. Come to think of it, Minnie did look like a cocksucker.

“Do you ever think about women, Minnie?” Dani said, stretching her legs to show ample part of her panty hose.

Minnie dabbed at her lipstick in the mirror as she waited for traffic to move. “Like, in sexually? No, I’m strictly hetero.”

“Not even once?”

“Nope. I think you do though, don’t you, Dani?”

“What makes you think that?”

Minnie moved forward and found some change in her purse. "I can tell by the way your nipples get hard when another woman gets close to you."

Dani squealed. "Wow! You notice that?"

Minnie nodded. "I notice you. I envy you. So sexy. All the guys want to fuck you. Do you ever?"

Dani sighed. "Work is work, pleasure is pleasure."

"What if you need a loan? Honker is work."

Dani held up a hand. "Hey, it was you who said you sucked off the old man for a car loan. I didn't. I wouldn't, anyhow. Does he come a lot?"

Minnie stuck out her tongue. "Loads. I swallow, too."

"Me, too," Dani said. "I guess you have to acquire a taste for it. I like when it's running down my chin. It sort of tickles."

Minnie laughed. "Yeah, and when he shoots it all over my nose. I love when it's in my hair, all oozy."

Traffic began to move and Minnie found herself in the fast lane. She felt wet between her legs for some reason. "Maybe I could ... you know ... do you ... like, sometime."

Dani caught her breath. "You want to eat my pussy? Wow."

"Would you ... like, think less of me if I did?"

Dani shook her head. "Only if you ain't any good." She considered old Honker and the chances of a car loan. It would be cheaper to fix the Escort, but sucking the boss off added a new dimension to today's fantasy.

Minnie was another matter.

Dani needed to call Maria.

Something about a package.

• • •

Maria turned over and groaned. Her legs hurt from walking on gravel. She poured coffee and called the insurance company. “Yes, a ’94 Corvette, red. What, you don’t have the records? Who the fuck have I been paying premiums to all this time?”

The woman seemed dazed. “I can let you talk to the agent.”

“Screw you. The car was stolen last night and I have to report it. I just did. Somebody needs to deal with it. Let me know when you have someone in the office who is either partially or completely human.”

She hung up and cursed. She went to the window.

It sat there. A train to anywhere.

The phone rang. “A human?”

“Hi.”

“Dani, do you realize the insurance company has no record of my car?”

“That sucks. I just called to tell you I got a ride with Minnie, who wants to eat my pussy, by the way, and I won’t be home quite as early tonight.”

“I might not be here.”

“What does that mean?” Dani’s voice was cool.

“I don’t know ... I just” Maria’s voice trailed off. “I gotta go.”

She hung up.

Dani found herself holding a phone to nobody.

Maria found the bandana, tied it over her head and grabbed a small suitcase. In it went two pairs of socks, two pairs of silk panties, a toothbrush, a comb, a lipstick and a tee-shirt.

She pulled on a UCLA sweatshirt, a pair of torn jeans and her old sneakers. Not sexy, but adequate.

She bolted for the door. "Hold up, engineer," she yelled.

She ran across the parking lot, through a small gully, up the slope and found an open boxcar. In went the suitcase, up went Maria and ... she was aboard. "OK, mister engineer. Let's go."

She sat there in the autumn afternoon, waiting.

A thump startled her. She turned. In the dark, somebody moved. Maria felt her heartbeat quicken. She hadn't thought of this. Why? "Don't hurt me, I'm going!"

"Wait, don't go!" The man emerged from the darkness. "I won't hurt you. I'm Harmless."

"I've heard stories." Maria started to jump and felt his hand on her arm.

"No, wait!"

Maria turned cold. She tried to pull free and found herself pivoted around. Please, let me go or I'll scream."

Harmless released his grip. "Go on, get!"

Maria kneeled at the door and stopped. "What's your name?" She stood and turned to him.

"Harmless."

“No, your name. I’m Maria.” Why had she stayed? Something had pulled her back and it wasn’t Jason Harms’ hand.

“Jason Harms, also known as Harmless, which is what I am.”

“I’ll bet,” she said, surveying the man with the fuzzy beard and long blond hair. In spite of it all, he looked sexy in a rough sort of way. “Why are you here? Are you a hobo?”

Harmless laughed and scratched his chest. “I ought to ask you the same question. You look kinda dainty to be on a boxcar.”

Maria shrugged. “I just got a cob up my butt to go riding the rails. Doesn’t look like I’m gonna do much of that today.” She looked outside the boxcar and saw nothing moving.

Harmless came to her side and put his hand on her ass. “Nice.”

Maria should have slapped him. She didn’t. “So, why are you here?”

“Old shitwad the cop was gonna bust me for dope. I never, but he thinks I did. Told me to get out of town, and this is as far as I got so far. I agree. We’re on the wrong fuckin’ train.”

Maria sighed. “So what do we do, get another train?”

“Hell, I’m in no hurry. Got noplacelse to go. If this one sits, I go thumb a ride.”

Harmless leaned against the wall of the boxcar and studied Maria. She was too pretty to be on a boxcar. “How the hell does a fox like you end up in a hole like this with me? I must be in heaven.”

Maria smiled. “Not yet. Are you really harmless?”

“Check me out,” he said, holding his arms apart. “No gun, no knife. No weapon at

all.”

“Just the one between your legs.” Maria licked her lips.

“You’re kinda fast, ain’t you?” he said, sliding his hands onto her tits. “Damn, no bra!”

Maria tilted her head back and let Harmless fondle her. She felt his hands move down her waist and pull her to him. She suddenly wanted to fuck. She unfastened her jeans and slid them to the floor.

Harmless stared at her legs and almost non-existent panties. “I need to eat that.”

“Don’t let me stop you,” she whispered as she worked her panties down. She urged him to his knees and pulled his face toward her pussy. She felt his tongue lap at her bush and finally find a sweet spot. Harmless had gotten lucky and Maria felt good about that.

She pushed him down onto his back and straddled him, working his pants free. Her hand found his cock and massaged it to full growth. It felt good against her pussy. She moved it up and down, easy, easy. She felt like she could come. “Fuck it, Harmless!”

“Sit down on it, girl!”

Maria slid down onto his cock and moved up and down with slow strokes, taking a little more with each movement. Finally, she was filled with his meat.

She fucked him hard, then slow, then stopped ... slow again, slow ... slow

“I’m gettin’ off!”

She pulled away and grabbed his cock. One, two, three quick jerks and a handful of white love juice spurted forth and oozed down her hand onto her wrist. “Damn!”

Harmless coughed once. “Damn, what?”

“Would you mind terribly if I finger myself. I need to get off, too.”

Harmless moaned. "Go for it. I'd love to watch."

Maria's fingers found her pussy. Two, then three fingers went in, slid up and down on her clit ... rubbing, harder, harder. "Oh, damn ... oh, fuck! Wow!" She sighed and quivered. "I gotta go."

Harmless sat up. "You mean you ain't ridin' the train with me?"

"I already rode you. That ought to be enough. Besides, this fuckin' train is going noplacel!"

"So, you get off and then you get off?"

"Funny, Harmless. Real fucking funny. If I stay here, you'll kill me by nightfall. I'm not that stupid."

Harmless shook his head. "I will not ever try to understand what this all meant."

Maria got to her feet then stumbled backward. The train lurched forward. "It's moving! What do we do now?"

"Ride, baby, ride!"

Maria wanted to jump but the train was moving too fast now. She could jump ... and kill herself.

Or she could just wait for Harmless to do her in.

At least she had a cock to play with when she got bored. "Please don't hurt me."

Harmless put his arms around her. "I'm not a bad guy, just a bum. What's your excuse?"

"I just need a new look at life."

Harmless kissed her on the forehead. "So do I. Got any bread?"

Maria nodded. "A few bucks."

“I got about thirty-nine cents.”

“Harmless, I think we are both fucked.”

Harmless lifted one thumb. “Shit happens.”

• • •

Dani sucked in her stomach and tapped lightly on the door. “Mister Hawkins, may I have a minute?”

“Sure, Dani. Come on in.” Hawkins stood and motioned Dani to a chair in his office. He pushed back his gray hair and studied the young woman’s face. His eyes wandered. “What can I do for you?”

Dani fiddled with her fingers. “I ... um ... my car broke down and I’m sort of at the mercy of Minnie for the time being. Plus, I have this little problem tomorrow at noontime. I might need the day off Friday.”

“Sure, anything you want, sweetie.”

Dani cringed at the word. Wasn’t that harassment? Well, he meant no harm, she decided. Guys in his age group said that a lot, she imagined. How old was Honker, anyhow? Forty? Fifty? Maybe twice her age. Did it matter?

“Thanks. I guess I will be needing a car. Looks like I work in the right place to get a loan.” Hint, hint.

“Employees can get a half-percent off,” Hawkins said, leaning back in his chair and staring at Dani’s breasts, which had hardened in the air conditioning.

“It’s nice to know, but I still can’t afford it. What’s the very best loan I can get?”

Hawkins sat forward. "I can work out a three percent arrangement for some customers, but I doubt we could swing that for you."

"What kind of customers are those?" Dani was ready to go on her knees at the proper signal.

"Real special ones," he said, stretching out the word real.

Dani stood and eased toward the desk. "How special?" She licked her lips and put her hands on her tits. She rubbed her nipples to bring them to full attention.

Hawkins looked up. "That would be getting close."

"Should I close the door, sir?"

"That would be a good idea, sweetie."

Dani wiggled to the door, eased it shut, locked it and returned to the desk. "Now, let's see about a loan." She dropped to her knees and ran her hand up Hawkins' leg, then to his crotch. His cock was hard now. She unzipped his pants.

Her tongue found his cock. She ran it around the head of his enlarged cock, down the shaft and around his balls, licking, licking. She moved her mouth up and engulfed the bulging head. She went down on it, then up, down, up. Her hand kept rhythm on the shaft. She was sucking hard now. Her eyes moved up and she winked at him.

She could feel the come rising. She sucked harder now, and jerked faster, faster. The stream of goo filled her mouth. She had to swallow. No point in getting it on her dress.

"Um, you taste good," she whispered as she gulped down the mouthful.

"Damn, that was good," he said. "Three percent?"

"Yeah," she cooed as she got to her feet and wiped away the vestiges of semen

from her chin and upper lip. “Thanks.”

Minnie was right, Dani told herself on her way back to her desk. Why had it taken her so many blow jobs to get the cheap loan?

Old Honker drives a hard bargain sometimes.

Dani spent the afternoon wondering about the package. She could have gotten a car loan almost anyplace without the blowjob and she really didn’t want a new car ... no, that wasn’t true.

But since neither she nor Maria had any transportation at the moment, she might just go shopping for one. Old Honker better not renege on that deal. She clenched her fists just in case.

“Hi, Minnie,” Dani cooed as she walked to the water cooler. “Can I catch a ride home?”

Minnie smiled. “I’ve been thinking about this morning and”

“So, do I get the ride or not?”

“Oh, sure ... what say the two of us stop off for a drink or two on the way home? I know a nice place over on Vine. We could meet some nice fellas, maybe.”

Dani shook her head. “No money, no time. Maybe Friday ... oops, no, that won’t work. I won’t be here. Some personal business.”

Minnie frowned. “That’s too bad. I was sort of ... well ... interested in getting to know you a little better. You got the loan?”

Dani nodded. “What would you like to know about me, Minnie?”

Minnie leaned against the water cooler and stared down at Dani’s chest. “Um, well, you know....”

“You want to eat my pussy, right? I can handle that, but not tonight. I sort of have to go shopping for a car.”

“I have a friend who can get you into a Volvo.”

“Volvo sucks, Minnie. How about a Probe or a Celica, something sexy?”

“He can do that. Why don’t I give him a call?”

“Do that. If he has anything, we can go there and then I’ll let you nibble on me. Deal?”

Minnie grinned. “Deal.”

“Minnie,” Dani said, almost as an afterthought before returning to her desk. “Why all of a sudden did you come on to me like this?”

Minnie shrugged and winked. “I never knew you were interested.”

“Who said I was? I just need a car. The right deal and anybody can munch on my muffin.” Dani ran her hand down her stomach and onto her crotch. “It’s wet now, you know.”

Minnie ran her tongue around her lips. “I never tried it, so I might not be what you want.”

Dani laughed. “You put your face down there and I’ll show you where to put it. After that, it’s a matter of you just pretending it’s you getting off. You find the right spot and let nature take its course.”

“Oh. Is it like sucking cock?”

Dani made a face. “I wouldn’t know. I don’t have one.”

“I mean, wow ... I don’t know what I mean. I’ll talk to you after work.”

Minnie might be too stupid to eat pussy, Dani thought. She decided to call Maria.

No answer.

CHAPTER FIVE

Maria pulled two candy bars from her suitcase. “Care to join me?”

Harmless sat down next to her and dangled his feet from the open boxcar. “What the hell brought you on this train anyway?”

“Bored, mostly. I’m a writer and I got tired of telling stories about kiddies and their mommies. I needed some fresh ideas.” Maria munched on her candy bar and lay back on the floor of the boxcar. It was cold. Why had she not brought a blanket?

Harmless looked out and watched the trees go by in the deepening twilight. “Kind of young to be a writer? You got kids?”

“Nope.”

“Why not?”

“Why do people always ask that question? And I’m twenty-four, if that matters.

“Sorry.”

“You’re forgiven. You think this train will stop soon?”

Harmless looked out. “It ain’t like a car. No stop lights or left turns. It could run all night. How the fuck should I know?”

“I forgot to leave a message with Dani.” Maria sat up and moved next to Harmless.

“Danny, that your boyfriend?”

“Dani, with an I ... girlfriend.”

“You a lizzie?”

Maria finished her candy bar and tossed the paper out. "Sort of. I go both ways."

"What's it like, havin' a woman eat your pussy?"

Maria pondered the question. "Is that all you think I do? What makes you think Dani does that?"

Harmless laughed and opened his candy bar. "Forget I mentioned it."

"It's nice," Maria whispered. "Women know where to touch a woman. Not like a man. Men only guess at it."

"So, I never did you any good awhile ago?"

Maria slapped Harmless on the arm. "I never said that. I liked it. I like men, love them. It's just that I have a special relationship with Dani. If you're straight, you'd have trouble understanding because you only see it one way. Most men think lesbians and bi-women are that way because they want to be, like they can just become hetero ... just by making the decision."

Harmless shook his head. The explanation wasn't clear but he was trying to piece it together. "I never understood gay at all. It's like ... you know you will catch shit for bein' that way, so why decide to catch shit?"

"Well, it's not like gay rubs off. Plus, I'm not gay ... I'm just in love with Dani for lots of reasons. She makes me feel good and she understands. Women sometimes can't get that from a man. For men, it's either fuck me or feed me and after that, just leave me alone. A woman wants more."

"Men do too, you know. We just have trouble sayin' it."

"Well, you need to learn. Speaking of fucking"

"We were?"

“We are now? Want some more?”

Harmless put his arm around Maria. “You on the bottom this time.”

“No fuckin’ way! That floor is cold and it’s greasy.”

“So, it’s OK if I get cold and greasy, just not you.”

Maria smiled. “Yep. Them’s the rules, buddy. You on the bottom or no pussy.”

“Who said I wanted it?”

Maria sighed. “Oh, well.”

Harmless lay back. “You think it’s that good, huh?”

Maria pulled herself atop him and kissed him. “I can fuck the come out of you any old time.” She put her hand on his crotch and rubbed. Harmless sprang to attention. He slid back inside the boxcar and let Maria take over.

Her hand found his zipper and worked it down. Within seconds, a hard cock was set free. She worked her tongue around the head, down the shaft and licked his balls.

She never got around to fucking Harmless. He shot his load in her mouth.

“Ooo,” she muttered through a mouthful of semen. “Ooo I wawwow?”

“Huh?”

She gulped down the load. “I said, do I swallow?”

“Apparently.”

Maria wiped her chin. “You wanna know somethin’ funny? Last night, I bounced some guy and wouldn’t let him in me without a rubber. Today, I meet the scruffiest man on the planet and gobble his load without even batting an eye.”

Harmless caught his breath and sighed. He tried to get comfortable on the floor of the old boxcar. “Well, you sure are gettin’ some ideas for writing. What’s your story

gonna be about? Suckin' dicks on a moving train?"

Maria moved up next to Harmless. "It depends on where this bastard stops."

"What if it stops at an Army base?"

Maria shrieked. "Sounds like a novel to me!"

. . .

Troy wasn't especially handsome, sort of short with a receding hairline. A little too round in the middle and his nose was too big. But Dani hadn't come to admire Troy. She was looking for a car and Minnie had provided the transportation.

"Exactly where the hell are we?" Dani said, looking around at a row of brick buildings that could have been built during the Depression or had been abandoned because of it.

In either case, Troy's Auto Sales was not in the finest of neighborhoods.

"Low rent," he grunted. "Minnie tells me you want some dependable wheels. What can I put you in?"

Dani looked over the selection. Everything was shiny. "Cheap, sexy, easy on gas."

"I got easy on gas and sexy, but I don't sell cheap," he said, lighting a cigarette and leading Dani and Minnie through the rows of cars. "Got a nice T-bird over there, not many miles. Clean."

"How much?" Dani asked.

"Eight-five hundred."

"Too much."

“Nice car.” Troy pointed to various selections. “Cavalier over there. Nice, not sexy, though. Interested in a Ford Pinto? No, I guess not. Got a Subaru Outback, a little rust. Fifty-five hundred. We can deal, babe.”

Dani grimaced. Babe? “Let me look around and talk to Minnie first.”

Minnie coughed. “Like, I know about cars.”

Troy snickered. “You two talk. I got paperwork inside. Let me know if you see something.” He walked away. He had a nice ass, after all, Dani decided. She winked at Minnie.

“Minnie, is this guy for real?”

“Like as in how?”

“Like, as in your standard used car salesman?”

“He’s a family friend,” Minnie said. “He won’t screw you.”

“Well, I hadn’t gotten to that point yet,” Dani said. “If he cuts the price, I can fuck about anything.”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Minnie laughed. “Whatever, though.”

“Did you?”

“Did I fuck him? Yeah, twice. You wouldn’t believe the size of his cock.”

Dani sucked in her breath and looked over the cars. “I suppose you’re going to tell me it’s ten inches long.”

“Thirteen.”

“Bullshit. What about that red Honda over there? I like Hondas.”

“Hondas are nice. Let’s go ask Troy about it.”

“I bet it’s too much. Hondas are kind of expensive.” Dani walked over to the car. It

was locked. She looked inside. Clean, she noticed. She walked around the car. “Am I supposed to kick the tires or something?”

“Only if you feel like kicking tires,” Minnie said. “It doesn’t help, though.”

Dani laughed. “I wondered about that. What if one, like ... fell off? You wouldn’t buy the car, I guess.”

“Guess not. Let’s go see how much it is.”

“Thirteen inches, huh?”

“And about this big around,” Minnie said, holding her fingers in a big circle.

Dani led Minnie to the little building where Troy had gone. “Minnie, I’m dealin’ on this car. You think it’s a good one?”

“Gotta drive it first, Dani.”

“What the fuck would I learn about it? If it runs, it runs. If not, I bring it back and kick his Jew ass.”

“Troy’s not a Jew. He’s Armenian.”

“So, he’s in the army. Let’s go talk to him.”

The little bell jingled as the two women walked inside the little wooden shack.

“Nice place,” Dani said offhandedly.

“Thanks,” Troy grunted. “Something I can work with you on?”

Dani pointed out the window. “The red Honda”

“Ninety-two fifty. Clean, low miles.”

“Too much.”

Troy put down some papers he was sorting. “How much is the right price?”

“Six thousand,” Dani said.

“I’d lose my shirt.”

Dani unbuttoned hers. Her nipples popped forth. She watched Troy’s eyes meet her chest. “Tell me what’s fair, then.”

Troy stammered and snuffed out his cigarette. “We might talk turkey if you keep skinnin’ like that.”

“Fuck me and sell me the car for six.”

“Seven?”

“No pussy, Troy.” Dani looked at Minnie, who was drooling. Dani couldn’t decide who wanted her more, Troy or Minnie. “OK, sixty-five and a piece of my ass you won’t forget.”

Troy found himself rubbing his crotch. Could he take a loss on the Honda? What loss? He was looking at the finest piece of pussy he’d seen in months and she was ready to loan it to him. If the price was right.

Dani unbuttoned her skirt and slid it to the floor. Then, she slid her panties down one, two, three inches, exposing just enough bush to let Troy know she was committed. “It’s wet, Troy.”

“Ah, let me lock up here.”

Minnie turned and snapped the deadbolt. “Done.”

“You want to watch, Minnie ... or what?” Dani said.

Minnie found nothing to say. Of course she did not want to watch. She wanted to participate.

“Get him hard for me, Minnie.” Dani said, shaking her panties down to her knees.

“Get him hard as a brick before I slide down on that thirteen-inch monster.”

Troy unzipped his pants and let Minnie slide them to the floor. Her hand found his cock. It grew larger with the even thrusts.

“Don’t finish him off, you bozo!” Dani said.

Minnie took Troy’s cockhead in her mouth. It barely fit. She licked it. “He’s hard, Dani. Real hard.”

“Come get it, girl,” Troy whispered.

Dani removed her blouse and slithered toward Troy. “Lay back on the desk and let me suck you a minute. Move, Minnie.”

Minnie slid to one side and watched Dani take Troy’s cock in her mouth. “Dani, I want it, too.”

“Wait your turn,” Dani said. “Crawl up on the desk and sit on his face.”

Troy struggled to find room on the desk.

Minnie slid out of her panties and lifted her skirt. She straddled Troy’s neck and sat her pussy on his face. He kissed it.

He felt Dani’s tongue on his cockhead.

Soon she was straddling him too, rubbing his cock against her wet pussy. Then she sat on it. She put her arms around Minnie and stroked her tits. They were small but her nipples were hard enough to pop through her bra.

“Fuck us, Troy. Fuck Minnie with your mouth. Fuck me with that big cock!”

Dani was riding hard when Minnie had her orgasm and she had Troy all to herself when Minnie climbed off. “Come around and rub his nuts, Minnie.”

Minnie’s hand found Troy’s balls and her fingers slid up and down as his cock moved in and out.

He got off and the semen oozed down his nuts.

Dani climbed off. “I didn’t get off. Eat it, Minnie. Lick the come out of my cunt and get me off!”

Minnie obliged as Troy lay in a heap of spent pleasure. He worked his way off the desk.

Dani turned on the desk and spread her legs apart. She led Minnie’s face toward her cunt and sat back, enjoying the exploration, the nibbling, the soft warm licking. “Get it, girl! There, right there! Yeah!” Her legs began to tremble and her nipples felt like bullets, pointing straight out.

“Is it good?” Minnie mumbled.

“Don’t talk! Lick. Ah ... ah ... yeah ... oh, God! Fuck! Yeah.” The orgasm was perfect. Minnie pulled back as Dani shoved her legs together, signaling completion.

“Was I good?” Minnie asked.

“I got off,” Dani gasped. “I guess that’s good enough. Let me catch my breath and talk car prices with mister monster cock.”

“I think I just got screwed,” Troy muttered.

CHAPTER SIX

Dani spent a fitful night. She had not heard from Maria and thoughts of whether she had made a good investment on a red Honda caused her stomach to churn.

Then there was the morning ... the wait ... for that package. The bastard could

have at least identified himself.

She tried again to sleep and may have dozed off sometime around three in the morning. She wished she had taken Minnie's offer of going home with her. A warm bedmate is better than nothing.

Sometimes.

This was not one of those nights. Where was Maria? Dani squeezed her eyes closed and thought of the worst. It made her skin cold. Maria was in trouble somewhere.

Or having the fuck of her life. If it was some other woman, well ... there would be hell to pay.

Maria could have left a note. "She's on that train, I bet," Dani muttered to herself, feeling her heartbeat quicken. "Please, be safe."

Sometime in the night, she imagined the phone ringing in the other room. That was a dream, wasn't it?

She got up and went to the kitchen and, in a half-awake daze, noticed the red light flashing on the answering machine. It had been a call.

"Hi, it's Minnie. Just wondering if you need company today. Bye."

Minnie was calling at two in the morning?

"No, Minnie," Dani sighed. "I want Maria, not a piece of ass."

Couldn't she just go pick up the package now? Why did she have to wait until noon?

At eight, Dani decided on a shower. The warm water felt good on her back and neck and the soap helped ease some of the anxiety. She was killing time, rubbing her tits with the lather, watching her nipples rise. The spray on her crotch was soothing, not

complete, but pleasant.

When her fingers began to prune, Dani decided enough was enough. A shower only made her feel clean, not better. Her legs felt sexy now after the razor. Dani nipped away some wild pussy hairs. She preferred bald, but Maria always liked to nibble on a little hair.

She slid the towel around herself, dried her hair and ambled off to the bedroom. Should she wear something sexy, or would a sweatshirt and jeans be enough?

A day off ... from what?

She found a soft cotton tee-shirt and poured herself into it. She rubbed her nipples for good measure. Yeah, that's nice, she decided. The cutoffs belonged to Maria and were a bit tight on her. But they rose up her ass and made her legs seem longer.

She found some perfume, wondering all along why she wanted to look hot today. If the package was good news, well ... fine. Otherwise

She suddenly felt like masturbating but decided against it. What if Maria came home?

Well, what if? Maria was having fun on her own, wasn't she? There was an explanation for it all and Dani could do nothing but wait.

The body lotion made her legs feel cool and fresh and Dani made an effort to shove some of the lotion up inside the cutoffs, just almost to ... not quite ... she would not touch herself there.

But a little lotion on the tits wouldn't hurt, would it? She pulled up her top and spread the lotion over herself. Her nipples hopped to attention again, just like always. Dani loved the feeling. She rubbed one, then the other and slid her hand down her

stomach.

“No, dammit!” She pulled her top down and poured a cup of coffee.

The phone rang.

“I have a package for that needs to be signed for.”

“Yeah,” Dani grumbled. “What is this?”

“I don’t open the packages, I just deliver them,” the man’s voice said.

“Bring the fucking package,” Dani snarled. “Is it big?”

“Not too big.”

“I’m here.”

“Thank you.” Dial tone.

Dani waited. Eleven-fifteen ... eleven thirty-six ... eleven fifty-three ... noon.

Twelve-ten. Doorbell.

She opened the door. A tall man with a box about a foot square stood at the door.

“Sign, please.” He handed her a pen.

Dani scrawled her name on a sheet of pink paper, took the box, thanked the man and closed the door. She opened the door. “Ah, wait please, just in case I don’t want whatever is in this.”

The man stopped at the top of the stairs, turned and moved closer to the door. “I don’t know who it’s from, honest.” He was about eighteen, thin, brown hair pulled back into a pony tail. He fit nicely into the gray uniform, Dani noticed.

“Come in,” she said. She found a letter opener and ripped the brown wrapping off the package. “Magic Moments? What the fuck is this?”

“Excuse me?”

“Oh, nothing. I didn’t order this.” She opened the box. Cream, some sort of plastic thing in a cellulose package, a couple of small magazines. “Sex toys?” She looked up at the young man, whose face had turned red.

“May I go now?” he muttered.

“Fuck no. You have to answer some questions. Somebody put you up to this and you don’t leave till I find out who it was.”

“Honest, I was just told to deliver it. No reasons.”

“Maria, you tramp!” Dani closed her eyes and tried to think of her lover. Where was she? What did this mean? “Well, pal, since you’re here, what say we try this stuff out?”

“I’m on duty. I can’t.”

“Wimp.” Dani turned and shoved her chest out. The tight tee-shirt was bulging now. The young man stared at her tits. “Sit down over there and let’s look this stuff over. What’s your name?”

“Mo ... Mo ... Morris.” He stumbled over himself as he walked to the table, trying to find it without losing his cement-like gaze on the woman who was apparently about to do something peculiar. “Is this ... er ... all right?”

Dani smiled and set the box on the table. She removed the bottle of cream, read the label, shrugged and opened it. It smelled like perfume, a sort of clinical cream. “I bet this is for your dick.” She rubbed some on her hands. “Unzip your pants, and let’s see.”

“Are you sure?”

“Morris, unzip or I call the cops.”

Morris unzipped and removed his penis.

“We need to get it hard. I bet this lotion is for that.” Dani took Morris’s cock in her hand and stroked it with the lotion. It grew accordingly. She stroked it some more, faster, faster. “You need to come, boy?”

Morris sat back and closed his eyes. “That feels good.”

“It should. I’m an expert at this stuff. Does the lotion do anything special?”

Morris grunted and opened his eyes. He gazed down at Dani, who was watching him, jerking him off. His cockhead swelled. The lotion felt warm, tingly. Morris blew his nuts onto Dani’s tee-shirt. The semen drizzled down her front, and the wet shirt clung to her nipples, turning them to rocky hard bullets.

“OK, now ... what else is in this box?” she said, rising to fumble through the contents. “Something for my pussy, some amphetamines or pheromones, or something ... this looks like a dildo ... it needs a battery. Not included, of course. Morris, you feel all right?”

Morris grunted.

Dani turned to Morris. “I need you to work this thing on me. Think you can?”

He nodded, then shrugged. “I ... I suppose. What is it?”

“It goes up my cunt somehow and, after that, I suppose I have an orgasm. We could just do it the old-fashioned way. You could get on your knees and eat me.”

Morris sat forward and moved to the floor. Dani stretched her legs apart, raised one foot to the edge of the chair and put Morris’s face to her cutoffs.

“Nibble around for awhile, Morris, till I get good and wet.” Dani stroked her tits and moved her hands down to unfasten her shorts. She let them drop to the floor. “Lick it, Morris.”

The phone rang.

Dani sighed. Morris was doing a fine job on her pussy and she would let him finish.

The answering machine took over.

“It’s Minnie. Just checking to see if you’re OK. Bye.”

“Fuck you, Minnie,” Dani moaned as she felt Morris run his tongue up inside her, flicking it about, easing it onto her clitoris. His tongue seemed to engulf the throbbing clit. Dani would come soon.

• • •

The train slowed, almost to a crawl as it entered a town that neither Maria nor Harmless could recognize. Entering a town on a boxcar isn’t usually the way one expects to find landmarks.

“I almost fucking froze last night,” Maria muttered. “And I am starved. I’m gettin’ off here, no matter where I am.”

“Me too,” Harmless said. “I might even jump if it goes slow enough.”

“No, it’s gotta stop,” Maria shrieked. “I don’t plan to break my leg.”

“Suit yourself,” Harmless said as he disappeared into the bushes.

Maria was alone now. Should she jump? What if the train decided to pick up speed? How slow is slow enough? She tried to find a good spot. Rocks, an embankment and a pile of old railroad ties stood between her and the earth below. A grassy slope up ahead. She could jump and roll. She’d seen that in the movies.

She jumped, and rolled. Her suitcase landed right behind her. She sat up, looked

around. Nothing broken, nothing bleeding. Her ass hurt.

“Where the fuck am I?”

She sat there, gathering her thoughts. Had Dani received the package? What was that all about?

• • •

“Thanks, Morris,” Dani said as she ushered the delivery man out the door. “Come again.”

“I will.”

“You should. It would be a waste of cock if you don’t.”

“Can I ... er ... call you sometime?”

“Not on your life. If you do, I’ll have my husband cut your nuts off.”

“Husband?” Morris turned flush.

“Go!”

The phone rang.

“What now, Minnie?”

“Hi, this is Troy. Your car is ready.”

Dani spun the phone cord. “I need to see if Minnie can get me over there.”

“I can drop it off if you’d like,” Troy said.

“Well, I guess if that’s not inconvenient.”

Troy laughed. “What do you think?”

“Troy, no more pussy.”

“I can take another hundred off the price.”

“I’m no whore.”

“OK, five hundred.”

“I’m a whore. You making any money on this deal, Troy?”

“I’ll survive.”

“When can I expect you?”

“An hour.”

“Too soon.”

“OK, when?”

Dani looked at the clock. No Maria. “Around three.”

“Will Minnie be there?”

Dani clicked her tongue. “Nope, just me. Can you handle that, Troy?”

Silence on the other end.

“Troy, get your hand off your cock.”

Dani put the toys back in the box, thought again about how they had been delivered and shook her head. If not Maria, then who? And if who was the answer, then why?

The phone rang.

“What now, Minnie? Please, be Maria.”

“Is this 444-1651?”

“Yes.” It was not Maria, or Troy, or Minnie ... but it sounded serious. “What’s the problem? It’s Maria, isn’t it?”

“Huh? No, this is Carmella Trujillo. I think you have my stuff.”

“Your stuff? I don’t even know any Carmella Troubadours.”

“Trujillo. I live upstairs, in number fourteen.”

Dani shifted on her feet. “Ah, excuse me ... but why would I have your stuff, whatever that is?”

“Delivery man brought them. I called their office and he said he delivered to number seven. That’s you, right?”

“I assumed the package was for me,” Dani said.

“Well, it wasn’t.” Carmella seemed upset.

“Don’t yell at me. I didn’t order anything and I didn’t pay for anything. I opened the shit and ... I, er ... owe you a little for the lotion.”

Carmella laughed. “Too many coincidences in this world. May I come down?”

Dani caught her breath. Oh no, not another one. “I suppose.”

“Around three, if that’s possible. I have to get some things done around here first.”

“Sure.” Dani hung up. Three? “Shit! Well, I’ll give her the box and make it right with her later.” She was convinced Troy would not be late. Just her luck, Dani thought, to have the wrong people call the wrong number twice, then deliver to the wrong apartment in the right building. If only people who set up deliveries had names.

She shook her head at the odd set of events, still wondering if and when news would come from Maria, who was either on a slow train to Wichita or a cold slab in Topeka. Or a warm bed here in Omaha.

Dani considered lunch.

The phone rang.

“Hi, Minnie.”

“Hawkins, Dani. Just checking with you.”

“Hi, I’m fine. I’ll be in Monday. I had some personal business to attend to.”

Hawkins laughed. “I won’t hold it against you. I hear you have a car.”

“Minnie’s short on secrets,” Dani grumbled.

“I’ll have your loan papers Monday. Three percent.”

“That’s nice.” Dani twirled the phone cord. “Hey, I can’t stay on the line.

Expecting a major phone call.”

“Yeah, OK. Let me know if there’s anything else I can do for you, babe.”

“Don’t call me babe for starters.”

“Sorry, force of habit.”

“I’m just edgy. My friend is missing and I’m worried stiff.”

“Missing? Should I call the police for you?”

“No ... not yet ... let me wait till tonight. If I don’t hear from her, I’ll do something then.” Dani felt a tear fall. She had finally said the magic word ... missing. Maria was missing and old Honker was on the phone, trying to drum up another blow job.

And Troy would be by, trying to coax another piece of ass. Carmella the circus queen downstairs was probably after a little hidden video cam action and Minnie was leaving messages about how much she missed Dani.

Somewhere a young punk named Morris was bragging to his buddies how he’d scored with the foxiest bitch on Sexton Road.

And Dani wanted a bologna sandwich with mayo. “Gotta go, Mister Hawkins.”

“You stay in touch, hear?”

“Yeah.” Dani hung up and caught her breath. Fear had set in.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Maria Silvestri slipped twice in the grass before she negotiated the steep slope that had broken her fall from the moving boxcar. She stood in the center of the tracks, looking at the train that disappeared around a bend in some town that would go nameless for now.

She followed the ties, counting them for awhile until she lost interest near the back end of an old warehouse. She cut right down a gravel path that led to the building. It was vacant.

Next door, a dirty auto repair shop. In the back, she could hear the zip-zip of one of those tools mechanics always use to put the lug nuts on too tight. She wasn't in the mood to be groped by some grease monkey and chose to pass the place by.

Somewhere inside her suitcase was a purse with coins. She needed to call home. Dani would be worried. Had Maria left a note? Yes ... no ... damn, no. A Burger King stood tall at the top of a rise about a block away. Food and a phone.

Maria felt dirty. A night in an oily boxcar with a guy named Harmless had been enough of an adventure for this writer. How she planned to turn that story into something profitable had still not come to her. The sex had been interesting, if not memorable. Harmless was, at best, a dull companion.

She half expected to see him again. She hoped not. Not here, not in public.

Maria fumbled through her purse, found her compact, checked her eyes for clarity and her teeth for brown chocolate spots and clicked it shut. "You look like shit." She found her purse and eased out a five. Soul food for America's youth. A burger and fries, large drink.

"Where's the phone?"

A teen-aged girl with bucked teeth and pimples pointed to the right.

Maria cursed. Busy signal.

She tried again. Busy.

The burger was dry, the fries were cold and clammy and the drink had too much ice.

She called again. Busy.

. . .

Dani squealed as Troy's hot cock drove deep into her pussy. "God, it feels like a pole!"

Troy groaned and pulled Dani's face to his chest. He had never fucked a woman this hard. Not one this good, not one this hot, this wet.

Dani felt like she would explode. Her hand wrapped around Troy's leg and grasped his nuts. She stroked them as his cock went deeper, faster. She almost imagined the entire length of it in her, knowing that to be impossible. She jiggled his nuts again.

He groaned again. "Gonna blow, baby!"

"Pull it!"

Troy pulled out, jerked once, twice ... and exploded on her stomach.

Dani pulled her top back to keep the semen from oozing onto it. No point in having to clean two tops for the same reason. She wrapped her legs around Troy and pulled him to her. "Thanks."

"You better put the phone back on the hook now," he mumbled.

"Good idea." Dani got up, found her slippers and slithered to the parlor. "Damn, what a fuck!"

It was three-seventeen.

The doorbell rang.

Carmella.

Dani found her cutoffs on the kitchen table, where Troy had conveniently forgotten them during a hasty minute or two of pussy licking. She found the box, opened the door and ... "well, hello there."

Carmella was gorgeous. Six feet tall, tits as big as melons, legs that went ... how did that go? ... all the way up to her ass. Long black hair, dark skin, big olive eyes. "I'll just take the box and leave you alone."

Dani swallowed hard. "I'd invite you in, but I'm sort of ... busy."

"Maybe later."

"Maybe, like ... in a couple of hours?"

"I'd like that. I'll call first." Carmella winked and slithered down the hall toward the stairs.

Dani shut the door and leaned against it. "Wow!"

Troy met her in the hallway. "Gonna give me a ride back to the office?"

“Yeah, sure. Ready?”

Troy put his arm around Dani and tweaked her right nipple. “I’d like to stay.”

“You can’t. I have things to do.”

The phone rang.

“Hi, it’s Minnie. Is Troy there?”

“Yeah,” Dani said. “Where are you?”

“In my car. I was coming by to pick him up.”

“He’s all yours.” Dani winked at Troy. “I’m done with him.”

“Shit!”

“Minnie, he can still eat pussy. Right, Troy?”

Dani hung up the phone. “I just love to waste guys.”

• • •

Maria tapped the bottom of her cup in a fruitless bid to get the last piece of ice to fall. Failing that, she tossed the cup into a trash can outside the restaurant and headed ... where?

She found a public phone booth. This one had a phone book, if she could call it that. Most of the pages had been ripped out. Yanaston and surrounding areas. Well, that settled it. She was in the heart of Yanaston, WE ... as in Wherever. She called Dani.

Three rings, four rings ... the answering machine.

“Dani, pick up the fucking telephone!” Maria waited. “Dani!” she screamed.

“Fuck!” She hung up.

• • •

Dani's tongue slid slowly down Carmella's inner thigh, to her knee ... and stopped. She kissed it. Then she moved back up to Carmella's pussy, kissed it once and began licking. Carmella was completely shaven, so soft, so wet, so sweet.

"Oh, girl," Carmella moaned. She wrapped her legs around Dani's neck and pulled her in. "There, there!"

Dani kissed it softly and found Carmella's hard clit. Her tongue moved like a snake's, sending Carmella into a stiffened state of ecstasy. "You like it there?"

"Oh, yeah! Oh, eat it, Dani! Drive me fuckin' nuts."

Dani grasped Carmella's ass, pulled her up and stuffed her tongue deep into the vagina, licking, sucking, fucking it with her tongue. Then she pulled back and nibbled on the clit, nibbling ... nibbling, licking, kissing, dabbing at it ... more, more ...

Carmella heaved, sighed and jerked. "Owwwwwwwwwwww! Yeah!"

Dani pulled away, following her cue. "You taste like heaven, girl. God, so much pussy and so close to home. Where have you been, girl?"

Carmella caught her breath. "I just moved in last month."

"Well, the three of us ought to get together." Dani caught herself. The three of us? Maria? "I have to go."

"Why?"

"In case Maria calls." Dani got up and found her top. "She left yesterday and hasn't called me yet. I'm worried."

Carmella caught the anxiety. "You want me to do something? I know a cop."

"That doesn't surprise me," Dani said, sitting up and pulling on her jeans. "She might have called while I was up here with you. If not, I'll let you know. I have no idea where she is or who she's with."

"Think she might have left you?"

Dani swallowed hard. "She never gave me any indication she would do that. I think she's in trouble."

Carmella put out her hand. "will, sweetie."

Dani thought about Carmella's question as she walked slowly down the steps. Could Maria have left her? Why? Maria had seemed distant of late, not wanting to make love like she once had. Maybe she had grown tired of Dani. Maybe there was somebody else.

Why hadn't she just said so? Dani would have understood.

"No I wouldn't," Dani said, slamming the door behind her. The answering machine was flashing. Dani's heart skipped a beat.

"It's Minnie ... just checking. Bye."

"It's Hawkins. You all right? Call me if you need anything at all, Dani."

"It's Troy. I have an extra set of keys I'd like to run past your place when you got the time."

"Dani, pick up the fucking telephone! Dani! Fuck!"

Dani squealed with glee. "Oh, shit!" Now what? Maria was at least alive and willing to talk to her. That mattered. "Please call back, lover. Please. I'm here now."

Dani kicked at the kitchen cabinet, then the door. She sat down on the edge of the

couch and buried her head in her hands. If only Carmella hadn't been so

So what? Gorgeous? Can't blame a girl for that, can she?

The phone rang.

"Maria?"

"No, it's Minnie. Just checking to see if Maria was home yet."

"Minnie, I can't talk. I just got a message from her and I think she'll try to call back. I gotta leave the line open."

"Don't you have call waiting?"

"Minnie, get the fuck off the phone!"

"Don't get testy."

"See ya Monday."

Dani shrank into the couch and put her feet up. She chewed at her knees and wiggled her toes. Even if Maria came home, she would do ... what? Kiss her, kick her ass, scream at her? Maria knew better than this.

Where are you, Maria? Are you all right? "Call me, baby."

CHAPTER EIGHT

The suitcase grew cumbersome for Maria, who finally found a park bench in the middle of Whatchamacallit, Noplace, Zip Code Zero Zilch Oh Nil Nada. She pulled her sweatshirt up around her neck and wished she had brought a jacket. Conceding she was not equipped to ride the rails, she now longed for human company.

Just about anybody would do, even Harmless and she imagined she might see him just about any old time now.

Unless the cops had a hard-on for him here, too.

The driver in the minivan slowed and gave Maria the once-over. Another minivan, another married man. Maria smiled back and gave him a tiny wave of the hand. The driver circled the park, made a U-turn and came around, stopping at the bench where Maria sat. He rolled down his window. "Need some help?"

Maria chuckled. "You the town's good Samaritan or just another horny guy tryin' to pick up a chick in the park?"

The driver studied Maria, looked left, right and then into his windshield, then back at her. "Just thought I'd ask. Saw you sittin' here and figured you might need a lift someplace."

"If I had an idea where I was, I could determine where someplace is. There any motels around here?"

The driver pointed through his windshield. "One up on the other side of the factory. I can run you over there if you want."

Maria got up and pulled her suitcase behind her. "Home, James."

"Chuck."

"Whatever." She got in.

"What brings you to our fair city?" he asked as he cruised through the park and turned left onto what must have been the main thoroughfare.

"Train."

"No trains run through here."

“Then, it was a bus.”

“No buses, either.”

“Fuck, I flew in. What does it matter how I got here or why?”

Chuck grimaced. “Geez, I was just trying to be friendly. You got a name?”

“Maria, but it will probably be Sweetie to you before we get to the motel.”

Chuck drove and gave quick glances at Maria, who suddenly realized she had not fixed her makeup or hair in more than a day.

“I bet I look like a whore,” she said at last. “Actually, I did drop off outside of town from a train.”

Chuck shook his head. “I won’t even bother to ask how you pulled that off.”

“It was no biggie. I got on, rode the train, fucked a guy and got off the train. Then I came to Wazoo City, or wherever it is I am ... and now I guess I’m going to stay at a five-star motel overlooking the scenic factory.”

“They make resins.”

“Glue.”

Chuck laughed. “You ain’t no whore, are you? You got a story and I’d love to hear it but I won’t pry.”

“What’s your job, Chuck?”

“Funeral director.”

Maria laughed. “I’ll refrain from undertaker jokes. You fuck?”

“Huh?”

“I asked if you fuck. That’s simple. Like, as in women?”

“Well, yeah ... I guess ... I have sex with my wife.”

“Wanna fuck me?” Maria leaned forward and stared at Chuck. “Huh?”

“Is that ... er ... safe?”

“As in, would I slip you a drug, steal your minivan and your money and beat it out of town? It’s a risk you’d have to take. Wanna?”

“What, take that risk? I can defend myself.”

“Good, then take me up to the Ritz here, rent a room for me and I’ll fuck you.”

Maria smiled at Chuck and wiggled her wrist.

“You want me to rent the room?”

“If you want my pussy, yes. I got no cash, Chuck. Just pussy.”

“I’d have to put it on my credit card and”

“Your wife would spot it. Damn, oh ... well. And I’m really horny.” Maria looked out the window. “Is that the glue factory?”

“Yeah. Let me think this over.” Chuck pulled into the Yanaston Regal Eight, parked and turned toward Maria. “What’s up with you?”

Maria gave him a coy smile. “It was a simple proposition, Chuck. I’m alone in this burg, out of money, my Visa’s maxxed out and I need a place to stay. You rent me a room and I fuck you. That’s all.”

Chuck shook his head. “You are a hot piece, I’ll give you that. You got nice tits under that sweatshirt?”

“Get the room and I’ll let you suck them till they turn blue.”

“They know me in there.”

Maria shrugged. “No room, no pussy. You gonna get it at home tonight?”

Chuck rubbed his nose and stared at Maria’s chest.

“Here, Chuck. Take a look.” She pulled up her sweatshirt and out popped two big tits. The cool air hit her nipples and they stood up straight. “These tits can be yours for the night, Chuckie. These tits and this pussy.” She rubbed her crotch. “It’s wet enough to drown a duck.”

Chuck reached out to touch Maria’s breasts. She slapped his hand and dropped her sweatshirt.

“Chuckie, I never wear a bra. My tits are real. No plastic, no add-ons. Just big, sweet, warm succulent breasts, boobs, jugs, melons, titties, bazongas, hooters ... wanna suck ‘em, Chuckums?”

“Yeah!”

“Get the fucking room.”

“That won’t work.”

“OK, here’s an alternative deal. Rooms cost, what ... thirty bucks here. Give me thirty bucks and I’ll get myself off here in front of you and you can jack off while you watch.”

“Right here?”

“Right here, under this light, right in front of the Regal Beagle Motel.” Maria pulled her top up again. “Nice titties, huh?”

Chuck rubbed himself. “It’s gonna cost me thirty dollars to jerk off in front of you?”

Maria smiled. “You don’t have to do anything. All I said was I would get myself off right here if you give me thirty dollars.”

“You are a whore.”

“No, Chuck, I need a room. You get me the room, and I said I would take you to bed if you want to. If you don’t get me the room, you can let me out and go on about your business. No questions asked. I was just being grateful for the room, that’s all.”

Chuck leaned forward and stared at Maria’s blossoming titties. “That sure would be nice.”

“It is, baby. It is. And I wanna fuck you so bad”

“You’re trouble. I don’t need that.”

Maria pulled her top down. “Oh, well ... good night, Chuckie.” She opened the door, got out and went into the motel office. Chuck would be back later, bald head and all ... probably wearing a sweatsuit this time instead of a gray suit. Maria would toss a coin later. Heads ... he got head, tails ... he got tail. She watched the minivan disappear into the night and flopped down her Visa. There might be enough credit left on it for one ... more ... charge.

There was. Room twenty-seven, near the pool. Thanks, Clyde. The vacation wouldn’t be complete without the fucking pool.

Maria found the room clean. Within fifteen minutes, she was sound asleep. If Chuck had come by, she didn’t hear.

. . .

Dani wrung her hands. She picked up the phone book and ran her finger down the first page. Missing persons? No such number. Nine-one-one? For what, a missing person?

“I’m sorry,” the woman at police headquarters said, “but the officers who deal with that won’t be in until Monday. Are you sure she’s missing?”

“She’s not here.”

“We usually like to wait forty-eight hours before we begin missing person reports.”

“So, there’s nothing I can do?” Dani asked.

“Not much. I know this sounds harsh, but there isn’t much we can do either. We need some kind of an idea where she might have gone.”

Dani sighed and hung up the phone. Nobody could help her now. Maria had not called back. She tried to remember Carmella’s number. Five-five what? “Oh, yeah.” Dani tapped in the number.

She spent the night with Carmella. She was too worried to do anything but sleep and that didn’t come easy.

CHAPTER NINE

Maria woke from a groggy sleep, shook the cobwebs from her head and looked around. Yeah, this was the Ritz. She found the phone and dialed the number. Answering machine.

“Dani, pick up the goddamned telephone! Dani! Son of a fucking bitch.” She hung up. It was six-twenty-nine, according to the atomic clock in room something-or-other here at the Hotel Yanaston on the Rhine, right next to where the horses go after they get shot.

As best she could, Maria tried to freshen up in the bathroom. Some of the tiles were loose, and some were missing, but there were no roaches and the toilet paper roll was full. Should she steal a towel? Souvenirs are always important on these kinds of trips.

Maria staggered, no ... she stumbled ... out of the door, down the metal steps that led to the lobby. She went in. "Any breakfasts served around here?"

A new form of Clyde, a woman who must have weighed three hundred pounds, one with platinum hair, up in a beehive, stopped sorting receipts. "Fesco's, two blocks up and on the right."

"Is that two long blocks or just two regular ones?" Maria looked out the window. The clouds were rolling in. "Fuck."

"Just two blocks. You can't miss it."

"Thanks." Maria pulled the door open and tried to ignore that annoying jing-jing that little bell made. "Fesco's is not the name I would give to a restaurant," she said aloud as she negotiated the driveway that led to the main drag of Yanaston.

The two blocks seemed an eternity, past the glue factory, past an auto parts store and a rent-everything place. The smell of fried bacon made Maria woozy. This was not her kind of breakfast.

But she was hungry.

Another jing-jing bell greeted her as she stopped at the "please wait for hostess" sign. The place was full of men in baseball caps. A farmer's breakfast. This ought to lead to inspiring conversation, she thought.

"Coffee?"

Maria nodded. "Two bagels."

"That won't be enough to keep those puppies healthy," a voice from behind said.

Maria turned. "Chuckles!"

"Have a nice rest?"

Maria nodded. “Lonely one. You fucked up, big guy. I could have done you right.”

“I thought you said you didn’t have any money.”

Maria shrugged. “I pushed my luck on the Visa card. It didn’t bounce back, so I got the room.”

“It would be a shame to waste it,” Chuck said, rubbing her shoulders.

Maria sipped her coffee. “Snooze, you lose.”

“No second chance?” Chuck moved around and gazed into Maria’s eyes.

Maria took her right hand and made a fist. She moved it up and down. “Sure, but you have to do all the work this time.”

“Damn.”

Maria smiled and sipped her coffee again. She nibbled at the bagel. “I have to get out of Amityville anyway.”

“How do you plan to do that?”

“Same way I came in, Chuckepoo ... on my broom. It’s parked over at the kennel where I slept last night ... alone. Damn, I could’ve used a big cock. You hung, Chuck?”

Chuck smiled. “Why don’t you let me show you?”

Maria turned to the waitress, who was listening in. “Sadie, go wash some dishes. Me and Chuck here are talkin’ trash.” She turned back to Chuck. “Tell you what ... you rent me a car and I’ll fuck you.”

Chuck put his hands on the counter. “I can’t do that.”

Maria clenched her teeth. “Chuck,” she whispered. “If you want pussy, you have to work for it.”

“I thought you said you weren’t a whore.”

“I’m not. I simply said that if you rent me a car, I will screw you out of gratitude. Nothing more.” Maria smiled and tossed her hair back. “Women do that all the time.”

The jing-jing of the door caught Maria’s attention. A husky man in a police uniform darkened the hallway.

Chuck put up a thumb. “Officer Haden there might not like this kind of talk.”

“You threatening me, Chuckster? You propositioned me, remember?”

“Let’s be civil, Maria.”

Maria grinned and finished her bagel. “I bet the fine officer there would even run me back to Omaha if I screw him. I could also tell him you are harassing me.”

Chuck stood up straight. “OK, you win.”

“You’ll rent the car, then? Goodie!”

“I didn’t say that.”

“Chuck, your balls are blue by now and I’m hot enough to bake bread. Let’s go get it on, baby.”

. . .

Maria cooed as she slipped a nipple into Chuck’s mouth and rode his cock. It was one thing to fuck somebody and it was another to hold him hostage. Chuck would have ripped off an ear to get inside Maria’s pants.

What Maria did not know was that there was no car rental agency in Yanaston.

. . .

The phone rang. Dani answered.

“It’s Minnie. Any word from Maria?”

“She left another message. She doesn’t say where she is ... I just keep missing her.” Dani closed her eyes. She didn’t want to hear from Minnie, but a friendly voice was better than no voice. “Minnie, I really have to stay close to home today. She’s trying to call me and she could be in trouble.”

“Do her messages sound urgent?” Minnie wanted an invitation to Dani’s apartment.

“Yeah, sort of. It’s hard to tell.”

“Want me to come over and keep you company?”

Dani twirled the phone cord and fumbled with her pajama top. “Sure, come on. We can have breakfast together and wait this out.”

Minnie closed her eyes. She would not spend Saturday alone.

. . .

Maria found a convenient spot in Yanaston’s answer to a Duncan Hines-approved restaurant. “Is there anybody here going to Omaha?” she yelled.

Silence. Eyes drew to her.

“We are,” a feeble woman’s voice answered.

Maria smiled and walked toward the old woman, who was seated in a booth with her husband. “I’d like to catch a ride. I can pay you about thirty dollars, more after I get

there. I won't be a problem, promise."

The old woman looked at her husband. She was frowning. The old man's ears began to twitch. He ran his fingers through his gray hair and rubbed his big nose. "Well, I'm not sure," the old woman stammered.

"Oh, Marge, can't you see she's stuck here? Sure, come on. Whereabouts in Omaha?"

"Sexton, but you don't have to take me there. If I get close I can call my roomie. It's just there's no bus here and no car rental agency. I'm sort of stranded," Maria said, noticing the old woman was having problems with the arrangement. "I can even drive if you two want to sit back and relax."

"It's three hundred miles," the old man said. "We'll trade turns driving."

"Three hundred miles! Wow! I came a long way," Maria said, not expecting her comment to become part of the general conversation.

"How'd you get here?" the old woman crowed.

"Don't ask!" Maria put her hands up.

"You had lunch, girl?" the old man asked.

"I'm all right with that. You two finish up your dinner. I'll go freshen up a bit and meet you outside."

The old man nodded. The old woman wrinkled her nose.

Maria found a lipstick and dabbed enough on to make herself at least look alive. Nothing could be done about her clothing but she was with an old couple. If she didn't smell too rank, neither of them would mind her sweatshirt and dirty jeans.

Marge, huh? Maria wondered if all old women were named Marge ... or Blanche

... or Gertie.

She rejoined the couple at the booth, grabbed her suitcase and went outdoors. Was it Saturday? There would be no point in calling Dani. In five hours, she would be home.

Three hundred miles of bore-ass farmland, strapped into a car with Marge and BigEars. Maria smiled. She wondered if he'd get a thrill if she pulled up her sweatshirt for him like she had Chuck the Fucker.

"Son of a bitch," she muttered. Maria had gotten screwed, literally, by the town's funeral director. The other fucking had been all right, however.

"Name's Wesley Carver," the old man said as he unlocked the trunk and allowed Maria to toss her suitcase in. "You get to ride up front with me."

Maria smiled. "Thanks."

"I'll drive."

Maria grimaced. Was Wesley a good driver?

He was a slow driver. Top speed, forty-five.

"Where's the interstate from here?" Maria asked, looking around at the glue factory and the adjoining Roach Motel.

"We don't take the interstate," Marge whinnied from the back seat. "It's too fast for us."

"Oh, god! Wesley, where's the interstate?" Maria shrieked.

He pointed to the north.

"Pull over, Wes."

The old man found a parking lot. Maria got out, went around the car, opened the door and stuck up a thumb. "Over, rover. Let Maria take the bone here."

Within twenty minutes, Wesley's Buick was cruising at seventy on the open road, headed for Omaha.

"What will we do if we get stopped by the police?" Marge crowed.

Maria laughed. "If it's a man, I turn on my charms. If it's a woman, I beg for mercy."

Wesley sat back and closed his eyes. Soon, he was dozing. Marge sat forward and wrung her hands.

"Marge, relax," Maria said.

When the speedometer hit eighty, Maria was comfortable.

CHAPTER TEN

"You know, Minnie," Dani said over coffee, "every time I think of you, I think of John Holmes."

"Who's he?"

"Porn star with a cock about a foot long," Dani said, stretching out her hands.

"Kind of like Troy." Minnie Holmes sat back. "He fucked me yesterday."

"Me, too."

"Yeah. Wanna compare notes?"

Dani laughed. "I'll tell you this ... I can hardly get his cock in my mouth. I love his nuts. Nice and tight."

"Stop it, girl! You're getting me hot."

Dani winked at Minnie. Then she looked at the clock. Nine-thirty. "I wish Maria would call."

"She will."

Dani drummed her fingers on the table. "I need something to take my mind off all this. I wish I could go shopping."

Minnie got up and came around the table. She put her hands on Dani's shoulders and rubbed them. "Try to relax. Everything will be all right, trust me."

Dani leaned her head back. "That feels good. You ought to do this for a living. Ooo, there ... yes."

Minnie rubbed harder, then leaned down and kissed Dani on the back of the head, then on the ear. She blew softly into Dani's ear and flicked her tongue into it.

The sensation made Dani's nipples rise. "Don't do that again unless you're serious."

Minnie did it again, then slid her hands down Dani's front, stopping to cup each tit. She stroked her nipples with her thumbs. Dani wished she had not worn a bra this morning. She seldom wore one. Today was perhaps an insurance policy against arousal. It wasn't working. Minnie was working magic on her neck and ears and her thumbs were gently turning Dani to jelly.

Dani slid her chair back and pulled Minnie around. A gentle nudge sent Minnie to her knees. Dani pulled up her top and unfastened the bra from behind. She slid it up, revealing a pair of firm white melons that Minnie was free to taste.

Minnie's warm mouth soon engulfed one nipple, licking it, kissing it ... then moving to the other. "I wish I had two mouths," she whispered as she kissed Dani's

cleavage and ran her tongue down it.

“Eat me, Minnie.”

“Shall we go to the bedroom?”

“No, right here.” Dani rose and slid out of her shorts, dropping them to the floor.

She spread her legs and coaxed Minnie’s face toward her pussy.

The warm tongue darted in and out of the wet pussy, licking, exploring, driving Dani wild. “Go, girl!” Dani squealed.

Minnie, who had said she had never eaten pussy until a day earlier, had suddenly developed a taste for it and had, by Dani’s standards, become good at it. She wasn’t Maria, but ... any tongue is better than no tongue.

For the moment, Maria wasn’t on Dani’s mind. Minnie’s flicking tongue found its target and sent Dani’s clit wild. She clutched at the chair arms and wrapped her legs around Minnie’s neck, pulling her closer, closer to that heavenly sweet spot.

Minnie pulled back. She kissed Dani’s knees and inner thighs. She was teasing now and Dani was going crazy. “More, please!”

Minnie blew warm air into Dani’s cunt and kissed at the mound of bush that surrounded it. A flick of her tongue, then she stopped. Another, then she stopped. Teasing, licking, warm air, kissing, nibbling at Dani’s legs and tummy. Down again, another lick, another kiss, another breath of warm air. In again, out again ... nibble, nibble.

“My god, Minnie! Finish me off!”

“Um, I just loving teasing it,” Minnie whispered. “I wanna make this last all day.” She got up and pulled off her blouse and bra.

Dani's eyes turned to lust when Minnie's soft brown nipples rose. Not much tit but nipples like sweet bits of chocolate. They stood up firm and hard.

Minnie went back to her knees and rubbed her tits against Dani's knees. "Oh, that feels so good."

"Lick me, Minnie!"

Minnie resumed her exploration, nibbling, kissing, backing away ... slowly licking, licking Dani's clit. "You like it?"

Dani groaned. "I need to come!"

"You weren't very nice to me yesterday on the phone."

"I ... I'm sorry."

"Then, tell me you love me."

Dani groaned. "Eat me, Minnie."

Minnie kissed the pussy. "Do you love me?"

"Ye ... yes ..."

"Are you sure?" Minnie cooed as she licked at Dani's clit and blew another breath of air onto her cunt.

"Oh, jeeee-zus! Make me come!" Dani was quivering now, on the edge, almost there ... not quite. Not yet ... close. "There, lick it there!"

Minnie found the sweet spot again and licked some more. She pulled back.

"Hmmm, you taste so-o-o sweet."

"Finish me off!"

Minnie went back to work. She leaned up and sucked Dani's right nipple, then her left ... then took her tongue down, down, down ... back to the wet cunt. She kissed it

again, found the sweet spot and worked her tongue around it. She was driving Dani crazy and she knew it. "Tell me again you love me."

"I do! Yes ... yes, make me come!"

"OK, I believe you now." Minnie went back to work.

Dani appreciated it.

"Now," Minnie said as she kissed Dani's knees and legs. "You do me."

Dani caught her breath. "I promise I won't give you the Spanish Inquisition."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning," Dani said after she resumed breathing normally, "I eat pussy and don't ask questions."

"Does that mean you were lying about loving me?"

Dani grimaced. "You were eating my cunt, Minnie. What did you think I would say?"

"That you meant it."

Dani sat forward. "You want me to eat you or not?"

"Yes, but only if you really want to."

Dani shook her head. "Holy fuck, Minnie. Go in and lie on the bed. I'll be in there after I go to the bathroom."

Minnie rose to her feet and skipped into the bedroom. She lay down and spread her legs. She ran a finger down her jeans, popped them free and slid out of them. She left her panties on. She wanted Dani to help her take them off.

"All right, girl," Dani said upon entering the bedroom. "Tongues or toys?"

“Toys?”

“Yeah,” Dani said, “I have a vibrator here I can let you use or I can go about it in the traditional way where I stick my tongue in your cunt and lick you off.”

“I never did a vibrator before.”

“A battery-powered dick is all it is.” Dani pulled it from the drawer and turned it on. “Regular or premium?”

“Help me out of my panties first.” Minnie sat up and moved the pillow beneath her ass. “Maybe you could use both.”

“You ever use a cucumber?”

Minnie shook her head. “Does that work?”

“It drives me nuts. I don’t happen to have any right now, though.”

“Damn.”

Dani laughed. “What you need is a man, Minnie. I can tell it.”

Minnie opened her mouth wide. “How can you tell that?”

“Cause when I mention things that go in, you get excited. You need a cock. I oughta call Troy for you.”

Minnie lay back and slid a finger into her pussy. “I think I’ll just lie here and fantasize. Suck my titties, Dani.”

“Gladly.” Dani turned to look at the clock. Eleven-thirty. Please call, baby.

. . .

“I’m sorry, officer,” Maria cooed at the state trooper. “I’m just not with it today.”

“Well, miss ... you take it easy from now on. I’d rather not have to stop you again.”

Maria winked at the trooper, puckered and blew him a kiss and slid her license back into her wallet. “I’ll try to be careful.”

The warning ticket had sent Marge into hysterics.

But the Buick was back on the road again, and Maria hit the gas. “If he stops us again,” she said, “I’ll have to take care of him.”

“You gonna shoot him?” Marge quivered from the back seat.

“No, I’m gonna blow him.”

Wesley snickered.

“What does that mean, Wesley?” Marge crowed.

“Nothing, dear. Just a figure of speech.” The old man smiled at Maria, who winked at him.

Another hour and they would be in Omaha.

Maria suddenly remembered she had no car.

And she had not called Dani lately. As if that apparently mattered. Dani was with somebody else by now, Maria supposed. She had seemed distant lately, hadn’t she? She could have at least said something.

. . .

The phone rang.

“Chet Wadd, Omaha police. Is this Dani Rusher?”

Dani cleared her throat. "Yes, what is it?"

"You know a guy named Jason Harms?"

"No, never heard of him," Dani said, her voice cracking. "Is this about Maria?"

"Don't know him at all?"

"No, what's he done? Why should I know him?" Dani's eyes widened as she stared at Minnie, trying to put pieces together. "Doctor Wadd, or whatever your name is ... can't you just get to the fucking point?"

"Excuse me, no need for that language."

"Well, I'm on edge. Why do you cops always string shit out?"

Wadd sat silent a second. "This Harms was arrested over in Wyoming this morning, trying to break into a liquor store. He had a business card on him with your name and number. Any idea how he might have gotten it?"

Dani turned cold. "Business card? I have some, I give them out. I work at the bank, in the loan department ... anybody could have gotten one. Why are you bothering me with this?"

"He said he got it from a woman named Maria, said she wanted him to call you. Any reason why he might do that?"

"Have you heard from Maria? I give a shit about this Harms person. He can rot in hell. Did he say anything about Maria? She's missing, you know. I tried to report it"

"Hold on!" Wadd said, his voice raising. "We got no information on this Maria, only Harms. You say you don't know him?"

"So, do I have to come down there and prove I don't know him!" Dani's voice was shrill now. She twirled the phone cord by habit. It twisted around her wrist. "You find

Maria and we'll talk. I have no interest in this liquor store robber. Does he live around here?"

"Drifter," Wadd said. "No-account drug dealer."

"He better not have hurt Maria or he's a dead fuckin' drug dealer," Dani shouted into the phone. "What else do you know?"

"He just told the police over there he met a woman named Maria on a train and she gave him the card. Told him to call you. So, I'm calling you instead."

"Yeah, but you have no information on Maria, so what good are you?"

"Depends," Wadd said.

"On what?"

"I only work with what I know. The rest, I have to learn."

"Well, learn more and call me back, all right?" Dani hung up.

The day was not going well. It was one-fifteen and Maria had not called. "Minnie, I'm scared now."

Minnie drew close. "Nothing we can do but wait."

"That sucks." Dani tapped Minnie's wrist with her hand and closed her eyes. The tears began to flow now. "Maria's in trouble, Minnie and there isn't anything I can do."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Maria fiddled with the radio buttons. These old people have no taste in music. Talk radio, talk radio ... what the fuck is this ... Lawrence Welk ... the Ted Mack Amateur Hour? "Gotta hear some music, folks or I'll go fu ... er ... bonkers."

Marge cleared her throat. "I hope you don't like that rap stuff."

Maria shook her head. "Shania, Sheryl Crow, some good solid rock."

Wesley cleared his throat and stumbled back into semi-consciousness. "We almost there, Marge?"

"I don't know, Wes ... I've been reading."

Maria looked in the rear-view mirror. Marge had calmed down from the disaster on the highway. Ninety-five miles an hour was a bit quick for her and a bit annoying to the state trooper. Wesley didn't have an opinion. He slept most of the time. Maria wondered how he had planned to make it all the way across Nebraska before passing on to the great Champagne Music Party in the sky.

There was no rock music on the radio. Lots of country music, a few preachers, talk ... talk ... old Welk seemed preferable to Marge, yammering on at Wesley about the general state of affairs.

"What do you do for a living, Maria?" Marge finally asked.

Maria caught herself in her answer. She decided to have some fun with Marge. "I'm a professional cocksucker."

"Excuse me." Marge turned silent.

"I suck cocks for a living," Maria laughed, flicking her hand through her hair and turning toward Wesley. He was still half asleep. He grunted and smiled.

"Is that ... what does that mean?" Marge crowed. "You aren't one of those women, are you?"

"Yep, one of those women," Maria said. She could feel the grin cover her face. She was near enough to Omaha now that she could fake her way home, no matter what Marge

said or did. "I'm a whore, a prostitute ... a hooker, woman of the night. Cheap slut. I fuck for money."

Marge cleared her throat. "Well, I declare. Shame on you!"

Maria laughed. "I'm kidding you, Marge. I'm a writer."

"Well, that's better. You'd better not be lying or you'll just have to pull over and get out."

Maria made a mock salute. "Honest, captain. I write ... but I also suck cocks once in awhile, mostly for free."

"Now you stop that!" she squeaked.

Wesley grunted. "Marge, calm down back there."

Maria winked at Wesley. She wondered if the old guy was getting excited. He probably was but had gotten so used to holding it in that he'd grown numb to any suggestion of sexual arousal. If old Marge keeled over dead, Wesley would just drop on top of her.

The sign said Omaha, twenty-six miles. Maria hit the gas.

Professional cocksucker, indeed. She played back the events of the past day. Was there something that mattered? She considered ways of getting even with Chuck the Fuck.

Have a nice life, Harmless.

Thank you, officer.

Your trains are a bit on the dirty side, Mister C&O President.

Dani, answer the damned phone!

Yes, children ... riding a train can be exciting if you meet the right guy, one who

doesn't mind being on the bottom. The food, the scenery ... all exciting ... yes, even where the wild animals go after they're used up. Can you kids spell g-l-u-e? Or a-s-s-h-o-l-e, as in funeral director? Maria smiled. Dani, you bitch, if I catch you with somebody else, I will rip their eyes out.

Omaha, next seven exits.

Maria noticed Wesley was rubbing himself. She slid her hand over and patted his knee. "Easy, dude."

Wesley smiled back and winked.

Maria puckered and blew him a kiss. She wrinkled her nose at him.

Marge had found something interesting in Redbook.

. . .

Minnie poured the coffee. "Were you ever married, Dani?"

Dani nodded. "For about seven weeks." She thought back. She was eighteen. He was, what ... thirty-nine. Too old for her. "Yeah, I even remember my first night with him. I guess a girl never forgets, no matter how bad it was."

Minnie sat down. "You remember your first time?"

Dani smiled. "Oh, yeah ... that was great. I was fourteen. "We were completely enamored with each other. I made the first move. He was a lot older. I always fell for older guys. Stupid. I can't remember how I felt, exactly ... but it was real weird, putting his cock in my mouth." Dani wrinkled her face.

“Like, you wonder what it will taste like.”

“Yeah, you always think it will be ... I don’t know ... icky or something. Then it turns out to be warm and fleshy ... god I love sucking dicks.” Dani opened her mouth as if she had one right at hand.

Minnie smiled. “Well, thanks to you, I have a whole new perspective on sex. I think I love you, Dani.”

Dani smiled. “Don’t, Minnie ... please, I have Maria.”

Minnie swallowed hard. Did she? Things could change. “We haven’t heard ... I’m worried, aren’t you, Dani?” Minnie wondered what she would do if Dani suddenly said”

“No, Minnie ... I’m not worried.” She paused. “I’m scared to death. It’s almost one and I haven’t heard from anybody except some jerkoff cop.”

“That could mean something, this fellow out in Wyoming,” Minnie said. “Maybe he”

“I don’t want to think about that! Minnie, just shut up.”

“So, you don’t love me?”

Dani frowned. “What does that have to do with Maria?”

“You said earlier that you did.”

“You were eating my pussy and made me say it.”

“That’s all it meant to you, then?”

“Whatever, Minnie. I care for you and you make a good lover. Whatever happens between us won’t happen until I hear from Maria, find out why she’s left me.”

Minnie crossed her fingers mentally. Maybe Maria had run off with someone. Dani

would be hers, then. Right?

The phone rang.

“Hi, Carmella,” Dani whispered. “I know. Yes ... yes, well if I don’t hear tonight, then we can. I’d like that. Yeah, you know it. Bye, doll.”

Minnie swallowed again. “Do I know Carmella?”

Dani shook her head. “She lives upstairs. Just moved in. She’s a doll. We just met and she’s real sweet. I’m hoping to introduce her to Maria ... whenever the bitch gets home!”

Minnie put her hand out. “Dani, what if she doesn’t come home? What if she’s”

“Dead?” Dani stared at Minnie. “What if? She’ll come home. She has to.”

. . .

Chet Wadd fumbled through his Rolodex. “Get me the number for that police department,” he grumbled into the intercom.

“Which one?”

“The one in Romania, Deborah.” Wadd slammed his hand on the table. “Whatever town it was out there that has that asshole Harmless.”

“Oh, that one.”

Yes, that one, Wadd mimed.

“Wadd here. Hold that Harms fella for me. We might have a missing person problem,” he told the man on the other end.

“No problem. The jerk can’t post bail anyway. We have him for loitering,

pandering, burglary, vagrancy, peeing on a fireplug, spitting ... you name it.”

Wadd laughed. “Hold him for being an asshole. I’ll see he gets ten years for that.”

Chester Wadd sat back in his chair and considered his next move. A missing woman? Maybe. He decided to take a ride. He needed to meet Dani Rusher and learn more about the missing Maria.

• • •

“We don’t actually live in Omaha,” Marge creaked from the back seat.

Maria turned her head toward Wesley, who was apparently wide awake now. He was nodding his head. “I thought you said you did.”

“No,” Marge whinnied, “you just asked if we were coming to Omaha. We said yes. We never said we lived here.”

“Where do you live?”

“Indianapolis.”

“So, if I drop myself off on Sexton, you’d be lost?” Maria found herself looking at one more ride if she couldn’t reach Dani. Saturdays suck that way sometimes.

“It depends,” Wesley said. “How far is it off the interstate?”

“Long way,” Maria said, deciding which exit to take into the city. “I’ll figure out something. I’m basically home now. I just thought we could make this a one-size-fits-all trip.”

“Well, we can’t,” Marge screeched. “Plus, I have to go to the bathroom, Wesley. You know how I get.”

Wesley nodded.

Maria nodded. It was time to pull over, get out and call Dani. Answer the damned phone this time!

A Citgo station in a sleazy part of town wouldn't do in most cases, but Maria decided she'd had enough of Marge and Wesley, bless their hearts and the big bold Buick that was now running low on fuel. "We can pull off here, I'll get you some gas and you can be on your merry way to Indian Noplace."

"Is that all right with you, Wesley?" Marge squawked.

"Hmm, I guess so." He looked at Maria. He would have said no under other conditions. No, Marge, you get out and I'll take Maria in the back seat and fuck her eyes out.

"You dirty old man," Maria whispered. "It isn't all right but you have no choice."

Marge leaned forward. "What did she say, Wesley?"

"Nothing, Marge."

"I got thirty bucks, which might fill up this hog," Maria said as she eased in next to the pump.

"You don't need to do that, girl," Wesley said. "After all, you drove the whole way."

We'd still be out in the wheat fields if I hadn't, Maria told herself. "Well, it would be my pleasure."

"Do you have a job, Maria?" Marge screeched.

"I told you earlier, I'm a professional cocksucker."

"Oh, yes ... that ... that seems like a strange job," Marge blathered. "Does it pay

well?”

“A hundred bucks an hour,” Maria said, hopping out of the car and pulling the nozzle away from the pump. “What octane, Wes?”

“Eighty-seven.”

“Cheap fucker,” Maria muttered.

She inserted the nozzle and tapped her toe as the digits rolled up. When she got to twenty dollars, she shut the nozzle off. “Wes, click that trunk button. Let me get my stuff out!”

Maria found her wallet inside the suitcase, pulled out twenty dollars and headed for the office. “Got a phone, dude?”

The man, about forty with a pot belly and sly smile, nodded and pointed. “I bet you’d like to fuck me,” Maria said under her breath as she found the phone, inserted a quarter and waited.

Answering machine.

“Answer the fucking phone, Dani!”

“Hello! Oh my god, it’s you! Are you all right? I’ve been worried sick!”

“Dani,” Maria interrupted, “shut the fuck up and come get me at the Citgo at ... where the fuck is this? Hey, buddy ... where are we?”

Dani could hear mumbling in the background. “I’ll be there in fifteen minutes.”

“I’ll wait.” Maria hung up and blew the attendant a kiss.

She waved to Wesley and Marge. She went to the car. “I can’t recommend a restaurant, but they do have a ladies room here, Margie.”

“Call me Marge.”

“Whatever.” Maria leaned down and planted a kiss on Wesley’s lips. “Thanks, you sexy thing!”

“You take care, girl. Marge and I weren’t expecting to make Omaha till nightfall. Now we can see the sights.”

Maria laughed. “The way you were driving, we wouldn’t have made it till Tuesday. The sights of Omaha ... hmmm ... good luck. Your best bet is the interstate, heading straight east till you get to Iowa. I wouldn’t stop there, either.”

Wesley put up a finger and motioned Maria closer. “Are you really a whore?” he whispered in her ear.

“What do you think, you cat?”

He winked at her. “You be good.”

Maria slammed her suitcase to the pavement outside the station as Wesley and Marge resumed their journey.

Fifteen minutes became twenty minutes, then thirty.

The red Honda pulled into the station.

“Ooo, new ride,” Maria said as she noticed who was driving. “Minnie?”

CHAPTER TWELVE

Dani’s stare was mean enough to stop a rhino. Her subsequent smile would have melted the animal’s heart. “OK, now ... I suppose you have an explanation before I either kick your ass or bite your nose off.”

Maria threw her suitcase into the trunk, stuck her tongue out at Dani and climbed

into the back seat. “Nice car. What’d it cost you?”

“Less than the one you can’t seem to find,” Dani snorted as she pulled out of the Citgo lot. “Mind explaining where you’ve been?”

“If you’d ever answer the phone ... hi, Minnie ... you would have known. Of course, I did forget to leave a note, didn’t I?”

Minnie turned to Maria. “We were worried sick.”

“I bet. You probably figured I was shacked up someplace, which I sort of was ... but that’s another story.”

“So, you were out getting balled,” Dani said, turning the corner, narrowly missing a kid on a bike. “Get out of the way, you little bastard!”

“Actually, Dani, I spent a night with a loser inside a boxcar on the way to Bumfuck, Egypt. I jumped off the train, met this fucking undertaker in some town called Yackaflacka or something, out on the other side of the state ... then I caught a ride back to Omaha with Wesson Oil and his wife Margarine.”

Minnie sucked in her breath. “You really did hop a freight train?”

“Yup. Some bum named Harmless was on it and he and I got it on. You ought to try that sometime, Dan ... in a moving boxcar.”

“I bet.” Dani screeched to a halt at a stoplight.

“Dani,” Maria said offhandedly as she looked around, “learn to drive. Where’d you get this car?”

“Minnie’s friend Troy, who by the way has an enormous cock.”

Maria laughed. “Why do I find that story easy to believe? Where is this guy? Looks like I need a car, too.”

Minnie turned again. "I can set you up with him."

"I just need the car, Min ... not the cock, although a nice one wouldn't hurt me right about now. Anybody up for eating my pussy?"

Dani looked at Minnie and nodded. "Try it. You'll like it."

Maria tapped Minnie on the shoulder. "You muff-dive, Min ... wow!"

"I just started."

"Latent lesbianism," Maria said. "I love it. It took me a few years to acquire a taste for it, too."

Minnie giggled. "This is funny, the three of us."

"Four," Dani interrupted. "There's Carmella. Maria, you have to meet this lovely thing. She lives upstairs. Remember the package?"

"Yeah."

"It was for her. She's hot, real hot!"

"Right now, I'd settle for a bath, some decent food and about eight hours of sleep."

Maria slid down in the seat. "Wake me when we're home."

Dani eased the car into the parking space, next to the brown car. A police car. A girl can tell. "Copper on the block."

"How can you tell?" Minnie asked.

"I can tell."

"Minnie, Dani can tell."

"Oh, all right."

The parade of women stopped at the apartment door. A tall man stood outside. "Is one of you Dani?"

“Yeah, me. Let me guess, Wadd of Scotland Yard.”

Wadd nodded. “I’m here to ask you some questions about this missing woman.”

Dani pointed to Maria. “She’s home, officer. Did they cut that bastard’s balls off yet?”

Wadd snickered. “Maria, did a man named Harms come in contact with you?”

Maria shrugged. “I meet a lot of men. Where would I have met him?”

“Out west, in Wyoming.”

“I’ve never been to Wyoming, officer. May I go inside now?”

Wadd shook his head slowly. “I suppose. I’ll be in contact if I need anything else. You ladies have a nice day.”

Dani slammed the door shut. “So, I guess he must have been good.”

Maria threw her suitcase on the floor. “Fuck that cop. Harmless was cool. Whatever he did, let old Dick Wadd figure it out for himself. I’m off to the shower. Anybody care to scrub my back for me?”

There were volunteers.

Minnie slid out of her clothing and tiptoed into the shower behind Maria. The steam had begun to rise and the warm, wet air felt good. Her hands touched Maria gently, rubbing her back and shoulders. She moved them around, fondling Maria’s tits. “Feel good?”

Maria tilted her head back and let Minnie massage her nipples and stomach. The slick soap glistened in the mist. So warm, so soft, so wet. Nipples, so hard, so firm. Maria’s tits drove Minnie wild.

In the steam, they kissed and Maria bent down, nibbling on Minnie’s nipples,

licking, sucking, kissing. “Um,” she mumbled, “I like small, tight tits like these. Your nipples are beautiful.”

“Rub my cunt, Maria.”

Maria moved her hand gently down Minnie’s chest, across her abdomen, and to her bush. She rubbed it softly, working her fingers down, then in, finding the clit. Minnie spread her legs to give Maria full access to the sweet spot. “Oh, get me off.”

“Not here, not yet,” Maria whispered. “Let’s just make out awhile. I want Dani to join us.”

Minnie purred. “She might not want two.”

“She will. If she invites Carmella, we’ll have a party. Would you like that, Min?”

“Oh, yeah ... a party ... I want to make love to you, though.”

“You will.” Maria kissed her full on the lips. “So sweet. Damn, I missed being with a woman.”

Minnie leaned back and let Maria kiss her chest and tits. “Ooo, suck them for me, Maria. Suck them, please.”

Maria eased her hands up to Minnie’s shoulders, caressing them, rubbing soapy water over them, then down her arms. She squeezed Minnie’s hands and pulled them together to her face. Maria’s fingers dabbed at Minnie’s cheeks, down her face, around her neck. She pulled her close again and kissed her. “You’ll make a wonderful lover, Min. I’ll show you how. I’m better at this than Dani is.”

Minnie sighed and let the water run down her face. “Soon?”

“Soon.”

“You make me feel so much like a woman, Maria. I never knew.”

“It takes the right touch, Min. Just the right touch.” Maria ran her hand across Minnie’s chest and rubbed her nipples. “Just ... the right ... touch.”

“I love you, Maria.”

Maria brushed the towel across Minnie’s back, rubbing, rubbing, drying her off. She wrapped the towel around her head like a turban. “Grab another towel, doll.”

Minnie complied.

The two shared lotion and powder. “We smell like French whores,” Minnie laughed. “How long have we been in here?”

Maria shrugged. “Half an hour, I suppose. It felt good. Don’t you wish you could capture the feeling of an erotic shower and just, like ... pull it out of a box whenever you feel like shit?”

“I know I’d like to capture that one,” Minnie said. “Showers, up until now, have pretty much been limited to bathing.”

“Dani and I try to make them a little more interesting than that.”

“You know what sucks, Maria? I have to go home tonight, alone. I want to spend more time with the two of you.”

“I’m sure that will be arranged. You won’t have any problems, like ... with Dani, working with her ... whatever, will you?”

“I won’t ever look at Dani again like I did before Friday.” Minnie wrapped the towel around her waist and eased open the bathroom door. “Ooo, it’s cold out here.”

Maria put her hands on Minnie’s waist and followed her into the hallway. The moaning was obvious.

“Somebody is doing something I’d like to watch,” Maria said, peeking around the

corner into the bedroom.

Dani was on her back, her legs spread. Somebody was eating her pussy. Dani opened her eyes. “Hi.”

Carmella drew back. “Oh, hi. I’m Carmella.”

Maria waved her hand. “Go on, eat it. I’ll just get dressed and pretend nothing’s happening.”

Minnie slid next to Maria. “Us next?”

Maria laughed. “Min, sit down over there and let Carmella do her thing. We’d both love to watch, girls.”

Dani closed her eyes and grabbed Carmella by the head, drawing her in again. “It feels so fucking good.”

Maria bent down and kissed Dani. “I love you.”

Dani winked. “I love you, too.”

Dani wriggled in pleasure as Carmella’s tongue found the sweet clit, working it ... nibbling, gently, just the tip.

Minnie stared at the two women. She had already driven Dani crazy this day and was now convinced she had mastered the art of making another woman happy. She winked at Maria. “I can do that.”

Maria smiled. “I know you can.”

The phone rang.

Maria threw on her robe and ran to answer it.

“Maria. Dawkins at FineCo Insurance. We found your car on the other side of town. It’s not damaged. When can you pick it up?”

Maria laughed. “Dawkins, we’re over here eating pussy like it’s going out of style. Maybe Monday.”

Dawkins was silent for a moment. “Fine, we’ll talk to you then.”

Maria slipped the phone back into its cradle and rejoined the others in the bedroom. Dani was breathing hard now. Carmella had done her magic.

“Scoot over, Dani,” Maria said, sliding into bed next to her roommate. “Minnie, front and center.”

• • •

Maria searched for just the right word to make the part about Harmless ... well, believable. “We watched the fields go by, wondering if all the food that we eat comes from just this place.” She hit the back button. “Fuck, I can’t write this!”

She shut down her computer. “Dani, riding a train offered me no inspiration whatsoever.” She tapped in another address.

www.Powder-Puff-Beauties.com

“Dani, do you think Asian women are sexy?”

No answer.

“Dani, answer the fucking question!”

Maria watched the page load. A dozen bronze beauties appeared, one lovely thumbnail after another She put her hand to her crotch.

“Now this is inspiration.”

Virtual reality.

Better than any train ride.

END

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