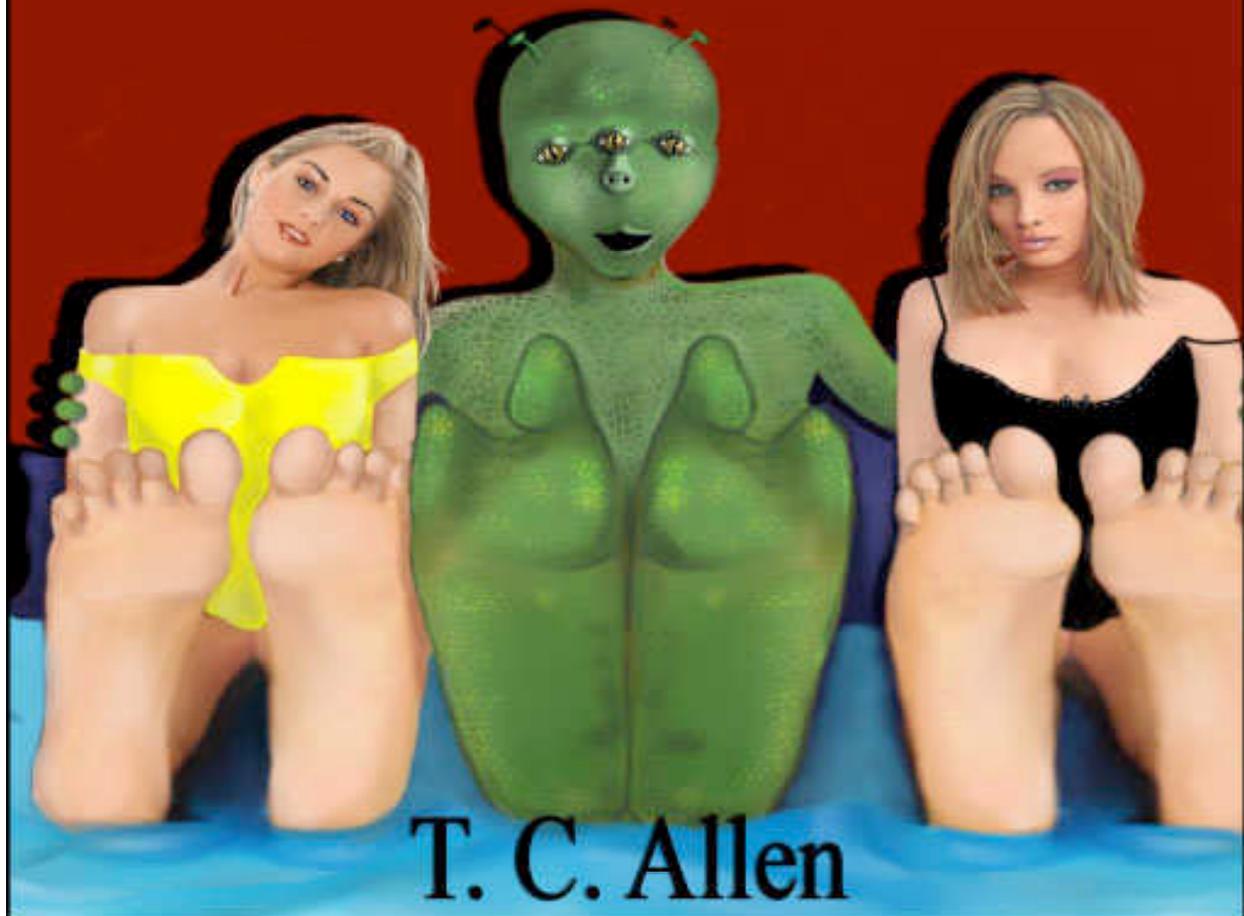


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Oklahoma Space Odyssey



T. C. Allen



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Oklahoma Space Odyssey

by

T. C. Allen

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Oklahoma Space Odyssey

My name is Rupert Hawkins, and here I am in jail. Well, not exactly jail, but I can't go home and get drunk with my friends so I might as well be in jail. I didn't do anything wrong, or even too much against the law. Yet, here I sit on my ugly old butt while all these scientific people try to decide what they are going to do to me next. Shit! My head is starting to whiz again. Oh well... All this fuss because some alien landed his spaceship on top of my trailer house.

* * * *

Now this is the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me God or somebody. It all started Monday in the early fall of last year. Me and my then true love, Dessie Mae Stover, was watching WWE professional wrestling, and we was cheering on that good guy, Pure Bob, who usually beats the shit out of the mean bastards them evil promoters keep matching him against. I mean, you just look at Pure Bob with his shiny white teeth, and you know right away he is one fucking good guy. Otherwise he'd look like shit.

I tell you it sure is nice to have a clean-cut feller who wears white hats and loves his mother to look up to for moral guidance. He is just so nice you can't help but like him. Not only that, but his mamma looks so fine in those bikinis where she is near naked, just looking so wholesome and all. It is fine to see a mamma and her good, clean living son be so close and all. I don't believe but about half those stories that they tell about Bob and his mamma, and I don't blame him the half I do believe. She is a very fine looking mamma to be almost forty years old. Hell if she was my mamma, I'd still be nursing. And I say that in total honesty and not to be perverted like some of my neighbors who got only one limb on their family tree.

Well, anyways, I was sitting there with Des, kind of fumbling around a little, and she was pushing me away because the action on the TV was pretty intense. Some dirty fighting bad guy just kicked Pure Bob in the nuts, and poor Bob was holdin' on to his delicates with both hands. The bad guy started to rabbit punch Bob when his Mama jumped up in the ring and bit that bad dude in the crotch. He deserved it, but she acted like she didn't want to let go and then one of her titties popped out. That was just as I slipped my hand in Dessie's tank top, and she leaned forward when Evil Axel jerked Bob's Mama loose from his unmentionables and threw her out of the ring. Then poor old hurtin' Pure Bob overcome his pain and threw that Evil Axel clean out of the ring too. I got so excited that I jerked hard on Dessie's old tank top and off she came! I sort

of tore the dam' thing in two. She didn't really notice. She was watchin' Pure Bob help his wholesome Mama tuck her titty back in her bikini top. He is just *so nice* to his Mama.

I got to tell you that my Des has the finest set of honkers this side of a Hustler magazine, which I buy for the news articles of course. Her boobs are even more awe inspiring than those on Pure Bob's Mama, and the rack on his mamma's chest is nothing to be ashamed of. One more thing about Des is she's not shy about displaying her very talented knockers.

When she was a cheerleader in high school, we could usually look forward to catching a good glimpse of a nipple every now and again as they came busting out of her cheerleading outfit. Mister Muffet, our short and runty little high school principal, had to talk to her after about every football game to try to get her to not display so much what he called "youthful exuberance."

One time, Dessie Mae shrugged her shoulders while old Muffet was talking to her and they both popped out. One of them slapped poor old Mister Muffet in the mouth, and he almost had a heart attack. Well, Dessie kind of helped matters along by rubbing his face with her thirty-six D's. He was never the same. Dessie does have a mean streak in her when someone pisses her off. (You know, come to think of it, most Okie women are real vicious when they get a hard on for somebody.) After that, Mister Muffet just stayed clear of her. He figured it was easier to ignore her than to try and control her and have to endure another titty attack.

Des and me used to be "an item" back in high school. Actually, what that really meant was that as long as we was going steady, she promised she wouldn't give head to any other guy. Or, if she really had to, she wouldn't swallow. We had a very strict moral code back then. Things have changed since then and only last month one of the Stallings boys, Healy Stallings, started going steady with his own little sister. Actually, she is only his half sister so I guess that makes it a little better.

What happened was that back when he was three years old, while his pa was in jail for shooting his rifle at somebody in the city limits, Ma Stallings went to a Saturday Night dance and come home pregnant. So when Pa Stallings got out of jail a year and a half later, he found out that he was the father of a three-month-old baby girl.

Man oh man, but you talk about having some explaining to do. She finally convinced him that she got pregnant from wearing a pair of his old jockey shorts that didn't get laundered all the way clean. Well, anyway, he was not the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree so he believed her. But Healy knew better because he had been through grade school. He accused his mamma of fucking on her husband, his daddy, and she just shrugged her shoulders and grinned. Orville, the oldest grinned too for some reason. I have my suspicions about that.

Now Healy Stallings says, and I don't doubt him, that he only dates the half that isn't related to him by blood and that's what makes it all right. Sounds strange to me, but Tina Stallings is a pretty little thing with a great ass on her, so I guess that sort of makes it all right. And if it doesn't, so what?

Well, anyway, a week ago last fall while we was watching wrestling, I got up to get me another one of those cheap assed cans of petrified panther piss beer Dessie kept bringing home because it is so cheap. She still didn't notice I had ripped her tank top off. Or if she did, she didn't give a shit. I happened to look out the kitchen window and saw Walter Hawkins, the trailer park handy man, all scrunched down a little and looking in our living room window at my bare titted Dessie Mae. He was jerking on his dick and he had the most pathetic expression on his face. I slipped out the bedroom door and walked up behind him and grabbed him by the collar.

“Just what the fuck do you think you are doing here in my yard?” I asked him.

His eyes rolled up in his head, and he grabbed his chest and started going, “Huhr! Huhr! Huhr!” Then he just folded over and looked like he died. I’ll say one thing about that perverted little son of a bitch though—he had a peter on him that would be considered illegal for a white man to possess in some states. Hell it was even bigger than mine and my brother Homer’s. And we are famous in these parts for having some size on us. Walter just laid there on his back, seeming to be deader than a mackerel, his pink elephant trunk pointing straight up in the air for almost fourteen inches.

I came running inside and yelled at Dessie, “Call 911! Walter Hawkins is laying outside the window. I think he’s dying. But you ought to see the war club he’s got on him.”

Dessie stood up and backed over to the window, never taking her eyes off the TV. She is as great a wrestling fan as I am. Then, when the commercial came on she turned and looked out the window. “Holy shit, Rupert!! Call 911! Help that poor man! Do something! A cock that size is a national treasure! Jesus Christ, call 911!”

“That’s what I’m doin’, Hon. If you could stop having mental sex with the poor man and turn this way, you could see I have the phone in my hand.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah!” She was still staring real hard out the window.

Just then the emergency operator answered, “911 Emergency, how may I help you? The board in front of me says this call is coming from your useless shit trailer, Rupe. What’s the emergency? You get your little needle dick caught in a beer can?”

Myrtle Bowman only got the job answering the 911 phones because she gives the sheriff such great head. I tell you, they ought to have a cock suckers union in our part of Oklahoma. I think most of the women would have to belong.

I would like to point out that me and her brother Willy taught Myrtle everything she knows about the art of cock sucking, and she has no gratitude at all. She walked in on me and her younger sister in the middle of having sex last year and she got real emotional. Alls I did was to ask her to join us and make it a threesome. She got real pissed off at me. Some people just have no sense of gratitude.

“Look, Myrt,” I told her, “can the shit. The sheriff’s brother-in-law is laying outside under my window on his back, his prick pointing straight up at the stars. You better get an ambulance over here like right now!” Then I hung up on the bitch.

I turned around and saw that Des had gone outside and was playin’ with that big pecker like it was a big toy. She started to go down on it, and he opened his eyes and started to sit up, and he saw Des bobbin’ on his peter head like she was bobbin’ for apples in a tub of water. He got this great big grin on his face and just laid back down and endured what she was doin’ to him.

The ambulance come pulling up right then, and Melody Fogerty piled out of the driver’s side and just walked right up and watched, all open eyed. Her sister Beverley climbed down out of the passenger side, and she just stood there watching too.

Des happened to look up and saw she had an audience. “What’s the matter? You never saw nobody give emergency first aid before?”

“Here, let me spell you, you look tired.” Beverley grinned and dropped to her knees and took Des’s place on old Walter’s dick.

Then Walter went off and thanked the two ladies for saving his life. It seems that I actually scared him so bad his heart stopped. But the thrill of Des and Bev giving him head shocked it into going again. I then knew for sure what I had always suspicioned—that a blow job could sometimes be a real lifesaver.

Since the emergency had been taken care of so to speak, and there wasn't any new emergencies, everybody went on into my trailer, and we all watched WWE. The women were so fascinated with Walter's big old dick that they wouldn't let him put it away. They just kept playing with it and making over it so much that they started to rub it a little raw. So he made them stop handling it. But he did agree to leave it out so they could look at it. About that time, I got kind of woozy from all that cheap beer and went to bed.

I woke up the next morning between Bev and Mel.

"Dessie Mae and Walter eloped last night," Mel told me. "We stayed behind to sort of console you if you feel the need."

"Ladies, right now I feel the need to piss more than I feel the need for consolation. I'll go piss a few gallons and start the coffee, and you all start the shower and we can shower together."

I quickly got out of bed and hurried in to piss. Bev came in and held it for me while Mel made coffee. We all crawled into the shower together and had a great time soaping each other up and down.

That is when I found out that Mel and Bev liked to have a little fun with each other.

"It's not like we do each other all the time," Bev told me. "But sometimes it gets boring, so we just snuggle up and unbore each other."

Now I never heard of "unboring" before, but Bev and Mel assured me that it was quite acceptable in some circles. I figured that what with them being family and all, it must be all right. (Not that I really gave a shit one way or the other all that much.)

We invented a three-way triangle of making love and having sex that guaranteed all the main parts of all the people involved was taken care of. We were on the road to ecstasy, as one of Dessie's true love magazines calls it, and it just about wore all three of us out to a fair frazzle. After a while, we decided that it was time to get cleaned up and eat something a little more substantial than what we had been snacking on, namely each other.

We all three showered and went out into the kitchen to have more coffee and some pancakes when there was this great big old whirring noise, like a million fans all blowing at once. I remember looking at the girls and asking, "You hear that?"

Then there was a "crunch" sound of cheap sheet metal being torn, and a shadow appeared where no shadow should have been. I looked up and saw blue sky where there was only ceiling to look at before!

"Something has happened to the roof!" I ran outside and saw this great big giant thing that looked like it was made out of polished aluminum. It stood twice as high as the trailer and about three times as long. Later I found out that the dent it made in the ground was a perfect circle a hundred twenty feet across and six feet deep!

That big shiny sucker came to rest with not ten feet between it and my front door. It was a huge son of a bitch, let me tell you! I figured that this was that Russian satellite that everybody had been writing about in the newspapers, Mervin or Melvin or what the hell ever it was called. Hell, it had to be the Russian one because it was so piss poor made that it fell out of the sky.

I grabbed my revolver that I bought when I was a deputy sheriff and figured that if they was Russians inside, I'd just shoot me one or two and get a medal or a reward or something. Shit, I figured that there had to be somebody left in Washington DC that was still pissed off at the Russians. Just because they tore down that wall didn't make them all nice and friendly. No siree! Like that crazy preacher Esker Hogben says, "Better dead than red!" I figured I'd just make me a few reds dead and get me a reward or something.

I remember I got to wondering if they give out new cars for killing Russians, or at least a

new set of dishes? Melmac would be real nice. Hell, I figured that there would be something I could get. I would never shoot at people, but Russians was different and don't count.

Anyway, a door opened right in front of me and this skinny green dude stepped out, grabbed my pistol out of my hands and said, "Thanks. I need this."

"Hey!" I yelled at him. "Don't break that! That's the only gun I got!"

That was some nerve of that son of a bitch, grabbin' my gun and all. But at least he wasn't a red. Who ever heard of a "green red?" See what I mean? I got powers of reason you never saw before. I am unique, my Ma says. Then she has to up and say, "Too fuckin' unique." That sort of lets the wind out of my sails. But she did love me enough to get Wilbur's mamma to get me on with the sheriff's department.

Well, I followed him since his door didn't shut behind him. He carried my pistol inside and poked it down in a hole in the floor real hard. There was a groan like a big door with rusty hinges started opening for the first time in fifty years. Then there was a bumping noise and the whole fucking thing started to shimmy and shake like a demented tap dancer. Suddenly there was a "WHOOSH!" and I started to float up toward the ceiling. That was when I had a strange feeling that we weren't in Humper, Oklahoma no more! And you know something? We weren't!

"Oh fuck! What is this shit?" Bev asked.

"Gawdammit! This is better'n a roller coaster!" Mel said.

I looked around and saw that they had followed me out, and they were as naked as I was. Bev looked out the window while her tits just sort of expanded and gently waved at me. She scrunched up to that little window and stared real hard.

"If that's the Earth down there, we are sure as shit up real high!"

"Actually, we are beyond *high*," the green man said. "We are what you Earth people call 'far out.' Oh yes indeedy!" He grinned, looked at the girls and licked his forehead.

Bev watched his tongue exercise and said, "You better believe it's far out. Real far out!" She wasn't bashful in grade school or high school. When she saw him lick his forehead, she lost any inhibitions she had, if she ever had any. "I think I just fell in love!" She grinned at him and he grinned at her, and the next thing I know, Mel and I are all alone. We watched out that little window as the Earth kept getting smaller and smaller.

I put my arm around Mel, and she put her arm around me. We just sort of stood there holding on to each other, scared as shit by what we were seeing. Let me tell you that about the scariest thing in this world is to leave it like we were doing at more miles per second than I can count.

About a half hour later, Bev came back out with stars in her eyes and a dreamy expression on her face. "Did you know that Remkin's people have their sex organs in their mouths instead of down below? You talk about a double treat! This dude is better'n doing the whole high school football team after a big game! You gotta try him out!"

You talk about feeling devastated, well I sure was about then. First, my true love for life or until the next one comes along up and leaves me for a retard with a peter like a telephone pole. Then I next have to have a Martian with his dick growing in his mouth for competition. Talk about life being unfair! Sometimes it just don't pay to get out of bed in the morning.

In a whisper of a second, Mel and old Greenie were gone and Bev and I were staring out at some planet we were parked next to.

"Too bad you're not a girl," Bev told me. "That ugly green sucker is could make my Aunt Martha cream! He is just—"

"Yeah, I know. He's just somethin' else."

“You’re just jealous!”

“Hell, yes, I am! Here I am gettin’ dumped three times in less than twenty-four hours! How the hell do you think I’d feel? Shit, it’s enough to make a man swear off women, almost.”

So I stood there looking out the window, lost in deep thought, when I all at once I had a strange feeling. So I asked me, *How the hell am I going to get home again? Where the hell is home?* I started to get scared as hell about then. In fact, I got so scared standing there I even forgot all about pussy for almost five whole minutes. I looked at Bev, and she started to look scared too.

“Rupert,” she said to me, sounding all the world like a little girl, “how are we going to get home?”

“I don’t know,”“ but I will tell you this. I ain’t ever goin’ to associate with any green men ever again! I swear.”

She just nodded.

That was when I decided to do something. Hell, it is always better to do something than to just stand there, even if it was the wrong thing and you end up deeper in the shitter. So, I just reached over and grabbed that ole thirty-eight out of that hole in the floor, and the damn thing discharged! I remember thinking “Oops!”

All at once, we were no longer in orbit around that planet.

The stars all started to become long lines of light, and that green guy comes running out and looks at things and says, “You fixed it! I should have let you work on it in the first place. I thought I was going to have to call for a tow and get in trouble with my folks!”

Well hell! I was never one to refuse glory, whether I deserved it or not, so I said, “I figured I better do something just so I could get home! I got a hole in my roof I got to fix.” I stopped and then added, “A hole that you put there!”

“I’m sorry about that, but I had to make an emergency landing. Let me make it up to you.” He pointed a thing that looked like a wand one of those stage magicians use, and all at once I felt a buzzing all throughout my whole body. It didn’t hurt a bit and when he was finished I felt better than I had in years! Hell, I could actually *think*.

“What did you just do to me?” I asked. “And while we are on the subject, how is it that you talk like we do and not like you got a cheap speaker in your chest?”

“Oh, all Klrnxt—that’s my people—have the ability to speak all languages. It’s a part of our brain makeup. It’s part of yours now also. You are thinking very clearly now, but it will fade back to your normally dull thought patterns, then it will return as your brain adapts to the improvements I made in it.

“This,” he held up the wand, “is our universal healing device. I wasn’t supposed to use it on you, but I felt I just had to reward you for fixing my folks’ old runabout. Besides, if it hadn’t been for you, I wouldn’t have gotten all that prime earthling sex!”

I looked closer at him. “You’re nothing but a horny teenager!”

“Yeah, so?”“ I got to do something that nobody from my world has ever done before. I got to have sex with two beautiful Earth babes. Your whole solar system is off limits, you know. I can’t wait to tell all the guys back at the learning center! I even have pictures to prove it!”

Bev and Mel weren’t too sure they appreciated being on candid camera, especially as candid as they just were. But I reminded them that any showing would be jillions of miles away, and nobody back home would ever see them.

“Well, that’s all right then,” Mel said. “But a girl can’t be too careful where her reputation is concerned.”

In my heightened state of clarity, I thought of several things I could remind her of about her reputation, but I prudently held my tongue.

Mr. Green Man took us back to Earth and planned to drop us all three off at my trailer. But the girls said that they wanted to be let out at their house. So he dropped them at their house, swooped over to mine, let me out and zoomed off. Then I found myself under arrest.

The fucking army had snagged me up. And the next thing I knew, I was in a place out on the middle of the desert called "Area 51." I yelled for a lawyer and demanded my civil rights and all the rest. What I got was a white jump suit, no underwear and a physical examination that was so personal it would make a proctologist blush. Not only that, but an ugly little gnome of a woman stuck a finger up my ass and made me cum. They almost all had a nervous breakdown when they found out my life juices glowed *green* in the dark.

They ran tests and decided that they wanted me to try to impregnate a female volunteer. One cute little private volunteered, and we took up housekeeping. I found that quite enjoyable, but nothing lasts. By that I mean we shared my living quarters until she became pregnant. As soon as she missed her period, she was pulled out and I was all alone again.

In the meantime, I seem to be thinking more clearly every moment. I redesigned the personal computer they permitted me to have, and I used it to design a computer the size of a laptop that has the power of a Cray. They are all excited about it and won't even talk about releasing me.

Therefore I shall wait until the proper time and affect my own release. I am leaning toward the notion of leaving behind me a pile of slag that glows sort of greenish in the dark.

After that, I'm either going to conquer the world or go back to Oklahoma and open a whorehouse. I haven't quite decided which I'd rather do yet.

THE END

About the Author

T. C. Allen

Born a bastard child in Dust Bowl Oklahoma at the beginning of the Great Depression in 1933, T. C. Allen early copped an attitude. In those days, to be a bastard was an unforgivable sin, especially in an ignorant town like Woodward, Oklahoma.

Raised on the “wrong side of town” gave him an education no effete literature instructor could ever instill in him. Incest, drunken fights at country dances and bar room brawls further shaped that attitude.

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

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

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

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

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

You can write to T. C. here:

T. C. Allen
c/o Chippewa Publishing LLC
P.O. Box 662
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin 54729



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