The Sexual Saint ...In Gym Shorts

By Magical_felix

Published on Lush Stories on 11 Nov 2011

Copyright © 2012 Magical_felix. All rights reserved.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/the-sexual-saint-in-gym-shorts.aspx

Omar
Previously on the Sexual Saint..

"I'm going to fuck the shit out of you Melanie. You've always turned me on parading those legs around here like you do." Omar said, lifting the horse-tail attached to the toy in her ass, his hand moving the butt-plug up and down inside Melanie's tight hole causing her to squirm. He rubbed the head of his dick along her slit and around her clit. He felt Melanie's juices flow and sank his cock into her warm pussy. He placed his hands on her hips with the butt-plug tail still between his right hand and her skin. The tail was so taut that it shot waves of pleasure into Melanie with each of Omar's thrusts. He fucked her with long steady strokes as the crowd cheered him on.

"Fuck that bitch man!"

"Get it champ!"

"Fuck that beach bunny!"

"This is going on Facebook!"

Melanie felt her orgasm steadily building. She was pushing back into Omar as he sank his cock into her warm, wet depths. She felt herself reaching that breaking point and released her orgasmic spasms.

"Fuck I'm cumming Omar... Fuck... Fuck... Fuck... YES!" Melanie panted as her orgasm rolled through her body. "Hold on, fuck... Damn..." Melanie laid on the pool table motionless except for the slight movements of her breathing.

Omar pulled his dick out along with the butt-plug and sank his cock deep in Melanie's ass. "I'm not finished with you yet bitch."

Oh fuck... Why does anal make every guy's dick feel like it's as thick as a beer can... Damn Mel, you're getting fucked in the ass in front of a group of guys... You fucking hate this fucker Omar too... You got to get out of here... I hope he just cums already... Fuck this guy, he thinks he's so fucking good now cause he gave you an orgasm... Melanie thought as the pounding in her ass was intensifying.

"Is that all you got Omar? I can hardly feel your dick up my ass!" Melanie said, turning her head, startling Omar. "Did you hear me, I can hardly feel your dick up my ass! If it wasn't for my clit rubbing on the edge of the pool table I doubt I woulda came."

"What bitch?" Omar paused.

"I think she is saying your dick is smal--"

"Shut the fuck up Jeff," Omar pulled his dick out and pulled Melanie up by her hair, turning her to face him. He brought his hand up and opened his palm. "You wanna feel something?"

Omar snarled and began to bring his hand down with tremendous force. His hand was about to contact Melanie's soft face when he felt a large black hand grip his wrist and stop it cold.

"Thats enough Omar, she was just having some fun with you," Charlez said in a calm, collected voice.

"LET FUCKING GO OF ME CHARLEZ! LET GO! LET GO YOU PINCHE PUTO!" Years of bottled up anger between the number two and number three men in Roberto's organization bubbling to the surface now.

"let go of her now."

"If you don't let me go I swear to God I will put your big black ass in a dumpster... LET FUCKING GO OF ME NOW YOU FUC--"

"OMAR! CHARLEZ! What the fuck? We're brothers. EVERYONE GET THE FUCK OUT!" Roberto ordered. The guys grabbed their things and quickly exited the house leaving Omar grabbing Melanie, Charlez grabbing Omar and Roberto standing five feet away enraged that his two top movers of his product had let their emotions go in such a way in front of the rest of the underlings.

"Let go Omar and I'll let you go." Charlez repeated staring Omar right in the eye.

"You're gonna choose some puta over me Charlez?"

"You had your fun, she paid her dept... Let her go now, she's had enough," Roberto demanded. Omar looked over at Roberto, defeat in his eyes. He stared back at Charlez and mouthed something under his breath continuing to stare for several seconds. He finally released his grip on Melanie and stormed outside to smoke a cigarette. He paced back and forth like a caged tiger, never taking his eyes off Charlez.

"Calm him down Boss, I'll kill him if I have to," Charlez somberly said to Roberto.

"No... None of that nonsense Charlez, we all just got a little high and heated. Tomorrow we'll sit down and talk about this shit. You're a good man Charlie Brown. Get out of here for now. I'll calm homeboy down.

"Put your clothes on Melanie, I'm taking you home," Charlez instructed as he put on his black leather jacket and fished his car keys out of his pocket. He followed Melanie, after she got dressed, outside of the house and toward his burgundy 1988 Buick Regal.

"But my bike..."

"Don't worry about that piece of shit bike Mel, trust me."

Charlez started the engine and pulled out of the drive way, Bill Wither's 'Use Me' playing in the background.

"You've learned your lesson, right girl?"

"Yeah... Yeah I have Charlez." *No you haven't Melanie... You're lucky your black angel was watching over you tonight... He won't always be there, but I will...* Melanie's ever present imaginary friend, Candy, reminding her.

"Good cause if you haven't I can't give you what I have in my pocket. See this?" Charlez tossed a large bag full of pills toward Melanie. "That' 200 hits of ex, you do know what 200 hits of ex is worth right?"

"I do," Melanie stared in awe at the bag in her hand.

"You work for me now Melanie, so Omar or any of his vatos can't touch you. You dig?"

"I dig."

"Don't let me down Melanie. I really put my neck out for you tonight," Charlez pulled into 'the Palisades.' The shitty little beach apartments Melanie lived in and stopped the car.

You better thank him bitch... I mean really thank him... He just saved our face... I know, I know Candy shut the fuck up...

"I know... Charlez you, you wanna come in?" Melanie looked into her guardian angel's dark eyes.

"It's late girl, Crystal is waiting for me. Maybe me and your fine ass... Maybe next lifetime. Be carful with that Mel. Always get the money up front and never put the whole stash in one place. You have any problems, you call me. Go clean yourself up and rest now."

Charlez watched Melanie walk up her steps, pause and turn to look at him one more time. He looked into her eyes for a moment, put his Regal in reverse and disappeared into the night.

...

Benny

Benito paused and emptied the last few drops of water from his canteen into his mouth. Holding it high in the air as if the higher he held it the more gravity would help him get any water still clinging to the inside. He discarded the canteen on the rocky soil and continued to walk. A couple of brothers in their late twenties in front of him and a small family close behind. The coyote had dropped them off two days ago telling them the border was just a few hours walk. He lied.

They continued walking as day became night, not risking staying in one spot for too long so close to the border. The horror stories the coyote was telling them on their ride here still so fresh in their minds. He saw the brothers stop and sit down, taking their well-worn boots off to empty them of the earth that had found it's way into them. Benito paused several feet away from the group too, an unspoken camaraderie between this band of strangers forming over the past few hellish days. The family caught up and sat as well, leaving only Benito standing, nervously looking around into the darkness. The father placed a cigarette into his mouth and flicked the spark wheel of his lighter illuminating all but Benito with an amber glow in the blackness of the night.

"Que haces pendejo?" One of the brothers whispered. Benito shot a glance up over the horizon. Three sets of headlights coming to life and beginning to swiftly roar toward them like angry dragons.

Their worst nightmare becoming a reality.

"Pinche idiota!" The brother snapped and hurried to put his boots on.

Not even a second had passed before Benito slipped the strap of his backpack off his shoulder. Dread and fear entering his body like the contents of a syringe to a main line. Before his pack hit the ground he was already sprinting as hard as he could toward the fence-less border in front of him. He looked to his left and saw the headlights getting closer and closer. He looked behind him and saw the family still foolishly struggling to gather their things. He felt the adrenaline filling every muscle in his legs and arms as he ran for freedom, his heart threatening to beat a hole in his chest. He flinched as he heard the thunderous crack of rifle shots ripping through the warm air. He didn't dare look back as he continued to run. Running, breathing, praying. All thoughts pushed out of his mind now. All pain gone. His body in overdrive. A human machine.

Before Benito knew it he was in an apple orchard, his legs on fire. He held onto a low hanging tree branch and tried to catch his breath. He picked an apple and bit into it as he collapsed. He laid there, no longer able to keep his eyes open.

****

The sun began to peek over the horizon as the morning approached. The warm light massaging Benito's closed eyelids. He was jolted awake by the loud bark and warm breath of a monstrous black dog being held by it's owner just a few feet away from his face.

"You okay fella? I thought you was dead." An old man asked, a look of concern on his face. "You know any English?"

"A... A little." Benito looked up.

"Well, what's your name son?"

"Benny."

...

Roberto

Roberto sat in a lounge chair in the back of the Filly club, the Deftone's 'Change' filling the room. He was the only customer bathing in the purple light of the small, dank club this Tuesday afternoon. He

sat looking through his phone, legs crossed, sipping on a bloody Mary. Actually, to say Roberto was a customer is a lie. We can just call him more of a silent partner who likes to use his investment.

A few half-dressed 'tits-on-sticks' chatting with the DJ, a bartender cutting fruit, and a young Mexican the only other people Charlez saw when he entered through the Filly's door. The smell of perfume, sweat and alcohol filling his nostrils.

"Charlez! What's up man? You drinkin'?" Gee, the bartender asked.

"I'm straight right now Gee, Who's the new boy?"

"That's Benny, some stray Roberto picked up. He's had him cleaning and fixing shit around here the past couple weeks. Roberto's chilling in the corner."

"I see him," Charlez said and strolled over to where Roberto was seated, shaking hands with the DJ and kissing the girls on the way.

"You're late... DAWN, Grab Charlez a bloody Mary."

Dawn adjusted her top, rolled her eyes and slinked over to the bar to order the drink. The men staring at her toned ass as one cheek moved slightly higher than the other with each wobbly step she took in her four inch heels.

"I was held up at home. Crystal, you know how she can be." Charlez said as he made himself comfortable in the chair.

"How is Crystal? You keeping her happy Charlie? You have to try harder now that you're on paper."

"I try."

"What about Melanie? Where is that bitch?"

"I left her in the car. We have the stash with us. Didn't want to bring it in here, didn't want to just leave it out there."

"Crystal know you doing runs with that little beach bunny now?"

"Nah..." Charlez leaned back in his chair.

"Motherfucker!" Roberto laughed, forcing a slight grin out of the usually emotionless Charlez. "How's she working out? She being her usual self or you whipping her ass into shape?"

"She's working out fine."

"Since she's your right hand now, that pretty much makes her my pinky. She should be in here for this."

Charlez furrowed his brow. "Oh?"

Benny approached the table where the two men were seated, two fresh bloody Mary's in hand. He placed the drinks in front of them and stood awaiting instruction like a dog waiting for his master to toss a ball.

"Sit down Benny, where's your drink muchacho?"

"Oh... No, no," Benny smiled. "Provecho."

"Provecho... That shit means enjoy your drink Charlie. We don't have words like that over here." Roberto took a long sip of his bloody beverage before continuing. "Benny is gonna help you out now. You've been moving so much fucking shit man! It was a smart move bringing Melanie on board. With the amount of junkies that bitch knows I'm having a hard time keeping the flow going."

"I don't need help."

Roberto paused. "Benny, show him."

The small lean Mexican lifted his white t-shirt and faced Charlez.

"See that Charlie? That's the same sacred heart you got tatted on your chest years ago, as I have on mine and the rest of our brothers and sisters have on theirs." Roberto leaned in to place his hand on Charlez' chest and motioned Benny to put his shirt back down not before Charlez counted at least three bullet holes on Benny's torso.

"That's quick," Charlez' intense eyes focused on Benny. The young Mexican getting flash-backs of his first morning in the United States, years ago, under the apple tree. Charlez stood up. "I don't need, or want any help. I have to get started on my rounds."

Benny and Roberto silently watched the big man get up and walk away.

"He forgets he isn't a freelancer Benito, you know what that word means?"

Benny shook his head 'no' and turned back to Roberto. James Brown's 'the Boss' coming on driving his own point further into Roberto's head. A flash of sunlight cutting the purple haze of the club as Charlez made his exit.

"It means, he forgets I'm his Jefe and not just his cliente." Roberto downed the bloody Mary, set the glass on the small round table and flicked it away with his middle finger, causing it to slide and bump into Charlez' untouched drink he left behind.

...

Melanie, Charlez and the Three Blind Mice

Charlez leaned back on Melanie's shitty worn futon in her tiny apartment. He closed his eyes trying to push out the details of the rounds he needed to make that day and tried to enjoy himself.

"Is that how you like it big Daddy, you like when I suck your big dick nice and slow?" Melanie said, looking up at Charlez, putting his hard cock back in Her mouth engulfing the head and slowly sucking up on it. Her sucking making him weak, vulnerable, completely relaxed and harder than he has gotten with any other girl before her. He looked down at her blue eyes, smiled and placed his hand on the side of her face. He caressed her cheek with his thumb before running his fingers through her hair. Moving her head a little faster up and down the length of his erect shaft. Melanie closed her eyes and allowed her boss, protector and lover to use her like he does every morning.

She reached up to grip the base of his cock to pump it into her mouth. Knowing every nuance of his breathing, his movement when he was getting close. She began moaning into it, closing her eyes as if to tell him she was ready for her treat. Charlez let out a heavy breath and began to cum, Melanie not skipping a beat, continuing to suck, swallowing every bit without hesitation. She continued until he was soft again and placed his cock back in his pants, not before placing a kiss on it in the same way a baker places a cherry on a cake they just finished decorating.

"It was a lot today," she giggled, stood up and made her way to the bathroom. She looked over her shoulder at him as she walked away, bumping into the door frame as she did. *Fuck! Way to go dumbass, real sexy...* She thought, literally feeling her cheeks turning red.

Charlez shook his head, watched her exit the living room and pulled out his phone. He felt it buzz in his pocket as he was finishing in the Beach Bunny's mouth a few moments before.

1 new message

Roberto: Filly, noon.

He placed it back in his pocket and waited for Melanie to get dressed. Always a half hour for her to put on her t-shirt and brush her teeth. His patience with her these past eight months surprised him. He actually enjoyed waiting for her in this little hole of a living space she had dug out of the world for herself. She was like a stray puppy you couldn't get mad at for pissing on the carpet.

****

The unlikely partners in crime arrived at the Filly. Charlez parked his burgundy Regal to the side, close to the gas station.

"Wait here girl, I'm gonna be in and out."

"I'm hungry Charlez, I didn't eat," Melanie gave him her best puppy dog eyes.

Charlez nodded toward the gas station and peeled a twenty dollar bill from his roll. He gave the keys to Melanie, stepped out of the car and walked toward the red door of the Filly club.

Melanie grabbed her large sliver purse from the back seat, unzipped it and took a look at the ten baggies all containing 100 hits of ecstasy each. She zipped it back up, took a rubber band out of the tiny pocket of her green gym shorts and tied it around the two zippers. She hung the bag's strap from her shoulder and let it rest on her side. She tapped her growling belly a couple of times, tucked her brown hair behind her ears and made her way to the gas station.

Melanie had a cran-grape juice in one hand while reaching for a couple chocolate old fashioned donuts with the other. She pulled the donuts out and the door came smacking down at the very moment she felt a hand on her hip.

"What's up Mel? Where you been hiding these days?" Blondie said, lifting his sunglasses onto his head pushing his blonde curls back.

Melanie froze, unsure of what to respond to this low level beach brah. Wishing he had not recognized her.

"Oh shit baby, if it's not the sexiest little base head on the beach, oh baby." Baby, another beach

brah, said before Melanie had a chance to answer Blondie. She could feel his eyes looking her over through his dark aviator glasses.

Melanie turned around to face them, brushing Blondie's hand off her hip. "Where's Birdie?"

"Damn Baby, you haven't seen me in like a million years and you're asking about that Birdie?" Baby dropped his mouth in an exaggerated fashion.

"How you guys doing? I was just wondering cause you three are always together. You know, the Three Blind Mice..." Melanie said as she shouldered her way through the pair.

"Girl, you know we hate that name." Melanie ran into Birdie's chest as he stepped into her path, his hand gripping her arm. His all black Spy sunglasses focused on her. "Where you going so fast? We're just happy to see you is all. We got some good candy right now if you're needing some."

"Thanks, but I have a hook."

"You rolling with that big fucker Charlez now huh? I've heard shit 'round the way. You two been hustling up and down that beach." Birdie said.

"We hang out, yeah."

"Heard it was more than that," Birdie rubbed his thin mustache and 'flavor saver' before running his hand over his freshly shaved head. "We just came up on some shit that we don't know what to do with... You know us, we straight sell pot to those surfers 'n' shit. But we came up on some shit that... That might be right up your alley."

"I'm busy, you guys sell it." Melanie shook his hand off her arm and walked up to the register. "Two packs of Newport's please and this." She put her drink and donuts on the counter.

"Damn baby, we ain't looking to sell it. We're looking for like a consignment deal, baby." Baby's speech impediment getting on Melanie's nerves now.

"I don't know what you three heard, but I don't do consignments. Plus, why don't you tell Charlez. I don't know what you're even talking about really."

"Where is that dick-head? He in the Filly?"

I'd like to hear you call him that to his face, pussy... "Yeah, you want me to tell him the Three Blind

Mice are looking for him?"

"Calm down girl, we ain't 'looking' for him. We just saw you and wanted to give you an opportunity. But if you don't want..." Blondie lowered his voice. "If you don't want 2,000 hits of ex then sorry we wasted your time."

"Shut the fuck up brah, let me do the talking. It's my score," Birdie said annoyed.

"Wait what? Let's go outside..." *Fuck Candy... That's a lot of money to be made... Better be careful Melanie, use your brain for once... Whatever Candy...* Melanie paid up and followed the Three Blind Mice outside to the parking lot. As they were walking to the Regal, they saw Charlez leaning on the trunk of his ride waiting for Melanie.

"Where's the change?" Charlez asked Melanie while eyeing the Three Blind Mice. The fact that all three were wearing their trademark sunglasses was making him want to smack them off their dumb brah faces.

"I got some Newport's too..."

"Newport's are twenty bucks now?"

"I got two packs..."

"Get in the car girl."

Melanie leaned in and whispered in Charlez' ear, glanced back at the Three Blind Mice and got into the front seat of the car. She turned on the music and ate her breakfast of champions.

"How the fuck you three bitches come up on 2,000 hits?"

"Come on baby, we ain't disrespecting you baby."

"Yeah brah, we're trying to do some business and you call us bitches? We can go to Omar with this come up too you know." Birdie said.

"Or we can sell them ourselves," Blondie added.

"Oh yeah, is that so? Not on this beach I hope," Charlez raised his eyebrows.

"Shut the fuck up..." Birdie stared at Blondie until Blondie was staring at the ground and quiet once again.

"Where did you get them?"

"Look baby, it's like this. We heard about homeboy 'round the way getting caught up for guns or some shit baby. You know how that goes... Homeboy lived alone so we couldn't let that herb get dry and stale on his ass. We went to retrieve it for him baby, only when we opened up his stash box... It was full of pills."

"So you nice guys were doing him a favor huh?"

"We were doing the beach a favor baby."

"What do you want for them?"

"If you sell them for us just like, three g's brah... Or like, if you just want them... We could part with them for one. You can't pass that up, we just want them off our hands." Birdie explained.

"One?" Charlez laughed and stood up. "Where they at?"

"The Vatican. We stashed them at the Vatican."

...

The Bear, the Bunny and the Fox.

Charlez and Melanie followed the Volkswagen bus containing the Three Blind Mice away from the beach and toward South-east SD.

"Hey look Daddy, my tongue is in a brown eye," Melanie turned toward Charlez, chocolate donut up to her mouth, her tongue darting in and out of the hole.

"I'm driving girl," He looked at the bunny out of the corner of his eye unable to conceal the small smile creeping onto his face.

"This slut likes that! She likes biting too, GRRR!" Melanie took a large bite of the donut and turned her head to look out the window.

Charlez parked the Regal several car lengths behind the VW Bus on the narrow road in this broken down neighborhood. The kind of place where the front yards have chain linked fences surrounding them, the houses have bars on The windows, cages on the front doors. Where smiling was a sign of weakness and kindness made you a target.

Charlez pulled out his roll and counted ten one hundred dollar bills, folded them and placed them in his jacket pocket. Melanie finished her donut and they both exited the vehicle to meet the Three Blind Mice who were waiting patiently by the Bus.

"You haven't been down here in years baby, the hood still looks good huh?"

"No," Charlez stated, took a deep breath and looked around. "It still smells like shit."

"Come on now brah, that beach living is spoiling you."

"let's just get these pills... I have shit to do," Charlez insisted.

Melanie shadowed Charlez who followed the Mice through the gate of the fence leading up to the Vatican, as it was called. The Vatican, at one time, before the decent people moved out of the neighborhood, was a place to worship God. One of those tiny little houses converted into a church by simply putting a cross and a plaque on the front door. Abandoned now, it serves as a place to hide guns, drugs ...people. Right in the heart of junkieland, passing hands from criminal to criminal. How such low level chumps came to acquire such a profitable location puzzled Charlez as he walked up.

They walked through the peeling white front door and stepped into the mostly empty living room. An old sofa, several discarded religious items, a few milk crates and a rug the only decorations.

"Don't you fucking move you big bitch! This shit is enough to take a bear to it's grave."

Charlez felt the double barrels of a shotgun pressed against his back. He raised his hands and stood perfectly still. Melanie stumbled backward and bumped into Blondie. The Blind Mice stepped to the side, out of the way of any slugs that would be coming their way.

"Omar don't, what are you doing?" Melanie said, stepping forward.

"Shut the fuck up bitch... Turn around Charlez and look at me. Brothers, that's what we were. Then you go and choose some fucking base-head puta over me. You embarrass me in front of all those cabrones. I get pushed down south to that fucking hippie beach. Selling weed to fucking bums and skater kids. Roberto decides to fucking reward YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT FUCKED UP!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO BROKE THE MOTHERFUCKING RULES! But you get rewarded... Say something motherfucker!" Omar snarled.

"So There's no pills, is there?"

"Hijo de tu chingada madre!" Omar raised the double barrels and stared at Charlez right in the eye. His finger making contact with the trigger, beginning to squeeze. "Adios amigo."

Just at the point of no return Omar's finger released the trigger at the sound of Melanie's big silver purse hitting the ground followed by her jacket. All five men turned to look at her. Charlez death stare broken and being replaced with ...awe. Awe for a girl who knew what needed to be done. The Beach Bunny, the hero, the sexual saint.

Melanie removed her black tank top, freeing her firm but full breasts. She quickly tied her brown hair up in a ponytail and placed her hands on her hips.

"You're sweet on this bitch aren't you Charlez? I can see it in your eyes." Omar said.

Melanie began walking up to Omar.

"NO!" stay away from me bitch. Sit down Charlez, I want you to watch this. I want you to see your little whore in action." Omar held the gun on Charlez and slowly retreated into the corner.

Birdie walked up behind Melanie and slid his hand down her flat belly and into her shorts, running it over her bald mound and between her pink folds.

"Damn girl, you're dripping wet. You're ready to have some fun aren't you? You crazy bitch."

Melanie looked once at Charlez, closed her eyes and pushed her pussy into Birdie's hand as she reached up to rub his shaved head. His hands on her body turning her on, making her pussy crave being full. She reached for Blondie's hand and brought it close to her face taking his finger into her mouth. Baby knelt in front of her and pulled her tight green gym shorts down and leaned in to flick his tongue on her wet clit.

"Damn, that's real sweet baby, You don't mind do you Big C?" Baby laughed. He parted her legs and reached behind her to grab on to her firm toned ass cheeks and put his whole mouth on her cunt, licking up her sweet juices. Blondie and Birdie both leaned in to take her erect nipples into their mouths. The sucking making her wetter and wetter.

Melanie's body taking over her emotions now. Her hand reaching down to rub on the crotch of one of the men sucking on her nipple. She could feel him getting hard and she turned to unzip his pants. Baby stood up and began to unzip his pants also as Birdie got behind Melanie and licked from her pussy up to her asshole, her soft fleshy ass cheeks rubbing on his face as he did. Baby freed his dick first and rubbed it on Melanie's lips until she opened her mouth and immediately began to lustfully suck on it. Taking it deep in her mouth and sucking hard as it slid out. She stroked Blondie's hard cock as she continued to suck Baby while Birdie's face was buried in her ass sucking on her clit. Waves of pleasure surging through her body never having been with more than one man at a time before this. Having multiple hands and mouths exploring her body exciting her almost enough to cum right then and there.

Birdie stood up and pulled out his cock, he tapped it on her clit making her juices splash much to his and the on-looking Omar's delight.

"Look at your bitch Charlez, You ever make her that wet?" Omar prodded the silent big man. Both captor and captive feeling their own erections begin to want to poke out of their pants.

"Birdie wiggled the head of his cock into Melanie's opening and pushed into her tight warm pussy. She took the dick out of her mouth and moaned. "Oh... Fuck yeah." Birdie placed his hands on her hips and slid in and out of the Bunny as Blondie guided her head toward his dick now, pushing it to the back of her throat. The two men rocking her back and fourth between them as Baby stood to the side stroking his cock, holding back from cumming.

Blondie took his dick out of Melanie's mouth, gripped her hair and walked her over to the sofa. He sat down and Melanie, un-promted, straddled him and began to grind into his lap. Baby walked up behind her and parted her ass cheeks.

"Oh damn baby, look at that... Looks so tight."

Birdie shouldered into Baby moving him to the side.

"What the fuck baby?"

Birdie ignored him and got real close behind Melanie as she continued to fuck Blondie. He got his middle and pointer fingers wet with saliva and rubbed them on her asshole. As soon as she felt them she arched her back downward resting her breasts on Blondie's chest and pushed into Birdie's probing fingers. he added some pressure and his middle and index finger entered Melanie's tight asshole, she bit Blondie's chest as she felt her muscle open up.

"Fuck! She usually bite like that Charlez?"

Baby stood on the couch and placed his dick in Melanie's mouth right as she let out a moan, Blondie shooting him a 'don't you dare touch me with your dick' glare. Birdie removed his fingers, leaned in and let a droplet of spit fall from his lips between Melanie's cheeks and down her crack. He rubbed the spit into her asshole with the head of his cock and began to push in. Her moans increased as she felt his head slowly expand her tiniest hole until her muscle couldn't hold tight anymore and let him sink in.

"UUUHHHMMMFF! Fuuuck..." Melanie managed to let out through her lips that were still wrapped around Baby's dick then continued to suck as she felt her asshole get invaded. Birdie buried it deeper and Melanie was now airtight with dick, full to the brim, no holes barred. She had never felt like such a whore before in her life and it was driving her wild.

One sensation being immediately replaced by another as one shaft pulled out of one of her holes while another pushed in. Blondie's hands on her breasts, his thumbs and pointer fingers squeezing her nipples as he massaged her fleshy tits. She felt nuts slapping on her pussy, a hand on the back of her head, cocks filling her up, hands on her hips, Charlez' eyes on her as she felt Baby's hand pull her head towards him, his dick pushing further in her mouth. His cock began to pump blast after blast of warm cum down her throat. She turned her gaze toward Baby and watched him tilt his head back as he continued to fill her mouth with his seed. He began to soften, he released her head, he pulled out and retreated to the corner of the room.

Blondie placed his hand on her back, brought her close to his chest, and turned her head to the side. He increased the intensity of his dick fucking her dripping wet cunt like some well oiled piston. He continued until he buried it all the way in, grunted and shot his load deep in her pink depths.

"Fuuuuck... Uuuhh..." He moaned as the cum travelled up the length of his shaft and shot into Melanie.

Birdie gripped Melanie's hair and stood her up, cum dripping from her slit. He moved her to the closest wall and and instructed her to bend forward and place her hands on it. He tapped the inside of her ankles with his foot making her spread her legs. He slid his dick between her ass cheeks until his head was once again poking at her rear opening. Melanie took her right hand off the wall and reached between her legs. She began to rub the mixture of her own juices and cum into her clit as she felt Birdie's dick enter her asshole. He immediately started fucking her hard and furiously making it difficult for her to hold herself up with one hand. Birdie placed his hands on her hips, squeezed them tightly and continued to slam into her. He felt his legs stiffen up and his orgasm begin to build at the base of his cock. He was only able to shove it in and out a few more times before he released his

load up Melanie's ravished ass. He pulled out and plopped down on the disgusting old couch to catch his breath.

Melanie removed her hand from the wall, slightly tapping the old forgotten cross hanging on it. She paused to straighten the small gold colored crucifix before reaching for her top and gym shorts.

"DON'T touch that you slut," Omar snarled.

****

Benny checked the time on his phone. Forty-five minutes had passed since Charlez and Melanie had entered the Vatican with the Three Blind Mice. He checked the clip of his Glock 18 and slapped it back into place. He looked around the small cluttered street and only noticed a couple of black skater kids practicing some tricks between him and the Vatican. Benny placed the Glock in his waistband, exited his black Mustang and slowly began to walk down the street. He tossed the skaters an eighth of chronic, placed a finger in front of his lips and nodded his head to the side quickly, signaling for them to scram. The kids checked the bag, smiled at each other and skated off.

Benny walked down the side of the old abandoned chapel/house and quickly peeked through the window. He saw Melanie against the wall getting fucked by Birdie, Charlez on the ground and Omar standing in the corner holding a sawed off double barrel shotgun.

Puta madre... Benny quickly pulled out his Glock and ran to the back of the house. He tried the back door, luckily it was unlocked. Benny quietly made his way to the kitchen next to the living room. He paused to think, he could hear the slapping of flesh, the smell of sex.

"DON'T touch that you slut," Omar warned a naked cum filled Melanie.

Benny looked into the room and saw Omar raising the double barrels at Melanie. He swiftly snuck up right beside him with the grace of a fox. The Three Blind Mice pointing at him trying to warn Omar, Melanie exhaling in relief, Charlez staring back at him in confusion. Benny was beside Omar before he could notice him and pressed his gun right up to his temple.

"Drop it," Benny instructed.

"Who the fuck are you? What do you want man? I don't have no beef with you. What the fuck?" Omar nervously pleaded.

"I'm Benny, and I want you to drop your gun. Si no te vuelo la cabeza, cabron..."

"Sabes quien soy?"

"Si... Drop your gun, not warning you again puto."

Omar did as he was told, the Three Blind Mice stood still, Melanie got dressed the best she could and helped Charlez off the ground.

"You okay girl?" Charlez whispered in Melanie's ear. He looked at Benny, still unaware of his intentions and wether he had just jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire.

"Yeah, I'm fine... let's get out of here Daddy, it's okay."

Melanie and Charlez headed for the door as their guardian angel held the Mice at bay and mighty Omar in the corner. Benny gave Charlez an approving head nod and the pair exited the Vatican. They walked out into the bright Southern California afternoon, got into the Regal and began to drive back to the beach.

"What was that shit all about? I thought we were dead for sure. It felt like I was in some fucking twilight zone. I met that guy, Benny I think his name was, earlier this morning, at the Filly."

"Yeah, that was Benny..." Melanie nodded.

"You know him, how the fuck did he know we were there?"

...

The Bunny and the Fox

"Daddy, I could of swore I saw that black Mustang following us yesterday... I think I saw it last week too."

Charlez looked at his rearview. "Under-covers don't roll in no old ass Mustangs. They ride in those new cars they can ram you in, Mel."

"Yeah..."

****

"Look, there's that Mustang again!"

"That's not the same car, you're paranoid girl... I'll wait for you here, we got a lot of stops today. these heads need 40 hits."

"Damn they up to 40 now? Look at these winners!"

****

"Motherfucker! It's that Mustang again!"

"The beach ain't that big, he probably lives around here. That car just stands out to you for some reason. It's just some fool that kicks it around here."

"Yeah, you're probably right Daddy."

****

Melanie was woken by her black cat rubbing his wet nose on hers. She reached up to affectionately scratch behind it's ear. "You hungry Jack? Mommy overslept a bit today. Does my elegant boy want some milk?"

Melanie rolled out of bed in her tiny apartment and made her way to her bathroom to freshen up for the day. She opened her blinds and looked out onto the busy beach street, Jack rubbing himself on her legs. She was just about to close her blinds back up as she saw the same black Mustang she had been seeing the past couple of weeks. *Fuck that... This dude is stalking me... I'm ending this shit now.*

Melanie got dressed in her typical gym shorts and tank-top. She grabbed her snub-nosed .38, Charlez had given her, and placed it in her pocket. She walked out to the front of her apartment and pretended to check her mail, keeping one eye on the Mustang. She waited until the traffic got backed up, trapping the Mustang in it's parking spot on the street. *Got you now fucker...*

She quickly crossed the street and made her way right up the passenger side door and opened it. She sat down and pulled her revolver out in one smooth motion.

"Who the fuck are you?"

"Whoa, whoa... Don't shoot. I'm on your side." Benny lifted his shirt revealing his distinct scared heart

tattoo on his chest.

Melanie lowered her gun and lifted her tank-top revealing her own smaller sacred heart on her side.

"Why are you following me? Who are you."

"Im following Charlez actually... I know he meets you here everyday then you guys go on your runs." Benny explained in his accented English.

"I think you better tell me why, man."

"Roberto... Roberto sent me. He said you and Charlez were the most important people in his crew now. Said you two were the biggest earners. I'm supposed to make sure nothing happens to you. I've been following you for three months now."

"So you're following us cause Roberto wants us protected? That shit sounds fishy..."

"Come on, you know Charlez wouldn't want the help. Roberto knows that too. That's why he had me do it like this. I've been timing you guys at each and every stop. You never take more than forty minutes anywhere."

"Yeah, and?"

"If ever you guys stay at a stop for more than forty minutes I go and check to make sure everything is cool."

"No shit?"

"Please don't tell Charlez. He'll get pissed at Roberto and I don't know how Roberto will react if he knows you found out I was following you."

"So, what's your name ese?" Melanie smiled.

"Benny, chica... My name is Benny. Just know that if you are ever in trouble, I'll be right around the corner."

"Good to know, Benny."

"So, we cool?"

"We cool."

THE END