

The Bridge to Nowhere

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THE BRIDGE TO NOWHERE

Since there wasn't enough room in the old station wagon for the entire extended family, the McGregor clan used the decrepit old Windstream to hold the excess members and it served as a focal point for them to set up camp at night.

Now that Jethro was home from the Navy, the family was complete once again.

Grandpa was the senior member of the family and nobody did anything of importance unless he gave his blessing. His spouse of some forty-odd years was fiddling away up behind the "pearly gates" after the bad flu season about four years ago. Everyone called him "Grandpa" and in God's truth, I never even gave a thought about his given name.

My name is Cheri. I have to be honest and let you know up front, I am not a true McGregor. I was taken in by Grandma McGregor when I was just a little baby with my Pa in jail and my Ma taken up with a traveling man from down New Orleans way. Apparently, no one in the McGregor family thought it a good idea to try to find her since she was reputed to be keeping "bad" company and had fallen victim to evil ways.

The twins, Bobby and Billy, were just 16 now and I didn't feel it was my job to be looking after them any longer. I am almost 20, even though I don't look it. I kind of fill in as the "mama" of the brood because Daddy Ethan's current wife was one of those lowland "store-bought shoes" girls with a steak of laziness that would make you laugh if it wasn't so sad.

Any money that was earned or otherwise came into the McGregor hands came immediately to me and I secured it safely in my quilt purse just like a bank. Jessica, that's Daddy Ethan's wife, was none too pleased about that, but knew enough to keep her yap shut for fear of crossing Grandpa McGregor.

Jessica was pretty good about tending to her little baby, Flo, short for Florence. I usually looked after it when she got into one of her real strong "lazy spells". For some unexplained reason, Jessica's younger sister, Lulu, had become one of the family and was always following Jethro around like she was his shadow. Jethro was so dang polite he would never say anything about her transparent "crush" on a 27 year old ex-Navy man. I never did get Lulu's age because those low-country girls were so devious about such natural facts. My suspicion was she was a few years older than her advertised age of 17 but she liked to be thought of as being younger and more innocent.

After buying the gas at the last station, my purse-bank was down to single-digit dollars and a heavy load of coins, mostly pennies and nickels.

The traffic on the almost deserted road was so light we had no problem pulling off on a spit of land just under the overpass bridge right by a spur of the intercostal.

The sun was fixing to set real soon and I figured I could put the twins to putting their lines in the water to get some provisions for our evening dinner. Even if they didn't have any success, I had a couple of socks filled with rice to fill everyone's belly.

Grandpa was the smartest one of the bunch.

He had his hammock out and hung on a pair of palm trees before I was even able to get the charcoal grill started. Jethro was out on the bridge watching the twins with Lulu so close behind him it looked like she was hanging on his belt. Jessica was feeding the baby the old-fashioned way and I used the last of our flour to mix up some biscuits. The other side of the bridge was equipped with a pair of port-a-johns marked "his" and "hers." I guess it was for the residents who took advantage of fishing from the empty bridge. It looked like we were the only takers at the present time.

I checked the map and saw we were only a short distance from the next city. My government book told me that there was a Social Security Office and County courthouse which should have an office for the "food stamps" and the aid for families with dependent children for Jessica and the baby. Daddy Ethan should be able to pick up his unemployment checks for this week and last week. The V.A. office was on the other side of town but Jethro would be able to check on his last month's disability check for his "bad back". Now Jethro was built real solid and you wouldn't think he had any sort of a problem at all, but the doctors in the V.A. Clinic told him he was at least 50% disabled because he couldn't lean to his left and pickup anything heavy without throwing his back out. He tried to tell them he could be real careful and lean to his right but they just laughed at him like he was trying to pull their leg.

It was me who gave Jethro his massages every night because I had been to the massage school over by the Alabama state line. He always showed up just before bedtime and took off all his clothes except for his jockey shorts that did their best to contain his extra-sized male equipment. I always concentrated on his lower back because that was his trouble spot. Sometimes I even sat on his haunches or even stood on his backside just like the Japanese mama-san trained me to do. He groaned each and every time and I know he was thinking of girls because his long shaft was pulsating like a cornered snake. Jethro never made a move on me and I wasn't sure if I was relieved or puzzled by his restraint.

Everyone had their gut filled with the fish the twins caught and the rice I browned up in the juices. The baby was sleeping right next to me because Daddy Ethan was giving it to Jessica real good with her naked body face down on the blanket right next to the bridge. The rounded moon of her ass was reflected in the full moon above and I was sure the twins were really getting an eyeful. I expected them to be visiting me after Grandpa was asleep because they were looking for a helping hand on their cocks. I had been helping them out with that ever since they turned 16 because I didn't think it was right for growing boys to be deprived of assistance in draining their cocks. Besides, I didn't want them to be taking up with Jessica's younger sister with her devious low-country ways.

Lulu always seemed to find a way to get undressed in front of light so Jethro could watch her teen-aged form getting into the sleeping bag. Then she would hum a little tune with some real risqué verses that were bound to make him think about finding a place to put his sex-deprived cock. It hadn't worked so far and I am certain it was because my massages helped to keep the edge off of his need for sex. Sometimes when I let my arm or leg come into contact with his shaft, I could feel it jump with spurts of seed shooting into his jockey shorts in a frenzied machine gun spray of cum. I wanted to touch it and hold it, but I knew he would be all bent out of shape because he considered me to be his sister even though I really wasn't.

The twins snuck into my little tent and closed the flap. I did them one at a time while the other watched with interested delight. Tonight I allowed the creamy cum to shoot up right onto my bare belly and we all watched it run down right to the elastic of my panty briefs. They both wanted to touch my pussy but I only let them run their fingers over my breasts and nipples telling them they were too young for pussy or ass play with a female. They went back to the Windstream satisfied and ready for a full night's sleep.

It had been some time since I had given Grandpa a taste of my mouth on his cock. It was something I started to do after my 16 th birthday because he was so alone after his devoted wife passed on to her reward. He didn't seem as interested in sex lately and I guess it was because it was hard for him to "get it up" for full enjoyment of a nice blow job. I suspected he was having a problem with his prostate and needed to see the hospital folks at the very next opportunity. Anyway, I didn't want to embarrass him by asking for it and I surmised if he wanted it all he had to do was give me a wink.

Daddy Ethan was another story entirely.

He was happily married to Jessica now, but before that, when he split from his religious-minded

second spouse; he was real happy to make me bend over and take it from behind in either hole. He didn't seem to mind which one, just as long as it was ready to open for his entrance. I have to admit; he had a real nice cock for a middle-aged man and was real expert in using it with great effect. Many a time, he was able to make me beg for more in either hole with little or no shame for my depraved desires. I am sure Grandpa McGregor heard his son giving it to me in the middle of the night but he never let on that he know what a bad girl I really was. Now that he had Jessica to spread her legs for him, he pretty much let me alone.

I was kind of glad Grandpa was feeling poorly in the "getting pussy" department and that Daddy Ethan was otherwise occupied with his soft and cuddly Jessica. I didn't want Jethro to be thinking I was a bad girl and not worthy of his romantic attentions. I think if it wasn't for my nightly massage sessions, he would be humping little Lulu till she couldn't walk straight. I know the twins were being closed-mouthed about my taking care of their needs and I didn't have to worry on that score. If they got too pushy about getting pussy or ass, I could always send them in the direction of Lulu just to keep her paws off of Jethro's beautiful cock.

I guess you could say we were "one big happy family" and that I was the glue that kept us all together and happy.

Tomorrow, I would be heading to the city to check on our government money and food stamps. Usually, if I ran into any obstacles, I made sure I got a male processor to handle the paperwork and made sure he got the message that my pussy, ass or mouth was available to help grease the skids of bureaucracy. The only time I got frozen out was with the guy who was more interested in men than girls in the office in North Miami. He just laughed at my antics and told me to buzz off. The next day I had a lot more success with a middle-aged female looking for a young girl to literally kiss her ass for quick service.

Jessica watched me "pay" the woman with my tongue with an amused look on her face. It was kind of funny the way the still-attractive female panted and whimpered at my face buried in her ass crack in the back seat of the station wagon but a debt is a debt and I always paid up. Jessica was quick to give me a disgusted look but she was awful quick to take the cash after I cashed the government checks at the check-cashing place. I am sure the first thing she bought was fancy panties to entice Daddy Ethan's cock between her legs. I did the food shopping and got all the necessities for the meals and for the baby.

Tomorrow, Jethro and I were going to the V.A. center for him to collect his disability and I figured that would be enough to get us up to the orange groves and some seasonal picking work. I was so happy that night that I even let the twins take turns rubbing my pussy with their inquisitive fingers. They were so playful that I escaped into a wonderful orgasm letting them see how much I loved it. That probably was a mistake because they would keep wanting more and more.

I didn't care because my pussy felt so good and I knew those boys wanted me so bad they could taste it. I just hoped that my Jethro would wake up and see me as handy pussy and not the sister I never was.

