Be good to the neighbor's wife

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Nadine finds what is lacking in her marrage

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Be good to the neighbor's wife.

Now this is a kinda true to life story, or maybe I'm just shucking, you just never know.

I'd rented an ole shotgun place a few years back, wasn't much to look at, but it was out in the sticks so was good for my intended purposes.

It had a big ole front room which was quickly turned into a practice room for my band. I'd tacked egg carton baffling up on the south wall as that was the general direction of my only neighbor who also happened to be my landlord.

Said landlord was a mighty tree stump plug of a feller, but allowed as he drove long haul truck most the week and was only home a few days. He gave his blessing to the rehearsal thing as long as we knocked it off when his rig was parked up in the drive and we didn't tear up the place too awfully bad.

His place was a right sight nicer than the shack he rented me; red brick two story with a three car garage but I was never one for finery so I'd make do.

He said his woman shouldn't much mind a little commotion as all she ever done was watch the tube, paint her nails and wander off to the bingo hall Saturday night.

"Going to a church bingo game din't make you a gambler anymore than standing in a garage makes you a car."

"My missus, Nadine is best described as a hole in search of a donut, son."

Now you wouldn't reckon a snaggle tooth redneck trucker like Cletus [thats the rent's handle] would cotton to a long haired git-tar slinger like yours fondly, but the truth of the matter is we had something

in common, namely vintage automobiles.

He claimed in the aforementioned three car garage to have a 67 Chevelle SS, a 63 Lincoln with suicide doors and a cherry 63 Vette with a split rear window and seeing as I drove up in a 67 Ford Ranchero with the D and F switched to make it a Dorf, a rust-oleum brown and factory white paint job that brought to mind a spotted milk cow, wobbly front wheel bearings and a three on the tree shift collom that loved to tangle it self in knots at the most inopportune times, causing me to have to set the parking brake, jump out the car, pop the hood, use my heavy duty screwdriver to unsnag it and jump in, and motor off as if it was common practice.

His sage advice?

"Son, If it's got titties or tires your bound to run into trouble."

But I'm getting clean past the moral of the story, but hot damn, I do love to jaw about cars.

So sliding back to the tale, I called the band together to christen my new diggs proper that very night, then threw my old Labradors name of Fuckhead into the bed of my pick me up truck and ran on down to the piggly wiggly for a case of Pabst [hey, I know it tastes like swamp water but it does the deed] and a butchers bone for Ole Fuckhead.

The hound was old, the beer was cold and the night was young as the fella's drifted in and tuned up.

We were honkin along, playing a funky shuffle,Toast thumping the bass so fine, Bam Bam laying down the back beat when I thought I'd heard a noise in the kitchen. Skank, slumped over the keys also craned his head that way, but on we played until the knocking sound returned, louder and sounding somewhat insistent, fact was the door sounded like it would plumb fall off it's hinges from the whuppin coming from outdoors.

"What the fugg?" Toast sighed as he unstrapped his bass and reached for the bong.

"You deal while I fire up, bro".

"Righty-o," I muttered and drained the lukewarm dregs of my PBR, made me a pickle face as the swill hit bottom and ambled off to the kitchen door.

The sight that greeted me as I swung the door open made me gander at my empty brewsky to make contact with reality.

A fist was swinging in a mean overhand arc towards my mellon as I jerked the door open and did a classic double take.

Standing before me in greeting was a psychedelic sasquach like creature, only not all that big, but her swing was just fine as a gust of wind swished past my nose.

I looked this vision over top to bottom, suppressing my guawfals out of sheer will power and politeness.

She looked about as strange as a football bat.

She had empty orange juice cans tightly bound all over her head, some kind of green goo smeared in globs all over her face septin around her deranged eyes, the most pitiful lumpy shag robe that might have been purple, and the topper of toppers, pink bunny slippers!

Now I'd heard fast and loose talk of bunny slippers, but never ever beheld them before.

I deduced this was the nail painting bingo playing missus by process of elimination.

Ole Clete had failed to mention the bunny slippers before he took off.

"Shoot, maam, you darn near peeled my honker clean off!" I proclaimed.

"Shoot, shoot?!" She spit and sputtered, cuss words flying like a swarm of ticked off yellow jackets.

" Son, I can shoot a sand flea's pecker clean off at a 1000 paces, leavin him alive enough to sing soprano in a choir."

"Shooting you wouldn't be no kinda sportin contest should I chose to arm myself and I might just be of a mind to do just that if y'all don't curtail that racket."

"Who in hell's half acre are you boys and why are you in here?"

"Y'all making enough noise to wake stonewall Jackson from his eternal rest."

And on and on with all sorts of blah- blah woof-woof shooting out her cake hole.

Now Toast had sidled up, caught a gander at this monument to matrimony, slid behind the door in convulsions and did his very best Groucho Marx eyebrow lift, his tongue lolling lecherously as he

gestured to the fellows comically to take a look see.

I stepped out so as not to have to look at her in light or be thrown by the guys antics and commenced to explain my rental status.

Seems old Cletus had boogied on down the road and skipped town without bringing up the fact that he'd rented the place to the missus.

She settled down right quick in light of the facts and admitted that the tunes were pretty fair, loud, but fair.

"Y'all do any country western numbers?" she inquired.

By way of making amends she offered to buy us more beer which I readily agreed to if she might could spring for Bud this time out.

"Give me a few shakes to make myself presentable and we can run into town right quick and grab up some brews," she said.

"We'll be hanging here like a hair on a biscuit, Ma'am," I retorted.

The hilarity that followed mocking her most particular wardrobe and a few passes all around of the bong was all the time it took before her headlights swung wildly into the yard and she stepped out of the Lincoln dangling her keys off her fingers.

We all just stood there, jaws agape, eyes bugging clean out our heads!

She was fine as frog hair split three ways!

Once again I scanned her form top to bottom, my peepers taking extra time on the bottom. The junk in her trunk was USDA prime, I'm dieing if I'm lying, her ass was truly superb.

Her honey colored hair was bee's nested on the top and flowed to her tiny waist, her neck was willowy and graceful and held the most angelic face I'd ever laid eyes on. The twin B-bombs that adorned her chest had highly favorable contours.

She wore a checkered shirt, the sleeves cut free, unbuttoned so she half spilled out and knotted just below her wondrous ta ta's and a pair of minuscule daisy dukes frayed and worn to thread bare in the most delectable locations and the outline of her fetching camel toe in plain sight.

Her get up was a fitting tribute to Jessica Simpson's Dukes of Hazard role, but for my money, she looked far and away better.

"Which one of you fine gentlemen wants to pilot this ole Continental contraption?" Sorry to inform you I took some of my happy pills and reckon the backseat is the best place for yours truly," she declared as she wiggled into the rear compartment, giving us a fine view of her rear gear as she scooted to the center seat, patting each side and batting her eyelashes.

Now I, for one, was flummoxed.

Decisions, decisions.

On one hand a once in a life time chance to drive the choicest pink Lincoln I'd ever laid eyes on, and on the other the chance to share a backseat with a belle of her stature.

The rise in my thighs that had my sticker pecking out did my brain a favor and overruled rational thought process as I shoved Bam Bam aside and deftly slid in beside the beauty queen quicker than a New York minute.

Bam Bam grumbled and grunted a mite as is his way while Toast raced Skank for the prized available slot on the other side. After a fair share of hooting and hollering, body checking and pushing, Skank's victory was apparent as Toast meandered forlornly round to shotgun, kicking clods of dirt and cussing under his breath at being bested.

"So and so half-baked pissant," He groused.

I was deeply saddened when he slammed the door shut as it distinguished the dome light that had reflected so favorably on her shapely stems, but was heartened considerably when she laid her head on my shoulder and glanced at me with those violet hued eyes and whispered, "After thinking on it, It's so very fortunately delicious to have such handsome young men so close at hand, things can get downright lonesome round here for a girl left alone as I frequently find myself".

All the while she was stating this, her painted fingertips where wandering up my nearest thigh, brushing against the obvious hard on tenting my jeans like I was sporting an erecter set betwixt my legs.

" Pardon me for flying off the handle before, my name is Nadine, perhaps I can make amends for my rude introduction," she said as she simultainiously kissed my ear and gave my one eyed trouser trout

a firm squeeze.

"On second look you fellers might be just what I need to put some spark in my dull existence, Cletus is a knot headed grub worm with a pecker 'bout the size to match, evertime he wants me to lift my leg I swear he put a pinky thimble up me, but I can detect your not lacking in that department. No sir, not one bit."

Now see'in as how I was raised a gentleman and all, and my firmest held belief is a woman in need is a woman indeed, I got as busy as a cucumber in a convent.

I knew I should'a steered left cause this sure wasn't right, furthermore I'd surely go straight to hell for this, but paving the road looked downright inviting.

So I proceeded to return the favor with gusto, my paw making it's way up her tanned leg until it was stopped at the prize between her thighs, the point of no return as my knuckles brushed her moist spit.

" Name's Ponyboy, so very pleased to make your acquaintance, Ms Nadine" I replied, all the while thinking fucking- A -tweedy, It's on, dive on in, the water ain't deep, lawd have mercy, this pump is primed, but my words and thoughts were most pleasantly interrupted by her lips locking down on mine full bore, her tongue shoved clear down my throat like a wildcat in heat.

As I pulled the thin denim aside that obstructed my fingers from her leaking puss, another hand scraped mine and I glanced down to see to see Skank's hand snaking up her leg as well as I disengaged from the fervent lip lock and spied her other hand stroking Skank's prick. Skank is known as a man with many quailitys, but shyness is hardly one hung on him.

" Oh my, and who have we here?" she giggled as she turned to acknowledge Skank, her petite hand fisting his dong robustly.

Not one to be outdone, I tugged at the loose knot holding her trophies in check and clamped my mouth on the tastiest titty in creation, my tongue lolling circles around her excited puffy nipple.

"I'm known 'round about as little Stevie, but I ain't so fuggin little," Skanks muffled words had hardly left his lips because he wasted no time at all in joining me sucking on the opposite teat.

"I should say not!" she declared as she settled back into the Lincoln's plush leather seat, raising her hips and unfastening her jeans, slithering out of them before taking each of our pricks back into each hand and milking them favorably.

"Holy sheet, take a looky at this!" Toast said as he swiveled around in the front seat.

Nadine pursed her lips and blew him an exaggerated kiss and said, "Ain't nothing much open in town past midnight but these here legs fellas."

" Your next hot stuff and the stud muffin driving too," she said between deep, chest heaving breaths before closing her eyes with a contented sigh as both Skank's and my fingers sank deep into her hot slot poking and prodding like gangbusters.

I swear she was tighter than a camels ass in a sandstorm but still slippery as a marble drenched in Wesson oil.

"Bingo!" she shrieked as my thumb rotated her clitty, her legs flailing wide as she pressed deep into the seat, her eyes wincing in pure pleasure as her first cum overtook her.

"I need a hot stick this very instant," she squealed and fast as greased lightening crawled on my lap and guided my prick into her twitching cooze while pulling Skank's pud to her red lips like she was sucking the red off a candy cane and inhaled his entire crank, her mouth and eyes both wide as a large mouth bass out of water, all the while violently riding my pole like she was a wildcat fracking for crude oil, her jugs bouncing fast and furious as she drilled baby, drilled.

Well, case in point Nadine and I both hit the mother lode about the same time Skank's gusher blew down her throat and the next thing I knew the continental had pulled off the blacktop in a shower of gravel as it slid sideways lurching to a most profound halt and Bam Bam and Toast exited in unison and had wrenched Miss Nadine most willingly out of the backseat all whoop whooping like Larry, Curly and Moe, peeling buck naked lickity split and they all had a good old time on the trunk of that thar Lincoln with all manner of split lickin', cock sucking, strenuous fucking and general debauchery ensuing.

They went after Ms.Nadine like a couple of three peckered goats at a sheep breeding contest, and she gave every dang bit as good as she got.

Skank and I had another go round at the rowdy poking party to boot, Ms. Nadine yelling, "Bingo! Fucking Bingooo!" every time she came, and I clean lost count of how many times she'd hit the jackpot.

There was two ways, three ways, sideways, all kind'sa ways copulating commencing that would've made the devil his own self blush and downright boggled his satanic cranium in it's sheer audacity.

Finally worn plum out, Ms. Nadine raised her hand in comical surrender.

" Fellas, I know when I'm licked..... all over!" she giggled as she climbed off the trunk.

So we all dragged our weary selves on back to the crib and we hauled out our instruments and graced her with a hot rocking country tune made up on the spot that we entitled, " Be good to the neighbors wife" and partied hardy,carrying on till well past sun up.

In days that followed Ms. Nadine and I knocked boots ever chance we got, she even gave up Saturday night bingo, preferring to meet up at the local hot pillow no tell motel where we fucked each other senseless nine ways to Sunday.

On my 23rd birthday I found a package outside my door, no card or note attached, only a ruby red lipstick smudge, and inside was a worn pair of fuzzy pink bunny slippers that are proudly on display to this day on top of my Marshall stack.

Those days that I saw that big rig roll away down the highway where some of the best I've ever known, and judging how fast Ms.Nadine made tracks up to my humble abode quicker then a fox snatching a chicken from a coop as soon as that truck vanished from sight, often slugging a flask of wild turkey as she boogied her way on up the hill, I'd venture to say she had found a right satisfying cure to her hum- drum sex life.

I din't reckon I have the faintest clue how most folks put the zing back into their sex life, but I sure enough know how Ms Nadine went about the task.