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Fm/mf

Fiction, of course. Also portrays drug use.

The Three Millers

My brother gave me the camera last year when I was twelve. He was like that sometimes, just giving me stuff. It was only two days before that he gave me a black eye and a cut on my cheek.

It meant nothing to him, anyway. The camera was just another thing that he extracted in lieu of a dope debt. He used to be good to me, still is at times, but since he's started using the product he's selling, he's been a live wire. He's always been a tough S.O.B. and I used to admire that. Since he's lost his sense of proportion, I now fear it.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a wimp. I was graced with the same physique that he has and he taught me himself how to fight. He has six years on me, though, and right now it makes a difference. He's always been a magnet for chicks, but do you know what? I'm still better looking than him.

Except when I have black eyes

If I say no to him right now, black eyes are a distinct possibility. He wants me to make a delivery for him out on the edge of town. For \$20, I'm supposed to deliver a hundred dollar bag of dope on a trip that will take me two hours round trip on my bike in the blistering sun. He has a car, but he has to drive three blocks to the house where they are going to cook up another batch, like I'm supposed to be impressed. A lousy ten-minute drive - theirs must be the only crack-house around where they are sticklers for punctuality.

What do you mean, 'who is it?' It's just some bitch; what do you care? Change your shirt – wear an alligator, look neat and wear that camera around your neck. You should look like a geek – it shouldn't be too big of a stretch.

And Tommy, you bring me back my money. I'll see you tomorrow morning.

Ma would be back at noon to eat lunch, and I wanted to be gone before then. She's determined to make sure I don't follow in Ricky's footsteps, and if she sees me, she's liable to find something for me to do all afternoon, and then I'll have Ricky on my ass because you can bet he'll be getting call after call from some chicken clucking for a fix. I

can't be slinging dope for Ricky all summer. It's not fair, and it's not right. Ricky's going down – it's just a matter of time. I don't want to be anywhere near him when that happens.

I had a dollar on my bureau that I forgot to put in my pocket before my hasty exit, and right now my mouth feels like a sand pit. It's goddamn hot out. I'm almost at Tower Street, but I don't know how far up Tower this girl lives – all I have is a number.

It figures; it really fucking figures. Well, the good news is that I can see the end of the street now, so the most I have is two more blocks – straight up. Who the hell builds houses on hills this steep, and who'd want to live in one?

Pushing my bike and looking at house numbers - it's actually sort of a nice neighborhood. The houses aren't fancy or anything, they're old, but they are spread out a little more and it's quiet up here.

If Ricky had the sense to say that it was the very last house on the left, I bet his life would be better. He always has to complicate things. The only good thing is that past the guard rail and reflector strip at the end of the road, there is a trail that goes straight up a lush hill, and I've never explored this area. It's already a little shadier here from a gigantic Elm tree in the front of the house. Before he died, my father would have called this tree a treasure. He told me these trees used to be common, but most of them got a disease. He should know; he worked for the city DPW cutting down the dying ones and planting other trees in their place.

I noticed a garden hose coiled next to the small porch as I rang the bell. One thing is for sure, I'm going to soak myself before I hit that hill.

I could hear thumping in the house, and the window to my left rattled a little as someone made their way to the door. When it opened, I was staring at a stunning beauty wearing the smallest amount of material that can still be called a bikini. She was maybe fifteen or sixteen, and I watched her expression go from neutral to evil in just a few seconds.

“That's Deuce's fucking camera around your neck! I know it is...”

I don't care how pretty she is; she pissed me off. “Yeah? Well douche ought to pay his bills instead of skating like a douche.”

She looked shocked that I wasn't intimidated. “I'm going to tell him you said that. You look like a little fucking Clooney.”

“That's right. He can find me at Ricky Clooney's house if he wants his camera back, but I think he's known that for a long time.”

Just then my cell phone rang, and I said, “That's Ricky now. Is there anything you want to say to him?” All of a sudden she wasn't so brave and she retreated into the house as I

answered the phone. I held it to my head, and in a bad tone of voice, I said, “I’m here now...” and he hung right up.

A lady came walking down the hall. When she got to the door, she pointed to me and said, “Are you...”

I nodded, and she smiled while opening the screen door. “Wow, you look hot... I mean... well that too, but do you want something to drink?”

“I was going to ask if I could soak myself under your hose.”

“Well, you can, but I’ve got some cold lemonade. Come on in.”

She sounded like a hippy chick, but I didn’t see any tie-dye anywhere. She had a blue bikini top on, and very short denim shorts. She probably weighed eighty-five pounds and looked to be in her early forties. She bore a strong resemblance to the girl who answered the door, but she didn’t have the same exotic quality as the daughter.

“Follow me and excuse the mess. The fucking maid sucks.” She laughed at her own joke while walking ahead of me. My loins stirred as I watched her ass. My loins stir at everything these days.

Off to the left of the hall I passed a comfortable looking den crowded with overstuffed furniture. I got a breeze from a powerful box fan as I walked by. Before the kitchen, off to the right, I passed a girl’s bedroom. I looked in as I walked by, and stopped for a moment. I’ve seen this girl at school. I have no idea what her name is, and I know she’s at least one grade behind me, but maybe two. When she saw me, she lunged for her door, and said, “Fucking great!” before slamming it in my face.

The lady said, “Don’t mind the little queen. She’s like that to everyone.”

I stepped into the bright kitchen and said, “We go to the same school.”

The lady had grabbed a pitcher out of the refrigerator, and stopped when she heard that. She looked at me, and said, “You do? You’re not in high school?”

“No. I’ll be in eighth grade after the summer break.”

“Wow, I never would have guessed that.” She point at the bedroom door, and said, “Janie’s going to be in the sixth grade. She’s going to be the only thirty-year-old in the sixth grade.” She laughed at her own joke again, and then said, “I’m kidding. She’s eleven. God, kids grow up fast these days. So how old are you?”

“Thirteen.”

She poured a tall glass of lemonade and handed it to me. “Aren’t you a little young to be...”

“Yeah, I am; I’m just helping my brother. I didn’t have much choice, really, but he’ll get popped soon so I won’t have to do this much longer.”

She put the pitcher back and waved to me. “C’mon in here...” Past the refrigerator there was a small bathroom on the right and a door straight ahead. She pushed the door open, and we stepped into a dark room with an unmade bed and clothes strewn everywhere. Walking to a tall dresser, she opened the top drawer and pulled out a mirror with a single-edged razor blade and a straw on in. She placed it on top of the dresser, then she pulled out some bills and counted them.

In a low voice, she said, “Now I only have \$60...”

“Fuck! Are you kidding? I can’t do that. Ricky will kill me.”

“What? Ricky knows me. He knows I’m good for it.”

I was shaking my head, and thinking. “I’ve got to call him.” I punched his button and waited until I got his voice mail. I hung up and tried it again, but got the same thing. I said, “He’s not answering; I’ll try him again in a minute.”

“Well let me do a line. If he says no, I’ll just buy half of it.”

Fuck it

I opened up the battery compartment on my SLR camera and pulled out a small zip-lock bag and tossed it on the dresser. She took a little out using the straw, and dumped it on the mirror. She started chopping it up with the razor, and said, “That’s a nice camera. Do you know how to use it?”

“Now I do. I guess it was Deuce’s camera, but he forgot the book that went with it.”

She grinned, and said, “Deuce is a douche,” and that made me grin.

She split the chopped pile in half, and then spread the two halves into thin lines. Holding the straw, she took a deep breath, let it out, and then snorted one of the lines. One of her eyes was teary as she held her nose and danced in place from the pain. After a moment, she held the straw out to me.

“Oh, no thank you.”

She gave me a sharp look, and asked, “Why? Is this stuff okay?”

I don't know why I felt defensive, and I didn't even know if it was okay, but I said, "It's fine. I just don't do it."

The door opened and the pretty girl tiptoed in. I was free to look her up and down, because she refused to acknowledge my presence as she walked to her mother. Standing together, the resemblance was clear. Both petite, they had the same straight black hair, the same small breasts – maybe mom's were a bit bigger, and the same face shape, but here the daughter had the advantage of youth, and then some.

In a low voice, she said, "Let me have a hit off the pipe. Richard will be here any second."

"I haven't filled the pipe... fuck Richard." The mother looked at me, and said, "Richard is a fifty-year-old guy, and he's 'in love' with Sasha. Sasha is only fifteen years old. Sasha, have you met... what's your name?"

"Tommy."

"Have you met Tommy? Wow, this stuff is good. My name is Ann, by the way."

Sasha didn't say anything, but started rummaging through the open drawer. I held out my hand, and said, "It's nice to meet you, Ann."

"Oh, it's nice to meet you, Tommy. Isn't he adorable, Sasha?"

"Where the fuck is the pipe... oh, here it is." She pulled out a blackened piece of glass, and dipped the stem in the bag of dope. There was a chunk in the stem, and she tapped it down into the bowl. "Got a light, Ma?"

Before waiting for an answer, she reached down into her mother's back pocket and produced a lighter. I watched her light it and melt down the dope. I said to Ann, "You shouldn't keep your lighter in your back pocket. When you sit, it presses down the button and you waste the gas."

Ann was getting ready to do the other line, but she stopped and touched my arm. "I never thought of that! That's why they don't last long anymore."

Sasha let out a huge cloud of smoke, and said, "Ma, you're so fucking stupid. You didn't know that?" Ann was in the middle of snorting the other line, and immediately went into the same painful gyrations. Sasha took another massive hit from the pipe, and then passed it to me.

"No, thank you."

"Why? Is this stuff shit?" She said this while adjusting her top, giving me a quick peek of her little titties.

“No. Your mom said it’s good. I don’t do it.”

She handed the pipe to her mom, and said, “Your brother might be a fucking asshole, but he always has good dope.”

“Sasha, don’t talk like that about his brother.”

I hear it often, and it always hurts a little. “It’s alright. She’s right. I still love him, but he is an asshole.”

In case I didn’t see them the first time, Sasha said, “Fuck, it’s hot,” while pulling her top out and fanning her tits with it.”

A horn sounded, and the top snapped back in place fast. She rolled her hand, indicating to her mother she wanted the pipe, and then grabbed it right from her lips to take a last hit before bolting out of the room.

Ann was wired, and the change was dramatic. She was very fidgety, and she started talking fast in a monotone voice. “I can’t stand that fucking loser she’s going out with. She’s just using him for his money. He’s loaded, and he’s married, too... or separated, so he says. You should hook up with her. I wish she’d go back to school. Don’t you think fifteen is too young to drop out?”

I wouldn’t go out with that little fucking whore for anything. I might fuck her, but not go out with her

“I guess. I know I’m going to finish school.”

“Oh Yeah? Are you smart or something?”

“I don’t know... school’s pretty easy, I guess. I know I’m not going to be slinging dope when I get out of school, that’s for sure. If I get good grades, I can go to college for free.”

She took another hit from the pipe, and then said, “You should hook up with Janie; she’s super smart. She needs to get a life. She dresses plain, but she’s actually a hot little number. Next time you see her, look at her lips. She’s got perfect cock-sucking lips.”

That was the last thing I expected to hear.

“I’m sorry; that embarrassed you, didn’t it?”

“Well... I just... I wasn’t expecting it, that’s all.”

She was in the middle of hitting the pipe again, and held up her finger for me to wait. She blew out a huge cloud of smoke, and said, “I always tell the truth, and say what’s on my mind. Most people can’t handle that. You’re okay with it, right?”

“Oh, sure.”

“Fuck, it’s hot in here. Do you want a wine cooler, Tommy?”

I’ve never had a wine cooler. In this heat, anything with ‘cooler’ in its name has to be good. I don’t do dope, but I like to drink a few beers. I said, “If you have an extra one, sure – that sounds good.”

“Extra? Shit, we can go buy new ones if they run out.”

“Alright.”

“I’ll be right back. Do you want me to take your glass?”

“Sure. The lemonade was very good, thank you.”

She looked at me and laughed a little. “Good looks, good manners, good grades, good grief...” walking out of the room, she added, Where were you twenty... I mean ten years ago?”

She put the glass in the sink, and then went into the bathroom. I tried Ricky’s cell again, but I still got his voice mail. I turned on my camera out of habit, and checked the batteries. The batteries were fully charged, but I guess I knew that. I started thumbing through the pictures on the current card, and imagined what I would do differently with the same picture. More and more, it was coming down to needing better equipment.

Ann came out of the bathroom. She had shed her shorts and put on the bikini bottom to match the top. Front the back, there wasn’t much to them. She walked to the refrigerator with her arms out, snapping her fingers and shaking her hips to an imaginary tune.

I quietly walked to the doorway to get into the kitchen light, and when she turned around, I snapped off a shot. She started to complain, but I told her to hold on as I checked the shot. Some candid photos are great, and some not – this one wasn’t. I took a moment to gawk at her swimsuit. It was very skimpy in the front as well

“Put down the bottles for a second, and stand in the middle of the kitchen... please.”

She did so, with a big grin on her face.

“Okay, pretend I’m holding an infant and you are going to take her from me to hold.”

I snapped a picture of her looking into the camera with her arms out in front of her. The expression on her face could have been anything, but it was good. I showed her the picture, and she started fawning over it. Janie cracked her door to see what the commotion was about, but when she saw her mother in the bikini, she said, "Mother! This is someone I go to school with. Do you have to?"

Ann turned around and looked at her daughter. "What? What did I do?"

"Damn it! I can tell you're high, too." Janie looked at me, and said, "Did you bring her the dope?"

I was embarrassed, and didn't know what to say, but Ann said, "What the fuck is your problem? Since when..."

But Janie slammed her bedroom door closed in disgust. Ann yelled, "That's right; hide in you little room, you snatch..." She turned to me, and said, "I'm sorry, Tommy."

I didn't know what to say to her either, but she grabbed the wine coolers, and said, "Let's go back into the room," and handed me a peach wine cooler as she walked by.

Back in the room, she asked me to close the door, and she went straight to the dresser. She took some more out of the bag and to chop into lines, and she did so without saying a word. She looked pissed.

I opened my wine cooler, and took a sip.

"Mmm, this is good!"

She looked at me, and then looked back to the mirror as she chopped. "You've never had a wine cooler, Tommy?"

"Nah; I've had beer a few times, and I like beer, but these are tasty."

She was holding her nose and dancing in pain from the line she snorted. When it passed, she said, "That's right; I forget you're only thirteen." She pointed to the bed, and said, "Take a seat. It's unmade, but the sheets are clean. That bed hasn't seen action in a long time."

How long is a long time?

I sat, and damn if she didn't do the other line right away. She danced to the bed holding her nose, and then she flopped her whole body onto the bed with her legs spread. It was too dark, and the shadows too deep to see any detail, but I instantly had an erection.

"Ouch, that fucking burns. Fuck, I'm high. Are you staring at my crotch?"

I immediately said, "No."

"Yes, you were staring at it. You should tell the truth. You're thirteen – pussy should be constantly on your mind."

She rubbed her nose, and I could hear the cartilage grinding. When she stopped, she sniffed, and said, "Want to hear a story?"

"Sure."

"When I was just a young girl, I secretly followed my older cousin up the hill behind this house. He was thirteen, and I was eleven. I saw him steal a pack of cigarettes from my aunt, his mother, and I knew he was going to go to his fort to smoke, so I was going to follow him and discover where his fort was, and catch him smoking."

She started chuckling, and rubbing her face, and then she seemed to forget she was telling a story.

"So did you catch him?"

"No. He caught me. He was way ahead of me, but suddenly, I lost him in the woods, and couldn't hear him. I figured I was near his fort, so I crept around real quiet, and went further and further. I passed a big tree, and suddenly, he jumped out, and scared the hell out of me. He brought me to his fort, and made me smoke a cigarette with him so I couldn't tell. He had matches, and candles, and everything you'd expect in a fort, including skin magazines."

"Really?"

"Yeah, and he grabbed one of them, and told me it was his favorite one to beat off to. Then he just dropped his shorts right there, and started beating off in front of me. It was the hottest thing I've ever seen. I still get hot thinking about it. It wasn't that big, but... he didn't even have public hair, and he was so determined." She laughed again, and said, "He was stroking away furiously and walking like a duck with his hips thrusting near my face. I wasn't expecting anything, and the next thing you know, he's coming on my face."

She started laughing again. I was blushing so bad that Ann could even see it in the poor light of her room. For all purposes, I didn't have pubic hair either. I also had a boner and that added to my discomfort.

"That's a great age. Do you masturbate, Tommy?"

I tried to find the words, and she said, "It's okay; you can be honest. Why lie?"

"I've tried it," I finally said.

“Really? Good for you!”

Whew!

“Can I watch you masturbate?”

“No.”

“I’m not going to touch you, Tommy. You’re a good looking boy. I’d just like to watch.”

“No.”

“I think I could use a shave. Do you want to watch me shave my pussy?”

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t like boys, do you Tommy?”

“No!”

“Well, you can watch me shave, but if you get a hard-on, then you have to beat off in front of me.”

“I should get going. My brother...”

“Tommy, if you go now, then I’ll know you like boys. A normal boy your age would want to watch a woman shave her pussy.”

Is she right? If she told people...

I drained the rest of my cooler and nodded my head. “Okay.”

“Great! Let me get you another cooler. I’ll be right back – get ready for a good show.”

She left the room, and I’ll freely, openly, and honestly admit I was very nervous. I thought about making a dash for it. She was probably crazy, but if I ran now, Ricky would hear about it, and then I might as well be dead.

She came back in and flipped the light switch with her elbow, turning on a weak ceiling light. Her hands were full, and she had me take the wine cooler from her and asked me to turn on the floor lamp next to me. She dropped a pink can of gel shaving cream and a plastic razor on the bed, and then spread a towel flat on the bed by my knees.

With no warning and no modesty, she pulled down her bikini bottom, and stepped out of it. Two feet from my face, I started at a dark shadow of hair shaped like a triangle and two protruding flaps of wrinkled lips.

“Have you ever seen a pussy, Tommy?”

“Yes.”

“Up close and in person?”

“No.”

“Well, today is your lucky day - your personal lesson in female anatomy.”

Looking down, she used her fingertips to part her lips, and then she tugged on them. They now hung loose and she pressed her finger down at the top of her slit.

“See, Tommy? I grow too, just like you.”

I watched as a pink knob protruded out, and she grabbed it using three fingers. She gave it a tug and sucked in air. I watched her dangling lips flap back and forth as she tugged on that knob of flesh.

“That’s the spot, Tommy. That’s the spot you want to pay attention to if you really want to impress your girlfriends.”

Her hands dropped to her sides and she walked backwards to the dresser. She dipped the pipe in the baggie, and then held a flame underneath the bowl. She rolled it around before bringing it to her mouth and lighting it again. She took three massive hits, and I saw her go pale for a second.

It felt like I was in a dream, and that this wasn’t really happening. My wine cooler currently covered my erection, which I swapped with my other arm so I could take a drink. I guzzled half of it before dropping it back to my lap.

She walked back to the bed, and sat on the towel. “Remember, Tommy, if you get a hard-on, you have let me watch you jack-off.

I had one now, but the thought of letting Ann see it scared the shit out of me. I look like a freak with my long, skinny dick that curves way up and to the left. Ricky says I am a freak. If he’s in the bathroom showering or shaving, I have to wait because he can’t stand to be near me when I’m pissing, especially in the morning.

Ann picked up the can of gel and aimed it at me with a smile. “Hold out your hand, Tommy.”

With too much fear in my voice, I immediately replied, "No. You do it."

In a soft, sweet voice, she said, "No... I think you should it. You'll like it. We both will. Hold out your hand."

Reluctantly, I did and shifted the whole arm holding my cooler to cover my erection. That didn't fool her at all. She squirted some gel onto the fingers of my upturned hand, and said, "Oh, oh; it looks like you're hard already."

I was sitting on the side of the bed, and she put one leg over my knees, and the other leg behind my back. Then she fell back flat on her back, and scrunched up close to me so that her ass was now off the towel and her knees were bent.

My heart was beating a mile a minute, but I lost a little of my fear looking at her spread out next to me. I drank the rest of my wine cooler, and I was really starting to feel the effects of the alcohol. Despite my fear, I reached down, and carefully painted the triangle above her pussy. With her head back, staring at the ceiling, she grabbed my wrist and moved it lower. Her fingers used my fingers to spread the foamy gel down the sides of her lips, and then she pressed the tip of my middle finger inside of her.

I pulled it out to feel her lips. I couldn't believe how soft her pussy lips were, and I started pinching and pulling on one of them. She grabbed the other lip and showed me how far it stretches. I did the same, and then she really tugged on it and arched her back. I let go and she took hold of it and stretched it out the same. I was transfixed by the sight of her playing with herself. She spread her legs wider, and flattened her lips to each side. They really were like a set of bright pink lips.

She still had her head back, looking at the ceiling, and said, "You can kiss them if you want," but I didn't want to. I couldn't stop staring at them, but the thought of kissing them frightened me. I imagined her trapping my head with her legs.

She waited for a minute before sitting up and scooting her ass back onto the towel. She picked up the razor, and with one leg hanging over the edge of the bed, and the other one behind my back, she quickly and efficiently shaved herself smooth.

I was rock hard after watching this, and mortified that I wanted to beat off in front of her even though she would laugh at me.

"Okay, stand up, Tommy."

I stood, and my shorts had a huge bulge in them. She bit her lip, and sat right before me on the edge of the bed. My crotch was right in front of her face. I closed my eyes when she pulled down my pants and waited for her to laugh.

"What a beautiful cock..."

She took hold of it, and I opened my eyes. I couldn't believe what I was looking at. She was holding my dick. She stroked it once, and my stomach muscles tightened. She stroked it a second time, and I started coming on her face. At the same time, I heard a door open, presumably Janie, and then footsteps across the kitchen.

I panicked, and tried to take her hand off my dick, but she pulled me toward her and started sucking on the end of my cock. I could have hurt myself doing this, but I drove my forearm down between her face and my dick, and said, "Knock it off!"

At the same time I said that, the door opened up, and Janie caught an eyeful. She might not have noticed the sperm on her mother's face if it wasn't for my dick curving up and to the left pointing right at it. She sobbed once, and ran to her room. I quickly pulled up my pants, grabbed my camera off the bed, and ran out of the room. Janie was lying face down on her bed, and I told her "I'm sorry," as I ran past her room and out of the house.

I was nearly knocked on my ass by the oppressive heat and brightness, but I hopped on my bike and started peddling downhill until I was going a thousand miles per hour.

In the back of my mind I was aware that I didn't get any money from Ann, but not until I was almost home did I allow myself to think about it. Ricky was going to fucking kill me.

Between the exertion and the fear, I had sobered up quick, but by the time I got home, I was exhausted and drenched in sweat. My mother was home from work, so it must be after five.

"Meatloaf?"

"Well, you left me no note. I didn't know when you'll be back. You're brother didn't give me a cell phone, so I have no way to call you. You just missed your brother. You look hot."

"That's because I rode as fast as I could so I wouldn't be late. Was Ricky here when you got here?"

"No, he came and went, and asked if I knew where you were. Change your shirt. I got some ice cream for after dinner."

"Thanks, mom. I'll go change."

I went upstairs to our room, and went right to the little bookcase. I've known for months that he hollowed out my Guinness Book of World Records for a stash, and I had a hunch. I opened it up, and sure enough, the biggest bag of dope I've ever seen – a large zip-lock almost half full. The book also held his electronic scale and a mess of small dope sacks. I ran around for him all day, and the only things I'll be able to show for it are purple bruises tomorrow. Screw that!

I didn't have time to weigh it, so I filled up one of sacks and put everything back the way it was. I put the sack in the camera battery compartment, and left the camera on my bed where it usually is. Then I changed my shirt, went downstairs, and ate dinner.

My mother bought cones too, so we each had an ice cream cone sitting on the steps outside. It was a nice evening, and for a change, Mom didn't bitch about Ricky. We talked about photography. She thinks I'm going to be famous, but I think every mother thinks their kids are going to be famous – well, some of their kids.

“You should start sending your work into newspapers soon. Start with the small Free Press, and go from there.”

“I'm not ready for that, Ma. Maybe in a year I'll be ready, but who says I want to be a news photographer?”

“Well, what else are going to take pictures of, family portraits?”

“Maybe. Or maybe models. Girls make good subjects.”

“I see. And this is a new discovery of yours? What's her name?”

“I don't know any girls. I mean in general.”

“Then why is your face all red?”

After we finished our cones, I told Mom that I was wiped out, and wanted to go to bed early. She gave me a funny look, and asked if I was feeling alright, and finally let me go up to my room.

I didn't go to sleep right away. I watched twilight turn to darkness and thought about Ann's mouth around my dick. I heard girls do that, but I didn't think any girls in this city did. Then I thought of Janie, and felt bad. What a shitty deal she has. Ann's other daughter, Sasha, might be good looking, but she's only fifteen, she's already dropped out of school, and hooked on dope. Ann's fucked up. I couldn't imagine if my mom was like that.

I had a moment of terror when I woke the next morning. Ricky yelled my name, and when I opened my eyes, he was sitting on his bed holding up the big bag of dope.

Fuck. I'm busted

Then he smiled, and said, “I got another one coming just like it. This stuff is fucking premium high-test, because I took over quality control. I pulled the pills, and I get every last bit of the ephedrine out of them, and I left every last bit of gunk behind. We used

brand new phosphorus, and that sucker went like a rocket. I'm charging \$350 an eight-ball for this stuff - it will fuckin' fry you."

I could tell he was tweaked, and I said, "No – it will fry *you*."

"Tell you what, little Bro; just give me fifty of that money, and you can keep the other fifty."

"I tried called you, Ricky! Why don't you answer your phone?"

"I told you what I was doing, fuckstick; phones go off in the kitchen. Why? What the fuck happened?"

"She only had sixty."

"So, did you give her half?"

"I wasn't sure what to do, so I tried calling you. She said you'd do it."

"Fine. Give me the sixty, and you can go all the way over there for your money."

This was it – the moment of truth. "I don't have the sixty. She said... she said you'd front it to her."

If looks could kill, this story would remain untold. Ricky stopped playing with the large bag of dope, and said, "For someone who's supposed to be so smart, you sure are one stupid cock sucker." As quick as lightning, he was off his bed to deliver a kick to my leg as I sat up.

"Fuck you, Ricky! I didn't even want to go up there."

"Yeah? Well I didn't want to be breathing HI gas all day yesterday, but sometimes we have to work for our money. Give me the camera."

"No, Ricky. C'mon."

In a calm tone, he said again, "Give it to me now."

"Ricky... fuck it; just take it. I don't care."

He took it, and was bouncing it in his hand while staring at me. I remembered the sack I hid in there, and held down my panic.

His eyes softened, and he stopped bouncing the camera. Holding it out, he said, "Here. I'm not going to take your camera, but you are going back up there to get that money. It's

not even the money; it's the principle. I'm not taking all this risk just to give people free dope, and neither should you."

"I don't want to give people dope, Ricky. That lady is fucked up. She doesn't need dope."

He smiled and said, "I wouldn't mind fucking her." He dropped the smile, and said, "You either get the money, or you get a beating. If I have to go up there and chase it, then it better be because she fought back when you shook her down hard. I'm being more than fair. Just get my money." He stuffed the large bag of dope into a brown lunch bag and left.

Fuck

When I heard his car drive off, I opened up my camera and took out the bag. I guessed there was three times as much as the amount I carried yesterday. If I could sell one-hundred here locally, I wouldn't have to go across town to psycho's house.

I opened up Ricky's stash book to get out another small bag and I was shocked to see the large bag of dope still inside where I put it. He took one with him, there's one here...

And he said he was getting another one today

I realized that I couldn't sell any locally because at some point Ann is going to call him for more, and make some lame excuse about the money. Ricky will never believe I got a hundred dollars on my own and gave it to him.

Then I had an idea.

Out loud, to nobody, I said, "Ricky, you're getting in deep and you're bringing me along for the ride - sorry Bro, but there's a change of plans."

I removed everything out of his stash – the package of baggies, the scale, and the big bag of dope, and I replaced it with the small bag of dope that I pilfered. I closed the book, and put it back where it was.

Downstairs, I put the bag of dope inside another zip-lock bag, pressed all the air out of it, and sealed it. I carefully ran it under a trickle of water to see if it was water tight, and once I was satisfied, I stuffed the dope into my dad's old thermos and filled it with Kool-Aid. Now I had a safe place, and I won't die of thirst getting there.

Before I left, I wrote a note for Mom.

Riding up there, I did some calculations. I don't know for sure how much dope is in that bag, but it has to be at least three ounces. Ricky said he's going to charge \$350 for an

eighth-ounce, so that's \$2800 per ounce. That means what I have in the thermos is worth \$8400. I had visions of camera equipment dancing in my head.

I got to the house and started mentally preparing myself for the acting job I had to do. Then I rang the bell. After a moment, I heard the window rattle, and then the front door opened.

“Oh, hi Janie; is your...”

“What the fuck are you doing here? No, she's not here.”

Christ! She's got an impressive temper.

I looked away, and asked, “Do you... know when she'll be back?”

She sobbed once, and said, “Don't you even care? This is my life?”

My jaw kept moving, but no words came out.

She started crying openly, and talking at the same time. “My mother bragged to my rotten cunt sister that she had sex with you, and that it was your first time. So let me ask you, Tommy, was it everything you dreamed it would be? Was it special?”

“I didn't want to, Janie. Your mother... she... said she would tell everybody I liked boys... and I don't.”

She growled, and slammed her fist into the screen door, and it flew open past my face, slamming into the house. “It fucking figures, that fucking whore!”

She stepped out onto the porch with me. “Why me, Tommy? Ever since my father died, my life has been a continuous living hell. My mother was never like this before. The booze is bad enough, but when she's high, she...”

“Loses all sense of proportion,” I finished for her.

She looked at me in surprise, and for the first time, I noticed how vivid her eyes are. They are almost an amber color. “So why do you sell it to people you know it hurts?”

“I don't sell it. My older brother made me deliver it here yesterday. He's violent.”

“What does your dad say?”

“My dad's dead, too. Just like yours.”

“I'm sorry.”

I could tell she was. "I'm sorry too, Janie."

At the exact same time, we both said, "Life sucks," and then couldn't wipe the smiles off our faces.

"Would you like a glass of lemonade, Tommy?"

"Alright. That would be nice – thank you."

With my camera around my neck, and my thermos in my hand, I followed her into the house. I walked behind her toward the kitchen, and looked at her bare feet. She has nice ankles, and now that I mention it, a nice bum, too. She looks nothing like her mother or sister. Her skin is lighter, and she has brown hair instead of black. Her face is a little fuller than the other two, and that might be why I thought she was a little bit chunky, but she's actually not.

Pouring my lemonade, she said, "So why *are* you here?"

Taking the glass from her, I said, "Because when I ran out of here yesterday, I forgot to get the money, and now my brother is threatening to kick my ass if I don't get it."

She finished pouring her own glass, and fixed me a look. "You forgot to get the money... Isn't that an important part of dealing dope?"

"Apparently."

"Tell me the truth, Tommy – was my mother trying to pay for it with sex?"

Shaking my head, I said, "No! She was spun out. She started telling me about when she was young, watching her cousin beat off."

Janie nodded her head. "She worked herself up. It's a good thing you ran out. You could have been stuck there a long time. She got my sister hooked on dope two years ago. She found out that Sasha was having sex with her boyfriend. At first my mother was angry they were having sex, but then she got high and told them how great and wonderful sex is when you are high. She gave them some to try, and then she made them have sex in front of her, and there are rumors that... I don't even want to think about it."

She leaned on the counter and stared out the window. "I used to have a computer. It wasn't very good, but it was better than nothing. I got home from school, and it was gone. My mother never said a word, but I know she either sold it for drugs, or someone took it because she owed them money. Sasha still has one, and she doesn't even know how to use it."

She looked at me, and asked, "So how much does she owe you?"

“A hundred bucks,” I said.

“What? Are you nuts? She doesn’t have a hundred bucks. I’m sorry.”

She said it defensively, but then grew concerned. “Will your brother really beat you up?”

I thought long and hard about that question.

“Did you hear me? Tommy can you hear me?”

I said, “When’s your mom going to be home?”

“Who knows? She stayed awake all night with my sister. When I woke up, they were looking bad, and then they went out. They’re probably making the rounds trying to score a free fix. It could be hours.”

“Well... I don’t think my brother is going to be beating me up, but... we have to talk.”

She looked at me weird. “You and your brother have to talk?”

“No. Me and you have to talk.”

“It’s *you and I have to talk*,” she corrected.

I rolled my eyes, and then squinted at her. “I knew that, and I knew you were going to say that.”

She blushed, and said, “That’s right; Tommy Clooney is smart.” She started to wave her hands, and talk in a high voice. “Tommy Clooney is so handsome. Tommy Clooney is so smart...” She squinted her own eyes, and added, “Every girl in school would love to have you ring their doorbell, but I hated to see you at my door... at first.”

I kind of like this kid

I let out an exaggerated sigh. “Should I sit down while you babble like a brook, or can we talk?”

“Go ahead. I’m sorry.”

“Okay, I just left a note for my mother telling her where to find my brother’s stash of dope. She’ll flush it down the toilet.”

Janie’s mouth hung open, and a short laugh escaped her. “That’s good, right?”

“Well... in the note I called it a big bag of dope, so that’s probably what she’ll call it, too. It actually was just a little bit out of a much bigger bag of dope that I have here in my

thermos. Ricky showed me another one just like it this morning, and said he's getting another one later today. He's getting in deep. This bag here is worth eight thousand dollars, and my mom is going to tell him she flushed it, because that's what she believes and Ricky doesn't even know about the small bag, so they will think they are talking about the same thing."

She didn't say anything at first, and slowly her smile faded. "Well why did you bring it here?"

"Because I have a plan... or had a plan, but I think that plan could change to help you, too. I took matters into my own hands with Ricky. He's using me more and more to haul his dope, and I don't have a choice. He's out of his mind. You might want to take matters into your own hands, too."

"How can I? What's the plan?"

"I have to break all this dope into weighed eight-balls before anyone sees. I can't do it in the kitchen in case they come home. I'll tell you about the plan while I work, but do you have a basement or some place where I can work?"

She looked at the thermos and frowned. "We can use my room. I have a lock on the door."

"Alright. Where can I hide my bike?"

"I'll go hide your bike. You can get started."

I poured the thermos into the sink, and fished out the bag. It looked bad at first, but after rinsing off all the red, it was fine. I let the water drain off, and then I carried it to her room.

She had a small desk and a chair, and that's where I set up. The desk was neat but in the middle there was an open book with handwriting in it. I picked it up to toss on her bed, but I heard something coming down the hall fast, and I froze. Janie crashed into the doorframe, and then lunged for the book I was holding.

She was breathing fast from running, and said, "I'll take that, thank you." She closed the book, and I saw the word *Diary* on the front.

"Did you write about me, or something?"

"It's none of your goddamn business what I wrote in my diary."

"Wow! Eleven is a very touchy age."

“Who said I’m eleven? Is that what my mother told you?”

“Yes.”

“I’m twelve. Actually, I’m a lot older than that. Someone has to be the parent.”

I took out the scale, and asked Janie for a square piece of paper to set on the scale. She tore one out of a notebook and handed it to me.

“What’s that for?”

“It’s a trick I saw Ricky do. He sets the scale to read zero with the paper on it by pressing this button here, and the paper makes it easier to fill the bags.”

“Oh. Can I do anything?”

“I think I’m going to need a spoon. This is a lot of stuff.”

I heard her get a spoon from a drawer, and I yelled out, asking if she could please bring my lemonade in.

She handed me the spoon, and placed the glass on the desk. “It’s strange having someone say please and thank you,” she said.

“What’s the plan, anyway?”

I had eleven packages weighed out, and it seemed like I hardly made a dent in the total. I dumped another teaspoon onto the paper sitting on the desk to start weighing another one.

Suddenly, we heard a car whip into the driveway. In concert, we both said, “Shit!”

I scooped up all the eight-balls, and dropped them into the big bag. I sealed it, and tossed it under her bed. Then I put the scale in my shorts pocket, and looked on in horror at the pile that I forgot on the paper. I picked it up, and dumped it in my lemonade, and pocketed the paper.

Janie had just locked the door, but I whispered to her to unlock it, and then rolled under her bed and scampered as far back as I could go.

There was a knock on the door, and Janie said, “Come in!”

I knew those feet, and I knew that voice. It said, “Hey. Anybody call? I feel like shit.”

In a sharp tone, Janie replied, “Did you get anything to eat, Mom?”

“Are you still pissed at me? Jesus, get over it. It’s no secret that I have sex. God.”

“Mom! With kids that go to my school?”

“Hey, don’t knock it until you try it. He didn’t call?”

“Now why would he call?”

“Because I owe him a couple of dollars, and I want to ask him something. I want to know if his camera is for rent, or... him to take pictures.”

“What, of you nude?”

“Yes! If you must know. Me and your sister, too. We’ve already discussed it. We can make good money starting a website. I may as well make some money before I sag away. Get used to it. Your mother is going to be an Internet porn star. I’m going to bed. If he calls, wake me... or tell him to come over.”

Ann left, and while walking through the kitchen, Janie yelled to her, “If I don’t starve!”

“Make a brick... I mean... bread. Make a fuckin’... whatever. You’ll find something.”

Janie got up and closed the door.

I was waiting for her to say the coast was clear, but she squatted down and peeked under the bed.

“I can’t believe I have Tommy Clooney under my bed. Can I use your camera?”

“No. Is it safe to come out?”

“Yes.”

I rolled out, but left all the dope under the bed. Being very quiet, I crept to the door, and listened.

“She’ll sleep until tomorrow if nobody bothers her...”

I put my fingers to my lips, and continued to listen. Janie didn’t make a sound, probably to humor me.

I was hot and I reached over to the desk, and grabbed the glass of lemonade. There were only a few sips left, so I drained it... and nearly puked.

“Fuck!” I whispered, and looked at Janie in complete terror.

“Janie! I just drank the lemonade...”

She said, “Sorry. I forgot it was yours. I drank some. There’s more. If not, I can make more.”

“You drank some too?”

“It’s not a big deal, Tommy. I don’t have V.D.”

I walked past her, and sat on her bed. “Janie, we just drank some dope.”

“What?”

“I had some on the paper that I forgot about. Just before your mom came in, I dumped in the drink to hide it.”

“What’s going to happen to us, Tommy?”

“I don’t know. People usually snort it, or smoke it... some people shoot up. We drank it. How much did you have, Janie?”

“I think about half of what was in the glass. Hey, maybe it doesn’t work in the stomach because of all the stomach acid.”

“I bet you’re right. I saw how much pain your mother went through snorting it. Why would she do that if she could just eat it? It tasted like shit, though. I’m thirsty.”

“I’ll get some more lemonade. I’ll be right back.”

She left the door open, and I had a line of sight to Ann’s bedroom door. Suddenly, Janie was standing at it, listening. She cracked her mother’s door, and peeked her head in. I heard some talking, and then her mother barked something angry, ending in ‘fucking cunt’.

Janie closed the door, and yelled, “I like you better when you are high. Maybe I’ll try a find you a big bag of dope and a little boy.”

She saw me looking, and rolled her eyes as she walked toward the refrigerator and out of sight.

That was a lot of dope we ate

My mouth tasted like a chemical dump. When Janie came in and handed me the glass, I drank half of it down right away, and then handed it back to her.

“You should drink,” I whispered.

She was standing close, between my open knees, and looking down at me with a funny smile on her face.

Very gently, she sat down on the bed and asked, “Are you scared.”

“No.”

“You look scared.”

“That’s because you are sitting so close.”

“That makes you scared?”

“Not really scared, but nervous.”

“I think that’s good. I’m pretty sure you are supposed to be.”

“Oh, good. I was afraid there might be something wrong with me.”

My knee was going a mile a minute. She slid over, up against me, and she placed her hand on my knee.

“Tommy, how will we know if we are getting high? I feel really good right now, and I drank it before you did.”

“We’ll start mumbling, and our faces will break out. I might take apart my camera.”

“And I might start cleaning,” she added.

She first squeezed, and then rubbed my knee. “Do you know what else might happen?”

“Yes. We could get paranoid.”

“... I was going to say we might get horny.”

She had to say it. I could feel my loins stirring, and her rubbing my knee didn’t help.

I said, “I wouldn’t notice that; I’m almost always horny. Is it true that it makes sex better?”

“I don’t know, Tommy. I don’t know what needs to be improved with sex – I’ve never had it.”

“Except for yesterday, me too, and I’d like to take yesterday back. It really wasn’t fun.”

“I wouldn’t count it, Tommy. Am I still making you nervous?”

“Um, yes... but I don’t want you to move, either. I think rubbing my knee is helping. I feel good.”

“You should try rubbing my knee. We can see what it does.”

“Wow! Your skin is very soft. Is it always like that? It’s much softer than your mother’s skin.”

“Is it soft? I can’t tell. Your hand feels good. I think it helps.”

“Why? Were you feeling bad?”

“No, but I feel better then when you weren’t rubbing it. I think I’m feeling a little nervous, too – but not about you! I just hope we don’t get high. Was there a lot in the lemonade?”

“Um, I don’t know how big a dose is, but it was about... \$300 dollars worth, so yeah. It was... a lot. I’m actually glad you are sitting close now. Of course, I think we’d feel it by now if we were going to get high.”

“I’m really glad we’re sitting close, Tommy. I think the danger has probably passed, but I feel a safer when I’m close to you.”

“I think you’re right about the danger. Can I ask a favor?”

“Sure.”

“Can I sit close to you on the other side? I’d like to look out the window.”

She hesitated before answering. “Can you wait for a little while? I just don’t want you to move right now. I guess... I’m more scared than I thought... or something.”

“Oh, sure. I don’t want you to be scared.”

“Thanks. Hey, why are you laughing?”

“Because I’ve never seen a girl sit with her legs so far apart... like a guy.”

“That’s because you are rubbing the inside of my leg.”

“That’s because your skin gets softer and softer up here, and feels so nice.”

“It sure does, Tommy. Did you know that you have an erection right now?”

“I’m sorry. I want... I wanted to thank you for not laughing at me yesterday.”

“Why would I laugh at you?”

“You know... because it’s bent, and long and skinny. I look like a freak.”

“You don’t look like a freak. It’s beautiful! It’s not skinny either. I was shocked at the size of it, but do you want to know what I wrote in my diary?”

“What?”

“Well, first I was mad at you, and I wrote something about you fucking horses and the only reason you had legs was to carry around your dick, but later I wrote that it was beautiful and perfect.”

I was feeling very strange, and my heart was beating out of my chest. I was also hard as a rock.

“Tommy?”

“What?”

“We’re high.”

“I know. What are we going to do?”

She didn’t answer right away, and she was having trouble getting started. “Um, Ahh, I know what I feel like doing. I’m very high, phew!”

“What? What do you feel like doing?”

“I want to play with myself in front of you. Will you watch me, Tommy?”

I was still rubbing her leg, and I looked over. She was already rubbing herself, but when I looked, she fell onto her back and brought her knees up to her chest. Then she dropped her feet back onto the bed with her legs spread wide and began rubbing her crotch.

“I don’t know why I want to do this in front of you.”

My head was in a dreamy haze, and I said, “Janie, take off your shorts. I want to see your pussy.”

She lifted her body, and had her shorts off in a second.

“Are you watching, Tommy?”

“Yeah...” I said in wonder, and stood up. I started rubbing the head of my dick through my shorts. I was mesmerized watching her fingers swirl over her cunt.

“Come closer, Tommy. Put your head right in front of me, and watch. Watch good. Take a good look at me being naughty.”

I climbed on the bed, and turned onto my side as I rested my head on her inner thigh. I kept fumbling my zipper, so I unbuttoned my shorts, and wiggled them down to my knees. I started stroking myself, and my hips began thrusting into the air on their own. My cock was enormous, and Janie started gasping and mewling.

I nuzzled my face right down next to her pussy, and she dipped her fingers inside herself. I licked her knuckles, and she took out her fingers and put them in my mouth. She kept doing this, dipping her fingers in her cunt, and putting them in my mouth for me to lick.

I held pleasure in the palm of my hand, and all sense of proportion was lost. Things that I only dreamed before and things that frightened me yesterday now had me by the strings, making me dance to dark delight. My back arch as I thrust my dick high up, the cords of muscle standing out on my stomach. With a loud grunt, the first explosion went clear over my head, the next onto my shoulder, and the rest a fountain down my hand.

Janie was thrilled with the show, and when I turned to look, she had a large glop of cum in her hair and on her cheek. She smiled at me, and then her eyes rolled up and she began to shake under the assault of her fingers.

She wiped her cheek on the pillow, and then rested her head down, exhausted. She still had a smile on her face, and every once in while, her eyes would roll way over to look at me.

“I like how you are looking at me, Tommy Clooney.”

“I like how you look, Janie Miller.”

“It’s hot,” she said as she sat up and removed her shirt. I flopped down next to her, and spooned her from behind.

I said, “For some reason I thought you were fatter than you are, but when I first came here today, I noticed you aren’t fat at all. You have a very nice figure.”

“Thank you. You know what it is? I have a fuller face, but I like my face.”

“You know what I like about it, Janie? It’s a girl-next-door face. I can do a lot with that face.”

“What do you mean? What would you do with my face? Gosh, this is very comfortable like this. What would you do with my face?”

“Well, when your mom mentioned having me photograph her and your sister nude, I tried to imagine the best way to present them. I haven’t actually gotten to you mother yet, but you know how your sister is pretty, but she also looks like a cheap whore?”

“She is a cheap whore.”

“And that’s the only way I could photograph her. Subtlety would be lost on her. A discreet peek at a nipple would be disappointing, whereas with you, you could be a soccer player, or a biology student, or a piano virtuoso, a simple peek at your nipple would be thrilling! Do you know what I mean? Did that make sense?”

She laughed. “Wow! Yes. Thanks!”

“I could turn you into a mystery, and every picture would be a surprise. Guys would fantasize about you, and let their imaginations go wild. With your sister, people would just flip to the last picture, expecting to see her spread-eagled with a giant dildo in her twat.”

“I have an idea, Tommy. Crawl under the bed and get your camera.”

We were a couple of very busy tweaking beavers putting our plan in place, and now, after taking a shower together, it was time to put our plan in play.

Sasha hadn’t come home and Ann remained sleeping like the dead, and that made a few things a bit easier. I couldn’t have found a better or more willing partner than Janie. Her deviousness and desire for retribution clashed violently with her innocent looks. It was great.

I was way off in my estimation of how much dope we had. We bagged up thirty-eight eight-balls – nearly five ounces - and we put the remaining two grams in another glass of lemonade to split.

My bike ride home took just over a half hour. I told Janie I’d be back in three hours tops, but the fact is, my trip home could get dicey. I needed to show my face at home to avoid suspicions, and make an excuse to be gone all night. I also needed to get my other battery pack for my camera. I thought about the pictures I took, and that led to other thoughts as well. We had done a lot of things during the day, and along the way, I was no longer a virgin, and neither was she. I wonder if she feels like she conquered me like I feel I conquered her. I’ll have to ask her.

Ricky’s car was in the driveway – the moment of truth has arrived.

My heart was beating out of my chest, and not just from fear. The drugs didn't seem to let up. I was higher than a kite, but it wasn't like alcohol at all - I seemed to be hyper-alert.

I went through the door, and yelled, "Mom! Can I sleep at Herb's house tonight? He dad bought him some wood and we are going to make a ramp."

From the living room, I heard, "Tommy, come in here for a minute, would you?"

I walked in, and said, "Um, Herb's dad..."

"I heard you. Tommy, do you know anything about the drugs hidden in your room?"

"What drugs?"

"Ricky's drugs... a whole lot of them!"

I looked pained, and said, "But Ricky doesn't take drugs anymore..."

"Well, he's a liar! That's what drugs will do to you. I found them in your World's Record's book."

"What do you mean, in the book?"

"I mean in the book. The pages were cut out."

"But dad gave me that book."

"Well... we'll get a new one. Go eat. This is the second night you've been home late."

I said, "I'm not hungry!" and then stomped out of the room and went upstairs. My mother probably thought I was quite an actor.

The door to the bedroom was opened, and I could see Ricky hiding behind it. I wasn't afraid for my life because he would never give me a severe beating with Mom home. As I entered the room, I said, "Ricky, Mom..." and he grabbed me from behind, and began rifling my pockets.

He whispered, "Where's my scale?" and then he pushed me onto my bed.

Fuck! I forgot about the scale

"What scale, Ricky?"

He sat on his bed, and said, "Dude, I'm fucked! I'm royally fucked."

"Mom said she found your dope, but I saw you take it with you?"

“Yeah? Well there are things you don’t know. Five ounces she dumped... I’m dead. I’m fucking dead.”

“Ricky, you’ve know those guys since you were a kid; they’re not going to kill you. Just tell them Mom dumped the stuff.”

“You are so fucking stupid, Tommy. We’re talking ten grand...”

“Ricky... I can get you a hundred dollars...”

“A hundred bucks! Big fucking deal. Are you telling me you didn’t get that money? She’s just a tweaked broad. Take her goddamn stereo or whatever you want.”

“Oh, I’m just going to put it in the trunk of my bike.”

“Well, then take her jewelry.”

“I have a plan, Ricky. She’s thinks she’s dealing with me, and not you. I’ll go back there and tell her the price has gone up to \$150. I’ll call you and hand the phone to her, and all you have to do is tell her to do it, or else. I might even try for \$200, so don’t even say a price, just tell her to get it done.”

“Whatever, Bro. It doesn’t matter; I’m dead. I have to go face the music. Wish me luck.”

“Good luck. Keep your phone on, Ricky. It will be alright. I’ll have your money for you in the morning if you keep your phone on.”

My mother nuked me a plate of dinner while I was upstairs. I grabbed the fresh battery pack when she called me down to eat. I almost gagged when I saw the food. Not because it looked bad, it was just the thought of eating, but she was hovering, so I ate. In fact, I ate fast, because I had to listen to her worry about my brother the whole time. I could tell she was disappointed that I didn’t want an ice cream after dinner, but I was anxious to get a move on.

Even with the hills, it only took a half hour to get back to her house. It was dark now, and I stumbled my way to the side of the house and lightly tapped on Janie’s window. She opened it, and leaned out. “I missed you!” and then she gave me a kiss.

She disappeared for a couple of seconds, and then came back and handed me a bunch of baggies. “Here are the eight bags for an ounce, and I broke another one up into half-gram bags because I was bored. She’s going to want to do some right away, so use one of those.”

“Good thinking. Are you still okay with all of this?”

“Yeah, I am. Sasha still isn’t here. Go knock on the door, and I’ll start waking my mother up.”

I went to the front of the house and knocked on the door. After a minute, I started knocking loud.

I heard feet shuffling down the hall, and I heard a hacking cough. The door opened, and Ann greeted me with a phony smile and welcome.

In a gravelly voice, she said, “Oh, I’m so glad to see you again. I was hoping you’d come back.” Walking past Janie’s door, she added, “We can FINISH what we started. I’m just waking up, that’s bad, isn’t it?”

I said, “Ann, I came here to get the hundred bucks. My brother wants to kill me.”

In the kitchen, she rubbed my chest with both her hands, and said, “Well that’s what I want to talk to you about. I know how we can make a lot of money? Come in here and let’s talk. You don’t have anything, do you?”

Walking into her bedroom, I said, “Only what I have to sell. My brother is making me sell even more now.”

“Well, break it out! I know how we can make LOTS of money. How would you like to take pictures of me and Sasha? We can start a website.”

I played stupid. “How does that make lots of money?”

“I mean nude pictures, dumbass. Every porn site will link to us, and we get money for every click. We can make thousands and thousands.”

“Wow! Are you sure, Ann? Sasha isn’t even eighteen. She can’t do it. You have to be eighteen or older.”

“That’s even better. We just say she’s eighteen. Break some out, Tommy. I want to do a hit, and then take a shower so you can take some pictures? How did you like my pussy yesterday?”

“It was nice. It sure was big.”

“... Tommy, you have a lot to learn. That’s not a compliment.”

I was fishing in my pocket, and I pulled out one of the small bags that Janie made up. “I’m supposed to sell these. I need to get Ricky his money.”

She took it from my hand and dumped the whole thing on the mirror that was still out from yesterday. “How many do you have to sell?”

“A bunch. I don’t even know where I’m going to sell them all. I need to find someone who can move it.”

“Well, fuck… you’ve come to the right place, Tommy. I can help you.” She leaned down to the mirror with a straw and snorted a big line.”

“This stuff is really good, Ann. Ricky told me to charge \$350 for an eight-ball.”

“You have an eight-ball?”

I pulled out a bunch of eight-balls, and watched her eyes go huge. “Holy fucking shit!”

“Ricky’s flush with it, and he told me to find some help, but he said not you.”

She looked hurt, and said, “Why?”

“Because he said you were a fucking flake, and would do it all instead of selling it.”

“Well, fuck him! Jesus, I thought we were friends.”

“Ricky doesn’t have any friends, only business contacts.”

“Well, then he’s stupid. I could be a good friend.”

“I bet you could, Ann. He is stupid. You know what I’m thinking?”

“What?”

“Well, you know Deuce, right?”

“Yeah?”

“He knows how to sling this stuff. Ricky hates Deuce, but if you ran the deal, you could supply Deuce, and tell him that Ricky is keeping you on a short leash, and that he’s watching close. I bet I can call Ricky and talk him into letting you sell. I’ll just tell him that you have a bunch of people who want some right now. He’s got a lot of shit to get rid of.”

“Really? But why don’t I just do it myself. It’s the truth: I do know a lot of people….”

“Because you don’t know how to move a lot of stuff. You’ll end up running around selling these small bags and partying. Why not let Deuce sell the big stuff fast, while you just skim off the top? You can party here. We can take the pictures, get high, and party.”

She was chopping another line, but stopped and looked at me. “You’re a smart motherfucker. Did you know that?”

“You’re the second person to say I’m smart today. When I came by earlier, Janie called me smart, too.”

“You were here earlier? Why the fuck didn’t she tell me?”

“I told her not to wake you. I was having so much fun talking to her, that I didn’t want her bothering you. I really like her. You’re right about her being smart.”

Ann looked put out, and she said, “She’s not your type.”

“Oh, I think she is my type.”

“Oh, do you now? Why?”

“Because... she turns me on. I bet she’d take some nice pictures.”

Ann started laughing. “Oh, Christ! You’d be lucky to see her bare feet. I don’t think anyone’s seen her naked. I don’t even think she has any naughty parts.”

“You should be nice to her, Ann. She’s got a lot going for her.”

“Oh, fuck off. You don’t know shit, fella. I don’t understand, Tommy; you’re a handsome young man... you’re hung like a horse... I told Sasha about you and she’d fuck you in a second.”

“I bet she would, too.”

“You’re an ornery little fuck tonight, aren’t you? Break out another bag, would you?”

“Go take your shower, Ann.”

“Good lord! You are something else. Nobody’s fucking you until I get done with you. We’ll see how tough you are then. Wait here, little man.”

As soon as the shower started up, I went into Janie’s room and filled her in. At last, I told her, “Your mother has full intentions of having sex with me when she gets out of the shower. Are you sure you still want to go through with this?”

“Just get those pictures.”

“I will.”

“She said I don’t have any naughty parts... Tommy; I want to have some fun right now.”

We stood outside the bathroom door, and as soon as the water stopped running, Janie started giggling, and said, “No.”

“C’mon, Janie.”

“Alright, if I let you take a picture of my tits once, you’ll leave me alone?”

“No.”

She laughed, and then said, “Okay, ready?”

I took a picture, and then both of us were silent. It only took two seconds before Ann peeked her head out the door and said, “Did I hear what I...”

Janie had a smile on her face as she looked down, watching my hand play with her pink nipple.

“You little fucking slut! I can’t believe...”

I cut her right off. “Ann, I think I talked her into taking pictures, too.”

Janie smacked my hand, and pulled her top back down to cover herself. “You didn’t talk me into anything, jerk. Look at your shorts... you’ve got a hard-on! That big old sausage is trying to get out.”

I backed into Ann’s room, and said, “Want to see my sausage, Janie? C’mon in here.”

She giggled, and followed, but Ann grabbed her arm in a tight grip and spun her around. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“What? I was just kidding, Mom. I saw his sausage yesterday, remember?”

“Yeah, I remember. You were crying yesterday, and today you’re letting him feel your tits? Get the fuck out of here!”

“Fine, whore!”

Ann took a step toward her, but Janie slammed the door and stomped off. Ann turned to me, but I wouldn’t look at her. I was lying on her bed, looking at the picture of Janie’s tits with a big smile on my face.

Ann said, “She’s just trying to piss me off. That’s all she’s doing.”

“She has a nice set of tits.”

“Tommy... let me see.”

I held the camera, and showed her the viewfinder. She said, “You call those nice?” Ann studied the picture some more, and then added, “She does have nice nipples... I didn’t know she had nice nipples.”

Ann looked at me again, and chuckled. “There; you have your picture. Look at you! You do have a hard-on!”

“I want to beat off in front of you, again. Can I?”

Without waiting for a reply, I fell back on her bed, and lowered my shorts until my cock sprang free. Ann sucked in air, and tried to take hold of it, but I slapped her hand away.

I started stroking it slowly, and talking dirty to her.

“When I came on your face yesterday, did it remind you of your cousin?”

Ann let her towel fall to the floor, and she started playing with her nipples. “It was just like being there, except his dick wasn’t so mouth-watering.”

“Did he fuck you?”

“No.... yes.”

“I bet you loved your older cousin fucking you, didn’t you?”

One of her hands moved from her nipple down between her legs, and she began to breath heavy. “I loved it. He fucked me twice, and then he fucked me in the ass. I fucked him all summer long, and sometimes he brought two older boys that he had met, and all three would fuck me.”

She kneeled on the bed, straddling one of my legs, and placed my hand on her pussy. I started rubbing it hard; hard enough to where I thought it would hurt, but she loved it.

“Then one day, his daddy caught us in the fort, and he kicked my cousin’s ass, and sent him home. Then he dragged me out of there, and it was the first time I saw a man-sized cock. I couldn’t wait until he fucked me. I was young, and he filled me up good, but do you know what?”

“What?”

“He had nothing on you.”

“Suck my dick, Ann.”

“Mmmm.”

She had her eyes closed as I raised the camera up and turned it on. “Move your hair, Ann. I want to get a picture of your pretty cock-sucking face. We’re going to be rich.”

She moved her hair, and then went through a bunch of exaggerated cock-sucking poses as she let me take six or seven photos. These were going to look amateur, but that didn’t matter.

I wanted to really bust her chops and lose my hard-on. I closed my eyes, and thought about Janie, but that actually made it worse. I decided to make the best of it, and said, “I’m going to come! I’m coming in your mouth, Janie.”

She kept her cool, and drank me all down, and then said, “I’m not Janie. Stop saying that.”

“I didn’t call you Janie.”

“Yes, you did.”

“Oh, sorry. I wasn’t even thinking about her. I was thinking about fucking you.”

“You were?” She started stroking me when she said that, trying to get me hard again. “Do you want to fuck me in the ass, Tommy? I love being fucked in the ass when I’m high. I’m really high – that stuff is great.”

I was starting to get hard again, and she rolled off the bed, and tiptoed quickly to her dresser. From the bottom drawer, she pulled out a large flesh-colored dildo and ran back to the bed.

“Are you ready for some more pictures, Tommy?”

I took one hundred pictures of her, and not a single one that was flattering. I’ve seen porno magazines, and I have an eye for the shot, and this set of pictures just made her look like a complete slut stuffing herself with a dildo, and what was obviously a young dick since it had no more than a dozen pubic hairs around it. She seemed to be proud of the pictures.

We were dressed, and she wanted me to put some dope in her pipe. I told her to wait for a minute until I got approval for her to sell. I walked outside into the middle of the empty street and called Ricky. Thank god he picked up, but he seemed distracted. I walked quickly back toward the house as I talked to him.

In a low voice, I said, "I got her. Just tell her not to fuck around."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. I'm being punished, but I'm alive, Bro."

"I forgot to mention, Ricky; with the exception of Oscar, you can kick the shit out of every one of those guys, did you know that?"

"Just put her on."

I raced through the kitchen as he said that, and held the phone out to Ann. I put my ear next to hers, and she said hello.

"Don't be fucking around, Ann. Do as my brother says. Okay?"

"Sure, Ricky. Thanks for this..." she looked at the phone, but the line was dead."

"Call Deuce. Remember, this is your deal, but Ricky's on you like white on rice. If he can move an ounce of eight-balls fast, you'll have another one for him right behind it."

Ann made the call to Deuce, and guess who was keeping him warm? Sasha. Ann sounded like a spun-out tweaker when she propositioned him, but I could have sworn I heard tires squeal as he headed this way.

When I heard a car pull up, I threw eight big bags on her mirror, and two small ones to use with Sasha, hoping it would keep Sasha here.

While walking out of her room, I said, "I'll be with Janie. Tell him to sell it for \$350 per, but all you need is two grand. That puts \$800 in his pocket, but if he sells it fast enough, he'll get more."

I heard Deuce leave, and I counted to three. Sasha was the first through Janie door, followed quickly by Ann.

We had a nice welcome prepared.

Janie was sitting in my lap kissing me, wearing only a pair of panties. I held her sides with both of my thumbs rubbing her hardened nipples.

Sasha said, "Oh my god..." and Janie said, "Don't you knock!"

Sasha was a mess, and she looked evil when she said, "Fuck off, you little whore. Get the fuck off his lap before I rip your hair out!"

I said, "You're not going to rip her hair out."

“Fuck you, you piece of shit. What the fuck do you think you’re doing, anyway?”

“I was going to try to fuck her, and I was doing just fine until you barged in.”

Sasha didn’t know what to say right away, and Ann said, “She let him take a picture of her tits earlier. Put some fucking clothes on!”

Janie scrambled out of my lap and pulled her nightgown over her head. Ann said to me, “Come on; I want you out of this room.”

I held out my hand, and said, “Janie, come party with us.”

“Fuck that!” said Sasha. “She can stay here.”

Ann said, “Oh, let her if she wants. If she wants to watch you posing for Tommy, then let her.”

I held up my hand, and said, “I’ve been thinking about that, Ann. I don’t think it’s a good idea to photograph Sasha.”

“Why not? Because of her age?”

“No. She looks just like you. It would be stupid. Plus, look at her; she’s a fucking mess.”

“I haven’t taken a shower yet, asshole. If anything, the pictures should be of me and not my mother. I mean, how stupid can you be?”

Ann lashed back. “Fuck off, kindercunt! It’s never too late for an abortion.”

“Ladies, ladies, I just had a great idea.”

“What?”

“We can do a mother/daughter theme.”

They were silent, and when I looked at Janie, she had to turn her head because she was smirking.

Sasha said, “You’re sick, Tommy.”

“I don’t mean you two getting it on. I mean something tasteful, like the pictures I took of Janie today.”

Sasha glared at Janie, and Ann said, “You took pictures of Janie?”

“Yeah. They came out excellent. We went for a walk in the woods across the street, and I took a set of pictures like she was a wood princess, or... some half-naked chick who lives in the woods, or something.”

Ann pointed at my camera and held out her hand. “Let’s see them.”

“I don’t have them in the camera anymore. Janie and I downloaded them to an anonymous server. We made a web page if you want to see them. It’s not public, or anything. We need to set up a PayBuddie account. Janie, let’s show them.”

We went upstairs to Sasha’s room. It was the only room upstairs, and it was about twice the size of Janie’s. I glanced at the huge cum stain I had deposited on Sasha’s pillow, and I noticed Janie did the same.

Janie sat behind the computer and navigated to a light-blue page that simply showed *Set 1* and *Set 2*. She clicked on Set 1, and up came a slide show.

Ann said, “You wore a shift into the woods?”

Janie nodded her head, and said, “It was Tommy’s idea. He insisted I wear it, and he wouldn’t let me wear underwear, either. It felt great.”

I know Ann wanted to scream, but Janie was clicking through some truly top-notch photographs. The first dozen or so were of her playing in the woods, and they showed nothing revealing but there were some very cute close-ups of her face in some ambiguously naughty expressions. Then there was a picture of her standing straight up with her head looking down and to the side, while she scratched one cheek of her ass. They got progressively more revealing, but all in a tasteful way. She didn’t show anything, but rather the camera snuck a peek. The lighting was fantastic, and I was able to use the shadows to conceal some very suggestive poses. The last few pictures had her lying down in a bright little meadow area with her eyes closed and her legs spread wide. They started out from a fairly high angle, and got progressively lower to where you could clearly see her nearly bald snatch. The very last photo was an extreme close-up of her pussy in the bright sunlight, the soft fuzz of barely visible hair catching the sun.

“Janie said, “I didn’t know he was going to take that last one so up close. I asked him to skip it, but he said no.”

Sasha said, “Do you do everything he says now?”

“Yes.”

Ann was pissed, and said, “How come you didn’t do my pictures like that?”

Sasha said, “Why? What do your pictures look like?”

I handed Janie the camera, and said, “Show her?” Janie and I had discussed this before. She was going to download the pictures to the server so they were out of reach from Ann and Sasha. She did this into a new directory called *Set 3*, and then refreshed the page. She said, “I don’t want to see these, you drive, Tommy.”

She got up and walked to the side of the screen, and I sat down. I clicked on *Set 3*, and the started going rapidly through the slideshow. Blowjobs, me fingering Ann, Ann fingering herself, Ann fingering her asshole, Ann with the dildo up her ass, in her mouth, in her pussy and me in her mouth, dildo back in her ass with me in her pussy (that was a tough picture to take), finally, a shot of her gaping asshole with a big glob of my come half in it, a thread still running up to my dick.

These were hardcore porno pictures that clearly showed my face and hers. Sasha made faces and noises of disgust for every picture. On the last one, she said, “You’re such a disgusting slut, Mother.”

Ann said, “Sasha, you’ve got cum in your hair,” and right away Sasha’s hand went up to the back of her head.”

I ignored them, and said, “Yeah, I don’t think you’re going to make too much money off these pictures.”

“Well, why the hell didn’t do them nice like Janie’s?”

“I couldn’t because the lighting sucked in your room. This room was great during the day, with the two windows, the light walls and bedspread. I was able to get a very soft effect.”

Sasha looked at me like I had two heads. “When the hell were you up here?”

“When we used you computer.”

Ann said, “What’s *Set 2*?”

I didn’t say anything, and Janie said, “That’s another set we took.”

At the same time, Ann and Sasha said, “Let’s see them.”

I said, “I don’t think so. That set is private... for now.”

Sasha’s jaw dropped, and Ann went ballistic. “Fuck you, you little fuck. Show me those mother-fucking pictures, now!”

“I promised Janie I wouldn’t, so no.”

Janie sighed, and said, “Oh, I don’t care, Tommy. Let them see.”

“Okay.”

I swiveled back around, and went back to the blue page. The cursor hovered over *Set 2*, and I asked if she was sure. As soon as she confirmed, I clicked on the link, and the first picture came up.

It was a timed shot, with the camera sitting on the computer desk, aimed at the bed. Janie was still in her shift, sitting cross-legged on Sasha’s bed much as she was now. She was looking up at me with innocent eyes as her hands were at the sides of my shorts. The next three photos were of her pulling my shorts down, and the one after that was my stiff dick in front of her face.

She was still looking me in the eye, but now she had a hint of a smile. She rubbed her cheek against my dick, kissed the end of it with her eyes closed, and then took the tip of it into her mouth while looking at me once again.

The next series was of me taking her shift off, and kissing her, and then of her slowly laying down as my kisses descended lower and lower. When I was at her belly, she rolled on her side with her sweet ass to the camera. Then my hand went first to her ass, and then to her hip as I pushed her back flat and got between her legs.

I narrated as I clicked through the pictures, and I explained that the next pictures had to be done with care as I had to lay the camera on the bed for the angle, and Janie had to bend her knees so we could get in for a tight shot of her pussy.

Janie said, “He made me sit still for the next ones. Do you know how hard that was?”

The next pictures were of my tongue near her slit, then just touching her little clit, then me kissing her pussy, and then her whole pussy in my mouth as I devoured it.

I had moved the camera back to the computer desk to get a profile shot of me eating her out, and then several of her back arching, and her face turning toward the camera wearing an expression of bliss. She spread her legs completely across the bed, and I kneeled between her legs hold my dick with a look of amazement on my face. Then, without directly showing it, I obviously entered her. As I pushed into her, her knees came up, and I pushed them to her chest. Now you could see my shaft moving in and out, but her pussy was not quite visible.

We had to accommodate the camera, so she slowly rolled onto her side, with her ass once again facing the camera, and I lifted one of her legs high in the air. At the same time she leaned her body forward, and slowly, slowly her ass swung up and her pussy came into view as I pumped her.

I told Sasha and Ann that at this point, this was the last adjustment I made to the camera which was only to zoom in some more, because I was really getting into fucking Janie. I

pulled out of her, and she flipped onto her knees, pointing her ass way up in the air with her legs spread. I'd like to take credit for centering her pussy in the frame, and the excellent angle, but a lot of it was luck.

The next set of shots came out fantastic. It was the first time you really got to see her bald snatch opened up, and it did so in a way that looked as if it was kissing my dick. You couldn't see her face, but her head was up, then a perfect close-up of penetration, and then a picture per inch as I entered her to the hilt. With each frame, her head was lower, until you could see her face between her legs. Her expression was the money shot, in my opinion. She had had an orgasm at that point, which got me ready. Another shot almost all the way out, another in, and then another very lucky shot. My dick was coming out sort of at an angle with the head half in and half out, and her pussy was still open, and you could see cum actually splashing off one of her lips and deflecting inside her.

When the last picture was shown, I said, "And that was Janie and me popping our cherries."

Sasha looked like she wanted to spit bullets, and I didn't help matters. "What do you think, Sasha? Is your snatch as clean and tasty looking at your sister's?"

"She's only eleven fucking years old..."

"Twelve," Janie and I said at the same time.

"Whatever. You're going to get busted as a sexual offender. Plus, she isn't a virgin; she's fucked Deuce."

I looked at Janie, and she calmly shook her head. "Deuce came into my room one night holding his little pecker and claimed he thought it was Sasha's room. He kept trying to stick it in my face. She's hated me ever since."

"Oh yeah?" I said. "That's real interesting. I'm glad you told me."

"Like I'm going to believe you, Jane. You're a little fucking cock-sucker... I mean, just look!"

Ann said, "Sasha, knock it off. You're so fucking ugly when you get jealous. I wish my first time was as sweet as in these pictures."

Janie shocked her sister and mother when she said, "C'mon; let's go get high."

"Give me a fucking break," said Sasha. "Tell her to fuck off, Mother."

Very quietly, without anger, Janie said, "Why don't you fuck off, Sasha."

Sasha looked like a Doberman Pinscher when she said, "You ain't doing our shit."

I looked at Ann, and she looked at me, and then said, “Sasha, you don’t have any shit. Go take your shower, and then go to bed. You’re spun something bad.”

It was the last test, to see if her mother would stop Janie from snorting a line.

She failed.

Sasha came out of the shower at the same time Deuce called and said he was on his way. She came into the room, and saw the tiny little line we saved for her just to set her off again, but she didn’t take the bait.

Janie slipped off and went to her bedroom. A minute later she pressed bags of dope into my hands behind my back. It took a while... there were thirty of them. I pocketed two of them.

I walked over to the dresser and put twenty-eight eight-balls on top. “Ann, that’s three and a half ounces. It’s okay if he sees it, but if he doesn’t hand over two grand, then tell him to fuck off. If he gives you any shit, tell him that Ricky promised to drop the hammer on anyone who delays, and then politely ask him to leave. Once he gives you the two grand, tell him you want... eight grand for this batch. That puts \$1800 in his pocket.”

I pulled out one of the baggies from my pocket, and threw it on the mirror. “Here’s the last of the free stuff for now. Make it last. Janie and I are going to go make out. I’ll see you after he leaves.”

As soon as we were in her room, I split the remaining bag in half.

“What are you doing that for, Tommy?”

“Insurance policy I’m going to plant this in Deuce’s car when he gets here. I’m going to open your window so I can get out when he arrives, okay?”

“Sure.”

I was sitting on Janie’s bed, staring out the open window. She slithered up on the bed, pushed me down flat, and then started kissing me and rubbing between my legs.

“Tommy, I almost came again just watching our pictures. I can’t believe we did that.”

“I know. It was like a dream.”

Very quietly, she said, “I want you to fuck me again.”

It was bad timing, but I couldn't say no. I lifted her nightgown and peeled off her panties. She made me stand up on her bed so she could pull down my shorts. On her knees, she couldn't quite reach my cock, so she pulled it down to her mouth and sucked me off until I was fully erect. I got behind her and eased in.

We were both nearly silent, as I pumped her slow and steady. I wanted to make it last, and so did she. Deuce was late, and that was fine by me. Every time I had come so far had been only a minute or two after starting, so this was something new.

I fucked her for a straight half an hour before I saw headlight reflections in the woods. I slowed down to listen carefully, but I didn't stop.

The car stopped, and I recognized the sound of his boots on the porch outside. He let himself in, and I pulled out of Janie and crawled out the window naked. I started slinking off, and then turned around because I forgot something. Janie's arm was out the window holding a small bag.

We heard Sasha go out with Deuce, and Janie gave me a questioning look.

"That's why I wanted insurance. She can't wait to tell him that I'm the one doing the deal with your mother."

I killed a few minutes by going into Ann's room and grabbing my two grand. Ann said that Deuce tried to give her \$1800, but she held the fort. I didn't say anything and walked out of the room with the money.

I went outside to make a phone call, and thank god he answered.

In a panicky voice, I said, "Oscar! Did you kill Ricky yet?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I heard him say "Hey Ricky... it's your brother. He wants to know if I killed you yet..." He got back on, and said, "Not yet, Tommy. Apparently he's still alive. Is that all?"

"Listen carefully. I told my mother that Ricky was in deep shit because of the dope she took. She told me she didn't flush it for some reason, so I made her give it to me. Then I did something stupid."

"What did you do, little Clooney?"

"Well, the battery went dead in my phone, and I don't know your number without my phone, so I couldn't call you to tell you I had the shit. I rode all the way to Ann Miller's house because I heard her mention your name one time, and I figured she might have your number. I fucked up by telling Ann that I had three and a half ounces with me that I

had to get to you. She said she'd drive me to you, but then she went to the bathroom and I heard her talking..."

"Would you shut the fuck up babbling and just tell me whatever it is that you got to say?"

"Alright. I can tell you where three-and-a-half ounces of your shit is, but I want two things."

"Name them."

"I want five hundred dollars, and I want you to tell Ricky never to use me for mule ever again."

"Done."

"Really?"

"Just fucking spit it out!"

"She said she had to wait for her nails to dry before we left, and I told her to fuck her nails, but she wouldn't listen. I heard a car pull up and shut off across the street, and I didn't think anything of it, but then I heard it start a minute later, and I ran from the house. A car was driving away without its lights on, but when it went under the streetlight, I saw it was a black Chevelle SS."

"Deuce!" Oscar barked into the phone.

"Yeah, and when I checked my bike bag, it was empty."

The line went dead.

I walked back into the house and heard Ann shout, "What the fuck are you talking about, Janie?"

I walked through the kitchen, entered Ann's bedroom, sat down next to Janie, and put my arm around her waist.

"I'll speak slowly so you understand me, Mother. There are going to be some big changes around here. I've had it up to here with you and that fucking cunt that you call my sister."

Ann looked at me, and said, "Can you believe this bitch? Telling her mother what to do..."

"I sure can believe it, Ann. I know a little how she feels."

Janie said, "You are huge drug addict, you are a whore, you got Sasha hooked on dope, you fuck her boyfriends, you fuck thirteen-year-old boys, you sell my stuff for drugs, you haven't bought me any clothes in a year and half, you never buy food because you never eat. You've actually grown stupid, and now you've let me do drugs."

"Do you think I have it easy? Ever since your father died..."

"Mother, cut the shit."

Ann dabbed her eyes to stop the tears that may or may not have been there. Then her eyes narrowed, and she said, "What the fuck are you going to do about it, anyway?"

I spoke up. "Mrs. Miller, that's what Janie is talking about... you are really fucking stupid. We just transferred all those pictures I took of you and me having sex to an anonymous server. You coerced me into having sex with you yesterday – something I didn't want to do. Now you have the choice of entering a rehab on your own, or sobering up in prison as a sex offender. It's your choice; we are not open to negotiation."

Just then, my phone rang. I looked to see who it was and nodded.

"Hello, Deuce."

"Hello, you little cunt. I'll take my camera back along with this dope."

"You might want to rethink that, Deuce."

"Don't give me that shit. Word is, your brother is missing some dope. I'm guessing that his missing some and you mysteriously gaining some is no coincidence. Should I call him, and ask?"

"You do what you want, Deuce, but first, ask that nice little girl sitting next to you to open up the glove compartment. See if she finds any dope in there. Oh she did? That's right. There's another one hidden somewhere in your car. You have about fifteen minutes to find it because when I hang up, I'm reporting the abduction of a fifteen-year-old girl by a black SS whose owner keeps dope stashed in a clever hiding spot. Its 2:00am right now; I'd get off the road fast. Maybe you should swing by and drop off that dope to my brother and Oscar. They know you have it."

I hung up, but not even a minute later, the phone rang again.

I shut off the ringer.

"Ann, Janie and I are going to rest for a while in her room, and we don't want to be disturbed. You should go do a little shopping right now and get some bacon and eggs for breakfast. I like my eggs scrambled. After breakfast, you have to take Janie and I to the

mall. She wants to do a little clothes shopping, and I'd like to pop in to the camera store. Try and have breakfast ready about nine. We want to get an early start."

"And Mom? Whenever you are feeling angry and resentful, just tell yourself that it's better than prison."

"Good night, Mother. Deep down, I really do love you."