

## A Mr. Slot Halloween

The Halloween party at the Stately Richardson Manor had been a smashing success. Tanya, the exchange librarian from Aussieland, had just disappeared with Warren Underground after smashing Sister Mary Margaret's all time record for most people serviced in a single party. Pred and the Predtones had finally passed out on their instruments while George Jones was nowhere to be seen.

In one corner sat a small wagon containing an inordinate number of naked young females, all sexually exhausted and with little red welts on their backs and butts. In fact, there appeared to be a lot of naked young females, as well as a lot of naked young males. The males were all asleep, snoring away, while most of the females looked on in a mixture of disgust and disappointment. The rest of the females were busy getting down to business with each other. On the stage where Pred and the Predtones were quietly sleeping off enough drugs and alcohol to keep the country of Bolivia in business until the next millennium, sat two fourteen-year-old girls. One was a pretty redhead with a strange accent, the other a pretty blonde with a Texas one. They were drinking long necked Hecates and surveying the damage.

"Well that was fun," said Claudette, stretching her lithe, 5'7" body. "So when do we get down to the serious sex?"

"As soon as I get you tied to my bed," replied Katie R, giving her a look that would have had most of the male population of the United States tearing their clothes off.

Just then the large front doors swung open, and a tall stranger wearing a leather driz-a-bone and matching Akubra hat strode into the room. Claudette's eyes went straight to his crocodile skin boots, and she wondered what a pair with four inch heels would look like on her own slim legs. They then travelled north and stopped at the bulge in his black Levi jeans. Katie R, on the other hand, was instantly suspicious. The stranger dressed too much like Warren Underground, not with the same style as Wazza, but enough for Katie to think they were from similar places.

"All right, where's Tanya?" asked the stranger in a deep, booming voice.

As soon as she heard the voice, Katie R thought about Aussieland. Claudette thought about liquid sex.

"She's not here," responded Katie at last. "But there are plenty of fourteen-year-old girls around who would be happy to help you forget about her."

"Nope," responded the Aussie, "Tanya's who I came for, and Tanya's who I intend to take back to Uppajumpquik."

"Well, like I said, she's not here," said Katie R. "She went back to Aussieland with Warren Underground. Maybe you know him."

"I know the man," nodded the Aussie. "There's only nineteen million people in Australia, and we all know each other." He looked around the room at the aftermath of the party. "Looks like this party is just about over. I take it the dwarf tossing contest has already been run and won."

"Umm, yeah," said Katie R, making a mental note for next year's party, "You should have been here."

“Yup,” said the Aussie, visibly disappointed. “I always miss out on the dwarf tossing. Oh well, I better head back to Aussieland and have a talk with Wazza.” And with that he turned and walked out.

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The previous day.

David was worried about Tanya, his girlfriend. He was worried when she had come home with that slip of paper telling how she had been selected for an exchange librarian program. He had never heard of Del Rio, Texas, and he was pretty sure such an official document would have been typed, not written in crayon like this one. At the very least they would have used one of those fancy ballpoint pens or something. But he was proud of Tanya and all she had achieved. It wasn't everyone who could possibly handle the task of being head Librarian of Wallaby, New South Wales.

Wallaby was a thriving township of nearly two hundred people, not like Uppajumpquik that only had a population of fifteen, including sheep. Uppajumpquik was only three hundred miles north of Wallaby, so it was no problem for Tanya to drive to and from the library every day. But when the order to go to Del Rio had come through, Tanya had to catch a bus all the way to the big smoke of Sydney. David had been a bit worried about that too. There was talk of some big sporting event occurring at the time, maybe even bigger than the football final last year when the Wallaby Roos had taken on the Wagga Wagga Bilbies. That had been a great match, due mostly to the teams managing to stay sober till well after half time. David had found it hard to believe that any sporting event could be bigger than that.

Tanya had gone to Del Rio promising she would be back before wombat droving time, but when the time came to round up those furry little buggers Tanya was nowhere to be found. David got worried then and decided to go and collect her. He travelled all the way to Sydney to catch a plane to the United States. He walked right up to the ticket table where a plumpish woman with thick glasses was reading a Woman's Weekly.

“G'day,” he said, “I'd like to fly to Del Rio, Texas. I think that's in the States or something.”

“Sure,” said the bespectacled woman behind the table. “Do you have a passport?”

“What's a passport?” asked David.

“It's like a little book that says you're who you say you are,” responded the woman.

“But I know who I am,” said David.

“Oh, well that's okay then,” said the woman. “Here you go.” She handed him a ticket and then walked him out to the runway where a Jumbuck Airways plane was parked. David walked up the stairs and entered the plane where a nice flight attendant showed him to his seat. Forty-eight hours later he was standing in front of the customs counter at Del Rio International Airport.

“G'day,” he said to the nice bespectacled woman behind the counter.

“Hello,” she said. “Can I see your passport, please?”

“Oh, I don't need one of those,” said David, “I already know who I am.”

The woman looked him up and down, then told him to follow her to a private room. "I'm afraid there has been a large incidence of goanna smuggling from Australia lately," she explained, "so I will have to search you for lizards."

David was always willing to do his bit for international relations so he didn't complain when she asked him to take all his clothes off. He thought it was nice of her to set his mind at ease about being naked by taking all her clothes off as well.

She then pointed at his crotch and said, "That looks like a lizard."

"I can assure you that's no goanna, ma'am," said David smiling. He wasn't surprised that people from overseas would not know what a goanna looked like.

"Well we will have to make sure," said the woman, sitting on a table that was standing against a wall. "I have a lizard detection device here," she said, spreading her legs. "If you would be so kind as to insert it."

David thought that was a strange place to keep any sort of test equipment, but he reckoned it would be best to do as he was told. Half an hour later the woman announced that although the equipment had given off a lot of loud warnings he was free to go. David left her smoking a cigarette and set about finding Tanya.

When he exited the airport building he was surprised to see lots of people running about. There had to be nearly as many people in this one place than there was in all of Wallaby. He saw a line of yellow cars where people would get into the back seat, tell the driver where they wanted to go, and then the yellow car would drive off. David decided to try it out. He got in the back seat of the first yellow car and asked the woman behind the wheel to take him to Tanya.

"And who would she be?" asked the woman.

"She's my girlfriend," replied David. "She came over here on an exchange librarian program."

"Oh, you mean the cute little blonde Aussie girl," said the woman. "It's been all over the radio tonight. She's going for Sister Mary Margaret's all time record."

David was a bit confused. He had never heard of this Sister Mary Margaret, or any sort of record she might have. "Do you know where she is right now?" he asked.

"I sure do, sweetheart," replied the woman, "and I'll take you right there. But first you have to do something for me."

"What's that," asked David.

"Well ever since I heard that sexy Aussie accent of yours I've just been getting wetter and wetter."

This confused David even more. She didn't appear to be sweating at all, and her clothes certainly looked dry enough. Then he thought he understood. "Do you want to search me for lizards?" asked David.

"Hon, I don't care what you call it, just hurry up and get those pants off," said the woman as she climbed into the back seat with David.

After forty-five minutes of thorough lizard searching the woman drove David to the Stately Richardson Manor.

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Now.

After leaving the party David made his way back to the airport. The woman who had driven him to the Stately Richardson Manor was waiting for him outside and offered to drive him back if she could look for his lizard again. David was feeling tired by now, but decided it was probably in the best interest of international relations to oblige. Later, at the airport, the bespectacled woman who searched him the first time pulled him aside and said that goanna smuggling had reached an all time high, and that not only would she have to search him again, but two of her friends would have to help. Eventually David was on a plane heading for Aussieland.

When he arrived back in Sydney, and after he had been searched for goannas again by five of the female customs staff, he headed for Bondi to look for Warren Underground. He knew that Wazza often had a few quiet ones at the Marquis of Queensbury, his local watering hole. The Marquis was a well-known pub in Bondi where the toughest of the tough relaxed. Only the best of Sydney's elite criminal element drank there. It was rumoured that Billy "Left-Eye" Thompson had met his gruesome demise in the Marquis. He had been found floating off Bondi, and Coff's Harbour, and several points in Sydney Harbour itself. So it was with some trepidation that David passed through the large oak doors. Inside it was dark, with a pall of cigarette smoke drifting about the heads of the patrons. David decided that the best approach would be the straightforward one.

"I'm looking for Wazza," he said to the room.

"He ain't here," replied the room.

David's eyes searched the room for the voice that had replied. It was hard to see anything through the gloom and the smoke. In a far corner he spotted a familiar shape wearing a custom made leather Akubra. A small glowing ember brightened as the shape drew on his cigarette.

"Hello, Wazza," said David.

"Hello, Dazza," said Warren Underground. "You'll be here for Tanya then."

"I reckon I will be," replied David.

"I knew who she was as soon as I saw her at that party," said Wazza. "I always had a soft spot for that girl. I even considered keeping her for myself, but business is business."

The three of them had grown up together in Uppajumpquik. David knew that Warren had always had a thing for Tanya, but she had spurned his advances, preferring to be with David instead. Warren had left for the big smoke as soon as he turned fifteen, making a successful business from the teenage girl slave trade. But he had never forgotten about Tanya, and now he had her.

"I'll be taking her back home now," said David, advancing on Warren.

"Hold it right there," said Warren Underground, pulling a small yellow dog out from under the table. "This Dingo's loaded and I'm not afraid to use it."

David stopped, unsure if Wazza was bluffing or not. Firing off a Dingo in an enclosed area like this could be very dangerous indeed. "You're bluffing," he said.

"Just try me," responded Warren, cocking the dog. He slowly got to his feet and started to back towards the exit. "Don't try to follow me, Dazza, you'll only make things worse for Tanya." He slid out the door, leaving David standing alone in the middle of the pub.

"Shit!" exclaimed David.

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By the time he got outside Warren Underground had disappeared into the early evening gloom. David wasn't sure what he should do now. He had no idea where Warren might be keeping Tanya, but he figured it had to be somewhere around Bondi Junction. Ever since the Olympics had been announced, Bondi had turned into a hotbed of vice and pornography. Common opinion had it that most of the U.S. fleet was heading for Bondi to watch the beach volleyball, so the locals had redecorated accordingly. There were at least two fourteen-year-old American girls on each street corner, more on the corners that were big enough to have stop signs. Each girl was dressed quite tastefully in four-inch heels, seamed silk stockings, and g-strings. The more expensive girls wore push-up bras in an effort to stand out from the crowd. Warren Underground was responsible for a vast majority of these girls, as well as a large herd of sheep shipped straight from the best brothels in New Zealand. It was almost impossible to get from one end of Bondi to the other without being sexually satisfied. It was into this den of iniquity that David ventured.

"Hey mister, fancy a bit of rooty tooty?" said a young redhead as she tottered towards David on a pair of heels that would give an astronaut nosebleed.

"Hey, leave off, he's mine," said a brunette who was wearing less clothing than Liz Hurley at an awards ceremony.

The two girls argued over who would go first while David looked around for someone who was old enough to vote. He spotted a woman two corners down and made his way to her. When he got there he noticed that she appeared to be dressed somewhat differently from the other people in Bondi. She wore black leather thigh-high boots, denim cut-offs that were pulled so high up at the back they might as well be a thong, a bright orange tube top that was so tight that David could count the pores on her nipples, and a standard nun's habit.

"Excuse me," said David.

"Yes?" said the nun. "Can I do something incredibly carnal for you?"

"Umm, not right now."

"Are you sure?" she asked as she undid his fly and slipped her hand inside his pants. Whatever she found in there must have appealed to her, judging by the way she giggled like a schoolgirl. Sister Mary Margaret knelt down before him for a much closer inspection.

"Pretty sure. I was just wondering if you would happen to know where Tanya is," said David.

"Mmmf?" asked Sister Mary Margaret. She appeared to be having trouble talking with her mouth full.

“Tanya. She’s my girlfriend,” explained David. “Warren Underground purchased her from a woman in Del Rio, Texas.”

“Mmmf mmm mmm mmm mmf,” said the nun.

“Yes, that’s her. Anyway, he brought her here to Bondi Junction, and now I’m trying to find her.”

“Mmmf mmmf mmmf mmm mmmf mmm mmm mmmf mmm mmmf,” she replied.

“Really? That’s great. Thanks a lot,” said David, relieved that he finally had some idea of where Tanya was. “Is there anything I can do for you?”

“I thought you would never ask,” said Sister Mary Margaret as she wiped her mouth and removed what little clothing she had on.

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David looked up at the building in front of him. It was a huge block of flats, at least sixteen stories high and painted in dazzling white. Somewhere inside was his one true love. He was grateful to Sister Mary Margaret for helping him out although he was surprised that all she wanted him to do was rub some suntan lotion on her body. David thought it was unusual, seeing as it was actually night time now. He also thought it a little strange that she wanted him to spend so much time on her breasts, but she had assured him that the skin there was delicate and needed the extra attention. His confusion only increased when she gave him some special lotion she wanted him to use lower down. David had never heard of a suntan lotion called KY jelly, and the way she got him to apply it was also unusual. He had no idea how she could possibly get sunburnt in there.

He thrust such thoughts from his head as he entered the “Dingo’s Digs,” the poshest block of flats in Bondi. Inside he was surprised to see Halloween decorations and a large banner over the front desk that read, “Katie R’s Halloween Bash, Aussie Edition.”

“Oi! You can’t come in here dressed like that,” said a small greasy man sitting behind the counter.

“Dressed like what?” asked David.

“Like you’ve just come off the family sheep station,” replied the clerk. “We run a respectable establishment, catering to respectable foreign tourists. And New Zealanders.”

“But I..”

“I don’t want to hear it,” said the man, cutting David off in mid stammer. “Don’t come back in here until you look like a tourist, preferably American.”

Five minutes later David re-entered the “Dingo’s Digs” wearing khaki shorts, a Hawaiian shirt so loud that it came with its own volume control, sandals with matching socks, and fourteen different types of cameras slung around his neck.

“That’s much better,” said the clerk, looking up from his racing schedule. “Now what can I do for you?”

“I would like to see Tanya,” said David.

“Certainly, Sir. That’ll be two thousand dollars.” The clerk eyed him suspiciously. “Aussie dollars, not that fake Kiwi crap.”

“I don’t have two thousand dollars,” admitted David.

“Well then, how much do you have?” asked the clerk.

David opened his wallet and peered inside. “About five hundred,” he said.

“That’s just enough for Beryl,” said the clerk, making the five hundred dollars disappear faster than a bottle of steroids in the Chinese swim team’s locker room.

“Actually I was hoping I could...” David found a key thrust into his hand and an arm pushing him up the stairs.

“You’re gonna love Beryl,” said the clerk. “She’s got a real talent with boys like you.”

“I appreciate that but...”

“In here.”

Before David knew what was happening he was standing alone in a darkened room. Then he heard movement in the darkness. “Beryl?” he asked.

“Baaaaaa,” came the reply.

“Oh cripes!” said David. Before he could say anything else someone hit him over the back of the head with a large blunt object. “I’ve been king-hit by an All-Black front rower,” he thought as the floor rushed up to greet him.

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David felt a strange sensation on his lap. Hoping it wasn’t Beryl he slowly opened his eyes. He discovered he was naked and tied to an old brass bed. The sensation he felt wasn’t Beryl, but was in fact a fourteen-year-old girl bouncing up and down faster than a rabbit on a pogo stick. “Excuse me,” he said.

“Uhn,” replied the girl.

“Uhn?” asked David.

“Uuhh,” responded the girl.

“I’m sorry, I thought you said uhn,” said David.

Just then the bedroom door swung open and Warren Underground strode in. “Hello, Dazza,” he said, “I see you’ve met Cindy Lou.”

“Nice to meet you, Cindy,” said David. He would have extended a hand except for the fact it was tied to the bed head.

Cindy responded by climaxing with a monstrous orgasm and then toppling backwards off the bed. All David could see was a pair of four-inch heels protruding above the mattress.

“That seems to happen a lot with these girls,” said Warren as he took a seat. “Absolutely no sense of balance when they come down under.” He lit up a camel, watched as the dromedary ran around the room for a while before jumping out the window and into a nearby pool, and then returned his attention to David. “How much?” he asked.

“How much for what?” replied David.

“How much do you want to forget about Tanya,” explained Warren.

“I can’t do that, Wazza,” said David. “I love her.”

“I can understand that. She really does have incredible tits.”

“But it’s more than that,” said David. “It’s the way her hair looks like when it’s backlit by the summer scrub fires, the way her eyes sparkle when she’s crutching the sheep, the way her skin glistens with sweat when she’s shearing the wombats. It’s just too hard to explain.”

“I think I’m beginning to understand,” said Warren. “Tell you what, I’ll make you a deal.”

“What sort of deal?” asked David.

“During the Halloween party at the Stately Richardson Manor Tanya took on 128 people. If you can match that I’ll set you both free.”

“Okay,” agreed David, “when do I begin?”

“You already have,” said Warren. “You had sex with 98 people while you were unconscious.”

“Well that explains why my arse hurts,” said David. “How long will this take?”

“Not too long,” replied Warren. “Most of these fourteen-year-old girls have learned to cum pretty quick. I think it’s because the average fourteen-year-old boy will cum within thirty seconds. Most thirty-year-old men too.” He got up and opened the door, revealing a gaggle of young girls standing in the hallway. “Good luck, David,” he said, and then walked out of the room.

David watched as number 99 tottered into the room and climbed up onto the bed.

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Two hours later Warren Underground stood by the front desk and watched as David and Tanya left the “Dingo’s Digs” arm in arm.

“I’m surprised you let her go,” said the clerk from beside him. “I thought you had some pretty deep feelings for her.”

“I do,” said Warren.

“You must be pretty upset then.”

“I am,” responded Warren. “But then I think about the millions of dollars I’m going to make from the video tapes. It isn’t often that you can make a movie of one guy fucking 128 different men, women, and assorted farm animals.”

The End