

Run

It was on a night like this that I met her.

Betsy.

I had taken to walking the streets at night after my relationship with Cindy ended. Well it was better than staying home and watching old sit-coms on television. They were funny the first time around, maybe even the second time. But when you're watching Hawkeye Pierce deliver the same zinger at Frank Burns for the thirty-eighth time, well let's just say the joke's worn a bit thin.

So I'd hit the streets, avoiding the sleazier part of town where the strip clubs run twenty-four hours a day. All that flashing neon and barking spruikers telling me in a voice that would drown out a jet engine that they have real live nude girls inside. I guess the fake dead ones don't bring in the crowds. I gave into the constant verbal battering once and went inside one of these "quality" establishments. I paid five dollars for a glass of watered down beer and watched a bottle blonde remove her clothes with all the vitality of a paid political announcement.

Whoopee.

So I kept to the quieter streets of uptown where people are rich enough to afford doormen and car thieves snub anything less than a BMW. Sometimes I got strange looks from the few people I met. An unknown man walking aimlessly around on his own tends to raise suspicions. I considered buying a dog but there are strict laws governing dog ownership, and there is something humiliating about walking around with a plastic bag full of dog turds. So I walked alone, trying to forget about late night television and a girl named Cindy.

Cindy.

I swear I loved that girl. She was my everything. I honestly thought she was as happy as I was. I make a decent living as an accountant and she had a good job as a real estate agent. We were doing the nine to five thing and saving for a house to call our own. But that ended just two weeks after my thirty-fourth birthday, when I came home early from work. All the computers were down because of a power outage, so the boss sent everyone home, after ensuring we would work through our lunch break the next day. Our boss was a real humanitarian. There was a rumour going around the office that he kept a time clock next to his bed, so he could punch in and out when servicing his wife.

As I walked into the small apartment we called home I heard a noise coming from the bedroom. Cindy always got home before me but this was early even for her. Thinking we were being robbed I carefully made my way down the hall and slowly poked my head through the open doorway. And there was my Cindy wearing the top half of a Cat Woman outfit and straddling a large man dressed as Superman.

I was shocked.

I was horrified.

Didn't she know Cat Woman would never bonk Superman? Batman maybe, but never Superman. At that moment she looked over and saw me, the horror and disbelief evident on my face. I expected her to say something, deny it was happening, claim she was being forced against her

will, anything but what she did. She turned back to the man on the bed and kept right on bonking him.

I did the only thing I could in the situation. I went to the kitchen and made myself a pot of tea. After she had finished she came out to talk to me.

“Honey, it's not what you think,” she said.

“I think you were having sex with our bank manager,” I replied.

“Okay, so it is what you think. But I was doing it for us.”

“Us? How on earth can you having sex with our bank manager possibly be a benefit to us?”

“He said he'd give us a low interest home loan if I did.”

“Oh.” It was all I could think of to say. I guess what she said held some sort of logic. But I still felt betrayed. And I knew others would be hurt. “What about his wife? What if she found out?”

At that moment I heard the toilet flush and a middle aged Wonder Woman walked out of the bathroom twirling her magic lariat. It was the bank manager's wife.

She looked me up and down then turned to Cindy and said, “We have another one, do we? Well I guess I can handle him for you. I'm in the mood for a little bondage.” She looked me up and down. “And he is kinda cute. Don't forget now, Cindy, Jonathan and Richard will be here soon.”

“And who are Jonathan and Richard?” I asked my fiancée.

“The milkman and the baker. Honey, it's not what you think.”

I left that night.

And so it was that I was walking down a street in a quiet part of town in the middle of the night. As I went by an alley voices from within grabbed my attention. I could see a group of four people, one woman and three men, illuminated by a street lamp. Two of the men were holding the woman from behind, while the third was on his knees before her, running his hands up her legs and under her skirt.

Now I am the first to admit I am not a hero, but I had just had a particularly hard day at work and most of my time walking the streets had been spent thinking about Cindy. I was ripe for trouble. So I cautiously moved into the alley, using the shadows to conceal my approach. I picked up a handy piece of wooden board that was sitting in a pile of garbage and crept closer, stopping at the edge of the shadows. I didn't want to reveal myself in the light of the street lamp.

Gathering up my courage I raised the wood and ran at them, yelling incoherently. The one doing the touchy-feely act turned just in time to catch the flat of the board across his face. It made a loud slapping noise as it hit him, instantly bloodying his nose and knocking him on his arse. His companions let go of the woman and faced me. I knew I was in trouble if I couldn't bluff these two into believing I could take them on and win. I decided the best approach was to fake total lunacy.

"Come on," I yelled, "I'll take you all on. I know Kung-Fu and I'm not afraid to use it." The only thing I knew about Kung Fu was the television show that was on Friday nights at 11:30. I leaped towards them, waving my arms wildly with elaborate chopping motions, all the while making weird sounds like a cat being strangled.

All three of my opponents stared at me for a second, then turned tail and fled. There's a lot to be said for acting like a complete loon. I turned to the woman who had fallen in a heap when her attackers let her go. She looked up at me as I extended a hand to lift her off the cold, garbage-strewn cement.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" she yelled at me as she slapped my hand away.

"I'm helping you up," I replied.

"I can see that, you idiot. I meant why did you scare them off like that? Are you some sort of mental defective?"

"No, it was just an act to bluff them. I was just trying to protect you."

"Protect me?" she asked incredulously. "What makes you think I need protecting?"

"Well there were three of them attacking you. Anyone would need help if they were outnumbered like that." I had the feeling that this wasn't what I'd presumed it to be.

"They were not attacking me, you idiot. They were my johns."

"Your what?" I asked. I wanted to make sure I heard her right. She looked no more than 18... maybe 19, but with a mouth like an old sailor. Her long brown hair was a mess of tangles.

"My johns, my clients." She looked at me like I just wasn't getting it. "Jesus, you really are an idiot. They were my customers. They were going to pay me a hundred dollars to have sex with all three of them."

I looked at her dumbfounded. "You're a prostitute?"

"Oh very good, you finally worked it out. At this rate you'll be up to a fifth grade education in no time." This woman had a gift for sarcasm. I turned around and started to walk away. My bed suddenly looked very inviting.

"Hey, don't just walk off like that," she yelled after me. "You owe me a hundred dollars."

"What?" I said, turning back to her. "How do you figure that?"

"Well they weren't going to pay me till afterwards, and seeing as you scared them off before they could do the deed, you owe me what I was going to be paid."

"I don't have that sort of money," I said, patting my pockets for emphasis.

"Well you better find some," she said, walking up to me and poking me in the chest. "You owe me."

She was a feisty little thing. She couldn't have been much taller than 5'3" but she certainly packed a punch. The finger poking she was giving me in my chest was beginning to hurt. I grabbed her hand and looked into her big brown eyes.

"Look," I said, "there's a twenty-four hour donut shop around the corner. If you promise to stop poking me I'll buy you a donut and a cup of coffee.

"Two donuts," she said, pouting those full lips of hers. I will always remember how she looked at that moment, standing defiantly in the light of that old street lamp, threatening to poke me again over a donut.

"Okay, two," I agreed and smiled at her.

She smiled back at me. It was the kind of smile that lit up a room. She bent over and pulled a battered old backpack out from under a nearby cardboard box.

"And while we are having our coffee and donuts, we can discuss the hundred dollars you owe me."

The donut shop was really just a grease trap and the donuts were just stale bakery items with sprinkles, but at least the coffee was crap. It also appeared to have more than its quota of police officers sitting at the counter. Some of this town's finest, scarfing stale donuts and drinking bad coffee, while outside the latest crime wave was hitting its peak. The woman grabbed my arm and dragged me to a corner booth. She looked at the counter jocks with some trepidation.

"I don't like being near cops," she whispered to me. "There's something greasy about them."

"It's probably the donuts," I said. "How do you want your coffee?"

"I like my coffee like my men," she said.

"Strong and black?"

"No, white and in a cup."

I wasn't sure if that was a joke or not, but I decided not to push it. I walked over to the counter and ordered two white coffees and a half dozen donuts. The cop I was standing next to looked over my shoulder at the girl in the booth.

"I see you picked up Betsy," he said.

"Betsy?" I replied, "Is that her name?"

"Well actually we call her Twenty Dollar Bet."

I looked at him, not understanding what he meant.

"She bobs for twenty bucks. Two tenners for a tongue lash." The cop was getting exasperated at my ignorance. I guess I was just slow that night.

“She charges twenty dollars for a blow job.” The cop turned to his partner and mumbled something to him, which must have been funny because they both laughed loudly at it. I collected my order and went back to the booth.

“You telling jokes over there?” she asked as I sat down.

“No, they were just telling me your name, Betsy.”

“Oh were they now? And what other pearls of wisdom did they impart to you?”

“Nothing, it's not important.”

“God I hate those bastards. All I am trying to do is survive on the streets, and they make it as hard as possible.” She looked at the cops over the top of her coffee, her eyes squinting against the steam rising from the cup. She looked back at me and asked, “What's your name, Slim?”

“Howard... Howard Bloom.”

“Betsy Powell,” she said, offering me her hand. I shook it.

“Pleased to meet you, Betsy. So why are you living on the streets?” I didn't expect much of an answer but she must have been in a talkative mood.

“My step father bashed me so I left.”

“Why did he do that?” I asked.

“He was a bit upset because I had sex on his car. Well one of them anyway. He owns a car dealership, you see, and I had sex on the hood of one of his cars with his best salesman.”

“But how did he know you had sex on his car? Did he catch you in the act?”

“Well it was a little hard to miss, Howard,” she said with a wink. “We were doing it during his lunch break.”

“You had sex on the hood of a car in the middle of the day?” I was amazed.

“Yup. Middle of the day, middle of the lot. I think he was just pissed because we dented the hood of a car he had just sold. You should've seen it. There was a perfect imprint of my arse on the hood of that Chrysler. Anyway, he hit me and I left.”

“Did he fire the salesman?” I asked, trying to find some sort of sensibility in a totally insensible act.

“No, he wouldn't sack his own son.”

I sprayed coffee across the table. “His son? Your step-brother?”

“Yup. What can I say, he was an incredible fuck. Besides, I like dangerous sex.” She smiled at me with those full lips of hers. I was soon to find out just how dangerous she liked it.

“So what about you, Howard? What's in your dark past?”

“I don't have a dark past,” I said, wishing she would change the subject.

“Sure you do. I've seen you walk these streets night after night. That's not normal behaviour. Come on, Howard, tell me everything.”

I don't know why but I did. I told her all about Cindy, about the Super friends orgy, everything. And truth be told, I felt better after getting it all off my chest. Betsy listened to every word and when I was done she took my hand.

“I know just what you need, Howard. Come with me.” She got up from the booth and led me outside. It was a lot colder out there and I pulled my coat shut against the wind. Betsy led me over to a police car parked by the curb, then around to the driver's side.

“What are we doing?” I asked. I was worried she was going to steal the car. The last thing I wanted was a spot on “Wildest Police Videos of Thirty-Four Year Old Men Stealing Cars With Teenage Girls”. But instead of breaking into the police car she knelt down and quickly unzipped my fly. In a matter of seconds she had my dick out of hiding and was gently stroking it.

“Um, Betsy, I really don't think we should be doing this.” To say I was nervous was like saying World War II was a minor political squabble.

“Shh,” she said just before taking my cock into her mouth. I could feel her tongue at work, and I marvelled at how good she was. I gently ran my hands through her hair. Betsy let me go with a plop and looked up at me.

“Do you want me to stop, Howard?”

“Oh God no.” I wasn't used to this type of oral attention. I was in heaven.

“Good,” she said, “but you have to promise me something.”

“Anything, just don't stop.” I would gladly sell my soul if she wanted. She was that good.

“You have to promise me you'll cum, no matter what. Can you promise me that, Howard?”

Could I promise that I would cum? My God, I could practically guarantee it. I nodded to her and she went back to showing me that heaven was a cold, dark street in the middle of the night.

It wasn't long before I started to groan, heralding my approaching orgasm. I was about to find release when the car door in front of me opened. I felt her mouth leave, only to be replaced by her hand. I looked down as I felt her gently guide me to the open door.

“What are you doing,” I asked, trying hard to keep my balance.

“You promised me, Howard,” she said as she continued to stroke me. “You promised me you would cum no matter what. Now it's time to keep your promise. Cum for me baby, cum all over the inside of that pig's car.”

"I can't," I cried, but it was a lie. She was too good and I couldn't hold it any longer. My hips thrust forward as I shot thick ropes of cum into the cruiser. Betsy held my cock like a fire hose, aiming it at the steering wheel, the gear stick, and the seat. I was a fire hydrant in her hands and she made sure she got my cum everywhere. She finally released me and I staggered backwards, into the street.

"My God," I said, "what have we done?"

"You just paid back that hundred dollars you owed me by helping me get my revenge, Howard. Thanks." She put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I wanted to wrap my arms around her but before I could, the door to the donut shop opened.

"Hey! What the hell are you two doing to my car?" It was the cop who told me about Betsy.

"What do we do now?" I asked her.

"Run," she said.

Twenty minutes later we leaned against the wall of an old apartment building, trying our best to catch our breath. I have never run so fast in all my life, but if she asked, I would gladly run for another twenty minutes. I felt alive again.

Again? My God, I was truly alive for the first time in my life. I looked down at her and saw that wicked smile on her face. It was the same smile I had seen as she led me out of the donut shop. She grabbed me by the shirt and dragged my lips down to hers, kissing me with the passionate enthusiasm that teenage girls seem to learn quickly.

"So tell me the truth, Howard," she said after finally releasing me, "is this the best fun you've ever had?"

"The first time I had sex," I said, taking her hands in mine, "was with Camellia Simpson in the wooden fort of our local playground. She had her little dog with her but she was afraid it would run off, so I tied its leash to my leg. While I was fucking her that little dog crawled between my legs and started licking my balls. It was the most mind-blowing experience of my life. Until now."

"Well, Howard, you better buckle up, because you are in for the ride of your life."

"Oh really? And just what do you have planned?"

"Well for now," she said, grabbing my crotch and giving it a gentle squeeze, "we go back to your place and fuck like bunnies. Then tomorrow you and I are going to do something...interesting."

"Cool," I said. I looked her up and down, sizing her up.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

"I was just wondering what you would look like in a Cat Woman costume."

The next day I slept in for the first time in years. My night with Betsy had been in a word, exhausting. I tried my best to keep up with her but she was insatiable. I finally collapsed onto the bed, panting like I had just run a marathon carrying a city bus, but she rolled me over and climbed on top. When she wasn't riding my cock she was grinding her pussy into my face, her moans of pleasure cannoning off the walls of my one room apartment. It sounded like we were screwing in an amphitheatre.

And then there was the foul language. Not mine, hers. She was excessively expressive in bed, telling me in no uncertain terms just what I should be putting in where, and how fast or slow I should be doing it. I was tempted to stick my dick in her mouth, just to get some peace and quiet. In the end I passed out in self-defence.

When I finally dragged myself out of bed at eleven I found I was alone. Thinking she had left I rushed into the lounge room to see if she had taken my VCR with her. Instead I found her, standing naked except for a towel around her head, scanning my collection of novels. Betsy looked incredible, her skin freshly scrubbed and white as milk chocolate. She must have heard me come out of the bedroom because she turned to me.

"Interesting collection of books you have here, Howard. They all seem to be about horror in one form or another. You planning on becoming a world famous horror writer?"

"Maybe one day." I walked over to her and kissed her lightly on the neck. "I thought you left."

"Why would I leave, Howard? I haven't finished with you yet." She looked up at me mischievously.

"Finished with me?" I asked. "What are you talking about?"

"I decided to make your life interesting. Starting right now. Have a shower and get dressed. Then we're going somewhere." I started to ask questions but I found myself being propelled towards the bathroom.

"Okay, okay," I said. I showered, shaved, sprayed, then walked back to my bedroom to find her rummaging through my wardrobe. She had put on a pair of my pants and one of my shirts.

"Here, put this on," she said, throwing one of my good suits at me. She reached back into the wardrobe and pulled out an old baseball cap, which she put on, bundling her hair under it.

"You've gotta be the sexiest boy I ever saw." I said admiringly, pulling on my trousers. "I think you might just get me to turn gay."

"Don't you dare, not until I finish with your cock." She reached over and gave my crotch a squeeze, making it difficult to get my fly up. She liked squeezing my dick, and I must admit, I found it quite agreeable too. "Do I really look like a boy?" she asked.

"Yes you do. Are you in disguise?"

"In a way. Now hurry up, I'm hungry."

I finished dressing and we went downstairs and onto the street. I noticed Betsy had pulled the cap down over her face. It looked like she was determined not to be recognised. She took my hand and led me towards the centre of town.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“You'll see,” she replied. She dragged me to the church district and we wound up in front of a large, impressive monument to religion. Voices uplifted in songs of praise emanated from within the sandstone and stained glass edifice.

“This is a church,” I said.

“Very good, Howard. You really are observant, aren't you? Now just stand there and let me do the driving.” Betsy kissed me lightly on the lips and then slowly sank to her knees. She quickly had my fly undone and released my rapidly hardening cock from its hiding place.”

“Betsy, I really like the way you give head and all, but aren't you afraid someone will see us?” I was getting that nervous feeling again. After all, here was a young woman giving me a blowjob on the steps of a church. I'm not a religious person but this felt wrong. My nervousness was rapidly being replaced by pleasure though. She was talented, I don't think I can emphasise that enough. I was just giving myself over completely to ecstasy when a loud voice shouted at us from the doorway to the church.

“Hey! What do you guys think you are doing?”

I looked over and saw a priest standing at the top of the steps. Behind him was what appeared to be his entire congregation. I wanted to stop, I really did, but it was too late. Betsy leaned back, releasing me from her talented mouth and stroked my rampant cock as I orgasmed, shooting my cum into her open mouth.

I realise now that to the people watching we looked like two men engaging in oral sex. But at the time all I could think about was Betsy, and how she was sucking every last drop of cum from my body. She gave my cock one last kiss then put it back into my pants before zipping me up. She got to her feet and kissed me, sharing my taste with me. I looked up at the crowd and noticed they were advancing on us.

“Run?” I asked Betsy.

“Run,” she agreed.

Another twenty minutes of running and we were once again alone. We stopped at the entrance to a large shopping mall and I sat down heavily on a bench, trying to catch my breath.

“My God,” I said between breaths, “you like living on the edge don't you?”

“Yup,” she said, sitting down next to me. “I told you I was hungry.”

“Yes, but in front of a church? What if someone called the police? What if we got arrested?”

"But we didn't, did we?" She looked me in the eye. "Don't tell me it didn't get you off, Howard. You came so hard I thought you were going to drown me."

"Okay, I admit it did have some appeal." I grinned at her and she smiled back. "Now let's get some real food."

We went inside and found the food court. Betsy got herself a burger and a coke while I grabbed a kebab and an orange juice. We made our way to a table in the middle of the floor and sat down to eat. Betsy bit into her burger and I watched as sauce ran over her chin.

"Here," I said, handing her a napkin. She wiped her chin and smiled at me. I imagined spending the rest of my life with this girl.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

"Oh, just how cute you look with onion on your nose." I laughed as she applied the napkin to her face again, trying to round up the rogue piece of salad.

"There, am I free of foodstuffs now?" she asked presenting her gorgeous face to me.

"Not yet. Here, let me get it for you." I leaned over the table and gently kissed the onion from her nose. "There, now you're clean." We finished our lunch and threw the wrappers into a nearby bin. "So what do you want to do now?"

"I want to go on one of those," she said, pointing to a glass elevator. They ran up the interior walls of the mall to a hotel on the upper floors. The occupants could look out of the glass windows as they travelled.

"Must be quite a view from the top," I observed.

"Let's go," she said, grabbing my arm and dragging me to the nearest one. We hustled inside and she pulled me through the crowd to the glass window, so we had a great view as the elevator ascended. When the car reached the lobby of the hotel the rest of the passengers got out, leaving the two of us alone. A little old lady appeared at the door.

"Going down?" she asked.

"No," replied Betsy, "we already did that." She giggled as the doors slid shut on the confused woman. The elevator rose a few more floors then Betsy reached out and hit the stop button.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Guess," she said and took off the cap, shaking her hair free.

"Now? In here?" I couldn't believe what she was intimating but it soon became obvious that she was serious. In a matter of seconds she was completely naked. I was standing in a glass elevator, stopped between floors, with a beautiful naked girl.

"Do you want me, Howard?" she asked, slowly running one finger over her lips. I started towards her but she shook her head.

“You have to be naked first, Howard. You can have me but you have to be totally naked.”

What could I do? A sane, sensible man would hand over her clothes and start the elevator again. He would take her down to the ground floor, give her some money for food and shelter, and politely tell her they shouldn't see each other anymore.

But I was far from sane and sensible.

I stripped and took her in my arms, kissing her deeply. She took my hand and placed it between her legs. I could feel how hot and wet she was down there.

“Can you feel that?” she asked me.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Then do something about it.”

I spun her around so she was looking out into the void. She leaned forward, placing her hands on the glass and pushing her arse back towards me. I placed my hands on her hips and slid into her. Oh that sweet, silky feeling, it was glorious. I took her there and then, plunging into her again and again. It was the most incredible sex I have ever experienced, even better than the night before. I felt her shake and shiver as she came, her fingers clenching at the smooth glass in front of her. I watched her long brown hair fly as she threw her head back and moaned. The only thing I didn't see was the elevator slowly move down to the floor below, or the doors behind me as they slid open.

It was a complete surprise when the police stormed in and arrested us.

They dragged us downtown to a grimy little police station and read us our rights, then charged us with indecent exposure.

I posted bail and tried to pay for hers but she had already been released. I don't know who paid to get her out, but I suspect it was her family.

I went back to my home and my dull, boring life. I never saw her after that day, but I think it's for the best. In the end she probably would have killed me.

But I like to think that somewhere out there is a man who should know better, having sex with a gorgeous eighteen-year-old woman in a very public place.

End