

Clara

by Bingo

Note: This is a story for adult readers.

Part One

1.

He'd followed Grady's old blue Dodge van from the bar to this rural gravel road and felt like a complete idiot. It must have been obvious to Grady on this twisty road that he was being followed. More than obvious when they both pulled into an open area near a well-lit electrical transformer station.

He'd come home early from work and Clara wasn't there. It was Saturday and he thought she might be at the bar where Grady's band, The Blue Boys, regularly played. Silly name for a band but Clara loved them and attended their concerts whenever she could. He didn't see her at the bar but it was loud and crowded and he could easily have missed her.

Grady stood outside his van smoking a cigarette. He waited in his car and another car parked between them. He realized he'd done a very stupid thing.

There was a knock on his car window and he powered it down.

"What are you doing here?" Clara asked.

"I took off early tonight."

"You shouldn't be here, but seeing as you are, help me with the beer."

Clara stood aside when he opened the car door. She was wearing cute red cowboy boots with white tassels. A miniskirt, red with white fringe, hugged her hips and a bandeau top, white, looked adorable along with the white cowboy hat. The skirt and top together were maybe nine inches wide, plus the fringe of course. If there'd been no fringe she would have been nearly naked. As it was she looked devastatingly and ripely beautiful.

She opened the trunk to her car and he grabbed two cases of beer -- Michelob which seemed out of place here.

"You've never met Grady formally."

He'd seen him play and if one liked country music, no doubt he played well. Grady was just about the ugliest man he'd ever seen and as they approached he looked uglier.

Tall, lanky, pasty white skin, receding chin, a mouth over full of crooked buck teeth, nose that twisted to the right and beetle eyes beneath heavy, boney brows. His hair was thin and receding.

Grady ground out his cigarette underfoot as they approached.

"Grady, this is Leo," Clara said.

Grady said, "The beer goes in back, Leo."

Clara opened the van door. He'd expected to see musical equipment but instead there was just junk: open cardboard boxes, rags, lumber and a rolled up foam pad. She pushed a bit of the clutter aside and he set the beer down.

"You'd better go now," she said. "I'll be home in a little bit."

Grady stood next to her, put a hand on her shoulder as he reached in the van for a beer. He twisted the lid off the bottle and drank heartily, watching him. Grady stank from the sweat of tonight's performance. "Some little gal you have here, Leo." He lightly cuffed her chin.

"You'd better go," she said, then jumped as Grady did something to her back.

Her nipples were outlined in the bandeau's fabric and he could smell her arousal. She slapped behind her and giggled, raised her eyes to him. "Go. I'll be home soon."

2.

He had a well-known restaurant downtown and she would come after the lunch crowd had thinned, in the early afternoon when he was taking a break -- as much a break as any restaurateur takes. The first time they talked he was going through the receipts and getting ready to prepare the week's order for paper goods while the staff cleaned up.

The restaurant and bar stay open from lunch through dinner and later for people to stop by after a show or movie for dessert or a drink. The kitchen closes at ten-thirty, the bar at midnight.

She was pretty enough but he'd never seen her leave with a bar patron. They sat and talked and became casual friends until the day she came in with a shiner, face blotchy from weeping. She said her boyfriend hit her and she didn't

want to go back but had nowhere else to go. He gave her the key to his apartment and about six weeks later they were married. Clara was twenty-three and beautiful, with breasts that looked large on her trim frame. True blonde with blue eyes, her only cosmetic was lipstick, her cheeks never needed blush. He was forty-two, average looking for his age; this was his second marriage after nearly twenty years, a few steady girlfriends in the interval but nothing serious. It took a special woman who was willing to put up with his demanding schedule and lifestyle.

Clara stayed at home; when he arrived, usually after one or two in the morning, she had everything ready for them. Music, soft lights, wine or coffee, checking by calling earlier, and a light snack. She'd napped and her time with him was devoted to filling any wish or need. Quiet, if it'd been a hectic night, and a massage, or the best sex he'd ever had, when and how he wanted it. All given with a ready smile that he felt was just for him.

On their honeymoon she asked him what he wanted, anything, and she'd do it for him. Stay with me, he told her. Stay with me forever. Just that? she said. I'll do anything for you. Just that, he said. Then I'll stay with you as long as you want me. Forever, he said.

He'd never asked her about her past, didn't need to know her secrets. He thought that door was shut as he made her into the woman he loved. She told him a little about her boyfriends, her schooling (a year of college) and family (both parents dead, an older sister she'd not seen for years). She wasn't intimidated by the restaurant or the life he led -- host, businessman, successful and well-to-do with a clientele that had certain expectations.

Two years later they had the night off and went to a bar where a band she'd heard about was playing. The bar was déclassé, the music country/western -- a far cry from the symphony concerts to which he'd taken her. Clara was animated this night like he'd almost never seen her, at least not in public. Flushed, talkative, distracted, and drinking more than usual.

After the set she said she wanted to tell the band how much she liked them.

Clara is cute and terribly sincere and the way she walked to the impromptu stage -- determined with a slight sway -- made him smile. Grady, the leader of The Blue Boys, was who she approached. He bent to hear her over the house music, hand on her shoulder. He said something to her and she came back with a huge smile on her face.

"I'm going to get them some beer and he said I could meet the band."

She had enough money of her own, he checked, and he watched her go to the bar, leave the bar with both hands full of beers, and follow Grady through a door to the back.

In his bar and restaurant they only carried imported beer. That's what his diners expect. Some of the domestic microbreweries showed promise but there was nothing decent locally and the last thing he wanted to do was confuse patrons with an overlong drink menu filled with names they'd never heard of.

He somehow thought she'd be gone for just a few minutes but it was for almost an hour. The place became even more crowded and in an inattentive moment he lost her seat.

When she came back the band was playing and she had to hunt for him, as if she'd forgotten where they'd been sitting. Her face was flushed more than before, not just her cheeks. She took his hand and said, "Let's go."

Outside she said she was okay; she just wanted to go home and to bed early if that'd be okay. She assured him she was okay.

The word okay is one of the grievous sins Americans have inflicted on the English language. Clara knew how he felt and he was surprised by the onslaught.

3.

He was unsure what at first made him suspicious and what made him direct his suspicions to Grady and his band. He knew she liked them and he knew she often went to hear them while he was at work. Other than that, she always answered when he called her at home, was attentive and considerate to his needs -- social and private.

Little things showed a change. Voices in the background when he called her at home. A plate used as an ashtray and left in the guest bedroom's bathroom by the sink. He was surprised he even noticed it since he never went there. A reluctance on her part to have certain kinds of sex along with a fresh eagerness to explore other kinds they'd never attempted before or weren't exactly of interest to him. A subtle change in her demeanor -- distracted with an abrupt and uncalled for enthusiasm. Added to this was the sense that there'd been a change in her daily pattern: old friends dropped, meaningful silences on the answering machine.

What made him follow Grady from the bar where he was playing wasn't impulsive. It was caused by the cover of the band's new CD that Clara kept in her car. A photograph of the five band members -- a shaggy looking lot -- with their hands covering the naughty bits of the naked model in their midst. The model was, of course, Clara.

4.

After he left the van where Clara and Grady stood, Clara shouted, "Leo," and ran up to him. Her hands on his arm, her body against his, she said, "When I get home tonight, I want you to tell me what you want me to do. I'll do anything for you. Anything. Because I love you so much." She released his arm and ran back to Grady, the fringe on her tiny skirt slapping her butt affectionately with each step. She wore no underwear.

When he backed to turn the headlights swung across them. She was on her knees, her top pushed down to her waist, skirt entirely off her, her head moving quickly with his hand in her hair. They didn't even pause to look at him.

Driving away from the van, Grady and Clara, his fingers tight on the wheel, down the gravel lane, breathing nosily through his mouth, he had to pull to the side of the narrow road repeatedly as car after car and several trucks passed him. Car after car filled with men, at least it seemed that way but when he got home, after a stiff drink and he had regained some of his composure, he realized there hadn't been that many -- vehicles or men. He could always believe they were lost or it was just a beer party. Clara's trunk held more than the two cases he'd carried.

He was pretty sure they'd had her that time at the bar when she and he first went to see them months and months ago. He was pretty sure they'd had her many times since -- here at home or when she went to hear them play. They could be just Grady, him and his four bandmates or them and a slew of others. He'd had a glimpse tonight of at least one of the ways they'd had her and he already knew by experience that when she eventually came home tonight they could successfully pretend nothing had happened because it wouldn't be grossly obvious that anything had. His loss of ignorance was his own damn fault.

If she hadn't dressed to look unbearably cute for them he could possibly have attempted to forget the whole matter. She'd looked so cute and so desirable in an utterly unconventional way, whereas he'd always stressed the conventional and proper. The last thing he'd wanted was someone who looked like they stepped out of a sleazy men's magazine. Who was he fooling?

Whenever he saw her now he'd see her naked, her soft flesh ready to be eagerly offered up to the hands and lusts of others. In his mind's eye he saw her unrolling the foam mat and them taking turns on, over and in her. He could see her on her knees, her head bobbing as Grady finished his beer. He could see her, when they were done with her, putting her clothes back on and driving

back home to him. And he could see her come in dancing on her toes, eyes bright, hoping for a kiss.

She'd come home, ask him what he wanted and he was at an utter loss for what to tell her. He wondered if she'd asked Grady months ago what he wanted and if he hadn't told her exactly -- crudely and precisely -- and she'd complied completely, would keep on complying because the one thing he couldn't do, he shouldn't, was ask her was to stop.

Part Two

1.

The first time he felt that shooting tingle up his spine was when he was 16 on the school bus home and was alone except for the farmgirl sitting on the other side of the aisle a few seats forward. His stop was 10 minutes ahead, hers was the last.

He left his seat and sat next to her. "I want you to jerk me off." He waited a moment while she reddened, looking straight ahead, and went back to his seat.

She slid next to him and he unzipped his pants. "Go ahead," he said.

She pulled him out and started stroking. She never looked at him, jerked steadily.

"That's right," he said.

In a week he was cumming in her mouth, on the bus, before the next to the last stop on the way home.

This time was just like that. That bright shot up his spine as she came up to him.

"You guys play really well," she said. "Anything I can get you?"

Mid-twenties, beautiful. He'd never seen her before. She looked like she had money: new skirt and top and shiny cowgirl boots. She wasn't wearing a bra.

So he said it. "I want you to suck my cock. I want to hold you as my bandmates take your ass, one by one, my dick in your mouth."

She never lost her smile. "Some beers?"

"Yeah," he said. "Some beers. Nothing foreign. In bottles. Not the watered down tap shit."

"Okay," she said.

"Beers and a blowjob."

"I'll get them." She turned and went to a table before going to the bar. Nice ass. He figured he'd never see her again.

The guys had already left. He picked up his guitar and laid it in its case, looked to see if the setup was okay and she was back again, clutching six beers by their necks.

"I have them."

"Come on back." She followed him to the room they used during breaks. About the size of a bedroom, no windows, just one door. He pushed it open. "Beers, fellas."

There were five in The Blue Boys, counting him. Drew on the mandolin, Greg on electric bass, Stu on fiddle, Brian on second guitar. They looked up. After she was in the room he shut the door.

"I bet you look just great without those clothes on. Go ahead, hand out the beers." He flopped in an old stuffed chair, legs out. "What's your name, honey?"

"Clara," she said, looking at him for a minute. "Okay." She handed out the beers, keeping one for herself.

"Go on, honey." He watched her as he took a drink. "Show us what you have."

She paused, looking at him, then smiled. "Okay."

"I meant it earlier, Clara. You can leave if you want to." The guys were watching him and her, not saying a word.

"I said okay."

"My name's Grady, honey." Then he introduced the guys. "Clara's going to give me a blowjob."

She smiled at him and set her beer down, not taking a drink. Her top was one of those tubular things, came right off.

"Nice tits," he said. "Brian's a tit man. Aren't those nice tits, Brian?"

This had never happened before and the guys just watched, open-mouthed.

She took a drink and set her beer down. "I really like the way you guys play." She unfastened the skirt and let it drop. She took another drink, set her beer down and removed her undies. "Whatever you guys want me to do, I'll do it."

"Blowjob for me while they make up their minds, Clara." He winked at Stu. The girl had a shaved cunt and you could see everything.

She knelt by him and he said, "Don't spill any." He slid into her warm throat without any problem, drinking his beer as her head bobbed up and down.

He came down her throat, holding her head with one hand as he finished his beer. "Next," he said and that's how it started.

At the end of their break she was on the floor, on her hands and knees, cum dripping from her ass and snatch, head hanging, breathing more slowly now, her undies still in her mouth because she had been getting loud.

"Brian, get our new fan one of our CDs." He looked down at her. The girl could take it, but wasn't a whore; she was too much into it.

Brian handed him a computer burned CD in a paper sleeve. He tossed it on the floor by her. "There's a restroom down the hall where you can wash up. That spade out there your boyfriend?"

She shook her head, pulled out the gag. "Husband."

"Lucky guy. We play here tomorrow. You coming out to see us?"

"I'd like to."

"Guys, we have a real fan. Clara, you come to the show tomorrow our manager will want a piece, too."

"Okay." She looked up to him.

"You did fine, honey. Enjoy the CD. Hope you're here tomorrow."

They left her, still on her hands and knees, her face splattered with someone's cum.

2.

She came nearly every night, was their plaything between sets and after. She always bought beers, and always told them how much she liked them.

She was rich, driving a Mercedes, and dressed rich though as weeks passed dressed more and more slutty, never wearing underwear so her holes were always available.

They didn't really pass her around. It was just that she was so willing. If there was a party or something, everybody got a piece.

She never said much about her life, or how her husband was feeling about how almost every day she was now with the band and two, three, or twenty others. Glenn, their manager wanted to put her on stage with them but he'd told him no way.

She modeled for the CD cover and the photography hadn't cost a dime. They'd gotten special rates for recording sessions, all because of her.

Things were slipping though and he was starting to think it wasn't going to last. The husband would come after them with a gun, or somebody'd catch something, or she'd decide she'd had enough. A lot of dicks had been in her and people talk and things were getting out of hand, 30 or 40 guys, friends of friends of friends, showing up at a party.

Part of him wanted to slow things down, but another part of him, a part he hadn't known was there, wanted to punish the bitch, make her choke on cock, cover her with cum, shove a bottle up her ass bottom first, and drop her off home for hubby to see. What he'd married. Whatever they did she always came back, never said no. Just gave that look for a second, as if she were deciding something, then smiling and saying, "Okay. I can do that."

This part of him wasn't entirely a surprise. But it wasn't a part of who he thought himself to be: kind to dogs and kids, liked apple pie and bluegrass, and enjoyed a cold beer. A normal guy.

Clara now. With Clara he got to drink his beer, his cock down her throat, play bluegrass and he and his buddies got drained day and night.

It was amazing how much cock the bitch, Clara, sweetie pie, could take. Her husband could shoot them all and it would have been worth it.

Back when he was in high school, farmgirl drank his cum until the end of the year. They never talked. She came over, sat next to him, and he had it out all ready for her. She'd jerk him off, he'd let her know and she'd drop her mouth onto him catching it all.

The bus driver watched them, knew what was going on and he'd wondered if she treated the driver at the last stop. She didn't ride the bus the next year, had a boyfriend with a car and so it was over.

That was going to happen with Clara, too. One day it'd be over.

Part Three

1.

She was last to leave, as usual. She'd stop at a gas station and use the restroom facilities to clean up as much as she could, not that it mattered after earlier.

Images still flashed from tonight, kind of like driving for a long time. Afterwards, when you shut your eyes the road comes at you. For her the images were of ankles, red faces, fat bellies, and dicks of all sizes and shapes. Ankles were from her being on the pad. Turning away from the one on her, what she usually saw were ankles, shoes, socks, jeans, or bare feet. Mostly shoes tonight, it was outside.

She poured a cup of coffee from the thermos, drank it down and poured another. She wouldn't think of Leo just yet. She felt stoned, lethargic and it was late, after four, and soon it would be dawn. She had a half hour drive home.

One of the boys had put her things in the car. She cleaned herself the best she could with paper towels, put on the skirt and bandeau top. Pulled on her boots.

She finished her second cup of coffee and poured the last.

Okay. She took a deep breath and let it out. Ready to go home.

She shut the car door, turned the key, and started down the gravel lane.

2.

Steve, her boyfriend before Leo, had just about killed her for no reason. She'd said no, a silly thing to do because it didn't really matter, but she didn't want to so he slugged her. She still said no and a beating followed. When he was done with her afterward, getting in the end what he'd wanted all along, he left her lying on the floor and went to sleep in the bedroom.

Leo took her in. Sweet, gentle man. He didn't look it. Tall and muscular, Leo was her first black lover. They fit nicely, got along perfectly, and when he asked she said yes. On their honeymoon she'd told him she'd do anything he wanted and meant it.

So there was this life with Leo, better than any her wildest dreams. Six months ago she runs into Grady and he tells her what he wants and she says sure and after tonight she doesn't know what Leo will say.

Leo knew, probably had known for weeks and that little show Grady and she'd put on meant he really knew if there'd been any doubt.

If he wanted to know why, she wasn't sure she could tell him. He satisfied her completely where Grady and his buddies didn't. Not completely. Not satisfied either.

It was like they took her on a journey she needed to go on but maybe the journey wasn't to where she needed to be going. The problem was it was long past time for considering whether she should be going there. She'd started and didn't know how to stop or if she wanted to stop, though she wasn't sure she really liked it. If Leo would keep her she wouldn't anymore. She'd promise and keep her promise and . . .

No, that wasn't true at all. Some part of her enjoyed being the center of attention. Thrived on what they said about her and what they did to her. How they didn't really care. She was a hole to them. A willing hole. Their bucket.

In the restroom's mirror, after washing, her face and chest were still red. Wet hair hung in strands along her face. She didn't bruise easily but bruises were already beginning to show. She was sore, too.

Next time they'd better be happy with blowjobs. That's all Grady ever wanted anyway. One hand holding her head, the other his beer. He didn't care. Once he got his he just sat back for a while, until it was time for another beer. He didn't care what was happening, what his friends were doing to her. His jeans would fall to the ground, he never wore underwear, and he was in her throat.

Brian liked to use beer bottles, Stu liked her ass, Glenn the manager didn't care where he was as long it was in. If it was just the band things moved quickly. She was passed off to the next one while they talked about this or that.

Fifteen minutes to home. She was tired. Every now and again someone would get imaginative. Put a leash on her, make her the receptacle for fresh garden produce, make her do things while they laughed, like lick their boots, or give some kid his first blowjob.

She knew she surprised Grady each time she came back. He wasn't usually the instigator. He called her honey or sweetie pie, and once he got his he sat back. But the band as a group made her put on shows. Would play maniacally fast as she was taken again and again by their friends, made to lick any spilled cum from the floor or carpet.

And if Leo wanted her to explain she couldn't. There was no way to put into words just why she'd consent to giving a long line of rednecks blowjobs while squatting naked over a bottle.

No way to explain the men's room parties. The times in Grady's old van behind a bar. Or the times in their home when strangers used her for hours. Men she'd never seen before, would never see again.

Grady might hold both Leo and her in contempt because of the things she let them do to her, but the color of Leo's skin was never mentioned, nor his wealth.

She lost her virginity when she was 15, had boyfriends, gone to college for a year, had been around a little. Was proficient in the things men liked not because of numbers but because of long term relationships where there was give and take.

Sure some of her lovers got excited and were rough sometimes, but nothing out of the ordinary. No group sex. She'd never done it with a woman. No parties or nights where the morning after she didn't know what she'd done. No crazy sorority type things. It had been community college and then Steve came along and she'd worked in the mall at a cellphone store trying to explain the difference between what they carried and Verizon and . . .

She was home. She parked in the basement and took the elevator up, dreading it.

Hopefully Leo was asleep. She wouldn't need to say anything until later, maybe tonight. She'd stay home, The Blue Boys weren't playing. Nothing had been planned.

Their apartment faced west and there were great sunsets over the city. She wouldn't be able to see the predawn light.

She turned the knob, opened the door and lights were on. Damn. And her hair was still wet. She couldn't even pretend.

Leo had been sleeping in a chair. He looked up. She shut the door behind her, walked down the hall toward him.

"Clara," he said. "You okay?"

"Honey, I'm . . ."

"Don't. You don't need to say anything. You don't need to justify yourself to me. Ever. What time is it?" He looked at his watch, "5:39," and stood. "Let's go to bed."

"Honey, I'm . . ."

"Hush," he said, touching her lips.

He walked past, turned off the hall light, came back. "Come on."

"Leo, I . . ."

"You want something to eat first?"

"No, I . . ."

"Then let's go to bed." He guided her to their room, turning out the lights as they went.

"Go on," he said. "I want to watch you undress." He sat on the bed.

She was shy all of a sudden. "Okay." She turned around, her back to him and took off her top, stepped out of her boots, and slipped out of her skirt.

"You're so damned beautiful. Turn around."

She hesitated, then turned slowly.

"I need to not take you for granted." He stood and removed his tie, tossed it to his dresser rather than being careful. He opened his shirt and the color of his skin, smooth and muscular, began to fill the room.

"We'll talk tonight, unless . . ."

"I'll be home."

"Sure?" He smiled.

"For sure."

"Good."

His pants off he lowered his boxers, left them on the floor. "I assume you're up to it. I want what what's his name got tonight."

"Grady."

"That's right. Grady. If you're too tired . . ."

"No. Sure." She fell to her knees.

His dick was in her mouth, fast and deep.

"You won't break, will you?" He held her head and thrust deeper.

She tried to hold him as he used her, thrusting rapidly. She took a breath every other stroke, exhaled on the next. Shallow quick breaths, like a pump, he the piston, rapidly in and out, blocking and unblocking her breath.

He took a long time, holding her head where the neck and skull meet, banging her face, her saliva pouring from her mouth, until he came. Then he stopped, in her deep, until he finished.

She gasped when he pulled out, his dick still in her mouth. She looked up and met his eyes. He was swaying a little, and smiling down at her.

"You can tell your Grady, I'm willing to share. But when I want you, you had better be here. Understand?"

He still held her head, his prick still in her mouth.

"Good," he said, and let go.

"I'll do anything you want, Leo. Anything."

"I know you will, Clara. You already have." He ruffled her hair. "Let's go to bed."

Read other stories by Bingo at <http://www.asstr.org/~Bingo/>