CHAPTER 6 After The Game

 Pulling into the gas station I slowed up at the pump and came to a stop. Jeb glanced out the front window at me as I exited the car and waved. The gas station was very busy, looking down the road to the over pass traffic was moving very slowly.

 “Hey Jeb, how was your day”, I asked, heading for the coolers in the back.

 “Busy”, he returned.

 “What’s up with all the traffic”, I continued.

 “Big accident with a pile up involving several cars and semi tanker truck full of syrup, a huge mess they say, but great for business. Can you give me a hand and run back into the cooler to restock the shelves”?

 “No problem”, I grinned.

 Walking to the back hall, I entered the cooler, dark cold moisture reaching my skin, the only thing lighting the room was the florescent lights from the interior of gas station through the large glass doors of the cooler.

 I began looking to what needed filled, busting into cases of assorted beverages my eyes adjusting began to notice all the porn glued to the walls. The place was wallpapered with it.

 Chuckling to myself I continued to load and reload empty or not so empty shelves all the while people opening and closing the glass doors all wide eyed. Interestingly I discovered people couldn’t see me or even hear me back there.

 Loading a middle set of shelves two small figures wearing bright red competition style one piece swim suits approached the cooler. Both standing directly in front of my glass door bobbing up and down on their toes arching cute bare feet, my eyes ran up firm muscular legs to each crotch. The suits wet and tight were high lighting two fat bald pussies. The nearly see through fabric slightly ran into each little slit and at the top of each slit was a bulge that clearly showed flowering stages of puberty. Each girl had thin hips exposed by the high arch of their suits and as they turned, the fabric contrasting stark white skin overly exposed to the sun giving each a pink sun burnt glow, down and around to two incredibly cute firm asses. As they moved to the next glass door I stood slightly giving a view of two tummies that had remainder looks of disappearing baby fat around each waste, up to four perfectly shaped breasts straining the fabric with growing “A” cup sized tits and hard dark nipples.

 One girl stooped down gawking into the door, showed me sharp hawk like chiseled facial features, full lips accentuated by a small sharp nose just below a set of dark eyes that were darting around at the drinks available.

 “The twins”, I thought, and still here. The door swung open, as one twin reached in grabbing one bottle handing it upwards, the door held by the other girl, their little voices entering the cooler.

 “The big girl said he has a massive cock” she said with a bright and wide expression on her face.

 “Which girl”? The others voice entered the cooler as her sister grabbed another bottle.

 “The one that lives here”, she returned, the other girl letting the door meet with the first girls butt. “And the tall blondish girl, Sam, said his cum tasted heavenly”.

 The door bounced shut as I watched their firm butts wiggle away up the aisle, both girls thin and small boy like hips rotated with nice small sways, their legs shuffling in small steps.

 “Fuck”, I exclaimed loudly. “Those girls cannot keep their cute little mouths quiet unless filled with cock and even then they moan and coo up a storm”!

 15 minutes later I exited the cooler shaking off the cold, the store was empty. Jeb yelled back, “Grab a six pack or whatever you want for the help”.

 I grabbed a six pack of beer and headed for the store front, Jeb was clearing the overstuffed register of large bills, cramming money into small envelopes then popping them through a safe door slit.

 “Busy, busy”, I said.

 “Yeah, that accident locked up the highway about two hours ago and people have been flowing in ever since. Just started slowing down as you got here, and your girls have been fantastic! Jessie and those two helped in the diner with the rush until Marcela, Jolleen’s part time girl got here”.

 I smiled, “Good, I’m glad they helped. Is there anything else you need done”? Just then a blue pickup truck pulled in next to the building.

 “Nope”, Jeb clipped, “my night time help just pulled in early”. Do any good at the casino”, he continued?

 “Oh, I did alright”, I said smiling.

 Jeb burst into laughter saying, “well if I know gamblers, and I do, that means you did far better than alright, come on spill it”!

 A young Hispanic male entered, Jeb introduced me to Javier, his night shift man.

 I went into telling Jeb the whole story, gamblers love to talk about beats and set ups. As I told Jeb the story I described loud mouth, Jeb immediately interrupted saying Pete’s name explaining he lived about four miles back past the highway. Jeb laughed and hooted through my whole story as patrons came through the door ringing with each opening and closing of the door. With my back to the door the bell rang but didn’t chime closed in the usual time, Jeb’s face lit up with an amused grin, his hand disappeared under the register ever so smoothly.

 Before turning I knew, Pete stood at the door, his eyes burning a hole into the back of my head.

 “Hello Pete”, Jeb grinned! Pete let go of the door, the bell ringing in gratitude of missed timing.

 “Say there back east” Pete boomed! “I never thought to set eyes on you again”. Pete wearing a soiled red ball cap that had a grimy “Dekalb” patch on it, a non-descript long sleeve black shirt and jeans down to a pair of “good old boy” cowboy boots. Pete weighed in at a solid 240, maybe 245, and was six foot tall according to the measuring tape attached to the frame of the door found in all gas stations across the country.

 “Now Pete, no trouble here, this man’s my guest and a friend”, Jeb stated clearly, his arm moving slightly further under the register.

 “Ah, no trouble from me Jeb, this young man beat me fair and square at the casino, hell if anything I owe him for pointing out a weakness more clearly to me than my wife has ever been able to”, Pete grinned stepping in and moving towards the cooler”.

 “You best go”, said Jeb in a low voice.

 “Now why would you go and suggest that to the boy Jeb, we’re all friendly here”, Pete barked as he opened the cooler door grabbing a six pack and turned coming back up the aisle.

 Pete stepped up to the counter, feet planted shoulder width, legs slightly bent at the knee, his left hand patting his pockets as if in search of his wallet, the six pack firmly gripped in his right hand.

 “Now damn, where’s my money”, Pete started, “oh, that’s right, this boy from back east has it all”.

 “Not all of it”, I returned “you had about $2,000 left on the table when I left, unless you tilted that off after I walked away with MY money”.

 Pete just gritted his teeth bringing the six pack of beer up in a round house fling at my head. My left arm came up blocking Pete’s wild swing as I dipped my right hip and bringing the right palm of my hand flat into his solar plexus sending Pete stumbling and crashing backwards into the shelves, my left hand sliding up Pete’s arm grabbing, twisting, and removing the beers from him. Pete slumping on the floor with chip bags as well as other snacks falling all over and around him, he gasped open mouthed for air as he came up on one knee, the sound of a shot gun clacking a round into the chamber as Jeb pulled it one handed up and down in the air.

 “Don’t make me put another hole into you Pete”, Jeb shouted! “If you don’t simmer down I’ll toss you into my cruiser and lock your angry old ass up or put you in the ground, it’s your choice”, Jeb continued.

 Multiple things ran through my mind as Pete on one knee glared up at me. “Another hole”, meaning Jeb has shot him before, “lock your angry old ass up”, is Jeb the town Sherriff or Constable?

 “Dumb ass, stupid, slow minded dumb ass” were my next thoughts as Pete launched into me from the ground as an offensive lineman would coming off the scrimmage line of a football game, his arms wrapping around my waist, his right shoulder slamming into my chest lifting me off the ground and backwards through the front window of the gas station. Glass shards flying and landing in all directions, as Pete took me for a ride, my left leg was coming up to meet just below his chest planting my foot squarely I balled up rolling as we came into contact with the ground vaulting Pete over and behind me creating another loud crash and thud.

 I had rocketed Pete into an old style oil can display rack denting it severely as his body slammed into it, rolling to my left not resisting the energy Pete provided, I landed crouched on both feet. My heart hammering in my chest began to slow, my mind framing every article around me as in a still frame photo cataloging possible advantages, everything slowed down, sound faded. I moved smoothly towards Pete as he got up, my right fist connecting a crushing blow to his left temple, he bobbled, I dropped sweeping his legs out from under him, his head bounced squarely off the concrete as I sent him careening down again, I stepped back giving this tyrannical asshole a last opportunity to stay down.

 Pete, gathering himself, started towards me again, fists balled in front of his face. He jabbed with a left bringing his right fist at me, I blocked both desperate efforts, connecting a storm of counter punches to his right temple, left eye, a square left to his nose followed by a heavy right cross to his jaw, he stumbled backwards bringing his arms up covering my flurry of blows with his forearms, my blows shifted to his ribs and midsection, his arms dropped in an attempt to slow my assault, I spun on my left foot bringing my right foot smashing into his head, the force of my kick sent his legs outward from underneath him, his upper body and head met the ground. Pete laid still. I stood over him waiting for the slightest movement. My next blow was going to be to his larynx as I was done with this asshole.

 The sound of clapping entered my reality, stepping back I glanced over at Jeb leaning against the entrance to the station with amusement on his face.

 “Wow, what a show” Jeb continued, looking over his shoulder he told Javier to get his hand cuffs and the keys to his cruiser.

 Turned out Jeb was the Town Constable, the cruiser was tucked away in the one bay garage attached to the left of the station. Jeb handcuffed Pete, and I helped him drag him to the car. Jeb unceremoniously read Pete his rights and slammed the door on him. Jeb moving towards the driver side asked if I would help Javier tidy up, I of course agreed smiling.

 “Man, that was one serious ass whooping”, Jeb said grinning. “Special Forces” he asked? I nodded smiling. “Good man” Jeb winked, “me too”, pulling up his shirt sleeve exposing a Special Forces tattoo. “I knew I liked you the moment I set eyes on you” Jeb said as he fell into the driver’s seat and slammed the door.

 “Tell Jolleen I had to deposit Pete into the hokey again”, he shouted to Javier from the car as he back out.

 I exited the garage, there was a small crowd of people standing about with confused faces, Javier broom in hand was clearing up the glass. I dove right in and quickly we had everything back in order, plywood covering the gaping hole where pane glass once gleamed.

The adrenaline left my body shaking after the added exercise of the cleanup, I grabbed my warm six pack of beer and traded it for a cold set, shook Javier’s hand.

 He said, “nice ass whooping Mr. Robert.