

Chapter one:

It was Fred's turn.

He could see her through the wall of the tent, her body lit up larger than life by the Coleman lantern. She brushed her hair, holding her chin up, waiting. Waiting for him. How many was it? Six counting Hammer, who found her at the A Bar. But seven, if you count the first one on the front seat of his pick up on the way to the camp.

Hammer knew she was that way as soon as he put his hand under her dress. Holy Toledo! In seconds, she had his hard cock out of his pants and squeezing it in her hand like it was an axe handle. She scooped under him, spreading her legs, never letting go, steering and pulling him into her. She moved violently, holding on to him like a drowning swimmer. "Don't finish." she screamed. "Wait! Wait! Wait!."

By the time they arrived at the camp, Hammer thought he could do it again. He turned off the hard top onto the dusty gravel road leading to the clearing in the jack pines and stopped. They could see the men drinking around the camp fire. There was a VW camper, its canvas shrouded top pushed up and three or four pickups with plastic tops parked helter skelter around the tent.

Hammer was hard and she sensed it. Why not right here?



They were so close, they could hear the men laughing by the fire. Kinky. He turned off the lights, shut the engine and slid over and yanked her dress up. She pushed herself towards him, her legs spread apart. Hammer was not much more obliging than before as the girl cried, "Oh shit."

"What the hell's he doing, parked there like that?" one of the men asked.

"I'll walk down and see. Maybe his truck died." It was Mitch.

They were just getting untangled when he arrived, Hammer doing up his fly, the girl making sure her dress was pulled down. She pumped up her dark hair, looking straight ahead through the windshield, trying to avert Mitch's stare. He knew what they were doing, and was embarrassed to catch them, if not in the act, at least at the end of it. But Mitch was not really surprised. He had known Hammer for three seasons on the Henry's Fork, had had to listen to him talk about all of his conquests with women. How easy it was for him to make out with this broad and that one, and how gorgeous, shapely and big titted they always were. Also the numbers. Never just once, but two and three times in one night with this girl or that one and four times, his record, with a sexy, blond hair dresser at a coiffeur's convention in St. Paul. Wow, did she like to fuck. Well, what about this girl? She was no pig, either. Mitch could see enough of her in the darkened cab. She



was young and pretty and decent looking. Not really what you'd expect. Didn't even wear lipstick, although Mitch could smell a nice soft perfume. No slut, mind you. So, maybe Hammer was telling the truth. Maybe, women saw something in him that made them grow warm between their legs. And sitting right here in Hammer's pickup was one that was pretty warm.

"Your truck ok?" Mitch asked sheepishly.

"Yeh. We just stopped for a second. We're coming up."

It was a strange intrusion. Hammer tried to introduce her but didn't even know her first name. She was embarrassed, but tried to smile. "I'm Jenny." She was quite tall and sat down on a tree stump, Hammer taking the ground next to her. Her long, soft dress fell between her legs. Mitch gave them a beer. The men didn't say much and were obviously unhappy with Hammer for bringing a woman up to their camp, especially on the night before the opening of the Railroad Ranch of the Henry's Fork.

A radio was playing some nice music in one of the nearby parked cars. Jenny set the beer down next to the stump, got up and started to dance, creating little puffs of dust with her feet. She smiled at her imaginary partner, closed her eyes and swayed provocatively. She circled the fire completely, her soft, thin dress revealing the shadowy space between her long legs. The music ended and she sat down again on the stump, leaned over



to Hammer and whispered something in his ear.

He was leaning on his elbows, smiling and moving his head from side to side. She got up and went into the tent. The men were watching. They saw her sit down, pull her dress up, lay back with her legs facing the opening of the tent.

"What is she doing?"

"I think she wants you...all of you to go in." Hammer said.

"This is crazy," Mitch said.

"You'll never get an opportunity like this again," Hammer said. "Who wants to be first?"

The men were quiet and would not look at one another. Mitch got up and said. "I'm going for a walk." He stepped out into the darkness.

It was quiet around the campfire which was slowly dying. Hammer sat up on Jenny's tree trunk. "What are you guys waiting for? She wants you. Just go in the tent. You'll see." He was beginning to sound like a pimp.

They knew none of them would, as Hammer put it, be first. They knew as Mitch did that Hammer had already had his fill. Otherwise, that son of a bitch would be in there right now,



screwing his brains out. There was no question of each man wanting to fuck the girl. They had all heard about girls like that. Poor things. Why couldn't their own wives and sweethearts be more like that. Why couldn't they find someone like that at home, or at the office. Somewhere closer. But, girls like that never did it at home. They were school teachers. Or college girls. Or secretaries. Or housewives with nice, clean reputations. When they had the urge, they just left town for a few hours, looked for guys like Hammer who were sure to have some friends handy, and bingo.

All four men were starting to get hard. They stared into the dying embers of the campfire, their minds narrowing more and more on the girl, on Jenny, on that shadowy space they saw when she danced around the fire a few minutes ago. The man closest to the tent heard a plaintive, female moan, and turned to see Jenny sitting up again, pulling her dress up over her head. With the light behind her, he could see the soft curves of her breasts and thighs. She laid back down, the curves almost dissapearing into the down of Mitch's sleeping bag. Number one, to two or three if you like, got up unzipping his jeans and moved quickly into the tent throwing himself onto the girl.

The next two followed quickly and it was Fred's turn. He was single, a Viet Nam veteran. Sure, he was going to do it, too. He wasn't crazy. But the thought of her and what happened here tonight reminded him of that cornfield in one of the



provinces. There were two rows of soldiers moving slowly towards a clearing in the field. He could see the heads of two native girls when they stood up. A soldier would enter the clearing and he and one of the girl's heads would disappear in the tall leaves. In a few moments, he was up again buttoning his GI trousers, moving towards the rear where army medics were handing out prophylactic kits.

Mitch returned to the camp ground in about an hour. Hammer's pick up was gone. The fire was completely out and the men were sleeping in their respective vehicles. The lamp was still on in his tent. He went in, turned it off and crawled into his sleeping bag. He could smell her perfume and the come.

End of Chapter 1