


Chapter Four




If Wishes Were Horses



Running tab thrust himself deep inside the hairy teepee of the tribe of elders. Plot 32B of land was up for rezoning under section 8.32 paragraph seventeen of the 1952 Reservation zone act seven, and nothing got Running Tab harder than solvency. Well, pickles. There was something about the pliable, bumpiness of a good kosher dill. He would take a cold, girthy pickle and run his crimsonny purple indian tongue up and down, tip to tip of that willing crunchy dill.

Running Tab removed his sticky bloody robe, and strode naked to his pointy stool in the center of the wigwam. As the point slowly inserted itself deep in Running Tab's willing rectum he let out a soft moan, not unlike a baby deer being jack hammered by a bunny rabbit.

"Something is wrong with my colon. I know I'm probably over-reacting but I'm right now scared that I have ass cancer. Colon cancer. Because I was feeling up my butt in the shower & felt a lump inside & it is not feces. It hurts when I press it. Could it just be muscular tension? I'm really scared. I'm going to find a doctor first thing tomorrow morning." Running Tab confessed as he lowered his hand to his massively hard capon, and




looking around at all of the elders joined them in the ancient ritual of fondling the amethyst hammer god.

"UNGH" said the elders.

Chief Flexible Wrist then jumped up with a force of a the third day of a crystal meth induced fag fuck festival, "Fist Off!" he yelled!

Fists flying, pumping, inserting, driving, impeling, propeling, hurling, thrusting, burrowing, digging. It was like president's day on homo island. But there was one throb cock Running Tab yearned for more than all the other Chiefs in all the land. His name was Chief Captain Hook, on account of his incredibly misconstrued crooked crooked man sword. For unknown reasons, everyone called him God Daddy.

With Chief Bear Claw's pumpkin sized fist still lodged deep within his unlubricated man hole Running Tab inched his way over to God Daddy's fat bloated naked body and licked the chocolate Yorkie stains from God Daddy's hairy gristly chest.




Tender. Soft. Who cares if God Daddy was 20 years his elder? It just felt right. And his eyes. They catapulted Running Tab to a land of tidly bink bink boodanannies and pumppumppurades and tickle teen teens. And the fact that God Daddy was not born with a taint. Six fist? Seven fist? Three fists and a mocossian? They all fit.

God Daddy was like the most willing fondue pot ever, and Running Tab's fist was a tiny piece of toast. Soon, all of the elders were gathered around god daddy forcing their fists deep inside of him. It seemed as if his sensually hairy asshole would never stop expanding.

Cheese.

It would remind one of an incredibly intense game of rock, paper, scissors when by freak accident everyone picks rock. Why did God Daddy like to sing the body electric? It reminded him of home. You see, God Daddy was white man.

God Daddy's massive stomach quivered, flapping over his tiny limp penis.



"Has anyone heard of that new std?" He asked with a slow breathy tone.

"It's like Chlamydia only worse" His words danced in the air like musical spirits.


Insertion.

"Personal conflict", thought the mighty Running Tab, "This is a splendid element to throw into a romance novel."

Just at that very second puss began protruding from his dick hole. Is there such thing as a dick hole? Jesus, Im such a lesbian. I kind of picture human males to have that red thing that dogs have? What is that about? HUH?

Sensually, seductively and like he had done so many times before, running tab wrapped his swollen green tinged timber member in a soft babby bunny skin sheath, and pulled it firmly behind his legs.

"OH MEN! YOUR DREAM DATE HAS ARRIVED." Called out Running Tab in shrill high pitched seductive voice that was reminiscent of



Jon Benet Ramsey. The men of the tribal knew what they must do. You see, cheap dirty drunk Indians had a secret ritualistic healing process for all fuck induced burning, itching, pussing, sweltering, swelling, and minor bumps and bruises.

In the most grisly, grumbly voice the pussing Running Tab could muster he bellowed "SUCK ME CLEAN!"

Drums began crashing, thunder wailed from above, and the men began removing the STDemons from deep within the Chief's bloated man meat one suck off at a time.

The elders all spat running tab's run off collectively into a throbbing steel basin that sat in the center of the tee pee. Dozens of men, sucking, spitting, sweating. God I am getting turned on. Sweaty abs, tight firm sweaty man ass, bending over. Spitting up cum and std juice. Oh god. Oh god.

"Now drink it Running Tab." Said the Chief's huge man cock.

