

“JIMMY’S EROTIC ADVENTURE
IN TIME AND SPACE CONTINUUM”

EPISODE 1

by Perie Wolford

Copyright©2015



JIMMY'S EROTIC ADVENTURE
IN TIME AND SPACE CONTINUUM

Episode 1

Copyright © 2015 by Perie Wolford

All Rights Reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

The scanning, uploading, and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without prior written permission of the author is illegal and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized editions of this work, and do not participate in or encourage piracy of copyrighted materials in violation of the author's rights. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This is a work of fiction. All characters, names, places, and events portrayed in this book are either products of the authors' imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

The book was beta-read by **Brad Lane**, **Angela Stiver** and **Daniel Carrero**.

Illustrations by **Bradley Tenchavez** (Find illustrations in the back of the book).

BOOKS BY PERIE WOLFORD

[Sam Dorsey & His Sixteen Candles](#)

[Sam Dorsey & His Dirty Dancing](#)

[Sam Dorsey & His First Days In College](#)

[Encounter](#)

[Lights](#)

Episode 1

A SPECIAL KIND OF COWBOY



Jimmy landed on his butt, smack-dab in the middle of a barren desert, hissing and cursing under his breath.

He got up, shaking dust off his ass, a bulky Time-Elapsing device slack around his scrawny forearm, dangling, like a hypertrophied version of a wristwatch, circa 20th century. And it almost burned his skin again, bitch! Its circuits overheating every freaking time when Jimmy time-traveled. Once back home, the thing was so ending up in a trash can.

Jimmy looked around, his eyes darting over an unfamiliar terrain: Mounts of red rock all around. Downhill slopes wedged into one another. Pulverized rock dust fringing the soles of his boots. Tumbleweed. Towering green cactuses, six feet tall and higher, their thorns spiked in every direction, threateningly. And not a Goddamn soul in that Godforsaken desert.

“Where are we?” Jimmy demanded, scratching the back of his head, his dark brown hair hanging in curls, in desperate need of a haircut.

“South-West region of the continent of North America—Utah, year 1871,” the machine on his wrist drawled, its manufactured gender-neutral voice stumbling over the letter *E*, mispronouncing it.

“Awesome,” Jimmy sighed, looking around.

“How far away is the beach?” he wondered. The point of destination was supposed to be a Californian beach, circa 2235. But there was apparently a malfunction during the shift. So Jimmy

ended up here, in the year 1871, instead. In the middle of Utah. The machine beeped, in no hurry to formulate an answer. Then it beeped again. Jimmy shook it. "Answer already!"

"618 miles," the machine intoned limply.

"618 miles?" Jimmy growled. Then sighed. Then looked around again. "Is there a beacon in this valley? There aren't any beacons in this valley, are there?"

"Distance to the closest beacon—72 miles," the machine responded.

"Shit! Damn it! Shit!" Jimmy cursed and kicked the dust with the nose of his boot. An orange cloud drifted from under his shoe out over the brittlebush. "That's great! That's just perfect!"

He swiveled around, looking over the rigorous terrain, weighing his scanty options in his head.

"Okay—Give me coordinates," he commanded, beginning to pull his clothes off at the same time. He needed a change of clothing.

"Calculating—" the machine drawled.

Jimmy untied the acid-green laces on his pristine white boots. Shook them off his feet. Off went his white unblemished socks too. Then he unzipped his jeans and pulled them down, clumsily, his underwear (black cotton sleeping shorts with two azure buttons on the fly and a matching azure elastic band) stuck together with the inner flaps of his side pockets. He tugged on the leg of his jeans, almost tumbling over, and the whole thing slid down. His flaccid dick popped out, dangling between his legs, loose at last (just the way Jimmy liked it). The dick's owner then slipped out of his T-shirt and huddled all items of his clothing together. He threw the resulting clod of fabric on the ground, unconcerned.

He straightened his spine and stretched his arms apart, catching wind—oh, the blissful coolness.

"Now that's more like it," he murmured. His naked buttocks bore a sign of his unpurified birth—a birthmark in the shape of a wild bird, on the left cheek. He had a really beautiful butt too.

"Coordinates to the closest beacon are as follows: N 39.94 latitude, W 111.86 longitude," the machine informed, at last.

"And it took you whopping two minutes to calculate that? What was there to calculate anyway? Those are the goddamn coordinates," Jimmy snarled.

"Calculating coordinates in the time and space continuum, multiple time dimensions have to be included into the algorithm. Including extra dimensions takes additional processing time. The readout delay is substantiated," machine explained.

"Yeah, yeah," Jimmy muttered. "Now transform my clothes! I can't walk around naked. Not in this time. Although I do like the idea of a good sun tan."

The clod of fabric under Jimmy's feet stirred and began to bubble suddenly, like a melting piece of plastic, changing its shape and color. Jimmy watched it transform into a bundle of brand-new clothing items, of mostly gray colors. There was technology for you: nanospheres, nanotubes, something nano. Jimmy didn't know exactly. He didn't really care. Just as long as it worked.

"I don't suppose you can make a horse out of it," he asked, twisting his eyebrows.

"Negative," the machine answered.

"A mule maybe? A donkey?"

The machine ignored the question. Equipped with the latest version of AI, it was quite able to recognize sarcasm. It was also able to respond using sarcasm as well. But in this case, it chose not to.

Standing in the wind, Jimmy noticed a cloud of yellowish dust being raised down in the valley. His standing at the top of a hill gave him an advantage of watching over as a group of horsemen entered the desiccated riverbed from the other end of the plateau. He rolled his fingers into two tubes and looked into them, as if they were binoculars. He strained to count how many riders there were exactly. His best approximation was five to seven. There was just too much dust for him to see clearly. And they were pretty far away too.

"This doesn't work," Jimmy spat, unrolling his fingers. "I need real binoculars."

"Transformation complete," the machine announced, and then informed matter-of-factly, "The closest blacksmith selling binoculars is—38 miles northward."

"Why isn't one around when you need him?" Jimmy quipped, under his breath. Then he picked up an item from a pile of clothing at his feet. Examined it.

"What is this?" he wondered, his eyebrows going up.

"The drawers," machine answered plainly.

"The drawers?"

"Riding-breeches, pantaloons," machine clarified.

Jimmy huddled his eyebrows.

"You expect me to wear this?"

"According to my database, flannel shirts and drawers are commonly worn items of underwear among male peopling of this region in this timeframe," the machine said.

Jimmy sighed. It didn't look too comfortable, not compared to the kind of tiny boxer briefs he liked to wear. He slipped into his brand new drawers, reluctantly. He also put on a flannel shirt. Both items were the color of lightly-rinsed potato sacks. They were perfectly clean, of course. But they just didn't look that way.

Then Jimmy slipped into a pair of brown jeans made of canvas, with rivets holding them together. At least the jeans looked better. He slung a brown vest over his shoulder. It was too damn hot a day for a wool vest.

A brown Stetson hat, matching his jeans, found its place on Jimmy's head, fitting perfectly. And to complete the image, he pulled on a pair of two-inch-heeled riding boots.

He looked at himself, impressed. "Now do I look sexy or what?"

"The garment is serviceable," the machine answered. Jimmy's expression went blank. He blinked.

"Mental note, do not ask a machine if I look sexy," he said.

"Noted," machine responded, apologetically. Jimmy looked at a small drove of horses approaching from the north and started south.

He slogged over the trodden ridge of a hill and continued down the slope. Going down the slope was easy, until it slanted steeply to the foot of the hill, and Jimmy was forced to run to avoid tumbling over. He sprinted into a prairie-like patch of land, the slope descending further to a dim line of canyons to the east, from which rose an up-flinging of the barren red mountains.

"Extraneous physical activity is not recommended," beeped the machine as Jimmy continued to run, invigorated. "Water deficiency detected at 75%."

Jimmy slowed to a gait. "Can we not talk about deficiencies? I'm trying to enjoy the moment," he said, catching his breath.

"Roger that," machine said and, after a small pause, continued, "Fun fact: average semen volume per one ejaculation is 10 milliliters. A human stomach, distended, has a capacity to hold up to 4 liters of liquid. Subsequently, it would take 400 ejaculations of one man or 400 men to ejaculate one time each, whichever is preferable, to fill up a stomach of a grown man."

Jimmy raised his hand and looked at the machine quizzically. "Gross! But continue."

Machine suddenly beeped alarmingly. "Aborigines detected! Silent mode activated," the machine alerted and went still.

Jimmy heard a rhythmic clip-clop of hoofs behind his back as it deadened and died away. A cloud of yellow dust enveloped him.

He turned around, putting his hand over his eyes, straining to see through the dust. Silhouettes of the horsemen, vague at first, cleared out and Jimmy finally could count them. Six riders stood before him, mounted atop the sleek clean-limbed mustangs. The animals puffed, shifting from leg to leg, impatiently. They must have loved an opportunity to canter down the slope as well. They were now anxious for more.

“Howdy,” Jimmy murmured.

“What is it one must do wandering over the Death Pass ‘lone an’ without a horse?” one of the riders asked, rhetorically. He looked closely at Jimmy, “Or a gun?”

“I got lost?” Jimmy said, lifting his eyebrows innocently. “Would you fellas mind giving me a ride in that direction?”

The rider at the front lifted his eyebrow and stared blankly at Jimmy.

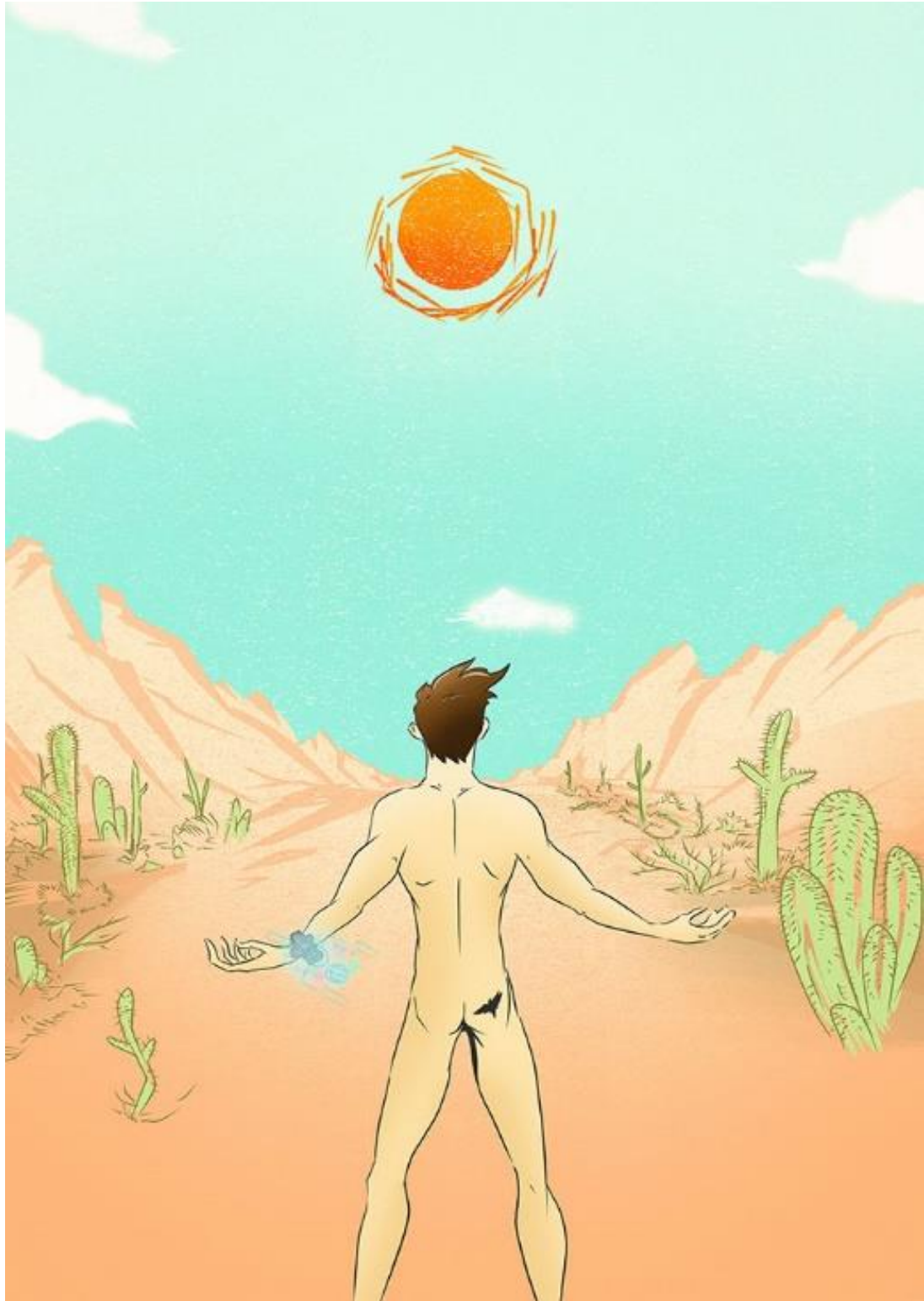
Jimmy’s gaze shifted from one haggard face to another. Red, weathered and wrinkled. Each of them had almost identical black stubble, except for one man in the back. His face was young and well-shaven. His deep-blue feminine eyes stood in contrast with his manly square chin. And there was a little cute cleft on his chin too. A wisp of closely cropped thatched hair stuck out from under his brown Stetson, his eyes trained on Jimmy. Same as all the other eyes.

“Oh, we’ll give you a ride. Ain’t we fellers?” the rider at the front said at last, grinning.



ILLUSTRATIONS

Click on the image to access the high-resolution version.





















Never miss Perie Wolford's updates!

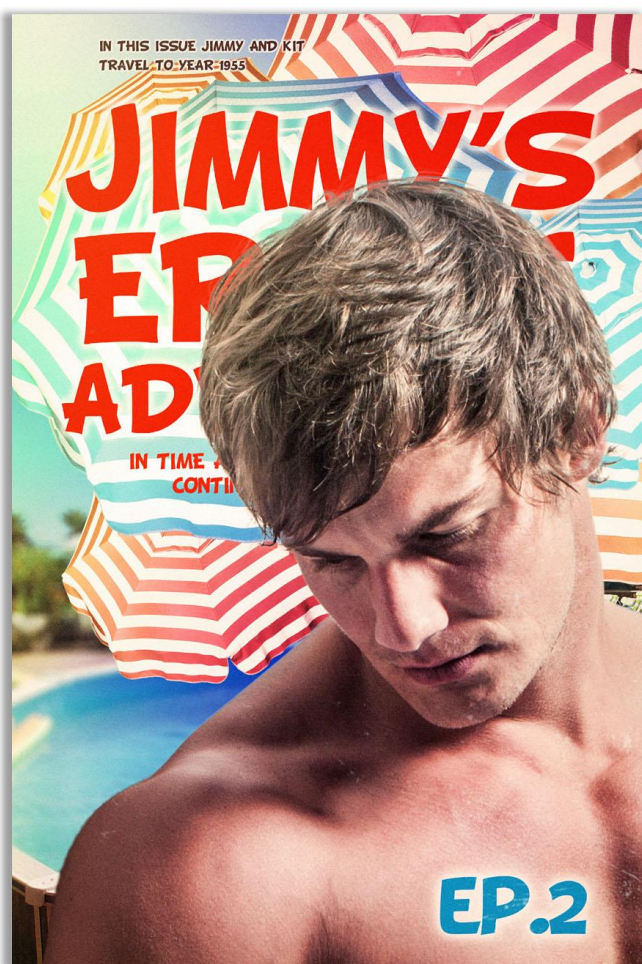


POWERED BY TINYLETTER
SUBSCRIBE for NEWSLETTER

NEW RELEASES, GIVEAWAYS, COVER REVEALS, BOOK TRAILERS

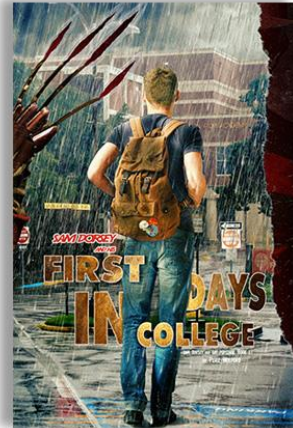
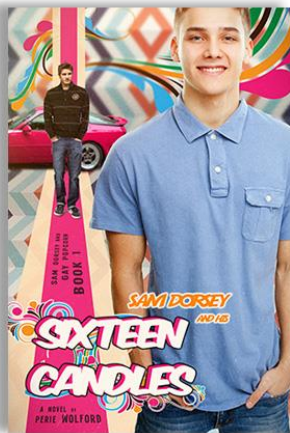
BE THE FIRST TO KNOW!

Adventures continue
DON'T MISS EPISODE 2!



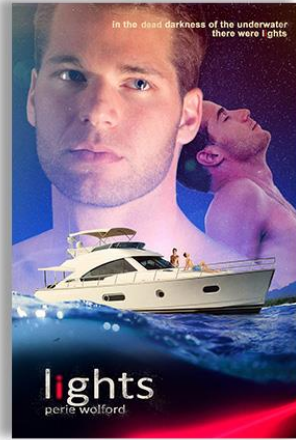
Perie Wolford's **BOOKS**

Sam Dorsey SERIES



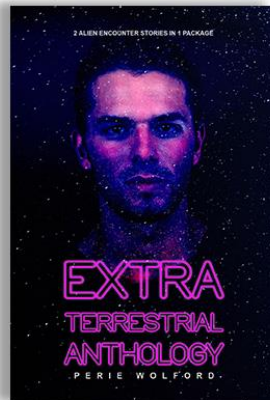
Extraterrestrial Anthology

STANDALONES

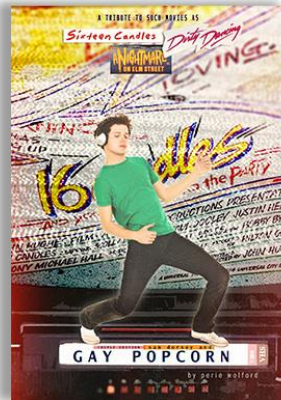


Combos & Box-Sets

ENCOUNTER + LIGHTS



BOOKS 1-2-3



periewolford.com

STAY IN TOUCH!