

Public Enemy
Hud Hudson

By

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Hud Hudson (Public Enemy) Story

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Chapter 1

Like with all criminals, it always started off with the birth of an innocent, sweet baby.

This time it happened during a cool night on March 20th, 1909 in Booneville, Missouri. This small town was located in the lower southeastern part of the state.

Out on the outskirts of Booneville lived twenty-year-old Calvin Hudson and nineteen-year-old Martha Hudson. Calvin had the standard Hudson large nose, as did his father and his grandfather and great grandfather and so on.

Calvin's lived in a small two-bedroom wooden house with a wooden outhouse in the backyard. Kerosene lanterns provided adequate light for the inside their home during the night. Plus the bathroom was a wooden outhouse in the back of their small backyard.

But tonight would be a fantastic night, as was heard from Martha screams from her bed.

Martha lay in her bed in pain. Her forehead was sweaty, as was her clothes. She had her knees up and legs spread apart.

Between her legs was their neighbor fifty-year-old Anna Wilston. Anna was the woman who helped the mothers give birth. She knew was she was doing since she gave birth to seven babies herself.

"Ahhhhh!" Martha screamed out while the baby started its move down the birth canal.

In the small living room, Calvin nervously paced back and forth while he smoked on his pipe.

"Ahhhhh!" Martha screamed out from their bedroom, and that caused Calvin to cringe in sympathy pain for his wife.

Back in the bedroom, Anna could see the head of the baby start to protrude from Martha's vagina. "Push Martha, it's coming out. Push," she said.

Martha cringed, and she pushed with all her might.

Anna could now see more of the baby's head. "Push Martha," she said.

Martha cringed, and she pushed again with all her strength.

Anna was now able to grab hold of the baby's body and assisted it out of Martha's vagina.

She saw the tiny penis. "It's a boy, Martha," Anna said.

Martha smiled and relaxed a little.

Calvin stopped pacing in the living room when he heard the screaming stop. He knew he was now a papa.

"It's a boy, Calvin," Anna called out from the bedroom.

Calvin rushed over and placed his pipe on the mantel of the fireplace.

He rushed out of the living room and headed to his bedroom.

Calvin's eyes widened in joy the second he saw his son in a blanket in Anna's arms.

Anna walked over to Calvin and handed him the baby.

Calvin looked down at the baby. "I'll name him Henry. After Henry Ford who makes those fancy Model T cars. Because I know my Henry will grow up and be famous and make the world a better place,"

Calvin said while he held baby Henry Hudson in his arms. He was a proud papa.

"I'll stay here for a few days until Martha gets her strength back," Anna told Calvin.

Calvin nodded while he could not take his eyes off his beautiful son.

"Henry, you're going to grow up and do wonders in this world," he said.

Anna walked over. "I'll take Henry. You better get some sleep for work tomorrow," she said then took Henry out of Calvin's arms.

Calvin walked over and gave Martha a kiss on her lips. "Goodnight momma," he said to her.

Martha smiled and looked so exhausted.

Calvin walked out of the bedroom.

Anna walked Henry over and placed him in a wooden crib next to the bed by Martha's side.

The next morning, Anna got up after sharing the bed with Martha.

She went into the kitchen and made Calvin some scrambled eggs and a cup of coffee. She also made him two ham sandwiches for lunch.

After he ate his breakfast, Calvin went into his bedroom. He gave Martha a kiss then gave Henry a kiss on his tiny forehead.

He left his house then strutted off to work down the dirt road in his shirt and work coveralls. He had a proud smile while all he could think about was his new son.

A little while later, Calvin walked into the entrance of the Booneville Sawmill.

He walked over to a pile of lumber where six other coworkers lounged around before the start of work.

Calvin walked over to his coworkers with a huge proud smile.

"What are you so fucking happy about?" Johnnie asked.

"Yeah, working ten hours in sawdust is nothing to smile about," Ernie added.

"I'm a dad! Martha gave birth last night!" he said and flashed another proud smile.

Johnnie, Ernie and the other four guys jumped up and rushed over to Calvin.

"Congratulations daddy," Johnnie told Calvin while he shook his hand.

Ernie and the other guys took turns giving Calvin congratulatory handshakes.

"Let's get to work before I dock your pay," fifty-five-year-old Harry the foreman said while he walked over to the guys.

Calvin strutted off with his coworkers into the sawmill to start their workday.

After work was over, Calvin practically ran home to spend time with little Henry.

But this first birth for Calvin and Martha would be their last.

Martha encountered some problems after giving birth to Henry and was not able to have any more children.

Three years had passed, and Calvin and Martha provided Henry with a loving home.

When Henry was four years old, Calvin would take him out to Leers Lake and started to teach him how to fish. Henry loved those quiet moments along the shore of the small lake with their fishing lines in the water. And every once in awhile, they even caught a trout or two.

But it was these moments of father and son bonding that Henry loved.

Henry turned six and Calvin started taking him camping out in the woods. Henry loved the warm summer nights sleeping in a tent under the twinkling stars.

Two more years passed, and Henry and Calvin spent countless times fishing at Leers Lake and camping out in the woods.

"One day Henry, we're going to go fishing down in Florida. I want to take you to Sarasota, Florida, for fishing and swimming at the sandy beach. I've never seen the beach and want to. We'll have so much fun," Calvin told Henry one Sunday while they fished at Leers Lake.

Then Sunday afternoon, Calvin and Henry walked home from fishing at Leers Lake.

While they headed home, Calvin and Henry walked near Rodney's house.

Rodney was a forty-five-year-old fat drunkard who was currently unemployed. His wife Wilma supported him by working long hours as a waitress at the local diner.

When Calvin and Henry walked up to Rodney's house, they heard him yelling out in anger. "You stupid bitch," he yelled at Wilma.

Calvin and Henry glanced at the house, and from the living room window, they saw Rodney punch Wilma in her face. She dropped to the floor sobbing.

Calvin was pissed with that sight, so he dropped his fishing pole to the dirt street.

Henry watched while Calvin ran to Rodney's front porch.

The second Calvin got to Rodney's front porch he started pounding on the front door.

The front door opened and Rodney appeared looking pissed. "What the fuck do you want?" he yelled at Calvin.

Calvin peeked around Rodney and saw Wilma on the floor, sobbing in her hands. He did not say a word but threw a punch and walloped Rodney in his left eye.

Rodney flew back and landed on his ass. He got pissed and jumped up and came after Calvin.

Calvin was ready and threw two more rapid punches at Rodney's face.

Rodney flew back again and landed on his ass.

Calvin entered the house with fists ready while he walked up to Rodney.

Rodney slowly stood up and staggered a bit. Calvin threw another punch breaking Rodney's nose.

Rodney flew back and landed on his ass. He tried to get up but did not have the strength.

"If you ever hit your wife again, I'll be back for some more.

Do you understand Rodney?" Calvin said in a threatening tone.

"Yeah, I understand," Rodney said while he wiped the blood away from his nose.

Calvin left their house, closing the door behind him.

Once he got outside, he walked back over to Henry and picked up his fishing pole off the street.

"Never hit a woman, Henry. A man should never hit a woman. Understand?" Calvin said.

Henry nodded that he understood. Then Henry looked back at Rodney's quiet house. "Will you teach me how to fight?"

Calvin looked at Henry. "Sure son. It's time you learn how to defend yourself," he said then they walked off down the street and headed home.

Calvin kept his word and started to instruct young Henry how to box to defend himself from bullies. Calvin was surprised how Henry was a natural at boxing.

"Only use what I thought you to defend yourself," Calvin would instill in Henry young mind.

Henry was a happy young boy with happy family life. Life was great.

Then September 1917 rolled around, and conscription nabbed Calvin for the US Army.

It was a sad morning when Calvin went to the train station in Booneville with Martha and Henry.

"Henry, you're the man of the house while I'm gone. Take care and protect your mother," Calvin told Henry.

"Yes sir," Henry replied and fought back his tears so his dad wouldn't think he was a sissy.

Martha's eyes welled up when Calvin gave her a kiss.

Calvin extended out his hand at Henry who shook it. "I'll be back soon, and we'll go fishing and camping again. Maybe Florida," he told Henry then winked.

Martha and Henry watched while Calvin boarded the train with his small suitcase.

The train started to move down the track.

They stayed at the station until the train was out of sight.

It was a lonely walk back home.

Calvin eventually made it to Camp Dodge in Johnston, Iowa.

He was assigned to the 88th Division for his basic training.

After he received basic training, he was shipped off to France to fight the Germans.

Then on March 5th, 1918, Martha got a Western Union telegram delivered to the house.

While by the living room front door, she opened it hoping it was news that Calvin was on his way home. She dropped to her knees and started sobbing when she read that Calvin was killed in action on February 12th, 1918.

Henry entered the house with his school books in hand.

He saw Martha on the floor, crying.

He saw the telegram on the floor and picked it up. He read it and learned his father that he loved so dearly was dead because of the Germans. Henry dropped the telegram, and it floated down to the floor.

He walked away and headed off to his bedroom.

He walked over dropped his school books to the floor. He got on his bed. His eyes welled up the second his head hit his pillow.

This would be the last time Henry would ever cry, for now.

That night was like many other nights to follow, Martha would sit alone on the front porch of her home. She rocked in her rocking chair while he smoked cigarettes. Her eyes would well up while she recalled all those special moments of her life with Calvin.

Chapter 2

After Calvin's death, Henry was a changed boy. He moped around the house for weeks, and Martha's attempts for him to go outside and play fell upon death ears. He rarely smiled.

Besides, Martha had to deal with Henry's occasional temper that would flare up when he got frustrated, or things would not go his way.

He also got mad during those times when he fished in Leers Lake and did not catch any fish.

Henry would not hang around with the local kids and became a loner.

This worried Martha, and she prayed that he would eventually grow out of this behavior.

Then in July 1918, to support young Henry, Martha started working as a waitress at Wilbur's Diner in Booneville. The pay was not great, but it at least placed food on the table.

The worst part was that she had to work ten-hour days from Monday through Saturday.

Henry found himself alone many Saturdays while she worked. So he would go fishing down at Leers Lake.

That brought back many fond memories of those days with Calvin. But he still got mad when the fish were not biting.

Then on May 8th, 1919, ten-year-old Henry was on recess outside the wooden one-room schoolhouse with the rest of the kids.

The kids ran around playing tag and other harmless games.

Henry stayed by himself as he did during all the recesses.

“Hey Henry,” called out a smart-ass kid named Ronnie Pettine during recess.

“What Ronnie?” Henry replied.

Ronnie looked around and got a smirk when he had some of the other kids near him. He looked back at Henry. “You have a huge nose Mister Hudson Huge Nose,” Ronnie called out in his usual smart-ass tone.

The kids around Ronnie laughed at his comment while they looked at Henry.

Henry’s blood boiled being the object of Ronnie’s laughter again, and this was the last straw. He clenched his fists and stormed over to Ronnie, who laughed out loud. He immediately punched Ronnie hard on his nose.

Ronnie dropped to his knees in the dirt, stunned that Henry hit him.

Then he realized his nose was bleeding. He started balling like a baby.

The other kids were stunned, as this was the first time they saw a fellow classmate get punched.

The teacher, Miss Lynnette, middle-aged with salt and pepper hair always in a bun, rushed out of the one-room schoolhouse when she heard Ronnie’s cries.

“What is going on here?” she asked while she rushed over to the kids.

“Henry punched Ronnie in his nose,” a girl named Nancy said and pointed at Henry.

Miss Lynnette was pissed and grabbed Henry by his right arm.

She rushed him off to the schoolhouse.

All the kids rushed after their teacher knowing Henry was going to be punished. They had to witness this act.

Ronnie stayed behind in the dirt, crying and wiped his bleeding nose on his shirt sleeve.

Miss Lynette rushed Henry back inside the schoolhouse.

She rushed Henry over to her desk at the front of the room. She bent Henry over the left side of her desk. She rushed over and removed a wooden paddle that hung on the back wall. She rushed over to Henry and gave him four good whacks on his backside with the paddle.

Henry did not cry and took his punishment like a man.

For the remaining months of this school year, all of the kids were afraid of Henry. After all, he did not cry when paddled by Miss Lynette. The kids respected Henry out of fear of being punched. Henry could sense this and started to love this respect he suddenly earned.

But from that day forward, there was always tension between Ronnie and Henry. But Ronnie was too chicken to fight Henry again.

The months flew by, and it was now 1920.

Henry got into more scraps with some of the older kids. But Henry's fundamental boxing skills made him the winner almost every time. But during those times he lost, he never cried. He took his punches like a man.

In April 1920, Henry also started hanging around with another tough kid from the other side of town. His name was Frank Peabody, and his father had a gun collection.

So Frank and Henry would sneak out into the woods with some pistols belonging to Frank's father. They would shoot at anything that moved. It also never bothered Henry to kill an innocent rabbit that happened to be in the vicinity.

During those nights when Martha had to work an extra shift, Henry would still pal around with Frank, and they would hang out in the seedy side of Booneville.

It was during the summer of 1920 when Henry had his first opportunity to observe live sex.

"Want to watch people fuck?" Frank asked Henry while they walked down one of the seedy streets.

"How can we do that?"

"There's a whorehouse down off Fay Street," Frank replied.

"What's a whorehouse?"

"It's a place where men fuck women," Frank replied. "Let's go."

Frank took off, running down the street.

Henry got extremely curious, and he ran off down the street after Frank.

A little while later, Frank and Henry snuck through a dark alley.

They came to a window where the light was inside the room.

Frank moved two wooden crates under the window. He motioned for Henry to climb up on one of the crates.

Henry did, and they peeked in the window.

Henry's eyes widened in joy when he saw a naked skinny middle-aged bald man on top of a slender woman in her forties. He watched while the man

fucked the woman who raised her legs in the air.
“That’s fucking?”

“Yes, that’s fucking,” Frank replied.

Henry got an erection watching the man fuck that skinny whore. He was fascinated with sex. “I want to try fucking,” he told Frank.

Frank looked at Henry and smiled. “I know this girl that might if we can get four bucks,” he said.

“Four bucks? I don’t have any money,” Henry replied.

“Then we’ll just have to find some.”

“Find some? What do you mean by finding some?” Henry asked a little unsure.

“Steal it,” Frank replied with a smirk.

Henry looked back at the window and watched while the man had his orgasm in the whore. “I do want to try fucking,” Henry said with a smile.

Henry and Frank got down off the wooden crates and ran off down the alley.

Twenty minutes passed, and Frank and Henry continued to peek in the front window of a seedy local bar.

They saw an older man shove some dollar bills into his left suit coat pocket. The old man got up from his table and staggered over to the front door.

Frank and Henry rushed away from the window and headed to the alley to the right of the building.

They peeked around the corner and watched while the old man staggered down the sidewalk and headed toward the alley.

The second the old man got close to them, Frank and Henry grabbed him and yanked him into the alley.

They knocked the old man to the ground.

Frank punched him in the face a few times while Henry reached in the left suit pocket of the man's suit coat. He pulled out some dollar bills and showed them to Frank, then shoved them in his left pants pocket.

"Let's go fucking," Frank called out while he and Henry ran away down the street, leaving the old man in pain on the ground.

While they ran down the street, Henry reached in his pants pocket and removed the cash they stole. It was six bucks. He gave Frank three dollars.

Fifteen minutes had passed, and Henry and Frank rushed up to a small wooden house in dire need of painting on the outskirts of town.

Henry looked nervous while Frank knocked on the front door.

The door opened, and a black-haired twenty-one-year-old woman named Millie appeared in a worn-out almost see-through nightgown. She was cute with soft brown eyes and a shapely figure.

"What do you boys want?" Millie asked.

Frank looked around, and the coast was clear. "I heard that you will fuck for two dollars," he said.

Millie looked at Frank and Henry for a few seconds, and that made the boys feel she might get pissed.

"Have you boys ever fucked a woman before?"

Frank and Henry nodded that they did not.

"I guess you need to learn sooner or later. Plus I need the money, and this shouldn't last long," she said then opened the door all the way as the invitation to come inside.

Once Henry and Frank got inside her house, Millie closed the door.

“Let’s see the dough,” she said and held out her hand.

Henry and Frank each handed her two bucks.

“You can go first,” Millie said then she grabbed Frank by his right hand.

She walked Frank down the hallway and into her bedroom.

Henry looked around the poorly furnished living room and realized that he lived in a fancier home. He walked over and sat down on the couch and waited.

Three minutes passed, and Frank walked into the living room with Millie who had her worn-out nightgown back on. Frank grinned ear to ear.

“You’re next sugar,” Millie said while she looked at Henry.

Henry was nervous while he stood up from the couch.

Frank still grinned ear to ear while Henry walked down the hallway with Millie.

Just before he got to her bedroom, he noticed the door to another bedroom was cracked open. Inside was a young girl around three years old that slept alone in a bed.

“That’s my daughter. My asshole husband left me last year,” Millie told Henry then entered her bedroom.

Once Millie got Henry in her bedroom, she closed her door.

She removed her nightgown and let it drop to the wooden floor.

Henry stared in awe at the sight of her B-cup tits and her black hairy crotch.

“Take off your clothes, darling,” she said while she got on her bed that had a worn and dirty looking bed cover.

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