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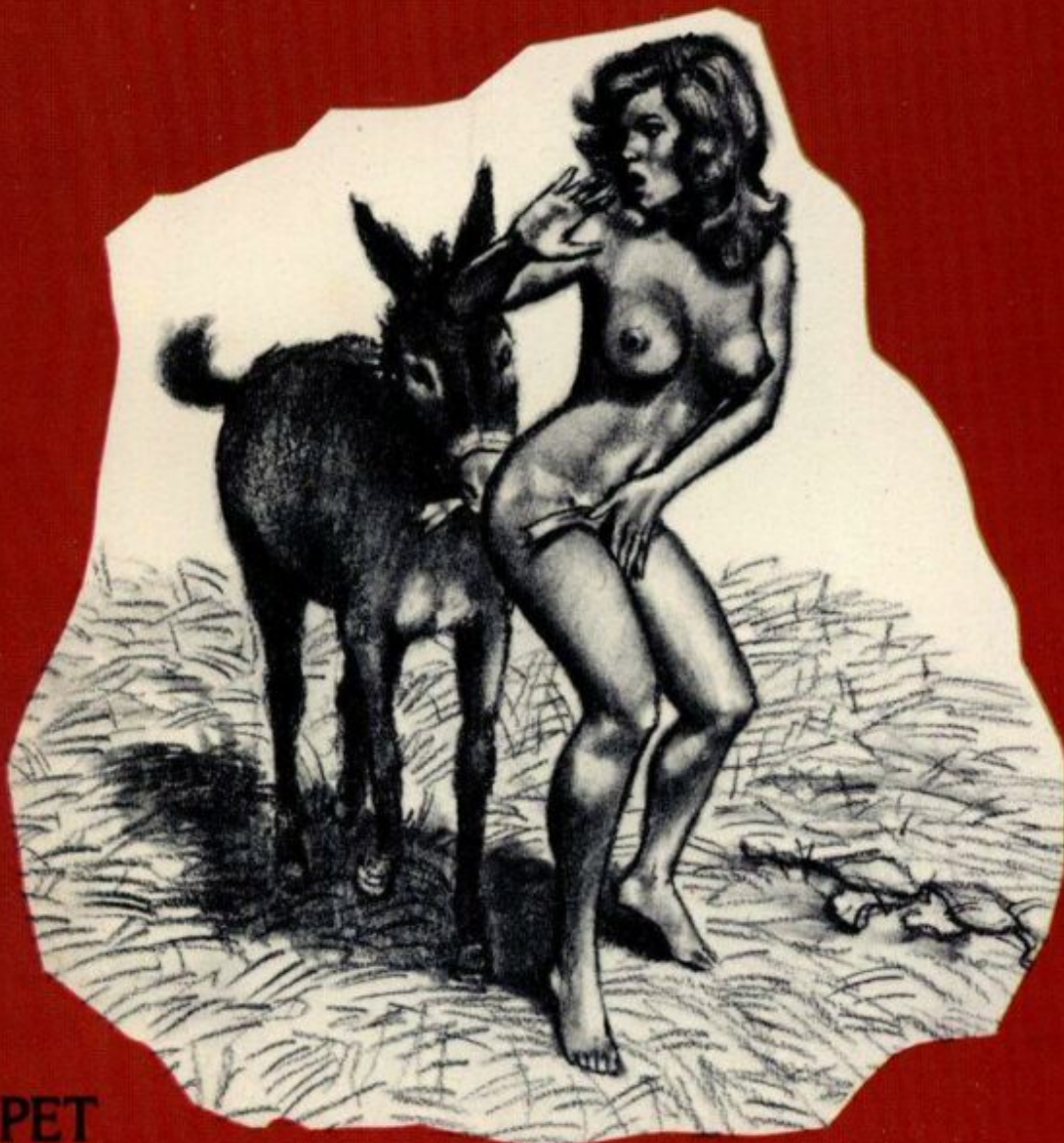
BEASTIALITY STORIES



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MOTHER'S ASS



A PET
BOOK

by J. H. Russell

Chapter One

Helen Fredericson's auburn hair, piled high in a French twist, accentuated her creamy complexion and the shimmer of her emerald-green eyes. The stark white of a high-necked hostess gown revealed a pair of firm, big tits that even a severe bra failed to confine and the curvature of well-rounded hips; the effect was to give her five-foot-six-inch figure a regal appearance that was reinforced by her grace and composure. She busied herself straightening up evidences of company, emptying ashtrays, wiping away rings left by glasses, and smoothing wrinkled cushions.

Art Fredericson hovered over his wife, hands thrust deep into his pockets, lips compressed, and weight shifting from one foot to the other. His gaze wandered over her body, drawn by each movement of a muscle, and he continually wetted his lips with his tongue tip. His sun-bleached hair was tousled, and it seemed natural above a face roughened by years of exposure to the weather and eyes whose blue had faded in the wand. His lean six-one frame saved him from looking short in contrast to his wife's height, and he had an aura of suppressed explosiveness about him.

Helen brushed past her husband and bent to wipe a spot from the corner of the coffee table. Art's hand came out of his pocket to caress her ass. She jerked away and whirled to face him, angry red spots flaming over her cheekbones.

"Art! For God's sake!"

"Sorry," Art mumbled and returned his hand to his pocket.

Helen doubted that. "After all, there's a time and place for everything! Honestly, I think you're getting as bad as Barry."

"Sure, sure. Dirty old man."

"Don't be sarcastic. He is. I don't know why Van lets him get away with it." Vanessa Rush was the closest friend Helen had - they'd been like sisters since high-school days - but Helen disapproved of Van's permissive attitude. Letting him look at other women the way he does! she thought. And giggling and simpering when he feels her up - right out in public! Ugh! Grandma would have had a word for it. She'd have called Van a strumpet!

"Shit! He's only thirty-one. How can he be a dirty old man? And she lets him because it's natural and she likes it!"

"That's right. When you can't think how to get out of it, use bad language." She moved out of Art's reach and continued her work.

"At least I live in the real world. Christ, Helen, sex isn't a disease!" Art sounded quietly desperate. "Nothing dirty about it, except what you make it in your mind."

"Art Fredericson! Blame it all on me! Grandma would have said..."

"Grandma, horseshit! Goddamned prude! I never will know how come your old man couldn't walk on water after that immaculate conception!"

"Art! How dare you!"

He grumbled and subsided. Helen finished the coffee table and turned to the last end table. Suddenly she felt Art's hand slide up the inner slope of her thigh. She clamped her knees together

and struck at his arm.

"Damn it! You want Danny to see something like that?" she blazed at her husband.

"Do him good. His age, he ought to start learning."

"Oh! So I've neglected his education!"

"No! He gets the theory in those school courses! But you've sure warped it! Hell, a kid ought to know a pat on the fanny is a sign of affection!"

"Sign of affection! Just lewd, that's what! He saw enough of that between Barry and Van tonight!"

Art chuckled. "And wondered how it would be to try it on that hot-eyed kid sister of Van's! See the way he kept sizing her up?"

"Terrible! That's what I mean! And Olga actually flirted!"

"Like with a ten-year-old. That chick isn't going to break in a fifteen-year-old."

"She's a tramp!" Helen glanced about the room to see if she'd missed any spot of disorder. "He's more mature than any of the boys she's dated here."

"Carries himself like a man, all right. She may be overlooking an experience!"

"Oh, Art, don't always be dirty-minded!"

"Okay, okay. Come on, baby, let's go to bed. The house can wait."

"A lot you care! You don't have to face it in the morning. You just go off to work and let me worry about it."

"And you do. Twenty-four hours a day."

She stiffened. "I have to do something to take my mind off how grouchy you've gotten!"

"Who the hell wouldn't be a grouch! Takes a national holiday around here for a guy to get a piece of ass! And then it's like reading the Declaration of Independence through bulletproof glass!"

"Art Fredericson! You're mean and crude! Go on in. I'll be there in a minute."

She clenched her fists as she watched her husband go into the hallway. She hated these scenes and had a knot in her belly that kept getting larger as the scenes became more frequent. Her grandmother had warned her, long before she was old enough to understand.

"Selfish, flesh-loving beasts, all of them," the old lady had said often. "Even your father, dear thing."

And while Helen's parents had fun and went places, her paternal grandmother had stuck to the dreadful task of reshaping a lustful, filthy-minded child into a civilized girl. Helen knew that was what old Mrs. Farrell had done. Hadn't she been told often enough? She'd rebelled, she remembered. She'd played with her pussy and spied on her father, filled with wonder at that enormous cock of his, and made up fantastic stories in her mind about screwing with all the boys she knew. Yes, she thought, Grandma had a real challenge. She'd been losing it, too, until that wilderness trip with the Indian guide.

"Not that he made the difference," she muttered bitterly to herself. "But what it did to Grandma."

Even Helen's mother had agreed Grandma Farrell's death - her massive stroke - had come as a direct result of Helen's pregnancy. And Helen had never lost the black worm of guilt over the fact she'd regretted those hours with Tony, the guide, only for her grandmother's death - not for the mortal sin she herself had committed by letting him fuck her. That personal lust - that terrible, conscience-deadening pleasure - had burned into her the truth of what her grandmother had steadfastly maintained.

"You're your mother all over again," her grandmother had said darkly, over and over. "No shame. No moral fiber. You'll never be a Farrell."

And upon the old lady's abrupt death, Helen had realized she really loved her grandmother. She'd resolved in that moment - fully aware of the insatiable sex hunger in her - that she would atone to her grandmother by becoming what the Victorian woman had wanted. She'd buried the hot-pussied self and built instead a poised, frigid shell. She'd done it well, she reminded herself now. Well enough that she'd kept Danny on the right track, well enough that she'd never let herself progress to an orgasm since that summer in the woods. Her grandmother must be proud, looking down from heaven on the granddaughter she'd given up for hopeless.

Helen hurried to the bedroom. She had time to get into her nightgown and into bed before Art finished in the bathroom. And there were moments to recall that summer. There had been a lake and a camp, and Tony - he'd had a name even her father couldn't pronounce, so they'd nicknamed him Tony - had gone to scout the trail for the next day's move. Helen had gone for a lone hike, then turned back because of a bear. And she'd heard her mother's squeal and her father's carefree, eager laugh.

"Abe! That tickles! Behave yourself!"

"Behave myself! When I can have my nooky in this setting?"

"Your language!"

"Fraud! Get my hand on that snatch, and your language'll make me blush!"

"Nooky... Pussy," Helen whispered from where she now hid in the brush. They were delightful, tingle-producing words. If she crept only a few feet nearer, she might - just might - get to watch them fuck! But there was no need for that.

"Wait'll I catch you!" she heard her father say happily.

There was a sound of snapping twigs and rustling underbrush. Helen's mother burst into view and stumbled. Convenient to be in the middle of a clearing, thought Helen with a shiver. And her father overtook his wife there. He pulled her to her feet and crushed her to him, his knee pressed to her pussy and his hand kneading her ass. Helen felt her own young pussy glow as she watched the willing redhead who was her mother writhe in the hot embrace. There was a low moan of pleasure.

"Honey! Honey! Oh, I want it sot"

They fell to the dark earth, rolling over each other and grabbing at each other. Without Helen seeing how, her mother's halter came off and lay crumpled under them. Abe pinned Ruth beneath him, his

mouth gulping at her boob and his hand diving into her shorts. His wife groped at his trouser fly, fumbling at the zipper and finally pulling out his cock.

Helen writhed. She twisted her legs until her weight bore on one heel, against her cunt, and she clutched her tits in her hands, squeezing and massaging. Watching was better than all her dreams put together, she decided. Only having the experience itself could be better. She gasped and held her breath. Her father was pulling her mother's shorts - and her panties, if she had any on - over her hips. Ruth had her ass off the ground and squirmed to help him, but she refused to let go of the reddening cock. Abe lifted his wife's feet as he drew off her shorts, raising her legs vertically and dropping one hand to prod at her twat. Ruth squealed and twisted, pulling herself up until she could mouth the moist cockhead that peeked out of her hand.

"Oh!" whispered Helen. "Oh, how delicious! I wonder how it really tastes?" The joints of her jaw tensed as if she'd just eaten a sour pickle and her hands fumbled at the waist of her sweater, then slipped inside, up to her bra and under it to cup the hot flesh of her girlish boobs.

Abe straightened, tugging at his clothes while his wife gnawed at his prick. Her hair flamed in a ray of sunlight, a gleaming halo against the background of her husband's white belly and thick, black body hair. She sat with her knees up and her feet widely parted, her pussy a shimmering, wet cleft of pink between parallel thickets of carrot-colored cunt hair. Helen groaned inwardly with envy as she compared the swollen, parted slopes with her vivid recollection of her own thin cuntlips. Someday! she thought. Someday I'll have a pussy like that! And a cock like that to kiss!

But she imagined she heard her grandmother's acid tone in the distance. "Dirty-minded little girl! Shameless as your mother! The Devil's own child!" Helen shook her head impatiently-the old woman was two thousand miles away, and a man named Abe Farrell was getting ready to fuck a woman named Ruth right in front of his daughter. And Ruth was sensitizing his cock with her mouth, savoring its maleness before engulfing it in her cunt.

Somehow, Helen's mother scrambled to her knees when Abe stood up to kick off his pants. And she kept his cockhead in her mouth and cradled his balls in her hand. He laughed and laid his fingers on her temples.

"God, woman! You're something else today! Have a heart!"

Ruth spit out her meaty mouthful and tilted her head back, eyes dancing as she gazed up at him. "It's you," she said. "I go wild, wanting you so much!"

He sank to his knees, his cock trapped between their bellies and her tits spreading and flattening against his chest. He seized her asscheeks, rolling them in his fingers, pressing them together to close her crack, parting them to expose the pucker of her asshole. Ruth slipped her arms over his shoulders and pulled at his flesh with her fingers.

"Darling," she said softly. "Oh, Abe darling! I do love you!" She squirmed, her hips thrust forward so her belly pressed hard against his. "Especially with your prick in my belly button!"

Abe fingered the crack of her ass. His eyes closed momentarily and he blew into his wife's hair. "If it were big enough, you'd train that belly button to suck me off, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, honey!" Ruth protested laughingly.

Her husband forced his knee between her thighs and raised it, lifting her from her knees and planting his foot on the ground. Ruth twisted, raising herself until she positioned her twat above his

dick. She began to lower herself, her hips undulating as her cunt settled around his cockhead. She clenched her teeth in concentration, her gaze fixed steadily on Abe's face.

"Unh... unh..." Her exclamations were low-voiced and tentative, spaced as if each were a false expectation of reaching the root of the cock she was sliding onto. And then, explosively - "UNH! Ahhh!" - she flung her arms around him and began nuzzling his neck, biting and releasing and biting again. Abe squirmed, laughing, and retaliated.

Helen's eyes widened. She withdrew one hand from her boob and pinched her neck and shoulders, pretending someone was giving her love bites. She shivered deliciously.

Her mother's boobs formed a bridge between her straining body and her husband's, the darkened nipples prodding his chest and burying themselves in the curls of his body hair. She sat on the back of one thigh and an asscheek, her other knee hanging towards the ground, and jacked her hips violently. Abe held one palm at the small of his wife's back and massaged her ass with the other. His fingers slid along her crack and her buttcheeks winked. Both bodies writhed, tense and eager, and Ruth's skin began to gleam with perspiration.

Helen trembled. "Ooh! Ooh, she likes that!" she whispered, gazing wide-eyed at her father's fingers as they caressed her mother's ass. She inched forward on her heel, bearing down with her bung on the rounded, bony little foot. She winked her ass the way her mother was doing, biting her lips at the sensation and groping at her pussy with her hand. She paused, clutching her twat tightly and bending forward to see better; her parents were starting to do something else.

Ruth fell back, clinging to Abe's shoulders. She stared into his face, her eyes looking strangely sleepy. Her mouth was wet and red, and her nostrils flared. She tossed her head and her hair broke free of its pins. The French twist disintegrated to create a cloud of tumbling red about her shoulders.

"Darling!" Her voice was husky. "Roll me! Roll me in the dirt! Oh, God, I feel great! I feel like we're a couple of animals rutting! Please, baby!"

Abe panted. His mouth was open and working, and his fingers kneaded her flesh spasmodically. He twisted and fell backward, keeping his wife impaled on his cock and rolling with her as he hit the soft, moist earth. Ruth's legs parted widely and she gouged into the leaf-mold with her heels, kicking vigorously. Together they rolled across the clearing, sweet-smelling earth flying and bits of black debris clinging to their bodies. Their legs and arms tangled and they bit at each other. Their breath whistled, its cadence punctuated by low grunts of pleasure.

Helen writhed with desire. She twisted her fist among the inflamed tissues of her pussy and bit the back of her other hand to smother the continuous whimper that welled in her throat. Oh, yes! she thought. Oh, yes! This is the way it ought to be! Naked and rolling and free! It might be sinful, like Grandma says, but nothing could be more wonderful! I'm going to be like Mama... and I want to!

Abe's fingers, dug into the pink and white flesh of his wife's ass, parting her cheeks and stabbing at her bung, his teeth tugging at her nipples while she thrashed beneath him. She ground the back of her head against the earth, her eyes bulging and her teeth clenched. Then she opened her mouth widely.

"Abe! Ride me, darling! Ride me for real!"

"For real?" There was a note of sudden eagerness in Abe's question.

Ruth hesitated momentarily. "All right," she said then. "But quick, darling! Now!" She rolled

abruptly onto her belly and pushed herself to her hands and knees.

As if impatient, Abe caught her at the waist and lifted until his wife stood stiff-legged, her feet widespread, her body bent at the hips and her palms flat on the ground. He edged his knees between her taut thighs and crouched, pushing the head of his cock down so it nestled in the depression of her cunt. He pushed forward with his hips, lodging the cockhead securely in her hole, and grasped his wife's hips.

"Mm! Mm!" Ruth grunted. "Put him in, darling! Quick!"

Helen felt a curious churning in her belly. She writhed silently while her father pressed forward and the brutal cockhead buried itself in her mother's gulping cunt. "Oooh!" she moaned softly.

"Oh! Oh!" Ruth gasped. "Hard, Abe! HARD!"

Abe jammed his hips forward and the thick shaft plunged into her twat to the balls. His hairy belly bumped her ass and his fingers dug into the roundness of her hips. He hitched himself over her, his cock bending at the root, and raised his feet from the ground, hooking his insteps behind his wife's knees. She sagged for a moment, then stiffened her knees.

"Oh, God, darling!" she exclaimed hoarsely. "God, he's deep!"

Abe levered his knees, stroking his great prick in the mouth of his wife's pussy. She bounced, her knees flexing under his surges. Her tits flopped and her hair tumbled over her arms.

Animals! thought Helen with a happy thrill. They're like animals that belong here! Wonderful-awful animals that look like people! Her blood pounded too hard for her to get her breath. Her own young pussy pulsed at every blow of her father's cock in her mother's upturned cunt, and her boobs ached. She ground her thighs together, glorying in the sticky wetness that spread over them.

Abe bent forward, his belly molding itself to his wife's ass and his hands dipping her waist. His butt jerked powerfully while his balls thumped against Ruth's pussy hair. Helen shivered and gulped at the contrast between her mother's finely tapered legs and the humping bulk they supported. She tried desperately to imagine herself in the same position, sagging under the same burden.

"Abe! Abe!" Ruth cried out. "Only one thing wrong with this way... my boobies ache and you can't hang onto them! Oh, darling, hard!"

"Unnnh!" Abe's lips drew back to reveal his clenched teeth. His butt-cheeks snapped together and his back straightened, throwing all his weight on his buried cock. He stopped thrusting and bore down with silent convulsions of his belly.

The couple trembled fiercely, Ruth's hips swaying in slow, grinding circles as she appeared to rotate her cunt on the base of the deep-thrust cock.

"Mmmm!" she shrieked. "Fuck fuck fuck! Baby baby!"

With a final, violent shudder, her straining body seemed to melt. She collapsed, Abe riding her to the ground, and the two huddled together, still joined and twitching.

Helen fought an impulse to groan. She groveled in the loose earth, flattening herself on her belly, her fist in her pussy, and ground her hips on the hard knuckles. She fought desperately with herself, her body trembling on the verge of orgasm while her will demanded self-restraint until she could get

away by herself and act out the scene she'd witnessed. Fiber by fiber, her body yielded to her determination, her tension easing and the iron knot in her belly loosening. She squirmed backward through the low-hanging brush, terror rising when Ruth and Abe stirred, and relief making her weak when she was at last safely beyond their sight. She sprang to her feet and bounded between the trees, hot desire tearing at her.

With a sob of gratitude, she stumbled into a pocket in the woods Tony had shown her, where one could lie quietly and watch a family of squirrels argue over pine cones or a heedless rabbit forage. The spruce stood apart and a thicket of low firs trailed their boughs to the ground, shutting out the world. Going to the center of the tiny clearing, she set her feet far apart and drew herself erect. After a moment, she arched her back and stared at the narrow patch of sky, her hands clutching at her boobs, then passing over her belly with hard pressure and stopping at the tops of her thighs.

"Now!" she said softly. "Now, Helen Farrell!"

She unbuttoned her blouse, laying it open with her back still arched and her tits pointed defiantly towards the treetops. Extending her hands behind her, she let the blouse slide off her fingertips to the ground. She trembled in her effort to maintain her pose while unfastening her bra, then drew it off and dropped it, fingering her conical boobs and plucking at the quivering, hard little nipples. A great tingle surged over her, doubling her with its intensity, and she fumbled at her slacks, her hands clumsy on the button and too eager with the zipper. She thrust them off her hips and dropped panting to the earth while she struggled to draw them over her boots. The boots had to stay on, they would add a measure of sensuous contrast to what she meant to do. In a frenzy of haste, she tore away her panties, leaving until another time the problem of explaining their loss.

Again, she assumed her sky-worshipping stance, her small, red triangle of pussy hair darker than her mother's and not yet covering as much of her cunt, but thick and springy, nonetheless. Arched as she was, she drew her belly into a taut, convex surface. Her navel stretched into a groove and her pussy shook with the strain of her posture.

"Oooh!" She flung her arms up and back and let her head hang back, with her hair falling free. "Mmmm!" Without changing her body's alignment, she placed her hands on her pussy and pulled the wet lips apart. Her fingertips explored her slit, lingering at her cuntlips before slipping forward to the raw little lump that generated such incredible sensations of delight. Writhing and gasping, she played with her clitoris, whipping her excitement back to the peak she'd felt while watching her parents fuck.

"Yes!" she exclaimed. "Yes, it's now! Now!"

She dropped to all fours, knees stiff and palms resting on the cool earth, spreading her feet as widely as she could and imagining her father was mounting her. She sagged, pretending his weight pressed her down, then thrust one hand into her crotch to massage the gaping folds of her young snatch. For a time, she teased herself, sliding her fingertips in the wetness on her pussy and tracing rings around the rim of her cunt, but at last she yielded to her feverish hunger and started to rub her clitoris.

"Nnng! Aghhh!" Her hips jerked and her boobs bounced under her as her excitement rocketed. "Oh, yes! Oh, God, yes!"

Something touched her hips. She stiffened and fought against the scream that welled in her throat. Her glance darted past her legs to the moccasined feet of the guide, and waves of horror engulfed her.

"No! Oh, no!" she sobbed, too terrified to move. "Don't tell! Please don't tell!"

She tried to push herself to her feet, but Tony's hand rested on the small of her back, holding her where she was.

"Please!" she whimpered. "Please, Tony!"

He circled her waist with his fingers, then slid his hands to her hips, fingering her ass and stroking her thighs. The roughness of his palms was like needles of pure delight on her skin, and she surged under his caresses. He brushed one fingertip over her asshole. Her butt-cheeks clamped together, then spread at Tony's insistent massage. His thumbs settled on her pussy-lips, forcing them apart and making her cunt yawn. He poked one square-tipped finger at the eager little mouth and grunted with amusement when the rim puckered.

"Maybe you good fuck," he observed.

"Omigod, Tony! No! Yes! Oh, Tony!"

He uttered the grunt she'd come to know as his substitute for a sympathetic chuckle. Gently, he raised her, then took her in his arms and laid her on the earth.

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## **Chapter Two**

Tony's nose was narrow and sharp, and his eyes were close-set, glittering black beads that appeared to radiate condescension along with hunger as they leered at her. His cheeks were gaunt and pocked, his chin jutted crookedly, and thin lips drew back to reveal gaps between jagged, worn teeth.

Helen writhed. She knew she had reached the end of her virginity, and the knowledge brought fierce joy over a thick fabric of regret. In her fantasies, she'd pictured the event as involving some dashing, worldly type with flashing eyes and an eager grin, abandoning his castles out of wild desire for her. She'd dreamed of haunting music, softly glowing lights and velvet cushions. Instead, she had an unkempt old Indian taking a moment from a day with nothing urgent to do, visibly gratified at the diversion chance had thrown his way. The only music was a sighing somewhere high in the trees; the light was what filtered through close-growing needles, and her cushion was a springy mattress of leaf-mold.

But her moment had come, nonetheless, and it was surely more exciting than being had on the back seat of a car. She thrilled at her nakedness, acutely conscious of the bizarre note her boots added and secretly embarrassed at how small her peaked boobs were. And the dark-skinned creature who unbuttoned his fly as he dropped to his knees between her outflung thighs was managed without pretense or sophistication. There would be no subtlety as his cock thrust aside the membrane of her innocence and no apology as his sperm spilled into her cunt.

He bent over her, tugging his cock into the open and reaching out to fondle her.

Dark! she thought shivering. Dark and knobby and dull! Not smooth and white and shiny like Daddy's! She sucked her belly in while his fingers scraped across it. He closed his hand over her boob, squeezing and rubbing, and a sharp gasp caught in her throat. His Levi's felt rough against the inner slopes of her thighs and she twitched when he laid one hand over the brush of her pussy hair.

His cock pulsed and he ran his tongue over his lips. She stared in fascination at the stray hairs that clung to his shaft where it poked through his open fly, and at his cockhead, half out of his taut foreskin. There was a bead of clear fluid at the tip of the swollen bulb and from her angle the slit was clearly visible, gaping darkly.

He grinned knowingly, clearly aware of the focus of her attention, and used both hands to tease her nipples, rolling them like cherries between his fingers while she pressed her fists to her shoulders and let her breath hiss between her teeth. He felt her, his hands roving over her curves with lingering, tantalizing slowness, as if he were renewing memories he'd put too far behind. Helen twisted with pleasure at the tingles that raced over her in wave after hard wave. He caught a strand of her pussy hair in his fingers, pulling it straight and letting it snap back, then ran his fingers into the quivering zone at the top of her thigh next to her pussy. She whimpered at the electric urgency of the sensation and drew one knee up to press it to his side.

"Tony! Oh, Tony! Am I going to be your squaw?"

"Mmph," he grinned at her. "We fuck."

"Yes," she whispered.

He lowered himself, the folds of his shirt settling on her tits and the hardness of his Levi's on her belly. She felt his cockhead against her pussy, heat on heat, and gasped. But he turned, resting one hip in the angle of her widespread thigh, and fingered her cunt.

"Ah! Oh!" she gasped.

He dragged his fingertip along her slit and probed to feel the indentation of her cunt. Slowly, deliberately, he forced the blunt digit into her hole, twisting it and stretching the sensitive rim. Helen rolled the back of her head on the earth and dug her boot heels in.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed in a low moan. "Oh, my gosh!" His finger was bigger than hers and rougher, and there was a feeling of fullness she'd not experienced before in playing with her twat. An instant of terror swept her at the thought of his cock and how much greater it was than his finger. But her desire was deepening, jerking at her gut and making his looming bulk waver before her eyes.

He rolled back, lodging his cockhead between her pussy-lips and pushing. She felt the blunt tool fill her cunt and rest solidly in the surrounding tissues. An uncontrollable urge came over her to rotate her pelvis up and forward, and she felt her hips tighten and thrust. The pressure at her pussy increased sharply as her sheath stretched and slid onto the slopes of the enormous bulb.

"Mmh! Oh... Oh!" she cried out, clutching at Tony's arms.

Tony lunged against her. His cockhead rammed through the resistance of her cunt against something tighter and incapable of stretching. Searing pain washed over Helen. She felt as if she were tearing, and she pulled her knees up and spread them in a futile effort

to open wide enough to stop the hurt.

Tony grunted and thrust, the impossible wedge spreading her cunt and creeping inward. There was a sudden sensation of yielding and a new leaping of fiery pain, then relief. Helen's throat closed in the moment of agony and opened afterward, letting her pent-up breath escape in a sighing rush. The dark cock was an incredible fullness in her pussy, and the sensation of the huge head's intrusion into

the core of her belly was a delight she had never anticipated. She lashed out with her feet, pedaling them in the air.

“Aghhh! Ahhh, Tony!”

The body over hers tensed at her cry and Tony’s cock drove inward with a single, smooth rush. His groin slapped against her crotch and his cockhead came to rest high in her belly. Helen forgot her earlier pain and was aware only of the intense pleasure that surged in her. She clamped her knees to Tony’s sides and levered her hips, bumping her pussy against the hardness of his Levi’s while he pumped at her. His cock slid rapidly back and forth in her cunt and her body rocked under the repeated blows. She clawed senselessly at him, her fingernails catching in his shirt. The edges of his fly rasped like rough sticks along her pussy-lips, catching single cunt hairs and jerking at them. Her body was a raw lump of delight.

“Ugh!” Tony grunted explosively. “Tight cunt! Make Tony come quick! Unnnh!”

His thrusts slowed and a ball of warmth grew in her belly. Her clitoris throbbed as the hardness of his shaft rode over it, and pleasure pounded in her head. She gulped, a convulsive spasm seizing her pussy and spreading over her, stiffening her body and making her back arch. She dug her heels into the backs of his thighs and levered her crotch tightly against the base of his cock.

A violent tremor shook her and she felt her cunt contract to squeeze Tony’s buried cock. “Mmmmm!” she moaned, deep in her throat. “Mmmm! Mmmmm!” Her orgasm washed back and forth over her, jerking her helpless body and making her hear an inner roaring. The sensation seemed a totally different one from the kind she’d brought on by playing with her snatch, and she was frightened at its intensity. But her fright was a pale thing beside the awesome feeling of pleasure that flooded her.

At last the tremors stopped and her inner convulsions subsided. She collapsed, limp beneath the weight of Tony’s body. She heard his light panting and realized how hoarse and labored her own breathing was.

“Tony! I can’t... breathe! You’re... squashing me!”

He grunted and propped himself on his forearms, his softening cock settling in her twat. “You pretty good fuck, Helen. Lot better’n Ol’ Kai.”

“Old Kai!” she shrieked, visualizing the emaciated, mangy bitch whose devotion to the guide seemed her only redeeming feature. “Tony! You don’t!”

He giggled. “You better’n her. Maybe fuck again tomorrow?”

“Brrr! Get off!” Helen laughed and twisted. Knowing the cock that was in her cunt had rested in a scrawny, stiff-legged bitch brought its own kind of thrill, and Helen savored the wicked awareness while she could still squeeze Tony’s shrunken meat with her twat. Then, again, “Get off, you dirty old man!”

Tony chuckled and jabbed his useless cock forward, then heaved himself off her. There was a sucking noise at her crotch when his cockhead popped free of her cunt, and she groaned at the abrupt emptiness.

The gaunt Indian leered at her, teasing, his knees still holding her thighs apart and his fingers resting on her slowly swaying boobs. He pretended momentary revulsion. “Ugh! You too white... like



dough!"

"Go away! You're nasty!" She giggled.

"But good fuck, anyhow."

"Go away!"

He grinned broadly, surged to his feet, and gazed down at her languorous pose. "You like, Helen. Tomorrow maybe?"

She knew she would let him fuck her again. Nothing could keep her from wanting that cock as long as the guide was with them. Desire knotted her belly and she nodded. "Maybe tonight?" she whispered.

"Maybe." He strode from the clearing, leaving her alone in her nakedness.

She trembled and sat up, ignoring the soreness of her pussy but thrilling at the sight of her reddened flesh, the rolled tops of her socks and the gleam of her boots startling her. "God, how wicked!" she told herself softly. "Grandma would just die!"

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Helen shuddered and groaned now, hearing Art's tuneless humming from beyond the bathroom's closed door and remembering the incessant hunger she'd felt the rest of that summer. She'd slipped away from her parents again and again to fuck the Indian, and she'd known within a week of reaching home that she was pregnant.

Grandmother Farrell had died when she learned of Helen's pregnancy. She'd raved at Helen, cursing her for being so much like her mother. And the old woman had succumbed to a stroke that very night. Ruth and Abe had been grim, making no secret of the fact the stroke had been the direct result of Grandmother Farrell's anger and shock over Helen's actions.

To Helen, her grandmother's death had been a two-edged tragedy. For the first time, she had realized how much she really loved the cantankerous old woman. Her sense of guilt was a tangible oppressive burden that failed to lighten with time. And her parents' attitude toward her, formerly trusting and permissive, had changed to one of bitterness and suspicion. They had abruptly curtailed her free time and her freedom of choice and movement. What little time the baby left her, they had taken care to see was well supervised.

Not that it would have mattered, she told herself, listening to Art's tuneless humming through the closed bathroom door. They didn't have to worry. She had privately committed herself upon her grandmother's death. Having taken the old woman's life - she had believed - she had determined to give her own. And she had done it by becoming the old woman in her beliefs and actions. She had sealed her former lustful, passionate self away and turned into the woman she believed her grandmother had been. It had been as simple as that.

Danny had been born, a big, beautiful boy baby, and Helen had grimly rejected her parents' urging to give him up. She had felt no lingering affection for his half-civilized father - there was nothing for him but revulsion - but it had seemed fit punishment to look at the fruit of her wickedness, reminding herself daily of the way she'd killed Grandmother Farrell. To her own confused amazement, Danny had captured her love. Until Art had married her, the boy had been the center of her universe, and when Art had insisted on adopting Danny, the act had deepened her emotion

toward her new husband to an unbelievable pitch of devotion. His only flaw in her eyes was his apparent insensitivity and animal appetite for sex. But she had persisted in the private vow she'd made to the memory of her grandmother, and she sighed now with self-approval for the way she'd met and conquered temptation.

She heard Art turn off the water and stop singing. A sharp tingle assailed her and she tugged the blanket to her chin, annoyed at this evidence that she was still not free of her baser nature. Still a wicked, wretched creature! she told herself. Just like Grandma said! Lustful and crude! So crude and lustful, she remembered, that she tingled like this when Barry looked, heavy-lidded, at her body - or even when Danny tilted his head to one side and pretended in his adolescent way to leer at her. Wicked, wicked, wicked! she thought.

Art came out of the bathroom without his pajamas. He stared at her with an expression of hunger, his cock jutting boldly at a forty-five-degree angle, rising steeply from the thick, blond mat of his crotch hair.

Helen gasped, furious at her own involuntary surge of interest. "Art!"

"Yeah!" He crossed to the bed and threw back the covers.

Too late, Helen snatched at the edge of the blanket. She shrieked. "Art! For God's sake, what's gotten into you!"

"It's getting into you that's got me worked up now, puss."

"Oh, damn it, Art! That's disgusting!" She turned her back to him.

The mattress sagged beneath his weight and she felt his hand on her shoulder. He bent over her and tried to kiss her, but she buried her face in the pillow.

"Aw, come on sugar! What the hell! His voice sounded painted.

"Not when you're acting like an animal," she replied, the pillow muffling her words.

"Come on, baby," he said softly, his hand passing lightly over her body.

She stiffened, habit quelling the instinctive thrill that touched her spine.

"Come on! It's not that bad!" Art coaxed.

With a resigned sigh, she let him roll her onto her back. He fingered her belly through her nightgown and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Pull the covers up," she said, her eyes tightly closed.

In a moment, she felt the weight of the blanket on her body.

"And turn out the light."

She heard the socket snap and the glow on her eyelids turned to darkness. She held herself motionless, enduring his awkward caresses and blocking the tendrils of pleasure that threatened her reserve. Art thrust his hand inside the front of her nightgown to paw at her boob. She bit her lips and clenched her fists, proud of her ability to resist temptation and miserable because there was a part of her that was like her mother - hungry for her man's touch. That, she'd not succeeded in

stifling, although maturing had enabled her to control her reactions outwardly.

She gasped. Art was turning back her nightgown – pushing one side of the front away-and she felt his breath on her suddenly puckering nipple.

“Art! Art, stop that!”

His hand, cupped around the bulge of her tit and squeezing it upward, went slack and she felt the welcome pressure of nylon covering the sensitive mound again.

“Good God, Art! After all!” She fumbled at the material on her hips, inching it up and gathering it in her hands until the hem lay across her belly. Tensing, she let her bare thigh touch Art’s, then spread her knees and waited for him. He made a muffled sound and rolled onto her, his cock resting at her cunt.

Despite herself, she shivered at the wave of desire that swept through her. “Mmmm!” she moaned under her breath. She felt her hips twitch.

Art pressed his cockhead into her slit so it nudged her cunt-lips. She pushed her fists against her hips and struggled against the urge to meet his thrust with one of her own. His body hardened and his hips drove downward, his cock plunging into her twat. She startled herself by jabbing upward, her butt-cheeks clamping together to raise her ass from the mattress. The bony hardness of his root crushed her clitoris and sent an unexpected jolt of pleasure inward.

“Mm! Unh!” She jerked her head into the pillow. It’s because he’s bare! she thought wildly. It’s because the hair on his legs feels the way it does! It’s because his skin’s so hot on mine! “Mh! Mh!”

Art’s hips stroked, his flesh rubbing silkily over her thighs and his cock pumping in the grip of her pussy. Excitement surged in her belly and she realized she was moving her body to his rhythm. She gritted her teeth and stilled her motion, but Art’s hand slid past hers and his fingers curled under her ass. She held her breath while he squeezed, closing her fingers around his wrist. He worked his palm around her ass-cheek and his fingertips probed into her crack. She wrenched her hips convulsively, enraged at the explosion of excitement the act had produced in her.

“No! No! Stop that, Art! Goddamn it, you’re nothing but an animal tonight!”

“Oh, horseshit!” Art heaved himself off her, his cock jerking at her pussy rim with a force that made her wince. “You don’t know what you’re talking about! What do you mean, an animal?” He flung himself away from her, his breathing harsh and rapid.

“I mean, not like a civilized human being!”

“Shit, shit, shit! That’s what makes man different! He’s got a little imagination! Let me tell you how it is with animals, baby! Know what that’d be like?”

“What do you mean?”

“Getting screwed by an animal.”

“Art! That’s not what I was talking about!”

“The hell it wasn’t! Every time I go for a handful of tit or rub your ass, you make out like I’m being an animal! And I say that’s horseshit! I’ll tell you what it would be like if you had an animal screwing

you!”

“ART! I won’t listen!”

“Then don’t listen. I’m telling you anyhow! Take that damn donkey of Dan’s.”

“Smokey? That’s impossible, Art! Ugh!”

“Like hell! You bend over that feed table of his naked and you’ll find out! Know how it would be? He’d look at you for a bit – look at those smooth, white cheeks on your butt and that pink twat with the red fur lining – and his dong would start to grow. Pretty soon he’d heave himself up and put his front hooves on your back, or maybe on either side of you, and jab that big goddamn prick at your pussy!”

“Don’t! Please don’t say any more!” She whispered, alarmed at the raging hunger in her pussy. Art’s intense, rapid description had awakened the worst of her deep-buried dreams, thrusting them to the surface and making her writhe. “No, no, no!”

“Ever notice what a sharp point that dong’s got when he’s got a hard-on? He’d wiggle his butt until that point found your cunt, baby, and then he’d slam it to you! Think it wouldn’t go? Bullshit! Like a greased rolling pin! Stretch you some – maybe make you do the splits – might make your eyes bug, but that prick would go all the way! And he’d play ‘The Stars and Stripes Forever’ on your belly with his balls while he was fucking you! Every time that ass poked his dick home, you’d bounce into the air! That son-of-a-bitch wouldn’t mess around trying to feel you up or show you he loved you. He’d just ram his cock in and fuck until he came! If you got a come out of it, fine. If you didn’t, so what? Think he’d care? He’d get his rocks off and be done... what the hell!”

“Ooh! Brrr! Art, you’re terrible! You’ve got a filthy mind! You’re sick!” She shuddered, her pussy throbbing and her thighs working against each other. And I’m sick to let that make me excited, she thought miserably. “That’s all you can think about any more. Sex! The way you looked at Vanessa tonight you might as well have been in bed with her! You even gave the eye to her sister, and Olga’s only twenty!” She subsided, fighting to catch her breath and quiet the turmoil in her crotch.

After a long pause, Art replied, his tone hardly more than a whisper. “Maybe, if you thought as much of me as you do your goddamn housework, I wouldn’t get turned on just because some broad acted human. Christ, Helen, you’re about as warm these days as a snow bank. Just about as responsive, too.”

“Maybe I’d be warmer if you weren’t such a grouch. Art, don’t you realize how sullen and nervous you’ve gotten? I almost hate to hear the car come into the driveway!”

“What the hell do you expect out of a guy when he gets a piece of ass once a month whether he needs it or not-and figures he’s gotten his cock into the freezer by mistake even then?”

She stiffened. “And besides, you’ve gotten crude! You sound like some thug out of the gutter!” A sob caught in her throat. “You aren’t the same at all! Housework’s the only way for me to get rid of the tension from the way you’re acting!”

“Goddamn it! I keep telling you I want a little affection! Shit, I’d like to have a woman turn on when she’s getting screwed! I’d like a woman to figure out it’s good if she gets excited when a guy sucks her tit or plays with her ass or something – that sex is fun instead of being a goddamn duty!”

“I can’t help that, Art! I can’t help it!”

"Yeah, I know." His voice was heavy with defeat. "Some guy gets in your pants when you're fifteen, and sixteen years later you're still afraid to let go. Hell, sixteen!" He sighed. "Sixteen years! Oh, shit, what's the use?" He turned his back to her.

"Art?"

There was no reply.

"Art? Please?"

"Go on to sleep."

Very slowly, she worked her nightgown into place. She held herself rigid, hands pressed to her thighs and knees clamped together, trying to quiet the lingering desire. As she let their argument reply itself in her mind, fear and anger replaced her frustration. Art hadn't been searching for cutting responses to her accusations. He'd said things that had been bottled inside, festering in his subconscious. The understanding patience she'd loved him for had been an act, she realized, masking irritation and resentment. And that was the way marriages fell apart.

There was a streak of gray in the sky before she finally managed to sleep.

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Chapter Three

At the breakfast table after Dan had left for school, Art suggested Helen see a psychiatrist. He approached the subject carefully and had her agreement before she was fully aware of what he'd implied. Even then, she followed through by making an appointment; a "shrink" ought to understand what she was putting up with. He would most likely insist Art come in for treatment.

But Dr. Davis did not. Helen left his office with her ego bruised and her self-confidence shaken. She went to Vanessa Rush. She's the closest friend I've got, she reasoned. Even if she does act a little wild. She shook her head and pursed her lips. Come, now, Helen. More than a little. And the way she talks! But she's always been good to me, and she's never got a mean thought.

Vanessa listened closely to Helen's description of the fight and the subsequent visit to Dr. Davis. Helen wished it were easier to read her friend's expression - to know whether she was seeing sympathy or amusement or something else - but she was grateful for the fact Vanessa didn't interrupt.

"Oh!" Helen exclaimed as she concluded her account of Dr. Davis' reaction. "Can you imagine! Telling a married woman she doesn't know anything about sex! Vanessa, he was terrible! He said things I'd never let Art say! Ugh!"

"Like what?" Vanessa appeared interested.

"I wouldn't repeat them! Perverted sex things he said I ought to have Art do! He... he... Vanessa, he even said I ought to... to have intercourse with other men! He was awful. I'm never going back to him!"

"Honey, I think you need a drink." Vanessa mixed a double-strength screwdriver for Helen. "You sound tight as a drum."

Helen shuddered. The sympathy in Vanessa's voice was almost disastrous in its effect on Helen's self-control. She choked back a sob and gulped the orange juice and vodka. "How could such a dirty-minded man get to be a doctor? Honestly, Van!"

"Did he think your marriage might be in any danger, hon?"

Helen nodded and drained her glass. "The only thing he said that was right. He agreed there was a real danger."

"You don't want to lose Art, do you?"

"Omigod, no! That would kill me, Van!"

"Even if you knew you weren't going to be able to change him?"

Helen hesitated. "You mean, if he never did get over being... well, being a sex fiend?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to lose him," Helen whispered. She held out her empty glass to Vanessa for a refill. "I love him, Van. No matter what, I love him! I won't let him go!"

Vanessa mixed another double. She spoke without looking at Helen. "What if keeping him meant you had to be something you're not?"

"Change myself?" A sense of relaxed warmth was seeping through Helen. "Pretend I don't mind him looking at me naked? Let him do all those things he...?"

Vanessa nodded. "That's one way."

The image of her grandmother rose in Helen's mind, and horror filled her at the thoughts she'd been toying with. "No! I won't!" But I do love him! I can't lose him! "Isn't there any other way?"

"Well..." Vanessa hesitated. "You might try shocking him. Maybe you could bring him to his senses that way."

"How?"

"Shock hell out of him! He wants you naked, let him see you naked! In front of Barry and me!"

"VAN! For God's sake! I'm not that drunk!"

"I'm serious! Start like it's a game - or like we're practicing a skit for Wednesday Club."

"I'd die! I couldn't take my clothes off!"

"Make it a skit. You a new slave being auctioned off. Costumes. Think he'd let it go all the way?"

Helen hiccuped. "In front of Barry? No!" She was suddenly excited. "You're right! It'll work!"

"Tonight then. Call Danny and have him go to the Averys'. Call Art's office and leave a message. They'll get to him by radio."

"No use. I still couldn't take off the costume."

"You'd be a slave. Chained." Vanessa laughed. "We'd have to use clothesline instead of chain, but we could spread-eagle you against the grate there. How far do you think Art would let me get?"

"All right. That way." Helen pressed her hand to her forehead, conscious of her giddiness. She knew Art would be indignant – that he'd stop them almost before they got started. She wasn't sure how the shock would make the desired change in Art, but she probably would if she weren't so drunk; Vanessa obviously did.

Vanessa kept Helen pleasantly inebriated the rest of the afternoon. It was a time of confused activity, making costumes out of sheets, locating rope, and making the necessary telephone calls. And Helen was still drunk when Art arrived. Conversation at the dinner table swirled around her, confused and trivial, and she continually found herself trying to unravel one topic only to discover the others had slipped into another. She ate little, the food appealing less to her than her drink, and she giggled at those times when Art acted as if he ought to be enlightened.

Afterward, when they had settled in the living room with liqueurs, she nodded owlishly while Vanessa introduced the fiction about their skit for Wednesday Club. And without quite realizing the time had come, she and Vanessa were on their way to the bedroom.

Helen undressed quickly, glancing at herself in the door-mounted mirror with satisfaction, and put on the skimpy, wrap-around affair Vanessa had suggested as a final teaser. Like a miniskirt that shrunk, Helen told herself. But it does cover the hair... not that they'll ever see it. Art won't let us go that far.

"Know what?" she said to Vanessa when she had her sheet-gown fastened at the shoulders and pinned down the side. "Know what, Van? I'm still drunk." She giggled.

"And pretty relaxed," Vanessa observed. "I thought you'd be all up-tight by now!"

Helen watched with a sense of detachment while Vanessa tied chunks of rope to each of her wrists and ankles. She held her hands behind her, resting against her ass, when Vanessa gathered the free rope ends in her hand.

"Let's go, slave-girl," remarked Vanessa with a hint of excitement in her voice.

Helen was startled at the sudden gleam in Art's eyes when he saw her costume. Glancing at herself in the brighter light of the living room, she realized the sheet was anything but shadow-proof; the relative darkness of her nipples showed clearly, and even with the brief "teaser skirt", there was a faint shadow at her crotch. She shivered and let Vanessa guide her to the grating.

"This one's rebellious," commented Vanessa, going into the act. She made Helen turn with her back to the bars. "Okay, honey," she whispered. "Do your stuff. Arms first, I guess."

Helen extended her arms over her head and held them patiently while Vanessa secured her wrists to one of the cross-bars. And at a prod of Vanessa's finger and a curt order, she spread her feet. Vanessa tied the ankle ropes, tugging at them to pull Helen's legs still farther apart.

Helen gasped. "Oooh! That stretches me!" She squirmed helplessly.

Vanessa straightened. "You look great, honey!" she said in a low tone. "It's going to work!"

Helen glanced at her husband's face. His eyes were wide, and he stared at her without blinking. So far, she thought, he's himself. Nothing on his mind but how sexy it looks.

"Observe, gentlemen," Vanessa was saying. "One of the loveliest of our captive princesses! No submissive peasant, this one." She paused and gazed at Helen. "But she'll bring hours of pleasure to the lucky one who buys her. Do I hear an offer? What, no bid?"

Helen saw Barry start to speak and caught the quick shake of Vanessa's head. That's right, she thought. Don't let them forget we're practicing a skit.

Vanessa smiled. "Of course! A discerning group like you would hesitate. 'What about damage?' you ask yourselves. 'A beautiful face,' you say, 'but what about the body?' I assure you, the flesh is flawless." She paused. "What? You doubt? The exaggeration of the marketplace you say? I'm wounded. Wait! See for yourselves!"

Helen tensed at the avid interest she saw in both men's faces. And she quivered while Vanessa unfastened the safety pin that held the costume together at her left shoulder. The material fell free, slipping away from her shoulder and dropping against her body. She looked down in sudden panic to see how much of her had been exposed. Good God! she thought. Another half-inch and they could have seen my nipples! The creamy flesh of her boobs swelled boldly in clear view, the fold of the sheet lying across the upper edge of the pink areolas. A wave of giddiness swept over her. Oooh! How wicked! she thought.

"Absolutely without a flaw!" repeated Vanessa. And then, "You still wonder? What skeptics! Come, now!" She shrugged and turned with an air of resignation to fumble with the pin at Helen's other shoulder.

"No!" whispered Helen. "He'll stop us now!" But she saw no startled objection in Art's expression. His lips were parted, and he appeared to be breathing hard, but he made no move to stop Vanessa.

Vanessa pulled the pin free and stepped back. The top of the costume folded slowly downward, clinging momentarily to Helen's globes and then sliding free and tumbling about her waist, where it hung from the belt cord.

"Oh!" Helen gasped with horror as she gazed at her nakedness. Her tits strained, drawn taut by the tension in her arms. The nipples stood out, quivering and beginning to pucker with her sudden fright. Why doesn't he stop us! she asked herself.

Vanessa faced the men confidently. "You see? You see, gentlemen? Perfection from conquered Minoa! Perfection! Note the ripe fullness... the luscious texture... the proud erectness! Where have you ever seen such succulent-looking raisins as these?"

To Helen's horrified amazement, Vanessa brushed each of the darkening nipples with her fingertips.

"Oh!" she cried impulsively. "Ooh! No!" She squirmed, her shoulders pressed against the bars. "Don't!" She winced at the jolt of pleasure the touch sent through her.

Vanessa winked at her and turned back to the men. "I don't know," she said, pretending distress. "I don't know what the market's coming to these days. An honest owner shouldn't have to put up with this kind of skepticism. Goodness! Can't you see what an opportunity you have?" She sighed. "Ah, well. All in a day's work." She unfastened the three pins holding the costume together at the side and let the sheet drape from the cord.

Helen shuddered at the taut boldness of her exposed left thigh. The tiny miniskirt Vanessa had designed was shockingly overtaxed by the wide angle of Helen's legs, and a sick tremor seized her stomach at the thought some of her pussy hairs might be visible beneath its ragged edge. Only the

fact that the sheet covered most of it served as consolation. He'll stop us now, she assured herself. He won't let us go any further; he surely sees what we're ready to do! She studied Art's expression and felt a burst of terror at the fascination that appeared to grip him. His gaze met hers and he smiled as if awed.

Vanessa bent and ran her fingers down Helen's bare thigh. Helen felt goose flesh pop out and saw the flesh twitch. She had a moment of fright at the abrupt convulsion in her pussy. No! she thought. I'm not like that, still! Oh, no!

"See the seductive taper," said Vanessa huskily. "Observe how smooth the line is from that dainty knee to this girl's playground! Gentlemen! Have you no imagination? Gods above!"

Helen had avoided looking at Barry. Now, she glanced without thinking. He sprawled in his easy-chair, legs extended and chin on chest, a great bulge showing in the front of his trousers. She looked quickly at her husband and discovered his fly was tented. The fact sent a surge of excitement through her, and she writhed with guilty awareness of the pleasure she felt in their attention. I'm terrible! Oh, dear! I like having them excited!

She realized belatedly that Vanessa was untying the waist cord. The sheet collapsed to the floor, leaving only the skimpy, improvised miniskirt to hide Helen's nakedness. She stared at herself, hypnotized by the sight of her elongated navel. I didn't know my navel would show! It didn't in the bedroom! And this thing's so terribly short! I know they can see hair! Art! Art, what are you waiting for!

Helen tugged at the ankle ropes, suddenly remembering she'd forgotten to remove her high-heeled sandals. But there was no slack in the loop and no way to relieve the pressure that held the bottom of the skirt so high. "Vanessa!" Helen whispered. "Van, we can't go any further!"

Vanessa leaned close. "Hone

y! We can't stop now! Look how shocked Art is already. Only he still doesn't believe we'll go all the way. That's what'll clinch it!"

"No! No, Van! I just can't!"

"Sure you can, hon. You're splendid! Anyhow, I won't let you go it by yourself. I'll take mine off, too. Think how that'll hit them!" Vanessa stepped towards the men. "Come now, good sirs! How stubborn are you going to be? Have you ever gazed at greater beauty? Look again at these marvelous globes! Imagine one of these saucy nipples tickling the arch of your throat!" She cupped her palm under one of Helen's boobs, then tenderly rolled the nipple between her fingertips.

A stab of delight shook Helen and she drew a deep, audible breath.

"Just meditate on the daintiness of this dear waist!" Vanessa continued. "Think of it! You could easily encircle it with your two hands! And feast your souls on this delicate navel. How could it be more inviting to a gentleman's tongue? The thighs - the hips - please, gentlemen!" She paused, panting. "What! Still skeptical? Oh, God! What cynics! You demand the last bit, don't you!"

"No no no..." Helen moaned softly when Vanessa reached for the pin in the waistband of the tiny skirt. "Nooo... Oh, Van!" The flesh at her waist writhed at the pressure of Vanessa's fingers, and abruptly the skirt loosened. "NO!" Helen cried out sharply. She felt the soft cloth being dragged across her belly and looked down with a sense of disbelief.

Van held the material as if it were a matador's cape, twitching it away from Helen's body but using it to screen her pussy from view. While Helen watched, the quick hands swished the skirt aside and then back in place, offering the men a tantalizing glimpse of the red-haired snatch. Helen pressed her ass against the bars and whimpered. She saw her husband start from his chair.

Now! she thought with a surge of relief. Now he's sure! He'll make us stop!

But Art merely came closer, and Barry joined him. Both of them licked their lips.

Vanessa sighed and shook her head. "You win," she said. She whipped the skirt away and dropped it to the floor.

Helen sagged in her bonds, her flesh crawling and heat welling in her cunt. Art and Barry devoured her with their stares, and she imagined she could feel a physical impact wherever their glances fell. Like when Tony looked at me this way! she thought wildly, reminding herself this was the first time any man but an obstetrician had looked at her naked pussy since that day. It can't be! I'm not really here! Not naked and spread-eagled with men gawking at me! Oh, Mother in Heaven, they're raping me with their eyes! And, Helen! You bitch! You're an excited! Her cunt throbbed and she tingled. "Van! Oh, please, Van!" She felt hysteria edging into her.

Vanessa whispered, "It's working, hon! It's sinking in! Art's beginning to realize what we've done!"

Helen shook her head, rolling it against one of the bars. "I can't stand it any longer! Oh, Van, I can't!"

"Just a little more, honey! Let me get you another drink real quick."

"I'm already dizzy! If I drink another one, I won't know what I'm doing!"

But Vanessa ran to the bar and poured vodka into a glass, bringing it to Helen without pausing to cut it with orange juice. Helen gauged the tumblerful of clear liquid with her eye and a reckless impulse jarred her.

"Quick!" she panted. "Quick! I need it!"

Vanessa tilted the glass at Helen's lips, and Helen gulped. She gasped and coughed, then captured the rim with her lips and drank again. "I'll be drunk now!" she exclaimed. "Oh, God, how drunk I'll be!"

She noticed that Barry and her husband were drawing nearer. The vodka burned in her stomach, and she imagined it was already killing her inhibitions. "Come on," she muttered thickly. "Come on, you lecherous bastards. Get a good look."

Art stared into her eyes. He grinned uncertainly and touched her waist. She flinched. Needles of excitement pricked her. She pouted with a longing like the one she'd felt that day years before. I'm wet! she thought. My pussy's all wet! Christ, it's hot in here!

Art stooped and kissed the bulge of her tit. She twisted her shoulders against the bars and watched her boobs swing. Art's lips parted and closed on her nipple.

I can't stop him! she told herself wildly. Omigod! Omigod! I never felt anything like that! She cried out, aloud. "Art! Oh, honey! Oooh!"

He sucked tenderly. Currents of pleasure radiated from the captured tit, spreading through the tissues beneath it and into her other boob. She felt her hips writhe. In spite of the deep sense of shame that hovered in the background, she stared at Art's face. His expression made her catch her breath; he looked ecstatically contented, his weathered cheek caving in rhythmically with his sucking and his jaw moving gently as he chewed the flesh of her tit. With obvious effort, he drew back and glanced at Barry.

"Man, this has got to be tasted to be believed! You've got to try a mouthful!"

"No! NO!" Helen exclaimed in a terrified whisper. The very thought of Barry touching her aroused a raging fire of excitement in her belly. "Oh, no!"

Without waiting, Art sucked her tit into his mouth again and laid his hand on her belly. Barry edged closer and caught her other tit in his mouth.

"Mmm!" exclaimed Vanessa's husband. His crooked nose wrinkled and she felt his hand on the inner fullness of her thigh.

"Ohhh! Mmmm..." she moaned, feeling the last of her self-control evaporating. It was too late to resist the powerful stirrings in her belly, she knew. She had no way to slow her rising lust or still her body's squirmings. She jerked the loops on her wrists, using the harsh bite to heighten her awareness of her position. Art stroked her belly with circular movements of his hand and Barry caressed her inner thigh. She ground her ass on the bars.

"Ahahah! Dear God, forgive me!" she whispered in an agony of desire.

She saw Vanessa remove her costume and pull the hairpins out of her piled coiffure. Vanessa shook her head, loosening her platinum-blond hair and spreading it over her shoulders. Her knockers jiggled with the motion and her hips twisted. She caressed her own boobs, grinning at Helen and running her hands slowly over her torso to bury her fingers in the thick, mouse-brown thatch of her cunt hair.

She's the sexy one! Helen admitted to herself. Her boobies are twice the size of mine! And she's got hips for riding a man! For Heaven's sake, Helen! Get hold of yourself, you crude slut! But she knew the vodka had combined with her helpless nakedness to rob her of the will to object to her own reactions. Her ass was bumping the grating with a rhythmic monotony and her belly was jerking. Too many! she thought. Two's too many! Her boobs throbbed and she gave up trying to cope with the varied sensations that assailed her. If they'd only do the same thing at the same time! She was squirming under the thrill of Art's tongue as it caressed the tip of one nipple and twitching to the electric needles of pleasure Barry's teeth created as he scraped them over the slopes of the other.

Barry, she thought. Barry... BARRY! What's he doing with his hand? It's not moving any more! His hand rested at the top of her thigh, nestled against the lips of her pussy, its heat compounding her own. Her hips surged and she pressed her pussy onto the hard edge of his knuckle before she knew what she was doing. His thumb stirred and slipped into her slit, gliding frictionlessly on her wetness.

"Unh! Unhhh!" she exclaimed, rising to the balls of her feet. "No... NO! Ahhhh, yesss!" She thrust her belly forward as he wedged his thumb upward into the mouth of her cunt. "Ahhh! AHHH!"

Barry released his hold on her tit and sank to his knees. He kissed her belly, pushing Art's hand aside, then thrust the tip of his tongue into her navel and twirled it around the edges.

"Umph!... Mmmmp!" she grunted and lashed her ass backward. New fingers of delight shot inward

from his touch and she arched her back, jamming her protruding belly into Barry's face. She felt his thumb drive deeper in her twat, bending to jab at the walls of her juicy cunt. "Ah! Oooh! Ahhh!" she panted.

Vanessa had come forward, she saw dimly, and was rubbing her tits against Art's shoulder while she fumbled at his fly with her hands. Helen strained to see around her husband's head and past Barry to watch her friend's fingers. They vanished into Art's trousers and emerged clutching his cock. Vanessa fondled the turgid prick eagerly, squeezing the shaft with one hand and caressing the livid head with the other. Art pulled his mouth from his wife's boob and faced Vanessa.

"Holy Jesus!" he exclaimed. "You, too?"

"Me too, what?" asked the blonde.

"Naked! Oh, shit, baby! Does that mean the green light's on?"

"Try me and see," she murmured.

Helen writhed. He's not shocked! she realized with despair. He likes what's happening! And she groaned inwardly. So do I, she admitted. Oh God, so do I!

Art chose that moment to turn and gaze into her face. Their glances met and held and she thrilled to the savage joy she saw in his eyes.

He grinned happily at her and looked down at Barry. His excitement leaped visibly and he bent to peer at the other man's hand. "All the way, man! All the way!" he exclaimed.

Something snapped in Helen and a new flood of fierce joy twisted her belly. She flung herself out from the bars, hanging in her ropes, and ground her cunt on the embedded thumb.

Art grinned at her again and his lips formed the words, "Good girl!" He turned back to Vanessa. "Hey, woman! I got time to get out of these clothes?"

"Do it fast, then! My mouth's watering!" Vanessa clutched Art's cock in both hands and squeezed.

Art stared at the trembling blonde with round eyes and tore at his clothing. He threw it from him and let Vanessa push him into the nearest armchair. "Jesus, Van! What the hell!"

"Foreskin, baby!" she exclaimed. "It's been a long time without." She glanced towards Barry with an expression Helen took for guilt. "I like it without," she added quickly. "It's just that I haven't tasted one with for so long."

Barry's chuckle rumbled. "Don't apologize. Go ahead and get a mouthful!"

Vanessa nodded, her face red and contorted, and fell to her knees beside Art's legs. She rested her boobs on his thighs and put her lips to the tip of his cock. For a time, she sucked at the very tip, opening her mouth to place her lips around the bulb, then drawing them over it as if stripping the outer surface from an ice-cream cone. Her appearance of agitation disappeared. She closed her eyes and smiled around the bulk of Art's cockhead. Her color returned to its normal lustrous bronze tint.

"Mmmm!" she sighed. "All mine." She opened her mouth to its full extent and worked her lips slowly over the bulb and foreskin to the end of the shaft. Her eyelashes fluttered and she gazed up at Art.

He caressed her cheek with his fingertips, his face set in an expression of rapt concentration.

Helen's initial sense of repugnance faded and an intense longing replaced it. Her mouth puckered at the notion of engulfing that cock. Oh, Helen! she scolded herself.

An incredible sensation of warmth and vibrancy exploded in her pussy. She cried out and twisted her hips, then thrust her crotch forward. Barry had seated himself, cross-legged, between her feet. His mouth held her clitoris and his eyes twinkled up at her.

"Barry!" she whispered. "Oh, Barry! Nnng!"

His hands cupped around her asscheeks, kneading them firmly. The pleasure at her cunt swelled and pulsed, and her hips drove forward and rotated her pussy up. She twisted her body in a paroxysm of delight, biting her lip and moaning. Through the fabric of her excitement she felt her asscheeks being parted and Barry's fingers driving deeply into her crack.

"No, Barry! Don't!" she hissed through her clenched teeth. "Ohhh! Oh, Barry! Good!" She flung her ass hard against his probing fingers as they caressed her bung.

Movement caught her eye. She realized Vanessa had removed her mouth from Art's cock and was standing. Art had his hands at Vanessa's waist and she was climbing onto his shoulder as he sat on the chair. Helen stared, puzzled. The voluptuous blonde lay forward on Art's body, her legs astride his neck and her face over his cock once more. Art thrust his tongue into his hostess' twat and she gobbled at his cock, forcing the head into her mouth and sliding her lips up and down on the shaft.

Helen gazed at her husband, envious of the way Vanessa's boobs spread over her belly and the way the tanned body molded itself to his.

She was vaguely aware that Barry was dragging his fingers across the wet mouth of her pussy, caressing its rim and slipping in and out of it. She forgot the other couple and banged against the grating. "Mmmm! Mmm, Barry! Good!"

His fingers slid back into her ass crack and pressed at her shitter, arousing new tremors. There was a sudden increase in the pressure and a weird sensation of stretching.

"Ah! Agh! Ohhh, Barry!"

He sucked more vigorously on her clitoris and all her sensations blended into a single mountain of enjoyment.

Her vision cleared and she looked at Vanessa and Art again. Vanessa's back undulated up and down and her feet flailed the air. The shimmering blonde hair flew in a writhing mass around Vanessa's head and over Art's hips, and Art's hands clamped on Vanessa's bouncing ass, holding her pussy at his mouth.

Vanessa jerked her head up, clinging to Art's cock with both hands. "Art!" she cried. "Art! Omigod! You're going to make me come!" She lunged at his prick again, jamming her mouth over it and sucking violently.

Art's eyes grew round and his face worked. He drove his tongue into the gaping cunt and sucked the outer flesh into his mouth, chewing hard. Vanessa's head bobbed wildly as her mouth stroked the great shaft, and she slammed her ass down, crushing her twat against Art's face. Her body stiffened and broke into a great tremor, but she maintained the furious assault with her lips.

Art's knuckles whitened and his fingers dug into the full asscheeks. His body stiffened and his ass

rose from the chair. Helen saw his cock pulse and realized intuitively he was coming. She watched Vanessa's face with breathless fascination. The straining blonde swallowed hard and continued to suck, her throat working continuously. Her smooth, plump legs straightened and the toes pointed at the far wall while Vanessa's ass quivered in the intensity of her orgasm.

Helen sagged when she saw the climaxing couple collapse. She realized with horror that she had risen dangerously near the kind of perverse ecstasy she hadn't experienced since her summer with Tony. Barry's mouth left her pussy and his finger withdrew from her ass.

Barry heaved himself to his feet and pressed his cock into the flesh of her belly. "Anyone ever tell you what a sexy goddamn broad you are, Helen?" he panted.

"Barry, please," she said in a low tone. "Please."

He rubbed his cock against her belly. "I'm so hot I'm about to bust a blood vessel!" he exclaimed. "Those other two make it yet?" He glanced over his shoulder and chuckled. "Looks like they did. Shit, they're one up on us. Come on, let's fuck."

"Barry! Oh, Barry, don't talk like that, please!"

"Okay. No talk. Let's just do it." He bent his knees, pressing them against the undersides of her thighs, and his cockhead slid down through her pussy hair and under her crotch. She felt its bulk nestle in her slit and gasped.

He's going to! He is! "Barry! Barry, they didn't do that! Barry!"

He surged upward and his cock slammed into her cunt, driving into her guts and filling her with a fiery sensation.

"Yaghh! Eeeaghhh!" Her hips flogged and her cunt pounded on the base of the buried cock. Barry grabbed her ass and jerked her away from the grate, straining up so her feet left the floor and pulled violently against her ankle bonds.

"Ah! Ah! AH!" she gasped at each of his thrusts. Her pleasure roared over her and she forgot everything but the gush of sensation. Her belly tensed and a hard knot formed around the deep-pressed cockhead. She mumbled in a monotone, "Fuck fuck fuck!"

Barry's cock stroked in her cunt. Her boobs jounced and her knees jerked. An ocean of passion rose over her and carried her beyond herself. She felt the knot in her belly jerk loose as a hard contraction snapped the mouth of her twat on Barry's prick. A hard trembling shook her and she turned rigid.

"MMMMM! AHHHH!" Her shrieks carried the edge of her lust. She wallowed in her climax, aware that Barry's pumping had yielded to a steady, frenzied force against her. A flood of liquid heat ballooned her gut and her orgasm redoubled its ferocity. She screamed with delight and scrubbed her pussy in the steel wool of his crotch hair. He thrust his face forward and grabbed her nipple in his mouth, biting on it while his jism continued to well into her spasming cunt. And his fingers kneaded her butt mercilessly.

At last, his inner storm appeared to subside; his hands relaxed and the awful upward force of his cock slackened. Helen's cunt spasms slowed and she let her head fall against one arm.

"Oh! Oh, Barry!"

"Hey, we made it together, baby!"

"Oh, my! Yes, we did!"

"Know something?" he asked in a low tone. "I've come up out of a sound sleep where I was dreaming I was fucking you, Helen. I've wanted to ever since the first time I saw you. Only I never dreamed about doing it this way! Jesus Christ, but you're a great fuck!"

"Oh, darling, don't spoil it by using the wrong words! Please!" She twisted, still impaled on his cock and still unable to reach the floor with her feet. "Barry... I'm hanging by my wrists. They're numb!"

He lowered her and reluctantly pulled out his prick. She fell against the bars, panting and weak, while his hands continued to rove over her body. To her horror, she discovered that her sensory system was still capable of stimulus. Excitement jabbed at her and her hips began to twist again. Barry massaged and stroked until she was pleading for his cock, and she was hardly conscious of the fact he was untying her. She collapsed in his arms and let him carry her to the couch, where he laid her on her side. She made no protest when he pushed the knee of her upper leg against her chest and straddled the other thigh, his cock once more stabbing at her hot cunt. She undulated her hips in time to his beat and happily rose again to an orgasm, fleetingly aware that Vanessa had her legs locked around Art's hips, lashing her body on his embedded prick.

When she collapsed for the second time, Barry bent over her, his softening cock still buried and his hand idly fondling her tit.

"You're good lying down, too, baby," he said. "What a lucky guy Art is!"

Helen shook her head. "You don't know," she said. "Maybe you're the lucky one."

"Oh, hell! I wasn't saying Van's not great. I didn't mean that!"

She bubbled with laughter at the panic in his face and a rush of tenderness and affection for him took her by surprise. "Mm, you're sweet, Barry." She snuggled against him.

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## **Chapter Four**

Helen lay beneath Barry for a long time, her pussy contracting involuntarily at intervals. As the effects of her vodka wore off, the contractions began to embarrass her, and flashes of anguish made her shudder each time she squeezed his cock.

But what can I do? she asked herself. How can I undo what's already a fact? He's in and we both know it. She restrained her growing restiveness until Barry eased his cock out of her hole and lay beside her. To her chagrin, her first response to him gathering her in his arms and pushing his limp dick into the nest of her pussy hair was to return the pressure. Realizing too late what she had implied, she buried her face in the hollow of his neck and whimpered.

"Pretty much for one night, isn't it, baby?" Barry whispered.

"Yes."

"First time?"

"Yes. The first time tied up - or naked - or with the lights on - or most of the other things. And the



first time with anyone except Art. Not counting Danny's father, of course." She wasn't going into that episode.

"Baby, don't let it get you down."

"Huh?"

"I mean, you can't hide Tom yourself, and no one else is important enough to hide from."

"Like now?"

"Like now." Barry gently lifted her face from his shoulder and grinned.

His teeth are as crooked as his nose, she thought. I forgot that when he was chewing me. It struck her he was heavier than Art... stockier and with more bulges. His features reminded her of the face of a granite cliff, seamed and craggy, and his eyes were a gray-green that looked out of place with his olive complexion. It was a wonder he could sell anything, and she recalled wondering often how he managed to stay at the top of his field. But his very roughness was a source of comfort to her right now, as if homeliness guaranteed sympathy and understanding. Her only problem was the increasingly nagging awareness of her nakedness and the intimacy of their embrace.

"But Barry! What'll I do? Brrr! You realize what I've done tonight?"

Barry nodded and grinned again. "Christ, yes! It's something you ought to be proud of. Something to remember. Look how Art ate it up!"

"He... he was terrible!"

"Because he liked what was going on?"

"Yes. Oh, Barry!" she wailed. "He should have stopped us!"

"Forget it, baby. I'll bet he's never been that turned on in his whole life. No offense to you, either."

"But imagine what he must think of me! To act like that after all this time!"

"Look, pet. Don't answer me if you don't want to. But keep asking yourself and giving honest answers when you do. Did you enjoy what happened? At the time, I mean. Did the things I did to you feel good? Was it good to see how excited Art got and how much fun he had?"

She shook her head slowly. "Those aren't the important questions, Barry. The only important question is, 'Was it right or wrong?'"

"That's not a good question until you decide what right and wrong mean. What they mean to you. To me, what you did was right because it was fun for everyone here - because no one else will ever know about it and can't get hurt - because maybe it accomplished something worthwhile. 'Right' is something different from 'socially acceptable' or 'conventional', baby."

"You believe that don't you!"

"Damn right! And I think you're too big a person not to agree, once you really think about it."

She tried to think about it, but her awareness of his cock's stirrings continued to distract her. At last she giggled and pulled back. "Barry, darling..."

"Huh?"

"Whether it's right or wrong, I'm getting sober enough to feel embarrassed. Would you mind if I went and got some clothes on?"

"I'd mind. But I suppose if I'm too greedy this time, I'll screw myself out of the chance to get another piece from you later on."

She wanted to tell him his consideration wasn't about to earn him a repeat performance, then thought better of it; if she said something like that, he might take it as a subtle hint she wouldn't resent greed.

She scrambled over him, furious at herself when she paused to let her pussy rest on his warm flesh for a moment. His quick grin assured her he hadn't missed the significance of her hesitation, and she fled with burning cheeks. When she got back to the living room, both men were dressed and Vanessa was parading before them.

"Oh! There you are!" exclaimed Vanessa. "I guess I've got to get respectable, too. Looks like the games are over." She vanished into the hall.

The conversation seemed strained to Helen. No one mentioned the orgy, although she was certain it was uppermost in every mind. With each trivial comment, she became less patient and more self-conscious. The vision of her nude, spread-eagled body grew so vivid in her imagination that she felt she would see herself if she looked at the grating. And her memory of the individual caresses she'd experienced were sharper in the quiet of reflection than they'd been in the haze of her passion-so strong she was afraid Barry and Art would see them in her eyes if she glanced at them. When Vanessa returned, Helen mumbled apologies and urged Art to take her home.

"We do have to get up early," she said, cringing in the expectation someone might wisecrack she'd only wanted to stay long enough for the sex.

But there was no such gibe, and Art sighed happily at her suggestion. "Thanks for everything," he said to Vanessa. "Helen's right, though. Five-thirty comes early, and I've got to be out at that six-way interchange first thing in the morning. See you both soon!"

In the car, he made no pretense about the way he felt. "Come on over here," he said with a gentle growl. "What's the sense in leaving all that empty space between us?" He held out his arm and she slid into it, tensing for the feeling-up she anticipated.

To her surprise, he merely held her, seemingly content to feel her warmth at his side. And they were nearly home before he spoke again.

"I don't know what brought that business on tonight, sugar. Maybe I'm not supposed to. But I could see what it was costing you, and I think you were something else. You showed guts, doll!"

"You're not disgusted with me?"

"That's the last word I'd think of using. It's at the wrong end of the scale." After another silence, he asked, "Hey, where was that snotty kid sister of Van's?"

"Olga?" Helen tried to recall Van's mentioning the girl, but without success. "I don't know, honey. Maybe she went home."

"Naw. They'd have made a big deal of it last night."

"Probably had a date or something then."

"Yeah, I guess. They sure didn't seem worried about her showing up early, though."

Helen shuddered. "I'm glad I didn't remember her! I'd have been a wreck!"

Art chuckled. "That'll be the day! You being a wreck, I mean."

When they got into their own bedroom, Art went into the bathroom as usual and Helen took advantage of the time to get ready for bed. And as usual, when he came out, she was tucked securely under the covers. As he had done the night before, however, Art appeared nude. He paused in the bathroom doorway and gazed reflectively at her.

"Honey," he said at last. "Do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Come here."

She hesitated. Something about the light in his eye warned her he had no interest in sleep. As if he'd come out here naked if he meant to sleep, she commented to herself. "It's late, honey," she murmured.

Art grinned. "Come here, baby."

Reluctantly, she turned the covers back and sat up. Still reluctant, she rose and went to him. "Art, I wish you wouldn't come out here like this. It's..." She stopped abruptly.

"I know," he replied. He took her in his arms and kissed her on the mouth.

She stood stiffly in the circle of his arms and held her lips quiet against his. Knowing how cold she would seem if she were entirely passive, she put her arms around his shoulders, her fingers on the back of his neck. The scent of the masculine soap he used and the tangy odor of his cologne washed across her nostrils while the bristles on his neck pricked her hands. His lean body was hard and warm against hers, slipping on the nylon of her nightgown. She felt a stirring at her belly and knew his cock was rising.

A wave of hunger, surged through her, taking her by surprise and making her tighten her grip. Her body reacted as if her mental control were still under the paralysis of vodka. She crushed her mouth on his and rolled her head. Her boobs flattened against his chest and she thrust her pussy against the ridge of his upper thigh. Slowly and deliberately, she wiggled her belly on his cock. Her hunger turned hot and raced back and forth through her.

Art squeezed her butt gently and she felt the hem of her nightgown rising. Breaking free of the kiss, she protested, "No, Art! Don't!"

"Easy, baby, easy." His tone was soft and soothing, but he had the gown up to her hips and was continuing to lift it.

"Art! No! Don't do that!"

He let go of her nightgown and twisted free of her arms. Without moving, he seemed to draw away,

and she gazed numbly into an expression more remote than she'd ever seen on his features.

"Art..." she whispered. "Art, honey?"

In a low, flat tone, he asked, "Want me to tie you up first? That the idea?"

"Art! Oh, no, Art! Please don't ever say a thing like that again!" She'd been so drunk... she'd been trying to shock him out of his sex thing... Vanessa had stampeded her... But she'd done it, nonetheless, and now she wouldn't. The worst thing of all was the way she'd let Barry treat her. She hadn't screamed or fought or cursed him; she'd wallowed on his hand and his mouth and then his cock like the most primitive slut in heat. She'd loved it! And Art had seen and known. What could he possibly think if I couldn't do as much - respond as hard - with him? she asked herself. Reasons don't count... not when he's got pictures like that in his mind.

She backed slowly away from her husband. At arm's length from him, she

reached down mechanically, arms crossed, and grasped the material of her nightgown. Intensely conscious of the need for grace, she peeled the garment from her body and over her head, tossing it towards the vanity chair. She ran her fingers through her auburn hair and shook her head as Vanessa had done to fluff the thick masses into a cloud about her shoulders. Gazing into Art's sober eyes, she backed to the bed and lay back on it.

"All right," she whispered. And after a momentary silence, she extended her arms above her head. "My legs, too?" she asked.

Art came to the side of the bed and stared at her. "Sugar, that's the most beautiful body I've ever seen. Anywhere! Jesus, how much I've been missing!"

Beauty! She struggled to adjust to the idea. She'd thought of nakedness as dirty. Displaying the body was a wanton invitation to sex, and in a marriage - where sex belonged - invitations weren't needed or desirable. But Art was talking about beauty, and at the moment the idea seemed to have displaced sex in his thoughts. She was still acutely conscious of his stare, though, and it still produced sharp tingles just under her skin. I want him! she realized. I want him to make love to me! He thinks my body's beautiful, and I want him to feel the beauty if it's there.

She raised her knees and thrust them apart. "Come here," she said softly. She saw his eyelids flicker in disbelief, and she let the corners of her mouth quirk into a smile. "Come here, man," she repeated.

He grinned and knelt, one knee between her thighs, then bent over her and sucked a nipple into his mouth. She held her breath, her hands holding his face and her thighs clamped on his knee.

"Darling!" she whispered. Her desire had ballooned in the brief moments of his touching her until it overwhelmed everything else. She loved Art, and all the physical excitement and imaginative stimulation she'd enjoyed earlier in the night coalesced around that love in a pounding, heady ecstasy. She couldn't hold still. Her hands left his face and caressed the sides of his body. She rubbed her legs on his. Her hips twisted and her shoulders flexed. And she moaned low and continuously.

Art lowered himself, guiding the nose of his cock into the embrace of her gash, then thrust urgently, plunging it through her rim and into the heart of her cunt. Clutching her to him, he rolled with her so he lay on his back and she lay astraddle his hips. He seized her butt and stroked her on his cock, jerking her entire body back and forth. Her boobs surged on his chest while his body hair harshly

scrubbed her nipples. He pried her asscheeks apart and fingered her bung, dipping his fingers into the fluid at her cunt and lubricating her with the juice.

"Art! Art, baby!" Helen crooned, abandoning herself to her most sensuous longings. Her clitoris rode on the rocky base of her husband's cock and drove her into spasms of delight. She tightened her butt-cheeks convulsively when she felt his finger plunge into her asshole, and then the new wave of thrills forced her thighs to their widest angle and brought a deep groan of pleasure from her throat.

"This is where it's at, baby," Art muttered between grunts. "You being all woman and me all man."

"Art, baby," she said with a hiss. "Fuck me!" She said it reverently, using the words to seal a bond between them she hadn't been able to accept before. With it, she promised him the hidden Helen.

He pounded her on his cock, his hips driving in opposition to her motion until the convulsions of orgasm swept her and the heat of his cum seethed in her belly.

"Ahhh!" She clenched her teeth, then opened her jaws wide. "Aghhh! Nnnh! Yes, yes, YES!"

Her tension exploded and she writhed with the force of her contractions. And even while she sobbed her pleasure to Art, the awesome sensations faded and she began to go limp. She collapsed, muscle by muscle, lying quietly on her husband with the fullness of her cunt and her ass still the only firm realities in her universe.

"I love you, darling," she whispered.

"Yeah, sugar. I love you, too."

They clung to each other, Art reeking satisfaction and she trying to keep the memory of her great pleasure uppermost in her mind. His breathing quieted and grew increasingly regular, until a faint snore told Helen he slept. She squirmed cautiously off his cock and pulled the covers over them. After a long time, Art stirred, and when he turned, she slipped off him and settled onto the mattress. She stared at the ceiling, not caring that the light was still burning, and let the night's events filter through her mind.

In trying to change her husband, she'd changed herself. Not changed, though, she insisted silently. I can't pretend I don't know myself I'm what I was before Grandma died. She faced the fact bleakly. That's the me I've been trying to hide - no, to kill - all this time. That was the lustful, physical self, she decided, and she stripped away her old defenses to weigh her discovery. I can't be both. There can only be one me, either the modest, spiritual one or the lustful, wicked one. And Art wants me lustful.

She watched a speck on the ceiling - an insect too small to identify - make its way across the featureless surface, neither digressing nor wandering from its straight line. It only goes one direction at a time, she reflected. It knows where it's going - instinct, maybe - and it goes. All right! I know I want Art! I know what he wants me to be. So that's the me I'm going to be.

She slept, dreaming of her new role and waking often in panic at the nature of her dreams. When light came and she gave up further effort to sleep, she wasted little time on introspection. She reiterated her decision and conceded the change would be difficult. She knew herself; every influence in her background had contributed to make her abhor halfway measures or attitudes. Her entire mental foundation consisted of blocks that were platitudes and truisms.

"There's no such thing as half-right."

"If you start to do something, do it all the way."

"You can't live on both sides of the fence."

She missed Dan at breakfast. Art's exuberance was the only thing that salvaged the meal. She thought she'd not seen him as enthusiastic and warm since before their marriage. After he'd left the house, she turned to her never-ending vacuuming and dusting with a glow of satisfaction in her decision. Despite that crutch to her morale, however, there were times during the day when she felt she was experiencing a bleakness even worse than she'd suffered when she became pregnant with Dan. And she felt sharp pangs of guilt over having shunted Dan off the night before. As a gesture of restitution, she baked bread and cookies in the afternoon.

Dan appeared to have felt the situation as strongly as she. He was early. "Shortcuts," he offered when she remarked on the fact. And he was effusive, hugging her affectionately before letting her see the way his nose wriggled at the scents that floated from the kitchen. She kissed him again, then watched his broad shoulders sway as he hurried towards the smells, his black hair swishing on his neck. The day was a good one after all.

With her tensions dissolving, she sighed and remembered she hadn't had her bath. She called to Dan that she'd be in her room for a while and went back to draw water in the sunken tub. She poured a double portion of bubble-bath and began to undress. As an afterthought, while she was knotting the belt of her dressing gown, she loosened the knot, slipped out of the severe garment, and laid it aside.

Not me, she thought. That's the old modesty. She went to the radio on the dresser, tuned it to an FM station with a program of the older, romantic music, and went back to the bathroom, shivering at her nakedness, and leaving the doors open so she could relax to the music. She slipped gratefully into the water and sank into the mounds of bubbles. It was a fine day, she decided, and it would be even better when she had her man at home.

"Mom! Mom!" Dan's voice came from the other end of the house.

"Yes?" she called.

It appeared he hadn't heard her. He continued to shout, no urgency in his tone, as he roamed the house looking for her. She smiled. Always, she thought. Always the same. And it doesn't matter what he wants to tell me. It's just being able to when he wants to.

"Mom!"

"Yes, Danny!"

"Oh. Mom?"

"What?"

He could tell her from the bedroom, calling through the open doors. It would never do to wait, she reflected. Not for Danny.

"I'm in here," she called.

"Oh. Okay." He'd reached the bedroom, she decided. "Hey, Mom. I wondered if..."

She gasped. Danny loomed in the doorway, his eyes getting round as he realized she was in the tub.

He appeared to be paralyzed, his gaze fixed on her suds-flecked tits and his mouth still open.

"Mom! I..."

She realized suddenly she'd been paralyzed, too. With a burst of motion, she slid down until only her head remained exposed. "Danny!"

"Gee, Mom! I didn't know... I mean, the door's..."

"It's... it's all right, Danny. Never mind. What was it?"

He shuffled from one foot to the other, his face flushed.

He doesn't know what to do, she realized. He can't sink through the floor, and turning around and running would be too undignified at his age. He's trying to figure out how to appear casual-how to look blasé about it all.

Dan drew a deep breath and squared his shoulders. Crossing to the toilet, he seated himself on the closed lid and leaned against the tank. "I get it, I guess," he said.

"Hm?"

"It's like they said in school. You know, in Social Adjustments. About us getting to the age when it's time to start learning the facts of life."

"Oh," she replied weakly. "What was it you wanted?"

"Huh? Oh! I wanted you to come look at Smokey. He was doing a new trick... bowing." Danny grinned. "Sure looked funny with his rump in the air and his knees on the ground."

She giggled. Her mental image of the tiny donkey, his ears as big as he was, bowing to Danny provided a trigger to release the tension in the situation. "I wish I could. See it, I mean."

"He'll do it whenever I tell him, now," said Danny airily. He gazed thoughtfully at her. "Mom, sometimes I just can't get over how complicated you and Dad are."

"How?"

"Well, I mean you're too complicated for me to figure out yet. Like I think I know exactly what you think - I figure a rule is because something's just right or wrong - and then all of a sudden I find out it was just because you didn't think I was old enough. Like not talking about Dad's salary. I used to think that was some kind of big secret no one ever knew. And then I got old enough you knew I wouldn't go around talking about it. Or like knowing what I was... about not knowing I was half-Indian until last year. Same thing. And I always figured people seeing other people without their clothes on was something you and Dad had a hang-up about. I was wondering how a guy learned all the stuff they were talking about in Social Adjustments - except the theoretical junk, I mean. And all of a sudden it turns out I was just too young for that, too." He grinned sheepishly. "Should've known better."

"Yes." Her voice caught in her throat. I'm trapped! she thought. My God, there's nothing I can do! And then, Yes, there is! I can tell him this is one time it isn't a matter of how old he is!

But Dan had leaned towards her and was continuing in his little-boy, confidential tone. "I'm glad, Mom. I did want to know, and the books and pictures just didn't do it. Besides, I've been feeling

awful funny some of the time. I've been dreaming things and thinking funny things when I look at girls - or women." He stared meaningfully at her.

No! Oh, no! she thought wildly. She wasn't going to be able to tell him this was a special case. Not when he'd revealed himself to her so honestly. She steeled herself and pushed herself slowly back to a sitting position, deliberately letting the foam slide off her tits, leaving them shiny and smooth beneath her son's wide-eyed stare.

"Danny, get the towel... that big, thick green one."

"Huh? Oh. Okay." He rose and brought the towel.

Helen's hand trembled as she pushed the lever to drain the tub. She extended her arm. "Help me out," she said, her lips dry with fear.

Danny took her hand and lifted while she climbed out of the sunken tub to stand before him on the tile. She saw his body tense as his glance fell to the rich auburn of her pussy hair, and she was uncomfortably aware of a sudden tightening in her cunt.

"You dry me," she said, forcing a smile. "I'll be the queen."

Danny laughed self-consciously and began to towel her. She winced but smiled more broadly at the way he lingered while he dried her boobs. And she rose to the balls of her feet and grabbed his shoulders when he pressed too long into the sensitive flesh of her pussy.

"All right!" she whispered. "All right, Danny! Thank you."

"Did I do okay, Mom? Do I get the job?"

Get the job? Alarm flared. "What do you mean?"

"You gonna wait for your bath till I get home from now on so I can dry you?"

"Danny!"

"Didn't I do it good?"

"You... Yes, you get the job, Danny."

He let his Lance sweep over her, taking in the glow of her skin and the firm curves of her flesh. Admiration was so clearly evident in his expression she couldn't bring herself to resent the frank interest. For a moment, then, they were frozen in uncertainty, while Helen wondered how to bring the episode to a close and struggled against the rising wave of awareness that pervaded her.

"Gee, Mom! That's great!" said Danny, starting as if suddenly conscious of his concentrated survey. "Just great! About the stuff from that class..."

He was now counting on her help, she knew. She had allowed him to think she'd provide it, and he'd see no reason why any other time would be better than now. He certainly wouldn't forget the commitment. And if she was going to yield on that point, delay would buy nothing.

"Okay," she murmured. "What about it? What would help most?"

"Well..." he hesitated. "Well, there was a lot of stuff about how girls are... well, put together. About



how women are built. It's just hard to visualize. And that was way at the start of the semester!"

"I... I'll show you." She was finding it hard to breathe. She was going to let him examine her and the bed - any bed - would be too suggestive.

"What time is it, Danny?" she asked.

"Hm... two-thirty."

Art would get home at six or a little after. No one else would come before then. She could choose the setting without fear of interruption. She braced herself and smiled. "Okay. There's time. Come on, Son."

Danny followed her to the dining room, looking puzzled.

"I'll get on the table," she said, fighting for calm. "Just like an examining table. That way, you can move around any way you need to."

Danny studied the drop-leaf table, now standing against the window with its leaves down. He brightened. "Hey, Mom! Super!"

"Move it away from the wall so you can get to the other side if you want to."

"Okay."

He moved the table away from the wall and stood back.

"Need help, Mom?"

"I'll make it." She hitched herself onto the end of the table and hesitated for a moment before lying back. It was all she could do to avoid folding her hands over her crotch, but she folded them under the back of her head instead, and winced at the expression of sudden new interest in Danny's eyes.

"Gee! That makes you look different!"

"How?"

"Well, I mean the way it makes your ribs stand up and stretches your... your breasts!"

"Oh." She levered herself backward and lifted her knees, setting her heels against her butt. "All right, Son. Find out what you need to know." She slid her feet outward to the sides and let her knees fall away from each other. The air chilled her twat and sent a sharp tingle into her belly.

Dan bent over her to peer intently at her boobs. He probed at the bulging surfaces with a finger and a look of awe passed over his face. The touch of his finger was like that of an electrode to Helen. She drew a deep breath, embarrassed at the quivery sound. And when he took a nipple between his fingers, rolling it and exploring its texture, she gasped audibly.

"Mmmm!"

He jerked his hand away. "Mom! Did I hurt you? I'm sorry! Oh, Mom!"

"No, no!" She was distressed at his agitation. "You didn't do anything wrong, Son! It's just that some spots are awfully sensitive. They're supposed to be. Go ahead. Just don't be too surprised when I jerk

or make a noise.”

He grinned. “Okay. If you say so, Mom.” He resumed his examination of her tits, and she tensed against the growing flood of tremors his fingers produced.

Despite her efforts, muscles fluttered involuntarily and a primitive excitement heated her. She suspected – and then became thoroughly convinced – that Danny was teasing her. He’d certainly had time to complete his familiarization, yet he continued to manipulate her nipples. She knew she couldn’t absorb much more of that kind of stimulus without making some major – and unmistakable – body movement.

She protested, trying to make it sound light. “Danny! That’s not fair!”

He laughed and gave each nipple a last affectionate tweak. “Okay, Mom.”

He tweaked harder than he had been and a powerful jolt of excitement raced through her. She felt a gush of warmth in her pussy and groaned, knowing she’d started to ooze. Danny went around the table to stand at her feet and she turned her head, looking through the window into the side yard. But curiosity tugged hard at her as she felt Danny’s hands on her knees. Gently, he pushed them farther apart and down until her crotch was spread as far as it would go. She felt the slow parting of her pussy-lips, their sticky surfaces separating reluctantly, and shuddered at the realization that her cunt was opening before her son’s eyes.

She forced herself to look at him. His head was lowered and he was staring wide-eyed into the pink playground. As if he were unaware of their movement, his hands stroked down along the inner slopes of her thighs towards her crotch. Her legs twitched and she felt an involuntary tightening in her asscheeks.

Oh, no! she thought. I mustn’t poke it at him! Dear God, don’t let my hips jerk!

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Chapter Five

Danny refrained from teasing. He seemed competent in his examination, using his fingers only to lay her pussy-lips farther open and to explore the consistency of each type of flesh he found, but even those contacts acted as powerful stimuli. Helen gasped frequently and moaned from time to time. By concentrating exclusively on her hips, she kept them still, but her belly writhed almost continuously.

At last her son straightened and gazed across her trembling body into her eyes. “Okay. I guess I’ve got a good picture of the parts,” he said. He frowned as if trying to recall something. “Oh! I forgot!” He bent again and put his fingers to her pussy.

She dragged in a huge lungful of air as she felt him peeling back the fleshy hood over her clitoris. “AGHHH!” Her lips leaped.

Danny winced but continued his exploration, feeling the slopes and rubbing the tip of the tiny lump.

“Ah! Ah!” Helen’s hips writhed and she swung them from side to side.

Danny took his hands away and straightened again. She saw beads of perspiration on his upper lip and he wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. “That was your clitoris, then,” he said.

"Yes!" she panted. "I'm sorry I couldn't hold still. That's the most sensitive spot a woman has, Son."

"It's okay. I could see it pretty good. It's awful little, though, isn't it?"

"Yes. It does swell, though. It's like a man's penis."

"Yeah?" He glanced down at her pussy again. "Thanks, Mom. That gets the old stuff out of the way."

"Old stuff?"

"Well, you know how they are in school. They do all the stuff they call 'basic' first. Like anatomy in this course. And then there's a lot of jazz about how a baby develops and gets born. After that, they separate the class. Mr. Duffy's got us guys now. He's going into the stuff about marriage relations. I really need help seeing what he's getting at there!"

Helen stiffened. "Like what?" she demanded.

"Like stimulus centers and reactions."

She heaved a sigh of relief. She'd visualized his wanting to explore the mechanics of insertion. "Well..." she hesitated. "That's going to be tougher, Son."

"How come?"

She knew if she let him experiment in the techniques of stimulation, she wasn't going to be able to maintain any semblance of calm. It was barely possible she might lose control of herself, altogether, and grab him in her passion. She couldn't let herself forget that strange inner excitement she sometimes felt about him. On the other hand, if it was legitimate for him to examine her as he had, it was surely as legitimate for him to see for himself how various sensual centers could be used to affect the woman's responses.

"Sex stimulus affects involuntary nerves," she said slowly. "I know I couldn't cooperate right. There's a natural effort sometimes to interfere - the sensation's just too strong to take, even though it's wonderful."

Danny nodded, his face clouding with disappointment.

"Look, Danny," she said impulsively. "What time is it?"

He glanced at his watch. "Three."

"All right. There's time and there's a way. Run back to my room and get two or three pairs of my nylons."

Danny scowled, perplexed, then shrugged and turned. Helen smiled through her turmoil to note that he literally ran. In a moment, he was back with a handful of her stockings. He still showed no sign of understanding.

"I don't get it, Mom."

"I know. The problem is my being able to stay in one place so you can keep at a spot long enough to find out what it does."

"Yeah," he nodded.

"There's only one way to be sure of that. Tie me in the right position."

His eyes widened and he stared at her incredulously. "Tie you?"

"It's all right. It won't hurt me, and you can go at whatever speed turns out to be right. But you'll have to realize I'm going to act differently from what you've ever seen me do before."

"Okay. How shall I tie you?"

"Better get my hands out of the way, for one thing." She extended her arms as if she meant him to spread-eagle her.

Danny quickly lashed her wrists, securing the stockings from each to one of the table legs. She trembled.

"We'll want to finish before five forty-five," she reminded him. "I want to be presentable by the time your father gets home."

He stared at her. "That's a long time!"

"A lot more than you need. I just don't want you to get preoccupied and forget what time it's getting to be."

"Okay!" There was awe in his tone. "Gee! I can really take my time!" He looked hungrily at her tits and she winced. "What next? I've got your hands."

"Well, I'd certainly try to clamp my legs together."

"Oh! Okay!" He knotted a stocking around each of her thighs, at the knee, and fastened the loose ends to the table legs, spreading her crotch tautly. Without consulting her, he then used a third pair of her nylons, looping them on her ankles and, to her amazement, running the free ends to her shoulders, where he tied each to an upper arm, pulling her heels against the sides of her buttocks.

"Danny! My goodness!"

"Well, that'll keep you from moving your knees much."

She laughed shakily. "I can move my feet, though."

"How?"

She raised her feet and realized there wasn't enough length in the hose to let her move them more than a few inches. "I take it back," she mumbled. "They aren't going anywhere."

"Do you mind if I talk to myself once in a while?" her son asked.

"No."

"What if I forget and use the wrong word?"

"Don't worry about it, Son. Concentrate on one thing at a time."

He grinned and came to her side. "I know this isn't going to seem right, Mom, but Mr. Duffy said the

lips were the first zone.”

“Mmph! Well, all right.”

He took her face between his hands and bent close, touching her lips with his. The first contact was light and dry, no more erotic than their customary good-night kiss. But his lips worked on her's and the pressure increased and their mouths got wet. Her son's kiss was transformed by some alchemy she made no effort to understand to that of a lover. Warmth seeped through her and she let her lips part, touching his with her tongue tip. His tongue darted out to meet her's and then drove into her mouth. She gulped and began to suck. Like a symbol for a penis! she thought. Even if it is just his tongue in my mouth, he's got part of him inside me! My own son! The conscious admission at a moment when sexual desire was making her writhe horrified her. She tugged at the nylons and whimpered in her throat. She was writhing sensually by the time Danny raised his mouth from hers.

“Wow!” he exclaimed. “That works!” He flushed. “On me, too.”

She lanced at his trouser-front and saw that it was tented.

He's got a beautiful cock, she thought. I know he has! It was beautiful when he was little. Pride surged in her and she had an irresistible longing to see what kind of man her son was becoming. “Danny, did Mr. Duffy say anything about visual stimulus?”

“Yeah. He said men got a lot more excited looking at things than most women.”

“That's true, I think. When a man's doing things to her, though, seeing his body stimulates her.”

“Yeah? It does? Hey, okay if I get undressed, then?”

“Yes.” She tried to shake off the guilty feeling that washed over her.

Danny shed his clothes with adolescent awkwardness. She studied his body. He had fine shoulders, as she already knew, and his belly was flat and hard, more like a man's than a boy's. His hips were narrow and taut-looking and his cock stood proud and thick. Circumcised – because the doctor had spoken of cleaning problems and the danger of infections – the head was a great, meaty bulb, very dark with its charge of trapped blood. The shaft was frightening in its diameter; she guessed it was considerably thicker than her wrist and knew it was far bigger than either Art's or Barry's.

That's his Indian half, she thought with a thrill of pride. But, God, could a woman really take that?

Danny returned to the table and bent over her again. When he did, his cock rested on it, rigid and hard-looking. He played with her boobs, squeezing them gently, massaging them, and experimenting with her nipples. She had no idea how much of her mounting excitement resulted from his manipulations and how much from her painful awareness of the situation. Regardless, desire flamed in her and she lashed about on the table, her hips rocking from side to side and her pussy pulsing with eagerness.

Danny ran his hands over her body, fingering her curves with a smile on his lips. “Duffy says there's lots of secondary centers all over the body,” he remarked. “Someday I'll learn more about them on you. Right now, I want to be sure I see what the primary ones do.” He went back to her crotch.

He caressed her pussy-lips gently, the light touch shooting fierce waves of pleasure through her and producing vigorous undulations in her hips.

She moaned happily. "Oooh, that feels good, Son! Mmmm!"

He ran a fingertip around the rim of her cunt hole and she grabbed a taut stocking in each hand and pulled furiously.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh, Danny!"

His fingers left her for an instant, and then she felt them stripping back the hood of her clitoris.

"Mmmm!" She bucked violently. "Aghhh!"

He coated the tiny organ with thick juice from her cunt and began to rub it. She lost all control of her actions, thrashing in her bonds and moaning loudly. The pleasure that flooded her was so intense it hurt, and a vast hunger grew in the mouth of her pussy. While Danny continued to massage her clitoris with the fingers of one hand, those of the other returned to her cunt-lips.

"Don't get mad, Mom, but... Well, this was one of the centers." He plunged a finger into her hole, twisting it back and forth and jabbing it in and out.

"Ohhh! Ahhh! I'm not... mad! It is one! Oh, Danny! Son! Ram it hard!" He jammed the finger in to its knuckle.

"Use... use two! Maybe three! Omigod, Son! Oooh!"

She felt a great increase in fullness and knew Danny had inserted more fingers in her box. She slammed her cunt onto his hand repeatedly, her pleasure driving her past caring how she looked to him. She became aware of slippery strokes over her bung.

"What's... that?" she panted.

"My thumb, Mom."

"Oh."

His thumb paused over her tightly closed asshole and pushed. She felt her sphincter stretching to admit it and tilted her head back.

"Danny! Aghhh!" she cried out and let her ass flail on the hugeness of his buried thumb. "My God, Son! Omigod!"

"I got stuff up your vagina and your ass, Mom." His voice sounded hoarse to her. "It sure makes you move around!"

"God yes! It's going to make me have an orgasm!"

< p>"Yeah? Really?"

"Mmmm! Yes!"

"Mom, he said the biggest stimulus of all was... well..."

She gazed groggily at her son. He stood erect, both hands hidden behind the forest of her pussy hair, his enormous cock jutting over her. The shaft pulsed and there was a strand of clear mucus dangling from the angry-looking slit in the head. His crotch hair was black and thick and she recalled with a shiver the great size of his balls. Suddenly she realized what he was hinting.

"No, Danny! Not that! No, for God's sake!" But why not? she asked herself in a flash of recklessness. Why not? That's part of it! "All right, Danny! Go ahead! He's right."

Danny trembled violently as he withdrew his hands. He seized the huge shaft and guided the head down to her cunt mouth. His face expressed wonder as his heat and hers mingled and her cunt began to open to his pressure. She felt the head sink through the firm rim of her pussy-lips and glide slowly up the length of her cunt, the hard shaft stroking inward after it. She thrust herself onto the intruding prick, her butt quivering and tight and her belly hard.

"Ahhh!" she bubbled with joy. "Ahhh!"

Her son's hips surged forward to drive his prick to its limit in her hole, and his pelvic bone slammed onto the outer flesh of her pussy. He jerked his hips back, withdrawing the buried cock until the head lay just inside her gash, then rammed it home again. She cried out and flung herself onto the driving prick. Her son's thrusts accelerated and he banged violently at her.

"Mom! Mom! I can't stop!" A deep note of panic rang in his voice and he had an anguished expression in his face. "Mom! I didn't mean to! I just wanted to see what it did to you! I didn't mean to fuck you all the way!"

She soothed him with gentle urgency. "It's all right, darling! It's all right!" She saw the depth of his distress and urged him. "Fuck me, darling! Go ahead and fuck me! It's all right, Son!"

His cock slammed back and forth savagely and her cunt flamed. She felt as if the shaft were crushing her tissues against the bony circle of her pelvis and his cockhead were displacing all her organs. His anguish had cleared, replaced by ecstasy, and his hands kneaded her waist and pulled her butt against his thighs.

"Yes, yes, darling!" she panted.

"Mom! Mom! Here it comes! Unnnh!"

His cock-shaft pulsed sharply and hot jism seethed into her cunt filling her belly with foreign heat. She clamped the rim of her cunt on his cock, squeezing with hard contractions and praying for her own orgasm. Danny broke into convulsive tremors and the great cock went limp and soft. He pulled it out instantly, great drops of sweat pouring from him.

"Mom!" he murmured brokenly and came around the table to hold her face. "Oh, Mom, I'm sorry!"

"Danny, baby," she whispered. "Oh, Danny! How did it feel, Son?"

"Jesus, Mom! Like nothing I ever felt before!" He grinned bashfully. "You got awful excited, didn't you."

I still am! she thought. She nodded and smiled. "You found all the spots, Son. There's still a lot to learn, though."

"There is?"

"Yes. Maybe I'd better teach you while all this is fresh in your mind."

"Would you, Mom?"

"Yes. You might as well untie me now."

"You know that was kind of fun. Having you tied up, I mean. I like that."

"Well, maybe I'll let you do that again sometime."

"Oh, Mom! Would you! Please?"

"Yes."

"Promise?"

She laughed and hard thrills raced through her. "I promise."

"Wow!" Danny shouted.

He untied her quickly, and she went back to the bathroom where she douched and washed. As an afterthought, she sprayed herself with her best cologne. When she returned to the front of the house, Danny was sprawled in an armchair in the living room. He glanced up at her entry, astounded at her continued nakedness.

"Time for more of the lesson," she said with mock formality.

"What are you going to teach me now?"

"Let's demonstrate instead of talk. Okay?"

"Sure."

She stretched herself along his body, straddling one of his thighs to let its hardness ease the hunger of her pussy, and put her arms around him. "Kiss me again, Son."

Their lips locked and her tongue probed for his. He explored her throat with his tongue tip and she writhed on him, her boobs scrubbing the sparse hair on his chest, her cunt grinding on his thigh. When she drew back to look into his face through a film of happy tears, she knew he was no longer Fooled by the academic pretense.

When he spoke, his voice had a tone of new maturity. "Mom," he said very softly. "You just want to fuck with me, don't you?"

She cringed. "Yes," she whispered. "I didn't until it happened, but I do now. Besides, there really are a lot of things you don't know yet."

"Yeah." He kneaded her ass and sighed. "I've dreamed I was fucking you lots of times. It never did turn out like today." A faraway look of bliss stole into his eyes. "Never wild like that was. Mom, the second I stuck my cock into you I knew I couldn't stop! I knew I had to go all the way!"

"I know."

The telephone rang. Helen groaned and scrambled off her son. "Why don't you get it, honey? You've got to get your blood circulating again."

"Okay," he grinned, laying his hand on her belly for a moment before leaving her. In a moment, he was back. "Dad," he said. "Says there's an emergency meeting with the State Highway engineers tonight. He called from the airport to say he'd be home the middle of tomorrow morning."

"Oh, dear!" she wailed.

Danny grinned. "Hey, Mom! We can play a lot! Okay?"

She realized how such a suggestion would have horrified her two hours earlier. "A regular orgy, you mean," she said dryly.

Danny grinned and ducked his head. "I guess so. All kinds of games."

"Yes. I guess we can do that."

"Wow! Gee, thanks, Mom!" He grabbed her, pulling her to him and rubbing his body against her jugs. He slid his hand down her side to her hip, then around her and between her thighs to clutch at her pussy. She squirmed, but his other arm was like a bar across the small of her back, and he dug his fingers deeply into her crotch, raising her feet from the floor. "This is fun, Mom! I like playing with you like this!"

Savage lust roared in her and she clung to him. "I like it, too!" she said in a strangled tone.

"Hey, Mom, is it true animals and people fuck sometimes?"

"Danny! How should I know?"

"I mean, would it be possible?"

The pressure of his hand in her cunt burned wariness out of her. "Why not? Male animals have penises and get erections, just like men do. Females have... have vaginas."

"Yeah, I guess so. I heard someone talking about it. Mom?"

"Yes?"

"Mom, I'd sure like to see that once."

"Ugh! I don't know where you'd find an animal that would do it!"

"I mean a male animal and a woman."

"That's even more unlikely! You'd never find a woman who'd do that for you!" She sighed and pressed her thighs together on his hand, then grinned broadly. "Other women aren't going to be thinking just of you. They're not going to do weird things for you like I am."

"But you would, wouldn't you?"

"What!"

"You'd let an animal fuck you so I could see how it worked, wouldn't you?"

"Danny!"

"Wouldn't you, Mom? Just for me?"

That was a safe commitment, she decided. She'd never have to honor it. He never would find an animal trained that way. "Yes. I guess I would, Son. I'm afraid you'd have a hard time finding an

animal that accommodating, though.”

“No, Mom! I don’t think so!”

She laughed contentedly and hugged him. Let him have his fantasies, she thought. Tonight, I’ve got him.

“Smokey, Mom!” Danny set her on her feet, his hand still firmly locked in her cunt.

She leaned back and gazed into his earnest eyes, shaking her head. “Smokey wouldn’t touch a woman, Son. He doesn’t know anything about those things. Why, he’s never even had a lady donkey!”

“He knows all about hard-ons,” Danny insisted. “He’s been going around with one half the time this week.”

“He has? I didn’t notice.”

“That’s because you don’t see him often.”

“Having an erection isn’t having sex with a woman, Son. I’m afraid that just isn’t practical.”

“We could at least try!” He sounded irritated and hurt. “You just don’t want to. You just said you would without meaning it.”

‘Danny, I meant it!’ Damn it, I really didn’t! But I’m not going to admit that. Besides, what’s the harm in trying? Smokey’s not going to do anything but try to hide.

“Okay! Come on, then!” Her son pulled his hand out of her throbbing pussy and pulled her towards the back of the house. “Let’s try, Mom. Just once.”

“It’s broad daylight, Danny! We can’t go out naked like this!”

“Nobody can see us! Not the way you and Dad have the place screened off!”

Convincing or not, he was stronger than she. He gripped her wrist firmly and dragged her with him. They crossed the yard and ducked through the hedge into Smokey’s compound. Danny led her into the ass’ corral.

“You better use the feed table,” he said.

Helen hesitated, surveying the table her husband had insisted on to keep the hay off the ground. It did look the right height, coming almost exactly to the level of the fiery little beast’s belly. At the moment, there was a thick layer of sweet-smelling hay on it and Smokey was wandering about disconsolately, his cock projecting from its sheath, rigid and an angry red.

“Good heavens! I see what you mean about erections!” she exclaimed.

Danny urged her across the corral to the feed table. “Just bend over it, I guess,” he said.

Reluctantly, she bent forward and lay on her belly on the table, her feet on the pulverized ground. The hay pricked her flesh, but it smelled so sweet and provided such a pleasant cushion she didn’t object. Danny began to tie a tag end of frayed rope around her left wrist.

"Danny! What's the big idea?"

He smiled apologetically. "He's going to have enough to get used to without worrying about where you're going. You said so yourself in the dining room."

"Oh, all right." She knew it gave her son an enormous erotic thrill to see her helpless, and it wasn't going to hurt her. She let him knot loops around both wrists and waited to see how he meant to position her. He pulled her forward on the table until her boobs cleared the forward edge and her thighs pressed the opposite side. I don't know why we call it a table, she thought, squirming uncomfortably. It's nothing but a two-by-twelve.

Danny groaned. "You can't do it like that," he said. "That's no good." And then, excitedly, "I know, Mom! Wait!" He raced to the shelter and brought back the tattered old saddle. Helping his mother to her feet, he flung the saddle onto the table, where it appeared to fit as well as it did on Smokey. "Now! Lie over that!"

She lowered her belly onto the saddle, lying precariously across it. Danny tied loops to her ankles, ignoring her hands, and pulled her legs apart to an impossible angle, securing her feet to the table supports. Grasping her waist, he slid her forward so the saddle was under her hips and lower belly, her torso hanging over the other side and her ass in the air. She struggled, but he seized the rope fragments that dangled from her wrists and quickly lashed her wrists to her ankles.

"My God, Danny! Not this way!" She tried to imagine how her cunt must be gaping.

"Mom! This is the greatest! Wow, what a playground!" He ran his hand over her back and onto her ass. "You'd make a great toy!"

"Oh, sure!" She stared at the way her hair swept the ground, shimmering auburn strands brushing dung-rich, dark earth, and looked past her legs at Smokey, still shuffling around the corral with his engorged hard-on bobbing. It's a good thing he's not going to know what to do, she thought with a shudder. That thing's so big it would split me right down the middle! But, God, how it would feel going in!

Danny acted as if he'd momentarily forgotten the donkey. He squatted at her head, reaching around her with both hands to fondle her jugs. "I like the way your tits hang when you're like this, Mom." He chuckled suddenly. "I think I'll milk you!" He repositioned his fingers and began to milk, using the technique he'd briefly practiced at a goat farm his class had visited.

Helen cried out in a burst of excitement. The strange, rolling pressure made her boobs feel as if they were swelling, and her nipples stretched to generate a wild kind of sensation throughout her body. She felt a rush of heat into the dangling tips of her boobs, precisely as if there were milk rushing to be squirted out.

"Danny! My God, Danny baby! You're making an animal out of me!" Her snatch throbbed and fingers of fiery excitement raced over her. "Oh, Son!"

He continued to milk her jugs, until she was thrashing violently on the saddle, the ropes biting viciously into her wrists and ankles. She knew nothing had ever produced even a similar sensation in her tits. "Ohhhh! Danny, you could make me come doing that!"

"Yeah? You really mean that? Hey, I'm going to sometime. Know what? I haven't seen you come yet!"

"No," she gasped, sensing she was nearer an orgasm than at any previous time during the day.

"Mom, a woman can come one time right after another, can't she?"

"Well..." she hesitated. "Sometimes."

"Bitchin'! How many times?"

"I don't know." The sensation in her tits had spread until her entire body felt as if it were being milked. She threw her head up and clenched her teeth, feeling a great churning in her belly. Her head roared and spots danced before her eyes. She would come now if she weren't careful. She dropped her head and tilted it to watch her son's hands. The sight of the strong, dark fingers rolling the flesh of her knockers and crushing her quivering nipples sent a powerful mental stimulus through her. She strained her butt-cheeks apart, then clamped them. A fierce contraction snapped her cunt mouth and raced inward along her barrel, with another and another behind it. She went rigid, forcing her limbs straight and arching her back. Her mouth opened wide, a deep, undulating groan pouring out. Tremors shook her and she knew only that she was lost in a sea of exquisite pleasure.

"Aghhhh! Nnnng! Danny, Danny, Danny!"

"Mom! MOM! You are! You're coming! Jesus, you're beautiful when you come, Mom!"

Her contractions ceased and she fell limp, hanging breathlessly. Her son stroked her aching tits and ran his hands onto her belly. She felt something at her twat.

"Danny?" She struggled for air. "Danny, what's that at my crotch?"

"At your pussy, Mom? Hey! That's Smokey! He really digs the smell of pussy juice!" Dan sprang to his feet and leaned over her.

She felt the donkey's wet nose rooting among her inflamed cunt tissues and then something hot and rough stroking them.

"Mom! He's licking you! He acts like he's eating all that stuff!"

She shuddered and moaned, her diminishing passion bounding into full bloom again. Her hips rocked and she saw her hair swishing in the dirt. The ass' broad tongue reached her cunt mouth and jabbed at it.

"Hey, Mom! Oh, Jesus! He's sticking his tongue down your cunt! Mom, he's going all the way in with it!"

The supple blade penetrated the length of her passage, snaking among the inner folds and scrubbing them. Her belly writhed and her ass leaped. She was in a frenzy, uncertain whether she was coming or not.

"Danny, baby! My God, he's eating me from the inside out!"

She felt the tongue leave her cunt as quickly as it had entered.

"Boy, is he hot!" exclaimed Danny. "Mom, you ought to see the way he's humping! Just like he already had that cock in something! Hey! He's going to try!"

"Oh, No! No, Son! Don't let him!" She jerked at the ropes frantically. "Oh, please!"

"Mom, that's what we're out here for. Mom, he is! He's going to fuck you!"

Her cunt puckered with her sudden fright. Looking under the wide, inverted vee of her legs she could see the agitated ass. His cock looked more formidable than before, and while she stared in fascination, she saw him rear on his hind legs and pranced towards her. She bit her lips and waited.

"I won't let him put his hooves on you, Mom." Danny panted audibly and she guessed he was forcing the donkey's forefeet apart.

In a moment, she knew she was right. She felt the hard feet against her sides, slipping towards her chest. And she felt a great, hard point touch her twat, perfectly centered.

"You guided his penis, Danny," she said accusingly.

"Sure! Wouldn't want it in your ass, would you?"

The point jabbed repeatedly, and she felt her cunt stretch impossibly to engulf it. A deep, joy-choked groan was wrenched from her as the giant cock sank home. It filled her belly and made her taste iron. Smokey scrambled with his forefeet and lodged them against projections on the saddle. She felt his cock pumping in her cunt like a monstrous piston, and her lust rocketed.

"He is, he is!" she yelled. "Danny! He's fucking me!"

"Oh, Jesus, Mom! He must be stretching you inside! He's got almost his whole dong in!"

She was able to see that his belly was within an inch of her pussy. And she could see his balls swing with the force of his lunges as he jerked his cock back and then drove it deeper into her twat in a terrifying succession of strokes. She was half-hypnotized by the contrast between her smoothly tapered, pale thighs and the ass' shaggy, grotesque legs. She held her breath while his black belly slammed closer and closer to her twat and suddenly she felt his impact in her outer flesh as well as in the depths of her belly. His hair was wire-stiff, and it stabbed a thousand pinholes in her butt. His cock stretched her hole so wide there was no room for further distention or for her over-taut rim to adapt and lose the sharp edge of the entering sensation. She jerked at her wrist ropes in time to the donkey's brutal rhythm, humping her body to meet his great thrusts. And she flung her head from side to side, biting at her shoulders in a frenzy of lust.

Agonizing contractions seized her twat, tightening it on Smokey's surging prick so hard she thought she'd rupture. "Honey!" she shouted. "Darling! I'm coming again!" She stiffened, absorbing the ass' blows without any possibility of defense. "I'm coming! Oh, God, am I coming! Eeeyaghhh!"

At the height of her orgasm, she knew her cunt walls were milking the tremendous cock. She felt the donkey rest his weight on her butt, his cock driven full length in her hole and quivering mightily. There was a great eruption of heat at the core of her belly and she saw her flesh balloon with the charge.

"He's coming! He's coming!" shouted Danny. "Mom! You ought to see him! Like he won the grand prize! Oh, Mom! Both of you!"

The donkey sagged on her and she collapsed, helpless to extricate herself or expel the prick that impaled her quivering snatch. She felt giddy and weak, but she was conscious of a perverse pride in the fact that she'd been able to take the donkey's cock. She was strangely self-satisfied, too, that she'd been able to accept him well enough to react and to reach a climax. That she'd been good enough to make him come was her crowning achievement.

"Oh, Mom! That was something I'll never forget! I wish I'd had the movie camera out here!"

"Danny Fredericson! Danny! You don't wish any such thing! You mention that camera again and you never will get to tie me up!"

"Ah, Mom!"

"I don't care! Just think what would happen if someone saw a movie of this!"

"Yeah, I guess so. Hey, Mom, Smokey's getting ready to get off."

"You help him. I don't want him kicking me."

There was an intense struggle. The donkey's cock hadn't shrunk sufficiently to come out without considerable tugging and his balance was poor. But with Danny's help Smokey was finally able to dismount Helen. She sighed deeply and let herself relax again.

"Now you can get me off here," she told Danny.

"Aw, Mom! Not yet."

"Now, Son."

"Naw. I've just got to do something. I'm ready to explode!"

"Danny!" she raged.

But she felt his hands on her butt-cheeks, caressing them gently and squeezing from time to time. She was furious at herself when she discovered herself humping with pleasure. It was bad enough to be defied; it was inexcusable to respond this way to her son's defiance. She made a sound that was half-laugh and half-sob.

"Goddamn it, honey! You're terrible!"

Danny laughed sympathetically. "I can't help it, Mom! Seeing you like this I can't help myself. Know what? I'm going to fuck you before I let you loose!"

"Oh, Danny! Not like this!"

"Like this." His fingers dipped into her twat and prodded the swollen lips of her pussy. He dragged his hands between her butt-cheeks and thrust them repeatedly into her ass. She bounced with helpless desire. She knew she wanted him to fuck her, no matter how grotesque her position.

"Danny?"

"Huh?"

"I want you to. I want you to, Son!"

He said, "This is going to be something else!"

She watched his feet as he stepped onto the table, straddling her. He squatted and she supposed he was trying to decide how to make his cock point the right direction. He removed her speculation.

"I've got to work at it this time," he panted. "What I'm doing is bending my cock down so I can poke it in you. Almost right. There!"

She felt the bulb at her butt-hole.

"I'm going to fuck you in the ass, Mom."

"No you're not, Danny! Danny! No! Don't! UNNNH! Omigod, Danny!"

His cock had forced her sphincter until the great head had surged through. Now there seemed to be no end to the shaft as it plunged into her gut. She felt his balls press against her pussy and the bristles of his crotch hair mat around her tortured asshole. He began to stroke.

"Dan, Dan!" she groaned. "Oh, Dan, I'm awful! I love it!"

"God you're tight, Mom! Oh, God, Mom! I'm going to come just as fast as I did when you were on the table!"

He bounced on her ass, driving her breath from her in deep grunts and arousing her to a wild pitch of passion. She felt his fingers bite into her waist and his balls knock against her cunt. And suddenly he stopped bouncing.

"Ohhh!" he moaned as if in pain.

"Son! Danny! Are you all right?"

"It's coming out! Mom, I'm coming!" He settled on her and she felt a brutal force on her ass. She saw his feet leave the table and extend behind her. She knew he was balancing his entire weight on the base of his cock while he spewed his jism into her bowels.

"Ahhh..." She sighed with pleasure, feeling every subtlety of his actions. She decided there might be an advantage not to reach her orgasm every time; climactic sensations could mask the finer details of her partner's coming. She felt her son's cock swell with abrupt jerks as the heat spurted from it, and his balls twitched upward through her pussy hair and over her cuntlips with each spurt. She heard his labored breathing and its rasping irregularity. And her cunt filled for the second time in that position with a pool of hot cum. Dan rocked for a time before his body began to loosen. At last, he pushed himself off her and stood on the ground.

"Honey," she said, her voice muffled. "Get me down now, before Smokey decides to come back for seconds."

Danny laughed nervously. "Mom, if I thought he would, I'd keep you right where you are."

"Danny!"

"Ah, don't worry. He won't. He's had it." Danny untied her arms first, and when he loosened the second ankle, she slid head-first into the dirt. She lay in a heap waiting for her circulation to return, and Danny crouched beside her, massaging her limbs.

When the agony of renewed circulation subsided, she let him help her to her feet. "Come on back to the house, Son," she urged.

"Okay."

In the house, she realized it was past five. Danny seemed reluctant to take time out for supper, but she insisted.

"We'll both want all our strength," she suggested. "That is, unless you've had enough."

"We don't have to quit, do we, Mom? We can fuck some more after supper, can't we?"

"Yes."

"All night, maybe?"

She laughed. "We'll see."

"That means you don't think we will."

"Honey, you're welcome to try as long as you can hold out. I promise."

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## **Chapter Six**

Danny objected to her dressing for supper. He showed no reluctance to putting his own clothes on, but he wanted her to remain nude.

"Honey, I'm not going to work in the kitchen naked. That's all there is to it."

"Aw, Mom! Well, at least you don't have to wear anything but pants and a bra."

"Well..." She giggled at his determination. "All right, hon. We'll compromise."

"I'll go get them for you."

"Oh, all right." She waited, relieved to be alone for a few moments. It was a shock to discover how much desire still burned in her. She realized she was eager for her son to return-that she fiercely wanted him to stare at her naked body again.

When Dan came back with her panties and a bra, he took her in his arms before giving them to her. He kissed her tenderly, then turned her so her side was against him and ran his hand lovingly over her front. She thrust out her belly and squirmed at the feel of his fingers. He caressed her tits and rubbed her belly. And when his hand slid over her pussy hair and between her thighs, she thrust her knees apart and ground her hips in circles.

"Good," she whispered. "Oh, but I like that, Son!"

He released her at last after he had her quivering and mumbling to herself. She took the wispy garments from him and laughed.

"How did you know I had these! Why, I've never had them on!"

He grinned as she held up the panties. "I was looking for the ones with the least material," he admitted. "Those were at the back of the drawer, that's all."

"They're hardly pants at all, Danny!"



"But they are, and I brought them. So that's what you wear. You promised."

"Your father ordered them out of a catalog," she said. "And he was furious when I wouldn't wear them!" She laid the bra aside and stepped into the panties. They did fit, although they were snug. But as she pulled them up her thighs, she discovered a feature she hadn't noticed before; there was a long slit in the crotch. "Oh, Christ!" she exploded.

"Now what?" asked Danny.

"Never mind!" She snugged the panties on her hips, shuddering at the effect. Even Danny appeared to be shaken, she noticed.

The panties crossed her belly so low a handful of pussy hair lay above them. The rest of the dark-red thatch protruded through the loose net. And the crotch hugged the lips of her pussy without a thread to spare. Four inches at either hip was simply a narrow strip of elastic. She instinctively placed her hand over her twat.

"What was it you said 'Oh, Christ!' about?" asked Danny. "Come on, Mom, tell me!"

"Oh, all right. There's a big, long slit in the crotch."

"Hey! You mean they're made for screwing? You can get screwed without even taking them off?"

She nodded. "Honestly!"

"Hey, let me see, Mom! Huh?"

"For heaven's sake! No!"

"Aw, please! Please?"

"After supper, I guess."

"Well, okay I guess. But I can feel." He grabbed her before she realized his intention and pinned her arms behind her. Dragging her arms back and down, he forced her to bend her knees and spread them, and he thrust a finger through the slit and into her cunt.

Helen writhed on his finger, supper forgotten. God, I'm hot! she thought. I'm ready to explode the instant he touches me! But her son released her, caressing one of her tits for a moment before stepping back.

She panted, standing motionless, then reached for the bra. "This is just as bad," she muttered. She put it on, the half-cups lifting her boobs and making the upper slopes bulge while her nipples stood in the open.

"Man, that looks great! I thought that's what that thing was!" Dan leered at her.

"You're impossible!" she exclaimed. "I raised a sex fiend!"

"Mom, let's eat quick. You were going to teach me some more, and then we took time out for Smokey. I'm awful anxious."

She glanced respectfully at his erect young cock. "You look like it. All right, we'll hurry."

She found it impossible to know what she was eating when they finally sat down. She was too keenly aware of her near nakedness and Danny's frank concentration on her puckered nipples. Her pussy twitched incessantly and she could feel the wetness that had soaked the crotch of her panties. Her son wolfed his food, clearly paying as little attention to it as she. He spoke only once during the meal.

"You know something, Mom? That sister of Vanessa's. I hate her. She's a snob. But I bet she fucks great! If I had my druthers, though, I'd like to spend a day with Vanessa like this one with you."

"Watch it, Dan. What we're doing today is fun. I like it. But it's still teaching, not a way to get you started making out with every woman you meet."

"But we're not going to stop just

as soon as we've got through learning, are we? Are we, Mom?"

She laughed. "I don't know. The way I feel right now, we could keep going forever. But I think I've gone a little crazy. It's going to depend."

"On what?"

"On things that wouldn't even occur to us now."

Dan finished his food and carried his dishes to the kitchen. He came back and surveyed her plate. "You going to eat the rest of that?"

She hesitated. "No. I've had enough."

"Okay." He snatched her dishes from the table and disappeared with them. He returned while Helen was still pushing her chair back.

She rose, aware of the fact her son was hovering over her. He seized her and swung her from the floor.

"Danny! What...?"

He set her on the edge of the table and pushed her onto her back.

"Danny! Stop it! What's going on?"

He forced her knees apart and elevated them. "I'm going to look at those pants. You said I could after supper."

"Good God!" she exclaimed.

He placed her feet against his shoulders and leaned over her, pressing her knees back to her chest. He felt the crotch of her panties, pulling the slit open with his thumbs and inserting both thumbs immediately into her pussy. She gasped and her feet slid over his shoulders. He grasped her hips and held them still, thrusting his cock against her. She twisted, but with a single smooth surge, he drove his cock fully into her box, its base slamming solidly on her pussy.

"Ahhh!" she whispered. "Danny... oh, Danny... why does it make me want you so much when you do this?"

He shook his head. "Am I supposed to know?"

"Of course not! Just fuck me, baby."

"I already know about that. Is there something I don't know about?"

"A lot, I suppose. All right. Pull it out while I can still think."

As Danny pulled out and backed away, lowering her legs, he drew her panties off. She sat up and removed the bra.

"Ready," she said.

"Can we do it in my room, Mom?" he smiled uncertainly.

"Yes. I guess so."

She followed him into his room, where she paused to reminisce for a moment. The shelves Art had put up for her son's model airplanes were still loaded with the dusty little relics. Dan's baseball bats stood in one corner, neglected for the past four years, and his splintered hockey sticks leaned in another. Those were idle only because they were too worn to use, she thought. It was probably a typical boy's room, littered with the souvenirs of growing up, including yesterday's laundry scattered across the floor. Danny flung himself on his bed and stared at his mother, his gaze fixed on her cunt hair.

"Okay?" he asked.

"Okay." She approached the bed, eyeing his cock.

It lay at an angle on his belly, its underside exposed. His crotch hair was still thin, but it curled tightly and was so black it looked like a solid mat. His balls lay in the trough formed by his thighs, and the skin of his scrotum held them firmly. His cock was a dark cylinder against his coppery belly, and the head gleamed wetly, mute evidence of his readiness.

Helen felt a fierce pride in her son. She felt another emotion as she stood over him, and it drew her onto the narrow bed with him. She stretched out with her knees beside his head and rested her boobs on his belly. With one manicured fingertip, she stroked the shiny cockhead. The shaft twitched and his balls moved, pulled by the sudden tensing of the sac. She moved her finger in small circles on the bulge, feeling a tingle of excitement over the wet slipperiness. Her jaw ached and her mouth puckered.

Damn it! she thought. I watched Vanessa do it! I can do anything she can! She lowered her head and touched her lips to the wetness. She held them there for a moment, then drew back. Closing her hand around the shaft of Danny's cock, she touched her lips with her tongue. The metallic flavor made her gasp with desire, and she thrust her mouth against the cockhead again. She kissed it avidly, her tongue darting between her lips repeatedly to savor the pungent coating on it.

Danny caught her near knee and drew her thigh across his chest, exposing her pussy to his gaze. She felt fingers force her cuntlips and she undulated her hips with pleasure. But she pressed her lips harder on the firm cock. She slid her lips onto it, making a circlet of them to gird it and suck at the seeping slit. Danny's balls jerked and he drew one foot towards his butt.

"Mom?"

"Hmm?"

"Mom, that feels bitching! Do you like to do it?"

"I want to right now, Danny." She quickly placed her mouth over the cockhead again. Opening her mouth widely, she forced it over the broad slopes and gulped the knob. Danny's shaft was too bulky to permit any but the slightest relaxation of her jaw, and she was worried that she might bite down. She sucked, swallowing occasionally to clear her throat of the slow trickle of liquid. She remembered the way Vanessa had stroked her lips up and down on Art's shaft and tried to do the same for Danny. The nose of his cock bumped the back of her throat almost at once, and she resigned herself to sucking, her tongue probing continuously at the hot flesh.

Danny's hips rose and fell and his hand twisted about in her cunt. His trembling convinced Helen that her son was unlikely to let her prolong her experiment very much. She raised her head, letting the heavy bulb free.

"Danny, honey?"

"Mmph! Yeah?"

"Did that feel good? You want me to suck some more?"

"Wow! Yeah! Would you?"

"Yes. But we're going to change positions."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Move over."

Danny moved and Helen stretched on her back.

"Now, get on your knees and straddle my head," she directed. When Danny's balls hung over her face, she spread her thighs widely. "Hands and knees," she said.

He dropped to all fours. His cock touched her throat, and she maneuvered it until she could get the head into her mouth again. She caressed his balls while she sucked on his cock, and he groaned happily.

"You're making me come," he said in a strained tone. "You mind that?"

I Wang it! she thought. That's exactly what I want! She refused to release the previous mouthful; she merely sucked harder and caressed the cock-tip with the back of her tongue.

Danny seized her hips, his hands circling them and settling under her butt. He lifted her ass and tilted her twat up, then grabbed her clitoris in his mouth. Her pleasure was intolerable. She lashed her feet and clutched at his ass. His belly quivered and he slid his knees apart, pushing down on his cock. There was a sudden spasm in his shaft and warm, thick jism flooded his mother's mouth. She gulped, frantically aware that the spurting cum was filling her faster than she could pump it to her stomach.

She dug her nails into his ass and stiffened. Her only movement was her sucking and frenzied swallowing and a slow undulation of her hips. She felt liquid escape at the corners of her mouth and groaned inwardly. All of it! she demanded silently of herself. Every drop, damn it!

Her son shuddered and his cock began to soften. She drained it of the last thread of jizz and let him lift it from her. Her own orgasm spent itself and she sagged limply.

"Mom."

"Hm?"

"Sleep in here with me tonight. Okay?"

"The bed's narrow. Why not my room?"

"Because this is my room."

She understood. "All right, Son."

Dan insisted on their sharing a shower before they slept. Helen agreed, feeling a trace of guilt at the fact it would be a first for her; she'd consistently refused to shower with Art. They stood belly-to-belly while the water soaked them and Helen felt her fatigue draining from her. Danny soaped and washed her, let her rinse under the stinging spray, and soaped her again. With lather thick on both of them, he began to rub himself against her.

Helen gasped. The sensation was utterly strange to her. The frictionless contact of their bellies and of his hands on her butt sent tingles racing over her and made her pant. She thrust herself against her son in a new rush of desire, and she caught his thigh between hers and scrubbed her pussy on him. His cock stiffened against her belly. His arms went about her waist and she clung to his neck, her boobs swishing on his chest. He lifted her, letting his cock slide between her thighs while she swung her feet up to wrap her legs around his hips. Without her quite knowing when it happened, she found herself sliding onto his shaft, his cockhead already implanted in her hole. He bounced her on his prick and thrust his finger up her bung, laughing with delight when she clamped her thighs on his waist and leaned back.

At the height of their jostling, he stepped under the spray with her and let it sluice away the soap. "Hey! This is way out, Mom!"

"Oooh, Danny! I liked it with the soap all over us!"

"Yeah! That was wild!"

"Why did you rinse it off?"

"We are making it too fast. I wanted to play for a while." He grinned. "You're more fun to play with when you're all excited, Mom."

"Danny!"

He lifted her off his dick and set her on her feet. Turning the shower off, he reached out for towels and patted the water from their bodies. He stepped out with her, then, and scrubbed her vigorously with the towel.

He's right, she decided, panting. I'll let him do anything to me while I'm excited! She spread her thighs while his fingers probed between her cuntlips. "Ohhh, baby! Oh, precious!" she crooned.

Danny picked her up and carried her to his room. He spread-eagled her on his bed, tying her and chuckling happily to himself. He produced an electric vibrator and began to play it over her boobs,

rolling its base against their lower bulges until she squirmed with pleasure, then applying its tip alternately to each of her nipples. She writhed and babbled. He pulled the tip of the vibrator across her belly and slid it between her legs while wild surges of excitement slammed through her. When he laid it on her clitoris, the universe exploded for her. She arched her back to drive her ass into the mattress, then bowed the opposite way to elevate her pussy. There was no way to evade the insane stimulus. Desire welled in her cunt and flowed outward along her fibers until she was frantic with delight. The convulsive spasms of orgasm rolled over her in a succession that made the room turn black.

She heard someone screaming and only slowly realized by the sensation in her throat it was she. Her cunt flamed and her body burned with sympathetic fury. When her spasms finally began to subside, her son laid aside the vibrator and brought his hands to her crotch in its place. She slowly regained her vision and started to discern between the individual touches that kept her from sliding out of her passion.

Danny climbed between her thighs and nestled his cockhead between her cuntlips. He pressed it home, expanding her rim and sinking his shaft into her belly. His hips surged and the crazy explosion happened again. Helen twisted her head and bit her lip, her knees jerking and her boobs flopping. She moaned happily, a hazy notion growing that she could remain indefinitely in her orgasm.

But the hot welling of sperm at her core released her after a final, wild thrashing, and her son's dick began to wilt. Afterward, they clung to each other and slept. More than once during the night, Danny awakened Helen and she yielded herself to his horny demands. And in the morning, after they'd both gone into the bathroom and returned eagerly to the bed, she straddled him and lowered her cunt onto his waiting cock for an exhilarating ride. She felt as if all the desire of the previous fifteen hours were concentrated in that single flurry of lust, and her climax left her so weak she toppled from her son and lay paralyzed until he could rub life back into her.

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Chapter Seven

Danny objected to going to school. "No!" he yelled at her. "It'll be hours before Dad gets home! That's time for all kinds of games!"

"Dan Fredericson, you're going to school! We've both had enough for one session!"

He shook his head, childish stubbornness clear in his features. "Mom! You spoil everything!"

"I didn't notice you complaining about my spoiling things last night!"

"Oh, that was different! I mean making me go to school when you're right here!"

"Well, that's too bad. Maybe I need the rest. Now get ready, before I get mad!"

He grumbled and kicked at each chair he passed, but he got ready for school. When she went to the door with him, he paused as if for her customary "good-bye" peck. She stood on tiptoe to kiss him, her hands resting against his chest, and he gathered her to him. He grabbed one of her boobs, massaging it eagerly, then pulled up her skirt and thrust his hand inside her panties and dug his fingers into her cunt. She squirmed wildly but without success, and when Danny withdrew his hand and opened the door, she was a quivering mass of confusion. She blew him a kiss and muttered, angry at herself for losing control of the situation and at her son for his impudence.

She raced through the most urgent of her housekeeping chores, her thoughts far from domestic routine. Danny's hasty feeling-up had thoroughly aroused her, and she was angrily conscious of the fact it would be hours before Art got home. She argued with herself.

"You've really made it," she said. "All the way. When a woman turns her own son into a cunt-crazy machine, she's hit the bottom!" She gazed through the window. Oh, God, Helen! Just what have you done? What's going to happen? she shuddered.

She drained the sink and dried her hands. Pulsing with raw sexual desire and seething with self-contempt, she rushed from the house. And what's the big fuss? she asked herself. You were afraid you were going to lose your husband! You did what had to be done, didn't you? Sinking to her knees before a rich-blooming rose, she inhaled its sweetness. "Oh, God!" Did I? How can the things I'm doing possibly give me the happiness of a secure home? And yet Art wants a physical woman! He's got to have someone who goes wild with sex hunger with him! And if I'm going to be that self, that's what I'll have to be. There's only two of me - the one Grandma made and the one I inherited from Mama and Daddy. If I can't be one, I've got to be the other.

She choked back a sob. It didn't seem right to cry about it. She'd been free to make her decision and her father had repeatedly sneered at people who spent their lives regretting their decisions. "Christ Almighty!" he'd always said. "When a guy makes up his mind, he shuts a door on the other alternative! He's got to live with what he took, and there's no damn excuse for looking at the bad side of that!"

There's no damn excuse for looking at the bad side of it, she repeated now. For fifteen and a half years I've fought with myself I've stamped out every dirty thought the instant I had it and frozen every wiggle of excitement. That's the way it had to be if I wanted to be like Grandma. All right! The dirty-minded, cock-hungry slut was the natural me all the time! Now I know that's what Art wants, and it means doing what my impulses say, that's all!

She raised her eyes to gaze at tiny, puffball clouds as they drifted across the sky. All I have to remember is that's good, now, instead of bad! Let yourself go, Helen baby! Do what you feel like, and the dottier the better! She squeezed her jugs and felt a surge of warmth, then grinned ruefully and shook her head. "No, stupid! Not like that!" She unbuttoned her dress from the throat to the waist and shrugged out of it, then struggled out of her bra and squeezed the naked globes. She trembled at the hot flush of pleasure. "Like this!" Teasing her own nipples, she flung back her head and laughed with joy. Her old self would hate the new, but life was going to be another thing when she could give herself without reserve to the sensations that arose around her.

And then there's Smokey! I'll bet he doesn't care if I'm tied up or not! And I'll bet it would be a lot better if I weren't! She swung her bra by its strap and let her dress dangle from where it had settled, riding low on her hips. She shivered with a sense of wicked pleasure at the risqu? picture she made, her boobs swaying, her navel exposed, and most of her lower belly visible as she strode towards the hidden corral and the frustrated little donkey.

She undressed and hung her clothes over the top rail before she went in. "The hell with the gate!" she exclaimed. More fun to climb over! She perched astride the rail for a moment, squirming at the harsh intimacy between it and her pussy. Then she scrambled down and dug her toes into the organic soil and crossed to the feed table.

"Smokey?" she called. "Smokey! Come on, baby! Come and get some pussy!"

Smokey shuffled towards her, his neck extended and his ears forward. She lay across the narrow

plank, gripping its edge tightly and raising her knees. As the ass came closer, she spread her thighs and let him sniff her pussy. Her licked, his tongue rough and impatient on her cunt, and he probed deep into her snatch, making her belly writhe.

“Good! Good baby! Oooh, Smokey, that’s scrumptious!”

Smokey jerked his tongue free and tossed his head with a snort. Helen twisted to look under his belly and saw his cock swelling and lengthening. The beast quivered and pawed the ground.

“Wonderful! Wonderful, Smokey! You know!” She lowered her feet, touching the earth with her toes, her thighs widespread. “Come on, baby. Up between my legs!”

The donkey snorted again and reared on his short hind legs, taking a series of short, clumsy steps to position himself in the notch her legs made. She caught his forelegs to guide them clear of her belly, then reached under him and guided his prick to her cunt. His rump prodded and the bulky cockhead began to work against the tightness of her cunt hole. She swung her legs around him and pulled fiercely, jerking herself onto the great cock and gagging happily when it crowded her guts.

“Ahhh! Ohhh, Smokey baby! Fuck me good!” She grabbed his neck and hauled herself against him, his bristles stabbing her belly and gouging her fits. She pumped her ass, bouncing on his enormous shaft, and he banged at her until she was battering against the plank.

“God, yes, Smokey! Hit me! Hit me hard, baby!” Her cunt flamed with hunger and gulped the grotesque feast it held. Helen let go with her hands and flung her arms back, letting herself arch backward over the edge of the table. Her boobs jounced crazily and her fingers brushed the ground. She knew she’d see the moving lump on her belly of the buried cockhead, if she only wanted to look. But she was starting to come, and she didn’t need to see. Her thighs clamped convulsively on Smokey’s sides, his stiff hair digging at her tender flesh like handfuls of needles. Smokey backed suddenly, as if startled at something, and she felt herself dragged off the table. She hung head down beneath him, supported by the grip of her legs and pulling herself against his belly, his cock fully implanted in her twat. She continued to pump while she came, and Smokey’s hindquarters continued to oscillate savagely.

His cock leaped abruptly and his hot jizz filled her. He threw his head up and brayed. His widely planted forelegs shook in Helen’s grasp and she sobbed with overwrought awareness. When the pulsing sensations at the mouth of her cunt subsided and the donkey’s cock started to go soft, she loosened the grip of her legs and let herself slide off him to the ground. She rolled weakly aside, clear of his hooves, and pushed herself erect.

“Thank you, you walking cock, you. Thank you!” She went to him and hugged his ugly head, rubbing her tits against his face, then went to the corner of the corral and used the watering hose to flush off the thick cum that trickled from her pussy. She took a cold douche and got dressed, leaving the corral with a bouncy step and a satisfied smile.

“All right!” she called to the clouds. “Okay! You saw that! Am I dirty enough? Am I doing all right or not?”

She returned to the house and made a perfunctory effort to straighten it. But she was too impatient for Art’s arrival to care whether there was dust in the corners or not. At ten o’clock she made up her mind to shock him. “Like he’d want to be shocked,” she said confidently. She found the bra and panties Danny had brought to her the night before. She stripped quickly and got into the revealing garments, then waited nervously.

She heard Art's car, peeked through the window to be sure it was he, and went to the center of the living room. When Art opened the door, he dropped his briefcase.

"Holy Jesus!" he exclaimed. "Is that you, Helen?"

"Of course! Honey, I've missed you something awful!"

"Son-ov-a-bitch!" He sprang across the room and crushed her in his arms.

"Honey!" she exclaimed over his shoulder. "Honey! You left the front door wide open!"

"Oh, shit! What's wrong with me!" He swung around, holding her in one arm, and went back to the door. Her toes dragged on the floor and she clung fiercely to him. He teased her, holding her before him in the open doorway and fingering her twat through the slit in her panties.

She was torn between hard-dying inhibitions and her new determination to ignore them. "Art!" she gasped, her glance darting up and down the street. "Art, honey! My God, somebody'll see us!" And then, pressing her head back against him and thrusting her knees apart, "To hell with it! Let them! Oh, rub, honey!"

Art crushed her clitoris with his fingers and she thrashed in his grip. She heard the solid "chunk" of the closing door.

Art carried her to the couch and dropped her on it. She lay as she fell, legs a-sprawl and arms extended, and watched him through half-closed eyes while he undressed. When he pushed his shorts off his hips, his cock leaped, dark with heat, the head halfway out of the foreskin. She rolled off the couch to her knees and flung her arms around Art's hips, kissing the heavy prick eagerly. She ran the tip of her tongue around the edge of his foreskin and lipped the tip of the cockhead.

Her husband buried his hands in her hair and tilted her head back, gazing into her face with a puzzled expression. "What's with you, baby?" he asked. "I don't know where you hid, Helen, but you're sure as hell somebody else!" A grin grew slowly.

Helen trembled. "I'm me," she murmured. "I'm me, with the pretending gone. I'm who you really married." She pressed her boobs against his thighs. "Want to know about me?"

"Sometime," he said softly. "Not right now. I want to get to know you."

He loosened his grip and she put her lips to the nose of his cock. She sucked at it for a time and then forced her mouth over the entire head, biting gently on the foreskin and pushing it back onto his shaft. She played her tongue over his slit and listened to his breath hiss. To her delighted surprise, the sense of guilt that had nagged her for the past twenty-four hours evaporated. In its place, she felt a glow of pleasure in the knowledge she was giving him pleasure. And that's not just cock hunger! she thought. I'm dying to get this beautiful cock into my pussy, but that's a different feeling.

The appearance of tension in Art's belly grew more pronounced. His flesh twitched and he twisted his hips slowly. At last he caught her under the armpits and raised her to her feet. "Come on, baby. Time we tried out these fancy-pants." He glanced at her nipples, out-thrust by the upward force of her bra's half-cups, and his eyes gleamed. "And that titty-vendor," he added with a grin.

He took her to the dining room, where he pulled one of the straight chairs away from the wall. Seating himself on the edge, he drew her towards him. She straddled his lap, her twat hovering above his cock, and he straightened the rigid tool with its head nuzzling her crotch. She pulled the

slit of her panties open and squatted, breathing deeply as she felt the knob of his cockhead settle into her gash.

"Mmm! Mmm!" she exclaimed. "I'm so hot for you, honey! God, this feels good!"

Her cunt stretched to engulf Art's cockhead and she let herself slip down the erect shaft. She lifted her feet, hooking her insteps over her husband's thighs, and rocked on his cock. He balanced her, his hands at her waist, and bent forward to suck at her nipples.

He pulled his mouth away for a moment. "If it's all right, that is," he said.

"If what's all right?" She shook with pleasure and made no sense out of his remark.

"Sucking your tits."

She whispered, "Don't be mean now, honey. Just fuck!"

Amazement flashed in his eyes. "Did you say what I thought you did!"

"Please!" she wailed. "Don't spoil it!"

"Sorry, baby. All the way this time, huh? Nothing barred?"

"Oh God, honey! Do I have to draw a picture?"

"No. Just wiggle that pussy a little harder, okay?" He grabbed her nipple again and began to chew it.

She levered her hips, grinding her pussy on the base of his cock and feeling the head thrust back and forth in her belly. Her hands fluttered. She caught Art's face between them and fingered his temples, rocking her head back and gazing at the ceiling.

"Honey! Ohhh, honey!" she exclaimed. Shudders of pleasure racked her body. "Whew! Whew! Mmmm, yesss!"

Art let go of her tit and grunted. "Hey, baby! I'm about to get it off! You think you can come?"

"Try me!" She forced the words past clenched teeth. "Oh, quick, honey!"

He arched, his neck on the chair back and his ass thrusting upward off the seat. She straightened her legs, extending them to the sides, and felt the hardness of his hip joints digging into the flesh of her inner thigh muscles. His fingers squeezed her waist while she clutched fiercely at his wrists.

"Ummmmh! Baby! BABY!" She swayed with the pulse of her lust.

Art uttered an explosive grunt and spewed jism into her horny cunt. She flinched at the violence of her contractions and ground her teeth together. When her orgasm released its grip on her, she fell forward on her husband.

"Darling! Oooh, darling! I love you! I love you so much!"

He stroked her back tenderly and touched her forehead with his lips. "Yeah. I love you, too, sugar. I've got to say, you're some kind of pussy today! What's the story?"

She told him of the childhood she'd kept secret from him. She mentioned the bad feeling between

her grandmother and her parents and of her own worship of the hard-bitten old lady. And she described in vivid detail the crucial day in the wilderness area.

"Grandma died when she found out I was pregnant," she said. "There was only one way I could think of to make up for that."

"And that was turning into the sterile kind of bitch she figured a broad ought to be?"

"Yes. I wouldn't say it like that, but yes."

"You're not that icicle today! That's for damn sure!"

"No. Or ever again. I'm the other me."

"How come?" Art grinned and touched her lips with his fingertip. "Let me guess. Dr. Davis, maybe?"

"Ugh! Lecherous psycho! I'm never going there again!" She shuddered. "In a way it was him, though. He made me mad enough to start thinking. And Vanessa was there to think, too."

"Van. Yeah, she's got her feet on the ground."

"And her butt, with her legs spread, if a man looks interested!" Helen gasped, startled by her reaction.

Art pushed her away from his chest and stared at her. "Huh! What brought that on?"

"I saw. Art, I saw the way you took advantage when I was helpless that night. And she'd been waiting a long time! It was in her eyes!"

"Ohhhh!" Art whistled. "Things moved too fast for you!"

"You two moved fast enough! If I'd been able to think, I'd have thought the two of you had set me up so you could get together!"

"You mean that, don't you?"

Helen hesitated. For a moment she was aware of herself as if her consciousness were a third person. She felt the intimacy of her flesh with Art's and the emotional tension between them. And she had a weird sensation of clinging to him in some other dimension with slipping fingers.

"Art!" She heard the edge of panic in her own voice. "Honey, I'm sorry. I don't care about what you do with her. Just save enough for me!"

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## **Chapter Eight**

Art showered and dressed with no appearance of urgency. Helen slipped facial tissues inside the crotch of her panties and followed her husband, slouching against the cabinet in the bathroom while he was in the shower and perching on a chair with her arms around her knees while he was dressing. He chuckled when she followed him from the bedroom.

"You going to stay like that?" he asked.

"Do you mind? I'm going to take a douche in a minute, but I'm not going to dress."

"Man alive! Go douche, then!" He slapped her butt. "And hurry!"

While she was in the bathroom, she heard the telephone. When she returned to the living room, Art was grinning.

"Hey, guess what, sugar? That was Van on the line."

"Does she want me to call her back?" asked Helen.

Art shook his head, still grinning. "She wanted to tell you she and Barry were going to drop by. Be here in a few minutes."

"A few minutes!" Helen clutched at herself.

"What for?"

Her husband shrugged. "Damned if I know. Just being friendly, near as I could tell." He glanced sideways at her. "Hell, maybe they figured they'd catch you alone and join you for fun and games. They didn't know I was taking the day off."

"Art! What a thing to say!"

He laughed. "I sure can't imagine why else Barry would be coming. Hell, he's got a job, too! You don't make sales sitting around home!"

She giggled. "Depends on what you're selling." And his earlier words came to her. "A few minutes, did you say?" She shrieked. "Honey! It was more than a few minutes ago when they called!"

"Yeah."

"And you let me stand around out here like this! Honestly, Art!"

"Barry's not about to criticize. And Van's understanding. Why not?"

Why not? Why not, for the Today Helen? she thought. Brrr! I wouldn't back away from that cock today! "I think you're mean," she told Art. "But I've got the guts to call your bluff-this time."

"Good."

Before she had gotten to the kitchen, the doorbell rang. She heard voices and recognized Vanessa's. I can't do it! she realized with a sinking feeling. I know I can't! Not like this! She darted into the kitchen. An apron! That's what I need! She jerked open the apron drawer and held up one of her hostess models.

"Oh, no!" she cried aloud. The apron was a dainty, decorative bit of uselessness, and the notion of resorting to it abruptly drew on a streak of perverse humor. She giggled and tied the belt ribbon on. Heart-shaped, the lower panel had a narrow band of red trim and a wider lace ruffle. She raised the upper panel and buttoned its straps behind her neck. It was a second, smaller heart, each lobe lying against the underside of one of her boobs with its strap wide of her nipple. She had to giggle again.

"Myyy God!" Vanessa's tone was a mixture of astonishment and awe. "Helen!"

Helen whirled. "Oh, dear God, Van! You scared me out of ten years' growth! I was afraid Barry was with you!"

"He's in with Art. But what are you doing dressed like that?"

"Art didn't change the other night, Van. You didn't really expect him to be that shocked, did you?"

Vanessa appeared to tense. "Well..."

"I wouldn't have expected it, either, except I was high on screwdrivers. Anyhow, doing what I did convinced me how important he is to me." She paused and spread her hands, palms forward. "So I changed, instead."

"I can't believe it! Honey, you're not going out there in front of Barry like that, are you?"

"Why not? It didn't bother you the other night!"

"Damn it, that was night time! He's still got calls to make."

"Then how come he's over here in the middle of the day?"

Vanessa sniffed. "I didn't know that was a crime."

"I didn't say it was. But neither one of you knew Art was home today."

"No. We didn't. Why is he, anyway?" Vanessa's glance fell to Helen's scanty costume and the corners of her mouth crinkled. "On second thought, that's a foolish question."

"Art said you probably meant to take up where you left off the other night," suggested Helen. She was conscious of a twinge of guilt at the implication that Art had meant his little jest.

"You mean...?" Van gasped. "For God's sake! Are you two paranoid?"

"He didn't mean it. I wondered, though, after he said it."

"Well! We were worried, if you want to know. We realized that was a rough experience for you. Barry thought you might like to go out to lunch with us." She shook her head. "Looks like that's the last thing you'd want to do."

"I was getting ready to fix something to eat here. Why don't you and Barry eat with us?"

"With you dressed like that, Barry would only be thinking of eating one thing. God, Helen! Turn around. Let me see how you look from behind."

Helen turned, resentful of Vanessa's reaction. She heard Vanessa's low whistle.

"Those panties are a louder invitation than the ones Olga wears!" exclaimed the blonde. She smiled suddenly. "I wouldn't have guessed you'd own anything like that."

"Art sent off for them. I couldn't throw them out, but they didn't ever come out of the drawer."

"He sent off? Where?"

Helen laughed. "You want a pair? They're risky, Van." Her irritation evaporated. After all, she has a

right to be off balance, she thought. How was she to know I was going to change? She didn't even know about the other me. "Art might remember, though, if you're not scared of what might happen."

Vanessa responded to the new note in Helen's voice. "Honey, I said the other night you had guts. I just didn't know how much! Would you honestly let Barry see you in those in the middle of the day?"

Helen unfastened the apron and drew it aside with a delicious thrill of wickedness at Vanessa's gasp.

"Oh, God!" Vanessa groaned. "They're hotter than I thought. They don't hide anything! You wouldn't!"

"Yes I would." Helen's stomach fluttered. Vanessa wasn't going to permit that, but the mere challenge was frightening.

Vanessa let her breath out slowly. "Oh, my! Honey, come on. I don't care if he does miss those calls. A guy doesn't get a chance to see that kind of underwear on a body like yours that often. He'd never forgive me if I cheated him out of it!"

"Oh, no! You don't really want me to!"

"No! Hell no! But Barry would! Come on!"

"But I haven't got lunch yet!"

"We can come back and fix it. Come on."

Vanessa grabbed Helen's hand and tugged. Helen hung back, and she thought for a moment Vanessa would give up. Then she felt her strength fade and the eager blonde dragged her from the room.

"Barry? Hey, Barry!" called Vanessa.

Helen freed herself by a desperate wrench. "I'll go! For God's sake, don't drag me!"

Barry and Art looked up as the two women entered the living room. Helen flushed under Barry's startled stare.

He whistled. "Jesus, Helen! What's with her, Art?"

Art shrugged. "Look for yourself. She sure as hell can't be hiding much."

"Yeah, man!" Barry leered at Helen. "Come closer, my child," he said with a croak.

Although his voice implied humor, Helen saw something else in his face. The sudden hunger she saw drew her like a magnet, and she glided to him. He extended his arm to lay his hand on her hip, the contact shocking her like an electric probe. He placed his other hand on her waist and drew her to him. She emerged from her trance-like state long enough to throw a mute appeal at her husband, then let herself sink onto Barry's lap. He turned her as she lowered herself, and she leaned back against him, her head next to his cheek.

"Goddamn it, baby!" he said. "You'd make a guy lose his head with a show like that!" His fingertips brushed her nipples. "I don't see how I'm going to be in any shape to work this afternoon. When did you start wearing this kind of stuff around the house?"

"You talk a lot," she murmured, her flesh quivering at the continued fondling of her tits.

"I guess." He laughed and began to rub her bare belly. "But you've been so damn modest all the time we've known you, I thought you were a prude. And then night before last and today... Shit! Is it a wonder I talk?"

She moaned softly and squirmed. "I don't know. Art didn't."

Barry winced and squeezed her tit. "Art's a man of action, pet. Or else he's got a one-track mind. I don't know which. Me, I like the way conversation lubricates a situation."

It isn't talk that's getting me lubricated! thought Helen. God, my cunt's wet!

Barry felt the protruding strands of her pussy hair and the taut netting of her panties. "Tell Van where these came from, baby. She's got to have some."

"They came from Art, and I told her."

"Like hell! I mean, where he got them! She'd better not get any from him!"

"Barry! You sound jealous!"

"I don't care what you call it. She's had hot pants for that guy of yours as long as I did for you! If she wants him to lay her once in a while, that's fine with me. But I'll be damned if he's going to buy these things for her!" He slid his hand between her thighs.

Helen clamped her legs together and Barry used both hands to pry them apart. He grabbed her twat and his finger slipped through the panty opening. He gasped.

"Christ! What next! A cock-gate!"

Barry maneuvered her on his lap until he could unzip his pants and let his cock surge through his fly.

"Oh, dear!" she whispered. "Oh, dear!" She tightened her butt-cheeks and thrust her legs out, raising her pussy for him.

He parted her cuntlips and dragged his fingers over the mouth of her snatch. Her hips twisted.

"Barry, darling," she whispered. "Put your cock in, please! I want him so!"

"Shit, Helen! I've got to work this afternoon!"

"With a hard-on?"

He laughed. "You win. And that's how it would be. Probably will anyhow, every time I think of you in these fuck-pants!" He grasped her by the waist and raised her, lowering her onto his cock.

She bent forward to rest her hands on his thighs, settling onto the hard prick. A gust of contentment swept her as she felt her cunt being filled. "Ahhh! Barry, Barry!"

He slid his hands onto her hips, grasping the smooth bulges firmly and bouncing her. The edge of the couch pressed her calves and her boobs leaped in their half-cup supports. She clenched her teeth and groaned shakily.

"I'm going to come pretty fast this way, baby," Barry told her. "Seeing that little strip of hot net across an ass like yours is enough to light a short fuse!"

"I don't care!" she panted. "I'll love every second of it!" She was surprised at having discovered she wasn't up-tight about reaching an orgasm. Because I've had so many the last three days, she thought. I wouldn't fight it, but I can wait till next time.

Barry's hips jerked upward, his balls mounding against the sober gray of his trousers, and Helen felt herself driven higher, the base of his cock hard against her pussy. She shook while Barry pumped his jism into her twat and continued to twitch after he had squeezed out the last of his cum and fallen back. When there was no stiffness left in the cock that impaled her holes she pushed herself off. She faced Barry, bending over him and kissing him on the mouth. Then she straightened.

"Thank you, darling," she said. "It feels so good to have you screw me."

He sighed. "You're a good lay, Helen. I wish we'd started swapping sooner."

She tensed. "Swapping! Barry, only nasty-minded sex fiends swap! We're not doing that!"

"Whatever, I still wish we'd started sooner."

"Okay. So do I." She wrinkled her nose at him. "We didn't, though. That means we've got to catch up."

"Oh, shit!" he groaned. "One crack like that and I'm in just as bad a shape as I was before you made me screw you! Helen, you're not even the same broad I used to know!"

"No." She dropped her glance to her toes. "No, I'm not, Barry. But that's a long story."

"Tell you what," he said. "I'm going' to remember that. One of these nights we'll make it as far as a bed. And when we're screwed out, we can lie there next to each other while you tell me the whole thing. Time you finish, we'll be rested enough to make it again."

"Oh, you!" she laughed, feeling herself flush. "Van? Do we have time to get lunch?"

Vanessa, cuddled on Art's lap, her lips at his ear, stirred and looked around. "Hmm? Lunch? Not now. Barry's appointment is in a half-hour." She glanced at her husband. "For heaven's sake, Barry! Get your peter in!" And then, "Oh, no! You've got to go home and change! You've got pussy tracks all over you!"

Helen's face burned and she avoided Vanessa's eyes. Barry grumbled and tucked his cock inside his trousers.

"It isn't all that goddamn bad, woman," he growled.

"It's bad enough you've got to change your pants!"

"Okay, okay. I didn't say I wasn't going to. Only we'll have to get a move on. You ready to wind up whatever you've got going with Art?"

"And what would that be?" Vanessa bristled.

"How the hell would I know? Maybe you're trying to work him for a pair of those fuck-pants!"



"Barry Rush!" His wife blazed at him. "You go ahead. I'll get Art and Helen to bring me home."

"Suit yourself." Barry heaved himself to his feet and zipped his fly. He paused on his way to the door to kiss Helen, then he was gone.

Vanessa gazed at the closed door. "My God," she muttered. "How touchy can a guy get!" "Maybe he was hungry," suggested Art.

"Of course he was. Hungry for pussy when he saw all that flesh! Well, he got it, didn't he?"

Helen resented Vanessa's implications. "It seems to me you dragged me in here like this," she said. "I was looking for something to cover me up."

"A hostess apron?!" Vanessa snorted. "What's the difference? I mean, after all!" "You still dragged me in."

"Damn it! Once I saw you like that, I couldn't do anything else! It's a sort of thing between Barry and me. Like an unwritten agreement. But I wouldn't have had to if you'd had any clothes on."

"Van! For Christ's sake! I dress for what's happening when I'm at home, not for whether someone might drop in!"

"I called first."

Art nodded. "They did phone first," he said. "Fact is, I've got to agree it's going pretty far to shack up with another guy on his lunch break. I mean, it's like the difference between liking to eat and being compulsive about it. I don't know that we want to let this thing between us go quite that far."

Helen stared at her husband, aghast. He didn't want me the way I was, she thought. Now he doesn't want me this way, either! A tendril of panic snaked through her. What'll I do! It's too late to go back! It was bad enough to have to live with what I did with that Indian guide. I couldn't stand to have all the things I've done these three days hiding in the back of my mind! Besides, I like sex too much. If I have to choose, I'd rather be what I am now! Oh, what'll I do?

Vanessa sighed and got up. "Look. Maybe we're all hungry. We're getting all up-tight without any good reason. We're mature enough to be honest about what we feel like doing. If one of us is a little hotter, what's the difference? Maybe I don't yank off my clothes every time I get hot for Art, but there might be a time when I would. I'm not going to set myself up to judge you for going overboard, Helen."

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Chapter Nine

Helen cleaned up after lunch. She'd sensed a current that flowed between Art and Vanessa and suggested he take Vanessa home. She knew he'd understood - and that he wouldn't hurry back. And she found herself spending more time thinking than working. The two strokes of the grandmother clock in the dining room nearly failed to register with her. She felt them rather than hearing them, and they were nothing but an echo in her mind when she realized they meant something.

"Omigod!" she exclaimed aloud to herself. Danny! He gets out of school at two! And he'll probably run all the way home! He's not going to catch me dressed this way?

She dropped the plate she was holding. Ignoring the crash it made when it shattered on the floor, she sprinted towards the master bedroom.

"I did promise about the bath," she muttered. I did promise about that. And he'll insist on watching me undress. Well, I'm not going to be wearing these! Not for him again! She whipped, off the controversial bra and panties and put on more conventional replacements. What dress? What dress? She searched through her closet, then stopped abruptly. Helen! You stupid bitch! Why not a dressing gown? What would be more natural, knowing I'm going to be taking a bath?

She stripped again and shrugged into her everyday dressing gown, wondering why she hadn't heard her son yet. She worried in spite of herself, and she'd gone to both outside doors before she recalled Danny would assume his father was there. "And he'll figure I'm not going to take a bath in front of him when Art's home," she added aloud.

As she closed the back door, she heard Danny come in through the front.

After a moment of silence, he called out. "Hey! Anyone home? Where is everybody?"

She smiled, "Here I am, Danny."

"Oh. Okay."

She went through the kitchen to the dining room and saw her son disappearing into his room. He reappeared at once.

"Had to get rid of my books," he said. "Hey, where's Dad?"

"He went out. He'll be back for supper."

"Oh. Good! Hey, Mom, any apples? I'll eat one while I'm watching you take your bath." He paused and a question showed in his expression. "You didn't take it yet, did you? You promised, Mom t "

She shook her head. "No. No, I haven't taken it yet."

Great! Bitchin', Mom! Hey, I got an idea. I'll eat that apple later. I'll take a bath with you, Mom. Won't that be something else!"

He seized her and crushed her to him, twisting her so her boobs rubbed on his chest. His hand slid through the overlap in the front of her gown and pressed between her thighs to bury itself among the folds of her pussy. She squirmed, warmth rising through her and a surge of excitement momentarily making her giddy.

"Oh, Danny!" she whispered. "Please!"

"Oh, okay." He withdrew his hand after letting one fingertip dart into her cunt for an instant. "Okay, I guess. Come on. We've got a lot of time."

They had, she realized. They had time for Danny to carry out any number of boyish games with her, and she was convinced his was an inventive imagination. She shivered and backed away. They went to the master bath, where she knelt to start the water. She used a generous portion of bubble-bath, knowing she'd be grateful for the thick suds at first. After that, she thought with a sigh, I won't care. I know it!

Instead of waiting for the tub to fill, Danny returned to his room to undress. "It's like filling a

swimming pool," he muttered as he left.

When he returned, Helen felt a painful surge of desire at the sight of his youthful leanness. She was struck again by the oversized appearance of his cock and its darkness. He looked as if someone had constructed him out of spare parts, giving him a boy's body - beautifully developed, but a boy's, nonetheless - and a giant's prick. There was no mistaking his immaturity, however. He had a massive hard-on, his cock engorged and already dripping long, thin strands of his colorless fluid. Helen's mouth watered.

Danny was as eager as his hard-on made him appear. He went immediately to his mother and untied her belt, drawing back the front of her gown to expose her creamy nakedness. His eyes glittered and he licked his lips. Helen quailed before his fierce expression of hunger. She clutched his forearms, recognizing his physical tension by the iron-hard condition of his muscles. With as little attention to her resistance as if her hands were at her sides, he raised his arms and slipped the gown off her shoulders. She released his wrists and let the garment slide off her arms and tumble to the floor.

Her son breathed hard and ran his hands over her. "I thought about you all day, Mom," he said. "I kept seeing you like this and getting a hard-on." He grinned wryly. "By the end of first period my balls ached so bad I could hardly make it to the next class!"

She whispered, "Danny..." And she stopped, having nothing to say.

She quivered, standing motionless while he continued to caress her. Her flesh tingled and there was a pressure in her lungs she couldn't ease. She knew nothing would help the dryness in her mouth, but she kept trying to generate saliva. Time seemed to her to have frozen, and she had a weird presentiment that she would stand before her son through eternity, his hands stroking her and his eyes devouring her.

"Isn't that tub full enough yet?" he asked.

She tore her gaze from his face and looked down. "Yes! If we're both going to get in there, it'll run over if it's any fuller!"

He stopped and turned the valves, then helped her as she stepped down into the water. She sank gratefully into the foam, thankful as she'd expected for the temporary respite from Danny's attention. He followed her in and luxuriated in the hot, foamy water.

"Wow! This is all right! A guy could get to like this!" he exclaimed. "Maybe chicks have the right idea!"

She smiled. "It's a women's secret - the way we unwind."

He grinned. "Be as good a place to wind up as to unwind," he remarked. "Let's try it." He pulled her around, her back against his belly, and forced her legs apart. To keep them spread to his liking, he raised his knees and planted his feet between her thighs. She raised her own knees to ease the strain and gasped when he grabbed her pussy. He wasted little time finding her clitoris. He rubbed it gently, the soapy water making his fingertips slide easily on its sensitive surfaces, and Helen gulped with sudden lust. Her cunt felt as if it would look like a fish's mouth at feeding time, snapping greedily at nothing.

She grunted and thrust her hands between her back and her son's belly to seize his cock. He forced the fingers of one hand into her cunt and pulled her forward, tilting her and forcing her box even farther open.

"Danny! Danny!" She writhed against him.

Her clitoris felt raw before he abandoned his massage and she was certain he'd sensed how close she had come to orgasm. He kept one hand at her pussy, still thrust deeply into it, and slid the other under her to squeeze her butt. His fingers probed towards her bung, and she raised herself involuntarily for the penetration she knew would come. She felt one finger force its way into her asshole, then gasped and cried out as another joined it. The dual insertion, with his hands filling both her cunt and her bung, destroyed the last vestiges of her self-control. She jerked her legs around his and thrust her ass about wildly. Her arms shook with the force of her grip on her son's cock, and she used the rock-hard prick as a lever for her thrashing. Her boobs surged in and out of the water, splashing great gobs of foam up and onto the surrounding floor.

Demigod! Omigod! Danny, I'm already coming!Aghhh!"

"You've got a long ways to go, Mom." Danny's voice sounded strained. "My cock's got a fierce load, and you're going to be all over it!"

She groaned, the rigidity of her climax reaction fading, and lay back panting. "Oh, my! Oh, my, Danny! I couldn't help it!"

"It doesn't matter. You can come over and over." He captured her clitoris under his thumb without evacuating either her ass or her pussy.

She shrieked. "NO! lease, Danny! It's too tender right now! Ohhh, please!"

He ignored her pleading and new streaks of intolerable excitement stabbed her. She struggled to stop him, but his legs held hers helplessly apart and she found his elbows had her arms trapped.

"Damn you, Danny! You just don't care if it hurts, do you?"

"Aw, you're just saying that, Mom. It really feels good, only you want to wait in between times."

"No! No, I tell you! It hurts!"

"Pain and excitement are all the same... no, pain and pleasure. One of the guys said he read that in a book."

The cocky little bastard! she thought of Danny. This time he happens to be right. It's really just too much pleasure to take. But that pleasure-pain bit could get to be dangerous! She gave up analysis; pleasure had overcome reluctance and she was flailing about on his hands again.

She reached such a high pitch that she only vaguely knew when he pulled out his fingers. She was conscious only of the fact she was terribly full and deliriously happy at one point, then empty and yearning at another. He lifted her and set her on his cock, the head lodged at her asshole, restraining her and letting her own weight force her reluctant sphincter over the great bulb and drive her onto the long shaft. Her ass burned furiously, lacking sufficient lubrication, and she flung herself against her son's unbreakable grip. But the agony dulled and the pleasure mounted until she forgot her anger. He lifted and dropped her repeatedly, and she knew she was sliding the full length of his cock with every stroke. She lost track of time and began to wonder dully whether she was going to come or faint.

But Danny appeared to have further plans for her in his own build-up. He lifted her higher during one of the strokes, and she writhed helplessly while the wide shoulders of his cockhead tugged

against her asshole and her sphincter slowly stretched enough to give up its enormous prisoner. When he lowered her again his cock drove upward into her cunt. There was no change in the motion, except she slid faster each time she was dropped, slamming onto the base of his cock with jarring blows. And the sensations seemed more intensely sexual.

At last – and still without his having reached an orgasm – her son again peeled her off his cock. He thrust her away from him, pressing her back against one side of the tub and kneeling astride her body. “How is it, Mom?” he asked. “Good, huh!”

He grinned proudly and thrust his belly forward, grasping his cock in one hand and rubbing it across her mouth. Even in her dazed condition, her pussy twitched and her mouth watered at the sensation of the velvety cockhead on her lips. She dabbed at the thin coating of his fluid with her tongue.

“I’m something special, huh, Mom? Boy, I know some things to do!” He placed his hands in her armpits and lifted, sliding her more nearly erect. “I’m ready now, Mom. I thought this up by myself!”

He pressed against her, laying his cock in the cleft between her boobs, his thighs shoving up and in against the fullness of her globes. Raising her hands, he placed her palms on the outer slopes of her boobs and pushed until her flesh closed over the base and lower shaft of his cock. His balls rested against her solar plexus, bumping when she inhaled. His cock reared from between her tits with its head touching the point of her chin.

“See, Mom? Room service! Boobs and mouth at the same time! Okay?”

Despite the revulsion she experienced at his egotism, she throbbed from the combined stimulus of the pulsing warmth between her boobs and the heady scent of the bulb at her lower lip. “Okay, Son,” she murmured. A spasm of desire seized her and she grunted. “Yes! Yes, Danny!” She lowered her face, her mouth opening widely to envelop his cockhead.

Her son pumped his hips slowly, his shaft sliding freely between the foamy surfaces of her boobs and his cockhead rubbing a path along the roof of her mouth to the arch of her throat. The tip of her tongue jabbed into his slit, exploring the quivering walls, and she sucked frantically. He pumped faster, a recurrent tremor betraying his growing agitation. Helen kneaded the sides of her tits without being conscious of the act and pushed them to present her nipples to the friction of her son’s belly.

Danny bent his neck abruptly, resting his chin on his chest and gritting his teeth audibly. His cock pulsed and steaming, thick jism welled into the back of Helen’s mouth. She gulped, swallowing his cum as fast as he pumped it, the sweet-sour flavor making the back of her jaw buzz. She had a moment of detached realization that she wasn’t going to come and an immediate surge of satisfaction in the knowledge. Her dazed condition cleared abruptly, leaving her alert and calm.

When Danny’s prick softened, she was content to allow her own passion to cool without resolution. She sucked his cockhead dry and removed her hands from her tits. Danny continued to lean against her for a time, then slid back into the water to rest.

“Whew!” He grinned wearily at his mother. “Whew! Some fuck, Mom!”

She returned his gaze coolly. “Danny, it’s time we started treating that word with proper respect.”

“Huh?” He stared.

“Fuck is a powerful word. It’s short and pungent and earthy. Its sound sort of reaches down into a

person's guts and makes them feel like what it means. It loses all that if it's used at the wrong times or with the wrong meaning. Understand?"

"I guess so." He shook his head slowly.

Helen pressed the drain lever and rose to her feet. She reached across to the towels and handed one to her son, sponging at the water that coursed down her own body.

"Hey!" Danny protested. "You said I could dry you!"

"You can. I'm just getting the worst of it so I won't make a big puddle on the floor."

"Oh." Danny toweled himself rapidly and clambered out of the tub.

Helen accepted her son's help as she stepped out and stood quietly while he fondled her through the towel. His hands aroused her, even through the thick terry-cloth, and she made no effort to resist the impulses that coursed through her. She permitted herself to squirm when she felt like it and to thrust her pussy harder against Danny's hand when he dried it, frankly parting her thighs to heighten her pleasure. But when she was dry and Danny had tossed the towel aside, she vetoed his attempt to resume his feeli

ng-up.

"Huh? But, Mom!" Danny looked deeply puzzled. "What's wrong?"

"You're looking forward to another two hours of sex, I suppose."

"Well... Well, aren't we going to?"

"No."

"Why not? Aw, shit, Mom!"

"Danny!" she drew herself erect. "That'll be all of that kind of language."

"But gee, Mom! What's all the fuss?"

"No fuss. Just time we understood each other. Time to find out where each of us stands."

He attempted to divert her. "Rather lay," he said with a grin.

"Of course!" She smiled. "Look, Danny. You've got to learn a lot yet before you can spend all your time on sex. Maybe by then you'll know better. The point is, this thing of ours got started in a sort of misunderstanding. When you found those doors open and barged in on me, you made some remark about having had the wrong idea about privacy. Well, modesty's another word that has something to do with privacy. Privacy and modesty mean just about the same thing in this house now as they did before that day."

"The same kind of off-limits things, Mom?"

"Yes. You caught me at the very worst spot in a changeover of my ideas and... well, values. I'm not going into that with you, but things were so confused I let you assume things that weren't true. And I let you make plans that aren't going to get carried out."

"Like what plans, Mom?"

She saw an edge of fear in his expression. He knows he's about to lose something he thought he had sewed up, she thought. She felt a pang of sympathy, but her obligation was clear. "Like your idea we were going to play sex games every time the coast was clear... that you had a license to play sex games with me whenever you felt like it. It's not going to work that way. You lucked out about getting a real-life demonstration of what Mr. Duffy was talking about. You even got to try out some pretty wild ideas of your own. But that's as far as it goes. I get my sex from your father, and I like it. When it's time for you to get yours, you're on your own. I'll answer questions. I might even listen to fantasies sometimes and tell you how they affect me - or whether I think they're possible. But I'm not going to be a guinea pig for you."

"You mean, like Smokey?"

She smiled again. "Like Smokey. Incidentally, if you do find a girl who's willing to try that, she might like it better the first time if you can work it so she's on her back. She'll have less psychological blocks to overcome and more erotic contact with the animal."

Her son's eyes widened. She realized he was speculating - that he must suspect she'd continued that line of research without his knowledge. But she wasn't concerned; she expected him to harbor some residue of erotic notions about her from now on.

"The fact is, Danny, I might even let you play with me once in a while. That's not a promise, and you shouldn't count on it, but it isn't impossible that I might feel like it someday. In the meantime, you'd better get a good look at me right now, because I'm through posing for you."

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## **Chapter Ten**

Helen had Art to herself that evening. Danny climaxed a restless afternoon by requesting permission to eat at a pizza place downtown and see one of the new movies, and she was quite willing to agree. Before he left, Danny brought up the subject of the donkey again.

"Don't get mad, Mom, but I was wondering."

"What?"

"Well, most people don't get around donkeys very much. Do you think dogs would be as likely to do that as Smokey was?"

She hesitated. "Probably," she replied at last.

"Mom, was he good?"

She felt a flush rise to her face. "Yes. Very good."

"Hmmm."

He had been gone only a few minutes when Art got home, and Art had seen Danny.

"I saw Dan crossing a vacant lot about six blocks from here. Where's he going?"

She told him.

"Oh." Art's voice sounded lighter. "How come you're all dressed then?"

She sniffed. "Seems to me there was something about people being modest." She grinned at his pained expression. "Look, hon," she said. "I had a chance to take a good look at myself while you were with Van this afternoon. I decided I'd swung like a pendulum. I was a first-class Victorian - a Grandma Farrell - until I realized I was going to lose you that way. So I went to the other extreme - a no-holds-barred nympho. Well, I think I know what I am, now."

"Yeah? Well enough to tell me?"

"I think so. I love sex, honey. I'll do anything or let anything happen to me... at the right time, with the right person and when I'm in the right mood. I'm going to be my own boss about that, and I'm not going to let Grandma Farrell's ghost scare me out of having fun or let every casual stimulus stampede me into tearing my clothes off."

Art was studying her with an expression of obvious respect. She leaned against him and let her love for him show in her smile.

"Of course, darling..." she spoke softly. "The strongest stimulus I know is seeing you want me. And that's never casual."

"If I get a 'let's screw' look in my eye, off come the clothes?" he asked with a grin.

"If that's what you want. Or on they stay, if you want it that way."

He began to look agitated. "What about guys like Barry?"

"I'm not sure. Barry's good with sex. I don't mind having him make love to me. But he's not so important to me that I'd let him if you didn't want me to. And I'm certainly not terribly interested in trying out anyone else, unless you think I ought to." She hesitated, then continued. "If I see a guy who really turns me on, I'll tell you about him and we'll decide if I ought to try him out."

Art whistled. "Goddamn! That doesn't sound like a woman talking! Sounds like the way a man would think!"

"There's been some pressure," she said. "It wasn't the kind of pressure I could have survived with tears or wishful thinking. Maybe it took survival-type logic." She smiled in an effort to appear disarming. "I guess that's what men call 'man-type thinking'."

He growled. "Come on, you sexy broad. Let's eat so we'll have some time for screwing!"

She got supper ready, pausing from time to time to enjoy one of Art's lewd caresses, and they ate quickly. Art helped her with the dishes, and while she was polishing the sink and cabinet, he began to unbutton her dress. She gave herself up to a delicious, all-over tingle and completed her work with a hasty swipe of the cloth. Hanging it over the faucet, she turned to face her husband.

Art pushed her dress off her shoulders and she let it slide to the floor, remembering how her dressing gown had fallen beside the bathtub. She watched Art's jaw twitch as he unfastened her bra and pulled it away from her tits. And she rested the heels of her hands on the cabinet and leaned back, the cold edge pressing the small of her back while Art closed his lips over one puckered nipple. When he straightened, his hands already rolling down the top of her panties, he sighed gustily.



"I'm going to like the new Helen best of all," he said.

"Me, too!" Helen shivered.

The telephone rang at precisely the moment that Helen drew her foot out of her panties. She wrinkled her nose.

Art swore. "Oh, shit! Now what!"

"I'll get it, honey."

"Well... Okay, but I'll go with you."

When she picked up the receiver, he stood behind her. She leaned against him and he cupped his hands over her boobs, kneading gently.

"Hello?"

"Hi. This is Van."

"Oh! Hi, Van."

"Helen, Barry and I were wondering if you and Art would like to come over for some games tonight."

Helen repeated the message to Art. He hesitated.

"I'm not too eager about it right now," he said. "It's up to you, though."

She spoke into the mouthpiece. "Van, would you be awfully upset if we took a raincheck?"

"No, I guess not. Say, did Art tell you what happened this afternoon?"

"No."

"One of the pipes in the upstairs bathroom ruptured. The place was flooded! I had to call a plumber, and there were three of them here all afternoon running copper tubing. Art and I spent five hours trying to save everything that was wet. Tell him, 'Thanks again!'"

"I will."

"Oh, another thing. You might want to keep an eye on Danny, too."

"What?"

Van chuckled. "That kid's got enterprise! He was over here about an hour ago. Talked me into showing him how I trim that special hybrid Winter Wonder in our lath house. I was so surprised when he started to feel me up I didn't stop him. He was damn good at it, and I wanted to see how far he'd go. Well, let me tell you, I'll spin on that cock anytime! Honey, he was magnificent! But is he ever athletic! Had me all over the lath house... in the leaf-mold, on the benches, against the planters... Jesus!"

"Good God!" whispered Helen. "Oh, Van! I'm sorry!"

"Honey, don't apologize! But you'd better tell me if you don't want him making out over here. I like

what he's got, and he can play games with me any day of the week!" Vanessa laughed nervously. "I think he finally hit on the way to break the ice with that snotty sister of mine, too. Don't ask me how, but he must have found out Olga's one human trait is she's an absolute pushover for animals! Show her a stray cat or a bird with a broken wing or a perfectly healthy goat and she adopts the damn thing. So Danny just happened to ask her – just happened to, mind you – if she'd ever spent much time around donkeys. Seems this donkey – Smokey, of course – has had some problem Danny can't figure out how to solve. He didn't seem willing to describe what was wrong, said a person would have to see for himself to appreciate how seriously it distressed the poor creature. And Olga thawed and had Danny out of here so fast it made our heads swim!"

Helen groaned faintly. "Any other sparkling news?" she asked.

"No. I guess that covers it. I'll phone you to see if we can work out a good time for another get-together. Okay?"

"Okay."

When Helen hung up, Art swept her into his arms and carried her to the couch. She was aflame with desire for him as the result of his unceasing attention to her boobs during the long telephone conversation, but he sent her excitement rocketing with the unrestricted handling he gave her now. She was ecstatic over her own response; she soared into three orgasms before he reached his first, and she began to think there was nothing he could do that wouldn't drive her to a climax.

Vanessa called back an hour later. "Helen, I guess Danny scored with Olga, too. He just brought her back, and she's dragging as if she'd treated the Army of the South! I'm afraid they didn't give poor old Smokey much help." She paused. "What's wrong with the old fellow, anyway?"

"I'm like Danny, Van. You've got to see it to understand what a problem it is for him."

"I wish I could help. I'd do just about anything for that sweet old thing."

Helen gasped and grinned with delight. She could think of nothing that would give her more satisfaction than to see Van's full-curved body under Smokey, impaled on that majestic cock of his. And if she worked it right, she could use Danny's movie camera to provide something she and Art could enjoy over and over.

"Van?"

"Huh?"

"You mean that? About helping him, I mean?"

"I certainly do!"

"Maybe if you have time tomorrow morning you could take a look at him."

"Good heavens, yes! I'll be over as soon as Barry and Olga are out of the house."

This time, when Helen turned away from the telephone, she was in an incredulous daze. She could hardly believe it had been so easy. But Art looked concerned.

"What's all this about Smokey?" he asked. "Something wrong with him I didn't know about?"

She stared at her husband for a moment, recalling the way he'd described what would happen if she

gave Smokey a chance to mount her. The fact that he'd been accurate was of no importance; the loving attention to detail, though, suggested he might have the same voyeuristic thing about watching such an act as Danny had shown.

"Well..." She felt confused and a little embarrassed. It would be worth the embarrassment if she could bring him as much pleasure as she thought she could. "Well, he spends about 80 percent of his time shuffling around with a hard-on honey. He's frustrated as hell, and you know how unlikely we are to find anyone who'll let us breed him to their mare. He's just too damn little!"

Art nodded. "You can hardly call that a disease, though. What the hell could anyone do for him?"

She stared into space, pretending to be daydreaming. "I'm not sure. You remember telling me how wrong I was when I said you made love like an animal? You talked about Smokey then."

Art frowned, then looked up sharply. "About how Smokey would put it to a woman?"

"Yes."

"Hell, that was pure fiction. I wanted to shock you."

She smiled shyly. "I know. But I was just wondering. You suppose if he were coaxed right he might...?"

"Helen!" There was a note of wild, incredulous hope in her husband's voice. "Helen! You'd be willing to...? You'd try that?!"

"For you, honey. If you thought you'd find it exciting."

"Jesus Christ! Honey, when?"

"When would you like me to try?"

"Baby... Don't get mad, but how about now?"

She pretended to hesitate. "All right."

"You going to dress?"

"What for? So I can get undressed down there?"

"Oh, shit! Let's go!"

They ran, hand in hand, to the corral. Smokey was restless, and the moonlight shone on his great hard-on. Helen was totally confident the little ass had mounted Olga at least once during the evening. He was becoming accustomed to human mates; he ought to board her for Art without urging. She climbed over the fence, Art close behind.

"The table?" he asked.

"I don't think so." She pretended to be uncertain and doubtful. "Being his first time, shouldn't we make it as natural as possible for him?"

"Well, that would be better, of course."

"Maybe if I get in the right position and back under him he'll get the idea."

"Holy Jesus!" Art breathed hard. "You're right. You've got a hell of a lot more guts than I knew!"

Helen dropped to all fours, walking awkwardly on hands and feet, her legs widely spread. She sidled over the donkey, bending her knees just enough to maneuver her pussy against the point of Smokey's cock. The hard head danced over her pussy-lips and settled at the rim of her cunt, and she pushed back upon it. She saw Smokey heave his forefeet into the air and waited breathlessly until the ass planted them on her back. To her relief, he was perfectly gentle, the touch of his hooves incredibly light. But his hindquarters made up for that restraint. He hammered his huge cock home in her cunt with brutal blows, and she sagged with sick desire for his jism.

"Honey? Art!"

"What?"

"Reach under me, honey. Get hold of my breasts. Do you know how to milk?"

"Hell, yes! But..."

"Just get right in front of me. On your knees. Milk me, baby. Please! Milk my tits while Smokey fucks me."

"Oh, shit! What a fantastic broad! Okay!"

Art knelt before her. She gulped his cockhead into her mouth and sucked desperately while he milked her throbbing nipples and Smokey pumped his donkey-cock in her cunt. A wave of sheer bliss welled in her. There s times, she thought. There's times when everything's in the right place!