

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Randy Howard

CHAPTER ONE

“Shiyit, Jasper. Your ol’ cock gets any harder, gonna bust right outa your jeans!”

“It doesn’t have to bust outa nothin’!” The boy grinned, rubbing his massive erection through the fabric of his bib overalls. “I’m gonna let it out, Maybelle-you want to take a good suck?”

“If you suck my pussy first.”

“Sure. Shuck out of those clothes.”

Donna Dolan heard the two clear voices coming through the hedge that bordered the country lane and stopped, shocked. A pretty girl of 22, her auburn hair cascaded in soft curls over her shoulders, and her generous breasts swelled against the fabric of the light sweater, nipples showing clearly.

“You skin down, too,” said the girl.

“Okay, I’m doin’ it.”

Her fist clutched the small bunch of wildflowers she had gathered until the heads nearly fell off. Donna swallowed against the dry throat as the two people continued to talk. She glanced down the lane. Her car is out of sight, almost a mile away and around a curve. Nor could she see Susan, her 13-year-old sister.

“How ya like ol John Peter?” the boy asked.

Face burning, Donna moved nearer to the hedge and found a place where she could peer through. A small creek paralleled the lane, widening into a swimming hole a hundred yards across. The boy, no more than 17, stood on the bank, his overalls about his ankles. He wore nothing else, his fingers cupping his balls while his eight-inch cock pointed straight up at a 45-degree angle.

Donna swallowed again at the sight of the male sex organ as the boy released his testicles, letting them drop in the loose sac. He is almost six feet tall, and his balls hung a third of the way to his knees.

“Purty, ain’t it?” asked Jasper.

“For a boy,” said Maybelle, shrugging, as she stripped out of her blouse and kicked off her shoes.

She shoved her jeans down her hips, revealing a worn pair of blue panties, which did nothing to hide her generous black bush. Her bra came off. Next, her heavy breasts falling, her huge nipples rouged red amid her mahogany brown areola.

“You like my titties?” she asked, lifting them.

“I sure do!” said Jasper, stepping out of his overalls, which he abandoned as he moved to take Maybelle’s breasts in his long, bony fingers. The boy’s tanned deeply on arms and back, but he is white where the bib of the overalls cut off the sun’s ray. He bent to suck in one of her massive teenage breasts.

“Oh, shit. Don’t bite, you bastard!”

"Yummy!" Jasper slobbered, moving his tongue across to the other mound as Maybelle's fingers touched his arms. "Good breasts. I love to suck breast!"

"Ohhhhhh, yeah. Bite 'em, Jasper!"

Maybelle sighed as he nibbled at the swollen erection of her nipple, which is almost as large as her thumb. Her eyes closed as she countermanded her original order to the boy, the two youths standing oblivious to the world around them, unaware of the woman less than fifty feet away. Jasper turned sideways, his head working at the breast, his cock banging against Maybelle's thigh.

"Ohhhhhhh, shit. Shit. Suck!"

For a moment, Donna's eyes closed as well, her head falling back in just the same way, the flowers dropping from her fingers as he touched the shoulders of an imagined male ... a male who would service her as Jasper is servicing Maybelle. She could feel the itch starting in her pussy again, the one that

She could be satisfied only with the biggest vibrator in her collection. No, even that wouldn't be enough. She needed a cock. A big cock, like Jasper's!

Donna's fingers were working the fabric of her skirt up her thigh until she could feel her own naked flesh. Eyes still closed, she slid her fingers across her thighs, almost to the fabric of her own panties. They were much nicer panties than the cheap dime store things Maybelle had discarded. Donna's asshole clenched tight, released again, working in fucking rhythm against a big, beautiful, wonderful, throbbing cock . . .

"Oh. Shit. Goddamn it, Jasper, get that no good hound the fuck outa here!" Maybelle implored. Donna's eyes flew open again, and she peered through the hedge to see a mournful hound nosing at

Maybelle's crotch. A long, limber tongue darted out across the oozing bush, and Maybelle gasped again, moving back. "Bastard!"

Jasper laughed. "Shit, Maybelle. Ol' Fuckhead just wants to taste your pussy." "Well, I don't want him to do it. Jasper. Get him away from me!" she replied.

The dog followed her in the retreat, and the boy nearly doubled over in laughter until his cock slammed against his chest as Fuckhead tried to mount Maybelle's leg.

"He just wants to fuck you!"

Maybelle kicked out, her bare toe catching the hound in the side. Fuckhead turned away with a mournful howl of protest, and Jasper's laughter turned into clouds of rage. He moved closer to the girl.

"Goddamn, Maybelle. You had no call to kick him!"

"I'll fuckin' kill him!"

"Yeah? We'll fuckin' see about that!"

Suddenly he grabbed the girl, his hands twisting her around until Maybelle's back is against his belly. Jasper's cock banged up against her ass is flattened between them. The girl tried to twist free.

"Damn you. Bastard!"

“Shut up, bitch. C’mere, Fuckhead. Do you want some of this pussy? C’mere an’ get it!”

The hound hung back, distrustfully as Maybelle tried to kick back at Jasper, slam her elbows into him. He released one arm long enough to slide his hand around her front, grabbing and twisting the nipple of her left breast as hard as he can.

“O ww www!”

“Hold still, bitch. Goddamn it, my dog wants to fuck you. C’mere, Fuckhead!”

He twisted her back along the grassy bank, lifting her from her feet and bending backward. Before Maybelle realized what Jasper had planned, the boy slammed her down again, off-balance. She fell to her knees, his cock pushing at her ass hole as he captured her wrist and twisted that up between her shoulder blades.

“Owwwwwww. Please, Jasper. You’re hurtin’ me!”

“I’ll more’n fuckin’ hurt you, bitch. Shut up an’ hold still. C’mere, Fuckhead. You dumbass dog!”

Jasper moved around to Maybelle’s side, bringing up one knee and bending the girl across it as the dog came closer, still wary. Maybelle’s pigtails of dirty blonde hair fell beside her face, which is contorted with pain.

“Take a good taste, Fuckhead!”

The teenager’s asshole is completely exposed, her dark pubic bush barely concealing the raw gash of her cunt. Donna noted with a corner of her mind the disparity between head and pussy, her own fingers busy working across the swollen mound of her cunt. Hairless, it felt smooth beneath the nylon fabric of the panties and is burning hot. She swallowed again and again. She worked a finger under the elastic band and stroked across her sweating pubic flesh.

Just as Donna’s finger slid across her own slit, the dog’s tongue darted out again, touching the mound of the helpless girl on the other side of the hedge. Maybelle gasped again, outraged.

“Jasper. Please, don’t let him do that!”

The boy gasped against her struggles and managed a chuckle, his cockhead pushing against the dangling mound of the girl’s breast.

“He’s just suckin’ your pussy. You said that’s what you wanted.”

“I want you to suck it. Not a dog!”

“Fuckhead’s good at pussy suckin’. An’ fuckin’ Ask Maw!”

He laughed again and reached beneath her to grab the breast, kneading it until Maybelle gasped again, this time from the sensation. The boy released the mammary, held her against his leg with one arm across her back, reached with the other to stab his finger down her slit.

“Come on, Fuckhead. Good pussy!”

The hound seemed to agree; it licked at Maybelle again, its long ears dragging against the swollen asscheeks. Then the animal rose, its front paws sliding over her buttocks to her hips, Fuckhead’s back arched to bring his cock into position to enter her cunt.

Donna swallowed, unable to believe her eyes. The dog's cock, dripping wet, is already three inches out of the protective sheath. It is a bright inflamed pink, coming to an absolute point, a point that stabbed into the girl with the thrust when he moved against her.

"Jesus. JESUS. Damn you, Jasper Jorgenson. Damn your worthless scrawny asshole. DAMN you!"

Jasper laughed again. "Cuss some more, Maybelle. In just a minute, you're gonna be beggin' for more. C'mon, Fuckhead, ride her. Ride her!"

The dog's cock slipped out of the girl's soaking entrance again, and the animal maneuvered around to a better position for his attack. Then he stabbed, and a long howl burst from Maybelle as he began to pump against her.

"Owwwwwwwwww. Ohhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Good, ain't it?" demanded an excited Jasper, the boy switching hands that held her prisoner to rub at his cock. "Sweet pecker!"

"Bastard. BASTARD. I'll KILL you!"

"Shit. You'll suck my pecker!"

"No. No, I won't!"

"You'll do anything I goddamn tell ya to do just to get some more of Fuckhead. Yeah-Fuckhead's fuckin'. Take her, boy. Take her!"

The animal ignored the words coming from the two youngsters, concentrating on keeping his cock sliding in and out of the hot young female organ. Maybelle gasped against him and suddenly tightened down on the slippery shaft after it feels free and banged her thigh before he got it back again. The girl arched her back across Jasper's knees, her knuckles doubling against the ground. She bit her lip; stabbed her ass back.

"Ohhhhhh. Oh!"

"You love it!" yelled a delighted Jasper. "Goddamn, I knew you wanted it!"

"Bastard!" she moaned softly. "Oh, Christ. Ohhhhh!"

"Harder, Fuckhead. Pump her harder, boy!"

On the other side of the hedge. Donna is hunched over, her fingers stabbing beneath her panties to dig, claw, at the sopping walls of her cunt. God. She had to get inside, fight that terrible itching, that terrible burning. She had to have something in her cunt, even if it is only her own fingers. Oh, God. Why can't I have a cock. What did I do to You that made You refuse me that simple pleasure? Everybody fucks. Why can't I?

God didn't answer, but suddenly Donna ripped her panties down from her hips, kicking them off. They sailed a dozen feet away, caught in the top of the hedge, the crotch soaked from her spendings. Now she pulled her skirt up over her hips, trapped it there by pressing her elbow against her side while her other hand dug into the moist passage of her cunt!

"Ohhhhhhhhh!"

She gasped aloud, but on the other side of the hedge, Jasper, and Maybelle didn't hear, too intent on their own pleasures. Maybelle pushed back against the hound again, trying to impale herself on his slippery, skinny shaft. Her eyes were tight as she concentrated on squeezing the animal's prick within her cuntal walls. She gasped, felt the burning pressure of Jasper's cock against her flesh. Suddenly she reached down and grabbed it.

"Shiyit. Watch out, you dumb bitch!"

Jasper nearly dumped the girl to the ground, trying to protect his cock from her raking nails. But Maybelle had him prisoner now, her other hand flat on the grass, gasping as she worked against him.

"Shit. Shit. Let me suck you!"

At her begging, the boy laughed again and then maneuvered himself around until he was kneeling before her. Maybelle supported herself on both hands now, her breasts hanging against the grass as she tried to force her ass back around the fast-pumping dog cock in her pussy. Fuckhead is penetrating, but not deep enough; she wanted more. She wanted Jasper!

"Ah, ah, ah. HAH. Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Gasping for breath, the girl raised her face and saw the swollen shape of a young male cock above her vision level. Jasper's balls were drawing up tight in their sac now as he became more excited. A clear drop of liquid gold welled from the opening in the head of his cock, and he rubbed his thumb through it and along the shaft.

"You want to suck it? Here it is!"

"Bastard!"

"I ain't a cocksucker, at least!"

"You suck pussy. You fuck your Mother!"

"Sure, I do. And you fuck Pa. Now you're gonna suck your big brother's nice big juicy cock. C'mon, Maybelle-get them sweet lips up here!"

"Oh, shit. Give it to me!"

Maybelle reached up to grab her brother's cock shaft, Jasper sinking back onto his heels. Now he worked closer to her, worked his knees beneath her until they shoved at the top of her breasts. She could reach him now. She took his cockhead between her lips, sucking greedily. All the while, the dog kept fucking at her.

"Gahhhhhhhhh!"

Maybelle twisted suddenly from her brother's cock as Fuckhead gave one final shove, held himself tight against her ass for a minute, pumping out his seed. Then the dog fell away, moved several feet away to turn around twice and flop down, his head on his paws.

"No good fuckin' bastard!"

"Now, what's the matter with ya?"

"Fuckin' animal come in me. I don't want no goddam litter of puppies!"

Jasper started laughing harder, his hands flat against the slope of his thighs, his bobbing cock wet around the head as he threw his head back. He shook with mirth as the outraged Maybelle stared up at him, still on all fours.

"What's so goddamn funny?"

"Dizzy cunt. You can't have no goddamn puppies!"

"Yeah? What makes you so fuckin' sure, know-it-all? Clarence Koster said in school last month he knows a woman over to Porterville had a goddam litter of Great Danes!"

"Garence Koster doesn't know shit when it falls outa his own asshole. Shit, if people could give animals babies, an' animals people, ol' Clarabelle'd have one heap of funny kids by now. I have been fuckin' that ewe since I was twelve years old!"

"Asshole!"

"Cunt. C'mon, Maybelle, stop shittin' around an' suck my cock!"

Maybelle reached beneath her belly to rub her hand across her pussy, which is spilling juice. Now, Jasper moved closer to her again, holding his cock down and sliding the wet ahead across her face. She started to turn away, but he caught the back of her head, rubbed his cock against her lips.

"C'mon, Maybelle!"

"You might say please, you bastard!"

"All right, dammit. Please suck my cock!"

Donna could see the girl hesitate, see Maybelle's asshole flex again. The teenager rubbed her palm across her burning nipple-bent to suck her brother's cockhead into her mouth again. Jasper gasped in pleasure.

"Oh, yeah. Yeahhhhhhhh. You suck good!"

Maybelle mumbled something and moved down farther, letting it slide into her throat. God. Donna's eyes widened in astonishment. The eight inches were slowly disappearing. Now there are only two inches of the flaming red shaft . . . now only one . . . the pouting lips moved into the bush and pressed tight against the boy's groin!"

"Ahhhhhhh. Good!" moaned Jasper. "Good!"

Donna is breathing harder, her fingers stabbing as deep as she could reach. But it wasn't deep enough to ease the aching void . . . God. She wanted that cock. It is just such a cock she saw in her dreams almost every night. . . Randy Palmer's cock, when the high school football hero caught the frightened twelve-year-old Donna out behind the school playground late that September evening.

"Well, what the fuck you looking at?" Randy said.

Randy is taking a piss, but his cock stood hard when the stream stopped, and he started to work it in his fingers, laughing with the three boys with him. They were all eighteen. Donna tried to slip away in the darkness, but one of them saw her near the school bus, ran to catch her.

"Please ..." the frightened girl said.

"We do as we please!" said Randy. "Let's fuck the nosy little cunt, boys!"

Donna struggled, but two of them held her arms while the other two stripped her naked. Her breasts were the size of teacups, her young pussy already hairy. She gasped as the boys stabbed a finger deep, found no barrier.

"Christ, she ain't even got a cherry!"

"Yes. Yes, I do. I've never done it!" she cried.

"Well, there's always a first time!"

With that, Randy slammed into the frightened young girl, penetrating her completely. The boys gasped in amazement as their cocks, in turn, slid all of the ways into her bottomless cunt. Sobbing, Donna tried to push them away-tried to pull their heavyweight down against her as they fucked into her with all of her strength.

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "Oh, yes. FUCK ME!"

Remembering that night ten years ago, Donna tried to stab her fingers in as deep as Randy's cock had reached. God. She needed cock. Since the night of the rape, she had never dared take another man, rejecting even casual dates, but in her dreams, she relived that wonderful fucking moment!

"OH, GOD. FUCK ME. FUCK. . . ME!"

On the other side of the bush, Jasper heard Donna gasp out the words as she slammed her hand deep into her own cunt. Startled, the boy pushed Maybelle away, leaped to his feet. He moved to the hedge, where the voice was coming from and peered through the small gap.

"Sonofabitch. Maybelle. Look at this cunt!"

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

Jasper's startled exclamation cut through the sexual fog trapping Donna. She gasped at the sound of his voice, and her hand flew away from her cunt, spattering droplets of her fuck juice. She froze in horror as she saw the eyes staring at her through the gap in the hedge.

"Well, what the fuck you lookin' at?"

Jasper's words were exactly those spoken by Randy Palmer on that long-ago night. Donna blanched with fear, her hand slowly falling.

"Oh!" she stammered. "Oh . . . ah . . ."

"Bitch. Get a fuckin' eyeful, didn't ya?"

Her ears, her whole face, is flaming as Donna tried to move back, away from the naked boy on the other side of the hedge. Then she spun, started to run. Oh, God. Her car is so far away. Would she be able to reach it before Jasper found a hold through the hedge?



The boy is chasing her, his still-hard cock flopping up and down between his legs, his bare feet pounding along the grassy ground. Suddenly the hedge broke, a small grove of trees spilling out to the edge of the lane, and he darted through them.

“Hold on, you fuckin’ cunt!”

His arm is out like a traffic cop twenty feet ahead. Donna skidded to a stop, reversed field, panic lending strength to her fleeing feet. Jasper cursed again, started after her, and caught her by the time she reached her original spot. Her discarded panties were a pale blue marker in the high branches of the hedge. He grabbed her wrist, spun her around until she fell to the ground.

“Bitch!” he cried.

Before Donna could draw breath, Jasper yanked her to her feet, twisted her arm behind her back, started marching her to the end of the hedge. She gasped in pain.

“You’re hurting me!”

“I’ll fuckin’ kill ya if you don’t shut up!”

They moved through the trees, toward Maybelle, the young girl waiting with hands on her hips, a glare on her face. She sneered as Jasper threw Donna to the ground at her feet.

“Shit. What we gonna do with her, Jasper?”

He rubbed his mouth and grinned. “Teach her a lesson in manners, Maybelle. Fuckin’ city cunt. Gets her kicks watchin’ us fuck around. We’ll give her a good taste of it. You still want your pussy sucked?”

Maybelle smiled with an evil little expression that made her pretty face ugly. “Sure. And I got some nice dog cum up inside me to be sucked out!”

“Yeah. You heard Maybelle, cunt. Suck her pussy!”

“Oh, no!” Donna shook her head, supporting herself on her hands and staring up at the naked teenagers. “Please, I can’t.”

“You fuckin’ ass better!” he threatened.

Jasper doubled a fist, moved closer. Donna cringed away, and Maybelle’s naked foot shot out, catching her beneath the chin, knocking her flat.

“Ow. Oh, please,” she said.

“We do, please!” said the boy.

“Shit, Jasper,” said his sister. “You gonna let the bitch keep her goddam clothes on? She saw us naked. Why the fuck is she any better’n us?”

He grinned again. “Right on, Maybelle.”

Suddenly he leaned down, caught his rawboned fist in the neck of Donna’s expensive sweater, and ripped with all of his strength. The cashmere resisted, the tight collar sawing at Donna’s neck. But Jasper’s strength is too great; the wool parted, ripped down completely.

"Ohhhhh!" she cried.

Her breasts pushed the ripped sweater aside, flopping generously. They weren't as big as Maybelle's doughy mounds, but they were well-shaped, the nipples almost as large as the other girl's. Donna caught herself, her burning nipples hurting against her palms. "Please!"

"Shut up, cunt!" said Maybelle. "Strip her bare ass, Jasper. Rip up her clothes so's she's got nothin' left to wear."

"Yeah!" Jasper bent down, ripped open the zipper at Donna's skirt's side, and used both hands to continue ripping the fabric. Donna's ears flamed with embarrassment. Why in the name of God had she chosen this day to go naked beneath her skirt and sweater?

"Not bad," said Jasper, staring at her curves. "Shit, she's got it all over you, Maybelle."

"Yeah?" Outraged, the girl swung her legs over Donna's face. "Well, let's see how Miss Bitch likes havin' my pussy juice all over her face!"

She sat down, not attempt to be generous. Her ass slammed Donna's breasts, making the trapped girl grunt in shock as the sopping cunt moved over her face. Maybelle ground her groin against Donna's features, burying her nose, her eyes, her mouth, her juices coating her cheeks and dripping down the side of her chin.

"There, bitch. How ya like pussy?"

Donna couldn't breathe. She tried to batter Maybelle off her face, but the girl is too heavy for her. Maybelle twisted her ass, grinding her pussy over Donna's features, the helpless girl's nose sliding up the bottom of her cunt passage.

"Suck me, bitch. Suck my pussy!"

Jasper laughed, doubling over again. Choking, he wiped his eyes.

"Jesus, Maybelle. You're gonna fuckin' kill her. Give her a chance to breathe."

"Why the fuck should I?"

"Cause I don't intend to go to jail on no goddamn murder rap. How the fuck we know she ain't got someone else with her?"

Maybelle wrinkled her nose in thought and lifted her ass from Donna, peering down at her between her soaked thighs.

"How 'bout that, bitch? You alone?" she asked.

Donna thought frantically. Where is Susan? She had to keep her out of the hands of these two maniacs and agree to anything they wanted. Let the boy fuck her-suck the girl's cunt. Do what they wanted, and they'd let her go!

"No!" she gasped. "I mean, yes-Pm alone. Please, let me go!"

"When we're good an' fuckin' ready," said Jasper. "You gonna suck Maybelle's cunt right, or do you wanta choke to death inside her pussy?"

"I.. I'll do it."

"She ain't all the way naked yet, Jasper."

"Shit, she's only got her goddamn shoes on, Maybelle."

"Yeah, but that's more'n we got."

Disgusted, Jasper bent to tug the offending footgear from Donna while Maybelle lowered herself over the girl's face again. She came down more gently this time, and Donna looked straight up into the gaping maw of her cunt, a heavily fringed black bush. She saw raw, little currents of juice running along the soft walls. God, it looked like the cunt of an experienced woman, but Jasper said Maybelle is his little sister!

"Suck my pussy, bitch. Eat it out!"

There is no time for further thought. Donna's hands went up to cushion Maybelle's fat thighs as the girl lowered herself into position over her face. Maybelle grunted and wiggled her ass against the camp stool of Donna's arms, and her helpless prisoner took a deep breath and stabbed her tongue through the maw of the dripping cunt.

"Deeper, damn you. Make me feel it!"

Revolted, Donna closed her eyes as Maybelle's weight settled a trifle farther. Her nose is outside, but her mouth is pressed against the top of the slit, which spread out against her face. There's a 'pop' as Maybelle's cunt settled against Donna's chin, and the sticky walls were forced open.

"Suck, damn you. Suck!"

The stink of the girl's unwashed cunt is overpowering, but Donna refused to let her stomach revolt. Her tongue moved out again, slid over the erect cocklet of Maybelle's clit, bending it backward. The girl sighed in pleasure at the contact.

"Oh, yeahhhhhh. Suck my clit, cunt. Suck it good!"

Donna concentrated on the little organ, taking it between her lips and then between her teeth, nibbling down to the bottom of the shaft as her tongue rubbed over the nubby end. Maybelle couldn't sit still, her ass wiggling back and forth against Donna's hands as she gasped again and again in pleasure.

"Yeah. Yeah. Oh, shit. Suck me!"

Donna is doing just that, to the very best of her ability. Her tongue moved deeper, Maybelle hollowing her belly and forcing her passage to open wider. The soft walls gave before the darting, stabbing intruder as Donna shaped her tongue into a round rod. The root of her tasting organ ached as she forced it as deep into the teenager's pussy as it would go.

"OHHHHHH, SHIT. GOOD!"

Maybelle's eyes were closed, her head falling back, one pigtail dangling behind, the other just barely in front. Her fingertips were splayed along her thighs as she rubbed her cunt against Donna's sucking face, gasping in breath and gasping out the moans of her pleasure.

"OHHHHH. OH, OH, OH, OHOHOHHHHHHH-HH!"

Jasper watched his sister's pleasure, his fingertips gently holding his own swollen shaft, which is aching with the need to be buried in a cunt. He watched the two girls working, Donna's tongue drawing constant moans from Maybelle, and is jealous of their pleasure. Shit. He brought Maybelle here to get some quiet fucking of his own. Goddamn, he wanted his cock buried in her!

"Maybelle. You no good stupid bitch!"

"What?" Her eyes popped open, glazed. "What the fuck you want, Jasper? Don't bother me!"

"Like fuck I won't. You started to suck my cock. Now get to it!"

He straddled Donna's head, his feet touching the helpless girl's ears, his legs between his sister's knees. He presented his cock to Maybelle, rubbing it constantly as she stared at it.

"Suck it, damn you!"

"Shit. You fuckin' crazy?"

"Suck it, or I'll knock your goddamn teeth down your stupid fuckin' throat. SUCK!"

Maybelle looked up into her brother's eyes, saw he meant everything he said. Frightened for herself now, she ground her cunt down against Donna and leaned forward to grasp Jasper's hips with her hands. His cock is so hard it stood almost straight against his belly.

"Shit, Jasper. I can't suck . . . ohhhhh. Shit. I can't. Not like this!"

The moan of pleasure came as Donna's teeth caught the soft wall of her cunt, bit down around her clit, capturing it completely. Maybelle nearly lost her balance, would have fallen but for her hands on her brother's hips.

"Oh, shit. Shit, Jasper!"

"You gonna suck, Maybelle?"

He doubled a fist in threat, and she bit her lip. "Oh, shit. All right. Bastard!"

"Just shut up and suck my cock!"

The boy leaned forward, pushing his burning erection down against his sister's mouth until Maybelle could suck it in. At first, she took only the head, her tongue laving the burning glans and sliding across the opening, licking away another drop of pre-coital fluid. It is acrid, but she ignored the bitterness as her hands moved around Jasper's ass, and she concentrated on balancing over Donna.

"Yeahhhhhh!" Jasper sighed in pleasure, his back arching away from Maybelle as his groin shoved forward. He watched his cock disappear between her lips, into her hungry mouth, sliding back into her throat. "Oh, yeah!"

Maybelle made a noise as she gobbled down on him, took all he had to throw at her. Her own eyes were closed as she sucked at the burning shaft of her brother's cock, gasping against it when Donna's tongue, aching but looser now, stabbed farther than before into the seeping walls of her pussy.

"Oh, yeah!" said Jasper, pleased when Maybelle impaled herself completely at the moment of gasping. "Oh, yeah, Maybelle. Suck your ol' brother. Shit, you suck better'n Maw!"

Maybelle clutched anxiously at her brother's buttocks, one finger working between the cleft, almost down to his asshole. She sucked against his throbbing erection, holding it all of the ways into her throat, breathing around it and through her nostrils. This is thrilling, a cock in her throat and a tongue in her cunt, but two cocks would be better!

"OHHHHHHH, SHIT. SUCK. SUCK!"

Jasper tried to fuck against Maybelle's face. He thrust deep into her throat, pulled back against her hands. He succeeded in pulling an inch or so of his prick from her lips and stabbed it back in again instantly. His belly jumped as he tried to fuck her, pushing against his sister as hard as he could, thrusting and pulling until Maybelle could no longer control his cock with just her mouth.

"OHHHHHHH, SHIT. FUCK. FUCK SHIT!"

Jasper slammed half of his eight inches into the back of Maybelle's throat-knocking the girl completely off balance. She rode backward. Donna cannot support her, her cunt slipping from Donna's mouth and face as she fell heavily against the older girl's breasts.

"Shit!" cried Jasper as his cock pumped dry against the air. "Goddamn it to fuck!"

"Bastard!" yelled Maybelle, losing her balance completely as she slid down the bottom slope of Donna's breasts, hurting the girl, as she too flopped against Donna's belly. Her cunt spilled juice down Donna's body.

"Ohhhhh!"

Donna gasped for breath as Maybelle fell from her, but now Jasper, furious, is dropping flat over her face, stabbing his cock, wet with Maybelle's saliva, into her mouth. He rode all the way down, slamming past the barrier of dangling uvula and into her throat, cutting off Donna's breath completely.

"Agghghhhhhh. GAGGHHHHHHH!"

Donna tried to fight free as Jasper's balls fell over her nose, squashed on either side of it. The boy's hands pushed Maybelle back-then caught at her hips, holding her in place over Donna's belly. Now Donna knew new pain from her thighs as Maybelle leaned back against them, drawing up her own hips to let Jasper bury his face in her cunt as he fucked into Donna's mouth.

"Oh, shit. Shit, Jasper. SHIT!"

"Yahhhhhhh!" Jasper slurped his tongue through the moist walls, through the puddle of cunt juice forming as Maybelle's body formed itself into a soup bowl. He came away just long enough to gasp again.

"Good. Hot pussy. Good!"

Maybelle's head fell between Donna's legs, her hands clawing at the grass as she pushed herself up against her brother's mouth. Blood rushed to her head, but she could not escape, her ass soaked with Donna's cunt spendings, gasping for breath as she tried to grind her cunt against Jasper.

"Oh, shit. Suck. SUCK!"

On the bottom of the pile, Donna's hands beat at Jasper's hips as the boy continued to thrust deep

into her throat. But he is beyond feeling the annoyance, even when she raked at him with her claws. His cock rode all the way out until the cockhead battered against the girl's teeth as he tried to fall in again. She tried to twist free, but there is no escaping the cock, the weight of his body.

"Hold still, you fuckin' bitch!"

Jasper cried the command, coming up from Maybelle's cunt to slam his knees against Donna's head. She saw red from the blow, her ears ringing with the pain, but she is trapped again. There is no escaping his cock; she had to let him slam down into her throat again.

"YEAHHHHHHH!"

Jasper cried out his triumph as he dove back into Maybelle's cunt, his voice cut off as her cunt walls sucked in his lips, hollowed his cheeks. Jasper rode all the way down into Donna's throat again, then came back, the girl's teeth raking his cock flesh until the rim of the glans is captured, held from escaping completely. In that brief instant before he fell again, Donna managed to breathe in oxygen through her nose, and then his pelvis slammed her face, cutting off breath, bruising her until nose and cheekbones were aching from the force of the blow.

"Oh, SHIT!" cried Maybelle. "SUCK ME, JASPER. SUCK MAYBELLE'S PUSSY. SUCK!"

"Cunt!" he cried, coming up for breath. "CUNT!" He dove down again, came back up. "OH, SHIT. HOT CUNT. OHHHHHHH, FUCK. SWEET FUCKIN' SHIT. YEAH- HHHHHH!"

Donna wanted to gasp, too, but there is no chance. She wanted to cry out against this terrible thing they were doing to her, to protest this outrage, to scream at them until they . . . they ... oh, dear God. She wanted this. Cock. Cock in her mouth. She wanted Jasper's cock, no matter what she had to do, to take, to have it!

Maybelle's ass is vibrating up and down as the girl tried to thrust up against her brother, constantly gasping for heated breath. There is an ache in her shoulders, in the back of her head, but she ignored it, punishing Donna without knowing what she is doing, without caring. Her brother's tongue is sliding deep into her cunt, scooping up her constant orgasms to gulp them greedily into his throat until his belly must be filled with her spendings.

"OH, SUCK. SUCK ME. SUCK ME. SUCK MEEEEEE!"

Jasper is beyond answering, his whole body aching with the strain of fucking Donna in the mouth, not in the pussy. He is covered with sweat, scattering droplets of it each time his body slammed against his helpless prisoner's face. The boy pounded into the young woman, sucked with all of his strength against his young sister, trying to drill his cock completely through the back of

Donna's head until he felt the explosion starting, erupting, coursing through his gut. His testicles began to tingle, to ache, to swell as they worked with his prostate to force out his seminal juices.

"Oh, SHIT. SHIT. I'M . . . COMIN'!"

Maybelle heard him scream, wrapped her thighs around her brother's head to hold him a prisoner as he slammed down one final time and blasted his cum deep into Donna's throat. It coursed into her belly as he held his breath, smothering himself against his sister's sweet, burning pussy...

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CHAPTER THREE

The burning cock throbbed in Donna's throat as it spilled the last of Jasper's spendings. Donna groaned beneath his weight, Jasper's hands sliding against her hips and the swell of her ass as the boy rooted his nose through his sister's cunt stink, lapping up as much of Maybelle's spendings as he could reach.

"Ohhhhh, shit!"

Maybelle's belly hollowed against her brother's servicing, but his tongue was slowed now as he died the brief sexual death. He collapsed on Donna, his face between her cunt and his sister's breathing in the two combined essences of womanhood.

"Shit!" He turned his face sideways to breathe. "Oh, Christ! Hot fuckin' shit!" "Ohhhhhh!" Donna moaned against Jasper's throbbing cock shaft, which showed no signs of softening, and pushed up against him. The boy grunted, at last, rolled away to fall on his back. Aware of her own uncomfortable position, Maybelle shifted her ass off Donna's thighs. The two youngsters breathed heavily, staring at the sky, while Donna rubbed her aching pelvis, slid her hand across the mound of her cunt.

"Shit!" Jasper saw the motion of her arm, turned to watch her play with herself. "Dizzy fuckin' bitch, ain't you had enough?"

"Oh, please!"

Caution was cast to the wind. Donna turned her head to see his cock, still hard, her saliva on it drying in the air. She had to have it! "Please ... do it to me!"

"Do what?" he asked, surprised. "Fuck me."

Her voice was small as she said it, but they heard clearly. Maybelle laughed, slapping her thighs, and sat up, her tits bouncing, to wrap her arms around her knees. She was staring straight at Donna's cunt.

"Shit, Jasper! She ain't got no pussy hair!"

"Yeah?" He hadn't noticed the naked appearance of Donna's crotch before. "What the fuck-what'd you do, cunt? Shave it off?"

Donna nodded, too embarrassed to answer. Jasper reached a finger to rub across the swollen mound, his eyes raised in amazement.

"Shit, Maybelle! She feels just like you used to before you grew hair. Nice and soft!"

"Fuckin' crazy, you ask me," said Maybelle. She looked between her legs at her own luxurious patch. "Pussy is supposed to have hair. I got just as much as Maw."

Her eyes fell on her brother's cock.

"Too bad you ain't got as much cock as Pa."

"I got enough," Jasper said sullenly. "I make you scream loud enough when it's in your pussy."

"Let's hear you make her scream," said Maybelle.

Donna blanched, swallowing rapidly. Oh, God . . . God! She wanted it! Oh, yes, please! She wanted every inch of that beautiful hard cock in her cunt! Oh, please, God . . . make him fuck me!"

Aloud, she only gasped, drawing her knees tight together, as though rejecting the idea. Maybelle caught Donna's foot, twisting until pain darted through her ankle, and slammed it flat.

"C'mon, Jasper! Fuck the bitch!"

"I ain't fucked a cunt without hair since you were eleven, Maybelle. It doesn't seem right."

"She ain't no goddamn eleven. She's a woman, full-grown. Shit, I bet she's thirty if she's a day."

Donna's ears burned at that gratuitous insult. "I'm 22!" she protested.

"I don't give a fuck if you're 62!" said Jasper, rolling over on to Donna's body. His chest squashed her tits flat.

"I'm gonna fuck you, cunt! Yeah, I'm gonna fuck your ol' goddamn cunt, cunt!"

His cock was between Donna's thighs, trapped beneath his weight. Now the boy came up against her, cockhead sliding over her sweaty flesh to bang into the fleshy swell of her mound. Donna gasped and bit down on her lip as he raised his ass, reached down to maneuver the cockhead into a proper striking position.

"Yeah! Open it. Jasper's comin' in!"

He stabbed, and Donna gasped again. "Ohhh-Ohh! Oh, Please! Don't!"

"Do, bitch!" He grunted as he made the first thrust, his chin forcing her head back as it dug into the hollow of her throat. "Fuck!"

Donna's knees drew up beside Jasper's thighs as he pushed again, forcing his way into the passage. His hands were trapping her upper arms, but now she managed to get her hands onto his back. Jasper worked his cock again, halfway in now, and Donna drew in a sharp breath, her eyes glazing as the sexual flesh worked through the yielding soft cuntal walls.

"Ohhhhh! Oh! OH!"

This was nothing like taking a vibrator. This was hot, living flesh! The sensation was like those she had dreamed of for ten years as Jasper rotated his ass, drilling his way deeper and deeper into the depths of her body, striking the hot oil of Donna's sexual passion.

"OHHHHH! OH, PLEASE! PLEASE."

"Please ... what? Bitch."

"Please... do it! DO it!"

"Do what, damn your scrawny asshole? Do . . . what?" "Ohhhhh, God! God . . . YES! FUCK . . . ME!"

"Yeahhhhh! She loves it, Maybelle!"

"YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK . . . ME . . . ME. . . ME!"

“Cunt! Cunt-whore! Cunt-bitch! Take ... it! Take Jasper’s. . . cock! Yeahhhhh!”

He cried in triumph as he slammed his prick deep into Donna’s body until his pubic patch scratched against the soft vulval mound. He was in all the way, and there was still room to go! The boy grunted as he wiggled his ass against her.

“Shit, Maybelle! Shit!”

“What’s the matter?”

“Dizzy cunt ain’t got no goddamn bottom to it! Shit, she’s bigger’n Maw.”

“She tight, Jasper?”

Donna tightened down against the boy’s intruding cock as the girl asked the question, wrapping her muscle tissue against it until it was completely enveloped, gloved in soft burning moist cuntal walls. She worked her belly, her cunt, sliding the tissue back against him, trying to suck him in deeper.

“JESUS! SHIT.”

“Ohhhhhhh!”

Donna moaned in pleasure as Jasper’s burst of surprise made him jerk his cock up against the top of her passage. His burning muscle throbbed with the pressure she brought the blood trapped completely as she locked her outer ring about the base, forcing the life fluid into the muscular interstices, into the swelling cockhead.

“OHHHHHHH, SHIT! SHIT! HOT... HOT.”

“Ohhhhhh, do it! DO . . . it! Fuck me.”

“Yeah! Yeahhhhh.”

“OHHHHHHH!”

Jasper thrust again, although he was already buried to the hilt, trying to force his cock up through Donna’s belly, into the cavity of her organs. The girl’s tits would have jumped, but they were squashed flat by the weight of the boy’s chest against her. Donna’s arms moved around Jasper’s back, pushing through his greasy dangling hair and rubbing down, trying to reach his asscheeks as his cock jumped again with her.

“Fuck me!” she cried. “FUCK ME! PLEASE!” “YEAH! Yeahhhhh! Oh, take it, baby! Take it!”

“Oh, God! GOD! HARD! HARD!”

“Hard! Oh, baby! Baby! Oh, Shit!”

“Oh, please! Please!”

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

“Fuck me! Me! Me!”

“Cunt! Hot. . . cunt! Hot. . . Cunt!”

“Cock! Hard cock! Big cock! Hot cock!”

“Oh oh oh oh ohohoh ohhhhhhh!”

“Fuck . . . meeeee!”

“Yeahhhhhhh!”

Jasper still had not tried to draw back, Donna’s claws digging into his shoulder blades, moving down to claw and rake at the swell of his lean ass cheeks. The boy worked his face over the young woman, his lips slobbering as he reached up to capture her lips with his own. His tongue stabbed deep, pushing past the barrier of her teeth, forcing them open, and then past her resisting tongue.

“Suck my tongue, bitch! Suck it!”

Donna heard the command from a distance as the boy’s cock worked sideways, Jasper’s groin sliding from side to side over her entrance. She didn’t want his tongue. She wanted his goddamn cock! She wanted to feel him all the way inside, so far in it would swell and burst open from the pressure of her muscles against the base. That would be heaven! Break it off in me, God, so I can keep it forever!

The tongue stabbed again, demanding, commanding obedience. The cock was still and would do no more until she obeyed his first need. Unwillingly at first, Donna began to suck the boy’s tongue, which slid roughly over her soft palate, punishing her teeth as he shaped it into a rounded, fucking instrument that seemed almost as hard as his cock trapped between her other lips. “Gahhhhhhh!”

Jasper fought for breath, the root of his tongue aching as Donna brought unbearable pressure against him. Her teeth clamped down, and pain stabbed through the boy’s organ, exploding in sparks behind his eyes as he fought to free himself. He swallowed when his tongue came out, his adam’s apple bobbing violently, and raised himself over her on stiff arms.

“You fuckin’ bitch!”

Suddenly his hand slammed across Donna’s face, cracking her cheek so hard she felt pain stab through several teeth. Her jaw ached when the hand dropped again, and she began to cry.

“Oh, God! Please, don’t, please!”

“Why’d you fuckin’ bite?”

“I’m sorry. I couldn’t help it! I couldn’t!”

“Well, bite on this!”

His cock had ridden out until almost half of it was free. Now Jasper slammed back into her again, with all of his strength, until his pelvis slammed against her own saddle. Donna felt the shock of the blow as the boy threw himself down against her, his hands digging cruelly into the flesh of her arms, his forehead banging her nose. It was her turn to see stars.

“Owwwww! Oh, God! Don’t!” she cried. “Bitch!”

“Please . . . please!” she sobbed now, her tears flowing freely. “You hurt me.”

“I’ll fuckin’ kill ya!”

"No . . . no, please! Fuck me . . . yes! Fuck me! You can fuck me all you want!"

"Shit, I'll do anything I fuckin' want!"

He grabbed her tit with both hands, arching his back until he could bring his mouth down to the nipple and ground it between his teeth, working them violently sideways until Donna screamed again.

"OWWWWWWWWW! NO NO NO NO NO NO!"

Her head rolled from side to side as she moaned, her hands flat on the ground. Her nails dug into her palms. A haze of pain was over her eyes now, and through it, she barely felt the boy's cock begin to slide back from her pussy.

"Please!" she moaned. "Please!"

Jasper stared at the rolling teeth marks that cut across Donna's areola, stabbed a fingertip at the bruised nipple. She gasped again at the contact, head still rolling.

"You hurt me!"

"Next time, I'll bite the goddamn thing off!"

"Shit, Jasper!" Maybelle was unable to restrain her laughter, rocking back and forth with her head against her drawn-up knees. "Go ahead, do it. Let's see how big a hole you can make in her tittie when you rip the nipple out by the roots!"

By the look of anger in the boy's eyes, Donna thought he was going to do it. But Jasper subsided, his thumbs digging hard into her armpits until she gasped at the new source of pain. Then his cock began to move within her cunt again, and she sighed with pleasure as the sensation renewed.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" she implored.

"Bitch!" he yelled.

"Oh, yes! Fuck me! Please, fuck me."

"Whore!"

"Yes! Yes, whore! I'm a whore! Please! Fuck me."

"Cunt!"

"Oh, God! Yes! Yesssss! My cunt . . . your cock!"

"Fuckin' cunt-whore bitch."

"Yes! My cunt! Fuck my cunt! Fuck my cunt with your cock! Your cock."

"Fuck! Shit!"

"Fuck! Cock! Cock! Beautiful cock."

"Take it, cunt! Take ... it."

"Yes! Yes! Yesssssss."

"Oh, Christ! Oh, fuckin' christ!" "Do ... it... to ... me! Ohhhhhhhh."

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Fuh. . . uhhhhh . . . uhhhhhk! Fuuhhhhhhhhh-hhk!"

"Yeahhhhhhhhh!"

"Fuhhhhhhhk ... me! Fuck . . . meeeeeee!"

Jasper thrust his cock deep into Donna's burning, begging pussy, throwing himself down until the force of his blow rocked her back, threw her ass across the slippery grass. She raised her legs around her, thrusting her hips against his pounding, falling cock flesh, trying to drag the boy all the way inside.

Hot cock! she thought. Beautiful cock! But it wasn't big enough! It wasn't big enough! "Ohhhhhh, God! God, fuck me! Fuck me!" she implored.

"Fuckin' bitch! Fuckin' cunt! Fuckin' whore."

"Fuck! Fuck . . . fuck . . . fuck."

"Fuckin' you, whore! Fuckin' you."

"Ohhhh, please! Harder! Harder."

"Hard! Hard! Hard!"

Jasper grunted as he slammed against her with all of his force, his hair tumbling wildly over his eyes. Donna raked his back with her hands, felt the pressure of his ribs against her tits. The pain where he had bit her was only a numbing ache now, forgotten in the burning sensations coursing through her insatiable body. His cock was swollen as large as his heated blood could make it. It was scraping painfully through the death-grip of her aching muscles.

"OH! OH! OH! FUCK ... FUCK ... FUCK!" she moaned.

"FUCK!" cried the boy. "FUCKIN'! FUCK-INGGGG!"

Donna was exploded against him, coming again and again in machine gun blasts, her juices beaten to a froth as the boy pushed deep, as deep as he could go. Yet there was still more of an opening that begged, demanded to be filled. She reached down, stretching her arms painfully, until she could dig her claws into his ass cheeks, drawing him deeper, trying to bury his whole goddamn wonderful fucking body inside her cunt!

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck . . . meeeee!"

"Yeah! Yeahhhhh! Shit, Yeahhhhh!"

"Oh, shit! Oh, God! Oh, Please, God!"

"Yeah! Yeah, God! Fuck her, God!"

"Fuck! Fuck . . . meeeee!"

Jasper pounded against her, thrust his cock deep within Donna's body, his balls aching as they slammed between her thighs, against her ass. His first quick spending was done with, spilled into her mouth and her belly. Now his semen fermented there, intoxicating Donna as it worked through the boy's body and into her bloodstream. His boy-essence reached her brain, maddening her with the sexual fever, the need to be fucked.

"Oohhhhhhh, Jesus! Jesus! Jaaaaaas. . . per!" she cried.

"Christ! Jesus Christ! Christly Jesus! Ohhhhh-hh!"

"Jasper! Jasper! Jasper!"

"Yeah! Yeah, I heard you, bitch! I hear you, cunt!"

"Fuck me, Jasper! Fuck . . . me."

"Yeah! Shit, yeah! Take ... it! Take ... my cock!"

"Whore! Dizzy whore! Crazy whore."

"Hot! Hot . . . whore! I need ... it."

"Bitch!"

"Bastard! Fuck me! Fuck . . . me . . . bastard."

"Ohhhhhh, mama! Mama."

" Jaaaaas-Perrrrrrr!"

Donna was beyond seeing, beyond hearing.. . beyond any sensation but that of the wonderful throbbing cock that pounded into her cunt. She milked the shaft of the boy's manhood with all of her strength, trying to draw out his life force, trying to force him into an ejaculation that would madden him as much as she was maddened by her constant eruptions, her boiling spendings. Her juice flowed out as the boy's cock withdrew, to trickle and then poured down her ass, between her buttocks, through the flexing asshole and inside.

"Ohhhh, fuck! Fuck ... me! Fuck . . . me!" she asked.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"

"Give it... to . . .me! Give it... to me!"

"Take it! Take it! Take my cock!"

"Yes! Yessss! Fuck me, Jasper!"

The two young people were oblivious to the world as Jasper continued his wild pounding ride into Donna's yielding, welcoming body. He filled her as completely as he could, his balls aching, boiling, boiling. . . boiling over! His cock was burning, sore, when his load shot up the tube of the cannon, blasted deep into the target of her body, painting the entrance to her womb.

"Oh, shit! Shit! Shit!"

“Oh, God! Don’t. . . don’t stop! Nooooo!”

“Comin’! Comin’! Comin’!”

He emptied his balls, his guts, deep into her body, his thrusting slowing, stopping completely as his throbbing cock continued to spill the last bursts. Jasper’s heart pounded heavily as he fell over her, lay against her, his ears ringing with distant sounds, impossible sounds.

“Donna? Don-naaaaa! Where are you?” cried Susan.

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

“What the fuck?” Jasper said.

Jasper stiffened, thrusting his cock deep into Donna’s cunt again in the movement, staring at the hedge. The call came again, Donna sucking in a breath.

“Donna! Don-naaaaa!”

“Who the fuck is that?” said Maybelle. Jasper stared at the woman beneath him.

“Well, bitch? You better speak fast, or I’ll knock your fuckin’ teeth down your throat!”

“Please!” Donna shook her head. “It’s my sister. Susan is only sixteen! Please, don’t do anything to her! I did what you wanted!”

“You lyin’ bitch! You said you were alone! Maybelle, c’mere, and sit on her fuckin’ face! If she makes one goddamn noise, smother her!”

Jasper spoke quietly as Susan came closer, although she was still well down the lane. Now the boy pulled out of Donna’s cunt, his cock plopping wetly against her leg and leaving a trail of slick as he came to his feet. He stood over the woman a moment longer while his sister came, sat down on

Donna’s face, almost in the same position as when the prisoner was forced to suck her pussy. This time, however, the weight of her ass was higher, over her eyes-but ready to slip down over her nose and mouth at an instant’s warning.

“Donna! Darn you,” Susan said.

Susan was close enough to see the panties caught high in the hedge. The three on the other side of the natural wall heard her gasp in-breath, recognizing the fabric as her sister’s property. Jasper and Maybelle saw a flash of green as the youngster ran past the place where Donna had spied to grab the panties from the thorn holding them.

“Donna!”

Finger to his lip, Jasper moved down the row of the hedge and slipped through the trees. He moved back when Susan turned his way, the girl failing to notice his hard cock sticking out of the brush. Nearly frantic, Susan moved on down the road. Jasper came out behind her, running silently on his bare feet.

“Donna! Where-oh!” cried Susan.

Susan gasped, as Jasper's hand caught her shoulder, spinning her around. The child fell back for a moment of confusion and then realized Jasper was naked, his cock standing hard. She gasped in horror.

"No! Get away, get away from me! Help! Somebody help me!" she cried. Jasper laughed meanly.

"Nobody's gonna help you, you little bitch, least of all your goddamn cunt of a sister! Now shut up that yawlin'!"

"No! No, I won't! Help! HELP!"

Susan battered at him. She was a pretty young girl, her breasts just barely swelling her blouse, her hips almost as slender as a boy's in her jeans. She kicked out against Jasper, caught his shin. He yelped, bending to grab his wounded leg, and the girl turned and ran.

Jasper caught her before she had gone a dozen paces, wrapping his arms around her and picking her up into the air. Susan felt his hard cock sliding over her ass to poke between her legs. He locked his wrists against her belly, cutting in sharply when her arms continued to flail against him.

"Stop it! You little cunt!" he demanded.

"Put me down! Put me down!" she cried.

"I'll put you in the fuckin' ground, damn your ass! Goddamn, stop it!"

Suddenly he let her drop, Susan, staggering and nearly falling to her knees. He caught her arm, twisting it behind her back. Pain stabbed sharply, and the girl couldn't help crying out.

"Owwwww!"

"Scream, damn you! You'll have plenty to scream about when my cock gets in your asshole."

"No! NO!"

Susan blanched in horror, but Jasper was forcing her to march along the hedge until they reached the end, and then the boy pushed her through the trees and out into the clearing.

She saw Donna trapped beneath a naked girl. Donna was naked herself! "Oh!Ow!" Susan cried. Dear God, what was happening to them? "Stop it, darn you, stop that!" Susan yelled.

She twisted against Jasper, and he tripped her. Before she realized what was happening, the boy tugged her blouse out of her jeans and ripped it up the back. Beneath it, she wore a bra; he pulled it apart and forced it over her shoulders, stripping the blouse down with it as he spun her around.

"Stop! Stop it!"

Maybelle laughed as the young girl tried to protect her exposed breasts.

"Shit, Jasper, what the fuck you botherin' strippin' her for? Her titties ain't big enough to fill a whiskey glass!" Maybelle said.

Maybelle exaggerated; Susan's breasts were small but well-formed and large enough to fit completely into Jasper's hands when he cupped them, pulling the girl against his nakedness. She gasped at the contact, the boy rubbing his palms over her nipples. Susan's ears burned as she

erected to the stimulation. Then Jasper reached down to open her belt and her jeans, forcing them down her legs.

"Donna! Stop him!"

"Oh, Susan!" God, what was she going to do? "Don't. . . don't fight him, Susan! It'll be worse if you do!"

"Gettin' smart, cunt," said Jasper, laughing again as he threw the girl to the ground, then tugged her canvas shoes off her feet. He threw the shoes with all of his strength, both of them landing in the middle of the swimming hole. One floated a moment.

"Donna!" cried Susan. "Don't let him do this!"

"She can't stop me, little cunt," said Jasper. To prove his words, he stabbed his finger into Susan's cunt and met the barrier of her maidenhead.

"Shit! She's cherry!"

"So what?" said Maybelle.

"She won't be in just about one minute."

"I hate takin' cherries. It hurts my cock. Goddamn!"

Disgusted, Jasper finished stripping the young girl, exposing the soft brown curls that only lightly covered her mound. Susan wrapped her legs together in hopes of covering her nakedness, but the boy's foot slammed against her tits, knocking the breath from her lungs. She fell back, exposed completely, and he brought his foot between her legs, pushing his big toe into her opening.

"Shit, she's ready for it," he said. "She's juicin'."

"No!" cried the girl. "No! Donna!"

"Please!" begged Donna. "Leave her alone! I'll... I'll do anything you say!"

"You'll do what you're fuckin' told to do whether I fuck your cunt sister or not," said Jasper, sourly. "Shit! A fuckin' cherry!"

"Let Fuckhead take her first," said Maybelle, evilly. "Let him pop her."

"Yeah." Jasper grinned. "Now why didn't I think of that? Fuckhead! C'mere, boy!"

Susan and Donna both stared in horror as the hound got to his feet. Fuckhead had been a silent observer of the battles Jasper had waged against the two women, but now Donna clearly saw his cock protruding from the sheath, ready again for action.

"Hot pussy, boy!" said Jasper. "Come get it!"

His foot stayed in Susan's tits, pinning the girl to the ground as the dog came over, nosed around her. Susan yelped when the animal tongue slurped wetly against her mound.

"Oh, God! No!"



"Shit," said Jasper crossly. "Shut your belly, achin' brat! Fuckhead fucks good, ask Maybelle."

"He sure does," said the blowsy teenager, rubbing her cunt suggestively. She grinned, exposing yellowed teeth as Susan shook her head. "He ain't got the biggest pecker in the world, but he knows how to use what he does have, honey. You'll love it!"

"Oh, please . . . please!" begged the child. "I'll do anything-anything, you say! Please, don't do this!"

"Anything I say?" said Jasper slyly.

"Yes! Anything!"

"Okay. I want you to let my dog fuck you! Now that's what I say, an' that's what you're gonna do!"

He twisted his foot, grinding it into her chest, and Susan cried out at the renewed pain. Then Jasper reached down to grab her feet, pulling her legs straight into the air. Fuckhead moved around until his tongue slurped down the youngster's slender asscheeks, pushed across her pouting cunt. He tried to mount her, but his paws slipped down from the vertical legs.

"Shit," said Maybelle. "Open her up, Jasper."

"Yeah. C'mon, Fuckhead. I'll help you."

Now he pushed down until Susan's legs bent, doubled back until her knees hit her tits and her ass rose off the ground. Jasper used her feet as levers to open her legs, exposing her completely.

"C'mon, Fuckhead! Mount her, boy!"

The hound rose against Susan again, his paws sliding over the backs of her thighs as he arched his back, bringing his prick against her opening. At first stab, the dog cock slid right across the cunt slit, slick with its pre-lubrication, against her belly.

"Ohhhhhh!" Susan gasped at the slimy contact and tried to withdraw. But she couldn't escape Jasper's hands. She looked straight up as the boy moved around her, his feet on either side of the child's head, his cock bobbing out over her tits.

"C'mon, Fuckhead! You can do it!"

Encouraged by his master's voice, the dog tried again, wiggling his ass around and working against the girl-child. His hairy skin was loose and hot against Susan as he stabbed once more, and this time he entered her.

"OWWWWWW! NO, NO, NO! NOOOOO!"

"Yeahhhhh! Yeah yeah yeah! Do it, Fuckhead!"

Once more, the dog thrust, his cock sliding only far enough to meet the barrier. Susan was crying freely as Jasper leaned his weight against her, pushing down and spreading her as far open as he could. The pain in her joints hurt terribly, but the worst hurt was in the humiliation of being opened to the dog.

"C'mon, Fuckhead! Goddamn it, dog! Fuck the cunt!"

Fuckhead was trying, manfully-or dog fully-in this particular instance. He thrust again, his hairy

belly sliding between Susan's thighs and rubbing raw against her own exposed groin area. Again, stabbing, his tail bobbing as he tried to work past her barrier. The dog's tongue lolled, wet against the skin as he tried once more.

Finally, he broke through. "YAHHHHHHH! DONNA! DONNA!"

Susan screamed at the sudden stab of pain, Jasper and Maybelle grinning in triumph as Fuckhead bottomed out. The dog settled himself to the position, moving his hind paws just a trifle for better balance. Then he began to pump wildly, throwing himself against the girl.

"Oh, yeah! Do it, Fuckhead!" crowed Jasper. "Fuck the bitch, dog!" cried Maybelle. "Fuck her!"

"Oh, please!" begged Donna. "Please!"

"Ow! Ow, ow, ow, ow, owwww! OW! IT HURTS! IT HURTS!" Susan cried.

"Shit!" said Jasper. "You don't know what hurt is, you stupid little bitch. Wait till I get my big pecker inside you! You'll have somethin' to holler about!"

"Hey, Jasper!" said Maybelle, excited. "Let's take the little cunt home to Pa and let him ram his goddamn shovel handle up inside her. Shit, he'll split her open from twat to tit!"

"Maybe we will," said the boy, grimly. "As soon as I get finished fuckin' her myself. Shit, let Pa smell this young pussy, an' that's the last my pecker'll see of it this week."

"Oh, God!" cried the child. "Oh, oh oh oh, ohhhhhh!"

"Hold on, Susan!" cried Donna. "It'll be over in just a minute!" "Ohhhhhh OH! OH! Ahhhhhh!"

The pain was gone from the sudden sigh, Susan relaxing as Fuckhead worked his prick completely within her cunt. The hurt was still there, but with it was something more, a gentle aching as her body responded to the invader. Now the pain was evaporating. She could hardly recall the first terrible stab as the dog broke through her body's defenses and tore into her inner passage.

"Ahhhhh, ah, ah, AHHHHHH!"

"She likes it!" crowed Jasper. "Goddamn, Maybelle-the little bitch loves it!"

"Sure she does," said Maybelle, moving closer and abandoning Donna to stand beside Susan, seeing the sigh of sexual pleasure transform her features into a relaxed repose. Now the child was trying to push back against the entering dog prick, her asshole opening and closing in reflex as he stabbed into her gut, blowing out hot air each time the animal cock withdrew.

"Ohhhhhh! Donna . . . ohhhh!"

"Oh, baby!" cried Donna, coming to her knees. "Susan . . . it'll be all right, baby!"

"Yessss ... yes! Oh, it's . . . good! Good!"

"Yeah!" cried Jasper. "Fuck her, Fuckhead! Fuck her!"

"Oh, yes!" begged the girl, clawing at the ground and trying to pull herself down closer to the marvelous, throbbing impaling prick. "Oh, yes! Fuck me!"

“Susan!”

The child heard her sister’s cry of horror. Susan rolling her head back and forth. Jasper’s cock was poking down toward her, the boy’s legs spread wide for balance as he pulled her feet apart to make the fucking easier for the hound. Suddenly she reached up, captured his throbbing hot cock in her hand, squeezing with all her strength.

“Jesus!” Jasper nearly released Susan in the stab of sexual pain. “Christ, take it easy! You want it. You’ll get it just as soon as Fuckhead finishes!”

“Ohhhhhh, yes.” Susan sighed again, her head rolling, her eyes closed. She still held the cock, her other hand falling against the dog’s head, stroking

Fuckhead while he continued to drive into her. “Oh, yes! I want it! I want it all!”

Oh, God! Donna sank back in horror, her ass against her heels, watching as her sister awoke to the sexual yearnings of her body. The child was pushing with all of her strength now, ass rising each time Fuckhead thrust in, to fall back again when he withdrew. Several times the dog’s cock fell out of the opening, but he always managed to slam it in again without losing a stroke.

“Oh, GOD! FUCK ... ME!”

Suddenly Fuckhead erupted, spilled his second spending, and dropped away from the girl. Susan’s ass still pushed at the air, outraged at losing the sliding hot animal prick. She gasped in anger.

“DAMN! DAMN YOU! FUCK ME, DAMN YOU!”

Grinning, Jasper moved around the girl, his cock pulling from her tight grasp as he came between her legs, although Susan released him reluctantly. The boy fell to his knees, the girl’s feet against his shoulders, studying the smear of blood against Susan’s ass. There wasn’t much, hardly enough to worry about.

“You want it?” he demanded.

“Yes! YES! PUT IT IN ME!”

“Okay! You got it!”

He pushed the head of his throbbing shaft down and rubbed it through the combination of slick that was half-dog, half-child, coating her cunt. Susan gasped in anticipation, forgetting everything except the sight of that marvelous prick as Jasper’s legs straightened and he rose above her. It wasn’t the first prick she had seen or grabbed, but none of the boys in the neighborhood, or in her seventh-grade class, could begin to match him. Timmy Alford had the biggest, but he only had six inches. And all he wanted was to have girls kiss it for him when it was hard.

This before her, was a cock-a man’s instrument! Susan remembered the lectures in sex education, where they said the average man wasn’t much bigger than Timmy, although probably a good deal thicker. This cock certainly was far better than average!

“Oh, do it!” she begged. “Do it!”

Jasper glanced at Donna. “You like seein’ me fuck your sister, cunt?”

Maybelle laughed at the look of horror on Donna’s face-for. She saw where Donna’s fingers rested.

The middle one was pushing into her own slit, trying to stab deep without attracting attention.

“Shit, she’s jealous, Jasper! She wants it herself!”

“No!” But the truth was yes! Yes, she did want it! The memory of it working in her was too strong to forget, her body still demanding release from this terrible sexual pressure. Yes, she wanted it, and more!

“Please, you’ll hurt her!”

“Does this hurt, cunt?”

Jasper slammed into Susan as he asked the question, his cock finishing the job of tearing the hymen. Susan gasped against the pain, which was gone almost immediately, and then she sighed as he buried six inches in her.

“Oh! No . . . no! It doesn’t hurt!”

“See? She loves it!”

“Fuck her, Jasper!” said Maybelle. “Fuck her good!”

“Yes!” begged Susan. “Yes-fuck me!”

“Comin’ down! Comin . . . down!”

He thrust again, balancing himself on stiffened arms above the girl, his tongue protruding from the corner of his mouth as he pushed his cock completely within her. Susan gasped again at renewed pain as the intruder pushed beyond the place reached by Fuckhead, the walls aching as they were shoved apart. The child’s clit was doubled back out of the way by the slamming cock shaft.

“Ohhhhhh, God! GOD! FUCK ME!” “Tight!” gasped Jasper. “TIGHT! YEAHHH- HHH!”

He thrust once, twice, a dozen strokes-and stiffened, sucking in a breath that he held as his heart stopped. Then he gasped again.

“Shit! SHIT! TOO FAST! TOO FAST!”

“Christ!” said Maybelle. “You comin’ already?” “YEAHHHHHHH! CUM . . . IN!”

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CHAPTER FIVE

Jasper held himself taut within Susan’s working cunt for another moment, the child dragging out the last of his spending, milking his cock with her suction. He gasped, and again, in pain and pleasure as his balls seemed to melt, ran out through the hole at the end of his cock. Even when the throbbing ceased, Susan tried to drag him down farther, trying to pull his marvelous prick deeper into the yawning maw of her cunt.

“Oh, God! Don’t stop! Don’t. . . stop!”

“Shit! Jesus fuckin’ Christ! Dizzy little cunt bitch!”

Jasper felt his elbows weakening. He knew he was about to collapse. The boy eased himself down against Susan, trying to pull back from her cunt. But she was holding him with all her strength, the passage too tight to let him escape without losing his skin.

“Shit! Let go of me!”

“I want it!” moaned the girl, hardly conscious of where she was and what was happening. Susan knew only the aching in her gut, which the thrusting cock had for one brief moment eased. “I want it!”

“Shit! Let go, damn you. I’ll take you to the biggest goddamn cock in the world! My Pa’ll fuck you!”

“Where is he?” demanded the child, rolling her head. “Where? I want him!”

But she relented, let Jasper pull back. The boy fell away from her, onto his back, his fingertips resting lightly against his belly as he sucked in air and his vision cleared from the red haze of the fucking. He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth, tasting sweat, and pushed his hair away from his face.

“Oh!”

Donna gasped as Fuckhead nosed against her ass and put his paws against her back, trying to knock her forward. The hound’s cold nose pushed down her backbone to the slot between her buttocks.

“Oh! Stop that-don’t!”

“Shit!” said Maybelle. “Fuckhead’s good enough for your goddamn brat sister, cunt. He’s sure as shit good enough for you! Jasper, the bitch won’t let Fuckhead fuck her!”

The boy turned his head, saw Donna’s hands dive between her thighs, as though that would give her protection from the animal. Her back arched, bringing her tits into prominence, fear in her eyes. “Please! Stop him!”

“Shit,” said Jasper, looking at Susan. “Tell your stupid sister, it was good.”

But Susan had recovered her senses, realized now where she was and what had been happening. Her face was in flames as she stared at Donna and the dog, her knees drawing up in futile protection.

“Oh, Donna! What are we going to do?”

Suddenly there was a loud barking, Fuckhead falling away from Donna to let out a single mournful howl in reply. A moment later, there was crashing through the woods, and then another animal, a mongrel mixture of a dozen breeds but the size of a Doberman Pinscher, broke through the brush, barking happily.

“Here, Turd!” called Jasper, sitting up on one hip. “C’mere, Turd boy!”

The dog ran over to him, its tongue licking out to taste the sweat on Jasper’s body. Then it swung around, licking out against Maybelle’s pussy. The girl gasped, then laughed as the dog tongue stabbed into her passage, rubbing his ears.

“Good Turd! You want some good pussy?”

She spread her legs, the dog licking up again, and sighed with pleasure. But Jasper was rising to his feet, other ideas in mind. The boy moved over to Donna, caught her hair, twisting it in his fingers until she bent forward, gasping at the new pain.

"C'mere, Turd! C'mere an' fuck this bitch!"

"Yeah!" Maybelle laughed at the joke. "She's a real bitch, Turd! Fuck her good!"

Tongue lolling and stub of a tail wagging frantically, Turd hurried over to obey his master. The dog poked his nose beneath Donna's belly, smelling her sex rut as Jasper reached beneath her to knead on tit.

"Oh! OHHHHH! Please!"

"We sure do please," said Jasper. "All o' us, includin' Turd an' Fuckhead. C'mon, boy! Stab it into her nice juicy cunt!"

Fuckhead had fallen away at the appearance of the other dog, laying down again to rest his head on his paws, watching Turd smell Donna's cunt thoroughly. With Donna on all fours, the dog was taller than she, and when Turd moved around to her ass, his cock slid right over the swelling buttocks. She gasped at the contact, feeling the slick move up against her backbone.

"Oh, GOD! GOD!"

"Naw, Turd ain't God," said Jasper. "But his fuckin' will have you prayin' for more!"

The youngsters laughed at his grisly joke as Turd's tongue moved against Donna's rectum-stabbed against the sphincter. She felt the invasion of her secret place and tensed against the dog.

"Oh, God! No, not there! Not there!"

"Shit!" said Jasper. "Turd wants to get in your asshole. You let him do it! C'mon, boy-take the goddamn bitch!"

He twisted Donna's hair until she yelped at the pain, forcing her face down against the grass. Donna tried to reach back, her hands behind her back, to push the animal away, but her struggles were futile. Jasper had her in his control, using his hands to guide her into obeying the perverted lusts.

"Ass fuck her, Turd! Do it, boy!"

Now Turd rose over Donna, his hairy paws sliding over her hips, his belly going against her back, scratching with its heat. His slobbering cock moved farther out of the sheath, much bigger than the hound's-almost as big as his master's. Certainly, he was as long as Jasper, although scarcely half as thick.

"Ohhhh!"

Donna gasped again as the dog stabbed forward, his cock headbanging halfway between asshole and cunt opening and falling away. The sudden pressure was transmitted along the tough membrane separating the two passages, firing a reaction she felt in her tits.

"No! God, don't let him do that! Not in my ass!"

"Yeah, in your ass! Yeah!"

The girl captured by his hands sobbed, humiliated by the attack of the animal at her back. Turd rose again, thrust forward, his cock bending down sharply as it tried to enter the cunt. The dog yipped at the sudden pain and fell away again.

“Shit!” Jasper looked at Susan. “C’mere, you little bitch! Help him!”

“What?” Susan stared in disbelief.

“Me.”

“Yeah, you! C’mere.”

“No! I won’t!”

“Maybelle, kick her goddamn teeth in!”

Susan saw the older girl respond to her brother’s order, coming at her with her foot raised, a grin of triumph on her face. The child rolled away, came quickly to her knees, and then to her feet.

“All right! I... I’ll do it!”

“You’re damn right. You’ll do it!”

Susan came over to the helpless Donna as Turd rose again over the young woman’s ass. His cock was completely out of the sheath, gravity pulling it too far down to slide into its target. Grimacing against her revulsion, Susan caught the shaft of the animal prick, guided it to the tight brown pucker of Donna’s asshole.

“YAGGGHHHH!”

Turd stabbed once, and his pointed cock broke through the sphincter, stabbing deep into Donna’s guts. It met the mass of her shit, penetrating it as a knife stabbed into soft butter, spreading it aside. The dog’s natural lubrication mixed with the greasy stuff to make a sloppy noise as he pulled out again, his prick visibly coated with the brown stuff.

“Don’t let go of him!” warned Jasper.

Susan’s stomach turned as she looked at the stuff in her hand, the brown smearing across her. But she didn’t dare disobey, reaching back farther to hold Turd’s sheath when the dog fucked into her older sister again. Now she could feel the hard shape of his testicles, throbbing in her grasp as Turd began to pound the spear of his cock into its target.

“Oh, yeah!” cried Jasper. “Yeah, Turd, fuck her!”

“Fuck her!” demanded Maybelle. “Fuck the bitch!”

Fuckhead whimpered as Turd thrust deep into the girl he had planned to fuck. Jasper heard the lament, turned to look at the animal.

“Maybelle, take the little bitch and let her suck Fuckhead’s cock!”

“Huh?” His sister stared blankly. “What you mean, Jasper? How is she gonna do that?”

“How the fuck you suck any cock, you stupid cunt? You take it in your goddamn mouth!”

"Yeah?" Maybelle grinned, the dawn coming. "Shit, yeah. C'mere, you little whore, c'mere!"

The last came as Donna tried to yank away from the dog in her asshole, butting her head against Jasper's groin. Susan took advantage of the sudden move to twist free, coming to her feet to run. But Maybelle was on her before she took three strides, the girl's fat tits flopping heavily. She caught Susan, her hands capturing and cruelly tweaking the child's nipples, then swung her around, burying her face in her own tits.

"How you like them titties, you little bitch? Suck on 'em, damn you!"

Like her brother, she twisted her fingers in Susan's hair, yanking the girl's head back. Susan's mouth fell open in reflex, and Maybelle slammed the child down on her doughy mound against the areola, which was pale brown and as large as silver dollars.

"Suck, cunt! Suck my titties!"

It was better than sucking a dog's cock! Susan obeyed, sucking in the yielding flesh, working it back between her teeth until her mouth was full of the stuff. Her tongue stabbed against the hard cocklet of Maybelle's nipple, rubbing it and banging it from side to side as the girl sighed with pleasure.

"Oh, yeah! Good . . . So good! Suck! Suck!"

Susan's hands came up now, working at the massive tit in her face, kneading it and rolling it back and forth as Maybelle's free hand slid down her back. She stroked the child over and over, Susan moving closer, thrusting her own juicing groin up against the older girl.

"Oh, yeah! Suck!"

Maybelle flexed her legs against the child. Her cunt lips opened, tried to kiss Susan's vulva, trying to suck the little girl's cunt within her own. Jasper stared at his sister in amazement as Maybelle forced the girl down onto her back, Susan gasping for breath as the tit fell away from her mouth and forced her thighs wide. The older girl's cunt pushed at the child, capturing her completely now, Susan's thighs wrapping around Maybelle's hips.

"Oh, yeah! Sweet pussy!" she crooned. "Sweet young pussy! Sweet!"

"Jesus Christ, Maybelle! I told you to make her suck Fuckhead, not to fuck her with your cunt! What kinda shit is that?"

"Shut up, Jasper," she said, trying to ignore the distraction as she worked against the child's body. "Shut your fuckin' mouth!"

"I'll shut you, bitch!"

Jasper released Donna, who fell forward, Turd riding with her. The dog was on his upstroke at the moment of dropping and managed to keep his prick buried within her ass, finding a new balance. Eyes closed, Donna pushed back at him, no longer trying to escape his penetrating prick. It felt much too good to want to escape it!

"Goddamn you, Maybelle!"

Jasper caught his sister's shoulder, throwing her off Susan. The child's groin was soaked with the older girl's spending, Maybelle rubbing both hands against her cunt as she fell to the ground. The

boy kicked the little girl's legs apart, whistling for Fuckhead.

"C'mere, boy! Goddamn it, move when I call you!"

Recognizing its master's tone, Fuckhead lumbered to his feet, moving quickly to the girl. Now Jasper fell to his knees, directing the animal over the child's face. Susan looked up at Fuckhead's belly, saw the point of his prick just protruding from the sheath. It was as wet as ever, ready to drip.

"Suck Fuckhead's cock, cunt!" demanded the boy. "Suck him, or I'll break your fuckin' head!"

Susan was revolted, but there was no escape. Taking a dog cock in the cunt was one thing, but how could she ever accept it into her mouth.

"Do it!" warned Jasper, his cock as hard as ever. "Do it, bitch!"

Nose wrinkling, Susan reached up to capture Fuckhead's ribs. The dog's tail wagged down between her legs, banging her thighs and dragging through the slick of her cunt as he came up a little farther. One foot stepped on one of Susan's tits, the claws raking the soft flesh.

Susan gasped, and then the cock was sliding out of the sheath, pushing against her chin. She smelled the animal's powerful rut as the dog cock rode over her lips, nearly stabbing one nostril. Jasper, bending to watch his dog laughed.

"Shit, not in the nose, Fuckhead! In the goddamn mouth!" The boy moved down to capture one of Susan's tits. "Suck him in, cunt!"

Trying not to throw up, Susan obeyed. The hot slippery shaft penetrated her lips, slid against the roof of her mouth. It was as hard as steel, the-dog fucking into her without success, the angle wrong. Whining, Fuckhead slid out again, tried to turn away.

"What's wrong?" demanded Jasper.

"I can't do it!" said Susan. "It doesn't come right."

"Yeah?" He moved around her, pulled her head up between his legs and against his belly, his cock bent down beneath her. "C'mon, Fuckhead, mount her, boy!"

The angle was still awkward, but the dog would do anything to please his master. Fuckhead moved forward, rising to plant his paws on Jasper's belly, his cock stabbing into Susan's mouth again, this time, sliding back through the barrier of the uvula to stab into her throat. Susan choked tried to twist away, but Jasper was holding her ears now.

"Suck him, damn your cunty asshole!"

There was no escape. Susan was forced to service the animal, Fuckhead sliding against her, his prick sloppy and bitter in her mouth. Her teeth grated against the shaft and bit down, making the dog yelp. But Fuckhead didn't try to pull out. Instead, he began to pump more wildly.

"Yeah!" cried Jasper. "Look at him, Maybelle!"

"Shit!" said his sister. "The little bitch is a natural, Jasper. She just loves that dog cock!"

"She loves all kinds of cock!" said the boy.

"Bet she won't love Pa," Maybelle said.

"You're on. What are we bettin'?" he asked.

"If the little cunt screams when she sees Pa's pecker comin' down onto her pussy, I get to pee in your mouth," she said.

"An' if she begs for it?" He wrinkled his nose. "What do I get?"

"Ain't my pee enough?"

"Bitch! I get to tell you how to take Pa an' George an' me all at once."

Maybelle's face fell. "Shit, Jasper, I can't take no three cocks all at once! What the fuck you think I am, Siamese Twins?" She shook her head. "No, you can pee in my mouth. Pee for pee, that's fair.

"All right. You got a bet."

"Ohhhhhh, God!" moaned Donna.

Donna's sudden gasp of pleasure brought them both looking around, Fuckhead almost falling out of Susan's mouth. But the child caught his sides, forced the dog to stab his cock back into her lips, sucking greedily while Donna rotated her ass against Turd.

"Oh, God, God! Deeper! Deeper!" she cried.

Donna was oblivious to everything except the slender dog cock stabbing into her rectum, sliding all the way up into her passage. The hard rod pressed down against the bottom of her intestinal lining, the sensation transmitted into her cunt walls simultaneously. The latter was writhing, working against a cock, her spendings coming so liberally they literally poured out over her thighs, down the back of her legs, and her knees.

"OhhhhhhHHHHH! FUCK ... ME! FUCK ME!"

"Jesus!" said an amazed Maybelle. "Look at the bitch go! Jesus, Jasper!"

"Yeah," said the boy, laughing. "Shit, I knew the minute I looked at these two, they were cock crazy. Look at this little bitch, Maybelle! She's tryin' to suck Fuckhead's cock right off him!"

Susan wasn't trying to do that, she was trying to take more of the animal into her throat, sucking with all of her strength as the animal rode against her face. He was standing on Susan's thighs now, his nails digging in, but she ignored the pain, ignored even the aching void in her cunt, sucking against the wonderful, throbbing, juicing shaft of dog-meat. The taste was no longer bitter. How could she have ever thought this disgusting? This was wonderful! It was almost as good as a cock filling her cunt. The only thing better would be having cocks in both places at the same time!

"FUCK . . . ME!" screamed Donna, writhing against the impaling dog prick in her ass. "FUCK ME, DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU!"

"Ride her, Turd!" cried Jasper. "Tear her open!"

The dog heard his master, redoubled his efforts as though he understood the meaning of the boy's cry of delight. The long slender cock flashed in and out of Donna's asshole, pounding deep, the brown smear worn off now as she tightened her sphincter down against him. His hot breath blasted

across her back as he pounded, thrust. . . slammed deep and boiled over, spending.

Fuckhead thrust deep into Susan and spilled his load of animal semen into her throat, painting the child and filling her stomach with the wonderful new flavor.

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## CHAPTER SIX

Donna felt Turd's cum splatter into her rectum, the dog falling away almost immediately; some of his spendings ran out and down around her cunt. Damn! That was the trouble with dogs, no goddamn staying power!

"Ohhhhhhh!"

She groaned, picking herself up onto all fours again. Her elbows were caked with dirt and marked with grass stains. Donna looked over at Fuckhead as the hound slid down from Susan's face, the little girl working her jaw and rubbing her lips.

"Oh, Susan! Are you all right?"

"Yeah, Donna." Susan worked the kinks out of her neck, cocking her head sideways. "I'm okay."

"What are we gonna do with them now?" asked Maybelle.

Jasper wrinkled his nose. "Shit, I don't know. Take them home to Maw an' Pa, I guess, 'less you got somethin' better in mind."

"I want to see if the brat can suck pussy as good as her sister," replied Maybelle, advancing on Susan. "C'mere, you bitch!"

Susan stared in horror as Maybelle advanced on her, the overweight girl's tits flopping heavily. She started to roll away but was caught by Jasper. The boy forced her back down to the ground.

"You ain't goin' nowhere, cunt! Just hold it!"

Donna stared at the scene as Maybelle spread her legs, her hands on her hips, ordered the young girl to come up between her legs with her tongue. Susan sobbed, frightened one look at the glower on the boy's face was enough to make her obey.

"Ah, shit! Yeah, suck!"

Maybelle's thighs were liberally coated with her spendings. Most of it dried now. Susan screwed up her face, holding the older girl's leg as she began the appointed task. Her tongue tasted the layer of cunt juice, found it salty where it was mixed with the teenager's sweat.

"In my pussy, bitch! Suck!"

What could she do? Again, Susan came up against the sopping mound on the verge of being sick and pushed her nose through the wiry cunt hair to smell the raunchy freshness of Maybelle's unwashed cunt. Her stink was worse than the dog's and far more powerful as the girl concentrated on opening her cunt.

Susan was able to stare straight into the raw red gash. The cuntal walls writhed, seemed to crawl with a life of their own.

“Suck, damn you! Suck me!”

“Do it!” warned Jasper, his toe sliding beneath Susan’s ass, poking at the entrance to her rectum. “Do it, or you get cock up your shit tube!”

“No, please!” Susan implored. “Shut up and suck my pussy!” “Please!” cried Donna. “Let her go!”

Jasper spun on the woman, advancing threateningly with his fist. Donna shrank back; sure, he was going to swing at her.

“I want noise outa that fuckin’ yap, I’ll tell you! Until then, shut up!”

Donna nodded, biting her lip. Jasper turned back to see Susan’s tongue prod tentatively through Maybelle’s black bush, tracing lightly across the lip of the opening. The touch was barely felt, and suddenly Maybelle grabbed Susan’s head with both hands, smashing the girl’s face up into her cunt.

“Suck, damn you!”

There was no escape from the horrible duty. Sobbing, Susan buried her face in Maybelle’s cunt, her tongue moving deeper now. She caught the acrid taste of the cunt, swallowed convulsively, Maybelle sighing as the motion rippled through her sexy flesh.

“Oh, yeah! Again, fuck me with your tongue!” she demanded.

Susan obeyed, the child’s tasting organ moving up, her face pushing into the yawning maw of the older cunt until her cheeks were plastered wet with Maybelle’s spendings. She found the clit, prodded it with her tongue, Maybelle gasping and then thrusting down against her.

“Oh, shit, suck my clit! Suck it hard!” Maybelle told her.

The little girl worked at the tiny cocklet, swallowing it into her mouth while Maybelle tried to drag Susan’s head completely within her body. The child’s neck was straining again, aching with the unnatural position, her ass flexing open and closed as she tried to breathe but caught only the hot breath from Maybelle’s cunt.

“OHHHHH, SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!”

Jasper rubbed his half-hard cock as he watched avidly the scene played before him. His cock leaked clear gold, rubbed in against his palm, his cock aching enough from its exercise to cause him to wince as he squeezed too hard against the shaft. His cock was swelling again, standing out as straight as before.

“SHIT! SUCK! SUCK . . . MY . . . PUSSY! . . . PUSSY!”

Maybelle breathed heavily, releasing Susan’s head to rub her hands up and down her sides. She caught her tits, squeezing and pinching nipples, then treated them the way her brother was treating the glans of his cock, gasping at the burning sensation.

“Oh, shit! SHIT! Jasper, suck my titties! Suck me!”

The boy looked at Donna, jerked a thumb. “Get up here, bitch. You heard Maybelle! Get up here an’ start suckin’ her nipples!”

Too frightened to even think of disobedience or of running, Donna responded quickly to the

summons, moving against Maybelle's left tit. At the same time, Jasper bent to the other of his sister's mammaries. The two, boy and young woman, sucked in the nipples simultaneously, with all of their strength, Maybelle gasping at the new pleasure. Her knees tightened against Susan's body, and her hands fell again to the child's hair.

"Oh, SUCK! SUCK . . . PUSSY! SUCK . . . TITTY! SUCK!"

The three were doing their best to obey, sucking with all of their strength, Susan Tooting around inside her huge cunt passage. The child had overcome her reluctance, had passed through the initial disgust. Even the stink was no worse than sucking Fuckhead, and the taste of cunt was no worse than drinking dog cum.

"SUCK! SUCK! SUH . . . UHHHH . . . UHHHK . . . MEEEE!"

Maybelle rocked back and forth, carrying Susan with her, trapped between her legs, pushing Jasper and Donna away. Her hands caught their heads, pulling them down against the yielding flesh.

"BITE.. . BITE MY TITTIES! BITE THEM!"

They obeyed, and Maybelle screamed at the burning sensation, throwing her groin forward against Susan. The child would have been knocked off-balance but managed to catch herself at the last instant with her arm stiff behind her. She immediately came back into Maybelle's crotch, before the girl could gasp at the loss of her sucking mouth, attaching herself once more to the wet woman hole.

"OH, SHIT! SUCK . . . BITE . . . SUCK . . . BITE! BITE! BITE 'EM OFF!"

Jasper heard his sister and obeyed, grinding his teeth against the yielding flesh. Donna was afraid to take Maybelle literally; she pressed her teeth lightly against the swollen erection, and Maybelle slammed the heel of her hand against her head.

"BITCH! BITE IT, DAMN YOU! MAKE ME FEEL IT! MAKE ME SCREAM!"

This time Donna obeyed, biting down with all of her strength. Maybelle screamed again, coming lushly into Susan's face, the child's chin and cheeks completely coated with her flood of juices. Some of the stuff dripped down to coat Susan's smaller tits, and she reached one hand to rub it around her nipples, massaging it into the flesh. When a fresh flow coursed down her naked body, Susan ran her hand through the stream, then pushed it down her belly, rubbing her cunt.

Maybelle thrust forward again, Donna and Jasper just sucking at her nipples now-and-again, harder, trying to drive herself farther into Susan's sucking mouth. The child's cheeks were bruised with the force of the pelvis slamming against her, but she didn't try to retreat. Her own cunt was blasting wild, running constantly, the juices pouring down her thighs and across her lower legs. A puddle of the stuff gathered in the grass between her knees.

"OH, SUCK! SUCK . . . SUCK . . . SUHHH-HHK!"

Maybelle's knees were weakening. She could no longer hold her erect. She collapsed slowly against Susan, riding forward on top of the child as Susan fell backward, her legs doubled beneath her ass. Susan yelped at the shocking pain in her muscles, and then Maybelle fell heavily, slamming the girl's head against the ground as Jasper and Donna moved out of the way of the collapse.

"Jesusssss!" moaned Maybelle as Susan fought to free her feet from her ass. "Jesus fucking Christ! Sweet merciful fuckin' Jesus Christ!"

"Please!" Susan tried to push Maybelle's heavyweight from her body. "You're hurting me!"

"Ohhhhh, yeah! Hurt. . . beautiful fuckin' hurt!"

A silly grin was on Maybelle's face as she rolled from Susan, freeing the child. Before Susan could escape, Maybelle caught her again, hugging her tight against her side. Susan stared at the soft mound of her tit, saw the deep red marks made by Donna's teeth.

"Ohhhh, shit!" Maybelle exclaimed. Jasper laughed.

"Satisfied?"

"Oh, yeah! She sucks good!" she replied.

Maybelle stroked the little girl as she complimented Susan, the child's hand across her sopping mound. Susan again tried to free herself, but Maybelle's legs tightened against her.

"Put your hand in my pussy!"

God, wouldn't there be an end to it? Didn't they ever get tired? Sighing, Susan slid her fingers, three of them, into the burning, sopping cunt, and Maybelle caught her wrist, twisting.

"Your goddamn hand, I said!"

Even as she repeated the order, she shoved Susan's fist into her body, and then six inches of her forearm after it. Susan stared, unable to believe her eyes as the cuntal muscles tightened down against her body.

"Yeah, fist fuck me! Damn you, don't open your fingers, keep a fist! Shove it in!"

Susan obeyed, unable to do anything else. Even Jasper was shocked as the child's fist worked deeper into Maybelle's cunt. It was halfway to the elbow before she met a restriction and could go no farther.

"Yeahhhhh! Fuck me! Damn you, move!"

Maybelle's knuckles rapped Susan's head, and the girl again obeyed, pulling her hand down through the writhing, clutching cuntal muscles until her fist was locked within the outer ring. Her arm was soaked with Maybelle's spending, glistening with the juices.

"Put it back! Jesus, do I gotta tell you how to do everything, you stupid little bitch? Put it back!"

The fist worked back, Susan exerting all of her strength to overcome the drag of the reluctant cunt. Maybelle pushed out simultaneously, making the task as difficult as she could until the child gasped with the effort. Her fist was being squeezed from top and bottom as it moved into the hollow of the teenager's lusting body, crushed from both sides by her cuntal walls.

"Oh, God! GOD! JESUSSSSS!"

Jasper shook his head, not believing what he saw. Maybelle's ass twitched against the grass, rising and falling as the child's fist moved in and out of her body. Her eyes were shut tight, as were Susan's. The little girl was unwilling to see what she was doing. Dear God, if one of them got the idea of doing the same to her. She blanched at the thought, but her sexual flush covered the momentary paling. Now Maybelle was rising and falling rapidly, trying to impale herself on the stiff

arm-cock of the little girl. She was beyond seeing.

“SHIT! SHOVE YOUR . . . FINGER... UP MY .. . ASSHOLE! MY ASS . . . HOLE!”

For a minute, Susan didn't realize the order was meant for her; then, Maybelle's knee slammed up against her chin, and the child cried out, seeing stars.

“OWWW!”

“CUNT! DO WHAT I SAY! FINGER MY. .. ASSHOLE!”

Sobbing at the pain in her jaw, Susan worked awkwardly around, holding her arm straight as she fucked it in and out of Maybelle until she could reach beneath the girl's ass. The flexing buttocks caught her fingertip, and then she stabbed at the sphincter, Maybelle pushing down in automatic response.

“... IN! GET IT. . . IN ME!”

Maybelle cried out as the child's fingernail stabbed against the sensitive sphincter; then the finger worked within the ring of rectal muscles and was pulled in by the sheer force of the older girl's sexual desire. Her hand was aching with the strain of forcing so much of her finger into the fat asshole, stabbing her arm at the same time. The ache spread into her shoulders, Susan wincing.

“YEAH! YEAHHHHH! OH, SHIT, JASPER! GIVE ME YOUR COCK, DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU!”

Shaking his head, the boy stepped over the struggling little girl, knelt beside his sister, his thighs spread wide over her chest. He leaned forward, his still hard prick poking at Maybelle's mouth, offering it to be gobbled in greedily, the girl sucking him all the way into her throat, forcing the youth to fall flat as his balls banged painfully against her chin.

“SHIT! YOU STUPID BITCH!”

He twisted free, nursing his bruised testicles, Maybelle gasping as she thrust down against Susan's fucking fist. The girl caught her breath, shaking her head.

“Bastard! Give me your goddamn cock!”

“Fuck you, Maybelle! You're fuckin' crazy!”

“Sonofabitch! I'll fuckin' kill you, Jasper!”

She screamed the last as Jasper retreated, moving toward Donna. The young woman stared with horror at the scene before, watching in disbelief as her little sister fucked her fist deep into Maybelle's body until her arm seemed in danger of being swallowed in it. She pinched herself, sure she was in a dream, and gasped at the pain. Eight inches of the little girl's wrist and forearm were in the older girl now, coated with Maybelle's spendings.

A cold nose butted Donna's arm. Turd was there, his stupid tail stub wagging joyfully, his tongue dragging over his teeth. He rose to put his paws on Donna's shoulders, trying to fuck against her back.

“No!” cried Donna. “Go away!”

Turd fell away, disappointed, and raised his hind leg. A short spurt of his piss splattered over

Donna's back, hot as it trickled down over her hip. Donna gasped in horror, recoiling-and fell against Jasper's legs as the boy came up behind her.

"What's the matter, bitch, ain't my dog's piss good enough for you?"

"Please!" begged Donna. "Please, we've done everything you wanted. Let us go!"

"Shit, too! You ain't goin' nowhere until Pa sees your skinny little cunt." The boy grinned. "He'll laugh his ass off when he sees you ain't got no hair down there bitch! Why'd you shave it?"

"I ... I wanted to pretend I was a little girl again," she said, haltingly. "Yeah? Why?" She shrugged, looking away. "I . . . just did."

"Well, now you can pretend you're with a man's cock!" said the boy proudly, presenting his rampant shaft. "How you want it this time?"

"Oh, no . . . please! Not again!"

"Yeah, again! And again, and again, and again, until we're goddamn good an' ready to stop! Don't figger on goin' no place the rest of this day, cunt! Pa'll make you stay all night, an' maybe all goddamn week, too!"

"No! We can't! People are waiting for us!"

"They're gonna have a long goddamn wait before they see you. Get over on your belly!"

Sobbing, Donna obeyed, afraid to do anything else. What would they be capable of if their wrath was aroused? She didn't dare test the pair.

"On your hands and knees!"

Oh, God, what now? He wasn't going to . . . ass-fuck her! No, God! Please, you can't let him do that! Anything but that! she thought.

But ass fucking was not in Jasper's mind, at least for the moment. Donna came up onto all fours and was caught in his grasp, Jasper reaching beneath her to rub and squeeze her tits, bouncing the bountiful flesh up and down. The boy's chin pressed against her backbone. His cock, stiff against his body, moved across Donna's ass, through the cleft of her buttocks, and she stiffened, sure he was going to do what she had feared.

But he reached down to catch his cock, pushing the glans down until it rubbed between her legs and against her slit. The boy pushed down against her back with his other hand until she understood what he wanted, arching her ass against him, her tits dragging against the grass. The blades were cold against her flesh as Jasper stabbed his cock up into her cunt.

"OHHHHH!" she cried. "YEAH!"

He thrust deeply, his hands working over her sides again. "SHIT! SHIT FUCK! HOW YOU LIKE IT DOG- STYLE, BITCH! YEAHHH!"

Jasper worked around against Donna's ass, finding his knees' best position, his hands continually sliding over her nakedness. He thrust up again, pushing his swollen cockhead deep into her body, Donna gasping at the penetration. His prick seemed bigger than before, pushing straight up into her gut.



“OH, FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!”

“Ohhhhhh!” Donna gasped as the pain turned again to pleasure, the sex-fire lighting anew within her guts.

“OHHHHHH!”

She tightened down against him, milking his cock as Jasper slammed against her, his groin slapping wetly and loudly against her ass. The youth’s cock pounded deep, thrust up, his fingers pinching and clawing at the shape of her tits, his cheek against her back as he fucked into her with all of his considerable young strength.

“Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuhhhhh . . . uhhhhh . . . ucck!”

“Fuck me!” cried Donna. “Fuck meeeee!”

“Oh, shit! Take it, bitch! Take it now!”

Jasper pounded against the young woman, deep into her body, thrusting, fucking erupting again, his seed slamming straight up against the force of gravity.

“SHIT! SHIIIIIIIT! SHIIIIIIIT!”

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CHAPTER SEVEN

The four young people lay exhausted for a moment, limp with their sexual spending. Donna’s ass pushed back against Jasper, the boy heavy against her; then she toppled sideways, his cock riding down and out of her cunt.

“Oh, shit!” A silly grin was on Jasper’s face, his hands out flat as he stared up at the sky. A delicious tingle spread across his balls. “Shit, Maybelle! Pa’s gonna love us for bringin’ these two home!”

“Yeahhhh!” The girl swallowed, licked her lips, and sat up carefully, her cunt aching from the strain of the child’s fist. “Pull out, stupid. Easy! Goddamn it, you tryin’ to rip me apart?”

Susan wanted nothing but to escape from this nightmare situation. She opened her hand within Maybelle’s cunt, drew it out carefully. Her arm was coated with the girl’s spendings, sticky with the stuff.

“Gahhhhhhh!”

Maybelle gasped as Susan withdrew and sighed with relief. Her cunt, her whole lower body, ached with the strain of taking the girl’s fist and arm. She touched herself gingerly, unable to believe she had really done that!

“Shit, Jasper! At last, I found something bigger’n Pa’s cock!”

He laughed. “Yeah. But I bet it wasn’t half as much fun, takin’ it in.”

“You’re right there,” she said, shaking her head.

Jasper got to his feet, nudged Donna’s ribs with his toes. “C’mon, bitch-get up! You’re goin’ home to

meet a real cock!"

Groaning, Donna obeyed, as Maybelle forced Susan to stand. Jasper's sister looked at the youngster's discarded clothing. The jeans and panties were still intact.

"Shit, I thought you were gonna rip their clothes to pieces, Jasper!"

"What the fuck you want, damn it? Them jeans are hard to rip."

"You got a knife in your overalls, ain't you?"

The boy shrugged, moved to pick up his own discarded article. He found the knife in his pocket, flicking open the wicked blade. Donna sucked in a breath, afraid to make a sound, as Jasper picked up Susan's pants and proceeded to slash them to ribbons. That done, he gathered Donna's already damaged things and cut them into squares too small for anything but patchwork for quilt squares.

Donna hugged her tits as the boy worked quickly and efficiently, reducing her clothes to nothing. Susan moved closer to her sister, shivering in fright rather than fear.

"What are they going to do to us now?" she asked, whispering.

Maybelle heard and grinned. "Somethin' you ain't gonna like."

"Please!" Donna had to try again. "Please, we've done everything you demanded! Let us go!"

"Not until Maw an' Pa see you," said the boy, picking up his jeans and throwing them across his arm after he put the knife back into the pocket. "Come on, move!"

Maybelle gathered her own things, although she made no effort to dress. The helpless prisoners followed their captors, moving through the woods for a short distance, away from the road. Then they were crossing an open meadow, moving toward a dilapidated set of farm structures in the distance. They came out on a dirt lane, followed that to the lawn, the dogs darting around their legs and Turd yipping happily as he dashed toward the house and back to the stragglers. Then there was a low howling, and another dog darted out onto the porch and down toward them.

Good, God! Donna glanced at the sight of St. Bernard. It was as big as a pony! Much bigger than Turd! And unmistakably male.

Woofing happily, the dog stood on its hind legs, its paws dropping onto Jasper's shoulders. He knocked it down, affectionately.

"Hold on, Pisser-you'll get your fuckin' as soon as we get these cunts inside."

They were almost to the porch when the door opened again, and a boy came out. He seemed no older than Susan, dressed in bib overalls but nothing else. He wiped his runny nose as Jasper herded the captives up the steps.

"Who the fuck's that, Jasper?"

"A couple of wise cunts," he said. "Maw an' Pa inside, Georgie?"

"Pa's down to the barn. Can I fuck them?"

"Sure, but go get Pa first."

Grinning, the boy jumped off the porch, rubbing his crotch suggestively. His cock was already standing out, tenting the faded fabric. At least he couldn't be huge, thought Donna.

Now they were herded through the rusty screen door and into a cluttered living room, junk piled everywhere. A woman came out of the kitchen, wiping dusty hands on a towel. She was a giant of a woman! She stood six-two, her tits as big as Donna's head!

"Who these, Jasper?"

The boy repeated his earlier statement, jerking his thumb toward Donna. "This'n was spyin' on me 'n Maybelle playin' grabass, Maw."

The woman's hair was streaked with gray, but there were no signs of age in her beautiful face as she tilted her head to study Donna. She wore only a simple housedress, buttoned down the front and straining against her tits and the swell of her hips.

"You fucked her good?" she asked.

"Sure did." He grinned. "So'd Turd an' Fuckhead."

His mother licked her lips. "They any good?"

"Not bad, Maw. You want your pussy sucked?"

"Yeah."

She tossed the towel over her shoulder, her fingers working the buttons of her dress nearly ripped as it popped away from her tits. Despite her age, there was no sag, the nipples jutting straight out, the mounds of her tits gracefully curved. The nipples were gigantic, as big as the first joint of Donna's thumbs.

"Which'n's best, Maybelle?"

Maybelle giggled. "The brat, Maw. She's good!"

The woman was barefoot and now was completely naked. Her pubic patch was dark brown, her mound swelling down in a curve as large as Susan's ass. The hair was thick, curling away from the gaping maw. She reached out for Susan, grabbed her shoulder, twisting her down to her knees, almost effortlessly. Susan gasped in pain, stabbed through her kneecaps when she hit the painted floorboards of the house. "Ohhhh! Please," Susan implored. The great ham of a hand flicked out, casually cracked against the child's jaw. Susan fell over, stunned, tears spilling from her eyes.

"Get up here, you little bitch," said the woman, conversationally. "Suck my pussy."

The order came in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, and Susan scrambled to obey. Her fear was greater than when Jasper first captured her. The woman grabbed her head and shoved her against the throbbing cunt opening. Susan's breath was cut off as Maw sagged against her.

"Suck good, you brat! Suck!" she ordered.

Susan buried her face in the sopping hole and could almost have buried her head inside. The woman rubbed her head with one hand, sighing softly as the other moved over her own tit. She looked at her son, and Jasper hurried to service her without the command being spoken. He sucked down on the great nibble, chewing it lustily, his tongue fucking against his mother's breast.

“Ohhh, yeah! Good boy! Suck Maw, Jasper!”

He gurgled against the shape of his mother’s breast, holding it with both hands as she pushed her groin against Susan’s face. The child worked her tongue as far into the cuntal opening as she could, but Maw seemed even deeper than Maybelle, who was deep enough to take Susan’s arm all the way to the shoulder! Or so Susan thought.

“Yeahhhh! Yeah!”

Maw stroked her son’s nakedness, her hand roving over his hip and reaching around to Jasper’s ass while the other hand rested on Susan’s head. She sighed, her eyes closing as the children serviced her, pleased her. Her knees pressed against Susan’s arms, trapping the child completely between her legs.

“Oh, suck! SUCK! YEAHHHHH!”

Donna edged away from the table, swallowing her fear, and moved nearer to the door. Oh, God! Could she get away and bring help before they did something worse to Susan? Susan would understand. She had to go. There was a joyous deep bark, and the Saint Bernard crashed into the house, paws slamming against the small of Donna’s back and throwing her to the floor. Her knees cracked, and she barely saved her chin from hitting the floorboards, the hot body of the dog moving over her. Pisser’s prick was sliding from the sheath, moving against her shoulders, his tail slapping her ass.

“Pisser! Goddamn, boy, get off that!”

The roar came from a deeper voice, and when the dog moved aside obediently, Donna looked up to see a man who was forced to bend his head as he came through the door. Oh, God! If Maw was a giant, he more than outmatched her! Like his sons, his only clothing was a bib overall, although he also wore manure-caked work shoes. His upper body was perfectly developed, the muscles swelling, and his cock, hanging soft, pushed in a huge lump against his overalls.

“Look at her cunt, Pa!” Jasper came away from his mother’s tit, licking his lips. “She shaved it!”

“Yeah?” His shitty toe moved out, prodded Donna until she turned over on her back. He scowled. “What the fuck did you want to do a thing like that for?”

“She wishes she was a little kid,” said Jasper, repeating her explanation.

He guffawed. “Crazy cunt!”

“Can I fuck her, Pa?” George was back, pushing around the bulk of his father, his head beneath the man’s arm. “Can I, huh?”

“You take the brat, George,” said Pa. “She’s more your size. This’n needs a man-cock. She’ll forget all about bein’ a kid.”

“Pa says I can fuck the brat, Maw!” said George, moving to lay claim to Susan. “He said I could!”

“Shit!” His mother sighed, straightening, and releasing Susan. “Goddamn, but she was doin’ good.”

“Yeah?”

Her husband cocked his head. “How she at suckin’ cock, Jasper?”

"She did okay on Fuckhead, Pa. I ain't had a chance to stick my dick in her mouth yet. The older one's a good cocksucker, though."

"All right, woman. Get over here. Take my shoes off."

The order was addressed to Donna, still flat on the floor. She carefully picked herself up, moved on hands and knees to the man, untied the shoes, and tugged them from his feet when he raised them in turn. He wore old-fashioned work socks. His feet and his ankles were grimy when they came off. Then he worked the straps of his overalls from his shoulders and pushed them down from his hips, and stepped out of the tangle of fabric.

"Oh, my God!" Donna exclaimed.

The involuntary exclamation burst from Donna's lips as she saw Pa's cock for the first time. Completely limp, it hung almost to his knee, the great head shaped like a small pear, swelling out near the glans. He was circumcised, his cock hanging against huge balls, his curling public hair was inches long. The line of hair ran dark up to his belly, but his chest was smooth, his nipples dark brown nubbins the size of a pencil eraser.

"Like it?" Jasper chortled at the look of wonder on Donna's face on Susan's as well. The child shook her head in disbelief.

"Taste it!" said George as Donna's hand rose slowly toward the burning flesh before her face. She could feel the man's sexual heat emanating from his cock even though there was no sign of tumescence. "Eat it up!"

Donna heard the boys jibes, but she ignored them, oblivious to everything except the great cock before her face. She came up onto her knees, her body straight, and touched it for the first time. It swung free, like a curtain pull batted by a playful kitten.

"Oh, God!" she said.

She licked dry lips, worked saliva into her dry throat, her eyes burning, and then she blinked. The great cock seemed to take up the whole universe as Donna moved closer to it and touched it with the tip of her finger. It burned, and electric shock running into her body, the cock jumping as the man worked his belly.

"Suck it!" he commanded. "Suck it!"

Donna shook her head. She could never take that! Not even the head! But even as her head swung from side to side, she was moving closer, smelling his unwashed work smell, his stink coming from his crotch, his ass, and his armpits. It was intoxicating. Her tongue darted across her lips as they pursed, almost touching!

"Yeahhhhh!" he grunted.

He sighed as Donna kissed the surface of his prick and made it jump up before her face. Donna took the great shaft into her fingers now, holding it gently in both hands, as though afraid it would vanish. His cock was heavy across her palms, her throat aching as she opened her mouth to its widest, leaning . . . falling forward against his glans.

"Ohhhhh, yeah! Suck my big cock!"

His taste was in Donna's mouth now, her saliva coating his glans, which throbbed with his pulse. She moved her finger against the great vein along the bottom of the shaft, marveling at the strength of the thing.

"Come on, take it in your mouth! Suck it!"

Impossible! But she closed her eyes, sucking against the smaller swell of the pear-shaped cockhead, pushing against it. Her jaw cracked painfully as her mouth opened to its very widest, the man's fingertips resting lightly against the top of her head. Donna stared at his cock hair, which was out of focus, as she opened her eyes again.

"Suck!" he demanded. "Suck!"

She tried to turn her head against the cock glans, but he caught the back of her head with one hand while the other lifted his cock and shoved. Donna choked, tried to gasp and the cockhead popped through her teeth.

"Gargggg! GLAGGGGG!"

"Yeahhhhh!" he said softly. "Oh, yeahhhhh!"

His ass tightened, worked in reflex as Donna sucked against the shape of the cockhead, still marvelously soft between her teeth. And pliant; she sucked down on it, the shaft moving after the glans until the shape of it filled the back of her mouth.

"Suck!" he begged. "Swallow it. You can take it! You can!"

He was asking the impossible! But Donna thrilled to the great cock in her mouth, her hands sliding along the bottom of the shaft, holding it straight, her thumbs digging into the pliant flesh. She breathed hot air through her nose, rank with his work-stink, and his sweat. She sucked down on him, swallowing again. This was impossible! No one could take a cock like this-not even for a seasoned porn star!

"AHHHHH! TAKE IT! TAKE . . . IT!" he demanded.

He humped his ass against Donna's face, and she swallowed again, her teeth working against the cock flesh. Her throat was dry, was full of some obstruction that made it impossible for her to accept the cock beyond the barrier even if her pipe would stretch wide enough to take the massive amount of flesh. She couldn't do it!

"SUCK! SUCK . . . MY . . . COCK!" he begged.

He was begging now, and the cock was so wonderful, Donna felt she must do what he asked. She tried again, swallowing, swallowing, pushing her head down against his groin, her hands cupped around the shaft, barely stretching together to hold it in. Thank God it wasn't hard!

"OH, GOD! PLEASE, DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!" he implored.

His ass was shivering, quivering as Donna worked against the marvelous cockhead, summoning her last reserve of strength as she tried one final time to take him all of the ways into her body. Jesus! Dear Jesus! Let her take this, and she'd never ask another favor of God. Please, God! Let me take it all!

“GAHHHHH! MY GOD! SHE DID IT!” he exclaimed.

Pa screamed in triumph as Donna thrust down against him one final time and his great cockhead broke through the barrier, four inches of it sliding down her gullet. She held herself there a moment, fighting for breath as the cock throbbed with the beat of his life. Then she began to work against him, sucking more and more of the marvelous huge cock into her mouth and her throat.

“YEAHHHHH! TAKE IT! SUCK IT! YEAH- HHH!”

His cock slid down, steadily, disappearing before the transfixed stares of his wife and his children and before Susan’s unbelieving eyes. Donna sucked against the swelling shaft, but the cock was moving through her throat of its own volition, sliding down until she could feel it in her chest, an impossibly huge lump. Ten inches were in her now-how much more could there be?

“OH OH OH OHOHHHHHHHH! YES! YESSSS!” he yelled.

Donna wanted to cry out with him as her lips moved over the writhing shape of his cock, drawing closer toward the base and the great pubic patch. The longest hairs were in her nostrils now. She gasped as she fought for breath, but there was too much of him still outside. She had to have it all! She had to have every inch of this great, marvelous, throbbing, man-cock!

“OH, CHRIST, OH JESUSSSSS, OH FUCK . . . FUCK. . . FUCK!”

His cock was completely within her now, Donna’s lips pressed tight against his groin, not the tiniest millimeter of burning flesh protruding. She sighed against his shape, his balls drawing up, pushing against the bottom of her chin. She swallowed again, working the cock within her throat, her fingers pressing her tits, sure they could feel the shape of him inside her body.

And now his cock was throbbing, erecting, the blood rushing into the muscular interstices, drawn from the rest of his body by the force of Donna’s sucking. She swallowed, sucked with all her strength as the cock stood out, rose higher, forced to rise with it, coming to her feet and bent sideways as the cock tried to rip up through her. At last, she could hold it no longer, her jaws aching with the strain. She pulled back, rode out until just the throbbing, swollen cockhead was within her teeth, her tongue fucking into the opening and darting half an inch down.

She pulled off, sighing, massaging her throat, and straightened to hold his cock in both hands, pressing it up until the head slid against her tits as she looked up at him, begging.

“Fuck me! Please!” she asked.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Susan stared at the sight of Pa’s huge cock disappearing into Donna’s mouth. She could see the shape of the cockhead working down through her sister’s throat and beyond, her own stomach hollowed at the thought of taking the man-meat inside. Jesus!

“C’mon, cunt! C’mere!” he said.

George caught her arm, dragging her impatiently away. Susan tried to resist, but the boy scowled, doubling his fist and advancing on her.

"Pa said I could fuck you! Damn your asshole, get over to that fuckin' couch!"

Biting her hip, Susan obeyed, fear driving her on before the boy. George didn't seem to be any older than herself. He stripped off his overalls, revealing a prick almost as long and every bit as thick as his brother's. He rubbed the head of it with his thumb, grinning at the new look of shock on his victim's face.

"Purty, ain't it? You ever suck one as nice?"

Her head slowly shaking, Susan moved back until the back of her legs hit the dilapidated couch. She sat down suddenly as George came before her, between her legs, stroking the length of his cock at her face. "Taste."

Her voice was hoarse; Susan swallowed, shaking her head again. "Please . . . I've never done-"

"Bullshit!" Jasper looked around, his arms around Maybelle's body, fingers fondling his sister's tits. "She sucked Fuckhead's cock, Georgie. She can damn well suck your little pecker!" Jasper said.

"I ain't little!" said the younger boy, hotly. "I'm almost as big as you, Jasper!"

"Almost don't count, does it, Maybelle?"

Jasper planted a wet kiss on his sister's cheek, and Maybelle turned to him, coming into his arms with a long sigh. The sight of her father's prick gobbling into Donna's mouth had fired her to a new passion.

"Shit, no!" she said, clutching Jasper's ass with both hands. "Come on, Jasper. Plant your big old pecker right in my pussy-hole!"

The teenagers kissed, mouths and tongues battling; then Jasper moved Maybelle to the couch, making Susan scoot down to one end as the bigger girl's ass hit, creaking the springs and rocking the couch back.

On weak legs. It crashed back to stability, and Jasper thrust his oozing cockhead into her cunt, burying himself at the very first stroke, his feet slamming against Susan's hips. "Oh! Oh-"

Her cry was choked off as George grabbed Susan by the hair, forcing her down against his cockhead. The dry glans banged off her nose, stabbing her in one eye, her nose scratching against the wiry hair covering the boy's young balls as she fought for balance. Her small tits nearly pushed into her kneecaps before he eased up on the pressure, let her come back up to where she could brush her lips over the bottom of his throbbing cock shaft.

"Suck my balls, cunt!" he demanded.

George chortled as Susan swallowed, turned her head sideways against his prick, moving along the burning-dry shaft to where her tongue could dart out and rub across one of the egg-shaped testicles. They were as large in proportion to his age as his cock, hard in the wrinkled sac. His cocktail was in her nostrils.

"Yeah! Suck 'em! Yeah!"

Jasper's thrusting legs slammed continuously against Susan's thigh, bruising the girl as he fucked into his sister's running cunt. The child tried to edge farther away, but the arm of the couch



prevented escape in that direction, while George's cock stood guard at the prison's open door. She was trapped; there was nothing she could do but give in to the boy's demands. George sighed with pleasure as Susan's mouth moved across his sac.

"Suck 'em in! In, damn you!"

Shuddering, Susan nibbled against the lower testicle and pulled it between her teeth. Her neck ached, trying to hold the awkward angle. She came off the couch, cracking her knees on the floor, falling below him. Her feet moved between his legs until her ass was flat on the floor, her back supported by the couch. George straddled her tits. His balls were directly over her face now, his cock foreshortened above her.

"Oh, yeahhhhh! Suck my balls! Suck!" he cried.

The boy sighed with pleasure as Susan worked the captured testicle within her teeth, her nose banging the bottom of his cock. His asshole twitched, opening and closing, his cock jumping against her as the girl's tongue moved the testicle around, turning it and caressing it.

"Oh, yeahhhhh! Both of them! Take 'em both!"

The other ball pushed against her lips. Swallowing, Susan opened her mouth and pulled it in to join the other. She bit down against them, capturing them completely within her teeth, rolling them over and stabbing her tongue between them.

"Ah, JESUS! Be careful! Christ!"

George tried to yank out as Susan's teeth ground against the hairy skin of his sack, but the girl had him trapped; there was nothing he could do. His hands banged against her temples, bringing pressure as she worked her jaw sideways, sawing against the scrotum until he begged for relief.

"Ohhhhh, God! Stop! Damn you, stop!"

Susan released the boy's balls, sighing and working her nose where it was bruised from banging his cock. She massaged her throat with her fingertips, staring up the slope of his cock to where a drop of pre-seminal fluid was forced out of the opening by his stroking fingers, running down the bottom of the glans to fall off toward the girl's face. Susan's tongue shot out in reflex, and she captured it, tasting him for the first time.

George saw what she had done and grinned. "Tastes good, doesn't it?" Susan nodded shyly.

"Want some more? You can have my cum. You can have my piss, too, if you want."

"No!" she said, shocked again. She stared in fright. "Please, don't. . ."

"Shit, I said if you want! Dumb whore! C'mon, suck my cock!"

He whacked his prick against the girl's face, and Susan gasped again and then straightened against the couch as George bent his knees to bring his burning shaft down against the naturally erecting muscle. He gasped as Susan's has caught it, cooling the burning flesh as she sucked him inside until the wall of her teeth captured the glans. She tasted him again, only strongly this time.

"Ohhhhhh, yeah! SUCK! SUCK!"

George fell forward, his hands out against the back of his cock, his belly pushing down against

Susan's forehead as the girl accepted the first inch or so of his rampant, burning prick. The cockhead slid over her soft palate, punishing the roof of the girl's mouth as she wiggled her ass around, sliding down again until her neck rested across the edge of the sofa cushion, the angle right for his penetrating push.

"SUCK! Oh, shit. . . SUCK!"

The couch was rocking with the force of Jasper's fucking into Maybelle. Still, Susan ignored everything, even Donna, as she accepted the very last bit of Pa's huge cock and concentrated on the boy who was sliding into her throat. She swallowed convulsively as George's cock banged against her uvula and tried to break through her constricting barrier, the boy trying to enter her as his father had entered Donna. But she resisted, fighting the intrusion, her eyes stinging and watering, her teeth aching with the force of the swelling cock between her lips.

"OH, SHIT! SHIT! TAKE . . . IT! DAMN YOU-TAKE IT!"

She couldn't! Susan's breath was cut off in her throat as the young boy pushed down against her with his man's prick, trying to stab through her body's natural resistance-trying to break the barrier. She swallowed, her ribcage aching with the strain of holding him back, the taste of his cock sweet in her throat as he flexed his prick again and again.

"C'MON! DAMN! DAMN YOU! TAKE . . . IT!"

George's ass drew back, cockhead riding out until it was barely within the circle of the gleaming teeth again. Susan sighed, breathing hot breath flavored with the stink of the boy's perspiration as she relaxed, and then he slammed again, waiting for that instant of abandoned caution, driving himself deep into her throat.

Susan stiffened, her legs shooting out straight. Her back coming up between George's thighs, arching against him as she tried to fight him off. Her tits were pushing up against his buttocks, but George had no intention of retreating. He thrust again, and his cock buried completely, the circle of hair digging into the girl's soft lips.

"SHIT! SHIT! I MADE IT!" he cried.

"Graggghhh! Glagg! AaggghHHHHHHH!" she gagged.

Susan tried to fight him off, unable to breathe, her senses beginning to swim. Her body was tingling over the surface area with the fever heat of her struggles as the boy drilled down against her, held himself tight within her mouth. She was sinking into a red haze, her ears ringing as she fell across the edge of the bottomless pit, the fires of Hell burning in welcome far below.

"Jesus, George!" His mother saw what was happening as Susan's hands fell limp, the girl's body sagging beneath her son. "You'll fuckin' kill the brat. Pull out!"

"Shit! SHIT!" he protested.

But he obeyed his mother's warning, pulling back from Susan, his cock popping free into the air and slamming up against his belly. A long sigh escaped from the now unconscious youngster, her head falling sideways until he caught it with his knee. The boy reached down to pick her dead weight up, pushing Susan back across the couch, ignoring the fucking ride of his brother and sister as he wiped his mouth and then the head of his cock.

Susan started to topple sideways against the slamming feet of Jasper and Maybelle, slowly coming back to consciousness. George caught her again, straightened her, pulling the girl down until her ass rested against the edge of the sofa cushion.

He fell to his knees, stabbing his tongue deep into the swollen, tortured flesh of her no longer virginal cunt, Susan sighing in reflex and bringing her hands up to rub the palms across her burning nipples.

"Ohhhhh . . . God! Good . . . God! Good . . ." she murmured.

The young boy's mouth gobbled against her swollen vulva, stabbing deep into her tender cunt, crashing against Susan's clit. She gasped at the contact, brought her knees up against the boy's shoulders, her eyes open but staring at nothing as the fiery sensation coursed through her body. She was coming alive again, the ache in her throat and her teeth forgotten, her fingers catching and twisting her nipples into full erection.

"Ohhhhh, oh! OH! OHHHH, GOD! YES! YES!" she exclaimed.

Her ass was twitching, throbbing, thrusting up against George's face. The boy's cock burned - against his belly as he slid his tongue through Susan's sparse bush, stabbed it deep into her gut, sucking with all of his considerable strength until her cunt popped hollowly when he dragged his tongue out again to breathe.

"Oh, GOD! GOD! DO IT! DO . . . IT!" she implored. "Do what, bitch?" demanded the boy, grinning evilly. "OH, PLEASE ... PLEASE! OHHHHH . . ."

"You want my pecker? Damn you, say it!"

"YES! YES ... I WANT . . . YOUR PECKER! YOUR COCK!"

"Where do you want it? What do you want me to do with it?" "In. .. ME! IN ME!"

"Shit-headed cunt! In your asshole?"

"NO! OH, GOD, NO! MY PUSSY! MY PUSSY! FUCK ME, DAMN YOU! FUCK ME!"

"Yeahhhhhh!" "AGGGGHHHHHH!"

Susan screamed as the boy came up over her, stabbed his cock against her cunt, penetrating deep on the first stroke. She had already been violated by the dog and by Jasper, but the pain of the older boy's fucking was eased now. But George's slamming broke open old wounds, hurting far worse than Jasper's virginal theft.

"God! God! God . . . Gawwwwwd!"

"Yeah, God! God! God! Hot. . . pussy!"

"Oh, oh oh oh, gahhh! Ahhhhh!"

"You want it, bitch! You . . . want it!"

"Yesssss! I want... it!"

"Say it, damn you! Say it!"

“Uhhhhhhh . . . uhhhhhhhk ...”

“I can’t hear you!”

“Fuhhhh . . . uhhhk . . . fuhhhk meeee!” “Yeah! Yeahhhh! Yeahhhh!”

Susan’s shoulders were pushed down against the cushion’s back by George’s thrusting stiff arms. Her head bent painfully upward. But she ignored the aching, the pain, aware only of the marvelous feeling as his throbbing cock thrust deep into the other ache, the void in her belly, the hole in her middle that needed filling. And only a strong cock was shaped to be the plug.

“Fuck . . . fuck . . . fuck . . .”

“Fuck you, cunt! Shitty cunt! Stupid cunt!”

“Fuck me . . . fuck me . . . fuck me . . .”

“Fuck you! Yeahhhh! Fuck you!”

“Fuck me! Damn you, fuck me! Harder!”

“Yeah . . . yeahhhh . . . ohhhh, shit!”

George thrust against the young girl, riding deep into Susan’s entrance, his cockhead sliding up into her belly. She could almost feel the shape of it as she slid her hands through the sweat on her groin, the glans swelling large, shaped now like his father’s. It was a visible lump deep in her body, the shape of his cock hard when she pressed down against it, trying to bring more strength to her cuntal muscles as they milked against George’s male organ.

“FUCK . . . MEEEE! HARD . . . ERRRRR!”

“YEAH . . . YEAHHH! HARD . . . HARD ... HARD!”

He was thrusting, pumping, with all of his young strength, his muscles working, rippling through his ass and across the back of his thighs as he planted his naked feet, the balls of his soles, against the floorboards. George pounded up into Susan’s incredibly open body, the rim of his cockhead trapped when he stroked down again, unable to escape the clutching outer ring of her muscles. Susan was milking him, drawing his blood forward, squeezing his cock shaft base with all of her strength. The two youngsters worked together, riding hard, their hearts pounding and their vision clouded as they fucked each other.

“Ohhhh, shit!” cried the boy. “Sweet shit! Sweet fuckin’ mother of Christ! Ma! Maaaaaa! She’s tearin’ my cock off! Tearin’ it offff!”

“Oh, God!” screamed the girl. “God! Make him fuck me, God! Make him do it... do it.. . dooooo it!”  
“Fuck! Fuck!”

“Harderrrrrr!”

There was no way he could throw himself down with any more force than he was drawing upon now. Throughout his whole body, the blood was fevered, stealing energy, ounces melting away from the muscle tissue as his heart and his organs called upon greater reserves of fuel. The boy was conscious of aching in every fiber, but he could not stop, could only continue to fuck with all of his reserve of strength until his heart failed.

“FUCK! FUCK! FUHH . . .”

His voice cracked, was lost completely, his throat aching and too dry to form words. His teeth bit into his lower lip as he pounded into the girl’s throbbing cunt, unconscious that other fucking had stopped, that all other eyes in the house, even the animals, were watching this wild ride.

“Jesus!” said Maybelle, peering beneath Jasper’s chest as her cunt milked out the last of her brother’s cum. “Christ, Jasper! Look at them!”

“Yeah!” gasped the boy, sobbing in breaths as he collapsed against his sister’s fat tits.

He turned his head to watch his younger brother pound into the prisoner’s cunt, the force of George’s blows rocking the couch backward until it was in danger of toppling over.

“Oh, my God!” Donna huddled against Pa’s legs, her arms around his knees, her head turned to watch Susan and George pound together across the room. “Oh, no, he’s going to hurt her!”

“Shit!” said Pa, rubbing Donna’s head good-naturedly. “Fuckin’ never hurt nobody. A cunt takes a cock. It can’t hurt her at all.”

His own prick hung down against the top of Donna’s head, half-hard now that she had pulled away from him. His wife stood near the fucking youngsters, her fingers working her nipples, tweaking and rubbing them viciously until the St. Bernard rose against her, trying to fuck his cock against her leg.

“Pisser! You bastard!” she yelled.

Ma started to kick him away, then fell to all fours beneath him. The dog’s cock was halfway out of his sheath as he moved behind her great body, which was perfectly positioned for his entrance into her cunt. He thrust, sliding in completely, Ma sighing in pleasure as the cock pounded against the back of her passage.

“Good Pisser! Fuck Ma, Pisser!”

Pisser obeyed, his cock as large as Jasper’s, pushing against Ma’s ass and pounding deep. The woman’s tongue pushed across her lips, staring up at her son’s flexing asshole as George rode back and then shoved up into Susan’s cunt again.

“Oh, Jesus, Jasper!” gasped Maybelle.

“Fuck me again, fuck me!”

“Fuck me, Pisser!” cried Ma. “Fuck me!”

“Oh, please!” Donna begged, sliding her hands up around Pa’s hips. “Please, Pa, fuck me!”

“FUCK MEEEEEE!” screamed Susan, arching her back and pushing up against George’s burning, pounding belly as the boy fell into her cunt again. “FUCK ... MEEEEEE! DAMN YOU . . . DAMN YOU . . . DAMN . . . YOUUUUUU!”

She thrust against him, her cock-hungry cunt trying to chew his prick away from his body, her orgasms convulsing her in constant tremors, and then George stiffened, slammed one final time, crying out with tears streaming down his face to fall into Susan’s gaping mouth.

“OH, SHIT! SHIT! COMIN’! I’M . . . COMIN’!” a voice cried.

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CHAPTER NINE

Susan collapsed beneath George, wilting, the boy dying on top of her as his strength drained out of his cock and into her cunt. His balls ached with the pain of spending, throbbed with the movement of his body as he rose and fell against her labored breathing.

“Jesusssss ...”

“Oh, God . . .”

The children rested together, Susan’s neck aching as it was pushed at an angle against the back of the couch. She fell sideways, pulling her legs up over the arm of the couch, George coming up with her, the boy reluctant to have his cock come out of the girl’s cunt. They pushed against Jasper and Maybelle, shoving the legs of the older fucking teenagers aside.

“Watch it!” said Maybelle angrily. “Brats!”

But Jasper’s heart wasn’t in the fucking. He slowed, his stroking stopping, to fall against Maybelle’s tits with a loud sigh.

“Oh, shit, Maybelle! Shit!”

“Bastard!”

But she accepted her brother’s weakening, but she knew that he would recover in fifteen or twenty minutes; she could have his cock then, all of it she wanted. She turned to look at her mother and Pisser as the St. Bernard pounded deep into the woman’s body.

Ma gasped. “Oh, Christ! Fuckin’ Christly Jesus! Fuck me, Pisser! FUCK ME!”

The dog seemed to have a grin on his great face as he pounded joyfully into her body, his tongue lolling out. Ma milked against the long, crooked shape of his slippery cock, handling his weight as though it were nothing at all. Her tits swung back and forth as the dog pounded deep into her body and slammed one final time.

“Oh, shit! SHIT! He’s ... comin’! Damn!”

Ma gasped out her anger as Pisser finished pumping out his load of cum, and straightened, hands-on her bent thighs, to look around the room. She saw Pa’s cock standing out again as Donna kissed his legs, hugging him with all of her strength, still begging for the great instrument to come into her body.

“Pa! Goddamn it, fuck me!”

“All right, Ma.”

His legs trembled as he tried to move away from Donna. “Come in, girlie, and I’ll give you my pecker later. I gotta take care of Ma now.”

Oh, no! Donna wouldn’t let him go! She couldn’t let him go! “Please! Fuck me first...”

“Later,” he said again, firmly, untangling her hands from his legs. “I promise you, and you’ll have all

the cock you can stand 'fore you get outa here."

He moved to his wife, Ma standing and coming into Pa's arms, his cock sliding up her belly to bang against the bottom of her tits. They were well-matched, perfectly sized to each other, strong enough to withstand each other as they moved toward the couch.

"Get the fuck off there!" barked the woman. "C'mon, you brats, move ass!"

Jasper and Maybelle, and George heard the order and moved quickly; only Susan was tardy in shifting away. Ma reached down and stabbed two fingers deep into the child's cunt, digging her thumbnail against Susan's groin. Susan gasped at the sharp pain as fingers and thumb raked her.

"You want me to rip your cunt so you can't ever take cock again?" warned the woman.

"No . . . please!"

"Then move it!"

Pa laughed heartily as the little girl scrambled out of the way, and Ma fell heavily to the couch. He dropped his own weight onto her, their mouths meeting and doing battle, Ma biting down on his tongue until he gasped against the pain. "Ow! Bitch!"

"Bastard! Fuck me, bastard!"

"Shitty ol' cunt! Why the fuck should I fuck you when I got Maybelle's sweet young pussy hungry for my big ol' cock? An' the new bitch is cryin' for it, too?"

"Cocksucker!"

"Never!" He grinned. "Pussy-sucker, yeah, but I ain't never sucked any goddamn cock. I fucked horses an' sheep an' calves, an' every cunt I could find, but I ain't never done nothin' stupid!"

"Give it to me, damn you, or I'll cut your goddamn cock off! I swear, Pa. The next fuckin' time I catch you asleep, the butcher knife!"

"Never, baby. You love it too much to want to see anything happen to it!"

But Pa was moving up between her legs, his cock once again standing hard, as thick as George's wrist and almost as long as the boy's forearm as he poked the glans against Ma's slobbering cunt-hole.

Staring, Donna and Susan understood how Maybelle had taken so much of the little girl's forearm. If she could take that thing, she could take Susan's whole goddamn body!

Ma brought her knees up against Pa's hips, then wrapped her thighs around his ass, sighing as his cockhead worked into her opening. Her eyes closed with pleasure, a dreamy smile coming across her face as he drilled into her body, rotating his ass to send his cock up in a corkscrew motion.

"Oh, yeahhhhh! Do it, Pa!"

"Bitch! Dizzy cunt-bitch!"

He slobbered kisses against the hollow of Ma's throat, across her face, wetting her eyes and biting against her nose as he continued to drive his great prick into her cunt. Ma's tits were crushed

between his weight, his hands roaming over her sides, his thumbs stabbing into the soft flesh of her armpits.

“Oh! Ow! Bastard, that hurts!”

“You’ll forget it,” he said, softly, between slobbering kisses. “My pecker’ll make you forget. . . yeahhhhhh! You want it, don’t you? Don’t. .. you?”

He humped into her as he said it the second time, his cock almost entirely within her cunt. Donna and the children moved around to where they could see between Pa’s legs, watching his bobbing balls as he breathed in, then breathed out again. His thighs drew tight, pushing his balls down against his wife’s ass.

“Oh, shit! Fuck!”

“FUCK! FUCK ME!”

“Yeahhhhh! YEAHHHHH!”

“Fuck . . . meeee! Damn you! Damn. .. you!”

“Fuck! Hot. .. fuck! Hot. . . pussy!”

“.. . cock! Hot. .. cock! Big ... hot .. . cock.”

“Piss! Fuck! Fuck!”

“Ohhhhh, Christ! Christ on a crutch! Fuck . . . me . . . damn . . . you! Fuck . . . meeeeeee.”

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck . . .”

Pa gasped for breath as he slammed his cock completely into his wife’s cunt, Ma sobbing against the stab of pain as the great pear-shaped cockhead rode up inside her body. He was completely within her cunt again, his cock throbbing with the pounding of his heart, his pulse racing along at nearly 200 beats a minute as he increased his pace, doubled it, and redoubled it.

“FUCK, MEEEE! DAMN YOU, FUCK... MEEEEEE!”

“FUCK! SHIT FUCK! SHIT! PISS! FUCK!”

“YAH! YAGGHHHHH! AGGHHHHHH!”

The couch was rocking violently, the legs creaking dangerously as the forward motion and backward motion of the man strained them to the ultimate and cracked. One leg broke the couch settling, at an angle by Ma’s head. They ignored the slope, suddenly thrown into their fucking by pushing and pounding again until the other leg on that side broke, and the couch slammed down once more.

“Shit! Crazy shithead! Crazy bastard.” “Cunt! Dumb cunt! Dumb whore-cunt!”

“Fuck me, bastard! Fuck . . . meeeee!”

“I am! Jesus shit! Can’t you feel it! Can’t you feel my cock?”

“No! It ain’t. . . enough! Harder! Harder!”

“Shit! Shit cunt! Slut fuckin’ cunt! Here, damn your asshole!”

He thrust against her with all of his strength, the couch moving across the floorboards, the broken legs shattering completely and coming off, the screws holding them in place dragging through the paint. Now the other legs were twisting and turning as the man’s wild slamming blows into the woman punished them beyond the limits guaranteed by the furniture makers. There was ominous creaking as the fury of the fucking ride increased.

“OH, SHIT! SHIT-SHIIT!”

The last cry came from Ma as the couch collapsed completely, falling at the moment she slammed her hips up against Pa’s pounding, thrusting cock. She felt a sudden pain, but it was instantly forgotten as the great cock head rode into her again, rode deep into the yielding, boiling flesh of her inner body.

“SHIT! SHIIIIIT!”

“FUCK! FUCKIN’.. . CHRIST! FUCK!”

They screamed at each other, cursing each other, not hearing a word, knowing only the passion that drove their bodies to the ultimate limit as the great fourteen-inch cock rode completely into the woman’s body. Ma gasped against Pa, trying to drag him deeper, her claws raking his back, his ass, his sides, as he thrust down, tried to drill his cock through her belly and out through her backbone, the ache nearly crushing her spine.

“Ohhhhh, God! Fuck ... me! Fuck . . . me!”

“Fuck! I’m fuckin’! I’m fuckin’ you!”

“Hard . . . errrrr!” “Yeahhhhh! Yeahhhhh!”

“Ohhhhh, please! Please! Hard ... errrrrr!”

“I . . . can’t! Jesus, I can’t! I can’t!”

“You have to . . . you have to!”

“Oh, Christ! My balls! My achin’ balls!”

“My cunt! My achin’ cunt! Fill it! Fill it with your cock! Damn you, drill me!”

“Shit! Ohhhhhh, shit!”

Donna sobbed as she watched the man and woman on the couch, jealous of the great prick drilling into the huge cunt. Her own belly seemed empty. She wanted that! With that, maybe she could just once fill the empty void, not know the aching sensation that came from not having enough. She had to have it!

“Oh, Donna!”

Frightened, Susan put her arms around her older sister, Donna’s tits pushing against her cheek as she watched the wild fucking scene. Her own cunt still ached from George’s penetration. She wanted cock! But she could never take that terrible thing!

“What are we going to do, Donna?”

“I . . . don’t know.” Donna licked dry lips, patting her sister’s naked back; she felt Susan’s small tits pushing against her own. “Oh, God, Susan! I want his cock!”

Susan knew what Donna meant. Her eyes blinking as Pa drew back from Ma until eleven inches of his glistening cock shaft was suspended in mid-air for the instant that he .hesitated. Then he fell back again, the force of gravity combined with the force of his great strength to slam his cockshaft deep into his wife’s opening until they shook the house with the power of their fucking.

“Oh, God, Donna! I... I want it, too!”

“Oh, baby! Baby ...”

They held each other tight, but the aching needed to be filled. Donna wiped her mouth, blinking, and looked about and saw Pisser. The St. Bernard was laying nearby, Turd beside him and Fuckhead only a short distance away, the animals entertained by the wild fucking of their master and mistress.

“Pisser!” The dog lifted its ears at Donna’s call. “Come here, boy, come here!”

“Donna! Are you going to let him fuck you?”

“Yes, babe. I have to have it! I have to have a cock!”

“Oh. . . ohhhhhh, God! So do I! Take Jasper!”

The brothers were busy nursing on their sister’s tits, sucking greedily against Maybelle, the girl’s hands rubbing the backs of their head. Maybelle sighed at their servicing, seated on a broken-backed lounge, the boys half on her. They ignored the prisoners as Donna sank to her knees, Pisser bounding to his feet and coming over to sniff at her ass.

“Take Turd, Susan!” said Donna. “Let him fuck you!”

Before Susan could respond, Donna gasped as Pisser’s cock slammed into her belly. Susan rubbed her tits, eyes wide as she watched the dog pound against Donna’s ass, the girl supporting herself on all fours. The angle he found with the woman was awkward, but he worked willingly, happily, his cock coursing through her cuntal walls, her juices flowing out around it to soak her thighs.

“Oh, Susan. Come down here! Let... let me suck your pussy!”

Donna caught Susan’s ankle, pulling the girl around until she sank, raised her knees around Donna’s head, her back flat on the floor. Donna pushed her hands beneath Susan’s ass and pulled her cunt up to her for inspection, gasping again as the St. Bernard drilled his great cock deep into her yearning, hungry cunt. She smelled the remnants of George’s fucking in Susan, her thumbs moving through the drying slick of the boy’s cum against the young girl’s thighs.

“Oh, God-GOD! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!” Donna cried.

Donna wiggled her ass back against the dog, Pisser responding enthusiastically. He couldn’t increase the pace of his pounding, but he started working his ass from side to side with the wagging of his tail, sending the head of his cock up first one yielding, aching cunt wall, and then up the other. Now that his first spending had spilled into Ma, Pisser was able to go on for an inexhaustible period of time while Donna lowered her lips to suck in the essence of Susan’s fragrant cunt.

"Oh, baby! Baby!" Donna moaned.

"Oh, Donna! Suck me, Donna-suck my pussy!"

"Yes! Yes . . . ohhhhHHHHHH! Good! Mmmmmm, good!"

"Yes! YES! FUCK ME WITH YOUR TONGUE!"

The little girl's ass thrust up against her sister's hungry mouth, Donna sucking in the remains of the fuck juices and then the fresh spendings as the child's body responded again to the stimulus of an arching organ moving through its depths. She stabbed deep, caught Susan's clit in her teeth, nipping gently.

"OH! OH OH OHHHHH! BITE ... IT! BITE IT!" Susan requested.

Almost lost in the sensations of the dog cock pounding up into her cunt, Donna heard her sister's cry of lament-obeyed the little girl's begging for punishment. She bit down against the clitoral erection, Susan screaming with agony, her ass slamming up and down against the rough boards of the floor.

"OHHHH, GOD! OWWWW!" Susan cried.

"Oh, baby . . . I'm sorry, baby! I'm sorry!" Donna gasped in repentance, but Susan was sobbing, her tears flowing down her cheeks, the girl's head rolling from side to side.

"Don't. . . stop! Damn you, Donna-DON'T STOP! BITE ME! BITE IT OFF!" she demanded. "Oh, yes! Yes, baby! Yesss!"

Donna dove down into Susan's cunt again as Pisser continued to fuck with all of his strength, his 140 pounds considerably more than the mass of the woman beneath him. His paws clawed at her dangling tits, at her hips as he arched his back, thrusting up against her, his weight forcing her down until Donna's mouth was completely buried within the clutching walls of Susan's cunt.

"OWWWWWW! YES . . . YES! OWWWWW! DO IT! DO IT!"

Susan was insane with the lust of her blood, of her cunt yearning, crying tears of joy and pain together as Donna bit and worked over her clit, punishing every bit of its burning length. Then she gobbled it all in and as much of the surrounding soft cuntal walls as she could reach, sucking with all of her strength and forming her tongue into a trough to scoop up the little girl's constant and unending spendings of burning cunt juice.

"OHHHHH, JESUS! JESUS! DON-NAAAA!"

Susan tore at her sister's hair as Donna tried to push her face deeper into the child's body, at the same time dragging her knees forward until Pisser had to follow or risk losing his position deep in her body. The dog's tongue slurped wetly against the woman's body as Donna drank in her sister's juices, her belly rapidly filling.

"OH, GOD! SUCK ... ME! SUCK . . . ME!"

Across the room, Ma and Pa continued their wild fucking ride, his strength in no way diminished as he thrust his swollen, aching cockshaft into his wife until the woman thought it was going to tear up through her body and out through her throat. She gasped, her legs wrapped tight around his hips, squeezing with all of her strength. Ma rode up, and Pa plunged into the cavity of her cunt, exerting

every ounce of muscle strength to squeeze his cockshaft when he pulled back again.

“Oh, Christ! Christ! Christ!”

“Fuck!” screamed Pa. “Fuck! Fuck!”

“Yes! Yesssss! Bastard, fuck! Bastard! Fuck!”

“Bitch! Cunt bitch! Whore bitch! Cunt whore bitch!”

“Fuck . . . meeeeeee!”

“Suck . . . meeeeeee!” screamed Susan.

“Ohhhhh, SHIT!” moaned Maybelle as her brothers worked against her tits, her fingers sliding across the mound of their shoulders, their fingers pushing against her swollen, hungry pussy. “OHHHHH, SHIT! SUCK! SUCK . . . TITTY! SUCK. . . MY TITTIES!”

“FUCK!” cried Ma.

“SHIT FUCK!” echoed Pa.

“SUCK ... MEEEEEE!” yelled Susan.

“SUCK!” screamed Maybelle. “SUCK!”

The volume of their noise blasted through the room, driving their passions to an even higher level as they worked against each other, across each other. The two young boy-cocks were hard again, poking against Maybelle’s hips, the boys trying to fuck into her as she held them against her tits. Donna dragged Susan’s ass against her mouth as Pisser thrust deep, thrust hard, fucking up into her with all of his dog power. The seat cushion beneath Maybelle’s ass was soaked with her spendings. .

“OH, FUCK! MA! MA! CUH . . . COMIN’ COMIN’!”

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## **CHAPTER TEN**

Pa’s great cannon blasted a dozen rounds of .88 millimeter high energy explosive into Ma’s cunt, the woman gasping and crying out at each one. Then he sagged against her, sobbing and sighing as his asshole slowly stopped twitching, his heart rate eased.

“Jesussssss!”

“Oh, Pa! Good ... Pa! Good!”

“Yeah, Ma! Yeah!”

“You love my pussy?”

“I love your asshole!”

“Bastard!”

“Bitch!”

They crooned affectionate curses to each other as the sexual heat slowly ebbed from their bodies. Then Pa looked over at Donna just as Pisser slammed into the young woman’s ass one final time, pumping dry within her cunt as she milked the last of his spendings. Then the St. Bernard pulled away, noisily, and Donna settled back onto her heels, rubbing her sore hips as the little girl sobbed in relief, Susan’s hands holding her cunt closed protectively.

“Oh, Jesus! Donna ...”

“Yes, baby!” Oh, God! Susan wasn’t cock, but why had she waited so many years to taste her sister’s body? Another lament... but from this point on. There would be no more lost opportunities!

Donna turned to Pa, “Please, Pa-fuck me! Now!”

He laughed. “Shit, you really want it.”

“Yes!”

“Okay, girlye.”

He slid out of his wife’s cunt, his cock slick with Ma’s juices as he stood. It was only half-hard, the weight of it carrying it down to flop against his thighs as he came over to the girls.

“How about you, little shit?” he said, looking at Susan as he lifted his prick in his fingers. “You want Pa’s big cock too?”

Susan shut her eyes tight, screwing up her face, and said, “Yes! Fuck me!”

Jasper laughed, slapping his thigh and sitting on his sister’s leg. The lounge folded up beneath them.

“Goddamn, Maybelle-pay up! You heard the brat-she wants it.”

“Crazy little bitch!”

Maybelle scowled at Susan as she came up after

Jasper and George and fell to her knees before her older brother’s body. She accepted Jasper’s burning cockhead into her mouth, hollowing her lips and cheeks against the glans. He concentrated, brow furrowed as he fought the erection and gasped as the burst of piss broke through the dam, slamming against Maybelle’s throat.

“Drink it down, Maybelle! Yeahhhhh!” he demanded.

Jasper shifted his legs slightly as he continued to let his piss flow into his sister’s mouth, controlling the force to let her swallow it all down into her stomach. Maybelle held the shaft of his cock in her fingertips as she drank his urine, pulling the cockhead deeper into her throat with each sucking gasp. At last, her hands moved around his ass, slammed him completely within her, the cockhead breaking the barrier and spilling the last half-pint of his piss into her stomach without her tasting.

“Yeahhhhh! Oh, Jesus!”

“Can I piss in her too?” asked an eager George, hopping up and down as Maybelle came off Jasper’s throbbing cock. “Can I, Maybelle? I gotta piss bad!”

"No! Shithead!"

"Aw, shit! Pa! Maybelle drank Jasper's piss, but she won't drink mine!"

"Piss in the brat's mouth, George," said his father, dropping to his knees before Donna.

"Yeah!" The boy grinned in delight, moving to stand over Susan's outstretched body. His gut strained as he pushed the head of his cock down toward her face. "Come on, cunt. Open your mouth!"

"No."

Susan's gasp of horror was cut off as the boy's broad stream burst out of the head of his cock, into her face. The first blast of urine hit between her eyes, stinging. Then he played it like a hose, working the water down against her nostrils until she choked.

"Pa! She won't open her mouth!"

"Open it, brat!" warned the man, looking around. "Open it, or you can't have my cock!"

The threat had the desired effect; Susan opened her mouth wide, swallowing as George played his unending stream of piss down against her tongue. The stuff splashed through her, and then he worked it down farther, over her body, her tits, and her belly, at last against her pussy. The boy sighed as the last of the golden stream shot out, then slowed to a trickle. He shook his cock to make the last drops splatter against her chest.

"Ohhhhhhh, yes! That was fun!"

"Oh, God! Ohhhh!"

Susan's sobbing failed to distract Donna from the great cock lowering between her legs. She stretched flat beneath the man's weight, gasping at the first contact of his smoothly muscled chest against her tits. Although he was perfectly proportioned, he completely covered her body with his great shape.

"Up!" he said. "Raise your hips!"

Donna obeyed, drawing her feet flat along the floor, twisting her knees apart to give him room to enter. His cock was hard again, reached all the way up to her tits while his balls hung below her cunt. God!

How had she ever managed to take it in her mouth?

"Ohhhhhh, yeah!" Pa sighed as he brought the head of his cock down against Donna's opening, the girl raising her ass to present a straight passage for him. The cockhead moved against her outer muscles, pushing through the bruised vulva and breaking through on the first stroke into the hot, hungry oven of her demanding cunt.

"OHHHHHH! YES! YESSSSS!" she moaned.

Donna gasped as he pushed his way into her body, riding up into her belly, never stopping. George watched his father's cock as it was eaten up by Donna's cunt, swallowed completely inside, his ass dropping steadily in one long, steady movement.

“OHHHHH, YES! YES . . . YESSSSS!” she moaned again.

“Tight!” The man gasped. “Tight. . . cunt!”

“Big ... big cock! Hard cock! Oh, do it!”

“Yeahhhhhh! Yeahhhhhh!”

“Oh! Owwwwwww! Agggghhhhh!”

“Pretty . . . pussy! Pretty pussy!”

“Cock! Cah . . . cock ... me! Cahhhhk meeee!”

“Fuck! Yeah! Fuck!”

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck . . . meeeee!”

“Oh, shit! Ohhhh, shit!”

“Shit! Shit! Shit on me! Fuck . . . meeeeeeee!”

He heard her begging cries, Donna’s hands roaming the man’s side, trying to pull his weight down against her. Pa supported himself on stiffened arms, afraid of hurting the girl should he drop completely. His belly pushed down against Donna’s as her cunt dragged his cock inside, worked it until there was nothing out in the open, between her legs, except his balls. She would have taken those as well if only she could have made them fit!

“OH, FUCK! . . . FUCK! FUCK!”

“YESSSSSS! FUCK. . . IN’. . . YOUUUUUU!”

Pa thrust pounded, slid all the way inside Donna’s insatiable cunt. His wife took him completely, but his wife was twice the woman Donna was and weighed almost twice as much!

Even Maybelle couldn’t take his whole shaft inside her body, although she had been rubbing against his cockhead with her tender pussy has since she was four years old and taking him inside part of the way since she was seven. Donna’s cunt was unbelievable! It swallowed him completely, the outer lips dragging against his groin, sucking in his cock hair and begging for more!

Ooohhhhhh, God! God!”

“Yeahhhhhh! Fuck! Fuck ... her ... God!”

“Do it! Do . . . it!”

“Take ... it! Damn you! Take . . . it . . . now!”

Pa slammed into her completely, throwing Donna’s ass back across the floor. She picked up a splinter, didn’t even feel the stab of pain through the throbbing sensations coursing throughout her whole body,

her complete nervous system. She felt Pa’s prick in the top of her head, in the soles of her feet, in the tips and the nails of her fingers. It was aching, but it was wonderful! Wonderful!

“OH, FUCK . . . FUCK ME! FUCK . . . ME!”

She sobbed as his great cock throbbed into her, drilling into her, the huge cockhead slamming up through her middle. Like Ma, she felt as though he would explode up through her throat, out through her mouth. She brought her hands down from his hips and up the slope of her tits, to her throat, ready to choke it off should the thing suddenly swell that large-ready to force it back down into her cunt where it belonged.

“Ohhhhh, God! God! God!”

“Fuck! Fuck her, God! I’m ... Fuckin’.. . her!”

“Hard! Harder! Harderrrrrr!”

“Yeahhhhh! Yeahhhhh!”

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Ohhhhhh!”

“Sweet. . . sweet fuckin’ . . . sweet fuckin’ Jesus! Jesus! Jesussssss!”

“Fuck meeeeeee!”

“Fuck! Fuck ... you!”

“Fuck . . . me . . . damn . . . youuuuuuu!”

“Yeah! Yeah! Gahhhhhhh!”

Pa slammed up into Donna, the force of his blow raising her ass completely from the floor, the shock of his withdrawal making her slam down again, her cunt trying to milk against his retreating shape, trying to squeeze out the life force, the very blood, the cum that was up in there, hiding from her need. He dropped to his elbows, slamming painfully, and caught her tits in his fingers, kneading them over and over again, forcing crystal droplets up through the nipples.

“Oh, God! God! Suck . . . suck . . . titties!” she asked.

“Stupid bitch! Stupid cunt! . . . can’t.”

“Oh, Jesus! Want. . . want. . . want it!”

But that he couldn’t do for her; there was no way Pa could work his mouth down to her tits while his cock continued to slam deep into Donna’s hungry cunt. He thrust with all of his strength as he fucked into her.

“OHHHHHHHH, SHIT! SHIT . . . SHIIITTT!” he yelled.

On the floor, George’s piss was cold against her belly, and her back as Susan played with her own nipples, twisting and turning them in jealous envy as she watched her sister take the cock she wanted. Jesus! Just because Donna was bigger, she got everything! Damn her! “Ohhhhh, shit! Fuck!” Susan protested.

The boys heard her angry outburst and grinned at each other, rubbing their cocks. Jasper moved over Susan, lifting his balls.



"Want us to fuck you, brat? Both of us?" they asked.

"Yes! Give it to me. Give me your cocks!" she replied.

Susan wasn't aware of what she said, only of the burning in her cunt. Jasper dropped over her, supporting himself on stiff arms a moment as his cock rubbed across her belly. When he dropped, piss splattered out between them. His arms moved around the girl as Susan thrust up against his entering cock, accepting it completely.

"OHHHHH, SHIT! YES! FUCK... ME!" she said.

"Yeahhhhh! We'll fuck you!" they answered.

But Jasper was turning Susan onto her side, riding with her until they lay facing each other, his cock still tight within her cunt. He was in the puddle of his brother's piss, but he ignored it as George dropped behind Susan's back. The young girl's face came no higher on Jasper's chest than did Donna's face on his father.

"OhhhHHHHH!" Susan gasped as she felt George's cock push between her buttocks. "No-NO! NOT THERE!"

"Shut up, brat!" said Jasper, closing her mouth with his fingers. "Keep your fuckin' mouth shut! Are you in yet, George?"

"Comin'," gasped his brother, working his cock up against the resisting sphincter of Susan's asshole. "Yeah . . . yeah! I'm in!"

He slammed upward as he cried the words, his aching cockhead breaking through the barrier. Susan gasped, trying to pull away, but Jasper was on her other side, riding up with his own prick as his brother's cock slid up the slippery shit tube. The two cockheads rubbed against the membrane separating the passages, rubbed against each other.

"Ohhhhhhh! Owwwwwww! Don't! Don't!"

"Shut up! Bitch! Fuck her, George!"

"Yeah! I am Jasper! You fuck her, too!"

"Yeahhhhhh!"

"Oh, shit!"

"Owwwwww . . . ohhhh! Ohhhhhh!"

Susan's gasp of pain turned to a sigh of pleasure as the two young teenage cocks penetrated her completely, the boys working together as though this was a familiar tactic to them. George's fingers moved over her sides, Jasper grasping her nipples and pinching them down as they found the fucking rhythm and moved together.

"OHHHHHH, GOD! YES! YES!" Susan exclaimed.

"She loves it!" crowed George. "She loves it!"

"Shit, yeah!" Jasper laughed. "They all love it! All cunt loves cock, George-any kind of cock! Man,

boy, dog a fuckin' horse, for Christ's sake!"

"SHIT! FUCK! LET'S FUCK HER!"

The boys pushed, their bellies hot against Susan's flesh, throbbing as their cocks worked within her. Susan squeezed down with her cunt, pushing down with her ass, trying to shit George's cock out-then immediately tightened the sphincter, trying to pull it back in again. The head of the boy's cock slammed against her mass of shit, compacting it as some broke, pushing the stuff back until her upper intestine was packed solid.

"OH, FUCK!" cried George. "TIGHT! TIGHT ASS!"

"HOT!" gasped his brother. "HOT CUNT."

"OH, FUCK ME!" begged Susan. "FUCK . . . MEEEEEE!"

"YEAHHHHHHH."

"OHHHHHHHH, YEAHHHHHHH."

"OHHHHHHHH, DO IT!"

Donna heard Susan's cries and moans but was unable to turn away from the great cock sensations pounding through her own body, Pa filling her the way she had always dreamed of being filled. This was what fucking was supposed to be! This was heaven!

"OH, GOD! GOD! FUCK ME, GAWWW-WWWD!"

"YEAHHHHHH! TAKE MY . . . COCK."

"YESSSSSS!"

Ma and Maybelle watched, jealous, as the two intruders received the fruit of their males' cocks into their bodies. They moved together for a moment, their hands rubbing against each other's cunt, fingers working inside. But fingers weren't enough-they wanted cock. And when their boys and their man wasn't available, there was still dog cock, ready to leap to service.

"Pisser!" cried Ma.

"Turd!" called Maybelle.

The two fell to their knees as the dogs came bounding across the floor and leaped on top of them, drilling their cocks deep inside. Ma and Maybelle touched shoulders, moved their asses together, the dog paws sliding down their hips, rocking forward against the thrusting motions of the dog cocks as Turd and Pisser found the same rhythm.

"Oh, Jesus!"

"JESUS!"

"FUCK US!" they cried together. "FUCK . . . ME!" screamed Donna.

"FUCK ... MEEEEEE!" ". . . MEEEEEE!" echoed Susan. "FUCK ... MEEEEEE!"

The three males and the two male dogs thrust against the four woman-cunts, one girl asshole, and all the cocks throbbled together, pounded together, riding in deep to the yearning cries of the ones being fucked. Four sets of female lungs gasped in heated air, and four female cunts worked hard against pounding pricks, one asshole drew up against the youngest boy, drawing out his flood.

“OHHHHHHH!”

“GAHHHHHHH!”

“COMIN’ COM . . . IN! COM . . . IN!”

The cocks erupted, spilled, boiled over, flooding into the women, the girls . . . everyone collapsing in the same great instant, even the two dogs rammed so deep they didn’t try to draw out for nearly a minute. “Oh, Jesus!”

Donna stared up at Pa, licking her lips. “Oh, Pa-I don’t ever want to lose your cock again!”

He laughed, pulling out of her. “Shit, what you want to do-move in with us?”

“Could I?” she asked eagerly. “I don’t have to go back to the city. I hate my job! Susan! Do you want to stay here with Pa and Ma?”

“Oh, yes!” cried the girl happily. “Could we, Donna?”

Pa looked at Ma, shrugging. “Who’s gonna feed you?”

“We’ll pay room and board. Seventy-five dollars a week!”

“You’ll have to do whatever Ma an’ Maybelle tell you to do, help around the house.”

“Yes! We’ll do it! We won’t even go back to the city to get our clothes, and you can do that for us next week!”

“Make them stay naked, Pa,” said Jasper, grinning. “Don’t let them have no clothes.”

“Yeah,” agreed his father. “You’ll have to stay naked all the time and do whatever anybody wants, Jasper or George, or Maybelle. Even the dogs.”

“We will! Oh, we will! You’ll let us stay?”

“You sure love fuckin’!” said the amazed man.

“I love your fuckin, Pa! I love you!”

“Ma?”

Ma shrugged. “It’s okay with me. I don’t mind havin’ a couple of servants to do my work.”

“Maybelle.”

“It’s okay with me, Pa.”

“George?”

“Can I keep the brat in my bed, Pa? Can I?”

“When Jasper doesn’t want to fuck her,” he said.

“Okay, I guess you got a deal, girlie. You got a place to stay.”

Ohhhhh, God! Thank you, God! Cried Donna silently, as she wrapped her arms around Pa’s hips and buried her face against his wonderful, huge cock! Thank you!

And Susan agreed with her sister, eyes shining, cunt and asshole flexing against the boys’ cocks within her.

**The End**