

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part 1 - Life in the Hollow

Emmitt sipped on his black coffee as he watched Maggie walking up the hallway heading to the bathroom of their mobile home. Wrapped in an old ratty white towel, Emmitt caught a glimpse of her naked hip as she turned into the small bathroom. "Hurry up in there! I'm gonna have to get it there pretty damn quick."

Emmitt sat back in the kitchen chair and picked up the morning paper, The Hazard Herald. Their trailer sat on a hillside at the end of a dead-end dirt road about 12 miles south of the small Kentucky town. Their nearest neighbor was ol' lady Woodson and her two sons who lived at the beginning of the hollow, about a mile back, near the main paved road. Nobody ever came back as far as their trailer. In this part of Kentucky, that could get you shot! Emmitt's wife, Betty, worked at the tire factory in Hazard and left every morning at 5:30. They'd dated in High School and then Betty got knocked up her senior year, so Emmitt did the noble thing and eloped, marrying the only girl he'd ever fucked. Three months later, their daughter Maggie was born. Less than a year later, a second daughter, Molly, came along, followed by a son, Earl, 14 months later. Life was hard and money was tight. They'd inherited their little 36 acres back in the hollow and it was all they had. An old two bedroom trailer that thankfully had running water was home to the five of them. Emmitt and Betty had the biggest bedroom, Maggie and Molly shared the second, and Earl slept on the couch. A big garden, the barn, a few cows, two ponies and an assortment of chicken and ducks kept Emmitt busy. They basically lived off the land, except for the small paycheck Betty earned at the tire factory.

He heard the shower cut off and his mind snapped back to Maggie. She was turning into a pretty young thing. In the last year, she'd grown 5-6" in height to 5'5". She had long strong legs and had developed quite a cute little ass. She needed a bra for her growing breasts but Emmitt raised hell when the topic of spending money came up. "Them goddamn little titties don't need no bra and you ain't spending our money on crap like that", he'd yelled at Betty. Betty knew better than to argue or risk getting beaten. She bought tampons without his knowledge when her first period came.

Sliding his chair back, Emmitt stood. Wearing only his thin, ratty boxers, his half-stiff cock was quite visible. He knew he could time it perfectly to barge into the bathroom and catch Maggie naked, toweling off from her shower, to get a peek at just how well his oldest was maturing. With one swift push, Emmitt bust open the bathroom door, "Dammit, I told you to hurry up!" There stood Maggie, her naked ass towards him, bent over drying her long light brown hair. Startled, she whirled around, trying her best to cover herself. She felt her daddy's eyes on her naked body and tried to squeeze past him to leave.

Grabbing her arm, "Not so fast missy, let's see what kinda woman you're turning in to", and with that, ripped the towel off of Maggie. She stood trembling, trying to cover her breasts and pussy. She knew her daddy had a hot temper and would slap her silly in a second if she disobeyed.

"Stand up there girl, move them arms to your side so your daddy can have a look at his little girl", as he sat down on the toilet seat for a better view.

Maggie slowly lowered her hands revealing her naked body. Ever since she started her period, her breasts were growing bigger every day and were already developing nicely. She had no idea of their size because she'd never been fitted for a bra. Emmitt smiled staring at her tits and his gaze lowered to her waist. "Damn them titties are coming along nice and that belly is hard as a rock", Emmitt thought to himself. A sly smile came over his face as his eyes hit the top of her fine, light brown, pubic hair. It was barely thick enough to cover the top of her slit, and he could feel his cock

hardening as he eyed her pussy. "You gonna be a fine looking girl, Maggie, now get yo ass ready for school", Emmitt laughed, slapping her ass as she ran out of the room. Emmitt closed the door, turned on the shower and jerked off thinking about his daughter as he'd done almost every day for the last two weeks.

Maggie dressed quickly, then yelled for Molly and Earl, "Come on, we gotta go or we're gonna miss the bus." All three trotted down the steps of the trailer and headed down the dirt road. They had a mile walk to the bus stop just down from ol' lady Woodson's. Only two more days and school would be out for the summer.

Saturday rolled around and Betty was making a list for her weekly trip to the grocery store in Hazard. Most everything they ate came from the farm and Emmitt's big garden but there were some things they just needed to buy. He worked the garden tirelessly.

"Take Molly and Earl with you. They can help tote groceries and sacks of feed from the mill. I'll get Maggie to stay here and help me in the garden." Ten minutes later, Betty, with Molly and Earl in tow, got the old Impala to start and headed out of the hollow.

"Get your old work clothes on Maggie, we got work to do."

Maggie dug through the pile of clothes in the corner of the tiny bedroom she shared with Molly and found the old cutoff jean shorts of her momma's that she wore for working on the farm. They were 2-3 sizes too big and she held them up with a piece of baler-twine. She only had three pairs of panties so the shorts were all she wore below the waist. Next, she grabbed her dad's ol wife-beater sleeveless t-shirt. It too was way too big so she tied it together at the bottom to keep it snug. It was almost sheer and with a little sweat, completely see-thru. She knew why her daddy made her dress this way, and she was getting big enough to play along. She knew he would never do anything to hurt her.

They worked in the garden for an hour or so before Emmitt declared, "Damn, it's hot. Let's go get some water." There was a hose in the barn on the upper side of the garden. Emmitt lifted up the spigot handle and water shot out of the hose. He gulped the water down, and then leaned over, running it over his head, then handed the hose to Maggie. She sipped at the stream of water, and then sprayed off her dirt-covered legs. She then stood and let the water run over her face and down her chest. Her t-shirt was soaked and Emmitt's eyes were locked on as her dark nipples stiffened against the thin shirt. He watched the water run down her belly and into her jean shorts, then run down her legs. He could feel his manhood stiffening.

Flopping down on the closest hay-bale, "we're gonna have a long summer if it's this hot at the end of May, daddy", Maggie groaned as she lay back on the bale, legs hanging over the end. She could feel her nipples pointing skyward as a breeze blew through the barn. Emmitt's cock continued to stiffen as he admired his oldest daughter, lying flat on the hay-bale, her perky firm titties almost completely visible through her shirt. Trying to cool herself, she fanned her legs back and forth. As she did this, her light brown bush was visible to her daddy, and he was about to explode. He couldn't take it any longer.

Emmitt stood and walked over to Maggie. Her eyes were still closed and legs still fanned apart as he leaned down and put his hand over her mouth. Maggie jumped and her eyes flew open. "Now be quiet, I ain't gonna hurt ya, but there's a few things a young girl needs to know. Now what happens here today in this barn, don't go no further." Tightening his grip over her mouth, "if'n you tell anybody about this, you're gonna be in big trouble little lady. You got me?" Maggie nodded her head and Emmitt slowly released his grip. "Now sit up!"

Maggie spun around and sat on the hay-bale as Emmitt stood, unleashing his bib overalls at the shoulders. They dropped to his ankles, exposing his rock-hard 8" cock, a foot from Maggie's face. He leaned forward and grabbed her wet t-shirt, pulling it off over her head. His cock throbbed as he rubbed her hard nipples. He grabbed Maggie's head gently with his left hand and holding his cock in front of her face, "Now I want you to suck this."

Horrified, Maggie leaned towards his cock, something she'd only seen when her lil' brother was a baby. She slowly put it to her parting lips and touched the end with her tongue. She was amazed at how soft and smooth it felt and opened her mouth wider to take it inside. Emmitt moaned as her tongue worked around the head. He could feel the pre-cum easing out.

"What's this daddy? It tastes funny."

"Just consider it lube, and there's a lot more to come. Now get to sucking".

Maggie's head bobbed back and forth as she took her daddy's cock deeper into her mouth. The texture was something she'd never felt and she was enjoying the salty, sweaty taste. She sucked deeper and harder, never sucking very fast. As she fell into the trance of this newfound oral pleasure, she could feel her loins starting to moisten. She wasn't sure what was going on but it felt good. Emmitt massaged her titties as she continued to swallow his cock. With the pressure building in his balls, he pulled her head back as his cock popped out of her mouth, "Stand up". Maggie stood and Emmitt could feel her nipples rub against his belly. Her head barely came up to his chin. He reached and pulled the bailer-twine belt loose from her jean shorts and they immediately dropped to the dirt floor of the barn.

Stepping back a step, Emmitt admired his daughter's naked, budding body, and his cock yearned to be inside her. Easing her aside he laid back on the hay-bale and guided her over him. She had one foot on the ground and the other on the edge of the hay-bale as he guided her young pussy down towards his cock. She jumped as if shocked when she felt his cockhead rub against her virgin pussy lips. He moved it back and forth until her lips parted, exposing the entrance to her hot, wet cunt.

"Now I don't want to hurt you so I'm gonna go easy, OK?" Maggie nodded nervously.

With the head just at the entrance of her tingling, wet vagina, Emmitt slowly eased her down. One inch, two inch, then almost all the way back out. Easing her down again, he pushed deeper into her trembling love hole. Maggie's gasp turned to a moan of pleasure. His hands on her hips, he moved Maggie up and down, each stroke going deeper and deeper. She was so tight and wet he was about to explode, but he knew he had to keep it together, until finally he was buried into her cunt. He noticed her virgin blood trickle down his cock as she rose up. Maggie was losing control. She planted both feet on the ground, forcing his cock deeper. She bounced up and down, fingernails clawing at his chest. Emmitt grabbed her tits, massaging them and pinching her nipples. Maggie's moans suddenly turned to screams. Emmitt gripped her mouth to stifle her screams and she continued to writhe in pleasure. He could feel her pussy tighten on his cock and he knew she was ready to experience her first orgasm. The thought of that was all it took and he exploded into her cunt. Maggie dropped onto his exploding cock, raising both feet off the ground to force his cock deeper. Her whole body quaked and jerked in orgasmic ecstasy, as she bit at her daddy's hand trying to scream out.

Emmitt was shocked by the animalistic pleasure his young daughter displayed. He eased his hand from her mouth and she collapsed on his chest, hugging him tight.

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## Part 2 - The Cattleman

Maggie sat upright in bed. Her body was soaked in sweat. Sure it was hot sleeping in their trailer's tiny bedroom, in the heat of early June, but it was more than the heat. She lifted her old nightshirt and felt at her crotch. It was drenched in her juices. She was embarrassed and shocked at her feelings over what had happened in the barn last Saturday, yet she still dreamed of it. For her to have felt so much pleasure, enjoy it so much, just wasn't right. She had snapped out of her dream just as she was ready to scream out again, both from orgasmic ecstasy and disbelief in what she was feeling. Emmitt had lured her to the barn again and this time he'd been on top, pounding away, and she loved it. Just as her orgasm began, the guilt, the shame, and the humiliation rose up. Oh my God, what if my momma caught me. How could she have let her daddy fuck her and it felt so, so good.

Exhausted, she laid back in bed. Looking over at her lil' sister, Molly, sound asleep and just one year younger, she then glanced at the clock. 4:28AM. Momma would be up in a few minutes to go to work at the tire factory in Hazard. Maggie, Molly and their lil' brother Earl would have to do chores with their daddy on the farm. Their farm was a small 36 acres at the end of a dead-end road, deep in a hollow in the backwoods south of Hazard, KY. Her daddy, Emmitt, a hateful old bastard with a short temper had worked in the coal mines until a collapse at the mine had injured his back. He'd been on permanent disability for the last 4 years, and stayed home with the kids while momma, Betty, worked at the tire factory five days, and sometimes six, a week. Emmitt was hard on them. You worked and worked hard on the farm. You did what he said, or you'd catch a backhand upside your head. He'd be waking them up in a couple hours to get to work. Maggie drifted back to sleep.

Emmitt watched as Betty went down the steps to the old Impala, cranked it, and headed down the dirt road. With nothing but fans, the trailer was hot as hell so he was clad in just his old, stained, thin white boxers. No frills for anybody in this household! He walked down the hall and couldn't get the thought of he and Maggie together in the barn last week. His cock was already stiffening when he banged open the girls bedroom door. "Y'all get your ass up. We got work to do. Earn your damn keep! Maggie, get your work clothes on. We are gonna work in the garden afore it gets too damn hot, and then Travis is coming to take them two calves to the market around 11." Both girls jumped out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

Walking back to the front of the trailer, Emmitt jerked the covers off of Earl, still asleep on the sofa. "Get up boy!" He flopped down at the kitchen table then watched as the girls exited the bathroom and headed back to get dressed for the day. "Goddamn that girl is turning into a fine woman" he thought to himself as he watched Maggie go down the hall. He rubbed at his boxers, "easy boy."

A few minutes later the girls came back down the hall to the kitchen, and yes, Maggie was dressed in Emmitt's designated "work clothes". Emmitt had bitched about her wearing her good school clothes when helping him so he'd put together an outfit for her to wear. Her "work clothes" consisted of a hand-me-down pair of her momma's cutoff jean shorts, 2-3 sizes too big, held up with a belt made of baler-twine. On top was a worn out, thin, hand-me-down, wife-beater tank-top that Emmitt had given her to wear. He'd cut the bottom six inches off so she could wear it loose, or tie it up on one side so it wouldn't hang. Either way, her tits were always just one slip away from being seen. Five minutes of sweating and the thin top was damn near see-through. Just like she knew her daddy liked it, and she liked his attention. It was the only love he showed her.

"This damn trailer's a mess. Molly you clean this place up, top to bottom. Earl, you help her and when y'all are done, I want you both to walk to the end of the road and get the paper and mail." Emmitt didn't like the kids walking alone by ol' lady Woodson's house at the end of the road. She had two grown boys, Luther and Oscar, both not right in the head, and Emmitt didn't trust them. "Y'all look out for 'em Woodson boys and run if'n you see 'em. And don't come up to the barn while

we're fooling with them calves. You hear me?" They both nodded. "Come on Maggie, let's go."

Maggie was a hard worker and Emmitt was proud. Even as young as she was, she knew everything she needed to know about gardening. He paused from hoeing and watched as she bent, picking the buds off the tomato plants. Leaning over exposed the underside of her tits and they were getting bigger every day. She squatted down and worked her way around the plant, exposing her light brown bush beneath her baggy jean shorts as she did. Emmitt could feel his manhood rising but knew it won't right what he'd done. He was a hateful ol' bastard but he knew fucking his own daughter won't right. Still he watched, smiling, and his cock grew harder.

"What now daddy?" asked Maggie, snapping Emmitt from his fantasy. She stood and stretched her back.

"Let's take a break and get some water." Emmitt turned and headed to the barn.

"Oh shit", thought Maggie, this is how it started last week thinking back to Emmitt taking her virginity on a hay-bale in the barn. She could see the bulge in his overalls as he turned and grabbed the hose. They drank from the hose then sat down to rest. It was 9:30 and they'd already been working for two hours.

"We'll go get them bull calves up in jus' a few. I want to get them watered up good before Travis gets here. The more they drink, the heavier they'll be when they weigh them at the market. Money is tight, Maggie, so we gotta get every dolla' we can for 'em."

Twenty minutes later they were heading down to the pasture to bring the bull calves back to the barn. Emmitt had 6-7 cows and sold off some of their calves each year to make some money. He had two bull calves that were big enough to sell, and big enough to start humping on the cows, so he wanted them gone. Maggie worked with the cattle all the time and they would literally eat out of her hand. She took a bucket of grain and had the whole herd headed to the barn in no time.

"Now don't step on my bare feet boys or I'll smack you," she said laughingly to the calves. Once back at the barn they separated them out, leaving the two calves in the pen to load on the trailer. Maggie filled up the water trough then sprayed the dirt and cow shit off her bare feet, and took a few gulps. She couldn't help but spill water onto her shirt as it ran down her chin. Enough water to stiffen her nipples and make her shirt sheer again.

Emmitt and Maggie stood as they heard the pickup and the trailer coming up the rough dirt road. Travis was a local cattle farmer and hauled cattle to the market for the locals, as a side job. He was in his 30s, married and had a nice big farm. He swung his truck wide, then backed the cattle trailer up to the edge of the pen. Emmitt went to the truck, but Maggie, being shy, stayed back at the barn. She heard them exchanging hellos then start haggling on the price to take the calves to the market.

"Goddamn Travis, if I pay you that much I won't make shit off them calves."

"Have you seen the gas prices, Emmitt? Don't get all bent outta shape, we'll work something out," replied Travis.

Maggie walked over and went to the trailer to drop the tailgate.

"Well, good morning, Maggie. I ain't seen you in a while. You sure are growin' up." Travis's eyes worked their way up and down Maggie's body. Her tank-top was still damp and it was no problem making out her big brown areolas and stiff nipples. Emmitt watched as Travis straightened the crotch of his jeans. His eyes were locked on Maggie as she herded the two calves onto the trailer.

She bent over to secure the bottom latch and Travis was shocked to see her tits hanging down and her light brown bush staring back at him.

“Now get on in the barn while Travis and me talk business.” She sauntered to the barn and flopped down on a hay-bale. She watched as her daddy, with his back to the barn, talked to Travis, animatedly waving his arms. She could feel Travis’ eyes on her and he made her feel naked.

“Come on in the barn and get some water, Travis.”

Emmitt held the hose for Travis as he drank, then turned to Maggie. She stood, and took two sips then Emmitt “accidentally” hit her chest with the flow from the hose. She jumped back exposing her soaked see-through t-shirt.

“Now why’d you do that, daddy? I’m soaked!” she questioned. But deep down inside she knew her daddy was up to something. Emmitt’s mind was clicking.

“Maggie, crawl up in the loft there and get a bunch of that loose hay to put in the trailer for the calves.” Rising up, she stepped past Travis and started up the ladder. Travis, right beside the ladder, looked straight up her baggy jeans as she climbed. Watching her tight, hairy pussy climb the rungs, Travis couldn’t resist. He reached in his jeans, straightened his rock-hard cock, looked over at Emmitt and nodded, “You got a deal” he whispered. Travis turned and started up the ladder, with Emmitt right behind.

Maggie turned, surprised to see them up in the loft. She could see the bulge in Travis’s jeans, then looking at her dad, he said “Now Maggie, I told you how poor we was and I need your help, baby. Travis here is willing to haul them calves for half-price if you can do him like you did me last week. So I want you to fuck him, OK?”

“Daddy, no, please, no”, she pleaded. She knew it was hopeless. She always had to do what her daddy said.

Travis stepped towards her, pulling off his t-shirt. He leaned down, pulled off his cowboy boots, then unbuckled and dropped his jeans. Maggie’s eye widened when he pulled off his boxers and his throbbing cock sprung loose. It didn’t look any longer than her daddy’s but it was sooo big around. Her little pussy just couldn’t handle that!

“Get on your knees, Maggie” her daddy instructed. She knew what she had to do. She dropped to her knees.

Travis took another step forward and Maggie took his cock in her hand. She licked the bottom of his cock, from his balls to the head, then made circles around the head. The skin was so soft and smooth. She could feel his cock throbbing as she squeezed his head into her mouth. It was all she could do to get her mouth around it. It felt like she was shoving a soda can into her mouth. She was enjoying the taste of Travis’s cock and it began to make her moist. Suddenly she felt hands on her waist, pulling her up ‘til she was bent over 90 degrees. She kept sucking, forcing Travis’s cock deeper into her mouth. Emmitt reached around and undid the baler twine belt and her shorts fell around her ankles. He lifted one of her feet out and spread her legs apart. Maggie sucked harder and Travis’s moaning only excited her more. Emmitt unlatched his overalls, they fell to the floor, and he kicked them into the hay.

Travis leaned back against the wall of hay and watched as Emmitt dropped to his knees behind his daughter. Maggie jumped, and moaned, as Emmitt leaned in, spread her ass cheeks, and ran his tongue slowly over her asshole. He slowly rimmed around it then pushed his tongue inside. Maggie



groaned. As her pleasure magnified, she sucked Travis's cock even harder, faster and deeper into her throat. As Emmitt lapped at her pussy, running his tongue in and out, Maggie could take no more. She pulled off of Travis's cock, screaming as her whole body shook. Her pussy erupted, covering her daddy's face in her creamy juices. She gasped as Emmitt stood, jerking her around. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head to his cock. She took it willingly and began to vigorously suck.

Suddenly she felt a hand on her hip, and a swift tap out of her left leg to spread her legs further apart. Travis stepped forward and slid his cock down the crack of her ass until he felt her pulsating cunt lips. Slowly moving the head up and down, he parted her labia, placed both hands on her hips and, with one quick thrust, shoved in all of his manhood. Maggie's scream was muffled by her daddy's cock. Even as wet as she was, his fat cock hurt so much. She gagged as Travis's pounding forced Emmitt's cock deeper into her throat. Travis pulled back hard, then forward again, his balls banging against her thighs. Her cunt was relaxing as Travis stretched it on every stroke and it started to bring her pleasure instead of pain. Emmitt and Travis were timed perfectly. With each thrust of Travis's cock into her dripping love hole, Emmitt's cock bottomed out in her throat. They would rock back and simultaneously slam into her again.

Finally, Maggie could take no more. Her body convulsed as she was overcome by her orgasm. It was all that was needed to make her daddy cum and he filled her throat with his salty seed. She tried hard to swallow but there was simply too much, and it sprayed out the sides of her mouth as she gagged and choked. Her cunt clamped down on Travis's cock and he never felt such pleasure. His manhood erupted and he shot three long thick globs of cum deep inside. He clawed her hips and held her tight against him until the last drop of cum had filled her cunt. Maggie's knees gave way and she collapsed to the floor of the loft. Travis was spent and he fell back against the hay, his cock still dripped their juices.

Emmitt remained standing as the blood slowly withdrew from his cock. He looked down admiringly as his oldest daughter finalized her orgasm in the hay. Glancing over at Travis, they smiled when their eyes met, then they both watched as Maggie's body jerked one last time. Never had any of the three experienced anything like this.

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Part 3 - The Boys Down The Road

Betty's alarm went off at 4:30 as always. She reached over, slapped the alarm, looked over and Emmitt wasn't in bed. She got up and headed up the hall to the bathroom. Looking up the hall, there sat Emmitt at the kitchen table. She stepped into the bathroom, peed, then walked into the kitchen. "You ok?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just worried about what them damn Worker's Comp people have decided. All of them white-shirt assholes don't have a clue the pain I deal with." Emmitt was injured in a mining accident four years ago and had just been through a disability review in Hazard. Sure, he faked a lot of the time just to get that free money, but he had to play the game. "I should be getting a determination letter any day now."

"I'm sorry honey. I know it's got ya worried but it'll work out. Do you want me to get the mail on my way to work then run it back here to ya?" She left for work at the tire factory every morning at 5:30. It was a crooked-ass one mile dirt road to the mailbox on the main road. Bringing back the mail would take her an extra 10 minutes each way and therefore late for work. Emmitt knew that too.

"No, I'll get Maggie to run get it. She's quick on her feet and can be back afore you know it."

"Remind her to be mindful of them Woodson boys. They ain't right in the head and I don't trust 'em far as I can throw 'em." Betty headed back down the hall to get dressed for work.

Luther, the oldest Woodson boy at 34, slid his plate back, took the last sip of coffee and burped loudly. Oscar, hunched over his bowl of slop, looked up with that same stupid smile. He was 28 but had the brain of a four year old. A dumb four year old!

Ol' lady Woodson fussed at her son, "Luther, y'all get yo nasty asses outta here."

"Whatever you say momma. Come on dumbass, let's get out to the barn. We got chores to do." They slid their chairs back and out the door they went.

The Woodson family lived at the beginning of the dirt that led back to Emmitt's. They had a small farm and the "boys" had a few cows to keep them busy. Luther, the smartest of the two, was still dumb as a rock. Neither one had made it out of the first grade and still lived with their widowed mother. Nobody really knew how old she was.

In reality, there were no chores to be done. The cows grazed in the pasture year round and every summer, Travis would come up, pick out the calves and take them to the market.

Luther and Oscar sat the hay-bales and smoked their cigarettes. Another day in the life.

Emmitt called for the kids at 6:30 as always. They dragged themselves out, ate breakfast, and then waited for orders from Emmitt. School had been out for only two weeks and they did some kind of work everyday.

Six or seven times a summer, Travis, the guy who hauled their cattle, brought Emmitt a pickup load of hay. That was always enough to get his herd through the winter. Travis was also the guy that had fucked young Maggie just two weeks ago. Emmitt had basically whored out Maggie so he could get a better deal on hauling his calves to market. Emmitt had joined in the fun and all three had experienced the best sex of their lives. Albeit, it was only Maggie's second time ever.

"Maggie, get your work clothes on, I need you to help me put that load of hay up that Travis brought us." "Work clothes" was Emmitt's term for a sheer tank top and baggy jean shorts. If he was going to be working with his pretty young daughter, he wanted to enjoy the view. She didn't own a bra, cost too much fussed Emmitt, and she only had three pair of panties which were reserved for her school outfits.

Five minutes later, Maggie walked into the kitchen in her 'work clothes." Emmitt's cock woke up every time he saw her in them.

Emmitt yelled to the other kids, "Molly, Earl, y'all clean this damn house. Worsh 'em clothes and hang 'em on the line. Then get outside and get the yard picked up. Come on Maggie, let's get this hay started."

Emmitt's job was to pick up a bale from in front of the barn, put it on the conveyor and Maggie would stack it in the loft. He licked his lips staring at her hairy pussy as she climbed the ladder to the loft. Every trip to the conveyor, Emmitt looked up her baggy shorts at her hairy tight pussy. It was hot and dusty up there but if he had more time, he'd slip into the loft with Maggie and give his

daughter another good fuckin'. His cock ached for her tight lil' cunt.

After an hour they were done. Maggie was worn out, wringing wet with sweat and her legs scratched up from the hay. She turned on the hose and drank heavy, then rinsed off her burning legs. She was hot as hell, so ran the cold water over her face, and down over her chest. Her sheer shirt exposed her big brown areolas and her hard nipples stuck straight out. Emmitt sat back on the hay and enjoyed the view.

He looked at his watch and it was almost 9:00. The mail always came around 9-9:30 so he said, "I need you to run down and get the mail. I'm expecting an important letter, and you can run down quicker than them young'uns. Just watch out for them Woodson boys. They ain't right."

Maggie turned and trotted down the dirt road. She slowed to a walk as soon as she was out of sight. Tired, she would walk the rest of the way. Looking down, her shirt was still half wet and her tits showed clearly. Her baggy jean shorts hung low on her hips, the beltline just above her pubic hair, exposing her tight stomach. She'd loosened her baler-twine belt so they would ride lower and protect her legs while she was toting hay.

She became more alert as she neared the Woodsons. As she crossed in front of their driveway, ol' lady Woodson yelled out. "Morning, you must be Emmitt's oldest daughter."

Not slowing down one bit, Maggie shouted, "Yes ma'am, just going to get the mail."

Luther and Oscar heard their momma yell and ran to the door of the barn. They saw their momma then caught a glimpse of that girl from the end of the hollow as she disappeared towards the road. Luther smiled, looked over at Oscar who already had his normal dumb smile, and said "come on boy, we gonna have us some fun." Oscar grunted.

They heard the screen-door at the house slam shut, momma had gone back inside. They ran through the woods about 100 yards further back up the road to the first sharp curve. There they would wait for that girl. Oscar was to stand on the edge of the road until the girl walked around the curve, and then step out. Luther would then jump out behind her and there would be no escape.

Maggie checked the mailbox, empty, so she went up into the woods a few feet to wait. She wasn't about to sit out at the main road in her "work clothes". Ten minutes later, the mail truck showed up, put the mail in the two boxes, and pulled off. Maggie grabbed the mail and headed back to the hollow. Always nervous around the Woodson house she ran fast and hard by their driveway. Another 100 yards and she'd round the curve and be safe.

The gravel hurt her bare feet but Maggie ran fast. Soon it would turn to dirt and she'd be safe. She rounded the curve....and out jumped Oscar. She screamed, dropped the mail then turned to run. Before she could barely turn, Luther was on her. She fought, kicked and bit, but in no time Oscar and Luther had her restrained and carrying her back to the barn. With every kick or thrashing about, she exposed more of her naked body under her work clothes. Luther could feel his cock growing stiff and Oscar was just grunting and drooling, wide-eyed. He'd never uttered a single word in his life.

They reached the barn and Luther kicked open the door. He held his hand over her mouth and the other of his big arms around her tight. "Close that door. Get that tape." Luther shouted orders to Oscar.

Oscar did what he was told but never took his eyes off the cute half-naked girl. His bib overalls were already stretched at his crotch. Luther noticed and thought of his own rock hard cock rubbing up

against the back of the girl from the hollow. Oscar hobbled over with the tape, drool hanging off his chin.

“Hold her and don’t let her get away!” Luther shouted to Oscar, never removing his hand from her mouth. “Here, put your hand over her mouth, and squeeze tight so she don’t bite!” Oscar obeyed.

Luther let go and ripped off a piece of duct tape. He wrapped it around her head, completely covering her mouth. He grabbed her arm and dragged her over to the pole. Slamming her down in the hay, he taped both hands together then tapped them to the post.

“Now, we gonna have us some fun” Luther said smiling at both Maggie and Oscar. Oscar grunted. Tears streamed down Maggie’s cheeks.

Luther sat all 260 lbs of his 6’4” frame on Maggie’s waist. She grimaced and could hardly breathe. He slid her sheer tank-top up and over her head, exposing her firm breasts. Both he and Oscar looked at them, amazed. They had never, ever seen a tittie except for their momma’s. Luther leaned forward and sucked hard on her left tit while rubbing and squeezing her right tit. Maggie jumped as he bit hard on her nipple. Luther laughed then slid down towards her feet. Sitting on her ankles, he yanked her jean shorts down below her knees, exposing her beautiful light brown bush.

“Hold her down” Luther yelled at Oscar. Standing, Luther yanked her shorts off, undid his bibs and they fell to the floor of the barn. His massive cock was already leaking pre-cum as he yanked down his shorts.

“Stand up over her and hold her legs apart” he ordered. Luther had her by her ankles as Oscar stood over her head. Luther handed off her ankles to Oscar and he spread her legs wide, still smiling and drooling.

Maggie was terrified and feared she was gonna die. Never had she seen such ugly men in her life and she wasn’t even sure Oscar was human. They both stunk horribly. Oscar was staring down at her as Luther dropped between her legs. He dug into her cunt with one finger, two and then tried to force his whole hand in. Maggie wanted to scream but couldn’t through the duct tape. Pulling out his fingers, Luther licked them off, then slid up, face to face. Maggie wanted to puke but knew she’d choke to death if she did.

Luther reached down and grabbed his cock. He’d jerked off damn near every day since he was 14, but had never fucked a real pussy, that is if you didn’t count the numerous cows he and his brother had fucked in the holding chute. But that’s another story. He guided his long fat cock to her pussy and pushed hard. Maggie was always moist but nowhere near wet enough for his massiveness. She writhed in pain as he pushed harder and harder, until she finally felt his belly slam against her. She could feel his cockhead slam against her cervix and the pain was unbearable. Two minutes of fast humpin’ and Luther was spent.

He stood, his cum still dripping from his monster cock, and looked at Oscar, “your turn.”

Never in her wildest nightmare could Maggie have ever dreamed of anything worse happening to her. She looked at the fat, grotesque monster taking off his bibs as he stood between her legs. She looked up and all she could see was Luther’s massive cock and balls hanging down over her head. He spread her legs wider, pulling them back until her ass was off the ground. She turned back, looking at Oscar as he crawled towards her cum-filled cunt, his massive manhood almost dragging in the dirt. He had never seen such a beautiful site and his cocked throbbed. He scooted forward until his cockhead was at her hole. Then, as if pushed, he shoved his cock deep inside. Maggie bucked and tried to pull away from the pain, but it was no use. Oscar ripped at her cunt with his manhood

until his time had come. It felt as if a firehouse was going off inside her as this brain-dead idiot shot years and years of built up cum, deep inside her. He collapsed, lying on top of her. She wanted to die.

“Where the hell is that girl” Emmitt asked himself as he stepped out of the barn, looking down the dirt road. He looked at his watch. It was 10 o’clock. No way it would take Maggie that long to make a mail run. “The Woodsons!” he thought and fear filled his heart. He took off at a run down the dirt road. In no time he was nearing the Woodsons, when he suddenly stopped. There, in the middle of the road was mail, his mail. He could see the scuff marks in the road, signs of a struggle. There’s only one place she could be and he took off towards the barn. As he neared the barn he could hear grunts and laughing. He grabbed the shovel leaning against the barn and peeked thru the cracks. There, tied to a pole was his Maggie, with one the Woodson boys lying on top of her.

He got a running start and slammed into the barn door, breaking it open. With one loping roundhouse he hit Luther square in the face with the back of the shovel. Oscar, spent and too stupid to know what was going on, tried to stand. Emmitt nailed him squarely in the back of his head. Both brothers were out stone-cold and Emmitt reached for his pocket knife. He started to slit their throats. They deserved it but he knew better. Hell, they may already be dead. He cut Maggie loose, lifted her limp body into his arms and stood, looked at the two men on the floor of the barn. He grabbed Maggie’s work clothes and carrying her 110 lb. body in his arms, started the mile walk back home. Rounding the curve, he stopped, picked up the mail, and headed home.

He’d be back to see the Woodson boys later.

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#### **Part 4 - Educating Molly**

Molly leaned up on her elbow and looked over at her older sister lying beside her in bed. It was near 3:00AM but the moonlight lit up the small bedroom in their trailer. It was summer in the backwoods of Kentucky and it was hot as hell in their little tin box. Windows were open and the fans on high. Maggie had her thin t-shirt pulled up over her bare breasts and was massaging her tits as her other hand rubbed at her crotch. Molly had never seen her sister behaving like this and watched in amazement as her sister began fingering herself vigorously. Her moans were almost drowned out by the fan. Almost. Whatever Maggie was dreaming was beyond young Molly’s comprehension. Suddenly the moans became louder, followed by No, No, NO. Maggie lifted her naked ass off the bed and slammed her fingers deep inside as her orgasm peaked, thrashing her head back and forth on the pillow.

Deep in her dream, Maggie was in the hayloft and the Woodson brothers had her bent over haybales pounding her tight young pussy. She hated them for raping her just two weeks ago but she hated more the fact that her pussy was enjoying their big dumb, redneck cocks buried deep in her cunt. She could take no more and exploded in orgasm, No, No, NOOO! Her eyes flew open and there in the bed beside sat Molly, staring in disbelief.

“What are you doing? Are you OK?” asked Molly.

“Ummm, yea, I’m fine, just having a dream” answered Maggie, embarrassed that her young sister had just witnessed her dream-world orgasm. “We’ll talk about it later. Now, go back to sleep.” Maggie pulled her t-shirt down over her naked body, and rolled onto her side away from Molly. They slept on the sheet, covers kicked off the foot of the bed.

"Fine," said Molly, frustrated by her sister blowing her off. She laid back thinking of her own virgin pussy which had become moist watching her sister live out her dream. She didn't quite understand it all, but it felt good. Her older sister had matured quickly over the last year, growing to 5'6" with full firm breasts and a tight round ass. Molly just had her first period, and she could feel her body changing. She drifted back to sleep thinking of her older sister's orgasm.

Emmitt eased open the girl's bedroom door and admired his two young daughters asleep on the bed. He liked creeping in quietly in the morning to enjoy the view of his eldest, Maggie. They were poor and he knew she was buck naked under her little t-shirt. Sure enough, she didn't disappoint as he stared at her tight, young ass peeking out from under her t-shirt. Beside her was Molly, flat her back, legs spread wide, as the window fan blew the cool mountain air over their bodies. She was just starting to bloom and a few small pubes adorned her little slit. Like her older sister, she was going to be a good looking young woman pretty soon. Emmitt rubbed his half-stiff cock through his ratty boxers.

"Get your asses up! You're gonna sleep your damn life away. Come on, we got work to do!" he yelled.

The girls jumped up in bed, covering themselves as they felt their dad's eyes leeching over their naked bodies. Emmitt's semi-erection caught Maggie's eye but she tried not to look. She'd seen it before, up close and personal.

Thirty minutes later the girls, Emmitt and his son Earl were wrapping up breakfast. "Now you girls get them dishes washed up, and get yer work clothes on. Me and Earl gotta see if we can get this damn lawnmower running and I want y'all to get them ponies up. Their feet is getting' so bad I may have to get Ralph to come clip 'em before they can't walk no more," Emmitt ordered, his cock rising to attention as he watched their half-clad young asses head down the narrow hallway.

Maggie's work clothes were a ratty half-sheer, wife-beater of Emmitt's, and baggy jean cutoffs handed down from her ma. Molly's wasn't much better. An old t-shirt and jean cutoffs that Maggie had outgrown. Neither left much of the girl's body to anyone's imagination. Just like Emmitt liked it. They skipped down the cinderblock steps of the trailer and headed to the barn. The ponies would be hanging out with the cows and most likely down in the creek bottom where it was cool. Twenty minutes later they found them standing in the creek. The girls waded out to get them and enjoyed the cool water. It was only 8:30 but already over 90 and the humidity would choke you. Maggie put the lead on Thunder. He was a male pinto about six years old, while Molly led Ruby out of the creek.

When they got back to barn they put some grain in two buckets and began brushing them while they ate. Thunder wolfed his down quickly and turned, sniffing Maggie's cutoffs as she brushed his hind-quarters. Catching the scent from her early morning orgasm, his cock slowly dropped down and began to stiffen. Without Maggie noticing, it grew to 14-16 inches and throbbed against his belly.

"Looks like Thunder likes you brushin' him" laughed Molly as she pointed to Thunder's huge pulsating cock. "Touch it."

Maggie backed up a step and leaned down to see the monster cock jerking back and forth against the pony's belly. She slid her hand down his side until her hand reached the base of his cock near his hanging balls. Thunder whinnied and stomped his front foot. Dropping down to her knees, Maggie gripped his cock with her right hand and slowly moved her hand back and forth. She could feel her nipples stiffen against the sheer white tank-top and could feel her crotch burning and getting wet. She grabbed it with both hands and worked them back and forth.

Molly tossed Ruby's lead over the hook and squatted down on Thunder's other side to watch. Maggie spit on her hands and moved them faster up and down Thunder's throbbing brown, pink and white cock. Leaning down further Maggie moved his three inch head to her lips. She touched it to her tongue and could taste his pre-cum. Working her tongue around the head, she opened wide to force it into her mouth.

Molly looked on, amazed. She's seen Thunder's cock hanging down before but it never, ever occurred to her that any human would actually touch it....or suck it! Maggie stroked the monster pony cock and forced it deeper into her mouth.

"Where the hell are them girls" thought Emmitt. "Stay here Earl and put the cover back on this mower, we 'bout gotta her ready to go. Start mowing when you get it back together. I'll be back in a minute." Emmitt headed to the barn to check on the girls.

Thunder stomped as he felt his balls tighten. His cute master, Maggie, had never done this to him before and he was loving it. Maggie sucked harder and her hands jerked his cock back and forth. She could feel the head expand and knew he was ready to blow his load. She had no idea what would happen when he did, but she was too hot and horny to unwrap her lips from his horsecock. She sucked and pumped harder. In the background she heard Thunder stomp and whinny and she felt her own crotch ready to pour out her love juices. Suddenly his cock exploded in her mouth, shooting his pony cum deep into her throat, gagging her. She swallowed hard but it was useless. Cum spewed out the corners of her mouth and ran down her sheer, wet tank-top. Molly looked on enthralled by the whole scene. Neither had heard or seen Emmitt when he stepped around the corner into the barn.

Emmitt slid his hand into the side of his bibs and grabbed his growing cock. He stroked it slowly, watching his daughter suck their pony. From where he stood behind Thunder, he could see up her baggy cutoffs as her light brown hairy pussy began to dribble cum. The whole scene was something he'd never imagined and he was so turned on he couldn't take it. He unhooked his bibs and they fell to his ankles. He slid down his boxers and stepped out of both. Cum spewed out the corner of his eldest daughter's mouth and he watched as she pulled his cock out of her mouth and gasped for air. He cleared his throat.

Maggie and Molly rose on their knees and looked in horror as there stood their daddy, naked and his eight inch cock standing at attention.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here? Seems like my little girls are turning into sex-crazed pony fuckers. Well, the fun ain't over. Y'all get up that ladder into the loft."

Both girls ran to the ladder and climbed quickly into the loft. They knew better than to disobey their daddy or he'd beat them bad. Reaching the loft, they backed up and waited. Emmitt's head rose up above the floor as he climbed into the loft. They could see the wild look in his eye. Maggie knew what was ready to happen. Molly had no idea.

"Get them clothes off." Emmitt ordered rubbing at his cock. Maggie was naked in 10 seconds. Molly stood there trembling. Walking over to his youngest daughter, Emmitt said "Get them clothes off. Y'all been bad and I'ma gonna teach y'all little whores a lesson."

Molly pulled off her t-shirt and dropped her cutoffs. She whimpered as Emmitt reached out and rubbed her trembling little, budding titties, sliding his hand down to her bare virgin pussy. Her cunt was wet and hot as fire. Parting her labia, he eased one finger in just a bit and he felt it squeeze his finger. He slid out his finger and moved it to his lips, tasting her juices.

“Jump up on this bale here and watch your sister.”

“Maggie” he called. Maggie moved over to her father as he demanded, “on your knees. Show her how it’s done.”

Molly, still terrified, watched as Maggie devoured her daddy’s cock. It was half the size of Thunder’s monster ponycock, so Maggie could really work it in and out of her throat. Emmitt watched his youngest daughter absorbing Maggie’s cock-sucking technique, as she bobbed back and forth on his cock. He turned to Molly, “lay back”.

Easing down onto her back, Molly watched as Emmitt grabbed her legs and eased them apart. Licking the inside of her knees, Emmitt slowly worked his way towards Molly’s prized possession. He could feel her body jerk as he approached her tight, little bare cunt. Nibbling on her inner thigh, his tongue touched her cunt lips and she yipped with pleasure. He could feel her pussy trembling as he parted her labia and slid his tongue inside. He pushed further inside and marveled at how sweet her juices tasted.

Molly had never felt such pleasure and her cunt was on fire as he lapped away, pushing his tongue further and further inside her love hole. Her moans turned to a pleasurable scream as he nibbled on her hard little clit. Sliding his hand down her thigh he pushed in one, then two, fingers. She was so tight but her virgin pussy welcomed his fingers. He sucked hard on her clit then, coming to his senses, he eased out his fingers, “I’ll bust that cherry right for ya, baby girl.” Maggie slurped away on his cock and he could feel his testicles tighten.

Pulling away from Molly’s spread legs, he looked down at Maggie’s bobbing head. “I’m cuming baby, I’m cuming. You swallow it all, and don’t you spill a drop!”

Maggie’s left hand was gripping his cock as she sucked away and she jammed her right hand between her legs fingering hard at her dripping cunt. If her daddy was gonna cum, so was she. Molly looked on as Maggie slammed her fingers in and out of her hairy little pussy, just like she’d done in her dream last night. Suddenly Emmitt grabbed Maggie’s head with both hands and shoved his cock deep into her throat as his balls erupted. “Swallow it all you pony cock sucker” her cheeks bulging out as he shot wads and wads of cum deep into her throat. She gulped and gagged but swallowed it all. Releasing the grip on her head, she pulled back and gasped for air.

Emmitt leaned back against the hay exhausted but he still had some learning to do with his youngest. “Get up on that haybale on all fours. You’re gonna bring my limp cock back to life again, ya hear Molly. Maggie you crawl around there behind her. It’s time for you to eat some pussy if’n you ain’t already had some. Who knows what you little sluts have been up to.”

Molly looked up as Emmitt stepped towards her, his limp cum-soaked cock easing towards her mouth. She did just as her oldest sister had shown and took it into her mouth. She was shocked by the tenderness of his cock and the salty taste of his cum. It felt good and tasted better. She began to suck some life into his imp dick and was surprised how quickly it began to stiffen in her mouth. She gasped as she felt Maggie’s tongue touch her cunt lips, part them, and slip inside. Maggie grabbed her hips and pulled back hard, forcing her tongue deep into her little sister’s virgin cunt. Molly was losing control. She never felt such pleasure and it felt as if her whole body was on fire. Emmitt’s cock continued to grow and was finally rock-hard again. With her older sister lapping up her love juices, she sucked hard on her daddy’s cock. Suddenly he pushed her head back, “It’s time for you to get your first fuckin’ young lady. Spin around.”

Maggie pulled her face away from her sister’s wet cunt and watched as Molly turned, facing her.



"It'll be ok, just relax. I'm here for you sis."

Emmitt leaning down and took one last slurp up Molly's wet crack. Damn, she tasted good. He stood behind his daughter and laid his cock on her ass, sliding it down over her asshole until he felt her wet cunt. He moved the head up and down until her lips were parted, then eased forward. His saliva coated cock inched deeper and deeper inside her tight cunt. Molly grimaced as Emmitt's cock pushed further inside. "It'll be ok, relax" coached her sister. Emmitt spread her ass cheeks further apart as he continued to push. She was so much tighter than her sister and it felt so goddamned good. He slid his cock in an inch, then back out, then in two inches, then out, each time eliciting a gasp from Molly. He continued this slow pace until finally his cock bottomed out deep into her virgin cunt. Her tightness had eased and he could now work his cock harder and faster. He gripped her hips tight and started to pound her little ass. She began to scream out in painful pleasure. "Cover her mouth. Shut that yelling up" he shouted to his older daughter.

"Yessir daddy" replied Maggie, standing and stepping to Molly's side to better cover her mouth and also help steady her on the haybale. She looked down at Emmitt's cock sliding in and out of her little sister, and smiled at the red virgin blood mixed with cum dripping from her cunt. Having just shot his first load fifteen minutes earlier, Emmitt's second orgasm would take time. He continued to pound away and Molly was out of control. She clawed the hay as Maggie held her hand tight over her mouth. Molly's body shook from her first orgasm ever and as her pussy clamped down on Emmitt's cock, it was time. He yanked her ass tight against him as he emptied his balls deep inside his youngest daughter. Exhausted, all three collapsed onto the hay.

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Part 5 - The girls meet up with Rocky

Emmitt sat on the steps of the trailer rubbing at his crotch as he watched his two young, but rapidly maturing, daughters bounce up the path to the barn. He'd ordered them into their "work clothes" early and given them a list of chores to do in the garden and barn. He and his youngest, Earl, had work to do around their little trailer. A poor country family, home was a small trailer, tucked into a mountain holler outside of Hazard Kentucky. It was August and hotter than hell.

Thirty minutes working in the garden, weeding and picking beans, and both Maggie and Molly were soaked. Today they were glad they were wearing their daddy's favorite "work clothes"; baggy cutoff jeans and ratty old wife-beater tank-tops. Being dirt poor, undergarments were a luxury reserved for school. The hot, humid breeze blew easily through their clothes, and Maggie could feel it tickling her thick light-brown bush. Emmitt made sure the girls wore them every time he gave them chores. Bending over or squatting down in the garden gave him a clear view of their cute little cunts. His 8" cock enjoyed the view and the baggy cutoffs provided quick, easy access whenever he had the chance.

The girls finished up in the garden, and took the beans they'd just picked back to the trailer. Emmitt's cock stiffened in his bibs as he admired Maggie's tits, visible through her sweat-soaked, sheer top. Molly's were much smaller as she still hadn't started her growth spurt into maturity yet. But she would soon, and she was gonna be a looker too, just like her older sister. Goddamn, he was one lucky daddy.

"You girls walk that fence line down to the creek then back up the other side. That storm last night mighta blown down a tree across the fence and I can't afford to lose no cows by them getting out." Emmitt raised a few cows for money, so the girls understood and headed towards the barn to start their task.

It took them only twenty minutes to walk the right fence line down to the creek and they decided to take advantage of the cool pool of water. In ten seconds they were both buck naked and splashing in the water. Maggie had grown into a fine young lady, round firm tits, a tight ass and a gorgeous light-brown bush. Molly, a year younger, was just growing her first pubes. Her tits were more nipple than boob. That hadn't stopped their daddy from having his way with both of them, stretching their tight little cunts and robbing them both of their virginity.

Checking the fence line was a job that could be done in 30 minutes or three hours depending if any damage was found, so they had time to kill. The girls laid back, eyes closed, basking in the sun, completely naked in the sand beside the creek. The water cascading over the rocks into the big pool of water drowned out the sounds of the woods behind them. Suddenly Molly jumped and screamed as something cold touched her peach-fuzz pussy. Looking up, it was Rocky, the big, bluetick coondog of ol' lady Woodson. He stood almost 30" tall and weighed 90 lbs. He was a big boy, weighing the same as Molly, and often strolled through the farm. Emmitt never complained since he didn't chase the animals and the girls always played with him. They had always wanted a dog but Emmitt fussed that he "wasn't paying to feed the damn thing".

"Whatcha doing boy? You scared me." Molly laughed. Rocky took another step forward and sniffed at her cunt.

"Let him sniff ya, Molly" said Maggie. "He ain't gonna hurt ya. He's a good ol' boy!"

Molly rose up on her elbows and bending her knees, spread her legs. Rocky, tail just a wagging, stepped forward between her legs and licked at her tight little cunt. Molly jumped as he ran his tongue up the crack of her ass, up over her cunt, parting her bare pussy lips. She quivered as he continued his licks. Maggie climbed up on her knees, watching her sister enjoy the big hound's tongue, and spotted his bright red cock slipping from his sheath. She reached up and began to stroke his growing cock as he kept pace licking Molly's wet cunt, wet from his licks and the juices they created. Molly spread her legs further as his tongue forced its' way deeper into her tight little hole. Moaning, she threw back her head, "Oh Rocky. Lick me, Rocky. Good boy, Rocky."

Maggie wasted no time. She was stroking Rocky at a rapid pace, his ten inch cock humping against her hand, all the while lapping up the juices from Molly's excited cunt. "Roll over and get up on all fours", Maggie instructed.

Molly rolled over, "Is it gonna be ok? It ain't gonna hurt is it?"

"No sis, you'll be fine. He ain't no bigger than daddy." Maggie knew it was a lie. Rocky's cock was 2' longer and much bigger around.

Molly's apprehension turned to desire as she felt Rocky run his tongue up the crack of her ass. Each lick going a little deeper into her cunt, and tickling her little clit. He humped against Maggie's hand and she watched as the pre-cum dribbled over her fingers. She moved her hand to her mouth, tasting his cum and it reminded her of Thunder's cum, the pony from last week. Rocky's cock was fully extended as he dry-humped, inching his way closer to Molly bent over in front of him. Suddenly, he was on her back before she knew it, clawing for a tighter grip around her waist. His hot, throbbing, red poker jabbed at her little ass.

Maggie moved Rocky to the left so he was better aligned to hit her cunt. "Arch your back, sis!" No sooner than Molly arched her back, better exposing her little cunt, Rocky hit his target. As soon as his hot red love poker felt her wet cunt, he thrust forward. Molly screamed out in pain as the first 6 inches of dog dick slammed into her tight little cunt.

“Owwwoooo, he’s ripping me apart” screamed Molly. “I can’t take his whole cock.”

Rocky humped harder until all ten inches of his fat cock were deep inside. Molly’s screams of pain turned to pleasure. Maggie was nearing an orgasm just watching and she slid in closer for a better view, fingering at her hairy pussy the whole time.

“Oh my god, I can’t take it” screamed Molly, but Rocky just fucked her faster. With each stroke, Molly’s tight young pussy loosened up more and more, the pleasure she felt in her cunt driving her wild. She began to push her little ass back against Rocky as he hammered at her ass. She could hold back no longer and her body erupted in orgasm, jerking and slamming back against his pounding dog cock. As her orgasm intensified, and her cunt griped his cock tighter, she felt his cock growing even bigger. She could feel a bulge pounding against her pussy. It felt as if he was trying to push a grapefruit into her.

“He’s getting bigger Maggie, he’s killin’ me?”

Maggie lay on her back and slid under Rocky, staring up as his fat red cock slammed into her little sister. She saw something she’d never seen before. At the base of his ten inch cock, a ball was forming. With each stroke he pushed it harder into Molly. He griped her hips tighter and slammed furiously into her drenched cunt. Two more lunges and the growing knot disappeared inside Molly. She gasped, screaming from pain and unknown pleasure as she felt the big ball lock inside her cunt. She could feel his already huge cock being to swell, and suddenly felt the gush of dog cum explode into her cunt. She screamed out in pleasure, again erupting into another orgasm, her head thrashing, her body jerking and pushing back hard into the painful cock that filled her young cunt. Her cunt could hold no more and she felt their cum spraying out around the big ball locked inside her pussy. Her arms gave way and she collapsed onto her face and shoulders, into the sandy creek bank, her ass still up in the air, locked onto the big bluetick hound.

Watching from below, Maggie’s cunt exploded in orgasm, as cum from Rocky and her lil’ sister poured out onto her face. She lapped it up as she continued pounding her pussy, now with three fingers. She rolled onto her side, out from under Rocky as he stepped off of Molly, twisting her ass sideways. Panting and slobbering from the heat as well as the fucking he’d just laid on the little neighbor girl, he took two steps towards the creek, dragging Molly by her cunt as he moved. She screamed out in pain as Rocky’s knot dragged her into the cool water. Keeping her head up to avoid drowning, Rocky’s knot slowly began to shrink as he stood in the cooling stream. Finally, Molly felt the huge ball shrink and finally plop free from her cunt. She turned and watched as their cum floated away downstream.

Both girls collapsed, their naked bodies in the water and their heads in the sand beside the creek. Neither knew how much time had passed before they awoke, but they washed off in the stream, got dressed and headed back along the fence line towards the barn. Molly had never had such an experience and it was all she could do to walk. Cum continued to dribble from her cutoffs and run down her leg as they walked along the fence. The last week had been an amazing sexual journey and she would never look at her daddy ,or Rocky, the same way again.

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## **Part 6 - Earl’s Awakening**

It was just after 7:00 when the heat from the early morning August sun made the trailer too hot to sleep. Maggie and Molly slowly rolled out of bed. They essentially had the day off and got to sleep in. Their parents, Emmitt and Betty, had gone to town for the day; Mom to work and dad to medical

appointments. Dressed in their baggy t-shirts, with nothing underneath, they went to the small bathroom in the trailer to pee. They finish, then shuffle down the hall to the kitchen to eat. Their little brother Earl is sound asleep on his bed; the living room sofa. Their small trailer in a holler outside of Hazard, KY only had two small bedrooms; one for mom and dad, and the girls shared the other. Earl was relegated to sleeping on the sofa.

Earl got his sister's attention when he rolled over on the sofa, kicking the covers off, and moaning in his dream world.

"You better wake up Earl" Maggie said to Molly.

Grinning, Molly nodded in Earl's direction in response to Maggie. Looking over, Earl had kicked back the sheet and was laying on his back. His t-shirt was pulled up to his waist, and with no underwear to hide his privates, his morning wood was standing at attention.

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In Earl's dream, he is sitting at his desk in Algebra class. Ms. Davis, the cute young dark-haired, tanned teacher, is sitting at her desk, legs spread wide, exposing her hairy bush to him. His erection is bending to spring from his jeans. He moves trying to straighten his bent, cramped hard-on.

"Earl, can you come to the board and show the class how to solve this problem?" Ms. Davis asks.

Earl nervously stands, his erection forcing his jeans out. Embarrassed, he walks to the board. He stares at some mysterious equation on the chalkboard, when suddenly he feels a hand on the small of his back. Turning, Ms. Davis is squatting down, skirt up to her waist, her tanned, dark nipples hanging out of her blouse and she's unzipping his jeans. He watches as she wraps her lips around his cock and begins to suck. He closes his eyes and leans back against the chalkboard as Ms. Davis swallows his cock. He'd never felt such pleasure in his young life.

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Maggie turned in her chair and dropped to her knees beside the sofa. Leaning over, she gently took Earl's erection in her hand, and slowly lowered her lips over the head. She was careful to go slowly, not to wake her dreaming brother. His young cock, although only five inches long, tasted so good. She slurped away, sucking harder and faster. Maggie suddenly felt a hand on her naked ass. Molly had slipped down beside her to watch the action and slowly began fingering her sister's wet, hairy cunt. The more Maggie sucked, the more Molly fingered her hard. Leaning over, she ran her tongue up the crack of her ass, slipping it into her tight ass. Maggie moaned and squirmed, sucking harder.

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Earl was leaned back against the chalkboard in his classroom dream. All the students had somehow disappeared and his hot young tanned teacher was sucking hard on his cock. He could take no more. He was going to ace this class and start by dumping his whole load, deep down Ms. Davis's throat. Thrusting his hips forward, he exploded in her mouth, shooting cum deep into her throat. His balls pumped hard, draining them of his virgin seed. This had been his first time and he was spent. Shocked from his dream, he felt a hand on his stomach. He tried to sit up on the sofa, but looking down, there was his oldest sister, Maggie, sucking hard on his cock, draining the last few drops of cum from his young balls.

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Earl was speechless as he watched Maggie sucking on his cock. Looking over he could see his sister Molly with her face buried in Maggie's ass. Maggie moaned loudly then suddenly popped her head up from his sill throbbing cock and screamed out as she was overcome by orgasm. Earl was now up on his elbows. He was shocked by what was happening. Maggie's trembling orgasm finally ceased and she looked up at her little brother, his cum dribbling from the corner of her mouth. Licking it away with her tongue, she smiled, "Time to get up Earl, we got work to do. Sorry to wake you this way but it looked like you needed some help with your dream."

Embarrassed, Earl grabbed at the sheets to cover himself. "Um, sorry sis, I um, I um...."

"It's ok Earl, this will be our little secret" whispered Maggie. Looking on, Molly smiled in agreement.

The girls got up and returned to their breakfast, as Earl jumped up from the sofa and trotted down the hallway to the bathroom. He joined them shortly but was still too embarrassed to make eye contact until Maggie said, "Daddy wants you to mow the yard and clean out the chicken house when you finish breakfast."

"Well, what are y'all gonna do?" he inquired.

"We've got to work in the garden then chores to do in the barn. We'll be back when we finish. You stay down here," Maggie stated.

With that, both girls got up and headed to their bedroom to put on their "work clothes". Emmitt was strict that the girls wore only their "work clothes" when doing chores, partly to avoid getting dirty what decent school clothes they had, and second because he enjoyed the view of their baggy cutoff jean shorts, and ratty, almost sheer, wife-beater tanktops. Even in her young age, Maggie had already developed a nice firm set of tits, and a beautiful light brown bush to make any woman proud. Emmitt would know, both his tongue and cock had been in it several times.

Three minutes later the girls bounced down the steps and headed to the garden. Earl sat at the kitchen table thinking back on his morning experience. Just the thought of his sister giving him his first orgasm, other than the occasional wet dream which didn't really count, made his cock stiffen again. He wanted more.

"Let's get this work done in the garden so we can go play in the barn" Maggie chuckled. Molly knew exactly what Maggie was thinking. They'd discussed their fantasy late last night, in bed. They spent the next hour picking beans and corn, before dropping their harvest in the shade at the side of the barn. Relaxing in the shade of the barn, Molly whistled for Thunder, their little pinto pony stallion. A few more loud whistles and Thunder came running into the pen behind the barn. The girls put some grain in a bucket, a lead on Thunder and led him back into the last stall in the barn.

"Thunder, I'm so horny after sucking off Earl this morning, that I think today is your big day," grinned Maggie. "Mom and daddy won't be home for hours, Earl is busy, so let's try it" she said looking at Molly.

"Like we talked about last night?"

"Yep, go grab a bale of hay and that blanket. I'll get more grain."

Molly returned and dropped the bale in the stall. Rubbing Thunder on the side to keep him calm, she slid the blanket-covered haybale under Thunder's belly. Maggie dumped the rest of the grain in his bucket then turned, untying her baler twine belt and her baggy cutoffs dropped to the floor of the stall. Tossing her tank-top aside, she rubbed her light brown bush and felt at her stiff nipples and

already wet cunt. Being naked felt so good.

Squatting down she began to rub his cock. It didn't take much for him to release his cock from its' sheath and she stroked in slowly. With each stroke, it stiffened more, growing in her hands until the head mushroomed out. Thunder stomped his foot and whinnied as she stroked his brown, white and pink 16" cock. His 2 ½" thick, monster cock, with its' big 3" head throbbed against his belly.

"Ok Molly, rub him and keep him calm while I crawl under." Maggie slid under Thunder's belly, laying on the haybale. She swung her right leg under until she was positioned directly under his belly. Feeling for his cock she slid closer until she could place his head at her opening. The feel of her hard nipples rubbing against the coarse hair of his belly made her even wetter. Lying on her back, she could feel her juices run down the crack of her ass. She was ready.

Grabbing his cock, Molly whispered instructions to Maggie, "slide closer, bend your knees way up, spread your legs wider." Molly rubbed his 3 inch wide cockhead up and down against the opening to Molly's wet cunt, spreading her lips wider with each stroke, until they finally parted, allowing her to force his splayed head into her cunt. Maggie continued to slide back tighter against Thunder's cock until Molly finally got the head inside. Thunder reacted to the hot wetness of her cunt and thrust forward. Maggie yelped as his fat cock head and first six inches pushed inside. Another thrust and she gasped in pain and his cock pushed even deeper. On the next thrust his cock slammed against her cervix and she moaned, both in pain and pleasure. It had been a while since Thunder had bred a mare but he knew exactly what to do. He humped harder and harder, sliding Maggie back and forth on the haybale with each stroke, impaling her with his cock. His big mushroom head gripped the walls of her cunt and pulled her back, before slamming her forward again.

Molly had dropped to her knees to watch, while sliding her hand into her shorts to rub her cunt. With Maggie holding her knees bent back and her ass spread wide for Thunder's massive cock, she watched as he pounded away at her sister. In no time, Maggie screamed out, reaching her first orgasm. With each stroke, Molly could see Maggie's cum being forced out by his fat cockhead. Gasping for air, her moans grew louder as he buried his cock deeper and deeper with each thrust. Her ass jerked on the haybale with each stroke. There was still four inches of pony cock he was trying unsuccessfully to push inside her. Her young cunt was simply not deep enough to hold all of his cock and each thrust lifted her ass completely off the haybale.

Unbeknownst to either girl, Earl hid in the hayloft peering down at the beastiality spectacle below. He jackhammered away at his hard young cock, watching his sister in this wild, raw act getting fucked by Thunder. Never had he seen anything like this, or experienced a day like today. First, shooting his first load of cum deep into his oldest sister's throat and now watching her get fucked by the family pony.

Maggie was out of control. Her body shook uncontrollably as Thunder pounded away, his cock dragging her back and forth on the haybale. Her second orgasm was rapidly approaching and she could feel Thunder picking up his pace. She knew he was ready to empty his cum filled balls and just that thought sent her over the edge. Her whole body erupted in orgasmic ecstasy. On the next thrust forward, Thunder held the position and his first load of pony cum sprayed hard against her cervix, filling her cunt with so much cum she thought she would explode. He jerked back then slammed forward again to dump another load. Cum sprayed out around his cock and ran down her ass, covering the blanket. Her cum filled cunt squeezed hard on his fat cock, draining more cum from his balls. One last thrust and he dumped his final load. His whole body quivering, Thunder stepped back, slowly pulling his cock from his new human mare. With an audible plop, his three inch wide head popped out of her cunt. The sudden emptiness made Maggie gasp and rivers of cum ran down the crack of her ass.

Maggie turned to look at her sister squatting beside her and suddenly spotted Earl, in the loft, looking down, over Molly's left shoulder. She scurried to get out from beneath her pony lover, embarrassed at being caught by her younger brother.

"What are you doing up there? I told you to stay at the trailer. Get outta here" screamed Maggie.

Earl was speechless. What could he say? He'd just witnessed his sister getting fucked by a pony and he had just shot his second load of the day onto the hay of the loft. He turned and crawled down the back ladder to the loft, and ran to the trailer.

"Oh my god, I've never seen anything like that" exclaimed Molly.

"Trust me sis, I'd never felt anything like that!" Maggie replied.

Turning to walk to her shorts on the floor of the stall, Maggie's legs felt like butter as gobs of cum ran down her legs. Her cunt was so sore, both from pain and pleasure, she could barely walk. She walked to front door of the barn, turned on the hose, and sprayed the cum off her legs and crotch as best she could. She gingerly stepped into her cutoffs, pulled them up over her sore, naked ass, tied her baler-twine belt, and headed to the trailer. She had to convince Earl to keep his mouth shut or Emmitt would make her pay.

Running to catch up to her, Molly whispered, "so, how was it?"

"You'll find out. It's your turn next!"

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Part 7 - Earl's uncontrollable urge

"Look, if you want me to keep my mouth shut, it's going to cost you" demanded Earl.

Maggie already knew the answer but asked anyway, "And just what does that mean?"

"I want to do you just like that pony did you this morning" Earl said with a sly smile. He was a pretty shrewd negotiator for being so young.

"OK, but you have to promise never to tell daddy any of this" demanded Maggie.

"Deal. Tomorrow? In the barn?"

"OK" replied Maggie. She acted like it was a big deal, but after all she'd done sexually over the summer, fucking her little brother was not a major concern. She actually was kind of looking forward to it.

Earl could barely sleep that night thinking about fucking his sister the next day. He lay on the sofa of their little trailer, in the backwoods outside Hazard, KY, rubbing his young dick. The day had been the most exciting day of his life. It started by waking up to Maggie sucking his cock, awakening him from his dream. He later snuck into the hayloft, spying on his sister as she got fucked by their family pony. It was the wildest thing he'd ever seen and just thinking back on it now, his little 5" cock grew rock hard. He wasn't sure he could wait until tomorrow to dump his next load.

Maggie was dreaming of Thunder fucking her on the haybale again when Emmitt burst into room. Just like most hot August mornings Maggie and her little sister, Molly, had kicked the sheet off and lay there in just their t-shirts, naked from the waist down, fan blowing on them.

“Get the hell up, we got work to do.” Emmitt hollered. He didn’t cut his young girls any slack and watched as they scurried to cover their naked asses. His two young daughters were growing into fine looking young women. Maggie had already blossomed, growing a fine set of titties, and Molly was just starting her growth spurt. Having already deflowered them both, his sexual future was looking bright.

Earl was already awake sitting at the kitchen table when Emmitt came down the hall. Betty, his mom, had woke him when she closed the trailer door to leave for work at the tire factory at 5:30. “What are we doing today, daddy?”

“We gotta get that young heifer up that has the bad eye. If’n we don’t get some medicine on it, she’s gonna lose it. I’ll get you and the girls to get her up to the barn, then come get me.”

Just then, the girls strolled down the hall and into the kitchen. “OK daddy, we can do that.” Turning to the girls, “Daddy wants us to get that heifer up, the one with the bad eye, so he can put some medicine in her eye” said Earl.

“Y’all finish up breakfast and get your work clothes on. I wanna get that heifer done and lay back down. That damn no-count doctor bout killed my back yesterday” Emmitt instructed.

Ten minutes later, all three kids bounded down the steps of the trailer and headed to the barn. The girls were out front and Earl brought up the rear. He suddenly had a new-found appreciation for the “work clothes” his daddy made the girls wear; short, baggy cutoffs, with an almost sheer, ratty ol’ tanktop on top. None of the kids wore underwear. They were saved to wear to school. Maggie stopped to pick a thorn out of her bare foot, and bending over, Earl caught a glimpse of her light brown hairy pussy. He immediately felt his cock hardening and couldn’t wait to bury it in her cunt later in the barn.

Twenty minutes later they found the herd of cows down at the creek. It was already 90 and you could cut the humidity with a knife. The tanktops on the girls were damn-near sheer from the sweat, causing Earl’s pecker to stiffen even more. It didn’t go unnoticed to Maggie.

Reaching the creek bank, Maggie untied her baler-twine belt and her cutoffs dropped to the sand. She yanked her tanktop off over her head and tossed it aside. “Come on, let’s take a dip afore we gotta get these cows back.”

Molly was naked in seconds and wading into the water with Maggie. They turned, looking at Earl. He stood on the bank with a very visible hard-on forcing his jean shorts out. “Are you joining us?”

“Ummm, yeah.” Earl turned away from his sisters, somewhat embarrassed by his erection, and dropped his pants. He turned and ran to join them in the creek.

Maggie wasted no time. She eased towards Earl, and lowered herself in the water. Earl was squatting down in the shallow water and Maggie guided him up until his cock was just above the water line. She floated towards him until his cock was at her mouth. Earl stood, planting his feet to steady himself. Maggie slid her hands up his thighs and slowly caressed his already throbbing cock. Slowly taking it into her mouth, she began to suck. Unlike yesterday morning on the sofa when she was trying not to wake him, this time she gave it her all, sucking vigorously, his balls sloshing in the water. His young cock was only 5” when fully erect and she could swallow it whole.

Earl’s moans alerted her he was ready to dump his load, but she’d promised him he could fuck her, so she slowed and eased his cock from her lips. She stood, took two steps towards the bank then dropped to her hands and knees in the shallow water. She could feel the cool creek water flowing

through her public hair, just the perfect level. Earl wasted no time and dropped to his knees behind her. He guided his throbbing cock down her ass, over her puckering asshole and to her moist vaginal lips. He guided the head up and down until her lips welcomed him inside. He grabbed her hips by each side and slowly pushed inside. Back out, then he slammed his dick as far inside as he could, his balls slapping the water.

Molly crept up in the water, watching her little brother hammer away at his sister. His mouth open, head thrown back, eyes closed. She reached back between Maggie's legs, and caressing his balls, whispered, "That's it Earl, fuck her hard. Fuck her buddy, fuck her hard."

Earl had never felt anything so good in his life, and his young, explosive balls could take no more. He grabbed Maggie's hips tight, thrust forward and groaned as his balls emptied in her cunt. Maggie, feeling her cunt fill with his cum, erupted in orgasm. Molly grabbed Earl's hip, spun him sideways, his cum-dripping cock springing from his sister's cunt. She immediately had it in her mouth sucking hard, swallowing any remaining cum he had left. She felt the blood slowly drain from his spent cock. Sliding it out her mouth, she floated back and looked up at her little brother, smiling. Earl stood, almost trembling, in the water. Never had he experienced anything that felt so good.

Maggie stood, and stepped into deeper water to wash their combined secretions from her cunt. "We better get these cows back" She said.

All three stood on the creek bank, slipping back into their clothes. They'd have to drive the whole herd back to the barn then separate the young heifer from the bunch. Maggie walked ahead, calling the cattle, with Earl and Molly following behind to make sure they kept going towards the barn. In no time, the herd was in the pen. They separated the young heifer from the remaining cows and drove her into the chute. Earl pushed against her rump, forcing her head into the clasp of the front catch. The heifer's head went through the opening and Maggie slammed the catch shut.

"I'm gonna go get daddy" said Maggie.

"I'm going too, I gotta pee" exclaimed Molly and the two girls trotted off.

Earl was still in the chute behind the heifer. She swished her tail, swatting at flies on her back. Doing so, exposed her pussy and Earl couldn't stop staring and thinking. "If Maggie can fuck the pony, then....". Earl slowly slid his hand up the back of the heifer's leg, she jumped forward in the chute, but there was nowhere she could go. "Easy girl." He held her tail to side with his left hand, and with his right hand, slowly eased one finger, then two, into her tight, virgin pussy. The hotness of her cunt surprised him. The young heifer squirmed in the chute and her cunt got wetter with every stroke of his fingers. First one, then two, and now three fingers jammed her cunt. He could feel his loins tighten and his cock stiffen as his fingering pace quickened. She was standing still now, almost as if she was enjoying it, and her juices ran down his hand. He heard the screen door on the trailer slam. He yanked his hand from her pussy, crawled over the chute and tried to wish his erection away. Hopefully his daddy, nor his sisters, would notice.

Emmitt went to small cabinet inside the barn door and pulled out the save for the heifer's eye. "Grab that board there Maggie. Earl you get in there behind her, push her as far forward as you can, and Maggie you slide that board in behind her legs when he does. That's way she can't move while I'm putting this salve in her eyes."

The kids all did as instructed and in no time, they were done. Emmitt gave his orders, "Drive them other cows out of the pen and shut the gate. We gotta put this salve on her, morning and night, for another three or four days, so we'll leave her in the pen. Molly, swing that side gate open and

Maggie, you release her head.” The heifer bounded out into the pen and the crew headed back to the trailer.

Earl couldn't get his mind off of the heifer's hot pussy. The afternoon passed, dinner was finished and they all headed to bed. He heard Emmitt snoring at the other end of the trailer shortly after 11 and he eased up off of the sofa. He slipped on his cutoff jean shorts, eased open the door, quietly shut it behind him, and headed to the barn.

The moonlight was all the light needed to see the heifer standing in the corner of the pen. He grabbed a bucket, poured in some grain and set it at the front catch of the chute. Smelling the grain, she walked straight into the chute. When her head popped through the opening and she started eating the grain, Emmitt closed it snug on her neck. He grabbed the board, slid it behind her legs and crawled into the chute behind her. He stepped onto the board which put him at the perfect height, and he let his shorts drop to his ankles. He grabbed his cock and in the moonlight eased it to her pussy. Moving it up and down he parted her lips and pushed inside. The hotness of her tight cunt took his breath away. Her cunt was so much hotter than his sister's from this morning. He slowly moved back and forth, forcing deeper inside with every stroke. He could feel her juices running down his balls and grabbing her hip bones, he kept a steady pace. Although this was only his second time fucking a pussy of any kind, he knew to try and enjoy it as long as he could. He could feel his balls tighten and he knew he wouldn't last much longer. His balls slammed against her fat pussy lips. His pace quickened and he slammed harder on each stroke until he finally exploded, emptying his balls inside his new fuck-buddy.

When the last drop of cum had drained from his balls, he stepped off the board, slid up his shorts and crawled out of the chute. He released the heifer, and made his way quietly back towards the trailer. “See you tomorrow, girl” he whispered.

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## **Part 8 - Barn Trips & Betty**

Maggie couldn't sleep. She laid there sharing a bed with her lil' sister, naked from the waist down, in their small Kentucky backwoods trailer, the gentle breeze from the fan blowing on her bare legs. It was August and hotter than hell. Her daddy Emmitt in the next room had just started to snore, but her mind was on her horny pussy. She slid her hand down, into her light brown bush, and began to rub her aching cunt. It was just yesterday morning that she'd fucked her lil' brother Earl down by the creek but she had developed an insatiable sexual desire over the summer.

“Creeeeaaakkk.” Maggie pulled her fingers from her cunt and sat up in bed. She'd heard that noise a thousand times and knew it was the front screen door opening. She quickly slid to the foot of the bed and peered out through the fan to see if she could see anyone. The full August moon lit up the front yard and she watched as Earl crept across the yard, headed to the barn.

“Now what the hell is he up to?” thought Maggie. She slipped quietly out of the bedroom, down the hall and out the front door. She had seen Earl disappear on the left side of the barn so she crept around the right side to the back pen. She peered around the back corner of the barn, just in time to see Earl latch the heifer into the chute. The young cow immediately started eating from the bucket in front of her. Earl disappeared on the other side of the chute, so Maggie took the opportunity to sneak closer and hide behind the old trash barrel, just 6 feet away.

Earl was squatted down on the opposite side of the chute when suddenly she heard the board they used to keep the cows locked into the place, slide in behind her legs. Maggie ducked down as Earl

quickly climbed up the other side and jumped in behind the heifer.

“What the hell is he.....Oh my god, he’s going to fuck her”. Maggie thought. Reaching down, she rubbed at her cunt. It was already moist from what she was seeing, but it was begging for her attention. She fingered gently at her cunt.

Earl stepped onto the board behind the heifer and dropped his cutoffs. He was shirtless and now naked to his ankles. Even in just the moonlight, Maggie could see as he eased his hard cock up to her cunt. Holding her tail aside with one hand, she watched as his young rock-hard cock disappeared into the young heifer. He rocked back and forth, slowly pushing deeper and deeper into the burning cunt of the bovine. He’d never felt such a hot cunt before and after just two minutes, he was ready to explode. But he didn’t. He slowed his pace, but still pushing hard against her fat cunt lips. Standing on his tiptoes, he could almost shove his ball sack into her cunt. His pace quickened. His breathing hastened. He grabbed the heifer by her hip bones and pounded harder and harder, until finally he paused, deep inside, and shot ropes of cum deep inside. He groaned as he emptied his balls into the young heifer.

Suddenly, a noise to his left snapped him to attention. Glancing over he could see a figure squatting beside the trash barrel and fear shot through him. He jumped from the board, yanked up his shorts and jumped over the side of the chute.

“Take it easy, Earl, it’s just me” Maggie whispered.

Earl froze, but slowly came to the realization that everything was ok. I mean, what could she say. He’d watched her get fucked by the family pony just two days before. “What are you doing here?” he demanded.

“I saw you sneak out and wanted to see what you were up to. Now I know”, her slight smile visible in the moonlight. “That was so amazing, watching you fuck her. How many times have you done it?” she asked.

“Last night was the first time. And you better not say a word.”

“Oh I won’t but oh my god, now I am so horny I don’t know what to do.” Maggie took three steps and was face to face with her little brother. She reached down and undid the button on his cutoffs. They dropped to his feet. Squatting down she took his half-erect cock in her hand. She could still feel the slick love juices on his cock and balls. Slowly stroking it, she moved in, opening her mouth, taking his whole cock in her mouth. It tasted different and she assumed it was the cum from the young heifer that tasted almost tangy. She sucked harder and could feel Earl’s cock growing in her mouth. Pushing his hips back, his cock sprung from her mouth. “Fuck me, Earl. Please, fuck me.”

Grabbing his hand, she turned and stepped inside the barn. When she reached the two haybales stacked on each other, she bent over them, spreading her legs. Earl could see her white ass glowing in the moonlight and he eased in behind her. Reaching between her legs, Maggie spread her cunt lips with her fingers. She jumped as she felt his cockhead touch her and slowly enter. She was dying. She pushed back hard against his cock, burying it inside. She moaned as he grabbed her hips and slowly started to rock back and forth. Having emptied his balls just a few minutes before, he could now enjoy his sister’s much tighter cunt. While slowly pumping her pussy he reached up with his thumb and pushed at her squeaky tight asshole. He pulled back, licked it, then dribbled a string of spit directly onto her puckering asshole. Slowly sliding his thumb into her asshole again, she jumped and let out an audible yip when he pushed in to the first knuckle. He worked his thumb deeper and deeper and could feel her rectum clamp down tight against it on every stroke.

Maggie was out of control. His fucking felt so good, but it was magnified ten-fold by him fingering her asshole. She bit down on her hand to squelch her screams. Earl pumped away at both holes. Suddenly, he pulled out and, pushing her ass a little lower, moved the head of cock to her puckering butt hole. Maggie gasped as Earl forced his throbbing cock into her ass. She grimaced as he grabbed her hips and buried his cock into her anus. The intense pain slowly turned to pleasure as her muscles relaxed. Maggie continued to bite hard on her hand as her first orgasm erupted. Her empty pussy was yearning for something inside but Earl continued to pound away in her ass. With each stroke, he could feel her rectum clamp down tighter on his cock, soliciting the cum from his balls. Maggie pushed back hard on every stroke, his balls slapping against her cum-dripping cunt. Finally he could take no more. He gripped her waist harder, and pulling her back, dumped his load deep in her ass.

Earl collapsed on Maggie's back, her face cheek-down on the haybale. He could feel his cock slowly losing blood and retreating from her cum-filled ass. Maggie moaned again as it slid out her asshole and she could feel his cum run down over her pussy lips.

"Oh my god Earl, that was sooo good. Thank you."

Earl stood, found his cutoffs and pulled them on. "We better get back."

Maggie grinned to herself as they crept back to the trailer. Her ass was sore from the butt-fucking she'd just received but it had been so good. She was already thinking of the next time.

They made it into the trailer undetected, and headed to their perspective beds, immediately falling asleep.

In her dream Maggie heard her bedroom door open but it didn't register that it really was opening. Emmitt stood in the doorway admiring his two half naked daughters lying on the bed. No better way to start his day than getting a peek at his blossoming daughters. Molly lay on her side, facing away from him, her bare white ass glowing in the dim light of the bedroom. Maggie, flat on her back, legs spread, and the fan blowing on her light brown bush. "Goddamn, I got two hot looking daughters" Emmitt thought to himself, rubbing his stiffening cock through his ratty drawers.

"Get up! We got work to do!" He screamed.

Both girls jumped from his loud demands, their hands flying up trying to cover themselves, but Emmitt had already seen enough of his naked daughters to get his morning thrill. He smiled and started down the hall to kitchen mumbling to himself, "Might have to fuck one of them today."

Betty turned from the stove when she heard Emmitt yell for the girls to get up, and watched as he came smiling down the hall. His half erection forcing his ratty briefs out didn't go unnoticed to her either. Her girls were maturing quickly, especially Maggie who had turned into a beautiful, bosomy, young lady. Betty had Maggie at a young age, before she was out of High School, and she worried about Emmitt being home with the girls so much while she was working. She worried that he was messing with the girls. If he was, she swore to herself she'd kill him!

Betty was in her mid 30s now, still quite the looker herself, but her own sexual desires had gone unnoticed by Emmitt all summer long. He never responded to her advances and showed no interest at all in sex. Her loins ached for a good fucking. The guys at the factory hounded her non-stop and if Emmitt didn't soon show her some love, she might just take one of them up on their daily offers.

Everyone finished up breakfast, got dressed for the day, and Emmitt and the kids headed to the barn to start their day. It was Saturday and Betty would make her weekly trip into Hazard to the grocery

store. She stood naked in front of dresser trying to decide what to wear. She reached for her jeans then decided "fuck it, I'm going to town looking good", and grabbed her button up sundress from the closet. She passed on her bra and panties and as she crawled into her old Impala, her naked ass stuck to the vinyl seat. She hadn't flaunted her body in years but dammit she was doing it today!

Twenty minutes on the back roads, windows down, and Betty hit the Rt. 15 four-lane into Hazard. As she came up beside the first coal truck, she bent her left leg against the door, and hiked up her dress, exposing her blonde bush. The trucker sped up beside her to enjoy the view and then yanked down on the air-horn to show his appreciation. Betty laughed as she sped off toward Hazard and could feel her cunt moisten. "At least somebody appreciates me" she thought to herself.

She hit the 15 bypass and headed to Sav-A-Lot for groceries. Getting out of her car in the parking lot, she not-so-accidentally flashed two young guys walking to their pickup. "Oh this is starting to feel good" she muttered to herself and she headed inside. The next lucky recipient of a peek at her hairy bush was the young black stock boy. Looking over, he watched her squat down, studying a jar from the bottom row, then turning towards him, spread her legs wide before she slowly stood. She gave him a wink as he stared, mouth hanging open. Betty continued her friskiness until she thought her juices would run down her leg. She finished her shopping and headed to the car pushing her buggy. She made a point of bending way over while putting the groceries into the trunk. Her ass was on fire and she wanted to show it to anyone that wanted to look! She was enjoying the wetness of her cunt, but it craved a fat cock.

Thirty minutes later the Impala was bouncing up the two mile dirt road to the trailer. She couldn't wait until Emmitt fucked her tonight. Earl came out when she pulled up to trailer.

"Need some help with the groceries?" he asked.

Betty opened the door and, not thinking, swung her legs out, exposing herself to Earl, "Yes honey, help me get them out of the trunk."

It had been a long time since Earl had seen his mother wearing a dress and seeing her naked bush when she got out of the car startled him. "You sure look nice today, momma." He could feel his young cock stiffening.

"Thanks honey, let's get these groceries inside."

Earl admired his mom as she walked up the steps, bending to peek up her short sundress. He never looked at her this way, or even thought about her, like he was now. His appreciation of the female body had increased tremendously after fucking Maggie and she was actually a damn good looking woman. "If daddy can fuck Maggie and Molly, what's so wrong with me fucking momma?" Earl thought to himself as he watched her bending over putting groceries into the fridge, and stretching to put cans up on the top shelf.

The evening went on as usual with Emmitt paying absolutely no attention to the fact that Betty was showing off in her sundress. He was oblivious to her flirting, and it was pissing her off. She was so horny she was about to explode.

Emmitt lay on his side, nodding out, when Betty crawled into bed beside him, naked. Sliding her hand over his side she reached for his cock, only to have her hand pushed away, "what the hell are doing? I'm trying to sleep goddammit!"

Betty rolled unto her back, frustrated. Her cunt yearned for a hard cock inside her. Since Emmitt was her only option, her mind quickly remembered the cucumbers the girls had picked that day. She

slipped on a t-shirt over her naked body and crept down the hallway to the fridge.

Earl lay on the sofa waiting for everyone to fall asleep so he could take his nightly barn visit, when he heard someone coming up the hallway. Peeking over, he watched as his mom cracked open the fridge, bent over exposed the naked outline of her ass and grab something from the bottom of the fridge. She eased it shut and crept out the front door. Sneaking to the front door, he watched as she disappeared around the corner of the trailer. As Earl crept around the corner, he could see his mother lying in the grass, knees bent up and legs spread wide. He watched her hand massaging her cunt. His young cock stood at attention. He saw her raise her other hand and begin working something in and out of her cunt. He watched in the moonlight and could make out a large cucumber sliding in and out when suddenly she spied him watching from the corner of the trailer, "What are you doing?"

Earl was shocked and embarrassed but his cock was doing the thinking now. He eased towards his mother, threw off his t-shirt and stood naked between her widespread legs. Without saying a word, he slowly dropped to his knees and eased his face to her cunt.

"Earl! What are you doing? You can't do this." Betty whispered. But her aching cunt was begging for him to bury his face between her legs.

He felt her jump as his tongue touched her cunt lips. She let out a slow moan as he pushed her legs further back and completely buried his face in her cunt. He licked gently at her cunt, nibbling her clit, then jamming his tongue as deep as it would go. He could hear her breathing and moaning hasten so he licked and sucked harder on her cunt. Suddenly she thrust her hips up and he could feel her cunt squeeze down on his tongue, and felt her cum pour into his mouth. He lapped it up, feeling her body quake beneath him. His cock was throbbing. He rose up slowly, pushing her t-shirt up to her neck as he did. He sucked hard at her rock-hard nipples as his cock inched its way closer to her cunt. Sliding up, he felt his cock-head touch her wet cunt. Reaching down, he guided it inside and began to pump slowly. Betty gasped. He could feel her cunt tighten down on his cock with each stroke. He bit at her nipples causing her to yip, and slowly slid his lips up, sucking at her neckline.

Betty was losing control. She'd learned to stay quiet when having sex because of the kids, but she wanted to scream out so badly, she was dying. She clawed at Earl's back and thrust her hips up with his every stroke. She could feel her second orgasm coming quickly. She tried to hold back her screams but it was useless.

Earl's pace quickened as he knew he couldn't hold back any longer. He pounded as hard he could until, hearing Betty begin to scream, covered her mouth and his balls erupted, filling her cunt with his semen. She bit at his hand but he held tight as her cunt nursed the cum from his balls. He collapsed on top of his mother, completely spent.

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Part 9 - Rocky and the Census Taker

Maggie woke from yet another early morning sex dream, hot, sweaty and wet. She couldn't even remember the details of the dream this time but all of her nights these days were filled with dreams of her getting fucked. Sometimes it would be her daddy, Emmitt, and other times her lil' brother, Earl. Other times it would be ol' lady Woodson's 90 lb blue-tick hound, Rocky. And sometimes it was their pony, or even complete stranger. Regardless of who her dream fucker was, she would awake craving a cock.

The covers were thrown off of her and her little sister Molly. They both laid there naked in the bed

they shared, except for old ratty t-shirts as their nightgowns, the fan blowing to keep them cool. August in their trailer in the hollow outside Hazard, KY was always unbearable. Oh well, another day.

Betty was fixin' breakfast when the girls came down the hall, their little brother Earl still asleep on the sofa. "Y'all girls wake up Earl. He's going into town with me and your daddy today. They both gots doctor appointments. His back is killin' him and Earl needs some damn shots for school. After y'all feed the animals, y'all get to the garden and do some pickin'."

The girls, now clad in their "work clothes" of baggy cutoffs and paper-thin wife-beater hand me downs from their daddy, waved as the rest of the family drove off down the road in the old Impala. They sighed with relief knowing they could finish up chores in just a couple hours then could do whatever they wanted until they got back late that afternoon. They made quick work of feeding the chickens and ducks, then turned them out to roam the barnyard. It was shortly after 9:00 and already hotter than hell. They stopped at the hose at the barn and sprayed each other off. The cold water on their sheer tanktops brought their nipples to visible attention. 30 minutes later they were still wringing wet as they weeded around the mater plants.

The crunch of the gravel on their dirt road brought them to attention, because rarely did anyone venture back into their little mountain hollow. Hands on their hips, they stared as the almost silent little gray car eased to a stop halfway between the trailer and the barn.

Emily looked at the two young girls standing in the garden, wearing clothes 3 sizes too big, cutoffs held up with a balertwine belt, and their young titties clearly visible through their sheer tanktops. "Goddamn, this fucking county is full of damn hillbillies. This should be fun", muttered to herself as she climbed out of her Prius. She'd moved recently to Lexington from Texas to be with her lesbian lover. Needing money, she'd taken a job two months ago as a Census Taker. She drew the short straw and got the back woods surrounding Hazard, KY.

Maggie and Molly watched as the petite blond, with the long flowing dress emerged from the car. She looked like one of them girls they'd heard their daddy refer to as "damn hippies" when he was watching TV. She won't much bigger than Molly, stood about 5'2" and couldn't weigh no more than 110 lbs. But she was also strikingly beautiful.

Holding out her ID, "Good morning. My name is Emily Setterberg and I'm with the US Census Bureau. Are your parents at home?"

"No maam, they's gone to town. Won't be back for a few hours."

"Fuck, I damn sure don't want to have come back to this damn backwoods hellhole" thought Emily.

"I just have a few quick questions. Do you think you girls could help me?"

"I reckon so. What you need, maam?" replied Maggie.

The August heat beat down on them as Emily asked their names. "Could we go somewhere out of this sun? It is dreadfully hot out here. And please, call me Emily."

"Yes Maam, Emily, come on in the barn."

Emily followed the two young girls into the barn. They were as country as anyone she'd ever met, but when you wipe away all the dirt they were actually beautiful young girls. Maggie stopped at the hose and flipped up the handle. "You want some water?"

“No thanks, I’m good”. Emily wasn’t drinking from a damn water hose in a barn.

Maggie leaned over, took a few sips, then let the water run down her face, onto her chest. When she turned off the hose and stood up straight, Emily admired her young firm tits, brown areolas and stiff nipples visible through her sheer top. “My, my, what a delicious looking little country girl,” thought Emily.

Maggie and Molly flopped down side by side on two haybales. Emily followed their lead and sat on the end of a haybale opposite them, setting her tablet and phone down behind her. The questions could wait, she needed to cool off first. It was 15 degrees cooler in the barn and Emily watched as the girls’ nipples stiffened beneath their wet tops. After a couple bad relationships in college, she was done with men and had been in a lesbian relationship since she was 20, six years now. She made small talk, continually admiring the tight bodies of the young girls.

“How old are you? What grade are you in? Do you like school? Got a boyfriend?” The last question bringing both girls to a giggle.

“No maam, ain’t got one” Maggie giggled and leaned back on her elbows as she did.

Maggie’s legs spread apart as she reclined, giving Emily a clear shot of her hairy light brown bush. Emily ran her tongue over her lips and could feel her pantyless crotch begin to moisten. She probably was what Emmitt considered a hippie. She wore the long flowing, colorful dresses and hadn’t worn a bra or panties since high school. She wanted to crawl off her haybale, rip the baggie cutoffs from Maggie’s young ass and shove her face into her hairy virgin pussy. She sat closer to the edge of the haybale and commenting on the heat, slid her dress up above her knees. If Maggie was going to show her prize possession so would Emily. Fanning her dress, and leaning back on the haybale, she spread her legs further apart.

Maggie and Molly couldn’t help but look. What they saw was a bald cunt with jewelry hanging down. It looked like she had earrings on each side of her pussy. They had never seen anything like that in their life.

“I gather by the looks on your faces, you’ve never seen piercings.” Both girls blushed being caught staring at the woman’s pussy.

“No maam, I mean Emily, what is it?”

Emily sat up, spread her legs further apart and slid her dress up to her hips. Her wet pussy glistened with excitement. The girls stared intently as Emily reached down to her bare cunt and played with the little earrings on each side of her cunt.

“See these are what you call piercings and..” suddenly Emily was interrupted when Rocky walked into the barn. “Well, hello big boy. What’s your name?” Rocky slowly approached the stranger women. He’d never seen her before but the familiar scent of wet pussy caught his attention.

That’s ol’ lady Woodson’s dog, Rocky. He’s a good boy. She named him after that song “Rocky Top Tennessee”.

Rocky eased up to the stranger, stepped between her widespread legs, and leaned in for a closer sniff before Emily grabbed him and started rubbing his head. “Oh he’s such a handsome boy. Here Maggie, will you do a Facebook Live for my friends? We all love dogs!”

“What is a Facebook Live?” asked Maggie quizzingly? She’d never used a cellphone, there was no

internet in the hollow and she'd only overheard some classmates mention Facebook.

Grabbing her phone, Emily popped up Facebook and Live. "There must be a cell tower close because I get 5 bars. Here, push this little button and point it towards me and you'll see it on the phone."

Maggie took the phone, pushed the little button as Emily had instructed and pointed the phone towards Emily and Rocky. Suddenly Emily and Rocky appeared on the screen. Cool!

"Come here big boy". Emily pulled Rocky closer, hugging his big head and rubbing his ears. Rocky stood 30" tall and at 90+ lbs weighed almost as much as the strange lady loving on him. Rocky licked her face and the scent coming from under her skirt excited him more. Maggie kept watching the Facebook feed as little thumbs-up, hearts and smiley faces scrolled up the screen.

"I want ya'll to meet my new friend, Rocky. I'm in a hollow outside of Hazard and he is the most adorable big boy." Rocky pushed forward and Emily leaned back flat on the haybale. Stepping up onto the bale, Rocky placed a front leg on each side of her and continued to lick her neck and face. Emily laughed and wrapped her arms around him. Maggie kept the camera rolling.

Molly, still sitting on her haybale watching the action, was the first to notice. She spotted the big red cock hanging below Rocky and knew what was next. Standing between Emily's widespread legs, Rocky would have no trouble with the task at hand. His cock fully extended now, she watched as it throbbed up, hitting Emily's leg. Rocky pushed further forward. Emily carried on with her laughing, hugging, and rubbing, smiling into the camera as Rocky continued to lick her face and neck. Maggie kept the camera rolling.

Slowly humping and stepping to his right, suddenly Rocky's cock felt the heat and wetness of Emily's cunt. Emily felt something rub her pussy but had no idea what was about to go down. Rocky thrust forward, missing his mark. He pulled back, humped forward again and the tip of his red hot poker found its' mark. Emily snapped to attention, but it was too late. Rocky thrust forward again and his next hump pushed his cock four inches inside. Emily screamed out and tried to push Rocky away. Rocky growled and nipped the shoulder of the stranger with the hot wet pussy. He was past the point of return and he was going to breed his new bitch. Emily was now under Rocky's strong chest and couldn't move. He wrapped his legs around her shoulders and thrust forward. Maggie kept filming but moved down lower and closer to the action. She had no idea what they meant, but little shocked faces, hearts and thumbs-ups covered the screen. Emily was gasping as Rocky continued to push in 6, 7, 8 then all 10 inches of his fat cock.

"He's killing me, he's so big, get him off, he's ripping me apart." Both girls had enjoyed the Rocky experience before and knew what she was feeling. It would soon turn to screams of pleasure. Rocky's pace quickened and he hammered away at Emily's tight cunt. She had never felt anything so big. The biggest cock she'd ever had inside her was the six-inch strap-on her girlfriend used on her sometimes. Now his thick 10 inch cock was splitting her apart. Emily lifted her legs in the air and that helped ease the pain some. Rocky continued to jack-hammer her cunt and Emily's pain was slowly turning to pleasure. Lifting her legs even more allowed Rocky to push deeper inside and she could feel his whole cock as it slammed against her cervix. All 10 inches of his red hot poker were now buried deep in her cunt and he was rocking her world. Maggie moved in even closer, camera right between Rocky's legs, and she could see his knot starting to grow as he plowed Emily's cunt.

"OH my god, fuck me, fuck me! Oh, it feels sooo good! Make me cum, make me cum!" Emily screamed. She was thrusting her hips to meet each of Rocky's plunges and she had never felt such pleasure. She exploded in orgasm. Maggie was getting every detail of the action as Emily's cum sprayed out with each stroke, not knowing she was broadcasting all of the action to hundreds of her

friends.

Emily's screams of pleasure continued until she felt the knot banging at her stretched cunt. She had no idea what was happening. "What is he doing? Oh it hurts. GRRRAAAHHHH he's killing me."

Rocky was determined to impregnate his new bitch and he hammered his knot harder against her tight hole. Each stroke was forcing her to open up more and more. Maggie was on her knees, camera a foot away from Emily's battered cunt.

"GRRRAAAHHHH, I can't take it, help me" screamed Emily but it was too late. Rocky's last thrust pushed his knot inside, locked inside her cunt. Emily screamed out as she gushed out another orgasm. Her body slid back and forth on the haybale as Rocky hammered away when suddenly he jerked forward and stopped, his testicles spewing his cum deep inside. Emily's cunt felt like it would explode as he dumped loads after load of his hot, slimy doggy cum deep into her. She could feel her belly expand and harden as his cum filled her insides, as she was overcome by yet another screaming orgasm. Maggie continued to video....unbeknownst to Emily.

Emily was spent. Her legs slowly dropped to the ground and she struggled to breathe as Rocky lay heavy on top of her. She could feel his heart pounding against her cheek. She whimpered, "Get him off me. Help me."

"He ain't gonna let you go until his knot goes down and that takes some time." Molly chimed in, looking over at Maggie and smiling. The both knew it'd be a while!

Ten minutes went by without a word, except for Rocky panting. Maggie kept videoing and the funny little icons danced across the screen. Rocky was exhausted, thirsty and couldn't handle being up on the haybale any longer. He straightened his front legs, stepped over Emily and slid down off the haybale. Emily screamed in pain as his knot jerked her to the dirt floor of the barn. Rocky was dying of thirst from the hot August heat and the intense 15 minute fucking he'd just put on his new bitch. He made his way to the water bucket six feet away, dragging Emily by the pussy through the dirt of the barn as he went. Emily screamed out.

Emily was now stretched out on her back behind Rocky as he stood drinking from the water bucket. Her small, tight ass was almost hanging off the ground, refusing to let go of his knot. Her legs quivered and the parts of her body that weren't numb, ached in pain. Never had she been fucked like that. She lay there, flat on her back, eyes closed. She could feel Rocky's knot begin to shrink and the thought of being detached from this fuck monster made her smile. Rocky turned from the water bucket, took a step to the left and his knot plopped out Emily's cunt. One last orgasmic scream and she was out from exhaustion and relief that it was finally over. Maggie walked around to the front of Emily and filmed as the cum gushed from her battered cunt, puddling between her legs on the floor. Maggie stared at the phone as the little icons danced up the screen. She pushed the button to stop. She laid the phone beside the tablet on the haybale.

It was another ten minutes before Emily stirred, and struggled to sit up. Looking down she saw her ravaged cunt and the huge puddle of dog cum on the ground between her legs.

"How could you let that happen to me?"

"Won't nothing we could do after you got him all excited. Plus, sure looks like you enjoyed it" smiled Maggie.

Reaching over, Maggie helped Emily to her feet. She looked down at her filthy, cum soaked dress, and lifted it up above her knees to watch the cum drip down her legs. Maggie led her to the hose.

“Here, let me clean you up some.”

Emily held up her dress as Maggie hosed her off. Molly reached in to help scrub the doggy cum from her crotch and legs.

Emily flopped down on the haybale, hiked up her dress and spread her legs to dry off. Another few minutes of resting and Emily slowly stood, “I need to get out of here”.

“I’ll help you to the car. Molly, grab her stuff.”

Maggie opened the car door and helped Emily swing her legs inside. “Here’s your stuff. Will you be back to talk to momma and daddy?”

Emily nodded, closed the door, cranked the Prius and headed down the driveway. Out of habit, she reached over, grabbed her phone and glanced down at it. She slammed on the brakes and let out a scream as she saw her phone blown up with texts, calls and hundreds of comments on her Facebook Live video. Sobbing, she eased down the washed out driveway, back to civilization.