

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Estelle Greyson studied the gown selections for her eighteen-year-old daughter's upcoming City Junior Miss pageant. She narrowed the choices to two. The pastel blue would set off her light blond features, but the red would accentuate her shapely figure. Jason, the butler, entered with a manila envelope. This arrived for you, Ma'am.

Thank you, Jason. Just set it down. Tell me, which would you prefer on Cindy?" Jason studied them for just a second, then chose the red. "I should have known you'd pick the sexy one, especially for Cindy. Honestly, Jason, you men are so predictable. Always thinking with your penis."

"May I remind you, Madam, that most of the judges will be men. This is for the pageant, isn't it?"

"Good point. The red it is. That will be all."

Jason bowed out. Estelle reviewed the arrangements and appointments, then checked her calendar before her eyes settled on the envelope. She opened it, then turned the open end down. A thick stack of eight-by-ten black-and-white glossies spilled out on the dining table. She spread them out and gasped.

The short, handwritten note simply said, "We regret that your lovely daughter had to withdraw from the pageant."

The photos showed her lovely daughter, nude, engaging in every manner of sex with three men, a woman, and a dog. Estelle quickly gathered the pile and went into her private study. She examined each in detail with a magnifying lens under a powerful light. She examined them for two hours.

When Cindy arrived home from school, Jason led her to her mother's study. After he had announced her arrival, Jason departed.

"What's up, Mother? Is my gown here?"

I have something I'd like to show you. Look on my desk."

Cindy strolled over and instantly recoiled, her hand covering her mouth in shock. Estelle walked up, halting her daughter's back-stepping. She moved Cindy up to the desk. It appears that you had quite a party.

"Mom, I was raped. They forced me."

"Oh, well, that explains it. You were raped. Funny, I don't recall you mentioning any rape. I know I've been preoccupied with your pageant activities, arrangements, dance lessons, voice coach, and prom queen events, as well as your college applications and other matters. I could have missed you saying, 'Oh, by the way, Mother, I got raped.' "

With tears in her eyes, trembling and shaking, her face a deep red hue, Cindy cried, "I couldn't tell you."

"You couldn't tell me about something that important occurring in your life. I am intimately involved in every single facet, every decision, every nuance of your life, but your gang rape is too trivial a matter to bother me with. Is that what you are saying?"

"No! It's not that."

"Are rapes so commonplace in your life that you forget to mention them?"

"No, this was the first, but I was too ashamed to tell anyone, least of all you."

"By the looks of these pictures, I can see why. It appears rape suits you quite well. What did they do, point their fingers at you and threaten to shoot if you didn't fuck them all?"

The word "fuck" coming from her mother startled Cindy, but her other words, her cynical snide comments, were quite familiar and always stung her ears. With tears flowing, with sobbing shakes, she implored, "I was raped, Mother. They forced those things on me. They made me pose like that. They made me smile for the camera. You can see where they had a tight grip on my legs in that one with the black man. And look, see how my eyes are squinted in the one where I'm suc ... doing that to the dog. That's because the man is squeezing the hair at the back of my head. He forced me to do that."

"And next you'll tell me that he squeezed so hard that your tongue came out while that dog's cock was all the way down your throat. What were you trying to do, lick the dog's balls while he was throat fucking you. Don't you think a plain, ordinary blow job would be good enough for a dog?"

"Mother! How can you say those things? Whatever I did, they made me do it. I was raped. Why won't you believe me? I WAS RAPED!"

Estelle slapped Cindy hard across the face, sending her reeling back on her heels to fall on her ass. "Don't you ever raise your voice to me like that again! Do you hear me?" Cindy sat, rubbing her red cheek. She nodded. The shock of the slap took away the tears and tightened her jaws. She slowly regained her feet as her mother said, "Now, you go up to your room and wait for me. I will get to the bottom of this." Cindy made an abrupt turn and walked out.

Estelle went back to look over the pictures. Under her breath, she said, "Cindy ... Cindy ... Cindy ... Whatever will I do with you now?"

Cindy threw herself on her bed and cried into her satin pillow. Minutes later, her mother, looking severe as ever, came in and sat on her bed. Cindy stopped crying and rolled onto her back. She sat up against her headboard as Estelle said, "Now, I want you to tell me every single detail from beginning to end. When did this supposed rape take place?"

"A week ago. It was last Friday after school."

Cindy explained how she was pulled into the side door of a blue van parked beside her Porsche in the school parking lot; she was blindfolded, gagged, and driven for about ten minutes. She did not know the four individuals, who were three men and a woman. All were adults in their thirties. They removed her blindfold and gag in an abandoned farmhouse. They told her that if she resisted, screamed, or tried to run, they would kill her. She saw no gun but thought they had one. They ordered her to strip, and she stripped.

"Details, I want details, Cindy. Who touched you first, and where?"

"The leader, the big guy. He touched me on my vagina."

"Cindy, I am not about to sit here and listen to a clinical account of this alleged rape. He touched your pussy."

I couldn't say that.

"You can suck a dog's dick, but you can't say the word pussy."

Cindy blushed and covered her face. "I don't use those words, Mother. This is so embarrassing."

"Cindy, take off your clothes."

Cindy's head popped up. "WHAT!"

"You heard me; get out of your clothes... now!"

Cindy rolled off the bed, looking back to see if her mother was serious. Seeing that she was, she began removing her clothes. She felt terribly self-conscious. Her mother's eyes never left her body as the parts came into view. She shimmied out of her panties and stood naked, waiting. Estelle said, "Now get back up here."

Cindy mounted the bed and stiffly settled back in her place. Estelle said, "Now arouse yourself. Use your hands."

"WHAT? You mean masturbate ... Here ... In front of you?"

"That's exactly what I mean. Unfortunately, you won't be able to talk about this subject in your normal, uninhibited state of mind. This will help you relax and open up. Besides, I do not trust the account your rational, calculating mind will recount. Your aroused, sensual mind will lay it all out as if it really happened."

Mother, I have only one mind and one story to tell. Even if I'd two minds, they'd both tell you the same thing.

"Just do as I say, Cindy. I won't say this again.

"Mother, I can't do that with you watching me."

"Put your hands between your legs and arouse yourself. Do it, now! If you don't get busy, I'll call Jason up here to do it for you.

"Mother! You wouldn't!"

"Oh, wouldn't I? If it takes a big black hand on your cunt to get you started, Jason's hands should do nicely. Shall I call him?"

Cindy timidly moved her hands between her legs, her face and upper chest splotched with red blushes. Cindy's eyes intently studied this unfamiliar person masquerading as her mother, the barrage of vulgar words she'd used still echoing in her mind.

Estelle watched her bewildered daughter's fingers making idle motion, then said, "I'll go mix myself a drink. I'll give you time alone to warm up. When I return, I had better see masturbation. What you are doing is not masturbation and could not even pass as a vaginal massage. If you can't arouse yourself, perhaps you will respond to Jason's large black fingers. Either way, you will be aroused before we proceed further." With that, she stood and walked out.

As soon as the door closed behind her mother, Cindy released all the pent-up tension in one mattress-pounding, muffled scream accompanied by flailing arms and legs. She felt better afterward and then relaxed, thinking hard about her bizarre situation. As she often did, she thought aloud, saying, "I can't believe this is happening to me. I get gang raped, and now my mother wants me to

frig off for her. Jesus!"

Her hands went to her crotch. This time, she began her usual masturbation technique. With one hand, she rubbed her clit; with the other, she entered her hole with two middle fingers.

"I'll bet those pictures made her horny. Well, fuck, if she wants to watch me play with my pussy, I'll play with my pussy. Why not?"

She intensified her actions and soon had a nice feeling suffusing her loins. The image of her mother watching made her smile.

"You want to watch me play with my fucking Miss America pussy, Mommy? This is how I really play with my pussy!"

Cindy pounded her vagina with deep, fast jabs, while vigorously rubbing her clit. She drew her legs back and flattened out her knees, making an obscene spread, saying, "This is how your perfect daughter masturbates, Mother Dear. She fucks her horny cunt like a two-bit whore."

Cindy's actions came to an abrupt halt with the sound of heels clattering in the hall. She let her legs down and sat up, keeping both hands in her crotch. Estelle entered carrying a scotch and soda. Cindy slowly rubbed her clit between two fingers while stroking the finger of her other hand through the base of her wet slit. She held her legs tightly clenched together. Estelle sat on the bed and looked at her daughter's working fingers, saying, "Well, that's an improvement, but that wouldn't arouse a nun. Open your legs."

"But this is how I do it. I like to clamp down on my hand."

"Well, do it my way. I need to see your whole vagina especially your vagina hole, to determine when you are sufficiently aroused. Now open your legs wide."

Cindy moved her legs a foot apart and smartly said, "Can you see everything now, Mother?"

"If I hear you use that tone with me again, I'll slap your god damned mouth!" Instead, she slapped the inside of Cindy's right thigh and said, "Now, open your fucking legs and let some daylight in there!"

Cindy instantly moved her legs out as wide as she could. The sting from the slap didn't hurt, but it did send a jolt of arousal through her loins. Her fingers worked faster and delved inside her moistening hole. Her mother's hard stare excited her further. Cindy wanted to spread her legs even wider, but her mother's position on the bed blocked her.

Estelle noticed the problem at the same time and said, "This won't do. Wait a sec?" She got up and pulled Cindy's chair over from her vanity table. She brought the padded armchair to the side of the bed and sat, scooting up close until her knees touched the mattress. She said, "Scoot your butt up to my knees and drape your legs over the arms of this chair."

Cindy instantly saw the utility of this arrangement and got into the desired position. With her ass touching her mother's knees and her calves resting on the velvet arm rests, the spread was not that great. The lewd position and bare skin contact with her mother sent tingles of arousal through the young girl.

Estelle said, "Scoot your ass up onto my legs."

Cindy lifted her ass and wiggled closer until she could hook her legs over the arm rests with the padded portion under each knee. When she laid her head back, her mother's knees dug into her lower back. The position was awkward, but she was obscenely spread with her pelvis raised, arousing her further.

Estelle said, "Are you comfortable now?"

"Yes!"

"All right, get busy, and don't waste my time."

By this time, those words were music to her ears. Cindy quickly lost her inhibitions. Her fingers worked in harmony, boldly manipulating her sex. Estelle stared openly, admiring her daughter's intimate anatomy. The black-and-white photos did not do her justice.

She admired Cindy's firm vaginal flesh; her fresh light color; bright, coral-pink interior; her light blond, fine pubic hairs; and her full, puffy labia lips with her slightly darker inner lips protruding from them. Her shiny pink and erect clit received a thorough massaging, alive under the finger assault. Clear, glistening, vaginal lubricants seeped from her daughter's interior to be spread over soft, creamy flesh with manicured fingers.

Those fingers slipped inside the moist hole and went deep in to the palm coming in from the side-one, then two at a time, stroking in imitation of a slow, easy fuck, then faster and deeper.

Cindy was ready, too ready, almost on the verge of climax. Estelle sipped casually from her drink, then spoke calmly, "Slow down." I don't want you to induce a climax. You're doing fine, but I want you to stay just below your peak. Keep yourself at your highest state of arousal. If you feel like you're going to climax, stop and pull your labia lips open until you cool off. When you cool off, return to masturbating. Do you understand?"

Breathlessly, Cindy said, "Yes ... I'll try!"

"Very well. You were saying something about being touched."

"Yes, the big guy touched my va ... my pussy."

"See how easy it is to say pussy, now?"

Smiling, she said, "Yes. You were right. It is easy like this. I like saying pussy, now."

"I knew you would. Cunt is even better. Try that."

Cindy smiled while biting her lower lip, then said, "He touched my cunt."

"Which term do you prefer using, or do you have another you like better: snatch, twat, quim, cunny perhaps?"

Cindy giggled, then said, "Pussy is my favorite, but sometimes I like cunt or twat."

"Use any term that pleases you-any except vagina. Only good girls and ladies have vaginas between their legs. What I'm seeing between your legs is a slut's cunt, and I am watching a slut play with it shamelessly."

The smile left Cindy's face as Estelle reached far to the left to retrieve a hand mirror off the vanity.

She held the mirror to Cindy's crotch, angled so Cindy could see the reflected image of her wet hands shamelessly immersed in the vaginal niche. "What do you see?"

Cindy raised her head to stare, then looked to her mother and said, "A slut shamelessly playing with her cunt."

Tossing the mirror to the bed, Estelle said, "Okay, go on."

"He fingered my pussy, and he told me to open my legs wide for him. I opened my legs real wide. He got his two middle fingers up my pussy, and he started finger fucking me while everybody else watched and took their clothes off. I assume it's okay to use the 'F' word."

"You're a slut. That's how sluts talk. Did you enjoy this finger fucking."

"I was scared, but, yes, getting finger-fucked felt good. No fingers but mine had ever touched my pussy before. His eyes were so big and going inside. They felt so nasty. He pulled his fingers out to take off his clothes, and the short guy took over. He got three fingers in me. I could see his dick getting hard. The black guy and the woman pulled my legs wide apart, making me do the splits. The short guy put his cock at my pussy and pushed in."

"Was your pussy wet and receptive as it is now?"

"Yes, very. His cock went in easy. I was a virgin, but it didn't hurt much."

"Because you were horny?"

"I think so. I couldn't help it. The big guy told me to smile. He took a picture. The short guy fucked my pussy, fast. He came in my pussy. I could feel him squirting his cum inside me. I thought about getting pregnant."

"Did that excite you?"

Cindy heaved her ass up, stiffened, groaned, and reluctantly stopped her finger movement. Her fingers pointed up, fanned out, and strained against the air. She then remembered the rest of her instructions and brought them to her cunt lips, pulling herself wide open. Estelle smiled inwardly at the sight.

Cindy noticed her mother staring intently at her cunt hole. She strained to pull her cunt wider, her fingertips digging into her resilient flesh. Her hole opened wide and gulped air. She said, "Yes, the possibility of getting pregnant excited me."

"Why would that excite you?"

"I'm not sure. I was surprised that the idea made me horny, or hornier. They got me pretty horny before he came in me. I suppose that had a lot to do with it."

"I want you to think hard about this. I will tell you that I also found the idea of you getting pregnant from this alleged rape stimulating. I'm curious to know whether our reasons are similar."

"Well, I suppose, because it wouldn't be my fault, but anyone who saw my big belly would know that somebody fucked me. They'd know I wasn't a virgin."

"Is that all?"

"Well, another thing that popped in my head was that the baby would be a bastard. I'm not sure why that would excite me, but it did.

"A black bastard, perhaps?"

Cindy blushed, though the blush was barely detectable through her flushed features. She said, "Yes, I did think about that."

"And that excited you even more, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did. Is that what excited you?"

"Never mind me; we're talking about you. Go on with your story."

"I wanted him to stay inside me, but he changed places with the black guy. They were mad at the short guy because he came in my pussy."

"That's odd."

"Yeah, I thought so, too. They didn't seem like the type that would care."

Cindy's ass slowly lowered to her mother's legs and her fingers resumed their play. Estelle said, "This black man, he had a big cock from what I saw. Did his big black cock hurt you?"

Yes, but it hurt a lot. It was so slippery inside. His cock went in easier than I expected. He made sucky noises while he screwed me. They took pictures, close-ups of his big black dick going in and out of my spermy white pussy. He was so big, he squished out all of the other guy's sperm. They were happy about that."

"And how did you feel about that?"

This triggered another close call. Her ass raised, but this time, she went right to her cunt lips, pulling herself open. Estelle blew on her daughter's sensitive membranes, inspiring Cindy to lift her cunt closer to the source of the cool air. Cindy watched intently, peering over her pubic mound at her mother's pursed lips. Only inches separated her cunt from her mother's lips. She pretended her mother was preparing to plant a kiss between her legs.

Cindy half expected her mother to draw back, but Estelle remained in place, blowing on the fanned open cunt that was not more than two inches from her lips. This sent a strong rush through Cindy and inspired her to move her splayed vagina dangerously close. Like a mother cooling hot soup for her child, Estelle tried to cool her hot daughter's steaming vulva.

Estelle directed the stream of air over every inch of wet pussy, paying particular attention to the hole. After expelling several breaths in this manner, she said, "You were about to tell me how you felt about this black man pushing out the white man's sperm."

Cindy managed to get her vagina to within a finger's width of touching her mother's lips without causing her mother to shrink back. She settled reluctantly and said, "I thought it was sexy, his pushing the white guy's sperm out to put his own in. I figured he'd pull out because of the way they acted about the other one shooting inside, though I liked the thought of him cumming inside me."

"I appreciate your honesty, Cindy. Above all, be honest with me."

"I will, Mother. I want to be honest; I really do. I even feel like confessing something I never thought



I would, even in an aroused state.”

By all means, could you do so?

“While he was fucking me, they let go of my legs. I held them wide open on my own. When he started to cum, I dug my heels in his ass and tried to keep him from pulling out. I tried to get him in even deeper. His cum shot right up into my womb. I could feel it. He flooded my womb with his black seed.”

Cindy had a close call, raised her ass, stopped, but settled back, saying, “I locked my heels and held him in deep, Mother. I wanted his black sperm deep in my pussy. They liked the way I was grinding my cunt up tight to his crotch, even long after he’d finished cumming, like I was using my pussy to milk all the sperm out of his cock. I was, and I was conscious of that fact. I wanted to send the message that it was okay to cum inside my pussy. They got the message. That’s when the woman straddled my face and told me to lick her pussy.”

“You appeared to be doing a good job of it.”

“Not at first. Having a grown woman’s big hairy pussy in my face freaked me out, but I got used to it pretty quickly. She sorta sat on my face, so I couldn’t have gotten out of having her pussy on my mouth. The smell wasn’t unpleasant, so I let my tongue linger for a taste. The taste wasn’t bad, either. Pretty soon, I was licking all over while she rubbed her pussy all around on my face. I got her clit in my mouth and sucked. They took the pictures when she came.”

“And you licked her pussy hole after she came, I suppose.”

“Yes, I did.”

Did they instruct you to do that?

“No. I wanted to do it. I wanted to taste her cum, and I liked it a lot. I licked way inside, trying to get all of her pussy cream.”

“Interesting. What happened next?”

“The big guy brought his dick to my mouth. I sucked him till he came in my mouth. I swallowed his cum.”

“Did he tell you to swallow it?”

“No. I wanted to do that, too.”

“Was the black man still inside you?”

“Yes, the whole time I sucked both of the other men and the woman. He even got hard and started fucking me all over again. He came in my pussy a second time while I was getting a mouthful of sperm.”

“Just to make sure he got you good and pregnant, I suppose.”

This brought Cindy’s ass shooting up and her hands to her pussy lips. Estelle blew as Cindy got her cunt in very close, closer than before, her knuckles actually touched her mother’s cheeks. She moaned, “Yes, I think they were trying to get me pregnant by him. The woman told him to keep my pussy plugged. If that’s what they were trying to do, they picked a good time. I was right between

my periods.”

“You do realize that you were most likely ovulating at that time, don’t you?”

Cindy had her vagina raised so high that her mother looked right into the hole at eye level, just a fraction of an inch away. Her nose touched between the two nether holes. Cindy felt the electrifying contact and strained to keep her ass up. She rolled her pelvis in a slow, mid-air grind that caused several more contacts. Estelle did not comment, nor did she recoil. Cindy said, “Yes, I knew that I was probably fertile when I tried to keep the black guy from pulling out.”

Cindy’s actions amused Estelle. Her daughter was painfully aroused but too shy to press the contact she so obviously craved. Estelle took an ice cube from her drink, ran it over the surface of Cindy’s vagina, then pushed the remainder inside, saying, “Does that help?”

The ice took the edge off. Cindy relaxed, eased back into her mother’s lap, and said, “Yes, thank you.” Slowly, she settled and resumed her pussy play, watching her mother wipe her nose, saying, “I’m sorry, Mother, but recalling that scene really turns me on.”

“I could tell. I understand. Tell me about the dog. Did you suck him first, or fuck him first?”

“I sucked him first. I sucked him while the black guy was still plugging my pussy. They had placed me on my hands and knees with the black man in me doggie style. I was super turned on when, all of a sudden, I felt this hot, smooth, slick meat at my lips. I just opened wide and the dog’s cock went in my mouth and right down my throat. It was while looking at his balls and his furry sheath that I realized I had a dog’s cock in my mouth. They were holding him straight up by his front paws.”

I saw the pictures, didn’t I?”

“Oh, yeah.”

“How did you feel about having a dog’s cock placed in your mouth?”

I was so turned on that I couldn’t care less. Actually, that’s not true. I loved it. It felt nasty, wicked, and dirty. In all honesty, the dog’s cock felt great and had no offensive taste, but I couldn’t breathe. They helped by pulling him out every thirty seconds so I could take a few breaths. When I caught my breath, I’d gobble his cock back down my throat. Actually, the dog was fucking my mouth-fucking my throat. All I had to do was hold my head steady and make my mouth like a bitch’s pussy. I pretended my mouth was a dog’s pussy and pursed my lips.”

“Thank you for offering those details. I’m curious, Cindy. How could you take a cock that long down your throat without gagging?”

“Taking him into my throat got easy after a few times, but the first few made me gag. I got good at it and sucked him in until I got all of his furry sheath in my mouth. It felt like the tip of his dick was in my stomach.”

“So, naturally, you licked his balls.”

“You were right. I was trying to lick his balls. I did that when I saw them getting ready to take the picture. They didn’t tell me to do that; I did it on my own. They thought doing that would make a great picture. Did you like that one?”

“Very much. How thoughtful of you to think about the pictures at a time like that. The dog sucking

shots were excellent. I especially liked the one where you have the tip at your pursed lips, giving us a good look at his size. From the tip to his balls, I measured eleven inches. I gauged that by the width of your hand. We measured for gloves, if you recall."

"Very clever, Mother."

"Another thing I liked was the way your throat was swelled when he was deep inside."

"His cock got a big lump in the middle that stretched my throat. He came straight into my stomach. I never tasted his sperm; I just swallowed hard while he squirted. I could feel the cock jerk in my throat each time he squirted. I milked the cum from his balls by using my throat muscles. They said they wished they'd brought a movie camera to catch the throat contractions. The stills don't show how I milked his cock while he came. They said I looked like a milking machine."

"That was a great oversight. There's no proof that he came in your mouth. I suppose that's why they took the one of you licking his dick after the swelling went down. The implication is obvious."

Twice while telling this story, Cindy had to take pauses. Each time, Estelle rubbed her daughter's cunt with an ice cube. Estelle said, "Tell me about the fuck-the doggie fuck."

"It was wonderful. I couldn't wait to try fucking with him. He needed to rest up for an hour. We passed this hour with the black man inside my pussy, and I gave the others mouth jobs once again. I sucked the guy's cocks and ate the chick out twice more. When the dog showed interest, the black guy pulled out, and the dog climbed between my legs. He got on me like a man does, belly to belly."

"Yes, I saw that. Did you see them preparing to take a picture of that?"

"Yes, and it excited me. I guided his cock and threw my legs out as wide as I could so the camera could get a good view of the dog's cock sinking into my cunt."

"That was an excellent shot the way they got the dog's cock, your stuffed cunt, and your lustfully smiling face in the same frame."

"Yes, I wanted them to get my face in the picture. By then, I didn't care. I was so fucking horny. I still get horny when I think about it. I'm horny just thinking about it right now. Fucking a dog in front of four people and having pictures taken of it. I imagine the scandal and ... Oh! Ohhhhh! Shitttt! Oh Fuck! Yes! Yes!"

Cindy heaved up and frantically pounded her pussy through a dramatic climax. Estelle sat back, a smug smile on her face, watching her daughter lose control. When Cindy stopped and settled to her mother's lap, the full impact of what she'd revealed fell on her like a sack of wet turds. Her hands covered her face and she moaned, "Oh shit. Oh, my God!" She pulled her legs back and rolled off the lap and onto her side, curling up in a fetal ball.

Estelle let the event sink in, then said, "Get back in position. I did not release you."

"Mother, please, no. I can't take this anymore. Haven't you heard enough?"

Estelle leaned out and landed a stinging slap to Cindy's taut ass cheek, saying, "NOW!"

Cindy uncurled and got back in position, her face burning red with shame and humiliation. She brought her hands back to her crotch, more to hide it than stimulate it. Estelle said, "Now you see why I value this technique for getting at the truth. A female can't lie about sexual matters while

sexually aroused. This is better than truth serum, wouldn't you agree?"

"I can't believe I told you those things. I hardly admitted those things to myself. I can hardly believe that came from me."

"I wasn't surprised. That wasn't the story you were about to tell me, was it?"

"No."

"You see, you do have two minds. Now that I understand the situation, I have this to say. You are dropping out of the pageant. We will not report this so-called rape. We will, in fact, not refer to it as rape ever again. This family will not waste one dime to protect you from extortion by these people if that is their purpose. If they threaten to release your photos, I'll instruct them to do so. If they threaten to abduct you again for another session, I'll offer to drive you to them and wait until they're finished with you. Who knows, I may get to watch."

Estelle noted that while talking, Cindy's fingers took up their former stroking and fingering pace. Her arousal returned almost instantly. Nothing Estelle told her seemed to upset her. Estelle sat back and said, "Now, about this pregnancy. If you miss your period, you will have the baby. There will be no talk of abortion. They aren't legal anyway, but that's neither here nor there. If I wanted the bastard aborted, I could get it aborted."

Cindy lifted her ass as high as she could and was going for another cum. She had two fingers rapidly fucking her hole while her other hand rubbed furiously on her clit, moaning and groaning. Estelle found herself talking into Cindy's pussy and breathing in her feminine musk with each breath. She added, "If the child is white, we will find it a good home. If the child is black, however, you will keep it, at least until everyone in this town has seen you with your black bastard."

Cindy exploded, shouting, "Yes! Oh, Fuck! Yessss!"

She ground out a passionate climax while finger fucking herself wildly. This time, when her ass settled back to her mother's lap, she did not roll away and did not stop her finger play. Her eyes stared at her mother, glossed over, as she hoped to hear more.

Estelle watched her daughter, amused by her passionate reaction. She looked down on her with smug superiority and calmly said, "Since these people obviously tried to get you pregnant by this black man, I presume they will want to know if it was a success. I expect you or I will be contacted after your due date has passed. That should be next week. If they are successful, then there is no problem. If they failed, they will probably want to try again."

Cindy was back at her pussy, going full force once again. Her ass was already lifting. Estelle said, "If they contact you, I expect you to cooperate fully with them." Arrange a meeting and remind them to bring a movie camera." This brought Cindy's ass up high and got her hands working hard and fast.

"If they contact me, I will make all necessary arrangements to see that he has full access to your vagina at his leisure. I will allow him to screw you right here in your bed. I, in fact, will join with them in carrying out their goal. I will personally see that you get pregnant. I want that message passed along to them, and I want them convinced. That will be up to you.

Cindy had another powerful climax, then collapsed, totally exhausted and drained, lying like a sprawled rag doll on her mother's lap. Her juices poured from her pussy, soaking through Estelle's skirt, wetting her entire lap. While admiring her daughter's impressive spread, she said, "Now that you see the value of these discussions, we will have them regularly from now on." Now that I know

you are sexually active, I will want to stay abreast of your activities. This is the only way to do that and not get lies. I will treat these discussions as confidential. Nothing we say will be repeated to anyone by either of us. Is that understood?"

"Yes. I understand."

"Good. I know this technique puts you in a vulnerable state, one wherein you can't hide from me. I think I should treat your words as confidential. That does not mean I can't use the information I learn to help me deal with you as I see fit. That is my right and prerogative as your mother. Not that it makes any difference, but do you agree with my assessment and give me that right?"

"Yes. Absolutely."

I'd like for you to engage fully in these discussions and share your thoughts openly. I expect you to bare your soul to me totally. If I detect the slightest hesitance or reluctance on your part, I will be very angry with you. Is that understood?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to be completely honest with you, Cindy. You are ruined. You are a slut. I suppose you've always been one deep down. They simply exposed you. This fact was bound to come out sooner or later. All of my plans for you have been dashed. These people will drag you through the mud before this is over. I won't give them the satisfaction. I intend to beat them to it. I intend to salvage some satisfaction from this. I plan to direct your total fall, and I will enjoy every moment.

Don't worry, I'll make sure you get into a good college, far from here, after you graduate from high school. That will give me eighteen months to amuse myself with you. You can start your life over after you leave home. I will even find a good home for your black bastard if that is your wish, but not before I have sucked every morsel of perverse pleasure from seeing you mothering that child in public. Now, you know exactly what my motivations are. Does that make any difference?"

"No. You are my mother. You can do anything you want with me. You have that right."

Good, then I think we have a clear understanding. It may interest you to know that I plan to turn you over to my ex-brother-in-law, Bart. I'm sure you'll love that."

"Oh, Mother, no, anything but that. You know I can't stand that man. That would be beyond horrid."

"Yes, it would, wouldn't it? That's why I want to do it. From now on, I can tell you that your role in life is to give me amusement. This amuses me greatly."

"Mom, I'm begging you. Please don't, not Uncle Bart. That would be cruel."

"Yes, it would. You should see what he did to a family of seven, consisting of four boys and an eighteen-year-old girl. They moved out here from Michigan and took the house behind Bart's. Within a month, he had that girl servicing every dog in his neighborhood and had the mother walking her on a leash, nude except for heels and a collar, from dog to dog. I saw it for myself. Yes, he'll be perfect for you, Cindy."

[Read "Being Neighborly" for the whole story.]

"I never understood how that white trash ever got in the Greyson family. How could Aunt Connie marry that animal?"

"He was our groundskeeper, you know? Do you know that he raped her when she was only eighteen, that she was raped daily until he got her pregnant, that she never told anyone what he was doing to her. Daddy got the child aborted, and he fired Bart. He tried to keep it all hush-hush. She kept going back to him. When she turned eighteen, she married his cock. She paid dearly for it. Daddy disowned her. She is not the lady everyone thinks she is. Now she's divorced and disowned. Pity? I never would have tied her up in the gazebo without her panties on if I'd known she would turn into such a cock hungry slut."

"Mom, you're terrible. Aunt Connie is so sweet and nice."

"Yes, she does project that image. Your Uncle Bart thought so, too-sweet pussy and a nice fuck."

"Why do you continue to back him and keep him in that cushy job?"

"Because he amuses me, and it drives Connie absolutely mad. Do you happen to know what Bart does with his city maintenance crew? Has the gossip reached you?"

"Some, not much, but I can imagine."

"I don't think you can. He has his maintenance shop out on remote city property, far from any prying eyes. The things that go on there make me blush. I stop by whenever I get bored. There is usually a woman, a wife or daughter of one of the crew, tied spread-eagled to a bed he keeps in a special room. He calls it the crew's recreation room. He sometimes has his new wife or daughter in there. You'll never guess who I saw the last time I stopped by: Debbie Filmore. You remember last year's homecoming queen, the school slut."

Yes, but she only won because you wanted her to.

"True, but she could have won had she not been a slut. All I did was prevent an injustice. The best girl won."

"The sexiest girl won. Darlene Baker is better. She's the one everybody voted for. Most people still call her the winner."

"I don't care what everyone calls her, it was my slut wearing the crown at the game. That's what counts."

"How did Bart get Debbie?"

"She married a guy who got a job on the crew, how else? Cindy, you should see that girl naked. You should see her fuck. She made me wish I had a cock. I hope Bart makes you as happy on that bed. I have been fantasizing about that since you were eighteen."

[Debbie's husband narrates Debbie's story in "The Crew's Girl".]

"Mother, this is going to be a rough eighteen months, isn't it?"

"I plan to make every hour count, yes. It would be rough regardless. Those people who assaulted you were not from around here. Someone hired them, and they can always be brought back. They've proved they can get you, and I can't protect you. I won't openly fight them. That could get messy, even bloody. I will fight them, but I'll do it by showing them that this doesn't bother me in the least, and I'll prove it by doing you one better. We'll play tit for tat, only I'll always do one better."

"Mother, I don't think I could take tit for tat and one better."

"Don't worry. You'll adjust. Whatever happens, you can start your life over. This will all be a memory. Your destiny is to marry old money, live a sedate and boring existence of cocktail parties and formals, listening to banal conversation and inane gossip. You will look back on these eighteen months as your golden years, just as I will. The important thing is that I find out who my enemies are. They'll strike again, hopefully when you're safe. Next time, I'll be ready and waiting. We are going to lull them into a sense of false security. You may get up now."

Cindy slowly rolled away, and Estelle rose to her feet. She walked to the door, opened it, started, then stopped and turned to say, "Jason is in the habit of going into my study and straightening my things if I leave the door open. I think I left the door open when I came up here. For your sake, let's hope not. Black men seem drawn to you. If he sees those disgusting pictures, I certainly could not blame him if he took advantage of you." With that, she walked out smiling.

Cindy laid face down on her bed, let out a groan of resignation, and mumbled, "Oh, Jesus, what have I gotten myself into?"

She lay staring up at the ceiling, thinking, "God, that was so dumb, asking those people to mail a copy of those pictures just to get out of a pageant." How do I tell Mommy that they were just passing through, spotted a beautiful girl, grabbed her, took her to a farmhouse, had fun with her, then continued their journey to California? How does one tell Estelle Greyson, 'I lied to you.' Fuck! I am so screwed. Who would have thought they'd actually do it? I suppose they genuinely liked me. I suppose they were truly grateful.

Cindy smiled and thought, "They should be. I'll bet they never raped a girl that raped back. At the very least, they should have let me keep the dog they had picked up. Mom would probably let me keep him. Hell, she'd marry me to him in a public ceremony in Greyson Park with the whole fucking town invited."

She smiled and fantasized, "There I'd be, naked, wearing only a veil and high heels. Do you take this mutt to be your lawfully wedded husband? Yes. Do you take this bitch to be your lawfully wedded bride. Woof Woof. You may fuck your bitch. Ummm, she'd do it, too ... Ummm, so would I ... oh, god, I am so screwed ... why was I born with such a horny cunt?"

But then she thought about Jason, his distinguished, mature charm; his eyes as he follows her every move; his long, black fingers and pearly white teeth; and that bulge in his slacks he tries to hide. She thought about the pictures and imagined him pouring over them with a raging erection. She remembered the delicious feel and sight of a black cock in her very white pussy. She realized that her abductors were unlikely to contact anyone ever again, but Jason was ever-present.

Her hands went under her hips and delved between her legs. She moaned, "Jesus! Oh, Mommy, bring me some big, black cock to fill my slut pussy ... And do call Uncle Bart right away. I'm sure he has a suitable dog. I'm sure you'll take care of it. He'll have ten if I know you. Fucked by a pack of dogs ... in public ... fucked at both ends at once ... ummmm, that'll show 'em."

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Estelle returned to her study. She smiled when she saw the photos had been placed in the envelope and set neatly in the corner. She turned and strolled out. She found Jason running a dry cloth over the hood of the Rolls Royce. She leaned her backside against the gloss-black front fender. "You saw the pictures?"

"Yes, Madam. I thought you'd want them put away."

"She was raped, you know."

"Yes, it appeared so."

"Did you read the note?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

Estelle let out a sigh, saying, "It was quite a blow to me. I've put so much into that girl. She could have gone all the way. In a few years, she could have been Miss America. She has it all. I can hardly believe this has happened to me.

Actually, Madam, I was expressing my sympathy for Cindy.

"Of course, but she's taking this all rather well. Her heart was never in this to begin with. If I didn't know better, I'd swear she instigated this whole thing."

"But you do know better, don't you?"

"Yes, I have many enemies in this county, Jason. Any one of them is capable of this. I never thought even one had the courage. I suppose I underestimated my enemy, or rather, my enemies. This reeks of conspiracy."

"Are you going to the police?"

"No, they won't get the pleasure of seeing me squirm."

"You don't really think this is the end of it, do you?"

"No. I'm no fool, Jason. Those pictures will eventually get released. All I can do is stall the inevitable. They'll want to squeeze every ounce of humiliation from me first. If I can stall them long enough, I may discover who is behind this."

"And then what?"

"And then, I squeeze back. I am not without resources." She took a slow sip from her refreshed drink, then added, "They're trying to get her pregnant, you know." The black man, the one in the photo ... isn't that rich, Cindy Greyson delivering a black bastard child? Nothing against your race, Jason, but you must admit, it would be a real coup for them."

"No offense taken. Is Cindy aware of this?"

"Quite aware. She is enamored of the idea, a chance to get back at me, I suppose. Well, I took the wind out of her sails. I told her that if she weren't already pregnant with a black man's child, she soon would be. I also told her that she'd carry the black bastard to term. No offense."

"None taken."

"I don't suppose you recognize that black man?"

"They all look alike to me, Madam."



Hmm, I thought that was just a problem for white people. I'm sure he's not from around here. I didn't recognize any faces. Besides, no faces would have shown had that been the case."

"I would imagine."

"When they discover she is pregnant from that rape, they'll get back in touch, or the people behind them will. They'll try to head off any abortion. That will give me nine months to uncover them."

Am I to understand that you want her to be pregnant?

"Yes, very much so, and with a black child. If she delivers a black baby, that will give me even more time if I need it. They will certainly want the child out and about for everyone to see. They won't play their trump card as long as they can continue rubbing my nose in it. Her delivering a black child can give me all the time I need. I just have one problem, though."

"And what would that problem be, Madam?"

"If she is not pregnant, I'll need to get her pregnant ... by a black man. They probably wouldn't risk another assault. They know I'll be watching her when she's fertile. They know her cycle. If I knew I could assure a pregnancy in her next ovulation cycle, I could let it leak out that she was already pregnant."

"It appears that all you need is a black stud for your daughter."

"It would appear."

Estelle slid her hand along the fender, then onto Jason's leg. She moved slowly up the inside of his thigh and closed her hand over a thick slab of growing man muscle, giving it a gentle fondling squeeze. "Perhaps you know where I might find this ebony stud?"

Jason continued rubbing the car while Estelle rubbed slowly up and down on his erection. He said, "If Cindy delivers a black child, I will be suspect. Mr. Greyson would immediately suspect me. He'd have me shot, then fired."

"You leave Mr. Greyson to me. You know very well who wears the pants in this house. You're right; he'll suspect you at once. He frets about you and Cindy being in such close quarters. He has wanted to terminate you since she first developed tits. I kept you on. He will suspect you as soon as he learns of her being pregnant."

"Exactly."

"Don't worry, he won't say a thing about it. He may see you coming and going from her room at all hours. He still won't say a word. He may even catch you in the act, and he won't say a word — not to you, me, or Cindy. He thinks you and I are having sex. Has he ever mentioned it to you?"

"Why would he think we were?"

"Because I told him we were."

Estelle lowered his zipper, then reached into the open fly and extracted his ten-inch rod. She pumped her fist up and down the ebony shaft, watching the glistening precum run from the slit to coat her index finger.

Jason turned to face her, saying, "Madam ... Estelle, I don't understand you white folks, never have. I

can't say that I want to. If you can protect me like you say, I'll stud for you. I'll knock up your little girl for you. If da shit come down on dis po nigga, I be talkin' like a mutha fucka."

Estelle lowered her lips to his dark purple crown and sucked the head of his cock into her wide mouth. She pumped his shaft and pulled his balls free with her other hand, gently squeezing them, sucking, and stroking. Jason turned to face her, head on. He watched her intently and rested his meaty hand on her head, clutching her expensive hair doo, bobbing her head on his cock, saying, "Yeah, baby, suck my big black cock. You've been wanting this for a long time, haven't you?"

Estelle sucked him in deep while nodding and moaning her response. She loved the way he fucked her head on his cock. She adored the way he talked down to her, slipping into his Afro dialect. She eased down to her knees, ignoring the hard asphalt digging in her nylon-clad knees. She pulled down on the rigid shaft as Jason assumed a hands-on-hips stance, rocking his pelvis in a fucking motion.

She knew the groundskeeper had been keeping an eye on them from a distance. Knowing that he was a witness only inspired her to suck harder and deeper. One glance to the back door told her that her young housekeeper also had eyes on them, peeking through a curtain pulled from the corner of the door glass.

The recently hired, sexy Scandinavian blond was getting an eyeful. Estelle smiled at the image of her maid bent at the waist in that ridiculously brief maid's uniform she made her wear, her big tits hanging out, her long legs showing clear up to her shaved naked twat, her painted-nail fingers in those puffy cunt lips teasing her pristine pussy.

With her passions at a boil, Estelle pushed off against Jason's hips. He released the grip he had on her hair. She rose to her feet, pulled her dress up over her hips, drew the pantyhose and panties to her knees, then laid over the fender with her naked ass exposed to her onlookers. Peering wantonly over her shoulder, she hungrily pleaded, "Fuck me, Jason! Please fuck me, right here, right now!"

Jason was also aware of the spectators. He stood beside her right hip, not wanting to block their respective views. He pushed her skirt up higher on her back, then used his foot to push her panties and hose to her feet. With his left hand, he explored the naked moons and delved between her legs, stroking long black fingers through her moist cleft. He entered her with his two middle fingers as she wiggled her ass to welcome them. While sawing in and out, he said, "You want this black cock, don't you, bitch?"

"Yes, please! Fuck my white cunt, Jason!"

"You want it bad, don't you, baby?"

"Oh, yes, so badly."

Estelle knew very well that Jason was showing off for the others, but she eagerly lent herself to this purpose. Though they could not hear their words, they saw her actions. Her ass was in constant motion, grinding back on his fingers. She reached back with both hands and pried her ass cheeks apart.

Jason's fingers eased out of her soupy twat and trailed up her ass crack. He teased her anus, then pushed inside. Estelle groaned but pried her cheeks wider apart as he slipped in another finger and entered her deeply. He fucked them in and out, saying, "You want my cock in this nice tight ass, don't you, slut?"

"Oh, Yes! Fuck my ass, Jason. Fuck my cunt, then cum in my ass!"

Jason removed his fingers from her spasming ass and poised his cock at her fleshy cunt lips. He moved the dripping head through her lips, smearing her wetness, then slowly entered her pussy.

Estelle let out a long, steady moan. He fucked her with deep strokes for several minutes, quickly bringing her to a climax. He then pulled free and positioned his cock at her sphincter. Estelle pulled her cheeks further apart, and he grabbed her by the hips. She pulled; he pulled. Inch by inch, his big, black pole sank into her colon. When his balls touched her pussy pouch, he began fucking, fucking hard. While he pounded her ass, Estelle rubbed her clit. She came twice more before he emptied his balls in her rectum. When he pulled out, he wiped his dick on her soft white ass, put himself away, zipped up, and said, "Will that be all, Madam?"

Estelle lay sprawled over the fender, her ass drooling semen down both inner thighs. She fought back a smile and said, "Yes, Jason, that will be all. Now, go fetch that little snoop, Eva. Please have her bring me a warm washcloth and a towel. You can also advise Juan to pay closer attention to his gardening if he ever wants to obtain a green card. You might remind them both that, above all else, I regard discretion as the highest virtue among my employees.

I will do as you say, as I always do.

You're a good man, Jason; now, please get Eva. Your fucking load is about to soil my panties."

"As you wish, Madam."

He turned and walked away with his usual air of affected superiority — his head high, his gait slow and purposeful.

Estelle remained in her obscene position, waiting. Minutes later, a blushing, nervous Eva came out and approached with the requested items. The nineteen-year-old timidly said, "Madam, I have the items you requested."

"Well, you can obviously see what needs to be done."

"Uh, you want me to... ah, do it?"

"No, let the fucking gardener wipe my ass for me, you imbecile. Of course, I want you to do it!"

Eva approached her task with timid reluctance, dabbing at the runs on Estelle's legs with the warm, wet cloth. Estelle impatiently said, "Come on, damn it, get on with it!" Don't dab, wipe."

The shy girl wiped one leg, then the other. Pausing before daring a pass up her mistress' crack. Estelle made it clear that the vaginal ablution was expected by pulling her cheeks apart, saying, "Come on. Get it all!"

Eva made three passes through the wet ass crack, then used the towel to dab the area between the cunt lips where semen had flowed from the asshole. Estelle waited patiently, then said, "Now pull my panties up."

Eva knelt to grasp his panties, pulling them up and into place. She then did the same for the pantyhose. Estelle then stood up and turned to face her subserviently kneeling maid, as they together adjusted her dress, brushing out the wrinkles. Estelle looked down on the sexy maid and said, "You took your sweet time about it. I hope you're not expecting a tip.

"No, Madam, of course not."

"If it's a tip you're after, next time, use your tongue."

"Yes, Madam. I'm sorry, that never occurred to me."

Excited by that unexpected response, Estelle said, "Well, it occurred to me when you rubbed that rough cotton between my legs. I do not appreciate being treated like a piece of cheap furniture by my domestics. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Madam. It won't ever happen again, and no tip is expected."

"Well, that's more like it."

Estelle, now quite pleased and looking forward to the next time, brushed past Eva. Estelle paused at the back door. She saw Jason talking with Juan at the corner of the mansion. Impulsively, she strode over to them, wanting to reassert her role as queen bitch of the estate. When she arrived, both men waited to hear what she had to say. Estelle stopped before Juan, her arms crossed and her head held high. Without looking at Jason, she said, "Tell him to drop his pants."

Jason suppressed a wry smile, then passed on the message in Spanish. Juan's eyes grew wide; he cried, "What?" *Aquí? Ahora?*

"Si, ahora!" Juan shrugged, then undid his baggy pants, dropping them and his boxers to his feet.

The appendage showing between his dirty shirt tails surprised Estelle. She admired his impressive endowment, a good eighteen inches of semi-erect, uncut manhood. She said, "Tell him to arouse himself."

Jason didn't know the words, so he made a jerking off motion with his hand. Juan understood at once. He took his dark brown cock in hand, stroking it to full hardness. The cock did not get much longer, but it grew in girth and displayed a fine, plum-sized crown as it blossomed out of the foreskin before their eyes. Estelle watched for several minutes, then said, "Okay, now tell him we're even." She then started to walk away.

Jason reached out and prevented her with a firm hand on her elbow, pulling her back to stand before Juan. Estelle cried, "What on earth do you think you're doing, Jason? Unhand me this instant!"

Jason ignored her and reached for the buttons going up the front of her dress. He methodically began undoing the buttons while Estelle watched her dress opening to expose her bra. Jason said, "You're not going to leave him like this. You started this; you're going to finish it."

By this time, he had the buttons open to her waist. She made no move to stop him as he stepped behind her and began to remove the dress over her head. She allowed her arms to be carried up with the dress, all the while watching Juan stroking his erection at her with a goofy expression on his face. She made no move to prevent her unveiling but said, "Jason, what do you think you're doing?"

He pulled the dress over her head, leaving her in a half slip, bra, panties, and pantyhose. She saw Juan licking his lips, then her eyes wandered to his large crown, weeping golden pre-ejaculate fluid. She found herself raising her arms to allow her slip to be removed, saying, "Jason, would you mind telling me what this is all about?"

Jason ignored her, undoing the clasp of her bra. He removed it and tossed it aside, reaching around

with both hands to mold and cup her tits as if in offering to Juan.

"Jason, stop this at once. I am not some cheap Tijuana tramp you can display to the gardener."

When he dropped to one knee and pulled both panties and pantyhose down her legs, she said, "You are not going to strip me naked in front of the help. I will not be treated this way by people in my employ."

"Lift your foot."

Estelle raised her left, then her right, watching him free the undies while saying, "How dare you order me around like you own me!"

He took one foot at a time, removing her shoes and freeing her of her garments, leaving her to stand naked before the gardener. He arranged her clothes to make a bed for her to lie on, then guided her down until she sat with a show of reluctance. He pushed her shoulders back until she reclined, then he pushed her knees out wide. When he stood, Estelle lay as she had been positioned, looking up at Juan's erection as he stood between her legs, leering at her pussy. Jason reached down to pat her beaver, saying, "It's for you, my friend."

Estelle watched as her mound was patted, waited for Jason to finish talking, then said, "If you are offering him what I think you are offering, you have crossed the line, Jason."

Juan smiled and got on his knees, bringing his cockhead into contact with her open pussy. Estelle watched closely, saying, "Jason, you can't honestly expect me ..." Her knees widened. "... to lie here and let ..." Her pelvis began to undulate and lift. Her pussy lips flowed over the crown of Juan's cock. "... Ughhh ... to let this gardener ... Ohhh ... put his hard cock ..." Her hips lifted higher, her pussy gobbling up Juan's shaft. "... in my vagina ..."

Jason smiled down on her, watching her hump herself on Juan's manhood. Juan simply held his cock steady as she impaled herself on it. She moaned, "You can't expect ... Ughhh ... Ohhh! ... me to simply lie here ... Ooooh! ... and let him fuck ... Ugghh! ... my cunt ... Ooooh! ... like a common whore ... Ughh ... Ughhh ... Ughhh! ... Can you?"

Jason replied, "There is nothing common about you, Madam."

Jason smiled down at her, taking the time to study her body for the first time and admiring what he saw. Although she wore too much makeup, which gave her face a mask-like appearance, the skin under her clothes was soft, pure, and blemish-free. Her breasts looked full and supple, her thighs trim and firm, her abdomen flat and tight. Between her legs was a pussy she kept neatly trimmed with shaved lips. She was proud of her pussy and enjoyed showing it. She kept her knees wide while humping up to engulf the gardener's cock.

Juan was on his knees supporting his upper body by grasping her by the tits. It was a comical, lurid fuck to say the least. Pinned with her shoulders firmly to the ground, she nevertheless managed to keep her pelvis and mouth in motion. She moved rapidly toward orgasm, saying, "You can't honestly expect me to lie here and ... Ughhh ... let this Mexican ... Ohhhh! ... Fuck me like a dog ... Ugghh! ... On the lawn."

Estelle had a powerful orgasm, then collapsed. Juan got up on his knees and grasped her by the hips, driving his cock into her limp body, making her tits shudder like two mounds of jelly. Her eyes slowly opened. She looked down her body at the point of entry, then looked up to Jason. Jason said, "Shall I get Eva, Madam? It would appear he intends to soil your vagina."

Yes, it appears so. By all means, fetch Eva.” Jason nodded and retired with dignity.

Eva had observed the entire event from the back door. Jason approached her and said, “I believe the Madam will need your services shortly. Why don’t you bring a pan of warm water?”

Eva blushed and giggled. “Oh, my, Jason, what’s come over you?” This is so bizarre. What ever possessed you?”

“Don’t ask questions. I would encourage you to try to act like this is all part of a day’s work. Don’t snicker, laugh, or make faces. You can just do your job, take your time, and do it right, but don’t make a big deal out of it. Remember, no matter what she does, she can still fire all of us with a wave of her hand.”

“That didn’t stop you, I noticed.”

“I took a chance. Go ... hurry. So far, she’s loving it, but the bitch can turn on a dime. I think she wants you to watch.”

Eva giggled and said, “She wants more than that,” then dashed into the kitchen. Moments later, she returned with a pan of warm water, a rag, and a towel. Together, they calmly approached the fucking couple. Estelle was still lying with her knees out wide, taking Juan’s steady strokes. Estelle took note of Eva’s flushed expression, watching her eyes dart repeatedly to her crotch. Estelle patted the space by her left hip and said, “Get ready. He won’t be much longer.”

Estelle looked to her other side and addressed Jason, saying, “Will you tell this wetback to hurry. I am not going to lie here while he uses me like a Tijuana street tramp.”

“I’m sure he’ll be finished with you momentarily, Madam. Perhaps if you were to assist, he’d finish sooner.”

“I suppose you’re right.”

With that motivation, she lifted her loins to meet his thrusts and soon found herself moving toward another climax. Her pelvis humped and rolled on his pistoning shaft in lurid, obscene display. Eva’s eyes never left the madam’s crotch as she drank in the sight of her employer’s vagina sucking the illegal alien’s manhood deep within her.

Estelle was fired to new heights by the many eyes watching her debasement. She basked in the obscenity of it all. When she came, she cried out, “Fuck my adulterous cunt, you Mexican bastard! Hurry, cum in my twat. Soil my womb with your seed.”

After her climax, that’s exactly what Juan did. Estelle laid limp as he buffeted her body, pouring his sperm into her steamy vagina. Eva was ready with the warm rag, and wrapped it around the still embedded cock, wiping it as he slowly drew out. Once free, she rinsed the rag and wiped it again, holding the half erect organ in one hand while washing with the other. Estelle permitted this until she could see she was almost through before saying, “Will you stop fawning over this rapist’s appendage. You work for me, remember?”

“Sorry, Madam.” Eva then addressed herself to the madam’s crotch, following Jason’s advice, taking her time as she got in position to use her mouth. Estelle presented her with a wide open crotch, looking like a baby getting ready for a diaper change or a woman about to deliver a baby to a lesbian doctor.

Juan and Jason stood right over the scene, watching Eva use her palms to flatten out the thighs before bringing her face forward. They looked to each other with amused grins and raised eyebrows, then back in time to catch the first long lap through the drooling slit.

They all watched Eva lap at the vulgar spread like a dog; then, once the outside was clean, lap from the hole like a bear licking honey from the bottom of a deep jar. Estelle was so amazed, she couldn't think of a thing to say, but Juan took advantage of Eva's position to get a good look and feel of the pussy he'd only caught glimpses of.

Estelle enjoyed her intimate public attention and was in no hurry to end it. While Eva got well fingered, she lapped faster, making Madam's eyes go cross-eyed. This continued until both had orgasms.

Estelle recovered while Eva lapped girl cum. She looked to Jason with a glassy-eyed stare, saying, "I suppose you let Eva see those photographs?"

"It was Eva who spotted them first."

"I might have known. Well, the damage is done. You may as well bring her in on this. She can assist you. You may as well get started as soon as you feel up to it. Cindy is naked in her room. She's expecting you."

Eva looked at Jason with questioning eyes. Jason said, "The Madam wants me to impregnate her daughter." Eva's eyes widened. She still had that question in her expression, a bigger one. He added, "I'll explain later."

Estelle said, "Would you tell that strutting Mexican peacock to put his dick away and stop toying with my maid."

"You can't blame him for strutting, Madam. This is Mexico's greatest conquest since the Battle of the Alamo.

That may be, but I'm tired of watching it. Tell him to return to his duties. He wasn't hired to fuck me, and I certainly didn't hire Eva to amuse him."

"No, but you'll have a hard time convincing him of that from now on. Just wait, Eva's almost finished."

"Jason, your impudence is wearing a bit thin. If I didn't need you, I'd be able to let you go right here and now.

I'm well aware of that, Ma'am.

Eva made a final pass through Estelle's crotch, then stood. Jason offered Estelle a hand. Together, they assisted the madam in rising. Estelle walked away, naked, head high, and called over her shoulder, "Gather my things, Eva."

Once she was inside the mansion, Eva stooped to gather the clothing, saying, "She's unbelievable." Did you see how she strutted off like the Queen of Sheba?"

"Why shouldn't she? She owns this place; she owns us; hell, she owns the county."

"True. What's this about getting Cindy pregnant?"

"Just another job she has added to my list."

"Yeah, job, right! You've wanted that girl for years."

"I wanted to drive a Rolls for years, too. It's still a job."

"What's it all about? Is she angry with Cindy?"

"Oh, you think bearing my child is a punishment?"

"It's no reward, Jason. I meant nothing racial about that. The girl is eighteen, after all. Why on earth would she want her daughter pregnant?"

"She says it's to give her time to uncover who is behind her daughter's downfall. In my opinion, that's just a smoke screen. I think she's getting off on it. If she can't have a Barbie Doll to play with, she'll take a Barbie Slut."

"She'll make a good one of either. Cindy is very sexy."

Yes, let's go find out how sexy it is.

Eva stood with her arms full, smiled mischievously, and said, "Why not. We have our orders. What will I be doing? You don't wash sperm from a girl trying to get pregnant."

"No, but you do put any that leaks out back in."

Eva giggled and said, "Oh, my, that sounds wicked. Let's go."

Estelle watched as the two servants entered Cindy's bedroom and then watched Jason leave an hour later. She sat in her favorite chair, repositioned so that she had a view of Cindy's upstairs bedroom door. Jason calmly walked down the spiral staircase and approached her. Estelle kept her nose in her book until he stood beside her chair. She then set it on her lap and peered over the rim of her glasses. Jason was dressed, but his wet, black cock hung limply from his open fly. She reached out and cradled it, saying, "How was she?"

"Fine, very fine. It will be a pleasure serving you, Madam."

"I thought it might. What is Eva doing?"

"When I left, she was stuffing your daughter's vagina with my sperm and getting her twat licked."

"Interesting. Tell me, have you had her as well?"

"No, but I will. She's a horny little bitch."

"I always thought you had. I hired her for you, you know. I'm disappointed in you."

Jason liked the changes he saw in Estelle. She had showered and wore only a thin, unbelted housecoat that exposed her down the front, with no makeup. His cock grew under her gentle massage. He said, "I appreciate that. I'm sorry. I certainly don't want to disappoint you, Madam."

"I'm sure you won't. You really do have a marvelous instrument here, Jason. Did Cindy have any difficulty taking it?"



"A little, at first. She took it all, eventually. Do you like it better than Juan's?"

She gave him a wry grin, saying, "Do you know what that impudent gardener did while you were in there fucking my little girl?"

"Pray tell."

"I went out to see how he was doing with those rose bushes. He exposed himself to me."

"Do tell!"

"Yes, and then he entered me. He had sexual intercourse with me while standing up."

"The nerve. He just walked up and fucked you-incredible."

"Yes, and he soiled my womb again."

"Indeed. Will you need Eva's services?"

"No, I showered. I just thought you should know. You are chief of servants."

"I'll speak to him about this outrageous conduct. By the way, what position would you prefer he fuck you in?"

She smiled and said, "You're quite impudent yourself, Jason." I can see I will be getting no help from you."

"As you wish, Madam. I must leave shortly to pick up Mr. Greyson at the airport." Looking to his cock in her hand, he said, "I need to put this away."

"Very well. I suppose I'd better put some clothes on. When he sees me like this after a long trip, he always wants sex. That wouldn't do with a vagina swimming with little Mexican sperms, now would it? On the other hand, he'll assume they're yours. You know, on second thought, that sounds delicious. He has never actually been confronted with hard evidence. He needs conditioning. Sloppy seconds might be in order."

Do what you think is best, Madam, but I would like to remind you, if he confronts me, I will have no further involvement in this matter. He warns me to stay clear of his daughter and threatens me every chance he gets."

"If he comes to you, could you let me know? I'll see that he makes a full apology. Jason, trust me. Look, do me a favor, if he gives you any shit this time, give it right back. I know you can be impudent; be impudent with him. Don't take any shit from him from now on, understand? Your future rests solely in my capable hands."

"So does my pecker, and I need it back."

Estelle leaned over and planted a parting kiss on the shiny, wet head, released it, and said, "Take it, then." Remember what I said; don't worry about Mr. Greyson."

"All right, I'll take you at your word. I'm tired of his shit, anyway."

After Jason left, Estelle waited on Eva. She emerged eighteen minutes later, having to pass by Estelle on her way to her downstairs room. Estelle called her over and noted the sheen around Eva's

mouth. She bent forward and sniffed at her lips. Eva thought she was going to be kissed and offered a pucker. Estelle sat back with a smile, saying, "I'm not going to kiss you, you fool. At least, not after you've had your mouth between my daughter's legs. That would be perverted, don't you think, almost incestuous."

With a deep blush, Eva said, "Yes, Madam."

Could you let me know if you fulfilled your duties properly? Was my daughter properly mated?"

"Yes, Madam. Jason did a thorough job."

"Good, and you insured that all of his sperm is inside her vagina."

"Yes, Madam. I even used my mouth to stimulate her vaginal lubricants to make it easy for the sperm to swim to her egg."

"Good thinking. And did she properly reward you for your diligent attentions?"

"Yes, she rewarded me in kind. She rewarded me very well."

"I'm glad to hear that. She's a good child. She'll make a good mother. You may go now."

Eva curtsied and left. Estelle got up and made her way to Cindy's bedroom. She opened the door to find Cindy lying in reverse on the bed with her ass raised on two pillows, her feet resting on the head board. Cindy turned to give her mother an awkward smile. Estelle came in and positioned the chair, taking her seat, allowing the housecoat to fall open. She patted her bare thighs and said, "Get in position."

Cindy crawled over and got into the familiar position, feeling a little strange with the bare skin contact. Nonetheless, she spread herself out and waited. Estelle said, "I shouldn't need to tell you what to do every time." Cindy immediately brought her hands into play between her legs and quickly responded to the touch of her fingers. That glassy-eyed look came over her again. Her pelvis rolled under her fingering.

Estelle said, "Tell me what happened."

"Jason fucked me."

"Details, Cindy. Could you give me details?"

"He and Eva walked in on me while I was masturbating. They caught me wet-handed. I figured he'd be coming up. I didn't expect to see Eva, though. That was a surprise."

"A pleasant one?"

"It became one, but not at first. She just stood back and watched Jason strip. I waited. He got between my legs and fucked me. There's not much to tell. It was a great fuck. He made me cum three times. He came a bunch and made a big mess. That's when Eva came over. Jason held my legs wide apart with my ass up while Eva scooped up the sperm on the outside and pushed it inside. That was really bizarre but great."

"I know there's more."

"Yes, he suggested she use her mouth on me. She didn't want to, at first, but then she did. While she

licked my pussy, he set her over my head. I licked her pussy while she licked mine. He left right after we got started. We licked each other for a long time. We both came several times. She's very good. It was the first time anyone had done me that way.

"I'm glad you liked it."

[If you'd like the expanded version of this scene and learn more about Eva's experiences with other American families, read "The Breeding of Cindy".]

Estelle had let her hand stray to her heated vagina, and diddled herself while talking to and watching Cindy. Occasional, their hands touched. Although Cindy couldn't see what her mother was doing, she quickly caught on to her mother's actions. She wiggled her ass closer until only two inches separated their vaginas, making hand contact a constant occurrence. Since Cindy continued to wiggle closer, Estelle removed her hand. Cindy got even closer until the back of her right hand nestled snugly in the folds of her mother's sex. With her left, she occasionally went to Estelle's clit and diddled it. Estelle widened her knees, allowing better access. Cindy's upper body slipped between her mother's knees until it rested on the mattress.

Cindy ground her cunt against her mother's, and said, "I love pussy, Mother. I love touching, smelling, and licking them.

Yes, you've made that quite apparent, even to your mother, evidently.

"Yes, especially yours. I'll lick your pussy if you want. I'll suck your cunt, Mother."

"I'm sure. You don't want to suck it now though, it's full of Juan's semen."

Cindy's head came up. With eyes wide, she said, "You let Juan fuck you?"

"Twice in the past hour. Jason, as well. So you see, it would be inappropriate for you to put your mouth there and suck."

"I'll do it anyway. I don't care."

"I'm sure you don't. If you must know, I'm saving this for your father. He'll be home soon."

"Oh, Mother, that's awful. Don't you think he'll know?"

"He will when he gets his mouth on it and winds up with a mouthful of sperm. He's not stupid."

"He'll be furious with you."

"He might, but he'd better not show it. It is my family's wealth that made him the big shot he thinks he is. I am one of the few wealthy women with enough sense to have a prenuptial agreement signed prior to marriage.

"So that's why Daddy is so pussy whipped. I always suspected something."

"Yes, and about your father. How far have you two gone? I know something has gone on between you. I want you to know that I'm being honest. I want to hear everything."

Cindy looked concerned and guilty as she said, "Mom, you're right, but it isn't all Dad's fault." In fact, it's mostly mine."

"I've no doubt. Well, out with it. I want details, Cindy. From the beginning."

[If you want the details from the beginning, read "Sucking Daddy". That's pretty much all they did, but the sex between them got pretty hot and heavy.]

"Mom, please don't be angry with Daddy."

"Cindy, if you must know, I intend to let him have his way with you. It's the best way I can think of to ensure his cooperation. I know he lusts after you. The sexual tension when you two are together could be cut with a knife. I just want to know how far he has gotten on his own, that's all."

Alright, but it may not be as bad as you think. We never screwed, if that's what you think."

"We already established that you were a virgin when you got raped. I know you won't ever tell me a lie. I also know that Ed runs a harem at the plant. He doesn't think I'm aware of his power games, but I've been aware of them for years.

Yeah, he told me some stories that are way out there. I couldn't believe my Daddy would do that to people. My Daddy is a child molester."

Estelle laughed. "How long did it take you to figure that out?"

Cindy blushed, then said, "A long time. I guess I never considered what he was doing to me was molesting. I always felt like I was molesting him."

"He is good."

[See how good Ed is in the story "True Confessions".]

[Or read "Eager Beaver" for a lesson on seduction from a pro.]

Estelle said, "So, tell me, how good was he with you?"

"Mostly, I've been sucking him off. I suck him off every chance we get. We've even gotten daring. We even managed to do it with everyone at home. We did it in the kitchen."

"Amazing. That took balls on both of your parts. He must have been getting something off of you besides blow jobs by this time."

"When I first slipped my mouth over his cock, Daddy started feeling me up. That's when I started playing with my pussy. He got me so horny, I had to. He'd finger me, and I'd rub my clit. The last time we did it, which was right before he left on this trip, he had me get naked before we started. That was weird. He had me stand over him and do a strip as a warm-up. It was great, both of us naked. I thought he'd try to screw me. It was right after my rape, so I was no virgin."

"Why didn't you?"

"He never tried. I would have gladly. I wanted it. I even squatted low and ran my cunt over his cock to give him the idea. I took hold of it and aimed it at my hole. I even settled enough for the head to pop in, but he said that was dangerous, that it only took one sperm cell to get a girl pregnant. I didn't know that, so I eased up. I was a bit surprised that he didn't seem interested in fucking me. I mean, he could have gotten a rubber. I knew he carried them. He showed me. I figured he was content with blow jobs. I do a good blow job. I swallow all of his cum, and what I spill, I lick up. He likes that."

"All men do, Cindy. Well, I appreciate your candor. You two went further than I expected. The rest will be easy. You'll get your wish. Now, my little oral minx. Let's see how you do with a hot pussy."

Cindy scrambled to her knees as Estelle scooted the chair back and laid her legs over the armrests. Cindy eyed the spread beaver, then advanced her face between her mother's legs. When their lips touched, Estelle moaned, "Ah, yes." Lovely. Lick Mommy's pussy, dear, but avoid the hole. I want that sperm to be there for your father to eat. You can have what's on the outside. That's it, suck, baby. Suck your mother's horny cunt for her like a good little girl should. Oh, yes. So good!"

After giving her mother a good long cum, then remaining to lick up her juices, Cindy settled back on her heels and smiled, saying, "You're something else, Mother. Are you really going to get me pregnant?"

Do you think you'll have to ask?

Cindy reached between her legs and began playing with herself. Estelle could see the excitement in Cindy's actions.

"Mother, I don't think that other guy got me pregnant. I don't feel pregnant."

"It doesn't matter. Jason will do the job properly. If anyone asks, you missed your period, whether it comes or not, I would appreciate it. I want you to spread the word. Tell your friends at school."

Okay, I'll let everyone know.

"You do that. Could you make sure the word gets around? You won't be lying because I guarantee you that you will miss the next one."

Estelle watched with a smile as Cindy attacked her pussy, going for the cum. Her fingers pounded the slop in her cunt. Estelle said, "Resolve yourself, Cindy, you are going to bear a black man's baby."

"Yes, I know! You'll make me keep it, won't you?"

"Yes, and everyone will see you with that black bastard. You'll nurse it to your pure white breasts in public places."

"Oh, God, Yes! No one will give you a hard time about me nursing in public. I'll expose both tits. Who knows, I might have twins. You'll keep me in school, too, won't you?"

"Of course. Where better to show off you and your mulatto offspring. That bastard will be with you at all times, and you'll have permission to nurse in class, topless if that pleases me, and that does please me."

"Agggghhh! ... Oh FUCK! ... Oh, shit! I'm cumming!"

\* \* \*

Thirty minutes after Jason left to pick up Mr. Greyson at the airport, the phone rang. It was Jason. Estelle answered, saying, "Where are you? What happened?"

"I took your advice. I got impudent. I got fired. He made me pull over and get out. He drove off in the Rolls. I'm at a pay phone on the corner of 5th and Elm."

Estelle laughed and said, "Relax, I'll call you a taxi. You are not fired. Tell me what happened."

"Well, he asked how everything was in his absence. I told him everything was fine. He asked me if I had screwed Eva yet. He asks me if I've screwed her ever since you hired her. I said I hadn't. He then begins with his innuendos. He says, 'I'm glad Estelle hired that sexy little number. Perhaps now you'll keep your eyes off my daughter.' "

"Oh, he did, did he? And what was your response?"

"I said that I might if Eva were naked and spread-eagled on my bed."

Estelle laughed and said, "That's rich. What was his response to that?"

"He got real pissed. He started in on his threats. He called me a nigger, saying, 'If I ever catch your nigger ass near my daughter, I'll see you fry, boy.' That's when I got pissed and said, 'Massah, you can't blame a po colored boy for wantin' a piece a fine white pussy like Miss Cindy.' That's when he went berserk, ordered me to pull over, and fired my impudent black ass."

Estelle laughed hysterically, then said, "That was magnificent, Jason. You did fine, excellent. When you arrive, Mr. Greyson will rehire you with a big raise and an apology. Do hurry. I'll call the taxi now. You just hang on."

When the Rolls arrived with a screeching halt, Estelle sat reading her book, her housecoat askew showing one tit and one bare leg with a hint of pubic hairs. Ed Greyson stormed in and marched over, shouting, "Estelle, I fired that sorry black bastard, Jason. That son-of-a-bitch had the nerve to tell me that I shouldn't blame him for wanting to fuck our daughter."

Without looking up, she turned a page and said, "It sounds to me like he was just being candid. We should reward that in our domestics. Hire him back."

"Estelle, are you crazy? Didn't you hear what I said? He threw down the gauntlet. That nigger intends to seduce, no, rape our daughter."

"I don't like that word, Ed. Don't ever use it again. They prefer to be called African Americans or blacks."

I don't care if they want to be called 'jungle bunnies.' Estelle, you're not listening."

"I heard what you said. You are not listening to me. Could you consider rehiring him and offering him a substantial raise? Furthermore, I expect you to make a full apology to him."

"You must be mad. I'll do no such thing. That would be tantamount to saying, 'Here, Jason, take my virgin daughter. Have yourself a ball. To show you how pleased I am, here's a raise to help defray the cost of condoms.' "

Could you include in your apology something to the effect that you understand his desire for Cindy and don't blame him in the least?

"You are mad, or this is a very lousy attempt at cracking a joke. I wish you'd take this seriously. If you'll notice, I'm not laughing."

"I like that part about the raise being for condoms. Include that as well. State that as the purpose for the raise." Estelle casually turned another page.

"Estelle, darling, please tell me you're being facetious. Look, I know you're having a sexual fling with that nig ... that black man, but you can't possibly want that so much that you'd place our daughter in jeopardy."

"You should never underestimate the depths that a horny woman will go to satisfy her desires. Furthermore, never underestimate the sexual prowess of the African American male. He called and explained everything. I called a taxi for him. My black lover, my ebony stud, should arrive shortly. Don't make me resort to tired threats. You will do exactly as I say."

Estelle set her book aside and opened her robe. She placed her legs over the arm rests to expose her sloppy wet beaver to her husband's astonished face, saying, "But first, you will kneel and kiss this. Kneel ... NOW!"

Ed stared in awe at the obviously fresh-fucked pussy. Estelle said firmly, "I said kneel!"

Ed was still upset and in shock but found himself kneeling. Like an automaton, he inched forward, his eyes held firmly on her open maw. He bent slowly and planted the kiss at the top, over her clit, away from the messy hole. Estelle said, "No, lick it the way I taught you. Get your tongue deep in my hole and lick like a good doggie."

Ed resigned himself and followed her suggestion. His facial expression skewed as he tasted her slimy wetness. Yes, Ed, that's the taste of an African American male. Do you like it?"

He shook his head but continued to lick. "That's too bad. Perhaps you'll like it better when you lick it out of Cindy's tight little pussy." His eyes rolled up to look at her. He gulped. Yes, I'm sure you'd prefer that. I'm quite certain that Jason won't waste money on condoms, but it wouldn't look proper if you didn't suggest he use them. I know you want to look proper."

Ten minutes later, Ed was still licking Estelle's pussy. Eva walked into the room and approached Estelle's chair, standing beside it. She announced the arrival of the taxi, then remained to watch. Estelle prompted Ed to continue, then pulled her legs back even further to present a more vulgar display, exposing her sperm-covered anus. Ed closed his eyes, blushing shamefully, knowing Eva was watching.

Estelle said, "Make me presentable, Ed." Ed dutifully lapped the sperm from his wife's ass crack, while Eva and Estelle exchanged smiles.

After Ed had her clean, Estelle said, "Thank you, Eva. Come, Ed. Let's go meet Jason, shall we?"

Ed stood, dejected, humiliated, now thoroughly pussy whipped. Estelle took him by the hand and led him to the entryway. Eva followed along and took her place beside Ed. Jason entered and stood waiting. Estelle said, "Jason, Mr. Greyson has something to say to you. Ed!"

Ed raised his head and took a deep breath. Jason looked from his wet face to Estelle's nude body under the open housecoat and smiled. Ed said, "I want to apologize for my outburst. I would like to offer you a fifty-percent salary increase. You were right. I can't blame you for wanting... for desiring my daughter.

These words were like pulling teeth. When he balked at going on, Estelle prompted, "Tell him why he needs the raise, Ed."

He took another deep breath and said, "We figured you would need extra money for condoms. If you weaken, and if something does happen between you and Cindy, please use a condom. In fact, use

two. Do not take this as a carte blanche to have sex with our daughter. All we are saying ...”

“I think you’ve said enough, Ed. Jason, Cindy just took a shower. She had a difficult workout in gymnastics today. She complained about sore muscles, high on the insides of her thighs. I think she could use a good rubdown before she gets dressed. You have such nice, big, strong hands; I’m sure she’d appreciate a good inner thigh massage.”

Ed looked to his wife with horror, then turned pleading eyes on Jason as the grinning butler said, “As you wish, Madam. Since the child will be nude, perhaps I should undress as well. That way, she won’t feel uncomfortable.”

That’s very thoughtful of you, Jason. Isn’t that thoughtful of Jason, dear?” Ed nodded, holding back his anger.

Jason mockingly said, “Man, I sho hopes I duzen’t get no boner from lookin’ at yo daughter’s naked pussy. I don’t have any rubbles with me.

“We understand, Jason. Who could blame you for doing what comes naturally? Certainly not Mr. Greyson. He already stated that. Don’t you worry. We are fully prepared to deal with any consequences. You just do your best to relieve the ache between her legs. Let us worry about any unpleasant consequences.”

Eva offered, “Madam, perhaps I can be of assistance. I could hold Cindy’s legs apart for him, and if he should become sexually aroused, Cindy will need attending to afterward.”

Ed looked to the aroused blond, his jaw dropping. Estelle said, “You are absolutely right. Good thinking, Eva. Yes, by all means, go with Jason. Assist him in any way you can, and if Cindy gives him the slightest problem, restrain her.

The two smiling domestics headed off, leaving a stunned Ed alone with his very aroused wife. Estelle looked down at the erection tenting his slacks and grabbed it, saying, “Come, Ed. Close your mouth. Your cock is making a fool and a hypocrite of you. Let’s take care of this. You can go back to acting shocked and mortified after this goes away.” Ed followed his cock into the master bedroom with his mouth closed.

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Ed had a thousand questions percolating in his brain, but his undeniable arousal prevented them from materializing. He followed his bizarre wife in silence, watching her drop the housecoat along the way. She casually climbed on the bed and reclined on her back with her legs wide.

Ed shucked his trousers and climbed into her saddle, sinking his eighteen inches to the balls in one gliding entry. Estelle never made a move but watched her horny husband vent his lust-puffing, panting, and humping her like a horny poodle. He came more quickly than usual, then rolled off.

They lay side by side for several minutes in silence until the questions began to form. “Estelle, why?”

“Why what, dear?”

“You know very well, why. Why are you doing this to Cindy?”

“I’m doing nothing to Cindy.”



"You know very well what's happening in her room right now."

"All I know is that, thanks to you, our male servant feels he has the right to have sex with our daughter whenever he feels the urge. We all heard what you told him. You as much offered him a raise to service her sexually. You are the man of the house. I plan to stay out of this."

"So that's it. That was all to make me incriminate myself. But why? You don't need that to control me. You don't need that to have your affairs. I've never given you a difficult time or made any threats. Why do this to Cindy? Why involve her? My God, Estelle, don't you realize she may get pregnant?"

If this continues, which I fully expect it to, she will get pregnant. She may be getting pregnant at this very minute. I think she'll look cute suckling a black baby, don't you?"

"Estelle, that's sick."

"I'm a rich bitch, Ed. I can afford to be sick. In fact, it's expected of me. Notice I said I'm rich, not we're rich."

You don't need to keep reminding me.

"No, I suppose not. Anyway, to answer your question, 'Why Cindy?' The best answer I can give you is that it turns me on deliciously. Tell me, Ed, what turns you on? You were turned on. Was it envy? Do you wish that were you in there fucking your daughter?"

"Stop it, Estelle. I thought no such thing. I don't know why I became aroused. A man's penis has a mind of its own. I don't feel the need to make apologies for it. I just want to know the current rules. Can we at least require him to use condoms or get her some protection?"

"Absolutely not. I want her pregnant, or didn't I make that clear? As for rules, there's just one: Jason is to have unrestricted access to your daughter's body, especially her fertile womb. You are not to so much as look cross-eyed at him, even if he's fucking her on your lap. Ummm! I rather like that image. Cindy, sitting on your lap. You holding her legs wide open to receive Jason's ten-inch black python, feeling every thrust as he pounds his cockhead against her cervix, feeling him shooting his Afro semen into her womb. Oh, my, look! I've gone and given you another bothersome erection. Oh, well, go ahead. Climb on and get it over with."

This scene occurred shortly afterward. If you'd like to see a white businessman humiliated beyond your wildest imagination, take a look at, "Cum Uppins".]

Ed humbly crawled back between his wife's legs and relieved himself. Afterward, he collapsed on her body, sweaty and panting. She said while patting his head, "That was much better. At least you lasted longer. You'll adjust to this new situation quite nicely. Before long, you will look forward to watching them mate. You'll get hard seeing Cindy walking around in the nude, wiggling her ass at him like a bitch in heat. You'll love watching her belly grow day by day as she fills out with his black child. You will especially enjoy watching her breastfeed the little bastard.

"What is this, the stirring of yet another erection? You are full of surprises, Ed. Go ahead. You are already in there. You may as well deposit another load. That's a good boy. Take your time. There's no hurry. I'll just finish this article I'm reading.

Estelle read; Ed screwed. Afterward, Ed rolled over and drifted off to sleep.

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Estelle eased out of the bed and made her way to Cindy's room. Eva had just left. Cindy was up against the headboard with her ass elevated as she had been before. She turned to smile dreamily at her mother as she entered. Estelle sat beside Cindy's hip, facing her head, and peered between her daughter's legs, saying, "Your twat's getting quite a workout today, isn't it?"

Cindy placed her hand high on her mother's thigh and slid her fingers to the wetness leaking out, saying, "So is yours. Who's sperm is this?"

"That is your father's. He's home, you know."

"I know. They were discussing the scene you had in the entryway. Is it true what they said true? Did Daddy really say those things? Does he know what they're doing to me in here?"

"Yes, he said those things, and yes, he knows. What do you think got him so turned on? There are three loads in my pussy, all his."

"God, this is so weird. He knows, huh?"

"Get used to it. He's dying to watch you getting a good screwing. Hell, he's dying to screw you himself, if I know him."

"Do you really think so? Will you let him in tonight? Cindy excitedly rolled toward her mother on her right side, resting her cheek on her mother's thigh, looking into her mother's messy twat. Estelle opened her legs wider to facilitate her daughter's view and easy access. Cindy got her face closer and used both hands to toy with the wet folds of Estelle's sex, saying, "Ohhh, it's so messy. I love your pussy, Mother, especially when it looks like this."

"Thank you, and yes, I'll let him, but not until you've missed your period. First things first. I want your father to see you and Jason together. I want him to see how horny you are for black cock. I know you can be a slut; be a slut around him."

"Do you want me actually to let Jason screw me in front of Daddy?"

"Yes, of course. I want him to see you going after Eva as well. Ignore me and your father completely. Act like we aren't even in the room. And wear clothes with easy access and no underwear. I want to see you fuck Jason while lying in your father's lap. I want you to ham it up good for us. Remember, your role is to entertain me. I want to see you in slut mode at all times. We will also begin working on your new image at school."

"Wow, that's going to be weird. Everybody thinks I'm such a goody-goody virgin. How are we going to do it?"

"We can start right away. Short skirts and no panties will be your school attire."

"Oh, Jesus. Guys are always trying to look up my dress as it is."

"Yeah, well, we're going to make it easy. I expect you to show your pussy whenever an opportunity presents itself."

"Man, that's going to feel so strange, walking around school with a naked pussy. Suppose I get expelled."

You let me handle the administration. They wouldn't dare expel my daughter without consulting me first. When I'm done with them, you'll have a license to shoot beavers.

"I'll do it, too. I'd love showing my pussy if I could get away with it. I think I have the best looking pussy in that school. I can even have the girls drooling over it. You should see how they act in the girls' shower. You'd think they were all lesbians the way they stare at me, especially when I part my legs and show pink."

"Yes, and I'll bet you part your legs quite a bit, don't you?"

"You bet I do. It's the only place where I can get away with running around in school, naked. I'm always the first one naked and the last one dressed. My knees don't get within a foot of each other. You should see them, Mother. I swear, every girl in my PE class would get on her knees and kiss my pussy if I let them, especially the coach. She's a dyke."

"In that case, let them."

"You know, I think I can get a few girls to eat me in front of everyone. A few are lezzies and everyone knows it. They are always crowding around me, licking their lips. Everyone thinks it's funny the way I torment them. I even changed my Kotex pads while they were looking on. They fight over my used pads. I'm not joking. Why on earth would anyone, even a lezzie, want one of those things."

"You'd be surprised. Let's hope they've seen their last one for a while. If you are bleeding next week, we'll stuff your twat with cotton so they can't tell?"

"Yeah, that will get the word out. I bet that's how those people knew I'd be fertile. They tracked my cycle. I'll bet one of those girls in my gym class is in on it with them."

"I think you're right. This will be great. Now we know where and how to announce your pregnancy."

"And we'll announce it next week, right?"

Absolutely, but we won't have to make any announcements. They just won't be seeing any bloody Kotex pads. Okay, kiddo, you've got your orders. Now, put something sexy on for dinner. Be prepared for a pre-dinner show. I'm sure Jason will have more sperm made for your hungry little womb."

Cindy placed her palms on her lower abdomen and said, "Yes, it's starving. I can't wait to see the look on Daddy's face when he sees Jason's cock going all the way in my pussy. This will be so much fun. Thanks for letting me be a slut, Mother."

You're quite welcome, but I've only just begun.

Estelle stood and started to leave. Cindy pouted and said, "Don't I get to lick Daddy's cum from your pussy?"

Estelle stopped, turned, and smiled, saying, "Of course." How thoughtless of me to deny you a double treat-your father's sperm and your mother's twat." Estelle faced the bed and stood in a wide-legged stance, her hands on her hips and her housecoat pulled open. "Well, come and get it. I don't deliver."

Cindy scampered from the bed and launched herself at her mother's loins. She sat beneath her

mother and grasped her by the hips, pulling her face in tightly to the sloppy twat. She immediately dug her tongue in deep the way Eva liked it done. Estelle chuckled and said, "You know, I keep forgetting you really are a slut, a cunt-hungry slut at that. Oh, FUCK! that feels good, Cindy."

Estelle bent her knees out to settle lower and offer a wider spread for Cindy to get her face in. Cindy nestled her face in firmly in an attempt to get her tongue in further, prompting Estelle to moan passionately, "Oh, God, you vulgar child. You shameless little cunt-sucking slut. You insatiable whore, licking your mother's cervix to get at your own father's cock cream, and begging for the privilege, as well."

Cindy's response was to pull herself in tighter, probe deeper, and make sounds of delicious ecstasy while doing so. The effect on her aroused mother was profound and immediate. Estelle reached into her crotch, pulled her lips open, squatted lower, and humped Cindy's face saying, "Eat my cunt, Cindy! Eat Momma's pussy!"

Cindy began lapping feverishly at the moving slit, licking fingers, clit, labia, pubic mound or asshole, whatever was before her got licked hard and fast. Estelle cried out, "Oh, yes, you love licking your mother's cunt. Lick that pussy good, baby. Give me a tongue bath between my legs. Clean up all of your father's sperm. Marvelous, simply marvelous!"

When Cindy thought her mother was ready, she fastened on her clit and sucked hard while batting the fleshy nub about inside her mouth. Estelle took ten seconds of this treatment, then shuddered through a powerful climax that gradually brought her to her knees, forcing Cindy to recline. Estelle ended up sitting astride Cindy's chest, trying to regain her breath. Cindy just smiled up at her mother.

Estelle slowly regained her composure, then struggled to her feet. She gathered her house coat around her nakedness, then sauntered to the door. She paused to look back before leaving, saying, "That was good, Cindy, but I shouldn't have to wait for you to ask." If you see my vagina needs cleaning, clean it. Oh, and wear something easily accessible. Come down when you're presentable.

Cindy just smiled and shook her head in silent wonder after the door closed.

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As threatened, Ed had to endure the greatest humiliation of his life when Jason screwed his daughter on his lap. It wasn't bad enough that he had to watch; they involved him in every stage, from foreplay to having Cindy sit on his face afterward.

When Cindy got off (no pun intended), Ed lifted his head sheepishly and turned to face Estelle. She rose and stood over him, smiling. "Well, Ed, you surprised me. I must say that I am very pleased with you. You behaved yourself marvelously. I misjudged you. It appears you can teach an old dog new tricks. If you continue in this vein, I will be very pleased."

"Thank you, dear. I tried."

"Yes, we all saw that. To show my gratitude, you can take Eva to the bedroom and do with her as you please. By the looks of things, though, she may be having her way with you. I'll give you one hour, no more."

Ed struggled to his feet, assisted by Eva. She led him by the cock into the master bedroom. When they passed out of sight, Cindy looked up and smiled, saying, "Mom, that was the most amazing!" That was the ultimate! That was the greatest!"

"Enough superlatives. I know. I saw."

"That was really nice what you did for Daddy. You surprised me."

"I surprised you? Did you see the look on his face? He almost shit his pants. He never in a million years expected that reaction. Actually, I am very pleased with him. He deserves a reward. I like having him on my team. Now, we can pull out all the stops and have a fucking ball around here."

"Yeah, this is fantastic. I can't wait till you give me to Daddy. I'll fuck his brains out."

"That's what I'm afraid of. He never had that much to start with."

"You know that's not true. Daddy is real smart. He married you, didn't he?"

"All right, touche. Now, why don't you put your clothes on and follow me out to see how Juan is doing with those roses before it gets too dark to see."

Cindy's face lit up. She said, "Are you going to let him fuck you in front of me? Please!"

"Just get dressed and watch." Cindy hurriedly dressed.

[If you'd like to watch, check out "Cindy Takes a Breeding". If watching a mother and daughter get raped while staked out over each other on a lawn, then watching as two dogs enjoy the daughter, then seeing the rapist piss on them, (and who doesn't) then you'll love "Cindy Takes a Breeding."]

Cindy watched, but from the perspective of the rapee. Still bound face down in a spread-eagle on the lawn, dripping with rapist piss with a Doberman sentry dog lodged deep in her ass, Jason and Estelle stood overlooking the provocative sight. Estelle said, "Her father should see this. I suppose he's still with that Scandinavian hussy."

"He has eighteen minutes left. I'm sure he won't waste them."

"I suppose. You don't have a problem with any of this, do you?"

"Why should I? I told you before, I don't understand you white folks and don't want to."

"Yes, but are you enjoying this?"

"More than words can convey, Madam. I just wish my great-grandparents could see this."

"I can appreciate that. Say, Jason, how would you like to take Cindy to one of your family functions, such as a reunion or a picnic? I'd give you a carte blanche."

Jason's eyebrows lifted with interest. He said, "When you say 'carte blanche,' are you saying I could pass her around?"

"Of course, I would expect you to. Do your people have dogs, don't they?"

"You'd go along with that, too?"

"Absolutely. Don't you think it would serve a cathartic purpose to subject a Greyson to that degradation?"

I'm not sure what you mean by 'cathartic,' but if it means coming to a head, then that's what it

would be. The only trouble is, I'm not sure they'd go for that. Cross-species mating is something only rich white folks could appreciate."

"I understand. Too rich for their palate, eh?"

"Something like that. If you are serious, I'll start feeling them out about it. Don't get your hopes up, though. I would like to introduce her around after she starts showing, though. Just seeing a pregnant Greyson girl on my arm with be catharsis enough."

Marvelous, I'll take care of it. I'm sure my daughter will love helping you with your catharsis, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, I will leave no doubt in anyone's mind who the child's father is. He's getting ready to pull out.

The dog eased out of Cindy's ass. Juan led him away. Cindy said, "Can I get up now? Ants are getting on me, and I really need a shower.

No, I want your father to let you go. You can tell him all about your terrible bestial rape. I'm sure he'll comfort you." Estelle turned to Jason and said, "You know, I see no reason why we can't dump a wheelbarrow load of manure on her. She has no open cuts. We could plug her pussy with a cucumber to keep the shit out of her twat. That would be a sight, don't you agree, Jason?"

"Mother, no!"

"I don't know, Madam. That does seem a bit much."

"Well, I think it sounds deliciously wicked, and I want Ed to find her that way. Don't worry, Cindy. We won't get any near your head. We'll dump the load on your back. You won't have to wear it for long. Your father's time is almost up."

"Oh, all right, but I don't like it."

Estelle dashed into the house to get the cucumber while Jason went for the wheelbarrow of wet cow manure. They returned at the same time. Estelle stuffed Cindy's twat, then signaled Jason to upend the barrow. The shit flopped out in thick wet clumps and poured over Cindy's lush skin. Cindy groaned, "Oh, yuck, that feels awful and smells even worse. Oh, Mother, how could you want to do this? That's enough, already. It's getting in my hair."

Estelle used a stick to spread the mess from Cindy's knees to her shoulders. She mounded lumps on Cindy's head. Thick clumps flowed over the girl's shoulders and ran down her cheeks and neck, making her cry out, "Mother, it's getting on my face." Oh, yuck! Go get Daddy, hurry!"

"He'll be along shortly. Just relax. You look divine. Come, Jason. Let's leave her. Tell Juan to make himself scarce."

"Mother, please, don't leave me like this. I'm going to be sick."

Estelle ignored her daughter's pleas and walked off. Jason stopped by to tell Juan to get lost before joining Estelle in the kitchen. They took turns checking on Cindy. At one point, they stood together looking through the kitchen window. Estelle said, "I must be a sick woman to be enjoying this so much. Look at her, Jason. Have you ever seen such a sight? It's artistic in a way — absolute beauty covered in absolute filth.

I don't know much about art, but you are ill. I suppose we all have a little sick in us because I do like what I'm seeing. I hope you know what you're doing. When Ed sees her, he's going to have a shit fit. You're pushing that man to the limit."

"Oh, come now, Jason, the man sucked your cock and lapped your sperm from his daughter's pussy. No, she's just a prime piece of pussy to him, now. He knows he'll get some, too, if he cooperates with me. I know the man. He'll tend to her, listen to her complaints, and even comfort her, but in the end, he'll be looking for his reward.

"Well, that would sure be something to see. I hope you're all right. I could get used to fucking that bigot in the mouth. I sure like fucking Cindy with him watching."

They entered the dining area. Estelle said, "I hear them stirring. Let's take seats and look casual."

The two quickly took their seats. Both were sipping coffee when Ed and Eva appeared. They were dressed but looked worn out and sheepish. Eva went to refill the coffee cups. Ed could not look Jason in the eye. Estelle said, "Dear, you'd best check on Cindy. She had a rather nasty run-in with the gardener. She's out back. Hose her off before you bring her in this house."

Ed showed a puzzled expression as he went to the back door. Before he exited, Estelle cautioned, "You will say nothing to Juan. He earned a raise." He gave a puzzled look and went out.

Ed saw Cindy as soon as he stepped out. She was fifty feet away, but her head was raised, plaintively looking for her rescuer. Ed bounded over to her and gasped in horror at what he saw and smelled. He said, "My God, Cindy! What happened to you?"

"I was raped by Juan, Daddy. He fucked me in the ass, too. He even let the dogs rape me. One raped my pussy; the other raped my ass. He pissed all over me, and then he dumped this shit on me. Hurry, cut me loose."

Ed looked about frantically and spied the pruning shears. He quickly cut her bindings and aided her to stand. He gingerly helped her move closer to the garden hose, then had her stand and wait. Estelle, Eva, and Jason watched from the kitchen window. Eva was puzzled, while Jason and Estelle were all smiles.

Ed hosed his daughter as she turned slowly in place with her arms out. The shit fell away easily to reveal the cucumber sticking several inches from her crotch. She widened her stance so the spray could clean between her legs. She then eased the cucumber out and let it fall to her feet. Stepping clear of the shit pile, she took another rinsing.

Ed set the hose down and came to her, taking her in his arms, lovingly. He said, "Oh, my poor baby. That must have been dreadful for you. I think your mother is mad."

"No, she's not mad, Daddy. She is a bit twisted, though. It wasn't that bad. I'm a big girl, now."

"Yes, you are." He held her close, enjoying the feel of her bare flesh beneath his moving hands. Cindy nestled close, feeling the bulge in his slacks stir to life. He cupped her ass cheeks and drew her closer, saying, "Honey, did I hear you right? Did you say you had sex with the dogs?"

"Yes, Daddy, both of them." She looked into his eyes and saw the lust her mother spoke of. She cupped his ass cheeks, drawing them even tighter. She rubbed her cunt on his growing bulge and pouted, "The dogs fucked me, Daddy. The first one put his big doggie cock in my little pussy and fucked me hard and fast. I had to let the doggie fuck my pussy, Daddy."

"My poor baby."

"Yes, and Mom made me fuck back."

"That's terrible."

"He came in my pussy, too. He squirted dog cum way up inside my cunt. He made me cum, too. I had an orgasm while he was hosing my womb with his long, red, doggie dick. Was I a bad girl, Daddy?"

With difficulty in speaking, he said, "No, sweetheart. You weren't bad. You did what your mother told you to do. You could not help responding. That's just biology."

"I know, but I liked it."

"I understand. Could you tell me about the other one? You say he took you anally?"

"No, Daddy, he fucked my asshole. He butt fucked me."

"Yes, of course."

"Mom wanted me to get him in my asshole, so I tried real hard while he was on me and humping, poking his cock in my butt crack. I finally got it, though. I caught a moving cock with my butt hole. It was like my asshole was a mouth that gobbled his dick right up."

"I'm sure your mother was very pleased that you carried out her wishes so enthusiastically."

"She was, especially when we got locked up that way. After his cock swelled up inside, we were really stuck. I was stuck on a dog's cock like a real bitch, Daddy."

Ed's finger curled into her ass crack and entered her anus. He tested her nether opening and remarked, "Yes, I can see why. You have a nice tight ass. I can see where a big dog would get hung up. I'm surprised Juan didn't get stuck in there."

Inside, Estelle said, "Look at that wet nymph grinding her cunt on her father's cock. I'll bet she's giving him a blow-by-blow. And look at Ed devouring it. You'd think he had his cock in her the way he's humping the kid. He'd better not; that's all I have to say."

Eva said, "I don't see how he could. He was drained when we finished. He got it up twice more."

That's one thing I'll hand over to Ed. He has the stamina of a teenage boy. The trouble is, he's as fast as a teenage boy. How was he, by the way?"

"He wasn't fast with me. I thought he was quite good, actually."

"Well, he did cum five times before you got him. I'm glad you enjoyed it. I'll tell him he can vent his lust on you for a while."

"Thank you, Madam."

Outside, Ed was listening to the lurid account of Cindy's anal rape by Juan and the dog for the second time. He had a full erection that Cindy released from his pants. She had his cock tucked between her thighs and rode her pussy over it. They were both nearing a climax when cold water drenched them.



They broke apart to find Estelle holding the hose on them. She set the hose down and said, "I will decide who gets off in this house from now on, and that includes the grounds. You two go inside and dress for dinner. I've ordered pizza delivered."

They all went in after Ed stripped off his wet clothes. The atmosphere in the Greyson mansion was reminiscent of decadent Rome—a constant orgy. They played sex games all night and remained nude all day Saturday. Estelle was the master of ceremonies, pairing up the performers and setting the scenes. She weakened and allowed Ed to screw Cindy only after Ed allowed Jason to fuck him in the ass. Ed had Jason's cock in his mouth half of the time that it wasn't in use, and Eva showed her lusty nature, no holes barred.

Periodically, they turned Cindy over to Juan, but they all stood by to watch. Cindy serviced Juan and the dogs several times that day. She was not only pissed on by Juan, but by each person in turn.

If there was a theme to their orgy, the theme was golden showers. Each had a favorite way of pissing on Cindy. Juan liked to piss in her face while the dogs were screwing her. Jason preferred to piss all over her while she was staked out on her back. Estelle preferred to stand in a Wonder Woman pose while Cindy knelt and licked her pissing slit. Eva squatted over Cindy's face and pissed slowly while grinding her cunt on Cindy's mouth. Ed stuffed his cock up Cindy's ass and gave her piss enemas. Cindy grew to love her golden showers and developed a taste for urine. She would sometimes suck her mother dry, drinking her piss right from the source.

During a masturbation/interrogation session with everyone present. Estelle probed the close relationship Cindy had with a cute sophomore named Judy. Judy's mother, Bonnie, had been a debutante and Estelle's best friend during their high school years together. They went their separate ways after Bonnie married. Cindy's almost instant affinity for piss, especially the way she craved sucking it right from her mother's pussy, made Estelle suspicious. Questioning revealed Judy and Bonnie's bizarre dark secret and explained why Bonnie hadn't been seen on the streets in months.

Cindy spent Sunday in the company of Bart and his crew, accompanied by over one hundred guests. She was the center of attention all day long, a day she would never forget.

On Sunday, while Cindy attended her coming out party, the men rested. Estelle paid a visit to her old friend and beauty contestant rival, Ginger Roberts. Their bizarre relationship spans decades. Ginger and her daughter, Angie, had always been a source of amusement for Estelle. With Cindy occupied for the day, she turned to them, determined to have more fun than she ever dared.

In a single weekend, Cindy's life was transformed. In many ways, she was still an innocent little girl, awed by the world of grownups. In many more, she was a woman with a driving passion to experience all of the wild and exciting nuances that the world of adult sexuality had to offer.

The perverse and the bizarre drew her like a strong light draws the moth. Her mother was that light source, a fire, and Cindy, as young and inexperienced as she was, knew her mother could burn her; still, she fluttered closer and closer. They were about to enter a new phase, her school phase, where many cute little moths would get singed by Estelle's flame, and little Jennifer Roberts would dive headlong into the flame.

*The End*