

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1

Harlan swilled down the last of his beer, then crumpled the aluminum can like a wad of newspaper. A few drops of the piss-colored liquid splashed onto the floor and Harlan wiped them up with the holey gray sock on his foot while he tossed the crushed Coors can into the trash container across the room.

"Don't mean to dirty up your home none, Cal."

"Aw, shit," Cal said, showing front teeth that looked moth-eaten, "my place is your place any time you're in town. How many times I have to tell that? Now, put up your feet and have another beer. You and the young 'uns spend the night. A lot of good drinking bars in this town - and a couple of 'em even got strippers."

"Don't say?" Harlan said, returning the wink Cal had given him. "Don't say?" He popped the tab off another can of Coors. "Well, Cal, you're forgetting what it's like being a farmer. A man can't be sitting around all day and night swigging beer when a man's got farm to run." He raised his eyebrows intentionally, smiling to himself when he saw Cal wince, "No sir, not when a man's got a working farm to run. Strippers, eh?"

Cal's face brightened as Harlan brought the topic back to strippers. "Take off every stitch, Harlan. You never seen nothing like it. Professional gals from the big city. Tits like you ain't never seen. Cunts like slabs of hairy raw liver - smoking hot cunts. Shit, you can shine a flashlight up inside 'em and they don't give a fuck."

"Don't say?" Harlan had only seen strippers at the traveling carnival in the summer, but none of them had ever spread their legs for the crowd.

"Sure thing. One of them babies even shoves a lit cigarette between her bristly lips and puffs on it. Ever hear of such a thing, Harlan?"

"Heard of it, but ain't never seen it." He scratched an itch on the sole of his right foot with the big toe of his left. The toe was naked, sticking out of one of the holes in his sock. He took a long swig of beer, letting the cold bitter liquid slide down his throat. A few drops rolled down his beard and flicked off onto his bare chest. It was a hot day, and the beer felt good, like cool rain, and it tasted even better.

"Well, you gotta see it, Harlan. I'll take you over to the Dingle Dangle Bar tonight. Say, maybe we can even get Seth inside. Give the boy a thrill. Shit, he can pass for old enough if we pull a cap down over his eyes. Besides, you being his pa and all, they'd probably let him in anyway."

"The boy's getting his thrill this afternoon. Besides, like I told you, Cal, I got me a farm to run."

"Shit, one night away from the place ain't gonna hurt none. You'd think them hogs of yours was milk cows the way you carry on about 'em. You likely fed 'em enough slop before you left to keep em eating high off the hog for a week." He chuckled. "High off the hog, Harlan. High off the hog."

Harlan smiled, chugging down the rest of his beer. "You always had a sharp wit about you, Cal. Never could deny that. Well, let me put it this way - I ain't saying yes, and I ain't saying no. We'll wait awhile and see." He crushed his empty beer can and flung it across the room. The crumpled aluminum wad careened off the wall and dropped into the trash bucket.

"Nice shot," Cal said, tossing Harlan another sweaty can of Coors from the ice-chest on the floor between them. "Maybe tonight you can get a shot at one of them open strippers. Some of them broads look like they been fucked by a donkey."

"Maybe they have," Harlan said, and Cal guffawed. "Maybe they have." And Cal hugged his paunch. Cal always was one to appreciate a good joke. Maybe that's why Cal had such a sharp wit.

The door flew open from one of the back rooms and Seth stomped in and pulled up a chair next to Harlan. As he settled himself, he clunked the heels of his overgrown bare feet on the sill of the window before which they were all seated.

Harlan slapped his son's bare chest with the back of his hand. "Get your shit-black feet off Carl's

window! He'll think you was raised in a barn."

"Hey, wait a minute there, Harlan," Cal said. "Ain't nothing wrong with the boy resting his feet up there just because he ain't wearing socks like you. Shit, what's a window sill for but to cool off the tired old dogs?"

"See," Seth said, nodding to Cal appreciatively. "I ain't hurting nothing, Pa." He nabbed Harlan's can of Coors.

Harlan let the boy get a good swig of beer, then yanked the can out of his hands. "Don't be a pig, boy. Mind your manners."

Cal laughed. "Let the boy drink up, Harlan. Here's another can for you." He tossed Harlan another can, but before Harlan could get it Seth snatched it out of the air from right in front of Harlan's nose. Seth's arm was as fast as a whip. He'd make one hell of a boxer, Harlan had thought many times.

Harlan watched the boy rip the tab off the can and start chugging down the beer. "Slow down, boy. I ain't gonna have you crawling around drunk." He grabbed Seth's arm. Sudsy beer spilled down Seth's neck and over his chest.

"Now you made me spill it," Seth said. "Shit!" He wiped the beer off his bare belly. Some of it had run down under his jeans, making it look like he'd creamed in his pants.

"Don't go shitting me, boy," Harlan said. "Unless you want a good whipping. I can still take you, boy. Remember that."

"Sure, Pa," Seth said, wiping his wet hand on the leg of his Jeans. His wheat-colored hair fell in his eyes, making him look like a forlorn sheep dog.

"What're you so dang ornery about anyway?" Harlan could always tell when something was wrong in his son's head. The boy had the same shut-mouthed orneriness as his ma had had.

"I ain't ornery," Seth said guzzling down more beer. He stared straight out the window as if he were reading a sign out on the street.

"You're chewin' your dang beer like it was rawhide, boy. Don't try telling me you ain't ornery."

Cal laughed. "Leave the boy alone, Harlan. I think maybe Ruby in there' been giving the boy a hard time. She can get a might ornery herself. Just give me a few minutes with her, Seth. I'll knock some sense into her silly head." He started to climb out of his chair.

Harlan reached over and held him back. "Whoa there, Cal. Seth ain't stated his grievances yet. Now you just rest easy."

Cal sank back into his chair, looking relieved that he didn't have to get up. Harlan smiled to himself. Ever since Cal had moved to the city he'd been getting lazier and lazier, and his paunch had been getting bigger and bigger - not that Cal wasn't a lazy bastard even when he'd still been a farmer.

"Rest easy Cal," Harlan said. "These young 'uns can care of themselves. Ain't that right, Seth?"

"Sure, Pa." A vein on the boy's temple throbbed. He guzzled down the last of his beer, then swore under his breath.

"Goddamn it, Seth," Harlan said. "Now you open up or I'm gonna lay you out flat. Why are you so goddamn ornery?"

Seth crushed his beer can with a clap of his two large hands, "Ask Delbert," he said. "Don't ask me. Ask him."

"What do you mean, ask Delbert? I'm warning you, boy. Out with it."

"Delbert's hogging her, Pa. I ain't had a crack at her yet. He's up on her ass like a billy goat, and he ain't getting off." Cal guffawed, nearly falling out his chair. "Shove it in her mouth, boy. She's got more holes than one. Shiit!"

"I tried," Seth said. "She's got her jaw set like a mule. One at a time, she says. One at a time, or she ain't doing no more fucking today. Christ, it ain't fair Delbert's been up on her for more than an hour. Oh, jeez!" He rubbed the leg of his jeans. His hard cock throbbed inside his pants like a living salami.

Cal's face screwed up with seriousness. He chugged down the rest of his beer. "Damn little bitch," he said. "What kind of shit's she trying to pull? Goddamn it, ever since I brung her to the city she's

been getting more and more high and mighty.”

Now it was Harlan’s turn to laugh. “That happens, Cal. All these uppity city women around for her to see and take after. What can you expect, Cal?”

Cal didn’t smile. Sweat dripped from his nose and rolled down over his beer belly as he struggled up out of his chair. Like a prize hog, Harlan thought.

“Ruby!” Cal bellowed. “Get your ass in here. Now!”

“I’m busy, Pa!” came Ruby’s far off voice from one of the rear bedrooms of the house. “You oughta know that, Pa.”

“Now!” Cal bellowed, and his voice shook the wood-frame house. “Now!”

Seth’s mouth hung open while he watched Cal, and Harlan nudged the boy, whispering, “Old Cal ain’t exerted himself this much since he left the farm.” Seth smiled.

The door to the back hallway opened slowly, and Ruby poked her head into the livingroom. Her black hair was tangled, as if she’d just awakened from a night’s sleep.

“Yeah, Pa?”

“Yeah, Pa nothing!” Cal yelled. “Get your uppity ass in here!”

Ruby stepped into the livingroom, wrapped in a white sheet. Half her hair fell over the front of one shoulder, hanging two feet down the front of the sheet like black Spanish moss. Her bare feet showed from under the sheet, the toes still wide spread and strong, evidence that she’d been raised as a barefooted country girl. She smiled shyly, and her eyes shifted uneasily.

“Drop that sheet,” Cal said. “You think none of us ever seen you naked?”

Ruby let the sheet slide off her shoulders and heap on the floor around her feet like snow. The teenaged girl was a ripe beauty. Purple nipples capped her fully developed tits. Her cunt hair was as shimmering-black as her head, the kinky triangle of fur seeming to pulsate. Her inner thighs were shiny with juice – pussy juice and likely with Delbert’s cum.

Harlan hadn’t expected to get a piece of her ass until later in the afternoon, until after his two sons had had all the fucks their horny young pricks could stand, but now, sitting here looking at the hottest farm female to ever come out of the county, Harlan found himself hornier than he’d been in months. His cock swelled up in half a second, and he gripped his prick the same way Seth was gripping his own cock.

“Now what’s this,” Cal asked, “about you smart-mouthing Seth?”

“I just asked him to wait for Delbert to finish himself off, Pa. I just wanted both of them to get their money’s worth.”

Cal spat. “How do you expect Seth here to get his money’s worth with you clamming up your mouth like a mule? I don’t care if Seth here wants to piss in your mouth. You open up for him – hear?”

“You don’t understand, Pa.”

“Shut your mouth, girl! Don’t try any of your smart city-girl talk on me. Now get down and show me your ass.”

Ruby groaned, but dropped to her knees immediately. She swiveled, leaned forward onto her elbows, and pushed her beautiful round ass high into the air. Cal took two steps toward her, yanked off his belt, and let her have it.

Crack! The leather belt fell across Ruby’s young ass. The teenage girl whimpered, and her ass shivered, the pink pucker between her asscheeks appearing to dilate. Crack! The belt fell again. Crack! Crack! Crack! Ruby screamed and toppled over onto the heaped white sheet, rolling her naked young body into a ball. Cal raised his belt again, but before he could lay it on his daughter’s naked body, Seth intervened, diving from where he sat in his chair and landing on the girl like a cat pouncing on a bird. The boy covered her, clawing at her tits, ramming his long middle finger up her cunt, chewing at her shoulder.

Cal lowered his belt. “Hey, boy, I ain’t done whipping her muley ass.” He was panting from the exertion of the five lashes he’d given her, and sweat rolled off his forehead and dripped off his nose. Harlan couldn’t help but to laugh. “Set yourself down, Cal. Let the boy take care of her. He’ll give her more than a whipping to think about.”

Cal gave Harlan a grim look, then smiled. "You make a lot of sense, Harlan." He reseated himself with a look of satisfaction.

The old boar's thanking the Almighty, Harlan thought, thanking the Almighty for sending Seth to take over. It's too hot a day for tanning hide, he's thinking.

Ruby squirmed on the floor, trying to escape Seth's biting and clawing and finger-jamming. Besides that, she was likely still smarting from her father's leather belt. She uncoiled suddenly and struck at Seth's face with her fingernails. Seth jerked away as if he'd been struck at by a rattlesnake.

"Goddamn you, bitch!" Cal shouted, and he started to struggle out of his chair.

Harlan reached over and held him down. "Leave her be, Cal. Let the boy take care of her. He's gotta learn how to tame a wild filly sometime."

Cal settled back. "All right," he said, "but I don't like the uppity way she's behaving. She's been tame enough for five years now - best goddamn whore a man could ask for. Now why's she getting so goddamn uppity all of a sudden?" He shook his head.

"Ain't nothing wrong with a little spunk in a female," Harlan said, and he rubbed his aching cock again. He liked women with fight. He'd sired six sons on a muley wife - rest her soul. But that was ancient history. He hadn't wrestled a female in years. He hoped Ruby would still have some fight in her after Seth got through with her.

Seth kneeled up and struggled out of his pants. Ruby lay before him on the floor, glaring at him like a mad black cat. Ruby had yellowish-green eyes and, together with her black hair, they made her look mean. The boy had a tight ass and muscular legs, which were both very white in contrast to his sun-tanned torso. Harlan smiled to himself as Seth sat back to drag the jeans off over his big feet. The boy was wiry and mean. This was going to be a good cat fight.

"Shit, Harlan," Cal said, "the boy takes after his pa, don't he? Biggest goddamned dick I ever seen."

Harlan laughed. "Bigger than mine, Cal. Hey, Seth, turn yourself more around so Cal here can get a look at your crowbar."

"Aw, Pa," Seth said, but he spun around on his skinny ass, which made a rubbery squeaking sound against the wood of the floor. His enormous cock throbbed, standing vertical against his brown belly. The purple cockhead, half poking out of its foreskin, tapped his belly well up above the navel. His bloated brown balls rolled restlessly against the floor wood.

Cal whistled. "Goddamn! You ever measured the dang thing, boy?"

Seth's face turned almost as purple as his prickhead.

"Well, speak up, Seth," Harlan urged.

"Ten and a half inches," Seth said, "measured on top."

"I believe it," Cal said. "Shit!"

"That's a half inch longer than my own," Harlan said. "But you ain't seen nothing yet. Delbert! Delbert! Where in the hell are you? What in the hell you doing back there? Hiding?"

"Right here, Pa." Delbert stepped through the same door Ruby had. He looked like a miniature version of Seth - wiry, brown, with a mop of shaggy wheat-colored hair. He held a pillow in front of his loins to hide his total nakedness.

Harlan laughed, and Cal guffawed.

"Drop that fool pillow," Harlan said. "Dang you, boy - you run around the farm without your pants on half the time, and here you come trying to hide your prick with a pillow."

Delbert dropped the pillow, and his teen-aged cock sprung into view, quivering like an arrow that had just hit its mark in a tree trunk. Unlike his brother's cock, Delbert's cock was circumcised, the balloonlike head completely uncovered.

"I don't believe it," Cal said. "It ain't real."

Harlan laughed. "It's real enough - all eleven solid inches of it. And don't ask me how that skinny, pint-sized colt got himself a cock like that, because I couldn't tell you."

"Likely comes from pulling on it a hell of a lot," Cal said, and both men laughed, while Delbert giggled shyly. Meanwhile, Seth had sprung onto Ruby again, and the two of them writhed on the floor like mating cats.

Seth had turned Ruby onto her belly. All but strangling her with his muscular left arm, he was now trying to shove his ten-and-a-half-inch cock up her cunt from behind. His skinny loins bucked between her legs as he tried to jam his cock up her pussy.

"You've gotta find the hole first, boy," Harlan said, laughing. "Don't just jab all over hell."

"I know how to find it, Pa," Delbert said. "Want me to help him, Pa?"

Harlan chuckled and thought, an hour ago the boy was a virgin, and now he's an expert. "Just leave your brother be. He's been fucking a number of years now. He'll find it himself."

At that moment, Seth's cockhead lodged between Ruby's hairy cunt-slabs. The horny youth strained forward, and every hard inch of his long cock rammed up the girl's cunt. Seth grunted, all the muscles of his long body standing out. Ruby screamed, tensing under the boy, then going limp under him as he began to fuck.

"Jesus Christ!" Harlan said. As he watched his son's huge cock fuck in and out of the girl's slippery cunt, his own prick felt like it was going to split open. He hadn't fucked in a long time, and he hadn't seen any fucking going on in a long time. Suddenly now, all his need gathered together and raced through his forty-eight-year-old stud cock, the cock that had fathered a half-dozen sons. He pulled open his pants and hauled his ten-inch cock out, quickly working the thick foreskin back and forth over the balloon-tight prickhead. Precum bubbled out of his cock, making the foreskin slippery. Shivers of lust shot through his loins.

Seth clung to Ruby's neck. He had both arms wrapped around her neck, and he was forcing her to arch up backwards like a cobra while he fucked his monstrous cock in and out of her cunt. Ruby's overgrown tits stood up and quivered as her ribcage heaved and she grunted and whimpered. Delbert dropped down in front of her like a puppy and nipped at her tits. The lusty teenager got himself a mouthful of tit and bit down hard. Ruby squealed, cursing.

"Give it to her!" Cal yelled, rocking back and forth in his chair like a grandfather watching his grandchildren playing out in the yard. He had a satisfied grin on his face. Without taking his eyes off the fuck scene, he reached for a beer, popped the top, and gurgled down a healthy swig.

Harlan eased off his pants and shirt, then pulled off his boxer shorts. He ran his hand over his hairy chest and belly, feeling naked and horny. He cupped his cum-filled balls, continuing to work the sensitive foreskin up and down over his prickhead.

Seth bounced his skinny ass up and down, fucking his big cock in and out of the girl as if he were drilling a well. His bloated balls flopped back and forth between his spread legs. He grunted like a young billy goat as he fucked, digging his grubby toes into the floor and fucking the girl viciously.

"How you feeling, boy?" Cal bellowed, chugging down his beer and giggling.

"Feeling good!" Seth grunted.

"She tight, boy?"

"Real tight," Seth said. "Christ!"

Cal grunted with satisfaction and opened himself another beer. He appeared to be having as good a time as Seth.

Lazy bastard, Harlan thought. He'd never seen a man like Cal - lazy as shit. Fathers one daughter - probably had the old lady do all the work even to do that - then sets that one daughter to work for him when she's but a kid, puts her to work as a fuck machine. Christ, and there he sits drinking while his daughter's getting fucked right before his eyes. Harlan shook his head. Cal was hard to believe. And if Harlan and his sons hadn't appreciated Ruby's services so much, why he would have told Cal off right to his face what he thought of him. Lazy bastard!

Ruby screamed, clawing wildly at Delbert who was chomping on her tits like a starving wolf. Delbert let go and rolled backward, kicking his long legs high. As he rubbed the scratches on his ass with one hand, he jerked on his cock feverishly with the other. Harlan saw the opportunity to take his youngest son's place now, and he shot across the room, plopping his bare ass down on the wood floor in front of Ruby's angry face and grabbing her ears. As Ruby opened her mouth in a howl, Harlan yanked her head down over his lap, ramming his aching cock down her soft throat. Her throat felt so good wrapped around his cock that he almost shot off instantly.

"Choke her, Harlan!" Cal yelled drunkenly. "Learn the bitch a lesson."

You're the one needs a lesson, Harlan thought, and the thought cooled the tension in his loins. The cum settled back down, and Harlan took a deep breath, feeling relieved. He wanted to fuck this pretty young throat awhile before blowing his load.

Ruby became more cooperative. As Harlan jerked her head up and down on his cock, she began to use her tongue on the underside of his prick. The foreskin slipped off and over his cockhead quickly, and Ruby's warm tongue circled his naked prickhead each time the skin slipped off. Ruby always had been a good cock-sucker. Even when the little bitch was a kid, she knew how to lick a prickhead clean, knew how to use her pretty tongue on all the most sensitive parts of a guy's cock - under the foreskin, around the head, along the magic pleasure strand under the backside of the cockhead.

"Suck it, pretty baby," Harlan said, working his ass in circles so as to screw his cock in pleasurable twists all around in her mouth and down her warm throat.

Seth had released Ruby's neck when Harlan took charge of her head, and now the horny youth braced his hands on the floor for added fucking leverage. He arched up now in a partial pushup position while he rammed his cock deep into her pussy with bone-vibrating thrusts. Harlan could feel the fuck vibrations in Ruby's skull each time his wild son fucked into her. Seth's eyes rolled, and he foamed at the mouth. His long body began to shudder, his muscles quivering.

"I'm gonna come!" Seth grunted. And then he let out a pained groan, arching his neck and howling at the ceiling like a dog at the moon.

Cal applauded. "Give it to her, boy! Plug her with those cottony wads of yours!" He chuckled to himself, popping open another can of beer.

Seth fell on the girl, shooting his cum inside her, gnawing at her neck while his ass bucked up and down. Seth groaned with such pained ecstasy that Harlan could almost feel the boy's pleasure in his own cock. And the boy was getting to Ruby, too. Harlan could tell. The girl's tongue quivered, her eyes wobbled, and a low whining sound came from deep in her throat. Before Seth had shot the last of his cum into the raven-haired girl, she was coming along with him. That was all Harlan needed to set off his own loins.

"Jesus Christ!" he gasped. "Oh, shit! Suck that dick, baby. Catch the jizz when it comes. Awww! Uhhhh!"

Ropes of hot jism uncoiled in his nuts and shot through the core of his cock. He wound his hands in Ruby's hair, jamming her head down until her teeth sawed at his groin-bone and his pulsating prickhead lodged halfway down her throat. As he shot, he imagined his cum shooting straight down the girl's throat and into her belly. The feelings shaking his cock made him bellow with pleasure, made his vision blurry, made him want to laugh like a crazy man.

"Drown her, Harlan!" Cal shouted, stomping his feet and giggling. "She needs a lesson!"

Harlan was still pumping cum down the girl's throat when Seth popped his cock out of her cunt and rolled back on the floor, panting. His cock jerked against his belly with post-orgasmic twitches. His prick still maintained its full ten-and-a-half inches, and it gleamed like a cob of corn that had just been dipped in butter.

Cal stumbled out of his chair and stood over Seth. Then, leaning forward as if to inspect the enormous prick that had reamed out his daughter, he suddenly dumped half a can of beer on the boy's cock and balls. Seth jumped, and Cal held his gut with laughter.

"That oughta cool off the old dong," Cal slurred. "You don't want it to burn up, do you, boy? Nothing like some ice-cold Coors to soothe a hot prick. Shit, boy, you need it after being inside a blast furnace like that girl's cunt." As he talked, he leaned over Ruby and dumped the rest of the beer down her asscrack and over her spread crotch. The beer looked like a foamy, sun-filled stream as it bubbled down the girl's pink asscrack. Ruby moaned, swallowing down the last of Harlan's cum, and shivering as the cold beer ran down her ass.

Harlan yanked the girl's hair and her head jerked off his cock. He let go of her hair and her head thumped the floor like a dropped bowling ball.

Ruby lay there muttering to herself as if she were as drunk as her dad. Fucked silly and knocked

dizzy, Harlan thought as he slid back away from the girl and relaxed on the floor.

"Oh, wow!" Delbert said, crawling on his hands and knees past Ruby and up between her legs. The young boy scrambled like an excited puppy, his eleven-inch cock pointing straight along his belly as if it were glued to his brown belly-skin. The moment he got between Ruby's legs, he dove at her crotch as if diving into a well. His nut-brown face disappeared between her legs, and he began slurping and sucking her crotch as if her pussy were a chilled watermelon. Sweat clung to the boy's body like a misty dew.

"Look at that young 'un eat pussy," Cal said. "Takes after his old man. Shit, Harlan, you used to eat pussy like that when you was a boy. Remember that, Harlan?"

Harlan could vaguely remember. "Guess so, Cal. Been a long time."

"Ain't it, though?" Cal said.

Delbert licked Ruby's asscrack from one end to the other, cleaning off the beer and ass-sweat. Seeming to become self-conscious for a few moments, he raised his head and smiled at Harlan. Black cunt-hairs were caught between his teeth, and his chin dripped with beer and cunt-juice.

Harlan chuckled. "Go to it, young 'un." And the boy plunged his face back into the seething wetness of Ruby's teenage cunt.

Ruby began twisting her head from side to side and wiggling her ass in sensuous circles. Boy must have his tongue six inches up her cunt, Harlan thought. Jesus, what a mean little cunt-sucker I'm raising!

Delbert twisted his head like a dog fighting for a bone. He growled in cracked, boyish tones. His entire face was plastered to Ruby's crotch, and the muscles of his neck were working fiercely. As he gnawed and sucked the girl's crotch, he pumped his enormous prick, able to wrap only half his brown hand around his overgrown cock. His hand massaged the head of his cock and the sensitive skin immediately below the head. Precum oozed out, and the boy's hand slipped easily over the blushing meat of his prick.

Ruby arched her back, turning her ass up high to give the boy more of her cunt and ass to eat. "Eat me, angel," she muttered. "Oh, my little darting!"

Delbert groaned, tearing into her. His young balls slapped back and forth as he pumped his cock.

She likes the way Delbert eats her cunt, Harlan thought. That's why she's partial to the boy. That's why she let Delbert ride her ass for an hour while poor old Seth was getting blue balls. She's getting to be a might touchy for a whore. Old Cal better start taking a whip to her more often.

Ruby began jerking like a fish out of water, giggling and cooing. "Eeeeh! Delbert! Eeeeh, I'm coming, angel!" And she was coming for sure, Harlan knew. She wasn't faking it like some of these whores he'd seen. She was coming hard, and she was loving it.

Delbert squeaked, whimpering while his skinny body shivered. Thick ropes of white cum shot out of his cock, splashing against his neck and chest, hanging from his skin like whipped-cream gobs for a few moments before splatting onto the floor like heavy raindrops. The boy pumped out half a dozen rounds of cum, then rolled away from the girl, panting like an exhausted bird dog. Cal was there immediately to dump beer on the boy's chest and dong.

"Wash yourself, boy," Cal said. "Can't have the stuff drying on your skin. Turns stiff as concrete."

As Delbert giggled and began cleaning the cum off his chest and belly, Ruby scrambled on top of him and began licking him like a mother cat licking her kitten. Her pink tongue cleaned off the cum and beer and sweat. She licked the boy until his brown frontal torso shined like polished bronze. Delbert twisted, giggling, claiming she was tickling him. Seth and Cal watched with their mouths hanging open. And Harlan smiled to himself and shook his head.

Lucky boy, Harlan thought. Goddamn lucky boy to have Ruby Adams take a shine to you.

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## Chapter 2



Seth wondered whether this was what hell was like - the thick smoke, the swearing and fighting, the eerie reddish light that fell on everything like the glowing of coals from a fireplace grate. Seth could hardly breathe in the wet heat, a combination of body-heat and alcoholic fumes and the swampy evening heat. Ten o'clock at night and still at least 85 degrees, Seth thought to himself, pulling his T-shirt off over his head. Bar or not, it was too hot for a shirt. He would only put the shirt back on if they tried to kick him out, although he didn't think that likely, seeing that the place was so jam-packed that the bartenders were running like whipped horses. Heck, he'd already been in here an hour barefooted, and proprietors were generally more against bare feet in their establishments than they were against bare chests. As he stuffed his shirt through the belt loop of his jeans, he noticed another boy pulling off his own shirt. The boy nodded to Seth and came over to where Seth was standing at the side of the stage.

"Hot night," the boy commented.

"Sure is," Seth agreed, and they exchanged names. The boy was called Tyler, and he looked to be about the same age as Seth, just underage for getting into a bar, especially a bar like the Dingle Dangle.

"When's the show start?" Seth asked.

"Should have started already," Tyler said. "You come here alone?"

"Came with my pa and his buddy." And Seth told Tyler about how he lived on a farm out in the sticks, and about how they'd come into town to visit Cal and to celebrate Delbert's birthday. He didn't tell Tyler about Ruby, however. Seth was never supposed to tell anybody about Ruby, or Cal could get in big trouble for hiring out his daughter from time to time. Not that Seth cared that much about whether Cal got into trouble, but he knew that if he opened his mouth it would mean the end of Ruby's hot ass for him, and with the scarcity of females out on the farm Seth couldn't afford to lose Ruby's ass no matter how few and far-between were the occasions he got to town.

"You ain't never seen the show then?" Tyler asked. "You ain't never seen Candy Lee?" His eyes danced. "Shit, man, hold on to your dong!"

At that moment, the stage lit up with blue and red lights, the wailing voice of Ferlin Husky on the juke box stopped, and the crowd of drunk, swearing, laughing men hushed. The red curtains behind the stage rustled and a naked female leg shot out from between them. The naked leg, toes of the foot pointed, twisted this way and that, and the crowd broke into whistles and hoots as stripper music began pulsing through speakers. Tyler nudged Seth, whistling and clapping, and Seth watched with his mouth open, his cock throbbing down one leg of his jeans. The curtains parted slightly, and Candy Lee wiggled out in a red bikini that barely covered anything. She might as well have wrapped a couple of ribbons around herself, Seth thought.

Candy stood in the center of the stage no more than five feet from the two boys as she began her dance and tease routine. She stroked her body with her fingertips, writhing and twisting as if she were being fucked. She ran her pointed toe up and down her long smooth leg. She cupped her tits in their bikini cups as if trying to pop them out of the confining material. Seth licked his lips to see her nipples protruding through the satiny red material of the tit-cups. Her nipples were as big as the tips of his thumbs. Without realizing what he was doing until he did it he groped his cock and began trying to jerk his prick off through his pants. He was hot. Flaming arrows seemed to shoot through the core of his cock.

Candy turned in circles, wiggling her beautiful full ass at the crowd, arching her back, slipping her fingers under the crotch of her panties and pouting seductively. The men went wild. Seth could feel the panting of the men like a tropical wind swirling through the bar. The air became suffocating. Seth felt sweat running down his naked torso like warm tears. His jeans became unbearable, wrapped around his pulsating loins like cellophane. He caught himself on the verge of ripping off his jeans and lunging up onto the stage to wrap himself around Candy Lee. He was in love with Candy Lee. She was the hottest female he'd ever seen, with her wet red lips and her ruby fingernails and her wild brown hair, the hair she tossed easily back and forth over her head and shoulders, the hair she licked and chewed, the hair she gazed at him through as if through a veil. She was beckoning

him. She wanted him. Come to me, she seemed to be saying with her pouts. Come with me behind my veil of beautiful hair and shove your wonderful ten-and-a-half-inch cock into my body. We shall fuck forever, my darling, just you and I, fucking forever. Come to me, darling. Come.

Candy Lee reached behind her back with one hand, and her tit-cups tumbled onto the polished yellow wood of the stage. All eyes in the bar seemed to follow the hypnotic descent of the red tit-cups before bouncing back up to catch Candy's enormous young tits. Her tits swayed in the reddish-blue haze like ready-to-burst water-balloons. Candy grabbed both tits, squeezed her nipples, and laughed silently as two quick spurts of white fluid shot out like milk out of squirt guns. The white spurts appeared to vaporize in the smoky air, and Seth blinked his eyes a few times, thinking he was seeing things. Candy licked her lips and began sliding out of her panties, giving the crowd no time to dwell on her tits.

She rolled forward, hiding her tits and cunt as she eased the panties over her squatting legs. Her long hair hid all but her knees and shins and her beautiful feet. After she'd stepped out of her panties, she remained squatting, hiding her nakedness from the crowd as she turned her face up and licked her lips. The crowd screamed. Tyler stood beside Seth, shaking as if he were going to topple over any second. Candy shot to her feet and showed herself. The crowd was like a cannon going off.

"I wanna fuck you!" Seth screamed. "I wanna fuck you!" He rubbed his cock with both hands as if feverishly kneading bread dough. He was vaguely aware of his words, but he wasn't sure whether he was shouting them or just thinking them.

Candy danced maddeningly, showing off every inch of her unbelievable body. Seth guessed her to be in her early twenties, and she was built like a female out of one of those slick fuck magazines his pa bought from time to time. Seth had never seen bigger tits, and when she leaned over and showed the crowd her cunt, Seth swore that he'd only seen such hairy slabs of cuntmeat on a cow. Candy was ripe and Candy was hot. Candy spread her cunt-slabs and Seth saw a writhing mass of purple meat inside, a mass of wet purple meat. Fuck juice dripped from Candy's fingers. Pussy juice ran down Candy's legs. Seth could hardly stand up from the shaking. Seth thought he was either going to faint or explode. He put both hands on the stage to brace himself, gazing at Candy's spread crotch with his tongue hanging out and dripping. He was aware of Tyler beside him, also leaning on the stage and panting like a dog.

Candy saw them and danced over. Candy's beautiful foot hovered before Seth's eyes like a cobra about to strike. Her wiggling toes touched his lips. Seth opened his mouth feeling the hot toes between his teeth. He sucked on them like a baby sucking on a bottle. Candy's toes were salty and sweet. Seth had never sucked on a girl's toes before, but now he thought he could suck on Candy's forever.

Candy sat down on the stage, presenting Tyler her foot. Tyler grabbed it and began sucking on her toes as if they'd had honey dribbled over them. Both boys were sucking Candy's toes now, while Candy writhed on the floor, thrusting her spread crotch, twisting her head from side to side and moaning to the rhythm of the raunchy music throbbing over the speaker system. The men watching Candy and the two boys went crazy, cursing and groaning like an imprisoned mob. They pressed toward the stage, hands straining to stroke Candy. Candy pulled her feet away from the two boys, eased up closer to them, and fed them her crotch. Both boys dove for her crotch simultaneously, cracking their skulls together.

Seth was dazed. He was aware of the pounding in his head, of the overwhelming aroma of Candy's seething cunt, of himself and Tyler fighting to get their tongues inside her. Seth had never been partial to sucking cunt, but this female was unlike any other he'd ever gotten close to. Her cunt sucked at him like a powerful magnet. He ached to crawl up inside her and to lick her out. He managed to get a few licks of her livery cunt-slabs before Candy pushed both him and Tyler away. Her cunt-slabs were hot, like sizzling steaks, and she tasted better than the finest smoked ham. He almost fainted as he swallowed her pussy juice.

Candy sat up, presenting the two boys her tits.

Each boy swallowed up a mouthful of tit-flesh and began to suck like twin suckling babes. Candy

squealed.

For a few moments, Seth found himself choking, choking on the surprising jets of hot liquid that shot at the back of his throat. What was happening? He couldn't believe it. Then the sweet taste of milk filled his head and he began to suck in earnest. Candy's tits were full of milk - hot, sweet, rich mother's milk. Within the next few seconds he filled half his mouth with milk and was swallowing it down when Candy's tit was yanked out of his mouth. Candy's stinging hands fell across both his own and Tyler's faces, and their heads snapped sideways and cracked together, sending milk spraying from their mouths. Candy was back up on her feet, laughing.

"Get them snotty-nosed babies out of here," Candy shouted, and the mob exploded with mean laughter.

Strong hands gripped Seth by the jeans and by the hair and he found himself being dragged through the screaming mob and hurled into the humid darkness outside the bar. The last he heard of Candy was her shrieking laughter and her shouting, "Who let those brats in here?" As he hit the dirt outside the bar he heard Tyler scream and felt Tyler crash down on top of him.

"Goddamn hippies!" taunted a gravely male voice before the door of the bar slammed shut and the uproar inside became muffled and distant.

Tyler lay on the ground beside Seth, panting loudly. "You all right?" he asked.

"I think so," Seth said. "What happened, anyway?"

"We got kicked out," Tyler said, wiping the milk off his chin. "It ain't the first time Candy's had guys kicked out."

Seth shook his head. "I thought she was gonna let us fuck her."

Tyler laughed. "Up on that stage? No way. The sheriff would close the place down before you even shot off. Candy's job is to tease, not to put out. I've heard that she's teased some guys so bad that they went home and blew their brains out."

"Bull!" Seth said, but he could almost believe it.

Both boys were silent for a few moments. The sound of crickets chirping hung in the thick night air. Inside the bar, the crowd seemed to be getting even wilder. Seth grabbed his hard cock and wanted to crush his prick to make his cockshaft stop aching. He licked the last sticky drops of Candy's milk off his lips.

"I couldn't believe she puts out milk," Seth said.

Tyler lay there stroking his hard cock through his jeans. "She had a kid about six weeks ago. She ain't been back dancing but for two weeks now. Before that she didn't dance for a long time. Got laid off when her belly started growing."

The crowd inside the bar was going insane. The entire bar appeared to throb to the rhythm of the blinking red Dingle Dangle Bar sign perched above the front door.

"Christ," Seth said, "what's happening now?"

"She's probably shoving her arm up her cunt."

"Oh, Christ," Seth said. "I'd give anything to see her again. Shit, I ain't never been this horny."

Tyler stood up. Smiling down at Seth, he offered Seth his hand. "Well, you gonna lay there all night bellyaching about how horny you are, or you gonna come with me and get another look at Candy's bare ass?"

Seth grabbed Tyler's sweaty hand and pulled himself up. "How we gonna get back inside?" Seth asked.

"We ain't," Tyler said.

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The two boys crouched in the rear of a shiny Lincoln that sat in back of the bar in a dirt alley. Seth's heart hammered, and the thumping seemed almost deafening. His prick was so hard that he thought he was going to shoot off any second. Sweat ran down his naked torso in streams, and the entire car seemed to be filled with the scent of his own sweat and of Tyler's.

"She'll smell us," Seth said.

Tyler chuckled. "She'll be so sweated up herself that she won't notice the smell of us. Besides, she'll have enough pussy juice gushing down her legs to smell out a whole locker room full of sweaty jockstraps. Let's get our pants off now."

"You sure that's smart? What if she brings somebody along? We'll have to light out of here like jackrabbits then."

"She won't bring anybody along," Tyler said, struggling out of his jeans. As he got his pants off his loins, his hard cock whacked up against his lean belly like a clapping hand. "She'll be in too much of a hurry. She'll be running for her life, with some of those drunken bastards hot on her heels. The second she steps through those curtains she'll be running for her car here, and then she'll peel out and head for wherever she goes to get dressed. Don't make a sound until she stops the car."

Seth hauled off his own jeans, hoping they wouldn't rip from the strain. They were tight and so thin as to be nearly transparent - and they were the only clothing he had now. He'd lost his T-shirt somewhere inside the bar.

"If I don't come just knowing Candy's in the front seat naked, I'll be all right," Seth said. His voice shook as if he were facing a firing squad, and he giggled to relieve the tension.

"Me too," Tyler said, peering over the seat. He squeezed the base of his cock. His knuckles were white, and his cock looked like a balloon on the verge of exploding.

"Where do you think she'll drive to?" Seth asked, pulling his jeans off over his feet.

"Don't know," Tyler said. "I ain't never followed her. Just hide in the bushes back here and watch her come out, and I always shoot off before she even gets her ass inside the car. Christ!" He was looking at Seth's prick. "Where'd you ever get a cock like that?"

"From my pa," Seth said. "All my brothers got ten inches or better." He smiled proudly.

"Holy hell!" Tyler said, shaking his head. "If I wasn't seeing it now, I wouldn't believe it." He started to laugh when the back door of the bar burst open. "Down!"

Seth hit the floor after glimpsing Candy's nude body come flying out of the bar. His heart was pounding like a jackhammer.

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### Chapter 3

Just as Tyler had predicted, Seth could smell Candy Lee stronger than he could smell his and Tyler's combined sweat. The aroma of Candy Lee filled the big Lincoln as Candy squealed away from the Dingle Dangle Bar and roared down dark streets. Candy Lee smelled like cunt - pure cunt. Seth felt himself getting drunk on her scent, and his ramrod-stiff cock bubbled precum like a drinking fountain bubbling water. The fuck juice rolled down his vertical cock like warm tears.

Seth held his breath and braced himself. Candy squealed around corners, maneuvering her big car along a maze of side streets, and the two boys would have bounced around the back seat like billiard balls had they not braced themselves well. Seth could barely make out Tyler's face, but he thought he could see Tyler grinning, and Tyler's confident grin calmed him down a bit. In the front seat, Candy Lee chuckled to herself. Within minutes after the wild ride began, it ended. Candy Lee stopped the car, switched off the ignition, and opened her door. At that moment, Tyler sprang up and wrapped his arms around her neck.

"Scream and I'll strangle you," he growled.

Seth sprang up then and dove over the seat, landing on a pile of Candy's clothing. The smell of Candy was overpowering. He could feel the heat of her body. He plunged his face between her legs, banging his head on the steering wheel in the process, and began to lick her sopping crotch as if he were starving to death. He was drunk on Candy, insane with lust. He forgot everything but the

humid darkness between Candy's legs. He licked furiously, his head whirling inside, until he became aware of Tyler's voice. Tyler sounded far away.

"Hey, buddy, take it easy. Come on. Take your time. Help me get her out of the car. Hey! Hey!" Tyler's hand was on his shoulder, shaking him. Then Tyler's hand was wrapped in his hair. Tyler yanked.

Seth jerked up with a groan. He looked up to see Candy's head and Tyler's, side by side. Tyler's left arm was still wrapped around her neck. Alongside of Tyler's flushed face, Candy's face looked powder white, and hereyes and mouth gaped open as if frozen. Candy's huge tits quivered inches from Seth's nose, and Seth sucked up her nipple, getting a squirt of warm milk down his throat.

"Hey! Come on!" Tyler said. "Help me get her out of the car!"

As Tyler slid out the back door, Seth sat next to Candy and held her chin in his hands. She was shaking, her breath coming in quick pants. That powerful, seductive, bitch-look she'd had up on stage was gone from her face. Now she looked weak and vulnerable, like a frightened young girl. Seth smirked, feeling a strange sense of power over the young woman. He was glad now that he and Tyler had been thrown out of the bar, glad that Candy had called them snotty-nosed babies and had them thrown out on their asses. The pleasure now of working Candy over would be that much greater. He covered Candy's mouth with his own and rammed his tongue down her throat, letting his spit drool into her mouth.

"Relax, baby," he said, biting her chin. "You and me and my buddy are gonna have some fun." Before Candy could answer, Tyler dragged her out of the car by her hair. She whimpered, crashing into the dirt of the alley in which the car was parked.

"So, this is where Candy Lee comes to put her clothes back on after the show," Tyler said. "Nice and private."

Seth crawled out of the car and looked around. The car was parked in an alleyway behind a factory or warehouse of some kind. The only light came from the moon and stars, a bluish-silver light. This kind of light had always made him horny, had always made him long to fuck, and now, for once, he was going to be able to satisfy his moonstruck lust. He plopped his large dirty foot on Candy's warm ass - she was rolled up into a ball now, like Ruby had been this afternoon after Cal's whipping - and then he slid his big toe down her asscrack and between her legs. Her cunt-lips were slippery and wet around his big toe, and the feel of them made him groan.

"Her crotch is riper than the ass of a sow in heat," Seth said.

Tyler was stroking Candy's hair with his own toes. Seth pulled his toe out of Candy's cunt and held it near her face.

"Suck my toe, bitch!" Seth ordered. "Suck your slimy cunt-juice off my big toe."

Candy whimpered, hiding her face.

"Now, damn it!" Seth growled. He'd never talked like that to any girl, but now he was filled with a sense of power and meanness such as he had never before felt, and as he ordered Candy to suck his toe, wonderfully hot thrills shot through his cock.

Candy turned her face up, showing tears in her eyes. Her ruby lips separated, and Seth rammed his tingling toe into her mouth. As the woman sucked, Seth's entire leg was shot through with warm

sensations.

“Mm, she’s a good toe-sucking bitch,” Seth said, clawing at her lips with his other toes. “You like sucking toes, baby? You like sucking ’em as much as you do getting your own sucked? You like the taste of your stinking pussy?”

Candy sucked, looking up at Seth with wide, frightened eyes. As she sucked, Tyler rammed some of his own toes up Candy’s cunt, then presented them to her to suck.

“Here’s a few more, juice-pussy,” Tyler said, and when Seth yanked his foot away from the girl’s face, Tyler shoved his cunt-juiced toes into her mouth. Candy sucked frantically.

Seth dropped down and spread Candy’s legs out in the dirt. Her smooth skin was still slippery with the sweat of her dancing in the hellishly hot bar. Seth couldn’t resist licking her legs, tasting the salty-sweet female sweat. As he licked up close to her crotch, the intoxicating scent of her cunt drew his lips and tongue toward her pussy like a magnet. All at once he was biting into her hairy cunt-slabs as if he were gnawing into a rare juicy steak. Cunt-juice squeezed out and dripped from his chin. He mashed his face to the girl’s hot crotch and sucked. Delicious fuck juice drooled over his tongue and slid down his throat, juice that tasted better than apple cider. He gnawed and sucked and licked, and Candy gasped and groaned. Her ass screwed in circles, and her loins humped.

“Oh, yes,” she muttered. “Oh, please, yes.”

Tyler straddled the girl’s neck and sank down over her, leaning toward her face. Suddenly her muttering turned to choking.

“Suck my prick, you bitch!” Tyler said. “Suck it till the jizz shoots.” And Tyler began to hump, his skinny asscheeks flexing while he fucked his hard cock in and out of Candy’s throat.

Seth slid up Candy’s body until the head of his cock lodged between her cunt-lips. He felt a heart-beat in her sizzling cunt-slabs, and the juicy slabs seemed to suck at his cock, seemed to want to draw his cock between them and deep into Candy’s pussy. Seth eased his prick into the young woman. Her cunt swallowed up all ten-and-a-half inches of his cock, nearly sucking in his balls besides. She felt like a bubbling cauldron inside. Seth moaned, fucking his cock in and out. His cock made loud squashing sounds in her pussy as the countless hot folds of her cunt walls gripped and sucked.

“Oh, Jesus!” Seth gasped. “This is like fucking into a volcano. Oh, man!”

Her cunt walls were so hot and vibrating that Seth knew he would be able to come if he just let his cock throb inside her, unmoving, unscrewing. But the screwing felt so good that he couldn’t help himself. He crushed down on the girl, letting his loins hump spontaneously. He hugged one of her huge tits and began to suck it. Milk squirted down his throat in hot streams. Candy’s nipple throbbled like a small cock. Her cunt contracted to the rhythm of his sucking. Seth could hardly stand the raw feelings shooting through his cock. He clung to Candy, sucking and fucking, wincing with the intensity of the fuck feelings, and savoring the taste of her warm milk running down his throat.

Tyler was fucking like a jackrabbit now, pressing forward onto Candy’s face and fucking his cock in and out of her throat as if he were fucking the rawhide-tough pussy of a whore. Candy gagged and choked and gurgled while small squeaking, whimpering sounds came from deep in her cock-stuffed throat. From his position over Candy’s tit, Seth could see Tyler’s hairy teenage balls flapping back and forth between his legs, and at times could see Tyler’s spit-oiled cock, glinting with moonlight,

fucking in and out between Candy's lips. The sight of Candy getting mouth-fucked was all Seth needed to push him over the brink. Hot feelings swirled through Seth's loins and shot through the heart of his prick. He gnawed at Candy's tit as jism uncoiled in his balls and spurting into Candy's cunt. Warm milk shot down his throat, and hot cream squirted up Candy's cunt.

"Oh, Jesus!" Seth grunted frantically, Candy's milk running from the corners of his mouth and dripping from his chin. "Oh, I can't stand it! Ahh! Uh! Christ!"

The orgasmic feelings were next to unbearable. All the fuck tension stored up while Seth had watched Candy dance, while he had hid in the back of her car waiting to fuck her - all that fuck tension surged through his loins now, set free at last, and tears of painful pleasure rolled down Seth's cheeks.

All at once, Tyler whined, snapping his head back and baying at the moon like Seth's old bloodhound. "Aieehh! I'm coming! I'm coming!" he announced.

As his cum gushed down Candy's throat, Candy jerked and choked. Her cunt nearly popped the head off Seth's spasming cock, and Seth realized that the sexy stripper herself was coming.

"She's coming!" he gasped to Tyler. "Jesus, her cunt - oh, Christ, you oughta feel it."

"You oughta feel her throat," Tyler moaned. "Oh, man, ahhhh!" His ass shuddered, and Seth thought he could see Tyler's balls pulsating as Tyler shot more jism down Candy's throat.

The realization that Tyler was shooting, that Candy was spasming, made Seth's loins explode with a series of ejaculations that nearly knocked him out. Both he and Tyler groaned with abandon, blasting the pinned young woman with their hot teenage jism. Even after they were both done shooting, after Candy was done spasming, they lay in a fleshy heap for several minutes, catching their breaths and reveling in the post- orgasmic twitchings of their cocks. Finally, Seth dragged his half-hard cock out of Candy's cunt and stood up. Tyler pulled his cock out of her throat and struggled to his feet. Candy lay in the moonlight like a slain sacrificial virgin. Jism leaked from one corner of her mouth. Her legs lay spread, droplets of fuck juice glinting in her wiry bush.

"I'm weak," Seth said. "I feel like a tornado funnel was sucking on my dong."

"Me too," Tyler said. "She's a real bitch, ain't she?"

Candy opened her eyes. "Can I go now?" she asked. "You guys got what you wanted. Can I go now?"

"You got what you wanted, too," Tyler said. "Don't deny it. You up there on that stage - you're just asking for it - wiggling your bare ass and driving the guys crazy."

"I've got a date," Candy said. "They're gonna come looking for me if I don't get there quick." She sat up.

Tyler looked at Seth. "You had enough?"

"For now," Seth said. He felt drowsy, satisfied.

Candy smiled, standing up. She bent to dust the dirt off her legs. Seth's jism ran down her inner thighs.

"Just stay like that, baby," Tyler said. "I'll clean you off."

Candy waited, her ass sticking up in the air.

With a wink at Seth, Tyler aimed his floppy cock at Candy's ass and began to piss. The silver piss-stream splatted against Candy's flesh, and Candy gasped, whirling around like an angry she-cat.

"God damn you!" she shouted.

And Tyler squirted her in the navel. His piss ran down her belly in streams and dripped from her hairy pussy.

Candy lunged at Tyler, but the muscular youth side-stepped and tripped her. Candy hit the dirt again, and Tyler fell on her, straddling her head. Pinning her head to the dirt by yanking down her hair, Tyler began to piss again, squirting the struggling young woman all over her face.

"Open your smart-assed mouth," Tyler ordered. "Goddamn it open up!"

With a cry, Candy opened her mouth, and Tyler dropped his streaming cock into her mouth. Candy gagged, her face screwed up into a wince of nausea.

"Snotty-nosed babies, eh?" Tyler sneered. "Snotty-nosed babies. Drink my piss, you bitch slut!"

Seth couldn't believe what he was seeing, but the more he saw, the more he liked it. As he looked down into Candy's pained face, watching her swallow Tyler's piss, he began to piss himself, began to piss on Candy's forehead. And as soon as Tyler finished his pissing, sighing with satisfaction, Seth took Tyler's place, straddling Candy's face stuffing her mouth with his salami-sized, half-hard cock. The sensation of pissing down a girl's throat was strange and new, but Seth liked it, liked it a lot.

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Chapter 4

Harlan swallowed down his cupful of black coffee in two gulps. The bitter stuff pinched at his throat, and he coughed, thinking that Cal brewed coffee stronger than the moonshine Cal had once been famous for. He banged down his coffee mug and tried to clear the rancid stuff from his throat.

"More coffee?" Cal asked, banging down his own cup after swallowing his coffee as if it were spring water. He poured himself another cup, but Harlan signaled that he didn't want any more. "You sure?"

"Sure as I'll ever be about anything," Harlan said, still trying to clear his throat.

"Down the wrong pipe?" Cal asked.

Harlan just shook his head. He had too much of a hangover to inform Cal that his coffee tasted like swamp water boiled in a hog trough.

"What time you got?" Harlan asked.

"Pret' near eleven," Cal said, shoving his gold-chained pocket watch back into his overalls.

Harlan shook his head. "Dang young 'uns have never sacked out this late before, leastways not since they was babies. One night in the city and they're as lazy as city folks."

Cal smiled, finishing off his second cup of coffee and pouring himself another. "Now, Harlan, don't

be so hard on the young 'uns. They had themselves quite a day yesterday. Give 'em a rest once in awhile. Maybe Seth and Delbert will stay around the farm longer than the rest of your pack."

"Or leave earlier," Harlan said, "once they get a snort of city ways and city women."

"I still say, give 'em a good day of fucking and drinking every now and then, and they'll stay satisfied longer. Trouble is, Harlan, I think you drove your first four boys too hard - never give 'em no rest, no days of drinking and women. That's what drove 'em off, Harlan. Kids nowadays, they see the city women on TV, and they ain't satisfied with fucking she-goats and sows the way we was when we was young 'uns. Kids nowadays know all about them big tits in the city, and they's gonna get a taste of 'em one way or another. Bring 'em in, Harlan - bring 'em in to town every few weeks and let 'em fuck their balls off. Ten to one you'll still have 'em helping you out on the farm for a long time to come."

Harlan left the kitchen table and drew some water from the tap. The city water tasted foul, but compared to Cal's coffee it tasted like lemonade.

"You make some sense, Cal," Harlan said, washing the turpentine taste out of his throat. "Shit, after yesterday and last night, neither one of em's likely to need cunt for some time."

Cal chuckled. "You got a really billy goat in Delbert, Harlan. The boy about wore the hair off Ruby's crotch. That girl ain't been fucked so long and so wild since the first time I hired her out to you for your first four boys. Delbert's got more spunk in him than three or four regular boys put together."

"He was still riding her when we come home last night," Harlan said.

"Don't say?" Cal said. "Shit, I don't recollect getting home last night. Had a few too many beers I reckon."

And a few too many whiskeys, Harlan thought. "Yup, he was still humming his eleven-incher in her when we come home. Your poor girl was laying there like she was dead-asleep, I suppose - and my boy was whimpering like a pup and pumping her full. 'Course by that time I expect he wasn't shooting nothing out of him but hot air."

Cal slapped the table and guffawed. "Hot air - that's a good way to say it - hot air."

The kitchen door opened, and Seth staggered in rubbing his blue eyes. His wheat-shock of hair looked like a cyclone had hit it. He was naked except for his tissue-thin blue jeans, which looked as if they'd split off his ass at any moment.

"Well, it's about time, boy," Harlan said. "The morning's about passed. You and me and that randy brother of yours have to be leaving soon."

Seth collapsed into a chair and leaned on the table. Cal shoved a mug of coffee in front of the boy, and Seth swallowed some. The boy banged down his mug and started choking.

"I swear, can't none of you Tibbits hold your coffee?" Cal said. He poured himself another cup and poured it down his throat as if to test it. "One of my better brews."

"What time you get home, boy?" Harlan asked.

"Don't know," Seth said. "Late. Met this guy named Tyler in the bar. We went catting around town till near sunup."

"Same boy got throwed out of the bar with you?" Cal asked, chuckling.

"Same one," Seth said. "They hadn't no right to throw us out."

"You was both underage," Harlan said. "I was afraid it might happen. I warned you about getting too much in the light. And then you about jumped up on the stage and stuck the bitch. Leastways you got a taste of her."

"You missed her sticking her hand up her cunt," Cal said. "Too bad about that, Seth. Boy, you shoulda seen her. Christ!" Cal's grin told Harlan that Cal was enjoying tantalizing the boy.

Seth, though, instead of pouting, grinned back at Cal with one of the biggest grins Harlan had ever seen. "I seen a lot more than that," he said, and he started running off at the mouth about how he and this Tyler had hid in Candy's car, had sprung at her in a dark alley, and then had gang-banged her until her eyes spun in her head.

Cal listened to the boy with his mouth hanging open, and when Seth had finished his story, he said, "Nice story, boy. Real nice story. I couldn't of thunk up a better one myself."

"It's true!" Seth said. "Every word of it."

Cal smirked. "You're one goddamned good liar, Seth."

"Never knew the boy to lie," Harlan said, although he was finding the story hard to believe himself. Despite his skepticism, however, his prick had turned to stone in his pants. Candy Lee was one of the hottest women Harlan had ever seen, and a story about her getting held down and fucked - even if the story was made up - was enough to make him want to jerk off on the spot.

"I ain't lying," Seth said. "Don't care who believes me, though, 'cause what I did I did. I had my fun - that's all that counts." He pushed away from the table, stood up, tossed his yellow hair out of his eyes, and padded out of the room like an independent tomcat.

"Better get the boy some new britches," Cal said. "He's a might too large for ones he's wearing."

"We was the same way when we was his age," Harlan said.

"I guess we were," Cal said, rubbing his crotch. "Guess we were."

Harlan smiled to himself. The boy's story had got Cal hot too, and that was saying something for Seth's story. Cal's lazy cock didn't stand up too often.

The two men were silent for awhile, Cal staring off into space and Harlan imagining Seth and this boy Tyler plugging Candy Lee from both ends. Harlan pushed his hand down into his pants and squeezed his cock. He didn't care whether Cal saw him or not. He was damn horny, hornier now than he'd been before he'd come to town. He'd come to town hoping to lay Ruby for at least a few good fucks, but with Delbert hogging her every minute, all he'd managed was to get that quick blow job from her yesterday afternoon. He couldn't blame Delbert, though - it was the boy's first time fucking, and Ruby was his birthday gift.

"You hear all that ruckus in the alley last night?" he asked Cal at last. He'd been meaning to ask Cal about the ordeal he'd had last night.

"Ruckus?" Cal said. "Like I said, Harlan, I drunk me too much beer. Slept like a baby."

"Two loud-mouthed females," Harlan said. "Drove one of them fancy sports cars. Parked back in the alley, blowing on the horn every once in a while. I yelled at 'em to shut up and let a man get some sleep, and they cussed me like I ain't never heard women cuss. Then they got out of the car, dropped their britches, and shot me their asses. Asses like prize sows, Cal. I could smell 'em clear across the yard, and the moonlight made 'em look soft and ripe. 'Come on out and take a lick, old man,' one of 'em shouts. But before I'm halfway through the back door they're back in their fancy car and leaving a dust cloud like a herd of horses. They come back three times after that, blowing their horn and cussing me, and every time, before I could get to 'em, they tore off laughing their fool heads off."

Cal shook his head. "Shouldn't have said nothing to 'em, Harlan. Now they'll be back harassing me, thinking that last night you was me and that now they can get a rile out of me. They'll be bringing their boyfriends, next thing you know. They're mean bitches, Harlan - Jenny Kane and Lynn Smith - real mean bitches. Shit, they own half the town."

"Rich city folks, eh?"

"No, Sir," Cal said. "They ain't rich, but they're both she-devils. Bought or blackmailed half the town with their pretty bitch asses. Shit, let me tell you about it."

Harlan sank down into a chair and listened to Cal's story.

Jenny Kane and Lynn Smith were both teenagers, with hair down to their waists and eyes that made guys crawl to them. Having likely conspired together from the beginning to gain control over the town, they began to offer themselves to the men of the town. They fucked husbands and doctors and school teachers. They took pictures of their sex escapades and made tape recordings of them. Somewhere they had enough photographs and cassette tapes stashed to put most of the respectable male citizens of the town behind bars, in addition to losing them their jobs and their wives. Some of the men - police officers and judges and lawyers - were bought instead of blackmailed. Jenny and Lynn paid off the police and judges and lawyers both with money and their asses on a regular basis. Jenny and Lynn bought new cars several times a year with the money they'd blackmailed. They went to school only on occasion - purely to raise hell. They fucked like minks, staged wild parties and pranks at night, and supposedly slept all day. They were getting worse all the time, but who could stop them?

"How do you know all this?" Harlan asked.

"Friend of mine - Ron Hammond." Cal said. "He got layed off and couldn't afford to pay 'em their fifty bucks a month blackmail anymore. He called their bluff. He got fifteen years in the state pen for rape, and if the sex laws in this state had not just been changed before Jenny and Lynn got their hands on him, he could of got life for crimes against nature. In court they had pictures of him with his cock down little Jenny's throat."

"Christ!" Harlan said. "Poor guy."

"I visited him once at the state pen, and that's how I found out the story. He's wasting himself up there, and he ain't the only one. Half a dozen guys out of this town got sent up by Jenny and Lynn."

"Bastards!" Harlan said. "Goddamn city bitches. Somebody oughta learn 'em their place."

"And now them and their boyfriends have got it in for my house, Harlan. You shoulda kept your mouth shut last night."

"Sorry about that, Cal. But how was I to know?"

"You couldn't of knowed," Cal said. "Too bad, though. Maybe if I get plowed everynight for a week or so I'll sleep through the ruckuses they'll be making. I don't dare stand up to 'em, though, Harlan. No telling what they'd end up doing. And they got the law around here on their side, Harlan. Remember that."

"Sorry, Cal. If I could help out, I would. In the country, we're still a neighborly bunch."

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## Chapter 5

It was a blazing sunny afternoon, and the fresh country air had cleared Harlan's head. He was on his way back to the farm, and he felt like singing, but instead he listened to Tyler and Seth discuss their doings last night with Candy Lee. So it was true after all - what Seth had claimed happened last night.

"Oh, and didn't she cuss us out when she peeled off in her big Lincoln?" Seth said, slapping Tyler's knee.

"Swore like a trooper," Tyler said. "Called us every damn name under the sun."

"And we just stood there and laughed, Pa," Seth said. "You shoulda seen us."

Harlan smiled, shifting the pickup into second gear as they neared the crest of a steep hill. "Piss on her, eh? Well, I guess you young 'uns could afford to chuckle at her mean-mouthing and name-calling after you'd pissed on her."

He shifted the truck back into third, and they coasted down the backside of the hill.

"Pissed on her and down her throat," Seth said.

"Down her throat?" Harlan said. "You boys is shitting me now."

Harlan listened to both boys swear they'd pissed down her throat. The more he listened to the two boys, the more he questioned whether he should believe any of their story. At the same time, they sounded mighty convincing, and Harlan did want to believe their story. It was the best story he'd heard in years, and it kind of made up for the story Cal had told him this morning about Jenny Kane and Lynn Smith. Seth and Tyler had done justice to that bitch city woman, Candy Lee. And that was good. Too bad, though, that they couldn't have got hold of Jenny Kane and Lynn Smith instead. Those were the two meanest city bitches Harlan had ever heard of, and after listening to their foul mouths last night he was churning inside with anger toward them.

"How's Delbert doing back there?" Harlan asked to get his mind off Jenny and Lynn.

Seth and Tyler, sitting side by side - Seth in the middle, and Tyler next to the passenger door of the pickup - swung their heads to look through the rear window.

"Laying on that pile of gunny sacks and sleeping like an old hound dog," Seth said. "His hair's blowing in the wind like a horse's tail, but he's sleeping like he ain't never gonna wake up."

Harlan chuckled. He'd had to carry Delbert from Ruby's bed - where Ruby had been herself sleeping like Rip Van Winkle - and he'd thrown the snoring boy on the pile of gunny sacks in the open rear box of the pickup. He'd safety-pinned a sack around the boy's naked loins, making him look like a

naked baby in a gunny sack diaper. Delbert would likely wake up cussing with itchy balls, but the boy had grown too big for Harlan to attempt to dress him while the boy was knocked out.

“He’ll likely sleep for a week,” Harlan said. “The fool boy fucked himself near to death.”

Seth and Tyler laughed. Seth slumped in his seat and plopped his large bare feet up on the dashboard, and Tyler did the same. Within a few minutes, both boys closed their eyes and began snoring.

Lazy young ‘uns, Harlan thought. Don’t want to do nothing but fuck and sleep.

The pickup was moving through open country now. Shoulder-high midsummer corn waved like grasses on the hills to the right and left. That summery scent of sun and sweet clover rode on the wind through the open windows. Harlan felt drowsy. His cock was bone hard, and he rubbed his prick as he drove. Somewhere along the way he was going to have to stop and jerk himself off. His cock felt like his prick was about to split down the middle. Ruby Adams, Candy Lee, Jenny Kane, Lynn Smith - he couldn’t get any of those bitches out of his mind. He’d never raped a female before, but if any of those bitches were to appear to him now, he’d stop the truck and fuck their bitch city asses right there in the middle of the road.

Seth and Tyler snored in unison. Their four big feet lay plastered against the windshield, and their chins slumped onto their bare chests. Tyler’s jeans were as worn out and faded as Seth’s, and Harlan could see the boy’s hard prick throbbing in his pants. Tyler’s prick wasn’t enormous - no more than eight inches, Harlan guessed - but it was still a respectable size, big enough to choke Candy Lee near to death. Lucky goddamn pricks, Harlan thought, imagining the two boys fucking Candy Lee.

“Shit!” Harlan said. “Goddamnit!” He had half a mind to turn the truck right around and to speed back to the city and find himself a city bitch to fuck with his aching ten inches.

That wouldn’t work, though. The hogs needed feeding. And two days worth of chores had piled up. They had to get back to the farm. All that work to do.

He was glad now that he’d agreed to bring Tyler along. The boy was going to stay for a few weeks, and he’d promised to help with the chores. A good strong boy, same size as Seth - that was Tyler. And Harlan could sure use the extra help.

Shit, Harlan thought, maybe Tyler would be enough of a help that Harlan himself could rest a few days, maybe sneaking back to the city to enjoy a fuck vacation like Delbert had enjoyed yesterday. He needed a rest, needed some good tight fucking - surely he did. In five years now, ever since his wife had died, Harlan had done hardly any fucking. No slippery-cunted wife around to slide his prick inside, and the young ‘uns abandoning the farm one at a time, with only Seth and Delbert left - shit, it wasn’t fair. He was working harder and harder and fucking less and less. It wasn’t right. Shit, he deserved a restful week in the city, fucking every bitch he could lay his hands on.

“Damn right!” Harlan said out loud. “Goddamn right!” He grabbed his cock and squeezed, feeling the hot sensations shoot through the core. He felt his eyes roll.

Up ahead, amidst the heat waves rising from the blacktop a half mile off, Harlan thought he saw figures dancing. So horny I’m hallucinating, he thought. Next thing you know I’ll see scarecrow dancing out of the cornfields and parading down the road like a marching band. He shook Seth.

“Wake up, boy. What’s that you see up ahead?”

Seth sat up, rubbing his eyes. "What, Pa?"

"Up ahead, near the top of that hill. Accident or something?" As the truck drew closer, Harlan could see tiny figures standing in the middle of the road, jumping up and down and waving their arms. A blob of bright yellow was perched next to the figures, reflecting the intense sunlight.

"Car trouble, maybe," Seth said.

Next to him, Tyler sat up and leaned forward to take a look.

They were a quarter-mile away now.

"Hey," Tyler said, "I know that car. Only one car like it I ever seen. Can't be more than one. Yellow Corvette. Belongs to a rich cunt called Jenny Kane."

Harlan braked the truck, and the boys braced their hands on the dash board to save their heads from the windshield. "Jenny Kane, you say?"

Harlan could make out the jumping figures now. They were two females for sure - shaped like hourglasses.

"That's right," Tyler said. "You know her? Hangs around with another bitch called Lynn. Big-shots around town. Ain't worth stopping to help. Once they get what they want they'll spit in your eye."

"We'll see about that," Harlan said. "They know you, Tyler? They know you on sight or by name?"

"Fuck no," Tyler said. "They won't look twice at anybody who ain't rich. Now if I was to drive a Rolls Royce, and if I was to get my hair cut once a week at the beauty shop and put on fancy clothes, why then they might notice I'm alive."

"Don't worry, boy," Harlan said. "Just play along with whatever I say, and maybe we can get those bitches riding your dong."

"No way," Tyler said.

"Just play along, boy. Hear? And you too, Seth."

Harlan pulled the pickup onto the shoulder of the road behind the yellow Corvette. Jenny and Lynn, looking like a set of Playboy centerfold twins in their bare feet, their slick tennis shorts, and their matching yellow bikini tops, came running up to the side of the truck, their waist-length hair trailing behind them in the breeze.

"Oh, thank God!" the blond one said, smiling coquettishly with polished teeth. "Can you help us? Our car broke down."

"Yes," the brunette said with the same smile. "Our car broke down twenty minutes ago, and you're the first people to come along."

"We'll see what we can do," Harlan said.

"Meanwhile, you two fine ladies climb in here and rest yourselves. Dang, your pretty feet are likely blistered from the asphalt. Mighty hot day. Seth and Tyler, get out so the ladies can rest themselves."

"Yes, sir," the boys said in unison.

Harlan and the two boys checked out the Corvette while the two girls sat inside the pickup cab, nudging each other and giggling. Giggle your damn tits off, Harlan thought. It's the last giggling you'll be doing for a spell.

"Looks like they're out of gas," Seth said.

"OK," Harlan said. "You two young 'uns ride in back with Delbert. When we get them bitches to the farm, we're all gonna have more fun with 'em than the two of you had with Candy Lee."

The boys got wide-eyed for a moment, then both grinned.

"You're out of gas, ladies," Harlan said, sliding in beside the two girls. "Our farm's up the road a spell. Come along for some ice-cold lemonade, and then we'll bring you back here with a couple cans of gas, enough to get you wherever you was going."

"Carver Lake," the blond said. "We and a lot of other kids are having a big party there tonight and tomorrow."

"We'll get you going in plenty of time," Harlan said. "By the way, we ain't been introduced."

"Jenny," the blond said, "and my friend is Lynn."

"Pleased to meet you both," Harlan said. "I'm Harlan, and those are my worthless young 'uns in the back."

The girls laughed, and Harlan grinned.

Go on and laugh your fool heads off, Harlan thought as he started the truck. You won't be laughing long. As he pulled out onto the road, his cock was jumping like a fish out of water.

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Chapter 6

If the ropes didn't hurt so much, cutting into her tender skin, Jenny would swear she was having a nightmare. This was the type of thing she saw in the movies or heard on the news, not something that could ever really happen to her.

But each time she moved, each time she breathed, she was painfully aware of the reality of the situation. Her heart was thudding, she was having trouble breathing, and she was sick to her stomach. For the first time in her life, Jenny thought she might faint. Tears streamed out of her and she finally gave up fighting the ropes that bound her. The more she fought, the tighter they got and the more they hurt. Her arms and legs were already numb. She wished to God that Lynn would stop struggling.

Stop your goddamn squirming, she wanted to shout. Can't you see you're just making it worse? She'd have shouted that at Lynn had her own mouth not been stuffed with a wadded-up wool stocking, the stinking sock that the old bastard had pulled off his smelly foot and shoved into her mouth before tying the gag rope around her head. Thank God she hadn't vomited. She would have choked herself to death, would have drowned on a lungful of vomit.

Lynn stopped struggling, hopefully having come to the same conclusion as herself - that struggling

was only making the ropes hurt more. They were bound together - herself and Lynn ass to ass and back to back. They were on their sides - Lynn on her left side, Jenny on her right side - in the hot dust of a barn yard. The sun was intense, blinding Jenny and making her sweat like she couldn't remember ever having sweat before. Salty sweat ran into her eyes, making them itch and burn. Sweat oozed under the coarse ropes binding her arms and legs, and the raw areas caused by her struggling against the tight ropes were stinging. She and Lynn were bound together like mummies, legs stretched out straight, crisscrossing ropes wound around their bodies from head to foot.

They were both stark naked, and their sweating flesh was glued together. Lynn's skin felt hot against Jenny, irritably hot. You goddamn hot bitch, Jenny thought. Cool off, damn it.

A fly landed on Jenny's nose and walked up and down it despite Jenny's attempts to shoo it away by wrinkling her nose and wincing. She stared at the fly, cross-eyed, saw it rubbing its hairy black legs together. Shitting on me, she thought, and she jerked, causing the ropes to slice into her flesh at the same time the fly buzzed off. Lynn groaned sharply, sounding angry.

"Well, well, how you girlies getting along?" came the voice Jenny despised more than any of the others. It was Harlan, the leader of this clan of smelly, psychotic hillbillies. She could see his big naked feet now pounding in the dust close to her face. This farm was like a nudist camp.

Harlan squatted. His huge, sausage-like prick dangled against her nose. His cock reeked - uncircumcised and probably unwashed for months. One of his sons was uncircumcised, too - the one he called Seth. It was, disgusting. Uncircumcised pricks smelled. Jenny had refused ever to touch one. Now she had one practically shoved up her nostril. She tried to hold her breath for awhile, but that was impossible. She breathed sharply, taking in life-giving air along with the nauseating scent of the old man's cock. She wished she were dead.

"Enjoying yourselves?" Harlan taunted. "Nice day. Good day for a party. Me and the young 'uns decided to save you some gas. You can have your party right here. No need to drive all the way up to Carver Lake. That's why we brung your fancy yellow car up here to the farm, so you can party without worrying about your poor car abandoned out there on the highway. We'll be partying shortly, soon as we take care of a few chores. The young 'uns is working like a pack of corn huskers so they can get done quick and begin partying. Well, take it easy now, and don't fret. We'll all be by shortly to commence partying."

His rough fingers closed around Jenny's nipples, and he pinched hard. She swore at the top of her lungs, but the words never sounded, absorbed by Harlan's rotted sock.

"Calm down," Harlan said. "I know you can hardly wait, with your itchy clit. Just rest easy. Ain't you never heard of work before pleasure? I know you're dying to suck my cock, but you've gotta wait. All there is to it."

Harlan farted, a huge stinking fart. Unbearable. Jenny visualized herself turning green. She closed her eyes and held her breath. When she opened her eyes again and strained for air, Harlan was gone, but his horrible fart still hovered around her head. Jenny wept. She hadn't cried since she'd been a small girl, but she cried now. That man was an animal. She had never been so humiliated. If she ever got away from this place alive, he'd pay for this. Her revenge would be infinite and everlasting.

What a deceptive devil this man Harlan was! He'd been a gentleman, bowing and smiling worse than any of the suckers in town, the men she and Lynn had enticed into bed for the purpose of blackmail. The irony had been that those suckers had treated them like princesses, had wined and dined them,

had made passionate love to their pubescent bodies, and in the process these men had been damning themselves, had been setting themselves up for unending blackmail. On the way to the farm in the pickup, Jenny had seen in Harlan the ultimate sucker, the ultimate ass-kissing male. The man had appeared to be as tickled as a peasant in the presence of his queen. He was a psycho. Jenny imagined herself now as the stupid little girl who had accepted candy from a stranger and ended up - it was too horrible to even think about that now.

The sun rained down like acid. The breeze kicked up dust and whirled it up Jenny's nose. The air smelled of pig shit. Flies continued to land on Jenny's sweaty body, making her flesh itch. She squeezed her eyes shut, willing herself away from this place, willing herself up at the party at Carver Lake, a can of cold beer in one hand, a cigarette in the other, she and Lynn surrounded by a few dozen worshipping young males, young males with rich parents and big cars. The sexual tension in the air would be enough to make the boys cream, but she and Lynn would choose only two lucky boys to lick their asses tonight. They'd choose the cream of the crop. Jenny Kane and Lynn Smith only accepted the best - the richest, the handsomest. Everybody knew that. Jenny Kane and Lynn Smith stood on top, the envy of every female in town, the perfect and rarely obtainable fruit desired by every last male in town. They were Cleopatra and Salome. They were goddesses. And Jenny was the golden goddess, the most desired of the desired. All bowed to her.

"I want this one," came the cracking pubescent voice. "Wow, she's got better tits than Ruby."

The little monster, brown as a jungle savage, scampered on his hands and knees in the dust. Jenny saw his turquoise eyes glint in the sun like the gemstone eyes of a pagan idol. His white teeth flashed, and he panted like a dog and sat back on his heels grinning at her. He was filthy with sweat and the smell of hay and manure. His cock was the largest Jenny had ever seen. His prick stood halfway up his belly, beating his muscle ridges with its apple-sized prickhead.

At least it's circumcised, Jenny thought. If I have to suck one of the filthy things, let it be his.

"Hold off there, boy," came the thick voice of Harlan. "You and Tyler get the other one first. Me and Seth are particular to this blond one."

"But, Pa!" the boy whined.

"But nothing. Do as we discussed or get to work on the chores we ain't finished yet."

"Oh, fuck!" said the boy.

"That's what I'm aiming to do," Harlan said. "Just as soon as we get these pretty ladies untied. Oh, look how they's all sweaty and red-faced. They's raring to go. You can tell that." He caught Jenny's left nipple between his dirty toes and tweaked it.

Jenny moaned. She hated the man, but she hated even more the feelings his filthy toes squeezed through her tit. Her cunt contracted, and immediately fuck juice oozed out between her cunt-lips. It was unbearable - to get turned on by the toe-tweak of this gross, smelly old farmer.

"She's hot," the boy they called Seth said. He was standing over her, stroking her lips with his dirty toes. His uncircumcised prick, as mammoth as the youngest boy's and the old man's, flicked off a hot gob of precum, which glued itself to Jenny's nose like a drop of hot wax.

"Dang right she's hot," the old man said. "So let's get at her before she cools off."

Hands rough as the ground upon which Jenny lay began untying the ropes, horny fingernails

gouging her flesh. She watched the uncircumcised cocks of father and son throb as the men freed her. The purple heads of both enormous cocks peeked out from their fleshy foreskins, both dripping precum like jellied sharks. The air reeked with the scent of uncircumcised cockheads, the rancid aroma overpowering even the horrid smell of pig shit. As the rough hands yanked the smelly sock out of Jenny's mouth, she gagged, then gagged again and again, but she vomited nothing. Her stomach was empty.

"Little sow's taken sick," Harlan said. "Likely not enough to eat. You know these city women, Seth, always dieting. Why we'll take care of that. Give her some good old cockmeat to chew on."

The old man was sitting on her tits now, staring down at her like the devil himself, and grinning at her out of his snarled gray beard. His teeth were yellow, his eyes a watery blue. Gray hair covered his belly and chest. His cock smelled worse than was imaginable, the slippery head of his prick beating off precum on her chin. In the background somewhere, Lynn was begging to be let go as Tyler and the little boy dragged her off. Jenny couldn't worry about Lynn now, though. All she could think of was the slimy cock rubbing her lips and cheeks, rubbing its terrible stink into her skin. The smell would be permanent in her flesh, like cum stains on her panties.

"Lick that hog," the old man growled. "Suck that hog clean."

Slimy precum covered Jenny's lips, seeping into her mouth. The smell of the old man's cock roared through her nasal passages like ammonia fumes, making her skull expand. She winced as if she'd been slapped across the face, and then, as if she'd been suddenly possessed by a demon, she licked the slimy cockhead, licked and kissed his prickhead, and her loins filled with sexual tingles. She was hot between the legs. Fuck juice oozed out of her. She hated the old man more than she had ever hated anyone in her life, but she took his cock into her mouth and began cleaning his filthy prickmeat, infuriated that the touch of his cockmeat to her lips should fill her with such a crude lust, detesting herself for savoring the rancid cheesy flavor while she swallowed scud and precum eagerly.

"That's it, girly," Harlan said. "Work your pretty tongue between the head-meat and the foreskin. Clean it all out in there. I ain't had a good head bath in quite a spell. Now, that feels downright pleasurable."

As Jenny whirled her tongue slowly around his hot, throbbing cockhead, licking out every tasty crevice, the old man began to hump, fucking his cock deeper into her mouth, forcing the foreskin back and forth over the head. The man's cockhead slipped into Jenny's throat completely uncapped - naked and burning hot. Three quarters of his huge cock fucked her mouth now, and the arteries of his rock-hard cockshaft fluttered against her lips. Precum rolled down her throat. Jenny's head seemed to be filled with cock. Suddenly, incredibly, she longed to taste the old farmer's hot jism, and she began to bob her head and to suck as if she were sucking off some handsome rich boy's cock. The old man's cock slid farther down her throat, the silky hot head massaging her sensitive throat-flesh. Her nose twisted in his wiry gray pubic hair now, every inch of his cock buried in her face.

"Christ, Pa," Seth said. "Christ!"

"Ain't she a pretty sucking bitch?" Harlan said. The old man had braced his hands on the ground and was humping savagely, fucking his enormous cock in and out of Jenny's face.

Jenny's head filled with tingles. The tingles spread down her throat and through her tits. Another bundle of sexual feelings pulsed in her loins, and she wrapped her naked legs around each other and began to squeeze her thighs together rhythmically, squashing her slippery pussy-lips together,

working her clit between them, aching for an orgasm, aching to come at the same moment that the earthy farmer began spurting down her throat.

You're crazy, she kept telling herself. This is humiliating, degrading. You hate this man. You hate doing this. You would kill this man and his bastard sons if you could. Bite his cock off, wrench his balls with your fingernails. Show him he's dealing with Jenny Kane.

But at the same time these thoughts hurled through her mind, the old man's enormous cock rubbed pleasure into her lips and gums and throat.

The hot cock tasted horrible, but her taste buds craved to taste even more of his prick, craved an even cheesier, more masculine taste. The old man was a salty dog, a seasoned fucker, and she couldn't get enough of his cock, enough of his thick precum, enough of his throbbing masculinity. As one part of her mind screamed kill, another part of her mind begged come. Come, you salty bastard. Shoot that hot cockjuice down my throat!

"Oh, she's sucking like a vacuum cleaner now!" Harlan gasped. "She's got a cunt-tight throat, Seth, and her tongue's slipping and sliding like a snake. Oh, Jesus, I can feel the cream foaming up in my nuts."

"Shoot it, Pa!" Seth urged. The boy was bending down close to Jenny's face, watching his dad's cock fuck in and out of her mouth, pumping his own cock all the while, popping his juicy purple prickhead in and out of the foreskin. "Cream her, Pa. Make her choke on it."

Jenny tightened her mouth and throat, trying to suck the very core out of the man's enormous salty cock. She could feel his balls throbbing and jumping against her chin. She shimmied her legs together, desperate herself to come.

The old man's cock swelled like an inflating balloon, at the same time hardening from rock hard to steel hard. His sinewy, leathery body shuddered, and he bellowed like a lust-crazed boar. Jism as thick as soft butter shot down Jenny's throat. And his cum was as salty as butter and as hot as tar on a sun-drenched roof. Jenny swallowed, savoring the seasoned taste. As wad after wad of the thick stuff rolled down her throat, she thought of condensed jism like condensed milk - thick and rich.

"Ohhh, Christ!" Harlan groaned. "Suck it out, bitch! Ahhh!"

Jenny twisted her head, biting, sucking frantically. Her toes clenched as she shimmied her pussy-lips against each other and the point of no return neared in her loins. Hot cum oozed down her throat. Her eyes swam. She knew she'd be coming any second.

"Oh, no you don't," Seth said.

The boy's rough hands gripped her ankles, and suddenly a burst of air washed across her dripping pussy like a slosh of cold water. The boy had forced her legs apart. She writhed, trying to bring herself off by contracting her cunt. But the boy forced her legs farther and farther apart. The hot feelings teetered on the brink for one last endless moment, then sank back down into her loins. Jenny groaned, gagging endlessly on the cock in her throat.

You goddamn son of a bitch! she wanted to shout at the boy. I deserved that orgasm. I sucked off your old man's smelly cock. I deserved to come. You bastard!

Suddenly, all the desire had passed out of her. Once more she was repulsed by this degrading scene, even more repulsed than before the old man shoved his cock into her mouth. She could hardly

believe now that she'd sucked his prick, couldn't believe that she'd swallowed the old man's cum. As the old man's deflating cock flopped out of her mouth, she burped, tasting the over-seasoned flavor of his cum. Then she gagged, and gagged again, sure she would vomit, but she didn't. The old man's cum remained in her stomach, soon to become part of her own flesh as her digestive juices went to work.

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## Chapter 7

Had it not been for the little kid's enormous cock, Lynn would have escaped. The woods were near, close enough and thick enough for quick and safe hiding. She could easily have tiptoed off into the green undergrowth while the older boy, Tyler, turned his back to piss, and while the younger boy turned to watch him. The trouble was that Lynn saw the young boy's cock for the first time just as he was turning away from her, and his snakelike prick hypnotized her, held her where she stood, held her gawking and open mouthed. The vital seconds needed for her escape passed, and the two leering boys turned toward her again, licking their chops like hungry wolves and flexing their cocks. Lynn continued to focus mainly on the younger boy's prick. His cock was the biggest cock she'd ever seen in her life, and his prick was growing out of a set of loins no wider than the cock itself was long. It was unreal.

"She likes your prick, Delbert old pal," Tyler said.

Delbert giggled, looking crazy in a shy sort of way. "Do you want me to fuck you?" the younger boy asked, making his pubescent monster cock flop around like a five-pound bass. Despite his grubbiness and his wild hair, which resembled a heap of straw, the little boy had a certain charm, a certain combination of prettiness and sensuality that fascinated Lynn. However, she couldn't afford now to play games.

"No thanks," she said. "Look, you guys are in a lot of trouble. If you let us go now, I think I can convince Jenny to forget this whole thing."

Tyler chuckled, and Delbert stood there smiling impishly and stroking his cock.

"I mean it," Lynn said. "Kidnapping and attempted rape are serious crimes."

From behind the barn came the sound of a man bellowing like a fucking bull.

"It ain't attempted rape anymore," Tyler said.

Lynn spun around. "Jenny! What are they doing to her?"

Arms as strong as those of an octopus flailed around Lynn's chest and jerked her back before she could start to run.

"Hold it there, baby," Tyler said, biting through her hair and sinking his teeth into her neck. "Jenny's getting exactly what she deserves - and likely exactly what she wants." His thick cock jabbed between her legs, thigh-fucking her.

"Let me go, you pig!" Lynn shouted, and she twisted with all her strength. Like the ropes from which she had recently been freed, the boy's arms tightened the more she struggled against them.

The younger boy ran around, dancing in front of her like an obscene puppet. "Let me fuck her, Tyler.

Let me fuck her. I know how to do it. I'm good at it."

Lynn kicked out, just missing driving her toes into the little lunatic's balls. Delbert danced backwards, laughing.

"Let me put it in her from behind, the way all the animals do it,"

Delbert said, his words juicy and slurred. Spit leaked from one corner of his mouth, gleaming on his brown chin.

"I'd like to see that," Tyler said, panting out his words as Lynn struggled with him.

"You goddamn pigs!" she shouted. "You act like pigs and you smell like pigs."

Tyler's fingers clamped her nipples like pliers.

Lynn nearly blacked out. Red-hot poker of pain rammed deep into her tits and she saw flashes of black and white light. She howled, biting at Tyler's arms. A moment later she crashed to the sun-baked dust, Tyler's rocklike body crushing her. Her jaw crunched the earth, and gritty dust filled her mouth. She gasped for breath, sweat and tears burning her eyes. She tasted blood and dirt.

Tyler released her, falling beside her on his back and pulling her on top of him. She lay there limply, aware of what was happening through a haze of dizziness. Her head throbbed. Knots filled her throat. Her legs were spread. A hot ball twisted between her cunt-lips, sliding suddenly to the pit of her cunt. She was fucked, filled with cock. Beneath her, Tyler was grunting like a pig, like the pig he was.

"She's a wet slut," Tyler said. "Oh, man, she's as hot as a furnace inside." His loins jerked frenziedly, his cock fucking inside her. "Oh, man, this feels good! Oh, man!"

Tyler writhed under her, digging his thick fingers into the muscles along her spine, biting her lips and jawbones.

"Hurry," Delbert said. "I wanna fuck too."

"Shove it up her ass," Tyler grunted. "Fuck her ass while I fuck her cunt."

"What?" Delbert said.

"Gob some spit on her asshole and shove your cock in."

"Wow!" Delbert said. "Hey, man, wow!"

Lynn wasn't fully aware of what was happening until Delbert's sharp teeth sank into her asshole and he drooled gobs of warm spit down her asscrack. At that moment, the words the boys had spoken roared through her head like a brush fire, and she panicked, clawing at Tyler's face.

Tyler cursed like the devil himself, nearly crushing the bone of her hands to restrain her. He rammed her arms behind her back and pinned them there, meanwhile sinking his teeth into her ear. His breath steamed and hissed like a volcano, and the boy needed to say nothing for Lynn to know that he'd bite her ear off and break both her arms if she struggled any further.

Delbert's stiff finger shot up Lynn's asshole, making her wince and grunt. She hated the feel of anything up her asshole. As much as she liked to fuck cock with her cunt, she had never tolerated anything up her ass, not even a finger. The idea of that grubby boy shoving his arm-long cock up her

ass was more than she could bear. She turned the muscles of her loins to steel.

Tyler groaned. His cock jerked inside her. She could feel its beating arteries.

"Wow!" Delbert said. "She really likes this. Her asshole's sucking on my finger." As he yanked his finger out of her, Lynn felt as if he were pulling her intestines out.

"Don't do it," she squeaked. "Don't do it - please! I'll do anything you want. I'll give you anything. Just don't do that. Don't do that. Oh, please don't!"

Delbert giggled as if she'd said something funny, as if she were only kidding. She felt the heat of his cock even before the fist-sized cockhead burned against her asshole. She held her breath, whimpering, tightening her asshole until the muscles of her loins were on the verge of cramping. Beneath her Tyler moaned, his cock quivering inside her cunt.

The boy leaned into her. His slippery cockhead twisted, crushing her asshole, opening her up against all the resistance of her loins and will. Lynn screamed, writhing, nearly losing her ear between Tyler's savage teeth.

"Feels great," Delbert muttered. "Oh, yeah!" His monstrous cock squeezed up her asshole an inch at a time, until Lynn thought the throbbing thing was going to come out of her mouth. "Mm, her asshole is tighter than Ruby's cunt. Woww!" The boy fell on her, driving the last few inches of his cock in, mashing her asscheeks with his flat warm belly.

Lynn bawled. The pain was unbearable. It was as if she'd been impaled on a fence post.

Help me," she whimpered. "Somebody, please help me. Oh, it hurts, it hurts. I can't stand it."

Tyler released her ear, leaving the sensation of his teeth throbbing in her lobe.

"Let's fuck her now," Tyler said. "Let's fuck the shit out of her!"

He released her arms from behind her, and Lynn pulled her arms out from between her back and Delbert's heaving stomach and let them fall outward into the dirt, let them fall limp and helpless as if she were crucified. She was as good as crucified - crushed between the two boys' brick-hard bodies, impaled on their merciless teenage cocks. She was as good as dead, her fuck holes stuffed so full that she could feel her tender tissues inside them stretching to the point of tearing. When these boys finished fucking her, she'd be likewise finished. Her loins now felt as if they were going to explode from the pressure. She hung her head in the dirt next to Tyler's face.

Delbert grunted and panted like a billy goat, beginning to fuck his cock in quick, inch-long thrusts in and out of Lynn's asshole, wriggling his bare young body against her backside.

"Ahhh, feels great!" he muttered. "Feels really hot and tight, Tyler. I don't mind fucking her asshole. I think I like it better than I would fucking her cunt."

Tyler writhed underneath Lynn, fucking his cock in mean circles, bouncing his ass in the dirt and making his cock jerk.

"Her cunt's like hot raw liver inside," Tyler said. "I bet it feels just as good as her asshole. And it's tight. Jesus, with you plugging her ass her cunt's so tight it's practically skinning my cock. Oh uh, yeah, yeah! Feels good. Ah, great, just great!"

Lynn chewed her lips. The cocks were fucking in and out of her freely now, well-lubricated with her fuck juices. Tyler's cock jerked and screwed, while Delbert's cock made long slicing thrusts. The younger boy's cock was endlessly long, seeming to pull out of her asshole in slow motion, then to slice back in until his burning cockhead throbbed in the pit of her belly, throbbed behind her navel. Lynn imagined the boys' cocks stretching the elastic tissues inside her loins like taffy.

"She's leaking hot juice on my balls," Tyler said. "Oh, Jesus, slippery!"

"Yeah," Delbert said. "I can feel it too."

"I could fuck like this all day," Tyler said.

"Me too," Delbert said. "All day and all night. Does it feel good, girl?"

Lynn grunted, letting the boy interpret her answer any way he wanted. She was afraid that if she didn't answer, the lunatic young punk would fuck her even more savagely, and she'd scream if he fucked any harder. The throbbing pain in her loins had spread throughout her body. She was tense, grinding her teeth together.

"She loves it," Delbert muttered. "Man, do I love hot girl ass!"

"You'd love any kind of ass, you little goat-fucker," Tyler said.

"How'd you know about that?"

"Seth told me."

"That big mouth. Shit, you oughta hear what he does."

"Shut up and fuck before the bitch starts cooling off," Tyler said.

"I'll fuck," Delbert said, and his loins hummed, fucking his cock in and out of Lynn's asshole harder and faster.

Lynn couldn't bear it. She whined, howled like a hound bitch at the moon.

"Let's cream her," Tyler panted. "Let's blast her full."

Lynn thrashed, imagining herself a stuck butterfly. The big cocks churned inside her, burning her insides with their friction. She twisted, fought, dug her fingernails into the hot dust of the barnyard. She felt Tyler's cock swell inside her.

"Ohhh, yeahhhhh!" Tyler moaned. "Ahhhhh! Ahhhh!" And he began to laugh, bucking his skinny loins, sending jets of jism up her cunt.

The spurts of cum jabbed the pit of her cunt like warm fingers. Her cunt tissues quivered, stimulated by the boy's hot cum. As the boy's cock swelled to spurt again, Lynn's clit, filing against his hard prickshaft, stiffened with corkscrews of fuck-sensation. All at once, the ache in her loins transformed from a hurting ache to a fuck ache. She was fucked, creamed, bugged - and it felt good. She loved it.

Tyler fired again as Lynn began to corkscrew her ass. Tightening her cunt muscles, she sucked the hot cum out of the boy. Give it to me, squirt me full, she muttered internally. I'm gonna milk you dry, tough boy. I'm gonna suck you so dry you'll faint.

"Ohh, mannnn!" Tyler groaned. "Bitch cunt! Beautiful!"

Delbert's mammoth cock twisted and pistoned, grinding the guts out of her. But his murderous prick no longer felt like a studded fence post. Instead, it now felt like a warm, smooth, oiled tusk, and it gave her pleasure, pleasure such as she had never known. Her asshole felt as good as her cunt.

Fuck me, you big-cocked baby, Lynn thought to herself.

She squeezed the muscles of her loins to milk the jism from Tyler, she manipulated the ass-fucking cock of the young boy biting and licking her back.

Come on, baby, shoot it, she thought. Screw it, shoot it! Come on, you little fucker - cream - cream - creammmmm!

Delbert grunted. His cock jerked spastically. "Ohhhhhh, ohhhhhh, ahhhhhh!" he bellowed. "It feels so - ahhhhhh!"

The young boy's cum shot up Lynn's asshole like streams of volcanic lava. Lynn had never felt jism so hot. The boyish stuff scalded the pit of her belly. Still, she wanted every drop of it, wanted to feel her asshole filled with it, wanted the young boy to shoot until he turned blue in the face.

"I'm coming," the boy muttered, fucking and pumping and shooting. "Oh, jeez, oh, hell!"

The tension in Lynn's loins was building fast. Fans of fuck-sensation whirled up and down her cunt, up and down her asshole. Fuck tingles slithered through the bones of her legs, quickly reaching her toes as they clawed the dust. She tried to spread her legs even wider, tried to get the two cocks into her even deeper. She was humping now, humping and writhing, gyrating her fucked ass. All she cared about now was the feeling, the tight, salty feeling mounting in her loins - and she wanted to come, needed desperately to come.

Tyler and Delbert shot simultaneously.

Lynn threw her head back and surrendered to the feeling. The balloon of tension burst. Her loins exploded with orgasm. She whined, this time with the agonized ecstasy of her spasms.

Her fingers and toes clawed the dust. The two brick-hard male bodies sandwiched her. She smelled sweat, tasted the blood of her cut lips, jerked with the electrical firings of her loins. Now she knew what it was to be fucked, to be fucked fully, all her fuck holes crammed full of throbbing, shooting cock, her body wrapped in hot male meat.

"Fuck meeee!" she groaned. "Ohh, fuck meeeeeee!" She twisted her head, gnawing at Tyler's neck. It felt so good.

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Chapter 8

The boar was pink and hairy, the kind of pig Jenny imagined when she thought of the word pig. And he was huge, an enormous oval mass of pork and fat. The hillbillies had him penned in a cramped cage constructed of silvery-gray wood. He could do nothing but stand in the pen. He had no room to turn, no room to move forward or backward, no space even to lie down. He snorted malevolently, his snout protruding between the thick wooden slats in front, his curlicue tail quivering between the slats behind.

The old man and his bastard son dragged Jenny to the front of the pen and knocked her down in the dirt. The boar jerked in his cage, glaring out and snorting, his flat snout shivering. Flies buzzed around the wet snout.

"Homer, meet Jenny," the old man said. The pig grunted.

"Say hello to Homer," the old man said, putting his dirty foot on Jenny's ass. "You wouldn't want my prize breeding boar to think you was unneighborly now, would you?"

"Hello," Jenny said, forcing out the syllables in monotone. They were the hardest two syllables she'd ever been forced to mouth, but she knew enough now to play along with whatever these loonies requested. It was a matter now of survival.

Homer's nose dripped. He was breathing like a locomotive.

"Well, well," said the old man. "I think Homer is taking a shine to you already. He thinks you're a prize sow. Give the old boy a smooch on his pretty snout, girly. Show him you take a shine to him too."

Jenny couldn't believe what she was hearing. Like a cat she sprang away on all fours, headed for the woods, headed for the corn fields, headed anywhere to hide and be safe again. Seth dove on her before she'd gotten five feet.

"Wanna wrestle?" the boy panted, wrapping his hard body around her and crushing her to the dirt.

His cock was like a glowing pipe pressed to her ass. He bit her violently on the shoulders and neck, sinking his sharp teeth into her flesh.

"Let me go!" Jenny whimpered, realizing as she spoke the words how futile, how absurd they sounded.

"Ever been ass-fucked!" the boy growled. "I love fucking ass." His cock slid up and down between her asscheeks, slippery and throbbing.

Jenny tensed, clamping her loin muscles. She'd rather die than have that dirty beast's cock up her ass. No cock had ever violated her asshole, and no cock ever would. One guy had tried to fuck her ass once, a cop. Now he was a janitor, and he paid her half his salary each month as penance for his filthy ideas.

"Hold off there, boy," the old man said. "First the little lady's got to pay her respects to the finest old breeding boar in the county. Bring her over."

Seth tried to drag her, and Jenny kicked and scratched. There was a limit to playing along with these lunatics.

The old man was laughing. "She's a wild one, ain't she? Well, looky here - just in time."

"We tied the other one up in the smokehouse like you said, Pa." It was the youngest boy's voice.

Jenny looked up past Seth's strangling arm to see Delbert and Tyler swagger over to join the old man. The two boys' cocks flopped and wagged as they walked. The youngest boy's cock hung half way to his knees. Lynn must have taken care of both of them, Jenny thought - the way their cocks are flopping soft. She wished now that Lynn was here to take care of Seth.

"Fine job," Harlan said. "You two young 'uns have yourselves a good time?"

Both boys grinned and stroked their cocks as if they had pet snakes dangling from their loins.

"She's hot, Pa," Delbert said. "You wouldn't believe what I did to her. I shoved my prick up -"

"Later," the old man said. "Plenty of time later to shoot the shit about how we enjoyed ourselves. Right now there's work to be done. Tyler, boy, you help out Seth with the wild one, and Delbert, I got a job for you." He pulled the young boy to him and whispered in his ear.

Delbert grinned and trotted off.

"All right, you guys," Harlan said. "Haul that bitch over to smooch old Homer."

Jenny kicked and fought with all she had, but Seth and Tyler had hands like vises and arms like cobras. Her toes dragged in the dirt as they hauled her head-first toward the grunting hog. The pig's huge flat snout grew larger and larger as it drew near to her face, and Jenny closed her eyes. All she heard was the buzzing of flies, the grunting and panting of the hog, the laughter of her tormentors. Then she felt the hog's steamy breath on her face, and she screamed.

"Kiss that hog," Harlan ordered. "Do it the easy way - or we're gonna pen you up with him. No telling what Homer might do locked up in the same pen as you."

Jenny found herself on all fours in front of the pig. She puckered her lips. She'd heard about hogs, and she had no intention of getting penned up alone with one - especially with one the size of Homer. He'd sit on her and then he'd eat her. Pigs relished the taste of meat - that she knew.

"Let her go, boys," Harlan said. "Stand away and let the pretty girl kiss that pig. Look at her shake. She's all excited over old Homer."

The hands released her. Holding her breath, she pressed her lips toward the snout of the pig. The slimy wetness, the heat of the pig's snout, made her nearly vomit - but she kissed it, smooched it with a loud smack that would satisfy the old man. Homer snorted and licked her face. Jenny fell back, screaming.

The males guffawed.

"Never saw a female react like that to a nice kiss," Harlan bellowed. "All right, girly, give old Homer a whiff of your pretty ass. Come on - up on all fours. Let him smell it."

Jenny did as he ordered, shoving her ass close to the hog's snout. Her throat was so dry it was cracking. The sweat of her body burned the scrapes, cuts, and rope burns on her skin. Her head filled with the buzzing of flies and the incessant laughter of the men. She kept her eyes on the green of the nearby woods, imagining herself safe within its shade.

"Back up," Harlan roared. "Back! Back!" Jenny backed up. She felt the pig's hot breath on her asscrack and cunt.

"Back!" one of the boys shouted.

The pig's hot snout mashed to her cunt-lips. The boar grunted madly, nuzzling her cunt and beginning to lick.

"He's excited," Harlan said. "Look at the way his cock's screwing in and out. Stick your hand in

there with him, Delbert, and catch his hog- juice when he shoots.”

The pig’s slimy nose and tongue slopped up and down Jenny’s asscrack and cunt-furrow as if he were feeding at a trough. The boar grunted and snorted obscenely. Jenny’s ass was shot through with prickles. Her loins pulsated. As angry and disgusted as she was, she couldn’t help but to wriggle and gasp. The hog’s cunt-eating felt good. The unresolved tension that had built up when she had sucked Harlan’s cock suddenly filled her loins once more. She wanted again to come.

The pig slobbered loudly, licking her cunt and asscrack from one end to the other. The bristly hair around his mouth jabbed at her sensitive cunt-flesh like tiny needles. His teeth nipped at her. Her pussy throbbled like a huge raw sore. The pig snorted and squealed.

“Look at him shoot,” Delbert yelled, laughing. “His cum’s real hot. Eeek!”

“Catch it,” Harlan said. “Get every drop you can.”

Jenny felt the sex-tension building. The realization that the big hog was coming just from licking and sniffing her ass and cunt gave her a strange thrill. She churned her ass, forcing it harder and harder against the snorting hog’s snout. The fuck feelings began to move in her loins. She’d be coming soon - very soon.

“He’s done, Pa,” Delbert said.

“Then do it quick, boy,” Harlan said. “Feed the cream to the bitch while it’s still hot.”

Almost before the meaning of the old man’s words cut through the haze of her consciousness, Jenny saw the grinning boy squat down in front of her and offer her the handful of pig cum. The stuff was thick, and whitish-gray, and the scent of it was much stronger than the scent of any human cum she’d ever smelled.

“Drink it!” Harlan bellowed. “Feed it to her, Delbert. Shove it down her throat if you have to.”

At that moment, one of the other boys clapped his hands over her lower and upper jaws, forcing her mouth to gape. Immediately, Delbert dumped the handful of cum into Jenny’s mouth. Her mouth was forced shut, and the hot pig-cum slid down her throat. As the hands released her jaws, Delbert rubbed the rest of the cum into the skin of her face. Jenny bit at his hand, but the boy was too quick and got away.

“All right, drag her around back,” Harlan ordered. “Old Homer licked her pussy, so it’s only fair that the little bitch do some licking herself. I’ll just bet that old Homer would love to have his balls licked.”

Her cunt still throbbing with lust, the feel of the pig’s hot tongue still on her pussy slabs, Jenny found herself being dragged to the rear of the pen. The hog’s salty cum made her lips burn, and the taste of it on her tongue and in her throat made her feel dizzy, as if the pig’s cum were whiskey. The boys dropped her on the ground, and she found herself staring at the gigantic pink balls of the old farmer’s prize boar.

“Chew on them nuts!” Harlan ordered. “You lick those big balls real good now - unless you wanna end up licking what’s under that twirly tail.”

The moist ass-pucker of the hog glistened in the sunlight, quivering slightly and seeming to pout, as if it wanted a kiss. One look at his asshole was enough to send Jenny to the boar’s apple-sized balls.

When it came to a choice between a pig's asshole and a pig's balls, Jenny didn't even have to think.

Homer shifted in the close confines of his pen, grunting, as Jenny licked his fuzzy pink pig-balls. His egg-shaped balls felt like huge soft grapefruit under Jenny's tongue. As she licked and sucked, she could feel humming vibrations in the spongy ball-flesh, could sense the pig-jism brewing inside. This was the lowest, most disgusting act Jenny had ever performed, but what made it most disgusting of all was the way her pussy continued to drool and pulsate, as if she herself were a sow getting turned on by the scent and taste of a randy boar. She was drooling so much pussy juice that she could feel the hot, pasty stuff oozing down the inner sides of her thighs.

"She's juicing, Pa," Delbert said, and suddenly Jenny felt the crazy young boy's tongue lapping the pussy juice off her legs.

"Hold it there one second," Harlan said. "You can lick her legs, but keep your dang tongue off her twat-hole. She's getting too horny for her own good. Her hole's liable to swallow your tongue if you get it too close. Seth and Tyler'll be back directly with something to satisfy the bitch like she really wants to be satisfied."

Over Homer's jerking in his wooden pen as Jenny polished his balls, over his snorting - over the buzzing of the ever-present flies, the flies that continued to land on Jenny's naked body, shitting on her and biting her - over Delbert's moaning and slurping as he licked her legs - over the hum of lust and anger and confusion in her own skull - over all these sounds came the barking and whining and howling of a hound, and Jenny realized at once that they were bringing the big rust-colored bloodhound. She backed away from the pig.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "Let me go and I'll give you anything you want. You can have my car. I have lots of money. You can have that too."

"Shut your bitch mouth," Harlan said, dancing up close to her and kicking her in the ass. "Eat them pig nuts and keep your dang bitch mouth shut. Suck them nuts if you don't want to be sucking that hog's asshole."

Fiery knots filled Jenny's throat and swept through her stomach. She imagined slicing up the old man's face with a razor. Never in her life had she hated any man more. But all she could do was to remain on her hands and knees, kissing the hot balls of a grunting hog while she awaited whatever the old man had planned for her. He would loose the dog on her, she was afraid. He would let the dog tear the meat off her bones. The old man had tied up the dog when she and Lynn had arrived at the farm - the huge bloodhound with the mean, wrinkled frown and the long fangs. And now he was going to let the dog loose to devour her. The hound had already probably torn apart Lynn.

"Here he is, Pa," Seth said. "Me and Tyler can hardly hold him."

"This is gonna be wild," Tyler said. "He was about breaking his chain when we got to him."

"Ease him up close to her ass and let him sniff," Harlan said.

"Delbert, quit your dang licking and get your ass out of the way."

"Aw, shit!" Delbert said, giving Jenny a quick, last kiss on the cunt-lips.

Delbert's kissing lips were immediately replaced by the cool wet snout of the hound as it nearly shoved its snout up her cunt. The hound's breath was hot, and the hound whined and whimpered. Suddenly his floppy tongue was lapping up and down her cunt-furrow. The men were laughing.

"Red's prick is out," Delbert said. "It's jumpin' like a long worm."

"Just stand aside, boy," Harlan said. "Let old Red put his prick where he wants to. OK, Seth and Tyler, let him go."

Chains rattled, the dog growled, and Jenny's face rammed into the hog's balls. With all her strength, she fought to remain on her hands and knees. The hog bellowed squeals, and the dog whined. The huge hound was up on Jenny's ass, his paws gripping her flanks, his dog-claws tearing her flesh, his hot slippery dog-prick fucking in and out of her cunt. Jenny's vision blurred, her head wobbled, her ass and pussy pulsated. She was in hell, she was in heaven, she no longer knew where she was.

"He's fucking her!" Delbert shouted.

"All stand back and let Red do his work," Harlan said. "Keep eating them pig-nuts, girly. Like the taste of pig-nuts, bitch? Like the feel of a hound's prick in your smelly twat-hole?"

"Red likes blonds," Seth said, and they all laughed.

"Want me to snap a few now?" Tyler asked.

"Be my guest," Harlan said. "Keep your hands steady if you can. Get a few close up, too."

Jenny chewed at the hog's inflated balls, sinking her teeth into the fuzzy ball-flesh. It was all she could do to keep from screaming, to keep from wailing out her pain and her pleasure, her degradation and her anger. She was on the verge of violent laughter, and on the verge of tears. She was losing her mind, losing her honor, losing the last vestiges of any innocence she still possessed at her young age.

She was sucking on the stinking balls of a boar while fucking the worm-like prick of a blood hound. This was all too absurd to believe - but the hound's prick was like a glowing poker inside her, and her loins throbbed with the feelings his cock was fucking into them. And the hound's hot paws gripped her flanks, his long claws gouging her flesh. It was happening, really happening. Jenny had never been more certain of anything in her life.

"Go, Red!" Seth shouted.

"Look at him hump her," Delbert said, giggling.

"Ain't never seen old Red fuck any bitch that good," Harlan said. "His prick's pumping like a truck piston."

The bloodhound howled, banging his hairy belly at Jenny's upturned ass, fucking his thin prick in and out of her cunt faster than any human prick Jenny had ever felt. Not even some of the star athletes she'd allowed to fuck her had fucked her with such agile speed. Her cunt tissues sizzled from the friction of the hound's fucking. The unbearable fuck tension that had been striving to burst from her loins for an hour now began once more to mount toward release. Small prickling balloons began to inflate throughout her loins. Her clit jerked and quivered as if electrified, stimulated by the intense fucking of the hound's slippery prick. Her pussy slabs were swelling, and as she wiggled her ass, the juicy slabs shimmied against each other, sucking the big hound's prick.

"Look at old Red's eyes," Delbert said. "They look like their gonna pop out of his head."

"He'll be coming directly," Harlan said, and before he'd got the words out the hound's orgasm

began.

The first spurt of dog-cum felt like a darning needle spearing the pit of Jenny's cunt. Jenny grunted, her loins jerking. The spurts of dog-cum came hard and fast, like jets of hot water. The hound's claws sank deeper into the muscles of Jenny's flanks. Warm dog spittle dripped over her back. The hound's prick flexed and jumped like a long stiff finger. The hound whimpered.

The men cheered, shouting at Red to fuck the shit out of her, to blast the guts out of her. Red growled, humming his spurting prick inside Jenny, leaning into her with all of his bulk of bone and muscle. Jenny strained to remain up, strained to prevent her face from being driven down against the slats of the hog-pen. If she were to collapse, the hound would crush her, snapping her head off at the neck to finish her off.

"Lick them hog nuts!" Harlan bellowed. "Fuck that dog prick!"

Jenny licked the hog's balls fiercely. They ballooned and contracted. The boar's ass shuddered, and she could hear him grunting and squealing.

"Homer's shooting again," Delbert yelled. "I'll catch his cum."

Jenny groaned with lust. The knowledge that she'd brought the boar off again by simply licking his balls filled her once more with a strange thrilling satisfaction. The prickling streams of fuck feelings that always signaled the approach of her orgasm began to move in her body, crawling up her spine, sliding down the core of her legs. When the feelings reached her toes, when they reached her nipples, her lips, her fingers, her entire body would flash with orgasm. She screwed her ass in mad circles, fucking the hound's prick, shimmying her pussy-lips against each other to bring herself off.

"Get Red off her," Harlan Yelled. "Quick, before she gets what she wants."

Jenny swore as the hot dog-prick slid out of her, cursed as rough hands gripped her asscheeks and forced her cheeks and pussy-lips apart. The wind rushed inside her cunt, instantly quenching her first flickers of orgasmic fire. She remained there shaking, the fuck tension throughout her body on the edge of exploding, but stifled again. To make things worse, Delbert's grubby brown hand appeared near her face, offering her once more a palmful of boar's cum, hot and fresh from the boar's balls. And Jenny could do nothing but to drink, to lap it from the boy's hand like a kitten lapping up a saucerful of milk fresh from the cow. The pig's cum tasted bitter. The scent of it nearly knocked her out, but as disgusted as she was with having to eat the slimy stuff, her lust raged on.

"Oh, fuck!" she whined. "Oh, damn it!"

"Here's your chance, boy," Harlan said. "She's begging for it now."

"Goddamn," Seth said. "I've been waiting for this." And he mounted her.

The feel of human hands on her flanks now, the feel of Seth's big teenage cock jerking against her ass, caused Jenny to coo and laugh as if she were drunk. She licked the last of the pig cum from Delbert's hand, gyrating her ass against Seth's cock and muttering, "Shove it in me. Shove the big thing in me. Oh, shove it in."

"Give it to her," Harlan urged, and Tyler and Delbert encouraged Seth in the same way, telling him to ram his cock in her and fuck her good.

Seth slid the head of his hot cock up and down Jenny's asscrack and cunt-furrow, lubricating his

prick with her fuck-slime, lubricating his cock with the fresh cum of the big bloodhound, whom Jenny could now hear whimpering and growling as somebody restrained him, Jenny rotated her ass like a fan, crazy for the feel of the cock inside her. All her life it had been the men who had gone crazy over her, it had been the men who had begged her to let them slip their cocks into her body, but now it was she who was begging. She could hardly believe the words coming from her mouth as she pleaded with the grubby farm youth to fuck her.

Seth twisted his cock hard against her ass-pucker, massaging her asshole. The stimulation felt good, but Jenny needed no further stimulation. What she needed was the boy's cock fucking in and out of her cunt. She would come seconds after the overgrown hunk of male cockmeat started fucking against the walls of her cunt. That was for certain. She couldn't remember having ever been this horny.

"Shove it in - please!" she moaned. "Oh, please!"

Seth's fingernails gouged her raw flanks, holding her steady. Jenny held her breath, relaxing herself, opening herself for deep penetration. For a moment she was aware only of perfect blissful silence, aware only of the pounding of her heart, of the quivering of her sweat-misted body, of the openness of her cunt. Her lust was exquisitely unbearable, on the knife-edge of complete satisfaction. She felt the boy plunge into her.

The spectators roared with glee. The bloodhound howled. Seth grunted like a bull. Jenny felt her loins stuffed as if with an arm. For a moment she felt total ecstasy, knowing that she was fucked at last - and then the agony tore through her asshole.

"Goddamn!" she screamed. "Oh, God, no!"

But it was too late. Seth's billy-club prick throbbed in her asshole. She was impaled on it to the hilt, the boy's hard loins mashing her asscheeks. She felt all her strength melt. Just missing skinning her face off on the rough wood of Homer's pen, she collapsed into the dirt, crushed down by the panting, grunting, fucking youth. His cock fucked in and out easily, savagely fucking her asshole.

"I got her in the ass," Seth muttered. "I'm fucking ass. Oh, bitch baby, you're so tight up the shithole. Ahh! Ahhh!" He gnawed at her neck, her shoulders. He ripped at her hair with his teeth. His tight belly smacked her ass. His cock fucked to the depths of her loins.

Jenny chewed her fist, tasting dirt and sweat, tasting a little blood, still tasting the hog's cum. Tears of anger blurred her vision. She writhed helplessly in the dirt, rubbing her tits raw. Her asshole was on fire.

The hillbillies were all chanting, screaming like a mob for Seth to fuck the guts out of her. Seth was laughing and growling and muttering. He'd become an animal. His prick felt hotter and harder inside her with each thrust. Jenny began to hump back at him, jerking her tightened ass back up at him in self-defense. She found that the pain was less if she moved with him instead of lying under him passively and limply. With each savage downward cock-thrust, Jenny banged her ass up to meet his prick, hoping to knock the wind out of his stomach.

"She's a humping hot sow if I ever seen one," roared Harlan. "Is she tight, boy?"

"Ohhh, Goddamn!" groaned Seth. "She's tighter than a mule."

"I wanna fuck her," Delbert said. "Hurry Seth."

"You'll get your chance later, boy," Harlan said. "Give your brother his piece now. He's got it coming. He's been waiting a mighty spell for this."

Seth got his arms under her, wrapping them around her, filling his hands with her tits. His fingers tightened like pincers on her nipples. Shafts of pain shot through her tits. Her cunt and asshole cramped. She whined like a she-cat, her fingers and toes clawing the dirt.

Seth's cock flexed wildly. Whining just as loudly as Jenny, he pulled out and rammed in frenziedly. His cock began to quiver, and he began to grunt like a boar. As he slammed in, nearly driving both cock and balls up Jenny's asshole, a great shudder racked his cock. At that moment, Jenny felt the boy's first spurt of hot cum shoot the pit of her asshole.

"Ahhhhh!" Seth cried. "Uhhhhh! Ohhhhhh!" Another spurt creamed Jenny's asshole, and the youth bellowed.

Jenny relaxed for a moment, fascinated by the sensation of cum squirting inside her asshole. This was something brand new, something she'd never dreamed she would experience. The boy shot again, then again. Jenny's loins pulsated, responding to the spasms of his cock, to the spurting of cum. Unbelievable, but her loins were tighter now with fuck feelings than they'd been yet at any time since this ordeal began. The ass-fucking, the spasming, shooting cock imbedded up her ass, had stimulated both her cunt and asshole as if she'd been cunt-fucked by some marvelous stud football player. She had not a second to waste. She writhed with all her strength, stretching her muscles, curling her toes, tightening her cunt and shimmying her pussy-lips together in a last all-out attempt to bring herself to orgasm. Immediately she felt the tight tingles begin to stream through her arms and legs, up her spine, up and down and around and throughout her loins. Her cunt and asshole flashed hot and cold, every nerve prickling as if they'd been scoured, then slosed with sea-water. Jenny squealed with absolute joy. Nothing could stop her orgasm now. It was beginning, coming. She rolled her eyes with pleasure.

The spasms nearly knocked her out. She clawed at consciousness as hard as she was clawing at the dirt. She couldn't pass out now. She must experience every agonizing bit of this orgasm even if it killed her. She'd always marveled at the way her orgasms felt so good that they almost hurt, but this orgasm was far beyond any she'd before experienced. This orgasm was sheer pain, sheer pleasure - an ecstasy so intense that it caused her to curse and shriek as if she were being flogged with barbed wire. She ached to roll her naked body into a ball and to crush the feelings out of her loins, but she was laid flat-out, pinned face-down under the slobbering, grunting, spurting youth, and all she could do was to lie there like a pinned butterfly and wriggle as her orgasm drilled into every cell of her body.

"She's so tight!" Seth groaned. "Oh, Jesus! Asshole squirming inside like a nest of hot worms. Oh, man! Ahhh!"

The contractions of his cock were lessening, the last cum oozing out of him, but Jenny had a long way to go. As her orgasm continued she wished she could die. But she knew she wouldn't. She knew this orgasm would continue torturing her to near insanity, and that she would remain fully awake, jerking and quivering to its every agonizing twinge, squealing her pleasure like a sow.

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## Chapter 9



The door to the smokehouse stood open, allowing Lynn to look out directly upon the woods. She watched the dry breeze as it twisted and swooped through the summer leaves, making them quiver and turn and flutter, allowing Lynn to see them from every angle under the softening wash of the late-afternoon sun. The breeze seemed actually visible to her now, visible as a flow of heat waves scurrying this way and that among the leaves. The smokehouse was suffocatingly hot, but Lynn felt fairly comfortable, being stark naked, bathed in sweat, and having plenty to drink. Tyler and Delbert, after fucking her mouth and asshole, had wrapped a chain around her waist and padlocked her to the iron stove in the center of the hut-like smokehouse. As she sat on the bare ground of the smokehouse floor, she leaned back against the cool iron of the stove, watching the breeze in the leaves, daydreaming, and drinking the wine and water the two boys had left her. Oh, such wine!

Lynn had never tasted wine like this. It had to be homemade. A deep rose color. A little bubbly. And tasty. Lynn smacked her lips after each sip. And potent. The first sip had made her giggle. The alcohol had shot directly to her brain. And now she'd been sitting here for what seemed like hours, sipping and giggling and sipping more. The boys had left her a half gallon of the stuff in a glass jug, and she'd sipped down more than a quart. The wine made her terribly thirsty, and she sipped water along with the wine. She'd drunk nearly a half gallon of that, and her bladder was screaming for relief. She continually crossed and re-crossed her naked legs, trying to avoid pissing in the dirt under her ass.

Despite the ballooning of her bladder, Lynn felt good. She couldn't remember ever having sat alone like this just relaxing and daydreaming. It seemed that she'd spent every waking moment of her life in the company of Jenny. Jenny was a good old girl. Life was never boring with Jenny around. And the two of them were both rich and popular. That was Jenny's doing too. The scheme of blackmailing all those men had been Jenny's idea from the start. Lynn had just played along. Yes, Jenny had given Lynn a good life. Still it was good to sit like this by herself and to daydream and relax. And it felt good even to be chained up. She'd never felt quite so sexy - naked and chained, her ass still throbbing with the feel of the enormous cock that had fucked her.

Lynn glugged down some more wine, sucking it directly from the wide mouth of the jug. The rosy liquid dribbled out of her mouth as she drank, dripping from her chin to her tits. She giggled as she carefully placed the jug back on the earthen floor. Her tits and belly were all sticky now with dried and drying wine. Some of the wine had even run down into her cunt-bush. She was beginning to smell like a wine bottle, but she didn't care. She imagined herself a whore-slave, a tramp. How disgusting she must look! She giggled. If the rich boys could only see Miss Lynn Smith now, she thought. Would they kiss her ass now, or would they piss on her? Who cares? She might enjoy that for once - getting pissed on.

"Lynn, you're the whore of the earth," she said out loud, listening to the words stumble out of her mouth. She wasn't quite sure, but she seemed to be moving and speaking in slow motion. Forming the words with her lips and tongue was something like a game now. "Lynn, you're quite drunk," she said, vaguely aware that there was something wrong with the way she'd pronounced the word drunk. Somewhere in the distance Jenny was screaming. And all those guys were shouting and laughing. The sounds seemed to come from very far off, carried on the dry wind. She could hear the hissing rustle of the woods more loudly. Jenny screamed again, and that big red dog was yapping. Something was happening, but Lynn had long ago given up trying to imagine what. She'd been listening to the intermittent screams and shouts and barks for what seemed like hours now. Those sounds had become natural to her ears, blending in perfectly with the rustling of the woods, with the chirping of birds, with the glugging sound of the wine in the bottle as she drank.

She studied her body. A drop of wine hung from one of her purplish nipples. She carefully lifted her tit, leaned her head forward, and licked the luscious droplet off her nipple. Her loins flooded with

tingles. She giggled.

This all felt good. The temperature was just right – dry and toasty. The sweat covering her body made her feel slippery and sexy. She rubbed her legs together, they shimmied against each other as if oiled. Her crotch throbbed, the piss-ache and the fuck-feelings all blending into one. The heavy chain around her middle – part silvery, part greasy and black – cut gently into her belly-flesh like a tight belt. Even the feel of the chain was sexy. She'd had dreams about being chained up like this, she'd had dreams about being sexually abused, but she'd never imagined that they would one day come true. Now it was happening – and it was really quite exciting, even more exciting than her dreams had been. And the wine was good, too. The wine was very good. She picked up the jug and poured some more down her throat.

She might have dozed after that. She had no way of knowing. But suddenly she was no longer alone. The glare of the sun, and silhouettes danced before the doorway of the shed. She smiled at the figures, having the strange sensation that she was suddenly being visited by pagan gods from the nearby woods.

The figures entered the shed and began to unchain her, their hot, coarse hands falling everywhere on her naked body. She giggled, letting them paw her. She even spread her legs, wishing one of them would shove his hand up her cunt.

“Come on, dizzy cunt,” one of them said. “Time to get some sun.”

“Let me fuck her first,” the other one said.

“Nothing doing,” said the first one, chuckling. “Your pa wants her outside now. Plenty of time for fucking later. He says we can have the other one all to ourselves all night.”

“Shit!” the second said. And four hands gripped her by the arms and shoulders and dragged her, toes dragging, out into the white-hot glare of the sun.

Lynn giggled all the way. She even giggled when they dropped her onto the hot, dusty clay of the barnyard. There she sat, blinded by the sunshine and by the wine-blur. She was aware of another naked body on the ground next to her, pressing up against her side. A hand fell on her tit, the fingernails clawing.

“Lynn,” the body next to her whispered. “Lynn.”

Giggling, Lynn forced the hand away. “Jenny, don't pinch my boob!”

A huge foot fell on Lynn's thigh. She looked up, recognizing the hazy face of the old hillbilly farmer. Through the blur, he looked even more comical than she had remembered him. His gray hair and shaggy beard appeared to flare out in all directions, his head like that of a lion.

“You look happy,” the old man said. “Been having a good time?”

Lynn giggled. “Wheeee!” she squealed, feeling crazy.

The old man chuckled. “That's what I like to see – a pretty gal like you feeling good, having a good time. I bet you're just aching to get your pussy licked.”

Lynn giggled. “Lick my pussy, Daddy.”

"I'll lick it!" Delbert cried.

Trough her woozy haze Lynn could see the young boy dancing before her with his tongue hanging out, With that arm-long prick of his up and wagging like an excited dog's tail.

The old man grabbed the boy's arm before he could pounce on her. "Damn it, boy, hold off. You'll get to do all the cunt-licking you want tonight. Right now we've gotta give these pretty gals the chance to do some cunt-licking of their own."

Delbert and the other two boys cried out and whooped and the old man gave Jenny a kick in the ass, sending her sprawling on top of Lynn, cursing. Lynn was tickled, suddenly finding Jenny squirming on top of her, and she wrapped her arms and legs around her friend, wrestling her and giggling. Lynn couldn't resist kissing Jenny all over the face and humping her horny cunt at Jenny's belly. Lynn had been aching to make out with Jenny for years, but Jenny had never allowed it, always playing the bitchy resistant role.

"Let go of me, you bitch!" Jenny growled. "What in the hell are you doing? You're drunk out of your mind. Get the fuck away from me!"

Jenny clawed and punched Lynn until Lynn finally gave up, letting Jenny roll away from her. Despite the new scratches pulsating in her neck and shoulders, Lynn rolled on the ground, laughing giddily, the exciting feel of Jenny's naked flesh still pasted to her own.

"Now that ain't nice," the old man said. "That ain't nice at all. Little Lynn is all hot and wants to fuck, and little Jenny throws her off. That ain't nice, Jenny."

"That ain't nice," Lynn said, lying in the dust, panting.

Her arms and legs were thrown wide, and the sunshine and wind licked up and down her body, under her arms and between her legs like a huge hot tongue.

"Lick my cunt!" she cried to nobody in particular.

She'd never in her life felt so uninhibited, so dirty. She'd imagined acting the role of the complete slut, but only in her most secret daydreams. Now she was acting it out in real life. Her cunt throbbed.

"Suck my cunt!" she yelled.

"You heard her, bitch," the old man growled at Jenny. "Suck your pretty girlfriend's cunt." He dropped to one knee and rammed two or three fingers up Jenny's ass. Then, appearing to pick Jenny up on those fingers, he flung her forward until she plopped between Lynn's spread legs in a cloud of dust.

Jenny resembled a mad cat. Lynn had never seen such a look of anger and disgust in her friend's eyes. The effect though upon Lynn was only further giddiness. Jenny looked absurdly funny. Lynn grabbed her cunt- lips and yanked her pussy wide open, then drove her spread crotch at Jenny's face.

"Suck my pussy!" Lynn squealed. "Oooh, Jenny, suck my pussy! I love you, darling. Taste me. Eat me out." The words flew out of her mouth. Lynn humped, sliding her open cunt-furrow up and down Jenny's shocked face.

Lynn gushed. Jenny's face looked as if she had been slapped with a sopping towel - flushed and dripping. Jenny's reluctant tongue finally came out and began to slither up and down the throbbing edges of Lynn's pussy-lips. The feeling was marvelous. Lynn squealed and groaned.

"If that ain't the damndest thing I ever seen," the old man said. "You young 'uns watch this close now. You might learn something. Tyler, get up close and get us some nice shots."

Lynn was aware of the spectators milling around herself and Jenny. She could hear their panting, their whistling, their muttering. She could hear clicking noises periodically. But she was too interested in watching Jenny suck out her cunt to focus her eyes on anything but Jenny's bobbing head. She could hardly believe that that beautiful blond head was actually between her own legs. When she and Jenny had been small girls Lynn had licked Jenny's hot crotch to orgasm a half- dozen times, but Jenny had always refused to return the favor. Now, after all these years, Jenny was finally sucking Lynn's pussy. Lynn had never witnessed a sight more satisfying.

"Taste good?" Lynn asked. "I bet you love it. I bet you've been wanting to do this for years, but you've just been too chicken."

She leaned forward and ran her hands through Jenny's hair, feeling Jenny's warm scalp under her palms. She gripped Jenny's head and worked it in circles, guiding Jenny's flicking tongue over every inch of her crotch. Her cunt writhed inside with the feeling. She threw her legs around Jenny's head and tried to force Jenny's entire face up her gaping cunt. Jenny choked, suffocating between Lynn's legs. Lynn released her and Jenny sucked in air.

The onlooking males let out a chorus of exclamations. Jenny's face was scoured red as a beet, her nose dripping pussy juice. Lynn loved her. She threw herself forward and kissed Jenny all over the face, savoring the taste of her own pussy juice. A new impulse hit her. She wanted now to suck Jenny's cunt, to suck Jenny's cunt while Jenny continued to lick and suck her own. She threw herself in the dirt and wrapped her arms around Jenny's loins, turning Jenny on her side and thrusting her head between Jenny's legs. They were sixty-nining now, sixty-nining on their sides, and Jenny's cunt was oozing more pussy juice than Lynn could believe.

"Mmm!" Lynn moaned. "Mmmm! Mmmm!"

It tasted good. It felt good. This was almost like sucking herself off. Lynn had sixty-nined many times with boys before, but never with another girl. This was so much easier than sucking cock. Just lick and suck and nibble, with lots of slurping. No throatful of hot cockmeat to choke on. No aching deep in her throat as a big cock stretched her tender tissues.

Jenny's head was firmly clamped between Lynn's thighs. Jenny's tongue was buried deep in Lynn's pussy, twisting and thrusting, rubbing Lynn's sensitive cunt tissues until she wanted to scream. Lynn thrust her own tongue up Jenny's crotch. Jenny was like a seething cauldron inside, and Jenny was full of jism, the most potent jism Lynn had ever tasted - and Lynn had tasted the jism of hundreds of males. What's more, jism was leaking out of Jenny's asshole. The realization that Jenny, like herself, had today been fucked up the ass, made Lynn groan with excitement and happiness.

Up the ass feels good, doesn't it, honey? Lynn thought. It feels almost better up the ass than it does up the cunt. We've both been ass-fucked now, honey. We're like twin sisters.

Jenny groaned, as if in response to Lynn's thoughts. She munched wildly now at Lynn's crotch, and Lynn returned the favor, sucking and chewing Jenny's pussyslabs like a ravenous wolf. Hot feelings were building in her loins, and she could sense the same incredible tension mounting in Jenny's loins. They'd both be coming any moment. Lynn crushed Jenny in her arms and legs, humping

furiously while she sucked. Within seconds, her orgasm struck.

“Uhhhhhhhh!” Lynn grunted. “Uhhh! Uhhh! Uhhhh! Uhhhhhh!” She felt the world spinning end over end. Her loins cramped with spasms. She was aware of her toes crossing and clenching. Then Jenny’s cunt was throbbing around her lips like the hot walls of a living heart. Electrical tingles passed from Jenny’s spasming cunt into Lynn’s lips. Their crotches throbbed in unison. Lynn humped and writhed, swallowing the pussy juice that ran from Jenny’s cunt.

Awhile later - it seemed like minutes - Lynn uncurled, falling away from Jenny and relaxing breathless in the dirt while a dry breeze fluttered over her body. Before she could catch her breath, Harlan had picked her up and was carrying her away under his muscular arm.

Lynn giggled.

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Chapter 10

The pickup truck bounced up and down even on the highway. How different from the smooth ride of the Corvette. Lynn continued to giggle a lot. She felt full of bubbles. She was sleepy, and she dozed on and off, usually waking to the flash of headlights from an oncoming car.

With nightfall, the temperature had dropped enough to make the ride in the pickup chilling with the windows open. The old man had asked her several times whether she was cold, but each time she just giggled and answered no, for some reason enjoying the goosebumps on her arms and legs while the alcoholic blood gushed through her arteries like hot rum.

At last, without a word, the old man cranked shut his own window, then reached across her and cranked shut hers. The truck kept bouncing along as he performed this maneuver, and Lynn was amazed that they didn’t run off the highway. She half-wished they would, however; she’d never been involved in a decent traffic accident. She thought it might be thrilling.

“Can I have some more wine, Mr. Harlan?” she asked. The wine had become like medicine. The old man allowed her a swig from the jug every fifteen minutes or so, and immediately after drinking it, she would doze off, blissfully content.

The old man pulled the jug from under his knees, the wine sloshing as the truck jiggled. “Here you go, pretty gal. Go easy on it, though. There ain’t all that much left.”

Lynn cradled the glass jug, licking her lips as she watched the wine get foamy from the sloshing. She imagined the wine to be a magic potion. In the dim greenish light from the dashboard the wine looked like some elixir used in secret rites. She unscrewed the cap and tilted the jug, pouring the sweet dizzying drink down her throat. She would have swilled down the rest of the jug had Harlan not pulled the jug away from her.

“Easy there, sweetheart. That’s enough until we get where were going. I can’t be carrying you, and you’ll have to be awake to get us the goods.”

Lynn smacked and licked her lips. The wine tasted better with every new swig. She felt very groggy.

“Where is it we’re going again?” she asked. She kept forgetting.

“We’re going to collect your stash of pictures and tape recordings - the ones you and Jenny have

been hiding all these years.”

“The ones of all the men?” Lynn asked. She had to keep asking that. Somehow something didn’t seem right, but she couldn’t figure out exactly what.

“Them are the ones,” the old man said. “We gotta get ‘em quick. Jenny’s back at the farm waiting for us to bring ‘em back. She wants every last one of ‘em now, so you gotta make sure we don’t leave none behind. We wouldn’t want to be upsetting Jenny by missing none, would we?” Lynn giggled. No, they couldn’t upset Jenny. Jenny had a mean temper. Somewhere in her mind was a vision of Jenny looking flushed and angry. Jenny’s face appeared to be peeking at Lynn from between Lynn’s legs. Vaguely Lynn could remember something having happened between herself and Jenny.

Lynn felt herself beginning to doze. She had to piss badly, but she hated climbing out of the pickup to squat at the side of the dark country road. There were probably snakes out there waiting to bite her. The last time they’d stopped she had surely felt a snake trying to wind its way up her leg. The stupid snake was trying to crawl into her cunt. She was sure of that. Maybe it had. She couldn’t remember. She vaguely remembered, though, the old man jerking against her ass while she bent over. Maybe he’d seen the snake slide into her and was trying to scare it back out by jolting her ass. It was all mixed up, and she was so tired. She leaned over to pillow her head in the old man’s lap. As she dozed off, she felt his cock jumping against her cheek. The truck bounced.

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## Chapter 11

Watching the rat scurry from one sleeping boy to the other, Jenny held her breath. The large grayish-brown rat, with a pink tail at least a foot long, seemed provoked that anyone should dare to invade the hayloft at night, and he fearlessly sniffed each boy in turn as if to determine whether the boy was edible. In the light of three kerosene lanterns - two hung from pegs on posts and one perched atop a stack of hay bales - the rat’s eyes glowed a devilish, pulsating pink as he turned them upon Jenny.

“Stay away,” Jenny said threateningly. “Stay away from me.”

Bound as she was - her arms stretched overhead by the ropes fastened to her wrists, her ass nestled in the straw, her legs bound wide apart by the ropes attached to her ankles - Jenny had no other weapon of defense but her voice.

The rat seemed unintimidated. In fact, as she spoke, he sat back on his haunches and washed his face with his paws, appearing to grin all the while, as if thinking to himself about what a tasty meal she’d make. Having finished scrubbing his pointed face, he began sauntering toward Jenny, making a straight line toward the apex of the V formed by her spread legs, making a straight line for her open cunt. He held his twitching nose high in the air, as if he smelled a succulent meal cooking somewhere.

“Stay away from me!” Jenny shrieked, writhing between the ropes.

The rat stopped. He looked her straight in the eyes, like a father upset over his daughter’s back talk. He opened his mouth, showing his sharp little teeth. Without warning, he sprang forward.

Jenny screamed. The rat, coming to a stunned stop within inches of her cunt, spun suddenly in the opposite direction and shot out of sight, swallowed up by the shadows. In the process of exiting the scene, he scampered across Delbert’s body. Delbert slapped at the rat as if swatting at a fly. He sat

up.

"Now what's wrong?" he asked, rubbing his half-closed eyes. "Can't a guy get a little sleep around this place?"

"A rat tried to bite me," Jenny said, her voice trembling. She was shaking a over.

"What rat?"

"He's gone now. He ran away."

"Aw, shit, you're seeing things."

Seth rolled over and sat up. "What's all the commotion?"

"She says a rat tried to bite her."

"In the cunt, I suppose," Seth said.

"As a matter of fact, yes," Jenny said. "I could have got rabies. All rats have rabies."

"They do not," Seth said.

Now Tyler was sitting up, wanting to know what was happening. They told him. He chuckled, then stood up and began to piss. Having never seen a boy piss before, Jenny gawked at him, watching the long silver stream arc from his cock and hiss into the straw. Tyler caught her gawking. He stopped pissing and swaggered over toward her, his heavy cock dangling and dripping piss.

"Whatcha staring at?" Tyler asked.

Jenny didn't answer. She turned her head away.

Tyler chuckled. His rough hand squeezed her chin and turned her face toward him. His piss-dripping cock dangled just inches from her nose. A few drops of piss bounced off her tits. She could smell the stuff. His fat soft cockhead touched her lips. A drop of piss seeped between them. Jenny tried to spit. Instead, she opened her mouth and let boy's spongy cock slip inside. She knew that it was futile to resist anymore. These filthy pricks were going to get what they wanted no matter what she did. Fighting them just made things harder on herself and likely gave them even more of a thrill. Tyler's cock flexed a little and hot piss began to run out. Jenny gagged.

"Drink it all, bitch," Tyler said. "Don't waste one drop."

Lucky for her that Tyler had pissed most of his load into the straw. A few swallows and Jenny had drained his bladder. She sucked the last drops of piss from his piss-tube, and the boy's slightly stiffened cock flopped out of her mouth.

"Taste good?" Tyler asked, grinning down at her.

Jenny looked away, disgusted.

Suddenly, Delbert was pushing Tyler aside. His enormous cock, like a roll of soft bread dough, glanced off her jaw, knocking her dizzy. The younger boy's cock was as long soft as Tyler's was hard. The size of Delbert's prick never ceased to amaze her.

"Let me try," Delbert said, and he tried to ram his spongy cock into her mouth. His prickhead was soft, glossy, and hot, like the skin of a baby.

Jenny let the monster stuff her mouth. Before she'd closed her lips around his prick, Delbert began to piss.

"Ahhhhh!" Delbert groaned. "This is almost as good as coming."

"You're out of your mind," Seth said.

"It is," Delbert insisted.

"Ah, hurry up and piss," Seth said. "I've got something better in mind."

"Why don't you go back to sleep?" Delbert said.

Why don't you all go back to sleep? Jenny thought, swallowing down the heavy piss-stream as if she were guzzling beer. The boy's piss was amazingly hot, and even more amazingly, she'd already gotten used to the taste of it. She'd ceased to gag, and she was even beginning to enjoy drinking the boy's piss. It couldn't be much worse than drinking his cum, and besides, the zinging of the piss through the boy's cock was for some reason causing a zinging sensation in her pussy-lips. She moved to squeeze her legs together, then realized that the ropes were holding her legs in a near full-split position.

"Ah, that felt great," Delbert said, yanking his cock out of her mouth. He milked his cock, then beat his prick against her nose. Droplets of piss showered her face.

"Out of the way, hog," Seth said, knocking Delbert aside.

Jenny knew immediately that Seth was after more than a throat-piss. His cock stood up like a steel pipe, the glossy prickhead half-uncapped by its foreskin. Jenny could smell the pungent cheesy scent that she'd come to associate with the uncut heads of Harlan's and Seth's cocks, and she opened her mouth wide, allowing his enormous prick to slide straight down her throat. Strange, but as much as she hated the scent of these uncut cocks, she couldn't resist the urge now to suck on them. And the scent set off powerful tingles in her cunt. Her loins throbbed as if she were a bitch or a sow or a she-goat going into heat. She wondered whether it was the putrid smell of the boy's uncut cockhead that was causing this instant lust in her.

"Ahhh!" Seth groaned. "Now this beats pissing any old time. Suck my prick, you cock-crazy little bitch. Oh, man, I love the way your pretty lips stretch back and forth around my cockshaft. Oh, man, such a pretty warm throat!"

He gripped her head and fucked his cock in and out of her mouth, up and down in her throat. Jenny relaxed, letting the boy mouth-fuck her. If she lived through this entire ordeal, at least something positive would come of it - she'd learned how to relax while a guy throat-fucked her. She'd been throat-fucked so many times today that she no longer gagged and choked from the jabbing and sliding of cock-flesh in the heart of her neck. Instead, she simply relaxed, allowing the boy to use her head and throat in any way he wished, fucking her face violently if he wanted to. If she didn't fight, she didn't gag. What's more, the more she relaxed, the more the boy's cock stimulated her lips, her tongue, the roof of her mouth, and her throat. In addition, the face-fucking caused her cunt to contract and juice.

While Seth stood in front of Jenny, hugging her head and fucking his cock in and out of her mouth,



his younger brother wriggled in the straw on his belly, squirming to get at Jenny's cunt. Seth grudgingly adjusted his stance, and Delbert plunged head-first into Jenny's cunt, his pink tongue like a stiff finger. As much as she hated Delbert, there were times when she considered him an angel. He was by far the best cunt-licker who had ever had the privilege of tasting her cunt- lips. As his slithering tongue fucked into her cunt, Jenny's body stiffened in a long, luxurious stretch. She pointed her toes, gyrating her ass on the straw.

"Oh, fuck, she's a hot baby," Tyler said. "Look at them pretty toes wiggle. I've always wanted to have me some hot chick's pretty toes to suck on. Oh, yeah!"

Tyler collapsed into the straw, hugged her left foot as if it were a kitten, and wrapped his hot lips around her toes. Jenny moaned with the feeling. Tingles shot up her leg. Tyler's wet tongue knifed back and forth between her toes, his teeth grated them, his lips sucked so hard Jenny could hardly stand it. She'd never realized that her toes could be so sensitive. Bubbles of fuck tension moved up her leg, down her throat. Tight prickling sensations wound through her loins. She squirmed, rubbing nipples against Seth's knees. Every inch of her naked body quivered with excitement.

Seth hugged her head, fucking his cock down her throat until his pubic hair curled up her nose. His cock swelled, the prickshaft arteries pressing against her upper lip.

"Ahhh!" he bellowed. "Uhhhhh! Ahhhhh!" Streams of hot cum shot down Jenny's throat. The jerking spasms of the boy's cock made her wince. Seth continued to grunt with each spasm, bellowing so loudly his voice filled the hay loft.

Jenny was once more astounded at how much cum the boy put out. She'd lost count as to how many times he'd already brought himself off on her body, blasting his teenage jism into one fuckhole or another. He and his two companions seemed to have bottomless reservoirs of cum in their skinny teenage loins. All three of them shot endless gobs of the white stuff each time they came, fucking the night away between catnaps. Jenny wondered why she didn't bloat up like a cum-balloon and burst.

The moment he finished shooting, Seth dragged his cock out of Jenny's mouth and stepped over Delbert and Tyler to lay down in the straw. As he fell back, his enormous cock flopped up on his belly, glistening with spit and cum, jumping with post-orgasmic twitchings. He lay there panting, his eyes focused on his two companions as they sucked at Jenny - Delbert at her cunt, and Tyler at her toes.

Jenny licked her lips, savoring the taste of Seth's fresh cum. She could still feel his big cock fucking in and out of her mouth, rubbing beautiful feelings into her lips and throat, flexing rhythmically as he shot cum into her belly. She eyed Seth's prick, still hungry. As she watched his cock twitch in the lantern-light, she longed to pounce on the boy and to suck once more his luscious uncut cock. She was hungry for more cum.

"I wanna suck," she muttered. "Suck. Suck."

Tyler glanced up at her, his mouth full of her toes. He grinned impishly. He spit out her toes and licked the sole and instep of her foot as if her foot were a lollipop.

"I'll suck yours," Jenny said to him. "Stick it in my mouth and I'll suck it."

"Goddamn!" Tyler said, dropping her foot and jumping up. His cock stood nearly parallel to his belly, jumping like a fish. A thick tear of precum oozed out and balanced at its tip.

Jenny opened her mouth. Her tongue hung out and dripped. I'm out of my mind, she thought,

imagining what she must look like sitting there panting for cock. But instead of laughing at herself, she made sucking sounds with her lips, trying to entice the boy to her. The boy's prick danced as if in response to the sucking sounds she made. It was the first time in her life she'd begged so shamelessly for cock.

Delbert bit into her cunt-slabs, nearly sending her through the roof of the barn. The boy's sharp teeth seemed to possess electrical charges.

"Ohhh, God!" Jenny moaned, driving her wide-spread cunt at the boy's face. If her legs hadn't been bound in a full split, she'd have crushed the boy's head between them.

Delbert's tongue probed every sensitive crevice of her seething cunt, licking her pussy out. He growled like a mutt as he munched and slurped at her fuck-meat. The boy was unbelievable. This was the third time tonight the boy had eaten her out. He was insatiable. Heaven would be to have Delbert for her own. She would keep him eating her cunt all day and all night.

Tyler's cock throbbed just inches from her nose now. She could smell his luscious meaty prick. She could feel its pulsating warmth. Straining her tongue forward, she managed to lick the sticky pearl of precum from his gaping piss-slit. She rolled the luscious gob of fuck juice in her mouth, savoring the taste. As it rolled down her throat, she sighed.

"I wanna eat you," she said, rolling her eyes up at him coquettishly.

"I wanna taste you."

Tyler leaned into her, letting his sweaty balls settle over her nose.

The masculine aroma of his balls made Jenny's eyes roll.

"Lick them nuts!" Tyler said. "Lick my balls like you licked them hog-nuts this afternoon."

Jenny groaned, remembering the huge balls of the big boar. Strangely, the memory excited her. She slurped at Tyler's hairy teenage balls, thinking about how exciting all nuts were, whether they belonged to hogs or dogs or boys. She remembered the boar shooting off from her ball-licking alone. She remembered the feel of the bloodhound's hot prick as his cock fucked in and out of her cunt, then filled her loins with dog-jism. She remembered the taste of the pig-cum, the taste of the old man's cum. Balls like the ones she was now licking were what produced that thick creamy cum she loved so much. She licked all around Tyler's balls, caressing them lovingly, hoping to stimulate them to brew up more fresh cum to shoot down her throat.

"Oh, man, baby!" Tyler moaned, raising up and down on his toes. "Suck them hot balls of mine. Yeah!"

Jenny opened her mouth, letting Tyler's big balls settle in one at a time. She loved the oval objects, loved their sponginess and firmness. She was tempted to bite them off. She knew however that that would be the last action she'd ever perform. She sank her teeth gently into Tyler's left ball, thinking suddenly about how she was going to get even with him and with all these other hillbillies once she was released.

"Easy there," Tyler said, freeing his ball from her mouth. Then he turned his back to her, half-stumbling over Delbert as he made the turn. His narrow, compact teenage ass stared Jenny in the face, "Kiss my ass."

Jenny kissed each asscheek, then nipped the smooth white ass-skin with her teeth. She could smell the sweaty, slightly shitty scent of the boy's asscrack.

Tyler reached behind him and spread his asscheeks, revealing to Jenny his tight little asshole. "Lick my crack," he said. "I want you to eat out my ass."

Jenny hesitated. She hadn't been prepared for this. She'd never licked a guy's asshole. Christ, that's where the shit came out! She'd never been able to understand how guys could get off on licking a chick's asshole.

"I said lick my ass!" Tyler growled.

Her heart jumped at the sound of his voice, and she plunged her face between his asscheeks, licking his crack from one end to the other as the boy slid his ass up and down on her nose.

"Yeah!" Tyler said. "Yeah, that's it!"

The boy's sweaty asscrack didn't taste that bad. In fact, his ass tasted quite good. His ass had a muskier scent than his balls, stimulating Jenny to slurp Tyler's asscrack as enthusiastically as Delbert was slurping her cunt. She found Tyler's ass pucker with the tip of her tongue. His tight asshole quivered, begging to be penetrated. Jenny began to probe, easing her tongue between the tight ring of his asshole. At last she found her tongue all the way up the boy's asshole and she began to clean him out.

"Ah, baby!" Tyler groaned, rotating his ass. His right arm jerked, and Jenny could tell he was beating his cock. "Lick that shithole, baby, lick that shithole. Yeah!"

The boy's asshole was hot inside, and it had a musky, salty taste that Jenny found stimulating. She fluttered her tongue, zipping in and out, tongue-fucking the boy's ass. She felt a heartbeat inside, and she felt the walls of his asshole pulsating.

"Oh, boy, this is living!" Tyler moaned. "Feels so good. Christ, I'm almost coming already." His arm pumped faster. "Ahh! Ahhh! Yeahhhhhhhh! Wow!"

His ass began to shudder and jerk. Jenny felt something like a balloon inflate against her tongue then begin to contract. She jabbed and filed the inflated meat-balloon with her tongue. Tyler whimpered, gyrating his jerking ass.

"Ohhh, baaaaby!" he moaned. "Feels so good!"

Jenny could hear his cum splashing. She could smell jism heavy in the air - an acrid mist - the sweet scent of boy. It was a horrible waste of cum - rich, thick, sweet, fresh cum - but there was nothing she could do about catching the stuff, bound as she was with her arms stretched overhead. She moaned her loss, slurping at the boy's asscrack as he shot his last.

Tyler pulled away from her. Turning around, he offered her his left hand. A whitish-gray pool filled his brown palm. Jenny needed no invitation to dip her tongue into the pool. Tyler's cum was still warm with the heat of his loins. She sipped and licked until the cum was gone, consumed into her stomach. Before she could lick Tyler's hand completely clean, however, the smirking youth rubbed the slippery dregs of the cum-pool into her tit-flesh. As his hands slipped over her hardened nipples, Jenny saw stars.

At that moment, Delbert's tongue touched a magic nerve inside her cunt. At that moment, Delbert's sharp front teeth sliced exquisitely into her clit. A rush of tingles jolted her loins. Her body jerked as if electrically shocked. Her toes curled against the balls of her feet. She groaned with pleasure. It felt marvelous.

Delbert sucked out her cunt as if his mouth were the hose end of a vacuum cleaner. He smacked his lips and slurped, sending floods of tingles through her cunt-slabs. Meanwhile, fists of intense orgasmic sensation pounded the depths of her pussy. She could feel her clit twitching up Delbert's nostril. She strained to close her legs - coming while wide open like this was unbearable - but the most she could do to help her orgasm along was to bounce her ass and to drive her cunt into Delbert's face.

Before the last spasms had squeezed through her cunt, Delbert jerked away, shot to his feet, and pumped his arm-long cock frenziedly. Within seconds, his rich white cum exploded from the gaping piss-slit of his cock, hot ropes of jism lashing her face and sticking to her skin. The young boy grunted, dancing on his toes.

Jenny felt her eyes cross as she focused on the piss-slit of Delbert's cock. The spurts of cum seemed to leap out at her in slow motion, splashing her in the eye. She held her mouth wide, trying to catch the flying cum. A spurt entered her mouth and dashed against the back of her throat. Another spurt exploded against her upper lip, and a misty cum-spray made her blink. She had to laugh. Her face was dripping with warm cum. Delbert jerked forward and rammed his cock down her throat.

She swallowed every inch of his prick, feeling his throbbing balls against her chin, feeling his wiry blond pubic hair up her nostrils. Deep in her throat the boy's cockhead pulsed like a heart. The huge cock swelled and contracted. Cum shot down her throat like a volcanic lava. The boy's hard belly churned at her cum-slick face. He groaned, his pubescent voice cracking.

When it was all over, the boys cut her loose at last. She cleaned the cum off her face, eating every drop. She fell upon Delbert in the straw and licked his belly clean. She licked his cock, licked the sweat off his balls, sucked on his boyish ass. Delbert sighed, already dozing off.

Seth lay watching her, one eye open. She rolled over onto him and began to lick and suck his uncut cock. Today she'd learned that uncut cock was a special treat. Seth spread his legs, allowing her to get at every part of his masculine anatomy. His balls were bloating up again with cum. Jenny was hungry. She needed it. She began to suck.

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Chapter 12

Harlan leaned back in his chair, tilting it on two legs until it rested against the house. He rested his feet on the porch railing. Ah, this was the life - taking it easy while the young 'uns took care of the chores, a cool beer in one hand, a hot cock in the other, an earth-scented breeze and a few puffy clouds in the sun-rich sky, and, best of all, two naked little fillies bound to the posts that supported the porch roof. One blonde, one brunette. Otherwise they were like twins, each guarding one post, each leaning back against a post, arms tied behind their backs, bodies secured to the post. He could leave them there forever. So pretty to look at. Cut one loose whenever he needed a fuck, then re-tie her until he was horny again. If they gave him any smart city back-talk, he had plenty of leather straps around to shut them up.

He sipped his beer, studying the girls. He was aware of his hand slipping the foreskin up and down over the swollen head of his cock. He spread his legs, airing his balls. Goddamn, it felt good to sit there without a stitch on, pumping his cock while eyeing these sexy teenaged females.

"OK," the blonde said at last, "you win." She didn't look at Harlan. Instead, she was wincing at the photographs pinned up all over the siding of the house.

"I know I win, little lady," Harlan said. "I just wanted to be sure you know it. One sassy-assed move and the whole fucking city's gonna think you like nothing better than fucking dogs and sucking boars. And how about that one of you smooching old Homer's piggy snout?"

Lynn chuckled.

"Shut up, bitch." Jenny snarled. "This is all your fault."

"Hey there, little girl," Harlan said. "I said if I hear about one sassy-assed move on your part, the whole town will see them pictures. And that includes being mean to your little girlfriend there. She's been right helpful right along. Besides, how can you mean-mouth little Lynn when you like to eat her pretty pussy so dang much. Whee! Look at them pictures of the two of you sucking pussy like you won't never get enough of it."

Lynn chuckled again. "It wasn't so bad, was it, Jenny? I rather liked it. I think maybe you did too."

Jenny scowled. "How can you even remember what happened? You were dead drunk. Why did you have to go getting yourself drunk?"

"That's right," Harlan said. "She was under the powerful influence. So you can't rightly blame her for what she done. I could just as well have got you smashed. Then you would've took me to the treasure. All them pictures and tape recordings. Whee! Me and the young 'uns are gonna have us a party with them."

"He got them all?" Jenny asked, looking sickly at Lynn.

"I think so," Lynn said. "Sorry, Jenny, but I didn't know what I'd done until I woke up this morning and he informed me. That wine was as strong as brandy."

Jenny shook her head. "We're finished. We'll be dead broke in two weeks. Those men will probably tar-and-feather us."

Harlan finished his beer and crushed the can.

"Now don't be so sorrowful," he said. "Maybe you two can make things up to the men somehow. I believe they'd welcome your paying them back in some other way than money. I believe they'd take a notion to getting some good hot fucking from your pretty teenaged asses. They're probably still beating off thinking about their fucking you when you was both kids. From the looks on their faces in the pictures, they all looked powerful content screwing into your little-kid cunts."

Harlan continued to talk, laying out for them what he expected of them. They were to apologize to the men they'd blackmailed, offering their bodies as restitution. They were to stay shut-mouthed about the happenings here at the farm, and they were to come back every third weekend for a visit. Harlan knew he must keep the young 'uns happy. They'd stay on the farm longer that way. If the girls failed his expectations in any way, Harlan had his own blackmail in the form of the pictures - not only the pictures of Jenny with Homer and Red and of Jenny with Lynn, but all the girls' own pictures and the tapes as well. The girls' stash of photographs and tapes included hundreds that incriminated the very police and lawyers and judges who had been the girls' protectors. Should the law come snooping around the farm, he could always use these incriminating materials as blackmail against them. Or he could use them as evidence that the girls had all along conspired to eventually blackmail even these executors of the law. He didn't think he'd have any trouble with the two girls, however - they seemed too clever to make further trouble for themselves. And, besides, he was certain that Lynn had enjoyed this entire experience, if not Jenny as well. Jenny did a lot of cussing,

but underneath her facade of resistance, Harlan was sure he could detect acceptance and lust. Right now was a good time to check out his suspicions - now, before he turned the girls loose to continue on their journey up to the party at Carver Lake.

"I'm cutting you loose now," he said, getting up.

The girls trembled as he sawed through the ropes with a hunting knife. When they were free and still rubbing their wrists he bent them both over.

"One fuck for the road," he said, watching their asses begin to quiver.

"Which hole you want me to stuff with my hog, Lynn?"

"Asshole," Lynn said, giggling as if embarrassed.

He rammed a finger up her asshole. She squealed. Never have any trouble with Lynn, he thought. She's raring to go.

"And what about you, Jenny? Which hole would you be preferring?"

For several moments Jenny didn't answer. Then, just as Harlan's patience was about to run out, she began to chuckle.

"Well?" Harlan asked. "Which will it be?"

"Both, if you're up to it," she said, and she arched her back and turned her ass up high, giving Harlan a perfect view of her spread cunt and asscheeks. Cunt and ass-pucker both glistened pink.

Harlan himself chuckled, dipping his finger into Jenny's asshole and his thumb into her cunt. Both her asshole and cunt were hot inside, and juice ran out of her cunt and dripped off the base of his thumb. Jenny began to churn her ass.

"Jesus Christ!" Harlan said, and he about shot off into the air. He had his fingers inside two fuck-crazy teenagers at the same time, both of them wanting to be fucked. What had he ever done to deserve this? Maybe he was finally getting what he deserved after all these lost years of going without. One thing he was fairly certain of now was that he wasn't going to have much of a problem with Jenny disobeying. She was as hot as Lynn. The young 'uns must have fed her some kind of magic drug last night to tame her down. It couldn't be just fear of disgrace over those pictures that had tamed her.

"Me first," Lynn said, wiggling her ass.

"No, me first," Jenny said, gazing at Harlan over her left shoulder. She licked her lips and winked.

Harlan saw his chance to seal the pact between himself and the dizzy little blonde. "You had enough of my old hog last night to keep you happy for a year, Lynn," he said, yanking his finger out the brunette's asshole and giving her a playful swat. "Give your pretty girlfriend first crack at me."

"Oh, all right," Lynn said, beginning to straighten up.

Harlan slapped her ass. "Stay down, girl. I'll get to you directly."

Winking at Jenny, he yanked his dripping digits out of Jenny's fuck holes. Wrapping his hands around her beautiful hips to steady her, he positioned his uncut cockhead between her cunt-lips. Jenny groaned, her cunt-lips parting as Harlan shoved. His ten-inch cock fucked straight up her cunt. As he

watched his prick disappear inside her, Harlan felt the foreskin slip off the head of his cock and stretch out along his prickshaft. The sensation almost brought him off. Jenny was hot as a furnace inside.

“Feels great, you old boar,” Jenny said, rotating her ass so his cock would screw inside her. She laughed like a slut, jamming her cunt back and forth on his cock, fucking his cock faster than he could fuck in and out of her himself.

Harlan felt tension building in his loins. A few more fucking motions and he'd be over the brink - he would lose his load up her cunt before he got the chance to fuck her asshole. Just as he felt the cum beginning to uncoil in his balls, he zipped his cock out of the little bitch.

Jenny groaned. “What in the hell? I was just starting to warm up. Come on, shove it back in.”

Harlan watched his cock twitch, dangerously close to creaming on her ass. The moment his prick calmed down, he drove his cockhead against her ass-pucker. Lubricated with Jenny's cunt-juices, the horny tusk of cock-flesh slipped into her asshole, his bloated prickhead stretching her so wide open that her ass looked like it might split.

Jenny whimpered. “Ohhh, it hurts!”

“You wanted it,” Harlan grunted. “Now you're getting it.” Thrusting with all his strength, he rammed the full length of his cock up her asshole. She was so tight that Harlan thought his cock had been skinned. Hot prickling pokers shot up the core of his cock. Tingles swirled through his loins. He felt the jism uncoil in his aching balls.

Jenny screamed, then began to whine. Her asshole began to contract like an opening-and-closing hand. Hot fuck juice gushed out of her cunt, bathing Harlan's balls. Jenny trembled. Harlan struggled to keep her on her feet, at the same time trying to keep himself on his own feet as his orgasm gnawed through his flexing, spurting cock. The two of them groaned their pleasure together. Harlan couldn't believe the bitch was coming already. He'd never brought off any female so fast. One thrust of his cock - and up her asshole yet! Shit!

The subsiding sensations of orgasm were still making his cock twitch when he pulled his prick out of Jenny's ass. Jenny sat down on the porch, her tongue hanging out, her eyes glazed. Harlan had no time to appreciate the sight, though, because now Lynn was demanding to be fucked, holding her asscheeks apart with her pretty hands and gibbering madly.

Harlan grabbed her ass. A few drops of cum were still oozing out of his cock as he sank his prick into her. Her asshole felt like a writhing mass of hot raw liver around his cock. He began to fuck.

The End