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DAISY'S DOG



APET
BOOK

by Frank Harper

Chapter 1

Daisy squealed softly as thrills rippled through her, and Satan growled at her. He whined again and dropped his nose to sniff under her crotch. His whines became more impatient at the scent of her female heat.

His long tongue flicked out and lapped her dripping cunt, and he seemed to go wild. He licked and licked at the cream she oozed, whimpering as he tasted her cunt. Daisy whimpered, too, but this time the animal did not scold her with a growl. He was too excited with the bitch-scent that stirred his pulse.

Daisy, desire-maddened by the exciting cunt-licking, tilted her hips and pelvis to thrust her cunt back toward Satan's stimulating tongue. Now the animal rose up on his hind legs as he decided to fuck Daisy.

Daisy felt the furry forelegs slide over her hips, then the warm, moist point of the beast's prick struck her between cunt and asshole and slid up to the wedge itself in the tight wrinkles of her asshole

Daisy raised her ass abruptly, and the prick slid downward as the animal hunched forward. The tip slithered into the sloppy petals of her hairy cunt, probed around swiftly, then found her hole and slipped inside.

Satan hunched again, and Daisy felt his cock snake into her cunt. As his dog-prick fucked into her, she was amazed at the fullness she felt. She had imagined some sort of slim, rather short prick, but the cock Satan was feeding into her cunt must have been a good match in diameter for a big man.

Now Satan began fucking her in earnest. His hindquarters tensed and humped into her with hard thrusts, driving his prick through her slick sheath rapidly. Daisy was growing hotter by the moment, feeling the delicious fullness, the heat of the meat-several degrees warmer than human flesh-and the teasing tickle of his furry foreskin as it rammed against her cunt.

Above her, Daisy could hear Satan panting loudly, with occasional whining overtones. His saliva drooled from the corners of his mouth and dripped from his tongue, dropping onto her back. The animal smell of his coat was a constant reminder to Daisy of the bestial nature of her fucker, and it seemed to heighten her excitement.

"Oh, fuck me, doggie!" she moaned, feeling the heated thrills increase inside her cunt with every passing second. Satan's prick slid in and out of her with rapid strokes, making a slushy sound.

Daisy's ass was moving, helping with the action as she sought to swallow as much of his meat as she could get inside her cunt.

"He's coming in me!" Daisy whimpered. "His come's so hot!"

She screamed loudly as she began to climax. Her ass shivered and her muscles tensed. She shuddered through the dog's orgasm, but the animal kept humping away on her, driving his hard prick in and out of her convulsing cunt.

"Oh God!" Daisy whispered. "He came in me, but he's still hard... and still fucking!"

Daisy moaned, wondering how much of his fucking she would be able to take.

Daisy jerked to the rhythm of another orgasm, but the beast still kept fucking her with his hard cock. Then, as her spasms weakened, the canine prick spurted again, jetting hotly into her cunt. Daisy cried out at the added stimulus, feeling her convulsions regain their intensity.

Then Satan suddenly withdrew from Daisy's cunt. He licked at her cunt, cleaning his orgasm from the lips of her pussy.

Ten minutes later Daisy was worried about the same problem that had plagued her ten minutes before Satan had started fucking her: I've got to quit fucking dogs! And with that thought she tried to remember how she started fucking dogs. Then she remembered that it had all begun with Max Sheldon.

"Come on, Daisy! Hell, it's not the first time, you know! Let's get in the back where we'll have enough room to ball!"

Daisy Morley had just broken a passionate, tongue-lashing kiss she'd been enjoying with Max Sheldon. She'd done so at least four times in the last half-hour. She'd also been busy pushing his pawing hands from her tits and crotch. She was hot, and knew she wanted to fuck as much as he did, but she didn't want him to think she was too easy. She was afraid he'd talk and she didn't want to get a reputation as a cheap slut. Besides, she still felt guilty about letting Max screw her on the other two occasions.

"Let me finish this beer," Daisy said, stalling, wondering if Max would force himself upon her if she refused to ball. He hadn't used any force the first time, or the second, and she'd actually been just as responsible for what had happened as Max.

They'd only been going together for two months. She was a cheerleader, and he was a star football player. She'd been flattered when he'd first asked for a date. He came from a wealthy family whereas her father was a drunken bum. Max hadn't had much experience with sex, despite his good looks, and he'd been awkward as hell while popping her cherry. She'd read enough to know that. There hadn't been much pain, or blood, but he'd been so fast she hadn't even climaxed. The second fuck had been wonderful for them both, though, and if she could just get over her feelings of guilt and shame -

"I'm getting blue balls, Daisy! You've finished your beer... let's get in back and fuck!"

"I wish you wouldn't use that nasty word!"

"Why? It's a perfectly good basic English term, baby, and there's nothing nasty about the word or the act. We're both the result of a piece of ass, you know, and I can't understand why you hate to admit you enjoy fucking just as much as I do."

Daisy didn't bother to tell him she'd always wanted to save herself for a husband. Well, she thought, allowing Max to take the empty beer can from her hand, she'd kept her virginity for seventeen years. Now that she'd lost her cherry, it'd be foolish to deny herself the wonderful sensations of fucking.

Max pulled Daisy's mouth to his and snaked his hot tongue past her lips and teeth. As she met it with her own, her passion soaring, she admitted to herself she wanted to feel Max's poking prick slipping into her steaming posy as much as she'd ever wanted anything in her life.

Breaking the feverish kiss, Daisy and Max quickly got out of the car and into the back. Max had

pulled his father's car onto a side road, and Daisy knew there wasn't much chance of them being caught. They were in a secluded area, well away from the West Texas town where they both lived.

Max was a year older, eighteen, and Daisy knew many of the girls were jealous because she'd made such a good catch. He had dark hair and eyes, a muscular body, and was fun to be with even when they weren't necking or fucking. She liked him, and the way he could make her feel with his kisses and his sizable cock, but she didn't love him. That was the trouble. She'd wanted to save the first time for a man she loved and her body had betrayed her.

Daisy also knew many of the girls at school were jealous of her looks. She had pretty features, as she'd heard all of her life, and in the past year or so her body had really developed. She had long, shapely legs, a tiny waist, and her buttcheeks were firm, but jiggled when she walked or moved. Her tits were high, firm, and round. She was a natural blonde, but she had brown eyes and her skin was unusually dark for a blonde.

In the back of the car, Max insisted Daisy get naked. She protested mildly before going along with his wishes, glad he didn't get in a hurry and grab at her clothes. She didn't have many good dresses, and the money she made baby-sitting after school and evenings usually went for food-if her drunken father didn't get his hands on it and buy beer and whiskey.

Daisy had already admitted to herself that she was something of an exhibitionist. She figured most cheerleaders were. She enjoyed prancing around in skimpy attire with the many eyes upon her. She usually got horny during the exciting football games while leading the crowd in their cheers for the home team. Max had caught her at the right moment the first time she'd let him fuck her. It'd been after a football game on a Saturday afternoon like the present one. Only it'd been earlier. Today Max had taken her to eat, and it was going to be dark soon. Her father would raise hell if she stayed away too much longer. He might even beat her if he was in a drunken rage. It'd happened a few times, and she'd promised herself just one more beating and she'd run away.

"You're ready beautiful, Daisy! Your skin's so soft and smooth!"

Daisy had stripped herself naked and had settled back on the seat. Max was sitting beside her, still fully clothed, his dark eyes gleaming, his fingers caressing one of her rounded thighs. His words made her happy and added to the sensual pleasure already spreading throughout her body, as she anticipated the moment his hard cock would penetrate her quivering cunt. God forgive her, but she didn't think she could do without real sex ever again. She'd never be satisfied with her fingers after experiencing the wondrous delights of fucking.

Max chuckled nervously. "As the old saying goes, you look good enough to eat!" He sobered. "If you'd promise not to tell anybody, Daisy, I'd like to try doing that right now."

Daisy wasn't surprised or shocked. She knew many people went for oral sex. She'd even seen her father going down on a woman he'd brought home, and another time she'd seen a different woman giving her father a blowjob. Both times she'd hauled ass to her room without being caught peeking. There had been many times she'd secretly watched her horny father fucking some slut he'd brought home. Each time she'd been unable to resist masturbating after observing the exciting erotic sight.

"I'd like that, too," Daisy said, forcing a smile, deciding that having her cunt lapped couldn't be any worse a sin than having it pronged by Max's stiff cock. Besides, just the idea of being tongued had her pussy quivering and getting even damper than it'd already gotten. "You know I won't talk, Max. I don't want it known we're having any kind of sex."

Max got between Daisy's legs, his knees on the floorboard, but he took time to kiss and suck on her

thrusting, throbbing titties. He'd done that before, and she really enjoyed the lavish attentions. The nipples immediately became erect, and electric-like shock waves rippled back and forth between them and her crotch.

Daisy didn't try to stop the soft little moans of pleasure that escaped from between her parted lips, as Max tongued and sucked first one boob, then the other. She even used her own hands to push more of each firm, springy, hard-tipped jug into his hot, greedy mouth.

He soon left her tingling titties, though, and settled back on his haunches. He stared at her blonde crotch and ran the tips of his fingers through her soft, curly pussy hairs. Then he parted her moist cunt-lips with his thumbs. He hesitated, still staring, his dark eyes glowing, then leaned forward and licked the flat of his tongue up through her gash. She gasped.

He looked up at her face, licked his lips, and grinned. "Not bad at all. You smell good, too. If I eat your pussy, will you suck my cock?"

Daisy wanted more of his tongue, but she wasn't sure she wanted to return the favor. She'd often day-dreamed about how it might be to take a hard cock into her mouth, but she wasn't sure she wanted to experiment with Max. She felt she'd like to save something for a man she loved. Besides, if a cock spurted into her mouth, she just might get sick.

"Maybe we'd better just have sex the regular way, Max. Go ahead and put it in. I have to go home soon and-oh, sweet Jesus!"

Max had mashed his mouth between Daisy's parted cunt-lips and jabbed his tongue against the folds of tender flesh. She lurched upward and teetered on the very edge of the seat cushion as Max grabbed her ass and tongue-fucked her steaming snatch. The sensation was breathtakingly marvelous. She cried out with pleasure when his tongue made contact with her stiffened clitoris.

When his tongue fluttered against the tip of her erect clit, she grabbed his head with her fingers and clutched at his thick hair. He encompassed her passion-button with his Ups and sucked furiously, his tongue lapping and twirling around the tense bump of throbbing flesh.

Daisy spun off into a wondrous orgasm within seconds. She jerked and jolted spasmodically, her fingernails digging into his bobbing scalp. She clamped her upper teeth down over her full lower lip to keep from screaming. It felt good to have her cunt lapped, her clit sucked. Wonderfully good. Almost as good as being fucked by his hard, stiff cock.

Max kept lapping and sucking until Daisy sagged limply. He had to struggle to free his head from her clutching fingers. When he did lift his face, he wiped the back of his hand across his wet, glistening Ups. Daisy knew he'd swallowed some of her juices.

"I did it right, huh?" Max asked, lifting until he was sitting on the seat beside Daisy.

"I guess so," Daisy said, watching as Max pushed his zipper down and tugged his erect cock out into the open. "It sure did feel good."

Max quickly unfastened his belt and pushed his pants and shorts down around his ankles. He left his white T-shirt in place. Daisy stared at the thrusting cock and the big balls. The stiff prick looked huge to her, but she was sure it was only about six inches long. The shaft was thick, though, and the knob looked too big for her to take into her mouth.

"Go ahead and give it a try," Max said, grasping the base of his jutting prick with a thumb and

forefinger and waving it around in little circles. "I did you, baby, and if you don't suck my cock, I'll say you did anyhow for my own protection."

"I don't intend to tell about anything we do, Max!"

"I had you figured as a good sport, Daisy. Hell, you can at least suck it for a few seconds! I won't shoot off in your mouth if you don't want me to. I'd rather not, anyhow. I still want to fuck you, and we don't have time for me to shoot two loads."

Daisy reached over and grasped his thick, stiff shaft. She could feel it throbbing. Her pulse quickened and she felt a dryness in her mouth and a strange choking sensation in her throat. Max's cock wasn't circumcised, but the foreskin was pulled back over the swollen head. The big knob looked clean, and the faint odor wasn't at all repulsive.

Suddenly making up her mind, Daisy leaned over and licked the hard, sleek cockhead. There wasn't much of a taste, which surprised her, and the heady male-smell drifting up to her nostrils really turned her on. She opened her mouth wide and slipped it down over the crown. She thrilled to the sensation, and shoved her clenched fingers down to the base of his thrusting prick when Max removed his hand.

"That feels great, baby, but take it easy with your teeth!"

Daisy had started sucking on his hard rod, taking more and more into her mouth. She obeyed Max, understanding his concern, feeling the saliva forming in her mouth and making his rigid tool slippery. That diluted the slight salty taste even more, and she dimly wondered what sperm would taste like.

Daisy didn't have a chance to find that out right then. Just as she ready began enjoying the blowjob-with her cunt twitching and quivering as if his hard cock was in that hotbox instead of in her greedily sucking mouth-Max pushed her away and said he was ready to fuck. She was ready to be fucked, but she was a little disappointed because she'd been willing to carry the cocksucking to its logical conclusion.

His stiff, glistening cock swaying from side to side, Max again got down between Daisy's parted legs. He waited for her to do the guiding. She put one hand down, took hold of the saliva-coated shaft, and placed the enlarged cockhead between her moist pussylips. He shoved in as soon as she removed her hand.

She moaned with pleasure as the hard cock sank to the hilt in her succulent cunt. Maybe she didn't love Max, but she sure as hell loved to have his throbbing cock fucking her. She'd loved it when she'd had it in her mouth, too. Maybe she'd take a chance on staying away from home long enough to suck him an the way off after he got through shooting his jizz into her twat. If he could get another hard-on, of course. The other two times one ejaculation had left his cock soft and limp.

"It feels so good jut soaking like this, Daisy. I'm so glad you let me fuck you. I've always lied to the guys, but you're ready the first piece of ass I ever had."

Daisy clamped her cunt muscles around his hard rod and panted, "We'd better hurry."

Max groaned and started thrusting. She thrilled to the delightful sensation and began rolling her hips and hunching along with him. He surprised her by mashing his mouth to hers. She accepted his tongue and met it with her own. They kissed feverishly, lashing their tongues together, and he quickened the tempo of his strokes.

Daisy met the new pace, swiftly racing toward an orgasm, and they soon broke the passionate French kiss. His fingers had been clutching at her hips. He slipped his hands on under and clasped her wriggling butt. Within sixty seconds she was moaning and bucking through a climax. Every muscle in her strained as the glorious sensations racked her body. Finally, she was still and silent, and Max hadn't shot off; his cock was still hard and throbbing in her twitching cunt.

"Remember how messy it was, Daisy? Maybe you'd like to finish me off with your mouth."

Daisy met Max's passion-filmed eyes. Why not? she asked herself. She might as well go all the way. He'd made her come with his mouth, and she really did want to suck his cock again. She didn't have to swallow the stuff, and she wouldn't have to try to get herself clean with a handkerchief as she had the other two times.

"All right," she said, laughing nervously. "Maybe it'd prove I'm a good sport."

Max's stiff prick made a little slurpy sound as he withdrew it from Daisy's juicy pussy. He lifted and plunked his naked ass down on the seat. She got down between his legs. His thrusting cock was glistening with her cunt juices. She'd never touched his heavy balls. She put one hand on the hairy, wrinkled sac. The sperm-filled balls were drawn up tight, but they still moved around in their bag, as she gently squeezed with her fingers.

Curious, she impulsively licked the wet cock-head. Her pussy's fluids tasted both sweet and salty. She opened her mouth and engulfed the big knob with one swift motion. She remembered reading a spicy story where a girl had sucked a guy's cock for the first time. How had she done it? The girl had just twirled her tongue and sucked up and down until the cock shot off in her mouth and throat, Daisy thought a little wildly. She'd swallowed rapidly until all the jism in her mouth had been ingested and then licked around the head to urge out the last drops.

Daisy had been sucking and twirling her tongue around the swollen cockhead. She started to bob her head. Max's cock slid in about halfway on the downstrokes and almost entirely out of her oval Ups on the upstrokes. She lost herself in the strange pleasure. There was an exhilarating sense of power in sucking a cock. It was really great fun. The knowledge that she was giving Max great pleasure added to her own enjoyment.

Grabbing the base of the shaft with a thumb and forefinger to hold it steady, Daisy began taking more and more of the hard male meat. The swollen head hit the back of her mouth, and for a moment she thought she was going to gag. She lifted, tried it again, and the gagging sensation lessened. She felt Max's hands on her head and heard him say he was about to come.

Daisy had already sensed the imminent explosion, but Max's words filled her with near-panic. She didn't falter, though, and didn't struggle when Max held on tightly to her head, lurched upward, and drove his cock deep into her throat. His cock jerked erratically and spewed out a hot stream of thick cream. She had to swallow frantically to keep from smothering, or drowning, and she thought the hot cum would never stop spurting.

Max finally relaxed his grip, and she lifted her mouth from his rapidly softening dick. The sperm had a bitter-sweet salty taste. She let the limber tool slip from her mouth and licked the cum from her lips.

"I'm sorry I got so rough, Daisy. It felt so damned good I just got carried away."

Daisy didn't answer, nor did she look at Max's face. She'd enjoyed the experience, but she didn't feel very proud of herself. She'd turned out to be a wanton bitch, that was for sure, and how could he

have any respect for her after she'd sucked him off and gulped his tasty sperm down like a slut? Maybe if she loved him, it'd be different. Still, looking at his soft cock, she knew that if it was hard, she'd go at it with her greedy mouth again.

"You'd better take me home," she said, moving from between his legs and gathering up her clothes. "It's getting late and my Pa might be drunk enough to beat me for staying out this long."

Max didn't speak until Daisy had dressed and he had his pants and shorts back in place. "Why don't you report your old man to the authorities, Daisy? Or move out?"

"I've asked myself the same question many times lately," Daisy said, still not meeting Max's eyes. "Maybe I stay because I remember how nice my father was before my mother died. I feel that I should look after my kid brother, too."

Max didn't say anything, and Daisy got out of the car and got in front. Max crawled over the back of the front seat and got under the wheel. He started the car and drove over the speed limit while taking her home. They didn't exchange any words until she told him to let her out a block from her home.

He pulled to the curb. "When can we have another date, Daisy? Maybe if I talked to your father..."

"He doesn't want me to go with boys. I'll see you at school Monday. I have a baby-sitting job tomorrow afternoon and in the evening. Pa doesn't mind if I... Oh, hell, I don't want to bore you with my problems!"

It was dark by then. Daisy got out of the car and hurried along the sidewalk. It was a rough, crummy neighborhood, and Daisy knew Max would sit there in his father's car until she got to her house. Then he'd go to his own lovely home in a nice so section of the town and maybe go out that evening with a girl from a family like his. He was a nice guy, and she enjoyed being with him for other than sexual reasons, but she might as well face the fact he was out of her class socially.

Nearing the small, run-down dwelling, Daisy hoped her father wouldn't be mean drunk. She should've been there to fix his supper. And Troy's. Her brother was fifteen, but he was as helpless in his own way as their father.

Troy was half-demented. He'd been accidentally hit in the head with a baseball bat two years before, shortly after their mother's death. Their mother had died suddenly, with a stroke, and their father had swiftly gone downhill. They'd had a fairly nice home then; he'd had a good job as a carpenter, but within six months he'd lost everything because of drinking. They'd moved into the shack, her father managed to sober up enough to do odd jobs now and then, and she'd tried to keep the family together-as she felt her mother would've wanted her to do.

Some family! She hoped there was no way for her mother to know what had happened. Her pa had turned from a kind, gentle father into a drunken beast. He was always patting her on the ass, leering at her, making cracks about how she was probably fucking anything with pants, trying to see her when she was dressing or undressing. She didn't like to admit it, because it seemed so wrong, but she was getting to hate him more and more.

Poor Troy! He'd been such a good kid before getting hit on the head. She didn't hate him, since she knew he wasn't responsible, but he was just about as bad as their pa when it came to trying to see her naked body. He'd even sneaked up behind her and pulled up her dress. He also seemed to be jacking off most of the time. He'd do it right in front of her. She'd told her father, in as nice a way as she knew how, but he'd just laughed and said to let the crazy kid enjoy himself.

There was a light on the small living room and empty beer cans were scattered all around. Daisy heard voices coming from the bedroom her father and brother shared. One was a female voice, and she was prepared for what she saw before she tiptoed down the hallway. Her father was on the bed, his naked ass going up and down, as he banged a woman she'd never seen before. Troy was sitting on the cot he slept on, his attention focused upon the fucking couple, his fist going to town on his own thrusting cock.

There was a whiskey bottle, glasses, and more beer cans on the bedside table. The overhead light was on. Daisy, her eyes going back to her father's humping ass, wondered if she should leave the house and come back later. She was supposed to've returned home right after the football game, though, and maybe her father wouldn't beat her if she went to her room. Maybe he'd pass out, the woman would leave, and she wouldn't have to face him until the next mowing.

Daisy could see the females passion-contorted face. Eyes closed, the slut-she just about had to be a slut to be letting Fred Morley fuck her-began hunching and wriggling wildly. Daisy suddenly found herself staring into the passionate woman's bloodshot eyes. She quickly turned, opened the door to her room, entered, and closed the door behind her. She leaned her back against the door, her legs trembling, ashamed because the crotch of her panties had gotten damp during the few seconds she'd watched the torrid screwing in the other crummy bedroom.

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## Chapter 2

Daisy didn't turn the light on. She went over to the bed, sat down, and stared into the darkness. The door didn't have a lock, but she didn't think she'd be bothered. Not until her father had gotten rid of the woman and put his clothes on, anyway. Maybe the sex would calm her father down enough so he'd forget about punishing her because she hadn't come right home.

Leaving her clothes on, she kicked off her sandals and stretched out on the bed. She could hear the bed springs squeaking across the hall. She was hungry, but she was afraid to go to the kitchen. Her father seemed to be lasting a long time.

The woman hadn't looked all that bad. Not as bad as a couple of the other sluts. She'd looked to be around thirty. Not that she'd seen much of the woman's body, Daisy thought. Just her legs and her arms, and a glimpse of her hips as she fucked back at her father. Her skin had looked smooth and was very white.

Daisy couldn't rid herself of the mental image of her father's humping ass. He wasn't very hairy, and his cock was at least two inches longer than Max's. She'd seen a woman take just about all of the hard tool into her mouth and down her throat, too. Since she'd sucked Max's cock, she could at least understand why the woman had sucked her father's big prick. And she could understand why the new woman was letting herself be pronged by that big prick, of course.

She couldn't understand why her father was so open about it, though. Even if he was drunk, that wasn't a good enough excuse to let her catch him in the act. There was no excuse for allowing her brother to watch, either. Maybe he meant to give Troy a turn at the slut. Maybe her brother had already fucked the woman. The fact that he was beating his meat while watching didn't mean anything. The kid could probably climax four or five times within just a short period of time. His cock was almost as long as Max's. It wasn't as big around, though-and she'd better stop thinking about the two cocks across the hall!

Daisy heard voices, the woman's and her fathers, but she couldn't make out what they were saying.

She realized the woman must've been telling about seeing her when she heard the door being pushed open.

The overhead light went on and Daisy sat upright in bed, temporarily blinded. When she was able to see, she didn't know whether to scream or run. Actually, she fleetingly thought, she wasn't capable of doing either one. She felt numb, mentally and physically, and at the same time there was a warmth spreading from her crotch that filled her with disgust for herself.

Her father stood there, a silly grin on his good-looking features, naked, his cock hard and thrusting, stir wet with what had to be cunt juices. The naked woman stood beside him, smiling drunkenly, her big tits hanging, her hands on her wide hips. The bush growing between her legs was dark and fluffy.

"Where the hey have you been, Daisy? Out fucking some young jerk i

n the back of a car? Hey, Troy! Bring a bottle in here! This is my lovely young daughter, Agnes. Ain't she a living doll? Wait 'til you see her naked!"

Daisy's father and Agnes had moved close to the bed, one on each side. Troy came in with a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a silly grin on his young face. His other hand was still holding onto his poking prick, slowly stroking the hard organ.

"Why don't you take care of the kid, Agnes? See if you can make his pecker wilt for a few minutes!"

Daisy's father took the bottle from Troy's hand, sat down on the side of the bed, and told Daisy to take a drink. She told him she didn't want to. He slapped her face hard, and told her he didn't want any back talk. She rubbed her cheek, fighting back the tears, and let some of the whiskey trickle down her throat as he tilted the bottle to her lips. He ordered her to drink, and she obeyed, gulping the liquor down until he lowered the bottle.

Agnes had dropped down before Troy and pushed his pants and shorts down around his ankles. She was stroking his jutting cock with one hand and fondling his sizable balls with her other hand. She leaned forward and ran the tip of her tongue around over the blunt end of the cockhead. Troy pushed forward and she let his cock slip into her mouth. She began sucking and Troy began hunching, fucking his rod into her greedy mouth.

"Drain the kid dry," Daisy's father said, laughing. "Hell, if his pecker's still up after you suck him off, I'll let him fuck you, Agnes. It's time he had his first piece of ass!"

Watching Agnes giving Troy a blowjob made Daisy horny despite the combination of disgust and fear she was experiencing. She remembered how much she'd enjoyed cocksucking such a short time before. She thought it was terrible the way her drunken father was behaving, and she was afraid he meant to take liberties with her.

A quick glance told her his glistening cock was still thrusting stiffly. She didn't like the wicked thoughts that popped into her mind, either. She didn't want him to touch her with his hands or with his big dick!

Troy groaned and Daisy saw the muscles in his legs and ass tense. He grabbed Agnes' dark, stringy hair and all of his prick disappeared into her greedily sucking mouth. Daisy knew her brother's sperm was spurting down the woman's throat. She felt her father's fingers grip one of her bare thighs.

"Do you do that to your fucking boy friends, Daisy? Take another drink. Join the party. Hell, we only live once and Agnes agrees I'd be stupid not to give you a try."

Daisy's father hadn't raised his voice, and that frightened her even more than if he'd spoken loudly. She was sure he was sobering up, which made the terrible situation even worse, and she wondered if she should try to fight him. She didn't want to get hurt, and if he was mean enough to rape her, he'd undoubtedly stop at nothing to have his way with her.

The fingers had moved higher on her thigh, up under her dress, and she felt she had to resist, for her father's sake as well as for her own. He'd realize just how terrible incest was when he got completely sober. She just had to do something.

When her father put the bottle to her lips, Daisy knocked it from his hand and leaped from the bed. He caught her before she could get to the doorway. He picked her up in his strong arms, then staggered as he carried her back to the bed. She was kicking and pounding her fists against his chest, but she saw Agnes, her big boobs flopping, grabbing the bottle up from the floor.

Her father tossed her onto the bed. She landed on her back and bounced up and down. He followed, getting on his hands and knees, straddling her, then grabbed the "V" of her dress and ripped it all the way down the front. She saw Agnes lowering the bottle from her lips, a smirk on her face, her eyes blazing. Troy was still standing, his cock still hard, his fist again pounding away. She looked at his face, saw the silly grin, the lustful gleam in his eyes, and knew he wouldn't try to help her.

Daisy slapped at her father's hand when he hooked his fingers under her brassiere between the full cups. He lifted his other hand and slapped her face hard enough to bring tears to her eyes. The straps dug into her flesh painfully when he ripped the bra down through the middle.

Knowing she was helpless, Daisy closed her eyes and gritted her teeth, determined not to help in any way with the rape that now seemed inevitable. She didn't struggle as her father pushed her around on the bed and quickly stripped her clothes all the way off. She even lifted her ass so he could peel her brief panties down without destroying them. They were the best pair she had.

Completely naked, she kept her eyes closed, listening to her drunken father's heavy breathing, forcing herself not to flinch as he ran his hands all over her tense body. She heard Agnes say something about what a beautiful body she had, then her father's greedy mouth was feasting upon one of her jutting boobs.

Her nipple jumped to attention and his caressing fingers caused the other tip to become erect. The pleasurable sensations darted back and forth between her tits and her crotch, and she wished there was some way she could turn all of her senses off. She didn't want to experience pleasure from the wicked way her hateful father was treating her.

One of her father's hands slid down across her trembling belly and cupped her furry cunt. A finger slipped between the moist lips, probed deep into the folds of flesh, and she knew she was lost. Her body was going to betray her, she knew. She was already getting so horny she couldn't keep her body still.

Daisy failed to suppress a little moan when her father's finger made contact with her clitoris. The sensitive organ stiffened, and it was all she could do to keep from hunching up at it.

Her father pulled his finger from her box, then lifted his mouth and tongue from her throbbing tit. "By damn, you ain't no virgin!"

Daisy opened her eyes. She wished she had the nerve to slap the smirk from her father's face. She guessed it'd be stupid to take a chance on being seriously hurt, though. She concentrated upon letting him see the hate and disgust in her eyes.

"Don't you think it's too much to expect to get your own daughter's cherry? Go ahead and fuck me and get it over, Pa."

Daisy thought her words might make her drunken father realize just how low-down he'd become and he'd leave her alone. It didn't work out that way. He mashed his mouth to hers and jammed his tongue down her throat. She managed to resist the urge to bite down with her teeth. She didn't return the tongue-probing kiss, though-not even when he began sucking on her lips and shoved his finger back into her steaming snatch.

He soon returned to her throbbing titties, greedily sucking each taut-tipped jug in turn, then walked backward on his knees and tongued his way down to her crotch. He pulled his finger from her quivering pussy, roughly forced her legs apart, parted the blonde hairs with his wet tongue, then snaked it between her cuntlips, which were still puffy from Max's pronging. She failed to suppress a little gasp.

He probed deep with his tongue, jabbed a few times, then began going at her cunt like a madman. She thought he was going to eat her alive. He sucked and chewed on both her outer and inner pussylips, making loud slurping sounds, and even nipped and pulled at her cunt hairs with his teeth.

Soon Daisy found it impossible to keep her body still. Her father slipped his hands under, grabbed her squirming ass, and clamped his lips around her elongated clit. He began sucking so furiously it felt as if he might suck the stiff, throbbing bud right out of her pulsating pussy,

She wriggled wildly as she peaked, the spasms leaving her limp and weak. Her father kept right on sucking and lapping. Agnes stepped close to the bed and offered Daisy the whiskey bottle.

"Take a drink, honey. Your father's a long-lasting stud, and when he gets through eating and starts fucking your little twat, you're going to really need some of this good whiskey."

Daisy had waved the bottle and the woman away. When her father kept right on lapping her cunt, she changed her mind and took the bottle. She thought about hitting her father's bobbing head, but she tilted the heavy bottle to her lips and took two big swallows of the strong stuff.

The liquor caused a pleasant glow in the pit of her stomach. Her father shoved a finger into her juicy cunt and began finger-fucking her while continuing to lap and suck her clit. Oh, God, she thought, unable to keep from hunching with the double stimulation, she was on her way to another climax. It was like some crazy nightmare!

Agnes took the bottle from Daisy's hand and took a big drink. Daisy saw that her nutty young brother was still staring, his mouth wide open, his eyes glazed, his fist slowly moving on his poking cock. The poor demented kid, she thought. He wasn't responsible for what he was doing, but their pa was, even if he was crazy drunk.

Just as Daisy was on the verge of another orgasm, her father stopped sucking and lifted his face, his eyes glazed with passion. He licked his wet lips, and kept right on thrusting his finger in and out of her clinging cunt.

"Tell me you want to be fucked, Daisy. Say it loud and clear so I won't have to figure out some way to keep you from blabbing and getting me in trouble."



Daisy was suddenly frightened, and decided she'd better try to make her father think she didn't really mind fucking him. He might get afraid she'd try to get him in trouble and be just crazy drunk enough to do her serious harm, maybe even kill her.

"Why don't you have another drink first?" she asked, forcing a smile. "I want you to give me a damned good fucking, and another drink'll give you extra strength."

Her father stared at her for a moment, removed his finger from her cunt, then took the bottle Agnes handed him. "I'm glad you're getting some sense, Daisy. You got a real sweet pussy and we're going to have a lot of fun from now on." He took a big drink and gave the bottle back to Agnes. "You liked it a lot when I went down on you, didn't you, honey?"

"Yes," Daisy said, realizing that if a stranger heard the talk, it'd sound as if her father were sober. He seldom slurred his words when drinking, yet she wondered if he'd even remember what he'd done after he'd slept for a few hours.

He positioned himself between her legs, and Daisy put a hand down to do the guiding. The whiskey she'd had, on top of the six pack she'd shared with Max, had started to make her feel lightheaded. She might as well try to enjoy herself, she thought bitterly. A cock was a cock, and if her horny, heavy-hung father was going to fuck her, she'd get just as much pleasure out of the wicked incestuous act as possible.

Daisy's father seemed surprised when she grabbed his big hard cock with her fingers. It was so huge she was momentarily afraid she might be injured. Her cunt was so juicy the big knob slipped in quite easily, though, and she began to forget she was being fucked by her own father when he shoved the long shaft in all the way and lowered his chest down against her tingling boobs.

He began pumping, lifting his ass high, then plunging his big prick deep. She felt she should refuse to cooperate in any way, but the thrilling sensations produced by his pistoning cock wouldn't let her remain still. She began meeting his powerful thrusts, rapidly losing herself in the blissful dash toward fulfillment. When he mashed his mouth to hers, she returned the tongue-lashing kiss, realizing she was tasting her own juices, no longer caring that it was her father's cock giving her such tremendous pleasure.

He broke the feverish kiss and told Agnes to tongue his asshole. The woman got on the bed and complied. Soon Daisy could feel Agnes doing more than that. Her father slowed his thrusts, leaving only the head of his cock embedded on the upstroke, and Daisy felt the woman's hot tongue licking her clinging cuntlips.

Because of her recent orgasm, Daisy lasted longer than she thought she would. She was surprised when after only a couple of minutes her father began to slam his cock to her furiously. She sensed he was about to shoot. She didn't want to be left hanging, so she matched him thrust for thrust, automatically using her inner muscles as she'd done to add to Max's pleasure.

He tensed, thrust deep, then pumped erratically as his cock jerked in her clasp cunt and jetted lava-hot sperm. Daisy suddenly tensed and strained, gripped in a shattering orgasm. Before she had a chance to recover, she heard her father being slapped on his ass and Agnes telling him to hurry and pull his cock out.

Daisy wasn't prepared for what happened next. Her father did withdraw his cock, which had become almost totally soft, and flopped over on his back. Agnes pounced on his wet dick with her mouth and tongue, quickly licking and sucking off the combination of jism and cunt juice. Then she mashed her mouth against Daisy's sopping pussy and began to slurp up the deposited cum.

It didn't take long for Agnes to get all of Fred's jizz. She began lapping and sucking Daisy's clit and her tongue reminded Daisy of fluttering butterfly wings. Daisy was instantly aroused again. She'd read and heard of lesbian sex, but she'd never given the subject much thought. The very idea had given her a queasy feeling, and she'd never had any thoughts about experimenting with that type of sex. What the woman was doing felt wonderful, but Daisy decided she'd fight like hell if they tried to make her reciprocate. She definitely had no desire to put her mouth on the wanton slut's cunt!

Daisy's father had gotten the bottle from the bedside table. He was sitting upright on the bed, his eyes on Agnes' bobbing head, while taking a drink of whiskey now and then. His big cock was once again stiffly erect. One of his hands was fondling Daisy's throbbing ditties.

"Hey, Troy! You want to fuck Agnes?"

"Yeah, Pa!"

"Then take all your clothes off, including your socks. It ain't good manners to fuck a lady with your socks on!"

Some lady, Daisy thought, watching as her brother stopped beating his meat and leaned over to get himself completely naked. He staggered around getting his shoes and socks off, then his pants and shorts from around his ankles. He straightened, the familiar silly grin on his face, and grabbed his erect cock again, seeming to have forgotten what he was going to do.

Daisy's father said, "Take your shirt off Troy. Then get behind Agnes and fuck her dog-fashion. You've seen dogs fucking, haven't you?"

"Yeah, Pa!"

Troy let go of his hard prick long enough to shuck out of his shirt. He wasn't wearing an undershirt. Daisy was surprised her father hadn't told her brother to fuck her. She wouldn't've resisted-and not only to keep from sending her pa into a rage. Since she'd had incestuous relations with her father, Daisy figured she might as well make her nutty brother happy, too. She knew the liquor she'd consumed was influencing her thinking, as well as enabling her to enter into the sexual acts with more and more enthusiasm, but she'd reached a point where she just didn't care what happened. Her father had brought her down to his depraved level, and she didn't think she'd have any respect for herself ever again.

Agnes stopped sucking Daisy's clit and lifted her head when Troy got on the bed behind her uplifted ass. She brushed the stringy hair out of her eyes, winked at Daisy, licked her wet lips in an exaggerated manner, and reached back to guide Troy's cock.

As soon as Troy's prick penetrated Agnes' pussy, he grabbed her hips and began fucking her furiously. Agnes hunched along with his fast thrush and returned her mouth and tongue to Daisy's cunt. Daisy arched her hips until Agnes made contact with her clitoris, then settled her ass back down upon the mattress when Agnes began lapping and sucking.

Daisy's father got rid of the whiskey bottle and straddled Daisy, lowering his balls and ass down on her upper stomach. He kept most of his weight on his knees and legs and placed his big hard cock into the valley between her jutting titties. He used both hands to push her boobs against his rigid rod and began making fucking motions.

Daisy was so horny from Agnes' muff-diving she was ready for anything. A little bead of clear liquid oozed out of the slit in the blunt end of her father's cock. When he thrust close to her lips, she

Impulsively darted her tongue out and scooped up the hot pre-cum.

He shoved his prick closer and she parted her lips and let the big knob slip inside her mouth, careful not to scrape it with her teeth. She laved the sleek, swollen tip with her tongue. Her father lifted enough to let more of the hard meat go into her mouth. Daisy began sucking, and he lifted his ass higher, feeding her more of his long, thick rod. He put one hand behind her head and tugged, driving the hard tool deep into her throat.

Daisy didn't gag, and she was thankful for her recent experience sucking Max's shorter cock, but she was glad when her father let her determine how much of his cock to suck without hurting her throat. She did manage to suck on almost the entire length of the stiff shaft, and soon she was eager to feel and taste his spurting cum.

Daisy bucked through another orgasm and tried to make her father shoot his wad at the same time. She failed, and he pulled his cock from her mouth and said he wanted to fuck her again. Agnes lifted her face from between Daisy's legs and said Troy had shot off once and was still going strong.

"You got two mighty fine kids, Fred! We gotta have these parties often!"

"We sure will," Daisy's father said, chuckling and getting on his back. "Stretch out beside me, Agnes, and let Troy get on top and fuck you while Daisy rides my dick. Stop fucking for a few seconds, Troy! You can climb right back on in a minute!"

Daisy went along with the new arrangement without being too disappointed. Her jaws were getting a little tired, and she did like having a cock in her cunt more than she did a tongue. She watched Troy and Agnes make the shift before mounting her father's jutting prick.

After a couple of minutes of bouncing on her father's big cock, Daisy climaxed again. He didn't get his gun, and his prick was still just as stiff as it could be.

Troy was still pounding away on top of Agnes. She had her legs wrapped around his waist, and her ankles locked behind his back. She was also clutching at his ass, one finger jammed into his bung. Daisy didn't want any part of that kind of act, with her finger or with her tongue.

Daisy's father told her to suck his cock again, and she didn't hesitate. She lifted and walked backward on her hands and knees until her face was suspended directly over his glistening prick. She lowered and sucked greedily, enjoying herself, but suddenly wanting to put an end to the depraved enjoyment as soon as possible. The glow she'd gotten from the whiskey was wearing off, and feelings of guilt and shame were mingling with her passion.

"I hate to admit it, but I'm getting tired," Agnes said. "Come on, Troy! Pop your nuts and let's take a little nap!"

"We'll all take a nap as soon as Daisy sucks me off, Agnes."

"This son of yours is quite a fucker, Fred. Why don't you let him prong Daisy? That might make him dump his load faster."

Daisy had been listening, but she hadn't faltered. She knew her father wouldn't let her go until he'd popped his nuts, and she also wanted the spurting reward for her efforts. She wasn't surprised when she heard her father tell Troy to stop fucking Agnes and start fucking her. Despite her disgust for her father, and for herself, she felt a new surge of excitement at the thought of having two hard cocks at the same time.

## Chapter 3

Daisy didn't look, but she felt her brother withdrawing from Agnes. She didn't want to see Troy's face. She didn't stop sucking or attempt to do the guiding. Her ass was hiked high in the air, and she knew her gash was gaping. She felt her brother snuggle in close and put the end of his stiff prick at the right place. He grabbed her hips and shoved his cock in deep. Daisy sucked even more greedily and hunched along with the pistoning prick in her clasping cunt. The sensation of sucking one cock and being fucked by another at the same time was mind-bending. It was wicked, wicked, but she was already coming, coming, coming!

Daisy tried desperately to make her father's cock explode at the same time, but she failed. Her brother didn't climax, either. She pulled her mouth and tongue from her father's thrusting tool. Her jaws were aching. She felt she'd had enough sucking and fucking to last her a long, long time. She met her father's bloodshot eyes and told him that.

He told her she could rest after she'd made him and Troy shoot their wads, then added, "You wouldn't leave a boy friend hanging, would you, Daisy? Well, from now on you're going to be kept too busy at home to want to suck or fuck anybody else. Get down here where your hot-ass sister can get at your cock with her mouth, Troy!"

Daisy's brother was still pumping. He stopped, pulled his cock from her cunt, and stretched out on the bed. Daisy lifted her mouth from her father's big dick and began sucking the smaller one, not minding that it was coated with her own cunt fluids. She easily took all of Troy's prick into her mouth. He seemed to be right on the brink of a climax so she sucked up and down furiously, aware that Agnes had taken her place on her father's prick.

Troy only lasted about sixty seconds. Daisy squeezed his balls as his cock jerked and jetted hot jism. She gulped the cum down, finding it easy after sucking Max off. She was pleased when her brother's cock began to wilt. Now all she had to do was make her father's dong limp and then when they went to sleep, she'd leave the crummy shack and never come back.

Daisy's father pushed Agnes from his cock and told Daisy to start sucking. She obeyed, experiencing the same sense of power she knew she'd always enjoy each time she sucked a cock in the future. He lasted and lasted, long enough for Daisy to think quite rationally despite the pleasure she was having while sucking his cock.

She knew she'd always feel guilty because of her part in the incestuous acts, just as she knew she hadn't put up much of a fight to keep those acts from happening. Sure, she was afraid of her drunken father, and he might've hurt her at first, but there ready wasn't anything keeping her from stopping right then.

She could get up, grab something to cover her nakedness, and dash out of the home if her father tried to catch her. She was just as weak in her own way as he was in his, she knew. She'd loved the sucking and fucking, and she wasn't about to stop until she got the spurting reward for her efforts.

Daisy opened her eyes without stopping her sucking movements. She was holding the big shaft steady with one hand and squeezing the big, sperm-laden balls with the other. Her father had his eyes closed, the pleasure he was experiencing registering on his face.

Troy's cock was soft and flopped back on his stomach. His eyes were closed, but she didn't think he was sleeping. She had the feeling it'd somehow soaked into his addled head that he'd been a part of

a very wicked and shameful orgy. She felt sorry for him, but she couldn't think of anything she could do about it.

Agnes' eyes were closed, and she seemed to have either gone to sleep or passed out from too much booze. Daisy hoped the same thing would happen to her father shortly after he shot his wad. It'd be simple to get out of the house if he did. She didn't know where she was going, but she wasn't staying home even for the rest of the night.

When her father's big cock did finally shoot off, Daisy couldn't take the spewing cum fast enough. It overflowed her greedily sucking mouth and dribbled down the spasmodically jerking shaft. She had to stop to catch her breath and gobs and gobs of the hot, thick, sticky cream kept gushing out. Daisy used her fist to drain the last few drops, glad when the big cock began to droop.

Daisy saw that her father's eyes were closed. Almost immediately he began snoring. Slowly and carefully, she walked backward on her hands and knees. Her brother's eyes opened. She forced a smile. He just stared. She slipped off the bed and held a finger to her lips. He kept staring, his eyes dropping to her tits. She saw his cock begin to lift. Daisy hurried from the room, paused in the hall, then peeked to see what Troy would do.

Her brother raised up and looked over at Agnes. The silly grin appeared on his face. He slipped from the bed, walked around to the other side, and stood there looking at Agnes. Her legs were parted. His cock was stiffly thrusting again.

He climbed onto the bed and got between Agnes' legs, his hand holding onto his hard cock. He slowly lowered, shoving his prick into the woman's pussy. She didn't move or open her eyes.

Daisy watched her brother's humping ass until she was sure the woman wasn't going to come out of her drunken stupor even while being fucked, then hurried to a bureau drawer. She quickly got two pairs of panties, two bras, a skirt, blouse, sweater, and a pair of faded blue jeans. Then she got her sandals from the floor, watched Troy for a few seconds, and hurried from the bedroom.

She went to the tiny bathroom, hurriedly washed her face and her crotch at the basin, then brushed her teeth. There was a small zipper bag on a shelf. Daisy dressed in panties, bra, sweater, and jeans. Putting the extra clothes in the canvas bag, she added her toothbrush, paste, and a few other toiletries. She remembered dropping her small purse on a table in the living room. She had about three dollars in it, and on the way to the kitchen she reminded herself not to forget the purse.

She was nervous and had lost her appetite, but she figured she'd be hungry soon and she didn't want to stop in a restaurant where she might be known. She found a jar of peanut butter and put it and half a loaf of bread in the zipper bag. Troy and her father would just have to learn to shift for themselves, she thought. Maybe with her gone, her brother would be put in an institution where he belonged. She didn't really care what her drunken bum of a father did.

Daisy peeked into the bedroom. Troy was still humping Agnes, and the woman wasn't moving, seemingly still passed out. Daisy's father was still snoring. Daisy, figuring it'd be a long time before she saw her brother or her father again, if ever, felt a little lump form in her throat. Was she letting her dead mother down by taking off?

She had to look out for herself, though. The story of what had happened would be all over town, told by the slut and probably by her brother, and Daisy didn't want to be around to take the consequences. She'd miss the kids at school, the cheerleading at the football games, and Max, but she couldn't face anybody after what had happened. Her father might even get into serious trouble, and she guessed she owed him enough for the good years just to fade out of the picture.

Daisy didn't forget her purse. The streets were deserted as she hurried the few blocks to a main highway running east and west. She hesitated, realizing she hadn't made any plans at all. She decided to head west. She didn't have any foolish ideas of trying to get in the movies, but she did feel she could lose herself in a big city like Los Angeles. She could find some kind of a job, and maybe even manage to finish high school.

It had turned cool. Daisy started walking, wishing she'd brought her only coat. She didn't want to go back, though, and hoped she'd get a ride before long. She didn't try to hitchhike until she was well out of town. After thumbing a few cars as they zoomed past, she realized she'd made a mistake. Drivers were probably afraid to pick somebody up out on a lonely highway.

Soon, deciding nobody was going to stop, as well as thinking it might not be safe for her to get a ride at night, Daisy started walking. It got colder and the usual Texas wind was blowing. She stayed well away from the pavement, walked fast to keep warm, and soon she didn't even look at the cars when they sped by.

It was about three o'clock in the morning, Daisy figured, when she began to get very tired. There was no moon, but there were plenty of bright stars, and the wind had died down a little. She began to look for a place to rest and maybe sleep. After daylight she'd flag a ride and she might even look for a job long before she got to Los Angeles.

She spotted a fairly large signboard on the right. There was a fence, but she got over it without any trouble. She went behind the big sign and stretched out on her back, using the zipper bag as a pillow. Despite the cold, Daisy soon fell fast asleep.

The sun on her face woke Daisy up. At first she didn't know where she was. Remembering the sordid details, she wondered if her father would be foolish enough to report her missing and try and get her back. She doubted it. If he was sober enough he'd probably be glad he didn't have to face her.

The sun was hot, but it wasn't all that high. Thinking it'd ready be a scorcher later in the day, Daisy decided to change into her skirt and blouse. After she'd made the change, she ate and then hit the road again.

She was a little stiff, but after a short while on the highway, the kinks in her body had disappeared. Daisy had never hitchhiked before, and for a few minutes the cars seemed to speed up instead of slow down. Just as she started thinking about walking, a big car stopped.

It was a white Cadillac, and the male driver was alone. He leaned over and asked where she was going. He was smiling, well-dressed, and looked to be about forty. When Daisy hesitated, he chuckled and told her to get in. Deciding she'd have to take chances or she'd never get anywhere, she opened the door, got in, and said she was going to visit an aunt, mentioning a town about two hundred miles away.

"I can take you right there," the man said, looking at her legs, then quickly averting his eyes. He pulled the big car back onto the highway. "I have a daughter about your age. She's a blonde, too. How about opening a beer? Have one if you like."

There was a small chest on the floorboard, filled with ice and cans of beer. Daisy opened two, glad of the chance to quench her thirst. The man turned out to be a talker as well as a beer drinker. For the next fifty miles he talked, not giving Daisy a chance to say anything, keeping her busy popping the tops on beer cans.

Daisy only half listened, not understanding much of what he said, caring less. He'd glance at her



legs now and then, but she didn't blame him for that. She couldn't pull the short skirt down, and he could get an eyeful of a great deal of exposed thigh. He didn't say anything suggestive, or try to touch her, so she figured she was safe.

Actually, Daisy hadn't had enough sleep, and the steady drone of his voice had her fighting against nodding most of the time. He finally told her it'd be all right for her to get in back and take a nap if she wanted to. Daisy glanced at the comfortable-looking backseat, hesitated, and finally climbed over. She curled up on her side and closed her eyes.

At first, Daisy thought she was dreaming. When she came awake, she realized the big car wasn't moving. She opened her eyes and saw that the man had the back door open and was leaning inside, caressing her thighs. She'd turned over on her back in her sleep. She started to sit up and the man grabbed her ankles and started tugging.

Frightened, Daisy clutched at the seat cushion with her fingers and cried, "Stop that!"

He kept right on pulling, making her short skirt ride up over her slowly moving ass. God, she thought, she was going to be raped again!

The man's blazing eyes were focused on her panty-covered crotch. He licked his Ups and kept tugging. He'd unzipped his pants and taken out his hard cock, and it was even bigger than her father's.

"Please don't do this! Oh please!" Daisy cried.

But the loud words seemed to turn the man on even more. His gripping fingers tugged even harder, and she had to cushion her head with her arms to keep it from banging on the car as he pulled her out onto the ground. He threw himself down on her and she clawed with her fingers and ripped his white shirt.

He grabbed both of her hands and held her down with his heavy body. She could feel his hard cock poking between her legs against her panties. She called him a dirty bastard and turned her face aside when he tried to kiss her on the mouth. He managed to grab both of her wrists with one hand. His other hand went down and replaced his stiff prick, his fingers caressing her cuntlips through her thin panties.

"I'll report you to the police!" she said. "You'll go to jail!"

He let go of her wrists and slapped her face hard enough to bring tears to her eyes, then moved his hand up from her crotch and hooked his fingers under the narrow waistband of her panties. Daisy began screaming, kicking her legs wildly, and pounding him on the chest and on the face with her fists. He grabbed her neck with one hand and began squeezing. Afraid he'd kill her, she stopped struggling. He relaxed his grip on her neck.

"All right," she said, pretending to give up. "Let me undress myself. I don't want to ruin my clothes. I guess I want it as much as you do. I'll suck your cock. Do you want to lap my cunt? Let's do all kinds of wonderful things before we start fucking."

The man stared at her for a moment, still not saying a word, then slowly removed his hands and got to his feet. Staring at his big thrusting cock, trying to pretend she was eager to start sucking, Daisy lifted until she was on her knees. When he reached for her head, she turned and walked on her knees as fast as she could, then tried to get to her feet so she could run.

He caught her, threw himself on her, and wrestled her to the ground. She fought him as they robed over and over on the grass. She didn't stop fighting until he again had her pinned to the ground with his body, and he spoke for the first time.

"Keep fighting me and I'll fuck you in the ass, bitch!"

There was a crazy, wild look along with the lust registering in his blazing blue eyes, and Daisy wondered if he'd let her live after he did fuck her.

"I'm ready," she said. "I just like to put up a fight before I get fucked. It makes it better. You should've told me what you wanted. I wanted to get laid as soon as I got in your car. Take my panties off. Be gentle now. Put your big dick in and fuck me easy."

It sounded like double-talk even to Daisy, but it worked. The man settled back on his haunches, his erect cock making little jerking movements, and told her to take her panties off while he watched. When she had the brief garment just below her pussy hairs, Daisy lifted her right leg, pulled it around, and kicked him in the nuts just as hard as she could.

The would-be rapist cried out, grabbed his nuts with both hands, fell over on his side, doubled up, and blubbered incoherently. Daisy watched him for a few seconds, hurriedly grabbed her bag from the front seat of the Caddy, and realized she didn't know which way to go to get to the highway.

She thought she heard cars going by over the groaning sounds the man was making. She left the man writhing on the ground and, sobbing softly, headed along the side road in that direction.

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Chapter 4

Glad she had gone in the right direction, Daisy stood in the shade of some trees, wiped her eyes, and adjusted and brushed off her clothes before going to the side of the highway. She began trying to thumb a ride, hoping somebody would pick her up before the man recovered and possibly came after her.

She kept an eye on the side road, ready to flee for cover behind the trees and underbrush if she saw the Cadillac. If the nut had just handled it differently, she might've given him what he wanted, she thought. She'd gotten horny during the struggle, and she still felt a need for some action, but she didn't want to be raped.

Within a couple of minutes an elderly couple stopped to give Daisy a lift. She named another town about two hundred miles farther along and told the same story about going to visit an aunt. She got in back and listened to a little lecture from the kindly woman about how dangerous it was for a young girl to hitchhike.

The man drove very slowly and they stopped to eat at two o'clock in the afternoon. Daisy offered to pay for her meal, but was glad when the elderly gentleman wouldn't let her. The time passed pleasantly enough, and Daisy was sorry when they had to turn off on another road.

Daisy realized it would be dark before long and she'd forgotten to ask how far it was to the next town. What a life, she thought, starting to walk along the highway. If some man picked her up, and he was clean, kind, and attractive, she just might offer him a piece of ass for a ride before he tried to rape her!

After Daisy had walked about a mile, a late-model station wagon puked off onto the shoulder just ahead of her. She hurried forward. When she saw three young guys, she went around to the driver's side.

The driver smiled. "Hi! How far you going?"

"Los Angeles," Daisy said, deciding she'd better not take a chance. "I'm sure you aren't going very far and I'd better wait for a longer ride."

"You might have to wait a long time! It looks to me as if you're stranded out here. I hitchhiked to California last summer, and I learned the best place to get a ride is right at the edge of town. Get in and we'll take you to the next town. You don't have to worry. You'll be safe. We all have girl friends and we aren't looking for somebody to rape."

Daisy liked the young guy's looks and the way he talked. The other two boys, one beside him and the other in back, resembled him and she was sure they were brothers. She knew she'd probably have trouble getting another ride, and even if another car stopped, she might meet some jerk like the guy in the Cadillac. She got in the back and saw a dog, apparently sleeping, in the space behind the back seat.

"That's Satan," the young guy beside her said, grinning. "I'm Luke, Mark's driving, and my other brother's Matthew."

"Our mother was religious," Matthew said, turning and smiling at Daisy. "That's the reason for the Biblical names, I mean. Mark's eighteen, I'm seventeen, and baby brother there is sixteen."

"Our mother died right after I was born," Luke said.

"That's tough," Daisy said. "My mother's dead, too. My name's Daisy and I'm seventeen."

Mark had pulled out onto the highway. There was silence for a couple of miles, but it wasn't an uncomfortable silence for Daisy. She somehow felt perfectly safe with the three brothers, and she wished they were going farther than the next town.. Then Mark puked off onto the shoulder and stopped. There was a side road just ahead. He turned around and looked at Daisy. "The next town's fifty miles from here. We'd take you there if you like, but we live back the other way. There's no school tomorrow, and we were heading for a cabin our Dad owns just a few miles along the road ahead. We have some booze and..."

"I guess I'd better get out here," Daisy cut in.

"Look, Daisy. Mark's not trying to put the make on you," Matthew said, also turning around and looking at her. "We just wanted to get away for a night of drinking and maybe running rabbits with Satan."

"We'd take it easy on the drinking," Mark said. "It'll be cold out on the road, and there's a bedroom at the cabin with a lock on it. You can have it and we'll sleep by the fireplace."

Daisy couldn't see any reason for not accepting the offer. She couldn't go through life distrusting everybody. Besides, if she got back out on the highway, she might run into something worse, even if the three attractive brothers did have sex in mind.

"Okay," she finally said, "I could sure use a good night's sleep!"

Mark pulled the station wagon ahead and turned onto the side road without another word being exchanged. They rode in silence the three or four miles to the cabin.

What the boys had called a cabin wasn't anything like Daisy had pictured. It was bigger than she'd expected, and had a rustic exterior, but the inside was beautifully and luxuriously finished and furnished.

The bedroom had a king-sized bed, made up and covered with a lovely spread. The adjoining bathroom had a bathtub and a shower stall, and Daisy decided she'd take a shower before she went to bed.

They took her to the big kitchen, and Daisy set about making a huge dinner of the steaks she found in the fridge.

After eating, they all went to the living room, where one of the boys had started a warm blaze in the fireplace.

Mark said he could use a drink to settle the excellent meal, and Matthew said he'd go get a bottle from the station wagon. Mark sat down on the thick carpet before the fire and motioned for Daisy to do the same.

She did, leaning her back against a big pillow, enjoying the cozy warmth, feeling drowsy. When Matthew returned with a bottle of whiskey, Mark turned to Daisy and asked, "You don't mind if we drink, do you, Daisy?"

"Drink as much as you like," she said. "I'll take a drink, too, if you don't mind."

They all began drinking, passing the bottle around, and soon Luke joined them. There wasn't much talk, and Daisy didn't say anything, wondering if fate meant for her to turn out like her father. She liked the taste of the whiskey, and its effect. The warm glow in her stomach was causing a sensual feeling in her body and in her mind.

Mark finally said, "You seem to be in some kind of trouble, Daisy. Maybe it'd help to talk about

Daisy remained silent for a few moments. "I don't know where to start," she finally said, remembering how they'd promised she'd be safe with them

"Just start at the beginning," Mark urged.

Daisy started talking. It seemed that once she got started, she couldn't stop, didn't want to stop. She poured out her entire sordid story, from the time she'd arrived home and found her father and brother with the slut, right up to the man she'd kicked in the nuts.

Nobody said anything and for the first time, Daisy noticed that each boy had a hard-on. They were sitting on the floor where she could see the front of their pants poking out. She wasn't very cool herself.

"Now that I've spilled my guts, I guess I'd better say good night," she said, laughing nervously and getting to her feet.

Mark got to his feet, steadily enough, and said that he'd help Daisy take the spread off the bed. "It cost a lot of bread, and Dad told us to take care of it," he added with a little chuckle.

Daisy staggered on the way to the bedroom, and Mark put his arm around her waist. She remembered reading that most males didn't like to fuck a drunken female, so she was probably safe, she thought, wondering if she ready wanted to be.

When they were inside the bedroom, Mark turned the overhead light on, closed the door and walked over to the bed. Daisy followed and watched as he carefully folded the beautiful bedspread and placed it on a big easy chair. She thought he was going to leave, but he walked over and stood very close to her.

"God, but you're lovely," he whispered.

She was staring at his lips there so close, and when he put his arms around her, she didn't flinch. He pressed his mouth to hers, pulled her close, and cupped the cheeks of her ass with his fingers. Daisy felt his hard cock poking into her belly. His tongue probed past her parted lips and she sucked it deeper into her mouth.

Mark groaned deep in his throat and they toppled sideways onto the bed. Why not? Daisy asked herself. She was steaming and it'd be silly to masturbate when there was a hard cock right there to enjoy.

She slipped her hand down and grasped Mark's stiff prick through his pants and shorts. He gasped and pulled his mouth and tongue from hers. She saw the question in his passion-filmed eyes. She answered with her eyes. They broke away from each other and got to their feet, both staggering a little bit. She began coming out of her clothes and he did the same.

Daisy stripped herself naked first and she climbed onto the bed and got on her back. She saw that Mark's thrusting cock was almost as big as her father's. She wondered if she'd always compare each cock she saw with her pa's.

Mark climbed onto the bed and got between Daisy's eagerly parted legs. She didn't mind that he wasn't taking time for some love-play. Her cunt was already moist and ready to be fucked. He didn't even wait for her to do the guiding. His aim was true, though, and Daisy lurched up to meet his rigid prick as it slipped into her quivering cunt hole. He buried his cock to the hilt, paused, groaned, then started fucking her with fast, deep thrusts.

Daisy answered with counter-thrusts, remembering how Agnes had wrapped her legs around Troy's waist and locked her ankles. Daisy put her legs around Mark's narrow waist and found she could move with his powerful strokes with greater ease. He'd buried his face beside hers without kissing her. She sensed he was fighting for control and was desperately trying to make her climax before he shot off. He needn't have worried. She'd been close to an orgasm even before he got his dick inside her hole.

Mark rode high, making contact with her stiffened clitoris with each fast thrust. When she began to spasm, she clutched at his smooth back and shoulders with her fingers. He lifted his face and mashed his open mouth to hers, kissing her feverishly, jabbing his tongue just as furiously as he was lashing his strong, young body.

Daisy felt the slight expansion of his cockhead just before he tensed. His cock and his body jerked and jolted spasmodically as the hot cum gushed and flooded her claspings cunt. He broke the tongue-lashing kiss seconds after ceasing the jerky movements, then lifted his upper body and looked into her eyes.

"I'm sorry I didn't last very long, Daisy."

"Don't apologize. I made it, and it was good. Are you the jealous type?"

"No," Mark said, grinning, seeming to understand what she meant.

"Give me a few minutes before you send one of your brothers in," Daisy said, knowing it wasn't only the whiskey that was making her behave and talk in such a manner.

Mark fished a towel out from under the mattress and silently used it while withdrawing his soft cock. He left the towel between her legs when he swung from the bed. He went to the bathroom, turned on the light, and she heard him washing. He returned shortly, his tool hanging limply, winked, and left the bedroom without dressing.

As soon as the door had closed behind Mark, Daisy scooted from the bed and hurried to the bathroom. She drew warm water, perched her butt on the wash basin, and washed her cunt, probing the sensitive folds of flesh with her fingers to make sure all of the sticky cum was removed.

She took a clean towel from a stack on a shelf dried herself, and returned to the bed, wondering which brother Mark would send in first, because she intended to take them both on. That was the only way she knew how to repay them for their kindness. Not, she thought, as she stretched out on the bed and stared at the closed door, that she really had to make excuses for her behavior. She was horny, she was her own boss, and it was her business if she wanted to be fucked. She wouldn't blame anything on the drinking, either. She was a little dizzy from the whiskey, and it'd helped rid her of her inhibitions, but she was well-aware of what she was doing.

Matthew opened the door, entered, and closed the door behind him. Daisy could see his hard-on making a tent in front of his pants. He walked to the foot of the bed, staring at her crotch, and began shucking out of his clothes without saying a word.

Daisy silently watched, her passion soaring when his erect cock was exposed. The stiff rod looked to be about an inch shorter than Mark's dong. She wondered if either one of the brothers went for oral sex. She'd like to have her cunt lapped, and she'd also like to do some cock-sucking.

Matthew behaved in much the same manner as Mark had. Naked, his stiff cock swaying, he climbed onto the bed. He did take a close look at her pussy, but he quickly snuggled in between her legs and his aim was as good as Mark's had been. Secretions caused by anticipation had made her cunt moist and slippery. His prick plunged in balls deep and he held it there as his open mouth covered hers.

Daisy liked the way he kissed and used his tongue. She wrapped her legs around his waist, locked her ankles, and practiced clamping down on his hard, throbbing cock while returning his passionate, tongue-probing kiss. Soon he pulled his mouth away, placed a cheek beside hers, and began pumping. She moved with him, and his breath was warm in her ear as he whispered that he couldn't last long.

"Don't worry about it," she said, caressing his smooth back and shoulders with her hands. "I can turn on any time, so don't try to hold back."

Matthew began fucking faster. Daisy matched the new pace, sure she could climax when he did. She felt as if she could go on having blissful orgasms all night. She wished one of the other boys was there so she could have a hard cock to suck while she was being fucked, but she thought she'd better not put her wishes into words. She didn't want the brothers to think she was too much of a slut, and she was already behaving like a whore.

Fucking and sucking felt so wonderfully good, though. Right then she felt as if she were in another

world, a better world, and no matter what she did from then on it couldn't be any worse than the Incestuous madness she'd shared with her father and brother.

"I'm coming!" Matthew blurted.

"Me, too!" Daisy exclaimed. "Oh, sweet Jesus, it feels sooooo good! Slam it to me, slam it to me!"

Matthew was already slamming the hard meat to her. His pistoning prick toppled her over the brink into an ecstatic climax just as his hot cream spewed forth and sprayed her clinging, clasping cunt. Her pussy was still twitching around his softening cock when he lifted and braced on his hands and arms, his blue eyes filmed with passion, but also serious.

"I hope you use some kind of birth control, Daisy."

"Don't worry about that, Matthew. I've been on the pill since the first time I had sex."

"You're smart and that's another reason I like you," Matthew said, obviously relieved. "Is it all right if I send Luke in?"

"Right on," Daisy said. "Just give me a few minutes to wash."

She waited until he'd gone to the bathroom and left the bedroom, then repeated the routine she'd gone through after Mark had fucked her. She was losing some of the glow from the whiskey, but she waited just as eagerly for Luke to enter.

The youngest brother was obviously very nervous. She saw his fingers trembling as he fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. He also stared at her blonde crotch and stood at the foot of the bed. He wasn't too nervous to have a hard-on, though, and when his thrusting prick was revealed, she saw that it was shorter than Matthew's.

Curious, and thinking that talk might calm his nerves, she asked if he'd ever measured his cock when it was hard. He told her he had five inches, Matthew had six, and Mark had seven. He was completely naked by then, and he was slightly smaller than his brothers, but Daisy thought his body was just as well-developed. All three were muscular, and had very little body hair, except for the dark bush growing above their cocks.

"I've fucked quite a few girls, Daisy, but usually when I'm with one the first time, I shoot off too soon. But don't worry-I can go a second time. Sometimes I don't even lose my hard-on."

Daisy told him that his brothers hadn't lasted all that long, either, then started to tell him she'd give him a blowjob first, but he mounted her before she could get the words out. She deliberately kept her body still and didn't move her inner muscles, so he wouldn't lose control.

Luke lasted for about thirty seconds. Daisy moved right along with him, and when he shot his load, she managed to blend her juices with his gushing cum. His cock remained hard and stiff. He lifted his face from beside her and kissed her for the first time. It was a tender kiss, and she didn't try to turn it into one of passion.

He lifted his face. "I can go again."

"It's a little messy," she said. "Let's go wash first."

She'd brought another towel. Luke used it, wiping his erect cock while standing beside the bed. He

tossed her the towel, and Daisy jammed it between her legs, sat upright, twisted around, and swung her feet to the floor.

Luke was facing her. Staring at his stiff prick, she held out her arms. He stepped forward without a word, and she licked the warm, sleek cockhead, then took half the stiff, throbbing shaft into her mouth.

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## Chapter 5

Luke let out a little gasp as Daisy rolled her tongue around the swollen knob and churned her mouth around it, then coated the shaft with saliva. Luke inhaled deeply, then exhaled loudly, his hands going to the top of her head.

"This is great, Daisy! Mark and Matthew didn't say anything about you blowing them!" Daisy pulled her mouth and tongue from the glistening cock. "They didn't still have a hard-on when they finished pronging me."

Luke removed his hands from her head. She wrapped the fingers of one hand around the base of his thrusting cock, and squeezed and kneaded his balls with her other hand. It seemed she could feel more thick liquid inside the sac. His cock and balls were about the same size as Troy's. Maybe Luke could produce as much hot jism as fast as her young brother, she thought, also thinking of the two cocks and two pair of balls in the other room.

Daisy sucked greedily, enjoying the taste, thrilling to the sensation of having a hard prick in her mouth. She experienced the same sense of power she'd enjoyed while blowing her father and brother. Soon she felt Luke's body tensing. She moved her head forward and backward to give his cock the maximum friction her slippery mouth and tongue would allow.

After she'd been blowing him rapidly for about a minute, Luke began hunching, fucking her mouth. It seemed that she could feel the load of cum boiling up through his throbbing shaft. As the first hot gobs of jism splattered on Daisy's tongue, she squeezed and milked at his balls.

"Hot damn!" he cried, gabbing her head and digging his fingers into her scalp.

Luke was jerking so violently Daisy had trouble holding his spurting cock in her mouth. Her mouth began filling with the sticky sperm and she had to swallow rapidly. As each spurt slipped down her throat, another gob spewed from the bulging cockhead, ready to be gulped down. Luke kept shooting and Daisy kept squeezing his balls. Soon there was too much to swallow, and some thick cream dribbled out between the pulsing shaft and her lips. She stopped milking his balls, and Luke finally spurted out the last of his jism.

When the cock began going soft, Daisy let it slip from her mouth. Luke removed his hands from her head and stepped backward. She captured the rest of the cum with her tongue, licking around and around her lips while getting to her feet, keeping the towel in place to prevent the first big load from running down her legs.

Then Luke asked if he could watch her wash. The question surprised Daisy, but she said she didn't mind. Luke did more than watch. When Daisy perched her ass on the wash basin, after filling it with warm water, Luke used his fingers to wash her cunt. He probed deep and also sucked on her thrusting titties, each in turn, when he finally began finger-fucking her after he'd cleaned her cunt.

The tit-sucking and the finger-fucking had just started to make Daisy eager for still another orgasm, when he suddenly stopped sucking her tit and pulled his finger from her tingling pussy. He left his hand in the water and began washing her asshole. A finger suddenly pushed against her bung and popped past the tight ring. Daisy gasped and told him to stop. Leaving his finger embedded up to the first joint, Luke asked if she'd ever been cornholed.

"No, and I don't want to be!"

He grinned, pulled his finger out, and she could feel the warm water lapping at her cunt as he splashed his hand around. He helped her down from the basin and dropped to his knees before her, then looked up at her face, between her poking titties, and asked if she minded if he did a little cunt-lapping.

Before she could say anything-and she would've given him an affirmative answer-he leaned forward and licked her wet cuntlips. Reaching up, he pushed her wet pussy hairs to each side with his fingers, then slipped his hands around and grasped her tense buttcheeks. Again he licked her outer pussylips, and Daisy moaned as he slithered his tongue into her quivering cunt.

Daisy lurched forward and grabbed Luke's head as his tongue lapped at her moist folds of cunt flesh. His tongue probed deep and she hunched down so it'd be easier for him to get at her stiffened clit. He only fluttered his tongue against that erect organ a few times, though, before pushing his head back hard enough to free it of her clutching fingers.

Again he looked up between her throbbing, hard-tipped boobs, his blue eyes filmed with passion, his lips wet with her cunt fluids. His squeezing fingers left her asscheeks and began stroking her outer thighs.

"Mark and Matthew told me to see if you'd join us out by the fireplace, Daisy."

"I could use a drink," she said, knowing there'd be more sex, but disappointed when Luke pulled away and got to his feet without tonguing her steaming snatch again. She knew she'd do just about anything in order to have her cunt lapped some more.

Luke's cock was almost completely erect again. He smiled, tweaked her hard nipples, kissed her lightly on the lips, threw

a couple of towels over one shoulder, and left the bathroom. Daisy followed him to the living room, realizing just how far she'd progressed in casting aside all her inhibitions when she didn't bother to get something to hide her nakedness.

Mark and Matthew were sitting on the carpet before the fireplace, both still naked. They looked up and smiled when Luke and Daisy entered. Daisy sat down between them, and she saw their cocks lifting as their eyes flicked over her body. Mark handed her a bottle and she could tell it'd just been opened. She could also tell they'd been drinking steadily. She tilted the bottle to her lips and let a goodly portion of the smooth whiskey run down her throat.

Matthew took the bottle, drank, then Luke tossed the towels aside, sat down beside Matthew and took the bottle. Daisy saw that all three cocks were totally erect, and a tingling sensation spread out all over her body from her crotch. What more could a hot-ass girl like her ask for!

"I'm one up on you guys," Luke said. "Daisy gave me a great blow-job." He laughed. "Actually, I guess I'm two up on you! She's also got a very tasty twat!"

Mark and Matthew turned and grabbed Daisy at the same time. She willingly let them pull her down on her back. They got on their sides, each starting to suck on a spiked boob, their hands roaming around over her feverish flesh. She slipped her hands down and grabbed the two hard cocks.

Luke got down between her parted legs and started kissing and licking her inner thighs. Daisy began squirming her ass against the thick carpet. Luke slipped his hands under and clasped her buttocks. The flat of his tongue lapped up between her puffy pussylips. She lurched upward and he jabbed his tongue deep. The sensation of having three mouths and tongues working on her at the same time was mind-bending. She moaned with pleasure and stroked the two stiff pricks with her fists.

Mark pulled his mouth from Daisy's tit and mashed his open mouth down on hers. She began lashing her tongue with his, losing herself in lust, caught up in a whirlpool of passion that had her on the verge of an orgasm even before Luke's tongue went to her throbbing clitoris.

Daisy pushed upward, and Luke's mouth joined his fluttering tongue. He clamped his lips around Daisy's elongated clit and sucked furiously. She spun off into a spasmodic orgasm and Mark pulled his tongue from her mouth in what she knew was self-protection. Mark and Matthew also pulled their cocks from her squeezing fingers.

Mark said, "Hey, take it easy, baby!"

Luke had lifted his face, and Daisy had stopped bucking and wriggling. Saying it was his turn to eat pussy, Mark moved down and took Luke's place. Luke moved out and around and began tonguing and sucking Daisy's right boob. Matthew pulled his mouth from her left jug and glued his lips to hers. She returned the tongue-probing kiss, feeling Mark spreading her legs even farther apart, using his thumbs to part and stretch her quivering cuntlips.

Mark began lapping the inner lips, the folds of rosy, sensitive flesh, but Daisy didn't think she'd have an orgasm right away, even if he went directly to her passion-button. She'd had so many climaxes, and one so recently, but that didn't detract from the blissful pleasure she was receiving from the lavish cunt-lapping.

Matthew suddenly broke the passionate kiss and told Luke to move out of the way. Luke obeyed, and Daisy heard the slurping sounds Mark was making as he swabbed the walls of her cunt with the flat part of his tongue. Matthew straddled her head, a knee on each side, lowered, and brushed the blunt end of his hard, stiff cock back and forth across her parted lips. She felt Luke's hands squeezing both of her throbbing titties.

Daisy opened her mouth wide and let Matthew's sleek, swollen cockhead slip between her lips and past her teeth. She jabbed the tip of her tongue into the slit and felt and tasted the drop of pre-cum that'd oozed out. She swirled her tongue, smearing the tasty substance around over the enlarged glans.

She reached up and around, grabbed Matthew's firm, smooth ass, and tugged while lifting her head. That drove just about the entire length of the shaft into her mouth and down her throat. She'd learned how to relax her throat muscles to accommodate the crown. As she bobbed her head up and down, she worked her throat muscles around the hard meat each time she lifted.

The position wasn't very comfortable, but she didn't mind. Mark had gone to her erect clit with his mouth and was sucking greedily, Luke was stimulating both her throbbing, tingling boobs, and she sensed that Matthew was getting close to a spurting climax.

She sucked the bard cock with craving and avid anticipation, wriggling her ass on the soft carpet, digging her fingers into Matthew's tense butt, not caring about anything in the entire universe except the consuming passion giving her such tremendous pleasure.

Matthew was braced on his hands and arms, his balls pushed up under Daisy's chin, and her nose buried in his bushy crotch hairs each time she lifted and took his pulsing prick deep into her throat. She even thrilled to the male-smell filling her flaring nostrils.

Suddenly Matthew lifted one hand, cupped the back of Daisy's head, and kept his throbbing cock buried deep in her sucking mouth. He shuddered violently as his prick jerked and jolted, jetting streams of hot cum down her throat. She gulped frantically, bucking through a shattering orgasm simultaneously as Mark's mouth seemed to suck her clit out by the roots.

Daisy managed to take all of Matthew's thick jism, even though it flooded her mouth, swallowing the last of the sticky cream when he withdrew his rapidly softening cock. Even as Matthew rolled away, though, Mark left her twitching cunt and moved up to take his place.

Luke had stopped squeezing Daisy's poking titties. As Mark was moving up to straddle her head, the end of his stiff cock rubbing along her belly and between her booby she saw that the youngest brother was tilting the bottle to his lips with one hand while he stroked his thrusting prick with his other hand. She told Luke to let her beat his meat just before Mark settled down over her face and shoved his cock into her mouth.

Matthew moved down, got between Daisy's legs, and mashed his mouth against her juicy cunt, just as she started sucking Mark's cock, and Luke got into position where she could grasp his prick with the fingers of one hand. She used her other hand to tug at one of Mark's firm, smooth asscheeks. His swollen cockhead invaded her throat and she worked her mouth up and down on his throbbing shaft in the same manner she had Matthew's.

Mark's cock jerked spasmodically within about sixty seconds, spurting, flooding her mouth and throat, and again she managed to swallow all the hot, sticky cum. It was a little too quick for her to spasm under Matthew's lapping and sucking. Luke puked his hard cock from her fist when Mark pulled his limber cock from her mouth and rolled away.

Luke took Mark's place, driving his pulsing shaft deep in her mouth, and Matthew kept right on lapping and sucking her clit. She gave Luke's cock the same lavish treatment she'd given the other two, and licentiousness permeated the male scented air she breathed. She'd never felt so lascivious. It was a wildly wonderful sensation and, because of the whiskey, almost totally devoid of shame or embarrassment.

Luke shot his third load of sperm in Daisy's greedily sucking mouth just as she bucked, lurched, and wriggled through a mind-bending orgasm under Matthew's lapping tongue and sucking mouth. There wasn't as much cum, and it was thinner, but it was just as hot and tasty. Her own climaxes seemed to be getting better all the time. Daisy wondered just how many it'd take to satisfy her, because she was just about as horny as she'd been before the first one of the evening.

After Luke had pulled his soft cock from Daisy's mouth, while she was still gulping down his cum and Matthew had lifted his face from her crotch, Mark offered her the bottle. She sat up, took a big slug of whiskey, and a little later took another big drink after the bottle had been passed around.

The four of them sat around in silence for a few minutes, drinking and resting, and Daisy knew the exciting erotic activities weren't over, even if all three cocks were soft and limber. All three horny guys were still looking at her naked body with hot eyes, and she knew they didn't have to be told

that she was eagerly willing to experience more sexual delights.

Finally, breaking the long silence, Mark asked if Daisy had ever taken a soft cock into her mouth. Laughing, taking another drink and placing the bottle out of the way, Daisy told him her answer was “no” but that it’d soon be “yes”. While speaking, she walked towards him on her hands and knees, and he stretched out on his back.

She got between Mark’s muscular legs, cupped his heavy balls with one hand, and lifted his limp cock with her other hand. She snuggled in close, leaned over, and took the crown and about two inches of the soft shaft into her mouth. She began sucking and fondling his nuts, and the cock slowly began to swell and fill her mouth.

Daisy enjoyed the sensation. Making the limber cock get hard in her mouth gave her even more of a sense of power than starting right out sucking a cock when it was already hard. When Mark’s big shaft was poking proudly, she removed her mouth and went down and started licking his hairy balls. When she heard Matthew tell her to give him the same treatment, she left the saliva-coated sac, licked up along the underside of Mark’s jutting cock, and planted a wet kiss on the swollen knob.

Daisy then backed away and crawled over between Matthew’s muscular legs. She repeated the same delightful oral routine on his cock and balls, again thrilling to the way the soft prick became hard in her sucking mouth, licking his balls until the bag was wet with her saliva and the dark hairs were plastered to the wrinkled flesh.

She tongued her way up the underside of Matthew’s poking shaft, bestowed an open-mouthed kiss on the swollen glans, then crawled over between Luke’s strong, well developed legs without being asked or told. She gave Luke the same lavish treatment, settled back on her haunches after she had his cock jutting and glistening with her saliva and looked at the three hard, thrusting pricks.

Mark grinned and told her to pick a cock, climb on, and do some bouncing. Since Mark was the closest, Daisy mounted him. As she lowered and encompassed Mark’s delightful shaft with her claspung cunt, she remembered when she’d slipped her hot pussy down over her father’s big cock. He reached up and grabbed her titties. She forgot everything except the wildly wonderful sensations spreading throughout her feverish body as she began pumping up and down on the thick, rigid rod.

Soon Mark said he wasn’t ready to even try to shoot off. Matthew told Daisy to bounce on his dick. She made the shift, fucked up and down on his thrusting tool for a minute or two, then took a turn on Luke’s erect cock. Daisy hadn’t climaxed while mounted on Mark and Matthew, as she hadn’t kept each cock in her clinging, claspung cunt long enough, but she had a grand time. She was learning that the seconds and minutes leading up to a glorious orgasm were just about as thrilling as the final moments of unadulterated bliss.

She began grinding herself down on Luke’s hard cock, well on her way toward the final throes of a soul-shattering climax, and he let go of her titties and pulled her mouth to his. While returning Luke’s feverish kiss, she felt hands caressing her rotating ass. Luke’s arms were around her neck, so she knew Mark or Matthew was getting in on the act.

Then Daisy felt a hot, slippery tongue licking her asshole. She tensed, and pushed her twitching cunt all the way down on Luke’s rigid rod as the tip of the tongue jabbed at her puckered bung. The sensation was delightful. As the tongue kept probing, and strong fingers spread her asscheeks, she somehow managed to relax enough to let the stiff tongue penetrate past the tight ring and delve into her tingling asshole.

She started creaming like crazy. She pulled her mouth from Luke’s and bounced on his jutting shaft



wildly, moaning and crying out, amazed even in her delirium of ecstasy that the tongue was staying in place and actually probing deeper into her clinging, clutching ass.

“God! Oh, Jesus! I can’t stand it!”

Daisy did stand it, though, and she stood much more as the sex party went on and on. Knowing that she had lost an moral sensibility, her flesh, blood, and mind lost in the impassioned intoxication of demanding lust, she went along with all her horny partners’ suggestions.

All four rolled around on the carpet, lashed in an overwhelming state of erotic excitement, nearly hysterical, wildly frantic in their seething passion, simmering in torrid ecstasy. Nothing was objectionable in the self-indulgence of sensuality, and they were as drunk on sex just as much as on whiskey.

Daisy sucked cocks, licked and sucked on balls, and even tongued assholes. She went down on Mark while Matthew fucked her from behind, then blew Matthew while Mark banged her dog-fashion. She did a sixty-nine with Luke while Mark and Matthew took turns reaming her bung with their tongues. She had no idea how many orgasms she had, or how much jism she swallowed.

Finally, after she sucked Mark off while Matthew shot a load into her spasming cunt, they said they’d had it, and Luke rolled her over on her back and shoved his stiff cock into her sperm-filled snatch. They fucked up a storm climaxing together, and Luke puked his limp cock out of Daisy’s drenched pussy, rolled over on his back, and said he’d shot his last wad for the night. Daisy didn’t say anything, but she was sorry there were no more hard cocks to enjoy.

They heard Satan barking, and Mark said maybe they should let the poor dog in by the fire. Matthew got up and only staggered slightly as he went to open the door. The hound came bounding in wagging his tail, looked around, and went directly for Daisy. She was still on her back, her legs spread wide, cum dribbling down into the crack of her ass.

Daisy gasped and pushed the dog away as his cold nose made contact with her wet cunt. He came right back and lapped his long, rough tongue up between her pussylips. She started to push him away again, and he growled. She was afraid he’d bite her, so she looked at Mark and didn’t move, also liking the way the dog’s hot tongue was licking her sperm-filled cunt.

Mark laughed and told her not to worry, that Satan was very experienced. Matthew said they’d had girls at the cabin before, and Satan and a couple of their other dogs had cleaned the messy twats. Luke said some of the girls had even been fucked by Satan and the other dogs they’d brought out.

Daisy was beginning to sober up. She’d read about bestiality, but she’d never dreamed she’d be involved in that type of sex. It seemed so depraved, so degrading. She’d have to admit the lapping was beginning to feel damned good, though. She’d still been hot after all the hectic sex with the three guys, and she was getting hotter. The hound’s wet tongue and warm breath on her cunt was really turning her on. She failed to suppress a little moan of pleasure.

Mark got on one side of her, and Matthew got on the other side. They lifted her legs, and she let her back and shoulders fall back onto the thick carpet. They folded her legs back until her thighs touched her spiked titties. Satan’s tongue followed the dribbling cum and licked the crack of Daisy’s ass.

She moaned again, and squirmed heatedly as the dog’s hot tongue began lapping from her tingling asshole to her quivering cunt. Daisy felt herself getting just as horny as she’d been while engaged in the sexual acrobatics with the three brothers and their three hard cocks!

Luke finally grabbed Satan and pulled him back from Daisy's ass and cunt. Mark and Matthew let her lower her legs and sit up. The hound was panting, his long tongue hanging out, and Luke shoved him around where Daisy could see the long, red, glistening cock sticking out from its protective sheath.

Fascinated, Daisy stared at the dog's hard prick, then didn't offer any resistance when Mark told her to get on her hands and knees and he and Matthew began pushing her into that position. When she was on all fours, however, she had second thoughts. She was scared she might get injured while fucking with a dog.

Before she could speak, Mark seemed to read her mind. He told her that there wasn't any danger if there wasn't an attempt to make a hasty separation once the dog's cock had penetrated her cunt. He then assured her that Satan was experienced and that he, Matthew, and Luke were right there to see that no harm would be done.

Daisy told herself that she'd be forced to take on the dog, anyway, so she might as well be as cooperative as possible. She didn't think the kindly brothers would make her do anything against her will if they weren't drinking, but they were quite drunk, and she decided she'd better not take any chances.

While those thoughts were running through her feverish mind, which she realized were ready excuses she was making for her wish to experiment, Daisy felt the dog being helped to mount her. Despite her own drunkenness, and the lust taking possession of her mind and her body, she experienced a moment of combined panic and revulsion when the animal made contact with her flesh.

When the hot, slippery shaft was swiftly inserted into her quivering cunt, though, she quickly forgot everything except the ecstatic sensation. The dog held his prick deep and she could feel it swelling. He began humping, pumping his swollen cock fast and deep, and Daisy soared into an orgasm within seconds.

Satan fucked faster and soon his pistoning prick shot jet after jet of hot sperm. The cum felt hotter than that of a human, and Daisy had an entire series of blissful, breathtaking orgasms.

When the dog finally stopped pumping, and the jism stopped spurting, Daisy's passion slowly slacked off, but her cunt muscles continued to quiver and twitch around the knot in the animal's prick.

Daisy was warned by Mark not to move until the knot on the dog's cock had become flaccid, and she knew Satan was being held in place. She remained perfectly still, sure the knot could be pulled out without doing her any harm, but not wanting to take a chance. Being fucked by a dog felt damned good, and she could understand how it could become a habit difficult to break.

It didn't take long for the knot to leave Satan's cock and he was allowed to dismount. Daisy complied when Mark told her to get on her back and let Satan lap her cunt. The dog did a good job of cleaning the cum from her puffy pussy. Daisy was suddenly very tired and sleepy. The effects of the whiskey had started to wear off, and she was ashamed of the wicked act she'd just performed, but she was honest enough to admit that she'd enjoyed herself thoroughly.

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Chapter 6

Everything that had happened flooded Daisy's mind as soon as she woke up. She was on the bed

alone, still naked, and the bedroom door was closed. After the fuck with the dog, she'd struggled to her feet and said she needed a hot bath. In the bedroom, seeing the bed, she'd decided to rest for a few minutes. She'd gone to sleep and now the sun seemed to be high in the sky.

Sitting up, swinging her feet to the floor, Daisy cradled her face in her hands, fighting a sudden dizziness. She'd have to stop drinking to excess, she thought, also experiencing a sick feeling in her stomach. She'd condemned her father too much to turn into an alcoholic herself.

After a minute or two, she lifted her head and looked around the room. All the clothes had been gathered from the floor. Somebody had placed her's on a chair. Her canvas bag was near the bathroom door. She stood up, glad the dizziness had passed, sure she'd be all right after she'd taken a hot bath.

Daisy took the zipper bag into the bathroom. She dashed cold water on her face at the basin, brushed her teeth, and began to feel better even while filling the tub. After a hot bath, where she vigorously scrubbed herself with a soapy wash cloth, she felt almost normal. Her body responded sexually, but she tried to ignore the fact, and also tried to block from her mind the shameful acts she'd performed in front of the fireplace. She wasn't completely successful, but by the time she'd rinsed off under a cold spray of water in the shower stall, she felt much better both mentally and physically. There was no use in worrying about what had already happened, she decided. She'd just try to concentrate upon keeping herself under control in the future. Feeling the short skirt had contributed to the attempted rape by the man in the Cadillac, and thinking she'd soon be on the road again, Daisy put on the blue jeans and sweater over a clean bra and panties. It'd probably be easier to get a ride with some flesh showing, but she was still determined to pick the male, the time, and the place for the sex she knew she'd need on a regular basis from then on.

Daisy brushed her long blonde hair, applied a little lipstick, took the bag containing her few belongings, and went out to face the sex partners she'd freely chosen the night before. The fire had been banked in the fireplace and one of the boys was stretched out on the carpet. Satan lifted his head and barked when he saw her. Remembering how the dog's hard cock had felt in her clinging cunt, Daisy felt a flash of shame and an unwelcome surge of excitement. By damn, she'd stick to human cocks in the future!

There was an uncomfortable silence when Daisy entered the kitchen. She didn't meet anybody's eyes, and she imagined she looked just as shamefaced as the three brothers. They were eating breakfast.

Mark finally told her she was just in time, and told her to pull up a chair. Daisy realized she was famished, and quickly accepted the invitation to sit down and eat.

After they'd finished, and were all having a second cup of coffee, Mark asked Daisy what she intended to do.

She said she guessed she'd just hit the road and maybe try to find some kind of a job. Mark told her he and his brothers had talked it over and were sure their father would be wining to give her a place to stay until she made up her mind what she wanted to do next.

"Dad's a friendly, good-natured guy," Matthew said. "We all get along damned well with him, and most of the time we call him by his first name."

"Please come home with us," Luke said. "We like you a lot, and I know John would, too."

Mark looked at Daisy. "Nothing would happen that you wouldn't want to happen, Daisy. We won't

tell John about the fun we had last night, either. He isn't religious or anything like that, but he might not understand."

Daisy wasn't eager to get back on the road and she did like the guys. She told them they didn't have to blow any more smoke, that she'd accept their offer and try her best to behave like a lady around their father. Then she added she was finding out what kind of a person she really was and didn't feel very proud of herself.

Luke told her not to run herself down and started gathering up the dirty dishes. There was no argument when Daisy said she'd wash the dishes. The brothers cleaned and straightened the rest of the cabin while Daisy got the kitchen in tip-top shape.

Mark drove the station wagon, and Daisy sat in back with Luke. Satan promptly went to sleep, and Daisy was glad the dog had done no more than lick her hand.

Mark drove around the small town, showing Daisy just about all there was to see, then headed for their home.

The small ranch was two miles out of town. Mark said there was a school bus that went right by, but that he and his brothers usually took the station wagon. Their father had a pickup truck he used, Matthew told Daisy, and Luke said their father was away from home a lot.

"On business some of the time, and out getting his ashes hauled some of the time," Mark said. "He doesn't talk much, but we do know he has one chick in town he bangs regularly."

"I hope he gets plenty of ass," Matthew said. "He's still young, and sometimes I wish he'd get married again."

Mark told Daisy they wouldn't tell the real reason she'd left home. "John might want you to go back and press charges against your old man, and you've already said you just want to forget the whole deal."

Matthew changed the subject that time by saying maybe he could help Daisy with her studying if things worked out so she could stay and go to school. Daisy didn't say anything, hoping the brothers didn't have the idea she might be willing to pay for her keep by allowing their father to get his ashes hauled right at home.

The home was a large, two-story structure sitting well back from the road. The pickup truck was gone, and Mark said their father was supposed to deliver a couple of dogs to a customer that day. Luke took Satan back to the kennels, which were located a hundred yards or so behind the house, while Mark and Matthew took Daisy inside and showed her around their home.

The entire house was beautifully furnished and very, very clean. Mark said he and his brothers did all the housekeeping. "John helps, too," he added. "He hasn't had a woman in the place since our mother died."

"You should've told me," Daisy said. "You'd better take me out to the highway."

"We've brought girls here," Matthew said. "John doesn't mind. it's just that he was raised by a stepmother he hated and... well, I don't think he was really too happy with our mother. He's having too good a time now to take a chance on getting hooked into marriage."

Luke came into the house then, and they all went to the kitchen and had coffee and sandwiches. The

rest of the day passed pleasantly for Daisy, despite the fact she was a little worried about meeting the father. Still tired and sleepy because of the drinking the night before, they all took a nap during the afternoon.

Luke woke Daisy up by shaking her shoulder and telling her his father was home. She sat up and swung her feet to the carpet just as Mark and Matthew entered with their father.

John Griffith was tall and even handsomer than his sons. He had a friendly smile, and Daisy liked him even before he told her she was welcome to stay as long as she wished. She wondered what his sons had told him about her, but she didn't get a chance to find out right away.

After she'd told him she appreciated his kindness, Mark said they'd been bragging about her cooking. She said she could take a hint, and, amidst the general laughter, she hurried to the downstairs bathroom to wash her face and hands.

Daisy prepared a meal that everybody agreed was excellent. John again told her she was welcome to stay as long as she liked, excused himself, and left the kitchen. The boys told her they'd help with the dishes and cleaning the kitchen since they wanted to show her the kennels.

She asked them what they'd told their father. Mark told her they'd just said they'd picked her up on the highway, taken her to the cabin to get her out of the cold, and decided to bring her home while she made up her mind what she wanted to do.

"He didn't ask any questions," Matthew said. "We didn't tell him about the sex party, but I know he doesn't think we just sat around and talked."

"I think he's a very nice man," Daisy said. "I like him."

"So do we," Mark said.

It didn't take long to get the kitchen back in perfect shape. The four of them went out to the kennels. Daisy looked at the hounds with great interest, and wasn't surprised when Mark grabbed and kissed her while they were showing the room where they stored the sacks of dog food.

She returned the torrid, tongue-probing kiss, her passion soaring even higher when she felt his cock lifting into an erection and pressing against her. He pulled his mouth and tongue from her's and said they should celebrate. Matthew and Luke pressed themselves against her and she felt their erect cocks. She let Matthew kiss her, then Luke, while all three ran their hands around over her clothed body.

It was dark by then, and they'd turned on an overhead light and closed the door to the store room. Daisy decided that the least she could do to show her appreciation for their kindness was give them each a blowjob.

She was also thinking of her own craving, demanding desires when she dropped to her knees before Mark. She quickly tugged the zipper down, reached in, and pulled his erect cock out into the open. A bead of pre-cum had formed in the slit. She kept her fingers wrapped around the thick base of the jutting shaft and scooped the drop of clear, tasty liquid up with her tongue.

Mark thrust forward and Daisy opened her mouth wide and let the big knob slip inside. She twirled her tongue around and around the swollen glans. She put her other hand inside his pants and began fondling his sperm-laden balls. Just as she got going good, sucking and coating more than half of the throbbing rod with saliva, Mark pushed on her forehead and pulled his cock from her mouth.

Matthew was right there, pushing his erect cock at her to be sucked. Daisy gladly accepted the hard male meat, seeing that Luke also had his prick out and ready. She was allowed to suck Matthew's cock for about the same length of time she'd sucked Mark's. By then the crotch of her panties had become damp. She took Luke's shorter cock into her mouth and down her throat with one swift motion, getting desperate to feel and taste some spurting sperm

Luke didn't let Daisy suck his cock all the way to a gushing ejaculation, either. He soon pulled away, and she offered no resistance when the three horny brothers pushed her down on a thick pile of gunny sacks and began stripping her naked. She even helped the best she could, eager to have a tongue or a cock probing her steaming snatch.

As soon as Daisy was naked, Matthew began sucking on one tit and Luke clamped his mouth on the other stiffly spiked jug. Mark went down and began kissing and tonguing her inner thighs. She squirmed heatedly, losing herself in a whirlpool of lust, thinking the sensations were even more marvelous without the effects of whiskey.

Mark pushed Daisy's legs farther apart and used his tongue to part the pussy hairs to each side of her already moist cuntlips. He lapped up through her pink gash a few times, then went lower and jabbed his tongue against her puckered bung. She moaned and he poked his face back and inserted a finger into her hot pussy. He slowly finger-fucked her while plucking at her curly blonde cunt hairs with his teeth.

Again Mark lifted his head, his finger going to Daisy's erect clitoris. He flicked that elongated organ a few times, then withdrew his finger and moved it down to probe at her asshole. She gasped as the finger popped past the tight ring, and slowly penetrated her rectum. There was some pain. She started to protest, but before she could make up her mind to do so-and because she was curious and willing to experiment-Mark began finger-fucking her asshole. She felt a strange kind of pleasure spreading throughout her body.

As the slippery finger probed deeper on each inward thrust, and began to move faster, Daisy felt herself racing toward an orgasm. She found herself wondering how it'd feel to have a stiff cock fucking her in the as instead of a stiff finger. Not that she wanted to try such a wicked act, she thought. It was bad enough for her not to be protesting about Mark finger-fucking her asshole! Was she really going to climax without her cunt being touched?

Daisy didn't find out the answer to the question in her feverish mind right then, because Mark leaned over and mashed his open mouth to her pussylips. His hot tongue snaked in and went directly to her passion-button. He lapped furiously, finger-fucked her clinging asshole even faster, and she bucked and lurched through a spasmodic climax.

Matthew and Luke hadn't stopped sucking on Daisy's throbbing titties. While caught up in the throes of the convulsive orgasm, she clutched at their heads and pushed even more of the hard-tipped mounds into their greedy mouths. As soon as she went limp and relaxed her grip, they lifted their heads, just in time to see Mark pulling his finger from her twitching asshole.

Mark got his handkerchief, wiped his finger and grinned. "You liked it, huh?"

Daisy didn't answer. She knew it'd be silly to lie, but she was afraid if she came right out and admitted it'd felt good to have her brownie pronged by his finger, he'd want to bugger her with his big cock. She knew damned well that'd hurt like hell.

Matthew said he wanted to give Daisy some head. He and Mark quickly changed places. Luke went back to sucking her tit when Mark clamped his mouth down on the one Matthew had left. Matthew

had just started tonguing Daisy's inner thighs when she saw the door swinging inward. She found herself staring into John Griffith's blazing blue eyes.

Daisy felt her face flaming. Her body tensed, then she clamped her legs together and pushed the sucking mouths from her booby. The father's eyes went to her titties, and she saw the desire registering there.

Mark wanted to know what was wrong, and before she could answer, John was gone and Daisy was staring at the closed door.

"Your father saw us," Daisy said.

Mark got to his feet and went to the door, his stiff cock swaying. He opened the door and looked out. Soon he closed the door, turned, and announced that John was in the truck and driving away.

"He probably got hot. I bet he's headed for town to cool off," Matthew said, laughing.

"He must think I'm terrible," Daisy said. "I'd better leave before he runs me off."

"If he'd wanted to do anything, he would've done it before he left," Luke said.

"I bet he won't even mention it to us," Mark said, walking back from the door. "We've had girls here before, Daisy, and he doesn't expect us to just beat our meat."

Matthew pried Daisy's legs apart and began lapping her cunt. Luke mashed his mouth to hers, and Mark dropped down and began sucking on a tit. Daisy couldn't keep from returning Luke's passionate kiss, or hunching along with Matthew's lapping tongue, but she told herself she'd leave the ranch before she had to face their father.

She had to get away from the boys, too. She didn't know what had turned her into such a tramp. Since having sex with her own father and brother, she'd kept saying she was going to stop being a slut, but her body was betraying her more and more an the time. She had to start trying to lead a normal life. She'd help the guys pop their nuts and hit the road again.

Luke stopped French kissing Daisy and said he was ready to fuck or be sucked. Matthew pulled his mouth from Daisy's stiffened clit and said the same thing went for him. Mark stopped sucking her tingling tit and said he wouldn't mind taking seconds.

They shifted around until Luke was on his back and Daisy was on her hands and knees, her face inches above his jutting prick. Matthew got behind her uplifted ass, gripped her hips, and eased his hard cock into her juicy cunt. As soon as Matthew began his thrusts into her clinging, clasping pussy, Daisy used one hand to steady Luke's cock and began blowing that stiff, throbbing tool.

After a couple minutes of steady fucking, with Daisy well on her way toward a climax, and when she knew Luke's cock wasn't very far from an explosion, Matthew suddenly pulled his prick from Daisy's pulsing pussy. He placed the wet cockhead against her puckered asshole.

Daisy puked her sucking mouth from Luke's joystick. "No! It'll hurt too much!"

"He'd take it easy," Mark said. "You liked my finger, and his cocky feel even better."

Matthew had been applying a steady pressure, his fingers gripping Daisy's hips. Why not? Daisy asked herself. She'd tried everything else. Mark's finger had felt damned good, and it was a perfect

chance to settle her curiosity. Or was it a desire? Yes! She wanted to be fucked in the ass by a hard, stiff cock!

"Try and relax," Matthew said. "You'd better not suck Luke's cock until I get my dick in. You might bite him!"

Daisy had braced herself and was gritting her teeth. She tried to relax her ass muscles. She decided she must've succeeded, because the swollen cockhead popped past the tight, elastic ring. It hurt, and she failed to suppress a cry of pain. Matthew didn't push any deeper, and the sharp pain was replaced by a dull ache.

After a few seconds Matthew wanted to know if she was all right. She told him to go ahead and get it over. He began shoving his cock deeper into her tight bung. Daisy again gritted her teeth, at the same time pushing backward to get the painful penetration over with as soon as possible.

When Matthew's cock was finally buried in her ass balls deep, Daisy was pleasantly surprised to feel all pain fading away. She felt stuffed, and a series of tremoring aftershocks had her holding her breath, but the unnatural coupling was actually beginning to feel good.

She exhaled her breath loudly as Matthew slowly pulled his hard cock from her clinging ass flesh until only the swollen glans remained embedded. He immediately pushed back in, and she felt her claspung bung folding in around the stiff shaft.

He began rhythmical in and out thrusts, taking it easy, bugging her slowly and smoothly, and she loved it. The blissful sensation was incredible. She moaned with lust and began hunching along with the masterful strokes, thoroughly enjoying the wonderful pleasure she'd always considered to be so perverted.

"Suck my cock!" Luke exclaimed.

Daisy took Luke's poking prick into her mouth, curling her tongue over the warm, sleek crown as she wrapped her lips around the throbbing shaft behind it. She began sucking, bobbing her head in harmony with the cock probing deep into her churning bowels, losing herself in a delirium of lust.

Matthew slipped one hand around and under, slipped a finger into her steaming cunt, and began stimulating her stiffened clit. Daisy felt as if she might flip right out of her skull. The sensation was fantastic. She felt as if her entire insides were going to explode and melt at the same time.

Daisy felt Matthew quicken his thrusts, knew he was nearing a spurting climax, and also knew the same was true of Luke. She sucked Luke's swollen cock furiously, wanting it to explode at the same time as the one pronging her claspung asshole.

She got what she so desperately wanted. Just as she thrilled to a shuddering, shattering orgasm, both cocks spurted jets of hot jism. She gluttonously drank down the slick sperm from the prick jerking erratically in her mouth, while thrusting backward to take each jerking inch of hard male meat forcefully spewing gobs of hot cum into her tremulous bowels. It was sheer carnal bliss, and she was sorry when it ended.

Daisy soon found that an important part of the blissful pleasure hadn't ended after all, because as soon as Matthew pulled his deflated prick from her dilated, sperm-filled asshole, Mark was right there with his big hard cock. There wasn't any pain at all when her jism-drenched bung was being plugged by the second stiff shaft.

The second ass-fucking was just as wonderful as the first. Maybe even better, because Mark's cock was bigger and seemed to make contact with more sensitive nerve endings. Mark also used a finger to stimulate Daisy's clitoris while cornholing her. She took Luke's limp cock into her mouth, and she hadn't made it shoot off by the time she and Mark climaxed together, but she'd sucked it into another hard-on.

Luke took a turn at Daisy's asshole, spurting his second load of the evening within a few seconds, and with the help of his frigging finger in her cunt, she made it with him, too.

After Luke had withdrawn his soft cock from her twitching brownie, Daisy flopped over on her back, looked at the three limp cocks, and not so kiddingly said she wanted to be fucked in her cunt.

Mark got to his feet and said he'd be right back.

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## Chapter 7

Mark did come right back. Daisy wasn't surprised to see he had a dog with him. She'd expected it. The big hound had a collar and was on a leash.

"This is Lucifer," Mark said. "He hasn't had as much experience as Satan, but we won't let him hurt you."

Again Daisy asked herself why not. She'd gone the route before, she was still hot for a fuck, and she'd liked the way Satan had licked and pronged her pussy.

Lucifer was straining at the leash, panting, his long tongue hanging out. All three brothers had wiped their cocks and tucked them away. When Daisy saw the hound's cock sliding out of its protective sheath, she lowered her back and shoulders onto the gunny sacks and let the movement and her silence convey her consent.

Matthew and Luke dropped down beside Daisy, one on each side, and lifted and parted her knees. Mark allowed Lucifer to move forward, and the hound began licking Daisy's cunt and asshole. The long, hot tongue lapped up the cum dribbling from Daisy's stretched bung. She closed her eyes, squeezed her own throbbing, poking titties, and gave herself over to the delightful sensation.

By the time Mark pulled the dog back, Daisy was ready to be bucked. While she was getting into position, on her hands and knees, Mark told his brothers they'd better make sure Lucifer's cock went into the right hole, adding that the dog might try to pull out before the knot left his cock.

Hearing Mark's words made Daisy apprehensive, realizing there was danger of damaging her tight asshole, but Matthew assured her that he and Luke would do the guiding. The penetration was quickly and easily accomplished. Daisy was momentarily repulsed by the first contact with the animal's body, as she'd been when Satan had mounted her, but the sensation of having the long, slippery prick jabbing into her pulsing cunt made her forget everything except the thriving pleasure.

Lucifer started right out humping furiously, his front legs clamped around Daisy, his hot breath on her back, his hot, wet tongue licking her skin now and then. She hunched along with the fast strokes, the knot that had formed in the pistoning cock adding to the tremendous pleasure she was receiving from the unnatural coupling.

The dog's jabbing cock exploded and flooded Daisy's claspung cunt with hot cum too soon for her to

melt into an orgasm. When the hound stopped humping, his cock still hard, the big knot still there, Daisy moaned and kept on hunching and wriggling her ass.

Seeming to sense she'd been left hanging, Luke helped Matthew hold the dog in place with one hand, while he slipped his other hand under, inserted a finger, and diddled her elongated clit. Just as she started spasming, Lucifer began humping her again and shot another load of jism into her steaming, snapping snatch.

Daisy quickly recovered and said it was all right to let the dog withdraw. She thought her cunt was big enough and juicy enough to easily allow the knot to slip out. She'd thought right, and Mark let the hound lap the cum from her gaping gash. She enjoyed that, glad a little later when she didn't see scorn registering in the boys' eyes because of the bestiality, but still feeling shame for herself.

All three had tents in the front of their pants. Mark saw her looking, chuckled, and said they were supposed to be in training and had football practice the next day, but if she wasn't satisfied, they'd take care of her. Daisy said she'd probably had enough sex to last until she got to Los Angeles.

They all told her they didn't want her to leave, that their father was an understanding, good-natured man, and she agreed to at least wait until the next day before hitting the road.

Daisy got dressed while Mark was taking Lucifer back with the rest of the dogs. When they got to the kitchen, Matthew suggested they have something to eat. Daisy said she wasn't hungry and was going to take a bath and go to bed. Luke got her to promise to be there when they got home from school the next day, then she told them good night and went upstairs.

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The sun was shining the next morning. Daisy sensed that she'd slept very late. She went to the window and saw that the station wagon was gone. The truck was there, though, and she hated to face the boys' father.

She'd been told he slept in a downstairs bedroom. She went to the bathroom, still naked, brushed her teeth and washed her face. Back in the bedroom, she brushed her hair at the dressing table while trying to decide what to wear. Not that she had much of a choice, she thought.

She decided on the skirt and blouse, thinking that if she did get out on the highway it'd be easier to get a ride if her legs were exposed. So much had happened to her, it'd be kind of silly to worry about being raped. Hell, it might be a good idea jut to offer to fuck her way out to the coast!

Taking the zipper bag, Daisy went downstairs. John Griffith was sitting at the table drinking coffee. He smiled when Daisy entered and told her to join him. She dropped the bag to the floor, silently poured a cup of coffee, and sat down opposite the handsome man. She'd been told he was thirty-eight, but she felt he could easily pass for ten years younger.

They sipped coffee, and she managed to hold up her end of the friendly chit-chat he started. He didn't leer at her, or make any suggestive remarks, and it was as if he hadn't seen her sexing it up with his three sons. Finally, there was a lull in their talk, and she realized he was just as nervous as she was.

After a short silence, he glanced at the bag on the floor and said he'd understood she'd meant to stay for a while. She told him she'd figured he might not want her to stay after what he'd seen, then found herself blurting out the story she'd told his sons at the cabin.

He didn't interrupt, and she finished by saying she was ashamed of her behavior with his sons. He told her he'd never claimed to be an angel, that he could understand why she'd let herself go in such a manner after being treated so shabbily by her father, then said he'd gladly do anything he could to help her.

"You should go back to school, Daisy. I'm fairly influential in town and there wouldn't be any trouble enrolling if I vouched for you. Which I would, of course. I'd tell them you were my niece, and there wouldn't be any trouble. How does that sound?"

"Wonderful," Daisy said, meaning it as much as she'd ever meant anything in her life. "I'd work around here, though. To earn my keep. I'd cook and clean house and wash clothes and..."

"That'd be enough," John cut in with a smile. "Then it's settled?"

"On one condition," Daisy said. "I want to go all-out in trying to lead a normal life. If your sons agree to skip the sex, I'd be glad to accept your kind offer, Mr. Griffith."

Daisy thought she saw disappointment registering in her benefactor's blue eyes. She figured she'd been mistaken, though, when he said, "If my sons don't treat you the way you want to be treated, Daisy, they'd have to answer to me. I wish you'd call me John, though. The boys call me by my first name most of the time, and it makes me feel old when I'm called Mister."

Daisy told him he didn't look his age, then added that thirty-eight wasn't really old. He laughed and said he kept telling himself that. She couldn't keep from wondering if he'd gotten a hard-on while listening to her sordid tale, as had his sons. The table blocked her view. She told herself if she really meant to change her ways, she'd have to stop thinking about hard cocks and everything else having to do with sex.

They talked some more, with Daisy finding it easy to call the kindly man John. He mentioned that she'd need some new clothes, offered to buy them, and she accepted when he reminded her she'd earn more than her meals and a place to sleep by working around the place.

He told her he had to go to town and would get her clothes, talk to the school principal, and she could start school the next day, adding that there'd be less talk if she didn't go shopping with him. She gave her measurements, including her shoe size, and he left in the truck. She prepared and ate a big breakfast, happy because she'd gotten such a lucky break.

Daisy found that there wasn't much to do in the house. She found her thoughts turning to sex again, and knew it'd be tough as hell to cut out the screwing while living in the same house with three healthy and horny males. Four males, rather. Because John was just as attractive as his sons. Even more so. Maybe because she hadn't fucked him, he seemed more attractive. There had been a disappointed look in his eyes when she'd said she wanted to lead a normal life.

But what was normal? Maybe if she just took on one male at a time, it'd be normal, more natural. She'd always thought being buggered was unnatural. It'd seemed the thing to do at the time, though. It'd felt damned good, too. Just like being fucked by the dogs had felt wonderful.

Daisy could hear a dog barking now and then. She hadn't told John about the sex with the two dogs, and she hoped his sons wouldn't tell him, either.

Restless because of her erotic thoughts, Daisy decided to go for a walk before she ended up fingering herself. She circled the big house, looking at the many flowers and shrubs, then started towards the kennels. Satan came running to meet her. He was the only dog allowed to run free, she

knew, and he was more of a pet than the rest and wasn't to be sold.

Satan wagged his tail when she patted his head, but he didn't try to jump up on her. Suddenly making up her mind, aware that the idea had been there before she'd left the home, Daisy took the friendly hound into the store room and closed the door.

Driven by an overpowering lust, her fingers trembling, her heart pounding, Daisy quickly stripped out of her clothes. One more time wouldn't do any harm, she told herself. When she started school, there'd be plenty of things to do keep her mind off sex and the demanding desires of her body. Besides, it'd be silly to celebrate her good fortune with her finger when nobody would ever know that she'd used the dog's handy cock.

Satan had settled on his haunches near the door. As soon as she was naked, Daisy stretched out on her back on the pile of gunny sacks. She parted her legs and was surprised when Satan didn't come right to her. She wondered if one of the bitches was in heat and Satan had somehow managed to do some uncontrolled fucking. Mark had told her that John followed a carefully planned breeding program. Maybe John had used Satan to service a bitch that morning. A four legged bitch, Daisy thought bitterly. God, but she was really turning into a depraved two-legged slut!

Daisy had been fondling her hard-tipped titties. Despite her sudden self-disgust, she spread her legs wider, lifted her knees, and slipped her hands down to her cunt. She parted the already moist lips with her fingers, then scooped in with one hand and smeared the cunt juice all around the inside of her thighs.

Satan got to his feet and slowly approached Daisy. She figured he'd gotten a whiff of her cunt juices and it'd turned him on. She lifted her hands from her crotch and whispered, "Come on, Satan! Lick me! Lap my cunt!"

The hound moved close and began licking all around on the inside of Daisy's thighs, the feel of his rough tongue making her shudder with eager anticipation. As he licked closer to her gaping gash, she began stimulating her erect nipples by rolling each one between a thumb and forefinger. She wanted to climax under his lapping tongue and then again with his cock jabbing away in her cunt.

When Satan began licking between Daisy's pussylips, she let go of her tingling nipples, shoved her hands down, and pried the outer lips farther apart so he could get at the hot, wet inner cunt flesh. She moaned when the hot, rough tongue began lapping the folds of tender, sensitive flesh. She wriggled her ass and hunched forward, causing the tongue to make contact with her unhooded clitoris.

The elongated organ seemed to vibrate like crazy as the tongue lapped furiously. The warm breath and the tickling whiskers added to the incredible pleasure. Daisy soon bucked and lurched through a spasmodic orgasm, unable to keep from crying out with pleasure, then making little whimpering sounds as the dog greedily licked up the cum cream from her palpitating pussy.

She finally pushed Satan away, happy to see his long, red, glistening cock poking out of its sheath. She quickly got on her hands and knees, glad the dog was experienced, sure he'd know exactly what to do and how to do it.

Daisy didn't have to help Satan mount her. As soon as he was in position, he hunched and his hard, slippery prick slid into her hot, wet cunt. She moaned as the hot cock was pushed all the way in, the knot compensating for the lack of thickness along the length of the rest of the slender shaft.

Satan immediately began rutting in and almost out of Daisy's quivering twat. She began moving with

him, slamming her ass back and forth, wanting to feel his pistoning cock as deep as she could inside her claspig cunt.

Sensing the dog wouldn't last very long before climaxing, Daisy balanced her weight on one hand and arm and stimulated her stiffened clit with the middle finger of her other hand. She timed the movements of her finger with the fast thrusts of the dog's knotted prick, desperately trying for a simultaneous climax.

Satan suddenly began pumping even faster, and Daisy matched the new pace with her frigging finger. Just as she felt Satan's sperm jetting like a geyser against the contracting walls of her snatch, another explosive orgasm racked her body.

The hound didn't withdraw right away. He left his knotted cock embedded, panting, his breath hot on the back of Daisy's neck. She removed her finger from her clitoris, the familiar sense of shame sweeping through her. This would be the last time, she told herself. There'd be no more dog-fucking! No matter how horny she got, she wouldn't degrade herself in such a terrible manner ever again!

Satan dismounted before the knot was completely gone from his cock, but it didn't hurt Daisy. She let him lick her cunt and asshole, and enjoyed the sensation, but she again promised herself that she'd never visit the kennels again for the purpose of fucking.

By the time Daisy had hurriedly dressed, anxious to take a bath, as well as afraid of being caught, Satan had stretched out on the sacks and was sleeping. She had to nudge him with a foot to get him awake, then had to practically drag him out of the store room.

In the upstairs bathroom, she undressed again, then took a leisurely bath, trying without much success to make her mind as contented as her sexually satisfied body.

The afternoon passed fairly fast. Daisy had a ham sandwich and coffee, then busied herself in the kitchen, putting on a pot roast for dinner, cleaning things that didn't really need cleaning, vacuuming carpets that were already spotless.

Keeping busy did get her in a better mental state, and when the boys came home from school, she didn't waste any time telling about her determination to lead a normal life. They were disappointed, and Mark said he thought she was being silly, but they agreed to go along with her wishes-to prove they really liked her, Luke said.

All three were pleased because she'd gotten things straight with their father. John arrived shortly afterward, his arms loaded down with packages, and told the boys to go out and bring in the rest of the things he'd bought. Excited, happy when John said he'd fixed everything for her to enroll in school, Daisy began opening packages. She found two of just about everything. Two lovely dresses, two skirts, blouses, bras, panties, dress shoes, loafers, pantyhose, and even two nightgowns. She thanked John, told him she'd never be able to repay him, and impulsively kissed him on the cheek. His face got red, he mumbled something about catching the news, and hurried from the kitchen.

"I think John's falling for you," Matthew told Daisy.

"Aren't we all?" Mark asked, laughing.

Wanting to change the subject, hoping John wouldn't start liking her too much, Daisy asked the guys to carry the new clothes upstairs so she could set the table for dinner.

They did, and after they'd eaten, all four complimenting her on cooking such an excellent meal, the

boys volunteered to do the dishes, so Daisy hurried upstairs to try on her new clothes.

Everything fit perfectly. She tried on clothes for over an hour, posing, parading around in front of the full-length mirror in her bedroom, happily admiring the lovely garments, the first expensive clothes she'd ever had.

She was wearing one of the new outfits when Mark called from downstairs and told her to let them take a look. She went to the living room, enjoyed the admiring looks and remarks she received from all four males, and ended up modeling most of her new wardrobe. She lost count of the times she went up and down the stairs.

There weren't any suggestive remarks, and the boys kept their hands off, but she felt that the fact their father was there was mostly responsible for that. After she'd finished modeling, she told everybody good night, explaining that she wanted to get plenty of sleep so she'd be in good shape for school the next day.

In her room, she carefully placed her clothes in the closet and in a bureau drawer, then went to bed. She heard the truck leave and figured John had gone to visit a female friend. It entered her mind that he'd be a good catch if she were older. Soon she heard the boys come upstairs and go to their rooms. She had a few second thoughts about just how "normal" a life she wanted to live-and felt a flash of desire as she thought of the various sex acts she'd enjoyed so much.

Daisy felt she'd won a minor victory when she was able to go to sleep without even masturbating.

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Chapter 8

Everything went smoothly the next day. Daisy rode to school with the three brothers early enough to enroll before classes started. They told her where to catch the bus if she didn't want to wait until after football practice that afternoon.

Daisy had known that it was a big school, but there were more students than she'd expected. They came from miles around, she discovered, since the town was the county seat. Mark was also a senior, but she didn't happen to be in any of his classes.

Everybody was friendly, including the teachers, and the few showing any interest didn't question the story about her being Mr. Griffith's niece. She wasn't surprised to find that all three of the boys seemed to be very popular and well-liked.

She'd always had difficulty in remembering names. They seldom registered when she was first introduced, but before the day was over, quite a few boys and girls were calling her Daisy. She'd always done well in all subjects except math. So, as she was particularly interested in that teacher, his name stuck in her mind. He also had flirty eyes, and she couldn't keep from thinking that fact might somehow help her pass.

Somebody, a girl with a name she hadn't caught, told her Mr. Eaton was twenty-eight and married to a beautiful redhead. She could see for herself that he was very handsome, and could understand why the girl in the next seat obviously had a crush on him.

Daisy had been tempted to really dress up that morning. She was glad she'd settled for a skirt, blouse and loafers, as the other girls were wearing similar clothes, and she enjoyed having the boys, as well as the math teacher, look at her bare legs and thighs.

Mark found her during the lunch hour and took her across the street to a sandwich shop. While they were eating in a booth, quite a few boys and girls stopped by to meet Daisy. She remembered only one name. That was partly because of the way the boy's beady eyes looked her over, and partly because Mark told her Joe Mason was a no-good bastard and advised her to steer clear of him and his buddies.

"I know for a fact that Joe and his two pals have raped two girls, Daisy. The girls didn't report it because they didn't want the publicity. I don't think he'd bother you, though. He knows I'll break his back if he even fools around with my close friends."

Daisy didn't like the boy's looks, and told Mark so, laughing and adding she'd kick a would-be rapist in the balls like she had the older man in the Cadillac. Mark said he was serious. Daisy said she was, too, then changed the subject by saying she'd decided to stay and watch football practice. She was afraid talk about sex would make Mark ask for more of what they'd both enjoyed so much, and she still wanted to stop giving in to her desires.

Things worked out great for Daisy after school hours. She went to watch football practice, which she'd always enjoyed, and saw three cheerleaders practicing. All three were very shapely girls, in brief costumes. She was sure she looked as good as they did, and knew she could perform as a cheerleader much better.

The girls' gym teacher was there, a pretty and well-stacked woman of about thirty, and after watching for a few minutes, Daisy couldn't keep from saying she'd been a cheerleader at the last school she'd attended. The teacher smiled, said they could always use another girl, and Daisy impulsively showed what she could do while still in her street clothes.

As a result, she officially became a cheerleader right then and there. She was taken to the dressing room, where a skimpy, colorful costume was found that fit her properly. She enjoyed to the fullest the attention she got while going through her routine, which she adjusted to blend with the name and the colors of the new school.

That evening, after dinner and while they were all watching television, all three brothers told their father what a hit Daisy had made at school. John seemed very pleased, and right then Daisy realized just how much she liked the kind man. She even had to push thoughts of fucking him out of her mind.

The rest of the week passed just as pleasantly for Daisy. She got along fine at school, with her studies, and at cheerleading practice. There was a football game Saturday afternoon. The local team won, on their home field, and Mark was the hero of the day, with Matthew running him a close second. Daisy enjoyed herself very much, glad to be out in front of a cheering crowd again. She knew John was at the game, but she didn't see him.

Mark and Matthew both had dates that evening. They didn't make excuses about not asking Daisy to go out, and she didn't blame them. John left in the truck shortly after Mark and Matthew took off in the station wagon, and Daisy figured he was also going somewhere to get a piece of ass. She didn't blame him, either. He hadn't said anything, or made any kind of a pass, but she'd sensed that he wanted her-maybe just because she was young and because he knew his three sons had banged her.

Daisy had turned down three requests for dates that week, plus telling Joe Mason each day she'd tell Mark if he didn't stop pestering her. Joe had bluntly told her what he wanted to do to her. She didn't like him and wouldn't have dated him even if he hadn't been so uncouth. The other three guys she turned down as nicely as possible, not ready to start dating mainly because she was afraid her body

would betray her, but also because she knew Mark, Matthew and Luke wouldn't like it.

A few minutes after they'd been left alone, Daisy felt Luke's eyes on her from time to time. Each time she looked at him, he'd look away. She knew what was on his mind-she was thinking along the same line. She was very hot and more than ready, and she told herself it'd be stupid to masturbate when there could be some wildly wonderful fucking and sucking.

Suddenly making up her mind, Daisy got up from the big easychair John used most of the time, walked over and snapped the TV set off. She turned and looked at Luke. He was sitting on a couch, his legs crossed.

"There must be more interesting things to do than watch that boring program, Luke."

Luke grinned. "You must've been reading my mind!"

"Let's go to my room."

When Luke uncrossed his legs and stood up, Daisy saw that he'd been hiding a hard-on. They hurried upstairs without touching. In Daisy's room, she turned the light on, closed the door, and began getting undressed. Luke quickly shucked out of his clothes, but Daisy won what turned into a race.

Daisy was on her back on the bed when Luke joined her, his cock thrusting stiffly. She was glad when he didn't climb right on and in. She wanted to make everything last and last, enjoying all the thrilling preliminaries before the actual fucking. She wanted to suck his cock, maybe on the way to a spurting explosion if he was sure he could get another erection, and she wanted her cunt and clit lapped and sucked until she melted into a glorious orgasm.

Luke kissed Daisy on the mouth, tenderly at first, his hands gently caressing her body, the underside of his hard cock flush against one of her thighs. His tongue licked over her parted lips. She put her arms around his neck and flicked her tongue against his. He grabbed one of her tits, squeezed, and turned the kiss into one of passion.

Tongues probing, lashing, their hands roaming over each other's bodies, they worked themselves into a frenzy of lust. Luke broke the feverish kiss and took a goodly portion of Daisy's left spiked tit unto his hot, wet mouth. She moaned and squirmed heatedly. He moved his sucking mouth over and feasted upon the other throbbing jug.

Soon he trailed his parted lips and darting tongue down across her trembling belly, tracing intricate little designs, one hand fondling her jutting titties, the other caressing her inner thighs. She put her hands on his head and applied a little pressure, deciding she'd let him lap her through an orgasm before she sucked his cock.

He licked around to the right of her muff, and she opened her legs wider and removed her hands from his head. He lifted his face, gazed at the yawning target, and whispered that she smelled damned good. He extended his tongue and licked her pink split from bottom to top, his tongue-tip flicking her erect clit as it swept past.

Daisy let out her breath, then sucked it back in again when Luke's tongue flicked her passion-button a few times in rapid succession. God, it felt good! Why had she been denying herself such wonderful pleasure?

Luke licked down through her gash again, then back up to her stiffened clitoris. She felt his lips

dosing around the most sensitive part of her entire being. When he sucked the elongated organ into his mouth, and began lapping it with his hot tongue, she cried out, clasped his head with her fingers again, and held his face buried deep in her crotch.

She wriggled her ass against the smooth sheet and was well on the way to a climax when he broke the suction. She felt her rubbery button snap back in place, then his lips were pressing against her slick cuntlips, his tongue snaking into her steaming hole. She lurched upward as his tongue went way up inside her, swabbing the walls of her cunt in a fast circular motion. Again she dimly wondered why she'd been cheating herself out of such exquisite pleasure.

The fronts of his upper teeth were making contact with her clit and nipping the erect nub, while his chin rubbed through the moist crack of her squirming ass. She blurted out that she was coming. He slipped his hands under and grasped her butt, returning his mouth and tongue to her clit and sucking and lapping furiously.

Daisy spawned violently, digging her fingernails into his bobbing scalp, clamping her thighs tightly against his smooth cheeks. He kept going until she'd relaxed and removed her fingers from his head and hair. She wanted to rest for a few seconds and let him go down on her again while she was blowing his cock until he popped his nuts.

Luke lifted his face, grinned, and licked his wet, glistening lips. "Your juice tastes damned good. Maybe even better than any other cunt-cum I've tasted."

"Just for that, I'll give you a blowjob," Daisy said, smiling. "Better yet, let's do a sixty-nine all the way to a finish."

Luke lifted, walked around on his knees and straddled Daisy's head, his poking cock directly above her mouth. She grasped the shaft, lifted her head, and engulfed the enlarged knob. She sucked and laved the sleek cockhead with her tongue, then reached with her other hand and pulled a pillow under her head. That helped her take more of the throbbing prick without straining her neck.

She kept her eyes open, enjoying the sight, as well as the taste and the exciting male-smell. The sperm-laden balls were drawn up tightly in their hairy, wrinkled sac. She steadied the cock by holding onto the base with a thumb and forefinger, using her other hand to gently caress the taut bag and the tense buttocks. She sucked up and down on almost the entire length of the hard, pulsing prickshaft, feeling the tremors begin in her cunt even before her young partner started going down on her again.

Daisy managed to keep her passion in check and continue to suck slowly when Luke's lips went directly to her elongated clit. He sucked and tongued at the same leisurely pace, seemingly in control and in no hurry to shoot his load. Daisy was glad she'd had an orgasm so recently. She was still hot, and was enjoying the lavish cunt-lapping to the utmost, but she was able to focus most of her attention on the stiff cock she was enjoying sucking so very much.

She liked everything about sucking a cock. Even if she didn't know there'd eventually be a spurting reward, she'd want to feel and taste the hard spear of man meat moving so smoothly in her sucking mouth. God forgive her, but she just had to keep on sucking cocks until she got old enough to get married and settle for one!

Soon Daisy felt the tell-tale expansion of the swollen cockhead and knew the explosion was imminent. She was also balanced right on the brink, and had been for a couple of minutes. She lifted her ass from the mattress to indicate her readiness and increased the suction on the throbbing cock. Luke quickened the tempo of his lapping and sucking, and buried his face even deeper in her crotch.

Luke's cock jerked erratically in Daisy's mouth, spraying gobs of hot jism, and a split second later she spasmed under his frantically sucking mouth. She kept on sucking and gulping down the scalding cum while lurching through her ecstatic release. She used her hand to milk the rapidly softening shaft as she sucked the cockhead and drank the last few drops of sperm even though her mouth had been flooded, she didn't lose a bit of the thick cream.

They rested, his limp cock still in her mouth; Luke lifted from her clit, but his breath was still warm on her wet cuntlips. Remembering her previous experiences with him and his cock, Daisy was surprised when it didn't get hard as she started sucking again. She wanted his dick erect so he could fuck her. She didn't protest when he pulled his soft cock from her mouth, twisted around, and stretched out beside her, though. She was sure he wouldn't be satisfied with just one ejaculation.

"Does this mean you're going to keep letting me have sex with you, Daisy? I hope so! It's a lot better than beating my meat!"

"You've been masturbating?"

"At least once a day. Usually at night when I'm thinking about you. Today, just before dinner, I went to the bathroom and beat off a batch. That's the reason my cock's taking so long to get hard now."

Daisy could picture Luke stretched out on his back in the darkness, pounding away on his hard cock while thinking of her cunt or mouth. Life was crazy, she thought. The stupid rules a person was supposed to live by seemed crazy, anyhow.

"I don't think it'd be fair to Mark and Matthew for me to keep on having sex with you, Luke."

"Why not let us all fuck you? They've been doing a lot of jacking off too! I think you'd be better off if you just did what you wanted to and stopped worrying so damned much."

Mental images of Mark and Matthew masturbating had been flickering through Daisy's mind. What Luke had said made sense, but she still couldn't get rid of her feelings of shame and guilt.

Luke had been fondling Daisy's boobs. The nipples hadn't lost any of their hardness. She looked down and saw that his cock was about half-hard. She decided she'd give Mark and Matthew a turn with her, maybe arrange things so she could be with each of the three brothers on alternate nights.

If she avoided group sex and bestiality, maybe she wouldn't be so torn between her guilt and her desires. Daisy wasn't really very upset about being with Luke and she'd already experienced two wonderful orgasms. Should she include John? The dear man deserved all the happiness she could give him.

Daisy decided it was time to stop thinking and get on with the fun and games. She moved and got down between Luke's legs, telling him to lift his knees. He complied, and she snuggled her face down and began licking his balls. She really started to get turned on, the male-smell adding to her soaring excitement.

Daisy impulsively opened her mouth wide and sucked one of the nuts inside. She was rewarded with a little gasp from above. She sucked and lashed her tongue, then used her tongue to push the ball from her mouth. She gave the second nut the same treatment, using her fingers to roll the first one around in the saliva-coated sac. She was fascinated by the way balls slipped around in their bag.

When she pushed the second ball out of her mouth with her tongue, Daisy licked up along the underside of Luke's jutting prick. Just as she started to take the swollen glans into her mouth,

intending to suck for a few seconds before mounting the thrusting tool, Luke suggested they try something new.

Daisy planted a wet kiss on the blunt end of his hard cock and lifted her head. "Name it and I'll give it a try."

"I'll sit over there," he said, pointing to the bench in front of the dressing table. "You can face me, back up and sit down, or we can do it both ways."

"Both ways," she said, swinging from the bed.

Luke perched his naked butt on the end of the bench. Facing him, Daisy was able to straddle him and his poking prick and have space to put her legs. She placed her hands on his shoulders and let him do the guiding as she slowly lowered. She settled all the way down, burying his cock all the way into her cunt.

She just let his cock soak for a minute or two, then began contracting her inner muscles. Luke told her she was really getting good at snapping. They were holding each other tightly, her chin on his shoulder, and her taut-tipped titties pressed against his chest. He slipped his hands down and shoved them in between her ass and his thighs. She pulled her upper body back and clasped her fingers behind his neck.

She lifted by putting her weight on her feet and legs. When only the cockhead remained embedded, she lowered all the way down again. Luke helped with his hands when she again lifted, then kept on helping as she began moving up and down on his hard, slippery shaft.

"This is great!" she exclaimed. "Can you last for a while?"

"Don't worry," Luke said, holding her down and working his stiff cock around in her twitching cunt. She began grinding her hips and he gave her enough freedom to make little up and down movements. She melted into an orgasm without really moving all that wildly. She just kind of eased over the edge and it was almost as if she had taken a blissful trip out and away from herself.

Luke's cock did remain hard and stiff. When Daisy recovered, she pulled her head from where she'd rested it on his shoulder and told him he had a right to do a little bragging. He said he was able to last longer not only because he'd masturbated earlier, but also because he was getting more used to having sex with her. She understood what he meant, but she pretended to pout and told him he was just getting tired of her. He protested, saying that'd never be true.

Afraid the talk would lead to words about love, a subject that'd always been carefully avoided by Daisy and all three brothers, she lifted from Luke's thrusting tool and turned around. The last thing she wanted was to get emotionally involved with anybody, and she wanted to keep her relationship with all three boys strictly on a physical basis. Her life was already complicated enough without one of them coming on with the love stuff.

Then Daisy lowered herself, with Luke's help, and his cock speared up into her clinging cunt. "I'll let Mark and Matthew take their turns fucking me," she said, beginning to bounce on Luke's stiff shaft. "Hell, it'd be stupid to let them waste the stuff I like so damned much!"

"They'll be glad to hear that," Luke said. "So am I. We're all too young to take sex too seriously, even if I do get some crazy ideas at times."

Daisy didn't say anything. She was well on her way to never-never land, and she didn't even want to

think about anything except the glorious pleasures of the moment. She bounced through an orgasm, crying out when she peaked, happy when Luke's cock remained stiff and strong.

When her spasms subsided, Luke suggested she kneel on the carpet and lean over the bed. Daisy was sure Luke wanted to cornhole her and she was hot for it. She lifted her juicy cunt from his slippery joystick and hurriedly got in position.

She was glad when Luke got down behind her and began caressing and kissing her butt. He spread her asscheeks and licked her asshole. She relaxed and his tongue penetrated her tingling bung all of two inches. Daisy thrilled to the tongue-reaming, then heard and felt him depositing saliva on the tight ring. He told her that would help lessen the pain, then got into position to fuck her in the ass.

Again he spoke, saying he'd shove his dick in her pussy first, just to make sure it was slippery. He only made a few deep thrusts into her cunt and pulled his cock out. She again relaxed and the cockhead slipped into her brownie easily and without much pain. He gripped her hips and she thrust back to let him know she was ready. There wasn't even much pain when the stiff rod was shoved all the way into her tight asshole. She let out a little groan, then quickly told him she was all right.

And she was all right. She felt gloriously plugged and the sensation was fantastically wonderful. He pulled almost out, thrust back in, repeated the slow movement, and she began hunching along with his rhythmical strokes. She heard him grunting and her breath expelled every time he thrust in to the hilt.

She was clasping her own throbbing titties. She knew he was getting ready to start his final drive when he reached around and under and started fingering her erect clit.

"That's so good," she whispered. Then she added in a louder voice, "Go ahead and give me your cum! I'll make it with you!"

She did start spasming as she felt his cock and balls tighten and the first spurts of jism jetting into her clasping asshole. She bucked and twisted her ass to milk all the spewing cum from his pistoning cock. He groaned and kept right on fingering her clit until he fell over on her back and rested there.

"That was great," Luke said after he'd gotten his breath. "The greatest!"

Daisy silently agreed, deciding she'd really turned into a nympho when she found herself wishing there was a hard cock to take the place of the one rapidly going soft in her quivering, flooded asshole.

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## Chapter 9

The next day, Sunday, John and Luke took a couple of the dogs and went to the cabin to do some hunting. They asked Daisy to go along, but she declined, saying she had some homework to do. Which was the truth, but the main reason was because she didn't trust herself. She was afraid John would sense that she was beginning to want him just as much as she knew he wanted her. She felt it was bad enough to have sex with the sons. To include the father would make her just that much lower in her own eyes, and maybe in his.

She was sure the boys would willingly share her with their father. She was a little surprised that at least one of them hadn't suggested such an arrangement. They seemed to have absolutely no morals where sexual pleasures were concerned, and in a way she envied them for the way they were able to

accept everything with such an apparent lack of shame and guilt.

Mark and Matthew didn't come downstairs until after one o'clock. Daisy was in the living room, doing some homework, when she saw them pass by on the way to the kitchen. They waved, and she didn't have to be told they'd broken training by drinking as well as by sexing it up when they joined her a few minutes later. Their eyes were bloodshot and neither one had the usual spring in his walk.

Bored with the social-science book she was trying to study, Daisy tossed it aside and told the boys they must've really had a fun-filled night. Matthew said they'd had a great time, and Mark wanted to know if she was jealous.

"Tell me what happened," she countered. "Then I might know whether or not I should be jealous."

Mark and Matthew took turns giving a few details about their dates. They didn't mention names. She liked them for that. She'd hate to put out to a date and hear of him talking about it.

They'd gone to one of the girls' homes. Her parents had gone to a swapping party in a town a hundred miles away. The girl's parents didn't know she knew about them being swappers. She'd found and read some letters and hadn't told her swinging parents about it. Mark said the girl hadn't used the discovery as an excuse, as she'd been a swinger for over a year.

The other girl, Matthew's date, had turned out to be very shy until she'd consumed a hell of a lot of whiskey. She'd also turned out to be what Mark and Matthew called a bum fuck. She'd refused to suck cock, too, even after she'd gone down on Mark's date and willingly switched partners.

"I think she's basically a lesbian," Mark said. "Sure, my date eats pussy, and she did a sixty-nine with the other girl more than once, but my date only lapped cunt for an extra thrill. A lot of the girls I've dated are bisexual."

"It doesn't make me jealous to hear about the girls going down on each other," Daisy said. "I enjoyed having the slut I told you about tonguing my twat, but it turns me off to even think about doing it myself."

Mark said they'd meant they thought Daisy might be jealous because they'd had sex and she hadn't. Matthew wanted to know if she'd been masturbating, then laughed and said he didn't blame her if she had, since he himself jacked off from time to time.

"I didn't have to take care of myself," Daisy said. "Luke was here, you know, and it's too bad you guys are so pooped out today, because I decided it'd only be fair to let each one of you take a turn."

Mark and Matthew had been staring. They both laughed, and Mark said they'd never be too pooped to have a go with her. Matthew said he was getting a hard-on just thinking about touching her lovely body.

As the boys began taking off their shoes and socks, Daisy decided she might as well take them both on at the same time. She didn't want to hurt the feelings of either one by having to make a choice. She didn't know which one to pick, anyhow. Besides, it was more fun to have two cocks simultaneously.

Daisy didn't stand up and start removing her clothes until Mark and Matthew were standing and slipping out of their shirts. The three finished stripping themselves naked at the same time. Daisy felt they should go to a bedroom, but she didn't say anything when the two boys moved towards her with their thrusting cocks. It was their home - and she suddenly found herself wishing Luke and

John would walk in on them unexpectedly. Maybe John wouldn't just take a look and haul ass a second time.

Mark and Matthew dropped to their knees before Daisy and playfully pulled her down on the thick carpet. The three of them rolled around on the floor, caressing, grabbing, probing. They ended up with Mark on his back, Daisy suspended over him on her hands and knees, her face inches above his jutting cock, and Matthew caressing and kissing her butt.

She lowered her head and ran her tongue around Mark's swollen cockhead. He groaned, and she swirled her tongue in ever-widening circles. She finally dropped her mouth lower and took the head of his cock between her wet lips. She closed her mouth around it and started to suck rapidly, taking inches of the rigid shaft, bobbing her head in short, jerky movements.

Matthew had been licking Daisy's butt in ever-smaller circles, while using his fingers to caress her feverish flesh. He centered in on her puckered bung, jabbed at the knot a few times, then lowered and licked up through her gaping cunt.

Mark announced that he didn't want to shoot off right away. Daisy stopped sucking and wasn't disappointed when Matthew stopped tonguing her gash. She wasn't in any hurry to climax, either. She wanted to make the session last and last, afraid each boy would want to settle for one come.

Matthew stretched out on his back beside Mark and Daisy moved over and began licking his balls. She sucked the nuts into her mouth, each in turn, and Matthew said it felt great. She then sucked Matthew's cock for a minute or two and moved back over and licked Mark's wrinkled sac.

After she'd sucked Mark's nuts into her mouth, one at a time, she started blowing his cock again. Matthew got around behind her and shoved his cock into her cunt. She sucked up and down on Mark's prick while hunching along with Matthew's pronging cock. Just as she began racing toward an orgasm, and she sensed that Mark was well on his way to a climax, Matthew stopped fucking her and again stretched out beside Mark.

Daisy didn't have to be told what to do. She again moved over to Matthew, licked her cunt juices from his jutting rod, then began blowing him. Mark got behind her, shoved his saliva-coated cock into her steaming twat, and began fucking her.

Soon Daisy lost count of the times they shifted around in that manner. Each time a stiff cock was withdrawn from her pulsing pussy she'd leave the one she had been sucking and move over to the one coated with her pussy fluids. She didn't mind the taste of her own juices, and the fact she was taking the secretions into her mouth turned her on, but at one point she told herself she still didn't want to taste the juices of another female.

Daisy didn't have an orgasm. Mark and Matthew managed to time it so she was continuously balanced right on the brink. She enjoyed the sensation so very much she even helped delay the final moments by holding back. Her familiarity with them and their cocks also enabled her to keep her passion under control.

Finally, however, Daisy's nervous system could no longer take the stalling. She let the fact be known. Mark pushed her over on her back and got between her eagerly parted legs. He shoved his hard prick into her hot box and began fucking her with powerful thrusts. She bucked her hips wildly, erratically, and gave Mark and his cock a wild ride.

Daisy suddenly tensed and strained, gripped by an intense orgasm. As her muscles tensed, she stretched her legs, waved them wildly, then scissored them around Mark's waist. Her breath

expelled loudly as the climax went on and on.

She finally relaxed, breathing heavily as her come expired and her body became less tense. Mark's cock was still hard and buried deep. He grinned, pulled out, and flopped over on his back. Matthew chuckled, got between Daisy's legs, and said he'd prove he could also fuck her without getting his gun.

He let Daisy do the guiding. He began fucking her fast and furiously. She didn't want him to climax, partly because she wanted his cock to stay hard, and partly because she didn't want to take a chance on embarrassing him in front of Mark. She figured they had a little contest going between them.

Daisy thought she might fake an orgasm, so she could help save Matthew's spurting finish for later, for her own benefit, as well as for his, but she didn't have to do any faking. His fast pronging sent her soaring again. She didn't turn her inner motor on, though, and Matthew's cock was still buried deep and poking proudly when she ceased her erratic movements.

Matthew withdrew, seemingly to prove to Mark he hadn't shot off. Mark looked at Matthew's thrusting tool, rolled over, kissed Daisy lightly on the lips, and asked if she'd like to try something they hadn't tried before. Thinking Mark meant he and Matthew wanted to give her a double fuck, with a cock in her cunt and another in her ass at the same time, Daisy said she was ready for anything.

It turned out that Daisy had jumped to the wrong conclusion. The suggestion Mark made was Intriguing, however, and although she didn't think it'd work, she agreed to give it a try. She'd lost all of her inhibitions and she'd even thought about taking on a dog or two if Mark and Matthew pooped out before she was completely satisfied.

The two horny brothers had Daisy perch her butt on a chair, which put her mouth in a perfect position for what they had in mind. Matthew said he didn't think it'd work, and Mark said he'd seen it done in a stag movie.

"Two black guys shoved their big cocks in a blonde girl's mouth at the same time," Mark added. "I know it sounds impossible, but I did see it on film, and I've always wanted to try it. I don't think it'd make us queer just because our cocks'll touch!"

Daisy didn't really think she could perform such a feat, and told them she didn't want to be blamed if her teeth scraped their cocks. Mark said they could stop at any time they found it wasn't going to work and was going to cause harm to any one of them.

Matthew told Mark to go first, since his cock was bigger around. Daisy opened her mouth wide and Mark stepped close. She took his swollen cockhead into her mouth, again telling herself she could never take both hard cocks at once.

Mark turned slightly sideways, angling his shaft into her mouth, pushing in just enough for the knob to rest against the inside of one of Daisy's cheeks. He then told Matthew to kind of ease in at an angle from the other side. Matthew did so, and Daisy brought her hand up and used a finger to stretch her mouth even wider.

Matthew pushed his cock alongside his brother's shaft, and Daisy removed her finger when the penetration began. Matthew shoved gently and his cockhead slipped into Daisy's mouth, causing her other cheek to bulge out. The corners of her mouth were stretched so much there was some discomfort, but not enough to detract from the thrill of actually having two hard, throbbing cocks in her mouth.

She couldn't really do much sucking with her mouth stuffed so full, and she couldn't use her tongue to best advantage, but she did enjoy the off beat act. The guys didn't get rough. They didn't even hunch very much when they began shooting. Daisy was glad when their cocks began spurting within a couple of minutes. It was quite a strain on her mouth, and it hadn't taken long for the novelty to wear off.

Matthew's cock exploded first, followed seconds later by Mark's spurting release. Daisy kept on sucking the best she could, but she didn't attempt to swallow all of the double load of hot jism. The cum gushed out around the two pulsing shafts and she could feel it running down her chin and flowing through the deep valley between her boobs.

Daisy had used one hand to cup Mark's balls and the other hand to cup Matthew's full sac. She milked the drawn-up nuts with her fingers and kept on sucking the two cocks as they rapidly softened. When Mark and Matthew pulled their limp dicks from her mouth and stepped back, Daisy looked down at the cum on her body. A pool of the white cream had formed in her belly-button. Once was enough, she decided. She'd enjoyed the oddity of it, even the idea of performing the seemingly impossible act had been exciting, but from then on she'd only suck one cock at a time.

She said she'd go clean herself and Mark told her if she was up to it, they'd try another experiment when she came back.

Daisy left without saying anything. She could think of only one thing they hadn't tried, and that. She was eager to try that or anything else they might have in mind.

Going to the downstairs bathroom, Daisy cleaned the cum from between her titties and from her belly at the wash basin, then washed her hands and rinsed her mouth out. She also washed her crotch in case the boys wanted to do some more cunt-lapping. She took the wash cloth and a towel when she returned to the living room, ready to continue the three-way sex session.

Mark and Matthew had naked out on the carpet, their cocks still soft. Daisy soon had their pricks poking proudly, though, by sucking each in turn. She still liked the sensation of having a limp cock get hard in her mouth.

She'd discovered that having a hard cock didn't necessarily mean a male was ready to fuck. She was glad of that truth when Mark and Matthew rolled her over on her back and began sucking on her titties. She wanted to ready be steaming when the next experiment started. She wasn't positive there was going to be a double fuck, with one cock in her cunt and another in her asshole, and she found she had a stubborn streak in her that wouldn't let her ask.

Matthew left Daisy's throbbing tit and went down and began licking the outer lips of her pussy. Mark stopped sucking her other jug and asked how she'd like to see how it felt to have a cock in her cunt and ass at the same time. She failed to suppress an excited little giggle and told him she'd thought they were never going to get around to doing what she'd been wanting to do.

Matthew, apparently hearing despite the greedy way he'd started lapping Daisy's inner cuntlips, took a few more swipes with the flat of his tongue and lifted his head. He said since his cock was smaller, maybe he'd better do the cornholing. Mark said it'd be all right with him, and Daisy let her silence signify her acceptance of the arrangement.

Not knowing just how to go about it, Daisy waited until Mark told her to get on her hands and knees. When she was in that position, Matthew first slipped his hard cock into her hot, juicy pussy to make his dick slippery with cunt juices. He made a few deep thrusts, withdrew, and placed the head of his wet prick against her asshole.



Daisy had learned exactly how to relax. The swollen pricktup popped past the tight ring and she didn't even groan. Nor was there much pain as the cock slowly plowed into her tight shitter. When Matthew had his prick buried balls deep, he tightened the grip he'd taken on Daisy's hips, and told her to help while he rolled them over on their sides. She did, the pleasure produced by the stiff shaft embedded in her clinging bung spreading throughout her entire body.

They remained on their sides for a few seconds, then Matthew told her he was going to roll over on his back. She moved as helpfully as she could, and when she was on top of him, his prick still planted up her asshole, Mark lowered himself between her legs.

"Oh, God!" she cried as Mark shoved his stiff cock into her pulsing pussy and she encircled his body with her arms and legs. "I feel so - so fucking full!"

"You ARE fucking full," Mark said just before he mashed his open mouth to hers and snaked his hot, slippery tongue past her teeth.

Mark and Matthew began fucking her, both at once, and Daisy sucked on Mark's probing tongue while hunching along with the two throbbing tools working inside her at the same time. The sensation was incredible. One prick pumping in her claspung cunt with deep, forceful thrusts, while another probed deep in her claspung asshole with equally forceful thrusts, had her wildly passionate.

She could feel the two rigid cocks stroking each other through the thin membrane separating her cunt and ass. Mark pulled his tongue from her sucking mouth and said it might be better if they rolled over on their sides.

Daisy didn't think it could possibly be any better, but she soon found out differently. When the three of them were on their sides, each passionate boy pulled his cock about halfway out and let Daisy do all the moving. She hunched forward and backward, slowly at first, driving a hard cock deep into her steaming snatch, then pushing back to drive the other hard cock deep into her churning bowels. Soon she just had to hunch faster and faster.

Matthew suddenly blurted that he couldn't take much more. Mark said he was ready. They began fucking her again, fast and furiously, and Daisy gave herself over completely to the sheer carnal bliss of the double fucking.

"I'm going to shoot!" Matthew exclaimed.

"Me, too!" Mark cried.

Daisy spasmed, her orgasm-racked body convulsing ecstatically as jets of hot jism squirted simultaneously into her cock-squeezing cunt and asshole. The pleasure was so unbearably intense she thought she might pass out. But she remained keenly alert, every nerve ending in her writhing body ablaze with consuming passion. She kept hunching to and fro even after the two cocks stopped spurting and started going soft. She was sorry the truly delightful experience was over. She felt as if she could take the glorious trip again and again.

Mark withdrew first, using the towel, and Daisy felt Matthew using the damp wash cloth as he pulled his limp prick from her clinging, flooded asshole. She realized she had her eyes closed when she heard Mark tell Matthew to go get one of the dogs to clean her pussy and butt. She remembered promising herself she wouldn't fuck a dog again, and knew she was going to break it.

"We're going to have to start spacing the sessions farther apart, Daisy. I know you're still hot, and I don't want to hurt your feelings, but a guy just can't go as often as a girl."

Daisy understood what Mark meant, and she knew he hadn't meant to hurt her feelings, but that didn't keep her from feeling like a wanton bitch.

"I must be turning into some kind of a nympho," Daisy said. "Or maybe I already have!"

"I just think you're trying to make up for lost time," Mark said seriously. "Besides, women are simply capable of having more climaxes than a man, and in one way I envy you. It's just -"

"I understand," Daisy cut in. "I'll take it easy on you guys from now on."

Matthew came into the room with Lucifer on a leash. He said John and Luke had taken Satan. When Lucifer spotted Daisy, he strained at the leash and practically dragged Matthew across the room. Daisy let the hound lick her sperm-filled cunt, then folded her legs back so the rough tongue could lap her asshole.

When Matthew pulled the horny dog away, Daisy quickly got on her hands and knees, wanting her gaping, quivering gash plugged by the long, red, glistening cock that poked out from the hairy sheath. Mark got down and made sure Lucifer's cock slipped into the right hole. Daisy thrust backward as the dog mounted her, moaning with lust as the hot, slippery cock probed deep into her claspung cunt.

Lucifer began rutting in and out of Daisy's pussy, slamming hard against her butt, his knotted prick scraping her cunt walls, and within thirty seconds she was soaring through a blissful orgasm.

Oh, God, she thought, what was to become of her? Would she ever learn to control herself? Her body had betrayed her again!

The dog hadn't stopped humping. Daisy knew he was getting close to a climax. She started moving again, matching the fast thrusts, blocking everything from her feverish mind except the wondrous sensations she was experiencing. When the knotted dog prick spurted and flooded her cunt with hot cum, she spasmed again, deciding moments later that lust sure as hell didn't have any mercy.

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Chapter 10

Sunday evening, after the session in the afternoon with the two brothers and the dog, Daisy let Luke spend about an hour in her room before he went to his own room to sleep. They sucked and fucked and had a wonderful time, and Daisy got him to promise to help her stay clear of the dogs.

Monday evening she let Matthew spend about an hour with her before he went to his room. They had a great time sucking and fucking, and he also promised to help her break the dog-fucking habit. He shot off once in her mouth, and she thrilled to two spasmodic releases.

Tuesday evening she gave Mark a turn. He said he felt she was foolish to want to give up the extra pleasures of dog-fucking, but promised to help her as he could. They sucked and fucked, she again had two blissful orgasms, while he had just one - in her asshole.

Wednesday afternoon Daisy had a sexual adventure away from the big house she'd started to look upon as a home. Her math teacher asked her to stay after class a few minutes. She did, figuring he was going to get on her butt for turning in an incomplete exam paper the day before. He told her she needed more help than he was able to give her in class, and suggested she go home with him that afternoon.

When she simply stared, suspecting he had things other than school work in mind, he laughed and told her not to get the wrong idea, that his wife would be there. Still suspicious, she protested that she had to go to cheerleading practice. He wanted to know if cheerleading was more important than passing math, then said he'd have her back in time for her to ride home with her cousins after football practice.

Curious as to how the handsome teacher knew that much about her, and also wanting to see the wife – as well as knowing she needed all the help in math she could get – Daisy agreed to meet Mr. Eaton a block from the school directly after the last class of the day. It made sense to her when he explained there was no need to take a chance on starting foolish gossip over something as innocent as helping her graduate that year.

Daisy told one of the other cheerleaders she wasn't feeling well and was going to skip practice that day. She'd only been standing on the corner a few minutes when the teacher drove up in a late-model car. She got in beside him, noticed the way his eyes went to her bare legs and lower thighs, and decided if he did have something like rape in mind, he was in for a surprise. She wouldn't be too easy if she could help it, but if she hadn't been willing to give sex a try with him she wouldn't have gotten in the car. She was still a little sorry about kicking the would-be rapist in the balls, and she didn't want to be involved in that kind of a scene again.

It wasn't very far to Mister Eaton's home, a small bungalow at the edge of town. There wasn't any talk, but Daisy didn't mind. It wasn't really an uncomfortable silence, and she sensed the man was far more nervous than she was. She'd already made up her mind to accept any advances he might make. She'd had sex with her own father and brother, with two different dogs and the Griffith brothers, and had the hots for their father, so why not give in to her desire to experiment further with the handsome teacher?

Inside the house, in the living room, Mr. Eaton motioned for Daisy to sit down on a couch. She did, and felt a pang of disappointment when he told her his wife must be taking a bath.

"Mona's something of a nut on cleanliness, Daisy. She takes three and four baths or showers each day. Well, I guess we'd better get right to work."

Daisy had brought her math book. The teacher sat down beside her, not very close, and Daisy wondered if she could've been imagining things. She sure as hell wasn't interested in sitting there going over math problems!

"Oh! I'm sorry! You should've come and told me you'd brought somebody home with you, Ray!"

Daisy looked up and saw just about the most beautiful female she'd ever seen. Completely naked, Mr. Eaton's wife looked as if she'd just stepped from the centerfold of one of the more expensive men's magazines. She had dark-red hair, above and below, and her tits were big, but rode high and jutted majestically. She had a tiny waist, curving out into softly rounded hips, her hips blending beautifully with firmly rounded thighs. She wasn't all that tall, but her legs were long and very shapely. Her eyes were green, her features perfect. She looked to be about twenty-five.

"This is my wife, Daisy. Mona, this lovely young girl is Daisy Morley."

"Hello, Daisy," Mona said, her voice low and pleasant. "You are lovely, honey, and by the look on your pretty face I can tell Ray hasn't explained a damn thing to you."

"I thought it'd be better if we explained things while the three of us were together, Mona. In fact, it might be a good idea for you to do the talking, honey. I'm in the mood to do something far more

exciting at the moment.”

While speaking in an ordinary tone of voice, as if it were perfectly natural for his lovely wife to be as naked as the proverbial jaybird, Ray Eaton had gotten to his feet. Mona had swayed over and lowered her naked, shapely, firm-looking ass down in an easy chair across the way. He walked over, dropped to his knees, and began kissing her inner thighs and running his hands up and down her long legs.

Daisy, shocked speechless since the naked redhead had appeared in the doorway, continued to silently stare. She'd already been prepared for some sex action, having made up her mind to go along with the teacher's wishes if he made a pass at her, and now, watching as he kissed and licked his way closer and closer to his beautiful wife's slightly parted, glistening pussylips, she really began to get horny.

“Maybe it's just as well Ray didn't explain before bringing you here,” the smiling redhead said. “You might've refused to come, and now I have the feeling you'd protest if we were to tell you to leave. I've heard so much about you, honey. Your uncle has raved many times about your young loveliness and now I can understand why.”

For a moment Daisy was confused, then she said, “John Griffith?”

Mona laughed low in her throat. “I forgot about your uncle telling me even his sons call him by his first name. One would think, by the way John talks, that he was in love with you. Maybe he is, even if you are his niece. Incest is far more common than most people think.”

Instead of going to his wife's cunt with his mouth sad tongue, Ray Eaton had moved down and kissed and licked her lower inner thighs. Daisy met Mona's gleaming green eyes and asked what John had said about her.

“Only good things, honey. I quizzed him, trying to find out if you were having sex with his sons, but he assured me he didn't think you'd go for even that type of incestuous relationship. Now, from the look on your lovely face, I've found the answer to my question.”

“You're just guessing,” Daisy said, realizing immediately afterward her words had given her away. “What's your connection with John?”

“Ray and I both have what most people consider to be offbeat sexual desires. We're both exhibitionists, among other things, and Ray also likes to watch me getting fucked. Your uncle has been the third member of a threesome many times. I'm bisexual, too, and Ray likes to watch me eat pussy.”

The teacher pulled his head from between his wife's lovely legs, turned, and looked at Daisy. “We won't force you to do anything, Daisy, but whether you go or stay, we don't want you to blab about this. Not even to your uncle. If you do, we'll drag you through the mud with us. Make up your mind. If you want to go, I'll take you back to school and...”

“I'd already made up my mind when I came in here,” Daisy cut in, getting to her feet. “About some things, anyhow. I don't want to go down on Mona, but I do like to have my cunt lapped.”

Smiling happily, the husband quickly stood up, put his hand out, and helped his naked, happily smiling wife to her feet. Daisy saw the big bulge in the front of his pants and hoped he'd want to do more than just watch.

Mona and Ray led the way to a bedroom, the redhead's naked ass jiggling delightfully. In the bedroom, Mona told Daisy to please undress herself. Ray perched his butt on a straight-back chair, and Mona stood near the bed while they watched Daisy hurriedly disrobe.

Daisy was nervous, and her fingers trembled slightly, but she was comparatively calm by the time she'd stripped herself naked. Outwardly, anyway. Inwardly she was seething with expectation and the admiring, greedy eyes added to her excitement. She walked over to the bed, climbed on, got on her back, spread her legs wide, smiled, and told Mona to go to it.

The redhead didn't wait for a second invitation. She didn't go down on Daisy right away, though. Mumbling something about what lovely tits Daisy had, she took a goodly portion of one spiked mound into her hot mouth. While sucking and tonguing the hard nipple, she toyed with the other taut-tipped tit with her long, slender fingers.

Daisy hadn't meant to allow any mouth-kissing. Not with Mona. The beautiful woman ran a hand down over Daisy's trembling belly, cupped her crotch, and shoved a finger into her hot cunt. Daisy gasped, Mona pulled her mouth from the jutting tit, and mashed her mouth to Daisy's. Closing her mouth, Daisy felt the slippery tongue licking her lips, jabbing, seeking admittance.

The finger had been probing her cunt, stroking the folds of sensitive flesh. The digit went to her stiffened clitoris and again she gasped. The female tongue darted past her lips, her teeth, and swabbed around the inside of her mouth.

As the finger continued to stimulate her clit, Daisy began returning the passionate, tongue-probing kiss. The female lips were smoother than a male's. Carried away with lot, writhing under the frigging finger, Daisy feverishly lashed her tongue with Mona's, not caring that it was a female giving her so much pleasure. Mona soon pulled her mouth and tongue from Daisy's and went to the hard-nippled boob she hadn't tongued and sucked before. She also pulled her finger from Daisy's erect clit and steaming cunt just in time to keep Daisy from spasming. She moved until she was on top of Daisy and lowered her warm, moist crotch to Daisy's.

Mona pulled her mouth from Daisy's throbbing boob, lifted her head, and grabbed both of Daisy's jutting knockers and squeezed, while wriggling her ass and grinding her cunt against Daisy's quivering cunt. Her green eyes were filmed with passion. Daisy rolled her head from side to side on the mattress, wriggling her ass and grinding her pussy up against Mona's in harmony with the redhead's fucking movements.

Again Mona stopped just as Daisy was about to start the mad dash toward a climax. She wiggled down along Daisy's squirming body until her face was directly above Daisy's moist, twitching twat. She inhaled deeply, then let her breath out, blowing the warm air down on and in Daisy's gaping gash. She lowered, kissed the cuntlips passionately, licked up through the slit, then lifted, running her tongue around her wet, glistening lips.

"You really have a lovely cunt, darling! Just be patient, baby! Mona will make you come and come and come!"

Daisy felt like telling the beautiful redhead to go ahead and lap her to a release right then. Seconds later she was glad she'd remained silent, because Mona did something Daisy had never even thought of during her many erotic fantasies.

Mona scooted lower on the bed, still between Daisy's widely parted legs, and used both hands to push one of her big, poking jugs against Daisy's cuntlips. She shoved the big hard nipple in, and it made contact with Daisy's passion-button. She rubbed the big tip up and down, around and around,

and Daisy found the sensation delightful. She was so hot by then she would've climaxed if Mona hadn't suddenly removed the hard-tipped boob.

Lifting until she was on her knees, Mona used both hands to raise her tit, bent her head over, licked, then sucked the wet nipple and some of the surrounding Mesh. Daisy decided she'd have to try sucking on her own boobies sometime. It was strange that she'd never thought about giving it a try.

Mona let her tit drop and raised her head. "Now I'm going to suck you inside out, sweet baby!"

Moments later Daisy was afraid the sexy redhead had been serious, became after lowering her mouth and slithering her tongue between Daisy's quivering pussylips, and probing deep into Daisy's clapping cunt, Mona went to Daisy's elongated clitoris. She fluttered her tongue against the hard bump of overly sensitive flesh, clamped down with her lips, and sucked the button into her hot, greedy mouth.

Daisy soared into a blissful orgasm right away. She bucked, lurched, moaned, cried out, and clutched at the bobbing head with her fingers. She'd never felt such suction. It felt as if her clit was going to be sucked right out by the roots. She dug her fingernails into Mona's scalp and peaked again and again. Finally, after a series of spasmodic releases, she pushed against the greedy woman's forehead. She didn't think her nervous system could take any more of the frenzied sucking.

Mona pulled her mouth from Daisy's clit, sucked noisily between Daisy's cuntlips, then lifted her head. Only then did Daisy notice the redhead making fucking motions against the mattress. She'd thought the bouncing of the bed had been caused only by her own bucking, lurching movements.

"Yes, I creamed like crazy without being touched," Mona said, stopping the squirming motions of her lower body. "I didn't think you wanted to return the favor."

"You thought right," Daisy said, not sure she'd spoken the truth. She looked over at Ray. He was still sitting on the chair, fully clothed, his hard-on poking his pants out. "What about you, Ray? Are you just going to watch? Why didn't you help Mona with her climax?"

"I guess I was waiting for an invitation," Ray said, grinning.

Mona laughed. "I think you just received one, darling!"

Ray leaned over, quickly removed his shoes and socks, then stood up and just as quickly shucked out of his clothes. Daisy was fascinated by his big, thrusting cock. She wondered how long the stiff tool was. Mona, seeming to read Daisy's mind, stated that her husband's cock was eight and a half inches.

"Your uncle has nine and one-quarter inches," Mona added. "I've put a tape measure to them both while they were hard. Come on, Ray! You just have to taste this sweet pussy!"

Ray had been standing beside the bed, obviously enjoying the way Daisy was looking him over. He climbed onto the bed as Mona moved aside, and got between Daisy's legs. Daisy would've preferred to have his cock probing her cunt, but she didn't say anything. She figured he'd get around to fucking her a little later, and she could understand why he'd want to take a taste first.

Ray went directly to Daisy's juicy cunt and began lapping. Since she'd so recently had an orgasm, Daisy was able to quite calmly compare his technique with his hot-ass wife's. His tonguing felt good, and she thrived to the way he began lapping and sucking her erect clit, but he wasn't quite as good at it as Mona. Which was understandable, she thought. It was only natural for a female to know

exactly how best to make another female happy.

After a couple of minutes, Ray raised his head. "Are you ready to be fucked, Daisy?"

"I was ready when I walked through the front door!"

Mona said she'd do the guiding. Ray got into position, his big cock poking, and his wife put her face down close and used her fingers to steer her husband's hard prick into Daisy's twitching cunt. Ray lowered slowly, easing his cock past the clinging folds of hot flesh, and Daisy lurched upward to capture all of the throbbing tool. She felt his heavy balls slap against her ass when his cockhead hit bottom.

Ray left his rigid rod buried deep, lowered his chest down against her throbbing titties, and glued his lips to Daisy's. She returned his wet kiss and accepted his slippery tongue. He began fucking her with slow, deep thrusts. She answered with both outward and inward movements. He pulled his tongue from her sucking mouth and told his wife Daisy had a snapping pussy.

Mona said she was glad they weren't corrupting an innocent girl. She then wanted to know if Daisy sucked cock. Ray had braced on his hands and arms, still slowly pouring the meat to Daisy.

Daisy told Mona she thought it was natural for a girl to want to suck cock. Mona said she felt it was a na

tural thing that she wanted to suck cunt, then told Ray to pull out and get on his back. Ray did so, his wet cock glistening and jutting towards the

ceiling. Daisy hadn't climaxed while fucking, but she didn't mind the interruption. She wanted to suck the big prick and she was sure there'd be plenty of fucking later.

Mona licked Daisy's cunt juices from Ray's hard cock, sucked on the swollen glans for a few seconds, then told Daisy to take a turn. Daisy got on her hands and knees, her feet towards the foot of the bed, and took over half of the stiff shaft into her mouth with one swift motion.

Daisy and Mona took turns sucking on Ray's cock until Mona said she wanted to be fucked. She got on her back and told Daisy not to worry, that her husband was a long-lasting stud and could shoot off at least three times in the next hour or so.

Ray didn't fuck his wife right away. He went down on her first. Daisy got a big bang out of watching him muff-dive, then enjoyed watching the husband and wife fucking even more. When Mona, her beautiful face contorted with passion, said she was about to climax, Ray fucked her fast and furiously. Mona hunched and wriggled wildly, cried out, tensed, and shuddered violently. Daisy was sure Ray hadn't climaxed, even before he withdrew his hard cock from his limp wife's twat.

He flopped over on his back. Daisy, steaming hot both physically and mentally from watching the torrid screw, only hesitated for a moment before going down on him. Mona's secretions and cum juices didn't seem to taste any differently from her own. She sucked greedily, twirling her tongue, bobbing her head up and down swiftly, wanting to feel and taste spurting jism.

Daisy squeezed and milked Ray's heavy balls while applying an the suction she possibly could to his pulsing cock. She soon felt the slight expansion and the tensing signaling the rapidly approaching explosion. She urged the cum out of the nuts with the one hand, worked her other fist up and down on the shaft, and sucked the enlarged cockhead frantically. She heard Ray groan as the hot, sticky jism spewed forth and flooded her mouth and throat. She gulped the thick cream down and managed

not to lose a drop.

When Daisy let the rapidly softening cock slip from her mouth and lifted her head, she looked at Mona's cunt only inches away. The beautifully stacked redhead was stretched out beside her husband. Not a word was spoken, but Daisy could feel the eyes on her. She kept staring at the slightly parted cuntlips and the surrounding dark-red, curly pussy hairs. She knew she wanted to settle her curiosity, just as she knew she'd never have a better chance.

As she moved over between Mona's parted legs, Daisy thought of the fact John had buried his cock in this pussy. He'd undoubtedly tongued it, too. Somehow, and she had time to fleetingly think her thoughts were foolish, it seemed to make it easier for her to lower her mouth to the moist pussylips.

Daisy knew exactly what to do, and she had the feeling she would've known even if she'd never had her own cunt lapped. She slithered her tongue in between the quivering, puffy lips and licked the folds of hot, wet flesh. Everything seemed to open, like the petals of some strange kind of exotic flower, and she probed deep into the hot hole. The petals closed, clamping around her tongue, clinging as she darted her tongue in and out and swabbed the cunt walls as she liked to have her own swabbed.

Daisy enjoyed giving the type of pleasure she loved to receive, but she didn't lose herself in passion as she usually did while sucking a cock or being fucked. She remained keenly aware of what she was doing even when Mona began writhing heatedly, and she slipped her hands under and grasped the firm, sleek asscheeks. She went to the elongated clit and found that stiff, slippery organ to be much longer and thicker than her own. She encircled the hard, hot flesh with her lips and put her tongue into action. It was like sucking on a mini-pecker.

Mona soon grabbed Daisy's head and bucked and lurched through an orgasm. Feeling the fingers digging into her bobbing scalp, Daisy sucked greedily, experiencing a sense of power similar to that she enjoyed while sucking a cock. She missed the cum she loved to make spurt from a throbbing cock, though, and she had no desire to swallow the pussy fluids that made the twitching cunt become sloppy. She knew she wasn't gay, and doubted that she could even be considered bisexual, as the fingers were removed from her head and she lifted her face from the limp female's crotch.

"It was a first for you, wasn't it, darling!"

Daisy met the glowing green eyes, suddenly ashamed. "And it might be the last," she said, forcing a smile. "I'll take a cock any time."

"Never do anything you really don't want to do," Ray said seriously.

"That's right," Mona said just as seriously. "I didn't force you, though, and now you know a little more about yourself, darling. My horny husband has another hard-on, so why don't you have a fast fuck?" Mona laughed. "Or a slow fuck, if you'd rather!"

Daisy climbed on top of Ray and speared his cock into her clutching cunt. While she bounced up and down on the rigid prong, Mona caressed and licked her ass. It didn't take more than sixty seconds for Daisy to melt into an orgasm. Mona's tongue jabbing against her asshole helped hasten the blissful release.

Ray didn't get his gun. Daisy got off and Mona climbed on and took a ride to the end of the line. After Mona finished spasming, she got off, and Daisy was glad to see Ray's cock still hard and poking proudly. He said he wanted to do some more sucking before fucking again. Daisy was already on her back and ready. He not only lapped her pussy and sucked her clit, he also went lower and tongued

her puckered bung.

She relaxed enough to allow penetration. When he ceased reaming her brownie, and got into position to fuck her, she felt like teeing him she liked to be cornholed. But she didn't say anything, and concentrated on giving him a good fuck when he slipped his cock in her cunt and began pounding away.

Soon Ray announced that he couldn't hold back any longer. Mona told him to go ahead and shoot off in Daisy's pussy. Daisy was sure she knew what Mona wanted. She matched Ray's faster thrusts, put her inner muscles into action, and spasmed when his pistoning cock exploded and flooded her clasping pussy.

Ray pulled his prick out just as soon as it stopped spewing cum. When he swung from between Daisy's legs, Mona sucked his wet, limp cock for a few seconds, then mashed her mouth to Daisy's wet, overflowing cunt. She sucked all of Ray's jism from Daisy's twitching twat, then lifted her head and told Ray to go get Bassanio.

Ray swung from the bed, slipped his pants on, and hurried from the room. Mona stretched out beside Daisy, began fondling her titties, and asked, "Have you ever made it with a dog, honey?"

"I've heard of women letting dogs fuck them," Daisy said evasively.

"It's really great, Daisy. I wouldn't let just anybody know I go for dog-fucking, but I think I can trust you not to blab. John doesn't even know about it."

Daisy said she wouldn't even tell John she'd been there. Mona said she and Ray wouldn't, either, since he might get angry if he knew they'd been fucking around with his niece.

Ray entered with the big hound. Bassanio wasn't on a leash, so Daisy figured he'd been well-trained. Mona sat on the side of the bed, her knees spread wide, and the dog began lapping her cunt.

Daisy tried to act as if she'd never seen such a thing before. The sight made her hot, though, and when she saw the long, red cock emerge from its sheath, she knew she was going to let Bassanio fuck her. If he still had anything left after Mona got through with him, anyhow.

Mona pushed the lapping dog away, got on her knees on the carpet, and leaned over the bed. Bassanio didn't need any help to mount her. Daisy couldn't see, but she knew the knotted cock had slipped into Mona's gash by the way he started hunching. Mona moaned and fucked along with the panting dog.

Ray slipped out of his pants, his cock lifting into another erection. Daisy moved until she was sitting beside Mona. Ray moved close and Daisy began blowing him, rolling her eyes around and down, so as not to miss the canine action. She cupped Ray's loaded balls with one hand and squeezed Mona's nearest spiked tit with her other hand.

When Mona announced that Bassanio was shooting his stuff, Ray pulled his hard cock from Daisy's sucking mouth, and they both watched the dog jabbing, jerking out the last of his cum in Mona's hunching body. They then watched as Bassanio dismounted and lapped Mona's dribbling gash.

Ray wanted to know if Daisy wanted to give it a try with Bassanio. She silently knelt on the carpet and lowered her titties down on the bed. Soon she felt the dog's rough tongue licking her cunt and her asshole. She heard Mona say that Bassanio had another hard-on. She hunched back as the horny hound mounted her and his long, hot, slippery cock drove deep into her steaming snatch. The dog

began pumping, gripping her around the waist with his front legs, his breath warm on the back of her neck.

It wasn't long before the dog shot a load of hot jism into Daisy's clinging, clasping cunt. She spasmed as the sperm jetted. The hound pulled his knotted cock out and began licking Daisy's dribbling pussy. When the dog was pulled away, Daisy remained in the kneeling position, wanting to be buggered by Ray's big cock, hoping she wouldn't have to voice her desires.

Ray got down behind Daisy and speared his stiff shaft into her trembling twat. He made a few fast thrusts, then withdrew. Mona told Daisy if she had a virgin asshole, she'd better say so. Daisy remained silent. Ray placed his wet cockhead against Daisy's puckered bung. She relaxed when he pushed and the big knob popped past the tight elastic ring. He paused, put his hands on her hips, and began feeding his long tool up her yielding asshole. He didn't last very long after burying his cock to the hilt. He made about twenty thrusts in that many seconds and shot his load. Daisy spawned when she felt the cream flooding her churning bowels.

She heard Ray say he'd had it, and that he'd put the dog out and take a shower. Mona had Bassanio lick Daisy's dribbling asshole first, though, and Daisy decided she'd had enough, too. When Ray and the dog left, however, Mona said she wanted to eat Daisy's sweet posy just one more time. Daisy felt she owed the beautiful redhead that much.

"I'm afraid this will have to be the last time for everything, Daisy. It'd be too risky for Ray to bring you here again. We can't afford to take too many chances. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure," Daisy said, kind of glad it was only going to be a one-time affair with Mona and Ray. She didn't want to chance getting hooked on pussy-eating, and she'd once again gone back on her promise she'd made to herself to stop fucking dogs.

Daisy sat on the side of the bed, her legs draped over the kneeling redhead's smooth, warm back and shoulders. Mona took it easy, lapping and sucking Daisy's cunt and clit almost with tenderness making Daisy slip over the edge into an orgasm that was truly delightful.

Afterward Daisy showered, dressed, told Mona good-bye, and Ray had her back at the school in time for her to get a ride home with her three "cousins".

Daisy, watching him drive away, wondered how many other girls the handsome teacher and his beautiful wife had shared. Not that she blamed them. Hell, she hadn't been forced, she'd enjoyed herself, and she'd also found out a few facts about John. She'd just have to figure out how best to use that knowledge.

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## **Chapter 11**

It was Luke's turn that night, but Daisy didn't mind when he told he he'd sprained his back in football practice and should take it easy. She told him she wasn't feeling so good and for him not to tell his brothers he was going straight to his own bed.

A little later, when she was staring into the darkness and thinking about the sex session in the afternoon, she was sorry she'd been so hasty. She was ashamed of herself for having sex with the female and the dog, but she didn't think she'd again feel any shame or guilt about having sex with a boy or a man.

She'd gotten horny and thought about going down the hall to Mark or Matthew. She knew John was downstairs, and it entered her mind to pay him a visit, but she decided it might complicate things.

Remembering how Mona had sucked her own tit, Daisy pushed the covering sheet down and sat upright. She was naked, preferring not to sleep in the nightgowns John had bought her. She lifted her right boob, bent over, and discovered she could easily lick the nipple. It jumped to attention and by straining a little she managed to get the hard tip and a great deal of the surrounding firm flesh into her mouth.

She added sucking to the tonguing, and it really turned her on. She gave her left throbbing tit the same lavish attention and soon used a finger to frig herself to and through a spasmodic orgasm. Afterward she didn't feel the slightest bit guilty. She knew that masturbation was a perfectly natural thing to do and she almost wished she could be satisfied with such self induced pleasures until she was safely settled and married.

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Daisy also missed cheerleading practice the next day. It wasn't her fault, however, and the happenings of the afternoon changed her life and fortunes drastically. Everything went smoothly during the day. She managed to go along with Mr. Eaton's wish to pretend nothing had happened between them, and she only had to turn down one boy asking for a date.

On her way to the practice area, Joe Mason and one of his buddies she'd heard called Slim fell in beside her, one on each side. Joe grabbed one arm, Slim the other. She tried to pull away, but they marched her over to a car parked nearby. The back door was pulled open, and she was shoved inside. Joe got in with her and Slim ran around and got in on the other side. The engine was running. There was a young guy named Carl behind the wheel.

Carl pulled the car from the parking area and Joe told him not to drive fast enough to attract attention. Not all that frightened, Daisy demanded to know what the hell they thought they were doing. Joe pulled a big switchblade from his pocket, flipped the blade out, and held the point just under Daisy's chin. She was really frightened then.

"I'm going to teach you it doesn't pay to be uppity with me, you stuck-up bitch!"

Daisy didn't say anything. She was afraid to move, scared to death she'd be cut. She knew what the punks wanted, what they were going to do - and she told herself not to put up a fight. She didn't want to be hurt, and it sure as hell wasn't as if she were an innocent virgin with a death-defying wish to fight for her honor!

Slim chuckled and said, "Put the knife away, Joe. I don't think this chick'll give us any trouble. Hell, if she does, you can always carve your initials in her belly later!"

Joe pressed the tip of the blade against Daisy's taut flesh just enough to make her lift her chin a little higher, then pulled it away, closed the blade, and put the knife back in his pocket.

"Drive out into the country, Carl. Let's have some fun before the real party starts!"

"Okay, Joe."

Relieved that there hadn't been any blood drawn, Daisy didn't protest in any way when Joe and Slim began caressing her bare legs and lower thighs and pawing at her boobs. She felt it'd be stupid to fight them. She could see their cocks already making their pants poke out, and she knew it wouldn't

do any good to make threats – or even to beg.

Joe and Slim started removing Daisy's clothes. Carl was driving along the highway, watching through the rear-view mirror. There wasn't much traffic. Daisy wasn't struggling. She'd made up her mind to take whatever happened and try not to enjoy it. She was sure her body would betray her, though. She was already responding to the hands pawing at her. What was there about her that made men and boys want to rape her?

"I gave you plenty of chances to give me a date," Joe said. "Just looking at you I can tell you're hot stuff, baby, and if you haven't been letting your wise-ass cousins fuck you then you sure as hell need something besides your diddling fingers!"

By then Daisy was naked. She'd automatically moved helpfully to keep her clothes from being ruined. Joe and Slim had pulled back, their hot eyes flicking over her body. Carl was driving slowly, looking in the mirror, and turning to glance around now and then.

Joe began sucking on one tit and Slim the other. Daisy leaned her head back and closed her eyes, wishing she could make herself numb and block out all feelings. Her nipples had stiffened even before they'd been engulfed by the hot mouths. She knew she wouldn't be able to keep from having orgasms when the guys really started working her over, and she resented the fact it'd give the punks even more pleasure when she responded passionately.

Fingers began squeezing her jutting titties and caressing her thighs, trembling belly, and her cuntlips. She kept her legs pressed tightly together, wondering if Joe would really use the knife.

Joe pulled his sucking mouth from Daisy's throbbing tit and said he just had to eat some pussy before it got flooded with cum. Daisy opened her eyes as Joe got down and roughly pried her legs apart. She saw that Carl had pulled onto a side road and the car was just creeping along. She met his eyes in the mirror and something made her ask if he was beating his meat with the hand he didn't have on the wheel.

"I'm just getting my dick primed for you, baby! The three of us are gonna fuck you silly!"

Slim pulled his mouth from Daisy's other throbbing, hard-nippled boob and said maybe they'd better not shoot off in her cunt, since the other guys would know then that there'd been some action before the main party got started.

Joe, on his knees between Daisy's legs, stroking her thighs and staring at her blonde crotch, said he'd been thinking the same thing. He leaned over, licked up through Daisy's slit, lifted, and said they could all have some hair pie and then Daisy could blow them.

"What main party?" Daisy asked. "Where are you bastards going to take me?"

"You just keep your trap shut until we tell you to open it to suck a cock," Joe said. "I still feel like kicking the shit out of you for being so fucking uppity!"

Daisy didn't say anything else for quite some time. She knew that the following hour or so would've been like a nightmare if she'd been inexperienced. As it was, her body did betray her, and long before they started back to town, she was no longer trying to act as if she wasn't enjoying the torrid sex action.

Joe went down on her, slurping loudly, and Slim went back to sucking a tingling tit. She tried to just sit there like a bump on a log, but within less than a minute she was squirming her naked ass against

the seat cushion. Joe gripped her hips as he tongue-fucked her. He went to her stiffened clit with his greedy mouth and began sucking that sensitive organ. She climaxed, despite her wish not to do so.

Before she stopped shuddering, Joe lifted his face and asked Slim if he wanted to lap her cunt before the fucking started. Slim had stopped sucking on Daisy's tit and had been watching Joe's bobbing head. He said he sure as hell did want to take a taste.

Joe moved until he was again sitting beside Daisy, and Slim quickly got down between Daisy's legs. She couldn't keep from enjoying the way the second boy lapped her juicy cunt, but she didn't move very much and she hadn't had an orgasm when Joe chuckled and told Slim to save some for Carl.

Carl said he wasn't a cunt-lapper, but Daisy was sure he just didn't want to muff-dive before witnesses. He'd parked the car in a secluded area and had turned and was watching with hot eyes. Joe said there wouldn't be any fucking without lapping, and Carl laughed nervously and said he'd settle for a blowjob.

Joe had taken his cock out and pulled one of Daisy's hands to the hard, stiff tool. She was just holding it in her fist, still determined to give him and his buddies as little pleasure as possible. His prick was about as long as Mark's, but the knob looked bigger.

Hearing Joe's words, Slim had stopped sucking Daisy's elongated clitoris. He pulled back, fumbling around to expose his poking prick, but got up on the other side of Daisy when Joe said he'd fuck her first. While Joe was getting down between Daisy's legs, Slim told him not to forget they didn't intend to shoot off in Daisy's cunt.

Tugging Daisy's ass closer to the edge of the seat, Joe said he'd show them just how well he could keep himself under control when he wanted to. Just as he finished speaking, he speared his stiff shaft into Daisy's steaming snatch. Wanting to relieve the tension in her own body, she decided to spoil their plans by making Joe shoot. She began hunching and snapping with her inner muscles just as soon as his rigid prick was buried deep.

Joe groaned, made a few fast thrusts, then pulled his cock from her clasping pussy. "I know what you tried to do, you bitch!"

For a moment Daisy thought the angry punk was going to strike her. She had to bite her tongue to keep from taunting him by saying he was a bum fuck. Not that he'd really done much fucking. She was glad when Slim yanked his hard cock out into the open and told Joe to give him a go at the hot twat. She'd been left hanging, and the fact she was being used against her will no longer seemed important.

Joe got out of the way, clasping his wet, thrusting prick with one hand, and Slim got down on his knees between Daisy's legs. His tool was about the same size as Joe's, except for having a smaller crown.

Daisy soared into an orgasm almost as soon as Slim shoved his pulsing cock into her clasping cunt. He slammed the meat to her, and she met him thrust for thrust. She turned her inner motor on and tried to make him dump his load. She wanted to feel his sperm flooding her snapping pussy because it'd increase her pleasure and she also wanted to spoil their plans.

Slim rode out the storm and kept on pumping his hard cock. Joe knew Slim had exercised far better control than he had, and Daisy knew it'd made him angry. He told Slim it was sucking time. As soon as Slim had pulled out and was out of the way, Joe pushed Daisy until her knees were on the floorboard. He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her mouth to his jutting joystick.

Her cunt juices had started to dry on his cock, which was making little jerking movements. He pressed the blunt end against her lips. There was a bead of pre-cum in the slit. Daisy opened her mouth wide and let him poke the big knob in. She didn't suck. She just let him thrust upward and fuck her mouth. He called her a bitch, twisted her hair painfully, and told her to take it easy with her fucking teeth.

Afraid not to heed his warning, Daisy did keep her teeth out of the way. She didn't suck, though. Even so, the cock jerked spasmodically and spurted hot, sticky cream in a matter of seconds. She hadn't meant to give him the satisfaction of swallowing his jism. She'd even thought about saving it and spitting it into his face, but he didn't give her a chance. He kept her mouth pulled down, his cock jammed deep in her throat, so she had to gulp an of the cum down to keep from choking.

Joe pushed her away roughly, his limp cock flopping out of her mouth, and she saw that Slim had again parked his ass on the seat. Wanting to get it over, as well as being excited despite her wish not to be, Daisy got over between Slim's legs and began sucking his thrusting cock. Her cunt fluids hadn't even had time to dry.

Slim didn't get rough. Partly to make Joe angry, as she knew he was the leader and the instigator of the sordid scene, Daisy gave Slim a good blowjob. She swallowed the thick spurts of jism, and when she'd let the soft cock slip from her mouth, she told Joe it'd tasted a lot better than his. Joe slapped her face, told her he'd shove his dick up her ass later, then told Carl to come back and get his nuts unloaded.

Tucking his limber prick away, zipping his pants, Slim said he'd drive back to town and let Carl get in some tit-sucking.

Knowing Joe was watching, Daisy also did her best to please Carl. The third cock lasted about thirty seconds before exploding under her expert sucking. She swallowed all the sperm and kept sucking until Carl's prick was limber and completely drained.

On the way back to town, Joe tried to get Carl to go down on Daisy, but the kid wouldn't do it. He didn't protest when Daisy shoved his hands from her booby either. She started to gather up her clothes and Joe ordered her to leave them alone and to get down on the floorboard where she couldn't be seen. To back up his order, Joe took out his switchblade.

When the car stopped, and Daisy was allowed to lift her head, she saw that they were near the railroad tracks at the edge of town. There were several buildings, obviously abandoned, and there was another car parked nearby. There were three more young guys in the car, plus a big German shepherd. She'd seen the boys around, but she didn't know their names.

Joe put the knife away, then warned Daisy not to tell that there'd already been some sex action, as he'd promised his other friends first crack at her. Joe got out then, and went over to the other car. She saw that they were drinking beer. The boy behind the wheel gave Joe some money. She asked if her services were being sold. Slim said there'd just been a bet that they had the guts to get her there.

"How much would you charge to beat the hell out of Joe?" Daisy asked. "I'd also show you and Carl such a wonderful time you'd never forget it."

Slim frowned. "We're going to have a wonderful time without crossing Joe, baby!"

Joe came back and told her to hustle her naked ass into the building. She was afraid not to obey. It was only a few feet across open space to the door, and she knew there was nobody to see and report

her predicament.

It was a big empty building and looked as if it might've been used as a warehouse at one time. There was an old mattress on the concrete floor and empty beer cans and bottles were scattered around. Daisy was sure she wasn't the first girl to be brought there by force, and she suspected some might've come willingly.

Joe told her to get down on the mattress and Slim told her she wouldn't be harmed if she didn't raise hell, then or later. She saw that Carl had brought her clothes. The other three boys filed through the doorway, beer cans in their hands, their eyes flicking over her naked body.

Daisy had remained standing by the mattress. Joe suddenly shoved her hard enough to send her sprawling. She landed face down, catching her weight with her hands and arms. She automatically turned over on her back to keep the greedy-eyed spectators from staring right up her ass. She'd never felt so helpless and hopeless.

She glared at Joe. "You dirty bastard!"

Joe told her to shut her fucking mouth, then told the three guys to drop their pants and have at her. One of the boys, Buck, stepped close to the mattress, dropped his pants and shorts, and told her to get on her hands and knees.

As soon as Daisy was in position, Buck got down behind her and roughly shoved his stiff prick into her pussy. He began humping, fast and deep, and she didn't move with him even when he reached under and started squeezing her titties. It didn't take him long to shoot his stuff but Daisy didn't climax.

Buck withdrew his limp cock and another guy got down behind Daisy. She didn't even look around to see who it was. He speared his cock into her sperm-filled cunt and started banging away. His pistoning prick felt a little bigger than the first one, and he lasted a little longer than the first fucker. Even so, Daisy was left hanging after he'd shot his wad. She had to resist the urge to use her own fingers to finish herself off.

The second rapist pulled his soft cock out, and the third said he didn't want to fuck such a sloppy cunt. Joe told Slim to go get King and they'd let him clean Daisy's cunt with his tongue. Daisy remained on her hands and knees, not looking around, horny from the fucking, but pleased because she hadn't cooperated.

While Slim was getting the dog, Joe said he was going to fuck Daisy in her asshole after Roger had taken his turn at her cunt, adding that the stuck-up bitch could suck all their cocks before the party was over.

Daisy looked around when Slim came in with the German shepherd. The big dog headed straight for Daisy's ass. She knew he'd had similar experiences before by the way he lapped her gaping gash and asshole. He dipped his hot, rough tongue deep in her flooded pussy, licking out the deposited sperm.

Joe said they'd let the dog fuck her after they were all through with her. Daisy told him the dog would probably be a better fuck than he was. Joe told her to shut up or he'd carve his initials in her belly.

Daisy heard the door open, looked

over, and saw Mark, Matthew, and Luke come banging in. Each one had a piece of two by four about

three feet long. They rushed the six boys, but Daisy didn't see much of the action that followed, because King picked that moment to mount her.

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Chapter 12

King hunched right on target and his long, hot, stiff, slippery prick speared deep into Daisy's hot, juicy, quivering cunt. Her moans of pleasure blended with the shouts and curses and cries of pain from the scuffling, fist-swinging boys.

She saw Luke slam a piece of two by four against one kid's bare ass, and noticed two boys running for the door, with Matthew right behind them. During all the confusion she couldn't keep from hunching along with the big dog's pistoning cock.

She saw Joe take out his switchblade. Just as the blade flicked out, Mark brought a length of two by four down across Joe's forearm. She thought she heard a bone break. She did hear Joe's loud cry of pain, and the knife clatter as it hit the cement floor. Joe, holding his arm with his other hand, hauled ass for the door.

Within a matter of seconds Daisy's three "cousins" had run the six punks from the building and Daisy heard the two cars taking off. Mark, Matthew, and Luke stood beside the mattress. Daisy didn't look up above their knees. She was too passionately busy hunching along with the big dog's knotted cock. He was really pouring the meat to her, and she didn't try to suppress her cries of pleasure as his hot cum spurted and sent her soaring into a spasmodic orgasm.

"You seem to be doing an right," Mark said.

Matthew said, "We got a tip that Joe and his pals had grabbed you, Daisy. We drove around until we spotted the two cars."

"They didn't hurt you, did they?" Luke asked.

King had stopped fucking, but his knotted cock was still stiff and buried deep, and his front legs were still wrapped around Daisy's body possessively. She said she was doing fine, told them nothing had been hurt except her feelings, then thanked them for coming to her rescue.

The dog started fucking her again. Daisy closed her eyes and moved along with the powerful pronging. She didn't give a damn about anything any more. After what had happened, she didn't want to go back to school and face the stares, the snickers - and she didn't want to make a court case out of it. Facts would undoubtedly be brought out about her fucking her "cousins" and the dogs, and that kind of publicity she could also do without.

Daisy had another climax when the German shepherd jetted his second load of hot jism into her clenching pussy. King took his time about dismounting and she didn't try to rush him. She was again trying to decide what she should do.

Luke gathered her clothes, and while she was dressing, Mark wanted to know if she wanted to make a report to the police. She said she'd rather not. The four of them rode in silence on the way home.

Daisy took a hot bath as soon as they got there, thinking how sorry she was because it could no longer be her home. She'd made up her mind to leave; it was now just a matter of how and when she should go about it.

John wasn't home. He was off somewhere delivering dogs he'd sold, and she was glad of it. She hated good-byes. She'd leave early the next morning and hit the road before anybody got up.

The boys could explain to their father later, and she knew he'd understand why she had to leave.

Her mind made up, Daisy began to lift out of her depressed state. She'd miss the boys, and John, but she'd been foolish to think she could stay with them any great length of time, anyway. She'd go on to Los Angeles, find a job, and maybe go to night school.

She packed her zipper bag, with little more than she'd brought into the lovely home, and decided to wear the same sweater and faded blue jeans. She'd just pretend she'd never met the Griffith family and go on about her business, she decided after she'd undressed and gotten into bed.

Not really sleepy, Daisy left the bedside light on and looked through a magazine. She got interested in an article and was still reading when she heard John's Truck. She thought about seeing him one more time, then decided against it. She might break down and cry. She knew she'd miss him more than anybody else.

Later, Daisy was staring at the magazine with unseeing eyes when she heard the boys come upstairs and go to their rooms. She tossed the magazine aside and started to turn the light out. The door opened and John stood in the doorway, his eyes on her boobs. Automatically pulling the sheet up over her jutting titties, Daisy smiled and said, "Hi!"

John smiled, entered, and closed the door behind him. "The boys told me about your experience this afternoon, Daisy. Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," Daisy said.

"Mark said he had a hunch you might be thinking about moving on."

"Why should I want to do that? I like it here and I'm too tough to let a little thing like a gang-bang bother me."

John averted his eyes and said, "Well, I guess I'll let you go to sleep. I just wanted to check and make sure you were all right."

Suddenly making up her mind, knowing there was one sure way of repaying John for his kindness, Daisy let the sheet fall down from her tits and kicked it completely free of her naked body. John stared, admiration and desire showing in his eyes.

"I want you, John. I've wanted you almost from the first time I saw you, and I know you want me. Don't argue, don't say anything, just take your clothes off and let me prove I'm all right."

John hurriedly and silently stripped out of his clothes, his fingers trembling slightly, his eyes never leaving Daisy's nakedness. By the time he was completely naked, his big cock was thrusting proudly. Daisy, her heart pounding, another lump forming in her throat as she thought about it being both the first and last time she'd ever be with the kind man in the truest sense, held out her arms and he joined her on the bed.

He kissed her on the mouth tenderly, almost reverently, and his gentle hands lovingly roamed over her body. She knew right away it hadn't been her imagination when she'd thought so many times she might be in love with him.

Daisy opened her mouth and turned the tender kiss into one of passion. He darted his tongue and she met it with her own. They French kissed feverishly, one of his hands grasping a tit, the other sliding down across her belly and cupping her crotch.

John broke the tongue-lashing kiss and buried his face between Daisy's throbbing, jutting titties. He licked up the side of one firm mound and tongued and sucked the hard nipple. Moving over to the other taut-tipped tit, he tongued and sucked for a few seconds, then trailed his darting tongue down across Daisy's trembling belly.

He licked around and in her shallow navel, skirted around her blonde pussy hairs and, when she parted her legs, began kissing and tonguing her inner thighs. She squirmed her ass against the mattress and he licked up between her moist cuntlips.

Daisy lurched upward and he jabbed his tongue deep into her cunt. She gasped and he swabbed the folds of flesh, the walls, and she told him to twist around. He did, walking around on his knees and straddling her head. She reached up and fondled his heavy balls and caressed his big poking prick.

He lapped her erect clitoris, put his lips around the sensitive organ, and began sucking. Daisy put a hand on his smooth ass, tugged, and he lowered his swollen cockhead into her eager mouth. She lifted her head and took more of the stiff shaft and sucked greedily, knowing she'd soon be climaxing under his greedily sucking mouth, hoping she could make him shoot at the same time.

Sucking and being sucked, thrilling to the truly wondrous sensations, Daisy marveled at how much better sex was when one really cared for one's partner. They hadn't even fucked, and already she felt as if she could be true to him forever and ever. Not that such a thing was possible, she thought, telling herself not to go off her rocker and get foolish ideas.

Daisy and John did climax at the same time. He seemed to sense she wanted it that way, so she didn't have to stop sucking his big dick to tell him so. She spasmed, shuddering violently, and seconds later his throbbing cock exploded and sprayed her tonsils with hot cum. She gulped and kept on sucking greedily, dimly thinking the sperm even seemed to taste better than any she'd had before.

John slowly lifted his face from between Daisy's legs and just as slowly turned around and stretched out beside her, tenderly cuddling her in his arms. She wanted to say many things, and she sensed he did, too, but they both remained silent.

Soon she felt his big cock lifting against her thigh. She kissed him lightly on the lips, pushed until he rolled over on his back, and tongued his nipples until those nubs were stiffly erect. She bailed her tongue and lips down along his muscular, almost hairless body, skirted around his big jutting cock, and licked his heavy balls.

Unable to delay any longer, she quickly straddled him and guided his hard, stiff prick into her steaming cunt. She began to bounce rhythmically, balancing on her hands and arms, once again thanking how much better sex was when one's emotions were involved. John kept his eyes closed and his hands squeezed her kitties. It didn't take long for her to melt into what seemed to be the very best orgasm she'd ever experienced.

When she ceased fucking, he rolled her over on her side and fucked her to and through another spasmodic climax. His cock remained hard and stiff, despite her efforts to make him come with her. They kissed for the first time since they'd started fucking, and he rolled her over on her back and began fucking her with deep, masterful thrusts.

Daisy put her arms around John's neck and wrapped her legs around his slender waist. She wriggled her ass while making counter-thrusts and worked on his pronging cock with her inner muscles. He mashed his mouth to hers and they kissed feverishly as they peaked together. He buried his face beside hers and she thought of so many things she wanted to say.

She remained silent, and so did he. After they'd recovered, she reached up and got a towel from under a pillow - one of those she'd kept handy for use when she had sex with his sons - and she hated herself for being such a tramp.

John withdrew his limp cock, used the towel, then left it covering her wet crotch when he swung from the bed. He met her eyes, smiled, and for a moment she thought he was going to say the words she would've given the world to hear. He gathered his clothes and left without saying a word.

Staring at the closed door, feeling the tears forming in her eyes, Daisy successfully fought the urge to jump from the bed and go tell John she loved him. She felt sad, already lonely from just thinking she'd never see John again.

Wiping her eyes, keeping the towel clutched between her legs, Daisy hurried to the bathroom. When she returned, she put on the clothes she'd decided to wear, turned the light out, and threw herself across the bed, telling herself she'd leave just as soon as everybody was asleep.

Daisy didn't leave until shortly after daybreak. She only dozed, but she was glad she'd gotten some sleep when she became fully awake. She quietly went downstairs, taking her zipper bag, and stopped in the kitchen to drink a glass of milk and eat two donuts. She thought about taking some food, but decided she might be heard if she hung around too long. She had over twenty dollars, and she didn't think she'd get hungry before she had a chance to buy a meal.

A few of the dogs were barking, as usual, and she was glad when she didn't see Satan around. She hurried along the road to town, hoping she could get out on the highway and head west before she saw anybody she knew.

When she reached the highway, Daisy started walking instead of trying to thumb a ride. There wasn't much traffic, and she knew she was taking a chance on getting stranded way the hell out from nowhere, but it'd entered her mind that Joe or some of his rapist friends might see her. They'd really make it rough on her after what her "cousins" had done to them.

Daisy was still walking about three hours later. She tried standing in one place and thumbing a few times, but nobody stopped. She only half kiddingly told herself that instead of maybe fucking her way to California, she might have to walk.

She saw a car slowing down before it got to her. Then she recognized the station wagon. John was behind the wheel, and she saw he was alone when he pulled alongside her and stopped. She could only stare, her heart seeming to do a few flip-flops at the sight of him, but she knew she didn't want to go back to his home.

"Get in, Daisy."

"I'm not going back," Daisy said.

John smiled. "Who said anything about going back? I'm going with you! Look in back. I brought your clothes and most of mine."

Daisy saw three large suitcases. Her legs suddenly weak, she got in the station wagon when John leaned over and opened the door. As soon as she closed the door, he pulled out onto the highway.

"You could've said good-bye, honey."

Daisy looked at the side of John's handsome face. He looked so young. The simple term of endearment had caused butterflies in her stomach. "I hate good-byes," she said.

"I do, too. In fact, I can't stand the thought of telling you good-bye. I'm damned glad I found you."

"You must've really liked what we did last night."

John flashed her a smile. "You're a wonderful piece of ass, honey, but there's more to it than that. I've been mooning around like a young kid almost since the first time I saw you. Are you sorry I followed?"

"No," Daisy said, happier than she'd ever been in her life. "I'm glad."

John drove in silence for a few miles, his eyes straight ahead, then started talking. He said he'd really been upset when he'd gone to her room that morning and found her gone. He had understood why she'd left, but he'd looked an over for a message. He'd even had his sons looking for a note. He'd made up his mind to try and catch her, and his sons had approved.

He'd decided to leave the truck for the boys, and they'd gone by the bank with him while he'd drawn out some money and put some in a checking account in Mark's name. He knew his sons could get by without him since they knew just about as much about the dog-raising business as he did.

John finished by looking at Daisy and telling her he'd been needing an extended vacation for a long time. "I'd like to spend it with you, Daisy. Unless you think I'm too old for you."

"Oh, no! You aren't old! You proved that last night!"

"There's a motel just ahead," John said. "Would you like me to try and prove it again?"

"Oh, yes! I'd like that very much!"

Daisy remained in the station wagon, happy and excited, already hoping John could afford to take a long, long vacation. When he came out, he said he hoped she didn't mind that he'd registered as man and wife. She didn't say anything, suddenly wishing they actually were man and wife, then telling herself not to get any silly ideas. It was enough just to be with the man she loved.

In the cabin, they stared at each other for a few seconds, then went into each other's arms. Their kiss was tender at first, but it soon turned into one of passion. They pulled away from each other and quickly stripped themselves naked.

Daisy won what turned into a race. John joined her on the bed seconds later, his big cock thrusting stiffly. They French kissed, their hands exploring each other's feverish bodies, then John began tonguing and sucking Daisy's hard-nippled titties, each in turn.

As he trailed down lower, his tonguing making her squirm heatedly, she was glad he was just as uninhibited as she was. She knew he'd understand later when she told him she wanted to be cornholed. First, though, she wanted him to lap her cunt while she sucked him off, as they'd done the night before, then she wanted his big beautiful cock buried in her cunt when it shot its second

load.

That was just the way it happened. Except after the thrilling sixty-nine, and while he was cuddling her, she said she wanted him to know she'd let a couple of his dogs fuck her, besides the German shepherd the rapists had let mount her.

John told her his sons had told about the dog at the rape scene, and he'd suspected there'd been other dog-fucking. He said he'd reminded her once before that he wasn't exactly an angel and would do so again.

"Maybe we can start out fresh and just forget everything in the past, Daisy. Would you like that?"

"I'd like it very much," Daisy said, deciding she wouldn't mention the sex she'd had with Mona and Ray Eaton and their dog, or that she knew John had sexed it up with the attractive couple. It wouldn't serve any useful purpose, and she didn't even want to think about anything that had happened in the past.

Daisy tongued and nibbled on John's nipples until those sensitive nubs were hard, then worked her way down and licked his balls. She then impaled herself on his jutting cock, bounced to and through a blissful orgasm, and let him roll her over on her side.

John fucked her through another thrilling, soul-shattering climax in that position, then got on top and fucked her until they peaked together. She kept her legs wrapped around his waist, holding him in place, and told him she loved him.

He kissed her lips tenderly and said he'd loved her even before they'd had sex. She said she guessed she'd loved him before he'd come to her room the night before, too.

"I know I was thinking about you all the time and I hadn't even seen your lovely cock!"

"I want you to marry me," John said seriously. "I don't want it to sound as if I'm trying to buy you, but I'm a wealthy man and I want to share my life and my money with you. We could live just about anywhere, honey, and..."

"I accept," Daisy cut in happily. "Hey, your cock's getting hard again! Who said you were old! Let's go wash first, though. Unless you'd like to do some cornholing!"

"That sounds like a winner," John said, grinning. "I've always wanted a young and beautiful totally uninhibited wife, and it looks as if I'm finally going to have one!"

"It does look that way," Daisy said, deciding there might be many problems when they did get married, but that sex sure as hell wouldn't be one of them!