

. Farm Girl In Heat ....(53k) by J.T. Watson

## FOREWORD

There is little doubt in most persons minds today that the juvenile runaway problem is a serious one indeed. Though it is hardly ever discussed to any great extent, we can sometimes read in the newspapers that the runaway rate is increasing every year despite our ever-heightening standards of living.

But perhaps a less-known but related problem is even more serious. Some parents have been known to kick their underaged children out of the house. What do these children do when all the doors are slammed shut in their faces? How do they survive?

Eighteen-year-old Donna Joe Edwards is one such innocent victim of this little-known facet of life. She learns that just plain living can be hard when she unwillingly leaves the safety of her parents' farm to tackle the adversities of Modern City life.

FARM GIRL IN HEAT -- the story of one girl's method of coping with an age-old problem.

-The Publisher

## CHAPTER ONE

It always made big-titted Donna Joe Edwards nervous when she searched for her father on his pay-days. She knew that she would find him in some bar, and it would take a lot of argument to convince him that he should come home.

That afternoon she had already searched two of his favorite bars, and hadn't found him in either one. That left one bar, the one she hated the most. It was a truck stop at the edge of the town, and she hated the way the men in there looked at her.

Men had always looked at her. She was eighteen and virginal-looking, a pretty blonde girl with high, jutting breasts and long, sexy legs. Men couldn't help looking at her, but the farmers and drivers in the truck stop looked at her in an especially lewd way. She didn't like it because it made her skin crawl. It made her feel like they were looking right through her clothes at her naked body.

There were two big, beefy-looking farmers sitting at the bar when she walked in.

"God," Hank Bales said. "I sure wouldn't mind getting my cock into a piece of that."

"Just think about having those long legs wrapped around your back and

sticking your dick in her twat."

"Goddamn you," Glenn said. "You're making my meat hard. Would you stop talking about pussy?"

Hank watched as she walked around the bar, then back to the front door. She had a disgusted look on her face. Hank slid off of his stool and felt a cautious hand on his shoulder.

"Leave it alone," Glenn warned.

"Relax," Hank said. "She looks lonely and scared. I'm just going over to see if I can help."

"Sure you are," Glenn said sarcastically.

Hank grinned as he walked across the floor. The bar was dimly lit and nearly empty, but she saw him coming and quickly started for the door. He caught up with her in three long steps.

"Can I help you, honey?" he said.

She looked at him with suspicious eyes, and he was reminded of an animal

caught in a trap. He felt a warmth growing in his balls. She was something!

"I don't need any help," she said as she backed away.

"Hey," he said. "Don't run away from me. I only want to give you a hand."

"I'm looking for my father," Donna Joe told him.

"You must have missed him," Hank said. "There's nobody here now that I don't know."

"Maybe I'll find him somewhere else," she said.

Donna Joe started to back away, but the man followed her and she started to get very frightened. There was something in the man's attitude that told her he was dangerous. She stumbled and he caught her by her shoulder. She twisted away and started to run, but he caught her arm.

"Don't run from me," he said gruffly.

"Let me go," she pleaded.

He put his face close enough so that she could smell the beer on his

breath. His white teeth flashed in an ugly grin.

"What's your name?" he asked as he gripped her shoulders.

The pain made her answer, "Donna Joe."

"That's a pretty name for a pretty girl," he said. "Have you ever been kissed, Donna Joe?"

"I've got to go," she said, a scared look in her eyes.

"I want to know if you've ever been kissed," Hank said.

She struggled to break free of his hand, but he wasn't going to let her go. She was too sweet-smelling and sweet-looking, and he wanted to bury his face in those big, round tits.

"How about a kiss for me?" Hank asked. "We could go sit in my truck and you could give me a kiss. Nobody would ever know. Just one little kiss, baby."

"No," she said.

"You don't have any choice, Donna Joe," Hank said softly.

She looked into his hard eyes and knew he was telling the truth. He was drunk and crazy, and she didn't want to make him mad. He could tear her right in half with those powerful-looking hands of his.

"All right," she said. "One kiss."

He didn't release her shoulder as he walked her out of the bar and across the dusty yard. Donna Joe could feel her heart pounding. Her knees felt weak.

"Here's my truck," Hank said as he opened the door. "Climb in."

She climbed in, knowing she was giving Hank a good glimpse of her creamy thighs. She couldn't keep her dress down. She slid across the seat quickly and tried the other door. It wouldn't open and she heard him laugh.

"There's no use trying that door, honey," Hank said. "It hasn't been open in years."

She turned to face him as he slipped into the seat beside her. His arms were muscular, as though he used them to pull a plow. His hands were rough and work-worn. He had a brutal look about him that scared her half to

death.

"Now for that kiss," he said.

She let him pull her against him, hoping she could get it over with quickly, but it wasn't just one kiss. He kissed her mouth, cheeks and throat, then moved back to her rich, full lips again. Somehow he made her feel giddy. Finally he released her, but he looked a little angry.

"You're not putting any heart into this, sugar," Hank told her.

"You said one kiss."

"Bitch!" Hank said.

Donna Joe looked up in surprise. She had never heard anyone call her that before. She suddenly knew that Hank had not brought her to his truck for just one kiss. He wanted all she had to give.

He pulled her into his arms again, this time crushing her against him so tightly that it brought tears to her eyes. He kissed her mouth, and then her throat. He moved his lips back to hers and stabbed his tongue into her mouth. He pushed his tongue in and out of her mouth until someone pounded on the truck window.

"Damn you, you silly fucking bastard!" Glenn Donald yelled through the glass. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Don't worry about me," Hank said. "When I'm finished I'll let you have seconds."

Glenn sadly shook his head as Hank turned back to Donna Joe, who was crazy with panic. She clawed at his face with her fingernails and tried to bite his hands. She could hear him laughing as he pinned her to the seat and put his hand on her bare knee. He squeezed it gently and she felt her flesh crawl.

"That's the way to fight back, baby," Hank said. "You just keep doing that. I like it when you fight."

His clammy hand continued to squeeze her knee and make her feel creepy. It grew worse when his hand slipped higher up her leg until he was touching her creamy thighs. She struggled and screamed but he still wouldn't release her.

"Open your legs," he told her softly. "I want to know what your sweet pussy feels like. Open your Goddamned cunt-licking legs!"

His fingers gripped her thighs as he forced her legs apart, then touched



the sensitive mound of her cunt. She tried to twist her body, but it was too late to escape that hand. He was touching her secret place, the place no hand but her own had ever touched!

"That feels good, baby," he said. "You ever play with yourself?"

"Oh no," she groaned. "Oh please let me go. Oh please!"

"Shut the fuck up!" he said. "I'm not hurting you. I'm tired of hearing you whine!"

He sounded violent, and that frightened her even more. She was making him angry, and that wasn't what she'd wanted to do. She searched her mind frantically, trying to find a way out, but could think of nothing.

She had to do what he wanted. She had heard other girls talk about it, and knew it would hurt. She also knew she would never again be the same but there was nothing she could do to protect her virginity.

"All right," she said softly. "I'm not going to fight you any more."

"Now you're being smart," Hank said. "Who knows? You might even enjoy it."

Hank saw her start to relax and knew she understood that he meant what he said. She wasn't going to get away until she gave him what he wanted. He grinned. He could feel his balls burning, hot and ready for action.

"Okay, honey," Hank said. "Take off your dress. Take it off and let me see that pretty body."

Her hands trembled as she undid the buttons of her dress and pulled it off. She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, but was hesitant about dropping it.

"Take the damn thing off," Hank said.

He reached for her again and she quickly pulled the bra away from her big, round tits. She'd never worn a training bra. Her breasts had always been big, round and perfect, which was why men looked at her the way they did.

She felt herself blush all over as Hank took a good, long look at her tits.

"Christ Jesus!" he said. "Those are about the best-looking things I've seen in a long time."

Donna Joe wanted badly to hide her tits behind her hands, but she didn't dare. She sat quietly while Hank greedily eyed her luscious flesh. She tried

to blank out all feeling but soon her nipples began to harden. She told herself it was the night air, but couldn't understand the sensation of butterflies in her belly.

"Shit," Hank said. "I've got to have a taste of those sweet things."

Hank pushed her head against the seat and dropped his own to her big tits. As his lips touched her she felt a burning sensation she'd never felt before. Hank sucked her big nipple into his mouth and rolled it beneath his hot tongue, and another hot sensation went down her spine.

"All the women like the way I do them," Hank said. "They go crazy when I start tongue-kissing them."

She tried to control the feelings as Hank put his tongue back to her nipple, but he aroused her. She couldn't help herself. He was doing crazy things to her. His tongue burned and sent tingling sensations through her body. She even felt a hot wetness spread between her legs.

"Oh my God," she whispered.

She stroked his head as he sucked more of her hot flesh into his mouth. He put both of his rough hands on her soft thighs and stroked them gently. She didn't try to stop him. No longer did he have to use threats of violence to make her do as he wanted. His hot, wet mouth planted on her titties was

enough to do the job.

Hank raised his head. There was a lustful, crazy look on his face. "I knew you were a hot piece. I knew you'd be a hot piece of ass!"

His big hands slipped underneath the flimsy material of her panties. She shivered as his fingers rubbed the hot flesh between her legs. His fingertips grazed her curly cunt hairs, and she knew he could feel the moisture.

She was helpless as he gripped her panties and rolled them down her long, shapely legs. He forced her legs apart and she knew he was looking at the plump, excited lips of her cunt mound.

She was so confused. She knew she should feel ashamed of the way she was acting, but she also knew she couldn't deny the hunger that was growing in her: a hunger to find out what it was like to be a woman.

"I know what you want, sugar," Hank said.

In the quiet of the truck she heard the sound of his zipper, and knew that there was no turning back. She would never be able to stop Hank from doing as he wanted, and she wasn't sure that she wanted to stop him.

"Hold it," Hank said. He took her hand and placed it against his hot,

throbbing cock. This was the first time she had ever felt a rigid prick. She felt the hotness against her fingertips and knew that it wouldn't be long before he stabbed it into her.

"Wrap your fingers around it, cunt," Hank told her. "Hold it tight. Hold the fucking thing as tight as you can!"

She wrapped her fingers around the stiff cock and held it as tightly as he wanted. Suddenly her hand felt wet, warm and sticky, and she realized that his pre-come was leaking out over her fingers.

"Oh God," Hank groaned. "You've got sweet fingers, baby. I bet your cunt's going to feel fantastic."

Hank made her move her hand. He made her squirm around in the seat until he had found a comfortable position. She was aware that his friend was still standing at the window, watching them. He was no longer trying to stop Hank, and his face was red with excitement.

"Spread your legs, pretty pussy," Hank said. "I'm going to make a woman out of you."

His words echoed her own feelings. She was frightened, but she wanted what he was going to give her. She shivered as she felt his bulbous cockhead press against her inner thighs. He was still leaking, and she felt a wetness

against her legs.

She gasped when she felt his thick knob push against her sensitive cunt lips. His clothes scratched her as he stretched out on top of her. She felt his work shirt rub against her tits, his big, wide chest pressing them flat.

She wished he had taken the time to strip off his clothes. Somehow it seemed obscene when his big prick stuck out of the front of his open trousers.

"Do you feel this, baby?" Hank asked.

She forgot all of her shame as she felt the thick cockhead stretch her pussy lips. Suddenly his pulsating prick was just barely inside of her. She had never felt anything like it before. His prick was so big and hot, and she had expected it to hurt. So far there was no pain, only a delicious feeling of being filled by something stiff and hot.

"You're a hot cunt," Hank said. "You really like it, don't you? You really like having your cunt fucked!"

She didn't answer him. She only twisted beneath him as more of his thick meat slipped into her cunt. He felt the resistance of her virgin wall, but it didn't stop him. A sudden, sharp pain came over her as he stabbed his prick through her virgin pussy wall.

The pain didn't last long as he pushed his cock all the way into her cunt.

"It doesn't hurt," she sobbed. "Oh my God, it doesn't hurt. It feels good!"

She moaned and writhed beneath him, and she knew that she surprised him with her passion. She didn't care. His big, throbbing cock felt so good!

He began to fuck her. He pulled his cock half out of her and then slammed it back into her again. The sweet sensation of his hot prick filling her felt better than anything she had ever known. Every time his hot meat rubbed her excited clit she could feel shivers going up her spine.

"You sweet bitch," Hank groaned. "You sweet hot bitch. I love your cunt! I love your hot cunt!"

It felt so good that she wanted it to last forever, but her tightly gripping pussy walls were too much for Hank. She felt him gasping for breath as he began to stab his prick into her as fast as he could.

"Not yet," she whispered frantically. "Oh God, not yet!" She hardly thought about what she was saying as she wrapped her arms around his broad back and pulled him tighter. She only knew that she didn't want him to stop, not yet. It felt too good and she knew that something was happening to

her. If only he would wait a few minutes longer...

"You crazy bitch," Hank groaned. "I've never felt this hot before! You Goddamn cock-sucking bitch!"

Donna Joe felt him slip his broad hands underneath her butt. His hands roughly gripped her asscheeks and he lifted her off the seat. She gasped as she felt his swollen knob slide farther into her. It felt like it was going clear into her belly!

"Sweet bitch," he groaned. "Oh, you sweet Goddamned bitch. You're making me come! You're making me fucking come! Oh, you sweet, sucking bitch! BITCH!"

Though it had never happened to her before, she knew what was about to occur as she felt his cockhead swell inside of her. She felt his fingers dig into her asscheeks and she tried to move as his hands directed her. She groaned as she felt the first hot spurt of his creamy jism.

It was happening too soon! She knew something was happening in her body. She didn't know what it was, but she knew that it felt delicious. If only he had lasted a little while longer.

"Ohhhh," she sobbed softly as she felt his prick start to deflate, and slide out of her. She felt him wiping his come-tipped prick against her belly,



but then he suddenly climbed out of the truck.

She felt angry at him. He had not satisfied her.

He had raped her but he had not satisfied. It wasn't fair!

"It's your turn, Glenn," Hank said loudly. "I said that I'd save you seconds."

That was when Donna Joe remembered the other man.

## CHAPTER TWO

Glenn Donald was smaller than his friend, and he was scared. He could think of a thousand reasons why he shouldn't climb into the truck with the young girl. There was only one reason why he should get into the truck: he was horny as hell. His balls felt heavy as he stared at the lush body of the sweet girl. She no longer looked innocent. She no longer looked frightened.

Her eyes almost begged him to get into the truck with her. She moved around on her ass and her legs opened. He could see the red lips of her cunt and even the pearly drops of his friend's come.

"Go on," Hank urged him. "You know you want it. Get in there and grab a

piece of that."

Glenn couldn't help himself. He had to have a piece of that sweet-looking cunt. His cock had nearly torn an opening in his trousers. To hell with what might happen! The little bitch had enjoyed it and she wanted his cock. He would damn sure give her what she needed.

"That's the boy," Hank said, laughing as he shoved Glenn toward the truck. "She's hot for it. Give her six inches of hot meat. She's good and tight. I promise you that!"

Glenn tore at his clothes as he climbed into the cab of the truck. He took her hand and pressed it flat against his crotch.

She didn't act innocent. Her fingers rubbed the front of his trousers, and he felt his prick getting stiff.

"You cunt," Glenn said as he unzipped his trousers. He forced her to put her hand inside the opening, and felt her slender fingers lace around his cock.

"Ahhhhh," he groaned softly. "That's it, sugar. You know what to do with a prick."

Glenn hurriedly unbuckled his belt so that he could slide his trousers down

his legs. He had to work to pull his shorts over his thick, pulsating cock. The little bitch was really going after his meat, sighing as she wrapped one hand around the thickness of his cock and used her other to caress his balls.

"Sweet little thing," Glenn said softly. "I bet you've never really had a good look at a man's cock!"

"No," she admitted.

"I'm going to give you a really close look," Glenn said. "A really good look."

Donna Joe didn't know what he meant until she felt his hand on her head. He took a thick handful of her blonde hair and gently pulled, and she realized that he wanted her to kiss his swollen prick.

"I don't think I can do that," she said.

"You'll do it," Glenn said, "or I won't give you my cock, and that's what you want most of all. My hot cock in your pussy!"

What he said was the truth -- Donna Joe would give almost anything to have his thick prick in her pussy. She wanted to know what else would happen, and she wanted those good feelings again. She wanted to feel it all.

"All right," she said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Just lick the head first," Glenn told her. "Lick it like you'd lick an ice cream cone."

She was frightened again but there was nothing else she could do. She hesitantly licked the tip of his bloated cock and tasted the salty flavor of a man's come. She licked it again, slowly and gently, covering the entire head of his cock with her saliva.

"Now the sides of it," Glenn moaned. He leaned back to allow her to reach it easily. "Lick all over my cock. Your tongue feels good as shit!"

She held his prick to one side and began to lick down the soft underside. Her hair fell in her face as she licked all the way down to his balls, covering the swollen nuts with her saliva.

She had to admit that there was something exciting about licking his cock. It made her pussy hot and wet.

She licked all over his big, throbbing prick until he gasped with excitement. He gripped her head roughly and pulled her lips to the bloated crown.

"Take it in your mouth," he said roughly. "Suck it!"

She was hesitant but felt him grip her tighter, hurting her. She opened her mouth and took the entire swollen crown between her lips. It was exciting. She'd never felt so much power inside herself. This man belonged to her as long as she kept her mouth on his hot prick.

"Jesus," Glenn moaned. "What a sweet bitch. Now suck it, bitch. Suck it!"

She'd never in her life sucked a man's cock, but wanted to satisfy his hunger. She slid her lips down farther on his fleshy pole, feeling the throbbing head against her tongue. More of his come juice leaked into her mouth. She sucked it deeper and felt the swollen knob against the back of her throat.

"Shit," Glenn groaned. "You've got it in your mouth now. Oh shit!"

She knew that what she was doing was obscene, but she was enjoying herself. She began to bob her head, using her tongue against his excited flesh as she slid her lips up and down his cock.

"My balls, bitch," Glenn said. "Play with my balls!"

She had never known such heat could exist between a pair of legs. She moved her hand up his thighs and used her fingertips to gently caress his

swollen balls. She moved her head faster and felt him jerk her head roughly.

She felt his cockhead grow, larger and knew it would be only moments before he would come in her mouth. She wondered what it would be like to have a man shoot his come in her mouth. She knew of girls who said they had been fucked, but she'd never known one who'd actually sucked a man's cock.

She looked forward to the moment when he would shoot his wad into her mouth and sucked faster and harder, using her tongue to caress every part of his cock she could reach. She gulped down a single thick drop of cream.

Then he pulled his cock from her mouth. She looked at him with begging eyes, but he wanted something else. He pushed her back into the seat.

"Spread those legs, you little cunt!" Glenn roared. "You sweet bitch, I'm going to fuck you to death!"

Donna Joe suddenly knew that she wasn't going to be satisfied this time either. Glenn was too damned excited. She had taken him to the edge with her lips and tongue, his cock like a river about to burst through a dam. There was nothing she could do to control his excitement.

She gasped as he powerfully drove his cock between her legs. His prick felt bigger than Hank's, and Glenn was using it like some kind of weapon. He started to pound his cock in and out of her hot cunt as fast as he could.

"Ohhhh," Donna Joe whispered. "Oh, not so fast. Slow down, please slow down!"

"You cunt!" Glenn said savagely. "I thought you were sweet, but you're a cunt! Just a hole for a man to stick his cock into! Just a fucking cunt!"

He was telling the truth -- she felt like a cunt. She could only think about the aching, wet hole between her legs. She'd never thought that fucking could feel this good.

"Oh skit, baby," Glenn grunted. "Shit!"

She felt the delicious hunger grow in her body, but knew that Glenn wasn't going to last long enough to satisfy her. Both men had been just too excited. She understood that, but it didn't make her feel any better.

"You cunt," Glenn groaned. "You fucking hole, I'm going to shoot my wad! I'm going to shoot my fucking wad! Oh Jesus, you CUUUNNNNT!"

She screamed as she felt him jab deeply into her pussy, and then felt the hot squirting sensation of his come cream. He drove into her a few more times before his swollen prick got a little soft.

She wiggled against him, trying to keep his cock in her for as long as she could, but she couldn't. She felt the wetness as his prick slowly pulled out of her cunt.

"Oh God," she said, her voice expressing agony.

There was no shame in her. She had just been fucked by two men and knew she wouldn't have refused a dozen more had they been there. She would have done anything to scratch the itchy hunger in her pussy.

"All right, baby," Glenn said. "Go ahead and dress."

She reached for his limp cock, her slim fingers circling around it. Her hand moved up and down.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" Glenn asked. He looked shocked as he jerked her away from his cock. "Didn't you get enough?"

"Please," she said. "I just want it a little longer. Just a little longer. Please."

"I'll be Goddamned," Glenn said, shaking his head. "You are a cunt, aren't you? And I thought you looked so sweet. I was worried about touching virgin stuff."



Glenn dressed quickly and got out of the truck. His friend Hank came out of the truck stop with a can of beer in his hand. He was grinning.

"Was it good?" Hank asked.

"Fuck yes," Glenn answered. He took the beer from Hank and drank deeply. "Hell, I never would have believed it. She's like a wild animal when you get her going."

"I told you," Hank said. "I sure can pick up the sweet-feeling ones."

Donna Joe realized that the two men were finished with her. They had used her like an animal, and now they stood outside the truck bragging about their conquest. They weren't worried about how she felt, how she had been left unsatisfied.

"Get out of the fucking truck," Glenn said.

She quickly gathered her clothes and dressed, then slipped out of the truck and stood on trembling legs. She felt used, but that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was that she knew she would get right back into the truck if either of them asked her to. She was still hot and ready.

Hank pushed her against the truck and cupped her titties with his rough hands, only this time it wasn't a caress. He almost hurt her, and his eyes looked ugly. She tried not to scream out in pain, because she knew that would make him angry.

"Bitch," Hank said softly. "You enjoyed it. You enjoyed having cock. Tell me the truth."

"Yes," she admitted.

"Then I don't want you to ever tell anybody about what happened or I'll find you and I'll start breaking your bones. Do you want me to break your bones?"

"No," she moaned. He really was hurting her now.

"Then you remember what I told you. Nobody must ever know or you'll be in a world of shit. Just keep your cunt mouth closed. Keep it closed."

"Yes, yes, yes," she moaned. "Anything you say."

Hank grinned as he released her, and gave her a hard slap on the asscheeks. The slap brought tears to her eyes. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of seeing her cry, but she couldn't hide it.

"Now get the fuck out of here," Hank told her. "Take off, and remember what I told you."

"I'll remember," Donna Joe said softly.

### CHAPTER THREE

Donna Joe barely stopped long enough to speak to her mother as she hurried through the big kitchen to the stairs. She took the steps two at a time, then closed and locked her bedroom door behind her. She panted as she stripped her dress over her head and quickly took off the rest of her clothes.

She had played with herself before but had never been this hot. She could hardly stand the sensation of heat on the insides of her creamy thighs.

She fell down on her bed and rolled over on her stomach, then lifted her ass slightly and slipped one hand underneath her. She easily found the plump cunt lips with her fingertips.

"Ahhhhhh," she said softly as she slipped three fingers into her wet, burning cunt.

God, it feels good, she thought as her fingers moved around in the tightness of her cunt, but it didn't feel good enough. What she needed was a good stiff cock to fill her cunt, the same way her pussy had been filled earlier that evening. If only the two men could have satisfied her... but there was no use dreaming. Her working fingers only made her hotter without bringing her any satisfaction.

She sighed. She thought that maybe a good, long shower would help. She felt a little lifeless as she went into the bathroom and turned on the cold water. She stayed under the water for a long time, and was clean and sweet-smelling when she finally got out.

But the water hadn't helped the itch between her thighs, and she still needed satisfaction: a good, stiff cock -- any cock. She needed to have her pussy hole filled before she went crazy.

She couldn't understand what was wrong with her. She had never been this way before. Sure, she had thought of boys, but never of cocks before. She had never been filled with thoughts of long, hard cocks. Jesus, what was the matter with her?

She heard the front door open, then her father's loud voice and her mother's complaining tone. The usual fight had started, and Donna Joe knew the argument would last a long time. The usual thing would happen next: he would take her upstairs. Donna Joe would then hear the sighs and the creaking of the old bedsprings. Her father was often horny when he came

home from a heavy night of drinking.

Donna Joe put on her nightgown and wrapped a robe around herself. She hated to go downstairs but she thought that a cold drink and television might help her.

She was nearly downstairs when she realized that this argument sounded more serious than the usual ones did.

"Goddamn it, woman," her father yelled. "I don't have to explain myself to you!"

"What do you think I am?" her mother said coldly. "Do you think I'm an idiot? I know you've been out with that Taylor woman again. You go out with her and she won't let you have any and then you come home to me. Well, I'm not going to stand for it any longer."

"What the fuck do you intend doing about it?" her father asked.

"I don't know," her mother answered, "but I know one thing. You won't be welcome in my bedroom tonight."

Donna Joe's mother sobbed as she ran up the stairs. Her mother hardly glanced at Donna Joe, and she felt a little shaken but still wanted a cold

drink.

She found her father leaning against the kitchen sink. She had been around her father many times but had never before noticed how big and powerful-looking he was. His strong, hairy hands gasped a beer.

"Where the hell you been tonight?" her father asked.

Donna Joe saw that his mood was very ugly. There was no point in trying to explain that she had only been out to look for him. He wouldn't understand that, and his mood would only get uglier.

"No place," Donna Joe answered.

"Shit," her father said. "I bet you been out with some boy. What's his name?"

"I haven't been out with any boy," she said.

"You Goddamn lying bitch!"

She wasn't prepared for the fist he suddenly swung at her. He hit her on the side of the head and sent her sprawling on the hard kitchen floor. She

saw him standing over her, slowly taking off his thick belt.

"Please," she whispered. "Oh please don't hurt me."

"You bitch. You lying bitch. You were out with some young stud. Tell me the truth!"

"Oh no!" she screamed. She scrambled off the floor and ran from him, running for her life. She knew he meant to hurt her. She tripped on the rug in the living room and fell forward, and felt the stinging slap of the belt.

"Please don't," she begged. "Oh please!"

He kept hitting her as she tried to get away from him. She was breathing quickly as her robe tore open. Her big tits rose and fell beneath her thin gown.

She backed up against the couch and found she could go no further. She held her head down, expecting the blows, but suddenly her father stopped hitting her. She looked up and saw him staring at her. He licked his lips and stared at her the same way Glenn and Hank had started earlier.

It didn't make any difference that he was her father. She felt the hot blood boiling in her body, and felt the same wet warmth between her creamy thighs. She had no panties on and knew he could see almost all of her lush

young body through the sheerness of her gown.

She experienced a moment of shyness and started to pull her robe together, but his thick hand stopped her.

"No," he said. "I want to look."

She was frightened, but she was also hot as hell. She couldn't help herself. She reached up and touched his strong thigh, and she felt him shiver.

"Goddamn," he said. "I think you're hot for it."

He didn't seem to be worried by the fact that she was his daughter. He kneeled beside her and put his hand on one of her big, round tits. He squeezed gently and a look of excitement flooded his face. He grinned like a small child holding a toy.

"You're beautiful, baby," he told her. "You're beautiful."

She didn't try to stop him as he used his other hand to pull up the bottom of her gown. He slipped it off of her creamy body and made her bend her head. In a moment he had her completely naked and lying on her back on the carpet.



"You're beautiful," he said. "You're so Goddamned beautiful."

She could smell the beer on his breath as he bent his head to her perfect tits. It was almost like it had been in the truck, except this time it was even more delicious. This time it was her father who was doing those wonderful things to her.

She sighed in pleasure as she felt his tongue move around one of her big nipples. She felt her nipple grow hard and wet under the heat of his mouth. She arched her back and pushed more of her tit into his mouth.

"Ohhhh," she moaned softly. "Oh, that feels sweet. That feels so nice!"

Her father knew what he was doing with his mouth and his free hands. In moments he had her moaning with passion, and had her at the point of begging him to do things to her she didn't have to beg though. She felt his mouth leave her tits and move down her soft belly to the fringe of her cunt hair. He put his rough hands on her tits and began massaging them while he moved his head between her legs.

"Oh Daddy," she moaned, wiggling with the pleasure he was giving her. "Daddy!"

There was something so wicked, so exciting about having her daddy's

head between her legs. She spread her thighs wider and reached for the back of his head. She pulled his face closer to her moist cunt and felt his tongue stab deeply between her cunt lips.

"Oh my God!" she gasped.

Then his tongue rubbed her hard clit and she knew she was going to go out of her mind. She felt a hard knot in her stomach and knew she was going to be taken all the way. Her father knew how to use his mouth.

"Daddy," she moaned. "I want you to fuck me. I want to feel your cock when I come!"

He raised his head and he grinned in a drunken way. For the first time she realized that he was too drunk to care about what he was doing. He might be sorry later on, since he usually did feel sorry after one of his drunks... if he remembered what he'd done.

She couldn't feel sorry for him though. She wanted his big dick inside of her. He had started to strip out of his clothes but wasn't fast enough, so she helped him with the buttons and then quickly tore at his zipper. Her hand slipped inside and she found that he wasn't wearing shorts. Her hand immediately closed around his hot, throbbing cock.

"Christ," he moaned. "Let me take my trousers off."

She could hardly wait. He took her hand and held it while he finished pulling down his trousers. She had never thought she'd feel this way about a man's cock, and had certainly not thought of a hard prick as being beautiful. But it was beautiful: a jutting sword of flesh with a red, bloated head that was tipped with come. It was a very beautiful fuck tool.

She wanted to kiss it but her father couldn't wait. He pushed her back on the rug and knelt between her legs. She felt his stiff cockhead against her cunt.

"Put it in," she sobbed. "Oh, put that big fucking thing in my cunt!"

Glenn and Hank had taught her well. They had turned her into a wild, sex-crazy fuck machine, and now she was crazy for her father's big cock.

Her father moved slowly, and she felt the bloated, rubbery head slipping between her cunt lips. She moved her ass frantically, trying to make him move faster.

"Fuck me," she groaned. "Oh fuck me! Oh, put your cock in my pussy!"

This time she was completely filled. Her father drew his cock half put of her and then brutally slammed it all the way into her hot hole. She screamed in pleasure as she felt his stiff prick fill her cunt.

"You little bitch," her father grunted. "You're tight as shit! You're a fucking tight-twatted little cunt."

"Fuck me, Daddy!" she screamed. "Fuck me good and hard! I need it so much!"

Her father was as adept with his cock as he was with his hands and mouth. He began to fuck her slowly, drawing his prick in and out of her in a way that made her feel every inch. Somehow he also rubbed his cock against her hard little clit, sending spasms of pleasure up her back.

"Harder," she moaned. "Oh harder!"

Her father drew his cock out completely. He lifted her legs, and suddenly she found herself in the dirtiest position she'd ever been in: her legs were pressed up over her head so that her hot cunt was openly exposed.

"What a pretty little hole," her father said.

She felt his weight on top of her, then felt the wonderful sensation of his hard cock going in her. This time it felt like his cock went all the way into her belly. She could almost taste his prick in her mouth.

"You are a fucking tight little bitch," he told her. "You're tighter than shit!"

Her father started to move a little faster. His big prick went deeper with each powerful stroke. She could feel the rubbery cockhead rub the inside of her cunt walls each time he drove into her.

"Oh Jesus," she said. "Daddy! You're making me feel so nice!"

She scratched his broad shoulders like a frenzied animal as she felt the heat growing in her body. Her father laughed with joy as he fucked her savagely.

He took his hard cock out of her again and she protested, but he didn't quit for long. He made her turn over on her belly and he reached around and underneath to grasp her big tits. He held them tight as he drove his cock into her cunt from behind.

This was a different feeling and she couldn't contain her excitement. She began to move her ass wildly in rhythm to his thrusting cock.

"Oh shit," he moaned. "Shit, you feel good!"

"Give it to me, Daddy," she groaned. "Give it to me good!"

She heard the footsteps on the stairs but didn't care -- she was too hot to care. She could feel the knot in her belly start to explode. This time it was going to happen to her! This time she was going to be satisfied!

"Daddy!" she screamed. "Daddy, oh Daddy! I'm going to come! Christ, I'm going to come! Daddy, I feel so strange! It's happening to me. AGGGHHHHHHH!"

It was better than, she'd even dreamed. She felt the wet warmth spread through her body, and felt the pleasure spasm coursing from her cunt.

"Oh Daddy," she groaned. "I feel so good! I can feel you getting bigger. Shoot your come in me, Daddy! Oh, please, shoot all your come in my pussy!"

He squeezed her tits harder and she felt his cock growing bigger and harder. Then the first hot squirt of his jism spurted into her cunt.

"Shit, baby," her father groaned. "Shit, you feel so good. I'm going to blow your ass in half! Oh shit. SHIITTT!"

She'd never felt so delicious as she did right then. She loved the feeling of his jism pumping into her. She had forgotten the footsteps she'd heard earlier on the stairway, but remembered very suddenly when she heard her mother's yoke.

"What the Goddamn hell are you doing?"

She heard her father sigh as he slowly pulled his hot cock out of her cunt. He didn't seem worried. He looked over at his wife with a wide grin while Donna Joe reached for her nightgown and robe.

"What the fuck does it look like I'm doing?" he asked. "I'm dipping my wick!"

"My own daughter," her mother said. "With my own daughter! What kind of animal are you?"

"I'm an animal with a hard dick that you wouldn't take care of for me," he said.

"You fucking bastard!" she screamed.

Donna Joe had never seen her mother like this. She was one mad woman. She was normally an attractive woman, but now she looked deadly as she walked toward them. Donna Joe expected her mother to come after her father, but her mother turned on her with a fury that was completely unexpected.

"You little bitch!" her mother said. "You were trying to steal my husband. My husband. You young bitch! You think all you got to do is spread your legs. Goddamn you! I'll teach you what a woman can do. A real woman!"

Everything had suddenly turned crazy in Donna Joe's world. She couldn't believe that it was her own mother who suddenly tore off her clothes. She noticed then that her mother still had a beautifully formed body, and her big tits stood firm and proud.

"I'll show you what a woman can do," she said.

Donna Joe's mother turned her attention back to her father. The shapely older woman pushed him back on the rug and kneeled beside him. She held her hair back as she bent her head over the half-limp cock.

Donna Joe was both fascinated and shocked by what happened next. She never imagined that her mother would do anything like that. Sure, she fucked. A woman was supposed to do that for her husband, but not suck cock!

Donna Joe heard her father groan as her mother took the entire length of his cock into her mouth. Donna Joe couldn't have taken that much of his cock into her mouth. Somehow her mother seemed to be swallowing the whole damn thing!

"Shit, baby," her father said. "Shit, that's nice. Nobody can suck cock like



you."

Donna Joe couldn't turn her head away. She had never seen anything so obscene and yet so exciting. Her mother made loud sucking noises as she worked over his stiffening tool. Her head began to bob very quickly as her fingers slipped up his strong-looking thighs to play with his big balls.

"Shit, babe," her father moaned. "Suck it. Suck it good. Suck my come out!"

Her father put both of his hands on the back of her mother's head and began to guide the up-and-down movements of her head. Donna Joe saw the end of his cock slip in and out of her mother's round mouth.

"Shit," her father said. "I'm going to blow it in your mouth. I'm going to blow your Goddamn head off, bitch! Silt, it's going to fill your mouth! Shit, it feels good! SO GOOD!"

Donna Joe could see her mother's mouth work as she started to gobble down her father's come. Donna Joe felt her heart pound loudly.

Then her mother raised her head and looked at Donna Joe with smiling eyes. "See there, bitch," she said. "I showed you what a real woman can do. Just because you can spread your legs don't mean a Goddamn thing!"

Donna Joe watched her mother lick away the last traces of hot come on her lips, as her father started to snore. Mother and daughter had wiped him out.

"Now get the fuck put of my house," her mother said.

Donna Joe couldn't believe what she had heard. "What?" she asked timidly.

"I said get the hell out of my house," her mother repeated. "I don't want some young cunt around my house shaking her big tits in my husband's face. I don't need that kind of shit. Now get the fuck out of my house! Get your clothes and get out!"

"But where will I go?" Donna Joe asked. "What will happen to me?"

"I don't give a damn," her mother said. "Just grab your clothes and get out. Now!"

"But mother?" Donna Joe protested. She was frightened. She didn't want to leave the only home she'd ever known. She was just a child. "I'm afraid!"

"There's no reason for you to be afraid," Donna Joe's mother told her harshly. "Use your cunt. Find yourself a man to take care of you. Use your cunt! I saw you. You know what to do with that hot hole between your legs.

Use it!"

Donna Joe saw that her mother really meant it, and there was no use in trying to argue. Her mother meant for her to get out. Donna Joe sadly walked upstairs to pack.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

Donna Joe couldn't believe all the things that had happened to her in such a short time. A few hours ago she had been a happy, virginal young girl. Now her virginity was gone. She had fucked her father, and her mother had kicked her out of the house.

Now she had no money, and she didn't know where she could go.

It started to rain.

She almost broke down into tears when she noticed headlights on the dirt road near her former home. She waited as a truck pulled up and stopped beside her, and knew who it was then. Edward Cross was one of her father's friends. He was a skinny, elderly man with lecherous eyes. Suddenly Donna Joe knew how she was going to survive for a few days.

"Donna Joe!" Edward said with surprise. "What are you doing out here in

the rain?"

"I'm leaving home," Donna Joe told him.

"But I don't understand," he said. "Why would you want to leave home this time of night?"

Donna Joe didn't want to explain, so she leaned closer to the truck. She knew he was trying to look down the front of her loose dress, so she gave him plenty to look at. She wasn't wearing a bra and her big tits nearly fell out of the low-cut top.

She remembered all of the times she'd caught him looking at her, and she knew what he'd been thinking: he wanted to get into her panties.

Tonight she was going to give him that chance. After all, hadn't her mother told her that she would have to use her cunt?

Edward coughed and tried to look away but couldn't. His eyes practically popped out of his head. He suddenly started to sweat and had to shift his position.

"Would you help me?" she asked him.

"Help you do what?" he asked.

"It's raining and I don't have any place to go tonight. Would you help me?"

"Ummmm," he said. "Yes. That is, I suppose, I guess it would be all right."

"Oh, thank you," she said. She put her arms around his neck and hugged him, knowing he could feel the snug pressure of her big tits against his arm. She was making him as nervous as hell, and that was just the way she wanted him.

She ran around the front of his truck and opened the other door. She slid beside him and intentionally let her dress slide halfway up her thighs. Edward took one long look and coughed again.

"I really appreciate this, Mr. Cross," Donna Joe told him. "I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come along."

"I can't understand why your father would let you out this time of night," he said.

"It's a long story," Donna Joe said. "I really don't want to talk about it. Ummmmm, would you look at that rain. I'm glad I'm not out there now."

She leaned forward and her skirt slid higher up her creamy thighs, almost to her crotch. Edward nearly drove the truck off the road, and she couldn't help giggling.

"Here we are finally," Edward said. "I didn't know the rain was going to be this bad." He parked the truck and they hurried into the small, comfortable-looking house. It wasn't large, but Edward had no family so he didn't need a big place. There was a fire blazing in the living room and Donna Joe knelt beside it.

"Ummm," she moaned. "This feels good. I didn't realize how cold I was."

"Good thing I lit that before I left," he said. "You might think about getting out of those wet things."

She turned her head toward him and saw the glint of lust in his eyes. There was never going to be a better time than that moment, she knew. Edward wasn't drunk, and he wouldn't be as easy as her father had been. She would have to shock him before she could touch his cock.

"All right," Donna Joe said.

She saw his eyes widen as she stripped her dress over her head with one quick motion. She wore nothing but her flimsy panties and he nearly choked as he stared at her big tits, flat belly and creamy thighs.

She knew he was seeing something he'd often dreamed about. She had shocked him senseless, and it wouldn't be hard to get him to do anything she wished.

"I guess I should get out of these too," she said, fingering the tops of her panties.

"You shouldn't," he said.

"You don't want me to?"

"It's not right," he said. "It's not good!"

"Do you think it's better for me to stand here and catch cold?" she asked.

"Of course not!"

"Then I'll take these off," she said.

He was red-faced and confused as she pushed her wet panties down her shapely legs. When she was completely naked he couldn't take his eyes off her, and he rubbed himself between his legs.

"Maybe you should undress too," she suggested.

"In front of you?" he asked. "Why not? It's not fair that I should be the only one around here without any clothes on."

He trembled and she knew she'd have to help, so she moved across the room to him. She took his hand and placed it on one of her round breasts. She heard him gasp as his fingers came into contact with her hot tit. She didn't think his touch would turn her on but she immediately felt her nipple become stiff.

It was crazy! She was reaching the point where any man with a cock would make her hot. She started to unbutton his shirt and saw his face turn red.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm undressing you," she said. "I thought you could use some help."

She had no problem taking off his shirt and undershirt, but he became hesitant when her fingers reached for his belt. He put his free hand over hers.

"We shouldn't do this," he said.



She could read his face -- he wanted it worse than he'd ever wanted anything in his life, but he was scared of her father and of what people might say. She was no longer worried about anything. For some reason this old man was making her hot, and she wanted to make the most of it before he lost his nerve.

"Just let me do the work," she said.

Donna Joe remembered how her mother had looked when she had sucked her husband's cock. Her mother had really enjoyed having that big prick in her mouth. Donna Joe knew she could also learn to love to suck cock, and she knew it would be a new experience for Edward Cross.

He no longer tried to stop her, but put his hands on her big tits and began to massage them. She felt her nipples tighten into hard, big circles as she hurriedly undid his belt and dropped his trousers.

She had no trouble making him kick off his trousers and shorts and his cock was half-hard as she gently lifted it with her fingers. His prick was longer and thicker than her father's, and she could tell that it hadn't been used for some time. She could feel the trembling excitement of his cock under her fingertips.

"Oh God," he groaned.

She was getting warm too and would soon need a big cock to fill her cunt, but first she wanted to give him the same kind of service her mother had given her father. She was angry at her mother and wanted to prove to herself that her mother would never be as good a cocksucker as Donna Joe could be.

"Let me make you happy," Donna Joe said as she slowly sank down to her knees and touched her lips to his cock.

"Jesus," he gasped. "What are you doing? Nobody's ever done that, before. Jesus!"

She circled his cock with her fingers and began to jerk him off slowly. She felt his cock stiffen and saw the first few bubbles of his thick, white come appear at the bulbous tip. She shivered as she placed her lips against it.

She loved the taste of come -- she knew that now. She loved the taste and feel of a man's cock. She wished it hadn't taken her so long to find out how much she loved it.

She felt his fingers in her hair as she began to lick all over his thick prick. She made his cock stiff and throbbing, then began to play with his heavy balls. She tasted more of his hot come juice and knew that it was time to take his cock into her mouth.

"Oh Jesus," Edward groaned as she slipped his swollen prick between her lips.

At first she took only the sensitive crown into her mouth and began to use her teeth against the ridge. He groaned and tried to stab his cock deeper into her mouth, but she refused to take it. She wanted to take her own sweet lime sucking his cock. This time she wanted to enjoy it.

She slowly sucked his swollen prick into her mouth and drew it deep into her throat, so deep that she gagged. She forced herself to relax. She knew she was trying to prove herself, even if her mother wasn't here to see it.

She relaxed enough to suck his hot cock deeper into her throat. She felt his hot knob press against her deep throat muscles and started using her tongue. She could feel him go crazy as his hips bucked and he pulled her thick hair.

"This is fantastic!" he moaned. "Oh God, this is crazy. Nothing like this has ever happened before!"

He reached down and gripped her big tits. His fingers dug into her flesh almost painfully. She knew that he was very excited, more excited than he had ever been in his life. She moved her head back and forth, keeping her teeth against his skin to drive him crazy.

"Oh shit, baby," he groaned. "Oh shit!"

She felt his cock swell against her tongue. He was too excited. She moved her head faster and felt the first hot spurt of jism against her throat.

"Shit, I'm coming!" Edward moaned. "I'm coming! Oh fuck, I'm going to shoot my come in your mouth!"

He gave a groan and she suddenly felt all of his jism pump into her mouth. She swallowed quickly, almost hungrily. She moved her lips down the length of his thick prick until she had drained every drop.

"Oh shit," Edward moaned. "Shit!"

He looked dazed when he fell back from her and she licked her lips like a kitten just finishing a bowl of milk. She sat back on the floor and spread her legs so he could see the pink lips of her cunt. She knew he would regain his interest in a short while.

"Did you like that?" she asked him.

"God," he answered. "I loved it! I wished I'd known about your talent a long time ago."

Donna Joe didn't bother to tell him that she hadn't possessed her talent for very long. Already she felt like an expert about everything that had to do with sex. She'd never thought that she could love it so much.

She put her hand on his thigh and moved her fingers up to caress his now-limp prick.

"Don't do that," he groaned. "You'll kill me."

"I won't kill you," she promised, "but I do want to make you happy."

She knew she had him wrapped around her little finger. He'd do anything for her, and she was going to make him go through his paces, just as she'd had to do for Hank, Glenn and her father.

"Don't do that," he begged her, but her teasing fingers had already caused his prick to start stiffening again.

"Ummmm," Donna Joe said. "You're not bad for such an old man."

She put her face in his lap and began licking hungrily at his cock. She felt it grow harder, and at the same time felt shivers going through her body. She wanted to fuck. She wanted to feel his big cock inside her.

She widened her lips and took his cock into her mouth again. She swallowed his prick as deeply as she could and then savagely sucked on it. He was as stiff as he could be.

Suddenly she raised her head. A savage hunger was in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Do you want to fuck me now?" she asked.

"Oh God yessss," Edward answered.

"Then what's stopping you? Why don't you fuck me? Put your big cock between my legs. I'll make you feel like you've never felt before. I promise you that!"

He cried out like an animal as he pushed her onto her back. She had barely spread her legs when he stabbed his cock at her. He missed and clumsily poked her a few times before she reached up.

"Slow down, honey," she whispered. "We've got all night. Slow down." She wrapped her fingers around his cock and slowly guided it to her cunt lips, then she felt her cunt lips give way to his probing prick. She lifted her ass from the floor and his cock slid all the way into her cunt.

"Ahhhhhh yessss," she sighed. "That's what I needed. That's what I like. A big cock in my cunt. I like cock!"

"I can't believe it," he said. "I'm fucking you. I'm actually fucking you!"

"You sure are," she said sweetly. "You're fucking my ass off!"

She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his back, and his big cock slid into her cunt a little deeper. She giggled as she sensed how crazy he was becoming as he drove his prick into her as quickly as he could.

She felt a growing warmth in her belly and knew it was going to happen again. There was nothing sweeter than being fucked. She loved the feel of a man splitting her in half with his cock, completely dominating her with his prick.

"You sweet little bitch," he moaned. "Sweet little bitch. Your pussy feels so good!"

"Fuck me good," she groaned. "Oh yes, fuck me good. Show me what you can do with your prick."

She was glad she had already sucked him dry. She knew he wouldn't have

been able to last long if she hadn't. His prick felt like he hadn't used it in years, and perhaps he hadn't. It was a damned waste, especially when she knew there were so many girls like her who lived for fucking.

She felt the first pleasure spasm shoot up her back and began squeezing her cunt muscles against his thrusting cock. She knew she was getting wetter with his every thrust.

"I'm going to come," she moaned. "Oh God, I'm going to come! I like your cock. I like your cock. I love your cock! AIEEEEEEEEE!"

This climax was even better than the one she'd had with her father. She felt as if her body were splitting in half. She wiggled her tits against him and more delicious spasms went through her.

"I love it," he moaned. "I love your pussy. I'm going to fucking come!"

"Spill it on my belly," she begged. "I want to feel it on my skin!"

He looked at her in surprise, but did as she asked. He gave another hot thrust inside her cunt and then pulled his cock out quickly. She could actually see the first spurts of his hot jism erupt over her shivering belly. She put her fingers in the thick juice and rubbed it all over her belly and tits.

"Oh my God," Edward groaned. "What are you? I've never met anyone like



you!"

"And you never will again," Donna Joe told him.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Donna Joe was surprised. She'd thought she would be able to stay with Edward Cross for a while. She'd thought that she had him tied around her little finger, but she was wrong. True, he lusted after her, but he was frightened by what people might say if she stayed with him.

The fright won out, so early the next morning Edward Cross gave her ten dollars and hurried her to the bus station. She was still in a daze as she watched his truck leave.

She got on the bus but still wasn't sure what she should do. She had only ten dollars, and she knew that wouldn't last for long. Maybe she could get a job somewhere, but she knew that would be hard.

She hadn't noticed the name of the town where the bus had stopped, but it didn't matter. It was a lot like the town she'd just left, or at least she thought so at first.

She noticed that there was something different about it. It had a few places that her town would have never allowed, such as topless bars and strip

joints along the main street. Her town was much too "good" to allow anything like that.

Donna Joe began to feel that this might be where she belonged. The signs out in front of the strip joints advertised big, healthy-looking girls wearing very little clothing. Donna Joe compared her body to the signs and thought she might have a chance.

She walked into the first place she had seen. There was a single girl dancing on a table, and Donna Joe caught her breath. The girl was dark-haired and dressed only in a pair of tight panties and two small pasties that covered her big tits.

Well, that was what she had expected, she thought as she made her way through the crowded room to the bar. The bartender looked up at her in surprise.

"Please," she said. "Where can I find the manager?"

"The manager is Bo Kelly. You'll find him in the back office counting his money."

She made her way to the back of the place and knocked on the office door. A rough voice told her to come in. She stepped inside and saw a heavy man dressed in shorts and an undershirt, counting the evening's money.

"What do you want?" he asked without looking up.

"Please, Mr. Kelly," she said. "I thought I might come to ask for a job."

"Ain't no jobs," he said. Then he looked up and saw her, and his mouth dropped open.

"Hold on," he said. "Don't leave so fast."

"You said there weren't any jobs," she said.

"Maybe I spoke too fast," he said. "Maybe I can find something for a pretty girl like you. Why don't you shut the door and come on in, honey?"

She didn't like the tone of the man's voice, and she didn't like the man. Her first nervous thought was that she should run like a rabbit from a hungry fox, but she shrugged her shoulders, stepped inside and shut the door. There was no use putting it off. Sooner or later she would have to make a deal with some man like this one.

"You're a pretty thing," Bo said. "Good, healthy looks. Turn around."

He made her feel like a doll on display as she did a turn for him. He licked his lips when she turned toward him again and knew what was going to happen in that room in the next few minutes. She knew what kind of deal she was going to have to make to get her job. Oddly enough, she didn't care -- she was long past feeling ashamed of what she did with her young body.

"Lock the door," Bo said, winking his eye.

She gave him a knowing look as she turned to lock the door. She had to admit that there was something wickedly exciting about this situation. It was something she'd never dreamed she'd find herself doing. Only bad girls did things like this.

"What do you want now?" she asked.

"Well," Bo said slowly. He hesitated, and for the first time looked a little ill at ease. "This is a strip joint. If I hire you, I got to know what I'm getting for my money."

"You mean you want me to take my clothes off?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. Bo looked as though he didn't really believe she would do it. He looked shocked as she undid her blouse and slipped it off her shoulders. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her big tits poked toward him.

"My God," Bo whispered, "you really got a pair on you, baby!"

She didn't answer as she slowly unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it. She rolled her panties down her long, slender legs and kicked them off. She stood naked before him and let him take a good, long look. She saw his eyes move from her big tits to the thick patch of cunt hair between her creamy legs, then back again.

"Am I good enough?" she finally asked.

"Honey," Bo said, "you're too good. I think we should set you up for some private performances. A girl with a body like yours doesn't have to worry about dancing. All you got to do is show it."

"Then you're going to hire me?" Donna Joe asked.

Donna Joe saw a hungry look come to his face. She'd known it wasn't going to be that easy. She was going to have to do more than just take off her clothes. She knew she wasn't going to be able to leave that room without having his cock between her legs.

"Well, it's not that easy," Bo said. "I mean, I have some other things to consider before I give you a job. I mean, you just walked in off the street. There are certain things we have to know about one another."

"I think I know what kind of things you want to know," Donna Joe said softly.

Donna Joe could feel her heart pounding. She sounded braver than she felt, but understood that it was a completely different world she was living in now.

Bo smiled as she waked toward him. She kissed him on the mouth and felt his fat tongue stab against hers. She felt his hand grab one of her tits, squeezing gently and rubbing the nipple with his thumb.

"Ummmmm," she moaned softly. She took his hand and led him back behind his desk. He sat down in his chair and she slipped down into his lap, wrapping her arms around his neck. She pressed her big, soft tits against his chest. She purred like a kitten as she rubbed her tits against him and moved her shapely ass around on his lap. She felt his fat prick stiff against the naked cheeks of her ass, and felt his hand at her tit again. She didn't find him attractive, but his groping hand made little electric tingles shoot up her spine. She knew she would enjoy getting fucked by him.

"Baby," he groaned. "Baby, you sure know what you're doing. You must have gotten a lot of practice with those small town boys."

"Not really," she said, wiggling a little more. "I guess I'm just a natural."

"You sure are," Bo agreed.

Bo gently pushed her away and slipped down in his chair so that his lips could reach her tits. She felt his hot, wet tongue gently brush across her aroused flesh and reached for the back of his head, puffing his face closer to her hot tits.

"Ummmmm," she said. "Kiss my tits. I like that. Kiss my hot tits!"

His wet mouth sucked hard at her flesh. He had a big mouth, and she felt half of her big tit slip into his throat. His tongue went crazy over her nipple, and she went wild. She could sense that sweet-feeling knot in her belly.

"My cock is hurting," Bo said.

"Ummm," she said. "I know just what to do about that."

She got out of his lap, knelt on the floor and found his zipper. She pulled it down and slipped her hand inside the opening. His prick was tangled in his shorts, and she'd never felt such excited heat come from a cock before.

"Ummmm," she said quietly. "You feel so hot."

"I am hot, baby. I'm hotter than hell!"

Donna Joe realized that Bo was one of those older men who really liked young girls. He was very turned-on, and he couldn't keep his hands off of her big tits. His fingers excited her. She didn't mind the way he groped at her and tweaked her aroused nipples. That only made her hotter.

"Let me take this out," she told him as she fingered his cock. "Oh shit yes, baby," he said.

She untangled his cock from the underwear and pulled it out of his trousers. She circled his pulsating prick with her fingers. He was as hard as rock as she moved her hand up and down and felt his prick trying to jump out of her hand. So far she hadn't been with a man who had gotten this excited. She moved her hand faster and saw a few pearly drops of jism on the bulbous head. "You are beautiful," she told him.

"Kiss it, baby," he moaned. "Kiss it if you think it's so Goddamned beautiful!"

She moved down and kissed it. She rubbed her full lips across the bulbous head and felt the come juice on her tongue. He tasted good, better than what she had expected. She was discovering that each prick had a slightly different taste -- some would be better than others. This fat man's fat prick was very, very nice.



"Shit," Bo groaned. "Shit, you're making me feel crazy, baby. You're making me feel so crazy!"

She felt crazy herself as she took the entire head of his thick cock into her mouth. She moved her tongue around the hot ridge and he pushed more of his cock into her mouth. She felt his strong hands on the back of her head.

"Come on, baby," he moaned. "Take it deep, you little cunt! Take it all the way into your Goddamned mouth!"

He pulled on the back of her head and she knew she had no choice. She took a deep breath and sucked all of his hard cock-meat deep into her throat. She could feel his hot, pulsating cockhead rubbing the back of her throat, and she loved it. God, she knew that there was something wrong with her, but she loved it.

She began to move her head up and down, bobbing slowly and letting her tongue explore every delicious inch of his hot cock. She knew that she was driving him insane with lust, and she let her teeth scrape his sensitive ridge, knowing that it added to his excitement. She was enjoying herself as she took him to the brink, and could feel the hot power within her.

"Bitch," he grunted. "Bitch, you're going to make me come in your mouth. Stop it, now! Let me take my trousers off!"

She didn't want to stop sucking him and he finally had to push her away violently, but not for very long. He quickly stripped the rest of his clothes off and sat in his chair. She took a long look at him and knew that she had never seen anyone as ugly as he in her life. He looked almost obscene with his fat belly hanging down.

Donna Joe knew he was also beautiful in a way. His fat cock stood out as hard as rock, and that was probably the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. She could still taste it in her mouth. She didn't understand it, but it made her feel like a crawling, humiliated slave-girl, willing to do anything to have it.

"All right, little bitch," he said. "Come and get it! Crawl over her and show me what you can do with your sweet, hot mouth. Show me what a cunt you can be!"

It was true. She heard the words ring in her ears and knew she was a cunt. The only way she could enjoy sex was when a man degraded her and called her names, making himself master over her, even when it was a fat man like this one.

"Hurry the fuck up!" he said.

She crawled to him and heard his shout of joyous laughter. He held his prick out to her and she put both hands on it. She began to lick frantically at the bloated top like ice cream, and could feel her nipples swell as she grew

more excited.

"That's right, little cunt," Bo said. "Lick my cock. Show me how much you like cock-meat. You little cunt! You bitch!"

She knew Bo realized that rough words and treatment made her work harder. She hadn't wanted him to realize that, but it was too late. He finally understood what turned her on.

She sucked his prick deep into her mouth. He pulled her head roughly and stabbed his prick savagely between her puffy lips, then lifted her head again.

"Get down on the floor," he said. "On your back, cunt. Do as I tell you."

She stretched out on her back and he knelt over her. He forced her to lick his great, hairy balls and the crack of his ass, giving instructions all the while. Each moment she felt the excitement inside of her grow more intense.

"Now my cock again, cunt," he said. "Now I'll show you how a woman really sucks cock!"

He crouched down and stabbed, his prick into her mouth. This time he had complete control as he pushed his cock in her sweet, wet mouth all the way

to his balls. She choked, but there was nothing she could do.

She tried to control her fear and relax as he drove his cock into her mouth. She could taste his salty cock cream as it leaked down the back of her throat. She swallowed quickly as she slowly started to get into the rhythm of things.

Bo couldn't remain in that position for very long, and finally tired of it. He went back to his chair and forced her to get up on her hands and knees. This time she kneeled between his fat legs and took his throbbing prick into her mouth again, knowing that he was going to let her take him all the way.

"That's it," he said softly. "Just suck me sweet. Take that thing in your mouth and suck, me nice and gentle. I'm going to shoot my cream right in your mouth, sugar!"

She took it nice and easy, just as he wanted. Her tongue covered all of his thick cock before she sucked him into her mouth again. Then his thick cock went all the way into her throat and she began bobbing her head again.

"You sweet bitch," he groaned. "You fucking sweet bitch! You really know how to suck a cock. You give good head, sugar. You know how to use your mouth!"

She could feel the tender swelling of his cockhead as she sucked him. She knew it wouldn't be much longer before he shot his cream into her mouth.

She moved her hand up his thighs to caress his heavy balls. She felt the pressure in his balls and moved her head faster. She let her silky hair brush against him as she worked with her lips and tongue. More of his cock cream leaked into her mouth.

"I'm going to come," he groaned. "I'm going to till your fucking cunt mouth! I'm going to come! SHIIIIIT!"

His ass jerked off the chair and his thick cockhead drove deep into her mouth. She felt the hot spurt of his jism flood her mouth and couldn't contain it all. It dripped out of the sides of her mouth and onto her chin.

She swallowed as much of it as she could and kept sucking until she knew he had been drained dry. Then she felt him slowly pull back, and his half-limp cock slipped out of her come-covered lips.

"You do good work," he said softly. "Really good work. You deserve a little reward."

Donna Joe wondered what kind of reward he had in mind. She looked at his limp cock and knew that he wouldn't be able to give her what she craved, at least not for a while. Right now a fat, hard cock was what she needed. Sucking his cock had made her hot and she needed something to fill her cunt.

"What will you give me?" she asked breathlessly. "Something I think you'll

like," he said. He reached over and pushed a button beneath his desk, and a moment later someone seemed to explode into his office.

Donna Joe hadn't even noticed if he had come through a door, but she did notice that he was big and blond, and that his rough face was scarred from dozens of fist-fights. Donna Joe knew she had never met a man like this one.

Bo laughed when he saw the look on her face. "This is Tank, honey. I don't know his real name. Tank is the only name I've ever called him by. He's kind of big and stupid, but there are some things he does very well -- like fucking and fighting."

Donna Joe understood why Tank had been brought into the room -- Bo wanted him to fuck her while he watched. It was another degrading thing, but she didn't seem to care. Her cunt was too itchy and she needed his cock, even if Bo did have to watch.

"You want him to fuck me?" Donna Joe asked.

"Hell yes," Bo said. "Your cunt is hot. Tank will be your reward."

Bo laughed as Donna Joe stood. She could see the interest in Tank's eyes, but he looked a little confused too. He looked at Bo questioningly.

"Go ahead, Tank," Bo said, giving his approval. "Fuck her! She's yours. And

be rough, Tank, as rough as you like. The little bitch likes it rough!"

She saw a glint of frenzy in Tank's eyes and suddenly felt afraid. This man was a little bit crazy, and he might hurt her if he became very rough. She had been excited a moment before, but now she started to back away from him.

"Look at her," Bo said. "She's going to play hard-to-get. You'd better catch her, Tank."

There was no way out for Donna Joe, and Tank knew it. He watched her like a cat watches a mouse as he undressed himself. She had never seen so much hair on a man. He looked like an ape, and her eyes nearly popped out as she saw the huge, meaty cock stick up between his muscular thighs. It was huge, big enough to tear her completely in half. She'd never seen such a big cock. She swallowed nervously and tried to run for the door.

She didn't care about running outside while naked. All she cared about was getting away from this big man. She didn't want to be fucked by him -- he would kill her!

She wasn't fast enough. He grabbed her, pinning her against the wall with his heavy weight. She felt his big cock poke against one of her thighs.

"Please," she whispered. "Please don't hurt me!"

"Treat her rough," Bo said. He stood close, and she could almost feel the touch of his breath. "Treat the little bitch rough. She likes it that way."

She felt the gentle pressure of his cock between his legs and knew Tank intended to fuck her while she was pinned against the wall. She'd never done it standing up and didn't think she'd like it, especially with Tank. But there was nothing she could do. His heavy weight crushed her, and she was completely helpless.

"Put it in her," Bo urged. "Stick it in her cunt. Let's see what kind of bitch she is!"

Donna Joe screamed with both pleasure and pain as he stabbed his thick cock between her legs. He didn't get his cock all the way inside her cunt with the first thrust, but it stretched her cunt as it had never been stretched before. She already felt filled by cock, and his thick prick felt like it was deep in her belly.

"Give it to her all the way," Bo urged. "Show her what a real cock feels like." Tank grunted as he savagely drove the rest of his big prick into her hot cunt. She screamed and tried to escape the meaty cock that stretched her pussy, but her wiggling only excited him. He was a beast, an animal with no feelings except those produced by his huge cock.

Donna Joe stopped struggling, and the pain slowly eased off. Her cunt was



slowly growing used to the meaty prick, and she was lucky Tank wasn't too rough. He waited until he could feel her moving underneath him.

"Yeah, Tank," Bo said. "Now give it to her. Fuck her good. Drive her sweet ass through the wall!"

She turned her eyes toward Bo and saw that his cock was hard again. He was beating himself off, and there was a lusty gleam in his eyes. He was enjoying himself. No wonder he was in this kind of business, she thought. He enjoyed looking!

Tank began to move, his big cock pumping in and out of her cunt with a powerful rhythm. She felt as if she were a nail being driven into a wall by a gigantic hammer, but it didn't hurt so much any longer. She started to feel wet and hot again.

"This is great," Bo said, beating his meat a little faster. "This is fucking great!"

Donna Joe could feel Tank's powerful muscles as he fucked her. Her body had relaxed completely and she was really beginning to enjoy it. Maybe Bo was right, maybe she did enjoy it more when it was a little rough.

"Fuck me," she groaned softly. "Oh yes, Tank! I'm beginning to like it! Fuck me!"

She didn't mind Bo's grinning face any more. She didn't even mind when he moved closer, so close that she could almost feel the tip of his cock against her thigh. She knew that he was going to shoot his come on her skin, but she didn't care. It was delicious to have Tank's big cock inside her.

"Yes," she moaned. "Oh yes, fuck me! On yes!"

She lifted her long legs and wrapped them around Tank's hips. She gasped as she felt his cock slip into her a little deeper. There was nothing as nice as big cock, she thought. She began to move her hips in response to his thrusting rhythm.

"You're good," Tank gasped. "You're sweet. You've got a sweet cunt. I like to fuck!"

"Oh yes," she moaned. "I like to fuck too. I like your big cock, Tank!"

She heard Bo pant and she turned her head to see. He was jerking his cock hard, and she could see bubbles of come on the tip. He groaned and pressed his bloated cockhead against her side, and she felt his jism spurting over her flesh.

"Bitch," Bo grunted. "Come-covered bitch!"

She grew more excited as Tank drove his big prick into her hot cunt. She humped back hard to meet his thrusting cock, and she could feel her cunt getting wet and her own excitement growing.

"I'm coming!" she screamed. "You're making me come! Oh God, what a big dick. WHAT A BIG FUCKING DIIICK!"

Her juices flooded his cock as she felt the pleasure spasms shake her body. Her climax seemed to excite rank a little more, and he seemed to become more of a savage with each brutal thrust.

"You cunt," Tank grunted. "Cunt, cunt, you cunt, CUUUUUNT!"

He slammed brutally into her cunt and she felt the hot spurt of his jism fill her insides. It felt like he had gallons of it! The insides of her thighs felt sticky with his come, and drove into her cunt two more times. Then she felt him release her and his cock slipped out of her wet cunt.

"Oh God," she moaned softly. Her legs felt cramped but she'd never felt so well-fucked.

"I think you've got a job," Bo said.

## CHAPTER SIX

The music was soft and sensuous as Donna Joe danced on a table in the middle of dozens of leering faces. She wore a skimpy blue halter, a pair of briefs and black high-heeled shoes with straps that wrapped around her lower leg. In one corner of the room there was a floodlight that made her body shine with dozens of different colors.

She could still hear Bo's voice ringing in her thoughts. "Baby, I can't put you downstairs. The police would have me locked up in a week. But I've got another place for you, kind of a private party with gentlemen."

This was why she was dancing on a table in the midst of men who wore business suits and seemed to be rich. They stared at her as if she were a piece of merchandise ready to be lifted off of the store counter.

The beat of the music grew faster, and she could feel it coursing through her, turning her into the wild, savage creature that these men had paid to see.

She felt no shame. The past few days had cured her of every feeling of shame. She had been drugged by pure pleasure, and would be willing to do anything as long as she felt that pleasure.

She felt a man's hand touch her legs and looked down. One of the grinning business-types had moved close to the table and started to feel her leg. Out

of the corner of her eye she saw Tank move toward the main [missing text]. He was very confident as he moved the drunk away and back to his own table. He did it so quickly that few people noticed.

It went on like that for quite a while. She had no idea of how long she'd been dancing when she felt a tap on her shoulder. A gorgeous redhead stepped up on the table and gave her a sympathetic look.

"You've been up here long enough, honey," she said. "Take a break."

She gave the redhead a look of gratitude as she stepped down from the table and fought her way through a jungle of hands to make her way back to her dressing room. She hadn't realized how tiring dancing could be. Every muscle in her body felt tired. She wanted a cool shower and a nap.

Instead, she found a man waiting for her. He was the same one that Tank had led away from her table a few minutes before.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

The man didn't answer, he just looked her up and down with leering eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she repeated.

"I thought I'd sample some of that stuff you were showing off out there," he said.

"You thought you'd what?" Donna Joe asked him. She was shocked. "You get out of my room before I call for Tank again."

"Go ahead," the man said. "That's how I got in here. You've been bought and paid for."

She didn't believe it. She couldn't believe it. Bo wouldn't have allowed Tank to sell her like some kind of whore!

Then she knew it was true. That was exactly what Bo would do. She was simply merchandise, here to be sold when someone wanted to buy -- and this man was hot for her.

"Now you be nice," he said. "I paid two hundred dollars for you, and I know you're going to be worth it. I never paid that much for a woman before."

"You get out of my room," she said.

He tried to grab her but she pushed him away. She screamed and starting hitting him, then heard the door open and saw Tank standing there. He had

an ugly look on his face as he walked toward her.

She couldn't hit Tank. She was afraid of him. She put her hands to her sides and felt her whole body trembling.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I don't want that man in my room."

She never even saw his fist, but she felt it. The blow smashed the side of her head and sent her spinning into the wall. She tasted the blood on the inside of her mouth.

Tank looked bored. "She'll do what you want her to now," he said softly. "Anything you want."

"Hot damn!" the man said.

Tank walked out of the room, softly closing the door behind him. He wasn't worried about Donna Joe -- she would do as the man wanted. He was sure of her.

He was right as she was very afraid of Tank. She turned her attention

back to the man.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, a resigned look in her eyes.

"Now you're acting nice," he said. He took a seat in one of the dressing room chairs. "First I want you to dance for me, sugar, just like outside except I want you to take your clothes off."

There was no music but she knew he wasn't concerned about that. He only wanted to see her lush body. She began to sway, and at the same time reached behind her back and unhooked her halter top. She held it to her tits for a few moments before she slowly let it fall away from her twin peaks.

"Jesus," she man said. "My wife sure doesn't have a set like that! Jesus!"

She kept swaying as she slipped out of the panties. He took a long, hungry look at the thick patch between her legs and rubbed his crotch.

"No, baby," he said quickly. "Don't take your shoes off. I like to see a cunt wearing high-heels. It kind of makes my blood boil!"

She nodded and kept the shoes on as she danced for him. He didn't seem to tire of watching her move around the room. She heard the sound of his zipper and looked up in surprise. He had fished his big cock out of his



trousers and held it tightly while his eyes watched her.

"Keep dancing, baby," he said.

He was a strange one. He seemed content to beat his own cock while he watched her move. She was tired and wished this was done. She wished she could just tell him to leave, but knew she couldn't. She was too afraid of Tank.

"Yeah, baby," he groaned. "Yeah. Now you come over here."

She went to him and he put his hands on her tits.

God, she moaned to herself, don't let it happen -- don't let me feel anything! She could already feel the tight little shivers at the back of her neck and knew it was happening again. It happened whenever a man touched her.

"You feel real nice," he said. "I like touching your titties. You feel real nice!"

He moved his hands over her tits and down to her belly. She had to split her legs as she felt one hand on her cunt. His fingers wiggled between her legs and she shivered.

"You like that, don't you?" he asked. "You like having my fingers in your cunt."

"Yes," she admitted. "I like that."

He savagely crammed another finger into her cunt. She did like it! She liked the way his fingers moved around the inside of her cunt. She liked the way he made her wet and feel kind of weak all over.

"Sit on my prick, baby," he told her. "Sit on my Goddamn hard prick!"

She moved forward and sat on his lap. His cock easily slipped into her tight-fitting cunt as if it had been made to fit.

"Just sit still for a moment, sugar," he told her. "Just give me a chance to feel your hot twat."

She remained still but it was hard. Sitting in his lap excited her. Damn it, she was tired and was supposed to be able to control the feelings in her body, but she couldn't. There was something so wonderful about a man's cock, any man's cock.

"Now bounce a little," he told her. "Bounce while I give your sweet titties

a good tonguing."

"Oh God," she groaned.

She started to bounce up and down while his hands stroked her back and ass. His mouth closed over one of her sensitive big nipples. She felt him suck her nipple between his teeth and use his tongue against the ridge. It made her go crazy, and she bounced a little faster.

"You little whore," he grunted. "You know your business. You sure earn your money!"

She didn't like to think of herself as earning money for sex, but that was what she was doing. She was a whore. He had the right to call her anything he pleased.

"Oh Jesus," she groaned. "What's happening to me?"

She was getting wetter, and his cock slid into her a little easier. Little ripples of pleasure pulsed through her body. She felt his prick push deeper into her belly each time he thrust upward off the chair.

"Jesus," he groaned. "Jesus, you sweet bitch. I can feel my balls hurting!"

"Let me feel," she whispered. She reached behind and underneath her ass and found his heavy balls. She caressed them with her silky-feeling fingertips and felt him thrust harder into her cunt.

"Ummmm," she moaned. "You are hot and hard!"

"You'd better fucking believe it, cunt," he groaned.

She could feel his cock swell in her cunt and knew he wasn't going to last long. She fingered his balls as he came up off the chair and pushed his cock into her pussy a little harder. She felt the hot spurt of his jism.

"Shit, baby," he groaned. "Shit, I'm going to fill up your cunt! I'm going to fill your cunt! OH SHIIIIIT!"

She shivered as his hot spurts of jism poured into her equally hot cunt. She ground herself down on his hot prick until she was sure she had drained every drop. She felt very tired now. She slipped off of his lap as she felt him squeeze her tits with one last surge of lust.

"Did I do all right?" she asked him. "Was I worth the money you paid?"

"You were worth every cent, sugar," he said, with a grin.

"I'm glad you're satisfied," Donna Joe said.

She didn't even wait for the man to leave, and quickly went into the bathroom. She turned the water on as hot as she could get it and stepped inside. She felt tired and dirty. Yes, she had enjoyed it, but she shuddered when she thought of being paid for like merchandise. It made her feel cheap. She liked fucking, but only fucking for fun. She didn't want to think of herself as a whore, and the thought of Bo getting money bothered her.

She heard her door open and sighed. Who the hell was it this time? Maybe some other man that Bo had decided to send to her? This was getting crazy. She couldn't dance all night and fuck too. She had to rest sometime!

She was angry as she turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. She was ready to cuss somebody out, even if it was Tank. She was taken by surprise when she saw the stunning redhead. The one who had taken her place on the dance table.

"Ummmm," the redhead said. "I knew you were nice-looking, but you're better than I expected."

She looked at Donna Joe.

For some reason it made Donna Joe nervous to have the redhead look at her while naked. Donna Joe often had dozens of men watching her, but it

was strange when the redhead looked in exactly the same way.

"You don't know me," the redhead said. "My name's Ellen Thomas. I work here too."

Donna Joe picked up a towel and wrapped it around herself. She nodded as she pushed her way past the redhead into the dressing room. Ellen followed her.

"I just came in to tell you that you're off for the rest of the evening. Bo thinks you've earned your money."

"That's sweet of him," Donna Joe said sarcastically.

"Hey." Ellen put a comforting hand on Donna Joe's bare shoulder. "Don't take it so hard. Sometimes you have to put out a little to keep the clients happy."

"I'm not a whore," Donna Joe said.

"Shit," Ellen said. "We're all whores, honey. Some of us do it for marriage, for love or for money, but it all amounts to the same thing. We're all whores."

Donna Joe felt a little nervous about being even half-naked in front of the redhead. She shouldn't have, as the redhead was nearly as naked.

The redhead was gorgeous. She looked as though she had been around for a while. Her tits were smaller than Donna Joe's, but they were higher and more pointed. Her stomach was flat and her panties were even smaller than Donna Joe's.

Donna Joe found herself admiring the redhead's lush body.

"I don't believe that," Donna Joe said. "Not really."

"You just haven't been around long enough, sugar. You'll learn. You'll really learn if you stay around here."

There was something friendly about the redhead, and Donna Joe felt herself relax a little. She sat down on the couch and crossed her legs.

"You look tired," the redhead said sympathetically.

"I feel like I've been run over by a big truck," Donna Joe agreed.

"I know just what will help you," Ellen said. She left the room and was gone for a few minutes, but then returned with two full glasses of a clear

liquid that had fruit floating on top.

"This will make you feel much better," Ellen said.

"What is it?" Donna Joe asked.

"It's my own invention. Try it. I know you'll love it. It's just the thing for a tired body."

Donna Joe took the drink. She sipped it and found that it wasn't anything like she'd expected. The drink was sweet-tasting and very delicious. She could feel the alcohol warming her body.

"Ummm," she said. "That is kind of nice." "I know something else that is nice," the redhead said. "A nice rubbing wouldn't do you any harm. It keeps the muscles from cramping up."

"I don't know about that," she said.

"Come on, hon," Ellen said. "It'll help you loosen [missing text]."

Donna Joe reluctantly agreed. She wasn't sure what the redhead had in mind, but she was sure that a massage would feel nice. She stretched out on her stomach on the couch. Ellen sat beside her and Donna Joe felt Ellen's



warm fingers brush her back.

"I'll be back in a minute," Ellen said.

Donna Joe remained on her belly for the few minutes that Ellen was gone, then heard footsteps and felt the warm fingers again.

"Ummm," Donna Joe said. "That does feel nice."

Ellen had some kind of oil on her fingers and was rubbing it all over Donna Joe's back. Donna Joe could feel a tingling warmth in her muscles. Ellen had good hands. She knew how to rub Donna Joe in just the right way to ease the tension.

"You're so tense," Ellen said. "You should learn to relax a little more while you're dancing. Kind of let your body flow with the music. It's easier that way."

Ellen's hands felt so nice that Donna Joe didn't object when she felt those fingers cross her naked asscheeks. Ellen was right. The tension was slowly flowing out of her body, and she felt her muscles relax.

"You do have a beautiful body," Ellen said. "I can see why men like you."

Donna Joe was alarmed for the first time. Ellen was no longer rubbing her like a masseuse should. Ellen's hands had suddenly turned greedy, and they touched Donna Joe's body like a man would touch her.

"It's time to turn over," Ellen whispered.

"I think you've done enough," Donna Joe said. "I feel better now."

"There's no sense in stopping with half a massage," Ellen said. "It's time for you to turn over."

Donna Joe felt Ellen's hands pull her over, and the towel dropped away. She was naked again and somehow couldn't protect herself.

"I think you'll like this," Ellen said as she put her hands on Donna Joe's big tits.

It felt dirty, obscene, but Donna Joe couldn't stop the hands. The feeling of shame was replaced by another feeling -- a tingling she felt whenever a man touched her tits.

Donna Joe opened her eyes and looked into Ellen's face. Ellen had that familiar look of lust in her eyes. Donna Joe had never seen that look in another woman's eyes, but understood that Ellen wanted her.

"Oh, you should stop," Donna Joe pleaded. "You should stop that, please."

"You don't want me to stop," Ellen said. "You like it. See how your nipples are getting so big and hard. You know it makes you feel good."

"No," Donna Joe protested. "This is sick, really sick, I don't like it!"

Donna Joe tried to feel disgusted. She knew she should. She had enjoyed a lot of men but she just couldn't enjoy another woman. She wouldn't have any pride left. She caught at Ellen's hands, but Ellen jerked her arms away, her eyes glaring.

"Listen, you little bitch!" Ellen said. "You'd better get over this idea that your cunt is something precious. You're a cunt, just like the rest of us here. A cunt -- nothing more! Now you relax and do what I Goddamned tell you!"

Both lust and hatred flooded Ellen's face. Donna Joe didn't understand it, but she did know one thing: Ellen was angry at her and would punish her for the slightest resistance. Donna Joe couldn't understand why Ellen should feel so angry.

"Spread your legs, bitch," Ellen said. "Spread your Goddamned legs! I want to feel your pussy."

Donna Joe trembled as she spread her thighs. She was more frightened than she had ever been in her life. She knew what to expect from a man, but had no idea of what a woman could do to her, what a woman would want.

"That's right," Ellen said. "That's better. Open your legs a little wider. Never thought you'd be spreading your legs for me, did you, pussy? You always thought you were saving it for some farm boy. Well you're nothing but cunt, pussy for anybody's pleasure. Even mine!"

Donna Joe gasped when Ellen's fingers slid into her cunt. She tried to twist away, but Ellen slapped her in the face. Again Ellen's eyes looked ugly.

"Lie still, bitch!" Ellen commanded. Her fingers penetrated deep into Donna Joe's wet cunt. Ellen moved her fingers around, causing Donna Joe to feel things despite her revulsion.

Ellen's other hand stroked Donna Joe's tits. Donna Joe felt her nipples grow harder as she licked her dry lips and tried to think about how dirty this was, but she couldn't. All she could think about were the feelings that were beginning to spread through her.

Ellen put her face against Donna Joe's tits. Donna Joe felt her flesh being sucked into Ellen's hot mouth, and another shiver went through her body. She stroked Ellen's red hair as Ellen sucked her nipple. Donna Joe began to get turned-on, by the loud slurping sounds Ellen made.

"I feel over-dressed," Ellen finally said. She stood and very quickly stripped off the few clothes she had on. Ellen's body was slender and shapely. Her tits were even smaller than Donna Joe had first thought, but there was something very appealing about them.

Ellen's cunt hair was as red as the hair on her head, and just as thick. Donna Joe found she could not swallow easily.

"I'm going to make you feel good, bitch," Ellen said.

Ellen stretched out on top of Donna Joe. Donna Joe again tried to twist out from under her, but Ellen locked her arms around her and began rubbing her tits against Donna Joe's. Donna Joe gasped at the new feelings coursing through her, and could feel a wet heat between her legs. She couldn't help spreading her legs as the redhead's silky-feeling knee slid up to her cunt.

"Have you ever kissed another woman?" Ellen asked. "I mean, really kissed another woman?"

"No," Donna Joe said.

"Well I'm going to show you how it feels," Ellen said. "I'm going to show you how nice it is to kiss another woman."

Ellen's soft, hot lips pressed against Donna Joe's. Ellen's lips were softer than any man's, and they were hotter too. Donna Joe opened her mouth and tasted Ellen's fiery little tongue. It was crazy, but she enjoyed Ellen's lips against hers.

"We shouldn't do this," Donna Joe moaned in one last feeble protest. "We shouldn't."

"Why shouldn't we, doll?" Ellen asked. "We're supposed to do anything that feels good."

Ellen rubbed her body against Donna Joe's. Donna Joe's heart pounded loudly and she couldn't stop herself from trembling. She couldn't believe that she was getting this turned-on by another woman. It was sick, and yet somehow exciting too.

"Let me taste your tits again, honey," Ellen said. "They taste so sweet and nice."

Ellen's lips went back to Donna Joe's tits. Donna Joe could hardly stand it anymore -- she was crazy and hot. She couldn't resist the need to put her hand on Ellen's back, and felt the hot, silky skin underneath her fingertips. Her hand moved slowly down Ellen's back to the redhead's shapely ass.

"Mmmmmmm," Ellen said. "Now you're getting the idea."

Donna Joe gripped Ellen's ass tightly. She felt the redhead's pussy mound rub against her own, and again felt the hot tingles going up her spine. She also felt her cunt grow wet.

She got that empty feeling in her cunt that always came when she started to feel hot. She wanted it filled by a cock, or something.

"Mmmmm," Ellen said. "Now I'm going to taste your sweet cunt. Isn't that what you want, bitch? Somebody to taste your hot, wet pussy?"

"Oh yes," Donna Joe moaned.

Ellen's wet lips slid down Donna Joe's stomach, and Donna Joe tensed. She couldn't believe this was happening. Another woman was going to kiss her cunt!

Donna Joe spread her creamy thighs and felt Ellen's soft mouth press against her cunt. Then the sweet tongue edged between her cunt lips and touched the inside of her hot hole.

"Oh Jesus!" Donna Joe cried. "Jesus! What are you doing to me?"

"I'm eating your pussy, doll," Ellen said. "I'm going to make you cry from pleasure."

Ellen knew how to eat cunt. Her tongue explored all of the inside of Donna Joe's pussy, and touched the hard button of Donna Joe's clit.

"Oieeeee!" Donna Joe moaned. She knew that Ellen was tasting her sweet, hot juices, and she put her hands behind the redhead's head.

"Oh eat me," Donna Joe moaned as she pulled Ellen's head closer. "Eat me. Please eat me. You're making me feel so good!"

Donna Joe gasped as Ellen sucked her hard little clit into her wet mouth. Ellen's tongue brushed and her teeth bit Donna Joe's clit gently. Donna Joe screamed as more of her juices flooded Ellen's mouth.

Donna Joe held Ellen's head tighter and began to grind her cunt into Ellen's face.

"I'm coming!" Donna Joe screamed. "I'm coming! Gawd, you're making me come! GOOOOOD!"

Donna Joe nearly bucked Ellen off of the couch. She trembled as the last of the pleasure spasm passed through her body. Ellen still licked at her



tender flesh.

Finally Ellen raised her head. "Did you like that, sweetheart?"

"Oh yes," Donna Joe moaned.

"I liked doing it," Ellen said. "It made me hot all over. Now you're going to have to do the same for me."

Donna Joe shook her head but realized she had no choice. Ellen had her pinned to the couch and she slowly slid up her body. She kept Donna Joe's arms still as she moved her silky wet pussy over Donna Joe's face.

"Now you can eat me, sugar," Ellen said. "Now you can taste my cunt."

Donna Joe didn't like it, but she couldn't escape. Ellen sat down on Donna Joe's face. Donna Joe smelled the strong perfume of Ellen's cunt. She could hardly breathe.

"Put your tongue in my cunt, sugar," Ellen said. "Come on, bitch. Put your tongue in me!"

Donna Joe pushed her tongue between Ellen's pussy lips. Ellen started to squirm and rubbed her cunt closer to Donna Joe's face. Donna Joe tasted

the tangy juices of the older woman and was forced to swallow.

"Use your tongue, Goddamn it!" Ellen commanded. "Put your hot tongue in deep. Kiss the inside of my cunt!"

Donna Joe decided that she would get it over with quickly. She tried to remember everything that Ellen had done for her as she began to explore the inside of the older woman's cunt. She found the hard little clit with her tongue and slowly sucked it between her lips.

"Yesssss," Ellen screamed. "That's it. That's what I want. Oh yessssss!"

Donna Joe sucked frantically and felt the hot shudders that pulsed through Ellen's body. She knew that Ellen was coming already. Ellen had become very excited from sucking on Donna Joe's cunt.

"God," Ellen cried. "I'm coming! You're making me come, you cunt! You're making me come. Oh shit, it feels good. It feels so good. OH SHITIIIT!"

Donna Joe was forced to swallow quickly as Ellen flooded her mouth with juice. Donna Joe gagged until Ellen raised her body so that Donna Joe could catch her breath.

"That's all right, sweet baby," Ellen said, stroking Donna Joe's shoulder.

"You did just fine. You'll know a little more next time. You'll learn."

Donna Joe stared with horror. She realized what she had done and what would be expected of her. She didn't want to learn the things the redhead had in mind. She didn't like the thought of what she'd just done. She didn't want to turn into some kind of freak who could only enjoy other woman. Donna Joe was very scared now.

She knew she'd have to escape from this, and do it quickly, or she'd lose all the pride she had left.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Donna Joe was on the platform again, slowly moving to the music. She felt the lewd eyes stripping the clothes off of her. She was beginning to get used to the feeling, and that frightened her. She hadn't really known what she was getting into when she took the job. The dancing wasn't so bad, but she wasn't just dancing here.

She was giving herself to different men every night. Any man who had the money to offer had her, and that wasn't the worst part. She was also available to Ellen whenever the redhead got the urge.

Donna Joe was surprised when she felt a tap on the shoulder. She stopped dancing long enough to see Ellen climbing up on the platform beside her.

"It's early yet," she protested.

"Don't worry, sugar," Ellen said. "You're getting an early break tonight. Someone's asked for you special. I think there's going to be a game."

Donna Joe's heart nearly stopped. A game -- she knew what that meant! She'd seen a couple of girls who had been waitresses for one of the games. It usually took a couple of weeks before they looked normal again.

"Don't look so sick, sugar," Ellen said. "It's not so bad. I bet you'll even enjoy it."

Donna Joe gave Ellen an ugly look and stalked off of the platform. Bo was waiting for her near the door. His ugly, fat face had its usual grin.

"The game's downstairs tonight, sugar," Bo said. "I hope you're going to be a good girl."

She didn't answer. She tried to brush past him and Bo grabbed her arm. He squeezed so tightly that she felt a pain shoot up her arm.

"You will be a good girl," Bo said.

"Yes," she promised. "I'll be a good girl."

"That's fine," Bo said. "Now you take a quick shower and put on the outfit that's on your bed."

She nodded. Donna Joe knew what was in store for her, so she didn't hurry. It was an hour before she was dressed in the skimpy French maid outfit and black high-heels.

When she finally went downstairs she found four men sitting around a card table. One big, red headed man looked up with obvious delight.

"Hot damn," Roy Bagwell said. "We've got us a winner this time. Look at that stuff! She's so sweet I can already feel my cock sitting up to take notice."

"She's nice, all right," Tim Bales said, "but hold your horses. The game hasn't started yet."

"Well, let's get it started," Roy insisted.

Things didn't start off so badly. She was expected to keep cold beer and nuts on the table while the men played cards. She was also expected to let

them play with her body at will. She didn't protest when the hands groped at her. Roy was the worst of the four men. He constantly put his hand on her ass, her thighs or her titties. She couldn't seem to escape his quick fingers.

"Goddamn it," Roy said finally. "The cards just don't seem to fall right for me tonight."

"That's because you don't have cards on your dirty mind," Tim said.

"I can't say I blame him," Rich James said, reaching out for Donna Joe and pulling her into his lap. He slipped his hand into the top of her outfit and fondled one of her braless tits. "I think she's about the sweetest piece we've ever had at one of our card-playing sessions."

"She looks a little young to me," Adam Richards said softly. Adam was the fourth man at the card table and was the one that worried Donna Joe the most. He was tall and skinny, but Donna Joe had heard many stories about him. He was supposed to be mean and bad-tempered.

"Hell," Roy said. "Younger is better. The sweet meat tastes a lot better than that old stuff. Hey, pass her over here. Don't take that titty for your own."

Rich pushed her out of his lap, and she stumbled and sprawled into Roy's lap. His mouth immediately covered hers and his fat tongue wiggled into her mouth. His hand grabbed her thigh and squeezed until it was almost painful.

His strong fingers slid higher until he was touching her panties.

"You sweet piece," Roy gasped. "You sweet fucking piece of ass."

Donna Joe gasped as his fingers rubbed her cunt mound. She knew he was telling the truth -- she was just a piece of ass, nothing more. She couldn't have love or marriage or any of the things that other women had. She was just a piece of ass for any man who had the price.

She felt hands on her shoulders. She looked up and saw Rich standing over her. She felt like crying as his hands slid down the front of her outfit and cupped her tits. He pulled her tits free of the clinging material of her maid's uniform.

"Look at these," Rich said. "Look at this sweet pair. Adam said she was too young."

Donna Joe shivered as Rich bent over and touched his lips to one of her big brown nipples, but responded to the warm heat of his mouth. She didn't like the idea of these men turning her on all at once, but she was just too hot-blooded.

"Sweet little tits are getting hard," Rich said. "She likes it. Let's see how she likes a cock. A big cock!"

Rich unzipped his trousers and pulled out his half-hard prick. He took her hand and pressed it against his cock, and she felt it grow stiffer under the hot circle of her fingers. She began to slide her hand up and down the length of his prick.

"Ahhhhhh," Rich moaned as his hands squeezed her tits a little harder. "Yeah, I like that. Keep doing that, baby. I like that. You've got nice hands."

She felt his hot come cream start to leak onto her fingers as she worked on his throbbing cock. Her fingers managed his hot flesh until his prick was as hot and hard as possible. She moved her hand closer to the sensitive ridge and began brushing her thumb along the bloated tip.

"Oh shit," Rich groaned. "Oh Jesus Christ, it feels good. It feels good."

Roy's hands began to play between her legs, and her cunt was getting hot and wet. She felt the tips of his fingers probe beneath her panties, brushing against her sensitive cunt lips.

"Ummmm," she moaned softly. "Oh God, you're making me hot. I don't want to be, but you're making me hot."

Roy had finally had enough, and he pushed her off of his lap. He put his hands on her ass and squeezed, and she felt a little jolt shoot through her hot cunt.



"Shit, baby," Roy said. "I'm burning up! We've got to get more comfortable."

"Let's move over to the couch," Rich suggested.

"Yeah," Roy groaned. "I think that'll be a good idea."

Donna Joe held Rich's hard prick as all five of them moved over to the couch. She watched Roy unzip his trousers and pull out his already-hard cock. He had a whopper. She gasped as she stared at the bloated head that was already spotted with come juice.

"What's the matter, baby?" Roy asked. "Does my big prick make you nervous? There's no sense in being afraid. You're going to love it before this night is done."

Donna Joe was forced to use her free hand on Roy's cock. She grasped his hot prick with her fingers. She massaged both men's cocks and felt her fingers become covered with sticky cum juice. She saw the other two men undressing.

Adam worried her more than Tim. Adam had an ugly look on his face, and was licking his lips. Donna Joe understood what had been done to the other girls -- the men had fucked them silly. Now it was her turn.

Donna Joe was a little excited. This had never happened to her before. It was disgusting and lewd, but getting fucked by four men excited her. She knew she'd feel like a whore when they finished with her, but that didn't matter -- she could feel guilty later. She could only feel excitement right now.

"Oh God," Rich groaned. "Her fucking hands feels so nice. So fucking nice!"

"I wonder how her sweet lips will feel," Adam said. "I wonder how she will feel when I put my cock in her mouth."

He slid his shorts down his legs and she saw his big prick standing straight and proud. He moved toward her, and she saw that the tiny slit was covered with thick, white come. He moved closer until his prick touched her cheek and left a little smear of come on her skin. He moved around until his prick was against her lips.

"Go ahead, cunt," Adam said. "Take it in your fucking mouth. Let me see how you suck dick."

She opened her mouth as he pushed his hot cock between her lips. He grasped the hair on the back of her head and slammed his thick cockhead deep into her throat. She tasted his hot come juice on her tongue.

"Your mouth is sweet as hell, baby," Adam groaned.

Adam slowly drew his thick prick out of her wet mouth and slammed forward again. She was forced to use her tongue on his hot cock and she grew more and more excited.

She knew what was happening to her but couldn't control it.

Tim stripped his shorts down and she saw her fourth hard, throbbing cock.

"Shit," Roy said. "Let's take her clothes off. I want a look at her sweet body and I'm getting hot as hell."

"YEAH!"

She was pushed back on the couch and felt hands ripping at her clothes. In a few moments she was completely naked. She felt his hands spreading her legs apart. She'd never felt so vulnerable as the men looked down into her cunt.

"Hot damn, what a pussy," Roy said.

A hand cupped her blonde pussy mound, and she gasped as she felt two fingers slip between her cunt lips. She couldn't escape those fingers as they moved around until they had touched every wall in her cunt.

"Shit," Roy said. "I think I'll take a big bite of that sweet stuff."

She was startled at how fast Roy put his face between her legs and looked up to see the top of his red head between her creamy thighs. She groaned as his deliciously hot tongue spread the sensitive lips of her cunt, then felt his tongue stab deep inside of her hot pussy.

"Does she taste good?" Tim asked.

Roy raised his head, and a strange look was on his face. "Shit yeah," he said. "She tastes sweet as hell."

Rich played with her tits. He rubbed her nipples with his thumb, and she felt them grow hard. Then Rich fell to his knees beside her and touched his lips one of her big hot nipples.

"Oh Jesus," she groaned.

Rich sucked her hot nipple into his mouth. She could do nothing to prevent

it, and she could feel her cunt getting wet.

"Ummm," Roy said, raising his head again. "You've got a very hot box, baby. She tastes sweet as hell. You ought to get a taste of this, fellows."

"Me next," Rich said.

Donna Joe couldn't believe this was happening to her as Roy moved away and Rich's face went down between her legs. She had never been eaten by two men before. It was making her feel so hot inside.

"Yeah, baby," Roy said. "Move your ass for him. You're making her hot, Rich. You're eating her pussy good! Make her move her pretty sweet ass!"

She screamed as Rich's tongue found her clit. He sucked the hard little clit between his lips and began chewing on it. Spasms of pleasure went down her spine as she tried to twist out from under him, but she felt hands on her titties again and then didn't want to escape.

"We're getting to the little bitch now," Adam said.

"Let's get her off the couch," Tim suggested. "That way we can all get at her."

"Good idea," Roy agreed.

Adam pulled her and she came off of the couch.

He pushed her down onto the softly carpeted floor, and she didn't resist as he straddled her neck so that she couldn't see who was eating her hot cunt. She only knew that Roy and Rich were taking turns eating her pussy so far.

She willingly opened her mouth as Adam pushed his prick into her throat again, but this time she choked. He pulled his prick out again, and she tasted come juice on her lips before he pushed his cock back into her mouth again. He gave her barely enough time to swallow a huge drop of come.

"Suck it, baby," he groaned. "Come on, take it deep! Take my big prick deep in your mouth. Suck it, bitch! You know how! Suck my cock!"

She used her tongue as he moved his prick in and out of her mouth. She tasted his hot come juice soaking her tongue and the inside of her mouth. She no longer minded the salty flavor, and was beginning to enjoy his taste. She was beginning to get used to his hot rhythm too.

It was becoming easier to take because of the sweet sensations that pulsed in her cunt. Rich and Roy were really doing a job on her pussy -- they were eating her alive! Her nerves seemed to scream each time a tongue

brushed against her clit.

"Shit," Roy groaned. "I've got to have some of that sweet cunt. I'm hard as shit."

She couldn't see what was happening to her but she could feel it. Roy picked up her legs and put them across his hairy thighs, then moved forward so that his cock was nestled between her legs. He put his hands underneath her and lifted her ass a little higher. She knew her cunt was totally exposed.

"Put it in," Rich urged. "Put your big cock in her cunt! Drive the fucker into her belly!"

His prickhead stretched her cunt lips and slipped halfway into her pussy. That was what she wanted to feel! She slid against him and felt his prick slipping farther into her, and felt his hot balls bang against her snatch.

"Ummmmm," she moaned. "Ummmmmm!"

She grew more excited and sucked harder at the prick in her mouth. Adam drove his cock faster between her wet lips, and she could feel more of his hot come juice leak down her throat.

"Oh shit," Roy groaned. "She feels good. She feels so fucking Goddamned

good."

Roy drove his hard cock into her cunt as fast as he could. She felt his balls slap against her. She felt ripples of pleasure all over her body.

"Oh shit," Adam groaned. "I'm going to fucking come! I'm going to come! I'm going to shoot my wad right down her cunt throat. Down her cunt throat. SHIIIIIT!"

Donna Joe swallowed quickly as Adam erupted in her mouth. She couldn't swallow all of his come, and felt the thick jism leak out of the sides of her mouth.

"Swallow it, bitch," Adam groaned. "Swallow my jism!"

She swallowed as much of his salty-tasting jism as she could manage, but there was just too much of it. It seemed that gallons of the hot cream flowed down her throat, but he showed her no mercy. He drove his bloated prick into her mouth until every drop had been drained.

"Ahhhhhhh," he moaned softly. "What a sweet bitch. What a sweet sucking mouth!"

He took his cock out of her mouth and gripped a handful of her hair,



carefully wiping his come-covered cock in her blonde hair.

"A sweet bitch," Adam moaned.

Adam moved away from her and she no longer thought about him. The only thing she could think of was the big hot cock that filled her cunt. She moaned as she saw Roy driving his fat prick into her wet pussy.

"It feels so good," she moaned.

"Then move your ass, bitch!" Roy told her. "Move your sweet ass! Show me how good you think it feels."

She was doing the best she could, and she moved like a wild woman. His prick felt so nice. She could feel the pleasure ripple all over her body, especially in her big tits. She wished his chest would rub them. They felt so hard and sensitive.

"Oh fuck me," she whispered. "I feel so good down there. Oh Jesus, fuck me good!"

She could feel his hot prick swell inside of her and knew he was only seconds away from shooting his wad.

"Shoot it in me," she moaned. "Shoot your hot stuff in me! Shoot your come in me!"

She felt his body jerk with pleasure, then felt his hot juice spurting into her. She wiggled with joy as her cunt filled up with hot cock juice.

"Yes," she moaned softly. "Fill up my pussy. It feels so good!"

She wiggled beneath him until his cock grew soft. She felt his prick slip out of her cunt and sighed. She wished his big prick could have lasted a few minutes longer, but she knew that the other two men would waste no time.

"Get off her," Rich said impatiently. "I want some of that hot stuff. Get off her!"

"Well, give me time," Roy said, laughing.

Roy was still laughing when Rich took his place.

Rich made her turn over and get on her hands and knees. She was able to turn around and look over her shoulder as Rich stood behind her, and could see his swollen cock pointing at her.

"I'm going to ride your cunt, bitch," Rich said. "I'm going to ride you like a

cowboy."

She was startled when he furiously attacked her. He had a long, slender prick and it slid quickly into her cunt. She felt it deep in her belly, and he began to fuck her with hard, deep strokes. His cockhead rubbed her clit with each thrust.

"Ummmm," she said. "Ummm, that's nice."

"You like my cock, baby?" he asked. "You like my big cock?"

"Oh yesssss," she cried. "I love your cock! I love your sweet cock."

She could feel his heavy balls slap her each time he drove his cock into her muff, and her ample juices helped ease his motions.

While Rich fucked her pussy. Tim stood in front of Donna Joe. He pushed his cock against her mouth and she obediently opened her lips. She tasted his prick as it slid against her tongue.

"Shit," Tim groaned. "There ain't nothing better than fucking a little mouth. Nothing better!"

Tim grabbed her head tightly and began slamming his thick cock into her

mouth, somehow using the same rhythm that Rich was using to fuck her pussy. She felt a spasm of pleasure in her stomach and started to go wild.

"Ummm," she said as she wiggled her cunt against Rich. "Ummmm, ummmm!"

"Shit," Rich groaned. "She's loving it. The little bitch is loving it!"

Rich groaned as he drove his cock rapidly into her tight, hot cunt. Rich's cock swelled and she concentrated on driving herself back to meet his thrust. She felt the first drops of his cream inside her pussy.

"Ahhhh Christ!" Rich moaned. "Christ. I love your hot pussy. Christ, I love your pussy! I'm coming, baby! I'm going to blow your hot ass off! Jesus! Jesus! JESUUUUUS!"

This time she felt herself explode at the same time as he spurted his cock cream into her cunt. She began to suck hard on Tim's long, thick cock. Tim was enjoying it, and he drove his bloated prick deep in her mouth.

"Eat it up, bitch," Tim moaned. "Eat it up! Suck hard on my mother-fucking cock! Suck hard! Jesus!"

Rich grunted as he drove his prick into her cunt one last time. The rest of his hot come pumped into her pussy and he slowly pulled out of her. "Shit,

she's nice," Rich moaned.

"She's got a sweet mouth," Tim cried. "A sweet mouth! She's nice as hell!"

Tim drove his cock deeper into her mouth, and with each hot thrust she could feel his balls bang against her. She knew they were heavy with come.

"I'm going to blow her head off," Tim grunted. "I'm going to blow her fucking head off!"

"Give it to her," Adam urged. "Fill her mouth with come! Make your dick choke her!"

His prick seemed to grow longer and thicker as he fucked her wet mouth. She tasted his juice on her tongue and on her sucking lips.

"Here I come," Tim moaned. "Here I come! I'm going to blow her head off! God, her mouth feels so good. So Goddamned good. Ahhhhh shit, it feels Goddamned good! GQOOOOOD!"

His jism was thick and very salty-tasting, and she swallowed most of his come without choking. He pulled back halfway and gave her one last stroke. She tasted the jism on her tongue and lips, and again as it dripped on her chin.

"Shit, bitch!" Tim said. "You are sweet. You really know how to suck cock."

"Yeah," Adam said. "I bet she knows how to do a lot of things. And we're just getting started. It's going to be a wild night! A wild fucking night!"

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Donna Joe was alone. She was unconscious when the men had finally finished, and now she was sore and tired. She felt as if every bone in her body had been broken, like some kind of rag doll. She knew she had never been fucked like she'd been fucked that evening. The four men couldn't seem to get enough -- over and over again they had fucked her mouth and her pussy. Then one had suggested her ass.

She couldn't remember exactly who it had been, but she thought it was Adam. She remembered fighting them and begging them not to do such an awful thing.

But Tim and Rich had grabbed her and held her over the card table. She remembered the way her tits had pressed flat against the cold table, and how Adam had stood behind her.

"Don't wiggle so, sugar," he had told her. "You're going to enjoy this." She remembered...

Donna Joe struggled, but the men wouldn't release her. She screamed from pain and fear as Adam pressed his bloated cock against her tiny puckered asshole.

"Don't worry, sugar," he said. "It's only going to hurt for a little while."

She screamed again as he pushed his bloated prick part-way into her hole. She knew he hadn't used anything and that her asshole was dry. The feeling was uncomfortable, but none of the men cared. They became excited by watching Adam. Tim moved closer to the table and made her take his prick in her hand.

"Hold it tight, baby," Tim said. "Play with it while Adam fucks your big ass."

Donna Joe couldn't do anything else. She held his prick tightly while Adam pressed his big cock into her asshole. The feeling grew hotter and more painful. She tried to wiggle but that only seemed to excite him more.

"That's it, bitch," Adam moaned. "Try and get away. Moving your ass only makes it better."

She tried to stay still but found she couldn't do that for long -- the pain was just too intense. Adam finally drove his hot prick all the way into her

tight asshole, and she felt his balls rest against her asscheeks.

"Feel that, bitch," he groaned. "Feel that. Your hot ass feels so good. Like putting your prick in hard butter."

Adam began to move his prick deep into her ass, then half halfway out of her asshole, then deep inside again. He moved faster and she heard his balls slap her skin.

"You little bitch," he moaned. "You hot little bitch. I love your ass! I love your hot ass!"

"Fuck her good," the other men urged. "Fuck her ass good!"

It was over so quickly. She felt his thick cock grow inside of her, then the first hot jism splattered her insides.

"Shit," Adam groaned. "Shit. I love your ass, bitch! I love your sweet ass! Shit! Shit!"

He filled her ass with his come, but his prick was only the beginning. In another moment Rich started to drive his cock into her tight ass, and she knew it was only a matter of time before they all fucked her ass.



"Bastard!" she screamed.

"I've got to get out of here," Donna Joe said. "Now."

Donna Joe was still alone, but had slipped out of the room that had been provided by the club. She timed it just right and arrived at the station for the midnight bus at the right moment.

A few minutes later she was on her way out of town. She didn't think Bo would miss her. He had used her for a while, but soon he would find someone else. Another young girl would come along, and...

Donna Joe secretly wanted to go home, but knew she could never go there. Her mother would never allow her back into the house, not after what she'd done.

Donna Joe had no other family except for an uncle somewhere up North. She had never met him. She'd only heard her mother talk about him. Besides, she had no money to get to him. She had only five dollars -- enough to buy one decent meal.

"Oh damn it!" Donna Joe said loudly. "Nothing else that bad can happen to me!"

Donna Joe angrily kicked out at the seat ahead of her.

She was lucky that she was alone on the bus. The bus driver had heard her and looked into his rear view mirror. He watched for a few moments and then reined, evidently deciding that she wasn't harmful.

Donna Joe snuggled down into her seat and drifted off to sleep. She was very tired. She had no idea how long she'd been sleeping when she felt the bus driver's rough hand shake her awake.

"Hey," he said. "This is where you get off, hon. This is as far as your ticket will take you."

She thanked him, picked up her bag and walked off the bus. She felt the driver's eyes on her back and knew what he was thinking. She was beginning to learn about men -- they all wanted the same thing. She knew he would follow her inside.

She made her way into the little coffee shop and took a seat at the counter, ordering a hamburger and a cup of coffee. As she waited she saw the big, husky bus driver come in.

She sighed as what she had expected happened -- he came straight toward her and sat down on the stool next to her. She noticed that he no longer wore his wedding band. He thought he was being tricky, but it didn't

mean a damn thing to her anyway.

"Aren't you awfully young to be out alone?" the driver asked.

"I guess so," she admitted.

The waiter brought the hamburger, and she didn't realize how hungry she was until she bit into it. She was famished. She had worked hard that evening.

"Slow down with that," the driver said. "You'll make yourself sick."

"I didn't know a person could get so hungry," she said between big bites.

"Have you been on the road long?" he asked.

"Not really," she answered.

"You have friends meeting you?" he questioned.

She knew what he was leading up to and started to wonder if going along with him might not be such a bad idea. Being with a man could erase the awful feeling that the redhead had left her with, and it might even give her

a place to spend the night.

"No," Donna Joe said. "I was hoping to find a motel or something for tonight. I was going to move on in the morning."

He smiled. She knew that she hadn't fooled him, and he knew that she was broke and hungry, and that she didn't have the money to rent a room. He was like a vulture hovering above her -- the kill had already been made, and he could take his time.

"You won't find many motels around here," the bus driver said. "They're expensive and they're usually booked in advance."

"Oh?" she questioned.

"Yeah," he said. "Listen, I hate to see a young girl all alone. A lot of awful things could happen. I have a little room near the bus station. I keep it for my overnight runs."

"You do?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I'd be glad to share it with you."

There was no mistaking the hunger in his eyes -- he wanted her badly. He

wasn't a bad looking man. In fact, looking at him made her feel a little warm.

She finished her hamburger in a couple of bites.

"All right," she agreed.

He took her arm and they walked to his studio apartment. It was close to the bus station and was very small -- there was barely enough room for the big bed. She stepped inside and felt his hand gently touch her ass.

"It's not much," he said, "but it's clean and comfortable. It's a nice place to spend the night."

When she didn't try to stop him, his hand grew bolder. She felt him squeeze the plump cheeks of her ass, running his finger along the line of her crack. She felt her knees shake and went to sit down on the bed.

"I'm very tired," she said.

"You look tired, baby," he said. "A little nap wouldn't hurt you, nor would a little massage."

She shivered when she remembered the last massage she'd received. It was the very same evening, but now it seemed so long ago. She stretched out

on the bed and felt her skirt slide up her thighs.

"What do you want to massage?" she asked him. "My back or my front?"

"Your front, baby," he said quickly. "That's the best part."

She offered no resistance as he sat down beside her and began undoing the buttons of her blouse. She could see the hot lust in his eyes. He quickly had her blouse unbuttoned and slipped his hands inside the loose folds to caress her big tits.

"Mmmm," he said. "You feel nice and hot, baby. Don't you ever wear a bra?"

"Sure," she said, "but I left in kind of a hurry. I didn't have time to put it on."

He laughed loudly. He seemed to enjoy playing with her big, hot tits. He started to make her nipples hard, then leaned over and kissed one brown nipple. She sighed.

"Ummm," she said, "You sure do know how to make a girl shiver all over."

He laughed again, then she felt her hot titty-flesh slowly being sucked

into his mouth. She sighed as his tongue rolled over her hard nipple and his teeth nipped her flesh. She arched her back and pushed more of her tit into his mouth, and at the same time stroked the back of his head.

"You're sweet," she groaned. "Oh, you are very nice."

He put his mouth to her belly and slid his lips down to the top of her skirt. She felt his hands slip up the back of her thighs to cup her asscheeks.

"I like your ass," he groaned. "I like a young girl with a nice-looking ass. I like to feel it. I like to watch the young girls all day long and think about feeling their pretty asses."

"You can feel mine all you want," she sighed. "All that you want."

His hands went underneath her panties, and she felt his fingers playing at her crack again. His tongue moved lower, kissing the front of her skirt.

"Pull my skirt up," Donna Joe moaned. "I don't mind. I want you too. Pull my skirt up."

He didn't waste any time. He jerked her skirt up to her waist and slid her flimsy panties down her beautifully formed legs. He spread her legs and took a long look at her exposed cunt.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Shit!" he groaned. "You have one of the most beautiful cunts I've ever seen. It makes a man want to grind his face in your snatch."

"Well, there's nothing stopping you," she said.

His face disappeared between her legs. She gasped as she felt his experienced tongue stab deep into her pussy. His lips seemed to suck her cunt into his mouth.

"Oh Jesus," she moaned. "Jesus!"

She thought she was too tired to fuck, but this man had lit the fires in her again. She no longer worried about being scarred by the redhead's treatment of her -- she could still enjoy a man. The feeling of a man's hard, muscular body against hers was much better than the softness of a woman.

"Oh kiss me," she moaned. "Kiss me up here."

She pulled his head up and he moved over her body. She held his face in her gentle hands and kissed his mouth. She stabbed her tongue into his mouth and tasted her own cunt juices. The taste was lewdly exciting.



They rubbed their tongues together for a few minutes until she couldn't stand it any longer. She wanted him naked. She pushed him away and quickly started to strip him.

"You have a good, strong body," she whispered as she ran her hands through the curly hair on his chest. "I like a man with a muscular body."

She slipped off his trousers and found that his cock was only half-hard, but it was a monster anyway. She circled her fingers around the pulsating shaft and felt it grow stiff.

"Jesus, baby," he groaned. "You've got nice hands."

She decided to show him the other things she had that were nice. She fell to her knees in front of him and held the sensitive ridge of his cock in her fingers while she licked the bloated shaft. She tasted his cream against her tongue and slowly slipped her lips over the entire head of his shaft.

"Dear Jesus," he groaned. "Dear holy Jesus!"

She worked his cock all the way into her throat. She tasted more of his cream and felt his hips jerk. The throbbing of his prick told her that he hadn't had any pussy for a long time.

"Keep using your tongue like that," he moaned. "Oh Christ, that feels so good!"

She let her hair brush against his thighs as she moved her head back and forth. She had never known any man who didn't get excited when her hair brushed his flesh. He grabbed the back of her head and jabbed his cock-meat as deep as he could into her mouth.

"Shit, you feel so good," he moaned. "You feel so fucking good. I want your pussy! I want to have a piece of your sweet ass!"

"Yessss," she groaned as she pulled her mouth off of his cock.

She thought she'd never met a man as excited as this bus driver -- he was hot for her lush young body. She put her fingers to his cock as she slid up the bed on her back. She opened her thighs and showed him her red-lipped cunt once more.

"Come on, sugar," she whispered. "Come on and put that big fat cock in me!"

He jumped on top of her like a bull in heat. He forced her legs apart so he could reach her easier, then slipped his big hands underneath her and cupped her plump asscheeks. She squealed with delight when she felt his throbbing

prick press against her, rubbing the silky skin of her belly and leaking hot come cream on her.

"God," she gasped. "Put it in! Put that fucking big stick in my cunt!"

She was tired but impatient, and wanted to feel his massive cock filling her cunt. His stiff prick would wipe out the sick memory of the way she had acted with the redhead.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and frantically began to wiggle her pussy against him.

More of his cream wet her belly. His fingers gripped her asscheeks tighter and she felt him moving around to get his cock into the light position. She sighed with pleasure when she felt his bloated prick finally rest against her wet cunt. She felt his wet cockhead push between the sensitive lips of her cunt, filling her hot pussy in the way that she needed.

"Put it in," she whispered. "Put it all the way in me! Put it in deep!"

He moved forward slowly and she felt his hot cock-meat slip deeply into her cunt. She was tired of his slow pace, so she slid her hands down his broad back and hunched violently against his body. His prick jabbed into her like a burning poker. She felt his heavy come-filled balls resting against her cunt lips.

"Ahhhhh yes," she groaned. "That's how I like it! I like your cock deep!"

"You sweet bitch," he groaned. "I've never felt a pussy like yours! Never!"

She arched her back so that her big, hot titties mashed against his chest. She squeezed her cuntal muscles and felt his prick throb with excitement and knew he wasn't just talking. He really was turned-on by the snug fit of her wet cunt. She squeezed her cunt muscles again and felt the ripples of pleasure going through her body. God, he was going to be a good fuck!

"Fuck me," she whispered. "Really fuck me! Make me feel like a cunt!"

She wrapped her long legs tightly around his back and felt the delicious warmth of his fat prick as it slid deeper into her pussy. She moved her ass in a slow rhythm that seemed to drive him crazy. She felt him start to move, pushing his bloated prick in and out of her cunt with the same slow pace.

She loved it. She felt his bloated cock rub her hard clitty, sending shivers through her body. She felt her nipples grow harder and more sensitive. She frantically kissed his cheek before his mouth covered hers and she tasted his tongue in her mouth. She pushed her tongue against his for a few moments before moving her head away.

"Oh God," she moaned. "You're making me feel so good! Fuck me faster!"

Your hot dick feels so good!"

"You are a sweet fucking bitch," the bus driver groaned.

She heard him gasp as he began to slam his prick into her cunt as quickly as he could. She felt the hot swelling of his prickhead as it rubbed her clit, and ripples of pleasure shook her body with each hot stroke.

"Oh God, you sweet bastard, fuck me!" she cried. "Fuck me! Give me all of your big dick! I love your cock! I love being fucked! Fuck me good!"

She felt hot and wicked as she moved beneath him. She went crazy with her wiggling ass, humping up to meet his beautiful, big cock. She had forgotten all about the redhead and about the things that had been done to her. All that mattered now was this big bus driver's prick, and how good it felt sliding into her.

"That's it," she groaned. "I love being fucked! God, I love your big dick!"

She felt herself coming -- this bus driver really knew what to do with his prick! Her wet juices flooded his prick, allowing him to slide into her cunt like butter. It was so good!

"I'm coming," she gasped. "You're making me come. Oh God, it feels so

good. So good! I'm coming! EEEEEEE!"

He gave it to her faster and harder and she knew he was only seconds away from coming himself. At the last moment he took his hot cock out of her and moved up her body. He placed his hot prick between her big tits and pushed them together with his hands. He began to move back and forth between her tits. This had never been done to her before and she looked down and saw that the red eye of his cock almost touched her chin.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm going to come this way the first time, baby," he groaned. "I want to see my come all over your face."

It seemed lewd but she also felt excited by it. She suddenly realized that this bus driver could make her feel things she'd never felt before.

"I'm nearly there, baby," he groaned. "I'm almost there! Oh shit, you feel so good!"

She felt the first heavy drops as they hit her cheeks, but didn't turn her head. She watched with fascination as his prick moved faster.

"Pussy," he groaned. "You pussy! Oh shit. You feel so good! SO FUCKING

GOOD!"

His hot cream spurted from the end of his bloated cock. She felt the thick rivers of his come running down her face and dripping between the valley of her tits. She licked at her come-smeared cheeks with her tongue.

"Shit," he said. "You are something else. You are really something else!"

She felt happy for the first time in a long while.

## CHAPTER NINE

"I want to be your woman," Donna Joe said.

Donna Joe sat on the edge of the bed and watched the bus driver, who had just come out of the shower and was drying himself off. Earlier that morning he had told her his name. He was Dave Daniels and he'd been driving a bus for ten years. He was a big, strong man, but that wasn't all that Donna Joe liked about him. She couldn't understand why she felt so excited about him, but she did. She got hot just by looking at him and couldn't control the wetness in her cunt.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Dave asked.

"I said I want to be your woman," she answered. "You told me you weren't married. You told me you didn't live with another woman. I want to be your woman."

"Jesus, do you realize what you're saying? You're too young." He began to dress in his driver's uniform, as he had a route to drive soon.

"I was old enough last night," Donna Joe said sweetly, "when you couldn't wait to get my panties off and put your big cock into my cunt."

He almost smiled. "That's true. But Jesus, you're still a young girl. You don't know what you're asking."

"I know what I'm asking," she said. "I'll make you happy. I promise you that. I can do anything that any woman can do, and I won't object if you get kinky."

She had interested him -- she could tell that. He was torn between the thought of having her all the time, and the thought of what might happen to him because she was so young. She could tell that his lust had won out over his better judgement when he rubbed the front of his trousers.

"You'd have to do anything I asked," he said. "At any time. And no bullshit."



"No bullshit," Donna Joe promised. "I'll be your complete fuck-slave."

Donna Joe knew she could have made a better deal. She didn't have to put herself so completely in this man's power, but she wanted to. She wanted this man to take complete responsibility for her. The only thing she would have to worry about was making him happy, and she was willing to try anything.

"Please," Donna Joe begged softly.

"Damn," Dave said. "You sure know how to get to a man. All right, cunt, but the moment you fuck up you're out on your ass! My woman gives me no bullshit."

"I promised you," she said. "I'll keep my word. I'll do whatever you tell me to do. All I want is someone who will take care of me, a strong man. No bullshit!"

"I guess I could take care of you," Dave said. "I've got a nice little apartment and it needs a woman's touch, a woman who knows how to be very nice to a man."

Donna Joe rose from the edge of the bed and dropped the towel she was wearing to the floor. She arched her body toward him like a slave offered herself for the market. She had never been so proud of her lush looks.

"Don't you think I can take care of you?" she whispered.

Dave suddenly looked pained, and he rubbed the front of his trousers again. She could see his big bulge and knew it had to be uncomfortable for him.

"Damn, bitch," he said. "Get your clothes on. You're driving me nuts and we don't have time for a fuck."

"We don't have to fuck," Donna Joe said. "I told you I know how to take care of you."

Donna dropped to her knees and put her arms around his waist. She pulled him close and pressed her lips against his crotch, kissing the large bulge through his trousers. She felt his prick grow hard and thick.

"Jesus," Dave moaned. "We don't have time for this, Goddamn it!"

"We have time," Donna Joe assured him. "I'm very good. We have all the time we need." She knew the tables were turned when he couldn't seem to stop her from doing as she wanted. She unzipped his trousers and slipped her hot little hand inside, maneuvering his thick cock through the opening in his shorts and out of his trousers.

"Ummmmm," she said. "You have such a fat-looking cock. I think I love it more than any cock I've ever seen."

Strangely enough, it was true -- there was something special about his big cock. She held it in her fingers and pressed her lips gently against the thick, purplish head. She felt shivers course through his body at the touch of her lips.

"Hold my tits," she said. "It'll make you hotter. It'll make you shoot off quicker."

She had learned a lot about men in a short time. She sensed his growing excitement as he cupped her big tits and began stroking them as she worked on his cock.

She held her hair back with one hand while she kissed and licked the bloated tip of his cock-meat. He tasted good. His salty come stained her lips but she didn't mind.

She held his prick to one side and licked the entire length of it. She would have liked to be able to lick his balls, but she couldn't do that without taking his trousers down.

Instead she licked his thick cock until it reddened and glistened with her

saliva. Then she moved her tongue up and around his hot crown and began to tongue it wildly. She felt him shiver as he moved his hands from her tits to the back of her head.

"Oh shit, baby," he said. "Suck it. Suck my hot cock! Come on and suck it!"

She teased him with her tongue until she felt that he couldn't stand it anymore. Only then did she slowly suck the bloated crown into her lips. Her tongue rubbed over the sensitive ridge as she slowly sucked his hot cock deep into her throat.

"Ahhhhh Jesus," he moaned. "Jesus. Your sweet mouth feels so fucking fine."

She had reached the point where she not only loved sucking cock, she was fast becoming an expert at it. She felt his cockhead press against the back of her throat. She relaxed her throat muscles and felt his prick push deeper, as deep as possible. She felt the material of his trousers rub against her face.

"Christ!" Dave yelled. "You whore! You've got my whole fucking cock in your mouth!"

She tasted his cream as she moved her head back and forth. His thick, salty-tasting cock filled her mouth, and she used her teeth to nip him gently.

"Faster, bitch," he grunted. "Faster. Suck my cock! Faster!"

She had him very excited now, so excited that he wasn't worried about getting to work on time. She rapidly moved her head back and forth, using every trick she'd ever learned about sucking cock. He knew that he no longer had to hold her head and put his hands back on her big, round tits. She felt him squeeze her tightly as she sucked.

"It feels so good," Dave gasped. "Your mouth feels so Goddamned good!"

His cock swelled in her lips and she began to suck harder. She felt the first few drops leak down the back of her throat.

"Shit," Dave grunted. "I'm going to come. I'm going to blow my wad down your throat! Shit, it feels so good! Feels good! Feels so FUCKING GOOOOOD!"

He drove his prick deep in her throat one last time, and she felt him shudder violently as his hot cock began to pump his cock cream into her mouth. She swallowed the thick, creamy juice like she needed it to survive.

She didn't release him when the last of his prick cream had emptied into her mouth, but kept licking at his cock until she had completely cleaned him.

"God," Dave groaned. "God!"

"I told you I knew what to do," she said.

"You sure did, baby," he said. "You sure as hell did!"

The new apartment Dave rented was big and expensive-looking, but it was still a man's apartment.

"It could use some cleaning," Donna Joe said.

"Yeah," Dave said. "I guess it could."

She felt Dave watching her as she moved around the room. Much of Dave's interest had to do with the outfit she wore. They had gone shopping in the last town where the bus stopped. Dave had picked out her clothes.

She now wore a short black skirt that was slitted almost to her crotch, high-heeled black shoes and a lacy white blouse without a bra. The outfit was enough to turn the head of every man they could meet.

"That outfit makes your ass look fantastic," Dave said.

She knew that Dave was hinting. She had told Dave her entire story on the long bus ride, and had left out nothing. She wanted him to know everything, including the part where four men had assaulted her ass. That interested Dave. He admitted that he had never fucked a woman's asshole before.

"Yes," Dave said, licking his lips. "Your ass wiggling like that looks fantastic!"

"Well," Donna Joe said. "What are you going to do about it?"

She remembered the pain she'd had with the four men and hoped that Dave would make it different. Besides, she'd promised Dave anything he wanted, so she couldn't protest when he made this first request. She would give him her ass if that was what he wanted.

"Do you mean it?" Dave asked.

"I promised you anything you wanted," Donna Joe said. "You just tell me."

Dave grinned as he walked to her and put his arms around her. He kissed her and stabbed his tongue between her lips. He rubbed his body against her and she felt his hard cock as it throbbed in his trousers.

He moved his hands down her back and cupped her round asscheeks.

"Ummmmm," she said, wiggling a little closer to him. "You've got nice hands."

"And you've got a great ass," Dave groaned.

He pulled up her skirt until he had it above her waist. His hands slipped inside her panties and touched her bare skin, his fingers worming their way between her asscheeks.

"Please don't hurt me," Donna Joe begged.

"I wouldn't hurt you, baby," Dave promised her. "I'll take it nice and easy."

Donna Joe didn't believe that. She knew what could happen when Dave got carried away. She readied herself for the worst. She wasn't going to back down.

She began to undo the buttons of his shirt, but he grew so excited that he had to push her away.



He finished undressing himself and then turned his attention back to her.

"Keep your boots on," he told her, "but take everything else off."

"I can't get my panties over my boots," she protested.

Dave solved that. He put his hand underneath her skirt and grabbed her panties. She heard them rip, and he held them up to her face.

"There's more than one way to strip off a pair of panties," he said, laughing.

Donna Joe shrugged. It was his money that had bought them. He could destroy his own property if he wished. He could even leave her naked if he wished. She was his.

She helped him take off her blouse and skirt and was soon naked except for her black boots. Dave immediately put his rough hand between her legs, and she felt his fingers brush against the swollen lips of her cunt.

"You've got a sweet body," Dave said. "A sweet body. Big tits, and sweet little ass. And sweet-feeling pussy!" "Ooooooh," she moaned as Dave pushed her to the bed. She knew what he was going to do when he pushed her thighs

apart and his head went down.

"Oh yesssss," she said. "I like that. Oh yesssss!" His tongue slipped between her cunt lips and made her gasp. She hadn't realized how excited she was until his tongue slipped deep into her pussy. She put her hands on the back of his head and tried to pull his face closer to her moist cunt. His tongue brushed her swollen clit and she nearly jumped out of her skin. Her long fingers tangled in his hair.

"That is so nice," she moaned. "Oh, that feels so nice!"

She lifted her legs and locked them around his neck. She knew he was uncomfortable but didn't seem to care. She hunched forward to meet his thrusting tongue and shivered as she felt the delicious length of it.

"Oh yesss!" she cued. "Eat me, eat me! I love your tongue. Oh God, I love your tongue!"

Dave knew exactly what to do with his tongue. He moved it around the walls of her cunt until she became frantic with excitement. Then he started to lick her swollen clit again. He drove her crazy as she dripped hot juice into his mouth.

"You sweet bastard," she cried. "God, you sweet bastard! That feels so good!"

He started to play with her tits again, and she became even more aroused. She felt her plump melons swell in his hands. He was making her tingle all over.

"You're doing a good job," she moaned. "You're making me crazy! You're making me so crazy!"

She knew that he was giving enjoyment to her first because of what he was about to make her do. She forgot about the pain of having a stiff cock up her asshole, thinking only of how sweetly he was eating her cunt.

"My clitty," she moaned. "Take my clitty in your mouth!"

He sucked her hot little clit between his lips, and she wiggled with passion as she felt him nip at the small button with his teeth. Shivers of excitement surged through her.

She knew that she looked lewd as she thrustled to meet his tongue with her hot cunt. She was now very different from the young farm girl who had once been a reluctant rape victim in the front seat of a truck. She had turned into a hungry bitch-cunt.

"God, I love it!" she cried. "I love it! Your tongue feels so good. You sweet bastard!"

His fingers dug into her titty-flesh and he began to chew her clit like he was trying to bite it off. She felt a knot of tension in her belly as she started to explode.

"I'm coming!" she cried. "God, I'm coming! You're making me feel so good, so good. GOOOOOD!"

She humped up to meet his tongue and knew that his mouth was filling up with her juices. She heard him swallow as he drank every drop. She held his head tightly. She wasn't afraid that he would try to escape, she held him because she felt very loving toward him.

"You bastard," she said softly. "You sweet bastard!"

He kept his mouth at her pussy until she stopped shuddering, then raised his head. He grinned and licked his lips.

"Did that feel good?" he asked.

"Ummmmm, you bastard," she said. "You know it felt good. It felt real good."

"And now you're going to make me feel good."

"You know I am," she said. "Anything you want."

"You know what I want, Donna Joe."

"Ummmmm," Donna Joe said. "I know what you want, but fuck my cunt first. It'll make your cock hard and wet."

Donna Joe tugged on his hand and he dropped to the bed beside her. She put her hand on his throbbing, aroused prick, and it nearly burned her fingers. He was really turned-on by the thought of fucking her asshole.

Donna Joe tightened her fingers around his stiff cock. She slowly moved her hand up and down and saw pearly drops of jism on the round, bloated tip. She bent her head and licked the creamy drops. His come tasted hot enough to burn her tongue.

"Ummmmm," she said. "You taste good. Your juice tastes good!"

Dave pushed her back and put his lips on one of her big tits. She gasped when he nibbled her nipple with his teeth. He put his hand between her legs, and his fingers slipped easily into her wet cunt.

"You make me feel so good," Donna Joe moaned.

Dave rolled on top of her and pressed his prick between her legs. She opened wide and felt his cock slip through her curly pussy hairs and press against her cunt lips.

"Put it in me," she moaned. "Ummmm. Put it in me."

"You asked for it, bitch," Dave grunted.

His long, hard prick slipped all the way into her cunt with one quick thrust. He put his hands underneath her ass and began to thrust his cock into her cunt as fast as he could. She felt his heavy balls slap against her as he made his prick wet in her cunt.

"Your pussy feels good," he said. "It feels fucking fine. But I want your sweet ass!"

"Then take my asshole," Donna Joe moaned. "Fuck my ass. Put your big piece of meat in my asshole. I don't care! Stick it all the way in to my belly."

Dave gave her cunt a few more long, deep strokes before he pulled out. She sighed as she felt his prickhead slip out of her pussy. She had liked that feeling, and she wasn't sure how she'd feel about having his cock in her ass.

"Roll over," Dave said. "I want you on your hands and knees with your ass in the air."

She followed his directions, rolling over and climbing to her hands and knees. His fingers parted her asscheeks and she groaned as one of them pressed against her tiny hole.

"Remember your promise," she told him. "Remember your promise to be gentle."

"I'm going to be gentle," he said.

She didn't believe it -- she knew how carried away a man could get, any man. He would forget all about his promise to be gentle when he put his cock against her tiny hole. She winced when she felt his finger worm it's way into her asshole. He drove another finger into her, this one clear up to his knuckle.

"I've got to have my cock in you," Dave said. "Your asshole feels tight as hell."

Dave slipped his fingers out of her and moved closer to the bed. He put his bloated cock against her tiny asshole. She felt the first hot pressure as he pushed his prick against her and tried to relax. She knew it would be better that way, but there was so much pressure and she was so afraid. She still remembered the pain that the four men had given her. Of course it had

felt better after a while, but there had been so much pain at the beginning.

Her fear kept her from relaxing. She was stiff, and she trembled as Dave began to apply pressure. She nearly screamed as his thick cockhead started to force her asshole apart.

"No!" she cried out. "No, Dave! I've changed my mind."

"It's too late," Dave said. "You can't change your mind now. It's too late!"

"But you promised to be gentle," she begged. "You promised you wouldn't hurt me."

"I'm trying not to hurt you," Dave said.

But he wasn't frying. He pressed harder and she felt his hot cock-meat stretch her asshole. He was halfway inside when she squirmed, but it did no good. He was too intent on getting his prick inside of her.

"Stop," she begged.

"I'm almost there, baby," Dave said. "Almost."



Suddenly he was completely inside of her. She felt his balls rest against her asscheeks and knew he hadn't hurt her too badly, not as badly as she'd been hurt before. She relaxed a little and he didn't hurry her. He was content to let his cock rest against her for a short while.

"Now," she whispered. "Now you can fuck me."

He began to move his prick in and out of her asshole. He reached around her and his fingers found her hot cunt. He stabbed two fingers inside and moved them around, and immediately she became wet. She found herself pushing back to meet the shallow thrusts of his cock in her asshole.

"Yesssss," she cried out savagely. "You can fuck me now! You can fuck me hard! It feels so good!"

Dave went crazy. He reached his free hand around to play with her big tits, and soon his hot hand made her even more aroused. She felt her clit swell against the fingers of his other hand.

"Oh fuck me hard!" she moaned. "Fuck me hard!"

He gave it to her as hard as he could, shaking her whole body with the violent force of his strokes. She felt his hot cockhead swell and knew it wasn't going to last for long.

"Pour it in me!" she cried. "Come in my ass! Come in my ass!"

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!" Dave groaned. "Fuck, you bitch! I'm going to come. I'm going to come! Oh, you fucking hot bitch! You Goddamned hot fucking bitch! BIIIIITCH!"

She felt his hot juice as it spurted into her asshole. She ground herself against him as his jism filled her, and she felt the wetness leaking down her thighs.

"Ohhhh," she groaned. "Ohhh, I like that!"

He gave her a few more deep strokes and then slipped his prick out of her asshole. He fell on the bed beside her. She hadn't been satisfied but that didn't matter. She knew Dave would be ready again in a short time. She had found a real man in Dave.

Donna Joe knew she'd found more than just a man. She'd found a place to stay for a while.

THE END