

Hot Young Widow(61k) by J. T. Watson

FOREWORD

Life is filled with periods of transition, and it all starts at birth, when a baby is yanked from the warmth and safety of the womb. No less traumatic for most children is the transition from the protective environment of the home to the sometimes frightening one of the school. And then comes the time when one must decide, often involuntarily, what to do with one's life.

In this frank novel, a young woman finds herself faced with changes that she was unprepared for. Debbie Saffles is young and recently widowed. The loss of her husband, combined with the financial insecurity caused by his untimely death, not only forces her to change her lifestyle, but also to substantially alter her moral code. Suddenly, she is no longer taken care of, but must make her own decisions and plan her own life.

HOT YOUNG WIDOW-the story of a young woman faced with change, and the decisions she makes.

-The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Debbie Saffles heard the doorbell ring just as she was putting away the

last of her groceries.

She sighed loudly in disgust because she knew it had to be a bill collector. The bill collectors had been flocking around for the past few weeks.

She wished her husband had believed more in insurance, but it was too late for it now.

She considered not going to the door, but she just couldn't do that, even though she was getting tired of telling them that she could not pay. Just six months before it had been easy to make all those bills. Her husband of one year had been making a fantastic salary.

Now there was nothing but the few dollars she made from her secretarial work.

She gathered her courage and ran a quick comb through her long red hair. She adjusted her halter top because a little too much of her brown flesh was showing above it. She had a nice tan and she remembered how nice Joe had thought her full breasts were. She found herself tingling with desire as she remembered all the times he had sucked on her.

"I've got to stop this," she told herself.

But she was still having mental pictures of her slender, muscular husband

when she opened the door. The man who stood there was not slender nor muscular.

He was a fat man with a clipboard whose clothes were sticking to him from the heat. He was wiping his forehead when she opened the door.

Immediately she felt his eyes go over her. It was something she was accustomed to. She had a body that seemed over-ripe with her large, firm tits and her well-shaped ass, and she knew that men were aware that she was a widow.

That awareness made men treat her as if she was a peach ready for the picking.

"Well?" she asked. "What do you want? Or did you just come to stare?"

He wiped his forehead again before he answered.

"Mrs. Saffles," he said. "I'm Don Brady. I'm from the Apex Collection Agency. We've been asked by Christopher Motors to look into your overdue account."

Debbie felt her heart sink. Her car. This was the final straw. If she lost her car she couldn't continue her work in town. There were no buses that ran this far out in the country. Again she had a feeling of anger toward Joe.

If only he had taken more precautions.

"Come in," Debbie said. "We can talk about it."

She could feel his ogling eyes on her ass wiggling beneath the tight white shorts as she led him into the kitchen.

"Would you like something to drink?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "Something cool if you have it."

"I have some chilled cokes," she said. "That would be fine."

While she opened the cokes he put his clipboard on the kitchen table and flipped through the top pages. His face got a wrinkled frown.

"Miss Saffles," he said. "It appears that you're three months behind. That comes to almost three hundred and seventy dollars. Now would you have a check for that amount?"

She put his coke in front of him.

"No," she said. "I wouldn't. You know about my husband having a heart

attack?"

"Yes," Don admitted. "I understand that he was a very young man."

"Only twenty-five," she said. "Just a year older than I am. We met in college."

He sipped at his drink.

"I am sorry that it happened," he said. "But I'm afraid that if you don't have the money we'll have to take the car."

He was keeping his voice respectful, but his eyes were ugly things. They explored every inch of her body, undressing her and caressing the naked flesh. She saw him lick his lips.

"Maybe you could sell something," he suggested. "This seems to be a nice farm. Maybe some machines in the barn. Some farm equipment can be very expensive."

"We have no equipment," Debbie said sadly. "My husband only wanted to live in the country. He didn't want to be a farmer. He had a nice job."

"The furniture," he suggested.

"I've already sold everything I can," she admitted. "There's nothing left to sell."

"Ummm," he said. "Well, I just don't see any alternative. We'll have to take the car."

She nodded. She felt a tear sting at her eye, but she kept her face expressionless. She didn't want to let this fat man see how unhappy she was.

She went upstairs and got the keys and brought them back downstairs. He had finished his coke. She put the keys down on the table.

"Take them," she said.

He sat looking at the keys.

"Hmmm," he said. "Well, there's no real sense in being hasty. I mean, maybe we could work something out."

His eyes traveled over her body again.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked.

"Well, maybe we could pay off the three hundred and seventy," he said. "That would pay your note until the middle of next month. It would help a little."

"Why would you want to do that?" she asked.

"What interest could your company have in paying my car note?"

"Not my company," Dan Brady said. "Me. That is, if you're worth three hundred and seventy dollars."

She wasn't shocked. He wasn't the first bill collector to make an offer like that. In fact, not only bill collectors had made the offer. A few of her husband's friends had made the same offer, a little more cautiously.

Also she had known that he was going to make that offer from the first moment he had looked at her.

What shocked and surprised her was that she was actually considering his offer.

After all, it wouldn't be the first time a woman had gone to bed with a

man she detested. Screwing had been a major trading point with women since time began.

And she needed that car.

"It's a lot of money," he said. "I could get fired for doing this."

She made up her mind. She was tired of being pushed around by bill collectors. She was tired of not having anything because she felt faithful to Joe's memory. If he had wanted her to remain faithful he should have left her in better financial shape.

Her body remained her only hope. "All right," she said softly.

She was aware of the change in him immediately. Before, she had been a widow he had been careful not to really insult. Now she was his property because he had bought her. A hard smile came to his face.

He licked his dry lips again.

"Show me your tits," he said. "I been wondering what they looked like since I walked through the door. Poking out of the halter top like that really turns me on."

"Wouldn't you like to go upstairs?" she asked.

She felt a little shy about stripping off her halter top in the kitchen.

"No, damn it," he said roughly. "I want to see them tits. Right now!"

She was still shy about it, but he was paying the price and she had to go along with what he wanted. She reached behind her back and untied the two strings that held the flimsy halter top up. She shrugged her shoulders and her halter fell to the floor.

Her first impulse was to cover her naked tits with her hands. No man but her husband had ever looked at them this way. She felt his eyes burning her.

"Move your goddamn hands," he commanded.

She dropped her hands down to her sides and he got the first full look at her magnificent peaks. He stared at her in open lust and it gave her a feeling she hadn't expected.

His eyes touching her nakedness caused a tingling sensation between her legs.

It had never happened so quickly before. Even Joe had to warm her up a

while before her cunt warmed. She realized, with a shock, that her humiliation was turning her on.

"Goddamn," he breathed. "Gorgeous. You've got gorgeous tits. Nipples the size of silver dollars. And you don't hang at all. You must get plenty of exercise."

"Yes," she whispered.

"Goddamn," he said again. "Come over here and sit down in my lap. I want to feel those hunks of titties in my hands. I want to feel your ass rubbing my cock."

Nobody had ever talked to her that way before. She had never heard Joe say things like tits and ass 'and cock. She didn't want to admit it, even to herself, but his words were turning her on.

She crossed the room and slipped into his lap. She felt the pressure of his bulge in the crack of her buttocks. She rubbed her titties against the rough fabric of his shirt.

"Damn, baby," he said softly. "Just let me feel those big titties."

She edged back so that his hands could slip between them.

His hands clutched at her full titties like he was a drowning man clutching at a life preserver.

"Oh sweet woman," he groaned. "Your tits feel so good. So hot. I want to feel those big nipples getting hard. There, baby. Now you're beginning to like it!"

She tried to convince herself that what he said wasn't true. She was only doing this because she had to. She couldn't actually be enjoying it.

Yet she couldn't deny that her pink nipples had grown painfully swollen and that her entire body was beginning to feel fiery.

"Give me a little kiss," he said.

She pulled her thick red hair back from her eyes as she pressed her lips to his.

He tasted different from Joe. Joe had always kissed her gently. Don's lips were rough, demanding, and tasted of salt and sweat.

She shivered as his fat tongue pushed her at her lips. A few moments earlier she would have been repulsed, but now she found herself opening her

mouth willingly.

His tongue went deep into her mouth and fondled her own. She sucked at him and pushed her titties harder into his clutching hands.

He pushed her out of his lap suddenly and she looked at him, puzzled.

"Show me what you like, cunt," he said softly. "Show me what you like."

She felt her heart hammering as she realized what he wanted. She looked between his legs and saw his fat bulge pushing at his trousers. His prick looked as if it was about to bust his zipper out.

"Come on, cunt," he urged. "You know you want to feel it. You know you want to wrap your fingers around my pole and feel it. You know you want to play with my balls, and you want to kiss it. I bet you can hardly wait to wrap your sweet lips around my rod. Come on. I'm getting tired of waiting."

She had kissed Joe's cock a couple of times, but somehow she knew this man wasn't going to be satisfied with just a kiss.

He wanted the whole thing. He wanted her to suck him, to really take his cock into her mouth.

Again she wondered why she was feeling no disgust at the thought of kissing his cock.

He was fat and ugly. There was nothing exciting about him, and he was treating her rough. There was no reason for her heart to be pounding so hard, but it was.

He was still clutching at her tits as she sank down between his fat legs.

She had to pull her thick red hair away from her face again.

"Do it, cunt," he groaned. "Take it out. Show me what you're hungry for."

She was still trying to convince herself that she wasn't excited but she did have to admit to a certain amount of curiosity. She had never seen any cock but her husband's and Joe's cock and balls had never been that impressive.

He was large enough, but she had somehow known that his cock was small in relationship to other men. At times he was forced to bring her off with his fingers after his cock had failed.

"Hurry," Don gasped impatiently. "Hurry, goddamn you!"

She could wait no longer.

Her slender fingers searched for and found his zipper. She tugged it down and was almost slapped in the face by the quick release of his cock. He had worn no undershorts.

"Nice," he said. "Nice, huh?"

She realized he was just like any other man looking for approval of his cock.

"Yes," she said. "It's nice."

She wasn't lying. His cock was almost twice as large as Joe's had been. He had a huge red cock-head that blinked at her with a sperm-covered eye. His staff was thick and trembled in her fingers.

She lowered her hand and tried to pull out his balls. She was curious to see what they looked like.

"My belt," he said. "Undo my belt."

She was suddenly in a hurry to get his clothes off. She fumbled with his belt, but she finally got it undone. He lifted his hips and allowed her to tug

his trousers down around his ankles.

His heavy wrinkled balls were also larger than Joe's had been. She was beginning to understand that her husband's cock had been even smaller than she'd thought.

She ran her fingertips lightly over his sensitive sac and heard him groan softly.

His hands pushed them slightly apart as he groped at her titties again.

"Hot damn, sugar," he said. "Hot damn. You've got a nice touch. Just keep stroking my cock like that. Keep playing with my balls like that. Ah hell, sugar, that's nice!"

She kept playing gently with his balls while she wrapped her free hand around his stem. She stroked his staff and felt her hands get sticky.

"You're leaking," she said.

"God yes, baby," he said. "Shit, baby, why don't you taste that stuff? Take it in your mouth and taste it. It'll taste good to you, cunt!"

She felt a little afraid as she looked at his thick cock-head that was

leaking spots of white. She wanted to do it, but her inner feelings held her back.

"Do it, goddamn it," he commanded.

His hands left her titties and grabbed at her thick red hair. He pulled her face toward his cock.

"Do it, or I'll tear your head off," he yelled.

All of her inner resistance left her as he jerked her toward his cock. She understood that she only wanted to be forced to do it so she wouldn't have to admit that it was her fault.

She touched her lips to his sticky cock-head. She got a little of his salty jism on the tip of her tongue. He tasted of sweat and salt. It wasn't such a bad taste and her pussy was tingling again.

She started feverishly licking at his cock. She licked the large cock-head clean of his leaking juices and then she pushed her mouth down to his balls.

Her cunt was really tingling now as she licked at his balls.

"God," he groaned. "I've heard of women like you who get hot sucking

cocks but I never thought I'd meet one. Oh kiss my prick, baby. Keep on licking me!"

She felt him tugging at her head and she left his balls. She opened her mouth slightly and covered his cock-head with her hot lips.

He gave a loud cry and he tried to shove more of his thick prick into her hot mouth.

"You know what you're doing, you sweet bitch," he gasped. "You really know what you're doing!"

That wasn't entirely true, for Debbie was barely aware of what she was doing, or of what technique she was using. All she was aware of was a desire to feel his cock in her mouth, a hunger to taste his sperm.

She had never known such hunger before!

He was groaning loudly as she really began to work on him. His thickness filled her mouth and she hollowed her cheeks to get more of him in.

She wanted him to come that way. She wanted to feel his cock spurt into her throat and she wanted to swallow his thick cum. She sucked him deeper into her throat and then released him. She gave him a few strokes with her

hand and then sucked him into her throat again.

His thick cock was nearly covered with her saliva. Her lips were wet from his lubricating fluid and she kept having to lick them dry. His cock had a rubbery texture that she was starting to find easy to suck into her throat.

She felt that he was starting to come, and then he pushed her away.

"No," she pleaded. "Let me finish. I can finish you this way."

Debbie knew what she was saying but she didn't care what she sounded like. She wanted to feel his hot jism in her hungry mouth.

"No, baby," he said. "I want to feel your cunt sucking up my cock. I want to feel your hot pussy. I want to fuck the shit out of you, baby, so get those shorts off. Hurry and get those fucking shorts off!"

She stood up and quickly undid the zipper behind her shorts. She peeled them down her legs and then let her panties follow.

He was staring, open-mouthed, at her full, bushy cunt.

"God, that's red hair," he said. "I never seen a woman with such red pussy

hair before!"

He pulled her into his lap.

Again she felt her sensitive tits rubbing against the rough fabric of his shirt. He maneuvered her into a better position where his thick cock was captured between her creamy thighs.

"Get me inside," he said. "Hurry!"

His voice was almost frantic and she reached beneath them and took his shaft in her fingers. Cautiously she guided the tip of his cock to her moist entrance.

"Gawd," he moaned.

He pushed and she felt his cock-head slip barely inside her.

"Ooooooh," she moaned.

She couldn't have denied that it felt good. Even partially inside her it felt good! She pushed down and felt her cunt suck his cock into her depths. His hips bucked up and he was buried up to his balls in her cunt.

"Shit, that's fine," he gasped. "That's really fine pussy. Quality pussy!"

She sighed with a delicious joy as she felt the way his thick cock filled her so completely.

Every nerve in her body tingled as she pressed herself tighter against him. She wished that he'd taken off his shirt but it was too late now.

"Fuck me, cunt," he said. "Move your cunt up and down on my cock. Make me cum, baby. Keep sliding up and down on my cock and make me fill your sweet, tight cunt!"

He leaned forward and brushed his hips against one of her throbbing nipples.

She cried out softly and began moving her ass up and down on his thick cock. He was so much bigger than Joe. He went so deep inside her. He felt as if he was coming out her mouth.

"Oh Jesus," she moaned. "You're making me so hot. I think I'm going to come. I have to come. Oh God, you're doing crazy things to me. Crazy things. I can feel your cock throbbing. I can feel it deep inside. SO DEEP IN MEEEEEE!"

The tingles changed into a sudden hot spasm of desire that shook her body. She realized he was lifting his hips and slamming his cock into her with short, savage strokes. She felt his hands grope at her ass.

"I'm going to fill you, baby," he gasped. "I'm going to fill you up with my cum. I'm going to shoot it up your cunt. *Get ready, baby. Get ready for my cum!*"

He jerked her really close and tightened his grip on her quivering asscheeks. She heard him gasp and then there was a hot, tingling sensation as his cum spilled into her. He spurted twice into her before she felt his body relax.

"Sweet, baby," he complimented her. "You don't need a husband to support you with a cunt like you've got. Maybe I can arrange to keep paying your car note."

She didn't answer him. She was beginning to feel a little ashamed of what she had done, but her even greater shame was that she had enjoyed it so much.

She slipped out of his lap and quickly dressed.

She had a sudden feeling that she didn't want him to see her naked any

longer. It was a silly feeling but she couldn't help it.

"Maybe another time," he suggested.

"Maybe," she said.

She was glad when she was able to shut the door against his back. She went upstairs and took a long, hot shower and then climbed naked into her body. Her body felt better than it had in a long time, but that didn't help the strong feeling of guilt.

CHAPTER TWO

Debbie was really disgusted with the world as she drove home two days later.

She had lost her job and there didn't seem to be much use in trying anywhere else in the city. She remembered the hurt look on her boss's face when she told him that she wasn't going to suck his cock.

"But I heard you like to suck," he insisted.

"It was a dirty lie," she said.

"Either suck me off or hit the road," he said. "If you sucked Don Brady, then you can suck me."

She had controlled her anger, but she hadn't been able to control the misery in her face. She had almost consented to do what he wanted, but she had just felt so bad after the first time.

She drove home in a blind fury and it didn't make her any happier to see the two people waiting for her in the front yard.

"More bill collectors," she muttered. "Ill soon send them on their way."

They had been flocking around even more after Don Brady had passed the word that she was willing. It seemed like every man in town wanted to collect in person.

"I don't want to talk with you," she said angrily, as she walked toward her door. "Send the bill by mail."

"We're not all bill collectors," the man said.

His voice halted her and she took a first good look at the two men. The younger one was blond and very handsome. He wore tight jeans and a pullover

shirt that allowed his massive muscles to ripple.

The older man was also handsome, but in a much different way. He had curly black hair and a stern face. He had blue eyes that looked experienced enough to have seen everything.

She had the sudden feeling that both these men were very capable sexually.

"Well, who are you?" she asked.

The older man did the talking.

"My name is Cullen Fields," he explained. "My friend is Peter Daws. We'd like to talk with you a few minutes. You'd find it worth while."

"All right," she agreed. "Let's talk in the kitchen while I make my supper. I'm starving."

She realized that she knew nothing about these two men other than what they said their names were. They could have been rapists or murderers or even policemen. Yet she was allowing them into her house.

She found that she really wasn't very worried about being raped or killed.

There was something about these two men that made them interesting.

"This way," she directed them, after she had unlocked the door.

She led them into the kitchen and started immediately preparing her dinner.

"Well," the older one said. "This is very nice. I guess you're wondering who we are."

"Yes," she admitted.

"I'm a director. A film director. Peter is an actor in my new film."

She almost burnt herself on the hot stove. As a young girl she had often dreamed of being discovered and put into the movies. She had forgotten that dream even after she'd been married to Joe.

Of course, things like that just did not happen to girls like her. It was just fantasy. But she could not help her heart beating faster.

"What would a film director be doing out here?" Debbie asked.

"We want to make a film out here," he explained. "In fact, we'd like to do it right here."

Debbie could no longer concentrate on making her dinner. She wasn't hungry any longer. She left the stove and took a seat at the kitchen table. She knew she shouldn't look so interested, but she couldn't help it.

"Here?" she asked. "You mean, on the farm?"

"Yes," he said. "This farm is perfect. We would be willing to pay rental fees. Say, five hundred a week."

"Five hundred," she said. "You want to pay me five hundred dollars a week just to use the farm for your movie?"

"Yes," he said.

"Oh," Debbie said excitedly. "It's like a dream come true. Of course you can use the farm for just as long as you like. And the longer the better."

There were a lot of things going through Debbie's mind. She was thinking of paying her bills, but she was also thinking of the movie. Perhaps she could get a job in it. Just a small part to start her off.

Then she noticed that both men looked uncomfortable.

"There is one other thing you should know," Cullen said. "Something that might make you change your mind. You see, I make porno movies. The real hard stuff."

She felt her heart pounding even faster. Somehow this wasn't really a surprise. She had seen that look in their eyes, a look of pure sex. She found herself looking over at Peter. He was an actor in the movie. That meant he had to perform on cue. She was wondering if such a man would make a good lover.

She turned a little red. Cullen was smiling when she looked back at him.

"I suppose that would be all right," she said weakly.

"It doesn't shock you?" Cullen asked. "No," she said. "I'm not really shocked. I just... "

"Would you like to see his cock?" Cullen said. "He has a masterpiece."

She felt a choking sensation in the back of her throat. She had been turned on by the fat collector, but that was nothing compared to what was happening now.

She couldn't answer. She licked her full lips. She was hot between her legs just thinking about Peter's body.

"Show her, Peter," Cullen said.

"You shouldn't," Debbie said quickly.

Her eyes were riveted to the tall, blond, young man. He got up slowly and there was a smugness in his face that told her he knew exactly what he could do to a woman.

He unzipped and the sound was loud.

Her breath caught in her throat as he reached inside and pulled his cock from his trousers.

He was only half hard but he had a magnificent cock. His long shaft was ivory-white, only faintly touched with a few blue veins. His cock-head was monstrous, and his heavy balls seemed to hang halfway down his legs.

"Jesus," Debbie said softly.

She couldn't move. She couldn't think of anything else to say. She seemed to be glued to her chair as he walked to her.

"Feel it," he said. "Touch it. This cock has made more women delighted than you have ever met. I can drive you to the stars with my cock."

He was bragging, but it didn't turn her off. He said it with confidence and she knew that he could really perform the way he bragged he could.

She reached out and timidly wrapped her fingers around his slowly hardening cock.

His hand was on her thigh, pushing her legs apart. She had worn a simple skirt that day and no hose. His hand wormed between her thighs and touched her panties. He rubbed her very lightly and it felt delicious to have the fabric of her panties rubbing her pussy lips.

She squeezed his cock hard and saw a little drop of white appear on the end.

"She's hot for it, Cullen," Peter said. "She needs it. A woman like this shouldn't be kept away from a good cock. The money's not everything, baby. I'll see to it that you get all the fucking you can stand. I'll fuck you blind, baby. I'll make you beg and moan and keep coming back for more!"

Her panties were getting wet from her dripping cunt juice. He was making her so hot. His fingers knew exactly how to caress her to get the most response from her.

She looked over at Cullen. He was smiling. His eyes were going over her bare thighs and tracing the outline of her full titties.

"Let's take her upstairs," Cullen said. "To the bedroom."

"Both of you?" Debbie gasped.

"Both of us," Cullen said.

A few days earlier and she might have screamed in rage and ordered them out of the house. Instead she found herself squeezing Peter's cock.

Peter pulled her hand from his cock and bent to pick her up. He lifted her easily and his strong arms left no room for argument. One hand slipped under her dress and cupped her buttocks.

"Nice ass," he said. "I can hardly wait until I feel those legs wrapped around me."

"They made it as far as the living room. Then Cullen called a halt.

"This is better," he said. "The carpet is soft."

Cullen understood sex. She knew that doing it in the living room was far more exciting than it would have been in the bedroom. There was something naughty about sex in the living room.

Especially sex with two men!

Peter lowered her to the floor and she felt his hard cock brush wetly across her thigh. He kissed her mouth softly and pushed his tongue between her lips. She found herself gasping with pleasure.

He started to pull away and her arms went quickly around his neck. Her tongue touched his and she tried to suck his tongue deep into her mouth.

His hands touched her titties and she felt other hands touching her thighs. Cullen was getting in on the action. She felt his hands going under her skirt and touching her already soaking panties.

"Let's give her the treatment," Cullen said.

Debbie wondered what the treatment was, but she knew that she really

didn't care. With two pairs of hands caressing her tingling flesh she couldn't care about anything but the good feelings they gave her.

"Ahhhh," Debbie moaned, as she felt Peter undoing her blouse.

"I want to look at your titties," Peter said. "You have a nice pair. I want to bite them a little. I want to hear you cry!"

"Yes," she moaned. "Oh yes. Do anything you want."

He undid her blouse and reached behind her back. He undid her bra with practiced fingers. He didn't pull it off. He simply tugged it up around her neck so that her twin peaks were exposed to his eyes.

"Ummm, baby," he said. "I knew they'd be sweet-looking. I wonder how they taste!"

He bent his head over her titties and she felt his wet tongue brush hotly at one nipple.

She groaned at the sweet pleasure his lips gave her. Her nipples grew hard and aching under his tongue. He tongued her until both her titties were covered with his saliva. The air touching her wet skin made her even more excited.

"Oh," she moaned. "You're making me so hot. Your lips are like fire. You're making me feel so strange down there. I love it. God, how I love it."

She didn't protest as she felt Cullen lifting up her ass and slipping his hands underneath her panties.

"Cullen," she groaned.

He laughed loudly as if he knew the effect he was having on her.

He grasped her panties and slipped them down her long, shapely legs. Her skirt was bunched at her waist as he parted her legs.

"Delicious," Cullen said. "That's eating pussy. Keep sucking her titties, Peter, while I make her cry with a little pussy eating."

She couldn't believe it was happening. She lifted her head slightly and she could see his face going between her thighs. She nearly screamed as she felt his tongue touching her pubic hairs.

It was unlike anything she had ever experienced. Cullen pushed his face into the warmth of her cunt and his tongue probed at her cuntlips.

Peter continued to suck and bite her tits as Cullen explored her pussy. His tongue kept playing all around her throbbing cunt, causing her to shiver with a desire that she never knew she had. She moaned as she felt his tongue push apart her quivering cuntlips and touch the inner walls of her cunt.

His hands went underneath her to cup her ass. He lifted her up so that his tongue could get to her easier. She moaned as she felt his tongue go even deeper.

Cullen knew exactly how to tease and bring her to an intense excitement. His probing tongue licked at her cunt juices and the noises he made added to her excitement. She arched her back and pushed more of her tit into Peter's hungry mouth.

It had never been like this before. Joe had satisfied her but he had never taken her to such heights of joy. The fat collector had been exciting, also, but that could never compare with this.

"Oh God," she said. "Oh Jesus, both of you are driving me crazy. So crazy. I can't stand it. It feels so good I'm hurting. I'm so hot."

She shivered as she felt his tongue brush against her swollen clit. Again his tongue covered it and pulled at it. Every nerve in her body screamed as his lips covered her hard nubbin and sucked at her.

"Oh Jesus," she yelled. "What are you doing to me? Oh Jesus, that's nice. That's strange. Oh Jesus, that's setting me on fire!"

There could have been no picture no more lewd-looking than Debbie thrashing about the floor under the fiery caresses of the two tongues. She had one hand buried in Peter's hair and her other hand stroked his muscular back.

She bit her upper lip until she was afraid that blood might come.

The clutching hands on her ass would not let her escape the growing desire.

"I'm coming," she gasped. "I'm coming. I'm tearing apart! It's crazy! Oh taste my juices! Suck them up! Swallow them. I'm so HOTTTTAAAA-GGGHHHH!"

He never took his head away. Not even when her strong, sturdy thighs tried to close together on his head. Not when she flooded him with a river of her juices. Never had her cunt flooded so much.

"Ooooh," she groaned. "My husband kissed me there once or twice, but nothing was ever like that. Nothing ever was. Oh Jesus Christ, that was nice!"

She felt weak and helpless as she lay on the floor. She was aware of the men getting up. Cullen had gone to the kitchen while Peter got undressed.

She felt herself growing warm again as she watched Peter strip out of his clothes. There was nothing weak or pudgy about Peter. His stomach was flat as her own and his muscles rippled as he undressed.

His chest was covered with curly blond hairs that really turned her on.

But it was his cock that interested her the most. She could already feel her cunt tingling with desire for it. She couldn't believe that she was getting so randy but she knew that Peter could take her to new heights of pleasure.

He kicked off the rest of his clothes and stood smiling at her. His cock had grown limp again but one soft touch of her fingers made it spring up hard and ready.

"God," she said huskily. "You're so beautiful. I've never seen a man so beautiful. Never in my life. Your cock is every woman's desire."

She wrapped her fingers about his rod and began to move her hand up and down. A lustful expression came over his face and he closed his eyes.

"That's nice, lady," he said. "That's nice. Keep beating my meat like that."

She remembered that beating his meat had been an expression Joe had used one night at the drive-in. They had been teenagers then and he had been hot and horny and he wanted her to do something for him. He had begged her to jerk him off and she had reluctantly agreed.

She had taken his throbbing cock in her hand and given him a couple of quick strokes before he exploded in a geyser of thick cum. Some of it had stained her dress and she had a time explaining it.

But that had not been very exciting for her. Touching this great blond man was. Just having her hand around his beautiful cock was turning her body to a knot of desire.

Cullen walked quietly back into the room. She wasn't shy about letting him see her jerking Peter off. She felt no shame at it. In fact, she only felt a need to have Cullen join the fun.

"I borrowed some of your booze," he said. He sipped at his drink and sat down on the couch. "Come over here," he said.

She didn't want to stop touching Peter's cock but there was a commanding tone in his voice that she could not help but obey. Peter might

have been a blond god, but Cullen was the strong one. Cullen was the boss, and his commands had to be quickly obeyed.

She came to him on her knees and he pressed her face down between his legs.

Her lips touched his hard bulge and even through his trousers she could sense his excitement.

"Take it out," he said.

She was quick to comply. She unzipped his trousers and reached inside. Her fingers discovered his prick bunched in his shorts and she worked to get it out. When it sprang free finally it brushed against her cheek, leaving a wet smear.

"Kiss it," he said. "Show me how much you appreciate what I did for you. Show me how much you want us to make our picture at your farm."

She wrapped her fingers around the stem of his throbbing tool and pressed her mouth to the cock-head. She tasted the salty flavor of his sperm.

"Good, baby," he said. "I think you have a natural talent for cock-sucking."

Maybe I might even use you in the movie."

She shivered as she thought of herself being fucked on the screen. She didn't think of the consequences of such an action. All she could think of now was the fiery heat between her thighs.

She opened her mouth wider and sucked in his cock-head. She hadn't used her tongue very much on the fat man but now she began to lick around the sensitive area of his cock-head.

He groaned softly and she felt her lips and tongue get sticky from his lubricating fluid.

"Touch my balls, baby," he urged her. "A man likes to have his balls played with when he's getting sucked. Ahhhh, baby, now you're getting the idea. Now suck it deep. Feel me deep in your throat."

She sucked his hard cock deep into her throat. She felt his cock-head throbbing against the muscles of her throat. She tasted a little wetness.

She was again filled with the hungry need to taste cum. She couldn't understand it but she knew she wanted him spurting in her mouth. Her mouth gobbled him feverishly and she used her tongue when she could.

"God, baby," he said. "God, it feels good. You're making me hot. Really hot.

You've got an educated mouth. A talented tongue!"

He started gasping for breath as she continued to work on his throbbing rod.

She felt Peter behind her. He was lifting her ass up high and positioning her cunt so that he could enter. She loved the feel of his strong hands grasping her asscheeks.

She trembled as she felt his thick cock pressed against her tender pussy. Two cocks at once seemed to be the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her.

She sucked Cullen's prick up all the way to his balls. Peter had his cock in his hand and he was rubbing the huge cock-head up and down her entrance. She was already spilling hot pussy juice.

She pressed back against him, trying to draw his thick prick up her cunt.

"Fuck her, Peter," Cullen said. "Show her what it feels like to have that big cock in her cunt. Show her what makes the ladies beg for more."

It happened so suddenly that she almost bit Cullen's cock. Peter gave a fierce shove and slammed his cock deep into her cunt.

It was fantastic. He went into places that she had never been fucked in before.

He fitted so snugly that she thought he was going to rip her cunt.

"God, she's sucking now," Cullen gasped. "She likes having that big old cock in her cunt. Fuck her hard, Peter. Fuck her so that she drinks my cock dry."

She would have drunk his cock dry anyway. She was hungry for his jism.

But having Peter in her cunt made things even more exciting. She pushed her ass back at him as he began to fuck her in short, savage strokes.

Cullen's fingers pulled at her hair. She was no longer in command and she was no longer sucking him. She couldn't do anything but hold still as his hips began to jerk.

He was mouth-fucking her as savagely as Peter was cunt-fucking her.

She could feel two sets of balls slapping against her chin and cunt. She could hear herself making soft gasping sounds as Cullen drove his rod into her mouth.

Cullen's hands dropped from her hair to her tits. She moaned deep in her throat as she felt his hands grasping her titties tightly, and running his thumb and forefinger over her aching nipples.

"Shit, baby," Cullen moaned. "I'm going to blow it in your mouth. I'm going to fill your hot mouth with my jism. I want you to swallow it, baby. I want you to drink my cum down like it's milk. Oh, I can feel it coming. I can feel it coming. SHIT, I'M COMINGGGG, SHITTTT!"

She was not afraid of his coming in her mouth. She went down on him all the way to his balls as she felt the first spurt of his jism pour into her throat.

His come was thick and it seemed to bum her throat like liquid fire as it went down. She kept sucking at him until she was sure there was no more left. Then she still did not release him. She used her mouth and tongue to lick him dry and make sure she didn't miss a single drop.

Having him come in her mouth was driving her up the wall. She was matching Peter's hard strokes with rhythmic jerks of her ass.

"Baby," Peter moaned. "Baby, you're so tight. It feels so good! I love your pussy. I love to put my cock deep inside you. I love you to move like that. Shit, I'm going to come. I'm going to fill your cunt with my cum. Get ready, baby. Get ready for ITTTTTT!"

She was only seconds behind him as his thrusting cock emptied his load into her pussy.

Spasms of hot excitement rocked her body and sent her higher than she had ever gone before. She was in a dreamy state when she quit coming, and she was hardly aware that the two men were getting dressed.

She became aware of the world again when Cullen handed her a handkerchief.

"Wipe your chin," Cullen said. "You've got cum on it."

She took his handkerchief and wiped the drop of his cum from her chin.

"You were fantastic, sugar," Peter said. "The best piece of ass I've had in a while. I think we'll be able to use you in the movie if you perform as well before the camera."

"I agree," Cullen said. "I see you feel tired, so I'll just leave your first week's rent on the counter."

We'll be setting up the equipment in the morning. The actors should be getting here soon."

She was barely aware of when they left. She could hardly move. She thought about going upstairs but decided against it. She remembered her supper just before she closed her eyes.

"The hell with it," she said dreamily, and drifted off into deep sleep.

CHAPTER THREE

The plump girl looked like she was about fourteen years old. She had short dark hair and an innocent expression. She wore a sweater and skirt that made her look like a high school cheerleader instead of the star of a porno movie.

Debbie had no idea who the girl was when she first saw her.

She was sitting on the front steps eating an apple, and she smiled when she saw Debbie getting out of the car.

"Hi," she said cheerily. "I'm Susan Kidd."

"How do you do," Debbie said. "Can I get you something? Are you selling something?"

The girl laughed and for the first time Debbie noticed the experience in her eyes.

"Didn't Cullen tell you I was coming?" she asked.

"Oh," Debbie said, startled. "So you're in the movie."

"I sure am," Susan said. "I hope you don't mind but I got hungry and I stole an apple. This place is sure out in the sticks."

"Yes," Debbie said. "It is. Well, come on in. I'll show you your room."

She had not quite gotten over her impression of the girl as a cheerleader. Yet there was confidence in the way she moved. Something that told Debbie that this young-looking girl knew how to move her body.

Debbie showed her up to the corner room that had been reserved for her.

It was good that Joe had picked a large house for there were six rooms needed for the actors and the technicians. Cullen would be staying in town.

"This is it," Debbie said. "I hope you like it."

"This is nice," Susan said. "It's a hell of a lot better than the dumps I've stayed in sometimes. Usually Cullen doesn't worry about where we stay."

"He doesn't?" Debbie questioned.

"No," she answered. "But we really can't complain. He pays us well."

Debbie realized she was staring at the plump young girl. She just couldn't get used to the idea that this girl acted in pornographic movies. She looked too sweet, too innocent. Like somebody's kid sister.

Susan smiled at her.

"Do I make you nervous?" Susan asked. "No," Debbie answered. "I mean, why should you?"

"I make a lot of people nervous," she explained. "They just can't believe that I act in fuck movies. That's why Cullen uses me. Because it's such a shock when I do this."

Before Debbie could say anything Susan reached down and grasped the

bottom of her sweater. She peeled it off her body in one rapid movement.

Debbie gasped.

The sweet innocent girl had suddenly been transformed into a walking sexpot. Susan was completely naked underneath and her large tanned tits were topped by huge nipples. Even as Debbie watched she could see the nipples grow hard.

"My God," Debbie said softly.

Susan pressed her lips and held her titties in her hands and lifted them toward Debbie.

The room was suddenly filled with sex. It was easy to see that this girl knew what to do with a cock. Debbie felt her heart begin to pound.

Then it was over and Susan was wearing her innocent face again. She picked up her sweater and pulled it back over her beautiful boobs. Debbie let out her breath with an audible sigh.

"Gets them every time," Susan laughed.

Debbie agreed that it certainly could get them every time. It had gotten

to her. She was suddenly in a hurry to be out of Susan's room. She wasn't sure what would happen if she stayed, but she didn't like the way she felt.

She was happy when the doorbell rang and it gave her an excuse to get away.

She opened the door and found herself face to face with a gigantic man. He had a black beard and an evil look to his face. She saw that his bulging arms were covered with tattoos. He was a frightening-looking man.

"I'm Max," he said. "Cullen sent me. He said you'd show me where to stay."

"Yes," Debbie said nervously. "I'll show you up the stairs."

Debbie was beginning to wonder about herself. She was still having mental pictures of Susan's tits, and it was making her feel strange.

Now she led this strange, bear-like man upstairs and she was having strange feelings about him too.

"What's happening to me?" Debbie asked herself softly.

She led Max into the small bedroom he would have alone. Cullen had made

sure that Max would have a room to himself. Over the phone Cullen had told her that Max was part animal in his feelings. He had been a member of a rough gang at one time and had been hit on the head one time too many.

Nobody dared stay in the same room with him.

Debbie watched him looking over his room, and she wondered why Cullen used him in movies.

Then she remembered how she had been fooled by Susan and she thought that Max probably had some specialty also.

"Do you like the room?" Debbie asked.

"It's a dump," he shrugged his shoulders. "But then I've stayed in worse."

The tone of his voice made her angry. She started to protest his use of the word dump. It certainly wasn't a dump. It was a nice room.

He felt the mattress on the small bed.

"Cullen tells me you're a widow," Max said.

"Yes," she said. "I am."

"Did you and your husband ever fuck on this bed?" he asked.

She had a feeling that she understood what Max was in the movie for. He had a way of making people angry and frightened. He was the kind of fantasy character that a woman dreamed would rape her. All animal muscle and little brains. All cock who would simply use a woman and discard her. Debbie was beginning to see why nobody cared to stay in the same room with him.

"I asked you a question," he said.

"I've got to go," Debbie said, ignoring him. "I'm sorry you don't like the room."

She started to leave and she saw the ugly look that came to his eyes.

"Come here," he said.

"I've really got to go," she insisted.

She got to the hall before he caught her. Debbie had never been so frightened. His rough hand closed over her arm in a steely grip.

"Don't run away from Max," he said. "Max doesn't like women who run away from him."

"Please let me go," she said.

She was trying to stay calm. She kept telling herself that he wouldn't try anything with Susan there. But she couldn't convince herself of that. There was something different about Max, something that wasn't natural.

"I want you to come back to the room," he said. "I want to talk some more."

"We can talk later," Debbie said. "Right now I have things to do. There are other guests coming and I have to get the evening meal ready. Cullen's going to pay me for doing the cooking so I really have to get started..."

"Come with me," he said.

He jerked her toward his room. Now she began to panic.

"I don't want to go with you," Debbie said. "Let me go. Please, I don't want to go with you. I'll scream if you keep pulling me."

He kept jerking her toward his room and she screamed. Susan came to the door. She had been taking a shower and she had a towel wrapped around her. Her dark eyes grew frightened.

"Max," she said. "Let her go. Don't hurt her. She's letting us stay here."

"I want her," Max said. "She's pretty. I want to fuck her ass off."

Susan dropped her towel. Her young body glistened wetly. She licked her lips invitingly.

"Come on, Max," she said softly. "Take it out on me. Come on in and fuck me. I can be good to you, Max. You know I can. I make them beg for more. Come on in here, Max."

For a moment Debbie thought that Max was going to let her go. She didn't see how the big man could refuse an offer like Susan had just made. In fact, Debbie was feeling strange herself looking at the young girl's beautiful body.

"No," Max said.

His strong grip tightened on Debbie's arm and he once more began

dragging her toward the bedroom.

"Susan," Debbie pleaded. "Help me."

Susan looked really frightened. "I can't, Debbie," she whispered. "He's got that crazy look in his eyes. He'll hurt you if you resist. Just let him do what he wants."

He pushed Debbie into the room and slammed the door behind him. Debbie's heart was pounding rapidly as she watched him grinning at her.

"Please let me go," she begged.

"Take off your clothes," he commanded. "I want to see if your cunt is as red as your hair. I bet it is. I bet you have pink pussy lips and red pussy hair and right now it's dripping wet just waiting for my cock."

"No, please," she said.

She backed up as far as the wall. When she felt her back press against the hard wood she stood still. She looked around frantically. There was no place for her to go. There was only one window and it was too small.

"Take off your clothes," he repeated. "I want to see you naked. You'll like

my cock. I've got a big one. It makes them scream for mercy. Get your fucking clothes off, bitch."

She trembled as she started undoing her blouse.

"I see you bitches all the time," he said, walking toward her. "You stuffy bitches in the supermarkets, driving around in fancy cars and looking like you're too good to know what a cock is for. Well you're going to find out this time, cunt. You're going to feel a real cock."

He was inches away from her as she finished the buttons of her blouse. He gave her no time to take it off. He reached out and grasped the material of her blouse in one meaty paw.

"Now I'll see them boobies," he said.

He tore the blouse fiercely off her shoulders. She wore a simple yellow bra that he wasted no time with. He grabbed it by the middle and the bra just seemed to come apart in his hands.

"Nice," he grinned, licking his lips. "Nice titties. Did your husband like to suck on them, bitch?"

She couldn't answer him. Her words caught in her throat. He grabbed her by the hair and slammed her fiercely against the wall. He slapped her cheek

savagely.

"Answer me, widow bitch," he shouted. "Did your husband like to suck on them? Did he bite them and kiss them? Did he like to feel them all the time?"

"Yes," she admitted.

His hand slipped under her skirt and roughly rubbed her panty-clad pussy lips.

"Like that?" he questioned. "All you bitches are alike. Get your clothes off and you go crazy for cock. A good woman needs to be fucked regularly. Every day."

His fingers crept beneath her panties and rubbed across her cunt. Even his rough fingers gave her a shivery feeling. She bit her lip as she felt one rough finger probing between her cuntlips.

"Feel good, cunt?" he asked. "I know it does. All you cunts like it."

His finger was rough and he hurt her, but he also excited her. She couldn't explain why if she'd had to. There was nothing sexy about him. He was completely animal and he even had an animal odor.

She knew she had to get away before he went any farther.

She quit struggling and seemed to relax against him. He gave a low laugh.

"Shit," he said. "I knew you'd like it. I knew you would. All you cunts are alike."

He gave a howl of rage and released her as she brought one knee up between his legs. He had been completely surprised and she had connected with a good, solid blow. He was no longer thinking about her cunt as he bent over in pain.

She was out the door and down the stairs in a few minutes. She wasn't sure where she was going except that she wasn't coming back until Max could be controlled.

She realized she didn't have her keys as she slipped into the front seat of her car.

"Bitch!" Max screamed, and she saw him coming out the door.

"Oh damn it to hell," she said softly.

She couldn't get out of the car before he was upon her. His left arm went around her waist and his right arm squeezed one of her naked breasts.

"Bitch," he said softly. "Now you're really going to get it. You fucking bitch. Try to break my balls."

He grabbed the back of her head and forced her down to her knees beside the car. She kept trying to struggle free and he grew impatient with her.

He took hold of her hair and jerked her to her feet. He began slapping her hard in the face. His rough hand left red prints all over her skin.

"Stop," she moaned. "Please stop."

He wouldn't stop. He let go of her hair and began hitting her with both his hands. He never actually closed his hands into fists. He gave her open-faced slaps that knocked her about.

He took the waist of her skirt and ripped it off her. She was naked except for her pale blue panties. He started squeezing her titties again until she was crying in pain and humiliation.

"Axe you done with your goddamn fighting?" he asked her.

"Yes," she sobbed. "I won't fight you anymore."

"You'll do as I say," he said.

"Yes," she moaned.

"Get on your knees," he said. "Get on your knees and take my cock out. Suck it hard. Give the best goddamn blowjob you've ever given anybody. Suck on it like it's an all-day sucker that you can't wait to enjoy."

She was still sobbing as she dropped her knees in front of him. She pressed her face against his crotch and kissed his bulge through his dirty trousers.

"Take it out," he commanded.

She unzipped him and reached her trembling hand inside for his stiff prick. He did have a big one. Big and thick and covered with blue veins. It was an ugly prick, but it was also an exciting one.

"Suck it, bitch," he said. "And while you're sucking think about all your friends who could ride by. Think about them seeing you on your knees

sucking my cock. Think about it, bitch!"

She opened her mouth and sucked in his prick deep into her throat. She almost gagged on him.

His thickness filled her throat and he had a strong odor.

"Ummm," he said. "The stuffy little widow bitch can suck cocks when she tries. Use your tongue like that. You got a crazy hot mouth, cunt. Like putting your cock in boiling water but much nicer. Much, much nicer."

He became longer and thicker in her mouth. She had to hollow her cheeks to keep his monster prick in. She was shocked at the sudden excitement she felt.

She kept telling herself that she couldn't be enjoying sucking his cock. Not when he had beaten her and forced her on her knees. Not when he was such an animal.

But even as her mind protested she was squeezing her thighs together.

"I'm hard, bitch," he said. "My prick's hard. Now let it go and bend your ass over that car. And get them fucking panties off. I want to fuck the shit out of you."

"Please," she whispered, releasing his cock with a soft plop from between her lips. "Let's go inside. Please, I'll let you do what you want to me, but let's go inside."

"Get your fucking panties off," he yelled. "I'm tired of waiting."

She knew it was no use arguing with him. He wanted to abuse her and humiliate her. Perhaps that was the fun of his sex. Perhaps he liked to treat women as if they were animals and hear them beg.

There was nothing she could do but agree.

She stood up and stripped her panties off. He tore them out of her hands and stuffed them into his pocket.

"A little momento," he said, leering.

He told her to bend over the car. She pressed her face against the cool metal of the car. She felt her titties flattened so that her sensitive nipples rubbed raw.

"Put your hands behind you," he said. "Spread your asscheeks so I can see your cunt."

There were still tears in her eyes as she reached behind her and grasped her asscheeks. She pulled them apart for him, knowing that her luscious pussy mound was now completely exposed.

She felt one of his fingers brush against her cuntlips.

"Pink lips," he said. "Such beautiful pink lips. And that red hair. I knew it would be bushy and red. Susan's got a hairy cunt and so's Julie, but yours is really hairy. I like a hairy cunt. A hairy widow's cunt!"

She felt his weight against her. His hard cock poked against her inner thigh and left a wet streak.

"Get ready for it, cunt," he said. "I'm going to give you a real fucking this time. A real hard fucking!"

She shivered as he took his hard cock in his hand and rubbed the huge head up and down her pussy lips.

He shoved and his cock-head went partially into her. He still had his thick cock in his fingers and he began to push it up and down so that it was rubbing against all the walls of her cunt.

She felt a shivery excitement take hold of her.

It wasn't fair that she should be feeling betrayed by her body's needs.

She didn't want his cock. She didn't want him to fuck her. Her mind rebelled at the idea. He was ugly and dirty and repulsive.

And yet her hips had started moving, as if her pussy was trying to draw more of his thick cock inside her.

"Oh God," she said softly.

He pushed harder and his thickness seemed to fill her cunt, but still he wasn't completely inside her. He leaned completely against her and wormed his hands between her and the car.

His brutal hands grasped her tits hard.

He gave a savage shove and his cock went all the way into her. She was filled by him. She could feel his balls resting against her, she could even feel her cuntal muscles working on the thick cock-head.

"No," she moaned, but she knew that she really didn't want him to stop.

He began to move in and out of her cunt with an easy pace. She had expected him to be rougher and his gentleness surprised her. But then he began to shove harder and his cock felt as if he was tearing into her stomach.

"Oooh," she moaned. "Ooooooh God, stop!"

Again she didn't mean what she was saying, and she knew he realized it.

She couldn't have wanted him to stop so badly because her pussy was coming back to meet his every deep thrust, and soft gasps were coming from her throat.

There was no doubt left in her mind that he was a capable cocksman. At times he fucked her rapidly with brutal, deep thrusts and then, when her fires started boiling, he would slow the pace down.

All the time his fingers caressed her nipples and worked her swollen titty-flesh until her tits were burning with desire.

She was getting ready again and she felt him slow the pace down. It was sheer torture. Her every nerve screamed for release. She couldn't stand it any longer.

"Let me come," she begged him.

"What did you say?" he laughed.

"Let me come," she said loudly. "Please, God, let me come. I'm burning up. I can't stand it anymore. Fuck harder and let me come. Please let me come."

She jumped as he gave another brutal thrust and let his cock remain inside her. She pushed back against him. She reached behind her and touched his balls.

"Let me come," she begged again. "Please let me come."

He laughed loudly and began his savage thrusts again. This time she knew he was not stopping. She squeezed his balls as he slammed into her harder with each thrust.

"Jesus," she groaned. "Oh Jesus, you're making me come. I'm coming. It feels so good. I'm coming. Oh God, I love it! I want to come so badly. I need it. OH GOD, I LOVE COMINGGGGGG!"

She gave his balls a hard squeeze as her pussy juices flooded his deeply imbedded cock.

She thought he would come inside her, but he did not. She felt him withdrawing his thick cock.

"Turn around, pussy," he said. "Get back down on your knees."

She turned around and sank once more on her knees between his legs. She lifted her head to stare at the blood-filled cockhead with the sperm-covered eye just inches from her face.

"Take it in your hand," he directed. She laced her fingers around the stem. She thought he wanted to be sucked and she tried to bring his cock down to her lips. She was hungry for him now. It didn't matter that he had raped her and hurt her. He was a man with a cock and she was hungry for his thick jism.

"No," he directed her. "Just stroke me up and down. That's right. Just beat it. Look into the eye.

I'm going to come all over your face. All my sticky jism in your hair and on your face. I want you to open your mouth a little so that some goes in your mouth."

She couldn't have turned away if she'd wanted to. She was transfixed by the cum-drenched eye that stared at her. Under the touch of her fingers

his cock trembled and jumped. She knew in moments he was going to be exploding in her face.

"A cum bath," he said. "I'm going to give you a cum bath. I'm going to streak you with it, cunt."

He moved closer so that his cock was barely away from her cheek. He brushed up against her cheek and she felt a wet smear there.

He backed away a little so that his cock waited above her like a sword waiting to strike.

"Open your mouth," he said.

She parted her lips slightly.

"Now hold me tighter," he groaned. "That's right. Move your hand faster. Faster. I'm going to give you a bath. A cum bath."

She licked her wet lips and that was when he exploded in a thick stream of cum. She felt the wetness on her cheeks and in her hair. She tasted his salty juice against the tip of her tongue. She even felt wetness against her nipples.

He took her hand away from his cock and wrapped his own stubby fingers around it.

He bent over and began to rub the tip of his cock all over her. She could feel the sticky cum on her everywhere he touched. Finally he placed it at her lips and made her suck him clean.

"There," he said, after a while. "That was nice. I think I'll take a bath now."

He left her sitting on her knees, covered with his jism.

CHAPTER FOUR

"You know, Debbie," Cullen said. "I have a suspicion that a policeman might be out today."

Debbie looked up from the sink, where she'd been washing dishes. She'd spoken no more than ten words to Cullen since the episode with Max.

Cullen had done nothing to Max for his brutal rape, and that had angered Debbie. Yet, she wasn't about to kick them out. The money was too good.

However, she had nothing to do with the movie. She didn't even go out

while it was being filmed. Being around Susan made her uncomfortable.

"What has that to do with me?" Debbie asked, as she dried off her hands.

"A lot," Cullen explained. "I'm afraid that the people in town are beginning to wonder exactly what is going on out here. I don't think they'd like the idea of us making a porno movie."

"You could make up some story," Debbie said.

"That's true," Cullen agreed, "but the problem with that is they might not believe my story. They might want to keep hanging around until they discover the truth. What we need is some way to buy them off."

"Bribe them to be quiet?" Debbie asked.

"That's it, exactly," Cullen said.

Debbie thought about his suggestion. Something like that might work with Sheriff Colby, but he very seldom went anywhere anymore. More than likely it would be the intense young Tom Kidder who came.

"I don't think you could bribe Tom Kidder," she said. "He's one of those

deputies dedicated to truth. An offer of money would make him mad."

"I wasn't thinking of money," Cullen said softly.

Debbie had to think for a moment before she realized what he meant.

"Ummm," Debbie said. "Yes, that might work. Susan is a sexy girl. He'd probably go for her in a big way. That might do the trick."

"I wasn't thinking of Susan," Cullen said.

The only other girl who was in the movie was Julia. Julia was a large-titted blonde whose specialty was deep throat. Debbie didn't like her very much.

"You mean Julia?" Debbie questioned. "No, I think you would do better with Susan. I don't think Julia's his type. He's one of those who goes for the sweet type."

"Like yourself," Cullen said. "A young widow who has just lost her husband. I'm sure he would provide a warm shoulder to cry on, and you could keep him out of here for a few days until we finish filming."

"Me?" Debbie questioned. "You mean you want me to seduce Tom?"

"Yes," Cullen said. "You'd be perfect. Besides, I think he goes for you."

"I don't think so," Debbie said coldly. "I don't go around doing things to young men."

"Don't be an ass, Debbie," Cullen said. "I know you're still mad about what happened with Max. Maybe he was a little rough, but he didn't mark you any and you know you enjoyed the hell out of it."

"That's not true," Debbie lied. "And I won't play whore just to keep your picture going. I've got enough money to live on a while from the two weeks you've been paying me for. I don't need you that badly."

"Yes, you do," Cullen said softly. "You need me very badly, but you just don't know it."

"The hell with you and your picture," Debbie said. "Get Susan to do your fucking for you."

She expected Cullen to get angry, but instead he smiled. She didn't like the way he smiled. It made her feel strange.

"Come here, Debbie," he said.

She could have refused. There was nothing frightening in his tone or manner. Instead she put down her towel and walked to him.

He put one hot hand on her thigh just at the point where her skirt ended.

"You're a beautiful woman, Debbie," he said. "A lonely woman. You're mad because we haven't been able to give you the fucking we promised."

"No," Debbie said.

His hand crept beneath her skirt and up her thighs. She shivered as she felt his fingers softly caressing her inner thighs.

"You need us, Debbie," Cullen said softly. "You need to help us stay around for a while. There might even be others who come to use your farm. Good locations are hard to find."

His fingers slipped between the fabric of her panties and her bare skin.

"Ooooh," Debbie groaned.

His fingers gently prodded the petals of her pussy and then slipped inside. She closed her legs together tightly on his finger.

"You know you like it, Debbie," Cullen said. "And just think how much fun it'll be to seduce Tom. Think about sucking his jism up into your mouth. That's what you love, Debbie. A good cock to suck and another in your pussy. Isn't that when you had the most fun? When Peter and I had you?"

"Yes," Debbie admitted.

He stopped the delicious movement of his finger just as it touched her swollen clit.

"Please," she said. "Don't stop. Don't stop now."

"Are you going to do as I ask?" Cullen asked. "Are you going to fuck Tom so good that he doesn't give a damn what we do out here."

"Yes," Debbie moaned. "Yes, I'll do anything."

She heard the sound of his zipper as he released his cock. Her hand reached immediately for him. She liked the feel of his rubbery flesh between her fingers.

"Oh God," she moaned. "Your finger is driving me crazy. I'm getting so hot down there."

She grasped his cock tightly and began to move her hand up and down. She felt him get harder and her fingers got a little sticky from his pre-cum.

He got two fingers between her panties and into her boiling cunt. She spread her legs wider so that his fingers could go deeper, but that still wasn't enough.

She released him and stepped back.

"Oh Cullen," she moaned. "I've got to get my panties off. I need your cock in me so bad. I need you to fuck me, Cullen. I need to be fucked with your big cock. I'm so fucking hot, Cullen."

She kept talking to him as she pulled her flimsy panties down her legs.

She quickly sank down to her knees and pressed her full lips against the head of Cullen's prick. She tasted his lubricating juice on the tip of her tongue. She licked at him until she could taste no more.

She slipped into his lap and put her hand between them. She found his ramrod hard cock and she pressed it against her burning cunthole.

"Oh Cullen," she moaned.

She was facing away from Cullen and she tried to get turned around.

Instead she felt Cullen pushing his cock into her cunt from behind.

"God, Cullen," she cried. "That's good. That feels good. Oh Cullen!"

He slammed his thick rod completely into her and she sighed with relief.

"That feels so good," she said. "I love it. Oh fuck me, Cullen. Fuck me hard. Put your hard prick in me as far as you can. Fuck me, Cullen!"

She knew it didn't seem natural for her to get so hot so quickly, but she couldn't deny that Cullen's cock was sending delicious pleasure all over her body.

She felt his hands go around her waist and she was tugged back against him.

His hands went underneath her blouse and under her flimsy bra to cup her titties. She moaned and pushed her titties hard against his hands. Her

nipples became painfully hard.

"That's nice," she cried. "Oh that's so nice. You do know how to make me happy, Cullen. You know how to make me beg for more."

"Of course, baby," Cullen said.

She began to bounce rapidly on his cock as he squeezed her titties. Her cuntal muscles worked on the stiff prick that invaded her. She tried to press down harder each time to get more of his thick prick within her.

"I love it, Cullen," she screamed. "I love it!"

He was also groaning and his hips were rising in savage strokes. She could hear his balls slapping against her and it was like sweet music.

She heard the kitchen door open and the big-titted blonde came in.

"Well," Julia said. "That looks real nice."

Debbie was ashamed of being like this in front of Julia, but she knew she couldn't stop. She knew the blonde could read the look of pure pleasure that was in her eyes.

"Jesus," Cullen said. "I'm going to come. I'm going to blow my wad in your cunt. Oh Jesus, baby, it feels good. Here I come. HERE I COMEEEEEE!"

He squirted thickly into her and she pressed down to take every delicious drop.

Her own climax followed seconds later and made her scream with delight.

"Nice," Julia said. "We should have gotten that on camera."

Debbie got a little red-faced, but she couldn't hide the fact that she had enjoyed the hell out of Cullen's fucking her.

Debbie was right about it being the deputy who came to check things out.

She watched him step out of his car and place his hat carefully on his head. Debbie had known Tom since their school days. He was a good-looking young man who had been a year behind her in school.

She'd always known that he had a fantastic crush on her, but that had only been amusing to her.

Now she knew she was going to have to use that crush to get him to look the other way about the movie.

He brushed at an imaginary speck on his shirt as he strode across the yard.

"Hello Tom," Debbie said sweetly. "What brings you out here?"

He was looking at her lustfully, but she'd known he would because she had dressed especially for the meeting.

She had showered and perfumed herself and put on the tightest pair of shorts she owned. Her asscheeks were plainly visible because she wore no panties. Her halter top was cut dangerously low so that her creamy flesh bulged out almost to her nipples.

He cleared his throat nervously.

"Sheriff asked me to stop," Tom said. "We've had some complaints."

"You have?" Debbie asked innocently. "About what?"

"Well," he answered. "It's kind of hard to talk to you about. Mrs. Baxter next door was driving by the other day and she claims she saw a naked

woman being chased by a big ugly man. She says she thought the woman was you."

"Me?" Debbie asked. "Of course it wasn't me."

"Well," he said. "There have been rumors of something going on out here. A lot of strange people seen about. You're not in some kind of trouble are you, Debbie?"

"No," Debbie laughed. "I can explain the people and everything."

She saw that this was going to be tougher than she had figured. He was lusting after her, but there was suspicion in his eyes. He knew there was something going on, and he was determined to find out what it was.

"I'll tell you what," Debbie said. She took his arm and started pulling him along toward the edge of the wooded glade. "Let's walk down by the stream and I'll explain everything to you."

"Well, I'm kind of in a hurry," he said.

"Aw, come on," Debbie urged. "It's too nice a day to be going around in a stuffy old patrol car."

He had stopped but she pressed close to him. She knew he felt her warm tit pressed against his side. That changed his mind.

"Okay," he said. "But only for a little while."

"I promise we'll only stay as long as you want," Debbie said. "But a walk will do you good."

They entered the wooded glade and walked to where the stream cut through a mound of soft grass.

"It's nice here," she said. "Joe and I used to walk here a lot."

She was looking at him out of the corner of her eyes and she saw his expression of sympathy. She knew what he was thinking. Poor, lonely widow woman. And that was only one thought away from giving her comfort.

But he still had enough policeman in him to ask her a question.

"What about the guests?" he asked.

"They're making a movie," she said.

"What kind of movie has a naked woman running around?" Tom asked.

She sighed. She was going to have to seduce him quickly before he had time to think.

"Let's sit down," she suggested.

He didn't argue as she pulled him down beside her. His holstered gun poked her side. She leaned closer to him so that he could smell her perfume.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" she asked him. "I mean, I'm so lonely out here and nobody would give me a job after Joe died. I wouldn't have made it if they hadn't come along."

"I understand that," he said. "But they can't make a dirty movie out here."

"But it'll just be a little while longer," she pleaded. "I need the money they pay me."

She saw it in his eyes that he was going to kiss her and she almost laughed. She was glad she didn't, because she knew that Tom was the serious type about everything.

His lips brushed lightly against hers and he drew back quickly.

"I'm sorry, Debbie," he said. "I know I shouldn't have done that."

"Why not?" She asked. "I told you that I get so lonely out here."

This time she kissed him fiercely, slightly parting her lips so that her tongue could brush against his closed mouth. He was still hesitant and she grabbed his hand. She placed his palm against one of her tits.

"Ooooh," she moaned. "I really do get lonely without a man around."

He couldn't control himself any longer.

He gave a soft cry and pushed her back against the bank. She felt his hands going over her body, caressing and fondling her as if he had never touched a woman before.

"Debbie," he breathed. "Oh God, Debbie."

She was surprised at the heat of his passion. She'd known that he was hot for her but she expected him to be able to control himself a little better.

But he was almost frantic as he tore at her clothes. He got her halter pulled up to expose her jutting mounds. His lips brushed across one nipple and she moaned.

She grasped him by the hair and pulled his face back to her titties.

"Suck them, Tom," she moaned. "Suck them. Bite them. Do what you want."

He went crazy with his hips and tongue. Her nipples got hard as his tongue caressed her and then he was sucking in more of her creamy flesh deep into her throat. She cooed softly and stroked his hair.

"Oh Tom," she moaned. "Your lips feel so good on me. I love for you to do that. You're really turning me on. I love it!"

Her words encouraged him and he began to suck harder and to give her nipples gentle little bites that increased her excitement.

"Ummm, Tom," she groaned.

She slid her hand down his side and felt his gun. She slipped her hand between their bodies and she traced the outline of his crotch with her fingertips.

She felt him tense as he felt her hand down there. He pushed against her in a dry hump.

"God, Tom," she said. "You're so hot. You're making me hot for it."

He continued to suck her titties while his strong hands went underneath her buttocks. He began to squeeze her soft asscheeks.

"Oh Tom," she whispered. "You're driving me crazy. I want your cock in me. I need it bad."

She fumbled with his zipper, but she got it undone. She was beginning to get as hot as he was.

She reached her hand inside and found his throbbing cock. She laced her fingers around his cock and pulled it out of his trousers.

"Tom," she groaned. "Tom, take off my shorts."

"My pussy's so hot. Take off my shorts."

He found the zipper of her shorts and undid them. He peeled them down

her legs and she kicked them off. He didn't bother to undress anymore. He just fell between her legs and placed his cock at the entrance to her cunt.

"Yes," she cried. "Yes, Tom, put it in me. Drive your big old cock in me."

He wasted no time. Perhaps he sensed that she was already dripping wet between her legs. He thrust into her with a savage movement that drove his throbbing member into her cunt all the way to his balls.

"Oh Tom," she groaned.

She had never been with a man as impatient as Tom. He pulled his cock half out and drove it fiercely back into her again.

Then he began to fuck her in and out with savage, short strokes.

She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his driving buttocks and pressed her arms around his back. She pulled him tighter against her so that her titties were flattened against his chest.

She sensed that he wouldn't be able to last long with such driving desire, but she also sensed that he was trying not to come too soon.

She started whispering in his ear.

"Come on, baby," she said. "You don't have to worry about me. You don't have to get me off. Just drive that big old cock into me and fill w with your cum. Just keep fucking me, honey. Fuck me as hard as you want."

It was unlike any fucking she had ever experienced. He seemed so intense as he drove his cock into her. She felt his balls slapping hard against her.

She could feel the rough fabric of his clothes and she heard the creaking of his holster.

"Come," she whispered. "Come in me. Fill me up with your sweet cum. That's what a woman is made for. That's what I was made for. To have cum in me. Your cum. Fill me up, sugar. Fill me with your cum!"

He increased his tempo and she knew he was about to come in her.

She used her cuntal muscles on him, and he screamed in delicious pleasure.

"That's right," she moaned. "Give it to me. Fill me up. I can feel your squirting in me. Oh, it's so much. It's so much. Fill me up, Tom. Fill me up! God, you're still squirting. Where did you get so much? Oh Jesus, Tom. Oh Jesus!"

He fell against her as the last thick drop was drained from the end of his cock. She had never felt so filled up by cum. He must have had a gallon of jism!

She got an idea into her head that she couldn't get rid of. She waited until he had rolled off of her until she asked him.

"Tom," she said. "Was I your first woman?"

Tom looked sheepish.

"No," he said. "Course not."

But she knew he was lying. She suddenly knew that she was the first woman that Tom had ever fucked. It was impossible to believe that such a thing could be true of a good-looking boy like Tom.

She had seen the hungry look that some of the girls had given him and she knew he had had plenty of opportunities to get into some choice panties. Surely he couldn't have had it so bad for her that he didn't have any interest in other women.

She knew she didn't know the answer to that question and she knew that

she would never ask him. But she suddenly felt very warm and tender toward him.

"Tom," she said softly. "I want to do something special for you."

"What?" he asked.

"Something you'll like," she said. "Something really nice for you."

She rolled over and put her fingers gently against his limp cock. She had the feeling his cock wouldn't stay limp for a while.

"Let's go back up to the house," she said. "I promise you something good."

All suspicion was forever gone from his eyes.

CHAPTER FIVE

"My God," Tom said breathlessly.

She had brought Tom to the bam because she knew that's where they were filming.

She had not really looked into the barn since the production had started. Cullen smiled when they entered.

"We're shooting a farmer's daughter scene," Cullen explained.

That was when Tom spoke, for he saw Susan.

Susan was on a bale of hay. She was entirely naked and her beautiful body glistened with sweat. Her mouth was greedily gobbling on Peter's prick and Max's prick was deeply buried in her cunt.

Debbie touched Tom's shoulder and found him tense.

"It's all right," she said soothingly. "It's just a movie. Nobody's hurting her."

"My God," Tom said again. "I've never seen anything like this. Never."

Debbie was trying to sound casual but she had not seen anything like it either.

Soft moans escaped Max's throat and his thick balls slapped loudly

against Susan. Debbie shuddered as she remembered those same balls slapping against her.

She felt Tom's fingers gently caressing her thigh. He was getting turned on by what he was watching. She understood that. She was feeling a warmth between her own thighs.

Peter jerked his cock from Susan's mouth and exploded in a geyser of white cum against her lips and throat. Susan sucked in as much of the thick jism as she could control.

"Jesus," Tom said. His hand clutched tightly at her silky thigh.

"Does that turn you on?" Debbie asked him. "Does having your cock sucked turn you on?"

"Oh Jesus," he said.

"You just wait," Debbie said. "Wait until I get my lips around your rod."

She almost laughed because she saw the sudden movement in his trousers. It hadn't taken much for his cock to get rock stiff once more.

She ran her fingertips gently over his bulge and he groaned softly.

Max was driving his cock into Susan more rapidly. Susan was softly groaning. Max gave a cry and slammed his thick piece of meat one last time into her quivering pussy.

"OH FUCK!" Susan yelled.

"God, she's a good actress," Tom said.

Debbie felt her pussy lips quiver. She still had that strange feeling about Susan that she didn't understand. She knew she couldn't be interested in Susan as a sex partner. That was just too scary a thought. But she did know one thing for sure and that was that Susan was not acting. Nobody could be that good.

The expression on her angelic face was pure sex, and Debbie knew she had really come. Nobody could shake like that without experiencing orgasm.

Tom's hand was now between her legs. He was rubbing her pussy lips roughly.

"Well," Cullen said. "That makes it for a while. We've got one more scene to shoot tonight and that'll be the one by the stream. Julia's already out

there and ready, so let's get moving."

For the first time Debbie noticed the others in the room. She hadn't thought much about the cameras, but now she saw that there were three of them and three cameramen.

"Will you two be all right?" Cullen asked, smiling.

Debbie gave him a pouty look.

"I think we will," Debbie said. "We're just going upstairs."

Tom offered no resistance when she took his hand and led him out of the barn. She pulled him along as they entered the house and went up to her bedroom. She remembered that she hadn't made love in this bed since Joe had died.

Tom was the perfect one to try it out again.

"Come on," Debbie said. "Let's get you out of those stuffy clothes."

Tom looked nervous, but he wasted no time in stripping off his uniform. Debbie looked at his body admiringly. He had a broad chest with a soft mat

of chest hairs. He was slender but wiry-looking.

His cock stood straight out in front of him and she could not resist the impulse to suck him.

She had stripped off her halter and shorts and she sank down between his legs. She kissed the tip of his cock softly and flicked her tongue at the tiny eye.

She tasted his salty fluids.

He held it in his hand while he moved the head up and down her soft cheeks, leaving a wet trail. She felt his cockhead pressed against her eyes and it was an exciting feeling. He moved down until his cock was pressed firmly against her lips once again.

She opened her mouth and sucked the cockhead between her lips. Her teeth nipped at him and she began a gentle chewing that drove him wild.

His fingers tugged at her hair and she could tell he wanted to force her farther down on his prick.

She grabbed his thick cock with one hand while she fondled his balls with the other. He could stand it no longer and he pushed at the back of her

head. She went down on him, sucking his stiffness deep into her throat.

She allowed her throat muscles to relax and his huge cockhead seemed to slip even farther into her throat.

"Jesus," he groaned. "Oh Jesus, that feels good, Debbie. Oh Christ!"

She laughed as she used her tongue to work over the ridge behind the huge cockhead. He was extremely sensitive there and he lost all control. He grasped her head with both his hands and shoved her down. Then he pulled her back up in a bobbing motion.

He started to violently mouth-fuck her, which was what she wanted all along. She was almost consumed by the desire to taste his warm jism in her throat, to swallow his thick semen as it spurted into her.

"Oh Jesus," he said. "I can't control myself. I'm going to come."

He tried to pull her away, but she wouldn't move.

"Oh Jesus CHRIST!" he yelled, and his thick jism spurted hotly into her throat. She swallowed quickly but he had almost as much as he'd had before. She felt some of it dripping from the corners of her mouth to her chin.

"Ummm," she said, pulling her mouth away. "You sure carry a load, officer."

He looked a little shy so she wrapped her lips back around him again and sucked hard. She swallowed the rest of his cum and licked him clean.

Her pussy was hot as hell and she looked up at him with a soft smile on her face. "Come to the bed," she said. "I don't think I can do it again," he protested. "You'd better," she said.

She grabbed his cock and pulled him to the bed. She pushed him down on his back and she bent over him. She licked his nipples and then dropped her face back to his crotch.

A few soft kisses and she could feel the gentle stir of his prick coming to life again. She gave him another admiring look.

"Lord, you are a stud," she said.

She pulled the bulbous head of his cock between her lips and kissed the tiny slit. He groaned as she continued to lick around his crown. This time his cock took longer but her light kisses and gentle sucking brought him erect. She lifted her head and gave him a look of victory.

"See," she said. "I knew you weren't done. I bet a stud like you could

manage to go all night long."

"Oh Jesus," he groaned.

She laughed at his painful comment.

"Ummm," she said. "You feel so stiff in my fingers. Just ready for my pussy. You'll be dripping soon. My cunt is hot for it. So hot. Come on and fuck me."

She lay back and spread her legs wide. She knew she was giving him a vulgar view of her dripping cuntlips and she knew that excited him.

His cock jumped in her fingers as she pulled him toward her.

"Suck my titties first," she pleaded. "Suck on my tits. I need your hot mouth around my flesh. I'm burning up for your kisses."

He bent his head and touched his lips to her tender flesh. She groaned and arched her back so that she was pushing more of her titty-flesh into his hot mouth. God, it was fine.

"Use your tongue," she pleaded. "Rub your tongue over my nipples. Ahhh, that's it. That's the way. Bite them a little. Harder. My God, that feels nice!

You really know how to suck on a girl's titties."

Her words got him more interested in sucking her. His mouth made loud slurping noises as he worked on her flesh. Gentle nips across her nipples kept sending little tingles up her spine.

"Nice," she groaned. "Oh, that's so nice. Now put a pillow under my ass. Raise me up high so you can get your cock in really deep."

Her hips were writhing against the bed as he reached for a pillow. He clutched her ass and lifted her up as she slid the pillow underneath her. She spread her legs wide for his benefit.

"Hurry," she moaned. "I need your cock in me. I want to feel you fucking me. I'm so hot in my pussy. I want to feel your hard cock stretching my cunt. Put it in me. Put your big rod in me."

He stretched over her body so that his cock was at the right position to enter her.

She grabbed him and pulled him tight. She blew hotly in his ear.

"Now put it in me, baby," she whispered.

He thrust hard and his thick cock went deep into her. She gasped as she felt him stretch her cunt apart. He was in so deep. Deeper than she had expected.

He started his short, savage strokes.

"Wait," she moaned. "Wait a moment."

But again he was filled with impatience and he thrust savagely into her. She couldn't control him. In a moment she didn't want to control him. His thrusting rod was lighting fires deep inside.

She began to match his every thrust.

"That's it, baby," she cried. "You're so deep! That's it! I love it! Keep fucking me like that! Keep driving that beautiful cock into me! I love it! I love it! God, I love your fucking cock!"

His hot lips pressed against hers and his tongue thrust deep in her mouth. She met his tongue-thrust with her own hot tongue.

Their tongues touching increased their excitement.

"Oh God, I'm coming," Debbie yelled, breaking away from his probing

tongue. "I feel so crazy. You're making me tingle all over. I'm coming! Shit, I'm coming. Oooooooooh FUCKKKKKKK!"

At the same moment she felt his cock spurting thick jism into her cunt. She wrapped her legs tightly around and drained him dry.

"Oh God," he said. "God!"

They were exhausted and it took them both a long while before they could move again. Finally Tom got up and put his clothes back on. He was looking a little sheepish again.

"Tom," Debbie said.

"Yes," Tom said.

"What are you going to tell the Sheriff?"

"I'll tell him that nothing important is going on out here," Tom said.
"Nothing at all. You just have a few guests staying with you. Old friends."

She smiled at him and spread her thighs so that he was looking into the pink lips of her pussy, covered with his creamy froth.

He swallowed nervously.

"You know you're welcome back anytime at all you want to come," Debbie said. "And I do mean come."

She laughed at her own pun.

"Anytime?" he asked.

She gave him a pouty look and touched her cunt. She touched his cum and brought her finger to her lips.

"Does that answer your question?" she asked.

He left with a red face and her laughter followed him down the hall. She knew she meant what she had told him. He was welcome anytime he wanted to visit because he really was a stud. His cock had filled her up.

She heard the front door slam. Someone was coming up the stairs. She remained where she was. She didn't have the energy to move.

"Peter," Susan was saying. "Stop that. Didn't you get enough today?"

"I never get enough," Peter said. "Never. How about stopping off in your room?"

"You're crazy," Susan said.

Debbie couldn't see them yet, but she heard Susie giggle and then a low moan.

"Oh Peter, not here in the hall," Susan protested. "Stop that. Oh Peter, how do you stay hard so long? Peter!"

They came into view of Debbie's room. Susan had her clothes half off and her fingers were laced around Peter's jutting hard cock.

"Oh hi," Susan said. "I see you had fun."

She felt no shame at seeing them. She didn't even try to close her legs. Instead she smiled at them both.

"It was nice," she admitted.

Peter's eyes were fixed between Debbie's legs and Debbie realized he

was hot for her. His cock trembled in Susan's hand.

"Ummm," Susan said. "Why don't we make it a threesome?"

Debbie felt her heart begin to pound. She had ideas of what a threesome would be like. It would involve being close to Susan, perhaps touching her. Debbie's mouth parted slightly.

"Look at her," Peter said. "She's staring. Susan, I think she's got the hots for you."

"That right, Debbie?" Susan asked. "Have you got the hots for me?"

"No," Debbie said. "No, that's not true."

Susan shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh well," she said. "It might have been fun. Well, come on, Peter. It'll be nice anyway."

Debbie heard Susan giggle again as they went up the stairs. She heard Susan's door slam. A few minutes later there was the obvious sound of bed springs creaking.

"They sure didn't waste any time," Debbie said softly.

But she was thinking about what Peter had said. Did she have the hots for Susan? She hoped it was just appreciation of the girl's exciting body. She couldn't be lusting after a member of her own sex. That was really dirty.

Debbie found it hard to sleep that night.

CHAPTER SIX

"We're getting ready to shoot our last few scenes," Cullen said at the breakfast table. "We'd like you to be in one segment. We're really in need of another pretty girl. Someone with that innocent-housewife look like you've got.

Debbie had known that Cullen was going to ask her to act in one scene and she hadn't really been sure of how she was going to react. Part of her wanted to do it and part of her didn't.

"You'll get a little extra money," Cullen pointed out.

It wasn't really the money that made her hesitate. Cullen had paid her enough so that she could live for a while. Only her feelings of decency

stopped her.

She picked the last dish out of the sink and carefully wiped it dry.

"It might open up other possibilities for you," Cullen pointed out. "After all, the money I pay you won't last forever. You'll need some income eventually and a good porn actress can always get work."

"Yes," she said absently. "That's probably true."

But it still wasn't the money she was thinking about, or the possible job opportunities she might get. She was thinking about the fact that she would be on screen having sex in a film that would be shown all over the country.

All those horny men in dingy movie houses lusting after her and getting their trousers sticky as their cocks exploded in their trousers.

That was an exciting thought, and that excitement made up her mind for her.

"Well," Cullen said. "Will you do it?"

"Yes," Debbie agreed. "I think I will do it."

Immediately Debbie felt a warmth coming over her body. She was getting hot just thinking about it. Her hands trembled as she emptied the sink.

She caught a glimpse of herself in the water and her face was flushed.

Yes, the thought of doing it on the screen was exciting'. Very exciting!

"When do we begin?" Debbie asked.

"Right away," Cullen said. "Or at least as soon as I can get the cameras set up."

"Will I be with Peter?" Debbie asked.

Already she could almost feel his strong hands touching her. She remembered how long and hard he had been, and she leaned weakly against the sink.

"No," Cullen said. "It won't be with Peter."

"Not Max?" Debbie questioned in horror. "I won't do anything with that animal."

"Calm yourself," Cullen said. "It won't be with Max either. We have something very special planned for you."

"Something special?" Debbie asked suspiciously. "What do you have in mind?"

"Like I said," Cullen grinned. "Just something special. You'll see. I think you'll like it. In fact, I know you're going to love it."

Cullen left before Debbie had a chance to ask him any more questions. She sighed and went back to work around the kitchen.

It took Cullen more time than he'd thought to get ready and all that morning Debbie waited in a shivery expectation of the pleasures to come.

She was getting just a little impatient when Cullen came back for her.

One look at his face and she had a feeling that this was going to be something spectacular.

"We've got everything ready," he said, grinning. "It took us longer to hide the cameras than I thought it would. We had to hook up some special recording equipment. Wouldn't want to miss any of the moans, would we?"

He grinned even broader and patted her ass.

"Why did you have to hide the cameras?" Debbie asked. She was beginning to feel even more suspicious about what Cullen was planning.

"Like I said," Cullen said. "You'll find out."

Right now I want you to run upstairs and take a long, hot shower. Comb out that beautiful red hair and perfume and powder yourself. Make sure you dab a little between your ivory thighs."

Debbie began to feel those little tingles of excitement again.

"What shall I wear?" Debbie asked.

"Oh yes," Cullen said. "I almost forgot about your clothes. Have you got a sexy bikini? Something that hides the vital spots, but lets plenty of tits and ass show."

"I think so," Debbie said.

"Good," Cullen said. "Now wear that when you come out. You'll find a

blanket over on the grass by the road. Nobody can see it from there because of the trees. Don't look for anybody. We'll all be well hidden."

"I don't understand that," Debbie said. "Why do you want to hide?"

"Don't ask questions," he said impatiently. "We need to hurry this up. When you come out just stretch out on the blanket like you're trying to get a tan."

"What happens then?" Debbie asked.

"Goddamn it," he yelled. "Don't ask any questions. Just do what I tell you. Go along with anything that happens. I promise you that you'll love this."

"All right," Debbie shrugged her shoulders. "I guess I'll just have to find out when it happens."

Debbie felt her heart pounding as she raced upstairs. She hurriedly stripped off her clothes and stepped into a hot shower. She was impatient, but she remembered what Cullen had told her and she took her time.

She dried herself off after she finished her shower, and then carefully perfumed herself.

The inside of her thighs felt tingly to the touch of her fingers. She could not resist running her fingers over her furry snatch.

"Oh God," she giggled deliciously. "I'm getting hot already just wondering what's going to happen. Cullen really knows how to set the stage."

She had no trouble finding the right bikini. She already knew the one she wanted. It was a brief, black thing that revealed plenty of firm, tanned flesh. She had purchased the suit in a moment of foolishness without ever finding the courage to put it on. Joe would have screamed the roof off if he'd seen it.

She took a brush to her long red hair and brushed it hard until she had it shining.

She surveyed herself in the mirror and found that she looked so sexy it was almost vulgar. Her creamy titties popped over the top of her bra and a few pubic hairs were visible at the briefs.

Everything seemed to be set off by her full red hair hanging down her back. Again she felt a familiar ache between her thighs and she hoped that Cullen wasn't lying about her really enjoying herself. She needed something special.

There seemed to be nobody around when she came downstairs. She looked

for the cameras but she couldn't locate them. They had hidden them well.

She sank down on the blanket and stretched out on her stomach. The warmth of the sun felt delicious on the backs of her thighs. Her body was already tensing in expectation of what was going to happen. She didn't have long to wait before she found out.

In a couple of moments she heard a startled gasp and she turned over quickly.

She was disappointed to find two young boys looking at her. At first she didn't recognize them and then she realized they were the two boys next door. It had been a year since she'd seen them and they had both grown taller.

She remembered that the taller one was fifteen and the shorter boy was thirteen.

They both wore tight blue jeans and polo shirts.

"Yes?" Debbie asked. "Can I help you?"

She tried to be civil with them, but she wanted them gone so the action could begin.

The older body cleared his throat. He was having trouble keeping his eyes from where her luscious tits almost spilled out of the bikini cups.

"I'm Brad," he explained. "I live next door. This is my younger brother, Tod."

"I know who you are," she said. "But what do you want with me?"

She knew she was being rude, but she wanted the boys to state their business and leave. It was making her nervous to have the two young boys staring at her. She hadn't felt any shame until she realized that she was showing so much skin to two near babies.

"I asked you what you want," Debbie said. "And why don't you quit staring at me? Haven't you ever seen a woman in a swim suit before?"

She knew they probably hadn't. At least a woman in a suit like hers.

"The man," Brad said nervously.

"What man?" Debbie asked.

She was growing tired of them. The glow was almost off and she wanted to get rid of them so that she wouldn't lose her hunger completely.

"Goddamn it," Debbie said. "What man? Tell me what you want."

Brad's eyes kept sliding nervously down her flat stomach to her creamy thighs and then back up to ogle her heaving tits. He licked his dry lips.

"The man up on the road," Brad said. "He said he was a friend of yours. He did. He said you wanted some work done. He said you'd pay us. We weren't trying to sneak around. Honest. We thought you sent him."

Suddenly Debbie understood. She knew that Cullen was probably cursing her because it had taken her so long to catch on. But hell, he should have told her something. He should have prepared her a little better.

Of course the two boys had to have been sent to her by Cullen.

He sent them so that she would fuck them. On camera. Only she would know they were being filmed and the boys would never know that they were actors in a fuck film.

Well, Cullen had promised that it would be exciting and it was beginning to look like it might be.

For the first time Debbie smiled at them and they shifted their feet nervously.

"We'll go now," Brad said. "I'm sorry that we bothered you."

"I'm sorry," Debbie said sweetly. "Where are my manners? I've treated you horridly. Listen, someone must have played a bad joke on us, but maybe we can turn the joke around." Debbie pursed her lips as if she was deep in thought.

"I'll tell you what," she suggested. "Maybe I do have a few things around here that need to be done. Why don't you sit down here and we'll talk."

The two brothers looked at each other.. Tod then dropped his head and seemed to find something extremely interesting on the ground in front of his shoe. Brad kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Oh come on," Debbie said. "Sit down here. I promise you I don't mind. And I don't bite, so you don't have to worry about that. Come on and sit down."

She parted her lips slightly so that they were looking at her teeth and the tip of her red tongue.

She could tell they were interested. They were frightened of what could happen if they stayed, but they were reluctant to go because they were scared they would miss something. It was a hard decision for them to make but when Debbie pouted at them they let their interest win out over their fear.

Brad sat down on one side of her and Tod sat down at the other. They both seemed to be interested in the tips of their grass-stained tennis shoes. They were reluctant to look at her and she almost laughed out loud at their innocence.

Cullen was right again. He knew how to make things exciting. She moved so that her thigh was pressed gently against Brad's legs. She saw his eyes shift to look at her suspiciously, but he didn't pull his leg away.

"Well," Debbie said. "That didn't hurt, did it? We'll have to think of some things for you to do around here, but first I'd like to get to know you better. I haven't seen you for over a year. What have you two been doing with yourself?"

"Nothing," Brad shrugged.

"Surely that's not true," Debbie insisted. "I'm sure there must be lots of things for nice young boys like you two to do."

Brad seemed slightly embarrassed by her question.

"You know," he said. "Football and stuff. We're too young to do much."

"Do you like football?" Debbie asked.

"I like a lot of sports," he said. "I can run and catch and I lift weights all the time."

"Oh," Debbie cooed. "You lift weights. I bet you're very strong. I've always liked men who can play ball and stuff like that. I really bet you're strong."

Brad turned a bright red.

"I bet you are," Debbie insisted. "Let me feel your muscle."

She leaned against him so that her titties poked softly against his shoulder. She shivered as she ran her fingers lightly across his bicep.

"Ooooh," she said. "You do have a big one. I bet the girls try to feel your muscles all the time. I bet they always want to get close."

"No ma'am," he said.

"Now I know you're putting me on," she said. "A boy like you must have dozens of good-looking girlfriends. I bet they chase you around all the time. Now you tell Debbie the truth."

"No ma'am," he answered. "I don't have any girlfriends. Not any."

"Well, the girls must be stupid," Debbie said. "I'd chase you if I was your age."

"You would?" he asked.

"I sure would," Debbie said. "I get all quivery inside over strong men."

She could tell he was getting turned on. She dropped her eyes briefly and noted the hard bulge in his trousers. She squeezed her thighs together. She could hardly wait. There was something very sexy about this, young boy.

Debbie decided that it was time to start the fun and games.

She moved even closer to him and she felt his clean young muscles tensing

up. His clear blue eyes were frightened and confused. She dropped her hand to his thigh and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"You smell real good, ma'am," he said.

"Call me Debbie," Debbie said. "I don't mind. Do I really smell good?"

"Yes ma'am," he said. "Kind of woodsy-like. It makes me feel funny."

She wondered how long the young boy's control would last. Her teasing lips were slightly parted and just inches from his own. She let her tongue run across her teeth.

"You're so pretty," he said. "I guess you're about the best-looking woman in the world."

He was so innocent-looking and so obviously frightened that just having him speak started Debbie's pussy juices to flowing. The wetness between her legs had never happened this quickly before.

His control broke down and he ground his lips against hers in a kind of kiss she didn't expect. His hips were a little boy's but they were as hungry as a man's. His tongue licked at her lips.

She gently pushed him away.

"Hold on," she said. "You're taking my breath away. You're an excitable one."

He didn't give her time to say anymore. He pushed his mouth against hers again. She knew how to drive him wild. She grabbed his face between her hands and bent his head backwards. She drove her tongue deep into his mouth, so deep that he almost choked. His response to her was almost as hungry and impatient as before. He seemed to suck at her mouth.

For the second time she released him, breathless and red-faced. She was pressed so tightly against him she could hear the pounding of his heart.

She wouldn't have stopped kissing him, but she was aware of Tod still sitting beside them.

She looked around at him and he was as red-faced as his brother. His lips hung partly open and his eyes were brightly shining.

"Poor Tod," Debbie said. "He's feeling all left out sitting there alone. I'll just have to make you feel better. Wouldn't you like that, Tod? Wouldn't you like to feel better?"

"Yes ma'm," he answered weakly.

She nearly burst out in laughter at his sick, pale face.

"Don't be frightened, Tod," Debbie said softly. "I'm not going to hurt you. Honest."

She leaned close to him and kissed him hard on the lips. His lips were cool and unresponsive, at first, but then the gentle persistence of her fiery lips began to awaken him. In a moment his lips clung to hers as fiercely as his brother's had done. "Open your mouth," she whispered. His lips parted slightly, almost reluctantly, and she quickly pushed her tongue inside.

She began to wiggle her tongue inside his mouth until she felt him pushing against her tongue with his own. She dropped her hand to his thigh and gave him a squeeze. She didn't want to frighten him, but she couldn't resist running her fingers up to his crotch.

She felt him shiver as her fingers traced the outline of his hard little-boy's cock. "Ummm," she moaned.

She pushed him away and leaned back on her elbows. She lifted her knees slightly and gave both boys an inviting smile. She was curious about what the two inexperienced boys would do now and she didn't have long to wait.

They stretched out beside her and began kissing her mouth, cheeks and throat. They kissed loudly and wetly and so greedily that it seemed like they would never get enough of kissing her flesh.

She felt tingly all over and the feelings made a soft, animal moan escape her throat. She turned her head slightly toward Brad and touched her lips to his. Immediately she drove her hot tongue deep into his mouth.

This time he got the idea and his tongue followed hers when she withdrew it. She moaned again as she felt his searching tongue slipping past her lips and touching her tongue, and then driving into her throat as far as he could go.

They tongue-kissed for a few moments and it was wet and sloppy but damned exciting.

She could feel the blood racing through her body and she felt like screaming. She pulled her mouth away from his and lay back on the blanket.

They knew enough not to stop and she felt the two pairs of lips scorching her sensitive skin. She wondered what they would do if she pushed their heads down. She decided to find out. She ran her fingers into the two thick mops of hair and gave them a gentle push downward.

They needed no encouragement. Immediately the lips dropped down until

she felt them touching the beginning swell of her titties.

"Ooooooh," she moaned. "That feels nice, boys!"

Their hot tongues licked at her flesh all the way down to where her titties disappeared into her top. Twice she felt Brad's tongue slipping beneath the material and her skin and almost touching her nipple.

All of a sudden they stopped and she groaned in lustful agony.

"Don't stop, boys," she begged them.

"Ma'm," Brad said. "Can we... I mean, can we kiss your breasts? Can we take your halter off?"

She opened her eyes and looked at him. His face was breathless with anticipation. She could do nothing but nod at him. His eyes lit up.

"Help me, Tod," Brad said. "Let's take her top off. I want to see her breasts."

"Call them titties," Debbie sighed. "Call them my tits. Do what you want with them, boys. Kiss them. Suck on them. Anything you want to do."

She was taken by surprise at the speed at which Tod and Brad got her top undone. She felt the clasp give and she lifted her arms to help them take it off.

"Jesus," Brad gasped. "You're beautiful. I've never seen real ones before."

She shivered in delight as the boys eyed her two firm tits. She felt her nipples grow even more stiff under their lustful looks.

Brad reached out to touch her tit, gently at first, but then he gathered courage and he began to massage her roughly.

"Oh God, honey," she groaned. "Yes, that's the way I want you to touch me. Now I want you to bite me. I want you both to bite me. Hurry. You're making me so hot between my legs."

She grabbed at their heads and tugged them down to her aching peaks. She shivered in delicious pleasure as she felt both their lips sucking at her.

It was one of the wildest feelings that she'd ever known. Hot spasms of desire shook her body. In just a few moments her pussy felt as if she was dripping liquid fire.

"Oh God," she moaned. "That's nice, boys. That's so nice. You both really know how to suck tits. God, you're making me feel good! Keep it up. Oh bite me! Bite me harder!"

She gasped as she felt wet, sloppy lips close over both her aching nipples.

"Shit," she yelled. "Oh shit, that's nice. You're making me crazy, boys. You're making me feel so crazy."

Two mouths sucked hard at her nipples and she felt as if hot lava was dripping on her flesh.

She couldn't believe the hot sparks that were shooting through her body. She had started to rub her thighs together and she could feel that her bottoms were sopping wet from her dripping juice.

"I can't believe it," she cried. "It feels so fantastic. God, it feels so good."

Both boys were really sucking at her now and she knew she couldn't stand much more of it. She wondered how willing the boys would be to suck her pussy. Perhaps they were too inexperienced for such a thing, but she knew she was going to have to try.

"Oh Brad," she groaned. "Take off my bottoms. Slip my bottoms down my legs. I want you to see my pussy. I want you to taste it."

They didn't act nervous about taking off her bikini bottoms. They were so hot by then they would have probably done anything she asked.

Both boys grabbed a side of her bikini bottoms and she lifted her ass to help them.

They tugged it down her long legs and she kicked it completely off.

She gave them a show they would probably never forget. She opened her shapely thighs and put her fingertips at the mouth of her cunt.

Very gently she edged the rosy petals of her cuntlips apart so that they were staring into the inner pinkness of her cunt.

"God," Tod said. "Look at that. Look."

"I'm looking," Brad said.

She let one of her shapely fingers slip inside herself and she rubbed her

clit. A spasm of delight shook her body. She knew it wouldn't be long before she came.

"Kiss me here," she told them.

Tod was nervous, but Brad seemed more than willing. He dropped between her thighs and Debbie felt his tongue licking her rosy petals.

"Jesus," she groaned. "Tod, you come back up here and keep sucking on my tits."

Tod crawled quickly back up her body and closed his hungry lips around her aching nipple.

"Put your tongue in me deep, Brad," Debbie wailed. "Deeper than that. As deep as you can."

Her hips started moving in response to his tongue-fucking. Each time his tongue rubbed her she could feel a spasm of hot pleasure.

"God," she yelled. "I'm coming! This is fantastic! So fantastic! Suck me, Brad and Tod! Make me come! Oh God, suck my pussy and titties! Bite me! Bite me! It feels so good! So fucking good! FANTASTICCCCC!"

Brad didn't know enough to leave his mouth there while she came but it had still been one of the most fantastic orgasms she'd had in a long while.

"Oh God," she moaned. "Jesus Christ, that felt so fucking good!"

The boys had stopped sucking her. Brad had his chin covered with her juices. She made a mental note that she was going to have to teach him to really eat pussy.

They were starting to look sheepish again, as if they weren't really sure she was pleased or not. Perhaps they expected her to start screaming and yelling. She knew they still had guilty feelings.

"That was sweet, boys," she said. "Now I want to be sweet to you. Do you know what I'm going to do to you?"

Both Brad and Tod shook their heads.

"I'm going to teach you both how to be men," Debbie said. "I'm going to teach you what it feels like to have a woman. To fuck a woman."

Debbie hoped the recorder was loud enough, and that the cameras were still running. What had gone on before was going to be nothing compared to what was going to happen.

"I want you two to get undressed," Debbie said. "I don't want to be the only one naked. Now don't be shy. I've seen naked men before. Take off your pants and show me what kind of man-sized cocks you're going to be giving me."

The boys were staring nervously at each other again.

"Hurry, damn it," Debbie said. "Get out of those clothes. I want to get fucked!"

That made up their minds. Brad started stripping off his clothes and in a moment Tod followed his example. Debbie licked her lips hungrily as she watched their two cocks spring out stiff and ready.

"Well," she said. "It looks like we're really going to have a good time, doesn't it?"

CHAPTER SEVEN

Both of the boys had nice bodies. Tod was a little less muscular than his brother, but his cock was nearly as long.

"Nice," Debbie said. "Come here, boys."

Debbie got up to her knees as both boys drew close to her.

Debbie took hold of each of their cocks. She felt the hot throbbing as she laced her fingers around each stem. She knew they would not be able to last long as she squeezed out a drop of cum on each blood-filled eye.

"Ummm," Debbie said. "You are both so excited. I like it when boys get excited."

She pulled them closer and started rubbing the heads of their cocks against her. She felt her skin tingle at the wetness of each cock.

She rubbed the wet eye of each cock against her nipples. Her nipples grew immediately excited. There was just something about these two boys that kept her turned on.

"Ummm," Debbie said. "I'm going to taste you. I have to see what you taste like."

They stared at her in shocked pleasure as she brought each of them closer so that their cocks rested just inches from her open lips.

She licked at each cock and tasted the salty flavor of their cum.

"Ummm," Debbie said. "You feel so nice in my hands. I'm just going to love this."

She parted her lips and sucked in Brad's cock-head. She used her teeth and tongue on the sensitive area right around his crown. She heard him groan softly.

It was exciting having the two young boys so close beside her, feeling their muscles tense as she worked on their throbbing pricks.

She began to swirl her tongue around the ridge of Brad's cock and felt him tremble. She decided it was time to really give him a thrill.

Opening her full lips wide, she sucked his stiff prick deep into her throat. She hollowed her cheeks and used her tongue around the sensitive ridge. She coated him well with her saliva and then released him from her throat.

She tightened her grip on his staff and slipped the bulky cock-head back into her mouth. He groaned loudly and she felt his hands in her hair.

"Oh God," he moaned. "Oh God, you're doing it to me! You're sucking me off. Nobody's ever done that before. Nobody. Oh God, it feels good!"

She didn't want him coming too quickly so she released his cock again and turned her attention to his brother's throbbing member. She kissed Ted's cock hotly, allowed her tongue to lick at the dab of cum at the slit. She tasted his salty flavor. She kept stroking his staff as she barely opened her lips and nibbled at the sensitive head.

"I feel funny, Brad," Tod moaned. "She's making me feel funny."

She dropped her hand to his balls as she really sucked his cock into her throat. She felt her throat muscles working on the head of his cock.

She kept pumping his balls rhythmically while her mouth bobbed up and down on his staff.

She felt him tense up and she knew she was getting him too excited.

"Don't quit," he begged her. "Don't stop."

She held his cock tightly and moved it up and down her cheeks. She felt some more wetness as his cock pressed against her skin.

She pulled Brad closer so that now both cocks were almost pressed together. She could lick at them both at the same time and she went to work feverishly.

They were both loudly moaning as she gave each cockhead little nips and kisses. She dropped her hands to fondle their balls and she felt the heaviness that she knew would soon send exploding rivers of cum onto her face.

She was getting carried away by the thought of two cocks spilling onto her face. She closed her thighs tightly together as she felt that familiar ache.

She wasn't worried about the boys being able to come again. She knew they were also going to get into her pussy before the day was over. They were young and strong, and she was sure they each had gallons of cum.

"I'm coming," Brad yelled. "I'm coming. It feels good. I'm coming in her face. My cum's going to be all over her. I'M COMINGGGGG!"

She was looking directly into the blood-filled eye when Brad came.

She felt his thick cum against her eyelashes and salty on her lips. Two thick streams touched her cheeks, and then she felt Tod coming too. She turned her head and caught a lot of his cum in her mouth.

She swallowed it down dreamily as the rest of his wet jism exploded against her cheeks. She really felt as if she had taken a warm bath in the

stuff.

"God," Brad said. "She did it. She really sucked our pricks and made us come."

"And we're just getting started," Debbie promised them. "You're really going to enjoy yourself today."

"God," Brad said. "I don't think I can come again."

"Sure you can," Debbie said. "You're young and you're strong and you can cum for hours. Just let Debbie work on the both of you and I'll get you ready for some real fucking now that I've gotten the edge off."

Debbie's pussy was hurting as she pushed both boys down on their backs. She ran her hand between her legs and found her cuntlips swollen and sensitive.

She was going to need a cock in there pretty soon.

She straddled Brad and began to lick at his nipples. She didn't bother wiping away the cum on her face. The thick feel of it excited her even more.

"Sweet baby," Debbie said. "Don't worry. Debbie's going to have you big

and hard again soon."

She wondered if the cameras were still working and then she realized she didn't give a damn.

All she cared about was the two boys and the pleasure they could give her.

She pressed her hot flesh against Brad's and glued her mouth to his. At first he didn't like it. She knew he was thinking about his cum still clinging to her skin.

She started wiggling her titties and pussy against him and she felt him respond. His cock was growing hard again as she had known he would.

He forgot about his inhibitions and he was sticking his tongue into her mouth. She kept up her wiggling against him, loving the feel of his cock slowly growing hard.

He still had some cum in him, for she felt a little wetness against her thigh.

"God," she moaned. "I can hardly wait to get it in me. I'm so hot. I'm going to fuck you good, Brad. I'm going to give you a cunt fucking like you've

never had."

She felt him respond to her words and actions as his cock grew stiff. She opened her thighs and captured the cockhead between them, just rubbing the cockhead against her furry snatch. She felt the dripping juice in her cunthair and she quickened her sliding motion.

"God," Brad moaned. "God."

"You like that, don't you," she whispered. "You like feeling your cock between my legs. I like it being there. I like fucking. I'm going to fuck you. I'm going to stick your cock way up in me and I'm going to fuck you."

He moaned in hot passion and she realized that he was getting turned on even more by her dirty words.

"Ummm," she said. "You get excited when I say fuck, don't you. You like fuck. You never heard a grown woman say it before. I say it. I fuck. I fuck any man with a cock big enough, and yours is a beauty."

He began to push his tongue in and out of her mouth with his growing excitement.

She spread her legs slightly and felt his cock poking at her cuntlips. She

pushed down until she felt his cockhead entering her.

"Ahhhh," she moaned. "That feels good. Now let me show Brad how to fuck. Let me show Brad."

She began to slide up and down on his cock, sucking his stiff prick completely into her cunt. She felt his heavy sac nestle against her.

"Full of cum," she moaned. "I like them when they're full of cum for me. I like cum. I like your cum. God, you've got a nice prick. It feels good inside me. It feels so thick and it trembles so."

She liked the feeling of her titties rubbing against his chest as she slid up and down on his cock.

"Ohhh," he groaned. "Ooooooh, it feels good. Oh, it feels so good."

She was hardly aware of what Tod was doing because Brad's cock inside her cunt felt so good. She increased her rapid up-and-down movements on his cock as she felt the first wave of pleasure growing in her.

Then she felt Tod kneeling behind her and parting her ass cheeks with his fingers.

"No, Tod," she said. "Wait your turn. I'll get with you in a moment."

He kept rubbing her asscheeks, but she had no idea of what else he was doing.

And she wasn't about to stop milking Brad's cock until she got every drop of his juice.

Then she felt Tod's cock pressing hard against her ass. He was rubbing his blood-filled cockhead up and down the crack of her ass.

'Oooh, Tod, she groaned. "What are you doing? What are you up to?"

"I'm so hot," Tod said. "I want some too."

She felt his cockhead press against her anus and she tried to turn, but she was still impaled on Brad's cock and now Brad's arms locked around her neck and he was thrusting up to meet her cunt.

"No," she screamed. "No, Tod, that's the wrong place. God, stop that. It would hurt me. Stop that, Tod."

"I can't help it," he said. "I'm so hot. I need it so bad. I'm so hot."

She could hardly believe what was happening to her. Tod was leaning his weight against her rectum and she felt a fiery pain. She struggled to keep him out, but her movements only seemed to increase his desire.

"No, Tod," she screamed. "Don't do this to me! Just wait a minute, honey. Oh wait, it hurts! Don't do this, goddamn it! Don't! Brad, stop him! Brad, don't let him!"

She knew that Brad wasn't listening to her pleas for help. He was too interested in the way her pussy was clutching at his stiff cock.

Debbie was still trying to control what was happening, but her pussy was so hot she couldn't seem to stop her up-and-down movement on Brad's cock. And each time she moved Tod seemed to get closer to his goal.

"Don't," she begged Tod. "Please don't."

"I can't help it," he groaned. "I can't help it. I'm so hot."

She started to realize that nothing could stop him now. Her asshole was too easy a target for I cock. She screamed as the bulbous cockhead popped past her rectum. He was inside her, now, and no amount of screaming would help.

"Noooo," she moaned. "No, don't."

He shoved his cock all the way into her asshole and she felt his balls slap against her. He was killing her. She screamed in pain. It hurt. God, it hurt!

And yet she couldn't quit moving because of the cock that fucked her cunt.

She just couldn't believe that a thirteen-year-old boy was doing this to her. Tears burned at her eyes.

Tod pulled his cock partly out and then slammed it back into her again.

"Oh Jesus," Brad said. "I just felt your cock, Tod. It felt strange. Do that again. Do it with me. Let's fuck her together."

"Nooo," Debbie screamed. "You're hurtin me!"

But she realized that he wasn't really hurting her any longer. She had gotten really sloppy back there and now his cock was beginning to go in easy.

Both boys began to establish a rhythm so that it felt as if their cocks

were rubbing together through her thin walls.

"God," she breathed. "What are you doing to me? God, it's making me hot!"

It was incredible, but she was beginning to feel a hot pleasure at being fucked in the ass and the pussy at the same time.

Once again she began to drip hot juices against Brad's invading cock.

"Ooooh," she moaned. "OOOH, it does feel good. It really does. Oh fuck me, boys. Fuck me nice and hard. Keep up your big dicks."

The two boys began to fuck her in jerky movements and she knew they were getting really excited- That was all right because so was she.

She tried to meet each of their violent thrusts, to get each cock as deep in her as she possibly could.

She could hear the slap of Tod's heavy balls against her ass. She wondered if he was turning her black and blue there. His balls were so heavy she didn't see how he could help it.

"Jesus," she gasped. "Jesus, I'm coming. I'm coming. Oh Jesus, both your

cocks are squirting. I've never felt anything like this. Oh both your cocks are filling me up. Filling me up with your cum. YOUR CUM, AGHHHHHHSHIT, SHIT, SHITTTT!"

The force of the orgasm left her feeling weak and helpless. She was hardly aware when Tod rolled off her, but she soon became aware that Brad was pushing at her.

She fell off of him and onto her back.

"Oh God," she moaned. "That was fantastic."

This time she wasn't going to protest as the boys got up and got dressed. She felt sated. She felt as if she would never need another cock as long as she lived. She saw Brad zip up his trousers. He was wearing that sheepish grin again.

"Anything you want, ma'm," he said. "Anything at all You just call."

"I sure will, Brad," she grinned.

She waved at them as they left her. Even before they got out of sight she felt her asshole begin to hurt. She squirmed her bare ass against the blanket but that didn't help.

She heard a twig snap and she turned her head. There were people coming out from the woods. Cullen and the rest of the crew.

Cullen was beaming as if someone had just given him a million dollars.

"Goddamn," Cullen yelled. "That was fantastic. Simply fantastic. That was probably the best fucking that was ever captured on screen. You are a fantastic actress. That part about never having been fucked in the ass was a jewel."

"I wasn't acting," Debbie winced in pain. "I really hadn't had it there before."

"Jesus," Cullen said. "No wonder you squirmed so. Whew! This will be a masterpiece. I doubt if anything like this has ever been put on screen. There's going to be a lot of people asking your name, honey."

"Why don't you shut up, Cullen," Susan said. For the first time Debbie noticed that Susan was standing near.

"What?" Cullen asked.

"Can't you see she's hurting?" Susan said. "The poor thing. I remember

my first time and it hurts like hell even when it's feeling good. So why don't you shut up about what a good picture you've made."

For the first time Debbie saw Cullen flustered.

"Okay," Cullen said. "She's got the hots for you. Why don't you take her upstairs and give her one of your world-famous massages."

"Maybe I will," Susan said.

As well fucked as Debbie was, she still could not help feeling a tingle as she looked up at Susan. Her inner feelings frightened her. She didn't want to go anywhere with Susan, but she lacked the strength to resist as Susan took her by the hand.

"Now don't you worry about what that fool says," Susan said. "I'm going to take you up to your room and I'm going to clean you up, and then I'm going to rub you down. I know some tricks to take the aches and pains out."

"Ummm," Debbie moaned. "That does sound nice."

It did sound nice, but it also sounded scary. She didn't really want Susan's hands anywhere near her body. She didn't know what would happen.

Susan helped her up to her room and guided her into the shower.

"Just let me help you undress, baby," Susan said.

She hadn't realized that someone had tied her bikini top back around her tits again. That was all Susan had to undo. Nobody had bothered with the bottom.

"Step in here," Susan said. "I'll take care of the water."

She was so sleepy and tired that she lacked the will to resist anything Susan wanted her to do. She stepped into the shower and allowed the water to wash over her body.

She reached to pick up the soap and Susan's hand was on her shoulder.

"Just let me do everything," Susan said. "I know how you feel. Believe me."

Susan's hands were gentle but firm as she scrubbed the sore places on Debbie's body. The hot water massaging her titties felt like heaven.

Susan finished scrubbing her clean and then she helped her out of the shower.

Very gently Susan dried her off. She took her hand and led her back into the bedroom.

"Just lie down," Susan said. "I'll be back in a few minutes. I'm going to get some lotion."

The bed felt good as she fell back against it. She hadn't realized that getting assfucked could take so much out of a person. Perhaps it was just the violence of her orgasm, but it seemed as if she couldn't move.

She closed her eyes and began to think about all the things that had happened to her.

There had been so much since Joe died.

A fat real estate man or collector or something had fucked her. She could remember his face but she couldn't remember what he did.

Had the boss fucked her? She couldn't remember. Probably he did. It seemed like everybody had fucked her. She'd been filled with cocks.

She reached between her legs and she winced in pain. It hurt down there and in her ass, too. The two boys had given her a harder fucking than she'd

realized.

She thought about big cocks and she was drifting off to sleep when the door to her room opened again. She forced her eyes open and Susan was there.

Susan was completely naked. Debbie felt her heart begin to pound hard as she looked at the young girl's almost perfect body.

"It's time for that massage I promised," Susan said. "Are you ready?"

Debbie noticed the white bottle of lotion that Susan held in her hand. "I'm ready," Debbie said.

She felt fear clutch at her because she wasn't exactly sure what she was getting into.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Don't be afraid," Susan said soothingly. "I'm very good at this."

Debbie wasn't afraid, but looking at Susan's body was making her feel funny. She wondered why Susan had to get naked just to give her a massage.

Susan knelt on the bed and poured some of the thick lotion in her hands. Debbie gasped as she felt cool fingers against her skin.

"Oooh," Debbie protested. "That's cold."

"It'll be warm in a few moments," Susan promised. "This is special lotion."

Susan's vibrant fingers ran over Debbie's soft skin with a surprising knowledge of where Debbie's aches were. And Susan was right about the lotion. Debbie felt a slight warmth spreading through her body.

There was something in the lotion that awakened her skin to a rosy tingle.

"Turn over," Susan said. "Lie on your stomach for a while and let me take some of the kinks out of your shoulders and neck. I can do wonders with necks."

Debbie rolled over on her stomach. Susan's hands kneaded the soreness in Debbie's back and shoulders until Debbie felt it disappearing.

"I told you I could do wonders," Susan said.

"Ummm," Debbie moaned.

Debbie was really beginning to feel better. More alive. She wouldn't have believed, a few minutes before, that she could have lived through the night.

"There," Susan said softly. "You're starting to relax. You're starting to lose some of that tenseness," Susan's fingers went lower. Susan rubbed hard at the base of Debbie's spine and then her fingers gently parted Debbie's plump asscheeks.

"Oh Susan," Debbie said. "What are you doing?"

"Just relax," Susan said soothingly. "Relax. I'm going to be gentle."

"But I'm so damned sore back there," Debbie wailed. "It still hurts."

"I know, baby," Susan said. "But I'm going to make you feel better, I promise."

Debbie winced in pain as she felt Susan's finger prodding at her asscheek.

"Stop that," Debbie said.

"Come now," Susan said. "Don't be scared. I know what I'm doing and I'm going to make you feel better."

Before Debbie could protest again Susan's hot finger slipped into her anus. At first it was painful, but then the warm liquid on Susan's finger began to work.

Susan's magical liquid was working wonders. Debbie could feel the soreness leaving.

"Ummm," Debbie gasped. "You're right, Susan. I am beginning to feel better. Much better."

"Sure you are, baby," Susan said.

Susan bent down and Debbie shivered as she felt Susan's warm lips against the base of her spine.

"What are you doing?" Debbie questioned.

Debbie was afraid she already knew what Susan was doing, and she wasn't sure she wanted to stop her.

"Just relax," Susan said. "I'm going to show you another specialty of mine."

The fellows love this one."

Debbie turned her head to watch Susan as the younger girl got off the bed. Again Debbie was impressed by the sheer sexuality of the young girl. Everything about Susan seemed to inspire deep feelings of lust. From her pouty lips to the full bush between her legs.

"I'm just going to rub a little of this over me," Susan said.

Debbie watched Susan take some more of the liquid and rub it over her body. She was very quick and in a few minutes she had covered herself with a light coat of the cream.

Then Susan was getting back into the bed and stretching out on top of Debbie's back. Susan felt oily, but it was a good feeling. Susan began to rub herself up and down Debbie's back.

It was a strange and wonderful feeling for Debbie. She understood how the men would like a massage like this. Debbie felt her nipples growing hard and rubbing against her bedcovers.

"Oh," Debbie gasped. "That feels so nice, Susan. So very nice."

Debbie began to feel a strange glow.

Susan kissed the back of her neck and then her spine. Then her lips fell against her buttocks and Debbie gasped. She felt the hot little nips of Susan's teeth and there was no doubt that it was beginning to turn her on.

"No," Debbie gasped.

"Don't fight it," Susan said. "Just relax and enjoy it. It'll be fun."

"Oh Susan," Debbie protested. "We shouldn't be doing this. We shouldn't."

Susan was once again rubbing her titties against Debbie's back. Debbie shivered as she felt Susan's hard nipples coming into contact with her tingling skin.

"Why not?" Susan asked. "Don't you like it?"

"Oh yes," Debbie admitted. "I like it. It does feel good. But it's not right."

"Don't be silly," Susan said. "Anything that feels good is all right."

Debbie wondered how such an innocent-looking girl could get so wise in the ways of the world. It just didn't seem possible for Susan to be so experienced with her body. Why, Debbie hadn't even known that such feelings existed.

"Turn back over," Susan directed her. "Hurry."

Susan's voice was impatient and Debbie turned back over, feeling her heart in her throat.

"Ummmm," Susan said. "You are a beautiful woman. I got so turned on watching you with the two young boys. It made me so hot. I want to rub your front for a while."

Debbie nodded.

Her mind still seemed a little dazed and she hadn't strength to resist anything.

"Yes," Susan said. "Your skin feels so good. So nice and soft."

Susan's fingers were no longer massaging. Her fingertips traveled lightly over Debbie's titties, slowly coating her with the oil. Hot desire made Debbie's titties ache as the lotion began to work.

"Ummm," Debbie moaned. "Oh Susan, what are you doing to me? I've never felt like this before."

Debbie was painfully aware that her nipples had hardened, and now Susan was running her fingers over Debbie's stiff little buds.

Susan's hand dropped lower to rub Debbie's flat stomach in lazy circles.

"Doesn't that feel good?" Susan said. "Doesn't it feel much better?"

"Yes," Debbie groaned. "Ummm, you make me feel so warm all over."

"That's how I want you to feel, Debbie," Susan said softly. "I want you all nice and relaxed. I want you to just give yourself over to Susan and let me make you feel good."

"Ummm," Debbie groaned again. "You are making me feel good."

Debbie almost pulled away as Susan's hand went close enough to touch her pubic nest. Susan ran her fingers lightly over Debbie's snatch, gently tugging at the curling bush.

Debbie winced as she felt one of Susan's fingers brush against her sore cuntlips.

"Careful," Debbie said.

"I'll be careful," Susan said. "I just want to put some cream in you."

Gently Susan's fingers rubbed again at Debbie's sore pussy lips. This time Debbie fought to keep herself from jerking away. There was a moment of pain as Susan tenderly parted the rosy petals of Debbie's cunt and one of her fingers slipped into Debbie's cunt.

Then the cream began to take effect as Susan rubbed the walls of Debbie's cunt.

Debbie began to feel hot again as the warm glow spread once more through her body.

"I like your fingers," Debbie admitted to Susan. "I like them too much."

Susan laughed softly. Debbie gave a soft little cry as she felt Susan's finger brush against her clit.

"Hmmmmm," Susan said, as if puzzled. "Did I touch something sensitive

down there?"

"Oh yes," Debbie gasped. "You did."

Susan continued to move her finger gently in and out of Debbie's cunt. It was hard to believe that a few minutes before Debbie had seriously considered never having sex again. Now her hips had started moving against the soft pressure of Susan's hand.

"Like that?" Susan asked.

"Yes," Debbie cried. "Oh yes. I like that. I love it. Your hand is nice!"

Debbie's juices were flowing. She could feel her passions boiling up with each touch against her blood-enlarged clit. She protested loudly when she felt Susan's fingers slipping out from between her legs.

"I'm just going to rub your front a little," Susan explained. "Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes," Debbie said.

Things were getting out of hand, but Debbie couldn't seem to slow them down. Debbie kept remembering Susan's hot titties pressed against her

back, that warm glow when Susan rubbed and kissed her.

She was already wondering what it was going to feel like when Susan's large titties touched her own.

Susan didn't hurry. She lay on top of Debbie and began to wiggle excitedly. Feeling Susan's tits pressed flatly against her own was just as thrilling a feeling as Debbie had expected.

Debbie was beginning to feel new vibrations between her thighs. She closed her thighs together and then felt Susan's knee pressing them apart again.

She opened them and felt Susan's knee pressed very gently against her cunt mound. Susan moved her knee softly so that it wouldn't hurt Debbie. Debbie found that she was enjoying the sensation and she began to push her crotch down on the silky knee.

Susan began twisting and turning, rubbing her big titties against Debbie's in a slow, hot massage.

"Oh Susan," Debbie groaned. "Oh, this feels good!"

Debbie should have expected the kiss, but she didn't. Somehow Susan's lips were suddenly hotly pressed against her own. She had a moment of fear

and then she felt her body hunger taking over again.

She was getting turned on and she couldn't help herself. She started grinding her body against Susan's and feeling tingles every place they touched together.

She clutched at Susan fiercely. She grasped Susan's head, winding her fingers in the younger girl's hair. She pulled Susan's hips even tighter against her own and pushed her tongue into Susan's throat.

Debbie moaned deep in her throat.

Susan pulled away and began to slide up Debbie's body. Their sweat and the oil made her slide easily. Susan paused with her tits just inches from Debbie's partly open mouth.

Susan took one tit between her hands and began to rub the hard pink nipple against Debbie. Debbie felt the nipple touching her cheek and rubbing across her mouth. She felt the hard nipple against the side of her neck, and then it was back at her mouth again.

"Suck me," Susan begged her. "Take my tit in your mouth and suck me."

Debbie could resist the luscious temptation no longer, and she opened her lips and sucked Susan's tit into her mouth. It felt wickedly exciting to suck

another woman's tit. Debbie immediately began using her tongue on the tasty nipple.

"God," Susan groaned. "Oh God. You're making me feel so hot!"

Debbie could no longer control the raging fires that Susan had lit in her.

She sucked harder at Susan's titty while she slipped her hand between them to cup her soft mound. Susan gasped and pushed her titty harder into Debbie's hand.

"Ooooooh," Susan moaned. "Keep sucking on me. That feels good! Your mouth is making me so hot. Your skin is so soft it makes me tingle. I can feel your titties burning holes in me. I love it.

You're so much softer than a man!"

Just for a moment. Susan's comment made Debbie see clearly what she was about to do.

It was wrong! This was dirty, unnatural. Two women shouldn't be together. It was lesbianism! She almost spoke the word out loud. Lesbianism! Something two sick women did together. It just seemed so horribly ugly.

But she had to admit that it didn't feel ugly. Having the sweet-tasting titty in her mouth seemed more exciting than anything she'd ever done.

Susan pulled her titties away and went back down on Debbie. Debbie felt Susan's warm lips caressing her lust-swollen nipple. The hot lips only stayed a few brief seconds before Susan was once again pushing her tit into Debbie's mouth.

A few brief seconds was all it had to last. Debbie forgot her fears and guilt as a wave of passion washed over her. She began to suck on Susan's tit feverishly, and doing everything in her power to turn the other girl on.

She used her tongue and lips as she had never used them before. Kissing, caressing, tongue-lapping, until Susan was gasping with hot desire.

Debbie couldn't explain the pleasure she got from getting the other girl so hot, but there was no doubt that kissing and sucking Susan made her pussy tingle.

She moved her lips to Susan's other tit and sucked in the hot flesh.

Susan was just so sweet-tasting. It was almost like sucking cock, except that she knew she was going to suck no jism from it. That was a disappointing thought because she liked the hot jism going into her throat.

"Oh Jesus God," Susan groaned. "You're killing me. You're KILLING ME!"

Debbie was suddenly filled with a wild desire to touch Susan's cunt.

She couldn't understand her feeling, but again she could not control it. She released Susan's tit and pushed her over on her back.

She moved her hand down Susan's belly. Susan's skin felt so soft, so firm. She gently touched the bushy thatch between Susan's legs. She felt Susan tremble as she explored the curly pussy hairs with her fingers.

"Oh Jesus," Susan groaned. "Oh God!"

Debbie rubbed her finger across the sensitive cuntlips and she again felt Susan shiver. She gently parted the cuntlips and slipped one finger into the hot, wet slit.

Susan's hips started writhing as Debbie brushed against the other girl's clit.

"God," Susan moaned. "God!"

Debbie began to gently move her finger in and out of Susan's steaming cunt. She felt Susan's cuntal muscles tightening around her finger and she

felt the wetness of Susan's pussy juices.

Debbie stretched out by Susan's side, still keeping her finger firmly in Susan's cunt.

Once again she closed her hps over Susan's taut nipple. Susan clutched at her head. Debbie felt her fingers winding in her hair as Susan tried to pull her mouth tighter against her lust-swollen titty.

Debbie began to move her finger more rapidly in and out of the furry cunt. Susan screamed and Debbie knew she was getting ready to come. Debbie thought that nothing could stop Susan from coming, but Susan had more strength than Debbie had thought.

"No," Susan said suddenly, and she pushed away from Debbie.

"What's wrong?" Debbie asked. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No, sugar," Susan said. Susan's face was still flushed from her passion. "I don't want to come that way. I want my first come with my face between your legs."

Debbie had known all along that this was going to happen. She had been looking forward to it and afraid of it also. She nodded as Susan changed her

position.

Suddenly Debbie felt Susan's hot hips pressed against her thighs. She shivered as Susan's lips traced a path up to her inner thighs. Then she felt Susan's face pressed into her pussy.

"Oooh," Debbie moaned.

Susan rolled over so that she was straddling Debbie. Debbie could see Susan's gaping cuntlips and she could smell her sweet pussy perfume.

Debbie knew she was going to taste it in a moment, but first she studied the fleshy folds of Susan's cunt. She had never really looked at another woman's cunt before. She found herself staring at the clinging juices that spotted Susan's pussy hairs.

"Ummm," Susan said. "You taste good. Feel this. I'm going to make you cry!"

Debbie gasped as she felt Susan's tongue exploring her pubic garden. Susan was no novice at using her tongue on another woman. Debbie gasped again as Susan's tongue snaked through her thick red pussy hairs and gently touched her cunt lips.

"Susan," Debbie moaned. "That feels so good. It feels so nice!"

The tip of Susan's tongue brushed wetly up and down the sensitive entrance to Debbie's cunt.

"Jesus," Debbie screamed.

Debbie reached up and grabbed Susan by her full ass. She tugged her down and felt her hot cunt pressed against her mouth.

She wasted no time giving Susan the same type of pleasure that Susan had given her.

She pushed her tongue through the moist pussy hairs and into the warm hole. Susan was trembling as Debbie pushed her tongue as deep as she could into her wet cunthole.

For the first time Debbie had her tongue in another woman's cunt and it really wasn't bad. She pushed her tongue deeper and felt Susan shiver in delight.

A wild, hot feeling began to spread throughout her body as her pussy pressed against Susan's lips. She couldn't concentrate on eating Susan any longer. Susan knew too many ways to use her tongue and mouth and it was

beginning to drive Debbie crazy.

She pushed Susan away as she felt Susan's hips closing over her clit.

"Oh, oh," Debbie screamed. "That feels too good! It's going to make me come."

Susan worked on Debbie's clit feverishly and Debbie felt the first hot spasm of pleasure rock her body.

"I'm coming!" Debbie screamed. "Your tongue feels so good in me. You're making me come. MMMMMM, God! I'm coming! I'm coming! God, I love your wet tongue inside me. GODDDDD!"

Susan didn't pull her face away as Debbie started coming. She felt her wet juices flooding Susan's mouth and she heard Susan swallowing them. It was hard to believe, but Susan sounded like she really loved sucking up Debbie's flooding juices. Debbie groaned and experienced a last tingle as she closed her thighs tighter against Susan's face. "God," Debbie groaned. "God, I loved that. You make me feel so good."

She was aware that Susan had not come. She lifted her head and placed her lips gently against Susan's swollen cuntlips. She felt her begin to tremble as she worked her mouth over her clit.

"That's right," Susan groaned. "That's nice. That's nice. Your mouth is nice. I love it, Debbie. Keep doing that to me. I love it!"

Debbie began working feverishly on Susan's cunt. She could taste Susan's juices each time her tongue pushed through her tangled pussy hair and into the fleshy cuntlips.

"God," Susan groaned. "Faster. Eat me faster. Stick your tongue in deep."

Susan had still been lying down, but now she sat up. Debbie's entire face was buried in Susan's warm muff. Debbie didn't mind. Susan still had a sweet perfume that she enjoyed tasting.

Debbie pushed her tongue deep into Susan's cunt as Susan had told her to. She pushed it as deep as she could, and Susan began to grind her hips down against Debbie.

"My clit," Susan groaned. "Suck my clit. Bite it hard. Keep chewing it. That's right, darling. Now you're really eating pussy. Suck me hard. Suck my cunt hard. I love it. God, I love it!"

Debbie continued to suck and kiss until she felt Susan tremble. Then her tangy juices were flooding into Debbie's throat. The hot, tangy juices filled her throat and nose and coated her hps.

Debbie swallowed as much as she could and kept swallowing until Susan stopped trembling.

"Oh Debbie," Susan said. "Debbie, Debbie, Debbie! That was so nice."

Debbie reached up and pulled Susan close to her. Their lips clung to each other gently for a moment before they relaxed and allowed themselves to drift into sleep.

Debbie had no idea how long she slept before she became aware of someone in the room.

Susan was still pressed hotly against her and Debbie pushed her gently away.

"Who is it?" she asked.

She could only see a dark figure at the door moving toward the bed.

"It's only me, Peter," Peter said.

Debbie was glad to see him. She held out her arms and felt Peter slip into the bed next to her. He was completely naked and she pressed her fingers

to his limp cock.

"Who?" Susan asked sleepily.

"Peter," Debbie said.

"Ummm," Susan said. "That's nice."

Susan was more awake than she seemed, for Debbie suddenly felt another hand pressing her own tightly against Peter's cock.

"He's not hard yet," Susan said. "We should do something for him."

Debbie didn't waste any time. She leaned against his bare chest and flicked at his nipple with her tongue. He groaned and she opened her mouth slightly and took the nipple between her teeth.

She bit him very gently, just enough to bring a few more groans out of him.

"He's starting to feel it," Susan said. "He's starting to grow."

He -was indeed starting to grow. Debbie felt his soft rod springing

suddenly to life. Debbie loosened her grip on his staff and gave Susan a chance to get her fingers around the bottom of his cock.

Each girl started to move her hand up and down until a little jism made their hands feel sticky.

"Ooooh," Susan said. "He likes that. Keep doing that to his nipples."

Debbie began to bite his nipple a little harder. He groaned loudly and tried to pull her head away. He didn't try hard. She moved her lips to his other nipple and bit that one.

His hairy chest felt good as she rested her soft cheek against it and licked at his nipple. His fingers tightened in her hair and she felt herself being pushed down.

"I think he wants a little suck," Debbie said. "His cock must be warming up."

"Mmmmm," Susan agreed. "I can feel it throbbing. Well, we can give him a suck he won't forget in a while."

Both girls went down on him. Debbie found herself kissing Susan's mouth and then they turned to his cock again. Debbie used her tongue on one side

of his staff while Susan worked on the other.

In just moments his staff and balls glistened with their saliva.

"Ohhh," he groaned softly. "Keep that up, girls, and Peter will give you a surprise."

Debbie giggled. She tongued up to the top of his cock and wetly brushed against his slit.

"Jesus," he said softly. "That's nice. You two sure do know how to suck."

Debbie used her tongue around the large, sensitive ridge. She felt Susan's tongue and she found she was kissing his cock and also Susan's.

They gave each other and Peter's cock wet, sloppy kisses that turned him on even more.

Finally Susan withdrew and allowed Debbie to take the sensitive cock-head into her mouth. She sucked him just barely into her lips and then used her teeth to nip around the ridge.

"Jesus Christ," Peter moaned. "You're fucking killing me with your mouth."

She always liked the feeling of power when she got a man's cock in her mouth. It was wonderful to be able to suck and nibble on his rubbery flesh, to feel him tense as he started to come.

She tasted a little of his sperm as his cock leaked and she began to feel hunger for his cum. She didn't know why she loved it so much. She seemed to get a hot desire to taste his jism running quickly into the back of her throat.

Perhaps this was perverse, but she didn't care. She liked the thick, salty taste.

"God," Peter moaned. "She's really working on me now."

"I think she wants to drink your cum," Susan said.

"God yes," Peter moaned. "Let her drink it. Let her suck it right out of my cock."

Debbie sucked his staff deep into her throat and cupped his heavy balls with her fingers.

She sucked loudly, almost vulgarly, and squeezed his balls with each suck.

"Goddamn," he yelled.

He grabbed the back of her head firmly, as if he was afraid she was going to pull away. He started thrusting into her mouth like he was a bull in heat.

His balls slapped loudly against her chin, but she didn't care if he drove them into her mouth, too. She liked it. She tasted his rubbery cock with pleasure. She liked the way he slammed it into her throat, feeling it go so deep.

"Goddamn," he yelled again. "She loves it. She fucking loves it. I've never seen a woman who likes to suck cock so much. I've got a heavy load and I'm going to blow it in her mouth. Jesus Christ, this feels good. Jesus Christ."

"Don't let him spill any," Susan said softly. "Take it all in your mouth and then give me some."

Debbie knew what Susan meant. She opened her mouth wider as his pumping cock began to thrust faster. She squeezed his balls tightly.

"Fuck, I'm coming!" he screamed. "I'm coming! Pm going to blow it in her mouth. I'm coming, goddamn it! I'm fucking coming. OH FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCKINGGGGGG CHRISTTTTT!"

He exploded in a thick stream deep in her mouth. She swallowed some, but some she held in the hollow of her cheeks. Immediately upon releasing his cock she turned to kiss Susan. She felt Susan's tongue slip into her mouth, sucking up the last drops of his cum from her lips.

"Ummm," Peter groaned. "Ummm, that felt fine."

Peter fell back against the bed as Debbie and Susan continued to kiss. Susan's kiss was awakening the fires in Debbie's cunt again.

It seemed like she was getting to the point where she couldn't stop fucking. Her cunt was staying hot, even when she was too tired to move. She ground herself tighter against Susan as a soft sob came from her throat.

Susan pushed her away with a gleam in her eye.

"Let's make him hard again," Susan suggested.

"No," Peter protested. "It's been a hell of a long day. I think I'm fucked out."

"Nonsense," Susan said. "I know you, Peter. You're a man that will never get fucked out."

He groaned as Susan's fingers touched his cock, but Debbie couldn't tell if it was a groan from pleasure or from pain.

Susan began using her wise fingers on his cock and it wasn't long before he started to get hard again.

Debbie was watching and she could hardly resist touching her own pussy. Susan's cream had done magic, for there was no soreness there.

She felt her finger slip easily inside herself and touch her swollen nubbin.

Susan gave her a look of compassion.

"Mmmm," Susan said. "I can have him any time. Why don't you crawl on this beautiful hunk of meat? Fuck him as long as you like. It should take him a while."

"Susan," Peter protested, but Susan was already pulling at Debbie.

Debbie stretched out on top of Peter, running her full titties against Peter's hard chest.

"I can't," Peter said.

Susan only laughed at him as she took his cock and placed it close to Debbie's cunt. Debbie felt her cuntlips sucking at the head of his prick. Slowly she slid down his body until his cockhead nestled snugly at her furry thatch.

"Ummmmm," Debbie screamed.

She pressed down and felt his cock forcing its way up into her cunt. He stretched her cunt walls as she pressed down on him, getting him deeper and deeper.

"Oh that's nice," Debbie moaned. "That's nice."

She began to rock up and down on his cock. He was making noises but she still didn't know if it was pleasure or if he was in pain. , "God, Debbie," Susan said. "Fuck him. Fuck him good. Ride his cock like a good cowgirl."

Hot, fiery waves were rising in her body. She was aware when Susan knelt behind them and her wet tongue touched at Susan's ass.

Susan parted Debbie's asscheeks with her fingers and placed her tongue right at Debbie's rectum. Debbie moaned and began to slide up and down on

Peter's thick cock even faster.

Susan's hot, wet tongue slipped into Debbie's anus and Debbie screamed with pleasure.

Susan began moving her tongue in and out of Debbie's asshole in the same rhythmic strokes that Debbie was using to milk Peter's cock.

Debbie lifted up slightly and Peter was quick to reward her with his lips. She felt his hot tongue licking at her painfully hard nipple.

Two tongues and a cock were all that Debbie could bear. She felt the first shivery spasm of excitement in her cunt.

"OH JESUS," she yelled. "I'M COMING. I'M REALLY COMING. AGHHHHHHHHH!"

She lay shivering and exhausted as her cunt juices dripped out onto Peter's cock.

She felt Peter's cock throbbing in her and she realized Peter hadn't come yet.

"God," he said. "I thought she was going to fuck me to death."

She slipped off Peter's cock and fell on her back. She had never felt so tired. She was completely fucked out. She felt as if she could sleep for about a year.

"My turn," Susan said.

"No," Peter turned pale. "I'm all done for tonight. Just wait a while and I'll give you what you want. Just wait a little while."

"Uh-uh," Susan said. "I'm horny now, and I'm going to milk your cock dry."

"My God, Susan," Peter groaned.

Debbie was too tired to turn her head, but she could hear the noises. She moved her hand so that it was resting against Susan's pumping thigh.

Susan was on top and she was sliding up and down Peter's cock just as Debbie had done.

Debbie closed her eyes. She didn't want to go straight to sleep. The noises in bed with her sounded strange and wonderful.

She could almost hear Susan's titties rubbing Peter's hard chest.

"My God," Susan groaned. "My God, it feels good! I'm going to pump your cock."

"Shit," Peter moaned. "Oh shit."

The bedsprings got louder as the two tangled bodies approached their climaxes.

"Jesus," Susan cried. "You said you couldn't, but I feel you squirting. You're squirting that hot stuff in me. It feels so good, Peter. So good. It's making me come. It's making me come. Oh FUCKKKK MEEEE, PETERRRRRR!"

After a few moments the bedsprings stopped and Peter gave a soft sigh.

In a few moments Debbie felt Susan pressing close to her body again. She reached out and grasped Peter's cock and held it tenderly in her hands.

Debbie sighed happily and drifted off to a deep sleep.

CHAPTER NINE

Debbie didn't get up until noon the next day, and everyone was gone when she awakened.

She put on a gown and hurried downstairs but there was nobody around.

On the kitchen table was a letter. She opened it and a bundle of hundred-dollar bills fell out. The letter was from Cullen, thanking her.

She hadn't expected them to leave like that. Somehow, after the night before, she had expected it to be a little harder for them to leave. But they hadn't even bothered to tell her good-by.

Debbie looked around and she suddenly felt a little empty and lonely.

The house hadn't seemed big when the movie company filled it, but now it seemed huge.

"Damn it," Debbie said fiercely. "They could have said something to me."

It was a useless thought. What did they have to say? The movie was over. There was no need for them to keep hanging around longer than they had to.

At least Cullen was honest.

She picked up the bundle of bills and counted it. She counted out two thousand dollars. Together with the four thousand she had upstairs that Cullen had already paid her, she could get along very well for a while.

But what then?

It was like Cullen had said. Eventually the money was going to run out and she was going to be right back where she started. No money, no job, and no prospects of getting one.

She thought of Joe and those few years they had gone to college together. Why couldn't she have learned how to do something, anything, instead of taking useless liberal courses?

What had Joe said?

"But darling," he whispered. "All you have to know how to do is take care of me."

Then he would give her that grin that meant he was only interested in her special way of taking care of him.

"Damn it, Joe," she muttered. "All that interested you was your selfish desires. You never cared about me. Now what am I going to do when the money runs out?"

Her mind went carefully over all the possibilities.

She could follow Cullen and get her own start in movies, but she really didn't want to leave the farm. She loved the quiet place and the trees and grass and flowing river. She loved her big house.

The city might be full of interesting people, but now those people were just strangers that she had no desire to meet.

"Damn it to hell," she said fiercely.

She fixed her breakfast and drank down two cups of the boiling hot coffee. She drank it black, liking the bitter taste on her tongue.

Her mind kept returning to the farm. Other people lived on farms and made them work. Why couldn't she? Well, for one thing she knew nothing about working a farm.

But she might be able to hire somebody who did.

The thought interested her and she ran it around in her mind.

It might be possible to hire someone to help her work her farm. Someone who knew the area and knew what needed to be done. Someone who already worked on a farm like hers.

She remembered the big, husky Swedish type that Joe had once introduced her to. What was his name? John something or other and he really wasn't Swedish but he had that blond complexion and the light hair.

She also remembered some other things about him. The bulging arms and the hairy chest, the way his face looked so strong and independent. There might be other benefits in having him around.

What made it really interesting was the fact that John worked for her old boss on his farm.

That silvery-haired gentleman who had tried to get her to go down on him right in the office. As if all secretaries were supposed to have round heels or something.

A wicked smile came to her face.

The Huxley farm was a huge sprawling place near the edge of town. Chris

Huxley was standing on the front porch when she drove in.

She had never liked Chris very much or she might have been tempted to suck him off. He was one of those men who walked around sneering at other people.

Maybe he thought he had a right to sneer.

He owned the farm and he owned two office buildings, one of which had been where Debbie had worked as a secretary.

He saw Debbie get out of the car and a smug smile came across his face. Debbie wore a black pants suit that looked as if it had been painted on. She wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples were plainly visible against the soft material of her blouse.

"Well," he said. "I thought you might come around again. What's the matter? Can't you find another job?"

He really thought he had Debbie between a rock and a hard place. He kept grinning and licking his lips as if he was in for a treat.

Debbie had already decided to tease him along a little bit. She gave him a soft, helpless smile.

"Mr. Huxley," she said softly. "I was wondering if you could find me a job?"

"Could be," Chris said. "But you know you made me awfully angry when you left."

"I know," she said, allowing her voice to sound trembly. "But I'd make that up to you. I honestly would."

"You would, huh?" he asked. "Well, maybe we can arrange something."

He started walking toward her and she got ready. He halted just inches from her and raised his hand to touch it to the swell of her tits.

She kicked him very hard in his balls.

"Oh my God," he said. He went white and dropped to the dirt groaning.

She felt a large amount of satisfaction seeing him that way.

"You should be more careful, Mr. Huxley," she said. "You can get hurt grabbing at things that don't belong to you."

She left him groaning as she went looking for John. She found him at the door to the barn. He had his shirt off and his muscular chest glistened with sweat.

"You really hurt him that time," John said.

"He deserved it," Debbie said.

Debbie was beginning to feel a surge of confidence that she'd never realized she had. She looked John square in the eye.

"How would you like to work for me?" she asked.

"I don't like pushy women," John said.

He turned away and stepped into the cool quiet of the barn. He picked up a pitchfork and began to push hay into one of the stalls. Debbie followed him inside. She hadn't lost any of her confidence. She knew she was going to do whatever it took to get John. He was the best farmhand around and he belonged to Chris Huxley.

That made it a must that she get him.

"I'm willing to pay well," she said.

He stopped his forking. "Ma'm," he said. "I have a good job that pays well. There's no reason for me to change it now."

"There might be other benefits," she said.

He gave her an appraising look and a grin came to his face. It was a frightening grin. It was the grin of a man who usually got what he wanted. She hadn't expected to find such self-confidence in a farmhand.

"What kind of benefits?" he asked.

"You'd have the complete run of the farm," Debbie answered nervously. "You'd be able to do exactly as you wanted, as long as you made it a working farm."

"Where would I live?" he asked.

"In the house," she answered quickly.

"And whose bed would I sleep in?" he asked.

Debbie felt a choking sensation at the back of her throat.

"I need you," she said. "I want you to work for me. I think we could work things out."

"Maybe so," he said. "I like the idea of running my own place. But it would have to be mine."

"I don't understand," Debbie said.

"I mean that everything on it would belong to me," he said. "Even you!"

Debbie's confidence was beginning to be shaken. This wasn't going the way it should have gone. She had wanted to hire a dull farmhand who would make her farm work. She planned on being the boss.

She could see that this man would never be bossed by her.

"Maybe I shouldn't have come," Debbie said. "I'll just try someone else."

"You don't really want to try anyone else," he said. "I think you want me."

He dried his hands off on his trousers and he started toward her.

Debbie was frantic now. She turned to run and one huge arm went around her shoulders and jerked her hard against him. For a moment she was reminded of Max. How she had loathed his brutal attack.

She felt John's gentle lips kissing the back of her neck.

"I need a place," he said. "A place that is all mine. But you have to be mine also."

She struggled to free herself as he continued to kiss the back of her neck. She kicked down on his instep and he released her. He whirled her around so that her lips were inches from his own.

Her knee came up but he blocked it.

"So, little one," he whispered. "You would do to me what you did to Chris. I don't think so."

His arms tightened around her and she felt her breath go out with a whoosh. She had to drop her knee or he would have squeezed her even harder.

"That's better," he said.

His strength kept reminding her of Max until he kissed her mouth. His lips were nothing like Max's. His lips were hungry and demanding, but they were also gentle. She felt a warmth between her legs.

"No," she said, pushing him away. "Someone might come. Someone might see. I'll let you, but not here."

"It doesn't matter who sees," he said. "They'll know that you're my woman."

She would have protested that she wasn't his woman, but she felt weak as she looked into his eyes. He kissed her again and his sucking hps seemed to drain her will to resist.

She felt his strong hands massaging her titties through her thin blouse.

"Ooooh," she moaned. "That's nice."

No, he was nothing like Max, except his strength was the same. This man was a gentle, no-nonsense man who would take care of her. He might spank her if she deserved it, and she knew without looking that he would have a

magnificent cock.

She groaned and pressed herself tightly against his strong body. He smelled of hay and sweat and she found that she liked the smell.

She also realized that he was the type of man that she had been searching for.

It might have seemed too soon for some women, but Debbie had gone through so much that it was easy for her to accept that she needed a man like John.

She ground her body against him, feeling his massive cock straining to get out of his trousers.

He grabbed her head in a fierce grip and forced his tongue deep into her mouth. She responded by pushing her wet tongue against his. Once more she ground her pelvis against his cock.

His broad, strong hands slipped down her back and gently squeezed her asscheeks. She moaned for him to squeeze her harder and he did.

Any other time his fingers might have hurt her as he pinched her ass, but now she was so hot that she wanted to feel him squeezing her. She had the need to be dominated by him, for him to show her that he was strong enough

to take care of her forever.

"Oh Jesus," she said softly. "That's nice. Keep touching my ass."

"I like to squeeze you, Debbie," he said. "I used to watch you in town and I wanted to squeeze you. I wanted to feel your ass in my hands. I wanted to kiss your titties and put my cock in your cunt."

"You can now," she moaned. "I'm yours now. You can do anything you want. Anything at all."

His arms tightened around her and she felt herself being lifted.

He held her in his strong grip and carried her to the bale of hay. He lay her down in the soft pile and he stretched out beside her.

His hands squeezed her titties as he again drove his tongue deep into her mouth, exploring.

"God," she moaned. "God. Take off my blouse. Take off my blouse so you can feel me."

He didn't bother to undo her blouse. He got the flimsy fabric in his

strong grip and ripped it. The buttons popped off easily.

"Mmmm," she said, as she felt his hot eyes ogling her bare tits.

He touched her flesh and she shivered." His thumb caressed her nipple.

"Do you like them?" she asked him.

She realized that she was already thinking of him as her man. He was the one she wanted and she wanted him to be pleased with her. Especially her body. He didn't need to look anywhere else to see a pair of tits when he had a pair like hers.

"Tell me you like them," she begged him.

She felt as if she was in the power of his words and actions, as if suddenly she belonged completely to him. It wasn't a bad feeling. In fact, it made her feel kind of dreamy.

"God yes, I like them," he said. "I think you have beautiful titties. I think they should always be naked like this for me to touch and kiss."

"Yes," she groaned. "Kiss them. Show me how much you like them."

"I'll show you," he promised.

She gasped as he bent his head to her titties. His hot mouth sucked at one hard bud and then the other, like a bee hunting pollen. She felt her nipples growing stiffer under his tongue's caress.

"God, that's nice," she groaned.

She arched her back and tried to push even more of her creamy flesh into his mouth.

She pulled at his thick hair as his lips lit fires all over her body.

"That's so nice," Debbie said. "I like that. I like it. I love the way your tongue feels. I love the way you suck me! I love it. Keep tonguing me."

He started biting her gently and his hands went back underneath to cup her ass. He knew what he was doing with his tongue and hands. His caresses left Debbie gasping for breath. She was getting damned hot.

She couldn't resist the impulse to reach for his cock. She gently ran her fingers over the gigantic cock. She felt it tremble in impatience.

She had somehow felt that he would have a nice cock and she wasn't disappointed.

"Oh John," she cried. "It's so big. It's ready for me. It's ready for my cunt. I feel it trembling. I want that big cock stuffed into me."

He bit her harder as she kept running her fingers over his cock. She found the zipper but she couldn't get the damn thing undone. She almost sobbed in impatience. She wanted to feel it. She wanted to wrap her fingers around his staff and feel the sticky jism leaking onto her hands.

"Oh God, John," she moaned. "I can't get it undone. And it's so ready for me!"

"Yes," he agreed. "It's ready for you. It's hot and it's ready and I'm going to put it in your sweet little box. I'm going to fuck you."

"Hurry," she said impatiently.

He grabbed the top of her pants and peeled them easily down her legs in one fluid motion. Her panties just seemed to fall apart with the pull of his fingers.

"Oh God," she said.

"Over on your stomach," he commanded.

She looked at him curiously, but he had no time for hesitation. He grabbed her and rolled her over. She found her face pressed against the sweet-smelling hay. Her titties were pressed flat as he positioned her as he wanted her.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm going to show you how I'll get into your cunt," he said. "Deep and hard!"

He pulled apart the cheeks of her ass and she felt one finger rubbing across her pussy hps.

"Oh, that's making me cock crazy," she said.

He laughed loudly and she heard the sound of his zipper being pulled down. She shivered as she felt his huge cockhead being pressed snugly against her furry mound.

"God, give it to me," she begged him. "Put that beautiful piece of meat

into my cunt! Fuck me! Please fuck me! I'm so hot for your cock!"

He took the head of his cock between his fingers and began rubbing it up and down her wet slit. She felt herself responding by hotly pushing up her cunt at him. She wanted him to fill her box. God, how she wanted it! She wanted to feel his stiff rod slamming inside her.

He didn't wait long. He thrust savagely and his cock tore into her cunt. She felt the huge cockhead stretching her cunt and she ground herself back against him.

He went deep. Almost too deep. She felt as if he was going to come out her mouth. Once he was in her he rested for a few minutes.

She felt his heavy balls touching her. She also felt the way his cock throbbed inside her.

"Fuck me," she begged him. "I need it now. Fuck me really hard!"

He withdrew his cock partly and then slammed it back into her.

"Oh Jesus," she groaned.

He began to fuck her in deep, slow strokes that seemed to add fuel to her

fire.

She found herself grunting and pushing back against him at his every stroke.

"Fuck," she cried. "OH FUCK!"

She might have come then, but he didn't allow her to. He pulled his cock out and slapped her ass. She rolled over onto her back and he dropped between her thighs.

Her arms went around his shoulders and pulled his massive chest against her.

"Put it back in me," she screamed.

This time he drove it savagely into her and started fucking her hard and fast. She moaned each time his cock pressed against her cunt walls.

"Shit," she groaned. "You're going to come out my mouth. I can't stand it. You're breaking me apart. You're going to kill me with that thing!"

Even as she spoke her cunt was sucking at him, as if she was trying to pull

his cock deeper into her.

Her ass felt scratchy on the hay but she didn't care. She began to wiggle against him.

"God, that's so big and hard," she moaned. "I love it. I love your big cock."

She reached between them and touched his cock. She felt him jerk as her fingers began to gently squeeze his balls. She wanted to squeeze his cum out. She squeezed harder and he fucked her faster.

"Yes," she cried. "That's it. Give it to me. Give it to me hard! Harder!"

The only sound in the barn was their hard breathing and the slap of his balls against her.

She wanted him deeper, even if he did kill her. She raised her legs and locked them around his back. She felt his cock slam into her so deep that she knew he was tearing her up.

But hot waves of pleasure went all over her body and she met his hard thrusts by lifting her ass and pressing herself tight against him.

"I'm so hot," she moaned. "You're making me come. You're making me

come. Oh God, I'm hot! You're making me come. Oh God, IT FEELS SO GOOD I CAN'T STAND ITTTTTT!" She clung to him fiercely as she felt his hard cock spurt into her. She pressed her mouth against his in a feverish kiss that ended only when the last drop of cum had been drained from his cock.

He fell away from her and she followed him like a puppy dog follows its master.

She began to lick his huge prick clean. He sighed softly as she sucked his prick into her mouth.

"Yes," he said. "This is going to work out fine. I'll be your farmhand, but you'll be my woman."

She could only nod as she finished licking his cock clean.

"Let's go home," he said.

The funny thing was that Chris Huxley was still moaning in the yard as they drove away.

THE END