

The Mother Rapers(74k) by Ron Taylor

FOREWORD

Who can judge a person's reactions during stress situations? The prisoner of war who gives in to his captors' demands, the kidnapped heiress who joins forces with her abductors-both must act without past experience to guide them. The end result can be either a very negative or a positive experience.

In The Mother Rapers Diana Flaherty finds herself in just such a situation. Held captive, then degraded and forced to perform what she considers perverse sex acts, she nonetheless finds within herself hidden resources, strength of character she never realized she had.

Diana Flaherty suffers through an unspeakably horrible experience, but she comes through with her sensibilities intact, knowing she is more of a woman.

-The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Diana Flaherty stopped beside the car. "Do you want to drive?" she asked, tossing back her long hair and cocking her head to one side. She took

advantage of the pause to smooth out a wrinkle or two in her sleeveless top and her hands glided down from her prominent tits, across her smooth belly, halting at the waistband of her low-riding jeans.

Matt cleared his throat. He could feel a tingle at the edge of his hair and he hoped to holy shit he wasn't starting to blush. Jesus Christ! he thought. She's thirty-seven years old and she's my goddamned MOTHER! Will you get a grip on yourself? "Yeah," he said, voice cracking a little.

Her top fit her like saran wrap; only you couldn't see through it. Christ be thanked for that! Matt got into the car, squirmed till he was comfortable behind the wheel. His mother went around and entered from the passenger's side. All the while, Matt stared at her tits.

She was built, for a lady her age, he thought.

About five-four; he towered a good foot over her when they stood face to face-and in really top shape. That top really clung to her boobs, made them seem bigger, bustier, than they normally looked. Thank God she was wearing a bra. If he'd been able to see the imprint of nipples on the material, he'd have gotten hard. He knew it, to his shame. Christ, why couldn't he have a mother like the other guys? Somebody with a fat ass and a chunky midsection and a sweet, homey face? Somebody who didn't make him think of things he wasn't supposed to think about. Goddamn good thing he was on his way to junior ROTC camp. For the next two weeks he could concentrate on drill and military instruction and all those other sexless subjects. Sighing, Matt started the car.

She'd probably be glad too, he thought. Not having him around for a couple of weeks. Not having him underfoot, interfering with her action.

She had action, damn sure. Dad had been gone for two years and Ma had gone through the whole routine of widowed grief, but it couldn't last forever. She was seeing a couple of guys, and she was banging at least one of them. Matt knew that for certain. He'd come in early one night, seen Ma on the couch in the living room with her blouse unbuttoned and her bra off and Jake Tracy diving for pearls between her legs while she moaned and sweated and gurgled like a two-dollar whore. Christ! Matt had gotten the hell back out the door he'd entered, gotten out before Ma or Jake had been aware of his presence, but even with the door tightly shut between him and that scene, he couldn't erase it from his memory. The way her dark hair fanned out around her face, the beads of sweat on her forehead and on the round, brown-berried humps of her tits, the little sounds she made, her legs moving in the air, one of them curling and loosening round Jake Tracy's neck. The coaly-black patch of fur Jake's face was burrowing into.

That, thought Matthew, is what she'll be doing all the time I'm gone and not around to cramp her style. He slipped the car into forward and it began to move. Matt's eyes flickered to the side. Diana was sitting lazily on the seat, leaned back in comfort with her tits pointing out and her legs parted, and she was playing with her hair, twining her fingers through the long dark tresses. Nice hair. Nice tits. And her legs! Jeans so tight they were wrinkled up like corduroy, jeans as tight as any teenaged girl in Matt's class at high school dared to wear, and even if Ma was thirty-seven years old, what she had inside those goddamn jeans was as attractive. Round ass and shapely legs hugged tightly by the denim.

Oh, shit! Matt thought. Stop it! He jammed on the brake pedal at the corner stop sign, looked both ways quickly, tried not to stare at his mother again, and then he peeled rubber as he took off. You filthy, filthy son of a bitch! he told himself. You've got a mind like a fucking cesspool!

"Slow down," Diana said. She leaned toward her son and put the tips of her fingers on his knee. She couldn't feel Matt turning to jelly at that delicate touch. His foot eased up on the gas pedal. "That's better," she said. "I want to get there in one piece, kid." Her fingers rested on his knee for another moment and the jelly inside Matt began to boil. He gripped the wheel tighter, but he wasn't sure he could even feel it, clutched in his fists.

He was seventeen. This was the prime of his life, he tried to tell himself, and he had a lot more important things to do than fantasize all kinds of disgusting, kinky shit about his own mother for Chris sakes! Right now he was off for two weeks at Junior ROTC camp-he'd be cadet lieutenant when school started next month, and he was pretty sure he would make the army his career, once he finished college. Maybe someday he'd be a general.

Diana took her hand away, and he felt a lot better. He pushed the car steadily, obeying the speed limit signs. With Ma in the car he couldn't do much else. The outer edges of town began to drop away and before long they were in open country, making toward the interstate highway. At least he could open up the car a little when they got onto the four-lane.

He heard his mother sigh and, unconsciously, his eyes drifted toward her.

She was stretching, her arms up, elbows out, fists back and almost touching her shoulders. If anything, it made her tits stick out all the more-big, round firm boobs, coming to smooth points-and he remembered how those tits had looked the other night, bare, the nipples brown and hard, and- Think about something else! he commanded himself. His foot wavered on the gas pedal. The car slowed a moment, then speeded up again as he regained his self-control. What a stupid thing to do! He could feel the auto's hesitation, and it made him feel like an asshole. He could drive better than that!

He fixed his eyes on the road, determinedly, and he searched through his memories for something to get his mind back where it belonged. Camp. Marching, drilling, mock battles, classes in tactics and leadership. But he'd been to camp before. He knew all the routine by heart. His mind began to drift again, but this time into safer waters. Last night. At the drive-in with Susie. Better. Much, much, MUCH better! Driving automatically, he started to relive it.

"Ooooh, stop," Susie whispered into his ear, her hard little tits grinding into his chest where they sprawled on the back seat. "No, I mean it! Ooooh, you're bad! I should never have let you-Shhhhhh!" She rubbed her chest against him and he could feel the nipples, hard and tight, obvious as little pebbles inside her shirt and bra, and his hand moved again inside her cutoffs. He could feel moisture leaking from her slit, wetting the crotch piece of her panties, dampening on his fingers too.

Susie rolled off him and lay back on the seat, her legs spread. Carefully, Matt slid closer and, with his free hand, he unbuttoned her cutoff denims, pulling them down to her knees. She was wearing a pair of white bikini panties, smooth and tight. They clung to her flesh and, in the light reflecting

from the movie screen twelve rows down, Matt could see how her pubes bulged inside the panties. He cupped her mound and gave it a testing squeeze. She moaned and her thighs slid together, trapping him in hot, damp sweetness. "Oh, stop," she moaned, not at all convincingly. At the same moment she clutched one of her tits and gave it a squeeze, which caused her to moan again, dreamily. Matt flexed his hand on her covered twat, reached to caress her other tit. She covered his hand with her own, held him there. Her heart thumped madly behind the small hard breast, and his heart was doing a little thumping too.

The movie must have gone to a daylight scene and with the increase of light; he had a quick glimpse of Susie's cute, pixie face, the little curls of hair swirled round that face, the tightly-shut lids of her eyes, the flutter of her lips. She'd been wearing a bright cherry lipstick when he picked her up earlier this evening, but her mouth looked pale and bare now. Most of the lipstick was on him. It tasted good, and so did Susie.

Matt squeezed her cunt, then her tit, and she seemed to melt in his hands, all that hot inviting sixteen-year-old flesh oozing through his fingers like jello. A few curls of wispy hair were sticking out the crotch piece of her panties. He could feel them all ticklish against his thumb.

Matt released her tit and Susie moaned again.

She was really hot tonight. He leaned in, kissed her mouth. She wrapped her arms around his neck and tried to suffocate him. Her tongue shot into his mouth, wiggled around, and he'd thought he couldn't be any more turned on than he already was. Well, he could. His fist tightened on Susie's cunt-

mound and she closed her thighs around his hand, flexing and teasing.

She loosened one of her arms, drew it back to her chest. Matt opened his eyes, looked down, saw that Susie was unbuttoning. He sucked her tongue, waiting for the shirt to fall open and her little pointy boobs to thrust forth like twin invitations to be kissed and squeezed.

As soon as he could, he got his hand onto her breasts again, jumping from tit to tit, playing with each of them until the nipples were so hot and hard it was a wonder they didn't bum or tear holes in the flimsy bra she wore. Carefully, he worked his finger under the elastic, added another finger, began to stroke and work a bare, stiff nipple with deft agility. Susie gurgled, deep in her throat, and he fell upon her. They humped together for a long, long time, his hard-cock grinding against her cunt with even more insistence than his fist had kneaded her delicate little pussy bulge. She opened her legs and pulled him in, moaning deliriously as their bodies rubbed and rubbed.

"Mmmmm, lick my face," she invited, rubbing her palms on his cheeks, teasing his mouth to come closer to hers. Matt started licking her chin, the tip of her nose, her eyelids, her lips, even her teeth. He remembered the first time he'd ever tongued her teeth. Susie was still wearing braces then and the metal wires had felt strange as hell against his tongue. But exciting, too. Not half so exciting, though, as the feelings he got now, gliding his tongue across her smooth even teeth, thrusting suddenly into her mouth, the way he wanted to thrust his cock up her sweet hot pussy.

He pushed impatiently into the gape of her spread thighs and she pushed

back, her crotch bucking excitedly against him.

"Now," he said. "Now!"

Moaning, Susie quivered and kissed like crazy. It almost seemed as if she were trying to distract his attention with her insistent kisses, with her hands stroking his face and shoulders. Matt kept on shoving, letting her feel the entire stiff length of cock that was dying to get free and loose. He was so stiff he thought himself in real danger of breaking in two, and it hurt like hell to be cooped up in his tight blue jeans. Sighing, he reached down and unzipped his pants. "Here," he said. "Give me your hand, baby."

He took her trembling hand and steered it to the open fly of his pants. Susie reached inside and he heard her whistle as her fingers made contact with his boner. "Oh my god," she cooed, and then she went into action, pushing him onto his side.

Matt moved where she guided, and in a moment he was the one sitting, while Susie dropped to the floor. The front seat was pushed up as far as it would go, giving them plenty of room back here, but she was still hunched over him as if she were in a tight cramp. Her hands flew to his belt and she undid it, tugging at pants, pulling the shorts along with them, dragging garments to Matt's knees. His cock bounced up, and another gleam of light from the movie screen illuminated his jiggling erection for just a moment, but a long enough moment for Susie to see it, to croon, "Oh, wow, babyyyyy!" in giggly admiration.

She grabbed him with a small but tight fist. Her fingers were hot stroking up and down him, and he began to moan in appreciation. Susie could really give a hand-job. She could work on a prick with those fingers of hers, get you so hard and horny it felt as if you were going to BURST in her hands.

But he didn't want that tonight. "No," he said passionately, catching her hand in mid-stroke. "Sit on me. Let's really get together, baby. You know how I want it."

"Oh, so do I," Susie gushed, rising. She couldn't move too gracefully with her pants down to her knees, so she wiggled her legs and the cutoffs dropped to her ankles. She stepped out of them with one foot, left them dangling from the other shoe, and she stood in a crouch while Matt's trembling fingers hooked into the waistband of her white panties and slid them downward. Her fluffy bush seemed to vibrate with static electricity as it was set free. Matt couldn't resist the impulse to slide a fingertip through the little triangular patch of hair, and he felt the excitement quivering in Susie's flesh as he touched her. She gave a mewling little cry, and he pulled her onto him.

Deftly, in an experienced fashion, she straddled his legs. She angled his cock downward, till its stiff barrel matched the directional line of her tight young slit, and she came down on him. As his pecker touched her slit, Susie tightened her legs, squeezing Matt's dong with her thigh tops. He grabbed for her ass, found himself two sweet moist handfuls and they began to rock together, his dick rubbing, rubbing its way back and forth along her cleft. She began to moan atop him, and her hands clutched at his shoulders for support. Matt leaned forward and nuzzled her tits, kissing and licking the hard pointy nipples that were so pert and obvious punching out the centers

of her bra cups.

Susie got the message. She kept on sawing her pussy back and forth against his cock, while one of her hands slipped around in back to undo the clasp of her bra. With a sigh, she let it fall from her tits and Matt began to suck her nipples.

God, how he wanted to get his cock in her! It was great like this, stroking himself between her sweat-moist, sleek, smooth thighs, feeling his cock ride proud and blood-lusty along the rift of her cunt, knowing from her sighs, moans, and shivers that she, too was getting turned on and MUCHO! But it wasn't the same as fucking, They could come this way, really come. She'd get all hot and bothered in his embrace, collapse against him with little kitteny cries of satisfaction, her pussy running with sweet honey moisture, and his cock would squirt a gallon of thick steamy jism, and it would be better than good for both of them. But, Jesus, he wished she'd let him stick it up her.

They'd done it once about a year ago, the first time for either of them, the ONLY time. She didn't have a cherry-she'd broken it in gym class, on the parallel bars in seventh grade-so there was no blood to mess things up. But nothing had ever preceded Matt's rod up her pussy tube, and even with both of them straining and gasping and sobbing with effort, it was a hell of a job getting her fucked.

He hadn't shot off inside her. He was positive of that. Jesus Christ, a guy should know when he comes, shouldn't he? He'd beaten his meat enough times, by then, to know-when the cum was gonna fly. Susie had squatted on

him just like this, in the woods down at the city park late one Saturday evening, and all the time she was crying and saying, "Please don't do it inside me, oh, please, don't do it inside me. Oh, God, that feels so good! Don't do it inside me, baby, please!"

He knew what she meant. It did feel too good.

Her virginal tightness gripping his swollen rod like a vise. The sweat beading on his forehead, rolling rivers of it flowing from his hair, down into his eyes, stinging him. Susie afraid to "move 'at first and then starting to slide up and down on his rod with little baby steps that slowly and slowly grew into something more, something excited, something eager and frenzied.

"Oh, God!" she squealed. "I'm coming!" And he could feel it, feel her coming, pussy twitching and snapping, sloppy with her juices, juices that bathed his shuddering dick.

She fell onto her side, off him, and he dragged his dick out of her. While Susie lay naked on her flanks, moaning her come, Matt grabbed his cock and started to flog it mercilessly. Seven strokes later he was gushing cum onto the grass. Lots of cum. His fingers clenched around his sticky dick and he tried to make it stay hard, but there was no way. With a sigh he lay down beside Susie, holding her tightly, kissing her.

So he knew he hadn't fired off into her cunt, no matter how much he'd wanted to. Yet she missed her next period, and he thought she was going to cut her wrists or something. "You did!" she told him fiercely. "I know you

did! And now I'm pregnant and Daddy will kill you and he'll kill me too, and, oh, God, I'm never going to do it again-not until-" Not until she could get some kind of protection, she meant. At least, that's what she told him when the scare was over and blood flowed in her cunny again. She'd get some pills, but it was dangerous to take them at her age-she was only fifteen then. The doctor at the free clinic down on Railroad Street said so. She ought to be at least sixteen. Well, she was sixteen now, and she was supposed to visit the clinic and get herself a prescription. Next week, goddamn it, while Matt was at ROTC camp. And until then, he'd just have to be content with a sexy but fuckless relationship.

Right now, feeling her ride on his cock, feeling her cunt grow wet and greasy against his pecker, he didn't mind so much. And when I get back, he thought. I'm going to give her the fucking of the goddamn century! Bet she wants it as much as I do!

He gripped her ass tighter and they rocked closer and closer toward a mutual release. He felt the cum-urge in his nuts and there was a suspicious twitching along the cleft of her little twat, and all he could think of was, this is the last time we'll have to do it this way. Next time- But this time he was squirting, his dick a red-hot, seven-inch pole of gushing, jisming flesh, and Susie was turning to mush atop him.

He dragged his lips away from her throbbing titties, found her mouth, kissed her while they shuddered and came together, and, Jesus, it felt so good to hold her close while their bodies pulsated with excitement and their crotches were gooey and juicy from the sweetness they had shared. He helped her get her clothes back on, and she helped him, and they lay in the

back seat and watched the movie.

CHAPTER TWO

Matt could smell smoke and he blinked. Jesus, he thought. How long have I been driving on the four-lane?

He hadn't even realized that the car was now moving up the Interstate at a neat sixty miles an hour. And the smoke? His mother was just inhaling one of the ten Newport's she allowed herself per day and he wished he hadn't looked. Her tits lifted as she pulled in the smoke, and the way they lifted- Jesus, it was something else! She looked at him and smiled. "Penny for your thoughts," she said lightly, blowing a perfect smoke ring. Matt turned his face back to the road ahead.

Just wait, he thought. When I get back from camp, I'm gonna fuck the living shit out of Susie! Oh, God, it is gonna be so good, those hard little tits grinding against me while I ram my dick up her cunt so far it's gonna give her a fucking headache. Her body all naked and glued to mine. Those hard little boobs, that ripe, soft ass, her tight pussy eating my pecker like it's a big ripe sausage- His eyes peeked toward Diana where she sat smoking and he felt a lump building in his throat. Long, lustrous hair, almost black, shining blue overtones in the right kind of light. Tits. He'd peeked in her underwear drawer once, and he knew that she wore a size 38-D bra, and because he'd walked into the house at the wrong time one night he knew what she had to stuff inside those 38-D bras. There was a twinge of shameful arousal between his legs and he hoped his cock didn't stiffen right here, right now, while he was driving and trying not to look at his mother, trying to think

about Susie, and all he could see were the big brown berry nipples of his mother's bare tits, hard with lust the way they were that night he almost fell over her and her boyfriend making it on the couch. Susie, he thought. Susie.

Susie was a little girl-only barely eighteen. He wanted to fuck her, really fuck her, but he couldn't stop thinking about the woman who shared the front seat of the car with him, either. His eyes kept moving toward her as she sat smoking, one hand holding the cigarette, the other toying with her long hair. Mothers shouldn't wear their hair all loose and flowing like that. Mothers ought to have gray hair, tied up in a bun. Mothers ought to wear little steel-rimmed glasses and bake cookies and go around in aprons and print dresses. They shouldn't be stacked with tight blue jeans struggling to contain swingy, delicious asses; they shouldn't have 38-D tits that didn't even fucking need bras to stick up and out and make lumps rise in the throat of whoever saw them, even sons.

Matt swallowed hard. Thank Christ he was going off to ROTC camp. Two weeks in the woods ought to be good for him. And when he got back, the first thing he was gonna do was throw a fuck into that bitch Susie, to make up for the two years she'd been holding back on him. Oh, wow, he was gonna fuck her buns off.

I'm just horny, he thought. I want Susie so bad-Jesus, I want anything! I'm so close to getting it, finally, really getting it. There's nothing weird about staring at my morn. Everybody else stares at her. She's a woman worth staring at. Betcha I won't even be having any of these kinky ideas once Susie and I start to get it on!

Slowly he became aware that the radio was playing Jimmy Buffett's "Margaritaville," and he let his body relax with the lazy beat of the music.

He began to tap the dash, keeping time with Buffett's record, and he reminded himself that it was only a three-hour drive to camp. Three 'hours and two weeks, he thought, and my whole life is gonna change.

Diana Flaherty sighed, then stubbed out her cigarette. She popped a breath mint into her mouth. The nicotine she needed, but not the aftertaste of burnt tobacco. She relaxed a little more. The radio was playing soft rock and pop music, and it seemed to hit chords and tones inside her body. She hummed softly with the song, massaging the back of her neck with her hands. Matt was doing a good job driving. She didn't have to keep an eye on him twenty-four hours a day. Her son was becoming a man, almost before her eyes, and she didn't want to stand in his way.

His ROTC camp, for example. At least he wasn't wasting the summer, the way so many other boys did. He had a goal-even if he changed his mind later about becoming an army professional-and she was very sure her son wasn't going to turn out like some boys his age-all aimless and unmotivat-ed.

Matt was a good boy. His father would be proud of him, if his father were still alive. No. He wasn't a boy. He was seventeen years old, almost a man. There was a difference, and that difference probably meant a lot to her son. He even had a girl friend, that darling little Susie Cooper. Diana tilted her head to one side and eyed Matt as he drove. He didn't seem to be aware

she was watching him, and that was good, because he seemed so self-conscious lately. Part of growing up, Diana reminded herself. I was the same way at his age.

But, she thought, when I was seventeen, things were a lot different. The world didn't move as fast. There wasn't as much turmoil. Back then, things seemed to happen slower. You could see changes coming, they didn't sneak up on you and bop you over the head. Diana smiled. When I was seventeen, I was a virgin, she thought. Kissed a little, and petted a little, but never below the waist. I wonder if Matt is a virgin. Or does it matter for boys? It didn't seem to then, in the fifties. She tried to imagine her son engaged in sexual intercourse with his little girl friend Susie, that impish little pixy. It didn't seem possible. They were such children, after all! Susie giggled at anything, and Matt was probably too shy for such goings-on. I wonder, Diana thought, how he feels about the idea of sex. But I have a notion he may get a chance to voice his opinion soon.

In a way, it was a good thing he was going off to camp. Right now, at least. She needed some time alone, time to think. It had been two years since Richard's death, and widowhood grew heavy upon Diana Flaherty's shoulders. Richard was the second man she had been in love with, the second man who had fucked her, the first man she had married. Getting over his loss had taken some time, but she had gotten over it. God, Matt resembled his father in so many ways, especially now-the intense way he stared at the road while he drove, the unconscious tapping of his fingers on the dashboard, keeping time with the music though he gave no other sign that he was even aware it was playing. The angle of his nose, the color of his brown eyes, the gold flecks that showed in them occasionally, the set of his chin-almost like seeing a picture of Richard.

She'd been dating a little, recently. There had been a decent period of mourning for her husband, but it couldn't go on forever. The last few months she'd been seeing a couple of men. Seeing? Was that the- right word? Especially where Jake was concerned? Diana felt a blush beginning to spread down her face and she looked away, lest Matt notice and wonder why his mother's face was turning red. She stared resolutely out the window, and she thought about Jake Tracy and the question he'd asked her, only two nights ago, the question she still had not found a way to answer.

She met him on the job. Well, she'd known him for several years, since she'd been working as receptionist for the legal firm Dewey, Cheatham, and Howe, even before Richard died. And Jake Tracy was in and out of the office a good bit. He sympathized with her when she lost her husband, and, like a gentleman, he waited until he could sense the rightness of the moment before asking her out for dinner and dancing. It was exactly the right time, too. She accepted.

He hadn't pressed her, but she knew that he was interested in her body as well as in her intellectual companionship. That wasn't surprising. She had a damned good body. Not many people believed she was thirty-seven, that she had a son who would be a senior in high school come September. Diana took good care of herself. She exercised, she dieted when necessary, and she was an attractive woman who knew she was attractive and didn't have to flaunt it on the world. She could be herself and let it go at that.

They'd been seeing one another for a few months before they first wound up in bed at his place. It was good. Really good. Maybe she was just

starved for love, but she responded wildly to his stimulation. He felt her tits, made the nipples engorge with lust, and then he sucked the swollen berries and she knew she was going to come even before he could get his cock into her. She did come, in fact, with his cock in her mouth and his finger in her pussy, tickling her clit while she gave him head with an enthusiasm that astonished Diana. She'd always been good with her mouth- Richard used to revel in her blow-jobs, and she enjoyed giving as much as he loved to take. Jake, it appeared was much the same. And he could eat a pussy too! They sucked one another for what seemed hours before he actually shoved his dong up her dripping snatch, but she was ready by that time, shivering and panting and moaning with her need, and when he shot his cum into her twat, it felt as if he were firing a shotgun up her cunt. She went up and it seemed she would never come back to earth. As if she wanted to. "I'd been missing that," she told him afterwards as they shared a cigarette, a drink, and a warm, damp bed. "I've really been missing it."

"Baby," he assured her, running his fingers across her perspiring stomach, "you don't have to miss out on anything. Not while I'm around." Fifteen minutes later, he was in her again, and she came straggling in at three in the morning, red-faced at having to make up a silly story to explain her whereabouts to Matt. The dear boy had been worried and sat up waiting for his wandering Ma. She felt terrible lying to him, but she knew he wouldn't understand, couldn't understand, the truth: she was beginning a new relationship, a sexual relationship, with a man.

I didn't rush into it, Diana reminded herself. She hadn't thrown herself onto Jake, no matter how strongly she felt the urge to do just that. The feel of his cock ramming into the cuntal slot that had been empty for what seemed an eternity, the strong male presence of him next to her as they cuddled before and after sex, the particular taste of his lips on hers,

slightly moist with a subtle hint of saltiness-they were all things she had been missing since her husband's death. To find them again, now, was something too much for her to bear calmly. She caught herself whistling as she went about her housework, noticed that occasionally she took a long, long time with her hair, stroking and brushing it the way a sixteen-year-old might.

She let her hair grow longer, too. Right now it hung well -past the midpoint of her shoulders, long and lustrous and glossy. It was a defiant gesture. She didn't feel thirty-seven years old and she didn't have to look thirty-seven, either. Not yet. Diana's body was still in fine condition and she tried to keep it there, exercising, jogging, watching her diet. The only lumps on her frame were the ones God intended women to have. Jake wasn't the only man she went out with.

There was Ned, one of the younger attorneys in the firm. She dated him occasionally. He was a year younger than Diana, just divorced, not a bad catch, if catching had been her intention. She'd only fucked him once, and that more or less by accident. Handling one sexual affair was enough for Diana Flaherty-she didn't think she could cope with two at the same time and it didn't seem proper.

Anyway, she was growing more and more convinced that in days to come, she'd only have one of the two men to deal with. Ned was a friend-a good friend, but neither he nor Diana expected their friendship to be anything more than that. Jake, on the other hand, had different ideas.

Two nights ago he'd brought her home from a dinner date. Usually they

went to his place, but she had some special homemade pie and ice cream she wanted to serve him for dessert, and anyway, Matt was going to be out very late with a couple of his friends from school. There wouldn't be any interruptions. She had only fucked Jake in her home one time and as they left the restaurant Diana felt her heart skipping merrily, for she knew this was going to be the second time. The way he squeezed her hand, brushed against her from behind as he helped her into the car, she was pretty sure he knew, too. His hand rubbed for a moment, stroking her ass through a double layer of chiffon skirt and skimpy nylon panties, and she closed her eyes, dreamily, anticipating.

"Here you go," she told him, setting the pie and ice cream before him on the coffee table. She stood there, leaning over him, the bodice of her dress slipped partly open, and she could see his eyes peering into the aperture, stealing a peek at the tits she'd never denied him. His hand came up, rested on her shoulder, and she settled onto her knees beside him.

"No," he said, "HERE I go!" And with that he took her face in his strong hands and began to kiss her passionately. She leaned against him, grazing his chest with her firm, full tits, and Jake sank back on the couch. Diana rose from the floor, and she was there with him, both of them on the couch, their legs tangling and twining, his hands caressing her body while her hands caressed his.

She put one palm in his crotch, felt the surging growth of his cock, and a little chirp passed from her lips. It must have tickled his mouth because he stirred, and his fist closed eagerly on her nearest tit, squeezing and pressing until the breast wanted to jump out of bra and dress and into the hot moist palm of his hand. Diana stirred, sliding into a more comfortable

position, and she tugged at the front tie of her dress, tugged till it gave way and the dress fell in a shimmer to her waist.

"Don't you want your ice cream?" she asked slyly, her fingers still tickling the covered bulge of his stiff rod.

"I know something that tastes a lot better," Jake replied. He touched her exposed flesh reverently, worked the bra loose, pushed it up out of the way. Her tits thrust out at him, the nipples brown and stiff, fat lumps of sensitive tissue planted firmly on the peaks of her breasts. Jake bent his head closer and began to lick her titties, making the nipples firm up even more.

"Oh, God, yes!" Diana moaned, lying back. She held his head, feeding him at her boobs, and he ate hungrily. His teeth gnawed at the tender but resilient flesh, and her nips seemed to engorge between his lips till they were the size of ice cubes, but they didn't feel like ice cubes, not when he sucked them just so.

"Do it, do it," Diana whispered, shivering. He was sliding down, into the welcoming spread of her legs, and she could feel his cock rubbing against one of her calves, stirring memories of just how many delicious things that cock knew how to do to Diana Flaherty, love-starved widow.

Yes, she thought, it's the right place. This is my house, and if I want to make love in my house, I can do it. Anyway, Matt was out, safely out, and he would never have to know that his mother had profaned the family home

with an act of illicit sex.

Oh, it wasn't illicit! Maybe she and Jake weren't married, maybe she was the widow of Matt's father, but she was a woman first of all, her own woman, and she had needs that must be fulfilled. God, she thought, does Jake ever know how to fulfill those needs! The rubbing of impatient cock on her thigh continued, while he kept eating her pussy, and she felt sweat beading on her forehead and in her armpits. Not even Secret could keep a woman dry under these circumstances, Diana thought.

He kissed his way down her belly, tongue swirling into and out of and then back into her puckered little navel, just above the waistband of her panties, and she moaned aloud at the hot erotic feelings that shot through her. While he mouthed her there, he lifted her skirt, rolling it up to her waist, and his hands began to attack the tight, well-filled crotch of her pink panties. Diana felt more, more, more excitement shooting through her body and her legs twitched in fervent response.

"Do you know what my favorite dish is?" Jake asked, looking up. She blushed, shook her head in mock ignorance. He hooked his thumbs in her panties, pulled them down the twitching columns of Diana's thighs. A black, vividly black, patch of cunt hair filled her crotch, stark against the white of her skin. She didn't have the kind of skin that tanned well-it only burned, so in the summertime she made sure to keep indoors. Her flesh was pale and milky, in contrast to the bronzed bodies of the other women she saw day after day, but the contrast made Diana stand out.

And right now she was glad of the contrast, for she heard Jake's

"Whew!" of admiration, saw a flush of eagerness spread across his face, and she braced herself for the attack on her pussy that was bound to come.

He touched her cunt gently, spreading the flanges of her pussy, and she squirmed and moaned, for it felt so goddamned good! Her cunt was opening slowly and Jake's tongue thrust out slowly too, poking its way into the pink split he was making in her crotch.

"Oh, Jesus," she whispered as he touched her vibrant clitoris, and then it was "OH, JESUS!" as he began to suck her button, suck the hell out of it, tease and pull it with his lips, flog it with his tongue, make the juice run from her snatch like a flood.

His tongue speared into that flood of woman's cream, pushing up her pussy tube, seeking the source of Diana's juicy flow, and she couldn't sit still while he was tongue-fucking her twat. She grabbed his ears and tried to smother him in her pussy. "Eat me, darling," she invited huskily. "Oh, God, will you EAT ME?"

"Ummmmmmmm," he gurgled into her opened vagina, vibrating on her pussy walls. Feelings she could neither describe nor control rippled through her body and she was only certain that it was going to be good, great, oh, Christ, even better than that! ID's tongue was moving in her like a tiny, supple cock, and she was being fucked in the preliminary bout, and, Jesus, if this was the preliminary, what would the main event be like?

There was a noise, a noise Diana couldn't identify. It sounded like the

opening and closing of a door, but that couldn't be, because she and Jake were alone in the house. Oh, fuck it, she told herself. It's only your imagination. And what he's doing to your pussy is definitely not your imagination. It's real and it feels great, so enjoy it!

He made smacking sounds as he dined on her pussy, and the sounds turned her on nearly as much as the actions themselves. Of course, when he stuck his finger up her cunt while eating the hell out of her clit, the action definitely took precedence over mere noise, and Diana let loose of the come she'd been fighting back.

"Oh, God!" she shrieked, legs scissoring around Jake's neck, pulling him into the axis of her body, smothering him with her musky, cum-juicy twat.

He ate it like a man, sucking up the juice as fast as she could gush it, and his teeth gnawed the sensitive tissues surrounding her opened twat. Diana jerked and moaned and held onto his head, and she could not control the muscular twitching and jerking in her crotch. There was an almost violent snap and contraction inside her pussy, and her head swam with the delights that commanded her body.

Jake rose between her legs, unzipping himself as he stood up. She reached up, touching the enormous bulge in his pants. God, what a tool! Six and a half inches of raw, throbbing meat! It filled her twat to overflow, with its length, its thickness. "Hurry," she groaned. "Don't make me wait for it. I want you to ram that goddamned cock of yours into me. I want to feel it stabbing my womb. I want to feel it in my belly. I want to feel it fucking my

throat from underneath."

She looked at him. He was undoing his belt, but he seemed so fucking slow about it. "Oh, hurry!" she whined, and her hands knocked his out of the way. She unfastened Jake's belt, jerked his pants down. His shorts were pushed out of shape with the wedge-like stabbing organ they could only conceal, never contain, and she felt breath rasping in her throat. "Yes," she told him, "that's it! That's really it! Give it to me!" And her finger shot out, touching the huge bulge in Jake's undershorts.

"Oh, are you ever gonna get it," he told her huskily. "Are you ever!" and he jerked down his shorts, freeing his rod. It jiggled about and then it seemed to point directly at Diana where she sat panting in anticipation. She moaned in glee, grabbed his cock, and yanked downward on it. Jake fell to his knees between her straddled thighs, and then he came down upon her, ass lifted slightly as she lined up his cock with the gash of her sex. She fitted him into her pussy mouth, felt him make partial penetration, bucked toward him and sucked him up her cunt, screaming in delight as he thrust home.

"AAAAAGGGHHHHH" screamed Diana, wrapping her thighs around him. "Fuck me!"

And fuck her he did. She was still coming when he put it in her, and she didn't stop. Her pussy rippled and creamed around him until Jake Tracy's cock gave up the unfair battle and shot a wad of cum up her pussy so far, so hard, she was positive she could taste it backing up her throat. Her legs clenched around him and they clung together, his dick shooting its last spurts of semen into Diana, her snatch eating that jism as if fucking were

going out of style first thing tomorrow morning and she needed to get all she could tonight.

The couch was damp with the sweat of their bodies and the sticky cum that had flowed from Diana's well-filled cunt when they broke apart. She was still breathless from the exercise. It beats jogging, she thought. Three or four of these a day and I'll never have to worry about getting out of shape. He settled down beside her, pants down to his ankles, limp cock dangling in readiness for its next bout of arousal. Diana was only half dressed. Her bodice was open, bra up to bare her tits, and her skirt rolled up to her waist, with panties at her ankles. She felt like a teenager stealing a moment of love on the family sofa, and, God, it was such a beautiful feeling!

He touched her shoulder, fingers sliding down her sweat-dampened skin to the still erect nipple of one breast. Diana turned her head slowly. She was still flushed from sex, still grinning a shit-eating dog's kind of smile.

"Thanks," she said. "I really needed that."

He laughed. He had a nice laugh. His hand came down and cupped her breast. "Listen to me," he said. She perked her ears and listened.

"We can't go on this way," he told her. "I mean it."

"Is something wrong?" Diana asked innocently. "No, god damn it, and

that's the whole point.

There is nothing wrong. It's perfect. You and me. So why are we dating like teenagers? Why aren't we doing the adult thing?"

"What we did just now was pretty adult, I think," Diana said. She put her fingers on his soft, sticky cock and started to play with him. Was that a spurt of new growth shooting through his organ? She thought so. She hoped so.

"That's not what I'm talking about," Jake said.

"Diana, I want you. Really want you. Not just on weekends, not just for dates. All the time."

"All the time?"

"All the time. Don't start laughing. You're irresistible when you're laughing. I just want to crawl on you and start fucking. Be serious." His hand tightened on her tit. "I have a house and you have a house. It seems to me that's one house too many. I think I'd like to have you in my house, twenty-four hours a day, every day. What do you think?"

"That's a big question. I don't know if I'm ready to get married again."

"I'm not talking about marriage," he said. "At least, not for now. I was married and divorced ten years ago. You already know that. I don't think I want the full commitment right now. But I do want you. I mean, I do."

"In other words," Diana said, squirming loose, "you want me to live with you?" Jake nodded.

"Oh, God," Diana went on. "You don't know what you're asking. I have a son. Have you forgotten that? He's sixteen years old.-no, seventeen. "

"I know you have a son. He's a good kid. But like you said, he's seventeen years old. He doesn't need you any more. In another year he'll be away at college, and where will you be? You'll be a woman living by yourself in a house that seems very, very empty. But you could be a woman living with me in a house that isn't empty at all."

"You're asking a hell of a lot," Diana said.

"No," Jake said. "Living together is no big deal. Everyone does it. Why can't we? There's plenty of room at my place. Room for Matt."

"But-" Diana couldn't find words to answer him.

He filled the gap for her. "I know it's a lot of deciding," he said hopefully. "You can't come up with an answer overnight. But I do want an answer from you. I can't go on this way. I want you all the time or-I don't think I want you at all. You don't know what it does to me, Diana, craving you and missing you. I reach for you in the night and you're not there-I love you and I want you. Is that invitation enough?"

"I don't know," she said, and it was an honest reply. "It's too sudden. You'll have to give me time to think about it. Oh, God, Jake, I love you, too. I love the way our bodies come together, the way I feel when I'm fucking you, but this is a big step. I have to give it some thought."

"How much thought? It seems to me that either you do want me or you don't want me."

"Listen," Diana said. His cock was starting to harden between her fingers. She rubbed it a moment, felt more stiffness jump into him. He'd be ready to fuck her again, in very short order. Her pussy was pouting for still another good fuck. Oh, Jesus, how her pussy was pouting! And how could she think when she was so horny?

"Matt is going to summer camp. Junior ROTC. I'm driving him up day after tomorrow. He'll be gone for two weeks, darling. Won't that be time enough for us to think about this? We can try it, perhaps. Maybe I'll come stay with you for a few days. God, we might not even be able to live under the same roof! You never know about those things! We have to test this first."

"But we will test it? And you will make up your mind?"

Diana sighed, feeling his cock growing fully erect in her hand. "Yes," she said. "I'll think about it. Oh, I think I want to, darling, but I can't say yes or no, not on such short notice. You understand that, don't you?" She slipped her leg across him. His cock point grazed her pussy, slicking through the fine, twisty hairs of her vaginal mound.

"I understand," Jake agreed. He took her by the hips, thrust up as she settled down to receive him. His prick stabbed into her receptive cunt and she sank down with a moan, feeling all six and a half inches of him buried in her cunt.

His offer was attractive. God, she could have this each and every night, not just on date evenings but at what price? What would Matt think, what would he say? His mother, living in sin with another man and his father only two years in the grave?

Two years? It felt like two thousand years since Diana had been fucked so beautifully as she was being fucked right now. The thought of sharing a home with this man and his splendid penis-his hard attractive face and body-she plunged down, felt him buried fully in her cooze, and it was delicious, sweeter than she could have dreamed. Matt, would he understand? Would he be outraged? She was Jake Tracy's lover, but she was also her son's mother. Oh, dear God, so many things to think about.

Diana looked toward her son. She was smoking another cigarette.

Tomorrow she'd have to content herself with only nine, or maybe even eight, if she kept up at this rate. She might smoke today's quota and tomorrow's, too.

Matt was driving, his hands firm and assured on the steering wheel. He was no boy-he was a man.

If he came home from summer camp and learned that his mother had decided to enter into a relationship with a man, would he be mature enough to accept the reality of it, or would he be outraged and ashamed? She didn't know, and she was afraid to ask him. Being a mother was one thing, but being a woman was something else. Could she make her son understand that? Oh, God, she didn't know! But the thought of him away at junior ROTC camp for the next two weeks while she struggled with her own conscience, was comforting.

And after all, the decision was Diana's, not Matt's. Jake was right about that. Matt would be off to college in another nine or ten months. God, he was already virtually a man! Six feet tall, broad-shouldered, handsome enough to turn any girl's eye. She watched the flex of his muscles while he steered the car and she was certain of that. She had raised him from her womb, but he was ready to step into the world on his own, now. Could she deny herself with her son almost grown? Could she? Diana smoked her cigarette in nervous, tense puffs, wondering. When she got back to Albany all these questions would confront her face to face and she would have to answer them. Wasn't it time to begin thinking about them seriously?

CHAPTER THREE

She was stroking her hair again. Goddamn it, why did she have to do that so fucking often? Why did she even have to have hair like that, full and flowing and glossy-black, some of it hanging down her back, the rest falling toward her high round tits? She was smoking another cigarette. That was unusual. It hadn't been five minutes since the last one. As she puffed, he caught a glint of white light, shining on the slick, wet-looking red stuff she wore on her lips. Wide, neat lips, not too thick, not too thin, a little over three-quarters of an inch from the underside of her nose. Matt wondered how those lips would look, shaped into an oval, making room for a hard, thick pecker to thrust into her mouth.

Oh, my God, he thought, that's the sickest idea I've had yet! His stomach gave a warning twinge and he despised himself. If only, he thought, if only I'd stayed with the guys the other night-drunk some more beer, talked a little more trash-instead of coming home and walking in on that -scene in the living room. He blinked, and in the split second his eyelids were shut, they were like a projection screen, playing and replaying the picture he had seen. Not even last evening's delight with Susie could remove the memory from his mind, could erase the lingering ideas and speculations that seemed to boil inside his brain.

He needed more distraction. His hand moved toward the radio dial. Something loud and heavy, he thought. Maybe there was some hard-rock station on the FM band. Diana's fingers touched his and he felt as if he were freezing. His hand fell away from the radio. "Listen," she said. He listened. The one o'clock news. He caught the drift, and it held his attention.

"Just before closing time, at noon, the first national bank in Lancaster was robbed at gunpoint by three masked bandits. The robbers are believed to have netted a sum approaching fifty thousand dollars. Police have set up roadblocks and hope to make arrests as soon as possible. No descriptions of the robbers are available at this time, but one of the trio is believed to have been a woman."

Diana shook her head. "I thought bank robbers went out with the Model T," she sighed. "Oh, my, we're almost to Lancaster too. You'd better be watching out for those roadblocks, darling. And, oh, would you look at the sky, there, toward Columbus! Doesn't that look like the cutest collection of rain clouds you ever saw? I'll probably have to drive home through a deluge." She puffed on her cigarette and, just as she exhaled, rain drops began to splatter on the windshield. Matt flipped on the wipers, and he didn't look any longer than necessary at his mother's parted thighs, open and-inviting?-in her tight jeans. God!

But at least the back and forth of the wipers had a distracting effect. He could follow that with his eyes, feel less tempted to look away, to think and wonder and speculate, and he found a comfort in it. His body began to grow more calm and he was scarcely aware of his mother's perfume, let alone of her presence on the seat beside him. The rain grew heavier and he found himself listening to the slap-slap-slap of the tires on wet asphalt. I haven't, he reminded himself, had any of those sick thoughts for the last five or ten minutes, at least. It seemed a kind of triumph, but it vanished in a twinkling.

Diana put her hand on Matt's thigh, squeezed to get his attention. "I

said," she repeated, "why don't we pull off and see if we can find a restaurant? I'm starting to get a little hungry."

Matt looked at her, at the crescent-shaped, glossy smile so red and inviting on her pale face, and he felt drool forming in his mouth. "So am I," he said huskily.

They took the next exit from the four-lane highway, pulling off into a small town a few miles south of Lancaster. So far they'd not run into any roadblocks. Probably when they started north again. "Here," Diana said, pointing to a diner which resembled an old streetcar. "Let's stop here. " Matt grimaced. "It looks really gross," he said.

There was a McDonald's, the golden arches visible, several hundred yards down the street.

"Here," his mother repeated. "The food may not be as fast, but at least it's food."

When they left the diner later, rain was pouring down by the bucketful. They had to run for the Chevy. "Cats and dogs," Diana sighed, piling into the car. Her sleeveless top had gotten wet during the mad dash to the car, and it was really clinging to her smooth tits now, clinging like a layer of wet flesh.

From the diner, it was three miles back to the Interstate highway, and

Matt drove slowly, carefully, in the heavy rain. The wipers swished back and forth across the windshield, moving rhythmically and gracefully, and he didn't even see the girl. "Oh, my God," he heard his mother say, "look at that poor thing!"

Matt slowed a little, and he saw her, perhaps thirty yards farther, standing beside a heavy rhododendron bush that wasn't tall enough to shelter her from the elements. She was tall and slender, wearing a denim coverall suit, with her thumb stuck out in pitiful despair. One arm shielded her forehead, trying to keep the rain out of her eyes, but she was blinking and apparently the gesture was not working.

"Aren't you going to stop?" Diana asked. "If I ever saw anyone who needed a lift... "

"I thought you didn't believe in picking up hitchhikers," Matt replied, pushing the brake. The girl was very pretty-or she would be, if she weren't so wet and bedraggled-looking.

The Chevy slid to a stop, moving off the road just short of the girl by the rhododendron. Her face brightened and she ran toward the car. Matt rolled down his window as she came up beside him.

"Hey, thanks," she said, leaning close. Her breath was sweet and her teeth were very pretty. Vivid green eyes, too, Matt noticed. She looked as if she might be in her early twenties.

"I really need a lift," she added, and he could see partway into the top of her coverall outfit. It had a zipper front and it wasn't . zipped up completely, and Matt was eyeing what appeared to be very nice tits, a little whiter than the girl's tanned face. There were droplets of water running into her cleavage. He couldn't see a bra and, though he looked, he couldn't quite see her nipples either. She had blonde hair.

The girl was still smiling and Matt Flaherty still looking-no more than twenty seconds could have passed, he was certain, when there was a sound at the. other side of the front seat. Matt's head spun around, just in time to see the door being jerked open. A man leaned into the car, a big revolver in his hand. Diana screamed, but the sound was very short-lived. The man grabbed her by the chin, forced her head around, and stuck the barrel of his gun into her open mouth. "One false move and I blow your lady friend's head off," he said.

"Oh my god," Matt gasped, and something cold tapped the back of his neck. He looked around and the blonde girl was holding a pistol, too, a black automatic.

"Get her into the back seat," the girl commanded. "I'll ride up front, just in case our young friend gets any heroic ideas."

Everything was happening so swiftly! Matt's head kept turning from side to side and he felt the world spinning around him. There were two men on the passenger side of the car now, both of them carrying guns, and they

were dragging Diana out into the rain, shoving her into the back seat, crawling in after her. He could hear her making little chirpy noises of fright and, in his mind's eye, he kept seeing her with that gun barrel thrust into her mouth, just like a slender blue-steel cock invading the red-lipped opening.

The blonde girl went around the car and took the seat Diana had just occupied. She slammed the door, pointed her gun at Matt and said, "Drive."

He put the car into gear and it lurched forward.

The men, he thought. They must have been behind the bush, using the girl as a front. But who were they? What did they want? What was going on?

"Stop here," the girl said. Matt stopped. The gun poked his ribs and he didn't dare resist. A car was parked by the road, two of its wheels sunk in a muddy ditch. They couldn't have driven more than twenty or thirty yards from where they'd been assaulted. The girl jumped out, ran to the car, delved in the back. She came back carrying three large bags. She got into Matt's car, threw the bags into the back, where her two companions were holding Diana. Matt caught a flash of one bag as she tossed it. It was marked in heavy black stencil lettering, FIRST NATIONAL BANK, LANCASTER.

"You're the bank robbers," he said, suddenly getting it.

"Came the dawn," the girl said. She had a deep alto voice that seemed to

come from the middle of her throat. It would have been a pleasant voice if she hadn't been holding the gun, if her two friends hadn't been in the back with Ma, if... if... "Well," she added, "get moving. Take the southbound ramp."

"We're going north," Matt protested. The girl shook her head and touched his chin with the flat end of her pistol. He took the southbound ramp and, in a few moments, the Chevy was heading back the way it had come.

"Please, no; stop," Diana said. She was between them on the seat. One of them had put down his gun, started to caress her tits through the soaked polyester top she was wearing. The other sat watching, gun in his hand.

"Feel these," the one said, squeezing her tits till she groaned. He let go and his friend took over.

"Damn," the other one concurred. "There are tits, and tits, but these are fucking TITS!"

Matt shivered. He looked into the rearview mirror, saw the hideous scene in progress. The men taking turns playing with his mother's boobs while she sat ashy-faced between them, her lips mumbling feeble, futile protestations.

"Keep your eyes on the road," the blonde girl said. She moved a little closer. "What's wrong?" she asked. "You jealous? They won't hurt-your chick. She's built like a brick shithouse, though, and you can't expect a guy

to keep his hands off something like that." Her thigh brushed his. Matt squirmed, and his foot did a little tap dance on the gas pedal. In the back seat, his mother was still making those whimpering sounds, and he was afraid to look in the mirror and see what was happening to her now.

"She's not my chick," he said in a thin, tense voice. "It's my mother."

"Your mother?" the girl said. Her eyes got big.

They were lovely eyes, and right now they seemed very innocent, despite the pistol in her hand. She shook her head. "Jeez."

She turned, leaning over the back of the seat.

"Hey, you assholes," she said, "would ya knock it off? It's the kid's mother and he's getting all upset."

Diana groaned as the men released her tits. She leaned forward, hiding her face in her palms, curling her body into a defensive ball.

"That's better isn't it?" the girl told Matt. She rubbed her thigh on his. "How old was she when she had you, anyway? About eleven?"

Matt didn't answer. He slid away from the girl, thinking as he did that,

normally, she was the kind of girl he'd have been instantly attracted to, and here he was, avoiding her very touch.

"You're not very friendly," the girl said. She put her hand on Matt's shoulder. He felt the muzzle of her gun bump his neck, and he was terrified that she might accidentally pull the trigger.

Something damp and warm touched his ear. He made a sound of protest before he realized that he was being licked. She blew on the spot she'd wetted, and Matt felt as if his guts were full of squishy, crawling worms. She blew into his ear again, and her other hand came to rest on his thigh. "You're cute," she said. "Anybody ever tell you that?"

He didn't answer. "Hmmpmpphhh," the girl said. Her fingers danced up his thigh and across his crotch. Matt almost lost his grip on the wheel. "Watch it, you sonovabitch!" she said, nudging the back of his head with her pistol. "Don't you have any self-control?"

"Well, what the hell do you expect?" he said, suddenly filling with courage. "I mean, I stop to give you a ride because it's raining and you look like a drowned rat, and all of a sudden there are three of you and you've got guns and there I am, driving the goddamn getaway car, and your buddies are doing all kinds of rotten stuff to my mother and you're-

"Cool it," the girl said, nudging the barrel of the gun against the side of his head. "This hasn't been a good day for us either. That shit back there," and she jerked her thumb at one of the men in the back seat, "ran the car

into a fucking ditch, just when we were all clear and on our way." Her hand closed on Matt's crotch and she gave him a vicious pinching squeeze. "So, if I wanna put my hand in your lap, kid, you remember-I'm the one with the gun. My God, you've got a big one!"

Matt went scarlet. She was fondling him as she talked, and his pecker was getting hard, very hard, despite the danger of his situation. Her hand flexed on him again, and he was almost as stiff as he'd been in the restaurant. His balls began to ache as his penis filled up. "Don't," he said weakly. "Please. " In the back seat, Diana felt herself being lifted up. "No," she told the man who was pulling her up. "Don't. Don't touch me."

One of the men caught the hem of her sleeveless top, jerked it upward. Diana tried to cover herself as he pulled the garment up past her bra, but it was too late. The other man had her arm under control and he pulled on it, almost wrenching it from the socket. The man who had lifted her top sat beside her, his eyes glittering as he gazed at the well-filled cups of her bra. It was her skin-tone beige bra, about as opaque as a pane of glass, and her berry nipples were rigid from terror already. They seemed to stiffen even more as the man's eyes feasted on the sight of them.

He watched her for a moment, his stare going from tit to tit, and then he began to stroke her, using only the nails of his index fingers, rubbing each of them back and forth across a nipple's big protuberance. Diana shivered and she was positive that she was on the verge of passing out. Her head felt cold, as if all the blood had drained from it, and there were a million butterflies in her stomach.

"Make them stop," Matt told the girl, but she wasn't listening. She leaned against him, fist full of the big cock grown to full erection in his pants, and she was blowing in his ear again.

"Just keep driving," she said. "I'll tell you where to turn off."

The man leaned toward Diana. His tongue came out and flicked across one of the nipples he'd been fingering. Diana made a whimpering cry and she jerked back, right into the grasp of the man who flanked her from the other side. He got both her arms, pinned them, held her in place.

They were young, all three of them, she told herself, trying to think about anything except what was happening to her. The girl looked about twenty or twenty-one, the men not much older. Except for the guns they were normal looking people. The girl was rather pretty, or would be, if her hair were dried and combed, and the men would not, if she'd passed them on the street, have seemed unusual in the least. Longish hair, one of them reddish-brunette, the other a sandy brown, their faces tanned and average-looking. But they weren't average people. They were bank robbers, desperate criminals. Diana's foot touched one of the bags the girl had thrown into the back of the car, and she could hear the crinkle of currency inside it. That bag, and the two others on the floor, were full of stolen money. Fifty thousand dollars, the radio had said.

Oh, my God, Diana thought, ten minutes ago we were on our way to Matt's camp. We were normal, everyday people, doing normal everyday things. We stopped to help and now we're prisoners, in our own car, held at gunpoint,

being subjected to...

The man bit the end of her titty and she gave a weak scream. His teeth dug in more sharply and she squirmed, but all that the squirming accomplished was to make his teeth rotate on her heavy round tit. Her nipple throbbed like a drum and she knew she was on the very brink of fainting. He covered her other breast with his hand, pinching off the nipple between two stubby, hard fingers, and she tried to make herself faint, but it didn't work.

Diana noticed the blonde girl was nuzzling Matt.

Oh, God, that was even more disgusting! She'd heard enough, guessed enough, to know that the girl was doing something to her son. She'd heard the girl say, "My God, you've got a big one!" What was she talking about? Diana couldn't see where the girl's hand was, but she could guess. And the thought made her sick.

"Lean her back," one of the men said, and she was dragged abruptly back to her own reality. She was being stretched out, laid across one man's lap, her quivering tits thrust upward in their beige, see-through bra. She saw the glint of a knife blade and her eyes rolled in their sockets. Cold steel touched her flesh-they were going to kill her.

No. With one quick flip, the man sliced the center strip of Diane's bra and the taut cups sprang free, loosing her jiggle tits. Her face went crimson as the man took her bared tits in hand and began to knead them like lumps of

bread dough. "For the love of God," she moaned, "for the love of God."

The blonde girl was almost lying on Matt. She had him hard as a rock and her thigh kept slipping over his, heel rubbing up and down the inside of his calf, and it was all he could do to keep the car on the road. The zipper tab of her coverall had slid down a little farther and, if he looked in that direction, he could see a lot more of the girl's cleavage, could see where the flesh grew whiter, a telltale sign of bikini tan-could see everything but her goddamn tit itself, jumping out at him. And she kept laughing, as if it were the funniest fucking thing she could imagine, to be playing with him while he tried to drive, to have his mother in the back, with God knew what being done to her.

Matt stole a peek at the rearview mirror and he almost ran into the stripe between northbound and southbound. Jesus fucking Christ! They had Mom stretched out on the seat, with her shirt pulled up and her bra tom in half and one of the guys was sucking her tits like a hungry baby while she lay there all pale-faced, big tears glistening in her eyes.

I ought to do it, he thought, squirming while the blonde tickled his dick. I ought to smash us up, just turn this car upside down about forty-five times, kill the fuck out of all of us. That would teach these weirdoes a lesson!

But who would be left to appreciate it? Oh, shit, he thought then, his fingers flexing on the wheel. The blonde's pistol was still rubbing the back of his neck, and he was afraid to move. She kept fiddling with his prick, and it was hard as steel, but his bladder was full of fright-piss and he was so stiff that, even if he could get out and try, he still couldn't empty the water

that was clogging up his body. Oh, Jesus, how did we get into this? he kept asking himself. How in the goddamned hell?

"Take the next exit," the girl purred. Her tongue skated into his ear, traced the loops and whirls, and she blew on him again. Her boobs were rubbing him from the side, and, Christ, what tits they were! Not as big as Ma's, but a lot bigger and rounder than Susie Cooper's cute, tiny apples, and he could feel body heat radiating from her, coming through the denim of her coverall suit, warming him where their bodies touched.

Matt signaled and eased the car into the off-ramp, hoping this would all be over soon. Please, he thought. Soon. The blonde girl tightened her fingers on his cock. At the same moment she clamped her teeth on his earlobe and he felt a twitching in his balls.

"Oh, hell," he moaned despairingly. His cock shivered in his pants and suddenly his shorts were full of spurting cum.

He began to jerk behind the wheel, jerk and shiver and groan and moan, and his dick kept squirting and squirting and squirting while the blonde girl laughed and leaned even closer against him. Her fingers kept up their insistent squeezing and he kept on shooting his seed, wasting it in his pants.

There was a stop sign at the end of the off ramp.

He saw it coming, but he was coming too, and his foot refused to move

onto the brake.

"Ohhhh, hot damn!" the blonde giggled into his ear, loud as thunder.

Even louder, he heard the sound of a horn blaring, blaring, the squeal of someone else's brakes. "Hang a left," the blonde cheered, and Matt whirled the steering wheel to the left. He was aware of the car that had almost smashed them broadside, had stopped just short of a deadly collision, but he couldn't worry, not as the Flaherty's Chevy sped on, in the direction he'd been told to take.

In his pants, his cock gave one final convulsive shudder and went soft. He could feel cum beginning to ooze down his leg, sticky and clammy against his flesh, and the girl's hand lay in his lap, soft and gentle now that she'd finished molesting him. He felt, rather than heard her sigh where she leaned against his shoulder, and he sighed, too; How much longer would this go on? he asked himself. And, God, when this stopped, what would take its place? He was frightened terribly now, and he had to piss so badly.

CHAPTER FOUR

Diana couldn't guess what was happening. Her top had been pulled even further up, drawn like a hood over her face, and she was aware only that she shared the back seat of the car with two men who were busy feeling and licking her tits. Someone's hand was thrust into her jeans. The button of the tight pants had popped open, the zipper worked about halfway down-and a hard, impatient hand worked diligently at the task of massaging her cunt

through the shimmery layer of panties covering it.

She felt the car jerking, whirling, felt the rush of speed as the Chevy moved, and she could hear the screech of tires, the bleep of horns, but she could do no more than guess at what horrors must be surrounding them, what terrible collisions they must be escaping by the thinnest of margins. "God, stop it!" she groaned, struggling impotently against the four hands which held her pinned.

The blonde girl had pulled back a little. She wasn't leaning so heavily on Matt. "Mmmmm," she said, folding her arms just below her tits, "You're not a bad driver either. I don't think I could have kept it on the road if you were playing with me. Self control is a good quality in a man. How old are you?"

"Seventeen," Matt said through clenched teeth.

His crotch was soaked from the huge gout of cum she'd caused him to squirt and he could smell the pungent jism. His eyes darted up to the rearview and he saw the scene in the backseat. They weren't really doing anything to his mother, but those guys had pulled her shirt almost completely off, torn her bra in two, and one of them had his hand in her pants. By now, it seemed almost natural. Why, Matt wondered, had the other night seemed like such a big deal? There she was now, naked and everything, and it didn't.

It did. His cock began to harden against the sticky-wet fabric of his'

shorts and he dropped his eyes quickly, peering at the road with every bit of control he could summon.

"Seventeen?" the girl repeated. "Jesus, I didn't think anybody was that young. See that turnoff? Hang a right. Yeah. Ever been on this road before? Well, a dirt road turns off about a mile up the hill. Turn there, and when you come to the next fork, take the right-hand again. It's another two miles from there to where we're going."

"Where we're going?" Matt asked.

"Right," the girl nodded, tapping her abdomen with the flat of her automatic. "You don't think we're just going to hop out of the car, say 'Thanks for the ride, see you later'? No, we're going to be together for a while. All of us. Don't look so scared, baby. You're cute, and I'll try to see what you don't get bored while you're visiting us. Hey, don't miss that turn!"

The car was traveling across an uneven road, probably dirt, Diana decided as she fought for what remained of her honor and self-respect. Her jeans were open now, and there was a fist inside her pants, fingers twining through the flossy clump of black hair in the fork of her legs. Her eyes were full of shamed tears and she was thankful that her shirt was pulled up, thankful that she could hide her embarrassment. Oh, God, how had this happened? An hour ago she and Matt were just a mother and son on their way to deposit the son at his summer camp. And then everything had changed. "Here," she heard the girl say up front, and the hands on her body went lax.

Groaning with shame, she leaned forward, no longer being groped and felt. Head still covered, she tried to readjust her jeans, get the button snapped shut, the zipper pulled up, as the car came to a stop. She could hear gravel spinning beneath the tires.

Her bra was torn and ruined. She tried to tie the slash back together but the fabric wouldn't respond to her trembling fingers. She contented herself with pulling the shirt down, covering herself as best as she could. Her face was scarlet and her eyes throbbed so, were filled with such heavy tears that she could hardly see even with the veil removed from her eyes. One of the men slid toward the door, opened it, got out. He grabbed Diana's hand, pulled her toward the open door. She came, as responsive, as willing, as a sack of flour. Even when her feet touched ground, she felt numb and dead.

Matt got out of the car, conscious that the blonde girl was training her gun on him. She took the keys. "You won't be needing them," she told him, slipping them into a breast pocket of her coverall suit. "C'mon. Let's go up to the house."

It was a cabin, rather than a house, with a shaded porch on the front and a stone-wall cellar propping up the front end.

"My old man's place," the girl said. "He comes' up here in the fall to drink whiskey and pretend he's hunting deer. Right now, it's our place. Well, come on! What are you waiting for?"

Matt led the way up the stairs, to the front door.

The girl had a key and she unlocked the door while her two male companions were bringing Diana up the steps. Matt stole a glance at his mother. She was clothed again, more or less. Her sleeveless top was jostled around on her body, and he could see the hard points of her nipples where the fabric clung to her. Her zipper was half undone and he could see beige panties showing through the partly open fly. Her face was white and her hair was rumpled. Lipstick smears streaked across one cheek and her eye shadow was blurred, starting to spill down her face. God, what had they done to her? He'd kill them for this! He'd kill them!

The interior was rustic. One large room in the front, with old, serviceable furniture, and a large fireplace. There was a stove at the far end, and a sink with a pump mounted. A twelve-point buck trophy surmounted the fireplace and there were a few Audubon prints on the walls.

As the men dragged Ma into the place and shut the door behind them, Matt looked at the girl. His bladder was aching so much he could hardly stand up straight. "Do you have a toilet here?" he asked. The girl smiled, showing her teeth. She pointed with her pistol. "In there," she said, indicating the door that led toward the bed. "But you're not getting out of sight. Just in case you had the idea."

"The only idea I have," Matt groaned, "is taking a piss."

"Okay," the girl replied. "Follow me." She stopped at the bedroom door.

"We'll be back," she told the men. "You all remember to be good hosts to our other friend."

There was a tiny toilet built into the bedroom.

Matt walked around the bed, pushed open the door, turned on the overhead light. He started to close the door behind him, but the girl blocked his way. "Unh-unh," she said. "I told you, I'm not letting you out of my sight. Whip it out."

Blushing, Matt unzipped his pants. His cock hairs were still sticky from the jism she'd tickled out of his penis, and the head of his cock felt as if it were glued to the cummy shorts; He fought himself free, aimed his cock at the toilet bowl, and tried to pretend the girl wasn't standing there watching him. He pissed for what seemed like five straight minutes, sighing when the last droplets had fallen from the end of the prick, and he started to put it back in his pants.

"Wait a sec," the blonde girl said teasingly. She came toward him and slipped her arm around his waist, took his cock in her other hand, and gave it an extra wiggle or two. "Now wash it," she told him, pointing to the tiny sink. Matt looked at her. She took the pump handle, worked it till water flowed. "Wash it," she repeated. Matt soaped his hands and washed his dick. "No need to dry," she went on. "I think you'll be getting it very wet again, and soon. Come on. Toilet time is over."

They went back out into the bedroom, his limp pecker hanging out his fly.

He was flushed with embarrassment. The girl went to the door, looked into the front room. "Don't wait up for us," she said, then closed the door. When she turned to Matt again, her fingers were on the zipper tab up her front. She tilted her head to one side. "No," she said. "You do it. Unzip me."

Matt didn't move. She marched toward him, pressed her body against his. He could feel the hardness of her tits, the snaky resilience of her thighs. The denim of her coverall suit tickled his bare pecker and he wondered why he should feel this way, in this situation? Her tits pressed against his chest and he felt his cock stir with renewed life and interest. Outside, the rain had stopped, and an arrow of sunlight was piercing the cloudy skies to westward. She moved back, and she said, "Unzip me" again. Matt took the tab of her zipper, pulled it down, all the way down. She wiggled her shoulders 'and the upper half of her suit fell.

She was wearing nothing from neck to navel, nothing except a coat of tan that had spared the white ends of her breasts and the pink nipples those tits sported. Beautiful flat nipples, with large tabs set dead-center in the areola, Matt noticed, and he could see the delicate blue veins running through the pale tips of her breasts. Her nipples began to stiffen as he stared at them, and he felt a jerk of desire in his loins. Looking down, he saw that his cock had begun to lift its head in curiosity, as if it too were eager to stare at the half-naked girl who was his captor.

"My name is' Kim," she said. "I always believe in exchanging names with people I fuck. What's your name?"

"Maa-Matt-Matt Flaherty," he stammered. His cock was sticking up now,

really sticking up. It couldn't get any harder. Could it? Oh, Jesus, he thought, stomach rising and falling inside him. This is the living end! Not only have Ma and I been dragged off at gunpoint, I think I'm gonna be raped! It couldn't happen to a man, could it? Only women could be raped.

Women? Holy jumping Jesus-his mother was in the other room with those two guys-they'd done all kinds of shit to her in the car-what were they doing now? He started to speak, but the girl wrapped her fist around his prick and his throat dried up.

"Hi, Matt," she said. "We're going to be sharing a house for a while, so we might as well get to be friends, don't you agree? Come over here to the bed and I'll show you what I mean."

She pulled his dong and he staggered toward the bed. "Help me out of this thing, will you?" she said, indicating her coverall outfit. It wasn't covering a hell of a lot now. She stood in profile and he couldn't help but notice the proud high set of her tits, the delicately shaped points to which they came, now that her nipples were stiff. They were bigger tits than Susie's, not as big as Mom's, but they were perfect tits for Kim.

She pointed to a button at her waist. He undid it, and then knelt to slide the suit down her hips and thighs. Kim stepped out of it, and he unbuckled her shoes. Matt stood up, and he got his first good look at the girl who had made him her prisoner.

Kim was about five and a half feet tall, he decided. The top of her blonde

head was almost even with his lower lip. Her hair was drier now, and starting to fluff out a little, and her face was quite pretty. She didn't look like the criminal type-but she was holding that shiny black automatic in her left hand.

Muffled sounds came from the other room. It sounded like moans, but he couldn't be sure. His balls ached with a new-found desire-desire for the almost naked girl who lay on the bed eyeing him almost contemptuously, the gun dangling from one finger of her left hand: He tried to speak but he couldn't. Instead, he unbuckled his belt and started to work himself out of his pants and shorts. He didn't bother with his shirt. He just threw himself onto the bed with his cock hard and the girl melted against him, her legs twining around his, her mouth coy and elusive when he tried to kiss it.

She rolled him onto his side, then onto his back, and she squatted above him. "You're really hung for a kid," she told him. "How many girls have you used that thing on?"

"A kid?" he said, flaring with a twinge of anger. "I'm no kid!" Look at her, he thought. She can't be more than twenty or twenty-one, and she's calling me a kid? His cock throbbed, as if it too were angry and resentful.

Kim hooked a thumb in the lacy waistband of her panties and slid them halfway down. He waited for her pubic hair to show, but there wasn't any. She pulled them a little further and he saw the crimson slash of her cunt, no hair at all to hedge its vivid cleft. His face reddened. He was seeing a pussy, a pussy as it really was, without any window dressing. The clean-shaven mons, the way the inner lips protruded slightly through the cuntal ravine-wrinkly lips, they were, and the sight of them made his middle finger begin suddenly

to itch uncontrollably. He ached to touch her.

"Do you like that?" she asked. "I shaved it just for you."

"Huh?"

"Of course," she said. "It was in my horoscope this morning. Said I would meet a cute boy named Matt Flaherty and that we would make it like warthogs on a bed of lust so I ought to shave my snatch and double my fun. Funny, though, it didn't say anything about holding up a bank."

She was crazy. He settled back, shaking his head.

She was absolutely crazy. Kim giggled, threw her panties over her shoulder. She leaned back, and her snatch opened up a little. He could see the glistening salmon-pink texture of her vulva, already coated in a thin sheen of moisture. "Give me your hand," she said, and before he could say yes, no, or maybe, she'd taken his hand and pulled it between her legs, rubbing his fingers back and forth on her cooze. More wetness formed inside her, and some of it leaked out onto Matt's fingers. His digits stiffened. "I like that," Kim complimented, and she worked his hand around till one of those stiff fingers pointed straight at the mouth of her hole. "Stick-it-INNNNNNN!" she gasped, impaling herself on him.

"Oh, shit!" Matt blurted as his finger shot up into Kim's silky, sucking maw of a cunt. She had muscles in there! They caught his finger, pulled as if they

meant to eat it, dragged him into her-the base of his finger ground against her slash and he could feel the nubbin of her clit against another knuckle. He pressed there, too, felt her turn electric above him. Her twat was a river and his finger was drowning in that river.

Kim grabbed his hand, held it in place while she humped her pussy up and down. She gasped and moaned, and he couldn't mistake that noise. He'd heard it often enough when he was getting Susie off with his fingers or with his cock romping like a finger along the crease of her slit. Kim was about to gush all over his hand. But, God, the way her pussy was clamping on his finger! Like she was gonna rip the goddamn thing off with her cunt! He strained, afraid of what she could do to him but enormously proud of what he was doing to her. To have a woman turn to jelly like this, in your goddamned hands-wow! It was what being a man was all about, wasn't it? And now, finger fucking Kim, captive though he was, Matt Flaherty felt like one hell of a man.

When her orgasm hit it was fast and furious. She rocked up and down on his finger, massaging it with the slippery walls and snapping muscles of her vagina, and her eyes were tightly shut, her lips mouthing out a little song of pleasure. Wetness oozed from her slice, covered Matt's entire hand, and her thighs trapped him, made sure he stayed in her, finger wiggling to give her the last particles of pleasure.

"Fair," she said, finally, rising from his stiff finger, but her face was suffused in a sex blush that spread as low as her pale-pointed boobs and the shaven mouth of her sex. was shiny with pussy goo. She lay down on her side next to Matt, her feet pointing toward his head, and she looked up at him

with a smug, satisfied grin. "What else can you do?"

He didn't know what to say. His cock stuck up like a flag-pole. Turning her on had turned him on, and this wasn't the kind of erection that would go away if he did algebra in his head. It was a nut-clenching, stomach-twisting boner and as her hand moved slowly toward the shaft of his penis, Matt's eyelids lowered and he was astonished to find that he was praying silently-God, please-let her do it, let her do it.

But instead of grabbing his rod, as it seemed she was about to do, Kim threw a leg over Matt's face and planted her sticky-wet pussy on his face. He gasped as the cunt-flavor filled his mouth and nostrils, as the greasy flesh squirmed back and forth across his mumbling lips.

It was like thick, flowing honey. His tongue sampled the juice of Kim's cunt, and Matt felt sparks igniting in his body. He grabbed her fluttering ass cheeks, felt his fingers dig into her soft, squeezable buttocks, and he thrust his face up into Kim's juicy nest!

He'd shared licks and laps with Susie Cooper, but that seemed a million years ago-and anyway, Susie's tufty-haired little quim was NOTHING like the smooth wet cleanness of Kim's. His tongue glided across the shaven flesh, no hairs to obstruct him or to stick to his tongue tip, and it seemed that her pussy lips were pouting and pouching outward to meet the passes of his tongue. He worked his fingers into the crack of her ass, spread her, and the pussy lips opened for him. The smell of twat blew out like a blast from a can of deodorant spray, and his nostrils tingled. Gasping, Matt thrust his tongue up the hole his finger had already explored and Kim came to life

above him.

"Mmmmm, yeah!" she giggled, settling down a little further, smothering him a little more with her cunt, and it was then she took hold of his prick grasping it with both hands, holding it firmly, bolt upright. He felt her breath blow across the tip of his stiff dong and he felt a drop of moisture form in his cum-slit.

And then her tongue swept across him, making a lazy, gliding pattern across the tip of his dick. She licked him as if he were an ice cream cone, long, sensuous licks that covered all his big pecker knob and moved down the shaft.

Susie had licked his pecker once in a while-she didn't like to do it-she was afraid he'd come in her mouth-said cum tasted nasty, like slimy snot. Matt knew how it felt to have a tongue roving on his dick, but he'd only experienced a reluctant tongue. The tongue on him now was not reluctant, not the least bit shy. It slurped up and down his prick until his flesh dripped with Kim's saliva.

And then she stopped.

"Well?" Kim challenged. "You were doing okay, but if you're not going to put out, you'll have to get out."

His tongue had gone idle from the moment she began to lick and slurp his

prick. Only now did he realize it. Groaning, Matt pulled on her buttocks, split her pussy again, and he started fucking his tongue in and out with eager strokes. Kim's ass wiggled and her fingers moved up and down, about an inch, on his penis. "Better," he heard her purr in that peculiar alto voice of hers. And better still, her tongue stole back into action, and she went into action.

Her mouth opened and he felt his peter slipping inside. Her tongue made a smooth wet carpet and his hips went into action. He thrust up, trying to fill her mouth with his penis, and she helped him along with one hand on his cock, the other on his balls, cuddling the precious stones in a soft, warm grip. He was doing it, actually doing it-he was fucking a girl in the mouth-a girl who wasn't crying and protesting all the time she took him in, a girl who was really, honest to God really eating his cock!

Matt's tongue laved in and out of Kim's cooze, stole up to lick and flip her love button, back down to prong its way up her pussy tube-and all the while she was smearing his mouth with her cunny juices.

It felt like he was fucking into her throat. She had to have a mouthful of him. The wet, tight walls of her cheeks enfolded his dong-her head moved up and down on him-it was like jacking off into a wet towel, but a towel didn't have a tongue like the tongue that roved and rolled around his thrusting peter.

He dug his fingers into her sweet plushy ass and he covered her shaven twat with his mouth, sucking till he thought he was gonna pull her pussy inside out.

It was coming, he thought. No, I'm coming.

Hold off, he told himself. Just a second. Hold off. Oh, no. It felt too good. He wanted the sensation to last forever, but he didn't think he could resist for two more seconds. Her hand squeezed his balls-Matt whined, right into Kim's quivering twat. She squeezed again, and his cock shot up into her mouth, eight inches of hard throbbing meat trying to fill her. Her mouth closed down on him and she sucked once, twice, punctuated it with a squeeze of his balls. He closed his eyes, stabbed his tongue up her pussy, and ejaculated into Kim's sucking mouth.

CHAPTER FIVE

Diana looked up as Matt and the gun-toting blonde girl went into the other room and the door closed behind them. "No," she whispered, "please, don't, leave me alone!"

She shrank against the wall, one arm drawn up defensively in front of her tits. They were unprotected beneath her top and the nipples were stiff with fear, obvious protrusions in the clinging polyester garment which hugged and molded Diana Flaherty's breasts. She stared at the door, closed now, and she held her breath, waiting for it to open again, for her son to come back out. He couldn't help in the car-not with that girl up front, holding a gun on him-but here he could protect his mother, defend her against any further invasions of her privacy, any more outrages like the ones she had endured in the back seat of the car.

"What's the matter?" one of the men said. It was the sandy-haired one, the one who'd pinned her while the other abused her body. He took a step nearer and Diana skinned back, till her body was literally squashed against the wall. She couldn't move back another inch, but she kept trying, pushing at the wall which reared up to block her way. Her breath came faster and faster and her throat ached from the rasp of breathing. She drew her arm back, held it tightly against her breasts, ready to strike out if he dared to touch her again. He came nearer, smiling, his arms outspread as if he meant to sweep her up in some kind of lewd, ugly embrace. She gritted her teeth, clenched her fist, made ready to defend herself.

"Don't be afraid," he told her with a twinkle in his voice. "I don't want to do anything that hasn't been done to you before. Know what I mean? Hmmm?"

And he reached for her, one hand snaking out to grab at Diana's hip. She reacted instinctively, slapping, and as soon as she did, she knew it was the wrong move. He grabbed her hand when it flew at him, and he pulled her kicking and moaning and sobbing into the middle of the floor. She sprawled as she was jerked, almost falling flat, but the red-haired man caught her other hand and, between them, the two men stood her up.

She looked back and forth, now at one, now at the other, and she was trying to find the proper dimension of evil in their faces. She couldn't. They looked so goddamned ordinary! Like any twentyish boys she might see any day on the streets in Albany. Like boys, both of them.

The redhead flexed his grip on Diana's wrist and she stumbled toward him. With his other hand he seized a fistful of tit and squeezed the ripe boob. His fingers dug into her flesh and it was as if he was handling her bare titty. She closed her eyes, confident that the emotion which coursed through her body was pain. The hollow of his palm ground down on the end of her tit, and her nipple throbbed spiritedly in his grasp, and Diana opened her eyes.

The redheaded boy pulled her to his breast, wrapped his arms around her body. He forced her head back with his own and kissed her hungrily, savagely, thrusting into her mouth with his tongue. Diana whined in protest, but she couldn't move and, while she was being kissed from the front, the sandy-haired boy was busy behind her, dragging at the waistband of her jeans. She heard the button pop, felt the jeans begin to slide down her hips and ass.

"Nnnnnn-" Her cry was a feeble growl into the kissing mouth that occupied hers.

"Stop it, damn you!" she wailed, fighting her head free. Her mouth was wet from being kissed and she could see smears of her glossy lipstick on the redheaded boy's face. She felt numb. No. She wished she could feel numb. There was a difference. She staggered as the other boy finished pulling her jeans down. He knelt behind Diana and rudely lifted her feet from the fallen trousers. "No," she said, looking back over her shoulder, and down. Her eyes were half-closed in despair. "Please, don't do this to me." "Listen," the sandy-haired boy said, jerking his thumb in the direction of the bedroom.

Both boys grew extremely quiet. Diana could hear only her own breath, and a curious rushing in her ears at first, but it slacked and then she was aware of another sound, coming through the wall and door that separated this room from the other. It was the steady creaking of bedsprings. And with it, almost, but not quite inaudible, the soft pleased murmuring of a female voice. A lot of Mmmmm and Ahhhhh, and Diana knew what they meant.

"Listen to that," the red-haired guy said. "He must be giving Kim forty kinds of hell. How long since you heard her moan and groan that way?" "You know how she is," the other one shrugged.

"No matter how good she's getting it from you or me, she'd cut her own mother's throat for a few inches of good strange. Sounds like she's getting it. That kid-is he really your son?" You don't look like anybody's mother, lady. Big sister, maybe," and he cupped her tits from behind, squeezing tightly. "And I do mean big-did you feed him with these boobies? Christ, what nipples! Do you still feed him at the tit? Those things couldn't have gotten so big naturally. They must have been sucked fat. Tell me the truth. Is he your son or just some hot young cock you're balling around with?"

"He's my son," Diana said weakly. He kept rolling his fingers on her hardened nipples and she couldn't stand still. Her body began to move up and down on the coiled springs of her feet. "He's my son," she repeated. "I am thirty-seven years old and I don't mean you any harm-I just want you to let go of me and allow my son and I to go home-we won't tell anyone we saw you. I promise. No, please, don't do that-no, stop-I-oh, God, Ooooooo!"

Sometime during that pathetic speech of Diana's, the two men got her

onto the floor, on her knees. She looked up suddenly, astonished to find that she was kneeling, one of them in front of her, one of them behind her. And her shirt was pulled up again, rolled high to set free the proud full thrust of her tits. The fingers were on her bare nipples now, and there seemed to be so many fingers. It felt as if every inch of "her were being stroked and tickled and fingered, but always those fingers returned to her stiff nipples and squeezed them again and again and again.

The sandy-haired one pressed against her from behind, ramming his groin against her ass, and she was horribly aware of the erection that had blossomed in his pants. He rubbed her butt and let her feel every inch of his pants-covered hard-on. She tried to squirm and scoot away, but when she did, it brought her up dead-firm against the other one, the redhead, and-oh, Jesus! He too was stiff in his trousers, and only too willing to let Diana get a frontal feel of his boner. "All for you, baby," he said with a grin. He put his hands on her shoulders and bent in to kiss her once again. She wanted to jerk her face out of his way, but her muscles wouldn't respond. His mouth came down on hers, hard, and again his tongue was ramming into her mouth and their bodies were tightly pressed, every inch of his stiff cock tactile to Diana's groin.

She tried to ignore what was happening to her, but the only other point of concentration she could seize upon were the sounds-the horrid, horrid sounds coming from the other room. The faster and faster creak of bedsprings, the increased moans of female pleasure-God, is that my son in there? she wondered in despair. Has he forgotten about me? Is he only interested in servicing that blonde bitch? Doesn't he know what they're doing to me-what they want to do to me? A hand slipped into her panties, pinched her ripe firm ass and she whimpered. Whimper was all she could do.

"Stretch her on the floor," she heard the sandy-haired one say. "If I don't get my cock into her, it's gonna fall off."

"Says you?" his buddy chortled. "Well, I get first crack at this crack." His timing was perfect. Diana's beige panties were just sliding down her hips as he spoke, and he finished the declaration with a gesture-his finger shot into Diana's crotch and pushed impatiently at the slice of her pussy.

She jerked at the touch, but the jerk of her body only dragged her back, where she could feel once more the hard pressure of her sandy-haired assailant's prong, jabbing at her ass. She recoiled from that, and when she did, it seemed that her pussy just opened up and sucked in the redhead's finger. He thrust with a whoop of glee and Diana felt as if she'd been stabbed in the guts.

"This doesn't feel like anybody's mother's pussy," he announced, screwing his finger into her and working it like a drill bit. Diana whined as she was cuntally assaulted, but she couldn't disengage herself. Not when the one behind her was busily engaged in pushing her down, down, down, upon that stabbing finger, her pussy to suck it home.

"She's getting wet," the redhead announced, and Diana's face went scarlet. She could feel it too, the lubricative juices seeping through her pussy walls as that finger kept drilling and diving in her cunt, and each fresh seepage of moisture seemed to be pumped directly from her heart. Behind the ample roundness of her left tit, her heart was throbbing like a drum,

and her temples pounded ominously. Her vision flickered, going in and out of focus in swift alternation. And through it all, that finger reaming her twat.

"Stop," she whispered, her final protestation. She realized even as she spoke the words how hollow and empty they sounded, how ridiculous they must seem in view of the increasing response of her pussy. How can you betray me so? she asked her body. Shamed, it did not even try to answer.

"Cunt like a snapping turtle," the redhead added. He gave that cunt another reaming finger plunge, then withdrew his sopping digit and sniffed appreciatively. "Ahhhhh," he said. "The food of the gods." He grinned. "Want a smell?" he asked his friend, offering the cunt-juiced finger.

"Goddamn!" the sandy-haired man admired. "If you think I'm giving you first shot at that, you've got shit for brains!"

Redhead clamped his fist over Diana's puss, held her in a possessive grip. "I've got her," he said, "and I'm gonna take her. You can wait your turn."

"My God," Diana whined. She could feel more juice leaking from the lips of her wet twat, melting onto the flesh of the hand gripping her.

"Wait a minute," the other one put in. "We've been friends too long to fall out over first crack at a piece of ass. Even-" his hands closed on Diana's tits, fingers caressing the hard, sweat-dampened flesh "-a piece of ass like this one. Let's do it like gentlemen. You fuck her pussy and I'll fuck her

mouth. Then we'll switch. Alphonse and Gaston, huh?"

"After you, my dear Gaston," his companion leered. "Come on, Mommy-it's time to get this show on the road."

Diana had no resistance left. She moved limply as they spread her body full-length on the floor. Her face rested only inches from an opened magazine, and she found herself staring at a spread-out centerfold, the focus of which was a shaven, wide-split pussy, belonging to a sullen brunette whose not-especially-pretty face was half cropped away. The magazine editor knew which part of the girl his readers wanted to look at, and it wasn't her face. The girl's cunt appeared enormous, a detached vagina floating in space, hardly connected to the rest of the woman who owned it and was revealing it for the camera. How vulgar, Diana thought in distaste, just before she felt her legs being spread.

She looked down quickly, in panic, saw the redheaded man with his pants dropped, kneeling between her legs. His shorts were opened and a hard, slender cock thrust forth in erection. He was circumcised, and the tip of him looked like a fat grape surmounting his slender column of stiff meat. Not a big cock, not a cock she should have any difficulty accommodating in her vagina, but she didn't want to! "No," she growled, trying to squeeze her legs together. But he was already between them, and it was just like the childhood game of scissors cut paper. Her legs tried to scissor shut and his legs were the stone that broke the scissors, kept her thighs widespread. He moved toward her, preparing to mount Diana. Her belly heaved in resistance, but that was the only thing she could do. The sandy-haired man had her by the arms, kept her from sitting up. She could only lie there-she must lie

there-and take it.

The tip of red's cock slid through her forest of curly pubic hair and she squirmed as best she could. The touch was unbearably ticklish. She wanted to laugh, but this was no laughing matter. She was about to be raped.

His cock pushed at the petals of her labia and thrust them aside, and he was stabbing into her, penetrating as easily with his cock as he had with his finger, and she moaned, feeling him slide deeply, ferociously, plumbing the depths of her twat with his six-inch cock.

The other one bunched her two hands together, nailed them down with the point of his knee. It hurt a little, his bony knee clamping her hands to the floor, and she whispered, "No, please," but he was stroking her hair now, petting it the way one might pet a furry cat, and she felt strange shimmers of response shooting through her head. She liked to have her hair stroked. It seemed that she couldn't keep her own fingers out of her black tresses, that she was always combing them and playing with them, and now, these strange fingers toying in her hair-it felt nearly as good-almost enough to make her forget the cock deep-drilling in and out of her cunt.

Sandy's fingers trailed across her cheek. Her eyes were shut. She opened them, just in time to see his cock, sticking through his undone fly. He was stiff, too, slightly thicker than his companion, with a pointed knobby tip capping his rod. And even as Diana-looked upward with horrified eyes, the man was aiming the point of his dong down, toward her half-opened lips. "No!" she had time to say, just before he drove between her mouth with the

barrel of his peter.

"Suck it," he commanded. "Suck as if your life depended on it. Because-" he tapped her forehead lightly with one finger of his left hand "-it just MIGHT."

Good God! she told herself. My life is at stake!

These are desperate people. They've robbed a bank. They've kidnapped. Kidnapping is a capital crime. What-what's to stop them from killing us-both of us-no witnesses-oh, Jesus! His cock was a heavy bulk in her mouth, and she realized that an even heavier bulk hung above her head. It was no time to make excuses. She could hate herself tomorrow. Diana gripped the sandy-haired boy's dick with her wide, red lips and she began to suck, calling on every instinct and talent at her command.

Down below, she didn't need any help. The redhead was still pile-driving her pussy, and her pussy was reacting the way it always seemed to react when it was being fucked. She could feel the little muscular caresses, the twitching of her pussy lips, the increasing flow of interior juices to wet redhead's way, make her hole a greasy chute for his tool to plunge into. My cunt, she thought. My cunt doesn't know it's being raped. It thinks this is just a friendly fuck. Well, whoever said a pussy had any intelligence? She sucked a little harder, making her tongue roll around the pecker in her mouth. Already she could taste little escapings of cum on the tip of the sandy-haired rapist's tool. It tingled on her tongue, and the flavor wasn't as unpleasant as she might have expected it to be. It tasted like semen, she thought, and the realization surprised her nearly as much as the response of

her cunt had surprised her. I am coping, she thought. I am being degraded and ravished and humiliated, but I am coping.

The cock slipped deeper into her mouth. She nearly gagged on it the first time it plunged so far, but that was because of the surprise. Diana relaxed her throat muscles a little and she was able to take him almost as deeply as he was able to thrust. Her throat couldn't compare with Linda Lovelace's but she could take a man deeper now than she could when she was nineteen, or even twenty-two. If she'd been a willing participant in this disgusting scene, she might have tried a little harder than she was doing, but her efforts seemed satisfactory enough for the situation.

The redhead appreciated what he was getting, too, it seemed. "If she's giving you half what she's giving me," he told his friend in a breathless, fuck-rushing voice, "you must be one lucky sonovabitch!"

"Mmmmm, yeah!" the other one agreed. "You wanna switch now?"

"Sounds okay."

Diana felt the cock being withdrawn from her cunt. She tightened her lips on the one in her mouth, wondering why she was doing that.

Sandy tapped her forehead again. "Leggo," he said. "Or I'll sock you." She opened her mouth and he slipped free. There was lipstick and spittle on his cock, lots and lots of it. God, was she drooling that much? She tried to

swallow and almost choked on her own spit. A dribble of juice spilled from the corner of Diana's mouth as the two rapists changed places.

"Spread 'em a little wider," said the sandy haired one, lying on his belly between Diana's thighs. "You've got a real man down here now." He slid upward, bringing his dick to bear on the itchy lips of her twat. She didn't know they were itching until his prong began to scratch her itches away, and by that time he was starting to slip it inside. "Christ, she's tight!" he said gleefully, working his cock a little further inside Diana.

"She didn't feel that tight to me," the redhead sneered.

"Well, if you had a dick instead of a toothpick, maybe you could appreciate tightness. Oh, shit!" And with that he drove himself into "Diana, bringing their bellies together. He ground against the older woman, wiggling his cock inside her pussy, and she moaned in spite of herself. He had an appreciably thicker tool, she was quick to notice, and it really filled her well-tended snatch when it was driven up her tube. She could feel his balls jiggling in the crack of her ass, and his pubic hair was coarser than her own silky growth. The stubby strands worked their way through Diana's fine hairs and began to scratch at her pussy flesh. She quivered beneath him. He mistook it for a wiggle of enthusiasm and he began to screw her in quick, short strokes. His cock had a provocative frictioning effect, working in and out of Diana and she kept on writhing beneath the sandy haired rapist, pussy muscles working a little more flexibly than they had when his friend was in her.

The redhead straddled her chest and sat down on her tits. "Ah, Jesus," he said, "talk about upholstery!" He pointed his prick at her mouth and said,

"Suck it, Mommy. I've heard a lot about your style and I'm expecting a hell of a good blow-job. Oh, yeah, that's it, baby. Get your hands on it. Play with it a little. Feel how wet I am?"

And the worst of it was, he seemed to be analyzing her reactions almost perfectly. That first taste of him, with her pussy fluids coating his wet cock. Her tongue had exploded. She couldn't stop licking him. No matter how filthy he talked, sitting on her chest and directing her actions, no matter how crudely he used her with his mouth, she couldn't stop licking him.

And when he told her to get ready, she got ready. Her mouth opened welcomingly, and her tongue flittered in the grounded gap, as if it were inviting him to stick it in! And stick it in he did! His cock slammed into Diana Fluharty's mouth and she locked her lips and started sucking as if it were the sweetest lollipop ever to leave the candy factory. He was coated with the taste of her, all up and down his length, and her mouth sucked away that delicious flavor, avid for more.

To be honest, redhead was getting more than a little assistance from his bigger-cocked buddy. Paul, that was what he'd called him, and Paul was fucking the goddamned hell out of Diana, pronging her in short strokes-she loved short strokes-quick ones, that tickled and itched her pussy lips, just kept going in and out and in and out and in and out, and her pussy leaking and pissing cum all over him, and it might have been degrading and it might have been rape but she knew, oh, Jesus, she knew-that in very short order she was going to be exploding all over the inside of this cabin.

From redhead's angle of penetration, she couldn't get too much of his rod

into her mouth. He had to lean forward too far, and it threw him off balance, causing him to lean back and pull cock out of Diana's mouth, so she got her hand inside his shorts-he'd taken off his pants during the journey from he twat to her mouth-and cupped his balls with one fist, locking the other set of fingers round the base of his prick where it stuck out of the shorts. She was mostly sucking his knob and she was jerking him while she sucked, jerking him in eager, quick strokes just like the ones Paul was feeding up her snatch.

"Here goes!" Paul shouted, and his cock slammed into her seven times in rapid succession. Each thrust was accompanied by a jerk and a discharge, and Diana felt cum rolling up her tubes, into her uterus, fired from her rapist's cock. He kept stroking even after he'd quit shooting, and she felt her cunt melt into jelly around him. Her legs twitched and straightened, then curled into deceptively fragile locks of sheer power, enfolding Paul, pulling him into the gushing core of her body. She was coming too, and she went around redhead's slippery cock. Her tongue couldn't keep up the careful pattern of licks and swipes she had begun with. She was too preoccupied with the responsive excitement in her pussy. Rape or not, she had hit a climax and it was a good climax. Her body shivered and tingled and she couldn't lie still. Quickly, Diana clamped her lips shut on the head of red's pecker and she started to jerk him off, into her bottomless well of a mouth. It only took four strokes, and then he 'was grabbing her head, trying to strangle her with his spouting peter and the flood of semen that sprayed from him in torrents. Diana drank at the faucet of life, and she drank, and she drank, and she drank.

CHAPTER SIX

Jerking, her fingers trembling as they raced up and down the hard column, Diana fed the redhead's cum into her mouth. It overflowed her lips, clogged her throat. She gulped, savored, sucked the swollen, bursting pecker knob to make it squirt out more of the stuff while her lower body convulsed in a second orgasm, one built upon the foundations of the first surprising come that had swept through her pussy. She bucked, thrust her pussy at Paul's driving cock, tightened the grip of her legs on his thighs, dragged him into her hungry gash.

The cock in her mouth went soft and there was no more squirting-nothing but the smell and taste of hot salty jism, thick as fresh-churned butter on her lips and tongue. It slipped from her fluttering lips and she tried to recapture it, but the red-headed man was getting off Diana now, taking his dick with him, out of reach. Her fingers extended toward him as he rose. She touched the sticky, limp end of his cock-he was gone, stepping to the side.

Paul, the sandy-haired one, gave her a final thrust between the legs. It seemed to touch her where she lived. Diana's belly spasmed and her legs kicked high in the air. Paul slammed into her, more of his magnificent short-stroking fuck-work, and she felt the gorge of her sex rising to meet him. He'd already shot her full of jism. She could feel the stuff, thick and dotty in her twat. And he was punching his way through that river of semen now, as if he had it in him to refill her snug hole.

Suddenly, then, he was breaking free, dragging his cock from her reluctant twat, reaching behind him with one hand to dislodge Diana's leg from round his body. Her heel bumped the floor and he was out of her, his cock still rock hard. Diana reached down, began to slide her finger back and

forth across her raw clit and sticky slice. The third orgasm clung. She stroked, felt the come-release exploding inside her cunt.

"Aaaaaggghhh!" Diana groaned, gurgling for the gout of cum that lay about tonsil deep in her mouth.

Paul knelt on her breasts, where the redhead had just been sitting, and he aimed his bigger cock down, into Diana's mouth. She hesitated only a second before opening wide and swallowing him down. He fucked his way into her mouth, and once again she was tasting a cock richly flavored with the juices of her pussy. But the redhead's dick had been wet only with her lubrications. Paul's cock was soaked with Diana's juices.

Diana didn't have to force herself to suck him. If anything, she had to will a little restraint, lest she strangle on the cock she was trying to swallow. Goddamn it, she thought, I can't get enough of him into me-not in this position, and then she thought, Oh my god, what am I thinking?

Think or not, she was still sucking, and it was amazing how hard Paul was, in view of the shattering orgasm he'd fired up her tubes. His cock was rigid and unbending, the knob spongy but solid, and she sucked the knob the way she'd sucked redhead's. Diana was pinning her hands and she used one of them to steady the shaft of Paul's rod. He was holding himself, too, and their fingers met and locked.

Together, they fed his meat into her slurping mouth. Diana, firmly in the grip of her third consecutive climax, needed no more manual stimulation on

her pussy. It was taking care of itself. Paul's hips jiggled a little on the nips of her titties, which were rigid with excitement, almost as rigid as the cock she was eating, and she sucked him with greater and greater fervor, confident that he too would soon be gushing again, shooting a river of spunk down her throat. Her tongue ached for the taste of him, full and rich in her mouth, and her lips tightened on the swollen bulb of his glans. She closed her eyes. It was a shameful thing Diana was doing, but she could not stop herself.

Matt Flaherty lay on the uncovered mattress, Kim's lovely body limp upon his. She held his soft cock in her darling mouth, reluctant, it would seem, to let him go even though he'd filled her throat with his seed. His jaws ached from eating her, and still that shaven, smooth twat pressed down upon his mouth, tantalizing him, urging him to forget the ache and give it just a few more licks and kisses. He worked his tongue into the groove of her slot, pushed for a moment, then settled back with a sigh. He could do no more. Not now. Jesus, & Mary; had he really done this much? he thought.

"Promising," Kim said. She rolled off him and stretched out beside. He looked at her bare body next to his. Her legs seemed endless, a mile or more of smooth tanned flesh from her ankles to her crotch. Her crotch. Matt gulped as he - sighted up Kim, eyes focused on the shaven slice in her puffy cuntal mound. Pink-red lips showing through, and wetness glistening all around her gash-he'd put some of that wetness there, drooling all over her gorgeous twat as he ate it.

Matt couldn't stop himself from reaching up to touch the cunt he'd eaten. God, he thought, I should be frightened, but I'm not. I made her come. I really made her come. Just like she did me. It was the first really complete

sexual experience of his life, the first time he'd ever ejaculated inside another human being. Even if it was her mouth.

Her mouth! Christ! That tongue playing on him, her cheeks drawn in like the teeth of a vise, his dick swelling and throbbing in her mouth while she sucked and sucked and sucked, until his jizz came in a torrent and flowed down her gulping throat. His cock ached from a job well done, and he felt Kim shiver delicately when his fingers caressed the petals of her hairless cunt.

"Stop it," she said. "I'm sore. I think you were really trying to eat me. Bet your other girl friends have labia that look like bubblegum. Chewed bubblegum. Right, stud?"

Matt flushed. He wanted to tell her it was the first time he'd ever done it like this, all the way, but he was half afraid she would laugh at him. He looked past Kim, saw her gun lying on the mattress only inches from the still perky pink tip of a breast, and his stomach turned upside down in him. Good God! Her gun! The delight of being caught in her warm wet mouth, of feeling her pussy sucking his finger and tongue, had diverted him from the reality of this situation. "My mother," he said in alarm, sitting up. "Oh my god, what's happening to her?"

Kim laughed. "I didn't hear any screams," she said gaily. "Or-" her voice dropped, "-any gunshots." Matt was already climbing down from the bed, not even caring that he was naked except for his T-shirt .. Kim bounded after him, joined him as he reached the door, and her hand brushed his away from the doorknob. She was holding her pistol. He looked at Kim and her sardonic

smiling lips, reproaching himself because he had totally forgotten about his mother and her possible danger. I'm a pig, he thought. Nothing but a pig. I got into the trough and started rutting around and it was to hell with everything and everyone else. What kind of son am I?

"I didn't say you could leave the room," Kim sighed. She leaned against the door, eyeing him placidly. There was a glitter in her eyes, a smug, satisfied glitter. She had used him, Matt thought, and she was still using him. He was certain he could knock her out of the way, fling the door open-even if she did have a gun in her hand. She wouldn't shoot him. Would she? He hesitated, not quite convinced. Kim reached for the doorknob, turned it, pushed the door open. "Oh, my," she said, "it looks as if Mommy is doing okay by herself." Matt looked around the doorframe and his face went dead white. His young eyes bulged in their sockets and his knees threatened to fold up beneath him. The other night he'd been shocked to come home and find his mother and Jake Tracy on the couch, Jake's face buried between Diana's thighs as he gobbled her black-furred pussy. Shocked and disgusted, and-he hated to confess but couldn't entirely deny-a little turned on, too. So how was he supposed to react to what he saw now, going on in the front room of the cabin to which their kidnapers had brought him and his mother?

Ma. Lying on the floor, almost naked. One of the guys-the sandy-haired one-was squatting over her tits, the end of his cock in Diana's mouth, and she was sucking the shit out of him!

Matt's vision blurred as the truth hit him. There could be no room for mistake. His mother had the tip of that dick in her mouth, but she was sucking and she had her hand on the root of his tool, shucking up and down with such force that she kept banging herself on the lips. But she didn't

stop. Not for a second. Her eyes were closed and her cheeks worked in and out and her hand flew and all the while, the sandy-haired man was guiding her head, saying something that sounded like, "Eat it, bitch! Eat it all! I'm gonna come in your mouth and I want you to drink me dry! Just the way your pussy sucked the stuffings out of me. I'm all recharged, baby, so get ready, cause here it comes!"

And even as Matt Flaherty watched in horror, the man began to ejaculate into Diana's mouth. Matt heard the man's groan of delight, heard a muffled whimper from his mother's busy lips, saw her lift up, try to gobble more of his shaft, even as the man leaned forward and tried to stuff all of his prick into Diana.

The other of the two men, the red-haired one, stood watching, his ass propped against a wall. He was naked from the waist down and he was playing with his cock, jiggling it in his fingers as if he were trying to stir it to erection. Had he fucked Ma in the mouth, as well? Matt wondered.

Cum began to drip from her lips and the sight of the viscous stuff oozing down his mother's chin, frothing on her mouth, turned Matt's stomach. He wanted to go out there, to kill both the men, to grab Ma and-he clenched his fist and his vision blurred red as blood. Kim touched his shoulder and he whirled toward her. In spite of the gun, his first impulse was to smash her in the face.

"Cool it, dude," she said evenly, and she pushed the door shut. Matt reached for the knob. "No," she told him. "I think you've seen enough."

"It's disgusting," Matt said hoarsely. "It's-"

"It's got you hard as a fucking poker," Kim grinned, taking hold of his cock. Her fingers were warm and Matt looked down in disbelief. His rod was standing out in bold, forthright erection. The touch of her fingers hadn't stiffened him. It was something else. He looked at the closed door and for a moment it wasn't there at all. He was staring out at the scene he'd just witnessed.

Ma, sucking up cum, her body writhing and twisting in sexual glee. The red-haired man had mentioned something about coming in Ma's pussy. Jesus! What did they call it, pulling a train? Was that what his mother was doing? Kim jerked on his pecker again and almost before he knew it, they were collapsing onto the bed together. She wasn't holding her gun. She had both arms around him.

She had her legs around him, too, and her shaven crotch wiggled against his stiff penis. He heard her sigh at the ticklish caress and he ground a little harder, really giving her a feel of his cock fur. She sighed, this time in a higher-pitched voice, all chirpy and bird-like, and her tits were hard and firm at his chest. "Fuck me," she whispered into his ear, between little lobe bites and more than a little licking and blowing. "Fuck me and pretend I'm your mother."

Rage boiled in his veins. What a sick thing to say! He looked at her, at the smug grin spread across her pretty tanned face, at the fluffy blonde hair

falling onto her shoulders, and there was a flash of lightning outside. The sound startled Matt. He blinked, and in the blinking, Kim seemed to alter completely before his eyes. The blonde hair turned to 'vivid black, long hair, glossy hair, sweeping way down her breasts. Her skin tone changed from a light tanned gold to a creamy, milk white, and it wasn't Kim's face staring up at him, it wasn't Kim's green eyes-it was...

The roll of thunder outside seemed to revive him. Oh, Jesus, Matt thought. I am cracking up! He touched her, and it was definitely Kim who purred, who guided his hand across her hard round tits.

Small tits, with pink nipples. Not his mother's tits, not his mother's face, not his mother's pussy griddle-hot against his stiff rod. But for a moment, it had been, and he knew, and he was terrified at the desires and passions inside him. Forbidden desires, taboo passions. Did that make" them any less real? His cock swelled, and he was afraid to answer the question.

"Don't tell me you're scared of a little thunder and lightning;" Kim teased. She worked her hand into the tight clench of their bodies and she found his pecker, all rigid and randy. Her fist closed around him and she toyed with the bone. It's not yours, he wanted to tell her. You didn't cause it. But you're gonna get it, bitch! You're really gonna get it!

Rain began to patter on the roof. "I love to fuck in the-rain," Kim sighed. "Don't you?" She opened her legs a little wider. His balls were firm-pressed against the shaven crease of her cunt. "Tickles," she said. "Why don't you tickle me inside, too? Mmmmm, baby? You don't have to worry about your

mama. She seems to be doing okay. Why don't we?"

Matt lifted his hips from her body and he straightened his prick. He'd only been in a girl once before-that time with Susie Cooper. Did it really count? He doubted if there had been more than thirty seconds of penetration, and she was so tight his cock hurt trying to get into her. It wasn't going to be that way with Kim, he told himself. He was going to fuck this blonde bitch and he was going to fuck her with everything he had. She'd have cum pouring out her goddamn ears before he was finished. Gritting his teeth, Matt angled his cock toward the cleft of her slit, pushed until he'd split her clean-smooth labia, and then he rammed it to hell and back.

Kim bounced upward, her eyes enormous. "Oh Jesus godddddd. Damn you, don't be so fucking rough! Oh Christ, if you're gonna Fuck me, then fuck me, goddamn it!"

"I'll give it to you," he snarled. "Just the way you want it!" And he started to work her with his tool, slamming in and out. Her cunt was snug, nowhere near so tight as Susie's, and there was nothing to stop him from shoving balls-deep. So he did. Again and again and again. She screamed every time he plumbed her cuntal well, and he could feel his dick banging the rear wall of her vagina, hitting something that had to be the mouth of her womb. She moaned a lot when he tapped her there, so he kept on pecking, his rod slipping up her hole as far as he could drive. If he could have gotten his balls inside Kim, he'd have put them in, too, and by God, he tried! When he was immersed totally in her cunt, his groin tight on hers, he was still shoving, still pushing.

And she was rising up to meet him, the bitch!

She wanted it, as much as he needed to give it to her. Her face was sweaty and flushed, and her eyes were glittering and rolling in their sockets. Her nostrils dilated, and she gasped in satisfied response. "Make it move," she told him. "Make the earth move for me."

Her hands roved up and down his back as he lay atop her. He wasn't sure if he was lying too heavily on Kim, but she wasn't complaining so it must be okay. After all, he thought, this is my first time out. Everything seemed to be working! His dick felt as big as a log in her wet, swampy cunt, and they moved together as if they'd been doing this for years, the two of them, her pussy milking his cock up and down, his dick thrusting and ramming where she needed to be thrust and rammed.

Matt felt as if he could fuck all night. Line 'em up, he thought. One woman after another. I'll fuck every one of the bitches. Fuck 'em till their pussies split! "I'm gonna split you," he snarled at Kim, emphasizing the threat with a wicked swish of his cock. "Split you to pieces!"

"Try it, big stuff," she grinned, her hands sliding down his back. She got him by the ass, started pinching his buttocks. Talk about jumping around! Little spurts of pain shot through his ass, made him hop like a frog on Kim, and each hop sent his rod a mile up her cunt, penetrating furiously. She opened her mouth and her tongue shot out and, for a crazy moment he thought it was the end of his dick, gone all the way up her body and coming out her mouth to strike at him like a snake. He recoiled, then laughed at the craziness of the idea. She couldn't know what made him so merry, but she

laughed along, and laughter was as aphrodisiac as the pitter-patter of rain on the roof. Sweat rolling from his arm pits , Matt Flaherty threw himself into his work.

They couldn't lie still, either of them. She got her legs around him, used that as a fulcrum to move his body. Still fucking, Matt went onto his side, and he and Kim did it in that position for a few strokes; and then she was atop him, sitting up now, lying face down and oozing her puss jelly into his fuzzy cock hairs, sitting up again and moaning as he shot his way up her cunt again and again. He could hold her ass now, and it was an ass worth holding. Sort of on the slender side, but just the right size to cup in the palms of his grasping hands. She was sweaty-assed, and his fingers slid greasily across her flesh, lingering in her crack.

"Yeah, there!" she said gleefully when his finger tip found her asshole. It was so small, so tiny, so fucking tight! He dug at it with the tip of his littlest finger and she writhed in delight atop him. She leaned forward a little bit, giving him more access, and he pushed harder at the tight anal sphincter. "Oh, shit!" she wailed as his finger broke the ring of muscular resistance and penetrated about three-quarters of an inch up her rectum. She straightened up then, sucking him even deeper, and he began to time himself-a deep thrust in her twat, a tentative poke up her tight asshole-back and forth, back and forth.

For one thing, he dug it. He wondered if it would be possible to get his thick cock up that tiny tubal opening, to fuck a turd out of Kim's smug, snotty ass. He doubted it, though. She was so incredibly tight. How could she ever spread widely enough to take a cock home? His cock?

And he could see that she liked it too. Her face was redder now, as if blood were collecting in her head-and at the rate she was going, that blood ought to pop off the top of her skull long before she reached orgasm. She moved with his rhythm, slipping her cunt down in glove-like fashion over his upstanding rod, easing her ass back to eat an inch or so of his little finger on the off stroke.

No matter what else happened to him, Matt decided, he would carry this memory to his grave. Kim had bullied him and threatened him with a gun. She'd jerked him off in his pants and tried to humiliate him. But, he thought, if I live long enough, I may give it to her up the shithole. See how tough she can look with my cock in her ass! He grasped her hips and worked upward, speeding his strokes because he could sense the nearness of his orgasm.

"Is this what you like?" he asked. "Because it's what you're getting! You have the gun, bitch, but I have the cock!"

"Don't talk, fuck!" Kim shot back. She planted her hands on his chest and started doing cuntal pushups on his rod. She was fucking herself even faster than he'd been giving her the meat, and Matt realized that he didn't have to do as much work now. He could virtually lie there while she jerked them both off in the warm wet glove of her pretty puss.

But he didn't fucking want to lie still! He wanted to ram her and bang her and fuck the living shit out of this blonde slut. And how could he do that

when she was on top? A woman's place was under a strong man, and he felt as strong as Arnold Schwarzenegger. He popped his finger out of her asshole, making her moan nearly as much as when he'd put it in, and he slipped her neatly to the side. As she fell, Matt moved with her, not breaking the contact of their organs, and in a second or two, he was atop Kim and she had her knees up clutching at his sides while he looked down at her recumbent body and fed her the meat.

"Where's your gun now?" he taunted, working himself from side to side as he fucked her.

She didn't answer. Her teeth were clenched and she had her hands on his back and shoulders, trying to hang on while he rode her, and every time he stabbed deeply he felt her groin bang against his, with a dull thwack. He pressed then, making her feel the hair on his loins, feel it against her shaven pubes.

"Ohhhh," Kim groaned. That hair was getting to her. Well, it was fair enough. The snapping contractions of her pussy were goddamn sure getting to Matt.

"AAAAAIIIEEEEE!" Kim squealed like a throat-cut pig, and her knees latched onto his flanks while her cunt went into overtime gloving his pecker. She didn't have to tell him she was coming. He could feel the massive explosion of her pussy and it gave him pleasure to know that he had caused it, he, Matt Flaherty, seventeen years old and fucking his first cunt. I was a boy when I got out of bed today, he told himself, but I'm a man now.

"Want some more?" he taunted, slicking it home as best he could, through the network of cuntal contractions. Jesus! It was all he could do to hang onto his own load, the way she was coming under him, but he HAD to, had to restrain himself, to fuck her to jelly, and then fuck her just a little further.

"Goddd!" Kim shrieked, twisting and twitching under him, around him, her pussy full of girl-juice. It was like fucking a sponge. He started slipping around in her, unable to keep up the tempo of his strokes. Oh, what the hell? he asked himself. Why not do it now? And with a groan, he shoved his rod up her, all the way up her, collapsed on Kim's prone body and began to unload his backlog of jizz, right where it belonged, inside her bitchy snatch.

He fucked out cum until she was full, and the stuff leaking out of her twat, and still he had juice to give her. His nuts ached like hell with every ejaculation, but the ache was nothing compared to the self-respect he had regained.

Matt was groggy from fucking when he felt the gun barrel touching his forehead. He opened his eyes, saw Kim on her knees. She was holding the gun again, aiming it at Matt's forehead, but there seemed to be no particular menace in the gesture.

He'd had enough. "Will you cool it with the fucking Belle Starr routine?" he said angrily, sitting up. Kim eased back, lowering the gun barrel.

"Well, shit," she told him. "I'm having fun. Aren't you?" He frowned. "Or did I overdo it?"

"I don't get you," Matt replied. "First you grab us on the highway, you threaten us with guns, you kidnap my mother and me and our car, you bring us up to this shitty shack. Next thing I know you're eating my cock and those goon friends of yours are gang-banging my old lady. Every five minutes you grab your gun and try to be some kind of tough broad out of a drive-in movie and the rest of the time you're all hot mouth and-"

"-and wet pussy," Kim filled in. She sat down, knees widely spread, her shaven cunt on lustful display. Matt stared at her crotch, felt saliva forming in his mouth. "Well," she said, twirling the automatic, "what if I pointed this at you again and pulled the trigger? And then went out in the other room and shot your mother, too? I could do it, you know. You're witnesses. Bank robbery isn't exactly a misdemeanor in this state. And the best witnesses are no witnesses. What if-" She started to raise the gun. Matt caught her wrist, bent it back. "If you were going to," he said, braver than he'd ever thought he could be, "you'd already have done it."

"TouchÃ©," Kim agreed. She dropped the gun onto the mattress. Neither of them reached for it. She put her arm around Matt's neck, leaned in, and kissed him on the mouth. There was no threat or danger in that kiss. Matt had been kissed enough times to be aware of that. He put his arm around Kim and kissed her back.

She broke away. "It's pretty simple, all in all," she said. "We stuck up a bank. And we needed to get away, so we commandeered you and your mother.

All the rest-well, you noticed that I was sort of attracted to you, right from the beginning, didn't you? I get attracted easily. My old man says I ought to charge for it, and then I could be a real whore instead of an imitation one. Hell with him. He'd shit blood if he knew we were holed up in his hunting cabin, wouldn't he? Oh, Jesus, he doesn't even know that his ex-darling daughter is the one who pulled the big job in Lancaster!" She shook her head, grinning sardonically.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm Kimberly Marcella Becker, of the Akron Becker. Some money, no class. That's our roots. Until yesterday I was more or less a student at the university, in Athens, you know, dope capital of the middle west? More or less. I, failed three classes in spring quarter and Daddy had a fit. Well, failing the classes was just part of it. He also happened to find out that I'd been living with Paul and Don most of the year. Paul is the brunette, Don's the redhead. I don't think you were formally introduced. And Daddy's old-fashioned about that kind of stuff. He things all his daughters-namely, me-ought to be virgins. Perpetually. So-"

"Both of them?" Matt asked.

Kim nodded. "I'm a closet nympho. One man can't satisfy me. Or didn't you notice?" She grabbed his hand and covered her nearest tit, squeezing till her nipple firmed against his palm. "Oh, darling," she moaned theatrically, "I feel it coming on me again. If you can't take care of my needs, send out for help! Quick!"

She let his hand fall. "Where was I? Oh, explaining. As if loved you an-oh. I guess I do, sort of. We're not really lovers or anything-my heart's been

pledged to Paul Newman since I was eleven years old,' but we fuck around, you know? And you do know, baby. My allowance was our chief support, thanks to Daddy's generous heart, but he cut it off completely when he found out about us. Which meant hard times around the old corral.

"So," she went on, "we got this dynamite idea. Saturday is payday at that plant in Lancaster, and the banks are overstocked that day, especially, to take care of check cashing. Paul and Don and I sat down with a jug of vino and a few J's and figured it all out. We'd hit the bank - I mean, this is 1977 and nobody expects you to come into a bank like Jesse James any more, so when you do it, it scares the fuck out of everybody-and then hop down to the Caribbean. Score on some good quality dope, buy it with the bank money, and bring it back to the states and unload it for like twenty times our original cost."

"And you robbed a bank to finance it?"

"The Small Business Administration refused our loan request. Hey, kid, we scored forty or fifty grand! That will buy a lot of good dope in the islands, and when we get back, we're heading for L.A., where prices are high and the demand is higher. Besides, I'll be that much closer to Paul. Do you think he'll go for me? Enough to dump Joanne, I mean?"

"You're crazy," Matt declared. "And the craziest thing of all was kidnapping us."

"I'm crazy enough to kill you and your mother," Kim replied evenly. "If I

have to. And I hope I don't. Anyway, just think of this as a day of adventure. You had fun, didn't you?"

He flushed. "What about my mother? Those buddies of yours were raping her-"

"Didn't look like rape to me," Kim said.

"Especially the way she was pumping." She fitted her fingers round an imaginary cock and started jerking off air. "She looked like some starving orphan in Latin America who's just gotten her first CARE package and is-oh, shit, turkey, it turned you on, didn't it? You got all red up here-" she touched his face "-and all red and HARD down here." she touched his cock. "And when I got you onto the bed, I thought you were going to fuck my ears off. She's pretty well preserved for a woman old enough to be your mother. Does she turn you on that much? I mean, you are aware that mommies fuck too, sometimes? Don't she and Daddy-"

"He's dead. For two years."

Kim nodded. "No wonder she went hog wild, doing without for two years. You can't blame her."

"She's been getting it," Matt said, wondering why he should be sharing intimate family secrets with this strange blonde girl. "Just the other night,

for sure. I walked into the house and-"

"Let me guess! Mommy wasn't expecting you and she was entertaining someone? Ooooh, kid, you're getting all red in the face again. Are you lighting your fires one more time? Let me feel. No, it's soft. I think I fucked the starch out of you. It may never get hard again, after that ride I gave you."

"That ride I gave you; you mean!" He felt much more comfortable with Kim now. She was still the strangest person he'd ever met, but at least he wasn't worried about her shooting him. Unless he told her she was crazy again. Well, she was, but it was safer not to mention the fact.

Kim sighed, "We might as well go out and see if the rest of our party are finished with their sports. I'm getting hungry. We stashed a little food up here last night, and there's some beer and wine and a lid of pretty poor shit. Oh, Jesus Christ!" she blurted suddenly. "Do you know that nobody thought to bring the goddamn money up from the car? And we haven't even counted it yet. The radio said we'd gotten away with about fifty thousand, but I would like to check for myself."

She stood up. "Put on your clothes;" she suggested, "Unless you want to embarrass Mommy by flashing another hard in front of her. I take it she doesn't know about your latent incestual urges?"

Matt blushed. "I don't have any," he lied.

Kim jabbed him in the ribs while he was getting into his pants. "Maybe you'll still get a chance," she snickered. "When you get back to wherever you live and you're shivering and blushing about your experiences today, why, you just might fall into one another's arms and-BANG! Listen, kid, she could do a lot worse than you. I've been around, and I think you're pretty good."

"I never did it before," Matt confessed. "Never really fucked a girl before. I... "

"You mean, I got your cherry? Oh, Jesus, I don't think I ever busted a guy before! In China, if you save somebody's life he becomes your slave forever. There ought to be some kind of arrangement in our situation, too. Maybe I'll become your fairy godmother and, whenever you need a favor, you just take out your dick and rub it three times and-VOILA! There I'll be, at the foot of your bed, ready to grant your every wish."

He started to say "You're crazy" again, but thought better of it. Instead, he scooped her tits out of the unzipped coverall suit she'd just pulled up over her shoulders and he sucked the nipples avidly. She cuddled his head against her breasts. "Don't worry, kid," she said. "I have no intention of hurting you or your old lady. As for Don and Paul, they do what I tell them. Nothing to worry about from them either. It's gonna be all right, and as soon as I can figure out what to do next, I'll have you and your mom on the road home, just a little worse for wear."

"Mmmmm," he said, nuzzling a pink nipple, "I don't know if I want to go

home. I don't know if I want to leave you."

"Zip up your pants and get your ass out the door!" she commanded autocratically. As he went past, her hand snaked between his legs and grabbed his balls from the rear. "Gotcha!" she grinned. He pulled her to his side and they went out together.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Diana lay back, panting, her body sick with shame and exhausted from orgasm after orgasm. It had happened so swiftly, that change from active resistance to passive acceptance to total commitment. Her head still swam from it all as she huddled near the wall. She couldn't recall how many times they had done it-as soon as Paul was finished with her, Don-that was the name of the redhead-was ready to go around. And she had been just as ready, inviting them with her hands, her lips, her legs.

"Fuck me again," she had gasped, "oh, somebody please fuck me again." But there had been no takers. She had exhausted the pair of them, their cocks hung limp and useless, and they backed away from her, shaking their heads sadly.

Even more, she could hardly credit her ears. Was she speaking those words? With her son in the next room doing God knew what with that blonde girl?

She'd heard the bedsprings again, during a momentary lull in her own busy schedule of activity, and she had heard a female voice crying out in what could be nothing but blinding orgasmic ecstasy. It had sent shivers up and down her body, listening to that voice, and she had locked arms and legs around Don's hard young body, pulling him into the tightness of her embrace. His prick was deep in her pussy then, and her pussy knew what to do with a deep-thrust prick.

And she knew that Matt had undergone much the same ordeal in the next room. Bedsprings didn't creak, women didn't cry out like that unless a stiff cock and a wet cunt were involved. Her son-what had he done to make the girl moan so deliriously? Had he overheard the sounds she made in this room? Oh, dear God, how could she ever face Matt again? He'd know-he must have already known-Diana's face suffused in a heavy, shamed blush. She began to pull down her shirt, which was still rolled up past her stiff-nippled tits. Well, they weren't so stiff-nippled, now that the height of her fever was past. Her jeans and panties were lying in the middle of the floor. She stood up, went to get them. She didn't want to be sluttishly naked when-if-her son ever came out of that other room. That would be too much.

"Want a beer?" Don asked, opening the back door. He came inside carrying a huge red and white ice chest, which he deposited atop the table in the corner of the large room serving as kitchen area. Paul went over and grabbed a cold beer from the big cooler. He popped the top and took a long drink.

Diana realized how dry her throat was. She pulled up her panties and, jeans in her hand, strolled toward the table. "I'd like one very much," she said. Don reached in, tossed her an icy can of beer. She took it, unsure of how the new, ecology-minded pop top worked. "Like this," Paul said, showing

her. She took a drink, tilting her head back, and as she did, Paul leaned in and kissed her neck. Diana shivered. Cold beer pouring down the inside of her throat, Paul's warm moist lips pressing the outside.

"Stop it," she said, moving back. Her eyes moved from Paul to Don and back again. How could she have been so frightened of them? They weren't frightful characters-at least, now that they weren't carrying their guns. They were so ordinary. In their twenties, perhaps, young, strong-bodied, but ordinary. God, was any of this. really happening? Had she imagined it all? Had she really gone into heat on the floor, rooting about with the two of them, one cock in her mouth, another in her cunt? Had she actually gargled with jizz, the creamy stuff hanging in thick trails from her lips? She brought her thighs together, felt the weariness in her cunt where her legs touched the edges of it. Oh, God, she thought, I did-I really did.

The bedroom door opened and the blonde girl came strutting out, hand in hand with Matt. Diana's eyes enlarged. What a couple they made! It was no question what they'd been up to. If ever she'd seen a fresh-fucked face, the blonde girl was wearing one. And Matt-he was positively beaming!

"Are you all right?" Diana asked, taking a step toward her son and his companion. "What are you going to do to us?"

Abruptly, she realized that she was still holding her jeans in one hand, that she wore only her shirt and her hip-hugging bikini panties. They were beige. Her face went scarlet at the sudden knowledge that her black bush 'was patently visible through the shimmer of beige covering her loins. She brought the jeans around, draped them down her front. Diana could feel

Matt's eyes fixed on her, and she didn't want to meet his stare. She looked down at the floor. All she saw there was a little pool of cum that had spilled from her pussy onto the floorboard. Her face got redder.

"What we do," the girl said, "depends on how you behave. The kid here isn't in much danger. He's been a very good boy." She slipped her arm around Matt's waist and rubbed his thigh with her own. "Why doesn't somebody offer us a beer?"

"I'm okay, Ma," Matt said. He reached for his mother's hand. Her fingers were chilly and limp.

He caught her by the chin, lifted up her face. "Are you okay?"

Diana looked at her son, face to face, and a sudden warmth spread through her. It was like looking into a stranger's face. He wasn't the same Matt who'd sat across from her in the restaurant this day at noon. He wasn't the same Matt who'd gone into the bedroom accompanied by the strange blonde girl. His eyes blazed with something she could not pinpoint.

He had a man's eyes, not a boy's. God, she thought, he looks so much more like his father than he ever did before.

She had been afraid to see him again, afraid he would guess what his mother had been up to. But now, looking into Matt's eyes, Diana knew that he knew, and she knew that he wasn't despising her. He was staring at her

the way a man stares at a woman, not the way a boy looks at his mother. She didn't know if she liked the idea or not, but it was a kind of comfort. She had expected recrimination but she found assurance.

"It's okay, Ma," he said.

The blonde girl spoke up. "Where in hell is the food?" she asked. "I'm hungry."

"The food?" Paul said. "Oh, shit! It's in the trunk of the car. The one parked in the ditch outside Lancaster."

Making a face, the girl reached into her pocket.

She came out with the keys to the Flaherty car. "Here," she said, tossing them at Paul. "If it's not too much trouble, why don't you guys get in the car and see if you can dig up something to eat? I don't care what it is-I need food and I need it pronto. Oh, and before we forget, bring the money inside. Before you leave. We went through a hell of a lot to get it, and I would really like to have the stuff, you know?" She shrugged her shoulders, as if to indicate that her genius was paralyzed when yoked to the incompetence of such assholes as her two male partners. Diana realized, seeing the gesture, that the girl was in charge here. Paul and Don went out the door, into the night rain, without a complaint, without a look back. In a moment, Don came to the door, dropped the money sacks just inside.

"We'll be back as soon as we can," he promised.

"Will you be okay by herself, Kim?"

"Have you ever known me not to be all right?" she asked sarcastically. Bring back some food-and be careful. If you fuck up these people's car, the repair costs come out of your share of the money. So no hot-rodding. And stay out of ditches." Don nodded sheepishly, closed the door. In a moment or two, Diana heard the familiar sound of her car engine starting up.

"We might as well get comfortable," Kim sighed.

Taking Matt's hand, she started toward the sofa and chairs by the front window. Diana followed, still holding her jeans. "Sit down," Kim added.

"And I'm sure you don't have to hide behind those things. We don't really have any secrets, now, do we?"

Kim and Matt were on the couch. Diana watched as her son slipped his arm around the blonde girl's neck, let the fingers of one hand trail down the curve of her left breast. It was as if he were showing off, Diana decided. Proving to Ma that he was grown up, able to touch a girl in front of his mother.

"So," Kim said, "how did you like my friends?"

Diana looked at her quizzically. "It sounded and looked like a porn film. Did they do a good job on you? They're not bad, though I've had better." She let her hand drop into Matt's lap. The boy did a double take, and his face reddened a little as the girl's fingers began to stroke the bulge in his pants.

Diana couldn't take her eyes off that particular caress. There was a sizable bulge to fondle, too, she could not help noticing. It was the first time she'd ever specifically noticed her son's basket, but once she did, she found herself unable to look away, despite a blush that spread across her face and made her ears tingle in embarrassment. She had no secrets left from him anyone.

"I-uh-" she tried to say, but the words wouldn't come.

"Well, I was only asking," Kim said. "I've already explained to your son that we don't intend to hurt either of you. We just needed a car at that particular moment, and you were the first ones to come along. It could have been anybody. All in all, I'm rather happy it was you. We're not violent criminals. We just need some money to get a small business started. If you're afraid of being shot and buried in a pile of leaves somewhere, don't be. Matt isn't afraid, are you, Matt?"

He shook his head. Diana's eyes dropped back into her son's lap. His bulge was bigger, swelling as Kim's fingers trailed back and forth across it. My

God, she thought, he's getting a hard-on! In front of me! But then, hadn't Kim indicated that they had watched her? A life, she thought, can change in the blinking of an eye. My life, and Matt's, certainly has.

"Excuse me," Kim said with a simpering smile, "but this feels so good I'd like to get a better look at it. Undo, Matt. Haul that thing out where I can see it."

"For God's sake!" Diana blurted. Kim looked up, green eyes gleaming.

"Have you ever gotten a look at it?" Kim wondered ingenuously. "It's a nice hunk, and well, take a look." She pulled Matt's stiffening cock into the light.

Diana jerked as if she'd been shot. Her son's tool was indeed a nice hunk, as the girl had rather crudely put it. Even semi-soft, as it was now, it was long and thick, with a ripe-looking purple knob crowning the proud male shaft. Diana stared at the prick. And when she looked up, she saw Matt's eyes focused on her face and she knew that her pretense had been in vain. Catching a breath, she sat back. I am, she thought, ready for anything.

I've been to the mill this afternoon. I've wallowed in degradation. I can't sink any deeper.

Matt watched his mother. Eight hours ago he'd never have allowed anything like this to happen, but things had changed. He had seen her being fucked and he had stared at her lush, non-maternal body and wanted it. He

had listened to the sounds of her orgasms, he had seen her pulling a stranger's cock, teasing it to spill cum into her mouth. He didn't know what Kim was up to now, but he was willing to go along with it. What, he wondered, are Mom and I going to say to one another tomorrow morning, when all this is over? What kind of life are we going to return to? He didn't know, and, at the moment, he wasn't sure if he even cared.

Kim worked her supple hands up and down his cock, leaning in to blow kisses at its tip while he stiffened. "Isn't it gorgeous?" she asked Diana, lips curled into a beaming smile. "Have you ever seen anything so cute? Did you know that I was your son's first woman? The first one he's had all the way, that is. Oh, just look! He's nearly as stiff as when he made my bells ring. What do you think he needs to get him all the way hard? A lick, maybe?" She glided her tongue across the end of Matt's tool. "Or a kiss?" She planted her lips firmly on the tip of him, made a loud smacking noise. "Or maybe, just maybe, some head." She pursed her lips and drew Matt's dong inside. He thrust up as her tongue grazed him in there, and she pulled in her cheeks, sucking powerfully.

Diana sat like a hypnotized woman on the chair facing them. Her gaze was riveted to Matt's crotch, where his cock thrust into Kim's willing mouth. My God, she thought, he really has become a man.

Matt grabbed the collar of Kim's suit, pulled her upward. Smiling, the blonde girl lifted her head. A curl of hair had fallen across her eyes and she tossed it back. "Something wrong?" she asked.

"What gives?" he wanted to know. "I mean, what is the idea of all this?"

She smiled. "I'm your fairy godmother, remember? And I'm going to grant your most secret wish. Mrs. Flaherty, I don't know your name, I'm sorry-Diana? That's very pretty. Would you come join us on the couch? Make room for her, darling."

Diana stood up. She didn't know until she took the first step whether she was going to flee to the other end of the room or actually follow Kim's direction. The couch was soft and yielding as she settled down upon it, hands planted firmly upon her knees.

"Touch it," Kim whispered.

Diana looked at her son's stiff dong. There was spittle on it, spittle from Kim's mouth. The tip glistened all red and bulgy, and she could see the dark veins up and down him, the lumpy urethral canal on his underside, the sharp cut of his knob rim, the deep incision of his cum slit.

"Touch it," Kim said again. She reached across Matt, took Diana's hand. There was no resistance. The older woman sat trembling, allowing her hand to be taken and guided. When the tips of her fingers grazed the stiff barrel of Matt's cock, Diana recoiled in dread, but she couldn't get her hand loose from Kim's grip. "Make a fist around him," the blonde girl said. "Feel how young and hard and stiff he is. Have you ever, I mean ever, had anything so gorgeous in your hand? Isn't it beautiful? And he's your son. You helped

make him. Feel it. Let me help you. There!"

"Ma-" Matt's voice cracked, the way it had when he was a young boy just entering puberty.

"Matt-" Diana's voice cracked a little, too, and her fist tightened. She closed her eyes and she closed her fist. Somewhere, a long ways off, she heard Matt groan through clenched teeth, but it didn't matter. Everything had changed. Nothing was the same any more. Her fist began to move up and down her son's cock.

He feels like his father, she thought. The same thickness, the same stiffness, the same power coursing through his hard rod.

"It's ready," Kim whispered, the words so close.

She might have been breathing them into Diana's ear. "It's ready. Do it, Diana. He's your son, but he's not your little BOY. He's your man now. I made him a man. You finish the job. That's it. Bend closer. Your tongue-stick out your tongue lick him-LICK HIM! YESSSSS! It tastes good. I know how good. Oh, God, do I know. Lick him again!"

Diana couldn't stop herself, She was bent over her son's lap, her tongue flicking out, touching the end of his hard cock. She heard him sigh, heard him moan, and her tongue tapped him again. She tasted the bubble of pre-cum that formed in his slit. They always said pre-cum had no taste, but they

were wrong. It tingled on the tip of her tongue and she felt a responsive shiver race up and down her body.

"Suck him," Kim purred from very near. "Put him in your mouth and suck him. You want to, he wants you to. Don't stop now. Do it!"

Diana sobbed in reluctance but her mouth opened and she thrust it down.

Her lips grazed the head of Matt's cock, and then she was swooping down, swallowing him in a frenzy of motion. Her lips tightened on him and her tongue began to swirl around his thick erection and Kim was still chanting "Do it" over and over. And she was doing it, she was sucking him, four inches of rigid cock in her mouth.

And she stopped. Her head shot back, Matt's wet dick sprang loose and Diana whirled around, unable to look at either of them. She heard Matt speak. "Ma..." She wrapped her arms around herself and hugged her body defensively. The taste of him still filled her mouth, young and sweet and virile. A cock to suck, a cock to savor, a cock to enjoy. Her lips trembled and she knew that she had gone too far.

Something touched her bare knee. She looked down. A small feminine hand lying on the white flesh of Diana's leg, tan against milk. She followed, with her eyes, the slender shape of the arm, back to the body. "What's wrong?" Kim asked.

"I can't," Diana said. "I don't know how I even thought I could. It's wrong." .

"No," Kim replied with assurance. "He wants it, and I think you want it. Tell her, Matt; Tell her how much you want it."

Matt touched his mother's shoulder. She looked around and stared into his eyes. He didn't have to speak. She could read the desire on every line of his face. "It didn't feel wrong," he said. He pulled on her shoulder and she leaned toward him. She knew he was going to kiss her. Wasn't it natural for a boy to kiss his mother? Diana closed her eyes as their lips met and he was suddenly hot-mouthed against her, hot and wet, his arms strong chains encircling her body. Diana felt his tongue come into play. She resisted. Oh, God, she resisted! But it kept slicking across her' lips, teasing them, insisting, tantalizing. She opened her mouth and Matt's tongue thrust inside. She caught it and she sucked it. Passionately. Lovingly.

"Touch him," Kim whispered, taking Diana's hand. She wrapped it. once more around the stiff prong of Matt's cock and this time Matt's mother needed no guidance. She closed her fingers on her son's penis, felt the surging life flow inside him. His cock was red-hot, rigid with love and lust. Her fist began to move up and down. "That's it," Kim said, petting Diana's hand as Diana petted Matt. _ Her other hand began to stroke lightly, fingertips moved up, and down the bare flesh of Diana's thigh, from the knee to the lacy trim of beige panties, up and down, up and down, up and down.

Their mouths slid wetly apart. "The old rules don't count," Matt said. "Not

tonight. I think we're in the Twilight Zone. It's a whole new game." Diana sighed across his lips. She 'squeezed a little tighter on her son's cock.

"I believe you're right," she said, "but what happens tomorrow?"

"Let tomorrow take care of itself," Kim suggested. She kissed Diana's thigh, just below the edge of her panties. Her hand came up, joined Diana's on Matt's dong. Diana looked down at the blonde girl. Was she some evil spirit who had stolen into their lives, hers and Matt's? Some corrupting influence that was leading them to a horrible self-destruction? The green eyes were a gleam deep and shimmering like pools of water. Diana felt herself sinking. If she was in the grip of an evil spirit, she could not save herself. Slowly, she eased off Matt, slid to the floor. Kim knelt there already, waiting for her.

"Help me," she said. Kim nodded. The blonde girl took hold of the hem of Diana's shirt. -She pulled it up. Diana lifted her arms and the shirt slid over her head. Kim threw it aside, then helped Diana out of the torn bra that still dangled from her shoulders. Diana reached out with one small white hand, 'unzipped the front of Kim's coverall suit. The blonde girl stood up, shaking the undone garment loose. It fell to the floor and she stepped out of it. Like Diana, she was wearing only her panties. The two women looked at one another and then, as if their minds had met and agreed, they turned to Matt.

Kim got the shirt off him, Diana took care of his pants. When they knelt again, on the floor beside the couch, Matt sat on the sofa totally naked, his face flushed with desire, his cock still thrust up in unsatisfied erection.

"Well?" he said, looking down at the two women.

"Well," Kim' laughed. She grabbed his cock, stuffed the end of it into her mouth and began to suck him. She made a lot of noise while she ate, and Diana sat watching, her fingertips drumming impatiently on Matt's knee. Kim raised her head, fingers around the base of the boy's rod. "Your turn?" she asked.

Diana moved in. She opened her mouth and took her son's cock inside, swallowing half the eight inches in the first fury of her attack. Her cheeks drew in and she too was making a lot of noise. "Good God, Ma!" she heard Matt yell, but it wasn't a cry of pain or of displeasure. He grabbed her head, tried to push her even further down on his penis. Diana opened her throat and took more of him inside. Her lips were almost touching the big, ball-heavy scrotum that dangled below his rod. She could feel the tickle of pubic hair on her nose and chin. Drool flowed in her mouth like the rain that was pouring from the night sky outside the cabin.

And he was in her, so big, so thick-he has his father's cock, she thought. And he has it where his father always loved to put it-in my mouth. Diana sucked hard, and she cupped her son's nuts in one hand, squeezing, jiggling the stones around in their sac. He stiffened and thrust every time her fist tightened on his balls. Just like his father.

She tried to remember if it had been this good with Jake. Even dear, sweet Jake.' No. He'd only been a substitute. She knew that now. Her pussy boiled with anticipation, juices leaking out to stain the crotch piece of her panties. Her clit throbbed like a drum and it had not been touched-yet Diana

felt herself drifting nearer and nearer the explosive release of orgasm, purely from the stimulation her mouth was receiving from Matt's cock. She loved that feeling and she wanted it to heighten and build. Her head began to move up and down her son's cock, faster and faster.

"My turn again," she heard Kim say, but she didn't want to give him up. She thrust her face down, met the upward shaft of Matt's dick, and her lips clung to him possessively, with all the ferocity of a mother defending her young. "Trust me," Kim whispered into her ear. Slowly, ' Diana lifted her head and Matt's cock' emerged from between her lips. The end of him was covered in frothy spit and he was red, up and down the barrel, red from the friction of her tight-lipped sucking.

Kim took Matt's cock in hand. She looked at Diana. "Don't be so disappointed," she smirked. "He has enough for both of us." She dropped her head down, swallowed several inches of cock, sucked it swiftly and expertly. Matt was jerking about and gasping, his hands tight on Kim's blonde head" but when the girl was ready to stop, she had a deft way of slipping free and disengaging her mouth. By the time she was done with him, Matt seemed even bigger, even stiffer. Diana looked at her son's swollen erection and she didn't know whether to feel proud or hungry. Why, she thought, can't it be both? She was, finding it difficult to remember why she has resisted at first, and she went like a hyena for the cock as soon as Kim had finished her oral turn.

"Suck it, Ma. Oh, suck it!" Matt couldn't sit still, not with Diana's mouth gone wild on his pecker. Her head twisted about as she gobbled him up, and he could feel himself sliding into the upper part of her throat, but a boy's

best friend was his mother.

Kim stood up while Diana was busy eating. She slid down her panties, climbed onto the couch, and planted her shaven pussy on Matt's face. The cushions sagged as her feet anchored themselves astraddle the seated teenaged boy, and she came down on his mouth with a dripping cunt. He took one hand off his mother's luxurious mane of black hair, stroked Kim's ass while he feasted on her sweet, ripe twat, Her clit was hard and aroused against his tongue, but it wasn't half as worked up as he was. His cock ached with the need to spill its load, and he seriously considered drowning Diana with the cum she was trying to milk out of his balls, but, no, he told himself- it's just started. Make it last. I may never get another chance.

Diana looked up, saw Kim's ass dominating Matt's face. The girl's legs were spread widely as she straddled Matt's head, and Diana couldn't help noticing the way Matt's tongue slicked in and out of Kim's pussy crease, thrusting into the girl, lingering, bathing her snatch in spit. He knows what he's doing, she thought. Oh, God, I want to feel that tongue on my cunt, too! She lifted her head. "My turn," she said hoarsely, patting Kim on the ass.

Kim stepped out of the way as Diana backed up, planted her ass on the edge of the chair facing the sofa. Diana spread her legs, knowing that her panties were sheer enough to display the luxuriant bush of black fur between her thighs. Stray hairs crawled through the lace trim edging the beige panties. She rubbed her crotch, then held her fingers out, beckoning to Matt.

"Come to Mama," she said huskily. "Come to Mama."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Matt arose, his cock jiggling where it thrust out from his hairy groin, and his balls jiggled, too, as he approached his mother. He dropped to his knees before her-she stroked his hair as he knelt, and a look of acceptance passed between the mother and son.

Diana lifted her ass and Matt hooked his thumbs in her panties, started to slide them down her legs. The first sight of her thick black beaver left him breathless. He'd only seen it from a distance, but now he was looking right into her nest. Seventeen years ago he'd come into the world through the red slash which lay tantalizingly half-buried in the forest of black fur.

Seventeen years and nine months ago, that red slash had been wet and moist and musky with arousal, waiting for his father to crawl aboard, shove in his cock, and plant the seed from which Matt Flaherty had grown.

And now it had come full circle, he thought. He stared at his mother's quivering-lipped gash, the labia parted to reveal a hint of the crimson-fleshed delight inside. He smelled the erotic musk of her arousal, breathed until his lungs were full of it.

He rose, stooping, and his mouth sought hers. It was not a mother/son kiss that they shared. Her tongue ravaged his mouth and he sucked happily,

repaying her for the delicious blow-job she had given him. Her breasts were firm and fleshy against his chest-he had probably not been this close to his mother's bare boobs since he was a suckling child. The nipples rose hard and brown, scorching his lust-sensitized flesh. Matt's hand dropped into her crotch and he seized the hairy bulge of her twat, squeezing till she groaned with erotic agony and lifted in the chair, imprinting her body upon his up and down, and the idea was cheering, because he was positive that he wanted to be nuts-deep in Ma for at least the next ten years.

"Eat me now," she murmured greedily. "Eat me the way I ate you. Bet you know how to lick a pussy, don't you, darling?"

"Show her," Kim was urging. "Lick her. Suck her inside out!"

"I will, by God," Matt promised. He bit his mother lovingly on the chin... and felt her throb against him, and then he started to make his way down her body, suckling her tits.

Matt could smell her vaginal arousal and he had to get down there, get his mouth into Ma, his tongue, his fingers-the aroma was a beacon pulling him south and he followed that beacon. Diana spread her legs wider as Matt insinuated himself into her crotch.

"It's beautiful," he said, "it's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen." Gently, with tenderness and care, he parted her lips, rolling back flesh and fur, to reveal the crimson interior of his mother's cunt. The smell came rolling out like a gust of wind and his senses reeled in delight. Matt thrust

his anxious face into Diana's crotch and his tongue rammed up her tube like a horny snake.

She lifted her knees, entrapping him where he wanted to be entrapped, and she clutched at her throbbing tits. The nipples were enormous, caught between thumb and fingertips, and every time her son used his tongue in and out, Diana gave a tingle of response. His hands stroked her pussy flesh while he ate her creamy box and her head kept twisting from side to side. She could hardly control herself, and he'd just started!

"My clit," she said, "don't forget my clit."

"How could I forget your clit? It's the prettiest of all," he said sincerely. He began to tease it with his fingertip.

Diana's love button was fully erect, a .clitoris among clitorises, the size of a fat juicy pea-as supple as her teats and incredibly more responsive. Matt began to roll the button about, grinding down on its glistening red tip now and then, pushing it against her pubic bone. He felt her stomach heave, and her pussy slammed up, enfolding his face with musk and juice.

Matt closed his mouth over Diana's pussy and .he sucked. Hair tickled his face, but his tongue went deep into her and it found treasures unimaginable. She released a flow of honey-cum that coated his tongue. He scooped the sweet fluid into his mouth, savored it, plunged home for more. He kept his fingers busy on her clit, and heat seemed to infuse the throbbing button. It was so slippery he couldn't hold onto it any longer, so his fingers pinched the

base and slid over the tip, again and again, fumbling turned to blinding joy. Diana's pussy kept on pissing joy juice, and Matt continued to eat.

He worked a finger into her cooze as well, and pumped with nearly savage passion, working the finger in and out alongside his tongue. Each stab made her convulse with agonized delight. Matt's cock shivered and he was afraid for one desperate moment that he would come all over the floor. No! he thought, picturing the spillage of which he was capable. Save it! Save it for Ma! He wrestled with his urges while he wrestled with his mother's juicing pussy, and he won on both counts. A bubble of cum formed on the tip of his dick, but it was a passing thing. No more oozed from him and he knew his self-control, his lust, had won out. When he came, it would be where his cum ought to be deposited-right up the slick juicy hole he was eating to hell and back!

Diana felt fingers twining in her hair. She opened her eyes. Kim was standing beside the chair, naked and glowing, her blonde hair tangled from sex and her green eyes shiny and delighted. Kim stroked Diana's hair, and the older woman felt even more arousal shoot through her body.

"Do you like that?" Kim asked. "Me, playing with your hair, I mean? It's lovely hair. It cries out to be touched."

"Yes," Diana husked. "Yes, I love it!" She squeezed her breasts, the nipples standing in breathtaking erection between her clutching fingers. Kim's fingers coursed through the black falls of hair once more, touching Diana's neck with light, electric-shock effects. Diana began to squirm. She was beginning to feel a new kind of desire. Kim's lips were slightly parted,

teeth and tongue showing, and Diana recalled the kiss she had received from those lips not so long ago. I think, she told herself, that I want it again.

The desire frightened her just a little. She had never, never known an urge like that before, in all her life, but it was raging inside her now. What had Kim said? Something about there being no rules.

"Kiss me, please," Diana whispered, puckering her lips in supplication. Kim smiled and bent in close.

Diana couldn't decide which was the more exciting-the feel of her son's mouth hungry and horny, devouring her pussy, or the taste of Kim's sweet lips against her own. Tongues shot back and forth-Kim knew how to kiss a woman, and Diana was learning fast. Kim kept a hand busy, teasing through Diana's hair, and she dropped her other hand onto the slope of Diana's breast. Her fingers darted across the stiff tip of a big brown nipple and Diana went crazy. Yes, she thought, all the rules have gone out the window. There's only now, only tonight. Tomorrow will have to take care of itself. She moved her hand aside, gave Kim full rein on the tit the blonde girl had chosen.

Kim's fingers were alternately savage and sweet on Diana's nipple. She pinched the teat almost brutally, then caressed away the pain. Her fingers were strong and sure on the contour of the breast and Diana began to sway from side to side. Kim was sucking the breath from her, in this hot, no-holds-barred kiss, and Diana's head grew weak and giddy.

Down below, Matt was still eating as if pussy were going out of style, and the combination was like nothing Diana had ever known before. This afternoon, when she had fallen from grace with Don and Paul-it was nothing like what was happening to her now. She'd merely been with two men instead of one. Two cocks working on her instead of a single rigid prick. Now, God, now-being shared by her son and by a beautiful, strange blonde girl young enough to be her daughter.

Kim pried her mouth loose, dropped down to attack Diana's nipples. She sucked with delicacy and expertise, and Diana moaned in unbelieving joy. She looked down, watched the blonde girl licking, kissing, sucking, her big brown nipples, felt her tits shiver and tingle in the girl's mouth-Kim's hair fell to one side, blocking Diana's view. Impatiently, Diana reached down, pushing the hair out of the way-she had to watch, she had to feel.

Her pussy erupted into Matt's mouth. The release was sudden and shattering and Diana turned into a puddle of jelly. She slumped back in the chair, her knees quivering, clutching, pulling. at her son, her pussy a mass of sex-flavored quicksand which sought to swallow the boy's face. Kim pulled hard on Diana's nipples and a second orgasm, and a third, shot through the woman.

"Ohhhh, make me come!" Diana howled and she let them have their way with her. She could not turn off the fountaining explosions of sweet woman's cum from her twat, could not make herself stop erupting and shaking and screaming. She wanted to feel these same sensations throughout eternity.

"Phase one, completed," Kim said, kneeling beside Matt. She turned the boy's face to her, licked his mother-cummy lips. "Oh, God," she said, "it's delicious!" Her green eyes regarded Diana's jerking twat. "Maybe later," she said finally. "This is your fantasy, after all, kid, not mine. I'm just here to help. C'mon, get a couple of cushions from the sofa."

"What for?" Matt asked, turning to the couch.

He pulled a cushion loose, dropped it on the floor.

"Look at that," Kim replied, pointing to Diana's greasy, quivering pussy, "Do you mean you don't want to fuck it too?" Her finger hesitated only an inch from the mouth of Diana's hole. "Oh, the hell with it!" she said, and thrust her finger in. Diana sat bolt upright in the chair as Kim's slender finger rammed home. The older woman gave a weak, dizzy cry, and leaned forward. Her thighs clamped together, trapping Kim's hand the way she'd trapped Matt's face. Kim could feel the orgasmic tremors massaging her finger and she thrust happily, five or six times, each stab bringing a fresh cry of passion and exultation from Matt's mother.

"Hurry," she said. "If there was ever a time she needed to be fucked, it's right now. I'd do it, kid, but you seem to be the only one around with the proper tools. Help me get her onto the floor. You ever do it dog-style? Well, you'll like it, and so will Mommy."

Together, they got Diana out of the chair. The woman had no strength, no resistance. Her eyes were tightly shut and hair streamed in luscious disarray

across her sex-flushed face. She's beautiful, Kim thought. Matt is getting a real deal. All I'm getting is fifty thousand dollars.

Diana lay on the floor, the two cushions under her stomach. She moaned and gurgled, and her ass twitched, where it was lifted high by the cushions. Matt knelt behind her, rubbing her buttocks. They were delicious buttocks, soaked with sweat, and his hands slid warmly across her curves.

He stroked down her thighs and she opened them, hardly aware that she was doing it. Matt moved into the gap she had made, and his aching cock stood up vividly. Kim went to his side. "Once more for good luck," she giggled, taking him in her mouth. She sucked, her well-trained mouth moving up and down him a couple of times, and then she pulled back. She tapped Diana's pubes. "You've eaten it, stud," she told Matt. "Now fuck it."

Matt was long past caring about the right or wrong of this act. His mother's ass rose before him in all its rounded, creamy-skinned beauty, and her snatch was framed between her upper thighs, a plump bulge covered in dark curling hair. The hair was wet from his drool and the cum he'd sucked out of her. Soon, he thought, it will be sticky and clotted with my cum, too. My cum, leaking out of Ma's pussy after I've finished filling her hole with all the juice I can squirt. Oh, God, and it's going to be a lot of juice!

He worked his finger up and down the dripping crease of her twat, smearing more of Ma's juices into her abundant thicket of hair. He breathed heavily, staring at her exposed sex, and his cock throbbed in tempo with his hyperventilation. I'm gonna do it, he said. They can call me a

motherfucker if they want to, but I'm going to fuck Ma.

He grabbed his cock and stabbed it into her, feeling for the first time the splendor of an older woman's pussy. Diana's cunt wasn't exactly loose, even though she'd been fucked silly this afternoon by those asshole friends of Kim's. But she wasn't virginally tight, either. His cock felt about twice as thick as it had ever gotten in Susie Cooper's hands, but he had not the slightest trouble entering his mother or moving once he was inside her. He slid his arm around her waist, hunched forward, and began to fuck the hole that had given birth to him.

"God, fuck me, oh, fuck me!" Diana was screaming, and her ass wiggled from side to side as her son did his damndest to fuck her.

Kim reached into her lap, began to tickle her shaven slice. I'm the one getting the raw deal, she thought. Here I am, the one who did all the work, and I have to diddle my clit if I want to get off.

Matt plunged again and again into his mother's churning depths. He'd never guessed, even while fucking Kim awhile ago, that a woman's snatch could be so fucking active while it was being screwed. And was Ma ever gonna stop coming? Oh, wow, he thought, how about me? Will I be able to stop, once I start? God, I hope not. I want to fuck her!

Diana writhed in pleasure on the floor. She had never guessed anything could feel so hard, so vibrant, so fantastic as her son's cock felt now, reaming her twat. She didn't think she had really stopped coming, not from

the moment when her pussy exploded against Matt's mouth, and she was still jerking and bucking in orgasmic response.

Diana felt something smooth and moist touching her face. It was Kim's hand. The fingers traced the line of Diana's nose, made circles on her cheeks, and there was a tantalizing smell to those fingers. Diana's nostrils twitched, and then the tips of the fingers moved gently onto her mouth. She opened, sucked them inside, realizing as they touched her tongue that Kim had been fingering her own pussy, that the smell which intrigued her was the aroma of Kim's cunt juices. Diana sucked, and found the taste to her liking.

Behind her, Matt was pounding for all he was worth. Her pussy ached from the workout it had received today, but she knew that it would not be complete, would not be right, until her son's cock had emptied itself into her. She fucked with him and her lips and tongue kept busy on Kim's fingers.

"Want a drink from the bottle?" Kim asked slyly. She leaned back, supporting herself on her elbows, and her legs stretched out around Diana's head. Kim's shaven cunt was open and ready, gleaming with a shimmer of goo, and Diana had only to touch it, to lick it.

She did.

The petals opened at her first caress and Kim slid closer. Diana lashed out with her tongue. She dipped into the blonde girl's hairless twat, found that the juices were even sweeter when sipped from the fountain. As Matt's

frantic screwing continued, Diana began for the first time in her thirty-seven years to lap another woman's twat. And she loved it.

CHAPTER NINE

Diana screamed, "Oh, God, you're killing me! But don't stop!" She had forgotten all about Kim's pussy, though it lay only inches below her lifted face, the shaven, glistening slit spread widely by Diana's fingers, the clit beckoning, begging.

"Remember me?" Kim gasped, grabbing Diana's head. She forced the older woman's face down, smeared it with her cozy juices, then sighed in delight as Diana's tongue made instinctive reply. It was wild, she reminded herself, to be eaten out by someone who was in the throes of her own orgasm. The tongue had no control-it went everywhere. Lips fluttered and drool spilled into Kim's hole, and she kept grinding Diana's face down, rubbing herself to ecstasy.

Matt let out another cry, this time a low, howling moan, blowing his jizz into Diana's pussy.

He couldn't stop gushing. He must have hollow legs, and both of them full of semen. He was still hard, still squirting, and his mother's pussy was a snapping turtle around him.

Matt looked up, saw for the first time what his mother and Kim were up

to. By God, he thought. By God. He dragged his prick out of Diana's hole, sent two spurts of jizz into the air-hustled his ass up there, where the two women were making it together.

He grabbed his mother's head, fought it free of Kim's hands, and aimed his spurting cock downward. Cum rolled from him, the intensity of his climax beginning to 'decrease-he was dribbling more than he was squirting now, but the thick juices still oozed from his dong. A puddle of semen began to form on the shaven area around Kim's gash. He grabbed his cock by the root, shucked it savagely.

Diana Flaherty looked down at the pool of jizz coating Kim's flesh. "Oh, God," she moaned, "what a delightful idea!" She pushed Matt's cock wondered why she had waited so long.

"That's good," Kim said. "Oh, don't' be so gentle! I like to be eaten! Pretend you've managed to double up in a knot and you're eating your own cunt. Do me the way you like to be done."

Diana moaned. Matt had plumbed her especially deep just then and her body vibrated with the shock effect. Even her nipples ached with the magnificence of the stroke her son had just slammed up her cunt, but she managed' to get her hands on Kim's smooth-shaven pubes. She opened the puffy, protruding lips, feasted her eyes on the salmon-pink richness of the vulva as it spread before her. Kim's clit was smaller than her own, a perfect little bud of delight, and a watery bead of moisture was formed on the tip of that clitoris. Diana lapped out instinctively with her tongue, bringing away the droplet of pleasure. Her tongue tingled from its fleeting contact with

Kim's button, and, anxious to double her delight, Diana licked it again. Kim giggled with glee and slid even closer.

Diana kept the smooth wet pussy open and she worked her tongue in and out of the winking hole. Kim was greasy with lust and Diana's tongue. sucked up the pussy moisture excitedly. As she worked in and out of Kim, she felt the younger girl beginning to twitch and snap her cuntal muscles, and she knew that Kim was close too. God, she thought, what a night for the three of us! And what about the day that will come tomorrow? It didn't matter. If the night went on forever, she would be content.

Matt was gasping with his effort now. His cock felt as big as a fencepost and his nuts were dragging the ground, filled with enough cum to drench fire, and then some. He tightened his grip around Diana's waist, fed her the meat in a series of shorter and shorter strokes. Her pussy was so wet he couldn't maintain his footing-all he was doing was slipping around now. He needed to come. God, he needed to come. He'd been storing this one so long. Two, maybe three strokes more, he realized, and I'll be over the top.

"Yowwww!" he yelled and his cock slammed in Diana's cunt.

Diana raised her face from Kim's twat, her eyes goggling as she felt Matt's orgasm beginning. The first stroke of his exploding cock seemed to blast cum into the base of her throat. Oh, Jesus, she was certain she could taste the stuff! He socked her again, and again, and again, and her ass lifted higher, a new orgasm rolling through her juicy twat.

Matt fucked hard, spilling his cum, and he didn't know when or if he was going to stop squirting. His balls hurt, and so did his cock, from the prolonged erection he had proudly maintained. He squirted blistering hot cum up his mother's tube and felt it rolling back down her sheath, bathing his cock even as he kept feeding her more and more of the stuff. His balls twisted in pain, but they were doing their duty, and so, by God, was he! out of the way, thrust her face down, and lapped her son's cum like a hungry cat.

She didn't miss a drop. Her tongue scooped up every bit of the semen and she swallowed it with gusto. It was, she thought proudly, the sweetest cum she'd ever tasted. Turning, she saw her son's cock beginning to go soft. It was covered in sperm and her own cum, and she knew she had to have it in her mouth again. Closing her eyes, she sucked Matt's limp pecker until her jaws could hold him no more and her body yearned for rest. "Enough," she heard him moan. "I think I'm dying."

Diana's head moved back, letting Matt's cock slip free. The boy slumped to the floor, drained. He reached one hot hand toward his mother, and she took it. Their fingers locked and their eyes met and there was' nothing else in the world for Matt and Diana right now-nothing but each other.

Kim intruded upon that private moment. "I'm sorry to break this up," she said, "but the car is coming up the road. Why don't you two settle in the bedroom for the night? I'll bring you some food, whatever those two assholes have managed to commandeer for us. Tomorrow morning we'll decide what we're all going to do. Okay? Then, goodnight, and sweet dreams." She kissed each of them on the lips, watched as they disappeared hand in hand through the bedroom door.

At least, she thought, they don't hate each other, the way I hate my parents. Maybe I ought to fuck Daddy sometime. And eat out Moms? What the hell for? I enjoy hating them, as much as they enjoy hating me. And anyway, by tomorrow I'll be on my way to California. Mmmmm, she thought. I wonder if Paul Newman would be as easy to get into the sack as those two were.

The morning was bright, after the rainstorm of the night before. The sunlight glistened on wet leaves and pavement and there was a misty haze in the air when they left the cabin. Matt and Diana sat in the front, Kim and her two boy friends in the back. No one spoke. Twice Diana reached into her purse for a cigarette, but each time she put it back unlit. She looked across the seat at her son as he drove, and she asked herself, did it really happen? Did it? Diana eased her tired ass onto the seat, flexed her thighs against her cunt. Do I have to ask? she thought.

They drove south. Matt's ROTC camp gear was still in the trunk but camp was in the opposite direction and neither he nor Diana brought up the subject.

Kim and her companions left them at the north edge of Albany, at the gate of the municipal airport.

"Goodbye," she said, "and if you're ever on the west coast, look me up. Just ask for the pusher to the stars." And without a backward glance, she and Paul and Don headed for the small terminal, each of them carrying a

suitcase stuffed with money. I almost hope she makes it, Diana thought. She looked at Matt. "Home?" she asked. He nodded, put the car into gear, and they sped away.

He pulled into the garage at home, closing the door with the automatic controls. It was a small garage, and they both had to leave the car on the passenger's side, since the -Chevy's other flank was almost touching the far wall of the building. Diana slid toward the door, pushed it open, hesitated a moment. Matt was moving across the seat, and they bumped. She turned, a little murmur on her lips, and their eyes met.

"Oh, God," she said, just before her son grabbed her up in his arms and pulled her back into the car. She twisted her head to one side and their mouths came together in a savage kiss, teeth grinding on lips, saliva flowing like hot water from a tap. Her nipples erected inside her shirt and she knew that Matt could feel them, as plainly as she could" feel the monster hard-on raging in the crotch of his pants. Her hand dropped down, rested for a moment on his erection. She touched the' gigantic bulge, fingers jerking back, as if they couldn't bear to linger but couldn't stand going away either.

He reached down, cupped her ass, pulled her over, onto his lap. She had both knees on the seat and her jeans felt as if they were going to split as she settled her crotch down upon his. God, the bulk of his penis! He was so hard! So ragingly, chillingly, erect! She squatted down upon him, rubbed his erection with her crotch until her cunt began to feel numb and woozy.

Matt tilted his mother's body back and he kissed down her neck, to the top of her shirt. One hand fitted itself in a cup around her right breast and

he clenched hard, moaning through half-open lips.

"Stop it," Diana whispered, "stop it, for God's sake!" He was kissing the stiff nipple of her left tit, where it poked against the tight cling of her shirt. His tongue flicked out, licked the nipple protrusion. His teeth opened and he bit down on his mother's boob.

"STOP IT!" she shrieked in a voice that echoed back and forth through the car. Slowly, Matt's grip on her relaxed, and she eased off him, trembling.

"What happened," she said, opening the car door. "It just happened. We were captives-of something we couldn't control. That crazy girl-those crazy guys-we went crazy too. It rubbed off on us. But we're home now, and we're safe, and, oh, darling, don't you understand? Don't you see? The rules-they came back in the window we threw them out last night. All we can do-all we can do is forget."

Matt's voice cracked, as if he were about to cry.

"Yes," he said, "it has to be that way, doesn't it?"

"It has to," Diana said. She got out of the car.

"I'll see you in the house. I want to get cleaned up, put on some fresh clothes. I must smell..." Her voice dropped away. She hurried from the car,

through the door that led into the kitchen. Matt waited in the Chevy a few minutes, and then he too got out and entered the house.

He went upstairs to his bedroom, laid out some clean clothes. He saw his reflection in the mirror. I need a bath too, he told himself. Down the hall, Ma was showering. He could hear the water running in the main bathroom. He picked up a towel and entered the small bath connected to his room, turned on the water, and crawled into the shower stall. The water felt good, and he soaped himself lustily. Finished, he wrapped the towel around his midsection and went back into his bedroom to get dressed.

"Hello." A small, weak voice. Ma's voice. She was standing in the doorway, wearing a gown of sheer black silk. Every line, curve, and delight of her body was visible through the silk, and Matt knew-ah, God, too well-those delights, those curves, those lines. He could smell her perfume, too, the same stuff she'd been wearing yesterday. Her hair was combed back and fell upon her shoulder in black glossy waves, stunning in contrast to her milky skin. "I put on some fresh clothes," she said softly.

Matt's cock was stiff, pushing the towel out in front of him. We don't have to pretend any more, he told himself, and he let the towel fall to the floor. His mother came to him, breasts rising and falling swiftly inside her filmy gown, and together they walked toward his bed.

I'll tell Jake it's over, she thought, sinking down upon the mattress. I'm a one-man woman, and with a man like Matt, what else do I need?

Matt slid against his mother, rubbing his cock up and down the front of her gown. He could feel the warmth of her body coming back to meet him, and his dick got hotter and hotter.

We're still captives, Diana thought. Captives to one another. And the rules-well, they're out the window. For good. "Come to me, darling," she sighed, welcoming her son to her bosom. "Come to me and love me."

THE END