

Chapter One

Dianne Richards slumped into the kitchen chair, finally letting herself relax. She felt deliciously tired. Outside it was hot in the August sun, and she had counted on the cool air inside the old house to help her wake up a little. Instead, it made her feel sleepy and a little lazy. But she liked the coolness of the air passing over her hot skin.

She closed her eyes and let herself drift. She had been feeling a driving sexual need all day. It began in the morning a little while after her husband Dave left for work. She had tried to ignore the urgings that came from her cunt, but the more she tried to ignore them, the stronger they got. She surrendered herself to them.

She imagined Dave's big hands playing over her. Just like the other night. It felt so good. He would begin touching her neck, just lightly, knowing that the touch of his fingertips drove her crazy. She remembered how she moaned then.

Abruptly, his hands were replaced on her neck by his lips, and his hands cupped her ample breasts. Her attention focused there, as the tender flesh was molded and squeezed. Her breasts, already large, always seemed to grow larger with each play, seeming to stretch outwards. She liked the feeling. Her whole body was more sensitive when she was turned on, but the change

happened first and fastest with her titties.

His fingers found the stiff, taut nubbins of her nipples. Dianne was not one of those women whose nipples hid from view. Even when not aroused, they strained at the fabric of the flimsy blouses she liked to wear. When first mated, she had tended to dress a bit more conservatively than before, thinking that Dave might be angry at the lustful glances she always got in public. She was surprised to discover that, far from being angry, he actually encouraged her to dress more and more provocatively.

"Hell, let 'em look!" he had said. "If anybody wants to look at my wife, that's fine. I take it as a compliment, and so should you." Dave admitted that he got a thrill out of the sexual attention she got. He encouraged her to dress as well as possible in as little as possible, and early on in their relationship they had made an agreement not to interfere with each other in sexual matters. Which was probably why their sex together was still so fantastic, even after ten years together.

Her body shivered when his fingers began kneading her nipples. He was less cautious now, and she tensed at the almost painful stimulation.

"Oh, I love that!" she whispered huskily. "Please-suck my titties now, please! Suck them hard!"

"Sure, honey, anything you say." His voice was a little uneven from his eagerness. "You know how much I like to. Let's get you out of this blouse."

Their hands worked together at unbuttoning her top. Finally the twin mounds fell into view, the nipples strained and waiting for the caresses of his knowing mouth and tongue.

Her body was arched with need. She wanted his big cock in her cunt, wanted to feel his throbbing rod slide in and out of her. She felt a delightful wetness beginning to ooze from her quivering cunt. She thrust her stiff nipples toward him. He descended on them, his wet tongue just barely flicking the tips. He took his time, going from one to the other. Each time he did, a shivering groan escaped from her lips. His teeth finally found one bursting nipple and fastened around the base while his tongue was busily whipping around the top. It hurt just a little, but it was a good hurt.

Her body shook, and she pulled his head down harder on her. "Harder now! Bite me harder! OOOHHHH!"

His hand snaked down across her smooth belly and found the snap at the top of her shorts, then the zipper. They slid easily down her thighs to her knees, and she kicked them off. As usual, she was wearing no underwear. When she opened her thighs she could feel the wet sex fluid flow down between her swollen pussy lips and then to her anus.

She was more than ready, and he knew it. While his mouth continued working on her titties, his right hand began moving on her cuntal mound. The pubic hair was sparse, which he liked. Easier to get to the right places, he thought. But the hair was also soft and silky. It had a nice feeling as he ran

his fingers through it.

She jerked. She was electrified. His probing middle finger had found her naked clit. It stood up above her open cuntlips, waiting to be touched in the right way. He was certainly doing that.

She could feel the molten waves of pleasure building in an agonizing prelude to her orgasm. His finger began making circular motions around and around, lubricated by her vaginal secretions. He began to dart his finger in and out of her, occasionally moving it up her slit to touch the sensitive pleasure button. She writhed in ecstasy as he made his own little sounds of enjoyment.

Her hand found the bulge in his pants. She caressed it through the thick material, then opened the zipper. His own sexy wetness was there, and she loved the slippery feel of it on her fingers. Her hand closed round his enormous cock and she squeezed. The ponderous tool throbbed in her hand, telegraphing signals of his growing delight.

"Fuck me now, oh please fuck me, I need it, I need to feel you inside me, fuck me now, COME IN ME!"

That did it. In a few moments, he was out of his clothes. His breathing was fast, and she knew that it wouldn't be long for him either. His whole glans gleamed with wetness, and a pearly drop hung at the hole in the middle. His eyes drank her in for a couple of seconds. Then he moved over her,

ready to thrust his dick into her hot cunt.

"Now. Now!! want him inside me..."

"Dianne? Dianne?" The voice intruded and seemed to come from far away.

Dianne jerked into alertness, opening her eyes. My God, she thought dizzily, was I sleeping? Wow!

"Dianne? You OK?" The voice was that of her kid sister, Bobbi.

"Yeah, Bobbi, thanks, I guess I just sort of drifted off. I just sat down here for a second to rest, and the next thing I knew I was daydreaming. Maybe I overdid it working outside today. I sure was tired."

"Must have been some daydream," Bobbi said, taking a plate from the sink where she was washing dishes and putting it in the drainer. "You were starting to move around and make noises."

Dianne took a deep breath and let it out. "Yeah, it was." She straightened up in the chair and stretched her slim body. The movement made her aware of her nipples straining against her flimsy yellow halter. They were still erect from her memory session. She also felt a telltale wetness at her crotch, which was still ready for Dave's plunging cock.

And she was still horny. She didn't often have to masturbate, but if Dave came home late from work again tonight, she'd have to. The sexual pressure was too much to bear.

Oddly, she didn't feel any embarrassment at the thought that Bobbi had watched her earlier. They often talked together about sex, though Bobbi still was a little shy about revealing exact details. She was sure that Bobbi's cherry was still intact. But then, Bobbi was only eighteen years old, just graduated from high school. There would be plenty of time, plenty of opportunities for her in the next few years at Southwestern State University. She'd make some boy very happy.

With her ripe, young body, she'd more likely make a lot of boys very happy. Dianne smiled to herself. If only she can get over that damn reluctance she has.

"I just wanted to ask you what you wanted done after I finish these," Bobbi said. "I can only stay a couple hours more. Ron's taking me out tonight."

"Ron again? You've sure been spending a lot of time with him lately."

Bobbi shrugged her pretty shoulders making her long brown hair ripple. "Yeah, I know. But he's fun to be with, easy to talk to, and nice to look at. Is that enough?"

"Sure, that's plenty." Dianne's inner tension put her into a teasing mood. "But what I want to know is when you're going to take him up to that nice apartment of yours. It's about time-really, long overdue. If you don't pretty soon, I will."

Bobbi's face colored a little. "Come on, sis, you know I'm not into that right now. Besides, I don't want that dirty old landlord Mr. Giddings to get any idea. He's always saying nasty things when I come in. I wish I didn't have to go by his door to get to the stairs up to my place. It seems like he'd always at home."

"Well, if isolation from other people is that you wanted, you should have paid more money and moved into a high-rise." Dianne stood up and walked over near the sink. "Anyway, Paul Giddings isn't so old. I'm only thirty, he's in his forties, and he looked pretty good to me."

Dianne had met him a couple times when she was helping Bobbi move out of their parents' house and into her new apartment. New for her, anyway. The place was really pretty old, the rambling top floor of an old house, the red brick kind that had been popular in the 1920's. Old, but well preserved. There was even some original stained glass in a couple odd places. It had its quirks, but it was cheap, the sort of thing Bobbi could afford on a student's income.

Dianne and Dave had chosen a similar house in the same neighborhood, only three blocks away from Bobbi's. Unfortunately, theirs wasn't in such

good shape. A dump, really, when they bought it. But a lot of work over the past two months had transformed it into a livable, warm place. Fixing up the old house was fun in a way, but Dianne was glad that the bulk of the job was nearly done.

Bobbi dried her hands on a towel. "Well, he does keep himself in pretty good condition. I think he's some kind of physical culture freak. I saw barbells and that kind of stuff in his living room last month when I paid the rent. By the way, could you give me the money now? The rent's due again today. I hate to get behind on it-it'll just give him an excuse to come up and bother me."

"Oh, sure. It's right here in my purse." They had been paying Bobbi to come over and help fix up their house-paying her pretty well, considering. But she and Dave knew Bobbi needed the money, especially with her first year of college coming up. She fumbled in her purse for a few seconds before finding the money and handing it to Bobbi. "Here you go, sis. Spend it in good health." She gave Bobbi a little hug, delighting in the feel of Bobbi's firm, smooth against her own.

"Thanks, Dianne," Bobbi said, returning the hug. Her response was short, but warm, and it sent shivers through Dianne's still-aroused body.

Dianne wondered if she had ever been with another girl. She tried to imagine Bobbi's silken thighs curling around her own, their breasts flattening against each other, tongues fencing against each other in a lusty battle. She wouldn't mind fooling around a bit; maybe she could teach her younger sister a few things about But what was she thinking! Bobbi was her

sister, and eleven years younger than her, at that!

Still. . . the thought of taking Bobbi to bed aroused her. But no. At her age, if The wasn't interested in men, it probably meant she just wasn't interested in sex yet. No chance for Dianne to start something. But what if...

Dianne pushed the wicked thoughts from her mind as she moved out of the seemingly innocent embrace.

Hurry up, Dave! If you're not here soon, I'll end up raping my own sister, right here in the kitchen!

"Uh, Bobbi, if you want to, you could unpack those boxes over there in the corner and put the books in the new bookshelves in the living room. I'm going to take a shower now and clean up a little. Go ahead and leave whenever you need to. And don't worry about how the books go up. We can mangle them later."

Dianne left the kitchen quickly, leaving Bobbi to her task. All I need, she thought, is a good fuck. I'll get that after Dave gets home. A little supper, a little to drink, and we'll both get real relaxed. Why, what I'm feeling is just my standard horniness, and it's overflowing onto Bobbi.

Dianne entered the bathroom, closing the door behind her. She stripped off her halter and shorts quickly, carefully placing them next to the sink.

She paused to look at herself in the full-length mirror on the back of the door.

Not a bad body, not a bad body at all. The jutting breasts were still almost as firm as they were when she was Bobbi's age. She took the nipples between her thumbs and forefingers, delighting in the sight when they perked up and grew larger.

She could see her hardened clit peeking out of her pussy lips, and her hand moved to it. She pressed the little button and felt a thrill rush through her body.

Time for that soon, she thought. She showered quickly, lathering completely and letting the sharp, invigorating water of the shower needle into her soft skin. When she got out, her tiredness was gone. She toweled off, putting on a light bathrobe that barely came to the middle of her thighs. She tied the robe together and went out into the bedroom. She heard voices coming from the living room.

Dave must be home! As she came into the living room, she saw Dave and Bobbi standing by the door. He had taken off his coat and tie and laid them on the big couch, and he turned when she entered.

"Hi, beautiful!" He eyed her bathrobe, letting his gaze travel down from, her face to where the robe ended. "Well, it's not hard to tell who's been working around here today."

They laughed. He glanced at Bobbi. "Maybe we should double her salary," he said, "and cut yours in half."

"Oh, I did my share today, don't worry," Dianne said as she moved up to him. "I just stopped a little while ago to clean up." Her arms curled around his strong shoulders. "For you. I have ways of making up for my laziness, anyway."

As she drew his mouth to hers, he was surprised to feel the top of her thigh press against his crotch. At the same time, she maneuvered her body so that the robe she wore parted at the front, and her naked cunt lips rubbed against him. Her slick tongue went into the soft, dark cavern of his mouth and moved furiously. He felt his prick tingle in answer to her ministrations. Her unexplained intensity surprised him, and he drew himself gently out of her embrace.

"Hey, what got into you?" he asked.

"Nothing yet, lover," she answered coyly. She had wanted to wait until this evening, but she could see now that her pulsing cunt would not allow that. "I was hoping you'd see to that."

"Take it easy, now you're going to embarrass our guest here."

"I doubt it. Come on in here," Dianne said, motioning toward the bedroom as she pulled his arm. "Bobbi, you can leave now if you like."

"No, that's OK, I want to stay and finish putting up those books. You two go ahead."

Dianne had always thought it odd that Bobbi was so unembarrassed about the lovemaking she and Dave engaged in. Well, that seemed natural enough; certainly Bobbi had been around the house often enough during their sex-play. And, she wasn't ignorant. She was probably just used to it by now. And since she had spent many a night sleeping on their fold-out sofa, she must have heard plenty. Dianne tended to be noisy when she fucked.

There was no time to waste. She couldn't wait any longer. Holding his hand, she pulled him into their bedroom and shut the door.

Immediately she was on him, her hungry mouth seeking his and resuming the unfinished exploration which had begun a few minutes before. She was like a hungry animal, sucking his mouth and clawing his back. He felt her hands slide down his back to clasp his ass. She began to revolve her hips in frenzied motion, grinding her tender pussy against the growing bulge in his pants. Her hands clasped him tighter to her, increasing the pressure of her movement.

His hands hiked up the material of the robe so that he could find the cheeks of her ass. He clasped them tightly in his hands, squeezing roughly. As excited as she was, he knew she would probably want him to touch her a

little less gently.

He was right. He was rewarded with a soft moan which vibrated in his mouth. She arched her back slightly, bringing her buttocks up in supplication for his touch. In return, he trailed his fingers slowly over her soft, hot ass flesh.

Her mouth broke its contact with his. Then he felt her humid breath as her tongue began to caress the folds of his ear. While she continued her taunting activity, he gently pulled her ass cheeks apart. Using the middle finger of one hand, he slowly drew a line from the end of her backbone down the cleft which began there. When he reached the small ring of her asshole, he stopped, feeling the already tight muscles tighten up even more in response to his touch.

"Oooooohhh!" she cried, moving back and dislodging his hands. "That's nice, but my pussy is where the action is. Here." She took one of his hands and put it on her upthrust cunt. Her robe was now open in front. He could feel her trembling.

"First," she panted, "let's get rid of these clothes. They're just in the way."

She shrugged off the short covering, exposing her glorious tits and her pussy to view. She lay down on the bed and spread her legs. The thicker outer lips of her cunt spread apart of their own accord, showing him the coral hue of the tender inner lips. They glistened with the sexual dew of her

excitement.

"Like it, baby?" Her knees fell to the bed, fully exposing her cunt. There was absolutely no shyness in her pose, only open need. Her hands went to her breasts, cupping them and emphasizing the red points at the tips. "It's all yours. But hurry."

Shedding the last of his clothes, he obliged her by sitting down beside her and brushing his fingers upwards along the inside of her smooth thigh. Her breathing quickened, and he knew that it would not be long until she came. He recognized the signals her body was giving him.

Suddenly, without any warning or preliminaries, he plunged his thick middle finger into her waiting cunt. His quick movement brought an immediate response.

"Oh, God, yes, yes, yes!" Her hips undulated in a slow, circular rhythm, matching perfectly the back-and-forth movement of his slippery digit.

Withdrawing his finger until it rested at the opening of her vagina, he brought his index finger into play. It was a much tighter fit than before, so he inserted the fingers more slowly, letting them make their way gradually into her desire-soaked channel. He felt the walls contracting and releasing, accommodating themselves little by little to his fingers.

He sneaked a look at her face. It was tense with concentration, the eyes

closed on the rock-hard pebbles of her nipples, adding sharp little pinches of pleasure to his own efforts.

He was in up to his big knuckles. He began to move in and out in counterpoint to the shuddering circles her hips made. He loved the lubricated feeling of her cunt as his fingers moved.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "Don't stop, please don't stop. I love it when you touch me like that!"

He added the pressure of his thumb to his other activity, rolling her sensitive clitoris, letting his other fingers rest for the moment.

She moaned loudly at the change. He was rewarded by the clamp of her hand around his engorged prick. She squeezed tightly, and shivers of fiery enjoyment shot up his spine. His thumb intensified its movement, rubbing her to a frenzy of abandon.

She was lost in the sensations which assailed her overloaded nerves. Every cell in her body strained toward the final movement of release. The sounds which escaped her throat were shorter now, almost animal-like. She hunched her grinding hips upwards, trying to drive his hand deep inside her cunt. The pressure on her tender, excited clitoris increased. She felt the wanton wave building within her. She tried to hold herself back, wanting to prolong the exquisite buildup as long as possible. But she was beyond that point.

"UUUNNHH...UNNHHHH...it's...so...GOOD! I'm...getting... OFF!"

The sweet torture of her clit continued, driving her right into come-heaven. The burning pleasure flowed over her, and she screamed. Digging her feet and elbows into the mattress, she hunched her midsection into his hand, driving the two moving fingers as deeply into her cunt as possible. The muscles in her strong vagina pushed and pulled at his-fingers.

Spent for the moment she sagged back onto the bed. Her grasp on his cock had loosened. He kept moving his fingers in her cunt, but more slowly now. His own need had grown while hers had been temporarily sated. He moved his but up and down, letting her hand gently jack him.

"Better now, hon?" he asked.

"Ummm, yes. You know just what to do to get me off." Her hand moved, tracing lines from his sensitive glans to the base of his cock. She stopped there and cupped the hairy sac at the bottom.

"You know, you really ought to try and keep it down when your sister is here. One of these days she's going to get the wrong idea and think somebody's getting killed in here."

For some reason, the mention of her sister sent a fresh surge of arousal

through her body.

"Oh, don't be silly. She may be inexperienced, but she's not completely innocent. You should know that by now." Her hand changed position. She made a circle of two fingers and slid the ring over his swelling cock.

"Well, I guess you're probably right. But it still bothers me. To put my mind at ease, maybe I should just come right out and ask her. Right now would be a pretty good time, don't you think?"

"Oh, so that's what you're thinking! I should've known. You and your dirty mind. You'd like some of that young meat, wouldn't you?"

Not that I blame you, she thought. I know I would. Then she pushed the forbidden thought from her mind.

"Well, now that you mention it ... Let's just say that I wouldn't kick her out of bed, as they say." He paused, noting the little frown of disapproval on her face. Her movements were growing more agitated.

"After all, how can I resist?" he added. "She reminds me so much of you." He withdrew his hand from her pussy, where, new wetness was joining the old. He leaned over her and gave her a quick kiss on her lips.

"And that; as they also say, is a crock of shit. You're just a horny old man

who would corrupt our fair youth at any opportunity," she continued playfully.

"You bet. You, on the other hand, are already corrupt. Not to mention dirty-minded. But with my sacred staff, I will cleanse the land of corruption. Prepare yourself, my child, for your deliverance is at hand!"

The lust on his face betrayed his joking manner. Kneeling just inside her bent knees, he placed his swollen cock along her slit. She licked her lips in anticipation of the delights to come.

He paused for just a moment, not moving, letting the sexual tension between them build. Then, gently but firmly, he pulled apart the thick lips of her cunt. His pulsing rod nudged her taut clit as it passed downward to her hole. She quivered, ready for his first thrust.

"Now, now, give it to me, give it to me all at once!"

He needed no encouragement. Putting his palms flat on the bed at either side of her ribs, he shifted his weight forward: He hesitated only a moment, then thrust the entire length of his cock into her hungry cunt. It was a smooth, efficient motion, and it accomplished its purpose. He felt his pubic hair rub against her soft, downy mat.

This time they both groaned loudly in mutual pleasure. She felt her cunt contract around the stiff cock which was completely buried in her. The quick

thrust was a welcome invasion which made her tingle all over. She moaned from the luscious combination of pleasure and pain.

"Oh, yes, that's it. I love you in me. Now fuck me hard! Hard!"

He had not been prepared for the violent onslaught of sensations. She was so right, so unbelievably tight! And so responsive. The sharp stabs of pleasure began in his prick and traveled throughout his body. His arms trembled and buckled, leaving him lying on top of her. Her erect nipples bored into his chest. He began to move in and out of her, slowly at first, then with a quickening tempo.

She answered him with movements of her own. Her hot cunt relaxed and contracted along the length of his cock. She strained upwards, trying to cram every shuddering inch of his cock even deeper into her. Moving a little to increase the angle of his entry, she managed to force him a little farther into her. The added sensation made her wilder than ever.

She was consumed by the raging fires of her lust. As she came, she murmured incoherent cries into his ear. He mirrored her own excitement, and his carefully prolonged resistance crumbled away. He came in white-hot spurts of boiling cream, his cum thoroughly coating the walls of her cunt. They both groaned at the pleasure of their mutual climax. Her arms locked around his back as his buttocks jerked, the last few drops of his cum shooting into her.

Satisfied and exhausted, they rolled to their sides, still joined in their

intimate embrace, relishing the feel of each other. They lay still a few moments, neither speaking.

From somewhere in a half-conscious fog of satisfaction, Dianne heard the muffled sound of the front door slamming shut. She realized that Bobbi was leaving. Oh, well, They could talk more tomorrow.

Chapter Two

Bobbi went down the sidewalk to the tree-lined street and turned left toward her apartment. She walked a bit more quickly than she usually did. She had spent more time at Dianne and Dave's than she had intended. But it had been worth it!

She felt a strange mixture of sexual excitement and mild anger. Why, she asked herself, did Dianne have to make coarse jokes at her expense? She always found some way to twist the-conversation in that direction. She knew that her sister had the hots for her boyfriend Ron. Every time they went over to the old house together, Dianne seemed hr go out of her way to be nice to him. Fixing drinks, fixing him sandwiches, fixing him anything he wanted, really. Those sly innuendo's she delighted in making. Touching him at every opportunity. Damn.

She shook her head. Well, how could she blame either of them for being attracted to one another? Two good-looking people like that. It was a natural thing. Ron bathed in the attention, and Dianne enjoyed giving it. He had plenty of female admirers his own age, but of course he didn't meet

many older women. Given half a chance, she had little doubt that Ron and Dianne would get it on together. But there wasn't much of that.

No, I can't really blame anybody for anything, she thought. Ron and I don't have any claim on each other. They had waded that clear to begin with. She was just a little jealous, that was all. She just wished that her sister would tone down her sexy suggestions a little. She resented the feeling of being pushed into anything. Especially sex. Men could be so damned rough. She didn't like the pressure she had often felt. Ron was better than most, but even he could be pretty insistent. He had been getting more so lately, even to the point where she had asked him to take her home the other night.

The thought of that night made her shiver. Oh, he could touch her all he wanted, and she liked it, but when he wanted to stuff that big meaty cock into her tender cunny, she just turned off. Besides, nobody could touch her as well as she could touch herself. Men seemed so rough and uncaring, wanting only to get theirs.

No, she didn't need that at all. What she needed was waiting for her at home.

She picked up her step a little, her pulse quickening at the thought. She loved the summertime, because then she could wear as little as possible. She felt almost naked walking down the sheet, most of her skin exposed to the warm late-afternoon breeze. In fact she was almost naked, wearing only sandals and the flowered top and matching briefs which amounted to little more than an exaggerated bikini. The mounds of her tits were barely restrained by the thin nylon, and threatened to overflow at any moment. If

she bent over in a certain way, they would do just that, as she and Dianne had laughingly discovered earlier today out in the back yard. She had enjoyed the way Dianne's eyes had lingered on her, and her smile as Bobbi had retied the straps.

She enjoyed the titillating feeling the smooth material gave her as it slipped back and forth over her rapidly moistening slit. The thrill added to the excitement she already felt over the memory of the last half-hour she had spent at Dave and Dianne's house.

Ha! My sister thinks I'm some kind of sexual nerd. She doesn't realize what I think about most of the time. She'd really be surprised if she knew I watched her whole act from beginning to end today. And not for the first time, either.

Bobbi stopped at the corner of the busy street, waiting for the red light to change. Yes, the kitchen was a good place to watch from. From the windows she could look right into their bedroom through the big sliding glass doors that opened onto the back yard. They rarely drew the curtains:

Usually too hot to fuck to think about that, she supposed. Lucky for her.

One night, though, she had wanted to get even closer. She had quietly crept out the back door from the kitchen and made her way silently to just outside the glass door. She was afraid of being discovered, but the nagging fear only added to the surges of lust which were racking her body. She heard her sister's breathless voice from within, and it sounded almost

desperate.

"Oh God, I can't stand it any longer! Suck me now, suck me now!"

She peeked around the edge of the wall, slowly and carefully so she wouldn't be seen. From where she was she could see everything.

Her sister was on her back on the bed, her legs bent at the knees and her calves dangling over the edge. She could see the open pussy lips, light glinting off their sopping sides. They were framed by a light triangle of blonde hair. And at the top of the slit, she noticed the throbbing knob of her sister's protruding clit.

She breathed in sharply and involuntarily, just barely able to contain the groan of pleasure which almost escaped her lips. The trickle in her own cunt became a stream at the sight she was seeing. She ducked back around into the safety of the concealing wall, trying to keep her breathing even and quiet. It wouldn't do to have them find her watching them like this. Spying on them! What if they found her? What would they do?

She hesitated, half tempted to return to the security of her private kitchen viewing room. She could see all right from then, so why not go back?

No, she decided. This place was more dangerous, but had a much closer view. She would stay. She clenched her thighs against each other, her enlarging clit sending flashes through her that made her stomach flutter.

Gathering her courage together, she looked again around the wall separating her from the couple inside.

Her sister was in the same position as before but now Dave was kneeling in front of her. She could see his balls hanging below the cleft of his ass. Gently, he opened up the inflamed lips, and more of her swollen cunt came into view. More soft moans came from her open mouth.

Fumbling in haste, Bobbi's hands shot down to the hem of her pleated skirt. Lifting with her left hand, she found her aching fun-button with her right. She rubbed and caressed it fervently, thrusting her hips forward slightly with each stroke.

Now Dave lowered his head. His tongue flashed out of his mouth and the tip began to lash the tight knot of her sister's clit. She began to squirm and undulate there on the bed in reaction to his tonguing. He stopped for just a second, seeming to savor the taste of her on his tongue. Then, using his whole tongue instead of just the tip, he began to lick her entire gash from bottom to top. She saw him pause at the top to twirl around the base of her sister's red, extended clit. Then again at the end of a downstroke, he stopped momentarily to drive his tongue as far into her cunt as he could.

Bobbi felt her own approaching orgasm rushing up on her even as her sister's moans picked up in loudness and intensity. There was no long, lazy buildup to this one. This was fast. Immediate. She had never felt so excited! Her sister's cries ended suddenly in one short howl of release. She watched the body rock and buck on the bed.

Turned on by her sister, Bobbi was drowned by the tidal wave which engulfed her. She jerked, thumbing her clit, and this time could not help the guttural cry which left her. Fortunately, the couple inside was oblivious to all besides their own pleasure.

That had been some night. Later she watched again, but this time from the safety of the kitchen. It had been good, and she came again. But it wasn't as good as the first time. She had watched several times since then, but had not worked up the necessary courage to repeat her daring sneak to the glass doors.

Guess that makes me a voyeur, she thought. I should be ashamed of myself. But I'm not. I'll do it again, first good chance I get.

She realized that she was staring at the ground, lost in her erotic memory, and that the light had changed. She was surprised to see a car beside her, ignoring the signal to go. Looking inside, she noticed two young men. Although she couldn't see the driver very well, one of the guys was sticking his head out the window. After running up her body from her feet, the eyes stopped at the shadow between her well-developed breasts. After a second, the blue eyes in the square face looked directly into her own.

"Need a ride, friend? You looked a little lost."

There was a tattered sticker on the door that said *GO, ROADRUNNERS*,

GO! Kids-Atom Southwestern State University, obviously. Football players, probably.

"Uh, no, thanks. I can find my way. Don't want you to drive out of your way."

"No problem. We're going whatever way you're going. Hop in." He smiled as he walked, motioning to the back seat with his head.

"No, I told you, I'm fine. Besides, I like to talk."

"Yeah, I can see that," he said, eyeing her trim legs again. "C'mon, we'll give you a ride."

There it was again, that old need to dominate, the same tired lines. She didn't like to be forced.

"Look, what do I have to say? I don't want a ride."

He grinned in mock disbelief. "Well, that's really too bad. Because we want to give you one. Anywhere you want, doesn't matter. What do you say?"

Her growing exasperation boiled over. "Look, if I wanted to ride, I'd take

the bus, OK? Now fuck off and let me be."

His grin dissolved at her harsh words. "OK, suit yourself. Bitch," he added. The tires squealed as they turned the corner in front of her, throwing up pebbles as they went.

Why do they have to be like that? She just didn't like the way men came on to her. And it always seemed like the same approach. The only difference was in sophistication. Some guys try to pick you up on street corners, others take you out to a fancy restaurant for an expensive meal. Then they try to make you feel guilty if you won't let them stick their cocks up you for repayment. To hell with that.

In a hurry to reach her destination, she ran across the street. Only a half-block away now. She could see Mr. Giddings lounging on the front porch of his house, a newspaper in his hands and a glass of something by his side.

She felt annoyed that she even had to talk to him at all. Oh, he was polite enough, but she didn't like the way his eyes glued themselves to her whenever they had any sort of conversation together. She could almost feel the tracks they left over her body when he thought she wasn't watching him. But she didn't want to offend him in any way. You can never tell when the hot water heater might go on the blink, or when an oven door might fall off. Even at her age, she knew the value of a little feminine charm.

She prepared herself as she went up the wooden steps. Licking her lips,

she put on a bright smile which exposed her white, even teeth.

"Hi, Mr. Giddings. You look comfortable."

"Oh, hi, Bobbi," he said, lowering the paper to his lap. "I am. Care to join me? I've got some cold tea mixed up if you want some. I'd enjoy some company, especially yours."

"No, I'm afraid I can't. I'm going out tonight. But I did want to give you the rent money for next month. I have it right here."

"Fine, you're right on time again. You're one of the best tenants I've ever had."

And, he added to himself, you're definitely the sexiest. He loved to watch the jiggle of her bouncing boobs inside whatever she was wearing. The way her long, dark hair brushed over her tits as she rummaged in her purse... He felt his cock begin to rise at the thought. How he would like to run his hands over her flat young stomach, over the smooth muscles of her almost boyishly small ass.

He shifted his weight slightly in the chair to ease the pressure Qf his swelling cock, which was trying to escape the imprisonment of his pants.

It could happen, he thought. It's bound to eventually, if I play my cards

right. He took the money she handed him.

"It's all there. Now I've really got to go and get ready, or I'll be late. See you later."

"I'm sure it is," he said as he put the roll of bills in his pocket without counting it. A thought suddenly occurred to him.

"Listen, I'm going up into the mountains tomorrow. Just a day trip, nothing elaborate. I'm going to get a picnic lunch ready tonight. You're welcome to come along if you want. Na big deal, just some driving around, maybe a little walking, and I know a great little spot with trees and a stream where we can eat lunch. I know you're underage and all, but I have some great wine I'd like you to try. Wouldn't be so much fun by myself. I know you don't have a car. Be a lot cooler up in the mountains, too."

There it was again, she thought. But at least he wasn't trying to order her around like he was her father or something.

"Thanks, Mr. Giddings, but I really can't. I have to help my sister tomorrow. When school starts I won't have much time to help her out. But thanks anyway.

"OK, that's fine. I just thought you might want to get out of the city for a little while. If you change your mind, just let me know."

"I'll do that. Bye."

She made her way up the flight of stairs. She paused at the landing at the top, finally finding her key at the bottom of her purse. After going in, she shut the door behind her firmly and locked it. She looked at the clock on the table, noting with satisfaction that almost an hour was left before Ron was due to come by to pick her up.

Good, she thought. Plenty of time for my come fun.

She slumped down on the couch. She was still plenty turned on from having watched the session at her sister's. She liked to imagine Ron screwing her sister while she watched. But not in a secret, furtive way as she so often did. She liked to think of them fucking in the same room as she was in, letting her see at very close range every move they made, while she played with herself. In her mind she saw the thick pillar of Ron's cock poised at the entrance to her sister's cunt.

The picture she had conjured up thrilled her. Leaning back a little more comfortably, she slipped the top of her outfit up over her head and off. Her titties swayed on her chest as she did so. Her hands moved up to cup them, feeling their straining weight. She caressed them gently. Her fingertips paid close attention to the dark areas which encircled her upright nipples.

Whenever she did this, she liked to leave on a little bit of clothing at

first. Sometimes, it was like today, when she was just wearing something skimpy and comfortable. Other times she put on a bra and panties and teased her aching flesh through the thin material until she couldn't stand it any more.

She closed her eyes and let her dream expand and change in a new direction. Instead of watching more or less quietly while Ron played with her sister, she would do it herself while Ron looked on. Or better yet, Dianne would fondle her.

"I'm going to get you off but good," Dianne said. "I'm going to touch you like nobody's touched you before." Her hand moved to close over Bobbi's crotch, the heel of her hand pressing inward on her pussy.

"Ooohhh, yes," Bobbi whimpered. "Make me come, make me come good!"

"Yeah, make her come big!" Ron exclaimed. "And after you're done, I'm gonna fuck both of you.

"But I don't like prick," Bobbi laughed dreamily.

"Don't, worry, honey. As soon as you get that fine young pussy of yours wrapped around mine, you'll like it." Ron's eyes gleamed in excitement over his own words.

It seemed odd to her that she could think about cocks like this and get so excruciatingly excited. The idea of a half-foot of thick, rigid cock jamming itself into her did not appeal to her.

Her fantasy had dissolved away, but the driving need of her body to find its release remained. Her hand moved down to touch the milky insides of her thighs. Oh, it felt so good! Spreading her legs and bending her knees, she let her hand drift up to where the elastic lightly gripped the top of her thigh. She traced the line the band made, beginning at her hips, going downward beside the concealed forest of her pubic hair, and finally stopping to caress one exposed cheek of her ass. Sweet thrills shot along her thighs. The events of the day, her rising excitement, her fantasy, and most of all the sensual capacity of her young body were combining to push her toward a super big orgasm.

She opened her eyes and peered down between the peaks of her titties to her crotch. There was something tremendously exciting about playing with herself with her shorts still on. There was no danger of her touching herself too much and too fast, sending her directly into a gut-wrenching orgasm before she was totally ready. The cloth muffled the strength of her touches so that they became sweet promises of the ultimate pleasure to come.

She stopped moving her hand for a moment, enjoying the sight of the hairs which now peeked out from under her bikini-style bottoms. Then she placed the edge of her hand directly over her tensing crotch and pushed slowly and evenly. She felt her pussy spread apart at the pressure, the lips peeling apart. She slid her hand up and down along the slit slowly. The thin material moistened gradually with the cuntal juices which were welling up

from deep within her.

As exciting as such self-induced enjoyment was to her, she knew that it would be so much more fun to come with somebody. She closed her eyes again, intent on the idea which was forming in her mind.

She imagined that Dianne was sucking her demure little cunt, sucking like Dave had that one night not so long ago. She could imagine her sister's dirty tongue lingering in her humid silt, licking her up and down, back and forth, nudging her hot clitoris to heat. She would make it hard, so hard, make it stand up and quiver. Just as it was doing now!

Bobbi's hand left its place on her crotch and dove down underneath the resisting fabric. Her fingers first encountered the hair there and stoked it. Fly stretching her arm just a little, she forced her fingers further until they found the tumescent flesh of her vulva. She moved them up and down, spreading the cunt-juice over the whole area. Then she began to concentrate on her rapidly growing clit exclusively, bringing her to a sparkling new height of passion. Every time she felt like she was just about to let loose and come, she stopped. But with such intense stimulation, her control would not hold up much longer.

She stopped to rest on the crest of one of these waves. God, she thought, what if it were Dianne's tongue instead of my finger! It would be so incredible!

Bobbi looked down again, noting the dark patch of wetness that had

spread on her briefs. Yes, it was almost time, But just a little bit more of this to set her up right for the big moment. So thinking, she lifted her midsection enough to slip the bottoms down over her thighs. She lifted her legs so that the briefs could be taken off entirely and put aside. Her knees pressed into her breasts, and she felt the hard knobs of her nipples bore into her. A little breath of air washed over her sweaty buttocks and her uptilted cunt, which now was pointed up at the ceiling.

With one hand she spread the lips, finding the opening of the churning orifice with the other. Yes, this was one of the best parts. Her virgin hole was not much bigger than her asshole. She teased at the cuntal opening with a slick finger. Her fingertip revolved around her maidenhead, feeling all the folds in the unbroken membrane. There were plenty of sex nerves there, all prepared to be stimulated.

Bobbi licked her lips. Then, her body tense in anticipation, she inserted her finger into the tiny slot up to the first knuckle. She felt the channel nip and close, as if rejecting her finger. Then she managed to relax slightly and she pushed her finger a little further in.

She hadn't moved any more than she could help, but the added stimulation brought the first tinglings of her impending climax. She withdrew her finger and hands from their positions, now lighting the wonderful feelings that she had been encouraging only a few seconds before. She had almost ruined it by getting too close to her carefully engineered orgasm! She didn't want to waste it here, like this.

Now for the real fun, she thought.

She swung her legs over the edge of the couch, got up and made a beeline for the bathroom. Her tits jiggled proudly in the late afternoon light.

She reached the bathroom and tied up her hair, leaving it piled up on top of her head in a careless heap. Then she bent over the tub and turned on the water, impatiently adjusting the handles until the water was just the right temperature. She stood and checked her hair once more to make sure it wouldn't get wet, and noticed in the mirror the little flecks of moisture that oozed in the furry triangle between her legs.

She climbed into the tub and turned the middle knob from "tub" to "shower". As she took the hand-held shower head from its hook on the wall, cold water coughed out and sprayed her. It chilled her and made her almost-bursting nipples stand out even straighter. It was painful momentarily until the water warmed up enough to ease their throbbing tightness.

Ahhhh, that's better, she thought. As the cold left her, she felt again the insistent waves her cunt was, throwing out through her. The warm droplets teased and fondled her breasts, her midriff, her back and shoulders. She relaxed under the warm, steady stream. But the tight knot within her still demanded to be satisfied.

Bracing herself against the cool tile of the wall beside her, she hiked up her leg so that her foot rested on the edge of the bathtub. Her pussy was now open. She adjusted the spray to get a sharp, hard flow of water which

came together about six inches from the spout. It stung her skin as it came out.

Carefully, very carefully, she moved the nozzle, directing the jetting water directly onto her protruding clit. Her burning loins moved almost imperceptibly, her hips jerked. The thrills sweetened, focusing to a clear point of almost unbearable pleasure.

Oh yes, that's the way! Come on! I've waited and waited for this! Now, now! It's going down my legs, into my titties, shooting along my ass and into my whole body. . . oh, ohhh, ooohhh, yes, now, now, please, now! Come big, you sweet little thing.., now, now, yes, YES! NOW!

The stinging water pounded at her. Her body jerked as the first electrifying jolt struck her. Her nipples hardened, her belly tightened, and her cunt spasmed. But the nozzle did not waver. Her head was spinning from her first come. Sweetly, she felt another building up. She jerked again as it overtook her. Then another, and another. She lost count, trying only to throw herself into each climax as it came.

"OHHH, SHIT! OOOHHH, YES! OOOOHHHHH, HELL!"

Her body was racked by spasm after incomparable spasm. Finally, she had all she could take.

She hung up the shower head and turned off the water, her knees weak.

Her whole body shook with fulfillment.

She slumped down in a chair in the bedroom after toweling herself off. God, that had been beautiful! She felt thoroughly sated. Glancing up, she saw that it was almost time for Ron to pick her up. She would have to hurry to get ready in time.

Chapter Three

Paul Giddings stood in the middle of the kitchen. The two strong tequila sunrises he had just drunk were taking effect. Quite a noticeable effect, in fact. It was all the stronger since the evening was getting along and he had not eaten yet.

He contemplated the stove and considered making himself something fast and simple. He knew he should eat, but the alcohol had taken the hard edge off his hunger. Somehow, fixing a meal seemed like such a bother at the moment. Well, it could wait until later. Instead, he decided on a third sunrise.

A bit unsteadily, he made his way to the big armchair in front of the living room window. He sat down, taking care not to let any of the drink slosh over the edge of the glass and onto his hand.

He resumed his train of thought. He couldn't quite figure Bobbi out. In all the time she had lived there, she had not once brought home a boyfriend to

stay overnight; As far as he knew, anyway. At first he had thought that maybe she only went for girls, but as time passed he had not noticed her bring any girls, either. No, she definitely wasn't a lesbian. But she was quite a change from Ruth, the tenant who had preceded her in the apartment. She hadn't been quite as young as Bobbi, but unlike Bobbi she had seemed to be in perpetual heat, and a steady stream of visitors had passed through the house.

Naturally, he was finally included in her fun. Until she moved out to go back East somewhere for a better job, he had had all the sex he needed. And that was saying plenty.

He smiled at the memory and took a big sip of his drink. Some of that sex, he remembered, had been pretty kinky, too. Ruth had by no means been inexperienced, but there were a lot of tricks an experienced man in his forties could show a young thing of twenty-five. A lot. She had called him perverted more than once, but she always ended up enjoying whatever they did to and for each other. He actually enjoyed her resistance to some of his suggestions-it added spice to the sex.

Paul heard a car pull up in front. He looked up, taking another long pull from his drink. That would be Ron. Yes. He waved to Paul as he came up the short walk to the entrance. Paul waved back.

Lucky bastard, he thought to himself as he heard Ron clump up the stairs. He'll get some tonight. But then again, maybe not. Maybe Bobbi just doesn't know what the score is.

He made his way to the door that looked out on the hall and opened it. The couple was just at the top of the stairs and beginning to come down. Bobbi was wearing a clinging one-piece cotton dress that stopped about six inches above her knees. From where he was he could look right up the dress to the dark place between her thighs. The tight dress stuck to every delicious curve of her body.

Hmmm, he thought, she's wearing underpants tonight. What a shame. But she damn well should if she's doing to dress like that. Jesus Christ!

"Oh, Bobbi, do you have a minute? I need to talk to you about something."

"Well, we were just on our way to eat, and we're a little late as it is. Can't it wait until later?"

"No, not really," Paul said. The liquor was making his mouth rubbery, and he had to concentrate on what he was saying to get the words to come out right. He felt excitement rising in him.

"OK, I guess. But we're really in a hurry. Come on, Ron."

"I'd really rather talk to you alone, if you don't mind. Privately. In here." He held the door open for her as she and Ron came down.

Her brow was furrowed in concern. "Is something wrong? I hope I haven't done anything to.. . well, you know. I try to keep the place clean and so an."

Paul smiled. "Oh, no. Nothing like that. But I do need to talk to you for a second."

Ron touched her shoulder reassuringly. "Look, I understand. I'll wait for you in the car." He walked out and Bobbi came in.

Paul's mind was racing. Why had he done this? Why had he gotten himself into this bind? His prick throbbed in his pants and he knew the answer. But what did he think he was going to do? Her boyfriend was waiting for her, not far away, and she was in a hurry. Well, he'd make it clear he expected her to come with him on his little trip tomorrow.

Bobbi eased the door shut. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about, Mr. Giddings?"

"Well, I, uh, you know earlier today when you paid me the rent for next month?"

Bobbi nodded.

"I forgot to give you your receipt. Here."

He picked up the receipt book from the little desk, tore out the slip of paper and handed it to her. She took it and held it limply. She looked surprised and annoyed.

"Thanks. But is that all? I mean, is this what was so important and couldn't wait?"

"No, it isn't." He turned to face her. "I wanted to tell you that I'll have everything ready for our trip together tomorrow. Why don't you come down around, oh, say eight-thirty or so. That way we can get an early start. OK? And you know, maybe we can just forget the rent next month."

Bobbi couldn't believe her ears. Was this joker for real? Hadn't she made it clear that she didn't want to go? So politeness didn't work. She'd have to get nasty.

"Look, Mr. Giddings, I don't know what you're trying to pull, but I already told you. I'm busy tomorrow. I don't want to go with you tomorrow or any other day. I have to leave now."

As her hand went to the doorknob, Paul realized he had done something wrong. It hadn't worked. He took a step forward and the smell of her perfume hit his nostrils. He took a step toward her. His hand went to her

shoulder.

"Look, Bobbi, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that the way it sounded." God, she was beautiful! Her full, sensuous lips were clamped together in mild anger. Her dark eyelashes battled over her brown eyes, which were moving over his face searchingly. Her skin felt, so good under his hand.

All semblance of control left Paul. The arm which had rested lightly on Bobbi's shoulder a few seconds before went around behind her. With it he supported the back of her head. His mouth covered hers, cutting short the cry of surprise which Bobbi was beginning to make. He pinned her body between himself and the door, being careful not to press too hard. He didn't want to hurt her.

All this happened in a second. His left hand now zoomed to her right breast. It was considerably more than a handful. His tongue delighted in the honey-like taste of her mouth as he pushed it deeper into the warm chamber. What incredible titties she had!

He tried to force his leg between her thighs, but they were clamped tight. At the same time, her hands came up between them, and she began to shove. He was a little off balance, the majority of his weight resting on his left leg. There was surprising strength in her small arms, much more than he would have expected. A sudden push caught him off guard, and he stumbled backward.

"You dumb shit!" she screamed. She stood there flushed and trembling

with anger, the door open now.

"Bobbi, listen, I-"

"Listen, nothing!" Her voice was lower now. "I could get you but good for sexual assault! I could sue your ass! I might even be able to put you away for a while, you know that?" She stopped to pull down her dress and shake her hair back into place. Paul said nothing.

"That's just what I'm going to do if you try anything like that again. I don't need you or your heavy macho trip. And I don't need your goddamn apartment. I'm giving you notice right now, understand? I want my money back, and I'm keeping this receipt to make sure I get it. So just lay off."

She slammed the door behind her as she left. Paul breathed a deep sigh and lighted a cigarette, watching the smoke curl up. He walked back to the front of the big living room and watched as Robin and Ron drove away.

What would she tell him about what had just happened? Paul considered carefully, trying to guess what was going on in her mind. He suspected she would say nothing directly to Ron about it. She would gloss over the details and give him some story, then say she had to move for some other reason. He felt sure of it.

He felt sure of something else, too. He was positive that Bobbi was pretty messed-up emotionally. He should have felt depressed and defeated at the

Moment; after all, he had just made a fumbling attempt to seduce a girl twenty years younger than himself. And it was true that she could get him in trouble if she wanted to. He also hadn't chosen a very good time or place for the first move in his campaign to bed down that infinitely attractive young girl. And she said she was leaving. That meant he'd have to find somebody else to take the upstairs room. But he didn't feel bad at all. In fact, he felt slightly elated.

Yes, she was pretty mixed-up all right. She had an air of self-assurance about her that would fool a lot of people, and an unmistakable sexual magnetism that was bound to attract men. But Paul suspected that underneath that carefully constructed exterior she was very uncertain of herself, and pretty insecure. Like a lot of people her age.

Paul wondered idly if Vicki already had something going tonight. He picked up the telephone and dialed her. She was in. She'd be positively delighted to spend an evening with him. Oh, and would he mind if she brought a girlfriend, a different one, who was visiting her for a few weeks? No, of course not. Good. They would be over in about forty-five minutes, Vicki had said, which just left him time to heat up something.

No, Bobbi was not the self-assured ball of fire she liked people to think she was. And neither was Paul the sort of pawing, crude, stud jock she thought he was. He knew that she was one confused girl.

He knew this because, just before her hands had come up to push him away, one hand had grasped him heatedly and pressed his midsection to hers. And her mouth had stayed open, yielding to him passionately, her fiery

tongue meeting his willingly. And there was no mistaking that.

Ron pulled away from the curb smoothly, easing into second gear. He glanced over at Bobbi, who was combing her thick dark hair with fast, jerky motions. She looked agitated.

"What was all that about?" he asked.

"Oh, he says he's going to have to raise the rent," she lied. "And I thought there was some sort of understanding that it wouldn't happen as long as I lived there. He also invited me on a trip tomorrow, and I told him I didn't want to go. I can't help but think there's some connection between the two." It was a lie, she thought, but just a little one.

"It's, too bad you're going to have to leave," Ron said. "But I feel a little sorry for the poor guy.

"You feel sorry for him?" Bobbi's voice was indignant. "Why? What about me?"

"Oh, you can take care of yourself just fine. But he has to be around you all the time. And the sight of you has probably been driving him crazy all this time." He glanced over at the nubile body in the seat next to him. "I know it has me, and he probably sees more of you than I do."

He was more right than he knew, Bobbi thought. His admiring words helped erase the anger she felt and brought a strange tingle. It could have been worse. At least Ron wasn't like that. He was just as horny, true, and didn't take any pains to hide the fact. But at least if she let him know for sure that she was serious about him not touching her past a certain point, he paid attention. Maybe grudgingly sometimes, but he did pay attention.

The, problem was what she was going to do about Mr. Giddings. She could be all packed and ready to move in a matter of a couple days. If she could find another place, that is. And that wasn't going to be easy with school just about to start. But she had an idea.

"Ron, I really don't want to go back to my apartment tonight. I'm afraid he might... you know, try something. So would it be OK if I stayed at your place, just for tonight?"

He was surprised. He had been suggesting just that for months, but with no success. And here she was, finally taking him up on it.

"How do you know I won't try something?" he said mischievously.

"I don't. But you'd better watch out. I have sharp elbows and knees." She lifted one leg for his examination. "See?"

Her mood had taken a change for the better, and he was glad to see it. He put his hand on her leg. Her skin was cool to his touch, incredibly soft and

alluring. His cock responded.

"Hmmm, you're right. But I still wouldn't turn down the chance to tangle with one of these."

Bobbi only laughed and snuggled a little closer to him, putting her arm around his shoulder. She was glad the restaurant was only a few blocks further ahead. She was ravenous. It had been a long, exciting day.

Chapter Four

Dianne awoke with a start. She had been dreaming. It had been a long, delicious sex dream. In it, a beautiful young woman with a model-like figure had been going down on her; an improbably long and flexible tongue had been whipping around and around her quaking cunt. She had writhed in unbelievable pleasure as the rough tongue rasped against her outstretched clit.

Finally the oral prick dipped into her, gathering every bit of the honey that oozed from her palpitating cuntal walls. The mouth left her, and she hung for what seemed like forever in a warm cloud of horniness. Then she felt two breasts press against hers as a warm, wet pussy ground against her own. The other woman's upright clit entered her and moved. The cunt-busting fury of the movement made her come and come and come.

Jesus, what a filthy dream! She opened her eyes and looked over at the

bedside clock. It was almost three in the morning. Wasn't there any way she could rid her mind of the filthy lesbian thoughts which kept popping up? They wouldn't even leave her alone when she was sleeping. It was especially odd considering how well and how much she had been fucked tonight. There was really no excuse for her dream.

She stretched herself, delighting lazily in the play of her muscles against each other. No, there is really no excuse at all, she thought. I guess I'm really in heat right now. Her movements made her aware of the moisture at her crotch.

She considered waking Dave up to ease her wanting cunt, but decided not to. He had been exhausted by their fucking. She didn't want to wake him when he had to get up so early tomorrow and take that chartered plane to Phoenix to close some big deal his boss had going down there.

Damn. She'd like some nice, hard prick in her right now.

She knew she should be asleep. But the direction her thoughts were taking aroused her even more. For a while she tried to drift back into a sleepy frame of mind, but every time she let her mind go the same series of erotic thoughts popped up. The dream kept creeping back into her head.

It was no use. She would have to force herself to sleep or else wake Dave. She got up, went into the kitchen, and poured herself a strong whisky and water. She went out and sat down on the couch, sipping slowly.

She was startled by the ringing of the doorbell. She went over to the, door and eased it open a crack. It was a relief to see Bobbi standing there under the porch light. But Dianne was also surprised.

"Bobbi! What are you doing here? Come on in. Bobbi entered, looking downcast and tired. "What's the matter?"

"Dianne, the whole day has been a disaster. After I left here, I . ." She stopped. Her head was spinning around, and she could barely keep things straight in her own mind, much less relate them coherently to her sister. She felt terribly confused, and she wasn't even sure which feeling in the swirling turmoil she really felt.

"Let's just let it go for now. But I want to stay here tonight."

"Here?" Dianne was puzzled. "Sure you can. But why aren't you at your own place?"

Her sister sighed. "I had a fight with Mr. Giddings this afternoon. I told him to go to hell and take his apartment with him. I have to move out."

"But you're here now. What happened to your date with Ron?"

"I had a fight with him, too. It seemed like a good idea to stay with him since I didn't want to go back to my place. But it wasn't." Her voice was closer to breaking now. "Look, sis, if you don't mind, I don't want to talk about all this right now. I just want to go to sleep."

"OK, fine, I can see you're not in a talking mood. Neither am I. Well, you know where everything is. Just help yourself. I'm going back to bed-"

"Please don't be mad. I just want to get some sleep. We'll talk in the morning, OK?"

"Fine. G'night."

Bobbi was sipping coffee from a mug late the next morning and trying to tell her sister what had happened since she had left the house yesterday. She went into great detail about Paul Giddings. Sometime during her story she had begun to feel aroused. It embarrassed her. Although what had happened yesterday had disgusted and repelled her at the time, she found her cunt was vibrating as she spoke.

"I know what to do about Mr. Giddings. I didn't want to have anything to do with him. I know you think he's nice and attractive, and so do I, but I didn't like the way he came on. Like he was picking me up in a bar or something.

"It was different with Ron. After the movie we went over to his

apartment. I let him feel my breasts for a long time. We were sort of watching TV and making out. Then he asked me if I'd take off my dress so he could see me better. I did. It wasn't much different from being in his car with my blouse off. I let him suck my tits and play with me through my panties. Then he said he wanted to go to bed with me and... and fuck me."

Dianne was sitting across from her sister in another chair. She was eager to hear every word her sister was saying. "Did you?"

Bobbi breathed a deep sigh. "No. But I told him I'd touch his cock if he wanted me to. Boy, did he want me to. I hardly had the thing out of his pants and in my hand before he came. He was hard as a rock. See, I'd only done that for him a few times before."

Dianne squirmed in her chair. All this randy talk was getting her terribly excited all over again!

"Bobbi, I even hate to ask, but I'm curious. Does Ron have a big cock?" The thought of his cock sent a shiver through Dianne.

The question made Bobbi acutely aware of her own inexperience. "Well, it was plenty big enough. Biggest I've ever seen, anyway. All the more reason I didn't want it inside me. I figured he'd cool off after he came once like that. But he didn't. He spent some time in the bathroom-cleaning up, I figured. I put my dress back on. When he came back, he was completely naked. He sat down and started pawing me, trying to get my dress back off. He had his hand on my-he had his hand between my legs. He was saying how

he was tired of being led on, how he didn't like to be teased. He said he was tired of waiting. He was acting really crazy. And he was hurting me."

"What did you do then?" Dianne asked. It was obviously taking a lot out of her sister to tell all this, but dammit, she was getting more turned on by the minute!

"I hit him. He looked real surprised. I-I got up and just started screaming at him." Her lower lip was trembling. "Dianne, I was horny. I wanted to-to fuck him. I wanted him to touch me. But not like that, not like that. He was too rough. All he cared about was that he got his rocks off. All I could think about was Mr. Giddings pushing me up against that door. Goddamn him!"

She practically shouted the last two words, her face reddening. Then she looked abashed, as if she had confessed something she hadn't intended to.

She really is upset! Dianne thought to herself. What she needs is some comfort and a bit of sympathy. And she looks so tense. Dianne knew what to do.

"Come on." She took Bobbi's unresisting hand and led her to the living room. She took the big cushion off the couch and put it flat out in the middle of the big room.

"You could use a good massage. Here, lie down and relax while I get some oil. And don't argue with me. You know I'm good at it. I'll do your back

first."

Bobbi had been about to say something, but instead she smiled and nodded. Dianne was right: a massage would make her feel better.

What a sexy sight; Dianne thought when she returned with the baby oil. Ron would really cream in his pants over something like this! In spite of herself, she felt her excitement rise another notch.

She unhooked the bra in back. Bobbi raised herself a bit so that Dianne could pull the bra down over her slender arms. As she raised herself and Dianne helped her off with the bra, Dianne saw the heavy breasts slip put of the cups, the nipples just grazing the cushion below. At the sight she felt her own nipples grow and harden.

Dianne liked giving massages, especially to her sister. They had done this many times before. Bobbi knew just how to move to allow Dianne to help her off with the rest of her undergarments. Usually she wasn't wearing any but she was still dressed as she had been last night.

Bobbi lifted her hips to allow Dianne to peel the flimsy bottom covering off her. She put the underthings aside and knelt by Bobbi's side as she warmed the slippery oil in her hands. She spread the oil evenly over her sister's back, using a light touch at first, then applying more pressure to the muscle ridges that were bunched under Bobbi's soft skin. She concentrated especially on the neck, shoulders and the muscles along the spine. She felt

them loosening up as she pressed and molded them.

Bobbi was beginning to feel the effects of her sister's careful attentions. Her face had smoothed out, and was no longer clenched in worry and anger as it had been before. Yes, Dianne was right. The backrub was doing wonders for the way she felt. She was definitely more relaxed now. The oil made her feel so warm.

She tried to make her mind blank and just feel what Dianne was doing to her, as she had often been told to do. But try as she might, she just couldn't let herself slip away as she knew she should. Her thoughts kept returning to the events of the day before.

She felt her anger rising again when she thought of what Ron had tried to pull last night. If he just hadn't been so aggressive, everything might have been different. Much different. She had enjoyed everything that had led up to her leaving. Even if Ron hadn't actually fucked her, she would have liked for him to make her come. She felt cheated. He didn't seem to know a hell of a lot about the geography of a pussy, but she would have been happy to show him. He had just assumed that to get anywhere with her he had to put on that stupid macho act.

Dianne had finished with her back and was now working on the backs of her thighs. Her strong fingers seemed to go directly to the right places and do their thing. It felt so good! Her sister really knew what she was doing.

She suddenly remembered one of the best, most exciting parts about last

night. It was when Ron came. She had taken his cock out of his pants as he had eased them down onto his thighs. He had been so excited he had not even bothered to take them all the way off. But it hadn't really mattered, because she had only run her hand up the turgid length of his cock a couple times before he came. She remembered how the white, creamy stuff had shot out all over. There had been so much of it! And the way he twitched and groaned when it happened! It was tremendous.

The idea made her shiver. She felt her clit hardening and enlarging.

"What's the matter, honey?" Dianne asked, "Are you too cold? If you are, I can turn down the cooler a little bit."

"No . . . no, I'm fine. Real comfortable. I feel so much better." Her voice was dreamy.

"Good. I want you to turn over now so I can do the rest of you."

She felt so loose and good that she found it hard to summon the energy to flop over onto her back. But she did. She closed her eyes and just enjoyed the feeling of lying unmoving on her back.

"OK, I'm going to do your head now." She moved so that her knees gently clamped her sister's head between them and began to move her fingers in small circles over her temples. Her sister's long brown hair was spread out over the cushion and floor underneath her. Some of it lay on Dianne's thighs

and tickled.

Her hair is so shiny and pretty, she thought. Maybe I should let mine grow out again. No, it's too much trouble. And it probably wouldn't look as good as hers.

Her hands traced the delicate bones on her sister's face as she let her gaze travel down the body that was outstretched before her. It seemed a shame that Bobbi didn't use her body to more advantage. Why, she could get just about anything she wanted if she went about it right.

She let her gaze linger on the two mounds which were topped by brown nipples. She ached to take one of them in her mouth and suck it to hardness.

Whoa! she thought. What happened to my clinical detachment? She shifted her body to one side, taking a deep breath as she moved. She began to move her fingers on the hard, flat belly, trying to concentrate on the way the muscles lay under the dusky skin she was kneading. She carefully avoided touching her sister's titties, looking instead at the slow, even rise and fall of her breathing. She moved her hands down the muscle in the middle of the stomach, cautiously skirting the dark pubic hair.

Then she noticed something that made her cunt pulse and juice. Bobbi's clit was peeking out from between her lightly haired cunt lips! It throbbed and grew tantalizingly before Dianne's very eyes.

She swallowed once and tried to adjust herself to this new development. Bobbi must be as turned-on as she was! She was getting a hard-on because of her massage! Her hands began to tremble.

Bobbi had been thinking about the same things as before. She didn't quite understand it, but even thinking about Mr. Giddings yesterday made her horny as hell. She didn't know why, because she hadn't liked it at all at the time. But it hadn't really been as bad as all that. She just hadn't liked the trapped feeling.

It was the same with him as with Ron, she decided. He must have some overwhelming need to prove that he was the boss. But what would he be like if he just went slow with her and did what she wanted? That would be something else altogether.

A nerve-tingling thrill shot through her, making her jump. Her sister had touched her clit! She opened her eyes.

Dianne was sitting beside her and looked embarrassed. She was shaking.

"Bobbi, I'm sorry I did that. I didn't mean to. I-I sort of lost my balance."

Bobbi considered. She should be mad. But she wasn't. Her old familiar fantasy popped into her head.

But with my sister? My own flesh and blood? I can't. It isn't done. But why not? Really, why not? I've been thinking about it for a long time, wanting another woman. She's closer to me than anybody else is. She's not just my sister-she's also my best friend. And it felt so good. It would be so nice if she would touch me. But what if she doesn't want to? What if she thinks I'm really perverted and she hates me? What then? I don't have anyone else. Ron won't ever talk to me again. What have I got to lose?

It was true, she decided.

"That's OK, Dianne," she said slowly. "But please don't stop. I want you to touch me like that. I've wanted it for a long time." There. Her secret confession was out. Now she would just have to wait and see what her sister would do.

The interest was obvious in Dianne's face. Was she hearing right? She had accidentally brushed against her sister's tender clit, and here she was asking her to do it again! At last, her dream was coming true. It was almost too good to believe.

"Me too. But are you sure?" The idea got her off incredibly, but she wanted to be certain. There was no sense doing something now that they both would regret later. But somehow she knew that neither of them would feel sorry about what they were doing.

Bobbi said nothing. She just nodded in agreement.

Dianne was beside herself with anticipation. She put her hand on the cunt below her and let it rest there a moment. Then she began moving her hand slowly around and around. The residue of oil that was still on her palm transferred to the fine fuzz gradually and made the motion easier.

She could resist no longer. The longest finger of the hand stretched out and hovered over the younger girl's slit. Her legs were still extended almost straight out, barely apart. She brought her finger down over the long gash. It sunk easily into the space between the cleft. Her sister's hungry cunt seemed to open up for her, then close again as the lips swallowed her finger. She let it rest there like that for a second and then began to slide it up and down.

She felt every little change in the sex tissue as she moved. Bobbi's cunt felt smoother and smaller than her own. Well, she was younger and hadn't had as many pricks in her as Dianne had. But her fun button was certainly well developed enough; it was like an iron spike standing up and rubbing against her finger. If anything, her young sister's clit was a little longer than her own. But the size wasn't the important thing. Getting off was.

Dianne wondered if her sister's vagina was much like her own. She couldn't remember what hers had been like when she had been eighteen. Did they change over the years? She had heard that the older a woman gets, the more her cunt loosens up. She didn't know about that. Certainly neither her husband nor any of the other men she had fucked ever voiced any complaints

or commented on it.

Her lewd curiosity about her sister's cunt made her thrill. She ran her hand down the insides of her sister's thighs, loving the smooth feel of the incredibly soft skin. There was no skin anywhere on a woman's body that was softer than that, unless it was the hidden skin on the inside of an exposed pussy.

She parted her sister's knees, the legs forming a long diamond shape.. She snaked her hand around under one leg to cup an upturned buttock. She moved her hand to the uppermost point of the diamond. Her top hand was teasing the tight button at the top of the labia, while her bottom hand moved off along her sister's ass. She caressed the slight, ridge that ran from the bottom of the cunt to the asshole. Then her two moving fingers met, completing a circle formed by her arms. She opened up her sister's pussy to her excited view.

Her sister was still a virgin! The quivering maidenhead was resisting her thrusting finger.

"My god, you're cherry, aren't you! Don't you know these things aren't in fashion any more for anyone past the age of twelve or so?" She sounded almost indignant.

Bobbi nodded. "I know, sis. But those guys with their big pricks never got that far. They were never as gentle as you are. They didn't do things to me

like another woman can-like you do."

She took a deep breath. "I feel like I'm about to explode! I want to come now. Please, sis, make me come!"

Dianne smiled, but said nothing. She resumed the same position as before. This time her finger found the tiny cuntal opening. She forced it past the snug entrance and into the lubricated channel. Her other finger pressed and rubbed the extended cut above. The slippery secretions were now pouring out of the distended cunt, almost like water from a spring. She plunged her digit cock-like in and out of her sister, gradually picking up speed.

Bobbi was hunching her hips up and down slightly, trying to force one finger deeper into her and the other harder against her. The pleasure-giving hands were moving in a frenzy, causing waves of seething excitement to well up in her. But every time it seemed that the waves would crest and break, Bobbi felt them build up and then recede, time after time. She wanted to come so bad, to release the boiling, burning, exquisite pressure in her loins, but she couldn't seem to let herself go. She felt mad at herself.

"Oh, sis, stop. I can't get off I don't know why, but I can't."

Dianne looked perplexed for a moment, then brightened. "Look, don't worry. I know how to bust your cookies. Just a sec.

In a flash, she shed her few pieces of clothing. She returned her finger

to its humid slot and moved it slowly.

"It's no use. I can't come. I-"

"Just relax. Don't worry about it. I want you to touch me, too."

Obligingly Bobbi's hand went to her sister's waiting snatch. She forced the hanging lips apart and began to slide her curious fingers inside the reddish cleft. She touched the tiny bump of her sister's urethra and then moved to rub against her clit. She rolled it and pressed it between two fingers. The feel was new to her. Her own clit was longer, but not so thick. She rolled it again and plucked up gently. She felt an answering shudder from her sister.

Yes, she was definitely getting there! The sparks were flashing within her. Yes! Yes! Like that! This was so much better than what she could do for herself. She felt the body beside her twist and adjust itself into a new posture.

What was her sister going to do now? She opened her eyes and looked down. She saw her sister's tongue flick out of her mouth. She was going to go down on her!

Dianne had never performed cunnilingus before. She had often thought about doing it, though, and having it done to her. Her sister's cunt had a musky, pungent smell that combined well with the scent of baby oil that hung

in the air around them. She liked the strong but very feminine odor that assailed her nostrils.

Her tongue dipped into the crease and she began to lick, her finger still firmly implanted in its snug, warm socket. She also liked the slightly salty taste that she noticed. It was a different taste than cock. She could really get to like this, she thought to herself. She stopped licking and sucked her sister's hardened knob. She was going to make her come if it took all day! Immediately she felt her jerk and buck beneath her. At the same time, her sister's two probing fingers, now well encased in her own pulsing cunt, began to dance around as if they were trying to stretch her pussy wider than it would go. It was wonderful! The first mind-bending pulses of her come started to rake her crotch.

She could tell that the writhing, panting girl below her was about to let loose also. Then her clit flexed as the girl's thumb found her throbbing clit. Hot currents of pleasure surged through her and into her girly prick with swift, voluptuous beats.

She could not restrain a muffled squeal of delight as she came. Bobbi felt the sound vibrate her entire cuntal area. What an exquisite sensation! Her sister's mouth left her pussy for a moment. Then it returned, seeming to redouble its sucking attack. She felt herself give way to her mounting excitement. There were no bafflers holding her back now.

Then her pent-up sexual energy released itself in a voluptuous flood that surprised both of the women. She screamed and moaned at the goodness of it, echoing her sister's pleasure-cry of only a few seconds before. Hot

flashes coursed through her, making her thrust her quaking pussy up into the air. Still the clever lips and tongue kept their place on her. Just when she thought she might pass out from the overwhelming intensity that racked her frame, she felt her passion subside like the tide going out. She was utterly drained, and floated in a warm cloud of afterglow.

For what seemed like a long time she was aware only of another hand holding her own. Then the hand touched her legs, her stomach, her titties, her neck, her face. Then a warm, wet tongue forced her lips apart gently. She put her arm around her sister's shoulders and returned the kiss with all the passion and gratitude she felt.

They separated and lay beside each other for a while, neither moving or speaking. Then Dianne sat up slowly and looked at Bobbi's resting body.

"I loved that, I really did. I haven't come so good in a long time. What about you?"

Bobbi was surprised. "Are you kidding? I loved it! Couldn't you tell? If you're worried about how I feel, don't be. I'm happy. I'm more satisfied than I've ever been before. You know, I've wanted to do this for a long time. I mean, I've thought about it. Why didn't we get together before?"

It was Dianne's turn to be surprised. "You have. God! So have I. I wish you would have let me know sooner. I wouldn't have waited so long-I've thought about it, too. But Bobbi, I can tell you're a hot-blooded girl. But you haven't fucked any guys. What do you do?" "Do I have to spell it out for

you? The usual.

Except I like to use one of those adjustable shower sprays." She had never told anyone about that before.

"Wow!" Dianne exclaimed, squirming a little.

"That sounds great! I'll have to try that sometime."

Bobbi smiled. "Well, that's my first secret vice. Now I have another one to add to that." They laughed together.

"Look, honey, I think you ought to add another one," Dianne said. "You know what I mean. That sweet pussy of yours is just aching and ripe for some nice prick. Pussy is nice, but you'd love the way a nice, stiff cocks feels when it slides into you. You don't know what you're missing."

"I think I know what I'm missing. A lot of hassles."

Somehow Bobbi could not associate the crude groping and animalistic coupling of fucking with the soul-tearing multiple orgasms she had just experienced. It seemed so different with her sister. She was so soft and caring, so responsive. And since she was a woman, she knew just which places were most sensitive, and when to touch them. Dianne had seemed almost

more interested in getting Bobbi off than in getting herself off.

"It's not all hassles, believe me," Dianne replied. "You should give it a chance. You just haven't been meeting the right men."

"Maybe you're right. But why should I bother to try and play that game when I've got what I really want now? Whenever I used to fantasize, I thought about other women. I dreamed about it. It turns me on." Her hand went to her sister's firm tit. Watching and thinking about Dave and Dianne fucking had turned her on too, but she didn't mention that.

"Men are just crude, that's all. You and I can get each other off now. So why should I worry about them? Why should I even try to look for a guy?"

Dianne laughed. "Don't talk like some old bull dyke. You wouldn't have to look very hard." A very sexy idea occurred to her. "In fact, I know somebody who would fuck you in a minute, if you'd let him."

"Yeah, I can think of a couple myself," Bobbi said sarcastically. "But I don't want either of them."

"No, I'm thinking about Dave."

"Dave? You mean he'd like to screw me?" She flashed on her memory of

his buttocks jerking up and down as he pumped in and out of her sister.

"You bet he would. Up to now it's just been a kind of joke between us. You know, him putting it to my little sister. But if you want . . ." Her voice trailed off enticingly.

Bobbi thought. To be able to participate in something she had watched so many times! It was exciting to think about. She liked Dave well enough, and he had always been good to her, but she had always considered him to be out of her range. After all, he was in his thirties, like her sister. He seemed unapproachable, at least as far as sex went. But then, so had Dianne.

"I'll think about it," she said. But the thought of her lusty former landlord impinged again and reminded her that she had given notice yesterday.

"Dianne, what am I going to do? I have to find another place to live. And I don't know if I can find anything else I can afford."

"You can stay here as long as you need to until you find something else. It might help, though, if you talked to Paul Giddings and tried to patch things up."

"No, I don't want to see him. The old bastard."

"Why don't you call him on the phone?"

"You don't understand, I don't want to talk to him at all."

"Well, you need to do something. How would it be if I call him for you? Maybe I can let him know that you want to move back in, but you don't want any more shit from him. Sound good?"

"OK, it's worth a try. But don't listen to him if he tries to explain everything away."

Dianne smiled at her as she jumped up to make the call. Bobbi marveled at the round whiteness of her sister's buttocks as she walked away from her. It was so much better to come like this with her sister than by herself. She came big when she masturbated, but it was nothing like this.

She closed her eyes and let the pleasure build up inside of her. Just thinking of Dianne's wonderful body was getting her steamed-up again! She heard her sister's voice rising and falling as she spoke. She could not make out any of the words, noticing only the rhythm of her tones. After a while, she heard the click of the receiver in the cradle.

Dianne walked back into the room, her bouncy, full breasts jiggling with each step.

"What happened?" Bobbi asked.

"He said that he was sorry if he had offended you. I told him I'd like to come over and talk about this thing with him personally. So I'm going to see him tomorrow. He really doesn't want you to move. Actually, he sounded pretty nice. But we shouldn't let him get away with anything. What do you know about him, Bobbi?"

"Guess his mountain trip fell through," Bobbi said bitterly. "Anyway, not much. Ever since he started to come on to me, I've tried to avoid him."

"Hmmm. Too bad. I think I can straighten this thing out for you. Maybe I can make him feel guilty enough so he'll lower your rent," she said jokingly.

"Fat chance." Bobbi aggressively pulled her sister's mouth down to touch hers, shooting her tongue into the warm, luscious chamber. She felt an answering pressure.

It was going to be a good day.

CHAPTER FIVE Dianne walked the last few yards toward the house where her sister and Paul Giddings lived. It had been months since she had visited the place, she had been so busy. She noticed the "For Rent" sign in the front yard. Well, he hadn't wasted any time. He had taken Bobbi at her word.

To tell the truth, she was a little apprehensive about her plan. There was the chance it wouldn't work. It wasn't foolproof. But she believed she had it worked out into a story that could be used to bully the landlord. She disliked him a bit even though she barely knew any more about him than what Bobbi had told her. She felt protective toward her little sister, and she, wanted to let him know that he couldn't just mess around with her like he had. She wanted to make him pay for his mistake.

It was a moment or so after she rang the doorbell until she heard steps in the hall. The door opened, and she could barely conceal her surprise. She remembered that he was good-looking, but not this good-looking.

"You must be Dianne Richards, right? I remember seeing you when Bobbi moved in."

"I-yes. Right. And you, uh, you're Paul Giddings.

Damn! She had meant to appear self-confident, and here she had stumbled on her first words. But she hadn't expected him to look like he did. She had forgotten just how attractive he was.

She stepped up over the threshold as he held the door for her. She went into the open door to her right. He followed, his hand indicating that she should sit on the couch by the wall.

"Please sit down and make yourself at home. Care for something to drink?"

"Please. Whiskey, if you have it, and water."

He nodded and went over to the counter which divided the kitchen from the living room. His movements were graceful and sure, like an athlete's. His black hair was beautifully wavy in back, and she saw the muscles rippling in his forearms as he mixed their drinks. Altogether he presented a very pleasing, sexy sight to her, and she felt her heartbeat speed up. He didn't look at all his age. Maybe he seemed old to Bobbi, but not to her.

He walked over, holding her drink out to her. She found that her hand was a little unsteady when she took it. Luckily, he didn't seem to notice and just sat down next to her. With one arm resting along the back of the couch, he turned to her.

Dianne decided that she had to push these foolish thoughts out of her mind and- get down to business. She was acting like a frightened schoolgirl! She had to take the initiative and put him on the defensive as soon as she could.

"Mr. Giddings, I-"

"You might as well call me Paul."

"All right." She had wanted to keep things as formal as possible, but things were not developing that way. "I came over, and I called yesterday, because Bobbi is very upset about you. I should tell you that she's thinking of taking legal action against you. I've heard my sister's story, and now I'd like to hear yours."

The words sounded pompous as she said them, but she hoped they'd do the trick. Maybe she could trip him up if his version was different from Bobbi's. She could hardly keep her eyes away from the bulge in his pants. He was as well-equipped as he was handsome, she could see that.

Paul was having a little trouble of his own. His glance slid over Dianne's body. She looked so much like her sister! The resemblance was amazing. The same facial features, the same big tits, the same everything, only Dianne was like a lighter version of the same girl. And she looked more mature, more experienced than Bobbi. The thought of the young girl made his crotch tingle, and he felt his cock expand.

"Well, I'll tell you exactly what happened. I don't mind saying that I was a little loaded at the time. I asked her to come in and told her I wanted to speak to her privately. I gave her a receipt for her rent. Then I asked her if she would go to the mountains with me. She said no. Bobbi, as I'm sure you realize, has the sort of body that men would kill for. Women would kill to get one like it, if they could. Well, I'm not any different from anybody else."

He paused and took a sip of his drink. "Bobbi is not a stupid girl. She knew that I wanted. I let her know that I would help her, uh, with the rent if she would go with me. She was a little, uh, shocked. I thought that maybe she

needed a little more direct convincing, so I kissed her. I wanted to do more than just kiss her. And by the way, my offer still stands."

One part of Dianne's mind was a turmoil of confusion. She had hoped to use his own words against him. She had expected him to at least hedge and distort his version, but here he was brazenly and openly admitting what he had done, and saying that he would like to finish what he had started! Dianne did not quite know how to deal with his unexpected -forwardness.

The rest of her mind was silently directing itself to Bobbi. Sis, she thought, you were a fool! How stupid can you get? This gorgeous guy wants you, and you turn him down!

She could almost feel his eyes burning into her as they raked over her body. She crossed her legs defensively. Paul liked the way her skirt hiked up, exposing her knees and a little bit of her thighs. He longed to run his hands over them. All this talk brought back the memory of yesterday in sharp detail, and it was combining with Dianne's presence to give him a massive cockstand that was almost uncomfortable.

"That's about the same thing Bobbi told me," Dianne said. "I'm afraid she is still upset enough to want to press charges. And it certainly sounds like assault to me. You tried to force her to-to have sexual relations with you. We-"

Paul interrupted her with a laugh. "That's ridiculous. I couldn't be

convicted of anything for stealing a kiss."

"Stealing a kiss is not the same as attempted rape.

"That wasn't attempted rape. Her boyfriend was waiting for her in the car. I made an offer to Bobbi. Whether she accepts it or not is entirely up to her." He was getting annoyed, and it showed in the tone of his voice.

"Look, we're ready to drop everything here and now. But you should also do something to make up for your-what you did. Bobbi doesn't have much money, as you know, and we thought that if she could live here rent-free for a while it would be adequate compensation." The words came blurring out of her mouth, and they did not sound as she wanted them to.

"What's this? So you've got some stupid idea of blackmailing me?" Paul was not sure what made him angrier-the idea that this woman would try something like this, or the clumsy ineptness of her attempt.

"Look, I didn't force your sister to do anything but kiss me. I didn't kick her out-she told me that she'd be leaving. She didn't have to do that."

"You can't get away with forcing women to do what you want these days. They won't put up with it any more."

Now she was doing a women's lib number! "I've learned over the years

that no woman gets forced to do anything she doesn't want to do with a man. If she wants it, she'll do it anyway. If not, she won't."

"Wrong," Dianne said. "People can be made to do things. But I certainly wouldn't ever let you make me do anything."

"That sounds almost like a challenge," Paul said as he put his glass down on the coffee table before him. "Well--"

With no warning, his left arm shot out toward Dianne. The meaty hand clamped itself round the back of her neck and the fingers dug cruelly into her flesh, making her gasp.

Maybe I can't have Bobbi, Paul thought, but I can have her sister!

Dianne had no time in which to react. Paul's lightning-quick hand had taken her completely by surprise. Her fingers released the drink she had been holding and the glass fell to the floor. She tried to twist away from his hand, which was grasping her neck, but she couldn't. She let out the first part of what she intended to be an ear-piercing scream, but the pressure on her neck increased so that tears came to her screwed-shut eyes. The scream lessened to a moan, and she struggled to breathe.

"No loud noises; now," he said. "You just be a quiet girl." His grip loosened but remained firm.

"You goddamned shithead! You fucking pig! I'll have you... OOWWW!"

"No ugly talk, either. I don't like swearing in my house. Now you're going to do just what I want you to do. I'm going to give you a first-hand lesson in force. Afterwards I think you'll change your mind and agree with me."

Rebellion flared in her eyes. His hand had let up again, but her neck felt paralyzed.

"Now take off that blouse. I want to see if your tits are everything that you advertise them to be. Come on, hurry up."

"No, no, you son of a bitch! I'll never-" His fingers tightened until hot red waves of pain flashed behind her eyelids.

"All right! Please stop!" she gasped. "I'll do what you say!"

He was smiling at her. He had won for the moment, but she knew she would get her revenge. His face was close to hers, but she could not meet his steady gaze. He made her feel more naked than she had ever felt. Many men had seen her with no clothes on, but she felt strangely shy and uncomfortable about removing her blouse. Her trembling fingers undid the buttons one by one.

When that was finished, she shrugged the garment off her shoulders and put her arms behind her to get it off.

Her movement made her tits jut upward enticingly. Paul licked his lips in anticipation of what was to come.

Now she reached behind her to her bra and unsnapped the hooks. The front of her body was hidden from his view for a moment as she shed the bra. Then her arms moved away, and he saw the full glory of her breasts exposed to him. They were even larger than he thought they would be, and they jiggled with every slight movement that the woman made. And they were perfect-not a mark or a blemish anywhere.

"I guess I can't get you for false advertising," he said. "But I like to see hard nipples. Make them stand up."

This bastard has really flipped, she thought. But he has me where he wants me, and there's nothing I can do. Obediently her hands went to her tits and she took each nipple between a thumb and forefinger. They responded slowly, but gradually the pulpy little masses stiffened and stood up. In spite of her fear and her revulsion, she felt tingles shooting all through her breasts.

"That's right. That's real nice. Now take your hands away." He considered her titties for a moment. The nipples were good and hard now and projected

outward.

"You're being real cooperative. That's good. Now I'm going to see if your mouth is as talented as I think it is." His right hand went to his zipper and pulled it down. He unsnapped his pants. His rigid cock popped out to attention and pulsed eagerly.

Fear welled up in her again. His prick had to be the largest she had ever seen! It must be at least nine inches long! And it was thick, too! Its size terrified her as she looked at the purplish glans.

"I can't! No, it won't fit, it's too big! I could never get it in my mouth!"

"I think you can. Remember who's in charge here, baby. Just get your lips around it."

He was forcing her head down toward his cock. She resisted his pull, but he was much stronger.

"Now be nice, honey. I know you have sharp teeth, but you'd better not try to use them on me." He tightened his grip painfully on her neck momentarily, then loosened it. "I could arrange it so you'd never move your head again. I know you wouldn't like wearing a neck brace for the rest of your life. Now lick it."

He was right, she knew. There was no use resisting. The best she could do was comply with his desires. She realized that she had only felt a small portion of the strength in his powerful arms. It would be best if she got this thing over with as soon as she could.

He did not need to push her now. Compliantly she bent over, him, one hand circling around the thick base of his cock. She ran her fingers along its length, tracing the delicate purple-black veins that stood out and pulsed along its surface. She flicked out her tongue and began to slowly lick away the salty emission that had formed around the slit. The taste was not unpleasant., She licked all around the mushroom-shaped cap of his cock, and she heard him groan with the intense pleasure her soft tonguing was giving him.

"Now," he said in a rasping whisper, "take my cock in your throat. All the way."

She started to raise her head to protest that it was impossible, that she could not take much more than half of his prong in her mouth, but he pushed her back down on him and her complaints were muffled. She encircled her lips just where the head of his tool ended and slowly worked her way downward over the stiff shaft until the tip bumped against the roof of her mouth. She sucked lightly, then pulled her head up quickly to begin another stroke.

He sucked in air between his teeth. The pleasure he felt was sharp, almost painful. He felt her tongue begin to lick the side of his prick as her head sank down on him again. He enjoyed making her do just as he told her.

She wasn't Bobbi, but pretty close, and he had her right where he wanted her.

His fingers were no longer digging into her neck; his hand only rested lightly there. Knowing that she would continue her mouth play without any further urging from him, he withdrew his left hand from her neck and found the elastic band of her skirt. While his other hand grasped and fondled her titty, he used his left to pull down the skirt until it fell down to her knees. He pulled aside the thin material at the crotch and rubbed his finger along her hairy cleft. He found her love button and toyed with it, but for his own enjoyment, not for hers. Then he dipped his middle finger into her cunt and withdrew it. He spread the wetness on his finger all along her crease and began to roughly tease her clitoris.

In spite of herself, she pressed her loins back against his finger, trying to come in contact with as much of his teasing finger as she could. His cock almost slipped from her mouth.

"Easy there," he said. "So you like that, do you? We'll get to it later. Now suck me, suck my whole prick."

She was disappointed when his hand left her pussy. She hated to admit it to herself, but it had felt good! Her neck was still sore, and she felt his hand touch it and force her down even further on his engorged shaft. She knew that this nightmare would end as soon as he came. She had to make him come. A little more licking would do it.

But even as she tried to lift her head to revolve her tongue around his swollen glans, she felt him pushing her down.

"Take it all now, baby. I want to feel my cock in your throat."

She almost gagged at the insistent pressure on her tonsils. She had sucked guys oft but she had never deep-throated anybody before. Well, she would have to now. She held her breath and just managed to keep from retching as the thick head slid into the tight passage.

She was doing it! She did not really like the tickling feeling in her throat, but she was excited as her nose brushed into his dense pubic hair. There!

The whole incredible length of his cock was in her mouth and throat!

He groaned. He was totally encased in her mouth, and her lips were touching his pubic bone. The swirling pressure in his balls was building up, and his cock was threatening to shoot a big, creamy load into her. He ached desperately to let go, but he did not want to come yet. He wasn't finished with her.

So when she came up for air he let his cock slide completely out of her warm mouth. He pushed the coffee table out of the way with his foot and stood up, kicking his pants off as he did so. Then he grabbed her around the middle and easily lifted her off the couch. She struggled weakly in his arms,

most of the fight gone out of her.

"What are you doing? Put me down!"

He did put her down. The top part of her body was over the couch, her knees on the floor. Her ass stuck up in the air invitingly. She made a half-hearted attempt to get up, but he pushed her roughly back down into the cushions. He kept his hand on her back as he knelt down behind her.

The skirt had fallen off when he picked her up, but the panties remained. He roughly pulled them down to her knees as she whimpered, her head tossing from side to side slowly.

While he was letting his balls recover from the exquisite mouth work his cock had just received, he admired the pouting pussy-lips that were exposed before him. He thrust his upright finger into her cunt, paying closer attention to the feel of her cuntal sheath.

"Oh...no...no...please don't" But as the finger teased its way in and out, she felt warm pangs flow through her. It was horrible, but she was turning on!

"Oh...ahhhh...no...please...ahhhh, yes please don't." Her hips gyrated slowly in counterpoint to his motions.

"You forget. But in this case I'm going to listen to you."

His hand left her. She felt nothing for a moment. Then his hand was on her buttock, pushing it to one side. He was worming one finger into her tight anus. She tensed against the unwelcome intrusion, but he forced his way past the muscular ring. He pushed all the way into the constricted canal, then pulled his finger out quickly and suddenly.

She was petrified. She let herself be ass-fucked occasionally, mainly to please Dave. But he was always careful and slow. She didn't like for him to go in very deep. But this enormous cock was something else again.

"God, no. . . not that! Please don't do that to me!"

He laughed. "You forgot again. I do what I want, remember?" As he said this, he knelt behind her so that the end of his cock was poised just in front of the entrance to her asshole. Knowing that some lubrication could not hurt his project, he dipped his hand into her juicy honeypot and spread the liquid onto his cock. He pushed the point against her brown, puckered asshole as he spread her trembling buttocks apart. He wanted to see his cock slide into her ass.

Once again, she knew that there was no escaping what he had in store for her. Then his thick tool pushed against her tense anus. It hurt a little. He pressed much harder, and it hurt a lot! As the head of his brutal cock went past the resisting sphincter, she screamed into the cushions.

But the sharp pain only lasted a second. Then he was in her, his cock pushing relentlessly deeper and deeper into her bowels. The unpleasantness passed, and she realized that he had pushed her over the threshold of pain and into the area of obscenely dirty pleasure. She felt stuffed and filled, and the burning rod that was embedded in her asshole made her jerk and thrill as he drove slowly into her.

She wanted to open herself wider for him, but her panties were still around her thighs above her knees, and prevented her from opening her legs. He was resting some of his weight on her back as he pushed. She felt utterly powerless, and was able only to surrender herself to the rushes of hot sensation that ripped their way through her.

"Ohhhh...it feels good, so good...yes... more." Her words excited him almost as much as the sight of his stiff pole disappearing into her little asshole. But he did not speed up. Abruptly, he felt her push against him as if she were trying to impale herself on his cock. He realized that his pubic hair was rubbing against her ass. Again, he was in her to the hilt. Her body was covered with perspiration. He gleefully raised himself slightly, delighting in the feel of his cock slipping in and out as her hips gyrated wildly. She was really steamed up!

She had never felt like such an animal. Coarse groans left her mouth with each movement she made. She was sucked into a whirlpool of raging sensual delight unlike anything she had ever known. Nobody had ever fucked her like this before! Her rage was gone, and she only wanted more cock, more of that plowing prick in her!

"God! Oh shit! Fuck my cunt!"

She inflamed him. He reluctantly withdrew from the warm channel, feeling her anus nip and pull at his cock as it popped out. He felt feverish, as if he were on fire. His loins churned with raging need.

"You see what I meant? I didn't make you do anything. You're hot now, and you want my cock in you just as much as I want to put it there."

She reached behind her and put her hand firmly around his big staff. With a little animal-like growl, she put the tip of it inside her pussy lips and pushed backward against him. The slick shaft penetrated her.

"Now fuck me, hard!"

He felt out of control. His cock was bursting. He plunged right into her. His swollen balls slapped against her thighs. He did not hold back now-he wanted nothing more than to pump her full of his boiling cum.

A great shudder went through her body, then she was motionless. Her thighs clenched, her arms pressed against her ribs. She seemed to draw in upon herself for a second. Then she exploded into a frenzy of cries, her writhing body thrashing on the cock that pinioned her.

He almost went through the roof as her pussy contracted and milked his cock. Then he came, his engorged cock spewing great gushes of white-hot cum over her cuntal walls. He shot into her again and again. Finally he collapsed in a sweaty heap of fulfilled pleasure, hearing only her sounds of satisfaction.

Dave Richards loosened his necktie. The heat made him feel irritable and edgy.

Shit, he thought, this is ridiculous. It's stupid to wear business clothes like these in weather like this. Just plain stupid. The ways people torture themselves to keep up respectable appearances. Bullshit.

He leaned back in the seat of the taxi, trying to relax, wiping beads of moisture from his forehead. Well, it had been another trip. More money than he had ever made on one deal before, a nice commission. Why, on that thing alone he would make more money than he used to in a year when he worked strictly in town. It took, months, sometimes years to set up that sort of deal, but when they paid off, they paid off big. And he had traded his company into some land which would be very valuable property in another five or ten years when Phoenix expanded out to it. All in all, he was pretty happy with himself.

"Here y'are," the driver said as he pulled to a stop in front of Dave's house. "That'll be eight and a quarter."

Dave sighed, but he was resigned to the usual fare from the airport to the other side of town where he lived. Expense-account stuff, but it still mildly annoyed him. It would have been better to have called Dianne to come pick him up, but she didn't expect him until tomorrow. Besides, he wanted to surprise her in a special way.

Chapter Six

Thinking that his wife would probably be in the back yard trying to get it into shape, Dave made his way along the right side of the house. Dianne wasn't there. In fact, the place looked just like it had when he saw it a couple days ago. It was funny, because he knew she had wanted to get it fixed up as soon as possible. Oh well, she had probably gotten sidetracked.

He became aware of the radio music that came from their bedroom. He looked in and saw the flash of her blue bathrobe as she went from the bedroom into the bathroom. So she was taking a shower, that was where she was.

An exciting idea occurred to him. He would surprise her in the shower. They could soap each other up good and then adjourn to the bedroom. It was perfect.

He walked over to the kitchen door and went in, setting his briefcase down and hanging his jacket over the back of one of the kitchen chairs. It

would be a lot more fun, he thought, if he took off his clothes and just got into the shower with her, unannounced. Was Dianne ever going to be surprised!

He shed the rest of his clothing quickly, carefully folding his pants and putting them on the chair with the rest of the stuff. He looked over into the bedroom again, but didn't see Dianne. She was still in the shower.

His balls itched and he scratched them. His cock was at about half-mast now, but rising higher with each second. By the time he reached the bathroom door, it stuck out rigidly in front of him.

Just the way Dianne likes it, he thought. Now for the fun.

He quietly stepped into the bathroom and stopped for a moment to consider the situation. He couldn't see the details through the shower curtain, but he saw her body moving as she washed herself under the water. She was humming along with the song that was on the radio. It looked to him as if she were washing her hair.

Continuing to watch the shadowy form move behind the shower curtain, Dave stepped over by the back of the tub. He would get in as soon as she bent down to get shampoo or cream rinse or soap off the tub ledge. He watched attentively for a moment, and then saw his chance.

Dave's hand pushed the curtain aside and he jumped in, carefully so as not

to slip on the slick porcelain. He turned and saw the inviting half-moons of her buttocks presented to him, her legs barely concealing wisps of pussy-hair that peeked out. But he had only a second to glance at all this.

Automatically, he thrust his prick between her thighs, rubbing against the soft skin of the hairy cleft of her crotch. His hands reached around in front of her and grasped the pendulous masses that hung down from her chest.

"Gotcha!" he yelled. "I'm the afternoon rapist, and I demand your valuables!" As he said, this his hand went to her cunt. Immediately he realized something was wrong. It didn't feel. .. right.

"Jesus!" she yelled back. "What in the hell!"

She straightened up and twisted in his arms, his hands sliding over her slippery skin. He almost tumbled backward at the sudden motion. Her long, wet hair flipped against his throat as she turned. He couldn't believe his mistake.

"Bobbi!" He was stunned. "I thought you were Dianne! Oh, no, this is terrible... I don't know how to.. . I mean, I didn't know it was you. Jesus H. Christ! Uh, where's Dianne?" he finished lamely.

Bobbi was still amazed at finding someone in the shower with her. She recovered from her surprise quickly, faster than her brother-in-law. She almost had to laugh at his reddening, flustered face. He was so

embarrassed.

"She... she's over at my place, talking to Mr. Giddings."

"Talking to him? What about?"

"I told him I was leaving. I changed my mind. But I didn't want to talk to him myself, so Dianne did."

The water ran over Bobbi's tawny flesh. She made no attempt to cover herself. Nor did he, suddenly realizing that his throbbing cock was still poised and ready for action.

They stared wordlessly at each other for a few moments, their eyes silently taking in each other's bodies. Then they began laughing as the ridiculousness of the situation struck them both at the same time.

Bobbi coyly turned her back as the laughter shook her. When the fit had passed, she took a deep breath.

"I don't know who was scared more-me when you grabbed me, or you when you realized I wasn't Dianne."

"I know, I know," Dave said. "But you looked pretty funny yourself when

you turned around." He wished she would turn around again. He could never get enough of that slim young body.

"I guess I'd better get out now."

"No. We're relatives, after all. And you deserve something for frightening me that way. Scrub my back." She didn't add that she had been expecting her sister soon, and had been freshening herself for the sex she expected and desperately needed.

"When will Dianne be back?" he asked, taking the washcloth she offered him.

"I don't know. She's been gone for hours, and she was supposed to be back pretty soon after she left."

He lathered up her back and began to rub away. His hand slid over her easily with its soapy lubrication. He worked at the little hollows that formed under her shoulder blades, on either side of her spine. Her hair looked even longer when it was wet, and he gathered it together in a bundle with his free hand to keep it out of the way of his sudsy hand. He loved the curve of her ass. He longed to run his hands over her buttocks.

Practically against his will, he was working his way down that way. He massaged one tight ass cheek.

"Feel OK?" he asked.

"Ummm, feels real nice," she replied. "You're doing fine."

His prick was at full extension now. His caution was evaporating as his excitement flamed. He released her hair and placed his left hand on her waist as if to brace her against the counter-pressure of his washing hand. He continued rubbing her ass.

Then the washcloth was between her thighs and running up and down her cuntal area. She wanted to tell him to stop it, but the quickening pleasure in her groin made the protest die in her throat before she could utter it. It felt too good for her to ask him to quit. She wanted to have her pussy touched by his strong hand.

"Am I still doing all right?" he whispered in her ear as the water pelted down on their heads. In spite of his arousal he felt a little reluctant. He didn't know how she would react.

She spread her legs wider as the delectable sensations sharpened. He was so gentle, so careful. The pressure at her crotch was firm but not rough.

His breathing told her that he was excited, too, like her.

He moved his hand from her waist up to cup one full tit. He liked the weight of it in his hand, and he lifted a little to feel the heft of it. Yes, she definitely took after his wife. It was odd that their coloring was so different. Her breast swelled under his touch just like Dianne's did. The nipples were taut and outstretched in arousal, imploring his finger to play with them.

"Oh, yes," she panted. "It feels so good. But now let me wash you."

"Sure, be my guest"

She turned to face him and his manly scent met her nostrils in the steamy mist of the shower. She hung the washcloth on the towel rack. She wanted to use her hands and feel his skin directly.

His hairy chest felt so. . . different as she lathered it. She was surprised to see his flat little nipples perk up as her hand passed over them.

"Does that always happen?" she asked, looking up at him.

"No," he laughed. "Only when someone pays attention to them like you just did. Of course, you can't see the difference like you can with yours."

He playfully tweaked the two taut nubbins, sending a shiver through the young girl.

"Here," he said, sloshing fresh water over his chest to remove the soap. "Take one in your mouth and suck. Use your teeth, but not too hard."

This was exciting! She was finding out new things, things she had never thought about before. He was patient with her, not demanding. She did not feel threatened like she had with Ron, only horny. It was different now, and she thought that maybe she had Dianne to thank for that.

Her head eagerly bent down to his chest and she sucked the dark coin of his nipple into her mouth. There was almost no taste at all. She whipped her tongue over the hard little point and pressed it against the backs of her front teeth. She rolled it a few times, lubricating it well with her saliva. This was making her more excited. She held it in with the suction of her mouth, getting her teeth on either side. She bit down, trying to go easy as he had said, but her excitement made her bear down harder than she meant to.

"Owww!" The nipple jerked out of her mouth.

"Oh.. . I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

"Yes .. I mean no, not really. It felt good." He looked down at his chest. "Just as long as you didn't draw blood," he laughed. "You really don't know

much about men, do you?"

"N-no, I guess I don't," she replied. "But I think I want to learn."

"Good. Why don't you wash my prick now." He could hardly wait to feel her smooth hands on his upright prong.

She lathered up her hands and spread the soap quickly over his cock and balls. He grunted once as she did so. She paid close attention to him. She had never really been able to look at a cock at close range like this. The head grazed along her wrist as her hand went to the hairy sac that hung below. She slowly moved her hand, letting his balls rub against the slick palm of her hand. His cock throbbed more forcefully now.

"Oohhh, yes, baby, that's it. Now touch the back, the underside."

As she massaged, he jerked and inhaled sharply. Her other hand found his prick and wrapped around it. It was so big! She could with a little effort get her thumb to touch the tips of the fingers on the underside of his shaft, but she had to squeeze the spongy mass of flesh to manage it. Her manual compression made him groan again.

He liked it! She moved her hand to a different place and squeezed again, taking care that her fingernails didn't dig into the sensitive skin. She was rewarded with another groan and a wiggle of his hips.

Two hands should be better than one, she thought. She grasped his cock with both hands, bracing one hand against the hard place, in the thicket of pubic hair and putting the other against it, as if she were holding a baseball bat. The rod seemed iron hard to her first touch, but it gave slightly when she squeezed, this time with both hands. She continued the movement, making it more rhythmic and speeding up. Only the purplish glans showed fully now, flaring outward when she applied pressure, then thinning when she released.

She squeezed as hard as she dared.

If this luscious girl kept it up, he was going to come right in her hands! Abruptly, the alternating pressure stopped, though her hands remained on him. She was staring down at his prick.

"What's wrong?" he panted. "You're doing great! Don't stop now."

"I just noticed that you're.., you're leaking!" She giggled. "Did you come?"

"Hell, no!" he roared, finally understanding. His young sister-in-law put on a good act of knowing everything about sex, the way she bounced around, but he had not until now understood the extent of her ignorance.

"That's just pre-seminal fluid," he said, feeling like a professor lecturing

a class. "It means that I'm very excited. I didn't come, but I would have in another minute or so. It's just like the way your cunt juices when you're excited."

She took the clear drop from the tiny slit of his cock and rolled it between two fingers. It was very slippery, almost slimy. Already another drop was forming slowly at the tip of his cock.

"Would you like a taste of things to come?" he asked. She looked at him blankly. "I mean, would you like to suck it?"

"Oh yes!" she said, her hands resuming their hold. But she looked dubious. "But I don't think it would all fit in my mouth. And I might do it wrong-I might hurt you."

"Don't worry. I'll tell you what to do."

His legs were tensed against the sides of the tub. He realized that he was getting uncomfortable from having stood there so long. It would be better if she would give him head in the bed, where he could lie down. He motioned to her to get out, and she turned off the water as he stepped onto the rug. The excitement was bright in her eyes as they toweled off. She could hardly wait to get his hard prick in her mouth.

He went out to the bed and lay down on his back. She stood at the foot

watching him uncertainly.

"What do I do first?"

"Well, to begin with, you can get on the bed and lick my balls. But whatever you do, don't use your teeth this time."

She nodded in agreement. Her head went between his legs, her damp hair falling over his stomach and legs. She grasped the base of his cock in her left hand, so she could get to his tightening balls easily. But there was really no need, because his erect prick was standing straight up in the air. The idea of directing this all-too-willing girl to go down on him was tremendously arousing!

Her tongue went out to follow the shallow hollow that divided his sperm-sacs. The short hairs tickled her nose. As her tongue wetly swished over the curves, she felt him tense. She gently took one testicle in her mouth, letting her tongue caress it lovingly. Then, using her free hand, she slipped the other one in. They did not fill her mouth, so she inched up until all of the scrotal skin was inside. She bathed his balls in the warm juices of her mouth for a moment, then began to move her tongue.

"Take it easy, now, don't go too fast or too hard. Oh, yes, that's it, that's just exactly right. Just sort of warm them up. That's perfect. Remember that a man's balls are the most sensitive part of his body, except possibly for his cock."

She wanted to get his prick in her mouth. She let the balls pop out of her mouth and moved to his stiff dick. Her lips formed a tight ring around his engorged glans as she used the point of her tongue to capture the clear fluid that was again emerging from the hole in his meat.

"Whoa? Not so fast! You've got to lick and kiss and nibble first. Tease around a while before you get down to serious sucking."

"I just wanted to see what you tasted like," she said as she rolled his slippery juices on her tongue, tasting them. Not bad, she decided. It had a stronger taste than Dianne's pussy juice.

"I like it," she purred.. "I wish there were more."

"There is. I'll show you a trick every boy learns before he's thirteen. See that ridge on the bottom of my prick? Put your thumb at the very bottom and push up. Keep a firm pressure."

She did as he told her to. As her thumb neared the small pinch of skin where the glans started on the underside of his cock, she was delighted to see more of the exciting, delicious wetness emerge and cling to the head. She immediately clamped her hips over the bulb and licked away every drop, thrilling to its pungent taste. Her tongue darted at his slit so as not to miss a drop.

"OK. . . Jesus. . . take it easy," he moaned.

Her sweet mouth left him. "Don't you like it?"

"I love it! But don't do that just yet. Do like I told you before."

She felt like she was on fire. She felt a hunger in her cunt that she was trying to fill by way of her mouth. She drove back down on the stiff rod and began to nibble and lick it, working up from the base to the head. She paid careful attention to the taut skin on the head of his prick, working her tongue over the surface, as if it were a lollipop.

He was moving his hips now as her tongue laved him. There was an increasing pressure in his balls that demanded to be relieved. But the best part had not happened yet.

"Oh baby, sweet baby. . . take it in your mouth . . . now . . . suck it, suck it!"

They were both breathing hard. Her clit was throbbing insistently for attention.

"You do it to me, too, at the same time! Please!"

"Ok, yes! Move that pussy of yours over here where I can get at it."

She obliged by reversing herself over him, swinging her cunt to his mouth. A few drops of moisture dripped onto his chin. He lapped her cleft from top to bottom to remove all the residue, but it came out of her as if from a well. It seemed that the more he sucked, the more she produced. It was incredible!

He put his hands around her smooth young flanks and pushed her cunt down even harder on his lapping tongue. He had expected for her to have a tight little virgin hole, but he was not at all prepared for the actual proportions. His tongue could only penetrate a little way past the tough hymen at the entrance. He doubted that his finger would even go through, unless maybe he used the smallest one.

He wanted to bust her cherry in the worst way. He wanted to feel the thick head of his prick bust through that membrane and into the warm folds within! He knew that she had never had another cock in her, and the excitement of being the first appealed so strongly to him that he lifted her cunt off his face to tell her to lie down and turn over.

The absence of his sweet tongue and lips was more than she could take. She thrust herself back down on his wonderful mouth. Instinctively, his lips and tongue resumed their activity as her thighs clamped onto his head demandingly.

As the sensations resumed their intensity, she redoubled her mouth work. Her tongue lashed at the crown of his prick. She loved the way it filled her mouth. The head bumped the back of her throat as she moved her head up and down. She quickened the up-and-down motion. She felt like some maniac now, wanting his cock in her mouth. She wanted to make him come and come and come. She groaned helplessly as his tongue swiveled around her clit, alternating with his sucking lips.

The groan seemed to reverberate all through his dick in mind-shattering vibrations. He thought again of dc-flowering her, and made his tongue pointed and stiff, jamming it into the tiny vaginal orifice. Getting the idea, she moved up and down as far as she could, his stiff tongue stretching her cherry to its limit.

They came together, his tongue feeling the new wetness seeping from her cuntal walls to trickle out of the little opening his tongue was attacking. His balls churned as his jumping pecker spewed its boiling load into her warm mouth. She felt the stream of cum splash against her cheeks and she swallowed convulsively.

It had been a magnificent orgasm for her, but she felt as if it were only a beginning. She moved off him as his prick grew softer and limper in her hand. She felt ready for anything. It was like a tiger had just been released from its cage.

"Oh, God, that was fantastic! Let's do it again! Only this time I want you

to fuck me!"

Her words made his pulse quicken, but his cock lay lifelessly between his legs. "Shit," he panted, "I haven't recovered from the last one! Give me a chance. I'm not made of steel, you know."

"I bet I can make it hard again," Bobbi said.

In spite of his weak protests, she took the limp cock between her lips and began to tongue him again. At first the licking motions were almost painful on his sensitive prick, but soon the torturing lapping turned to a sweet sensation that made his buttocks tense. Sure enough, his cock was slowly growing larger and harder again.

Chapter Seven

Dianne made her way back home slowly. She felt a little woozy. It couldn't have been the booze, she thought; she hadn't had time to finish off any more than about half the drink she had been given. Drunk on sex, she thought, that has to be it. She'd never been fucked like that. Paul had shown her the masochist that had been lurking within her all this time. She couldn't wait to tell Bobbi about what had happened. She would probably be home and waiting for her, ready for some more action.

Jesus, I'm a little sore. It wasn't surprising considering the massive size of the dong that he had repeatedly sunk into her. Her cunt felt stretched

and mistreated, though she hardly considered what had been happening to her for the past couple hours of mistreatment. But after the battering she had received, she thought she could use a little female tonguing to soothe her swollen cuntlips. And her story would turn Bobbi on too. She could hardly wait to get home.

She had gotten her revenge finally, after a fashion. Paul was capable of being gentle, too, she had discovered, but he got off on semi-violent scenes like the one they had played. He told her that he would never had considered such a thing had she not appeared to be challenging him. Had she really wanted to fuck him all along, as he insisted she had? Had she secretly wanted him to force her to have sex with him? She honestly didn't know, but the results were wonderful.

She enjoyed tying him to his bed and seeing him lie there helpless with his big, hard prick standing up in the air. Several times she had sucked him almost to the point of orgasm, only to stop just short of him actually coming. He had begged her to finish him off every time she stopped, but she refused teasingly. She made him suck her, too, pushing her cunt at his mouth- and telling him exactly where to apply his tongue and when to lick. It took a massive amount of her will power to make him stop just before she popped her cookies, too. Then she would return to make his stiff shaft jerk until he groaned and strained against the bed in unbearable ecstasy. She made him lick her to a shuddering climax before she let him release his straining load. She had wanted to watch him spew his white cum into the air like a fountain, so she had frigged him with her hand while she tickled his prostate with her middle finger moving around in his rectum.

The minor irritation of her pussy only served to make her hornier as she

felt the slight friction that her legs created as she walked. Amused, she realized that she had spent virtually the entire last twenty-four hours having sex of one kind or another. Definitely a record of some kind for her. But it was a good thing it hadn't all been with guys, particularly with men as well-endowed as Paul Giddings. Otherwise, she would be so reamed out both fore and aft that she would probably be getting bills from Roto-Rooter for months to come.

Well, being in a rut the way she had been for the last week, none of this was very surprising. Everywhere she turned, it seemed, there was some horny man ready to help satisfy her salacious urgings. And the more she fucked, the more she wanted to fuck. Like now: she ought to be all played-out sexually, but she was far from that. The first thing she wanted to do when she got home was to share her horny mood with her sister.

Possibly it had been a mistake to invite Paul over the following night, but she really wanted to try to maneuver a thee-way thing with Dave. He might not want to, but she suspected he would. And if things didn't turn out that way, that would be all right. Anyway, the pretext for his visit would be to straighten things out between him and Bobbi.

Yes, Bobbi, dear Bobbi. She opened the door and then shut it behind her. She saw no sign of her sister when she entered, but she heard music coming from the bedroom. Well, Bobbi could wait for a few minutes more, because right now she was dying of thirst. A nice drink of cold water would be just the thing for her parched throat.

She went into the kitchen, got the plastic container out of the

refrigerator, and poured herself a big glass of water. She took a couple gulps to soothe her dry mouth, then sat down.

That's funny, she thought. Here are Dave's briefcase and coat. Also his shoes, socks, pants and underwear. What's this? He wasn't supposed to return until tomorrow. Shit. That meant she and Bobbi wouldn't be able to have any more of their girly fun. But why are all his clothes here in the kitchen?

A sudden, exciting suspicion grew in her mind. She jumped up from the chair and went to the sink, looking out of the window and over to the bedroom. Sure enough, there they were! She saw Bobbi hunched over her husband, her mouth at his crotch and his mouth at hers. They were twisting and humping together. As her sister's head drew up, she saw part of the length of Dave's white cock emerge from her mouth. Then her head bobbed back down and his prick disappeared.

My God! My husband and my sister are fucking each other! A twinge of jealousy passed through her. Then it came to her. Her feeling was not one of jealousy-it was disappointment because she wasn't there with them getting her kicks! And she had wanted to manipulate the situation into being, make it happen when and where she wanted it to, and with her as part of it. It was obvious to her now and she felt herself relax with the realization.

It wasn't too late, though-she could still get into their sex fun. But she could see from their frenzied movements that neither of them were too far from coming. If she went in now, she might just ruin everything. She knew how Bobbi felt about making it with guys, so she must have had to overcome

a lot of her resistance with Dave to go so far as sucking his dick. But then, Dave could be very persuasive when he wanted to be, and he would know how to handle the reluctant young girl.

A liquid tightness was gripping Dianne's loins as she watched the obscene show. She could get the details later, but right now her twat was beginning to throb insistently. She decided to wait a while before she went into them, but it wouldn't hurt in the meantime if she played with herself a little. In fact, she could just take her clothes off and add them to the pile that was already on the chair.

She continued watching the couple avidly as her hands fumbled with her clothing. Her hands went to cup her heaving breasts lovingly, and she found that the nipples had already hardened to thimble-like protrusions that made her quiver as she touched them. The soreness was rapidly vanishing from her cunt and was replaced by an electric tension.

This was something else! Her husband and her sister giving each other blow jobs! It was like watching a dirty movie, but this time she knew the actors.

Now the couple's movements grew more frenzied. Dianne wished she could get closer to see better, and also to hear their cries as their pleasure built to a peak. Dave's prick was almost completely uncovered as Bobbi lifted her mouth to its tip. Dianne could see the spit-slick white cock gleam before her sister's mouth covered it with another piston-like downstroke. She knew Dave's movements well from long experience, and she could tell from his frenzied jerkings that his climax was not far off. Her sister's head was

flashing up and down now, almost mechanically. Dave's face was covered by her pussy.

There! Dave's arms and legs shot out spasmodically as he bucked his hips up at Bobbi. Her cheeks went concave as she sucked at his spurting cock.

Dianne moaned as she imagined the luscious cream spurting into Bobbi's greedy mouth. Her finger searched for her fun button, but it was well-concealed in the slippery folds of her vulva. She continued sliding her fingers up and down her burning crease as she watched Bobbi's buttocks jerk and quiver in what had to be a volcanic come.

Now, she thought, now is the time. She felt driven by the roaring sexual fire that aged through her body. She turned away from the window and walked into the living room, through the hall, and into the bedroom.

Dianne stood in the doorway for a moment before Bobbi was aware of her form out of the corners of her eyes. Dave's cock dropped suddenly out of her mouth as she jerked her head up.

"Dianne!"

Dave was lost in his pleasure, eyes closed, when he heard Bobbi's cry of surprise. He turned over quickly and looked at his wife, who stood at the bedroom entrance with her hands on her hips.

"So!" she exclaimed in mock anger. "I come home after a difficult afternoon only to find my husband in bed with my best sister!" She tried to look stern.

From her tone and the look on her face, Dave knew she was joking. But Bobbi didn't.

"Dianne, please don't be mad. I-" The incongruity of her sister's words and her lack of clothing suddenly struck her. "Shit, you're buck naked!"

"Of course I am, honey." he went over to the big bed and sat down. "I happened to be passing by, and I caught part of your act. It looked like so much fun I thought I'd come in and join you." Her flippant tone was an attempt to cover up her eager lust.

"You mean you were watching us all this time?" asked Dave.

"I don't know about all of it," Dianne replied, sitting down on the other side of Dave. "I saw Bobbi going down on you. I saw you both pop your cookies, and I liked what I saw. But Bobbi, I thought you told me you didn't want to have anything to do with these nasty rascals. So what's the story?"

Bobbi started to say something, but Dave cut in. "It wasn't exactly her doing. It didn't take me as long as Phoenix as I expected, so I got to come

back early. Didn't seem like there'd be much point in going to work for just part of an afternoon, so I took a taxi home. I thought I saw you heading for the bathroom, so I thought I'd surprise you. I didn't know it was Bobbi instead of you until-until it was too late."

Dianne ran her hands over his chest and over his stomach, finally letting one stroke the rubbery cylinder of his cock. "Doesn't look to me like it was too late at all, lover."

"I was so different, sis!" Bobbi interjected excitedly. "He came into the shower and his cock was standing up so nice and proud! We washed each other and then we came in here and he showed me how to suck him! It was as good as doing you!"

Bobbi realized sinkingly that she had lost her head in her excitement and revealed to Dave what she and Dianne had been doing, exactly as her sister had asked her not to. She reddened as she searched Dianne's face for a clue to her reaction.

"What's that?" Dave asked.

Dianne noted her sister's consternation. The poor girl had inadvertently let the cat out of the bag. Dianne sympathized with her.

"Bobbi, honey, don't you worry. I wanted to tell him anyway. There's no sense feeling bad about something like this. It's a natural thing that can

happen between any two adult women."

"Jesus, you mean you two have been getting it on together?" Dave was surprised-Dianne had always had tendencies in a lesbian direction, but they had never seemed very strong.

"That's right," Dianne said.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Just since yesterday, that's all. Don't worry- you know I wouldn't keep something like this a secret from you." Not for very long, anyway, she added to herself.

"I'm glad. And I'm glad to know you two could get together. What's more, I'm happy we're here, all together. You know, Bobbi, I've had a lech for you ever since you started to fill out your clothes."

"Really? You mean it?" She had gotten her fill of lustful stares and suggestive comments on the street and in stores, not to mention clumsy fumbles, but Dave's naked admission had a different ring to it. She was flattered because she had figured that he just thought of her as his wife's kid sister.

"Hell, of course I mean it! And you two can make it together as often as

you want. Just let me in on the fun, that's all."

"It's true, Bobbi. If you don't believe him, just take a look at his cock!"

Bobbi's eyes went to Dave's crotch. His prick, so soft a few minutes ago, had grown again to a stiff hard-on in Dianne's flexing hand.. And it was still getting longer! Her own girly prick tingled and she squirmed, making her pussy lips rub against it wetly.

"This is wild!" Bobbi said. "I want to watch while Dianne sucks you!"

"Yeah!" he exclaimed. "Go ahead and put it in your mouth!"

Dianne felt the excitement surge up in her again. It would be so exciting to suck her husband doff while her sister looked. She bent over and took his pecker in her mouth, letting only the head penetrate past her lips. Slowly she revolved her tongue around the turgid glans, alternating that motion with a gentle suction that made him quiver. She stuck her rump up in the air, inviting his manual attentions. She felt quite comfortable-the bed was easily big enough for all of them to stretch out on it if they wished. Actually, it was not just one bed, but two double beds put together. They had to order specially made sheets to fit it, but it was worth it. It was nice to have such a large field for their sex play, which got pretty athletic sometimes when they were in that sort of mood. And now with Bobbi, they could really have some parties!

Not pausing for further preparations, he plunged two fingers into her moist cunt, pushing them in as far as he could when she opened her soft, white thighs. She wiggled her hips, and he felt the constricted ring of her anus press against his thumb. He loved to fondle her pussy while she went down on him, and occasionally she would shoot off even before he did. One beautiful girl had already sucked him today, and he was ecstatic at the opportunity to have it done again.

Bobbi felt as tense as a tuned wire. Her next come was going to be even bigger and better than before! This was so much better than watching alone in the kitchen. She noticed that her sister was not taking the entire prong in her mouth as she had done. Her oral strokes seemed to be balanced by the thrusts of Dave's right hand as his fingers disappeared between the coral-colored labia, then appeared again as he withdrew them. His thumb bumped against the crack that divided Dianne's buttocks.

There was room for Bobbi, too, between Dave's thighs. She nuzzled her lips along the sparse hair on the inside of his thigh and came to his tightening balls. As she had done before, she licked them thoroughly and took them in her mouth, using her fingers to tickle the backs of them. She heard him groan under the furious, action of the two eager mouths. She moved from the two sacs to the stem of his cock and took it lightly between her teeth, feeling her sister's movements above her. They were working as a team now, their heads close together, trying to coax the maximum possible sensation from his straining cock.

As she continued to lick at the hard pole's base, she felt Dave's other hand come over to caress her ass. He traced the cleavage of her buttocks, but he could not reach into her cunt as he had into Dianne's. Bobbi was lying

prone, and could only hunch her clit against the rough bedsheets. The combined sensations of his hand on her ass and the clitoral friction were making her shake in ecstasy. She wanted more, but did not want either of the feelings to cease.

She tried to open her legs wider, but her position didn't allow her much room for movement. She felt her ankle bump against his shoulder as his hand tried to burrow into her sopping cunt. The movement made her mouth slide up his slippery shaft and her tongue met Dianne's. A dirty thrill flashed through her as she realized that she was licking her sister's tongue as well as Dave's throbbing cock.

Dianne felt her sister's tongue slide across hers. It was incredible-she could suck- on her husband's wonderful dick and at the same time gave her sister a kiss! It made her feel obscene, but she loved it! It was a combination of the best of two worlds.

As if of the same mind, the two sisters moved their heads so that their noses brushed by each other to one side of the bottom of his cock. The tantalizing, upright staff rose vertically and kept their tongues from meeting. But their lips touched on the top and bottom sides of his prick, encasing it.

Their tongues stabbed tormentingly at the rigid flesh that separated them. In unison, they lapped at him and moved their connected mouths down over his cock until their cheeks pressed against his flattened thighs, exposing the turgid crown of his prick to the cool air. Then they moved back upward until they covered the thick mushroom-like head and bathed it in

warm saliva.

Dianne savored the delicious combination of juices in her mouth. It was almost unbearably sexy-the honey sweetness of her sister's fresh mouth was mixing with the slippery emissions that oozed freely from her husband's cock. Their two tongues were whipping the mixture into a sexual froth. The fingers in her cunt were making her clit throb and shake with explosive sensations. She was ready for a wild come-off!

Bobbi wanted to cry out at the searing fire that was burning her sex nerves. But her mouth was filled with cock and her tongue was too busy for her to be able to utter a sound. As the protruding ring at the bottom of the hard knob reached the bottom-most corner of her mouth, her searching tongue shot across the tender head to finally find the warm recesses of her sister's sweet mouth. Her tongue dueled with Dianne's in a salacious battle that could have no losers.

Dave had to struggle to keep from losing control. He wanted to come, to spurt into the two waiting caverns that were glued to his cock. The oral lashing was taking him to heights he had thought were impossible to reach. He could look down and see the two willing women sucking his cock with complete abandon. But he also wanted to hold back, to plunge his prick into his sister-in-law's virgin cunt. He knew he had good control, and could hold back his flood for almost as long as he wanted, but this two-way blow-job was more than he had bargained for!

His dilemma was solved when the two mouths suddenly slipped off his

cock.

"Hey, girls! Don't stop now! I'm just about to shoot my load!"

He was not too disappointed when the younger woman's hand gripped him firmly. But the two women were lost in each other, locked in a soul-burning kiss. Mouths together, they raised up until they were kneeling against each other, their knees pressing against Dave's sides. Their titties were almost perfect mates in size, and Dianne rubbed her nipples against her sister's as they kissed in abandon. Then her arms embraced the younger girl, pressing their ample titties tightly together. Dave's fingers were still working away in his wife's clutching cunt, but now he withdrew them. He contorted himself so that he could reach between her legs from behind to tweak the pinkish, desire-inflamed spike that extended from between her pussy lips. Excess fluid trickled out of her cunt and ran down her thighs.

"That's right, girls, get it on! Come for me. . . I want to see you come together! Now, come big!"

Dianne loved dirty talk, but even more exciting than what her husband was saying was the way he was diddling her clit with his fingers. Cunt need bubbled up in her loins, her rump moved, and she felt a feverish rush of blood. She drove the hard point of her clit down onto his hand as hard as she could without losing contact with her sister's delicious mouth. Her tongue flapped about wildly in the dark, wet pit, making Bobbi growl deep in her throat. The sweet pulses flared in her twitching, clit. She lifted her hips up, making his fingers dude to her cuntal opening. Then she jammed her cunt onto them and fell back on the bed, the fingers twisting delectably inside

her as she went.

"Oohhhh, I'm balling it! It's coming so it's so hot and good .. oh, oh, Uh, UNNNGGHH!"

She was still jerking and shaking as Dave withdrew his fingers from her cunt. They were coated with the evidence of her excitement. More liquid streaked her thighs and gleamed in her blonde pussy hair. He had never seen her so aroused! She was really getting off on this three-way and lesbian thing!

For that matter, so was he. Bobbi's hand was still on his pecker, gently frigging it, but her attention was on her sister's twitching body. When Dianne came, she really came! It was marvelously exciting to watch her clit shake as her hips shuddered and her boobs bounced. And from the look on her face, she was just as excited as he was.

"I want you to fuck me NOW!" Bobbi panted, confirming his thoughts.

"And I want to!" He sat up and looked at her. Her look was one of pure, perverse lust which quickly convinced him that she wanted, it as much as he did.

"Oh, yes," Dianne sighed. She pointed at his purplish cock. "Put it in her CUNT!"

"Here, beautiful," he said as he stood up. "Lie down flat on your back."

The young girl hurriedly arranged herself as he had directed. Her pussy ached. She wanted it filled with the big prick which bobbed hypnotically before her. She wanted to be stuffed full with it, to have the full length of it inside her.

But Dianne was still worried. "Are you sure you want to go through with this? Are you sure?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm sure. I want him to break my cherry." She looked at him and ran her tongue over her dry lips. "I've wanted his cock ever since I first saw you two together. Put it in me like you do in her!"

Then she gulped. Again, in her excitement, she had forgotten herself. But her guilt was like a grain of sand on a beach, lost in the magnitude of her driving need.

Dianne gasped in astonishment. "You mean you've watched us before? Fucking?"

She gulped again. "Yes. I-well, a couple days ago when you thought I was out there putting books away. From the kitchen. And other times, too. Once I sneaked out the back door and went up outside those doors and heard and

saw everything you did. You were on the edge of the bed, and he was going down on you. And other times, lots of other times. I know I shouldn't have, but I did."

"You poor darling," Dianne said as she planted a kiss right on her sister's full lips. "You poor, lonely girl. We never knew. Why if we had-" She stopped short.

"We would have done exactly what we're doing now, Dave finished for her.

Bobbi was relieved. Here she had told them terrible things about herself, and they didn't hate her, or lecture her, or make her feel bad! There was no need to hide anything from them any more.

"Here," she said, spreading her legs and opening her pussy lips as wide as she could with her hands. "It's all yours. I'm dying for your prick!"

"Oooooohhh!" Dianne squealed. "We're both going to love this! But you be careful, honey, and go real slow with her."

He looked down at the girl, noting the shy look that her long brown hair gave her as it fell across her eyes. But there was a smoldering fire of lust burning away underneath that thin layer of timidity. It was in her large, heaving titties, too, and in the pink spike of her clitoris. He moved over her.

Sweet rivulets of delight ran through her thighs. He smoothed her hair once, then moved his hand to his cock. He moved the head in her wet furrow, spreading the wetness on his prick and increasing the luscious tension in her, fun-button. Then he placed the tip of his cock against her quivering cunt hole.

"You doing OK, baby?"

She nodded. He was trembling with eagerness. He slowly inched his cock into her, feeling a resistance when it met with the virginal cherry. Her eyes were closed and she gave no sign of pain. So far so good. He began to steady push that would send him through her maidenhead.

It stretched slightly and then she felt a sharp sting of pain. As much as she wanted it inside her, she flinched and her hips jerked away from his cock involuntarily. Her pussy would stretch no further.

"Oooohh, it hurts! Stop!"

"Shit!" he gasped in disappointment. "I was afraid that would happen." His cock lay nestled just inside her shivering cuntal lips.

"Don't worry, honey," Dianne said, "you can fuck me instead. Don't make her hate it!"

She lay back next to Bobbi. "Don't feel bad. You just have a tough cherry, that's all."

But Bobbi did feel bad. Her big chance-she had been all primed and everything, and then she muffed it! Well, it wasn't so bad. At least she could watch them fuck, and this time up close! She brightened at the prospect, and felt even better when Dianne motioned to her.

"While he fucks me, I'm going to suck that big clit of yours! That will make you feel better!"

Bobbi moved over her sister, facing backward so she could watch. The first few licks almost made her scream, they were so delightful. She watched him part Dianne's thighs, her sister's calves hanging over the bed. She could see everything! Then his prick slid into her sister in one smooth motion, and his belly was only a scant distance from her face. She heard Dianne grunt in satisfaction, and then she saw only the distended clitoris peeking out of the mix of light and dark pubic hair.

He had denied his climax long enough. There was no finesse in his pumping thrusts as he went in and out of her. Each powerful- lunge brought a whimper from her, and Bobbi felt the body below pushed backward with each thrust.

Gratefully, he finally blasted into her sex drenched pussy. He was buried deep in the folds as they returned the spasms of his gushing cock. He felt

like his prick was bumping up against her backbone!

Bobbi saw the grimace of pleasure cross his face and she knew he was coming. The joined organs below her were no longer slapping together wetly. She screamed.

"Oh... . oh . . . ohhh . . I'm COMING!"

Dianne felt the wetness run from her lips as she sucked at the gaping pussy. She wished he could have fucked her sister, but Bobbi was enjoying this, too! As the clit in her mouth danced insanely, she peaked and the wetness oozed from her cunt to mix with her husband's hot pools of cum. Dianne could hardly believe the staggering power of her big orgasm as Bobbi's cries met her ears. It was even better with both of them coming with her!

They were a writhing, tangled mass of inflamed flesh, flailing limbs, and ecstatic cries. Dave was the first to recover from their fierce sex bout, and he pulled his still-dripping prick from Dianne's puckered cunt. There was a slight suction as he did so, and then he saw the jism run out from the bottom of the pouting cuntal lips and down between her ass cheeks.

"You really came BIG, honey!" he said.

"I know. It was great!"

"Me too!" Bobbi panted. "Maybe next time you can get it inside me!" she laughed.

"Don't worry about that," he said as he surveyed the beautiful brown-haired girl on the bed. "It just takes a little more concentration, that's all."

Dianne turned to her, too. "You were beautiful, honey! I love to suck you."

"It's mutual. Next time I'll go down on you while he's got his prick inside."

"Ooohhh, I'd love that!"

"I don't know about you two girls, but I need to make a little trip to the bathroom."

Bobbi turned to her sister after he had gone. "So tell me-what happened when you went over to talk to Mr. Giddings? Did he try anything funny? What did he say about me?" Bobbi found that she did not even want to talk about him, in spite of her curiosity. The memory of the lusty landlord put her a bit on edge, and she felt the warm clouds of sexual satisfaction begin to dissipate.

Dianne had almost forgotten about Paul and all the exciting events earlier

in the day. She didn't know how her sister would like her having fucked him.

"Well, we talked for a long time. I found out a lot about mm." She had to struggle to keep from smiling when she said This. "We decided, uh, that it would be better if he talked to you directly and you two got things straightened out between yourselves. And I think that's right. So I invited him over here tomorrow evening."

"Here! Why'd you have to do that!"

"Well, you didn't want to go back there, so I thought it would be best." She didn't add that her plans had been upstaged by their unexpected session this afternoon. But it didn't ruin what she wanted to do, it only added some spice to it. Wait until she told Dave!

"You know, he really likes you.

"OK, OK, maybe you're right. Tomorrow evening, then." But her stomach tightened into a hard, nervous knot.

The next day Ron phoned and asked Dianne if he could speak to Bobbi. She was reluctant to speak to him at first, but Dianne insisted that she should. She took the receiver from her sister's hand.

"Hello?" Her throaty voice seeped into Ron's ear, sexy as ever. His naked

prick thrilled to the sound.

"Bobbi, this is Ron. I've been trying to call you.

"I-I haven't been home. I've been over here." He struggled again to control his voice. He had to sound sincere, apologetic.

"I miss you. I've been going crazy. I'm really sorry about the other night. Don't know what came over me. You know I'd never. . . " He let his voice trail off significantly.

"Ron, don't let it bother you. Just so you know how I feel, that's all."

"Well, I want to apologize. I want you to know I'm sorry. That's mainly why I've been trying to call you. You know?"

There was a pause. Then she said, "I think I understand."

"I also wanted to know if you would go out with me tonight. We have a lot of things to talk about. Stuff has been bothering me. How would it be if I come by over there around six o'clock or so?"

"I don't know, Ron. I'm not sure I want to."

"Please, Bobbi, just this once, even if you never want to see me again. It means a lot to me. Please." He tried to put all the sexual need he felt into a romantic-sounding appeal.

Again, a pause. Then: "All right, but I'm busy tonight. Tomorrow evening OK?"

Damn, it meant he would have to delay his plan. But he couldn't very well insist. It would look funny. "OK, if that's better. Six, then, tomorrow?"

"That will be OK. Listen, I've got to go now. "Fine. Take care of yourself. Bye." There it was, all fixed. She would be in for the surprise of her life. He promised himself that no matter what she said or did tomorrow, he would go through with it. He would fuck her!

Chapter Eight

Hours later, Bobbi was still preoccupied by the telephone call. Dianne had asked her about it during supper, but she had just avoided her question. Dave had looked interested, too, but he had been satisfied to let the matter drop when she changed the subject. She had such mixed feelings about Ron. Oh, well, they could sort them out together tomorrow.

She sipped from the cocktail she held. She didn't drink much, but Dianne

had given it to her to get rid of her nervousness. She felt a little self-conscious holding the drink in her hand like a grown-up, but she didn't mind any more. Dave and Dianne were drinking the same thing. And it did help to calm her down. In fact, she felt pretty good. The taste of alcohol didn't appeal to her, but it could be pretty tasty when it was mixed with some fruit juice like this.

I could get to like this, she thought as she got up and poured herself more from the frosty pitcher.

She was startled by the doorbell. Dianne jumped up to open the door, and then Bobbi heard two voices greet each other. They were talking like they were old friends or something. She was even more surprised to see their arms around each other as they walked in from the small front hall.

Dianne couldn't keep her hands off him. Dave wouldn't mind-she had told him everything, and he was excited at the prospect of another threesome. He said he hoped it would be four people instead of just three. He was still hot for Bobbi. But they decided to wait and let Bobbi make her own decision. They weren't going to make her do anything.

Dave got up and shook hands. Then they all sat down facing each other, Dave moving over next to Bobbi. She had not said a word yet; she just sat there, ill-at-ease.

Paul took a drink from Dave. "Hello, Bobbi. How have you been doing?"

"Not so well. But you know all about that," she said sourly.

"Yes, I'm afraid I do. Look, I want you to understand something right away. You're free to come back. I've taken the sign down. No hard feelings on my part. Your sister and I had a long talk yesterday, and I want you to put your mind at ease. I won't touch you, I won't even talk to you if you don't want me to. And I'm going to do something else I don't even have to. You don't have to worry about getting your rent to me exactly on time. Just whenever you can. Fair enough?"

Bobbi thought. It seemed reasonable. And now that he was here, he didn't resemble the ogre that existed in her mind. In fact, she could even see why Dianne thought he was so attractive. She had been so wrapped up in her dislike of him that she had never really noticed the size of that big bulge in his pants.

The direction her thoughts were taking surprised her. It was true, she had changed. Such an idea would not have occurred to her a few days ago.

"OK, fair enough."

Her words seemed to break a tension that had existed in the room. Paul lighted a cigarette, Dianne chattered away at him bouncily, and Dave leaned over to Bobbi.

"Now that wasn't so hard, was it baby?" He put his arm around her shoulders and she felt his warm breath on her ear. He gave her a hug.

"No, I guess not." She smiled down demurely, and got a surprised thrill when Dave's nose nuzzled into her ear. When she looked back up, she was even more surprised, for her sister was leaning over to give Mr. Giddings a kiss. Her breasts were nudging his chest, and her hand was massaging the straining ridge at his crotch!

Bobbi didn't know it, but Paul was almost as startled as she was. He had expected some good sex, but not so fast or so soon! And he didn't think the young girl would be involved. But Dianne had been primed and ready the moment he walked in the door, lubrication already coming to her cunt. She had been thinking about Paul, about Dave, and about Bobbi all afternoon in anticipation. She had been running her sexy memories of them through her mind, imagining excitedly what she would do with the two men tonight-and maybe Bobbi, too! She didn't want to waste any time.

Paul's hand went automatically to her halter and untied it, pulling it away. He kneaded the firm cone of one breast until he heard her moan. Her lips were firmly clamped on his as they ground away. She was really turned on! Now she was sitting in a different position, rubbing her crotch against the top of his thigh as she struggled to undo his pants and get at the throbbing meat inside.

Dave watched her lovely back as she rubbed herself obscenely on Paul's

leg. It made him so horny when he watched her make it with somebody else! But this time he didn't have to stop at just watching. There was a beautiful bundle of a girl right next to him!

The interest in her eyes was plain to him as he turned to look at her face. She shivered a little as he lightly brushed his fingers over her neck. But her knees were still clamped together. His hand worked its way over her smooth knee, tickled over the inside of her thigh, and finally disappeared under her dress. He found her snatch and began to massage it. His other hand snaked further around her and he cupped her tit. Her body seemed to radiate heat, and he sensed her breathing speed up. Nobody could tell him that she wasn't turned on! In a little while he'd get her good and worked up, real juicy, the way he liked it. Then he'd make another attempt on her reluctant cunt.

"How are you doing, honey?" he whispered. He was about to ask her to take off her dress, because he wanted to see those marvelous boobs heave and take a nipple between his teeth, but just then a strangled cry came from Dianne. -"Oh, Dave, fuck me. Fuck me from behind!" Her wiggling ass was stuck up in the air, and he saw her from the side. Paul was stretched out on the couch lengthwise, his prick wet with Dianne's saliva.

"What a whore you are. You didn't even give him time to get out of his clothes!"

It was true-Paul was still fully clothed, and Dianne had only taken time to release his upthrusting cock from the zipper. She gave no reply, for her mouth was crammed full again.

Reluctantly Dave disentangled himself from Bobbi. He wanted to fuck Dianne like that while she sucked off Paul. In a flash, he was out of his clothing and positioning himself behind the arm of the couch, his knees pressing against it. He had moved his wife's legs apart so that they stuck out on either side of his thighs. He placed his palms on the half-moons of her ass and teasingly let his cock slide against her crack. He made no move to put it inside. Her hips thrust back jerkily, trying to spear herself on his hard prong. But each thrust only sent his prick slithering along her cuntal deft to rub against her belly. She began to grunt in frustration.

"Do you want it?" he asked. "Tell me how much you want it!"

Her mouth pulled up off Paul's knob, and he groaned. "Oh, yes, honey, I want it! I've got to have your big cock in me!"

But he was in no hurry. He wanted to drive her out of her mind, to prolong the sweet agony as long as possible. When she sank back down on their guest, he used his thumbs to part the down-hanging pussy lips. They opened wetly to his touch, and she thrust her ass up to him as high as she could, her crack opening even further to show her tense asshole.

Paul groaned again as her sucking mouth slid up over his glans. It was good, so good!

"Sis," Dianne panted. "Show me your cunt!"

Bobbi had been totally absorbed in the tableau before her. She was reluctant to switch from being an observer to a participant. The landlord's presence made her feel funny, a little embarrassed. But she was beginning to feel excited, too. Besides, his eyes were tightly closed. He was totally lost in the oral pleasure, and his hips were bumping up, trying to find the warm sanctuary of Dianne's mouth. It would be such fun to expose herself like that to all of them!

She slouched down, placed her bare feet on the edge of the cushion, and flipped her dress onto her stomach, her heels against her butt. She felt the air on her muff. She also saw two pairs of excited eyes on her, "Now open it up wide so we can see everything!" Dianne said.

"Yeah, open wide!" Dave added. "Play with yourself!"

Bobbi saw that Mr. Giddings had turned his head and was also watching. Again she felt reluctant. It was so nasty, showing her curd like this while they fucked each other. But why not? Her reluctance turned to obscene pleasure. She took a perverse delight in spreading her pussy apart with her hands. She hunched down a little further and spread her legs as far apart as they would go.

"Jesus!" Dave exclaimed. "You've got the prettiest cunt!"

"Honey, if you were over here I'd suck it for you," Dianne asked.

But she did not want to join the three people. Instead, she toyed with her girly prick, moving her hand away occasionally so they could get a good view. She dipped her finger into her cunny and spread the juice around the growing button.

"Suck me, suck me!" Paul said desperately. His hands pushed Dianne's head back down on his cock.

Bobbi's pussy was aching as she rubbed her downy cleft. Her clit was standing up straight and proud. It was exciting to watch Dave and Dianne, and it was even better yet to see her sister getting off with two men. Even if one of those men was Mr. Giddings. She could hardly believe the size of his prick-it was even bigger than Dave's! If he tried to put it in her, it would probably split her in two!

Dave figured he had let the delicious torment go on long enough. He feathered his dick into the woman, holding her ass still as he eased his glans past the tight constriction of her cunt entrance. The angle of entry was different from the missionary position-he felt more pressure on the underside of his shaft as it slid over her hard pubic bone.

Now it was his turn for frustration. The arm of the couch was in his way, and his cock would only penetrate her for about half its length. He could go forward only so far, no further. But by using his hands, he could move her back against him. Her sheath gripped him tighter as he rocked her backward until her buttocks slapped against his stomach. Then forward again, and

back. It was incredible! This way he could brace himself against the couch and he didn't even have to move his hips! He was fucking her just by-rocking her back and forth!

She made a guttural sound as his stiff cock entered her completely. She felt him clear to her stomach! The rocking made it harder to keep the tool in her mouth, but she had a way to deal with that. She made a tight "O" with her lips, stiffening them as much as she could to insulate the tender prick skin from her teeth. With the back-and-forth motion, it was just like he was fucking her mouth, while she got it from behind at the same time!

Paul had not been able to go as deep in her throat as he liked, but the soft, flicking tongue on his cock was better in a lot of ways. The idea wasn't as exciting, but it would bring him off a lot sooner. When he felt her lips clamp around his dick, he loved it. The boiling sperm in his balls was close to breaking through. And when she began to move her mouth on his shaft, there was no holding back. It gushed from him like lava from a volcano.

The salty, somewhat bitter taste spurred her own orgasm. She had not liked the taste of a man's cum the first few times she tried it, but she flew to like it more each time she had it in her mouth. I tasted different with different men at different times, she didn't know why. She tried to get every drop-she loved to swallow the warm, slippery emission. But she jerked with such frenzy at her own delicious release that the thick pecker came out of her mouth. She jammed herself back on her husband's prick, and she felt the flashes shoot through her cunt, her clit, up to her breasts, and all along her ass! She squealed.

Bobbi began rubbing her clit frantically as she saw the signs of two people getting their rocks off at once. Drops of white cream came from her sister's contorted mouth and a few lit in the thick tangle of Mr. Giddings' dark pubic hair. Her own thrills quickened at the sight of the big cock and her sister's sweet cry of ecstasy.

Dave was the only one of the group who felt any sort of disappointment, for Dianne had slid off his cock and lay in a quivering, coming heap on top of Paul. Having to leave the warm confines of her deliciously grasping cunt was like plunging outdoors in the dead of winter.

She rose and began to unfasten all the buttons of the clothing of the man lying below her. "God, that was fine!"

"You'd better be careful or you're going to wear yourself out!" Dave said.

"Don't worry, hon, there's plenty more where that came from."

"Yeah, but what about me?" Dave's cock still ached to be inside the woman.

"Oh; poor baby! I've been neglecting you." She turned and he saw the jutting hills of her titties with their rosy-tipped points. Her mouth encased his rod as she cupped his balls with one hand. The renewed warm wetness made him groan at its goodness.

Meanwhile, Paul completed the unfinished job of removing his clothing. He had been eyeing Bobbi as her hand moved over her wet slit. God he would love to get his cock into her sweet, young cunt! He couldn't imagine liar showing her charms like she was doing now a few days ago. She had changed. And maybe other things had changed, too . .

"Bobbi," he called. "Can I come over there with you?"

Her face was flushed. "A-all right." Her hand stopped moving in her curd.

He walked over to her and sat down. He noticed the line of wetness that outlined the crack in her pussy lips. He knew he would have to handle her differently than he had before. No rough stuff, nothing to make her feel like she was being manipulated.

"Here, let me help you off with that dress." She straightened up on the couch and looked at him strangely. He could tell she was not sure what she wanted to do. But he smiled encouragement, and she returned his smile. She lifted her arms, and he pulled at the clinging, stretchy material. She wriggled to help him, and the dress finally came off. The mountains of her breasts swelled out to him. She did not flinch away from his frank appraisal, but met his gaze boldly with a sparkle in her eyes. Up close, his cock looked even bigger than before, and thicker. She was mesmerized by it, heated by its throbbing sexiness, but afraid of its massive dimensions.

"Would you like to touch it?"

She gulped uncertainly, but reached out and took the long, thick shaft in both hands. She squeezed it as she had Dave's, shocked that it could expand even more under her caress.

"Would you like me to put it in you?"

"Yes . . . I mean no! You're too big!"

"Let Dave do it!" Her sister's voice came from across the room. "And I want to watch."

She said nothing. She wanted it, and she was incredibly turned on, but she was frightened. Dianne picked up on her uncertainty and released Dave's cock to go over to her sister.

"Look, honey, I know you're nervous. Everybody's nervous the first time. Let me do something that will help you to relax."

She knelt down in front of her sister and parted her legs to expose the reluctant pussy. Her tongue found the little split and she began to lick it, gently, slowly, carefully. She knew the two lustful men would enjoy the intimate, woman-to-woman kiss. And it was working! Every time her tongue

passed upward, she felt her sister's sexy clit grow taller and tauter!

Bobbi leaned back and concentrated on the swells of pleasure that grew in her loins with each gentle lick of her sister's tongue. Mr. Giddings' hand left her thighs and closed around the underside of her titty. Then his mouth was around her nipple, the tongue slapping at the sensitive button like an oral whip. She wanted the same pressure on her clit.

"Harder, Dianne, harder!" Her sister responded to the words by taking the little spike in her mouth and sucking. Then Bobbi saw Dave's face loom above her, and she tilted her head back. His tongue drove into her mouth like an eel, and she tried to wrap her own around it.

The combined action of the three mouths on her was turning her body into a tightly coiled spring of tension. She wanted to come, and she wanted to come with a prick inside her!

She nodded her head forward, taking her mouth away from Dave's. "Oh, it's too much! I want you to fuck me and bust my cherry!" she said to her brother-in-law.

"You're on! But let's go into the bedroom where it'll be more comfortable." He wanted to fuck her then and there, but he knew how important a woman's first experience with a man was. It would determine how she would grow and flower later. From what he knew, he was sure she had an enormous sensual and sexual capacity. It would be a shame to thwart

it. The extended foreplay and attention they had lavished on her would help.

They all got up. Bobbi drank the remainder of her drink in a few hurried gulps. Her stomach burned from the quick intake of booze, and her head spun. But she liked the increased looseness she felt. She thought she would need it.

Chapter Nine

She was lying on her back on the big bed, her brother-in-law poised above her, Dianne on her right, Mr. Giddings behind Dianne and toying with her cunt.

"Ready, baby?" Dave asked.

She nodded, but she was more than ready. Her cunt tingled and ached, ready to take his bold cock into her. He had rubbed the head on her clit until she felt ready to explode. She wanted him now!

He thumbed open the waiting labia and gently guided the point of his cock to her cunt. He stopped, letting her accustom herself to his smooth, hard length, while he bathed in her liquid heat. He smiled reassuringly at her as he raised himself fully up on his extended arms. Then he began to slowly lower himself, letting his pelvis increase the pressure of his cock against the door to her cunt.

Her head was turned to watch Dianne. Mr. Giddings was pumping in and out of her, doggie-fashion. Both of them were watching her closely. She turned her head back to watch Dave's face above her, which was also intent on her reaction. Her pleasure increased, but the pain did too. At first it had been only a mild discomfort which distracted little, but now it was matching the rise of her excitement. His cock was flattening itself in its attack on her maidenhead, and the pressure was too much. The dull pain became torture as her cherry stretched, and she cried out.

"No! It hurts!"

He drew back. "Damn, rye never heard of such a difficult virgin. Here, maybe this will help." He reached over and took a jar from the bedside table.

"What's that?"

"It's a lubricant, like Vaseline only not so greasy." He spread it liberally on his cock, then on her cunt. Damn, he thought, my finger will hardly go into her! But he succeeded in spreading some of the clear jelly into her shaking box.

"Now, we'll try again."

He began slowly again, as if he were going to repeat his previous attack. But he knew that to go slow with her would only prolong the initial pangs. He tensed his buttocks as he prepared for the thrust to follow. Then, in one swift lunge, he sent his oily cock against the membrane. There was a second of tight resistance, and then he was through! Through, and into the exquisitely soft tightness of her virgin cunt.

He had to fight down the impulse to pull out and drive his cock into her again, to feel that slithery tightness glide over him again. But he knew that would only cause her more pain, and he remained motionless.

Bobbi uttered a piercing scream. "OOOHHHH! It hurts, it hurts!"

"I know," he whispered. "But it won't again." He was right. He was so big in her, it felt like he filled her belly. The moment of intense pain was gone, replaced by a voluptuousness that teemed in her. It was done! The liquor made her mind swirl, but her dizziness stemmed from the fleshy spear that had invaded her cunt.

He did not move for a moment. Then he eased his cock to the entrance of her tight cunt. The movement made her tense and moan. When she relaxed again, he slid back into her easily, with no hymen now to block his way. This time her moans came only from the delicious feeling of strangeness that overwhelmed her. She was accustoming herself to the newness of having him inside her. The muscles of her channel flexed to accommodate the thick length of his cock, making him shiver.

His cock was now moving more and more easily in her cunt. He worked in and out slowly, and there was no irritating friction because of the lubricant. After several slow strokes, her hips bounded up to meet him. There were not any traces of pain or reluctance now. Those feelings were being buried under the mounting layers of her new-found responsiveness.

"I-I like it! It feels so good!"

"You see what I mean, honey?" Dianne said. "There's nothing like a good stiff prick inside you to bust your cookies!" The man ramming his cock into her splayed cunny seemed to agree, because he was emitting a series of desperate grunts.

Bobbi undulated her hips experimentally, testing the limits of her resilient cuntal walls. She felt his prick probe into her, but there was no unpleasantness any more, only a difference in pressures. Her fiery vaginal nerves registered every change, and then he began to stroke in and out of her. She wanted him, all of him!

"Now! Give it to me!"

He was possessed by a primitive, animal lust. He swept into her, then out, then in again. With each stroke, she seemed to accept a little more of his pistoning cock. She was opening up gradually and joyfully as he plumbed her depths.

Suddenly, she felt a hand on her stomach. It was her sister! From her stomach the hand went to the tense clit at the top of her slit to tease the protruding button. She opened her mouth to protest, but only an amazed gasp escaped her lips. She felt like a sacrificial victim on an altar of pleasure, surrendering herself to the powerful elements which whirled around her.

Finally, his pubic hair was rubbing into hers. In the process, he was bumping into the finger which was stroking her sensitive clitty, driving it down on the pink spike. Her body bucked and jerked to meet his plunging strokes, and the double stimulation was more than she could take. She felt the hurricane of her orgasm rushing up on her, and she screamed in passionate abandon as it swept her away.

Dave felt the almost painful intensity of the pleasure building up within him. Her orgasmic spasms breached the final wall of his defenses, and he gratefully exploded at last into her clutching, enclosing cunt with incredible force. Currents of liquid fire coursed through his cock and out the tiny hole at the tip. He embraced her as he shook out the last pulses of his come. As he did, he felt his wife's hand slip out from between them as their bodies hugged each other.

He lingered in her; but his prick began to shrink. She groaned at the friction the involuntarily recoiling cock caused. Her pussy was contacting to fit the smaller shape, but in so doing, she was pushing his cock out of her cunt. She felt uncomfortably empty as he popped out moistly from her.

"Is that all?" She asked him.

"Is that all?" he laughed. "Wasn't that enough?" "Oh, I loved it! But I mean I want you to put it in me again. What can I do to make it hard again?"

"You'll have to wait a minute for that. Dianne, you've created a monster!"

"She doesn't seem horrible to me, honey! Let Paul screw her now, if she wants more! I love to watch!" She jerked forward, dislodging his huge cock from her cunt.

"Yes!" Bobbi panted. His massive size no longer scared her. It excited her!

"Hey!" he moaned. He had been almost ready to come and was barely aware of what was happening. He wished he had been in the other man's place, fucking the hell out of that pretty chick! But he loved Dianne's cunt, too. The combination of watching the brunette and putting it to her sister had almost sent him over the top.

Dianne looked at him coquettishly. "Bobbi wants you to screw her now. What do you say?"

"Hell, yes!" he said, getting off the bed. Now was his chance!

"Wait a minute," Dianne panted. "I have an idea. Paul, you lay down where Bobbi was. That way she can be on top and do just what she wants. And while you two are fucking, you can lick my pussy!"

He lay down and the younger girl mounted him. His prick was still wet with Dianne's vaginal moisture, and Bobbi traced a slick line around the flared edge of his head. She moved forward slightly and pushed its length into her pussy crevice. She pressed the underside hard with the palm of her hand, forcing the glans against her pointy clit. The shimmering jolts of pleasure were starting again! Now she realized what she had been missing all along.

She slid back along his thighs until his cock pointed at her clit. Then she moved upward until his cock could just nudge the opening that hungered to be filled again. Remember how the other man had entered her, she pawed, then sat down rapidly on him, his upright tool bludgeoning up her cunt.

Another cry came from her. Again there was initial pain-after all, his cock was larger. It was like losing her cherry all over again. His cock was also somewhat longer; she could see that before, but now she felt it. She sank down even further, continually thinking that she could go no more, but reluctant to halt. As the rigid pole went deeper into her, the pain vanished. She sat full on him, and felt his velvety tip bump her cervix. It could have hurt, but she kept control of the pressure.

He wanted desperately to lunge upward into her warm cunt, but her weight on his legs prevented him from moving his body. Instead, he bent from the waist, and his hands passed the bouncing masses of her tithes that he had wanted to hold for so long. They were beautifully formed, and firm.

The edges of his hand strokes the sensitive sides of her jugs while he rolled the stiff nipples between two fingers.

Dianne had watched excitedly as the couple began their sex play. She had groaned along with her sister as the big cock furrowed her pussy lips. Her sister's clit was now standing out as she undulated on the joystick. So was hem-it jutted out demandingly, asking its due. Dianne positioned herself over Paul's face and then lowered her midsection to the waiting lips.

She jerked back up quickly. His probing tongue had gone right to her clit!

"Lick me easy, baby. Lick me slow."

She lowered herself back down, tense in expectation of another sharp contact. But this time he lapped at her slit, then darted his tongue deep into her crease. She twisted her torso at the sweet oral agony he was causing and she felt her breasts swing lusciously. When he made his tongue stiff, she impaled herself on it, and it spread her twat open. It felt as hard as his prick!

Paul removed his hands from Bobbi's breasts and grasped the twin globes of her sister's buttocks. Bobbi was now moving up and down slowly on his shaft, her pelvis twisting from side to side when she reached the top of an upstroke. Her fiercely hot cuntal walls clung to him like a tight rubber glove. He dipped his middle finger into her freely running cunt juices, then pulled aside one ass cheek. He drew a line from the end of her cunt, over her tightly closed anus, and up to her tailbone. Then, slowly, he went back down,

stopping at the pulsing anal ring to tease in circles over the wrinkled flesh. He stopped his mouth action for a second to let her relax, then drilled his finger into her asshole. She moaned loudly, and lie began suckling with renewed vigor. His finger moved in her backside, testing the give and pull of her sphincter as it tensed and unclenched in an obscene rhythm.

The cry of surprise and pleasure caught Bobbi off-guard. The man was putting his finger in her sister's asshole!

"Dianne, are you all right?"

"Oh...uh...uh, uhnng...oh, yes, honey, I'm fine! You should try it!" Her voice died into incoherent moans.

Bobbi did not know what to think. Having a man's prick in her cunt was one thing, but having something in her asshole would be different! But she could no longer withhold herself from the insane prodding in her quaking honeypot. She pitched forward, supporting just enough of her weight with her hands on her sister's hunching buttocks to keep her balance. Her hips began to move up and down, Paul's pecker sliding lewdly in and out of her pussy.

Dave had fully recovered from his previous fucking, and his prick was as hard and as ready as ever. A drop of moisture hung on the tip. He watched Bobbi's beautiful ass move up and down slowly. He had already gotten her virginity once today, why not again?

He got a couple pillows and placed them on the floor at the foot of the bed. By standing on them he was just the right height. He applied more of the slippery cream to his cock. Nobody in the writhing mass of people took any notice of what he was doing-they were too lost in their own sensual world.

He stepped up on the pillows and surveyed the enticing expanse of the girl's tempting ass. The height was perfect. Her asshole was a hairless pinkish-brown pucker that was fully exposed to him by her bent-over posture.

She clenched her buttocks together as his thumb played over the hard node. The man below her groaned at the added constriction of her cunt.

"What-what are you doing?" she sputtered.

"I went in by the front door first," he said, "now I'm going to try the back door."

The idea made her panic. But there was little she could do about it. Strangely, the flat of his thumb felt good as he teased over the hard knot of muscle. Then he was pressing directly on the spot, wiggling his thumb to open up the closed hole, sending delicious, feverish chills through her body.

"Try to relax. It will be easier that way."

She swallowed hard and tried to do as he said. But her body was like one raw, exposed nerve ending that quivered for sex. It was hard to relax. But with almost contradictory effort, she willed her ass muscles to loosen. Immediately as she did so, she felt his thumb wriggle into the lax channel. It took all her effort to remain still and not clench her muscles. Paul was moving below her, trying to thrust his cock into her cunt. She began to tremble uncontrollably, and still the finger wriggled further into her slippery rectum. Then her control unwound, and every muscle in her body clenched!

When he felt the contraction, his thumb was in her ass almost as far as it would go. He pulled it from her quickly at that moment, and she cried out loudly.

"OOOHHHH! Yes, yes, do it again! It's wonderful!"

He opened her buttocks, then put his cock against her anus. He waited until he felt her relax, then sent his cock into her asshole.

The head penetrated the lubricated channel easily, then she clamped down on him as if she had changed her mind, and cried out again, louder this time. He moved back and forth slowly, seeking to soothe the roughness of the first moment with the pleasure of deeper, smoother penetration.

At first it felt like he was ripping her apart! A burning, violent pain racked her bowels and almost brought tears to her eyes. But as he moved gently in

her, the horribly intense moment passed and she felt soothing warmth spread from her tight anal opening to her cunt. The feeling of two cocks sliding over the thin wall that separated her vagina from her rectum was indescribably exciting! She moved again, urging the man behind her to deepen and quicken his strokes. He did, and she knew she was going to come!

"Oh God, ooohhh, shit . . I'M COMING!"

She jerked crazily, shaking and quivering in her ecstasy. Dave's excitement made him jerk too, and his wildly ejaculating cock came out of her warm ass. Spurt after gushing spurt flew out of his prick, covering her flanks with dripping rivulets of jism. At the same time inside her, Paul's massive weapon shot off explosively, sending a massive amount of spermy discharge into her. In spite of her weight, his powerful muscles heaved her into the air a few inches.

"Oh yes, come, sweet come!" Dianne yelled. Paul's jutting chin thrust into her pussy as his finger drilled her asshole insanely. She fell forward into a shuddering ball of sexual energy, her universe exploding and shattering into a billion multi-colored pieces.

Dave slumped onto the bed. They all lay there panting, resting after their draining exertions. Gradually, they drifted back to their surroundings.

"Jesus!" Dianne sighed. "I don't know which was better-Paul's pussy sucking, or listening to the rest of you!"

"I know what was best," Paul said. "Fucking Bobbi's tight cunt!"

"Don't forget her ass," Dave breathed. "It's even tighter!"

"How about you, Bobbi?" Dianne asked. "What do you think? Hey, where are you going? Tired of us old folks?"

Bobbi stopped at the door and smiled. "Nowhere. I loved it. I've never felt like that before. But I have some thinking to do."

She turned and left the bedroom. Yes, she did have some thinking to do.

She had some making um to do, too.

She hesitated in front of the telephone, then picked up the receiver and dialed.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Ron, this is Bobbi. Are you busy tonight?"

"Well, uh-no," he stammered, "not really. I'm just sitting there watching the tube. You know."

"Good. Listen, could you please come over to my sister's place? I need to talk to you, bad. Will you come?"

He couldn't believe his ears! He wouldn't have to wait another day; he would get what he wanted tonight! It wouldn't be a difficult thing to maneuver her out of the house.

"Sure, sure, no problem. I'm, uh, I'm glad you called. Just give me a few minutes to dress, and-"

"No need for that," she giggled.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just get over as soon as you can, OK? See you in a while."

She hung up and smiled to herself. Boy, was he in for a surprise. But he deserved it, after all the shit she had put him through. Well, tonight would be his night. And hers, too. She would take a quick shower to freshen up, tell the others what was going on, and meet him at the door. It was a wicked, wonderful idea that excited her.

Chapter Ten

When she got out of the shower, the three of them were on the floor. Dianne was reared up on her knees, Dave's head between her legs, and he was furiously lapping at her cunt. His tongue flicked up to hit her clitoral spike. Mr. Giddings was holding her head in his big hands, his cock in her mouth as he stood.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth, woman!" he roared, and thrust his pelvis forward, driving his meaty staff past her tender lips. "Now hold still and take it all!"

Bobbi shivered. What an orgy! She could hardly believe she was a part of it, and it was so exciting! The doorbell sounded. The sex-crazed threesome before her was oblivious to it. She hadn't been able to tell them that Ron was coming. She cast her eyes around the room, looking for something to put on.

Why bother? It would be so much more fun to meet him at the door with nothing on! Already her palpitating cunny was aching with desire. She wanted to be fucked, and she couldn't wait!

Just as Ron was going to push the button again, the door opened and he saw Bobbi's face appear around the edge.

"Ron! Come in." The door hid her body from him, and he walked into the little hall. When he turned, he saw that she didn't have on a stitch of clothing! He scanned her swelling curves, taking in her beautiful, mountainous boobs, unable to tear his eyes away from the triangular patch of hair between her legs. He saw her clit standing out between her puffy cuntlips, and his dick jumped throbbingly to alertness.

"Like it?" she said.

"Bobbi! Your sister . . . she'll. . ."

She strode to him boldly and hugged him, gluing her mouth to his and driving her tongue deep into his mouth. Passionately, she drilled the hard, erect points of her nipples into his chest. Her bare loins ground at his bulging cock. Then she opened his shirt and ran her hand over his chest, pausing to pinch his nipples the way Dave had showed her.

It had the desired effect, and he groaned. He had been ready to take this girl somewhere and rape her if necessary, and here she was, naked, practically attacking him! Was this really happening, or was he dreaming?

Her lips slithered wetly off his as he moved his head. "Bobbi. . . I want you, but what about your sister? What will she think?"

"Don't worry about her. She's in the bedroom, and the door is closed. We're having a party!"

"A.. . party? What kind of party?"

"This kind of party!" Her hands swept downward, indicating her naked body. "Now come on. We've got a lot of lost time, to make up, and I want you to fuck me."

"But, but, where?" He was flabbergasted.

"In my cunt, silly." It gave her a thrill to say the forbidden word to him. "How about the sofa?"

He felt dazed as she led him over to the soft cushions. She sat him down, then finished removing his shirt. He could not say a word, only watch the hypnotic sway of her tits as she undressed him. He saw her lick her lips and look at his dong, and then it disappeared into her mouth!

Shivery little trembles shot through her as her tongue and lips felt the young virility course through his prick. She ran her tongue around the meaty head, bathing it wetly with her saliva. Each cock, she was discovering, had a different taste. His was sweet and succulent, and jumped around in her mouth more than Dave's had. She wondered how men could make their cocks move like that, and then realized that it must be similar to the way she could

contract her cunt.

He moaned and groaned as her tongue swirled around his turgid rod. It was his first cocksucking, and he loved it! Nothing he had ever known could compare to the warmth of her mouth, the slippery friction of her tongue on his prick skin. And her tickling finger on his hairy balls only added to the delightful swirls of pleasure that were sweeping over him.

"Fuck! I think I'm going to come!"

"Not yet, not yet," she said, puffing her mouth off his reddened knob with a flourish. "I want you to come in me. I want your cock to be inside me, in my cunt, when you come."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! Yes! Only.. . I'm not a virgin any more. Does it matter?"

"No, not at all." And it didn't.

"Come in me now." She spread her legs and opened the flaps of her cunt with her hands.

He could hardly contain his excitement. With no hesitation, he moved over

her, his cock stretched out straight. It pulsed before her cunt, and she used her hands to guide him to her splayed opening. She trembled when his smooth cock parted her pussy lips. His wetness met hers.

"Now, all at once! I've wanted you so much, only I didn't know it!"

Obediently, he thrust forward into her open twat. He slid into her wet tunnel, plunging himself completely into her buttery depths. His legs went liquid as her cuntal walls slid by his straining staff.

"Let me feel your weight on me." His relaxing body lowered onto hers, and she thrilled to the feel of his muscular masculine flesh pressing down onto hers. She was truly the more experienced, but they were equals now. She was the seductress, but she wanted to feel ravished. Her sensitive breasts were flattened under him and his breath was hot in her ear. She put her open hands on his hard, flat ass, forcing his trembling body to be still, relishing the feel of him deep inside her belly.

Her hips began to swivel in time, urging him to dip in and out of her. He took the suggestion, and soon his sperm-sacs were slapping against her revolving buttocks. After stroking for a while, his excitement growing as he fucked deeper into her accepting cunt, he felt a delicious heat steal over him.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, I'm going to come!"

"Yes yes yes! Do it now! Come big in me!"

Her fun was not explosive and choppy as it had been before, but deeper and smoother, building up gradually. Just before the straining floodgates of his control weakened and broke, she came with a roller-coaster lurch of suddenness that made her jerk up to him. The strokes of his cock and the undulations of her cunt were perfectly synchronized. She was still surprised at the calmness and easiness of her climax when she felt her clit strain and another breathtaking jolt of pleasure ran through her, sharper than before. Then, faster, another. She was writhing, twisting, panting in the incomparable goodness of her series of multiple orgasms!

He jackhammered into her helpless cunt with all the force of his withheld frustration. He fucked into her like a man gone crazy with lust. His cock unleashed a boiling geyser that shot through the thin tube at the bottom of his dick, bathing her womb in an ocean of spermy fluid. He came in big, splashing gushes that seemed unending. Yet he still moved in her, his dick now sloshing in its own spewing cum.

She was not sure when her clit and cunt stopped sending their sweet golden flashes, or when his cock stopped squirting into her. But there was an indescribable feeling of satisfaction that was different from the unadorned animal lust that she had felt with her sister and with the other men. She couldn't say that it was better, just that it was different.

She closed her eyes and relaxed back onto the sofa. A warm cloud of happiness and satisfaction permeated her being. It was so different now, so different. There were all sorts of things she wanted to try, all kinds of

things they could do together. A whole new world had opened up to her, and she wanted to explore every part of it. She didn't want to miss a thing. She promised herself Ron wouldn't either.

College would be starting soon. And there she could meet all kinds of interesting, sexy men-and women, too.

She hoped she would have time for studying.

End