**Playing with the Boys**

by Lasiter

**Chapter 1 - Poor Forsaken Girl**

*Abandoned by her mother, 10 yo JoAnn goes to live with her mischievous half-brothers and the boys' indifferent father...*

My mama was a whore and my daddy wasn't my father. You see, Daddy wanted to make things better for his family and went to work in Alaska for a year and a half. At that time, the family consisted of Mama, Daddy and my two brothers, Bobby and Kenny. I wasn't born or even conceived when Daddy left for Alaska. Me, I came along about a year later, fathered by who knows who.

Needless to say, when Daddy got back and discovered that he had an immaculately conceived four month old baby daughter, he didn't buy it. His name was on my birth certificate, but he had nothing to do with conceiving me. He tried to be forgiving, but Mama was just having so much fun turning tricks at the Interstate Truck Stop, that she couldn't help but continue. Daddy wasn't so forgiving about that.

Daddy divorced her and took his two legitimate sons with him, leaving me with Mama. The court had no problem in finding Mama to be an unfit mother, so his gaining custody of Bobby and Kenny wasn't a problem. The problem came when that same court ordered him to pay Mama child support for me. That didn't sit well with Daddy... not at all.

Time passed. I hardly ever saw my two brothers. I saw even less of Daddy. Mom, I didn't see much of her either; she was always down at the truck stop fucking any passing trucker who had the money. Oh, I'd see her during the day, but come nightfall, she put me to bed and then took the short cut through the woods to the truck stop where she did her thing. When I got a little older, she would sometimes be gone for a day, leaving me to fend for myself, even though I was only a little kid and not in school yet. I suppose she loved me, but she was negligent.

Then one day, I came home from school with the best report card ever. I was in fifth grade then, just barely 10 years old or so. I wanted to show Mama and make her proud of me, but she wasn't home. She didn't come home that night either. I was disappointed, but I was sort of used to that and wasn't too alarmed. I was used to taking care of myself. I fed myself, bathed, dressed and caught the school bus on time the next morning. When I got home, still no Mama. I was home by myself for about four days before a nice lady from the county showed up and took me home with her.

Two days later, Daddy showed up and took me home with him. It was only then that I discovered that Mama had totally abandoned me. Daddy told me he had gotten a phone call and a post card from her, telling him that she wanted a new life and so she went to California. She also told him that from now on, he'd have to take care of me.

The phone call he dismissed as bullshit, but the postcard postmarked from a another state got him worried. So, he called the county to check up on me. Good thing too, as I had eaten my last can of ABC soup and the last of my bag of imitation Fruit Loops. There was nothing left for me to eat; no milk, no cheese, no crackers, no peanut butter, no nothing!

It was kind of weird going home with Daddy, as I hardly knew him. At that time I didn't know that Daddy wasn't really my dad. Such knowledge would come much later in my life, but that single fact explained a lot.

As for my two brothers, after a few days, I wasn't all that keen on being around them too much. Bobby was five years older than me and Kenny was four. There's not much in common between ten year old girls and fifteen/fourteen year old boys. But, that wasn't the biggest problem. They picked on me constantly. I'd get upset, cry and run to Daddy for protection.

Did he tell the boys to stop? No, he told me to stop crying or he'd give me something to really cry about! One of his favorite lines was, "Did they hurt you? If not, then beat it." The favoritism was as obvious to Bobby and Kenny, as it was to me. They had nothing to fear from picking on me, so the harassment at the hands of my two half brothers escalated.

Daddy owned a piece of property out in the country. The house itself was rather small and very modest with a single bathroom. There weren't that many neighbors, the closest being the Banner boys, who lived down the dirt road from us. As for girls my age or any age, there were none. I had my brothers and the Banner boys, Jake and Ted, to play with and that was it.

Unchecked by Daddy, Bobby and Kenny did worse and worse things to me. I'd complain to Daddy, but all he'd ask was, "Did they hurt you?"

I didn't have bruises or broken bones to prove it, at least not yet, so... "Just beat it, JoAnne, and don't bother me."

Now the locks on the doors were something of a mystery to me. I knew how to lock the door from the inside, but didn't have clue as to how to unlock the door from the outside, a skill my brothers certainly possessed.

One the boys' favorite things to do was to pick the lock on the bathroom door and come in while I was taking a bath. It was bad enough that Bobby and Kenny were gawking at me, but sometimes they brought Jake and Ted in with them. It was so embarassing, but what could I do, but holler and sit there naked and on display.

Sometimes it would be just Bobby or Kenny who barged in on me. They'd open their pants and take a leak right in front of me. I certainly knew what boys looked like!

But no matter how much I hollered and screamed, Daddy never came to check up on me. At best he'd yell, "Shut up, JoAnne! I'm trying to watch the game." What choice did I have, but to take it?

Another favorite game of theirs would be after supper. Daddy would be swilling beer and watching his game on TV (he was always watching some game or the other); I'd be taking my bath with the door locked when suddenly my brothers were in the bathroom with me.

"Get out! Get out!" I'd tell them.

"We're going, JoAnne, we're going," one of them would reply. They'd leave, but they also take my clothes and all the towels with them.

When I called out to Daddy to come and help me, he'd just shout back, "I'm busy, JoAnne! Get Bobby to help you."

So, I'd have to try and make a run for my bedroom, wet and in the buff with my brothers popping me on my bare ass with the towels they stole and laughing their asses off. One evening I made the dash only to discover that my bedroom door was locked! Meanwhile, Bobby and Kenny were standing in the doorway of their bedroom laughing and threatening me with the towels. They weren't going to help me, so my only choice was to seek protection, or at least a towel, from Daddy.

"You're naked!" my surprised daddy would say. "Where are your clothes?"

"Bobby and Kenny..."

"Bobby! Bring your sister a towel, will ya?" While Bobby took his time bringing me a towel, Daddy ogled me. For once he saw something more interesting than his stupid game on TV.

Once Bobby brought Daddy a towel, he dried me off and then told me to come sit with him so the boys would leave me alone. I had wrapped the towel around me and was about to climb up in his lap when told me, "Be a good girl and get me a beer from the fridge."

I knew this was not a request or some sort of option, so I turned to go. The towel somehow got caught on his finger and off it came. I stopped to pick it up, but he said in gruff manner, "Leave it. Get me my beer, girl!" Naked I scurried off to the kitchen to fetch him a beer and then scurried back.

Handing Daddy his beer, I stooped, picked up the towel and wrapped it around me. I started to go, but Daddy said, "Where are you going? Come sit with me and the boys won't tease you."

"They locked my bedroom door," I said as I climbed up into his lap.

"I'll unlock it for you later," he said. "Now hush up. I'm missing the game."

So, I sat. For the moment it was nice sitting with him, as I felt protected. I snuggled in to him, starved for affection. He hugged me to him and I was the happiest I'd been in a long, long time.

Something happened during the game and Daddy let out a whoop and jumped in his easy chair, nearly throwing me off and onto the floor. Needless to say my towel came open and when I started to make it right, he stopped me.

"Just leave it, JoAnne," he said. So, I left it partially open and snuggled back into him.

Unless it was really cold, he usually didn't wear a shirt around the house, something my brothers imitated. I snuggled into his bare muscular chest. His hand had been gently stroking me while he watched the game and now his hand returned. Soon he had the towel pushed back and his hand was on my bare skin stroking my bare tummy and chest. It felt really good to me and I wasn't about to tell him to stop whatever he wanted to do. He could have molested me at will that night, but he didn't, he just lovingly stroked my bare skin and didn't wander off into forbidden territory. It was the nicest time I'd had since I moved in with him and my brothers.

The game wasn't over, but there was a commercial break. He closed my towel and told me, "It's getting late, girl. You have to go to school tomorrow, so off to bed."

"But, they locked my bedroom door. I can't get in."

"Okay, I'll open it for you."

Of course my bedroom door was unlocked by then. "It's unlocked, JoAnne," Daddy said in a peevish tone.

"It wasn't before," I explained. He shook his head and rolled his eyes. He didn't believe me!

The game, steal-her-clothes-and-lock-her-door was played several times and always with the same results with me running to Daddy naked, one of the boys bringing me a towel and then snuggling with Daddy with the towel half open.

The bathroom wasn't the only place my mean brothers pulled tricks on me. After school one day they lured me into the barn with a, "Come see, JoAnne," come-on. That was a mistake. Thinking that I was going to see new born kittens, I followed them into the barn.

As soon as I entered, everything went black, as someone had put a cloth sack over my head. Simultaneously my arms were grabbed and held behind my back while someone yanked down my shorts and panties to my ankles. Knowing that my brothers were ahead of me when I entered the barn, it wasn't hard to figure out who my other attackers were, the Banner boys! I was forced to walk further into the barn, but with my clothes around my ankles, it was difficult at best until my ankles were freed. Someone tied my hands behind my back and once that was accomplished, hands were all over my bare butt and between my legs.

I tried my best to maintain my modesty. "Open your legs, Sissy," someone said. All four boys called me Sissy, so that wasn't a clue as to who was doing what.

When I didn't comply, I got a stinging slap on the butt. "Open your legs!"

I was swatted again, this time harder. "Open your legs," another voice said. My butt was now really burning and I didn't want to be hit again, so I spread my legs apart. Immediately a hand was between my legs, touching me where no one had ever touched me before, the fingers probing into my slit.

"Let me feel," someone impatiently whispered. The hand molesting me left and replaced with another.

"It's all slippery, just like Daddy said it would be." I recognized that voice. It was Jake Banner. His fingers slid around my slit and into my vagina. There was a sharp pain and I yelped.

"Shit! She's bleeding!" That was Bobby's voice. Hearing that, I went into panic mode, feeling the blood trickle down my thigh didn't help.

"It's just her cherry," Jake explained. "That's no big deal."

"Give me something to clean her up," my dear older brother said.

"Here, use this," someone said just before I felt the rather coarse material wipe between my legs.

"See, she's not bleeding anymore," Jake said.

Finding my voice I demanded, "Let me go. Let me go or I'll tell Daddy!"

"I'll just tell him you're lying and trying to get me and Kenny in trouble," Bobby said in a sneering voice. "Who do you think he'll believe? Me and Kenny... or you?" He had a point.

"Now, it's my turn." A hand, Bobby's I presume, slid over and cupped my pussy. He stroked it a few times and then penetrated my folds. All four boys finger-fucked me in the barn that afternoon and by the time it was over I was rather sore down there.

When at long last they had untied my hands and pulled the sack from over my head, the Banner boys had vamoosed. Bobby and Kenny left too, casually strolling from the barn and leaving me to put myself back together. I found my shorts bloodied from where they had used them to clean me up. They and my panties had also been ground into the dirt floor early on. No way was I putting those filthy garment back on, so I looked about outside and seeing no one, made a dash for the backdoor. It was locked! Through the window my two mean brothers were grinning at me. I ran to the front door, but it was locked too. I ran back to the barn and cried. Not for being molested, even though that was bad enough, but for being so humiliated.

Regaining my composure, I tried the backdoor again. "Let me in!" I hollered as I pound my fist on the door. "Let me in!"

"For god's sake, JoAnne," Bobby said through the door, "put some clothes on before somebody sees you!"

"Let me in!"

"No nekked girls allowed inside," he laughed.

Having no choice, I slipped my panties on. "Now let me in!"

I heard the door bolt turn and the door opened. With my dirty bloody shorts in my hand, I stepped inside. Bobby and Kenny grabbed me. I screamed, but they were too strong for me. Off went my panties again and my Hello-Kitty T-shirt was yanked over my head leaving me totally naked.

Expecting the worse, I fought like a wildcat and got away, running naked through the house screaming to the amusement my brothers. Having escaped, I made a beeline to the bathroom for shelter and to take a bath. Not surprisingly, Bobby walked in.

"Leave me alone!" I shrieked.

"Chill, little sister. We were only playing. Besides I gotta take a leak." With that he dropped his shorts to the floor (it was late May and very warm, so as usual he wasn't wearing a shirt), then standing totally naked beside me, he relieved himself in the toilet.

"Like what you see, Sissy?" he asked as he pissed.

"Get out, Bobby, and leave me alone," I pleaded.

"I like you naked. Kenny likes you naked. Jake and Ted like you naked. Daddy likes you naked too. You know, ya oughta just stay naked. I bet Jake's dad would like you naked too."

"Please, Bobby. Leave me alone."

"But, I like you," he said somewhat disingenuously.

"No, you don't! You hate me and I hate you!" I spat.

"Now that's no way to be, Sissy. I'm your brother." Then he did something totally unexpected. He stepped into the bath water with me.

"What are you doing, Bobby? Get out!"

"I need to take a bath too and you're hogging the bathroom," he said as he sat down in the water facing me with his legs straddling me.

There wasn't much room and Bobby had to bend his knees to fit , slouching down in the bath until my toes touched his thing. I don’t know why I did it, but my toes moved and rubbed against it.

“Do that again,” he said with a grin. I did and to my surprise it seemed to rise out of the water. I tickled it with my toes again. It was rising out of the water and as it rose, the head began to appear from the funny flap of skin covering it, a fact that I thought was rather funny.

“You like that, Sissy?” he asked with an amused grin.

Now I’d seen boners on my brothers before and had seen them droopy too. What I hadn’t seen is the transition from soft and floppy to hard and stiff. I was always curious why their dicks looked so different when hard verses soft and not just because it was hard or soft, but because the head was hidden whenever it was soft and only appeared when it was hard. I used my toes to check it out and marveled at the difference from just moments before. It was a revelation. So too was the fact that Bobby seemed to like it.

“Hey, Bobby, whacha doin’?” my other brother asked upon walking into the bathroom.

“You gotta try this out, Kenny,” Bobby said.

“What? Taking a bath with JoAnne?”

“That and what she does with her toes.”

“Her toes?”

“Yeah,” Bobby said as he rose up from the bath, his hard-on sticking straight out from his body. You’d think Kenny would make some comment about that, but Kenny didn’t seem to notice. “Hop in and you’ll see.”

Bobby stepped out of the bath dripping wet and Kenny dropped his shorts and climbed in. “Put your feet to either side of her,” Bobby instructed.

Now Bobby at fifteen was a lot bigger than I was at ten, but even though he was a year younger, Kenny was even bigger than Bobby. As soon as he sat down, my feet were in his crotch. I wiggled my toes.

“Do that again,” Kenny said with a grin. I did, and Kenny’s thing had the same reaction as Bobby’s did.

“Keep doing it, Sis,” he said as his cock began to rise. It got big, really big. Kenny seemed to like me playing footsie with his dick as much as Bobby did.

I was really concentrating on Kenny’s dick and not paying much attention to what Bobby was up to as he stood next to the bathtub. Then I saw something move and looking up and over, I saw Bobby moving his hand up and down the stiff shaft of his cock. But what really caught my attention was the way his cock head seemed to appear and then disappear into the fold of his foreskin. I was looking right at it when something shot out and landed on my neck and chest. I looked down to see what it was and something wet splattered on the side of my face. At the precise wrong moment I looked back up at Bobby and got right in my face.

“Ewwwwww! What is that?”

“That’s cum,” Kenny explained. “Comes from our balls. You know, Sis, you look pretty cute painted up like that.”

I didn’t know what to think about this strange whitish goo, especially since some of it had landed on my lips. While I sat immobilized, Kenny stood, but he didn’t get out. Then I noticed that he was doing what Bobby had been doing. I started to get up and get away, but Bobby reached down and kept me sitting. I looked up and saw Kenny’s pee hole yawn open and…

“Ewwwwwww!” I screamed as Kenny splattered my face and hair with his white slimy boy-goo. “Stop!” I yelled even as the second pulse splattered on me; not that my yelling did any good. Little did I know at the time, but Kenny couldn’t have stopped even if he wanted to and he spermed me again.

Flummoxed, I sat there muttering and sputtering not knowing what to do as my two brothers had a good laugh.

“Oooooooo! I hate you! I hate you both!” I cursed while trying to wash off their goo. By that time my bath water had grown cold, but at least I was already in the bath!

The boys were rather quiet at the dinner table that night. They would each cut a glance at me and then glance at Daddy. I suppose they thought I was going to squeal on them. And I would have if I thought Daddy would've done anything about it. It was best, I reasoned, not to make matters any worse with my brothers.

**Chapter 2 - Texas Hold'em**

*The boys' harassment escalates to include new blindfold games in the barn...*

Next day after school, my two older brothers were waiting for me on the front porch when I got off the school bus.

“Hey, Sissy!” one of them called out. “Come here.”

“No!” I didn't trust them one bit!

“We just want to thank you,” Kenny added.

“You’re just gonna to do something mean to me!” I nearly shouted.

“No, we’re not,” replied Bobby. “Promise. Now come here.”

Knowing that if I didn’t just go willingly that they’d just chase me down and make me do whatever they had in mind anyway, I warily approached the porch, standing off to the side to make a quick run for it if necessary.

“You didn’t tell Daddy last night,” Bobby began.

“Tell him what?”

“You know, about yesterday. You know, for a little girl you’re pretty cool. We now know that you can be trusted.”

“Trusted for what?” I asked.

“Trusted to keep your mouth shut.”

“Don’t count on it again, Bobby,” I glowered.

“Hey, don’t be that way, Sissy. Look, we’ve been thinking that after you’ve done all your chores, maybe we could play a game with you.”

“What kind of game?” I asked justifiably suspicious.

“Just a game. Just play. Geez, you don’t have to be so suspicious.”

“Can you blame me?”

“Look, sorry I asked," Bobby said with an offended look upon his face. "We just thought you might want to be part of the gang and play.”

“You’re not going to hurt me are you?”

“No! Have we ever hurt you?”

“Sort of... You’re not going to pull my pants down like you did yesterday?"

“No. Not unless you want us too.”

“I don’t want you to," I snapped back. “Ever!”

“Okay. Agreed. We won’t pull your pants down.

“Now, will you play with us after you finish your chores?”

“I’ve got a lot to do,” I replied with justified suspicion.

“Maybe we could help you.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. What do you want us to do?” my big brother asked.

Now, this was something to consider! First of all I hated chores. We all had chores, but whereas Bobby and Kenny’s chore was to keep their room clean and the grass cut, I had to make Daddy’s bed before he got home every day, vacuum the house, mop the kitchen floor, wash any left over breakfast dishes, clean the bathroom, and follow Daddy’s instructions to get supper ready on time. That was in addition to keeping my own room clean.

“Hmmm, okay. While I go make Daddy’s bed, Bobby, you wash the dishes and mop the kitchen floor.

“Kenny, you run the vacuum cleaner and pick up the beer cans.

“Then once I have supper on, I can play.”

“Great!” they both exclaimed in unison.

I ran inside and made my bed and straightened up, then I made Daddy’s bed. I could hear the vacuum running, so I knew Kenny was doing his part. But, when I got to the kitchen, Bobby was nowhere to be seen. Just as I beginning a slow burn, Bobby burst through the backdoor and hit the kitchen sink. ‘Okay,’ I thought, ‘he’s doing it now.’

I turned to Daddy’s hand written instructions on what to do for supper. He had everything all ready to go. All I had to do was turn the oven on to 325 and take the casserole dish from the fridge and stick it in the oven. Then I needed to dice up some red potatoes, coat them in oil, salt and pepper and stick that in the oven too. By the time I finished that, Bobby was mopping the floor and Kenny was waiting for us.

“Okay, that’s it,” Bobby announced as he shoved the mop and bucket into the utility room. “Let’s go.” With the three of us working, it didn’t take long at all! I followed Bobby out the back door, followed by Kenny.

The barn was only a dozen or so steps from the back door. We had a barn, at least we called it the barn, but we didn't have any animals except for some chickens, Kitty the Cat and Roscoe, an old dog who hardly ever did anything except eat, sleep and shit in the yard.

Bobby stopped and pulled a blindfold from his pocket.

I was prepared to bolt for the house as I said, "You said you weren't going to..."

"We're not going to hurt you," Bobby said with exasperation in his voice. "We're not going to pull your pants down either. You said you'd play if we helped you with your chores. We helped you with your chores. You can't back out now, Sissy!"

"You promise you ain't gonna..."

"We promise! We promise!" Bobby practically shouted. "Sheesh! Now turn around."

Despite my misgivings I turned around and let Bobby blindfold me. It was so tight I couldn't see a thing.

"Take Kenny's hand," he said. I reached out and took my other brother's hand and blindly followed him to what I suspected was the inside of the barn.

"Okay, Sissy. The game is you have to guess who we are," Bobby explained.

"What if I don't guess right?"

"We'll pull your pants down," my oldest brother practically snarled.

"You said! You said!"

"Calm down, Sissy. I'm justa joshing ya," he laughed.

"Okay. Now reach out..."

I reached towards my brother's voice. He took my hand and directed it to his dick or somebody's dick.

"Now feel it good, Sissy. You know what it is, don't you, but who is it? Guess right and you'll keep your pants on."

Bobby's voice had moved, but the dick in my hand didn't. It had to be Kenny.

"Kenny!" I said with a giggle as I explored with my hand what I had explored with my foot yesterday. It really felt funny as it swelled in my hand, transitioning from soft to hard.

"Now reach out with your other hand," my older brother told me from somewhere off to the side of me.

This was going to be so easy, I thought. I reached out in space and a moment later a cock brushed against my hand. I wrapped my hand around it and felt it's heft. It seemed smaller than Kenny's cock, and I didn't think they were all that much different. Okay, so they wanted me to play with their thingies. I could do that.

Kenny pulled back and his cock slipped out of my hand. Then it brushed against my hand again. I took it, but something just wasn't quite right. It's not that it was appreciably softer than it was a few seconds ago; that changed almost instantly. It was so much bigger!

As I puzzled over how Kenny had made his dick that much bigger, Bobby's cock pulled away from my other hand. Almost immediately, it brushed against my hand and I took it. Again, it felt different. Then it struck me, now I could feel his foreskin covering the tip before it swelled up, whereas just moments before I didn't notice the foreskin.

"Who is it?" Kenny asked.

"Bobby," I answered cautiously.

"And whose dick is in your other hand?" Bobby asked.

"Kenny's?"

"Wrong!" Bobby declared. "You forfeit your shorts!"

"But you said..." I protested. Then I realized that if it wasn't Kenny's dick I was holding, then who...? Like it had suddenly gotten too hot to touch, I pulled my hand away. Meanwhile someone unbuttoned and unzipped me.

"You can keep your shorts if you guess this one right," Bobby said as if that was fair. Another dick, a smaller dick, brushed against my hand. "Take it, Sissy. Take a guess; make it count."

It had to be one of the Banner boys I realized. "Ted?"

"Righto, Sissy girl! You're really good at identifying boys by the feel of their dicks," someone snickered. It wasn't my one of my brother's saying that, it had to be Jake, Ted's sixteen year old brother and biggest of the lot. Just then I felt a second dick, a much larger dick brush against the hand that was holding Ted's thingie. I released Ted's smaller dick and wrapped my hand around his older brother's bigger dick.

"That's a girl," Jake said appreciatively. "Now don't be rough." This was actually kind of fun!

While fondling Jake's big dick, I took another male organ in my other hand. Someone tapped on my arm. When I didn't respond, I was tapped again and this time a little harder. Whoever was doing the tapping didn't say anything, but I figured I was supposed to identify who I was holding. "Bobby?" I guessed.

"Wrong, Sissy!" Bobby said from behind me. "That'll cost you your shorts."

I started to protest as my shorts were pulled off my hips, but outnumbered four to one, it didn't matter what I said. So, I said nothing and simply stepped out of my denim shorts when they were down around my ankles, hoping that they wouldn't be filthy by the time I was allowed to put them back on.

We continued playing the game, Name-the-Weenie, with the boys changing places every minute or so. After the four dicks had been shuffled around several times, I'd be tapped on the arm again. When I guessed wrong again it cost me my panties. When I again guessed wrong, I was stripped of my t-shirt. The game now took on a new twist, I had to guess who was touching me. It was very confusing by then, a hard dick in each hand while six hands or so stroked my naked body.

As you can imagine, there was considerable chatter accompanying the game. Suddenly Bobby says, "Hush up, guys! Listen!" We all grew quiet and listened.

"Shit! Daddy's home!" he declared.

In an instant I was empty handed and no longer being molested. I also heard the guys leaving the barn. I pulled off my blindfold and quickly looked about for my clothes.

"Bobby!" I cried as I realized they had taken all my clothes and left me naked in the barn. I really only had one choice, to run into the house through the backdoor before Daddy saw me.

I didn't make it. Daddy was standing in the kitchen when I burst into the house. Boy, was he surprised.

"Girl, you sure like to run around naked a lot," he commented.

"Where are the boys?"

"I dunno. They ran away and took my clothes."

"They did, did they? Did they hurt you?"

"No, sir. We were just playing a game."

"A game? I bet that was some game! Did everyone have fun? Don't answer that, of course everyone had fun... provided they didn't force you.

“They didn't force you, did they?"

"No, not really. Uh, am I in trouble?"

"No, you're not in any trouble, JoAnne," Daddy replied while his eyes wandered over my body. "The house is neat and clean and supper's on just like I asked you. What you do in your play time is your business. So, fetch me a beer, girl, and then come tell me about this game you played with the boys."

Daddy watched as I retrieved a beer for him, then he turned and headed for his easy chair. Handing him his beer, he told me to sit in his lap and tell me all about the game we had played. So, sitting in Daddy's lap naked, I told him... everything.

"I suppose the old saying is true, that the apple doesn't fall far from tree," he commented at the end of my confession. "Well, no harm in a little touchie-feelie. I suppose boys and girls need to learn that sort of thing somewhere and learning at home is probably a better place than most."

He made no comment on the Banner boys' involvement. He finished off the rest of his beer and then asked, "By the way, where are your clothes?"

"Bobby took them!" I replied.

Daddy just laughed and told me to go set the table for supper. I got up and headed for my bedroom to put on some clothes. "The kitchen's that a way," Daddy said.

"But, I need to..."

"You need to do what? Get dressed? Fuck that. (I had heard that word a lot since I moved in.) You just need to stay just as you are. Boys like naked girls and so do men. I like naked girls. You like to run around naked. Everybody is happy." I did as I was told.

The boys were indeed happy to see me nude at the supper table and they both kept asking me to get them this or get them that. Daddy never told the boys to get it themselves and I had to parade around on display. No one helped me clear the table and no one helped me wash the dishes. My brothers had other things to do and ran off to meet up with the Banner boys. Daddy, I expected him to go plant himself in front of the TV, but he didn't, he just sat at the dinner table and watched me the whole time. When I had finished, he called me over to him.

Standing before him, Daddy pulled me to him by my bare butt cheeks and kissed me on the forehead. "Good girl," he said softly. Then with a playful slap to my butt, he said, "Now, go do your homework."

"Can I get dressed now?"

"Sure," he laughed, "if you want to. But, you don't have to, girl, only if you want to get dressed." I think he was disappointed that I decided to put on some clothes.

While I did my homework, Daddy went and took his bath. When he finished, he strode to his easy chair wearing only his boxer shorts and turned on that night's baseball game. This was a ritual he performed nightly almost without fail. Settled in with his bare feet propped up, he called for me to bring him a beer. I did so and he took it from me without so much as looking at me.

It was getting dark and the boys came in talking loudly as they always did. I finished my homework and then retired to take my bath and get ready for bed. I could hear them in the living room, laughing and talking about something during a commercial break. When it grew quiet, I knew the game was back on. Daddy wasn't much for talking during his game.

I was enjoying the peace and relative quiet of my bath when Bobby walked in. I was so used to this by now, that it didn't faze me. He dropped his shorts and stepped into the bath with me. So much for peace and quiet.

"We all had a blast today," he commented as he settled into the water facing me.

"You promised that you wouldn't pull off my clothes," I replied trying to sound angry.

"Get real, Sis. You knew that wasn't a real promise. In fact, you knew that we were going to do it."

"I did not. I trusted you."

"Yeah, right. You had as much fun as we did." As he said that he took my foot and placed it on his cock and balls.

"Admit it. You had fun." I wiggled my toes on him and tried not to grin.

"See! You did have fun!" His cock began to rise from the water and I added my other foot.

"Daddy says boys shouldn't touch other boys, but girls can touch boys all they want and boys can touch girls all they want."

I fiddled with his dick for a few minutes and was holding his hard-on with my feet when Daddy suddenly walked in. He just looked at us as he fished his cock from his shorts and took a leak. When he finished he said, "When you are done there, JoAnne, bring me a beer and bring it to me naked. And make it quick."

Once Daddy left the bathroom Bobby tells me, "Kenny and I have a proposal for you."

"What kind of proposal?" I asked warily.

"We'll talk about it later, Sis. I think you'd best be getting Daddy's beer now."

Bobby rose from the bath water, stepped out, took my towel and wandered off to his bedroom. I pulled the plug and stepping out, I had to use Daddy's damp towel to dry off with. Wrapping the towel around my body I headed for the kitchen which made me cross through the living room. Daddy eyed me as I passed through to get him a cold can of beer.

As I delivered his beer he said, "Loose the towel, girl." I dropped the towel to the floor.

"That's better.

“You know, I'm like your brothers, I just like you better naked.

“Now come on up here and sit with me." Being a good girl, I did just what my daddy told me to do.

I snuggled into his strong arms and chest and he hugged me to him. Bending his head down, he kissed me on the forehead. I smiled up at him. He smiled back and his hands began to move, across my back, my bare butt, my legs, my tummy and my chest.

"Let's see those tits," he said as he lifted me up so that he could see me.

"I don't have any tits," I replied with a bit of embarrassment.

"Not now you don't, but you will in a few years," he said as he thumbed my nipples and brought them to two little peaks. "In a few years they'll be bigger and better," he said while toying with them.

"Does that feel good?" I nodded that what he was doing did indeed feel good.

"See, they're just fine," he added before he pulled me up and pulled my chest to his lips. Let me tell you, that felt even better, especially now that he a had a hand free to rub my butt and rub me between my legs.

After a few minutes of nipple sucking and getting me and his fingers wet with my pussy juices, he stopped and cradled me in his strong arms while he resumed watching his game. That's when I noticed that something had escaped from the fly of his boxers, and that something was much more interesting than that stupid game on TV! Now, having spent an hour in the barn blindfolded and playing with the boys' cocks, I knew what that something was. I'd felt it before too when sitting in Daddy's lap. It was also a lot bigger than anything any of the boys had and that included Jake Branner. For a moment I wondered if Daddy would mind if I touched it, and decided that he'd mind about as much as Bobby or Kenny would mind. Testing that theory, I reached over and gently ran my fingers over it. I was right! Daddy didn't seem to mind at all. Encouraged, I became a bit bolder and encircled, or at least I tried to encircle it with my hand, but my fingers wouldn't quite close around it.

I looked up and saw that Daddy wasn't watching the game too closely, as he was now looking at me holding him by his hard dick. I gave him a genuine smile and he smiled back. Then he reached down with one hand, unsnapped his underwear, lifted his butt off the chair and then pushed his drawers down his legs until he was able to simply kick them off. He was now as naked as I was and totally exposed to me. He never said anything as I ran my hand up and down his shaft, feeling all the funny bumps and bulges and marveling at the heft of the thing. For the moment, he apparently had lost interest in the baseball game he had been watching.

I ran my hand down and felt his big heavy balls rolling around in that loose funny sack that hung between boys' legs and wondered how they could walk with that between their legs. I ran my hand back up his dick and felt around in the tangle of hair he had down there, marveling in how soft and springy it felt, then back to his dick and its silky smooth head that was now poking out of his foreskin like a turtle. As smooth as it was, it became even smoother and slippery when my fingers smeared the drop of clear liquid that formed at the tip and smeared it all over. I had felt that slipperiness earlier that day, but I didn't see what caused it; likewise I had seen it form on my brother Kenny's dick the other night when he and Bobby had gotten into the tub with me and just before Kenny shot all his spunk all over me.

I was really fascinated with Daddy's dick, just as I had been fascinated with feel of the boys' various dicks earlier in the day. It's hard for me to describe how much I liked the feel of dicks, both large and small. I was a lucky girl to have so many dicks available to me to touch and feel. I just knew none of the girls in my class at school had as many dicks to play with as I did. I decided then that maybe my two brothers weren't so mean after all.

Bobby called out for Daddy and then came into the room asking some stupid question. He saw us there in Daddy's big easy chair. I guess he figured Daddy was busy, as he stopped talking, looked for a minute and then turned and went back to the boys' bedroom. A few moments later he and Kenny came out, sat on the sofa and sort of watched the game while still watching us.

Daddy moaned softly and I felt his dick harden even more. Then it happened. He grunted as his dick throbbed in my hand and huge quantity of that white stuff shot off onto his chest and tummy. It throbbed again and more stuff shot out. None of the boys did that today! He kept moaning and his dick kept throbbing and more and more stuff came out of it, only it wasn't shooting quite so far. Before long it was just gushing out and then merely oozing out as it throbbed. Presently there was also a real mess! At least it was on Daddy and not on me like the other night.

Daddy stopped moaning and for a good while he lay back breathing hard with his eyes closed. Meanwhile his dick grew soft in my hand. Cool!

Finally he said something. In a whisper he said, "Oh, fuck yeah! That was good!" He opened his eyes and with a dazed expression he looked at me with a funny smile. He took a deep breath.

"Better go get a wash rag and clean me up, girl," he said adding, "that is unless you have other ideas." I didn't have any ideas other than I wanted to see and feel him squirting again like that.

Now, I was vaguely aware that my two brothers were in the room and on the sofa, but suddenly I realized that they had been watching me playing with Daddy's dick. Suddenly I felt rather embarrassed, though I don't know why I felt that way at that point. Yesterday, I could understand feeling that way, but today? Anyway, Daddy fussed at me to "hop to it" and I ran to get him a wet wash cloth from the bathroom. As I wiped him up, I couldn't believe how much man goo he had expelled. As I looked at the large quantity of sticky goo I couldn't help but think, 'Ewwwwww!'

After I had him cleaned up, I threw the slimy washcloth directly in the washer; no way was I going to bathe with that rag tomorrow night! Then as he was catching up on the 0 to 0 game, I rejoined Daddy in his easy chair.

He looked over at my two brothers and asked, "What do you two knuckleheads want?"

"Nothing, Dad. We just came to watch the game."

"Well, you two watch it and tell me how it turns out tomorrow. Me, I'm going to bed."

With that declaration, he lowered the footrest and then stood holding me in his arms, whereupon he carried me with him to his bed. Within minutes he was snoring away while I held his soft dick in my hand. It really amazed me how different it was when soft. I could now flop it back and forth and even twist it slightly with no problem. Guys are so cool! And they always hide it!

**Chapter 3 - Playing the Skin Flute**

*In exchange for help with her chores, JoAnn agrees to get naked, but that's not quite enough for her brothers...*

Next day was the last day of school. I wanted to brag to all the girls, Mary Lou especially, as she thinks she knows everything, but Daddy told me at the breakfast table not to mention to anyone what I had done yesterday afternoon or last night. "What happens here in our house is nobody's god damn business, but ours. You yak about it, girl, and I promise, I'll blister your sweet behind so much you won't be able to sit until next fall!"

I thought that was bit of an exaggeration, but I wasn't about to try and find out, so I kept the most exciting day of my life to myself.

I could hardly wait to get home and see if my brothers would be interested in playing with me again. I sure hoped they would.

Of course they were interested in playing with me and of course I tried not act too eager.

"Hmmm, I don't know," I coyly said when they asked if I'd take all my clothes off right there in the front yard where everyone who passed by could see me, not that anyone, other than the mailman, ever came that far down the dead-end dirt road. The only house past ours was the Banner house and no one ever visited the Banners, except my brothers.

"Okay, how about this?" Bobby said. "You want us to do your chores again?"

Heck, I was willing to play without them doing that. "Yeah! You bet. All I have to do is take off all my clothes?"

"No, you have to blow us," Bobby said.

"Blow? Whadda mean, blow you?"

"Give us both a blowjob," Bobby explained, except I still didn't know what he was talking about. "You know, suck our dicks."

I never imagined anyone ever doing such a disgusting thing before. "Ewwwww! Gross! No way, Bobby!"

"Oh, come on, Sis. Dad says that girls are supposed to blow boys."

"He did not!"

"Yes, he did. He said most girls like sucking boys."

"No way, Jose!"

"Dad said you had to clean the bathroom today and you have to do the laundry. That and wash the dishes, make up all of our beds and clean up the entire house."

"I'm not making up your bed or Kenny's bed or cleaning your room," I told him flatly. I figured all I needed to do for the laundry was do a load of towels from yesterday and maybe Daddy's underwear. As for the rest of the house, it was neat and clean when we all left for school that morning, that just left cleaning the bathroom and I hated cleaning the bathroom. Still...

Having put Bobby in his place regarding his and Kenny's bedroom, I stormed off inside. Imagine, me sucking their dicks! No way! No way! Upon entering the house, I saw the place in shambles. Dirty clothes were thrown all over the living room and kitchen making both rooms look worse than they actually were. Suddenly Bobby's proposal didn't sound so unreasonable.

"So, how about it, Sissy? You ought to see the bathroom! Kenny pissed all over the place."

"You shoved me!" Kenny added.

"And you pissed all over yourself," laughed Bobby. "But, who cares? JoAnne here is going to clean it all up and wash your clothes too." I wanted to cry.

"Think about it, Sis. All you have to do is suck our dicks and we'll clean up the mess."

Fighting back the tears, I agreed... anything, but cleaning up their mess! At Bobby's cue, they both unzipped and dropped their shorts. I suppose most ten (almost eleven) year old girls would have been appalled at this, but I'd seen them both naked and even played with their dicks before, so it didn't even faze me.

Bobby wagged his dick at me, "Suck me, Sis!" he demanded. I almost fell for it too. If I would have sucked him then, he would have reneged on the deal, leaving me to clean everything up by myself.

"Not until after you and Kenny do ALL my chores!" I shouted back.

"Deal!" Bobby and Kenny said in unison.

My two older brothers were a blur of motion as they set about cleaning up the house naked while I sat back and watched. It was amazing to me how quickly they got it all done and it was fun watching them too. Of course the washer was still going, but the rest of the house was, while not exactly perfect, good enough.

It wouldn't be until later when I had Kenny move the wash to the drier that I discovered that he had washed EVERYTHING together, including the reds with the whites, except the white weren't white anymore, the whites were now pinks. I'd have to redo it and bleach out Daddy's now pink underwear. That crisis would come later, after I had paid up.

"All right, Sissy. Time to pay up," Bobby declared after my inspection. "You want to do us while we stand or should we lie down?"

"I dunno?" I replied not knowing how you were supposed to do this sort of thing.

"Standing," Kenny interjected.

"Standing it is," Bobby agreed.

"But, first you've got to get naked too, Sissy. Dad says that girls should be naked when they suck dicks."

I didn't know if Daddy said anything like that or not, but why question it? I played naked with Daddy the night before while he watched his game and I had always been naked when I played games with the boys, so why not?

As I stood before my naked brothers equally naked, Bobby asserted, "Me first!"

Kenny didn't protest, so it was Bobby first. I knelt before my big brother, took his cock in my hand and watched as it began to swell. I never looked up, I just watched the magical transition from limp to erect. When it was standing proudly on its own, the head emerged from its sheath and Bobby urged, "Suck it, Sissy."

Tentatively I kissed the tip. I think I was surprised that it didn't taste dirty. I kissed it again. I liked the feel of it against my pursed lips. I licked the shaft. Still no bad tastes, so I took the head of my brother's dick and slipped my lips over it. That felt pretty neat, so I ran my tongue over it. Oh, my gawd! It felt so cool! I slipped a little more of it into my mouth. Why hadn't I tried this before? Why hadn't I thought of it before?

With Bobby's dick filling my mouth, I knew what I was doing was nasty and way wicked, but I didn't care. I liked the way it felt. No, I loved the way it felt in my mouth. I looked up to see Bobby looking down at me. I tried to smile, but of course I couldn't, but I hoped he saw my eyes smiling. He was certainly smiling! Boy, if he liked this as much as I liked this... Wow!

He took my head in his hands and began moving my head back and forth, slipping his dick in and out of my mouth and between my lips.

"Holy fuck, Kenny!" Bobby declared. "You gotta try this! This feels fantastic!"

Kenny tried to butt in, but Bobby pushed him away saying, "Not now, not now. I'm almost... Ahhhggghhh!"

I felt his dick pulse in my mouth and felt something hot and slippery shoot into my mouth. I knew what that stuff was and tried to pull off, but Bobby held me fast, plunging my head back and forth on his spewing prong. Ewwwww!!!! As more and more of his spunk filled my mouth, I didn't know what to do. I knew one thing, I wasn't going to swallow it, not that it ever occurred to me anymore than swallowing a suspected poison.

With my mouth full of cum, Bobby stopped mouth-fucking me and just held my head steady as his dick deflated.

"Mmmpffhh! Mmmpffhh!" I groaned while pushing on his legs. I could breathe and all, but I really needed to get this stuff out of my mouth.

"Dad says a girl is supposed to swallow the cum of a boy she blows," he said while still holding me.

"Mmmpffhh! Mmmpffhh!"

"Swallow. It won't hurt you."

I wasn't so sure about that, but it really didn't taste bad like it was poison. It didn't taste exactly good, but it didn't taste awful like medicine either. Besides, I wasn't going to get away until Bobby let me get away. I swallowed and his limp dick slipped from between my lips.

"My turn!" Kenny asserted as he stuck his erection into my face. I didn't even have time to think about getting sick as my other brother rammed his cock into my mouth.

"Hey, watch the teeth!" he yelled as he swatted me lightly on the side of my head. Well, if he hadn't been so rough!

I did my best and Kenny seemed to be as pleased as Bobby was. Me, I thought it was totally nasty and way wicked and thought that it was just as much fun as sucking Bobby's dick. Soon Kenny was holding my head in his big strong hands, but unlike Bobby, he held my head still and thrust his hips back and forth. He probably lasted half as long as Bobby did before he exploded into my mouth. This time I just swallowed as he spewed, knowing I'd just have to swallow it all when it was all over anyway. Like Bobby's cum, it didn't taste at all bad.

When it was all over Bobby praised, "That was great, Sissy! Dad was right, nothing feels as good as a blowjob! You gotta do it again. Please!"

"Yeah, me too!" added Kenny enthusiastically.

Kneeling on the wood floor of the house, my knees were beginning to hurt. I wasn't adverse to doing it, not at all, but I wanted to get as much out of it for me as possible. "Okay, but you and Kenny have to do my chores tomorrow."

"How about, we do you chores tomorrow if you blow us tomorrow?" Bobby countered.

It was a win-win; I got what I wanted, namely getting the boys to do my chores tomorrow, and they were getting what they wanted, another dick sucking, something I also wanted to do. "Okay, it's a deal," I agreed.

"And you'll blow us again now?" he asked.

With a smile and a giggle I replied, "Sure, why not! But, this time you and Kenny have to lie on the floor on your back."

In a flash my two brothers were lying on the floor, waiting for round two. I moved over Bobby and took his still soft cock in my mouth and began sucking it. It felt so different when it was soft! After a minute or so, it began to harden in my mouth. I really liked the way that felt! I liked it so much that once he was good and hard, I moved over and took my other brother's soft cock into my mouth. This was way fun!

With Kenny's prick standing tall, I returned to suck on Bobby's stiff member. He put his hand on the back of my head, but I pushed him away. This time, I was in control! Rather than just letting them use my mouth to get their nuts off, I wanted to explore their cocks with my mouth, I wanted to enjoy the feel of their wonderful dicks in my mouth. Enjoy them I did! Alternating, I sucked them both until my jaws began to hurt.

"Guys, my jaws are getting sore," I pleaded.

"Aw, just suck me for a few more minutes," Bobby whined.

"Me too, Sis," Kenny added.

"I'll suck you some more, both of you, but I really need a rest," I promised.

Sitting up and then standing, I heard that the washer had completed its cycle. Taking the opportunity, I pulled the clothes from the washer. "Oh, no! Kenny! You ruined the wash!"

"What's the big deal? I did it the way Bobby told me to do it."

"You put your red t-shirts in with yours and Daddy's underwear. Look, everything is now pink! Even the towels are pink!"

"This one's still green," observed Bobby holding up a raggedy old green towel.

"I'll have to redo everything!" I said exasperated.

"Then you'd better get busy," Kenny said.

I got mad. "You did it," I shouted. "Now, you fix it!"

"Doing the laundry is your job, JoAnne," Kenny countered.

"That wasn't our deal," I pointed out.

"Too bad," Kenny smugly replied.

Defiantly I rejoined, "Then I won't suck your dick anymore today!" The look in Kenny's eyes said it all. I had him!

"Shit! Okay. So, how am I supposed to fix this?"

"Sort out all the pink stained laundry and put them back in the washer. Put the other clothes in the drier."

"Why aren't they pink too," he asked as he began the sort.

"I don't know. They just aren't." In just a few minutes, Kenny had everything sorted out. I started the drier, added bleach and detergent to the washer and began a new cycle.

"You think this will work?" he asked.

"I dunno. I hope so, or Daddy will be mad at you."

"Me? He told you to do the wash, not me." He had a point. I would be held responsible. All I could hope for was that it would work.

Bobby meanwhile, had pulled out a bag of cookies and was helping himself. Kenny grabbed what he considered his share and left me with just one cookie and that was broken. "No fair," I protested.

"What's not fair?" Bobby asked as he shoved another cookie into his mouth.

"You and Kenny took ALL the cookies! I just get one?"

"Too bad," Bobby replied with cookie crumbs spilling from his mouth.

"That's it! No more blow jobs today!" I declared.

"No, fair," Kenny protested. "I redid the laundry. You said!"

"I want my share of the cookies!" I demanded. Kenny immediately capitulated and gave me half of his.

"Is that fair?" Kenny asked irritably.

"No! I want half of Bobby's cookies too."

"Give her the cookies," Kenny said to his older brother.

"No," Bobby defiantly said.

"Give her the cookies," Kenny repeated.

"No!"

Like I said before, Kenny was a year or so younger than Bobby, but he was bigger than Bobby and had no problem taking him to the floor. They were best friends and all, and Bobby was normally the leader, but he was no match physically for his "little" brother. In the ensuing melee on the kitchen floor, Bobby's cookies were all turned to crumbs. What a mess!

Kenny had Bobby in a head lock when Bobby gave up. Kenny and I both agreed that Bobby would have to clean up the mess. Me, I got my cookies and Kenny had his. Bobby had and lost his. While Bobby vacuumed up the remains of his handful of cookies, Kenny and I ate our cookies and then I gave Kenny a blow job while he sat in a kitchen chair.

Bobby put away the cleaning equipment and returning to the kitchen, sat in a chair to the side of Kenny and me. Taking his bare foot, he pushed me away from Kenny, demanding, "My turn!"

Kenny was all over him once again, only this time the fight ended with them both laughing. That was fine by me; I hate it when they fight, as I can't tell if they're serious or just "playing". Soon they were sitting side by side with me between them, going from one dick to the other. It was a fun way to start the summer recess!

**Chapter 4 - Level 4 Games**

*Blindfolded, the blowjob game gets a bit more complicated for JoAnn...*

Rolling out of bed to go to work, Daddy woke me the next morning. Immediately I missed the comfort of snuggling up to his strong naked body and I missed his smell. I guess I could have blown him the night before, but I was still a bit embarrassed about doing nasty and way wicked things with him, even though he didn't hesitate to do nasty and way wicked things to me, like finger fucking me and licking me between the legs. I couldn't believe he'd do such a thing, but he did, and I can't wait for him to do it again.

Anyway, I was like totally exhausted that morning and went back to sleep once Daddy was dressed. I didn't wake up until much later when I heard the sound of the lawnmower outside Daddy's window. I quickly surmised that my brothers were cutting the grass like Daddy expected them to do, but then I thought I heard the vacuum cleaner running too. When Kenny barged into Daddy's room vacuuming the floor that had been vacuumed the day before, I knew the boys were serious about getting the chores done early. Out of modesty, I pulled the covers over me as Kenny went about his work and I smiled to myself thinking that they were so eager to play with me.

When Kenny finished, I snuck into my room to put some clothes on. Passing the bathroom, saw Bobby busy scrubbing the tub. 'That's odd,' I thought as I could still hear the riding lawnmower outside.

Dressed, I went to the kitchen and fixed myself a bowl of cereal. Everything was neat and clean! "I know what they want this morning," I said to myself smugly.

Then considering the price I'd have to pay I reflected, "This is the best idea I've ever had!"

Immediately I felt very naughty and way wicked because not only was I getting out of my chores, but I'd soon be sucking my brothers' dicks again and that was fun, but nasty and way wicked fun.

I heard the vacuum cleaner stop and few minutes later Bobby and Kenny appeared at the kitchen door. "There you are!" Bobby said. Where did he think I'd be?

"When you blow us, we want your ass naked, Sissy," he said with a grin.

"I just got dressed," I said between mouthfuls.

"Then get undressed and stay undressed. You don't need any clothes today."

"Can't I finish my cereal?"

"Yeah, but make it quick. We'll be right back."

With that Bobby and Kenny dashed out and I heard the front door slam shut. A few minutes later I heard the lawnmower stop, except there was another, much fainter sound of another lawnmower still going in the distance. A few more minutes passed and the sound of that mower ceased too.

Having finished my breakfast, I quickly washed my dishes and then went back to my room to undress. While I was still putting away my clean clothes, I heard the front door open and then close.

My older brother, Bobby, appeared in my doorway. He just stood there, not saying anything and looking at me like he'd never seen me nude before. Breaking the silence I asked, "Are we going to play another blindfold game today?"

"That's a great idea! Stay here, Sissy, I'll be right back."

He reappeared in a minute or so, as naked as I was and holding a strip of cloth to blindfold me.

"What's the game?" I asked as my brother blindfolded me.

"How about Guess-the-Weenie?" Bobby suggested.

"With my hands?"

"Hands and mouth," he replied with a laugh. "Now take my hand." I took his hand and he guided me out to the living room where Kenny was presumably waiting for us.

My hand was guided to a dick and I took it, feeling it for a moment while it grew hard.

"Now taste it," Bobby said.

I knelt and guided the hard prick to my lips. This was easy, it had to be Kenny because Bobby's voice was behind me. I sucked it for a few minutes, then declared, "Kenny!"

"Very good, Sissy," Bobby praised.

My hand was directed to another dick of about the same size. This had to be Bobby, because Kenny's dick was all wet now. After feeling him for a minute, I took a taste by licking it and then took the head in my mouth for a thorough tongue lashing and then I slid his whole dick in my mouth.

Slipping the hard cock out of my mouth I confidently declared, "Bobby!".

Kenny's wet dick rubbed against my cheek. I turned and took him between my lips. Then back to Bobby, back to Kenny, sucking each for just a good long minute or so before switching to the other.

A dick rubbed the side of my face and I instinctively turned and took possession of it orally. The first thing that struck me was that it was bigger than the two dicks I had just been working one, that and the salty taste and the rather funky BO odor.

I pulled off and ripped the blindfold away. Jake Banner! "No fair, Bobby!" I protested. "The deal was you and Kenny would do my chores and I'd blow you, not your friends!"

"Chill, Sissy!" Bobby replied amid the laughter of four boys. Even Ted, Jake's brother was naked and waiting his turn! "We couldn't get your chores done without Jake and Ted doing ours. Now fair is fair, right?" I didn't get a chance to answer as Jake rather rudely stuck his cock back in my mouth. What's a girl to do?

I must admit that it was a lot of fun being the center of attention of four hunky boys, and I was starting to really like the taste of their cum, but after a while, my jaws were really hurting. I called for a break and boys granted me one, but when my fifteen minutes were up, it was back to sucking and licking dicks and balls.

After I fixed everyone some lunch, the boys had had enough for the moment and ran off outside to play. Once I had the kitchen cleaned up, I put on some clothes and went outside where the boys were playing softball with just a single base in our front yard. I asked if I could play and to my amazement, they all said, "Yes."

When it was my turn at bat, I hit the ball and took off for first base, but before I got there, Bobby tackled me. He had the ball and declared that I was out. I was all dirty now, but that wasn't all; calling the guys over, they stripped off my shorts. Well, at least I still had my t-shirt and panties on.

As you might guess, by the end of my third turn at bat, I didn't have them either, my t-shirt and panties that is. With me naked, the guys lost interest in the game and made me blow them, outside, in the front yard! Anyone could have seen us if they happened to get lost and came that way, but no one did.

After I gave everyone a sucking and swallowed their loads, we resumed the softball game, only everyone was naked now. It was a blast! The best part was when we took a break, we all had a cold drink and I sucked everyone again. Then we played ball again. We were still playing ball when Daddy drove up from work.

Daddy didn't say a word about what we were doing. He just looked at us, buck naked and covered in dirt from head to toe. He shook his head and went inside. The Banner boys decided it might be best if they were getting on home, so they picked up their shorts and left.

Everything was neat and clean and supper was percolating in the crock pot, so I didn't think Daddy would be angry at me. Bobby and Kenny weren't so sure, so I went inside by myself carrying my dirty clothes in my hand.

"JoAnne! Is that you, baby?" Daddy called out from the bathroom.

"Yes, Daddy, it's me," I answered.

"Come on in here, darling."

I went and found Daddy sitting in the tub. That was unusual because he liked to take a shower.

"I need you to wash my back and you need a bath in the worse way, girl, so hop in."

I hopped in, only Daddy wasn't all that interested in me washing his back as much as he was interested in washing me. Once he had rinsed the dirt off me, he held me against his chest, his big hard prick poking me in the back and diddled my pussy until I saw stars!

With the water now cold and with me satisfied, he drained the water, announcing that we'd have to bathe together more often.

Daddy didn't bother to even put on a pair of boxer shorts that night, nor would he allow me to get dressed, so we ate our supper naked, or at least Daddy and I were naked. Kenny and Bobby had cleaned up and had put on some shorts.

With supper done, Daddy surprised me by telling the boys to clean the table and wash the dishes. Relieved of that chore, he took me to his easy chair where he held me in his lap, drank his beer and watched that night's baseball game with a hand between my legs. After he made me cum again, he asked me if I was blowing the boys while he was at work.

"Don't be mad at me, Daddy," I said.

"I'm not mad, I'm just asking a question," replied. "Are you blowing the boys?"

"Yes," I whispered feeling somewhat embarrassed.

"I thought so... So, do you like blowing the boys?"

"Kind of."

"Kind of? Either you enjoy sucking dicks or you don't enjoy sucking dicks."

"I guess I do."

"Would you like to suck my dick too?" he asked.

"Is that what you want me to do, Daddy?"

"As a matter of fact, I'd love it if you sucked my cock."

I was already holding and gently fondling his huge erection, so all I had to do was scoot down and...

Close up, the head of his cock looked even larger. I kissed it and tasted the salty seepage that had formed at the tip, then I licked the head all over.

"That's good, baby. Real good," Daddy said while he ran his fingers through my hair. "Now, suck it, you sweet little thing."

I surrounded the head of Daddy's big penis with my lips. It was a tight fit, but I managed to get the entire head into my mouth, but not much more.

I worked his knob with my lips and my tongue. He directed me to pay particular attention to the juncture of his cock crown and cock tube. I scrapped him a couple of times with my teeth, but other than a sudden jerk of his body, followed by a playful swat to my head, he let me do what I wanted and what I wanted was to have him squirt his nut juice into my mouth. I didn't have to wait very long either, before my mouth was flooded.

I thought Jake came in buckets, but Daddy really did cum in buckets. With his glans filling my mouth, there wasn't much room for the copious quantity of cum and so I had it shooting from around my lips as I tried unsuccessfully to swallow enough to keep up with the flood. Mercifully, the worst was over fairly quickly and I was able to enjoy the feel of his prick pulsating between my lips as he continued to ejaculate.

His dick stopped throbbing and began to grow soft in my mouth. I began to pull away, but Daddy held my head to his groin and told me, "Just keep sucking, baby," so I did. As his dick softened, I could get more and more of it into my mouth, not all of it, but most of it. It was really nice, sitting there sucking on his soft prick while his fingers found their way between my legs again.

After a while, I was cumming on his fingers again while his prick began to harden in my mouth. As it hardened, it grew thicker and longer and went into the back of my throat where it continued to get longer and thicker and harder. I couldn't breathe and began pounding on Daddy's bare thigh. He released the pressure on the back of my head and I managed to extract his cock head from the back of my throat enough to catch a breath, only his dick kept getting thicker and thicker. Finally I had to pull off of him completely.

"Don't stop, baby," he said as pressed my head back down on his cock. "I want you to suck my dick until the game's over."

What choice did I have? I took as much of him between my lips as I possibly could. For what seemed like an hour, I sucked on the head of Daddy's big prick. I know he called for Bobby or Kenny to fetch him a cold beer twice. I also know he didn't miss a single play, as he would grumble about this play or that play and sometimes hoot and jump in his seat, but always he kept his cock in my mouth even though I couldn't find the strength to suck anymore.

Finally the beers got to him and he had to go relived himself, but when he got back, it was, "JoAnne, suck my dick, baby." My jaws hurt so much that night that I could hardly go to sleep. Next day, after Daddy went to work, the boys wanted me to play with them again. My jaws still hurt, but they insisted.

I was able to beg off for part of the day, but the boys in turn refused to help me with my chores. It wasn't that I'd either be stuck cleaning the house or on my knees, that day, I did both. That night, Daddy had me kneeling between his legs, slobbering nonstop on his big prick and his big balls as he watched baseball and drank beer. Meanwhile my two brothers sat on the sofa, watching me suck Daddy's dick and watching baseball. From what the three of them were saying, it was obvious that the stupid game warranted more comments than did my performance.

I tried to hide in the house the following day, but the boys weren't having any of that. I told them that my knees hurt too much and my jaws were too sore, but that didn't stop them. I was placed on my bed with my head hanging off the side. Each boy in turn stepped up and ran his cock deep into my throat. I gagged a lot at first, but that didn't stop them. They made me suck their balls too and sometimes they would straddle my head and rub their stinky butt holes in my face. I was allowed time to do my chores, by myself and then it was back on the bed for me. By the time Daddy got home that evening, I was ready to run away.

I complained to Daddy about how the boys treated me. He called Bobby and Kenny over and told them to stop taking advantage of me. Then Daddy had me blow all three of them! What choice did I have? Not that I really minded

**Chapter 5 - Rolling the Dice**

*The boys play a dice game, with eleven yo JoAnn's virginity the prize, and soon the games become "public" knowledge...*

I wasn't even eleven years old and for the first several weeks of summer break, I was sucking my two brothers, their two friends and sucking my Daddy's cock on daily basis. Seemed that someone always wanted me to blow them... not that I really minded, as I had become rather fond of performing the act and the feel of nice hard cock in my mouth.

Then just days before my eleventh birthday, Daddy was at work and I was naked, as usual, playing a game of whose-balls-are-they with the boys. The object was to nuzzle/lick balls and then guess whose balls I was nuzzling/licking, naturally I was blindfolded. We had played this game a few days before, but there was no real penalty for making the wrong guess, except maybe sucking a dick, but that was hardly a penalty. This day I wouldn't be so lucky.

I was just having fun wallowing my face into the crotch of boys and not really caring whose balls they were. I guessed wrong. Thinking that all I had to do was a quick dick suck, I was surprised when I was denied my treat.

"Hey, it's not that we don't want you to suck us, Sis," Bobby explained. "We all like that. It's just that you're not really trying. So you have to pay the penalty."

"What penalty?" I naively asked. Just then my arms were grabbed and my head was pulled back by the hair. Next thing I knew, my face was between the butt cheeks of someone.

"Lick him, Sissy! Lick him and tell us who he is." Blindfolded and suddenly with my face buried in a smelly butt, I was quite uncertain what to do..

"Yeah, lick me, Sis," I heard just before someone swatted my bare ass really hard. With the second stinging swat, I did what I knew I had to do.

"Is she really licking your asshole?" I heard someone ask.

"Yeah, she is and it feels great!"

"Let me try, Bobby!"

"Fuck you, Jake. Wait your turn."

By then I had deduced whose butthole I was licking. It was really gross, but the more I licked, the less gross it became, not that it ever got to the point of not being gross at all. It seemed like an eternity before my older brother, Bobby, was satisfied and pulled his ass away from my face.

I complained about how dirty licking someone's butt was and told them I was going to get sick. To my surprise, Jake agreed with that assessment and suggested that they all go and wash their butts before we continued the game.

After that, I paid much closer attention to whose balls were whose, but I still messed up and had to lick someone's butt, but it wasn't nearly as bad and disgusting as licking Bobby's behind.

I guessed wrong again and had to lick another ass, only this time it wasn't bad at all, it was just wicked fun and nasty as all get out.

I suspected the boys were cheating when I lost three times in a row, but I now that I was used to it, I gave Jake Banner the best rimming of them all.

The game was put on hold while I got supper going. The boys meanwhile were in the living room, talking among themselves. I could only make out a word here and there, so couldn't follow their conversation. When I had supper on in the crock pot, I rejoined the group, but not before I was instructed to bring paper and pencil.

Bobby told me to write each of their names on the paper. Then he produced a pair of dice and rolled a seven. I wrote that down and the dice were passed to Jake. They each rolled and then began a second round, which I dutifully recorded. I'm not stupid and with the way they were all leering at me, I suspected this all had something to do with me. When I asked, Bobby told me, "Just record the numbers."

After the third round, Bobby told me to add up the three rolls of each boy. Whatever they were planning, Jake had the largest number and his brother, Ted, had to smallest. My two brothers were tied.

The list was passed around to be verified by everyone and then Bobby and Kenny each rolled a single dice to break the tie. Kenny won, a fact that Bobby took remarkably well.

"My dad suggested this game," Jake began.

"What game is that?" I asked.

"It was just to determine, fair and square, who did you first," he replied with a grin.

"Did what?" I can't believe I was so stupid!

"Who fucks you first, who fucks you second, who fucks you third and who fucks you last. We're all going to fuck you, JoAnn. Dad says girls like you should be fucked and fucked often."

Oh my god, I was to be gang raped!

My two dear loving brothers each grabbed an arm and frog marched me to my bedroom, where I was deposited sideways on my bed. Bobby held my hands above my head, while Kenny and Ted each took an ankle and spread me open. Jake stepped into the slot, stroking his cock to an erection.

"You're going to rape me?" I practically cried.

"Not at all, JoAnn," Jake said. "You're going to beg for it."

"No, I won't!"

He leaned forward and ran his finger up my slit. I liked it when the boys or Daddy did that and this time was no different.

"She's as wet as ever," Jake declared.

"Dad says girls like you always get wet when they're ready to fuck. Tell us the truth, JoAnn. Are you ready to be fucked?"

"No," I managed weakly. "I'll tell Daddy."

"Dad will probably fuck you too tonight, Sis," Bobby replied.

"No, he won't!"

"Wanna bet? If he does, you lick our assholes again tomorrow and then we'll fuck you again. If he doesn't, we'll fuck you anyways. Either way, we all win."

I didn't quite follow what he was saying, as it wasn't important at the time. What mattered to me were the magic fingers dancing in my pussy and driving the lust monster in me to the breaking point.

"You wanna fuck, JoAnn?" Jake asked.

I didn't answer as at that very moment, my eyes rolled up into the back of my head and my pussy exploded and along with it I was taken to that place where only bliss and ecstasy resides.

They say I howled like a sick cat when Jake's cock speared my pussy, taking my virginity. I don't know about that, only that when I came to my senses, I was being fucked by Jake, a circumstance that was at once a bit uncomfortable, while at the same time being the best feeling in the world next to an orgasm. I felt his cock pulse and knew he was ejaculating inside me. Thankfully, I hadn't started my periods yet, or else he would have surely knocked me up.

Jake collapsed on me, mashing me into my bed. He stayed there for several moments as his cock softened inside me until it slithered from my deflowered pussy. He rolled off and Kenny took his place. I wasn't being held down now, not that I needed to be held down once Jake began doing me. I wrapped my arms around my younger brother's neck and wrapped my legs around his waist as he pounded into me. It was wonderful!

I guess teenage boys don't last very long their first time and all too soon, Kenny had shot off inside me and had rolled off. I hardly had a chance to catch my breath, much less gather my wits before Bobby was between my legs, his steely dick sliding effortlessly in the cum lubricated cock socket of his little sister's pre-teen pussy. Bobby screwed me good and long. It was wonderful! I don't know how I ever hated him, or at least at that moment I didn't know, nor did I care to remember all the mean things he'd done to me in the past. The only thing that mattered right then was that he was filling up my eager pussy and making it feel really, really good, and I mean REALLY GOOD. I loved it when I felt him squirting into me, but I wasn't so keen that was soon all over; all over until Ted mounted me.

Teddy was the youngest and smallest of the four boys and he was the smallest in more than one way. I was okay with that part, but he no sooner stuck it in and he was done. I know now that lots of teenage boys have a hair trigger their first time, but that's not what I wanted at the moment. But I didn't get down on Ted about it. In many ways he was always nicest of the four, but that wasn't what my pussy wanted at the moment, not that I had time to think about it before his big brother Jake rammed his cock back up inside me for a second go, a second go that lasted almost as long as the four previous fucks combined. Then Kenny did me again, and like Jake, he went and went until Bobby got frustrated with him and started complaining.

Jake had an answer to Bobby's dilemma and suggested that he have me suck him until Kenny was finished. God, I was now getting it from both ends by my two brothers. When Kenny finally did get his rocks off inside me again, Bobby was quick to take his place and Jake took Bobby's place with my mouth. I never thought that the boys could be so much fun until that afternoon! Poor Teddy, when he got his second turn at me, he was better, but not all that much better than the first time.

I guess Jake was fucking me for the third time when Daddy came home early. Kenny, who was facing the open door to my bedroom shouted out, "Dad!" and yanked his dick from my mouth. That got everyone's attention, including Jake, who was so startled that he shot off just as he was pulling out, squirting stuff all over the place like an overexcited small dog pissing everywhere. Me, I had been on such an elevated sexual high for so long that I didn't know or care what was going on.

"Jake, Ted," Daddy said in a calm no-nonsense tone, "I think you boys had better go home." I think those two must've run home naked, as they had left their clothes on the living room floor.

With the Banner boys gone, Daddy told Bobby and Kenny to, "Go feed the fucking chickens." They too ran out without their clothes.

Daddy stood by my bed for several minutes, surveying the mess the boys had made on me and on my bed without saying a word. Finally he looked up from my poor swollen pussy, which by now had started to throb something terrible and asked, "Are you okay, JoAnn?"

"I think so," replied though the way I was suddenly feeling between the legs was cause for worry.

"They didn't force you, did they?"

"No, not really." Well, they did, but I had gotten over that quick enough.

"That's good. Damn. I didn't think you'd start this until you were at least twelve, but now that you have..." He didn't finish his sentence, but I had a pretty good idea what he had on his mind.

After another minute of just looking at my cum-oozing pussy he said, "Go get a bath. You're a fucking mess, girl."

I was surprised that I could still walk, but I managed to hobble into the bathroom and draw a hot bath. Oh, did that feel good! I had a minute or two of peace and quiet before Daddy came in. He didn't say a word, but stripped down and got in the bath tub behind me. I was a bit scrunched up because Daddy is so big, but I didn't mind, especially when I felt that big ole dick of his rubbing against my lower back and his big hands cupping my little titties.

"I do believe your tits are starting to grow, JoAnn. You've always had nice puffy nipples, but I do believe you're getting some true tit flesh now."

It was nice that he noticed. He started rolling my nipples between his thumb and forefinger, something that drove me wild, a fact that he was well aware of. "Did you have fun today with the boys?" he murmured into my ear.

"Yes, Daddy, I really did."

"Good, a girl should enjoy getting fucked, just as a boy should enjoy fucking a girl."

"Are you going to fuck me, Daddy?"

"Is that what you want?"

"I'm kinda sore, but..."

"Well, in that case, pull the plug and we'll go do it."

As much as I wanted to take a long hot bath, I really wanted Daddy to do me even more. He rose and helped me out of the bath and sort of dried us both off, then he picked me up and carried me to his bedroom and to the bed I'd been sharing with him for several weeks. I expected him to plop me down like sack of potatoes and climb on top like the boys had been doing all afternoon, but instead he flopped onto his back with me still in his arms.

"You want me to fuck you, JoAnn, then we'll fuck, but you get to do it first."

I didn't follow what he was saying, but then he told me take his dick and lower my pussy over it. Cool! Like I said before, Daddy was big, bigger than any of the boys and for a moment I wondered if it would fit. It fit! It was a tight fit and it took me a while to take it all to the root, but I managed. With my poor pussy stretched tight around his fat stiff cock, I could hardly move, but after awhile, I started to move. A little at a time I moved my hips up and down; Daddy just laid back and made me do all the work. After a few minutes I was really pumping it and enjoying every inch of his dick. Suddenly he grabbed me by the waist, growled and rolled us over. The easy fucking was over.

Daddy grabbed me by the wrists and stretched my arms out over my head, while his big ole cock plunged forcefully in and out of my poor little cunt with long, powerful strokes, strokes that caused the bed to squeak and the headboard to bang against the wall in sync with his hips. The first orgasmic wave hit me pretty quick, followed by another and then another. As much as I enjoyed the boys fucking me, this was better, much better.

Suddenly he stopped and completely withdrew his dick from me. I thought that it was over, that somehow I didn't feel him cum inside me, but that's not what was happening. He rolled me over, stuffed a pillow under my tummy and entered me from behind. The sounds of fucking once again filled the house and once again I was carried off into a blissful state of unending orgasmic hills and valleys.

He rolled us onto our side and did me in a spooning position, not so hard and fast as before, but slower, at a more leisurely pace, like he had all the time in the world to fuck me. In a way he did. I wasn't going anywhere, not that day, not that summer and not that year. I wasn't even twelve yet, and I was going to be fucked like this for years before I could even vote! And not just Daddy, but my two brothers and their two friends too. Daddy didn't care if the boys did me, so long as he got his too. And me? I liked it too much to complain.

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About a week or so after I started fucking the boys and Daddy, Jake and Teddy's father came over to see Daddy. We were just finishing supper and there was a loud knocking at the door.

"You're dressed, so get the damned door, girl," Daddy growled.

For once I had some clothes on, one of Daddy's big t-shirts that came down to my knees. Old Man Banner grinned at me through his graying whiskers when I answered. Even though they were neighbors, he and Dad hardly ever spoke and I really didn't know anything about him other than he was Jake and Ted's father. That and the fact that he was a big man, not fat, just a big man... big head, big chest, big arms, big hands and feet. He was a rather imposing and intimidating man.

"Hello, there, sweet thang," he greeted with a grin that could only be described as lecherous. "Is your poppa home? I need to speak with him."

I called for Dad, who came to the door and invited Mr. Banner in. Dad took up his position in his easy chair and Mr. Banner sat on the sofa, sinking deeply into the worn cushion. Dad sent me to get them both a beer and when I returned, I sat in Daddy's lap like I always did.

"That's a fine looking girl, ya gots there, Keaton," Banner said looking me over. "Mighty fine. The boys tell me she's a fun girl too. They also tell me that ya don't mind 'em playing with her."

"Boys will be boys," Daddy replied. "You don't object to the kids having a little fun, do ya?"

With a toothy grin, Banner held up his hands and exclaimed, "No, no, not at all. Fact is, I appreciate ya not havin' a problem with them... gettin' it on and doin' her."

"Ya can't fight nature, Banner," Daddy replied. "So why the fuck bother?"

"I agree," Banner laughed. "Ya know, I wouldn't mind getting a little of that myself."

"Boys are one thing," Daddy replied, "men are a different matter."

"Yourself included? My boys tell me everthang and they tells me they seen ya doing her too." He took a swig of beer and added, "Now, I don't take a dim view of that, but... the law certainly does."

"What are ya getting at, Banner?" Daddy asked somewhat annoyed to be challenged in his own house.

"Simple facts. In the eyes of the law, the fact that the boys are doin' her ain't a problem. But, the fact that you do her... every damned day from what I hear, well, that's a whole different issue... An issue with a lot of serious jail time attached to it."

"It's their word against mine," Daddy replied tartly.

"Now, don't be callin' my boys lairs, Keaton!" Banner shot back. "There's no call for that!"

He sat back and continued in a more conciliatory tone, " Now, I ain't runnin' off to the law and tellin'em that you're fuckin' this sweet young girl, but... now consider this... it'd be in your best interest if you were assured of that."

"What do ya want, Banner? Money? I ain't got any fucking money."

"Money?! Hell, no! I know ya ain't got any money, and if'n ya did, I wouldn't do that shit. Ain't neighborly. No, sir, not me. But, ya do have pussy available, young pussy... fine young passing around pussy."

"Go on."

"The way I see it, and I think you're gonna see it my way too, is this... if I was as guilty as you are, then I would never, ever, go to the cops with what I know. Hell, if I did, I'd go to jail too."

"You have a point, Banner. A point well taken. It's certainly something to consider." Daddy sat silently for a minute or so, his hand rubbing my thigh as he thought things over.

Presently Daddy stopped rubbing me and said, "You're a very reasonable man, Banner, very reasonable. I suppose I should be reasonable too. So, if I understand what you're getting at, then you've got yourself a deal."

Old Man Banner slapped his thigh and let out a celebratory yelp, "Fuck yeah!"

Daddy pushed me off his lap. "Get out of those clothes, girl, and show my good neighbor what ya got."

"Daddy!!! No!!!!" I protested.

Daddy grabbed me by the arm and pulled me to him. "Since when did ya start saying no, girl?" he asked in his I-mean-it voice.

Before I could answer, not that he wanted an answer, he grabbed the tails of the t-shirt I was wearing and yanked it right over my head, stripping me naked in one second flat.

I knew good and well what was about to happen, and I wasn't all that keen on grubbing with Old Man Banner. What if he had a dick as big and nasty looking as the rest of him? But, what choice did I have? With a slap to my now bare butt, Daddy sent me across the room to Old Man Banner.

I didn't want to go, but I knew if I didn't, Daddy would blister my butt good and I'd still have to go anyway. Slowly I crossed the room hoping that Daddy would change his mind. He didn't. When I got close enough, Mr. Banner lunged forward like an alligator snapping up a stray chicken, grabbed me and pulled me to him. Immediately his hands were all over me everywhere, like he had six hands or something, and his whiskers tickled my skin.

"You're a fine little cunt," he said to me, "and I'm gonna fuck ya cross-eyed."

With one big paw on my little tit and the other wedged between my legs, he turned to Daddy and asked, "Ya got a bedroom I can use?"

"Do her right there, Banner, where I can see you," Daddy replied. "I don't want her hurt."

"I ain't gonna hurt her, I'm just gonna fuck her. But, what the hell, makes no damned difference to me. Yes, sir, right here's as good a place as any."

He didn't even get undressed. He just pushed his pants down, pried my legs open and stuck it inside me. He was as big as I feared and it knocked the wind out me. Over past few days, Teddy had gotten a lot better at fucking and lasting longer. Still Ted's dad really reminded me of Teddy, not size-wise, but the way he came so quick. It was only then the old goat pulled his pants off completely and made me suck him. Once I got him up again, he did me again, this time much longer, and driving me so hard into the sofa that I thought it might collapse. He did me like that for several minutes and then rolled us both over. That was better, much better.

I was bouncing on his sizable pole when Daddy came up, dropped his pants and pulled my head to his dick. Meanwhile, my brothers had finished cleaning up the dinner dishes and came into the room to watch. Daddy pulled his cock from my mouth and completely undressed. I was pulled off Old Man Banner's cock and put on my hands and knees between the old fart's legs. Daddy pushed my head down into Banner's crotch and plowed me from behind. Nobody, but nobody, fucks me as good as my Daddy does and he had me moaning on Old Man Banner's big dick in no time.

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When school started that fall, I had finally turned eleven. On the first day, everyone had to stand up and tell the class what they did that summer. What could I say? That was fucked everyday by two, three, sometimes six different dicks? Even I knew that wasn't something I could talk about, but I had no doubt that I had more fun than any other girl in the whole school. I just couldn't talk about it.

That early fall, my tits were getting bigger too. All the other girls were really jealous. I had to get a bra. I should've gotten one bigger because that first was too small in just a few weeks. The second one too, but I wasn't just getting bustier, my areolas and nipples got larger too, from all the titty sucking I was getting.

Daddy kept telling me that I needed to tell him when I had my first period, because that meant I could get pregnant and he would have to put me on birth control. I never had that first period, and had to drop out of school just after Christmas. It wasn't until after I delivered my first baby, a little girl, that I began menstruating.

I have no idea who little Bethany's father actually is, and no one was willing to be tested to find out. Even though it remains a mystery, she doesn't look anything like the Banners. But with Child Protective Services snooping around and asking questions, Teddy, being the youngest and closest to my age, was designated Bethany's father.

Daddy signed me up for home schooling and after that, I pretty much stayed home, taking care of Bethany and keeping two houses neat and clean, that and sucking and fucking. Not that I minded.... I loved little Bethany with all my heart and I really loved all the attention I was getting.

THE END