**Room with a View**  
by Art Martin

**Chapter 16 - May the Holy Spirit Be With You**

*While her father preaches, Shelly has a moving experience at church.*

It was nearly nine AM Sunday morning when the sun, streaming through the open window, shone in Luke’s face causing him to slowly awaken. Once consciousness was restored, he immediately knew that something was different. Something that caused him to remain motionless, pretending to be still sleeping. It was the hand, caressing and rubbing his morning erection; a big hand, rough with calluses. That and a big old hard cock pressing between his butt cheeks.

Luke wasn’t sure what he’d do if the tip of that dick found it’s way to his anus. Best that he just lie still and pretend he was unaware of anything untoward. For the time being, Jake was just grinding into him. That and whacking him off.

“Jake! Stop molesting Luke and get up and get dressed,” chided Toni. “We’re gonna be late for church. Be sure and wake Luke up. He’s got to take Shelly to church too.”

“He’s awake,” replied Jake with a laugh. “C’mon buddy, I know yer playing possum.”

“Hey! Le’go of my dick, ya big faggot!”

“Don’t give me that crap, Luke! Ya’ve been lying there enjoying it. Henderson told me all about ya. How ya licked his dick while he fucked yer slut-wife the other night.”

“He said what?”

“Stow it mister! Me and Henderson go waaaaaay back. He don’t make up shit like that.”

Luke felt his face flush and his ears burning.

“Don’t worry about it. Ya ain’t queer. I know that fer a fact. Bisexual maybe, but yer no queer.”

“How ‘bout you? Ya’er the one feeling me up!” replied Luke indignantly.

“Hey, I admit I like a little boy-time every so often. A little spice breaks up the monotony of pussy, pussy, pussy.”

“I heard that, Jake Stringer!” called out Toni as she slipped on her shoes. “Monotony! Is that how you see it? How about if I cut you off big-boy! How about if Meagan also cuts you off? Shelly too, not to mention…”

“Okay, okay. I love pussy, pussy, pussy. Sometimes I just like the feel of a dick in my hand other than my own.”

“You are so crude sometimes, Jake Stringer! Honestly, I sometimes think I married an animal!”

“C’mere slut and I’ll show ya animal!”

“We don’t have time, you big oaf! We’re supposed to pick up Meagan in five minutes. Now get up and get dressed.

“Yes, Ma’am!” sang out her husband as he released Luke’s cock and rolled off the bed.

"You too, Luke! Get your butt up and go home!”

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Luke, glad that things hadn’t gotten too far out of hand this morning, pulled on his jeans and gathered up the rest of his clothes and went home as ordered. Upon entering his kitchen through the back door, he heard the rasping sound of a man loudly snoring. “Guess he’s still here,” he said to himself. Setting his shirt and shoes down on the kitchen table, he walked silently barefoot to the bedroom door and gazed in.

It had been an unseasonably warm night and both Shelly and the Sheriff were sprawled out nude without any covers. Several things struck Luke as he studied the two figures. First, Damian Reed looked even bigger close up than he did through the window last night; even the guy’s feet were muscular. Secondly, except for the short salt and pepper hair gracing his scalp, Reed was completely hairless, no chest hair, no arm hair, no genital hair, no leg hair and no hair under his arm pits. Luke had always regarded the boys who shaved their bodies to be somewhat effeminate, but there was nothing sissy about this hulk. Third, Reed was sporting a nocturnal hard-on. Luke mused that the guy could’ve used the thing as a baseball bat.

Almost lost next to the massive Sheriff, Shelly lay with her legs spread out like she was waiting to be mounted. Luke’s eyes went from her newly pierced and somewhat swollen nipples down to her snatch, a snatch that was freshly shaved for the first time just last night. It was a beautiful sight to behold. Perfectly smooth, every detail of her genitalia was clearly visible. He was very familiar with that pussy, but this was like seeing her for the first time. What struck Luke the most about her newly reveled puss was how her inner lips were protruding from her slit. Normally, her inner labia only protruded when she was very aroused. This morning, they were simply hanging out, hopelessly stretched by the parade of cocks that had sawed between those lips over the past twelve hours.

Studying his wife’s body further, he was pleased to see that there were no bruises that he could see. What did concern him was the condition of her poor nipples. Pierced a mere 36 hours before, they were nowhere near being healed, and certainly nowhere near being able to absorb the cruel torment that had been heaped upon them. They weren’t just swollen, they were red, angrily red and crusted.

Luke quietly slipped from the bedroom and back into the kitchen. After putting on a pot of coffee, he rummaged around the cabinets until he found everything he needed, cotton balls, hydrogen peroxide, and Neosporin. With the first aid supplies in hand, he returned to his wife’s side. Soaking a cotton ball with the peroxide, he gently swabbed her left teat. Immediately on contact with her wounded nip, the peroxide erupted into foam. Also immediately on contact, Shelly bolted awake with a gasp.

The commotion next to him startled Reed awake. Caught unawares and vulnerable, Reed instinctively lurched from the bed, ready to defend himself. Ready to dispatch the intruder with his bare hands, Reed demanded in his distinctive gravelly voice, “Who are you?”

Wide eyed, Luke looked up at menacing, massive figure hovering above him with ham-sized clenched fists ready to strike a crushing blow. “Luke Blalock! I live here! She’s my wife!” he stammered.

“Oh…Yeah…” The Sheriff blinked and shook his head. “Well, okay…” Slowly the iron fists opened and the taut muscles relaxed. “Don’t ever sneak up on me like that!” he growled.

“Sorry, but…”

“Is that coffee?”

“Uh, yes sir!”

“Where have you been? I came looking for you last night.”

“Next door.”

“Next door? Visiting that little Italian whore, were you?”

Luke sensed that it was best not to contradict this man. Besides, it was the truth. “Uh, yes sir.”

“You and Jake Stringer. Don’t you boys ever pull a stunt like that at P-Willy’s again. You hear me, boy? I don’t care if you whore your wife out, or why you whore her out, but that set up last night, somebody could’ve gotten hurt. There could have been a riot.

“Now, I had no choice but to actually arrest your wife last night. P-Willy’s is a public bar. Your wife was fucking those guys on a table, in the middle of the bar. That’s illegal in this county… You know, Willy’s got a back room, out of sight, for that sort of thing.

“Just to let you know, I didn’t book her. No need to hurt innocent folks over a bit of fun, but she pleaded guilty to prostitution and publicly lewd and lascivious behavior. Now the prostitution thing we cleared up with a special permit. That simply means that since she’s selling it, I fuck it and fuck her whenever I want. Understand?”

“Uh, yes, sir.”

“The count of publicly lewd and lascivious behavior we settled with twenty four hours of community service. She got a start on that last night. What that means is that for a total of twenty-four hours, she’s going to service my deputies. Understand?”

“Service?”

“Yes, service. Fuck them to put it crudely. Fitting punishment… after all she’s a whore. Once she’s completed her community service, they can pay like the rest of the general public.

“Now, go get me a cup of coffee,” ordered the Sheriff. “Black. I need to get going.”

Luke hurried to the kitchen as ordered. To his dismay, the coffee was still brewing. After what seemed forever, the coffee was ready. Pouring a cup, he turned just as the Sheriff walked in buckling on his pistol and holster. Without a word spoken, Luke offered the cup of coffee.

“Not bad,” remarked Reed after taking a sip. “If you don’t mind, I’ll take this cup with me. I’ll return it next time when I come to renew your wife’s special permit.” The Sheriff turned, and headed towards the front door. Luke breathed a sigh of relief. He’d heard the rumors about that man too, and after this brief encounter, he was convinced the rumors were true.

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“You’re so sweet, Luke,” Shelly said as her husband tended to her sore nipples. “Here I can do that.”

“No, let me. Does it hurt?”

“Oooo… Yes, in fact they do,” she whined.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay. They’ll be fine a few days. The rings… I really like them. Makes me feel…”

“Slutty?”

“Yeah, slutty,” she laughed. “I am a slut. That’s what you want, isn’t it? So, I should feel like a slut.”

“Ya seem to be enjoyin’ it.”

“No sin in enjoying what your husband demands of you.”

“No, I suppose not… I really just want ya to be happy, Baby.”

“Oh, I’m happy! I have the best husband in the world!”

“Oh, I don’t know about that.”

“Well, you are! What other husband would teach his wife to love sex as much as I do, and then insist that she experience it with so many men. I could not and would not have done that on my own. You freed me, Luke, freed me to be the slut that really I am. Best of all, because it is what you, my dear husband wanted me to do, I had to obey you. And by merely doing what I promised to you when we were married, there is no sin in me having sex with all those guys. So long as that’s what you want, of course.”

“Well, looks like the Sheriff and his men are going to screw ya whether I want it or not.”

“I could tell the Sheriff, ‘no’, but… he won’t like that. Is that what you want?”

Luke thought for a minute. Things were already well out of hand. What was it that his pa used to say? “In for a penny, in for a pound.” He chuckled to himself. As a kid, the saying made no sense to him at all. What did pennies have to do with a pound of anything? It wasn’t until he was in high school did he realize that pennies and pounds were both money in England. His smile evaporated when he reflected on the possible consequences of crossing the Sheriff. He could disappear without a trace.

“No, I don’t suppose he’d like that. Not at all. Guess ya better jus’ screw him.”

“Okay, dear, if that’s what you want,” she replied with a smile.

“Yeah, babe. Screw him as much as he wants.”

Having cleaned and applied the topical antibiotic to her wounded nips, Luke instructed Shelly to get ready for church. It was now almost ten, but if they hurried, they would be on time for once. They both reeked of sex, but a quick shower cured that. Soon they were in the old pickup truck and heading out into the country to her father’s rural church.

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“I like yer dress.”

“Thank you!” she beamed while patting down the billowing fabric in her lap. It was a sundress, in a bright floral print, very feminine. Low cut and nearly backless with just the thinnest of shoulder straps, it was very sexy too. With the low back, it was obvious that she was braless.

“Ain’t seen it before. When did ya get it?”

“Yesterday. Toni’s friend, Meagan. You know the pregnant girl we went to see yesterday afternoon. She gave it to me.” Waving a large white straw hat decorated with a band of fake flowers she added, “She gave me this hat too.”

“It fits?”

“The hat?”

“No, the dress.”

“She wasn’t always pregnant, silly! We’re the same size. Well, almost. It’s a little tight around the breasts. I guess she’s normally a bit smaller than me,” she laughed. “I’m not hanging out too much, am I?”

“No, not at all. But what’re yer folks gonna say?”

“What do you say, my dear husband?”

“I like it.”

“Good, because it’s your opinion that counts. Not my mom’s opinion or my dad’s opinion, but my wonderful husband’s opinion. Like the shoes?”

Luke glanced down at the white toeless sandals. She still had the red painted toenails from last night. “Yes, very much. Ya know they’re gonna have a fit.”

“Let them. I’m not a child.”

“No, yer not.”

They rode in silence for a few minutes, enjoying the very warm air blowing through the cab of the truck and enjoying the riotous display of color from the wildflowers that were now in full bloom.

“Tell me about it.”

“About what?” coyly asked Shelly.

“Last night.”

“You were there last night. I was very nervous at first, but once I got into it and the guys got into it, it was a blast!”

“Afterwards.”

“Afterwards? The Sheriff? He scared the hell out me! Made me cry! Then he took me to this deserted farm house.”

“And?”

“He bent me over the hood of his car.”

“And?”

“I was still handcuffed.”

“And?”

“He nearly split me into. He’s really big you know.”

“Yeah, I noticed. He just raped you?”

“No. It really wasn’t rape, it was part of my plea bargain. But once I got used to it… hooo boy! I thought Big Mike had a big cock! Then he made me suck him. You know how much I like that, but I nearly choked to death on that thing. You know, I actually passed out.

“When I came to, he fucked me again. Later on, the first deputy arrived. A nice black guy…”

“A black guy!”

“What’s the problem? You had already sold me to that ugly black dude!”

“Yeah, I suppose,” glowered Luke.

“His name is Hal and he stayed with me until the Sheriff picked me up a few hours later. He’s really sweet.”

“Did Hal…”

“What do you think happened? Yes, Hal did me. Several times as I recall. ”

“How many?”

“How many what? How many times…”

“No. How many were there?”

“I dunno. Five, six… I lost count. And before you ask, yes, I enjoyed it.”

They rode on a little ways before Shelly asked, “How old do you think he is?”

“Who?”

“Sheriff Reed.”

“I dunno. Judging by the color of his hair, he’s gotta be forty-something.”

“Forty-five?”

“Yeah, at least.”

“My dad will be forty-five soon. He sure has some muscles.”

“Yer dad?”

“No, silly. The Sheriff.”

“Must be one of them body builders,” observed Luke. “Probably been lifting weights since he was a kid.”

“That’s all you have to do? Lift weights.”

“I guess. I bet he works out two, three hours a day. Then again, he might be using steroids, but I don’t think so. After a while of using that stuff, ya get big, but yer nuts shrink and ya go crazy. His nuts are huge, just like his dick, and he doesn’t seem crazy.”

“Can you get big like that?”

“I guess. If I wanted to, I suppose. Is that what ya want Shelly? Ya want some muscle bound dude?”

“I’d be nice, but what I really want is your love. What I want is when you’re forty-five, I want you to look like that and not like my father.”

“I never really thought about it. I’m strong. I’m no wimp.”

“No, honey, you’re no wimp, but you know, an extra fifty pounds of pure muscle would look good on you.”

“Fifty pounds!”

“Well, I do what you want,” she said petulantly. “Can’t you do something that I want?”

“It won’t make my dick bigger.”

“Your dick is just fine honey. It tickles me in all the right places. I just don’t want you turn into a ball of flab, that’s all.”

“We’ll see.”

“You’ll do it?”

“Let me think about it.”

“Don’t think, Luke. Just do it.”

“Guess ya want me to shave off all my hair too.”

“No, I like hair on a man. Just keep shaving your face.”

“Oh, so ya like hairy guys like Jake?”

“Jake is Jake. He’s primal. It’s like hugging a bear.”

“He doesn’t hug ya. He fucks ya. Fucks ya silly.”

Thinking of all the nasty things Jake did to her she mused, “Hmmmm, yes, yes he does.” With a giggle and a joyful bounce she hugged Luke’s arm and gave him a kiss on the cheek adding, “Thanks to you!”

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When Luke pulled into the church parking lot they saw that there were still lots of folks milling about outside. Glancing at his Timex, Luke proudly announced, “Six minutes to spare! A new record!”

With a beaming smile, Shelly put on her hat and strode towards the church. It pleased her that several men took notice of her. As they neared the door, they heard the voice of Luke’s pa call out. “Luke! Wait up, son!”

Luke turned, genuinely surprised to see his old man there. His pa hobbled up using a cane, but the leg cast was gone.

“Pa! I thought ya had to keep the cast fer another week.”

“Got my weeks mixed up. Got rid of the goddamned thang Friday!”

“Pa! Watch your language,” chided Shelly. She didn’t mind the fact that Pa was staring at her cleavage. “This is a church.”

“So it is… Luke, could I speak to ya fer a moment… in private?”

“Sure, Pa.

“Shelly, go on in and get our usual place in the very last pew. I wanna take a nap. Go on, I’ll be there in a minute.”

Shelly turned and walked away with a wry smile, confident that the old man’s eyes were glued to her swaying derrière. As she disappeared inside, J.D. Blalock muttered, “God damn! That’s one fine piece of ass.” Then he turned to his son.

“Luke, I got a call this mornin’ from an old, old friend of mine. Hadn’t seen him in years, but we usta be pals. Had quite the story to tell. Said he was out drinkin’ with some cronies last night… at P-Willy’s.” Luke’s eyes got wide when the old man said that. “Said it was the most unbelievable thang he ever did saw. Said that these fellas put on a lottery of some sort. Know what the winner got?”

“Uh… Pa.”

“Winner got to fuck this girl. Right there… in front of everybody.

“He went on to describe thangs in great detail. How the girl danced while all the guys stuck dollar bills up her snatch. How someone shaved her pussy. How after the first guy fucked her, they held another drawing for sloppy seconds. He told me that a nigger won that time. Told me that she was up on a table so everyone could clearly see her get fucked. After the nigger fucked her, the first guy fucked her in the butt.

“Now, he was very, very certain about this next part. He said that it was another fella an’ ya that were sellin’ the tickets. He didn’t know the other fella, big fella with a black beard, but he knew fer certain who the other fella was. He knew exactly who ya were. He also said that the girl, a big titted blonde girl, went by the name Shelly. Now, that wouldn’t be… our Shelly? Would it?”

“Pa… I, we…”

“Goddamnit, Luke! I’m yer Pa! If ya needed money, ya should’ve come to me. Hell, I’d a paid a pretty sum to have a toss with that one. Now, I don’t care one wit, what ya do fer fun with yer wife. I understand. That’s between her and ya. But, hell son, I’m yer pa! Ya know how I feel ‘bout her. I’d jus ‘bout cut off an arm fer a chance to fuck her.

“Now, ya gotta make this right, Luke. But, I ain’t payin’ ya a red cent!”

“Whacha sayin’, Pa?”

“What am I sayin’? Yer passin’ her around. Yer passin’ her around to be fucked by other men. So… yer gonna pass her to me. Today. Right after church.”

“Ya wanna screw her?”

“Goddamned right I wanna screw her! I told ya before, she reminds me of yer ma. Now I know fer sure that she’s just like yer ma.”

“Ma?”

“Yeah, yer ma. Woman loved to get fucked.”

“Then ya ain’t mad?”

“Hell, yes I’m mad! But not ‘cause yer making a little money with her. I’m mad because I gotta beg fer it, goddamnit!”

“Ya don’t have to beg, Pa. I just thought ya’d… ya wouldn’t understand.”

“I understand hot assed women. Hell, son, I just ain’t gonna be left off the choo choo!”

“Yer not mad about sellin’ her…”

“Ya ain’t sellin’ her, yer just rentin’ her out. Sellin’, that sounds like slavery. Rentin’? That’s jus’ good business. Provided ya got the stomach fer it.

“Son, ya remember when ya shot out the tire on the tractor?”

Vivid memories came into Luke’s mind of the time when Bobby Ray had snuck out with his pa’s new Remington double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun and had brought it over to the Blalock farm to show it off to his buddy. He and Bobby Ray had both just graduated from a 410 up to a single shot 20-guage. They were way too young to be messing with the big gun. Luke was looking at the gun when it went off, both barrels. Luckily nobody got hurt, but it sure did a number on the tractor tire. There was a hole blown out big enough for Luke’s pa to put his fist through it.

“I’m shore that ya remember the ass-blisterin’ I gave ya?”

“Oh, yes, Pa! I do remember.”

“Well, that accident turned into a blessin’ of sorts. It was late summer, before the corn was ready. We were damned near flat broke and I needed that tractor, whether I could afford a new tire or not. Hell, at the time I couldn’t afford a used tire! Well, I took yer mama out to this honky-tonk and in jus’ a few hours she made ‘nuff money out in the goddamned parkin’ lot to buy two new tires. After that, whenever there was a financial emergency, I knew how we could take care of it.

“Now tell me, ya been sharin’ her fer long?”

“No. Not until we moved into our house.”

“Ya ain’t been there, but what? Two weeks?”

“Sumpthin’ like that. Hell, the fuckin’ truck broke down, the fuckin’ refrigerator broke, and the fuckin’ roof’s leaking. Not only that, I gotta redo the fuckin’ wiring before the fuckin’ place fuckin’ burns down.”

“Keep yer voice down, Son. This is a goddamned church.”

“Jake, he’s the fella with the beard, lives next door and…”

“Ya let him fuck her?”

“I fuck his wife.”

J.D. broke out in hearty laugh. “Goddamn if yer ain’t a chip off the old block after all! C’mon, let’s find yer whore of a wife before some other fellas beat us to her.”

The services had already begun when they walked in, keeping Luke’s record of tardiness intact. The congregation was standing, singing a hymn. Luke frowned when he saw that the last pew was vacant and that Shelly wasn’t there. She was up a few rows standing next to Lynette Williams. Shelly glanced back, saw her husband and moved to join him and her father-in-law on the last row. When the hymn was over, everyone took his or her seats. Shelly was between Luke and Pa.

Luke leaned over and whispered to her, “Pa knows. Pa knows all about last night at P-Willy’s.”

“Oh, my god!” she gasped.

“Don’t worry about it. He just wants a little.”

“A little what?” she whispered back.

“Whadda ya think?”

“Oh.” Shelly looked to her left. The old man was grinning lecherously at her, unconsciously flicking his tongue over his upper lip. Shelly smiled weakly as J.D. put his hand on her thigh.

The Reverend Mattox enjoined the congregation to join him in a prayer. Head bowed, Shelly chirped, “Oh,” as her father-in-law’s hand slid down her leg and then under the helm of her dress. Slowly the old man’s hand crept up her leg, always keeping the helm down and moving so that it wasn’t obvious that he had his hand up her dress. When her father's the long-winded prayer was completed, J.D. declared “Amen!” with the rest of the congregation; only he was celebrating the very moment that he cupped his daughter-in-law’s pussy.

“Behave!” she urgently whispered. The old man responded by subtly rubbing her panty-covered snatch.

Next, the churchmen began passing the plate. Luke dug into his pocket and pulled out a small wad of bills. It was the money he had left over from paying Jetter Quibly for the roofing shingles, money he made from whoring out his wife. The Reverend had for years harped on him to tithe properly. They hardly had money to eat, but the Reverend insisted that Luke contribute 10% of what he made. “The Lord will provide,” his father-in-law said. “Don’t concern yourself with not having enough money, Luke. The Lord will return that to you a thousand-fold.”

He still had a hundred bucks, so he pealed off two sweaty fives, bills that may have been stuck up Shelly’s snatch when she danced, or perhaps bills that may have bought one of the two winning lottery tickets. When the plate was passed to him, Luke put in his 10% with a wicked smile.

When the churchmen presented the collection plates to the Deacon, J.D. hooked a finger in the waistband of her panties. The congregation rose to sing the Doxology. When Shelly stood to sing, she was shocked that her panties went to her knees. J.D. was the only one in the church not to stand. Instead he leaned forward, pulling her panties down to her ankles.

Shelly was mortified. This was in church! Her father’s church! Still, when gently prodded, she stepped out of her panties. The Doxology completed, the congregation sat down for the sermon. J.D., feigning that he was blowing his nose, brought her panties to his nose to inhale her fragrance.

“Pa, stop!” she whispered so no one else could hear.

J.D. just smiled at her and took another whiff and then stuffed the small garment in his pocket. Shelly breathed a sigh of relief now that her panties were no longer in sight. Her relief was short lived, however, for as her father began delivering his sermon in earnest, J.D.’s hand was inching back up her dress.

“Pa, please! Behave!” she whispered as she swatted at him. J.D.’s hand continued to creep up her thigh.

Observing his father’s antics, Luke was thoroughly amused, his eyes cutting from his father’s grinning face to his wife’s panicked face, from his wife’s lap to her father at the pulpit droning on.

The Reverend Mattox, observing his flock as he sermonized, couldn’t help but notice that Luke seemed to be paying attention for once. He certainly wasn’t sleeping as usual. And Luke’s father! Oh, joy! He had joined them today! For some reason Shelly looked a bit pensive, but he didn’t give that much thought. Today! Hallelujah! Today he was connecting with his son-in-law! Maybe, just maybe the wayward sheep would truly join the Shepard’s flock! With renewed vigor and vive, Shelly’s dad poured his heart out.

J.D. leaned over and whispered, “Yer soaking wet, darling.”

Shelly struggled to stifle an audible gasp as the J.D.’s work-roughened finger slipped between her dewy nether lips. “Please,” she managed to croak.

“My pleasure.”

“Oh, gawd!”

J.D. slid his fingers around, exploring the shallow regions of her pussy. After a few trips around her juicy sex, he settled in at the nexus of her folds, gently rubbing her pleasure nub.

“Pa. Please!”

“Harder?”

“No, oh, oh, ohhhh, oh.”

“Shhh! Be quiet, girl,” admonished her husband. “Be very quiet,” he whispered.

Shelly took Luke’s hand and brought it to her lips.

“Ow!” Luke complained softly as she chewed on his hand to keep from screaming.

The Reverend saw that his daughter was kissing Luke’s hand. Then he noticed that she had closed her eyes. ‘She too is getting my message of love,’ he thought with satisfaction.

Luke and his father were dispassionately looking forward, feigning listening to the rambling sermon when the first climax wracked through Shelly’s shuddering body. He really couldn’t see the flush on her face, but to her father, Shelly appeared to be crying. ‘I’ve truly touched her heart this morning,’ he thought happily.

A lady, two pews up, turned to see what was the cause of the peculiar noises from the back. Luke and his pa smiled and nodded. The snoopy lady turned back around, satisfied that nothing was amiss.

Awash in a flood of endorphins, Shelly slowly drifted back down, eventually releasing Luke hand that was now embedded with her teeth marks. Pa’s hand mercifully departed from beneath her dress. With the Reverend looking right at him, Pa, with a wry smile, pretended to scratch his nose with his pungent pussy-wet finger. Then he left it there under the bridge of his nose, resting his chin on his thumb, as if he were deep in thought.

Luke looked about. There was no one to his immediate left or immediate right. Nor was there anyone in the pew directly in front of them. With a boldness that surprised even Pa, Luke pulled up the helm of Shelly’s dress.

Grabbing her dress she scolded, “Luke, stop it!”

“Shush, woman!” he whispered. “Now, let go, Shelly,” he sternly added.

“Luke…”

“Damn it, do as I say,” he commanded in a whisper.

Shelly, her heart racing, let go of her dress and allowed Luke to hike it until she was completely exposed. J.D. leaned forward slightly, his eyes riveted on her bald pussy.

Looking straight ahead her husband ordered, “Spread yer legs, girl.”

“Luke…”

“Do it!”

The woman two rows up glanced back momentarily.

"I said, spread 'em," Luke whispered.

Reluctantly Shelly complied, parting her legs with a large measure of trepidation.

Almost too loudly, J.D. Blalock exclaimed, “Good God Almighty,” as Luke plunged two fingers up her wet cunt. Seemingly loud smacking noises accompanied the lewd fingering.

J.D. was watching intently with his head slumped down. The Reverend noticed with some dismay that Luke’s dad appeared to have fallen asleep. Shelly and Luke on the other hand still appeared to be very alert. Soon, however, she appeared to have started crying again. ‘My sermon is not that good,’ thought her father.

J.D.’s eyes got wider when Luke started frigging her with three fingers. Luke was about to go for four when Shelly’s face flushed, her hips uncontrollably began bucking and she started making choking noises.

‘What on earth is going on?’ thought the pastor. ‘Is she sick?’

In desperation to end the stimulation, Shelly grabbed her husband’s hand and made him stop. It didn’t matter to her that she might be disobeying; she just couldn’t take it anymore without screaming.

The sermon over, the Reverend invited those who felt God’s presence to step forward and rededicate their lives while the congregation sang another hymn. When the hymn was over, there were no takers for his invitation. The Reverend closed the services with a prayer.

Shelly was still quite flustered when the congregation began filing outside for the Sunday potluck dinner on the church grounds. “You two are so wickedly bad!” she chided.

“Well, let’s go,” said Pa anxious to get home and bury his cock in her.

“Give me a minute, please! Oh, I think I soiled the back of my dress! Look, let’s just wait until everyone’s outside. Then I’ll need to go to the ladies room.”

Once the last person filed out of church, the threesome stood. While Luke and Pa went outside, Shelly went up the aisle and headed for the restroom next to the administrative office.

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“J.D.! So good to see you today, my brother!” beamed the Reverend as he pumped J.D. Blalock’s hand by the church door.

“And you too, Luke. Son, how’s the house coming along?” The good Reverend rattled on with his heartfelt pleasantries. After what seemed an eternity to J.D. they were able to break away from Shelly’s dad after Luke promised to come supper at his in-laws’ later in the week.

“What’s takin’ her so damned long?” fumed J.D..

“Relax, Pa. She’s fixin’ her face or sumpthin’. She’ll be along. Can’t rush those things ya know.”

“Her face is fine,” snorted the older man. “Oh, goddamn, I can hardly stand the wait!”

“Look, we all gotta eat, Pa, so why don’t ya go fix yerself a plate of food. Besides, we can’t just run off right away. It’ll look funny.”

“Guess yer right. Food’s always mighty good here. But, look, I can’t wait all damned day, so after we eat, we go!”

“What’s yer hurry, Pa?” teased Luke.

“My hurry? Ya know how long it’s been?”

“How long? Fer what?”

“Since I screwed a nineteen year old girl. She’s still nineteen, ain’t she?”

“Yes,” laughed Luke, “she’s still nineteen. Why don’t ya go fix a plate. I’m gonna go find Lynette and say hello.”

Luke left his pa to fend for himself. Soon a gaggle of widows had surrounded J.D..

He had made it only halfway across the churchyard before the Widow Tinsley accosted Luke. As usual the attractive redheaded widow was dressed very conservatively for church. “Luke!” she sang out with a big smile across her face. “I hear that you’ve been a bad boy,” she said saucily.

Luke felt his face heat up. Who else knew? What did she know?

“Hmmm, P-Wiley’s…”

“Oh, god,” groaned Luke.

“When your daddy got that call this morning, he was really agitated. I see you two have worked something out,” she said with a laugh.

“Look, do me favor? she asked still smiling. I came with J.D. this morning, so I don’t have my car. Don’t let him take off and leave me stranded here.”

“Uh, sure.”

“Well, I think I’d better go rescue the old buzzard, before one of those hens get their hooks into him. See you later.”

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Deacon Jones had just secured the morning’s offerings when he saw Shelly walking down the hallway. Just as she got near the restroom door, he stepped out of the office and blocked her way.

She had always disliked the Deacon. The way he always looked at her made her uncomfortable. She had told her father about it, but he dismissed her complaints as a figment of a childish imagination. Maybe Deacon Jones wasn’t very handsome, but he was the most important layman in the congregation. He was a God-fearing man, a dedicated hard worker, and an upstanding citizen. The church simply couldn’t function properly without a man like him. Just because he was a bit ugly, was no reason to fear him. After all, for his paying job, he was a Deputy Sheriff.

“Uh, excuse me, Deacon Jones.”

“Just a moment, Shelly. May I speak to you a moment.” He reached into his back pocket and showed her his badge.

For all the years that he had ogled her, she had no knowledge about or interest in him other than he was the church Deacon and had a very meek wife. Daddy liked him, depended upon him, but to her, he didn’t exist as anything other than the Deacon. Deputy Sheriff? That had never crossed her mind. Upon seeing the badge, the implications were immediately apparent to Shelly. Her heart sank. She nearly vomited.

Certainly he would tell her father what had happened. Everyone would soon know all about it. Everyone would know what a wanton slut-whore she was. Worst of all, Daddy might loose his church!

“I missed your little party out at the Sheriff’s farm last night.”

“Oh, please! Please, don’t tell my father!”

“Your father is a good man, a very good man. Knowing this would break his heart. If it ever got out, well, the congregation just wouldn’t stand for it. They’ll throw him out like an old shoe.” Jones paused enjoying her plight and relishing the feeling of power that he now had over the pretty preacher’s daughter.

“Relax, Missy, I would never tell your father about that. It’s a police matter and as such, it’s none of the church’s business.”

The Deacon took a quick look around and seeing that no one else was present, suddenly pushed her through the restroom door, locking it behind him.

“What do you want?” she naively asked.

“Turn around. Face the mirror.”

Shelly turned as she was told.

“Now lean against the lavatory.”

Shelly leaned forward.

“Now look in the mirror.”

Shelly looked up and saw herself and the Deacon standing behind her.

“Look me in the eyes, whore. That’s it.”

Shelly felt and saw him lift her dress up and over her back.

“Forgot your panties?”

“What are you doing? I’ll tell my daddy!”

“Go ahead, slut. Tell him. I’m just doing my duty. How many hours of community service do you have left?”

“I, I…”

“Well, Honey this won’t count towards them. This is just for my personal pleasure.”

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With a plate overflowing with food and another heaped with three deserts, Luke made his way over to the young adult table where Lynette was sitting. Usually, Lynette would be in an animated conversation with the other girls, but today she very quiet.

“Hi, Lynette!”

She didn’t acknowledge him. They had always been close, ever since they both could remember, they had been either friends or lovers, not that they ever actually made love to each other. They had just been boyfriend and girlfriend, in elementary school, junior high and high school. A little necking, a little tittie-pie twice, but nothing serious. Heck, they were almost like brother and sister. After he knocked up Shelly and had to marry her, Lynette gave him the ice treatment, but she had gotten over that a long time ago.

‘Uh, oh,’ thought Luke. ‘What does she know?’

“Uh, nice day, huh?” he politely asked. Silence.

“Uh, how’s school? Ready for graduation?” Silence.

The awkwardness of the situation was more than he could handle, so he too clamed up and ate in silence. All the while he was wondering what the problem was and dreading the answer. Did she know too? He was saved when a strong hand clasped his shoulders.

“Bobby Ray! How ya doin’, Dude?”

“Uh, okay. Say, could I talk to ya for a moment.”

“Sure,” replied Luke cautiously.

“Ya know, Lynette and I haven’t seen yer new house and… we were wondering if maybe… we could come over this afternoon.”

“Well, we gotta go see Pa.”

“Yer Pa’s here,” rejoined Bobby Ray nodding towards Luke’s pa.

“I know. I mean, we’re goin’ over to his place fer a visit, after church.”

“Well, I really need to talk to ya, Luke. Can’t do it here. How about if we met ya at yer pa’s house.”

“Uh, uh… we got some family business to take care of, Bobby Ray.

“I know! Why don’t ya come over later! Ya really do need to see the house! It’s a bit run down, but it’s gonna be real nice once we fix it up good.”

“Yeah. Okay. That’ll work. What time?”

“About four? I’ll call ya when we’re ready to leave Pa’s.”

“We won’t be home… Let’s just make it four, four thirty. If ya ain’t home yet, we’ll just wait fer ya.”

“Sure, Bobby Ray. Four thirty. Ya know the address?”

“Yeah, I got it.” Bobby Ray went over and whispered something to his sister. Lynette nodded, then looked up at Luke and gave him a weak smile before standing. With that, Lynette and Bobby Ray made their way to Bobby Ray’s truck.

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The rape was perfunctory and over in just a few minutes. All the while that she was being violated, Shelly had to maintain eye contact in the mirror with the sneering Deacon until he was finished. It was quick, but it seemed to take longer, much longer than it actually did. His performance reminded her of O’Ryan’s, before Jake read him the riot act about getting her off too.

Spent, Jones zipped up and pulled her dress back down. “See you around, whore,” he said slipping out the restroom door.

Shelly locked the door behind him and paused to collect her thoughts. There was absolutely nothing that she could do about it. But here? At the church? In the house of the Lord? How could he? ‘It wasn’t my fault,’ she reasoned. ‘He could’ve done it anywhere, but he did it right here in my father’s church!’

“Dear, Lord, it wasn’t me!” she said looking up at the ceiling.

Then she thought about Luke and his pa fingering her in the sanctuary while her father preached.

“That wasn’t me either, Lord! It wasn’t me. They made me!”

Splashing some cold water over her face she reasoned, ‘Yes, Luke did make me. It’s on his soul, all of it, not mine.’ Looking up she saw the pretty girl looking back at her from the mirror. “Poor, Luke!” she addressed the girl. “I wonder if I’ll ever see him in heaven. He’s a good man. Certainly he won’t be punished too hard. It’s not like he’s a cold blooded killer.”

Feeling a familiar trickle beginning to run down her inner thigh, she gathered up some toilet paper and wiped herself clean.

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“Where is she?” demanded Pa.

“She’ll be out in minute,” replied Luke. “Ya know how women are.”

“Oh, here she comes now! Get her a god damned plate and let’s get the hell out of here!”

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Straightaway, stepping from the church door, Shelly ran into Deacon Jones again. Seeing the shapely girl, the sanctimonious man’s lips curled up in an evil, depreciatory smile. She brushed past him without acknowledging him.

“Tramp,” he muttered as he grabbed her arm in passing. “Listen up! What happens between me and you is nobody’s business. Got it?”

“What are you gonna do?” she snapped. “Rape me again? Right here?”

“No, not here,” he laughed releasing her arm.

The urge had been great, nearly uncontrollable, but Jones had managed to restrain himself. She was already half naked from the waist up. It was so tempting to simply reach out and rip her dress off right then and there. Not so much to show everyone what a whore she was, but purely for his personal entertainment. There would be another time for that, he reflected. Knowing that the moment would be soon, he smiled. At last, he could act out his fantasies, fantasies of rape, fantasies of forcible sodomy, fantasies of nursing from her milk-laden tits.

Ever since she began to mature, he had imagined her nude, and wondered what her big breasts really looked like in the raw. Of course, up until now, she was absolutely untouchable. After all she was the preacher’s daughter, pure as the wind driven snow. Suddenly, in the blink of the eye, she was a fuck-toy. A fuck-toy for him to use and abuse at will. Best of all there was nothing that she could or would do about it.

Quickly Shelly walked away from the loathsome Deacon, her pussy tingling with need. She knew she should have felt outrage at the violation that had just taken place, but she also realized that in reality, she was only disappointed that it was so quick and unsatisfying.

Following the swaying of her hips, the Deacon smacked his lips as his mind’s eye filled with visions of her nude. Nude and tied spread eagle from the rafters. Nude while he whipped and beat Satan from her soul. Nude while she cried, begging for mercy. Nude as he fucked her and fucked her until his seed had taken root in her womb. As usual, his fantasies had their typical effect. Jones turned away so that no one could see him adjust the stiffening prick in his pants.

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“Uh, excuse me, Miss.”

Shelly stopped and turned towards the unfamiliar voice.

“Yes? Are you speaking to me?”

“Yes, Miss Mattox, I mean Mrs. Blalock. It is Mrs. Blalock?”

“Yes,” she answered the polite gentlemen.

“I’m Ned Fowler, Mrs. Blalock.”

“Pleased to meet you, Ned. Please call me Shelly.”

“Of course, Shelly. I just moved out here to the country from town about four weeks ago and joined your father’s church. I’ve seen you, but there was never an occasion for me to speak to you.”

“You didn’t need an occasion, Ned. We are all one family here.”

“Yes, of course. Everyone is so nice here.”

Catching sight of the Deacon joining his mousey wife she replied with a slight frown, “For the most part.”

“You’ll be perfect.”

“Come again?”

In a low conspiratorial voice Ned said, “I saw you last night at P-Willy’s. I thought it was you, but now, I’m certain. You know, I bought two tickets. Sure wish I’d won!” he said with a laugh. “That was quite a show you put on, Shelly…

“Oh, please! Don’t look so distraught! You’re so much prettier with that radiant smile of yours.”

“Ned, please. Don’t say…”

“Don’t you worry about that, Shelly. My lips are sealed. Families like this have their secrets,” he tittered. “There’s no way that I’d want any of these good folks to know that I frequented a place like that,” he said with a twinkle in his eyes. “Now, like I said, you’ll be perfect.”

“Perfect? Perfect for what?”

“In three weeks I’m throwing a bachelor party for my younger brother. I need a girl. A pretty girl, like you. A pretty girl who knows how to have a good time, a really good time. There’ll be about six, maybe eight of us. How does one hundred dollars sound?… Okay, one fifty. For about four hours. I’ll give you a call and give you the time and the place. Gimme your number.”

“Uh, I don’t have a phone yet.”

“No problem. Here, take one of my cards. Call me next week. Deal?”

“Uh, I, uh…”

“You wouldn’t want word to leak out about… you know, P-Willy's. Do you?”

“No! No, I don’t, it’s just that my hus…”

“Then it’s a deal for one fifty. Call me.” Ned excitedly added, “This’ll be great! The guys are gonna flip!”

Somewhat dismayed, Shelly watched as Ned hurried off to join a lady that she presumed was his wife. ‘Does everybody know?’ she silently asked herself. Then she muttered, “Oh, my gosh! I just took a job!” That wasn’t something her husband had told her to do. It was all on her.

Her mind was in a swirl as she tried to reason her way out the dilemma she now faced. Then she realized that she hadn’t actually done anything yet. She had three weeks to get Luke’s permission. ‘I’m sure that he won’t mind,’ she reasoned. 'We do need the money for the electrical work.' With her quandary resolved for the moment, she perked up. Ned was cute and he was a gentleman. Six or eight guys? Conjuring up an image of her upcoming gig, her pussy tingled with anticipation. It would be fun… as long as Luke approved, of course.

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“Who was that?” asked Luke as he carried his wife’s plate to a table under the trees.

“Ned. Ned Fowler. He’s new here.”

“What did he want?”

“I’ll tell you later,” she replied in a conspiratorial tone.

Changing the subject she said, “Pa sure is in a hurry.”

“He’s about ready to burst!” laughed Luke.

“Well, we won’t keep him long. I’m so hot, Luke, I could burst too,” she giggled.

“That’s the spirit, babe. Ya know, I bet that was most fun he’d ever had in church! Come to think of it, it was certainly the most fun I’ve ever had!”

“You two are so bad! We were in church! My daddy was looking right at us!”

“He thinks we were touched by the Holy Spirit today.”

“Don’t be blasphemous, Luke Blalock! You know I don’t approve of…”

“Relax, woman! I’m just sayin’ yer dad watched the whole thing and never for a moment suspected what was really goin’ on! I swear to ya, he thought we, Pa included, was bein’ moved by his preachin’!”

It was so outrageously preposterous and Luke’s laughter was so infectious that Shelly couldn’t help but join her husband in hearty, uncontrollable laughter. The Reverend, seeing them having a good time, smiled contentedly.

**Chapter 17 - Down on the Farm**  
  
*After church David deals with his family while Luke takes Shelly to his pa's farm for a family get together.*

“You know, your pa is a dirty old man,” teased Shelly as they drove towards the Blalock farm.

“He ain’t that old,” deadpanned Luke. “He’s only forty.”

“He watched us.”

“What’re ya talkin’ ‘bout?”

“He’s watched us… making love.”

“When?”

“Don’t act so innocent, Luke Blalock! You know good and well he watched us. Remember? We had just gotten married. He was watching us through the window. Watching as we screwed.”

“Uh, I never knew ya knew ‘bout that.”

“Of course I knew! There you were, pushing into me for the first time…”

“Actually, that was the second time,” corrected Luke. “I didn’t know that ya saw him.”

“I was so embarrassed! There we were, naked and doing it… and there was your pa, grinning ear to ear, watching the whole thing! I pretended I didn’t see him. I was so embarrassed I just about died, but… at the same time I got so hot. So hot that I forgot all about him! Afterwards,” she giggled, “he always looked at me hungrily, like I didn’t have any clothes on, like he wanted to…”

“Screw ya?”

“I suppose.”

“Suppose? Damned right he wanted to screw ya! Why didn’t ya tell me ya knew he was watchin’ us?”

“What would be the point? To preserve my dignity, I just pretended that it never happened. But you certainly knew he was watching. What could I say? I only saw him out of the corner of my eye. On the other hand, you were looking right at him, Luke, and you never said a thing.”

“Yeah, he was watchin’. So what? Ya like being watched.”

“I didn’t realize that at the time. Remember, back then, I was a very innocent girl.”

“Ya ain’t so innocent anymore,” chuckled Luke.

“No, I’m not… thanks to you!”

“Ya complaining?”

“No, not really. You know, Luke, Pa is kinda cute.”

“Cute? He’s a weather beaten cuss!”

“He’s not weather beaten. He’s ruggedly handsome like you. But every time he starts talking about his pigs and suckling piglets, he’s openly gawking at my tits with that sly smile of his.”

“Ya know what’s really on his mind when he starts that, don’t ya?”

“It certainly isn’t to hard to fathom what he’s thinking. Yeah! That’s why he’s cute.”

“I take it ya don’t got a problem with that.”

“No, he’s a man. A very dear man.”

“A very dear man? Ya jus’ said that he’s a dirty old man.”

“He is, and he’s a cutie too!”

“So… do ya wanna fuck him?”

“If that’s what you want, Luke.”

Luke turned towards her for a moment and leered, “You’re a good woman, Shelly. Yeah, I wanna see him fuck ya.”

Shelly took Luke arm and lovingly squeezed it. “Whatever you want, Luke.”

A few minutes later they turned into the Blalock farmyard. Luke was surprised to see his pa’s pickup truck parked in the yard. His old man had only left church five minutes before Luke, and he had to drop off the Widow Tinsley. “He must’ve gone a hundred miles an hour,” remarked Luke to his wife.

Walking up the steps, Luke opened the screen door for Shelly. Luke followed his wife inside the farmhouse.

“ ’Bout time ya got here!” greeted J.D..

“What’s the rush, Pa?” teased the son. Luke’s grin however quickly faded when Margaret Tinsley stepped from the kitchen and into the parlor with a cup of hot tea.

J.D. offered no explanation, but went straightaway to Shelly. Smiling coyly, Shelly watched as her father-in-law’s eyes brazenly roamed her body. Tearing his eyes from her cleavage, he looked up into her eyes. His hands went to her shoulders and pushed the straps down her arms.

“Turn around.”

Shelly turned away. Immediately she felt his hands on her rump. Moments later, he unzipped the back of her dress.

“Turn around.”

Shelly turned back towards J.D.. Questioningly, she looked towards Margaret Tinsley who was now standing next to Luke. J.D. grasped her shoulder straps again and in one swift motion, peeled her dress to the floor. Braless and pantyless, she stood nude, wearing only her white sandals.

“Goddamn Almighty!” he exclaimed seeing her nipple rings for the first time.

Margaret whispered into Luke’s ear, “She’s very lovely.”

“Uh, er...” stammered Luke. He was expecting his pa to act this way, but Margaret Tinsley?

“Shelly, dear,” said the older lady. “I understand that you like to dance.”

Shelly stood stonily while J.D. openly fondled her breasts. She was as stunned at the Widow Tinsley’s unexpected behavior as Luke was.

“Why don’t you dance for us dear?” said Margaret sweetly. “I’m sure the boys would enjoy that.”

Turning to Luke she instructed, “Go put on some music. Good music. Good bump ‘n grind music.”

Luke turned on the radio. A woebegone county tune filled the air.

“No, no, no… she can’t dance to something like that! Here, let me.”

Brushing Luke aside, Margaret fished through a pile of CD’s and selected one. Moments later the room throbbed with the jangling beat of exotic Middle Eastern music. The red headed older woman, barefoot yet still dressed in her church clothes, lightly danced across the room to Shelly. Taking the younger woman’s hand, she led her to the center of the room.

It was an incongruous sight. Shelly, naked except for her shoes, amateurishly jiggled about. Margaret, fully dressed yet barefoot, gyrated sexily as only an experienced belly dancer could. Soon in a fluid motion, Margaret’s dress joined Shelly’s on the floor. The older woman now danced in her black panties and a lacy black bra. As her hips shook to the music, her beauty astounded Luke.

The song ended and as the next begun, she advised Shelly to shed her shoes as it was much easier to dance barefoot than with shoes of any kind. A quick study, Shelly mimicked the hip motions of her teacher, but inexperienced as she was, she couldn’t possibly match the grace of Margaret’s footwork. It was all she could do to try and shake her hips at one speed while trying to shake her tits at half speed.

When the third song began, Shelly was out of breath, but Margaret danced on.

“Take it off, Marg!” whooped J.D. “Take it off!”

Margaret smiled as she shook her breasts just inches from Luke’s face. In a twinkling of an eye, the lacy black bra was gone. Drawing on her experience as a lap dancer, Margaret beat Luke about the head with her tits for a moment before turning away from him. While her hips vibrated at an astonishing speed, Luke reached out and grabbed the sides of her black panties. Once he had them down, she deftly stepped out of them and traipsed back to the center of the room.

Luke had been so distracted by the long-legged flaming redhead, that he lost track of Shelly. A quick glance about and he found her. His pa was bare-chested and she was kneeling before him, unbuckling his belt. Pulling both his pants and boxers down at the same time, Shelly helped her father-in-law out of his remaining clothes.

Having completely stripped her father-in-law, Shelly began by kissing the top of the older man’s feet, then slowly working her way up his ankles and calves. Planting wet sloppy kisses all over J.D.’s legs, she gradually working up his thighs. At the first whiff of the funky aroma of his genitalia, her nostrils flared. She loved the heady scent of a real man. But there was something else, the unmistakable scent another woman’s pussy. Breathing deeply she snuggled into his ball sack, becoming increasing intoxicated by the tangy bouquet of sex.

Once she began showering his testicles with kisses, J.D.’s breathing became labored. Teasing him unmercifully, nibbling at the loose skin of his sack, licking his inner thighs and nuzzling into his balls, she enjoyed the tangy residue of his earlier tryst with the Widow. When she finally made it to the base of his rock hard penis, J.D. softly whimpered, “Oh, my Lord, child.”

Slowly she kissed and nibbled her way up the sex-crusted stalk of his throbbing organ, returning again and again to lick the areas just nibbled, giving his dick a good and thorough cleansing. The slow pace of her progress made the trip to the seeping tip an agonizingly protracted affair for her father-in-law.

“Oh, fuck!” cursed J.D. when she began playfully pulling at his foreskin with her teeth, nibbling around the circumference until she was toying with the fold of skin just under his cock crown. Luke always loved her to do that and she knew just how rough she could be without causing any pain. Then swirling her tongue in tiny circles she traced down his bulging cock tube to the base of his dick. Reversing direction, she pulled the flat of her tongue up the underside of his cock in one steady motion.

“Sweet Jesus, girl!” the older man hissed through his clenched teeth when she first swiped the engorged arrow-like head of his cock with her tongue. Momentarily Shelly’s eyes closed as she savored the favor of his preseminal lubricant.

To Luke, it was difficult to tell who was enjoying the blowjob preliminaries the most, his wife or his pa.

Shelly looked up at her father-in-law with eyes blazing with passion. Smiling up at him, she wrapped her lips around J.D.’s weeping glans.

J.D. threw his head back moaning plaintively. His body began twitching from the wild sensations radiating from his sensitive glans. “Goddamn,” he croaked as his head rolled around a few times, coming to rest just in time to see his cock disappear between her lips.

With her mouth filled with her father-in-law’s cock, Shelly began to suck him in earnest, letting her tongue slide all around it, tasting it, feeling its texture, savoring the moment.

J.D.’s legs began to twitch as her tongue danced across his throbbing dick, sending electric shocks up his spine. Her tongue was never still, always rubbing and maintaining a fluttering, stroking motion on the bottom of his dick, until he felt his seed begin moving up from his balls into thick base of his cock. He looked down at the young beautiful girl kneeling naked between his legs, looking up at him while she sucked him off. Grabbing a handful of her blond hair, Luke’s pa began fucking his nineteen-year-old daughter-in-law's face until he could no longer hold off the building climatic moment.

J.D. threw his head back, gasping as his prostate violently contracted, sending the first high pressure bolt of his sperm jetting from the head of his penis and into her voraciously sucking mouth. With the first spurt gushing over her tongue, Shelly moaned with delight, adding vibrations to his spouting dick. Again and again his dick pulsed, each time flooding her mouth with his semen until the contractions were mere spasms and the torrent had ebbed into a trickle.

As always, Shelly marveled at the differences in the flavor of different men’s spunk. She had expected him to taste like his son, but J.D.’s semen was more pungent, not bitter, just a stronger heady flavor. She let him flood her mouth and allowed a good portion to seep from her lips and drip down her chest. Her recent experiences had taught her that a lot of men liked to see their cum dripping from her lips. She correctly surmised that her father-in-law was one of those men.

Rocking back on her heels, she let his now flaccid noddle slip from her mouth. Looking up at him with a slutty grin, she licked her lips and swallowed what she had retained in her mouth while slowly rubbing his dripping spunk into her tits.

“How’s that fer a blowjob, Pa?” he heard hs son ask.

Still somewhat short of breath, J.D. tore his glazed eyes away from his slut daughter-in-law to look over at his grinning son just in time to see Margaret inhale the younger man’s cock. “If she fucks as half as good as she sucks,” gasped the older man, “I’m gonna have a grand time today.”

“Then yer gonna have a grand time, Pa!”

Not to be outdone by the younger woman, Margaret knew how to use her mouth and soon had the younger man gasping. Looking down at the redhead working over his dick, Luke said, “That feels real good Mrs. Tinsley. Real good! That’s it ya slut, suck it, ya slut, suck it!”

“Don’t be disrespectful, Son,” admonished his pa. “It’s Ma’am to ya, boy. In a few weeks, she might be yer new ma!”

“Good God Almighty, Ma’am.” exclaimed Luke as she raked his sensitive shaft with her soft, supple lips, working her mouth on his erection with the consummate skill of a highly experienced cock slut. Sealing her lips around the base of his shaft, she created an incredible suction as she pulled up, letting his cock pop completely out of her mouth when she reached his glans.

“Ya ain’t gonna last long, Son” said his smiling pa. “No man can stand that fer long!”

The old man was right. Taking the younger man by surprise, the Widow Tinsley literally sucked the sperm right from Luke’s balls. In an out of control rush, he grunted as he spouted into her mouth. Indeed, she had gotten him off very quickly.

With a sultry smile, Margaret rose. Taking her young lover’s head in her hands, she planted a kiss on his mouth. Wide eyed, Luke felt his own cum run from her mouth into his. Margaret held her kiss until she was sure that he had swallowed.

Breaking away, Luke looked at his old man with an unsure look. Shelly was now standing facing Luke while J.D. mauled her big tits from behind. The old man grinned at his son and said, “Nasty, ain’t she? Nasty and a hell of lot of fun!”

“Why J.D. Blalock!” exclaimed Margaret in mock anger. “Nasty am I?

“You don’t pay him no mind, Luke. Your pa loves it when I do that for him. Especially when I’ve just sucked off Jonah.”

“Now don’t go filling the boy’s head with a bunch of tales, woman!”

“Those aren’t tales, J.D.”

Luke was flabbergasted. Was what she said true? Jonah Williams? Bobby Ray’s pa?

“Hush up, woman!

“Now Luke, I want ya to stay here an’ entertain the Widow. Me, I’m gonna go fornicate with yer young wife.” J.D. clamped a finger on one of Shelly’s nipple rings to turn her around and lead her off to his bed.

“Pa! Jus’ a minute!”

J.D. paused somewhat annoyed by the delay. Luke picked his trousers up from the floor and rummaged through the pockets, finding what he was looking for in the second pocket. “Here, try this, Pa,” he said holding up the cock ring that Jake had given him. “It’ll keep ya hard for hours! Keeps the blood from running outta yer dick.”

Taking the Velcro strap to his pa, Luke advised, “Shelly knows how this works. She’ll put it on for ya.”

“Hmmm, hours ya say? I’ll give it a try.”

“Yeah, just don’t leave it on too long. My buddy Jake told me ‘bout this fella, he fell asleep wearin’ one these things. Woke up the next mornin’ an’ gangrene had set in! Poor fella, had to have his damned pecker cut off.”

“Yer kiddin’!”

“Hell, I don’t know, Pa. That’s what Jake said. Maybe it’s a bunch of bull, but jus’ don’t overdo it. It’s safe enough fer an hour or so, but ya better give yer pecker a rest.”

“Hours?”

“Yeah, hours.”

“Thanks, son! I’ll give it go with her.”

J.D. gave a little tug to his daughter-in-law’s nipple ring. “C’mon, girl, nature’s callin’ and I don’t mean that I need to pee.”

Margaret put her arms around the younger man, hugging him from the back, rubbing her breasts into his muscular back as Luke watched his pa lead his slut-wife off for a fucking. Just as the bedroom door closed, Luke called out, “Make her squeal, Pa! Make her squeal!”

“You want to watch them, don’t you?” murmured Margaret in his ear.

“Yeah. I really do,” replied Luke. “Ya think pa would mind?”

“Your pa’s not a shy man, but he didn’t invite you into his bedroom. He closed the door.”

“Yeah, I guess,” he responded with resignation.

“We could go out onto the porch. He doesn’t have any curtains on his bedroom window.”

“Yeah! That’s right!”

The two voyeurs slipped outside to the side porch. Once outside, Luke was keenly aware of their nudity. Nervously he looked about to be sure that no one could see them. The angle of the house and the position of the barn made it nearly impossible for anyone driving up or down the road to see them. Still there was always a possibility that someone could just walk up, though that was highly unlikely.

Luke laughed at himself for being so modest. So what if anyone saw them? In town, he and Shelly were practically going out of their way to be seen naked by their neighbors on both sides, and he had no problem going from house to house in the buff either. Hell, when he first met the Quibleys they were total strangers, and he’d fucked Shelly right in front of them, little kids and all.

Still, out here on the farm, it was pretty wide open. If anyone was out in the soybean field, they certainly would see them. An image of the Reverend Mattox walking up from the soybean field amused Luke immensely. “As if that’d happen,” said Luke out loud.

“What would happen?” asked Margaret.

“Nuttin’. Jus’ thought of sumpthin’ stupid,” he said with a wave of his hand and a grin.

“Well, shush up,” she whispered. “We’re supposed to be minding our own business.”

“This is my business,” he replied. “C’mon, I gotta see this.”

Gathering around the bedroom window they looked in to see Shelly kneeling as she put the cock strap around J.D.’s flaccid cock and balls.

“Is it supposed to be tight? Doesn’t feel tight.”

“It’ll tighten up when you get hard, Pa,” replied Shelly. “I don’t want to make it too tight. Luke says it hurts if he puts it on too tight at first.”

“Okay, now what?”

“Hmmmm, let me see,” she said planting a kiss on his pecker. “What do you think?”

“I think that if ya want me to fuck ya, ya better get to suckin’, girl… Oh yes, that feels nice.” In no time, Shelly had the blood flowing back into his prick.

“Damn, it’s getting’ tight!” exclaimed the older man. “Keep goin’. It’s tight, but don’t hunt none.”

Judging him to be more than sufficiently hard, Shelly pulled her mouth off his rigid dick. Standing, she stepped back until she had backed into the bed. Lying back, she lewdly spread herself open to him. Looking over her head, she saw that her husband was watching. Shelly smiled at Luke while she jiggled her generous tits for his pa.

“Ya gonna watch?” said J.D. as he crawled on top of her.

“You don’t mind, do you?” replied Margaret.

“Hell, no! I jus’ thought it might not be appropriate for the boy to see me screw his wife.”

“She’ a slut, Pa. Go on,” urged Luke. “Screw her. Screw her good, Pa.”

“Well, she’s yer wife.”

“Go on, Pa. Take her.”

J.D. took on the missionary position, supporting his weight with his arms to give his audience a clear view of his cock posed at her pussy. Easing his hips forward, his cock slipped into the warm, velvety embrace of her pussy. Shelly, knowing that she was still stretched out from the Sheriff’s big cock, flexed her kegel muscles like Toni had told her, giving J.D. a nice tight fuck.

“She’s got a nice pussy, Luke. Nice, real nice pussy,” he muttered as he began sawing into his son’s wife. “Goddamn, I’m gonna love Sundays fer now on!”

“Oh, yeah, squeeze my dick, honey! Oh, fuck, ya feel so good.”

Luke and Margaret watched J.D. fucking Shelly until J.D., tiring, lowered himself on top of her. The view now limited to his pa’s ass pumping, Luke lost interest.

“Whatcha say we go back inside?”

“Sure thing, handsome. Watching those two has gotten me really horny.”

“Me too.”

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“I’ve never been so embarrassed in all my life! How dare you humiliate me, telling the pastor that we had ‘problems’?! What must he think?” shrieked Julia. “He must think that I’m awful! How could you?!” All the while that Julia was screeching, she pummeled David with her handbag as he drove towards their home.

“Answer me! How could you do that?”

“Stop hitting me!”

“Shut up! You shut up when I talking to you!”

“You’re not talking! You’re yelling!” retorted David as he did his best to drive and ward off the battering while maintaining control of their vehicle. It didn’t help matters that the three unruly children were out of their seats, shouting in riotous laughter while beating him about the head too.

“I am too talking! Answer me! How dare you humiliate me like that?”

“I didn’t…ow! Stop!”

“Don’t you tell me what to do! My duty! My duty! My duty!!!! You just want me to be your whore! You want me to be a whore like that whore next door!”

“Damn it, stop hitting me!”

“You watch your language Davy-John Jenkins! I won’t stand for any profanity! Not in front of my babies! I won’t stand for it from anyone!”

“Stop it will you!”

Julia had no intentions of stopping. Abruptly, David had enough and pulled the car over to the side of the road. Grabbing her flailing hands with one hand, he slapped his enraged wife hard across the face. “I said stop!” He slapped her again. “When I say stop… (WHAP!’) I… (WHAP!’) mean… (WHAP!’) stop!” (WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!)

Julia recoiled from the stinging open handed blows, but was unable to miss or deflect any of them. “Ooooohhhooooohhhooooohohohoh!” she cried. “You’re the meanest man in the world!” she sobbed. “Go ahead, hit me! Hit me! Makes you feel like a big man, does it? Hit me! But you can’t have me! Never! Never! Ooohhhooooohohohoh!”

A wailing chorus from the back seat sympathetically joined their mother’s crying. David turned and glared at the three brats. All three instinctively cowered from his angry stare and all three became silent. They knew that they were very close to getting theirs too.

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Covered in a sheen of sweat and lost in his own state of euphoria, Luke was jolted back by the banshee-like cry coming from his pa’s bedroom. Once the unearthly noise had subsided, he once again slipped into a pre-orgasmic limbo where the world was fuzzy and his whole body tingled with desire. The older woman had been expertly playing him, keeping him on the very edge, but never pushing him over the edge. Straddling him as he sat on the sofa with his cock buried deeply in her cunt, she implored him to remain as motionless as possible. Every time he tried to thrust, she stopped him, urging him to simply concentrate on the sensations radiating from his dick. She didn’t fuck him per se, but merely ground herself on his cock, grinding his pubes into her clit until she came, then squeezing and milking his cock until he was about to cum. Sensing his impending climax, she stopped, remaining completely motionless until his building orgasm subsided, then she ground into him again, getting herself off and repeating the process over and over. With eyes unfocused and his breath coming in ragged pants, Luke ached for relief, relief that Margaret skillfully denied him, causing the poor boy to suffer in a prolonged lust induced stupor.

He heard the knock on the door, but it was meaningless to him. He heard the familiar voice, but that too was meaningless. At some point his passion-glazed eyes fixated on the man standing in the parlor. Slowly he realized that the man wasn’t his pa, it was someone else, someone shorter and somewhat pudgy. Struggling against the ecstatic state that he was in, he looked the man in the eyes. Neither spoke while Luke and the Widow screwed, but gradually it dawned on Luke that Jonah Williams, Bobby Ray’s and Lynnette’s pa, was getting an eyeful.

“Oh, shit,” he breathlessly whispered.

Margaret, knowing the trancelike state had been broken, began pumping up and down in his lap. Wide eyed, Luke came in a volcanic-like rush. The sudden release of his pent up sexual energy hit him like an atom bomb. Blown away by intensity of his orgasm, Luke was all but oblivious that Mr. Williams was standing there. After his tumultuous climax, Luke was nearly comatose, his mind reeling as his cock shrank and finally wetly slithered from the older woman’s cunt.

“Where’s your pa?” The question seemed to be coming from afar. “Where’s your pa, Luke?” Before he could muster the strength to respond, the voice said, “Never mind, boy. I can see that you’re busy.”

When Luke did finally gather enough presence on mind, there wasn’t anybody there, just the Widow, showering his face with kisses.

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Shelly’s universe had contracted down to a single point centering on her pussy, but as her orgasm began to subside, her universe began to expand again. Once again, they changed positions. This time with J.D. on his back, lying crossways on his bed, while Shelly straddled his still hard prong, facing his feet.

“God damn,” exclaimed J.D. as her hot puss enveloped his cock, “my dick’s still hard! I’m gonna fuck the hell out of ya, girl! Fuck ya ‘til one us cries uncle!” Taking advantage that the position offered him, J.D. stuck a finger up her ass.

They had been going at it for some minutes before Jonah Williams walked into the bedroom. At the sight of him, Shelly gasped, covering her mouth with her hand as she stopped bobbing up and down on her father-in-laws’ dick. J.D. sensing that it was his turn to hump, got to humping, thrusting his long dick up into her. Unsure what to do, Shelly remained relatively motionless.

Jonah watched for a moment and then smiled as he unbuttoned his shirt. J.D. was right after all. The girl was a promiscuous slut and Luke was passing her around. When J.D. had called him earlier this morning, Jonah thought that his old friend was trying to put one over him. But it was true.

A wave of relief swept over her as her old boyfriend’s father dropped his pants. He looked pudgier naked than when he was dressed, nevertheless he had what Shelly found irresistible, a stiff cock. He wasn’t nearly as long as Luke or his pa, but he was somewhat thicker, though not as thick as Jake Stringer. As he approached the bed, Shelly leaned forward and in doing so, dislodged J.D. cock from her cunt. Jonah stepped closer, between J.D.’s knees and his dangling legs. Without a word spoken between them, Shelly kissed his hairy navel, planted two kisses on his hairy abdomen and then kissed the knobby head of his dick before taking it between her lips.

“That’s it girl, suck his god damned dick!” growled her father-in-law. “Suck it good, ya slut!”

Grabbing her by the hips, J.D. pulled her back down on his jutting prick. Shelly rocked back, allowing J.D. a free hand to aim his cock. Feeling his dick pressing against her anus, she willed her sphincter to open. J.D.’s cock slid into her ass.

Without additional lube, there was considerable friction between his prick and the walls of her rectum. Still she was loose enough from the big-dick ass fucking last night that it really wasn’t a great problem. Nonetheless she was grateful that J.D. let her do the fucking at her own pace.

Jonah, not wanting to cum too quickly, stepped back, pulling his dick from her oral embrace. Smiling sluttily, Shelly sat upright, driving J.D.’s cock deep in her ass. She winked at Jonah and then layback, spreading her legs outside her father-in-law’s legs, taking up the position that she had repeatedly taken last night with Deputy Hal, every time he had it up her ass after his first screw. She thought of the constant stream of cars, coming and going from the Sheriff’s farm, and with each new car came a fresh, new dick. A fresh, hard dick to fuck her needy pussy while Hal’s black cock was stuffed up her butt, giving everyone a nice tight fuck.

Jonah stepped forward again, studying the young splayed pussy offered up to him for his pleasure. Margaret kept her bush neatly trimmed, but this was first time he’d seen a girl so barren of hair. It reminded him of years ago, before she was too old to continue to allow him that pleasure, when he still gave Lynnette her bath. He could still hear his little girl giggle whenever he ‘accidentally’ slid his hand or a finger between her legs for a brief fleeting moment. Though greatly tempted, he never allowed it to go any further. That was long ago and this was here and now. Absolutely nothing stood between the hairless pussy now shamelessly on display before him and his burning sexual desires.

Reaching forward, he slid his hand down the wet protruding lips of her pussy, down to her anus, stuffed with his friend’s cock, down the base of the cock and to his friend’s balls wet with sexual secretions. Then he slid his hand back up J.D.’s cock and her stretched bunghole and up into her with three fingers.

Shelly was expecting him to just mount her like the deputies had mounted her last night, but Jonah had other ideas. Splaying open her pussy for inspection, he saw the unmistakable milkiness of cum pooling in the maw of her vagina. His gaze shifted, soaking up the sumptuousness of her voluptuous nudity, pausing to study her ringed nipples while he fingered her cunt. Giving into his own desires, he lowered his head and burrowed his face in her sopping cunt, orally ravishing her well-used sex, making loud slurping noises as he sucked her wanton pussy and lapped up as much mixed sex nectar as possible.

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Julia bolted from the car as soon as David pulled into his lean-to carport. Pausing at the door, she shouted for all the neighbors to hear about how he was abusing her. Only their neighbors on the other side heard her, and they had long since learned to ignore her high pitched ranting. Running inside and upstairs to their bedroom, she locked herself in.

David was stuck dealing with the three sullen kids, who where now whining in unison about being hungry. He fixed them each a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and gave them each a glass of milk, then retired to the peace and solitude of the living room.

A few minutes later, be heard the back door slam and heard the voices of his children playing outside. Ten minutes or so had passed when he noticed that it had gotten quiet, too quiet. Rising to check up on things, he heard the loud shattering of glass. Quickly he looked between the heavy drapes out onto the alleyway to see his shirtless son pick up a rock and pitch it through the Blalock’s window with a crash.

Bolting out the door, David ran into the alleyway just as his youngest daughter pitched a rock that fortunately missed it mark.

“What are you doing?” the father yelled. “Stop it! All of you, stop it right now!”

The three brats turned towards his voice and froze in place. David saw the older girl, Kendall, drop something to the ground behind her back.

“What is the meaning of this? You’re all vandals!”

“Mama said they served the devil,” said Trisha the littlest girl.

“They need to be driven out and sent to hell,” added Billy.

“We were just doing what Jesus told us to do,” added the elder daughter.

“Jesus didn’t tell you anything of the sort!” retorted the exasperated dad. “Those are our neighbors! Jesus said for us to love our neighbors!”

“We hate them!” spouted Billy.

“I don’t believe this! They’ve never done anything to you or to us. They are actually very nice, once you get to know them a little.”

“Mama says they’re evil,” replied the older girl.

“They’re not evil, but what you just did was evil! Inside! Now!”

The three recalcitrant miscreants were lined up in the living room in front of the sofa while David contemplated their punishment. Having decided a course of action David asked the boy, “Where’s your shirt?”

“I took it off. It’s hot!” replied the boy.

“Very well,” said David as he sat in his overstuffed chair. “You’re first, Billy. Take off your pants.”

“Not that,” sobbed the boy. “I won’t do it again. I promise!”

“I said take off your pants! Take them off and come here! Now!”

The sobbing boy knew not to disobey and tried to shuck his pants, but his shoes got tangled up in the legs, forcing him to shed his shoes too. His two sisters sniggered at his plight.

“What’s so funny, girls? Get out of those dresses! Now!”

The two girls, their smirks wiped from their faces, reluctantly and slowly complied. The boy in only his socks and white cotton briefs cautiously approached his father.

“You look silly with your socks on, Billy. I’ll give to the count of three to get rid of them… one… two… three! Too late! Get your ass over here!… Get that sock off!”

Hopping on one foot while he tried to shed the last offending sock, the boy fell before he got to the designated spot. Recovering from his indignity the boy stood before his angry father.

“Lie down over my lap.”

“Please, Daddy! I won’t do it again.”

“That’s right! You won’t ever do that again! I’m gonna make sure that you learn your lesson. Now take the position!”

Reluctantly, the boy lay across his father’s lap. David grabbed the waistband of the boy’s shorts and pulled them off his hips to his knees.

The girls were now down to their panties and watched wide-eyed as the bare butt spanking began.

WHAP! “Ow!” the boy shouted with the first stinging blow of his father’s open hand. WHAP! “Ow!” WHAP! “Owww!” WHAP! Billy’s white buttocks were now glowing red. “Owwww! Stop!” WHAP! The stinging pain was such that the boy didn’t notice the hard lump in his father’s pants. “Owwowow! Stop!” WHAP! “Owowwowow!” WHAP! “Ohhhh, pleaseeeeee, Daddy! Pleaseeeeeee! WHAP! “Owwwww! It hurts! It hurts!” WHAP! “Noooooo! Nooooooo! WHAP! “Stop! Nooooooo! Pleaseeee nooooo!” WHAP! “It’s burning! It’s burning! Oh, owwwowww!”

David stopped the spanking and held the boy over his lap as he cried. Soothingly, he rubbed the boy’s burning buns, not so much out of sympathy for the boy, but more for his own gratification. He was sorely tempted to run a finger up the boy’s crack and toy with his little anus, like he had seen in the DVDs he secretly sold, but he managed to control himself. Instead he ground his erection into the boy’s belly. Maybe the brat would get the idea. Maybe next time, when his sisters weren’t about… Images of the boy filled his head, of the boy willing and eagerly sucking his cock like the boys in the videos. ‘If Julia won’t suck me, maybe Billy… With his hand between his son’s cheeks rubbing deeper and deeper into the crevasse, David suddenly shouted, “No! I can’t…”

Having caught himself just in time he gruffly ordered, “Get up!” The still sobbing boy rose. “Turn so your sisters can see what’s in store for them.” Billy, facing his father with his back to his sisters, felt his briefs falling around his ankles. “Now, go stand by the couch!” The boy bent to pull up his briefs. “Leave them where they are.”

“Daddy…”

“Go stand by the couch.” The red faced boy shuffled towards where his sisters where standing. Somewhere along the way, his briefs were completely left behind. The two girls watched in awe as their brother approached. They both knew that boys were different than girls, they had just never really seen how different.

“Kendall, you’re next!”

The older girl took one more glace at her brother’s genitals and slowly shuffled towards her punishment. Standing before her father in only a pair of panties, she coyly smiled at him in a ploy to lessen her punishment.

‘She’s enjoying this,’ thought David misreading her intent. “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing.”

“Then wipe that smile off your face!”

“Daddy…”

“Take the position!”

“Please, Daddy. I didn’t…”

“Hush up! Now, let’s get this over with! Lie across my lap.”

On her command, tears began streaming down Kendall’s face.

Losing patience with the manipulative girl, David grabbed her arm and forced her across his lap. As with her brother, David pulled her panties off her hips and down her thighs. Gazing on the girl’s lovely young buttocks, David’s pupils dilated and his nose flared. His hand slowly slid up her leg and came to rest on her rump. His hand began to make tiny circles. Studying her exposed buns and the tactile delight of her smooth little moons, David lingered as long as he dared before raising his hand for the first stinging blow.

WHAP! “Oooowwwww!” David paused, admiring the handprint that blossomed on her white little butt. WHAP! “Oooooowwww!” Again he paused, rubbing her butt to soothe the pain. WHAP! “It hurts, Daddy! It hurts!” Again he paused to comfort his daughter. WHAP! “Please no more! No more!” she cried.

“Don’t you ever again throw rocks at our neighbor’s house,” he said evenly soothing her burning behind.

“I won’t! I won’t!” WHAP! “Nooooooo, pleaseeeee, Daddy. I won’t ever do…” WHAP! “Ohhhhh hoho, it hurts! It hurts!”

David rubbed her butt again while the little girl cried and cried. After a few minutes the burning eased and the wailing ebbed to sobbing. He looked to his other two children; Billy was smirking while little Trisha looked terrified. The punishment was over, for Kendall and Billy that is. As the older girl regained a fraction of her composure, David ordered her to stand so that her siblings could see her reddened ass. Then, as with Billy, he ordered her back to the couch, her panties down around her ankles. Now it was Billy’s turn to stare.

“Okay, Trisha. It’s your turn.”

Trisha started crying and was reluctant to move.

“Come here, Trisha!” The little girl remained frozen in place, bawling as if she had already suffered her punishment.

David was annoyed that he would have to get up and get the girl. Then he had an inspiration. “Billy, Kendall, bring your sister to me.”

Kendall’s tears suddenly dried up as she took Trisha’s right arm while Billy took her left. Trisha struggled to escape the grip of her brother and sister as they dragged the screaming child to their father.

“Do you know why you are being punished?” he asked sternly.

Trisha nodded her head as she continued to cry.

“Why are you being punished?”

“F, f, for thr, thr, throw, throwing rocks,” she answered between sobs.

Even though Trisha was the only one of his children he saw actually throwing a rock, David knew good and well that her older siblings had put her up to it.

“Lay down over my lap.”

The trembling, sobbing little girl immediately complied.

“That’s a good girl. Just because someone older than you tells you to do something bad, doesn’t mean you have to do it.”

“Yes, sir,” said a small voice.

With her brother and sister standing right there, David pulled her panties down and completely off. Out of the corner of his eye, David saw that the older two children were struggling to stifle a grin. He also saw that Billy’s little pecker was standing up.

“Billy, come stand here.” Billy moved around to where his father had directed him. Trisha looked up. Just inches from her face loomed her brother’s stiff immature cock.

WHAP! “Booo hooo hoooo! Daddy don’t!” WHAP! “I’m sorry, Daddy! I’m…” WHAP! “Oooooo noooooo! Nooooooo!” WHAP! “Pleaseeeeee, ohh hoho hoho!”

Her ass checks took on a cherry red color and David rubbed it to soothe the pain.

“Is that all she gets?” indignantly demanded her older sister.

“Yes. That’s all she deserves.”

“That’s not fair!” whined the disagreeable girl.

“I determine what’s fair and what’s not fair,” retorted her dad, “so shut your face, Kendall or I’ll start all over with you!

“Now, the three of you are punished until tomorrow. Go up to your rooms, and stay there. I don’t want to hear so much as a peep from any of you until suppertime! Now, go on!”

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Luke stood in the doorway, watching as his best friend’s father ate out his young wife. He had always known that his own pa was high strung, crude and somewhat raunchy. But Mr. Williams? He was always very polite, easygoing and good-natured. True he and Pa had been best friends since they were kids, but they were so totally different. Seeing and hearing Mr. Williams noisily slurping cum from Shelly’s freshly fucked pussy, Luke knew that under the façade, Mr. Williams and Pa were actually very much alike.

Jonah stood and crawled onto the bed. While Mr. Williams was eating out Shelly, Luke briefly saw that Pa had his dick up her ass. Spreading his thick legs wide, Jonah inched into position, the knob of his thick dick nuzzling into the engorged mass of her cuntal flesh before disappearing altogether.

Shelly's feet and legs jerked as the older man penetrated her. Pa crudely cursed, “I kin fell yer god damned prick, Jonah! Right through the walls of her fuckin’ ass! Goddamn that’s nasty! Oh, but it fuckin’ sure feels fuckin’ great! Oh, fuck yeah! Yer beatin’ me off, ya nasty old fart! Damn that’s good! Fuck us Joanh, fuck us.”

The sight of the two older men, doubling up on his wife caused Luke’s cock to stir. This wasn’t like Jake and Big Mike doing her, it was his pa and Bobby Ray’s pa who were doing her. He knew exactly what his old man was feeling, Mr. Williams’ cock reciprocating in her pussy, separated from his pa’s cock by only the thin membrane of her colon, rubbing the underside of his pa’s cock, masturbating his pa while his pa’s cock was planted up her ass. The way Pa described it as ‘beatin’ me off’ and ‘fuck us’ was way nastier than what he had experienced before.

It was evident that the two older men had done this sort of thing before, many times in the past. He thought back to what his pa had said at church about his deceased ma making money out in a honky-tonk’s parking lot. He had always thought that he knew about everything that went on the farm. It was now apparent to him that he didn’t know the half of it.

Margaret came up from behind and wrapped her arms around Luke, a hand descended across his torso and encircled his hard cock. “Hmmm, you young studs sure get it up quick. You want to watch, or do you want to entertain me?”

Luke needed no second invitation. Leaving his willing wife with the two older males, he led Margaret back into the parlor, bent her over the arm rest of the sofa and plowed into her from the rear. Last fuck, she had been in total control. This fuck, he was in control. He fucked her hard and fucked her deep with long, exaggerated strokes, his dick nearly popping out with each out-stroke and burying his long dick to the balls with each in-stroke.

Margaret was loving the rough screwing and urged her youthful lover, “Fuck me harder! Harder! Harder!” With every inward thrust his dick banged into her G-spot. With every passing moment, her passion increased. Suddenly he stopped, stirring his dick around in her snatch while he probed her asshole with his finger.

“Oh, yes, Baby! Yes!” she hissed as she ground her ass back into him.

Once he had his finger up her butt, the hard fucking resumed. The stimulation of her G continued to elevate her lust. Stopping again to stir his dick, he rapidly thrust his finger in her nasty hole, then fucked her hard again.

Margaret was now yelling, “Fuck me, you bastard! Fuck me hard!” and other obscenities until she hollered “Ahhhhhhh!” Luke felt her pussy clamp down on his dick like a vise. She held him so tight that he couldn’t budge his prick. Gushing as she trembled and shook with the orgasmic waves coursing through her body, Luke felt her leaking juices soak his balls. Luke, unable to thrust, continued to finger her ass until her pussy suddenly relaxed. Her orgasm having peaked, she bolted upright in an attempt to escape from any further stimulation, but Luke brusquely pushed her back down. Margaret clawed at the sofa fabric as Luke continued to roughly fuck her from behind. Again and again her pussy spasmed as her quaking body was wracked with the ebb and flow of multiple orgasms. With each orgasmic jolt, fresh juices poured from her wildly pulsating pussy until rivets were running down both their legs.

At long last he got his rocks off. Squirting as he thrust, he fucked her until his softening dick could no longer effectively penetrate her. Once his soft cock fell out her pussy for good, Luke wiggled his finger in her butt before extracting it as well.

Exhausted by the protracted orgasmic high, Margaret lie lifeless across the arm of the sofa.

When Luke turned away from the prostrate slut, he found himself face to face with Jonah Williams. Jonah nodded towards J.D.’s bedroom saying, “I gotta get me one of those.”

“Wha?”

“That strap thing. Your pa’s still got a ragining hard-on!”

Then he added with a laugh, “Poor bastard! She’s killing him!”

“Ya think I should…”

“Naw! Leave’em be. Let the old bastard die a happy man, between the legs of a big titted cunt. It’s the way he’d want to go!”

Jonah moved his body to the side to look around Luke. “What do have here?” the older man queried. “A freshly fucked pussy? My favorite! Excuse me, son.”

Luke stepped to the side letting Jonah pass. The older man knelt behind Margaret, nuzzling his face between her legs, licking and slurping at the fresh cum oozing from her well-fucked snatch. Stunned at the level of debauchery Mr. Williams was revealing, Luke watched in silence as Jonah’s broad tongue scoured her cunt, lapped up her legs, and rimmed her asshole.

After a few minutes Margaret had regained enough strength to push herself upright. “That’s enough, Luke! Enough!”

Twisting around, she saw Luke standing a few feet away. She looked down, and lovingly stroked Jonah’s balding head. “Oh, it’s you darling!”

Jonah kissed up to her naval. Looking up, he asked, “Did he fuck you well?”

“Oh, he certainly did,” she answered.

“How about you, big boy? Have fun?”

“With a young slut like that? She’s grade-A pussy-meat, a first class nympho! She’s still screwing J.D.! Gonna screw the poor man to death.”

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Naked, the three children scrambled up the stairs to their bedrooms before their father gave them another blistering. David, his pants wet from seepage, hurried to the bathroom for a quick jerkoff. It didn’t take him long to get the relief he needed.

Returning to his easy chair, he flicked on the TV, searching for something to watch, something to get his mind off the parade of bare little rumps that had just visited his lap. He found an old Western that he liked, but it wasn’t enough to ease the gnawing guilt that now replaced the lust he’d felt earlier. He rationalized that the spankings were fully justified, but he was appalled at himself for the effect the entire affair had on him. How could he think such things of his own children? After agonizing over this for nearly an hour, he finally rationalized that thinking about something and acting on those thoughts were two different things. He hadn’t molested any of them, though he realized that he had been awfully close at times; he was merely doing his fatherly duty and disciplining his wayward brood. No harm was done. Certainly the children deserved a harsh reprimand for their spiteful behavior.

“Next time,” he said to himself, “next time… I’ll… Hell! Why not? No harm done.”

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The two men, one older, the other nearly twenty years junior, sat on the sofa, naked and stonily silent. Margaret offered to fix the boys some ice tea and pranced off to the kitchen in her birthday suit.

“Cat got your tongue?” asked Jonah.

“Uh, no, I… I figured what Pa was really like long time ago. I’m just kinda amazed. Ya know, I never thought that ya was like that.”

“Like what?”

“Ya know, kinda raunchy.”

“Raunchy!” Jonah laughed. “What’s wrong with a man being a little raunchy?”

“I jus’ never figured… I mean, you’ve always been so…”

“Hell, I’m a man! You never thought of me sticking my dick up some slut’s pussy?”

“I’ve always thought of ya as Mr. Williams, Bobby Ray’s and Lynette’s pa.”

“I’m your pa’s best friend.”

“I know that. It just that ya were always different from Pa. Pa, he walks around the house buck neked after his bath and pisses in the sink. He’s crude. Yer not like that.”

“Who says?”

“I seen ya.”

“You saw just what I wanted you to see. Nothing more, nothing less.”

Luke thought about for a moment before replying, “I suppose.”

“You know, you really made your old man happy today.” Jonah laughed, “He’s been thinking that you were some sort of prissy goody-two-shoes church boy.”

“Church boy?”

“Yeah, preacher’s daughter, living with her folks, straight laced and proper.”

“I ain’t straight laced!”

“He knows that now! You should of heard him this morning, ‘Miz Big Tits is a slut after all! Puts out like a slot machine! Goddamnit! I’m gonna get me some of that young stuff today!' He was rather put out that you were passing her around, but wouldn’t let him fuck her.”

Luke shrugged and sheepishly replied, “He can fuck her whenever he wants.”

“Me too?”

“Sure, Mr. Will…”

“Jonah. It’s Jonah from now on, Luke.”

“Sure thing, Jonah.”

“God damn, she’s a fine, fine piece of ass! Like I said, I gotta get me one of those straps.”

“It’s a cock ring.”

“Whatever. You give him that?”

“Yeah.”

“Get me one?”

“I’ll try. Got that one from my next door neighbor.”

There was a moment of silence between them. Then to Luke’s shock, Jonah reached over and began fondling his dick. Luke was speechless as his best friend’s father felt him up. His dick however immediately showed that he liked it.

“You like that, don’t you?” asked Jonah with a knowing grin. “You know, before you knocked up Shelly, your pa was worried that you might like other boys a little too much.”

“What? Where did he…”

“Stow it, Luke. We knew that you and Bobby Ray experimented with each other.

“I remember the time that Bobby Ray stayed over here with you. Next morning your ma found Bobby Ray’s underpants, bunched up at the end of your bed under the covers. Wasn’t too hard to figure out how they got there.” Jonah chuckled, “That boy would lose his ass if it weren’t permanently attached!

“A few weeks later, you and Bobby Ray were going down to the pond to go skinny dipping. J.D. and I waited a little while and then snuck up on the other side to see what you two were up to. We didn’t have to wait but five minutes before you two got out of the water. What you two did up on the bank was quite interesting.

“We talked about the situation. Hell, it wasn’t anything that we hadn’t done as kids. Still we talked about what we, as parents, should do. We decided to let nature run it’s course, figuring that if we made a big deal out of it and told you to stop, you might be emotionally scarred for life out of guilt. On the other hand, if we said it was okay, then being kids, you two might do it so often that you’d be queered on girls forever.”

“Here’s your tea, boys,” said Margaret handing each of the two men a glass.

Luke turned bright red as he was rock hard and Jonah was still fondling him. “He’s got a nice dick, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” replied Jonah. “He’s got a very nice dick.”

Jonah took a sip and continued with Luke, “Didn’t help matters when you were dating Lynette. We figured that you’d knock her up, get married and live here with him. Just before you got Shelly pregnant, your pa asked you if you ever fucked Lynette. He said that you were surprised by the question and emphatically told him ‘no’.”

Thinking back, Luke vividly remembered the entire conversation.

“Whadda mean ya never fucked her?”

“Pa! We took the pledge… at church.”

“What pledge?”

“Ya know, not doin’ it ‘til we were married.”

“God damn! Look boy… there’s boys and girls. Boys fuck girls, otherwise there’d be no need fer girls.”

“Pa, that’s Bobby Ray’s sister.”

“So? She’s a girl, a pretty girl too.”

“Mr. Williams, he’s yer best friend since…”

“Since we were kids. What’s that got to do with it?”

“Pa, it jus' don’t seem right.”

“What’s not right is the silly ideas that the preacher’s put into yer head! Ya listen to me boy, I’m yer pa. In this life, ya fuck as many girls as ya can. Ya never force ‘em, but ya never refuse ‘em. Girls, they like fuckin’ as much as boys do. So take my advice. If ya wanna fuck Lynette and Lynette wants to fuck ya, then get after it! Fuck her three, four times a day. Bring her over here. I’ll make myself scarce. Jus’ a nod an’ I’m gone, ain’t seen a thang!”

Later that week, Luke tried to force the issue with Lynette. She got very upset and told Luke that she didn’t want to go out with him anymore. That Saturday, Bobby Ray and Shelly had a spat over something trivial.

Both couples were in the midst of a weekend-long fight on that fateful Sunday. At the Sunday potluck dinner, Bobby Ray paired up with Lucy Perkins, Lynette paired up with Kyle Linder. To make Bobby Ray jealous, Shelly paired up with Luke. One of the other kids had stolen a bottle of whiskey. While the adults socialized, they all snuck off into the woods and got drunk. One thing led to another. Luke somehow managed to get Shelly’s panties off. Taking what his pa had told him to heart, Luke stuck his dick into her virgin puss, losing his virginity as well.

Luke looked up at Jonah to plead, “It was the truth! She was Bobby Ray’s sister and…”

“What’s that got to do with it?” asked the older man mimicking the exact words that J.D. had spoken to his son.

“Well, I…”

“Your pa thought right then and there that you were one of those gay boys.”

“I’m not gay!”

“No, you’re not, Luke. You’re AC/DC maybe... a switch hitter like your pa and me, but you’re not gay.”

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Having soothed his conscious, David went upstairs and knocked on his bedroom door. “Who is it?” came the answer from within.

“It’s me, Julia. Open the door.”

“No! Go away!”

“Julia, you’re being silly.”

“Silly am I? I’m not about to let you abuse me!”

“I didn’t abuse you.”

“You hit me!”

“You were hitting me.”

“Don’t you try to put this on me, David! You’re the meanest man I’ve ever known!”

“I just want to talk.”

“You just want to assault my body!”

“Julia.”

“Go away! Just go away.”

“Julia, I’m coming in.”

“I’ve got the gun!”

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Shelly came strutting out of J.D.'s bedroom, swinging Luke’s cock strap in her hand.

“You kill him?” asked Jonah in jest.

“Poor dear. He’s asleep. Last thing he said was, 'Best pussy in the world.' ”

“I bet he really said, 'Best goddamned pussy in the world,' ” quipped Luke.

“Luke don’t take the Lord’s name in vain,” corrected his wife.

“That’s what he said, weren’t it?”

“Well, yes, but…”

“I’m just telling it like it is,” Luke smugly replied. “Guess yer now wanting to fuck Bobby Ray’s pa again.”

“You make it sound so dirty when it would be really nice,” said Shelly with a smile. “But I think I need a little break.”

“That’s fine honey,” said the older man, “I’m not as young as I used to be. Give me twenty minutes and I’ll get it up. Meanwhile, I’ve something important I need to discuss with Luke. I know, why don’t you girls give us a little show while we talk.”

Margaret walked over to Shelly and embraced the younger woman. “Hmmm, nice tits, very, very nice tits,’ she purred. “You’re so lucky. Men just love women with tits like yours. So do I.”

Fondling Shelly’s breasts she toyed gently with the rings. “Don’t these hurt?”

“I just got them and yes, they’re sore right now. Everyone wants to pull… ow!”

“Sorry, doll. Here, let Mama kiss it and make it well.”

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“Like I was saying, Luke,” continued Jonah. “I’m really worried about Lynette and I need your help.”

“Sure, Mr. Wil… uh, Jonah, anything,” answered Luke who was somewhat distracted by the two women fondling each other.

“You know, when you and Shelly got married, it was hard, real hard for both Bobby Ray and Lynette," stated the older man who seemed to be immune to the titty sucking just a few feet away. "You and Bobby Ray were always together. After you were gone, he was sort of lost. Didn’t go out much, just hung around the farm and worked his ass off. I figured he was just trying to get over it. Lynette, she didn’t date anyone, didn’t hang out with her girlfriends either. Pretty soon, I noticed that Bobby Ray and Lynette were getting real close.”

“They’ve always been close.”

“That’s not what I mean. Now, I don’t know for sure, and this is where you can help me, Luke… Will you give me an honest answer?”

“Sure, Jonah. Just ask.”

“You know Bobby Ray better than anybody, and he’s probably told you everything. Is he... is he fucking his sister?”

“What?”

“You heard me! You heard me and you promised you’d be honest with me! Now don’t get me wrong on this. Lynette’s going to be graduating from high school next month. She’s seventeen. Both are old enough to make decisions. They may not always be good decisions, but they’re both old enough to make up their minds about this sort of thing. Now, if they’re having a little fun together, that’s their business.”

“I, I really don’t know. Bobby Ray’s never said nuttin’ to me ‘bout that. What makes ya think that…”

“I’ve got eyes. I haven’t caught them in the act, but…”

“So what makes ya think?”

“I’ve found a few rubbers lying about. Used rubbers. Like I said, that boy would lose his ass if it weren’t permanently attached.”

“Ya sure they’re his?”

“Who else? Lynette hasn’t had any boys over. Now, she’s had a few girls over and maybe Bobby Ray did them, but you’d think that he’d ask them out.

“Like I said, Luke, if they’re doing it, that’s their business. But I gotta protect Lynette. She’s not on the pill or anything, and as long as they use rubbers, maybe things will be okay. Trouble is, I know Bobby Ray. He’s not the most careful sort. If they’re fucking, then I need to get Lynette on the pill.

“I didn’t tell him what I knew, but I came right out and asked Bobby Ray. He denied it. Got mad. We had some heated words, but he never admitted it.”

“Maybe he’s tellin’ the truth.”

“Tell me. Do you beat off wearing a rubber?”

“No.”

“Then what am I to think?”

“I dunno.”

“I thought of simply asking Lynette. But how do you ask a girl if she’s screwing her brother? If I had it wrong, what kind of damage would I cause? So, I’ve said nothing to her. After I had my little talk with Bobby Ray, I watched to see if she acted any different, thinking that if they were doing it, he’d tell her what I said. She acted the same as always, like nothing had happened or nothing had been said.

“Look, I know they’re coming to see you this afternoon. Lynette’s been cooking up a storm. If he or she says anything, or if you find out something, you call me.”

“Sure, okay.”

“You promised me, Luke. None of this ‘he told me in the strictest confidence crap’!”

Jonah frowned adding, “He hadn’t already pulled that bullshit, has he?”

“No. Honest! He’s never said anything to me. If he does, well, my promise to you comes first.”

“Good. I really don’t want to have to be explaining her "condition" to the good folks around here.”

**Chapter 18 - A Night to Remember**  
  
*Bobby Ray shares with Luke and Shelly his plan to conceal the identity of the father of Lynette’s baby while David continues to cope with Julia and his miscreant kids’ behavior.*

"I swear to ya! I didn't know what to do when he grabbed my dick!"

"I thought it was kinda cute."

"Cute?"

"Yeah, cute. You've seen me with girls. I enjoyed seeing you with a guy."

"Jesus! That was Bobby Ray's old man!"

"There's nothing old about him, nor your pa.

"Hmmmmm, you know, Luke, it looked to me like you've done that sort of thing before... Have you?"

Luke's face turned a bright shade of red.

Enjoying her husband's embarrassment Shelly laughed, "You have! I can tell by the way you're blushing!"

His secret was out. A secret that he shared only with Bobby Ray, and they hadn't done anything like that in four years or more. His face burning, Luke reflected that it wasn't much of a secret as their fathers knew all along, mothers too!

"Who? Oooooo, wait until I tell..."

"Ya don't tell nobody about that!" shot Luke defensively.

Shelly sat back giggling, relishing her husband's discomfort. Tearing his eyes away from the road for a moment, Luke glared at his slut wife. Turning his attention back to the road, he drove along in silence.

"Oh, Luke, Luke, Luke. I don't care if you like guys occasionally, just so long as you save some for me. Actually, I think it's kind of cute, like you!"

Finally realizing that his wife really didn't have a problem with any of it, Luke cut her a look and grinned. "Okay, okay. Me and Bobby Ray. We used to mess around."

"Oh? Used to?"

"Yeah, used to! Years ago."

"And now you go down on his pa?"

"He went down on me first! Shit! Look, that was a mistake. I'll never do that again."

"Yes, you will. Given the opportunity or... if I ask you."

"I ain't queer!"

"I know you're not gay. I just find it interesting to find out that you like boys too."

"I don't like boys."

"Okay, you like men."

"Shelly!"

"Relax, Luke. I don't care. You do what you like. I'll always love you anyway."

"Ya mean that?"

"Of course I mean that," answered Shelly sweetly. "I wouldn't be doing what I'm doing now if I didn't love you."

"Ya certainly seem to be enjoying yerself."

"And you seem to be enjoying me enjoying myself."

"Yeah... I do. I really do. It still surprises me though."

"What?"

"Outwardly, yer so prim and proper. Deep inside, yer a total slut!"

"That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yeah. It's fun!"

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Turning onto their street, they saw Bobby Ray's pickup truck parked out on the curb. Turning into his driveway, Luke honked. Bobby Ray and Lynette waved back from the cab of their truck.

Walking back up the drive to greet their friends, Luke's excitement of seeing his two best friends was quashed by the sight of the two broken windows.

"Fuck!" he cursed softly.

"What's the matter, Baby?"

"God damned kids broke our windows!"

"Luke, watch your language."

"Fuck that! The little bastards..."

"Now, Luke, you don't know that for sure," his pretty slut wife said reasonably.

Before he could reply, Luke heard, "Hey Luke!" He turned and Bobby Ray with a wide grin called out, "Nice house!"

Luke turned his attention away from the smashed windows and reached out to shake his all-time-good-buddy's hand.

"Fuckin' neighbor kids broke our god damned windows!" greeted Luke.

"Now Luke, you don't know if..."

"Who else but the brats next door? I have a mind to go and beat that weasel's sorry ass."

"You'll do no such thing!" admonished his wife.

"Weasel?" queried Bobby Ray.

"Yeah, pervert next door peeps in our windows. His wife's a first class bitch. The kids... well they're in sore need of an ass whipping! But, I'm sure those righteous folks won't lay a hand on the precious little bastards."

"Luke, they might hear you!"

"Fuck'em! I hope they do!"

"Hi, ya'll!" sang out Lynette, her hands filled with a large casserole dish. "Ya think, ya can help me?"

"Sure," replied Shelly. "C'mon guys, give her a hand. We'll worry 'bout the window later."

Luke gave Shelly the keys to unlock the front door, while he and Bobby Ray went to the truck to retrieve the rest of the vittles. Carrying the food through the parlor, Luke saw the two rocks on the floor, as well as the shards of broken glass warning, "Watch your step, Bobby Ray." By the time they made it to the kitchen in the rear of the old house, Shelly had a broom and dust pan to clean up the mess.

"Show Lynette where everything is in the kitchen, Luke," directed Shelly. "I'll have the glass cleaned up in just a minute."

Within ten minutes the food was warming in the oven, the glass was cleaned up and Luke and Shelly were proudly showing off their house.

"Yeah, it needs a little fixin' up," remarked Luke before taking a swig of his cold beer. "Gonna get the roof replaced this week. Then I gotta rewire the place before it burns down. After that, Shelly wants to replace the wall paper, maybe get some drapes."

"Ya can see right into yer neighbor's house," remarked Bobby Ray looking out the bedroom window.

"And they can see right in," added Lynette. "Don'cha feel kinda funny... ya know..."

"Naw! Ya get used to it. Those neighbors are great! I don't think they're home right now, but maybe ya'll can meet them before ya'll leave."

"Shelly! Can't they see right in?" asked Lynette again.

"Only if the lights are on. See, you can't really see inside their house. They can't see into our house."

"As long as the lights are off. What about..."

"We just make do for now," replied Luke nonchalantly. "It costs a bundle to buy a house and move in. Hell, we weren't here for a week before the truck broke and the fuckin' refrigerator died! We had to take care of those things. The drapes, they can wait."

The tour was interrupted by a knock on the front door. Luke excused himself. Opening the door he found David Jenkins standing there.

"I, I, I hope I'm not disturbing you folks," hesitantly began David.

"Matter of fact, we have some friends over right now," replied Luke icily. Lowering his voice so not to be overheard he added, "And we'd really appreciate it if ya didn't snoop around outside."

"No, no, of course not," stammered David. "I came about the windows."

"Yeah, we noticed what nice neighbors we have," sourly remarked Luke.

"I'm, I'm really sorry about the windows. My kids... well, I gave all three a good spanking. It won't ever happen again. I'll get a man to come out tomorrow and replace the broken glass. I tired to get him out this afternoon, but it being Sunday..."

"Yeah, okay. Tomorrow will be fine. We usually sleep with all the windows open anyway."

"Well, I just wanted you to know and wanted you to know how sorry I am and that I take full responsibility for what happened. You know how kids can be."

"Yeah. Well, thanks for letting me know."

"I also want to apologize for my wife. You and your wife have been very nice to me. You don't know how difficult she can be."

"We've noticed. Not exactly Christian behavior on her part."

"Yes, I know. Again, please accept my apologies on her behalf."

"I appreciate that, David. Now if you'll excuse me."

"One other thing. Is Jake Stringer inside?"

"No and I don't think he's home."

"He's not," stated David. "I was just over there a while ago. If you see him, tell him that I need to talk to him."

"Got an itch?" asked Luke with a knowing smile.

David's face flushed. He correctly guessed that Jake had told Luke all about what he did last night. "He's helping me with a problem. I just need to talk."

"Yeah, Jake's a real helpful sort. I'll tell him if I see him."

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Putting down his fork, Luke pushed away from the table. "That was mighty fine, Lynette. Mighty fine!"

"Thanks, Luke. Would ya like another helpin' of pulled pork?"

"No! I'm 'bout to burst now!"

Shelly served the men coffee and then set about with Lynette, cleaning up the supper dishes while Luke and Bobby Ray chatted about nothing in particular. Several times Bobby Ray started to say something and then abruptly changed the subject.

"What's on yer mind, Bobby Ray? Sumthin' botherin' ya. Go ahead, spit it out," said Luke.

"I worked on what I was gonna say to ya, Luke. Been workin' on it for a few days. Sounds fine when out talkin' to the hogs, but..."

"Hell, ya can tell me anythin' ya want, Bobby Ray. Let me guess, this is 'bout me an' Shelly."

"Sort of. Don't take me wrong, but Lynette and I have discussed this a lot. She thinks I'm crazy, and maybe I am. She told me to forget about it, but I know I at least have to ask."

"What have ya heard?"

"What?"

"What have ya heard? The rumors?"

"There's rumors already? We ain't never said nuttin' to nobody! Hell, we only just found out last week!"

"Last week?" Luke was puzzled. How could they have heard about P-Willy's before this morning? "What are ya talking 'bout, Dude?"

"Okay, this may sound stupid, but I really think it might work."

"Go on."

"Well, ya'll know how much I care for Shelly."

"Yeah, ya like her big tits!" quipped Luke with a laugh.

"I, I..., damn Luke, she's yer wife!"

"Yeah and ya like my wife."

"Damnit, yer makin' this difficult!"

"Hey, Shelly! Did ya hear that? Bobby Ray likes yer tits!"

"Luke! Please!" begged a mortified Bobby Ray.

"You're embarrassing him, Luke," chided Shelly. "You're beginning to sound just like Jake Stringer!"

"It's true. He's always had a thing about yer breasts." There was a long silence as Bobby Ray didn't have a clue as how to recover. Thoroughly amused, Luke, just let his friend twist in the wind. After a few minutes, Luke realized that his friend didn't think any of this was funny, in fact Bobby Ray was visibly distressed.

"Hey, Dude, I'm just jokin'. It's okay, Bobby Ray. She's my wife. A husband can say things to his wife. Look, I didn't mean to embarrass ya."

"You did too," added Shelly from the sink.

"Woman, stay out of this," commanded Luke with a laugh.

"Hey, I'm sorry, Dude. Ya was sayin'..."

"We better go," interjected Lynette.

"No! Ya jus' got here. Look, I said I was sorry."

"It's not that, Luke," replied Bobby Ray. "Lynette's right. It's stupid."

"What's stupid?"

"My plan."

"What plan?"

"Never mind."

"Bullshit! Ya got sumpthin' on yer mind and ya came to me to discuss it. Dude, I'm sorry I made a joke out of it. Fer Christ's sake, I was jus' bustin' yer balls. Now go on! Ya can tell me." Luke put his arm around his old friend and with a disarming chuckle added, "I won't think it's stupid, even if it is."

Bobby Ray searched around for a way to begin again.

"Ya were saying how much ya liked Shelly."

"Yeah, I do. I really do. And I know how much ya like Lynette."

"Okay, that's no secret around here."

"I was figurin'... if ya divorced Shelly, I could marry her and you could marry Lynette."

"What?"

"I know it sounds stupid, but..."

Taken aback, Luke exclaimed, "What the fuck's going on?"

There was a long silence before Lynette spoke. "I'm pregnant." There followed another long silence.

"Well, maybe you need to get married," said Shelly softly. "You know, to the baby's father."

"I can't."

"Why not? He's not married is he?"

"No, he's not married," sobbed Lynette.

"Then why not? You weren't raped were you?"

"No, I wasn't raped."

"Then why can't you marry..."

Just before she burst into tears she blurted out, "I can't marry Bobby Ray!"

Shocked, Shelly gasped, "Oh, my god!"

"Bobby Ray! How could you?"

"It was an accident! I swear!" pleaded Bobby Ray.

"An accident?" asked Shelly incredulously. "You got your little sister pregnant by accident?"

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David closed his web browser, pleased that Boris, his Russian contact, had a shipment on the way that FedEx should deliver tomorrow. What didn't please him was that Boris had unilaterally doubled his order. He had customers enough for what he normally got, but double? That meant that he'd have a bundle tied up in inventory, inventory that he might not be able to move. He had enough slow moving inventory in his bookstore already, what he didn't need was a stack of kiddie porn idling away in his storeroom. Not only was that costly, it was dangerous. "What if?" He shuddered at the thought.

Looking over at the big grandfather clock that he inherited from his mother, he noted that it was fast approaching suppertime. He rose from the computer desk and headed upstairs.

"Julia. It's almost supper!"

"Go away," came the voice from behind the locked door.

"The kids need to eat."

"You feed them!"

"Okay, I'll order a couple of pizzas."

"Fine!"

Miffed that his ploy of feeding the brats junk food would rally their mother to take care of them properly had failed, he turned and started to go downstairs, but the giggling from the girls' bedroom caught his attention. Quietly he tried the door but found it locked. A moment later his trusty Swiss Army knife had the door unlocked.

The three children froze where they were. David felt his cock stir at the sight before him. All three were still nude. Little Trisha was lying on the bed with her legs spread. Her older brother was kneeling by her side, his little pecker at attention. Her older sister, standing by the bed, had a play stethoscope around her neck.

"Uh, uh, just what is the meaning of this?" asked the father.

"We're just playing, Daddy," answered Kendall.

"Where are your clothes?"

"We did just what you said. You told us to go to our room. We were quiet. You didn't tell us to get dressed. We thought you'd get mad at us again. We're not in trouble are we?"

"Jesus! Put on some clothes!" David knew that if Julia ever got wind of this that there would be hell to pay. "Don't tell your mother about this. It was my mistake, but she'll whip the tar out of all of you," he said swatting at Billy's bare butt as the boy scrambled out of his sisters' room.

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"Uh, how long have ya'll been... uh, intimate?" asked Luke suppressing a smile.

"Just after ya'll got married. We were both in a funk," explained a distressed Bobby Ray. "One night when Pa was over at yer pa's place, we found a bottle of Old Crow. Next morning, I woke up with the worse hangover ever, in bed, with Lynette. We were both naked and there was blood all over the sheets. At first I thought she was bleeding to death, but then I noticed the blood all over my dick.

"I was in a panic. Then Lynette woke up, smiled at me and said, 'Thanks, Bobby Ray. I liked that.' Next time... next time it was easier."

"When was the next time?" asked Luke.

"Oh, before Pa got home, after the Advil kicked in. After we did it that once, Lynette was always game for more."

"What about you?" snapped Lynette. "Got to be that every time I turned around he wanted to do it again."

"So why didn't ya use some precautions?"

"We did! I used rubbers every time after that first few times. Then, a few months ago, Pa, as usual, was over getting drunk with yer old man. I only had one rubber. Used it and figured, what the hell, I'll pick some more up tomorrow."

"Ya fucked her without a rubber?"

"No, I used the one I had used earlier. Done that a few times before and there weren't no problems. Problem was, this time it broke. Didn't know that it broke until after I was finished. After that, we figured in fer a penny, in fer a pound. We screwed until dawn. Next day, I bought a new box, but I guess it was too little, too late."

"Why didn't you go on the pill?" asked Shelly. "Works great."

"She went to the doctor, but he said she needed permission from her parents. She couldn't tell Pa. He'd had a fit! Then, if he learned the whole truth, he'd a killed us both, I'm sure of that."

"Yer pa wouldn't have killed either one of ya," said Luke shaking his head. "He knows ya'll been fuckin'. He don't care, believe me. He jus' didn't want... well, too late fer that."

The chastened Bobby Ray looked to his friend pleading, "So ya see, Luke, if ya divorce Shelly and marry Lynette, no one'll know that it ain't yer kid."

"Hey! What about me?" protested Shelly.

"Hey, I'll marry ya, Shelly," replied Bobby Ray earnestly. "We can all live out at the farms."

"What do ya think, Lynette?" asked Luke. "Ya wanna marry me?"

"If I knew that all it would've taken was to get knocked up by ya, Luke Blalock, I would've married ya long time ago."

"Is that so?"

"Ya know it is."

"Whadda think, Shel? Ya wanna marry this farmer?"

"Luke, I think we need to talk," answered Shelly.

"Then talk. Ya wanna bed down with this fella?"

"Luke, really I don't think..."

"That's right, ya ain't supposed to think. That's my job! Ya know what I think? I think Bobby Ray wants to wallow in those fat tits of yers."

"Luke..."

"Hush up woman! The man wants to marry ya! The very least I could do is give him a sample."

Luke turned to Bobby Ray. "How about it, Dude? Ya want a sample of that?"

"I, uh, umm," stammered Bobby Ray. Flummoxed, he couldn't believe how his close friend was talking about Shelly. After all, she was Luke's wife and the preacher's daughter no less.

"Tell ya what, Bobby Ray. Why don't Lynette and ya stay over tonight? She has a school holiday tomorrow... Right? What was it? Diversity Day? Whatever.

"Yer pa won't mind if yer a little late tomorrow morning. If he does, so what? Ya ain't his slave. Yer his son, so he ain't gonna fire ya either. Might kick yer ass, but that's all. Wouldn't be the first time," laughed Luke, "and ya've always managed to live to see the next day!

"Bottom line, good buddy, is I'm sure yer gonna find it worth the trouble. Besides, yer pa's already pissed off at ya."

"What? Why? What's his beef?"

"He knows ya lied to him."

"I did not!"

"Didn't he recently ask ya if ya was banging Lynette?"

"Uh... how'd ya know 'bout that?"

"Yer old man told me, Dude. Today, point blank. He asked ya and ya told him 'no'.

"Let me fill ya in on sumpthin', Dude," continued Luke with an air of confidence. "Yer pa doesn't care if ya'll are spittin' the sheets. He figures yer both old enough to make yer own decisions in those matters. All he wanted to do is make sure ya didn't knock her up. Ya lied to him when ya told him 'no'. He could've put her on the pill, but ya lied to him and now ya've knocked her up! Yer in deep shit, Dude. Not fer fuckin' her, but fer lyin' about it."

"Oh, fuck," moaned Bobby Ray. Luke looked over at Lynette whose complexion had taken on an ashen tone.

"Lynette, it's gonna be okay," comforted Luke. "Yer pa loves ya. He ain't gonna kill ya. Trust me on this. He's cool with it. Maybe not with ya gettin' knocked up, but with fuckin' Bobby Ray that is.

"Now, how 'bout it? Wanna sleep over? It'll be like old times. Bobby Ray and Shelly and me and you, 'cept instead of jus' getting all worked up with no place to go, we'll be doing the nasty all night."

Concerned for Lynette's feelings Shelly protested, "Luke!"

"Don't 'Luke' me woman! Now c'mere."

Shelly moved to her husband's side. Slowly with great deliberation, Luke unzipped the back of her sundress. Shelly felt her heart racing and her breathing became ragged. Next she felt the moisture building between her legs. Luke flicked the thin straps off her shoulders and slowly pulled the top down.

"Oh, Jesus!" muttered Bobby Ray as his old girl friend's beautiful jugs were unveiled, her wide dark pink areoles contrasting sharply with the majestic splendor of her substantial creamy white orbs. With his mouth agape, Bobby Ray squirmed in his chair, his hand at his crotch adjusting his rapidly hardening cock while Luke cupped and gently jiggled her womanly flesh.

"Ya like her tits, don't ya, Dude? Yeah, ya like 'em, ya like 'em a lot. So do I... See these," he said flicking the gold rings that hung from her rigidly erect nipples.

Luke cocked his head and said in her ear, "Tell 'em what they are, darling."

"Uh..." stammered Shelly. 'They're..."

"Slut rings," interrupted Luke. "Ain't that right, Shelly? They mark ya as a slut. And whose slut are ya?"

"Yours," she said in an embarrassed whisper.

Smirking, Luke turned back to his lifelong friend. "Bobby Ray, remember in school when we was studin' Indians. We thought it was really cool that some tribes had the custom of sharing their wives with an honored guest. You're my honored guest, Bobby Ray. If ya want her fer the night, she's yers."

"Son of a bitch," muttered Bobby Ray. "Ya gotta be kiddin' me!"

Luke pushed the dress down further and let it fall to the floor.

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Bobby Ray breathlessly, his attention now riveted to her shaved pussy.

"She lost her panties sometime during church this morning," chuckled Luke. "Still think I'm kiddin' ya?

"Here, gimme yer hand.

"That's it... Nice titties, huh?

"She's my gift to ya, good buddy, fer tonight. If ya want her."

Bobby Ray cupped and lifted a generous orb, giving it a gentle squeeze whispering, "Sweet Jesus. Sweet Jesus."

He looked up at Luke asking, "Ya ain't gonna hate me or nuttin' tomorrow, are ya?"

"Hell, no, Dude! I'm a givin' her to ya fer the night. It's my pleasure. Look, I don't hate my pa and I don't hate yer pa and they both fucked her this afternoon."

"Oh, Jesus, Luke! I..."

"Ya wanna fuck her, or not?"

"Hell, yes!"

"I ain't forcing ya."

"No, I mean yes, I mean, oh, fuck yeah! Ya ain't gotta force me!"

"Here, put yer hand here. Wet ain't she? Girl jus' loves to fuck."

"Oh, sweet Jesus! She's wetter than hog slop!"

Luke leaned close to Bobby Ray and whispered. "Ya ain't gotta marry her, but ya can fuck her whenever ya like. I mean that, old buddy. Whenever ya like."

Luke then turned to a stunned Lynette. "How 'bout it, Lynette. Wanna spend the night?"

"Hell, yes!" answered her brother. "She'd love to fuck ya, Luke! Sometimes, when I'm doing her, she gets all worked up and calls out yer name, pretending that it was you she was fuckin'. Bothered me at first, but I got over it."

"Let Lynette say what she wants, Dude. After all it's her pussy."

"Well, if ya put it that way, Luke Blalock," said the indignant girl, "ya can jus' ferget it!"

"The hell ya say?" snarled Luke as he pulled her to him. Fruitlessly struggling to break free of him, Lynette turned her head away to avoid his kiss. Luke gently kissed her ear and then began tracing the curves of her ear lobe with his tongue. A moment later, she stopped struggling. Her breathing became labored and Luke knew that the old magic spot was just as effective as ever. She turned towards him, her eyes blazing with passion, her lips parted to receive his tongue. The kiss was long and smoldering.

Reluctantly, Luke allowed her to break the kiss. "I take it that yer answer is 'yes'," he murmured.

"Yes. Oh, god, yessss, Luke," she softly replied before kissing him again. He still reeked from an afternoon of sex, but that just aroused her all the more.

Luke pushed the small girl against the table and immediately went after the snaps of her jeans.

"Not here," pleaded Lynette. "Not here. Can't we go somewhere private?"

Luke paused and made a quick assessment of the situation. "We only got one bed, and it don't seem right to invite yer brother and make him grovel all night on the floor. We could go next door. Jake and Toni ain't home, won't be home tonight. Yeah. C'mon, baby. I've been wanting this fer years."

Luke started to tell Shelly what he was up to, but she was already occupied, on her knees with Bobby Ray's cock stuffed in her mouth. From the expression on Bobby Ray's face, Luke correctly surmised that his best-ever buddy didn't give a shit about any further details.

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With the kids fed, David looked out the window over the kitchen sink and into the Blalock's kitchen. "Oh, yeah," he muttered under his breath. Earlier when he had looked, everyone was just sitting around the kitchen table like normal folks. Now the blonde whore was standing, completely naked.

"Daddy. Daddy! Daddy!!!"

"What is it?" he snapped.

"Can we watch TV?" asked Trisha.

"Uh, yeah, sure. Go on now."

He turned back to the developing show. Luke and the other girl were fully dressed, but kissing while the blonde whore was unbuckling the other guy's pants. The other guy's cock sprung from his opened jeans and the whore went down on him.

"Ohhhhh," moaned David gutturally as he excitedly watched the act of fellatio. He could see that the naked whore was slobbering all over the guy's prick, wiping it across her face and then slurping it back in between her lips. Any moment now, he expected Luke to strip off the other girl's clothes, bend her over the table and ram his long cock into her.

"Daddy! Daddy!! Daddy!!!"

The sound of little Trisha's voice jolted him. Hastily he stuffed his cock back in his pants. "Wha, what is it!"

"Kendall won't let me watch cartoons," whined the six-year old.

"I'll be there in a few minutes."

"But Daddy..." whined the little girl.

"Go on. I'm busy now."

"You don't love me," sobbed the manipulative girl.

"Of course I love you!"

"Pleeeeease, Daddy!"

"Oh, very well!" Reluctantly David tore away from the window. Annoyed, he followed his youngest daughter into the living room.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed as he saw what was on the TV. It was one of his DVDs. It was a favorite that he watched at the bookstore when things were slow. He'd been watching it when the Blalock's got home and had forgotten about it. Thankfully it was a legal porn movie, but it was certainly graphic enough, much too graphic for his children to be watching.

Switching off the TV, he groped around for an explanation. "Uh, er, this is for Mommies and Daddies only," he stammered.

"What were all those men doing to that lady?" asked Kendall with a snicker. She really didn't understand any of it but she knew it was very naughty.

"Never mind!" replied her father. Removing the DVD, he retreated to the kitchen shaken.

"Oh, crap," he fumed. "How careless can you be!" he chided himself. "Shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit!" The only thing he could think of was to go hide the DVD in his car and take it back to the bookstore. Returning inside, he looked out the kitchen window. The Blalock's kitchen was still well lit, but to his disappointment, there wasn't anyone to be seen.

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"Are ya sure no one can see us?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. We do it all the time. House rules... buck neked only."

"But it's so... open."

"Yeah, we're outside, but nobody can see us. Look around, it's really private."

"Hmmm, I guess..."

"C'mon in, the water's fine," said Luke as he stepped into the hot tub.

Sinking into the hot swirling water, he watched intently as Lynette began to strip. It was quite dark and the moon hadn't risen yet, but still he could see her in the soft light coming from his house. His eyes wandered up and down her body as she climbed into the tub. Though her breasts were better developed now than the last time he saw them bare, they were still relatively small. But then most girls were small compared to Shelly. She still had those pert, pebble size nipples, dark brown, like her hair and her dreamy eyes. What he'd never seen before was her dark bush and bared callipygian fanny, or how her hips flared below her trim, narrow waist. He tried to imagine what she'd look like in a few months, with her belly swollen with child and her breasts engorged.

Splashing water on his face to remove the traces of his afternoon adventure, he smiled at the girl he should have married. He'd thought about it often enough over the past two years. She smiled at him. Suddenly he considered that there actually might be an opportunity to correct that situation. It wasn't that he didn't love Shelly, he was wild about Shelly; it was just that if they hadn't been so naive, Lynette would've been his wife, carrying his child instead of her brother's.

"Oh, this feels wonderful," she said sinking into the hot water and gliding into his arms.

"You feel wonderful," replied Luke, his hand going immediately to her firm breast. "Ya don't know how often I've thought about holding ya like this."

"I've thought of it too, Luke. I've missed ya so much."

"I missed ya too."

For the next ten minutes or so, they were more or less silent; smooching like the long lost lovers they were, exploring the other's body unfettered for the first time.

"I wanna fuck ya, baby," whispered Luke lustfully.

"Me too," replied the equally passionate girl. 'Take me to bed, Luke. Take me to bed and take me."

"Good idea. I'm getting' kinda wrinkly."

"Me too," she giggled.

Luke switched off the pumps. In the relative silence they could hear the crickets chirping as a soft tapping sound drifted their way.

"What's that sound," asked Lynette.

"Hmmm. Sounds like yer brother."

"My brother? Oh, my god!" she giggled.

With a helping hand, Luke led her from the water and towards the Stringers' house.

"What about our clothes?"

"We'll get 'em tomorrow."

"Luke..."

"Don't sweat it. I'll get 'em in the morning before I go to work. It'll still be dark."

Lynette accepted his plan and soon they were inside, in the laundry room, drying off with towels fresh from Toni's dryer. Discarding the towels in the dirty laundry basket, Luke led her to the darkened bedroom.

At the bedroom door Lynette stopped and gasped. The light was on next door. Bobby Ray was roughly drilling Shelly, driving the headboard into the wall with every thrust. The sound was louder now, much louder than when they were outside.

"Ya like the show?"

"Ya'll are wicked! So wicked!" giggled Lynette. "Ya'll do this sort of thing often?"

"Yeah, we've got great neighbors. We keep each other entertained," laughed Luke. "Ya wanna play?" he asked flicking on the light.

"No! Turn that off!"

Luke flipped the light switch off. "What's the problem? Bobby Ray's seen ya neked plenty of times."

"Maybe so, but he's never seen me with another guy."

"Is that what I am? Just another guy?"

"No! Yer not jus' another guy, yer my guy. Ya've always been my guy."

"And ya've always been my girl, Lynette. Problem is, I can't marry ya. Much as I wanna be with ya, I can't divorce Shelly. She's been a good wife. She's given herself to me completely. I've made her do things that she'd never've done on her own. She did it 'cause she loves me, and I love her. I can't betray her."

"I know ya can't marry me, Luke. That was all Bobby Ray's crazy idea. I just wanna be with ya. If I have to share ya, I'll gladly share ya. I don't think Shelly would mind that, would she?"

"Whadda ya think?"

"Noooo. It don't appear that either of ya have a problem with sharing."

"What 'bout, Lynette?" asked Luke as he stroked her hair.

"Hmmmm, as long as Lynette got Luke, I don't think she'd have a problem sharing either."

"Then yer cool with it? Be honest with me. I think too much of ya to take advantage of ya."

"Yes, Luke. Lynette is cool with it. Now, enough talk. Make love to me, Luke. Make love to me. Take me and make me yours."

Luke guided her through the darkened bedroom to the bed. Filled with unremitting love, Lynette lay back, offering her body and her soul to her one true love.

Luke leaned forward, took her foot and lifted it to his lips, planting wet kisses on each of her dainty toes. Her arms outstretched, Lynette gripped the covers in her hands as her passion began to grow. Delighted with her response, Luke sucked on each toe as if they were small penises, watching her breasts rise and fall as her breathing became more labored. Sensing that he'd done all he could to arouse her with the erogenous regions of her feet, Luke kissed past her ankles and up her calves to her thighs, kissing, licking and nibbling at her skin until the scent of her aroused sex filled his nostrils.

Lynette squealed softly when he nuzzled into the crease between her thigh and vulva. The licking and nibbling tease took a toll upon her, especially when he avoided her slit as his tongue danced across her pussy to tease the crease on the other side. Looking up from his vantage point between her splayed legs, Luke smiled at the sight of her flat tummy heaving as she panted.

"Ugggh!" she groaned softly as she felt the flat of his hot tongue building pressure on her pussy. The pressure continued to increase until her nether lips gave way, spreading around his lingual digit, causing her to cry out loud.

Luke kept his tongue motionless, continuing his oral tease. Lynette's hips began to involuntarily buck, in a desperate attempt to increase stimulation. Taking the cue, Luke began a slow lick up her slippery slit, past her vaginal opening and across her aroused clit.

"Uggggnnnnnnhhhhh!" she moaned in response.

At the top of her heavenly canyon, he flicked the nexus of her folds and looked up. Lynette had raised her head and was looking back at him, her eyes blazing with unabashed lust. Looking her in the eyes, Luke flicked her clit with a quick swipe of the tongue. Her body jerked and her head fell back onto the soft mattress. Lowering his head, he kissed the puffy mounds of her pussy and nuzzling deep, began another slow lick up her slit, beginning at her anus.

On his third lick, he began by flickering across her anus. Lynette found footing and lifted her butt off the mattress to give him better access between her cheeks. She'd never felt anything like that before. Her brother ate her on a regular basis, but he always rushed it and never, ever licked her butt hole.

This time he paused over her clit, grinding the flat of his tongue into it.

"Ohhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhh!" she whimpered in response. "Oh, yesssss," she hissed as the pleasuring tongue began slowly circling around the base of her pleasure nub, elevating her sexual arousal to a higher level.

Like a penny rolling into a gravity well, the speed of the circling around her nub gradually increased into a spinning swirl. When the tongue suddenly stopped, she nearly cried out, but then the tongue was nuzzling back between her butt checks. She hiked her butt and with her hands, spread herself open.

"Ohhhh!" she cried as the tongue bore into her until it penetrated her puckered brown hole, bringing a delightful, pleasurable throb to it. Feeling the tip of his tongue scouring just inside her anus, she was aware that what he was doing was dirty, vile, obscene and thoroughly debased. She loved it.

The tongue withdrew from her butt hole only to begin lapping across the crinkled orifice before boring into her again. The tongue withdrew and began sliding up across her perineum and then deep into her pussy. While tongue fucking her, Luke rubbed her clit with his nose, bringing her ever closer to orgasmic release.

Sensing that she was at the very edge of total bliss, he quickly moved up her slit, sucking at her nubbin and gently biting at it. The rhythmic bucking of her hips gave way to wild undulations. She wanted to cry out, to scream out her pleasure, but as the orgasmic wave spread from her groin like an atomic shockwave encompassing every nerve in her body, her world imploded inward, rendering her incapable of making any sound save for a curious gaking sound as she thrashed about.

The very intensity of her orgasm made it seem that it would last forever. Her entire body seemed to have been involved as every nerve was tingling. At long last, she began to slowly coast down from her penultimate pleasure. Still panting, she gradually became aware of an increasing tightness in her thighs. Then she realized that Luke was on top of her. He had a grip on both her legs, pushing her legs forward while spreading her wide until she was nearly folded in half.

Patiently he waited, waiting for her to open her eyes. When she did, she felt the oozing head of his cock press against her wet pussy. With an exquisite slowness, his glans parted her lips. Slowly his cock penetrated her accompanied by a bodily frission that started her to panting again. Deeper and deeper his long dick pierced her vaginal passage, deeper than she'd ever been penetrated before until the head of his dick pressed and then deformed against the protective barrier of her cervix.

He remained still for a moment, allowing her to savor the feel of being stuffed with his cock. She blinked a few times and then focused on his eyes, eyes blazing with lustful expectation. As slowly as he entered her, Luke began to withdraw until his dick slipped out from between her pussy lips. Then he slowly penetrated her again and again and again as he fucked her deep with a deliberate slowness, and in the process staking his claim to his share of her cunt.

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David struggled to regain his composure after the disaster with the kids and his porno movie. If Julia ever found out...

To clear his head, he went outside for some fresh air. It was another warm night. Looking up into the night sky, he found Orion, low on the western horizon. Then looking north, he found the Big Dipper, traced down the outer star of the pan and tried to locate Polaris, but the ambient light obscured the faint North Star.

"Nice night to camp out," he mused. Looking up at the stars, he thought of the Saturday nights at Church Camp, when the camp was between sessions and empty of campers. His parent's had enrolled him for the entire summer while his dad was working overseas. As the campers his own age came and went, the staff stayed constant. He had been there a couple weeks and the staff had gotten to know him pretty well, adopting him as a mascot. Joey, a councilor and the program director was a very friendly guy that all the kids adored. Joey invited David to sleep out under the stars one Saturday. It was a late June night, similar to this, but much, much warmer.

They brought some snacks from the mess hall and headed into the woods to a small clearing, where they spread out a blanket on the ground to sleep on. David remembered vividly the blazing display of stars against the black sky before the moon rose. He also remembered how hot it was.

Joey kicked off his shoes and directed David to do the same. It was a camp rule that everyone had to wear shoes when they were outside. David, keenly aware that he had to follow the rules at all times asked, "I can't go barefoot outside. It's the rules."

Joey smiled at the young teen and said, "Rules don't apply out here. Go on. Take your shoes off or you'll get the blanket dirty."

That made sense to David and he kicked off his sneakers and socks like his hero had said.

Joey, a young man in his late twenties, stripped off his sweat soaked t-shirt. Again David hesitated to follow suit. It was another strict camp rule that everyone wore a t-shirt at all times, except during swimming and showers, and that included sleeping.

"I told you, rules don't apply out here," commented the councilor as he rubbed the stubble of David's closely cropped hair. "Just don't tell anyone."

Free of the sticky shirt, David mused how good it felt.

"David, can I ask you something?"

"Sure," replied David.

"Give me an honest answer," the older male said. "If you're uncomfortable with it, you be honest and tell me. You tell me the truth."

"Sure."

"Promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"You can't tell anyone what I'm gonna ask you."

"Okay."

"Promise."

"I like to come out here. Lay a blanket down and sleep out under God's heaven. Sleep under his watchful gaze. Sleep out under these magnificent stars the way he made me. You understand what I'm saying?"

"Uh, sort of."

"What do understand?"

"That you like to sleep with God looking out after you."

"Yes, he does that, every night. What else?"

"That you like sleeping under the stars."

"Yes, I do... Spectacular, isn't it?"

"I guess."

"It's God's universe you're looking at David. See that star pattern? Looks like a scorpion."

"Yeah! Cool!"

"Look about halfway down his body. You'll see a bright star with a faint reddish color. See it?"

"No."

"Look real hard. It's the brightest star in the constellation."

"Oh, yeah! Cool!"

"That's the star Antares. It's a red giant. You know how far the earth is from the sun? Ninety three million miles. That's also the radius of Antares, give or take a few million miles. It's so big, it would fill the entire orbital path of the earth around the sun! Think of it!"

"Holy smokes! But if it's so big, how come it looks so small."

"Because it's far, far away. Traveling at the speed of light, it would take you a thousand years to get there from here."

"A thousand years?"

"Yes. Now think of this. The light you see here today has taken a thousand years to get here. When you look at Antares, you're actually looking back in time a thousand years."

"Gee!"

"Now, look around at all the stars in the sky. There's so many of them that you couldn't count them all in a lifetime. And think of this... Antares is actually fairly close to us. Most of what you see is further, much, much further away than Antares. Some of the stars you're seeing are millions of light years away. Look at one of them and you're looking back in time a million years!"

"Wow! You mean I can see dinosaurs?"

"Maybe, because each of those stars might have planets orbiting around them. On those planets there may be dinosaurs or there may be two buddies looking up into the night sky at our sun while we're looking at their sun."

"Cool!"

"See why I like sleeping out under the stars?"

"Yeah!"

"You're my friend. Right?"

"Right!"

"Friends can tell friend a secret and friends keep their secrets and never tell anyone. Can I tell you a secret?"

"Sure."

"You won't tell anyone?"

"No."

"You're my friend?"

"Yes!"

"Like I said if what I'm about to ask you makes you uncomfortable or uneasy in any way, just say so and I'll respect that."

"I'm comfortable," replied David.

"There's just you and me here. Would you like to sleep out here, without wearing any clothes at all?"

"Uh, maybe."

"If you don't want to, that's fine. But tonight, if you wanna sleep nude under the stars, you can. It's your choice."

"What about the rules?"

"I told you, the rules don't apply out here. We make up the rules.'

"Are you going to sleep nude?" asked a hesitant David.

"I always do when I'm out here, but if you don't wanna, I won't either."

David thought a minute. Rarely did he have a choice about anything. Do this, do that, time for this, time for that. Now he had been offered a choice. David stood, unsnapped his shorts and dropped them to the ground. A near full moon had just risen above the trees casting pale moonlight over the campsite. In triumph, David stood out in the open in just his underwear.

The young man stood and dropped his shorts. David was shocked to discover that Joey didn't have any underwear on at all. Another shock of sorts was the size of his erect penis. He had seen the older staff members in the showers on previous Saturdays and was well aware that they all had much larger dicks than he did. But those dicks had been flaccid. Engorged, the councilor's dick seemed huge to the pubescent camper.

After letting David get an eyeful of stiff cock, the Joey stepped forward and knelt, gripping the waistband of David's tighty-whiteys, pulling them down about an inch.

"Are you sure about this?" asked the young man.

With butterflies in his stomach, David nodded. With deliberate slowness, his shorts were pulled to his ankles.

"Lift your foot. Now, the other." The staffer rose holding David's underwear in his hand. "You won't be needing these the rest of the night. Will you?"

David shook his head. The staffer crumpled his drawers into a ball and threw them into some bushes.

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Luke, nearing the point of no return, stopped thrusting and pulled out to give his cock a short rest. Releasing Lynette's legs, he unfolded her and flipped her on her stomach. With a little coaxing she was up on all fours. To keep her sizzling hot while he cooled down, Luke spread her cheeks open, licking her posterior. Once he felt back in control, he slid his cock into Lynette again.

Fucking Lynette, Luke watched his slut wife next door, straddling his best friend. Other than the occasional flip of her head to get her blonde hair out of her eyes, she was more or less motionless, except that her hips were rolling back and forth in an easy, sensuous and fluid motion as she fucked her old boy friend.

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Walking up the alleyway, David couldn't help but look into the big open window. The Blalock's living room was dark except for the light coming through the kitchen door. To his disappointment, no one was there. With nothing to see he turned back to deal with his children.

"Okay, it's eight o'clock. Turn off the TV! Go get your baths and go to bed."

As usual all three kids whined and pleaded to stay up a little while longer.

"I said go get your baths!"

"Please, Daddy!"

"No!"

"We'll tell Mommy," threatened Kendall.

"Oh, no you won't! She won't believe you, but she will believe me. And after I tell her what I caught you three doing in your room, she'll blister your butt good with a belt! Now go to bed!"

Kendall glared at her father. He had one-upped her and she knew it. Grudgingly the three miscreants trudged up the stairs. Moments later he heard the bath water running. He gave them five minutes, during which time he checked the kitchen window before going upstairs.

As usual the two girls were sharing a bath, playing with boats and other toys. David picked up a clean washcloth and knelt by the tub. He loved bath time and the opportunity it provided to touch his children. He only bathed them once or twice a week, when he grudgingly gave in to Julia's demand that he help her with the children. If she only knew! If he had it his way he'd bathe them every night! But he was careful not to raise suspicions. Always he used a washcloth, but sometimes gave into temptation and soaped them up with a bare hand. The children paid no mind to his hand and continued playing with their bath toys. It was always a struggle, but he steadfastly managed not to touch them "inappropriately".

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"Uh, fuck!" cursed Luke as the tingling in his dick increased to point of no return. "I'm gonna cum, baby, I'm gonna cum!" He took a few more slow strokes and then slammed into her balls deep, triggering in her another climax. "I'm cumming, baby, I'm cu....ahhhh! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh fuuuuck!" he cried ejaculating deep in her pulsating cunt.

Lynette, her head on a pillow, her ass hiked into the air, gripped the sheets and punched her hips back to get him deeper into her. The orgasm wasn't as intense as the previous mind blowing experience, but the feeling of his seed spewing into her was emotionally much more satisfying.

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The lovers were screwing again, at both houses. This time Luke was wearing one of Jake's cock rings that he pilfered from the nightstand. For them, it was going to be a long, sensuous screw.

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The baths were finished and David made the rounds, reading a story and then tucking the children in for the night. Going downstairs, he turned on the TV, but as usual the selection of programs was so poor that he quickly lost interest.

Fatigued and ready for bed, he reviewed his limited options. Having incurred Julia's anger before, experience had taught him that his fate would be the sofa all week until she finally came to her senses and relented. Also from experience, he knew full well that in the morning he'd have a crick in his neck or a sore back or even possibly both.

Then an idea came to him. Why not just share Billy's bed? Surely it couldn't be worse than the sofa. All the kids had a habit of crawling into Mommy and Daddy's bed whenever a bad dream had scared them. It was certainly no big deal to Julia or him as they were always dressed at night.

With the purest intentions, David trudged back up stairs and tried his bedroom door again.

"Go away!" said the shrill voice.

"Do you want something to eat?"

"No! I don't want to see you!"

"Julia, please."

"Go sleep on the sofa!"

"You know I'll have back problems tomorrow."

"That's your problem!"

"Can I at least get a change of clothes? My toothbrush?"

"No. Sleep in your clothes and use one of the kid's toothbrushes!"

"Julia!"

"Go away, Davy-John."

David sighed and turned away. It was dark in Billy's room when he went in, but the rustling of the sheets indicated that Billy was still awake.

"Are you awake, Billy?"

"Yes, Daddy," the boy whispered.

David turned on the bedside lamp. "Hi, Sport. Daddy needs a place to sleep tonight. Okay?"

Billy didn't answer. His father didn't notice, but went straightway to undressing until he was down to his briefs and a t-shirt. Ready to climb into bed, David flipped the covers back.

"Where are your clothes?"

The mortified boy was speechless. The father unconsciously moistened his lips.

"Your mother would punish you for this. You know that."

"Yes, sir," the boy replied in a small voice.

"Can I tell you a secret? Just between us boys."

"Uh huh."

"When it comes to things like this, your mother's word is the law. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Now here's the secret. It's okay with me if you want to sleep naked, but you can't ever, ever let your mother catch you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

David walked over to the door, locked it and returned to Billy. "Here's another secret, just between us boys. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I like to sleep naked too, but your mother won't allow it. She's funny about things like that." David peeled off his undershirt. "Now this is entirely up to you. Do you want to sleep in your underwear or sleep naked tonight? Whatever you want to do is fine with me. It's your choice."

Billy thought for a moment before hesitantly answering, "Naked?"

"That's fine, son. It's your choice, but you can't ever tell anybody, because your mother will find out and she will punish you. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you understand?"

"That if I tell anyone, Mommy will find out and punish me."

"That's right. She'll make you wish you were never born."

David paused to let the consequences sink in. "This is our secret. Okay?"

"Yes, sir. I won't tell."

"Promise?"

"I promise, Daddy."

"Never make promise lightly, Billy. A promise made to your father is a sacred obligation. 'Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother.' Where have you heard that before?"

"The Ten Commandments."

"To break a promise to your father is to dishonor him. Break your promise and you'll have to answer to God Almighty on your judgment day. You don't want to be sent to Hell do you?"

"No," squeaked Billy.

David smiled down at the boy frightened at the prospect of everlasting damnation. "There's no sin in being naked. You were born naked. Now, do I have your promise?"

"I promise, Daddy."

"Good boy."

Having pulled off his briefs, David stood for a moment to give the boy a good look at his genitals. Even though he was well under average, he was a mature man with an erection, something Billy had never seen before. To the wide-eyed eight-year-old boy, he was huge.

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"What was that?"

"Nothing."

"Someone's home!"

"Shhhh, don't worry about it," said Luke reassuringly as he ground his dick into her.

"Oh, my god! Luke!"

"Well, well, well," said the deep voice from the dark silhouette that filled the doorway. "Whadda we got here? Who dat fuckin' in my bed, said the PaPa Bear. Goldilocks and the big bad wolf?"

Jake flipped on the overhead light, bathing the room in bright light. Luke continued to fuck Lynette. "Hey, Toni, we've got company!"

"Luke! Stop!" pleaded Lynette.

"Don't worry 'bout him, baby."

"Hey, lughead! Ain't ya gonna introduce me? After all, yer in my bed!"

Luke rolled off and in the process, completely exposed Lynette to Jake's stare. As they had been screwing on top of the covers, there was nothing available to preserve her modesty.

"Nice!" said the big man. "Very nice!"

"Jake, this here's Lynette Williams. Lynette, this here's my good friend and neighbor, Jake Stringer." Having made the initial introductions, Luke added, "Oh, and the pretty little lady peeking around the brute is Toni."

"Whose banging yer slut wife next door?" inquired Jake.

"That's Bobby Ray."

"Oh, you're Luke's good friend!" said Toni as she squeezed past Jake's bulk. "I've heard so much about you and your brother! We've been hoping to meet you soon, and... here you are!"

"Ya got pecker tracks all over the god damned comforter!" scowled Jake.

"Uh, sorry 'bout that," replied Luke insincerely.

"Oh, don't worry none about him," said Toni with a wave of the hand, "it's not the first time that's happened.

"So, you guys having fun?"

"Damned right," replied Luke with a smirk and wink.

Lecherously feasting upon Lynette’s nubile form, Jake said, "Toni, why don't ya go next door and see if Shelly needs any help."

"Oooo, that's a good idea," purred Toni.

Toni reached out and playfully tweaked Lynette's nipple. "Nice meeting you, doll. You're really cute! We'll all have to get together sometime."

Covering her tweaked nip, Lynette whispered as Toni departed the room, "You said they weren't comin' home tonight!"

"Well… they're here now. Relax."

Nervously Lynette looked back at Jake. Leering and having unbuttoned his shirt, he was pulling it over his hairy shoulders.

"Oh, my god! Luke!"

"Relax, baby," comforted Luke. "Just relax and have a little fun. Jake and me, we share... Now yer already pregnant, so ya've got absolutely nuttin' to worry about."

**Chapter 19 - Laying on the Roof**  
  
*Shingles aren’t the only thing to be laid when the Quibly clan lay on a new roof for the Blalocks. Bobby Ray receives Jonah's ire for knocking up his little sister while Lynette receives something entirely different from her Pa.*

Mercifully the buzzing alarm had been silenced for another few minutes. Luke moaned and cursed, but it did no good. It was Monday morning and he had no choice but to get up and go to work. He'd only gotten two hours sleep at the most. Pacing themselves and using cock rings to keep their erections, he and Jake had alternated all night, pounding Lynette's seventeen year old pussy for hours on end.

She seemed to enjoy it, at least after the first half hour. It amazed Luke that she really got turned on by Jake's abusive pillow talk, enthusiastically becoming the total slut he repeatedly said she was. Damn, she even licked both their assholes. The only thing they didn't do was sodomize her. Despite her enjoyment of having her ass fingered while being fucked, Luke didn't think that she was ready for that. He restrained himself and made sure that Jake laid off too.

Feeling like a condemned prisoner who had to get up for his execution, Luke rolled out of the Stringer's bed and made his way home in the early morning gloom. The shower didn't help him feel that much better. As he sullenly rummaged around looking for his work clothes, Toni got out of bed while Shelly and Bobby Ray continued to sleep.

"Morning, handsome," she said planting a kiss on his bare back. "Want some breakfast?"

"Thanks, Toni. Yer a life saver, but what I really need is some strong coffee."

"Coming up, lover!"

In no time, Toni had a pot of coffee going and the bacon frying. Dressed and ready for work, Luke sat the table ogling the bare-butt petite woman who was fixing his breakfast with an apron as her only protection from the splattering grease.

"Yer one good looking cunt, Toni," remarked Luke.

"Thanks, Luke. A girl loves a compliment."

"I mean it. Damn, ya know, ya've got an ass to die for!"

Toni playfully wagged her bare buns at him. "And you've got a very nice dick!"

"How 'bout this afternoon... when I get off work... How 'bout if we fuck?"

"Promises, promises! Don't make promises that you might not be able to keep."

"No, seriously. I'd love to fuck ya now, but I don't think I could get it up."

Toni turned away from the stove with the plate of bacon and eggs saying, "Oh, I bet I could get it up, but you'll get fired, Luke."

"No, I won't."

"I don't want a quickie, Luke. What I want is a nice long fucking. You just don't have time for that, lover."

"Guess not, but I do have time for a blowjob."

"Not unless you want to go without your lunch!

"Didn't you get enough last night?"

"Oh yeah! My poor pecker is some sore."

"And you still want a blowjob?"

"How 'bout if ya just kiss it and make it well."

"Hmmmm, if I do that, I just might get carried away and you'll wind up in the unemployment line."

Toni set the plate down and walked into pantry. "Now what do we have in the fridge for your lunch? Hmmm, how about a baloney sandwich?"

"Yeah, that'll be fine. Make me two."

"With mustard?"

"Yeah. And pickles!"

"Pickles it is!"

Stepping from the pantry with her hands full, she added, "You know, your friend is really cute."

"Bobby Ray? Cute?"

"He hasn't gotten around much, has he?"

"No. He's pretty much a home boy-farm boy."

"Sort of like you a few weeks ago?" teased Toni.

"Yeah, I guess," sheepishly chuckled Luke.

"Well, here's your lunch, loverboy! Now I'll expect a good screwing this afternoon."

Luke slid his hand up to her pussy. "How can a poor boy refuse?"

Toni pulled away, laughing, "Now, don't get me started! Off with you, handsome! I've got to get home and get the big lug moving."

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The banging at the front door went from a civilized knocking to a house shaking pounding.

"Shelly, someone's at the door!" said Bobby Ray startled from his sleep.

"No kidding genius!" replied an agitated Shelly as she rolled out of bed. She found a terry cloth robe and threw it on. Bobby Ray scrambled around until he found his jeans still on the kitchen floor where he had left them, pulled them on and joined Shelly at the front door to see what all the racket was about.

Shelly opened the door to a truly motley crew of scruffy looking hillbillies. Jetter was at the forefront, flanked on either side by his pa and another older man. Behind them Bubba was drooling and a lanky fellow was craning his neck to see her. Milling around further behind, trying to get a look inside were three shirtless boys who appeared to be around twelve to fourteen years old.

The sight of Jetter with his less than attractive features and wandering eyeball, sent a shiver through Shelly. "I guess you're here to fix the roof."

"That's right, Missy," grinned Jetter showing off his tobacco stained teeth. Without invitation he suddenly stepped inside.

Seeing Bobby Ray, the loathsome roofer snarled, "This ain't part of the deal!" Nodding towards Bobby Ray he demanded, "Who's that?"

"That's..."

"Git rid of 'em!"

Bobby Ray stepped forward. "Ya can't barge in here, mister and..."

"Shuddup, Sonny!" barked Jetter as he flashed a knife. "I'll cut yer god damned balls off!"

Surprised and unarmed, Bobby Ray put up his hands pleading, "Now easy there fella. Easy."

"Shuddup, boy, if ya wanna keep yer friggin' balls!"

Jetter turned to Shelly who was frozen at the door. "This ain't part of our deal either!" snarled the roofer.

"What? What's the problem?" asked Shelly.

"This is the problem," said Jetter as he grabbed the lapels of her robe, yanking it open and down to her waist. "Yer supposed to be neked when we got here! And yer gonna stay neked 'til we leave fer the day!"

"Hey!" protested Bobby Ray "Ya can't..."

"I'll gonna do with this whore as I damned well please! I'm paying fer it! Good money! Now if ya don't remove yer sorry ass from here in thirty seconds, Sonny, yer gonna talk funny the rest of yer life!"

"Bobby Ray," said Shelly, "it's okay. Really, it's okay. They won't hurt me."

"That's right," said Jetter. "We ain't gonna hurt her. We're gonna put a new roof on this god damned house, and we're all gonna fuck her! Fuck her all god damned day. Now, yer time with this slut is up, sonny boy. Ya wanna keep yer balls, get the fuck out! Now!"

"Shelly?"

"Go on Bobby Ray! Get out of here!" Shelly urged. "Please! Get!"

Jetter pointed his knife towards the open front door. Bobby Ray eased past Jetter and then bolted through the snickering crowd. Once he had made it safely out to his pickup truck, he turned to the see the last of the roofing crew enter the house.

Having pushed inside and away from the door, Jetter loosened the belt to Shelly's robe, allowing the robe to fall to the floor. With his foot, the badly scared man kicked it off to the side.

"Put yer hands behind yer head, slut!" sneered Jetter.

Acceding to his demand, Shelly locked her hands behind her head, thrusting her big jugs forward.

"Now spread yer legs. That's it. I wanna give the boys a good look at ya."

"God damned Almighty!" exclaimed Pawpaw Quibly's brother. "Would ya look at that, Kipper?"

Kipper, a tall lanky fellow in his early twenties answered, "She's like one of them New York models!"

"Don't be so damned stupid," remarked his pa. "Them model girls are all flat chested! Now this is a woman!"

One of the boys remarked, "She ain't got no hair!"

"Yeah," added the youngest boy, "she looks like a little girl!"

"Ki, ki, kin ah fuh her?" stammered Bubba with a drawl.

Pawpaw Quibly stepped forward, "Excuse me, Ma'am. My boy seems to have lost all the fuckin' manners I ever did teached'em. This here's my brother, Chester and that's his boy, Kipper. Ya already met my boy, Bubba. The young'uns, that's Festus, Henry and the boy is Tadpole.

The old man cupped and hefted a tit. "Tadpole, this here ain't no little girl. This here is an in the flesh vision of womanly perfection. Name's Shelly Blalock. Her daddy's a preacher, but she's a whore!"

The old man reached between her legs and rubbed her pussy. "She's all wet boys! Musta been fuckin' that young fella. He's got her warmed up fer us already, ready fer a hard day's work."

"Tha's 'nuff, Pawpaw," said Jetter taking charge once again.

"Listen up, fellas, we gotta get a roof on this fuckin' dump. Now, if y'all work hard, all of ya'll is gonna get a chance to shove yer cocks in her. If ya really work hard, ya can fuck her two, three times today, but we gotta get the roof on. Today!"

Jetter eyed the double ottoman. "Okay cunt, lie yer ass down over there! Good, now spread'em...

"Nice pussy! Eh, boys?

"One thang ya gotta keep in mind, boys, when its yer turn to fuck her," warned Jetter. "Jake told me that she jus' got them slut rings in her nipples and she ain't healed up yet, so go easy on 'em. Ya make her tits bleed, by god I'll kick yer ass.

"Kipper, Bubba. Y'all and the boys get cracking! We ain't stripping it, jus' doin' an overlay. Now, we gots a payin' job 'morrow morning, so ya can't dwaddle around here all day dipping yer dicks like there ain't no tomorrow. I'll call each of ya'll in fer yer screw break. Now get busy!"

"Can't ah fu, fuh her now, Jetter?" stammered Bubba.

"You'll get yer chance, Bubba. If ya work hard and do a good job fer me. Now git!"

Bubba scowled at his younger brother. Kipper took his retarded cousin's arm and led him away saying, "C'mon, Bubba, we gotta show the boys how to lay shingles. Ya can teach 'em."

"Ah can?"

"Sure! Yer the best, Cuz Bubba."

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"Hey, Big Mike!"

"Hi'ya, Luke! Have a good weekend?"

"Yeah! Great weekend!"

"You'll have to tell us about it.

"Say... where's that pretty wife of yours?"

"She slept in."

"That's too bad. Could've used a good morning blowjob," laughed Luke's boss. "Speaking of blowjobs, I talked with Estrada this weekend. He's anxious to meet your wife, if you know what I mean." Big Mike winked at Luke adding, "There'll be raise in it for you."

"Yeah, okay. Say, do you have the phone with ya?"

"That's for company business only, Luke."

"Gimme a break will ya? It's important. I wouldn't have asked if weren't important."

"Sure, Luke, okay. Just go over by the trash bins where nobody can see you. Okay? We'll be leaving in a five minutes. Got a long hard day ahead of us."

Luke took the cell phone from Big Mike and walked over and behind the trash bins. On the third try, he got the phone to work.

"Jonah? This is Luke... Fine, thank ya kindly... Yeah, I had fun too... Ya told my pa! Jesus, ya didn't have to... He said that? He's a dirty old bastard, ain't he?... Yeah! Look what I called about... Yeah, he's been fuckin' her... Yeah, I fucked her... So did Jake... My neighbor, Jake... yeah... No, no need to use a rubber... Too late fer that... Yeah, dumbass knocked her up. Yer gonna be a grandpa!... Jake? I guess she liked him. Liked the way he talked dirty to her... Yeah, surprised me, but she really got off on that sort of talk... No, we didn't do that. Saved it fer ya... Seriously... Yeah, yer welcome. Bobby Ray?... Hey, don't be too hard on him, he's scared to death... Yeah, he and Shelly and Jake's wife. Yeah, you'd like'em, fun neighbors... Ya shoulda heard Bobby Ray's plan. He wanted me to divorce Shelly and marry Lynette... He's gonna marry Shelly... Naw! I couldn't do that. She's my wife! Look, I gotta go, my boss is waitin' on me... Yer welcome, Jonah... yeah... Saturday? We're kinda busy Saturday, but Sunday'll be great!... See ya!

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Bobby Ray was in a quandary as to what to do. Barefoot and shirtless, he assessed his situation. To his relief, he had his truck keys and his billfold was still in his back pocket.

He tried his best to do what his pa had taught him, to try and think things through before acting. Still, he was sorely tempted to just barge back in and take them all by surprise, but he also realized that there was no way that he could take on that many hillbillies at once. Perhaps he should get his gun from out under the seat and go in blazing, then he thought better of that. If he was lucky, he might get half of them, but then what? Jail? Besides, what if it was all somehow legit? Luke didn't have any money for a roof. "He wouldn't?" he asked himself out loud. "Or would he? Best if I jus' let the Sheriff sort it out. Here in town it won't take 'em but five, ten minutes to get here."

Looking about, he tried to figure out in which house did the nasty neighbors live and in which house were the good neighbors. Then he remembered Lynette. He'd forgotten all about her! Where in the hell was Lynette?

There was no time to waste, so he made a quick decision and ran up to the door of the house next door and knocked. There was no answer so he knocked again. The dead bolt rattled and the door opened.

The door cracked open, the safety chain still securely in place. David saw the unshaven and shirtless teenager standing outside and assumed it was one the ruffians that had arrived next door.

"What is it?" David Jenkins asked suspiciously.

"Uh, is Lynette here?"

"Who?"

"Lynette."

"There's no one here by that name!" snapped David as he quickly shut the door and secured the dead bolt. The door safely closed, David began to hyperventilate. He had heard on the news about home invasions by ruthless criminals running amok. He was sure that they were about to be robbed and possibly murdered. His only protection from the marauding gang of thieves was his gun and that was upstairs with his intractable wife. "The... gun! I've... got... to... get... the... gun!" Within two steps he had passed out on the floor.

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Precious time had been lost. Flummoxed, Bobby Ray ran to the other neighbor's house and beat on the door. After what seemed an eternity, the door cracked open.

"Oh, hi, lover!" sang the cheery voice. "C'mon in!"

Bobby Ray was relieved to see that it was the wild girl, woman actually, from last night and hurried inside.

"Oh, excuse my dress!" said Toni with a twinkle in her eye, "but I was just going to get a shower. Care to join me?"

The sight of her just standing there without a stitch of clothes threw him for a loop. "Uh, uh, uh," he stammered. He tried to think of her name, but he was drawing a blank. "Uh..."

"Should I take that as a 'yes'?"

"Uh, no, I mean, yes, but, but... can I use yer phone?"

Toni frowned saying, "It can't be all that important."

"Please! I gotta call the Sheriff!"

"The Sheriff! What's the matter?" asked Toni now alarmed.

"There's a gang of hillbillies next door! I think they're gonna rape Shelly!"

"Hillbillies? Oh, them!" laughed Toni. "They're hillbillies alright, but that's Jetter. He's gonna put a roof on their house."

"Yeah, he said that, but..."

"Don't you worry about Shelly. I know Jetter looks mean, but he wouldn't harm a fly."

"He's gonna rape her!"

"What they're doing is not rape. Don't worry, love, Shelly's doing what she likes best and they're getting a new roof for free! Now, how about a shower?"

"Ya sure 'bout that?"

"The shower?"

"No, Shelly and them."

"Yes, I'm sure. Now c'mon, love, I'm all sticky from last night."

Toni strolled away with a slightly exaggerated swaying of her hips. Bobby Ray, having more or less been relieved of his concerns, licked his chops at the openly sexual display and followed Toni towards the bath. He had only gotten halfway across the front parlor when he heard the grunts and soft cursing. Toni passed the open door where the sounds were emanating. The closer he got, the clearer the voices got.

"Fuck me harder, ya bastard! Harder! Harder!" cursed a female voice.

"I'll fuck yer god damned brains out, ya slut whore tramp!"

Super imposed over the voices was a soft rhythmic "twap, twap, twap, twap, twap" from flesh meeting flesh, in sync with a "whap, whap, whap, whap, whap" as the headboard bounced off the wall.

"Harder, ya big bastard!"

"Cocksuckin' whore! Take my cock, ya bitch! Yeah, ya love a big dick, don'cha! Yeah, yer a slutty little girl, ain't ya!"

"Yessss!"

"What are ya?"

"A slut!"

"What kinda slut?"

"A dirty cock sucking slut-whore, ya bastard!"

Upon reaching the open doorway, Bobby Ray stopped dead in his tracks.

"Cum in me! Cum in me, ya big ape! Show me what man ya are! Fill my pussy again! I wanna feel ya shooting off inside me!"

Bobby Ray couldn't believe his eyes or ears. His darling little sister, the mother of his unborn child was on the bed, up on all fours with her knees at the very edge. Behind her, standing and pounding his cock into her was a huge burly man, the hairiest son of a bitch that he'd ever seen. The sneering brute had a fist full of Lynette's short dark brown hair, pulling it so that she was arched backwards while he brutally fucked her from behind, her body shuddering with each forceful impact of his groin into her quivering buttocks.

Toni took him by the arm. "C'mon, love. They'll be finished in a few minutes."

Conflicting emotions surged through Bobby Ray's muddled mind. First Shelly and now Lynette! Neither girl, girls he loved and thought he knew so well, neither was really anything like what he had thought they were.

And this girl? This wanton woman who came in last night and literally fucked him, fucked him while Shelly ground her cum slimed puss in his face. Who was she?

In the bath, the sounds of wild passion could still be heard as the petite girl unfastened his jeans.

"Oh, Jesus," he muttered as Toni licked his penis, stiff and hard from the lewd sex act with his sister that he had just witnessed at the bedroom door.

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Naked, lying on the double ottoman, Shelly watched Jetter, Pawpaw, and Uncle Chester undress. As wiry as Pawpaw was, his brother was a heavyset man. Both older men had tattoos, but nothing like the ruined body art that decorated Jetter, and both were sporting hard-ons from the get-go. At the sight of their stiff cocks, Shelly's pussy tingled with anticipation. At the same time she felt revulsion as Jetter approached her, his deformed cock swinging between his legs, his dead-grey eyes looking off in two directions at once between the crooked nose that sported a hog-ring. He had to be the ugliest, most vile looking man on the planet.

Standing beside her, he toyed with his dick while soaking up her voluptuous nudity. She focused her attention on his dick, the mangled dick that he was shortly going to shove into her. Semi-flaccid, what foreskin he had left partially covered one side of his ruby red glans, on the other side was the knot of scar tissue, the remains of tissue that was ripped away during a drunken mishap. As his erection swelled, the damaged foreskin retracted, but the knot remained.

A foul taste formed in her mouth as the hideous prick grew, a remembrance of the acrid and rank taste of his semen. She closed her eyes, unable to look at the horrific looking man that would be using her body all day. She felt his rough hands on her knees, spreading her wider. Fighting back tears, she waited to be fucked and begin paying off the new roof.

With the contact of his tongue, the tip sliding up the trench of her pussy, Shelly audibly gasped.

"Yeah, she was fuckin' that fella all right," said Jetter at the end of his first swipe.

Shelly opened her eyes, just in time to see a cock, shrouded in grey-white pubic hair, with it's foreskin partially retracted being lowered towards her face. Hunched over, Pawpaw straddled her head. Grasping his stiff uncut dick, he stroked her sultry lips with his weeping glans.

Jetter's tongue bore into her cunt again. This time she felt the ball stud on his tongue, raking across her most sensitive tissue. Her lips parted, welcoming the first prick into her mouth. Gagging when he got too deep, she stifled her gag reflex and let the old man's cock enter her throat.

Unseen hands stroked her tits, while the old man's cock slid in and out her throat and the superbly pleasuring tongue toyed with her clit.

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"So yer Bobby Ray, Luke's old buddy," said Jake as he sat down for his breakfast. "Nice to meet ya! Luke talks about ya all the time. I'm Jake."

"Uh, yeah. I've sort of heard about ya too."

"Yer sister. Ya really knocked her up?"

"Uh, yeah..."

"Can't say I fault ya fer that. She's a fine piece of fuck meat! A natural born slut!

"Ain't ya honey?"

Lynette blushed deeply. As much as she enjoyed his crude abusive banter while he fucked her, it was embarrassing to spoken about like that in the presence of her brother.

"Jake, mind your manners," reproached Toni from the stove. "They hardly know you yet."

"She knows me," replied Jake with a lecherous grin.

"Don't ya, honey cunt?"

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David came to, lying on his back and looking up at the slowing spinning ceiling. The three kids stood looking down at their father, their faces a mix of concern, amusement and curiosity. Julia was looking down at him too. For some reason the air was filled with the discordant sound of hammers, multiple hammers that were completely out of sync with each other.

"David... David... Are you all right? Should I call an ambulance? Just nod if you can hear me."

"I, I think I'm okay... Just passed out."

"Oh! That's a relief! I thought you might have had a stroke or a heart attack."

"No. There, there was this young thug at the door. He, he tried to break in! There's a whole gang of them next door. Call the Sheriff!"

"There's no gang of thugs next door. It's a roofing crew. I suppose I'll have to listen to that awful racket all day long! I feel a headache developing already!

"Now, get up and stop scaring me to death!"

Julia turned away leaving her prostrate husband lying on the floor.

"Do you need some help, Daddy?" asked Billy.

"Thanks, son, but I'll be all right." Slowly David sat up, still a little lightheaded. As the blood began flowing normally, the bruise on the back of his head began to throb. Rubbing it for a moment, he found it to be tender, but at least there was no blood. He hated the sight of blood.

The children watched him struggle to his feet, waiting and watching to see if he fell down again. To Kendall's disappointment, he just merely walked away to climb the stairs.

Upstairs, David found his bedroom door locked once again. "Julia... Julia?"

"What do you want?"

"I need a clean shirt."

"Your shirt is just fine."

"Julia!"

"Don't you raise your voice with me! You need to get going. It's Monday and you need to do the books before you open."

"Julia, can't we talk."

"I have nothing to talk about! Not with the likes of you!"

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In spite of the hammering racket, all was wonderful and right in her universe as Shelly trembled and bucked in orgasmic pleasure. The cock in her mouth, the ball and tongue on her clit, the fingers gently tugging and rolling her nipples plus the finger up her ass, all combined for a most satisfying sexual high. All the sensations that were driving her wild suddenly stopped, all except for the warm afterglow of a good cum.

"That got her motor humming," said a far off voice.

"Yeah, she's fuckin' hot to trot!"

"My turn first," said another voice.

Shelly dreamily opened her eyes. Jetter had her by the legs, twisting her and rolling her to her right side. He let go of her right leg and hiked her left high in the air. Then he straddled her right leg while sliding her left over his shoulder. Crouching down, he moved in further between her legs until she felt the head of his mangled cock pushing against her wet pussy. There was no resistance as the head slid in.

"Oh!" she chirped as the knot briefly raked across her clit as it swept past on it's way into her pussy. "Ohhh," she moaned as the knot slid across the front wall of her cunt. The knot stopped, reversed and it was sliding out, across her G and across her clit, then back in again as Jetter settled into his first fuck with the buxom preacher's daughter.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "That feels wonderful. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Ohhhhh, yessss! Oh, mmmmphh!" Uncle Chester's cock cut her off.

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"I never knew ya were such a whore!"

"Oh, shudddup, Bobby Ray!"

"Damn, we gotta lot of explaining to do when we git home," said her anxious brother as they headed home. "What are we gonna tell him?"

"The truth!"

"Aw, shit! We're really gonna git it!...

"I know! Let's tell him ya got raped."

"Pa knows we've been doin' it!"

"That's just what Luke says. I don't know if I trust him."

"Why would he lie 'bout sumpthin' like that?"

"He jus' wanted to git in yer pants!"

"As I recall, it was you who offered me to him!"

"That's 'cause ya wanted it so bad! Shit! He let that Jake fella fuck ya!"

"You were screwing Jake's wife if I recall."

"She screwed me! Well, first time she did."

"And yer criticizing me!"

"Guys and girls, it's different."

"You're really pathetic sometimes, dear brother. Girls are just like guys."

"Not nice girls."

"Ya know of any nice girls?"

"I used to," he lamented.

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Shelly was thrashing about. The constant, relentless rubbing of the knot on her clit and her G-spot had sent her into an other-worldly continuous orgasmic state so that she was hardly aware of the cock spewing it's load into her mouth until she started choking on it.

Jetter cried joyfully as his prick swelled and then jetted into the fantastically pulsating pussy.

Feeling the hot nasty sperm being released into her cunt, Shelly hit another climatic peak, sputtering Chester's sperm through her nose in a spasmodic reaction.

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"It's about time you two came home!" growled Jonah Williams. "Fine sight you are, Bobby Ray. Where're the rest of your clothes?"

"Uh, we spent the night over at Luke and Shelly's," explained Bobby Ray.

"I don't want to hear it from your lying mouth, Bobby Ray!"

"Pa, let me explain."

"No need for you to explain, boy! Don't waste your breath. I couldn't believe a word you say!"

"Pa..."

"Shut your lying mouth, boy! Luke called me this morning. I know all about it now. You sleeping with your sister! I knew you were doing her and I asked you man to man. You lied to me," he growled. "Now she's pregnant! Carrying her brother's bastard!"

There was a long silence. Bobby Ray and Lynette both knew that was best not to say anything, especially something that might be contrary to what their pa thought or believed.

Finally in a measured tone, Jonah spoke again. "Bobby Ray... so help me God... if you ever lie to me again, I'll take an axe handle and beat you to an inch of your life! You understand me, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's work that got to get done. Take the tractor with the disc down to the lower forty where we had sorghum planted last year. I want to plant peanuts there this year. Now get after it! You've already lost half the damned morning. We'll have some dinner at 1:30."

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Drained by the protracted orgasm, Shelly struggled to clear her airways of foul tasting semen. No matter that she was in distress, once Jetter was finished, someone roughly rolled her on her back and shoved his cock into her.

\*\*\*\*\*

Anxiously waiting for what was to come next, Lynette sat in her room, trembling. Her father hadn't said a word to her since they arrived home. She felt for certain that once she had lost the protection of her brother, her father was going to tear into her. Though he had never laid a hand on her before, she felt that it was a good possibly that he'd beat her badly to force a miscarriage. They'd seen something like that on TV a few weeks prior and knew it could happen for real.

She heard the slamming of the screen door. Bobby Ray was on his way. A few minutes later, she heard the tractor start up and then drive away to the field furthest from the house. The tears began to flow. In a few minutes, her brother would be too far away to hear her cries. No one would hear her. Looking up, it didn't surprise her to see her father standing in her doorway.

"Hey, sugar. Why are you crying?"

"Oh, Pa! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! Please, Pa, please forgive me!"

"Whoa! Easy girl, easy. It's all going to be alright. Trust me."

"You mean yer not mad at me?"

"No, darling. I'm not angry with you. I'm angry with your brother. He lied to me. If it's one thing I can't stand it's a god damned lying son of a bitch! I won't stand for it! I won't stand for either of you to lie to me!"

"I'm, I'm pregnant, Pa."

"I know."

"I, I could get an abortion."

"The hell you say! Over my dead body! It may be your baby, but it's also is my flesh and blood! You'll not be killing my grandchild!"

"I won't. I won't, Pa. I promise I won't," she sobbed. "I couldn't never do that."

Jonah hugged his distraught daughter, holding her tightly until the tears had passed.

"Pa, am I gonna go to Hell?"

"What for?"

"Fer, fer doin' it with Bobby Ray."

"You were only doing what comes natural... I'll wager you a bet. I bet that you didn't need to read any instructions."

"No," she replied with a little laugh choked by a lingering sob.

"Boys and girls, men and women, we've been doing that since the beginning of time. I just wish Bobby Ray had been a man and admitted it. I could've gotten you on the pill. Then you and Bobby Ray could've screwed up a storm and not suffer any real consequences."

"Yer not mad about that?"

"It's not such a good thing to do for making babies, but if you're just enjoying a screw, what does it matter who you're screwing?"

"Then it's okay?"

"I wouldn't go around blabbing about it to folks, but here, in this house... if you want to screw your brother, go ahead, have fun.

"Now tell me, darling girl, did you have good time last night?"

Smiling weakly she replied, "Yeah! I did!"

"Luke told me all about it. Well, some of it at least."

"What parts?"

"Oh, that he fucked you. Said that his friend fucked you too. Said that you really enjoyed it. Is that all true?"

Lynette felt the heat on her face, "Yes, sir."

"I see... You know how much I love you."

"Yes, sir."

"Then take off your clothes."

"Pa?"

"Let's get something straight right this minute. I'm not just your pa, I'm a man. You're a woman. Men and women fuck."

"Pa!"

"Tell me, since after church yesterday, how many men have you fucked? Bobby Ray, Luke and his buddy Jake? Anymore?... No? Well, before your brother returns for dinner, it'll be four! Now, get your god damned clothes off! You're the woman of this house. Bobby Ray's not going to be the only man in this house to fuck you. From now on, you'll fuck the both of us!"

"Pa, please."

"I'll give you a choice. You can either fuck us both or you'll not fuck either of us. It's your choice."

Lynette considered the ultimatum. She tried to imagine doing without sex, like she had done when she was younger. Then it was easy, she was a child and had no idea as to what she was missing. But now, now she knew. She really enjoyed a screwing. Even one of Bobby Ray's quickies in the barn felt good.

Bobby Ray, dear brother Bobby Ray, always eager and almost always available. Trouble was, her brother was mostly interested in just getting his nuts off and not always concerned enough with her pleasure. He used her more than loving her, but then again, she was using him too. Before last night, he had been her only lover and she had thought that that was just fine.

Then there was Luke. Often she had imagined it was Luke when her brother was screwing her. Last night, she discovered the real thing and real thing was much better than what she had imagined. She tried to remember how she felt last night, loving and being loved by Luke. That was wonderful. Then Jake showed up. She was appalled and dismayed that Luke, her darling Luke, would casually pass her to Jake, a total stranger to her, and let him use her like that. Then she let go, becoming the slut tramp that Jake repeatedly said she was. That too was wonderful, shameful, but wonderful nonetheless.

Now, knowing what a trollop she was, her father wanted to use her too. Or did he want to make tender love like Luke had done at first?

"After you graduate next month, you'll be beginning to show," said her father. "You'll be staying on this farm, out of sight until after your baby comes. You won't be seeing anybody, not your friends and certainly not any men friends.

"Do you honestly think that you can go for a day, two days, a week, a month, six months without getting laid?" asked her father. "Do you honestly think that Bobby Ray, seeing you day after day, night after night will be able to stay away from you?"

"No, I suppose not." Still, try as she might, she just couldn't imagine her father as her lover.

"Then it's settled?"

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Cousin Kipper had finished his first fuck and went to fetch Bubba. While he was gone, Jetter was back between her legs, sucking his cousin's copious cum from her pussy. The two older men, sat off to the side, drinking beer, raunchily discussing her body and her performance so far.

After a few minutes, Bubba Quibly came shuffling in, his generous layer of fat giggling with each step. It was getting hot up the roof and he'd already stripped off his shirt. Shelly looked up at the next man in line to fuck her. Sweat was beaded on his forehead, the droplets coalescing into thick rivulets that streamed down his face, neck, sagging man-tits and down his big belly, drowning the caricatures of Mickey and Donald Duck in grimy pools. He stood looking down at her with his beady sunken eyes, his mouth hanging slightly open with his tongue sticking out from his puffy lips.

"Kin ah fuh, fuh her now?" he drawled.

"Yes, Bubba," replied his brother, "it's yer turn to do her."

"She's shore purdy."

"Git to it, ya moron!" snapped Pawpaw. "Git that flabby ass of yers movin', boy!"

"Ahm goin', Pawpaw. Ki, ki, kin ah cornhole her?"

"Ya don't git moving, I'm gonna cornhole ya!"

Bubba smiled and laughed uproariously, his belly and chest shaking grotesquely. Abruptly the laughter stopped and the stupid look returned to his face. After a moment Jetter went to his brother's side. "C'mon, Bubba. We ain't got all day."

"Okay, Jetter," slowly replied the moron.

"Ya do what ya want. She's a whore like Sissy."

"Ah knows, Jetter, ah, ah knows. Ah kin duh, duh, do it."

Jetter turned to Shelly. "Help him with his pants!"

Shelly sat up. It felt good to be off her back for a moment. Kneeling she dug around the sweaty folds of fat until she found Bubba's belt, snap and zipper. She opened his jeans and pulled them down his legs. There she encountered a problem. He still had his shoes on. She couldn't get the pants leg free. With his ankles constrained, Bubba began to teeter. With a thunderous crash he fell over, and in the process took Shelly down too.

Pawpaw and Uncle Chester roared in cruel laughter at Bubba's plight. Shelly, pinned below the sweaty blob of blubber, found her face pressed into his humid stinking groin. After rolling about in a near futile attempt to right himself, grinding his ball sack and cock in her face, he managed to crawl up onto the ottoman. There he sat with his legs outstretched waiting for someone to help him with his shoes.

Exasperated, Jetter snarled, "Ya gotta take his shoes off first, ya stupid whore!"

Wiping Bubba's sweat from her face and fighting back tears, Shelly took Bubba's shoes off and managed to extract his legs from his jeans. Then helping the clumsy simpleton stand, Shelly sat in his place, lay back, lewdly spreading herself to him.

Bubba stood dumbly staring down at the pussy offered to him with a befuddled expression. Then frowning he looked questioningly to Jetter.

"Oh, fer Christ's sake," grumbled his brother.

"Git up whore! He don't want ya that way."

"What does he want?"

"He wants to cornhole ya."

"What?"

"Cornhole. Ya never been cornholed?"

"I don't..."

"He's gonna stick it in yer ass. Now, git up on yer hands and knees!"

Bubba smiled stupidly once she was in position. Jetter helped him along by spreading her cheeks so he could quickly locate his target. Then he waddled up and pressed his cock to her anus. He pushed and pushed. Shelly did her best to relax her sphincter, but to no avail.

"Uncle Chester," said Jetter, "go get that butter dish off the kitchen table." Chester hurried to the kitchen and was soon back. Scooping up a few fingerfuls of butter, Jetter rubbed it into her asshole. Bubba moved back into position. After prodding a few times her bunghole opened and the goon's cock slipped deep into her rectum.

A few feet away, sitting directly in front of her were Pawpaw and Chester grinning and giggling like two schoolboys waiting for their childish trap to spring on some unsuspecting soul.

Shelly reflected that this wasn't so bad, he certainly wasn't too big and at least her cunt was getting a little rest. She waited and waited for Bubba to start thrusting and get it over with. He never moved. Shelly pushed back to help get things started.

"Be still, whore!" barked Jetter. "Let him be! He knows what he's doing."

Shelly doubted that statement as she could feel that his cock was softening. Suddenly things changed. Horrified, she felt the hot stream of piss shooting into her gut. "Ohhh! Ohhhh! OHHHHH, MY GOD!"

Pawpaw and Uncle Chester roared in laughter, while Jetter cursed her, ordering her to remain still. On and on the hot piss flowed into her bowels, steadily and with no end in sight. She also heard Bubba giggling idiotically as well, his sweaty stomach jiggling against her upturned rump.

"Pisses like a horse, don't he girlie!" laughed Pawpaw.

"Awwwwwwwwww," she whimpered at the degrading indignity.

Finally after pissing at least two liters, the flow ebbed and then stopped. Bubba's laughing diminished, but the two old men were still in stitches. Shelly wanted to run to the bathroom, but Jetter made her stay put with Bubba's soft cock still plugging her hole.

"Jus' be still, damn it! He ain't done yet."

"I got to go!" she pleaded.

Jetter swatted her across the back of her head growling, "Ya ain't goin' nowhere yet, so stop yer belly aching!" After a few more swats, he was satisfied that she'd stay put. Jetter moved behind his brother, reaching between his legs to rub his balls.

"Oh, my god," muttered Shelly as she felt the cock begin to swell in her butt. A few moments later, Bubba began to move. Her face twisted in a grimace, Shelly cried, "Oh, god!" as the thrusting begun. "Uh! Uh! Uh!" she grunted, the plunging action causing her piss enema to slosh back and forth. As painful as having her gut stirred was, she was still aware of the leakage from around his cock that had begun to dribble down her legs. Mercifully, Bubba grunted after only two minutes. That was Shelly's only indication that he was sperming her ass. The thrusting stopped.

Jetter knelt down beside her. "When he pulls out, ya better clamp that butt hole shut and run like hell, girl."

Shelly did just that. As soon as Bubba's cock vacated her posterior, she bolted for the bathroom, just barely making it to the toilet on time.

Her humiliation wasn't over. As she sat weeping, evacuating her bowels, Pawpaw and Chester where at the door watching and mocking her, talking and laughing about her in a most degrading manner. Finally the two dirty old men ceased to torment and taunt, mercifully disappearing, only to be replaced by Jetter who watched her finish with his wandering eyes.

"Yer a mess," he said pointing at the soiled toilet seat. "Ya better git cleaned up." What he said rang true as her buttocks and inner thighs were covered with mess. "Go on, git in the tub and I'll wash ya off."

As Shelly crawled in the dry tub, Pawpaw and Chester returned to the bath.

"Stand there," instructed Jetter. "Turn around."

"Oh, my word, girlie," cackled Pawpaw, "Yer disgustin'! Ya better sit yer nasty ass down!"

As soon as she sat down, she cried out, "Ohhh! Ohhhh! OHHHHH, MY GOD!" as Pawpaw began pissing on her, hosing her down across her back and over her shoulders to piss on her tits and legs. When his flow stopped, Uncle Chester took over, pissing on her pussy and tits before finishing on her back.

Shelly, sobbing at the latest degrading act, waited for Jetter to join in. Instead, he started the bath water and then the shower. Shelly hollered as the water was freezing at first, but it soon warmed up, beating down on the humiliated girl as she sat crying. Jetter stepped into the spray, knelt and helped her to her feet. With a tenderness she hadn't expected, he soaped her up with his bare hands, taking his time, enjoying the feel of her smooth slippery flesh.

Shelly closed her eyes and pretended that it was Luke who was lovingly caressing her, but all too soon, the hot water gave out. Fond memories and the shock of the cold caused her to laugh gleefully as she scrambled to cut the flow of water. She turned, expecting to see Luke only to come face to face with Jetter's disfigured malevolent mug. To her disgust, he kissed her full on the mouth, his breath reeking of snuff and rotting teeth.

Breaking the kiss, he sneeringly said, "Yer one fine piece of pussy meat. Turn 'round, honey-slut. I wanna massage my cock again."

Following his instructions, Shelly turned with beads of water dripping from her nude body, thankful that she didn't have to look him in the face. Leaning forward, she braced herself on the rim of the old bathtub.

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Racked by guilt, David did his best to update his books. Over and over, the events of last night gnawed at him. He never should have slept naked with Billy and he knew it. He rationalized that since he didn't touch the boy once they were in bed, that things were all right. Still he knew good and well that the whole thing should have never happened.

"It's Julia's fault," he finally rationalized. "If she'd just be a wife to me, if she just gave an inch sometimes, nothing would have happened. Well, nothing really did happen. I didn't touch him. I didn't touch him!"

He satisfied himself for a brief moment, then the guilt came surging back. Guilt that he just lay there, pretending to be asleep, while his little boy's hand crept to his groin. "But nothing really happened," he said to himself. "He was just curious. It'll never happen again."

He was spared further agonizing guilt by the distraction of FedEx dropping off the large box from Boris. He checked the shipment against the inventory and satisfied himself that every thing was in order. Soon he was preparing an e-mail to send out to his selective clients to inform them of the newly available DVD's.

His heart jumped when the door chime sounded. Was it the Sheriff? Did the Sheriff know or was it the Feds? How did they discover him? His heart pounding, he hurriedly opened his e-mail, cut and pasted his message, selected the appropriate address file and clicked 'send'.

With trepidation, he looked out into the store to see two elderly ladies browsing about. He felt relief, but knew full well that he'd be jumpy for the next few weeks until he had liquidated his stock. "How am I going to sell all of this? I'll have it hanging around for months. Why did Boris double my order? I'll never sell all of this!"

Gathering his wits, he went out onto the floor and asked if he could be of assistance. As usual, they said they were just browsing. Thirty minutes later, the store was empty and no sales had been rung up.

David bemoaned the fact that if it weren't for his dealing in kiddie porn, he'd go broke. "I should've opened an adult bookstore," he muttered. "At least that's legal! Maybe so, but Julia certainly wouldn't have gone for that! So here I am stuck selling Bibles and prayer cards!"

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With her heart racing, Lynette slipped her blouse over her shoulders. Discarding the garment on the floor, she looked up into the expectant face of her pa.

"You're beautiful, baby," Jonah whispered. "I've always known that you were beautiful, but I never realized just how beautiful."

"Thank you," she said blushing. "I, I lost my bra somewhere last night."

"You don't need a bra. Not here, at home... Damn! Can I touch you?"

"If you wanna, Pa."

Jonah reached out to his daughter's bare breasts, cupping and feeling the firm young tit-flesh with his work roughened hands. Rubbing both pebble-sized nipples with his thumbs, he watched as her face took on a most serene expression.

Her pa's hands suddenly stopped the delightful torment of her highly sensitive nipple. Opening her eyes, she saw that her pa was removing his overalls.

\*\*\*\*\*

Not having to look into his horrific face, Shelly was free to enjoy the feel of Jetter's unusual cock as it fucked her pussy. As he fucked her, Jetter twisted his body from side to side so that the knot of scar tissue pleasured the various areas of her pulsating cock socket. The longer he fucked her, the higher her passion rose until the only thing that mattered to her was the pleasuring friction inside her wanton cunt.

"Yer a hot fuck, Missy," Jetter hissed as she fucked back at him. "Yer pussy's gotta be the best in town. That's it, slut girl, squeeze my god damned cock! Yer a fine whore!"

"Fuck me, baby, fuck me," she hissed back. "Fuck me all day, all day!" Rocking back and forth as she fucked, she felt a cock brush against her face. Opening her eyes, she saw the stiff cock right in front of her. Wild with lust, she gobbled it down unaware and uncaring that it was Bubba's cock, still stinking with piss, cum and the residue from her own rectum.

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"Ohhhh, Pa! Ohhhh, Pa!" moaned the teenaged girl as her father leisurely sucked and nibbled on her dark brown nipples. "Mmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm! That's feels sooooo goooood. Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!"

"You like that, baby?" asked Jonah softly before engulfing her teat again.

"Oh, yesssss, Pa! Yesssss!" she whispered, her head moving from side to side. At the feel of his hand on her pussy she sucked in her breath, held it and then exhaled with a swoosh as his finger slipped between her wet nether lips. "Ahhh," she moaned as her pa twiddled her twat.

"You're a juicy little slut, aren't you, baby?"

"Oh, Pa! Pa!"

"You want me to stop?"

"No! No! Don't st, st, st, st... Nnnrrghhh!"

"Cum for your Papa. That's it, baby. Cum for Papa."

"Gug, gug, gak, gak," she choked as her pleasure peaked. She squealed, inhaling a large gasp of air as wild lances of pure pleasure speared through her young nubile body.

\*\*\*\*\*

"What in the hell are ya doin', boy?" roared Jetter at the startled man who was there to repair the broken windows.

"Ah, ah, ahm jus' here t'fix da windows, mista! Ahm sorry. Ah can't help but seed ya boys wid dat lady."

"She ain't no lady," replied Jetter.

"Dat's fo' shur!"

"Well, git 'bout yer work. Guess there's no harm in ya watchin'."

"Thank ya, mista. Thank ya kindly."

\*\*\*\*\*

Having taken care of making the arrangements to get the Blalocks' windows fixed, David sat down to watch Boris's latest production entitled Kindergarten Hell. The plot centered on the invasion of a pre-school by a gang of perverts who tie up the nannies and ravish the children. It was not the type of filth that David enjoyed, as these types of movies always brought back memories of the vicious cook at church camp who nearly tore his asshole out and who delighted in degrading and humiliating him before, during and after using him. The cook wasn't at all like Joey, who was always kind and loving, nor was he like the pool staff who in exchange for blowjobs, let him watch the girls get changed through the peephole in the bathhouse boiler room.

The DVD was still playing when the clang of the door chime startled him to attention. Looking up his heart skipped a beat as the Sheriff's Deputy strode into the store. Shutting down the movie, he warily watched as the deputy browsed about, looking at various titles. The deputy had been in the store many, many times, and David was optimistic that he would make a purchase as usual. Still, the fact that he was a law enforcement officer made David very nervous. After a several long minutes the deputy selected something and brought it to the register.

"Deputy Jones, good to see you again," greeted David as he struggled to hide his nervousness. "Did you find everything you wanted?"

"Yes, Brother," replied Deputy Jones as he placed the book, "Preparing for the Coming End of Times", down onto the counter. David rang up the purchase, his only legitimate sale for the day.

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"Ya've already been paid?"

"Yes, suh! Mista David. He paid me."

"Is that so? He pay ya in cash?"

"Yes, suh! Ah don' take no credit 'n ah don' take no checks."

"Well, ya lookin' to have a little fun?" asked Jetter with nod towards the front door. "Ya like white girls?"

"Oh god, almighty," replied the middle-aged blackman. "Ah, can't 'ford nuttin' like dat!"

"How much ya got?"

Jetter looked at the sweaty wad of bills in the workman's callused hand. "That's plenty."

\*\*\*\*\*

Jake, having finished his lunch, squirmed in his reinforced chair as his wife slurped on his cock. Toni's traditional lunchtime blowjob was definitely the best part of coming home for lunch, a non-fattening desert for her perennially horny husband. It was an effective way of keeping him from wandering off and getting into mischief with some whore. Jake always returned to work more or less on time, and more or less ready to concentrate on business.

Jake closed his eyes and let the tingling sensation sweep from his groin and radiate to all parts of his body. All too soon it was over. He felt his cock softening in her mouth and then slip from between her lips.

"Oh, baby," he groaned. "I really don' know who enjoys dat more. Me or you?"

Toni laughed lightly, "I don't know either, but I do know that you had better haul your butt out of here. It's getting late!"

"Aw, fuck it!"

"You say that every day."

"I mean it everyday too. I'd much rather..."

"I know you'd rather rut than work, but you've got a job to do."

"It's under control. Horsefly and Tyronne will load the truck. I don' hav'ta be there every minute."

"You know good and well that those two need direction."

Jake grumbled. He was fully aware that his two helpers would be sitting on their black asses unless he was right on top of them. "Guess yer right... as usual." Jake stood, zipping and buttoning his jeans.

"I suppose I oughta check up on things next door," he mused.

"Keep to the roof job, okay. You don't have time to mess around with Shelly. Besides, she's been busy all morning."

"I bet!" he chuckled.

"Well, see you later, slut!" he said with a playful swat to his wife's ass.

"With an attitude like that, I just might go next door and help her out," she mockingly pouted.

"Suit yerself. Just watch out fer Bubba!"

"He's sweet!"

"Suit yerself."

Jake went out the back door and through the side gate to the Blalock's back door. Rounding the corner, he looked up the alleyway and saw Julia riveted to the Blalock's living room window. Julia, absorbed in the salacious scene she was witnessing was absolutely unaware of anyone approaching her. Jake quietly looked over her shoulder to see what was happening. Shelly was on her back on the double ottoman, her head hanging off the end. An older man, who Jake instantly recognized as Jetter's Uncle Chester, was pushing his cock down her throat. Jetter had one of her legs and Pa Pa Quibly had the other, high in the air and stretched wide. Between her legs, an unknown older Blackman pumped his cock into her.

"Bet ya wish that was you. Don'cha, Honey?" he said softly into Julia's ear.

Startled by the unexpected voice, Julia screamed, turned and then ran off down the alleyway, in the process loosing a shoe. Jake roared in laughter.

Hearing the commotion outside, Jetter looked up to see his old running buddy grinning ear to ear and making goofy faces through the window. With his free hand, Jetter waved for Jake to come inside.

Chester pulled his spewing cock from her throat. Shelly looked up and got a gob of cum in her left eye. Opening her clear eye, she saw Jake standing next to Jetter, watching the black's cock sawing into her. As she was now free to talk, Jake knelt next to her.

"Ya like those nigger cocks, don't ya, slut? Ya know, I gotta a couple of fellas at the shop. Ya met 'em last week. They ain't talked about nuttin' but your tits since meetin' ya last week. I know they'd both love to shove their black peckers up yer cunt. How 'bout later this week if I take ya over there? I know, we'll make a movie. Yeah, two nigger thugs raping a white girl... Ya can act, can't ya?"

Shelly was too far gone to understand a thing that Jake had said. Her only thought was that he would be next. She liked that. It comforted her. A smile formed on her cum laden lips. Jake took that to mean, 'yes'.

Jake stood and turned to Jetter. "Ain't ya supposed to be puttin' on the roof?"

"Ah got it covered, Jake. Got five boys, five satisfied boys, up there workin' right now. They'll have this shit-house covered by this afternoon."

"Well, don't wear her out, fer Christ's sake. Ya know, ya ain't the only one with a claim to her cunt."

"Ah don't give a shit 'bout any other claims. Her cunt's mine 'til I git my due."

"Just as long as the roof gets on."

Jake looked back up into the face of the Blackman who was still laboring away between Shelly's legs. "Who's the black dude?"

Jetter pulled the wad of bills from his pocket and shrugged.

"Ya bastard!"

"Every little bit helps," replied Jetter with a toothy grin.

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Bobby Ray walked into the kitchen door at precisely 1:30 PM. His eyes adjusting to the severe change in light, he stopped to gawk at his sister, naked as she worked at the kitchen counter. He glanced at his pa, sitting at the table. His pa was at least shirtless, that he could tell. Glancing down under the table, he saw his pa's bare feet and bare legs.

"Pa? What's..."

"Shut your lying mouth, boy! You speak when spoken to. Now, sit down and eat your dinner. We'll talk afterwards."

Bobby Ray sat across from his apparently naked pa. Moments later, Lynette sat a plate down in front of her father, and then sat a plate in front of her brother. Then fixing her own plate, she sat down at the table. The three ate in stony silence.

Having eaten his full, Jonah placed his knife and fork across the top of his plate. "That was mighty fine, Lynette. Mighty fine. You're a good cook. Someday you'll make the right man a good wife."

Lynette didn't respond, she just kept her head down, embarrassed to be sitting naked at the table with her father and brother. Never mind that both had seen her naked. Never mind that she and her pa had screwed up storm this morning. Never mind that she and her brother had recently been screwing at every opportunity. It just didn't seem right to be so open about it.

"Bobby Ray," began Jonah, "do you enjoy fucking your little sister?"

Bobby Ray wasn't at all sure how to respond. The entire scene had a surrealistic quality about it.

"Answer me boy! And tell me the honest truth."

"Uh, yes sir," replied the uneasy son.

"How about you, Lynette? Do you enjoy fucking your brother?"

"Yes, sir," she replied in a whisper.

"Did you enjoy fucking me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good, because I certainly enjoyed fucking you this morning."

Jonah turned to his stunned son. "You got a problem with that, boy?"

"No, sir," replied Bobby Ray.

"Good! Then it's settled. No more of this sneaking around crap! No more lies! No lies of commission or lies of omission. I've had it up to here with the lies.

"Bobby Ray, from now on, when you and Lynette want to fuck, you two go ahead and fuck. It's okay by me. It's what men and women do. You can fuck her in the barn, in your bed, on the sofa, out in the fields, in the woods, or fuck her here on the god-damned kitchen table for all I care.

"As for me, I'm going to fuck her too. She likes fucking.

"Don't you, darling? Yes sir, you certainly do. As your pa, I'm proud to say that you have a fine pussy, girl. Mighty fine pussy! And you're a passionate girl too."

Jonah turned back to his son. "Now, as to this baby, that's your baby Bobby Ray as much as it's her baby. You will be responsible for this child, no matter who she might wind up marrying. Do I make myself clear? This baby didn't ask to brought into the world, but seeing that it is coming, you owe it all the love and care it needs until it's old enough to make its own decisions.

"Now, I don't want my grandson born a bastard, so I'll have to find Lynette a suitable husband. I really don't have a clue as to who might make her a suitable husband, so don't either of you ask me who I might have in mind. I'll let you know. Of course if I marry her off, she may not be living here. That'll create a whole new set of problems. So Bobby Ray, I'll also be looking for a suitable girl for you to marry."

"Pa!" exclaimed Bobby Ray.

"Hold your tongue! I didn't ask your opinion! Now, I figure that we've got a couple of months before she starts showing. By that time, she'll have graduated from high school. Nobody will think anything of her getting married.

"Now, you've got work to do, boy. So do I," he chuckled. "So if you want a quick fuck, better get to it."

"Pa!"

"I don't think you understand me, boy! I don't want to hear it from you! Now, if you want to wet your wicket, go ahead, right here. Go on. I want to see you two fuck."

"Pa!" pleaded Lynette.

"Hell! What are you two waiting for? Lynette! Stand up! Now bend over the table! Yeah, that's it, make yourself comfortable.

"Well? Are you just going to sit there?... She's offering herself to you, son. Hell, you've been screwing her for a year now! Go on, son, fuck her"

"Pa!"

"I told you, Bobby Ray. I want to see you two fuck. God help me, but it'll excite me to no end.

"So get your ass up, your pecker out and do her!"

Still, Bobby Ray hesitated. The way his pa was acting was unlike anything he'd experienced before.

"You're trying my patience, son!"

Bobby Ray remained immobilized.

"Look, the way I figure it, since church yesterday, she's fucked four different men, you, me, Luke and his buddy. Now, I'm going to let you in on something, boy. By the time you're finished your work this afternoon, J.D. Blalock will have fucked her too.

"Now, if you don't want to fuck her, that's your choice, but... you don't fuck your sister now, you'll never fuck her again. So what's it to be? Pussy or no pussy?"

Regardless that his father actions stupefied him, Bobby Ray was certain of three things. His pa never made idle threats and two, Lynette bent over the table naked with her beautiful ass presented for fucking was simply irresistible and three, if he didn't do something soon, his hard prick would explode. Choosing the most expeditious course available to him, Bobby Ray stood and tore off his overalls. "Hell, Pa! Ya want me to fuck her? Damned right, yes! I'll fuck her! I love fucking her!"

"Ata boy! Have at her!"

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The sun was hot when Big Mike's crew got back to work. To everyone's delight, Luke had carelessly bet and lost his wife's pussy during the lunch-time poker game.

Lenny too, had bet his wife's pussy and lost. "Damn!" he cursed. "A full house! He beat my full house!"

Now as he labored away, Lenny wondered how on earth was he going to pay off. Luke had set a new standard last week, an impossibly high standard that would be difficult for him to meet. Some cunt hairs or smelly panties just wouldn't do anymore. No way would his wife go for a gangbang! Not in a million years! But if he welched on his bet... the shame would be too much to bear. If he did that, he was certain Big Mike would shuffle him off to another crew, like that loser who was on the crew before Luke joined them. The new crew, they would all know in advance why he was moved, that he was a detestable deadbeat weasel, a welching slug, someone who couldn't be trusted. He also knew that it would be their job to make his life so miserable that he quit the railroad.

His only hope initially was to delay a day or three. Then Big Mike told them that if they busted butt today, they'd have all afternoon tomorrow for some R & R. He then hoped that Luke would bring Shelly out for the afternoon, but then there was the coin toss, to determine who paid up first. He lost that one too. Tomorrow. He would be expected to pay up tomorrow. Tomorrow, it would have to be tomorrow.

In mounting desperation, Lenny cried out, "Oh, fuck!"

"What was that?" asked Big Mike.

"Nothing! I, uh, a rock flew up and hit me."

"You okay?"

"Yeah, it was nothing."

"Here let me take a look."

"Don't worry about, Big Mike. It's..."

"I don't see anything."

"It's nothing!"

"Then stop your whining! You've got a big day tomorrow, so don't even think of calling in sick."

Lenny's heart sank. Another avenue of escape had been preemptively blocked. Only a heart attack or a near fatal car wreak could save him now.

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Lurching across the kitchen floor, the legs of the kitchen table were making a scraping sound as Bobby Ray pounded into his sister. With each forceful thrust, the table inched across the room. With each of her brother's thrust into her, her buttocks quaked with the impact and she grunted, "Ah! Ah! Harder! Ah! Ah! Yes! Harder! Yes! Yes! Ah! Ah! Ah!"

The sight of his children getting it on had its desired effect on Jonah. He'd already cum twice that morning, and watching Bobby Ray savagely fuck his sister had brought his prick to attention.

After the fuck fest of last night and this morning, his balls had not recharged and so Bobby Ray had considerably more staying power than usual. He felt his sister's pussy clamp down on his cock and felt her body shudder, not once, but twice before the table lodged up against the wall. Still he fucked her hard, harder than he had ever fucked her before. Still she was crying out, "Fuck me, ya bastard! Fuck me hard! Oh yes, Baby! Harder! Yes!"

Over all the racket of flesh meeting flesh and Lynette's salacious cries, Bobby Ray could hear his old man urging him, "Fuck her, boy! That's it! Fuck her god damned cunt! Fuck her like the slut she is, boy! Stick it to her! She loves it! She loves it, boy! She loves to be fucked, so fuck her!"

At last, Bobby Ray began his own climatic culmination. He felt his balls stir, then tighten. Relentlessly plunging in and out of his sister's cunt, his dick now seemed to be vibrating at three megahertz. She arched her back and her cunt clamped down on his ravishing cock again. His sister began wailing, tossing her head side to side. Then he felt the first spurt of hot thick incestuous cum shoot from his aching testicles and begin its seething rush along the length of his jerking cock. Gripping her hips and planting his organ in her spasmodic cunt, Bobby Ray tossed his head back to passionately cry out as his lust-heated fluid squirted deep into his sister's pussy.

Exhausted and dazed by fuck-lust, Bobby Ray stood still, looking up at the ceiling with unseeing eyes, as the last twitching of his sex faded into a glorious memory. Every nerve ending in his body prickled from his climax. As his cock shrunk into a flaccid state, it slithered from his sister's cunt, wet with the juices of their incestuous tryst. His head lolled forward. Looking into the grinning face of his old man, he finally had presence of mind to realize where he was.

"Excuse me, son," said his pa gently.

Bobby Ray staggered back to watch disbelievingly as his father buried his face in Lynette's ass, lapping at the foamy juices that had gathered between her legs. Then his pa stood up and slathered some KY jelly on her ass.

Lynette was expecting another ass-fingering and eagerly thrust her butt back. What pressed against her virgin ass wasn't what she had been expecting. It was larger, much larger.

"Luke told me he saved this for me." Then her pa jabbed his hips forward, bumping the tip of his cock against his daughter's tight brown hole. He thrust again, and this time the head of his cock penetrated.

"Oh, Pa!" cried Lynette at the intrusion.

"Relax, slut. You're gonna love this," growled Jonah.

"Oh, please, Pa... ah!"

Having penetrated deep enough to stretch her sphincter around the girth of his cock, Jonah paused to give his daughter a moment to adjust. He resisted just ramming his cock up her butt, knowing that this first butt fucking would make a lasting impression, determining forever whether she liked or hated a sodomizing fuck.

"It won't hurt for long," he comforted.

"It burns, Pa. It burns!"

"Shhhhh, it will fade. It feels better already, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she gasped short of breath. "It does feels better, it... ah!"

"I'll take it slow, girl. A little at a time. You know, if you and your brother had fucked like this, you wouldn't now have a belly full of baby."

"Ah!"

"Tell me when it feels better... Ready?"

"Ah!"

"You got a tight ass, girl. A fine tight ass. Don't worry slut-baby, your Pa's gonna loosen you up a little."

"Uh!" she grunted as Jonah buried his cock to the hilt.

"How's that virgin ass feel now? Good? Well, you trashy little slut, that can't be exactly true. You don't have a virgin ass anymore! Now tell your brother what you told me. What kind of girl are you?"

"A dirty slut whore," she whispered.

"Hear that boy? That's the mama of your child talking about herself!"

"Ahhh!" she grunted as her Pa ground his cock in her ass.

"You like your Pa's dick up your nasty ass?"

"Uh, huh."

"Feels good, huh?"

"Uh, huh."

Jonah withdrew his cock, leaving only the head inside his daughter's anus. "Now relax, sweetie and enjoy it," he said as he pushed back into her.

"Oh, sweet heaven!... Feel good?... Told you it'd feel good... Real good... That's it, slut baby, squeeze your Pa Pa's cock... Damn.... Girl, you're a natural!... You know... I suspect... that... that you're... you're gonna... gonna be... real... popular... with... all... my... friends... Real... popular..."

**Chapter 20 - Truth and Consequences**

*Confronting Jetter for cheating Luke on the roofing job, Jake proposes a business solution. Meanwhile David, beset with his demons, must deal with consequences of his unfatherly actions.*

Going to the post office in the early afternoon, David picked up a small package, a mailing envelope that he knew contained a DVD. Like all the others he normally received through this particular PO Box, it didn't have a return address. Checking the postmark, he knew it was from the man he knew only as the Prophet. The Prophet was part of a network of like-minded people who, through David, exchanged their illicit homemade DVD's. Acting as the network's distributor, David would notify the network members with a coded message, take orders, make copies of the DVD and mail them out for a nice profit. Generally he didn't know any of the network members except by a code name, and they only knew him as Dragon.

The only danger was from the postal inspectors, and David had already gotten the scare of his life when confronted by the local postal inspector. Turned out that what the inspector really wanted was a piece of the action and a free copy of David's illicit material. In exchange, he gave David protection. Generally, it was a reasonably secure network. Still David fretted over the consequences of getting caught.

Safely in his empty store, David cued up the DVD and sat back to watch the Prophet ravish yet another young boy. But unlike the vile DVD Boris had sent him in the morning, the Prophet's clips always featured smiling, laughing, and presumably happy boys and girls. Whereas the kids always had a smile on their faces, the face of the Prophet was never shown unless it was scrambled to point of being unrecognizable. There was never any plot, just explicit sex acts between the Prophet and his young lovers, and as such there was a certain monotony about them when taken as a whole.

David watched the video strumming his pecker and then sent out his coded message via e-mail from the Dragon. Over the next few days, there would be a flood of money orders from perverts filling the Dragon's PO Box. The whole kiddie porn thing made David nervous, but it was as safe and anonymous as possible and he'd at least make a little money this week.

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It was late afternoon when Jake knocked off work, sending his two men home early. Pulling up to the curb he saw that Jetter's trucks were still parked outside, but the activity on the roof was over. Jake snorted with the thought that all the activity was now taking place inside between Shelly's legs. Looking up at the roof, Jake noticed something peculiar. It was hard to tell from the street, but it looked as if the rear of the house had a different color roof than the front. After pulling into his carport, Jake got out to critically inspect the roof job.

"Damn it to fuckin' hell!" he cursed. Sure enough, the rear of the house was shingled in a different color, not just a different shade, but in two different colors all together. Whereas, the front and middle of the house was shingled in black, in the back, the last dozen or so courses of shingles were brown and the very last near the ridgeline was in green! Fuming, the big man stormed into the Blalock house to confront his longtime friend.

As Jake expected, Shelly, looking a complete mess was still sprawled out on the ottoman. The youngest boy, Tadpole was dipping his adolescent wick in her cum-laden red-raw gaping pussy while the others lounged about, drinking beer and trying to get it up one more time.

"Jetter!" growled Jake.

"Hi ya, good buddy!" greeted his ugly friend. "Wanna a piece of ass?"

"Yeah! Piece of yer friggin' ass!"

"What the fuck's yer problem?"

"Ya know damned good and well what the problem is! C'mere, let's you and me have us a little talk!...

"C'mon, damn it, get yer god damned pants on!"

Jetter grudgingly pulled on a pair of jeans. They weren't his, three sizes too large and a little long in the leg, but they'd do in a pinch. Following Jake outside, his attention was directed to the backside of the roof. "Aw, fuck!" he moaned unconvincingly. "I told them boys..."

"Don't give me that crap, Jetter! Ya flat out didn't buy more shingles for this job!"

"Hey, I really thought I had enough! Good thing we brought along some extras."

"Luke paid you good money for those extra shingles!"

"Hey, I've got other expenses to cover too, ya know!"

"Fuckin' hell! When Luke sees this..."

"What's he gonna do? Ask for a refund of his wife's cunt?"

"He'll call off the deal for the weekend, that's what!"

"The hell ya say? He can't do that!"

"Wanna bet?... Look, you've gotta fix this mess."

"I did! I fixed his god damned roof!"

"Yer gonna have to replace those shingles."

"The hell if I will! Look, if it leaks I'll fix it, but if ain't leaking..."

"Is that yer final answer?... Okay. We're both businessmen. Guess we'll just have to make a business solution. Ya want that slut for Saturday?"

"I'm countin' on it! That cunt'll bring in a pile of dough."

"Okay. Luke's gonna have to be convinced yer ain't cheating him. I'll handle that. It'll take some doin', but I think I can convince him. Now the story line is that ya bought the extra shingles, but ya still ran out. In a few weeks after you've done a few jobs, ya should have enough shingles left over to come back and fix it right. Meanwhile, roof ain't leaking."

"That's pretty good, Jake! I should've thought of it."

"For my trouble, I want a bigger cut of the take."

"What? Hey, a deal's a deal!"

"That's right. Ya fucked up, Jetter! Ya fucked up an yer making me look bad!" Jake poked his finger into Jetter's scared and tattooed chest, "Now you're gonna have to pay. It was a 50-50 split on the take from her cunt, where I split my 50 with Luke 50-50, while you take a full 50 percent. Now we can do this as a three way split..."

"No way!"

"Or we make it a 60-40 between you and me. Ya still get the lion's share, Jetter."

"I guess ya gonna split that 60 with Luke 50-50?"

Jake laughed, "Why should I. He'll get his 25, and I get 35."

"Yer a tough businessman, Jake. Okay, how about if we make it four Saturdays instead of just three. Ya know, give'me a chance to make up for my losses. Hell, I think the cunt will go fer it."

"We'll have to see about that. That might take some doing, so I can't promise ya anything. Now, we got a deal, Jetter?"

"Hmmm, I don't know. Seems kinda unfair to me, after all the work I've done."

"Work? Hell, you've been fuckin' that girl all day!... Let me put it to you this way. How much are ya gonna lose if she don't show up Saturday?"

"I see yer point, Jake. Okay. 60-40. Ya get the 60 and take care of her husband as ya see fit. But try to get me four Saturdays, will ya?"

"I'll try. Now, about that black dude today."

"What about him?"

"How much?"

"Shit, ya can't expect..."

"I want my cut!"

"God damn, Jake! Yer bustin' my balls!"

"Look, I ain't greedy. Our deal was 50-50 until just now. I'll settle fer half."

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Closing up his store, David returned home hoping that Julia had calmed down some. Taking one look at her husband, Julia fled upstairs and locked the door. David just shook his head in resignation. This just wasn't working. Something had to give.

Julia had already fed the kids, so all he had to do was heat up a plate for himself and clean up the kitchen. As usual the kids started fighting between themselves. David was sorely tempted to give them all another bare-butt spanking, but then remembering how things got a bit out of control yesterday afternoon he thought better of it. Instead, he ordered them all upstairs for their baths and an early bedtime.

As usual the girls took their baths first. His decision to let the girls bathe on their own was thwarted when he heard Kendall call out, "Come wash my back, Daddy! Trisha won't do it!" His resolve dashed, he stepped into bathroom, his eyes involuntarily dilating as he took in the innocent nudity of his two young daughters.

Taking up the Elmo wash mitten, David gently washed the two girls backs, legs, tummy and arms. Both girls giggled as he washed their bald tushies and backsides with his bare hand. As much as he wanted to linger, he knew it couldn't be too obvious. As long as he kept it brief and seemingly perfunctory, he reasoned that he couldn't be accused of molesting them.

The bath nearly over, Kendall stunned him by saying, "Billy says that you let him sleep naked last night." The comment sent both girls into another giggling fit. "If you spank us, can we sleep naked too?"

"Uh, uh," stammered David mortified that they knew anything about last night.

"Billy also said that Mommy's mad at you and you can't sleep in your bed, so you slept in his bed with him."

"Uh, uh, I, uh, I..."

"It's true!" she exclaimed. "You did!"

Turning to her younger sister she haughtily declared, "See, Trisha, I told you that Billy wasn't fibbing!"

"I didn't spank, Billy."

"Yes, you did! You spanked all of us and made us take all our clothes off and stay naked all day."

"Yes, I did spank you, but you were supposed to get dressed again."

"Did you spank Billy again?"

"No! I didn't, I..."

"But he got to sleep naked."

"Well, uh, boys... boys are different."

Both girls started giggling again. "Yeah, boys have wieners!"

Trisha added, "How come we don't have wieners?"

"Uh, well, that's the difference between, uh... that's what makes boys and girls different."

"That's not fair!" pouted Trisha. "Wieners are fun!"

"Billy says that your wiener is a lot bigger than his," stated Kendall.

"Uh, I suppose it is. I'm older."

"Can we see it?" asked Trisha.

David couldn't believe the position he found himself in with his precocious daughters and desperately sought an escape.

"Mommy says that a boy's wiener is dirty," interjected the older girl. "Billy's wiener isn't dirty. It's clean! Is your wiener dirty, Daddy?"

"No, it's not... Look, this has gone far enough!"

"Why can't we see your wiener, Daddy? You let us see Billy's wiener. You let Billy see your wiener."

"First, it's not a wiener. It's, it's... it's a thingie!"

"Billy says it's his wiener. Mommy says it's his wiener too."

"Uh, uh, okay, whatever... call it a wiener. It's just what boys have."

"We know! We want to see your wiener!" emphatically declared Kendall. The scheming brat delivered the coup de grace. "We'll tell Mommy what you did!"

"Uh, uh, no, no, no. Your mother would..."

"Punish you!" Kendall declared pointing her accusing finger at her father.

"Look... Ah... Maybe I shouldn't have spanked all of you that way, but you shouldn't have been throwing rocks at..."

"You shouldn't have made us play together naked all day!"

"No, that was a mistake. I didn't think that..."

"It was fun! Billy's wiener went up and down! Does your wiener do that?"

"Kendall..."

"We want to see it! Pleaseeee, Daddy! We won't tell Mommy," cooed Kendall with an unctuous smile.

David had had enough. The little bitch would certainly tell! "You're getting another spanking, little girl! Get out of the tub! Now!" he barked.

Pleased with the change in her father's attitude, Kendall fought to keep the smirk off her face as she rose from the warm water with a feigned look of distress. Knowing that she'd actually won her manipulative gambit, tears began welling up in her eyes on cue. Pleadingly, she looked to her father who grabbed her by the arm and yanked her out of the tub. Sitting on the toilet, he put the girl over his lap and slapped her wet buttocks with a resounding 'CRACK!'

"Owwww!" she screamed.

"No more talk about wieners!" CRACK!

"Owwww wow wowww!" she cried as her white buttocks exploded into an angry shade of red.

"Nice girls don't talk about boys' wieners!" CRACK!

"Owwww! Daddy, no!" CRACK!

CRACK!

"Nooooooooo! Pleasseeeeee!" CRACK!

"Now who are you going tell?"

"Nobody, Daddy," sobbed the girl. "I promise! Nobody."

"That's right because there's nothing to tell. You want me to talk to your Mama about what you said?"

"Noooo," whimpered the girl.

"Okay. Okay," he said, rubbing her bare butt. For a long time he soothed his daughter's stinging rear while her younger sister watched from the tub.

"There, does that feel better?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good, sweetie. Daddy hates to have to spank you." David knew his hard-on was incontrovertible proof that he was lying.

"I'll be good."

"Hmmm, for some reason I doubt that," replied her father. "If I hear any more wiener talk, I'll blister your butt again."

"Does that mean I have to sleep naked tonight?"

"Just don't tell your mama," whispered David.

"Now, enough nonsense!" he announced. "Kendall, you're punished for the night. Go straight to bed! You're punished too, Trisha."

Little Trisha rose from the bath, her eyes misting with crocodile tears. David turned and slapped her on the butt, sending the two wet giggling girls scurrying to their room.

"Manipulative little bitches! They're just like their mother," grumbled David. "All they need is a strong hand. Yes, a strong hand. All Julia needs is a strong hand... Yes, I'll, I'll..." Nothing came to mind. The girls were easy, apparently they liked having their bare fannies paddled and then rubbed, or at least Kendall did. But Julia... he didn't have a clue how to handle Julia.

"Gee," he said to himself pondering his situation, "maybe Jake could help me on this."

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Having tucked his naked children into their beds, David prepared to visit his burly neighbor. Problem was, once he was gone, how was he to insure that Julia wouldn't come out the bedroom and check up on her children. Reasoning that she wouldn't come out if he was about, he tapped on his bedroom door.

"What do you want?" came the shrill unreasoning voice behind the door.

"Do you want anything, Julia?" he asked kindly.

"No! I'm fine!" she snapped. "Go away!"

"Very well. I just want you to know something, Julia. I'm very angry with you now. Maybe I won't be angry in the morning, but right now..."

"Go away!"

"I just want you to know. If you come out of that room tonight, I'll beat your sorry ass until you can't walk!"

"I hate you!" screeched the woman behind the door. "I hate you!"

"Come on out, Julia. You'll look good with two black eyes and a bloody lip!"

"I've got the gun! I've got the gun!" the crazed woman shrieked. There followed a stream of unintelligible babble and the sound of objects hitting the door.

David shook his head. "She must be plum nuts!" he muttered. He wasn't sure how he'd ever be able to patch things up with wife, but he was reasonably sure that she would remain safely behind locked doors for the night.

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It was almost dark when Luke, dead tired from a long hard days work, tromped into the kitchen. Immediately he noticed the aroma of sex that permeated his home. Moving into the living room, shuffling through the wrappers of cheap hamburgers thrown on the floor, he saw the numerous empty beer bottles strewn around the house. Checking out the windows, he was pleased to see that they had been repaired as promised. Looking down he saw the sticky pool of fluid that had puddled on the floor at the base of the ottoman. "Damn!" he muttered as he analyzed the situation, correctly concluding that more than just Jetter had helped himself to his comely wife today.

Searching about for Shelly, he found her curled up in their bed. "Hi, Shel!" he said kissing her on the cheek.

"Hi, Luke," she weakly replied.

"What's fer supper?"

"I'm sorry, Baby. I'm too worn out. I didn't get a chance to..."

"Shhhh! It's alright. I'll find me something. How'd it go today?"

Shelly stretched like a cat, replying, "It was wonderful! You should have been here, baby. They fucked me all day long!"

"You save some for me?"

"Not tonight, honey. Please, not tonight. My pussy's so sore! They just kept sticking their cocks into me. It was wonderful, but... maybe it was a little too much? Oh, I don't think I'll be able to walk for a week."

"Well, ya'd better rest up then. Lost yer ass in poker today," he laughed. "The boys are expecting ya for a picnic day after tomorrow."

"A picnic? Hmmmmm, that'd be nice. I'll be better by then."

"Jetter get the friggin' roof fixed?"

"I guess. I really don't know. I sure hope so; I don't think I could handle them coming over tomorrow again."

"Well, guess I'll just check with Jake. I'm sure he looked in on it."

"I guess so. He was here. Twice."

"I see... Well, get yerself some rest. I'll be back after a while."

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"A picnic?" asked Lenny's somewhat dowdy and somewhat heavy wife. "Tomorrow... you want me to meet your work gang for a picnic?"

"Uh, yeah," mumbled Lenny uneasily. "I lost a bet and ..."

"And to pay off your gambling debt, I'm supposed to fix all of you a picnic lunch?"

"Yeah. I'm sorry hon, you don't have..."

"Well, that sounds like a fun idea!"

"You'll do it?"

"Beats cleaning house all day."

"Great!"

"So where's this picnic supposed to take place?" she asked. "I thought y'all didn't know from one day to the next where you were working."

"Tomorrow we'll be over by Riverview. Got a crossing that needs maintenance. Just go out Highway 48 and then take 367 to Riverview. We'll be at the crossing on 367. One thing though..."

"What's that?"

"You have to wear something, ah... something revealing."

"I see... How revealing?"

"Ah, well, that's up to you," he replied cautiously.

Lenny's wife eyed her nervous husband. He wasn't telling her the whole story and she knew it. She knew all about the card games they played, well at least some of it, as she had found photos, private photos of her in his lunch box; Polaroid pictures of her pussy and pictures of her tits and pictures of her fanny. He always maintained that he never showed them to anyone, but she knew he was lying. Lenny was as bad of a lair as he was at poker.

"So I'm supposed to go off in the woods with four big sweaty men wearing something revealing. Like just my bra and panties?"

"Uh, yeah," blurted Lenny without thinking. "I mean, no, uh..."

"Why you dirty bastard!" she snapped.

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Luke made his way over to his raunchy neighbors' house. To his surprise Jake was sitting at the kitchen table having a beer with David Jenkins. Toni was at the stove stirring a pot of stew.

"Hi ya, Jake!" greeted Luke.

"David," he added coolly with a polite nod.

"Get yerself a brew, Luke," replied Jake. "Bring me another one too, will ya? How 'bout you little buddy?"

"Uh, no thanks, I've still got..."

"Drink up! Go on, drink the fuckin' beer before it gets hot!"

"It's fine," replied David nervously. "Really, it's fine."

"Suit yerself," gruffly snarled Jake.

Luke walked up behind Toni and gave her a hug, running his hands up her t-shirt to fondle her bare breasts.

"Hmmmm," she purred. "You hungry, sugar?"

"For you, always."

"Well, it's almost ready, so if you want a bite..."

"Shelly's really fucked out and I'm famished."

"Get yourself a beer, lover and have a seat at the table. Won't be but a minute."

Luke released her nipples and fetched two beers from the Stringers' refrigerator and took a seat at the table. Pushing a frosty long neck bottle towards Jake, he warily eyed his other neighbor.

"David's got a problem," began Jake.

"No shit," snickered Luke.

"Seems Julia's really pissed off at him. Locked him out of the bedroom."

"Lucky for him," quipped Luke.

"This is serious, Luke," admonished Jake with uncustomary seriousness. "The man's wife is failing in her duties to her husband. That's quite unacceptable, don'cha think?"

"Yeah, I suppose," listlessly answered Luke.

"Look at Toni, look at Shelly... Can ya imagine what things'd be like if they didn't obey our wishes?"

Luke took a swig of his beer. "Yeah, Shelly wouldn't be so worn out tonight," he replied sourly.

"And you'd still have a leaky roof," reminded Jake, "not to mention a busted truck, and no refrigerator."

"Speaking of the roof, how's it look?"

"Fine, but there's a little problem."

"Problem? What problem?"

"Hey, it don't leak, but Jetter ran out of black shingles..."

"He didn't finish?"

"Yeah, he finished, but the shingles on the back are of the wrong color."

"I paid him for more friggin' shingles!"

"Yeah and he bought more shingles, but he still ran out. Look, I already talked to him about it. He said if ya wanna buy more black shingles, he'd put them up for ya."

"I ain't got the money to buy more shingles!"

"Then be satisfied with what ya got! A roof that ain't gonna leak!"

Luke muttered to himself, feeling that he'd been cheated. Toni sat a hardy bowl of beef stew in front of him changing his attitude immediately. David seeing that supper was served excused himself.

"Let me think on it, little buddy," magnanimously offered Jake to his distressed neighbor. "I'm sure I can think of something to help ya out. Now, be a good fellow and get under the table and give Luke and me a nice blowjob while we eat. Ya do a good job and maybe we'll both give ya good cornholing afterwards."

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Happy that he'd gotten away from Jake's with only Jake cornholing him while Luke had his way with Toni, David looked in on his two sleeping girls, peeling down the covers to gaze upon their nakedness. Needing to beat off in the worst way, David sighed deeply. Reluctantly he replaced to covers lest he awaken them.

He entered his boy's room. In the dimly lit room he approached his slumbering son and undressed down to his shorts. Pulling the covers back, he saw that Billy was stark naked too. With a shrug he dropped his underwear and slipped between the covers.

Almost immediately, David gasped as he felt Billy's small hand wrap around his hot turgid cock to openly fondle him. He didn't last long, cumming in his son's small hand. Satiated, he rolled away from the boy.