The Hatchery

by Spunk N. Wagnels

When Ursula was a preteen, her father worked as a resident manager at

a fish farm that supplied food fish to the aquariums and concessions

like Sea World. When she would help out feeding, maintaining, or

loading fish for shipment, she would sneak her legs into the tanks to

experience the feeding frenzy of the minnows and small fish on the

tiny hairs of her legs, when she knew no one was the wiser. At age

sixteen, her father left this private business and headed for a

government position with the Department of Fish and Wildlife. She had

been fantasizing what it would be like to allow the fish access to the

cleft between her legs for the couple of years prior, and figured that

it was now or never, since her family was moving off of the grounds in

a week.

She set her clock for 5:00 am, so she could be up before everyone else

and before the scheduled feeding, so the fish would be good and

hungry. She stole her way from the caretaker's house, where she and

her family had been living all these years, to the tank barn in a

terry cloth robe under the cover of semi darkness. She slipped off

the robe and jumped slowly into one of the trough tanks. She held her

arms up to keep her elbows dry while she acclimated to the cool water

coming up to the base of her young firm breasts. She walked around a

bit trying to stir up interest in the fingerlings swimming against the

slightest of currents in a stationary resting pattern. She decided

that the dim light at the ends of the walkways was not sufficient to

wake up these fun suckers, so she climbed back out and walked over to

the light switches to turn on some of the overheads at one end.

When she returned to the tank, the fish started rolling back and forth

in the water, fooled by the early artificial sunrise, anticipating a

feeding. She jumped back into the active water and was treated to a

sensual tiny lip massage all over her body. The new bush of hair on

her cunt lips got bumped and tugged, but it ended up acting like a

buffer from the sensation she really wanted to be experiencing there.

She squatted down to open the area of her intent, but most of the fish

were interested in roaming near the surface to be the first to receive

their allotment of feed. Then she bent forward with her legs apart,

submerging her breasts, thus raising the height of her pussy. This

proved more advantageous, as the added sensation of the tiny nibbles

on her breasts and nipples turned her electricity on and started to

get her juices flowing.

With her scent excreting into the water, attention was being paid to

the pleasure center between her legs by more and more fish. It was

exciting and maddening at the same time. The sensations were

exquisite, but not extreme enough to take her to the place she wanted

to be transported to. She could sense it, but when she reached her

hand back to help matters, her friends would scurry away for a moment,

then would gradually come back to the task after she removed it.

"I need bigger fish." She thought, as she climbed out, picked up her

robe, turned off the lights, and went to a covered, but open sided

area, with bigger fingerlings. She didn't want to risk putting on

lights, but the sky was brightening more rapidly now, starting the

birds to sing, and a slight din could be heard from the traffic on the

highway off in the distance. She tried the larger fish, bending

forward, facing her dark house, wanting and waiting for interest by

the fish in her pleasure zones. First one, then another started to

bump into her and gum a futile bite of her flesh, sending her nerves

on red alert for impending overload. She started talking softly to

them. "Com'on boys. Come and get it. Dinner. Chow. Com'on, that's

it. Don't be shy. Oh yes, you devils. Com'on the rest of you, see

what treats I have for you." She would say, periodically moving to

the front of schools of fish to get more of them into the act."Yes,

my slippery friends. Do it. Yes, that's it." She said as she neared

the desired state of nirvana, until she opened her eyes to see a light

on in her parent's bathroom. "Oh shit! Com'on boys do your things

quickly." She implored.

When a light went on at the front hall, she scrambled to the side,

jumped up so just the edge of the tank rested at her hips, and rolled

out on the walkway. She put her robe on while kneeling, and got up to

get away from the wet spot she had made, just as her father was

approaching.

"Good morning Sweetie. What are you doing up so early? You want to

help me feed the fish this one last time?"

"Good morning Dad. I was just saying goodbye. These fish have been a

big part of our lives. I can't believe we're leaving." She said, as

her father took her under his arm for a sideways hug. Then still

thinking about what he said, "What do you mean 'last time'?"

"The movers need to come today, not on the weekend like we thought,

some scheduling conflict. You and Mom are going to go on ahead and

tell the movers where you want things set up, and I'll camp out here

until the replacement comes to relieve me."

Ursula went pale with regret. She had plans for the fish these last

couple of days. Besides, she was so close to her goal, right before

her father appeared. Then she shuddered. A fish was hung up in her

cunt hairs and was fighting for life to break free.

"Are you okay, Honey?"

"Yes, just a bit cold." She replied, padding in place. "You go on

while I go in and get some warmer clothes on. I'll meet you."

"Okay."

Just as he turned to go, the fish broke free and landed on the ground

between her legs. Her father turned as she stooped down to pick it

up. Just as she tossed it back, he said, "Hungrier than normal today

I see, we'll have to give them a little extra. Hurry back."

She returned to the house relieved that she was not found out, but

frustrated at not achieving her goal, and filled with regret that her

days at the fish farm were coming to an end sooner than expected.

The next two years in the suburbs improved her social life immensely,

but she was becoming rather obsessed with returning to the fish farm

somehow, someday to finish what she had started, at least once. That

time came at her graduation party. She had just broken up with her

boyfriend, because he was going away to college out of state, and he

wanted to be free to play the field without guilt. Their relationship

had been going down hill ever since he had chosen which school he

would go to in the fall from the three that accepted him.

Her friend, Vicki caught her boyfriend naked with a classmate at the

party. She wasn't going to put out for him until and unless they had

some kind of a commitment about their future, agreed upon. He was

going to get it somehow, even if he had to pay for it. He had made it

through the god-forsaken experience of high school and he wasn't gong

to let anything get in his way of celebrating, despite the

consequences.

So there they were, Ursula and Vicki drinking and pining about their

situation. They put down the boys, while they discussed the whole

thing about sex in general. As the party wore on into the early

morning and feeling particularly close, in part from the spiked punch

and in other part from the shared rejection at this momentous time in

their lives, Ursula began to disclose her obsession. Vicki listened

wide-eyed in rapt attention. Then she sat mouth hung open in

disbelief when Ursula disclosed a plan she guaranteed would work, that

the two of them could carry out early this morning before sunrise.

Vicki thought her friend was nuts, but was also getting a hit off of

the prospect of being driven to ecstasy by fish lips and slippery

sides grazing her nether reaches.

"I learned something at the farm," Ursula went on, "we will need to

shave the hair off between our legs to get the full effect."

"You can't be serious!" Vicki replied.

"It grows back. We're talking about a once in a lifetime experience

here. A window of opportunity, and I know what I am talking about.

Trust me. You'll see. Com'on." Ursula said, grabbing Vicki's hand

and looking for the stairs to the host's master bathroom.

"Urse, we can't go in here."

We'll just say the downstairs bathroom was full and we really needed

to go. Here, sit right there. I'll do you, and then you can do me.

We'll be like 'blood sisters'."

"God Urse, don't say 'blood' when you talk about shaving me. I don't

think I am up for this anyway." Vicki said, getting up from the edge

of the tub with a compromised sense of balance.

"Okay, you do me first." Ursula said, pulling down her knickers,

hiking up her skirt, and sitting in the tub holding her legs up and

out by the ankles, eyes closed dreaming of fish, awaiting Vicki, who

began to look in the cabinet for scissors and shaving supplies.

Vicki got to work clipping and shaving until Ursula's pussy was as

bald as a cue ball. She wiped the area with Ursula's knickers, them

rubbed her fingers along the handiwork to feel how smooth she had made

it. Ursula moaned and opened her eyes wide, as they were both

startled by Vicki's absentminded stroking.

Then Vicki took a similar position in the tub, while Ursula carefully

removed the pubic hair of her friend. With am impish smirk, she

stroked Vicki's pussy, as had been done to her, to get a rise out of

her. She was rewarded with a slap on the back of her hand.

"Let's get out of here before I change my mind." Vicki insisted.

"Okay, but first I need to make a quick trip past the food table."

Ursula agreed.

Vicki drove the twenty or so minutes to the farm with Ursula's

directions. "Pull over here. The gate will be closed but there isn't

a fence around the place, so we can get in up there a ways." Ursula

directed.

"We should have worn different clothes for this. My legs are getting

scratched, and these heels are worthless." Vicki complained, as the

two made their way through the vegetation around the periphery.

"It's worth it. Believe me. You've never experienced anything like

this, nor will you ever again." Ursula said to motivate her friend.

When they got to the barn, Ursula directed, "Wait here a second. I'm

going to take a quick look around."

Ursula disappeared for a good five minutes while Vicki crouched to

fight the chill in the air lapping at her party attire. "Okay,

everything looks the same. Come with me." Ursula whispered, reaching

out her hand for Vicki's, to lead her along.

They each padded along now holding their heels as they snuck along in

a crouch like snipers secretly relocating their positions. "Let's see

if they have big enough fry in the barn first." Ursula suggested.

They panicked going into the barn when the door squeaked audibly as it

opened. "I really think we should call this off." Vicki pleaded.

"Maybe we should, but I have been dreaming of this day for so long, I

don't think I could go back now if my life depended on it. Com'on."

They entered and caught their breaths a minute. "Okay, lets get some

lights on this end and see what we got." They looked in at the

troughs. "This one might do. Let's get our clothes off." They

peeled off their tight fitting knit tops and short skirts, then their

bras and knickers. Vicki held her left arm across her breasts and her

other hand on her denuded pussy as much for the chill in the air as

for her modesty. "Okay, now take your hands away. We're going

chumming for these babies." Ursula announced.

With that she held a napkin with some cooked shrimps and cheeses and

squeezed them together, producing a smelly orange white hash. "Here,

take some of this and smear it on your nipples and some more on your

pussy."

"What?" Vicki said in disbelief.

"I know what I am doing. We are not going to have all morning. We

have to give these boys an appetite." Ursula advised. "Here let me."

Ursula said taking charge, and smeared Vicki's breasts with the smelly

concoction. Then when it was obvious that she would do the same to

Vicki's crotch, Vicki took some of the hash and gingerly applied it

herself with a look of disgust on her face. Ursula did herself

liberally and got the ball rolling by slipping into the chosen tank.

"Com'on Vicki, . . . ooo baby, com'on, these boys are great." Ursula

said swooning to the sensations being created by hundreds of hungry

fish nibbles on her receptive flesh.

Vicki slipped into the boiling tank with eager anticipation, after

seeing the effect the fish frenzy was having on her friend. "Oh god,

Urse, this is fantastic." She said with enthusiasm.

"As good as this feels, we have to keep quiet. We don't want to wake

anybody that might be in the house." Ursula said in a breathy voice,

with half open eyelids, undulating her body to the sensations dizzying

her brain.

Vicki's eyes were closed and she was rolling her eyes back, tightly

holding her lips closed, forcing the utterances she was compelled to

make to come out like muffled moans. "Oh god Ursula, I don't know if

I can take much more of this." She said moving over to the edge of

the tank and placing her hands on the edge like she was about to jump

out.

"God Vicki, isn't this wonder . . . oh its happen . . . oh my god . .

. oh yesssssssss . . . oh yesssss . . . oh no . . . I can't take

much more . . ." Ursula was saying as she moved herself over to the

edge in preparation for jumping out as well. She was about to jump

out, but waited while Vicki, went through her orgasm. She put an arm

around her back, "Now wasn't that worth it? Let's go. I don't think

I have the energy for another."

They both readied themselves for an exit jump when they realized a

figure was standing in the darkness of a corner. Ursula's mind raced.

"Should I make a run for my clothes, or should I sink back in the

water to hide my body from his stare?" She ordered, "Com'on," and

made a lunge for her top. Vicki tried the same, but the figure came

into the light in just enough time to kick the clothes further from

their reach. With sensitive nipples grazing the cement walkway, they

both slithered back into the tank.

"My, my, my. What have we here?" Flash! went a camera. "Mermaids

eating our fish? Sirens to distract the workers from their duties?"

The figure said.

"Please let us have our clothes and get dressed, and you'll never see

nor hear from us ever again." Ursula answered.

"You look kinda familiar. Get out and let me see ya better."

"You don't look familiar to me at all." Ursula responded, then got an

elbow nudge from Vicki. "Please let us out, these fish are biting."

She said holding her legs tightly together and her hands in her

armpits.

"Looks to me like that's what you came for. Am I right?"

"Look, I used to live here. I was just coming back for some memories

with my friend here. I've seen it, did something daring, and now I'll

never set foot here again. Please let us go."

"That's it. You left some stuff behind when you moved. I saw you in

a picture, kinda cute. Hunh, it all fits now. So, you can get out

any time you want. I'm not stopping you."

"Please, we don't want you to see us naked. Give us just a minute and

we'll meet you outside."

He squatted down with his hands around the front of his shins holding

the camera loosely, "What makes you think I haven't seen you naked

yet?" The two girls looked at each other in questioning shock.

"Besides, I've got all day. How 'bout you? We could just talk. Talk

about old times here at the farm. We talk much longer though, and

we'll have company, won't we? Now you can climb out of there now, or

later, it doesn't matter to me. Me? I'll stay right here. The story

I'm going to tell the newspapers, after I file the police report for

trespassing, could use a couple of pictures to move it from being

buried in the back to the front page. I'm going to do you a favor,

fifteen minutes of fame. It might even make your old man famous too.

It'll serve him right after pushing for that legislation that cost us

an additional ten-percent in operating expense. Your move."

The girls looked at each other with worry and dread. Their bodies

were beginning to grow numbed to the incessant nibbling from the fish.

With their erogenous zones closed or covered, the sensation was

growing merely annoying. "Please don't do this to us, please!" Vicki

pleaded.

"Now who are you? Did you used to come here in the past? You're

kinda cute too."

"I've never ever been here before; I'll never come here again; I just

want to leave, and not cause any trouble." Vicki petitioned.

"It was my idea. She had nothing to do with this. I just wanted her

to see where I grew up." Ursula explained.

"That's all well and good. But you see, it is kinda lonely out here.

Sure we let in a tour here and there, but we don't get to see many

strangers otherwise. I figure that you gals are going to at least be

our company this weekend. Now why don't you hop on outta there and

I'll take you in to meet the missus." He said.

"If we get out now, will you promise not to take our pictures?"

Ursula asked hopefully.

"The better question would be, 'If you cooperate with everything we

ask of you, would we promise never to show these pictures to anyone

else is more like it."

The girls looked at each other, searching for consensus without

speaking a word. They began to notice that the other was shivering

and turning pale. Then with a brief brightening of expressions, they

both made a beeline for the edge and jumped out of the tank as quickly

as they could. With water dripping, their flesh rippling, they made a

mad dash for their clothes amid the clicks and flashes of the man's

camera. They lost all modesty in the interest of speed when the flash

was recharging, and got themselves together in a ragtag fashion by the

time the last of the pictures were shot off.

At the man's direction, they were sent to the house. By the time they

got there, they could see a figure milling around inside. When they

were let in, the man announced, "Hey Millie, lookee here."

Millie was at the stove and turned around putting her hand on her hip

to look. The loose robe she was wearing got held open by this move

and her large drooping breasts and dark patch of hair between her legs

became clearly visible through the diaphanous gown. When she saw the

involuntary guests, she let her hand go, releasing the front of the

robe, walked up to them with her hands behind her on her hips, and

said, "My, my, what have you been fishing for today, Chad?"

"These tadpoles were trying to mate with the company fish in tank

number three." He said holding up the back of the collars up the

scruff of each girl on either side of him, as if he were displaying

his catch.

The girls looked down at their twiddling fingers in shame as the

curious Millie approached them and alternately held their chins up to

look them in the eyes. "They're mighty pretty aren't they? This one

here looks familiar. Do I know you?"

"No Ma'am. I used to live here with my family until a couple of years

ago and your husband said we left some pictures behind. That might be

it?"

"Sure enough. My, you have filled out nicely from those days." The

woman said as she hefted Ursula's left breast, causing her to gasp and

try to back away. Vicki looked on in shock. Then the lady took both

of her hands and slide them slowly down Ursula's sides as if she were

feeling the firm contours. When she held up the front of the skirt to

take a look, Vicki inhaled a gasp of surprise vicariously for her

friend. "Let's get this off, shall we?" She said grasping the bottom

of the tight top and raising to Ursula's arms.

Ursula took a stand and locked her elbows down to prevent the

denuding.

"Here, do what you want Snuckums, it's time I call this incident in to

the cops." The man threatened.

Ursula slowly relaxed her lock on her upper garment so the lady could

pull it completely off of her. Standing there in her short skirt and

heels, Ursula crisscrossed her breasts with her arms to shield them

from this woman's attention. The woman went for Ursula's hair and

flipped it up to the back in a caring primping maneuver. This

disarmed Ursula slightly, so when the lady's attention moved to

Ursula's neck, she didn't put up much resistance to the woman drawing

her hands down and away. Ursula's heart was pounding in her chest,

and her breaths were labored, not knowing what would happen next.

The woman put her hands on the undersides of Ursula's breasts and

hefted them remarking, "It's been a while since my breasts were as

firm as these."

Ursula squeezed her fists at her sides during this indignity, while

this strange and forward woman had her way with her chest. Then she

turned her attention to Vicki who tried to back up waving her palms at

the woman pleadingly to be left alone. Ultimately she knew what was

next and stood still, allowing the woman to remove her top as well.

"My, my," she said, "you fillies are blessed. Aren't they Chad? Feel

these."

The man eagerly took his wife's invitation and put his hands on

Vicki's breasts, squeezing, lifting and pulling. "Look, she likes

this." He said, referring to Vicki's nipples hardening with his

touch.

"What's your name Honey?" The woman asked.

"Vicki." She said shyly.

"Vicki, do you like it when Chad touches you like this?"

"Please Ma'am. I'd really like to get dressed again and go. We have

been up all night, we're tired, and we'll be missed."

"That should have been part of your thinking before you broke and

entered company property. I'd say you could work it off here for us,

or take your chances with the courts. What will it be?" The woman

proposed. Vicki looked briefly at Ursula then looked down at her

fingers in surrender. "Give me your car keys and I'll keep these tops

for insurance. If you take those heels off without permission, you

will be severely punished. Do we understand each other?" She said

wrapping the keys up in the tops and tucked them under her arm.

"Good. Now, I bet you girls are hungry. Let's see if we have enough

for you for breakfast." The woman said opening cabinets and the

fridge, still not bothering to cover up the obscene display her large

breasts were making through her open robe. "Time to get the twins

up." She said to her husband, who left the kitchen and ascended some

stairs.

The girls stood with their hands on alternate shoulders watching the

woman and whispering to each other. "What are we going to do . . .?"

"Shush up there. I don't want to hear any talking unless I ask it of

you. Is that clear?" The woman said taking a couple of cans down

from a shelf. She took two skillets and placed them on the two front

burners. Gathered up the necessary utensils and directed, "Okay

girls, fix these eggs and hash for everyone. If anybody doesn't like

the way you fix them, you could be sorry."

"I don't think I know what to do." Ursula complained.

"Scramble the eggs, stir the hash, what's to know. Now, get to it."

Ursula and Vicki stood side by side each working a skillet in just

their short skirts and heels when a boy and girl entered the kitchen

sleepy-eyed. "Wha . . . who . . . what's up Ma?" The boy asked,

getting his bearings.

"We're having breakfast at 'Hooters', Ronny. Now wash those hands of

yours and sit down."

The boy and his sister crowded at the sink to wash their hands and

look to their left at the half naked girls preparing the breakfast for

the family. They looked back at each other with simultaneous

"ooolala" expressions. They dried their hands on their shirts and

moved to the outside of the cooks crowding in to look at the progress

of the food and to get a close up view of their erect nipples on

display. Then they sat down next to each other on the side of the

table that afforded them a continuous view of girls. "So Papa, where

did you dig up these two?" The daughter asked.

"Found them in tank three this morning." He replied.

"What on earth would they be doing in a fish tank?" She asked again.

"Let's just say they found it stimulating." He said.

The daughter looked perplexed then confused, then alarmed with a

realization, and then red faced embarrassed with a thought. "What are

you thinking?" The boy asked his sister.

"Nothing." She said, "So Papa, what are we doing with them here?"

"We're going to figure out ways they can work off a private fine for

us so the company doesn't have to get involved. They will cooperate

so they don't get in trouble with the cops and the news media. Right

girls?"

"The food is done Ma'am." Ursula replied.

"Plates are there, tableware in there, cups and glasses there, and of

course milk and juice is in the fridge. Set'em up." The woman

directed.

Ursula and Vicki went into cupboards and drawers to set the table, and

served the meal to the seated family. Ursula thought, "I'm really not

that hungry, these people are disgusting, but I may need the energy

for what is to come, so I'd better eat some of this." The girls

slopped what was left of the food in the skillets onto their plates

and began to sit down.

"What do you think you're doing? I didn't say you could join us at

the table. You can stand over there and eat." She said referring to

the area in front of the sink.

The girls turned to eat facing the sink to avoid the smiling stares of

the two kids, until directed by the mother, "Hey that's not very

sociable, now turn around and face us when you eat." They were

beginning to feel the treachery of having to wear the heels. "Now

let's make plans." She said.

"I'm going to have them wash the vehicles, change filters, and clean

the traps." The man said.

"This house could use some going over." The woman said.

"Can we have them clean our room?" The boy asked.

"Yes Ronny, all of that for starters. Well there are two of them, so

you take one for the inside Millie and I'll take one for the outside."

The man said.

"Okay by me." She responded.

"I'll take the taller one. She knows how this place works already."

He said.

The family sat around talking and watching the two girls wash and dry

the dishes. When they were done, the man took Ursula outside with him

while the mother led Vicki into the living room. "I want this room

spotless." She took her finger along a tabletop and held the scooped

dust up for Vicki's inspection. "See here, I want to be able to do

this anywhere in this room and not pick up a thing."

Vicki listened with crossed arms. The kids milled in and sat down in

front of the couch to watch Saturday morning cartoons on the large

console TV prominently situated in the room. The woman left without

providing anything to clean with. "Do you kids know where the

cleaning supplies are?" She asked.

"Try the closet under the stairs." The boy said, barely distracted

from the TV show.

The two kids sat Indian style, elbows on the inside of their knees,

and their chins resting on their fists. They appeared to Vicki to be

about thirteen or fourteen, but were acting about nine. Vicki came

back into the room almost in tears, dragging the vacuum cleaner, some

rags, a duster and some spray. Her shoes were growing terribly

uncomfortable and she was concerned for the possibility of spraining

an ankle. She looked around to plug in the cleaner.She found one

by the couch. She swooshed down in a squat so the kids would not

discover her bare ass under the short skirt. The girl reacted to a

wafting smell sent by the parachuting skirt. "Oooo, I smell fish."

She remarked, then went back to her show.

Vicki started the vacuum cleaner and started in an area away from the

kids. The boy looked up and suggested, "Our mom always has us pick

up the big stuff first so it doesn't wreck the machine."

Vicki thought it best to follow directions. She couldn't afford to

make any enemies in this house. She tried different ways and angles

to bend, stoop, and squat to avoid any embarrassment from greater

exposure. As she bent facing the kids with legs straight working on

an area where several paper clips and staples were on the rug, the

mother came up from behind unnoticed and stroked her bald pussy lips,

saying, "That's a nice start. It seems you know what you are doing."

The collected bits spilled from her hand as she lurched up in

surprise. "Oops, I'll let you get back to work." The woman said,

while rubbing her bare buns in circular motions. Vicki got down on

her hands and knees to pick up what she had dropped along with the

rest of the debris in the area.

Outside, Ursula followed the man around helping with the feeding

chores, like she did for so many years with her father, only now she

was mostly naked with a stranger and shivering from the cold. "Is

there a jacket I could wear, at least until the air is warmer?" She

asked.

"Sure, a bit nippy still isn't it?" The man said, and went into a

shed and came out with a green with white trim, nylon, wind-breaking,

company jacket with a soft thin flannel lining. He helped Ursula on

with it. It felt like heaven in the new protection. "Now give me the

skirt." He insisted.

"What?"

"I like the missus' idea of the insurance so you don't run away. You

can wear the top or the bottom. It makes no difference to me.

Ursula was profoundly conflicted. The jacket felt so good, her young

firm breasts were finally free from his glare, and she was able to

build back her body heat, but she would have to bare her womanhood,

bald as a newborn baby at that, to his purview. Figuring she could

walk carefully to keep her legs together, she slowly and reluctantly

removed and turned over her skirt to the man. She instinctively put

her hands down to cover her triangle, but was handed a sponge, pail

and chemicals to clean with, requiring them.

Inside, Vicki was making her way closer and closer to the twins. She

decided to work on the other side rather than disturbing them from

their show. She picked up the vacuum cleaner above their view and

stepped over the girl's legs, then the boy's. "There, don't you smell

it now?" She asked her brother.

"Yeah, I see what you mean. Hey girl. I think you need a bath." He

said.

"Yeah, you're stinking up the place." His sister said.

"Maybe your mother will let me take one later." Vicki conceded.

"I think you should do it now." The sister said with her brother

nodding his agreement. "Come with us." As they passed their mother

in the hall, they responded to her questioning look, "Don't worry Ma,

we are just going to clean her up so she doesn't stink up the place so

much." The girl said.

"Don't be long with her. We have lots for her to do before the

weekend is over." The mother said.

As they marched her up the stairs, the kids could see that she didn't

have her knickers on. They both looked at each other with a look of

"pleasant surprise". "Here you can use the one off of our room." The

boy said. Once in the room, Vicki instantly realized why the kids

wanted help cleaning up their room. There was hardly a space of floor

to step on. Her skirt flipped up and down and her arms flailed up and

at the sides, as she stepped across items in her high heels, trying to

keep her balance.

Once at the bathroom Vicki said, "Thank you, I'll be but a minute."

"We're going to help you. We wash each other all the time. Sometimes

our mother even has us do her." The girl said.

"I changed my mind. I don't think I'll bathe right now." Vicki said

trying to retreat.

"Our mother said it was okay for us to wash you, so that is what we

are going to do. Now, you first, into the bathroom." The boy said,

pushing her ahead with his hands on her upper arm. Into the bathroom

she stumbled and almost slipped on the tile floor. The boy started

the water while the girl stood staring at her with her arms crossed

sizing Vicki up. "Now off with the skirt." She ordered

patronizingly. Vicki was resigning herself to cooperating to get

along and to be out of the place. She unzipped the skirt, looked at

the boy who was eager with anticipation, and finally lowered her skirt

to the floor. She stepped out of it as she removed one shoe and then

the next. The relief she was feeling, of being out of the heels,

somehow made it all worth it at that moment. She stepped into the tub

and lowered herself down into the warm water for a moment to wet

herself down, then stood for further directions.

"Look Rhonda, she doesn't have any hair like you are starting to get."

Rhonda took a closer look. "Sure she does stupid, she shaved it

that's all. See?" She said stroking the area against the grain. The

boy took the direction and did the same.

"You don't act ticklish when I do that like Rhonda here does." He

said, "You actually seem to like it."

She took in deep breaths and bit her lower lips as he continued to do

it to find out the ultimate reaction he might get from her. Finally,

Vicki put her hand on his to gently communicate for him to stop and

said, "I'll bet she does, don't you Rhonda."

They both looked at the girl who looked down and blushed. "Is that

right, Rhonda? You know I really like it when you wash me there too.

I just act like I am ticklish because I am embarrassed sometimes the

way it makes me feel." The boy confessed. "Sometimes you wash me too

rough too." He scolded.

"Have you two washed up today yet?" Vicki asked. They looked at each

other quizzically and looked back at Vicki shaking their heads "no."

"Then why don't you join me." She said, sensing she could shift the

dynamics a bit.

They shrugged and the boy said, "Okay," and they were both in the raw

in no time. Rhonda was budding new breasts and Ronny was sprouting a

few pubic hairs. "Okay Rhonda, stand next to her. I want to see if

you both like it the same. They each stood in the tub facing the boy,

the girl's left leg in front of Vicki's right, both standing with

their feet a little more than shoulder width apart. The boy started

to gently feel the side-by-side pussy's, comparing the texture,

relief, warmth and slipperiness of each. His sister resisted the

initial reaction to back away instinctively as if he were touching her

most ticklish spot. Rhonda watched Vicki out of the corner of her

eye. When Vicki started to roll her eyes back she did so as well,

when Vicki started to squat against the boy's fingers, she did so as

well.

"You know, the nipples feel really good when they are touched too."

Vicki advised in a breathy voice.

The boy looked longingly at her breasts, but realized he only had two

hands, so he nuzzled his face against Vicki's breast, then ran his

nose against his sister's nipple. They each let him know he was

embarking in welcome territory as he alternated back and forth like a

one-man band. Vicki started undulating and moaning, leaving Rhonda

behind, as she could no longer keep up imitating the changes Vicki was

going through. Finally, Vicki came, juicing up the boy's hand causing

him to concentrate harder on her snatch to maintain the same level of

friction. Eventually, Vicki put her hands on his wrist and backed up

off of his fingers, "That's it. No more, I can't take any more.

Whoa, that was good, right Rhonda?"

Rhonda was frustrated and a little angry. Her brother was mesmerized

by the phenomenon he just witnessed and had a hand in. She rinsed off

and stepped out pouty and pissy.

"How about me?" Ronny asked.

"Have your play toy do it. I'm outta here." Rhonda said in a huff.

She dressed and left the house. She looked around and found her dad

leaning against a roof support watching his temporary assistant toss

food to the hungry fish, boiling the water of the tanks. She was

wearily carrying a heavy bucket while swinging out handfuls across the

surface of the water. Her leg and butt muscles rippled as she

maneuvered in her heels along the cement walkway.

"Hey kitten, you can just watch with me this morning. I've got all

the help I need."

Rhonda leaned against the post mirroring her dad, watching the sexy

Ursula, but thinking about the sexual response of Vicki, that she

couldn't keep up with. "Store's open soon. I need to run into town

for a few things. Care to supervise the detailing of the vehicles for

me?" The man said.

"Sure Pop, no problem."

Rhonda watched awhile longer alone, while Ursula finished the feeding.

Ursula put the back of her hand on her forehead and declared, "I need

some sleep."

"There is work to do first. Follow me."

Ursula stumbled along behind looking in all directions for anyone who

might chance to see her bare ass. "Ouch! Oh shit!" She said as she

stumbled on some large sized gravel.

"What's up?" The girl asked looking back.

"I hurt my ankle." She said as she limped along behind her to the

vehicle area.

"I'll let you take off those heels as long as you answer my questions

truthfully and do what I say."

"Anything." Ursula said, going immediately for the shoes. Ursula

bent over to massage her ankle as Rhonda walked around behind her.

"So, why did you and your friend shave off your hair down here." The

girl said, looking at Ursula's bald fig staring back at her.

"Ah, so we would be more sensitive down there." Ursula said,

surprising herself by how truthfully she answered.

"That sounded like the truth. So, how long did you live here?"

"Till I was sixteen."

"Here, fill this." The girl said handing her a bucket. "Wait until

the water is warmed up. Now." She said as she poured in some liquid

soap. "So why are you here?"

"I brought my friend here to show her where I grew up."

"Here use these sponges. Why didn't you ask to come at regular

business hours like everyone else? Start washing there."

"I didn't think you all would let us skinny dip in the tanks, would

ya?"

They both got a little chuckle at that. "But why skinny dip in one of

our tanks?" The girl asked like an attorney who thought she knew the

answer already, but recognized it was still a theory.

"Well, . . ."

"Yes, go on."

"Well, it kinda feels good to be nibbled on by the fish."

"Sure I guess, but to risk all that you did you . . . Oh, I think I

get it. Come over here. Put your hands on this bumper. Keep them

there. Now spread your legs. That's it. A little more. Okay. Now

hold still." The girl said, bringing the pail of warm soapy water

around behind Ursula. "Do you like this?" She asked, rubbing a warm

soapy natural sponge around her pussy. Ursula started to rise from

the position, "Don't move or the heels go back on. Does this feel

good? You can just nod your head." Ursula nodded while fighting back

tears of embarrassment and biting her lips to keep from uttering any

signs of enjoyment. Hold still while I . . ." The girl unzipped the

jacket and tucked the tails up under the back of it by her shoulder

blades. "Do you like this?" Ursula nodded as the girl massaged,

tugged and kneaded her breasts. "How about these?" Ursula nodded as

the girl focused on her erect nipples. The girl gently pinched and

pulled the left nipple while concentrating on the sudsy massage of

Ursula's love center. Ursula's legs started shaking, her stomach

quivering, her breathing alternating between squeezing the breath out

and panting. Finally her knees buckled lowering the target from the

girl's obsessive ministrations, but the girl followed like a hound on

a fox.

"Oooo, oh-my-god, no more, I can't take it." Ursula finally pleaded.

The girl stopped, reflecting on the scene before her. "Why can't I

react like that?" She thought to herself.

Inside, Ronny was trying to get Vicki to stimulate him. Vicki had

told him that she had never done that before, that she wouldn't know

what to do, and that he should show her.He sat down on the edge of

one of the beds. "Put your hand on it and try different things while

I watch and learn what things you like the best." Vicki advised. He

laid back across the bed and Vicki laid down perpendicularly on her

stomach propped up on her elbows, with her head right at his hip for

the box seat view. "Here, I'll help you by doing this." She said, as

she started rolling his nipple around with her index finger. The boy

tried different ways to hold his penis while rubbing it. "Tell me

when you like it and when you don't." She requested. He started to

close his eyes and move his hips.

"Here do it." He said, having built up the sensation to a height he

had never experienced before.

"I can't. I don't know how to do it yet. Show me some more. What is

happening to you?" She said, encouraging him to take matters in his

own hand again.

"I can't take it any more. Something is going to happen. What should

I do? I can't stop." He pleaded.

"Don't stop. It's going to be all right. This is a good thing. I'm

sure. Keep going . . . Oh my! Look what it does. That's what makes

you pregnant? Wow, that's cool." She critiqued.

The boy opened his eyes wide as his groin went through spasms shooting

out ropes of cum. When his breathing got under control, he said,

"That was incredible. This is a messy thing to do isn't it? Now I

have to wash up again. You get started picking up our room and I'll

get cleaned up."

Vicki watched as the boy ducked into the bathroom with her head

propped up in her hand. When he came out, she was fast asleep on his

bed where he left her.

Outside, Rhonda had picked up a running hose, put her thumb on the end

and cooled Ursula's passion down by shooting the hose at her soapy

crotch. This perked Ursula right up, as she tried to pad away, moving

her butt up and forward as much as she could to get away from the

cold, licking, water missiles, heat seeking her crotch. With her

hands palms out as deflector shields at her rear, she tried to zigzag

away from her attacker. Her breasts jutted out proudly, but even

their young firmness jiggled with her attempts at escape.

Rhonda stopped the attack and directed Ursula to climb up on the rear

tires to wash the sides of the fish transport tank truck. Ursula

climbed up and had to straddle the tires on two axles grouped

together. She held on to a railing running along the outer belly of

the tank with one hand, while accepting the soapy sponge from the girl

with the other. That's when Rhonda opened fire again on her open and

vulnerable cunt.

"Please! Stop please. I'll kill myself up here." Ursula pleaded.

Rhonda stopped shortly after that. She was growing more and more

frustrated with these two intruders. They had bigger breasts, better

shapes, and a natural response to womanly stimulation. She was like a

pressure cooker at whistle time. She realized that she had put Ursula

in genuine danger of being hurt. She threw the hose down, turned,

kicked the bucket over, went over to the pickup, banged open the

tailgate, sat down on it, and started to cry into her hands.

Ursula slowly and carefully worked her way down the tanker and walked

over to the back of the truck. She looked at Rhonda not knowing what

to do. Finally she asked, "What's the matter?"

Rhonda put her hands down for a moment, looked up at Ursula looking

concerned back at her, determined that Ursula's concern was sincere,

and confided, "I'm not as pretty as you two, okay? I don't respond as

pleasurably as you do, I'm plain, I'm stuck out here in the country

with only my brother as a friend. My life is a bust, okay? You happy

now?"

At first Ursula didn't know what to say. The girl's candor was

surprising. Then she had an idea. "How long do you think your dad

will be gone?"

"Probably hours. His errands usually includes a visit to the pub,

why?"

"Well, I'll show you a secret to this place if you promise not to tell

anyone where you heard it." Rhonda was fully present at the word

"secret". "Follow me."

Ursula led her to tank three in the barn. I don't know if these fish

are still hungry, but we might be able to wet their appetites a bit.

You've got to get those shorts off . . . and the knickers. Good, now

wait here a minute. I'll be right back."

Rhonda stood worried that she may be in for a con. When Ursula

returned, she had her fingers smeared with a paste. "Remember when

you asked about my having shaved, the skinny dipping, and all? Well,

put some of this where you like to touch yourself the best and dip

into the water.

Rhonda perked her expression right up, took a dab of the paste and

smeared it along her slit. She pealed off her top and jumped in. She

didn't get much attention from the fish to her legs like she had in

the past, but as she opened her legs up, she got a great deal of

attention for her crotch. "Oh-my-god Ursula, how did you learn about

this. This is fantastic."

Ursula smiled. "It's even better right before feeding. Now you can

understand our taking the risk to experience it this one time.

Whenever you want special time, you can sneak out here and the fish

will be your friends. You'll find you actually live at one of the

most special places to live at. I just wish I had discovered this

when I was your age. It took me until I graduated from high school to

have it happen the way it is supposed to."

Rhonda listened to Ursula talk with eyes closed and a blissful

expression on her face. Then a shadowy figure at the window got her

attention, "Oh God! We're gonna get it now." She exclaimed.

Just then, the mother stormed in the door, marched over to tank three

in a huff, and yelled, "What are you doing to my child, you evil

perverted monster! Rhonda, get outta there right now! First I find

your friend asleep on the job, and learn that she forced my other

child to pull his thing until he soiled himself with his own seed.

Now I find you introducing my precious daughter to the perversions of

bestiality. You both git your sorry asses over to the house this

instant."

Rhonda gathered up her clothes and hugged them to her chest as her

mother swatted her ass to get moving. The out of shape woman tried a

couple of times in vain to kick each of the girls in the ass as they

marched/jogged to the house just ahead of her. Once inside, the woman

ordered, "Git your brother."

She ordered each of the girls to bend their bodies over an arm of the

couch. When the twins returned, she directed them to tie the ankles

to the corner legs and all four hands together, stretching their upper

bodies across the top of the couch. "Now git!" She ordered the

twins. The kids went to the hall and sat on the stairs listening to

their mother pace, rant, and threaten with the terrible things she was

going to do to the intruders when her husband returned.

The boy and the girl were worried for themselves, but had developed a

fondness for these strangers as well, and wanted to help them avoid

their projected fate. They put together a makeshift plan and prayed

for a big enough window of opportunity to help these strangers out.

They thought that if they got their mother drunk now before her

ordinary drinking binge at noon, they could help Ursula and Vicki

escape.

Rhonda came in with a tall glass with ice and Ronny came in holding

her bottle of wiskey. "Ma, we're sorry." Rhonda said, holding the

glass while Ronny poured. "We're sorry that our actions have upset

you." Ronny said as his sister handed the full glass to her mother as

a peace offering.

"Humpf." The woman said as she accepted the offering and backed her

butt into her drinking chair to enjoy it.

"We'll start punishing these girls for you." The boy said slapping

Vicki's butt. She looked up at him quizzically, because it didn't

have much of a sting. He calmed her concern by putting his fingers to

his lips to tell her to be quiet about it.

"I've got this one." The girl proclaimed as she tried to maximize the

noise and minimize the pain.

"You are good kids." The mother said relaxing.

"Take this!" The boy said, pantomiming a message to the girls to ham

it up.

"Ouch!" they each yelled.

"We don't ever want to see your sorry asses in these parts again.

(Slap) You hear?"

The girls played along. Now that the mother was no longer looking at

them, the kids were clapping their hands to make the sounds, sparing

their intruders even that. They kept up the act, through one complete

refill of their mother's glass, and when she started nodding off, they

untied the girls. The hardest thing to find were their tops and the

car keys, but eventually they were successful.

The kids walked them to the edge of the cared for property. "Go

before Papa gets back." The boy said.

"Will you be okay?" Vicki asked concerned.

"We'll think of something to say." He said confidently.

"Rhonda, Vicki and I looked just like you when we were your age. Be

patient for a couple of years. You're going to be a knockout, I

promise." Ursula encouraged, and Vicki smiled in accordance. "Take

good care of our friends, and thank you." Ursula said, giving her a

hug.

They all exchanged hugs and the girls started to hightail it to the

car. There was a look back for a final wave, and the girls could hear

the boy ask his sister, as they were returning to the house, "What was

that about our friends?"

"Oh, nothing." The girl replied.