

Jolene

My heart pounded as I heard the key turn in the front door lock. He's home. He had barely enough time to put down his suitcase when I jumped off the couch and into his arms.

"You're home! I missed you so much," I said, hugging him.

"I missed you too, kitten," he said, kissing me on the lips. I could feel him stiffening beneath his trousers, anticipating his real welcome. I gently brushed the growing bulge with my fingers as we kissed.

"I need a drink," he said. I took his coat and hung it up before fixing him a scotch and water, handing it to him as he settled on the couch. He lit a cigar and sipped his drink while I sat on the coffee table and helped him out of his boots. I was unbuckling his trousers when he stopped me.

"Let me look at you first," he said. I stopped what I was doing and straightened up. I was wearing his favorite outfit, a tiny pair of white cotton panties and a skimpy baby-tee. "Turn around."

I felt his hands cupping my bottom and caressing my thighs. He had strong hands but a light touch that sent chills through me and gave me gooseflesh.

"Okay, keep going." I knelt between his thighs and unzipped his trousers, fishing inside his silk boxers for his cock, his beautiful cock, so happy to see me. I kissed the tip, my way of saying grace for the bounty I was about to receive. Then I guided it into my mouth, parting my lips to accept his hardness.

"My sweet little girl," he groaned. "I missed your loving mouth."

I looked up at him and smiled as well as I could with two inches of penis in my mouth. But a smile isn't just in the mouth. It's in the eyes, too. I looked up at him with love as my tongue

swirled over his hardness, getting a gentle hand caressing my cheek in return.

I took him deeper in my mouth, ravishing him with my lips and tongue, caressing his cock and balls with my hands. Three years I'd been sucking his lovely cock, and I knew what he liked and how to please him. There was a spot on the underside of his penis that was quite sensitive, and I concentrated on that special place with my tongue. He liked having his balls handled, gently of course. I treated them like fragile eggs in a nest of graying hair.

It started with a twitch, his cock dancing in my mouth as I sucked him. I redoubled my efforts, my head bobbing in his lap as I pleased my lover. His hips began to rock in time with my sucking, driving his hardness deeper into my mouth. My tongue lingered over his glans, tasting his precum. Fingers dancing over his shaft and balls, I brought him closer to fulfilment.

"That's it, baby. Here it comes," he groaned. I felt his balls tighten and his cock tense in my mouth, the head flaring like a cobra's hood. I looked up at him and was about to nod when he came, his fat prick erupting in my mouth, spurting a thick wave of semen that filled my cheeks and slid down my throat. I gently squeezed his balls with one hand, milking his shaft with the other, urging the rest of his sweet load into my mouth. He sighed and patted my cheek as he relaxed, settling back into the plush couch.

"Baby," he said. "Just what I needed." I kept his cock between my lips as it softened, dribbling the last of his ejaculation. It tasted different, but two weeks abroad eating strange food will do that. I tried to identify the spicy aftertaste, wondering what he'd eaten. Was it Dubai this time? Or Singapore? No matter. I was glad to have him back.

"Come here, baby," he said, tugging at my shoulder. I released his glistening cock from my mouth, giving it a loving kiss and cleaning the last of his cum with my tongue. He pulled me into his lap and kissed me, tasting the traces of his semen that lingered on my lips.

"Thank you," I said, leaning against his broad chest.

"Thank you what, baby?" he said.

“Thank you Daddy,” I sighed, his hands roaming up my thighs, brushing against the crotch of my panties, feeling my heat and warmth through the cotton.

Except he wasn't my Daddy. My Daddy was the Devil.

* * *

I was the youngest of three children, growing up on a West Texas cattle ranch. We were a pretty happy family until Mama left when I was ten. I never knew why, but I thought it might have had something to do with that preacher who came through town a few weeks before she left. That was the last we heard of her.

We all took it pretty hard, Daddy especially. He'd drink himself to sleep every night. Sometimes he'd pass out on the floor and piss himself, some nights he'd just cry. There were a few nights we thought he'd kill himself, but my oldest brother Arlen would hide the shotgun shells, and we'd watch Daddy tear apart the house looking for them. Arlen was pretty sharp for a fourteen-year old, so Daddy never found the shells. Coby, my other brother, was twelve then, and he'd hide under his bed and try not to cry too loudly. He was really scared of Daddy.

After a few weeks Daddy settled down, getting drunk only on weekends. My brothers and I were left to fend for ourselves, and even though I was just shy of eleven, I did all the housework and some of the chores, too, even cooking all the meals.

Since Mama was home-schooling us, we either had to go to school or get a tutor. Daddy didn't have the cash for a teacher and he needed Arlen and Coby working the ranch full time. Daddy stewed over this problem until one Saturday night when he went out alone in the truck, coming back the next morning with his clothes all sooty and smelling like gasoline. That Monday, I heard from the grocery man that the County Courthouse caught fire Saturday night, and a hundred years of birth and death records went up in flames. After that, Daddy didn't talk about school or tutoring anymore, and nobody from the school district came looking for us.

About a month after the fire, Daddy was getting drunk on the porch, sitting on the steps and

drinking bourbon from the bottle. It was a Friday night, a hot windless night. Daddy was in a crying mood, maybe because he and Mama used to go dancing on Friday nights. I watched him from behind the living room curtains for a while before I went upstairs to my room.

It was hot, even though the windows were open. I went across the hall to my Mama's old sewing room and opened those windows as well, hoping to catch a breeze and cool off my room. I propped my door open a few inches with a shoe so it wouldn't blow shut in the middle of the night and wake me. My the door to my brothers' bedroom was shut, but they had an old fan that kept the air moving.

I stepped out of my overalls and pulled my t-shirt over my head, leaving my panties on as I climbed into bed. Even the thin top sheet was too heavy on that sultry night, so I cast it aside and lay on my back, staring at the ceiling as my Daddy's sobbing carried up from the porch. I was thinking about Mama, too, as I drifted off to sleep.

The sound of my door closing woke me up. It was still dark and I couldn't see my clock. I was about to reach for the lamp when I heard the sound of feet shuffling across my floor. I froze.

"It's just Daddy, Jolene," he said in a horse whisper. I could smell the bourbon on his breath. I looked up at him.

He was standing at the foot of my bed, naked. He had the bottle of bourbon, nearly empty, in one hand. In his other, he held his hard cock.

"Daddy, what are you doing?" My heart started beating fast.

"I jus' wanna talk, baby." He came around to the side of my bed and sat down heavily, nearly falling over before he found his balance. He reached over to my bedside table and turned on the lamp, almost knocking it to the floor in the process. I shielded my eyes against the sudden brightness with my hand.

"Oh, sorry hunny," he slurred. "I jus' wanna see how you're growin' up." As my eyes adjusted to the light I saw how he was looking at me.

Not quite eleven, my breasts were just fleshy lumps beneath my nipples, more leftover babyfat than breast tissue. Mama was supposed to get me my first training bra, but she left before we could make the trip into town. I wondered if Daddy would take me to buy one, and how I was supposed to ask him. And then he touched me.

He'd taken a swig of bourbon and then reached out with a callused hand for my chest, fumbling with my nipple, flicking it with a rough finger. I squirmed away from his hand, ending up against the headboard of my bed.

"Sorry, hunny. Your Mama used to love that," Daddy said. "You got hairs down there yet?" He tugged at the waistband of my panties.

"No, Daddy," I whimpered.

"Lemme check," he said, putting down the bottle and pulling at my panties with both hands. I was scared enough to comply, worried that he'd go nuts if I didn't, so I lifted my bottom up from the bed to make it easier to remove my panties. Once they were off, he pressed them against his nose and inhaled deeply, once, then twice, then a third time. Then he turned and looked at me.

"Spread your legs, baby." He didn't sound so drunk now. I spread my legs apart, first a bit, then some more. He leaned in, examining me closely. My lips were still a bit babyfat puffy, still hairless the last time I'd checked, which was a that morning in the bath. I felt his finger between my legs and I closed my eyes, expecting the worst. But he didn't penetrate me, though he tried. I was too dry down there.

Then I felt his hot breath on my chest and his tongue, nearly as rough as a cow's, flicking over my nipple. I just lay there, eyes closed, legs apart, hands at my side, while he suckled my nipples and ran his finger over my labia.

Suddenly, I felt his hand around my wrist, guiding my hand between his legs to his erection. He rubbed my palm against his cock to show me what he wanted me to do. I wrapped my fingers around his penis and stroked him, moving his foreskin up and down over his shaft. I could hear

him groan as he licked my nipples, stopping only to grab my wrist and move my hand faster over his hardness. I got the message, stroking him faster.

I had to admit that I was enjoying what he was doing to my nipples, making my feel tingly between my legs, like when I'd rub myself there late at night. But the whole situation scared me, because you never knew what Daddy was going to do when he was drinking.

"Ready for Daddy's cum, baby?" he said.

"Um..." I wasn't sure what he meant by that. Before I could ask, he got up and stood next to the bed, wrapping my hands in his own as I jerked his cock. This was the first good look I'd had, and I began to wonder what it would feel like inside me, how much it would hurt. Just then, Daddy's cock twitched in my hand, and a warm, milky fluid began to shoot out of the tip.

"Open up," he said, aiming his spurting penis at my face. A couple of squirts landed in my mouth and the hot bitterness made me gag almost immediately. I kept coughing and retching as Daddy let go of my hand. His cock had softened and was partially retracted in its hood. I reached for my water glass, but Daddy held the bottle of bourbon up to my lips, upending it. Most of it went over my face and chest, mixing with his white spunk, but some went down my throat, making me gag again. My eyes watered up and I started to cry.

"Jus' gonna hafta learn to like it," Daddy slurred, putting the bottle up to his lips and draining it. "Damn! This tastes like cum!" He threw the bottle out the open window and it smashed on the ground where Mama used to have her flower bed. Then he left, slamming my door shut. I wiped the semen and bourbon off with my discarded panties and washed my mouth out with water before laying in bed, crying and listening to Daddy throwing things against his bedroom wall and screaming my Mama's name.

Daddy didn't say anything about what happened the next day, but he told me I could spend the day at the library, even sending Arlen with the truck to pick up me and my bicycle when it began to rain. He drove me back to the ranch, wondering how I became Daddy's favorite all of the

sudden.

“Pull over,” I said, starting to cry. Arlen looked at me and pulled to the side of the road.

“What’s the matter?” he asked. “Is it about Mama?” I shook my head. Arlen put the truck in neutral and turned off the engine. He edged closer to me on the bench seat, putting his arm around me and holding me while I searched for the right words.

“Daddy,” I said between sobs. “He came in my room last night.”

“Did he hurt you?” Arlen asked.

“Not really,” I replied. “He licked my titties and made me jerk his thing and then he came on me.” I looked at my brother through my teary eyes, seeing a strange expression on his face, almost like Daddy’s when he saw me naked the night before. Arlen had just turned fifteen, and he looked more like Daddy with each passing day, from his sharp nose and chin to his clear blue eyes.

“You’re growin’ up to be a pretty girl, Jolene. Daddy’s lonely for Mama and he sees you with your blonde hair skinny legs and he sees her,” Arlen said, holding me tighter, his thigh pressed against mine.

“But he’s gonna want to...put his thing...you know,” I said. “I know he wants to.”

“Hell, I wouldn’t mind...,” Arlen started to say. Then he leaned in and kissed me on the lips, gently at first, then a bit harder, and then I felt his tongue force its way into my mouth and flicking against my own. He tasted like spearmint chaw and soda pop, and I flicked my tongue back at his. His hands were all over me, up my thighs and under my dress, feeling all the way to my nipples. His hands were a bit rough, but not as bad as Daddy’s, and it started to feel good.

I squirmed on the seat, not to escape, but because squirming felt really nice. It felt like there was an oven between my legs, and only pressing my thighs together could put it out. I had one hand pinned against the seat but I reached for Arlen’s thigh with the other, moving up until I could feel his hardness beneath his jeans. Arlen felt almost as big as Daddy. I felt him groan as my finger traced the ridge of his cockhead through the worn denim.

“That’s it, squirt,” he said, breaking off our kiss. “Just like that.”

“Don’t call me ‘squirt’!” I squeezed his hard penis, making him jump.

“Ow! Damn, do that to Daddy and he’ll kill you,” Arlen barked. “And then me and Coby, just for hearing the shots.” I started to cry again, because I knew he was right. Arlen held me in his arms.

“I just want to make Daddy happy again,” I said, after my crying jag had ended, “but I don’t want to hurt. I’m too young for this. It scares me.” Arlen shook his head in pity or sympathy, I couldn’t tell which. My brothers were closer to each other, and Daddy, than me. I was Mama’s child, helping her cook and clean and tend her flower bed. While Arlen and Coby worked the ranch with Daddy, Mama would give me extra book lessons or teach me to sew an apron.

“Let’s go home,” Arlen said, starting the truck and slipping it in gear. “We gotta tell Coby.”

“No!”

“Yes. You don’t know how he is with Coby,” Arlen said.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean when we’re out working. What Daddy says to Coby. It’s bad.”

“I don’t understand,” I said. Was Coby in some kind of trouble? I never heard Daddy act mean to him, but I never worked with the livestock either. The bigger bulls still scared me a little.

“Daddy thinks he’s gay,” Arlen said, slowing as he turned on to our stretch of road. I wasn’t too sure what “gay” meant, but I had an idea that it had to do with how Coby was sort of skinny and cried a lot when he was younger. He had the same blond hair and hazel eyes that I had, that Mama had, and until he started his growth spurt that year, people often mistook us for twins.

“Trouble is, he’s right.”

* * *

“Okay, tell Coby what you told me,” Arlen said, closing the door to their bedroom. I couldn’t remember the last time I was in there. My brothers always had the door closed, shutting out

Daddy's drunken rage and self-pity I figured. There were a couple of NASCAR posters on the wall, looking like they'd been salvaged from someone's trash. A busted television with its guts hanging out was half-hidden under the bunk bed. Arlen and Coby sat on the edge of the lower bunk while I sat facing them, perched on an old milking stool with a broken leg splinted with cloth tape and a strip of tin.

Under the dim light of a single 25-watt bulb I could barely see their faces. This made it easier, I guess, and I got through telling them almost everything that happened before the tears started. I didn't sob though, but my voice just trailed off at the end. Silence.

I heard the screen door bang shut. Daddy was heading into town for a bottle. It was Saturday night, so he'd probably buy two. The sound of the truck faded into the distance before Arlen spoke.

"Whatd'ya think, Coby?"

"Shit. I always thought he'd try to do me first."

"Not with me in the room," Arlen said.

"What am I going to do?" I asked.

"Lay back and enjoy it, Jolene," Coby said.

"That's not funny," I snapped.

"No, it's not. But you could meet him half-way."

"What do you mean, Coby?"

"He means if you can suck him good enough he won't want your pussy," Arlen said.

"Right?" Coby nodded.

"But what's good enough? Mama's not here to show me that," I said.

Arlen laughed first, then Coby. I didn't know what was so funny.

"Show her, Coby," Arlen said, still laughing as he stood up and dropped his jeans. He stepped out of them and pulled down his boxer shorts. I finally saw the cock I'd felt that afternoon in the truck. Unlike Daddy's, Arlen's penis didn't have the collar of skin that covered the head. As

he pulled his t-shirt off, I leaned closer to get a better look of the cock that was stiffening, levitating until it was sticking straight out. He had some short hair growing down there, barely covering his balls and groin.

Coby had taken off his overalls and t-shirt, and as he skinned off his fraying white briefs, his cock popped out, standing at attention. Like me, Coby was hairless, and his penis was about the same size as Daddy's middle finger. Like Arlen, he lacked that outer skin, and I wondered at what age that extra part appeared.

"Pull up and get a better look, Jolene," Arlen said as he sat down on the bed. I scooted over with the stool as Coby piled their clothes between Arlen's feet, making a cushion to kneel on.

Coby steadied himself on his brother's thighs and then, to my utter amazement, leaned in and took Arlen's erection in his mouth.

"Ahhh..." Arlen sighed, leaning back on the bed and propping himself up on his elbows. Coby slowly engulfed his hardness in his mouth, sinking down in his brother's lap until his nose almost touched Arlen's pubes. Then he worked back up, making his brother moan and slowly rock his hips. Coby's hands were busy as well, cupping Arlen's balls and stroking his shaft. He looked up at his brother, watching his reactions. Then he pulled Arlen's cock from his mouth with a loud "slurp".

"Here. You try," he said, pointing Arlen's penis at me. It glistened with his spit, the head a swollen reddish-blue. Hesitantly, I got up from the stool and took his place between Arlen's legs. Coby showed me how to hold him, one hand cupping his nuts, the other around the base of his penis.

"Watch your teeth and use lots of tongue," he said. I leaned in and opened my mouth wide, wrapping my lips around my brother's shaft. It tasted like, well, spit. A bit of sweat, that salty taste, too. I didn't know what to do with my tongue, so I flicked it over his cock, like we'd done when we kissed in the truck, except this wasn't his tongue.

“Ow, teeth,” Arlen said. I guess I scraped him a bit. I kept sucking more of him into my mouth until I felt him hit the back of my throat, and I felt like gagging so I backed off. I swirled my tongue over the tip and the whole thing twitched in my mouth.

“Yeah, like that,” Arlen gasped.

“Keep that hand moving,” Coby said. I nodded as I realized that I didn’t have to suck the whole thing if I could rub the rest with my hands. I started jerking him quickly, the way Daddy liked, but he caught my hand in his and made me slow down.

Coby coached me as I sucked Arlen, showing me how to twist my head and lick the sides, how to tongue his balls, even how to lick his ass, which I wasn’t about to do. Coby did it though, and Arlen seemed to love it. I’d watch Coby suck Arlen a certain way, and then I’d try it while Coby talked me through it.

“Okay, get ready for his cum,” Coby said, when I was back between Arlen’s legs. I’d figured out that working a cock with my hands and mouth was no harder than rubbing your tummy and patting your head at the same time. Arlen seemed to be enjoying it, the way he was moving his hips and groaning. His cock danced in my mouth, twitching and pulsing as I bathed it with my tongue, my fingers gliding over his shaft. I was feeling really hot down there, under my panties, and I squeezed my thighs together. I wanted to touch myself, but not in front of my brothers. Besides, I only had two hands.

“Here it comes, I’m gonna squirt,” Arlen said. I was just about to bite his wanger and scream “Don’t call me squirt!” when he started to squirt. In my mouth. Ewww.

Luckily, there wasn’t nearly as much as Daddy, and it wasn’t so bitter. Bland was more like it, almost sweet. I swallowed it without gagging, feeling really naughty for doing it. I kept Arlen’s cock in my mouth as it grew soft. He shivered when I swirled my tongue over his head, quickly sitting up and pulling me off his cock.

“Ow, watch it. It’s sensitive after I come,” Arlen said.

“C’mere, Jolene,” Coby said, pulling my arm. We were both still kneeling on the floor next to the bed. Coby leaned in to me and kissed me on the lips, his tongue darting around like Arlen’s had that afternoon in the truck. He held me by the hips, but he didn’t try to feel me up like Arlen.

“He likes the taste of my jizz,” Arlen said, watching us kiss. I felt his hand under the back of my dress, feeling my bottom through my panties. “Take that dress off, Jolene. Lemme see you.” Arlen sounded sort of like Daddy when he said that.

“So what does gay mean?” I asked, breaking off the kiss with Coby. He blushed bright red when Arlen laughed.

“He just showed you,” Arlen said. “Take off your dress and I’ll explain.” Still puzzled, I stripped off my plain yellow sundress, sitting down on the stool to take off my shoes and socks.

“Panties, too,” Arlen said. I hesitated, but skinned them off, too.

“Lemme see you. Lay on the bed,” Arlen said. I sat down next to him and lay back on the bottom bunk. When I felt his hand on my thigh I knew what he wanted and spread my legs, exposing my pussy to my two brothers. Arlen was entranced, examining my hairless twat from every angle. Coby took a quick look and then reached under the bunk bed, pulling out a cardboard carton. I craned my neck to see what was inside the box.

“C’mere, Jolene,” Coby said. I got up from the bed and squatted on the floor next to him. The box was full of glossy magazines. I reached in and grabbed one. It was called “Hustler”.

“Wow,” was all I could say. “Wow.”

I leafed through the brightly colored pages, each with its own wonder. It didn’t matter whether it was a featured model or an ad for a huge black dildo that looked like a bull’s giant tool. I’d never, ever seen anything like it.

That wasn’t the only magazine in the box. There was one called “Playboy”. but that was all articles and ads for scotch. The women were pretty, though. There were a few “Barely Legal” magazines, with ladies nearly as old as Mama with their hair up in pigtails. A few of the magazines

were in some weird language, maybe German or Dutch or something. The girls were younger, some of them with two guys or more poking them with hard cocks. They all had nice white teeth and pretty smiles, even when two guys were spurting semen on their faces.

Coby had his own stash of magazines, hidden at the bottom of the box. There was a “Playgirl”, which was mostly text, a couple of magazines about pro wrestlers, and one called “Blueboy”. I opened the last one and looked at the pictures inside, bursting out laughing when I saw one man sucking the cock of another, just like Coby had done. Now I knew what “gay” meant, and even if I hadn’t figured it out from the pictures, the captions and titles said it all: “Gay Boys in Bondage” and the like.

“Coby!” I said, laughing, holding up a picture of one man with his cock stuck in another man’s bottom. He blushed deep red, but his stiff little cock was hard.

“I guess you figured it out. Coby’s been sucking me for almost two years,” Arlen said. His cock was half hard again.

“And that doesn’t make you gay?” I asked.

“No, because I don’t suck him back.”

I looked at Coby. He had a smirk on his face that said “Yeah, right.”

“What about this?” I asked, picking up the “Hustler” and leafing to a page that showed a big black man with his face buried between the legs of a blonde woman. The big picture didn’t show much, but smaller insets showed all the missing detail. His big, pointy tongue was licking her pussy, and her wrinkled, brown labia were spread flat, glistening with his saliva. I held the picture up to Arlen.

“Well, Coby ain’t got no pussy,” Arlen said.

“But I do.”

“You want me to lick your pussy? No way,” Arlen said.

“It’s only fair!” I protested. “I sucked your thing!”

“Okay, get your butt in this bed, Jolene,” Arlen said, laughing.

“Ever do this before?” I asked him, laying on the bottom bunk.

“No, never,” Arlen replied. He took the magazine and studied the picture of the man licking the woman and put it down before kneeling between my legs.

“Good thing you ain’t hairy,” he said, leaning into my crotch. I felt his hot breath on my lips and then his warm, wet tongue penetrating me. He worked inside me, his tongue probing me like a finger, before swirling up and down my slit. When he hit the swollen little nubbin at the top I almost jumped out of my skin. Arlen flinched, afraid that he’d hurt me, but I grabbed his head and guided him back between my legs. He resumed probing my hole with his tongue, avoiding the spot that made me jump.

“What’s it taste like?” Coby asked.

“Not bad, not fishy at all,” Arlen said. “Here, try it.”

“Um, that’s okay,” Coby said.

“C’mon Coby, lick me and I’ll suck you,” I said.

“Okay, just once.” Arlen moved back to make room for his brother. Coby took a long look at my wet cunny and slowly leaned in, his eyes closed. Unlike his brother, he went straight for my clit, his tongue teasing and lashing it and making me squirm and moan.

“Wow, what are you doing to her?” Arlen asked.

“See this little bump?” Coby said, spreading my labia with his fingers. I propped myself up on my elbows to get a good look. Coby touched the swollen little pearl and I felt an electric tingle surge through my whole body.

“Yeah, above the peehole. Whatsit do?” Arlen asked.

“That’s her clit. It’s sensitive like a cock head,” Coby explained.

“How do you know so much about pussy?” Arlen asked. I was wondering that myself.

“I read it in a book at the library, a medical book.”

“Keep going, Coby. That felt wonderful,” I said, laying back as he resumed licking. I watched Arlen while he watched Coby, seeing his cock grow harder. He sat on the stool and stroked his cock. I had the urge to suck him again, now that I knew how to do it right. Just the idea of sucking him again made me feel really sexy and naughty.

Coby’s licking grew faster, and I felt one of his fingers press inside me, pushing in until he hit my cherry, then backing out and pushing in again. My hips began to move against his finger and tongue, almost by instinct or reflex. I was thinking how much I’d love to suck Arlen again when it hit me, my first orgasm. Coby must have known this was going to happen, but Arlen was taken by surprise, just as I was. It was this huge wave of pleasure that took control of my body, making my back arch and my thighs quiver and clamp around Coby’s chest. I felt like I was falling and I shrieked, which even startled Coby. It hit again and again and the room got a lot dimmer except for the yellow stars everywhere. Then Coby stopped and the stars went away.

“Wow...that was...wow...,” I panted, trying to catch my breath.

“That’s how girls come,” Coby explained, sitting down on the bed next to me.

“Damn, I’m jealous,” Arlen said.

“She’s still got her cherry, too,” Coby said.

“And I aim to keep it,” I added.

“Not in this house,” Arlen laughed. “It’s either me or Daddy that’s gonna bust it.” He leaned forward, finger extended, aiming for my twat, but I snapped my legs closed before he got close. He fell on to the bed next to me, laughing and tickling me. The bed sagged noisily under the weight of all three of us.

“You gotta suck Coby now like you promised,” Arlen said. I nodded and got off the bed and scooted between Coby’s skinny legs. Before doing anything I got a good look at his hairless cock and balls. His nut sac shrivelled when I touched it, looking like a pair of peach pits. Coby watched me until I took his stiff prick in my mouth, gasping and closing his eyes when my lips closed

around his cock and my tongue swirled over his smooth shaft. He didn't have a veiny penis like Daddy or Arlen, but he did have that muscle along the bottom that twitched when I did something good to his cock.

Arlen watched us for a spell and then he sat up and straddled Coby's chest, offering his hard cock for his brother to suck. All I could see was Arlen's butt and his balls hanging down, his cock disappearing into the shadow that covered Coby's face. I could hear his lips and tongue making squishing noises around Arlen's cock. This time I kept a hand free so I could touch myself in that place Coby licked. It was too sensitive to touch directly, but I could make myself feel really good by circling it with my fingertip. It was nice and slippery from Coby's licking.

I found myself really getting into sucking Coby's cock. It was nice and slim, so there was no problem scraping him with my teeth. And it was too short to block my throat and make me gag, so I could get the whole thing in my mouth. From the way his penis twitched in my mouth, I could tell he liked what I was doing.

While I sucked his smooth cock and licked his hairless balls, I watched his hands on his brother's shaft and nuts, caressing them and fondling them. Then Coby took Arlen's cock from his mouth and licked one of his fingers. He resumed sucking and with the moistened fingertip, began to probe Arlen's ass. I stopped sucking for a moment to watch, hearing Arlen grunt when Coby's finger pressed inside him. He began to move his hips back and forth, sending his cock in and out of Coby's mouth, fucking his brother's face like a woman's pussy. Coby's finger fucked in and out of Arlen's bottom, just like he'd fingered my pussy while he licked my clit.

I kept sucking, keeping one eye on my brothers and one hand between my legs. Coby's cock was twitching a lot more, and I knew he was going to cum pretty soon and squirt his stuff in my mouth. I was wondering how much cream he was going to make when I heard Arlen groan, his hips shuddering and shaking the rickety bunk bed. I could hear Coby swallowing and I knew it was Arlen's cream going down his throat.

Now that the show was over, I concentrated on milking Coby. Using both hands again, I gently caressed his cock and balls. A thought occurred to me and, using a finger still slippery with my pussy juice, I found Coby's tight asshole and pressed against it. I heard Coby moan, the sound muffled by Arlen's cock, still in his mouth as it softened. He pulled out and lifted his leg back over Coby's chest, as if he was dismounting a horse. I could see Coby's face again, Arlen's spunk dripping from the corner of his mouth. He smiled and closed his eyes as I pushed my moist finger inside his bottom, feeling the ring of muscle resist. His cock was twitching wildly between my lips, and I tried to tame it with my tongue.

Suddenly, Coby stiffened, his asshole tightening around my finger as his cock gave one last twitch and a tiny spurt of come. There wasn't a lot of spunk, and it seemed thinner than Arlen's or Daddy's, blander, too. But Coby stayed hard after he came instead of getting soft and small. He shivered again when I swirled my tongue over his cockhead, but he didn't make me stop. He just lay back and ran his fingers through my hair. I remember thinking that I hoped that wasn't the hand he used to finger Arlen's butt.

After I pulled Coby out of my mouth, we lay together on the bed. I'd never felt this close to anyone except Mama, and thinking about her made me a little sad. I didn't cry, though. Then we looked through some more of the magazines. Arlen and Coby had read them all many times, but they were new to me. That was my sex education, one night of looking at glossy magazines with weird stains on some of the pages.

There was one magazine that Coby and Arlen didn't look at, though. It was smaller than the others and it was all letters to the magazine from people that had sex with their family. My brothers didn't read so well, and the only pictures were black-and-white, except for the ads which were the same ones as the other magazines, phone sex lines and pictures for computers. I was going to ask if I could borrow that one when we heard Daddy's truck driving up the road. I grabbed my clothes and tucked the magazine in my dress before running out of my brothers' bedroom, heading for my

own. Before I put my clothes on, I slipped the magazine under my mattress. I was dressed by the time the screen door squeaked open and banged shut, and I squatted by the door and listened to Daddy walking into the kitchen, bottles clinking in the paper sack he carried.

The rain that passed through brought cooler weather, so I kept my bedroom door closed, hoping Daddy would just get drunk and pass out. I lit my bedside lamp and fished under the mattress for the magazine. It said "Family Letters" on the cover, and the table of contents listed about twenty stories with one line descriptions, like "Her weekend with the grandparents turns out to be more than she expected!" or "I caught my brother and his best friend in my panties!" or "This family prays together and PLAYS together!".

I opened the magazine to a random page, thumbing back to the start of that story. It was about a mother and her daughter, how she takes her for her first bra and then surprises her with her first vibrator. There were a lot of words I didn't understand, especially parts of her pussy that were some foreign language, but while the mother puts that plastic thing inside her she explains all the parts to her. I read a couple of pages but I started to miss Mama. I imagined the lady looking like her, smelling like her. I looked for another story.

The next one was about two brothers, older than Arlen and Coby by a few years. They lived in a big house in California with a swimming pool, and their parents went away on a trip, leaving them alone together. It was really cool the way they described each other, tanned bodies glistening with oil, like their whole bodies were one big cock. And unlike my brothers, they had no problem sucking and fucking each other.

I was curious how it felt to have a cock in the bottom, so I licked my finger real well and shoved it down the back of my panties. It hurt when I pressed it in, not the sharp pain of Coby's finger hitting my cherry. More of a burning, instead. My finger wasn't wet enough, so I pulled it out and sniffed it. Yuck.

In the story, the brothers used some sort of oil to make it easier, and I started to wonder about

how true these letters were. I read parts of two more, and it seemed like they could have all been written by one or two people. I started to read a story about a widowed father and his daughter when I heard a knock on the door. I quickly shoved the magazine under the mattress just as the door opened. It was Daddy.

“Jes’ me, Jolene,” he said. He had a bottle with him and two glasses. I sat up in my bed and smoothed my dress over my legs so he wouldn’t see my panties. He set the glasses down on the night table and sat on the edge of the bed.

“I wanna talk to you, ‘bout las’ night,” he said, pouring bourbon into the two glasses. “Here.” He handed me a glass. I sniffed it first and sipped it carefully. It burned my tongue and made my eyes water, and I reached for the glass of water on my bedside table to chase it. Daddy laughed and downed his bourbon, pouring another shot for himself. I took another sip, and this one went down easier. I felt a warmth in my stomach, and a tingling under my skin. Not bad. Not bad at all.

“Daddy, you were drunk last night,” I said.

“Well, I ain’t drunk now, and I still wanna do you,” he said, holding up the bottle. It was only a third gone, so he was still fairly sober.

“Why, Daddy? Why don’t you find another lady like Mama?” The booze had loosened my tongue. Daddy looked like he was about to holler at me but caught himself.

“An ol’ mule like me? Hell, I couldn’t keep a wife, how am I gonna catch one?” He slugged back his drink and poured another.

“You’re handsome, Daddy.”

“You think so?”

I didn’t reply. Instead, I put down my glass and climbed into his lap, wrapping my arms around him and kissing his stubbly cheek. He put down his drink and wrapped me in his arms, kissing me on the lips. He tasted of booze and tobacco and his tongue nearly filled my mouth. I felt his cock stiffen inside his overalls, pressing up against my thighs.

“Take your dress off, baby. You can keep them pannies on,” he said. I pulled my dress up over my head and he kissed me again, his fingers flicking over my nipples. I pressed my thighs together and wiggled my bottom in his lap, feeling his cock grow harder.

“Let me make you happy, Daddy,” I said, undoing one of the snaps of his overalls. I unhooked the other and the front dropped down. I ran my hand over his chest as we kissed again. He lay back on the bed and I climbed on top of him, tugging at his overalls and pulling them down over his waist. Then I pulled down his boxers and got a really good look at Daddy’s cock and balls. Compared to Arlen’s they were big and compared to Coby’s they were huge. I pulled back the skin of his cock and his big purplish head popped out, blunt where Coby’s spear was sharp. I opened my mouth and extended my tongue. Daddy gasped as I settled in between his hairy thighs and began to suck his hard cock.

My only thought was to keep him from tearing my pussy apart with this thick tool, so I began to lick and suck him as if my life depended on it. I worked him with both hands, cupping his big balls and stroking his shaft quickly, the way he liked it. His hips moved like Arlen’s, fucking my face like a substitute pussy. I had to open my mouth real wide to keep from scraping him with my teeth, and his big swollen cock head didn’t leave much room for my tongue. But I still made him twitch and dance in my mouth, and I knew I could make him come like this.

And come he did, in big thick spurts that filled my mouth. It was just as bitter as last night, and I couldn’t help but gag a bit, but I swallowed it down fast so I wouldn’t have to taste it for too long. He stopped spurting and started to get soft, the tension in his body draining with his sperm. I let him fall from my mouth and got up from between his legs, reaching for my glass of bourbon and taking a sip. It cut the bitter taste of his spunk nicely. I drained the glass and took a sip of my water. Daddy just lay back on the bed with a smile, his eyes half-closed like he was falling asleep. But he was wide awake.

“Where did you learn to do that, Jolene?” he asked, an angry edge in his voice. My stomach

churned as I began to realize that I was in big trouble. Daddy pulled up his shorts and overalls and sat up, taking a big swig straight from the bottle before pouring another shot.

“You’re gonna be mad, Daddy.”

“I ain’t gonna be mad. Now tell me, where did you learn that, Jolene?”

I knew the “ain’t gonna be mad” part meant nothing when that bottle was past half-empty. I thought fast, knowing that the truth, that Coby showed me, was out of the question. The magazines, too, would get them in trouble. I couldn’t tell him I’d read it in the library, because I didn’t want to lose my privileges. Besides, there was nothing in that library that had anything to do with sex, other than the medical textbooks Coby had seen. I had one last choice, and I reached under the mattress for the magazine.

“What’s that?” Daddy asked. He could hardly read at all.

“It’s a magazine I found by the side of the county road,” I said.

“What’s in it?”

“It’s stories about people having sex. Families.”

“Read me one, willya?”

I sat back in my bed, next to my lamp. Daddy poured me another drink, telling me I had to “catch up”. I took a small sip while he lay across my mattress. I turned to the story about the father and daughter and began to read. He sipped his drink slowly as he listened to me read about how the daughter seduced the father in an effort to cheer the young widower up, how she surprised him in the shower, soaping up his penis and milking him with her hands. The father took his daughter to bed, full of guilt and doubt and shame, but with a huge erection anyway. I was just about to read how he popped her cherry when I heard Daddy snoring.

I couldn’t believe my luck, and there was something about this that reminded me of that “1001 Nights” story Mama used to read to me. I took the magazine and tiptoed into the sewing room, reading the rest of the story by lamp light, before making a bed on the floor from bolts of

cloth and chair cushions. I checked on Daddy, still asleep on my bed. His glass of bourbon had spilled, staining my bedsheets. I went back to the sewing room and fell asleep.

I woke up late the next morning, fuzzy headed from the liquor, and not sure of where I was. Then I remembered what happened the night before. The funny thing was that someone had covered me with a blanket during the night. I wrapped it around me and walked into my bedroom. Daddy was gone, only the two glasses and the bottle were left. It was past ten, so he and my brothers must have been out working, even though it was Sunday.

That night I read Daddy another story, jerking his cock while I did it and only sucking on it when he was about to come. I couldn't read and suck at the same time, obviously. He didn't get drunk that night, he just kissed me on the forehead and went off to bed, his own bedroom this time.

Daddy didn't like the gay stories, and he wouldn't ever kiss me on the lips after I sucked him. I read the rest of the stories over a couple of weeks, starting over at the first one. But three times through the stories was enough for Daddy, and some nights he'd just want to lie back while I sucked his cock.

Daddy didn't drink so much then, and he stopped being so mean to Coby. My brothers knew what I was doing, and we still fooled around whenever we could, though we had to be careful around Daddy. Coby was happy to have Daddy off his case, and he'd lick my pussy in gratitude whenever I wanted. I found that I didn't think about Mama so much.

Then I made my deal with the Devil.

* * *

I knew Daddy wanted to fuck me badly. He had started to talk really dirty when I sucked him, calling me his "little babyslut" and telling me how he was going to stuff my little cunny full of cock and make me scream and cry. Sometimes, he'd talk about fucking my ass, and one time he called out Mama's name when he came.

It was on another really hot night, a Friday night, and Daddy was on my bed, naked. He'd

bought a new book of stories for me to read, the latest issue of "Family Letters". I'd read him a good one, about a mother who teaches her daughter how to suck her father's cock, and he really came hard, filling my mouth with his juice. I'd been drinking my bourbon with ice in it -- that's how hot it was -- and it really went down smooth, especially after the ice started melting. I'd been rubbing my cunny while I read the story and my lips were slightly red. I saw Daddy staring between my legs.

"I really wanna fuck you, baby," he said. I saw his soft cock stir slightly. He had never come twice in a night, but I knew it was possible. Arlen and Coby did it all the time.

"Not until I have hair down there," I said. I was a little dizzy from the booze, and I hardly realized what I was saying. Daddy looked surprised at my demand, not the actual words, but that I'd say it at all.

"And not my ass, either," I continued, growing bolder. I took another sip of my drink. "Not until I'm big enough and old enough so it doesn't hurt. I don't want to hurt, Daddy." The last part was a plea, delivered softly, to stir his heart. If he had one left.

"But you'll read me stories, right? And suck me?" He had a look on his face I'd never seen, like a child asking a favor from his mother.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Come here, Jolene," he said, holding out his arms. He hugged me and even kissed me on the lips until he remembered that I had just sucked his cock and swallowed his spunk. I wanted to hear him tell me that he loved me and that he wouldn't hurt me, but this was good enough. I actually fell asleep in his arms that night, though his snoring woke me up and I ended up in the sewing room again.

Daddy kept his part of the bargain, never even touching me down there, though he'd check to see if I was growing hair every Saturday night. I'd check myself every morning in the bath with a hand mirror, plucking anything that was visible with Mama's old eyebrow tweezers. Since I had

such light blonde hair, it was hard to see anything. But Coby had just begin to sprout his first pubes, a ring of hair around the base of his cock and a few sticking up on his balls. They were nearly brown, darker than his eyebrows, so that's what I looked for.

This went on for over a year, until just after my twelfth birthday. There was now a stack of "Family Letters" magazines in my closet, and I'd gotten used to the taste of bourbon and sperm. Daddy had caught Arlen and Coby watching through a hole in the wall one night, and instead of being pissed off, he brought them into my room to listen to me read the stories and watch me jerk and suck his cock, while he encouraged them to stroke themselves. He was proud that both his boys were shooting semen, joking about putting them out to stud like his bulls. He'd never make me suck them, though, and though I wanted Coby to lick me after I sucked Daddy -- the stories got me really hot, too -- I never had the nerve to ask.

Most nights it was just Daddy and me, but he'd have my brothers watch and jerk off sometimes, mostly on Saturday nights. Those were the nights he'd check me for pussy hair, and I'd read the stories with my panties off, sitting cross-legged in bed with the book in my lap, fingering myself with one hand while I stroked Daddy with the other. He didn't care to watch me come, so I'd take care of myself after he left.

It was another hot summer night, a thunderstorm brewing over the hills to the west. When I heard Daddy trudging up the stairs, the tinkle of ice cubes in the glass he carried, I put away my diary and pulled out the magazine from my bedside table. Daddy knocked and walked in to my bedroom. Arlen and Coby followed a minute later.

"Saturday night, Jolene. Time to check your cunny," Daddy said, pouring me a drink. He poured shots for Arlen and Coby, too. They stood there in their undershorts while I took off my blouse and skirt. Daddy had given me all of Mama's old clothes for Christmas, the ones she didn't take with her. A lot of them were torn and shredded, by Daddy during a drunken rage, I figured. But I managed to sew most of them back together, taking in the hems, waists and sleeves to fit my

slim body. I even managed to alter some of her underthings, and it was a pretty pair of her pink satin panties and a soft-cup bra that I wore that night. I slipped off the bra and stepped out of the panties and sat on my bed, next to the lamp. Daddy knelt next to the bed and spread my thighs.

“A hair. I see a hair,” he said, laughing.

“A hair? Where?” I bolted upright in bed and looked down at my pussy, in a state of utter panic. I must have missed one in the bath that morning. No way it could have grown that fast.

“I see two,” Coby said.

“Where?” Arlen asked.

“Yup, I see it. Right there near her butthole,” Daddy said. I reached for my mirror and held it between my legs. Two hairs. Damn.

“Deal’s a deal, little lady,” Daddy said, stepping out of his trousers and unbuttoning his shirt.

“Yes, Daddy,” I sighed.

“Now, I’ll try not to hurt you, but it’s gonna hurt,” he said, stepping out of his shorts. His cock was hard and pointing straight out.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“I been waiting for this for a while,” he said, getting into bed and kneeling between my legs.

“Wait, Daddy.”

“What?” he asked. He had his cock in his hand, the outer skin pulled back, and his body hovered over mine.

“Could I have Coby bust my cherry? Or Arlen? It might hurt less. Then you can fuck me with that big cock. Please?” Daddy looked at me and then at my brothers, and then he climbed back out of bed. I looked at Coby and Arlen, seeing their erections tenting their shorts. Coby was fourteen, and he’d grown a lot. Arlen was nearly as big as Daddy, but without a foreskin. He and Coby had it removed after they were born, and it wasn’t something that grew later like I thought.

“Okay, Coby first. Then Arlen. Then me. And you boys better not cum in her pussy! I ain’t

fuckin' another man's come, not even my own boys'!"

"Yes, sir," they said, as they peeled off their shorts. Coby climbed into bed, ready to kneel between my spread legs, but I tugged at his cock, beckoning him to straddle my chest. I wanted to suck him first, so he'd be nice and slippery, maybe come a little faster, too. He was almost four inches long, and I had no trouble taking his whole cock in my mouth. After a couple of minutes of sucking, he was cock was glistening with my spit, ready to slide inside my virgin cunny.

I'd tried to prepare myself for this moment, using my fingers and the handle of my hairbrush to poke at my hymen, as Coby called it. Unlike plucking hairs, this wasn't the sort of pain you got used to. It was too sharp for that. Instead, it was something like birthing a baby, a pain you had to get through. I took a deep breath and let it out, preparing for the pain. Coby's cock was poised at my cunny, ready to part my lips. I reached down and guided him to the right spot, pulling on his penis so he'd know to press forward with his slim hips. His slick penis slipped inside me, stretching me, filling me. It felt great until he hit my cherry.

"Ow, Coby! Stop! It hurts!" The pain of his slim cock pushing into my cherry was too much. He grimaced and backed off.

"Keep going, son," Daddy commanded. Coby hesitated.

"Wait, Daddy. I need a drink first to kill the pain," I pleaded.

"Okay, fine," Daddy said, pouring more bourbon in my glass.

"Lick me," I whispered to Coby. He smiled and nodded and scooted between my legs. Daddy handed me the glass and I sipped it while Coby licked my tender hole. Daddy watched and sipped his drink, shaking his head as he watched his youngest son eat his daughter's pussy. Coby licked me good, and I started to come in front of my Daddy, which was sort of embarrassing.

"Okay, that's enough. No need to make her all sloppy with spit, boy." Daddy tugged on Coby's shoulder, pulling his mouth off my pussy. I took a big gulp of bourbon and got ready.

"I don't want to know where you learned that trick, Coby. But at least it ain't dick in your

mouth.” Daddy patted Coby on the butt at my brother stretched out over me, his cock poised at my wet pussy. I guided him inside me again, and closed my eyes.

“Quick, boy! That’s the way to do it,” Daddy said, pushing down on Coby’s bottom. His cock pressed into my cherry and tore it in a flash of white hot pain. My vision went red for a second, and I wrapped my arms and legs around Coby, trying to keep his cock from moving. Every little movement inside me meant searing pain. My tears began to flow, and Coby looked down at me and kissed me, his own eyes welling up with tears. “Sorry, Jolene. I’m so sorry...” he whispered.

“Give her a good fuckin’, boy. And don’t forget to pull out,” Daddy commanded, pouring another drink. At this rate he’d be drunk by the time Arlen was done with me. Maybe he’d pass out first. But right now I had to get through this, my first fuck.

Coby began to thrust in and out, and it still hurt, but not as much as when my cherry broke. In fact, as the alcohol went to my head, it began to feel pretty nice. I’d wince if he went too deep, so he stayed shallow, fucking my tender pussy with short, quick strokes. I felt him twitching inside me, the way he’d spasm in my mouth when I sucked his cock. He started to twitch some more and then he pulled out, his hand jerking his glistening cock, shiny with blood and pussy juice. It didn’t take long before he gasped and shot his little load on my belly, his hand finally slowing down as his cock softened. He kissed me on the lips before he got up from the bed. I reached for my sheet and wiped Coby’s spunk from my belly.

“Good job, Coby,” Daddy said, swatting him on the bottom and handing him a shot of bourbon. Coby feigned a smile and downed the shot, trying not to choke on it.

“You’re up, Arlen,” Daddy said, downing another shot. “Stretch ‘er out for me real nice, y’hear?” Daddy laughed at that last part. I couldn’t remember the last time I heard him laugh. Arlen got into bed and leaned down, kissing me on the lips.

“Can I suck you first?” I asked. I liked sucking Arlen’s penis, and if we weren’t sister and

brother I'd want him for a boyfriend. He looked just like Daddy, except without twenty years of West Texas sun and wind tanning his skin like leather. Arlen smiled and nodded. He liked the way I sucked him, almost as good as Coby, who was still his favorite.

I gently cupped Arlen's balls and aimed his hard cock at my mouth, swirling my tongue over his head and shaft, accepting his clean-tasting cock gladly. His pubic hair had grown over the last year, and ticked my nose as I drew him deeper. Arlen began to slowly rock his hips, fucking my face like a pussy. Soon enough, he'd have the real thing wrapped around his penis.

"Okay, he's wet enough. Fuck 'er, boy. Fuck 'er good," Daddy said. Arlen pulled out of my mouth and got between my legs, his cock shiny with my spit. He placed his hard bone against my pussy and pushed inside me without my help. He lowered himself on me, his body covering mine, and began to thrust, moving only his hips.

I felt the progress of his hard cock in my aching pussy, inch by inch, vein by vein, past my torn cherry, past where Coby couldn't reach. He filled me so deep that I didn't mind the little bit of pain that lingered. I felt his pubes tickle me, this time down there between my legs instead of my nose. The he seemed to get wider and I realized that all of his cock was inside me, filling me.

"You okay?" he whispered. I nodded, my eyes closed, savoring the feeling.

"Go slow," I said. I opened my eyes, seeing him smile as his hips began to rock back and forth, stretching my young vagina. I moved my hips against his, wanting to feel him deeper, aching for his wonderful cock. We began to build a rhythm, and my bed started to creak like a bunch of tree frogs. I looked over at Daddy, who was smiling and stroking his cock. Coby sat on the floor, visibly drunk, his empty glass next to him. He was trying to focus on what was happening, but it was too difficult.

Arlen kissed me again, his cock moving faster inside me. I pushed against him, my pleasure mounting, the pain forgotten. The feeling was even more intense than being licked down there. Arlen's cock stretched me, the top of his shaft rubbing against the bottom of my clit with each

stroke.

Then he lifted my legs into the crooks of his elbows, turning my ass up and grinding the bottom of my cunny with his cock. I wanted to move my hips but I couldn't, and was about to try to free my legs but then Arlen began fucking me with long, slow strokes that made me forget what I wanted to do. It felt amazing, his penis filling my tight pussy on the in stroke, and pulling almost all the way out, teasing me with just the head of his cock, the fleshy ridge rubbing against my lips.

Arlen couldn't keep doing it slow for long, and he started to speed up, fucking me harder with shallower strokes. His balls began to slap against my ass as he pounded me into the mattress, making my bed smack against the wall. I couldn't move, so I just lay back and let Arlen pound my pussy, feeling the waves of pleasure grow with each thrust. Just when Arlen pressed my legs back against the bed and began to really grind into me, I started to come, shaking really hard under him. He let go of my legs and I wrapped them around his back, my pussy spasming and squeezing his cock, my chest and belly heaving as I began to shriek.

I was pushing my hips against his, trying to take him deeper, when I felt his cock start to twitch. He struggled to pull out, wrestling with me while he tried to keep from coming. I came again, and my arms and legs went limp while I shuddered on the bed. This was all Arlen needed, and he pulled out of me, jerking his wet cock, and began to spurt his seed all over my belly. I just lay there, overwhelmed, while his cock dribbled his cream on my skin. Then he climbed out of bed, and I heard Daddy slap his ass.

I was so spent from Arlen's fucking that I forgot about Daddy. I opened my eyes and saw him standing over me. He dropped a towel on me and I wiped off Arlen's semen while Daddy climbed into bed.

"Suck me, Jolene," he ordered, holding up his fat prick. I sat up and leaned into his crotch, slobbering over his cock so it would be nice and wet. Maybe it wouldn't hurt so much. "That's it, baby," he said, holding my head as he moved his hips back and forth, fucking his daughter's

mouth. I bathed him with my tongue, trying to moisten as much of his penis as I could.

“Okay, lay back,” he said. I complied and he knelt between my legs, holding them by my knees and spreading them. Daddy’s body covered me, and I felt his cock head press against my pussy.

“Put it in you, Jolene,” he said. I reached down and guided him to my entrance, closing my eyes and expecting the worst. He pressed forward, his fat cock head stretching me. With the extra skin on his cock, Daddy felt thicker than Arlen, but without the feeling of that fleshy ridge.

“Damn, I coulda had this las’ year,” he said, slowly entering me. He looked down at me, studying my face, looking for some sign of pain, perhaps. But even if it did hurt, I wasn’t going to let it show. Not now, not ever. I just closed my eyes and imagined Arlen was fucking me again.

Daddy didn’t fuck me like Arlen, though. He just lay his 200 pounds on top of me and humped my little pussy. I was pinned to the bed and couldn’t move, not that I wanted to make it better for him. I just wanted him to finish and get out and let me fuck Arlen again, maybe suck Coby while we did it. I closed my eyes and thought of sex with my brothers and it hit me again. I started to come under Daddy, and though I tried not to squeeze his cock with my pussy, I couldn’t help it.

He must have liked that because he fucked me harder and faster. I felt his hips stutter and his cock twitched inside me, and then he came, filling my pussy with his cream. I came again when I felt him spurt inside me, trembling and shaking beneath him. He let out a deep breath and climbed off me, taking his bottle and leaving the room without a word. He just slammed his bedroom door shut and that was that.

I looked at my brothers. Coby was drunk and half passed-out on the floor. Arlen was draining the rest of his brother’s drink. He looked at me and shrugged his shoulders. I figured that Daddy was freaked out when he saw me come. I don’t think I ever did that in front of him.

Arlen dragged Coby to bed while I took a warm bath. I felt really sore down there, and there

was blood all over my thighs, making the bath water turn pink after I got in the tub. Daddy's sperm leaked out of my swollen cunny in long, milky strands. I still hadn't had my period but I wondered if I'd get pregnant, anyway. I'd ask Coby tomorrow, if he wasn't too hung over.

Daddy's spunk was still leaking out of me after the bath, so I had to find an old pair of cotton panties, stepping into them before getting into bed. There was blood and other stuff on the sheets, so I changed them before turning out the light and falling asleep.

I was really sore the next morning, to the point that it hurt to walk. I took another warm bath and a couple of aspirin. Daddy saw how slow I was moving at breakfast, but he didn't see anything. Arlen and Coby noticed, too, but they weren't going to say a word in their father's presence. Finally, after breakfast, Daddy went out to the truck. Coby followed, but Arlen lingered behind.

"You okay?" he asked while I cleared the dishes.

"A little sore," I replied. "Actually, really hurtin'."

"Sorry I fucked you so hard, Jolene."

"Tain't your fault, Arlen. Truth is, I liked it."

Arlen smiled and kissed me on the cheek before running off to catch up with Daddy and Coby. As I washed the dishes, the truck rolled off across the ranch.

Except for dinner, there wasn't much to do on a Sunday, so I lay in bed with a bag of ice between my legs and read. Daddy must have had some pity on me, because after dinner I found a couple of prescription bottles of pills, old drugs Daddy took after a broken leg a few years ago. They were past their expiration date, but I took one of the painkillers anyway. It made me dizzy like the bourbon, but the pain was finally gone. Daddy didn't visit me that night but it didn't matter because I passed out cold before nine.

For the next three years Daddy would come into my room almost every night. He still liked to hear me read stories from "Family Letters" and jerk or suck his cock. On weekends, when he'd

had that little extra drink or two, he'd climb on top of me and stuff his cock inside my pussy, fucking me like he'd done that first night. Even after my periods started, he'd still fuck me unless I was on the rag, only he'd make me douche afterwards while he watched. It must have worked, because I never got pregnant.

I'd still fool around with Coby and Arlen, and though Coby didn't care to fuck me much, he was fascinated with my growing breasts, kissing and suckling them while Arlen fucked me. He liked playing with my ass, too, and he even talked me into letting him stick his cock there. We were drinking Daddy's bourbon that night while he was passed out on the couch. I let him do it, and it didn't feel bad, but it didn't feel so good either. Having him in my bottom while Arlen's tool was in my pussy was much better, though. I got the feeling that Coby was thinking about boys when he was in my bottom, just like when he'd close his eyes while I sucked him.

Even after Arlen got a girlfriend, he'd fuck me. We explored all sorts of positions and did it in all kinds of places around the ranch, even in the back of Daddy's truck. Doing it with Arlen was fun, and I was starting to tolerate Daddy. At least with Daddy, it was over quick, and he wasn't crying on the porch or throwing stuff anymore. Sometimes, he was downright pleasant, relatively speaking. He was stingy with praise and a stranger to affection.

Everything changed after Daddy found Coby's magazines.

* * *

It was the week the man from the oil company came to the ranch, hoping to get Daddy to sign over the mineral rights. I remember seeing that big black car driving up the road, the man in the suit stepping out, the reflection of the sunlight off his aviator shades.

I soon learned his name -- Mr. James Phillips, Esq. of the West Texas Oil and Gas Consortium -- and why he was here. He and Daddy talked in the kitchen, and after I served them coffee I couldn't help but stare at this handsome businessman. He was taller than Daddy, with a full head of perfectly groomed silver hair, not a lock out of place, icy gray eyes that looked right

through a person, same color as his suit. Being a Texan, of course he wore cowboy boots. Unlike Daddy's, these were finely tooled black leather, boots that never stepped in cow shit. I stood next to the icebox, taking my fill of this handsome stranger's looks until Daddy barked at me to get busy. Even so, I sat right outside the kitchen and eavesdropped.

Daddy had some weird notions about drilling on the ranch, that it would release poison gas that would kill his herd, or make sinkholes that could snap a bull's leg. On top of that, Daddy didn't trust anyone, much less some stranger in a suitcoat with a briefcase full of blank contracts. Mr. Phillips had heard it all though, and he gave as good as he got.

In the end it was the money that sealed the deal, cash up front plus a percentage of production. Even if nothing was found, Daddy would get the same as a year's income, after taxes. The tax part got Daddy in the mood to start ranting about the government, and soon he had his bottle out and was bending the ear of that poor oil man. Mr. Phillips took it in stride, but he excused himself and left the first chance he had. I sneaked upstairs to my bedroom and watched him drive away.

The surveyors were coming the next day, so Daddy, Arlen, and Coby got busy mending the north fence. Actually, Arlen and Coby did the mending, while Daddy sat in the truck and drank. My brothers got tired of his "supervision", so they sent him back to the house to get some more nails from the shed.

Coby had a separate stash of porno, hidden beneath a loose floorboard in the toolshed, an area that he was responsible for. Daddy had gone in to look for the nails and he stepped on the board, taking a closer look when he felt it creak under his foot. Daddy had never seen that sort of thing in his life, glossy pictures of men with men, doing things he never imagined.

I was in the kitchen cooking dinner when I heard him slam the toolshed door so hard that a hinge broke. He stormed off in the truck, the skidding wheels throwing up tails of loose gravel and dirt. I ran out to the shed and saw the loose board, torn magazines on the floor. As soon as I saw

the pictures I knew what had happened. I ran around the house and got my bicycle, madly peddling across the ranch to the north fence.

It took nearly ten heart-pounding minutes to get there, and I was so out of breath that I could barely see. But I felt like screaming when I saw Coby laying in the weeds by the fence, Daddy standing over him and Arlen trying to hold Daddy back. When I got closer I could see Coby's face was bloody. He wasn't moving. My heart stopped for a second, thinking his was stopped forever. I rushed to his side while Arlen and Daddy hollered at each other.

"Coby! Coby!" I screamed. I knew not to move him or anything, so I knelt next to him and felt for a pulse on his neck. He was alive, breathing, but his nose was bloodied, his lip was split, and his right eye was starting to swell up.

"He's still alive goddammit," Daddy said, spitting at his youngest son.

"You tried to kill him, you bastard!" Arlen shouted. He had Daddy in an armlock, the only thing keeping Coby alive at the moment. Suddenly, Daddy jerked backwards, slamming Arlen against the side of the truck. Arlen was stunned for a second and loosened his grip, letting Daddy lunge forward. Slapping me out of the way with the back of his hand, he grabbed Coby by the collar and picked him up, throwing him in the back of the truck. Arlen tried to stop him, but Daddy slugged him hard, knocking him to the ground. Daddy revved the truck and slipped it in gear, driving back to the house. Coby, still knocked out, bounced around in the bed of the pickup as it roared down the rutted path.

"Jolene, you okay?" Arlen said.

"Yeah, I'm okay. Take my bike, Arlen. Don't let Daddy kill him."

Arlen just looked at me for a second with the fear in his eyes. He knew what Daddy could do. He jumped on my old bicycle and started off for the house. I sat on the ground, my cheek hurting from Daddy's slap, my heart pounding for Coby. I wanted to cry but there wasn't time for that. I ran down the path for the house.

It took me twenty minutes to reach the house. I slipped in through the kitchen door. It was too quiet. I took comfort in the fact that I didn't hear any shots or anything while I ran back, but I expected to hear some screaming at least. I tiptoed across the kitchen and down the hall towards the sitting room. As I rounded the corner, I saw Daddy, lying on the rug next to the couch, unconscious. Arlen stood over him, the broken neck of a bourbon bottle in his fist. There was glass all over the rug and the room reeked of liquor.

Daddy's dick was out, hanging limply from his fly. Coby was face-down on the couch, his pants around his ankles. On the other hand, he was very much alive, sobbing into a cushion.

"Is he...?" I asked Arlen.

"No, he's still alive. I just whacked him with the bottle," he replied, dropping the jagged bottleneck. I ran over to Coby and held him, while he sobbed into my shoulder. Then I brought him into the kitchen and washed the blood from his face. His eye was nearly swollen shut and his lip was still bleeding. He sat there silently while I gently cleaned and dressed his cuts and scrapes.

"Daddy was raping him when I got there," Arlen said. "I just snuck up behind him and whacked him."

"Is he still out?" I asked.

"Yep."

"You gotta take Coby and get out of here," I said. "Take the truck."

"Where? What about you?"

"Don't worry 'bout me. I'll be okay."

"I ain't leaving you, Jolene," Arlen insisted.

"You are. And I'm gonna keep Daddy from going after you. Gonna give you a head start," I said.

"Where we gonna go? We ain't got enough money to get to the county line."

"C'mere. Let me show you something." I led Arlen and Coby up to Daddy's bedroom. I

opened the closet door and reached up into the back of the top shelf, pulling out the old Family Bible. It was Mama's, handed down from her Mama's Mama. She left it when she ran off with that preacher. Guess she didn't need it anymore.

"That's Mama's Bible," Coby said. I opened it.

Daddy had cut the middle out of the inner pages, a square space big enough for a wad of cash. A big wad of cash. Arlen's eyes widened when he saw it.

"There's \$1642 here, last time I counted it," I said. I was responsible for doing the housework, dusting and sweeping, so I knew all of Daddy's hiding places. I even knew he had a picture of Mama hidden in his wedding suit.

We sat on Daddy's bed and divided the money. I gave Arlen \$1000 for him and Coby, keeping \$500 for myself. I tucked the remainder back in the Bible and opened it to the back. There was a section for recording family events: births, marriages, deaths. I tore the pages out and handed it to Arlen.

"Mama's got family in Tulsa. That's only a day or so away. They're all written down here. You find them, you tell them Daddy's a mean old drunk now. Don't say nothing 'bout Coby," I said. Arlen took the yellowed pages.

"You thought about this before Jolene?" he said.

"Every day for four years." That was the truth.

"Daddy might kill you," Coby said.

"Maybe, maybe not," I said. "But take his shotgun shells anyway."

"How are we gonna find you? Or you find us?" Arlen asked. His voice had an edge of panic, like he'd never see me again.

"I've got Aunt Beth's address in Tulsa," I said. Hers was the most recent entry in the family history, a record of the birth of her son five years ago, along with her address and a notation that a card and bouquet of flowers was sent.

“I still think you should come with us,” Coby said.

“I want to make sure Daddy’s okay,” I replied. “He’s our Daddy.” That settled the matter. He was a mean old bastard, bitter as a rotten radish, but he was our father.

I hugged Coby, then Arlen, then both of them. Arlen helped me drag Daddy into a chair where I could dress the cuts in his scalp. They didn’t look too bad. I let Daddy snore in the armchair while I helped Arlen and Coby pack some clothes and food. Then I helped them load the pickup truck.

“I’ll see you soon, squirt,” Arlen said, hugging me. I squirmed out of his embrace and gave him a playful jab in the ribs. We laughed together like we hadn’t laughed for years, since Mama left. Then Arlen got serious.

“I love you, Jolene,” he said. My eyes clouded up and I hugged him again, yielding to him when he kissed me on the lips. I kissed Coby, too, but that was more of a sister-brother kiss, no tongue. His lips were still tender from Daddy’s fist.

I stood in the drive and watched the truck recede into the distance. After the sound of tires on gravel faded, I turned and walked back into the house, the warm trails of tears engraved in my cheeks.

Daddy was still unconscious, snoring loudly despite the fact that his mouth was open. I felt like grabbing his tongue and ripping it from his throat. Instead, I went to the kitchen and got the first aid kit I’d used to dress Coby’s battered face. I walked back downstairs, got a chair from the kitchen, and sat next to Daddy, pulling shards of glass from his bald pate with a pair of tweezers.

“Mmph! What th’? Fuck!” Daddy sputtered, after I poured half a bottle of peroxide over his head. “Damn! That fuckin’ stings!”

I handed him a towel and he blotted his foaming cuts with it, staring at the pink marks on the white linen, his own diluted blood. Then he looked up at me.

“Where are they?” he asked, his anger burning in his eyes like a wildfire. “Dammit, Jolene.

Where the fuck are they?" I just stared back at him, indifferent.

"Dammit Jolene! Where the fuck did they go!" Daddy grabbed me by the arm and shook me, slapping me when I remained silent. He threw me against the couch and ran out of the house, screaming like a madman when he saw his truck was missing. I could taste blood on my lips and began to fear for myself. Maybe Coby was right. Then Daddy came back inside.

For the next hour, Daddy threw me around the house. Literally. He'd pick me up and toss me like a bail of hay. I'd bounce off a wall or sprawl on the floor, limp like a rag doll. Then he'd pick me up again. He managed to get me upstairs, into his bed, with a combination of throwing, dragging, and pulling.

By this time he was finished screaming, working silently as he ripped the clothes off my body. My mother's yellow sundress, an old frock I had altered for myself, lay in tatters on the floor. He ripped my bra and panties off so hard, the breaking elastic left red marks on my thighs, waist, and shoulders. He wrestled off his own clothes, pinning me to his bed with his knees and elbows as he forced himself inside me. I looked down and saw his cock, still streaked with blood from Coby's lips, hard and red and angry like Daddy's face.

There was no point in reasoning with him, no point in arguing, bargaining, resisting. He'd stopped slapping me and had his rough hands around my neck. I could see it in his eyes, murder in his eyes, like he could wring my neck like a chicken's. I let him push inside me, even though I was dry and it hurt. Every time his cock twitched inside me he'd tighten his grip on my neck, and I nearly blacked out a couple of times. Finally he came, squirting his hot seed inside me.

But Daddy wasn't done with me. He stayed on top of me, inside me, while he swigged bourbon from the bottle he kept next to his bed. I felt him growing hard again inside me, and soon he was thrusting slowly while he drank. His semen lubricated me, but when I started to thrust back, he put down the bottle and slapped me hard.

"You ain't supposed to like this, Janelle!" he screamed. Janelle was Mama's name. He

slapped me again and pulled out of my sore pussy.

“Bitch! Whore! Good for nothin’ slut!” He jerked me up by the arm and turned me over, on to my belly, slapping my face, the back of my head, and my bottom as he did so. Then I felt him on top of me, his hard cock between my cheeks.

“Daddy! Please! No!” I pleaded.

“Fuckin’ slut whore...” Daddy said. His cock pressed against my anus.

“Ow, Daddy! No!” I felt like I was being split open as his fat prick entered my bottom.

“Take it, bitch!”

“Daddy!”

“Take it!”

“Daaaaaaddddy!!”

“Bitch!”

But my pleading only stoked the fires of his anger and lust. I just lay there as he hurt my bottom, thinking about something Arlen had said once, something about “taking one for the team”. I thought it was funny when he said that, considering he’d never been on a team in his life, being home-schooled by Mama and then spending all day working for Daddy on the ranch. Then I realized what he meant by that, and I knew I’d see him and Coby again some day.

Daddy grunted when he came, and settled on top of me. He fell asleep like that, and I struggled to breathe for an hour until he rolled off me.

While he snored in his bed, I took a shower and packed my suitcase. When I checked on Daddy, he was still asleep. Then I took a long hot bath, followed by another shower. I fell asleep in my own bed, my door propped shut with a chair.

I didn’t sleep well that night. After waking up about a half-dozen times I finally gave up, taking another shower before the sun was even up. I was drying off after my second shower of the morning when I heard Daddy stumble downstairs. I looked at my battered face in the mirror. My

lips were swollen and there was a fingernail mark on my cheek. Perfect.

I stayed upstairs, listening to Daddy try to make coffee for himself. Just after seven, I heard the sound of the oil company's surveyors, three trucks slowly rolling up the road to the house. Daddy was out there to greet them, all smiles and handshakes. They left for the north side of the ranch, Daddy riding in the lead truck.

A few minutes later I heard a different set of tires on the gravel road. It was Jim Phillips's car, the big black sedan with tinted glass. He pulled to a stop in our drive, right next to the porch. As he stepped out of his car, I saw him talking on a small black cell phone. I saw my chance.

I grabbed the suitcase I'd packed the night before, running down the stairs. The screen door banged shut behind me and I stood on the porch, wearing my Mama's best pink dress and holding one of her old valises. Mr. Phillips looked at me, said something into his phone, and folded it up, putting it into the breast pocket of his suit.

"Where you going, little lady?" he said in a Dallas drawl. Then the bruises on my face registered. He straightened up.

"That card you gave my Daddy said 'James Phillips, Esq.' on it. Does that mean you're a lawyer?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"Lawyers usually need a retainer. A sum of money up front, right?"

"Yes, ma'am. Usually."

"Is this enough?" I pulled the wad of \$500 from my purse and held it up.

"Get in," he said. I ran down the steps and opened the passenger side door. He got in, started the car, and roared down the road.

"Lawyers and clients have something called 'privilege', right?" I asked.

"That's right, but there are exceptions, like for minor children. How old are you?"

"Sixteen," I lied.

“How old are you?”

“Fifteen. In two weeks,” I said. He looked at me again, trying to look past the bruises.

“Shit,” he muttered. We pulled off the ranch road and on to the county highway. His big black BMW purred over the asphalt. “Tell me. What did he do to you?”

I started at the beginning, right after Mama left, telling him everything, even about Arlen and Coby and me. He pulled over to the side of the road and started taking notes on a big yellow pad of paper. When he was done writing, he pulled back onto the road and drove to his motel. The nearest one was fifty miles from Daddy’s ranch, so it took an hour. He got me my own room, and while I took another shower, he settled down in his own room, talking on his phone while he looked at the notes he had taken.

After my shower, I put on my Mama’s pink dress again and knocked on Mr. Phillips’ door. There was no answer, so I opened the door and walked in. He was sitting on the bed, still talking on the phone, but he’d taken off his suit and put on a bathrobe while I was in the shower. I walked over to the bed and sat down next to him, my diary in my hand.

“That’s right. The Gates ranch. Dry holes. I know we just sent the team out there today. Trust me, it’s dry,” he said. The Gates ranch. That was Daddy’s ranch. I didn’t know what a “dry hole” was, and at first I thought Mr. Phillips was talking about me. Then I figured out that he was talking about drilling on the ranch. I sat next to him on the big, firm bed, waiting patiently while he talked on the phone and took notes on his big yellow notepad, looking around the motel room. Everything was so clean and new, and the bed was so firm. My mattress at home was so thin and lumpy.

Mr. Phillips finished his call and hung up the phone, making a few last notes on his pad. Then he put the paper and pen down and took a long look at me.

“I’ve got to take some pictures of your bruises while they’re still fresh,” he said, taking a small silver camera from his briefcase. I nodded and stood up, unzipping the back of my dress. I shrugged out of the sleeves and let the dress drop to my feet. Underneath, I wore one of Mama’s

old slips, and I pulled it up over my head. I wasn't wearing a bra, and Mr. Phillips shook his head when he saw the bruises on my budding breasts from Daddy's rough fingers. I skinned off my panties, an old white cotton pair, exposing the bruises on my labia and bottom.

Mr. Phillips took pictures of my face and body, with plenty of close-up shots of my breasts and pussy. I knew this was a necessary part of making sure Daddy wouldn't hurt me again, but I was getting a bit aroused while I posed for this handsome man.

"Sorry," he said, after I had gasped when his arm brushed against my breast. I felt gooseflesh on my arms and thighs and my nipples puckered and stiffened.

"That's okay," I said. I felt myself get wetter down there, and while he took more pictures of my back and bottom, I slipped a finger inside my cunny, gently teasing my clit. I was still sore, so I couldn't rub very hard.

"Okay, turn around again," he said. I pulled my finger out of my pussy and complied. His robe had loosened, and I got a peek of his penis, half-hard and bigger than Daddy's. He noticed my gaze and re-tied his bathrobe.

"I wouldn't mind seeing you, Mr. Phillips," I said. "Only fair."

"It's not right, Jolene," he said. His face started getting flushed.

"Please?" I said, walking over to him and untying his robe. He made a half-hearted attempt to stop me, but changed his mind. After I opened his robe, he shrugged it off and it pooled around his feet. I stepped close to him, his stiffening cock pressed against my thigh as I ran my hands over his chest and belly. He was tall and lean, like Arlen, but with broader shoulders and graying hair on his chest.

His cock came to life, pressing between my thighs as I tongued his nipples. I planted a trail of kisses, down his chest, past his belly, until I was kneeling at his feet. I bunched up his robe beneath my knees and looked up at his throbbing cock. It was thick and veiny, and didn't have that extra skin. His balls were like big ripe plums, one hanging slightly lower than the other. I cupped them

gently in my palm, taking his cock in my other hand and aiming it at my lips.

He gasped when he felt my warm mouth and soft lips on his cock. I took him as deep as I could, but could only take half of him in my mouth without gagging. My fingers glided over the rest of his veiny shaft, making his hardness twitch and dance in my mouth. He tasted cleaner than Daddy or my brothers, and his graying nest of pubic hair smelled of soap instead of sweat.

I glanced up at him while I sucked his cock, seeing his eyes closed and mouth open, his broad chest heaving as he breathed. As I bathed his hard cock with my tongue he looked down and smiled, placing his hand on my cheek and gently caressing it. His hips rocked slightly, pushing his penis in and out of my lips. I let go of his balls, using both hands to stroke his shaft as he fucked my face. His nut sack swayed between his legs, sometimes hitting me in the chin. I would have giggled, because his hair tickled, but my mouth was full of his beautiful cock.

Though I'd never sucked him before, I could tell he was getting close to coming by the way his cock tensed and relaxed in my mouth, the heaviness of his breathing, the movement of his hips. Sure enough, he groaned and held my head in his hands as he came, his penis spurting his thick, hot spunk in my mouth. He must have been saving it up for a while, because I thought he'd never stop coming. I swallowed what I could, but some leaked out of my mouth, down my chin, and on to my belly, forming a trail that ran between my legs.

Mr. Phillips hips slowed after he came, and I kept his cock in my mouth as it softened, hungry for the last drops of his yummy cream. He let go of my head and gently pulled me to my feet, leaning down to kiss me on the lips. This was something Daddy never did after I sucked him, and Arlen only rarely. I knew he could taste his own cum on my lips, but he didn't seem to mind. He was a really good kisser, too.

After we kissed, I lay down on the big bed, amazed at how firm and flat it was. Mr. Phillips just stood next to the bed, looking at my body. Then he sat on the edge of the bed and gently touched my breasts. I'd filled out a bit by then, but they were still a girl's little peaches, not like a

grown-up lady's breasts. Mr. Phillips didn't seem to mind. While he ran his hands over them, I reached down between my legs and parted my puffy lips. A twinge of pain from my bruises made me wince.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm sore down there. Could you rub some lotion on it?" I said.

Mr. Phillips smiled and chuckled, getting up from the bed. He returned from the bathroom with two small bottles. I'd seen these in the bathroom of my own motel room and I thought they'd been left by the previous occupant. Now I realized that the motel provided them, along with the tiny soaps and the glasses wrapped in paper.

"Which one?" he asked. There was a bath oil and a moisturizer. I pointed to the latter.

"Could you do my back first?" I said, rolling over on my belly.

"Sure." I heard him squirt some lotion on his hands and rub them together. Then I felt his hands on my shoulders. I moved my hair out of the way as he gently massaged my back and neck, slowly working lower and lower. He gave my bruised tailbone a wide berth. Daddy had thrown me to the floor so hard that the skin down there was scraped raw as well as bruised.

Then I felt his hands on my bottom and I shivered with delight, the goose bumps rising on my skin betraying the pleasure I felt. His hands were big and strong like Daddy's, but not nearly as rough. Daddy never touched me like this, either. Daddy would only touch me to pull me on to his prick or push me off after he came. Mr. Phillips was touching me like his hands were making love to my skin.

"That feels so good," I whispered as his hands explored the back of my thighs. I shivered again when I felt him kiss the back of my legs, right behind my knees. I never knew a kiss there could feel so sweet.

"Turn over," he said. He poured more lotion on his hands and began with my legs this time, working his way up. He gently kissed both of my skinned knees and bruised shins. I parted my legs

as he worked his way up my thighs, kissing first and then massaging and caressing.

“Ooh, Mr. Phillips,” I moaned as his lips touched my pussy.

“Call me Jim,” he laughed. I felt his hot breath against my sex and I shivered again.

“Okay, Mr. Phillips,” I giggled. He laughed and tickled me down there with his finger, making me jump. I thought he was going to tickle me again, but he pressed his lips against my cunny and I felt his tongue part my lips and press into my hole. I arched my back as his tongue probed me. It felt as big as Coby’s stiffy, only thicker and wetter. He worked my pussy up and down, tasting my juices and teasing my clit from its hood.

Jim cupped my bottom in his hands as he drank my juices, lifting my hips to his face as he lashed my sex with his tongue. I squirmed in his strong but gentle grip, my legs tensing and relaxing as he licked me. Until then, I thought Coby was good. This was amazing. I wondered how many women he’d done this to, how many pussies felt this wonderful tongue. Then he began to suck on my clit like it was a tiny little cock, closing his lips around it and teasing it with his tongue, something that never occurred to Coby. It drove me right over the edge, and I began to thrash wildly in his hands as I came. He never let up, though, even when I clamped his head between my thighs, screaming and shuddering on the big, firm bed.

Finally, he stopped. My climax faded, the tremors in my thighs stopped, and I lay back on the bed. Jim crawled up from between my legs and lay next to me, holding me in his arms. We lay like that for a long time, a couple of hours at least. I felt safe for the first time since Mama left.

We took a shower together and I went back to my room to take a nap while he made some more phone calls. Then he woke me up with a kiss and watched me get dressed for dinner. We walked to the restaurant next to the motel, a steak house. I reached for his hand and held it as we walked. I was wearing a nice skirt and blouse, my hair was brushed out instead of in pigtails, and I even had a pair of Mama’s nylons on. I felt like a grown-up lady with her handsome date.

After we ordered dinner, I asked Jim all sorts of questions about his life and his job. He spent

a lot of time travelling, not just around Texas, but all over the world. He'd been married for a few years, but since his divorce ten years ago he hadn't remarried. I asked him what he did for companionship, but he was sort of evasive about it, mumbling something about "the services of a skilled professional". I didn't know what he meant by that, so I didn't press the point. Besides, our food arrived just then.

I hadn't eaten since breakfast, Jim's semen excepted, so I gorged myself. Maybe it was not having three other hungry mouths to compete with at the table. I finished a whole steak and baked potato, some bread, dessert, and Jim's salad. He smiled as he watched me eat. He had some coffee and paid the bill, and we walked back to the motel. Instead of holding hands, I took his arm like a lady would.

"Can I stay with you tonight?" I asked, at the door to my room.

"Sure, if you'd like," he said, hesitating for a moment.

We walked into his room and I noticed my diary was open on the desk.

"Sorry, I couldn't help but read some of it," he said.

"That's okay. It's why I brought it over. I figured you'd have to ask me a lot of questions. Easier if you just read that."

"I'll have to ask some questions, anyway."

"I know," I said. Jim took off his suit jacket and went to the little fridge, pulling out a tray of ice. He twisted it into a plastic bucket, making the cubes clatter and rattle.

"Can I get you a soda pop? Water?" he asked.

"Could I have a bourbon on ice?" Jim looked at me funny for a second. He knew my Daddy got me liquored up before fucking me, and all that my request implied. He had a funny smirk on his face as he unwrapped a second glass, adding ice and emptying one of those small plastic bottles of bourbon into it. He handed the glass to me, sitting next to me on the bed with his drink. He picked up the phone, checking something he called "voicemail", making a couple of notes on his

pad.

I sipped my drink and watched him. He was a lefty, his hand curled around a pen that looked like one of Mama's bracelets, jade and gold. He wrote fast but legibly, and though I was a few feet away, I could make out a few words, like "custody" and "abandonment". He pressed a button on the phone and hung up, putting his pen and pad aside and taking a sip of his drink.

"Jolene, honey," he said, "what do you want to do?"

I thought about this, staring at the motel carpet, so nice and plush. My whole focus had been on getting away from Daddy, and I hadn't given much thought about what came after that. I did have a fantasy of what my life would have been like if I hadn't been born on the ranch.

Perversely enough, the kernel of this fantasy was a story in one of those "Family Letters" magazines that I'd read for Daddy. It was about a girl like me, except she was growing up on a farm in Iowa instead of a ranch in Texas, and her Mama was still living with the family. But the best part of the story is how she sucked the cock of the State University's admissions officer, with the help of her Mama and her little sister. She gets a full scholarship and earns a degree in English Literature. The story was called "Oral Exam".

What I liked about the story wasn't the sex, though that was pretty hot and I learned something new as well. It was how the writer was so proud that she graduated and had her degree, her ticket off the farm.

"I want to be safe from Daddy," I said. "I want to go to a real school, be a normal girl, go to college, maybe." Jim smiled and nodded when he heard this.

"I want to be with you, too," I said, reaching for his hand, holding it tight. He squeezed it, leaning over to kiss me. My lips parted for his tongue, teasing it with my own, sucking it like a little cock. My hand explored his lap, searching for the serpent I knew was lurking between his legs. I found his hardness and grasped it gently. The material of his boxers and trousers added to its girth. I thought about what he would feel like inside me and I felt my face flush. There was a

growing fire between my legs that only one thing could extinguish.

We broke off our kiss to undress. I sat on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned Jim's trousers while he took off his shirt and tie. He stepped out of his loafers and then I slowly lowered his boxer shorts, giggling as his cock sprung to attention. I kissed his penis and gave him a few loving licks and then it was my turn.

Jim sat on the bed while I stood before him, slowly unbuttoning my blouse. I freed my little titties from the soft cup bra, and Jim leaned forward to suck and nibble on my nipples, making them nice and hard and wet. I stood there, eyes closed, savoring the feeling of his soft tongue until my knees began to weaken. We laughed about that, and then I turned around so he could unzip my skirt. It was one of Mama's old ones, a gray pleated skirt that I'd shortened and taken in at the waist. Jim slowly pulled the zipper down, letting the skirt fall to the carpet. I felt his hands on my bottom, caressing the silky material of my panties. Then his hands were on my waist, turning me around. I stood between his legs as he gazed at my body.

"You're beautiful, Jolene," he whispered. I thought his eyes were a bit glassy, like he was going to cry or something. Instead, he pulled me up on to his lap so I was straddling his waist and kissed me again. I felt his erection against the crotch of my panties, and I reached down to feel how wet I was. As my fingertip brushed past my clit, I shuddered. Jim looked down and saw my hand in my panties and smiled.

"You're a real randy one," he chuckled, squeezing my bottom with his strong hands. I pulled my hand out of my panties and reached for his cock, still pressing against my crotch. I gave him a few strokes and then pulled my panties aside and pressed the tip against my pussy.

"Are you sure you want this?" he asked, looking me straight in the eye.

"Yes, I want to feel you inside me," I whispered in his ear, as I slowly settled down on his hardness. I caught my breath when the fat head of his cock hit a sore spot, but I kept pushing down with my hips until he filled me. I looked down at his cock. Only the base of his shaft was visible.

The rest was inside me, filling my pussy. I looked up at Jim, trying to read his expression.

“How does it feel?” he asked. “Are you still sore?”

“A little,” I said, gently rocking my hips.

“Take it slow and easy, then,” he said. “You’re so tight. I might come any minute.” I could feel him twitch inside me, like he was about to go off.

“That’s okay. We have all night,” I said, kissing the tip of his nose. I rocked my hips a little faster, closing my eyes as he leaned into my chest and began to suckle my puffy nipples. I was getting close to coming when I felt his cock twitch again, the head flaring inside my pussy as he began to spurt.

“Ooh! I can feel it!” I said, as he erupted inside me, hot jets of spunk shooting against my cervix. I tightened my pussy around his shaft, trying to milk him with my sex. I looked up at him and kissed him. His face was red and flushed.

“Sorry, I couldn’t hold back,” he murmured. I giggled and kissed him again, giving his cock another squeeze with my pussy. I playfully pushed him back on the bed and rested my head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat and feeling his softening cock slip out of my cunny.

Without a word, he rolled me over on to my back and pulled me down on the bed so my legs hung off the edge. Kneeling on the carpet, he pulled my panties down my thighs and off my legs. Then he spread my knees apart and kissed my messy twat.

“Jim, no...” I started to say. But when I felt his mouth on my dripping cunny, ravishing me with his tongue and drinking my juices and his own sperm, I closed my eyes and submitted to his hungry mouth. I ran my fingers through his hair as he cleaned my sex with his tongue and then began to concentrate on my clit. He’d circle my pearl with the tip of his tongue, then he’d lash right over it, making me gasp and shudder.

I felt him probe my hole with a finger, then another finger pressed against my bottom. My crack was slick with the semen and juices that had dripped out of my pussy, and his finger slid into

my ass easily. He kept bathing my clit with his tongue as his fingers sawed in and out of my holes, pressing together inside me. When his knuckle hit a spot on the roof of my vagina I came so hard I nearly blacked out.

Jim's mouth clamped against my pussy as my hips began to thrust involuntarily, trying to fuck his probing fingers. He began to move them in and out and he hit that spot again, making my thighs quiver and my toes curl. I lost track of how many times I came. Maybe it was just one big orgasm. Finally, I had to tug on his shoulder to make him stop. It was getting too intense.

"Wow," I said, my voice hoarse from moaning and screaming. Jim looked up from my pussy, his face wet with my juices. He got up and knelt over me and we kissed. I could taste myself on his lips, just as he tasted his semen in my pussy. I reached down for his cock, half-hard and dangling between his legs. I felt it stiffen as I stroked it.

"Lay back," he said, pulling me back on the bed so my legs weren't dangling over the edge. He knelt between my thighs, his hard cock pointing at my cunny. I reached down and guided him inside me again.

"So pretty," he whispered as he pushed forward with his hips, sinking his cock into me. It went in easier this time, and there was hardly any soreness. Instead of lying on top of me and humping like Daddy did, Jim supported himself with his knees and elbows. I liked it better this way, because I could look down and see his shaft going in and out of my pussy. Also, I could breathe a lot better and I could actually move my bottom to meet his thrusts instead of just lay there, pinned to the bed.

And unlike Daddy, Jim liked to see me come. It made him smile and fuck me harder so I'd come some more. He'd kiss me and lick my nipples, holding my bottom as his prick slammed into me, filling me with his hot, thick meat.

Without that foreskin that Daddy had, I could feel every vein and ridge on Jim's penis as it pumped my pussy. His cock head was nice and fleshy, the fat ridge along the top rubbing against

that special spot. His shaft had a nice thick muscle along the under- side, and I could feel it stretching me whenever his cock twitched.

“Ungh!” I moaned, as another orgasm hit. I bucked and thrashed under him, lifting my ass off the bed to meet his hips, wanting to feel all of him inside my spasming pussy. He cupped my bottom in his hands and lifted me off the bed, grinding his cock into my sex.

“Come for me, Daddy,” I gasped, not realizing what I’d said until he looked at me funny. Then he started to fuck me harder, holding my hips and slamming his fat prick into my snatch. My pussy tightened around his cock like a fist and he let out a short grunt before he began to fill me with his sperm. He stopped thrusting as his cock erupted inside my cunny, adding to the load he’d left before.

“You called me ‘Daddy’,” he said after he gently laid me back on the bed. He was still on top of me, inside me, but I could feel him start to soften and slip out.

“Sorry,” I said, moving my hips to keep him inside me. It was a losing battle, though. His cock slipped out of me, followed by a thick stream of semen.

“No, don’t be,” he said, kissing me. “I’d love to have a sexy daughter like you.” He rolled off me and lay next to me, caressing my tummy and nibbling at my earlobes. That last thing made me shiver, like I’d come again if he kept doing that. Instead, I curled up between his legs and cleaned his sticky cock with my tongue. When I was done, he held me in his arms and we slept together until morning.

* * *

The next day we started driving to Dallas, passing through Midland and stopping in Abilene for the night. We stayed in a high-rise hotel that night, and I spent almost as much time looking out the window at the lights of the city as I did in bed with Jim. He laughed at how fascinated I was, telling me that I’d love Dallas.

He was right. It was early evening on the next day when we arrived at Jim’s home. The

setting sun reflected off the tall buildings, and there was a bright orange flash in the sky as the sun streaked off a shiny silver jet plane that climbed over the orange glass towers. Everything was so shiny and clean.

Jim's house was in a neighborhood of big houses and tall trees, taller than anything I'd seen in West Texas. It was a sprawling one-story house with a pool in the back yard and a fireplace in the living room. I had my own room, a guest room with a big four poster bed, but most of the time I slept with him.

Arlen and Coby made it to Aunt Beth's house in Tulsa, but she had a full house. Arlen found a job as a rigger on a drilling crew, learned how to read somewhere, took his GED exam, and joined the Army. He signed up for a second tour and last I heard was at Ranger School at Ft. Benning in Georgia.

Coby got passed on to Aunt Tilly, who also lived in Tulsa but was 87 years old and senile. Coby changed her diapers and gave her sponge baths until she passed away, and he split for New Orleans and then San Francisco. His letters said that he was really happy working as an "art designer", whatever that was.

Jim Phillips hired a tutor for me and sent me to prep school for two years. He managed to get guardianship of me by telling my Daddy that I had a diary. But what really shut Daddy up was the whole drilling thing. Jim could say that Daddy's ranch was all dry holes and there was nothing he could do about it. The loss of his children was more than compensated by this passive source of income. Daddy eventually sold all the livestock and let the ranch go to seed, living off the income from the gas Jim's company pumped.

It didn't surprise me to hear that Daddy shot himself. Jim drove me back to identify the body, and he made arrangements for the burial. There was no funeral, no graveside service. A simple stone marked the grave, a plot next to my mother's. I brought flowers for her and a small bottle of bourbon for him.

The last thing I did before leaving town for the last time was to deliver an affidavit to the county sheriff, a brief account of the hell my brothers and I had been through. The fire at the County Courthouse, the abuse, the rape, the beatings. The sheriff couldn't look me in the eye. Bastard.

And that's why I'm majoring in criminology when I go off to UT next year. There's a girl like me in every town in this state.

And I'm going to find her.