



BEE-6789B Twice As Nice Vice by Don Tsuris

Chapter 1

Fawn was happy to be alone. Her roommate Kelley took a night-school class every Wednesday night, and for Fawn the chance to be by herself was a pleasure she looked forward to each week. Sometimes Jeff would come over while Kelley was gone, and Fawn would tease him, dance half-

naked in front of him, finally coax him into fucking her in the bathtub, or under the kitchen table, anywhere to break the monotony of the bed. But this week Jeff was out of town on a business conference, and all in all it was just as well with Fawn. She liked being alone once in awhile and had little opportunity for it.

She and Jeff had been going together for nearly a year now, and though she seemed to like him as much as ever, and though the sex was still pretty good as long as she spiced it up by inventing new places to do it in, she couldn't help feeling a little stale and weary about the whole thing. Maybe his absence for a week would inject some kind of new intensity into their relationship. Though frankly, she said to herself, I really don't miss him all that much. Tonight I'm just going to enjoy the peace and quiet. I'm going to take a long bath, and wash my hair, and maybe sip a glass of wine and watch TV a little.

As soon as Kelley had gone, Fawn had slipped out of her clothes and into her bathrobe, then fixed herself a leisurely dinner. After eating, she went into the bathroom and started the tub water, and while she waited for the tub to fill she piled her thick auburn hair on top of her head and placed a shower hat over it. She did this because she liked each thing to be separate—first the bath, then the hair washing, then the relaxing glass of wine. She enjoyed luxuriating in the tub without her hair becoming all wet and stringy and cold, clinging to her bare shoulders, making her head heavy.

When the shower hat was in place, she took off her robe and looked down at her body. One of the reasons she enjoyed being alone so much was that it gave her enough time and privacy to examine her naked body closely. At other times, Kelley's presence, even if the bathroom door was locked, somehow made her nervous, self-conscious, as if it were somehow wrong or even filthy to touch your own nipples or run a tender, tickling finger along the moist folds of your own cunt. She was afraid she might shudder or moan softly, and Kelley would overhear her. Not that she ever masturbated anymore, since she had no need for that. What with Jeff balling her silly three or four times a week, she never felt the need to make herself come.

All she really wanted was the chance to look at and touch her own naked body in total privacy, to be proud of it without having to explain her pride, to investigate the sweet succulent mysteries that made men, all men, crave her so much, that made Jeff, for instance, groan and sob and twitch with passion from the moment he touched her bare flesh to the moment he popped and flooded her hungry pussy with seed. So now that she had the chance, she wasn't going to waste it.

While the hot water crashed into the bathtub, she took a hand mirror and stood with it before the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. She knew she was lucky to have such a beautiful body. At twenty-two years old, her flesh was taut and ripe and smooth. Her skin tanned easily, richly, and since she knew that the contrast between tanned and untanned skin was somehow bewitchingly sexy, she always kept her body golden and coppery except where her bikini panties and bra protected it from the sun. There her skin was pale and creamy, marvelously white and tempting, her firm high buttocks two lovely glowing moons below the incurved sweep of her long bronze back, her young uptilted breasts two creamy globes of firm fleshy fruit thrusting out above a velvety expanse of flat golden midriff. She also knew she had extraordinary nipples, large and inviting ones, the aureoles wide circles that were tinged a deep rose and that swelled up puffily off her breasts like soft, faintly stippled cones, the centers thick springy nubs that pushed out even further.

She stood before the mirror frontways, sideways, backways, admiring the full perky curve of her taut ass, the supple tapering of her narrow waist, her firm round breasts, just the right size, the long

nipples swollen and pointing. She ran a hand lightly down the silken skin of her stomach and dipped a finger playfully into the deep puckered cup of her navel. Every time she touched her navel she couldn't help remembering her first lover, a boy back in high school, who once in a hot sweat of desire had been kissing her stomach, going down it slowly and lovingly on his way to her cunt, which he was in the habit of tonguing and sucking into spasms of delirious joy. But this time, when he reached her navel with his tongue he began to stab and tongue-fuck it too, going at it so passionately that before either of them knew it he was coming, squirting warm slimy semen all over her leg and the sheet. Not every girl can make a man come with only her bellybutton, she giggled to herself.

She ran her hands proudly over the smooth swell of her hips, down to the firm flesh of her tawny thighs, and dug her fingers gently into their ripe resilience, watching her tanned skin shimmer under each fingertip, feeling a tiny wince of pleasure as all the nerves of her legs responded. She planted her feet wide apart, bending her knees slightly, and slipped the hand-mirror between her spread thighs. On one side the mirror gave back a normal reflection, but on the other side, the side she used, it magnified everything enormously. With delight and fascination, she gazed down at the huge furry-fringed pink-lipped slash of her own cunt. The folds of her vulva were dewy and moist, but only half-blossomed, revealing only tantalizing hints of the slick fiery-red inner cuntmeat they protected. The small nerve-bundle of her clitoris was still half-hidden beneath its pinkish hood.

Fawn inserted one forefinger—which instantly became gigantic as its reflection appeared in the hand-mirror—slowly between the lips of her cunt, parting them further, sliding the finger all the way into the warm greasy depths of her sensitive channel until it was stopped by the last knuckle. Her knees trembling involuntarily, she rotated the finger, and with her thumb rapidly rubbed her clit until it swelled and pulsed. “Ohhhnnn!” she gasped.

It felt so good! It felt so good to be doing it herself, and watching it at the same time, especially since the magnifying mirror made it look like the cunt of a giantess being probed by a monstrous hand, and yet she felt all the tingling sensations herself. She shut her eyes, whimpering softly, then opened them again and gazed down once more at the sight. Her cunt was juicing and blossoming readily now, and she could get two fingers fully into it, but her other hand shook so badly, her breath came so fast, that she could hardly hold her position or keep the hand mirror in place. Hastily, she placed it flat on the floor and squatted over it, digging softly in her flowing pussy with two hands now, shivering uncontrollably, noticing her glazed eyes in the door mirror, surprised to see her long nipples tight and erect. Oh god, I think I'll do it! I think I'll do it, I'm going to do it! “Ahhnnn ... anngghh ...” she heard the sounds coming from her throat.

Her whole body flushed and melting with hot tremors, her mind reeling happily, urgently with the decision she had made to bring herself off, to make herself come right here, like this, where she could watch it all, if she could only keep her feverishly fluttering eyelids open, she at first didn't notice the water on the floor. But suddenly her bare knees felt wet, shocking her out of the giddy sexual delights that poured through her. Then the water poured over the mirror itself, and she gasped, and turned her head, and saw it spilling rapidly over the edge of the tub.

Oh shit ... oh goddamn it! “SHIT!” she shouted, hearing her voice echo against the tile walls even over the loud whoosh of the spilling water. Quickly she jumped to her feet and shut off the faucets, yanked up the plug. But it was already too late. The floor of the bathroom was submerged in water.

Gritting her teeth, her eyes filling briefly with angry tears at her own foolishness, Fawn snatched towels from every available rack and began mopping up the mess. She wrung out the wet towels

over the emptying tub, then sopped up more water, so angry and busy at the task that at first she failed to hear the doorbell. Then, when it rang again, and she finally heard it, she only grew angrier. "GODDAMN IT!" she shrieked.

She flung the wet towels to the floor and headed for the front door, finding herself halfway down the hall before she noticed that she was still totally naked. She leapt back to the bathroom for her robe, slipped into it, then tried to control her fast breath and her rage as she walked down the hall again to the door.

"Oh, it's only you," she sighed irritably, finding her brother Eric there when she opened it.

Ordinarily Eric would have made a quick joke to relieve her irritation. But the look on his face said that he felt even more down than she did at the moment. "Only me," he said. "Can I come in?"

"You can if you're good with a mop," she said, closing the door behind him.

But Eric was so distracted he didn't seem to hear her. He stalked into the living room, nervous, jumpy. "Have you got anything to drink around here?"

"I think there's some Scotch in the kitchen. And maybe some wine." Fawn pulled off the shower hat and shook her thick mane of hair back over her shoulders, knowing now it would be a while until she got to her bath.

"I'll take the Scotch."

"What's the matter, Eric?" With him following her, she went into the kitchen and poured him his drink, which he grabbed and gulped thirstily.

"Danika," he growled. "She's been ... making it with another guy. For nearly two months. But I only found out about it tonight."

"Oh no." With instinctive sympathy for her brother, Fawn reached out a hand and stroked his forehead tenderly. "Oh, Eric, I'm sorry."

Eric gave a bleak shrug. He drained his glass and handed it back to her, and she refilled it with the pale golden liquor. "Aren't you going to have one with me?" he asked. "You don't want me to get drunk all alone, do you?" He gave her a forlorn wink, pretending toughness to mask his misery.

"I don't want you to get drunk at all." But as she looked into his eyes and saw the pain there, and then thought of her own foolishness moments ago in the bathroom, she was very tempted to join him. Not to get drunk, but just to have a few drinks and forget about everything for a little while. Help him forget. She knew he probably wanted to talk about what a bitch his wife Danika was to do this to him, and she wouldn't have any trouble agreeing with him there. Long ago she had suspected something like this would happen, for her woman's instincts told her that Danika was a prick-happy little flirt who could never be happy with only one man at a time. Danika was a small dark-haired girl with flashing eyes, long natural eyelashes, lovely high cheekbones, a full sensual mouth, and a sexual aura that filled any room she came into with mysterious, murky invitations. For her small size she had a beautifully curvaceous body, and stunning long legs, and from the beginning Fawn had thought Eric was in for trouble in marrying her. Now that Danika had finally gone and betrayed him, maybe it was time for Fawn to play straight with her brother. She would try not to say 'I told you so,' but it wouldn't hurt to listen, to give him some support, and it would get her mind off that silly fiasco she'd been performing in the bathroom.

“Come on,” Eric joked again, winking through his sadness. “What kind of party is it with only one drunk?”

Fawn smirked at him. “Why not.” She took a glass from the cupboard and filled it with ice and Scotch, then clinked it against his and drank.

They took the bottle with them into the living room and sat down, Fawn on the sofa, Eric in one of the easy chairs, and he began predictably to tell her about Danika’s bitchiness, how she had not only been fucking around behind his back, but doing it with one of his best friends. He launched into a long, morose, bitter, increasingly tipsy tirade, and Fawn listened dutifully, drinking along with him and nodding at the right moments. The Scotch made her warm and tingly, but as time wore on she began to wish that her bathrobe was made out of some other fabric than satin, because it was so slippery. It was hard enough to keep the skirts over her thighs and knees, but even worse was the constantly loosening sash. Whenever she moved it loosened more, and her firm outthrusting breasts pushed against the front part of the robe until the neck-lapels were gaping wider and wider, revealing more and more of her smooth tanned upper chest.

Her feelings were complicated even more by the delicious sensation of the cool slippery satin against her warm, tingling skin, rasping softly across her sensitive nipples, rustling smoothly against the skin of her inner thighs when she modestly tucked it there. She contemplated making an excuse and getting up to change, but it felt so good and she was so warm and tingly, she really couldn’t decide. In front of her brother she felt very modest, but at the same time remarkably relaxed, especially since he was so obsessed by his wife’s betrayal of him that he hardly paid Fawn the slightest attention.

After a while, as Eric droned on and on about Danika’s infidelities, Fawn didn’t really hear him anymore. Instead she simply stared at him, feeling pleasantly giddy and warm, and soon fell into a sort of trance in which she found herself dreamily remembering herself and her brother as kids, as teenagers, swimming, laughing, dancing, playing tennis together, dating each other’s friends. The warm, happy feelings and images bubbled through her, and she yielded to them totally. It all seemed so long ago.

She recalled one time when she was sixteen and had lost her skimpy bikini bra while diving into the family swimming pool. Embarrassed and panicky, she had surfaced squealing, splashing, searching for it, but Eric, laughing outrageously, had jumped into the pool and scooped it up before she could reach it. Still laughing, he had climbed out and sat on the edge of the pool, dangling it from one hand, refusing to return it until she emerged half-naked from the pool, her arms crossed nervously over her bare young breasts. She could still recall the look in his eyes as he boldly tried to peak through the angles of her elbows and forearms for a glimpse of her nipples. And it gave her a sharp butterfly tickle in the pit of her stomach to remember how, just before snatching the bra back from his extended hand, she had flung her arms to the sides, giving him a full shot of what he wanted to see. Poor Eric’s eyes had flashed as big as saucers.

And that scene made her recall another. She remembered what a beautiful man’s body Eric had, all bronzed and hard and muscular, his hair bleached red-gold from the sun, his arms and legs sinewy and strong, his shoulders broad and powerful. She remembered how, when swimming with him, her eyes were constantly, shamefully drawn to the bulge made by his penis and balls in his tight swim trunks, how she always tried to look at his crotch when he was looking somewhere else. She had told herself it was only natural curiosity, and mostly tried to conceal her desire to look from herself as much as she did from him, but apparently he had once or twice caught her gazing with hypnotic

adolescent fascination at his crotch. For one afternoon when she walked past his bedroom, there he was, sitting on the edge of his bed, facing the open door, his naked thighs spread and his long thick tube of penis hanging there in all its glory for her to see. And she had stopped, raising her fist to her mouth in delighted surprise, and stared at his prick until of its own accord it began to swell and rise and thump with blood. Then, with a nervous giggle and a very hot face, she had turned and fled down the hall.

Nothing more than these two incidents had ever happened between them, but now as Fawn remembered it all she felt the same guilty flutterings and sharp tremors of heat in her body that she'd felt then. She squirmed and felt dazed and too warm, and she drifted back toward conscious awareness and noticed that Eric's droning voice had stopped. Then she saw his eyes, saw that he was sunk in some kind of trance, too, saw him staring at her, but not at her face, no, lower, lower, at her body, and she glanced down and saw that the sash of her bathrobe had come completely undone, probably because of her unconscious squirming. The robe had fallen open, and her body was exposed from her throat to the top glistening fringe of her pubic hair.

Flushing with embarrassment, trying to regain quick control of her wits, she pulled the robe shut. "Oh, I ... I don't know what happened to me!" she said breathlessly.

"Don't," Eric croaked quietly, his eyes briefly pained as the satin closed across the naked delights of her body.

"Eric!" she said, as if to shame him. But her voice was not convincing.

"Please don't."

"Eric, I'm your sister." Across her mind flashed the image of his thick ropey adolescent penis thumping and filling with blood. What must it be like now that he was a man? The thought horrified her. What am I thinking like that for! I've got to stop it! He's got to stop it!

Eric shook his head, as if to clear it, as if to wake himself up, and grinned at her. "That's right, you are. I guess I almost forgot. For a minute there I think ... well, I was remembering that time I stole your bikini top."

Fawn blushed hotly. "You were?" she said, her voice quivering beyond control.

"I'll never forget it. You were beautiful even then, but now ... now—"

"Eric. I think we'd better change the subject." Fawn's blood was thundering against her ears, her skin was hot and prickly, her mind in a confused whirl. She felt so close to something dangerous that she didn't know quite what to do. The best thing, she figured, was simply to take charge right now, not to let it happen again. They were both a little drunk, but he more than she, so it was up to her. Acting firmly, she tightened the sash of her robe and stood up. "I think I'd better change, get into something else. Don't you?"

"No." He grinned, his eyes murky, friendly but dead serious.

"I mean," Fawn's voice faltered, "we'll both feel better if there isn't any chance of ..." But she couldn't go on.

"Of what?"

“You know very well what.” She looked down at him and wondered how he could be so calm about it. She was breathing so hard that her chest was heaving, which only made him more interested in the sight of her plump nipples floating under the shiny satin.

Eric’s eyes flickered with bold, half-drunk ironies. “Tell you what. Look at it this way. If you’re my sister, and I’m your brother, then we’re both really the same flesh, right? We came from the same mother, we’ve got the same genes and tissues and ...”

He fell silent, and they both laughed nervously. Meanwhile, Fawn had not budged a step since she had stood up. “Well, I guess I’ve heard everything now,” Fawn said, trying to match his calm irony.

“No you haven’t,” Eric said. His voice too was now getting thick, clotted with excitement. “Why don’t you show me yourself just once more, before you change? Just for family’s sake.”

“Why should I?” My god! Fawn thought. What am I doing? I’m teasing him.

I’m just making it worse!

“Because I want to see you. You’re lovely.”

“Lovelier than Danika?” she whispered softly, growing more ashamed of herself by the second. For the first time she let her eyes wander to the crotch of his pants and saw the huge swelling there.

“Lovelier than anybody. I swear.”

“All you want to do is see me?”

“That’s all.”

“You won’t touch?”

Eric gave her a sardonic smile, as if to warn her that they weren’t kids anymore. “Promise,” he said.

“I don’t believe you,” she murmured, her stomach tumbling with excitement, her body flashing all over with heat. “I don’t believe you for a minute ... not for a minute ...” But her fingers were fiddling with the knot of her sash anyway, tugging it, pulling the slippery fabric loose. She wanted to show him her body, her whole body this time, not just a part of it. She wanted to pose before him as she had earlier posed for herself before the mirror, to show him everything, back, front, profile. She knew it was horribly wrong to be doing this, but the impulse was almost overwhelming. In the split second it took her to pull open the robe and slip it off her shoulders, showing him for the first time every delectable inch of her supple nude body, her mind switched tracks, and she knew the step had been taken, there was no going back, they would do it now, and she would let it happen, she would invite it, though she would also fight it with every ounce of her nerve because somehow she was not supposed to let it happen, even though her body now seethed and ached for him.

Eric’s face froze with some powerful mixture of awe and desire as he scrutinized her naked body, now glowing and warm and flushed with the fires of her shame and excitement. Slowly she pirouetted in front of him, showing him the high pale globes of her buttocks, bending gracefully as she completed her turn so that her firm breasts swayed outward and bobbed pertly, her long puffy nipples already half-erect as they swirled before his mesmerized gaze.

“You like?” she whispered, teasing him, unable to stop herself.

Eric only nodded, and licked his lips.

She stroked her body delicately with her fingertips, as if to show off its finer points, tracing the intricate soft cambers and dips of her ribcage where it flowed into her flat sun-browned stomach, cleverly raising her knuckles to the smooth curved undersides of her creamy breasts and nudging them so that they juggled and quivered. In response to this gesture Eric's harsh breath seemed to be clawing its way out of his throat. And that sound excited Fawn further. She went closer to him, closer, watching his crazed eyes devour her succulent breasts, watching his eyes so closely that she squealed with sharp surprise when she suddenly felt his hands gripping the backs of her thighs, pulling her forward strongly, then squeezing her asscheeks as he pushed his face into her stomach, and slithered his tongue into her navel. "Ohh! Ohhh!" she yelped, wriggling out of his grasp, jumping away from him, trying to act shocked and scandalized, though the feel of his tongue in her navel and his fingers digging passionately into her buttocks had made her simply reel with hot thrills. "Oh, Eric," she said, half-mocking him, "you promised you wouldn't touch! You promised!"

Eric's face was obviously crawling with desire for her, but he managed to grin again, and flex his fingers, the ones he had just dug into her jouncy ass. "Couldn't help myself," he said hoarsely.

"Now Eric ... Eric!" she whimpered softly, backing away, her heart skittering and jumping more rapidly than ever as her brother stood up from his chair, bending slightly at the waist to ease the pressure of his bulging, pants-cramped penis. She could still feel the impressions in her bare buttocks where his fingers had sunk, and a tiny trace of saliva left in her navel by his tongue. God, god, she thought. I should stop it now, before it's too late! I can't let you fuck me, oh god, please Eric, stop it yourself, I can't do it, I want it too much!

Slowly, deliberately unbuckling his belt, Eric walked toward her. "Fawn ... Fawn, I can't stop myself," he murmured, shaking his head, his eyes racing over her nakedness.

She kept backing away from him, staring solemnly into his eyes, shaking her own head, saying 'No, no' with her mouth but unable to make any sounds come out. "Eric, you know we can't."

"Yes, we can." He backed her into a wall, the sharp gnash of his zipper sending hot needles of excitement and anticipation through her trembling flesh. His hands cupped her feverish face, his lips came down toward hers.

"No, Eric, no no!" she whimpered. "What about ... Kelley?"

"Where is she?"

"She's at school." His lips met hers, curving into them, his tongue slipping between her parting teeth, and his hands dropped to her shoulders, then down to her breasts, and he filled his palms with them.

Gently squeezing her full breasts, Eric kissed her cheek, her neck, then took her whole ear into his mouth and breathed flame into it. He thrust his tongue deep into her ear, whispering hotly to her at the same time, "When does she get home?"

Fawn moaned. "Ahhhhnnnn." Her body was totally pliant and yielding, her cunt wet and achy, and as he frenched her ear and caressed her throbbing breasts, she slid her hands under the elastic of his shorts and grasped his hot huge prick, freeing it from its underwear trap, her fingers stroking it urgently, and she knew she didn't care anything about Kelley, who wouldn't be home for another two hours anyway. I just want you to fuck me! she thought wildly. Here, right here against the wall, if you want to! Or on the floor, or in the bed, I don't care!

Eric's lips trailed down her smooth shoulder to her left breast, and he licked the large rosy nipple thirstily. "When does she get home?" he repeated, panting, his voice half-strangled by his passion.

But before she could answer, she felt his mouth close over her pulsing nipple, felt it stiffen and flame with heat, felt her legs weaken, her knees turn to jelly. She had to grasp his hips in order to remain standing, and she pulled him against her so that she could feel the long jumping gristly stalk of his prick pressing against her naked belly. Her breath whistled past her teeth as he hungrily slurped and sucked her throbbing nipples. She moaned and began to writhe in his grasp. "Oh Eric ..." she murmured, "oh, Eric, are you going to fuck me? Are you? Are you going to fuck me?"

Instead of answering her, he pulled her down the hallway to the bedroom. His hands stroked her long coppery back, her pale ass, her silky thighs, while she tore at his shirt, skimmed his pants and briefs down his legs, stooping and clumsily licking his twitchy red cock before he pulled her to her feet, kissed her lips again with a savage tenderness, and laid her down on her back on the bed the way he wanted her to be.

Shivering with excitement and frightening lust, Fawn yielded completely to her brother, lying on the bed so that her feet still touched the floor, her knees spread, her ass perched on the edge of the mattress, the wet glistening furrow of her pussy uptilted and gaping and totally vulnerable. She knew that if he wanted her this way it was so he could stand on the floor himself, and gain so much leverage that she was in for a ploughing, piercing, skewering fuck from the huge pulsing purplish ramrod of flesh that he was now lowering between her thighs. Shuddering with the awful guilt of what they were doing, she nevertheless submitted completely to his wishes. His hard tanned muscular body was so desirable that she wanted to swarm over him herself, and kiss and stroke him everywhere, and suck his gigantic penis into her mouth, and feel his hungry lips burrowing madly in her boiling cunt, and do everything, everything! before they got down to the actual fucking. But Eric's hot driving passion for her was so overwhelming that she had no choice, she had to give her body to him instantly, and let him ravish her and puncture her with his fierce cock until she bled with coming, if that was necessary.

Her body quivered out of control. "Ohhhh ... ah baby, oh, Eric, we ... can't, we can't do this ... unnnhgg! oh god, suck me baby ..." she moaned and mewled deep in her throat as his mouth again went to her barely slackened breasts, and found each of her stiff sensitive nipples again, and gave them long agonizing throat-sucks. Her frenzied fingers fluttered over his hot, fiendishly hard cock where it bobbed in readiness between her spread thighs. She passionately pinched the large flaring bulb on the head of his prick with her fingers, pulling it toward her open steamy slit, aching to be filled by it. And her fingers on his prick drove Eric wild with happy desire. His hands stroked her smooth hips and steadied her pelvis, and he carefully lodged the swollen head of his cock in her squinchy vulva, then gazed straight into her eyes with heart-wrenching awe and love as he slid the full length of his burning shaft deep into her flowing pit.

"Ahhhhh ... nnuunnnn nnuunnnn, oh shit ohhhh shiiiiit oh Eric baby, oh yes! Yes!"

It was the largest, thickest, fattest, longest prick Fawn had ever felt inside of her. It was sunk deep in the pit of her belly, the head of it nudging the mouth of her womb, and Eric did not pull it out immediately, but instead left it buried in her while he scooped her shoulders up in his arms and lowered his bare hard chest down on her breasts and put his lips to her ear. "Fawn ... Fawn," he groaned in a husky whisper.

“Yesssss, oh yessss,” she answered, her body undulating of its own accord beneath him. She knew he wanted to say more, but he was speechless with desire for her, as she was for him, and at this moment all she wanted to feel was the joy of his huge prick plunging fiercely in and out of her. “Fuck me, Eric ... unnnnhh! oh yes, like that, unnnunnn oh god yessss! ... fuck me, baby, you can do anything you want to me, anything at all, oh! oh! unnhhh!”

He brought long shuddering moans from deep in her chest by drawing his long prick slowly out of her smoldering pussy until the head of it nearly escaped her clinging cuntlips, then sliding it slowly again all the way in. But the excitement and hot fantastic guilt of what they were doing made them both so urgent that they could not be slow and gentle for long. And Eric had placed her on the mattress this way for a purpose, she knew. Soon they were both digging their feet into the floor, whooping and groaning and whimpering, their striving bodies writhing together.

Fawn clenched the muscles of her thighs and flung her pelvis up into her brother’s raging, hammering, piercing prick, gagging and squealing with wild joy as she felt the huge, ravaging pole cram her cunt to the splitting point. Oh Jeeesus, I ... I’ve never felt anything like it, never, never!

She gasped sharply as hot tremors of pleasure ripped through her body with each deep lunge of his prick. She clutched him and squeezed him, and pushed her breasts up into his grinding chest, and sought his mouth with her own, gobbling his lips and whimpering against his teeth. “Ohhh, it’s so good, so good!” She was on fire, bubbling and seething with hot fuck-urgency, and she somehow knew she had never felt this way. The searing blade of his prick sliced up into her cunt, and her body shimmered with flame, and she screeched and clawed his back and moaned with guilty passion, knowing it was her very own brother who was fucking her so beautifully, and fearing she would never be happy with anyone else again, not after the blinding bliss of this moment.

Wriggling and squirming and groaning beneath him, loving the feel of his hard bare chest crushing her swollen breasts and stiff aching nipples, she still couldn’t understand why it didn’t hurt her, this massive rearing penis, the biggest she had ever felt, driving again and again into the depths of her soupy, claspung cunt. Stuffed with the huge stalk of it, she shimmied her hips and clamped his cock tightly with her cunt-muscles, and heard him moan with delight, felt his strong fingers biting into her back.

“Ohhhhhnnn ... you’re so good to me ...” she hummed, feeling the first distant rolling swells of her orgasm gathering, sweeping toward her. “Soooo good to me, so good, so goood unnnhhh! Unh! Oh! Oh Jesus, yes!

Do it hard to me, ohn! anngghhh!”

Eric had not hurt her with his huge plunging prick simply because he knew how to use it, but now that she hung and trembled and moaned on the verge of coming, he ripped his cock up into her with loving violence. Stabbed to the quick by it, her entire naked body flashing with fiery spasms as she flung her juicing cunt wildly up into his frantic thrusts, Fawn squealed and raked his shoulders. Hissing, her breath clawing its way out of her throat, she gagged and sputtered, opening her eyes to look at his face, seeing the hot blaze of love there.

“Eric! Oh baby ... oh I’m going to come! Kiss me ... oh god kiss meee! Quick! Onh! Unh! Ohhhhhnnnn god kiss me, Eric, I’m ...” She groped for his panting mouth with her own, snaking her wanton tongue into it, dying repeatedly with fresh joys each time the fierce thick spike of his prick buried itself in her wet clenching pit. She shrieked as it tore into her, then stiffened, grunting helplessly like an animal as her body shuddered for release, then exploded in a hot blinding rush of

coming. Everything was obliterated but the wrenching glorious spasms of her climax. She felt like an angel was fucking her, not a man, let alone her own brother, for her body was nothing but one shattering, blistering, throbbing heavenly spurt of pleasure.

She swarmed up into him, swallowing him with her thrashing body, sucking the seed out of him, hearing his choked moans, feeling every hard muscle in his fierce driving body tense into steel as he ploughed his erupting cock deep into her creaming pussy. With a strangled cry, he sank his wildly spurting prick into her, pumping her full of his boiling juices, crushing her body to him, squeezing her so roughly that she thought they both might die from the overpowering shock of the orgasm.

And then it was over. Her brother lay panting and sweating on top of her, and Fawn tenderly brushed his sweat-dampened hair away from his forehead, and kissed him, tightening her cunt around his still stiff penis so that it would never come out of her, so that she would never have to give up this moment. She gazed up into his eyes. "Eric. Eric Eric Eric," she whispered. It was all she could say.

Chapter 2

Fawn made her brother leave before Kelley returned from night school. She didn't trust either of them to ever be able to look at each other any more without instantly revealing the hot shame and thrilling urgency of their mutual lust. By the time her roommate returned, she herself was in the bathroom again, merrily washing her hair under the shower as if nothing unusual had happened. But there was no way she could get it out of her mind, or wash the feel of him off her still-tingling body.

The stormy passion of their shameful, wonderful, forbidden fuck had caught them both by surprise, and had spent itself more quickly than they realized. When they regained their breath and their senses, and Eric rolled off her with a happy moan, Fawn glanced at the bedroom clock and knew that Kelley would not be home for over an hour yet.

Somehow she was both horrified and elated by this realization. It meant that nothing outside themselves would save them, not the clock, not Kelley, not anything. Being fucked by her own brother once, and loving it the way she had, all that was bad enough. But if they did it again
...

Fawn knew the guilt would be even worse, but paradoxically doing it with him again would somehow make it okay, too. It would make them lovers in a way one spontaneous fuck could never do. And yet she couldn't restrain herself, couldn't hold herself back from him, but swarmed over him as he lay contentedly sprawled across her bed, nibbling his lower lip, licking the sweat from his hard shoulder. "Eric ... Eric, it was never like that for me, never before," she whispered.

He kissed her and sighed as her hand found his long limp cock and squeezed it gently. "Never for me either," he said.

“But it’s wrong,” she whimpered meekly, “so wrong ... I don’t know what got into us. I just couldn’t help myself, I wanted you so badly, I still do. I still want you. Isn’t that awful?”

He grinned, propping himself up on one elbow and running his other hand over her dangling breasts. “How could anything so good be awful?”

And she knew he was right, she knew no one should be able to tell her she was sinful or dirty to have yielded to the sweet joys she had just experienced. If it had thrilled her only because he was her brother, that might be something to worry about. But no, no, she felt this way because he had fucked her like no man ever fucked her before, and that was something you had to feel grateful for, not guilty! With a sharp wince of desperation, she understood that they must fuck again, they must, before he had to leave. Because if they parted now, tomorrow their shame might overwhelm their desire. They might never have this moment again! Fawn couldn’t stand the thought of that. If she might never have him again, at least she had him now. He had to fuck her again, right now, he had to know that the first time was not an accident. She had to leave him with something that would tempt him back to her.

So, hoping he was not too exhausted to get it up again, she pushed him onto his back and straddled his waist and dangled her breasts above his face, sweeping her soft thick nipples over his nose and lips. “Eric ... Eric, baby,” she murmured throatily, “Kelley won’t be home for another hour ... a whole hour.”

His tongue flicked up at her nipples, making her shiver. “You don’t say?” he said, between licks.

“Do you like my body?”

“Ummmmm,” Eric nodded, sucking her left nipple into his mouth, trying to swallow it.

Already she was panting, writhing her upper body slowly down into his face. He brought his hands up to her dangling breasts, and hungrily devoured them with his lips and teeth. Fawn moaned loudly, feeling her breasts course with heat, her nipples seethe and burst with throbbing as he pinched and twirled them in his fingers, and sucked and lip-mauled them roughly. “Do you like my body better than Danika’s?”

“Better, much better!” he groaned, feeding her swollen, hanging breasts into his mouth, burying his face between them, wildly gobbling the taut pointing nipples.

Fawn shut her eyes and pushed her aching breasts down into his mouth, opening her mouth and making tight cawing sounds from deep in her throat. “Nnnngggh ... annnnggghhh,” she moaned.

“Do you like to suck my boobs?”

“Ummmmmm!”

Her cunt was hot and wet with juice again, and she pushed it down into the hard flesh of his belly, feeling his long prick rising against the crack of her ass, feeling it swell and twitch. “Ohhhh ... Eric, oh Eric, this time I’m going to fuck you while you suck my tits, like this ... aaowwnnggg, oh like this, like this!”

She reached back with one hand and easily slipped the head of his thick twitching cock into the squishy wetness of her slit, then slid down on it, impaling herself on the stiff prong of flesh. Giddy with wanton animalistic joy, she fucked down on his prick, gyrating her hips, squeezing his cock sharply again and again with the muscles of her cunt, writhing and whinnying with delight as he

held her by her dangling breasts, his fingers sinking into their spongy resilience while his lips and teeth and tongue drove her tight fiery nipples crazy.

Gasping, she wriggled her saliva-wet breasts down into his face and pinched his long lovely cock with her dripping pussy. "Do you like to fuck me this way?" she gasped. "Unnh! Eric? Eric? Oh baby, do you like it, do you like fucking me?"

"Oh yes, yes!" Eric moaned. He clenched the muscles of his pelvis and slammed his prick up into her, his fingers now digging in the jouncy firm flesh of her ass.

"Am I ... ohhhnnn oh Jesus Jesus! Am I better than Danika? Am I?"

Unngghhh! Oh shit, you fuck me so good, I don't want it to ever stop! Unnggh! Tell me ... am I better? Will you come back, will you fuck me again? Oh please, Eric! OH BABY, I'M ALREADY COMING!!"

The wonderful combination of his hungry mouth mauling her breasts and the huge battering ram of his prick piercing the hot spasming depths of her pussy had brought on her climax before she had even expected it. Shivering and whooping, she ground her body into his and held onto him for dear life, and felt her body being ripped to pieces with wave after delicious, pummeling wave of coming. Her orgasm never seemed to stop, but just dipped and rose and clenched her with fearful hot paroxysms, then subsided, then rose again to bleed hot tremors out of her shuddering flesh.

She didn't know if it was soon or long after her first sharp spasm that Eric began to come too. But he did, and he gripped her roughly, and tore up into her from the bed, plunging his prick into her deeper than ever, so that for the first time she felt herself happily wincing with the pain of the huge thing that battered the deep secret mouth of her womb. "Ohhhnn owww! ouch! owwwnnnnnuunngghh!" she yowled, her body gripped by an even more fierce seizure of coming.

She rode him, and rode him, her body flipping out of control, but he held her strongly and buried his cock in her time after time, plunging it deep, tearing her seething guts out with it, pumping every last drop of jism he had in his balls into her.

And this time when they were finished, it took them even longer to get back their breath. They lay gasping and groaning side by side, sticky with sweat, glowing with happily spent lust, gazing at each other with awe, but no longer with guilt. Fawn glanced at the bedroom clock again and saw that they'd been fucking this time for almost forty-five minutes. Kelley would be home soon. She had to get Eric out of there.

Reluctantly, he began to pull on his clothes. He kissed her ardently, stroking her naked back. Now his kiss was a lover's, not a brother's. "We have to find a way to do this again real soon," he grinned, kidding her.

"You mean it?" She cuddled into his arms, gasping again as his mouth dipped to her breasts for one last thrilling suck at each long nipple. "Was I really better than Danika?" she whispered.

"You're really better than anybody," he whispered back.

"Call me?"

"Tomorrow," he said. "If I can wait that long."

But he didn't call her the next day, nor the one after that. And after her initial hurt passed, she began to understand why. It wasn't so much the shame of what they had done as it was their awesome, overpowering hunger for each other that they had to fear. Neither of them, she knew, had ever had such a blistering, burning, pulverizing, wholly uncontrollable fuck with anyone else. Somehow they both sensed that if they gave in completely to this blind, blazing thirst for each other's bodies, they might burn one another up so quickly in the furious holocaust that the whole thing would be over before they knew it. Even though she desperately wanted to see him, wanted to feel his body moving against hers, his hands racing over her bare skin, wanted to take his large pulsing cock into her mouth where it had never been, and devour him, and make him groan and spurt helplessly into her throat, she knew she still had to respect his judgment.

Nevertheless, when a week had passed and still he had not tried to contact her, she grew restless. Part of it was that she felt horny all the time, a kind of gnawing, aching, blood-bubbling horniness that was so persistent it was almost embarrassing. She felt like an animal in heat, always staring hotly at men, wondering if they could smell the thick odors of her need, or sense how wet and itchy her cunt always felt, or how her nipples were now always half-erect under the thin fabric of her bra.

When Jeff came back to town, she eagerly went to his apartment and exultantly let him fuck her three times in rapid succession, and she came each time and was still not satisfied. This is just ridiculous, she thought, feeling her body crawl with slow fires. I never felt like this before. I don't know what's come over me, but it's got something to do with Eric. I have to see him again. If this keeps up, I'm just going to go crazy.

She didn't want to phone him because she knew the situation with Danika still might be delicate. Also, she didn't trust herself not to blurt out something over the phone about how much she needed him to fuck her, all of a sudden. The thought occurred to her that Eric might somehow have patched up things with his wife, and was afraid to call Fawn because he knew how that would upset the balance. But Fawn wanted to tell him it didn't matter, she wasn't jealous of his wife; she just needed him, she needed him so badly, he would have to understand how much she suddenly needed him, how curiously insatiable she had become.

But one evening, when she noticed that the bus she was riding home from work had taken a short detour, and was going through Eric's neighborhood, she couldn't resist jumping up and getting off. She knew it was a mad impulse. But she walked directly to his house and rang the bell, quickly thinking up casual excuses. I just happened to be in the area, she rehearsed. What I really want to do is suck your big juicy cock, Eric, and have you do unimaginable things to every part of my body with it, but I can't say that, I can't just ...

But it was Danika who answered the door. "Oh hi, Fawn," she said glumly, her beautiful face looking wrung out from days of crying.

Fawn was shocked out of her reverie. "I ... I," she stammered.

Danika gave her a bleak smile. "I suppose you heard about everything."

"I ... Eric called about a week ago and ... mentioned that you two ..."

Danika shrugged and opened the door wider. "Come on in." She saw Fawn's reluctance. "Don't worry, he's not here. You won't have to get caught in the middle of any nasty fights."

Not seeing any way to politely refuse, Fawn followed her sister-in-law into the house. "Where ... is he?" she asked, trying not to betray any quiver of disappointment.

Danika pursed her sensual lips, half with scorn, half with sadness.

“Who knows? He said he was going away for a few days to think.”

They sat in the livingroom. Danika switched off the TV. Fawn saw a pitcher of martinis and one glass on the coffee table.

“Let me get you one,” Danika said nervously, seeing Fawn’s eyes on the pitcher. “I’ll get you a glass.”

“Why not,” Fawn smiled sympathetically. She felt kind of sorry for Danika, who looked so sad and confused, so lonely, sitting here drinking a martini by herself and watching TV at 5:30 in the afternoon.

And Danika seemed defensive about it, too. From the kitchen she shouted, “I hope you don’t get the wrong idea. I’m not just sitting here getting soused all the time.” She returned with another martini glass and poured a cocktail for Fawn. “In fact,” she half-giggled, “I only had one. So far. And I waited till five o’clock. Just being a good girl. But I took a few days off from work, just because I was feeling so bad. Trying to get myself back together, you know. But around this time of day it gets a little hard. You understand, don’t you?”

“Sure,” Fawn said. Seeing Danika like this, so nervous and upset, made her realize that she really didn’t know much about the situation at all. She knew she had not listened very carefully to Eric, being first so involved in her sexy childish memories, then swept up by her mysterious urge to go to bed with him.

“You’ll have to forgive the way I’m dressed, too,” Danika said, briefly but genuinely embarrassed. “I mean, it just seems so silly to get dressed when you’re not going anywhere all day. So I ...”

Danika wore a thick yellow quilted bathrobe with tiny rosebuds all over it. She had it buttoned all the way to the throat, and it was not a sexy garment at all, but more like a little girl’s fluffy robe, completely concealing her body down to the furry bedroom slippers on her feet. Fawn began to wonder if she might have been wrong. She really couldn’t doubt Eric’s word, or her own earlier suspicions of the girl, but Danika certainly didn’t seem like any kind of sexpot right now. Instead she was shy, and anxious, and pretty, and sad, and lonely, and Fawn found herself melting with warmth and sympathy for her, instead of the jealousy she had expected to feel.

“Do you want to talk about it?” she asked Danika, timidly.

“What’s there to talk about?” Danika’s eyes filled with quick tears, but she blinked them back. “I’m sure Eric told you what a bitch I am.”

“Are you?” Fawn said calmly.

But Danika couldn’t hold back the tears. She began to weep softly, her lovely face flushing with sadness. “I don’t know,” she sobbed quietly, “I just don’t know. I suppose I am.”

“Eric said you were having an affair with his best friend.”

Danika nodded, biting her full lower lip, which quivered with each deep sob. “I was. Oh Fawn, I wish I could make somebody understand! I wish even I could understand! I love Eric, not the other guy, but somehow I just couldn’t help myself. I don’t know what came over me, but I was just going crazy for this other guy all the time.” She shook her head wildly, seized by a torment of weeping. “I was just burning up for him, and nothing helped. Nothing!”

Fawn gulped her martini, and felt her face grow hot, felt herself blushing, saw her hands shaking. Across from her on the sofa, Danika was wracked with sobs, biting her fist, choking on her tears. Having someone to listen to her had brought up all her pain and confusion. And Fawn knew that she herself was not blushing for Danika, but for what she heard her sister-in-law saying, which was so close to her own predicament. Oh, I understand, Danika! she thought. I understand more than you think.

"I knew it was wrong ... but there was nothing I could do!" Danika wept. "I couldn't stop myself!"

"I know, I know," Fawn soothed her.

"How can you know? How can anybody know what it was like?"

Fawn got up from her chair, went across the room, and sat next to Danika on the sofa. She took one of Danika's shuddering hands between her own and cradled it and soothed it. Then she poured each of them a fresh martini from the pitcher. "I know," she murmured to Danika. "I just know, that's all. You have to believe me."

Danika gazed at Fawn through her tear-glistening eyes. "You mean something like that has happened to you?"

Fawn nodded, trying to control her shame. If you only knew, she thought, feeling very sad. If you only knew.

Danika smiled through her tears with temporary relief, sighing and bending her neck so that her head rested on Fawn's shoulder. She began crying softly again. "Oh ... I don't know why that makes me feel better. But it does ... in a way."

Fawn put her hand under the collar of the robe, on Danika's moist nape, massaging her tenderly, comforting the girl, drawing her ever closer, until Danika was nestled against her, sobbing quietly now into her shoulder. The salt smell of Danika's tears and the vulnerable warmth of her body made Fawn feel curiously sad, too, and she put her arms around Danika and embraced her, feeling strange soft unfamiliar yearnings flow through her at the touch of Danika's tear-stained cheek against her bare neck.

"It's okay, okay," she murmured softly to the girl, stroking her back through the quilted bathrobe. "We can't explain it, sometimes we just have to give into it ..."

Danika turned her head and smiled up at Fawn her eyes strangely murky with unmasked questions through the film of hot tears. And Fawn pressed her lips to her sister-in-law's forehead, giving her a lingering, reassuring kiss there. Then, without really knowing what she was doing, she lowered her lips to Danika's eyes, kissing away the tears, then to the girl's tear-wet cheeks. And when Danika raised her mouth slightly, and Fawn's lips found it, everything seemed so warm and natural and throbbing with strong emotion that they were deep into the kiss before either of them knew it. Their lips curved together with aching tenderness, and the slow lingering beauty of their kiss went on and on until Danika's lips imperceptibly parted as Fawn's tongue slipped into her mouth. Fawn felt Danika's tongue curling around her own, felt herself sizzling with excitement and desire as their embrace grew tighter, their hands more urgent as they groped for each other's flesh through the fabric of their clothes.

When their lips finally came apart, Fawn found her own eyes filling with warm tears she didn't understand.

“You’re crying,” Danika murmured, brushing Fawn’s cheeks with her lips.

“I know.”

“Why are you crying?”

“I don’t know,” Fawn shook her head. But this time she shut her eyes with happiness when Danika’s mouth found hers again, and held the girl’s body tightly, feeling Danika’s hands rubbing her back through her thin blouse.

This time they kissed with more freedom, more heat, more urgency, and when the kiss broke off they were both gasping. They gazed at each other, their eyes burning, both of them thrilled and nervous. “I ... I’ve never done that,” Danika said. “I mean, never kissed a woman.” Her face was flushed, but her eyes still murky.

“Neither have I,” Fawn whispered.

“I want to do it again.”

“I ... do, too. But ... what if we don’t stop?” We might as well face it right now, Fawn thought wildly. We know where we’re heading, we shouldn’t play cute about it. God, she thought, god! I never thought anything like this would happen to me!

“Do you want to stop?” Danika asked shyly.

Fawn shook her head. She closed her eyes and felt Danika’s lips on her neck, dipping down to her throat, crawling up her chin to her mouth again. This time instead of simply kissing they drank each other, their mouths and tongues thirsty with passion, their bodies squirming together on the sofa.

Fawn knew that if anything had to be more wrong than her and Eric, it was her and Danika. but her sister-in-law’s searching mouth and probing, snaking wet tongue drove her nearly wild with excitement. I don’t care! she thought. I don’t care about anything, I just want her, I want her so bad! She slipped one hand between the buttons of Danika’s robe and found her loose breasts, warm and smooth and spongy against her rubbing palm, the nipples tantalizingly soft and swollen as she clipped them gently with her fingers.

Danika sighed, and moaned against Fawn’s teeth, and sucked her lower lip. Her eyelids fluttered, and she whispered huskily, “Are we going to fuck? Are we really going to do it?”

Instead of answering her, Fawn withdrew her hand and rapidly began to unbutton the robe, exposing Danika’s firm lovely round breasts, lowering her mouth to the first wide brownish nipple that popped into view. She flicked it with her tongue, and licked the soft areola that was already flecked with tiny excited bumps, then sucked the springy center bud between her lips, sucking, sucking gently, sucking the whole large nipple into her mouth and swirling her tongue around it, feeling it stiffen and point. She had never had her mouth on a woman’s breast before, but strangely enough she felt no shame or guilt, only a joyful surge of warmth and passion. She cupped Danika’s firm beautiful breasts in her hands, admiring their almost perfect roundness, filling her palms with their warm smoothness, feeling the blood beat in her throat as she closed her lips again and again over the erect, blood-engorged nipples.

Danika sank into the back of the sofa, and tossed her head, mewling, whimpering, smiling dreamily and moaning as Fawn’s lips and tongue and teeth plucked and pulled at her taut pulsing nipples. Hers must be even more sensitive than mine, Fawn thought, excited by the way Danika squirmed and moaned under her mouth. And baby, oh baby, your tits are so beautiful, they’re so beautiful, I

almost can't believe it. I don't even want to go anywhere else, I just want to stay here and suck you and drive you crazy. Fawn twisted and pinched the thick springy wet nipples with her fingers, and Danika writhed, and cried out, her lovely face torn with sweet pleasures.

"Oh Jesus God Jesus it's never been so good, never!" Danika groaned. She opened her eyes and stared hotly at Fawn. "I want to take your clothes off." Her fingers shook with excitement as she tried to unbutton Fawn's blouse faster than it could be done.

"Not so fast," Fawn calmed her, helping with the buttons herself.

"I want it fast," Danika panted.

Fawn slipped her blouse off her shoulders and reached behind to unfasten her bra. "But we can have it slow," she whispered. "As slow as we like."

But Danika's eyes were swimming with desire. "I want it fast! Fast, I want you fast, quick, before we change our minds."

"Oh, we won't, we won't, how could we?" she murmured, watching Danika's eyes widen as she slipped the bra straps off her arms and her naked breasts came into view. She sighed as the girl reached out to touch them.

"They're so white against your tan," Danika murmured, almost awestruck, squeezing Fawn's warm tingling nipples. "Oh, Fawn, I thought what I did with Eric's friend was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me, but it wasn't. This is! I've never felt anything like this!"

"Oh baby, I haven't either, I never have, ohhhh ... ohhhhh!" She couldn't restrain the moans that came from her throat as Danika lowered her head and began softly licking and sucking her sensitive nipples. Now it was Fawn's turn to shut her eyes, lie back, and enjoy for the first time the sweet sensations of another woman's mouth and hands on her breasts, to feel them ache and pulse as Danika rubbed and squeezed them. Danika pulled with her soft wet lips on Fawn's thick rosy nipples until they burned delightfully and grew tall and spiky. Then she scissored them with her fingers, and rolled and plucked and pinched them lovingly, and sucked them again, more sharply this time, driving Fawn absolutely crazy with sweet pleasure.

Both of them now were gasping, writhing, driven by urgent desires, and Fawn slipped her arms around Danika's bare back and pulled the panting girl against her, feeling their firm naked breasts mash and squirm together, her own tight nipples still wet with Danika's warm spittle. She burrowed her searching tongue into Danika's ear, and stroked the smooth silky flesh of her back, kissed and gently bit her long creamy neck, humming low senseless husky sounds, murmuring into her sister-in-law's hair. "I want to fuck you, I want to fuck you, ohhh I want to fuck you ..."

Danika, almost breathless with lust, slid down Fawn's trembling body and tore at the belt of her miniskirt, then reach behind and unzipped it. "Ohhh baby," she moaned, "I want all of you, all of you, quick, I want you quick" She peeled Fawn's miniskirt and her panties down Fawn's long golden legs in one rapid movement.

Now Fawn was completely naked, and shivering with anticipation. Trying to control the shaking of her body, she watched Danika slip out of her half-open bathrobe and skim her lace panties down her tawny thighs. Then she took the girl back into her arms, both of them keening and moaning with deep emotion now as their smooth supple bodies coiled together. She ran her hands down Danika's long lovely back to her buttocks, and squeezed them, and ran her finger up and down the warm crack between them.

Gazing into Danika's flushed, passionate face, digging her fingers into the springy round flesh of her quivering ass, Fawn was gripped for the first time by the reality of what they were doing, what they were about to do. In a few seconds I'll be sticking my tongue into this beautiful girl's cunt! she thought. The hot sweep of her blood rushed even faster as she realized it.

Hot tight tremors seized her body as she tried to relax, to yield herself to the pleasure of Danika's mouth and hands, which were exploring every inch of her naked flesh, and descending, kissing her ribs and her flat silken stomach. "Ohhhnnnn ... ohhhnnnn, god!" she moaned. "Let's do it on the bed, baby, on the bed. I can't move enough here."

She wanted to have Danika at the same moment that Danika had her, and yet the feel of Danika's firm, insistent hands on her inner thighs, pushing them apart, and Danika's mouth on her panting belly, on her twisting hips, was almost too lovely to bear, and too good to stop. Her pussy was dripping with juice, burbling with fire. But the sofa was too small to hold their two trembling, squirming bodies with any comfort. Fawn felt cramped, but Danika was blazing with urgency, sliding between Fawn's spread thighs, her tiny sharp teeth nibbling the soft secret flesh.

Fawn struggled up to a half-sitting position. She jostled Danika's head until the girl glanced up at her. "On the bed, honey, on the bed!"

"I want you!" Danika gasped.

"I want you, too!"

Her eyes glazed and pulsing with lust for Fawn, Danika nodded. "Okay.

Hurry."

They got up from the sofa and went quickly to the bedroom. Fawn shut the door behind them while Danika went to the bed and stripped off the covers. Fawn embraced her again, standing at the edge of the bed, and they stroked each other and sank slowly down onto the cool sheet, coiling together with slow smoldering sensuality, now free to move in whatever way they wished.

"Ohhh now nowwww," Fawn murmured, running her hands all over the sweet trembling smoothness of Danika's curvy body. "Ohhh I love your body, I love it. You're so beautiful. Now we can fuck, now we ... nowwww, oh yes now."

She scooped up Danika's round breasts and slurped the wide brown nipples again with her tongue, but Danika swarmed over her so intensely that she could not hold onto the girl. Fawn realized that neither of them had ever done this before, and they were a little clumsy at going about it. She wanted to eat Danika's cunt just as much as Danika wanted to eat hers, but before she could squirm around into a good position for it—her whole body convulsed with joy as she felt Danika's mouth passionately kissing her wet crack!

"Unnnnhhhh ... ohhhnnnnnohhhhnnn ohhh god! ahhhhhhh!" she cried out, her hips jumping and gyrating helplessly as sensations of honeyfire unlike anything she'd ever felt shot through her flowing, hungry pussy.

Feverishly her fingers grasped and stroked Danika's body, her waist, her long silky back, her smooth high ass, but when Danika's tongue slithered into the depths of her aching cunt she nearly gagged with joy, and dropped her hands, and yielded her body completely to the girl. She wanted to fuck Danika too, but for the moment there was nothing she could do about it. Her own body shuddered and rippled with flame, she was delirious with desire. Danika's tongue searched and

probed the squinchy wet meat of her burning slit. She felt it rasp against the taut, shrieking bundle of nerves in her dilated clit, and made crazy cawing sounds in her throat, writhing and moaning, rotating her quivering pelvis instinctively, thrusting her soupy cunt up into the invading mouth of her sister-in-law.

Weak and trembling with hot delight, Fawn whimpered and moaned and surrendered totally. Fuck me, eat me, I don't care, do anything to me, honey, Danika honey, anything you want! It's so fucking good, it's never been like this! She heard the quick lip-smacking sounds Danika's mouth made as the girl thirstily gobbled her seething, juicing pit, heard Danika's low humming moans and grunts, felt the girl's fingernails biting into the flesh of her thighs and buttocks, and it all whipped her lust into a more fiery whirl. Her fingers found Danika's bobbing head, and feathered her hair spastically, and grasped through to her scalp. She pulled Danika's mouth into her juicy cunt, clamped Danika's head in her bucking thighs and squeezed it, trying to bear the fierce intensity of the sensations that ripped through her quaking body. They were like one writhing, flipping, striving, whooping body, with Danika's tongue stabbing her clasping wet furrow, and Fawn rolling helplessly on her back, groaning the sweet torment of her fuck-joy at the ceiling.

She knew she would come, any second now she would come, but she didn't want to, she wanted it to go on forever. Ohhhh, make it last, make it go on and on! "Ohhhnnnn Jesus honey ... Danik ... Dan oh Danika unh! unhhhh! Ahhhhhgggg! Oh! Yes, I'm going to ... come, come, come ... ohhhhh I'm going to—"

And Danika had wanted to go on forever too, but when she sensed Fawn was close she went for the hard burning berry of Fawn's clit, and nearly swallowed it. Fawn exploded. She screamed and knew she was dying. "UNNNEEEEE! OHHHH! AIIEEEEE!" she screeched, her body roasted and pulverized by hot clenching spasms. Her climax ripped her apart, tore at every tender raw nerve, and she lay burning and shuddering and sobbing uncontrollably as it wrenched her with shock after shock.

Somehow she lost control of everything, blacking out in the torrents of coming that gripped her, for when her mind cleared she found herself staring into the long red wet gash of Danika's cunt, not knowing how she got there, her head filled with the thick musky odors of Danika's overflowing cuntjuice.

Surprised that the power of her still-throbbing orgasm had done nothing to diminish her desire, she felt the hot blood beating behind her eyes, in her eardrums, and stared with fascination at the lovely glistening red wound that blossomed in readiness for her kiss. She licked the puffy slick cuntlips on each side of the gaping red hole in the center, and Danika's hips suddenly flipped into quick bucking motions, her ass wriggling, her thigh muscles flexing as she groaned and whinnied, digging her frenzied fingers into the rumpled sheet. "Aauunngghh ... uunngg!" she grunted. "Fast. Do it fast. Hard! Do it fast and hard, baby! Oh yesssss, like that, agggghh!"

Danika's splayed pussy was shiny with juice, her cuntlips swollen and engorged with hot blood. Her hips rose and flipped and bounced so spasmodically that Fawn could hardly get her mouth on the lovely creaming slit. Still, she pressed her face into it and jabbed her tongue deep into the tangy clasping channel, poking and piercing and tongue-fucking the girl for all she was worth, slurping and gobbling the juicy feast of Danika's sizzling pussy.

Fawn had never put her mouth on another woman's sopping wet, gloriously blooming quim before, but she dug and rooted in Danika's slimy, delicious trench with her tongue, bringing gargled yelps

of joy from her sister-in-law's passion-clotted throat. The mewling and whimpering sounds Danika made, and the helpless rolling and writhing of her lovely body, jacked up Fawn's giddy lust to higher and higher levels. Moaning and humming with crazy seething hunger, she devoured Danika's shimmering red gash, licking the delectable mushy wet folds from top to bottom, sucking the swollen vulva between her lips, lip-mauling Danika's clenching, juice-streaming pit, and tongue-jabbing the girl to death, sucking the pulsating wet string of the girl's distended clitoris till Danika screamed and thrashed wildly, her hips bucking and surging, her body tensing and flexing and flashing toward her orgasm.

"Unnnn ... nnuuunnnnn," Danika groaned, demented with frenzied need.

Fawn sucked and tongue-raped the girl's flooding tasty pussy, thirstily swallowing the buttery juices, reeling as she inhaled the thick witchy odors, but it was all she could do to hold the flipping, squirming girl down. Though small, Danika was strong, and her hips quivered and bucked off the bed, flinging her cunt up into Fawn's rapacious mouth. Fawn grasped at Danika's flexing thighs, at the gyrating bones of her flipping, jerking pelvis, trying to hold her steady. She dug her fingers into Danika's round clenching buttocks, and Danika whooped with joy. "Oh god oh god yesssss!" she hissed through her teeth. "Squeeze me, squeeze my ass, squeeze my tits! Aauunnnnnnn!"

Her strong thighs clamped Fawn's head tightly in her wet crotch. She wheezed and pumped, ground her pussy into Fawn's mouth, and Fawn slid her hands up to the girl's rolling hard-nippled breasts and caught them and squeezed them, hanging on as if she were only there for the ride, her lips tightly fastened around the slick swollen nub of Danika's clit, as Danika began to come in great rolling waves of spasming honeysicks. "Ohh! Ohh!" Danika half-screamed. Her body was a fury of wrenching, undulating tremors. "YAIIEEEEE! UNH! YAIIEEEEE!" she screamed, coming and coming with terrifying, murderous intensity.

Danika moaned and writhed and came forever, it seemed, but Fawn hung on to her, burying her tongue in the hot creaming depths of her sister-in-law's come-shattered pussy, milking delightful hot throbs out of Danika's swollen aching breasts with her hands. When the shocks subsided, Danika was still gasping, her lovely face torn with the beautiful agony of her climax. Fawn slid up her moist body and kissed her mouth, and stroked her, and noticed new tears in Danika's eyes, tears of overpowering emotion, and kissed them away. This is how we started, she murmured to herself, this way, by me kissing away your tears. But now they're different tears, aren't they? Because we didn't realize we could give each other this.

"Fawn ..." Danika wept softly, still startled, it seemed, by the ferocious intensity of the orgasm she had just experienced. "Oh baby, oh Fawn, you know what we've done. We'll never be able to stop now."

"Do you want to stop?" Fawn licked Danika's earlobe. She reached down with her hand and gently rubbed the puffed tender cuntlips she had just been so happily and busily half-swallowing.

Danika winced with pleasure, and gasped again. "Oh no, oh no, never!"

"Is anybody coming over tonight? Have you got anything planned?" Fawn whispered urgently into the ear she was kissing.

"No," Danika's voice quavered.

“Then why don’t we go drink another martini, and have a bit to eat, and settle down to a long slow all-night fuck? How does that sound?” She smiled as she felt Danika’s cunt already moistening again, her hips involuntarily rolling up into Fawn’s softly stroking hand.

Danika bit her lower lip. Her eyes were flooding again with renewed desire. “God, I just don’t know if I can wait even that long.”

Chapter 3

Fawn stayed the night. Around midnight, when the two of them finally fell into exhausted sleep in one another’s arms, neither she nor Danika could have counted the times they had each come. Fawn was simply flabbergasted by what they had done. Maybe that’s the reason you’re not supposed to do it with another woman, she thought. Because she knows how to fuck you so good, and she never gets tired. I mean, she can just go on doing it to you, and you can do it to her, until neither of you can lift a finger anymore. I mean, Eric fucked me better than any other man ever has, but it couldn’t have been as good as this. Could it?

She couldn’t decide, she didn’t know. All she knew was that her body had never before been wracked by such an endless flow of joyous spasms in such a short space of time.

After the thrill of their first climaxes subsided, they did as Fawn suggested. Danika slipped back into her robe, found another one for Fawn in the closet, and they went back to the living room and drank another martini. By this time it was getting dark outside, so Danika pulled all the drapes tight and lit some candles and put on some music.

The music and the gin made Fawn feel so good that she stood up and started dancing in front of Danika. Her body under the borrowed robe felt warm and graceful, more sensual than ever, and she swayed in the soft candlelight before Danika’s fascinated gaze, letting the robe swish open to expose her naked bronzed thighs, her long tapering calves. Then she turned her back to Danika and loosened the sash, then whirled around again, letting the soft flickering light bathe her breasts and flat smooth belly. She ran her hands over her body, and moaned softly, then shed the robe entirely and danced naked in front of the girl. Soon Danika, half-hypnotized by her martini and Fawn’s murky, irresistible sensuality, stood and began to dance, too, and opened her robe, too, and slipped out of it and kicked it across the room. Like Fawn, she caressed her own body, and the two naked girls circled each other in the glowing candlelight, swaying in time with the music, yearning and swaying and teasing one another as their bare, excited bodies drew close together, then tantalizingly slipped away.

They danced until the record played itself out, and when Danika went to change it, Fawn whispered, “No.”

“No?” Danika’s lips quivered; she licked them. “No?”

“No.” Fawn embraced her and felt the supple smooth curves of Danika’s bare body pressing urgently into her own, and their hands raced over each other’s naked flesh as if they had never felt it before, though only minutes ago they had been deliriously coming together in the bedroom.

Humming, moaning, panting, they slumped to the rug there in the center of the livingroom floor with the candlelight flickering golden shadows over their naked flesh. "I want to fuck with you, I'll just never get enough of you. Never!" Fawn murmured thickly, sliding her lips down Danika's body, devouring her sister-in-law's dark glimmering nipples.

Within seconds they had squirmed into position for sixty-nine, with Danika flat on her back on the rug and Fawn crouched over her, pushing her throbbing breasts into the girl's smooth heaving belly, and dipping her tongue lovingly into the tangy splayed seam of Danika's runny cunt. She felt Danika's arms and hands encircling her own hips, clasping her ass, drawing her pussy down, felt the hot slithery tongue sliding into her own achy pussy, the hungry lips plucking at her swollen clit, and she writhed and dug her fingers into Danika's clenching asscheeks and buried her mouth in the girl's sopping wet slit. They squirmed heatedly together, groaning and thrashing with sweet need and bliss, their hot shuddering bodies welded together with coming, and more coming, more and more happy shattering spasms.

After that they fixed something to eat, then took a bath together. And in the bath they suddenly found themselves going at it again. They were both so insatiable that they seemed constantly to be steaming and sizzling with lust and desire for one another, and when Fawn began lathering Danika's sweet smooth voluptuous brown body with soap, she felt the need bubbling up in her again. One of her hands found Danika's mucousy vagina under the bath-water, while the other grasped and slid over the girl's slippery breasts, and she fingerfucked the girl until the echoing sobs of her orgasm were reverberating with deafening intensity off the bathroom tiles. While Danika was tenderly drying Fawn off with a towel after the bath, she stooped and pried apart Fawn's moist glowing buttocks and ran her skillful tongue up and down the crack of Fawn's ass until Fawn was shivering and whimpering with unaccustomed delights. At the same time Danika thrust two quick fingers into Fawn's cunt from the rear, and kept licking her ass-crack, and reaching up with one hand to tweak and scissor Fawn's damp, excited nipples, while her fingers plunged rapidly up and down in Fawn's boiling pussy. Fawn's knees grew so weak that she had to grab a towel rack to keep from falling, but she spread her feet and thighs, and pressed her cheek against the tiled wall, and sucked on her bottom lip as she gyrated her hips down into the fast-flying hand. She came standing up, gagging joyously on the sweet sharp sensations that fled through her trembling body.

After the bath, they went back into the bedroom and lay down on the bed. They shared a joint, which somehow lit the fires of their lust again, but this time they were no longer urgent and driven by fierce, quick hunger for each other. Instead they moved languorously together, and calmly stroked and nibbled and sucked and kissed one another's bodies, taking a smoldering, fantastic joy in pleasuring each other, in bleeding long slow dynamite orgasms out of each other. Just when it seemed to Fawn that neither of them would ever be able to come again if they didn't stop soon, she would feel Danika's body clench and grow taut, and hear the soft splendid cawing in her throat, feel the hot tremors roll through her as she shimmered through yet another climax. She herself would be surprised by them, as she lay on her back in a warm smoky haze of sensual delight, feeling Danika's loving lips curving into the wet tingly folds of her cunt, feeling the soft rolling waves of honeyfire, then groaning, wailing, digging spastic fingers into the bedsheet as the explosions burst again within her and wrenched her with coming.

At times they dozed, coiling together, letting their exhausted bodies rest, but soon they would find themselves kissing again lazily, then not so lazily. Soon Fawn would find herself whooping and flashing through still another climax. She would swarm over Danika's palpitating flesh until she too was whimpering again in the throes of a hot, throbbing orgasm. By midnight there was nothing

they could do but sleep a dreamless sleep, but in the morning when they awoke it was the same thing all over again, and they each climaxed twice before even getting out of bed.

“My god,” Fawn sighed against Danika’s bare shoulder, “we’ve got to stop this.” Her body felt deliciously raw and achy, but she knew that if she didn’t have to go to work she would stay in Danika’s arms all day, lesbian-fucking until her brains melted and she went blind and deaf from repeated coming.

“I know, I know,” Danika sighed back, shyly. “I never knew anything like this was possible.”

Quickly Fawn dressed while Danika made her a fast cup of coffee in the kitchen. They gazed murkily at each other while Fawn drank it. “I can’t believe it!” Fawn said to her sister-in-law. “I still want you. I still do!”

“You could ... call in sick,” Danika said tentatively, but smiling suggestively, licking her sensual lower lip.

Fawn shook her head. “We can’t let it get control of us like this.”

“No. I guess you’re right.” Danika went over to her and took the coffee cup out of her hand and kissed her mouth. “But you have to promise me something.” She slid one hand beneath Fawn’s miniskirt, caressing her silky inner thighs, pressing it against the gauzy fabric of Fawn’s panties, already wet again with cunt-juice.

“Ohhhnn!” Fawn moaned. “What do you want me to promise?”

“We have to do it again. I mean ... at first I was scared to death, but now I don’t think I could stand it if I never got to fuck with you again.”

“I know. I feel that way too. But what about Eric?” Suddenly Fawn felt gripped by an exciting and horrifying double-shock of guilt.

Danika panted into her ear. “Screw Eric!” she said. “Just let me fuck you and fuck you forever, and I’ll never think about Eric again.”

Fawn was late for work. She disengaged herself gently from Danika. “I have to go. Oh baby, I have to go. But soon, soon. I’ll call you, we’ll do it again. Soon. I promise.”

But in the coming days, as Fawn began to think over the appalling things she had done, she began to realize more and more not only that it was totally wrong, but also that she shouldn’t let herself be tempted to do it again. All right, so it had been fantastic. She had never experienced anything in her life so good as fucking with first Eric, then Danika. (God in heaven, she thought half-hysterically, think of what it would be like to be in bed with both of them at once! I wouldn’t be able to stand it. I’d go crazy with happiness. Oh god, I can’t let myself think that way, I just can’t!)

The fact that it had been fantastic was nothing compared to the fear she suddenly had of the absolutely insatiable hunger of her body. Never before had she felt such hot, continuous, crackling lust as she felt for those two. Never before had she been able to come so splendidly, so many times, as in their arms. She feared now that merely being in a room with one of them would make her will power completely evaporate. She would become a hot whimpering jelly of uncontrollable fuck-hunger. Somehow that was not only dangerous, it was also humiliating. It was like being in their

power, and not having anything to say about it herself. They could fuck her, rape her, do anything to her, and all she would want is more, more, more!

She couldn't let that happen. So for nearly two weeks she went without any sex at all. And during that time she tried to put both Eric and Danika completely out of her mind. She even tried to put her boyfriend Jeff out of her mind, too, even though he was obviously hurt and bewildered by her coolness. To her he was more or less an irrelevance, since all the skill in the world would never make him the kind of lover Eric or Danika had been to her.

But Jeff was persistent. He wouldn't give up easily, and he demanded that she explain her rejection of him.

"It has nothing to do with you," she said to him one evening when he dropped her home from work.

"It doesn't?" he snapped. "Then I'd sure like to know what it has to do with."

"Never mind. It's just not you, that's all. You'll just have to be satisfied that I'm telling the truth." Her roommate Kelley was home too, bustling around in the kitchen, and Fawn didn't want to discuss it in her presence.

"I guess I'll have to," Jeff snapped again. "I'm sure not getting satisfied in any other way."

"Oh Jeff, all you think about is balling. It won't hurt you to take a little rest from it for a while."

"That sounds so easy for you to say. Are you sure you're not getting it somewhere else? If you're going to be so honest ..."

"I'm telling the truth! Are you calling me a liar?" She realized that by shouting at him this way she was sounding extremely defensive. But she was telling the truth, at least from a strict point of view. During the two weeks she had been refusing Jeff she actually had not fucked with anyone else.

Her roommate Kelley came into the room, and that made them both twice as nervous and irritable. Kelley was a lovely red-haired girl with a nice compact figure and extraordinary long milk-white legs. She was more shy, less outgoing than Fawn, and that made it possible for them to get along well, especially since it turned out that the men who were attracted to Kelley usually preferred her type over Fawn, and vice versa. But for some time now Fawn had been aware that Jeff found Kelley attractive. Her own actions over the past two weeks had now given him a chance to exploit her awareness.

"You two are shouting pretty loud in here," Kelley said, with an impertinent smile. "Would you like me to leave or something, so you can kiss and make up?"

"Maybe you and I ought to leave together, Kelley," Jeff said. "Then Fawn can crawl into the refrigerator with all the other ice cubes and finally be happy."

"I don't care," Fawn snipped, acting aloof, but sulking and smoldering with jealousy. "Go ahead, I don't care."

"Look, you two, this is idiotic," Kelley said. She grabbed her purse and her coat from the armchair by the door. "I'm going out. I have a few things to do, I'll probably be gone about an hour."

"You don't have to leave, Kelley," Fawn said nervously. For a brief moment she felt as if she'd rather have the fight that was going on than the sex that was probably inevitable if Kelley left.

"Oh yes I do," Kelley smiled. "Yes, yes I do." She shut the door behind her, leaving Jeff and Fawn alone.

With Kelley gone, Fawn became resigned. If the poor guy wanted to fuck her, then she would let him fuck her. She couldn't deny, after all, that she liked him. She'd been going with him a long time. They'd had good moments together. Certainly Jeff couldn't help it if Eric and Danika had somehow got into her life and screwed up all her feelings, making her realize things about her body she had never known before. Besides, she had to admit to herself that she was a little horny, too.

It had been a while.

Suddenly she found herself thinking of his cock. During the past two weeks she had been mostly thinking and worrying about her amazing and appalling lesbian adventure with Danika. The Eric thing was always in the back of her mind too, but more worrisome to her was the bewitching intensity of her night with her sister-in-law, and what it must mean. It was not pleasant to think you really might be a lesbian at heart. She refused to think it. Now, as she found herself thinking about Jeff's cock for the first time in weeks, she realized that here was a way to test herself.

She walked over to him, suddenly all pliant and warm, and offered him her mouth, slithering her tongue between his teeth almost before he could embrace her. He kissed her back, and dug his fingers into her springy ass through her skirt, and mumbled against her ardent, moving lips. "I don't know what's going on with you, baby."

"Oh, do you have to, do you have to?" she murmured back, quickly unzipping his fly, feeling the thick gristly stalk of his penis thump against her fingers through his cotton briefs.

"I don't have to, but I'd like to," he panted.

"What else would you like to do?" Swiftly she dipped both hands under the elastic band of his briefs and dug deep, twirling his big soft balls gently in her fingers, stroking the hot pulsing shaft of his cock. "Never mind, don't answer that," she murmured.

She sank to her knees and groped at his belt buckle, while in one skillful motion he pulled off her pullover sweater, over her head, off her arms. His eager hands found the bare tanned skin of her back and shoulders, his fingers scrabbling for the catch of her bra, but before he could unfasten it she had stripped his pants and briefs down to his ankles. Her fast hungry mouth was all over his red twitching prick. He gasped. "Right here?" he panted.

"Right here." She clasped his hips and pulled him down onto the living room floor, and took his fat blood-jumping prick all the way into her mouth until the swollen bulb on the end of it nudged the uvula at the back of her throat. Then she drew her lips slowly up and throbbing ripply stalk until she got to the ridge below the flaring head, and lip-pinched it, and stroked the velvety, sensitive prick-head skin with her tongue, feeling his whole body wince with pleasure, hearing his delighted groans. She took it out of her mouth, holding the shaft firmly with her fingers, and licked it and bathed it in warm spit. "Ohhhh, I've been mean to you, haven't I baby. So mean, so mean. But I won't be mean now. Do you want me to drink your come?"

"Unnggh," Jeff groaned, too aroused to speak, his thick red prick twitching and pulsing with urgent need.

He still had his shirt on, and his shoes, and his ankles were trapped in the crumpled cloth of his pants, so that only his tense legs and hips and his big blood-thundering cock were exposed to her. And that was just what she wanted. She wanted to feel like she was love-raping him, she wanted his prick, she wanted to cradle it in her hands and lick it and swallow it. His fingers clasped at her bare neck and shoulders, tugging spastically at the straps of her bra, but she squirmed away and

devoured his stiff penis so eagerly that he could do nothing but fall back and moan and thrust up into her busy mouth.

His wet prick pulsed with crazy hot urgent life in her hands. She stroked it from top to bottom with her tongue, then sucked his balls into her mouth, first one, then the other, swirling her lips over them. "Oh, I'm going to find out if you've been a naughty boy," she murmured, slurping and swallowing the clear warm juice that leaked from the purplish head. "How close are you, baby? Ommm wommm wommm," she dove on his jumping shaft. "Have you been sticking this beauty in someone else? Or have you been pulling him off, just waiting for me?"

"Oh Jesus, Fawn!" he moaned. "You so good, so good!" His firm strong hands held her by the sides of the head now, held her steady, and he drove his raging cock up into her throat, making her gag and splutter with delirious delight.

Fawn loved it. She loved it with a whooping, flashing, soaring inner joy that completely obliterated all her earlier fears. In the giddy flood of her desire to suck off this big wet twitching prick, she forgot about everything else, about Eric, about Danika. Her own body flushed with coursing waves of heat. She could feel the juices of her sizzling, flowering cunt wetting her panties, feel her thighs shaking and clenching involuntarily. Her nipples were already erect inside the cups of her bra, and she sighed and whimpered and squirmed her naked midriff against his jerking, hairy knees and thighs, and sucked the head of his rearing prick so fiercely that he cried out.

Oh Jeff! she keened to herself. Oh Jeff, squirt it into me, feed me with it, feed me! Stick it in me everywhere, keep it hard, please, please make it stay hard! After you come you have to fuck me, you have to rape me! You can do anything you want to me, baby! But right now I'm going to pull it out of you. Oh yes, oh yes! Are you ready? Have you been saving a big load just for me? Oh, feed me with it, baby. Feed me!

She laced her fingers around his pumping red stalk of meat and felt it grow even stiffer, hard as granite, fierce with power against her lips and tongue, felt it extend and point, felt his whole body grow painfully taut, felt the rough strength of his hands shoving her head down, down, down. His prick rammed viciously into her throat, and she dove on it, and gobbled it insanely, groaning and sucking with a sharp rabid intensity.

"Aaowwnngg! Unngg!" Jeff wailed aloud, cramming her mouth with so much of his jism-bursting cock that she thought he might split her face open. But she went crazy with happiness as he exploded into her. She drank the warm viscous rivers of his come as they poured down her throat, and milked his cock for more with her frantic fingers, and squeezed his balls, and sucked the flaring head of his spurting penis. The hot jets of his semen jumped into her mouth again, and again, and he groaned and thrashed on his back, up-fucking into her throat, wheezing and trembling as the last ounce of seed came hurtling up to sluice her waiting tongue.

When he had no more to give her, and his lovely prick began to go limp in her mouth, she let it go and slithered up his body to kiss his cheek. "Was it worth waiting for?" she asked coyly.

Jeff seemed still stunned by the surprising mouth-rape she had administered to his damp tingling prick. "That was worth anything," he gasped.

"I don't know what came over me."

"I don't either, but I hope it comes over you again."

"I've been feeling so sexy, so horny lately. That's why I was so afraid of it. That's why ..."

“You don’t have to explain, Fawn,” Jeff said, sitting up and reaching around her back to unfasten her bra.

“No,” she said still coy, pulling away before he could unclasp it.

“What do you mean, no?”

“Let’s do it on the bed.”

He grinned. “I don’t care where we do it, as long as we do it.”

She jumped up and did a seductive pivot in front of him, showing him her long, bronzed, shapely legs, grinding her hips playfully, suggestively. “I want you to fuck me in a special way.” She pranced off toward the bedroom.

Jeff scrambled to his feet, disengaging them from his crumpled trousers, his limp ropey prick beginning to thicken and swell again between his thighs. He stripped off his shirt as he followed her. “What do you mean, a special way?”

“You’ll see.” She shut the door and submissively turned her back to him, finally presenting the clasp of her brassiere to his fingers.

An idea had occurred to her. While sucking Jeff’s prick, she had realized that it wasn’t as long or fat as Eric’s, but she hadn’t cared. It had been so good in her mouth that nothing had been more important than its driving, pulsing, squirting power. Anyway, a few men in the world could have a cock as huge as her brother’s. Maybe the glorious fucking Eric had given her had been caused by the hot shame and delicious guilt they both felt while they were doing it. She wanted Jeff to fuck her, in the same way Eric had, with her ass perched on the edge of the bed and their feet on the floor, so that she could get the same sensation of being absolutely split open and ripped to pieces by his hammering, driving prick. Half-reeling as she already was with the smoldering lust that drinking Jeff’s come had whipped up in her body, she persuaded herself that half of her problems would be solved if only she could get him to fuck her with as much fierce authority as her brother had.

She was so hot and trembling with anticipation that she was already mewling and shivering and weak-kneed as Jeff removed her bra and cupped her smooth, excited breasts with his hands from behind. He kissed the nape of neck and the skin along her shoulders, and goosebumps broke out all over her. Her cunt was absolutely squinchy with warm buttery fluids. “Jeff, oh Jeff, you can do anything to me!” she moaned, feeling his hungry lips on her neck, his fingers pulling and tugging her aching nipples.

“I will, I will!” he panted.

Soft and pliant and melting with desire, she let him turn her around and enfold her in his arms. He unzipped her skirt and slid his hands under the gauze of her panties to squeeze and grasp her buttocks. She moaned, and shuddered. It was going to be like it had been before, she knew it! She wanted to be fucked like that again, but she also knew the blistering intensity of it was so great, she feared she might not be able to stand it.

Jeff’s cock was already huge and thundering with blood again, and her eager fingers raced to it and grasped and squeezed it, but Jeff was in control now, not her, and he skimmed her panties off and placed her on her back on the bed. His hands and mouth went to her throbbing, swollen nipples, then down her long sleek belly, down further, sliding into the wet pit of her crotch. With his fingers

he drew open the slick outer lips of her flowing pussy, and he kissed it lovingly, then thirstily, stabbing his tongue into her burning slit until she was going mad with flaming need.

She was bursting and seething with uncontrollable desire, but she had to make him fuck her in the same way, she had to! “Ohhnnn, ohnn god, Jeff, oh it’s so good, yeasssss!”

She writhed and moaned, and rubbed her hot quivering body all over with her hands, loving every delicious sensation he licked and sucked to life in her wet pussy. Rolling and tossing and bucking wildly on the bed, his head clasped between her thighs, her own frantic hands squeezing her aching breasts and nipples, she was already coming in light fast skimming tremors, and she lost all thought of her plan to have him fuck her the way Eric had. Her body crawled with fire, and when Jeff finally loomed up over her, hooking one of her legs in each of his arms and pressing them back so that her knees nearly touched her shoulders, she could only shiver with excitement as she gazed up into his determined lust-torn face. Her body was bent almost in half, her heels flailing helplessly in the air above his head, and the whole wet glistening red seam of flesh in her crotch was splayed and puckering.

She had never been fucked that way, and arrows of fear zipped through her as she felt her body cramped, bent double, so that she could barely breathe, felt the tops of her thighs mashing into her own spiky nipples and crushing down on her breasts as Jeff rose over her and plunged the shaft of his prick so deep into her slippery channel that she squealed with hot shocks of surprise.

“AAIIEEEEEE!!” she screamed. “Ohh! Unhh! Oh god yessss! Unh! Unh!”

Her bent body acted like a living spring as he rammed his cock fiercely in and out of her. He fucked her so furiously that she thought the bed might break under them. It rocked and shook and creaked, and she gasped for breath each time he rose off her, then felt the air forcibly squeezed out of her lungs as he pierced her again with the down-thrusting hard pipe of his penis. Jeff locked his strong arms behind her neck, grunting and ramming her full of his prick, rising even higher up over her, lifting his knees off the mattress and digging his feet into it, jumping up and down on the resilient spring her buckled body made, digging so deep into her fire-burbling cunt that she thought the head of his surging cock might burst through her battered cervix.

Never before had he fucked her with such grinding, merciless passion. Just as she had love-raped his cock minutes earlier with her mouth, now he was love-raping her creaming pussy, reaming it, ripping into it, piercing and skewering her into a torment of bliss with his ravaging thrusts. He dug it into her and she squealed with joy. Then he lifted his hips and jabbed it to her again. Again she squealed. She loved it, she wanted it to go on forever! Now that she was used to her body being bent double, she found she could flex her thighs and hips in rhythm with his sharp, hammering plunges. Panting and growling with crazy desire, Jeff rose out of her, and she clenched the muscles of her legs and wiggled her ass in a wild frenzy, pinching the head of his cock with her wet clasping pussy. Then she yielded and moaned as his hard, driving body slammed down onto her again, pinning her knees against her shoulders, squashing the air from her lungs, his fiery prick drilling to the bottom of her exploding cunt.

Whooping and gasping for air, she began to come in gigantic rolling bursts of fire. The hot honey sped and flashed through her, raking her nerves, burning her throbbing flesh, turning her juicing plundered pussy into a sizzling trench of sharp, shattering explosions. “UNNOWWNNNGGG! OOOGH! UNNGGH! UNNOWWNNNGGG!” she howled as the spasms tore through her flayed, writhing flesh.

She was being drilled, not fucked. He was drilling her, drilling her, drilling her, his cock a huge iron tool that riveted her squirming ass to the bed. She coughed and gasped for breath, and tore at his shoulders with her nails, gagging with each hot burst of fuck-joy that raced through her helpless shuddering body. Suddenly the fierce hot iron drill his prick had become began to erupt too. “Unggggunnggghh! Agggh!” he grunted, splitting her cunt into pieces with new, savage, jerking thrusts. The hot thick jets of his sperm spewed into her squishy, spasming pit, sluicing it, bathing it with hot sharp squirts of boiling jism.

Gasping, sighing, trembling with fatigue, they finally came to rest. Fawn was still pinned and bent double under him, his still-twitching prick still sunk deep inside her tingling cunt. She held his head in her quivering hands, and loved the sound of his gasping, and bit her lower lip, feeling soft uncontrollable tears spill past her eyelids now that the frightening intensity of their fuck was settling out into sheer amazement, the warm flow of happiness that came with the release of tension.

“Jeff!” she gasped, kissing him passionately. “Why didn’t you ever do that to me before?” In the back of her mind she was thinking that if only he’d fucked her that way long ago she might never have got involved in fucking with her own brother.

He withdrew his sagging cock from her dripping pussy and climbed off her. “Live and learn,” he grinned.

She drew him down on the bed beside her and embraced him, stroking the shredded flesh of his shoulders where her fingernails had torn the skin. “I thought your prick was going to go all the way through me and come out the other side,” she said.

“Did I hurt you?”

“Not at all, not at all. I loved it! I have half a mind to hold out on you again, just so I can get you to rape me that way every time.”

“Every time? Jesus, we’ll kill each other.”

She coiled around him, feeling kittenish, and nuzzled his neck with her warm lips. “Ummm, but what a lovely way to go.”

Chapter 4

The blistering intensity of her experience with Jeff encouraged Fawn.

Somehow, she felt, it took most of the pressure of her guilt off her. After being fucked by her brother Eric, she had wondered if another man would ever be able to satisfy her again. That confusion had made it easier for her to go to bed with Danika, to indulge herself in her first lesbian experience, and the endless, seemingly inexhaustible beauty of their fucking had scared her even more than screwing Eric had. But now, with Jeff, she had learned that her body was capable of excruciating physical pleasures that had nothing to do with the added ingredient of the exciting shame she felt at going to bed with people she was not supposed to even think about in a sexual way.

The only thing that still disturbed her a little was that she seemed to have climbed up to another level of sexual pleasure. She had always enjoyed sex. But after she let her brother fuck her, everything changed. Never before that had she undergone such wild, wanton, crackling paroxysms of delight. She hated even to think of the word 'nymphomaniac' in relation to herself, but sometimes it was almost impossible to avoid doing so.

She found herself craving sex all the time. She wanted to be fucked all the time. It was a hot, throbbing aching need in her, a constant boiling and seething of her blood, a continuous wetness and itchiness in her cunt. She knew others must be able to see this hot hunger in her eyes. She was afraid to look at them for fear they would think her a nympho, as she was beginning to fear she was. How can I be that? she asked herself. I never was one before. You can't just turn into one overnight, can you?

In bed with Jeff she began to act like a demon of lust, swarming over him and biting and scratching him, shrieking with joy as orgasms shattered her. And even though Jeff tried to act like he loved it, and actually did love it most of the time, still she knew it scared him, this writhing, half-demented intensity that had suddenly engulfed her every time she fucked.

As a way of controlling herself, proving to herself that she wasn't really a nympho after all, she tried self-discipline. She made excuses to Jeff, who was only too glad to get a little rest, and vowed that she would only fuck with him twice during the coming week. During the intervals she tried to keep busy, working, writing letters, cleaning house, washing dishes, swimming. But whenever Kelley was gone from the apartment, even for the briefest run down to the store, Fawn would lie down on the sofa or the bed and quickly fingerfuck herself into hot gasping tremors of coming. Her cunt always seemed so juicy and ready, and her clit so swollen and tender, that she never failed to come like a string of firecrackers going off the moment she plunged her hand into her tingling wet crack. She didn't know what was happening to her, but she couldn't help it.

Almost a month had passed, and she had heard nothing from either Eric or Danika. At first she had not been disturbed by it, since she knew they could hardly avoid feeling the same kind of guilt and confusion she herself felt. But as time went on, she began to wonder why neither one had tried to contact her. Could they have gotten back together? If so, that should, as part of the family, make her happy. But it didn't. Truthfully, she knew she didn't want them to get back together. She wanted them apart. She wanted to go to bed with each of them again. And again! The desire to do it again was overwhelming.

She felt a small sadness too, which grew larger and larger as days passed. What if neither of them wanted her any more? It could happen. She knew they had enjoyed it, each of them, but maybe neither had enjoyed it as much as she had. Maybe this horrible desire that was consuming her body day in and day out, this fearful and beautiful new level of sex-joy she had discovered in herself, was blinding her to the fact that for Eric and Danika it had just been an exciting but temporary experience. If that was true, she didn't know how she would bear it!

The more she thought about it, the more confused she got, and the more her desire and need increased. Finally one noontime she was eating her lunch at work, trying not to think about Eric or Danika but thinking about them more and more, she actually grew physically ill. Her nerves were shot, her stomach tied in knots. She couldn't concentrate, she could think of nothing but Eric, Danika, which one she should try to reach. Her boss kindly let her have the remainder of the day off, telling her to go home and rest, go to bed.

Oh yes! she thought, riding home on the bus. I will go to bed, you can count on that. But not to rest. She had decided to phone Danika, since she had no way of knowing how to reach Eric. Also, the prospect of seeing Danika again was not so scary now that she had persuaded herself that she was not really a lesbian by yielding herself joyfully for the past two or three weeks to the wonderful powers of Jeff's newly invigorated prick.

She was still trembling from her tightly-wound nerves as she climbed the stairs to her apartment, but the tension was not so bad as before, now that she had made a decision. Her panties were wet and clammy with her cunajuices, but that was okay; inside the hour, she hoped and prayed, Danika would be thirstily drinking them, and she would be back in that heaven she had tried so hard not to think about for weeks.

Her head was swimming so fast with the giddy joys of anticipation that she was not prepared for what happened when she unlocked the door of her apartment. The chain lock was fastened from the inside. The door wouldn't open more than about three inches before the chain stopped it. That meant Kelley was home, even though she too was supposed to be at work. Fawn almost called out to have her unfasten the lock, when suddenly she heard a soft quivery moan.

Was it Kelley? Fawn flushed, growing embarrassed. Kelley was balling some man, taking advantage of Fawn's absence. Fawn knew she should shut the door right then, go away, come back later. But her fascination was so intense, she couldn't help listening harder.

"Ummmm", Kelley hummed in a throaty, sultry voice. "Just my bra?" she murmured. "Are you sure? You promise ... you won't go any further?"

Whoever was with Kelley only whispered something, soft and low. Fawn peered through the open crack in the door, trying to glimpse something, but the two of them were obviously sitting on the sofa, which was around the corner from the door. This made it possible for Fawn to hear them clearly, but not to see anything.

"Ohhhh," Kelley sighed sensually, "you know, I've never done anything like this. Why am I letting you do this? Does Fawn do this with you?"

Fawn's curiosity jumped a notch higher. The voice that softly replied to Kelley was Danika's!

"Didn't you like touching mine? Sucking them like that?" Danika murmured, ignoring the question about Fawn.

"It just ... took me by surprise. I mean, I was only kind of curious when you first kissed me like that. But then when you took off your sweater and ... and you weren't even wearing a bra, I just ... couldn't help myself. Your boobs are so beautiful, so smooth and springy, I just ..."

Danika's whispery voice was thick with a desire that was familiar to Fawn. "Can't I touch yours too? And kiss them?"

"You promise you won't go any further?"

"I promise. I wouldn't do anything you don't want."

"I've never done anything like this before."

"Don't worry. There's nothing wrong with it."

“But there’s supposed to be.”

“Here, just turn around this way and let me take it off.”

“I can take it off for you.”

“I want to take it off myself.”

“Ohhhhhh ...”

“You’re shivering. Ummmm, your skin tastes so good. There, there we go.”

Now there was silence, then fast sibilant breathing then Kelley’s soft sighing and moaning.

“Ohhnnnn, oh god, it feels so good!”

Fawn’s hand trembled on the doorknob and she snatched it back, fearing to make a noise that would alert them to her eavesdropping. Her face was hot and flushed, her blood pounding. She could hear Danika’s husky humming, and even hear the soft wet sounds her working lips made as she sucked Kelley’s nipples. And Kelley’s excited whimperings nearly drove her crazy!

She was paralyzed by curiosity, envy, even jealousy. For over a year she and Kelley had shared the same apartment, but never had they seen one another naked. They had not been excessively modest but only decent about it. Still, Fawn knew that her roommate had a beautiful figure, long creamy white legs, a small waist, full high breasts. But she had never seen Kelley’s bare breasts. And now Danika—her own Danika!--had her mouth on them and was drawing gasps of pleasure from Kelley.

Fawn, didn’t know what to do. Part of her wanted to burst in and tear them apart. Danika was hers! For weeks she had been seething with desire for her sister-in-law, fantasizing about lying in her arms again and groaning through tremor after tremor of burning climaxes. Part of her hated Kelley for getting what she herself wanted. Part of her hated Danika for giving it to Kelley instead of to her. But also part of her wanted to keep listening to the incredibly exciting sounds they were making. She knew they wouldn’t be able to stop there, they would have to go on, and she wanted to overhear them fuck. She wanted to see them, too, but there was no way she could do it. She wanted to join them! But if she made her presence known, just that might be enough to panic Kelley, who was completely new to the experience.

“Ohhhhhh, baby,” Danika sighed, “your nipples taste so good, they’re so big and springy and dark red, I want to swallow them!”

Kelley’s breath hissed as she sucked in past her clenched teeth.

“You’re making me want to come,” she hissed. “We’ve got to stop this.

Ohhhhhh, we have to stop.”

“Noooo ... noooo ... how could we stop? Don’t you like me to suck you like this? And lick you here? And pinch them?”

“Unnnnhhhh, oh god! Yessss, I love it!”

“Oh good. And what about this? How does that feel?”

Kelley gasped sharply, repeatedly. “Oh! Oh! Oh!”

Fawn raised her fist to her mouth and bit into it. What were they doing? She wanted to die from not being able to see it. What was Danika doing to her?

“And this? And this?” Danika murmured playfully, tenderly.

“Oh god ... oh god, I’m going to explode!” Kelley whimpered.

“Relax ... just relax, lie back, that’s right. I only want to love you, Kelley, I only want to make love to you.”

“You ... you promised,” Kelley gasped.

“Your stomach is so white and smooth. I’m only kissing your stomach.

Don’t you like the feel of my mouth on it?”

“Oh yessss! But you promised. No further. Please, Danika!”

“Don’t worry, sweet Kelley, don’t worry. I’m not going to do anything you don’t want. I promise.”

“Oh please, please.” Kelley was panting, her voice tremulous with excitement and half-frightened anxiety.

“Why don’t you touch my body?” Danika said. “Here, let me take these off.” Fawn heard the gnash of a zipper, the quick sounds of Danika shedding her skirt and panties. “There,” Danika breathed, her voice smoky, quivering with anticipation. “Why don’t you put your mouth all over my body, Kelley? Please. Anywhere you want.”

“Oh Danika, you’re so beautiful! So lovely.”

“You can do anything you want to me.”

“I ... don’t know what to do.”

“Touch me.” Danika’s soft sultry voice beckoned. “Touch me here. And here.”

“Ohhhhh, you’re so warm! So beautifully smooth and warm!”

“Here, put your hands on my ass. Squeeze me like that, ohhnn! yes, like that! Squeeze them hard!”

“I want to put my mouth on them,” Kelley whispered shyly. “On your asscheeks. I want to kiss them.”

“Do it! Oh please! Do it, baby!”

Fawn was gripped by such violent hot shivering that she had to cling to the wall next to the door. Her own breath was wheezing in and out of her throat. Her crotch was a soupy mess of juice. She knew from the cawing throaty sounds of pleasure that Danika made that Kelley was kissing and kneading her round wheaty buttocks, licking and nibbling them, and the sensations were driving Danika wild with delight.

“Ohhhhh baby, Danika, you’re so wet, your ... cunt ...”

“... my cunt, yessss my cunt ...”

Kelley spoke the word as if it were a forbidden spell, a bewitchingly exciting thing to say.

“... your cunt, it’s so wet, it’s so puffy and shiny.”

Danika moaned, almost pleading, her voice wracked with lust. “Kiss it, baby, kiss my cunt, please kiss it.”

“Ohhh! I can’t, I just can’t!”

Danika changed her tack. Her voice betrayed only a slight twinge of disappointment, but she was patient, patient. She was patient the way Fawn knew anyone would have to be with Kelley at a moment like this. Fawn knew—as Danika also knew, but Kelley did not yet know—that Kelley was only minutes away from yielding completely to the lesbian fucking that Danika wanted to give her. Danika had worked the girl into such a pitch of feverish excitement that there was no way she could lose her now, if she was only patient, and led her along slowly, slowly.

“Here, here,” Danika soothed, “let me turn around and hold you again like this, and kiss you. “Ohhnnn isn’t that good? Feel my breasts against yours. Put your hands on my ass again, oh that’s right, like that, and squeeze them and rub them. Oh Kelley, you make me feel so good!”

“Danika,” Kelley’s voice quavered bashfully, “I really wanted to. I really wanted to kiss your cunt, but I—“

“Don’t worry about it. There’s nothing to worry about, nothing, nothing. Don’t you like the feel of our bodies rubbing together like this?” “Oh I love it, I just love it!”

“But don’t you think it would feel even better if you took off your jeans so I could feel your bare legs? You could leave your panties on.”

“Danika,” Kelley whispered shyly, but playfully too, “you just want to get into my pants.”

For a moment there was a very solemn pause, during which both of the girls must have gazed deeply at each other, soulful, murky, knowing how close they were to the brink. All Fawn could hear was the ferocious pounding of her own blood behind her ears.

Finally Danika murmured, deadly serious now, her voice thick with passion. “I want to eat your cunt.”

“And I want you to,” Kelley replied softly, just as serious. “I’ve never felt like this before.”

There was another pause while they kissed each other again with warm lingering passion. Then Fawn could hear Kelley whimpering softly as Danika slowly unzipped her jeans and peeled them off.

“Your panties are so wet,” Danika whispered.

“I ... I’m so close!” Kelley moaned. “You just don’t know how close I am. Ever since you first touched me I’ve felt like coming.”

“Oh baby. Here, let’s get these off your ankles. I’m going to put my mouth all over your legs, oh yesss, such beautiful long legs.”

“Oh! Ohhhh!”

“Just relax, just relax, sweet Kelley, sweet sweet Kelley.”

“I’m ... sorry to shake like this. I ... I just don’t know what’s happening to me, I’m so scared. And so happy, too.”

“Don’t be scared. Oh no, nothing to be scared of. Oh baby, I’m going to make you come. You’ll love it.”

“Anh! Ahhh! AAUUNNNGGHHHH!” Kelley cried out, panting and groaning with pleasure.

Now all Fawn could hear was the passionate squirming of their bodies on the sofa. She heard Kelley's soft panting, her uncontrollable whimpers, and she knew that Danika was hungrily slurping and tongue-jabbing Kelley's creaming cunt, bringing the feverishly gasping girl higher and higher toward her explosive peak. She had never seen Kelley naked, but somehow she could picture her roommate lying on her back, writhing ecstatically, her bare breasts heaving and rolling, as Danika crouched between her thighs licking and mouth-raping her wet blossoming pussy.

Fawn shut her eyes, trying to control her own breathing, pushing the heel of her hand against her own itching, flowing cunt through the cloth of her skirt. Kelley moaned, her voice keening with an animalistic urgency that drove Fawn wild. Images flashed in her spinning brain of Kelley's white smooth palpitating stomach, her clenching thighs and creamy jouncing buttocks. Oh I want you! I want to fuck you, I want to fuck you too! she hummed to herself.

Kelley was coming. Hot helpless sounds of joy sputtered out of her constricted throat. "Unh! Oh Jesus, now! NOWWWW! AAOWNNNGG! AHHNNNN!"

Hot responsive cries rose out of Fawn's own throat. "Ohhhh!" she sighed, trembling, falling against the door, rattling the chain. Reeling with desire, she didn't know what she was doing for a moment as she forcibly rattled the door again and again. "Let me in, please, please! Let me in!"

Suddenly she opened her eyes and saw Danika's flushed, beautiful face peering at her through the crack. "Fawn!" Danika cried, half with shame and shock, half with delight and excitement.

Fawn's eyes raced up and down as much of Danika's naked body as she could glimpse through the partially open door. "Let me in. Please, let me in!" she pleaded, weak with the smoldering desire that burned her body everywhere under her clothes.

Quickly Danika unfastened the chain, and within seconds Fawn was inside the apartment and the door was shut again. Fawn glanced over at the sofa where Kelley was sprawled voluptuously on her back, still pulsing through the velvety aftershocks of her climax, her white slackened thighs yawning open and exposing the whole delectable red glistening seam of her wet come-slimy crack. She was breath-taking! Fawn felt the blood hammer even more fiercely through her.

Danika was embarrassed and started stammering apologies. "I ... I just came over to see you ... and you weren't here ... and then ..."

But Fawn didn't care about any of that. She knew she ought to be jealous. She ought to be horrified or shocked or amazed or something, but instead she just wanted them both. She was glad she arrived nearly at the beginning, at least, and all that mattered to her was the fact that all three of them would still have the strength for a whole afternoon of fucking. If it was truly nymphomania, then she didn't care!

"I ... I just ... don't know what to say," Danika kept apologizing.

Fawn's voice was soft but thick with passion. "You don't have to say a thing," she murmured, scooping up Danika's firm round breasts in her hands and lowering her lips to the dark swelling nipples. She sucked her sister-in-law's soft lovely nipples tenderly, sweetly, then with more thirst and passion, squeezed Danika's firm springy breasts and pushing them into her hot face. It was heavenly! Her knees quivered, and she mewled and gasped, sucking eagerly, feeling Danika sway and shiver, hearing her feverish sighs.

"Oh baby, baby, I've missed you!" Danika moaned. Her quick hands already had raised Fawn's sweater to her armpits.

Fawn raised her arms, and Danika pulled the sweater over her head. She felt Danika's warm wet lips on her bare neck and shoulders, and she hastily reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. Danika helped her off with it, flinging it aside, moaning as she cupped Fawn's burning breasts and wildly licked the already stiff, throbbing nipples.

Fawn threw her head back and enjoyed it. Her fingers fluttered in Danika's hair, and she pulled the girl's face into her breasts. The hot familiar nectars rippled through her body. Danika tore eagerly at her skirt, and Fawn's eyes blinked open and saw Kelley again on the sofa, still sprawled languid and naked across the cushions with her milky thighs splayed and her inflamed wet cunt shining. But now she was staring at them boldly, her eyes wide with curiosity, murky with excitement.

Danika already had Fawn's miniskirt off and was peeling her panties down her legs when Fawn reached down to her. "Kelley, too," she murmured. "Kelley, too." She glanced over at Kelley, who was still wide-eyed with astonished excitement. "All of us, all of us together," Fawn said.

"Fawn ..." Kelley said shyly, softly. "I didn't know that you ... I mean ..."

Fawn and Danika both went over to the naked girl on the sofa. Fawn knelt on the floor and took her roommate's face in her hands and kissed her mouth, slipping her tongue past Kelley's small even teeth, licking the wet crease behind her lower lip. "You either," she whispered against Kelley's mouth. "I didn't know you—"

"But I ... ahhhhh!" she gasped as Danika's hand found her wet splayed crotch again, and Fawn's hands dropped down to her breasts. "I didn't, not till now. Just a few minutes unnnnnnnn! oh! ... a few minutes ago. Oh god it feels good!" Her eyes rolled up behind her lids and she whimpered.

Kelley's pale quivering body was silky smooth under Fawn's hands, and Fawn kissed her neck and shoulders, squeezing her full firm breasts, moaning with delighted surprise as she felt one of Danika's hands slither between her buttocks and tickle the swollen soupy blossom of her pussy. "Ohhhhh!" she sighed, "there's not enough room here for three of us. I want you, I want both of you, so bad, so bad! I want all of us together!"

"Let's go in one of the bedrooms," Danika said.

But Kelley was again so carried away that she acted as if she hadn't heard anything. Her hands came up to Fawn's naked, swaying breasts and clutched them urgently, and her voice was vibrant with desire and hot emotion. "Fawn. Fawn, I want to fuck you! I want to eat you." She reached out for Danika with one hand and drew the girl down on top of her squirming body. "I want to eat you too, the way you did to me."

The ringing and whooping of Fawn's blood in her ears almost made hearing impossible. She had never been in bed with more than one person at a time before. Her anticipation and desire made her knees weak and wobbly as she struggled to her feet, tugging Kelley up by the wrist. "Quick! In the bedroom," she said.

She and Danika, both of them trembling and panting with need, pulled the moaning Kelley to her feet, and the three of them went to the closest bedroom, which was Fawn's. Fawn rapidly stripped the bed of its coverings. She had never been so glad that she had a queen-size bed. The soft slab of mattress covered now only by the taut white fitted sheet beckoned them. It sank softly, invitingly, under the weight of Danika's richly brown olive-hued body as she climbed onto it. Again Fawn was astonished by the voluptuous beauty of her sister-in-law's naked body. The pulse beat in her throat. Her cunt squished with warm fluids. She didn't know how the three of them would go about

it, but that problem seemed to be solved for her and Kelley by the fact that Danika was the first one on the bed.

They climbed onto the bed, too, one of them on each side of Danika, and pressed her between them, kissing her face, breathing in her ears. She shivered and moaned, writhing, her smooth supple body pliant and trembling under their moving, grasping hands. "Oh god, it's been so long ..." she panted. "I'm so close, so close! Oh, Fawn!"

Fawn kissed her while Kelly slid down Danika's squirming body, tonguing her wide dark nipples, sucking them stiff, then sliding further down her sleek, palpitating, stomach. Fawn glanced down Danika's wriggling body at Kelley, who had never put her mouth on another girl's cunt before. Kelley's fingers massaged Danika's shaking thighs and she gazed hotly down at the girl's ripe cunt, and licked her lips unconsciously, panting, lowering her face, extending her tongue.

A low husky moan rose out of Danika's throat as she felt Kelley's tongue slide into her wet slit. Gasping, she tossed her head to and fro, smiling with intense pleasure, clenching her teeth and sucking sharp breaths into her lungs. "Unnnn ... unnnnn, oh! oh! Jesus! oh, god! unnnnn ... yesssss ..."

Inflamed by Danika's helpless moans of pleasure, Kelley pushed her whole mouth into the girl's gaping wet cunt, sucking it thirstily, slurping and gobbling it, drilling her tongue deep. Danika began to twitch and roll, and Fawn held her upper body, exploding with desire herself. She dropped her mouth to Danika's dark, spiky, swollen nipples, wetting them again with her saliva, tugging them till they were stiff rubbery cones rising from Danika's jiggling breasts. And an exciting, fantastic idea leapt into her lust-simmering brain. She straddled Danika with her thighs and held the girl's right breast in her hands, then lowered her own sopping-wet sizzling pussy down onto the long springy bud of Danika's erect nipple. She felt the nipple slide between the slimy, swollen lips of her cunt, and scooped the resilient flesh of Danika's breast up with her fingers, shimmying her pelvis, feeding the breast into her squinchy hot slit.

The sensations were almost too much for either of them to bear. Danika's eyes fluttered open. She gazed up the length of Fawn's body, gazed down at her breast, its pointing, throbbing nipple clasped in the wet folds of Fawn's pussy, and moaned, almost sobbed. Her hands feverishly danced over the flesh of Fawn's clenching thighs, and she squirmed, pushing her breast further up into Fawn's cunt and going insane with delight at the same time from the tongue-mauling Kelley was giving her own fiery slit.

Gently but firmly grasping Danika's full breast, Fawn drew the stiff pointing nipple up and down her aching wet crease. Her slippery, buttery cuntlips were bathed in velvet flames, feathery intense tremors almost too lovely to bear, and she rubbed them up and down on Danika's breast, fucking herself with Danika's stiff big nipple, jabbing her throbbing clitoris with it. The fantastic, scintillating sensations drove her into gagging, giddy, wheezing shivers of lust. Beneath her;

Danika was already straining and bucking, mewling, shuddering, coming and coming, rolling through the shock waves of the stupendous orgasm Kelley had tongue-fucked her into.

Fawn's whole body was shaking, burning, seething, weak and pliant with desire. She dug her fingers into Danika's breast, trying to stuff the entire lovely globe of firm flesh into her cunt, and she heard Danika's strangled moan. Oh god, I'm going to come! I'm coming too! Fawn groaned to herself. Too weak to stay up on her knees, straddling Danika's chest, she slumped to the mattress beside the thrashing girl, moaning and keening with need. "Oh fuck me, fuck me, please somebody

fuck meeee!” she moaned aloud, beside herself with passion, feeling the skimming jolts of her gathering climax ripple through her cunt, her swollen clitoris pulsing, ready to burst.

She was so wild with blind animalistic hunger that she didn’t know precisely how it happened, but suddenly the other two girls were swarming all over her, squeezing her feverish naked flesh everywhere, their mouths on her nipples, her belly, her buttocks. They clung to her and pressed against her, and her undulating body, vibrant and swollen and quivering with desire, surrendered to them totally. “Fuck me ... oh fuck me,” she kept whimpering, smiling, groaning as she felt a mouth tenderly kiss her throbbing cuntlips, then felt the lovely tongue slither into her channel, probing, stabbing, driving her mad with happiness. At first her gasping, panting words had been pleas, but now she repeated them in low, continuous, guttural groans, humming, sucking for air, her whole body on fire with the sharp building honeysicks of her climax. “Fuck me oh yessss yesssss fuck me fuck me ahhhhhhh!”

Danika and Kelley plundered Fawn’s shuddering, writhing body with wild passion. She yielded to them, let them do whatever they wanted to her. Soft and pliant, pulsing with amazingly sweet and smoldering sex fires, she relaxed and opened herself to them, and she felt them turning her, squirming over and around her, moving her into a position where they could get the most pleasure out of fucking her. Kelley, who had just finished eating Danika’s cunt, now gobbled and devoured Fawn’s tingling wet furrow. But Fawn felt herself being pushed over onto her side too, and then felt Danika’s wet tongue snaking up and down the crack of her ass. Her thighs clenched involuntarily, her buttocks flexing too as she felt Danika’s hands part them.

Suddenly exciting new streaks of fire leapt through her splayed crotch, and she squealed involuntarily, her body flipping and squirming out of control as a new intensity of sensations flooded her. Danika had wriggled her tongue into Fawn’s rectum, and Fawn squealed and spluttered and groaned from the surprise, and from the new hot flashes of joy that spurted through her body. Kelley’s hands had slid up to her breasts, squeezing them frantically, while at the same time she fastened her busy lips on Fawn’s exploding clitoris. And Danika was tongue-fucking her asshole so rapidly, so sweetly, so fantastically, that for a moment Fawn whooped and gagged, thinking she might die of the joyous spasms that began to shatter her with coming.

“AAWWOONNNG! OHH JEEESUS!” she screamed with delight, coughing and gasping as her orgasm exploded and roared through her striving happy flesh. “UNNNNN! UNNNEEEEE!” she wailed, grinding with her hips, pushing her tongue-impaled crotch down into their voracious mouths.

She had never felt anything like it in her life! The coming poured through her and wrenched her, and still the spasms wracked her streaming cunt and boiled up in her clenching anus. She churned and whimpered, wishing it would go on forever, but after a while her body had given her all the pleasure it could for the moment. She collapsed, exhausted, panting, still pressed between Kelly and Danika as they crawled up to embrace her.

“Oh, you two! You two!” Kelley gasped, hungrily kissing Fawn’s mouth, stroking Danika’s breasts with one hand, her eyes swimming with delighted amazement. “I never knew. I just never knew ...”

“There’s nothing like it, is there?” Danika whispered, wriggling her body lazily so that Fawn could feel her sister-in-law’s full breasts mashing into her bare back.

“At first I was scared,” Kelley said, half-blushing.

“At first we were all scared,” Fawn said. Though she tingled with delicious fatigue and the afterglow of her crushing orgasm, she still felt the inexhaustible pulsing of her desire, and she slid her mouth down Kelley’s pale round shoulder to her creamy white breast and sucked the girl’s large reddish nipple between her lips.

This aroused Kelley so much that she immediately began to moan and squirm again, and the two girls again swarmed over her warm pliant body and fucked her and caressed her into a thrashing tumult of coming. Kelley was still trembling and moaning through the rippling, subsiding jolts of her climax when Danika’s mouth found Fawn’s over Kelley’s white, sweaty-dewy, quivering belly, and kissed her passionately. “I want to fuck you and fuck you forever,” she whispered against Fawn’s teeth. “Forever! I could do this forever!”

“You could?” Fawn was half-teasing, half-serious. She sensed the true desperate urgency on Danika’s voice. She knew she loved this three-girl fucking as much as Danika did, but there was some queer note to Danika’s lust-torn voice, something that made her uneasy.

“Just the three of us,” Danika whispered. “We don’t need men, we don’t need them at all, not when we can do this.”

“We don’t?” Fawn said nervously, testing it, wondering if she felt the same.

“Of course we don’t,” Danika whispered huskily. “Let me eat you again, baby, let me fuck you. You know I can fuck you better than any man. Don’t you know that?” Her hand rapidly darted to Fawn’s crotch, and two fingers slid sharply up into her greasy slit, making her yelp with hot delight. “Don’t you know that?”

“I ... guess so,” Fawn said, not believing it. She knew it wasn’t true. She knew she enjoyed this, the excruciating pleasure she got from these two, girls, but it wasn’t any better than fucking with Eric or Jeff, only different. In a way she began to worry about her sister-in-law. But right now she couldn’t afford to worry about it, because her yearning for Danika was too great, and Danika was already on top of her, stroking her, licking her nipples and probing in Fawn’s flowing cunt with her tender, skillful hand. She whimpered, shivered, embraced Danika, wanting to be fucked by her, knowing how beautiful it would be. “Oh baby ... ohhhhhh baby!” she whimpered, yielding herself completely. She would think about it later ... later ... later. “Unnnnghhh! Oh god yesssss!”

Chapter 5

During the following weeks, several new things began complicating Fawn’s life. The first and most obvious was the fact that she and Kelley shared the same apartment. In the intense, swirling passions of their three-girl lesbian fuck, no one had given a thought to the future. Danika had turned Kelley on to girl fucking, but Danika didn’t live with her every day—Fawn did. And she and Kelly would never be able to see each other in the old way again. Her creamy-skinned redheaded roommate seemed to be on Fawn’s mind all the time. Images of Kelley’s smooth pale vibrant body were burned into her brain, and Kelley too was now fascinated with Fawn.

At first both of them had tried to do the natural thing, to pretend it had never happened, that things would remain as they had been before. On the morning after Danika left them, they both awoke and got ready for work as they always had done, though each girl was aware of a new, nervous kind

of modesty in the other. Whenever their eyes crossed they were aware of the danger, the excitement, the temptation, but they quickly moved apart and looked away. But it had proved to be too much for either of them.

What they both had wanted, Fawn realized later the same day, was to fuck each other without Danika being there. They wanted to explore this new change in their relationship without having to share it at all. And the temptation was so strong that even their fears of being late to work couldn't interfere. Fawn had been putting on her makeup in the bathroom when Kelley had appeared behind her unannounced, and without a word or even a whisper had encircled Fawn from behind with both arms and slipped her hands under Fawn's bathrobe. Her smooth searching hands on Fawn's breasts and belly had been enough to make Fawn bite her lower lip and gasp. She had turned and kissed Kelley, and the desire in their eyes had nearly melted them both on the spot. They went down the hall to Kelley's bedroom, still without speaking, never speaking a word throughout the whole thing, and there they had lain in each other's arms on Kelley's bed, fucking more tenderly and lovingly than Fawn had ever thought possible, moaning and whimpering through countless soft feathery orgasms, communicating with their newly discovered naked bodies what they were both too shy to say with words.

That night they had come home from work and gone to bed again, even before preparing dinner. Then after dinner, they went to bed again. When they finally slept, they slept together, in Fawn's bed this time, and they awoke in the night and fucked softly in the dark, then fucked again in the morning before getting up. All in all, the experience was so sweet and tender, so gentle and natural, that neither of them were very worried about it. Both girls felt, in a way, as if living together all that previous time and not fucking, never even daring to think of such a thing, somehow now gave them license to do it as often as they wanted.

But after about six days of this both of them began to realize that however sweet it might be, the balance had to be righted somehow in their lives. They both knew how well and joyously they could fuck together, but never for a minute did either girl think that she could give her whole life over to this new arrangement. Their silent understanding of each other's feelings was so good that again they didn't talk about this awareness either. Instead they simply began to slack off, to see less of each other, to practice a physical modesty that was careful and respectful because what it protected was so valuable and necessary. They continued to want each other, and they still fucked several times a week, but they didn't let the impulse get out of control.

In this respect, Fawn began to grow proud of herself, because if she and Kelley could control this thing, especially when they lived together in the same place and had to fight the urge several times each day, then that must mean she wasn't a nymphomaniac after all, as she had feared. But then again, during this period her lusts were focused so directly on Kelley that they really didn't have much chance to wander elsewhere.

What did make the new experience difficult was Danika. Fawn and Kelley had reached a silent understanding that took no explaining or justifying, so that all the talking they did seemed to revolve around Danika and her jealousies, which had not taken long to surface. The very next day after leaving them together, Danika had phoned and tried to get Fawn to invite her over. The phone had rung in the morning, miraculously just after Fawn and Kelley were getting up from Kelley's bed, both of them feeling wonderfully happy, both of them late for work. Danika's voice was excited and urgent, tinged with envy. Somehow she must have sensed what was going on in her absence. How could she not know? Fawn thought.

But Fawn brushed her off, saying she had other plans that evening and didn't know about Kelley. So Danika had asked to speak with Kelley. Fawn had handed the phone to Kelley, and she and her room-mate had drunk each other up with their eyes while Kelley also refused Danika's request. But that was only the first time. Danika would not give up easily, and soon her jealousy became the only thing apparent.

Late one evening Fawn and Kelley were lying in Kelley's bed, glowing and warm and happy. They had just spent an hour coiled together lazily in a sixty-nine position, slowly and softly and sweetly licking and sucking one another's throbbing, pulsing cunts, drawing a fluttery, rippling series of skimming climaxes out of each other, playing each other's naked bodies with relaxed familiarity, loving the slowness of it, the total privacy and lack of any need to get it over with quickly. They were smoking, sipping wine, and Kelley brought up the subject of Danika.

"She just keeps calling me," she said. "All the time. She even called me at work today. Begging me. She was almost hysterical."

"I know," Fawn nodded. "I know. She does the same thing to me."

"I ... I guess I can't blame her," Kelley said. "She never expected anything like this would happen."

"Neither did we," Fawn said. "It's only that we've been friends for so long, and we live here together, and everything." She stroked Kelley's full white breast, pulling the wide deep red nipple with her finger, tugging it softly with her lips. "And it's so good to do it with you."

"You did it with her before you ever did it with me," Kelley said.

Fawn blushed. She nipped Kelley's delectable thick nipple affectionately with her teeth, bringing a sharp gasp of surprised pleasure from the girl. "That goes for you, too, don't forget."

Kelley settled onto her back, tossing her head lightly on the sheet, closing her eyes and enjoying the feeling of Fawn's wet lips on her breasts, still talking in a low dreamy voice as Fawn sucked her. "She scares me," she said. "She keeps saying to me what she said to you that night. How she can fuck me better than any man, how we don't need men when we've got each other. She acts like a real lesbian or something."

Fawn knew what Kelley was talking about, for Danika had repeated the same things to her. But at the moment she felt playful, sensual. Kelley's nipples stiffening between her lips, because of what she was doing to them, always heated her up, made her blood gush. She squeezed Kelley's beautiful breasts with her fingers and asked, "What's a lesbian?"

Kelley grinned, both from the joke and from the lovely feelings in her breasts. "I mean she's different than we are about it."

"Oh, I know what you mean," Fawn whispered. She licked and tongued Kelley's engorged nipples and tried to forget about it.

Actually it was a bigger problem than either of them wanted to face. I don't know why everybody has to feel like they own someone who they've fucked, Fawn thought. She knew she herself was vaguely jealous that Kelley would go to bed again with Danika, and she knew Kelley felt the same about her. They both knew it so well that once they had told each other it was okay, if either of them should want it. After all, Fawn thought, Danika has an absolutely stunning body. Just thinking about her naked almost makes me come. And she was my first ... And she was Kelley's first too ...

But the thought of Kelley letting Danika fuck her again, without Fawn being there, made her see red. She knew that's what Danika was feeling too, and she sympathized.

Worse than this, though, was her fear—now obviously shared by Kelley—that Danika was going over the deep end when it came to this girl sex. Now that she was less worried about herself being a true nymphomaniac, Fawn began to worry about Danika instead. There was a hard desperate edge of conviction in Danika's voice when she spoke to Fawn about how a man could never satisfy her the way Fawn had done. She feared her sister-in-law was trying to convince herself and everybody else—meaning Fawn and Kelley—that lesbianism was their true nature. Fawn knew it wasn't her true nature and she hated to see Danika fling herself so desperately into it only out of her misery and the hatred she felt for Eric.

The thought of Eric also sent chills up and down her spine, and made her cunt juice flow involuntarily. It had been four or five weeks since she had seen him. She remembered the piercing, jabbing, skewering fuck he had given her, and her body flashed with heat and desire to have it done to her all over again. At the same time, she felt slightly hurt that he hadn't tried to get in touch with her. She also wondered how anyone who had been fucked by her brother, as Danika had been over and over for the past few years, could ever be a fool enough to think she was really a lesbian at heart. But then, you never knew what went on between people in private. Possibly Eric had fucked her, Fawn, with such blazing heat and stupendous virility because somehow his sex relationship with his wife had gone haywire.

Fawn's feelings were confused. She knew she wanted to be in bed again with each of them. But she had gone through such a troubled period wondering about her own normality. Now, with only Jeff and Kelley to go to bed with, she felt somehow so much more on the up and up. Jeff didn't know about Kelley, or course, about the new twist to their relationship, but Fawn knew she could keep that in hand. It was the idea of continuing to screw around with her brother—her own brother!-- she still couldn't get over it!--and her sister-in-law that bothered her. It would be far better for her to exercise every ounce of will power she had, and avoid even thinking of them in a sexual way any more. On top of that, she had a feeling that she must help Danika to surmount this apparent conviction of hers that she was a lesbian. The best way to do that, Fawn decided, was to get Eric and Danika back together.

She didn't know exactly how to do it. She didn't even know, for example, where Eric was. For days she turned it over in her head and was just about to give up in frustration when, one evening, Eric finally phoned her and asked if he could come over. His voice on the phone was thick with suppressed desire for her. And Fawn herself, as she spoke to him, felt her whole body rippling with fires. She realized how dangerous it would be to her will power if she consented. But on the other hand, how would she ever get them back together otherwise?

Kelley, as understanding as ever, agreed to go out to a movie for the evening, and Fawn told her brother he could come over "for a glass of wine and a talk." While she waited for him to arrive, she put on all sorts of clothing that would make her as unattractive as possible. She put on a bra, some panties, then a very tight body-stocking over them so that her full-figure was straightened and compressed by the elastic. Then she put on a shapeless housecoat that she usually only wore when she was sick.

But when Eric came to the door and she opened it, his eyes burned into hers so hotly that somehow it didn't even seem to matter what she was wearing. She invited him in and poured two glasses of

wine. They sat sedately across from each other, with a coffee table between them, not really knowing what to say.

"I ... thought I'd hear from you sooner," Fawn said hesitantly. The second she said it she knew it was the wrong thing to say, since it sounded coy and seductive, flirtatious.

Eric nodded and sipped his wine. "I thought you would, too. I really wanted to call. I almost called you a thousand times, Fawn, but each time I stopped because I thought you'd probably refuse me because you'd feel the same way I did."

"How was that?"

"I wanted you. I still want you, I haven't been able to get you out of my mind."

"But you haven't gone all this time without other women, have you?"

He shook his head, his handsome face grinning sardonically, his rugged jaw and strong even teeth making Fawn yearn involuntarily to feel his mouth everywhere on her body. "No," he said. "As a matter of fact, I've been going through a whole line of them, just trying to find one that could make me forget you."

"And Danika?"

"I haven't seen her since I last saw you."

Somehow that made Fawn feel very good. "Did you find anyone who could make you ... forget?" She hated herself for being so coy again, but the fact that he desired her so much made her feel warm and tingly and happy.

He shook his head again. "There isn't anyone."

This is getting out of control already, Fawn thought. I promised myself I wouldn't let it happen, and yet here it goes anyway. "Look, Eric," she said, trying to grasp the conversation forcibly and get it back on the track where it belonged, "I know how you feel. I've been feeling that way too. But we can't let it get the best of us. You know as well as I do that it's wrong. That's why we kept away from each other as long as we did. I'm your sister. What we did was beautiful. It still is, when I remember it. But you know it can't go on that way. It's not normal, we'll feel guiltier and guiltier. I want you, ohhh I do want you, but I've decided that I can't do that any more. It started a whole bunch of things that are really confusing me, and I think the only way to stop them is to try and be healthy. Normal, you know what I mean?"

"What things?" Eric asked, faintly jealous.

"Never mind what things," Fawn replied, embarrassed. She couldn't dare telling him. "Look, for one thing, I'm worried about Danika. She's acting a little strange. I know she hurt you, but surely you've hurt her enough in return by now. Why don't you two ...?"

"You've been talking to her?"

"I ... saw her a few times. I think she needs you very much."

Eric glared at Fawn, his eyes now flickering with obvious passion, and determination. "I don't want her," he said. "I want you."

She shook her head and looked down at the floor, trying to keep the surging, yearning desires of her own body under control. "You can't

have me,” she whispered, trying to mean it, trying to make him see she meant it, whether she did or not. “Not any more. I think you should go back to your wife. We had something good, we can always remember it ...”

Still staring at the floor, her eyes half-filled with tears at the pain of what she was saying, she didn’t see him rise from his chair, but only felt him coming around the coffee table, felt his arms encircling her shoulders, his mouth pressing down into hers. She kissed him back and parted her lips to his tongue, her whole quivering body dissolving into pliant undulations of delight as his hands dug into her flesh through the fabric of her ugly clothes. Ohhh god, Eric! I want you, I want you so much, I want you to fuck me and fuck me forever! But we can’t, we can’t! I made up my mind, and we just can’t!

She pulled away from him, sobbing softly but genuinely now. “We can’t Eric, we can’t,” she wept. “I told you that.”

But Eric was not put off so easily. He clasped her face again in his rough, masculine palms, and bruised her swollen lips with his mouth. His hands slid down her body as he kissed her, and he clawed her responsive flesh through the housecoat, and Fawn began to whimper and writhe, feeling the huge gristly lump of Eric’s groin push into her thigh as she squirmed. “Fawn, oh Fawn,” he growled, kissing her neck, her throat, digging his fingers into her springy breasts through her bra, “I haven’t been able to think of anything but you! You know it’s been the same for you, you know it!”

“I know ... ohhhhh, I know, I know!” she sobbed. “But we can’t! We can’t!”

Wriggling out of his strong embrace, she jumped to her feet and went a few steps across the room, turning to him. Tears spilled down her cheeks, and her words were broken by the helpless gasping of her sobs. “You have to go back to her. Eric. Maybe when you get back together with her ... then we ... then we can ...” It sounded so strange to her, this proposal she was making, that for a moment she thought she might almost be crazy. But maybe it would work. Already he was standing, coming toward her again, his face an agony of desire for her.

“You mean once I get back together with her, then I can have you?” Eric said, incredulous.

Fawn gulped back her sobs and bit her lower lip. “Why not?” she said in a meek, small voice.

Eric reached out and gripped the neckline of her ugly old housecoat. Then with one violent motion he ripped the whole thing off her. The cloth screamed as it tore, and Fawn’s hot flesh leapt and quivered with excitement. She had never been raped, actually raped, before, except the half-rape her brother had given her the first time, and her knees went to jelly as she anticipated what might happen now. “Eric ... Eric ... Eric, no, no,” she said, whimpering, backing away from him.

But he wouldn’t let her get away, he was on her again, enfolding her in his strong arms, his fingers tearing at the snaps in the crotch of the body stocking, trying to figure out how to get it off her, too. “I want you, Fawn!” he breathed hoarsely into her ear. “I want to fuck you. I’ve been waiting so long, but I can’t help it, I want to fuck you.

I’ve got to fuck you, I’ve got to!”

“Ohhnnnn!” Fawn moaned, half-swooning, on the verge of giving in to him. What did they matter, all those healthy impulses she had been trying to maintain before he arrived? Her body needed him.

Her cunt was wet and seething, and she wanted to feel it filled up by the plunging gristly stalk of his huge cock, the best one that had ever been inside of her!

Eric's frenzied fingers got the body stocking unsnapped and he pulled it up to her midriff, his hands moving hungrily over her smooth belly, dipping under the elastic band of her panties, darting down into her wet thatch, fingers probing lower, finding the soupy aching vulva of her throbbing pussy.

Fawn hissed with pleasure, still moaning "Noooo, oh nooooo." Quickly an idea came to her, an idea that just might save them both at this moment. The needs of her body were so fierce and insistent that she could barely overcome them. But she knew that she had to, she just had to! It was now or never. If she was ever to have any hope for a 'healthy and normal' life, she had to stop this now, she had to show herself that her will power was real. Still, she was nearly delirious with the need to have her brother fuck her and rape her until her brains melted. Suddenly, surprising him, she turned into a tornado herself, swarming over him, sinking to her knees, tearing at his belt buckle. "Eric, ohhhh Eric," she wheezed, panting, groping with his zipper, "let me suck you, let me, ohhhh let me suck you and blow you. I want you to fuck me in the mouth, I never got to take it in my mouth last time. Let me this time, please? Oh please please? Let me suck you?"

Eric was taken by surprise. Here she had been resisting him, though melting, yielding at the same time, close to surrender. And now she was nearly devouring his crotch, tugging at his pants, trying to free his fiery, aching penis, panting and whimpering with amazing urgency as her hands tore at his clothing. She pulled him down beside her on the floor, yanking his pants and his briefs down to his ankles, running her wet lips all over his hot blood-thundering prick.

"Ohhh, Eric, ohhhh, baby," she moaned, "It's so beautiful, it's so big and beautiful, I want to eat it, I want to swallow it!" Fawn held her brother's massive ridged shaft of penis in one hand and licked it up and down. Everything she said to him was true. She had never seen a prick like his before, so thick, so long, so fierce and lovely. With a sob of lust and joy, she closed her thirsty mouth over the flaring purplish head of his cock and sucked him eagerly, wild with passion, giddy with the expectation of swallowing the hot jets of his orgasm.

Eric might have been shocked and surprised by her sudden, voracious appetite for his cock, but he wasn't going to refuse the pleasures she was offering, not when she began gobbling and stroking and sucking his jumping, throbbing prick like a mad woman. He just lay back on the floor, bucking his hips gently up into her downthrusting mouth, digging his fingers in her hair, and panting softly as he felt the juices rise up.

Fawn was wildly, screamingly in need of a climax herself, but the joy of this huge bursting cock in her mouth drove everything else out of her mind. She knew it would work, that she would get Eric's rocks off for him so beautifully that then he would be more agreeable to her plan. So she dove on his wet enormous bulging penis again and again, rolling his big soft balls in her fingers, dripping spittle on his pulsing purple silky glans, stabbing it with her tongue, then sucking it nearly down her throat, hearing him gag and groan with pleasure. Oh come, come! she keened to herself. Let me drink you, let me drink you, baby! Oh yesssss, yesssss!

Suddenly without warning Eric's hips jumped off the floor, throwing the huge twitching pole of his meat up into her mouth, jamming it into her throat with such power that she coughed and choked. She had been sucking his cock, but now he was fiercely fucking her in the throat, and she gagged deliriously and let him do it, feeling the warm milky rockets of his jism erupt deep in her mouth.

His prick squirted and spurted into her throat, and she gulped down his semen wantonly, swallowing it and sucking for more, gurgling and humming with happy lust.

When it was over Eric slumped back exhausted, and Fawn caressed his limp penis, still burning with a holocaust of sex fires herself, but determined not to give in to them. She was feverish and roiling with the need to have him fuck her, but she tried to control her trembling body. It was a selfish, perverted lust she felt, and she knew it would only bring them all more and more trouble. Maybe after he got back together with Danika, maybe then ... once in a while ... they could ...

But for the present, she had to sacrifice her own selfish urges. She pulled her rumpled body stocking down over her panties again and snapped it tight. Then she kissed her brother, and whispered to him. "You see what I mean, don't you, baby? If we go on this way it's just too dangerous. Sooner or later one of us will have to end it. But if you're with Danika, then once in a while ..."

Eric nodded, still grinning from the immense satisfaction she had given him. "I suppose you're right," he said. "But I'm still puzzled about why you're so interested in Danika's well-being."

"I ... think she needs you a lot more than she could ever say."

"What about you?"

"I need you, too, but you're my brother. Believe me, baby, it's almost too frightening."

Eric nodded again. "Maybe you're right. I guess I should give her a call."

Suddenly Fawn felt the strange jealousy again. She trailed her fingers seductively down his bare chest. "She's very lovely. Promise you won't enjoy fucking her so much that you never come back to me just once in a while?"

Eric pulled her down on top of him and kissed her mouth roughly. She could feel his massive prick throbbing to life again, pressed into the naked flesh of her thigh. "Never a chance of that," he groaned, digging his fingers into her ass.

Knowing that she had to get rid of him now, before she threw caution and selflessness to the winds by just surrendering her body to him completely, and forever, she hopped up, out of his grasp, and shook her head. "Not until afterward," she said, smiling.

Eric stood up glumly, and pulled up his pants. "I guess that gives me an extra reason to get started on this quickly, eh?" he grinned.

She nodded and kissed him goodbye at the door. But as soon as she shut the door behind him, she went to her bedroom and shut the door and took her vibrator out of the drawer. Then she quickly slipped out of the body stocking and her underwear. She couldn't even wait for Kelley to come home! She couldn't wait for anything! I need it, ohhhnnn I need it! she moaned to herself. She lay on the bed and started the vibrator buzzing, then touched the pointed tip of it to her swollen, aching clitoris, and within seconds she was thrashing about and biting back screams of joy, pulverized by molten shock waves of coming. She jabbed the vibrator into her cunt again and again, coming again and again, relieving the pressure in her body. But all the time she was wishing she had let him fuck her.

Chapter 6

The following day Eric phoned Fawn at work. “She says she doesn’t want to see me,” he said. “She never wants to see me again, she said. She doesn’t need me.”

Fawn had thought something like this might happen. She herself thought anyone who would turn away Eric had to be crazy. She even suspected she was half-crazy for having come up with this scheme to straighten out Danika and make her own life more healthy at the same time. But now that the plan was in motion she really couldn’t just say, “Oh well, let’s just forget about it, then. Come over tonight, big brother, and fuck me till I die with coming.” She couldn’t say that because it would put them right back where all the mess had started in the first place.

“Look, Eric,” she said, “it’s natural for her to act a little snippy about it like that. She hasn’t seen you for a month and a half. She’s probably hurt and guilty and sorry and all sorts of things, and she doesn’t know how to tell you.”

“She didn’t sound very confused to me,” Eric said.

“Believe me, she is, she is.” Fawn realized that Danika was taking this new-found lesbian stuff very seriously. But then, she realized, she had known that all along; it had been one of the central reasons behind her scheme to bring them together again, for how could Danika, after a good ripping reunion fuck by Eric, ever again deceive herself that she was only hungry for other cunts, not pricks? Again Fawn’s jealousy made her wince slightly at this realization, but again she pushed it down and tried to forget it. “Look, Eric,” she said, “let’s try it this way. Tonight after work I’ll drop by there and kind of soften her up, have a talk with her, get her in a good mood. Maybe I’ll get her to talk about you. Then you just drop by yourself about twenty minutes later, and we’ll see what happens.”

“I don’t know what makes you think it’ll work,” Eric said.

“I know how much she needs you,” Fawn repeated. I know how much she needs to be crammed full of your beautiful, incredible cock, she said to herself. I hate to admit it, but right now she needs it even more than I do.

Fawn realized the truth of her words even more when she got to Danika’s house that evening after work. Her sister-in-law answered the door slightly tipsy, and completely nude. Not only that. When she glanced past Danika into the livingroom, Fawn glimpsed another naked girl—raven-haired, dark-skinned,—struggling hurriedly into her clothes, which were scattered on the floor.

“Fawn, what a surprise!” Danika giggled.

As usual, it was very hard for Fawn to take her eyes off Danika’s beautiful naked body, and for that matter she was mesmerized by the sight of the other girl too. But she quickly regained control, and whispered harshly at her sister-in-law. “Danika! What are you doing here!”

“Just having a little party,” Danika smiled. “Come on in, join the party. How about a martooni? I’ve already had tee martoonies myself.”

“Close the door! Everyone in the neighborhood’s going to see you.” Quickly Fawn pushed past her and shut the door behind her. “Who the hell is that?” she asked Danika, nodding at the other girl, who had dressed with such embarrassed speed that she was nearly finished.

“That’s Maria. Would you like to meet Maria?” She leaned close and whispered in Fawn’s ear, her breath hot and smoky with gin and sex. “She’s really good in bed. Only she bites and scratches.”

“Get her out of here!” Fawn hissed under her breath. In spite of herself, she felt her heart thumping, her cunt moistening, and she knew that a part of her now regretted that Eric would be arriving soon. The thought of another three-way girl fuck with Danika and this lovely dark Maria who bit and scratched made her head reel, and her blood gush. But that was only another of the messy impulses she was trying to overcome by her plan.

Danika, however, misinterpreted her. “Oh, are you jealous, Fawn?” she said, obviously delighted. “You want me all to yourself?”

“I want to talk to you about something,” Fawn said. “Please put some clothes on and get that girl out of here.”

“Shhhhhh!” Danika bent close to Fawn’s ear, hushing her. “You might hurt Maria’s feelings. “This is only our second time, and believe me I need her. You’ve got Kelley, you know. And now that you two have gotten so thick that you don’t need me any more, I just ...”

“Danika, Danika, calm down. Please calm down.” Fawn stroked her cheek, trying to soothe her sister-in-law, who was on the verge of some sort of tippy hysteria.

Maria stood behind them, glancing nervously at the front door, her escape. Fawn saw that she was truly lovely. Her dark eyes flashed with dazzling Latin fires, and she had a full-lipped sensual mouth that was so incredibly succulent that Fawn felt her cunt flushing again with juice against her will. But she pulled Danika aside, and stepped away herself, clearing the way to the door.

“Maria, this is Fawn,” Danika said, her voice quavering, shy.

“Hello, Maria,” Fawn said. She knew her eyes were saying, I want to fuck you too, I really do, and you can bite and scratch me too, all you want, but right now we can’t, sorry, sorry, sorry ...

“Hi,” Maria said in a voice trembling with fear and shame. Quickly she went to the door and slipped outside, pulling it shut.

Now Fawn and Danika were alone. “Put something on,” Fawn said to her sister-in-law, trying to keep her eyes off the lovely body that had always given her so much pleasure.

But Danika resisted. She cupped her full tawny breasts in her hands, raising them, offering them to Fawn, squeezing the ripe firm globes so that her long dark nipples flared and swelled. “You mean you don’t want me?” she said coyly. “I can’t believe that, Fawn. I can’t believe you don’t want to fuck me. Look at me, why won’t you look at me? You can’t just come here and chase Maria away and then refuse to take her place. Come in here and let me give you a drink.” She went into the livingroom, her long smooth back and her round delectable ass beckoning Fawn. Her voice deepened and grew huskier. “Sit here and have a drink, and while you’re drinking it I’ll just sit here on the floor between your legs and suck your cunt softly until you explode. How does that sound?”

Fawn was gripped by a sharp tremor of desire. In fact, it sounded absolutely great to her, and it was all she could do to overcome the urge to give in. “Put something on, Danika. Please.”

Danika turned her face to Fawn, smirking flirtatiously. “Oh, I get it,” she grinned. “You want to have the fun of taking it off me, right? I mean, we can sit here and have a drink, and then sort of peel each other, right?”

“I don’t think you need another drink.”

“I’ll put on my peignoir, how’s that?”

Fawn had to go along with her. Any way she could get Danika to cover her nakedness would have to do. She sat in a chair and drank off half of the martini Danika had poured her in one gulp, something to steady her nerves. Danika went to the bedroom and returned moments later wearing a sheer peach peignoir that, if anything, made her even more desirable than she had been when naked. The filmy transparent fabric clung to the curves of her body and concealed the dark circles of her plump nipples just enough to make them more tempting than ever.

But at least she had on a semblance of clothing. She sat on the sofa across from Fawn, stretching out her long sleek legs in full view, and poured herself another martini.

Fawn gritted her teeth briefly and decided to plunge right into it.

“Danika, Eric called me,” she said.

“He called me too,” Danika said. “Big so what.”

“He wants to get back with you. But he said you wouldn’t even listen to him.”

“That’s right.”

“Why not?”

“Because I don’t need him and I don’t want him. I almost told him that over the phone, only I thought it might hurt his feelings. He’s very proud of himself because he has such a big cock, you know. I suppose I shouldn’t be telling you that, since you’re his sister and all that, but anyway it’s true, what the hell. That’s one of the reasons I let his friend fuck me, the thing that started this whole business. Just to teach him a lesson. You’ve got to have more than a big dong to be a good lover. You’ve got to really care about the other person. I guess that’s why I’ve come to like women so much better than men. They understand, they care. You know that, you must feel the same way.”

“No. I don’t.”

“You like fucking with me, and with Kelley. You can’t deny that. I saw the way you were looking at Maria too. You wanted to fuck her. It’s a pity. You shouldn’t have scared her away. We could’ve had such a good time together. She’s a wild woman, you wouldn’t believe it. I’ve still got scabs on my back where she scratched me the first time. I came so hard I thought I was going to die. You love it, you don’t have to lie to me.”

“But I love fucking with ... Jeff, too,” Fawn said, almost slipping.

“Oh sure, but it’s never as good as—“

“Yes it is,” Fawn interrupted. “Look, Danika, didn’t you ever stop to think that if you had Eric, you could still have Maria too, or me, once in a while?” This was Fawn’s pet theory about herself, and she wasn’t altogether sure it was true, but she had to keep trying it out anyway, testing it to see if it sounded any better.

“That’s sick,” Danika giggled.

Fawn couldn’t help laughing too. “Well, the whole thing is sick, I guess.”

Danika put her empty martini glass down decisively on the table. “Good,” she said. “If it’s all sick, then we might as well not worry about it any more. Come into the bedroom with me and let me rape you slow and good.”

Fawn shook her head and saw Danika frown with puzzlement, but at that moment everything was settled by the ringing of the doorbell.

“Shit!” Danika snapped. “Who the hell is that?”

“I don’t know,” Fawn said. “But you better put something on over that sexy nighty before you answer it.”

“Shit on them, I don’t care,” Danika said, half-stumbling toward the door. She opened it and saw her husband. “Well I’ll be damned, if it isn’t my own runaway hubby. Hello, runaway hubby. Did you come back to get the rest of your socks?”

Eric said nothing, but glanced over his wife’s shoulder at Fawn, who shrugged. “Can I come in?”

Danika stepped aside. “It’s part your house too, isn’t it?”

Eric came into the livingroom, looking very uncertain and nervous. Danika followed him, half-lurching under the influence of too many martinis. But strangely enough, her graceless stumbling only enhanced the amazing beauty of her body beneath the filmy peignoir. Her full breasts swayed wonderfully from side to side, and the gauzy cloth slithered over her high buttocks, and swished up around her golden thighs. Both Fawn and Eric caught themselves staring at her bare flesh. Fawn turned her eyes away, not willing to reveal herself too much, thinking, now’s about the time I ought to go.

But Eric kept staring at his wife, obviously undergoing a reawakening of his desire for her.

“Here.” Danika bubbled, “let me pour you a drink, long lost hubby. Oh silly me, I’m too drunk to do it. Fawn, why don’t you pour big brother a drink, okay?”

“Okay.” Fawn poured Eric a martini, trying to ignore the questions his eyes were asking her.

Danika seemed to be the only one who wasn’t embarrassed. Instead she was brash, bubbly, drunk enough to think she could say things and get away with them. She flaunted her tantalizing half-nakedness at both of them. “God, Eric,” she said, “you’re staring at me with rape in your eye. Don’t tell me you haven’t had another woman, hundreds of women, in all this time.”

Eric grinned ambiguously, and shrugged.

“I think ... I’d better go now,” Fawn said, setting down her empty martini glass and standing up.

“No, don’t go,” Danika said. “Don’t leave big brother and me alone.” Suddenly she hopped up from the sofa and fluttered over to Eric, and kissed him full on the lips, hard and passionately. Eric was very surprised, but he kissed her back warmly, and instinctively his hands rose and clasped her dangling breasts through the filmy peignoir. Danika broke off the kiss and leaned back out of his reach. “See what he wants to do? Your big brother wants to fuck me. He probably even wants to kill me, rape me to death or something. Wouldn’t that make you jealous?” She looked at Fawn, her eyes flickering with clever spite.

Fawn stared at her, flabbergasted. I’ve got to get out of here quick, she thought. She’s going to say something that’ll ruin everything for all of us. Both of them were staring at her now. “No, I’m going,” she said, trembling with nerves and hoping it didn’t show. But at the same time she knew

she was aroused and excited, and she didn't want to leave at all; she wanted to stay and see what happened.

She didn't have long to wait. Before she could even turn and walk to the front door, Danika had slumped to her knees on the floor between Eric's knees and was clawing at his belt buckle. "Fawn's been telling me I ought to be more interested in pricks," she muttered half-crazily, "and I was telling her what a big one you have, that's why I call you big brother, get it? Here, let me get it out where she can see it ..."

Fawn was paralyzed in one spot, staring, unable to move, both appalled and excited by Danika's unpredictable wildness. Eric was obviously stunned, too. He grabbed Danika by the shoulders and shook her. "What the hell are you doing!" he shouted.

Danika smiled kittenishly. Her hands crawled back into his crotch and she squeezed it. Eric winced with pleasure in spite of his shock and anger. "What does it look like I'm doing?" she purred, unzipping his fly, tugging his pants down, slipping her fingers rapidly under the elastic of his briefs and grasping his bare, bulging cock.

"I ... I'm going now," Fawn panted desperately, feeling her pulse hammer. But she was still unable to move, unable to stop looking.

"Oh don't go, don't go," Danika laughed brightly, quickly dipping her head into her husband's groin before he could prevent it, and scooping his long ropey veined penis out with her hands, kissing and licking the thick pulsing tube of flesh. It swelled and lengthened in her hands, and began to jump and rise. Fascinated, Fawn stared at it from across the room, watching Danika playfully squeeze and pump it, then close her sensual mouth over the head of it and give Eric a sharp passionate suck. Again Eric winced, gasping with pleasure.

"Come over here and see it, Fawn dear," Danika chattered on, stroking Eric's magnificent erect cock. "You're the one who likes pricks so much, so come here and see this one. It's a beauty, I have to admit that, yummmmm, yummmmm, it's a beauty." She swallowed the flaring purplish head of his rigid cock again, rotating her mouth on it.

Eric had initially been as shocked as Fawn, but now he seemed to be willing to let events take their course. Little could happen that was more bizarre than what had already happened, and while Danika sucked and toyed with his huge stiff cock he glowered hotly at Fawn, challenging her, inviting her, daring her.

Fawn was rooted to the spot, her body trembling and surging with strange hot desires, and she began to move slowly toward them, as if drawn by the mysterious hypnotic power of Eric's murky gaze, and the spectacle of Danika devouring his red, rigid, throbbing prick. It was wet and glistening and ridged with bulging veins, thick and long and jumping with a life of its own, and she remembered having it in her mouth just yesterday, and gulping down the fluids that had burst from its striving head into her thirsty throat. And Danika now was no longer playfully pretending to enjoy it, she was really enjoying it, diving on his cock, gobbling it, squeezing the fat stiff shaft of it with her fingers.

She glanced up at Fawn, who was now standing just over her. "See, see," she whooped, breathless, half-mocking and half-delirious with passion, "see big brother's thing, isn't it big, like I said? Do you want to kiss it and suck it, too? Here, get down beside me and we'll both kiss it together. Won't you like that, Eric? Or better yet, why don't you fuck her, why don't we both fuck her together? Oh, Fawn baby, let us do that! Please! Let us both fuck you!"

Fawn's mouth was dry, her cunt flooding and gushing with juice, her blood thundering, but she could do nothing but stand there over them and stare, helpless, quivering with fear and shame and desire. Everything had gone completely crazy, but she couldn't flee, as she knew she ought to do. Something held her there.

While Danika appealed to her, Eric had grasped his wife's peach peignoir in both hands at the back of her neck, and now with a deliberate, fierce, methodical gesture he ripped it in two, the tear in the cloth opening down her naked back, the gauzy gown falling in soft rags around her arms, leaving her totally naked. He stood up, yanked Danika roughly to her feet, embraced her, pressing her body fiercely against his, and dug his fingers into her bare buttocks.

"Eric, no. Eric, no!" Danika whimpered, shaking her head against his shoulder, trying to wriggle out of his grasp as she felt his feverish, urgent hands racing over her naked back and hips and ass.

"You're my wife and I want to fuck you," Eric growled. "I don't know what's going on here, everybody seems nuts, but I know I want you, baby, and nothing is going to stop me. I'm going to fuck you."

Danika kept wriggling to free herself from his strong embrace, hissing at him, shaking her head.

"No, no, no! I don't want you to fuck me. I want her to fuck me! I want Fawn!"

"What?" Eric said, his voice torn with lust, but tinged now with puzzlement. For a brief second he relaxed his grip on his wife, and she jumped free of him.

Danika stared solemnly at him, and suddenly Fawn knew she was going to say something dreadful.

"She's done it before," Danika said. "We've done it a lot," she whispered, enjoying the bewilderment that suddenly spread over his face.

Oh god! Fawn thought, panicking. Oh god! Eric stared at her, asking her with his eyes if it was true. And she knew her face gave her away. Her lower lip trembled, her eyes watered, and she nodded. But at the same time she was furious with Danika, because she couldn't understand her sister-in-law's motives at all. She had seen Danika devouring Eric's wonderful massive erect prick only moments ago, and she had known the girl wasn't faking. Danika had said this only to cause more trouble, and the situation now felt more dangerous than ever.

But oddly enough, the bewilderment on Eric's face seemed to pass away quickly, replaced by a hard, half-amused glint of determination in his eyes, and a snarly acceptance in his mouth. His huge prick was as stiff and tall and gigantic as ever, jumping and thundering, and he nodded, nodded crisply at both girls. "All right," he said. "All right." He glared at Fawn, both with contempt and desire. "Take off your clothes."

"What?"

"You heard her," he said, indicating Danika with his head. "She wants you to fuck her."

"But that's why I got you over here," Fawn whispered shyly, nervously.

"To cure her of that. She needs you, Eric, you!"

He grinned, stripping off what remained of his own clothes. The sight of his hard, tanned, muscular body made her blood rush and reel through her. "But she wants you," he said, still grinning.

Pleased with herself, Danika smirked at them as she stood back and watched the whole twisted drama unfolding.

“I ... I,” Fawn stammered, now knowing for certain that she could never leave. Her body was burbling and boiling and seething and reeling with fuck-hunger, steaming desire for them both, and she wanted to tear off her clothes and melt against them and feel them ravaging her. Without speaking, she began nodding at them, her mouth trembling as she gazed hotly at their two naked bodies, at Danika’s full swollen breasts and sleek smooth stomach, and at Eric’s stiff rearing cock. With trembling fingers she began to unbutton her blouse, and when they saw her doing it they both approached her, and began helping her, and before she knew it they were frantically peeling her clothes off, and their mouths were on her naked flesh, their hands groping and probing, squeezing her throbbing breasts, digging in her dripping crotch. She nearly swooned on her feet, gasping, moaning, yielding and pliant between them.

When she was completely naked, the three of them went quickly down the hall to the bedroom, and lay down on the bed, squirming together. Somehow as they settled onto the mattress Danika became caught between Fawn and Eric, and now she became the focus of their most passionate caresses, their hungry striving flesh, their hands, their sucking, kissing mouths. Fawn and Eric swarmed over her, and she surrendered to them totally, rolling onto her back, splaying her thighs, revealing the slick squishy red wound of her cunt.

Danika’s naked writhing body always drove Fawn absolutely wild with desire, and this time was no different. She ran her hands down the silky skin of Danika’s legs, and crouched between them, pressing her lips to the soft smooth skin of Danika’s inner thighs, grasping her sister-in-law’s legs and holding them steady as Danika moaned and squirmed. Fawn glanced up the girl’s pitching, wriggling body and saw Eric scooping up the firm flesh of his wife’s breasts in his hands, mauling the stiff large nipples with his lips, bringing shuddering sobs of joy from Danika’s constricted throat. His rough masculine hands and mouth all over her upper body seemed to drive her wild with delight, and she groaned and murmured senseless sounds to him, scrabbling in his hair with her fingers, arching her back as if to throw her flushed breasts up into his face.

Bursting, blinding flashes of hot excitement and sex hunger gripped Fawn in the stomach, raced through her body, burned in her gushing pussy. She had never been as aroused as this in her life! Her body trembled nearly as much as Danika’s, and she began to moan almost as loudly as she ran her extended tongue up and down the puffy inflamed wet meat of Danika’s vulva, then pressed her lips fully against the greasy sopping-wet pussy and frenched it unmercifully, stabbing deep into the tangy clenching channel, slurping and lapping it, gobbling it, lip-chewing the delectable slimy cuntlips and wantonly gulping down the copious flow of warm buttery juice.

“Unngghhuunngghhhh!” Danika grunted and moaned, thrashing, her pelvis jerking up into Fawn’s devouring mouth. “Ohhhhhnnnnn! Ooooh! Ooooh!”

Fawn felt the bed shift under Eric’s weight as he manipulated Danika’s pliant, supple body, turning her onto her side, getting behind her. Danika’s flexing thighs scissored together against Fawn’s head, making it harder to get at the steaming, sizzling wet pussy she was so hungry for, so she began kissing Danika’s smooth palpitating belly and her flat sleek stomach, moving up the girl’s helplessly quivering body to her jiggling breasts, the tall dark nipples wrinkled and erect with passion, still wet from Eric’s saliva.

Her own wet cunt was coursing and burbling with prickly fires, but somehow she didn’t mind postponing her own satisfaction, because she knew it would come. For the moment it was Danika’s squirming sweat-damp naked body that consumed her, and kneaded the girl’s firm round beautiful breasts with her fingers and tongue-raped the stiff sensitive nipples and sucked them down into her

throat, making Danika howl and groan with pleasurable agony. At the same time, Fawn somehow realized that she was only a third party to what was actually going on between Eric and Danika. She had been so consumed with lust for the girl that for a while everything had been blotted out but the achingly beautiful feel of Danika's vibrant, responsive flesh under her mouth and hands. But now she became aware that they were communicating to each other, not so much with words but by the touch of their bodies and the involuntary moans and murmurs they made.

Danika tossed her head from side to side, wincing, mewling softly, biting her lower lip, hissing as she sucked the breath past her clenched teeth. "Noooooo ... noooooo," she moaned, but half-dreamily, her face transfixed by mingled fear and desire, agony and joy.

Eric had already turned his wife onto her side, but now Fawn felt herself being half-pinned beneath both of them as he pushed Danika over farther. "Oh yessss!" he grunted softly at Danika. "Oh yessss!"

"Eric, please!" Danika begged.

"Ungg!" Eric grunted, panting, struggling.

"OH! OWWWCH UNNHHH! UNH! OOOOOOOH!" Danika shrieked as her whole body suddenly stiffened, and tears sprung out of her tightly shut eyes. "Oh Eric! ERIC! NO NO NO! AAGHHHHIIIEEEE!"

Fawn squirmed out from underneath Danika, whose body suddenly grew tense and spasm-ripped beyond belief as Eric flung her flat onto her stomach and reared up over her. Fawn looked up and bit her fist with shock and awe. Eric's whole body was a bronzed clenched hunk of rippling muscle, his face torn with unbelievably fierce desire and savagery as he ripped his huge prick into his wife's uptilted ass. Half of the massive gristly stalk was already sunk in Danika's rectum, and his strong thumbs parted her glowing buttocks and he slammed into her again, and again! Incoherent sounds of pleasure-pain were smashed to pieces in Danika's throat before they could escape. She was completely impaled, pierced and skewered on his fierce, rigid pole, and he drove it into her like a steel spike, over and over again.

Stunned by awe and fear and fantastic excitement, Fawn could do nothing but watch as Eric viciously ripped and reamed his wife's asshole. Danika's spastic, clutching fingers grabbed and crumpled the sheet, and tore it, and she burrowed her face into the bed and whooped and pleaded soundlessly. Her cheeks were wet with tears, her face pale with shock, but at the same time her expression was still suffused with an oddly sublime and dreamy sort of joy, and her moans were not only those of pain but also of deep animalistic longing. "Unnnnn ... unnnnn," she groaned mindlessly, slumping forward with each killing, powerful, ripping thrust of Eric's ferocious cock slamming into the depths of her ass.

When she fell forward limply onto the bed, Eric's firm hands grasped her hips again and roughly pulled her ass back up, tilting it at the angle he wanted. Then he drilled it viciously again with his thick fiery shaft, sinking his long penis so far into the girl that Fawn thought no one could possibly stand it. Her own asshole clenched tight in sharp nervous spasms of sympathy each time he dug his cock into Danika's ass, and her drippy cunt felt sprayed with singing sparks. She reached down and stroked her wetness, feeling her buttery itching cuntlips greasy with hot sex-slime against her fingers.

Fingerfucking herself into pulsing flashes of sex-fire, she watched Danika suddenly change and begin bucking her ass back into Eric's piercing thrusts, and grinding her hips, gritting her teeth and

moaning in a low, gasping, guttural voice at him, “Ohhh fuck me, yesss! LIKE THAT, unnhhhh! oh god! god, Eric baby! Fuck me in my ... ohn! ohhhhh Jeesussss! fuce me in the ass, oh yes! oh yes! Anngghh! Unh! Unh!”

The bed rolled and pitched and creaked so violently that Fawn could barely stay on it. She crouched beside the two locked lovers, shuddering and moaning along with them, digging in her seething crack with two fingers, pinching her erect clit until she was already coming in soft preliminary jolts, driven crazy by the half-tortured beauty of Danika’s come-shattered face. For Danika simply began to explode visibly with orgasms, and she slumped forward yowling with joy, writhing insanely into the mattress and biting the sheet, while Eric pumped his cock into her with ever-increasing urgent fury as he, too, began to come.

The strangled but earsplitting cries that both of them made were deafening to Fawn. Danika flipped and shuddered out of control beneath her husband’s powerful body, and Eric reared up like a lust-crazed horse and buried his huge prick in his wife’s rectum, his face nearly pulverized with joys as the hot spasms of his squirting organ gripped him.

“Ohhh! Ohhh!” Fawn heard herself murmuring desperately, her whole body trembling, bathed in feathery fires, streaming with come-need. She plunged her fingers rapidly in and out of her cunt, and she came, but it was not the way she wanted to come. She lay there beside them rippling with small waves of self-induced coming, but she wanted what they had had together, she wanted to be simply murdered and split and pierced and shattered with orgasms, and she stroked and finger-raped herself trying to bring on the big ones.

Nevertheless, it was a temporary relief to her. She felt somehow slightly cheated, but not terribly angry about it. She lay next to the two exhausted lovers and whimpered with them, caressing them, kissing their still-feverish flesh, knowing there would be more, more for her, if she refused to be impatient.

Eric’s prick finally grew limp and was ejected by the tight, violated muscles of Danika’s rectum, and he rolled off her and turned her around to his face and kissed her. Then Fawn kissed her, and none of them spoke because the experience had been so supreme—especially for Eric and Danika—that words would only ruin it.

Chapter 7

Later, when Eric got up to go to the bathroom, Fawn squirmed against her sister-in-law, delighting in the feel of their breasts pressing together, their soft puffy nipples brushing, luxuriating in the thrill of Danika’s warm, silky, relaxed body against hers. She kissed Danika’s ear and breathed in it, and stuck her tongue into the secret whorls. “You loved it, didn’t you?” she whispered.

Danika nodded slowly, her full lips curving in a half-smile as she recalled the intense joy. “I’ve never been fucked like that,” she whispered back.

“I haven’t either.” Fawn’s brain still bubbled and simmered with dazzling images of Eric’s stiff, rigid red cock drilling mercilessly into Danika’s ass, surging into her, splitting her open with its fierce ravaging power. She could still see the vast, unbearably sublime torment that passed over Danika’s face, still hear the gurgled cries of agony and passion that fought their way out of her

sister-in-law's throat. She herself had never been fucked in the ass, she had always been terrified of it, of the pain, of the horrible sense of submission it required, of the total violation it involved. Even now, the thought of it, the recollection of what she had seen, made her guts clench, her rectum pinch tightly shut in fear, but she also recognized the flutter in the pit of her stomach, and the wash of fire in her cunt and her ass as she contemplated it. "How did it feel?" she asked Danika.

"It hurt at first. Then it was terrific," Danika gasped. "But now it hurts a little again."

Fawn kissed her and squirmed against her more heatedly. "But you have to admit a woman could never make you feel like that," she said, feeling somehow that it was her responsibility to remind Danika what it had all been about. But now it sounded hollow and stupid to her. She didn't know whether she wanted to have the same thing done to her, and she doubted whether any of them, especially Eric, would feel like going through it again this soon. Oh she wanted to have something done to her. She squirmed and wriggled against Danika, french kissing her and drawing Danika's hand down to her trembling belly, to her moist thatch. "I want you to fuck me, baby, I want both of you to fuck me. I'm dying, I'm burning up," she breathed huskily into Danika's ear.

But Danika responded listlessly, her hand limp, her tongue restrained as Fawn flicked at it with her own. "Fawn ... Fawn," she murmured lazily, "I want to be alone with him."

Fawn's heart dipped. She shivered. Oh no! she thought.

"You ... you understand, don't you?" Danika stroked Fawn's naked buttocks lovingly, but without sensuality.

"I ... I suppose I do." After all, that's what I wanted, isn't it? she thought. I never counted on being here beside you. But suddenly Fawn grew angry. If it were not for Danika, she would have been out the door before the whole thing started. "It's your fault I'm here, though," she whispered. "You wanted me to stay. I didn't ... I didn't even ..." Uncontrollable tears welled up in her eyes, and she sucked them back. She wanted to say that she hadn't even come. While the two of them had nearly incinerated one another with hot, blind, murderously sweet coming, she had been forced into the role of a mere observer. Actually she knew she had come, but only by helping herself get there, and only in the way that was no good at all when compared with the blazing, erupting firestorms she had witnessed in them.

Danika's eyes blurred with tears, too. She kissed Fawn warmly, sweetly.

"I know it's not fair," she whispered. "But I can't help wanting it. You wouldn't want me to lie to you, would you? What if he came back from the bathroom and saw us making it like that? That's one of the reasons he was so vicious to me, because of what I told him about us.

That's why he—"

"But you loved it!" Fawn said.

Danika grinned. "I know, but I don't want it again this quick."

Then let him do it to me! Fawn thought, trying to control her panic at the thought that she was going to be sent away. Let him do it to me! Oh no, no, I don't mean that. Oh god, yes I do! I don't know what I mean! She pulled away from her sister-in-law. "If you don't want to, then just let him fuck me," she whispered, desperate but trying not to seem that way. "I'm so close, baby, so close! It would be very quick. Then I'll go home and you can have him all to yourself."

Danika looked solemnly at Fawn, her eyes suddenly very knowing. "If he does that, then he won't have enough energy left over for me, for the rest of the night."

Increasingly desperate, hating herself for it, Fawn begged her. "He doesn't even have to come. All he has to do is ..." Oh god, oh Jesus, Fawn thought, I want him to stick that huge beautiful prick in me, I'll come in two seconds, I'll just explode, I know I will! The thought flashed through her mind that Eric had only fucked her once, that it had been the best ever in her life, but that now she might have ruined things forever, she might never have him again! What a fool, what a fool! she thought. It was all a mistake.

Very cool and serious, Danika said, "You've done it before with him, haven't you."

Fawn gulped, and tried not to blush.

"And here I thought I was the one who ought to be so ashamed," Danika said. She rolled onto her back beside Fawn, stretching, languid, voluptuous, stroking her own naked supple body with her delicate fingers, incredibly sexy in this moment of her small triumph. "I don't know what'll happen in the future," she murmured, rubbing her thick mouth-watering brown nipples alive with her fingertips, "but for now he's my husband. And I want him to fuck me all night, and maybe all day tomorrow too, and believe me, I know how to keep him here. I thank you for getting us back together."

Now Fawn was really angry. "I'll tell you one thing," she snapped, getting up and starting for the livingroom to get her clothes. "You're one of the quickest switchers I've ever heard of. Half an hour ago you were a confirmed lesbian, and now look at you!"

Danika grinned wickedly and arched her back so that her whole luscious body undulated and her breasts thrust upward, quivering. She was astonishingly desirable, and Fawn's breath caught in her throat. "What do you mean," she murmured, "don't you think I look good?"

Fawn didn't trust herself to speak. Instead she whirled, tears flooding her eyes again, and ran down the hall to the living room, where she dressed with lightning speed. Eric appeared in the hallway just as she was slipping out the front door, crying soundlessly.

"Fawn!" he shouted. "Fawn, where are you going? Come back, come here, Fawn!"

Through the prisms of her tears she saw him standing there, bronzed and muscular and naked, the long thick ropey tube of his cock swinging between his thighs, the cock she wanted so badly to have buried in her, cramming her and splitting her with joy at that very moment. She shook her head, weeping aloud. "No. No, no, no!" she wept. "Go back to your wife, she wants you! I told you that, I told you. She needs you!"

"Faw—" he said, but she shut the door, and ran down the walk to the street.

Too agitated to wait for a bus, she hailed a passing cab. She sat in the back seat of the cab feeling angry, guilty, ashamed, betrayed, one after the other, weeping in confusion. At the same time she wished the awful flux of emotion would somehow blot out the seething urgency of her body, the hot hungry itchiness of her still-gripping cunt, the endless throbbing of her blood. She was wound tight as a wire, drawn up to a fever-pitch of sexual need, and she didn't know who to blame for it—them or her? She needed violent release, but she didn't know what to do about it. Maybe Kelley would be at home. But that was the last thing she wanted, to get even deeper into the sick network of relationships that were connected to the scene she had just left.

Jeff, she knew, was also a possibility. And she knew he would be willing, he would ask no questions, he would give her what she needed. But it would not be what she really needed, whatever that was. And she would not be able to keep herself, this time, from making comparisons with Eric, whose rampaging, rearing, piercing, cunt-splitting, ass-reaming, gargantuan cock was the only thing she wanted to feel inside her, probing and slicing and skewering her into the guilty ecstasies she craved so wantonly.

What's coming over me? she thought. Why won't it go away? I'm right back where I started from, I really am a nympho after all, just seething and boiling with it, when really I should just be so mad at everybody that I wouldn't want to be touched.

She thought briefly of going home and masturbating, but she quickly dismissed that, knowing it was no good, knowing she had already done it, only minutes ago, and it had solved nothing. While she was turning all this over in her head, and trying to suppress or ignore the gushing tumult of her blood and the hot unsatisfied yearnings in her burning pussy, she caught the cab driver glancing at her in the rearview mirror. He stared at her brazenly, eating her with his eyes, promising to deliver anything she might request. He was young, fairly handsome, with broad shoulders and shaggy black hair, and a mouth with a vicious, sarcastic twist. And she suddenly knew that there must be something about her he could smell. In some way she must be advertising herself like a bitch in heat, and that embarrassed her further. Still, she briefly entertained the idea. He was a total stranger, and maybe that was just what she needed at the moment like this, someone she would never see again, someone she had never seen before, who she could take upstairs with her. The guilt, the shame, the betrayal, the humiliation that she felt, maybe they could all be blasted out of her by taking this cab driver with the vicious mouth up to her apartment with her and inviting him to do anything he liked to her. Preferably something sweetly brutal, something tenderly cruel, the way Eric had screwed Danika in the ass. Did that make sense?

She didn't know, but the mere thought made her shiver. She glanced at the cabbie's eyes in the mirror and knew she couldn't go through with it. For one thing, he was too handsome, and the slight hint she gave that she might be interested in him had made his body take on a kind of aggressive magnetism that attracted her so powerfully, she feared that neither of them might be able to settle for the sort of one-shot ships-in-the-night blistering fuck she had in mind. No, she needed someone far more repulsive, someone who would scour her clean of these crazy compulsions, someone who could cleanse her of these consuming guilts entirely by taking her to the very bottom of them and rubbing her face in the foulest dirt, so that she might never have to go back there again.

Still, the way he kept looking at her gave her goose-bumps. His dark bold eyes riveted hers in the mirror for such long periods that she was afraid he might have a wreck. And Fawn herself was aware suddenly that her mouth was half-open, and she had placed the tip of her tongue against the ridge of her upper teeth as she stared back murkily at him. Her eyes were saying to him, You can fuck me if you want to, and she knew her body was saying it too, it was smoking with invitations that only a stone could have failed to notice.

During the moments when he took his eyes away from hers to watch the traffic, she tried deliberately not to glance up at his name and picture on the cab license that was fastened to the sunvisor. She didn't want to know his name, she wanted him to be totally anonymous. She also wanted him to make the first advance. She was willing to provoke him as much as possible, and she knew by now, as the cab drew closer and closer to her apartment, that she would not let him get

away without making it plain to him what she wanted; but she didn't want to be explicitly brazen about it.

Finally he pulled the cab up in front of her building and shut off the motor. They still had not spoken a word to one another. Fawn stared at him in the mirror, making no effort to get out. He turned his head and glared at her over his shoulder. "Isn't this it?" he said, staring suggestively first at her mouth, then down at her loose breasts that rose and fell in her excitement beneath her thin blouse. She had dressed in such a hurry when leaving Eric's and Danika's house that she had merely stuffed her bra in her handbag.

When she said nothing, but simply stared at him, her eyes again saying, Fuck me, fuck me, you can fuck me, you can fuck me, he repeated softly, "Isn't this it?"

"Do you have some place you can take me?" she whispered, trying not to sound nervous or uncertain, half-angry at him for forcing her to begin it.

His cruel sarcastic mouth that gave her delicious shivers twisted into a mocking grin of appraisal, and his eyes drifted again down to the visible bumps her nipples made in the fabric of her blouse. "That depends on where you want to go," he grinned, staring boldly at her breasts.

"I want to go crazy," she whispered. She shifted her shoulders slightly so that the firm out-thrusting globes swayed beneath the cloth.

"What kind of crazy do you want to go?"

"I'll bet you can figure that out."

His eyes came back up to her face, menacing, slightly threatening, but still flickering with sarcasm. "Why don't you tell me," he said, his voice deep, hoarse, deadly serious.

He sounded so rough and brutal that for a moment she winced with fear of him. What am I doing? What am I doing? a whirling, reeling voice in her head asked over and over. But at the same time his rough, daring manner excited and even thrilled her. "Because you already know," she said, terrified of herself and what she was doing, but unable to resist the excitement of the moment.

Suddenly he reached out a hand across the seat and ran two rough callused fingers along her cheek. His dark eyes were hot and smoky. "But I want to hear it from you."

Fawn's whole body trembled at the feel of his gnarled fingers against her cheek. "I ... I ..." she stammered, unable to say anything else, glancing down at her shaking fingers.

Still caressing her face, her chin, her forehead, her other cheek, running his thick bony knuckle across her quivering lips, he spoke softly. "Is it hard?"

Struck by his words, she giggled shyly and looked up from her nervous hands, staring straight into his bold eyes. "I don't know, is it?" she said.

He smiled back at her and slowly nodded. His hand slid down from her face to her neck, her throat, down her chest to the top buttons of her blouse. Quickly he unbuttoned the first two, still hotly riveting her eyes with his own, and slipped his hand under the cloth, clasping one of her breasts and scissoring the tender swollen nipple with two rough-skinned fingers. Fawn gasped. "I can't take you anywhere," he whispered, fondling and squeezing her warm, aching breast with his hand. "It's like kidnapping, and rape, if you change your mind later."

“I won’t,” she breathed, closing her eyes briefly and pushing her body forward, mashing her tingly breast into his rough hand.

“Why not here?” he said, indicating her own apartment building with his head.

“I have a roommate,” she said. His hands roamed curiously over her breasts, squeezing and cupping them, pulling the long thick nipples, rolling them in his fingers. She shut her eyes and clenched her teeth, enjoying the wonderful feel of it. But she knew they couldn’t just sit here in the cab doing this. Someone would see them.

“Maybe she’s not home,” he said. Now her nipples were erect and rubbery, and he gently pinched each one, drawing new gasps of pleasure from her. “Why don’t you go up and check?”

Fawn bit her lower lip and nodded. Oh god, she prayed, don’t be home, Kelley! She didn’t even want him to take his hand off her body long enough for her to go upstairs and check. And she was also seized by a small panic, the fear that he would not stay, not wait for her return. “Come with me?” she said in a small voice. “Can you leave the cab?”

“For you,” he chuckled softly. “For you I can do anything.”

For some reason, the word ‘anything’ made Fawn’s blood boil and race, made her cunt gush and throb. Oh god, if Kelley was home, what would she do!

She waited while he parked the cab in a relatively secluded spot. Then she rebuttoned the top two buttons of her blouse, and took him upstairs with her to the apartment. They went inside. Kelley was not home. On the coffee table was a note she had left. Fawn began to think, as she read the note, that fate must be real after all, that fortune somehow must have conspired to make this moment possible. For Kelley had gone to the mountains for the weekend with a new boy friend; she would not be back till Monday.

Fawn turned to the cab driver, who stood with his thick meaty hands hanging at his side, grinning at her as broadly as ever, while she read the note. “She ... she won’t be back tonight,” she half-whispered, her voice choked up with fear and excitement.

She didn’t dare tell him how long Kelley would be gone, as if somehow that would make her even more vulnerable to him than she had already made herself. Now, as she looked at him in the light, she found him more attractive and more terrifying, both at the same time, than she had earlier. He had a powerful, muscular, working man’s body, with strong hairy forearms, and thick humps of muscle in his shoulders. His jaw was large and sharp, his dark eyes glittery now with obvious lust for her, his teeth strong and white and even as he grinned sarcastically, half-menacingly, at her. She both wanted him and feared him, and the combination of the two made her absolutely sizzle and smolder with contradictory feelings.

She went back to the front door and this time fastened both the chain and the bolt lock, so that nothing like her interruption of Kelley and Danika could happen. She knew it couldn’t, if Kelley was in the mountains, but somehow she had to be as secure as possible. She had no idea what she and the cab driver would get involved in, but she had a feeling, a dangerous, thrilling feeling, that it wouldn’t be something she would like anyone else ever to know about. She turned her face back to him, smiling nervously.

He stood in the center of the room, his large rough hands still hanging loosely at his sides, grinning at her with his perpetual amusement. “What’s your name?” he asked.

“It’s ... Ca ... Carol,” she said. “Carol. Don’t tell me yours.”

“You don’t want to know my name? Is that part of the going crazy you mentioned?”

“You could say that.” Nervously, Fawn smoothed her miniskirt against her thighs with the palms of her hands.

“What other kinds of crazy did you have in mind?” he chuckled softly.

“I ... I really don’t know,” Fawn murmured, though she did know, in a way, but was far too shy and embarrassed and frightened at the moment to say it aloud. “What ... would you like to do to me?” she asked, looking away from his eyes.

“Silly question,” he chuckled again.

“No ... I mean besides that. I mean, how would you like to ... go about it?” She blushed so hotly that she raised her fist to her mouth and bit into the fleshy bottom of her thumb in order to get control of herself.

He cocked his head to one side and regarded her as if she were a genuine kook, perhaps a true kinky, but a beautiful one, a stunning woman who was tempting him more than she ought to. He pondered her question for a moment, then answered forth-rightly. “I’d like to tie you up.”

Fawn’s heart thundered suddenly, then fluttered, then took a rapid dip.

She gulped. “And then what?”

His voice was serious, even briefly tender. “Oh, I wouldn’t beat you or anything, don’t worry.” He stared at her for a moment as if to say that not everyone was as kinky as she was. “It’s not my style. But you’re the one who said you wanted to go crazy. I just want to tie you up so you can’t get away while I’m driving you crazy,” he said, his eyes burning into her, tempting her now.

Jesus god in heaven! Fawn thought, feeling the blood beat with a maddening intensity in her throat, and hammer behind her ears. It’s all coming true, I couldn’t have imagined it any better than this! But what if he’s not telling the truth? “How ... how do I know you’re telling the truth?” she asked meekly.

“Would I lie to you?” he grinned.

“I don’t know. Maybe you would.” Her body was trembling and seething with need, and she knew with a wince of horror that it really didn’t matter. She would surrender herself to him no matter what, and that horrified her.

He shrugged his broad, powerful shoulders. “I guess you’ll just have to trust me,” he said. “You’re the one who wants to go crazy. If you just want a regular little—“

“No, no,” Fawn interrupted him eagerly, maybe too eagerly. “You can ...” She had a hard time getting it out. She had never done anything like this in her life, had never thought herself capable of it. “You can ... tie me up. if you want to. But only if you promise not to hurt me.”

He could see how frightened she was, and he crossed the room to her and again put his rough, callused fingers softly on her cheek. “Only as much as you want,” he said. “I promise.”

“Really?”

“Really.” He took her face in his strong thick hands and tilted her lips up and kissed her with a kind of raw authority that made her almost giddy with delight. And while he was kissing her he slid his hands down to her buttons again, and within seconds he had her blouse off and his hands on her naked breasts, kneading them firmly, cupping the full springy mounds and rubbing his thumbs over her pointing, pulsing nipples.

He bit her neck gently, then slid his mouth down the smooth flesh toward her shoulder and sank his teeth into it. Shivers zipped through Fawn. “Aii!” she yelped, “oh! oooooohh!”

His hands were rough and weathered, his lips chapped and cracked, and his fingers and mouth rasped on her tender skin. He kissed her bare gleaming bronzed shoulders and her smooth upper chest, and squeezed her breasts so hard that it hurt her, but she was growing so weak and dizzy with passion that she didn’t care. His chapped, rasping lips found her aching nipples and tore at them, and waves of heat shimmered through her breasts. He held them in his palms and milked them fiercely from beneath, digging his fingers into the springy round globes, hurting her again, but beautifully, while he lip-pinched her fiery nipples and sucked them between his strong teeth.

Fawn put her hands on his shoulders in order to keep her balance, and shut her eyes, turning her head to and fro and hissing with pleasure, pushing her hot aching breasts into his face. As if he had read her mind, or sensed the urgent, dangerous desires of her body, he was already giving her the tender cruelty and the sweet, controlled brutality she wanted. She was already moaning in low animalistic guttural sounds, bursting and burbling all over with lust, crying out softly from the sweet pain his harsh mouth and his rough, grasping fingers caused to her sensitive breasts and her flaming, teeth-tortured nipples.

Finally she was hardly able to bear it any longer. Gasping, mewling, biting her lip, she pushed him away. “I ... I thought you wanted to tie me up,” she said.

He nodded, and grinned, and put his rough weathered hands back on her breasts. “You’re beautiful, just beautiful,” he said.

“Thank you.” Fawn looked down and shivered sharply as he rolled her stiff wet nipples in his fingers.

“What’ll we tie you with? Do you have any rope?”

“I don’t think so. Ohhhh, oh god that feels good! Quick, let’s find something.”

The two of them rapidly searched the apartment. Fawn found a discarded pair of Kelley’s pantyhose in the bathroom wastebasket which made a very strong rope when twisted. She stood there with them hanging from her hand, staring at them, hearing the cab driver in the living room and kitchen, searching for similar things, and she thought, shivering with panic and wild anticipation: My god, he’s going to tie me up and fuck me, he’s going to rape me and hurt me, and I want him to, I want it! What am I doing?

But she didn’t have much time to think about it because he appeared in the bathroom doorway, grinning, glaring hungrily at her naked breasts as if he could never get enough of them, and clutching in one hand two electrical extension cords. A hot tremor shot up the squinchy tingling channel of her cunt as she saw them dangling from his fist. She almost gagged with fear as she realized she was getting deeper and deeper into this every second. The sight of the rubberized cords in his hand made it impossible for her to pretend that this was some kind of exciting fantasy. If she were going to back out, she would have to do it quickly.

He saw her fear, and he went to her and kissed her again, rubbing her hot breasts with his free hand. "What's the matter, you lose your nerve?" he said.

"You have to promise you won't hurt me," she whimpered into his shirt.

"I won't ... I won't," he soothed her. He took the pantyhose from her.

"This is probably enough. Let me see your bed."

She took him to her bedroom and shut the door behind them. Together they peeled the bedclothes off the bed and he tested the strength of the brass headboard with his hands. "Perfect," he said.

"Take off your skirt and lie down."

Fawn's fingers quivered so much that she could hardly unzip her skirt, but she obeyed him, her whole body alive with gooseflesh and tremors of anticipation. When she hooked her thumbs under the elastic of her gauzy bikini-style panty and began to peel them down her golden thighs, he shook his head. His eyes burned into the white band of skin at her groin where her tan stopped. He put a rough hand on her bare shoulder and turned her around, gazing down at the pale upper slopes of her high buttocks, just above the half-lowered elastic band of her panties. He touched the pale skin with his fingers, then moved them up her back to the other pale band of flesh left by her bra. "You're striped here ... and here," he said, lowering his fingers to the white skin of her ass.

She nodded shyly, shivering at the feel of his hands on her.

"Leave them on," he said, decisively.

"But you ..."

"Leave them on."

She nodded obediently and sat on the edge of the mattress.

Again he rubbed his rough knuckles against her smooth cheek, a gesture with a curious harsh tenderness in it that made her cunt gush and itch anew each time he did it. "Give me your wrists," he said.

She stuck out her arms with her wrists pressed together, and he began to bind them with one of the extension cords. She watched the thick rippling muscles in his hairy forearms as he tied her hands. "Why don't you ... take off your clothes too before ... you tie me," she suggested shyly, in a tiny voice. She wanted to watch his body while he did this to her. She wanted to see his hard muscles shifting and clenching, to see his stiff penis twitching and jerking with desire for her. She looked in his eyes, then stared boldly at the swollen, gristly hump of his crotch.

"Sure," he grinned, stepping back, letting the still-untied cord go slack around her extended wrists. Quickly he removed his shirt, and she devoured his powerful, athletic torso with her eyes, relishing the thick curly mats of black hair on his chest and stomach, and the thinner fur on the backs of his shoulders. He unbuckled his belt and stripped his pants and briefs down his strong legs in one motion. His huge red prick sprang up, swelling and bobbing and jumping, and Fawn gasped as she stared at it, because if anything it was even bigger than Eric's, fatter and longer by at least an inch, it's shiny purplish head an angry pulsing balloon of hot flesh. Half-terrified, but also half-starved with hunger for it, she stared at the massive thundering cock and knew suddenly that she had got more than she had bargained for, but that there was no way to turn back now. What she had had in mind would have been excruciating enough without this immense fucktool giving it to her, but now ... now ...

He saw both the terror and the hunger in her eyes, and he stepped close to her again, letting his gigantic prick pulse and jerk only inches from her nose.

“Oh my god!” she murmured, “oh my god!” She stroked its fiercely ridged stalk with her shaking fingers, then bent forward and took the bulbous, flaring head of it into her mouth and sucked it, first softly, then more urgently, even maniacally. And he allowed himself a few moments of the pleasure her mouth gave him, and gently pitched his hips upward, fucking up into her soft palate. But then he pulled back, pulled his prick free of her slurping, clasping lips.

Again he caressed her soft cheek with his rough knuckles, then pulled her wrists up again and began cinching them tight with the extension cord. Fawn felt all of her flesh turn instantly to hot jelly, and she trembled so hard that she could barely stay seated on the edge of the mattress. She whimpered with fear, unable to take her eyes off his surging stiff penis, the ballooning purple head of it still wet with her own spittle.

Gently he pushed her back on the mattress, drawing her bound wrists up to the brass bars of the headboard. As he looped the cord through the bars and tied it, she squirmed over onto her stomach, nestling her head between her arms, shutting her eyes and biting her lip. Oh god, oh god! she moaned to herself, it’s happening, it’s happening! I can’t wait! I’ve never felt anything like this in my life! I can’t stop shaking!

Just do it to me, quick, quick!

Before moving to the foot of the bed to tie her ankles, he gently scooped his hand beneath her chin and lifted her face up from between her arms. “Don’t you want to?” he hinted with his head, indicating that she should roll over onto her back.

Again the contrast of his rough, chapped, almost brutal hand gently cupping her chin made her shiver with excitement. She shook her head, shook it rapidly, nervously, but with determination. “I want it this way,” she whispered hoarsely. “I want you to fuck me in the ass. Oh god, do it to me, do it to me, I’m dying, I want it, I want it!”

He smiled and shrugged, glancing down the smooth bronze expanse of her naked back to the high, upcurving globes of her quivering buttocks, still half-concealed by the gauzy fabric of her panties. “Whatever you say, little darling,” he said. “Whatever you want, you can have.”

Quickly he moved down to her feet. He caressed and stroked each foot with his harsh lips and rasping fingers, kissing her, rubbing her ankles and insteps, even her soles, sending spurting hot showers of sparks traveling up both of her legs, and making her wet pussy wince and flame with wild spasms. He made love to each foot and drove her crazy, before looping one securely with the twisted pantyhose, the other with the second extension cord, then splaying her legs widely and tying each ankle to the opposite corner of the bed.

By this time Fawn was simply a writhing, wriggling, squirming mass of hot voluptuous jellied flesh. Whimpering and moaning with fear and desire, she pushed her face into the sheet and mashed her throbbing breasts into the mattress, feeling the linen scrape across her sensitive pointed nipples. Her cunt steamed and simmered and flowed with juice, and she ground down her hips, gyrating them, pushing her aching pussy into the bed, feeling the lacy cloth of her thin panties chafe against her soupy blossoming cuntlip.

Her legs completely spread-eagled and fastened securely to the foot of the bed, her wrists tightly bound together and cinched to the brass headboard, she was more vulnerable than she had ever

been in her life. She was crazy both with terror and with lust, and she felt her body growing totally pliant and yielding. She felt him crouching between her legs on the bed, felt his gargantuan, hot, throbbing cock against the bare back of her left thigh as he leaned down over her back and whispered hotly in her ear. “You’re serious? You want it in the ass?”

“Yessssss! Yessssss!” she hissed. “Please! Pleeeeease!”

“Where’s the Vaseline?” he whispered.

“In the medicine cabinet. Oh hurry, please, hurry!”

She felt the bed sink and rise as he left it, and while he was gone she tried to control her feverish panting, tried to let her body relax, tried to give herself over completely to the feelings of surrender she felt sweeping through her. She had yielded to this man so totally that it horrified her. She wriggled on the bed, feeling her stiff nipples flare and ache as the sheet scraped across them, feeling the cords bite into her wrists and ankles. There was no way to get free, she was at his mercy. God, let him be gentle! she groaned to herself, god, let him be gentle! But she knew that what she had invited him to do could not be done gently, and the mere thought of it made her body blaze and pulse with new fears and hotter fires.

She felt the bed sink again as he returned. Again he crawled up between her splayed knees, and she immediately felt his rough raspy hands on her lower back, caressing the smooth curve of her sacrum, grasping her supple waist, his thick-fingers digging into the trembling flesh of her stomach. He held her twisting hips steady, his chapped, sandpapery lips burrowing in the wide shallow dimples above each of her buttocks. Fawn moaned with low husky delight as she felt the ripples of warm pleasure flow up and down her back. “Ohhhnnn ... ohhhnnnn,” she moaned dreamily, twisting languidly in his firm grasp.

“Oh, you like that, do you?” he murmured. His hands slid down her waist to her thighs, and squeezed the resilient outside muscles, then dipped inside to stroke the silky sensitive inner skin.

She felt his tongue exploring the creases of flesh where her thighs met the bulging flesh of her buttocks. He nipped at her panties with his teeth. She shuddered and squirmed and whimpered, now realizing why he had told her to leave her panties on. His strong teeth nipped at the quivery flesh of her ass through the thin gauzy cloth. Fawn went wild with delight. She felt him biting, chewing, tearing at her flimsy panties with his teeth, his firm fingers digging into her hips as he grew more aroused and passionate. Her cunt burned and ached and flowed, and she couldn’t keep her body still. Her ass bucked and undulated up into his attacking teeth, she mewled and gasped, feeling his urgent teeth and fingers tearing at her panties. Ohhhh! Get them off, get them off! she groaned to herself. Chew them off me, ohhhh yessss!

He managed to rip a hole in them, and he slipped his tongue through it deep into the crack of her ass, making her yelp and shudder with surprise. “Oh! Unneeee!” she gasped with shock, her wildly flipping ass suddenly flying out of his grasp as she writhed helplessly with unexpected pleasures.

Her uncontrollable wriggling and squirming apparently drove him crazy with passion, for he wasted no more time tearing at the tough elastic with his teeth. Instead he grasped it with his strong hands and tore it viciously apart, yanking it so hard that the thin strip of it bit into her belly and the skin of her quaking hips as it gave way. Her panties disintegrated into shreds of cloth, and he clawed at them with his rough raspy fingers, baring her ass cheeks and the puffy wet blossom of her runny cunt below them. She felt his breath on her buttocks, his tongue stabbing the hard nub of her smooth tailbone. Then his tongue went lower, lower, down into the long secret crack of her ass,

and she squealed as it tickled the tightly shut ring of her rectum, then sank and slithered lower again. She squealed again as it reached her achy, squirmy, soupy quim, and she felt his chapped eager lips on her greasy vulva, felt him suck her cuntlips into his mouth, and jab his long tongue up the slimy tingling slit of her pussy.

Moaning and whinnying softly and going half-insane from the madly hot and sweet sensations, Fawn scrunched her face into the sheet and uptilted her ass to his invading mouth and hands, making her wet, desire-flashing pussy more available to his mauling lips, shrieking with delight as his harsh tongue scraped against the raw, flaming nerve-bundle of her erect clitoris.

“Aannngghhh!” she gagged with joy, feeling spurts of honeyfire bathe her feverish dripping cunt. “Unnnn ... unnnn,” she moaned deliriously.

His fierce, clawing fingers were sunk brutally in the flesh of her thighs, and he drew them up to her quivering buttocks and dug apart the firm creamy moons, raising his mouth up from her cunt and wriggling his tongue into her clenched asshole for the first time. The shock and pleasure of it made Fawn tremble and explode with desire. She gasped and bit the sheet and thrashed helplessly, feeling the worm of his invading tongue slither into her. It was like nothing she had ever felt before. The sensations were so sweet, hot, intense, that she didn’t know how she would survive until the moment he put his cock where his tongue now was.

Already she was so close to coming that she was just a writhing, moaning mass of beautiful flesh. She had never surrendered her body to anything so completely in her life, but now she was simply mad with desire for fulfillment. Gurgling with lust, she hummed and groaned, “Get it in me, please! Do it to me, do it to meeee! Unnnnn ... oh! I can’t stand it, it’s so good!”

She felt him rise up behind her, felt him part her buttocks again with his hands, felt the thick gristly stalk of his huge erect penis swing up and down in the moist crack of her ass. It would never fit, she knew it would never fit into the tight fear-pinched passage where he had only moments ago had his long wriggly tongue. She felt his massive prick wedged between the cheeks of her ass, riding up and down, bursting and throbbing with insane power, and again she gulped with terror. She began to shake with sharp continuous tremors, shivers that seized every inch of her flesh and shook her, and shook her, so that she could do nothing but moan for him to do it, to do it quick. She implored him, she begged him, going suddenly giddy and maniacal with fear and joyful anticipation as she felt him swabbing her asscrack with large clammy gobs of Vaseline.

Panting, gnawing on her lower lip, she tried to calm down and hold her hips steady for him, humming to herself that now it was going to happen. Oh this is what I wanted! she hummed, this is it! Fuck me, rape me, oh shit, kill me with it, plough me, ravage me, oh god make it the worst and the best ever ...!

She gritted her teeth. She could hear his harsh rapid panting and feel the hot urgent haste of his body, the surging of his fierce need, as he slipped his thick thumbs into her well-greased asscrack and found the edges of her tight anus with them, sparking the hot raw nerves alive. She held her breath as he lodged the huge bulb of his prick’s head in the small mouth of her rectum, holding her buttocks apart with his hands, inching his cock into her.

He strove and pushed and grunted, but it would not go in. At first Fawn thought she had been right, he was just too big. It’s too big, it won’t fit! she thought. Oh please, please, shove it in meee! But she had not counted on his determination. His thumbs dug even more fiercely into the edges of her pinched-shut rectum, which flamed with razory spasms of pain, and he lunged up and forward, and

she felt the head of his cock slide into her ass. “AAGGGHHIIIEEEE!” she howled suddenly. “OHHH!

OWWWWCH! UNNNGH OW OWWCH! ANNGGGGHH!”

Tears squirted from her tightly shut eyes, and she bit through the bedsheet into the mattress, her whole body erupting in sizzling bolts of incandescent pain, pain that rolled and ripped and poured through her body as the advance wave of the excruciating torment of pleasure that followed quickly after it. She coughed and choked with helpless delight through the shocks of molten pain-pleasure that jolted her, that tore at her every pulsing nerve, as his fiendishly huge cock slid deeper and deeper into her asshole, lubricated by the greasy jelly and powered by the firm passionate thrust of his hips.

She was skewered and spitted on it, on his huge spiky pole of ass-reaming gristle, and her eyes behind her tightly shut lids flashed with red and blinding white as he bent forward over her and grasped her bare shoulders with his hands and lunged savagely into her for the first time, burying his gigantic rockhard cock as deep as it would go in the warm flaming cavern of her clenching bowel.

Fawn felt every hidden nerve in her body flutter and spurt and pop and burst again and again. Tense with the agony of pain-pleasure that came from being completely impaled in the ass by the merciless slicing sword of this unknown man’s beautiful stupendous prick, she squirmed into the bed, face down, feeling her hard throbbing nipples burn into the sheet, grunting mindlessly with lust and impatience, lifting her ass to him, wanting him to rape and ravish her brutally. Some part of her brain knew he had gone briefly crazy, but it was okay with her, she wanted more, and more! He had embedded his fantastic prick deep within her and now lay slumped on her naked back, his teeth roaming and nipping the flesh of her coppery shoulders as he enjoyed the intensity of pleasure that came from her tight ass muscles pinching his burning shaft. But Fawn was delirious with impatience. She tilted her ass up to him, begged him in incoherent gasps and pleasure.

“Fuck me, man, fuck me! Unngghhhh! Oh Jesus it’s good, good, so soooo good! What’s the matter, can’t you ... unh oh! can’t you fuck me? Rape me! RAPE ME!” she shrieked, imploring him, egging him on, bucking her hips back into him, her whole twitching body washed with flashing heat as she felt the huge monster that was sunk in her.

And whether it was her words or the frantic undulations of her pelvis that whipped him into a frenzy, he suddenly began to give her what she wanted. He reared up behind her, pulling his prick out to the edge of her anus, grasping her thighs with his strong steady hands, and plunged it into her so brutally that she squealed with shock and joy, thrashing and squirming so wildly that the bonds on her wrists and ankles bit into her skin. Again he slammed his cruel, piercing, punishing cock into her, and again, and again!

Blood came from Fawn’s lower lip where she bit it in the mad whooping gurgling intensity of her lust and joy. “Unh! Unh!” she grunted as his cock drove into her, rearing and surging into the spasming depths of her belly. His hard lower belly slammed and slapped into her jouncing, quivering buttocks as he hammered his ass-splitting prick deeply into her, and she thrust back and up into him with her shuddering hips, taking the full piercing penetration of his brutal shaft, pinching it and wrenching it with her ass muscles, driving him crazier still.

Already she was coming, she felt the hot arrowing rockets of honeyfire squirting through her, but it was only the beginning, the first popping explosions of the holocaust she could sense was coming. “UNNHH! UNNHH! AAGGGHHNNNNIIIEEE!” she screeched. “UNNNNEEEEE!”

But it wasn't enough for her, she needed more, and more! The more he tore into her, the more she shimmered and swelled and stiffened and erupted with hot blinding flashes of coming. And the more the pitch of her shattering orgasms grew, the more excited and brutal he became, which was just what she wanted! They fed each other's wild insatiable lusts, and he ripped and raped and skewered and pierced her unmercifully, slumping over her back and sliding his hands beneath her sweat-drenched squirming body to clutch her breasts, squeezing and mauling them cruelly with his clawing fingers, pinching her hot spiky nipples till they became nubs of unbearable fire.

His hard, heavy body crushing her from above, his savage hands mashed between her hot breasts and the sheet, squeezing them brutally, his fingers twisting and pinching her pain-screaming nipples till she was shrieking and cawing mindlessly with agony, she nevertheless swooped her ass up again and again to the pounding, hammering, relentless penetration of his amazingly stiff and tireless cock. She dug her elbows and her knees into the mattress and tilted her ass up to him, swirling it in small circles, twitching it back into his plunging tool, grunting as he slammed forward and crammed her asshole with it.

The bed shimmied and creaked and swayed like a ship in a hurricane as their wet straining flesh clapped together. Wheezing and groaning, her body taut as a stretched wire and burning everywhere with a torment of honeyfire, Fawn could not tell where the blazing, whooping rockets of her pain fled and melted into the stupendous red-and-purple manias of the violent killing paroxysms of her growing, expanding bombshell orgasms. She came and came, and still the fiery cluster of nerves in the clenching ring of her splitting rectum spurted with hotter and hotter flames.

Suddenly she felt his massive plunging penis grow even bigger inside of her. She felt it swell and elongate and grow harder still, harder than rock, harder than steel. She thought she had taken as much as she could, as much as anybody could, but now she had to take even more as he swarmed over her back, sinking his teeth savagely into the flesh of her shoulders, clawing her breasts with his hands, and lifting the lower part of her shuddering body off the bed completely with each brutal piercing lunge of his cock. Now instead of ploughing and probing her with it, however fiercely, he was drilling her, sinking the huge shaft so far into her ass that she feared he would actually tear her apart.

He bit her shoulder cruelly, and she screeched, throbbing and twisting and thrashing with new blinding bursts of coming. “AAGGIIIEEE! OOOOWWWCHH! OHHHH GOD! ANNGGGG! UNN! OH SHIT UNNHH!” she cried.

But even now, as she knew he was only a second away from coming, she felt the power of the climax that had been building in her. He roared and ripped into her, and she dissolved, her body flying to pieces in pulsing tornadoes of pulverizing spasms. They seized her and wrenched her, and bled and pummeled and stomped and squeezed every last crashing throbbing pulsation of pleasure out of her flesh. She was nothing but a shuddering, gagging mass of joy-burning flesh under him as she felt the long ass-murdering rocket of his prick explode deep within her, squirting hot strings of jism into her, the wild animalistic cries tearing themselves out of his throat as he crushed her beneath him and pumped his endless fiery gobs of seed deep into her ass.

Locked together in the immense holocaust of the fuckstorm they had created, they quivered and shuddered, and groaned and gasped, dying through the violent beauty of the incredible spasms that tore through them. Time was obliterated, and it seemed to Fawn that the huge, shattering bomb of their mutual orgasm kept on exploding forever. “Ohhhhh god, ohhhh god!” she moaned to herself, to him, to no one at all, “ohhhhh I’ve never felt anything ... anything like that!”

She heard him still puffing and gasping as he raised himself up off her and slid his still-stiff prick out of her wounded, flaming asshole. Again he caressed her lower back and the high creamy moons of her sweat-glistening buttocks with his rough hands. “Carol, Carol baby,” he gasped, “you’re the top. You’re absolutely the top.”

Fawn was in a state of collapsed exhaustion, lying face down on the sheet, her wrists and ankles now aching from the absurd bonds that still fastened them securely to the bed. His using the name ‘Carol’ to address her now shocked her back to her senses, made her realize the bizarre nature of the moment. She wouldn’t have traded the experience for anything, the shattering, killing beauty and power of the orgasms she could never have imagined or dreamed of, but now she felt shame, now that it was over. She felt shame and guilt, and she also felt like laughing at the strange sickness of it, the absolute kinky weirdness, all of it brought home to her suddenly by the name ‘Carol’. She was tied up, for Christ’s sake! She glanced up her sweat-damp arms at the electrical cord that bit into her wrists, and she felt the bonds that secured her ankles. How horrifying! How stupid! How oddly funny! Let me out of here! she thought crazily to herself. Untie me, let me get up! Oh Jesus, did I actually let somebody do this to me?

“Untie me?” she whimpered, somehow still so confused that she couldn’t demand it, but only request it. Her asshole burned and hurt, but the rest of her body still pulsed with the delicious sweet aftershocks of her tumultuous coming.

He lay down beside her, face to face, and stroked her back and kissed her forehead, her cheek. “Untie you?” he asked, bemused, mocking her.

She nodded. “Untie me.”

He shook his head. “But we’re not finished.”

“Not finished?” She tried not to panic. “Look, you untie me! I asked you up here, and now I’m asking you to untie me. You did it to me beautifully, I mean it, but now I’m through. I don’t want any more. Please. Please untie me.”

But he merely grinned and paid no attention to her. He lit a cigarette and shared it with her. She kept begging him to free her. But he only shook his head and smiled, and from that moment on refused to speak. He showed her his massive penis, which had never gone entirely slack after he took it out of her asshole, but still remained half-stiff, pulsing, terrifyingly lovely and tireless. And when the cigarette was finished, he slid down her body and kissed and stroked the full globes of her buttocks again, then put his mouth on her cunt and gently, patiently tongue-fucked and clit-sucked her hot juice-bubbling pussy until she was again coming in spite of herself. And by that time his amazing prick was ready again, as stiff and fierce as if it had not come for days, and he sank it into her cunt and fucked her slowly, with grinding, relentless determination for about twenty minutes, then stopped and smoked another cigarette with her, then went back to fucking her again.

Fawn realized that she deserved whatever she was getting, since she had initiated the whole business, and so she mastered her panic and found a horrible kind of joy in submitting and surrendering to him completely. He fucked her another half hour before he came again. Then they

rested and dozed, and awoke, and he invited her to suck the massive rearing pole of his cock, which she did, having no choice. But before she could make him come with her mouth, he got behind her again and slipped his prick into her pussy, and this time he fucked her so long and skillfully, bringing her along with him each step of the way, that soon she was coming again too, coming with him, coming so beautifully and softly and sweetly and continuously that when it was over, when the evening was over, she wondered if she would ever be able to come again in her whole life. He had depleted her, he had coaxed or torn from her every sensation her body was capable of.

About two o'clock in the morning he untied her, still not speaking. Then he dressed and bent to kiss her, and whispered, "I'll leave my phone number on the coffee table. And thanks for the ride, Carol."

Chapter 8

Fawn's body felt flayed and hammered, torn and bruised, and it ached for days after the episode with the cab driver, whose name and phone number she had torn up immediately the same night, after he had left. But it wasn't as easy as feeling plundered and used and dirtied, because for one thing the aches and bruises and welts and teethmarks on her body were not only painful, they were also sweet reminders of the unbelievable, tortuous ecstasies she had gone through. For another thing, no matter how sore, raw, and brutalized her body felt, they were nothing compared to the welter of shame and guilt and self-scorn and even self-hatred she felt. She was now certain that the strange, uncontrollable, murky, insatiable desires of her body were something she had to fear as never before, because whenever she gave in to them—as she had been doing more and more these days—they merely plunged her deeper into dark, twisted jungles of complicated shames.

After all, she knew she couldn't blame the cab driver for anything that had happened. She had more or less invited him to do whatever he wanted with her, and his only crime had been to take her at her word. She knew that somehow she had wanted him to administer to her a sexual punishment so harsh and severe that in the process of going down to the very bottom of her needs she would mysteriously scour them away so that they would not return to trouble her again. But all that had backfired. She had wanted him to rape her and ravage her and fuck her in the ass, the thing she had most feared, and being tied down while he did it, all to her had seemed at the time, though terrifying, somehow very much in harmony with her needs. But instead of being released and cleansed by the fearfully beautiful punishment she had sought, she had loved every minute of it, even the minutes she knew she ought to have hated. Even though her body ached and throbbed for days, even though her mind swirled and crackled with guilt and horrible shame, she knew she wanted it again. Right now! I'd do it right now, again! she thought.

She decided that the only solution was to give it up entirely, as alcoholics rigidly denied themselves even the first, smallest drink. Living without sex of any kind seemed unbearable, but she tried to get her bearings and stabilize the mad hungry swirl of her brain by recalling that she had never been this way until the day when she had first let her brother fuck her. That had been the start of it. Before doing it with Eric her needs had been normal, simple, easy to understand and fulfill. It was only since then that she had embarked on this frightening detour into shameful perversions, and seemingly unquenchable lusts.

The only way to stop that was simply to stop it, she told herself. And by that she meant stop it completely, entirely. She would have no sex at all, with anybody, and she would force herself not to think about it, and she would do everything possible to remove temptation from her path. She would stick to this plan as if it were a life or death matter—which she almost felt it was—until she began to feel some semblance of normality creeping back into the way she felt about it.

Having made this ironclad decision, and having convinced herself that there could be no escape from it, she found she was very glad that Kelley would be away for the week. By the time her roommate returned, all the marks and bruises on Fawn's body would have disappeared. It would also give her time to be alone and to adjust herself to the decision. If Kelley were there, Fawn knew, it would only be an added temptation. Fawn would want to fuck with her, and the desire would be almost impossible to withstand.

The only problem she had that week was with Jeff, whom she again had to keep at a distance, this time for different reasons. He kept phoning her, trying to coax out of her an explanation for her coldness, but she fended him off by telling him she was tired, or she had got her period, or she was going through a strange but temporary phase and wanted to be alone. He didn't like it, but he had recently grown accustomed to her moods and was less disgruntled than before.

Another minor problem arose from time to time, especially when she was lying alone in bed at night, when the urge to masturbate came over her. After all, she would then reason, bothered by the soft feathery tinglings in her body, it was such a small thing to make herself come. She could do it so easily, so quickly, if only she would let herself. It wasn't the same thing as the dangerously neurotic sex she was trying to avoid. It was just a healthy release, a way to make her feel better, a way to quench in advance the crazy desires that would afflict her all the next day if she let the pressure in her blood remain at that pitch. But she gritted her teeth and refused to give in. If her decision was to have any effect, it had to be total. She had to subjugate the wild lusts of her body completely to the force of her will. Otherwise she would be just like that alcoholic again, taking a first small drink and swearing it would stop there.

She got through the week pretty well. The real trouble began when Kelley arrived home from her week in the mountains. Somehow, for Fawn, it was like seeing a past lover again after a year's absence, a lover in whose arms she had spent so many sweet moments. As soon as Kelley got inside the door and set down her suitcases, Fawn was conscious of the desire to run over to her roommate and embrace her, and kiss her and stroke her, and take her to bed. The desire was so strong that she quickly made up an excuse to go to the store, and she left the apartment immediately and took a long exhausting walk, not returning for two hours.

But when she did get back it was no better, because Kelley was taking a bath, soaking luxuriously in the tub, and she had left the bathroom door open. "Fawn? Is that you?" she asked.

"Who do you think?" Fawn said. "The bogey man?" She went nowhere near the open bathroom door but instead busied herself in the kitchen, deciding that she would wash up the few dirty dishes. Anything to deceive herself that she was occupied.

"Come on in here," Kelley said. "I want to talk to you."

"I'm busy."

"Can't it wait? I want to tell you about this guy I went skiing with."

"What a creepo. I couldn't wait to get home."

“I can hear you,” Fawn said. “Go ahead.”

“I don’t like shouting!” Kelley shouted. “Come in here for a minute.

You don’t have to be so nervous about it, you’ve seen my body before.”

I know, I know! Fawn thought. Already Kelley’s familiar voice and the occasional sounds of splashing water had brought images of her roommate’s lovely pale naked body into her head. In her mind’s eye she could see the bath water beading Kelley’s white round shoulders and glistening on the swelling firm mounds of her uptilting breasts, sparkling on the wide deep red nipples. It made her thighs quiver and her cunt gush and itch. And that was only from remembering Kelley’s body. Think of what it would be like to actually go into the bathroom and look down at the irresistible naked girl lying voluptuously in the water. Fawn couldn’t allow herself to do it. “I know I have,” she said. “But I’m busy, I really am. Go ahead, I can hear you.”

Kelley didn’t respond this time, but Fawn could hear the water splashing more noisily now in the tub. Then she heard the water being sucked down the drain, and heard Kelley’s feet hit the floor as she got out of the bath. Quickly Fawn ran the kitchen sink full of soapy water and rapidly began washing the dishes, though there were only four or five.

But in less than three seconds she felt Kelley’s presence, and she glanced over her shoulder to see her roommate standing in the kitchen doorway, wrapped only in a towel, her bare shoulders damp and flushed, her long curvy bare legs a breathtaking sight. Kelley was smirking skeptically. Quickly Fawn looked away, back into the sink.

“Goodness,” Kelley mocked, “I’ve never known you to be so crazy about doing the dishes before.” When Fawn didn’t reply, Kelley came over to her and peered down into the sink. “Yes, dear,” she continued with sarcasm, “be sure to get both of those cups clean. And that fork, don’t forget that fork.”

One of Kelley’s round springy breasts nudged Fawn’s forearm through the towel, and Fawn briefly shut her eyes and clenched her teeth, trying to maintain control.

But Kelley saw her doing it, and that only incited her further. She pushed her breast harder into Fawn’s arm, and bent her head close, breathing in Fawn’s ear. “You don’t know how I’ve been dying to get home so you could fuck me,” she breathed. She rubbed her body into Fawn and the towel slipped.

Fawn felt her knees trembling, and she pulled away from Kelley, and the towel slipped further, then dropped to the floor completely, leaving Kelley totally naked. Fawn felt her own body seething and coursing with desire. It seemed like the hardest thing she had ever done in her life to turn her back on the beautiful naked girl. She shook her head, looking at the wall, trying to forget the long pale sweep of Kelley’s silky midriff, the creamy outthrust breasts and succulent, swollen, plumlike nipples, the reddish hair of Kelley’s thatch, still dewy with bathwater. She knew what the long puffy-lipped gash between Kelley’s thighs looked like, how it tasted, how fiery red it grew, how wet and shiny and inflamed it became when she herself made love to it with her mouth, and it was impossible to blot out the image of it in her brain. Oh god, oh god, you’re making it so hard on me, Kelley baby! Fawn moaned to herself. You know how I want you! Please don’t make it so hard!

Kelley reached out and touched the back of Fawn’s shoulder, massaging her with one hand. “Fawn, what’s the matter?” she asked softly. “Did something happen while I was gone?”

“I ... can’t talk about it,” Fawn murmured.

Kelley moved up behind her, pressing her body against Fawn so that Fawn could feel the girl's full breasts squashing into her back through the cloth of her own blouse. Kelley grasped one of Fawn's hands and drew it back into the moist patch of her pubic hair, gyrating her hips and thrusting them upward so that her venus mound pushed into Fawn's palm. At the same time she kissed the nape of Fawn's neck, and licked it with her warm sensual tongue. "I don't know what happened," she whispered, "but I know how to make it better." She slid her free hand down to the hem of Fawn's short skirt and drew it up the inside of her thigh to Fawn's wet crotch, pushing one long finger against Fawn's silk panties until the damp cloth sank into the tingling, juicing groove of Fawn's cunt. Kelley drew the finger back and forth until Fawn shuddered and gasped, and clasped her thighs tight on the invading hand. "You're so wet," Kelley whispered, pushing her breasts into Fawn's back. "So wet. Don't you want me to put my tongue where my finger is?"

"Kelley, please. You'll have to understand, I just can't." But she was very close to giving in. The damp silky filaments of Kelley's crotch hair against her fingers aroused her terrifically, and Kelley's warm wet lips on the back of her neck and Kelley's finger pressing up into her cunt and sawing, sawing between her squinchy, buttery vulva through the thin panties nearly drove her crazy with desire. Gently but firmly, she disengaged herself from her roommate, and turned, and pecked Kelley with an old-maidish kiss on the cheek. Her body trembled and boiled and seethed, but she overpowered her needs, her half-yielding sexual giddiness. "I ... just can't, baby. You'll have to understand," she said, hoping Kelley wouldn't push it any further.

But Kelley's eyes were glazed, her breath rapid. She was naked, and she knew that gave her an advantage, she knew her body was desirable, delectable, irresistible, she knew how Fawn had craved it in the past. She skimmed her hands up and down her tapering ribs, her swelling hips, and raised them to her full breasts, lifting the round globes, squeezing them ever so gently, making the long thick nipples flare. "The guy I went skiing with didn't know how to fuck me good," she whispered, her face suffused with solemn sex heat. As she spoke, she kept rubbing her body with her hands. "He didn't know how to make me feel the way you make me feel. Half the time he couldn't even get it up unless I sucked his dong for about an hour." She slid her hands between her thighs, digging her fingers into the creamy satin flesh, rolling her eyes up behind her lids and gasping. "Then, when he was ready, he just stuck it in me and popped. Then he got up and put on his skis. Ohhhhhh," she sighed, her tantalizing naked breasts quivering as her body shook with small tremors brought on by the things she was doing to herself with her own hands.

Fawn was unable to take her eyes from Kelley's trembling body. The desire and the temptation she felt were unbelievable. It seemed to her that she wanted the girl more than she had ever wanted anything, though she knew that wasn't true. She knew she had wanted Eric, Danika, the cab driver, even Jeff, like this in the past months. But at this moment, it was only Kelley she wanted, and the passion was so strong that her hungry wet cunt was popping and burbling with the juice of it, and she caught her body yearning, leaning forward toward her roommate, felt her mouth watering for Kelley's glossy, swollen red nipples.

Worst of all, part of her felt the danger of Kelley's words, the same old thing she had heard before. With this talk about the guy who didn't fuck her good, Kelley reminded her of Danika. "Ohhh ..." she gasped, trying to maintain control, "Oh! well, I guess you should have thought of that before you went with him." Fawn laughed lightly, falsely.

"You know what I want?" Kelley asked coyly, smiling with a sweet kittenish appeal, still rubbing her body passionately, circling each of her puffy red nipples with her forefingers and enjoying

Fawn's helplessly thirsty eyes on them. "I want you to stick that vibrator you have into my ass while you're eating my cunt at the same time." Even Kelley blushed as she said it aloud. "Ohhhhh, oh god, doesn't that sound divine? Oh baby, oh Fawn, I want it, I want it so bad! I want it with you ..."

Stifling an uncontrollable sob, Fawn raised her fist to her mouth and shook her head violently, then broke from the kitchen and ran quickly to her room, shutting the door behind her. It just gets worse and worse! she howled to herself. What am I going to do? She knew that by 'worse and worse' she also meant 'better and better.' Kelley's words inflamed her. She lay on her bed and cried and whimpered in confusion, but her body coursed with heat, her panties prickled against the wet raw blossom of her open, burbling pussy, and her sensitive nipples throbbed and sprang erect, rubbed by the cloth of her thin shirt.

For a long time she lay crying and thinking on her bed, forcing herself to be strong. Kelley did not bother her, did not knock on her closed door, did not speak to her. Somehow the evening passed, and Fawn undressed and went to bed, hoping that sleep would release her from this horrible torment of desire and temptation. But some time during the night while still asleep she began to squirm and moan, dreaming of hands all over her body, millions of hands, and wet sucking mouths, mouths everywhere on her. She felt like a hot quivering wire tautly stretched, jangling and singing with urgent feathery flashes of lovely lust, her body yielding and opening everywhere, her flesh bathed in sweet swooping honeyfires of pleasure. Moaning and twisting under the sheets, she awoke into a drowsy trance, suspecting that she had been masturbating in her sleep, awoke to the feel of hands on her thighs, and soft lips on the warm skin of her flat belly. She didn't know how that could be happening if she were truly awake now, but the blissful sensations were so beautiful that for a few seconds she simply surrendered to them.

But then she heard her own soft mewling moans being answered, and felt the bed sway and creak as it never did with merely the pressure of her own body on it, and suddenly she felt a stiff prick graze her naked thigh—and she opened her eyes with shock. Oh god! Oh god! she thought, whooping inwardly with fear and delight. Both Jeff and Kelley were in the bed with her, both of them naked, swarming over her supine, writhing body, kissing and stroking her with slow, soft, aching tenderness. "Ohhhnnnn!" she moaned, "ohhhnnnn what are you doing? Kelley, Jeff! Oh, what are you doing here, aannnhhh! Oh yes, oh god, please, it feels so good!"

"Baby, baby ..." Kelley crooned to her, scooping up one of Fawn's hot breasts with two hands and stabbing the thick nipple with her strong abrasive tongue.

"Jeff, ohhhh Je ..." she tried to speak, gasping, panting from the surprise and the lovely sweetness of their caresses, but Jeff's lips covered her own, and she felt his hard masculine body pushing against her from one side, his stiff twitching cock pressing into her hip, and she gave her mouth up to his loving kiss, slithering her hand down between their bodies and grasping his hot surging prick and giving it a squeeze.

"Unnnnn ... unnnnnnnnn," Kelley groaned passionately, slurping both Fawn's breasts and nipples with her tongue, kneading the throbbing flesh with her fingers.

In a quick flash of acceptance, Fawn realized that there was no sense in fighting it now, she was so close, she craved it so much. She didn't know how they had both got into her bed without her knowing it, or why Jeff was there, naked, swarming over her, but there was no sense in resisting, resistance would do no good—and besides, she didn't want to resist at all! I need it, I need it! she

hummed over and over to herself. “Ohhhhhnnn god, I need it! Fuck me, please fuck me! Do everything to me, everything!” Just saying the words aloud seemed to act as some kind of magical release for her, for now all her resistance vanished, and she gave in completely to the pulsing, seething demands of her body. The sensations that fluttered through her palpitating flesh were so sweet and intense that she forgot why she had ever wanted to deny them to herself. She writhed and twisted and shimmied her vibrant, shuddering body beneath their stroking, grasping hands and voracious, sucking lips. Jeff’s strong hands spread her quaking thighs and he nestled between them and lodged the bulbous swollen head of his cock in the warm tingling groove of her wet cunt-lips. Kelley kissed her lips and her neck, her shoulders, her throat, her upper arms, her breasts, sucking and nearly swallowing her aching nipples with thirsty passion, while Jeff gently rode into her slick greasy juice pit with his long probing prick, sinking it slowly into her until she was crammed and filled and joyously gagging with delight.

What had seemed so unnatural to her at first was now completely natural, there could be nothing more beautiful and effortless than this, simply yielding to them both, two good lovers who wanted her, who wanted to do everything to her. All she had to do was let them, and she did, whimpering, mewling with pleasure as Jeff fucked gently in and out of her flowing, creaming trench, and Kelley made love to her throbbing, bursting breasts. She was so horny and teeming with hot pressures that she began erupting almost immediately, dazzled with hot spasms each time she felt the gristly stalk of Jeff’s plunging prick scrape along the fiery distended berry of her singing, screaming clit. She twisted and moaned under them, feeling the lovely hot orgasms burst and roll and swoop through her, feeling her body melt and stream with unbelievable long groaning spasms of pleasure.

The hot spurting joys in her body grew fiercer and fiercer, and she bucked with her jerking hips, throwing one arm around Kelley’s neck, the other around Jeff’s, striving up into their bodies, whimpering wildly with pleasure and pushing her breasts up into Kelley’s mouth, her runny come-exploding cunt up into Jeff’s surging, pumping cock. “UNH! UNH! UNH! AOOWWNNNGGGH! UNH! UNH!” she grunted and wheezed with mad delight, simply shattered and wrenched into a hot throbbing jelly of smoldering spasming flesh as the peak of her climax crashed through her.

Vaguely she realized that the doorbell was ringing insistently as she wept and thrashed through this blindingly fierce hurricane of an orgasm, but everything was blotted out by the shrieking of her happy nerves, and the jolts of lightning that squirted through her sloshy, clasping pussy. She felt the bed bounce as Kelley cursed and slipped away from her and Jeff. But Jeff had not come yet, and he kept fucking her steadily, firmly, tenderly, his prick sliding in and out as he bled every last paroxysm of joy from her jangling clit.

Limp and temporarily exhausted, but not wanting him to stop, Fawn blinked and gazed up into his face, smiling dreamily, gasping softly each time his slow relentless prick dug into the depths of her still-simmering cunt. “How did you get here?” she whispered, smiling, slowly rolling her hips under his thrust to intensify his pleasure.

Jeff smiled back, and gasped. “I drove,” he murmured. His strong hands dug into the flesh of her hips, and he lunged forward, sinking his stiff prick deep into her, mock-growling, “Like this!”

“Unh!” she gasped. She felt deliciously crammed full of the thick jerky shaft.

“And this!” he repeated, grinning, ramming her with it again.

“Unh! Unh! Ohhh, it’s wonderful!” she moaned. She snatched his face with her hands and kissed his mouth as he fucked in and out of her, totally ignoring Kelley’s absence, enjoying this moment of soft intimacy with Jeff. “You’re going to make me come again unh! unh! if you keep unh! ahhnnnn! if you keep that up. And you haven’t even come yet yourself, baby.”

“I will,” he panted.

“I didn’t mean how did you get here,” she whispered. “I meant why are you here?”

“I decided I had to talk to you in person.”

Fawn smiled and bit his lower lip gently. “Like this? Ohhn! Oh god yesssss, do it to me like that! Unh!”

Jeff fucked her slowly, relentlessly, speaking in half-whispers between his gasps and thrusts.

“Kelley said you were in a funny mood. She said she thought you were horny. She said she thought we ought to surprise you like this, and fuck you and make you feel better. At first I thought she was crazy. Then I thought, Why not?”

“Ummmmm, I’m glad that you did,” Fawn murmured, twisting her body beneath him, feeling it crawl again and reawaken tremors and twinges of hot feathery lust. She knew she could come again within seconds, if she wanted to, and she was so enraptured and entranced by the delightful feel of his thick, driving, probing penis filling her mushy slit that she forgot everything else, and she wanted him to come, too, she wanted to feel the hot powerful shuddering of his body as the rocketing, squirting fireballs of his seed gushed into her. She tossed and squirmed under him, whimpering, clenching her teeth and hissing with pleasure, clawing his bare shoulders with her nails. She pinched his surging prick with her cunt muscles and heard him gasp, but ... suddenly she felt the bed dip, and Kelley was pressing against them again, whispering excitedly.

“We have visitors!” Kelley whispered, kissing Fawn’s ear, grasping both Fawn and Jeff with her urgent hands as Jeff rammed his cock deep into Fawn’s clenching pussy and brought gurgling sounds of passion from her tight throat.

“Ohhhh! Ohhhh!” Fawn moaned, giddy with joy. Still, her eyelids fluttered open briefly, she turned her head to see what Kelley was talking about, and there beside the bed, gazing down at their three tangled, striving bodies, were Eric and Danika. Oh god, oh god! Fawn thought, unable to do anything but yield to the singing, passion-whooping, fuckstorm pleasures that sped through her quivering body. Oh god! It just gets worse and worse! And better and better!

Eric stared down at them as if he were stuck to one spot, for the moment paralyzed with fascination, but Danika, her dark eyes glazed and glittering with fires, was already undressing. Fawn caught her sister-in-law’s eye and licked her lips in invitation. As long as we’re this far, she thought, her body reeling and pulsing each time Jeff dug his raging cock into her, we might as well go all the way, we might as well do the whole thing! Whatever it is! Whatever it turns out to be! Ohhh, fuck me, fuck me! Let it go on forever, let me fuck all of you, we’ll do it all night!

Jeff became aware of the intruders, and he glanced briefly up at them, but the closeness of his orgasm plus the fierce consuming intensity of his need to fuck Fawn through to the end of it blotted out everything for him but his urgent passion. He crammed her with his prick until she yelped with joy, and writhed and tossed and threw her creaming cunt up into his hammering thrusts.

The two of them were so close that nothing could interfere with the ballooning surge of their approaching climax. Fawn was almost blinded by the hot fury of it. Jeff seized her savagely,

clasping her pliant, sweaty, come-flashing body tightly to him, and pumped into her in wild jerky plunges, and she squealed and groaned, blasted with sharp beautiful spasms. “Annngghiiieee!” she yelled, wheezing and coming through brilliant sunbursts of pulverizing lust bombs.

And Jeff grunted and moaned crazily, splitting her with the bursting, exploding pipe of his down-drilling cock. “Unngh!” he groaned, shuddering and squirting gobs of liquid fire into her depths, pumping and pumping, sluicing her with jism, and wracking her joyful shimmering body with the hard muscular surge of his blistering passion.

Exhausted, they slumped together, kissing and throbbing through winces of sweet aftershock.

Meanwhile, Kelley had rolled away from them, and now she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her feverish fingers quickly unzipping Eric’s fly, tearing at his belt buckle. Eric took his eyes from Fawn and Jeff, and he glanced down at Kelley. He still seemed faintly mesmerized by all that was going on, but a grin spread over his mouth as Kelley got his pants open and pulled them down to his ankles. Danika now was completely naked, and since she was, as usual, totally unable to control her desires for very long, she crawled onto the bed behind Kelley and embraced her from behind, pushing her lovely firm naked breasts into Kelley’s bare back, locking her legs around Kelley’s hips, encircling the girl from behind with her arms and grasping Kelley’s breasts in both hands. Kelley trembled and whimpered softly as she felt Danika coiling around her, and felt Danika’s sharp little teeth nipping the back of her neck, but she pulled Eric’s briefs down his thighs too, her face suddenly startled and dreamy with awe as his huge half-swollen penis plopped out into view.

Shaking her head as if unable to believe her eyes, she cradled his still half-limp cock on one palm like some sacred object, and bent to kiss it with her lips as it grew, and pulsed, and jerked more and more erect, stiffening and swelling, filling with hot blood, its large bulbous head growing purplish and shiny as finally it jumped up straight, flying out of her hand and standing like a fierce thundering pole of hungry meat against his hard flat belly. “Oh, I’ve never seen anything like it!” Kelley gasped. “Oh, it’s beautiful, it’s huge!” She clasped the stiff fiery shaft in both hands and peppered the bulging head of his jumping cock with fervid, thirsty kisses. Eric winced with delight and put his hands in her shiny red hair and grasped her head, moving closer, pushing his hard prick against her eager lips. “Oh, it’s so big!” Kelley gasped, her wet tongue swirling out and stroking the livid thumping pole feverishly. “I’ve never seen one so big, never!”

Meanwhile, Danika’s rapid hands were all over Kelley’s body, squeezing and clasping and stroking her warm silky flesh, dipping to her crotch and finding the dripping folds of her wet open pussy. Kelley sucked the head of Eric’s gigantic cock into her mouth and dove on it crazily, squeezing and pumping the fat bulging stalk of flesh with her hands. She moaned and hissed deliriously as Danika’s fingers slid up into her flowing cunt.

Fawn and Jeff watched entranced. Fawn knew exactly how Kelley felt, the wild whoop of crazy anticipation and joy she felt at discovering for the first time this massive thundering fucktool of Eric’s. She recalled that she herself had been raped in the ass by one even bigger than this one only a week ago, but that didn’t detract from her fascination as she watched Kelley slurping the gargantuan stiff member, bathing it in warm spittle and sucking the pulsing, ballooning head of it deep into her throat. And Eric obliged Kelley by stuffing her mouth with it, pushing down on her bobbing head with his strong hands and fucking up vigorously into her throat.

Fawn and Jeff scooted to the side of the bed as the tempest of fuck hunger that was engulfing the other three grew more urgent, more heated and violent. Danika tugged Kelley’s trembling body

back onto the mattress, moaning and cooing with lust as her mouth found Kelley's big pointed red nipples and devoured them. Kelley was forced to release Eric's throbbing, twitching wet cock from her mouth as she tumbled and squirmed backwards onto the mattress. But her creamy white thighs splayed apart, and she gazed passionately at his fierce cock, begging with him, pleading. "Ohhh, stick it in me, please, please put it in meeeee, shove it in meeeee!"

Eric quickly shed the rest of his clothes and crawled onto the bed. Slipping an arm beneath each of Kelley's knees, he locked her long legs in his arms and swooped them upward, pinning her thighs back against her shoulders and completely baring the long wet seam of her crotch. He leaned over her that way, his red twitching cock bobbing only inches from the slick open blossom of her runny red cunt, and smiled, and put his fingers on her tight nipples, pulling and softly pinching them. Danika had squirmed out of the way too, but instead of leaving Kelley she slithered down the girl's body to her thighs, to her ass, kneading Kelley's uptilted taut buttocks with her hands, kissing Kelley's ass everywhere and rubbing the knuckle of her forefinger against Kelley's tight pinched-shut rectum. Kelley stared up into Eric's lust-torn face, her eyes wide and shiny, half with terror, half with crackling excitement, and she gasped and whimpered, "Ohhhh, it'll hurt me this way, you're going to hurt me, it's too big! Oh please, oh please ... unnnnn!" She shut her eyes and gritted her teeth as she felt him lower his hips and place the flaring head of his long thick prick in the puffy, wet, inflamed outer lips of her cunt. Her body tensed, she stopped breathing, then cried out. "AAGGNNNNHHIEEEE!" she howled. Eric had unleashed the full force of his strength and driven his massive cock down to the very bottom of her spasming channel in one violent forward plunge.

Kelley gagged and shivered, and Fawn could see the whites of her eyes beneath the feverish fluttering of her eyelids. Fawn could almost feel the fiery, stabbing, piercing tip of the immense steelhard penis digging unbelievably deep up into her own belly, and she whimpered in sympathy and envy as she saw Eric pull it halfway out and slam it home again, bringing new shrieks and squeals of insane delight from Kelley's cawing throat.

Pinning her knees back against her shoulders and bending her body double, Eric rode Kelley's ass up off the bed and pumped sharp rapid jabs of raging prick into her, and she wriggled the smooth taut moons of her buttocks and squealed and bucked up into his thrust. Danika managed to slip her hand between Eric's heavy, dangling balls and Kelley's ass, and she inserted her finger into Kelley's rectum. Kelley whooped and coughed with surprise. "Ohh! Oooooonnnhh!"

The sounds Kelley made in her sweet torment seemed to whip Danika's lust to a higher pitch, and she swarmed against the jouncing, thrashing, whinnying pair, sinking her teeth into the flesh of Kelley's white flexing thigh, stabbing her finger in and out of Kelley's asshole, finding her way with the other hand through twisted legs and arms to Kelley's breasts and finger-raping the girl's stiff flaring nipples.

And Fawn knew exactly what had aroused Danika so much, for the sight and the sounds of the blistering, yowling, squirming fuckstorm that had engulfed Eric and Kelley had worked the same magic on her. She felt her body pulsing and shivering with excitement, felt the sparks of reawakened desire speeding through her hot blood, felt her cunt moistening, gushing, flooding, itching like crazy. She and Jeff still lay tangled together on the side of the bed, watching the crackling, steaming, sizzling lust of the other three, and Fawn felt Jeff's limp penis swelling against her thigh, rising and jumping again, and she knew he was feeling the same way she was. She glanced at him and saw that he was staring chiefly at Danika as she swarmed with savage passion

over whatever parts of Kelley's thrashing body she could reach with her hands and mouth, raping Kelley's anus with her long finger, and biting the girl's uptilted squirmy buttocks with her sharp teeth, humming and moaning wildly.

Fawn realized that Jeff had never seen Danika before, and as she looked at her sister-in-law's urgent, groping, twisting naked body, she knew exactly what he wanted. Even to her Danika's body seemed more beautiful than ever, a breathtaking thing, and she even wanted the girl herself. The blood beat in her throat, and she whispered hoarsely to Jeff, "Go ahead, go ahead and fuck her, she'll love it."

Jeff turned his face to look at Fawn, as if to ask if it was all right with her, but Fawn could see in his glazed eyes that whatever she answered wouldn't make any difference. Anyway, she had already answered. She could feel his thick jumping hot cock leaping against the damp flesh of her thigh, and she could see the thick, puffy, wet, swollen lips of Danika's ripe pussy like a large blooming red flower between her thighs where she crouched on her knees on the mattress, grasping and chewing and sucking every part of Kelley's sweet vulnerable body she could find.

She nodded at Jeff. "Go ahead, hurry!"

Jeff crawled over behind Danika, his stiff swollen prick bobbing and twitching. He grabbed her hips from behind, and she glanced briefly back over her shoulder and saw him. She shut her eyes and moaned. "Ohhhnnnn yessss! Yesss fuck me, please, do it! DO IT! ANNGGHH!"

OOOOOHHNN!"

Danika swooned and trembled and squealed with delight as Jeff hurled himself forward and planted his cock deep in her squinchy cunt from the rear, steadying her hips and pulling her groin down into his upthrusting lunge. She moaned and wheezed and fell away from Kelley and Eric, burying her face in the sheet, her body crouched and clenching and shuddering as he drove into her again and again.

Watching the four of them fucking nearly drove Fawn crazy with hot incredible desire. She wanted to join them, but she didn't know precisely how. Suddenly she recalled the vibrator in the drawer, the one Kelley had begged her to use on her. She hopped off the bed and quickly got it, then ran quickly back to the bed, not knowing what to do with it, but knowing she had to think of something. She was positively dying with fuck-hunger. She wanted to fuck all four of them, and be fucked back by them, and without thinking she simply plunged into the middle of their wriggling, whimpering bodies.

Almost immediately, before Fawn could do anything but luxuriate in the hot witchy odors and the crazy wailing sounds of this sexual tempest, she heard Kelley coming. Eric drilled the poor girl's cunt so viciously that she was simply shattered by the mad explosion of her climax, which ripped and tore through her wincing, screaming body like a thousand bolts of hot lightning.

"AAIIIEEEEEENNNNGGGG!" she wailed, wracked with joyful spasms that threatened to squeeze the very life out of her fuck-flayed, doubled-up body. Fawn shuddered and moaned with sharply physical envy and sympathy for her roommate, but at the same time she somehow knew that Eric was not coming along with Kelley. For whatever reason, probably because he wanted to go on and on, Eric had not surrendered his seed. And her awareness of this made Fawn tremble and quiver with even more hot feverish urgency than before. Oh god, make it go on and on, all night, forever! she moaned to herself. Yessss! Yessss! Worse and worse, and better and better! Fuck me, Eric, fuck me now!

And she knew that was what he had in mind, for he pulled his wet prick out of Kelley's tortured, still-spasming pussy, and he grabbed Fawn and flung her down on her back. Fawn thought she was finally going insane, she was now going absolutely crazy for all time under the influence of the horrible, uncontrollable, nymphomaniacal lust she felt to have everyone on the bed fuck her at once, plunder her and ravish her and make her die with a thousand jolts and shocks and murderous spasms of sweet coming. She glared up into her brother's tender but still lust-maddened eyes, and begged him huskily, hoarsely. "Fuck me, big brother," she said, "fuck me, big brother, fuck me till I melt, fuck me till I explode, yesssss, fuck me, Eric ... oh! oh! OOOHHHHHHH!"

He put his hands on her breasts, scooping them up to his lips as he bent down over her, and at the same moment he lodged the fierce head of his phenomenally long cock in her gushing slit. He sucked her flaming nipples and slid his prick into her, deeply into her, and she knew she was back where it had all started, back with her brother's lovely huge prick sunk in her hottest, hungriest depths, moaning and writhing with helpless feathery joys, so completely hypnotized with sweet agonizing delights that her awareness of everything else around her simply melted away, and she was conscious of nothing but the massive pole of flesh cramming her cunt to the heavenly splitting point.

Fawn was so oblivious that she merely went limp and surrendered to Eric's hard thrusting body, whimpering and mewling incoherently, dropping the vibrator out of her slack hand, ignoring the rising crescendo of fucking that Jeff was giving Danika next to her. Fawn felt and heard and saw nothing, nothing but the blazing fuck she was getting from her brother, and when she finally noticed that even more was happening to her, she only yielded to that too. Do anything to me! Anything, anything!

Eric had rolled her onto her side as he fucked furiously into her, and she suddenly felt Kelley's hands kneading and parting her clenching asscheeks, and felt the cold plastic nub of the vibrator's tip nudging the crack of her ass, felt it jabbing her asshole, felt it enter her! She groaned and wailed and whinnied loudly, screeching as it slid up into her ass inch by inch, and coughing and gagging with fear and shock as Kelley switched it on, and it began to buzz like crazy deep in her anus. Immediately she was torn apart by ripping, screaming jolts of the wildest orgasm she had ever felt. "UUNNNGGGH! OH! OH! AAAANNGGRRRIIEEEE!" she howled, feeling her body fly apart and melt back together, only to be ripped and sundered again as it was blasted by sharp paroxysms of joy.

And somehow she still know that it was only the beginning. Still Eric had refused to unleash his own hot rockets of jism, still he plunged and lunged into her, and reamed her out with his immense, violent prick. Still Kelley feverishly jammed the insanely buzzing vibrator deep into her ass. And now somehow all five of their bodies were coiling and writhing and striving together. Jeff was still fiercely fucking Danika from the rear, but Danika had squirmed around so that she could get her face into Kelley's streaming juice-pit, and she was sucking Kelley's cunt wantonly, like a woman dying of thirst, while Kelley passionately kissed Fawn's quivering ass and crammed her ass with the fiendish machine.

All of their straining, gasping, shuddering bodies were yoked together, all of them pulsing and moaning and pumping and sucking furiously, and when they began to come it was like a chain of bombs, each link igniting the fuse of the next one. Fawn coughed and erupted with shattering, spurting orgasms again and again, and she felt Eric squirt into her, felt Danika tremble and screech as her climax tore its way through her exploding cunt. Jeff came with a savage roar, and Kelley

moaned and sobbed through spasm after spasm. And Fawn throbbed and whimpered and felt the joy coursing through her body and everyone else's body, and she wondered what had become of all that proud willpower she had been so intent on maintaining. She still couldn't help feeling that what they were doing was perfectly horrible, and yet her body told her it was the most beautiful thing she had ever done in her life. How would she ever get it straight? Was it even possible? Oh god, she thought, I don't know, I don't even care! Right now I only want this to go on and on! She clamped Eric's still-hard cock with her passionate cunt muscles and heard his happy sigh, and felt the warm tinglings spread throughout her own half-satisfied but still-hungry body.

And she thought, There's always tomorrow. Tomorrow, and then another tomorrow. Plenty of time to worry about it then. But right now I don't care about tomorrow. I just want more! More! More!

The End