



Angel Ray

**SATAN'S
DAUGHTERS**

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**Angel Ray**

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FemSuprem Books novels by Angel Ray

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The Rape of Men

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# THE REDNECK

Mike was a redneck and damn proud of it. He proudly flew his Confederate flag that his beloved Daddy, who was the Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, gave to him out in front of his home so everyone, including his neighbors and passersby, would know where he was coming from.

Mike, following in his father's footsteps, joined the KKK when he was a teenager and continued to be a proud member into his adulthood. He never tried to hide the fact, even in these politically correct times, that he was prejudiced against anyone who wasn't as purely white as him. So, when an African-American woman moved in next door to him, he threw a terrible fit and nearly flew into a psychotic rage. He didn't care about her personal background or why she had moved into his perfect Caucasian neighborhood in the small town of IZARD, Arkansas. He didn't even know her name. He just wanted her gone and he wanted her gone now. He called her incessantly, leaving messages on her answering machine warning her that she'd better leave his neighborhood "or else." He would always leave his name. He wanted her to know just who it was that was wanting, demanding, her to leave. He wasn't worried about her going to the cops or telling anyone else in the neighborhood about his threatening phone calls. He was certain his neighbors, who were all just as white as him, felt the same way he did about this black woman who had invaded their community, their territory. And Mike, being the considerate neighbor that he was,

took it upon himself to do something about it. However, Mike's plan of ridding his precious all-white neighborhood of any and all undesirables, including this woman, would eventually backfire on him in a *major* way.

Mike had a girlfriend named Nancy. She was just as bigoted as he was. She was all for her beloved boyfriend running what she called "that black bitch" out of town, even though she didn't live in the same neighborhood. Nancy was over at Mike's home one evening making love to him in his bed the way she had done countless times before. Mike was lying on top of Nancy giving her what he called "the old heave-ho" when suddenly there was a knock at the door. Both Mike and Nancy were just going to ignore the knock and keep humping away at each other like two wild dogs, but the knock became louder and more incessant. Mike growled angrily as he jumped off Nancy and hopped out of bed. He put his boxers and pants back on in a rush and stomped off down the hallway towards the door. He swung the door open and was nearly sent reeling into a heart attack when he saw *who* it was standing at his front door.

"You!" he yelled at the person standing before him. "What the fuck are you doing at my house, you damn nig—"

Before he had time to finish his next word, he was struck in the face by whoever it was at the door. Nancy came running from the bedroom and down the hall with only a bed sheet wrapped around her otherwise naked body once she heard the yelling and she, too, was knocked out cold . . .

Mike opened his eyes. He tried to move, but he was unable to do so as he was strapped nude to a kitchen chair. He looked around the room once his eyes were focusing better and saw that he was sit-

ting in the middle of his living room. He also saw Nancy lying on the couch. She, too, had her hands tied behind her back like his and her legs were bound together at the ankles with duct tape. She was just as naked as he was. He gazed down and saw that his own ankles had been taped to the legs of the chair to where he couldn't move no matter how hard he tried. He already knew who had done this to him. So did Nancy. That's why neither one of them was surprised when the one responsible walked into the room.

"Well, well, well," Mike snarled spitefully as the person walked over and stood alongside him. "If it ain't the mighty black bitch come to teach us ignorant white hicks a lesson."

Nancy snorted like a hog in heat at what her bigoted beau had said.

"The name's Paulina, you redneck honkie cocksucker," she said hatefully to him after glaring over briefly at Nancy.

"Is that right?" Mike said to her, nodding his head. "Well, my name is—"

"I don't care what your name is," she shot back at him. She glared back over at Nancy and added, "Yours either."

She looked back at Mike, and they stared each other down as if they were trying to see which one would blink first. Paulina was Mike's next door neighbor whom he was trying like hell to get rid of. But all the threatening phone calls, verbal harassment and racial epithets seemed to have had the complete opposite effect since not only had Paulina not moved out of the neighborhood but she was standing right in Mike's very own house. And, before the night was over, she was going to make both Mike and his white cracker bitch Nancy pay for all the anguish she had been put through by the likes

of them—not only since moving into this neighborhood where she had been made to feel very unwelcome from the start—but all of her life not because of who she was but of what she was. And if these racist rednecks wanted a reason to hate her so much, then, by God, she was going to give them one . . . and she would start with her biggest tormentor thus far.

Without saying another word to either of them (or them to her), Paulina stripped, exposing her ebony body to them. Neither Mike nor Nancy had ever seen a naked black woman before. There was something strangely exotic about this ebony goddess standing nude before them, tantalizing them. Mike was disgusted at himself for being so aroused by this African queen in his house . . . and naked at that. Nancy, like her boyfriend, also found herself strangely aroused by the sight of Paulina standing nude just a couple of feet away from her. The sight of Paulina's bare ebony flesh aroused her so much, in fact, that her pussy lips started to glisten with her arousal.

When Mike gazed over at his girlfriend—who insisted she was just as racist as he—and saw how turned on she was from looking at this disgustingly naked black wench, he immediately became enraged; so much so that, if he hadn't been strapped to that damned chair, he would have ran over and strangled the race traitor.

But, of course, there was not one thing he could do about it for the moment, so he would just have to take care of this black-loving traitor bitch later on . . . after he'd, of course, taken care of Paulina. However, Mike would soon learn that Paulina was not going to make accomplishing this task easy for him. No, not easy at all.

Paulina began her torture of Mike by reaching



down and grabbing his limp white dick. She laughed at its puny size. Now she had been with quite a few men, both black and white, and she had seen penises of all shapes and sizes. But this red-neck cracker had to have had the smallest member she had ever laid eyes on. Maybe that was the reason why he had given her so much grief since moving to this lily-white suburb, that what he was *really* angry about was his small dick. Whatever the reason for him giving her so much hell, she was going to make him *and* his bigoted bitch, who had also given her a lot of grief about her color, pay and pay dearly for what they had done and so many others just like them have done to her.

Mike was infuriated by the way Paulina was laughing at his superior manhood as she held it in her hand. No woman, including his loyal Nancy, had ever complained or especially laughed about the size of his member (or, rather, they never did it to his face!). But now this evil black witch was making fun of him, making him feel less of a man, and she was doing it in front of his woman. What was worse, she had made certain there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. However, even after all that, what was the most humiliating for him was that he was becoming turned on by this . . . *woman* manhandling him the way she was doing as his previously limp dick grew hard in her chocolate-colored hand, which harshly contrasted against his peach-colored skin.

"Mmmm," Paulina murmured as she gazed up at Mike's face, which was flushed red from anger and embarrassment and a sense of shame for being so turned on. She looked back at Nancy while still holding his hardening dick and said to her, smiling, "It looks like your boyfriend *isn't* as big a redneck as he thought, doesn't it?"

Nancy didn't say a damned thing, as she remained lying on the couch bound and unable to move just like her "redneck" boyfriend. Paulina took advantage of Mike's precious manhood, which had grown fully erect and was throbbing in her hand, by standing up and straddling the self-proclaimed bigot.

Mike thrashed around in the chair, trying to tip it over to get the bitch off of him since, to him, allowing this non-Aryan woman to make love to him, with or without his consent, would be the ultimate betrayal of his race and his beliefs which he'd held practically all of his life ever since he could remember. But Paulina grabbed the back of the chair over his shoulders with both hands and prevented him from tipping the chair over or even moving, for that matter.

Mike watched with disgust and that same sense of shame as his lily-white peter disappeared into the blackish pink pussy of Paulina. Compared with his Nancy, the inside of Paulina's pussy felt just as soft, warm and as moist as Nancy's quim always felt whenever he went inside her. He was shocked to hear himself moaning out in pleasure as she sat all the way down on his cock. He was even more surprised to feel his penis getting harder the deeper it pushed inside her.

"Ooh," Paulina murmured again, smiling broadly. "You're enjoying this, aren't you, white boy?"

Mike clenched his teeth together in anger and growled under his breath as Paulina rocked her hips back and forth on his prick and rode him like a cowboy riding a bull in a rodeo. Nancy lay on the couch engrossed by the sight of this black chick fucking the life out of her boyfriend. If she were able to move her hands, she would have reached

down and started playing with herself she had become so turned on watching Paulina's beautiful black ass bouncing up and down on Mike's erection.

The way Mike's lily-white peter contrasted against Paulina's blackish pink pussy was astounding to Nancy as her own pussy became wetter and wetter the faster Paulina fucked Mike until he eventually shot a huge load into Paulina, though he tried desperately not to come. His eyes welled up with tears as he could shamefully feel his hot jizz spilling out of Paulina's body and dripping over his inflamed penis and swollen testicles.

"Why the hell are you doing this to me?" Mike demanded as the tears started to roll down his face. "Why!"

Paulina held his face in her hands and grinned sadistically at him, feeling for once in her life that she had gotten the upper hand on those who tormented her simply because she did not *look* like them. However, she wasn't quite yet finished with either Mike or Nancy. In fact, she was just getting warmed up.

Paulina got off Mike. Mike watched with disgust as his penis, which was still half-erect, slipped out of Paulina's ugly black cunt as she got up off him. He then watched her as she stepped over to the couch where Nancy had been raptly watching everything that had occurred between this woman and her beau. While Paulina was standing in front of the couch gazing down at her, Nancy couldn't help but stare at Mike's pearly white semen that was oozing out of her vagina and dripping onto the floor.

"I want you to lick all his cum out of my pussy," Paulina said to Nancy, pointing to her cunt.

Nancy glared back up at Paulina, a gleam of anger in her eyes, and told her defiantly, "I don't eat

cum or pussy.” She paused before she added, “And I don’t take kindly to orders, especially not from some nig—”

Like she did with her boyfriend just moments earlier, Paulina prevented Nancy from finishing what she already knew this racist white bitch was going to say—something that, unfortunately, she had heard too many times before—as she quickly grabbed the back of Nancy’s sandy head and shoved her face right into her quim. Nancy tried to push her face away, but Paulina was amazingly strong as she held Nancy’s face against her. A few muffled moans of protest escaped Nancy’s mouth as her face was covered in Paulina’s hot twat that was dripping with her boyfriend’s thick, rich jism.

After a few seconds of struggling and protesting trying to break herself free from Paulina’s firm grip, Nancy stopped struggling as she lapped at her jizz-stained quim without further protest, licking and sucking Mike’s jism out of her twat for the very first time.

Mike’s eyes widened in both shock and reluctant lust as he watched his very own girlfriend lapping away at this black girl’s pussy and eating his cum and seemingly getting off on it. His dick, which had totally subsided, started to rise and stiffen again as he stared at Nancy’s face planted firmly between Paulina’s dark legs and her tongue buried in her snatch, sucking out all of his cum that he had shot up into her. He couldn’t believe how much it was turning him on watching this . . . abomination.

He had been raised to believe it was the ultimate sin to mix races socially and sexually, particularly if it was a black and a white together, but now, being strapped to this chair the way he was, there was nothing he could do to stop this black wench from ravishing *his* woman. And, what was perhaps

the most shocking of all to him, he probably wouldn't have stopped them even if he could.

Paulina backed away once Nancy had slurped out the last remaining drop of her lover's sperm from Paulina's twat. Paulina looked back at Mike and gazed down at his newly-formed erection and smiled mischievously at it. She then announced to the both of them, "I have a surprise for you." She glanced at Nancy, then back at Mike, and added, "For *both* of you."

Paulina stepped out of the room for a moment. While she was gone, Mike and Nancy glared at each other, neither one of them believing what the other had just done. Mike could see his cum glistening on Nancy's lips and dribbling down her chin, which, to his dismay, only seemed to make his cock throb that much harder.

Paulina entered the room wearing something strapped around her waist, but it sure as hell wasn't a belt! It was a strap-on dildo that looked just like a giant black dick. Neither Mike nor Nancy had ever seen such a thing. It was long, at least a good eight or nine inches, with veins all around it and two big, black rubber balls that hung down underneath its base. An intense feeling of anxiety swept over both Mike and Nancy as they both had an uneasy feeling as to what Paulina was planning to do to them with that big black phallus she was now stroking in her hand. After gazing at both of them to ascertain their reaction, Paulina stepped back over to Nancy and practically shoved the dildo right into her face.

"Spit on my cock," Paulina ordered her, holding the head of her fake dick right under Nancy's very nose.

Nancy shot Paulina a funny glance like she thought she was out of her ever-loving mind, but she spat on the "cock" just as she told her to do any-

way. Paulina smiled at her after she was finished spitting on her enormous rubber phallus before turning around and approaching Mike whose eyes got wider as he watched in horror as Paulina got closer and closer to him pointing her strap-on like she was holding a gun directly at his face.

Paulina's smile broadened when she saw the horrified expression that was written all over Mike's face. In an instant, the tormented had become the tormentor . . . and Paulina was going to make Mike suffer for all the emotional pain he—and countless other redneck bastards *just like him*—had made her feel all these years just because the color of her skin didn't happen to match theirs.

Paulina sat on her knees in front of Mike and rubbed the tip of her dildo across his hairy anus. Mike tried to push the chair away from her, but she grabbed the back of the chair with one hand and started pushing the dildo that was lubricated with Nancy's saliva inside of him with the other. Mike considered pleading with her to stop, but he'd never been one to beg, regardless of how dire the circumstances, so he just sat there not saying a word and allowed her to penetrate his ass with her humongous strap-on. As he felt the rubber phallus pushing past the opening of his tight, virgin shit-hole and slowly—*painfully*—sliding down his rectum, Mike remembered what his Daddy the Grand Wizard used to always say to him when he was a boy: "Son, sometimes you just have to take it like a man!"

Mike's face cringed and contorted as he grimaced at the pain in his colon filling up with Paulina's dildo. He had *never* felt such severe pain in his life. Nancy, meanwhile, was sitting on the couch watching raptly again as Paulina shoved her dildo all the way inside her boyfriend's ass until the rubber balls were touching the swollen cheeks.

Mike howled out in great pain as Paulina rammed her cock in and out of his asshole, forcing the massive head past his sphincter every time she shoved it in. Mike felt his manhood slipping away from him little by little while this ruthless black witch was raping him. But along with his pain was a growing sense of pleasure as the large head of her dildo was striking against his prostate with each thrust of her pelvis, causing his already enlarged penis to become even *more* inflamed. Soon his balls became bloated with his semen and began to recede into his body.

Mike felt more shame than ever at his reluctant enjoyment of what this woman who had invaded his home and ravished and violated both he and his girlfriend was doing to him. If his Daddy had walked in on him now, he would have not only killed Paulina, but himself as well and probably even Nancy too for being such deviant race traitors. So he thanked God that his father or any of his other family and friends—and, of course, his fellow Klan members—weren't there to see the state he was in now, what he had been reduced to by Paulina, who kept flailing away at his ass until he ended up shooting another hugely thick load. Mike groaned out loudly as he saw his own semen shoot out of his dick-hole and fly into the air and splatter all over himself.

“You enjoyed that, didn't you, white boy?” Paulina said to him tauntingly as she slid her phony dick out of his ass.

Mike was panting heavily and his chest was heaving and found himself unable—and unwilling—to respond to her taunts. Paulina just laughed at him as she stood back up and walked back over to the couch where Nancy was waiting for her. She shoved her cock back into her face and growled,

“Lick it off, you honkie bitch!”

When Nancy refused, Paulina grabbed her jaw and forced her mouth open so she could cram her rubber cock that had just been up her boyfriend’s ass all the way down her throat. The phallus’s girth was so large that Paulina was only able to get a little more than half of it into Nancy’s mouth before she started to gag on it. Paulina held her hand tightly under Nancy’s chin and held the dildo in her mouth, making her lick it clean the way she wanted her to.

Then, after removing the dirty phallus from Nancy’s mouth, Paulina reached down behind Nancy and tore off the tape that bound her wrists and ankles together. Mike grinned the moment Nancy’s hand and legs were freed, believing that she would kick that black bitch’s ass for doing what she had done to both of them.

However, Mike was about to get the shock of his life as he watched with despair and a sense of betrayal as Nancy allowed Paulina to push her back down on the couch and laid down on top of her, aiming the dildo directly at her pussy that Mike saw glistening once again with her arousal. Nancy spread her legs open as far as she could to allow Paulina to slide the massive dildo all the way into her eager pussy. Mike furiously watched Paulina fuck his once-loyal girlfriend with her strap-on . . . and there was not a blessed thing he could do to stop them—a fact which made him the angriest of all as he wanted to literally kill not only Paulina but his backstabbing dyke-of-a-girlfriend Nancy as well, for he hated homosexuals about as much as he hated people whose skin was of a different color than his.

At one point during their fuck session, Paulina gazed back at Mike and smiled vindictively at him as she relished the fact that she was getting to Mike,



that she was getting back at him by not only having fucked him like a bitch but by also fucking his white trash girlfriend. And it was not only Mike she was exacting her revenge on; it was every white bastard who had ever shouted a racial epithet at her or who otherwise made her feel like she was less than human because she was born into the “wrong” color.

Paulina turned her attention back to Nancy who was moaning ecstatically and clutching at her ass cheeks as her twat was being pummeled by Paulina’s ruthless strap-on while her boyfriend continued to look on with furious anger and intense hatred. Nancy was just seconds away from having what could have been the greatest orgasm of her life when Paulina abruptly, inexplicably, pulled the dildo out of her cunny. Nancy watched Paulina, dismayed that she refused to let her come, as she slowly went back over to Mike, pointing the thick head of her dildo right at his face the way she had done before.

She stood in front of him as she was fastly stroking the phony penis. From where she was sitting, Nancy saw Paulina reach down with her free hand and press a button that was underneath the base of the dildo’s shaft. Mike’s eyes widened once more in shock and horror as a thick stream of a white, semen-like fluid shot out of the tiny hole at the very tip of the dildo and struck him in the middle of his face. His head jerked back violently the second that fake jism struck his skin. Mike twisted his head trying to shake off the splooge that was still shooting out of Paulina’s cock-hole and striking him in the face. Paulina laughed hideously, vindictively, as she watched Mike thrashing around in the chair.

But not only was Paulina laughing at him, so was his girlfriend Nancy. Mike was enraged beyond

imagination as he stopped moving and just glared angrily, hatefully, at the two women, feeling the fluids from Paulina's dildo rolling down his cheeks. He had been crushed, both as a man and as a proud Aryan.

Paulina, having gotten exactly what she wanted, slipped off the strap-on from around her waist and put her clothes back on. She gave Nancy and then Mike one final triumphant smirk before walking out of the house altogether, taking, of course, her trusty strap-on sex toy with her. As soon as Paulina closed the door behind her, Nancy got up from the couch without so much as glancing at her pathetic boyfriend and returned to the bedroom where she put on her clothes. After she finished dressing, she returned to the front room where Mike was still strapped to that chair. Nancy gazed down at her soon-to-be-ex-boyfriend and shook her head disappointingly at him as she finally saw him for the worthless loser that he was. Before that night, Nancy had admired Mike for the way he stood up for his principles and beliefs, however warped they may have been, and had let herself get caught up in his racist rhetoric. But now, seeing him humiliated by one of the very people he swore he would never ever let get an upper hand on him or take shit from in any way since, of course, he was so "superior" and all, she was looking at him in an entirely different light. He didn't even have the balls to look her in the eyes as he was glancing down in shame towards the floor, he had been humiliated so badly by Paulina. She grunted her disapproval of the piss-poor excuse for a man sitting before her and stormed out of the house, making sure to slam the door shut behind her as if to emphasize her point, leaving her once mighty and proud lover alone in his house and strapped to his

chair where he had plenty of time to think . . . and  
think . . . and think . . .  
And think.

# THE PORN STAR NEXT DOOR

My name is Andrea Houston. Back in the late-seventies and half of the eighties, though, I went by the name Andrea Cummings. I was, as you might have guessed, a porn star back when those of us who toiled in the sex industry were still called porn stars and proud of it (nowadays they opt for the more politically correct term of adult entertainers). I wasn't a household name like a Marilyn Chambers or a Linda Lovelace, but I'd like to think I made my own mark, however small it might have been, in the porn world. I "worked" in porn off and on for about six or seven years and, in all, made roughly ninety to one hundred films, which is about average for an "adult entertainer." By the mid-eighties, I decided it was time for me to get out of the business, partly because AIDS was starting to rear its ugly head and, quite frankly, I got tired of fucking for a living. So I "retired," yet another more politically correct phrase they use in the business for porn stars who quit the jizz bizz. (I did star in one more "comeback" film which came out in 1995 called *The Return of Andrea Cummings*, which was pretty successful; but then, what fuck flick *isn't* successful?) I made some decent money of which I invested wisely and was able to "retire" by my mid-thirties (and I'm proud to say I didn't have to go on the stripping circuit like some porn starlets do, especially the ones today). I never married and never had any kids, so I was able to keep all my money for myself.

Deciding I was sick of living in Los Angeles and big cities altogether, I moved to this quaint little town in Missouri called Placer. A friend of mine in the business—not a performer—told me he had a relative who lived there and said it might just be what I was looking for. I took a trip to the town and fell in love with it. I bought a house there and moved right in. The people I met in town were all really friendly and, best of all, no one knew about my background or that I was once the notorious Andrea Cummings, nor did I bother to tell any of my new neighbors about my scandalous past. Well, that's not *entirely* true. I *did* end up telling *one* person about my past.

Living next door to me was the Hollisters, a friendly married couple with a teenaged son named Jeremy. They came over the first night I moved in to introduce themselves and welcome me to the neighborhood. That's when I first met Jeremy, who was a kid with sandy brown hair and freckles on his cheeks and nose. He wore wire-rimmed glasses and was very shy. He barely glanced in my direction when his mother Nancy introduced him to me. I smiled at him and said, "Hi, Jeremy."

His entire face flushed red as he muttered back in a voice so low I could barely hear him, "Hi."

After that night, I took it upon myself to bring Jeremy out of his shell. Of course, to do that I'd have to get him away from his father and mother who gave me the impression of being the overbearing type, particularly Momma Nancy. So, on one afternoon when I saw Nancy toiling away in the small garden she had in their front yard next to the driveway, I walked over there and asked her if I could "borrow" Jeremy for the afternoon.

"Why?" Nancy asked me.

"I need someone to help me move some things

around in my house,” I lied to her.

Obviously believing the whopper I’d just told her (but then, she really didn’t have a reason *not* to believe me, did she?), she grinned and said to me, “Okay. I’ll go get him.”

I grinned and said to her, “Okay.”

Nancy disappeared into her house and came back out a moment or so later dragging her son by the arm. Jeremy looked as timid as he had that first night he came over to my house with his doting parents. I knew I had my work cut out for me. Jeremy was glancing down towards the ground as Nancy told me, “Jeremy said he’d be more than happy to help you.” She peered over her shoulder at her shy son and said, “Isn’t that right, Jeremy?”

The kid barely nodded his head and walked over to me only after his mother okayed it with a nod of her head. Talk about being a Momma’s Boy!

“Don’t worry, Nancy,” I said to my unsuspecting neighbor with an ambiguous smile. “I’ll have him back before dinner.”

*But I can’t guarantee what kind of shape he’ll be in when I send him back to you!*

“Okay,” she said to me with a naïve grin and a wave.

I walked behind Jeremy to my house gently nudging him with my fingers. He didn’t even glance at me as we were walking to my house. I swear this kid gave new meaning to the term introverted! We got to my front door and I opened the door for him. I was kind of surprised that he went inside without me having to tell him to do so. I stepped into the house behind Jeremy and shut the door . . . and locked it. Jeremy jumped when he heard the door lock. It was as if the sound of the door locking sparked his sixth sense that something *was* going to happen to him while he was in *my* house.

If he only knew!

“Before we get started, Jeremy, would you like to watch a movie with me?”

“Sure.” (His voice was so low I could barely understand him—like the night I met him and his parents.)

I walked in front of him and was about to head for my bedroom, but then stopped and looked at him. Jeremy, no surprise to me, said nothing to me. He just stood gazing down at the floor the way he did that first night he came over with his parents. No matter. Besides, I didn't bring him over here to talk!

“Just out of curiosity, you *are* eighteen, aren't you, Jeremy?”

“Yeah,” he muttered, barely nodding his head.

I gave him a flirtatious grin and headed off for my bedroom to get the video I wanted Jeremy to see. The movie in question was one of my very own X-rated bonanzas. Now I don't want anyone to think I'm vain and so in love with myself that I get off watching videos of my old fuck films. The truth of the matter is I only have one of my old films in my video collection and I only have it as sort of a memento of my glory days as a porno queen. It was the final X-rated film I put out before “retiring” from the business (and the one before my triumphant return to the porn world with the aptly-titled *The Return of Andrea Cummings*). Anyway, the movie was the porno equivalent to a “greatest hits” compilation called *Andrea Cummings: The Movie* featuring a half-dozen of my best scenes hand-picked and with an introduction by Yours Truly. I don't normally show this movie to just anyone since I like to keep my personal life personal, but there were, I believe, obvious reasons *why* I wanted to share it with Jeremy.

I returned to the living room with box cover in hand with my smiling—albeit airbrushed—face plastered on the cover where Jeremy was still standing looking like a deer caught in headlights. With only a smile in his direction, I took the video out of its box cover and slipped it into the VCR where it automatically started playing. I switched on the TV and fast-forwarded the tape through all the phone sex ads and whatnot to get to the beginning of the movie. While the tape was fast-forwarding, I looked over to see Jeremy *still* standing in that same exact spot he'd been standing in ever since he came into the house with me. His shyness may have been cute at first, but now it was starting to get on my nerves.

“Have a seat, Jeremy,” I said to him a bit more brusquely than I perhaps should have.

Jeremy glanced at me for a moment, and I thought I'd have to repeat myself (something I hate doing, by the way), but he sat down on the loveseat like the good little boy I'm sure my good neighbor Nancy raised him to be. I got the tape to the beginning of the movie where I wanted it and hit the play button on the VCR. I joined Jeremy on the loveseat so I could watch the movie with him (and so I could see his reaction *to* the movie). Jeremy tensed up when I sat across from him on the loveseat, but that didn't stop me from moving closer to him. Jeremy tilted his body an inch or so away from me like he was really scared of me and would make a break for the door at any second, but I knew he wouldn't leave until I told him he could since his Mommy told him to “help” me. It's like I said: Momma's Boy. But then, I got to thinking, maybe *that* could work to *my* advantage.

There was only *one* way to find out!

The movie began with my splendid introduc-



tion. Jeremy squinted his eyes at the TV screen as the camera moved in closer and closer to my face while I was talking. Then his eyes suddenly widened when he recognized *who* that face belonged to.

“Is that *you*?” he asked me as he pointed in shock at the TV screen.

I couldn’t help but laugh at his innocence. “Yes, it is,” I told him.

He acted like he couldn’t believe *how* I used to make my living.

“You mean you were a . . . a . . .” he started to ask me but couldn’t seem to bring himself to say it out loud.

I, on the other hand, had no qualms whatever with admitting my past to Jeremy.

“A porn star?” I finished for him.

He nodded his head.

“Yes, I was.”

“Are you one now?”

“No, I retired years ago.”

“Oh,” he said like he was actually disappointed I was no longer screwing on camera with strangers for a living. He went back to watching the movie with intense interest.

The film’s first scene was the only scene I ever did with Long Johnson, a performer who made dozens of films in the eighties (named after the *Miami Vice* actor Don Johnson who was popular at the time) and with good reason. His penis measured around 11½ to 12 inches when erect. His schlong was almost as big as the legendary John Holmes’s—who, unfortunately, I never got a chance to do a scene with—who was a good 14 inches when *he* got hard. Jeremy’s eyes nearly bulged right out of their sockets when Long Johnson took that magnificent organ of his out of his tight pants—after we’d, of

course, engaged in our scripted witty banter that's a necessity for *any* good porno movie!—and help it to my watering mouth (something that *wasn't* scripted, I assure you!).

Jeremy's mouth was also watering as he watched me take almost half of Johnson's Johnson into my mouth. He was so enthralled with watching the scene and me blowing—and then, naturally, fucking—Long Johnson that he appeared to be totally oblivious to the fact that I was staring lustfully at the ever-expanding bulge between his legs. By the time the first scene ended and the second scene started, it looked as if would burst out of his jeans at any second!

The second scene was a “vanilla” scene with me and a less-endowed actor named Sean Reamus, but I think it could've been with a chimpanzee and Jeremy and me *still* would've wanted to beat off to it! He gripped at his knees and tried to adjust himself without being too obvious. I knew he would have to get relief and *soon* or he would burst out of his jeans! I reached over and touched the crotch of his jeans right over his bulge. I thought he was going to leap through the roof he jumped so high when I touched him. He gazed over at me with this look of total shock on his face.

“W—wh—wha—“ he stuttered and stammered.

“Shhh,” I whispered as I moved closer to him. I placed my other hand on his shoulder and gently pushed him back. “Just lean back and close your eyes, Jeremy, and I'll do the rest. All right?”

He sheepishly nodded his head like he was scared out of his wits, but he leaned back into the loveseat and shut his eyes like I knew he would. I unzipped his pants and was startled to see the head of his cock already poking out the waistband of his jockeys. The hole of his cock already contained a

small cum drop—“pre-cum” as it’s known in porn—and it wouldn’t have taken a worldly woman such as myself to realize that it wouldn’t take much for him to completely blow his load. As carefully as I could so he wouldn’t erupt too soon, I pulled down his tighty-whities past his balls and took his cock in my hand. While Jeremy certainly wasn’t a Long Johnson, he was still big enough to become a porn star himself! I’d say he was a good seven or eight inches, and that certainly was nothing to scoff at, especially for someone of his age. Jeremy’s penis was also uncircumcised. I simply *adore* men who are uncircumcised! I used to love it every time I did a scene with an uncircumcised actor (which, unfortunately, only turned out to be two during my entire “career”).

I twirled my tongue around the engorged head of his cock inside his foreskin. I aimed his cock at my gaping mouth and took him in. Again, it wouldn’t have taken a lot to figure out that this was Jeremy’s first sexual experience with someone other than himself. And I was going to make it a most memorable experience!

Jeremy clawed at the cushions on the loveseat and started whimpering like a dog in heat the more I sucked him. (But, I’ve got to admit, it was kind of surreal listening to the sounds of my humping and moaning coming from the TV while I was blowing this kid!) Jeremy’s balls receded more and more until they had almost disappeared into his body.

Not wanting him to come just yet, I took a piece of his foreskin between my teeth and stretched it out. Jeremy yelped as I pulled and tugged on his extra cock skin with my teeth, but my torturing him in this way to try to hold back his approaching orgasm apparently did the trick as his balls started descending and his orgasm seemed to

subside if only a little. But I knew once I popped that meaty prick of his back into my mouth it would be no time before he would need to come again.

This time I would let him.

Jeremy showered my face with load after hot load of his sticky jizz. Back during my porno days, I would often allow my co-stars to spray my face after a grueling shoot where they were “required” to hold back their orgasm for up to one or two hours or sometimes even longer than *that* (why do you think they call it a “money shot”?), though I will say that since retiring from the jizz bizz and since growing older I find my attitude towards men coming on my face to be less cavalier than what it was when I used to spread my legs and have sex with total strangers on camera for a living. And Jeremy was about to find out *just* how *un-cavalier* my attitude has become!

“Wait here, Jeremy,” I said to him, my chin dripping with his splodge, “I’ll be right back.”

Jeremy didn’t say a thing as he just looked at me and nodded. I grinned at him and patted his heaving chest. I headed off in the direction of my bedroom again to get the *other* not-so-little surprise I had for him. But first, of course, I made a pit stop in the bathroom to wipe Jeremy’s jizz off my face. (I *did* consider making him lick it off me himself, but there’d be plenty of time for the kinkier stuff later on!) I finished cleaning myself off in the bathroom, and then sauntered into the bedroom and opened my bedroom closet door. I reached up on the top shelf where I kept the video and grabbed the “surprise” I was looking for: a bright yellow butt plug.

Anal sex was never really my *forte*. I never did an anal scene in any of my movies, and I’ve only done it once in my private life where I immediately

discovered I didn't like it. But the butt plug I was now holding in my hand wasn't for me. Oh no! It was for *any* guy who demanded I let him fuck me in my ass. That's when I'd take out the butt plug and suggest that I will let him do me up the ass if he would allow *me* to fuck him in *his* ass with my butt plug. Of course, it probably goes without saying that I haven't had a single guy take me up on my offer. I guess they didn't want to fuck me up the ass *that* bad after all! But I wouldn't be getting Jeremy's permission *this* time.

I returned to the front room where Jeremy was still sitting on the loveseat with his subsiding cock still hanging out. The video, my video, was still playing and was on the third scene: a lesbian scene—or girl/girl scene as it's referred to in the business—with me and an actress named Anjulique Diamond (and I'm certain that *wasn't* her Christian name!).

Jeremy's eyes grew wide when he saw what I was holding in my hand. But he again uttered not a word and leaned his head back into the loveseat, his lower lip quivering in fear of what I was planning on doing with it, I'm sure. I went over to him and ordered him to stand, which he did.

"Pull off your pants, Jeremy, and lean over the loveseat."

Again, like a good boy, he did as he was told. I took the butt plug and rubbed the tip slowly across his anus. The plastic phallus was cold and hard and unyielding to the touch, so I can only imagine how it felt to Jeremy as I started to slowly push it into his sphincter. Jeremy reared his head back and bit his lower lip the more I pushed the butt plug into his ass. He tried to resist me at first as his sphincter muscles clenched to try to push the foreign object out. But, at this point, I wasn't going to let anything

stop me from ravaging Jeremy's virgin ass.

Nor especially Jeremy, for *that* matter!

I slapped Jeremy's right butt cheek and said to him, "Loosen up, Jeremy, or I'm going to have to push it in harder. You don't want me to do *that*, do you?"

Apparently he didn't as he seemingly made a conscious effort to relax his sphincter muscles enough to allow me to push the butt plug inside his rectum. I plunged the phallus down his colon until only the base was sticking out of his asshole. Jeremy's legs quivered as his sphincter adjusted to being stretched like a rubber band. I rubbed the back of his head and kissed his sweaty cheek to try to make him more relaxed, which, again, apparently worked as his legs stopped quivering and his body became less tense.

I then told him to sit on the floor. He gazed at me like he thought I was crazy and raised his eyebrows.

"You want me to do *what*?"

"You heard me," I snapped back at him. "I told you to sit on the floor. Now do as I say!"

I thought for once he would disobey me, but he went over and sat down on the floor like I wanted him to do. Jeremy grimaced as he plopped down on the floor right on the butt plug while his cock, which had gotten hard again after I inserted the butt plug into him, stood at attention. I lowered myself down on him and straddled his jutting cock. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and held on to him tightly as I rode him while my porno film played in the background. I slammed my pelvis up and down on his cock and balls. I knew without my having to look that the butt plug was being pushed farther into him with each thrust of my pelvis, causing him to cry out with each thrust.

“How does it feel to be inside a woman, Jeremy?” I whispered in his ear, still riding him.

His head was reared back and his mouth was opened wide. He responded to my question with a series of grunts and groans. I grunted and groaned myself as his cock filled me to capacity. (Not as much as Long Johnson, of course; but then, apart from the late, great John Holmes, there’s hardly a man who could fill the size of *his* shoes, or, rather, the size of his jocks!)

Jeremy clawed at the carpet the same way he clawed at the loveseat cushions, and I knew he would explode at any moment. He moaned out louder than ever, and I let him come inside me. When I was doing porn, it was a no-no for an actor to come inside an actress (and this was *before* AIDS became an issue), but, since Jeremy was a virgin (and, as I’ve implied, there was absolutely *no* doubt of that!), I wanted him to know how it felt to come inside a woman. And, judging from his wailing orgasm, it must have felt pretty damn good! I know his warm semen felt good to me as it seeped out of my pussy and drenched my inner thighs. I thrust my pelvis up and down some more to pump more cum out of his penis, which was starting to subside inside me. Jeremy’s cock subsided to the point where it slipped out of me. I held on to his shoulders while I stood back up. I looked down at Jeremy as he looked up at me.

“You may stand up now, Jeremy.”

Jeremy stood and faced me. I stepped behind him and pulled the butt plug out of his ass. He yelped as I yanked out the dirtied phallus from his asshole. I massaged his swollen ass cheeks with my fingers for a moment then I told him he could put his pants on. He scurried over to where his pants were laying and hurriedly put them on. He turned

to me again and waited for me to give him my next order.

“You can go back to your house, Jeremy,” I said to him. “I won’t be needing your . . . *help* anymore today.” He seemed a bit relieved—as well as a bit disappointed—as he started to turn around to leave, but then I quickly added, “But I may need your help later on, Jeremy.”

He nodded without looking at me. I believe he got my meaning (but then, who wouldn’t?). He stopped at the door and, with his hand on the door-knob, he looked back at me and asked, “What do you want me to tell my Mom?”

I pondered Jeremy’s question as the end credits began to roll on *Andrea Cummings: The Movie* before answering him with a naughty grin and a wink:

“Tell her you were a *great* help to me, Jeremy.”



# ADAM'S BABYSITTER

Adam was twenty-one but had the mentality of a five-year-old. His parents told me when Adam was two he suffered from this mysterious fever doctors were unable to diagnose. Adam survived the fever, but it left him with minor brain damage. He learned things at a much slower pace than other kids. He eventually learned to do certain tasks on his own, such as being able to feed himself and going to the bathroom by himself, but he still needed help with other tasks and therefore needed constant supervision. That's when I come into the picture. You see I was hired by Adam's parents to watch over him. Adam wanted to live out on his own, and his parents reluctantly agreed to let him do so on the condition that they hire a live-in nurse to help take care of him.

"So, Cathy," Adam's mother Beverly asked me when she and his father Dan interviewed me, "do you have any nursing experience?"

"Yes," I said, lying my ass off to her. "Yes, I do."

I got the job anyway even though the closest I ever came to being a nurse was the few short weeks I spent at a hospital as a candy striper. But I was twenty-five and broke and I needed the job, so I fudged a little—just a tad!—on my resume when I applied for the job after reading the ad placed in the newspaper by Adam's parents. I didn't think I'd get the job, but, apparently, I was the only applicant who wasn't put off by the idea of spending virtually every waking moment with Adam. To make certain I wouldn't mind taking care of Adam, his parents

allowed me to meet him. I was surprised at how handsome Adam was with his curly black hair and surprisingly good physique in spite of his . . . *condition*. If he wasn't retarded (and I don't mean that in a slanderous way), I might've even been attracted to him. But, after seeing how bad off he was, I could see *why* the other applicants turned down the job. Adam kept his head down the whole time and his arms were almost constantly shaking. I'm not sure if this was part of his condition or if he was just nervous about being around a girl who was close to his age. (Something told me that, apart from his mother, he wasn't around females too much.) To make matters worse, he was drooling. But, like I said, I needed the damned job, so I overlooked Adam's . . . *condition* and accepted the job, believing a job like this wouldn't be *too* difficult since I would be nothing more than an adult babysitter. And how hard could *that* be?

Adam's parents rented him a nearby apartment so that, while he would have his own place, he would still be close by in case there was a serious emergency and they could be easily contacted. (I also think they didn't have the utmost confidence in my capabilities to take proper care of their only son, which, to be fair, was certainly understandable since, technically, I wasn't a qualified nurse; but, like I said, I was the *only* one who'd take the job.) There were certain tasks I was dreading more than others, such as having to give him a bath since that was one of the things he couldn't do by himself. (Adam's mother Beverly told me how Adam had a tendency to dunk his head in the water and not come back up, so that's why he had to have someone else bathe him.) Giving Adam a bath was one of the first things I had to do our first night alone together at his new apartment. Adam stood frozen in

place in the middle of the bathroom floor while I drew him a bath. I'm sure this must've been frightening, perhaps even terrifying, for him since his mother was the only woman to *ever* give him a bath. But he would just have to get over his fear because I damn sure wasn't going to spend my first night there fighting with him. The trouble started when I tried to take off his shirt. He jerked away from me and snapped at me, "Don't!"

I sighed with disgust and impatience and said to him, "Look, Adam, you have to take a bath and I'm not gonna fight with you, so come on!"

His mother Beverly told me to be firm with him whenever he got difficult, and, evidently, it worked as he let me take off his shirt. I unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. And *now* came the part I was dreading the most. I got down on my knees and slowly pulled down his pants, leaving his underwear on. I grabbed the sides of his underwear and even more slowly pulled them down. That's when I made a most shocking discovery. Adam possessed one of the biggest penises I have *ever* seen! Even his balls were bigger and rounder and hung down lower than any man's I had ever seen up to that point. Surrounding his dick and balls was a beautiful lush of curly black hair that was an exact match to the hair atop his head. I gasped out loud when everything spilled out of his underwear, thinking what a waste it was how *this* kind of endowment would wind up on a man with his . . . *condition*. My reaction to his impressive genitalia caused Adam to look at me funnier than usual. I quickly got a hold of myself and finished taking off his clothes. I stood, trying not to look so much at what was between his legs, and told him to get in the bath, which he did without any problem. He sat down in the tub and allowed me to wash him. We didn't

have any problems until I started to run the soapy washcloth over his dick and balls. He tensed up and looked like he was about to cry, but that didn't stop me from washing him down there. But when I touched his flaccid cock with the washrag it popped up hard in an instant. I jumped back as if his cock was a venomous snake about to bite me, water splashing everywhere. This time I didn't bother to try to hide my shocked reaction. (Something told me that this *never* happened with his mother!) I didn't know what else to do, so I told Adam—who seemed to be reacting to this better than I was—to get out of the tub, that I was through washing him. Adam obediently stepped out of the tub without so much as a whimper, his hard cock flopping up and down with every step he took. I knew if I didn't cover that kid up and *fast* I might very well do something that I may—or may not!—regret. So I tossed Adam a towel and told him to go to his bedroom after he dried himself off and wait for me. After he stepped out of the bathroom to go to his room, I stayed in the bathroom to compose myself. I'm not sure how long I stayed in the bathroom, but, however long I stayed in there, I assumed by the time I followed Adam into this bedroom his hard-on would have already dissipated either on its own or by his own hand.

It didn't.

When I finally walked into Adam's bedroom, I saw his dick was just as big and hard as it had been in the bathroom. Adam was sitting on the side of his bed looking down at the floor. His hands were folded over his balls and his cock was sticking out from between his hands . . . and it was *throbbing*. I sucked in my breath and sat down next to him.

“Would you like to put on your pajamas, Adam?” I asked him, hoping he wouldn't notice the

cracks in my voice (so he wouldn't go tell his Mom how his nurse was acting "funny" when she saw him naked!).

Adam didn't say a word. I didn't know what to do, so, on impulse, I reached out to touch him to try to calm him down, but he backed away from me again and I—purely by accident, I assure you!—touched his erection. I backed away from *him* real quick since the *last* thing I wanted was for him to tell his parents that his live-in nurse touched him "down there"! But, in spite of the chance I knew I was taking, I reached out to touch his cock again.

"Don't!" he snapped at me again, throwing his arm up to block mine.

"Why don't you want me touching you, Adam?"

"Cause Mommy told me it's bad if I touch myself there," he told me, his voice akin to a five-year-olds.

I leaned in a little closer to him and said in my sultriest-sounding voice, "Well, your Mommy never said *I* couldn't touch you there, did she?"

Adam had to think about *that* one a second or two before he said, "Well, no, Mommy didn't say *you* couldn't touch me there."

I leaned in closer. "Would you like for me to touch you there, Adam?"

Again, he had to think. "Well . . . yeah," he said, giggling like a little kid.

By now I was so close to him I was breathing in his ear. I rubbed his arm gently and whispered in his ear, "Now be a good boy, Adam, and move your hands."

Adam obediently moved his hands away from his cock. I wrapped my fingers around his shaft as gently as I could. Adam cooed and murmured as I caressed him.

"How does *that* feel, Adam?"

“G—good.”

“Would you like me to do it faster?”

“Y—yeah.”

I grinned. I beat him off faster. His balls receded, and his moans grew more intense. I knew it wouldn't be long now! When Adam came, he came so much I thought he wouldn't stop coming! He moaned like I never heard a man moan before. Something told me this was the very first orgasm of his life (and something else told me his mother had instilled in him the idea that *any* kind of sex was bad and dirty, most likely so “Mommy” could keep a tighter reign on her little boy). By the time Adam was done ejaculating, my hand was coated in his cream. All of a sudden Adam started screaming and crying.

“What's wrong, Adam?” I asked him, startled by his outburst. “What's wrong?”

“I—I did something bad,” he said in between sobs. “Something wrong.”

I stroked the side of his face with my clean hand and tried to calm him down.

“You didn't do anything bad, Adam.”

“Yes, I did!” he cried and pointed at my hand he came on. “I messed on your hand.”

I had to stop myself from laughing. He was so sweet and innocent and naïve. He was adorable!

“Don't worry, sweetie,” I reassured him as I nuzzled his cheek. “That's supposed to happen.”

Adam started to quiet down after I said that to him. He sniffed and said, “It—it is?”

“Yes, honey, it is.” I paused to look at him. “You've never come before, have you, Adam?”

He gawkily nodded his head. I rubbed his sweaty brow and said to him in my most soothing voice, “That's okay, sweetie. There's a first time for everything!”

His eyes perked up as he exclaimed, "That's what Mommy always tells me!"

I let out a little chuckle. I kissed his sweaty forehead and told him to get ready for bed.

"Okay," he said in his little kid's voice.

I got up from the bed and went to the bathroom to clean myself off. As I was washing my hands in the sink, I was thinking about what had just happened between Adam and me and where this could possibly lead. But then I found myself chuckling at the idea, the very notion, of something *ever* happening between Adam and myself. I reasoned that what *had* happened between us in the bedroom just now was a one-time thing, a fluke and nothing more that would never, *ever*, be repeated. Maybe if he wasn't retarded (and, again, that's not a personal slam on him since what happened to him wasn't *his* fault) then maybe something more substantial *could* arise between us. But, given his . . . *condition*, there was *no* way I could foresee anything like that occurring between the two of us.

No way at all.

The next morning I was in the kitchen making breakfast when all of a sudden I felt someone's eyes bearing down on the back of my neck. I turned around to find Adam standing right behind me. He was still in his pajamas and his hair was in a mess. He was making eye contact with me, something he hadn't done with us since we first met.

"Adam," I said to him, "did you just get out of bed?"

"Uh-huh," he said to me, nodding his head and smiling goofily.

The way he was looking at me and grinning was starting to creep me out a little.

"Uh," I sputtered, "would you like some break-

fast, Adam?”

“Well . . .” he trailed off. He glanced down at the floor again.

“What is it, Adam?”

“Well . . .” he trailed off again. I knew by the strained look on his face—along with the bulge I noticed in his pajamas!—he wanted *more* from me this morning than bacon and eggs!

“Come on, Adam,” I said, grinning myself. “You can tell me whatever it is.”

“Well,” he repeated, looking back up at me, “I was wantin’ to know . . .”

“Yes, Adam?”

He let out a deep sigh and finally told me what was on his mind.

“I was wantin’ to know if we could do what we did yesterday.”

It didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out *what* he meant!

“Sure, Adam,” I said, my grin getting bigger.

I switched off the stove so nothing would get burnt and led Adam by the arm to the living room sofa. As we were walking into the living room, I recalled what I was thinking about the night before our . . . *incident* about how there’d be no way anything could *ever* happen between Adam and myself. But that bulge between his legs that was straining against his pajama bottoms changed my mind! I sat Adam down on the sofa and got on my knees like a cheap hooker about to give a shady politician a \$10 blowjob. I slowly pulled down Adam’s pajama bottoms and underwear. His dick popped out the top of his underwear and almost smacked me in the face. I gazed up at Adam and he was smiling more goofily than ever. Adam may have had the mentality of a five-year-old, but he was evidently smart enough to know that *what* he had between his legs



had most men beat!

“Oh, Adam,” I enthused lustfully, finding myself drooling over his cock the way *he* was prone to do.

I wrapped my left hand around its base and ran the tip of my forefinger slowly over the tip of its swollen head. My fingertip slipped inside the tiny hole. I took my finger out and saw a tiny little drop-let of clear fluid on the tip of my index finger. Just like the night before when I gave him his first handjob in his bedroom, I knew it wouldn't be long before he would blow his load all over the place. This gave me a *wonderful* idea!

“Have you ever had a woman pleasure you orally before, Adam?” I asked him with my head still gripping his pulsing cock.

“Wh—what's that mean, *orally*?”

I giggled at his naiveté.

“Have you ever had a girl suck your cock?”

“You mean . . . touch me there . . . with her mouth?” He pointed at his cock I was holding.

I giggled again. “Um—hmmm,” I muttered, nodding my head.

“Well . . . no.”

“Would you like for me to suck your cock, Adam?”

His smile broadened until I could see his pearly-whites.

“Well . . . okay.”

I gave him a broad smile of my own then I opened my mouth and took him in. The girth of his cock was such that I could barely take half of it in my mouth before the head started pushing against the back of my throat. But I didn't mind. I tried to take more of him inside my mouth, but it was no use. He was just so big. I was regulated to sucking the top half of his prick and stroking the base of his

shaft. I peered up at Adam to see how he was reacting to his very first blowjob. His head was leaning all the way back into the sofa and his mouth was agape. He was moaning like a little kid might moan, which was logical given his, uh, mental state. His balls drew up inside his shriveled scrotum and his moans intensified. It was only a matter of seconds before he shot *the* biggest load on my face. His entire body shuddered and convulsed like he was having a seizure instead of an orgasm (which, who knows, he probably was!). When the last jism drop flowed out of the small hole of his cock, my face was covered and my hand was dripping. I halfway expected Adam to start crying again the way he did the previous night, but he only sat there not uttering a word as his body began to settle down.

“Sit right there, Adam, and wait for me while I go get cleaned up. All right?” I said to him as I got up, his cum dripping from my hand and chin.

Adam meekly nodded his head as he gazed away from me. I rubbed his leg and headed for the bathroom. I peered into the mirror above the sink and, as I watched Adam’s cum dripping off my chin, I kept asking myself what the hell was I *doing* with this kid (and I call him a kid even though there’s only a few years difference in our ages). I mean, never mind the fact that he possesses the mentality of a five-year-old, but, should his parents have ever found out what I’ve been doing with their little boy, they would’ve hung my ass out to dry, possibly even file molestation charges against me (which they probably could’ve made stick given his . . . *condition*). So now the question I had to ask myself was would I continue with my amorous behavior toward Adam in spite of the obvious risks?

Well, *would* I?

That night as I was lying asleep in bed (my

bedroom was adjacent to Adam's), I was awoken to the feeling of someone's fingers crawling on my skin just below my waist. I propped myself on my elbow and glanced down to see Adam pulling down the top of my panties and trying to take a peek inside. He was so preoccupied with trying to sneak a peek at my privates that he didn't notice me staring at him.

"Adam, what *are* you doing?"

Adam quickly took his hand away and scooted down toward the foot of the bed. Though it was dark in the room, I could still see Adam's face flush a bright red. He was so embarrassed he couldn't even look me in the eye.

"Adam, answer me! What *were* you doing?"

"I . . . I . . ." he stammered. "I . . ."

I sat up in bed and leered at him grinning.

"Adam, were you trying to see me naked?"

He didn't say a thing.

"Come on, Adam, be honest with me."

He finally nodded, his face flushing redder by the minute.

"Have you ever seen a girl naked before, Adam?"

He started to open his mouth, but then I stopped him by saying, "Besides your mother."

He closed his mouth and nodded again. This gave me *another* wonderful idea!

"Would you like to see *me* naked, Adam?"

He slowly turned his eyes in my direction and looked at me. I laid back down on the bed without saying another word to him. I lifted my nightie and spread my legs. Adam gawked at me with this puzzled look on his face like he was trying to determine if I was serious or not.

I was.

"It's okay, Adam," I reassured him. "You can go

ahead and look if you want.”

He still eyed me with suspicion for a moment then he slowly crawled back down the bed toward me and stuck his fingers back inside my panties. My skin tingled with excitement as Adam’s fingers trickled down my waist to my pubic hair. His fingers played around in my bush like he discovered a new plaything.

“You have hair down there like I do!” Adam exclaimed to me joyfully.

I laughed along with him, sharing in his joy.

“Yes, I do,” I replied. “You can take my panties off the rest of the way if you want to, Adam.”

“Oh, okay,” he said to me, nodding and grinning enthusiastically.

He wasted no time yanking off my damp panties and tossing them on the other side of the bed. I spread my legs wide open so he could get a good look at my vagina since this was his first time seeing a nude woman and all (besides his “Mommy,” of course!). Adam stuck his face between my legs and took a good long look at my exposed pubis. He looked it over like he was some kind of gynecologist when, all of a sudden, he crinkled his nose as he lifted his head from between my legs.

“What is it, Adam?” I asked him.

“It smells funny,” he replied, pointing at my vagina.

I couldn’t help but snigger at what he said.

“Don’t worry, sweetie, it’s *supposed* to smell like that.”

“Oh, okay.”

He stuck his face back between my legs and resumed inspecting my “smelly” vagina.

“Adam, why don’t you taste it?”

He crinkled his nose at me again.

“*Taste it?*” he said.

“Um—hmmm,” I muttered, nodding.

“You mean I can do *that*? I can really lick you *there*? With my tongue?”

Boy, this kid really *did* have the mentality of a five-year-old!

“Yes, honey, you *can* lick me there with your tongue.”

“*All right!*”

He stuck his face between my legs for the umpteenth time and stuck out his tongue. He touched the middle of my wet folds with its tip, sending shivers of lust throughout my body. Though he *was* twenty-one, there was still something strangely forbidden about my doing this with Adam, which was perhaps the main reason *why* I was doing this with Adam in spite of the risks I knew I was taking. There was a certain level of thrill and danger to what I was doing with Adam, to my seducing him. (Lord knows I could’ve definitely *used* a few more thrills—and even a little more danger!—in my humdrum life at *that* point and time!)

Adam’s tongue stabbed at my swollen pussy lips much in the same way one would stab at a piece of meat with a dull steak knife. He wasn’t kidding when he said he’d never pleased a woman orally before! Still, there was something . . . *arousing* about the amateurish way he was licking my cunt. But that didn’t deter me from giving him a few pointers.

“I want you to lick my clit, Adam.”

He stopped tonguing me and asked, lifting his head and looking at me again, “You want me to lick your *what*?”

I reached down with my right hand and, with my first and second fingers, spread my pussy apart, exposing my erect clitoris. I tapped on the hardened nub with the tip of my index finger and told Adam,

“I want you to put your tongue on this small round knob here and lick it.”

“Uh, okay.”

Adam did as I instructed and placed his tongue right on my clit. He tongued my clit in the same clumsy way he tongued my pussy. But his inexperience didn't bother me. What he lacked in experience he *more* than made up for in enthusiasm! (Besides, I thought, I can teach him *all* he needs to know later on!) But Adam was turning out to be a *very* fast learner on his own as he wrapped his lips around my clit and sucked on it hard. I moaned out in passion as I writhed my hips to the rhythm of his sucking. I could feel myself about to come, and I didn't want to come until I got the chance to feel Adam's huge cock inside my hungry twat.

“Stop, Adam,” I said, lifting my head and looking down at him. “I want you to stop.”

He stopped sucking me so abruptly I thought he'd rip my clit right off my pussy! He cowered away from me like he thought I was mad at him like he did something wrong just like a child would do. I sat up in bed and looked at him.

“What's wrong, Adam?”

“I—I—I did something wrong,” he said, whimpering and not looking at me. “I made you mad at me.”

I reached out and gently touched his shoulder, which made him cower away from me even more.

“Hey, hey,” I said to him as soothingly as possible, rubbing his shoulder. “You didn't make me mad.”

He looked at me misty-eyed. “I—I didn't?” he sniffed.

I shook my head. “No, sweetheart, you didn't.”

“Then why did you yell at me?”

“I wasn't yelling at you.” I stopped rubbing his

shoulder. "I just want you to do something different to me, that's all."

He eyed me suspiciously. "W—what's *that*?"

I grinned lasciviously at him. "Have you ever been inside a woman before, Adam?"

He started to look away from me again. "N—no," he said like he was actually embarrassed of his lack of sexual experience with the opposite sex (which, of course, I was hell-bent on changing!).

"Would you like to?"

He cocked an eye back in my direction. "W—will it feel good?"

"Oh, yes," I assured him, stroking his hair. "It will feel *great*!"

"Oh," he smiled and nodded, "okay!"

I lay back down on the bed and spread my legs in anticipation of Adam's cock that was already hard and throbbing. He got on top of me and attempted to enter me, but he was so nervous, *so* inexperienced, that he was poking me in every place *but* my pussy! So, finally, I had to make him stop and grabbed his penis and carefully guided it into me. We got the head of his cock in when he rammed it the rest of the way in me *without* my help! He reared his head back and let out a drawn-out moan. Like I've pointed out already, Adam *may* have possessed a child's mentality, but he had *enough* of his faculties to comprehend that it felt good—damn good!—for a man to be inside a woman.

Even a man *with* the mentality of a five-year-old!

Again, as I've pointed out before, what Adam lacked in experience he more than made up for in enthusiasm as he pounded my twat into next week! I could hear his big balls smacking my ass as he laid my pussy to waste with his stupendous schlong. He

filled me up so much I thought I was going to bust! I wrapped my ankles around the heels of his feet and scratched his back with my fingernails. Adam appeared to be oblivious to anything other than his pleasure, but that was understandable given that this was his first time and all. Adam quickened the pace of his thrusting, and I knew he was getting ready to blow. Adam suddenly groaned out like I've *never* heard *any* man groan out before. Then he came. Though I wasn't able to see from where I was laying, it felt like he shot an even *bigger* load than the day before when I gave him his first blowjob. My pussy obviously couldn't handle his entire load as much of his jism spilled out of my cunt and flowed down the inside of my thighs.

"Oh, Adam," I groaned along with him, "that's it! Shoot your wonderful cum inside me! Come inside me! Come on!"

Adam kept banging my pussy until he was completely spent. He fell down in a heap on top of me. We lay there in bed for I don't know how long until we fell asleep in each other's arm. After our first night together, I made it a point to tell Adam *never* to tell his parents what we did—and *have* been doing since that first night—together. When he asked why, I told him how they might not understand and might even try to replace me as his "nurse."

"You mean," he asked me with a worried look on his face, "we won't be able to do . . . *it* ever again?"

"Yes, Adam," I said, nodding, "that's right."

I knew *that* would keep Adam from babbling to his parents about us doing "it," as Adam so childishly put it. Of course, I had my *own* selfish reasons for wanting Adam to keep his mouth shut about our . . . *Affair*. My live-in arrangement served *my*



~~~~~Satan's Daughters~~~~~

purposes just fine as I got paid good money *and* I got my brains fucked out every night by a humongous cock (even *if* said cock belonged to a guy *with* the mentality of a five-year-old!). And, to *this* very day, Adam's doting parents *don't* suspect a blessed thing . . .

ON THE MAT

Caroline was hooked on wrestling. If one were to ask her best friend, Sandra, she would have said she was addicted to the sport (though there are more than a few critics who would strongly insist that wrestling, professional or not, was anything but a sport, at least a legitimate one).

Caroline's father, Denny, was the one who got her hooked. Her mother, Geraldine, is always fond of saying how they would sit glued to the TV every time wrestling was on. Caroline was so enamored with wrestling she even attended wrestling school with the hope of someday becoming a professional wrestler. That is, until a minor leg injury she sustained in the ring put a stop to that dream.

However, Caroline continued to work out and practice her wrestling moves—leg injury or no—almost every day, or at least whenever she could find the time. After sustaining her leg injury and being forced to drop out of wrestling school, Caroline became an amateur boxer instead. She figured if she couldn't beat the bad guys in the wrestling ring, she could at least beat them in the boxing ring.

Caroline met her best friend Sandra while in high school when Sandra and her family moved to Caroline's hometown of Placid, Mississippi. Caroline was sixteen and Sandra was fifteen when they met. Caroline and Sandra were polar opposites. Caroline was stout even at that young age with shoulder-length black hair that she sometimes streaked blonde for the fun of it (although Mom and Dad rarely found their daughter altering her

appearance in this fashion “funny”). Sandra was skinny with hair that was as black as Caroline’s and twice as long. She wore wire-framed glasses and was about two inches shorter than Caroline who was just an inch shy of six feet. And, while Caroline was a wrestling fanatic who took no guff from anyone—girl or boy—at school, Sandra was a frail and painfully shy girl who rarely spoke or made eye contact with anyone.

However, despite their differences, the two friends did share one thing in common: their problems with men. Most men were intimidated by Caroline’s size and strength as she could easily bench-press an average guy’s weight and then some. And most men found Sandra too mousy and delicate, and not sexy enough. Caroline had all but abandoned the concept of casual dating. When one of her male friends at the gym where she spent most of her free time working out tried to set her up on a blind date, they nearly lost their two front teeth. Sandra, in contrast, never even tried to date as she was reminded of what men really thought about her every morning when she first looked in the mirror.

Then she met Jerry.

Jerry was a used car salesman and a shameless, habitual womanizer. Oftentimes he would feign interest in a woman just to see if could trick her into bed. Such was the case with Sandra. One day Sandra ventured onto the used car lot where Jerry worked looking for a car. Jerry waited on her and immediately took an interest in her, or, rather, he *acted* like he was interested in her. He was fawning all over her like he thought she was the prettiest woman in the world. And Sandra just ate it up. She couldn’t ever remember a man acting *this* interested in her. She fell instantly in love with Jerry,

and they began dating on a regular basis. But, when Sandra first introduced Jerry to Caroline, Sandra's best friend was not so impressed as she saw right through Jerry's chauvinistic act right away. However, when Caroline tried to warn Sandra about her new shady beau, Sandra wouldn't hear it. She wanted so desperately to believe that Jerry truly *did* love her and that his relationship wasn't all a joke to him.

"But he's not even a decent looking guy, for Pete's sake!" Caroline protested.

"I don't care!" Sandra snapped back at her, something she did not do to her best friend often. "All I care about is that I love him and he loves me. For once in my life, I have a man who's attracted to me and who really cares about me." Sandra's voice took a softer, almost pleading tone. "Please, Caroline, please don't try to ruin this for me. Okay?"

Caroline sighed. "All I want to know is are you happy with this guy? I mean are you really happy with him?"

"Yes!" she nearly shouted. "Yes, I am happy with him. Happier than I've been with anyone in my life." She paused and added as an afterthought, "Next to you, of course!"

Caroline gently rubbed Sandra's forearm and gave her friend a reserved smile. "Then that's good enough for me."

Sandra gave Caroline a relieved smile believing that she finally approved of her new boyfriend. Caroline's approval meant so much to her. She had always been there for her when she really needed someone in her life. She remembered back in high school when she was the new girl in school and nobody liked her and would pick on her. Caroline was the one who came to her rescue. Sandra remembered with a kind of vengeful fondness how on the

day they first met Caroline rushed over and beat up a small group of snooty popular girls who were ganging up on her.

“Leave her alone!” Caroline yelled as she pummeled each girl one by one.

After the last girl fell sobbing to the ground, Caroline stepped over to Sandra who was still lying on the ground from when one of the girls had pushed her. She had watched Caroline take on the girls with wide-eyed amazement. Caroline, like an angel of mercy sent from Heaven, held out her hand and asked with a look of genuine concern on her face, “Are you all right?”

Sandra studied Caroline’s outstretched hand for a moment before taking her hand and letting her help her up. “Yeah, I’m all right,” she told her.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah,” Sandra assured her new guardian, smiling at her. “I’m fine.”

Sandra was straightening out her dress as she and Caroline started walking together, leaving the gang of would-be bullies behind them on the schoolyard grass still reeling from Caroline’s attack. Sandra asked Caroline where she learned to fight like that. Caroline told her that she learned how to fight by watching wrestling all the time with her father.

“I could teach you how to fight,” Caroline said, “if you want.”

“Oh no,” Sandra said with a chuckle, shaking her head. “I don’t think I could ever be rough like *that*.”

Caroline shrugged. “Well, if you ever change your mind.”

Sandra nodded. “Okay,” she said, smiling again. She held out her hand and introduced herself. “I’m Sandra.”

Caroline shook her hand eagerly. "I'm Caroline."

From that moment on, Caroline and Sandra became best friends and were inseparable. The two were more like sisters than friends. They shared everything: clothes, secrets, desires, ambitions, everything young girls are supposed to share with each other and more. There was hardly anything that one wouldn't do for the other. However, after they graduated from high school, Caroline and Sandra went their separate ways and lost touch with one another for a brief time. When they resumed their friendship, Sandra was amazed at how much Caroline had changed. She was buff and her long black hair had been cut short and was streaked blonde like it was off and on when they were in high school. When Sandra asked her briefly-estranged friend what she had been doing and why she had lost touch with her, Caroline informed her that she had attended wrestling school and, after sustaining a leg injury she suffered in the ring, decided to become an amateur boxer instead with the hope of someday turning pro.

"So," Caroline asked her friend with a big grin, "what'cha been doin' with yourself?"

"Oh," Sandra replied with a disappointed chuckle, "nothing as exciting as what you've been doing." She looked squarely at Caroline and told her, "I'm a veterinary assistant."

Caroline nodded like she wasn't too surprised by her friend's career. "Yeah, I remember how you used to love animals." She grinned broadly. "I guess you still do."

Sandra furrowed her brow at her friend. "Are you making fun of me, Caroline?"

Caroline shook her head. "Not at all. As a matter of fact, I kind of wish my life was more normal

like yours.”

Normal. If there was one word which best described Sandra’s life, her very existence even, it was normal. Unlike Caroline, Sandra hadn’t changed much at all since graduating from high school. Her hair still looked the same, maybe an inch or two longer. The glasses were different, her skin was paler, but, overall, she was still the same old Sandra. Same old *normal* Sandra.

But Jerry would soon change all that.

And in more ways than Sandra—or even Caroline herself—could have possibly imagined.

It didn’t take long for Jerry’s true colors to start showing after Sandra began seeing him. He was coarse, often drunk, and, worst of all, he was abusive. He started off being verbally abusive, but it wasn’t long before the abuse became physical. Sandra didn’t dare tell Caroline what was going on between her and Jerry. She always wore long-sleeve shirts to hide the bruises even when the weather was warm. Caroline had her suspicions, but she knew without a doubt in her mind that Sandra would tell her if Jerry was doing something to her that he *shouldn’t* be doing.

Or *would* she?

“Are you all right?” Caroline asked Sandra during an afternoon visit.

“Yeah, sure,” Sandra was quick to reply. “Why *wouldn’t* I be?”

Caroline gave her friend a concerned, but stern, look. “You’d tell me if something was wrong, wouldn’t you?”

“Sure, Caroline.” She gave her friend a nervous smile. “You know I would!”

Sandra reached out and rubbed Caroline on the arm in a feeble attempt to try to reassure her that everything was all right when it wasn’t. Caroline

glanced down at her arm covered by a long-sleeve shirt even though it was well over ninety degrees outside and then looked back at her.

“Roll up your sleeve,” Caroline ordered Sandra.

Sandra appeared to be genuinely surprised that her longtime friend was questioning her.

“W—what?” Sandra stammered at her.

“You heard me.” Caroline was speaking to her in a forceful tone she had *never* used with her before. She pointed at her sleeve and again ordered her, “Roll it up.”

Reluctantly Sandra rolled up her sleeve as slow as she could. Caroline gazed in shock and horror—and anger—at the bruises that lined Sandra’s arm. It didn’t take two guesses for her to figure out *how* those bruises got there . . .

And *who* put them there.

“Jerry did this to you, didn’t he?” Caroline said angrily, grabbing Sandra’s arm before she had a chance to pull it away.

“N—no, he didn’t, Caroline,” Sandra stammered again. “I—I just—”

“And don’t tell me you fell!”

Sandra said nothing else as she yanked her arm away and gazed down at the floor in shame. There was no longer any point in denying the truth to Caroline . . . and to herself. Jerry had *indeed* been abusing her. Caroline could barely contain her anger as she asked Sandra through clenched teeth, “How long?”

Sandra gazed back at her. “What?” she asked weakly.

“I said how long!” Caroline repeated with even more anger. “How long has he been hitting you?”

“Oh . . .” Sandra muttered, looking away from her again. “He wasn’t always like this. At first he would just yell at me a lot, then he started drinking

more and more. That's when the physical stuff started. He'll start drinking and will fly into these rages and . . ." She trailed off. She didn't have to say anymore, as far as Caroline was concerned.

"What are you going to do?" Caroline asked her friend with an urgent tone to her voice.

"What do you mean?" Sandra asked him, looking back at her once again.

"I mean what are you going to do about Jerry? Are you going to leave him, bring him up on charges, pay to have someone beat him up. *What?*" She said that last word with such force that it caused Sandra to jump in her seat.

Sandra timidly shook her head, her soft green eyes welling up with tears.

"I don't know, Caroline," she told her honestly. "I just don't know!"

"Well, you'd better decide what you're going to do about this and *fast*," Caroline warned Sandra, being less sympathetic than Sandra would have normally expected her to be, "cause if you don't take care of that bastard, then *I* will."

One look at Caroline's face and Sandra knew she was dead serious. She had seen that look on her friend's face only once before on the first day they met back in high school when she beat up that group of popular girls who were ganging up on her. Caroline was one tough cookie even back then as no one dared to mess with Sandra again after that day. And, since high school, Caroline had put on at least fifty or so pounds of muscle and was definitely *not* someone—especially a girlfriend-beating wimp like Jerry—would want to dare try to tangle with. So, trying to calm her best friend down and to not make a bad situation worse, Sandra assured her, putting her hand on her shoulder, "I will talk to Jerry tonight."

“What are you going to say to him?” Caroline asked, calming down a little.

“I’m going to tell him I’m leaving him.”

Caroline raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure?”

Sandra smiled and nodded with assurance. “Yes, I’m sure.”

“Good,” Caroline said, smiling with assurance herself.

Sandra let out a small sigh of relief. She had calmed her friend down so she wouldn’t confront her abusive boyfriend, and she would have a nice long talk with Jerry tonight and give him his walking papers. Everything, she believed, would work out for the better.

Or *would* it?

Caroline was in bed fast asleep when she was abruptly woken by the sound of someone pounding on her front door and screaming her name.

“Caroline!” the voice screamed out. “*Caroline!*”

Caroline raised her head, trying to place the familiar-sounding voice, wondering just who in the hell it could be banging on her door at *this* time of night. In a fit of anger, she stormed out of bed and stomped to the front door to see who it was who had dared disturb her from her slumber. She swung the door wide open and gazed in absolute shock and horror at the person standing before her. It was Sandra, only it didn’t *look* like Sandra, at least *not* the Sandra that she knew and loved. Her hair was matted and her mouth was spitting blood. Her clothes were torn and hanging in shreds off her bruised and battered body. The bruises that Caroline had seen on her arms earlier that day had been replaced with fresh ones, bigger ones, *uglier* ones. Both of her eyes were blackened and her body was shaking terribly.

“Sandra!” Caroline shouted.

“C—Caroline . . .” Sandra responded, her voice hoarse and weak and almost inaudible.

Sandra collapsed into Caroline’s arms. They fell to the floor together. Caroline kicked the door closed with her foot so the nosy, gossiping neighbors wouldn’t see. She already knew who did this to her and he was going to pay. As God is her witness, he *would* pay! She looked over her friend with despair as she cradled her in her arms, silently blaming herself for what had happened to her best friend, thinking blamefully to herself, *What have I done? Why did I let Sandra handle this on her own? Why didn’t I confront the son of a bitch? Why?*

A million similar thoughts ran through Caroline’s mind until Sandra spitting up blood on her nightshirt brought her back to reality. She gathered Sandra in her arms, reopened the door and rushed out to her car. Sandra’s car was parked right next to hers. Caroline was astonished she was able to drive it in the shape she was in. Caroline quickly, but gently, laid Sandra’s limp, broken body in the passenger seat of her car and shut the car door. She ran over to the driver’s side and got in. She started her car and sped off. With one hand on the steering wheel and her other hand holding Sandra by the shoulder, she rushed Sandra to the hospital emergency room. Sandra’s breathing was erratic, and Caroline knew she had to hurry.

“Hold on, Sandra,” she said to her unconscious friend, flooring the gas pedal. “Please hold on!”

Caroline was thankful she hadn’t been pulled over by the cops for speeding en route to the hospital, not because she was worried about getting a ticket but, rather, because it would have taken up more time, time that could be spent saving Sandra.

She parked in the front of the emergency room entrance at the local hospital. She gathered Sandra in her arms again and rushed inside the hospital. After yelling out for help, a portly nurse appeared from behind the front desk and cavalierly asked what the problem was.

“My friend is hurt really bad,” Caroline hysterically informed the jaded nurse as she laid Sandra on the floor. “She needs to see a doctor right away!”

“All of our doctors are very busy at the moment,” the nurse callously informed Caroline. “There are people who came in before you, you know, and—“

Suddenly Caroline rose up and stared the uncaring nurse down. The nurse’s eyes widened when she saw Caroline’s red eyes glaring furiously at her. Her muscular frame was clearly visible through her nightclothes making her appearance all the more intimidating.

“You listen to me, you fat bitch,” Caroline screamed at the frightened nurse, “you get a doctor out here this instant to take care of my friend or so help me I’ll kick your fat fucking ass all over this hospital and back again! DO YOU HEAR ME!!”

Caroline wasn’t aware until she stopped screaming that her fist was doubled up and aimed right at the nurse’s trembling face. Everyone, doctors included, had stopped what they were doing and just stood and stared at this hysterical woman. Finally, the nurse regained her composure enough to say to Caroline, her previously insensitive attitude having made a dramatic change, “Y—yes, ma’am. I’ll get a doctor out here right away to have a look at your . . . er . . . *friend*.”

Caroline lowered her fist and said quietly, “Thank you.”

The nurse glared at her for a moment, that

same frightened look in her eye, before running off down the hall calling for a doctor, *any* doctor, her fat jiggling under her tight nurse's uniform as she ran down the hall calling for a doctor, *any* doctor, at the top of her lungs. Caroline thought how this was probably the most exercise that nurse had gotten in quite some time. Under any other circumstances, she might have giggled under her breath at the thought. But there was a time and a place for everything, she thought, and this was certainly *no* time for laughter.

Within a matter of seconds, two men came out carrying a gurney followed by another man dressed in a white coat and scrubs she assumed to be a doctor. She assumed right. The two men carefully placed Sandra—who was still unconscious—on the gurney while the man in the white coat checked her vital signs. Judging by the worried look on his face, they *weren't* good.

“What happened to her?” the doctor asked Caroline, flashing her an accusing eye.

“Her boyfriend beat her up,” Caroline replied flatly, trying in vain not to let her anger show again.

The doctor simply nodded as if he'd heard this before (which he probably has, Caroline thought rather sadly to herself). He stood and told the two men with the gurney, “Let's get her to the operating room. *Stat!*”

Caroline watched with a sense of utter helplessness she had never known before as she watched Sandra, her best friend in the entire world, being carried off as if she were a slab of ham instead of the wonderful human being she has known and loved all these years. Caroline paced the hospital floor for what felt to her like ages but was really only a couple of hours when the doctor finally emerged to tell her what she had been dreading to

hear, and with good reason.

“Are you a family member?” the doctor asked her brusquely.

“No,” Caroline told him, shaking her head and choking back tears. “I’m a friend.”

The doctor nodded again and proceeded to explain to her in that professional detached tone that most doctors seem to have the extent of her injuries, many of them severe, Sandra had suffered at the hands of that brute. She had several cracked and three broken ribs, two on one side and one on the other. One of the broken ribs had punctured a lung, causing it to collapse. Her left eye socket was shattered. There were huge bruises and lesions over most of her body. The most disturbing news came when the doctor told Caroline that if she had brought her to the hospital any later, she might not have made it. Caroline was finding it difficult to speak as she asked the doctor, “Can I see her?”

“Yeah, sure,” he said, his voice taking a more sympathetic tone. “But you can only see her for a minute. She needs to rest.”

Caroline nodded then she followed the doctor to Sandra’s room. Seeing Sandra hooked up to all those tubes and machines was far too much for her to bear. As she stood alongside her bed, she ran a finger slowly through her hair then she bent over and kissed her forehead.

“I’m sorry, Sandra,” she whispered. “I love you. Always remember that.”

Caroline turned and stormed out of the hospital to her car. She got in and fired up the engine. She sped away, tires screeching, with only *one* thing on her mind:

Payback.

Caroline knocked on the door. No answer. She knocked again. There was still no answer. She

knocked two more times. After the fourth knock, she heard a mumbling behind the door then the door creaked open. Caroline found herself staring face to face with a girl who looked as if she was barely out of high school.

“Yeah?” she said in a little girl’s voice.

“Is Jerry here?”

The girl crinkled her face at Caroline as if she was trying to remember if *Jerry* was his name or not. Finally she looked over her shoulder and yelled, “Jerry!”

“What?” a man’s voice called from somewhere in back, sounding more than a little perturbed that he was being disturbed.

“There’s someone at the door for you.”

“Who is it?” The voice was getting closer as Caroline could hear loud footsteps stomping towards the door.

“I don’t—” the girl started to say, but then she was cut off as this man wearing a loose blue bathrobe appeared at the door and glared straight at Caroline, looking a little more than pissed.

“Yeah?” he growled. “Who the hell are you and what the hell do you want?”

Nice.

“Are you Jerry?” Caroline asked him, her voice scarcely rising above a snarl.

“Yeah,” he said gruffly, nodding his head. “Who are you?”

“I’m a friend of Sandra’s,” Caroline said simply and tersely to him.

“Oh,” he mumbled like what she said didn’t faze him.

He stepped away from the door and started walking towards this stained brown leather recliner that was sitting across from the door on the other side of the room. Even though Jerry didn’t invite

her in, Caroline stepped into the house anyway as Jerry sat down on the recliner. Caroline watched with contempt, as Jerry picked up a glass of what appeared to be bourbon—or at least a cheap wine—from a small end table beside the recliner. He crossed his bare, bony legs and leaned back into the recliner as he took a sip of his drink.

“Ah!” he said with his mouth agape. He looked directly at Caroline and said, the sarcasm in his voice so thick you could have cut it with a wet noodle, “So, Sandra’s friend, what can I do ya for?”

“I think you know *why* I’m here,” Caroline replied, her voice low and angry.

“Ah, yes, and just how is Sandra anyway?”

Caroline narrowed her eyes at him. “I think you know.”

“Ah, yes,” he said again. “I really *did* give her a good working over last night, didn’t I?” When Caroline didn’t respond to his tasteless quip, Jerry took another sip of his cheap booze and continued: “Yeah, she told me she was gonna leave me, and I just couldn’t let that happen. And, well, you know the rest, don’t you, Sandra’s friend?”

Jerry chuckled with a hideousness that astounded even Caroline who expected Jerry to be a smarmy bastard but not *this* smarmy! Caroline glanced at the young girl who answered the door—*Jerry’s latest conquest, no doubt*—who was standing between her and Jerry to see if she was getting all of this. Judging from the sour look on her face, a look like she couldn’t believe she had actually slept with *that*, she was. Caroline glanced back at Jerry as he continued, “But that still doesn’t explain why you’re here.” Before Caroline could respond, Jerry asked her, “And just who are you anyway?”

“*Caroline.*”

Jerry’s eyes widened and his thin lips formed

into a broad grin.

“Ah, yes,” he said, pointing at her in recognition, “you’re Sandra’s dyke friend, ain’t ya?” He lowered his finger and waited briefly for a response from Caroline. He got none, only the cold, angry glare of her eyes. “Yeah, I remember you now, *Caroline.*” He said her name with a sneering tone. “Course, you already know who *I* am, don’t you?”

Caroline could hardly contain her fury. “I’m no dyke,” she told him flatly. “And I’m not intimidated by you like Sandra was.”

He took yet another sip of his drink. “Well, *that* remains to be seen, doesn’t it?”

Not wanting to waste any more time than she had to with this weasel, Caroline glanced again at the noticeably frightened young girl and said, “Tell her to leave.”

The girl looked at Jerry to see if it was all right for her to leave. Jerry gazed at her annoyingly and snorted, “Go. I’m finished with you . . . for now.”

The girl, as if she was anticipating what was about to happen, ran over and got her coat that was strung across the shabby brown couch behind Caroline. She ran to the door and said to Caroline before she walked out of the house, “It was nice to meet you.”

Caroline gave the girl a terse nod in her direction then the girl stepped out, nearly slamming the door behind her. As they listened to her speed away in her car, Jerry said to Caroline, “Okay, she’s gone. Now what?”

“Now,” Caroline began, “you’re going to listen to what I have to say ’cause I’m only going to say this to you once.” Caroline studied him for a reaction and found none save for the deliberate smirk still pursed across his lips. She continued unabated: “You’re going to leave Sandra alone. You will *not*

see her, call her, or try to contact her after today.”

Jerry appeared un-phased. “What does Sandra have to say about this?”

Caroline wanted to scream at him like she did that hapless nurse, but she kept her cool, for the most part. “Sandra is lying unconscious in the hospital, thanks to you, and I’m going to make sure you’ll *never* harm her again.”

“Oh, really?” Jerry sniggered. “And just how are you gonna do *that*?”

Caroline furrowed her brow and fixed her hate-filled gaze squarely at him.

“Stand up and find out.”

Jerry stood up, laughing, and said, “Okay, okay, you’ve had your fun.” He quit laughing as his previously joshing, patronizing demeanor turned dead serious in an instant. “Now get the fuck out of my house, little girl, and go back home to your Mommy and that stupid, ugly bitch Sandra before you *really* piss me off!”

He took a few steps toward her holding his hand out and his other hand clutching his drink. When his fingers nearly touched her, she pushed him away from her. With just one push, he fell back into the recliner, his drink spilling on the floor.

Jerry *wasn’t* laughing now.

“Guess again, asshole,” Caroline said defiantly.

Jerry was genuinely surprised, even shocked, that a woman dared lay a hand on *him*. He was used to always—*always*—having his way with a woman. And, when they *didn’t* let him have his way, well, Sandra was an extreme example of what could happen there. But now here was this woman—a woman whom he hadn’t had the pleasure of bedding yet—trying to have *her* way with him, and he just couldn’t have that, could he?

“Okay, bitch,” he said, setting his glass down

on the table and getting back on his feet, "if that's the way you want it."

Jerry slipped off his bathrobe and let it fall down around his feet. He possessed a wiry, slightly muscular frame, the sight of which Jerry believed would make Caroline quiver and quake in her boots as it's done so many women before her (like Sandra).

It didn't.

Caroline took off the black leather jacket she was wearing and threw it on the couch behind her, never taking her vengeful eyes off Jerry. She was wearing a black tank top that exposed her muscular arms and shoulders. The first rule of both wrestling and boxing is to psyche out your opponent even before you step into the ring (a rule which boxing great Muhammad Ali used to full advantage throughout his career). And, judging from the surprised expression on his face after she removed her jacket, it worked.

"Well, well, well," Jerry said mockingly, still attempting to act tough. "You're a big bitch, ain't ya? You sure you ain't a dyke?"

Jerry laughed his hideous laugh. He was also apparently aware of The Rule. However, it wasn't working on Caroline who just stood there in stony silence like death itself. Jerry doubled up his fists and raised them to the middle of his chest. He clenched his teeth and grinned before saying these words that Caroline had heard so many times too numerous to count:

"Let's get it on!"

Jerry ran towards her, his teeth clenched in furious anger and growling like some crazed beast. She ran towards him with her arm extended howling like an angry wind. He knew what she was at-

tempting to do. It was a move he'd seen performed in wrestling matches dozens of times called the Clothes Line where your opponent runs up to you with their arm extended and tries to hit your neck with their arm. He ducked just mere seconds before Caroline's arm had a chance to connect with his neck. He stood and swung around to face her with his fist reared back ready to strike.

Jerry threw his punch, but she blocked it with her forearm and gut punched him. He doubled over, enabling her to get him in a front face-lock to perform one of the more common moves in wrestling called the DDT. With her arm still locked firmly around his face, she fell backwards onto her back and smashed his forehead on the floor, his forehead making a loud *thump* when it hit the floor. (During a normal wrestling match, steps would be taken to ensure that the person getting his head smashed on the mat would not be seriously hurt. But this was, of course, *not* a "normal" wrestling match.)

While Jerry was still on the floor lying on his belly, Caroline hopped to her feet and stood over him. She put a leg under each arm and pulled back, performing a wrestling move called the Boston Crab. (Her instructor informed how this particular move puts pressure on the opponent's lower back and abdominals.)

Jerry clawed at the floor and groaned like someone with a bad case of cramps. She let go of him, making him believe that she was taking pity on him, then she performed an elbow drop to his lower back (one of the most effective areas, besides the groin, to strike your opponent, her wrestling instructor had also told her). His groans increased as he rolled over onto his back, holding the spot where she elbow-dropped him with both hands.

Jerry's eyes were closed, so he didn't see her back up and run up to him (otherwise, he might've gotten out of the way!). She jumped up and struck his chest with a leg drop, knocking the wind out of him. The sound he made was akin to someone letting the air out of a tire. She got back on her feet and backed away from him to see if he would stay down this time. He didn't. He somehow managed to get back on his feet and turned to face her again, his eyes angrier than ever.

Caroline shook her head in disbelief at his stubbornness and machismo. *Surely this dumb son of a bitch knows by now that I can pummel his ass into next week and back again!* she thought to herself as a sly grin cracked out of the corner of her mouth.

"You sure you want to keep doing this, Jerry?" she asked him, more out of curiosity than concern. "You know you can't win, don't you?"

"Fuck you, you King Kong bitch!" He snorted and spat on the floor. "I'm gonna kick your ass just like I did your friend!"

That did it. Now the kid gloves were off!

She ran up to him, howling all the way, jumped with her legs bent and drop kicked him in the chest, which was still smarting something awful from her earlier elbow drop, his body landing with a loud *thud*. This time she didn't give him a chance to get back up as she reached down with her massive hand and grabbed him by the neck and lifted him to his feet using only *one* arm. Using nothing but sheer brute strength, she flipped him on his back once again with a move called the Beal. She backed away a second time thinking *surely* he'd have sense enough to stay down *this* time.

He didn't.

He managed to get back on his feet *again* to

face her down. The anger in his eyes had been replaced with a broken-down weariness. If this fight were taking place inside a wrestling or boxing ring and not some schmoe's apartment, and she saw that look in her opponent's eyes, she would begin to feel sorry for her opponent. But if there was anything this pathetic, girlfriend-beating asshole *didn't* deserve it was sympathy . . . or mercy.

Jerry opened his mouth and hollered out as he ran towards her again and threw another futile punch. She moved out of the way in time and then, hooking her arm under his, flipped him over her muscled hip. (This particular move is called a Hip Toss, which is loosely based on a similar move used in Karate.)

Miraculously, he managed to remain on his feet, thus allowing her to put his head between her legs and wrap her buff arms around his waist. She was about to perform a move called the Pile Driver on him—a wrestling move bearing the same name as the sexual position—but he had just enough strength left in him to grab her muscular legs and stand up thereby flipping her over.

Caroline was surprised that he was strong enough, especially after the severe beating he'd just endured, to use a Back Drop on her, which was about the only move one could successfully use against a Pile Driver. It was during this moment of shock that she had let her guard down long enough for him to swing around and raise his leg in an attempt to drive his foot into her abdomen, thereby performing his own crude version of the leg drop on her.

She snapped out of it just in time to catch him bringing his foot down on her belly. She rolled over on the floor, making him stomp the floor instead of her belly. She jumped to her feet and body slammed

him into the wall. He tried to push her away from him, but he was too weak to budge her a single inch (not that he would've been strong enough to push her away, anyway).

“Are you *sure* you don't want to give up, Jerry?” she taunted him.

He growled like a wild bear in response to her taunt. She kept shoving him into the wall until she felt his body go limp under her weight. She backed away a little, giving him a chance to use his remaining strength to finally push her away. He leaned forward with his fists doubled and made a useless attempt to lunge at her, but she put her hand on his face and clawed him with her fingers (a move known as the Claw). He fell back into the wall as she backed away from him one more time. She wasn't going to be caught off guard *this* time, so she hopped up on the coffee table and turned around to face him.

Staying true to form, Jerry mustered up all the strength and courage he had left inside of him and made one final lunge at her. She clasped her hands together into one big fist and jumped off the coffee table when he got close enough and hit him right on top of his head, performing what is known in the wrestling world as a Double Ax Handle. He fell down towards the floor, but was somehow able to hold himself up with his hand. She stood over him once again as she reached down and picked him up like a little baby in her arms. She lifted him up over her head in a Fireman's Carry and twirled him around in an Airplane Spin. She threw his semi-conscious body onto the floor for one last time and walked out of his house leaving him lying in a broken heap on the floor . . .

Sandra, not surprisingly, never heard from or saw Jerry for weeks. After being discharged from

her weeklong stay at the hospital, Sandra moved into Caroline's place—at, of course, Caroline's vehement request—to help her recover. Sandra's recovery was long, slow and very painful, but, with Sandra's help, love and support, the doctors informed Sandra to her—and Caroline's—delight that she *would* make a full recovery. Of course, her mental wounds would take much, *much* longer to heal than her physical ones.

Caroline had to take a second job as a bouncer at a seedy nightclub since Sandra was unable to work and Caroline's meager earnings from boxing was barely enough to support one much less two. But Caroline didn't mind, though Sandra *did* feel like she was being a burden, despite Caroline's insistence to the contrary.

"You're not a burden," Caroline assured her one day when Sandra broached the subject.

"Yes, I am!" Sandra protested as she sat on the edge of the bed she shared with Caroline. "If I hadn't been with Jerry, none of this would've happened."

"But how could you have known what type of asshole he'd turn out to be?"

"I should've known!" Sandra slapped her hands on her knees in angry frustration. She gazed down towards the floor and mumbled miserably, "It's all my fault."

Caroline sat next to Sandra and tried to comfort her friend as she put her arm around her and said, "It's *not* your fault. If it's anyone's fault it's that bastard Jerry."

Sandra didn't say another word as she laid her head on Caroline's broad shoulder and wrapped her arms around her. Caroline wrapped her other hand around Sandra and hugged her. Caroline and Sandra embraced the way good friends often do. San-

dra pulled away from Caroline and gazed into her eyes as she'd done hundreds of times. However, *this* time there was something different about her gaze. Sandra was remembering the moments when she looked on Caroline as *more* than a friend. Those moments were rare, but they *did* occur from time to time. Caroline, as if she were reading Sandra's mind, drew her head forward and kissed Sandra on the mouth. Again, being the good friends that they were, they had kissed each other numerous times. But those were nothing more than small pecks on the cheeks and the occasional peck on the lips. However, there was something noticeably different about *this* kiss for it wasn't just a mere peck. This kiss was a kiss of . . . *passion*.

Sandra and Caroline gazed into each other's eyes for what seemed to them like a long time. Sandra noticed a lustful gleam in Caroline's eyes that she had never seen before, and, by the way Caroline was staring at her, she was certain she was eyeing her with that same lustful gleam, too.

Then, before either woman was fully aware of what she was doing, they were taking off each other's clothing until they were both nude. They embraced a second time more passionately than the first. They fell out of bed with their bodies entwined and were tumbling around on the floor in the altogether. Caroline pinned Sandra to the floor, being extra careful not to be too rough with her, and gazed down at her. Sandra returned her gaze, her breathing and her pulse increasing by the minute. Caroline rubbed her erect clit slowly against Sandra's equally erect clit, sending shivers of forbidden pleasure throughout Sandra's body. Caroline lowered her head and nibbled on Sandra's left earlobe. Sandra closed her eyes and softly murmured as Caroline planted butterfly kisses up the side of her

neck and her cheek until their lips were touching again. Caroline kissed Sandra from her chin all the way down her body to her inner thighs. Caroline breathed in Sandra's feminine aroma before exploring her friend's sex with her tongue. Sandra leaned her head back as far as she could and moaned as Caroline explored every inch of her friend's most private places with her tongue muscle for the very first time. Sandra had *never* been touched like this by any women, much less her very best friend, but Caroline's touch was softer and gentler than *any* man's she had ever known (*especially that little-dicked bastard Jerry!* she thought).

Caroline gently wrapped her arms around Sandra's waist and picked her up, again being careful not to hurt her. She held her upside down in a crude version of the Pile Driver—one of the many moves she had used to subdue Jerry, of course!—and sucked both her pussy and her bumhole.

“Oh, Caroline!” Sandra screamed as she came in her face.

Caroline lowered Sandra to the floor and lay on the floor on her back below Sandra's feet. Sandra raised her head and watched Caroline as she spread her legs, exposing her freshly-shaven twat to her friend.

Sandra, knowing what her friend wanted her to do without having to utter a single word, arose and placed her face between Caroline's muscular legs. Sandra sniffed her mound like Caroline had done with her and moaned deeply at her heavenly scent. She kissed Caroline's clit and stuck out her tongue to explore every inch of her sex; again, just like Caroline had done with her. Sandra's tongue slipped inside Caroline's body and slid down her love canal until her lips were touching *her* lips. Sandra sucked Caroline's cunt flaps into her mouth and

stretched them out with her teeth. Caroline was in such ecstasy that she wrapped her legs around Sandra's neck and held her in a crude version of another wrestling move known as a Scissor Hold so she would not take her tongue out of her too soon.

Sandra darted her tongue in and out of Caroline's inflamed cunny until she exploded in her friend's face. Sandra wrapped her eager mouth around Caroline's entire pussy and sucked out the hot, sweet juices that were oozing out of her. Caroline released her friend from the Scissor Hold, allowing her to lie back on the floor. Caroline then flipped Sandra onto her belly as gently as possible and sat on her back. She grabbed her right arm and gently twisted it behind her back. She lay across her back and bit into her earlobe again, causing Sandra to let out a soft murmur. Caroline placed her free hand between her friend's legs and rubbed the palm of her hand swiftly over her pussy until she came on Caroline's hand.

Caroline withdrew her hand from between Sandra's legs and lay on the floor beside her. Sandra then got on top of Caroline in a 69 position where they finished each other off . . .

"Well, lookee what we got here!" a loud, abrasive voice said in a half-laugh. "A couple of big-ass bull dykes!"

Caroline and Sandra awoke from their slumber. They were lying in bed together, still nude and holding each other like new lovers. They both glanced up groggily to see if they were hearing things.

They weren't.

Standing next to their bed was Jerry and two burly-looking guys neither woman had ever seen before. Both of Jerry's grinning buddies were holding what appeared to be tire irons and looking like

they wanted to do some *serious* damage to both Caroline and Sandra. Caroline was more than a little annoyed as she sat up in bed and glared hatefully at Jerry and his two ugly friends.

“What the hell are *you* doing here, Jerry?” Caroline said bitingly to him. “I thought we came to an . . . *understanding*.”

Jerry gave her his own annoyed look. “The only understanding we came to is that you need to be taught a serious lesson, you King Kong bitch.” (*There was that phrase again!*) He pointed over his shoulder with his thumb at his two buddies standing behind him. “And my friends here’ll teach you just that!”

Caroline looked Jerry over. The phrase battered and bruised didn’t even begin to describe how beaten up he looked. *Yep*, Caroline thought to herself as a faint smile crept over her face, *I really did beat the shit out of him!* And it looked as if she would have to open up another can of “whup-ass” on him, and that included his two ugly friends.

Before Jerry and his burly pals were able to react, Caroline leaped out of bed and threw a punch at the first asshole in her way, which turned out to be Jerry, much to her vengeful delight. He fell backwards on the floor like a bag of rocks.

“*Get that bitch!*” Jerry yelled to his two buddies.

The two men were caught off guard by Caroline’s sudden attack, but not for long.

The guy on Caroline’s right lunged and swung the tire iron at her, but she was able to block it with her forearm and punch him in his face. But then she felt a sudden sharp pang in her left shoulder and immediately realized that the other guy had struck her with the tire iron he was holding thereby catching her off guard long enough for him to strike

her shoulder again with the weighty metal tool. The force of the blow brought her to one knee, but she managed to keep herself from falling down entirely.

“Caroline!” Sandra yelled from the bed.

“Don’t worry, dearie,” Jerry, who was standing back watching the fight with immense satisfaction, said with a sick grin on his face. “Once we get done teaching your *girlfriend* a lesson, we’ll have plenty of time for you!”

Jerry and his two pals shared a disgusting laugh, thus giving Caroline enough time to get back on her feet and finish what *they* started. Caroline tapped one of the guys on the shoulder. He turned his head and looked at her with his mouth hanging open. She quickly drew back her fist and punched him across his jaw. As he doubled over, Sandra grabbed his arm and yanked the tire iron out of his hand. The other guy lunged at her, holding the tire iron high above his head, wailing like a banshee, but, before he was able to bring the tool down on her, she drove the tire iron she had taken from his companion into his balls.

The man quickly dropped his weapon and grabbed his wounded crotch. He howled out in great pain as he fell to his knees and then fell face-down on the floor crying like a newborn baby. With his buddies incapacitated, and after she threw the tire irons on the floor where they couldn’t get to them, Caroline gazed at Jerry with a triumphant smirk on her face.

“So, Jerry,” she taunted him as she would if they were in the wrestling-or boxing-ring, “you wanna dance this dance again?”

The room was silent save for the whimpers and moans of Jerry’s wounded comrades. If it weren’t for them, he might have done the *smart* thing and ran out of that house and never looked back. In-

stead, to save face in front of his friends, he charged at Caroline with his teeth bared and his fists doubled growling like some crazed beast. (Caroline had heard this sound before. It was the way he sounded when they had fought before in his house. And it sounded just as ridiculous to her in *her* house as it did in his!)

Jerry swung at Caroline with a combination one-two punch, missing each time. Caroline, on the other hand, *didn't* miss as she gut punched Jerry yet again and, as he started to double over, hit him with her other fist across his right temple. Jerry fell back down on the floor; again, like his body was a bag of rocks. The two men staggered to their feet, gazing at one another in disbelief at what this nude Amazonian woman was able to do to *them*.

“Man, forget this shit!” one of Jerry’s beaten buddies said to the other. “Let’s get the hell outta here!”

“Man, I’m wit’ dat!” The other—the one whom Caroline had smashed in the balls with the tire iron—agreed, his mouth spitting blood.

The pair ran out of the bedroom and out of the house as fast as their feet could take them, leaving Jerry—who, of course, was *more* beaten up than they were!—behind to further suffer Caroline’s wrath. After the shady pair left Caroline’s house and sped away in Jerry’s car, her nude body glistening with sweat and smattered with bruises from the few lucky punches Jerry’s partners were able to get in, Caroline towered over him as he lay bloodied and battered and semiconscious on the floor.

“Looks like your friends have gone and left you . . . *Jerry*,” Caroline taunted him, her fists still clenched and her eyes red as hellfire.

Jerry said nothing—he was hardly breathing—as he looked up at her, his eyes glazed over and his

mouth trembling. He slapped at her feet weakly with his fists in a last defiant—albeit pitiful—act. Caroline bent over and grabbed him by the back of his neck and lifted him up. She stood him up and forced him to look her in the eye. It pleased her *very* much to see the fear and the hurt in his teary eyes.

Sandra was standing a couple of feet behind Caroline watching her manhandle her former boyfriend in his way and, though she would have never admitted to harboring any sadistic feelings or ill will towards anyone no matter how much they may have deserved it (that was one of the *many* things Caroline loved so much about her), it still gave her a secret sadistic joy to see Jerry receiving his just deserts, especially from someone she cared about and loved very, *very* deeply. Caroline couldn't see it, and Jerry most likely didn't want to see it, but a sadistic grin crept out of the corner of her mouth.

Sandra's grinning stopped, however, when Caroline gut punched Jerry one more time. He doubled over halfway then Caroline caught him and pushed him back into the wall behind him. His body hit the wall with a loud whack. He hit the wall with such force, in fact, that he bounced off of it an inch or so, but Caroline grabbed him by the throat and pushed him back into the wall. She stepped so close to him that her sweaty, bruised and naked body was almost touching his. Her smoldering breath was hitting his face as she tightened her grip around his throat. Jerry began choking and gasping for air as Caroline lifted him until the heels of his feet had risen nearly an inch from the floor.

“Now you're gonna listen to me, Jerry,” Caroline said in a low, cold monotone Sandra had *never* heard Caroline use before, and it scared her. “You're gonna leave this house and *never* look back.

And you're gonna forget Sandra ever existed. You're gonna erase her from your memory for good 'cause, if you don't and if I *ever* see you or if you *ever* try to hurt Sandra again, I will bring all the fury of Hell down on your sorry ass." She tightened her grip around his neck even more as she leaned her face closer to his until their noses were almost touching. She narrowed her bloodshot eyes at him so much that he thought he was staring into the eyes of the Devil Incarnate. "Do you understand me? Am I getting through to you . . . *Jerry?*"

Caroline's strong, unrelenting grip around his throat prevented Jerry from responding one way or the other as his windpipe was being squeezed to the point where he was unable to talk or breathe, for that matter. But that didn't matter to Caroline as she was hovering on the brink of no return, and there was only *one* person who had the power, the strength, to bring her back.

"Stop it, Caroline!" Sandra called out from behind her, stepping forward. "You're gonna kill him if you keep on like this!"

Caroline said nothing, her chilling glare never averting from Jerry's choking face.

"Please, *please* stop doing this, Caroline. Please let Jerry go. You're better than this. You're *better* than him." By now Sandra was standing right behind Caroline. She gently placed her hands on Caroline's shoulders and continued trying to calm her friend, her lover, down so she wouldn't do something that could jeopardize whatever future they might have together. "Please let him go, Caroline. He understands you." She looked at Jerry who was still gasping for breath under Caroline's taut grip. "Don't you, Jerry?"

There was a look of terrified desperation in Jerry's eyes. Caroline thought she'd be pleased to

see this. Instead, she felt nothing. All she wanted was for Jerry to be gone out of Sandra's life—out of *their* lives—once and for all, so she loosened her grip from around Jerry's throat and slowly backed away from him. Jerry doubled over clutching his neck with both hands, trying desperately to catch his breath.

"You're right, Sandra," Caroline stated, her voice low and strident. "I believe he *does* understand me."

"Oh, Caroline!" Sandra exclaimed, hugging Caroline.

Caroline returned Sandra's hug and watched with a sense of triumph as Jerry stumbled out of the bedroom and ran out of the house, gasping for breath all the way (he, of course, no longer had access to his wheels!). Caroline wasn't for sure if he would go back to his old, abusive ways with another woman. But, however he decided to treat the next woman naïve enough or gullible enough to fall for his false charm, there was *one* thing she knew of with any and all certainty, and that was Jerry *was* out of their lives . . .

For good.

CAJUN FUR

“Come on, man!” Buck begged his longtime friend Dale. “You gotta come see this!”

“I don’t gotta do nothin’ but eat, shit and die!” snorted Dale.

Dale and Buck had stayed up partying the night before. In fact, they’d been partying ever since they set foot in New Orleans. When they weren’t chatting it up with the trannies on Bourbon Street, they were getting down with the lovely Cajun honies all around the great Louisiana city. The two men had been vacationing in New Orleans for the past week. They were staying at a posh hotel and loving every minute of it. But the constant partying was starting to take its toll, at least as far as Dale was concerned. All he wanted to do today was stay in their hotel room and catch up on some much-needed z’s, but all morning Buck had been pestering him about going to see, of all things, alligator wrestling.

“Ah, come on, Dale!” Buck nagged at his friend. “It’ll do you good to get out of this stuffy old hotel room.”

Dale couldn’t help but chuckle at what his buddy said. “I don’t think we’ve spent five minutes a day in our room since we got here!”

“Please, oh buddy oh pal o’ mine! I don’t want to go all by my lonesome.” He paused for a response from Dale. When he didn’t get one, he kept badgering him, “Come on, man, come with me. It’ll be no fun without you there!”

Dale sighed. He knew his friend and traveling companion well enough to know when he wouldn’t

take “no” for an answer. And this was definitely one of those times.

“Okay, okay,” Dale said, throwing his hands in the air, “I’ll go.” Buck flashed him his toothy grin and started to say something, but then Dale raised his fingers in front of him and quickly added, “But only on *one* condition.”

“Name it.”

“That you’ll let me get some damn sleep!”

It took two seconds for Buck to think it over. “Deal,” he said, grinning like the big goofball he was.

Dale and Buck shook on it the way they’ve done a million times.

“All right,” Dale muttered in mock frustration. “Let’s go.”

“All rightee then.” Buck slapped his hands together like an excited schoolboy. “Let’s hit the road!”

It was a typical hot and muggy Louisiana afternoon as Dale and Buck sat in the bleachers waiting for the show to start. Buck had driven Dale in their rented car out to this dilapidated outdoor sports arena, which smelled of dead fish and human sweat. The bleachers that were in bad need of a paint job surrounded a huge pool of dirty water. The bleachers were filled with Cajun and Coon Asses alike (and, yes, there *was* a difference between the two, as they were repeatedly told by the local-yokels, both Cajun *and* Coon Ass alike!). Dale and Buck felt a little out of place, like being the only two straight guys at a gay barbecue. But Buck was better accustomed to handling these kinds of situations and these sorts of people. That was one of the things Dale liked so much about him. But even *this* situation was a little too much for Dale, what with the Cajuns and the Coon Asses giving him the once-

over (and he knew he *wasn't* imagining this, either), even with Buck sitting next to him and reassuring the group of Cajuns or Coon Asses—he couldn't tell which one was which—what a “good ol' boy” he was. He was about to get up and leave when finally this rather chubby fellow wearing a greasy red baseball cap with the name of some garage on it, and sporting muttonchops that appeared to be just as greasy as his hat, walked out and stood next to the muddy pool carrying a cordless microphone. He raised his flabby arm and started to speak into the mike.

“*Ladeez 'n' gen'lemin!*” Cajun accent, Dale thought (or was it Coon Ass?). “*Are you ready fer thah shoooooow?*”

The crowd burst into cheerful applause.

“*Den will you pleeze wel'ome . . .*”

The announcer's accent was so thick that Dale couldn't make out what he said next. He figured he called out the wrestler's name judging from the enthusiastic response from the crowd. Dale expected to see some fat, greasy, bald-headed Cajun—or Coon Ass—step out and wave to the cheering crowd. However, he was very much shocked when this tall, lanky, black-haired woman walked out and waved to the crowd who responded with great enthusiasm. For a brief moment, Dale thought that maybe she was the wrestler's assistant there to pump up the crowd even more (who didn't *need* any more pumping up, as far as Dale was concerned!), but then he realized that she *was* the actual wrestler. Dale could hardly believe what he was seeing. He glanced over at Buck to see *his* reaction, and he was clapping and cheering along with the rest of them. *Was this* what he was so anxious for him to see? Dale wondered. He looked back at the woman who was throwing her fists in the air like a prizefighter before a title

match.

Then they brought out the alligator.

He was big and green and ugly as fuck and didn't appear to be any too happy about his current surroundings as his two burly handlers dumped him in the pool. The audience jumped back in their seats all at once, it seemed like, including Dale and Buck, as the alligator sloshed around violently in the water. But the woman—whoever she was—was just standing there calmly as the water splashed on her clothes. She *did* move back a little, though, when the alligator ran up and snapped at her. The audience, including Dale and Buck, all gasped in unison. The woman raised her hand to let the audience know she was all right and that she was *not* afraid. It was when she raised her arm that Dale saw the thick patch of black hair covering her armpit that matched the thick black hair covering her forearms.

“Boy,” Buck said, breaking Dale’s concentration, “that gal really is a showman, isn’t she?”

“What?” Dale sputtered at his friend.

“I said she really is a good showman, isn’t she?”

Dale gave him a slight nod. “You mean show—*woman*, don’t you?”

“Huh?” Buck sniggered. “Oh yeah. That’s what I mean!”

Dale went back to studying the woman. He had a secret fetish for hirsute women that not even his best friend Buck knew about. And *this* woman fit the bill to a tee. She wasn’t what one would call pretty, at least not in the traditional sense. She had dry, leathery-looking skin, most likely the result of spending too many hours out in the Louisiana sun. Her shoulder-length black hair looked uncombed and she wasn’t wearing any makeup. She was more mannish than a man in her appearance and de-

meanor, which, judging from her rather unique occupation, really *wasn't* so surprising.

But then there was that hair, that beautiful black hair.

“What they’ve gotta do,” Buck said to Dale, breaking his concentration again, “is flip the alligator on its back and rub its belly.”

“Why?” Dale said, acting like he was really interested in the technical aspects of alligator wrestling (when, of course, he had *other* things on his mind!). “What’s that supposed to do to them?”

“It puts ‘em to sleep.”

Dale noticed how Buck was talking more and more with a Cajun accent (or was it Coon Ass?). He always seemed to pick up the local accents wherever they vacationed. (Dale recalled when they had spent two weeks in London. Buck spent the next two months speaking with a warped British accent, and it annoyed the hell out of Dale.)

Dale went back to watching the woman as the show got under way. With a fearlessness normally associated with a man, she jumped into the pool with the alligator. Dale was amazed at how easily and effortlessly she tussled and flipped the alligator around, the audience responding ecstatically to her every move. He could tell this *wasn't* her first time wrestling one of those scaly creatures. (But, of course, this wasn't the *main* reason why he was so impressed with her, as he was able to catch several glimpses of her bushy armpits as she wrestled the alligator.) She eventually tied its jaws closed with a long, heavy strand of rope the announcer had thrown to her so it couldn't bite her. Then she flipped the gator onto its belly, just like Buck said they were supposed to do. She rubbed its belly and grinned at the audience who laughed and cheered. *Yes, Buck was right*, Dale thought to himself, *she*

certainly knew how to put on a show!

Once the alligator was asleep, she stood and raised her arms in triumph like an athlete who's just won gold at the Olympics. The crowd went nuts. The announcer, who had been wisely standing far off to the side, stepped forward and shouted once again into the microphone, "*T*anks, *ev'ryone. See y'all next time!*"

Then the woman grabbed the mike and said, "Thank you. Y'all come again!"

She gave one final wave to the crowd, who were giving her a standing ovation, and walked away. Buck stood along with everyone else. Dale started to stand, but then he felt a tug at his crotch. He glanced down and noticed the bulge straining against the zipper of his blue jeans. He tried to stand in a way that would make his boner less noticeable, but, if anything, it only seemed to make it stand out even more in plain view of any Cajun *or* Coon Ass who cared to look.

"Hey, man," Buck asked him, "what's the matter with you?"

He quickly turned to the side so his pal wouldn't see what was *really* wrong with him.

"Uh, nothing, Buck," Dale stammered. "Nothing's the matter. I just got a . . . *cramp*, that's all."

"Oh, okay."

Buck went back to clapping and cheering along with the rest of the crowd, giving Dale the chance to scurry off to the car, covering himself with his hand with the hope that no one else could see what was bothering him. But, luckily for him, it seemed everyone was still too enthralled with the wrestling event that just took place and didn't seem to notice him *or* what was stretching his boxers.

Dale sat in the car and waited for Buck, hoping

the bulge in his pants would go away by then. Thankfully it did. He smiled with relief when he saw Buck emerging from the dispersing crowd. Buck got in on the driver's side and, after shutting the car door, smiled over at his slightly embarrassed friend.

"So," Buck asked him, giving him his trademark goofy grin, "how'd you like it?"

"It was," Dale paused as he nodded and grinned a little himself, "*interesting*."

"Interesting." Buck gave him his trademark chuckle. "Yeah, right!"

Dale started the car, still chuckling, and drove back to the hotel.

Dale tried, but he couldn't get the hirsute image of the Cajun female alligator wrestler out of his mind. It turned him on beyond belief thinking about all that beautiful body hair that was surely hiding underneath her clothes if her armpits and forearms were *any* indication of how truly hairy the rest of her body was. He just *had* to find out. So, one day while Buck was out doing God knows what, Dale went back to the outdoor arena to try to find her. As luck would have it, she was there having a conversation with the announcer. Dale walked up to her and, as always whenever he approached a woman, hoped for the best.

"Uh," he said rather nervously, "excuse me."

Even though he was a successful Texas businessman, Dale *still* found it difficult to approach new people. And it didn't help calm his nerves any when they both abruptly stopped talking and glared over at him, looking a trite perturbed that he had interrupted them.

"Uh, hi," Dale was quick to say. He smiled at them, attempting to try to calm the situation, a trick he'd learned over the years of dealing with irate

businessmen, a trick that he found often works.

But not this time.

“Uh,” Dale sputtered, feeling his face turn hot (and it wasn’t just from the Louisiana heat, either), “I saw your show the other day.” He waited for a response. He got none. He broadened his smile. “I really, *really* enjoyed it.”

Finally, like Moses parting the Red Sea, the announcer started grinning—showing a couple of missing teeth—and the woman that Dale had been lusting so much after these past few days raised her hands in the air and gave him a hearty Cajun—or was it Coon Ass?—laugh. Dale breathed a little easier now that he had apparently gotten on her good side. Now if he could keep her there!

“Why, thank you!” she said heartily.

“*Tanks, man,*” the announcer added.

Dale was glad that, though she did speak with an accent, her speech was more intelligible than the announcer’s.

“My name is Dale.” He leaned his head forward. “I’m sorry I didn’t catch your name.”

“*Gary,*” the announcer spoke up.

Though Dale wasn’t speaking to “Gary” when he asked that question, since he didn’t want to appear rude, he stuck out his hand when Announcer Gary offered his and shook it vigorously as he’d done in a million business deals.

“Hello, Gary,” Dale said, being as friendly as he could possibly be even though he was wishing the portly Cajun would just leave already so he could be alone with the woman of his dreams (at least for the past few days!).

After Gary took his clammy hand away, there was an awkward pause between the three of them, then Gary, as if he were remembering his manners (such as they were), pointed at her and said, “*An’*

dis here's Clara."

Dale smiled broadly, thinking to himself that the damned announcer had finally pronounced her name to where he could understand it.

"Clara, hi!" Dale said cheerfully, sticking his hand out.

"*Hi-ee,*" Clara responded in typical Cajun fashion, shaking Dale's hand with vigor.

Clara's hand also felt clammy, but that didn't bother Dale. Besides, her hands weren't the part of her body he was *most* interested in!

Dale, Clara, and Gary engaged in small talk for a moment, then Gary excused himself and it was just Dale and Clara, which was, of course, how Dale wanted it. They chatted some more then Dale said, "Clara, would you like to go for a cup of coffee with me? I know of a quaint little coffee shop not far from here."

Clara pondered Dale's invitation for a second, then she gave a quick nod and said, "*Kay.*"

"Okay, great!" Dale said, smiling and nodding back at her, trying not to sound *too* excited.

Clara followed Dale to his rented car. They drove to the coffee shop that Dale spoke of engaging in even more small talk along the way. They entered the coffee shop and sat down at a table next to the window that overlooked the street. When the waitress came over, they both ordered a cappuccino. They talked some more while they waited for their drinks. After the waitress brought them their coffees, they talked even more. However, the talk this time was anything *but* small.

"So, Clara, how did you become an alligator wrestler?" Dale asked her before taking a sip of his cappuccino.

"*You wanna fuck me, doncha?*" Clara asked him bluntly.

Dale nearly spit out his coffee. He sat up straight in his chair and glared at her.

“Excuse me?” he exclaimed.

“I say you wanna fuck me, doncha? I mean, dat is why you asked me out, ain’t it?”

Dale noticed the other coffee shop patrons out of the corner of his eye starting to turn their heads in their direction. Even a couple of the waitresses, including the one who had waited on them, stopped what they were doing and gazed over at their table. Dale tried to think of a way to change the subject and quickly before Clara’s bluntness got them kicked out of the coffee shop (and possibly arrested!). He leaned forward and said while looking directly at Clara, trying to be equally blunt, “What do *you* think?”

Dale grinned. So did Clara.

“Dat’s what I figured,” Clara said, taking a sip of her cappuccino. She placed the cup back on the table then leaned forward and said in her frank way, *“So why don’t we git outta here ‘n’ do sum-p’tin ’bout it?”*

Dale didn’t need a Cajun interpreter for him to interpret *dat*.

“Well, why *don’t* we?” he said to her with a naughty grin.

Dale finished his coffee quickly as did Clara. He paid the check, left the waitress a rather generous tip (to try to make up for the scene Clara caused), then he and Clara drove to the hotel where he and his friend Buck was staying. (Luckily for Dale, Buck hadn’t yet returned from wherever it was he had run off to.) Clara followed Dale to his hotel room. Dale held the door open for Clara as she entered the room. He turned his back on Clara as he shut the door and, before he had a chance to turn around, Clara wrapped her hairy arms tightly around his

chest and stuck her tongue in his ear. Dale didn't budge an inch as Clara slowly ran her hands from his chest down his stomach and waist to his expanding crotch bulge. Dale jumped as she gripped it in her hand through his jeans.

"I jes knew you wanted tah fuck me," Clara whispered in his ear, licking his earlobe.

Dale closed his eyes and leaned his head back onto her shoulder as she tightened her grip on his growing cock. She took her other hand and slapped it hard on his left butt cheek. Now she was feeling up both his prick and his ass. His cock became fully aroused in no time in her hand. Clara unbuttoned his jeans and slid her warm hand down inside his jockeys and wrapped her long, bony fingers around the middle of his shaft and murmured as she stroked him, being careful not to stroke him *too* hard or risk ending their liaison before it even began.

"Whadayuh wanna dew wid' dis?" Clara teased in a lascivious—albeit Cajun—tone as she kept stroking him.

"Why not let me go and find out?"

Clara let go of him as he suggested. Clara had taken off her clothes before Dale even had a chance to blink. She was without a doubt the hairiest woman Dale had *ever* seen, and his dick responded accordingly. Not only did she have hair on her arms and armpits to go with the faint hair lip she was sporting, she had *more* hair on her body than either Dale or Buck. Her pussy was covered in the thickest, blackest pubes Dale had *ever* seen on a woman. There was also a treasure trail leading from her navel to her bush. Dale could even see a small patch of hair between her smallish breasts. This hirsute Cajun stood there in arm's reach of Dale with her hands on her hips and a mischievous grin on her

hair-lipped mouth.

“Well,” she started to say to Dale who was standing before her gawking at her, “*are you gonna stand dere gawkin’ like sum danged idiot or are you gonna dew sum’tin?*”

Dale’s head jerked upright when she said that. He clumsily took off his clothes until he was just as naked as she was. He stood up straight, his erect cock bobbing in front of him, which made Clara’s grin broaden. She sauntered toward him and stopped when the tip of his penis brushed against her immense pubic hair. Dale couldn’t help but moan as the coarse black hair ticked the very tip of his cock.

“*Feels good, don’ it?*” Clara asked him nefariously.

Dale let out another moan in response. Clara smiled more broadly than ever as she stepped closer toward Dale until the throbbing head of his cock was completely enveloped by her pubic hair. This alone almost caused him to inadvertently blow his load. Not wanting to come just yet, Dale very reluctantly backed away from Clara and waited for her next move, which came in an instant as she ordered him, “*I wan’ yuh tah git down on yo’ knees ‘n’ lick mah feet.*”

She pointed at her right foot. Dale was not used to taking orders, especially from a woman, but this time he would gladly make an exception. He dropped to his knees and bent over with his tongue hanging out like a panting dog in heat. He placed the tip of his appendage on her big toe. (*God, Dale thought to himself as he stared briefly at her big feet, even her toes have hair on them!*) He licked the oversized digit and kissed it with his drooling lips. He licked and kissed every one of her toes, trying to pay equal attention to each one. Satisfied that

he was doing her bidding, Clara said to Dale, “*Now lick mah legs.*”

Dale glanced up briefly at her before raising his head and licking her woolly limb as she commanded him to do, taking turns with each. He started at her ankles and worked his way up each leg, taking his sweet time so he could savor the taste and feeling of her leg hairs on his lips and tongue. He slathered his tongue over each and every beautiful hair on her long, skinny legs. His dick was throbbing so much and his scrotum had become so bloated he thought his genitals would explode right off his body! But he kept licking all the way up to her bountiful, beautiful bush. He all but ignored her pussy that was almost completely buried under her fur and focused the his attention on her luscious pubes.

Dale felt like a kid with a new toy as he ran his eager tongue over every tasty inch of her pubes that were growing around her pussy and her inner thighs. Clara was pleased—*very* pleased!—that Dale had so far done all that she had told—ordered—him to do. What Clara ordered Dale to do *next*, however, was something Dale himself had *never* considered doing, not even in his wildest, kinkiest dreams.

“*I wan’ yuh tah hump mah leg,*” she commanded him.

Dale abruptly stopping licking her bush and gazed up in disbelief at her.

“You want me to do *what?*” he said with a bewildered expression on his face.

“*You hud me, boy!*” Clara snarled down at him, her Cajun accent as thick as ever. “*I wan’ yuh tah hump mah leg like thah pathetic dog I knows you is!*”

Under any other circumstances, Dale might have told Clara where to stick her command. How-

ever, at this point he was so horny he would have in all likelihood done practically any perverted thing she wanted him to do, so, without further hesitation, he wrapped his arms around her upper legs and placed his sore, swollen penis on her woolly calf and humped it much in the same way a “pathetic dog” would do. *Oh, if Buck could only see me now!* Dale was thinking as he humped Clara’s leg with abandon. But, as embarrassed as he was, it felt good—*real* good!—to Dale sliding his aching prick over Clara’s bushy leg, and the hairs on her limb added greatly to the sensation. With his balls slapping against her leg, Dale humped her leg using harder and faster thrusts. He felt himself on the verge of orgasm. That’s when Clara made him stop by saying, “That’s enough!”

Dale very reluctantly let go of her leg and sat back on the floor. She swung around and shoved her ass in his face. She gazed at him over her shoulder and told him, “*You know whut tah dew.*”

Indeed he did. Salivating like a Pavlovian dog, Dale spread her fuzzy ass cheeks apart with his hands and stuck his tongue, his whole face even, between her buttocks. He rimmed her hairy, sweaty asshole like a man possessed, savoring the dankly bittersweet taste of her nether region. This was his first time rimming a woman. Usually he steered clear of *that* particular area of a woman’s anatomy. (Once he asked a woman for anal and he received a sharp slap in the face for his trouble.) But *now* he was licking and sucking off her fuzzy asshole with no reservation whatsoever. He pulled and nibbled on the hair that surrounded her anus that was as thick and as black as the hair on the rest of her body with his teeth. Then, using his tongue the way he would use his erect penis, Dale started pushing the tip of his tongue slowly past Clara’s anal entrance.

Clara moaned happily at what Dale was doing to her, and she pushed her ass further into his face to help push his tongue deeper into her. Dale plunged his tongue all the way down Clara's rectum until he could feel the tip pushing past her sphincter. He darted his tongue in and out of her colon like he was reaming her with his dick, which throbbed and ached for release.

Clara, as if she was sensing his urgent need for release, suddenly stood up, forcing his tongue out of her body. Dale started to reach down and grab his inflamed dick, but, seeing what he was doing, Clara reached down herself and immediately slapped his hand away from his bobbing dong.

"Don't teche yer-self!" she snapped at him.

Dale quickly took his hand away from his schlong. He watched her lay down on one of the twin beds—one for him, one for Buck—and spread her legs wide open. She gave Dale a come hither gaze and a carnal grin.

"So, what're yuh gonna do now, boy?" she said to him teasingly, tauntingly.

Dale returned her lewd grin and got up to join her in the bed. He crawled between her opened legs and propped his hands on either side of her to hold himself up. He gazed down at her and smiled as he laid his cock over her bush. He slowly lowered himself down on top of her until his prick was buried in her plentiful pubes and his balls were brushing against her wet, engorged pussy lips. It was not Dale's intention to penetrate Clara, as he had something far different in mind, something that not even Clara suspected or was wholly prepared for.

Dale began thrusting his cock back and forth through Clara's pubic hair while his balls slid up and down over her vaginal lips and her clit rubbed against that highly sensitive spot where the scrotum

connected to the shaft. Her hair felt soft, warm and wet on the sensitive skin of his prick as he fucked her bush the way he'd fuck her pussy. The hair tickling the underside of his shaft along with his balls slapping hard against her pussy lips and clit only added to the feeling. As he was humping her pubes, Clara raised her arms above her head so Dale could lick the hair on her armpits, which he did with wild abandon. Her armpits tasted of salt, sweat and cheap antiperspirant, but, next to her pubic hair, it was the greatest thing he'd *ever* tasted.

Clara clawed at his back with her fingernails like a lioness ravishing her prey. She wrapped her furry legs around his as he laid his head next to hers and fucked her in a way she'd *never* been fucked before. In no time his balls filled with cream as he felt himself on the verge of a truly mind-blowing orgasm. Then he came. He lifted his head and wailed out as he shot load after heavy load across Clara's waist and belly and into her bush. Dale had *never* come so much in his life as he drenched Clara from the waist down. When the last jism drop spurting out of his softening penis, Dale dropped his head beside hers again. He was totally drained, both physically and mentally. Clara ran her bony fingers through his sweat-soaked hair and licked the sweat off his cheek with her tongue. That was the last thing Dale remembered before he passed out . . .

Dale and Clara were both awakened the next morning when Buck returned, barging in on him and Clara who was lying next to him on the bed. Both Clara and Dale were still stark naked in plain view of *anyone* who cared to walk into the room, which turned out to be Buck. Dale gazed up at his friend groggy-eyed and exclaimed, "Buck—what?"

"Oops," Buck said, startled and more than a lit-

tle flustered. "Excuse me, man! I'll just . . . come back . . . *later* . . ."

Dale—along with Clara—heard Buck snickering like a nosy schoolboy who'd just caught his stepsister lying naked in their parents' bed with the captain of the football team as he stepped out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"*Yuh got an interestin' buddy dere, Dale,*" Clara said, looking at him, her eyes glazed over with sleep.

"Yep," Dale replied, running his hands over his face. "He's good for a laugh or two."

Dale and Clara lay in bed for a while contemplating in silence the events of the previous night. Then they arose and sat on opposite ends of the bed. Clara suggested that they take a shower together. Dale jumped at the chance to see her soaking wet (and for obvious reasons!). They hopped in the shower and lathered each other up. It turned Dale on immensely to see the hair on Clara's body all wet and soapy. His cock, which was already semi-erect when he and Clara were both rudely awakened by his buddy Buck, became fully aroused as he ran his soapy hands all over Clara's body. Clara took advantage of his full erection as she reached out and grabbed it. Leading him by his cock, she pulled Dale closer to her until his cockhead was touching her pubic hair again. She jerked him and jerked him hard with nearly half his cock covered in her pubes. In less than a minute, Dale came and came *hard* into her bush for the second time. Both Clara and Dale watched as the steamy water washed Dale's semen off her body, and ran down the drain . . .

Dale and Buck returned to Texas, leaving Louisiana far behind them. Buck kidded Dale about he

and his “hairy Cajun honey.” Dale laughed right along with his jovial friend as he’d done on numerous occasions, but, of course, what he *didn’t* tell his longtime friend and traveling companion was that he was already planning for his *next* “vacation” to Louisiana . . .

Without him.

SATAN'S DAUGHTERS

Martin was a devout Jehovah's Witness and had been practically all of his life. His parents were devout Jehovah's Witnesses as their parents before them and so on and so forth. Martin still fondly remembered his excitement when he and his father George went on his first road trip along with a select group of their congregation as they traveled from door to door spreading word of their faith and selling those little flimsy paperback handbooks that sold for ten cents apiece. He also remembered with equal sadness and disappointment how impolite and downright rude people they had visited had been to them, some of them even slamming the door in their faces or not even answering the door at all. And even the ones who *did* answer the door and who *did* talk to them and who bought their books it was clear that they were only being tolerated and that their books which explained all about their faith would be thrown away as soon as they left never to be read. Martin asked his father why they continued doing this when it was clear even to a young boy like him that they weren't welcome.

"Because we have to, son," George told his son. "Because we have to."

His father's response always stuck with him as he was growing up. Being a Jehovah's Witness, it wasn't easy for Martin. He was teased and picked on constantly at school for being "different" from the other kids. Girls seemed to take a special pleasure in belittling him and seemed to regard him as nothing more than dweebish and insignificant.

However, despite all the abuse and ridicule he had taken from others, Martin was steadfast in his beliefs. One of those beliefs was that he didn't believe in any kind of extramarital sex. (Of course, the hostility he'd received from the opposite sex may have contributed to his holding this particular belief.) Martin was a virgin and was determined to remain so until his wedding day. He never even so much as kissed a girl during his high school years (not that many opportunities presented themselves for him to do so). Instead, he immersed himself in his faith and his schoolwork and focused the bulk of his energies on *these* things rather than what he regarded as unnecessary distractions such as girls and the like.

Martin graduated from high school at the top of his class—he was valedictorian at his graduation—and decided to continue his father's work as a Jehovah's Witness. (His venerated father George passed away from a sudden heart attack almost a year before Martin's graduation.) And, like his father, he went from door to door spreading the good word. However, unlike his father who only frequented homes in middle to upper class neighborhoods, Martin decided that to *really* help people he would have to go to the seedier neighborhoods where his help was *truly* needed. (He realized it might not have been wanted, but he had no doubt it was needed just the same.)

Martin's excursions led him into these seedy neighborhoods, and sometimes into the bowels of the Devil himself, as his dearly departed father George might have put it, but he continued making these pilgrimages—as he liked to call them—over his family's and even his congregation's objections. However, during *one* particular hellish pilgrimage into the seediest neighborhood he'd ventured into

yet, Martin would wish he *had* listened, at least this one time, to their objections.

It was Halloween—when Satan's daughters came out to play, as his father often liked to say—and Martin was driving through a neighborhood known as Hell's Alley . . . and with *good* reason. Hell's Alley was the kind of place one would visit if he wanted to escape the world . . . *or* if he had a death wish. Crack houses and gang hideouts lined the streets. In the alleyways prostitutes serviced their johns out in the open without fear of being caught by police. Not surprisingly to Martin, the police were nowhere to be seen. He had made it a point to drive by the nearby police station and found only *one* squad car parked outside, and there were no lights on inside the station, which, again, came as no surprise to Martin. He'd heard stories how it wasn't unusual for murders that were committed in broad daylight in Hell's Alley to go unsolved without *any* investigation. It was even rumored that the cops never went to Hell's Alley unless they wanted to score some action for themselves. This is primarily why Martin drove down the street with *all* the doors in his vehicle locked. Martin, for obvious reasons, didn't tell anyone where he was going this Halloween night. He could just hear his mother Hartie ask him why on earth he would risk going to such a horrible place. On occasions like *this*, his mind would hark back to what his father told him all those years ago when Martin was a boy, when he asked George why they did what they did.

Because we have to, son. Because we have to.

And, so, in Martin's mind, he was only doing what he had to do; what his father would want him to do. This is why he was driving down Hell's Alley on a Halloween night. However, unlike his other

pilgrimages into risky neighborhoods, he did take *one* precaution: he did not stop at every single house he passed by. He was more particular, more careful, about which house he stopped at. (That in itself would turn out to be a major mistake on his part.)

Martin eventually came upon a small house that didn't have any noticeable gang markings spray-painted on the outside and didn't appear to be as dilapidated as the other houses he passed by so far. There was a black van parked in the driveway with an upside-down pentagram painted in blood red on the side. The sight of the Satanic symbol really didn't offend Martin. He just figured that, since it was Halloween, some rowdy kids just painted that there for shock value. That's all.

Martin parked his Dodge alongside the sinister-looking van and surveyed the area one more time before getting out of his car and stepping to the front door. Faint lights shone and loud rock music emanated from inside the house. Martin rang the doorbell and waited for someone to answer. They didn't. He rang again. Still no answer. He rang a third time. Nothing. Frustrated, he knocked on the door with his fist. When he didn't get a response *that* time, he was about to turn around and leave—something he had done a time or two before when people refused to answer their door although there was clearly someone in the house—when suddenly the music stopped and Martin could hear no sound coming from inside the house except for the eerie sound of footsteps slowly creeping towards the door. His pulse rate quickened as he watched the doorknob slowly turn and the door slowly creak open. Within seconds, Martin found himself staring face to face with a girl who looked no older than eighteen or nineteen. She had to have been the

most menacing-looking young woman Martin had *ever* laid eyes on with spiked hair that was streaked black and blue and attire that was next-to-nothing. She wore a light blue tube top covered by a black leather vest with Daisy Dukes Martin remembered the girls who went to his school wearing that were so tight it was a wonder they didn't cut off her circulation, Martin thought as he stared at her in absolute incredulity. The girl said nothing to Martin as she stood in the doorway staring blankly at him.

"Um, hello," Martin said to the girl in his normal friendly manner. "My name is Martin." He waited for the girl to answer him, perhaps maybe even give him *her* name, but she remained silent, which only served to make Martin even *more* nervous and apprehensive. Still, he continued undeterred: "I'm a Jehovah's Witness." He held up the small paperback handbooks he always carried with him on his pilgrimages like his father used to do and again waited for a response from the girl, but, still, he got *nothing*. "I was wondering if I might speak with you."

The girl, whoever she was, just stood and stared at Martin with that same blank stare, and Martin thought she was going to slam the door in his face (something *else* that has happened to him on more than one occasion), but then she unexpectedly—and silently—opened the door for him.

Martin stood and stared at the girl for a moment himself before accepting her apparent invitation and slowly, cautiously, stepping into the house. Inside the house, which reeked of incense and marijuana, he found a motley assortment of young women—five counting the girl who greeted him at the door—who were all just as menacing in their appearance as the greater girl if not more so. Leaning against the wall was another young woman who

also looked to be in her late teens or early twenties—as did the others—sporting a yellow Mohawk and a long black streak painted across her eyes that stretched from one temple to the other. Her left foot was propped against the wall and her arms were crossed. She stared at him as blankly as the other girl had done.

He looked around the room at the other punkish women. There was one seemingly floating around the room in a daze, and two more sitting on a large brown leather beanbag making out with one another. They all were sporting various tattoos and body piercings, their faces caked in makeup and their hair streaked in different colors. Their attire was of a similar fashion as the girl who greeted him at the door: black leather, mini-skirts, thigh-high boots, platform heels, fishnet stockings, and fingerless gloves. The girl who was walking around the room wore a long, flowing black dress that appeared to be transparent. There was sparse furniture inside the house, only the beanbag and a small, light brown sofa in the corner. Candles were lit in various places throughout the room, which served as the only light in the house, and which seemed to give everything in the house—including the girls—a more darkly sinister appearance.

Martin was speechless and frightened out of his wits. Still, he had a job to do, and, like always, he intended to do it no matter *what*. So, he lifted the books he was holding and was about to speak, but the girl who greeted him at the door grabbed them out of his hand and walked away with them. Martin gazed at her, surprised by what she had done. He was even *more* surprised when she took the books, held them over one of the candles and set them on fire. The girl gazed back at him and grinned devilishly as Martin stared at her with gap-

ing jaw. She dropped the burning books to the floor, and Martin watched with a sense of helplessness as they burned to ashes. He was about to ask her *why* she did that, but, again, when he opened his mouth to speak, someone from behind grabbed him by the wrists and twisted his arms behind his back. He peered over his shoulder and saw the girl with the yellow Mohawk standing behind him, glaring at him with the same devilish grin as the other girl. Then suddenly he felt something cold and hard snapping on his wrists, and, when he peered down to see what it was, he saw a shiny gray pair of metal handcuffs binding his wrists together.

Just then, the girl who had been walking around the room in a daze stood before him with a six-inch butcher knife. A baleful gleam flashed in her eyes as she held the blade up to Martin's sweating face. Martin wanted to scream, but the scream stuck halfway in his throat. He remained just as silent as the girls had been up to that point. The girl took the knife and started tearing his shirt and sports jacket to shreds. By now the two girls who had been making out on the beanbag were standing on either side of him and pulled down his dress pants to his ankles, leaving his boxers on. The girl who greeted him at the door stood before him and slid her hand inside his white cotton boxers. Martin's body shivered as he felt her cold, soft hand fondling his genitalia. He tried to keep from becoming aroused by shutting his eyes and focusing his mind on other thoughts, but it had been a long while—in fact, *never*—since he knew the touch of a woman. There have been moments of weakness when he masturbated to relieve his ever-growing sexual tension and frustration, but he would always—*without* exception—bow down on his knees right after the act and pray to his God and beg for

forgiveness.

But now, as he was being bound against his will, there would be *no* praying or begging anyone's God for forgiveness. His eyes welled up with tears at the thought, and at the feeling, of his cock growing aroused with each stroke of the young girl's hand. All the girls smiled with wantonness as she slipped it out the top of his boxers and they watched it grow in her hand until it became fully erect. Martin glanced down with shame at his organ that was pulsating and throbbing in the young girl's hand.

"Lay him down," the greeter girl said to the others, speaking for the very first time since Martin had entered the house.

The other girls did as she said and laid Martin down on the floor. The girl with the knife cut off his boxers and his pants. Martin was now naked save for his socks and his dress shoes. The girl with the Mohawk was the first to make use of his new erection as she wrapped her hand around the base of his shaft and pointed it upward. While looking directly at Martin, she opened her mouth and let out her tongue like a snake uncoiling where Martin immediately saw that her tongue was pierced with a metal stud running through the piercing. Martin attempted to squirm away from the ominous-looking appendage as it lowered closer and closer to the engorged head of his cock, but he was being held down by the other girls, plus the fact that he was handcuffed didn't help his situation any. So he had no choice but to lie there and endure whatever torture—whatever *hell*—they had in store for him.

The girl with the Mohawk twirled the tip of her tongue around the inflamed head, the tongue stud teasing its opening. The metal stud felt nearly as cold as the girls' touch, sending more shivers

throughout his body. Then the girl plunged the bottom of the stud into the tiny opening of his cock, sending a jolt of pain throughout his lower extremities. The pain worsened as she took his scrotum between her teeth and stretched out the tender skin of his sack as far as it would stretch before slipping it out of her mouth. She jabbed a fingernail into his rectum, sending even more pain throughout his body as she kept on torturing his cock and balls.

After tormenting him like this for what seemed to him an eternity (but was actually only a few minutes), she let go of his cock so the others could take their turns with him.

The girl who had wielded the knife on him stood and stripped off her long, black transparent dress. Martin gazed up to see that she was wearing nothing underneath, as even *he* suspected when he first saw her walking around in a daze when he entered the house. Her body, illuminated by the candlelight, was pallid as if she hadn't seen the sun in quite some time. Her breasts were small and firm, her nipples rosy and pert, her vagina shaved bare. She stepped out of her dress and, leaving her combat boots on, she mounted Martin in a 69 position while the others continued to hold him down. She shoved her pussy and ass into his face until his nose was in her ass and her lips were touching his. Martin had never seen a woman's genitalia *this* close before, and it both frightened and aroused him at the same time. His cock stood even *more* erect as he smelled the pungent, musky aroma emanating from her vulva. Martin had never smelled *anything* like it before, and he didn't have a clue as to what she expected him to do.

"Lick my pussy and ass, you worthless dog!" she barked at him.

Martin knew better than to resist. He opened

his mouth and very hesitantly stuck out his tongue and placed the tip in the center of the pinkish folds. Her pussy had a very distinctive flavor to it and was unlike anything he had *ever* tasted before in his life. She grabbed him by his hair and forced him to move his tongue onto her asshole where he promptly licked. Her asshole, like her pussy, had a distinct flavor to it. Martin tongued both of her orifices with equal fervor. She mashed her backside into his face to force his tongue deeper inside her nether region. After several minutes of him tonguing her quim and anus, she made him stop by standing up and stepping away from him.

The next girl to have her turn with Martin was one of the girls whom Martin had seen lying on the beanbag making out with her friend. She stuffed his still-erect cock into her mouth and scraped her teeth over it several times. The pain Martin felt was nothing short of excruciating as she tortured his swollen prick with her sharp teeth. But his pain was to become all the more severe as he watched two of the girls—the one who had greeted him at the door and the other girl who had been lying on the beanbag—walk away to another room while their companion continued to torture his cock and balls with her teeth as the girl with the Mohawk had done. When they returned less than a minute later, they were nude except for *one* thing: Both girls were wearing strap-ons. Martin's eyes grew wide with shock and fear as he eyed the faux penises dangling from the harnesses that were strapped to their waists. Martin estimated the phalluses to be a good seven or eight inches long and possessed more thickness and girth than an average man's penis. And, though he was still a virgin and came from a strict religious background, Martin knew or had a fairly strong idea as to what these two girls had

planned with the new cocks they were now wielding in their hands.

The girl who had been torturing his cock with her teeth mercifully stopped moments after her two companions came back into the room. She sat on her knees beside Martin as the two strap-on wearing girls knelt on either side of him. The girl who had greeted him at the door scooted on her knees between his legs while the other girl, with the help of the other three, pushed Martin on his side so she could get beneath him. The other three girls laid Martin's body on top of her. The two girls aimed the tips of their intimidating phalluses directly at Martin's virgin anus. Martin's heart nearly leaped in his throat as his worst fears were coming to fruition. He was about to be raped by these young women, these daughters of Satan, and there was not a blessed thing he could do to stop them.

Martin closed his eyes tight and began praying frantically under his breath as he felt the cold, unyielding plastic start to enter into his rectum. The pain increased the further they pushed their fake penises down his colon and became almost unbearable once they had fully penetrated him. They sodomized Martin simultaneously with brutal, unmerciful thrusts. The excruciating pain Martin was feeling as they double-penetrated him was beyond *anything* he had *ever* felt before. His eyes welled up with tears once more as he stopped his praying and bit into his lower lip. He whimpered like a wounded animal caught in a hunter's steel trap, as he was being brutalized and humiliated by these wicked young harlots.

But, along with the pain, there was *another* sensation he was experiencing as his scrotum began receding and his cock ostensibly became more engorged. He leaned his head back into the chest of

the girl behind him and, with his eyes still closed, opened his mouth and moaned not just from pain but also from pleasure as the thick heads of the dildos slammed against his prostate. This was the *first* time in his life he had allowed himself to lose all control, to lose *all* of his inhibitions; and, God forgive him, he *enjoyed* it.

“Oh my God!” Martin cried out.

He gazed down at his inflamed cock that was staring him in the face as if taunting him and watched in amazement as he came, shooting wave after wave of hot and heavy semen across his waist and the bottom half of his belly. The two girls were relentless as they kept pumping their phony pricks in and out of his stretched rectum as sperm continued to shoot out of his dick in heavy, long gushes. His overflowing orgasm was no doubt the result of years of his self-imposed sexual repression. Even the young women who had been his tormentors this hellish Halloween night seemed to be impressed by the amount of his ejaculate. Before the final drop spilled out of him, Martin felt a sudden rush of dizziness and passed out . . .

Martin awoke to find himself still lying on the floor nude in the house where he had been abused and tortured by the five mysterious young women who were nowhere in sight. He raised his head and gazed about the room, his mind in a daze, and found his clothes lying beneath his feet torn to shreds. *So it wasn't a dream*, Martin thought wearily to himself. He propped himself up on his elbows, relieved to find that his hands had been uncuffed, and felt a sudden jolt of pain in his lower extremities, particularly his backside where he had been raped by those two nameless girls who had wielded the strap-ons on him. Martin looked around the room in the hope of finding something,

anything, to put on since, though he was in Hell's Alley, he still didn't want to go outside in broad daylight wearing nothing but the shoes on his feet and a smile. He saw the transparent black dress that one girl had worn lying crumpled on the floor within arm's reach. He stood, feeling weak and groggy and in tremendous pain, and grabbed the dress to put on, figuring it was better than *nothing*. He slipped the dress on, which only added to his humiliation.

Martin started walking towards the door, feeling pain with each step he took. He opened the door and stepped out into the daylight. The sunlight hitting his eyes made him cringe. He held his arm over his face to shield his eyes from the sunlight. He gave the neighborhood a once-over before walking to his car. Hell's Alley didn't appear to be as menacing in the daytime as it did at night. Still, he wanted to get out of there as soon as humanly possible. Martin went to his trusty Dodge, praying to God that nobody saw him in his see-through dress and the humiliated expression that he knew was written all over his reddened face. He stood next to his car and noticed that the black van with the blood red upside-down pentagram painted on its side he had parked next to the night before was also nowhere in sight. Not wanting to stand there any longer than he had to, Martin got in his car and sped off, driving faster than usual.

Martin went home and told no one about what had happened to him in Hell's Alley that Halloween night. He gave a lot of thought to what happened between him and those five women whose names he did not even know. He traveled to Hell's Alley one more time—in the daytime *this* time—to try to find the women. He went back to the house where it all happened and found it abandoned. He contem-

plated continuing his search, but he ultimately decided against it. Because of what happened, Martin seriously considered giving up his religion, giving up his very faith, since *that* was the reason why he encountered those women in the first place, at least partly so. But, in the end, he decided against it since he truly believed it was his calling in life to follow in his father's footsteps and to be a Jehovah's Witness and help people whether they wanted his help or not. If anything, he became even *more* steadfast in his beliefs. If someone were to ask him *why* given what had happened to him that night, the horror he was forced to endure at the hands of those brutish young women, he would simply give them the answer his father George gave him all those years ago: Because I have to.

Because I *have* to.

THE PACKAGE

Carlos was a twenty-three-year-old Latino who lived with his mother and seventeen-year-old sister in Southridge, New Mexico, in the rougher part of town. He worked during the day to help support his mother and sister as a delivery man for UPS and attended night classes at the local community college to study to become a mechanic. His mother was unable to work after she sustained a back injury from working two jobs to support Carlos and his sister while they were attending school. Now it was Carlos's turn to support the family. Because of this, Carlos hadn't been with a woman in quite some time as he was focused on getting his degree so he could get a higher-paying job and maybe, hopefully, a life of his own. The last thing he expected was to be gang-raped by a group of horny, lust-crazed Latinas one day while making a delivery.

It was an especially sweltering day in mid July and Carlos was melting in his UPS uniform. He was making his last delivery of the day to a small, run-down-looking house that looked more like a crack house than a house that a family, such as his, would care to inhabit. He was beginning to wonder if he had the correct address. He checked the address on the package against the street address and saw that he was at the right address. Carlos parked the UPS van in the driveway in front of the house like he did with every one of his deliveries. He got out and opened the back door of the van and took out the package he was scheduled to deliver at this particu-

lar address. He couldn't help but notice how larger and bulkier this package was compared to the others he had delivered that day. But, like with those other packages, he wanted to deliver this one as fast as possible so he could go home and rest before attending his classes at night school. He walked up to the door, package in hand, and rang the doorbell. No answer. He rang it a second time. Again, there was no answer. When he rang it a third time, he heard commotion inside the house. By the fourth ring, someone finally opened the door. Carlos was sort of surprised when this attractive Latina who looked almost as young as his sister—at least around eighteen or nineteen, he guessed—greeted him at the door. Behind her inside the house were four or five other Latinas who looked to be around the same age as the girl who was standing in front of him. They looked more like a gang than a group of girls just hanging out and having a good time.

Carlos tried not to let their gangster-like appearance and mannerisms unnerve him (as both he and his sister have had unpleasant encounters with gangs in their neighborhood growing up which almost led to his little sister joining an all-girl gang herself; that is, until big brother stepped in and prevented her from doing so in his own brotherly sort of way!).

“Hey, look,” the girl at the door said to the other girls, “the package is here!”

The other girls clapped and cheered like they were really ecstatic about the arrival of the package as they all rushed towards the door. Carlos handed the girl who answered the door the package who took it from him eagerly and started to turn around to get into his van and get the hell out of there as quick as he could without being too obvious. However, just as he started to turn around, the girl who

greeted him at the door said to him, "Could you wait here a minute? I just want to check something."

"Uh, okay," Carlos said, feeling a little uneasy about the situation.

Sometimes whenever he delivered a package the recipient would ask him to wait so they could check its contents to make sure the right package was delivered. But Carlos didn't think that was the case here. In any event, he would stand there and wait until the girl would tell him it was okay for him to leave. However, if Carlos knew what those gangster-like girls were really up to, he would've more than likely hauled ass out of there and never looked back! The first inkling he got that something was awry was when they opened the package and gleefully took out the goodies that were waiting for them inside. Carlos's eyes widened in shock as he saw what those girls were taking out of that package: boxes and boxes of strap-on dildos. He was even more shocked when they took the ominous phalluses out of their boxes and started trying them on. The only time Carlos had ever seen anything like this was in a lesbian porno movie he watched at a friend's house when he was eighteen. Carlos tried to look away, but he found himself mesmerized by the sight of these sexy young girls stripping from the waist down and trying on their harnesses and phalluses. The girls stroked their plastic cocks and looked around the house like they were looking for a victim to try out their new toys on.

And they found their "victim" standing in the doorway.

The girl who had answered the door pointed over at Carlos with her thumb and said to her gal pals, "What do you say, ladies?"

Every female eye in that house locked onto

Carlos who was standing in the doorway with a bewildered look on his face wondering just why in the hell they were all staring at him like he was a piece of meat and they were all starving to death. It wasn't until they started descending upon him that it finally dawned on him what their intentions with him were. Carlos quickly turned around to run away from them, but, alas, he wasn't fast enough as the girl who greeted him at the door was the first to grab him, then another girl, then another, then another, until every girl in the house had a hold of him and dragged him into the house. The greeter girl closed and locked the door while her friends pinned him on his back on the dingy-looking couch in the center of the large room they were in. Carlos struggled to break loose from them, but it was no use; there were just too many of them. He thought about yelling for help, but, in *this* neighborhood, he thought, who would come to his aid? He felt even more helpless as a couple of the girls pulled down his brown-colored pants and boxer shorts to his feet while the others held him down, exposing his limp willy and naked ass to them. Carlos's cock was a sight to behold even in its flaccid state, which caused the girls to coo and drool lustfully at the magnificent splendor of it. One of the girls started to reach out and grab it, but the greeter girl who Carlos surmised to be their leader shouted at her, "Stop!" The girl who was about to touch Carlos's dangling manhood had her hand halfway out as she looked up at her but said nothing. She gazed around at all of the girls and told them matter-of-factly, "I'm gonna be the first one to touch him and make him hard."

The other girls all backed away from Carlos so their "leader" could have a go at him. She knelt in front of Carlos and gave him a libidinous smile.

Carlos cringed as she slowly ran the palm of her hand over his genitalia. He had no choice but to sit there and watch helplessly as she touched and fondled him so lewdly while the other girls were holding down his arms and legs.

“What’s your name?” she asked him as she kept rubbing her hand over his genitals.

“C—Carlos,” he stammered back at her.

“Carlos, huh?” she said, her smile getting bigger and more perverse. “My name’s Tamara.”

Under normal circumstances, Carlos would have remembered his manners the way his mother had taught him and said hello, but these were *anything* but “normal” circumstances, so he said nothing back to her. Besides being impolite, another thing Carlos couldn’t help was that his penis was becoming hard under Tamara’s touch.

“Ooh, Tamara,” one of the girls exclaimed, “I think he likes it!”

All the girls, including Tamara, laughed giddily like schoolchildren at Carlos’s humiliation as he entire face flushed a bright red. Tamara rose up and rubbed her own “cock” over Carlos’s hardening dick.

“You see, Carlos,” Tamara said to him, a hint of vindictiveness in her voice, “my cock’s just as big as yours!”

They all laughed at him again. Carlos could feel his manly pride slipping away from him little by little, which was no doubt these bitches apparent intention, Carlos thought powerlessly to himself. Carlos wondered what exactly they intended on doing to him as he watched Tamara switch places with the girls who were holding him by the arms.

“Have at it, ladies!” Tamara said to the others as she held on to Carlos’s wrists to keep him pinned to the couch.

The “ladies,” each with lustfully sadistic gleams in their eyes, lined up behind one another, holding their plastic cocks in their hands, and took turns raping Carlos in his ass.

Carlos, being a Hispanic male, came from a very macho world where men were expected to exude machismo with every step and with every action they took. However, what these girls were doing to him now violently stripped away *any* sense of manliness he had. Both the physical and emotional pain he was enduring as each girl shoved their penises, however false they may have been, into his anus was almost too much for him to bear, yet he shamefully realized he had little choice but to endure it.

What further added to his humiliation was that Tamara was making him suck her dick while her friends were plundering his asshole. She was holding on to him by the back of his hair with one hand and forcing his head up and down on her huge plastic prick while she held his wrists tightly together with her other hand. Ironically, the saying “take it like a man” kept popping up in his head as he was being simultaneously ass-raped and made to suck Tamara’s fake prong. An unexpected result of his ravishment, something he could not control, was that he attained an incredibly hard erection as each girl banged the shit out of his prostate with her huge yellow phallus strapped to her waist. Carlos could also feel himself nearing climax as his scrotum became bloated with his jism and began receding towards his body. His legs started to quiver and his body tensed.

Tamara was fully aware of what Carlos was getting ready to do, so she made the other girls stop fucking his ass so that he could calm down. She did this not out of any consideration for him but rather

she wished to prolong his agony for as long as possible. Tamara could see the humiliating pain in Carlos's eyes, and it turned her on beyond belief. She wanted very much to see him hurt and humiliated some more, a lot more, so, when she was certain that he had calmed down enough, she grabbed his arms and flipped him on his stomach and told her ravenous girlfriends to resume their plundering of his wounded ass, not to mention his manhood, which they happily did. Carlos, being the macho man that he was, had fucked a number of girls doggie-style.

Now he was on the receiving end, literally, as each girl once again took turns raping him in the ass. Every girl, that is, except Tamara as she was again holding him down by his arms. Carlos's dick, which had become partially flaccid, immediately became rock hard a second time as both his asshole and his prostate were being pummeled just as ferociously as before if not more so. Carlos's dick was flopping around with every thrust of their collective pelvises. His ball-sack refilled with his cream as fastly as it did earlier when they were pumping his ass in the missionary position. Carlos felt rather ashamed of how much this was turning him on. In his neighborhood, if any of his macho buddies had seen him being turned on from being gang-raped by these girls-or "hoes", as they would've been called—they would've hounded him as being a fag, a queer, a homo, a fudge—packer, along with a whole slew of degrading names. So he was glad that none of his pals were there to see him in the unmanly state he was in now.

Tamara was the last one to have her turn with Carlos as she ordered one of the girls to switch places with her so she could have her way with him. She knelt behind Carlos and pried his legs farther

apart. She spit in the palm of her hand and rubbed her hand over her phony cock. She grinned libidiously at Carlos, aiming the big fake head of her big fake dick right at the swollen opening of his bruised and broken—in rectum. She rubbed the tip back and forth over his anus to make it wet enough for her to penetrate since hers was by far the biggest prick of all the girls. She rammed it into Carlos's colon with one deep, fast thrust of her pelvis, causing Carlos to let out this high-pitched wail as he felt a searing jolt of pain within his already severely stretched sphincter.

Besides possessing the biggest strap-on, Tamara was also by far the most aggressive of all the girls, which was undoubtedly why she was their leader, Carlos again thought to himself, as she drove her plastic penis into him until his balls had receded to the point where they were touching the bottom of her harness. Tamara clawed his thighs with her pointy fingernails, drawing blood, and violated him with a ferocity one would normally associate with a man. The other girls watched intently as their mannish leader brutally sodomized Carlos, whom they all, including—and *especially*—Tamara, considered to be one sorry and pathetic son of a bitch.

“Ooh, girls,” Tamara said gleefully to the others while she kept pumping his ass, pointing to Carlos's flopping hard-on, “I think he likes it!”

The other girls laughed giddily at him again, taking pleasure in Carlos's obvious torment and, in turn, making him feel even *less* of a man.

Carlos's nut-sack filled to the breaking point, and both he and Tamara knew that it would only be a matter of moments before eruption. With Tamara's cock pounding away at his prostate like a sledgehammer, and with Carlos's own dick flopping

around like a fish out of water, Carlos wailed out louder than ever and shot his wad all over the place like his prick was a water sprinkler. When his wails dissipated and his orgasm subsided, Tamara yanked her dildo out of Carlos's asshole and stood up. She then instructed two of the girls to grab Carlos and throw him out of the house and into the front yard. Carlos was too weak and in too much pain to stop them as they grabbed him and carried him by his arms and dragged him to the door. One of the other girls held the door open for them, and they threw Carlos out into the yard with his pants still around his ankles. Tamara stood in the doorway surrounded by her girls who were all pointing and laughing at Carlos. After the front door slammed shut, Carlos hurriedly pulled up his pants and ran back to the UPS van before anyone had a chance to see him, which, thankfully, they didn't. He turned the key that was still in the ignition and sped off, hoping like hell he wouldn't be stopped by police along the way and would have to explain to them why he was speeding (or, at least, lie his ass off about it, which has gotten him out of trouble with the cops on numerous occasions!). Carlos, after dropping off the van at the UPS station, returned to his home with his mother and teenaged sister, never telling them or anybody else his hellish encounter with Tamara and her strap-on wielding all-girl gang.

Epilogue

Carlos completed night school, earning his degree, allowing him to quit his job at UPS. He had saved enough money from working at UPS to open up his own garage. He was eventually able to move out of his mother's house when his sister became

old enough to get a job herself and help support their mom. He was dating frequently and was doing quite nicely for himself, although a day didn't go by without him thinking about his dreadful ordeal with Tamara and her girlfriends. He went back to the house where he had delivered their package—*once*—but the house was abandoned and had been for months, according to some of the neighbors that Carlos talked to concerning the whereabouts of Tamara and the rest of her gang. No one seemed to know where Tamara and the others had gone. In fact, according to the people that Carlos talked with, it was almost as if they vanished into thin air and had never lived there to begin with. But Carlos knew without a single doubt in his mind that they *had* lived there . . .

He had the scars to prove it.

LAURA & JACK

Jack wasn't aware of what a sick and twisted bitch his wife Laura truly was until one night when they were lying in bed talking the way they often did. However, during this particular conversation, the topics went from whether or not the house needed a new paint job to sex. Jack was stunned when his wife—his normally reserved wife—of over nine years asked him out of the blue what his favorite sexual fantasies were.

“You don't already know?” he asked her, a crooked grin on his face. “You are my wife, you know. You should already know these things!”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, I know. You'd like to see me with another woman and you'd like to do me up the butt. Oh yeah, you wanna do my sister.” She paused and grinned at him. He grinned at her a little more uneasily. She continued: “I'm not talking about those fantasies. Every one of my girlfriends' husbands has fantasies like that.”

“Then what fantasies are you talking about?” he asked her carefully.

She gently stroked his arm and leaned into him.

“You know what kind,” she purred at him, smiling at him.

“No,” he said, shaking his head, “I don't know.”

She put her mouth up to his ear and said, half-whispering, “I'm talking about all those dirty fantasies you keep tucked away in the back of your mind.”

Jack coughed and felt his face turn hot. “I—I

don't know what you're talking about, dear," he said to his wife.

She slapped his arm. "Yes, you do!"

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do," she repeated more forcefully. When her husband just sat there in bed gaping at her and didn't respond, she said, "Everyone has them."

Jack cocked an eyebrow at her. "Everyone?"

Laura nodded and grinned again. "Everyone."

"Even you?"

Laura's grin broadened. "Even me."

Jack looked squarely at his wife. "Oh really?"

She nodded. "Yep."

This is different, Jack thought to himself. *This is definitely different!*

"So, tell me, dear sweet wife o' mine, just what are these fantasies you've been having?"

Laura put her mouth up to Jack's ear again and whispered to him one of her kinkier fantasies. Jack's eyes grew big as saucers as he sat in bed and listened to his wife describe for him in explicit detail her favorite—and dirtiest—fantasy. When she was finished, he drew back his head and looked at her.

"Really?" he said, obviously shocked.

She nodded again. "Really."

Jack found himself unable to speak he was so stunned by what his wife had just whispered in his ear. In all the years that he's known her, and in all the years that they've been married, Laura has never acted so . . . unreserved. He couldn't for the life of him figure out what had gotten into his usually reserved wife of the past nine years. He wasn't sure whether to be turned out or freaked out.

Maybe he was a little of both.

"You wanna help me live out my fantasy?"

Laura cooed seductively at her husband, interrupting his train of thought.

“W—what?” he stumbled, chuckling nervously.

“You heard me, sonny!” She always called him “sonny” whenever she got excited or agitated at him. And she got even more agitated when he flat out refused to fulfill his wife’s fantasy. When Laura asked him why, he emphatically stated he didn’t want to do anything as “faggy” as her fantasy. Laura was disappointed, to say the least, at her husband’s stubborn refusal to help her fulfill her fantasy. But Laura was undeterred as she was determined to make her husband, with or without his consent, live out her fantasy come hell or high water.

Laura waited until Jack was asleep late one evening. It was a week to the day after they’d had their talk. Laura had said nothing else to her husband Jack about him helping her fulfill her fantasy. Jack believed he’d heard the last of it, his wife’s “dirty” fantasy, but little did he know that his wife Laura was planning something in the back of *her* mind. And she waited until she knew when his guard was down—she knew her husband better than he knew himself, as she was often fond of telling her girlfriends *and* her husband—and let a week pass to make Jack believe she had forgotten all about her kinky little fantasy (or would at least not bug him about it any more) before she revealed her plan.

She pretended to be asleep herself so he wouldn’t get suspicious as to why she was still awake. She always knew when her husband fell asleep by his loud snoring, and this night was certainly no exception. The moment she heard him snoring, Laura, as quietly and as gently as she could, sneaked out of bed to get the little surprise she had for her hubby Jack. Laura opened the bedroom closet where she

was hiding Jack's "surprise." She stood on her tiptoes and reached up with one hand to the top shelf and grabbed the pair of metal handcuffs that were lying on the shelf at the very so Jack wouldn't accidentally find it. She purchased the cuffs at a sex toy and novelty shop called Kinky Korner in the rougher part of town.

She gripped the handcuffs in her hand and went back to bed. Again, as quietly and as softly as she could, she slipped back into bed and turned over on her side to look at Jack who was still sound asleep and snoring like a bear. Laura smiled naughtily at her sleeping spouse as she grabbed his right arm that was lying across the sheet that covered him and snapped one of the cuffs onto his wrist. Luckily for her, Jack was not what one would call a light sleeper as it almost took a near-earthquake to wake him up every morning.

She snapped the other cuff onto the bedpost and gently pulled the covers off his half-naked body. She crawled to the foot of the bed and slowly pulled down his underwear to uncover his immensely hairy buttocks. She spread his buttocks apart with her fingers and stuck her nose in the crack between them. She sniffed her husband's anus for the first time the way her pet dog would greet another dog by sniffing it in its ass. The pungent aroma that was emanating from her husband's aperture caused Laura's labia to throb slightly inside her dampening panties.

The sensation of his wife's tender fingers and hot breath on his furry backside finally roused her sleeping-bear-of-a-husband. He gazed down with sleepy eyes at Laura and wondered just what in the hell his wife of over nine years was doing sniffing around between his ass cheeks like their dog.

"L—Laura," he exclaimed sleepily. "What in the

world—?”

He tried to move his arm but quickly found that he was unable to. He looked up and gazed in shock at the sight of his wrist cuffed to the bedpost. He gazed down at his wife who was giving him a carnal gaze that he had never seen before. It was a look that both scared and turned him on at the same time.

“Laura!” he said demandinglly at his wife. “Just what in the hell do you think you’re doing to my ass down there?”

Laura’s gaze became even more fiendish. “You’ll find out, my dear husband,” she replied.

Then she dove in. She started things off by probing his hairy anus with the very tip of her tongue. Jack squirmed around a bit trying to get his wife’s tongue out of his clenching asshole, but then he simmered down as he began to feel a new sensation overwhelm him as a result of his wife’s rimjob; and, much to his own surprise (and eventual delight), it wasn’t shame or embarrassment. It was pleasure. Pure, unadulterated pleasure. Laura pushed her tongue deeper inside her husband’s asshole until the very tip of her appendage was pushing past his sphincter and stimulating his prostate. She wiggled her tongue around in his bittersweet-tasting ass before darting her tongue like a lizard in and out of his asshole. This was making her husband moan and groan out loud as he gripped at the bed sheets with his free hand and begged her not to stop, which she had absolutely no intention of doing.

She spread his ass cheeks further apart with her hands so she could get her tongue even deeper inside of him, if that was even possible. Laura’s seemingly insatiable tongue was exploring every single inch of Jack’s colon just like she envisioned

in her lurid fantasy. Jack showed his appreciation for what his wife was doing to him by not only moaning out louder but by becoming erect as well. Jack surprised his wife by grabbing the back of her head and trying to shove her face and tongue even deeper into his asshole. He was enjoying her tonguing his ass far more than he could have ever expected. His wife's face and tongue were almost completely submerged in his bum to the hilt as she was giving him the rimming of a lifetime. Laura wrapped her lips firmly around her husband's succulent anus and sucked him off as hard as she could before finally removing her lips from around his orifice completely. But his glorious anal torture would not end there!

Laura decided to take her rimming fantasy to the next logical level as she was about to do something to her husband even she never dreamed of doing. Meanwhile, Jack had his face buried in his pillow trying to recuperate from the intense rimming his wife had just given him when all of a sudden he felt Laura's fingers begin to plunge into his rectum. He jerked his head upright and glared back down at his wife as he once again wondered just what in the blessed hell she was doing to him down there. His eyes grew wide in shock and near-horror at the sight of the little woman shoving all four of her dainty fingers of her left hand into his rectum.

"Laura," he again said demanding, "just what in the hell do you think you're doing down there *now*?"

However, unlike before, Laura didn't respond to her husband as she kept plunging her digits into his gaping asshole. She slowly inserted her fingers into Jack's rectum past the first knuckles and then the second ones until she had half her hand embedded inside her husband's colon. She next slid her

thumb into his anus and pushed her hand further into his expanding asshole all the way to her wrist. Jack's body writhed and arched and his face grimaced as he felt Laura's hand pushing down his colon until he could feel her fingertips past his sphincter.

With her hand buried in her husband's ass wrist deep, Laura balled her hand into a fist and started fist-fucking Jack's ass with it. Tears filled Jack's eyes as it felt like his ass was going to be ripped apart from the inside out as his sphincter was being stretched beyond its limit by his wife's enormous fist. Laura's once proud and macho husband had been reduced to bawling like a baby and sweating like a pig as Laura continued to pump her fist in and out of his inflamed asshole, though that certainly wasn't the *only* part of his anatomy that was becoming inflamed!

Jack's already-erect cock reached mammoth proportions, the result of his wife's knuckles hitting his prostate like it was a punching bag. He bit into his pillow and clawed at the mattress as he started humping the bed, moving himself along with the rhythm of his wife's unrelenting fisting. His toes curled as he felt his orgasm drawing near. Jack humped the bed harder like he was fucking his wife's pussy while Laura reamed his asshole with faster thrusts.

Suddenly Jack lifted his head up as high as he could and let out an ear-numbing wail as he drenched the bed with his semen. Laura, seeing her husband spewing all over the bed, pumped her fist in and out of her husband's rectum until every single drop of his precious jism had flowed out of his receded scrotum and his hard-as-nails prick, staining both the bed sheets and the mattress underneath him.

Once she was certain that her husband was

spent, she slowly removed her hand from Jack's raw and battered anus and lay alongside him on the bed. She was caressing his sweaty back as his face was still buried in his pillow trying to catch his breath. Laura smiled a bit sadistically at her husband as she asked him, the tone in her voice suggesting that she already knew what his reply was going to be, "So, hon, how did you like it?"

Jack's breathing was still heavy as he gasped for air. He raised his head barely an inch off his pillow and glanced over at her. "Better than I thought," he managed to say between gasps.

"Good," Laura replied rather elatedly to her husband's admission to getting off on her anal play despite his earlier vehement protests, adding almost mockingly, "It wasn't too 'faggy' for you, was it, dear?"

"No," he mumbled, a bit miffed by his wife's mocking tone, as he sank his head back into the pillow.

Laura gave her weakened husband a bit of a smirk before getting out of bed and walking out of their bedroom, leaving her husband handcuffed to the bedpost. Jack jerked his head up again and asked his wife where she thought she was going. Laura looked back at him and told him flatly that she was going to the bathroom to clean herself up.

"You're not gonna leave me chained up here like this, are you?" he demanded in an angry, desperate tone as he pulled on the cuffs that held him to their bed.

After giving his request some thought, Laura said to her husband Jack, "I tell you what, dear, I'll un-cuff you on one condition."

"What's that?" Jack asked a bit uneasily, not being totally sure he wanted to know what his wife's "condition" was.

Laura only smiled at Jack as she walked back toward the bed and stood next to it. Jack watched his wife, a look of severe trepidation on his face, as she reached under her nightgown and pulled down her soaking wet panties and took them off. She held them out in front of her so her husband could get a good look at them before dropping them to the floor. She then turned her back to her husband and, with her nightie pulled up over her waist, shoved her bare ass towards his face.

“I want you to eat my asshole,” she said to her husband, making it sound more like a command than a request, “and then I’ll un-cuff you from the bed.”

Jack gazed at his wife’s glory hole which stared back at him as if it were actually taunting him. He was very surprised to find himself salivating at the pungent aroma coming from her pinkish anus. Then, before he was aware of what he was even doing, Jack wrapped his free hand around Laura’s thigh and, with his tongue hanging out like their dog whenever it is thirsty or hot, dove into Laura’s asshole. Laura moaned out favorably at her husband’s superb rimjob as he tongued her rosebud of an anus with a ferocity and passion he had not shown her in a long, long time.

Laura’s knees began to quake as several passionate murmurs escaped from her mouth as Jack flicked his tongue several times back and forth over his wife’s moistened anus. Then, just like she did with him, Jack pushed his tongue past her moistened anal opening and plunged it slowly down her tight colon so he could savor the dank, bittersweet taste of his woman.

Laura held on to her knees tightly as her husband shoved his long tongue all the way into her sphincter. He darted his tongue in and out of her

rectum and tongue-fucked her tight ass again, just like she had done with him. A smile crept over Laura's face as she wondered once more if Jack still thought the act of rimming or any kind of anal play was too—oh, what *was* that word he used?—"faggy" an act for him to perform, even on his own wife. Apparently not any longer since now it seemed as if he couldn't get enough of his wife's succulent ass as he wrapped his lips around her soft, fuzzy hole and sucked her off just as exuberantly, if not more so, as she'd done with him.

Laura groaned as she listened to the smacking sounds Jack's lips made as he sucked off her asshole. Jack shoved his tongue back into his wife's shitter until the tip of his tongue was pushing past her sphincter. Jack's formerly limp penis immediately grew hard once again the more he massaged the inside of his wife's inflamed colon with his hungry tongue. He took his hand off of his wife's thigh and grabbed his incredibly erect cock and began stroking it furiously. It didn't take long at all for the cream to rise again in his balls. The combination of him rimming his wife and his fisting his prick caused him to have what was probably the most intense orgasm of his life. He howled out like their dog whenever it was in heat with his tongue still embedded in his wife's body as he shot wave after heavy wave of his steamy spunk as he soaked himself and the bed sheets once again.

Once he was finished coming, Jack slipped his tongue out of Laura and lay down exhausted on their bed. Laura got back in bed with her newly-liberated husband and they kissed each other passionately on the lips in a way they hadn't done in quite some time, tasting each other's nether regions on their mouths and tongues. Laura drew her mouth away from her husband's and nestled her

head on his broad, muscled shoulders, not bothering to un-cuff him from the bedpost as she had initially promised she would do if he'd do as she wanted.

Not that Jack seemed to mind, that is, as he lay in bed with his wife, their marriage changed from that night on for the better as Jack's former inhibitions towards anything outside of what he considered "normal" sex faded away like they were never there to begin with. Laura and Jack began a new phase in their relationship, their marriage, as they explored every possible facet of their newfound sexual liberation as nothing was too perverse or what Jack used to consider outside the sexual norm for them to participate or indulge themselves in. Their only regret was that they didn't do this sooner, but, as Jack himself always liked to say, better late than never!

TRUCKER BETTY & BITCH MARIE

“Where’re yuh headin’?” she asked the young man standing next to her diesel.

“Anywhere,” was the young man’s churlish reply.

“Sounds good. Hop in.”

He hopped into the diesel cab, suitcase in hand. The woman behind the wheel was easily in her forties, possibly fifties. Her face looked rough and worn, the result of too many years on the road, he thought as he looked her over. She wore a dirty white cowboy hat and a flannel shirt over a stained T-shirt. Her blue jeans were badly faded and her boots looked nearly as rough and worn as her face. Her stringy brown hair fell out from under her hat in clumps. But he didn’t care what she looked like just so long as she took him where he wanted to go, which was anywhere that was far away from the hellhole where he came from. The lady trucker put her diesel in gear and started off down the road.

“So, handsome, you got a name?” she asked her passenger with a flirtatious grin.

“It’s Rob.”

“Rob? Is that short for Robert?”

“No. Just Rob.”

“Hi, Rob.” She held out her hand. Rob shook it. “I’m Betty.”

“Hi, Betty.”

“So, Rob,” Betty began after taking her hand away, “why’d you run away from home?”

Rob was bowled over by her insight.

“How’d you know?”

“Well, it wasn’t hard to figure what with you bein’ a young man and all, plus that suitcase you’re carryin’ kinda gave it away.” She cocked an eye in his direction while keeping her other eye on the road (a trick she learned long ago since Rob, of course, wasn’t her *first* passenger). “Just how old are you, anyway?”

“I’m eighteen. I just turned eighteen a couple of days ago.”

Betty nodded approvingly. “That’s good. So I won’t be gettin’ into any trouble for contributin’ to the delinquency of a minor then, will I?”

Rob shrugged and gave a strained grin. “I guess not.”

“Where’d you get that bruise on the side of your face?” Betty asked him, abruptly changing the subject.

“Oh . . . well . . . I . . . I fell, that’s all.”

Betty looked as if she didn’t believe him. “Uh-huh,” she muttered.

Rob turned his head and gazed out the window not saying anything else to Betty nor she to him. They drove in silence for the next several miles. The only sounds Rob heard was the loud hum of the engine and the occasional country ditty Betty would hum merrily to herself. They drove into the night. Rob could feel himself getting sleepy, and he was starting to nod off in his seat.

“There’s a rest area a couple more miles up ahead,” Betty said to him when she noticed he was becoming drowsy. “I’m gonna pull off there and you can go in the back of the cab here and get some shut eye.” She pointed over her shoulder with her thumb. “I got a bed already fixed up back there that you’re more than welcome to sleep in.”

“Where will you sleep?”

Betty grinned at him again. “Don’t worry about me, kid. I’ll just take me a power nap in my seat here while you catch some z’s, okay?”

Rob shrugged. He was too tired to protest. “Whatever you say.”

Though he tried, Rob was finding it harder and harder to stay awake. He was very much relieved when Betty pulled her diesel into the rest area she spoke of. Rob couldn’t help but let out a loud yawn as she parked her semi and left the engine running (as truckers are known to do). Rob didn’t wait for Betty’s permission to hop out of his seat and go to the back of the cab where he saw a blanket and a pillow spread out on the floor of the cab. He fell asleep the moment his head hit the pillow.

Betty was right. Rob had indeed run away from home. What she didn’t know or couldn’t have known, of course, were the reasons *why* he left home. It happened just a few nights earlier on his eighteenth birthday when Marie, his father’s live-in girlfriend, raped him. Marie was a bad lush just like his father, and Rob took an immediate dislike to her. Not that his father gave a damn what his son thought about anything, much less what he thought about the “strays”—the affectionate term Rob had given to his dad’s mostly drunken girlfriends—he often brought home from the local tavern where his dad spent *many* of his waking hours. Rob, as he did with his father’s other girlfriends, tried to stay out of Marie’s way and hoped to God that she stayed out of his, which, for the most part, she did. However, the night of his birthday would be an entirely *different* matter.

His father was out drinking with the boys and forgetting his son’s birthday, which came as no surprise to Rob since his dad hadn’t remembered a

birthday since his beloved mother's death when he was thirteen. That's when his father began drinking and turned into a major asshole, as far as Rob was concerned. Rob decided to go to bed early since nobody seemed to give a damn that it was his birthday. Marie was passed out drunk on the sofa—*again*—so at least that was one consolation that he wouldn't have to put up with *her* for the rest of the night.

Or so he believed.

Rob was awakened to the feeling of someone's hand reaching inside his boxers. He glanced down and saw none other than Marie pulling his dick, which had already gotten hard while he slept, out of his underwear.

"Marie," Rob exclaimed, his voice almost a shout, "what—?"

Marie gazed up at Rob and smiled crookedly, evilly, at him. Rob could easily tell she was still drunk as piss, and he figured all he'd have to do is kick her drunk ass out of bed and that would be the end of *that*.

Or so he thought.

When he tried to raise his foot to kick her out of his bed, she clutched his cock so tightly in her hand and yanked it so hard that his body was actually lifted almost an inch from the bed. Rob let out an involuntary groan as Marie continued to pull hard on his cock while her other hand tugged on his balls. Without saying a word to him, Marie lowered her head and popped his aching prick into her drooling mouth.

Rob watched helplessly as Marie began to ravage his virgin manhood. He let out another groan, this one louder than the first, as she scraped her teeth over the swelled head of his cock. She then bent her head down lower and put her lips on his

balls. She sucked them into her mouth and bit into them with her surprisingly sharp teeth. Rob yelped out in pain as her teeth sank into his sensitive scrotum and the glands it contained. She let go of his ball-sack after a few torturous minutes. She lifted her head and gazed back down at Rob with that same crooked—and evil—grin on her drunken face. Rob knew, judging by that grin, that whatever she had planned for him *couldn't* be good.

Marie reached down and picked something off the floor. She held it up so Rob could see it. It was a small box. Marie shook it. Something rattled inside.

“You know what *this* is, Rob?” she asked him in that drunken slur of hers.

Rob’s answer came in the form of a cold stare.

“This is a box of birthday candles. Since it’s your birthday,” she continued unabated, “it is your birthday, ain’t it, Robby?” (He hated to be called “Robby,” *especially* by the likes of her!) Again, he didn’t answer her. “And do you know what I’m gonna *dooooo* with these candles, Robby?”

Once again, he gave no response. Just that same cold glare.

Marie was silent herself—*for once!* thought Rob—as she opened the box and took out all the candles. She threw the box on the floor and clutched the candles in her hand. Rob’s heart beat so hard and so fast that he could feel it thumping in his throat. He wasn’t sure *what* she was planning on doing with those candles, but he knew without a single doubt in his mind that he was about to find out.

Marie took one of the candles between the thumb and forefinger of her other hand and rubbed the base of the candle over his anus. The hardened wax felt cold on his aperture. He squirmed when she started to push it in. She pushed each of the

candles into his ass one by one until only the wicks were sticking out. She then stood alongside the bed and took off her clothes. Rob had never seen Marie naked before, and he wasn't impressed. (Of course, the box of candles that were now sticking out of his ass was keeping his mind preoccupied, to say the least!) She got into bed and crawled on top of him. She reached under her with one hand and took hold of his still-erect cock, causing Rob to squirm even more, though he wasn't able to move around too much since she had a tight grip on his cock. She straddled him until his erection had disappeared inside of her.

Being a virgin, Rob had never experienced the touch of a woman, and, with any other woman under any other circumstance, he would have been thrilled to death that he was about to lose his virginity. However, of all the words he could think of to describe how he was feeling at that particular moment, *thrilled* would be the least among them for sure.

Marie rode him hard and fast. He could hear her ass slapping his balls as her body bounced up and down on his. The pain was excruciating as it seemed the candles that Marie had embedded in his colon stretched his sphincter an inch or two more every time she brought her body down on his. Marie was not a gentle lover, but this certainly came as no surprise to Rob. He had no doubt his father liked it rough like this, but then, he learned years ago after his mother had died that his father liked *everything* rough. And, above all, he *wasn't* his father.

Marie rode him until he had a wailing orgasm inside of her. Rob didn't want to come—he didn't want to give the drunk-ass bitch on top of him the satisfaction—but he had little choice in the matter.

Marie rose up off Rob after he had come, and he breathed a small sigh of relief when he saw she was getting off him. But his relief was to only be temporary as she scooted towards the head of the bed until she was practically sitting on his face.

“I have a present for you, Robby!”

(He hated it when she called him Robby!)

Rob had just opened his mouth to speak when Marie mashed her pussy into his face and sat right on his opened mouth, forcing him to swallow *every* drop of his jism that he had just shot up into her. Rob thought he was going to puke when he felt his own salty-tasting semen drip into his mouth and slide down his tongue. Marie smiled sickly at him as she smothered his face with her wet, dripping pussy. After nearly a minute, Marie got off Rob's dribbling face and got out of his bed. Before leaving his room, she pulled all of the candles out of his ass all at once, making Rob feel both relief and more pain at the same time. She tossed the soiled candles across the bed and sniggered coldly when most of them landed and bounced off of Rob's motionless body.

“Happy birthday, *Robby!*” Marie derided him.

She left his room without saying another thing to him. Rob lay in his bed and didn't move—it was too painful—as he pondered the horror he was just forced to endure. He wasn't sure why, but he even wondered why his father didn't come to his rescue. *He was probably passed out drunk somewhere in the house like his bitch was when I went to bed,* Rob thought bitterly to himself, *or if he wasn't passed out drunk he probably didn't give a damn as always.* Rob scowled as another distressing thought entered his mind that his dear dad very likely wasn't in the house to begin with and was more than likely passed out drunk in some *other*

floozy's bed (he couldn't fuck just *one* drunk slut at a time, Rob also thought acrimoniously to himself). He *did* wind up telling his father the next day what Marie had done to him. Rob did so with the hope that—at least for once—he would act like a *real* father and throw the sorry, drunk ass bitch out like he should've done at the beginning. Instead, Rob received a backhand to the face (while Marie looked on grinning, of course), and *that* was the last straw for Rob.

Rob was awakened to the feeling of someone's hand reaching inside his boxers. A sick feeling of déjà vu swept over him like a nasty virus as he glared down and saw Betty—cowboy hat and all—taking his penis, which had become erect while he slept, in her clammy hand and pulling it out. With her calloused fingers wrapped tightly around his cock, she gazed up at him and grinned, showing her missing front teeth.

“Mornin’, Rob,” she said to him. “Sleep well?”

There was a distinct change in her voice that Rob *didn't* like. He knew what was going to happen, and he knew there was nothing he could do to stop it. Betty giggled like she was twenty or thirty years younger as she refocused her attention on the taut organ she was now holding in her hand. She wasted no time stuffing it in her mouth and down her craw. Rob watched helplessly as her head bobbed up and down on his cock, her chin smacking against his balls. She took her mouth off his penis and scooped up his balls in one hand. She sank her teeth into the tender skin of his scrotum and stretched it out, sending shivers of pain throughout Rob's lower body. Then, as if she was showing him some compassion, Betty licked the spots where she bit into him.

But any thoughts of Betty showing him any

kind of compassion or mercy quickly vanished as she bit his shaft all the way up to the swollen head of his cock. She scraped her teeth over his cock-head much in the same way that drunken bitch Marie had done to him, causing him to yelp out in pain the way he'd done when he was raped on the night of his birthday. He clawed at the blanket he was lying on and his eyes welled with tears as she continued to ravage his cock and balls to the point where he could actually see teeth marks on his cock (he didn't want to think how his balls looked!).

“Turn over, Rob,” she ordered, “and lift up your butt.”

Rob turned over onto his belly and pushed his butt in the air like she told him to do. She started spanking him on his ass using the palms of her hands. She used her left hand on his right buttock and vice versa. Rob cringed with each thwack, feeling the hot stings of her hands against his backside. She alternated between spanking hands, using equal force with each. Soon the color of his bottom changed from a pasty white to the brightest shade of crimson. She rubbed her hands slowly over his reddened, sore ass. Rob did breathe a sigh of relief when she did this as the feel of her hands—however rough and calloused they may have been—as they rubbed over him did sooth his swollen ass cheeks. But, there again, whatever relief he may have been feeling at that moment was to be short-lived as he raised his head and looked back at Betty where he saw her trying to insert all four fingers of her left hand into his asshole.

“Wh—what are you doing?” Rob asked her frantically.

Betty refused to answer him as she plunged her fingers deeper into his shit hole. A sadistic smile formed on Betty's face as she watched her own fin-

gers penetrate Rob's virgin orifice. Her smile grew even wider as she heard Rob beg for her to stop.

"Stop, oh please, stop," Rob begged Betty. "Please, oh please, I beg of you . . . stop . . ."

Needless to say, Betty had no intentions of stopping as she pushed her fingers even further inside Rob's anal opening.

The pain—and pleasure—of Betty's deliberate violation of his body caused Rob to want to scream out. But, in spite of Betty's continued thrusting of her digits deep inside his ass, he muffled back his screams. Even when Betty had gotten all of her fingers into him, he still refused to let himself go and scream out. However, when he felt Betty begin to insert her thumb into his anus causing her fingers to push past his sphincter, and with her fingertips nudging against his prostate, he couldn't hold himself back any longer. Rob screamed like a woman as he dropped his load. The sheer magnitude of his orgasm caused him to fall face-first on the blanket below him. His breathing was erratic as he lay there on the blanket, his head buried in the pillow, trying to recover from his powerfully immense climax.

Betty slipped her fist out of him and, after giving him a couple of extra pats on his extremely sore butt, returned to the front of the cab without another word. Rob couldn't believe how twice two different women had raped him in less than a week. He was beginning to have second thoughts about running away from home. But then he reasoned that if he didn't catch hell on the road, he'd most definitely catch hell at home. So, in the end, he figured what *was* the difference?

Rob passed out both from fatigue and from pain. The last sound he heard before drifting off into unconsciousness was the hum of the diesel engine as Betty started to drive away from the rest

area, humming another country ditty to herself like a twisted lullaby.

Rob was reawakened with a slap to the face and the gruff, raspy sound of Betty's voice.

"Wake up, sleepy head!"

Rob slowly opened his eyes and glared up at her with disdain.

"Here's where you get off, Rob."

Rob started to get up and felt a searing jolt of pain in his backside. He hoped he had dreamt the horrible events of the previous night, but the terrible pain in his rump proved to him otherwise. He made another embarrassing discovery when he saw his pants and boxers still pulled down around his knees from the night before when trucker Betty had her way with him. He quickly pulled up his shorts and pants while Betty watched him like a hawk, her mouth cracked into an annoying sneer. Rob grabbed his suitcase and headed out of the diesel cab. But, just as soon as he opened the door and was about halfway out the cab, Betty said to him, a hint of sarcasm in his voice, "See yuh later . . . *Robby.*"

"Thanks for the ride," he forced himself to say to her without looking at her, unable to think of anything more biting.

"Anytime."

He hopped out of the cab and slammed the diesel door shut, hoping the slam of the door would convey his rage to Betty and whoever else might be listening. As Betty started to drive away, Rob surveyed his current surroundings and found that Betty had dropped him off at a truck stop, and a busy one at that. He felt great relief as he watched Betty drive away in her big rig.

Good riddance to you, trucker Betty! Rob thought to himself. *I hope to God I never see you or*

~~~~~Satan's Daughters~~~~~

*your rig ever again! And the same goes for you,  
bitch Marie!*

Rob spotted a trucker getting into his diesel.  
He ran up alongside the truck hoping to catch another ride, thanking God *this* trucker was a man!

# DECEIVED

Carrie knew she was different ever since that day in grade school when her best friend Melissa lifted her dress to show her the yellow giraffes on her underwear and she got this funny feeling in her stomach. Growing up, she used to sneak peeks at her father's *Playboy* collection that he'd kept well hidden (or so he thought!) and compare the women's bodies in the magazines to her own. But there was much more to it than just youthful curiosity. Much, *much* more. She still liked boys, but, from time to time, she also found herself wanting to kiss the girls (and sometimes she wanted to do more than that!). There was something . . . *different* about girls that she found very arousing.

It wasn't until later that Carrie realized she was bisexual. At first she was ashamed of these feelings since she had grown up in a strict religious household that forbade such thought. Her father was a Baptist minister, and her mother stayed home because both her parents believed strongly that a woman's "place" was in the home to take care of the family.

Carrie tried to repress these thoughts and feelings, but, the more she suppressed them, the more often they returned to haunt her. It was only after she left home for college and experienced life more that she finally accepted the fact she had these feelings, but she still refused to act on them since that would go against her upbringing. But as she matured, the feelings became too powerful to suppress or control any longer, especially after she'd heard

the other girls speaking so explicitly and so amorously about *their* bisexual experiences. She decided that in order to quell these fantasies once and for all, she would have to experience what it was like—at least once—to be with another woman.

Carrie heard of this lesbian bar not far from campus called Club Femme. She figured this would be as good a place as any to find a willing participant to help fulfill her fantasy. She dressed one night in what she considered her sexiest outfit—knee-length skirt, blouse and heels—and, without telling anyone where she was going (for obvious reasons!), she drove to the club, hoping no one from school would be there to see what she was doing or attempting to do. She hesitated before going inside the club. She was having second thoughts about what she set out to do, but this is what she wanted to do—this is what she *had* to do—and, by God, she was going to go through with it come hell or high water.

She took a deep breath and got out of her car. She checked herself in the rearview mirror one more time before going inside. The club was packed with wall-to-wall women with nary a man in sight. Some of the women were the butch lesbian type Carrie had heard about—crew-cuts, flannel shirts, combat boots—while the other women were quite feminine indeed. Carrie took in another deep breath and sauntered over to the bar when she ordered herself a drink that she had seen her father drink from time to time, a martini. The rather butch-looking bartender brought Carrie her drink. She took a sip of it and grimaced at the taste. This was her first time imbibing any type of alcohol, and she couldn't understand how *anyone* could develop a taste for the stuff. But Carrie, of course, wasn't there to get plastered. She was there for one reason

and one reason only.

She gazed about the club with the hope of finding someone who'd be willing to help her fulfill her fantasy, and she saw several potential candidates. Then one girl who was walking—and staring—in her direction caught her eye. Carrie wasn't sure if this woman was staring at *her* or someone else at the bar. She didn't want to be presumptuous, so she would allow her to make the first move. Besides, she was so nervous her heart was in her throat and her hands were trembling slightly. Carrie tried not to look at the woman as she stood next to her at the bar and ordered a drink for herself.

"I'll have a Bloody Mary," the woman said to the bartender in a deep, husky voice. She then nodded her head in Carrie's direction and added, "And give *her* another of whatever she's having."

After she said that, there was no doubt this woman had indeed been staring at her and not someone else. Carrie turned around on her bar stool and looked at the woman. She was quite attractive, Carrie observed, with long blonde hair that came halfway down her back and her svelte figure. She was wearing a light blue mini-skirt and a white sleeveless top and open-toed high heels. Her fingernails and her toenails were painted purple. Her face was covered in makeup, so much makeup, in fact, that it looked like she was trying to hide something. The woman returned Carrie's look and smiled, showing her near perfect except for the small gap between her two front teeth.

"Hi," the woman said. "I'm Gia."

Carrie leaned her head forward and smiled back. "I'm Carrie."

"Hi, Carrie." There was a pause as Gia sipped her Bloody Mary. "So," she placed her drink back atop the bar, "I've never seen you in here before."

“It’s my first time.”

“Oh,” Gia replied, nodding.

The conversation continued unabated until both women lost track of time. Eventually Gia asked Carrie the inevitable “your place or mine” question.

“Uh . . . well . . . I . . .” Carrie stammered, not being sure how to answer.

Gia put her ruby-red lips up to Carrie’s ear and whispered, “How about we go back to *my* place?”

Carrie was somewhat relieved Gia had taken the initiative. “Oh, okay,” she said.

When Carrie reached into her purse to pay for her drink, Gia touched her arm gently and said with a purr, “That’s okay. I’ve got it.”

Carrie grinned and said, “Thanks.”

After Gia laid down money for their drinks (plus a generous tip for the bartender), she and Carrie walked away from the bar and left Club Femme in Carrie’s car. Gia gave Carrie directions to her place on the way. Gia lived almost one mile away from the club in a small apartment complex. Gia’s apartment was small, but it looked comfortable enough for one person.

Carrie opened her mouth to say something, anything, to try to calm her nerves, but Gia again took the initiative as she took Carrie in her arms and gave her a long, deep, passionate kiss. Carrie had been kissed only twice before by a couple of boys she knew—once when she was fourteen by a boy whom she was friends with and who was a member of her church congregation by the name of Bobby (they kissed just to see what it felt like), and again at eighteen at a graduation party her parents reluctantly agreed to let her attend when a boy she did not know who was obviously drunk kissed her without her permission.

But she was surprised at how similar Gia's kiss was to those boys. It was almost like she was kissing another man and not a woman.

Gia pulled herself away from a surprised—but aroused—Carrie. Carrie instinctively moved her shaky hand down towards Gia's crotch and made a startling discovery when she felt something between her legs that even *she* knew shouldn't have been there. She gazed down as she lifted Gia's mini-skirt where she immediately saw that unmistakable bulge in the crotch of her panties.

"Is this . . . what I *think* it is?" Carrie asked Gia flabbergasted.

Gia remained silent while Carrie pulled down her panties to uncover the truth Gia had been hiding under her mini-skirt.

Gia was a man.

When Carrie saw Gia's manly genitalia dangling between *his* legs, something inside of her just snapped and she flew into a rage. She grabbed Gia's limp penis and tugged hard on it.

"What is this?" Carrie demanded angrily. "Just what in the hell is *this*?"

Carrie didn't normally curse nor had she even become *this* enraged before. But, the way she saw it, Gia—or whatever "her" name was—had robbed her of the chance to free herself of this fantasy that had been haunting her for so long. And, as God was her witness, she was going to make *him* pay.

Gia's cock grew hard under Carrie's taut grip. Carrie wasn't sure if this was an involuntary response or not, but she didn't care. Gia's cock was smaller than average, but Carrie didn't care about that, either. Carrie ripped Gia's top open and was taken aback when his breasts spilled out. They looked like women's breasts, at least a cup size bigger than hers, the nipples standing firmly erect. She

cupped her hands around them and squeezed. There was an abnormal hardness to them, and Carrie knew without having to ask him *why* that was.

“You have implants, don’t you?” she asked Gia.

“Y—yes, I do.”

Curious to see what another woman’s tits tasted like, even if they *were* on a man, Carrie bent over and sucked one of his nipples into her mouth. Wanting Gia to pay for his deception, Carrie scraped her teeth over his hardened nipple, causing Gia to groan out in pain. She turned her attention to his other breast and scraped her teeth over that nipple, making Gia cry out in even more pain. She tortured Gia’s breasts and nipples with her teeth. Gia’s eyes watered and she let out several murmurs and moans as Carrie did this to him.

When she was done, there were noticeable teeth marks on both of Gia’s breasts, particularly around his nipples. But Carrie wasn’t finished making Gia pay for his deliberate deception. Not by a long shot. She grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed him to the floor.

“Get up!” she shouted, glowering at him.

Gia slowly arose, giving Carrie the chance to grab him again and shove him down on the couch behind him. Carrie was surprised when she saw him grab his erection and begin to stroke it as if he was actually turned on by her manhandling him, which apparently he was. This gave her an idea. She bent over and put her mouth up to his ear the way he did to her earlier at the bar.

“I want you to play with yourself for me,” she half-whispered in his ear, making it sound more like a command than a request.

Gia didn’t hesitate stroking his cock harder. Carrie sat on the floor and watched with wide-eyed amazement as Gia masturbated for her. He was



stroking himself so hard that his smallish balls bounced up and down with each stroke of his hand. Gia closed his eyes and threw his head back as he stroked himself harder and faster. He gritted his teeth and growled like some horny animal. He opened his mouth wide and let out a loud moan as he came in spurts all over his hand. He thrust his body forward and clutched the sofa cushions with his free hand as the final drops of his semen spurted out of the hole of his cock and flowed over his hand.

This gave Carrie another idea.

“Do it again,” she told him.

“W—what?” Gia exclaimed breathily, gazing at her.

“I said do it again,” she reiterated.

Gia took his hand off his softening prick and gazed down at it.

“I—I can’t,” he protested.

Carrie grinned mischievously as she sat on her knees and put her mouth up to his ear again.

“You like doing it with guys, don’t you?” she asked him, her voice again a half-whisper.

Gia batted his eyes at her. “What?” he repeated.

“I said you like doing it with guys, don’t you?” Carrie repeated herself. “You like it when guys fuck you up the ass. I mean you *are* one of those trans-vestites, aren’t you?”

Gia was perplexed by the sudden change in Carrie’s behavior.

“Well . . . yeah,” he admitted.

“Well, then,” she began, giving his ear a lick, “I believe you know of a way you can do it again, don’t you?”

“Yes,” he said in a breathy voice, “I do.”

Carrie smiled as she sat back down on the floor

to watch the show. Gia began by exploring his anus with the tips of his fingers then he started to push them in. Carrie had seen something like this only once before when she was younger and she stumbled upon a magazine that she found buried underneath a pile of clothes in her mother's bedroom closet. (She knew it was wrong of her to snoop around in her parents' bedrooms—her parents slept in separate rooms—but, like any curious young girl, she wanted to know what, if anything, her parents were trying to hide from her.) It was a pornographic magazine, but not just *any* pornographic magazine. It was a gay pornographic magazine. Carrie thumbed through the magazine and saw men engaged in sexual acts that were shocking to Carrie's young, virgin eyes. One image in particular that was burned into her brain was of a man dressed as a woman shoving his fist into his ass while he masturbated. The caption above the full-color picture read in black capital letters: FISTING TRANSVESTITE. Carrie never told her mother—nor especially her father—what she found, but her image of her parents as being perfect was forever shattered (she had, of course, found similar pornographic material in her father's bedroom of women engaged in similar acts as the men she saw in her mother's magazine). But those images she saw never left her mind, particularly that *one* image of the fisting transvestite. And now it seemed that picture was being played out in real life right before her very eyes.

Before long, Gia's hand was buried in his asshole wrist deep. His face twisted and contorted not only from pain but also from pleasure. Gia's cock also popped up hard a second time due to the increased pressure on his prostate. He grabbed it and started stroking it as hard and as fast as before while he thrust his fist in and out of his rectum.

Carrie, as she watched Gia simultaneously fist and masturbate himself, slipped her fingers under her dress and into her moistening panties where she started fingering herself. Gia fisted and jerked himself much harder and faster until he came, the amount of his ejaculation more copious than before.

Carrie came soon after, her fingers nearly submerged in her twat. Carrie then stood and took off her soaked panties. Gia had barely gotten his fist out of his ass when Carrie stood on the sofa and straddled his feminine-looking face. Carrie could hear his muffled moans of protest as she smothered his face with her pussy. She grabbed his hair and pushed her quim deeper into his face and rode his face until she came again. She got off Gia, his face smeared with makeup, and hopped off the couch. Carrie put her panties back on and looked at Gia, who was slumped on the couch and breathing heavily, one last time before leaving her apartment.

Carrie never went back to Club Femme and she certainly *never* went back to see Gia. Carrie *did* eventually get to live out her longtime fantasy of being with another woman, but that's a *different* story altogether.