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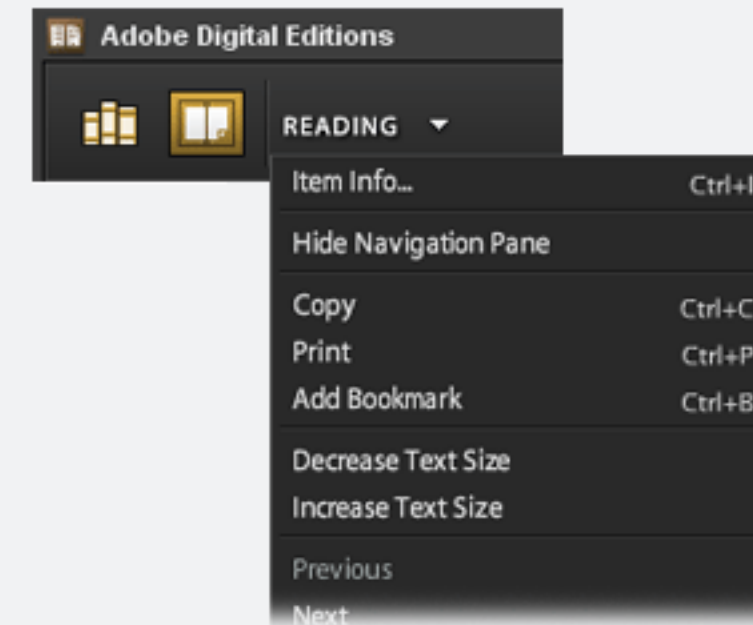
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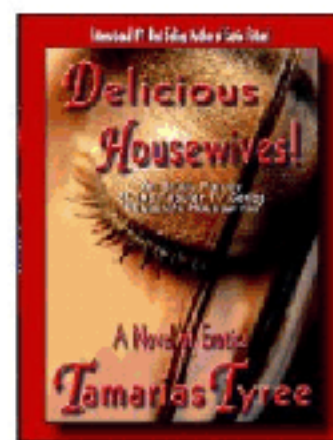
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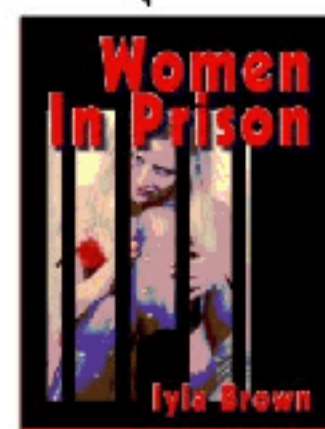


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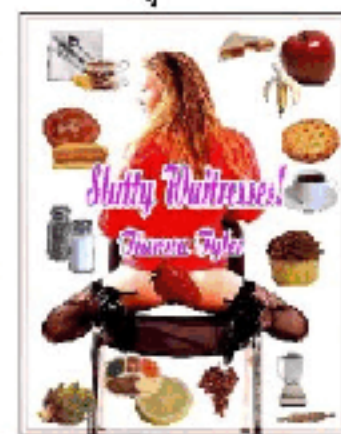
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ISBN:

978-1-60209-038-5

1-60209-038-6

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# Her Wicked Father-In-Law

An Erotic Novel

By

Cassidy Lake

## Chapter 1

Mrs. Sue Fletcher was napping on the couch, so she didn't hear the large man enter the house through the kitchen door. He was feeling her up before she realized her privacy had been invaded. When her eyes fluttered open, he was leaning over her. He had a big work-callused hand between her legs and was cupping her crotch.

"About time you woke up, Sleeping Beauty," he slurred, leering down at her with an obscene expression on his beard-stubbed face. His hot breath fairly reeked with whiskey.

"Ohmygod!" Sue gasped.

It was a warm spring day. Housework had made her hot and sweaty so, being alone, she had stripped down to her sheer nylon panties before lying down to rest. Out of modesty and fear, she attempted to cover her exposed breasts with her hands. Instinctively trying to protect her virtue, the young bride clamped shut her long, shapely legs. This only trapped the man's brazen hand between her creamy thighs and locked it tighter against her scantily clad groin.

"What are you doing here," she yelped, "at this ti-time of the day?"

"Feeling your cunt, you sexy little wench," he said, increasing the pressure until she could feel the tips of his lewdly probing fingers stuffing the narrow strip of nylon into her crack.

"You're drunk!" she accused, forgetting her tits as she grabbed his muscular forearm and shoved futilely at it with all her might, which wasn't much because she was recuperating from a miscarriage and was still rather weak.

"Guess I am a little under the influence," he admitted, keeping at her. "Finished that remodeling job ahead of schedule. Me and the boys had a few to celebrate. Want some pussy now. Some of your pussy, Suzy baby. Open them legs and let old Hub pet that pretty little muff."

"No, Hub, don't," she whined, trying to reason with him. He was her stepfather-in-law. Her husband's mother was dead. She and Doug had moved in with his stepdad because Doug was attending college on the G.I. Bill and Sue had had to quit her job due to pregnancy. Hub had

agreed to give the room and board in return for Sue's housekeeping services. "You mustn't treat me this way, Hub!"

He hooked his powerful fingers under the secretion band of her nylon panties and yanked them down to her knees.

"Hub, no! Please! What's come over you? I'm your daughter-in-law! Your son's wife!"

"My stepson's wife," he corrected, whisking her underpants on down her legs and tugging them off over her flailing feet. "There's no blood relation between Doug and me. Wouldn't bother me none right now even if there was. Hot damn, just look at you. Only nineteen and pretty as they come. You're real tender stuff, Suzy baby. Come on now, be good to me. I ain't had no teen-age twat in years and years."

He flung away her panties, leaving her completely naked. She was still groggy from her nap, sort of dazed and confused. This sordid happening didn't seem real. Even as he pried her legs apart and started fondling her privates flesh to flesh, she still couldn't believe that her husband's stepfather would actually treat her in such a grossly vulgar manner. Oh, she knew he'd been lusting after her, all right, from the way she'd caught him looking at her when he thought no one noticed, but she'd never dreamed he would ever really try anything with her.

"Hub, you'd better stop it," she warned him icily. "I'll tell Doug."

"Think I give a crap?" he hooted, grinning lewdly as he held her down and probed the end of his thick middle finger into the moist warmth of her furry slot. "Tell him. If he don't like it, the two of you can move to hell out."

"Ooooh," she whimpered, as his knobby-knuckled finger embedded itself into her defenseless vagina. "Hub, you . . . you know we can't move out. We're broke, and we've got all those medical bills to pay!"

She could tell by his lecherous expression that pleading would do no good. Struggling didn't, either. Hub was a big, rough-cut man, six-foot-two, with the strength of a bull. He was a contractor who'd worked with his hands all his life. He could toss sacks of cement around like they weighed nothing.

When Sue slapped him in desperation, he slapped her back and then imprisoned both her wrists in one of his ham-like hands. There was nothing she could do but lie there and let him abuse her. Tears of shame and humiliation overflowed her eyes as he held her helpless and stroked his knobby finger in and out of the feminine slit between her legs.

"Oh, please, Hub . . . nooh . . . please don't," she begged, blinking piteously up at him. "Leave me alone, damn it!"

"You've paraded that cute little ass in front of me once too often, baby. The teasing's over. It's time to pay up."

"I never teased you!" she wailed, attempting to scoot up and disimpale herself from his passion-provoking finger. She had to get free of it, because his indecent manipulations were getting to her against her will.

"Bullshit, you never teased me," he barked. "How about all the times you've sashayed around in them shortie nightgowns, switching your bottom and rolling them baby-blue eyes my way?"

"I-I . . ." her voice trailed off. She couldn't deny his accusation. Her only defense was a plaintive whine of, "I just didn't th-think. I never did it to tease you. I didn't, I didn't! Honest, I didn't!"

"The devil you didn't. Maybe you didn't realize how you were affecting me, but I think you did. No matter now. You've got my tongue hanging out, whether you meant to do it or not, you little cock-teaser, and I mean to cut me a piece of you, here and now!"

"But Doug!"

"Piss on Doug!"

In addition to finger-fucking her, he leaned over and orally engulfed one of her tender pink nipples. His lips tightened around the tumescent aureole and he sucked down hard, scrubbing the sensitive nipple itself with the roughened upper surface of his tongue. The wet heat of his hungrily suctioning mouth sent an unwanted thrill arching through her.

"Ooooh . . . oh, nooh," she pleaded, thrashing about in a desperate attempt to break free.

It was no use. Her strength didn't compare to his. He overpowered her and held her defenseless as he went from one erogenous coral cone to the other, pleasuring them with his mouth while his thick finger jabbed incessantly within her responsively secreting gap.

Sue couldn't help responding. She didn't want to be unfaithful to Doug, but his stepfather was working her up against her will. He had her panting for breath. He was making her pussy juicy and slick. When he had her good and hot, he stood up and dropped his pants and shorts.

"Take a look at it, Suzy," He skinned back his huge prick and brandished it at her. "You ever had a prong this size, little girl?"

"No, never," she gasped. She'd been a virgin bride. Her husband's was the only peter she'd had, and Doug's was puny compared to his stepdad's. Hub's was half again as long and nearly twice as big around. Sue couldn't take her shocked eyes off it. "You're hung like a . . . like a horse!"

"Yeah, heh, heh, and you want it too, don't you? Crammed right up into that hot little belly of yours."

"Oh, no," she whined, shaking her head. "Oh, jeez, no!"



"Well, that's tough shit, cock-teaser, because you're gonna get it anyway," he growled, stepping out of his pants and shorts and kicking them across the floor.

Sue leaped off the couch, thinking that if she could get to her and Doug's bedroom and lock herself inside, she would be safe. Hub was drunk and horny, half out of his skull, but surely he wouldn't break down a locked door to get at her, Sue reasoned.

Perhaps he wouldn't have, if she had got to her room, only she didn't make it to there. He caught her by the wrist and flung her back down onto the couch.

"Ohdeargod!" she yelped, springing back up, her eyes wide with terror.

She tried to dash past him but he caught her again. This time instead of flinging her back onto the couch, he wrestled her down onto it. His lust-twisted visage loomed menacingly above her. She clamped shut her legs but he wedged his knees between hers and pried them apart.

"No! Stop it! Don't, Hub! No, damn it, NO!" she wailed, reaching down between her legs, clapping both hands over her pussy in a desperate attempt to protect it.

Hub's eyes were glassy now. He was snorting like a bull. As if she had no strength at all, he grabbed her wrists, jerked up her arms and pinned her hands to the couch cushion beside her shoulders.

"Turn me loose!" she whined piteously, thrashing about in a frantic effort to avoid being penetrated by him. "Don't rape me! Please don't rape me!"

When she felt the feverish cockhead of his massive organ brushing the insides of her thighs, Sue panicked. Her heart skipped a beat and then began pounding wildly against her heaving rib cage. The soles of her bare feet shoved down at the couch. She hurled herself upward, attempting to arch her back and buck him off her. Again and again she tried, but she couldn't budge him. Whereas Sue was only five foot four, 118 pounds of soft and curvaceous femininity, Hub stood over six feet tall and was 220 pounds of solid muscle. When Sue fell back winded and weak, all her frenzied struggling had bought her was another moment of purity.

Adding insult to injury, he laughed at her and told her she was a silly little bitch. Sue burst into tears. She'd never felt so helpless and humiliated in all her life. In a last-ditch effort to free herself, she instinctively lunged at his hairy forearm and sank her teeth into it, trying to bite a hunk out of him.

He howled with the pain of it. Her teeth had broken the skin. She could taste his blood. Instead of deterring him, however, this turned him into even more of an animal. He squeezed her wrists so hard that Sue feared he might pinch her hands right off her arms. She could feel the gristly head of his rampant erection poking erratically at her groin, trying to bore its own hole since it couldn't locate the one nature had put there.

Then the blind eye of his demanding member found its target. She whimpered. Her teeth lost their grip on his bleeding forearm as she felt the stretching pain of the in-boring knob. He worked about two-thirds of the huge cockhead into her too small gap and then he hunched her brutally, plunging the rest of his over-sized phallus into her with one viciously impaling lunge.

"AARGH!" Sue screamed, her mouth flying open and her head falling back. "IT HURTS! OH, DEAR GOD, DEAR GODDD!!"

"Serves you right!" he hissed, fucking into her hard and fast from the very start. "You brought the blood! Damn you, I'll teach you to bite me like that!"

He powered the pole to her. His hairy buttocks jerked spastically up and down, as if he meant to pound a hole through the small of her back with the hard peen of his punishing hammer.

"Let up!" she gasped, wincing, cringing, making fists. "Oh, please, please . . . not so hard! You're ki-killing me!"

There was no mercy in him. A hard prick has no conscience, and besides, he wanted to hurt her to pay her back for biting him. He was drunk and horny enough not to give a damn about the consequences of forcing his lustful attentions on his pretty young stepdaughter-in-law. She had a tight, hot little cunt on her. Now that he was into her, he wouldn't be coming out until he'd emptied that big rusty load from his aching balls into the very depths of her heaving belly.

Sue's head snapped from side to side. She bit her lip. Her fingernails dug into her palms as she made tight fists against the pain and indignity of this vulgar sexual assault upon her innocent body. How could he abuse her this way? Her own husband's stepfather! If he didn't kill her with his penis, she was sure she would die from the shame of it.

And then, much to Sue's dismay, the terrible pain of being penetrated by so formidable a weapon ebbed swiftly away. He was still hurting her, only now it was starting to hurt good!

"Oh, nooh," she wailed, trying to deny the bursts of pleasure that his incessantly stabbing rod sent rippling up her spine.

It was no use. The unwanted pleasure was every bit as real as the pain it was crowding out of her violated loins, and it was mushrooming rapidly. Instead of cringing, as it had at first, her well-rounded bottom began squirming sensually now. She tried to lie still - telling herself she was being raped and there was nothing she could do about it - but lying still soon became a physical impossibility. Her Judas loins began undulating.

"Getting good to you, is it?" he slurred.

Sue gritted her teeth. She squinted shut her eyes and shook her head no. But it was getting good to her. Not only was he taking her against her will, he was making her like it, too! Sue didn't dare let him know it. Admitting it to herself was bad enough, for this betrayal by her body made her feel so cheap and dirty that she wished she could die.

He guffawed and kept right on riding her like a stallion stud-servicing an unwilling broodmare. Her facial expression changed and, a moment later, her eyelids blinked open reluctantly. She gazed up at him through eyes that were turning as glassy as his.

"You know you've got a cock in you . . . don't you, Suzy baby?"

She nodded dumbly. The room seemed to be revolving luridly around her. It was difficult for her to breathe. Her desire was taking her over, wresting control of her feverish body away from her numbed mind. The muscles in her legs were twitching. She wanted to scream. Her hips were lifting toward him and she couldn't stop them.

"Your twat's getting nice and juicy now," he said. "That's it, throw it up to me. Go on. Oh, yeah, yeah! Tell me you don't like it now!"

"You bastard," she hissed, as she gave in to the overwhelming urge and started humping it up to him. "You dirty, no-good heel!"

"Getting to you, am I? Yeah, I can tell I am, so you might as well admit it. Come on, admit it. You don't have to say anything, just grunt like the sexy pig you are.

"Don't talk to me that way," she sobbed, shedding bitter tears of shame and guilt even as she coiled her legs around his and started working with him. "I can't help myself! I can't, I can't! Oh, damned, wha-what are you doing to me?!"

"Fucking you, he chortled. "And you like it, too!"

"Yes, yes," she panted, forcing her feet in under his shins so she could use his legs for leverage. "God help me, because I do like it! Ooooh . . . rape me . . . rape me harder!"

Sue was responding to Hub as she'd never responded to her own loving husband. Partly this was due to the wicked charge she was now experiencing over being taken forcibly, but mostly it was due to the way Hub was ravishing her. Doug had always been gentle with her because he respected and loved her. When Doug made love to her, he did so sweetly and tenderly. This was an entirely different brand of sex from what Sue was used to with her husband. Hub was a brute. He was treating her like a slut, ramming that huge dong of his roughly in and out of her with callous disregard for her as a person. Whereas Doug always tried to please her and invariably failed, his drunken stepfather was only out to please himself and, ironically, he was turning her on like crazy. His coarse masculinity struck the dormant cord of her submissive female nature. It was as if he'd awakened a hidden part of her personality that she'd never known existed until this moment.

"Oh, God," she moaned, matching him stroke for stroke. "I love it . . . your big fat dick! Ohhh! Mmmm! Oh, do it, Daddy . . . fuck me good!"



She nuzzled her face into the sweaty crook of his neck, her lips going, Smack, smack, smack! as she kissed his neck passionately. When he released her wrists, instead of trying to hit him or scratch him as she would've only brief moments earlier, she flung her arms around his hairy torso and hugged him to her as if she thought he was the dearest thing in all the world.

"I had your number all along, didn't I, you little tramp?" he rasped, banging away at her.

Sue tried to tell him that he had her all wrong, that she'd been a virgin bride and had remained faithful to Doug until this very afternoon, but he wouldn't believe her. He called her a lying little whore and accused her of all sorts of marital indiscretions. She gave up trying to convince him otherwise. Let him think what he wanted, was her passion-fogged reasoning, because his massive organ felt wonderful plowing into her and that was all she really cared about at the moment.

"Ohh, ohh, ohh," Sue chanted, as the rutting slam continued.

The springs in the couch were squeaking and popping.

"Shake it, Suzy baby! Shake that hot ass!"

His vulgar remarks egged her on. This was raw and primitive sex. They were going at it like a couple of wild animals, their perspiration-sheened abdomens clapping together wetly in mid-air. Sue had never been so hot in all her life. If Doug had walked in the door right then, she couldn't have stopped.

"You're a hunk of fuckstuff," Hub hissed. "And that's all you are! Just a cheating, cock-crazy tart!"

"Fuck me, you stud horse bastard," she pleaded, hunching up to him, raking his buttocks with her fingernails. "Just shut up and . . . ooouuuu . . . fuck me! Harder! Faster! Oh, Lord, it's good . . . soo good! Stuff it up me! Oh, you brute . . . darling man . . . go, go . . . ram me . . . rip me . . . call me dirty names if you must . . . only don't stop screwing me! Oh, Daddy, Daddy . . . hump it tooo me!"

He had her juices flowing, and his thick prick had her hairy hole plugged up too tight for her slippery secretions to dribble out. They built up inside her until they could be heard sloshing around in her vagina. Her steaming pussy started making lascivious squishing and sucking noises around his driving dong. They were both sweating and panting. His big hairy testicles whacked her in the rump repeatedly, making lewd splats as they slapped rapid-fire into her ass crack.

Sue thought she might lose her mind and didn't much give a hoot if she did. She'd never had such a long, rough hosing as this, not to mention the larger size of the hose being socked up her. Doug would've already gone off by now, leaving her hanging as he always did, but Hub was still going strong. Sue could feel an orgasm building within her. She'd read what it was like but had never had one herself, so she wanted it desperately. Even if it was only half as good as it felt like it might be, it would be marvelous! She had to have it, just this once, because she feared she might never get this close to one again.

"Hurry, hurry," she cried, bucking her greedy cunt up to him as she tugged at his butt to help him screw into her all the harder and faster. He couldn't go deeper; the head of his pistoning prong was already banging against the neck of her uterus, making that pear-shaped organ of femininity bob up and down like a cork on a wind-swept lake. "I think I'm . . . going to come! God, I want to . . . how I want to! Push me! Push me over! Oh, God . . . yes . . . YES!"

Hub was close, too. His balls had already drawn up against his body. They were quivering with the need to release their burdensome load. He poured on the coals. Sue stayed right with him. Nothing could hold her back now. This was the most exciting moment of her life. She was going to make it this time. For another frantic few seconds, they screwed like mad with the springs of the couch squawking raspingly beneath their wildly bucking bodies.

Then Sue lost the cadence. Her body went rigid and bowed upward. Hub drove her lovely rump back down onto the couch and kept cramming the meat to her. She whimpered mournfully and began shaking all over. This was just the beginning of her climax, the pre-orgasmic tightenings that pulled deliciously at her blood-congested loins.

"WWWHHHAAAAHHHHHHHH!!" she screamed, throwing back her head and digging her fingernails into his muscular ass cheeks when the full force of her first-ever orgasm washed over her like a surging tidal wave of a tropical sea.

She had jerked him into her right up to his tight nuts, and he had no desire to back away. Her snug sheath clamped down around his fully inserted prick, squeezing it like a velvety vise.

"Jeez," he rasped, letting the pleasure of it bathe over him, for her little blond box was not only tight and steaming hot; now that she was coming it had turned into one of those rarest and most sought-after cunts - a snapping pussy! The involuntary contractions of her sex muscles caused her silky vagina to clutch spasmodically at his dong. It was as if she were milking the sperm up from his quivering balls. "UUNNN," he groaned, and then, gruntingly, "UNG, UNG, UNG!"

With every jangling nerve in her keyed-up body Sue could feel the twitching of his dick and the big sticky hot jets of ejaculate he was spurting up into her belly. It was gushing out of him under terrific pressure, actually splatting against the tender mouth of her womb. Lost in the carnal rapture of the orgasmic moment, Sue dimly recalled without really caring that the doctor hadn't put her on the Pill yet.

"YOU'RE COMING TOO!" she bleated. "I CAN FEEL YOU! OOOHHH! OH, GAWD, GGAAWWDD . . . COME, Daddy, COMMME . . . SHOOT IT OUT . . . DEEP AND HOT AND . . . SWE-SWEEETTT!!!"

He emptied his balls in her, both of them shuddering ecstatically, with Sue sobbing brokenly while he grunted groaningly in the age-old fashion of the male planting his seed.

The coming was fantastic but all too brief. Afterward Sue felt dirty and degraded. As the heat of her insane passion ebbed away, she slipped into a state of mild shock that befuddled her mind and turned her body numb.

"Let me up," she said dully.

"It hasn't gone soft yet," he said. "Let me catch my breath . . . and we'll have another go at it."

"Let me up," she repeated tonelessly.

"Why? What's the rush?"

"I'm afraid you might've knocked me up. You didn't wear a rubber."

"Oh, my God," he groaned. "I thought you were on the Pill!"

"The doctor said he would prescribe it, but he hasn't yet. I go for an examination tomorrow. He said he'd tell me then if it was all right for Doug and me to start having marital relations again."

"You mean . . . this is the first time . . . since you got out of the hospital?"

Sue nodded like a robot.

"Why didn't you TELL ME?" he yelled.

"Would it have made any difference if I had? Would you have believed 'A lying little whore?' I believe that's what you called me, isn't it, when I tried to tell you you were ruining a decent wife?"

"You mean . . . I really am the only other man besides Doug? Oh, good jeezy, what have I done?!"

"You've raped me, that's what you've done. Now kindly pull your filthy dick out of me and let me up so I can go take a douche."

Hub couldn't back his wilting penis out of her fast enough. He seemed considerably more sober now, and was getting nervous as he realized the full extent of his criminal act. "Wait a minute now," he said as he helped Sue up. "I'll admit I manhandled you a little bit, maybe more than I should have, but you got half the fun and all the gravy, honey, so get off that rape shit, huh?"

"You . . . raped . . . me. Raped me. RAPED ME!"

"All right," he, gulped, sweating blood. "I guess maybe I did, sort of, but I didn't mean it that way, damn it! I'm sorry. Do you hear me? I'm sorry!"



"Not half as sorry as you're going to be, you uncouth sonofabitch," she mumbled, picking up her clothes.

"Huh? What did you say? Hey, listen, you're not really going to tell Doug about this, are you?"

"You're damned right I'm going to tell him!" she hissed, dashing for the bathroom.

## Chapter 2

But Sue didn't tell her husband. She was too ashamed because of the way she'd turned on to being raped. When Doug got home that evening, Sue gave him his supper, and saying she wasn't hungry, sat down to have a cup of coffee with him while he ate. Only she couldn't meet his gaze as they sat across the table from one another, and it was impossible for her to make small talk.

"What's the matter, honey?" Doug Fletcher, a handsome, brown-haired young man of twenty-two who was a Vietnam veteran, finally asked his bride.

"Nothing," Sue mumbled, staring at a spot on the table halfway between them as she absently twisted a strand of her naturally curly blond hair which cascaded sexily down over her shoulders.

"You look like you lost your last friend."

"It's nothing," she snapped. "I'm just, ah, not feeling so good, is all. In fact, I think I'll just go to bed now, if you don't mind, dear. I've got this splitting headache," she lied, because she needed an excuse to get out of his sight before she burst into tears again, as she'd been doing on and off all afternoon.

"Sure, honey, go ahead. Don't worry about the dishes, I'll wash them."

"You're so good and kind," Sue muttered, getting up from the table. "I don't deserve a husband like you," she added whiningly as she darted from the room so he wouldn't see the tears welling up in her eyes.

It was nearly nine that night when Hubert (Hub) Copeland came staggering bleary-eyed into the house after spending hours in a bar belting down straight shots of whiskey with beer chasers. He weaved his way into the lighted kitchen, where Doug was studying. Bracing himself against the table, Hub leaned over in front of Doug and stuck out his chin.

"Take a poke at me," Hub said, his words running together, barely intelligible because of the amount of alcohol he'd consumed. "Kick my worthless ass good, 'cause I got it comin' and I know it."

Doug grinned good-naturedly. "You're drunk, Hub. Go to bed, why don't you, and sleep it off." Doug had joined the service only a couple of months after Hub had married his now deceased mother, so he and his stepfather were pretty much strangers to one another.

"You ain't gonna let me get away with it, are you?" Hub asked incredulously.

"Get away with what?"

"Then I guess she didn't tell you after all, huh?"

"Tell me what? Who, Sue? Hub, what are you talking about?"

"Should'da kept my big mouth shut," Hub mumbled, sinking dejectedly into a chair. He leaned forward with his elbows on the table and craddled his rather coarse-featured face in his huge hands. "No, I should'da kept it in my pants, that's what I should'da done . . . and wish to God I had," he muttered, looking as well as sounding like a man in misery. "I gotta tell you, boy. I done somethin' awful and I gotta tell you 'cause my cons-conscience is givin' me fits."

Sensing that something really was wrong, Doug began to tense up.

"Finished that remodelin' job early," Hub began. "Me and the boys tipped a few to celebrate. When I got home, it was in the middla the afternoon, Sue was takin' a nap. She was layin' on the couch. All she had on was a pair'a panties and, well, I couldn't help gettin' me an eyeful, now could I?"

Doug began to squirm uneasily. "Aw hell, Hub," he said, trying to make light of it. "I don't guess you seeing her that way hurt anything. She shouldn't have been on the couch, anyway. If she wanted to take a nap, she should've gone to our bedroom and closed the door. I'll talk to her. It won't happen again."

"You don' understand," Hub replied impatiently. "I done more than just look at her, damn me. A whole lot more. I ought to be horsewhipped for what I done to that poor sweet innocent little wife of yours! I was drunk. I lost my head. I didn't know what I was doin' till I'd already done it!"

Automatically Doug's hands clenched into fists. His eyes narrowed down and the right corner of his mouth began twitching spastically. "Maybe you'd better tell me just exactly what happened."

Without holding anything back except the way Sue had turned on to being manhandled and taken against her will, Hub told Doug everything, as best he could recall it himself. He kept repeating over and over that it was all his fault, that Doug shouldn't blame Sue in any way for what had happened. He never used the word rape, but he did admit to ripping Sue's underpants off her and holding her down to get his dick into her. To prove that Sue had fought against him, he showed Doug his tooth-wounded forearm.

At first Doug couldn't believe his ears. He sat there in a state of mounting horror, literally shaking with rage. But then, as Hub went on speaking, Doug could almost see it happening in his mind's eye and, to his embarrassment and shame, he began to experience a vicarious thrill. His heart beat faster. His prick sprang up hard as a bone. The most delicious ache held ever known spread through his loins and tugged at the pit of his stomach. Doug was mortified by his perverted emotional response but, God forgive him, he secretly wished he could've seen his big brute of a stepfather cramming that great dong into his pure and innocent bride, the way he'd seen Hub cramming it to his pleasure-sobbing mother when he'd sneakily spied on them in bed after Hub had married his widowed mother - for his father's life insurance money Doug had thought, until he'd observed them making wild passionate love.

"If you want to kick the pure old shit out of me, I won't lift a finger to you while you're stompin' on my worthless ass," Hub offered, after he'd confessed in full. "I'll let you tie my hands behind my back 'fore you start in on me. Honest to God, I deserve it. God knows, I deserve it!"

Doug agreed that his stepfather deserved a thrashing. He was tempted to give it to him, too, to tie Hub's hands and beat the sonofabitch to within an inch of his vulgar life. But he couldn't stand up. Hub would notice that he had a hard-on, and that would never do. Doug couldn't stand the thought of anyone's discovering his unnatural excitement at learning of his wife's rape, and most certainly not the man who'd raped her! Not only would this cause Doug to suffer an unbearable amount of mortification, but it would be virtually giving Hub a license to throw Sue down and stick it to her again when he felt like it!

"You're just like your mother, God rest her soul," Hub sobbed brokenly, shedding real tears of shame and remorse when Doug declined the ass-stomping invitation. "She was a good Christian, too. You and your maw is a whole heap of a lot better people than I can ever hope to be. But I promise you one thing, it won't never happen again. If you take your pretty little wife and move out right now, I wouldn't blame you none, boy. But I wish you wouldn't. I like having you here, the both of you. Gimme another chance, Doug. Please? I won't screw Sue again. I swear you that on a stack of Bibles. And may God strike me dead if I don't live up to my word. I mean it. I ain't never been so sorry or ashamed of myself over anything in my whole rotten life as I am over this."

"It'll be up to Sue. I'll talk to her."

"You do that, Doug, and tell her not to worry none. I'll start datin' again, right away, so's that devil's pressure won't built up in me no more like it did today. Sue'll be safe here from now on, just as safe as if she was sitting in class in Sunday School."

Having overheard part of her stepfather-in-law's and husband's conversation, Sue was wide awake when Doug entered their darkened bedroom. She cowered beneath the covers as he undressed in the dark. How much did Hub tell him? she wondered anxiously. Dear god, I hope he didn't tell him I came! If he did, I'll deny it. I don't want Doug to know that! It's bad enough that he knows I've been raped. Why, oh, why couldn't Hub have kept his stupid mouth shut?!

"Sue? Are you asleep, Sue?" Doug called softly from across the room.



She started not to answer, but this was something that would have to be faced and now was as good a time as any. "I'm awake," she replied nervously.

"Hub told me about, ah, this afternoon," Doug said as he crossed to the bed.

"I wanted to tell you myself," Sue whined. "I meant to as soon as you walked in the door. But I just couldn't, Doug! I was too ashamed!"

Sue couldn't help cringing when her husband crawled into bed with her. She half expected him to hit her right in the mouth, and she wouldn't really have blamed him if he had. But he didn't. He took her in his arms and drew her close, caressing her back and buttocks as he spoke soothingly to her. Keeping his erection from touching Sue, Doug told her everything would be all right. He explained that Hub had admitted it was all his fault, saying he couldn't be sorrier over what he'd done to her.

"Yes I do want to move. I think we'd better move, don't you?" Sue replied, when Doug finally got around to asking her, after parroting everything else Hub had said, word for booze-repentant word.

Doug hemmed and hawed. He brought up the medical bills, saying that maybe they ought to hang fast the way things were until they got them paid off.

"We can move and pay them, too, so much a week," Sue said. "I'm well enough to go back to work now. I can get my old job back. They promised me. I'll call Mister Thackery tomorrow."

"I don't want you going back to work yet," Doug countered, adding that he wasn't too sure he wanted her to go back to work at all. He told her a woman's place was in the home, and that it made him feel like less of a man to have his wife supporting him.

Sue couldn't understand her husband's attitude. If their marital roles had been reversed, they would've been packing right then instead of lying cuddly and cozily in bed and more or less calmly discussing whether they should move into an apartment of their own or continue to live in the house of the man who'd raped her. But their roles weren't reversed. Doug was the husband; she was the wife. Sue wasn't as sure as Doug seemed to be that Hub would keep his word and leave her alone in the future. But if Doug could forgive her molester, then Sue thought that maybe she ought to give Hub another chance, too. It was the Christian thing to do and, after all, Hub had been stoned half out of his head at the time, hadn't he?

Sue gave in to her husband's wishes, but she couldn't escape feeling uneasy about it. Her mind told her, Yes, it'll probably be all right. But her feminine intuition said, Don't be a little fool! You know what a liar Hub is, and he's always getting drunk, isn't he? If you don't move out of his house, you know he'll be forcing his vulgar attentions on you again sooner or later!

Only moments after Sue had drifted off into a troubled slumber, she was awakened by the jiggling of the bed. For an instant she was horrified, the dreaded thought EARTHQUAKE!

flashing through her sleep-dulled mind. Then she realized the truth of the matter and would've almost preferred an earthquake. Her husband was JACKING OFF right there in bed beside her! Sue didn't know what to think.



### Chapter 3

As he'd promised, Hub began dating again. The very next evening he phoned the thirtyish widow who lived down the block. This woman had had her eye on Hub for some months, ever since the death of his wife, and had let him know in various subtle ways that she found him attractive. Her veiled flirting didn't fool Hub in the least, for he knew he wasn't a handsome man and damned few women had ever given him the come-on. She was looking for a husband and figured Hub would be a good provider for her and her three kids. Hub never intended to get married again, but Helen was a decent woman and quite pretty for her age. Hub could well afford to get his sexual tensions relieved at a cathouse, but paid-for sex didn't appeal to him, whereas Helen did. He'd already decided that she might be a good lay. As a widow, she was certainly seduceable, and he decided to play her game. It would be interesting to see how soon he would be able to slip the meat to her. Once he'd scored, Hub intended to amuse himself by stringing her along until Helen woke up to the fact that an affair was all she would ever get out of him. When he called her on the phone and hit her up for a date, she eagerly accepted.

"Do you like to dance?" Hub asked.

"Oh, yes, I love to dance," came Helen's reply in a purring tone over the phone. "And I haven't been in ages."

"How about tonight? Pick you up in an hour?"

"That sounds lovely, but I couldn't possibly get a sitter for the children on such short notice."

Hub glanced across the room at Sue. "How about if I provide a sitter?"

Sue was elected. Hub paid her five dollars and took her along with him when he went to pick Helen up.

It was a hectic evening for Sue. Helen's children wouldn't obey her. The little brats misbehaved badly. They resented Sue and made it painfully clear that they preferred their regular sitter to her. Not being used to kids, Sue didn't know how to handle them. They gave her a hard time. It was

after eleven when she finally got them into bed and settled down for the night, and her nerves were very much on edge.

A few minutes later Hub's car pulled into the driveway and Sue heaved a sigh of relief, thinking her ordeal was over. Only Helen didn't come in right away. Sue waited and waited, pacing the floor. This went on for nearly twenty minutes before she went over to the window, parted the drapes a tiny bit and peeked out through a crack wide enough for only one eye.

There was a streetlight on the corner on the opposite side of the street. It set at an angle behind Hub's parked car. She could make out Hub's and Helen's silhouettes. It looked like they were wrestling in the front seat. Helen's arms kept flying about. No sooner would she push away from Hub than he would grab her again. Sue knew Hub was feeling the woman up as well as kissing her and, strangely enough, this excited her. It also made her jealous, and this upset Sue.

Why should I care what that uncouth brute does? Sue wondered perplexedly.

But the fact of the matter was, she did care, crazy as she knew it was to feel the way she did. Hub had raped her and she'd thought she never wanted to see his - if not ugly, then certainly not handsome - face again. Rape or not, though, he'd given her a real screwing and the only orgasm she'd ever had, and Sue resented his trying to put the make on Helen. To her dismay, Sue realized that she didn't want Hub to have intercourse with another woman.

When Helen came into the house, her lipstick was smeared, her hair was disheveled and her dress was rumpled. The young widow's cheeks were very flushed and she seemed more than a little embarrassed over her appearance as she thanked Sue for baby-sitting.

As Sue walked across the lawn toward the car, she felt odd and let down. Logically she shouldn't care one way or the other, but a part of her was secretly hoping that Helen would refuse Hub another date.

The dome light came on when Sue opened the car door. She couldn't help noticing the obscene bulge in Hub's trousers. He was drunk and did nothing to hide his erect condition from her as she slid into the front seat with him and closed the door. Without a word, he started the engine and backed out into the street. Hub's house was located on the corner lot at the other end of the block, so Sue couldn't help being alarmed when, halfway there, he pulled over to the curb, stopped, and switched off the engine and lights.

"What are you stopping here for?" she demanded.

He reached down, flipped the lever and let back the seat. From his hip pocket he tugged out a handkerchief and tossed it into Sue's lap.

"That bitch got me good and hot but she wouldn't let me go all the way on our first date," Hub said as he unzipped his fly and pulled out nine inches of rampant erection. "Jack me off, Suzy baby. Catch the come in the handkerchief."

"You can't be serious," Sue whined, as he scooted closer to her. "Hub, no. I don't want to, and besides, you promised you wouldn't try anything with me again."

"I promised not to screw you," he retorted. "But the mood I'm in, I'm liable to go back on my word unless you give me a hand-job. Come on, damn it, I need relief. This won't hurt you none, and at my age, I'd feel silly beating my own meat."

"Well, how do you think it'll make me feel?" Sue argued. "Or don't my feelings count for anything at all with you?"

"Not right now, they don't" he barked, grabbing her wrist and forcing her hand into his lap. "Take hold of it! That's the girl, wrap those soft little fingers around it nice and tight. My cock feels good to you, doesn't it? Oh, baby, yeah, that's the way. Work your hand up and down on it. Faster. Go faster!"

Sue wondered if she might be losing her mind, because his fat dick did feel good to her. Despite her humiliation at being treated this way by him - he was forcing her to satisfy in an unnatural way his lust for another woman - holding his huge penis excited her against her will, and a good deal more than she was letting on. It gave her an obscene charge to grip his sturdy, slightly up-curved dong and lewdly stroke it for him. The turgid stalk was so big around that the balls of her thumb and middle finger couldn't touch together.

"Get the handkerchief over the head," he rasped. "Hurry up! I don't want to soil my suit!"

With her left hand she shook out his handkerchief, crumpled it into a ball and pressed it over the bulbous cockhead of his massive member, while her right hand flew up and down the hard, hot, pulsating shaft without missing a stroke. She could feel her heart beating faster and faster as she brought him closer to orgasm. Her breath was becoming labored, too, but not to the extent that his was. Hub had his head laid back. His eyes were closed. He was huffing and snorting, hunching her hand, so she knew she didn't have to worry about his noticing how this vulgar act was affecting her.

"The handkerchief! Hold it . . . tight! Uunnn . . . oooh . . . UUNNGGG!"

His prick danced spastically in her hand and she knew his ejaculate was racing up through it even before the viscous substance soaked through the handkerchief, feeling hot and slippery-wet to the palm and fingers of her left hand.

"Thanks, Suzy. I needed that. Now be a good girl and wipe it clean, huh?"

He turned on the car's interior lights so Sue could see what she was doing. His penis felt spongy now. The handkerchief had caught most but not all of his semen. Some of the gooey spunk had run down the shaft and over her fingers. By the time she'd wiped his prick, the handkerchief was pretty well soaked. She wiped her fingers with it but couldn't get all the come off them.

"Throw it out the window," he said, when she tried to hand his handkerchief back to him.

"Throw it out? And let some innocent child pick the nasty thing up? Oh, no. Besides, it's brand new. I'll run it through with the wash."

"Suit yourself."

He tucked his limp rod away and zipped up, cut off the interior lights, repositioned the seat, started the engine, turned on the headlights and drove home.

"I wish you hadn't made me do that," Sue said, still holding the sperm-drenched handkerchief in her hand as they went up onto the porch. The house was completely dark, so she knew Doug had gone to bed. "I feel so cheap and dirty."

"Horseshit," he said. He was about to open the door but suddenly he grabbed her, shoved her against the wall and French-kissed her.

Sue tried not to respond but she was still aroused from masturbating him and couldn't help herself. He had her by the cheeks of her rounded rump and was grinding his loins against her belly and rubbing his chest against her tender-nippled breasts. After a moment of futilely pounding his shoulders with her small, ineffective fists, something inside her melted. Emitting a whimper-like sob, she flung her arms around him and sucked down on his suggestively thrusting tongue.

"Do you want me to tell Doug about this, too?"

"You bastard," she whined, shaking her head no.

Laughing derisively, Hub went on into the house and left Sue standing there, confused, bothered and bewildered, on the front porch by herself.



## Chapter 4

The next day was Friday. When Hub got home from work, Doug was studying in the living room and Sue was setting the table for the evening meal.

"Hi, Hub. How'd it go today?" Doug greeted cheerily.

"You two go wash your hands," Sue called from the dining room. "Supper's almost ready."

Ignoring Sue, Hub walked over to Doug. He took out his wallet and handed Doug a twenty-dollar bill.

"What's this for?"

"I want you to take Sue out tonight. Go to a movie, and make it a double feature."

Hub was all smiles as he told Doug of the date he'd made with Helen over the phone earlier in the day. Instead of going out again, Helen had suggested it would be nice to spend a quiet evening alone, just the two of them. She wanted to cook supper for him and then afterward there was a movie on TV that she would very much like to see. She would put the kids to bed early, Helen had said, and they could have a few drinks and get better acquainted. Helen's idea was to entertain Hub at her home in order to give him a false preview of how relaxed and pleasant this life as her husband would be, Hub suspected. Only Hub didn't want any kids getting in his way, so he'd turned the invitation around. It didn't take much persuasion to get Helen to come to his house for the same date, especially when, after Helen fixed Sue and Doug as baby-sitters, Hub offered to pay for Helen's regular sitter, saying it would only be fair since Helen was providing the steaks. And so it was all arranged, and Hub wanted Doug and Sue out of the way so he would have a clear field with Helen.

Sue didn't enjoy the movie. She kept squirming and shifting around in her seat, crossing and uncrossing her legs, pumping her crossed foot nervously to and fro. Her palms actually became moist with perspiration. She was jealous. It was crazy, didn't make a lick of sense, but Sue couldn't help the way she was feeling. She didn't love Hub. Actually she'd never even liked him very much, and now, since he'd raped her, she all but hated the big ugly brute. And yet, the

thought of what might be going on between Hub and Helen while she sat there staring at the movie without really seeing it, made Sue's blue eyes take on a tint of green and caused her to keep absently catching her lower lip between her teeth and biting down on it until pain made her aware of the unconscious act.

Mental images of Hub and Helen having heated sexual intercourse flashed through Sue's mind, and she couldn't stand it. She became so keyed up that she felt like pulling her hair and screaming at the top of her lungs.

As they left the theater, Doug looked at his watch and suggested they go somewhere for a bite to eat.

"I don't want anything to eat," Sue snapped.

"But it's too early to go home, honey," Doug replied placatingly. "Hub said -"

"Hub said! Hub said!" Sue all but shrieked, ungraciously interrupting her husband. "I don't give a fat rat's behind what Hub said! Who gave that big slob permission to run our lives? I didn't! Did you?"

"Honey, keep your voice down," Doug pleaded, glancing around embarrassedly at the other people leaving the theater. "People are staring at us."

"So let them stare! Who the hell are they anyway?"

Doug took his anguished bride's arm and drew her over into a corner of the crowded theater lobby. "What's wrong with you tonight, Sue? Why are you so upset? Is it because of what Hub did?"

"Yes!" she yelled, and then, forcing herself to calm down, she added, "No, I guess it isn't. I don't know. I just don't know, Doug. I've never felt this way before, for no reason. Cripes, what is wrong with me?"

"Is Hub keeping his word? I mean, he didn't do anything else to you, did he?"

"No," Sue lied. She hadn't told her husband about jacking Hub off and she never would. "It isn't that. He was a perfect gentleman last night when he drove me back from that . . . that woman's house."

"There, you see? I told you it would be all right, didn't I?"

If you only knew! Sue screamed silently as she forced a wifely smile and nodded her pretty blond head.

"Tell you what," Doug chirped. "Since you're not hungry, what do you say we go have a drink? Maybe two drinks. That'll make you feel better."



"I don't want a drink," she said tiredly.

"But you need something to settle your nerves, and we can't go home yet. Hub said - "

"Piss . . . on . . . Hub!" Sue hissed through gritted teeth, raking the fingers of her left hand down through her silky blond tresses as she stamped her foot and gripped her purse so tight the knuckles of her right hand turned white. "Take me home. Will you take me home? Will you just take me home right this damned minute?!"

The tension of their strained silence was oppressively heavy during the drive home. She jumped out of the car as soon as Doug braked to a stop at the curb in front of the house. Her high heels clicked rapidly and loudly up the walkway. Then, with her door key in hand, she all but tiptoed up the steps and across the porch. Quickly she unlocked the door and pushed it open. The sight which greeted Sue was not unlike her lurid imaginings. Helen was tipsy. She was lying on the couch with one nylon-stockinged leg hanging off. Hub lay atop her, between her legs. He had her dress bunched up around her waist. He'd just drawn Helen's sopping-wet panty crotchband to the side with his fingers and was, at that very moment, sinking his huge erection into her hairy crack.

"What the hell!" Hub growled, instinctively backing his dick out of Helen when he spotted Sue standing in the doorway.

"Don't stop now, darling," Helen murmured. "You've made me want you and it feels so nice. Take me!" Then Helen's glassy eyes followed Hub's enraged glare and she saw Sue. Doug's head suddenly popped into view above Sue's shoulder. "OH, NOOH! YOU SAID THEY WOULDN'T BE BACK FOR ANOTHER HOUR, HUB!" she screeched. "LET ME UP! LET ME UP! OH, DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO EMBARRASSED IN ALL MY LIFE!"

"We'll go for a drive and come back later," Doug mumbled. "Hub, I'm sorry about this. Come on, Sue!"

Doug tugged at Sue's arm but she shook his hand off and just stood there dumbly, staring almost expressionlessly at her disgusted stepfather-in-law and his mortified date, who was frantically attempting to arrange her disheveled clothing as she struggled up scarlet-cheeked off the couch.

"Helen, wait!" Hub called, as the flustered widow dashed past Sue and Doug and ran, sobbing with shock and shame, out the front door.

"NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!" Hub bellowed. He charged toward Doug and Sue with his big prick, the front half of it glistening with female sex oils, protruding unapologetically from the gaping fly of his trousers. He drew back his fist as if he were going to strike them both, but then he snorted, "AHH, SHIT!" and he slammed shut the door.

"We're sorry," Sue said. "It's my fault, Hub. My nerves were on edge . . . and I've got a headache."

"I've got a headache!" Hub mimicked derisively, grasping his hard horn and shaking it at Sue.  
"Well, I've got a hard-on and now, thanks to you two, I've got no place to put it! Damn your hides anyway, why in the hell couldn't you have stayed gone for a few more minutes?! You know what I ought to do?" he snarled menacingly, glowering at the young husband and wife both before he fixed his gaze on Sue. "I ought to throw your stupid little blond ass right down here on the floor and cram this bone up your cunt!"

"Now wait a minute, Hub," Doug said. "That's my wife you're talking to."

"I know who I'm talking to!" Hub huffed. "All right, I won't do it. She is your wife, and I gave you my word that I wouldn't screw her again. But I've gotta do something, the condition I'm in! And, by God, the both of you can just stand right where you are while I do!"

With that, Hub began running his hand vulgarly up and down his rampant rod. He whipped it fast and hard until, in a matter of seconds, heaving a half-grunt, half-groan, he sprayed come on one of Sue's shins, over the toes of both her high-heeled shoes, with the less-pressurized part of his massive load falling silently onto the carpet between them.

"Clean up that mess!" he barked at Sue as he spun on his heel and stomped angrily off toward his bedroom.

"Why, the nerve of that sonofabitch," Doug muttered. "Expecting you to -"

"Give me your handkerchief, dear," Sue said matter-of-factly, holding out her hand as she interrupted her husband in mid-sentence.

Too dumfounded to refuse, Doug pulled out his handkerchief and handed it to her. He watched, with a mixture of shame and perverted arousal, as his wife wiped his stepfather's semen off her leg and her shoes and then got down on her knees to mop the bulk of the slimy stuff off the carpet with his handkerchief!

"I can't get over that," Doug said in a tense voice, as he and Sue were getting undressed for bed.  
"The unmitigated gall of the man, treating you that way! Do you still want to move into an apartment of our own? Let's pack up and clear out of here right now!"

"We can't afford it, dear," Sue replied, sounding strangely calm and serene. "You know that."

"Yeah, but . . . after that, I thought . . ."

Sue smiled enigmatically. "I guess he had every right to be angry. But he kept his word. He didn't even touch me."

"But he masturbated right in front of us, and he made you get down and clean up his semen!"

"It wasn't all that bad," Sue scoffed. "Honest, it wasn't. I didn't really mind, darling. It seems to have upset you more than it did me."

Doug grimaced at his wife's remark. The indecent incident had upset him, but it had also aroused him and Sue must never know that, so he dropped the subject.

When they turned out the lights and got into bed, Doug gathered his bride in his arms. They were both naked because, although neither of them had mentioned it, they knew they were going to have sex. The doctor had told Sue it was all right for her to start having marital relations again. They would've done so the night before if Hub hadn't volunteered Sue as a baby-sitter and then brought her home so late that Doug had already fallen asleep.

Sue noticed that her husband's penis felt extra hard and hot when she took it in her hand and began fondling it. She also noticed that he kept rubbing his foot against her shin, the one that Hub's come had spurted onto. She'd wiped the seminal fluids off but hadn't thought to wash her leg.

What Doug noticed about Sue was that her nipples were already peaked as if with desire when he touched them the first time. He wondered about that but didn't say anything. Instead he put his hand down between her legs. He found her hairy hole wet and ready. This only added to his excitement, because usually he had to rub her up for at least a couple of minutes before she became moist enough for him to insert even his finger.

"You're already warm and slick," he said. "How come so soon?"

"Because I'm anxious, too, silly," she cooed. "It's been a long time since my wonderful husband has made sweet love to me."

"Too long," he sighed, relaxing, accepting her explanation without further question. He swung atop her, between her welcomingly legs, and, taking his peter in hand, began wedging the head into her furry slot. "Am I hurting you?"

"Not a bit," she replied.

Her hot, slippery snatch gobbled him whole in one hungry gulp. He was into her right up to his balls, and never had penetration been so easy.

"It feels bigger," he complained. "Looser."

"What?"

"Your pussy."

"Oh."

"Is it bigger?"

"Well, I suppose it might be, at that," she admitted. "After all, darling, I did have a miscarriage."



"Yeah," he said, sounding somewhat relieved by her statement, never stopping to think how tiny the embryo of the baby she'd lost so early would've been. He began screwing into her ever so gently. "I'm not . . . hurting you, am I, honey? I don't want to hurt you."

"You're not hurting me," Sue assured him, wishing he would just shut up and do it to her as he generally did, without talking, so she could concentrate on her pleasure and maybe have an honest-to-goodness come with him this time instead of having to fake it, as she always did in order to protect his delicate male ego.

"Mine's not as big as Hub's, is it?"

Sue said nothing. She drew down his hand and kissed him wetly, starting to work with him as she sucked his tongue into her mouth. The kiss had barely began and Sue was starting to enjoy their lovemaking, when Doug paused with his erected penis full into her and lifted his head slightly.

"Can you tell mine's not as big?"

"No, darling, I can't," she lied. "Yours fits me just perfectly. It's the sweetest one in the world . . . because I love you."

"Then it feels all right?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed, as he began humping her again. "More than all right. It's lovely, darling. It feels simply marvelous."

"What a load off my mind that is. I was afraid . . ." his voice trailed off. Sue was throwing it up to him like she never had before and this excited him tremendously. He shifted gears and started fucking his wife harder and faster than he ever had.

"Oooh," Sue sighed, "Oh, yes, darling, yesss! You're a regular tiger tonight! I like it! What, precious? What were you afraid of?"

"Nothing," he panted, giving it to her harder and faster yet. "Forget it."

"Mmmm . . . wha-whatever you say, dear . . . oouuu!"

For about a half minute, Doug pounded her lovely butt down into the mattress. Sue could actually hear the bedsprings squeaking beneath them for the first time. This wasn't like Doug at all, but she couldn't have been more delighted. The rough way he was screwing her unleashed Sue's passion in the same way that being raped by Hub had. Not to the same extent, but enough. If he would only keep cramming it to her like this for another moment or so, Sue knew she wouldn't have to fake it tonight!

"Did you come?" Doug rasped, banging away at her.



"Not yet . . . but I . . . can feel it building"

"With him, I mean!"

"Hush, honey! Forget him!"

"Did you?"

"Don't ask . . . oooh . . . just do it to me! Oh, it's good!"

"You did, didn't you? That's why you won't answer me. Hub made you come! Admit it!"

"Yes, yes, if you must know, he did make me come! Now will you please shut up about it and . . . aaah . . . screw me?!"

Doug shut up about it all right, but their act of lovemaking was fast arriving at the finish for him. His wife's admission of having been brought to orgasm by the huge cock of his stepfather twanged the cord of his secret perversion. After another dozen or so almost vicious thrusts into the slippery hot entrance to Sue's writhing, bucking body, he heaved a gasping groan and hunched into her to the very hilt.

"Not Yet! Oh, God, MORE! JUST A LITTLE MORE!" she begged, gyrating her rump, bearing down on his prick and hunching him desperately, even as she felt the sticky-hot spurts of his emission jetting forth from the ballooning head of his twitching organ.

"Did you come?" he asked sheepishly, after he'd pulled his deflating dong out of her and rolled over onto his back.

"Don't I always?" she replied evasively.

"Why don't you ever answer that question yes or no?"

"All right then, yes, I did come," she said, the lie tasting more bitter than usual because she'd come so close and could've gone off with him this time if only he'd lasted a few more seconds.

"I was afraid you didn't."

"I was afraid I wasn't going to make it this time, but I did, when I felt you coming into me," she told him and, anticipating his next question, she added, "It was the best orgasm I've ever had, too. By far the best. That little old dinky climax I didn't even want anyway, with Hub, it was nothing compared to the one you just gave me, tiger. Oh, I love you so much!"

"I love you, too, honey."

Doug fell asleep with a contented smile on his face, whereas Sue lay beside him for more than an hour, wide awake, staring blankly up at the darkened ceiling as she suffered the tortures of the carnal damned due to the blood-congested condition of her aroused but unsatisfied loins.

She felt miserable and wanted to scream out in anguish at the unfairness of life. If she could have such a spine-tingling orgasm with that no-good bastard snoring so vulgarly in the next room, then, why, damn it, why couldn't she find sexual fulfillment with her own beloved husband?!

## Chapter 5

The next morning Doug woke up feeling miserable. It was Saturday, so he didn't have to go to school. He spent the morning on the couch, making frequent trips to the john, each of which left him a little paler and weaker. He said he thought he was coming down with the flu.

Sue fussed over him. She went to the store and bought a carton of Sprite. "It's much easier on an upset stomach than water," she said as she gave him a glass of it. "No, Doug, don't gulp it down. I know you're thirsty, darling, but just sip it, a little at a time. It's better for you that way. Are you hungry?"

He made a face and shook his head.

"Well, tell me when you want something to eat. I bought a can of chicken soup for you."

By that afternoon Doug was running a fever of a hundred and two degrees. He was sweating and shivering. Sue phoned the doctor but of course his office was closed over the weekend. She told the answering service it was an emergency, and the woman said she would try to locate the doctor and give him the message.

It was nearly an hour before the doctor returned Sue's call. He said it sounded like the flu, all right, that there was a lot of it going around. The doctor told her to put Doug to bed, give him plenty of fluids and a couple of aspirin every four hours to keep his fever down, adding that if Doug wasn't better by Monday he would see him at his office.

Following the doctor's instructions, Sue put Doug to bed, gave him aspirin and fussed over him all the more. This was Doug's first illness since their marriage. Sue couldn't do enough for him. She nursed him to the point of babying him. Doug ate it up. He felt luxuriously pampered. If he hadn't felt so rotten, he would've enjoyed being sick.

Hub worked that day. He often did on Saturday, he and a couple of his oldest and most trusted employees. They did cash jobs for home owners. The money from these jobs bypassed the business books and went directly into their pockets, half for Hub, the other half being divided equally between his two workers.

On this particular Saturday, they were pouring a concrete patio for a comely young divorcee in her late twenties. She'd given Hub a mild come-on when he'd been at her house estimating the job, and now, as the work on the patio progressed, she began openly flirting with him. Being the type of man he was, Hub found this not in the least displeasing. The divorcee was a trifle plump but still very attractive since her generous curves were all in the right places. She had no kids to get in the way. Hub decided that an affair with her might be very pleasant indeed.

"What do you want me to fix for supper?" Sue asked, when Hub got home.

"Nothing for me, Suzy baby," he said airily as he breezed through the living room. "I'm going out for dinner. Got a date with a sexy divorcee that's hot to trot."

Soon as he'd showered and shaved and gotten dressed up in his best suit, Hub was off again. Once more that inexplicable jealousy crept over Sue. She didn't want Hub, but she didn't want any other woman to have him, either. It didn't make a lick of sense but it was real nevertheless. Real enough that Sue spent a wretched evening alone, staring blankly at the TV as she tortured herself with mental pictures of Hub and this other woman making wild passionate love.

It was lucky for Sue that she was in bed asleep when Hub got home at two a.m., half drunk and with the worst case of the stone-ache he'd had since he was a teenager. The divorcee had been far from a pushover. After wining and dining her, he'd taken her dancing and then to her place, where he'd spent two solid hours working her up only to learn that she was in the middle of her period. Before he went to bed, Hub stood for long moments at the washbasin in the john, disgustedly splashing cold water over his bloated, aching testicles.

"Hub, do you have to have that TV blaring like that?" Sue protested the following afternoon, shortly after Hub had switched on the baseball game and settled down on the couch with his shoes off and a can of beer in his hand. "Doug's sick. He's trying to sleep, he needs his rest."

"Then shut the damned bedroom door," Hub snorted. "Whose house is this, anyway?"

Sue stamped to the bedroom and shut the door, remaining inside with her husband. The TV was still too loud. Doug was sleeping, but fitfully so. For about ten minutes Sue paced the floor, her shoes off so as not to disturb Doug. She was fuming, clenching and unclenching her fists, gritting her teeth.

How can any one man be so callous and selfish?! she railed silently. God, what an animal he is! I hate him!

Her stepfather-in-law's lack of consideration for Doug's condition infuriated Sue. This was too much. It was time for a showdown. She made up her mind that she wasn't going to let Hub get away with this for another minute.

Without bothering to put her shoes back on, she let herself out of the bedroom and, after quietly shutting the door behind her, she made a beeline for the TV and defiantly turned down the



volume to about half as loud as Hub had set it. Her temples were pounding and her palms felt moist as she glared across at him, ready to lash out at him if he so much as said a word about her turning down the sound.

"You can still hear it, can't you?" she asked demanding.

"Just fine," he replied, flashing her a lopsided grin. He held out his beer can. "This one's empty. Since you're here, throw it in the trash and bring me another one."

"Where do you get your nerve?" Sue muttered as she snatched the can out of his hand.

"The same place you get your sassiness," he said, chuckling amusedly as she went off in a huff toward the kitchen.

When Sue grudgingly served Hub his beer, he made a crack about her being a cute little barefooted waitress. She tried to slap his smirking face, but he caught her wrist and twisted her arm until, wincing with pain, she sank to the floor on her knees.

"Don't you ever draw back your hand to me again," he warned, still more amused than angry. "The next time I'll spank your sassy ass, and that's a promise."

"I'm not your waitress, or your slave, either," Sue whined, rubbing her arm as she got to her feet. "Next time you want something, get it yourself!"

As she spun on her heel and ran back to the kitchen, Hub's mocking laughter rang humiliatingly in her ears. Sue felt like crying but she wouldn't give the brute the satisfaction of knowing he'd brought her to tears. Instead she busied herself washing the dirty dishes she'd been neglecting in order to care for her sick husband.

She was letting the dishwater drain from the sink when Hub called: "Hey, barefoot waitress, this last can you brought me must've had a hole in it. It's empty."

"Hub, please, not so loud! Doug is trying to sleep."

"All you've gotta do to shut me up is bring me another beer."

Sue gritted her teeth, clenched shut her eyes and, making fists, threw back her head to stifle the scream which was rising in her throat.

"Well?"

"All right, all right, I'm coming!"

Her nostrils were enlarged with rage and her eyes were glaring with hatred when she gave him a full can of beer and took his empty.

"You're even more beautiful when you're angry, Suzy baby," he taunted.

"Drop dead," she hissed.

"What have you been doing out there?"

"Tidying up the kitchen," she replied tersely.

"Well, you're making too much noise. Stop it or I'll have to turn the TV back up."

"I've got to do something."

"Why, for crissake? It's Sunday afternoon."

"You've got my nerves on edge."

"Then open yourself a beer. Join me. It's a good game. You'll enjoy it."

"Thanks but no thanks. I'll go sit with Doug. I'm sure you've managed to wake him up by now," Sue told him icily as she turned away and padded barefoot toward the bedroom, the empty beer can in her hand.

But Doug wasn't awake. Despite the TV and Hub's resonantly masculine voice calling for more beer, Doug was sleeping peacefully and soundly. She backed from the room and closed the door again. She walked to the kitchen and disposed of the empty beer can. Almost robot-like she opened the refrigerator, got out a can of beer for herself, opened it and went back into the living room.

"I thought you were going to sit with Doug," Hub said, when Sue sat down at the other end of the couch and took a sip of beer.

"He's asleep."

"Change your mind about watching the game?"

Sue nodded. She took another sip of her beer.

"Why?"

She shrugged, unable to answer because she didn't know why herself.

Hub reached across, took hold of her arm and dragged her over beside him. Sue gave him a disgusted look but didn't protest his ungallant action. For a couple of moments they sat there side by side, in stony silence, both of them watching the baseball game on TV. Then Hub put his hand on Sue's knee. She pushed it off. He put it back. She knocked it away. He slapped it back down and gripped her knee.

Sue sucked in her breath. He was hurting her. She whimpered and left his hand alone this time. He relaxed his painful grip and patted her dimpled knee soothingly. Sue gulped audibly. She tilted the beer can to her lips and took three large swallows.

Despising Hub the way she did, it was beyond Sue's comprehension how she could sit there beside him letting him play with her knee while she watched, of all things, a dumb baseball game! Yet that's exactly what she did until he sent her to the kitchen to get him another beer. When she returned, he drew her down beside him and scooted even closer to her than before. She could feel his hip and thigh touching hers.

His hand returned to her knee, patting and caressing, then wedging in between her knees. Sue knew she should object, but she didn't. She clamped shut her legs but this didn't prevent him from stroking the insides of her thighs.

"Hub, don't," she murmured half-heartedly, when he pushed her legs apart so he could stroke higher up the inner slopes of her soft and shapely legs.

The baseball game held nine-tenths of Hub's attention. He was drinking beer with his left hand and watching the game with great interest. Not so much as glancing Sue's way, he effectively silenced her belated protest by squeezing down rather harshly on a handful of her tender thigh flesh until Sue gasped and spread her legs for him.

"Good girl," he muttered, still not looking at her, and he patted her leg where he had just abused it.

This didn't seem real. It was just too ridiculously matter-of-fact and screamingly vulgar to be happening to her. The announcer's voice droned monotonously in her ears. She was looking in the direction of the TV set but not really seeing the action on the color screen. Sue's brain reeled luridly as she sat there with her legs open, sipping beer, letting Hub's possessive hand roam indecently higher and higher. Her dress was being hiked up slowly but surely as his hand caressed closer and closer to the Y where her parted legs joined her body.

His work-callused palm chafed her tender flesh. His kneading fingers felt like tongues of fire lapping at her bared thighs, especially to the moist, creamy skin at the very tops of her tremulous legs. The crotchband of her nylon panties was already becoming damp with the secretions of her unsummoned arousal when the heel of his hand began rubbing against her cleft mound. He cupped her cunt and held it lightly, nothing more. Sue began squirming in sensual discomfort, pressing her hot and sticky pussy tighter against his hand. She couldn't seem to help herself.

The inning ended and the station went to a commercial. Hub patted Sue's twat and sent her for more beer. She got him one and opened another for herself, too. When she sat back down beside him, he put his right arm around her, drew her close and French kissed her. Sue wondered if she were losing her mind as she licked back at his beery tongue and then sucked down hungrily on the vulgar, suggestively thrusting thing. She had a can of beer in each hand and couldn't very well defend herself when he snaked his left hand up under her dress, tugged the slimy secretion band



of her underpants to the side and sank his thick, knobby-knuckled middle finger into the silky softness of her moist and lubricated split.

He'd just gotten his finger all the way into her when the game came back on. Abruptly he backed it out, breaking the kiss and turning away from her as he snatched his can of beer from her shaking hand. He lifted the can to his mouth and took a deep pull on it. Then, looking at the TV not her, he said, "Scoot down some and spread your legs, Suzy baby, so's I can pet that pretty little pussy while I watch the game."

Everything decent and good demanded the Sue get up off the couch and start acting like Doug's wife again. Only she didn't feel particularly decent at the moment and seemed to have very little will of her own. Obediently she slouched down as Hub had told her to do, sliding her loins forward so he could reach over and abuse her with no discomfort on his part. He pulled up her dress and she spread her legs for him.

A mood unlike any Sue had previously experienced was settling over her now. It was shameful of her to be sitting there in such an unladylike position, letting Hub touch her where no man but her husband had a right to, but she had no real desire to stop him. Sue felt much the same as she had when he'd made her masturbate him in the car, only now he was handling her private parts and the wrongness of it was every bit as exciting as the tactile sensations of his lewdly caressing hand were sensually pleasurable to her. She felt cheap and dirty, but it was simply delicious. So illicit. So daring, what with her husband sleeping in the very next room.

Sue closed her eyes and sipped at her beer. She couldn't hate Hub now, not while he was petting her most personal of all spots. He was still a brute, coarse and uncouth. Somehow he was managing to drag her down to his own vulgar level and, for the moment at least, Sue all but loved him for it.

Only the narrow strip of secretion-soggy nylon separated her private portal from the palm and fingers of his big work-callused hand. Up and down he rubbed, absently so because he was paying more attention to the baseball game than to her, and this told Sue how important she was to him. She was a sex toy to him, nothing more. This was all right with Sue. It made her feel all the cheaper but she didn't care because she didn't even like the big slob. It did feel good, though, the way he kept rubbing up and down between her legs. Very good. She began smiling sinfully between sips of beer, squirming her ass around, pressing her tingling, burning twat tighter against his passion-provoking hand. He was molding her slimy panties to her clefted mound and luridly stuffing them into the crack of her butt. His fingers dragged back and forth over her anus and even this obscene touching felt delightful to her.

Little sighs and moans began issuing from between Sue's tremulous lips as she gripped her empty beer can tightly and started hunching his hand involuntarily. She wished he would slip his hand inside her underpants and stick his finger inside her again. If he wanted to put his big penis in her now, right here on the couch, she was more than willing to let him do that, too. The right and wrong of what they were doing no longer mattered to Sue, for she was melting from the heat of her unbidden lust.



"Come on, you can do it. Strike him out," Hub said to the pitcher on the TV screen as he continued to absently play with Sue's feverish pussy and itchy rectum through the sheer material of her nylon briefs. "Watch that bastard on third. Don't let him steal home!"

The batter connected with the ball, belting out a grounder which the shortstop scooped up and hurled to home plate just in the nick of time. The catcher tagged the runner from third out as he was sliding for home, and this ended the first half of the sixth inning.

Hub sighed with relief. He patted Sue's pussy and then lifted his hand from between her legs. Nonchalantly he unzipped his fly and wrestled out his semi-erect penis.

"Your turn," he said. "Get rid of that beer can and take hold of this."

Not being used to drinking, the two beers had made Sue slightly tipsy. She was plenty hot and bothered, too, from having her cunt handled, so she gave him no argument. Sue leaned forward, set the beer can on the coffee table, then settled back into his embracing arm and accepted another of his passionate wet French kisses as she reached into his lap and took hold of his indecently displayed, half-hard pecker.

Soon as the second half of the inning started, Hub backed his tongue from Sue's suctioning mouth, broke the kiss and, ignoring her, gave his attention once more to the televised baseball game.

What an uncouth slob he really is, Sue thought to herself, only his casual, don't-give-a-damn treatment of her turned her on not off. He was worse than rude. Nothing could be more insulting to a woman than to have a man pay more attention to a silly baseball game than he was paying to her, yet Sue didn't complain.

She sat there docilely beside him, fondling his manly organ. What a wicked charge it gave her to be playing with her stepfather-in-law's big fat dick while her ill husband slept unsuspectingly on in the room right next to them!

This was dreadfully wrong and Sue knew it full well. She just didn't seem to have any control over herself this afternoon. It was as if she were two women. The decent Sue Fletcher who wanted to remain a good and faithful wife stood by looking on in horror as the other part of her, the immoral hussy that was emerging from the dark and secret depths of her psyche, willfully caressed the prick of a man who was not her lawfully wedded spouse.

A man she didn't even like. But she liked his hunk of stiffening meat! What woman wouldn't like it? Sue wondered hazily as she ran her hand back and forth along the lifting, swelling, lengthening pole of man-flesh. God, it's so big! Why couldn't Doug have a cock like this instead of that dinky little average-sized peter of his?

Wanting to examine Hub's phallus up close, Sue leaned over and rested the side of her head against his chest in order to get a better look. He patted her naked thigh and pushed her head a bit lower, as if she might've been partially blocking his view of the TV. The manipulations of her

small, soft feminine hand brought his member the rest of the way up in a matter of seconds. He had a throbbing erection now. It protruded boldly from his unzipped fly, all nine glorious inches of it, the shaft curving at an upward angle so the hooded head of it pointed right at her face.

Sue had never seen such a blatantly obscene yet masculinely beautiful sight in all her life. The eye of huge cockhead peeked out past the lip of foreskin and seemed to wink lewdly up at her through a teardrop of clear pre-cum. The undersurface of the shaft had a large puffy vein running all the way down it and into the coarse wild hairs that grew for nearly two inches up the flared base. This was the largest visible vein but there were others, many of them, bluish and bulging, which crisscrossed like lines on a road map. The entire shaft was festooned with these smaller bluish veins.

Try as she did, Sue couldn't encircle the girthful rod completely. Her slender fingers strained to encompass the turgid column at its midpoint, but it was too big around, twice as thick as her husband's. There was nearly a quarter of an inch of space left between the tips of her thumb and forefinger when she gave up the impossible task in pleased defeat.

Ruttishly she pulled down on him, peeling back the thick, rubbery outer skin and tugging the hood down with it. His naked dickhead popped into view, looking all swollen and reddish purple. The mushrooming dome shone oilily. It gave off a distinctive male sex odor that wafted up to Sue, stinging her feminine nostrils. When she got a good whiff of his sweaty, smelly peter, it affected her like a powerful aphrodisiac. Emitting a thin whine of womanly submissiveness, she wrapped her fingers all the tighter around Hub's huge prong and started running her hand almost worshipfully up and down it. Her blue eyes took on a glassy sheen as she stared in total enthrallment at the vulgar act which her sinful hand was so shamelessly engaged in. Her gaze remained riveted to the plum-like crown as she covered it and uncovered it again and again. At first she stroked him slowly and sensually. Then, as the excitement of the forbidden act doubled and redoubled, she began pumping his prick faster and faster. Her breath became labored and her heart raced out of control. Sue was in a lustful daze now. Although she knew how immorally she was behaving, she didn't want to stop, not until she made the slimy semen spurt up out of his big fat dick.

She could tell he was near to coming and she could hardly wait to see the sticky white stuff jetting out of him. But Hub had ideas of his own, ideas that Sue as yet knew nothing about.

Suddenly his ham-like hand swallowed hers - the one she was using to masturbate him with - and stopped her hand from moving. For a moment he held her hand entrapped at about the center of his fleshy club, then he pushed it all the way down to the bottom until she could feel with her fingers the coarse wild hairs growing from the lower two inches or so of it. This stretched the thick outer skin of his penis and laid completely bare its blood-filled cockhead.

Setting his beer on the lamp table, he cupped the back of Sue's head and exerted a gentle but insistent downward pressure. Sue felt weak and trembly. She couldn't think straight. Not as yet comprehending what he wanted of her, she resisted only slightly as he pushed her head slowly but surely down toward his lap. The bulging head of his turgid organ loomed obscenely up at her, smelling stronger and stronger the closer it came to her fascinated visage.

Finally the message of his puzzling action penetrated the layer of fog-like passion surrounding Sue's benumbed brain. Feebly she struggled to free her head and lift it back up. "No, Hub. Oh, nooh," she whined. "Surely you d-don't . . . expect me to---"

"Kiss it," he husked, finishing the sentence for her. "Yeah, Suzy baby, that's exactly what I expect you to do."

"Oh, God," she wailed piteously, shaking her head, trying with all her strength to keep him from pushing it on down. "I can't. Hub, no, no! It's too nasty! You mustn't make me do such a . . . such a filthy, awful thing! I've never done that! Not even for my own husband!"

He wouldn't be denied. Sue thought she would faint when she felt the bluntly rounded tip of his feverish, secretion-slick dickhead pressing demandingly against her pure and untainted lips. His powerful fingers squeezed the back of her skull until she feared he would crush it. There was nothing to do except obey him, so she pursed her lips and, closing her eyes in dread, kissed the head of his stinking pecker, hoping that would satisfy him.

It didn't. He made her kiss the horrid thing again and again. The awful part of it was, she wasn't nearly as disgusted by the vile and perverted act being forced upon her as she knew she should be. Sue wished she could get sick to her stomach and throw up all over his lap but, much to her dismay, kissing his smelly dick didn't make her stomach feel the least bit queasy.

Sue's head spun luridly when she discovered that his hand had lifted, but that she was still planting passionate wet kisses all over the sleek crown even though he was no longer forcing her to do it.

Once Sue realized she was holding his exposed penis and kissing the head of it of her own volition, something inside her snapped. Her wifely will to remain proper and true drained from her. She guessed what was coming next. She didn't want to let it happen, yet her strength of resistance had been sapped from her and she felt powerless to prevent the unspeakably demented act.

Hub pinched the nape of her neck, making her open her mouth to gasp in pain and, when she did, he pushed her head down and force-fed her the head of his fat dick.

"Noom!" Sue moaned muffledly around her mouthful of sweaty, salty-tasting manmeat. But he'd broken down her moral defenses. There was no fight in her. He was treating her worse than a whore. This was something no respectable married woman should have forced upon her, especially by her husband's stepfather. It was sordid and depraved, and that's exactly why it gave her such a tremendous illicit thrill to wrap her previously pure lips around the top of his dick-shaft and suck down on its musky, juice-dribbling knob.

"Mmm," she pulled, examining the flavor of him as she testingly licked at the slitted tip and got a drop of heady male precoital liquid on her tongue.



"That's it, Suzy baby, suck it, lick it. You like it, don't you, you little cocksucker?"

His words rang degradingly in her ears, and the horrible part of it was, he was right. She did like it! God help her, but she did. Nothing had ever excited her the way this did. Her senses reeled. Her heart hammered wildly against her rib cage.

Cocksucker! Cocksucker! came the strident scream from her outraged conscience, echoing the filthy name he'd called her, and the carnal creature coming alive within her yelled back, Yes, yes it's true! That's what I am now!

Not only did Sue accept the debasing name tag, she actually embraced it in the heat of this insanely lustful moment of truth. Sue had wanted none of this, not consciously, at least. Hub was forcing her into it. She felt horribly humiliated and put-upon, yet she couldn't help responding with feminine submissiveness to the dominating male brute who was so callously mistreating her.

She ran her tongue exploringly over the smooth convexity of the feverish bulb of musky manmeat. She didn't want to admit it, not even to herself, but there was no denying it - she liked the tangy taste of his stinking pecker! Having a fat dick in her mouth made Sue feel wicked and wanton.

Could anything in the entire world be more nasty and perverted than this? the confused young wife wondered dimly as she sucked down harder on her stepfather-in-law's cockhead and simultaneously began curling her sinful tongue over, under and around the flavorful knob. How can I do such a terrible thing as this, and with my own dear husband in the very next room?!

Instinctively Sue started bobbing her head. This was the first time she'd ever performed fellatio. She went at it awkwardly but eagerly. Eating his prick made her feel cheap and dirty, but deliciously so because Hub had awakened a part of her that Sue's conscious mind had never known existed. It was as if he'd set free some evil demon that's been imprisoned within her until this terrible/wonderful afternoon. Now that demon was taking her over and Sue's wifely will was powerless against it.

In a matter of seconds Sue's head was rising and falling with smooth rapidity. Her puffy pink lips clung salaciously to the tubular turgidity, skimming flutteringly up and down the top three inches or so of the thick stalk. With each downward motion of her head, her oral petals folded in against her teeth, only to spring out in obscene distention around the saliva-glistening rod once more when she raised her head back up.

She didn't have to think about what she was doing. Having given herself over to the sordid act of oral perversion, carnal nature provided the necessary knowledge and her fit of mind-blanking passion spurred her on. The blatantly exposed male sex organ was the only thing in the world that mattered to her at the moment. She was oblivious to everything else. Sucking that hotly throbbing dong was her very reason for existence.



"Mmm, mmm, mmm," she chanted moaningly, her soft blond curls fanning the sex-scented air as her head pumped furiously at his loins.

The moist heat of Sue's hungry hot mouth was more than Hub could long endure. He had no doubt this was her first time going down on a man, and the knowledge that he was taking her oral cherry only added to his lewd pleasure. He'd given Sue her first taste of cock and now he was ready to give her her first taste of something else - the big rusty load of jizz he'd carried home with him from last night's date. She had him primed. His horn was ready to blow.

Hub's prick gave an urgent jerk that caused the top of its swollen cockhead to slap against the inside of Sue's suction-indented cheek. This was all the warning she got. Before she realized what was happening, he had his hand on the back of her head and was shooting off in her virginal mouth.

Frantically she tried to raise her head and back her mouth off the obscenely spurting thing. But his strength was greater than hers. She couldn't sit up. He was holding her head down in his lap with the twitching head of his cock still remaining inside her shocked oral chamber.

The stuff was gushing out of him, slimy and slick, thick and ropy. It gave her a rich blast of bitter-almond flavor as it splashed luridly over her stunned tongue. This was potent semen from the huge hairy testicles of a healthy middle-aged man, and it stung her tender taste buds like Mexican hot sauce.

Oh, dear God, no, no, nooh! Sue wailed in mental anguish. He expects me to swallow his filthy scum! I won't do it! I'd rather die!

Sue had little choice in the matter, however, since her piteous whimpering and struggling effected not one iota of concern for Hub for the terrible dilemma he was causing her to suffer.

The man was a virtual reservoir of sperm. His sticky hot spend floated her tongue and bulged her cheeks. Sue had to abandon her plan to hold the dreadful substance in her mouth and then run to the john and spit it out. He simply had too much of it. Her mouth was full to capacity and still his ballooning dickhead was pumping it to her. It was either swallow or drown, so, feeling horribly misused, Sue swallowed - and swallowed and swallowed and swallowed - with the sharp acidity of his sticky hot come imparting a burning sensation to the sensitive lining of her throat as it skidded down in big slippery oyster-like globs that seemed to thud splattingly into her churning, nauseated stomach.

"You bastard," she hissed a moment later as she sat up, choking and gagging and mopping come off her lips and chin with her weak and shaking hands. "You filthy animal!"

"Sue? Sue, where are you? Sue?"

It was Doug. He was calling for her. Numbly Sue got up and, feeling defiled and degraded in a way that no decent woman should ever be, she went to her husband. He was shivering.

"I think my temperature is ba-back up, honey," he said, as Sue approached the bed.

She leaned over him and, forgetting to wipe her hand, felt his feverish forehead with her sperm-moistened palm. "It is. Poor baby. I'll get you some more aspirin."

Sue had to pass through the living room to get to the kitchen. Hub was sitting there on the couch, watching the baseball game, as if nothing at all had happened.

"Com'ere, Suzy," he called, holding out his empty beer can without looking away from the TV. "Take this and bring me another one."

Sue wanted to scream. Loathing herself for being so meek and completely submissive to a brute like Hub, she took his empty and brought him another can of beer. Then she went back to the kitchen to get aspirin and a glass of water for her suffering husband.

## Chapter 6

Hub didn't touch Sue for the next few weeks. In fact, he was hardly ever home. It was no secret where he was spending his nights. When he brought his laundry for Sue to do, he would stay a few minutes and talk to Doug, bragging about what a "hot piece" his divorcee girlfriend was. Sue couldn't help overhearing the vulgar conversations. She tried not to show it, but she felt resentful and angry at having to wash his dirty clothes when he was obviously shacking up with another woman.

"Why can't she wash his damned clothes for him?!" Sue yelled at Doug one evening, after Hub had gone. "I suppose she's too good, the whore!"

Doug was a bit taken aback by Sue's unexpected outburst. He didn't know what to think. All outward signs indicated that she despised Hub and was glad to have him out of the house, so he had no way of knowing that his lovely young bride was actually jealous of Hub's girlfriend, and hating herself for it.

When college let out for the summer, Doug got a job as salesman for a correspondence school. After a few days of training, they sent him out of town to work. His first sales trip would keep him away from home for a week to ten days. Sue was left alone in the house. This made her feel uneasy, and with good reason, for about ten-thirty on the first night of her husband's absence, Hub moved back in. Sue had already gone to bed. She was reading when she heard him come in.

"Suzy," he called from the front room. "Oh, Su-zy Baby."

Just the sound of his voice made her tense up. The slight slurring of her name told Sue that her stepfather-in-law had been drinking, and the way he sing-songed it out left no doubt in her mind of his intentions. He was in a sexy mood.

Hoping he would go away, or at least leave her alone, she ignored him. But he was not to be put off that easily. Her heart quickened as she heard him walking through the living room, coming nearer. Being alone in the house, she hadn't bothered to close her door. Suddenly he appeared in the doorway, a half-smile half-frown plastered on his coarse-featured face.

"So there you are," he muttered, pausing just inside her bedroom, his eyes dancing devilishly as he drank in the youthful beauty of the nineteen-year-old blond lying in bed clad only in a pale blue nightgown. The covers hid her from the waist down but the pointed pink nipples of her lovely breasts were clearly visible through their covering of wispy blue nylon. "Didn't you hear me calling you?" he demanded.

Sue nodded nervously.

"Then why the hell didn't you answer?"

"Because I didn't feel like it!" she snapped. "What are you doing here anyway?"

"I live here, remember? It's my house."

"But why now? You know Doug is out of town," she whined.

"That's why," he chuckled. "Don't want you to get lonesome, Suzy Baby." As he spoke, he moved slowly toward her, unbuttoning his shirt.

The magazine in Sue's hand began trembling.

"Stay away from me," she warned timorously. "I don't want anything more to do with you."

"Need some pussy," he said with a grin.

"Then get it from your divorcee girlfriend!" Sue shrieked. "I heard you bragging to Doug what a 'hot piece' she is. Get out of my bedroom. Go back to your slut!"

He laughed mockingly as he tossed away his shirt, baring to Sue's reluctant gaze his hairy, superbly muscled upper torso. "Why, Suzy Baby, you sound downright jealous."

"Jealous!" she shrieked. "Don't flatter yourself. I couldn't care less what you do, or who you do it with, just so long as you leave me alone!"

Again he laughed. As he unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants, he told Sue it was all over between him and the divorcee, that he'd broken it off because all she could think about lately was getting married. "Now with you, I don't have to worry about that, do I? Being as you're already married. Nice of Doug to take that job, wasn't it? Gives us a clear field while he's on the road. And from what he was telling me, he'll be out of town most of the time. Ha. Ha, ha."

"Maybe he will," Sue admitted. "But it won't do you any good."

"That's horseshit and you know it."

"It is not!" Sue whined, hurling the magazine at him and then jerking the covers up to her chin. "If you so much as touch me, I'll scream."



"Will you, Suzy? You're all shook up, aren't you, baby? Why are you shivering? Cold? Scared? Excited maybe?"

Hub had merely ignored the magazine as it sailed harmlessly past him and hit the floor. All his attention was riveted upon Sue. He was pleased by the fearful yet fascinated expression on her pretty face as he tugged down his shorts and allowed them to slide down his powerful legs.

An involuntary gasp escaped Sue's tremulous lips. She didn't want to view his exposed sexual organs but couldn't seem to look away. His huge prong was in a state of semi-erection, yawning lazily to one side and drooping slightly. Below it dangled the wrinkled, hair-covered skin bag containing his walnut-sized testicles. Absently the tip of her tongue touched her upper lips at its midpoint.

"Looks good to you, does it?" he chortled.

"No, damn you!" she spat. "Next to you, it's the ugliest thing I ever saw!" But she was lying and they both knew it. God help me, she thought, it does look good to me!

Sue would've rather died than admit this to Hub, however there was no denying it to herself. The sight of his rising, thickening penis brought back the memory of how wildly she'd responded to this brute of a man when he'd so callously raped her. She felt defenseless and vulnerable as, against her will, a sense of unbidden excitement welled up in her at the prospect of her husband's stepfather once again overpowering her and taking her by force.

"G-Get out of here," she whined, when Hub, completely naked, climbed into bed with her.

He grasped her wrist and drew her hand to his loins, forcing her slender, feminine fingers around the hard, hot shaft of his massive member.

"No!" she protested, even as her fingers encircled him with an eagerness that surprised them both. "Oh, nooh," she whimpered when, unable to control herself, she began stroking his blood-engorged prick for him.

"Feels good to you, huh?" Hub asked.

"Yes, yes . . . oh, damn you, it does!"

"Sure it does," he laughed derisively. "And we both know why, don't we? Because you're nothing but a slut. Isn't that right, Suzy baby?"

It was too much, having him laugh at her and call her a despicable name just when she was about ready to give him anything he wanted. Tears of shame and humiliation filled her baby-blue eyes.

"I'm not a slut," she wailed, jerking her hand away. "All I want in the world is to live a normal, decent life and to be a good wife to Doug. Now get out of here. Leave me alone. Please, Hub, please!"

"Huh-uh. Can't do that," he replied. "Don't know what it is, but there's something about you that brings out the beast in me. Spread 'em, Suzy Baby, you're going to get screwed."

But Sue meant what she said. When he grabbed her and tried to roll atop her, she fought him frantically. This amused Hub. His bursts of raucous laughter filled the room while, for moments that seemed like hours to Sue, he wrestled her around in the bed, attempting to wear her down and overcome her resistance. He succeeded in ripping her nightgown off her and, during the struggle, the covers got kicked clear down to the foot of the bed.

"No, Hub!" she panted breathlessly, her heart hammering like that of a captured wild fawn, when at last Hub managed to get on top of her and pry her legs apart. "You mustn't do this awful thing to me! Not again! Oh, damn you . . . don't rape me! Please, please don't rape me!"

Hub was also out of breath, and his narrowed eyes had that glassy look of lust about them. Determinedly he reached down and took his aching rod in hand, skinned it back and, squirming into a better position, guided the forefront of his bulbous cockhead into the hair-fringed opening of Sue's unwilling vagina.

"Oh, God," she moaned, because for a second there, when she felt the heated knob pressing for entrance, she had the crazy urge to throw her legs wide apart and let him ram that big lovely thing up into her as deep as it would go. This unwifely emotion shocked her, however, and regaining her senses, she slapped his face as hard as she could, hissing, "Bastard! Bastard! You no-good bastard! Don't you dare put that nasty thing in me!"

"That was a big mistake," Hub growled. "Shouldn't have slapped me! You asked for it, and now you're gonna get it. I warned you the last time you drew your hand back to me; now I'm going to spank that sassy ass of yours, but good!"

In her weakened condition, Sue's desperate but feeble efforts to defend herself proved futile. It was as if she were caught up in a whirlwind, the way he grabbed her and, sitting up on the side of the bed, flung her across his knees.

Never in her life had she received such a sound spanking as the one Hub gave her. Showing no mercy at all to her piteous pleas and outcries of pain, he laid it onto her nude backside with the bare palm of his ham-like, workman's hand.

Splat, splat, splat! came the rapid-fire report of the man's punishing hand as it rose and fell, raining well-aimed blows upon the creamy-white buns of the young blondes voluptuous buttocks.

"Stop it! Stop it! Let me up!" Sue screeched, squirming in pain as she kicked her bare feet wildly about and beat ineffectively at her tormentor's hairy legs with her small fists.

"Do you know who's boss around here yet? Are you ready to mind me now?" Hub demanded, pausing with his hand held high in the air, at the ready if more swats were needed to bring this spirited little filly into line.

"Boss? Mind you?" Sue gasped. She glared up at his ugly, grinning face. The glint of evil sexual dominance in his narrowed eyes scared her, but still she spat venomously, "You're crazy! You know that? It'll be a cold day in hell before I'll mind an old man like you! Go to hell, Old Man! Go to hell!"

As she spoke, Sue was trying desperately to get up off his lap, but her struggle to break free proved useless. He was simply too strong, and he was really angry now, because of what she'd said to him.

"Old man! Crazy!" he bellowed. "Why, you little . . ." Hub's voice trailed off. He gritted his teeth. His eyes pulled down to mere slits which seemed to glow. The muscles of his jaws pumped in and out. And then he swung into action. Down came his hand.

"WHACK!"

"AAIIIEEE!!!" Sue shrieked, as the smarting pain nearly made her pass out.

He'd smacked her so hard it stung his work-hardened hand. There was a crimson imprint of his huge hand on the soft white skin of her shocked and cringing ass cheek. It was good enough for her, the smart-mouthed little shit, Hub decided, going right on with it. If he had to beat that pretty young butt half off her, he meant to do it, in order to master her. All the fooling around was over. No more Mister Nice Guy would he be. Before he was finished with her, she would be glad to obey him.

"Let up! Let up! You're killing me! Please let up . . . oh, please, please," Sue begged, as he continued to spank her for long moments that seemed like hours. It felt to her as if he were literally setting her behind on fire. She couldn't stand it any longer.

"Apologize!" he barked, pausing again, panting from the effort he'd expended.

"Yes, yes," she gasped. "I'm sorry . . . for what I said. You're not crazy. I never thought you were. You're the boss. I know that now . . . and I'll mind you. I swear I will, if you'll only stop spanking me. It hurts. Lord but it hurts!"

Both of her buns were burning, their color having been changed from pale white to an almost neon red. Hub stared down with gloating approval at the reddened rump of the squirming, whimpering, sobbing teen-aged girl. She sounded like a chastised child, whereas only a few moments earlier she had enraged him with her outburst of haughty defiance. This new attitude of hers was more to Hub's liking. Just for good measure, he slapped her rosy-red rear end a couple more times, then he ordered, "Lay down!"

Sue slid off his lap and hurried to obey.



"Not over there, damn it," he scolded and, patting the very center of the mattress, he added, "Put it right here."

He didn't have to tell her twice. Obediently she scooted to the middle of the bed and positioned her feverish fanny on the spot her bullying stepfather-in-law had indicated.

"That's better. Now spread 'em, Suzy Baby."

"His voice sounded amused but his expression told her he meant business and would tolerate no more resistance from her. She spread her long, shapely legs, revealing to him the most intimate of her private parts.

"You're good and juicy now," he commented.

Sue said nothing. She knew her pussy was moist and swollen with unbidden desire. It embarrassed her to lie there with her legs apart, letting this brute of a man lean over her nude body to examine her groin at close range. He moved his face so near that she could feel his hot breath bathing the top of her trembling thigh. For a moment she thought he intended to kiss her right between the legs, and she shivered with a surge of perverted expectancy. But his lips only brushed the sparse blond hair of her mons veneris before he pecked a single quick kiss on her indented belly button then sat back up beside her.

"You're nothing but a hot-assed little cunt," he hissed, as he reached out and began running his hand possessively over her abdomen and breasts, all the while leering down at her as if to say, I'm your lord and master now, girl.

A mixture of shame and humiliation welled up in Sue. Her cheeks flushed and she turned her head to the side, closing her tear-misted eyes to shut out the sight of the man who was abusing her against her wifely will.

"Look at me," he ordered.

She shook her head. "I can't. I'm too ashamed."

Calmly he captured the coral cone at the tip of her nearest breast between her thumb and forefinger and slowly began pinching down on the tender tit-flesh.

"Nnnn!" she whimpered.

"Look at me."

The mounting pain in her nipple forced her to blink open her eyes, turn her head back toward him and gaze fearfully up at him. "Please stop. You're hurting me."



"Sure, hot cunt," he chuckled, and immediately he released her nipple. "Are you ready for me to hose you now?"

"What an uncouth slob you are," she muttered, the words escaping her lips before she could think.

A wicked smile spread over his face. Suddenly he grasped both her tumescent pink nipples, pinching them harshly and twisting them cruelly at the same time.

"NNAAHHH!" Sue cried, squirming and cringing, her pretty face drawing up in pain.

"Are you ready for me to hose you now?" he repeated.

"Yes! Oh, God, yes!"

And she was ready. The spanking had turned her on and now the sharp pain he was so sadistically inflicting upon her lovely breasts snapped something deep down inside of the very core of her being. It made no sense at all, but suddenly she was wild to have him manhandle her and take her violently.

"Your cock!" she gasped. "Give me your cock!"

He let go her titties and, grinning triumphantly, swung astride her tremulous torso on his knees. Leaning forward with his hands on his hips, he rested his hairy nutsack on her upper chest and wagged his massive member in her face, offering it to her but saying nothing. How it boosted his male ego when the pretty young wife of his absent stepson whined softly, as if she were fighting some sort of moral battle, and then, turning glassy-eyed, she gave up and grabbed his hard horn with both of her small, girlish hands.

"It's beautiful . . . simply beautiful," she breathed, skinning it back with tender loving care. When she'd bared the glistening knob of his organ, a choked sob escaped her and she began planting wet, almost worshipful kisses upon the oily, somewhat smelly surface of the purplish dome.

"Cocksucker," he slurred, deliberately defiling her by the way he pronounced the insulting obscenity.

Instead of deterring her, the belittling name-tag only spurred Sue on. Purring like a hungry cat who was finally being fed, she stuck out her dainty pink tongue and started lapping up the clear cockcream as it oozed from the pouting eye of the man's enlarged penis. And she didn't stop there, either. Longingly she laved the entire bulb of his musky-tasting masculinity, literally scrubbing the exciting flavor off it with the roughened upper surface of her shameless taste organ.

Entwining his fingers in the silky strands of her naturally curly blond hair, he jerked her head back from his loins. Tauntingly he flexed his sex muscles again and again, making his prick dance in her hands as the head expanded and contracted repeatedly right in front of Sue's face.

"Please don't tease me like this! I don't know what you've done to me, but you've made me want your thing so bad! Give it to me! Don't hold me away!" She pulled, tugging at his rod and attempting to capture the turgid crown of it with her puffy pink lips. "I want to give you some head . . . blow you . . . go down on you! Please, please, please . . . let me suck your nasty dick!"

He laughed at her, degrading her all the more as he continued to taunt her by keeping the object of her oral affection just out of her mouth's range. This went on for two or three minutes before Hub grew tired of it, but he still refused to give the lust-lost young wife the oral satisfaction for which she was begging. Not that he wouldn't have enjoyed it himself, for he most definitely would have. However, in his mean mood of the moment he wasn't about to give Sue anything that she wanted so desperately.

"You filthy little pig," he husked, and he slapped her.

The smarting pain and sudden shock of being slapped so humiliatingly in the face brought Mrs. Sue Fletcher part way back to her senses. She shook her head as if coming out of a trance.

"Why, you, you," she sputtered, "you mean, awful man! I hate you, hate you, hate you!"

"Sure you do," he chuckled, swinging his legs down between hers, working himself into position above her. "But you love my pecker, right?"

"No, damn you, I loathe you and it, too!" she spat, lying beneath him, defeated but disdainful. "I don't know what came over me there for a moment, but whatever it was it's done with now. Get off me. Let me up, you dirty old ma-aannn! No, no! Don't! Ohh ... stop! Don't! Stop!" she protested, as he brought the rounded tip of his plum-sized dickhead to her fluted portal and began wedging it into that fur-fringed crack of vulnerable femininity.

Within slightly more than a minute, however, the tone of the teen-aged bride began to change. She was still mouthing the same words, only now she was running those words together, going, "Don't stop . . . uunnn . . . mmmmm . . . oh, don't stop now!"

He had stuffed the entire head of his fat dick inside her remarkably tight opening and was pausing momentarily to enjoy the delightful snugness of her flutteringly gripping gap. "Do you love my pecker?" he asked.

"Yes!" she sighed. "Love it, love it!"

"Just a couple of minutes ago you said you loathed it," he reminded.

"I di-didn't mean it," she told him, involuntarily undulating her hips and straining her loins up toward him.

"You lied?"

"Uh-huh," she readily agreed. "I must have. Oh, Daddy, more. Give me more!"

"More what?" he taunted.

"More of that big beautiful dong!" she hissed and, throwing her arms around him, she clapped her hands over the hairy buns of his muscular rump and began tugging him ever downward, sighing again and again as he allowed her hungry hot hole to take in inch after hard, throbbing inch of his woman-stretching prick.

She was his to do with as he pleased now. Hub knew that full well. At the moment, it pleased him to hear her beg, so he paused with just a little more than half his girthful prong still remaining outside the heavenly wet warmth of her snug, velvety sheath.

"More!" she pleaded, without his having to coax her even a little bit.

He slipped her another inch of it.

"Ohhh," she sighed. "Oh, Yes, yes! More! Give me MORE!"

It seemed to anger him each time he had her just where most men would've wanted her - so hot and bothered that she appeared to be half out of her mind with desire, and actually begging for it - because all at once he snorted like a bull, cursed her and brutally drove the last four inches of his nine-inch phallus into the passion-drugged girl.

There was a ragged intake of her breath as Sue's tiny twat was forced open to the limit in order to accommodate the fantastic girth and length of the inboring bludgeon. Her mouth gaped open and her eyelids clamped shut. A tremor racked her feverish body. She emitted a cry not unlike the bleating of a lamb when the fist-like head of his intruding organ hit the neck of her womb and shoved that pear-shaped organ of ultra-femininity a good two inches higher up into her abdominal cavity.

"Oh, Lord . . . Lord!" she gasped, shuddering all over.

With a grunt, her stepfather-in-law began humping away, giving it to her hard and fast right from the start. He didn't even give her time to catch her breath. She felt weak and feared for a moment that she might faint.

"Bitch! Whore! Slut!" Hub barked down at her, as he crammed it to her with all the force he could muster.

The bedsprings were squawking and creaking in a way that Sue's husband had never caused them to do when he was making love to her in this very same bed. But what Hub was doing to her now couldn't possibly be considered lovemaking by any stretching of even the most vivid imagination.



This was nothing but raw, primitive sex. It was wicked and sinful, and it was also extremely exciting! Subconsciously Sue had been longing for the rough fucking Hub was now giving her ever since he'd raped her that first time.

"Do it! Oh, Daddy, do it tooo me!" she rasped, rolling her head sensually from side to side.

Her arms and legs were for the moment sprawled about at various angles from her body. They had no strength and she couldn't seem to control them as they were jostled about on the bouncing mattress. In fact, she could hardly catch her breath, so fast and furiously was the big brute of a man screwing into her. She felt somewhat like a rag doll being shaken by a vicious, snarling dog.

Bam, bam, bam! was the sound made by the head-board beating against the wall.

"Harder!" she urged. "Faster! I th-think . . . I'm going to . . . to come! Oh . . . ohhh . . . oohhhh!"

It was only a mini-orgasm, a promise of bigger and better things to come, and the misbehaving young bride accepted it gratefully and greedily. The way she was beginning to feel, she doubted that even her horny stepfather-in-law would be able to give her all the sexing she wanted. A force long ago suppressed by her strict moral upbringing was now being prodded awake by the pistoning prick which was pumping her so gloriously full of carnal pleasure. Strength began to flow back into her arms and legs. It soon became impossible for her to lie still. She flung her arms around the muscular torso of her husband's stepfather and started hunching her secreting blond slot up to him, eagerly helping with her own ravishment.

"You hot-assed little cunt," Hub hissed down at her. He stroked the staff of lust to her faster and harder yet, as if he meant to punish her for finding enjoyment in the indecent sex act he himself was forcing upon her. At least he'd had to force her at first.

Sue kissed him passionately on the neck and raked his hairy buttocks with the sharp edges of her sexy pink-painted fingernails, much in the same mood and manner as a rodeo cowgirl might use hers to spur a bronco in order to make him buck all the harder.

"Cheatin', cock-crazy bitch," he hurled at her.

His verbal abuse made her all the wilder for it. She drew up her legs, bending them at the knees, and planted her bare feet on the mattress. The muscles in her thighs and calves contracted smoothly and swiftly as she began really slamming her sopping wet pussy up to him.

Wordlessly they clung to one another, screwing like mad for a couple of minutes or more. Soon they were both perspiring profusely, their abdomens slapping wetly together in mid-air. Hub was grunting rhythmically. Moans and sighs of sexual delight poured continuously from Sue's parted, quivering lips. The thickness of his pumping prong made the inflamed petals of her small sex flower fold inward each time he filled her with it. Then during the outstroke her crimson cuntal lips clung to his retreating shaft tightly, distending out obscenely from her body as if reluctant to lose his precious penis for even a fraction of a second.



"Ohhh," she sighed, matching him stroke for stroke now. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy . . . you darling man!"

The pleasure of it was taking Hub over now, too. He flashed her a lewd grin, then lowered his mouth to hers and kissed her, feeding her his tongue.

Murmuring in her throat, she licked back at his beery-tasting tongue and sucked it even deeper into her hungry mouth. There was an added thrill at having both her erogenous orifices filled by him at the same time.

"Shake it, Suzy Baby," he husked, when at last he withdrew his tongue from her suctioning oral cavern. "Shake that hot ass for your 'Daddy darling man,'" he laughed mockingly.

But Sue was beyond being affected by his verbal taunts. A swirling fog of mind-blanking lust consumed her consciousness. Her only reply was a quickening of her raspy breathing and an urgent plea of, "Fuck me . . . fuck me . . . FUCK MEE!"

And then she was coming, throwing back her head as the floodgates of pleasure burst open with her, and crying out in ecstasy, "AAAAAAHHHHHHHH . . . OH, DARLING, DARLING . . . OH, GOD . . . GGOODDD . . . OOOHHHHHHHH . . . AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

The intensity of her climax proved to be tremendous. She gasped for air, moaning and sobbing blissfully, her entire body shivering with the rapture of it as Hub kept right on powering the pole to her.

But not for long. The divine heat of her tight, wet, convulsively clutching vagina pushed him over the brink within seconds and, grunting in the typical male fashion, he rammed his throbbing stalk into her all the way and emptied the burdensome contents of his aching balls into the sweet, hot depths of her heaving little belly.

"Now, Suzy Baby, tell old Hub you didn't enjoy that screwing," he chuckled, gazing down at the satisfied expression on her flushed face as he rotated his hips with his still erect prick fully into her.

Sue could only whimper with delight as she felt his long dong stirring her orgasmically twitching insides. She was still in the final throes of her coming.

"Is it good, hot cunt?"

"Yes," she whimpered. "Oh Lord yes!"

"You loved the hosing I just gave you, didn't you?"

"Loved it!" she readily admitted. "Every vulgar minute of it. God help me but I did."

Reluctant to break the carnal connection, he lazed atop the panting, sighing girl, letting his pecker soak in her until it went soft. Only then did he drag his deflated dong out of her and, as soon as he did so, he rolled over and turned his back to her.

As Sue drifted down little by little from the sensuous heights to which Hub had transported her, she became more and more ashamed of the lustful manner in which she'd responded to him. No matter that she'd done so after being manhandled and spanked into submission, for she'd thoroughly enjoyed that part of it too, and this both worried and puzzled her. Now she was an adulteress and, besides feeling guilty, she was angry at Doug for putting her in the situation which had resulted in her cheating on him with his own stepfather.

"Now that you've had what you want," she snapped, venting all her anger and resentment on Hub, "will you please get the hell out of my room!"

He just laughed at her. A moment later he reached down and pulled the covers up over himself, then turned off the bedside lamp and settled down for the night.

"Of all the unmitigated gall!" she huffed. "Where do you get your nerve!"

"The same place you get your sassiness," he chuckled. "Now shut your sweet little cocksucking mouth and let's get some sleep."

For long moments she lay rigid and tense beside him, staring up at the darkened ceiling. Her mind was in a turmoil. One thing was clear, however - Hub intended to be sleeping with her whenever he pleased while her own husband was out of town working. There was no denying that he could satisfy her sexually much better than Doug had ever done, and part of her was attracted to the older man because of that; but the decent part of her still wanted none of these sinful goings on. She seemed to have no choice in the matter, though. He was taking her over!

Hub began to snore.

Shortly, against her better judgment, Sue gave in to her baser nature. She snuggled up to the warm, hairy backside of her husband's horny stepfather and went to sleep.

## Chapter 7

It was not exactly the sweetest music this side of heaven, but it wasn't bad and the dancing couples seemed to be enjoying it. Sounds of merriment filled the ballroom of the respectable old hotel. The party was being thrown by the city's largest wholesale building materials dealer. It was an annual affair. Contractors large and small were invited, and any guests they cared to bring were more than welcome.

Sue hadn't wanted to come at first, but Hub insisted that she go with him and so, here she was. This was the first date she'd had since she and Doug had got married. It was wrong, of course, to go out with another man while her unsuspecting husband was out of town working, but she couldn't seem to refuse Hub anything any more. Besides, she'd reasoned, going to a party with him couldn't be as wrong as staying home and having sex with him, as she'd been doing for the last several nights.

"Having fun?" Hub asked, as he returned from the bar with fresh drinks for them both.

She nodded and smiled at him as he sat down in the booth beside her. "I can't help feeling guilty, though, going to a party while Doug is off working."

"Screw Doug," he said. "He doesn't have to know about tonight, does he?" He laughed. "Or last night? Or the night before?"

"He mustn't know," she said, and took a nervous sip of the drink he'd just brought her. "I'd die if he found out about us, Hub. I'd just die."

"What if I decide to kick him out and keep you all to myself?" he asked.

"What?!" she gasped. "You're not serious!"

He met her frantic gaze and looked her right in the eye.

"Are you?"

He shrugged. "I don't know if I am or not, but I kind of like having you all to myself."

Sue blushed. She felt a surge of warmth toward him. "Are you trying to tell me you love me?"

"Don't go putting words in my mouth, little girl," he warned. "All I said was-"

"Copeland!" a male voice boomed. "Hub Copeland!"

A man of about fifty was walking toward them with his right hand extended. Sue had never seen him before. She noticed that although Hub shook hands with the man and motioned him to sit down with them, he appeared to be slightly annoyed by the intrusion of their privacy.

"You old devil you, how've you been doing?" the man asked, smiling broadly as he took a seat across from both of them. "I haven't seen you for . . . must be six or seven months now! Too long, pal. Old friends ought to get together every now and again, if for nothing more than to swap lies!" He slapped the table and laughed uproariously, as if he thought he'd said something extremely funny. Then he turned his attention on Sue. "This your new missus? Little young for you, isn't she?" he asked, winking slyly at Hub. "Pretty tough. Real pretty girl. Introduce us, man, where's your manners?"

"Jack Barker; Sue Fletcher," Hub said, with a wave of his hand from one to the other. "She's my stepson's wife."

"Oh?" Jack Barker arched an eyebrow and looked at Sue, his manner making her feel uncomfortable. "And where is he?"

"Doug's a salesman for a correspondence school," Sue explained. "He's working out of town at the present."

"Oh!" Jack Barker exclaimed, his facial expression turning absolutely impish as he shifted his gaze from Sue to Hub and back again.

"You don't understand" Sue told him, wondering how this stranger had put her on the spot like this, and why she felt it necessary to explain anything to him in the first place. "You see, my husband is going to college on the G.I. Bill. Only it's summer now and he's working instead . . . and we're living with Hub for the time being because we're short of money."

"You're living with Hub," Jack Barker said. "And your husband is out of town working? Ooo, la, la!"

Sue's cheeks turned crimson. She looked to Hub for help but he was grinning across the table at his friend. Obviously he was amused. The two men burst out laughing simultaneously. It was more than Sue could graciously take. Glaring at them, she muttered something very unladylike and then took a deep pull on her drink. She already felt tipsy, and knew she was drinking too much.



"Hey, come on, sugar," Jack Barker coaxed. "I was just putting you on a little bit, that's all. Honest. I didn't mean anything by it."

"I don't appreciate being the butt of an off-color joke such as you were making," Sue told him.

"I'm sorry," he apologized.

Sue gave him a stony glance and went on sipping her drink.

"Jack's just a fun-loving guy who likes to kid around with people," Hub said. "Isn't that right, Jack, old buddy?"

"Hell right," Jack replied. "Specially pretty women."

"The nice man just paid you a compliment, Suzy Baby," Hub said, as he reached under the table, ran his hand up then down her nylon-encased thigh and gripped her knee. "Don't you think you ought to thank him?"

Beneath the table Hub was gripping her knee tighter and tighter, applying pressure to force her into saying what he wanted her to say. She winced and then begrudgingly muttered, "Thank you."

"Smile and say it again, like you mean it this time."

It was all she could do to keep from crying out, for his powerful fingers were like a vise clamping down on her knee. Forcing a smile, she said, "Thank you."

"Would you like to dance with the nice man?" Hub asked.

"If you wa-want me to," Sue stammered, "I wi-will."

"I asked you first," Hub said, looking nonchalant and innocent as below the table he increased the pressure on her knee.

"Yes, I'd li-like to . . . dance with the nice man." she managed to say, grimacing with pain.

"Then ask him for a dance."

Sue's cheeks flushed with humiliation. To make it even worse, Jack Barker's lewd expression told her that he had the situation pretty well sized up now and could guess what the relationship between her and her husband's stepfather really was. He just sat there, grinning, not volunteering to come to her aid. Apparently he was enjoying her embarrassment.

"Would you dance with me, Mister Barker," she asked, calling him mister in the hope that it might keep things formal between them and prevent him from getting any ideas of his own about her. That would be all she'd need - to have some average-looking fifty-year-old man calling her

up and dropping by the house when both Doug and Hub were gone - and from what she'd seen of him so far he was the type who might try to make a play for her.

"All right with you, pal?" Barker asked.

Hub laughed and nodded his consent while, his actions hidden beneath the table, he patted Sue's abused knee then ran his hand up between her legs, under her short skirt, and cupped her crotch. "Long as you don't try to maneuver her into a dark corner and slip the meat to her," he said, hooking the crotchband of her panties to one side with his thumb. "After all, Jack, she is my daughter-in-law and I have to watch out for her well-being while my stepson is gone."

As he spoke, all the while looking directly at the man across the booth from them, Hub rather roughly inserted his large, knobby-knuckled middle finger into Sue's blond honeypot. A lack of precoital moistness caused this unexpected invasion of her privates to hurt. However, this pain had a sexual overtone and, added to the other pain and humiliation she was already suffering, she responded almost immediately. She couldn't help herself. Hub had this strange power over her that she didn't understand at all but was totally unable to protect herself against. Beads of clear feminine lubricant popped out on the walls of her small vagina in copious abundance, coating his finger as he stroked it rather absently in and out of her hair-ringed slit.

Nervously Sue sipped at her drink. She scooted a bit lower in the booth and spread her legs wider apart for the brute of a man who was more her master than her lover. Out of shame over what was being done to her in a public place with people all about, she lowered her head and dropped her gaze. Now she could inadvertently see as well as feel the sinful manipulations of her loins. Her skirt was bunched up at the top of her thighs. Sparse, curly blond tufts of pubic hair were visible as she caught sight of Hub's thick finger dipping in and out of her clefted mound.

In mortified fascination she watched herself being finger-fucked. She wished Hub would stop this lust-inciting insanity, but she couldn't even ask him to quit without giving away the secret, at least to Hub's friend, and she would simply die if that nasty old man found out.

The men were talking about past events which held no interest for Sue, so she ignored them as best she could. Jack Barker had said he wanted to wait for a slow tune to dance with her because he didn't like the new dances where no one touched anyone else. She dreaded having to dance with the man. He would probably try to feel her bottom and nibble her earlobe. He looked like that type. Maybe they wouldn't play any more slow songs, she hoped. Maybe Hub would feel the urge and take her home soon, and give her what his passion-provoking finger was making her want in spite of her protesting conscience.

Emitting a soft sigh of surrender to the sensual pleasure being secretly pumped into her, Sue squirmed her rump about and snuggled her furry nest tighter against Hub's naughty hand. She closed her eyes in order to more fully savor the sinful sensations. He was getting to her. A wicked little smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. Absently she ran the tip of her pink tongue all around the oval of her soft, full, parted lips.

Just when she was starting to really enjoy it, Hub withdrew his finger, wiped it on her skirt and said, "Time to go home."

Blinking open her eyes, Sue found herself looking across the booth into the leering face of Hub's friend.

"Those little catnaps are great, aren't they?" Barker quipped.

Sue frowned at him.

"Come on," Hub said. "Finish your drink and let's get out of here."

"I don't want any more of it," she replied, suppressing a giggle because now she wouldn't have to dance with Jack Barker.

"Drink it down."

Sue shrugged and finished her drink even though her mood alerted her to the fact that she'd already had one too many. There was no point in arguing with Hub, she reasoned almost happily, since she always wound up doing what he wanted her to do anyway. And besides, she didn't want to argue at a time like this, when he had her all worked up and was about to take her home.

Hub's obnoxious buddy followed them outside and across the parking lot.

"Where's your car?" Hub asked.

"Didn't bring it," Barker said. "Figured to load up on the free booze and then take a cab home."

"Safer that way," Hub agreed, "if you're gonna get stinko."

But the man wasn't "stinko" and Sue couldn't understand why he was walking along with them toward Hub's pickup.

"Let me get that door for the little lady," Jack Barker said, and he hurried around the pickup ahead of Sue.

"Why, thank you," she said, surprised by his gentlemanly act.

He not only opened the door for her, he also took her arm and helped her climb up into the cab of the truck.

"That was very thoughtful of you, Mister Barker," she said, smiling sweetly at him as she waited patiently for him to shut the door.

Hub got in on the driver's side, shut the door and then patted the seat beside him. "Put it here, Suzy Baby."

Obediently she slid over to the middle of the seat. As soon as she did, Jack Barker climbed in and shut the door. Sue shrugged mentally, figuring that Hub was going to drop his friend off somewhere. She hadn't heard them mention it, but then she hadn't paid too much attention to their conversation. She resented his riding in the truck with them, though, because now she would have to act like a lady and she had this wild, wanton desire to unzip Hub's fly, pull out that big beautiful phallus of his and caress it all the way home.

When they stopped in front of Hub's house, his friend was still with them. Sue didn't know what to think. The ride home from the party had been strained and strangely silent. Neither of the men had said a word to each other or to her. The only personal contact of any sort had been when Jack Barker had attempted to play kneesies with her shortly after they'd pulled out of the hotel parking lot. She'd jerked her leg quickly away from his and thrown him an icy glance that had evidently made him know she wasn't interested in that sort of thing, with him, at least.

"What's going on here?" Sue demanded, when Hub swung open the front door of the house and motioned for her and Barker to go on in.

Whack!

"Ouch!" Sue exclaimed, rubbing her stinging ass cheek which Hub had just swatted as she hurried through the door. She noticed the sex-hungry look in Jack Barker's eyes as he and Hub followed her inside. Neither of the men were joking and carrying on now. "Why did you have to do that . . . in front of him?" Sue whined.

Ignoring her, Hub shut and locked the door. He stood beside his friend, at least a head taller and fifty pounds heavier. Both men were staring at her, looking her up and down. They were making Sue feel uncomfortable, naked almost.

Finally Hub told her to make drinks, explaining that his friend lived only a short distance away and that he'd invited him to join them for a nightcap. Breathing a sigh of relief, Sue made drinks and served them to the men. She went back to the kitchen for her drink and, returning to the living room, made her way toward the easy chair, since both the men were on the couch, one sitting at either end of it. Before she could sit down, however, Hub patted the couch between himself and Barker.

"Put it here."

"Please, Hub, I'd rather sit over here . . . if you don't mind."

"I mind."

"Hub!" she whined.

"You want a spanking?" he threatened.



"Hub, hush! You're embarrassing me to death!" Sue scolded. "What will your friend think?"

"He'll probably think that you're a sassy little cunt who deserves getting her butt beat. Now get over here."

"Hub, please!" she whined, as she hurried over and sat down between the two men. "You shouldn't talk to me that way. At least not in front of company."

"Company?" Hub laughed. "Hell, old Jack ain't company. He's my buddy, a regular kind of guy, like me. We don't have to pretend in front of him. Hell's bells, he knows the score."

With that, Hub leaned toward her, put his arm around her and kissed her. She tried to push him away, mumbling a plea for him to wait until his friend left, but as usual he bent her to his will. His thumb hooked over the point of her dainty chin and he forced her mouth open. In rushed his tongue, darting around here and there as he explored her oral cavern. She noticed that Hub seemed extra excited about kissing her, and she wondered if Jack Barker's presence had anything to do with his mood.

Little by little she melted against him. Soon, she was sucking his tongue hungrily and rolling her mouth against his. Their tongues wrestled back and forth from one mouth to the other. The lascivious sounds of oral suctioning could be heard softly but distinctly in the otherwise quiet room. For a moment, Sue forgot all about the man on the other end of the couch. She began purring softly down deep in her throat. Hub was getting to her, making her hot.

Suddenly he broke the kiss. With an evil smile playing over his coarse-featured face, Hub said, "Jack, you want to swap a little spit with her?"

Sue couldn't believe her shocked ears.

"Don't mind if I do," came Barker's reply as, grinning from ear to ear, he set his drink aside and motioned for Sue to slide over to him.

"Go on, Suzy Baby," Hub urged, giving her a little push.

"Hub, no," she pleaded, refusing to believe that he could be serious about such a thing. "You're kidding, aren't you? You don't really mean it, do you?"

"He's my buddy," Hub told her, a devilish glint in his eyes as he pushed her slowly but surely into the cradle of Jack Barker's welcoming arm. "Go on now. Give him a little kiss. What can that hurt?"

"It can hurt me!" Sue wailed. "My self-image! Hub, no, I ca-can't. It's not right! Doug . . . think about Doug!"

"Shut up and give Jack a kiss!" Hub barked.

Sue gulped. Reluctantly she nodded agreement. She didn't dare disobey him, for his expression warned her that he was running out of patience with her. Tears of humiliation misted her eyes as she turned her head toward Jack Barker and tilted up her face, pursing her lips for the dreaded kiss from the fiftyish man.

"Pretty," Barker breathed, caressing her cheek with the palm of his hand. "She surely is a pretty little thing, Hub."

He kissed her like the dirty old man she had intuitively known he was right from the start. Roughly and with openmouthed urgency he mashed his lips to hers. The tip of his tongue wriggled worm-like between her resisting lips and began insistently nudging her teeth.

"Nooo!" Sue protested, speaking as clearly as she could with her teeth clenched tightly together. She pushed at his shoulders, attempting to break the kiss, but he had the back of her head cupped in his hand and wouldn't let go.

"Open up, slut," Hub said. "Let the nice man French you."

Her senses reeling with shame, she opened her mouth slowly and most unwillingly, as she screamed silently, Why, damn you, Hub, why oh why are you degrading me this way! And then her reluctant oral cavity was suddenly filled with the slippery, suggestively thrusting tongue of the man old enough to be her father and then some. It caused her to feel sick at her stomach. For a moment there, Sue thought she was actually going to throw up. And she hoped she did, right in his mouth. It would serve him right.

But she didn't, and as the kiss went on and on and on, she gradually accepted the situation and began licking back tentatively at his tantalizing tongue. He must've kissed her for five minutes or longer before she heaved a pitiful little whimper of surrender and, throwing her arm around him, sucked down hungrily on his now appealing taste organ.

"There now, that wasn't so bad after all, was it?" Barker asked, when he finally came up for air.

Numbly, she shook her head, saying in a tiny dull-toned voice that was barely audible, "No, not so bad."

Hub laughed. "Bad, hell. Looked to me like you was starting to enjoy it." He drew her away from his friend and kissed her again himself.

Time stood still for Sue, because it just didn't seem real, what was happening to her. It had to be a nightmare. Surely it was impossible for her to enjoy being passed back and forth between two older men who were both giving her passionate French kisses. But there was no denying the fact that she did enjoy it. It was simply awful of her but she couldn't seem to help it. She'd had too much to drink, Sue reasoned, making excuses for herself. The alcohol had lowered her moral defenses. They were taking advantage of her. Could she help it if she was a normal, healthy girl? And being a normal, healthy girl, could she possibly be expected not to respond to the continual stimulation of so many wet, passionate kisses? Why, they were actually making her dizzy, the

way they kept turning her first to one of them and then to the other, each of them hugging her and kissing her in turn, letting her suck their sweet, wonderful tongues.

"I'll bet her snatch is sopping wet by now," Sue heard Hub saying while she was being embraced by his nice friend. "Why don't you reach under her skirt and check that out, Jack?"

The old devil didn't have to be coaxed. He rammed his tongue all the farther down her throat. Ignoring her piteous little noises of protest and feeble struggling to protect her virtue, he wedged his hand between her tightly clenched-together thighs and started working it up toward her groin.

"Nooo . . . nooo," Sue pleaded muffledly into his mouth, as she struggled to protect herself. Allowing them both to kiss her was one thing, but she couldn't permit this total stranger, even if he was a buddy of Hub's, to reach under her dress and touch her where only her husband had the right to put his hand.

Sue had no choice in the matter, however, because Hub soon came to the aid of his lecherous pal. With his strength, it required small effort for him to grasp Sue's dimpled knees and spread them apart.

"NOOO!" she wailed, when Barker's hand darted under her skirt and began feeling her up.

"Man, oh, man." Barker exclaimed.

Sue shut her eyes in mortification and clenched her small hands into fists of helpless rage as the dirty old man pawed her against her wifely will.

"She wet?" Hub asked.

"Juicy as hell. Hot, too."

"Please," she whined, gazing imploringly into Hub's eyes. "Please don't go any further. You mustn't do this terrible thing to me."

Tenderly Hub clasped her head between his hands. Her cheeks were flushed with desire. Her blond curly hair was in a state of enticingly sensual disarray. Her full pink lips were puffy with passion. Tears of shame hung at the corners of her eyes, but her eyes themselves had that glassy look of lust about them. "You're a beautiful little hunk of fuckstuff," Hub whispered, a split second before he drew her mouth to his and kissed her sweetly but with passion.

She melted all over him. Emitting a sigh of submission to this man who had physically abused her and was now apparently going to share her with his friend, she flung her arms around his neck and allowed him to suck in her will as well as her tongue.

Shivering with the licentiousness of such wicked goings on, she clung to Hub and kept up the tongue-entwined kissing as he, too, began feeling her up. Tremulously she spread her nylon-clad legs and allowed the two men to stroke and caress her as they would. And what a thrill it gave



her - once she quit resisting - to have two men at once running their hands over her thighs and rubbing up against the narrow strip of sheer, secretion-soaked nylon which was the only thing protecting her private portal from them now.

She could feel them working their fingers in under her panties. First one then another fingertip found the elliptical opening of her slippery slot and they both started probing into her at the same instant.

"Ohh," she sighed, her lips breaking free of Hub's lips as she gave in to the sensation of melting weakness and let her head loll back against the couch. "What are you two doing to me? I've never felt this way before. Mmmm . . . oh, it's so wicked . . . so ni-nice!"

They each had a finger inside her vagina. She squirmed her bottom voluptuously for them. It felt so different, but very good indeed, as the two men finger-fucked her simultaneously. Sometimes they stroked in unison but most of the time one knobby-knuckled finger was sliding into her as the other one was being pulled out, and getting both the push and the pull sensations at the same time was enough to drive the poor girl out of her mind.

"Like it?" Hub asked.

"Uh-huh!" Sue breathed. "It's wild. Oh, Daddy, kiss me quick because I'm co-coming! Nnnn . . . oohhhh!"

They took turns kissing her as they double-masturbated her through that orgasm and a couple more that followed in rapid succession. Before they quit, each of the men had two fingers in her, stretching her blond muff to the point where they had her whimpering with the pain of the rough treatment being given her tender pussy. When they finally pulled their fingers out of her and left her alone momentarily, Sue just sat there panting for breath and trembling all over.

"Look at them lips," Jack Barker said. "She didn't get lips like that from eating bananas."

Hub said nothing.

"I said I'll bet she didn't get lips like that from eating bananas."

"Probably not," Hub agreed, reaching for his drink. He took a sip. "What are you hinting at, Jack?"

"You know," Jack laughed nervously. "A little suckie-suckie?"

"Maybe. If you play your cards right. How about it, Suzy, you want to go down on old Jack here?"

Sue shook her head no. She wished they couldn't talk about her that way. It made her feel cheap and vulgar.



"Then show him your titties," Hub laughed.

She didn't know if he was serious or not.

"Go on," he said.

She didn't want to but supposed it wouldn't really make any difference, since he'd already seen and felt her loins. Leaning forward, she reached behind her back and unbuttoned her blouse. Hub helped her off with it. She unhooked her bra and Jack Barker removed that garment of intimate apparel from her. She sat between them naked to the waist, with her skirt shoved up to her hips, and she couldn't help feeling ashamed.

"God, what a set of knockers," Barker said with obvious admiration.

Sue's breasts were large and firm without a bit of sag. In fact, they were sort of upswept and came to twin points in her perfect pink nipples the shape of pencil erasers with the edges just slightly rounded off.

"Run your grubby paws over them beauties," Hub invited.

"Hell right, don't mind if I do," Barker said, as he reached over and weighed Sue's nearest bust by cupping it from below and lifting up. He let out a squeal of delight and started bouncing her tit up and down. "Damn, Hub, how'd you like to run barefooted through a whole field of 'em just like this 'un?"

Hub laughed appreciatively. He tweaked the nipple of Sue's other breast and commented that it might be sort of fun, at that.

As for Sue, what with her passion partly relieved by the climaxes they'd given her through masturbation, she didn't think much of Jack Barker's idea or his childish bouncing of her womanly mound. She knew better than to belittle him for it, though. Instead she took his hand in hers and began guiding it over her tits, showing him how she liked to be caressed on that part of her body. He took the cue and soon fanned the embers of her waning desire back to life. When he began sucking and gently nibbling on her nearest nerve-laden cone of pink tumescence, it felt so lovely that she never wanted him to stop. And when Hub joined him, the two middle-aged men nursing at her breasts like twin babies, Sue cupped their heads tighter against her, sighing contentedly as a sensual smile played lazily over her relaxed, pretty visage.

"That's nice," she cooed. "So nice. I could go on like this all night long."

But they were making her all hot and bothered again, and before long she was wishing Jack would go on home so Hub could take her to bed and give her what she needed and wanted. In her naivete, Sue did not yet suspect that Hub's friend might not be going home tonight, or that Hub was toying with the licentious notion of allowing the man to go all the way with her. Such an unholy idea simply didn't occur to her rather innocent and still somewhat prudish mind.

The men began caressing her thighs and petting her pussy again, in addition to pleasuring her titties with their hot mouths. It was simply too much stimulation for one woman to take and remain calm about it. When Hub took out his erected phallus and placed her hand on it, Sue moaned aloud and grasped it eagerly. Then Jack Barker pulled out his penis and carried her other hand to it, and Sue couldn't resist. She knew she shouldn't behave in such a wanton and unwifely manner, but she clutched the older man's hard horn and started running her hand up and down it, the way she was already doing to Hub's.

"You horny devils are driving me crazy," she mumbled, as she started hunching their hands to help them finger-fuck her better while at the same time she was jacking them off hard and fast as she could go. "They feel so hard and hot . . . your fat dicks . . . mmmm . . . good . . . oh, so good!"

They did feel good to her. In her condition of unbidden but now runaway desire, any male organ in a state of proper erection would've felt good to the passion-dazed young bride. The difference in size between the members of the two men didn't particularly matter to Sue. Jack Barker's pecker reminded her of her husband's since it was about the same size as Doug's, and comparing the two made her feel guilty. But not guilty enough to slow her down because this was so exciting and she was feeling marvelous and what could it possibly hurt? After all, they were only masturbating one another like naughty children. It wasn't as if she were being unfaithful to Doug with Hub's friend, too, she rationalized.

And then, just when she was about to come, they stopped. First Hub pulled away from her and sat up straight beside her, then Jack followed suit. Sue sat there between them panting, wriggling her rump around, her palpitating pussy dripping with desire as she clung uncomprehendingly to their upstanding pricks.

"Don't quit on me!" she whined. "It was getting too good to quit! Please, Hub, you and your friend mustn't leave me hanging like this. Use your fingers on me just a little more!"

Hub shook his head. He pulled her gripping fingers one by one from his organ and pushed her hand away. "I'm not in the mood. Maybe Mister Barker will take pity on you."

"Will you, Mister Barker?" Sue asked hopefully, turning toward him.

"This kid stuff is beginning to bore me, too," Barker told her. "Maybe if you . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Maybe if I what?" Sue asked.

"Naw," Barker drawled. "I doubt if you'd go for it."

"Go for what?" she asked. "I might! Tell me what!"

Jack Barker grinned lewdly. "I want you to wrap them hot lips of yours around my cock and give me a blow job."

"Ohmygod," she gasped. She shook her head as if in a daze. "No, please . . . I just ca-can't do that."

"Why not?" asked Barker.

"I'm a married woman," she whined. "It wouldn't be right."

He laughed. "But it's all right for you to jack me off while I finger you and suck your tittie? Jeez, what a crazy mixed-up kid you are!"

"Give him some head, Suzy. Those sexy lips of yours were made just for sucking a man's cock."

"Hub, don't talk that way!" Sue protested.

"You like it, too, don't you, you sweet little cock-sucker? Come on. I want to see you gobble Jack's knob."

"Don't Hub . . . no . . . please don't!" she wailed, as he grabbed her head and began pushing it down into his friend's lap.

"Kiss it!"

She stared wide-eyed at the purplish dome of the circumcised dick she was being ordered to kiss, and it loomed obscenely larger and more livid the closer he pushed her face toward it. Hardly more than the head itself was visible because she was still gripping it, her white hand trembling as it clung to the olive-skinned shaft which lewdly protruded from the man's open fly. When her nose was about five inches above his penis, the sexual scent of his masculine arousal wafted up to her. The smell of his hard cock tingled her delicate feminine nostrils, exciting her like the powerful aphrodisiac nature intended it to be.

"Nnn," she murmured, and took a deep breath of the air which was filled with his aroma.

"Kiss it slut!" Hub snapped.

Pursing her lips, Sue kissed the man's heated bulb lightly and quickly. It no longer seemed like such a terrible thing to do, but she still wasn't sure that she ought to.

"That's it, baby," Jack Barker crooned. "Do it again."

Strangely enough, his soft-spoken words made her want to do it again, partly to please him and partly to show Hub that a woman appreciates being sweet-talked sometimes.

"You've got a nice one, Mister Barker," she cooed, and she kissed it for him again. This time her lips lingered a bit longer on the musky-smelling cockhead of his pulsating penis.



"Baby," Barker murmured. He put his hand on her shoulder and began caressing her.

This bit of tenderness worked like magic. Suddenly she couldn't do enough for the older man. Lovingly she squeezed his shaft, causing a drop of clear liquid to appear in the tiny-lipped mouth at the tip of his cock. Without even thinking about what she was doing, Sue extended her dainty pink tongue and licked off the dab of male fluid. It had a heady, slightly salty flavor to it. She squeezed his stalk, hoping for more of the pleasant nectar. When she didn't get it, she whimpered and, running her hand jerkily up and down the stem, she started licking longingly all over the purplish bulb at its top.

"Yeah, baby," Barker encouraged. "Lick it. Lick it good.

And lick it she did. Her tongue simply wouldn't leave that lovely, sleek-skinned morsel of male turgidity alone. When Hub, using the vulgarest of terms, asked her if she liked his buddy's organ, Sue readily admitted that she did.

"Then let me see you blow him," Hub said.

"All right," Sue breathed.

She opened her mouth and took in the nectar-giving knob. Forming her puffy pink lips snugly around the top of his shaft, she sucked down on him and continued to lave the bluntly rounded forefront of his cockhead with her willfully wanton tongue. The taste of him was similar to yet different from Hub's taste, and this slight difference excited her all the more. Feeling sinful to the nth degree, she began moving her head up and down, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The sheer lewdness of the act she was performing on this virtual stranger made Sue all the wilder for it.

In the back of her mind, she fuzzily realized what was going on. Hub had brought this dirty old man home with them and now, between the two of them, they had her going down on him. And to make matters worse, she loved it. If Hub would let her, she would gladly blow him, too, right in front of his friend.

Slurp, slurp, slurp, came the lustful sounds as Sue became more and more carried away with what she was doing.

"Hot damn, look at that little cocksucking bitch go!" Hub exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you she was good at it?"

"Fantastic," sighed the man receiving Sue's oral favors. "Go, baby, go . . . oh, yeah . . . all the way take me all the way."

He needn't have worried about that. The mood Sue was in now, wild horses couldn't have pulled her mouth off his hunk of meat. She craved his sperm and wouldn't be satisfied until she made him squirt it out inside her hungry hot mouth. Her soft, full lips clung salaciously to his dong, drawing out around the saliva-wetted shaft each time she pulled up on it with her cheeks



hollowed from the force of her suctioning efforts to bring him off as soon as possible. No longer did her hand grip the upstanding rod. She had it inside his fly, where she had cupped his scrotum and was now gently but eagerly rolling and caressing his oblong balls in the palm of her hand. Her head fairly flew up and down. She was nursing on his stalk as if the milk she hoped to get from it meant the difference between life and death for her.

"Nnn," Barker groaned, starting to shake as his body tensed up. "NNN!"

Sensing that his moment had arrived, Sue increased her efforts. Her head bobbed furiously up and down at his loins, strands of her naturally curly blond hair whipping about. Sue was really working for her creamy reward because she wanted it desperately.

And she got it. Heaving a groan of satisfaction, Jack Barker grabbed the girl's head to still it and let fly his load, grunting and sighing as he fed it to her.

The man must've had a month's supply of semen backed up inside him. His cockhead swelled up and spewed out the first massive gush of it. The hot substance splashed against the back of Sue's throat, causing her to gulp reflexively and swallow it right down before she ever had a chance to compare the taste of it to Hub's. He had plenty more of it for her, though, and she held the throbbing pole in her mouth while it spurted out jet after jet of that warm, sticky stuff.

"Mmm," Sue moaned appreciatively, savoring the sharp flavor of his pungent sex juice as it built up in her mouth to the point where it was floating her tongue.

Then she began drinking it down, gulping greedily again and again as the fleshy fountain sprayed forth the creamy liquid in spiraling streams of lesser and lesser amounts, until finally it ran dry. Sue refused to come up for air until after she had coaxed the final sluggish drops of jism out of his softening, spongy penis.

"Jeez, she drained me dry as a bone," Barker groaned.

Hub's gaze was riveted upon Sue as she sat up all glassy-eyed with lust, licking absently at her sperm-smeared lips. Her hair was disheveled. Her cheeks were flushed. The nipples of her beautiful breasts were crinkled and pointed with desire. She looked positively ravishing.

"How about it, cocksucker," Hub said. "You ready to get hosed now?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy," she told him, reaching for his rampant rod. "Give me this big beautiful cock! Hurry!"

"Need it bad, do you?" he chuckled.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"You'll let Jack fuck you, too?"

"Yes," she gulped. "I will let him. Oh, yes . . . I'll let him fuck me. Fuck me. Oh, what a lovely word! Fuck . . . fuck . . . fuck, fuck, fuck!"

"Stand up," Hub said.

Sue stood up and following his further directions, she stepped out a little way from the couch and turned to face the two men who remained seated.

"Do a strip for us," Hub instructed.

She didn't know how to "do a strip," and besides, she was already naked from the waist up. But Hub insisted, so, feeling silly, she did her best. Slowly she removed her rumpled skirt, then her slip and, at Hub's request, gradually rolled her panties down, starting with the elastic waistband and continuing on until they were simply a roll of nylon around the tops of her thighs. To her surprise and delight, Hub's friend got another erection from watching her undress teasingly for their voyeuristic benefit.

"Leave 'em on," Hub said, when she reached down to unfasten her nylon stockings from the lacy black garter belt which Hub had bought her. "Your shoes, too. It's more sexy."

At Hub's request, Sue willingly paraded around the living room for them wearing nothing but sheer nylon hose, the black garter belt and a pair of high-heeled shoes which Hub had given her. Feeling really wanton and wicked, she rolled her hips whorishly as she walked for them, undulating her buttocks and making her tits jounce enticingly. When she saw the way her behavior was affecting them, she turned it on all the more.

"Man," Barker muttered, "what a sex machine!"

"Come on," Hub invited. "We'll take her to bed and screw that pretty little ass right off her."

The bed they took her to happened to be hers and Doug's. She couldn't help thinking about her husband as she turned back the covers. What would Doug think of her if he could see her now, Sue wondered, and she felt a stab of remorse as she prepared to cuckold him in his own bed with not just one but two horny men. But she needed it and there was no turning back. Even if she wanted to back out, which she didn't, she knew Hub wouldn't let her, and this knowledge salved her conscience somewhat.

Jack Barker shed his clothes swiftly and, with Hub's permission, climbed into bed with Sue.

They didn't bother with preliminaries. Neither of them needed any foreplay. Barker's penis was hard as a rock and Sue's plushy pussy was dribbling with the slippery oil of her feminine desire. She was waiting for him with her legs spread and arms held open in welcome. His aging ego flattered by the pretty young girl's obvious desire for him, Barker mounted her without delay.

"Oh, yes," she cooed, her hand trembling as she reached down between their bodies and took his erect organ in her hand. With a tug, she guided him toward her, wiped the head of his rod up and

down her glistening split a couple of times and then held it at the ready with the rounded tip of his lubricated cocktip resting between the soft, puffy petals of her palpitating sex flower. "Now, Mister Barker," she whispered sultrily. "Put it in me."

He lowered himself onto her slowly but surely, allowing his prick to slip into the wet warmth of her silken tunnel in the same lazy but very sensual manner. His hairy scrotum nestled intimately into the cleft of her voluptuously squirming bottom.

"Ahhh," she sighed, giving him a hug. "It feels nice. Do it. The way Hub said. Screw that ass right off me."

With relatively long and leisurely strokes, Barker began screwing into the pretty blond bride, making her sigh again and again. His penis was only average in size, very similar to her own husband's in every respect, except the older man had a lot more experience and knew how to make use of his equipment much better than Doug did. He brought Sue to her first climax in less than a minute and kept right on pumping the pole to her while she sobbed aloud with the pleasure of it and flung her head to and fro, the delicate features of her face contorted into an expression of sexual rapture.

Once her peak of orgasmic pleasure had passed, Barker speeded up the tempo gradually, and he also increased the force of his thrusts. In order to penetrate her as deeply as possible, he drew up her legs and hooked her knees over his shoulders. In this position her vagina was at its shortest and his penis could reach clear in and touch the neck of her uterus.

"Oh, oh, oh," she crooned chantingly, her feet fanning the air as he jabbed incessantly into her with the full length of his pleasure-giving penis, the head of it tap, tap, tapping at the very mouth of her womb itself.

For a man in his fifties, Jack Barker had remarkable control and staying power. He sawed away at Sue's steaming slot for nearly fifteen minutes, taking a great deal of satisfaction from being able to so fully turn on such a lovely young woman, the wife of a man perhaps half his age.

"Sweet dick!" Sue cried, her eyes wild and glassy with lust. "I love it, love it! Oh, damn . . . it's soo good! I ju-just love to fuck!"

"Hurry up, Jack," Hub urged, because he was dying to get into her himself.

Jack pulled out all the stops and poured on the coal. His rear end rose and fell with smooth rapidity. Soon he was ramming it to her hard and fast as he could go, the both of them gasping for breath, Sue squealing out from the pleasure being pumped into her while Jack grunted with the effort and kept right on hammering away at her.

"Oh, God . . . come, . . . COME, DAMN YOU, COME . . . BEFORE YOU DI-DRIVE . . . ME COMPLETELY . . . INSANE! OHHH . . . OH SHIT . . . I'M COMING AGAIN ALREADY . . . OHH, OHHH,OOHHHHHHHHHHHH!!



She threw back her head. Her mouth flew open and her eyes rolled up in their sockets till only the whites could be seen. Her entire body broke out in a film of perspiration and she started shaking like a leaf. A measles-like sex rash appeared all over her chest and abdomen. This was the most intense climax the young blond had ever had. Even her puckered pink anus joined in and began clenching rhythmically along with her vagina. She sobbed in ecstasy and clung like a monkey to the man who'd plunged her into this wonderful moment. And then, just as her orgasmic contractions were beginning to weaken, he lunged into her right up to his quivering balls and seemed to be trying to stuff them into her pussy, too. She felt his prick jerking spastically and knew he was about to come. The ballooning head of his pecker was pressed tightly against the mouth of her womb, and the first pressurized jet of his ejected semen spurted directly into that most feminine of all her female organs.

"OH, LORD GOD," she shrieked, starting to come again. "NNN . . . NNN . . . SHOOT IT . . . OOH HH . . . SHOOT THAT HOT . . . COME STUFF . . . INTO MEEE . . . AAHHHHHH . . . SHOOT IT HOT AND DEEP . . . AND SWEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!!"

When Jack Barker climbed off her, Sue heaved a sigh of satisfaction and let her legs and arm flop limply where they would. "Damn," she mumbled. "Got no ass. He screwed it off me. Oh, that man can fuck!"

"You ready for more?" Hub asked, holding his penis, brandishing the larger organ at her in a tantalizing manner.

"Gotta admit that's one beautiful cock, Daddy, but I'm one well-laid little girl already. Don't know if I can take any more right now."

"You can take it," he said. "You will take it!"

With that, he got into position above her and made her do the honors. Sue's hand was trembling visibly as she took hold of Hub's long dong, skinned it back and fitted the forefront of the plum-like dome into her furry cup of love. What with all her copious secretions and the slippery sperm that Jack Barker had deposited in her, she was certainly well lubricated. Hub's more girthful organ stretched her blood-engorged labia as he pressed forward and forced the mushrooming crown into her fluttering gap. Once he had the head securely inside her heated box, he plunged the rest of his huge phallus into her with one rough stroke.

"Gaaa-AAHHHHHHH!" Sue cried out involuntarily, and then she sucked in her breath raggedly as a tremor washed over her perspiration-sheened torso. The sudden penetration snapped her out of it immediately. "Oh, god yessss . . . hook it into me, you wonderful man! Damn, I just love it to pieces, that big hard horse cock of yours! Fuck it into me!"

Hub crammed the meat to her for all he was worth, partly because he was horny as hell but mostly because his ego demanded that he make a better showing than his friend had. The bed threatened to collapse at any second, so violently was he hammering away at her.



Sue seemed to adore this rough and raunchy type of sexing though, for above the rasping of the bedsprings and the pounding of the headboard against the wall, the lovely young bride could be heard calling out encouragement to her ravisher.

"YOU BIG-DICKED MOTHERFUCKER!" Sue shripped, slamming her sopping cunt up to meet him stroke for belly-slapping stroke. "OH, YEAH, YOU STUDHORSE BASTARD, YOU! HUMP ME! SCREW ME! CRAM THAT GORGEOUS HUNK OF HORSECOCK CLEAR UP TO MY TITS! GO, DAMN YOU, GO! FUCK, FUCK, FUCK . . . FUCK ME ALL NIGHT LONG!"

Sue reveled in the rapture of complete carnal abandonment while the two men took turns on her as if she were a bitch dog in heat.

## Chapter 8

After going to bed with two men, Sue knew she should be feeling downright demented and horribly guilty. And she did feel guilty, but not nearly to the extent that she thought she ought to, that any decent married woman would. Actually, the small amount of guilt she did experience was mostly due to the fact that she had so thoroughly enjoyed the thrilling three-way orgy. The immorality of her marital transgression bothered her, to be sure, because it told her in no uncertain terms just how much she was changing. There was no doubt about it, her husband's horny stepfather was corrupting her.

She'd been a virgin bride, a morally upright girl. And she'd been a good wife to Doug, too, faithful and loving. Then Hub had come home drunk in the middle of the afternoon and found her on the couch. He'd raped her. Later, after Doug had declined to move her out of Hub's house, Hub had forced her to perform perverted sex acts for him. With Doug out of town working, Hub had spanked her into submission and had had his carnal way with her again. Since then he acted as if he owned her, as if she were his wife rather than Doug's. But no, he treated her more like a slave than a wife; and for some ungodly reason which remained a complete mystery to Sue, she not only permitted this sordid situation but actually found herself enjoying it much of the time. Lord help her, she thought, wondering how in the world she could have sunk so low as to cuckold her beloved husband with two men, one of them a total stranger to her.

Maybe she was demented, thought Sue, or sick. Mentally ill or something. One of those masochists or whatever they were called. One thing was for sure; she was no longer the sweet and innocent girl who'd been a faithful and devoted wife to Doug. Hub had corrupted her, and she dreaded to think how much more he might corrupt her if they stayed on in his house.

Perhaps it wasn't too late. If she could persuade Doug to move her out into an apartment of their own, she might be able to forget about Hub and what he'd done to her. In time she might even recapture that delicate something she'd lost and become again the decent woman she was before Hub came into her life. It was worth a try. She had to try. Her marriage was at stake, and perhaps her sanity as well. She intended to talk to Doug about it as soon as he got back from his sales trip.

She didn't talk to Doug about it, though. How could she, Sue realized, without confessing what had happened to make her so desirous of moving? And she simply couldn't bring herself to tell

him all the sordid things that his stepfather had forced upon her during his absence. In his presence, she was too ashamed of the way she herself had responded to that sordidness to admit even a part of the goings on to her unsuspecting and hard-working husband. And besides, he was so happy and enthusiastic about his new job that she hated to spoil his mood, for he returned victorious.

"Honey, my boss told me that no new man has ever come even close to the volume of business I wrote in this short a time. He thinks I might be that one in a million, the natural-born salesman! How about that?" Doug exclaimed proudly.

"That's wonderful, darling," Sue replied, forcing herself to act cheerful and carefree for his benefit.

It was Sunday evening. Doug had been home hardly more than twenty-four hours, and he would be leaving for another sales trip bright and early the following morning. He had no way of knowing that his stepfather had been screwing his wife regularly while he had been away, nor did he suspect that Hub had given Sue to yet another man.

After supper, Hub and Doug went into the living room and turned on the TV. There was a movie on that Doug wanted to see. When she'd finished washing the dishes, Sue went in to join them. She didn't particularly care about the movie, but she wanted to be with Doug. They were sitting on the couch, Hub at one end and Doug at the other. As she sat down between them, she couldn't help recalling the other night when she'd sat on this very same couch with Hub and his friend.

Scooting closer to her husband, she glanced Hub's way and noticed that he was watching her out of the corner of his eye. From his amused expression, she knew that he too was remembering that night. Sue turned her attention on the TV set. She snuggled up to Doug and tried to get interested in the movie. If Hub wanted to remember that night, let him, but she wanted to forget it.

Hub wouldn't let her forget it, though. He kept reaching over and touching her. Sometimes he would tickle her ribs lightly, just enough to make her squirm and pull away. Sometimes he would pinch her thigh until she would furtively dig her fingernails into his wrist and push his hand away. Then he slipped his hand in behind her and started patting her bottom, and this was the straw that broke the camel's back. Sue had had quite enough of Hub and everything he stood for. Here he was attempting to steal feels right in front of her husband! It was too much. The time to put a stop to it was now, and suddenly Sue had a brilliant idea of how she could do just that.

She began enticing Hub, deliberately egging him on hoping to get him to try something with her in front of her husband. She was sure Doug wouldn't stand for anything like that. And since she couldn't seem to help herself, her only hope was that once Doug realized his stepfather hadn't been keeping his promise to leave her alone, that he would move her out of this sinful house immediately and get her safely away from Hub's corrupting influence.

Smiling seductively, Sue slipped her feet out of her shoes and raised them up beside her on the couch. Sort of curling up beside her husband, she scooted her small, perfectly shaped feet down toward Doug's stepfather. Earlier that afternoon she'd given herself a pedicure and painted the

nails of her dainty toes with the same sexy-pink nail polish she used on her fingernails. She wiggled her toes and, stretching, glanced at Hub.

He was grinning at her like the dirty old man he'd proven himself to be. She winked at him and pushed at his thigh with the ball of one bare foot. Then she pulled her other leg toward her, bending it at the knee and letting her dress slide up her thighs, deliberately giving him a peek.

When he put his hand on her ankle and began stroking her, she turned her head back toward the TV and pretended that she didn't notice what he was doing. She not only allowed him to play with her leg, she wanted him to, so Doug would catch him at it. Higher and higher he went, rubbing and patting her leg, caressing it. His hand moved past her knee and began inching its way up her thigh.

Sue became worried. Hadn't Doug noticed what was going on right beside him? He'd glanced over a couple of times and commented on the movie. She was almost sure he'd spotted Hub's hand stealing up her leg and under her dress, but maybe he hadn't because he sure hadn't said or done anything about it if he had. She wished Doug would turn her way again. If he didn't do so soon, she would have to find some excuse to get him to. It was becoming urgent that he discover Hub furtively feeling her up, before things got out of hand for, to Sue's discomfort and surprise, the sneaky stroking of Hub's hand was starting to affect her in a way that she hadn't stopped to suppose it might. She was getting aroused by it. He was working her up with her husband sitting right there on the couch beside her, and apparently Doug didn't even notice!

"Doug," she said.

There was no answer.

"Doug," she repeated, louder this time.

Still no answer. He was staring at the TV as if mesmerized.

"Doug!" she said, louder still, and she waved her hand in front of his face.

He looked over then, but of course Hub had drawn his hand back by then and there was nothing for Doug to catch him at.

"Yeah?" Doug asked. "What is it, honey?"

"Nothing now," she muttered, feeling irritated and frustrated.

No sooner had Doug turned back to the movie than she felt Hub's hand dart sneakily back under her dress to take up where it had left off only a moment or so earlier. Her plan didn't appear to be working so well, but with Hub bold enough to continue, she decided to try again. This time she intended to poke Doug with her elbow so she wouldn't alert Hub. Hub. What gall the man had. Surely he knew, after the way she'd called to Doug, that she was setting a trap for him. And yet here the horny devil was, with his hand stuck up under her dress again.



He was really after her now, too. His hand moved constantly, stroking and caressing her thighs. Before long he was rubbing the smooth, creamy skin at the very tops of her thighs, on the insides of them, with his fingertips starting to brush against the thin band of sheer nylon covering her cleft mound. He was starting to get to her. She couldn't help experiencing a lascivious thrill as she sat demurely beside her husband and allowed his horny stepfather to secretly feel her up.

Sue knew she should elbow Doug now, but she didn't. Shivering with excitement, she spread her legs a fraction more, making her crotch vulnerable to his petting hand and probing fingers. In a moment she would make her husband aware of what Hub was doing, but not just yet. She wanted to see how far Hub would try to go with her husband here.

At least that's what Sue told herself. The truth of the matter, however, was that she liked the excitement of this daring act. Her heart skipped a beat when she felt him drawing aside the crotchband of her panties. The tip of his finger probed into the fluted flanges of her forbidden slit. She was already damp with the slippery moisture of her awakening desire. His finger slid enticingly down the smooth and velvety inner surface of one cunt lip and back up the other, down one and back up the other, bumping the nerve-laden bud of her tumescent clitoris each time it passed the inverted V at the top of her elliptical opening.

It felt so good Sue feared she might pee. In fact, it felt too good. She was really getting hot and bothered. Already she was dangerously close to losing control of the situation and she couldn't allow that to happen. Forcing herself to act now, before it was too late, Sue jabbed her husband with her elbow.

Doug didn't move.

Thinking maybe she'd missed him and jabbed the couch, she gave him the point of her elbow again, harder this time. She knew it connected with his ribs, because he flinched.

But that was all.

"Ohhh," Sue moaned softly, feeling giddy when Hub suddenly inserted the full length of his thick, knobby-knuckled finger into her juicy little honeypot.

Hub started sliding his finger in and out of her.

"Doug!" she gasped, elbowing him again. "Doug!"

Chuckling to himself, Hub began finger-fucking his stepson's wife in earnest.

Sue couldn't believe what was happening. It was just too sordid to be real. She had to be dreaming. How else could she explain this mess she had gotten herself into? Surely if this were real her husband wouldn't sit beside her like a statue while his stepfather abused her like this. But it wasn't a dream and she had to put a stop to it! What was the matter with Doug?! Was he paralyzed, blind and deaf?!

"Stop it!" She hissed, shoving Hub's arm away. "What do you think you're trying to do, you dirty old man?! Doug, did you see what he was trying to do to me?"

Doug didn't move a muscle.

"Why, you cockteasing little bitch," Hub said. He sounded more amused than angry. "I've a good mind to turn you over my knee and spank your sassy ass."

"You wouldn't dare!" she snapped. "Not in front of my husband."

"We'll just see about that," Hub said, and then he grabbed her.

Once again the whirlwind caught her up. Across his lap she went, face down. She kicked and screeched and clawed at his leg as he jerked up her dress and yanked down her panties, laying bare her lovely squirming bottom.

"Okay, cockteaser, you asked for it," Hub chortled, admiring the appealing sight of her luscious, soft, creamy white buttocks.

They didn't remain white for long, though. Hub's huge working-man's hand lifted up into the air and then swooped down.

Splat!

"Ouch!"

Splat! Harder this time.

"AAIIIEEE!" Sue screamed.

He let her have it good and hard. With each swat, a new red impression of his abusing hand appeared.

"Doug, help me, damn it!" she cried. "Are you going to let him - AARRGGHH - treat me like this and - OUCH - get away with it?!"

Doug sat there like a statue, facing the TV but actually watching his wife being spanked by his stepfather out of the corners of his eyes. She yelled and cursed and begged him to come to her aid, but to no avail. When Hub finally let up, her smarting buttocks were red all over and she was sobbing piteously, her spirit broken.

Emboldened by Doug's passivity, Hub dragged Sue, still sobbing and whimpering, down onto the floor on her knees between his legs. He wrestled out his hunk of stiff meat and rubbed the head of it all over her pretty, tear-streaked face. When he brushed the bluntly rounded tip of it against

her lips, Sue moaned softly and impulsively kissed it. Being spanked by the brute of a man right in front of her own husband had brought Sue's sensual submissiveness into full bloom.

"I'll have a blow job now, cocksucker."

With Hub's obscene command ringing lewdly in her ears, Sue glanced at her husband to see what, if anything, he intended to do about this sinfully insane situation. Doug was squirming as if he were uncomfortable, she noticed, but nothing more. What kind of a man was he, she wondered idly, not really too concerned about him one way or the other right at the moment.

She turned her attention back to Hub's penis. He stuck that big knob in her mouth and, emitting a sob of surrender, she started sucking him with gusto. She was hotter than she could remember ever having been before. Going down on another man in front of her strangely silent husband only added to the intensity of Sue's licentious mood.

Sordid sucking sounds filled the air as she gave in to her baser nature and went completely wild over his long dong. She grabbed the sturdy stalk in one hand and began beating his meat, too. Insistently her other hand worked itself inside his fly. She cupped his large gonads and started rolling them about and squeezing them with a gentle milking action in an effort to make them give her their cream quickly.

The way she was going at him Hub didn't last long. No man could have. Within just a couple of minutes he groaned aloud, then sucked in his breath and shuddered.

"NNNNN!" Hub cried, and then, rhythmically, "UNG, UNG, UNG!"

The first stream of his massive load sprayed into her mouth under terrific pressure, giving Sue a rich blast of the acrid substance's bitter almond flavor.

"Mmmmm" she moaned through the passion-flared nostrils of her dainty, upturned nose.

Pumping his pulsating prick and milking his balls to make him give her all he had, Sue greedily drank the older man's copious flow of hot sperm spurt by palate-pleasing spurt. When she had it all, she was delighted by the complete fullness of erection which Hub maintained. His penis was still hard as a bone, even after she'd drained it of all the juice she could get.

"God, what a man!" she exclaimed, rubbing her cheek against his saliva-wetted rod. Her tongue snaked out and licked up the few bits of cum that clung to her puffy pink lips. Sue glanced at her husband and noticed that he apparently hadn't moved. It didn't matter. Only one thing in the whole wide world mattered to her now, and she started raining smacking, wet, passionate kisses up one side of that thing and down the other.

"Like that pecker, do you?" Hub taunted.

"I love it," she crooned. Then she fell back onto the carpeted floor and kicked off her pulled-down underpants. She threw open her legs, held out her arms to Hub, and screamed,



"Give it to me . . . that big, hard, beautiful cock of yours! Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me now! Fuck me good . . . the way you've been fucking me every night while Doug's been away!"

Without so much as a sidelong glance at his stepson, Hub stood up, unbuckled his pants and dropped them down around his ankles. His shorts followed. In too big a rush to bother kicking them the rest of the way off, he dove on top of Sue and penetrated her plush young pussy with one rough but masterful lunge.

Raggedly she sucked in her breath, shuddering from the top of her tousled blond head clear down to the tips of her dainty turned-down toes. Then she squealed shrilly and threw her arms around the hairy torso of her husband's horny stepfather.

Hub started powering the pole to her. He gave her a screwing the likes of which few women ever receive in their entire lifetimes.

Sue could hardly hang on. He'd humped her roughly before, but never had he given it to her so hard and fast and rough as he was giving it to her now.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy . . . yesss!" she cried, wrapping her long, lovely legs around him. "Darling man! Ohhh . . . oh, you wonderful stud horse bastard, you! Harder! Faster! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

She clung to him for dear life, loving every second of it as he pounded her spanked and burning butt against the floor with the pile-driving force of his furiously pistoning prick. It fit her swollen, red-lipped snatch so snugly that the free-flowing juices of her crazed fit of lust built up inside her vagina and could soon be heard sloshing around within her, while his plunging phallus made salacious squashing noises as he pumped it rapidly in and out of her sopping sex hole.

Sue had three comes, each more gloriously intense than the one preceding it, before Hub crammed in his bloated prong for the final time and shot his second load of jism into the very depths of her heaving, sweat-dampened belly. When at long last he dragged his deflating dong out of her, Sue moaned aloud and smiled like the Mona Lisa.

No sooner had Hub climbed off her than Doug, excited and glassy-eyed, piled onto her. She could scarcely feel his average-sized penis penetrating her pleasure-numbed pussy. He barely got it into her before he groaned and shot his wad.



## Chapter 9

"There's gonna be a stag show at my lodge this Thursday night, Suzy Baby," Hub said at breakfast Tuesday morning. "Since Doug will still be out of town, I thought you might like to go along with me. How about it?"

"To a stag show?" Sue gasped.

"Sure, why not?"

"I thought they were for men only!"

"Not in this age of women's lib. Why, lots of guys will be bringing their wives and their girlfriends," he said, lying through his teeth. There'd never been a wife or girlfriend at any of the lodge's stags.

"I don't think I'd better," Sue told him. "Doug wouldn't like it."

Hub gritted his teeth and then sing-songed mockingly, "'I don't thing I'd better. Doug wouldn't like it.' Well, piss on Doug. What's he got to say about anything around here anymore anyhow? As long as you live here, Suzy Baby, you're my little cunt and I'll decide what you do or don't do, understand? Now you're going to that fuckin' stag show, and that's final. And I want you to wear your miniskirt and that new see-through blouse I got you. And no bra. Got that?"

If she'd had the guts, Sue would've run away before Thursday night. As it was, she actually started to pack her bag several times. But she had no money and didn't even know what town Doug was working in this week, so she couldn't go to him for protection. In fact, she wondered if her husband would protect her, or if he might scold her and send her back to Hub. God, she was confused, and frightened.

Maybe there would be other women at that stag show, like Hub said, but Sue definitely did not want to go to it. She'd heard about stag shows and could only guess what kinds of vulgar and obscene things went on at them. If other women wanted to sink that low, let them, but she herself did not care to. And another thing, she didn't trust Hub. She simply couldn't believe many men, if

any, would degrade the women they loved and respected by taking them to such an affair, even if the woman were willing to attend, which she also seriously doubted.

But during the next three days, as they spoke of the upcoming event briefly, Hub assured Sue that she had absolutely nothing to worry about. This stag, he told her, was to be very tame because women were invited to it. She didn't know whether to believe him or not, and he never really convinced her in her heart of hearts. But she knew she would have to go with him. He would make her go.

And he did.

When the dreaded evening finally arrived, Sue was nearly a mental case. She felt like screaming and climbing the walls, her nerves were so on edge. Hub gave her a tranquilizer before they left the house. She didn't want to take it - the doctor had prescribed the medication for Doug's deceased mother, not her - but he made her swallow it, and not with water either but with a mixed drink which he forced on her and insisted that she finish.

By the time they drove into the parking lot of Hub's lodge, Sue was feeling a bit calmer. She was still scared to death, though, and dreaded the evening which lay ahead. She felt ridiculous as she walked toward the building clinging fearfully to Hub's arm. He'd made her wear high heels, hose and that lacy black garter belt he liked so well, and the junction of nylons and garter belt straps fell about an inch below the hem of her miniskirt. As if that weren't bad enough, he really hadn't allowed her to put on a bra beneath the see-through blouse he'd bought her. The wispy material didn't hide her breasts in any way. If anything the skimpy little blouse called more attention to her tits than if she had gone topless. Or so Sue thought, at any rate. And when Hub escorted her inside, her worst fears came true.

There were perhaps fifty men, and Sue was the only woman. She wished the floor would open up and swallow her alive, before she died of embarrassment and shame.

"How could you, Hub?" She gasped, stopping just inside the large room in which the lodge held its dances. "Take me home. Please take me home."

"Relax," he said. He took hold of her wrist and half dragged the unwilling girl farther into the room. Men were sitting at tables, smoking and drinking and talking. Others were milling about shaking hands and also talking. Still others were at the bar. There was a crap game going on in a corner. The atmosphere was boisterous, the language coarse and vulgar. But the din of voices became quieter and quieter as Hub led Sue past group after group of the astonished men.

"Hub, please!" Sue whined. "They're all staring at me!"

By the time he had maneuvered her up onto the bandstand, the entire place was so quiet you could hear the flick of a Bic.

"Smile for the nice men," Hub said out of the corner of his mouth as he pulled her right out to the front and center of the bandstand.

Sue forced a sickly smile, the best she could do under the circumstances. If she didn't faint dead away, it would surprise her.

"I guess you're all wondering who this here pretty little lady is I've brought with me tonight," Hub said loudly, addressing his fraternal brothers without the aid of a microphone. "Well, her name's Suzy. Now Suzy's husband is out of town, you see, and I'm baby-sitting her for him so I had to bring her along, okay?"

The men began to grin. "Okay!" several of them shouted in unison. Someone whistled at her. There were four or five remarks thrown at her that made Sue feel cheap and degraded.

"See, they like you," Hub said.

"Well, I don't like them," she whispered hissing. "I want to go home, Hub. Please!"

"On with the movies!" someone yelled, and a chorus of "Yeah, let's get this show on the road," followed.

Hub led Sue down off the bandstand. She followed him to a table in the rear of the room. Some of the men were ignoring her now, and she was grateful for that. But others were still staring at her, or more like leering, rather, as if they were hungry wolves and she were something good to eat.

"Sit down, Suzy Baby. I'll be right back."

She took a chair at the empty table as Hub walked away, leaving her all alone in this huge roomful of horny men, many of them half drunk. The looks they were giving her made her want to crawl under the table and hide. Not a one of them tried to get fresh with her though. This made Sue wonder if maybe they were afraid of Hub, too, or if perhaps there was some sort of gentleman's code of ethics among these un-gentlemanly lodge members which forbade them from trying anything with the wife or girlfriend of another brother.

Apparently the latter was true, because the vulgar passes that she expected and dreaded would be made at her never materialized. As a result of this, she began to feel safe, at least, but not very much at ease. The tranquilizer was working better now but she was still quite nervous and tense.

When Hub returned to the table where he'd parked Sue, the lights were being shut off. A projector had already been set up in the middle of the room, and a viewing screen had been raised on the bandstand. Hub brought drinks from the bar.

"I don't want it," Sue objected, pushing away the highball he'd set before her.

He said nothing, just glanced at her, grinned and then turned away to speak with a man who'd stopped at their table.

A moment later the last light went out and, a second after that the projector whirled to life and a cheer filled the darkened room as numbers flashed in reverse order on the screen. There was no sound. The film was black and white, an old one if the scratchy frames and jerky sections of it were any indication. It started out with a vacuum cleaner salesman walking down a street and entering an apartment building. An attractive young woman in a housecoat let him into her apartment and he began demonstrating the vacuum cleaner, first on the room and then, getting her on the bed and her housecoat open, on the woman's titties and between her legs. She soon quit resisting and got hot and started grabbing for his fly. It was when she unzipped his pants and pulled out his penis that Sue, mortified at being present during such goings on, picked up her highball and took a deep and much-needed drink of it. She closed her eyes, refusing to watch any more of the obscene movie.

"Hot damn, look at him go," Hub said, a couple of minutes after Sue had decided not to look anymore.

Without thinking, she opened her eyes. There on the screen were the lady and the salesman, both of them naked now, in bed and going at it. He was atop the woman, between her parted and upraised legs, and his hind end was bouncing up and down at an unbelievably fast pace. She gaped with incredulity.

The room was suddenly filled with laughter, and the owner of the film admitted that, yes, he had "doctored" it to get that funny effect.

"Bunch of regular guys," Hub said.

"Bunch of morons," Sue muttered.

"Huh?"

"Nothing."

The first film ended shortly. As stags go, it wasn't much, which was the reason the owner had edited it for a laugh.

"A nun's story" was the title of the second film. It was also in black and white, old but in good condition.

"Pay attention, boys," someone called out. "This one's a classic."

It began with two nuns leaving a chapel. They parted, the older one going out of camera range as the younger one walked closer, becoming larger on the screen. She was very pretty and her face had an expression of angelic calmness and serenity.

Sue sipped at her drink and watched, thinking that, so far at least, this one wasn't so bad.



The young nun entered her room and began disrobing, unaware that a Peeping Tom was at the window watching her every move. Naked, the nun took a brush and started brushing out her long and lovely dark hair. Then she reached into the same dresser drawer where she'd gotten the hairbrush, and she brought out an electric vibrator. After plugging in the vibrator, she lazed back in her chair and, starting with her beautiful face and swanlike neck, began using the machine on herself. The expression on her face underwent a dramatic change as she ran the vibrator over her large, womanly breasts, lingering there. Down her midsection she moved the machine, in a circular motion, and then she put it right in between her legs.

Sue was shocked. She couldn't believe that any moviemaker would stoop so low as to depict a nun masturbating. But there it was, on the screen for all to see. Of course, Sue supposed the young woman was merely an actress and not really a nun. But still, just the idea of a nun doing such a thing was downright obscene! To make matters even worse, the Peeping Tom, who turned out to be a very handsome young man, broke into the room and started trying to rape the naked nun.

"This is sacrilege," Sue said, standing up. "I won't watch it, Hub. I'm going out to the car. I'll wait for you there."

He grabbed her arm and jerked her back down. "Shut up and sit there, until I tell you you can get up."

Angry with Hub but afraid to disobey him, Sue picked up her drink and finished it off.

This movie was way above the first one. The nun soon gave in to her attacker, and it was almost beautiful to see. The screwing and the sucking went on and on and on. Sue didn't want to watch, but she couldn't tear her gaze away. Whether she was a nun or not, the pretty young woman on the screen was certainly not acting once the action got going. She was being ravished by a handsome young stud with an ever-hard hose of quite respectable proportions, and she responded to it for real. The rape soon developed into a session of sexual lovemaking that was as tender and caring as any woman could've wanted, and yet it was incredibly passionate.

Butterflies flitted about in Sue's stomach. Her nipples grew crinkled and sensitive. An itchy sensation started between her legs, making her squirm with the beginnings of a sensual discomfort that wouldn't be denied.

"Getting to you?" Hub asked.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said, but when he changed glasses with her, she picked up his highball and took a nervous drink of it

"It's getting to me," he said. "Wanna feel?"

She didn't want to, but he grasped her wrist and drew her hand over into his lap anyhow, rubbing it against the erection which was still inside his trousers. When she started feeling him up of her own volition, he chuckled and pushed her hand away, got up and walked away from the table.

Feeling rejected and humiliated, Sue turned up the highball and finished it off. How could he treat her this way? Why did she stand for it?

On the screen, there was a close-up of the young man's prick plunging in and out of the nun's pussy as she hunched it up to him. Sue's own hips began moving imperceptibly as she empathized with the passionate nun. She had to force her hips to quit when she realized what she was doing. Sue had never dreamed that pornography could be beautiful, or that it could arouse desire within her.

The nun and her rapist-lover changed positions. Now they were going sixty-nine. The camera zeroed in on the nun's groin and showed the young man's tongue lapping eagerly at the hair-surrounded split. Just the sight of it made Sue tingle between her thighs. Then she saw the nun's lips sucking longingly at the young man's organ, and it made her own mouth water.

When Hub returned with fresh drinks for them both, the movie was just ending, with the young nun, smiling her satisfaction, returning to the chapel to pray. Sue accepted her drink gratefully and took a gulp of it.

"That flick make you hot?" Hub asked.

She shook her head.

His hand darted up between her legs and under her miniskirt, and he cupped her crotch. Her snatch had a fever and the sheer strip of nylon covering it felt moist to the touch.

"That flick make you hot?" Hub repeated.

Her cheeks turning red with shame, Sue nodded her head. How could she deny it when he was feeling the proof?

"Just proves what I've thought all along," Hub said matter-of-factly. "It wouldn't have done anything to a decent woman."

As he spoke, he hooked the dew-dampened secretion band of her briefs to the side and slid a finger up into her slippery sheath. Sue sucked in her breath and shuddered, partly from the pleasurable sensations of his probing finger and partly from the depraved thrill she always felt to one degree or another whenever he humiliated her.

The next movie started. This one was in color. A young white girl of about fourteen was hitchhiking. A new Lincoln Continental stopped for her. A huge black man with an Afro haircut and a beard leaned over and opened the door. He looked the youngster up and down with an appraising eye. She winked at him and licked her lips. With a grin, he drew her into the front seat of the car and they were driving off as the scene closed.

In the following scene, he was driving along with his arm around her, fondling her tiny titties, while she pulled out his massive black organ and started jacking him off. Before long, he pulled her head down into his lap and stuck his cock into the child's more-than-willing mouth. She went down on him like a pro, and this scene ended with a terrific come-in-the-mouth shot.

Her breathing labored, Sue watched unblinkingly as the sordid sex acts between a little white girl and a big black buck went on before her. She was getting hotter and hotter, what with Hub's finger stirring her honeypot continuously while she absorbed the bombardment of erotic visual stimulation as well. And she also began turning on to the crude and obscene remarks being called out occasionally by some of the men now. It sounded as if they were becoming affected by the movies, too. In her mind's eye she could see them sitting there with hard-ons bulging their trousers, and this lewd mental image excited her all the more.

"Reach over here to my lap, Suzy Baby," Hub whispered.

She reached over into his lap and discovered that he'd freed his penis from the confines of his trousers. Instinctively she jerked her hand away.

"Play with it," he urged. "It's dark in here. No one will know."

Tentatively she extended her trembling hand and searched for his penis. It wasn't difficult to find, big and hard as it was. A tiny moan of longing escaped her lips as she wrapped her slender feminine fingers around the thick hunk of tubular turgidity.

"Feel good to you?"

"Uh-huh," she admitted, as she began stroking her hand slowly up and down the massive member.

On the screen now the big buck was struggling to penetrate the tiny hairless cunt of the little white girl. The Lincoln was parked on a trail in the woods, its driver and his passenger lay on a blanket a few feet away. The men in the audience were having mixed reaction over this film. Some of them cursed it as too obscene, and a few of these got up and went to the rest room or back to the bar. But most of the men were going wild, and one yelled out. "Cram it up her, Rastus! That little box will stretch a mile before it'll tear an inch!"

To her dismay, Sue found herself silently seconding the motion and siding with the majority of the men who wanted to see the child impaled by the enormous black. This unladylike emotion was totally incompatible with her normal self. Sue realized this, but she was too far gone to care now. The tranquilizer and booze had done their wicked work and now the dirty movies were doing theirs. Lust was taking her over. Ruttishly she beat Hub's meat for him while he stroked his passion-provoking finger in and out of her juicy split. When the huge black man managed to work the bulbous head of his penis into the young white girl, Sue nearly swooned. She gawked as the sturdy black stanchion slipped in and in and into the small body of the child. Then the black man was fucking the little girl and Sue could hardly get her breath. At the last split-second, the man withdrew and shot his cum all over the girl's heaving white belly. It was more than Sue could bear. Something had to give, and give it did.



"Oh . . . oohh . . . ooohhh," she sighed aloud, forgetting where she was as the mind-numbing tremors of a fabulous orgasm swept over her.

"Have a good one?" Hub asked, after Sue's breathing returned to a semblance of normalcy.

"Mmm-hmm," she sighed, glancing around the darkened room to see if any of the men had noticed. Apparently they hadn't, much to her relief.

"Thought so. You nearly squeezed my pecker in half," he chuckled. Then he backed his finger out of her and handed her his handkerchief. "Now me."

During the next movie, Sue jerked Hub off and caught his semen in his handkerchief, just as he'd made her do in the car that night which seemed so long ago now. After that, he got them fresh drinks. Sue sipped hers too fast, and Hub gave her his. She was quite tipsy now, and the dirty flicks, each of them only a few minutes long but coming back to back, had made her very much hot and bothered again. She could hardly wait for the stag show to end so Hub would take her home and give it to her good.

After more than an hour, the movies ended and the lights were turned back on. Blinking, embarrassed now that she no longer had the darkness to hide behind, Sue stood up. She bent over and put her mouth close to Hub's ear.

"Take me home and ravish me, you big brute," she whispered.

"Sit down," he said. "It's not over yet, stupid."

Sue felt silly. She sat back down and, lowering her gaze so she wouldn't have to make eye contact with any of the sexed-up men surrounding her, she remained silent and subdued.

A middle-aged man mounted the bandstand. He took down the movie screen. Then he announced, calling out loudly, "It's time for the live entertainment. Let's bring on the live entertainment."

Somewhere someone threw a switch and the bandstand was flooded with light. The middle-aged man blinked and shaded his eyes. He stood there awkwardly for two or three more minutes, then he called out, "Where are the live entertainers? Hub, didn't you hire some live entertainers?"

"I made the arrangements," Hub called back. As chairman of the entertainment committee, this was his responsibility.

"Then do you have any idea of just where in the hell they might be?"

"They're supposed to be here," Hub replied. "Maybe they're dressing."

"Or undressing," a new voice quipped, and several men laughed.



Just then two strapping black men, in their late twenties or early thirties, walked into the room carrying a mattress. They were fully clothed, wearing sports shirts and trousers. After they'd climbed onto the bandstand, they put down the mattress and turned toward the audience. One of them stepped forward.

"Please accept our apologies for the delay, gentlemen. I wish I could announce that the show is ready to go on. Unfortunately, I can't. This has never happened before. It's certainly not like Rita - Rita's our partner - to be late for a gig. But she is late. And she hasn't called or anything. I don't know what to do. Without a lady, my partner and I have no act. We ain't that kind, guys."

The big room was filled with laughter.

"And you wouldn't want us here if we were," he continued. "So, shall we wait a few minutes and see if Rita shows up . . . or what?"

"Or what," Hub called.

"How's that?" the black man asked, cupping his ear.

"Or what," Hub called again, louder this time. There was a glint of pure licentiousness in his eyes as he stood up, taking hold of Sue's wrist and pulling her to her feet, also. Being chairman of the entertainment committee, it had been quite easy for him to set up this situation. And now, excited over the carnal degradation which he had arranged for his stepson's wife, it was time for him to come to the rescue. He began pulling the totally bewildered young blond toward the bandstand, calling out for all to hear, "There's no reason why the show can't go on. Hells bells, why should we sit around waiting for this Rita broad? Suzy here will be glad to fill in for her, won't you, Suzy Baby?"

Shocked to the point of stupefaction Sue couldn't even find her voice. Her mouth dropped open, then began working as if she were trying to say something, but no words passed her full pink lips. Her eyes wide with horrified disbelief, all she could do was shake her head and glance about at the men, silently begging them to help her as Hub dragged her nearer and nearer the bandstand.

Most of the men were leering at her, their expressions clearly saying they could hardly wait to witness her ravishment at the hands of the two paid black performers. "Neat twist, Hub," Sue heard one man say as they went past him. "She's quite an actress. Almost makes a man believe she's really not the third member of this team we hired to perform for us."

They think I'm . . . Oh, dear God! Sue moaned inwardly, and just as Hub dragged her onto the platform and turned her over to the two black men, both of whom had hurriedly stripped to the buff, she found her voice and screamed, "OHMYGOD, NO! HELP ME SOMEONE! I'M NOT A PERFORMER! HUB IS MY HUSBAND'S STEPFATHER, AND HE -"

One of the blacks had grabbed her from behind and clapped his hand over her mouth, effectively silencing her. Both the performers were in on Hub's plan. In fact, he'd paid extra, out of the

lodges money, in order to get the men without their female partner. They didn't know the whole truth of the matter however - that they would actually be raping a young and beautiful blond bride in front of half a hundred or so of Hub's horny lodge brothers who were also being fooled - because not a single one of them would ever dream what 'good old Hub' was really doing to this poor girl. Hub had told the black men that Sue was a pervert who could only enjoy sex in this manner, that it was her idea and that she had begged him to fix it up for her. They were free to sexually use and abuse Sue in any way they wanted to, so long as they didn't do her any physical harm. Both of the oversexed black men were eager to get at Sue, too, once they saw how pretty and appealing the 'kinky little honky' really was.

While the one held her from behind, his hand still over her mouth, the other divested her of her blouse, miniskirt and panties. She wished she could simply die when he showed the secretion-soaked crotchband of her panties to his partner and commented that the 'old dude' must've told them straight.

"She's a hot one, all right," the other agreed. "Let's give her the works."

The one standing in front of her nodded agreement and, leaving her high heels, nylon stockings and lacy black garter belt on her, as per Hub's instructions, he began running his hot black hands all over her pure white body. Being touched by a black man made Sue cringe. When he put his hands on her breasts, she thought she might be sick to her stomach. He took her tender nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and began massaging them with a rolling motion.

Sue closed her eyes and, the hand still over her mouth, she sounded a nasal moan of protest. She was absolutely mortified by the screamingly obscene situation in which Hub had put her. It was beyond her how he could humiliate her this way, or why he would even want to.

"Nnnn!" Sue whined, when the negro, following Hub's suggestion, tweaked her nipples rather roughly.

He pinched and twisted her nerve-rich nipples again and again, and Sue couldn't help her reaction to it. The sex pain and the humiliation together struck the cord of her masochistic bent and twanged it into vibrant reality. To her further shame, she could feel the juice of her unbidden desire as it overflowed her furry cup of love and began trickling down the insides of her trembling thighs.

"Oh, please," Sue begged, when the one behind her uncovered her mouth. "Won't someone help me? Please, please . . . I'm not part of a show! Don't let them do this to me!"

"Hey, she sounds to me like she's tellin' the truth," Sue heard a man somewhere in the audience say. Her hopes soared, until another spoke up, "Aw, sit the hell down, Herman. You've had too much to drink. Would good ole Hub put her up there if she wasn't a part of this here show? Now, I ask you?"

And that was the end of it. Sue knew then that she wouldn't be receiving any help of any kind from any of the sex-crazed men. All they wanted was to see her ravished and ruined by these two strapping black men.

Four black hands were roaming ruttishly over her white body now. Sue didn't seem to have any strength of her own. Her knees threatened to buckle. A sense of utter helplessness enveloped her, causing her entire body to begin trembling. She shook as if she were freezing cold, when she was really burning up with the seething passion all this fondling was causing deep down inside of her. When they lowered her to the mattress and started licking all over her torso, she twisted and squirmed about in sensual discomfort. It felt good, what they were doing to her, even if they were black.

Finally they positioned her on her back. One Of them knelt between her legs and the other swung astride her chest. The one sitting on her chest took her head in his hands and drew it up until the coal-black head of his circumcised penis was staring her right in the face.

"No," she gasped, her eyes growing wide as she shook her head in horror. "I ca-can't bring myself to do . . . that! No. Please, no!"

Just then the man kneeling between her legs lowered his head to her crotch and licked her.

"Ohhh," she moaned, shivering with a surge of sudden pleasure.

He licked her again, starting at the bottom of her plushy little blond pussy and snaking his tongue through it right up to the top where, for good measure, he flicked at the tiny pea-sized nub of her ultra-sensitive clitoris.

"Ahhh-haaa!" Sue cried out involuntarily, for the sensations surging through her sweltering loins were like nothing the young bride had ever experienced before.

Then the mouth of the unseen man covered her hairy hole completely, causing Sue to suck in her breath and shudder in sinful expectation. She felt the tip of his tongue tracing round and around the smooth inner surfaces of her blood-swollen labia majora, and she sighed in sensuous enjoyment. Then, without warning, he stuck his tongue up her vagina far as it would reach.

"Nnnn-aahhhh!" Sue yelled shrilly, her head snapping back and her eyes clamping shut.

His black hands cupped the soft cheeks of her white behind and he started sliding the full length of his educated tongue in and out of her tunnel of love.

"Feel good?" the one sitting astride her chest asked, already knowing it did by the expression of sheer delight on Sue's pretty face.

Opening her eyes, she gazed up blinkingly at him. He was smiling down at her, and his voice sounded so friendly that he disarmed her. She nodded and gave him a weak smile in return. "It does. Oh, yesss!"



"How about doing something to make me feel good, then," he said, lifting her head toward his groin again, bringing her mouth nearer and nearer to the denuded dome of his massive organ.

Even as she shook her head and whimpered for him to have mercy on her, Sue could feel that familiar melting sensation starting in the pit of her stomach and spreading outward. Her baby-blue eyes grew large as half-dollars. She stared fixedly at the blue-sheened black cockhead of his penis, watching it not because she wanted to but because it held her attention like a powerful magnet. Closer and closer it came to her mouth, until it was so close she got a whiff of its masculine odor, and still she couldn't rip her fearful but fascinated gaze away. The tip of it touched her tremulous lips.

No! her conscience protested. You can't! Don't open your mouth! Not for a black man! What would Doug think of you if he found out!

But as the bluntly rounded forefront of the manly instrument probed insistently between her soft lips, Sue's wifely will to resist proved to be weaker than the temptation to give in. It suddenly didn't matter to her that she was a married woman, or that once she'd been a faithful and devoted bride. Now all that mattered was the sinful pleasure being pumped into her by the constantly thrusting tongue of the black man who was going down on her with gusto, giving her a brand new thrill that none of the men she'd had before him had been considerate enough to give her. Not her husband, nor Hub, nor the dirty old man he'd called his friend.

It was perverted, to be sure but, ohh, it felt marvelous! Especially when he pressed his lips tightly against her steaming slot and applied suction slowly until she could feel the divine drawing sensations deep down inside her belly.

"Come on, little white mama, open wide for your big black Daddy," the one sitting astride Sue's chest said with a chuckle, and he began applying pressure beneath her ears with the balls of his thumbs in order to force her to do his lustful bidding.

The desire-dazed young woman could resist no longer. With a sigh of surrender to the sexual sinfulness surrounding her and taking her over mind and body, Sue opened her mouth for him. Her tongue met the vanguard of the conquering invader and bade him welcome. She lapped off the droplet of clear fluid and made an involuntary purring sound in her throat as the delicate flavor of his sex oil penetrated the pores of her taste organ.

She allowed her tongue to be depressed and used as a carpet on which the undersurface of the fat dick slid deeper into the warm, wet chamber of her submissively feminine mouth. Only when the head of his pole bumped into the soft membrane lining the back of Sue's throat, making her gag reflexively, did he stop and, retreating slightly, let his pulsating member lie there idling like a powerful machine inside her oral cavern.

Tentatively she caressed the organ with her tongue. The muskiness of his strong and distinctive taste made her somewhat lightheaded. The funky smell and flavor excited her tremendously, though. Unsurely, she wrapped her pink lips around his black penis and began lightly sucking on



it. In less than a minute, she was going out of her gourd with lust, for something inside her snapped and she lost all of her self-control.

She flung her arms around his hips and began bobbing her pretty blond head furiously back and forth at his kinky-haired groin, chanting, "Oomm, oomm, oomm," through her nose. Nothing had ever excited her quite so much as having a 'dirty' black dick in her white-woman's mouth. Judging from the vulgar remarks some of the men in the audience were making, Sue knew she was giving them a thrill, too, and this spurred her on.

"Suck that black cock, baby!" a man called out.

"All the way!" another chimed in.

"Make him come!"

"Swallow his jizz!"

The encouragement of the men looking on rang obscenely in Sue's burning ears. Her ears weren't the only thing about her that were burning, either. Her entire body was feverish and a film of perspiration was breaking out on her creamy white skin, but her poor little pussy was so hot it was almost ablaze. The heated blood of her runaway passion rushed to her loins and most of it remained there due to the oral stimulation provided by the cuntlicking she was receiving. The kneeling black man was a master muff-diver and he was giving Sue the full benefit of his lingual expertise.

Sue thrashed about in a fit of lust, greedily copping the knob of one black man while his partner pushed her ever closer to paradise with his talented tongue and suctioning lips. She wasn't aware of how her actions were affecting the men in the audience, nor did she particularly care at the moment. So caught up in the whirlwind of emotion accompanying this delightful double-suck with her in the middle was she, that she didn't even notice the men getting up out of their chairs and crowding around the bandstand in order to get a better view of the sordid spectacle she was now willfully making of herself.

The pressure mounted in her blood-congested loins until Sue was literally suffering with the need to reach a climax and find relief. She could hardly stand the tightness of pre-orgasmic tension. Then it began to unfurl deep inside her, rumbling upward like a new oil well bursting forth into a gusher.

"UUUNNNNNNNN!!!" she groaned, automatically hugging the one she was blowing and accidentally taking the bulbous cockhead of his penis clear down into her throat as the almost painful release of a thundering orgasm blasted through her entire lower torso. She gulped reflexively at the hunk of hard meat lodged in her gullet, and the tight rings of her throat skimming back and forth over the tufted, ultra-sensitive rim of the man's coronal ridge brought him off instantaneously.

However, he was a stag show performer and he knew from experience what a bunch of drunken men wanted to see. They wanted proof that he was coming and, exercising phenomenal self-control, he provided that proof. Grabbing Sue by the hair of her blond head, he jerked her head back until, with a loud and lascivious slurping noise, her puffy pink lips lost his twitching phallus. And just in the nick of time, too, for his saliva-coated dickhead was at that instant swelling up like a balloon.

"UUUNNN!" he groaned, biting his lower lip and squinching up his face.

It was only a split-second later that his prick spewed forth a stream of sticky white come which splattered all over the pretty young bride's confused and lust-contorted visage.

"Da-dam-damn!" an onlooker exclaimed. "All over her face!"

Shuddering from the waves of her own mouth-induced climax, Sue sluttishly opened her mouth and, straining her neck, caught the rest of the Negro's spurting semen on her outthrust tongue.

"Look at her!" another man gasped, as if in disbelief. "Look at her lap it up!"

At the moment, Sue couldn't have cared less what anyone thought of her. She was experiencing the thrill of her life, and wanted to swallow every drop of that hot, black man's ball juice.

Sue's satisfying climax did not, however, signal the finish of the salacious show she'd been half-tricked, half-forced into being a part of. As soon as the rhythmic twitching of the sperm-ejecting penis stopped and it immediately began to go limp, its owner milked it down with his fingers, lewdly allowing the final sluggish drops of his come to drip smilingly upon Sue's magnificent breasts. Then he climbed off her and, quick as a flash, the one who'd sucked her off mounted up in the classic position of male on top and he stuffed her full of throbbing hot manmeat with one skillfully penetrating thrust.

"WWAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!" Sue yelled out in surprise, as a mixture of pain and pleasure spread through her loins as a result of the unexpected and sudden womb-jarring-deep penetration of her small albeit well-prepared pussy.

There was plenty of lubrication present, both the man's saliva and Sue's slippery sex fluid, but this black dude had a hammer on him that even Hub's huge hose couldn't measure up to. Sue batted her eyelids in astonishment and she made a couple of muffled choking noises because it felt for all the world as if the grinning black man above her had stuck it so far up her that the head of it was about to come out of her mouth. To her profound relief, the man didn't start screwing right away but instead rested his weight on his knees and elbows for awhile, allowing her shock to wear off and her sex sheath to stretch enough to accommodate his hunk of mighty manhood.

"Ahhhh," Sue moaned, making a face as she moved her hips in an exploratory motion. "Shit, man, you mu-must be . . . part horse!"

"You okay, blondie?" he asked amusedly.

She nodded. "I th-think so . . . but take it . . . slow and easy at first, huh?"

"Sure thing, sugar," he replied, and he backed what looked to the men watching from all sides like a yard of glistening black horsecock out of Sue's slender shaking, white-woman's body.

He withdrew it all the way so the paying spectators could see the gaping gorge that he'd reamed from the previously tiny blond muff. There was no blood, no torn flesh, but from their vantage point several of the lodge brothers could see right into Sue's snatch, where the crimson color of her sexual arousal shone wetly with the coating of her clear cunt fluids.

"Put it back," Sue moaned longingly, her hips lifting toward him in search of his long dong. She felt so empty without it, so unsatisfied, so hungry for more. "Put it back in me. Come on! Now, big black Daddy! Give that hunk of heavenly horsecock to your little white mama!"

It flattered his male ego to have Sue so eager for it. He made her beg a little before he would let her take hold of his horn and guide the bloated head into the red-rimmed elliptical opening between her widespread legs.

"More . . . aahhh . . . MORE!" she cried, her small white hands tugging at his protuberant buttocks as he sank the huge prong into her very slowly this time, deliberately driving her wild so the wanton young woman would make him appear all the more a stud of a man in the eyes of their beholders. Finally his hairy, hanging nutsack nestled intimately into the cleft of her undulating rump, and she had it all, every glorious, woman-stretching inch that he could give her. "Ohmygod," she sighed. "It fills me so full!"

He threw a wicked fuck into Sue, giving her a really mind-boggling orgasm, but holding back his own. While she was still in the final, weaker throes of her climax, he climbed off her and his partner climbed on. They took turns screwing her, holding back their own orgasms, until Sue was virtually out of her head with lust and all but coming her guts out.

Then, the one with the largest penis lay down on his back. He told Sue to get down on her knees between his legs and suck him off. She was more than willing to oblige. In fact, she was downright eager to take a suck on his sturdy, mouth-watering stalk. Its coating of her own sexual juices made it appeal to her all the more. Loving the licentious mood she was in, she knelt between the man's legs, took his upright pole in hand and planted a loving kiss right on the tip of it. Then she snaked out her sinful tongue and started licking her clear cuntcream off the big black organ.

Sue was so lost to lust by this time that she hardly knew where she was or what she was doing. It was as if she'd ceased to exist and that other woman inside her, the wild and wicked wanton who had only started to emerge recently, had taken over control of her feverish and perspiring body. Greedily, she orally engulfed the mushrooming dome of the black prick and began going down on the man.



It was a real mouthful, just the head alone. She made kitten-like purring sounds way down in her throat as she moved her head up and down at his loins. Her puffy pink lips clung salaciously to the girthful black shaft, distending out around it lewdly as she drew up on him, sucking so hard her cheeks folded inward.

When she felt hands grasping her hips and knees wedging her legs apart, Sue wondered dimly who was behind her and what he was up to, but she was far too engrossed in giving head to let up long enough to check it out. Not that it would have made any difference if she had, for the other black man wouldn't have taken no for an answer to his obscene intentions. Holding her by the hips, he sank the full length of his rock-hard pecker into her dripping, upside down snatch.

"Mmmmm," Sue sighed, around her mouthful of succulent manmeat, as the second black man started humping into her from behind, giving it to her dog-fashioned.

And then, once he had her liking it and had thrown her off guard, he backed his well-lubricated rod out of Sue's glory hole and aimed it at the tiny, puckered pink orifice directly above it.

"Nnnn . . . NNNN!!" she exclaimed through her nose, when she felt the bulbous knob of the man's penis probing insistently at her impossibly small rectum. Before her passion fogged mind could fully react to the situation, the bloated cockhead of the penis bored its way inside her, suddenly stretching the ring of her anal sphincter to the limits of its muscular elasticity. Up came Sue's head, her eyes bulging with shock and disbelief as the force required for penetration sent the ramrod speeding into her anal canal right up to the very hilt. Her mouth opened and closed silently, like a fish out of water, and then her voice caught hold and she screamed.  
"NNNNNNAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!"

She broke out in a cold sweat from the ripping pain of it. But he gave her no respite. Holding her by the waist, he began fucking her with deeply penetrating strokes. Sue gasped for air, because it fairly took her breath away. Although there wasn't a drop of blood, Sue would've sworn that he'd ripped her rectum wide open and then set it on fire.

"It hu-hurts!" she whined. "Stop! Oh, stop! You're ki-killing meee!"

But he kept right on ramming it to her and, to Sue's surprise, much of the pain drained quickly away as the rubbery ring of her nether hole adapted itself to the girth of the penis pistoning in and out of it.

"Oohh," she moaned, her face mirroring the pain-pleasure of taking a fat dick up her virgin asshole for the first time.

"Still hurt?" the man whose legs she was kneeling between asked.

She nodded, absently licking her lips. "But g-good . . . it hurts good now!"

With a knowing grin, he said, "Then how about wrapping those sweet lips back around my fuckstick, sugar?"



"What a wonderful idea," she murmured, and immediately put it into action.

After having held back for so long, the stag show performers now gave themselves over to the carnal pleasure of Sue's febrile flesh and rushed headlong toward the relief-giving orgasms which their tight, aching testicles demanded. Neither of them lasted long. First off was the one she was blowing. His dick twitched a warning, then the head expanded and ejected a spiraling jet of steaming sperm into Sue's suctioning oral cavity.

Emitting a nasal moan of fellatio fulfilled, she sucked all the more voraciously on the throbbing cockhead as it gushed forth the frothy male fuckjuice from his oversized balls. The black man was a virtual reservoir of come. His pounding prick kept pumping it to her faster than she could gulp it down. Her cheeks ballooned as it built up in her mouth. It trickled from the corners of her mouth, then spilled out in a foamy white wave over both her puffy pink lips.

The furnace-like heat of her super-snug shit-chute brought the other man off mere seconds later. His fingers bit into her full, feminine hips as he jerked her back toward him and simultaneously hunched his cock balls-deep up her dirt road. Giving out with the age-old cry of the male planting his seed, he clung to her hips, his entire body shuddering as his rectally sheathed rod sprayed hot jism into the very depths of Sue's roiling bowels.

Sue thought she would faint from the sheer lascivious thrill of being on her hands and knees between two black men, sucking on one of their nasty black dicks while she took the other one up her virginal asshole, allowing them to soil her soul itself by shooting their slimy sperm into her from both ends at the same time! And then the black men withdrew their softening peckers. Her vision clouded by the steaming fog of her unfulfilled passion, Sue saw them picking up their clothes and walking off, leaving her with a sexual hunger greater at this particular moment than at any time during the crazed sex show which was now over.

"Come back," she called after them. "You can't leave me hanging like this! Oh, please, come fuck me just a little bit more!"

"Little Suzy needs more cock!" Hub cried. "Line up boys, this little slut's got enough snatch for everybody!"

Most of the lodge brothers began wandering off, but fifteen of the more horny among them mounted the bandstand and lined up to get in on the free gangbang. The first man slipped it to her in the pussy and started hammering away.

"Oh god . . . yes, yesss," she squealed, wrapping her arms and nylon-clad legs around him, using the high heels of her shoes on his buttocks like spurs to force him to give it to her harder and faster yet. He went off before Sue got going good.

The second man had her get on her knees and elbows. He gave her a brief but really butt-banging corn-holing. She sobbed out her climax and ground her rump back at his loins while his jerking peter sent the jets of his joyjuice into her convulsively claspig anal passageway.

Before Sue and the second man had finished coming, the third one slid his loins eagerly in under her head and stuck his proud penis into her gaping mouth. He lasted less than a minute, then, grunting like a pig, he gave Sue another mouthful of mancream. Gluttonously she drank what he willingly gave her, and then she stripped the final sluggish drops from his spongy stem before she allowed it to slip from between her semen-smearred lips.

Two of the horny devils came at her together next. One of them started fucking her in the old-fashioned way but soon rolled over on his back and brought her on top of him without breaking their cock-cunt connection. Then the second one mounted her from behind and fucked her good. This was something new and different for her, and she experienced a terrific thrill at the feel of the two peckers bumping together inside her with only the thin wall of an elastic membrane separating her two erogenous channels.

Evidently deciding to best their buddies, three men took Sue simultaneously and plugged each of her three portals with pulsating prick. They were too worked up to last long, but Sue managed to shudder through another orgasm of her own as the three pounding peckers inundated her with torrents of sticky hot sperm.

By the time the three men finished with Sue, the remaining seven had seen and heard so much that they were far too horny to hold back any longer. All seven of them piled onto the mattress with Sue at once. She was too sexed up to be scared. Salaciously she started sucking one man off while another pushed his penis into her sopping snatch and yet another drove his up her come-dripping dirt road. Seconds later she was also jacking off a man with each hand, while yet a sixth man pulled off her shoes and, holding her stockinged feet together from toes to heels, began fucking into the pussy-shaped opening formed by her arches. The seventh man jacked off in her silky blond hair, wrapping it around his prong and caressing his balls with it.

## Chapter 10

Sue knew she should tell her husband what Hub made her do at the stag show, but she just couldn't. How could she confess to the man she loved that she'd been with seventeen men in one night, and that two of them were BIG BUCK BLACK MEN?! And that she'd dearly loved every sordid second of it, literally wallowing in the pleasure of the perversions they had perpetrated upon her. She simply couldn't find the words to tell Doug and finally decided that he was better off not knowing he'd been cuckolded so completely.

"What's the matter, honey?" Doug asked. They'd just finished eating Sunday's noonday meal. Hub had gone to shoot some pool at his lodge. Sue was washing dishes. Doug was drying them for her. "You haven't said a dozen words since I got home yesterday. Hub hasn't been spanking you again, has he?"

She shook her head no.

"Then what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Just a mood?"

She nodded.

They finished the dishes in silence. Sue tidied up the rest of the kitchen, frequently smiling over at her husband as he stood there watching her. His trousers began to bulge and she suspected he was getting a hard-on. This surprised her, since he'd already screwed her three times before going to sleep last night and once before rising this morning.

"It's too nice a day to sit in front of that idiot tube," Doug said. "Want to go for a drive?"

"Okay."

In the car, he put his arm around her and drew her close, the way he used to do before they were married. Sue snuggled up and laid her head on his shoulder. It was very pleasant, riding along with the radio playing, comfortably cuddled up to her man. She placed her hand on his leg and patted him.

"Has Hub been screwing you?"

She nodded.

Doug gulped audibly. "It's really good for you . . . with him . . . isn't it?"

She nodded.

"I guess he's quite a man."

She nodded. "So are you."

"Still love me?" His voice sounded strained.

"Only you," Sue said reassuringly.

He gave her a squeeze and patted her shoulder.

Absently she began rubbing his thigh with a circular motion of her hand. His trousers started to bulge again. She ran her hand up between his legs and caressed his crotch. When he scooted down slightly in the seat and spread his legs a bit wider, Sue looked up at him with a puzzled expression on her pretty face.

No words passed between them, but there was no mistaking what he wanted her to do. She unzipped her husband's fly and pulled out his erection. Encircling the shaft with her slender fingers, she made a fist around it and started running her hand slowly up and down his stem. This was something they'd never done before, and what a charge it gave her to ride along the streets in broad daylight, playing with her own husband's proudly projecting peter.

Soon Doug's breathing became labored and he was having difficulty with his driving. Sue was too turned on to stop by this time, though. She knew she should leave his pecker alone now, at least for awhile, until he regained his composure. Instead she stroked him harder and faster. She wanted him to come, right here in the car, while he was driving down the street.

"Shit!" Doug exclaimed. "Honey, you'd better stop!"

She kept jerking him off.

"Don't want to . . . have a wreck," he gasped, dangerously close to orgasm now.

"Then pull over!" she hissed.



They were approaching a shopping center. Most of the stores were closed on Sunday. Doug drove into the virtually deserted parking lot and stopped the car in an isolated area.

"Let the seat back," Sue ordered.

He let back the seat and stared in stunned fascination as his sexy blonde bride lowered her head into his lap and orally engulfed his orgasmically primed organ.

"Ohhh," he sighed, at the instant pleasure which her hot, moist mouth bestowed upon him.

This was a first for Doug. Not the first blow job he'd ever had, but the first one he'd had from his wife. Sue was a nice girl when he married her and, in his old-fashioned mentality, nice girls just didn't do such nasty things. And then, after the way he'd turned on while watching his stepfather feed her that big cock of his, he'd been too ashamed of himself to ask her to go down on him. But now she was doing it, giving him head, and he knew she wanted to because it was her idea.

Doug was wildly excited. By this time Sue was quite an accomplished fellatrice, and she was trying her best to make it really good for her husband. She succeeded, too, for in a matter of seconds Doug began to shake all over. She redoubled her efforts, her head fairly flying up and down as tiny wet sucking sounds filled the car's interior.

"Honey . . . HONEY . . . OOOHHH . . . UUUNNGGGG . . . UNG, UN, UNG!" he cried out gruntingly, as his pulsating peter pumped the contents of his tight nuts into the heavenly mouth of his sweet, cocksucking little wife.

"Do you still love me . . . after that," Sue asked as she raised back up in the seat beside him.

"I've never loved you more than right this minute," he told her.

Sue offered him her puffy pink lips, and he kissed her passionately, thrusting his tongue inside her mouth and then accepting and sucking on her tongue. The taste of his prick in his wife's mouth turned Doug back on even before his penis went completely limp.

"Let's go home," he said.

"And screw?"

"You bet your sweet ass."

"Oh, darling, yes," she sighed. "Let's hurry!"

Doug drove toward home as fast as the speed limit would allow, with his sultry bride curled up in the seat beside him, fondling his exposed pecker.

They were in their bedroom when Hub arrived home, sooner than expected. He could hear them going at it when he entered the house. After having a few drinks at his lodge, Hub was in a sexy and playful mood. As quietly as he could, he shut the front door and tiptoed toward the sounds of lovemaking emanating from the bedroom of his stepson and stepdaughter-in-law. Their door was slightly ajar. Cautiously he inched it further open and peeked in.

The sight which greeted him brought a grin of devilish delight spreading over his coarse-featured face. They were in bed, both of them naked. Doug lay on his back. Sue sat astride him, her beautiful big titties bouncing and swaying as she pumped her lovely rump up and down above his loins, making her hair-fringed hole skim rapidly to and fro along his upstanding rod. While he looked on, Sue's face took on an expression of impending ecstasy and her movements became more and more jerky.

"Ohhhh . . . oh, darling . . . my darling . . . coming . . . I'm com-MMMIINNGGGG!" Sue announced, as her torso began to tremble and slump forward. She leaned on over and, flattening her breasts in her husband's chest, she kissed him with openmouthed urgency, all the while uttering deep in her throat the subdued sobs of a woman experiencing sexual satisfaction.

"Bet that little snapping pussy of hers is eating your cock alive right now," Hub said with a chuckle as he walked uninvited into the bedroom, invading their privacy as if it never occurred to him that the young couple might want to be alone at a time like this.

Doug grinned sheepishly, was all. Sue merely glanced Hub's way, her eyes glassy with the rapture of coming. Once her climax subsided, she ignored Hub completely and went on riding the rock-hard erection of her beloved husband.

"That's right," Hub encouraged. "Don't mind me. You two just go right on fucking. Maybe I'll join you later."

Later meant as soon as he stripped, because he was already unbuttoning his shirt as he spoke. Hub shed his clothes in record time and piled onto the bed with his stepson and step-daughter-in-law. Neither Doug nor Sue offered any objections when their horny stepfather knelt astride Doug's legs then leaned over and started licking their joined genitals while their act of sexual intercourse continued. Nor did Sue protest when he dragged his tongue up and down the crack of her bobbing ass, swabbing it wetly with his warm saliva.

"Oh, you darling man!" Sue trilled, when he started tickling her tiny asshole itself with the tip of his naughty tongue. She paused for a moment and wriggled her rump in his face invitingly.

"What do you want, Suzy Baby?" Hub asked.

"You know," she sighed.

"Sure I do, but I want to hear you ask for it."

"Your tongue," she said in a sultry voice. "Stick it up my ass!"

All he wanted was to hear her ask for it, and now that he had, he gave her what he'd teased her into wanting. Spreading her buttocks with his thumbs, he wormed the tip of his tongue in through the rubbery ring of her tight little rectum.

"Nnnn!" Sue whined.

He stuck his slippery tongue right up her rear channel, every bit of it, and he wagged it around in the moist heat of her murky depths.

"Oh, wow!" Sue exclaimed, shivering with perverted pleasure from the forbidden act being performed on her. "That's . . . oouuu . . . so nice, Daddy! Do it deeper! Fuck my ass hole with your tongue!"

Nothing could've pleased him more. Sue began riding her husband again and, while she did, Hub kept his lips glued to her musky-tasting nether hole, tonguing her asshole until Doug shot off in her snatch. Then Hub lay down beside them, on his back.

"Come on over here, Suzy Baby," he said, taking hold of his massive member and moving it about in a circular motion. You just won first prize, and this is it."

In her present state of arousal, the nine-incher of her husband's stepfather looked tempting indeed. Her eyes smoldering with desire, she stared at it as he teased her by skinning it back to reveal the purplish-hued, sleek-skinned dome. A drop of clear precoital fluid was forced out the tiny, pink-lipped mouth at the very tip of Hub's livid cockhead, and Sue automatically licked her lips.

"You do want it, don't you?" Hub asked very cock-sure.

"Yes, I do," Sue admitted. "Doug, would you mind terribly?"

"Tell her it's okay, son," he crooned, and gave Doug a wink. "What the hell, I've been hosing her while you were gone and I figure to get me plenty more of her hot little cunt when you leave town again. Why don't we face up to this situation like men?"

"Well, I guess she's got enough for the both of us," Doug said unsurely. It was one thing to sit by and watch Hub take Sue, but quite another to give his approval to their affair.

"Damn right, and then some," Hub said. "Come on, hot cunt, climb on this joystick and slide down it."

Sue looked at her husband.

"Go ahead," Doug husked.



"Thank you, darling. You're so understanding," Sue cooed, and she pecked a kiss on the tip of his nose before she hurried to Hub. She swung astride him on her knees, reached down and grasped his skinned-back dong and brought the denuded head of it to her furry slot. "You big-dicked bastard," she said lovingly, as she wriggled to get the head of his hose and her hungry hot hole lined up.

Doug looked on. Some of his come trickled out of Sue's juicy slot and dropped onto the head of Hub's prick. It gave Doug a strange, inexplicable thrill to see his wife wedging the bloated crown of his stepfather's organ into her adorable blond muff.

"Oouuu," she whimpered, as the broad section at the rear of Hub's mushroom cockhead snapped into her dilated orifice. Then, bracing herself with her hands on Hub's hairy chest, she lowered her body slowly but surely, sighing again and again as her snug-fitting snatch skidded inch by inch down his long dong, making it disappear from her entranced husband's sight as she took it into her belly. Sue could tell by Doug's facial expression that this was perhaps more exciting for him than it was for her. And if his expression wasn't enough, the way his own penis sprung swiftly back to erection was all the proof she needed. "Doug? Darling, does this turn you on?" she asked when her blood-swollen labia settled into the coarse pubic hair surrounding the flared base of Hub's fully inserted phallus.

Doug gulped audibly but said nothing.

"Honey, tell me," she insisted, smiling at him as she rotated her rump round and around with his stepfather's pole inside her.

Reluctantly Doug nodded his head, as if he were ashamed of his unhusbandly emotions.

"It's all right, darling," she told him. "I'm glad you feel this way about it, because I don't think - mmmm - I want to do without this - oouuu - lovely horsecock of Hub's now that I'm u-used to having it - aahhh - regularly!"

With that, Sue began riding Hub like a rocking horse. She closed her eyes and rolled her head about sensually. Absently she sucked her lower lip in between her perfect white teeth and chewed it lightly as the pleasure grew stronger.

"Ohh, ohh, ohh," she chanted, her tits flopping about when she speeded up the tempo.

"Is it getting good, honey?" Doug asked.

"Oh, yes, darling," Sue replied, gazing into the handsome face of her excited husband as she took carnal enjoyment from the cock of his stepfather. "Good . . . mmmm . . . very good . . . oouuu . . . what a hunk of heavenly cock! I love it, love it!"

Sue increased her efforts until the bed began bouncing and the springs squealing from the force of her fucking motions. Her eyes glazed over with lust and she started perspiring freely. Before long her breath was coming in rasping gasps.



The sight of his glassy-eyed wife glistening with sweat as she bucked furiously up and down on Hub's huge horn whipped Doug's perverted passion to a feverish pitch. "Damn, Hub, does she always get this wild with you?"

"Generally," Hub casually replied.

Doug could hardly stand it. His penis was so hard a cat couldn't have scratched it. He took it in hand and squeezed it in an unsuccessful effort to ease the internal ache.

"You got a problem there, son?" Hub chuckled.

Doug grinned and nodded. "I can wait til you've finished."

"What the hell for? She's got three good holes on her." Hub drew Sue down until her titties rested on his chest. "Be still, Suzy Baby." He reached back and pulled her lovely, rounded buttocks apart, exposing the tiny pink orifice above the larger one he now had his cock in. "Come on, Doug. She's your wife. Got a tight little asshole on her. Try it on for size. Tell him it's okay, Suzy Baby."

"God, yes, it's okay," Sue husked, wagging her rump and clenching some internal set of muscles in order to make her rectum wink invitingly at her husband. "Come on, darling, I want you to stick your sweet dick up my ass. Do it! Hurry!"

Doug could hardly believe this sexy blond bitch was his beloved bride. Sue was certainly not the shy modest girl he'd married, but if anything he loved her more not less than he had on the day of their wedding.

When Doug climbed on top of her, Sue fingered some juices from the junction of her cunt and Hub's cock and she reached back and smeared the natural lubricant on her husband's stony stem. Then, taking him in hand, she guided the head of his penis into her anus. After giving a gentle tug to set him in motion, she jerked her hand out of the way and shivered with delight at the sensations of being penetrated rectally by her husband while the horsecock of her lover was fully sheathed in her velvety vagina.

"Nnnn . . . mmmmm . . . oh, darling, yesss," Sue sighed, as he sank his average-sized peter balls-deep into her anal canal.

"It's so hot . . . and tight!" Doug gasped.

"Do you like my ass hole, darling?" she asked.

"I'll say!"

"Then fuck it!" she squealed. "Fuck it good!"

Doug set out to do just that. He backed his brown-tinged dong nearly all the way out of her gripping little asshole and then he crammed it right back into her, so hard that his hips made a splatting noise as they mashed her fleshy buttocks flat.

"Oh, yesss," she cried. "Way to go, darling! More! Give it tooo me!"

The furnace-like heat of her incredibly tight asshole bathed Doug's pecker with steaming waves of fantastic pleasure. He'd never dreamed that sex could be this good. Throwing caution to the wind, he reached around his wife's perspiration-sheened torso, took a tit in each hand and started fucking her for all he was worth.

Once Doug got going, Hub picked up the cadence and began humping into Sue's plushy young pussy from below.

"OH, DAMN. . . DAMN . . . IT'S SO GOOD!" Sue shrilled, hardly able to speak because they were both crashing against her at the same time, making it difficult for her to breathe. Disinclined to complain, however, she gasped, "DARLINGS . . . MY DA-DARLING STUDS! CRAM ME . . . FU-FULL OF COCK! I LOVE COCK! AND I LOVE YOU . . . T-TWO HORNY RASCALS! OH, SHIT YESSS . . . FUCK ME, FUCK ME . . . FUCK ME TELL I TURN TO . . . MU-MUSH! OOHhhh! GIVE IT TOO ME! HARDER! AAHHH! FA-FASTER! OH, DARLINGS, YOU'RE PU-PUSHING ME OOHhh . . . OOVVEERRR! COMING! AAAHHHHHHH! I'M CO-COMMMMMIIIIINNNNGGGGG!"

Every raw-ended nerve in her sensual body vibrated gloriously as the most unbelievable intense orgasm swept over her in wave after wave of mind-blanking rapture. She dimly realized that both Doug's and Hub's pricks were throbbing erratically inside her and spewing come into both her convulsing holes, and this only added to the ecstasy she was experiencing from this thrilling act of troilism.

\* \* \*

"Good-bye, darling, see you this weekend," Sue called from the front porch, and she threw her departing husband a kiss as he got into the car. It was Monday morning and Doug was leaving on another sales trip.

"Sell a bunch," Hub, who was standing beside Sue, called.

Doug smiled and waved.

As they stood on the porch watching Doug drive away, Hub reached over and patted Sue's lovely young ass. "Did you tell Doug about the stag show?" he asked.

Sue shook her head no.

Hub chuckled and patted her butt again.

They went back into the house.

Heading for the john, Hub called casually over his shoulder, "I'm having five guys over on Wednesday night for a poker party. You can either plan to spend the night away from the house or be prepared to serve sandwiches and drinks . . . and yourself when the game is over."

Before Sue could answer, he entered the john and closed the door behind him. She went into the kitchen and poured herself another cup of coffee. She sat down at the table and, sipping at her coffee, thought about what Hub had said. At least he was giving her a choice, and that was a big improvement.

Doug was making good money now. They could move out any time they felt like it, but Sue didn't really want to move now and apparently Doug didn't either. Doug had seemed happy as could be this morning, going off and leaving her with Hub. She figured her husband must like what had been going on. Since Doug was asking virtually no questions, she supposed he didn't mind what she and Hub did during his absences. As to the other men Hub had been giving her to, well, Doug either suspected or he didn't. If he did suspect, he wasn't saying anything; and if he didn't suspect, then what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

"Gotta get moving. See you tonight, Suzy Baby," Hub said as he charged through the kitchen in his workclothes and rushed out the back door.

Sue jumped up and ran to the door.

"Hub!" she called, just as he was climbing into his pickup.

"Yeah?"

"About Wednesday night," she said, giving him a sexy smile. "What kind of sandwiches do your friends like?"

**The End**

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