

Honey for Sale

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | December 1, 2011



By Dr Cumings

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Caution: This Erotica Sex Story contains strong sexual content, including Ma/Fa, Consensual, Heterosexual, Zoophilia, Incest, Father, Daughter, Oral Sex, Anal Sex, Bestiality,

Erotica Sex Story: A man lost on the rural roads of Georgia see's a sign "Honey for sale" and decides to get some for his wife.

Chapter 1

My wife and I live in south central Georgia about five miles north of Valdosta city limits on a small farm my dad had left me.

I was about fifty miles from my farm driving south on an old country road on my way back from visiting a farmer I do business with. I own an insurance agency and have built myself quite a lucrative business and I often get called into the boonies where

some of the big farms are and therefore some of my biggest clients. Somehow I got turned around and I wasn't sure just where I was when I saw a small sign nailed to a telephone pole that said, "Honey for sale". Now, I can take honey or leave it but my wife Beth just loves the stuff, and if it is home grown, that makes it so much better. I also figured I could get directions out of there.

So I pointed my Cherokee down what I assumed to be a driveway. Just two ruts carved into the red Georgia clay. After about a half mile of bouncing along the one lane path I began to wonder if I was headed down the wrong road when I rounded a tree and saw an old shack about fifty yards to my left. The dilapidated shack was in need of considerable repair. An old truck sat rusting in the weeds not far from the house. The barn behind the house was leaning and looked as if a stiff wind could flatten it.

I pulled up in front of the cabin and stopped. The place appeared abandoned, I considered leaving and if it weren't for the two scruffy looking dogs lounging on the front porch I would have. Neither of the dogs bothered to get their lazy asses up so I figured that they didn't mind me being there.

I got out and stretched my legs, strolled toward the house and up the steps. One of the dogs wagged his tail but still made no other move to see who this stranger was. So I walked over to the screen door and knocked. Inside I heard a man groan as if he were lifting something heavy. So I knocked again.

Then I heard a man say "Hode yer horses, be rit thar".

Through the screen I saw a tall lanky Icobodish man shuffle towards the door. He had on a pair of old ratty denim bib overalls, no shoes or shirt. Black chest hair sprouted beneath the denim bib like the wild weeds in his yard. When he reached the screen door he shifted the kitchen match clamped between his teeth to the other side of his mouth and said "Howdy, kin I do fer ya"

My eyes took in the obvious poverty that this man lived in and I saw a girl peaking from behind the door. She had stringy red hair and a scattering of freckles that ran across one cheek over her nose and slid to a stop on the other cheek. Her big green eyes were bright but cautious. I assumed that a stranger at their door was a rare

occurrence. I could not tell her age just by looking at her face, but she could have been anywhere from fourteen to twenty from what I could see of her.

I cleared my throat and said "I saw a sign honey for sale, and I thought I would pick some up for my wife."

The man looked at me hard and rubbed his chin, "Ain't so sure yer wife be wantin my honey" the man said gruffly.

Surprised I said "Why not?"

"I'm Jeb Sweet, an this'en ma daughter Honey." He grabbed a handful of her red locks, pulled her from behind the door and placed her in front of him.

At first I was so surprised that I could not speak, because standing there in front of this man was his daughter as naked as the day she was born. The man kind of smiled and waited for me to stop sputtering. My eyes took in all of the nakedness of the well-built sexy female, and they settled staring at the bright red bush between her legs. After a few seconds of gawking at the teenager's pussy I realized that it looked as if sperm was running down the inside of her leg.

The man was speaking but I was still too distracted to hear him.

"I'm sorry," I sputtered, "what was that you said?"

"Ten fer a blowjob, twenty fer a fuck, n ifin yer wan her ass it'd be twenty five. But see'in I jus fucked her I'll let yas plug her cunt fer ten."

I was stunned. Not three feet in front of me stood a naked girl with dick slime puddling at her feet and her father was selling her ass to a stranger that came to buy glucose produced by bees.

"I'll take a blow job and a fuck for twenty bucks" I responded, quickly reaching for my wallet.

"Done," Jeb said, as he swung the screen door open. "Come in n take a load off." He laughed at his own joke and strolled back into the cool recesses of the house.

I was quite surprised at how clean the inside of the house was. True, the furniture was worn and tattered, the walls could have used some paint, but there was not a speck of dust or a scrap of debris anywhere and the floor was spotless. I handed Jeb the twenty and he tossed me a thick throw pillow.

“Set on that n lean back agin the couch.”\

Honey had not spoken a word nor did she seem disturbed that she was expected to suck the dick of a stranger and fuck him for the money that her father had just slipped into his pocket.

As I dropped the pillow on the floor Honey was on her knees untying my laces and removing my shoes. She unbuckle my belt, unbuttoned my dockers and unzipped them. Then she drew my pants and underwear down in a single motion and my cock flipped out at half mast. I stepped out of the pants and she took them and folded them nicely over the strait backed chair that sat next to the only decent piece of furniture in the room, a lazy boy recliner.

“Care fer a beer?” Jeb said in his gravelly voice, “I’d be two bucks.”

I started for my pants and he said, “pay me when yer finished.”

I nodded, sat down on the pillow and reclined against the couch. My knees were slightly bent when Honey dropped between them and pushed my legs wide. My cock and balls were inches from her face. She was perched on her knees leaning forward resting her upper body weight on her forearms. Then she started licking my thighs about half way from my knees to my cock. She licked me like a cat cleaning itself. She licked up my thigh to my crotch and started on the other thigh.

About that time her father came in and handed me a beer. Then he strolled over, dropped his overalls on the floor and slid into the lazy boy naked.

“Don’t mind iffing I watch do ya.”

I was a little surprised, but knowing how much I loved to watch my wife suck and fuck other men, I figured he had the same kick as me.

By now Honey had licked my entire groin area up to my navel and had started on my balls. It felt great to have this young ladies tongue lathering my gonads. She seemed enthusiastic about it. I had assumed that she would not want to be providing these sexual services and would go about it with an air of drudgery. Not only did she seem enthused, but it appeared she was getting turned on.

Jeb was stroking his cock and sipping his beer as he watched his daughter lick the pre cum off of the end of my dick.

“Yer a good cock sucker aint’cha Honey.”

“Mmmhmm,” Honey responded nodding her head with half of my dick stuffed in her face.

I felt her tongue swirl against the bottom of my cock and it was sheer bliss.

“What a mouth that bitch has.” Jeb grinned with pride as his daughter’s dick sucking abilities were demonstrated to me. “It took her a while to get it right, but she’s had plenty of practice. Doubt there’s a set of balls in ten miles, lessen their wild, that she ain’t drained, moren once too. You should watch her swallow a really big’en right to the root.”

I wasn’t sure what he meant by “wild,” but I doubted that that there were more than five or six adult men in a ten square mile area around the house so I doubted that she had sucked that many cocks.

Jeb reached out with his foot and ran his big toe through Honey’s little slit and it came away slick and wet. “Cunt juices up real nice too. Her sister git’s pissed when she drips that cunt all over her nice clean floor,”

Chapter 2

I was holding the check out to Jeb, but he wasn’t reaching to take it and I began to worry that he might back out of the deal.

Jeb scratched his balls and sniffed his fingers; the odor must have met with his approval because he looked at me, rolled the match stick in his mouth to the other side and said. "I got a couple stip-a-lations ta add ta this'en greement." He said trying to sound all lawyer like.

"What kind of stipulations?" I eyed him suspiciously.

"Well," he paused, "you gonna be taking my young'en and I be gonna wan'ta see her least once a munth, cause I gonna miss her so much. Yer kin fetch her back here or'in yer kin pay fer the Trailways bus ta take me ta yer place."

I figured that I only lived about an hour away and his request was a reasonable one, but I wasn't stupid enough to believe that he was requesting these meetings out of love for his daughter, more likely than not he would be missing his regular pussy and blow jobs. I'm not sure how much resistance Sugar would give him regarding her making up for the loss of Honey's duties, but I would bet Sugar wasn't going to give it up easily.

"So you want me to bring Honey back home every month so you can fuck her." I stated.

He looked at me with a startled expression, then he let a sly smile slide across his face and chewed on the match stick, then he said "Yep."

I smiled back at him and told him, "I don't have a problem with that. What else?"

"You gotta git me n' her one O them fancy shell phones so'in she can call n' talk ta her sister n' me."

"OK, but I'm not sure that you can get reception out here." I took my iphone out of my pocket and was surprised to see that it had three bars. "anything else?"

"Nope," and he snatched the check out of my hand.

Sugar was crying and hugging her older sister. It was clear that there was a close bond between the two girls. Honey seemed to accept her fate with the same resignation as she showed at having to fuck a stranger. It was what her dad told her

to do so she was going to do it.

Honey had dressed in a pair of thread bare blue jean cut-offs that were so tight that the seam between her legs deeply divided her cunt neatly in half. She also had on a black Grateful Dead "T" shirt and a pair of raggedy old flip flops. Sugar handed Honey a paper bag with what I assumed were the young woman's worldly possessions.

"OK, its Monday," I said to the lanky man. "So I'll get your cell phone to you before the weekend."

Jeb loaded the big yellow dog into the back of my car and slammed the hatch. The share cropper had put a thin rope around the dog's neck as a makeshift leash. The mutt had no collar.

"What's his name?" I asked the weathered man.

"Boner," he responded with a grin. "Kinda fits doan it?"

Everyone said their tearful goodbyes and Jeb gave me directions out of there. Honey got into the Grand Cherokee and ran her hand with wonder over the leather seats as I put the black Jeep in gear slowly proceded away from the only home she had ever known. She turned, looking backwards in her seat and waved at the two figures perched on the rickety old porch.

When we reached the paved road I showed her how to buckle her seat belt. She had been tugging the seam in her shorts in a futile attempt to get some relief from the material cutting into her pussy.

"Are those shorts hurting you?" I asked her as she wiggled in her seat.

She looked at me with those big green eyes and nodded.

"If you want you can take them off so you can be more comfortable."

She smiled at me, unbuckled her seat belt, quickly stripped the denim rag off of her body and began rubbing her red haired pussy where the cloth had cut an angry path through her cunt.

I could not keep my eyes off that perfect pussy and my cock began to get uncomfortably tight in my pants, so I reached into the rear seat grabbed a towel that I kept in the car to wipe my hands with on the rare occasion that I had to inspect some farmer's equipment and I told her she could cover up with it.

She smiled up at me again and said, "I don't mind sittin naked, besides it's much better'n them shorts." Just then I realized that was the first time that she had spoken directly to me.

"I'm sure that it does feel better, but your hot body is causing ME discomfort now."

She grinned, unbuckled her seat belt, scooted over beside me and wrapped her hand around my dick through my pants then said, "I can fix that for you," and reached for my zipper.

"Whoa, young lady." I said a little too abruptly. "It's not safe to do that kind of stuff while I'm driving. You scoot back over there, buckle your seat belt. And drape that towel over that tempting pussy so I can get us home in one piece."

She snatched her hand away from my cock as if it were on fire, then quickly moved back to her place and fumbled with her seat belt. I could see her lower lip quiver and a tear trickle down her cheek. Her body was all woman but the rest of her was still a child.

"Hey," I said as I reached over and lovingly wiped the tear from her cheek. "I'm sorry; I didn't mean to snap at you. You didn't do anything wrong. You just didn't know that we shouldn't play while I am driving. OK?"

She looked over at me and nodded. Another tear escaped from the corner of her eye and she leaned against the door and fell silent.

I looked in the rear view mirror and noticed Boner in the back calmly watching the scenery fly by.

I turned my attention back to the road; my thoughts went to my wife and what her reaction would be to me bringing a 'whore' and her 'fucking' dog home with me. I actually wasn't too worried about the girl; I was more worried about the dog. Beth

does not like dogs. Never has. She has never told me why, but she has refused to let me get one for the farm. As far as the girl was concerned, I felt that Beth would welcome Honey with open arms. Although I wasn't too sure about how she would take the 'whore' part.

Beth and I are, for lack of a better word 'swingers'. I do a little fucking around with Beth's knowledge, but it is she, that is the real slut in the family. She has my permission to spread her legs whenever the whim strikes her and she exercises that option frequently. Occasionally we gather anywhere between five and twenty men to gangbang her into a sexual stupor.

So I felt that I had every reason to believe that my wife would embrace Honey as a fellow slut and maybe even as a temporary daughter. At least I was hoping that would be the case. The reality was that I was flying by the hair on my balls and was probably fucking up big time, but since I have already stepped in this bucket of shit I may as well track it all over my marriage and hope for the best.

I was weighing my options as to whether I should call my wife or not. I finally decided that I should at least give her some idea of what to expect when we got home.

"Hello dear,"

(Me listening to Beth)

"Yes, I am about thirty minutes from home, but I have to make a stop on the way."

(mltb)

"Ok, but I have something to tell you." I continued.

(mltb)

"Well, I'm bringing someone home with me."

(mltb)

"It's someone that I think you will like very much, but I would like you to just greet

her and..."

(mltb)

Yes, it's a her. Look I don't want to get into it on the phone. Just go with me on this. When we get there let's make her comfortable and get her settled in one of the guest rooms and we can talk about it later.

(mltb)

Sweet heart, just trust me on this. Let's welcome her and when she goes to sleep I will explain everything. Yes, thank you. I love you too. See you soon. Oh yea," I quickly added. "Watch your language, OK?"

(mltb)

Ok, ok, take it easy, no, I wasn't criticizing; I just wanted to prepare you. I love you too. Yes, bye."

My wife has a gutter mouth. Beth's vocabulary consists of mostly four letter words and I did not want to shock Honey with Beth's language. I truthfully doubted that Honey could or would be shocked by any language, but I wanted to be careful just the same

We drove south into Ray City. Ray City, Georgia is a fairly small community that is just north of Moody Air force base, which is just north of Valdosta. As we passed the city limits sign I spied a Wal-Mart and pulled in.

I instructed Honey to stay in the car while I went in and got her something to wear. I took the cut-offs with me to judge what size not to get and blew her a kiss. She smiled shyly at me and scrunched down in her seat.

Boner barked twice letting me know he wanted out.

I quickly picked out a pale blue pleated skirt with butterflies on it that I thought would fit and a three pack of panties. As I headed to checkout I passed the pet supplies isle and grabbed a small bag of dog food for Boner, paid for the items and rushed back to the car.

When I got back into the Cherokee I set the dog food on the floor behind her seat and handed her the blue and white plastic bag and told her to get dressed.

She pulled the pack of panties out of the bag and looked at me with wide eyes. "For me?" she said excitedly.

"Of course, how many other pretty young ladies do you see sitting in this car?"

She quickly tore open the plastic package and caressed the silky garments with her fingers and then she pressed them to her cheek and giggled.

"There sooo soft." She said in wonder.

"Well," I said with anticipation in my voice. "Put them on and see if they fit."

She kicked off the towel and shimmied into the white panties.

"Oh, they feel so good." She said running her fingers over the material. "There perfect."

"Now the skirt." I offered as I pulled it from the bag.

She took it from me and slid the blue skirt up her legs, the elastic waist band hugged her hips and she looked as if she wanted to stand up in the car and model her new clothes but there wasn't enough room.

I had done well with the sizes and Honey seemed happy. She still could not get over the panties and her skirt was around her waist the rest of the way home as she admired them. Needless to say my cock was rock hard by the time we arrived.

We parked the Cherokee in the barn and got out. I popped the rear door and Boner shot out of the car before I could grab the rope. I need not have worried because the yellow mutt stopped just outside of the vehicle and relieved his bladder. I picked up the rope and waited for him to finish. Honey came up and stood next to me as her eyes roamed in wonder through the open barn doors at our huge house.

I am in insurance and have done very well for myself in the past few years. Bethany and I just built this house last year. It was way more than we needed, but we have begun to “entertain” and decided that for now we would splurge and see how this farm worked out.

We weren't hurting for money. Last time I checked we were worth about six million and had very little debt. Even though I was still in my mid-thirties, I actually no longer needed to work, but I built this business from nothing and now it is an integral part of me. I have turned the day-to-day operations of the business over to a wonderfully capable woman, my sister. I personally only handle the exclusive accounts and the political smoozing that I have come to enjoy so much.

I am considered a pillar of the Valdosta community as well the state of Georgia and many powerful and important people consider me their friend. I am also lovingly known as a pervert and sexual deviant among those same people. Most of whom have fucked my wife many times.

I tied Boner to a post in the barn and filled a bucket with water and placed it within his reach, but not so close that he could wrap the rope around it and turn it over. I got the dog food out of the car and poured some on the ground because I had nothing to put it in. Boner sniffed the dry pellets and looked back up at me as if to say 'What the fuck is this stuff?'

I shrugged and told him, “If you get hungry you will eat it.”

Taking Honey's hand we headed for the house. Beth was standing on the veranda that wrapped around our fourteen room two story colonial home. We walked up the steps and I kissed my wife on the cheek. She looked at me with a thousand questions in her eyes.

I said, “Beth, this is Honey. Honey, this is my wife, Beth.”

“Hello Honey. I am so glad to meet you.” Beth stood bent at the waist and held her hand out to Honey.

Honey took the offered hand and blushed. “I never met such a beautiful lady like you before.”

Beth looked up at me again. I read confusion in her eyes, but she turned back to the nine year old and said. "Thank you Honey, your sweet."

Honey responded, "Yes."

I laughed and explained to my thoroughly bewildered wife that Honey's last name is Sweet. Honey Sweet. As the name rolled off of my tongue I thought to myself, 'that sounds like a stripper's name.'

Honey piped up and volunteered, "And I have a sister named Sugar"

"Beth, Let's go inside and get Honey cleaned up, then we can have dinner and get her to bed." I suggested.

Beth nodded as if in a fog.

"I forgot, I left Honey's things in the car. Sweetheart, take our guest to the bathroom and get her cleaned up, while I get her things."

Beth and Honey turned and walked into the house. I returned to the barn and checked on Boner. I apologized to him, letting him know that he would be tied up for the night. He looked at me as though he understood and that he could deal with it. I really think it was just wishful thinking on my part; at least he hadn't started barking.

I retrieved the paper bag with Honey's things, picked up the extra panties that she had placed on the seat and slipped them into the bag and headed for the house. As I walked I peeked in the tattered bag and wished I had looked in it earlier. There were two "T" shirts, a thin Green sun dress similar to the one her sister had on back at the shack and a pair of boys' briefs with several holes in it. But the most telling things were an old pink tooth brush that had been worn about half way down. The bristles were sticking out haphazardly in all directions and it looked as though someone had been using it to scrub auto parts. There was also a plastic comb that had half of its teeth missing.

I found Beth in the kitchen preparing dinner.

As I walked in she hissed through gritted teeth, "What the FUCK is going on here cocksucker?"

Even though I don't actually suck cocks, when Bethany is angry with me she will often call me that. I dodged her question and asked if Honey was taking a bath. She angrily acknowledged that she was and repeated her demand.

"Look," I said, "She is a little girl that is staying with us for a while. There isn't enough time to properly discuss this right this minute, it's complicated. I promise that as soon as she goes to bed I will explain everything and we can decide what to do, together, tonight, for as long as it takes."

I could tell she didn't like my answer but decided to wait until I could explain in detail.

Then Beth turned and said, "You know what that little girl asked me Henry?"

I shook my head no.

"She asked me where the other people were. I asked her what other people and then she said the other people that are living in this hotel. When I told her that this wasn't a hotel, that it was our house and that the only people that lived here was you and I and do you know what the fuck she said then?"

Again I indicated that I did not.

"Bull shit,"

"Honest dear, I have no idea what she said." I defended myself.

"No," Beth uttered irritably. "That's what Honey said, 'Bull shit'. A nine year old girl, sitting in a tub of soap bubbles, told me candidly that I was full of shit right to my face."

My wife glared at me with her hands on her hips.

I nodded and told her. "I believe it. You didn't see where she came from. What if I told you that everything that she owns is in this paper bag? I don't mean that this is

everything that she brought with her, I'm talking about everything, everywhere, is in this bag. Then I tossed it to her."

Bethany dumped the contents of the bag on the counter. The toothbrush rolled down the pile of clothes and almost went on the floor but she caught it.

She held it up and inspected it. "Holey motherfucking shit." Then she rummaged through the other items and discovered the tattered underwear and comb. "Fuck me." She uttered under her breath.

"Her family is dirt poor. It's no wonder that she thinks this is a hotel."

My wife sat heavily down in one of the kitchenette chairs still holding the toothbrush. She gazed up at me and started to speak when Honey walked into the kitchen dripping water naked as eve without fig leafs.

"I didn't know which towel to use so I thought I had better ask." The tiny redheaded girl asked meekly.

Beth jumped up and hustled the small girl back to the bathroom, while I got the mop from the pantry and cleaned up the watery foot prints. I was all of a sudden finding it hard to believe that I had fucked that little girl less than four hours ago and I wasn't feeling too good about it. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed like I had made a huge mistake bringing her to my home.

I put the mop away and ran into Beth in the hall way. Her eyes were moist and she looked as if she were about to cry.

She looked up at me and said. "She's never used toothpaste Henry only baking soda when she could get it."

I drew my wife to me and held her tight as she continued, "I had a new toothbrush in the medicine chest." Bethany whispered into my chest. "That little girl practically danced around the bathroom when I gave it to her. She told me that she would clean it good as new when she finished with it. When I told it was hers to keep you would have thought I had given her a diamond necklace. Then I threw that old pink piece of crap tooth brush in the waste basket. Do you know what she did then Henry?"

I did not answer.

My wife continued her account of the past few minutes. "Honey fished that worthless piece of plastic out of the garbage washed it off and said that she would return it to her sister who had made her to take it with her. They were sharing that raged ass old tooth brush Henry..... What the fuck have you got us into?" My wife of twelve years said as she gazed questioningly into my eyes.

I looked down at her and shrugged. "It seemed like such a good idea at the time."

My wife sighed and told me she had prepared the blue bedroom for Honey to sleep in. Then she returned to the kitchen to finish dinner.

Honey stepped out of the bathroom still naked but this time she was dry. She was excitedly telling me about the new tooth brush and the bubble bath. It was the second bath that she could remember having that had bubbles. I was barely listening to her excited chatter as I took her hand and led her to her room.

"Shit," she exclaimed. "This is beautiful. Can I sit on the bed?"

"It's your bed." I said. "This is your room. Do whatever you like in here. I would prefer however that you don't set it on fire or anything."

"Oh I would never do that." She said earnestly, as she crawled up on the queen sized bed. "Mmmmm, it is so soft." She lay back on the frilly bed and moved her arms and legs like she was making a snow angel. "I've never fucked on a bed this soft before." And she spread her legs wide. "Do you want to fuck me now Mr..... I don't know your name sir."

"It's Henry Hastings, and as for the fucking let's wait awhile before we decide to do that."

"Ok," she replied, "but I get pretty horny if I don't fuck at least once a day. Sometimes when daddy gets drunk and I can't find the dogs, I have my sister eat my pussy for me cause I get soooo horny."

Surprised, I asked her. "I thought Sugar didn't like sex."

“Oh no, she loves sex. She just don’t want to fuck daddy so she tells him she don’t like it. She says it ain’t right to fuck your kin.

“Well, she eats your pussy and you are kin.” I challenged.

“Eatin pussy ain’t fucking.” She clarified.

I smiled at the simplicity of her reasoning and I told her I would get her things.

When I returned she was still on the bed with her legs spread unabashedly playing with her little pussy. As I tossed the brown bag on her bed she asked me with wonder.

“I get this whole room all by myself?”

“Yes,” I said, “It’s all yours, all by yourself.”

“I ain’t never slept by myself before.” She replied worriedly as she continued to stroke her tiny slit. “Where do you sleep?” She asked.

“I sleep with my wife down the hall.” I clarified. “Get dressed for bed and then come down for dinner.” Then I left her diddelling that beautiful little bald pussy.

I set the table for three and cleaned up what I could as Beth finished dinner. I would have helped with the cooking but I suck at it. I can grill enough to be able to get through a small bar-B-Q but that’s about it. My wife accuses me of being the only person she knows that can burn water.

Honey came into the kitchen; I assume she was ready for bed. She had on a faded yellow Sponge Bob “T” shirt that didn’t come all the way to her navel and a pair of her new panties. For some reason she had the panties pulled up ‘hi-waisted’ so that the crotch was pulled up into her cunt crack and the lips of her pussy were displayed on the outside of the panties.

When Beth saw the preteen boldly standing there, her eyes shot to me. I returned the disturbed look she gave me with a helpless shrug and a shake of my head.

My wife went to Honey and fussed over her, “Here, Let me help you with those. A

young lady doesn't wear her panties that way." She said as she stuck her fingers in each leg hole and pried the silky material from the girl's moist pussy.

"But I like them like that." Honey whined, "They feel good when I pull them up tight." And she promptly grabbed the material between her legs and snatched it up until her cunt lips popped out of each side.

Wide eyed, Bethany stumbled back and absent mindedly smelled her fingers. When she saw me staring at her with surprise, she turned bright red and rushed to the stove to tend to her cooking.

I took Honey's hand and lead her through the swinging door that led to the dining room and indicated which seat was hers. Before she climbed into her chair she caressed the valor seat and marveled at its texture. I stood behind her looking at her cute little ass as the panties were also pulled up in her butt crack like a thong. It seemed to me that there was a method to her display.

She looked up at me with those big green eyes and nailed me. "You haven't told your wife that I am a whore yet have you?"

"Ahhhhh," I stammered, as I realized what she was doing. "No I haven't and I would appreciate it if you let me tell her in my own way and in my own time, you little devil." And I tickled her ribs and she squealed with delight. "Now fix your panties and behave yourself." I told her smiling at her antics. "And by the way, you are no longer a whore, you might be my little slut but you are not a whore."

Giggling, she pulled the panties out of her crotch and climbed up into the chair. Sitting there in that big chair she reminded me of Lilly Tomlin on Saturday Night Live many years ago.

"What would you like to drink?" I asked her.

Her smile faded and she looked at me if I were from outer space.

"We have juice, milk, soda and water."

"We only have water at home." She told me.

“Well, I probed, “what do you like?”

She shrugged, “A man once bought me a Yoo-hoo after I sucked him off in a gas station bathroom. It was delicious, he didn’t taste bad either. Did you know,” she continued, “that an older man’s cum taste better than younger men’s cum.?”

“No, I didn’t” I replied.

“Well, it does. Don’t ask me why but older guys taste more like pussy and pussy tastes almost as good as Yoo-hoo.”

Beth came in the room and began placing food on the table.

I got four glasses and filled three with ice and water from the fridge. The fourth I filled with milk, added some chocolate syrup and made Honey a Yoo-hoo.

When I set the chocolate milk in front of her she clapped her tiny hands and exclaimed. “Being with you is like having Christmas all the time!”

“Well,” I said to her, “you deserve to have Christmas all the time.”

I glanced over at my wife and she was looking as though she had just put a piece of a puzzle in place and the picture was getting clearer.

I asked my wife if she would like wine with dinner.

“Merlot.” She stated simply and left to bring in the rest of the meal.

I poured two glasses and set them at our places.

Beth brought in a small pot roast with potatoes and carrots. I held her chair for her and then sat at the head of the table with Honey on my left and Bethany on my right.

Honey was inspecting her plate by turning it from side to side. She knocked on it with her knuckles. “We ain’t got any like this, ours are plastic.” She paused, and brightened. “But we got forks like this one but they ain’t so shiny and they don’t match.”

For the most part we ate in silence except the occasional praise Honey heaped on

Beth's cooking and the amazed comments the little girl made as to the opulence of her surroundings. I was surprised and delighted that she had an understanding of common table manners, although it was clear that she was not used to using them.

Beth seemed a little more at ease, but I could tell she could not wait to put Honey to bed and drag me to the confines of our bedroom.

When we finished Honey helped cleanup. She was amazed that there was actually a 'machine' that washed dishes.

Together we took Honey to her room. Beth tucked her in and kissed her on the forehead.

"Sugar kisses me like that some times," the little girl said matter of factly, "but momma never did. I always wondered why?"

Then she looked over at me, "I know you aren't the president cause he's black so you must be somebody very important to have a house like this and a beautiful wife like Miss Beth.

I smiled at her and said. "No, sweetie, I'm no one special. I'm just a very lucky man. Good night."

As my wife left the room she grasped my hand and drug me out. I was just able to swing the door shut as I stumbled after her.

She pushed me through our bedroom door and I sat on the edge of the bed.

She closed the door and put her hands on her hips and said, "Ok, you cock sucking motherfucker."

(I never fucked my mother either)

I patted the bed next to me and she reluctantly moved over and sat down where I had indicated.

I am just going to tell what happened this morning and then we can decide what to do.

Forty minutes later she sat in what I assumed was a stunned silence.

Slowly she looked up at me "I have one question, "She calmly stated while searching deep into my eyes..... What, in that big fat stupid head of yours, believed that you would NOT fall in love with that little girl? I'm already in love with her and I saw you at the dinner table, so I know you have too.

I was shocked! And at the same time, I knew she was absolutely right. I had not even considered that I might fall in love with Honey. She was just going to be a little fuck toy for me to play with, yet I had fallen in love with her, not as a lover or a wife, but as a daughter. I had already been thinking of her as MY daughter!

"Huh." I uttered in dismay.

"Wait, I lied!" Beth exclaimed. I have two questions. "How did you think I would let a DOG stay here?"

"I didn't, I hoped."

"Well he can't." she stated flatly.

"Ok," I said, "I will take him back Friday when I visit Jeb and take him his cell phone.

She looked sharply at me again. "So you plan to continue with this fucked up half assed adoption?.... You know," she stated, "the longer she stays here the more we are going to become attached to her. How in the FUCK will we be able to give her up at the end of a month much less a year?"

"Well," I asked, "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know, but I can tell you what I don't want to do. I don't want to send her back to that horney old bastard pimp of a father. I don't want the state to take her and put her and her sister into that cluster fuck they call DCF. I don't want her ending up on the street, pulling tricks and getting the shit beat out of her. That's what I fucking don't want done.

"So what's left?"

We sat in silence for several minutes.

"I guess we keep her," Beth sighed, "but no fucking until we get things straightened out."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"No, but I can't think of any fucking thing else to do; besides, like I said, I'm already love the little bitch."

"No, I was asking about the fucking." I teased, grinning at her.

She punched my arm and I kissed her tenderly. We lay down and I snuggled up behind her, put my arm over her and cupped her breast.

We lay there like that for a few minutes, neither of was sleepy.

I whispered in her ear, "You have made it clear that you don't like dogs but you have never told me why you have a problem with them?"

She lay there silent, unmoving. I was almost sure that she wasn't asleep, but I wasn't positive. If she wasn't asleep, then she was either pretending to be or she was trying to decide if she wanted to tell me the answer to my question. Then she spoke.

"When I was seven my asshole brother brought home an ugly ass stray dog. I have no idea what the fuck kind of dog it was but it was fucking HUGE. I was scared as shit of it. The bastard mutt would jump up on me and lick my face. I would scream and my cock sucking brother just stood there and laughed at me."

"One day the dog grabbed me around the fucking waist and started humping me. I didn't know what he was doing, because I knew nothing about sex. I thought the mongrel was trying to bite me, because when I tried to get out from under him, he growled at me. My dick head of a brother just laughed and called me a dog bitch. I had no idea what that was at the time, but I knew that whatever it was it was probably nasty. The dog eventually shot his load all over my legs, then lay under a tree and licked himself."

"I cried all the way home and told my mom what happened. She comforted me and

made my brother get rid of the nasty animal.”

“Ever since that day, I have been deathly afraid of all fucking dogs, especially big ones.”

“Would you consider trying to conquer your fear of dogs?”

“I’m afraid.” At that moment it was if I were talking to a seven year old.

I let go of her breast and put my other arm around her and held her tight. “Ok, just think about it.”

We lay there awhile longer, and then I got up and asked Beth if she wanted anything, that I was going to the kitchen to get something to drink. She asked me to bring her some water.

When I opened my bed room door a red mop of hair fell into the room at my feet.

Honey had fallen asleep outside our door and was now scrambling to get up.

“I don’t like sleeping alone,” she whimpered. I picked her up and put her on my hip like a little baby.

“What do you say Beth? Can sleep in our bed?”

My wife smiled and nodded.

“I’m going to get something to drink you want something?” I asked the pre-teen.

“Can I have some more yoo-hoo?”

“Sure pumpkin. Let’s go make some.”

“She sat at the island counter in the kitchen as I mixed her chocolate milk.

She was staring at me with those piercing green eyes. After a moment she said, “Do you really love me?”

I laughed, “you rascal, How long were you out side of that door?”

“Right after you closed it.” She said candidly. “So, do you?”

“Yes, as hard as it is for me to believe, I love you more than I thought could be possible in such a short time. I love you as if you were my own daughter.”

“I don’t understand,” She said after taking a sip of her milk. “My daddy is my father and he never told me he loved me.”

“Well I can’t speak for your father, but I can assure you that Beth and I both love you and we think you are an adorable little girl.”

“I’m not so little.” She defended. “I can fuck a twenty two inch donkey dick. It hurts a little but I can make that shaggy old fucker cum buckets.”

I ruffled her hair, “I never doubted that you could.”

After finishing her milk she rinsed out her glass and put it in the machine that washes dishes. I took her hand in mine and we brought Beth’s water to her.

Honey crawled into the bed between my wife and I and snuggled down in the covers.

I woke up to Beth groaning. “Are you all right?” I asked alarmed.

“Oh, fuck! Beth exclaimed. “This little cunt has a fucking magic mouth.”

That’s when I noticed a large bump under the covers. I pulled the blanket and sheet back only to find a nine year old cunt sucking, red headed leech attached to my wife’s pussy.

“Jesus H. Christ! Uuuhhhhhhhhhhh aaahhhhhhhhhh, Damm that was good.”

Bethany hauled Honey up by the ears and kissed her all over her sloppy face. I think we’re going to keep you forever.

“Ok,” Honey said. “Can he fuck me now?”

“Only if I watch.” My wife told the little slut.

Over the next few days, Beth and Honey tried their best to grant the clothing

industry a stimulus package all of their own.

I acquired the necessary cell phones and discussed the situation with a friend of mine who is a judge. With his help I was able to get documentation stating that I was Honey's legal guardian. With that I would be able to enroll the little girl into school in September. He said it would be fine unless Jeb or Honey's mother contested it. Part of the price for all of his help was that he and several of his subordinates would get to take Honey to his cabin for an extended weekend. I was a little concerned about letting Honey spend three days with six or seven horny men, but then I figured that they were all adults, so if she hurt them I wasn't going to worry about it.

Honey fucked and sucked Boner inside the barn. My wife watched from inside the Grand Cherokee. Then Bethany helped Honey blow one of our horses. Then my wife tried it. Unlike Honey, who drank almost everything the stallion could give her. Beth had equine sperm all over her and everything else within twenty feet of the animal. Her only comment was that she never thought a horse could cum that much. "It was like a fucking fire hose!"

Friday rolled around and we piled into the black Cherokee, along with pile of boxes that that nearly blocked my vision from the rear view mirror out back window. In these boxes were gifts that Honey and Beth had bought for Sugar.

Boner was not going with us this trip. The big dog had accepted his new home with an ease that surprised me. I no longer kept him tied up and he would chase our cars to the end of the drive, but would stop at the road and then return to the barn.

Beth was getting more comfortable around the yellow mutt but would not allow him to get close enough for him to touch her. 'Time,' I thought, 'all things change with time.'

For most of the hour trip we happily chatted and played driving games. As we turned onto the last paved stretch of rural road before reaching the dirt road that led to the Sweet residence drive way, two police cars and an ambulance rushed around us as I pulled to the side of the road. Honey speculated that something must have happened to old Miss Veronica.

"She's been feeling poorly since her husband passed a couple years ago," the little girl explained matter-of-factly.

"How old is Miss Veronica?" Beth asked.

"About two hundred I guess." Honey responded as serious as a nine year old can be.

Dust was in the air as we pulled onto the Sweet's old rutted driveway and when we rounded the big tree we were met with flashing red and blue lights.

We were stopped by a Berrien County Sherriff's deputy as we approached the old shack. An ambulance was out by the barn and I could just make out an old rusty tractor on the other side of the emergency vehicle. The dogs were excitedly barking and running in all directions.

I rolled down my window and the deputy stuck his head into the coolness of the air-conditioned car.

"What's going on officer?" I asked.

"Thar's been an accident." He replied. "What's your business here?" The deputy asked, in his slow Georgia drawl.

"We are friends of Mr. Sweet and we were just dropping buy for a visit."

I didn't want to say anything about Honey being Jeb's Daughter unless I was forced too.

The uniformed officer eyed me suspiciously. He obviously knew Jeb and the thought of him having friends like the ones in this brand new Jeep Grand Cherokee were pretty unlikely.

Honey shouted. "Is my sister ok Dwayne?"

"Honey, Is that you? I didn't recognize you all prettied up like that." The young officer said in surprise.

"Dwayne!" Honey yelled again. "IS SUGAR HURT?" The tiny girl demand in a voice

that expected an answer.

“No, no, Sugars just fine Honey.” The man paused, “It’s your daddy Honey. He got drunk and decided to do some plowing. We think he was getting off the tractor when he must have bumped the shift lever and jammed it in gear. The big wheel rolled over him and then he got caught up in the plowing rig and was drug all the way from the north pasture. It’s pretty nasty. The tractor finally stopped when it ran into the barn. That’s when Sugar heard the noise and found him. She had to run all of the way over to the Baker’s to use their phone. I think he was kilt as soon as the big wheel ran over him so he probably didn’t suffer too much.”

By now Honey was trying to climb over Beth to get out of the car. I grabbed her by the arm and held her back.

“I don’t think it would be a good idea for you to see your father right now.” I told her earnestly.

“Fuck my father!” She screamed at me and jerked her arm from my grasp. “I want to see Sugar!”

Beth opened the door and the little girl dove from the car and ran toward the dilapidated shack. Just then Sugar exited through the screen door and the two embraced.

A lieutenant with the Berrian Sheriff’s Department who was on the scene and in charge of the investigation spoke with a Barrien County judge after my friend, who is a Lowendes County judge called the magistrate and greased the way for Beth and I to take Honey and Sugar with us until the next of kin could be notified.

The ride home was not nearly as exuberant as the drive out.

To be continued.

Chapter 3

I set the table for three and cleaned up what I could as Beth finished dinner. I would

have helped with the cooking but I suck at it. I can grill enough to be able to get through a small bar-B-Q but that's about it. My wife accuses me of being the only person she knows that can burn water.

Honey came into the kitchen; I assume she was ready for bed. She had on a faded yellow Sponge Bob "T" shirt that didn't come all the way to her navel and a pair of her new panties. For some reason she had the panties pulled up 'hi-wasted' so that the crotch was pulled up into her cunt crack and the lips of her pussy and many strands of red were displayed on the outside of the panties.

When Beth saw the eighteen year old boldly standing there, her eyes shot to me. I returned the disturbed look she gave me with a helpless shrug and a shake of my head.

My wife went to Honey and fussed over her, "Here, Let me help you with those. A young lady doesn't wear her panties that way." She said as she stuck her fingers in each leg hole and pried the silky material from the girl's moist pussy.

"But I like them like that." Honey whined, "They feel good when I pull them up tight." And she promptly grabbed the material between her legs and snatched it up until her cunt lips popped out of each side.

Wide eyed, Bethany stumbled back and absent mindedly smelled her fingers. When she saw me staring at her with surprise, she turned bright red and rushed to the stove to tend to her cooking.

I took Honey's hand and lead her through the swinging door that led to the dining room and indicated which seat was hers. Before she sat into the chair she caressed the vinyl seat and marveled at its texture. I stood behind her looking at her cute little ass as the panties were also pulled up in her butt crack like a thong. It seemed to me that there was a method to her display.

She looked up at me with those big green eyes and nailed me. "You haven't told your wife that I am a whore yet have you?"

"Ahhhhh," I stammered, as I realized what she was doing. "No I haven't and I would appreciate it if you let me tell her in my own way and in my own time, you little

devil." Then I smacked her on that inviting ass and she squealed with delight. "Now fix your panties and behave yourself." I told her smiling at her antics. "And by the way, you are no longer a whore, you might be my slut, but you are not a whore."

Giggling, she pulled the panties out of her crotch and sat in the chair.

"What would you like to drink?" I asked her.

"Beer."

"You're not old enough to drink beer." I told her.

"I drink it whenever I can get it back home." She stated.

"Well you can't drink it here for two and a half more years."

"What do you have?"

"We have juice, milk, soda and water."

She hesitated. I wasn't sure if she didn't like the choices I gave her, or if there were too many choices to choose from.

"Well, I probed, "what do you like?"

She shrugged, "A man once bought me a Yoo-hoo after I sucked him off in a gas station bathroom. It was delicious, he didn't taste bad either. Did you know," she continued, "that an older man's cum taste better than younger men's cum?"

"No, I didn't" I replied.

"Well, it does. Don't ask me why, but older guys taste more like pussy and pussy tastes almost as good as Yoo-hoo."

Beth came in the room and began placing food on the table.

I got four glasses and filled three with ice and water from the fridge. The fourth I filled with milk, added some chocolate syrup and made Honey a Yoo-hoo.

When I set the chocolate milk in front of her she clapped her hands and exclaimed. "Being with you is like having Christmas all the time!"

"Well," I said to her, "you deserve to have Christmas all the time."

I glanced over at my wife and she was looking as though she had just put a piece of a puzzle in place and the picture was getting clearer.

I asked my wife if she would like wine with dinner.

"Merlot." She stated simply and left to bring in the rest of the meal.

I poured two glasses and set them at our places.

Beth brought in a small pot roast with potatoes and carrots. I held her chair for her and then sat at the head of the table with Honey on my left and Bethany on my right.

For the most part we ate in silence except the occasional praise Honey heaped on Beth's cooking and the amazed comments the girl made as to the opulence of her surroundings. I was surprised and delighted that she had an understanding of common table manners, although it was clear that she was not used to using them.

Beth seemed a little more at ease, but I could tell she could not wait to get Honey to bed and drag me to the confines of our bedroom.

When we finished Honey helped cleanup. She was amazed that there was actually a 'machine' that washed dishes.

Together we took Honey to her room. Beth told her how glad she was that she had come to visit. We told her goodnight and Beth grasped my hand and drug me out of Honey's room. I was just able to swing the door shut as I stumbled after her.

She pushed me through our bedroom door and I sat on the edge of the bed.

She closed the door and put her hands on her hips and said, "Ok, you cock sucking motherfucker."

(I never fucked my mother either, although I have fucked quite a few other women

who were mothers)

I patted the bed next to me and she reluctantly moved over and sat down where I had indicated.

I am just going to tell what happened this morning and then we can decide what to do.

Forty minutes later she sat in what I assumed was a stunned silence.

Slowly she looked up at me "Are you trying to replace me with a younger model?"

Shocked I responded, "Absolutely not! No one could ever replace you."

"So why did you bring her home? Are you telling me that you don't plan to fuck her?"

I didn't have an answer to her question. Well I had an answer to part of her question. I had definitely planned to fuck her, but I didn't really know why I brought her home with me.

"She was just going to be a little fuck toy for us to play with." I explained lamely to my wife.

"And you didn't think that you might start to care for her. I saw how you spoke with her at the table. I think you really love her already. Hell I think I love her already."

I was shocked! And at the same time, I knew she was absolutely right. I had not even considered that I might eventually fall in love with Honey, not as a lover or a wife, but as a daughter. I then realized that I had already been thinking of her as MY daughter!

"Huh." I uttered in dismay. "I think you may be right."

"I have another question ... How did you think I would let a DOG stay here?"

"I didn't, I hoped."

"Well he can't." she stated flatly.

“Ok,” I said, “I will take him back Friday when I visit Jeb and take him his cell phone.

She looked sharply at me again. “So you plan to continue with this fucked up half assed adoption? ... You know,” she stated, “the longer she stays here the more we are going to become attached to her. How in the FUCK will we be able to give her up at the end of a month much less a year?”

“Well,” I asked, “What do you want to do?”

“I don’t know, but I can tell you what I don’t want to do. I don’t want to send her back to that horney old bastard pimp of a father. I realize that Honey is technically an adult, but if we report what has been going on at that house, I don’t want the state to take her sister into that cluster fuck they call DCF. I don’t want her ending up on the street, pulling tricks and getting the shit beat out of her. That’s what I fucking don’t want done.

“So what’s left?”

We sat in silence for several minutes.

“I guess we keep her,” Beth sighed, “but no fucking until we get things straightened out.”

“Are you sure?” I asked.

“No, but I can’t think of any fucking thing else to do; besides, I already think I’m love with the little bitch.”

“No, I was asking about the fucking.” I teased, grinning at her.

She punched my arm and I kissed her tenderly. We lay down and I snuggled up behind her, put my arm over her and cupped her breast.

We lay there like that for a few minutes, neither of was sleepy.

I whispered in her ear, “You have made it clear that you don’t like dogs but you have never told me why you have a problem with them?”

She lay there silent, unmoving. I was almost sure that she wasn't asleep, but I wasn't positive. If she wasn't asleep, then she was either pretending to be or she was trying to decide if she wanted to tell me the answer to my question. Then she spoke.

“When I was seven my asshole brother brought home an ugly ass stray dog. I have no idea what the fuck kind of dog it was but it was fucking HUGE. I was scared as shit of it. The bastard mutt would jump up on me and lick my face. I would scream and my cock sucking brother just stood there and laughed at me.”

Chapter 4

On the ride home Honey and Sugar sat in the back seat and spoke in muted whispers. Beth and I gave them their space and did not try to draw them out. When they were ready we would be there.

I could hear the occasional sob and comforting murmur, but most of the girl's discussion seemed rather lighthearted and there were a twitters of excited chatter interspersed with the whispers.

As the trip continued the whispers became less guarded and I would be able to catch the occasional phrase. From those phrases I gleaned that Honey was describing our house and some of the things she and Beth had done. Those conversations led to the packages in the back of the Jeep and by the time we pulled into our drive way and Boner met us, they were giggling and laughing. Sugar was begging Honey to tell her what was in the packages, but Honey refused.

As we drove up to the house, Sugar pressed her face to the window and exclaimed, “Oh my God, It's so Big!”

I parked at the front door so I would not have to carry the packages all the way from the barn. The four of us got out and Boner went right for Sugar to greet her. The fourteen year old squatted down and petted the big dog who's head went directly under the thin yellow dress strait to Sugar's pussy and knocked her back on her ass.

Honey laughed as Sugar struggled to get up and away from the dog's invading

tongue.

The teenagers dress was up around her tits as she tried to push the mutt from his prize. Sugar had no underwear on so Boner had unrestricted access to that sweet blond pussy and he took full advantage of that fact as he rooted around in it.

Honey was trying to pull the yellow animal from her little sister's cunt, but until I grabbed the dog's new collar and tugged she was having no success at all.

Laughing, Honey explained that Sugar was Boner's favorite pussy and that they had a hell of a time not letting their father catch her fucking him.

At the mention of their 'father' the two girls sobered up and Sugar, still blushing from the attack stood and brushed the dirt from her dress.

That's when the blond beauty discovered a tear in the yellow fabric of the dress and started to cry.

"It's ruined." She sobbed.

Then Honey volunteered, "I can fix it."

The little redhead placed her hands at the opening of the tear and RIPPED the dress the rest of the way up the side and pulled the tattered cloth from her sister's body.

Sugar screamed and tried to snatch the cloth from Honey's hand.

Honey tossed it to Boner and the dog snatched it up, jerked away from my grasp and trotted off to the barn with his new treasure.

"You bitch." Sugar shouted to her giggling sister. Who dodged around Beth and ran into the house, her naked sibling was right on her heels.

I think this is going to get very interesting, I thought.

I opened the back of the Cherokee and loaded Beth up with as many packages as she could carry and sent her to find out where our two house guests were. I put the rest of the items on the veranda and drove the black Jeep to its resting spot in the barn.

When I got out of the vehicle, Boner looked up at me from his new home that consisted of a very large dog bed that was now lined with a pale yellow dress.

I scratched his ears and told him what a good dog he was and he showed his appreciation by barking and swinging his massive tail.

I found the three girls in Honey's room. It had changed substantially from that first night Honey came to live with us. Beth had done most of the decorating because Honey had no clue as to what to do. The only thing that Honey had added to the décor was an antique music box with a dancing ballerina. It was very beautiful and fairly expensive.

When Honey spied it in the antique shop she just stood there and stared at it the whole time she and Beth were in the store. My wife saw that Honey was fascinated with the treasure and added that to the other things she had decided to purchase. I get misty eyed when I watch Honey reverently wind the mechanism and place the ballerina into her magical dance.

The two girls were on Honey's bed where Beth had dumped the packages. Honey was sorting through them and handed one to her naked sister.

"Open it." Honey urged.

Beth and Honey had spent most of Thursday afternoon wrapping all of the gifts that they had bought for Sugar. Honey said that she wanted to make it like Christmas for her sister when she opened them.

I didn't think it would be easy to find Christmas paper in August, but Bethany did it by contacting most of our friends and asking them for their leftover wrapping paper. Of course she had to explain why she needed the wrapping paper, so now all of our friends were aware that we had a red headed "exchange student" living with us. It was the only explanation that we could come up with to explain Honey residing in our home. Now I had no idea how we were going to explain who and why Sugar was.

Only a select few knew of the sexual relationship that Honey had with us, but all of our friends were thrilled and volunteered to gather Christmas paper.

Beth collected so much paper that we were going to have to have a party to give back all of the left-overs.

Sugar carefully began to remove the paper from her gift. At first I didn't realize why she was taking so much time removing the paper. Then it dawned on me that she was being careful not to rip the paper so that it could be used again.

I started to say something, but Beth looked up at me and read my mind. She shook her head briefly and I decided to let it drop. There was plenty of time for her to acclimate from poverty. There was no need to rush things. Besides there is nothing wrong with conserving resources. I just hope I did not have to worry about them becoming pack rats.

The paper was now off and folded neatly beside the nude teenager and from the box she drew a new bright yellow sundress very similar to the one that her sister had ripped from her body.

"Put it on." Honey urged with eyes bright with excitement.

Sugar slid off of the bed and slipped the cotton fabric over her head and pulled it into place. It wasn't a perfect fit, but it was close enough. Sugar twirled, the dress billowed and her blond bush peeked back at me.

I adjusted my pecker inside my jeans and all three saw me and smiled at my discomfort.

Beth reached over and rubbed my cock through the denim and said. "I'm sure we can take care of that for you later, can't we girls."

They both excitedly agreed and went back to the packages.

I went down and brought up the rest of Sugar's gifts. Then I sat in an overstuffed chair in the corner of the room and watched the three loveliest females in the world enjoy this time together.

There were cries of and excitement and tears of joy as Sugar unwrapped her gifts. Some of the simplest things brought the most emotional responses. I found myself

crying as the love inside of me swelled to the point that I thought I might burst.

That bucket that I had stepped in, the one that I thought was filled with shit, well it was beginning to look like it just might be filled with rose petals instead.

Over the next few weeks, life in the Henry Hastings house hold, settled down to a small tornado. Sugar didn't want her own room. She and Honey wanted to sleep together. We told them they could sleep anywhere they wanted. It took a while, but Beth eventually convinced Sugar that she needed her own room to put her things in and that she and her sister could take turns sleeping together in each other's rooms.

With the sleeping logistics out of the way, the next issue became household chores. Not that they had to DO house work, but that they were NOT required to do it. This dictum was ignored by both of them and we soon found it unnecessary to have a cleaning lady come in each week.

We kept the cleaning lady anyway, because she had been with us for years and she knew the life style Beth and I lived. Once she understood the home life that the girls had before coming to live with us she was fine with our new arrangement. Not to mention she was very good looking and Beth and I have rolled in the hay with her on many occasions. I was also pretty certain that one or both of the girls had seduced her by her second weekly visit.

Chapter 5

Labor Day was fast approaching and it looked like that Beth and I had all of our bases covered. All three of the girls were so excited I had to bring in a few of Beth's regular lovers to keep the girls from killing boner and me. We decided to let the six of them live with us for the couple of days before the party and they would chauffeur the girls to the event.

Sugar discovered that it would be Father's Day in Australia and New Zealand the Sunday before Labor Day, so my women promised me something special. I wasn't sure that my heart would be able to take it, but I played along, plying them with questions as to what it was. They would giggle and tell me I would find out soon

enough and their lips were sealed unless I wanted a blow job.

When Nelson, the private detective, cut a deal with the read headed whore, to purchase Jeb's property he contracted with a neighbor to feed the animals until I could sort everything out.

At the Judge's Cabin there was a large roofed structure behind it where we stored the toys. We had four wheelers, jet skis and even a ski boat that we often hauled to a Public ramp just off Knights Ferry Road. The Withlacoochee River boarded the Judge's private reserve for about three miles on the west side of the property.

I had a crew go to the Sweet farm on Friday and collect the donkey and two dogs that the lanky hillbilly had kept there. My men brought the animals to the cabin and cleared an area under the barn like structure to house them. Honey worked with them to prepare for the Sunday night show. She convinced my workers to keep me in the dark as to what she had planned by fucking the lot of them when the job had been completed.

I thought about threatening to fire them if they didn't tell me her secrete, but I didn't think any of them would reveal anything she had planned anyway and I didn't really want to have to fire anyone, besides I was kind of pleased that they would rather face my wrath than betray Honey.

Beth was now allowing Boner to lick her hand and pet him. So she had agreed to let me bring the other dogs and the donkey back to our farm after the Labor Day party in the woods.

Saturday Morning I got up early, way before everyone else, to watch the sun chase the night sky away. I was the only one who slept alone last night, as each of the girls had two men to keep them company.

I pushed my O nine Road King out of the barn and cranked the twin cam ninety six cubic inch Harley Davison engine to life. The new Vance & Hines pipes rattled the timbers in the barn and sent Boner running for the safety of the house.

I didn't get to ride as often as I would have liked, but it was a choice that I had to make considering the busy life I led. I pointed the black machine towards Macadoos

Grill where several of my friends had agreed to meet me for breakfast. Then as a group we rode our bikes to the cabin.

By the time the six Harleys roared into the preserve, the caterers were set up and a Bar-B-Q grill built on a small trailer was already smoking. Even though I had just eaten, the smell made my mouth water.

One of the things I liked most about having discretionary funds is, I can plan events like this and forget about them. I have done enough of this kind of thing, that I now have all the bases covered. I have a core of people who run interference for me. I have a Valdosta police officer who has handled my party security for over eight years. He furnishes any other personnel that we feel is needed, many of which were currently setting up at the preserve gate.

I have my house keeper who oversees the food and preparation and I have my crew foreman who takes care of the lighting, mechanical and anything else that is not the responsibility of the other two. Once the event starts Beth and I are guests, just like everyone else.

Parking was out by the gate, cars and motorcycles began to arrive sporadically and their occupants wandered up the gravel drive to the cabin.

The cabin had not always been the two story, four bed room, two and one half bath log building that now sat inside the preserve. It started out as a one room cabin some forty years ago. The Judges father built it on the one hundred and twenty acres that he acquired another twenty years before that. The Judge added a thirty foot diameter above ground pool last year and had a large wood deck built around it. This was a welcome addition to the amenities that the preserve offered.

Around ten am several of us were sipping beers while sitting in the rockers on the cabin porch when we heard some shouting coming from the direction of the gate. I looked down the gravel drive and saw a convertible slowly making its way toward the cabin.

I could just make out Beth sitting on the back of the rear seat waving like she was a beauty queen in the Rose Bowl parade. Then I realized why the men that were closer

to her were shouting. She was naked, not a stitch on and two more convertibles with Honey and Sugar followed behind her. They were dressed in the same manor. Honey's breasts were swinging in time with her waving arm. Honey's tits were substantially bigger than Beth's or Sugar's.

The three cars did a circle in front of the cabin and we raised our beers in a toast to the three excited cunts. The judge came out of the cabin as Beth and the two girls pranced from the cars and strolled sexily up the cabin steps and gave me a hug. The men cheered as the three surrounded me like they were posing for a picture with the patriarch of the family. In addition to lust I could see envy in the eyes of some of the men.

Beth whispered in my ear that they could not decide what to wear when Sugar suggested that we go naked and not bring any clothes with us at all.

"You like?" she asked.

I pulled her closer and kissed her. "Check my pants slut."

Beth was shaved bare as usual, but Honey and Sugar sported trimmed red and blonde bushes respectively.

There were about twenty men in a semicircle in front of the cabin and that was not counting the other men in the background attending to their individual responsibilities.

The Judge raised his hands and the men quieted. He and I had already discussed what he would say to start off the festivities but we had planned to do it after lunch. The girl's nude entrance moved that time table up about an hour and a half.

"Gentlemen." The Judge began. "Welcome to the preserve. I'm glad you were able to come to the festivities. This is a twofold celebration; one is to honor the laboring men and women who have made this country and the great state of Georgia the envy of the world. The other reason is to congratulate my friends Henry and Beth. Many of you know Beth much better than some of the new comers to our little group."

A loud cheer rose from the men and Beth waved to them.

The Judge continued. "Their family has grown in the past couple of weeks and they wanted to share their happiness with others in the community."

Another cheer came from the group.

"So I present, Honey and Sugar, the newest additions to the Hastings family.

This time the cheer was much louder and longer.

The two young women stepped to the edge of the porch and wiggled their hips and Honey shook her tits at the lecherous crowd. The cheer grew louder. Sugar, not to be out done turned her back to them bent at the waist and spread her butt cheeks so that her asshole and her cunt were fully displayed. The men went nuts. Honey slapped her sister on the ass. Sugar stood rapidly and stuck out her tongue good naturedly at her older sibling. The girls gathered around me again, and the Judge tried to continue with his speech.

"Gentelmen, gentlemen," he said with both hands raised to the cheering group.

Slowly the crowd regained their decorum.

"Gentelmen. We have approximately fifty five hours until seven pm Monday evening to celebrate the Hastings good fortune. You have received the guidelines as to what is expected of you when you got your invitation. I want to remind you to drink responsibly. If you get sloppy drunk you will be confined in the dog's pen until you sober up then you will be escorted off the premises, also no fighting period. Physical altercations will be dealt with severely and no photographs are to be taken. If you are caught with a camera, cell phone or other device capable of taking pictures the offending item will be confiscated and your welcome here will be revoked. I need not remind you that any infringement of these guidelines will result in immediate expulsion and no future invitations to like events will be offered, at least not without a substantial amount of groveling."

A nervous laughter swept over the group.

The Judge and I were of the same opinion that if there were no possibility that a violator could redeem himself then they might be more inclined to attempt to make

trouble for us.

“If you haven’t paid your share for the alcohol then please do so. You should put valuables and cloths not being used in your car and lock it! We have security and the parking area is regularly patrolled, however we are NOT responsible for any damage to your vehicle or for the loss of your valuables.” He paused. “I am going to ask you to keep your pants on until after lunch.”

A collective groan rose from the group.

“We have plenty of time. Pace yourself. The ladies want to enjoy the amenities of the preserve during the weekend as much as you do so be considerate. They have agreed that there will be at least one of them in the bedroom at all times. That does not mean that they may not choose to entertain you elsewhere in the preserve, but they can decline such invitations except when in the bedroom. As stated in your invitation there will be a demonstration on Sunday evening that you will not want to miss. The ladies will circulate among you until one o’clock then they will each retire to a bed room and the fucking can begin.”

Another cheer was offered although not as enthusiastic as Honey’s and Sugar’s had been.

The Judge had one last comment. “Now Beth has some housekeeping and safety information to impart to you.”

Beth then took center stage. “I’m happy to see all of you here and I hope you enjoy the weekend and all the sex that Honey, Sugar and I are offering.”

Another cheer.

But first there are some things you should know. First if anyone is injured, there is an ambulance and paramedics standing by on the other side of the barn. There are porta-potties between the cabin and the parking area, USE THEM. I don’t want to be stepping in anyone’s leavings including piss. The restrooms in the house are for us girls, stay out of them. If you get sick from drinking too much toss you’re cookies behind the Porta-potties.

We have a case of sunscreen and a several bottles of Solarcain should you forget to use the sun screen. I know you have all been tested for std's recently or you would not have received an invitation. The girls and have also been tested and all results were negative. That said there is a case of condoms just inside the door should desire to use them. They are not required but they are there for those who choose to use them.

Myself, I hope you don't use them. I love it when a man shoots his cum into my body. It makes me feel like a slut to have sperm dripping out of me. Besides those of you who have fucked me knows that I like to be eaten after I have had a sperm deposit. The thought of you slurping someone else's tadpoles out of my cunt turns me the fuck on especially if it is my dear husband doing the slurping."

She put her hand on my shoulder as the guys snickered.

"If you do happen to use a rubber, ... when you're finished give it to me and I will turn it inside out and eat your cum. After all, I already told you I'm a slut.

So remember, you have three willing whores with three holes and all are available to receive your deposits. Have fun and be careful."

Beth turned to me and kissed me on the cheek, she and the girls moved to the steps and then waded into the crowd of horny men. The men's hands wandered over their bodies, as they kissed their way toward the picnic tables that were set up for the feast.

The girls each picked separate tables and three enterprising young men had each grabbed a tube of sunscreen and offered to 'Do' each to the women. In no time there were three sluts lying on their respective tables getting rubbed down with sun screen. The three men shared the chore with their friends, but they kept the interesting parts to themselves, mainly their cunts and asses

Chapter 6

Some of the guys went home that first night only to return several hours later, some

had tents that they pitched, some slept on the cabin floor. The girls picked three guys each to keep them company during the rest of the night. Believe it or not I slept with the Judge. Nothing sexual you understand, I just wanted to give Beth the freedom to do whatever she wanted to without me being any kind of hindrance.

She says it doesn't matter if I'm there or not, but I know better. Whether she wants to believe it or not, she is much wilder and enjoys the sex more openly when I am not there. I have spied on her many times and time after time she consistently has more and better climaxes and has more just plain fun, when she thinks I am not there.

Don't get me wrong I love seeing her getting the shit fucked out of her and I do a lot of watching her. Some when she knows I am there and even more when she thinks I am somewhere else. Last week when she was the 'fucking hostess' at the Judge's poker party she thought I was in Atlanta, but I was really right here the video room of the cabin watching her get gangbanged by six of my closest friends. The next morning when I "came back from Atlanta" she had a pussy full of cum for me to eat out of her.

Her laughter rang throughout the cabin that night and I dearly loved to hear her laugh. It makes my heart swell when I think I am doing things to allow her to be happy. I know she loves only me, her heart is mine.

Sex, the way she uses it, outside the marriage is a physical thing. Like tennis or bowling, a sport of sorts just to enjoy and have fun with. But when we are alone, living our lives, planning for the future and making love, just the two of us, it's much, much more than I can put into words.

There's nothing I wouldn't do to make Bethany happy and that includes letting her go if I thought her leaving me would make the woman happier than staying with me, even though if she ever did leave me I would be crushed.

I've had conversations with men and women who can't believe I let my wife screw around like I do. And I used to try and explain to them why we do the things we do, but they rarely get it. Not only don't they get it they get pissed at me when I tell them that the reason that they don't understand is that they are self-centered when

it comes to their spouses.

They are invested in their own wishes and desires, not their partners. They have too much wrapped up into how their significant other will reflect upon them. How it makes them look. Their spouses rank second in their relationship to their own self-interests and if the marriage has kids their spouse may drop even further down in the pecking order of the family relationship.

In most of those cases the offending spouse may 'understand' that in twenty years the kids are going to be gone, but they don't 'embrace' the fact that the spouse will still be sleeping next to them for more than forty more.

I remember one conversation I had with a woman that I knew quite well. I also knew her husband even better. We golfed together, as well as socialized as a part of the Valdosta community. She had heard rumors of the life style that my wife and I have. She was aghast that we "cheated" on each other, as she called it.

After I calmed her indignity down a couple of notches I said. "Mary, I know our life style is somewhat out of the ordinary, not everyone has the libido that Bethany does, but take the act of our perceived infidelity out of the equation, look at it this way. You know your Bill loves to play golf. Right?"

"Yes."

Let's just say that it is your belief that your husband is 'very happy' when he is on the golf course. If you believed that and I think you do and if you really loved him and again, I think you do, then why wouldn't you do everything you could to make it possible for him to spend as much time as he wanted on the golf course?"

"Because he has a family and responsibilities." She responded with her nose in the air.

"Are you saying that Bill would shirk those responsibilities if you helped him spend more time on the golf course?"

"I don't know if he would or not' but I'm not taking any chances." She said stepping back.

“You know Bill much better than I, yet even I KNOW that Bill would never choose golf over the real needs of his family; no matter how much he loved it. He’s too much of a man to do that, a man doesn’t do what he wants to do if he thinks his family is going to suffer because of it.

No the real reason that you won’t encourage him to play as much golf as HE wants, is because you are threatened by it. This terrible GOLF mistress will take away from your time with him, and how would it look if you stayed home working while he is out PLAYING and then your next thought is, ‘If he loved me, then he would want to do what I wanted’.”

She responded, “Well sure, don’t you want to do the things you like to do.”

“Absolutely, I want to do everything that I want to do, but that’s not how love works. Now this is going to sound corny, but love is giving up what you want, to make sure the person you love gets what they want.”

“Well I want to be happy too! Besides I don’t actually tell him he can’t play golf.”

“No, perhaps not, but I’ve seen your attitude, it clearly says don’t go and you throw up as many obstacles and road blocks as you can to keep him from going.”

“You see?” I continued. “You want to be happy by restricting Bill’s happiness. In my opinion you’re going about it backwards. When I make Beth happy, I’m happy, but when you make YOU happy, neither you nor Bill are truly happy. What you should be doing is, have Bills shoes and clubs at the door waiting for him. Then you give him a big naked kiss and tell him you will be waiting for him when he returns home.

“Why do I have to be the one who does all the giving?”

“You don’t. You don’t have to give anything, any time. All you have to do is WANT to make Bill as happy as you can and if you do this, I promise, that you will get what you want from Bill too. Do this one thing and the rest will take care of itself, but you can’t ‘expect’ that Bill will reciprocate. The giving has to come unselfishly from you or it won’t work. If you keep score then you kill the gift.”

She looked at me and it seemed like she was beginning to understand what I was

saying to her.

Then she said. "That makes absolutely no fucking sense Henry!" And stomped off.

The Judge snores pretty badly, so I was up before the sun again. It really wasn't a problem. I'm almost always up by six am. I'm a morning person. Beth is a night owl. We make it work.

Sugar and the three cocks were still at it, I could hear the head board banging against the wall. I thought, tonight we should put her mattress on the floor, but then her wailing orgasms would still wake all but the heaviest of sleepers. That girl must have had fifty climaxes since arriving here at ten yesterday morning. Then I did a little calculating in my head and figured that fifty would have been a little over three and a half orgasms per hour and decided that it was possible, because I saw her when she was in the 'fucking room' yesterday, she had six within a fifteen or twenty minute period and she squirts heavily too. I told Alice to put plastic sheets over the mattresses before making up the beds.

Goldilocks and her three studs came out of the bedroom and she poured four cups of coffee which emptied the pot that I had made. While she sat at the breakfast table Fred crawled between her legs and ate the fresh sperm from her snatch. She squirted a nut in his face and he gobbled it down, then she thanked him for cleaning her.

He said. "You're welcome, my pleasure." And he meant every word.

The sun had been up for at least three hour when Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty staggered out of their bedrooms. Pussys followed by their possess.

The food people had a huge urn of regular and a smaller one of decaf coffee sitting on the tables outside, along with breakfast in aluminum pans heated by Sterno. Most everyone had been up for at least an hour. I think Honey and Beth had been awake for a while, but need to satisfy the morning wood in their respective beds.

When the two women sat at the picnic tables to eat breakfast Fred and Harry each chose a cunt and mashed their faces in to the spermy mess. Both women seem to appreciate the oral ministrations of the two men and praised their efforts.

I could identify with the pleasure the two men received from their task. I say I could identify, but not for the same reason. I have enjoyed eating the cum of numerous men from my wife's cunt and thoroughly loved the task, but Fred and Harry loved to eat sloppy pussy, just because it was sloppy pussy.

I loved eating Beth's cum coated genitals, because to her, a husband who eats other men's sperm from their wife's unfaithful cunt turns her on like nothing else and what turns my wife on, turns me on.

Now if she were to lay their like a dead fish or was passed out and unable to enjoy my labor, I certainly would have no motivation to put my tongue in that slop.

But Fred and Harry on the other hand, don't care if the fish enjoys their efforts or not. They just want their faces nose deep into cummy cunts because it's the mess and the humiliation that pushes their buttons. They get invited to our parties simply because that is their kink and we, as a group appreciate what they do.

The day seemed to be starting slow. Perhaps it was because most of the men had been sated or it could have been that the entertainment that was scheduled for tonight weighed on the ladies minds. Whatever it was, I felt a need to address the issue with the Judge. Together we decided that we would put a call out for twenty or thirty more men.

As the Judge got on his cell phone and I enlisted the aid of the large black cooks that headed the line into the 'fucking room' on Beth's second shift yesterday. They indicated that it would be no problem for them to procure ten or twelve well-endowed brothers to come to the aid of the Judge and me. I stressed to the cook, that these men he would be inviting should understand the rules and that there might be a possibility that should they be known trouble makers that officer Pettit would turn them away at the gate. The cook assured me that the people he would be inviting were law abiding and socially adept citizens.

He also wish to suggest, that he hoped that they, the cooks, would be remembered when another such celebration such as this was being planned. I promised him that I was in their debt and that their efforts in this matter would not be forgotten.

I rang officer Pettit, my security guy and informed him to expect around twenty or so more men within the next few of hours. I told him he was to use his intuition and personal judgment as to whether he should permit any specific individual to enter the compound. I also asked him, should there be any strenuous objection by an individual at being rejected, he was to call me at once and the judge and I would handle the situation. I explained that we didn't need any unnecessary attention drawn to our little soiree if it could be avoided.

At noon Honey strolled into the 'fucking room' and was immediately attacked by the twenty or so reinforcements that showed up this morning. The thin redhead seemed to enjoy the new energy infused into the party and did her best to drain their fluids. She was like a Quick lube auto store, except she was only a drain bucket. Fred and Harry disposed of her waste oil.

Sugar and Beth were getting their share of fresh cock. At one point while eating a hamburger the blond teenager was bent over and a large black cock was jammed up her ass. She was not bothered by this intrusion in the least and it only briefly interrupted her conversation with several men when she stood to facilitate the rear entry.

In fact if it hadn't been for the violent rhythmic jerking of her body, the two screaming orgasms and a huffing, puffing ebony giant behind her, you would not have even realized she was getting fucked up the ass.

Beth on the other hand had found sizable boner floating in an air mattress in the pool. She coaxed him to the side of the pool, straddled him and slid down his pole. Once comfortably seated she lay down on top of him and did that cunt squeezing thing that she does so well.

A man who happened to be in the pool with them watched them enjoying themselves, as they drifted by he whispered something in my wife's ear. She giggled and nodded yes. He grabbed her closest leg to stabilize the raft while he worked one, two and eventually three fingers up her rectum and used that leverage to guide the couple around the pool like a motor boat. She grunted and laughed as he directed his finger/butt powered vessel around and through the people standing and chatting in the cool water.

After a few moments of this silliness he used his fingers to jack off the man's cock in her cunt by rubbing his fingers on his dick over the thin membrane between Beth's ass and her cunt. Once he saw that the man had ejaculated in my wife's pussy he lost interest, removed his fingers and left the pool to entertain himself elsewhere.

Thus the hours drifted by. Casual couplings and hard fucking were the order of the day. Sugar and Honey were invited to ride on the four wheel motorcycles, well Beth was invited too, but she declined. Once the girls got used to the powerful machines they began riding while on the laps of the drivers whose cocks were up their cunts.

Of course the men had to run over anything in their paths so the girls would bounce along on their dicks. The guy driving Honey took a turn too tight and flip the quad on its side. Honey only scraped her knee, but the driver got a finger sized branch jammed about two inches into his leg and he was bleeding heavily. The paramedics patched them up, but that ended the four wheel fucking for the day.

At five they served dinner of Bar-B-Q chicken, corn on the cob and potato salad with sweet iced tea for those who were no longer drinking alcohol.

After eating the girls disappeared to the barn to get ready for the dog and donkey show.

The sun was low in the sky when I heard amplified music coming from the barn like structure, the men began to slowly drift in that direction, so the Judge and I followed.

When we got there I noticed that about a half dozen sheets of ply wood were puzzled together and held in place by a two by four frame. Around three sides of this make shift platform, wooden benches had been placed about five deep. My best guess told me that there was seating for a little over a hundred and they were filling fast.

Sugar spotted me and the Judge and waved us over. She was stand next to a bench that was front row center stage. She apologized to the men sitting there and they complained, but shoed them off anyway.

Sugar whispered. "You have to sit here for your wife's surprise."

As my friend and I sat, I heard a muted 'thunk' reverberate through the forest and suddenly enough lights to illuminate a football field bathed the small stage.

On the other side of the plywood stage I saw Honey walking toward us. She was holding the hand of the son of the owner of the Smok'n Pig and the boy's father was trailing behind them. She stood in front of me in all her naked glory and said.

"Daddy, this is my friend Arthur Gillis Junior and this is his dad Art senior who I think you already know."