

## *Shagging the Shepherd*

Matt Leeson's occupation wasn't just a lonely one, but something that he caught hell about from damn near everybody he mentioned it to.

Being stuck out in the middle of nowhere without many of the modern conveniences that so many people took for granted was bad enough. Having to live that way for sometimes months at a time was even LESS fun.

Worst of all, though, was when he had to admit to people that he was a shepherd.

Invariably, people's first reaction was to look at him in disbelief. That was usually followed by a snicker, guffaw, or other sound of humor. What *everybody* did was to make some smart-ass comment involving him and one (or more!) of the sheep.

Sure, tending to a couple hundred sheep got lonely, what with the need for larger fields because of sheep eating so close to the ground; and that kind of elbow room was only economically viable in fairly remote areas. But anybody that had ever actually had any day-in, day-out dealing with them knew that sheep were one of the **last** things a guy would want to stick his dick in, under ANY circumstances. They were smelly. They were stupid. They were noisy. They were afraid of damn near everything, including shadows, clouds, noises, and just about anything else a body could think of. The idea that a sheep would stand still, and HOLD still, long enough for a man to get his jollies with one was laughable.

But that didn't stop folks from making with the "jokes".

If he'd payed attention to his schoolwork in high school like his folks had wanted, instead of majoring in girls and pussy, he'd probably have done well enough to get a real job. Instead, there had been that scare about him getting Betty Pritchard knocked up, forcing him to drop out of school and go to work in a garage. Thing was, he hadn't been any better at working on cars than he'd been at working on his English assignments. When the garage had finally fired him, Betty had divorced him, then taken their young daughter and headed for parts unknown.

Word had gotten around that he wasn't afraid to work, just that he wasn't very good at anything anybody needed done. He'd gone from one low-paying shit job to a worse one several times over the course of the last ten years; he was at the point that the only thing he'd been able to do for more than six months was the shepherding gig he'd had for the last year and a half. In his private moments, Matt had to admit to himself that the only reason he'd been able to keep THIS job was because the dogs he had to work with knew what was going on better than he did, and covered his ass for him.

Saddest thing of all, as far as he was concerned, was how the girl situation had changed. Back in high school, he was getting laid more than anybody in a hundred mile radius; these days, he had to be getting LESS pussy than anyone in THREE hundred... at least.

Now his choices were limited to left hand, or right — and if he was in the mood for an orgy, both.

Sitting in his one-and-only chair after "supper" (freeze-dried and canned food might keep him alive, but it sure tasted like crap after a while), Matt looked around the limited area of his shepherd's cabin. One room, roughly ten feet square, that held a tiny bathroom, two-burner stove, his single bed, the chair he sat on, a small table to eat at and do his (thankfully) limited paperwork on, a set of floor-to-ceiling shelves where he kept his meager possessions, an even bigger set of shelves he used for storage, a dresser for the clothes that he couldn't hang up in the small wardrobe, and a tiny washing machine to clean his clothes with. In the wall next to the door he had a smallish window, with another one over the dresser. Outside was the tank of propane that he used to cook with, and heat the cabin in winter; the big agricultural conglomerate that he worked for saw to it that it was filled twice a year — the first time at the beginning of October, and again in early April. He got resupplied with food every couple of months; during his first winter on the job, he'd learned to keep a couple week's worth of food in reserve because the supply truck couldn't always make it to the cabin on schedule. He kept most of the freeze-dried food in a small shack behind the cabin, where the weather wouldn't bother it; the canned stuff stayed inside where the temperature was relatively constant. Water was supplied by an automatic pump in a well.

The company had also rigged the place with a wind generator and some solar panels to ensure that he could keep a bank of batteries charged up; they provided power for his limited needs. His boss (who he saw maybe a half dozen times a year) assured him that it was okay for him to use some of the power for his personal radio so he'd have something to listen to at night. Matt also had a number of books and magazines that got changed out during his infrequent visits to the nearest town (better than two hundred miles distant, "nearest" being a relative term), but tended to read only when he was extremely bored.

Looking out the window by the door, Matt saw that it had started to drizzle outside; rain tended to be cold that time of year, making him glad he was inside. He knew the dogs would be curled up in the little igloos they had in their pen, staying dry and warm.

Lost in his own thoughts, he didn't notice when the sun set nearly an hour later. He was trying to figure out if there was any way of salvaging his life before it was too late when a sudden pounding on the door nearly gave him heart failure — as far out in the toolies as he was, the *last* thing he ever expected was any kind of visitors.

When he got to the door and opened it, Matt was surprised again when two young women hurried in. Both were soaked from the rain, and shivering. Closing the door again, Matt turned to them just in time to see both straighten up and face him. He barely had time to see that both were redheads, and **maybe** as much as twenty years old before the one on his right began speaking.

"Gee, mister, we sure are glad to find this place! We've been walking for HOURS, and then it started to rain and we got so **cold**, and every time we stopped to rest we just got colder, and we kept trying our cell phones, but we couldn't get a signal and so we kept walking and walking and

we didn't think we were *ever* going to find anyplace we could get out of the rain or get warm or anything, and then we thought we saw a light way far away, but we weren't sure, but we started walking toward it anyway, and we kept falling down and we were SO scared that one of us would fall down and, like, *break* something like an arm or a leg or something so that we couldn't keep going, but it looked like maybe the light was closer, so we kept going, and it was so WET and so cold, and we could hardly **move**, and I was starting to think we were going to, like, DIE out there, but we could tell that it really was a light we saw and we kept walking and falling down, and we were **so** glad to see that it was an actual building, and we heard something moving around and we were scared that it was maybe some wild animal or something that was going to attack us, but it was only a bunch of sheep, and they tried to run away from us and that made us feel better, and then we *finally* got here and that's when we knocked on your door and you let us in."

While she was talking, Matt was taking the opportunity to give the two of them a closer look. The one that was talking looked like she was probably the older of them; they looked enough alike that he figured they were almost certainly sisters. Their dark red hair framed their pretty faces — piercing blue eyes, small straight noses, somewhat wide mouths with sensuous lips, and clear pale complexions. Neither one was dressed for anything more extreme than getting from a car to inside a shopping mall, he figured, since all either one had on was a pair of shorts that barely reached crotch level on them, a tank top blouse, and sneakers without socks. With the two of them as cold as they were, and in their wet clothes, it was pretty damn obvious that neither one had a bra on as they stood there shivering. Both were slightly buxom, but with slender waists and trim hips; the legs extending out of their abbreviated shorts were long and smooth.

When the one talking finally ran out of words, Matt realized that they needed to get dry and warm — and in short order, if they weren't going to catch pneumonia or something. The first thing he did was to get each of them a clean towel, which they used to first dry their hair, then their arms and legs. While they were busy with that, Matt fired up both burners on his little stove to try and heat the place up a little bit. Realizing that it was going to take a while for the stove to have much of an effect, he got out some of his clothing for them... jeans, shirts, and socks. By the time he had the stuff in his hands, they were wearing the towels like little blankets. Handing each of them a set of his clothes, he told them "My name is Matt Leeson, and I'm the shepherd for this little sheep ranch. You'll want to change out of those wet things, if you don't want to catch cold. Here's some dry stuff that'll help you get warm, too. The bathroom is right over there", pointing at the only other door in the place. Still shivering, if not as badly, they both nodded their understanding and made their way into the bathroom, closing the door behind them. Small as his bathroom was, he knew they'd have a time of it getting changed with both of them in there, but figured they'd manage if they wanted to get warm and dry again.

As they were changing clothes, Matt wondered what the hell to do. His only communication with the outside world was the scheduled visits for supplies and by his boss, and the radio. Did the present situation constitute an "emergency"? After a certain amount of soul-searching, he finally decided to find out if it did. If it wasn't, and the company fired him... well, at least he'd be back

in civilization. If it was, there was a chance he'd get some kind of reward — if not cash money, then maybe some time off in someplace where he might be able to get laid.

Fantasies (and he knew that's what they were) about the Las Vegas strip were dancing through his head when the girls came out. At his first sight of them, he was sorely tempted to laugh: his clothes were about twice the size of what they normally wore. The top button of his shirts were damn near down by their navels, both girls had a handful of the waist of the jeans they had on to keep them from sliding down, and the tops of his socks were pooled around their ankles. In the hand that wasn't holding his jeans up, both girls had a small bundle of the wet clothes they'd taken off. After composing himself, Matt told them "I've got that dinky little washing machine, but to dry things, all I have is a couple of lines to hang stuff on outside. If you want that stuff to dry tonight, you'll have to lay it out in here. I'll get some rope so you can make some belts to hold those jeans up. Then we'll see about getting you girls out of here."

Both of his new companions nodded in relief. Matt didn't bother putting on his slicker before leaving to go out to the shed and cut off a couple lengths of light rope; when he got back, he saw that the girls had laid their things out on the storage shelves before moving to stand in front of the stove to soak up some of the heat. He saw their blouses and shorts, but nothing else. Either they were wearing wet panties, or they hadn't had any to start with — an idea that had his cock stiffening in his pants.

After handing each of them a piece of the rope he'd cut off, Matt went over to the radio and pointedly turned his back on them while he refreshed his memory on how he was supposed to use it. A bit later, he heard one of the girls clear her throat; when he turned around, he saw that they'd managed to get themselves somewhat presentable. That was when he told them "I'm going to call the company I work for, and see what we can do about getting you out of here. You probably aren't going to like this, but it likely isn't gonna happen until tomorrow — noonish, I expect."

The girl that had spoken before wanted to know "Can't you get us into a town, or somebody get here tonight? Our folks are expecting to hear from us, and they're probably going nuts right now."

"Sorry, Ma'am, but that ain't gonna happen. First of all, the only vehicle I have is one of those little ATV things; it'd never make it all the way in to town, that's near to two hundred miles, straight line — which it wouldn't be. Wouldn't try it, anyway, for the same reason nobody'll be coming here until daylight — it isn't much more than a dirt road getting into this place, and only time to drive on it is when you've got full light to see where sections have been washed out. Easy enough to get around 'em, but you don't want to be drivin' into 'em in the first place. There's no kind of phone service out here, like you found out; you wouldn't get cell phone service 'til a couple hours from town."

Both of them looked disappointed and about ready to cry; trying to cheer them up, Matt told them "When I get the company on the radio, I'll see if they can let your folks know you're okay, though. How's that?"

That seemed to help a little, and Matt turned back to the radio.

Taking the hand held microphone, he keyed it and said "Station SR-12 to base, over."

There wasn't any response and he had to try it a couple more times before a voice came back "Base to SR-12. What's your situation?"

Matt carefully told the voice at the other end what had happened, and passed along the girls' names — Jennifer Hanson (the talker) and her younger sister Allison.

"It's good you called, SR-12. Everybody with a badge is on the lookout for them after their parents got worried."

"Roger that, Base. They're kinda anxious to get out of here."

"Understood, SR-12. We show that access to your location is daylight-only, so nobody's going to be able to get there until morning, though."

"Roger, Base. That's what I told 'em. They want to know if you can let their folks know they're okay."

"Already on it, SR-12." A few seconds of silence passed before he heard "Be advised that we have contacted your supervisor, and he'll be heading in to your location at first light, he says."

"Roger, Base."

"SR-12, the girls parents want to know how they are."

"They were cold and wet when they turned up. A little dinged up from falling down on the rocks and such, but nothing broken. They might end up catching a cold, but that's about it."

"Roger, SR-12. Stand by one."

"Standing by."

Several seconds went by before the voice came back "SR-12, Base."

"SR-12"

"SR-12, be advised that you are to go to Condition One. Confirm."

"Roger, Base. Condition One."

"Roger, SR-12, confirmed. Let your guests know that we'll have them out of there as soon as we can."

"Roger, Base. They're listening as we talk."

"Anything else, SR-12?"

"Negative, Base."

"Base clear."

"SR-12, clear."

Looking at the girls, Matt told them "Okay, you heard all that. My boss'll be here as soon as he can; when they told me that he'll be heading here at first light, they meant that he'll be starting down the road that comes here as soon as he can see well enough not to drive into a washout. We'll probably see him about mid-morning, if he's starting that early."

Looking a little happier, both girls nodded their understanding. When he asked, both of them told him how hungry they were; they were warm enough by that time that they were willing to step aside so he could fix them something to eat.

As the girls practically wolfed down their supper, Matt double-checked his memory. One of the things his boss had told him was that the company had tried to think of *everything*, and showed him a binder full of plans for how to deal with different things. With plenty of time available to him, Matt had sat down and gone through it once — discovering that it covered everything from being snowed in by a blizzard, to a range fire. It also had a set of plans for dealing with the unplanned... general instructions that were meant to give him some idea of how much of what to do. Looking in the binder again, he saw that he was right: one of those general instruction plans was Condition One, which was basically meant to deal with important visitors — VERY important visitors, since it boiled down to three basic commands: make the visitor as comfortable as you can, do whatever the visitor wants you to, and keep the visitor happy, no matter what.

Between Base telling him how many cops were looking for the girls, letting their parents know they'd been found before he'd even asked, and then putting him in Condition One, Matt had to figure that whoever these girls parents were, they had some **serious** horsepower — and the company wanted to kiss up to them as much as possible. He didn't know if he would get any kind of reward for keeping them happy, but damn well knew he'd catch hell if he didn't.

When Jennifer and Allison had finished their meal, Matt did the dishes while they told him how they'd ended up on his doorstep. Jennifer, at 19, was ready to start her second year of college — the same one that Allison was about to enter. They were driving to the school so Allison would have her new car (a high school graduation present from their parents); they'd taken a wrong turn, and the next thing they'd known, they were lost. In the process of trying to extricate themselves, the car had gotten damaged. Not knowing what else to do, they'd started walking, figuring that they'd find *somebody* that could help them. They hadn't anticipated that the vast, open spaces they saw were as sparsely populated as they were; nor had they paid any attention to the signs of the impending rain that had arrived and drenched them. To Matt, it sounded like they were more than a little spoiled, and **totally** unprepared for taking care of themselves. He couldn't help but wonder if they had any idea of just how lucky they were to have spotted his dinky little cabin in all that emptiness; if they hadn't, odds are that they wouldn't have survived the night, what with the weather and how they were dressed. From the description of where they'd gotten stranded, Matt figured they'd walked nearly thirty miles to his cabin... the last third of that in the cold rain.

They finished their story just as he was finishing the dishes, and after he'd dried his hands, Jennifer asked him if they could listen to something else on his radio. He explained to them that the station he was listening to was the best of a bad lot, but told them to go ahead. Both of them started fiddling with it, and quickly discovered the truth of what he'd said: he could only pick up three local (and one distant) AM radio stations — the distant one was some hard-core Christian fundamentalist out of Oklahoma that told everyone they were doomed to the fires of eternal damnation if they didn't send him money. The three local stations were all country... "classic", "modern", and a mix of the two. Matt listened to the mix station simply to avoid the monotony of the other two.

Switching off the radio, Allison wanted to know if there was anything else to do. Matt politely reminded them how far out in the middle of nowhere they were; broadcast TV didn't reach that far, and the cost of anything else was prohibitive for just one person. He went on to tell them about his limited electricity situation, and offered them their choice of the books and magazines he had on hand (not mentioning the girlie magazines he kept tucked out of sight).

They weren't impressed with his car, hunting, or fishing magazines. Each of them tried one of his books, but gave even those up after little more than an hour — apparently, westerns didn't appeal to them, either.

Both of them puttered around for several minutes before Jennifer wanted to know "Um... if we're stuck here until tomorrow, who's sleeping where? I only see one bed, and it isn't very big..."

Remembering that he was in Condition One, Matt told them "You ladies go ahead and sack out on the bed; being sisters, I don't expect you'll mind being a *little* crowded. I've got a couple of spare blankets, and I'll be fine on the floor. There's a spot over here where I'll be out of your way if you have to get up to get a drink of water or anything during the night."

At his comment that the two of them wouldn't mind sharing a bed, Jennifer and Allison gave each other a look and a smile that Matt didn't quite understand.

For perhaps the next half hour, both girls meandered around the cabin, looking things over. Along the way, Matt learned just how bored they were by the number of sighs that each of them released. Following that, the two of them went back to sit on his bed, and got into a whispered conversation. Relieved, Matt moved his chair over by his radio and turned it back on and set the volume low enough that he could listen to it without disturbing his "guests".

A little while later, Allison spoke up, asking him "Matt? Could you come over here for a minute? There's something we'd like to ask you."

Wondering what they could want, Matt got up and went over to stand near the bed; Jennifer and Allison were both sitting on the edge of it, and it was Jennifer that asked him "Is there *anything* to do here?"

Apologetically, Matt answered "Sorry, Ma'am, but this here is a sheep ranch — one of twenty in this area owned by some big company. Believe me, I wish this place wasn't the most remote one of them — but it is. I don't get to town but maybe once a month, sometimes less."

Allison wanted to know "Well, what about girls? Does the company provide those, or do you have to wait until you get to town? I mean, you don't, you know... I mean, I hear people talking about shepherds and sheep..."

Matt made a face before telling her "Ma'am, there may be guys that'd do that, but I'm not one of 'em — not by a *long* shot. As for the other... well, the company darn sure doesn't provide women, so I just have to wait until I get into town."

Jennifer asked "Why do you work out here, then? Does a job like this pay that good?"

"No, Ma'am, the pay isn't that good. Near as I can tell, there's two kinds of folks that take a job like this — one of 'em just wants to be by himself 'cause he don't like being around other people. The other is some poor bastard like me that couldn't get anything better, for one reason or another. The only good thing about working here is that there isn't anything to spend my paychecks on, so I can live it up some when I get into town."

"Like women", Allison suggested.

Embarrassed, Matt had to admit "Yes, Ma'am, like women."

A few seconds ticked by before Jennifer asked "Now you've got **two** women, right here in your little house or whatever you call it. Why haven't you said or done anything with US? Or aren't we as pretty as the ones you meet in town?"

Matt could feel himself blushing as he told her "Ma'am, you're some prettier than what I've seen in a long time. Thing is, both of you are kinda young, and it's not my way to be trying to take advantage of folks. As cold and wet and everything as you were, I wouldn't feel right about starting anything with you. Besides, from what I can tell, you two have plenty of money and come from a good family — I can't imagine why you'd have any interest in an old sheep herder, anyway."

Allison responded to his statement by telling him "Yeah, we were cold and wet — but we aren't now. As for young... we're both of legal age, so that shouldn't be a problem. I don't know about the money, but yeah, we're from a 'good' family. The reason we'd have any interest in an old sheep herder is because you can help us with something we'd like to do."

"What's that?" Matt asked.

Both of them stood up, and shrugged off his shirts (which he hadn't noticed were unbuttoned) before a slight wiggle of their hips let his jeans that they were wearing fall to the floor, before stepping out of them. Jennifer answered his question by telling him "We wanna fuck."

Matt could only stand there stunned as he looked at the two of them standing there stark naked.



Both of them were as busty as he'd first thought; he didn't figure that cupping his hand under one of their breasts would cover more than three-quarters of the distance between where their rounded breasts started, to the dark pink of their quarter-sized areolas. Jennifer's tits were a *little* larger than Allison's but not by a whole lot. Both sisters had lovely peaches-and-cream skin, without a blemish or anything else to mar it's smooth perfection. Farther down, Matt was surprised to see that Jennifer shaved her mons completely — she was as bare and smooth as the proverbial baby's ass. He could easily see the hood over her clitoris, and the edges of her vaginal lips. For her part, Allison had a small narrow wedge of curly red hair the same shade as on her head; it was thick, long, and plainly soft. At the bottom, there was a slight part, telling him that she was already somewhat aroused.

Allison got his attention again when she wanted to know "So, think you'd like to bang a couple of sisters while we wait to be rescued? If you do, now's the time to let us know."

Matt answered her question through the simple expedient of getting himself as naked as they were — and saw their pleased smiles when he dropped his shorts and they saw his semi-erect penis. One of the reasons that he'd done so well with girls was the fact that he was hung better than almost anybody else he'd known: roughly seven and a half inches long when erect, and thick, he was big enough to fill them up pretty good without causing them any discomfort.

When he'd tossed his undershorts off to the side, Allison told him "We kinda figure that you being out here by yourself so long, it'd probably be better if one of us made you cum before you started fucking us. Both of us like the taste of cum, so you pick which one of us you'd like to blow you; if you like, you can eat the other one."

As much as Matt wanted to feel Allison's soft bush on his upper lip, the idea of being able to get up close and personal with Jennifer's bare pussy appealed to him more. His response to them was to say "I'd *really* like to have Jennifer on my face..."

That earned him a pleased smile from the older girl before both of them climbed onto his bed, waiting on their knees for him to join them — something that took only a few seconds. When he was stretched out on his back, Jennifer started to straddle his head, but readily reversed her position when he told her "I'd like to get my hands on your tits, too."

When she was perched over his face, Matt took a few seconds to look closely at her bare mound. Whatever she was doing to keep it hairless, she was doing a damn fine job of it... he couldn't see any kind of stubble, blemishes, or anything else to detract from the sight of her. With her that close, and the different viewing angle, he could see that her labia were somewhat long and thick, and appeared to be as soft and fresh as she must have been at fifteen — the edges of them didn't appear to be dried up and wrinkled like some he'd seen. At the top of her cleft, her clitoris was starting to make an appearance. Moving his gaze even higher on her body, he saw that her nipples had gotten a little longer and harder in anticipation of what he was going to do to her.

Lifting his head slightly, Matt eased the tip of his tongue between her inner lips; when he'd slid it upwards a little way, he got his first taste of her oils — slightly thin, fresh, and with a vaguely

tangy flavor that he immediately fell in love with. He spent a few seconds trying to worm his tongue into her without success before drawing it upwards and using it to begin deviling her clitoris. While he was busy with that, Matt got his hands on Jennifer's tight little ass and enjoyed squeezing and massaging it.

It didn't take long for Jennifer to begin responding to Matt's oral assault, and begin producing even more of her nectar for him to lap up. Once he'd gotten his fill of having his hands on her butt, he moved them to the more entertaining mounds of her breasts. Just as he'd expected, they were large enough that even with her nipples pressing against the palms of his hands, his splayed fingers couldn't quite reach the base of her mammaries. They were delightfully warm and smooth, and firmer than any he'd felt in a long time. When he investigated them with his fingertips, he could easily feel where her areolas started. Neatly centered in each half-dollar sized circle was a surprisingly large nipple that grew even longer when he rolled it between his thumb and forefinger. Between what he was doing with his tongue, and acting like an adolescent with his first real tits in his hands, Matt soon had Jennifer softly moaning her pleasure and increasing desire.

Farther down his body, Allison was having a good time of her own. She'd wrapped her hand around his stiffening cock and slowly stroked him to nearly full erection before taking the head of his cock in her mouth. It didn't take him long to decide that although she might not be able to take care of herself outside of a city environment, she knew how to give some **damn** fine head. It took her only a couple of minutes to get him fully erect; after that, she seemed content to slowly tease him into higher and higher levels of arousal... despite not being able to get as much of him into her mouth as she seemed to want to.

As Matt enjoying himself between Jennifer's smooth thighs, he would take the opportunity to pause and have another look at her every so often. Her bean-sized clitoris was fully exposed to him, and her labia had gotten thicker and darker with her increased arousal; the entrance to her vagina was practically *drooling* her juices, which he was delighted to gather with his tongue between bouts of teasing her clitoris.

Jennifer had started rocking her pelvis slightly as Matt continued his efforts, telling him that she was getting close to having an orgasm — which was just fine with him: not only was he looking forward to having more of her oils to sample when it happened, but being able to watch as Allison sucked his cock when it was over for her and she moved off his face.

He'd started softly fluttering his tongue across her clitoris when Jennifer suddenly froze over him, releasing a deep groan as her body arched with the first wave of release nearly overwhelmed her. Her clitoris disappeared back under its hood, leaving his tongue free to collect the light, tasty fluids being pushed out by her spasming vagina. He tried to press his stiffened tongue into her each time he ran it across her opening, causing her to press herself down in response... and intensifying her pleasure. He didn't get anywhere **near** actually getting his tongue past the clenching ring of her opening, but didn't figure she minded...

When the last of her orgasm had passed, Jennifer managed to lift her leg and get herself off his face — though she was a bit shaky along the way. Before she moved to lay next to him, she looked down at Matt and told him "If you can fuck as good as you eat pussy, we're going to have a *lot* of fun tonight."

Matt just grinned before answering "I don't think you'll be disappointed."

Able to move his head again, Matt lifted it to look down to where Allison had nearly half his cock in her mouth. When she looked up as saw that he was watching her, she began running the tip of her tongue up and down the underside of his erection... paying **particular** attention to the area right behind the head. It took only a few seconds of that for Matt to start believing that his cock was getting even longer and harder, it felt so good. Then, knowing that she had his full and undivided attention, Allison calmly proceeded to get SERIOUS about getting him off.

Matt watched for as long as he could while Allison did all kinds of things to please him — bobbing her head up and down while tightening her lips as much as she could around him; holding him still in her mouth while rhythmically sucking; letting him slip from her mouth so she could lick his cock and balls; taking as much of him as she could between her lips, then *gently* dragging her teeth on his cock as she lifted her head again. It was when she started doing something he'd never experienced before that he finally had to let his head fall back and give himself over to the sensations she was creating: she'd take part of his erect penis in her mouth, then gently suck on it and rub the underside with the tip of her tongue while slowly raising her head; when there was only a little bit of him left in her mouth, she'd take a little MORE of him between her lips before starting the whole process over again. Once she reached the limit of how much of his cock she could hold in her mouth, she began taking progressively LESS of him until she was back to where she'd started. It was a damned novel experience for him, and succeeded in steadily moving him closer and closer to his own climax.

Somehow, Matt managed to hold out through two complete cycles of that; she'd taken nearly half his cock between her lips and was slowly raising her head again when it got to be too much for him. With a deep groan, Matt felt the first wad of his cum rocket through his dick before erupting into the warm and wet cavern of Allison's mouth. Even before the second spray of semen left him, Allison began sucking on him, as if he needed help while he tried to fill her mouth with his hot seed; the added stimulation was enough to make his climax one of the most intense he'd experienced in *years*, and left him gasping when it was over. He could feel it as Allison milked his rapidly deflating penis of the last few drops of his cum, but was too busy trying to breathe to fully appreciate her efforts before she let him fall from between her lips. Then he watched as she made her way over to where her sister was laying next to him, and the two of them kissed — and it wasn't just a friendly, sisterly kiss, either. It didn't take but a few seconds before they obviously had their tongues in each other's mouths, sharing his semen. To Matt's even greater amazement, Allison put her hand on Jennifer's breast and began toying with its nipple; a second later, Jennifer did the same to Allison. When they realized that he was watching them, they stopped kissing long enough for Jennifer to tell him "We shared a room at the girls-only boarding school Mom and Dad sent us to, so we learned about sex and everything with each other. Both of us like girls,

but guys are our favorite — and BOTH of us like the taste of cum, so she let me have some of yours."

With that said, the two sisters went back to kissing and fondling each other. Utterly indifferent to his presence next to them, both girls got more and more involved in their kisses as their hands stayed busy on each other's breasts. It was only a couple of minutes before Matt could see that both pairs of nipples were starting to stand tall from the surrounding flesh.

By the time Matt was fully recovered from the blowjob Allison had given him, the two of them were softly panting, and he could smell the distinct aromas of two aroused females in his little home. Though they didn't seem to mind his presence, Matt sat up and moved to a different part of the bed so he could watch them. He had the suspicion that they were going to take their activities as far as he was hoping they would, and he wanted a front row seat, since he'd never seen two women pleasuring each other except in porno movies.

Unsurprisingly, it took a few minutes for them to discover that they had more room; when they did, they readily took advantage of it. It didn't take long for them to get themselves repositioned so that they could expand what they were doing with each other: Allison moved to lay on her side next to Jennifer before raising her "top" leg and setting her foot on the bed, opening herself to her sister. For her part, Jennifer just had to spread her legs to give the younger girl the same access. From where he sat, Matt had clear views of both girls crotches, and saw that both sets of labia were dark with arousal, and the area between them shiny with each girls oils.

Staying still and quiet, Matt was privy to watching as hands that had been caressing breasts and nipples slowly moved lower. It was clear how soft and gentle each girls touch was on her sister, and how slowly and patiently their hands moved... and that only added to the anticipation and arousal Matt was experiencing.

Without realizing he was doing it, Matt held his breath as Allison's fingers finally reached between Jennifer's firm thighs and made contact with the older girl's parted labia. After Allison had drawn her fingers along Jennifer's cleft a few times, Matt was spellbound as he watched her begin to carefully work her middle and ring fingers into her sister's visible vaginal opening. Even as she was doing that, Matt could see that Jennifer's hand was starting to busy itself in Allison's crotch. By the time he managed to shift his attention back to what Allison was doing, she was just beginning to draw her glistening fingers out of Jennifer's honeypot. When she had only the first digit of her middle finger still in her sister, Allison began to move her hand closer to the older girl's pelvis again. With her fingers fully encased in Jennifer's vagina, Matt watched as Allison began to do something; it took nearly a minute before he realized that the younger girl had curled her fingers and was doing something to the inside of Jennifer's pussy. Only then did he remember that he'd heard about something called a Grafenberg or "G" spot — a place that was supposed to dramatically increase a woman's pleasure and arousal. From the way Jennifer was reacting to what Allison was doing, he had to figure that it worked pretty well.

Despite Jennifer's vocal appreciation of her sister's efforts, there really wasn't anything for Matt to *watch*, so he turned his attention back to what Jennifer's hand was involved in.

That turned out to be Jennifer sliding *her* shiny middle and ring fingers in and out of Allison, who was slowly arching her pelvis in counterpoint to what Jennifer was doing: when the older girl eased her hand forward, Allison pressed herself toward them, then pulled back when her sister slid them back out again. Matt also had the opportunity to see that Allison's vaginal lips were thinner and shorter than Jennifer's — and just as soft and fresh-looking. A closer look also let him learn that Allison's clitoris was visibly smaller than her sister's. Even so, Allison looked to be *easily* as wet and aroused as her sibling had been. Matt began looking forward to finding out if she would be as tasty as Jennifer.

After they'd been finger-fucking each other for several minutes, first Jennifer, then Allison, pulled her fingers from her sister's wet pussy. Neither seemed to notice that he was even there as they got themselves repositioned again so that Allison was on her hands and knees facing the "opposite" direction Jennifer was. Matt looked on as Allison began to move herself down Jennifer's body, stopping only when her head was even with her sister's bust. She lowered her head even as Jennifer was raising hers; at almost the same time, each of them fastened their lips around one of her sister's nipples. They spent a few minutes nursing at each other's bust before Allison let Jennifer's nipple slip from between her lips, and started moving again. Just as Matt had hoped, Allison stopped with her head above Jennifer's bare mons; again, they acted almost simultaneously as each got her mouth on her sister's womanhood.

Matt had a fairly clear view as Allison orally pleased her sibling, and learned a couple of things in the process. Allison plainly enjoyed licking at the older girl's leaking opening; gently "chewing" her sister's labia with her lips and sucking on them; and tenderly teasing Jennifer's erect clitoris. From the pleased noises Allison made, and the blush he saw developing on her, he knew that Jennifer was giving as much pleasure as she was receiving.

The aroma of aroused female was thick in the cabin, and it was filled with the sounds of arousal and enjoyment both girls were making... interspersed with faint slurping noises as each feasted on her sister's essence. It was a sensory delight that Matt knew he'd *never* forget, and he silently thanked the Universe for the sequence of events that brought these two girls knocking on his door.

The noises both girls were making were getting louder and more frequent, telling Matt that both of them were becoming more aroused — and getting closer to having orgasms. He silently made a bet with himself as to which one of them would go first.

Several minutes later, he lost when Jennifer let her head fall back from between Allison's thighs so she could nearly scream her pleasure as her body all but convulsed from the tidal wave of release that ran through it; several more followed, each a bit milder than the one before. With each spasm that coursed through Jennifer's body, Allison eagerly lapped at the entrance to the older girl's vagina.

When she'd gotten herself back together again, Jennifer raised her head again; it wasn't but a couple of minutes before Allison threw her head back and mimed her own scream. Allison's climax appeared to be every bit as powerful as Jennifer's had; instead of moving, her body

simply froze in place with each cycle of her pleasure, then shuddered slightly as it waned. After her climax had tapered off, Allison's eyes opened; she seemed almost surprised to see Matt sitting off to the side. Her eyes dropped to his lap, and a moment later she said "Jen, he's **almost** ready again, and I need to get fucked. Could you finish getting him hard so I can get *laid*, please?"

From between Allison's thighs, Matt heard Jennifer answer "I'd be glad to. Because when he's done with you, *I* need him, too!"

After getting both of her knees on the same side of Jennifer's head, Allison simply turned herself so that the small, tight globes of her ass were pointed at Matt. Below them, and framed by her dark red pubic hair, her vaginal opening seemed to wink at him in invitation to put something more substantial than a tongue in her.

Jennifer sat up as Matt got to his knees; she continued her motion so that she could lean forward and take his mostly-erect penis into her mouth. She had a completely different technique than her sister, and Matt dearly wished he could be the judge for a cocksucking contest featuring the two of them — he didn't figure he'd be able to name a winner until after a couple dozen rounds, at *least*.

Jennifer finally pulled her mouth off of him, leaving a film of her saliva behind to act as lubricant while he got his dick into her sister. Matt thanked her, and got a smile from her before he moving the little distance he had to go so that he could wedge the end of his erection against Allison's vaginal opening. Knowing that he was bigger than most guys, Matt took the time, and showed the care, needed to get the head of his dick through the tight ring of Allison's entrance. As soon as he'd accomplished that initial goal, he held himself still in her; a moment later, she told him "Yeah, that's good, don't move for a bit. It's been *entirely* too long since I've had anybody your size in me, and I need a second to get used to you. Geez, and I thought you were big when I had you in my **mouth**!"

Jennifer used their stillness as an opportunity to slither herself under Allison. After pausing for several seconds to get her sister's nipples erect again, Jennifer moved herself farther along; she stopped when her head was even with where the rest of Matt's hard dick was protruding from Allison. A second later, Matt felt hair brushing the inside of his thighs, and a soft moan from Allison; that was shortly followed by Jennifer's tongue running along the bottom of his cock, then down to his balls. It happened again a few seconds later, and Matt realized that Jennifer was not only making sure he stayed ready, but also helping get Allison relaxed by teasing the younger girl's clitoris. He knew her actions were having the desired effect on Allison by the feeling of her gradually relaxing to his presence. He was starting to wonder if he could finish getting his stiff dick in her when Allison pressed herself back at him.

After getting his hands on her hips, Matt started slowly pressing himself farther and farther into Allison's tight, hot pussy — aided not only by the saliva Jennifer had left on him, but Allison's incredible wetness. Going as slow as he was, Matt was not only making sure he didn't hurt the youngster, but doing his best to keep himself wetted with her abundant lubrication. Even so, he

paused a couple of times to slide his dick back and forth to make sure. While he was occupied with that, Jennifer continued to provide HER unique assistance.

When he was buried in Allison's hot twat, Matt stopped again; as he'd thought might happen, Allison told him that she needed a little time to finish getting used to him. With none of his dick available to her, Jennifer dedicated herself to helping Allison.

It wasn't but a minute later, Matt figured, before Allison told him she was ready. Carefully and gently, Matt backed himself out of Allison's tight sheath until only the head of his cock was inside her before pressing himself back in — accompanied by her low groan of arousal at being so thoroughly filled. Several more strokes followed, each a little faster than the previous; from there, it wasn't long before Matt was able to begin giving the young girl the fucking she'd said she wanted.

With her sister and Matt fully engaged, Jennifer moved to a different position so that she could go back to sucking on Allison's breasts and nipples — and reached out to begin tenderly rubbing and circling her sister's clitoris. As wet as Allison was, Jennifer didn't have to do anything to keep her finger lubricated with Allison's oils: gravity pulled them down to where they were needed from the youngster's overflowing vagina.

Looking down to where his cock was sliding in and out of Allison's hot core, Matt was fascinated by the sight of her opening being pulled away from her body by his withdrawals, then disappearing when he pressed himself back into her. It had been a while since he'd been with a female that was still tight enough around him to cause anything like that, and it only brought him even more joy from what was already a novel experience. Leaning forward, he slid his hands from Allison's hips to her breasts — and found that they were every bit as nice as Jennifer's had been... warm, smooth, and full. Allison's areolas felt a trifle smaller than Jennifer's, but were slightly puffy, making their edges easy to discern. Allison's erect nipples were a bit smaller, too, while feeling like little cylinders of firm rubber; when he rolled them between his fingertips, and slightly pulled on them, Allison's moan let him know that she liked what he was doing with them.

As much as he liked what he was doing with the younger girls wonderful mammaries, the position he was in was a bit awkward, and he finally released them so he could raise up again. By the time he did, the slapping of his balls against Allison's mons had taken on a distinctly liquid sound caused by the overflow of her juices. Matt was delighted with how tight the young girl felt around him, in addition to how hot and wet she was inside. It reminded him a lot of some of the girls he used to go out with in high school, once they got used to how big he was.

While Matt continued to piston himself through Allison's portal, he would sometimes feel his balls bounce against Jennifer's finger. Knowing that she was adding to the pleasure her sister was experiencing, it wasn't much of a surprise to him when Allison began to approach an orgasm just a few minutes later; what started out as a brief and intermittent faint tightening of her vagina gradually became more frequent and pronounced as the seconds ticked by. It was an incredible sensation for him, but it was still too soon since he'd emptied himself into the girl's greedy mouth

for it to have too much of an impact — which left him free to enjoy the sensation all the more as it increased more and more. Having already been witness to it, Matt knew what was happening when Allison suddenly froze in place in front of him. Only her copious juices made it possible for him to continue fucking her after she got almost painfully tight; that was followed by the feeling of her two-sizes-too-small vagina going through a series of tremors that created a fluttering sensation around him. It was the first time he'd EVER experienced anything like that, and he simply *had* to hold himself inside her so that he could fully experience it.

When Allison's climax began to fade, Matt was more than ready to start hunching himself into her again — accompanied by a groan of pleasure from Allison before she told him "GOD, you're good — most guys cum when *I* do, even if they've already cum once!"

Matt didn't bother saying anything; he just held her hips and kept fucking himself into her while feeling Jennifer's hand moving below his swinging scrotum.

Several minutes later, Allison began to clench around him again; it didn't take as long for her to find her release, and he was once again able to savor the feeling of her tight pussy around him as she went through an orgasm stronger than either of the ones before. When it was over, and before he could start moving in her again, Allison wanted to know "Can we change positions? THAT one was a bitch, and I'm starting to feel kinda weak. You can keep fucking me; I just need to lay down, okay?"

A little out of breath, Matt kept his answer short by saying "Sure thing" before sliding his cock out of her. Jennifer heard what Allison had said, and quickly got out of the way, then helped her sister lay down on her back. Looking up at him, Allison said "Jesus, I haven't gotten laid like this in a **long** time. I wish to hell I could keep you around ALL the time!" before bringing her knees up and spreading them in invitation for him to fill her with his manhood again.

It didn't take but a few seconds before Matt had done just what she wanted: buried himself in her in a single stroke, merging his pubic hair with hers. With the different position, and the way Allison was tilting her pelvis up, he was able to get the last fraction of an inch of his hard cock in her... something that she seemed to be able to feel, too, judging from the way her eyes widened when it happened. After taking a little time to play with her tits and nipples, then suck on them, Matt got his hands on the bed and began moving his hips again. It didn't take long for him to have the bed squeaking slightly in time with his thrusts.

Unable to participate without getting in the way, Jennifer had to settle for finding a spot where she could watch Matt's cock sliding in and out of her sister's pussy. She, too, was fascinated by the sight of Allison's opening being drawn out and pushed back in as Matt's manhood moved through it. Seeing how some of Allison's oils were collecting at the bottom of her opening, Jennifer remembered that her hand had been practically soaked by her sister's juices; bringing her hand up to her face, Jennifer could easily detect Allison's unique aroma, and proceeded to lick her hand clean of the younger girl's lubrication.



While she was doing that, Jennifer also saw that Matt's *wonderful* cock was glistening with Allison's oils. Between the sounds of pleasure that her sister and Matt were making, Jennifer could also hear the liquid sounds produced by Matt's stiff dick filling Allison, and pushing out more of her essence. Between the sights and sounds and smell of Allison being fucked with Matt's cock, Jennifer simply **had** to find some relief for her increasing desire. Jennifer knew just how hard Allison's orgasm had hit her; she also knew that she wanted to feel Matt's massive prick in HER before long, too. Thinking that maybe she could give him a little added stimulation and make him cum sooner while giving herself some temporary relief, Jennifer moved to where she could still see Matt's penis moving in Allison, but where Matt could still see her, too.

Once she was settled, Jennifer didn't hesitate to begin pleasuring herself. Starting by holding her breasts in her hands, she teased her nipples into becoming harder and longer as her vagina began to develop the aching, empty sensation that she was all too familiar with. When she simply couldn't *stand* it any more, Jennifer finally let one of her hands dip between her thighs so she could begin to tease her opening. As her oils began to flow again, Jennifer carefully transferred some of them to where her clitoris was starting to make an appearance; with that accomplished, she repositioned her hand so that she could press against the top of her cleft with the palm of her hand while she began working a couple of fingers into her waiting pussy. As good as it felt when she finally got them all the way in, she **knew** that Matt's hard dick would feel even better. But that was for later; just then, she still had to tend to her own needs.

Watching as Matt's cock plunged in and out of her sister, Jennifer didn't have any trouble matching Matt's rhythm with her fingers — making it possible for her to imagine that it was HER he was fucking. Squeezing her breasts, and pinching and pulling on her nipples with one hand while the other was busy in her crotch, it didn't take long at all for Jennifer's arousal and desire to begin increasing dramatically.

Matt was so focused on what he was doing with Allison, he almost didn't notice what Jennifer was doing with herself. Once he did, though, he could barely take his eyes off the sight of her shiny fingers cycling in and out of her pussy. He'd never been there to see a real, live girl getting herself off, and being able to watch as Jennifer did it was MORE than enough added stimulation for him to start moving toward filling Allison with his cum. Without realizing it, Matt let himself start moving faster and harder into the young girl; when he pulled his eyes away from her sister, he saw that Allison looked like she was enjoying having him fuck her even more than she had before. Dividing his attention between having his cock surrounded by Allison's tight pussy, and watching as Jennifer finger-fucked herself, Matt easily and steadily approached his climax. It was when he realized that Jennifer's fingers were matching HIS movements in Allison that Matt finally lost it — almost bellowing, he stuffed as much of his cock as he could into Allison's sheath, then pressed himself against her pelvis a couple of times before he began to spray her insides with his spunk.

Allison had seen what Jennifer was doing, too. Coupled with the monster cock practically **over-**filling her, it quickly ratcheted her arousal to higher and higher levels. Then, on top of everything else, Matt started practically *slamming* himself into her to her infinite pleasure. The last straw

was when he started bumping himself against her clit; that was all it took for her to slip into her fourth orgasm of the evening. She could feel her body tensing with the start of it when Matt's cock erupted in her; an orgasm that she'd thought would be great suddenly turned into something *outstanding*. By the time the first iteration of her release ended, she was actually half-afraid that she was going to hurt something, it was so intense. The second was only marginally easier, and she managed to draw a hasty gasp of air before the third overwhelmed her... and left her practically exhausted, causing the rest of her orgasm to fade quickly.

Jennifer had seen Matt looking at her, and knew she was having the desired effect by the sudden increase of how hard he was fucking Allison. She also knew that *Allison* had seen her, and seen the little cues that told her that her sister was enjoying the show, too. So when Matt had almost yelled before stuffing himself into Allison, Jennifer knew that he was cumming. Then when she looked at Allison and saw that SHE was climaxing even stronger than before, that was all it took for Jennifer to find her own release, her body spasming several times with the power of it.

Even as strong as her orgasm had been, Jennifer was the first to recover. Looking over to where Allison and Matt were still coupled, she could see that his cock was gradually shrinking inside her obviously wiped-out sister. It took only a moment for Jennifer to realize that as tired as both of them looked, it was going to be up to her to make sure the three of them didn't have to sleep in some massive wet spot that night, or sleep on the floor. Not knowing how soon it was going to happen, Jennifer tried as best she could to pull herself together before Matt's penis finally shrank enough to pull free.

She was feeling almost normal by the time it happened; quickly getting to her knees, she got over to Matt and told him to go ahead and get off of Allison and lay down. Thankfully, he did, and once he was out of the way, Jennifer moved between Allison's legs so she could begin licking up the cum that started dribbling out almost immediately. As Matt's semen continued to leak out of her sister, Jennifer realized just how hard he'd cum by how long it took for it to escape the confines of Allison's tasty little snatch.

Though she wasn't **trying** to, there was no way that Jennifer's efforts weren't going to stimulate Allison, and the older girl heard her sister softly moan several times as she readily consumed the overflow of fluids leaking out of Allison.

Off to the side, Matt couldn't help but feel his lust start to grow again at the sight of Jennifer eating HIS cum out of her *sisters* pussy. But it was still far too soon for him to think of doing anything about it, so he had to content himself with just laying there and watching while he got the rest of his breath back.

When she was satisfied that she'd gotten everything her sister and Matt had made available, Jennifer sat up again. Looking at the two of them, it was pretty obvious that both of them would benefit from something to eat and drink. Getting out of the bed, she looked around the cabin again several times before she realized that there wasn't a refrigerator. That threw her for a bit before she really understood what it must be like for Matt to be out in the middle of nowhere like he was: he didn't have the quick and easy access to fresh fruits and vegetables and such things

that she was used to, so there wasn't any POINT to having a fridge. Going over to the little sink he had, she quickly discovered that the cold water knob resulted in genuinely *cold* water being dispensed. She quickly filled a glass and a cup (he only seemed to have one of each), and took them to the others. Both quickly drained their container of choice, and she refilled them. The second time, Allison and Matt were willing to go slower, leaving Jennifer time to look over the supply of canned foods.

Another look around the cabin confirmed that he didn't have a microwave oven, either. Whatever she picked out, it was going to have to be something that only needed to be heated up, not outright cooked. After a bit, she settled on a can of beef stew, and got it into a small pot over a low flame on his stove. With that accomplished, she'd used up nearly all of her limited cooking skills, and went back to where her sister and Matt had managed to get themselves resting against the headboard of the bed. After sitting next to Matt, Jennifer let them know that she'd started heating some stew; both told her that sounded great. Matt looked over to see how high of a flame she had going under it, and let them know that it wouldn't take but about fifteen minutes or so before it was warm enough to eat.

After the smell of the stew began to fill the cabin, Matt and Allison each had a small bowl of it; when they were done, Jennifer got their dishes out of the way. The three of them sat and chatted for a little while as Matt and Allison got their energy back; having realized just how Matt's life was limited by his isolation, Jennifer wanted to know what he did as a shepherd — something that prompted several questions from Allison, too.

By the time Matt had explained to them all the different things that he had to do at different times of the year, both girls were starting to get an appreciation of just how lucky they were to come from an affluent and influential family. It also took long enough that both girls noticed Matt was starting to look at them with more than casual interest again.

Knowing how Matt had responded to seeing her sister fingering herself, Allison figured it was a good way to help get him going so Jennifer could get fucked, too. Without saying anything, Allison casually moved so that she was sitting roughly even with Matt's knees and facing him. After a little bit of time had passed, she just as casually leaned back on one arm before bringing her knees up. A little later, she calmly moved them apart and moved her free hand to her pelvis; from there, it didn't take her long to begin slowly drawing the end of one finger up along her cleft — patiently transferring some of her lubrication from her opening to her erecting clitoris.

It didn't take long for the others to notice what she was doing; when both girls saw Matt's penis begin to get thicker and longer in response to the show Allison was giving him, Jennifer knew *just* what to do to help move things along.

After getting herself situated on her stomach across from her sister, Jennifer didn't hesitate to take Matt's growing cock in her hand and give it a few gentle strokes before lowering her head and taking it into her mouth. She continued to slide her hand up and down his stiffening cock as she began using the tip of her tongue to tease the underside of it. When he was had enough, she

shifted her efforts to simply holding him in her hand and sliding him in and out of her warm mouth while applying a gentle suction.

For his part, Matt was thinking he had either died and gone to heaven, or was having a **particularly** vivid dream. There he was, in his own cabin, watching one nubile young woman slowly masturbating herself while her sister was giving him one of the most luxurious blowjobs he'd ever had. From where he was sitting, Matt didn't have *any* trouble seeing Allison's small and thin inner lips. Starting to shine from the oils that she was moving from the visible entrance to her vagina to her equally-obvious erect clitoris, they seemed to almost flow around her finger as it slid up and down between them. Raising his eyes, he could also see that Allison's areolas had swollen again so that they stood out from the rest of her mammaries. In addition, her smaller nipples were extended even more than they'd been before.

Even as Matt was watching Allison bury one of her fingers in her hot snatch, he could feel Jennifer's tongue beginning to work its magic along the underside of his dick — something that soon had him almost completely erect.

Satisfied that Matt was ready, Jennifer slowly pulled her mouth off of him... making sure to leave a coating of her spit on him in the process, despite the fact that she could feel just how wet she already was inside. Getting to her knees, Jennifer carefully got herself straddling his hips before reaching between her legs and levering his stiff cock up. Using just a couple of fingers, she held him steady while getting her own position adjusted; once she'd gotten the head of his cock nestled between her labia and slightly pressing against the entrance to her vagina, she began to lower herself onto his thick staff. Though it hadn't been as long since she'd gotten laid as it had been for Allison, Jennifer was still surprised at just how **big** Matt felt as she began to get herself impaled on him. It was a little bit of a struggle getting the head of his cock through the ring of her opening, and she had to pause for a few moments to adjust to being stretched that much before she was ready to go on. Slowly and carefully, Jennifer worked herself farther and farther onto Matt's manhood in a cycle of pressing herself down then raising up a little to make sure they stayed lubricated before lowering herself a little farther. By the time she felt her ass resting against the tops of his thighs, she knew what it was like to have more stiff dick in her than she'd ever had before... and loved it.

With Matt resting against the headboard, it was easy for him to reach out and get his hands on Jennifer's beautiful tits again — and he had a fine time with them while she held herself still on him. From the way she'd had to get herself on him, he knew that she needed some time to get used to him; that was fine, since it meant that he could keep his hands on her warm, firm tits that much longer.

Watching as her sister had gotten herself wrapped around Matt's hard cock had added to Allison's arousal as she continued to slide her fingers in and out of her almost sopping wet pussy. When Jennifer had gotten herself positioned over the shepherd, Allison had added another finger to the one that she was already penetrating herself with... and then proceeded to tease herself by using them to match how much of his cock Jennifer had gotten herself on. She knew full well what her

sibling was experiencing, and felt her lust and excitement increase with the memory of it. With Matt obviously able to start giving Jennifer the fucking of her life, Allison decided to help Jennifer enjoy the experience as much as she had.

Matt was still having a dandy time playing with Jennifer's ample bust when Allison slid her fingers out of her wet pussy. He felt himself get a little harder inside the older girl as he watched the younger carefully lick her fingers clean of her own juices before she moved to sit near him again... close enough that he could easily reach her, but angled so that she faced her sister. It was only a few moment more for her to lean back against the headboard, then draw her knees up and separate them again — fully exposing herself to Jennifer. With both hands free, she quickly got one of them started on teasing her breasts while the other went between her thighs again. The way she was positioned, Matt didn't have any trouble seeing as she used her middle and ring fingers to transfer some of her oils to her exposed clitoris before using them to begin gently rubbing it in time with pinching and pulling on her erect nipples. Having her that close to him again also made it easy for him to detect the unique aroma of her essence, further adding to his pleasure.

Jennifer was ready to start sliding herself up and down Matt's erection when she saw Allison move — and what her sister started doing once she had. It took her only a moment to realize that Allison was doing for her what she'd done for them... and felt herself getting even wetter inside with the memory. Knowing what Allison was going to do, and eagerly looking forward to it, Jennifer started to move herself on the hard cock that was stretching her so nicely now that she was used to it.

Her first few efforts were slow and small, but once she was sure that Matt's stiff dick was slick enough, she didn't hesitate to start moving farther and faster on him. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before she was raising herself up enough that only the head of his manhood was inside her, and she was practically letting herself *drop* onto it again. On top of the sensation of going from nearly empty to almost over-filled each time she did that, there was the way he was playing with her tits: squeezing them between bouts of feather-light caresses, and rolling her achingly-hard nipples between his fingers before pulling on them **almost** enough to hurt. When he finally leaned forward enough that he could start actually SUCKING on the peaks of her mammaries, the added pleasure was enough to convince her to hold her body steady to make it easier for him; choosing to simply arch her pelvis to move her womanhood on and off of him.

Jennifer wasn't *quite* as tight around him as Allison had been, but Matt wasn't about to complain — far from it, in fact. The feeling of her hot and wet pussy sliding up and down his cock was easily the second-best feeling he'd had in **years** — and she was coming in second *only* because Allison had fucked him first. While still sucking on her tits, Matt moved his hands to her tight ass again — only to be delighted by the way the cheeks of it clenched under his hands when she pressed herself down on him each time. He found himself idly wondering if she couldn't manage to crack walnuts with it, her ass got so tight and hard...

As Jennifer had expected, Allison was plundering her pussy with her stiffened fingers in time with the older girl's self-impalements onto Matt's hard cock. Shorter than Matt was, and slouched a trifle more, she didn't have any trouble seeing where her sister and sheep herder were joined. With her sister's bare mons (which Allison thought was incredibly sexy, and thought of doing herself), she didn't have any trouble seeing that Jennifer's larger vaginal lips were being pulled away from her opening each time the girl raised herself off of the monster pole of Matt's manhood — only to disappear again when she reversed direction and lowered herself back onto it. It was also plain as could be that Jennifer was enjoying the hell out of the experience, since her labia and Matt's cock both glistened with her sister's oils. Quiet as it was in the cabin, Allison didn't have any trouble hearing the liquid sounds being produced by her sister's movements. Between the sight of Jennifer's disappearing pussy lips, the noises their union were generating, and the thick and delightful scent of the older girl wafting in the air, Allison had **more** than enough stimulation on top of the pleasant sensations she was giving herself. It didn't take long for the combination of stimuli had her approaching an orgasm.

Although she was riding Matt for all she was worth, Jennifer didn't lose track of what Allison was up to. Knowing her sister as she did, she was certain that the younger girl was getting close to having a climax... a real doozy, if she was reading the signs correctly. Looking at her sister, Jennifer could see that not only were Allison's fingers and pussy shining with her juices, some of them had even begun to trickle down the crack of her ass. The breast that Allison didn't have her hand on sported a nipple that was longer and harder than Jennifer had ever seen it. Her sister had also developed an aroused blush that went all the way down to the tops of her breasts; the most she'd ever seen on Allison before had been when it had barely reached the top of her chest. Knowing that Allison was getting that excited only added to Jennifer's arousal, prompting her to increase her efforts on the stiff dick that was giving her so much pleasure.

Having already climaxed twice that evening, all Matt had to do was enjoy the feeling of Jennifer happily bouncing herself on his erection while he tried to find out just how long and hard he could get her nipples, and how puckered her areolas would get, while taking a little time every so often to enjoy the show that Allison was giving him. Though the smell of pussy was thick in the air, he could just make out the difference between the delightful aromas each girl was contributing. He, too, could hear the squishing noise that Jennifer created each time she shoved herself down onto his dick... as well as the fainter sound of Allison's fingers sliding in and out of her hot box. He could also tell that the girl next to him was on the verge of having an orgasm, and was looking forward to watching her as it happened; from the way Jennifer was acting, he halfway expected that *she'd* climax when Allison did.

It was only a couple of minutes later that Matt had the experience of a lifetime: watching as one young girl had a HELL of an orgasm next to him while her sister went through one of her own while wrapped around his hard cock.

Not satisfied with how long it was taking for her to climax, Allison had altered her actions a little bit: instead of simply plunging her fingers in and out of her sopping pussy, she'd set her palm against the top of her mons so that rocking her hand would apply pressure against her clitoris

each time she buried her fingers in herself, and again when she pulled them back out. With the added stimulation from that, her orgasm hit her fast and hard; after stuffing her fingers as far inside as she could manage, she felt herself clamp down on them almost painfully hard with the start of her release. The first cycle of pleasure to course through her had her arching off the bed, it was so powerful; when the second arrived she managed — just barely — to keep it from happening again. Not quite sure how she did it, she was able to draw a deep, gasping breath before a third spasm passed through her. After that, a few more hit her, but she was simply too wrung out from the first few to be able to respond to them the way her body seemed to want to — leaving her laying there gasping as she rescued her slightly sore fingers from the clutches of her quivering vagina. After a brief inspection to make sure they were still functional, she stuck them in her mouth so she could clean them of her juices.

The start of Allison's climax had been enough to trigger Jennifer's. Almost slamming herself down onto Matt's cock ahead of the start of it, Jennifer nearly blacked out for a moment from power that all but overwhelmed her. She felt her body almost convulse from the initial force of it, something that caused her a brief moment of pain when the movement pulled her hard nipple from between Matt's teeth. Her vagina also clenched around the penis filling it, causing him to feel even larger and harder than he had before — and adding that much more to her pleasure as her body continued to spasm from the waves of release coursing through it.

Privy to witnessing the orgasm that Allison had experienced, as well as watching and feeling the one Jennifer had in response left Matt amazed at the kind of pleasure that women could have. He'd long known that women were *capable* of having more climaxes than men could, but had never had the opportunity to witness the full extent of it until then; it impressed him mightily.

When Jennifer was able to sit up again, Matt could see that her efforts had tired her somewhat. She started to lift herself up again, and he quickly put his hands on her hips to hold her still so he could ask "How about I take over for a while?" — a suggestion that she readily agreed to. Leaning forward, Jennifer put her hands on the top of the headboard to support herself a little bit; that made it possible for him to get his mouth on her tits again as he began fucking up into her at the same time.

Off to the side of them, Allison had recovered enough to enjoy the sight of her sister getting fucked by Matt. With Jennifer holding still, Allison was better able to watch Matt's cock pistoning in and out of the older girl. She could also see that Jennifer's clitoris was beginning to make its appearance again, letting her know that her sister was enjoying getting fucked by him.

Matt happened to glance over to where Allison was, and immediately realized that she was starting to feel horny again. After getting her attention, he told her "If Jennifer doesn't mind sharing, I'd like to eat your pussy...", shortly followed by Jennifer saying "I don't mind *at all!*"

After Matt and Jennifer had shifted themselves down the bed a bit so Matt could lay down, Allison quickly got herself positioned over his head so that she was facing her sister. He felt both girls weight shift slightly, and managed to move his head enough to see that each of them had her

hands on her sister's tits while they kissed. With his curiosity sated, Matt took a few moments to give Allison's pussy the kind of examination he'd been looking forward to.

The rust-red triangle covering Allison's pelvis was parted at the bottom, making it easy to see the cleft of her sex and the small, thin lips within. Her soft labia were still parted from what she'd been doing with herself, and Matt didn't have any trouble seeing that her clitoris was starting to make an appearance again — and that the entrance to her vagina was still somewhat open... and beginning to drool some of her juices with her increasing arousal. Lifting his head slightly, the first thing Matt simply *had* to do was not just collect the little bit of her essence that was easily available, but see how much of his stiffened tongue he could get into her.

That turned out to be not as much as he would have liked, but more than he'd expected; from the way Allison moaned and pressed herself down toward him, he knew it was enough to please HER, too.

After a few more tries to see if he couldn't penetrate her with his tongue a little farther, he gave up the experiment in favor of simply doing his very best to arouse and please her as much as he could; she simply tasted too damn good for him to think of doing anything else. For the next little while, Matt left a small part of his mind to the task of continuing to thrust himself up into the warm, tight cavern that was Jennifer while the rest of his attention was on using everything he knew about eating pussy on Allison's luscious little snatch. He put his mouth across her opening and tried to gently suck her juices out; he tenderly nibbled her delicate labia with his lips; he licked her from the bottom of her opening to her clitoris in a variety of ways; he performed gentle fellatio on her erect clitoris; he circled her clit at a wide variety of pressures and speeds; he fluttered his tongue across it and the entrance to her vagina — anything and everything he'd ever heard about orally pleasuring a woman was tried. Then he went on to invent a few **new** ones, just to see how she'd react to them.

As it turned out, Allison was agreeable to damn near anything he wanted to do. Any combination of lips, tongue, and mouth were fine with her as long as he didn't cause any outright discomfort. When he found something that she seemed to *particularly* enjoy, he did more of it... and tried different variations to see if he could make it work even better. Sometimes it did, and that only increased the happy and lustful noises he drew from her.

In addition to a constant supply of her nectar courtesy of the stimulation he was providing, Matt also had the pleasure of feeling Allison's amazingly soft and dense bush against his lips and chin — a sensation that he did his best to memorize.

With all he was doing to her, it didn't surprise Matt in the slightest at how quickly Allison's arousal increased; it didn't seem to take long at all before she'd given up on kissing Jennifer in favor of continuing to breathe between gasps, moans, groans, and other noises that let him know his activities were having the desired effect on her. He was able to keep track of how aroused she was by the increasing flow of juices that leaked out for him to lap up — something that confirmed another thing he'd never really experienced before: the ability women had to have progressively more frequent and powerful climaxes when they received sufficient stimulation.



When he'd been fucking her, she hadn't been anywhere near as wet as she was then, telling him that the longer she WAS aroused, the more aroused she GOT.

He was spending nearly as much time lapping up the overflow of oils escaping her as he was fanning the flames of her desire; he was industriously fluttering the tip of his tongue across her clitoris when he felt her smooth thighs begin to press against the sides of his head. After collecting her accumulated nectar, he went back to tormenting her clit, and it wasn't but a couple of minutes before he was able to push her into another climax... one that seemed to be even stronger than her last, judging from the way she was trying to crush his head with her knees as she practically convulsed over him. When he felt her start to topple, he quickly got his hands up to help support her — only to find that Jennifer was already having trouble trying to do the same thing. It took only a few moments for the two of them to get their efforts coordinated; then they were able to carefully guide her back down onto the bed. Jennifer also helped in getting Allison's leg off of Matt's face, making it easy for him to breathe again.

Both of them looked at the visibly stunned (but smiling) Allison before Jennifer told him "I've seen her have some really strong orgasms before... but I don't think I've **ever** seen her have anything like THAT. What were you *doing* to her?"

From the tone of her voice, Matt knew that Jennifer wasn't angry or upset, just amazed and curious. He answered what she'd said by telling her "Not much more than I did to you. It seems like every time she's cum tonight, it's been more than the time before; she's had a bunch of them, and I just think that was the latest and greatest, is all. As long as I think it's going to take for ME to cum again, you might have something like that before we're done, too — if you want, I mean."

From the look in Jennifer's eyes, Matt didn't have the slightest doubt that she most certainly DID want. Well, with nothing else to distract him, there wasn't a darn thing keeping him from trying to make the lady happy... just like he was supposed to under Condition One.

Without saying a word, Matt began fucking himself up into Jennifer again — but doing so slowly, and with deliberately longer strokes so that his pelvis bumped against her clitoris with each thrust. Jennifer's eyes widened when he started, but it didn't take long before she closed them and moaned softly in response. Matt steadily ratcheted up his efforts until he was pistoning in and out of Jennifer's pussy as though *she* was the one laying down. After just a couple of minutes, she leaned forward and put her hands on the bed so she could support herself with her arms; that gave Matt a chance to get his hands on her tits, and it didn't take but a few seconds for him to start teasing her nipples again.

It was clear that Jennifer **did** enjoy having Matt's dick moving in her when she orgasmed after only a few minutes; the feeling of her wet snatch clenched around him felt terrific to Matt — particularly when he felt the deepest part of Jennifer seemed to expand, causing it to feel almost like her *pussy* was sucking on him. But it was still too soon since he'd found his pleasure with her sister, so he was able to enjoy the hell out of the sensations she was creating around him while he continued to slide himself in and out of her wonderfully hot and tight sheath.

Jennifer was delighted when Matt continued fucking her as she experienced an orgasm that was one of the strongest she'd had in a LONG time — not only was he making it even more intense for her, but drawing it out, as well. When she finally got her senses back and her breathing under control, she knew that she was already well along the way toward another orgasm. Opening her eyes and looking down at her lover, she saw that he was starting to show how much effort he was putting into pleasing her: he was panting slightly, and she could see that he had developed a fine sheen of perspiration from his exertions. It took her only a moment to decide that when he stopped fucking her, it would be because he couldn't cum any more, not because he was too tired. Lifting one hand off the bed, she used it to press against his belly; when he realized she was trying to get him to stop, he looked up at her in expectation.

"How about if you do me from behind, so you don't get so tired?", she offered; it took only a second for Matt to nod his agreement.

Even knowing that he was going to keep fucking her, Jennifer was reluctant to lift herself off of the source of so much pleasure — but did it anyway. Although she was already fully aware of just how well Matt's wonderful cock was filling her, the point was made again when she finally pulled herself free of him... producing a distinct squelching noise. Trying desperately not to blush, Jennifer quickly moved off of Matt and got herself positioned on her hands and knees.

Matt heard the noise, of course — but it was something he'd gotten used to hearing long before. He already knew that he was big enough that pulling his erect cock out of a girl's pussy was likely as not going to result in something that sounded very much like the breaking of a vacuum seal for something liquid. Even so, he saw that Jennifer was faintly blushing, and decided to pretend as though it had never happened... and **certainly** not with her. Getting to his knees, Matt moved behind the elder of the two sisters, pausing only long enough to try and memorize the sight of Jennifer's lovely tush being supported by a pair of smooth thighs that bracketed her bare mons. If he hadn't known already, Jennifer's labia formed a pair of parentheses that practically screamed "DICK GOES HERE" at him. It took only a moment for him to lever his cock down and get it positioned against her opening again. After putting his hands on her hips to hold her steady, he arched his hips forward, burying himself in her in a single long, slow stroke.

The feeling of Matt's massive manhood filling her sopping pussy again was almost enough to make Jennifer cum, it felt so good. Even better, though, was when he simply started fucking her again... just as he'd been doing before they changed positions. And to top things off, each time he pumped into her, his balls swung forward and gently tapped her achingly-erect clit!

From the way Jennifer was acting, Matt knew that she liked having him fuck her in their new position. He wasn't sure why, and really didn't care; it was enough for him that it was happening.

Laying off to the side, Allison could see that Jennifer was getting much the same fucking as SHE had — and was happy for her sister. And after all that Jennifer had done to help *her* enjoy her time with Matt, Allison wanted to do the same for the older girl. Feeling mostly recovered from what Matt had done to her, it took Allison just a few seconds to decide to help move things along for her sister. After a false start, she managed to scoot over to where the other two were, and

moved to lay on her back before easing herself under Jennifer. Unlike her sister, Allison slid herself under the other girl far enough to get her head between Jennifer's thighs.

When she felt a tongue on her clitoris, Jennifer's eyes flew open; it actually took her a couple of seconds to get her wits together enough to remember that Allison was with her, and that the younger girl was returning the favor of adding to HER pleasure and stimulation while she was getting fucked. Jennifer was just closing her eyes again when she felt Allison's hands move to her breasts...

Matt had seen Allison move underneath Jennifer, and had a pretty good idea of what was going to happen — and wasn't disappointed when he felt Allison's tongue along the bottom of his cock. It aroused him tremendously, knowing that Jennifer and Allison were **that** close, and that willing to share him with each other.

When he'd been fucking Allison, Jennifer's fingers along the underside of his cock had felt pretty damn good... but that was **nothing** compared to the way Allison's tongue felt while he was fucking the older girl! As good as Jennifer's juicy twat felt, he just had to change how he was arching himself into her so he could get full enjoyment from Allison's efforts.

From the way Allison's tongue was moving, Jennifer pretty much knew that her sister was trying to stimulate Matt as much as she was her — and when she felt their shared lover slow down slightly and begin sliding damn near the entire length of his *wonderful* cock in and out of her, she appreciated Allison's attentions even more: instead of getting off faster and harder, Matt's thrusts were letting the pleasure build more slowly and affecting her more deeply.

Allison only had to listen to the change in the noises that Jennifer was making to know that she was having the desired effect on the older girl; the end of her tongue told her that Matt's dick had gotten a trifle thicker and harder in response to what she was doing to him. Just then, she felt like she had the best of both worlds — she almost felt like she was sucking Matt's cock, but with the benefit of the overflow of Jennifer's tasty juices. Then to have her hands full of her sister's ample mammaries, and be able to tease their hard nipples...

After a few minutes of being doubly-pleasured, Jennifer noticed how close Allison's pelvis was — and more to the point, just how *exposed* her sister was. Slowly and carefully, so as not to disturb the LOVELY fucking she was getting, Jennifer managed to shift her body to the side far enough that she was ultimately able to lower the upper half of her body far enough that she could get her head between Allison's parted thighs... and then proceeded to see how much of her tongue she could get into her sister's tasty pussy.

The first probe of Jennifer's tongue between her labia drew a soft squeal of pleasure out of Allison. As the pressure continued, though, it became an impassioned moan that resonated all the way to Matt's gently-swinging balls.

The combination of sliding his manhood in and out of Jennifer's warm, wet pussy while Allison's tongue was busy along the underside of his cock was as close to heaven as Matt ever thought he'd get. Then when Allison started moaning in response to having Jennifer's face buried in her

crotch, the sound of it tossed gasoline onto the fires of his passion and desire. From the way Jennifer was pressing herself back at him, and the noises she was making, he knew that his longer and slower strokes into her young womanhood was pleasing her immensely. As best he could and for as long as he could, Matt held out against the increasing desire (even *need*) to give in to the lust that was building in him and abandon himself to just **fucking** her.

Allison's moans weren't just affecting Matt. Jennifer, too, could feel her sister's audible appreciation; coupled with the languorous movement of Matt's delightfully filling cock sliding in and out of her, it was raising her own arousal much more than the simple sum of the feelings would have done. In an effort to prolong the dual pleasures she was receiving, Jennifer increased her efforts between Allison's smooth thighs...

The younger of the sisters didn't really understand what was causing the increasing overflow of her sibling's vaginal juices — but she didn't let that stop her from lapping it up between bouts of teasing Jennifer's exposed clitoris, and gently licking and sucking on the older girl's distended labia. And as her sister got even **more** enthusiastic about reciprocating oral favors with her, Allison's moans only got louder and longer, fanning the pleasure and desires of the other two even more.

Several minutes went by with each of them making a contribution to the escalating spiral of passion and pleasure that all were experiencing. The cycle was broken when Jennifer finally had to raise her head from Allison's crotch and tell Matt "I can't *stand* this any more — it's just too much! **Fuck** me, dammit! I don't care how hard or how fast or anything else... I'm so damn close that almost anything'll get me off!"

Matt suspected that he was as close as Jennifer seemed to be, and wanted a moment to get himself under control again. "How about if you turn over, then?" he suggested.

The thought of feeling her breasts against Matt's chest while his hard cock plumbed her pussy immediately appealed to Jennifer; it was only the briefest of moments before she answered "I'd love it!"

A second later, Jennifer couldn't help moaning her disappointment when she felt Matt's manhood slip out of her — though the cool air that replaced it caused her a small thrill.

As soon as Jennifer lifted a leg in preparation for moving to lay on her back, Allison knew which way to move so she could get out of the way. As much fun as it was to be involved with her sister and Matt, it really *was* supposed to be Jennifer's turn. Besides, the idea of watching the two of them fucking turned her on **almost** as much as what Jennifer had been doing.

It was a matter of only a few seconds before Jennifer was on her back, looking up at Matt. Her eyes first locked onto the shiny shaft protruding from his crotch; knowing that his hard cock was glistening from *her* pussy juice brought a thrill to the young woman. Then she looked even higher, and saw the lust and desire in Matt's eyes — and knew that she was about to get the fucking of her life. The only reason she didn't get any wetter was that she simply couldn't.

With the older of the sisters stretched out before him and her legs spread wide in welcome, Matt could easily see that he was doing what he considered a proper job of filling her up: her shiny labia were well-parted, revealing that the entrance to her vagina hadn't been able to close completely after he'd pulled his cock out of her. Farther up her body, her tits looked to be as hard and tight as any he'd ever seen. Their upper slopes at the top of her chest were pink with the blush of her arousal, and a look into her face told him that she was fully aware of the fact that she'd given him free rein to fuck her however he wanted to... and eagerly looking forward to it. That was all it took for him to lean forward and support himself with one arm so that he could use the other hand to guide his slick manhood into position. Without saying a word to her, he flexed his hips forward and buried himself in her in a single hard and quick thrust.

Jennifers response to being so suddenly and totally filled with stiff dick was to release a loud and heartfelt groan of pleasure — one that Allison recognized, making her wish that Matt had done something like that to **her**, too.

After making a few long, slow strokes in and out of Jennifer's warm snatch to make sure they were both lubricated enough, Matt didn't delay in lowering his body over her so that he could start fucking her in earnest. Her ample bust pillowed against his chest, and he could feel the hard pebbles of her nipples trying to bore their way into his skin as he steadily increased the speed and power of his thrusts into the girl beneath him. Jennifers response was simply to lock her ankles behind his back, opening herself to him completely.

Off to the side, Allison spent the next several minutes watching as Matt jackhammered himself in and out of her sister — and none too gently, either. Even where she was, Allison could hear the slapping as Matts pelvis met Jennifers; it was as clear as could be, even over the liquid sounds of his stiff cock sliding in and out of Jennifer's sopping slit. Even just going by the sounds they made, Allison knew that the two lovers were getting no small pleasure from each other. From the way she felt, Allison suspected that having another go with Matt would leave her in a condition that would raise too many questions the next morning; shortly on the heels of that, she realized that Jennifer and Matt would have the same problem. From that, it took her only a few moments to decide that it really would be best for ALL of them if the two lovers finished before too much longer.

She certainly wasn't going to try and tell them to stop; after the way they'd both made her feel, she figured they deserved to have a proper end to their activities. That meant that it was going to be up to her to find a way to get *both* of them to cum.

Watching as her sister and their shared lover continued to fornicate like a couple of minks in heat, Allison tried to think of **something** she could do that would pleasure both of them. As her eyes wandered across their bodies, she paused a few moments to marvel at the sight of Matts large cock disappearing into her sister, and how each of his thrusts seemed to force more of Jennifers oils out. So much had already escaped the older girl that a not-so-small trickle of them was starting to run down the crack of her ass...

Jennifer was so wrapped up in the feeling of her breasts moving against Matts chest while his massive cock pistoned in and out of her that she didn't have a thought in the world about her sister; at least, not until she felt a slight pressure on her anus as something slippery was being spread on it. Even then, the sensation wasn't uncomfortable (it felt pretty nice, even!), so she chose to ignore it. To her disappointment, the feeling went away several seconds later — only to be replaced by something fairly small probing against her back opening. A couple of seconds after that, she felt it worm its way through, followed by what she quickly recognized as a finger. The penetration ended only when she felt the palm of a small hand cupping her ass cheek. Only then did she have the inclination to wonder whose digit it was, shortly followed by the recollection that it could only be Allison.

Above the older girl, Matt really didn't notice what was going on until he felt something moving along the underside of his cock. Initially, the sensation was novel and pleasant, but not much more; but then he felt it move slightly, and a second later there was something *deliberately* pressing against the bottom of his manhood as he thrust himself into Jennifer. THAT experience was both unique and stimulating enough that he simply **had** to slow and lengthen his thrusts into Jennifers warm, wet pussy.

While it felt pretty good to have Allison's finger in her ass, Jennifer couldn't help but wonder what the hell her sister was trying to do. She got her answer several seconds later when she felt the younger girl rotate her hand slightly and begin pressing against Matts cock. It quickly became apparent that Matt liked what Allison was doing almost as much as Jennifer did: just having Allisons finger in her ass felt pretty good, but when Allison went to work on Matt, the added stimulation in her bowels was almost more than Jennifer could stand. Then to have Matt sliding damn near the entire length of his massive cock in and out of her at the same time...

Even as warm and wet as Jennifers pussy was, Matt could still tell that what Allison was doing (he'd finally remembered her) was having as much effect on Jennifer as it was on him; he could feel the tension and pressure building in him with each penetration, and knew that when he did cum, it was going to be doozy!

Sitting next to the two lovers, Allison could hear and feel as her sister and Matt both experienced a sudden and intense increase in the pleasure and arousal they were feeling. Knowing that she was getting the desired results made her glad that she'd remembered how Jennifer had responded the few times she'd teased her older sister that way before, and that the stories she'd heard about how guys responded when there was one of them in a girls ass and another in her pussy were true. She knew that as small as her finger was compared to Matts massive prick, she wasn't doing as much for him as another guy's cock would, but his reaction told her that it was *enough*.

With the added stimulation that Allison was providing, it wasn't but a couple of minutes before Jennifer and Matt were both groaning their arousal as they quickly closed in on their climaxes. Finally, with a deep groan, Matt pressed himself as far into his partner as he could before beginning to spray the deepest part of Jennifers pussy with his seed. In turn, being able to feel his cum washing the walls of her woman-chamber was all it took to trigger Jennifer into her own

release. For each of them, their climax was powerful and intense enough that they were completely overwhelmed.

Allison was half-afraid that the clenching of her sisters anus was going to pinch her finger off; but being able to feel the contractions of Jennifer's pussy **and** the pulsing of Matt's cock while both of them climaxed was more than enough to make up for any concerns about her finger. It wasn't until Jennifer's clenchings had faded to faint tremors that Allison finally eased her finger out of her sisters nether opening. That accomplished, it took her only a few moments to confirm what she'd expected: the intensity of what they'd just experienced left Matt and her sister BOTH nearly catatonic. Knowing that they wouldn't be moving any time soon, Allison quickly got out of bed and went into Matt's bathroom to wash her hands, then dampen a washcloth. From there, she hurried to his 'kitchen', where she filled the cup and glass with water which she set on the small table next to the bed. Once she was seated next to them again, she used the washcloth to try and resuscitate her sister and their shared lover.

After a couple of minutes, her efforts began to have an effect. It wasn't much longer before Matt was able to move himself off of Jennifer and sit up (though a bit unsteadily). Handing him the washcloth, Allison was pleased to see that after giving his own face only a brief wipe, he began tending to Jennifer.

By the time both of them were more-or-less alert, Allison was ready to give each of them some water — and was mildly amused when both opted to hold it with both hands. When they'd drained what they had, she quickly got them refills. Once that was gone, both were ready and able to thank her not only for the drinks, but what she'd done. When she explained *why* she'd done it, both agreed that it had probably been necessary... and most certainly pleasurable.

Knowing that they had to be presentable the next morning, it wasn't much longer before each of them took a turn in the bathroom; both sisters expressed their understanding when Matt explained that he **had** to get up at a specific time in order to perform the majority of his morning chores, and that they should do whatever they had to to make SURE he got up when he was supposed to. With that, he set his wind-up alarm clock (which he almost never needed), and the three of them managed to snuggle close enough that they all fit on the bed before falling quickly and deeply asleep.

The next morning, once Matt had taken care of his duties, the three of them managed to get themselves into something approximating normal appearance before Matt's boss arrived just after mid-morning. When asked, both girls readily assured him that Matt had been far more friendly and helpful than they'd thought someone even could be, and that both of them deeply appreciated all he'd done to not only help them, but reassure them, as well. When Matt's boss said that Matt would be "taken care of", the sisters didn't hesitate to state that he certainly deserved it, and that they'd be DEEPLY disappointed if his reward for their rescue was lacking in any way — clearly intimating that it had better not be. Before getting the girls loaded into the 4-wheel drive that he'd made the trip in, Matt's boss gave him a few things: a bag of fresh fruit and vegetables, several books and magazines, and best of all, a cooler full of iced beer with instructions that Matt should

"take it easy" for a day or two. Before starting the drive to get the sisters back, Matts boss also told him that he'd be back in a couple of days to "talk", letting Matt know that that was when he'd find out what was going to happen about his being the cabin the girls had found.

It turned out to be five days before Matts boss showed up again, but the wait was worth it. Allison and Jennifer had apparently gotten across to their parents how *pleased* they were to have found **Matts** cabin, and how grateful they were for all he'd done for them that their parents had actually not only taken an interest in making sure that Matt received proper credit for all he'd done, but that he be properly rewarded by the company, as well. That had resulted in a little bit of a stir in company headquarters, but nothing that anyone could blame Matt for — he'd simply done what he was supposed to under Condition One, just better than they'd expected.

To prevent any "misunderstandings" with the girls parents, the company had decided to not only give him a bonus of several months pay, but a couple of weeks of vacation at the destination of his choice, plus transportation to and from. When the girls parents were informed of it, they made their own contribution by saying they'd cover his hotel and meals, so that he could use his bonus purely for entertaining himself (a suggestion from Jennifer and Allison, he thought). Realizing that he was being given the opportunity of a lifetime, Matt worked out the details with his boss for him to spend his time in Las Vegas.

Several weeks later, when it got close to time for him to leave, Matt learned that arrangements had been made for him to stay in a hotel actually ON the Vegas strip, and not some discount chain farther away. On top of that, the girls parents sent him a letter not only thanking him for all he'd done for Jennifer and Allison (he couldn't help chuckling to himself), but assuring him that he was *expected* to enjoy himself at the hotel.

He did. Repeatedly and vigorously, with a number of different girls.

By the time his vacation ended, he was actually halfway looking forward to getting back to the sheep ranch so he could get some rest, and some peace and quiet. He also went back with more money than he'd started with, thanks to a lucky run at blackjack, and another at a roulette wheel.

Finally, shortly after New Years, he got another letter from the girls parents: they wanted to know if he would be interested in helping them out. It seemed that Jennifer and Allison had gotten into a few "situations" that they couldn't handle, and their parents were worried about them. When confronted with the problem, Jennifer and Allison had asked if perhaps it would help if they had someone to look after them. After several different individuals had been tried and found wanting for one reason or another, Allison had commented on how well Matt had taken care of them. So, their parents wanted to know, would Matt be interested in shepherding THEM instead of literal sheep? The description of what they'd want him to do was a lot less than his job on the sheep ranch, and the salary that they were offering was sufficiently high that it was all Matt could do to keep his hand from shaking when he wrote back to accept.



The company he worked for got more than a little pissy about his contract, but shut up about it when he was able to pay them the "early contract termination fee" that they demanded so they could hire someone to replace him.

Once free of the company, Matt was worried that he might not have enough money to take care of getting set up for his new job... and quickly found out that the girls parents were going to take care of **everything**: new clothes, an apartment near the girls school, a new vehicle, credit cards, and even get him set up with a firearm and security guard licenses so he'd have more "authority" if he needed it.

After he got to his apartment and met the girls again, they told him that they'd deliberately gone about arranging things so that their parents would be agreeable to hiring him to take care of them. While their parents were thinking that "take care" meant keeping them out of trouble, the *girls* were of a mind that it meant in bed with them.

For the rest of the time that Jennifer and Allison were going to school, Matt had the enviable job of making sure that they didn't get into any trouble that would get back to their parents. Sometimes that involved using his security guard persona to convince an overly-amorous young man to leave one or both of them alone; other times, it was simply reminding them that they were in school and supposed to be studying — that if their grades dropped too low, their parents might pull them out of school, and end all the fun. He accompanied them to different parties and on Spring Break, and demonstrated a measure of discretion about how much notice to take of their activities that both girls appreciated. In return, neither Jennifer nor Allison had any objections if he wanted to enjoy the pleasures of some of the other girls their ages as long as it didn't interfere with THEIR time with him.

By the time Allison graduated, their parents were delighted to be able to recommend him to another family — and their college-bound twin daughters, who were quite willing and ready to take the places of Jennifer and Allison.