

Another Dirty Little Girl

Chapters 1-4

(Ff, gg/m, fg, F/M, puffy, gmast, voy, MILF, preg, feet, inc, twins, bdsm, anal, oral, medical, vom, spit, femdom, toys/strapon, ws, light scat)

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Chapter 1

Olivia settles into her new home, catches up with her kinky cousins, then gets some quality alone time in the bathroom.

(puffy, gmast, voy, MILF, feet, ws)

"Hey, Livvy!"

Olivia slowly turned about, looking all around, but she couldn't locate the source of the voice. It had to be one of her cousins - one of the twins - but there was no telling where she was at the moment. The wind was swirling pretty good that time of day, too. The voice could've come from anywhere.

Something landed in the dust beside her. A twig, torn at the end, with two small leaves still attached. Olivia was for so many reasons a brighter girl than most other kids her age, and it took but a moment for the new information to sink in. Torn twig, young growth, new leaves. Ah. She's in the--

Another twig caught Olivia directly in the face.

She was turning to look up at the tree behind her, and a gust caught that second little branch at just the right angle. In an instant the girl's face was whipped, slashed by accident, a scratch across her cheek and forehead. Olivia screeched in surprise and pain, stumbling backward and falling hard onto her ass. She barely managed to let go of her suitcase and reach back to catch herself with her hands, or else her momentum would've sent her harder backward, and her skull might've clonked the ground, too.

Dirt and dust blew into her eyes, which were already filling with hot, angry tears. She wiped at her face, blinded, hurting so suddenly in so many different places.

But the voice was already crying out again, apologizing, concerned.

"Oh wow! Sorry Livvy! Geez... I didn't know that'd hit you in the face. Holy crap!"

Olivia heard a bunch of scrambling, scraping noises above and beyond where she sat. She heard more than felt a pair of feet land lightly nearby, a body flung down expertly from its perch. She turned her dirty, tear-stained face toward the sound and tried to smile.

"Hey, Jessie - or Josie - whoever you are..." Olivia sighed, attempting to make nice.

"Ah! It's Jessie, Liv," she felt two small hands on her shoulders, felt the shifting of the hands as the body in front of her squatted, "and I'm so so so sorry I hurt you!"

One eye was barely able to open, but Olivia managed to make out Jessie's sharp, pretty features swimming just a few inches beyond her own nose. The girl was leaning in, frowning, obviously concerned and just as obviously regretting what she'd done. Olivia dug the heel of her hand against her other eye and shrugged. "It's OK. I'm all right."

"Yeah, right!" came a new voice, very nearly like the first. This one was behind Olivia, coming from the trailer. She twisted to see with her one decent eye, and there was Josie up in the small square window midway through the length of the mobile home. Her hair was wet and heavily clinging like a dark blond web to her face, and her shoulders were bare. Just out of the shower? Olivia couldn't help but grind her teeth a little - and then grimace and spit as she realized her mouth was just as full of grit as her eyes. A shower. She really needed to bathe.

It was one of her highest hopes for this move. There it was, right there, so close! A shower that a girl could go into by herself, as often as she needed, and have the right kind of private time to clean and care for herself.

Olivia had planned to wait until that evening, after dinner, to make her first request for the shower. But now she really wished she could have one right away. She was a total mess. But Josie started in on her sister before Olivia could clear her throat enough for more talking.

"Way to go, Jessie, you bitch!" Josie's voice squeaked. The twins were nearly identical except for two things - Jessie's hair was cut short, just like a good little church boy's, while Josie's was long and rather wild... and Josie's voice was probably an octave higher than her sister's although both hit the same basic notes and similar tones most of the time. It was when they got excited that you could tell a difference between them vocally. Jessie's voice would go strong and husky, while Josie's went high and shrill.

"She's bleeding, you know!" Josie snapped, popping out the cheap silvery screen from the inside. It was caught by the breeze as it fell and went floating clear down past the end of the trailer before it settled like an aluminum feather in the scrabbly grass.

"Lemme' wet a towel and you clean her off right this instant, y'hear?"

A moment later Olivia watched a balled-up and saturated yellow bath towel come spinning straight at her head, drops of water flying out from it like a sprinkler. The older girl yelped, ducking, but Jessie got there in time. Jumping up in front of her, the skinny girl caught the makeshift ball of cotton-poly right in the chest.

It was like a water balloon, except with a lot more weight behind it. A small explosion of water erupted from Jessie's front, much of it raining down on Olivia as its momentum carried it up beyond the twin's shoulders and past her sides. Expelling a painful "ugh!", Jessie crumpled around the bathroom missile, pausing to catch her breath. Olivia thought she looked exactly like the boys at school, catching footballs, getting the wind knocked out of them. Except for her beautifully rounded ass and a bit more narrowing at the waist, Jessie could pass easily for a boy. At least from behind.

"Ah! God! Fuckin' kill me next time!" Jessie finally managed to croak. When she turned to Olivia her entire front was soaked - t-shirt, shorts; water was even running down her bare legs and feet to make little mud puddles where she stood. "Now I'm gonna freeze my titties off in this wind, Josie! Geez!"

Josie's answer sing-songed back to them on the breeze: "You... deserve... it!" Then: "I'll be out in a jiff' and you can clean up good in here, Livvy! Just hang on!"

"OK," Olivia called weakly back. She was blinking hard from her partially cleared eye, the stinging still hurting her badly. Jessie was kneeling in the dirt in front of her then, mopping at her cheek with the dripping end of the towel.

"Oh, Livvy, I'm so sorry. I really am." Cold water ran in heavy rivulets down Olivia's neck, soaking into her own t-shirt. A stream even found its curving way down the middle of her chest, between her small breasts, to pool messily in her lap, slowly soaking into her denim shorts. Olivia shivered, suddenly freezing all over. She could feel the goosebumps rising everywhere on her skin. In a spasm of modesty she thought of her own little titties and how hard her nipples must be getting. She wasn't wearing a bra, being only twelve, so it wasn't like there was much to notice. Still, though, she could feel them there, scraping beneath the fabric of her shirt as they expanded, shifting, rising.

Jessie might see if she looked. Olivia gasped at the thought, embarrassed and hopeful, despite the small thrill of shame. Then she remembered about Jessie's own shirt, and Olivia knew she had to see.

The girl was younger than Olivia by two years, but her breasts were very nearly as developed as Olivia's own. The thin green cotton of Jessie's top - proudly declaring John Deere in cracked yellow letters - was exactly like a second skin. Nothing was left for Olivia to guess at. Jessie's nipples sprouted from her chest like a couple of fingers shoved out for comic effect. They were thick, long, and hypnotizing. The flesh all around them rose out from the girl's chest as if pulled that way by

the deliciously tight skin around her aureola. The shirt was so thin and wet and close on the girl that even her belly button was clearly visible, her taut tummy and upper abdomen flexing with her ministrations and breathing. It looked as if she was covered with green plastic wrap rather than a hand-me-down shirt.

Familiar flutterings tumbled about in Olivia's tummy. Though sitting, she suddenly felt much too wobbly. And tingly everywhere. It was all she could do to remain still and quiet there, on her ass in the dust, and not tip over.

She tried to breathe and let Jessie wipe at her face, but the urge to keep peeking was too much. Olivia knew she'd get caught, get embarrassed for real, and further ruin these first important moments at her new home. She decided it would be best if she just closed her eyes and concentrated on Jessie's little hands and how they moved the towel gently over her scratched and dirty skin.

A shameful heat flushed her face, all the way to the roots of her hair, and she knew she was blushing. Olivia had always been terrible about that. No way she could ever hide her emotions. Jessie, though, seemed too busy to notice, so her older cousin tried to calm herself as fast as possible by breathing steady and squeezing her eyes more tightly shut. But that stung! There was still too much dirt and sweat clogged up in her eyelids.

She tried, then, looking anywhere but at Jessie's chest and tummy. But it didn't do much good. Every new rivulet of cold water down her own neck and chest spun her that much further into a melty, ruined state of arousal. Her panties had to be completely gooey by now. She wondered how much longer before they'd let her in the bathroom - and let her alone.

"Ah, yeah. God." Jessie murmured, frowning in concentration and concern, biting a little at her lip while she dabbed the towel against Olivia's cheek. "That twig was like a little switch, y'know? It scratched you pretty good. Geez...." Something changed in her voice then, and Olivia heard a sniffle. Jessie was trying not to cry. "I'm so sorry I fucked this up already, Livvy," she whispered. "I know it's gotta be so hard comin' all the way out here and all. I'm so sorry it's startin' this way. I was just, y'know, tryin' to play an' have fun with you, that's all. I thought it would help."

Olivia clucked her tongue with false bravado and smiled. To Jessie she was the tough older cousin, who was going through hell on her own two feet, walking straight ahead and still strong enough to tell about it. "Yeah, well, this ain't nothin' compared to the girls' home, Jess. Believe me. They'd have thrown the whole tree at me."

Then they were both giggling, and it was OK. Jessie helped get most of the crud out of her eyes after a few more minutes, and Olivia found that she could see with almost no stinging or crazy rapid blinking anymore. What remained was a nice, warm, private shower to take care of the rest.

"C'mon, Liv," Jessie grunted, pulling the older, taller girl to her feet. Then she whistled, looking down at herself, seeing her own soaked and clinging shirt for the first time. "Wowie, ain't I got the nips now, eh Livvy?!" She elbowed her cousin in the ribs and pointed with pride and no shame whatsoever at the rigid nubs protruding from her chest. "Bet'cha there ain't no 'leven year olds in that girls' home with titties like these!" With that, she flung the wet towel back up into the trailer's bathroom window, where it hung halfway out, dripping grimy water down the side. Olivia expected Josie to cuss from somewhere there in the bathroom, but apparently she was gone to change.

Jessie chuckled, looking around them. Her family's trailer was at the far end of the first row of the mobile home park, with only a staggering line of tired-looking scrub oaks separating their dusty yard from the ditch and the road that ran beside it. In fact, the ditch was shallow enough at their end to allow most pickups and SUVs a direct route to drive straight up into their yard. That was how they'd arrived at the place in her caseworker's old Bronco II - right off the road and on up through the ditch.

Not many cars came by there, since they were a couple miles beyond town, out among the hog farms and cow pastures. It was a small surprise, in fact, that Olivia hadn't been reminded of those animal neighbors yet; the typical country-shit smell that usually clung to the mobile home park was being freshened up by the steady gusts. Out of the dozens of times she'd come out there as a visitor, this was the first that she didn't get out of the vehicle and immediately inhale the rich, unmistakeable presence of manure.

Olivia couldn't help but feel a pang, both for bitter and for sweet. On the one hand, it could be a good omen, despite the bad luck of the missile-twig: she was finally coming to the trailer as a resident, not as a visitor, so perhaps the changed atmosphere signaled other good changes to come. Then again, on the other hand, she was coming to live with her aunt and cousins, and that was because she couldn't live with her mom anymore. Her mom was, after all, still in the state penitentiary.

Aunt Jenelle's trailer, though, was sure to be such a gigantic improvement over the eight months she'd spent in the girls' home... so Olivia decided, on the whole, to look at things in a good light. Even the twig, despite the resulting pain and grit, had managed to almost immediately get her a glimpse of her tomboy cousin's delicious-looking breasts. From the bad comes the good. From the tough comes the tender.

As if on cue, Jessie finished her own careful inspection of their end of the row, then looked over at Olivia, winking; in a flash she whipped her saturated t-shirt up over her head, removing it in a wet arc of green. Her older cousin couldn't help it - she gasped in shock and arousal, quickly covering her mouth and looking everywhere around them all over again. And her vagina spasmed deliciously. She felt a thick stream of juice run out of her hole and into her panties. Olivia

was sure it would make all sorts of sloppy sounds when she walked.

But Jessie wasn't going to notice. She was too busy laughing at Olivia's embarrassment, completely misinterpreting what she saw.

"Ah-ha! Look at how red you are!" the younger girl nodded mockingly, pointing at Olivia's bright, hot face, covered by her hands up to her watering eyes. "You really are a goody-goody after all! And I thought that was just for show! I thought we'd end up being two peas in a pod - well, three if you count Josie. But here you get all embarrassed by me going a little bit nudist in our own yard. Ha! Just relax!"

Olivia hesitatingly brought her hands down, trying not to look at Jessie's glorious naked torso. The pink buds practically knocked on her eyeballs, though, and she found herself gawking at them, facing her little cousin in open, amazed appreciation. Jessie propped her hands on her hips, prouder than ever, and thrust out her chest. Olivia choked down a strangled sort of moan as she watched the girl's puffy breasts bulge toward her.

"Well, Livvy? Like I said, ain't they somethin'?"

She stepped in close to the older girl then, and Olivia immediately held her breath, clenching her fists at her sides. Those nipples were almost close enough to brush her arm! Jessie only had to step up... just a little closer... and they would so sweetly stab her. But Jessie was done moving in. Now she was whispering something, with a wicked grin on her eleven year-old face.

"And mine are a whole lot nicer than Josie's, just so you know..."

Jessie stepped back then, laughing even more. "But I got no doubt you'll be seeing that for yourself sooner or later." She balled up her shirt then, pausing briefly to squeeze most of the excess water out of it, before firing a perfect strike straight through the bathroom window. "You know Josie!"

Jessie spread out her arms, catching the wind full against her moist front. "Ah, it feels good to dry off like this, don't it?" She glanced over at Olivia and grinned. "You oughta try it, Liv!"

Olivia was now once again holding her suitcase in both hands, in front of her legs, giving her arms a chance to cover her own dangerously stiff nipples. That was how she was, despite everything that had ever happened to her or ever would - Olivia was a modest, humble kind of girl, and she'd forever try her hardest to keep control over even the wildest feelings that might try and bust through.

It was a charming, ridiculous struggle: her personality versus her instinct. Her mother had seen what a lady, what a sweet princess her young daughter could be, and she had been smart enough to draw out and refine those qualities in Olivia as much as her own limited resources and imagination could provide. Yet her mother was also her mistress, her corrupter, her first and - so far - only lover. Olivia had learned the ways of both the curtsy and of the cunt. Of showing polite restraint in public and of being trained in private. By a mother with

very particular tastes.

Before Olivia had a chance to reply to Jessie's taunting smile and dancing eyes, Josie burst from the trailer. She flew at Olivia in a flurry of arms and legs and kisses, giggling and scolding - somehow at the same time - over her older cousin's injuries and her twin sister's carelessness - and toplessness.

The wind blew Josie's damp hair all around them as she embraced Olivia in a long, hard hug. To Olivia it felt like getting whipped in the face all over again. She winced as a heavier tress landed across her slightly oozing scratch. Josie noticed immediately and jumped back, apologizing, grabbing handfuls of her own hair to rein it in. Then she rounded on her twin.

"Jess, you bitch, you didn't even stop it bleedin'! What the fuck's wrong with you, huh? Livvy don't even get through the yard before you're on her and kickin' half her ass? And with your fuckin' shirt off? What's that for? We in a lezzie porno now? Jesus but I hope Momma comes out here and--"

Josie went on like that for a full minute longer, berating her eye-rolling, head-shaking sister. She carried on loudly enough for the cows across the road to take an interest. They began to watch the girls as they chewed their slow way through the pasture toward the intervening fence, lowing at them as if egging on a fight. Olivia started laughing at that thought, of cows whipping out tens and twenties and trading bets, cheering on their favorite.

Soon Jessie was holding her gut and laughing right along with her, but for a different reason. She was apparently too tickled by the ferocity of her sister's tirade to be defensive. Josie's little face was so pretty and so serious, and her mouth was so foul! How many different ways could an eleven year-old girl curse her sister? Josie apparently knew them all. And then a moment later she was laughing with them, too.

The neighboring trailers on down the row were still and quiet. Either the occupants were cooped up inside, out of the wind and dusty heat, watching their talk shows, or else they were off working somewhere, doing whatever adults are usually supposed to do. At any rate, no one except the cows bothered to notice the loud trio at all.

For the first time in nearly a year, Olivia felt like she was somewhere safe, a place like a real home. It felt so good to laugh and relax and simply be a kid.

The door to the trailer opened just before the three girls got to it. Olivia's caseworker, Mr. Bowens, was standing awkwardly on the threshold, staring down at them. He had his comb in his hand, while his other clutched at the doorknob, as if he was having a hard time standing. His dress shirt was untucked in one little spot on one side, and he wasn't wearing his necktie anymore. Perhaps that was the bulge in his pocket, his wadded-up tie.

It was an odd moment. He opened and closed his mouth several times,

saying nothing, just gawking. Then all three of the girls seemed to remember at once - Jessie was standing there topless, delicious, right in front of him. They screamed as if with one voice; before the sound faded, Jessie had crossed her arms over her bare chest and sprinted around the far end of the trailer.

Then Josie and Olivia couldn't help it. They burst into hysterical laughter again.

Mr. Bowens managed to clear his throat, pocketing his comb and stepping carefully down the aluminum steps. He looked for an extra moment or two in the direction of Jessie's flight, and then he looked straight down into Olivia's eyes. His face was red and so was his neck. It was like he'd been running, or like he was really upset. Even his breathing was a little labored. That wasn't like Mr. Bowens. He was usually a healthy-looking sort of man, even if he was possibly the most boring adult Olivia had ever known. It shouldn't wear him out to walk down some steps. And Jessie's nudity certainly shouldn't make him upset - not a guy as lifeless as him. And nobody, anyway, could manage to find a way to get mad at Olivia because of it, right? Yet he was seriously out of breath and making a mean little face at Olivia, nonetheless.

"Young lady, this is not good," he huffed, "not good at all." It was the first time in all the months since he took on her case that she ever saw him expressing emotion. No flat voice. No blank, disinterested eyes. It was like Mr. Bowens was a totally different person all of a sudden. Olivia began to feel uneasy.

He was muttering to himself as he stepped closer to the girl, who was unsure about backing away. You did that in the girls' home and they pushed you down. They mocked you, at the very least. You had to stand and take it. Whatever it was. She'd just never expected such a similar-feeling test from this state-assigned mannequin.

"It's my own damn fault," he barely whispered, staring blankly at the ground between them. "Sooner or later this was going to happen. And I walked right into it. Dammit. Charlie warned me. So did Townsend. Sooner or later these fosters will get you by yoursel--"

Mr. Bowens jerked his head up then, as if shocked to find himself there in the yard, with a skinny kid standing immediately before him. He frowned hard at her. He was sweating so badly it dripped off the end of his nose.

"Hey, you never mind what I just said, you understand?"

Olivia nodded forcefully.

Mr. Bowens eyed her for an uncomfortably long time, taking in her dirt-streaked, damp face, her red eyes, and her very wet shirt, which was doing a lot of clinging of its own, of course; then he sighed and looked back at the trailer. A muscle twitched at his temple, and he rubbed it absently. Olivia thought he was going to start muttering to himself again. But he didn't.

Turning back, he wagged his finger in front of her face. "I will still be coming once a month to check on you, now that you are placed. Even though it is your own blood kin." He'd already explained that on the way there, as Olivia had sat beside him in the Bronco II, watching fence posts zip by.

"There had better not be any more of this-" he waved his hand vaguely in the direction Jessie's escape route "-this stuff going on here, though. It will do us - you, I mean - no good. You don't want the neighbors standing as witnesses to, uh, well, inappropriate behavior." Mr. Bowens flushed red, blinking rapidly, no longer attempting to look Olivia in the eyes. He dropped his finger and began to feel for his keys.

"Don't mess this up, in other words. You'll be able to stay here as long as people can't attest to... to anything that might not, you know, follow the rules. Do you understand?" He ran his hand over his mouth, wiping away the sweat on his lower face. His eyes darted to Josie, to Olivia, then off toward the end of the trailer.

Olivia didn't get it. Her chest seemed suddenly too tight to breathe, but she had to ask anyway. Here she was with her only other family in the world and Mr. Bowens was making it sound so bad.

"Wh- what kind of rules, Mr. Bowens?"

He blinked at her a few times, frowning slightly, appearing confused himself. But then he put a gentle, hot hand on her shoulder and guided her a few paces farther away from Josie and the mobile home. Leaning down near Olivia's ear, he muttered, "Laws, Olivia. Laws. Jesus!"

He glanced back at the open door of the trailer, then leaned over toward her again. "Listen, all right? And don't forget this. I don't know what your aunt is going to tell you about the arrangements here... but whatever she says," his voice became a desperate hiss, "you'd better do it."

His hand clamped down ferociously on her shoulder, and he shook her, just enough so that she whimpered and almost stumbled. She choked down a panicked urge to cry out, certain that would make things worse. Olivia had never been grabbed by a man like this before. She was terrified. Clutching at her suitcase, she staggered to get her balance, but the shifting weight of the case kept throwing her off. She felt like a puppet, like a flimsy little doll in his hand.

She trembled beneath his grip and tried to focus on simply listening and remembering - which was, after all, what he was trying to get her to do.

"For your sake and mine, girl, we don't want to mess this up. You understand me?" he growled. "Huh?" His breath was hot on the side of her face.

"Don't give anybody a reason to complain about you, y'hear? And don't give that woman any reason to send you back." He shook her some more. "You got that?"

Then Josie hollered, "Hey, mister! What the fuck?!" but she didn't

move. Olivia could tell her cousin's eyes were wide with fear, not anger. There weren't too many strong-willed men in the cousins' lives, so Mr. Bowens was territory that Josie appeared a little too afraid to cross. She did, however, still keep her head. "Momma!" she shouted, "the man's bein' mean to Livvy!"

Mr. Bowens instantly let go of Olivia's shoulder and stepped away from her. He yanked his keys out of his pocket, in the process also flinging out onto the dusty ground his rolled-up necktie. And a small roll of money, too. Twenty dollar bills? Olivia tried to make out the denomination on the outermost one, but before she could, Mr. Bowens had gasped and bent to retrieve his cash and his tie. As he straightened up, a voice came down from the trailer door.

"You left your crap on the table." It was Olivia's aunt, Jenelle.

She stood in the doorway, barefoot, wearing cut-off jeans and a thin pink spaghetti-strapped top. Olivia hadn't seen her since her mother's sentencing, but not much had changed. Aunt Jenelle was still curvy and tall and completely in control of her situation. She held up Mr. Bowens' black satchel. "I think you'll need this, don't you? Josie, come give this to the man."

The skinny blonde scrambled up the steps and retrieved the satchel. When she went over to hand it to Mr. Bowens she hesitated. He reached out to take his case from her, but she pulled it back. Then she dropped it on the ground between them. "There you go, you fuckin' asshole," she snarled, spitting forcefully onto the worn black office bag. "Don't you [i]ever[/i] grab my cousin like that again. Dick."

Mr. Bowens sputtered, spreading out his arms. He looked angry and afraid and terribly confused. "Hey! What're y- I mean, well-"

Then Aunt Jenelle laughed and completely silenced him. His eyes bulged as he watched her stretch up her bare arm and lean against the door frame. She wore no bra, it was obvious even from twenty feet away, and the woman's heavy, round breasts were thrown even more lusciously into the afternoon light as she cocked her hip. Mr. Bowens sucked in his breath but otherwise remained completely still, watching the woman as her chuckling died away. She swept some of her long blonde hair out of her eyes and glanced fondly down at Josie.

"That's just my Josie, tellin' it like it is, Mr. B," Aunt Jenelle fluttered her hand dismissively toward her daughter. "She's just a kid, after all. Don't let an eleven year-old get you so riled."

Josie turned back to Mr. Bowens, sticking out her tongue and kicking dust all over his case. Then she ran off around the far end of the trailer and disappeared.

"You did grab that girl, after all, Mr. B." Olivia's aunt stared almost sleepily at the social worker with her cold blue eyes, but then they suddenly narrowed and sharpened. "Or did you think I wouldn't notice that? Just 'cause I'm still up inside my little white trash trailer here...?"

Mr. Bowens cleared his throat and tried to stammer a response. "Well,

now, you see-

But Aunt Jenelle cut him off. "You don't mind if I call you that, do you? Mr. B?" She smiled at him so suddenly, so sweetly, as if nothing was possibly wrong or even slightly weird about her rapid change of mood. She stepped delicately down from the trailer, pointing her toes toward each new step as if she were dipping them into a cool mountain stream. Her calves and thighs flexed and stretched as she descended, so that even Olivia had to notice how long and well-toned her aunt's legs were.

Aunt Jenelle walked the short distance from the steps to where Mr. Bowens stood, her breasts bouncing in a steady, ponderous rhythm, and bent down to pick up the satchel for him. Walking had shrugged the thin straps down off her shoulders, so when she stood back up her top had shifted quite a bit, sliding down her large boobs until only her fat nipples appeared to be holding the top in place. She did nothing to fix it, and she smiled as Mr. Bowens tried heroically not to stare.

Olivia stared, though. She couldn't help herself, and she felt no shame in it, anyway. This was her mother's younger sister, the closest woman to her mother that she could get. Aunt Jenelle was taller and bigger than her own mom, but they shared the same shade of blue eyes, the same sort of nose, the same thick blonde hair. Olivia wondered if Aunt Jenelle was blonde between her legs, too, just like her mother. And if her nipples were surrounded by long, light blonde hairs, just like her mother's were. Her mom had told her many times that most women plucked all those out, just like a lot would shave all the hair off of everywhere else except their heads. Olivia used to think her mom had just been joking, but seeing the older girls at the state home had shown her otherwise. Could Aunt Jenelle be shaved and hairless everywhere, too?

In a flash, Olivia knew that she desperately wanted to find out as soon as possible, to see just how alike and how different her aunt really was from her mother. Just to get closer to her. Just to get at least a piece back of what she used to have, back when she had her own home, her own mom.

Excited, distracted, the girl didn't even realize that all her fear had completely disappeared. It was almost like her mother was right there in front of her, ready to protect and comfort her, no matter what. Olivia looked up into her aunt's face then, and smiled. Aunt Jenelle smiled back, and then she winked.

"Well now, uh, I don't mind," Mr. Bowens began, carefully watching everything around him but Aunt Jenelle's chest. "You can call me Mr. B, I guess. If that's what you want."

"Hmmm... 'what I want', huh? I'm glad you're keeping that in mind." Aunt Jenelle cocked her head a little to one side and smiled in a way that seemed to suck every bit of air right out of the social worker's lungs. He definitely looked nothing at all now like the mannequin caseworker Olivia had known for so many months. His face was full of

emotion, and it seemed as if he couldn't stay fixed in one feeling for very long at all. Sweat continued to roll down his cheeks and off his nose. But he finally did look at Aunt Jenelle's breasts. He gazed at them for a long time, his mouth going slack.

Aunt Jenelle took one hand off his satchel and reached up to slowly pull her top the rest of the way down, letting it fall around her waist. Olivia quivered all over. Her aunt's titties were so much bigger than her mother's. The nipples were a lot darker and fatter, too - and they were hairless! How different from her mother's; yet still they were undeniably beautiful, delectable breasts, and Olivia ached to put her mouth on them.

Mr. Bowens made a pitiful, strangled sound deep in his throat, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from what Aunt Jenelle was showing him. He didn't even look around once to see what possible "witnesses" there might be. But of course there weren't any. Neither he nor Olivia yet knew how much control over that trailer park Jenelle really had.

"Now, Mr. B, don't go havin' a heart attack on us, OK?" Aunt Jenelle chided. She looked down at her chest, dusted lightly with freckles, and shook her head. "They're just titties, after all."

Olivia found herself setting her suitcase back down and taking the satchel from her aunt, instead. She turned to her caseworker with it and smiled. "It's OK, Mr. Bowens, I'm not mad or scared or anything," Olivia said. "Take your briefcase thingie, OK? Please? I promise I'll be good."

Aunt Jenelle was pulling up her top again and turning away from Mr. Bowens, and so finally he seemed able to move. He reached out and took his case, staring down for a moment at Olivia with vacant eyes, as if he was still deeply focused on gazing at those gorgeous breasts.

"Um, well, OK then," he eventually said, attempting a casual smile at the girl. Since he'd never done something like that to Olivia before, the expression was just as startling to her as any he'd revealed in the past few minutes.

Then he was gone. The old country road hummed faintly with the sound of his Bronco II struggling to get out of third gear, but soon even his tire tracks in the yard were being steadily blown away by the relentless breeze.

"Come on in, honey," Aunt Jenelle's voice came to her from the steps. Olivia turned to see her aunt gripping the suitcase for her, smiling with sweet sincerity, holding the screen door wide open. "Let's get you in the tub and get you fed and comfy and all that good stuff. Then we'll get all caught up, OK?"

It seemed like ten times more tears were in her eyes then, washing away all the rest of the dirt and the sting of her arrival. Olivia didn't bother to hide them. She sobbed hard, barely able to walk, but with some gulping and face-wiping she finally made it to the first of the aluminum steps. The girl entered her new home.

* * *

"Who the fuck is that? Is that Livvy? Little Olivia?"

The voice came from across the small living room, from the other side of the darkness inside the trailer that Olivia's messy eyes were still adjusting to. The television was on. Someone was playing a video game. The huge, flat screen dominated one corner of the room; cartoonish figures were fighting some sort of one-on-one battle, while other figures stood here and there around the landscape, offering advice and special weapons. It was a girl versus a boy on the screen; at least, it was a pink-haired figure in a red tunic, jumping all over some poor figure wearing an orange suit, a headband, and spiky yellow hair. A Simpsons battle game? For real? Nah.

Olivia hadn't seen a video game system in so many months! She was instantly transfixed. Still sobbing quietly in ragged little breaths, the girl stood inside the doorway of the mobile home as her eyes adjusted to the light; she studied the characters running and bouncing all over the screen, losing herself in that moment, discovering a small amount of calm to cling to. This was normal. This was truly a home. Kids playing video games, loafing around, no big deal.

Her own Playstation 2 was locked up in a storage unit, along with all the rest of her and her mother's things. The house they'd lost when she went to jail was long since sold. Mr. Bowens had told her how the lawyer had put the last of her mother's bank money into renting a big storage unit for multiple years, making sure to get all their stuff boxed and packed away inside it, silently awaiting the day that the two of them could once again reclaim a regular life.

Olivia ground her teeth against those thoughts, tried to push them away for the millionth time. Her game system was there, yeah, along with Janie Jellybean, her favorite Cabbage Patch doll... and the pink sundress her mom had bought her for wearing to court that day, the only day they'd let her testify... and there were her shoes, her day-of-the-week panties, her barrettes and clips and frilly bands for her hair... and her drawing book, her pictures, all those wobbly, silly doodles she used to make and keep... and all those puppy dog figurines she'd collected... and her Nancy Drew books, every single one read and re-read and still so precious... and soccer cleats and shin guards and her ball... all locked up... all gone until forever came and went and she was too old and different to care about them anymore.

She knew it would happen eventually, that she'd just stop wanting it all back, cease needing it all around her again, all that stuff, all those objects that had given so much shape to her life from before. But right then and there she was nearly overwhelmed. The tears were going to come again if she didn't find a way to push those thoughts back down. She swallowed hard and concentrated on trying to see what was right in front of her, right then and there, so she wouldn't see into that lost

faraway any longer.

"Jesus, Livvy! You've grown like a foot since you last came around here! God!"

The source of the voice was still hidden from Olivia's view. All she could see was a dim outline of the person, sprawled in a recliner against the far wall, bouncing a foot up and down as it hung off the arm of the chair. And there was someone else. Olivia stepped a little farther into the room; sitting cross-legged on the floor a few feet away from the chair was the other person - a girl, clearly lit by the television's pinwheel light. She worked the controller in her hands with a steady, easy mastery, as she studied the screen with rapidly moving eyes, her lips parted, her long bangs hanging down around her eyes. She was very pretty, and she was older than Olivia by several years.

"Hey, Johnnie," Olivia said quietly, not wanting to break the girl's concentration. Johnnie answered in a flat, quick voice, "Hey, Livvy," as the pink-haired girl executed some sort of fancy pile-driving maneuver involving a crazy sequence of controller combinations and a lot of fascinating graphical effects.

The fight was soon over, and Johnnie paused the game as the setup screen for the next battle appeared. She strained upward from her cross-legged position on the floor to see Olivia over the top of the couch, which sat empty between them. Johnnie's t-shirt hung loosely over her flat chest, but her nipples were fat like her sisters', and they poked out against the fabric of her top with a lewd insistence. Olivia found herself staring, once again, at cousin-breasts, aching to suckle.

"You wanna play?" Johnnie asked, holding up the second controller. "It's a ninja game, and you can be whoever you want, girl or boy or whatever. It's pretty cool."

Olivia ached to get her hands on that controller. She'd get to sit close to another sexy cousin and she'd get to play a video game, too. Nodding her head, the girl was very nearly around the edge of the couch, preparing to engage her cousin in virtual combat, but then Aunt Jenelle's arm slid across Olivia's shoulders, gently redirecting her steps to the right and toward the trailer's only hallway.

"Now hold on, Livvy, baby," cooed Jenelle. "Don't forget - you're a mess. You need to clean up first. You should see the dirt that's on you, girl!"

"Ah! I forgot!" Livvy suddenly didn't care at all about video games or storage units or anything else. She had a chance to take a bath - and to be in a bathroom alone, truly in private with a lock on the door and no chance of somebody barging in, for the first time in months! Olivia nearly ran down the hall.

From the living room Olivia could faintly hear a voice grumbling, "Well, fuck, that was rude. She didn't even say hi back to me or nothin'. What a little cunt." But Aunt Jenelle, who was trailing behind, called back, "Just relax, Jeannie. And why don't you turn on a light? I can't

even see you over there. Olivia probably couldn't, either."

The girl stopped at the bathroom door and turned, waiting for her aunt to catch up. Jenelle ducked into a bedroom door first, re-emerging a second later empty-handed. "I put your suitcase on the bed, so you can change in there when you're done," she said. "We don't have but the two bedrooms, remember, so you'll be in there with the twins and Julia." Aunt Jenelle's mouth went a little crooked then, nearly smiling, but not quite. "I'll let the four of you figure out your sleeping needs and all that. I don't really care. And there's always the couch, too." Jenelle nodded her head back toward the living room, "but Johnnie sleeps out there most of the time, so you'd have to work something out with her if you want to use that pull-out. Most of the time she just crashes on the couch in the middle of some stupid video game, drooling all over herself. Pitiful little addict."

Jenelle winked at her then, raising a long, soft hand and running her fingers through Olivia's dark hair. The girl shuddered and went instantly weak in her knees. That touch! How long had it been since her mother had done that same thing, caressed her head, smoothed her hair, smiled down at her with her perfect blue eyes? Olivia sobbed hard and forced her eyelids closed. She let her aunt's hand linger in her hair, let her heart run wild as it pounded through her body once again.

"Oh, Livvy, you poor thing," Jenelle murmured. "It's all right." Then her aunt pulled Olivia to her, and the girl flung herself forward, clutching with all her strength at her aunt, hugging and squeezing and weeping, her face buried between Jenelle's huge, soft breasts. Tears and snot and dirt were getting all over her aunt, for sure, but Jenelle didn't push the girl away; she held her firmly and continued to stroke her hair, cooing wordlessly and letting Olivia get all the hug she wanted.

Finally the girl let go. It was just too much. If she kept letting herself get all crazy and sad and happy and lonely all at once like that, she was sure her aunt would start having second thoughts about keeping her. Because who wanted to deal with all the crap that comes along with a desperate, needy twelve year-old? Orphaned by the state, mother thrown in jail, passed around by fosters, tossed into the girls' home, failing a grade at school, weeping a lot by herself or else reacting to nothing, most times around other people as cold and quiet as stone, and yet inside feeling everything all at once all the time, finally pouring out her cauldron-heart only now, when she was finally held again, loved again, and touched with a gentle hand.

It would freak anybody out. Olivia had to get control of herself. She stepped away from Aunt Jenelle and finally turned her back, moving toward the little bath tub. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I messed up your top."

Jenelle just laughed, glancing down. She quickly pulled her top off, tossing it on top of the hamper crammed between the sink and the toilet. "It's all right. It washes." Her hands were on her hips, her back

arched. Her heavy, swaying breasts were damp here and there from Olivia's face, and the girl suddenly wanted right back between them, nuzzling, licking, tasting. But the girl fought hard to avoid looking, knowing how obvious she already was; and Aunt Jenelle was not her mother, after all. She wasn't sure how her aunt felt about all that. She wasn't even sure how much her aunt really knew.

"Now, you need to wash, too," Jenelle declared, reaching for the door and slowly pulling it closed as she stepped back out of the bathroom. "Just you lock this door and don't worry one bit about taking as long as you need, OK? If one of these little kittens comes and wants in, just tell 'em to go piss on a tree. They can always go down to the laundry room commodes anyway, if they're really that desperate. So don't worry about them. You fill that tub and enjoy it."

With that, the door was closed. Olivia nearly leaped across the small space to hit the lock. "Just don't fall asleep and drown!" teased her aunt. Then she felt the soft vibrations of her aunt continuing down the hallway toward the master bedroom.

Olivia instantly began undressing. She tore off her shirt, yanked down her shorts and panties in one grab, and nimbly stepped out of the leg holes, leaving her shoes and socks on for the moment. Stepping in front of the mirror, she looked at her own breasts. The girls' home didn't give out bras to girls until they were embarrassingly puffy-chested, and Olivia had just begun to reach that state. Her nipples weren't as fat as her cousins' and they were darker, sharper-looking. Her chest bumps had recently become more like little soft cones of flesh, a perfect mouthful, and just the thought of a mouth on them made her nearly collapse in a heap.

An intoxicating warmth flooded the girl's body; she began to feel nearly sick in the pit of her stomach with need. Running her fingers along the sides of her soft mounds, then slowly fanning each finger back and forth across the tips of her nipples, Olivia couldn't help but moan quietly and watch herself. Her face was flushed, cheeks red beneath the grime and grit-streaks of her tears. Her neck was even red, down her throat and nearly halfway down the center of her chest, blushing evidence of her deep, yearning lust.

Pinching her nipples in steady rhythm, the girl stared into her own eyes and focused only on that moment. It was the one thing no one had truly been able to take away from her, at least not yet. She could still touch herself. She could still make those feelings come. She could still rub and pinch and pull and poke herself. Not as often or as completely as she wanted, but she'd managed well enough to keep her sanity, all those months. Even without the guaranteed privacy of a bathroom with a locking door, she'd still managed to sneak into the girls' home gang bathroom every now and then, deep into the night, when it was long past curfew and the other girls were lost in their pillows and snores. Sometimes a girl or two were already there, and then she'd leave them alone and go in frustration back to her bed, to try and masturbate with the least amount of motion and noise

possible, beneath her sheets in a room with nine other girls.

But there had been times, at least a few, when the bathroom had been open, empty, and gloriously safe in the deep quiet of the night; she'd let herself rub luxuriously, sloppily, at her pussy; she'd let herself moan a tiny bit, pant out loud for breath as the shuddering moments would come; she'd quietly groan, "Mommy", while she'd suck on a naughty finger or two, strumming at her clit with her other hand, until she was too tired to go on.

Now she was in a real home with a bathroom door that locked, and with permission to be alone, take her time, and relax. It was only a thought, but it made her feel so good she almost lost her balance, and she closed her eyes to the pleasure. Her breasts beneath her hands were on fire. Her insides were molten, scalding, and perfect.

The screen door creaked, she heard a footstep, then it slammed. A sudden shout burst down the hallway, and Olivia jumped back to reality, whirling on the locked door. "Momma! Where's Livvy?!" It was Jessie. "Momma!"

"Calm down, Jess," came Aunt Jenelle's slow, pretty drawl. By the sound, Olivia could tell she was walking past the bathroom, toward the front of the trailer. "Olivia's going to take a bath and get changed. You leave her alone and let her have a chance to get used to things."

"Aw, shit!" Jessie pouted. "We wanted to show her some stuff, Momma!"

"Well, just show her later, then. And put on a shirt."

"No way, Momma!" Jessie laughed, her voice going muffled as she leapt back outdoors, the screen door creaking and slamming again. "My titties feel too good in this good old country air!" Then giggles, and Olivia could hear Josie there with her, and then the light patter of bare feet on the dusty grass, past the bathroom's open window and around the other end of the trailer, chased by a bellow of "SLUT!" from the voice in the living room. "You goddamn little lezzie slut! Do what Momma says!"

But the girls were long gone, again, and all Olivia heard was the quiet voice of her aunt, "Be quiet, Jeannie. Jessie's not doing any harm."

"Jesus, Momma!" was the only reply. Then there was nothing but the distant sounds of a video game and the pounding in Olivia's ears of her own racing heart.

The girl stepped one foot on the other, then, and pulled out of her tennis shoes. Bending to peel off her socks, she took a moment to dig a finger between her toes, bringing the finger up to her face for a long, slow whiff of the funk she'd collected. Ah, one more thing that was still hers. They couldn't take her body, could they? Its funny little holes and cracks and creases. The smells it could make! Why did she love it all so much?

She bent again and dug between her toes, this time with all four fingers of each hand squirming between all five toes of each foot. Her

fingertips then went lightly back and forth between her nose, her eyes closed, as she lost herself to her own sweet stink.

Settling down on the floor, she sat like a butterfly, rubbing the soles her feet against each other, her knees lolled out wide. Her pussy lips parted, and the odor that wafted over her then was heaven. It was her own little beastly aroma, the scent a dog could follow and pounce upon. The stink that drove her mad with longing. Her mother's was heavier, far stronger than hers, a smell of stale pissy hair and gooey sweat, the reek of a warm, excited cunt, not so much as fishy-smelling as her own little slit; her mother's had been far sweeter to sniff at, and much, much better to taste. But Olivia liked her own well enough. Especially when it was all she could get.

The girl dipped three fingers down to her pussy. One for the slick middle groove, the other two on either side, running between her inner and outer lips. She rubbed, smelled, and tasted with her fingers, over and over, while her feet rubbed soles slowly, sensuously, and her other hand found once again a nipple, pinching, pulling, twisting.

Olivia eventually lifted her foot and grasped it in both hands, bending down as she brought it up to her face. She rubbed her sole against her cheek, ran her nose across the arch, and finally slid her tongue between each toe. For a long time she sucked and licked on that foot and then the other, pausing every now and then to go back to her pussy, collecting more and more of the juice that was beginning to flow freely onto the fuzzy yellow bath mat.

A sudden thump against the trailer brought the girl instantly to her feet. At the open window was a face. Jessie! Her hands were clutching the windowsill and just her nose and eyes and the top of her head was visible. But that window was way, way off the ground!

"Caught 'ya!" Jessie squealed, then glanced down. "She's doin' herself, Josie! Just like I said! Ha! You owe me a dollar!"

"Fuck that!" came Josie's voice, "I don't believe it just cause you say. You ain't gettin' my dollar, bitch."

Olivia could barely breathe. It was as if she'd been suddenly turned to glass, picked up, and shattered against the floor. She sank down to her knees, staring in shock at Jessie's winking eyes. "I'm standin' on Josie's shoulders, Livvy! I can't believe you actually left the blinds up! How stupid!"

But her cousin seemed to sense the trouble she'd caused, and she stared at Olivia in silence for a long, serious moment.

"Ah, shit, Livvy. I did it again. I'm so sorry." Jessie muttered. "I didn't mean nothin' by it."

"It's OK," the girl managed to reply, acutely aware of her wet feet, wet crotch, and the stink that was still lingering in her nostrils.

Jessie's face was red. "No, Livvy, really. I'm sorry. We shoulda' left you alone. It's my fault. We won't tell nobody. Honest. I fucking swear."

"No," Olivia said, blushing hard and fluttering her hands in her lap. "I'm the one who's sorry. I'm such a freak."

Jessie snorted. "Freak? Fuck that! You should see what Josie and me do in that bathroom! Good lord." Olivia couldn't help but chuckle. Jessie went on, in a quieter voice, "You can see tonight, Livvy, if you want. Well, not in the bathroom, exactly. Josie and me got it all planned out already. If you want. But it's OK if you don't."

"Uh, OK," Olivia stammered back, the warmth beginning to flood through her again. "I think I'd like that."

Jessie beamed, then looked back down, whispering hoarsely. "She said OK about later, Josie! Fuckin' A! Now lemme' jump off, bitch!"

Olivia's cousin turned back to give her one last wink, then her face disappeared from the window. There was a soft thump, and then the sound once again of feet scampering around the far end of the yard. Olivia slowly stood back up and closed the window, pulled down the blinds.

She turned the bath water on, got the temperature just past warm, and gently slipped in. The water wasn't even covering all the bottom yet, so when her ass touched the cold hard vinyl of the trailer tub, she nearly yelped out loud. But soon enough the water was a few inches deep, and the warm flow was melting her. The girl scooted her ass forward until it was nearly to the pounding cascade of the spigot; that way her head could rest on the bottom of the tub as it filled. The water rushed into and over her ears, and though she knew it'd be a pain to clear her ears later, she left her head still.

Propping her feet on the vinyl wall above the hot and cold fixtures, Olivia let her hands stray back down to her open pussy, splashing the water up and down in her slit, splashing water up onto her thighs, her belly, even up to her little titties. It was so warm as it hit and ran back off!

Before the tub could fill up past her sides and over her puffy breasts, Olivia decided to go through with one of her oldest and most favorite bath time rituals. She pulled her knees back toward her head, scooched her ass up a little, and held her cunt lips open wide. Her bladder was nice and full from the long ride over to Aunt Jenelle's. Mr. Bowens had bought her a thirty-two ounce soda when he'd filled up with gas, and now the warm bath water was going to easily coax it out of her.

With a small grunt, Olivia began to piss. Her urine, much more yellow than usual, sprayed up above her body, arcing back toward her torso, and rained down all over her chest and face. The hissing force of her pissing hole was covered by the thunder from the faucet, so Olivia let herself push really hard. The gushing pee splashed against her in thick drops like bombs - so much hotter than the bath! She opened her mouth and collected gulp after gulp of her own bitter piss, snorting and coughing as it went right up her nose and down her throat, but she still went back for more.

After a few moments she was empty, and she lowered her legs back down. The bath water was now nearly up the sides of her face to her eyes and mouth, and soon she'd have to close them all so she could float a little underneath the surface. It was heavenly. To take a bath in her own piss, with plenty of regular water to keep the smell off, and soap and shower later to make sure of it.

She closed her eyes and her mouth, and she let the fluids rise. She imagined she was sinking deep down to the bottom of a warm, huge tub - a garden one, like she and her mother used to have - and it was glittering, golden inside, filled with pee.

There were times when her mother had let her do it that way, when they'd spent a whole Saturday or Sunday peeing only in the tub, letting it get as deep as possible before getting in at night, filling it the rest of the way with hot water, and taking turns going under, rolling around in it, coming up spluttering and splashing and laughing... while the other sat nearby on the toilet with her pussy open, sliding her fingers here and there and everywhere, waiting for her turn.

And then, of course, they'd finish it up with the two of them in it together. They'd kiss and drink mouthfuls of pissy bath water and drink mouthfuls of fresh pissing cunt and laugh and tickle and hug. And on and on, until by the end they were too dirty and messy and smelly for the bath, and the shower had to come on and make them clean again.

A few minutes later, beneath the trailer shower, her hair shampooed, her body scrubbed clean with soap, Olivia realized she hadn't really gone all-out on her own pussy. Not after Jessie had appeared. Hadn't even let the faucet pound on her clit - damn! But then she remembered what Jessie had said, and she thought about the prospect of seeing her cousins there in that bathroom, doing whatever wonderful things that twins must do; and she was happy to wait a little while.

It was her new home, after all, and hopefully she'd have plenty more times later to rub herself as much as she pleased.

But at that moment she was hungry - starving! It was time to get out and get dressed and go eat, if she could. That was another part of being home, right? Wandering into the kitchen, snacking, laying around and munching on Doritos and Cheetos and whatever else the mommy had brought from the store? The girl was nearly shaking, the thought excited her so much. She couldn't wait for some good old fashioned junk food!

Olivia towed off and wrapped it around her slender body; she slowly opened the bathroom door, then tiptoed down to the first bedroom. The video game was still going strong in the family room, and no other sounds could be heard. She made it inside and closed the door behind her. The suitcase was on one of the two beds, and a note on top of it read: "Put your things in the dresser by the window - you get the top three drawers and Julia will get the bottom ones - and there's room in the closet. We'll go buy you some new stuff tomorrow! Jenelle."

In a moment the clothes were put away and Olivia was dressed. She finished toweling her hair and ran her brush through it; she glanced briefly in the small round mirror above the dresser, content to let it hang straight and damp around her lightly-flushed face. Then, forgetting her manners completely, the girl left her wet towel in a heap on the bed and pranced happily out of the bedroom and back down the hall.

There on the couch sat Jessie - at last with a shirt back on - and Josie and their little sister, Julia, who looked just like them, only smaller and prettier somehow. Johnnie was still on the floor playing a video game. Now it was something starring Barbie and princesses, and there was a lot of 3D dancing and flowers and chirping birds. A lamp was on across the room, and Olivia could finally see the figure in the easy chair, now fast asleep. It was Jeannie, her oldest cousin, and the one who looked the least like Aunt Jenelle of all the cousins.

Jeannie's father had been a black man, and the teenager's mixed race was easily apparent. Her hair was a dull, light brown, and curly. Not frizzy, though, like a lot of the mulatto girls' hair back at the girls' home. Jeannie's was clearly a wild head of hair, nonetheless, and it looked like she didn't much care to mess with it; there were snarls and stray locks going everywhere, like permanent bedhead.

Jeannie's sleeping face was beautiful, with high cheekbones and full, red lips, and a nose covered in dark freckles. There were more freckles on her cheeks beneath her eyes, and even more freckles on her arms and legs. She was tall like Jenelle, and her breasts were nearly as big. She wore a spaghetti top like Janelle, too, but with one difference: Jeannie was pregnant; her belly rose up bare and round, and her shirt was bunched above it, just beneath her breasts, as if it had utterly given up on ever being able to stretch downward again.

Olivia stared, taken by surprise. She hadn't known her cousin was knocked up. But there was no doubt. "She's seven months," whispered Josie, who wasn't taking her eyes off the Barbie twirling all around on the huge TV. "And it makes her even pissier than usual, so watch out!"

Jeannie was snoring softly, and she shifted a little in the recliner. With a shock, Olivia realized her cousin wasn't wearing any pants - or panties. Jeannie was sprawled back in the chair, and her legs were apart at an angle that let Olivia see fairly well beneath her ballooning abdomen; she spotted a thick mass of curly brown hair, framed by thighs on either side that were dusted in dark, small freckles. The girl stared even more, forgetting entirely her hunger. She just stood at the end of the couch and took in the sight of her nearly-naked cousin, sleeping peacefully next to her sisters, sexy from head to toe.

"She don't wear no panties or nothin', neither," whispered Jessie, like her twin not taking her eyes from the dancing Barbies. "She says it's too much of a pain to pull them up and down when she's got to pee so much all the time."

"Yeah and plus she don't much like the granny panties that they make

for preggies, anyways," whispered Josie.

Jessie continued, "She says she don't think it matters, anyways, about wearing clothes in the house or not. And Momma don't give a shit. Not at all. Jeannie don't never really even go outside anymore, so she just covers her tits now to keep 'em from flopping around so much."

"She's so fuckin' lazy," Josie muttered.

"Yeah, but don't tell her we said that," Jessie finished, glancing finally up at Olivia. Her face brightened. "Hey, Livvy, you have a nice bath?"

Olivia blushed hard, but she managed to smile back. "Yeah, I'm all clean now. And hungry. You think it's all right if I get a snack?"

Then Julia spoke up for the first time, jumping off the couch and leaping at Olivia. She hugged her hard and then stepped back, pulling her older cousin by the hand after her. "I'll show you the snacks, Livvy! We can dip Oreos!"

Soon they were perched at the small kitchen table beyond the living room, where she and Julia were able to sit shoulder-to-shoulder and see Johnnie's game while they shared a small pile of Oreos and a big glass of milk Olivia couldn't help but sigh.

Julia, who'd never in the years before had very much to say to Olivia, because she'd always been so little and seemed so shy, leaned away from Olivia and stared at her, smiling. "You're happy," she said.

Olivia nodded, her mouth full of milky cookie, glad she had an easy reason not to talk for a while. It would have been difficult to speak without sobbing, the lump had risen so quickly in her throat at her cousin's tender words.

They went back to eating quietly, and Olivia watched the princesses dance.

Chapter 2

Olivia remembers what her mom did, and she watches her cousins defile the neighborhood slave-boy.

(puffy, inc, gtwins, Ff, gg/m, fg, bdsm, anal, oral, medical, voy, MILF, ws, vom, spit)

The day Olivia arrived at her Aunt Jenelle's was smack in the middle of summer, and inside the little trailer it had gotten quite hot by the time the sun began to sink beyond the treeline at the far end of the pasture across the road. There were two window-mounted air conditioners - one in the kitchen and one at the opposite end of the trailer, in Janelle's bedroom, but neither of them were enough to cool off that metal box. Not, at least, with Olivia crammed inside it with six other females, and all of them seeming to take turns making Olivia hot in an entirely other way.

Olivia, though only twelve, was completely aware of her attractions. Whether or not it was her mother's fault didn't really worry her. Her

mom had always liked other women and hadn't been shy or apologetic about it in the least. Olivia remembered from her earliest days watching her mother make love to other women, and by the time she'd begun to get included in all of it, to Olivia it seemed like the most natural thing in the world. And it felt so good!

A few years worth of schooling, however, made her begin to think that she was not as normal as she'd first assumed. Even as she learned about cooties and watched girls blush their secrets behind little huddles about which boy they'd held hands with or which boy they'd let kiss their cheek or see their privates, Olivia still had to spend quite a lot of time working out that cooties from girl-to-girl or from boy-to-boy were never a worry for an entirely different reason than she'd originally assumed.

Here theory had been: why worry about cooties from girl-to-girl when girls were supposed to touch each other and kiss each other and lick each other's privates? It was going and doing all that with boys that was the danger! Nothing between girls could ever be bad, that's what Olivia had believed.

Then, in second grade, she tried to kiss another girl at recess, out beyond the blacktop, behind a big oak tree. The girl let her, but not for long, standing still and silent as Olivia pressed her parted lips against the girl's face. She flicked her tongue against the tight seam of the other girl's lips until it was clear there couldn't be anything good about that kiss. By the end of the day Olivia was in the principal's office, and her mother was sitting beside her, squeezing her hand so tightly, begging the principal to forgive her little girl.

"She just doesn't understand about these things yet," her mother pleaded. "Please blame me, not her. I haven't done a good job telling her the birds and the bees."

"Birds and bees?!" the principal fumed. She was a grandmotherly woman, large and huffy, and Olivia had half-expected to see a rolling pin emerge at any moment, swinging for their heads. "This isn't birds and bees, Ms. Palmer! This is birds and birds! This is something else entirely!"

The next day Olivia and her mother began living under a new set of rules.

"I didn't think you'd be such a little fool to try something like that at school, Livvy!" her mother had scolded her. "Not when you're barely eight!"

"But Mommy, it's what you do all the time!" Olivia had countered. "I didn't know it was bad! I didn't!"

"It's NOT bad!" her mother had cried, grasping Olivia by the shoulders and staring hard at her. "But there is to be no kissing for little girls at school. Do you hear? That is against the rules at school, all the way until all your school is done. That's simply not the place to do that stuff. So don't!"

"But what if I kiss birds-with-bees instead?" the girl asked.

"Not even that!" Her mother smiled then, pulling her into a soft, long hug. "Not even if he begs you, sweetie. School is not the place for birds-with-anybody."

"So... at sleepovers then? Is that OK?"

Her mother had laughed at that and tousled Olivia's dark hair. "You ninny! Did you like kissing that girl that much?"

Olivia remembered vividly how tight her chest had felt then, how desperate and sad she suddenly became at the thought that a whole world of kissing and touching would be taken away from her. She was afraid of what her mother was going to say, but she answered honestly anyway.

"Oh, Mommy, I did like it! I more than liked it! It was almost as good as kissing you! Can I please please please keep kissing girls if I only kiss them away from school, like at my house or at the movies or the mall or something? Please?!"

Olivia's mother had grinned, then, and said, "Well, maybe, as long as I get to meet the girl first and get to know her and her family a little... and, well..." she'd leaned in and kissed Olivia then, a short, soft kiss with only a little tongue. "As long you think Mommy still kisses the best..." and another kiss then, longer, deeper, until Olivia was nearly melted through. "I guess I won't mind."

The focus, then, during those next few weeks, had been to find any girl in her class who would want to come over to her house and kiss her. There was one girl, a slightly chubby, sweet kid named Alicia, who was happy to make new friends with Olivia and showed no interest at all in boys. But when Olivia had told her mother that Alicia's father was a minister, that was the end of that. For the whole rest of the school year, not one single other prospect could be found.

With boys, though, it had been a little different. A middle school kid in her neighborhood had begun to come around their house in the afternoons, while Olivia's mother was still at work. He was a seventh grader, just beginning to get zits, with a croaky voice and never wearing enough deodorant. He'd ride his bike into Olivia's driveway and talk with her. Usually Olivia had liked doing her homework while swinging on the front porch, watching the occasional cars going by in her neighborhood, waving at the old lady next door tending her roses, listening to the sounds of things flying around from tree to tree, flower to flower. She began to like listening to this boy, too; much to her surprise. But he said the nicest things.

"You're the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, you know," he'd tell her. He often brought her little gifts, and the first time he'd told her that he'd just handed her a shoebox filled with baseball cards. "There ain't much in there worth a lot, but I figured you'd like it," he'd said. "And I got more I can bring you, too."

Eventually her mother began to notice the new accumulation of boy

things in Olivia's room. "Why do you have a shot-up milk carton, Livvy? Are those bb's rattling around in there? Are you shooting a gun after school with somebody?!" She was made to round up all the gifts she'd received - even the old soccer ball he'd given her, which she had particularly liked - and one evening her mother drove off farther into the neighborhood with her, scouting for this boy until Olivia spotted him in a driveway, helping his mother take in groceries.

Olivia had remained in the car while her mother took the box full of items up to the boy's mother and set it at her feet. The woman gave her grocery bag to her son while she bent to inspect the box, looking up occasionally while Olivia's mother talked. The girl couldn't hear what was said, but suddenly the other mom had looked hard at the car and at Olivia's little face peering out. In shock and fear, the woman had straightened up, turned on her son - who was still obediently standing by, though now quite pale - and she slapped him hard across the mouth. He cried out and dropped the groceries as his mother continued to hit him repeatedly. A grapefruit rolled all the way back down the driveway and across the road before she stopped, standing over the boy, screaming at him. He'd fallen to the concrete, shielding his head, crying.

By the time Olivia's mom had returned to the car, the other mother had made her son go inside; she ended up just standing there, empty-handed and panting, alone by the open garage door, staring blankly at the capsized mess of groceries on the driveway in front of her.

"He won't come bothering you again, Livvy," her mother had said as they drove away. "Don't worry."

Yet Olivia had gone blank as well. "But Mommy," she'd said, "He promised he would kiss my pussy on my birthday!"

Thus had begun a whole new set of rules. Kissing was for girls-with-girls. Absolutely only. So was licking privates and everything else. No boys. No boys. No boys. And homework was to be done inside, from that day forward. No going outside at all until Mommy came home.

"Boys are just more trouble than they're worth, sweetie," her mom had declared. "The only thing they have that's worth anything to a girl is not one bit better than what a girl can get from any old grocery store. And besides, when you grow up you can just do what Mommy does, and use a little girl's hand...."

Olivia's mother stopped bringing home other women by the time the next school year was over. "You're grown up enough now, Livvy, to be all the woman I need!" her mother had told her that summer before fourth grade. "Would you like to be Mommy's all-the-time girlfriend?"

Olivia, of course, had squealed "YES!" and thrown herself into her mother's laughing embrace.

Then, little more than a year later, her mother was arrested. Olivia discovered that her mother, who was a nurse for a local family doctor, had been caught nude in an examination room with a sixteen year-old

girl, a volleyball player for the high school school who had come for her annual physical. They'd been locked on each other's pussies when another nurse had barged in unexpectedly.

By the end of that horrible day, Olivia was staying with the first of her nine temporary foster families. It took nine until Mr. Bowens got her case and realized the girl wouldn't begin to eat or function normally until she was completely out of any kind of regular family home. The pain of that normalcy had simply been too much for her. Each new mommy was a new reminder of the mommy she'd lost. Each new bedroom was a reminder of the big bed with her mommy that she was never allowed to share again.

The state, of course, had completely forbidden all face-to-face meetings between Olivia and her mother, at least until after the trial and sentencing were finished. Her mother's lawyer had brought her the pretty pink dress for her one day in court, telling her how her mother had spent a long time on the lawyer's computer searching for just the right one. Then in court her mother could only stare with wide, weeping eyes as Olivia lied over and over again about whether or not her mother had ever touched her, ever kissed her, ever made her privates melt and flow with a love ten trillion times better than the brightest heaven.

They did meet, then, just once, on the day that her mother was set to move from the county jail to the state penitentiary two hundred miles away. Mr. Bowens was there, and so was her mother's lawyer, a chubby woman in her forties who bullied Mr. Bowens back out of the room. His protests were drowned out by the lawyer's throaty declarations of the girl's safety. "You heard her in court, sir!" the woman bellowed. "Her mother has never touched her like that! Dammit! Don't you have a heart? Give a mother one small moment to be with her child!"

With Mr. Bowens and a guard peering in through the window in the tiny holding room's door, Olivia finally got the chance to feel her mother's arms around her again, to be held close. As they wept and clung to each other, not speaking, her mother's hand kept a steady soft rhythm against her hair, smoothing it over and over. Neither could speak, even when they pulled apart and stared into each other's eyes for minutes on end.

Olivia had wanted to ask her why some other girl had made her do such silly things in such a dangerous place to do them, and she'd wanted to know if that other girl had been her mother's secret girlfriend, if Olivia had done something wrong and had lost her mother's love. But she couldn't. Staring straight at the fact that her mother was about to leave her for a very long time, Olivia realized that she didn't care about that other girl. She knew her mother still loved her. She knew her mother had just messed up. That was all. God, how it was going to hurt them both. And for so long!

Finally, her mother had pulled her close for a last, lingering embrace, and her mouth began to whisper close in Olivia's ear. The thrill of that

warm breath on her hair and skin sent shivers of lust through the girl, and despite her gnawing sadness, despite the terror of knowing her mother was going away to a horrible prison, Olivia moaned and squeezed her eyes shut and wished that, just one more time, she could feel her mother's mouth on her little pussy, to ride her mother's tongue as it squirmed its way up inside her tiny, tight little holes.

"You be good for whoever is taking care of you, all right? And you be good in school. If anyone makes fun of you, just let them. Don't worry about it. You getting into trouble over it will just break my heart, do you hear?"

Olivia just kept her eyes shut and nodded, clutching at her mother's ugly orange jumpsuit with all her strength.

"And if it all works out and your Aunt Jenelle can ever keep you, make sure you give her every bit of your love and not one ounce of trouble, OK? She'll have a lot of kids to handle anyway, and you don't want to make things hard on her, too. Besides Miss Cathy, she's all you and I've got. Remember that."

Olivia had managed a weak "OK" just before her mother went on.

"Cathy's got something for you for later, so don't you forget to ask her about it. Don't ask her yet, just wait a little while. That Mr. Bowens is too touchy for her to give it to you out in the open, so be patient. I want to explain so many things to you right now, you know, but I can't! Just wait on Miss Cathy to choose the right time, and you'll understand things a lot better. You'll see!"

Olivia asked if the lawyer's name was Miss Cathy, and it was, of course. Funny that her mother hadn't called her Ms. Stevenson, like the judge and Mr. Bowens, but the girl guessed it was OK to use first names if the lawyer was your own.

"I've appointed her to be your temporary guardian until your Aunt Jenelle can get you, sweetie," her mother had finally said. "But you can't stay with her. That would be risky, we think. But she'll watch over your situation with everything she's got. Don't worry. So just hang in there. It's going to be the girls' home until Jenelle's, all right?"

Then, all too soon, she was gone. Olivia was steered out of the little room by bland Mr. Bowens, and Miss Cathy had to jump in to hold her mother back as the door was beginning to close, blocking back the guard who rushed in to subdue her.

"I love you, Livvy! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry, baby!"

Those were the last words Olivia heard of her mother's until five months later, when Mr. Bowens finally allowed Miss Cathy to take Olivia out for dinner and a movie, just the two of them. Not more than ten words were exchanged between the two the whole time, but it had been nice, all the same. The older lady had simply gazed at the little girl with big, watery eyes, obviously taking great pity on her, and Olivia had sat quietly and eaten the food and watched to movie, happy to be away from her usual state-mandated life.

As they'd climbed back into Miss Cathy's Grand Cherokee after the movie, Olivia finally felt like she had to ask.

"I'm sorry, Miss Cathy, but is there anything my Mommy wanted you to give me?"

And there was. Miss Cathy silently handed her mini tape recorder, pressing play as it passed into the little girl's hands.

The voice was her mother's, full of emotion:

Oh, Livvy, I'm so sorry for what I've gotten us into! I'm so sorry. I know you must think I don't love you, doing what did with that other girl, but it's just because Mommy is so stupid and weak.

...Angie'd been a patient of my doctor's since she was your age, and with every new year she was more and more beautiful. She had dark hair and was tall and thin and smart, and she looked so much like you. I wanted to eat her up every time I saw her. Once she got to middle school and then high school she wasn't sick so much, so I really only saw her the last couple of years during her physical. If she didn't get that, then she couldn't play sports at the school. So the time before this last one I did all sorts of complimenting of her and flirting with her, just to see how she'd react. I was thinking she could come home and play with us sometime, you know.

...Yes, don't worry, Miss Cathy knows every bit of the truth. You don't have to worry about her hearing this. She and I have worked out an understanding about certain things, OK?

...Anyway, that time before last had been the first time Angie had come to us without her mother sitting in the room with her. So when I did the usual examination I made sure to add some new procedures, telling her this was the all star treatment. That time it was only me eating her, but she really liked it. And she tasted so nice! I'm sorry, sweetie, but she did.

...So I'm sorry to tell you, but I started seeing Angie a lot after that. For about five months. Remember when I said the doctor was putting me on extra hours? It wasn't true. I was driving to meet Angie down the road from her house, before she'd get back from her volleyball practice. We'd make love in my car or in this little hotel I'd begun making payments to, and I started to teach her a few things that she really liked.

...I'd told her that I had a daughter that looked just like her, but I didn't tell her what you and I did. I was trying to lead up to that. I wanted to show her your picture and to ask her if she'd ever fantasized about making love to a ten-and-a-half year-old little girl. But then we broke up. Just like that. So it was really lucky she hadn't known about you and I. You'd never have been able to lie like that at the trial. And you did so good! I was so proud of you! And my sentence would have been a whole lot worse, Miss Cathy tells me.

...When she dumped me, Angie said I was too old for her and that she had a new girlfriend at school. And I was like a sick puppy for so long! I went by to try and find her for several weeks, but Angie wasn't walking home from practice anymore. I went by her house a lot, too, and I finally saw her getting out of another girl's car. A girl who was probably a junior or senior, definitely a bit older than Angie, and very pretty, really. Angie saw me and pointed, saying something to her friend - and it had to be her new girlfriend because she jumped up out of her Kia and shouted 'dyke bitch!' at me and flipped

me the bird.

...So I knew that was really over. I stopped working those extra hours. Remember? That was also when I started letting you tie me up. Remember? Remember hitting me with that belt? And the candles and the clothespins? And those needles? I imagined you were punishing me for what I did. That you were making me pay. It helped me get over her. Remember how I used to beg you to hit me harder? How we bought those special things on the Internet? God. And that cane we got from the garden center that time? Remember that? Oh, those months were great, sweetie. I really needed it like that, believe me. Sometimes I'm sorry we stopped it, you know? Did you ever miss it, after we stopped?

...Anyway, all of a sudden it's the next year and time for physicals and Angie walks in. She tells me she's single again, then right away we're kissing, without even saying another word, and within maybe five minutes it's over. I'm caught and it's all ... well ... God ... it's all over.

...I'm so sorry, sweetie, that I messed things up like this! I love you so much, and I don't want you to hate me! If I can get parole at five years, like Cathy says I might, will you still want me? Will you take me back?

...But I can't tell you how you should or shouldn't feel. You might really hate me now. You might not ever want me back. And I can't tell you what to do. I have to trust Miss Cathy and your Aunt Jenelle to watch over you and help you when they can. Just be smart. Don't let our troubles get you into more trouble, OK? Even if you do hate me, and even if you never want me in your life again. Don't ruin yourself just because your mom is a stupid lesbian whore.

...And if you want a girlfriend or two while we're apart - of course, sweetie, I don't mind! Really. I want you to. Just be smart and not let it get you into trouble, all right? I mean, don't waste these fun years of being a kid by sitting around moping and waiting for washed up old me. God knows I won't be allowed to wait on you. I'm sorry to tell you this way, but Miss Cathy can tell you it's true - women here in jail don't get much chance to say 'no' about those things. If you're wanted for sex, you have the sex. Otherwise I get beaten up pretty badly. So I'm sorry. Mommy's going to have to do things while we're apart, whether I want to or not.

...That's all I can think to say for now. So hang in there and be strong and smart. I know the state people like Mr. Bowens will read through any letters or whatever that I might want to send, so I'll only write or tape things that I can give straight to Miss Cathy to give to you. That means I can't communicate with you much, but it's better than nothing! And maybe if we're really lucky the state will let you visit me within a year or two. That would be so great!

...I love you, Olivia! So much! I LOVE YOU!!!

As her first evening in Aunt Jenelle's trailer began, Olivia simply had to get out of that living room for a while, away from all the sights and smells of her cousins that were arousing her so much. She snuck the mini recorder into the bathroom with her and replayed it quietly, making sure. It was definitely OK if she made love to her cousins. It was definitely OK if she made love to her Aunt Jenelle. Her mother said so. And her mother was apparently having some kind of sex of her own, after all.

There was a long-handled hairbrush on the bathroom counter, and Olivia couldn't resist. Lying naked on her side, the girl licked all over the handle and then slowly, gently worked its full length into her ass. It took her several minutes to work it out, but finally she was on her back, her heels scooped in to hold the brush in place, while her pelvis rocked up and down. With one hand on her pussy and the other working on her nipples, it was almost impossible to stifle her moans. But she did it. Kicking up one foot to flush the toilet helped, too, right at the crucial moment.

* * *

Olivia had just hidden the micro recorder in the back of one of her new dresser drawers when Julia came rushing into the bedroom. Being just nine, she was quite a bit shorter than Olivia; as Olivia turned to face her, the younger girl had trouble hitting the brakes, and she bumped, face-first into Olivia's tender chest.

They tumbled onto Julia's bed in a knot of out-flung arms and skidding heels and shrieks of surprise.

"Sorry! Geez! My bad!" Julia squeaked, popping back up in an instant. Olivia was slower to rise, rubbing at the bruise that was sure to start purpling soon on her sore left tit.

"It's OK, Julia, I'm all right," Olivia laughed. Sometimes getting scared like that could make her pussy heat up in the funniest way, and she didn't mind it.

Julia was almost completely out of breath. It took her a moment to steady herself and speak again. "I got to bring you to Jessie and Josie. They're waiting outside."

Olivia's stomach lurched. Her panties felt like they were flooding, she was suddenly horny all over again. Jessie must've really meant what she'd said when she'd peeped at her in the bathroom! She and Josie really did have some sort of sexy plan cooked up!

The two girls ran barefoot down the hall to leave. Johnnie was in her usual spot, playing something on the Playstation, while Jeannie scowled from the easy chair, still sprawled and pantiless. "Hey, ya' little cunts, where the fuck ya' goin' in such a loud fuckin' hurry?!" The shout from Jeannie startled Johnnie so much that she paused her game and looked up. Olivia had to hide her smirk as she saw a thin stream of drool running down out of one corner of Johnnie's half-open mouth.

"Well, Jeannie, it's secret," said Julia, very patiently. "If I told you, then you'd cuss about it somehow and the whole world would know. And I swore to keep the secret, you see?"

"What the FUCK does that mean?" Jeannie roared. Grunting, shifting, the teenager tried to get her pregnant body up out of her chair; but

there was simply too much in the way of repositioning required, and she quickly gave up trying. "God-DAMN-IT! I hate this fucking chair!"

But Julia was already pulling Olivia out the door and down the steps. By the time Jeannie had roared "chair!" the screen door had already slammed, and two girls were racing through the twilight. Olivia didn't know where they were going, of course, but she very much liked the feel of Julia's little hand in hers, and the little girl's thin body was only barely covered by an old tank top and some shorts she'd outgrown probably the summer before. Olivia began to wonder if Julia would be involved in the evening's plan as well.

There were three rows of mobile homes - seven to a row - that the girls passed through before they got to the laundry room. It was the only site-built structure in the park, with a concrete foundation, cinder block walls painted pale yellow, and a sturdily-trussed roof. The back half contained a unisex gang bathroom, complete with two sinks, two shower stalls, and two toilets. The front half, of course, contained the washers and dryers. Aunt Janelle was just coming out of the doorway with a basket full of folded clothes as the girls charged by.

"Hey, ladies, where're you headed so late?" she called. Julia instantly stopped, turned, and ran them back to speak with her mother. She smiled so brightly whenever she spoke to Janelle. It reminded Olivia almost painfully of how she'd always felt whenever she'd spoken with her mother, too.

"Momma! Sorry! I'm on a secret mission to take Olivia to where Jessie and Josie are, so I can't stop and talk right now." Still holding Olivia's hand, she raised her other to her face and whispered behind it to her mother; she was too out of breath to make it quiet enough, though, so Olivia heard every word: "We're just going down to the creek house so the twins can show you-know-what to Livvy, that's all. They thought she'd like that. Don't you? And they got flashlights, too, Momma. They said to tell you that if I saw you." Janelle smiled in her little crooked way, but she didn't say a word. Hefting the laundry basket into a better grip, she simply shrugged and turned for home.

"See you later, Momma!" Julia called out as they started running again. "I'll make sure we come back soon, don't worry!"

"I know you will, baby," Janelle called out in reply. But the girls were already two more rows gone, and Olivia barely heard it.

Four rows later, the trailer park ended. A wide, shallow creek ran through a cut in the landscape, marking the border of Janelle's trailer park empire. On the other side was a wall of maples, elms, and oaks; beyond that by maybe half a mile was a major highway. Through the trees and above the quiet plinkings of the creek, Olivia could faintly hear the sounds of many vehicles speeding across asphalt to wherever the drivers wanted to go.

The angle down to the creek bank wasn't too steep, and the path Julia took them on was well-worn and easy. All the major rocks and sticks were long gone, so it was mostly a matter of sliding in that easy kids'

way down the loosely-graveled grass until they were standing upon the cold sandy creekside.

"Here, come on," Julia said, still pulling on Olivia's hand. They didn't cross the creek, but instead went along parallel to it for a few hundred yards, until the cut and the creek both widened into a sizable pond. There was a small, low dam at the far end, with one gate that was only two feet across and made of plywood, part-way shoved down into grooves made into the concrete. Olivia could tell from where she stood a hundred feet away that the kids of the trailer park could probably pull that board up single-handedly.

"This is Creek Lake, Livvy!" Julia chirped, pulling her along the bank, around toward the far side and that diminutive dam. "The hill starts down just on the other side of here, and Momma when she was little got her daddy to stop it up right here so she could have a place to fish. Isn't it nice?"

The water wasn't very deep, from what Olivia could tell. She didn't know anything about fishing, but she could see some rather large things moving around just beneath the surface in the thin light still reflecting from high up in the clouds. "Probably fun to fish here, yeah," Olivia volunteered, trying to keep her footing along the mucky, weedy trail. They were soon splattered in mud up to their thighs, but Julia kept pulling her along at a clumsy, rapid pace. "If we're late, the twins'll kill me, Livvy. Come on!" So they hurried and their feet flung mud like crazy. But Olivia didn't really mind. She was too excited and out of breath and curious to care.

"Here we are!" Julia sang, stopping them so suddenly that Olivia bumped into her and nearly sent them both face-first into the wet. They giggled, straightening, and Julia pointed out a pair of large maple trees a few dozen feet back from the pond. They were almost to the far end of it, nearly to the dinky little dam, and Olivia hadn't noticed until then that there was a small shack constructed between the trunks of those two big trees. Two of the walls of the shack, in fact, were the living sides of the trees. It wasn't nearly as deep as it was wide, therefore, but it was a reasonably secure-looking structure, nonetheless. The front wall (and the back, she'd later see) was made with two-by-fours set upon a packed-in dirt foundation that filled in all the gaps and knotty spots caused by tree roots. Mobile home siding was nailed on the outside of the frame, with small slits gouged into it here and there, Olivia guessed, to serve as ventilation. The flat roof was constructed out of mobile home siding nailed down onto two-by-four crossbeams.

"How do we get in?" Olivia wondered, but Julia was already pulling her again.

"The back, silly! Come on!"

On the other side of the shack a small square had been cut out at the ground, and a heavy rubber mud flap hung down over it. Julia finally let go of Olivia and got down on her hands and knees, scuttling her

way ahead, her head butting open the flap as she went forward. Olivia studied the smaller girl's narrow hips and ass and dirty little feet as she went along, sorry there was so little light left for a truly good view. Then she was inside, and the flap swung closed. "Come on, Livvy!" she heard Julia say, then saw a grimy hand stick out from around the flap, waving her in. "You've GOTTA see this!"

"OK, OK!" Olivia panted, dropping to all fours and butting her way through the flap. It was a lot darker and hotter inside than it was out, but as she slowly got to her feet, Olivia instantly realized that was mainly because the little shack was crammed full of kid, and they'd killed all their lights.

"Is she in?" came Jessie's voice. She was at least a few feet away, and Julia and somebody else were in between. "Olivia?" came Josie's voice, that other body between Olivia and Jessie. "Are you ready for something fuckin' crazy?"

Olivia nearly shouted, "Yes!", and kept a tight hold on both of Julia's hands. Julia backed up a little, then, until she was able to lean into Olivia's taller, stronger body, her smaller, filthy feet nimbly standing on top of Olivia's. The older girl felt a new surge of juice run hotly out of her hole.

"All right, then, bitches, let's light it up!" Josie cackled and hit the button on her flashlight. At the same time, Jessie lit hers. Both shined the light on themselves alone, at first. Both were completely naked, streaked with mud on their feet and calves, and dusted with dirt from the shack floor everywhere else. By the wet reflections of their thighs, Olivia could tell the twins had already been having a little fun.

Both girls were grinning, stifling giggles. Finally, they slowly lowered their flashlights to the floor between them, and Olivia couldn't help but cry out, "Woah!"

A skinny teenaged boy was lying on his back atop a dusty blanket. He was naked. His hands and his feet were tied with ropes to low sturdy nails that had been driven into the naked frame of the interior walls, the nails bent up to serve as hooks. He was stretched to his limit but appeared more or less comfortable. His cock stood up from a nest of pubic hair with a delicious-looking blob of precum oozing out the tip and down its shaft. He was blindfolded. And he was grinning from ear to ear.

"Cousin Livvy, meet Jimmy Stockton, our slave," declared Jessie. "He's fifteen, full of sperm, and ready to give us all babies. If we let him." She stepped up and savagely kicked his cock. Precum flew up and splattered the wall, and Jimmy grunted but still grinned. "Right, slave boy? You wanna' knock us all up, don'tcha?"

"Oh, yeah," the boy said, a little hoarse. By the looks of his dirty, dusty body, the girls had been kicking him around a lot since they'd gotten him in there.

"Jimmy's daddy and our Momma have a little deal, Livvy, so don't

worry nothin' 'bout this, OK?" Josie said. "It's not like he's really our slave. Not most of the time, anyways."

"Yeah," chimed Jessie, "but last school year Jimmy got caught peeping on us, like, what? Twenty times? Finally Momma went to Daddy Stockton and told him how it was gonna' be."

Josie nodded. "Uh-huh. So we got ourselves a little toy. Once't a month. First Saturday. Ain't that right, Jimmy?"

"Yeah, shit yeah," the boy croaked, obviously not at all disappointed in the arrangements.

Jessie kicked him again, this time in the balls, and Jimmy yelped in pain, grinding his teeth.

"Shut the fuck up with that 'shit yeah' bullshit, slave," Jessie commanded. "Or else we'll really start reminding you about the trouble you and your dog-fucking daddy are going to be in."

"OK, sorry!" Jimmy groaned, trembling against his bonds.

"See," said Josie, "Jimmy's daddy fucks this bitch he keeps behind his trailer down at the end of the last row, back down the far end of the creek, you know?" Olivia nodded.

"And Jimmy's daddy gets Jimmy to tape it, and they sell that shit to people," added Jessie.

"Yeah, and Jimmy's mom, well, they used to tape her fucking their german shepherds," Josie went on. "But then she gone all high religious and divorced his daddy. Married to a county commissioner these days, and all -"

"But mommy's support checks keep right on comin', don't they?" Jessie finished, kicking Jimmy's rigid dick again. "'Cos nothin' worse than a county big-shot's wife fuckin' dogs on the evenin' news!"

"But Jimmy!" Julia piped up, "Tell her about Jimmy! It's the best part!"

"Yeah," Josie said. "Well, see Jimmy's doing his mom's part now."

"He's getting fucked by those dogs in his scrawny redneck ass!" Jessie crowed. "Ain't that a fuckin' trip?"

"His daddy sells more tapes of Jimmy getting it than he ever did of himself or Jimmy's momma," growled Josie, "so he don't want that little bunch of money slipping away either."

"But your momma's a damn whore!" Jimmy shouted, still rock-hard but obviously embarrassed. "And your sister, too, that half-nigger bitch! My daddy'll turn 'em in any day now, you fuckin' wait and see!"

"Shut up!" Jessie and Josie both screamed. Jessie stomped the boy on his flat gut, while Josie spent several seconds driving her heel into face. Jimmy's nose began to bleed, and he was groaning, crying, telling them he was sorry, begging them to let him go home.

"Don't fuckin' care, slave," Jessie muttered. "Yer dick's still as hard as ever. That tells a different story, don't it?"

"As for Momma and Jeannie," Josie grinned, winking over at Olivia and Julia, "Since the one or both of them fuck your Daddy and your momma's new husband about once a week now, I don't think they got too much to fear from you."

"And the sheriff..." Jessie said, her flashlight wobbling as she used it to tap off fingers on her other hand. "...And all the deputies... and Judge Abernathy... and-"

"And the whole damn town, those fuckin' whores!" Jimmy spluttered, but without much conviction. He was in too much pain. He was frustrated and hurt and ashamed, and his cock was still standing up tall and proud, pointing straight at the corrugated ceiling.

"Yeah, fuckin' whores, who cares?" Josie snorted. "Way we see it..."

"Somebody's gotta be," Jessie declared. "That's the way it works, slave."

"There's gotta be whores," Josie snarled, leaning down over Jimmy's face, working her mouth.

"And there's gotta be slaves," Jessie howled, landing one more good kick across the fat middle of the boy's cock. He cried out again in pain. As soon as his mouth opened, Josie hawked and spit a huge loogie straight into his throat.

Jimmy choked and spluttered, heaving, and puked straight up into the air. The four girls screamed and covered their heads, but it did little good. The boy's dinner was back up, blasting against the low ceiling. It splattered all over the place, all over himself, all over them.

"What the fuck? Spaghetti's?!" Josie laughed, wiping her face off and grinning down at the bloodied, puke-covered teenager. "God! How much did you eat?"

"Two cans," the boy moaned miserably, turning his head to the side and spitting repeatedly.

Josie, who got some in her eye, was rubbing furiously at it. But she was laughing too. "Ah-ha! We got you good that time, Jimmy! Didn't we?"

Olivia was confused. The twins should've been more angry at the boy than ever, but it was like some little scene was finally finished. Julia, wiping the puke off her face with the hem of her little shirt, said simply, "They did it, all right."

"Wha-?" Olivia began, but Jimmy cut in.

"I gotta either puke or piss or shit myself before they let me fuck 'em."

"Yeah," giggled Jessie, leaning over Jimmy's crotch with a plastic bottle of water. "Usually he can't ever piss himself, since his dick stays so hard..."

"And he takes fucking forever to push out a turd," Josie complained. Jessie poured the water suddenly over Jimmy's cock and balls. The boy jerked and yelped and grinned. Jessie was cleaning him off with a

towel that had been hanging from a nail behind her.

"So usually it's us sticking our fingers down his throat or pissing or shitting on his face to make him puke," Jessie said distractedly, setting aside the bottle and the towel and straddling the boy's hips.

"But why?" Olivia wondered.

"Why the fuck not?" Josie chuckled.

"Yeah," Jessie agreed, bouncing in mid-crouch as she looked up at her cousin. "It's just a game we play, you know. Just to have more fun with our little slavie." She motioned for Josie, and the twin crouched down to help her guide the cock to the right hole. She tossed her flashlight to Julia, who kept a bead on Jimmy's drooling dick. Jessie had turned around to face his feet, and she flung back her hands to spread open her ass. "We only give this boy the back hole," she muttered, concentrating on her balance.

"Or else we'd be as fuckin' knocked up as Jeannie by now!" Josie laughed.

"Oh, wow," Olivia murmured. "How in the world does it ever fit in there?" His penis looked huge against the tiny pink crinkle of Jessie's asshole.

"Don't worry," Julia told her. "It does. Just watch."

It took nearly five minutes of grunting, groaning, and slowly lowering herself, but finally Jessie was fully impaled and sitting atop Jimmy's hairy crotch.

"Ahhh, that's nice," she crooned. Soon she was rocking back and forth, and soon after that she was bouncing higher and higher.

"It- feels- like- you- need- to- take- the- big- gest- shit- ev- ver!" Jessie panted, leaning forward and bracing her hands on the boy's shivering legs. Josie, meanwhile, had taken the water and the towel and had gently cleaned off the boy's face, making sure not to start his nose bleeding again. Then she straddled his head and lowered herself onto his waiting mouth.

"Now, slave, lick my pussy good, but get my asshole ready, too," she ordered the grunting teenager. "I want lots of that long redneck tongue up my hot little shit hole, understand."

Jimmy mumbled a "Yes, ma'am" from deep inside Josie's ass crack, and then the girl proceeded to gyrate lewdly upon his muzzle.

"That," she sighed, "feels sooooo nice."

Olivia was so wet that, despite the stink of Jimmy's puke and the reek from his and her cousin's crotches, the girl was positive she could smell her own cunt. She was dying to touch it. It was just too much not to. And what would they all care, anyway, with what they were doing right there in front of her?

Just then Julia turned, dropping the flashlight to the dusty floor, and yanked up Olivia's shirt. Her mouth fastened upon the older girl's

puffy, bruised nipple, while a hand began tweaking the other. Olivia mewed in shock and pleasure, leaning back against the trunk of the tree, steadying herself against the girl's weight with her hands outstretched against the naked frame of the walls. Julia's other hand was soon at work in Olivia's panties, digging fingers into her sloppy, open pussy, quickly finding her clit and stroking it deliciously up and down and all around.

"I want to eat you, please," Julia finally said, detaching her mouth from Olivia's throbbing breast and dropping to her knees. "May I?"

Olivia laughed and hastily pulled down her shorts and panties. "Yeah, do it!" she urged, as Julia swept the clothes away from her rapidly spreading feet, giving the younger girl a good angle for her tongue. "Fuck me with your face, Julia! Oh God!"

For the first time since her mother was arrested, Olivia was completely in her own world, not thinking about her mother at all. Later that night, ashamed, weeping silently as she fell asleep in the narrow trailer bed, with Julia snuggled close in her arms, Olivia had to admit it was probably the strongest she'd ever come in her life.

Chapter 3

Julia services Olivia in the tub, after which pregnant Jeannie then turns a trick next door while Olivia watches and gets off.

(FM, fg, bdsm, femdom, anal play, toys/strapon, feet, light scat/ws, fem mast, voy)

It was nearly nine o'clock by the time Julia dragged Olivia back home from the creek house. Aunt Jenelle had just finished already heating up leftover meatloaf and gravy with some freshly steamed rice. Olivia and her cousin sat down and ate in silence, absorbed in watching the video game that was splashing colors all over the room. It was just meatloaf, but it was delicious, a perfect end to the day.

"Julia made it, of course," Jenelle said, smiling sweetly as she served the two dirty, sweaty girls sitting eagerly at the table. She didn't mention the dirt or the sweat - not even the fact that Olivia's shirt was now on backwards and that she and Julia had accidentally switched shorts. Getting dressed in that narrow, dark shack by the creek would take more patience than those girls had been able to muster. Olivia hadn't exactly wanted to leave as soon as Julia - Josie and Jessie were about to switch places, one squatting to get an assful of cock as the other rode Jimmy's grinning face - but Julia had insisted.

"Come on now, please, Olivia," the girl had politely insisted, pulling on her shirt in the dark. "I want to make sure we don't miss dinner. It's one of my best recipes, you'll love it!"

Olivia, quickly filled to capacity, was soon anxious to clean up. Jeannie was on the couch now, resting a plate of half-eaten rice and gravy on her belly as she leaned back and studied Johnnie's expert assaults as

they flashed across the giant television. As Olivia rose to clean up her plate, Jeannie stuck hers out over the top of the couch, grunting, "Me too, Livvy babe!" It was the nicest thing she'd said to her all day.

Her dishes done, with permission to take another bath, Olivia was soaring. She hadn't been able to bathe more than once a day - or even more than once every other day - since her mother was arrested. "Can I come, too? Please?" Julia eagerly piped up. Olivia had been one step out of the kitchen area, heading toward the hall, and she was grateful for that small distance apart from her cousin and her aunt. The darker spot she was crossing hid the irritation that had filled her so suddenly, but just as suddenly she pushed it away, remembering how grateful she needed to be.

"Now, Julia, don't you think Olivia wants some priva-" Aunt Jenelle was saying, but Olivia cut her off.

"It's OK, I don't mind," the older girl chirped, forcing herself to smile and coming back to help Julia finish up with her own dishes. Julia beamed.

"We can do each other's backs!" the girl suggested. She went to her mother on tippy-toes and kissed Jenelle's cheek, then trotted off ahead of her cousin. "I'll get the water ready. And the bubbles!"

"She'll do your front, too, Livvy, if you want," Jeannie snorted. Then, more to herself than to Olivia she muttered, "Fuckin' lezzie."

"Well, whatever, I guess," Olivia stammered, flushed and embarrassed and now completely aware of her own dirty skin and wrong shorts and backwards shirt. She hadn't even made it out of the creek house with her panties. It had been much too dark to find them; the flashlights had been under Josie's and Jessie's control, and they were much too wrapped up in swarming over Jimmy to help with a search.

Now the girl was extremely aware of the smaller shorts pulling up against her still-swollen pussy, splitting the lips apart and rubbing her slit in a rough, lovely way. She could smell herself - her body odor and the creek muck and the dust still clinging to her skin and hair from that shack. She thought she picked up a whiff of her own crotch, her musky, ripe scent. She blushed even more and hurried after Julia.

The phone rang, then. Olivia heard Jeannie grumble and groan as she leaned up to answer it. "Yeah. ...That's me. ...Fuck, I don't care. Whatever." Then, "You know how to get here? Which trailer?" And, finally, "No, you dumb fuck! If you talked to Harlan then you know it's cash only. Jesus! ...Then go by the ATM first, or don't even bother. ...Whatever, dude." The phone beeped off. "God, Momma, these men gotta get their shit together. I fuckin' swear!"

Olivia was paused in the dark hallway, barely able to hear over the rumbling of the filling tub. Julia was already in it, splashing about and giggling quietly to herself. But the older girl was held to the spot, curious. Was Jeannie going to go fuck somebody? Were they coming here? But... but... she was pregnant! And it was so late!

"Come on in, Olivia," her younger cousin's voice drifted out to her, the faucet squeaking off. "It's ready now!"

Olivia knew what her aunt and her oldest cousin did. She knew how they made their money. It was a shock, though, to finally brush up against it. Even from overhearing one half of a phone conversation, Olivia found her head buzzing, her heart racing strangely, and her pussy quickly flooding with more juice. Why did the thought of them whoring amaze and arouse her so much?

The last thing Olivia heard, before she crossed the threshold into the bathroom and closed the door, was her aunt's casual reply: "Well, baby, they're men, after all. Just let me call up Daddy Stockton and bring him around to watch after you. Is it ten o'clock, this guy's appointment? Well then you better get over there now and freshen up. You haven't washed since the day before yesterday, you know."

Through the walls of the bathroom the two girls could hear Jeannie curse her way out of the trailer, stumping down the steps and letting the screen door slam behind her. Julia rolled her eyes and waved a suds-covered hand in her sister's direction. "Jeannie is always so dramatic," the girl sighed. "She wants people to think she doesn't like having all those men put their penises inside her. What a silly goose!"

Soon enough both girls were clean and splashing happily. Washing Julia had been a pretty straightforward affair. The younger girl submitted to Olivia's soapy hands with a lot of giggling, squirming glee. There wasn't much to see and feel where Julia's chest was concerned. She was just puffy enough, though, to make Olivia's mouth hang slack with longing. However, Julia was too fidgety for that. Just having hands running over her swelling nipple buds was enough to send the girl into shivering groans and fits of more giggles. She was being much too immature about it all for a proper suck. Olivia resigned herself to pinching and flicking at Julia's stiff nipples, sure that was all the younger girl could stand.

When Olivia finally worked her way between her cousin's legs, there was just enough clarity in the soapy, cloudy water to see that Julia only had a few hairs here and there growing over her nine year-old vulva. Olivia by then was horny enough to be more daring. Even so, the girl couldn't take much direct stimulation.

"Ah! It tickles!" Julia squealed as Olivia slid her fingers back and forth between her cousin's narrow lips. She friskily pinched and rubbed at the tiny clit she found, only to have Julia's hands push her away, skinny thighs closing tightly over her arm. "No, please! It's too much!" Her cousin blushed, her chest, neck, and cheeks a shiny rogue of modesty and arousal. "I like a mouth there usually, if you don't mind." Julia pushed her butt up partially out of the water, her feet straddling Olivia's hips. "Will you please lick me instead of all the fingers? I like it so much better that way."

Her mouth eagerly fastened itself to Julia's small mound. The taste of dingy bathwater quickly faded as Olivia's tongue slurped noisily up and

down her cousin's slippery cunt. There was such a sweet taste to her! Sucking hard on Julia's clit, Olivia found herself thrown back into memories of all the times she'd eaten her mother in exactly the same way. There wasn't much of that same musk, and no hair that she could even notice against her mouth and cheeks. But the groove was a smaller version, exactly as she liked it, nonetheless.

Julia giggled as Olivia tongued her tiny pee hole, then she began swirling her hips as the older girl wiggled her tongue insistently up inside her tight, dripping hole. Olivia's mother had been considerably warmer in there than Julia, and it was a lot less work with her mother to fit her tongue almost fully inside. It produced much of the same moaning, humping reaction in her cousin, though, no matter how much smaller and less developed her parts were. Olivia knew she was an expert pussy eater, and she kept at it until Julia loudly grunted, "Ugh! Ugh! That's so nice! Thank you!" and slowly pulled her crotch away from Olivia's shiny face.

Olivia, then, realized how very wise she had been to let her cousin join her in the bath. She thoroughly enjoyed lying back in the tub, letting Julia's little hands roam over her breasts and belly and legs. It was heavenly, her cousin's mouth suckling on her small, round breasts, getting just the right amount of teeth-nibbles and hard swirling tongue to go with the gentle sucks and tugs of her cousin's knowledgeable mouth. Just having the girl lie on top of her as she did it was nice. The closeness and warmth of all that slippery skin on hers sent wave after wave of juicy throbs radiating out from her pulsing, hot hole.

Julia surprised Olivia next by going straight for her feet, washing them so carefully, so slowly. As her soft mouth finally closed over each toe, one at a time, Olivia let herself go. Her eyes heavy and shut, the sensation of her cousin's mouth at work soon had the older girl squirming, too. Olivia relished the feel of Julia's slender tongue worming its way in between every toe, then licking strongly up and down her arches. Even when Julia grinned impishly and put her teeth on the fine hairs growing out of the tops of Olivia's toes and tops of her feet, tugging at them, ripping a few painfully out - Olivia cried out each time, stunned at how much closer to orgasm each sharp little pain brought her.

Finally Julia tucked Olivia's feet, one at a time, back into the water and between the younger girl's thighs, so that Olivia could wiggle and tickle at Julia's wispy-haired pussy. Her cousin liked that a lot, bouncing up and down on Olivia's feet and panting quietly, both girls utterly ignoring all the bubble-foamed water they sloshed out of the tub in the process.

"Please turn over now, Olivia, so I can wash your bottom." Julia's eyes were wide and blue, and she smiled with an eagerness that her cousin easily recognized. "I'd like to lick on your anus, too, if you don't mind."

"P- please," was all Olivia could manage, as she slipped onto her belly and thrust her ass up out of the water. The little girl scooted up cross-legged to sit between Olivia's knees, and she wasted no time on soap

at all. Olivia groaned loudly at the first contact of her cousin's expert mouth on her buttocks. Julia's tongue flattened against her wrinkled, quivering ring and noisily ran up and down over it, as if the girl was enjoying the finest feast on her older cousin's wet flesh.

Olivia, her chin in the water, found herself accidentally drinking down small mouthfuls of their bath as she involuntarily gasped and ducked her face in longing. Soon Julia's tongue was running in tight circles all around the rim of her asshole, pushing more and more insistently inward. The sloppy noises of her cousin's mouth were a perfect fit with the plink and splash of the water as it splashed lightly against their skin and the sides of the tub. Olivia thought of all the times her mother had eaten her like this in the bath. How many times her mother's mouth had worked, for minutes on end, to loosen up her daughter's tightly crinkled hole, until it was loose enough to easily taste inside.

The older girl fought hard against the urge to push. There was gas - and more - waiting in there, for sure. Olivia didn't want to startle her cousin with any of that. But then Julia's tongue was sliding inside, worming its way deeper and deeper against the loosening ring of muscle, and Olivia found herself losing control. To her horror, a loud, wet fart cracked against Julia's open mouth. Olivia froze, mortified.

"God, Julia, I'm so sorry!" Olivia croaked, already pulling her ass away from her cousin's face, preparing more apologies in her head. But then hands were on her hips, holding her in place. The tongue was gone, replaced by a finger.

"Oh, never mind that," Julia muttered distractedly. "It's a bottomhole, after all. I sort of expect that to happen when I put my tongue in it." She easily slid her finger its full length into Olivia's rectum, crooking it a bit toward the ceiling. Olivia gasped and ducked her face again into the water. The finger was prodding at the heavy mass inside her, and suddenly the urge to let it loose was nearly too intense to control.

"I can feel your poop, Olivia," Julia stated calmly. "Does this gross you out?"

Olivia, barely able to concentrate on anything but bodily control, managed to pull her face out of the water and shake her head. "No. No. It's fine." Then she whispered, more boldly than she'd wanted to, "You can do... whatever... you know. I don't mind."

The finger was working steadily against the mass, and soon a small chunk of it was broken off and bobbing freely against the hot inner flesh of Olivia's rectum. Julia's finger caught it and slowly began drawing it out.

"Eww! Wow, Olivia, look."

Olivia was burning with embarrassment and lust. She had to look. Turning her face to peer back over her shoulder, she watched Julia raise her hand to display the modest ball of brown shit that clung to her index finger. The younger girl raised it her nose and sniffed, once, twice; then Julia shivered all over and giggled, smiling wickedly at her

cousin.

"Your poop really stinks!" she cried. Reaching over to the raised edge of the tub, Julia mashed her finger against it until nearly all of the brown blob was smeared upon the white surface. "I'll just put these here when I find them, OK?"

Olivia could only nod her head. She stared intently at her shit on the rim of the tub. She was a little dizzy, barely breathing. The odor finally reached her, and it was nearly enough to make her release the rest of her load all over Julia's freshly-scrubbed front. Clenching mightily, though, Olivia managed to hold back. She groaned and turned away, but then her cousin's finger was back at work.

"Olivia, please don't poop on me, if you don't mind," Julia murmured. "I would much rather get it out of you this way, if that's all right."

So for the next several minutes Olivia submitted her asshole to her younger cousin's probing finger. As more and more of her turds were pulled forth, chunk by chunk, the rim of the tub became steadily more crowded with small brown clumps. The air in the bathroom reeked.

Olivia, through it all, trembled and moaned and kept her rectal muscles in check.

Finally there was close to half of Olivia's assload extracted and semi-melting on the white edge of the bath. The overwhelming urge to let loose was gone, replaced by a feeling of relaxed, open naughtiness. Olivia had been farmed before, but this time it had been so long that it had been much tougher to handle. Her mother had never been so deliberate about it, had never taken so much time and concentrated so much on the act, but nevertheless Olivia couldn't help but think of her and long for her all over again. By now her mother would have let her go, encouraged her quietly to push, and then they'd have done all the rest. But it was clear Julia had other ideas.

Olivia, frustrated and yet wildly excited, was a smart enough girl. She was having way more fun than she'd ever thought possible with anyone besides her mother. If she took things too far too soon, well, why risk screwing up a pretty good moment... and possible even better moments on down the road?

"What a messy mess we've made, Olivia!" Julia finally declared. With a quick scuttle of skinny legs, the girl rose to her feet and stepped, dripping, upon the bath mat. "Let's clean this up," she continued, tearing off small wads of toilet paper and cleaning up each and every little mound of crap, one by one, dropping them all into the toilet. At the last, she put toilet paper to Olivia's asshole, wiping it gently for several moments.

When she was finished, Olivia rolled onto her back and blinked up at her cousin. She was still dazed, caught in a fog of lust and shock and submission. "Wh- what made you... you know... want to do that to me?" she finally managed to ask the younger girl.

Julia pulled a spray bottle of Lysol from beneath the sink and sent a

shimmering pulse of aerosol back and forth across the rim of the tub. Then, with a last wad of toilet paper, she wiped the edge dry. Then that went into the toilet, too, and she flushed.

"Well," Julia said quietly, "Jeannie likes me to do that to her when we take baths together." The younger girl leaned over the tub and turned the water back on. Soon everything was lusciously more warm, and Olivia found herself re-soaping and running her hands absently all over her own body, watching her cousin as she climbed up onto the toilet seat, squatting, concentrating. "Jeannie will usually poop out the rest, though, even when I ask her not to."

Olivia, hushed, could barely believe it. Her oldest cousin, too? "And then she likes me to lick them, one lick from every little piece of poop I pull out of her bottom, and from the logs that float around, too," Julia went on, peering down between her legs from her perch upon the toilet. "Then she makes me show her my tongue. And she laughs and laughs. She's such a mean person, you know."

Olivia found herself asking, before she could stop herself, "Do you like it?" She held her breath, more anxious for the answer than she could ever explain in words.

"Well," Julia pondered, "I guess it's OK. It's just licking, after all." The girl shrugged, still waiting atop the commode. "It's not the same as what she does with her customers. Not with the ones that ask her for that, I mean. She makes them eat it all up, every little bit. And if they get sick she smears their faces in it. Like you have to do with dogs, you know?"

With a grunt, Julia relaxed, then sighed. Olivia could see a fat, dark turd emerging from beneath the girl's narrow ass. "She caught me in first grade," Julia continued, reaching down. "I was like this on the toilet. It's how I like to... to shit." The girl seemed almost as embarrassed and aroused by her cursing as she was with what she was doing with her hand, opening it up to cup the rope of crap as it slid from her ass, coiling wetly in her palm. Julia slowly held her hand out to display the light brown turd that had circled itself into the shape of a neatly pinched-off doughnut. "She caught me," Julia pulled her hand up to her face, inhaling with her eyes closed, "like this. Smelling it. Sniffing my, my dirty shit."

After a few moments of gathering the filthy aroma into her flaring nostrils, Julia, dropped her hand unceremoniously down between her feet, letting the turd slide off and splash noisily into the water. Then she was pushing out a second turd, then a third, until finally she was done, her hand for the rest of it merely serving as a guide beneath her anus, the poop sliding across her fluttering fingers on its way down into the bowl. Olivia watched it all, astonished, slowly rubbing her own hand over her cunt. By the time Julia's piss thundered down into the murky water Olivia was very near her point of no return.

"And that was that!" Julia chirped, pulling more toilet paper from the roll and wiping at her hand and ass. "Jeannie started taking baths with

me, usually just a couple times a month, though." A small box of moistened, flushable wipes was opened next; Olivia watched as, for several minutes her cousin meticulously cleaned off her fingers and palm. Then she hopped off the toilet and washed her hands vigorously at the sink. "Your turn now, Olivia," she offered. "You should poop the rest of yours on top of mine!"

Olivia, standing on shaky legs, stepped gingerly out of the tub. She took the towel Julia offered and patted herself dry, giving a lot of time and attention to her mound, pressing against it hard, relishing the feel of being so close to such a wonderful, warm feeling. Finally, though, it was clear that Julia was waiting for her, and Olivia stepped over to the commode.

"Uh, are you sure?" the older girl muttered thickly. The heaviness was back in her ass, just from standing for that short time. It would be coming out very soon. Gas bubbles were already trying to work their way out ahead of it.

"Oh, yes, please!" Julia cheered, "And I'd like to watch really close if you don't mind. Could you get up on the seat facing backwards, maybe? Please? Jeannie did that for me once, and it was a perfect view."

Olivia, mid-mount, got back down and changed her approach. This was a way of shitting she'd done many times with her mother, only the poop wouldn't usually all make it into the bowl. Julia stepped close, though, and put a hand on Olivia's haunch reassuringly.

"Don't worry about missing. Just spread your knees wider and lean over the tank. Yes... like that... good." Julia knelt on the floor behind her and continued happily. "I'll make sure it all goes in!"

Sighing, Olivia crossed her arms on the top of the tank and rested her head atop them. It was so close to home. She let herself relax. One - two - three farts burst from her rippling cheeks, sharp pops that sent Julia into a small fit of quiet giggles. Then the last broken bits of the original turd emerged, plopping loudly into the water, accompanied by quick, excited applause from behind. Then a thick, short log slowly worked its way past Olivia's stretched hole, the splash it made punctuated by another loud, smelly fart. That was followed by two very soft, fast snakes that made no sound as they descended into the commode. And she was done.

Tilting her forehead, Olivia peered beneath her armpit back at her cousin, who was still watching Olivia's anus with fascination. "I'm done," Olivia managed to say. In an instant Julia snapped into action, taking more toilet paper, then a moist towelette, and wiping her older cousin clean.

"Now stay there and flush," Julia commanded. Olivia, reaching blindly for the lever, finally found it and pushed. A rush of smelly, cool air wafted up and over her, and the girl closed her eyes and inhaled. The breeze that blew up and over her spread, exposed asshole and cunt was delicious. Julia's hand, then, was on Olivia's pussy, fingers sliding

up to rub at her clit, and Olivia found herself shaking, burying her head again into her folded arms. She was going to come. If her cousin kept playing with her squishing pussy like that, she was going to come so very hard.

"You never did pee, did you?" Julia asked, working her fingers over and over and over like a flopping, wise little fish upon the wet cleft of Olivia's sweetest spot. "How can you hold it like that?"

Olivia, though, was shaking, fighting hard to keep her balance. Explosions of heat and pleasure rocketed out from her cunt and spasmed her entire body. With a massive, growling effort, the girl pushed, and her bladder finally released. Hot piss splattered against Julia's hand and all over Olivia's ass and lower legs and feet. Julia squealed, passing her hand back and forth within the flow, content to let urine bounce off and spray wherever it would.

Olivia, still caught in the throes of her orgasm, reached down and finished the job of frigging furiously at her clit. She didn't stop until the last eruption of pee had finally rattled its way out of her hole, the toilet seat squeaking one least protest as the girl shifted her weight to wearily dismount.

"Oh my, now we're a mess again," Julia twittered, looking down at her own wetly-spattered bare chest and thighs. "Let's get back in the tub for a bit and clean up, OK?"

But the sound of a vehicle rumbling up from behind the trailer stopped them both short.

"That's Daddy Stockton's old Ford," Julia gasped. Another vehicle was pulling into the next yard over now. "And somebody else! I guess Jeannie's getting a customer tonight after all! Come on!" The girl forgot all about the bath and instead simply towed herself dry. She tossed the towel then to Olivia, who had gone over to let the water out of the tub. "Hurry and dry off, OK? We won't smell hardly at all from it, you know? We'll go rub lotion on our legs anyway in Momma's room." Julia bundled up all their clothes and stuffed them into the hamper, grinning over at her. "I'll bet you anything that Momma lets us watch, just you see!"

Julia was gone like a shot out the bathroom door then, calling back over her shoulder as she made her way down toward the kitchen. "Please grab us each a night gown, will you, Olivia? I'll meet you in Momma's room with some lotion!" Olivia watched her skinny, naked body dart down the hall toward Aunt Jenelle, who was sitting at the kitchen table reading the newspaper and sipping from a tall glass of iced tea. She felt desire still heating her body at the sight of her cousin so free and easy with herself, so slender and sexy and excited. Julia skidded to a stop beside her mother and threw her arms around her, leaning her nude form across her mother's and whispering urgently into her ear. Jenelle kept her eyes on the paper, but Olivia's could see her crossed legs beneath the table squeeze more tightly several times over, in a rhythm that the girl recognized.

Next thing she knew, Olivia was at the end of the trailer, sitting atop the master bedroom's giant king bed, as Julia flitted around beneath another large television.

"This is what Momma calls our insurance policy," the little girl explained, grabbing a fresh DVR disc from a tall spindle and placing it carefully into a tray extending from the digital video recorder. "We have cameras to record everyone who comes to see Jeannie and Momma, and we tell them all how we keep copies of every session here and with Daddy Stockton and with Momma's lawyer friend. Just in case someone wants to tell on us, you know. They'll be telling on themselves too, won't they?"

There were three televisions, two small ones on a stand with two DVR machines, a cable signal box, and several other electronic components. A much larger, flat-screened television was mounted on the wall above her, displaying now the inside of a trailer, the walls of which were all painted dark gray, the floor all made of linoleum. At the center of the room was a contraption that looked like a carpenter's saw horse, except the top was much thicker and padded, and there were steel eye bolts screwed into all four legs. The back wall of the room held an assortment of rack-mounted shelves and coat hooks. From the hooks hung various kinds of straps and whips and sticks with flaps, each of varying length and color. On the shelves were several different plastic storage boxes, some clear-sided, in which Olivia could see all kinds of cock-shaped implements.

One of the small televisions was turned off, but the the other one showed the same view as the flat screen, but only in one corner. It was joined by three other views of the same room. Julia, back on the bed, held up a large remote control and began pressing buttons. She put each of the other three views of the room on the big television, one at a time. "This is how we pick which angle to show, see," the girl explained. "There's also four views for Jeannie's other room, so I'll show you those if they go in there. Usually she'll stay in this room, though, with most of the men.

"When Momma and Jeannie are both with customers at the same time we can do this," Julia pressed a button on the remote and the large screen suddenly modified to show a smaller square of black in the lower right corner. "That's where we can make sure what we're recording for both trailers at once." The little girl smiled proudly at Olivia. "I set it up for Momma this way last year, so she likes to let me be the one to use it when I can. Usually, though, the twins have this as their job, since they stay home all the time, even during school.

"They didn't like me having to teach them, though," the girl grinned. "Since I'm the youngest, they thought it was insulting. They spent forever that first time trying to remember it all and get the recordings done right. Finally they were so angry and yelling, but I got to sit with them the next three times until they could work the system without getting so cross."

Their night shirts were sitting in a small heap on the corner of the big

bed, utterly forgotten. Julia had come into the room with a large pump bottle of lotion, and that now lay on its side next to the shirts, drooling thickly onto the comforter. Olivia found herself sitting cross-legged next to her cousin in the middle of the bed, her hands already straying to her crotch. Julia, flipping the main view back to its original setting, noticed Olivia's absent-minded masturbation and giggled.

"Oh, Olivia, you're already excited! I'm so glad you like this!" Julia leaned into her cousin and quickly kissed her on the cheek. A spark of longing rushed throughout Olivia's body at the feel of the younger girl's thin, wet lips against her face. She turned her mouth expectantly toward Julia, her lips already parted, her eyes nearly closed, but her cousin was back to working the remote already.

"Look! On the left! It's Jeannie!"

Walking into the frame came Olivia's oldest cousin, utterly transformed. Her bushy hair was curled in shiny ringlets that tumbled down her back and across her shoulders in pretty light-brown waves. A large tattoo of an angelic girl with devil's horns and batlike wings was inked across nearly her entire back; the face smiled wickedly, beautifully, showing fangs and an unmistakable hunger. The teenager's ass, fattened wonderfully from pregnancy, wobbled prodigiously atop black straps that ran down from her hips to join somewhere up underneath her. She wore black, shiny boots halfway up her thighs, the heels gleaming like chrome, like knives. One black strap crossed Jeannie's lower back, just at the clawed feet of the demon-girl, and another strap went just below her shoulder blades, across the angel-slut's huge, pierced nipples. Then she turned around, facing the camera, and sneered.

"Hello, fuckin' family," she growled. "They're gettin' ready to come in, I can hear that fat fuck out there goin' through the rules and shit." The sound was good, though it did seem to echo, and every shift and step that Jeannie took seemed amplified and minutely present in the room with the two younger girls. "If Livvy ain't watchin' this," she went on, jolting Olivia and freezing her wandering hands, "you need to go get her. Like fuckin' now. Right, Momma?"

But Aunt Jenelle, of course, was still in the kitchen reading the paper. Olivia puzzled at what Jeannie might mean by that, but Julia was already trying to explain. "Like I told you, Olivia," she said simply, "Jeannie's so very dramatic. She likes to perform, so you're now a new member of her audience, you know?" Olivia nodded dumbly, studying her cousin as she alternated between examining her long, freshly painted black fingernails and squinting up at the camera. "She'll ask you later on about watching, too, to see if you really did. She'll act like she didn't like you doing it, but she really does love it. Besides watching Johnnie's games, that's the only other thing she'll do in front of a TV. Watch herself and these men. She really likes it and has lots of orgasms. That chair of hers is a total mess, you know, if you ever see it up close."

Two black straps crossed in an X between Jeannie's breasts, framing

them inside tight black leather lines. Her tits were full and heavy, and her nipples were each pierced with thick silver rings. Olivia quickly slid her hands back to work between her legs. Jeannie was so raunchy-looking and so gorgeous. The X between her breasts sent a long black strap down either side of her large, protruding belly, framing it deliciously as well. The curve of her pregnant flesh, bulging out so heavily in front of her, was one of the most beautiful things Olivia had ever seen. Jeannie's belly button was fully popped out and cast its own small shadow down the rapidly descending angle of her abdomen, where the girl could just barely make out the two belly straps coming back together, between the tops of her cousin's long, muscular thighs.

Olivia found herself swallowing hard, her throat gone dry, her eyes scratchy and watering. She blinked rapidly, increasing her pace on her own vulva. She could watch her cousin standing around like that for hours.

"Well," Julia chided, "I guess you've already noticed how nicely our Jeannie cleans up! I can smell your vagina from over here!"

Olivia, despite her embarrassment, laughed along with Julia and leaned into her as the younger girl leaned in with her own bare shoulder. Then Olivia extracted a great goopy handful of her own pussy slime and reached out, smearing it across Julia's surprised face. The fell into a shrieking, giggling heap then upon the bed, as as Julia attempted to wipe her face clean and Olivia struggled mightily to hold her cousin's hands away.

"'Bout fuckin' time, dude!" Jeannie barked sharply, and both girls immediately sat back up, staring eagerly at the large screen. A skinny, young man had entered the trailer, standing tentatively just inside the closed door. He held a stack of money in one hand, while the other hung absently on the forgotten door knob. He was staring every bit as hard at Jeannie as Olivia had just done.

"Well, shit, at least say hi or somethin'," Jeannie sneered. The man cleared his throat and mumbled, "Hi," holding out the money.

"Now," Jeannie began, stepping no closer to the man and putting both hands on her hips, "I know Harlan sent you to me and not Jenelle, so that means you want somethin' that's kinky, right?"

The man nodded stupidly.

"OK, dude, this'll be a lot easier if you explain exactly what you want. Before we do the money. Got it?"

The man nodded again.

"So talk, goddammit!" Jeannie ordered. She snapped her fingers at him and turned her back, walking a few steps farther away from him.

The man cleared his throat, still staring intently at Jeannie. "Well, um, you see... my ah, my wife don't like nothin' to do with my um...."

"Your ass," Jeannie finished, turning back to him. "You want me to play with your ass?"

The man nodded, finally dropping his eyes to his shoes, slumping his shoulders. He looked ashamed and relieved and completely afraid.

"All right, that's better." Jeannie walked back to stand an arm's length in front of him. "You want me to fuck that faggy ass of yours?"

The man nodded again. Jeannie snorted.

"You ever think of asking somebody with a real dick to do that for ya'? Huh?"

The man jerked his head up and looked Jeannie right in the face, opening and closing his mouth without speaking. He dropped his eyes again and this time studied her boots instead of his own. "I ain't no queer, that's why," he muttered.

Jeannie laughed - a short, cruel little bark. "Fuck. You want cock in your ass, dude. That's queer as shit. You gotta get that straight or else you're gonna be one hell of a fucked up piece of shit the whole rest of your life."

"Whatever," the man replied sullenly, shifting from foot to foot.

"Yeah, dude, whatever," Jeannie retorted. "You go on lying to yourself 'bout what you want and who you are. It ain't no shit to me. Just don't go blasting away with that service revolver anywhere 'round here when you finally fuckin' snap."

Julia clucked her tongue and said, "Oh, he's a sheriff's deputy! But he must be a new one! Goodie! That's why Harlan knew all about him. Harlan's a deputy, too."

Jeannie was still talking. "You got two other closet queers in them other deputies, did you know that?"

The man shook his head and eyed her face closely, shocked.

"Yeah, man, ass-gapin' fag-pole fucks, just like you. You could save a lotta money suckin' cock on one-a them boys instead of comin' here to me. I tell them that, too, though, and they still come crawlin' back 'bout once a month. So stupid."

She stepped up inside the reach of his arms, which did nothing but hang still, and she ran a long black fingernail lightly down his cheek. "If you knew what the fuck you were doin', though, you know... as a man and all," she taunted, "you could get all the ass-fucking you wanted from that stupid bitch you done left at home."

The deputy jerked away from her finger, and his voice rose, angry. "You watch what you say about my wife, you hear?"

Jeannie laughed again and stepped away. "Whatever, dude. What-fuckin'-ever." She walked over to the wall and the shelves, reaching into one of the boxes, rummaging around. She called back absently over her shoulder. "So you got three choices now. Listen carefully with your brain turned all the way fuckin' on: one, I can fuck your sorry ass for pretty much all the cash you got right now in your hand; two, you can save all that money and go home and figure out your shit with

your perfect little wife; or three, save that money and go over to Jack or Bertram's house and get down on all fours like the little bitch that you are."

She turned back to him with a long, slender black dildo in her hand. Its base was flattened, flaring out not like balls but like a backboard almost. "This here's my dick. I got no trouble shovin' it up your shithole till your eyes water and you puke your guts dry. If that's what you want. ...If it is, then go down the hall to the bathroom, strip - and that means your fuckin' socks and shoes, too - and come back here with that money held out like you got some goddamn pride as a man who ain't afraid to fuck my nigger cock."

The man didn't move.

"Or else get the fuck out!" Jeannie shouted. The deputy flinched, but he still didn't move. She walked over to him again, waving the dildo between them like a hypnotist, leering at him with the worst sort of smile on her face.

"What's that cock of yours say, huh?" She reached down and cupped a hand against his jeans, staring him hard in the eyes. "You got plenty of big hard meat in there that says you want somethin' soon, don't ya'?"

The man rocked his hips toward her, rubbing himself into her palm, but Jeannie quickly pulled her hand away. "No way, man. I don't give more than ten seconds of that shit away, and you done had yours now." She walked away again, bending, contorting herself somewhat awkwardly, pushing the head of the dildo down beneath her belly until it was attached somehow at her crotch. She turned back to him and lewdly pushed out her own pelvis, wagging the heavy, stiff pole of black latex meat. "Make up your fuckin' mind. You got ten more seconds before I call Daddy Stockton in here."

Olivia's body was on fire. She was popping out in sweat everywhere, she was suddenly so hot. Her fingers were working furiously on her clit, pushing her closer and closer to the brink. It was that talking. That angry, mean, sexy way of talking that Jeannie was doing with that man. There was something powerful in her voice that shot straight to Olivia's glands, made her seep her own rich, thick fluids until she could hear her own sloppy crotch-sounds with every bit as much clarity as Jeannie's snarling voice on the video feed.

The girl had never seen such a thing with sex before. She'd never known it could be so mean and so hard and so scary. With her mother it had always been nothing but tenderness, softness, and the best kind of soft, deep, lingering love. With Jeannie it was all slashes and scars and screaming. And that was just her voice!

Olivia found herself suddenly imagining Jeannie yelling at her like that, forcing her into some kind of dirty choice, making her go take off all her clothes and get down on the floor and submit her holes. She would do it. She would do it so fast. She would crawl back from that bathroom already on her hands and knees. She'd bark like a little bitch-dog even with Jeannie telling her to. She'd piss herself just from

the fear. She'd come so hard! She knew she wouldn't even need the cock to go anywhere for that, but even the prospect of a long black pole shoved deep inside her had her far more excited and curious than afraid. It would hurt, and she would cry, but Jeannie would surely laugh at her. Maybe spit on her. Maybe piss on her head when she was done and bleeding and lying there in a sprawl of tears and goo. God!

Julia was giggling again, and Olivia realized she was being watched. Her pace on her cunt had doubled. She was holding it wide open with one hand, leaning over and working her slit so hard with the other. She was panting. She was sweating in earnest now. Julia leaned over and began licking Olivia's shoulder, her arm, the side of her breast, slurping up the perspiration and moaning beneath her twittering glee.

"Olivia-is-horny!" Julia sing-songed, licking her lips and going back for another taste of salty skin. Olivia blinked, realizing the man had finally gone down the hall, and Jeannie was back once again to inspecting her nails and waiting.

"Hey! Cut it out!" Olivia begged, stopping her hands and shoving Julia playfully away. The girls were about to enter into a second tussling giggle-heap when the man returned, and they sat up again to watch.

He was completely nude and appeared even skinnier than before. His cock, though, stuck straight out ahead of him, thick and pink at the end, and Jeannie muttered her approval.

"That's more like it, bitch." She pointed somewhere off camera. "Get that futon pad and drag it over here." Soon enough the man had pulled and unrolled the stained, thin mattress right next to the saw horse contraption. He had the stack of bills between his teeth. Jeannie snatched the money out of his mouth and counted it out so that he could hear. "All right, that's exactly enough. So you must've told Harlan what you wanted, at least. That damn fucker. He could'a just told me what you wanted straight-off and we'd have saved ten fuckin' minutes. That fat piece of shit."

The man, though, was already in the center of the futon, his ass in the air, his cheek low against the mottled fabric. He licked the fingers of one hand and began to slowly insert them into his anus, groaning. Jeannie strode quickly over to the far wall, grabbed a riding crop, and came back to stand over him. She raised her arm and cracked the man hard in the ear, the cheek, the mouth. He cried out and stopped playing with his ass, covering his face with both hands instead.

"That's better, bitch," Jeannie declared, moving behind him. "You can do that at home, right? So why pay for that? That's just fucked up. Save the free shit you can do to yourself for home, for when perfect-wifey is off watchin' Oprah and misunderstandin' her role in the marriage. Do you fuckin' understand me?"

The man muttered, "Uh-huh," from behind his hands.

Julia whispered, "Momma says Jeannie's a 'natural', the way she talks to these men. But it really makes me feel sorry for them. Know what I

mean?"

But Olivia didn't. The older girl didn't feel any sort of pity for that man at all. He was a stupid faggy bitch, just as Jeannie had told him, and he wasn't doing things right. If that was her, Olivia knew she wouldn't get a single smack to her face. Even though the thought of it sent sultry little shivers all over her body.

Jeannie was whipping the man's ass now, and he yelped with every strike. "Aw, shut the hell up, will ya'?" Jeannie complained. "Is this the first time your ass has even been warmed up a little?" The man grunted "Uh-huh," again, and Jeannie laughed with what sounded like truly happy surprise.

"You're shittin' me, dude! Wow! This ain't nothin', and you're jumpin' like I got the brandin' iron on your scrawny ass." She steadily increased the force and frequency of her blows until the deputy's entire rear end was flaming red. Then she stepped back over to the wall; she kept hold of the crop but rummaged with her other hand for something in a different box than before. She returned to him with a large plastic bottle.

"Ooh!" Julia cried, leaning forward. "She's going to stick it in him now, Olivia! I'll bet he cries!"

The girl jumped off the bed and came back with a small control pad, with several buttons on it, along with a short joystick and a sliding nob. It was connected to one of the other electronic components with a long cable. As Jeannie leaned over the man's quivering ass and dribbled out clear liquid from the bottle, Julia went to work with the joystick and the nob, zooming the camera in on the deputy's grayish, wrinkled slot. Jeannie's fingers came into the frame, sliding in and out of the man's asshole until it was considerably more loose. Several times more she poured out additional fluid onto her fingers and deposited it directly within his hungry-looking hole. Then her back fuzzed out the picture and Julia had to zoom out. She switched to another view from the other three choices - one from the side - and they could see Jeannie now rubbing shiny liquid all over her black dong. She then stepped up to straddled either side of the man's legs.

"So, bitch," Jeannie said conversationally, "you're pretty loose already. What are you fuckin' yourself with at home, huh?"

The man was silent. Jeannie stepped back and landed her hardest blow yet, directly on his sloppy anus. The spwack! of impact made Olivia shudder. Her own buttohole clenched reflexively, deliciously grating against the threaded pattern that was sewn into the comforter. The man's cry was more like a bark, and he finally spluttered, "M-my fingers! My fingers and this old screwdriver I use out in th- the shed!"

"Lube?" Jeannie asked, tapping the crop lightly back and forth all around his hole.

"M- m- motor oil! Spit! Jesus!" the deputy sobbed, grinding his face into the futon.

"Jesus, huh? He helps grease your ass?" Jeannie chuckled. "You're fuckin' hilarious, dude. So no man's ever got inside this loose little faghole of yours?" She slid several fingers deep inside his rectum, slowly and considerately. The man groaned and rocked back against her hand.

The deputy turned his face sideways again and murmured, "Not since junior high, ma'am. Been a long time."

"Well, now, that's when you should'a figured it out," Jeannie scolded, "instead of goin' on and marryin' like some straight dick and fuckin' a woman for all this time." She pulled her fingers out and replaced them with the head of the black dildo. Slowly and steadily she pushed it in, until at least five or six inches were gone. "You could'a had all them years with cock up your ass instead..." another inch disappeared "...and cock to suck..." another inch made its way in "...and so many queers like you out there just dyin' to get hold of a hot loose hole like yours..." the last few inches of the dildo were rammed home, and the man grunted, rocking a little away from her this time.

Jeannie dropped the bottle of lube and grabbed his hip with her free hand. With the other she sent the crop flying down onto his face again, then his shoulders and ribs. "Don't pull away goddammit!" she roared. She stepped forward even more, straddling him nearly at his hips, continuing to whale away at his torso and head with the crop. "You take this like the fuckin' man you think you are, goddammit!"

She began to rock over top of his ass. "Keep this ass up, you hear? And don't you dare touch that faggot cock until I tell you to!"

"Ugh! Y- yes ma'am," the deputy croaked. Both his hands stretched out ahead of himself on the futon, gathering in wads of material, bracing his body against Jeannie's powerful, deep thrusts. She put the riding crop between her teeth and reached both hands down to grab her own handfuls of his hips.

Her body rose and fell, pushed forward and pulled back, with a hard, cruel rhythm that nearly sent Olivia into spasms. She dropped the hand that had been holding open her pussy until it was dancing around her buttohole instead. It was slippery and tender and easy to finger. The tips of her first two fingers went in and out in time with Jeannie's strokes into the man, while her other hand kept up its assault on her swollen, aching clit. She could smell her ass juice leaking out. Her shitty funk that she loved so much. Soon she was bringing her ass-fucking fingers up to her mouth and sucking, then putting them back - sucking, then putting them back. Over and over. Her head was like a balloon gone all the way to the ceiling, full of thin, hot air. Her body trembled.

Scrambling, Olivia thrust herself farther back on the bed, until she was lying against the pile of pillows, her knees up and bent, her feet flat and spread wide on the comforter, her toes curling to feel the rough threads in the comforter's design. Julia was watching her now, but Olivia kept her eyes on the screen. She matched Jeannie's thrusts,

jamming her fingers deeper and deeper into her own butt, her hand now thrust beneath her, reaching up from below, her other hand still strumming at her cunt with greater and greater urgency. Every time Jeannie paused to readjust or take a breather, Olivia jammed her ass-fingers deep into her mouth, sucking off the shitty slime that she could smell and taste but hardly see.

Soon it was too much. She was going to come. The room seemed tilted on one crazy edge, then another, and her legs shook all on their own. She was moaning. Grunting. Then Julia's mouth closed over one of her nipples, her fingers pinching at the other, and Olivia was gone.

"Ah! Oh God! Oh fuck!" she screamed, stiffening, shaking, stiffening again, over and over, her eyes screwed shut. Her body was exploding - it couldn't hold it all in, the fierce and perfect violence of her orgasm arching her back, digging her heels, clawing at her sloppy pussy and ass.

Distantly, as she contemplated the fireworks still dancing behind her tightly closed lids, Olivia could hear Jeannie finally growl, "Now, bitch! Jack that cock! Come like a good little queer! Yeah! That's it, you fuckin' ass-whore! Jack that cock! Jack that cock!"

Julia's mouth was still working wonders on her nipple, and the other was burning just as much from her cousin's expert little fingers. Wave after wave of new sensation ripped through Olivia's thrashing form as her fingers finally left her asshole, flew from her clit, and both hands stuffed themselves in her mouth. In an agony of sweet sensory overload she finally drew up her knees and rolled away from Julia's excellent touch, her entire body trembling, sweating heavily. She was suddenly so shivering cold and so tired!

"Well, Julia, I think I'll take over from here," came Aunt Jenelle's voice from the doorway. Olivia's eyes flew open, and she sat back up in shame. Her rapid shift of position dizzied her, though, and she almost immediately fell back into the pillows, covering her face with both hands. The room was spinning all around her.

"Oh God! I'm so sorry!" Olivia whimpered instinctively. She was naked and soaked in her own sweat and juices, on her aunt's bed, obviously a worthless little whore just like her own mother. It was horrible, and yet it was wonderful, too. What if her aunt liked what she saw? What if "take over from here" meant I want to be the one touching little Livvy now...?

But it didn't. Olivia heard her aunt move to the foot of the bed and pick up the remote control, felt her sit down, so far away. "I think Olivia's had enough insanity for her first day, Julia, don't you? It's time for the two of you to run off to bed."

Olivia felt Julia roll to the edge of the bed and get up. "All right, Momma, we will. Come on, Olivia!"

Her eyes pinned to the comforter, Olivia slowly rolled over and crawled to the edge. She poured herself onto her feet and stood unsteadily for

a moment, letting her head stop its wobbling protests until it finally felt like she could walk. Her thighs and calves ached and felt barely up to the task, but they managed to get her moving. Julia had their night shirts in her hand, as well as the leaky bottle of lotion, and she was already moving toward her mother and planting a good night kiss on her cheek. Aunt Jenelle leaned into it, but didn't look over. Olivia's eyes slid from her aunt to the big television. Jeannie was now standing in front of the deputy's face, forcing her dildo into his slobbering mouth. Jenelle idly flipped through the various views, tapping her foot as it sat across her knee in time with some silent song.

"Good night, girls. Sweet dreams," she said. "And Julia?"

"Yes, Momma?"

"Why don't you leave Olivia alone tonight, huh? Just snuggle, OK? And let her sleep in tomorrow, if she wants. I doubt the poor thing's had this much happen to her in a long, long time. She's going to need some rest to recover. Got it?"

"Yes, Momma, I got it," Julia sighed quietly, but then she came to Olivia and took her by the hand. "Come on, now, Olivia. Let me get you to the bathroom and the bed. I promise I'll just be your little teddy bear tonight, that's all."

And she was.

When they got to the room they shared with the twins, Olivia saw that the other two girls had already returned. The two eleven year-olds lay naked atop their sheets, snuggled together tightly. Josie was on her back and snoring softly, while Jessie curled against her, half on top of her sister, her head resting peacefully against Josie's slender neck. They stank.

Their odor hit Olivia with enough force to make her forget her own fatigue and lingering shame. Apparently the girls must've gotten home sometime while she'd been too preoccupied with masturbating in that back bedroom to notice. Equally as obvious, the twins had to have fallen directly into the bed, exhausted and not even taking the slightest time to clean up from the shack. It was too dim in the room to see proper details, but Olivia imagined they must have been completely filthy.

The girl's worried mind, suddenly, gave way to an immense, delightful sleepiness. It was all she could do to climb into Julia's bed and curl her arms around the pillow. Julia got in and stepped over her, getting between Olivia and the wall, spooning up against her cousin until Olivia felt obliged to drape one arm comfortingly around the little girl's bare shoulders and breasts. The two of them were still naked as well, and smelly in their own way, lying just as tightly together on their side of the room. It was a completely weird and wonderful way to fall asleep.

For the first time since her mother was arrested, Olivia was utterly in her own world, not thinking about her mother at all.

Waking later that night, though, Olivia found that all she could do for

the longest time was to remember her mother - in a million different ways at once, and all of them wracking her slim body with the deepest longing. She wept silently as she struggled to drift back to sleep in the narrow trailer bed, with Julia still snuggled close in her arms. Then she finally admitted the bittersweet truth in her heart, and with that she was once again lost to slumber, and peace: Yes, Olivia confessed to herself, that was definitely the strongest she'd ever come in her life. Without her mother. On her own.

She slept then and dreamed of Julia and of the twins, and of Jenelle and Jeannie... all of them making love on a futon inside the great big screen in the living room, with Johnnie at the controls, drooling prettily all over herself. And Olivia's mother was nowhere to be seen. She had nothing to do with it at all.

Chapter 4

The twins play with each other's assholes. Olivia has more fun in the tub. Julia and Olivia have fun in the mall parking lot with a remote-controlled vibrating egg. And Olivia meets Melanie for the very first time!

(fg, inc, voy, mild ws, mild scat, preg, mast, oral)

Olivia awoke to unfamiliar sounds. Giggles. Rustling of sheets. Squishy wet noises. Caught in the fuzzy haze of awakening, she had a hard time placing where she was. When it was.

Then she smelled the twins. It was like a dumpster had been spilled out into their room.

Her back was to them. She was lying in a ball around the one large pillow in the bed, her forehead lightly pressed against the cool wallpaper. Julia was not around. The twins' bed, shoved against the other wall in the small bedroom, was only a couple feet away from her. Olivia discovered with a thrill that she could hear every word they whispered back and forth. Struggling against the urge to roll over and fake sleep while she watched, the girl chose instead to keep herself still, and listen.

"Ssshhh, stupid bitch. Be quiet."

"Fuck that. It feels too good."

"Well, yeah, but it's early... and 'Livvy's still gettin' used to everything."

"I think she's - fuck, yeah, right *there* - she's doin' OK. Mmmmmmm...."

There was a prolonged period of soft moans and squishing noises, a steady rhythm accompanied by a distinctly slurpy sound.

"She got off last night like crazy, didn't she?"

"Oh fuck, don't fuckin' stop that - yeah - mmmmm, fuck, *fuck* - if only Jeannie could'a heard her - ah, *ah God!*"

"Well ain't you horny this mornin'? And all I wanted to do was eat pussy."

"Yeah, well, that's nice and all, but *fuck*, Josie... both holes like that... it's so nice..."

"What? It's just a couple fingers...."

For a long time the room was almost silent. Olivia could hear the dull droning of the television in the living room. She felt vibrations from it through the wall whenever it pumped out a particularly low note. It nearly soothed her back to sleep.

Then Jessie groaned, and Olivia could hear sheets moving under feet. Like a nervous rubbing, like somebody was ready to climb a wall.

"Jesus, fuck! Can you feel the shit in my ass or what? Feels like its - mmmmm, twist it, yeah, *fuck* - is your finger like right in it? Diggin' in it?"

"Why don't you open yer mouth an' find out, bitch."

"Mmmmmmm, oh God! That's so *nasty*! Fuck! Mmmmmmm...."

"Yer such a fuckin' dirty lezzie, Jess."

"Mmmmm...."

Olivia couldn't help it, she had to feel her pussy. Snaking one hand slowly out from under the pillow, she slid her fingers between her thighs - confused for a moment about her lack of panties, then remembering Julia only tossing her a night shirt before, and with such an innocent smile on her face! She wormed the middle finger into the top of her slit... just enough to push on the hardening little knob of flesh that she loved so much.

"More?"

"Ah, God, ah... mmmmmmm... gimme a bigger piece now."

"One sec...."

Sticky sounds. Wet, sticky, wonderful noises came from Jessie's mouth.

"Oooohhh, that's - mmmmmmm - so sick. Fuck."

"Swaller, yeah, show me... Missy Brown Tongue... that's it... oh, that's so gross!"

"Mmmmm... more..."

"Yer gonna taste it all day, ya' know...."

"Don't fuckin' care, bitch. *More!* An' don't fuckin' stop on my button. Keep pinchin' it an' shit."

"Fussy baby."

The lovely, messy sounds of the twins' dirty play continued for several more minutes, punctuated by Jessie's moans and grunts every now and then. Olivia could smell the wonderful evidence that she was not

alone in the world. It had been almost too perfect to discover the night before that Julia was more than happy to finger her cousin's asshole and farm out hot melty chunks of turds. Even though they'd gone no farther, Olivia still felt so amazed and lucky. Now this. Two other cousins with no problems getting dirty and playing with buttocks and shit and now eating it!

Was it some kind of family tradition or curse or insanity? Was every family this perverted?

"Josie?"

"Yeah?"

"Kiss me?"

"I fuckin' knew you'd wanna do that! No fuckin' way!"

"Come on, Jo. Stop playin'. Open yer mouth...."

"Well... OK. But you better finger my pussy while we do."

More silence and occasional television hum-dums, soon enough giving way to the low, soft noises of a satisfying kiss. Olivia mashed on her clit and tried not to pant out loud. It must have been the longest, deepest, best kiss ever. Both girls were moaning nonstop, by its end.

"See? See? It ain't ever all *that* bad. Right? Admit it!"

"All right... yer right. Fuckin' bitch. But I'm gonna' have to brush so much now. It's such a fuckin' pain!"

"But you *came*, right?"

"Maybe. Here's more."

"Mmmmmmm...."

"Ew! Brown drool!"

The twins fell into several minutes of quiet giggles and frantic sheets-rustling shenanigans of some kind. Olivia, not nearly satisfied with her single-finger adventure, was sweating, stiff, and ready to just get up and get out. Her bladder was so full it was almost impossible to properly come without wetting the bed. And Olivia, in her first ever night in one of Aunt Jenelle's beds, wasn't about to screw up and pee in it.

"Ah... ah... *fuck*... I gotta shit fer real. God! *Soon*, Josie... mmmmmmm...."

"Dammit, not yet! Momma said not the bed again, bitch! Jesus!"

"It's yer fault, with that damn finger..."

"She's gonna beat ass all day."

"Well that'll get *you* off, at least, won't it?"

With a sudden, rattling thump, one of the twins hopped to the floor of the trailer. A frantic soft flurry of activity with the sheets was briefly punctuated by the other's reluctant sighs and much lighter dismount

from the bed.

"You just freak out way too easy, Jo."

"Fuckin' bitch. Goddammit! Help me get all the sheets up before it soaks through into the mattress. Remember last fuckin' time?!"

But Jessie was giggling and heading out of the bedroom. Olivia heard her clunking about in the bathroom, and soon the tub was running full blast. Muttering truly hateful obscenities for a few seconds, Josie apparently succeeded in rounding up the sheets to her satisfaction; Olivia felt more than heard the other girl storm out of the bedroom and into the bathroom with her sister.

"Yeah... *no*. Like this.... See? Inside out and dunk that part in the toilet, dummy," Jessie chided, not bothering with a whisper anymore. A few moments later she strode back into the room and blasted a minute-long jet of air freshener above their bed. Olivia figured she'd better pretend to wake up, with a racket like that going on. Fake it any longer and she'd be caught in the faking for sure.

"What's going on?" Olivia asked, sitting up with her best dreamy face. She sat herself Indian-style and rubbed deeply at her eyes.

Jessie only laughed, playfully spraying a quick burst of country linen scent directly at her older cousin's exposed crotch. It was cold and damp and made Olivia start. Her eyes had still been closed, luxuriant beneath her digging knuckles, and the shock of the air freshener nearly made her bladder nearly lose it for good.

"Hey!" she squealed, rolling away and throwing the big pillow up over herself for protection. But Jessie was already walking back out, calling "Good morning!" over her shoulder.

The bathroom door slammed and locked, ruining Olivia's chances for the pee she needed so badly. It had never before occurred to her how troublesome it was going to be to share one toilet with six other people. Worse than the girls' home! Dear lord.

"God, Jessie, is that *Spaghettio's* in your hair?" Josie's cackle was muffled somewhat by the thin bathroom door, but then she squeaked and cried, much more loudly, "Ewww! How can you *do that*?!" Even through the door and over the thundering sounds of the filling tub, Olivia could tell there was already one in the water and another about to get in. The girls teased each other about their grimy, nasty feet and legs, and the smears and streaks of various colors and textures here and there on the rest of their bodies. "You got a Spaghettio between one of your *toes*! Look! God, yer a filthy bitch!"

Olivia sighed and decided to ignore her aching bladder, shuffling instead out of the hazy fog of the bedroom and down the hall to the kitchen and the much more wonderful aroma of freshly cooked eggs and bacon. Julia was just turning from the stove with the frying pan in her hand, about to push portions out onto two plates. Jenelle and Johnnie were already halfway through theirs, both eating in silence, the mother reading the paper while the daughter skimmed through a

glossy gamer's magazine. Jeannie was nowhere to be seen. The television was set to the cable radio blues station, thumping out a bright rendition of "Dixie Chicken".

"Momma," Julia chirped, finally settling down in front of her own plate, "can Olivia come shopping with us today? Please?"

Jenelle didn't look up from her paper to respond. "Of course, sweetie, if she wants to."

Julia shoveled several bites of eggs into her mouth in rapid succession, then ate her strip of bacon in three quick chomps. "Oooh, that will be so fun, Olivia! I will have to get some groceries eventually, but maybe Momma could take us to the mall for school clothes and to the book store and a movie or something, too! What do you think? Want to come?!"

Shopping? With Julia? Getting school clothes and finding a fun book, and maybe a movie? Like real girls in August before back to school and all the silly boring wonderful things of normal life? Olivia had been left out of such a life for so long, she found she could barely imagine those things anymore, yet she was thrilled just at the thought. Before Olivia could think of saying yes, Jenelle flipped the paper closed and looked closely at her niece.

"You know, I think she should, Julia. Definitely." Jenelle's clear blue eyes held an intensity that made Olivia blush and look away. Could her aunt read her face that easily? Was she really so desperate and sad that a little trip out could be so important? But it was, and Olivia found herself stirring her eggs around in embarrassment. Jenelle leaned back in her chair and finished off the rest of her coffee. "We'll leave around ten, OK, Olivia? You want to go, right?"

Olivia merely nodded - repeatedly - and did her best to put eggs to mouth and chew. Johnnie, eyes still engrossed with an elaborate description of cheats and strategies for *Metal Gear Solid 4*, mumbled, "Y'all just remember to pick me up a *Game Sauce*."

Julia and Jenelle pushed away from the table simultaneously. "Of course, silly!" Julia chided, "Don't we always bring you back something nice?" She was finished already, taking her mother's dishes and scurrying over to the sink to clean them while Jenelle went up on her tippy-toes in a long, luxurious stretch. Olivia's gaze wandered from her aunt's prettily painted toes, up her long, muscular legs, to her crotch. Her aunt was pantiless and completely shaved, and her genitals were pierced several times. The little golden rings winked at her in the bright morning light that streamed in through the window over the sink. The girl's breath caught. Her aunt's pussy was thick and fat and delicious-looking, just like her mother's - so smelly, probably, and so sweet! And yet so bare and slippery looking and utterly different from her mother's hairy, stinky place. Jenelle obviously took more care about washing and maintaining that special spot on her body. It must drive men crazy, she thought. And women. And me.

Jenelle's thin night shirt barely covered the area as she brought her

arms down. Scratching at her boobs and yawning, the woman threw a bright, loving smile Olivia's way, catching her eyes again and grinning, saying so much in only a second. Olivia couldn't help herself. She smiled back, flushing, the heat rising all the way to the roots of her hair. Then she fumbled for her orange juice and, just barely managing not to spill it entirely, focused intently on gulping every drop of it down.

"That'll give Olivia and I a good chance to talk and catch up," Jenelle said, taking Johnnie's empty plate over to Julia. "Plus we need to figure out how a few things are going to work around here, now that she's a part of the family."

Olivia wasn't sure what that meant, but she found herself not caring much to think about it, anyway. Jenelle was going to spend time getting to know her, it sounded like, and that was all that mattered. A woman cared about her. A grown, gorgeous woman was taking care of her. Olivia watched her aunt's ass bouncing back and forth, only half covered by her t-shirt, as she walked slowly toward her bedroom

"I'm going to get ready, then," Jenelle called back over her shoulder. "You two do whatever you need to get washed up and dressed, and be ready to go when it's time."

"All right, Momma!" sang Julia, rising plates. "And I will have Olivia brush my hair, too - and I will brush hers!"

The twins burst from the bathroom, then, both nude but dry and spotlessly clean, and ran down the hall to the kitchen. Jessie grabbed Julia by the arm and tugged, begging, "Oh no! Please, don't clean up yet. We want eggs, too!" Josie ran up behind her twin, tickling at her ribs, which set Jessie to squirming and threatened to break her hold on the smaller girl.

But Julia only clucked her tongue at her older sisters and shook her head. "Cooking's all done now, Jessie. You should have taken a faster bath. Now Olivia and I have to get ready for some shopping, so it's just cereal for your two."

"Awww, fuck *ass*!" Jessie pouted, dropping Julia's arm. She wheeled on Josie and grabbed the girl's puffy titties in her fists. Josie screamed and jerked away, and Jessie bolted for the door. "Come on, Jo, let's get Nanny Rae to cook fer us!" In a flurry of knees and elbows, both girls piled up against the door until they could get it - and then the screen door - opened.

"At least put on some clothes!" Julia yelled after them, but they were hustling around the kitchen end of the trailer and heading for the narrow dirt road. "*Woooo! Streakin'!*" Olivia heard one of them scream, and then they were gone.

"Nanny Rae's still here, too?" Olivia suddenly thought to ask. She hadn't even thought of her grandmother in all the excitement and weirdness, but Nanny Rae lived in a trailer at the back end of the park, just up the bank from the creek.

"Yes, she is still here. Of course she is," Julia sang, flicking Olivia lightly on the nose as she skipped to the table for Olivia's dishes. "She and Wendy are selling soap on the Internet now and making loads of money."

"'Citrus Kiss' is the best," Johnnie muttered from deep inside the magazine.

"Oh no it is *not*," Julia countered, then she set the dishes down and sprinted to the bathroom, returning in a moment with a drippy bar of soap in her hands. It was light blue flecked with rough chips of a darker blue. Julia held it up to Olivia's nose for her older cousin to sniff. It was heavenly. "Nice, right?" Julia asked, dancing about, trying to catch the slippery drips on her skinny thighs and feet to keep them off the linoleum. "This is 'Blueberry Pie'," Julia explained, "and it is the best."

"Whatever," mumbled Johnnie. Julia stuck her tongue out at her sister and pulled a silly face before spilling the heavy bar into Olivia's surprised hands. "Here, Olivia, you take it back for me, please, while I finish cleaning up. I will be getting dressed without taking another bath, but you can, if you want. There should still be enough hot water, even with me doing these dishes."

How could she refuse? Olivia relished the idea of bathing whenever she wanted. It was a freedom that boggled her mind and sent the silliest, girliest thrills up and down her spine. To get in the tub any time, to soak and sponge and scrub - and other things - at her own desire... The girl's head spun again as she found herself faced once again with the extraordinary prospect of normalcy. No more washing pits and crotch before bed time in the second floor bathroom sink with an old smelly wash cloth. No more sixty second showers on Wednesday and Saturday nights with all the girls in the house cramming into the same gang shower room or waiting and cursing in the hall with a thin towel for modesty and no decent soap or shampoo to be found.

Olivia gazed at the glistening blueberry gift in her hands and slowly rose, heading for the bathroom. As the first drips hit her thighs as she walked, she remembered how badly she needed to pee, and she finished her return to bubbly heaven at nearly a run.

Olivia had just finished peeing on herself when Jeannie came into the bathroom. The girl had run a light stream of warm water into the tub - just enough to cover the bottom and take away the shock of the cold plastic on her rear and back - and as she'd lay back she hunched her crotch towards the ceiling, lifting her knees and feet just enough in the air. Taking her little pussy in her hand, Olivia had just finished spreading and pulling on it, making it shoot at just the right angle, spraying delicious warm urine up and over her belly to rain down upon her stiffening nipples and her throat and face, when Jeannie suddenly turned the knob and staggered in. Like lightning, the girl scrambled upright and set the faucet to full blast, then reached for the bottle of bath bubbles that teetered on the edge of the tub.

Jeannie, though, hadn't seemed to notice a thing. Completely naked, she proceeded to the toilet with her eyes nearly closed. Her thickly curled hair hung all about her face and shoulders in a wild tumbled beauty, her belly swaying out before her with nearly as many freckles on it as her pale, pink cheeks. Grunting, the teenager sat upon the bowl, resting her elbows on her knees, her face in her hands.

Olivia checked the water around her for signs of pee, but nothing was yellow. Relieved, she quickly but lightly cupped water in her hands and let it run down over her face and neck and chest, then went for the soap. The taste in her mouth still lingered, of course, but otherwise Jeannie wouldn't be able to tell a thing.

Here was more normalcy, in this trailer full of girls: barging in. Olivia found herself smiling and staring at Jeannie's crotch while she peed. The urine clung to her cousin's thick pubic hair in thick drops, and occasionally her stream would stick to one of her protruding pussy lips and pull the whole line of piss off to the side, to run partially up along the underside of her bottom and then finally fall down into the bowl with the rest. Jeannie, rubbing at her face and sighing, didn't seem to care at all if she had an audience.

There was a knock at the door. "Jeannie," Aunt Jenelle said through the door, "don't forget you've got a nooner."

Jeannie cursed quietly for a few seconds, then barked, "Yeah, Al fuckin' Spooner, right? Is it Friday already?"

Jenelle chuckled, a muffled, polite pause through the thin wood of the door, then said, "Yes, it's Friday, and yes, you're going to be seeing Mr. Spooner at noon. Are you going to be ready in time?"

"Yeah, fuck it all. Spooner the nooner." Jeannie raised her head then and glared at Olivia, startling the girl, until Olivia realized it wasn't meant for her. It wasn't even meant for Jenelle or perhaps Al Spooner at all. Jeannie's face registered disgust and anger at the inevitability of it all. Olivia didn't understand that so clearly at the time; but years later she could still recall her cousin's face and that hard, mean stare she'd laid so fully upon her, and a lot of things finally made sense about Jeannie and her cursing and slobbiness and hatred. Whoring - true whoring, sex and other play for pay, straight up - could devour your very soul, leave you with nothing left but the shell of your self, your holes and your head and a tiny slice of heart; the head then either contemplates endlessly the crushing weight of the consequences of choice - and then to wonder at the inevitable evaporation of all choice - or else the head dulls itself with drugs and drink and anything else to kill those thoughts and the memories of a time when cocks and fingers and fists didn't determine your existence.

Jenelle was a whore who'd come up with a way to quiet those thoughts, to exist in control, with her full quota of sanity intact; Jeannie, though, was not so lucky. Olivia knew her cousin stood upon a ragged edge of some sort, and the simple ticking of time was all she needed to tip one way or the other - but never, it seemed, toward the

place her mother had found.

"This damn baby makes it so hard sometimes," Jeannie muttered, finally looking away from Olivia and down between her own toes. She grunted, then began panting, bearing down. "It's like... taking a goddamn... shit... is either like..." she paused to breath and grunt some more, closing her eyes and hanging her head, "ya' got the fuckin' runs... or else... *gah, fuck!*" Olivia could smell the rank gas that had begun to fill the small bathroom, and while she watched intently, Jeannie's anus began to yawn open and closed, over and over as her cousin struggled. Bearing down more and more brought her dark, damp hole lower and lower, making it easier for Olivia to see beyond the dripping mass of curly hair. There was a turd just inside the opening. A huge one, nearly black, far to big to get out easily. Jeannie was sobbing, hiding her pain and frustration behind a long string of cursing and grunting and squirming upon the seat.

"Hope ya'... don't mind the stink..." Jeannie managed to croak, right at the onset of another fit of pushing. "But I guess... *nnnggah*... liking it... sorta' runs in the... *nnnnnngah*... family." Olivia didn't know what to say to that, and though she was fully aware that she should get out and give Jeannie a chance to suffer in solitude, the girl found herself completely unable to move or to look away from the head of the gigantic turd which was only just beginning to emerge from her cousin's fantastically dilated anus. It was as big around as a baseball, easily, right there at its glistening beginning. Olivia couldn't imagine trying to get something like that out of her own asshole - and what if the whole thing was thick like that and really, really long? She'd bleed to death!

But Jeannie wasn't bleeding. Obviously her anus was accustomed to stretching for entry plenty enough - and maybe for things far larger than that mere turd - and Olivia could tell Jeannie wasn't exactly shocked or worried about it at all. It was more like she was simply pissed beyond tolerance to have to deal with all that effort right after waddling out of bed.

"Gettin' a good... *look*... huh?" Jeannie croaked, moving the turd about an inch past her anal ring. Olivia jerked back from the edge of the tub, where she'd been resting her chin and staring so openly at Jeannie's shit hole. That made Jeannie chuckle - then curse loudly - because the new movements caused by her laughing had drawn the tip of the turd entirely back inside her hole.

"Aw, god fuckin' *dammit!*" Jeannie yelled, balling her fists and pounding on her knees. She was still for a moment then, and smiled weakly at her younger cousin. "This fuckin' sucks. You know? It really does."

Olivia found herself smiling back, shrugging a little, and muttering, "Sorry." Reaching to turn off the taps, she wondered if there was any way her cousin could push the poop back out so soon. All that effort had left her nearly exhausted, but Olivia prayed she'd try some more. If Jeannie didn't care about being watched while she did it, then Olivia

desperately wanted to see how huge that turd really was.

Moving back to the edge of the tub, Olivia settled in to watch some more as Jeannie began to show signs of bearing down. After several minutes and more curses than Olivia had ever heard, the log was once again hanging down by little more than an inch. Jeannie stopped cursing - and breathing, it seemed - for a very long time, then. Her eyes were closed. Her hands fiercely gripped her knees. The turd rose and lowered, bobbing to the rhythm of Jeannie's pushes, caressed and clutched by her pulsating anal ring. Olivia thought of all the times she'd watched her mom poop on the toilet - from the same vantage point, no less - and she couldn't help but marvel at this turd being so much more enormous in comparison.

Then stabs of guilt wracked her, and Olivia realized once again how little she was thinking of her mother recently, now that she was in amongst such a wonderfully wicked family. Yet she kept on watching, despite the sadness that threatened to tear her away and send her to the bed in her room, to ball up and cry.

"Ugh... oh, yeah... fuck..." Jeannie gasped, "here it fuckin' comes!"

A second later the turd was on the move, sliding slowly out of Jeannie's sweating body, a heavy, hugely thick mass of dark shit marbled here and there with a lighter brown, its knots and grooves and tightly compressed sides slickened and shining inside the shadow of her spread ass, picking up the scant light reflecting back from the water in the bowl. Olivia moaned at the same time as her cousin. The turd reached the water but was still emerging, and just as thickly. A sudden burst of piss - and then another, and another - shot from Jeannie's cunt, bubbling up the water all around the descending turd. It was not floating at all, but rather coiling itself down at the bottom of the bowl. Olivia had raised herself halfway out of the tub to see. It lay there beneath the foamy piss-rich water like a fat brown snake.

"T- touch it," Jeannie stammered, back to pushing hard again and panting. Apparently the last bit of it was putting the brakes on coming out. Olivia jerked her eyes up at her cousin, who was staring hard at her again, but this time with a twisted grin on her face. "I fuckin' said... to grab it... *Nnnngggh*... take it out... if you want...."

Olivia was too scared to move, mainly because Jeannie had put to words exactly what Olivia had just begun to think. Instead, the younger girl shook her head slowly and looked back at the turd again, now motionless and still caught at the top inside her cousin's ass. A rip began to appear a couple of inches down from her anus, and in an instant the log was broken, the bottom half splashing into the bowl like a small bomb, sending piss-poopy water back up onto the backs and insides of Jeannie's freckled thighs. The remainder still dilated Jeannie's hole like a great rude shit-cock, but then the teenager began clamping down. Slowly, almost reluctantly, the girl's anus tightened inexorably around the massive tail of shit. After nearly a minute, it was pinched at the top until only a tiny bit remained to connect it to the rest that still lay up inside Jeannie's ass. Then the stump of poop was

severed, and it plopped into the bowl with another messy splash.

"Well," Jeannie sighed, grinning again at her little cousin, "at least I'll be a little more comfortable for my nooner. 'Specially since that's where the bastard always likes to go." She reached down and ran her fingers through her pubic hair and her wet gaping slit, bringing them up for a quick sniff before reaching down again and fluffing. "So you didn't wanna grab that big ugly monster, huh, 'Livvy?"

Olivia merely shook her head again, leaning up and over the edge of the tub again and staring as Jeannie struggled up off the seat and over to the sink. Her ass and thighs showed a bright red ring where the toilet seat had resisted and held her weight and small rivulets of pissy poop water ran down the backs and the insides of her thighs. Olivia strained to see the crack of her ass, since Jeannie hadn't wiped, but it was too tight.

"Yeah, I don' really do that so much," Jeannie shrugged, noticing Olivia's obvious curiosity. "I figure it's just another way to make the fuckers pay, y'know? Make 'em earn their kicks a little more. If they want to fuck my ass so much, I go on and give 'em the nastiest hole they ever gonna find. And ain't never a one a' them gone and whined 'bout it or beat on me or nothin'." Jeannie took a lightly soaped washcloth and wiped at her face, then at her thighs and belly and armpits. "Know why?"

Olivia shook her head.

"Cause men are fuckin' pigs. That's why. Stupid little shit-fuckin' pigs. They take whatever I give 'em and do whatever I tell 'em. Then they come right on back the next week or the next month and get to askin' fer that again and more. God damn 'em all." Jeannie rinsed the washcloth and ran it over herself again, then set to her hair with a huge brush.

"It's a fuckin' joke how good their fuckin' cocks can feel. And taste. A goddam fuckin' lame-ass *joke*, 'Livvy," Jeannie tugged the brush over and over through her tangled, lush curls, staring with blank eyes at her cousin in the mirror. "Me fuckin' what I don' want but gotta have. It's fucked up."

Olivia looked away and began soaping herself in earnest. The water was cooling, and soon perhaps Julia or Jenelle would come around ready to leave. It was hard to put aside the image - and the odor - of the massive turd that sat coiled at the bottom of the toilet bowl. It was so close, unflushed, and seemed to beg her to gaze upon it and pick it up, to test its weight and squish it between her fingers and rub it all over her aching titties, to paint her face with it and taste it and know the bitterness and horrible ecstasy of swallowing the foul waste of the angriest person she'd ever known in her life.

But she had a chance to go shopping! Maybe to a movie! And Aunt Jenelle was going to talk with her, get to know her, maybe....

"Just stay the fuck away from men, y'hear, 'Livvy?" Jeannie growled,

tossing down the brush and going at her hair with her hands instead. It still looked much the same as it had when she'd started. "They just knock ya' up or knock ya' out, and not a one a' them's gonna ever stick around long enough to do ya' one single favor. Not a one."

Without a word more, but with one long frowning look at her in the mirror, Jeannie finally gave up on her efforts and staggered back out of the bathroom. Olivia immediately jumped up, leaned over, and flushed the toilet. Better to get rid of the temptation while she still could, after all. But she still lay back for a few minutes and let herself go, rubbing and pulling at her little pussy until she shook all over and flushed from head to toe. Then she was finally ready to shampoo and rinse and get out. And shop!

The three of them were nearly out the door when Jenelle paused to remind Jeannie about Al Spooner - "...and I called Daddy Stockton and reminded him, too, so he'll be on the stoop if you need him, honey." Jeannie, of course, swore viciously that the fat-assed dog-fuckin' faggot known as Daddy Stockton was a useless and worthless such-and-such and this-and-that and... finally Jenelle simply left her daughter to rant alone, pulling Julia and Olivia out the door with a rolling of her eyes.

They were in Jenelle's SUV and buckling up when Olivia suddenly realized she'd forgotten her money. It wasn't a lot, but the state did give her a tiny allowance, and Ms. Cathy had been able to occasionally withdraw some funds on her behalf from her mother's idle bank account. She had a small white and pink Hello Kitty purse in her suitcase, and she quietly and very politely asked her aunt if she could get it. Jenelle smiled patiently and told her, "Of course."

Bursting back into the trailer, the girl immediately saw that Jeannie was indeed still ranting alone, spewing curses out loud to the empty room, flipping through the newspaper and drinking coffee from the same cup Jenelle had used before. Turning to go down the hall to her room and suitcase, Olivia saw Johnnie out of the corner of her eye, through the open door to the bathroom. Johnnie stood with a towel wrapped around her waist, a little pot belly poking out above it, but with truly lovely fat-nippled breasts hanging above that. They were the size of ripe oranges and just as firm-looking and round. Her cousin, completely absorbed, didn't seem to notice Olivia jogging down the hall. Johnnie was peering intently at the mirror, shaving her face.

Olivia stopped and stared, maybe for only a second but long enough to be sure of what she saw, and then she darted into the bedroom, dug out her purse, and cautiously began to leave the room. Glancing across the hall toward the bathroom again, Olivia confirmed it - Johnnie was definitely taking a safety razor of some kind to her cheek, which was partly covered in shaving cream, and dragging the blade down against her skin. Olivia looked just a moment longer and then came fully out into the hall, heading quickly back for the front door. Right before she reached it, she heard the bathroom door slam shut behind her.

Buckling in just as Aunt Jenelle stepped on the accelerator and bounced them out onto the road, Olivia couldn't help but smile to herself and shake her head. More craziness. More naked family and more weird family, all at the same time. Olivia squirmed a little in her seat, feeling the wetness slowly ooze out of her pussy. She liked Johnnie's breasts. She wanted her mouth on them, wanted to suck those huge nipples, to chew on them a little, to taste the sweat between her breasts, to run her tongue over that cute little belly of hers, dig in at the navel, make her older cousin squirm.... And yet, such a strange other thing to ponder, something Olivia couldn't even begin to get her mind around.

The girl surreptitiously pressed the heel of her hand against the top of her mound, looking to make sure neither Julia beside her nor Jenelle up front noticed. But it was OK. Julia was busy writing out the grocery list on a notepad in her lap, chattily consulting her mother about upcoming meals and snacks and possible dessert possibilities. Jenelle was intent on the road, moving from one county road to the next, beating lights, passing tractors over the double yellow lines. Olivia mashed on her pussy through her shorts and broke out in a sweat, very nearly coming by the time they pulled off the road and into the parking lot of the mall.

Jenelle pulled the SUV to a stop beneath a gorgeous old live oak at the far end of the lot, several hundred yards away from the nearest entrance. A dark blue Mercedes was already there; a woman leaned against the hood, sipping on a travel mug. The woman was tall and thin, with her brown hair cut into a wedge. She wore a long unpleated khaki skirt and a simple maroon top, not too tight and not too loose, and her small breasts rode high and proud on her chest. On her feet were simple tan sandals, with short spiked heels. She was very pretty and about Aunt Jenelle's same age.

Julia looked up from her shopping list and cried, "Oh, Ms. Reeves! I like her new haircut." Jenelle cut the engine and turned slightly to eye her daughter silently for a moment, but then she said quite casually, "All right, girls, I need you to get out for a moment while Ms. Reeves and I talk." Olivia saw Ms. Reeves reach behind her on the hood for a long manila envelope. The woman then stepped away from her car and came around to Jenelle's front passenger seat. The locks popped up, the door opened, and the woman gracefully set herself upon the seat. Olivia followed Julia's lead and made to get out, but before she did she caught a whiff of the woman's perfume, flowers on a windswept spring hillside, and she looked again at the gorgeous woman now in front of her. Ms. Reeves was looking at Olivia, too, and their eyes met for a long second as the girl slowly finished unbuckling and scooting out of her seat.

"Who's Julia's lovely friend?" the woman asked, her voice rich and deep, her lips full, her mouth soft. Olivia was about to close the door when Aunt Jenelle replied.

"That's my niece, Olivia, the one I emailed you about last week." And

then Olivia had to close the door.

Feeling awkward standing there alone on her side of the SUV, Olivia went over to stand beside Julia, who was back to examining her shopping list. Looking at the Mercedes beside them, Olivia couldn't help but be impressed; it was one of the nicest cars she'd ever seen up close. It was shiny and spotless and huge, and in the back seat sat a small, dark-haired girl, staring out at Olivia with large dark eyes.

Olivia nudged Julia in the ribs. "Who's that?"

Julia blinked and looked past the Mercedes at their end of the empty lot, then at the face behind the glass. "Oh, that's Melanie." Julia waved and called loudly, "Hi, Melanie!" Melanie waved back cautiously, still gazing at Olivia. "Melanie's going to be in fifth grade this year," Julia explained. "She goes to our school. Maybe you'll have her in class."

The back door of the Mercedes opened, and the girl emerged, not quite so little as Olivia had thought. Melanie wore very short shorts and a small, tight red top. She had no bra, and her puffy, protruding breasts made it very hard for Olivia to look anywhere else. Her nipples were pebbles beneath the fabric, pushing out hard against it, and the shirt was so short and the top of her shorts so low that a good eight inches of her belly and abdomen were visible, with her belly button smack in the middle like some lewdly beckoning hole. Her legs seemed unnaturally long, running down out of such skimpy bottoms as they were, and the flip flops she wore made the impression even more powerful. Her toenails were painted the exact same red as her top, and she wore a small gold ring on the second toe of each foot. Her hair was glossy and straight, and absolutely black, just reaching her thin shoulders in a smartly cut flip. The girl's torso wasn't even close to proportioned with her legs, but it was obvious the girl would eventually grow up to be quite tall and lean and sexy.

Melanie closed her door and leaned back against it, glancing politely at Julia. "Hey, Julia, how's it going?"

Julia did a little dance where she stood and began talking excitedly, "Oh, just great! This is my cousin Olivia, and she's just moved in with us and she's going to go shopping with us today for school clothes and to maybe a book store and a movie, and then I get to shop for the groceries while Momma spends some time with her." It all came out in a breathless rush, with Julia waving her shopping list in the air and her eyes gone wide. Olivia couldn't help but pull her gaze away from Melanie and study her cousin. Julia was much more hyper than usual, and she was flushed straight up through her ears.

"You're going into fourth grade, right?" Melanie asked. Julia nodded vigorously, with a huge smile.

"Yes I am, and I think perhaps I might be getting Ms. Reeves as my teacher this year, like she said I would if I was a good girl all summer. I hope Momma is asking her about that right now because I am much too nervous about it to ask her myself. She is the prettiest and best teacher in the whole school, you know?"

What in the world? Was Julia crushing on this teacher she'd never even had before? How important was school to this kid, anyway? Or, Olivia thought, maybe that wasn't quite it. Just what was it about Ms. Reeves that made her so wonderful and obviously the object of a large part of Julia's desire? Olivia struggled with the notion that it was just good looks and a good reputation for classroom dynamics. Julia wasn't *that* geeky, was she? But, then again, maybe she was.

Olivia shot a look over her shoulder inside the SUV and spied Ms. Reeves looking right back at her, talking steadily to Aunt Jenelle. They shared a brief gaze again before Ms. Reeves looked down and pulled out several DVD discs from her manila envelope. Olivia could see neatly written words on the discs, in a flowing black script, but she couldn't quite make out what the words were. Julia's mother, in turn, held out her own handful of discs, with different handwriting, and the two women traded. Then Melanie spoke again.

"So, Olivia," and Olivia immediately jerked her eyes back to the younger girl, trying desperately not to stare at the delicious bumps on her chest, "you don't look like a fifth grader. You're a lot taller and sexier than the other girls in our grade."

Now Olivia blushed, going hot all over, and ducked her head to study her feet. She didn't wear any flip flops. Those had been stolen right after she'd entered the girls' home. All she had was the one pair of tennis shoes, utterly worn out and pulling free of their bottoms on both arches. Her toes pushed uncomfortably against the fronts of them, and on the right shoe a scuff at the tip had worn a small hole right through the leather. She could see her dingy, old sock covering her toes, and she nearly choked on her embarrassment. Her shorts were baggy camouflage cast-offs from the girls' home, with giant cargo pockets, and they were so big that they hung loosely quite low around her hips. Her shirt was a threadbare old polo-style, faded almost to gray, possibly originally blue, with several small stains and a little hole near the left armpit. She wore a bra that was too tight and about to lose its last remaining clasp in the back. Her hair was nothing but mousy brown and hanging in her eyes and in tangles down her shoulders, her last haircut at the hands of the house mother nearly five months before. Olivia groaned inside, completely shocked and confused by such a word as "sexy" applied to her shabby self, especially from such a sleek, perfect girl as that. She shifted her feet uncomfortably and shrugged.

"I'm supposed to be in sixth grade," she muttered, "but I missed a lot of school last year...."

Melanie was quiet for a beat, then simply said, "Oh." There were maybe a million ways to take that word, and Olivia didn't care to think about most of them.

Olivia forced herself to look at Melanie again, shrugging at the younger girl and assuming a pose she'd been forced to take so many times at the girls' home. She spread her feet a little, cocked her hip, and crossed her arms. She looked at Melanie with all the hardness she

could, setting her jaw. "I don't want you spreading rumors about me, you hear?"

Julia in silence clutched her shopping list to her chest, eyes darting back and forth between the two older girls.

Melanie's brows knit with concern. She blinked a few times in silence, then smiled a gorgeous, heart-meltingly crooked little slanting of her mouth, teeth shining through her pretty glossed lips. "Don't worry, Olivia, I won't talk behind your back or anything. I totally promise. OK?"

Olivia held her stance and her glare and everything, but Melanie kept smiling, and the older girl found it nearly impossible to act tough anymore. Melanie crossed the few steps between them and raised a hand, running a single finger from Olivia's shoulder to her elbow. Her smile softened. Olivia uncrossed her arms and scratched lightly at the place Melanie had touched. Her heart pounded; between her legs gushed an uncomfortably large amount of juice.

"I'll bet you're the girl whose mother got caught in that thing," Melanie said slowly, carefully, looking up at Olivia's troubled face through the tops of her huge round eyes. "She was with the high school girl and all the stuff got in the papers last year, right?"

Olivia looked away from Melanie, away from Julia, and studied the cars and the people near the mall entrance, so very far away. She kept scratching her arm, not knowing what to say, not sure if she was angry or not that her secret could be guessed at so easily; her head spun with the shame and embarrassment of it all, yet her chest seemed ready to explode, and the hairs all over her body were standing out stiff from that light, simple touch.

Melanie was a full head shorter than Olivia, not much taller than Julia, and she went up on her tippy-toes and leaned in closer to Olivia, bracing herself by grasping the older girl just above her elbow. Olivia stopped scratching, her hand only a sliver away from Melanie's. Her pussy thrilled again to be touched by the girl, and her entire body trembled to have her so close. She smelled exactly like Ms. Reeves, like jasmine or gardenias and all the freshness and light of the best days of life.

"Ms. Reeves guessed about it, Olivia, that's why I know," Melanie soothed. "There was a meeting with a social worker last week at school, and he explained everything to the teachers about a 'special student' who was going to be coming this year. He and the principal made sure all the teachers knew to watch out for you and help you and everything."

Olivia cleared her throat, but her voice still cracked a little when she spoke. "Help me what? How?"

Melanie stepped back a bit but still held lightly onto Olivia's arm. She flashed that sweet-crooked smile again and shrugged. "You know, keep down the rumors, help you watch out for kids that want to tease you

or say mean things behind your back."

It was Olivia's turn then to simply say, "Oh."

"So Ms. Reeves volunteered me as your buddy," Melanie declared. She began rubbing her thumb along the side of Olivia's arm, sending shivers all over the older girl's body. "She knows I can take care of the other girls in our grade and see that they don't trash you or anything. So yeah, we're going to be in class together for sure. With Mr. Cavanaugh."

Olivia tried to think about this news, but it was so hard with that touch, that simple sensation of Melanie's thumb rubbing on her, back and forth over her lower tricep. She found it hard to breath normally, and it was impossible to look Melanie in the eyes. Her vision blurred with concentration, on keeping her body in control, Olivia merely chose a spot near Melanie's chin and kept her watery eyes on that.

Melanie was still explaining. "She told me you and I could come up with whatever way of lying about it that you want, so we can have some sort of good story to stick by. I was thinking maybe that your mother died, or that she was over in Iraq or something.... What do you think?"

A thought occurred to Olivia. "W- what about just now? When she got into the car, she, well... I don't know... she acted like she didn't know who I was... and Aunt Jenelle said she'd been emailing her about me... and you! You acted like you didn't know about me already, too...." It suddenly disturbed Olivia in several ways at once to realize that there was more being said and done about her than she'd ever realized. It was a new school, after all, clear across the county from her old one, and the papers hadn't gone on about her mother for all that long. But if people knew... if kids knew what her mother had done, there could be a chance they'd think Olivia had been touched and kissed and fingered and fucked by her mother, too. She would be a freak. Adults would treat her like a crippled puppy, maybe, but the kids at the school would stomp her totally flat. Was Aunt Jenelle protecting her already? And this teacher in a whole other grade that she didn't even know? Why? Was she going to be that lucky, right from the start, or would any of it matter at all?

Melanie squeezed her arm, "Yeah, sorry about that. I didn't really know how to start talking to you, you know? It was sort of awkward."

Olivia realized that was probably true. How do you go about telling a girl that you already know all about her horrible secret and that you're already in on protecting her from future shame? What could Melanie have said to start things off, besides just acting dumb and seeing where things went? Olivia decided she'd probably have done it much the same way, and a large part of her began to relax - although her pussy and heart and skin still felt under a spell, rushing like quicksilver, and Melanie's hand was still on her. And Olivia started liking it more and more.

"Th- that's OK, I guess," Olivia shrugged, forcing a smile. I must look

crazy, she thought, smiling at her like this. It feels like my face is going to crack.

The far door to the SUV opened, then, and Ms. Reeves emerged. For a moment longer than Olivia expected, Melanie held onto her arm, giving it one last squeeze before letting go and stepping back. "Come on, Melanie," Ms. Reeves directed, walking over to her door, "we've got to get you back home to your parents."

Melanie moved to her door and opened it, smiling back at Olivia and waving. "See ya', Olivia!"

Olivia waved, too, and then rubbed at her arm again. "Bye, Melanie. Nice to meet you."

"Your aunt's got Ms. Reeves' number, so maybe you can call me sometime? I'm over at her house almost every single day."

"OK, maybe," Olivia nodded, deciding to ponder that strange bit of news at length later, especially if she could find a way to ask Aunt Jenelle about it without coming off like a complete gossip. Julia waved her shopping list with renewed enthusiasm.

"Bye-bye, Melanie! See ya' at school! Bye, Ms. Reeves!" Ms. Reeves, already sitting down and firing up the Mercedes, smiled back at Julia and nodded. Melanie winked at Julia and slid into her seat, gently slamming the door. Then they pulled out and drove off around the fringes of the parking lot and out of sight. Olivia's heart still pounded, and a sort of song seemed to vibrate through her, as if carried along by thundering blood, in a range just below what she could actually hear.

Aunt Jenelle cracked her door and called for the two girls. "Come on back in here a sec, girls, while I move us up close. I really don't feel like walking that far across the hot asphalt in these crappy little flip flops."

Back in the car and rolling up into a choice space only a few feet away from the nearest entrance, Julia finally set down her grocery list and scooped up her purse, leaning forward toward her mother.

"Ooh, Momma, I just had a great idea!"

Jenelle killed the engine and looked back at her daughter in the mirror. "What's that, sweetie?"

"Can we play the buzzy game while we shop?" Julia bounced her purse up and down in her lap while glancing over at Olivia with a shrill little giggle.

"Well, maybe, I guess... but I'm not really going to be able to do it today, honey. I'm just starting my period today, so things would get too messy."

Olivia, already curious, was startled so badly she nearly dropped her own purse. Period? Buzzy game? What?!

Julia broke into Olivia's confusion to add a little more: "So that means

Mr. Deese must be coming over tonight, huh?"

Olivia couldn't quite understand why a man would want to visit a prostitute while she was on the rag and seemingly out of commission, but before she could think on it too much, Jenelle simply sighed and said, "Yes, baby, he is. First day flow, as usual." Then she began rummaging through her purse, withdrawing a lipstick and pulling down the visor mirror.

Julia giggled again, and this time her whole body bounced up and down in her seat. "Then Olivia can play! That's perfect! Just her and me. Is that OK, Momma?"

Jenelle stared for a long time in the mirror at Olivia before answering. "Um, well, maybe... but you'd better explain it to Olivia first and see what she thinks. She might not want to do it, baby, so don't get upset if she says no. Olivia," Jenelle changed her tone somewhat, jerking Olivia's attention around fully to her aunt. "You can say 'no' if you want, understand? Don't let Julia talk you into something you don't want to do."

Olivia slowly nodded and swallowed, realizing suddenly she was extremely thirsty. She turned to look at Julia, who had opened her purse and was digging around in it feverishly, already beginning to explain.

"See, 'Livvy, I have this little egg and this little remote control..." she pulled out two devices, both purple, one shaped exactly like a small egg, and the other a miniature pad with one small button in the middle; each object had a thin plastic-sheathed wire hanging off about two inches at one end. "One of us, well, um, puts it up inside... and the other gets to turn it on and off."

She handed the egg to Olivia and immediately pressed the button on the remote control. Intense vibrations thrilled through Olivia's hand and up her arm, shooting instantly straight to her crotch, and the girl began to throb all over with delicious intensity. Then it was gone. Julia had pressed the button again. Olivia looked from her hand to her cousin in disbelief. Inside her? That thing? While it buzzed? How could she possibly even walk?!

"And if you have it inside you," Julia went on, lowering her voice wickedly, "then you can't let on at all what it feels like, because if I can tell you're feeling it, you know, if you show the signs..." Julia raised a finger, "then I get a point." Olivia stared at her, uncertain what to say or do, but Julia hardly noticed. She was talking again. "And later we'll switch," she chirped, trading the egg for the remote in Olivia's open, trembling hand, "and that way the other person gets a chance to make points. Understand?"

Olivia found herself nodding. She pressed the button and could plainly hear the buzzing that emanated from within Julia's tight little fist. "Oooh!" Julia squealed. She shifted the egg to her fingers and placed it against her right nipple, then quickly moved it down to press against her mound. Olivia watched in a daze as Julia's eyes rolled up a little

behind her half-closed lids. She seemed to almost purr. Olivia pressed the remote again, realizing she was sweating all over.

"Oh, that's so nice," Julia mewed, pulling the egg back up and looking at it. Then she frowned. "I've never been able to beat Momma at the buzzy game, but I keep trying." Jenelle was silently applying lipstick. From outside the SUV it could've looked for all the world like the two girls in the backseat were merely chatting about their impending shopping spree or speculating on lunch, not negotiating a sly little public sex game.

"Jessie and Josie, though," Julie went on, "are both completely horrible at the game. They are hardly even worth playing with, to be honest. Aren't they, Momma?"

Jenelle nodded her head slightly, puckering for the mirror. "Yes, honey. They have a little problem with self control most of the time, though, don't they? So you can hardly blame them."

Julia shrugged, pouting. "That might be true, but you would think they could try a little harder to make it fun.... Jeannie has always refused to play it with me, of course," Julia continued, "and Johnnie's - well, her, too. Why even bother to ask?"

Olivia found herself feeling sorry for Julia, realized for the first time how truly peculiar the strange little girl really was. So smart and polite and helpful, almost innocent and certainly wonderful in every way, and yet she couldn't avoid much of the same perversions that ran rampant through the family. Yet she was still just a kid, and feeling good was fun, but nobody gave her much of a go at playing this twisted game she loved so much.

Clearing her throat, Olivia found herself agreeing to play. "Well I'll play, Julia, no problem," she said. Julia twittered ecstatically and threw her slender arms around Olivia's neck in a short, fierce hug.

"This is great, Olivia! Oh, you're going to like it so much." She took the remote back from her cousin and held out a device in either hand. "Do you want the egg first or the remote?"

The older girl thought for a moment. Tormenting Julia as they meandered through the mall would certainly be fun, but a huge part of Olivia was still shaking from holding the egg before. She realized quickly that she'd really like to feel that again - and soon, inside her body, up in her special hole. She reached for the egg.

"Yay!" Julia cheered. "I was hoping you would pick the egg first!" She grinned viciously then. "I wonder how many points I can win off you, 'Livvy."

Julia got down out of her seat and squeezed her way in front of Olivia, crouched between her knees upon the SUV's floorboard. She set the remote control in her vacated spot and put both hands on the front of her cousin's loose, long shorts. "Now lift your bottom and let me get these down..." she murmured. Olivia did as she was told, trembling to feel Julia's small hands at work on her button and the zipper, loosening

the top of the shorts, pulling them down past her knees to her ankles. Looking up quickly, embarrassed, Olivia saw Aunt Jenelle now with a brush in her hand, running it through her long, soft, blonde hair, studying the mirror, ignoring them at least with her eyes. Julia's hands, then, took hold of Olivia's panties, and she had to raise her bottom again.

"That's it," Julia encouraged, sliding the worn old pink things down to Olivia's ankles as well. Looking at them, Olivia wasn't at all surprised to see a large damp patch covering the entire crotch. Julia squeaked with delight. "Oh, Momma! Olivia's positively soaked down there! Look at it!"

Much to Olivia's intense relief, Jenelle didn't bother turning around or even glancing at her in the mirror, but then her aunt said, "I don't need to look, dear, I can smell her as plain as day." Olivia groaned out loud then, sure she was turning seven shades of red.

Julia cautiously put a hand on Olivia's sopping pussy, running her fingers slowly through the light hair there before sliding a finger down between her slimy lips. Olivia moaned and rocked her hips up, sagging her knees out to the side as wide as she could. Julia took two fingers then and spread Olivia's lips apart. The older girl could hear her do it, the wet, sticky sound of her folds stretching apart, opening for her little cousin.

"Beautiful," Julia whispered, then bent forward, opening her mouth. Her tongue was like a gentler, fatter finger, starting at Olivia's hole and sliding its way upward, ending with a hard flick on Olivia's engorged clit. Over and over the little girl licked her like that, moaning quietly deep in her throat as Olivia tried hard to keep still. Jenelle kept brushing her hair. Then Julia's lips sealed themselves around Olivia's fat little button, and she began to suck and lick with a fervor.

"Oh, God... oh oh oh oh..." Olivia stammered, placing her hands on the girl's head and trying to push her away. It was embarrassing enough to have been caught in the middle of masturbating by her aunt the night before, but this? Right in front of her? It was simply too much.

Julia, though, clamped her hands around the tops of Olivia's thighs, where they bend out from her hips, and kept her face glued to Olivia's defenseless cunt. Olivia finally dropped her hands and began to give in, closing her eyes and groaning out her frustration and joy. Leaning her head back against the seat, she shook violently as her orgasm rattled through her. Colors exploded behind her eyelids. Sweat popped out everywhere and ran freely. She could hear her own shoes scuffling rapidly in short staccato bursts on the floorboard mat. Julia kept gnawing at the girl's clit until finally, desperately, Olivia cried out in wordless, utter surrender. With one last, playful lick, Julia withdrew.

Olivia slumped, completely inert, and tried to calm the spinning sensations that nearly left her nauseated. She wondered if the clatter-trap hammering of her pulse in her throat was as loud and obvious as

her hoarse, ragged breathing. She felt so heavy. Her legs didn't want to move. Not one part of her was dry.

"Check her hole, Julia," Jenelle's calm, quiet voice cut through the girl's recovery. "See if she's even broken enough yet to take it. She might not be."

Still not ready to open her eyes - sure she couldn't focus on anything anyway - Olivia simply kept herself relaxed as Julia spread her again with one hand and gently inserted a finger with the other. Olivia heard a new sound, a long groaning sigh, and realized she was the one making it. Her hips were straining up and out again, trying to take more of the finger. There was definitely room for more. Julia put in a second, then a third, finally bringing Olivia close to that full feeling she'd loved so much when her mother used to finger her after the same sort of oral assault. Julia, whose fingers were of course considerably thinner and shorter than her mother's, even managed a fourth finger before Olivia began humping uncontrollably, stealing a hand down to twirl fingers about her own clit, hoping hard that Julia didn't plan on stopping any time soon.

"Yes, Momma," Julia sang, "she can definitely take it." The fingers withdrew and were immediately replaced by the egg, which Julia slowly pushed deeper and deeper inside. Olivia momentarily groaned at the loss of Julia's caress, but then she began to worry that the egg might get stuck up there and need a doctor or something to get out. She tensed, flashing open her eyes, studying intently her own crotch, both with sight and sensation, to see exactly how far in Julia was planning on going.

As if reading her mind, Jenelle softly reassured her. "Don't worry, sweetie, it won't get lost in there. At your age, it probably feels like she's shoving it up into your stomach, right? But really, it's only barely past the tightness of the hole. It'll be OK. The antenna will still stick out far enough for us to get it. You'll see."

Julia was finished pushing on it. She grabbed the slender purple plastic that sheathed the antenna and held it out, so Olivia could see the tip of it between her fingers. "See, 'Livvy? Plenty of wire to grab!"

Olivia had another thought, though. "Won't it fall out? You know, if I'm standing up or walking?"

Julia just giggled and began sliding Olivia's panties and shorts back up. "You silly girl! It might feel that way at first, but it will stay right there no matter what. Just you wait and see." Finished with the pants, Julia left the zipping and buttoning to Olivia while she reached out for the remote. Instantly, Olivia stiffened, then shook, her eyes going wide. The egg buzzed inside her mercilessly, radiating aftershocks of vibration all throughout her body. A tangy, almost metallic taste hit the back of her mouth, and she swallowed hard. It was like nothing she'd ever felt before. Not quite driving her to orgasm, but not at all soothing her, either.

She stared at Julia's small thumb hovering over the button,

simultaneously relieved and downcast when it finally pressed again, cutting the vibrations off. Olivia tried to master her breathing, clearing her hair away from her face and swallowing against the strange new sensation. She glanced at Jenelle and saw that, finally, her aunt was turned in the seat, watching her. Smiling at her gently. Jenelle reached out a hand and helped clear the last strands away from Olivia's eyes and mouth, a touch so tender and loving, Olivia had to close her eyes and turn away. She cut off the sob that wanted to rise. She ground her teeth and held it in. Her mother used to do that. Her mother used to caress her face and fix her hair and smile at her so sweetly.

"You all right?" Jenelle asked, pulling her hand away and waiting. Olivia, her eyes just barely opened, nodded mutely. Her head seemed to weigh fifty pounds, but she finally brought it back up and around, searching for her purse, her hand at the latch to the door. She opened it and slowly, heavily dragged herself out.

"Well then," Jenelle declared, opening her door as well. "I guess we'd better go on in."

Julia cheered again, nearly jumping out of the SUV onto the asphalt. She clipped the remote control to a decorative keychain that hung off her purse. She'd have plenty of easy access to it as they went along, just a casual hand down to the purse was all it would take. Olivia eyed her expectantly, but Julia wasn't pushing the button again. Not yet.

"This is going to be simply delicious!" the younger girl squealed, dancing after her mother as the three of them strode across the short walk to the mall's entrance. "You are so going to lose, 'Livvy!" Julia predicted, turning to her and winking with an evil, happy eye.

Olivia could only laugh weakly, concentrating mostly on operating her legs in the normal fashion. It was hard to even make them move, much less walk. But she'd agreed to play. There was no way out of it now.

And that, strangely, made it all a lot more fun.

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