

Dirty Work

(MM, FMM, anal, fist, enem, ws, scat, voy, inc, twins, cd, feet, oral)

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Music pounded through the walls, savage vibrations stabbing at me right through the cinder block. I was headed straight for another headache. For what seemed like the millionth time I found myself wondering why I ever agreed to set up shop there. It was a small town theater, and there was a whole half of the mini-multiplex that was shut down, so the space was great. But the noise. Fuck. The noise!

Had its benefits, though. That's what kept me there. Being at the end of the town's only legitimate strip mall, having parking on three sides of the building, multiple entrances leading to multiple stores, the theater, public restrooms, a shitty Chinese buffet place – it was superb camouflage. Visitors could blend right in, then disappear whenever the moment was right.

So much better than working from home, that's for sure. Attempted and rejected. More than once. What can I say? I tend to learn most things the hard way.

But meanwhile, the noise. The goddamn action soundtrack. I wish I could say that it was fitting, so perfectly apropos, that we were men on the make, heroes suited with fists ready to fly, or romantic vigilantes, at least, heavy in tats and black leather, with voices low, eyes deep, souls teetering at some bittersweet abyss. What a bunch of bullshit! Our soundtrack was the pig pen. The crowded Saturday night stalls in the leather bar bathroom. The basement dungeon with the drain in the floor and chains bolted to the beams.

The tats, at least, those I did have. I do love my dragon! And I've got the leather, for special occasions. But I was pretty sure I had no fight left in me. As for my soul and the abyss, well, I had some good bourbon to deal with that.

We did business when the theater was open, when the strip mall had people coming and going. It was that simple. Gave our customers cover. So we suffered the sound. I suffered, at least. Borders, he didn't hardly notice, far as I could ever tell. Kept his nose buried in his book *du jour* with earbuds jammed deep inside his ridiculous mess of hair, presumably in his ears. Noise canceling noise. Words canceling

thought. Borders had it so fucking easy.

He didn't talk much, but he was six-foot-six and liked my money, did what I asked. He read Nietzsche and Erich von Däniken and a whole hell of a lot of Sue Grafton, for fuck's sake. Ate a lot of Pringles. Smoked a lot. Like me. That was about all we had in common, far as I could tell. But, then again, I'd never really made a move on him. Unfortunately, experience had taught me a healthy fear of rejection from huge, well-muscled men.

But he liked my money, did what I asked, so I merely admired him from afar.

In addition to the sonic bombardment, my sinuses couldn't take much more of the vague mildew our part of the building seemed infested with. I'd gone around intermittently for weeks with a flashlight and bleach in a spray bottle, but the mildew remained. It was in the thin utilitarian carpet, for sure; it was up in the dusty baffles, too, and inside all those suspiciously squishy, folding seats.

Borders ignored the mildew like he did everything else. If it bothered him or not, I'd never know. He'd found a desk in the projectionist's storage upstairs, along with a desk lamp and a decent chair on wheels that only squeaked a little as he absently swiveled while he read. His bulk reassured me every bit as much as his silence annoyed me. I often caught myself watching the giant hulking shadow the lamp cast against the curtained wall so far away from me, catching his every move as he studied those pages and nosed in his quiet vigil. He was my receptionist as much as my bodyguard, so he kept his distance, but not too much.

I was more or less sure I was in love with him. At least maybe I was. Or maybe I was just bored. One thing I knew for sure: it was annoying as fuck that I was almost fifteen years older than him. Worse still, I didn't even know his real name. But honestly I didn't want to know, not in this line of work. Less to worry about. Pay cash, not attention. That's how it was supposed to be between us.

Me, I had my mattress. I also got the big corridor restroom that still had a functional toilet. I ran a hose out of the faucet in the sink, using a cheap rubber attachment that worked surprisingly well, so with the ubiquitous and oh-so-classy drain in the middle of the once-public restroom floor I even had my own humongous shower. Borders had to hike up to the projectionist's bathroom when he had to go. Perks of being the boss.

I also had the cheap studio set-up, lights and all, three stationary cameras on tripods, a handheld for Borders if the client wanted a more precise view of things. The rig about broke me, but a good lighting frame could make or break those precious few times when you'd film something decent enough to turn around and sell.

There was a rope strung up horizontally across the corner behind the bed, with the spare set of sheets hanging off, making a silly little private changing area for the more absurdly modest that wandered in.

The trunk full of toys was back there, too, along with the mini fridge. The computers and the video editing software were back at my apartment. I could risk theft of the cameras and the lights but not the real money-maker.

We specialized, of course. That had its pros and cons. A lot of days we got no traffic, not even any calls. It was a little like real estate. Make one sale a month and you're set, right? Two and you're almost a legend. That was our business, too. Our hope, though, was to get one a day. That would keep us eating for sure. Really, though, two or three a week was enough. That was usually about all I could handle, anyway. Some things took more time to recover from than others.

I spent a lot of time studying Borders' big, solid shadow, waiting for my month to come in. Sometimes, though, I got out the ratchet set and passed time pulling out more rows of seats, piling them up near the top of the room, near the entrance to the corridor. Where I hung out, down at the flat bottom beneath the giant sour-streaked gray screen, it was hard to find much better to do.

Borders would get a call, arrange terms, then disappear at the appointed time to go collect the customer from the rendezvous point by the shoe store; he'd lead them down the service corridor, through the back door of the unused half of the theater, and finally present them to me. Or him to me, I should say. I serviced him. Men. Cocks.

Until the day a cunt came, too. And then I made some *real* money.

"I want to watch him do it," she said, coming up slowly behind Borders and the john. Without breaking stride she began circling my bed, looking everywhere at once, looking a lot at me.

She was short, barely five feet tall, petite and pretty all over – small tits, narrow waist, tiny bubble ass. Her blonde hair was cut off at her chin, but it was razored in this chic way that made her look a lot thinner in her face than she really was. Plus, it was streaked this cotton candy pink, just enough to notice, not enough to annoy. And her pierced nipples pushed against the inside of her smart blouse with the kind of knobby, chunky defiance of her bra that simply amazed. I found myself liking her muscular, lean legs a lot, the way her calves balled up nicely as she stood in those three-inch strappy heels, the way her skirt rode up her thighs as she stalked around me, watching me watching her.

Much to my surprise, I felt my cheeks flush, my gut clench. This was a woman I could want.

It had been a decade since I'd started to specialize; my senses had grown so dull toward women that I barely gave a second thought to scoring fresh pussy in my free time. Hell, I went fishing a lot. I watched ESPN and fucked around on the PlayStation. Pounded the weights. Find a hot bitch and get laid? That sounded a lot like real work, when you got right down to it. Cockless sweat-time with no payout, no reward. Certainly not love. I was no fool.

The john, for his part, was every bit his companion's sexy equal. Like her, he wore top-shelf brand name shit, right down to his double-knit embroidered socks. He was blonde, too, with white streaks instead of pink, and his hair was only a little shorter. He was maybe twenty five, a little older than Borders, and lean, hard-muscled with long lines like a tennis pro or a surfer. Where she was short he was tall, well over six feet, nearly as tall as Borders, but a quarter his mass. And delicate, somehow.

Handing me a roll of bills, Borders nodded his head toward the woman and mumbled, "She wants to run the camera. I told her it was probably more of a 'why not' than a 'hell no', but you'd stick to your price."

I nodded, "Yeah, same price, but she can be the eye, I don't care." I was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the king mattress, naked, absently stroking the hair around my navel with one hand, my cock with the other. "But if she wants to do more than film? You two talked about that?"

Borders shrugged. "Sorry, no... didn't, ah... I didn't realize that would be on the table."

The woman stopped her pacing and cocked her hips, crossed her arms. "You think I want that big gay dick of yours? Are you serious?" Her eyes narrowed, hard and cold. "You think *I* need to come to a place like *this* for my kicks? What the fuck?!"

Borders grunted and rolled his eyes. This wouldn't be the first time I'd managed to talk my way out of a buck. You had to really think first before talking to new clients. And sometimes you just shouldn't talk at all.

The john, though, was about as locked in as any man who'd ever laid eyes on me. His jaw muscles twitched as he ran his gaze over me, glancing at the woman with a desperate, pleading hunger in his eyes. He didn't want to go, but it was clear the choice would be hers. His first words came out in a pitiful kind of croak. "S- Sissie... come on..." he begged, looking at her, raising a limp hand in her direction.

The woman blinked, then smiled charmingly at her companion. She lost her hard pose and went to him, threw her arms around him. She strained to pull his face down to hers and kissed him deeply for nearly a minute. His hands fluttered, finally resting lightly on her hips, as if awaiting further instructions. When the woman finally broke off the kiss and stepped back, he seemed more than a little relieved. But his dick was obviously hard; it pushed against the inside of his crushed denim with an impressive curving girth.

Turning back to me, she chuckled. "Just kidding, by the way. I'll be the first to admit what a horny little fag-hag I am. That's for damn sure." She elbowed the man sharply in his ribs, grabbing him by the arm before he could stagger too far away. "But how can I fucking help it? He's a fucking hot piece of ass, right?"

She looked at his crotch and laughed, swiping a quick hand across it. He jerked his hips back immediately, setting his jaw and blushing hard.

"This sexy fucker's name is Andrew. He's my twin brother."

It figured. Only an idiot or a blood relation could possibly resist a kiss that good.

"He's been fucking queer since day fucking number one," she went on. Her hand tried for his pants again, but he caught her wrist and threw it back, rolling his eyes. "*Much* to my endless disappointment...."

She chuckled and gave him some room. "And his wife's."

"Oh, fuck you, Sissie. Angie. *Bitch*," the john hissed. His voice was higher than his sister's by a half-octave, at least. And the color in his cheeks was entirely fetching. I found myself stroking with a little more purpose.

Angie ignored her brother's insult and focused on me, instead. "I see you're fucking ready, huh? Man-whore? Is that what you are? What do you dudes call yourselves, anyway?" She glanced over at Borders to see if he'd react, but he was already back in his book, all the way over on the other side of the cavernous room, at the top of the hill.

"Borders is just my business partner, that's all," I countered. "My Chief Operating Officer. He's about as queer as you are, I suppose."

The woman threw her head back and guffawed. "Wrong, asshole! So wrong! I am one hell of a gay bitch when the mood strikes." She kept her hungry eyes on Borders for a while, long enough for me to hate her just a secret little bit, and then she went on, turning back to me. "But I guess you're not exactly a people person, are you? So I guess I'll let you slide on your, um, error of judgment. Can't exactly hold it against you, since you sit around all day alone and naked on a fucking rubber sheet in the smelliest fucking cave you could find. I mean, Jesus, is there enough mildew in here or what? Do you fucking get off on it or something?"

"For the record, ma'am, I only shed trou' about a minute before you walked in." I stood up on the bed, dropping my penis, letting it jut heavily before me, letting my trim waist, thick chest, and heavy shoulders speak for themselves. "It helps the, uh... the customer make up his mind a little faster."

Andrew sucked in his breath, eying me from head to toe with open lust. He pressed the heel of a hand against his cock, then got a full fist of trouser and began to squeeze. I didn't lift weights for three hours a night for nothing. I liked to close the deal, and close it fast.

Angie whistled, settling her hands on her hips and appraising me with a new kind of grin on her gorgeous face. "Well now, I can sort of begin to understand your high fucking price. Just look at you."

In response I twitched my pecs a little, let my abs ripple. I knew from endless practice how that made the dragon inked across my chest appear to jump, wriggle, and almost fly. Turning, I struck a lat spread,

then a double bicep, making sure my right calf was out, my hammie good and hard, my ass clenched with all the promise I could muster.

This time, almost in unison, the twins simply sighed. I relaxed and turned back around to find them staring not at me any more, but at each other. Angie was nodding, gesturing in my direction. Andrew was smiling almost stupidly, nodding right back.

"OK, Andy-boy, is this what you wanted? This the kind of man you get off on? He's *got* to be butch enough for your pansy ass, am I right?" Andrew just kept on nodding, looking between his sister and I with a singular kind of excitement. A kid on Christmas morning, really. That's what he was like.

"He's been cooped up in his tidy little marriage ever since college, poor thing," Angie explained. "He's about ready to bust."

"He can bust all over me as much as he wants, of course," I crooned, giving him my best gentle cowboy eyes. "He's got until midnight. Plus, I've got whatever, um, little helpers he might need to keep him going, you know, if it comes to that."

"Jesus, Andrew, you hear that? Five fucking hours of that cock! That ass! Jesus!" Angie threw both hands in the air and pounced on the handheld camera, which sat on the floor near one leg of the light rig. "I couldn't find a man that hot in a hundred years of trying. Not one who's single and straight. I mean, fuck, how fucking twisted is this fucking world?"

I wasn't a fool. I wasn't going to deflate the moment, in Andrew's case, anyway, by throwing out some kind of cool-guy line about being bisexual. I had business to get to, after all. Besides, the woman seemed pretty fun as a pissy bitch. Why open some unexpected door and fuck up the nice vibe the three of us finally had going, you know?

But I did make a small, simple plan in the back of my head. For later. Just in case.

Angie flipped the lens cap off, hit the switch on the lights, and swooped in directly on my cock.

"Let's see this monster drool, huh Andy-boy?" she called out over her shoulder. "You gotta want a shot of this sweet piece of meat for posterity."

I laughed and obliged her with a little dick dance, clenching and unclenching, making it bob around and fling precum a little here and there. A thin rope of the stuff splattered up onto my chest, right across the dragon's face. Another little bit landed on Angie's toes, but she didn't seem to notice at all.

"Oh, shit, bro, you got to get naked and fuck this stud soon. Get him while he's fresh!"

I laughed again and watched his sister weave around me like a master cinematographer as Andrew fastidiously undressed, folding his pants carefully and hanging his shirt off one of the light clamps on the rig.

He was fresh and pink like a baby when naked, pale but flushed, hard and long and a little sweaty already. His cock, much to my delight, was longer than mine, thinner, but with a nice fat red head. He had no tats, no piercings, and hardly any hair. A total twink. My type of man.

"So," I wondered, "What's the plan? You know how I play, right?"

Andrew swallowed hard and nodded, looking at his sister. She cut away from her greedy zoom on my balls and sighed. "Well, Andrew, what the fuck? You gonna tell him or am I?"

Andrew lowered his eyes and muttered, "You do it."

"Fine." Angie turned to me and jerked a thumb in her brother's direction. "He's a big-time cross-dressing freak. I mean, he looks fucking better in women's clothes than I do, you know? His legs are fucking amazing. And his ass. God!" She set the camera on the mattress at my feet and went over to her chunky purse at the foot of the lighting rig. "Anyway, he likes to dress up in lingerie and prance around. Been doing it since we were like ten. Now he does it at my house three times a week, at least. Goes out with me at least once a week, too, dressed like a fucking fashionista. We rock the fucking *hell* out of the tapas bar, the two of us."

She pulled some silky things out of her purse and tossed them into her brother's trembling hands. "You get a little makeup on those sweet cheeks of his, color up his eyes, fatten those lashes... I mean, Jesus, you ought to see him take down a whole happy hour. He's the ultimate fucking queen. They line up for blowjobs in the parking lot like it's the fucking DMV."

Andrew shyly wandered over behind the spare sheets and assembled himself out of sight. "But we're not going to fuck with the makeup – not this time, at least," Angie declared, rearranging her small tits with both hands, shoving them up higher in her bra, it seemed. She grinned at me and ran her fingertips over her blouse, right on top of her obviously stiff nipples. "This might get to be a regular thing, cowboy, you never know...."

In extremely short order, Andrew reemerged, transformed. His short blonde hair seemed to fly away from his face with more volume, his mouth and his eyes were relaxed, softened, and sensual, his movements fluid and graceful. Confident. He wore a thin white chemise, low-waisted white panties with delicate little side ties, and tight white thigh high hose that gripped him perfectly, with no need for garters or a belt. His long feet in high spiked clear plastic heels were perfect, the toes absolutely succulent, pedicured, delicate.

Angie had the camera again and was circling her brother, cooing appreciatively. "That's my girl, that's my hot bitch.... Just walk around a little, let me watch you work it a little."

As Andrew proudly sauntered by, his head held high, back arched, hips swaying, I couldn't help but notice Angie stooping a little beside me, her feet far apart, bent to the camera's viewfinder intent on the

perfect angle to capture her perfectly queer brother. I could smell her pussy. I could see the unmistakable glint of her juice running down the inside of her thigh.

"That's it, Andy, sweetie, work that ass. Fucking work it...."

Despite myself, I had to think business. I needed the plan. My fee was high for a reason. Well, a *lot* of reasons. I needed to know which reasons they had shown up for. No self-respecting whore just *wings* it, after all. If a customer gets more than he pays for, well, word of that gets out way too fucking fast.

Andrew had circled my mattress almost three times before I finally cleared my throat and asked again, "So, what's the plan?"

Andrew, as if on cue, dropped to his hands and knees and crawled up onto the mattress until his face pressed into my balls, his nose sucking air, inhaling my scent. Then he moved his mouth up onto my shaft, sucking me in, taking me after three tries all the way down to the root. My knees barely held.

Angie, catching it all on video, simply muttered, "We paid for five hours, manwhore. Five hours of *full*, unlimited service. So the plan is... any fucking thing he wants." She pulled her eye off the viewfinder and stared up at me. "Am I right, or am I fucking right?"

Andrew's tongue was on my balls. My cock head was buried deep in his throat, getting squeezed with an amazing rolling sort of sensation that only a nice, fat adam's apple can provide. It was already almost impossible to remain standing, and I realized it was also pretty damn hard to talk. I just nodded. Over and over. My hands fluttered around the queen's head as he sucked and licked and slobbered me into oblivion.

His finger began exploring the crack of my ass, and I widened my stance to accommodate him there. He expertly gathered some of his own saliva running off my sack and used it to lube my hole. I groaned as one, then two fingers drove far up inside me, twisting, digging, searching. Such a delicious, dirty sensation, the opening of one's ass!

Finally, I found my voice, groaning down at him, "Yeah, bitch, dig in my ass. Get up in there. Get you some!"

And he did. I had a heavy load of shit, as was my habit, ready and waiting for any customer that might come along. Years of training my diet and bowel movements had me ready with a full ass every night. It didn't take Andrew long to discover that for himself. He went rigid and shivered all over as his fingers finally dug into the lowermost lump of my tightly confined crap.

"Oh yeah, baby, you're in his *shit*, aren't you?" Angie yelled, jumping around behind me to get at his hand plowing up into my crack. "Goddamn, that's hot as fuck! Pull it out and let me see. Let me see!"

I had to sigh. It felt almost better to have his fingers come out of me, feeling that sweet gaping moment of being open, of nearly letting it all out. Then closing it back. Keeping it in. Letting the mass move down.

Press down. That ridiculously pleasant feeling of fullness. Of impending *movement*. As much as I wanted his fingers back inside me, I wanted to feel my shit moving out of me almost more.

I staggered back from Andrew's face as he un-schlepped my cock and knelt there staring at his two fingers covered with a thick round blob of feces. Angie swooped in with the camera, egging him on.

"Go on, baby, lick that nasty brown lollipop. Go on... go on...."

And he did. Without any hesitation Andrew popped his fingers in his mouth and sucked hard, working his tongue all around. After a moment he pulled his hand away, and his fingers were nearly perfectly clean. Only the brown rime around his fingernails could attest to what he'd just dredged out of my ass. I was impressed. Even my regulars who play with their own shit and mine on a pretty frequent basis will often have a little hesitation, a tiny moment of mental gymnastics before the ravening begins. But not with Andrew. By the time I took my eyes off his gleaming wet fingers and looked back at his pretty face, he'd already swallowed his mouthful without a bit of trouble.

Then he held his fingers out and up, but not to me. His sister pulled the camera away long enough to lean in and close her mouth around those two wet slimy digits, sucking on them for nearly a minute while she moaned and roughly aimed the camera at the side of her own face. When she finally pulled away she snuck me a wicked glance and a wink before putting the camera back to her eye.

"Sorry about that, manwhore," she muttered. "Guess that wasn't on the invoice. Won't happen again."

I could only shake my head and laugh, but I didn't disagree. Hell yes, they'd pay more if she got involved. I could double-down on my Harley payment that month, for fuck's sake!

"Taste as good as mine, Drew-baby? Does it? Does it?" Angie goaded, circling us again. "I thought it was a little fucking *rich*, but what should we expect, right? This stud's shit's gonna be just as strong as he is. Ha!"

Andrew was back on my cock, his fingers back in my hole. As he dug around, sucking hungrily, I considered breaking one of the best practices of whoring. Never, not ever, ask a john personal questions unless he has made it clear that he wants to spill beans about himself. If the book is closed, don't try to open it. Nothing can turn a trick cold faster than that.

It was so tempting. But no. I was a pro. Besides, it was obvious – they were fucking *twins*. The cliché had to have some merit, right? Share *everything*....

Still, despite more than a decade of whoring – hell, despite more than quite a full life of *fucking* – it was my first experience with twins. It was a crazy rush, and all she'd done was suck on his shitty fingers.

Borders had noticed, too. Suddenly he was just on the other side of the lighting rig, his book back across the theater, sitting forgotten on

his desk. He stood silently with his hands in his pockets, watching Angie film us, his eyes glued to her ass, her skirt riding up dangerously high as she clambered all over and around the mattress. Her heels were long kicked aside and she wore no hose. Her inner thighs were a shining slick mess of cuntwater – it was clear she wasn't wearing panties.

I wondered if Borders, for the first time in the two years I'd known him, would finally reveal the gigantic tool he kept hidden in those baggy cargo pants of his. I wanted to see him stroke it, if only this once. Hell, I wanted to see him *use* it. On the horny blonde bitch jumping all around us with my camera. But she gave no sign she even knew he was there.

Over and over Andrew pulled globs of shit from my ass and sucked his fingers clean, giving his sister an aftertaste every time. A few spare chunks slid free before I could close up once or twice, the dull splat upon the mattress more felt than heard. I didn't think either of them had noticed until Angie suddenly made a dive for the small pile between my feet, shouting, "Time to get dirty!"

Taking up a handful, she smacked her palm hard against Andrew's cheek, which was at that moment surrounding my seriously edging cock. Shit speckled me up to my tits, but most of the slush wound up going over the queen's eye and into his beautiful hair. He didn't flinch at all. He kept right on sucking, right on digging his two fingers up deep inside my spasming ass.

Angie scrounged for the remainder of my droppings, painting the other side of Andrew's face much more carefully. Finished with his face, she ran her hand through his hair, matting it, streaking it with brown. Then she plunged her fingers into her mouth, licking her hand with abandon, somehow still managing to keep her eye glued to the viewfinder of my handheld. I was truly impressed.

At my crotch, Andrew moaned. His eyes were glued shut with my shit. It would probably sting like hell for him to open them. I gathered a ton of spit in my mouth and carefully drooled down on first his left, then his right eyelid. Putting my thumbs gently against his skin, I slowly massaged his lashes free of feces. He finally blinked, timidly at first, but eventually with more confidence. Apparently I'd done a pretty damn good job. He gazed up at me with doe eyes and sucked with renewed fervor.

"Jesus, how fucking beautiful," Angie giggled, zooming in on Andrew's pretty blue eyes. It annoyed me that she had taken more liberties with the face painting, but it was keeping Borders interested. He was still standing right there, still watching. That was nice. More than nice.

Andrew sat back on his haunches, his mouth slack, huge ropes of drool hanging between my the head of my bobbing cock and his slimy cheeks. The thin white chemise clung to his chest, a wet mess of saliva and streaks of shit. His nipples stabbed out against the fabric, huge and fat. I wondered if he pumped them. I wanted them in mouth.

He turned to his sister with a pouty, almost guilty face.

"He's so full, Sissie... there's so much..." he fell forward onto his stomach, then pushed his ass into the air. "I want it in me, Sissie. In *me!*"

Angie zoomed in as he reached back and untied the strings at his hips, whipping his panties away, spreading his ass apart. His anus gaped an inch, easy. It was bright pink, moist, quivering. It was all I could do not to fall on him in full rut. He was far and away the hottest man I'd ever seen.

But first, of course, to tend to the customer's needs. "I fist him, is that it? Shit in my hand or something and push it up inside him? Is that right?"

Angie was backing up, away from both of us, pulling at the buttons of her blouse, still filming her brother's delicious ass. In a moment she was topless, her bra coming free with one flip of her fingers, shrugging easily off her shoulders as she juggled the camera, not missing a beat. I was right about her nipples – they were each pierced with a thick silver bar, from which hung a half-ring. Her nipples were even more gigantic than her brother's. Her breasts were mostly, in fact, puffy nipples. Not much fat or tissue elsewhere. Just the big, tasty, fat tips of her teats. Borders whistled quietly from a couple of feet away.

"Well, hell, Andrew, which is it?" Angie asked breathlessly, yanking open the side of her skirt and letting it fall, kicking it up and over Borders' head. He couldn't yank a hand out of his pockets fast enough to grab them, and he didn't turn to retrieve them, either. He stared, like I did, at Angie's shaved, slippery crotch. She was pierced above her clit with an identical bar and half-ring like her tits. The rig seemed to push down and out on her clit, which lewdly stuck out of her hood almost like a little cock. It was round and pink and wet, like the tip of a tongue.

"Usually," Angie panted, staggering over to Borders, "it's like that at home, like you said. Me shitting into my hand and then putting it up his ass." She pushed the camera into my bodyguard's surprised hands, then danced over to her purse. "Then I fuck him with this." She held up a thick black dildo secured in a harness, a really high-quality, custom-fit strap-on. She tossed it onto the corner of the mattress and bent down to her purse again, emerging with a new roll of cash, rubber banded, heavy-looking. She threw it at Borders, who was ready that time and caught it with ease.

"But I bet this time it's *your* shit, *my* hand. Am I right, bro?" Andrew moaned an affirmative.

"And *my* cock?" I guessed, hopeful. They had come all this way to see me, after all....

Angie giggled as she crawled up behind her brother. "Well, duh!" She immediately buried her face between Andrew's spread cheeks, her tongue buried deep in his sphincter. I was left standing by, not even

stroking myself, wondering what I should do.

Glancing over at Borders, he was all business. The cash was in his pocket, the camera to his eye. He was focused on Angie's ass, on her pussy, filming the cunt drool sliding down her thighs. I knew he'd get plenty of her face on Andrew's shit hole, too, but for a moment I felt almost betrayed. She'd just hijacked my gay gigolo thing. Goddamn!

But I was still on the mattress, wasn't I?

Her face suddenly separated from her brother's ass with a squelchy little pop. Angie turned to me in the same motion and sucked my cock down to the root. Caught off guard, I staggered and nearly fell on top of her. She giggled with her mouth full, which made her gag, and she pulled back off.

"Well fuck, cowboy, you ain't had a hot female mouth on your dick before? You scared?" She stroked me as she taunted, a wicked, happy smile on her wet face. Andrew was still on all-fours, still spreading his ass, moaning quietly.

"Now you get down next to that little bitch and you kiss on that pretty mouth of his," she commanded, shoving at my hips. "While I conduct a little business."

With my face pressed against the mattress, my mouth against Andrew's, my ass in the air, I felt for the first time in a long time a deep kind of thrill. My tongue licked across Andrew's shitty nostrils. I tasted my own crap, moaned a little on own. I got ready to push.

"No, goddamn it," Angie barked, settling herself behind us. "Don't fucking shit on me!" I felt her fingers on my asshole, wiggling, testing. "I want to go in and get it myself."

She licked my hole. Her tongue was amazing. It was fat and soft one moment, hard and long the next. It felt like a corkscrew. Like a finger. I opened right up. Her slobbering, hungry attack on my ass was the best I'd had. Ever. No one had come close to this kind of rimming before. I could hardly breathe. Drool cascaded over my balls, down to the tip of my bouncing cock, dripping all over the mattress beneath my belly. Andrew watched me, smiling, rocking. I got the impression that Angie's fist was already inside him, opening him up, fucking him good.

"She's a great ass-eater, isn't she?" he whispered, licking at my chin, my nose. He bit at my lips, panting. "But her hand feels even better."

Soon enough, her entire hand simply popped right up inside my slack-holed ass. The stretching was sudden, intense, and perfect. I drove my face into the mattress and growled, and it was over. No more pain. Just her hand, her wrist, her forearm inside me.

It's hard to describe the feeling of being reamed by hand. My cock throbbed with every little move she made. My prostate was quickly primed to the point of pain. But it was the best kind of pain. Not the cruel abrupt hurt of a hand splitting an ass – no, the hand inside brought torment of an entirely different kind. I didn't want it to stop, but I did. I wanted to come, but I didn't. My grunts and groans got

steadily louder the longer she worked her arm into me. It wasn't going to take long before I screamed. Her hand shoved hard against my guts, and I swear it felt like it was headed halfway up my throat.

Reaching back, I felt her buried to within an inch of her elbow, twisting, pushing. She was a small woman, almost the size of a child, it was no wonder she could get so far inside. Her hand was flexing and relaxing. Her wrist undulated, turning within me in a snakelike dance. Then she pulled it out. Tears came. I wept quietly, despite myself. I was moaning. The absence after that fullness! God! I was wide open. I could feel air rushing in. I wanted that arm back!

A thick glob of shit slid out beneath her cupped, rising palm as she pulled her hand away. It teetering on the edge of my gaping anus, then slowly tumbled down over my balls and slapped down onto the mattress. There was a kind of sticky, sucking noise, and Andrew groaned and rolled his shoulders beside me, his eyes rolling. He was weeping, too.

What a couple of hopeless queers we were!

"I'm shoving *your shit* deep up *his ass*, manwhore!" Angie happily reported. "Your hole's still wide open and waiting for me, isn't it? You want me to come get some more?"

All I could do was grunt and nod into the mattress. I wiggled my ass a little.

Then she was back in, digging, twisting, filling me. My cock spurted on its own, rope after rope of thick jism painting the mattress and my chest. I kept my face in the mattress and fucked my ass back against her arm as she kept shoving. Spurt after spurt erupted from my spasming shaft. My gland swelled and clenched over and over, tight-loose-tight against her wrist.

"Ahhh, somebody's feeling *goood*!" Angie crooned. Both her hands were busy, deep inside our asses, but I felt her shift her weight. Her bare foot slid beneath my cock across the mattress, digging itself into my puddle of semen. I could feel her toes kneading through it. They came up and grazed my dick. Then she tried to capture it between her first and second toes, but there was no way. She was too slippery and my cock was too thick. It was a funny little battle, though, for the few seconds it lasted, neither of us able to see it, fighting by feel only. Her toes trying to pinch my glans, my penis still dancing, crazy in the throes of my maddening, spasming prostate.

Eventually Angie pulled her foot back, and my ass stopped its crazy clenching. It felt like it would be starting up soon again, though, but for right now it was strangely tight, swollen, and tender inside. Angie, mercifully, chose to withdraw her arm. Another sludge pile of feces slid its way over my balls and splatted between my knees. "Here's some more, bitch!"

I listened as Andrew took more of my shit within his ass. Later I would watch Borders' video and see that she was holding his ass open with

the hand that had been fisting him, pulling down hard and firm on the lower half of his sphincter. He gaped big enough for a baseball to pass through without touching. With that much room it was easy for her to bring over her hand from my ass, covered in shit, with a big brown mound of it piled up in the palm, and just put it inside. She worked her arm in halfway to the elbow, then turned it so the palm was down, and pulled out. When her arm re-emerged it was still brown, but the mass from her palm was clearly gone. My shit had a new home.

Twice more she farmed inside me, and the last time I came again. Or my body tried. My gland went crazy, my cock swelled and strained painfully, but not much came out. It felt horrible in the best kind of way, like peeling off a scab. I hated it. I loved it.

Finally she was done. Her hand was gone. I could feel her weight shifting behind me, away from me, then around me. My anus was still wide open, and so was Andrew's. Borders, the consummate videographer, kept the camera on our twin gapes for a good long time, documenting their slow return to normal, the shutting of our pink-and-brown holes against all that dark, rank shit.

Then Angie stepped up in front of us, slid her foot beneath Andrew's face.

"Suck my fucking toes, bitch!" she ordered him. "Lick this fag's jizz off my pretty feet."

Her brother eagerly, sloppily licked and sucked. My spunk was soon gone, and her foot was shiny, slimy, and indeed quite beautiful. She moved it to me next, and I opened my mouth in anticipation. But she lifted her foot suddenly and brought it down hard on my cheek, grinding my face into the mattress.

"Don't worry, it's paid for!" she laughed. Then the foot was gone and she was back behind us again. Neither Andrew nor I moved. She squatted low, shoulders between her splayed knees, and scraped her hands across the mattress between my knees and Andrew's, collecting all the stray, fallen globs of feces. There were several quiet minutes of that, with her grabbing up all the shit she could, passing it back and forth between her hands. Almost as an afterthought she'd reach out every so often and paint a handful across my rump or Andrew's. Mostly, she just stared at the brown clumps on her hands, sniffing, humming. She sounded for all the world like a happy housewife hanging laundry.

Borders, of course, was always in the proper position to film it all, so in due time he zoomed in on her cunt from behind. It was oozing freely. Thick white female cum sludge was flowing out of her, draining onto the mattress. On the video you could hear him grunt, just a little. It was the only sound he ever made on anything he ever filmed.

Then Angie was up again, leaning over me from behind, grabbing me by the hair with her rancid, shit-covered hands. Her nude body was on fire, her flesh as she pressed against me made me jump away reflexively, it was in such hot contrast to my sweat-covered, clammy

skin. But she laid claim, got hold of me good. She yanked hard on my hair as she drove her hard-tipped little titties into my lower back.

"Now it's time fuck!" she declared, hauling on me, maneuvering me up and onto her brother's back. "Get that big cock up that bitch's ass! Fuck the shit back out of him!"

I don't know how soon I'd be shooting anything, but I was still plenty hard. It didn't take me long to dive right in. Andrew took my weight like a true slut, bracing himself and pushing back, getting me deeper. Soon we were both panting, sweating, and ignoring everything else in the world.

The more I thrust into him, the more shit I dredged out. My eyes watered, stung a little from the fumes. The rancid odor wafting up from our combined shit was so bad! I looked down and saw lighter and darker brown and all kinds of strange ropes and clumps and nuggets of shit coming out around my dick. It squirted, popped, and splatted its way out. My belly and crotch was quickly, stickily covered in it. Andrew's ass was a thick pasty morass of sewage. He repeatedly reached a hand back and took some of it off, carrying it back up to him mouth. Chewing, swallowing, reaching back for more.

Angie came around beside us and watched, helping Andrew gather some of our excrement for him to feed on. She painted her belly and small breasts a little, too. Then she looked me in the eyes and brought both her brown, sludge-covered hands to her own face and smeared. Within seconds she wore a thick mask of shit. It was up her nose, over her eyelids, everywhere. She struggled and reopened her eyes, knuckling away some of the worst of the shit in the corners. Ignoring the tears streaming down her face she went back down for more of our waste, this time bringing it up onto her head, working it into her fine, blonde and pink-streaked hair. Soon she was every bit a brunette. A shit-brown stinking beast, grinning from ear to ear.

She stood up and straddled her brother's back, her ass only a few inches above his spine. She faced me and lifted one leg, settling her foot over my shoulder, the heel resting at the top of my back. She leaned toward me so that our heads nearly touched, her knee crooked beside her face. One of her hands worked its slimy way into my hair, acquiring a grip. The other was down flat on her brother's back.

We kissed. She moaned into my mouth. I could taste the shit she'd been enjoying. I hadn't seen her eat too much, not from my prior position face-down on the mattress, but it was obvious she'd had at least a little. Inside her mouth I found a wonderfully nasty flavor, slightly bitter, pungent.

I felt more than heard her. She sort of loosened herself, then she bore down. She was shitting on her brother. Our kiss lasted exactly as long as her bowel movement. When she was done, so were our mouths. She broke away from me, removed her foot from my shoulder, and staggered back to inspect her work.

A nicely coiled pile of thick brown shit lay atop Andrew's heaving back.

I was barely thrusting into him now. He was mainly doing all the work, fucking back against me while I focused on his shit-smeared sister. He reached back quickly and dug his hand into the side of the pile, digging out a nice mouthful for himself. His moans grew twice as loud, his fucking twice as urgent, the moments he tasted his sister's shit.

Angie laughed and pointed at her heavy, quivering mound of excrement. "How fucking nice is that, huh? I've always crapped these huge monsters! I could fucking feed an army!"

She took a handful of her own, then, and without hesitation brought it to my mouth.

"Here, have a fucking taste."

If I hadn't opened my mouth she'd have shoved the whole handful against it anyway. As it was, I barely got my lips open and teeth apart before I had my mouthful. The remainder on her hand went all over my face, smearing me good.

I chewed, swallowed several times in a row, fought the usual urge to let it back up. Angie's crap was heavy going down, left a kind of grassy, dirt-on-the-roots sort of taste behind. It was thick but without much texture. Kind of like what it would be like eating out of an old-fashioned jar of art paste, if art paste tasted like shit. It stuck to the roof of the mouth, but in a great way.

I loved it.

So did they. I looked over at Angie just in time to see her lift a hefty helping up to her own face, taking it in with just one massive opening of her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she mumbled, chewing for several minutes in deep concentration, standing next to me with her eyes closed, running her shit-covered hands all over her body. Every now and then she would collect more from her pile on Andrew's back, smearing both legs all the way down to her feet, her arms from shoulders to fingertips, her armpits, her neck, her ass, everywhere she could reach. And all the while she was chewing, swallowing, chewing.

"Here, help me out," she pressed a nice handful of turd at me, muttering around her latest mouthful. She presented her shoulder blades, hunching over a little, working shit into her face again as I steadily covered her back. It was surreal. We could've been doing suntan lotion at the fucking beach. She was so cool about it. So casual. Just how freaky was this gorgeous girl?

Meanwhile, Andrew kept up his furious thrusts beneath me, impaling himself as deeply as possible on my cock. He was getting close. Angie danced away from us and motioned to Borders.

"Come on, Little John, get your big ass up here and film this shit! Drew shoots like a fuckin' porn star when a dick's up his ass. You gotta get a low angle! He's gonna blow real soon!"

Borders obligingly wobbled up onto the mattress and bent over,

holding the camera down between his calves, almost resting it on the mattress. He stared down intently into the eyepiece, focusing carefully on the bobbing, swelling head of Andrew's cock.

Angie got behind me then and began working her hand back up inside my rectum. I didn't know if I could take it! Andrew was bashing his ass against my hips, while his sister was assaulting my anus from behind. I felt trapped, stabbed, and fucked. It was all I could do to keep quiet; I felt an insane urge to scream. Angie was twisting and turning her hand back and forth inside me, punching gently up into my guts. Andrew's asshole clenched and pulled on my dick, hammering it hard, rocking it deep up inside his filthy ass full of his shit and mine.

I couldn't believe I was getting paid to feel this fucking good.

"Oh yeah, cowboy," Angie purred in my ear, "I think you like girls, too, don'tcha?" She got on her knees then and slid her other hand slowly up inside me, withdrawing the other. Over and over she alternated hands, sliding one past the other in and out of me, until a crazy pressure finally hit me, making me groan and claw at Andrew's hips for support. Angie's hands had met inside me, claspings, clenching.

"Take it, manwhore!" Angie screamed. "Take it deep!" She shoved harder and harder. I'd been double-fisted before, but never without a lot of discussion, planning, and Crisco beforehand. And never without a sling. There I was on my knees fucking somebody, I mean, what the hell?! The angle alone was dangerous. She was going to fucking tear me open! All she had to do was flex her wrists apart. I felt like I might fucking die. I could rip right apart at any moment.

"Drew-baby," Angie called, "are you ready? Ready to fucking come?" Andrew only moaned in response and kept right on impaling himself. Angie went on talking. "'Cos I got *both my fucking hands* inside this gorgeous hunk of man your fucking. Both hands, Drew! I'm fucking his ass while he fucks the *shit* out of you! You're a fucking shitwhore, Drew! A fucking faggot *shitwhore!!*"

Andrew convulsed with a mewling, strangled kind of cry, shuddering from head to toe and jamming himself violently onto my cock. I could feel his prostate pumping hard, over and over. In the video it was amazing. Semen got all over the camera lens. Borders had been at least two feet away from Andrew's face, straight in front of him, angling for shot to catch Andrew's face and his ejaculation both. It wasn't just the mattress and the camera that got it, though – jet after jet of jism sprayed Andrew's belly, chest, and face, too.

"That's it, baby!" Angie shouted from behind me. "Come hard! Make a big fucking sticky mess!"

Shaking even more violently than before, Andrew finally slumped forward onto his stomach, sliding off my shit-covered cock. His face fell right into a puddle of his own cum. He immediately began to absently lick at it, his eyes closed, his breathing heavy. His asshole gaped open, all kinds of shades of brown shit caked all around it, clumps and lumps and streaks of turd everywhere. I could see the pink and red insides of

him. Pulsating flesh. Oozing folds of rectal tissue, rectal slime everywhere in there, gray-brown glimmers of wetness.

"Like the view, baby?" Angie growled, flexing her hands menacingly, deliciously. "Is he wide open? Can you see right up his fucking ass?"

Borders was beside Andrew, getting a shot of his tongue lapping at his own jism. Then he came up beside me and filmed the slender queer's gaped, destroyed ass. I stole a look at Borders in profile, wondering how turned on he might be. But, as usual, it was impossible to tell. His mass of curly hair fell all around his face. He was hidden from me. I glanced at his pants. Nothing. Stupid fucking baggy cargo fucking pants! He could've had the biggest hard-on of his life, and I'd never be able to tell.

Then the lens swung around at me, at my dick, and I looked down. I was a mess of splattered, smashed, streaked, stinking shit. My cock head was purple, with a heavy collar of crap wedged hard all the way around beneath the flared rim. My balls were caked. Everywhere I looked there was brown sludge inching slowly toward the mattress, no longer trapped between Andrew and I, no longer getting smashed stickily back and forth between crotch and ass.

"All right, cowboy, time for dessert!"

Angie pulled up, just a little, and I was suddenly face-first in Andrew's ass, straining away from her in pain. But I couldn't get away. She followed me forward, kept her arms in place, her hands deep inside me. But the pain was soon gone, the angle much better, and I wasted no time. My mouth sucked hard against Andrew's asshole, my tongue digging in deep, tasting the filth inside, slurping up the sewage. I brought my face out and spit a mouthful onto Andrew's back. Then went back for more and did it again. His ass was like a slowly bubbling spring of shitwater. The more I sucked up, the more flowed up to replace it.

I felt Borders move around again, getting a shot of Angie's arms moving back and forth in my ass. She was halfway up to her elbows, carefully keeping them together, concentrating more sweetly than I would have expected. The video caught her expression pretty well. She wasn't quite the freaky domme I'd assumed. She looked worried about doing it right, not really hurting me, and making me feel good. Her brows were knit. She was biting her lip a little. I was busy spitting ass juice onto her twin brother's exhausted, shit-smeared back. She was busy perfectly double-fisting the queer shitwhore who'd given her brother the best shit-fuck of his life.

"You like that, don't you?" Angie cooed at me. My pelvis was up off the mattress just enough to let her in at a great angle. My face was buried again in Andrew's asshole, slurping and sucking. I grunted my appreciation as best I could and rocked my hips back against her thrusting hands.

"Know what, cowboy?" she purred. "I think it's time for a drink. Don't you?"

Her hands were suddenly out. I was wide open, full of air, empty. I knew I was probably every bit as gaped as Andrew. Probably more. My ass went down twice as deep, too. It had to. Angie's fucking *arms* had been inside me! Borders made sure to catch it, getting the perfect angle, my rectum pried open, my anus dilated as big around as a grapefruit. I was clean inside, though, unlike Andrew. No sludge or slime. No gray-brown weird goop. Just pink and red and wet.

I collected myself and waited, letting Borders get the shot. Angie wanted a drink. Would she be the one pouring or swallowing? Before I could roll over or look up or anything, I got my answer.

"Hold your ass open, OK?" Angie commanded, straddling my hips. "I'm gonna fill you right fucking up!"

Not that my asshole needed help staying open, but I reached back and did as she said anyway. Her calves soon pressed hard against my splayed hands, my hips held tight in the grip of her squatting legs. Her spread pussy was right over my asshole. She held her lips apart and let loose. A hissing jet of hot piss thundered down inside me. I quivered involuntarily, jumping at the intense heat of her urine as it cascaded into the far reaches of my tender, over-stimulated rectum.

I'd been pissed in before – by more dicks, in fact, than I could ever hope to count. Piss enemas were pretty standard in my line of work. I'd even held myself open for them before, letting the john fill me right up. I'd never, though, had piss come into me so heavy and so fucking *hot*. I jerked and cried out, despite myself. My cock ground against the mattress beneath me in a whole new realm of throbbing agony.

"You like that, don'tcha, cowboy?" Angie sneered. "You love my piss up your ass! You're such a filthy fucking sonofabitch!"

Hilarious, of course, coming from a woman completely covered in three people's shit. Nevertheless, I did fuck the mattress a little more intensely after she said that. I was, after all, an undeniably filthy fucking sonofabitch. I did indeed love her piss up my ass.

After what seemed like forever she finally finished, reaching down and shoving my ass cheeks together, rubbing them, making my hole slowly close back up.

"OK, Drew-baby, are you thirsty?" Angie crooned, stepping around to kneel beside her brother's face. She used a fingernail to scrape a smiley face out of the shit on his cheek. "Roll over, baby."

I carefully scrabbled back away from Andrew's ass, out from between his legs, but I remained very cautiously on my hands and knees. My butt was full to the brim with warm piss, and the lid wasn't on very tight. If I moved too much I knew I'd lose it.

Angie and her twin brother were soon each lying on a hip, chest-to-chest, their shit-slimed legs sliding back and forth together, his cock still long and hard, squashed between their bellies. Their arms were around each other, and each had a hand on the other's nipple, twisting and pulling. Their shit-caked faces were pressed hard together. They

kissed deeply, obviously wildly in love. Borders and I did nothing but watch for a long time.

Finally, though, they were ready for me. Angie broke off their kiss and pointed her face and Andrew's up toward the ceiling, their cheeks pressed together.

"All right, stud," she called out. "Time to pop a fucking squat!"

I crawled slowly until I was level with their heads, then I got myself gently into position. The sloshing weight of the piss was almost unbearable. It was liquid shit, of course, more golden than brown, and it wanted out! Only a miracle of willpower kept my anus closed as I wiggled and leaned myself into the proper height and angle.

And then, just before I relaxed and let nature have its way, Angie reached up and slapped me hard on the rump.

"Fucking let go! Give us that *hot shitty piss!*"

She was barely done screaming before I lost it. The slap had shocked my muscles past the point of my control. My asshole let loose. Looking down between my legs, I watched as a torrent of piss blasted onto the twins' faces. Their mouths were open and their eyes were closed. I wagged my ass around to be sure and spread the deluge evenly over both their pretty faces. They were gulping, swallowing, spluttering. It was up their noses, in their ears, and certainly down their throats. They were smiling, licking at each other's faces, licking at the yellow stream of Angie's steaming piss.

Borders was right there, filming it all. Holding the camera low, near their heads, he was able to get some great shots. The lens got splattered again, of course, but that simply added to the overall intensity of the moment. Then, when I was done and shakily collapsed nearby, he zoomed in on the two of them kissing again, licking the pissy shit off their skin, moaning and grinning and swallowing.

"Fucking awesome!" Angie sighed. She called out to me but she couldn't see me. I was on the other side of Andrew. "You sure as fuck know how to make a couple perverts happy!"

I grunted. "Any time, ma'am." And I meant it. I'd made a whole lot of fucking money, that was for sure. Angie had gotten her way, but she'd paid for her way, too. That was fair.

One more long shot of the two siblings, covered in shit, kissing, squirming against each other, feeding each other little bits and piece of shit they picked off the mattress or out of each other's hair. I was curled up an arm's length away, watching them cool down, trying not to feel too much about it all, not even sure what those feelings would be, anyway, if I were to let myself have them.

Then Andrew piped up, his voice high, thin, and exhausted. "But Sissie, you haven't *come* yet, have you? Don't you want to?"

"Only if you two queers are up to it," she taunted, rolling over on top of her brother, straddling him. She slid his shit-slicked cock easily up

inside the puffy wet lips of her cunt. Then she looked over at me and reached back, patting her own ass.

"Come on, cowboy," she grinned, "mount up and ride!"

Honestly, I was tired. I'd come gigantically already, then I'd been forced into coming again, but too soon. I was sore all over the insides of my ass, my asshole hurt in a weird, almost injured way, and I had the strangest shivers. My mouth was a cesspool, feces was stuck to my teeth and wedged up high in my gums, and my jaw ached. One of my eyes stung like hell and wouldn't stop watering, and both my nostrils were plugged full of shit. I could barely fucking breathe. But they had me until midnight. They'd paid more than enough for that. I had no choice but to get up and fuck that bitch in the ass.

Tough job, but somebody's got to do it!

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