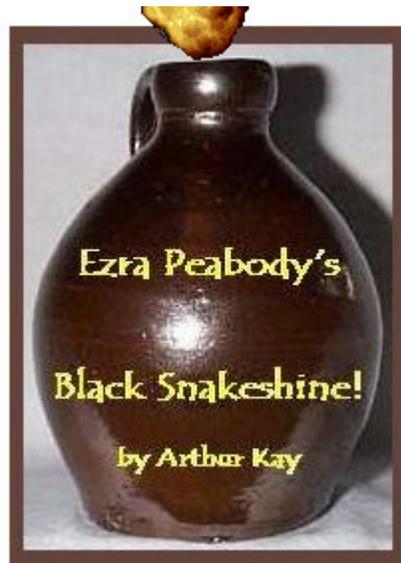


**WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is purely coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment only and should not be emulated in the real world.**



They were in the missionary position, with him pounding her ass into the mattress and she squealing like a stuck pig, when they both heard someone call from the front room of the house. It sounded to them like the man's brother, Jedidiah Peabody. "Where you at, Ez?" he was calling.

Ezra Peabody, quite besotted by booze, moonshine booze at that, rolled off of her, scrambled out of the bed, stumbled to the door, opened it, went through, and slammed it behind him. Ellie Mae just lay there, cringing, her knees now drawn up to her chest, both arms squeezed around them.

Whatever tears she had spilled previously were now dry on her cheeks. She looked wretched, the way most young girls would look who had just been raped by a man.

"Jed, you old skinflint," Ezra said, trying hard for amiable. "Whatcha doin' comin' 'round here this time of night? Your fatass wife throw ya out agin?" He grinned, forgetting he had his teeth out.

"Who'ya got in there, Ez?" Jed said, grinning back at him.

"In where?" He honestly didn't know what Jed meant by the stupid sounding question.

"In Ellie Mae's bedroom, you dumb fucker. You got one of the Manny's bar ladies in there? Or have you taken a fair shine to street hags in yer old age?" He stared at his brother, awaiting the answer.

It was obvious to Jed, just by looking at the man, that his brother Ezra wasn't thinking quite right, especially so when he ups and answers, "Ain't no one in there but Ellie Mae. It's her room, dontchya know?"

"That right? No one in there but Ellie Mae? Well, now, what's up, Ez? You're standin' there as naked as the day our sweet mamma birthday'd you, with yer dick all slicked up, just a-shinin' like a new moon!" Jed grinned at Ezra. "You up to no good, Ezra, my younger brother?" He grinned again.

Ezra looked down at himself. It was true, his dick, half-hard as it was, was all shiny and covered with pussy juice. He might have felt a little bit of shame, but the booze in him didn't leave any room for that emotion to get in. So he said, as he walked over to fetch the robe he always left hanging on the back of his bedroom door:

"If'n yer up for some of my homemade 'shine, Jed, I'll tell yer all 'bout it." He reached behind the door, extracted the ratty shit brown colored bathrobe, and put it on. He felt less naked now, but still naked nonetheless. He took his false teeth out of the robe's pocket and popped them into his mouth. Now he felt more clothed.

"Now, Ezra, you well know I only drink your homemade moon on two occasions. When I'm alone or when I'm with someone. So, start a-pouring, Ez, for this appears to be one of those rare occasions!" He laughed as Ezra went to fetch the large, brown moonshine jug he used to store his best 'shine in. His fit-for-guests 'shine. His finest 'shine that some folks most respectfully called, *Ezra Peabody's Black Snakeshine*.

After just a few swigs, the locals called them pulls, of Ezra's *Black Snakeshine*, you were seeing big black snakes every where. Everywhere!

And, so the local legend went, if any of them grinned at you, you were in for a spell of good luck. Really good luck, the kind that lets your crops grow while everyone else's are dying from the drought.

But don't you lie about it, as any townfolk will tell you, and say they were a-grinning at you when they really weren't, because then bad luck, real bad luck, really, really bad luck, would git ya! They would then tell you what happened to poor Hannah Crumpie, if you had a mind to want to know. And even if you didn't, they'd tell you anyhow.

Poor Hannah Crumpie! Sixteen years old when it happened. She had gotten her curious hands on a full jug of Pa Crumpie's recently boought Black Snakeshine by running across it in the barn where he had hidden it behind a hay bale. To keep it from young'uns and any adult with a thirst in him. He didn't mind sharing, mind you, not too much anyway, but he liked it better when it was his decision to share.

After the proverbial few pulls, poor Hannah was smashed Hannah. Started running around the barn, pulling all her clothing off. Then, sweet and naked, she headed for town! On the way, she ran into the widow Wylie, a kindly old woman who might or might not be a witch, according to whose tale you chose to believe.

The widow Wylie tried to stop the girl, reason with her, drive some sense into her silly girlish head and warn her of the trouble could come from running buck naked in the woods at night, but Hannah was too far gone to hear the old lady.

Hannah, her eyes glazed over, simply said to the widow Wylie, "I've seen the big black snakes, widda, so no harm will come to me this night! It's my night t'howl, widda Wylie!" With that said, Hannah was off and running down the path, howling like a lone wolf on a full moon night.

They found her the next morning. Well, to be more accurate, farmer Mackey found her first, while he was plowing his lower forty. Almost threshed her up, but only almost. Missed by a foot. Which wouldn't have hurt her, anyhow, seeing she was quite dead at the time. Then the rumor mill took over.

She had been found just as naked as the widow Wylie had seen her and, according to Doc Hanson's autopsy, had been raped and had had her throat cut from ear to ear. Tufts of wolf fur were also found all over her naked corpse.

That was the scientific explanation of events, but folks in these parts are not what one would call scientifically minded. They preferred the widow Wylie's explanation. It was far easier to understand and believe, for there hadn't been a rape in these parts in over sixty years. To anyone who would listen, the widow Wylie would spin her little tale:

"The Black Snakeshine got her! Mark my word! Told me herself, Hannah did, that she saw the snakes, but I could see it in her eyes she was a-fibbing! The eyes never lie, don'tcha know? And since she was nekkid, as nekked as a jaybird, I knew what she was up to!" She'd cackle here, her point made, letting the story stew a little.

"Oh, yes'um, she didn't fool me one little bit, that brazen hussy! She was just looking for an excuse, any excuse, to go foolin' with any boy who happened upon her that night." She'd wink here at the listener as if sharing a deep, dark secret. She liked winking. It made her stories more conspiratorial in nature. A shared telling was her passion.

"And Hannah didn't run into any ol' boy that night, no sirree! Oh, she sure met someone who was in a mood to hanky-panky, all right, but he was no mere mortal!" She'd pause to make the cross sign on her chest and also to let it all sink in. "He was . . . a werewolf! You heard me right, he was one of those Godless creatures of the night. The Doc, hisself, found the beast's fur all over her, bless her poor soul!" She would then cross herself again before going on.

"And, as any fool with half a mind would know, he fornicated with her all night long, until the sunrise, using that well-known monstrously large private part of his on her before taking the poor dear's life and turning her soul into one of them. Mark my word, if they look real good, they'll find wolf spill inside her! Mark my word." She'd then wink again as if she had just told you something she hadn't told to anyone else in the world.

But that was then and this is now.

They sat at the dining table, with both their cups full of Black Snakeshine.

Jed took a short pull and started the ball rolling. "I got a feelin' in me, Ez, I'm gonna like your story!" He grinned at him. Ezra Peabody then took a healthy pull on his own cup. He felt the warm glow feeling hit him almost

immediately. I do make good Snake, he thought, even if'n I say so myself. Jed read his mind and said:

"Mmmm, your Snake is especially fine tastin' tonight, my brother." He took another short pull, waiting for his brother's interesting tale to unfold.

"Well, Jed, my blood kin, I guess'n I should start at the start. As you know Ellie Mae's ma is at her sister's place for her usual weekly visit and won't be home 'til Sunday evening. And you know how's I like to watch me some of them porny tapes I get in the mail on that new-fangled VCR Nellie just insisted we had to have in spite of it costin' a arm and a leg." He paused, getting his breath renewed. The two men each took another pull.

"Well, I had just got me a new one in, so's I was a-watching it, ya know, when I thought my old heart would just up and stop on me! There she was, right there on the fuckin' TV screen big as life, as nekkid as a baby, and having sex with four men, one of them a big ass black guy with a cock as long as my arm!" He held his arm out to make the point.

He banged his fist on the table and said, "Ellie Mae, my Ellie Mae!" He banged his fist again. "That tramp cunt Ellie Mae, whose tramp cunt ass is now right there in her room just a-waiting my wrath. And, boy, is she gonna git it tonight!" His face was livid and as red as a beet.

Jed, now wide-eyed, said, "Lordy, Ezra, Lord A-mighty! Ellie Mae doin' a porny movie!" He took a pull, and said, "That's what comes, Ez, from sendin' her to that big city college up north. They brainwashed her, most likely, those fuckin' northerners, they do that, don'tcha know? Take a young girl and mess with her mind, make her do things she wouldn't likely do. You know?"

"Shit, Jed, she tweren't brainwashed! The bitch loved doin' it! I saw it plain as day. C'mon, Jed, I'll show ya for yourself." He topped off their Snakeshine, stood on wobbly legs and headed for the living room, his brother not far behind him, cups in their hands that sloshed with the Snakeshine.

It wasn't but a short time later that the title of the movie came on the screen: *Cuntry Girls!* A Rowdy Tyme Production. Featuring Amber Lynn, Traci Lords, Ron Jeremy, Dick Long, and introducing the new cummer, Ellie Mae Spunk.

"Shit, Jed, she didn't even use her real name. Shamed of it, I reckon, the bitch." He scowled at Jed.

"Hey, be thankful, Ezra. You don't need to make our Peabody name famous that a-way!" He grinned at Ezra and took a pull, this one a little larger than the last one.

The opening credits were coming on. Ezra hit the remote's Fast F'wd button and breezed right through them, even going past some of the initial sex scenes. As naked bodies flew by, Ezra explained:

"She ain't in the early shit. But I'll give you the catch up. Four guy's vehicple breaks down and they come to a farm house where there's these three girls. Well, there's some silly shit 'bout borrowing a jack and all, but

soon it gets down to fuckin' and lord knows what else." He hit the Play button on the remote.

Jed now laid his old eyes on his niece, the now naked Ellie Mae Spunk Peabody. It was the first time he had seen her naked since she was but a toddler. Of course, Ellie Mae had raised many a guilty boner in Jed as she approached womanhood, especially when he saw her in those skinny swimsuits she had a mind to wear. Thong bikinis, she had called them.

Shit, he had always thought, she might as well be nekkid with her ass all a-hangin' out that way and her titties barely covered up. Oh, yeah, old Jedidiah Peabody had many a guilt-laden boner just by looking at his sexy, nicely shaped niece.

But, now, this niece creature on the screen was different, something else entirely. Jed could now see what was lightly hidden by that old thong bikini. Her luscious, perky tits and hairy cunt were right there and in living color.

"Ooowee, Ez, she sure has growed up, now ain't she?" He felt a stirring in his cock area. A strong and immediate stirring. It was boner-on-the-way time for old Jed. He rubbed the lump in his denims. Then took a sip, to drive the guilts away a bit.

"Sure'nuf has, Jed, the little cunt. Lookie the way them titties of hers wiggle, will ya? Just like her ma's useta do before the change went and fucked her all up." He took a swig. He too felt some stirrings. But not a lick of shame as he and his brother now watched Ellie Mae reach out and take a man's large penis into her red lipsticked mouth. She worked the dick in a professional manner, as if she had practiced it some.

"Holy shit, Ez. Ellie Mae's growed up in more ways than just height!" Jed looked red faced, excited, and almost demented. He was now rubbing his bulge unashamedly, pulling his hand off of it to take an occasional sip. Ezra followed suit, giving his own bulge a rubbing between sips.

The camera now had a close up of Ellie Mae's face as the two men, Ezra and Jed, saw her deep-throat the guy's eight inch penis, seemingly defying her gag reflex in the doing. Then another cock joined in. It came in, stage right, and looked as black and black can get as it crossed her cheek, aiming for her eager mouth. And it looked long! A good foot long, if it was an inch, with a head on it looking like a large, swollen black plum.

Ellie Mae Spunk then abandoned the cock in her mouth and, right in front of Jed and Ezra, placed her hot and lipsticked mouth right over the big, black plum. And sucked it as if she was in love with plums.

"You seein' her, Jed? You seein' her? Suckin' that nigger's footlong prick just as if it t'were a normal thing to do? You seein' her, Jed?" Jed saw. How could he not? A blind man would have "seen" her just by hearing the slurping actions she was making as she deep-throated the long, black thing in her mouth.

"Yeah, I ain't blind, Ez. But I gotta say, that young blackie sure has a piece of meat on him, now don't he?" He grinned at Ezra, who just nodded.

The two men then watched as the black cock pulled out of Ellie Mae's mouth and shot its seemingly neverending sperm load, most into her open mouth and the rest onto her face. Ellie Mae then made a big show of her sperm-filled mouth just before swallowing it all. She had a grin on her face as she said, "Oh, thank you, kind sir, that was delicious, just delicious!" It was right here that Ezra hit the Pause button on the remote. He looked directly at Jed.

"Jed, if'n yer up for it, how'd you like to help me give Ellie Mae a lesson t'night she'd never fergit?" He grinned at his brother, a plot hatching in his brain even as he did so.

"Whatcha got in mind, brother of mine, 'cause I'm game for anything, short of an outright killin,' that is." He liked where he thought this was headed. His new hardness told him that much. Ezra answered him by yelling out:

"Ellie Mae, Ellie Mae, get yer ass out here, girl! And don't go putting no clothes on yer ass, either, 'cause if'n you do, I's gonna whup you over somethin' hard. Get out here. Now!" The men just sat there, looking at each other, and waited.

A short time later, she came out of the room. Naked, with her hands doing the best they could to cover her privates up. She stood there, just outside the door, trembling all over and looking as frightened and shell-shocked as a deer in the headlights. She raised her eyes just long enough to make sure they hadn't initially fooled her and stole a glance at her uncle. She quickly averted her eyes as Ezra hit the Play button. She felt more naked than she had ever felt in her entire life, even more naked than when she had made the porno film.

Ezra looked at her a moment, took a pull, and said, "Sit yer ass down, girl. Right here next to me." He then turned to Jed. "And why don't ya join us on the couch, Jed, so's we can all watch the movie together. More cozy that way, don'tcha think?" He laughed. Ellie Mae crossed the room and sat next to her father, her hands still strategically placed.

"Good idea, Ez, but don'tcha think we're a little overdressed for this kinda picture show? Ellie Mae has the right idea, don'tcha think?" His words came out hoarsely, as if he had lost some of his saliva. Which he had.

Ezra looked at Ellie Mae, who was as quiet as a mouse and looked as fearful as one who had just noticed the cat nearby.



Ellie Mae Peabody

"Good idea, Jed." he said as he stood and started peeling off clothing. Jed started doing the same thing and in less time than it takes to say, Ellie Mae Spunk Peabody, the two men were as naked as she was. Their erections now waved in space, wobbling and pulsing, as if fighting gravity and winning.

"You ain't lookin' at the movie, Ellie Mae," Ezra said, fondling his balls. "Yer missing seeing yerself suckin' and fuckin' all them nice, big cocks. But I guess you've seen this particular movie before." He laughed. Jed laughed. Ellie Mae turned a new shade of red. She knew what was coming and she hated both men for it, but she also knew it would happen no matter what she said or did. They were flying on Black Snakeshine and it looked, to her at least, as if both of them had seen a snake or two grinning at them.



Ezra Peabody

Ezra went and stood to the front of Ellie Mae, his large cock in his hand, pointing right at her face, and said, "Suck it, Ellie Mae, and suck on it real good now, ya hear?" He pushed the large thing closer to her lips. "And suck yer uncle Jed's at the same time, just like ya did in the movie." He laughed. Jed laughed as he joined his brother at the first Ellie Mae family cocksucking party.

With Jed's long and thick 10" cock less than an inch from her lips and Ezra's equally, but smaller cock actually pressing against them, Ezra said,

**"Now girl, git**



Jedidiah Peabody

**to it, we ain't got all day to wait on you. Suck us, go from one to the t'other and back agin and then do it all over agin. Do it now, 'for'n I take my belt to yer porny makin' little ass." He sounded real impatient and angry to her.**

**"Daddy, I . . . we . . ." Whack! Ezra hit her, backhanded, right across her left cheek, making her head snap to the side. The pain was immense and immediate. "I don't want to hear nuttin' out of you, girl. I just want my dick in yer mouth. So shut yerself up and get yer mouth a-working. Just like ya did in the porny movie."**

**He raised his hand again as if to slap her once more. She recoiled and said, "Don't hit me, Daddy. I'll do it, just don't hit me no more." With that said she pushed her head forward and took her father's fat-headed cock into her mouth. She heard him moan. "Mmmmm. Thatta girl!"**

**Jed, eager to participate, reached down and tweaked her right nipple. As he felt it harden under his fingers he also felt the heat rise within him, and the anticipation of knowing her warm, hot young mouth would soon be on his very own cock. It overwhelmed him and he found his legs starting to shake.**

**"Ellie Mae," Jed said. "Take it all, just like in the movie." He then watched, in absolute wide-eyed fascination, as her mouth made its way slowly, and wetly, down his brother's full 8" length. When her mouth reached the pubic hairs, Ezra let out a whoop: "Soeey! Fuckin' soeey! I ain't never felt nuttin' like that before." He turned to Jed. "Oh, yeah, I seen it them fuck films, but man, oh, man, feelin' it is somethin' else entirely! Soeey!" He sounded as if he was calling the hogs down for supper. "Show Jed, Ellie Mae, he ain't gonna believe how fuckin' good it feels!" He pulled his cock out.**

**Ellie Mae, feeling she had no choice in the matter, pushed her head toward her uncle's 10 incher and took the large, purple head in. Jed moaned a big moan. "Mmmmmmmmm! Fuck!" She then deep-throated him as she had her father. At lips on pube time, it was Jed's turn to yell out: "Soeey is the right word, Ez, to describe the feelin.' Soeey, soeey, soo-fuckin'-wee!"**

**Ezra then told her to go from one to the other, working the heads and deep-throating here and there, just like he'd seen in the porny movie. She complied, doing it in perfect imitation of what the two men had seen earlier and seemed, to them anyway, as if she was starting to enjoy herself. As she sucked away, the men heard her moan a few times. Then, as she twitched under the nipple tweaking that both men happened to execute at the same time, she started moaning even more.**

**"Atta girl, Ellie Mae," Ezra said, Jed's cock deeply in her mouth. "But hold on a second, I think you've earned yerself a little taste of my fine Black Snakeshine!" He laughed. "It'll really loosen ya up and putchya in the mood for some good old fashioned fuckin' and suckin' tonight." He went into the kitchen, fetched his old, brown jug, and before you could say Snakeshine,**

he had a cup of the stuff right there under Ellie Mae's nose. "Here." was all he said to her.

Removing her mouth from Jed's penis, Ellie Mae said, "But, Daddy, You don't ever let me touch your 'shine. You always said it might . . . "

"Hush up, girl," Ezra said, sounding the nicest to her he had all night. "This is our special evenin' and a few short snorts ain't gonna kill ya. It'll loosen ya up right nicely and put ya in the mood. Now, here, shut up and swallow the whole cup!" The 8 ounce cup was so full it was sloshing over its rim. She took the cup and started sipping. One sip and she started sputtering. It was mighty strong, the 180 proof Black Snakeshine was.

Ezra told her to chug-a-lug the vile stuff so he and Jed could get to the fun part of the evening. She did, thinking it would kill her, but was amazed when it didn't. The more she chugged on it, the hotter her insides felt, as if someone wanted to use her belly to bake a cake. Or, a giddy thought hit her, to bake a cake in my pussy! For as sure as shit stinks and is very stupid, Ellie Mae Spunk Peabody was beyond giddy, she was Black Snakeshined. And feeling absolutely no pain whatsoever. And, in spite of herself, he pussy was getting moist and hot and ready for that cake.

With glazed eyes, she looked at the two naked men, going from one to the other. "Daddy," she said. "I see 'em! I see 'em!" The two men looked confused to her, so she explained further, "The snakes, the snakes, I see 'em right now! One's right there!" She pointed to Jed's cock. "And the other's right here!" She pointed to her father's dick. The two men laughed.

"But, Daddy, they ain't black snakes, but pink ones with purple heads!" She giggled. "Big, fat purple heads! With funny little mouths, so tiny and funny looking. They remind me of Kirk Douglas' chin! All clefty like!" She giggled again. "They look as if they want a little kissy."

She took both men's cocks in her hands and planted a wet lip smooch on each in turn. She sat back and looked at her just-kissed snake mouths. She had a funny, quizzical look on her face. Both men just stood there, not knowing what to say or do. They were enthralled by it all.

"Oh, lookie, Daddy, uncle Jed, both these cute little pink and purple snakies are grinnin' at me. They musta like my widdle kissies!" She busted out laughing. "I's gonna do it again!" And she did. Three times to each snake mouth, adding a swiping tongue flick on the last kissie as Jed's snake mouth had drooled a bit and made itself all sticky like.

She sat back again and ran her tongue over her lips. She sang, in a not so bad voice, "I just kissed a drooling snake, a drooling snake, a drooling snake. And it's now a-grinnin'!" She was so pleased with herself, she sang it again. The two men stared in absolute astonishment and amazement. They had never seen anything like it. And both thought, simultaneously, no one else had, either. Ellie Mae was on a toot.

She looked up at Ezra. "Dada, you said you wanted me to do to you and uncle Jed all the things I did in the movie, rightsy wightsy, Dadsy wadsy?" Ezra nodded, looking stupid.

"Well, Popsy whoppsie, I'm gonna show you what I did to get into the

movie. It'll knock your fuckin' socksy wocksies off! I toad dem to put it in the final moobie, but, oooh no, would they lissen to widdle Ellie Mae Peabody from Nowhere Town? Shid, no! They put the whole friggin' thing on the old proverbial cuttin' room floor. The dummo shidheads. Weeee!" She said "Weeee!" again and then said. "Start your cock motors, gennamen, we got some serious cocksucking and fuckin' to do!"

She reached out her hands, took both cocks in them, holding each by its base, and proceeded to give them the blowjobs of their lives, yelling "Weeee!" here and there as she sucked like a professional porno star.

And, like a professional hooker, she'd get them both close to cumming, but would stop just before they did, keeping them excited. She worked them in this mind-boggling manner for a while and then stopped. She told them it was time for the pink and purple snakes, with the grinning Kirky cleft mouths, to fuck her. She wanted one big snaky wakie in her pussy wussy and one big snaky wakie in her mouth. And, her exact words, I wanna see if I can make both snaky wokies spit in me at the same time!

Ellie Mae Spunk was on the loose. And snakes had better beware!

She got down in front of her father, took his large cock into her mouth, and offered her ass cheeks to uncle Jed, who, being the obliging type, quickly accepted. Jed rammed his 10 incher into her, bottoming out with such force it pushed her mouth all the way down to Daddy Ezra's pubic patch. She let out a loud moan. "Unnhhmm!"

It didn't take long for the two country boys to get a good city rhythm going. Jed would plow into her pussy patch and Ezra would try to meet him halfway by plowing in from his end of Ellie Mae's upper forty. They were a-farming away, these two good old boys, preparing the hot, wet lands for some seed, some baby-making seed. No farmer could have plowed any better, even in the most arable of soils.

And all the while, the raunchy movie *Cuntry Girls* was playing away, keeping time, if you will, and imitating the goings on in Ezra Peabody's little living room, but not quite as life-like. The screen folks were moaning, yelling, and cumming to beat the band, while the living room threesome were doing their share in the noise department.

On the screen, Ellie Mae Spunk, the new wild woman, the new cummer of porny films, had all ready had four orgasms and was at work on a fifth. Judging by her yells on the screen, that is. But the real-life Ellie Mae Peabody, was ahead, if one's keeping score, by two, right there in her daddy's living room. And she was much wilder than the the Spunk lady on the screen was. Much wilder. Her ass was thrashing and churning up a storm. The moans rushing out of her one after another.

Her mouth was slobbering and sputtering. Her saliva flowed freely and was cascading down her chin and all over daddy's slightly bent knees, then onto the carpet.

Then Daddy moaned and let out a "Sooeey!" that was so loud it might have been heard in the next county over. He was depositing a very copious cum load right into his daughter's 22 year old mouth. "Sooeey!" His seed-sowing was done with one last loud Sooeey.

Jed, inspired perhaps by Ezra's Sooeying, soon followed with a few Sooeys of his own. Ellie Mae was squirming all over the place as she swallowed the hot salty cum and felt the first of Jed's hot sperm spill forth deep inside her pussy. She started moaning afresh, one moan after another, as her seventh orgasm gripped her entire body, making her shudder violently.

But all good things must come to end. The movie on the screen knew this and had turned itself into an all back screen. Jed and Ezra knew this as they pulled out of Ellie Mae's well-seeded body. Ellie Mae knew it, too, as she stood up and said, "Aw, the widdle snaky wakies went to sleepsy weepsy!" She bent down and gave each snake's mouth, in their turn, a widdle kissy wissy. Which neither man objected to, seeing as how both their snaky wakies were still drooling at the mouth and needed a cleaning.

It was Ezra who spoke first, breaking the magic of the moment, "Ellie Mae, that was fan-fuckin'-tastic! From here on out, when yer ma's visitin' yer Aunt Bessie and yer's home from yer schoolin,' we's gonna break out my finest jug of Ezra Peabody's Black Snakeshine! And you, me, and yer uncle Jed here, are gonna go to town!" He paused, reached out and tweaked her left nipple. "But fer now, since yer ma ain't gettin' home 'til Sunday evenin,' we's gonna fuck the night away . . . and all day tomorrow . . . and most of Sunday. Want some more Snakeshine, my sweet child?"

Ellie Mae Peabody nodded and reached out for both flaccid peckers. Fondling them, she said, "Yeah, Daddy, let's all have some more of your Snakeshine, because I wanna wind these two snakes up all over again just to see if I can make them grin at me some more." She gave each snake a squeeze. Both snakes started to uncoil, as snakes are known to do even when mildly provoked.

As Ezra did the pouring honors, Ellie Mae threw both arms around her uncle's neck and planted a wet, sloppy tongue kiss on him. Their tongues fought it out for a while and after the kiss, Ellie Mae said, "I've always wanted to do that, unky wunky. Now I'm glad I did." Jed looked at her and said, "And, Ellie Mae, I guess deep down I always wanted to fuck you, and now I'm glad I have. You glad, too, Ez?"

"Fuck, yeah!" said Ezra, handing out the cups. "I've always thought it would be best to keep everything in the family!" He laughed, spilling some Black Snakeshine on the carpet.

Ellie Mae said, still fondling Jed's rapidly growing cock with one hand while she took the offered cup with the other, "Daddy, it's called Incest, the game the whole family can play!" She giggled. The two men laughed.

"And, Daddy, if you and uncle Jed can find the time to come up to the college, I know a bunch of girls there that will whiten all your hair, pubic included, with their sexual shenanigans!" She giggled again.

"Hey, fellas," she said. "Let's make us a toast!" She put her cup out toward them. "To the game called Incest. Let's all play it. Cheers!"

Jed put his cup out, lightly touching hers. "To Ellie Mae Spunk. We couldn't have done it without her! Cheers!" It was Ezra's turn.

His cup bumped both of theirs. "To Black Snakeshine and grinnin' snakes who sure as shit brought two old farts some mighty good luck tonight. Cheers!" Sip.

"Cheers!" Sip. "Cheers!" Sip.

The End.

Dear reader: "Feedback to me if you'd like to have a future sampling of Ezra Peabody's Black Snakeshine! Just bring your own cup! I'll do the pouring honors and fill it up to overflowing. Cheers! Sip."