

Big Beaver Lake was definitely a mecca for rednecks, hillbillies, and chicanos, the sort of lower to middle income community with more trailers than proper houses, and at least three times as many guns as there were people. It was a seething cesspit of horny, drunken, bored idiots constantly on the hunt for a fun time, like vampires hunting for blood. Big Beaver Creek wasn't all bad though. In fact, it wasn't bad at all. It was fun, and friendly, and safe. It was a family town, where everyone knew everyone, and people rarely moved away. It was certainly not without some rural charm, at least, and it had a very, very, very unique culture.

Big Beaver Lake was a surprisingly large community, considering how remote it was, and it attracted very few outsiders due to its extreme heat and humidity. Big Beaver Lake had the kind of weather that clung to you like a layer of sweat that wouldn't dry. The air was sticky and damp, and it made the people sticky and damp as well. Furthermore, some have even speculated that unless you were born in Big Beaver Lake, your lungs simply couldn't acclimate to the air. Only the locals could tolerate it, and heck . . . They loved it. Everyone in Big Beaver Lake liked it hot and wet. They liked it life to be dirty, sexy, and free.

Needless to say, Big Beaver Lake was a little inbred, but this community was still a good one . . . Sort of.

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Richard Koch was a 25 year old 'pirate' who had been terrorizing the waters of Big Beaver Lake for the better part of seven years. He had gotten his first and only boat for his eighteenth birthday, which was a tradition in his family. His father owned a dealership, and his mother owned no less than three topless bars across the state, so his family was fairly wealthy by Big Beaver Lake standards. They weren't exactly multi-millionaires though, since most of the Kochs' assets were tied up in their businesses, which meant that there were certain times of the year when the Koch's were technically cash-poor, and they cut back on their conspicuous consumption, but regardless, it was hard to feel poor when you owned one of the biggest houses on the lake, and your own boat.

Richard loved his boat. His 'pirate' ship. He had named it 'Selena,' after the girl who had taken his virginity when he was thirteen (but we won't talk about that).

Richard Koch's 'pirate' ship was a rather small yacht that was economically designed to have as comfortable 'berth' below deck, while maintaining enough aft-deck space for all sorts of recreational activities. Fishing, picnicking, whatever. The 'berth' below deck was just a fancy way of saying 'sleeping space.' Richard's boat had a large bed, a decently large bathroom, an old entertainment system that was loaded up with video-games and porn, and enough snacks to last a week. Boats like Richard's were sometimes called 'cabin cruisers,' on account of the fact that they could essentially act like a mobile home. During the summer, Richard probably spent more nights on his boat than he did at home, but that was also just to avoid his parents, who were very active swingers, and who usually had their lovers over at the house every weekend. Richard loved his parents, but he preferred his own space, where he could spend all day getting high, masturbating, and fucking slutty lake-girls.

Richard fucked a LOT of slutty lake-girls. That's part of why he was a 'pirate.'

Perhaps the term 'pirate' needs some explanation. At Big Beaver Lake, the term 'pirate' was used somewhat informally to refer to a certain class of young locals (usually male), who were just wealthy enough that they could spend all day out on their boats without needing to worry about getting summer jobs like most of the young people did. These young, impatient, horny, testosterone-soaked studs had nothing to do with their abundant free time but float around the lake, snatching up any pussy they could get their hands on, and fuck the shit out of it. Chances are, if you were a poor average loser who had to get a job at the movie-theater or bar for the summer, then at some point while you were at work making less than \$11 an hour, your girlfriend, wife, little sister, or mother was down at the lake, getting her brains fucked out by some jacked-up uber-stud pirate.

Richard was having a rather boring day for a pirate. It was so hot and sunny out that the heat was actually chasing the lake-bunnies back inside for once, and since there was no air-conditioning on his little pirate-boat, 'Selena,' Richard had nothing to do but sit below deck, fully nude, wallowing in his own sweat while he drank beer and tried to stay cool. Richard actually didn't mind the heat though, most Big Beaver Lake folks loved it, but the heat brought on the hormones, and Richard would get especially horny when it was hot.

Richard's problem was that he was horny. The devilishly handsome pirate had inherited many gifts from his family besides wealth. He also had the roguish good looks of a young Brad Pitt, a beefy muscular body, and a stupidly large penis that could grow to a full eleven inches when properly motivated, but which usually mellowed out at a semi-erect nine inches. Richard's young hormone-saturated body never really allowed him to fully 'deflate.' His penis was always a little hard. Lots of boys around Big Beaver Creek had this problem. 'The Wood' they called it, the tendency for boys to get erections that would last four hours or even days, and they'd persist regardless of how hot cum was pumped out of them.

Some people blamed 'The Wood' on the weather. Others on inbreeding, since it might be a mutation. Others speculated that it might be another side-effect of all the crazy illegal experiments that the American Government did at Big Beaver Lake in the 1970s. Some even thought it might have something to do with the ancient alien spacecraft that was supposedly sunk at the bottom of the lake. Richard didn't know why he had such a stubborn penis. He just knew that it needed something wet and tight to fuck, because his hand wasn't as satisfying as a fresh pussy was.

Unfortunately for Richard, his hand was the only pussy available at the moment, and he wanted to nut, so he spat in his palm and got to work. He was too lazy to even put on a porno. He just closed his eyes and thought back to his three conquests of the month so far (it was only the 12th), and he began stroking his thick, tanned, salty pirate peg.

"Help! Hey! Help!" a small girlish voice carried through the air, almost too far off to be perceptible, but the wind must have been blowing in the right direction at that moment. Richard decided to ignore it and he kept masturbating, certain that it had just been his imagination. Then someone threw a pebble against the side of his boat. "Hey! Help!"

Richard groaned as he crawled up the steep step-ladder that lead above deck. When his head got high enough to see over the gunwale, he saw what all the yelling was about.

Three kids were standing on a small rocky island that the locals called 'Idiot Island,' because you'd have to be an idiot to try and land on it. There were sharp rocks all around that could gut a boat like a fish, which was what apparently happened to the little plastic rowboat that the kids had used to get to the island. The boat had a gash in its bottom that was big enough to jump through. The boat was no major loss though. It was one of those cheap \$50 dinghies that people left just laying around the beach for anyone to use. They were cheap and plentiful, and kids loved using them to explore the many small uninhabited islands of the lake.

Then Richard recognized the kids who had stranded themselves, and he groaned. It was Juniper MacPherson and her usual sidekicks, a cute brunette tomboy named Sally Brown, and Sally's twin brother, Caleb. The three were the most exhausting, obnoxious, bratty, chipper, plucky, spunky little do-gooders in all of Big Beaver Lake. These little whippersnappers were an ever present annoyance around town, always getting into wild and wacky adventures that had a way of getting everyone wrapped up in some grand heroic climax. Whether it was freeing a ghost from a haunted house, helping a baby bigfoot find its mommy, or even just helping an old woman cross the street, these three were the 'heroes' of town. They were like the annoying protagonists of some stupid kids show. Duck Tales. Gravity Falls. Hilda. Harry Potter. Shit like that.

Everyone in town loved June and her friends, except for pirates like Richard, who were basically all a bunch of boring, brutish bullies who just wanted to spend all day getting high and having sex. Rogues like Richard did NOT enjoy getting wrapped up in magical life-building adventures, which is what would likely happen if he picked these three kids up.

Richard wasn't even sure if he should be calling them 'kids' anymore. They had all turned eighteen within the last five months or so, but then again, they were stupid enough to take a plastic dinghy out to Idiot Island and strand themselves, which was a stupid mistake only kids would make.

Richard saw them all waving at him, screaming "Help! Help!" but he ignored them and turned around to return below deck.

"RICHARD KOCH! YOU BULLY!" Juniper screamed. "DO SOMETHING NICE FOR ONCE AND HELP US OUT!"

Richard did. Sort of. He got behind the wheel of his boat (where the gunwale still obscured the fact that he was naked and sporting a ten-inch chub), he kicked the old engine into gear, and he pulled the boat around as absolutely close to Idiot Island as he could without risking his hull. Richard knew Idiot Island like the back of his hand. It as a favorite place to hide things as a kid, since so few people ever went to it. Richard was actually able to get close

enough to the island that the kids could hop over to it with some help. Richard stayed behind the gunwale through, hiding his nudity and big hard cock.

"It looks like Idiot Island just got a permanent population of three new idiots," Richard joked.

"Hardy, har, har," Juniper rolled her pretty blue eyes. "Are you gonna let us on your dirty little sex-boat or not, pirate?"

Richard looked all three of them over. They were cute kids (teens, whatever), and they were only getting cuter since they turned eighteen. Juniper was a petite girl with long blond hair, big blue eyes, and a nymph-like little body that was entirely flat-chested, yet not too skinny. Her long lithe limbs had an aerodynamic quality to them, as did her arched back and perky buttocks, giving her the body of a young gazelle. Juniper was a cheerleader and an acrobat, so although she was flat-chested, her legs had some very well developed muscles, especially in her buttocks, were quite powerful.

She was wearing a rather tiny little bikini, a blue one, with a bottom that weren't quite a thong, but did leave just a bit of her cute little ass exposed. Juniper would probably be as gorgeous as a supermodel by the time she was in her twenties, since her mother and older sisters were all gorgeous blond bombshells, but for now she was still a flat-chested tomboy with freckles and one cute snaggletooth that barely peeked out the right side of her mouth.

Sally and Caleb Brown were cute kids as well. They both had short brown hair, tanned skin, and big green eyes. Sally was wearing a backwards baseball cap, a green bikini-top, and a pair of denim shorts that were perhaps too small for her. The denim shorts were unbuttoned and unzipped, revealing her green bikini-bottoms underneath. Caleb was wearing a rather small pair of boardshorts, but that was it.

"I might let you aboard my ship," Richard said with a cruel smirk. "If you obey my laws. Every ship is a man's castle. My ship. My laws."

"You don't need to explain lake-law to us, Richard, you asshole!" Sally Brown spat. "We grew up here too. Now give us a ride back to shore! We've been stranded all morning."

"What are you knuckleheads even doing out here on Idiot Island?" Richard asked, looking at the gutted remains of their plastic boat.

The kids all looked at each other with grumbling, grumpy, pouting faces. They debated amongst themselves whether or not they should tell Richard Koch about their current adventure. He was normally such a spoilsport, but they figured they'd need to tell him in return for help.

Juniper held her hands over her face as she smiled, brightly, and she told Richard her plan. "We're looking for the lost treasure of Big-Cock Dick!"

Richard snorted. Then he giggled. Then he burst out into laughter. "The treasure of Big-Cock Dick? That old legendary lake-pirate from the 1980s? Do you actually believe in that stupid shit?"

"It's real!" Juniper groaned, stamping her foot on the ground. "I found a map for it in my mom's old stuff. It was folded up in her high school yearbook."

"What?"

"Really!" Juniper said. Sure enough, she reached into the front of her little blue bikini-bottoms, right where her pussy was, and she produced a hidden piece of paper that was folded up. She unravelled it, revealing a very poorly drawn map, along with the note 'Thanks for the fun weekend, Jennifer. And don't tell anyone where I hid our treasure. Sincerely, Big-Cock Dick, the BIGGEST pirate of Big Beaver Lake.'

Richard chuckled. "Looks like your mom was getting fucked by Big-Cock Dick back when she was in high school. Hot. I've always wondered what your mom looked like when she was your age. I bet she had way bigger tits."

Juniper blushed as she glumly looked down at her flat-chest.

"You're not even reading the map right," Richard said. "You've got it upside down. I know it's hard to tell because of how badly it's drawn, but this peninsula here is obviously Pecker's Point, and this circle must be Beaver Cave. That means that this X doesn't mark Idiot Island at all. It marks Witches' Island."

"Witches' Island!" the kids all groaned. "That's all the way across the lake!"

"And it's spooky there!" Caleb whimpered. He may have been the only boy in the trio, but he was also the biggest pussy. He only went along on these adventures because Sally forced him to, and because he was sometimes used as bait. "That's the island where all the wiccans go to have their orgies."

"Only during a few weeks of the year," Richard corrected. "There's nothing going on there now."

"So . . ." Juniper said with a playful little smile, causing her snaggletooth to peek out just a bit. "Richard. Richard, Richard, Richard. Call I call you Rich?"

"No."

"Well, whatever. Look, Richard. I know we don't really get along, mostly because of the fact that you're such a piece of shit, but how about we work together on this adventure. If you let us on your boat, give us a ride to Witches' Island, and then give us a ride back to town, we'll split the treasure with you. 75-25. What do you say?"

Richard hated going on adventures almost more than anything, but . . . But Richard knew something about Big Cock-Dick that the kids didn't. Pirates knew other pirates, and so Richard knew that Big Cock-Dick had been real, he just didn't know if the treasure was. Something about this badly drawn map aroused his curiosity.

"You know what, Juniper . . . Okay. But you still have to follow lake-law. My boat. My rules," Richard said.

"Cool, dope, whatever," Juniper agreed. "Like what?"

That's when Richard finally stepped away from the captain's wheel and stood up on the gunwale, showcasing his full nudity to the three eighteen year old go-getters. Richard's body was like a big tanned hunk of beef, and his cock was so long and thick that it almost looked like an elephant's trunk, albeit one covered in pulsating veins, and capped by a bulbous red knob that looked big enough to choke a pelican. The mere sight of Richard's monster penis enough to make some girls cry. Juniper and her friends were certainly stunned by it. None of them had seen it before, but they had all heard the rumors hundreds of times. Richard had already fucked a couple of Juniper's older sisters, and he even fucked Mrs. Brown once, Sally and Caleb's mother.

"No clothes," Richard said with a smirk. His penis was visibly twitching. Juniper's big blue eyes went cross as she stared up at the big dense cock hanging from his waist like a mutant third-leg. "This here is a nude pirate ship."

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"You're joking," Juniper gasped, her mouth popped up in a perfect circle of shock and dumbfoundment, with her little snaggletooth peeking out.

"Nope," Richard assured her. "No bikinis. No shorts. Sally can keep her baseball cap, but that's it."

Richard was standing on Idiot Island now. He had managed to get the boat close enough to to the only ledge without rocks that he could jump over. He was standing tall with his hands on his hips, his cock hanging free, and the sun beating off his shoulders like a cloak of golden light. Standing in front of them now, he realized how much larger he was than them. Petite little flat-chested Juniper only came up to his collarbone, and his shoulders were twice as broad as hers. The kid probably didn't weigh more than 100 lbs at most. Sally was a big bigger, and she actually had some small breasts to fill up her green bikini, but she was still only average height compared to Richard, who was tall. Caleb was the same size and weight of Sally.

"This is such stupid bullshit!" Sally whined. "Juniper, we don't have to play along with this jerk! Let's just swim back to shore. We've done it before."

"But then you'll be tired," Richard smirked at spunky Sally. "And even if you procure another one of these cheap plastic rowboats, you'd never be able to reach the other side of the lake with it. Witches' Island is too far away. It'd be dark before you even made it there . . . And that's when the witches come out! No pirate treasure for you then."

"What should we do, Juniper?" Caleb asked, like the beta-bitch-boy he was, always looking to someone else for direction. Caleb was (like the girls) staring down at Richard's stupidly large penis, but whereas Sally looked angry and disgusted, and Juniper just looked gobsmacked, Caleb was (quiet apparently) curious. Caleb was gaping down at Richard's penis like it was something scary . . . But also something that might require closer examination . . . And maybe a little taste.

Juniper took a deep inhale and then held her breath, causing her cheeks to swell up like a hamster's. This was something she did whenever she was mulling over an obstacle during their wacky adventures together. Juniper was normally an ace problem-solver, but it seemed that Richard really had them all bent over a barrel at the moment.

"Fuck it," Juniper finally surrendered. Her dainty shoulders feel a bit, but she never lost her precocious spirit. "Fine, Richard, you big dumb jerk. I'll play along. But only because I really want that treasure. And no one better find out about this, either. It's stupid. And embarrassing."

Juniper pouted grumpily as she reached behind her neck and untied the knot that was keeping her tiny blue bikini-top together. As the itty-bitty top fell down her flat chest, she held a forearm horizontally over her nipples to keep them hidden. At least she tried to. As she shifted around getting the top off, her arm slipped, and Richard got a small glimpse of her little candy-pink nipples. Then she held the bikini-top up to him like tribute.

Richard took the bikini-top. "Bottoms too, sweetie."

"I know, I know," Juniper grumbled. It took a bit of maneuvering, but she managed to slide her little bikini bottoms down her slender legs while pushing her thighs together, hiding her the small hairless mound of her miniscule vagina. Juniper's pubic hair was naturally like peach-fuzz, but even that had been neatly shaved away. Juniper stool took showers with her big sisters, and the MacPherson girls were known for shaving everything. Once Juniper had managed to get the bottoms off her ankles, She kicked it over to Richard, keeping one arm crossed over her nipples, and another held over her flat public mound.

She looked cute, especially being as pouty as she was.

"There. Happy?" Juniper asked defiantly.

"Very," Richard said, feeling his cock throb with anticipation. He wasn't even sure if he wanted to put the moves on this brat, but his penis saw a naked girl, and like a dog seeing a bone, Richard's penis assumed that the girl belonged to them. She wasn't really his type though. Richard liked girls with big tits, big asses, and zero brains. This kid was the total

opposite. Not only was she as flat as a board, but she was also one of the brainiest little know-it-alls around. That, along with her obnoxious do-gooding and virtuous heroics, really made her an insufferable little cunt. If Richard was going to fuck her, it would only be to put another notch in his belt, and maybe to teach the kid a lesson about not picking fights with big boys.

"Can I get on your stupid boat now . . . Puh-leese?" Juniper asked with the brattiest face and tone she was capable of.

Richard smirked. "Sure kid. Let me give you a hand."

"What? Wait? NO!" Juniper squealed as Richard reached down with his big muscular arms, and he scooped her naked body up against his chest, cradling her like a baby. Juniper was immediately overwhelmed. The sheer shock of being so physically accosted was unlike anything she'd ever felt before. This naked twenty-five year old man had just coerced her to strip naked, and now he was manhandling her. Juniper's courageous little heart was beating so hard that it hurt, and . . . And the heat from his sweaty body was one of the most comforting things she had ever felt . . . And he was so strong . . . So Strong.

"P-p-put me down! You brute!" Juniper whined. She fidgeted in Richard's arms, but not enough to cause him trouble.

"Dude! Not cool!" Sally yelled.

"Relax, kids. I'm just putting the bitch in the boat," Richard said lifting Juniper's naked little body over the gunwale and onto the aft-deck. Her cute little butt hung over the edge for a moment, sticking out like she was showing it off, and Richard couldn't help but give her tushie a little spank.

SMACK!

Juniper squelched again, and she practically danced to the other side of the boat, grabbing her spanked butt as she did so.

"Alright," Richard said to the other two. "Strip."

Sally groaned until her tanned face turned red, but she followed her friend's example. "Such bullshit," she muttered as she peeled off her tight green bikini and tiny denim shorts. As Richard had allowed, she kept her baseball cap on, but the rest of her clothes to him as tribute.

"Go ahead and look all you want, asshole, but if you touch anything, I'm going to kick you in the nuts," Sally threatened. Unlike Juniper, Sally wasn't at all shy about being naked in front of Richard, and she even stood before him with her hands on her hips, her stance wide, and her small breasts thrust confidently upwards. She had two of the cutest dark beige nipples

that Richard had ever seen, and unlike Juniper, Sally had a small brown tuft of neatly trimmed pubic hair.

"Touch something . . . Like this?" Richard joked, and just like Juniper, he reached down, grabbed her tight tanned ass, and lifted her right off the ground. True to her word, Sally did put up a little fight, but there was little she could do against the big stud who was seven years older than her and probably a foot taller. Richard dumped her naked body on the boat and then turned to her brother, Caleb.

"You're turn, champ," Richard smirked. "Drop those boy-panties and give them to me."

"Me too?" Caleb whimpered, pouting his cute, angelic, feminine face.

"Yeah. You too. Drop them."

Caleb grumbled. He was the most timid of the three, but he still went with 'ripping off the bandaid,' which he did by just grabbing the sides of his tiny swimsuit and yanking them down to his ankles. His penis and testicles bounced around a bit as he stood back up, and Richard started to laugh. Not derisively though. Richard was just surprised to see that beta-boy Caleb had a surprisingly large penis.

"Wow . . . Way to go, slugger," Richard joked to Caleb. "Where were you hiding that big thing?"

Caleb shrugged and smiled shyly.

Richard kept looking Caleb's dick up to down. It was smooth and hairless, more like a polished candlestick than a big hunk of gnarled wood, which was what Richard's penis looked like in his own mind. Caleb was big though. Even soft, the member dropped a good seven inches from his waist.

"How big does it get . . . When you're horny?" Richard asked, trying to look Caleb in the eye.

Caleb just shrugged. He was too shy to say anything, but he was smiling and blushing also. He seemed to like the attention.

Richard smiled sympathetically. "I've got a tape-measure on the boat if you want to find out."

Caleb nodded.

Richard chuckled at him, and then the muscular stood scooped the handsome boy up in his arms, and like the girls before him, Caleb was lifted into the small cabin-cruiser named 'Selena'

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"Why are we slowing down?" Juniper yelled at Richard from the aft-deck, which actually wasn't separated from the foredeck by anything but a few steps. The foredeck was much more compact though, with one big comfortable chair for the driver and no one else. "WHY ARE WE STOPPING!"

They'd been making good time across the lake until now, and were already about half the way to Witches' Island, which meant they were less than halfway to the treasure of Big-Cock Dick. The map was so poorly drawn that even once they got to the island, they might have trouble finding where the treasure was buried precisely.

Richard came stepping down from the captain's seat with his massive penis fully erect. The thick leathery club protruded from his waist at an upwards angle, appearing no less than thirteen inches long, and easily as thick as Juniper's dainty wrist. The three adventurers all gasped when they saw it, Caleb especially. He had never seen such a big one in person before. It was kind of thrilling, honestly.

"I need to rub one out," Richard said quiet bluntly to the kids.

Sally Brown just gaped at him with confusion and shock. "W-w-w-WHAT? What do you mean, you need to rub one out?"

Richard chuckled. He pointed with both fingers at his gargantuan thirteen inch erection.

"I need to rub one out," he repeated. "I need to jerk off. Bust a nut. Blow a load. Evacuate some seamen. Sink the Titanic. I don't know what your generation says. I need to masturbate."

"Gross!" Sally said, cocking an eyebrow. She didn't sound geninoely disgusted though. In fact, her eyes were pretty much glued to Richard's erection. "You can't control yourself?"

"Honestly, no," Richard explained. "My whole family is cursed like this. It's called 'The Wood,' and it's been a part of the Koch family since we first came to Big Beaver Lake. All us men get really big, hard, stubborn erections that won't go away until after you rub on out. Really. I've had an erection that lasted for two days before. I fucked this one girl like fifteen times in one night. I practically fucked her into a coma. Point is, this erection is dangerously big. I can't safely steer the boat with this it, look at it! It's huge! It gets in the way! So I need to rub one out, which means I need to stop the boat. I've got porn down in my cabin. It won't take more than thirty minutes."

"Thirty minutes?" Juniper whined, still trying to hide her nipples and pussy with her hands (as she had been this whole time). "But what about Big-Cock Dick's buried treasure?"

"Sorry, kid, but this boner is my first priority. Thirty minutes . . . Maybe an hour."

"AN HOUR?"

"It takes me a long time to get one out," Richard shrugged.

"There's got to be some way that's quicker," Sally groaned.

Richard smirked at her. The stupid tomboy had fallen right into his trap. "Well . . . I always cum really fast when I'm getting a blowjob."

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"Are you sure you're okay with this, kid?" Richard asked as he stood with his cock in his hand, stroking it, keeping it as hard as possible. "No one is forcing you to do anything."

"Whatever," Sally groaned. "I just want The Adventure of Big-Cock Dick's Treasure to be over. This hasn't exactly been as fun as our last few adventures this season. So yeah, I'll suck your cock if that's what it takes."

"I'm not your first, am I?" Richard asked as he watched Sally descend to her knees before him, squatting low, and planting her buttocks on her heels. She had to lean back up to get level to his penis though. She was so much shorter than him that when she knelt all the way down she was beneath his big testicles.

"Don't flatter yourself, loser!" Sally laughed. "I've sucked a bunch of dicks, okay? I once had to travel back in time and suck off some loser just so he wouldn't turn into an 'incel' and go onto shoot up our school. I once sucked off a rock-troll to get him to move out of my mom's garden. I once sucked off a ghost to exorcise him from the house he was haunting. I even sucked off my step-dad once. Alright? Okay? I know how to suck a cock. I'm pretty good at it to, according to Step-Dad. Just because yours is so big doesn't mean it'll take me any longer."

"You can do it!" Juniper cheered on her friend. "Make him cum super fast so we can go find Big-Cock Dick's treasure!"

Caleb's penis had become suddenly erect, and I was far too big for him to hide. He looked a little envious of his sister.

Sally looked fearlessly into Richard's big red urethra, and she gave the shaft a few gentle strokes. She even puffed up her lips and kissed the tip, as if kissing a pet. Richard was impressed. She was looking him dead in the eye as she puckered her lips and took another kiss, this time with some tongue.

"Damn, kid," Richard chuckled. "You're kinda badass . . . For a girl."

Sally actually laughed. She seemed complimented. She smiled up at him, twirled her tongue over the fat knob, and then she opened her mouth and took in the whole head, sucking down the bulb like it was an extra large hunk of candy. To Richard's amazement, when his penis hit the back of Sally's mouth, it kept going. Normally most girls would start to gag right about

then, but little Sally Brown actually had some skill. It wasn't until his huge prick was bulging in her neck that she began to gag, and even then she hung on for a few more moments, sucking his cock as hard as her throat would allow.

"Jesus!" Richard moaned, amazed at the throat-job he was getting from this little brunette tomboy. She had just swallowed about ten of his thirteen inches. "Look at you, kid!"

Then she began to bob, not just her head, but her entire body. She was on all fours, shaking her butt and throwing her full weight into each thrust of her neck. Richard saw how cute her heart-shaped butt looked, and he couldn't stop himself from leaning over and spanking it. SMACK! But Sally didn't skip a beat, and she kept on sucking. She was deepthroating him so fast and hard that his balls were slapping against her neck. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"Glck!" a sound came from her throat. She gagged. She had to stop now, but she had done a good job. She had gone for almost a minute of straight bobbing.

Sally began to slide off when it came time for air. When her mouth finally popped off the log, her lips and chin were streaming with long strands of spit, and bubbles of saliva were forming at her nostrils. She had just given Richard a short but very full face-fuck.

"WOO! Go Sally!" Juniper cheered. The happy little blond was so excited that she forgot to cover her nudity for a moment, and she raised her hands to hoot.

"How was that, asshole?" Sally chuckled.

"That was fucking amazing, kid," Richard admitted.

"Are you gonna cum, though?" Juniper asked, sounding a little desperate.

"Almost," Richard grunted. "Tell you what, Juniper, if your little friend swallows my cock like that one more time, and maybe you help out by licking my balls, I'm sure I'll cum right away."

"Lick your balls!" Juniper squeaked. "Gross! No way, dude! Sally is the one who always does the sexy stuff in our adventures. I usually just . . . You know . . . Watch."

"Not today, sweetheart," Richard shook his head. "Today you gotta play your part. It's not fair to put this whole thing on Sally."

"His cock is really big," Sally coughed. "I could use some help this time, guys."

"Yeah . . . You too, Caleb," Richard nodded, finally willing to advertise his bisexuality. "Get over here and help your sister suck my cock."

Caleb and Juniper both gawked at each other. As per usual, Caleb waited for Juniper to take the lead, but it was pretty evident by the way he kept staring at Richard's huge cock what Caleb really wanted.

"Ugh . . . Fine," Juniper groaned. "I'll suck your big stupid cock, you big . . . Dumb . . . JERK! Just make sure you cum really fast. This is gross and stupid. C'mon Caleb, we all know you want to help too."

"Okay," Caleb said, and he got on his knees as well.

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"Holy shit," Juniper gasped with a mixture of fear and curious awe. "Your dick is as big as my forearm, dude."

Juniper was holding her elbow against the base of Richard's cock, holding her forearm outward. Sure enough, the huge knob of his thick penis (which was currently in Sally's mouth) came out about as far as her fist. In fact, if Juniper and Richard's penis got into a boxing match, Juniper would probably lose.

Richard was feeling pretty smug with himself as he stood on the deck of his boat, getting his big thirteen inch cock licked and slurped all over by the hungry, wet little mouths of three eighteen year old brats. It was hardly unprecedented though. Richard had once had no less than five sexy little bikini-bunnies on his boat all to himself, when he rescued them from their singling rowboat (it sank because he had drilled a hole in it). Richard got laid a lot, but sex was a lot like beer to him. Plentiful, and cheap. He never showed appreciation or respect to the people he fucked. They were rarely anything more than fuckable objects to him, like catfish he could catch and then throw back.

And Speaking of beer, as the three-amigos were working Richard's big wooden shaft with their little mouths and little hands, Richard had somehow acquired a beer (almost from thin air), and cracked it open. A head of froth gushed forth from the beer, and it dropped onto Juniper's blond head.

"Hey!" Juniper whined.

Richard just chuckled, and then he intentionally spilled a bit more beer, splashing it across Juniper's face and flat chest. When it looked like she was going to complain, he grabbed the back of her head and slammed her face into his huge scrotum. He didn't have to tell her to lick his balls. She just got to it.

Sally as in the middle doing most of the work. The tanned tomboy was the only one of the three able to swallow more than Richard's plum-sized knob, let alone depththroat ten of Richard's thirteen inches. Caleb was second-best, but that was more because of his enthusiasm than his skill. The horny little beta-boy looked dizzy and glassy-eyed as he slobbered over any bit of dick-meat he could get between his lips, and he was furiously masturbating as he did so, jacking his surprisingly large penis with both hands. Juniper was the only one struggling to do her part, but Richard actually enjoyed how stubborn and grumpy she was being.

"Ugh! Just cum already! You jerk!" Juniper's voice came muffled from his big ball-sack. "We've been sucking on your big stupid dick for almost ten minutes!"

"Damn, kid. Getting impatient," Richard joked. "You must really want me to taste my cum, huh?"

Juniper just made a high-pitched whining sound in response.

"Fine. Okay," Richard chuckled. Although Sally was still doing an admirable job half-throating his huge cock, he nevertheless put his foot right on her small breasts, and he kicked her hard enough to knock her on her back, freeing his cock from her neck with a loud wet POP and a small explosion of spit.

Then Richard grabbed a hold of Juniper's long blond hair, twisting it in his fist until he had her skull on a leash. He tilted her head back, and Juniper had just enough time to gasp for before Richard punched his cock into her mouth so hard that it slid to the back of her throat and bruised her esophagus.

"Hang on, kid. I'll try to make this quick," Richard laughed, shaking Juniper's skull back and forth on his cock a bit. Then he began throat-fucking her, holding her head still as he humped and gyrated his powerful, muscular hips, driving his cock and and out of her tiny neck like an extra-large piston into a tiny toy engine. The sounds that came from Juniper's throat as she gurgled and gagged on cock were like a bag of wet meat being struck by a mallet. GLURK! GLURK! GLURK! Long strands of drool fell from her chin, her blue eyes rolled up into her skull, and a bubbly froth of saliva formed at her nostrils. GLURK! GLURK! GLURK!

"Fuck! Here you go, bitch!" Richard grunted, and he came. Richard's testicles were the size of large walnuts, and they somehow produced more cum than they were comfortable holding, which was part of the reason why Richard masturbated so much, and even though he had sex so frequently. His body simply produced more cum than it could handle, so he had to drain himself multiple times a day, and right now he was draining himself direction to Juniper's stomach.

GULP! GULP! GULP! Juniper's eyes were wide with shock as she choked down entire mouthfuls of thick, hot, salty, slimy, viscous cum. It felt like yogurt but tasted like warm bacon grease, and the shock of it was so intense that for the briefest of moments, Juniper thought "Maybe I need to take a break from adventuring."

There was more cum than Juniper could handle. She began to choke, and when she did so, long thick ropes of semen came flying out of her nostrils, flooding her sinuses. Now she was both tasting and smelling cum. It drowned her entire awareness. When Richard finally let go of her hair, Juniper's skull came flying off of his stiff ejaculating penis like a bottle-rocket, blasting her naked body against the edge of the boat. Richard grabbed a hold of his spurting penis, and he pumped it like a shotgun, emptying a few more rounds on Juniper's face and

flat chest. Then he aimed his penis around, hitting Sally on her tight stomach and small breasts, and then aiming one final salvo directly into Caleb's grateful mouth. Caleb loved everything about cum. The taste. The smell. The texture. He was a little upset that it had been Juniper who swallowed the first spurts. Those were the thickest.

Juniper tried to scream, but all that came out was a large vomit of semen. Only after that was she able to speak.

"Gross . . . Gross . . . Gross," she whined. "There's so fucking much of it . . . Gross . . . Why are boy-orgasm so ugly and gross."

"Girl-orgasms get pretty messy too, honey," Richard said as Caleb gingerly licked up some of the remaining semen from Richard's penis. "Squirting hot pee all over the place, like a broken sprinkler or something."

"We don't do that!" Sally whined.

"Yeah!" Juniper agreed. "Only gross pornstars and slutty lake-bunnies squirt when the orgasm. Sally and I have made each other orgasm bunches of times, and we never squirt."

"Wait," Richard laughed. "You two girls have never squirted before?"

"Not all girls squirt, idiot," Sally groaned, rolling her big green eyes.

"Yes . . . Yes they do," Richard said, sounding almost offended. "You just haven't figured it out yet. For fuck's sake, why are girls so bad at finding their own g-spots? You know what . . . Forget the treasure-hunt for another minute. I'm going to change your lives, girls. I'm going to find your g-spots for you."

#

"But what about Big-Cock Dick's buried pirate treasure," Juniper whined as Richard finished wiping her body down with a wet towel, clearing most of the semen away. Then he picked her up and placed her on his lap, perching her tight, muscular, cheerleader butt on his thigh. He snapped his fingers at Sally, and she climbed up on the other leg. He directed Caleb to sit on the deck and wait, which he did patiently, still stroking his big smooth penis.

"It's not going anywhere, kid. Relax," Richard said as he leaned back and let the naked girls get comfortable against his broad muscular chest. "This will only take a minute."

Richard held each girl by the waist and he kissed them. Sally was still mad about him kicking her in the boobs while she had been deepthroating him, but the moment their lips touched, she melted and forgot about everything other than her own arousal. She moaned softly into Richard's mouth, and she turned her torso so that her small breasts sizzled against his iron-hard chest. He got a similar reception from Juniper, who actually tried to look away at first so he couldn't kiss her, but he grabbed a hold of her chin and tilted her back towards

him. He kissed her in a forceful, dominating, probing way, shoving his tongue deep into her mouth, and after a moment of tense anger from the little girl, she too melted and began to moan. Richard was a damned good kisser. He was damned good at everything.

"Now you two," he said, pushing the girls' faces together. This they did not resist. The girls giggled happily and shared a small but intimate kiss, with a little bit of lip-smacking, and a small amount of tongue. Sally and Juniper were good friends. They often slept together in the nude, bathed together, played together, and when they rarely did hook-up with cute boys (from time to time) they usually doubled-up while Caleb watched.

As the girls kissed, Richard moved his hands from their hips to their groins, gently palming each girl's vagina in his palm. They both whimpered as he began rubbing them, and Juniper almost shot right out of her seat when he slipped the first finger into her tight little pussy.

"Damn, kid," Richard chuckled. "Your pussy is so tight that you could make diamonds in here."

Juniper just grumbled in response. Richard's fingers were about as thick as most of her sex-toys, so even just a fingering was enough to push her to her limit of experience. When he kissed her again she did not resist, and their lips smacked loudly together as she kissed him back.

Then Richard began to pick up some speed, pushing a second finger into each girl, and pushing in a little deeper. He was aiming upwards, stimulating the clitoral area from both directions. Sally started to feel it first. She was gasping and moaning loudly. She tried to say something, but all that came out was an incoherent wail. Juniper also began to fall apart, and she had to bite her thumb to stop herself from whimpering. While this strange new tension slowly built up in their bodies, Richard kept justling the girls, sliding them up and down his legs, and kissing them. It took a bit more than a minute, but at about the same time, both girls began to whimper so loudly that it sounded like crying, and they were both arching their backs until they were nearly falling out of Richard's lap. Sally's legs began to shake, and she grabbed on to Richard's penis for support. It held her up as sturdy as wood.

"What . . . What's h-h-happening?" Juniper cried. Her legs were shaking so much she couldn't support herself, leaving her entirely reliant on Richard's hand, the one he was finger-fucking her with.

"You're squirting, kid," Richard laughed.

"No I'm not! No I'm not! Noiemnaught! Noiemnaught! AAAH!" Juniper shrieked and was then suddenly silent. Her face turned red and her eyes rolled up into her skull like a couple of loose marbles. Something new opened up in her body, something she had vaguely felt before, but never to this degree. When that new pathway did open up, it unleashed a hot, rapid, messy sputter of liquid that felt like orgasming and peeing at the same time, only the pee felt more electric, and the orgasm struck her tenfold.

"Oh! Oh! OH! OOOOOOH!" Juniper wailed.

Sally was squirting to, and she was shrieking a wild string of incoherent profanities as she did so. Both of the girls' pussies were popping off like broken lawn-sprinklers, sending maverick splashes of liquid flying in every direction. Most of it exploded over Richard's hands and muscular forearms, and most of the rest fell upon Caleb, who was still masturbating. His mouth was open, and so when the hot cum sprayed over his face, he tasted it. He had never tasted hot pussy before. In all the silly, wacky, supernatural adventures the trio had shared together, the closest he had ever gotten to tasting pussy was when he got gagged with some girl's panties (this had happened on several adventures). The taste of it triggered new sexual desire in Caleb as well, and also being overwhelmed by them, he began to spray his own load of hot cum, some of it flying upwards high enough to land across his sister's thighs.

Caleb realized that he wanted to fuck his sister (but we'll leave that for another time).

"Cu-cu-cu-cu-cu-CUMMING!" Juniper wailed as her face went slack and retarded. One of her legs shot outward at an awkwardly high angle, but it wasn't painful for her. She had been doing ballet since kindergarten. She was a flexible young woman.

"Yeah! Let it all out, girls!" Richard growled triumphantly. "Let all that nasty girl-juice out! Scream as loud as you want! Scream whatever you want! This is what real orgasms feel like!"

"DADDY!" Juniper screamed, almost mournfully.

"FUCK ME, RICHARD!" Sally interrupted. "FUCK ME, PLEASE! I WANT A DICK!"

"You got it, tomboy!" Richard said, violently shoving Juniper off of his lap and into Caleb's naked body. The two teens tumbled together on the deck, ending up in a heap of arms, legs, and two ejaculating sets of genitals. Juniper ended up on top, so her pussy was squirting down onto Caleb's face, while his penis was rubbing against her breasts, and shooting cum onto her chin and face.

Richard picked Sally up as if she was as light as Juniper, and he spun her around in the air with complete confidence that he would not drop her. He guided her to put her hands around his neck, and her feet up across his arms. That way she would be completely supported while he held her up by her buttocks. He pried those ass open as he lowered her pussy down onto his crotch, and when the fat helmet of his thick cock pushed against the tight opening of her vulva, Sally felt a shiver that frightened her. It frightened her, because it made her feel a bit 'too' much like a girl, when she wanted to feel like a boy sometimes.

Then Richard dropped her. His dropped her on his thick cock, and it ran up her body like a turkey getting fisted with stuffing. Her pussy split open and she slid all the way down until her clit was rubbing against his stomach. "FUCK!" she screamed, already cumming again. Richard then began to bounce her up and down, like his cock was a pogo-stick, and on each downward thrust of her body, his iron-ball knob would make a TAP sound. TAP! TAP!

TAP! Along with each Tap, Sally would grunt. Her grunts were painful at first, but they quickly transitioned into a sort of violent, masochistic, erotic joy.

"Do you hear that, Caleb? Do you hear that TAPPING sound as I fuck this little dyke, Juniper? That's that sound of her cervix getting punched in by my cock! Most girls I fuck hate it when I go this deep, but I think this little tomboy-bimbo is enjoying it! I think she loves it!"

"YES! Sally cried. "YES! FUCK ME!"

"Are you on any sort of birth control, kid?" Richard asked rather bluntly. "I hope you are, because I'm not pulling out either way."

Sally was, in fact, on the pill, but she was too horny and incoherent to say that, so Richard just took it on good faith as he held her tight, rammed his cock up into her stomach one last time, and he ejaculated inside her. His hot nut flooded her womb in less than a second, and in one second more it came bubbling out of her pussy like an overboiled stew, falling to the deck in loud sloppy drops.

"FUCK!" Sally screamed at the very height of her climax, throwing her head back so hard that her baseball cap went flying over the boat's edge. She passed out a moment later, and hung limp in Richard's arms. She was unconscious, but her naked body was still shivering a bit.

Richard smiled triumphantly, like an arrogant angel after dominating a lowly little devil. He slowly let his hands slide from her buttocks, and with nothing but the stiffness of his cock to keep her up, Sally slowly slipped backwards until she popped off his penis, and she fell to the deck like a bag of wet garbage. Excess semen bubbled and gushed out of her busted little pussy, and with it came another fit of female squirting. Richard had just fucked Sally into an orgasmic coma. The kid was out.

Sally Brown was usually the 'brawler' of the group, the fighter, the brave one who took on the monster while Juniper solve the puzzle, and Caleb hid in the cupboard somewhere. Sally was a good fighter, and she was very rarely defeated, but today . . . during The Adventure of Big-Cock Dick's Buried Treasure . . . Sally got the hardest ass-kicking of her life.

Juniper finally unjumbled herself from Caleb, and she pathetically crawled towards the cabin, inadvertently shaking her little white ass and pink hairless pussy up at Richard as she did so. He looked down upon her with disapproval, like Superman cornering a defeated villain.

Then he grabbed her ankle and dragged her back over to the aft of the ship, sliding her naked body through a puddle of mixed cum.

"EAK!" Juniper squealed as Richard grabbed her hair, twisted it up again, and then lifted her to her feet by it. "What are you doing?"

"Teaching you a lesson," Richard said.

"What lesson?" Juniper hissed, trying to get free of Richard's impossibly tight knot on her hair.

Richard shrugged. It had just been an expression, but then he came up with an answer. "I'm teaching you that little girls should stay home, play with their dildos, and leave the adventuring to the boys."

Juniper shrieked angrily as Richard pulled her by her hair to the very end of the boat, and he set her up so she was facing the water, placed on the edge so perilously that her toes were already overboard. Then he began spanking her wet bare ass.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"FUCK! What the fuck?" Juniper screamed.

SMACK! SMACK!

"Shut up and take your punishment, little slut!" Richard laughed, and he hit her butt with one super hard spank that nearly picked her off the deck, and would have, had it not been for Richard holding her hair.

SMACK!

"FUCK! GOD! DAMN! OUCH!" Juniper whined. Her legs shook and she nearly cumbled, so she took a wider stance and leaned over a bit, thrusting her butt out to balance. That gave Richard a perfect shot at a new target. He swung his hand up between her legs, and spanked her right on her pussy.

SMACK!

"EEEEEEEEAK!" Juniper sang as her vagina suddenly exploded with another inexplicable squirting orgasm.

Richard took that as a signal. He got behind her, took a firm hold of her tiny butt, and he guided the rock-hard shaft of his cock to grind against her wet pussy lips. She reacted by pure sensation first, rubbing her pussy against the shaft, and even trying to get it in. Her body wanted to get fucked, but she didn't. Well . . . She wasn't sure. That indecision was tearing her horny little mind apart like a piece of paper in a blender.

Richard made the decision for her.

"Get fucked, brat!" Richard screamed. He plowed into her, fucking her so hard and deep that his dick practically made an impression in her stomach. Just as with Sally, when Richard bent her over the edge and fucked her, he fucked her about as hard as he could, and that

caused his knob to TAP, TAP, TAP against her cervix, except in this case, the TAP, TAP, TAP became more like a KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Juniper screamed with each hip-shattering impact of Richard's massive cock. She was no longer able to push back against him. She would have fallen over the edge if not for Richard holding her by her hair and by her butt. She felt like she was being split in two, torn in half, broken down the middle, and melted into soup. She was being destroyed . . . And she liked it.

"Do you like this dicking, you obnoxious brat?" Richard asked, smacking her ass. "Are you enjoying this body-fucking, you snotty little cunt!"

Juniper was too fucked out of her mind to lie. "Y-y-y-YES! FUCKING YES! FUCK ME!"

"You're nothing but a stupid, horny, inbred little lake-bunny, Juniper, just like any other girl in this hot redneck town! Your stupid little adventures around don't make you special! The only special thing inside you in my dick!"

"FUCK YOU!" Juniper spat, still defiant in spirit, if not in body or mind. Her words were punctuated every time Richard thrust into her. "You're just jealous because me and my friends have actual fun, and you're just a horny loser who sits on his boat all day, chasing after little sluts, like a creep! NOW SHUT THE FUCK UP, AND FUCK ME, YOU DIRTY FUCK-BOY STUD!"

Richard chuckled. He admired this little brat's spirit actually. Too bad he had to break it.

"Are you on birth control, kid?" Richard hissed.

"No!" Juniper gulped.

"Sucks for you."

Richard twisted her hair into one last knot, and then he yanked down on it so hard that he practically drove his scrotum up into her body. One of Juniper's feet slipped off of the boat's edge, leaving her with just the one foot, her hair, and Richard's penis keeping her up. Richard came inside her. His cock spewed forth salvo after salvo of thick, hard, hot semen against Juniper's vaginal walls, each salvo feeling like a tiny little fist punching her. He held her still for most of it, but towards the end he began humping her again, each thrust being long and slow and brutal. THUD! THUD! THUD! It felt like he was packing his cum into her. THUD! THUD! THUD! He packed so much nut into her pussy that it came spilling into the lake. THUD . . . THUD . . . THUD!

One final thrust hit her cervix, broke through, and went all the way into her brain (at least it felt that way). Juniper's body bolted upright, and her legs stretched to their tippy-toes, as if she were being impaled by a javelin.

"FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!" Juniper squealed as she came, her mind unraveling and exploding over and over again, into infinity, creating a new universe of pure energy, like at the end of that movie, Akira. Juniper had never experienced a satisfaction this deep, and primal, and raw. It was better than food. It was better than adventuring!

"S-s-s-SEX!" Juniper wailed.

By this point, Juniper's mind was completely shattered. She was vacant and dumbstruck. Her face was twisted up into a bizarre, goofy, retarded smile that left her tongue hanging out of her mouth, and her eyes rolled up into her skull. She looked happy . . . But exhausted. Terribly exhausted.

"Oh yeah . . . Nice job, kid. You finally got rid of my erection. We can go finish your stupid adventure now," Richard laughed, letting go of Juniper's hair and giving her ass a little. Spank.

"I don't . . . I don't care anymore," Juniper admitted, defeated, and then she passed out. Her body fell face-first into the water, and the rest of her body did a loud belly-flop. She probably would have drowned if Richard hadn't pulled her out. But even then, he wanted to torture her. As soon as she was back on the deck, Richard dragged her over to the others, and he piled their naked, cum-covered bodies into a heap. He squatted over this pile, aimed his deflated penis at Juniper's exhausted face, and after a bit of coaxing, he unleashed a huge stream of hot clear urine. Richard had a big bladder, and he peed like a horse, so he practically showered all three teens off before he was done.

"Alright brats," Richard said. "I think you've earned it. I think it's time that I told you the truth about Big-Cock Dick's buried treasure."

#

"It's just old homemade porn?" Juniper asked, sounding more exasperated than ever. She and her two friends were standing naked in the middle of Witches' Island, one of the larger and spookier islands in Big Beaver Lake, which was covered in weeping willows and strange, unnatural trees. It was a favorite port for the lake's pirates, who had a treaty with the wiccans about using the island.

Richard had lead them directly to the where the Big-Cock Dick's was, and he hadn't even needed the map. Now the four of them were standing around an old iron safe that was stocked full of photos, VHS tapes, and even some DVDs. Richard was naked as well, and although he wasn't sporting that monstrous thirteen inch erection from earlier, he had a fat semi-erect nine-inch chub.

"So you knew about the treasure the whole time?" Sally asked. She had lost complete interest in the adventure, and just wanted to go home and take a long shower.

"Yeah. Think about it," Richard said. "Big-Cock Dick. Also known as Big-Cock Dick Kock!"

Juniper slapped her own face. "Oh my fucking God, you're related."

"It's my dad," Richard said. "He's Big-Cock Dick Kock. My family is one of the oldest pirate-families on the lake. Of course I knew about the treasure."

"Well whatever," Juniper groaned. "So what's this about? Do pirates just collect photos of all the weird sex they have."

Richard shrugged. "I don't do it, but some people like to collect their 'conquests' here. I'm guessing that you mom got fucked by my dad, that's why she had the map. In fact . . . Yeah . . . This looks like your mom, Mrs. MacPherson."

Richard held up an old photo that showed a gorgeous and statuesque blond woman with perfect big tits getting fucked by a man who looked exactly like Richard.

"Mommy!" Juniper exclaimed.

Richard laughed. So did Sally. Even Caleb chuckled. Juniper grumbled a bit at first, but then she started laughing along as well. The laughter didn't end until Richard scooped the petite cheerleader Juniper MacPherson in his big muscular arms, slamming her naked body against his chest, and he gave her a big wet kiss that made her toes curl. Then he put her back down and patted her on the head, like a puppy.

"You know what?" Juniper concluded. "I think that this ended up being a fun adventure after all, but not because of any buried pirate treasure, but because of something far more important!"

"Friendship?" Caleb asked

Juniper laughed so hard she snorted. "No, retard. SEX!"