

Brewster's Brood – Part 18

a Patreon exclusive story by Corrupting Power (<http://www.patreon.com/CorruptingPower>)

Part Eighteen

Mrs. Churchill – 3/8/2017 – Thursday – 9:50 am

When she'd left the office, Max had been up to his eyeballs with movie star pussy, and he hadn't seemed to think any of this was the slightest bit unusual, which was a good sign that they'd gotten him to bite into the fantasy story they'd told him. She felt like her team had a good handle on things, which was why she'd scheduled this meeting as suddenly as she had, sitting in her office, or, rather, the room in the suite that she *called* her office, even though in four months time or so, it would go back to holding boring meetings for insurance companies or whatever it was it normally did.

She clicked on the video meeting link and her screen sprung to life with three different faces, The Triumvirate or the Oversight Trio, whichever term she was using to disparage them on any given day. She understood why they were there, and had appreciated the need for them, as Monty Brand had explained to her, to ensure that the rules of the game were being adhered to, and that Max was being put through what he was supposed to be put through.

“Ladies, how are you this fine morning?” Mrs. Churchill asked them, each of the three faces several time zones away from each other, so Mrs. Churchill doubted it was morning where any of them were right now, but it was where she was, and that was that.

The Oversight Trio was three of the wealthiest women in the world, each of them in their 60s, and each of them had been promised a 5% share of stock in The Brand Group in exchange for them making sure Mrs. Churchill kept to the straight and narrow for the game, and didn't overlook any rule breaks. Mrs. Churchill had a lot of freedom in how to run the game, but there were a handful of rules that were inviolable, and for those, there was the Oversight Trio. They were the arbiter on all of those things, and their job was to function as a backstop, to make sure Mrs. Churchill stayed within the very few constraints that Mr. Brand had left for them.

“How do you feel the game is coming along, Mrs. Churchill?” the woman on the left, Agatha Wagner asked her, that stuffy old posh British accent raking on her nerves. Agatha was in London, meaning it was just early evening over there, as was evident by the low light outside of the woman's penthouse window visible behind her in the shot overlooking the city from high on. “It looks as though he is taking to it jolly well.”

“So far we're averaging about four sexual encounters a day,” Mrs. Churchill replied confidently. “That's probably unsustainable on a long term schedule, but it still means we are well within our target expectations of having two hundred to three hundred encounters during our one hundred day window. Assuming a one in ten shot of pregnancy, just as a random ballpark figure, that's twenty to thirty women pregnant by the end of it all, well within the goals intended.”

“Any possibility it'll go higher than that?” the woman on the right, Barbara Fisher said, a hint of American East Coast stuffiness layered in her voice. She was only three hours ahead, clearly at her home in Martha's Vineyard, the absolute seat of New England rich folks and where all of Barbara's calls had come from over the last year. “All of our bonuses go up if we can hit the fifty woman mark, so I feel like it is essential that we be striving to reach that goal, if at all possible.”

“It's unlikely,” Mrs. Churchill admitted, “but still certainly possible. The real challenge here is biology. On the average, a woman has about a 20 percent chance of getting pregnant in a given month,

and we're going to be pushing our boy Max fairly ragged with all the sex that he's having. I know we're doing what we can to try and keep him in the best possible stud condition, but at the end of the day, there's only so much control over that we can have, so we're forced to rely on luck for much of it. All we can do is keep him pumping these girls full of semen at every chance he's got, and praying that it takes hold and sinks through."

"How soon are we going to be able to start seeing some results?" the woman on the middle, Gemma Yeoh, asked a touch impatiently. She was tired, but understandably so as she was based in Hong Kong, meaning it was nearly an hour past midnight there.

"We did try and organize the schedules so that each group would launch with about half of the women at a good point in their monthly cycle to get pregnant and half of them weeks away," Mrs. Churchill said. "We're trusting each woman to do her own tracking as to when her best shots are, but with this many women engaged in the process, you can imagine it's more than a little crazy."

"That doesn't answer my question," Gemma replied.

"Conception takes place typically within 24 hours of the encounter," Mrs. Churchill said patiently, feeling a little silly explaining how this worked to a bunch of older women, but perhaps they'd never concerned themselves with the technical nitty gritty of all of it. "And the soonest we can detect it is about ten days after that. So, we're a little more than a week or so out before we find out if our first batch of girls has any big winners yet. And even if not, it's early days. If our first dozen or so attempts results in even one score, I'll take it as a big win. It's a marathon, not a sprint, ladies. We don't even have half of the potential women in the pool yet."

"Anyone looking like they're going to require us to invoke the Snagglepuss Protocol?" Agatha asked. 'The Snagglepuss Protocol' was what they were calling it if a woman had to be forcibly removed from the game and isolated until its conclusion. 'Exit stage right' indeed.

"None yet," Mrs. Churchill assured them. "We've done everything we can to mitigate the chances of that down to the bare minimum, so with a little bit of luck, there won't be any need for that, and everything will stay quiet."

"I heard tell you had a reporter snooping around the game, Mrs. Churchill," Gemma warned. "Something we should be concerned about?"

Mrs. Churchill bristled a little at that, trying not to let it show, but very annoyed that anyone had even gotten a whiff of that. She'd need to find out who'd been telling tales out of school. "There was a reporter, yes. Christine DeSilva. She was investigating one of the women in Alfa Group, but thankfully my security chief caught her, and I was able to prevent her from causing us any such problems. It's been handled."

"Been handled how?" Agatha asked, cautiously. "Do we even want to know?"

"Jesus, Agatha, you ladies watch too many mob movies," Mrs. Churchill said with a laugh, shaking her head. "I offered her a fucking job. She's going to do a daily wrap up for us starting today for the viewers who just want to see a condensed version. As exciting as Max's story is, it doesn't warrant round-the-clock attention from all our supporters. Some people just want to see an hour or so of highlights with someone putting them all into context for them. That's where Miss Desilva comes into play. Instead of reporting on the story for the local paper, she'll be reporting on it just to the people we tell her she can talk to about it."

"And afterwards?"

"Afterwards she's going to keep her mouth silent and not tell a fucking soul, because that's what

she's being paid to do. If not, we have her on the same NDA that we have all the girls under, and that means we can burn her to the fucking ground, and she knows it," Mrs. Churchill sighed. "It's not going to be a problem. When I explained it all to her, she agreed to it mostly just to have a front seat to the show." She laughed. "She called it the most audacious thing that she'd ever heard of. She said the balls on me were larger than any editor she'd ever had before."

"As long as you think she will keep quiet afterwards," Gemma said. "We will trust your judgment in these matters, Mrs. Churchill. You have more experience managing... volatile people than any of us do."

Agatha bristled in amusement. "Indeed. We are much more accustomed to people throwing a tizzy fit about vacation resorts not having adequate accommodations for them on the one specific date they wanted."

"It is still early days," Barbara stressed. "I am less worried about this reporter than I am one of your girls going rogue, trying to circumvent the rules of the game. I was not pleased that you essentially took Max off camera for a short while."

"He wasn't off camera for *you three* and you know that," Mrs. Churchill stressed. "You had access to Danny's helmet cam and mic, so you could see and hear Max the entire time he was with him, ensuring there weren't any rule breaks going on. The three of you and myself were the only ones who had access to that feed, but in doing so, by getting Max away from the girls for a while, Danny was able to talk some sense into Max and to get him to embrace the whole thing. Shit, ladies, Danny Garney bought us a couple weeks worth of game time with just a couple of hours conversation. I think that is well worth the investment, don't you?"

"Not having it on camera gives the impression of impropriety," Gemma reiterated. "Perhaps you could put some bits from Danny's helmet cam and mic into the recap, so that it's clear no funny business took place?"

"Sure, fine," Mrs. Churchill said. "It was mostly done just so that none of the girls could go and find them while Danny was talking with Max. Now that it's done, there's no harm in letting the girls see what transpired, although Danny already posted some of the audio to the girls' forum, so they could hear him talking about what he does and doesn't like in a woman."

"We saw that," Agatha said. "But let us do our best to make sure we are playing within the guidelines left behind by the late Mr. Brand."

"Aren't you the arbitrators of that?" Mrs. Churchill asked.

"We are, but we *also* have someone watching over us, making sure we are doing *our* jobs," Gemma sniffed with annoyance. "As if he didn't entirely trust us either. He had plenty of money, so I suppose it's fine that he wanted to make sure all the rules of this silly game were adhered to after he was gone."

"Who is this executive executor?"

"We don't actually know," Barbara replied. "Someone with access to some part of the game, so either they have a tap on all your comms, or they're working on your team, or they're particularly close to the target. It could be anyone."

"Shit, there might not even *be* someone, and Monty could have simply *lied* to us about having someone watch us," Gemma grumbled. "I wouldn't have put it past the old man. But we will act like there is, and so everyone just needs to do their jobs and everything will work out fine."

"How is Delta Group looking?" Barbara asked.

"Fine, no worries there," Mrs. Churchill said. "We did our best to sort of spread the personalities around, so there's always going to be one or two bombshells in each group, a couple of wallflowers, a couple of codependents and plenty of middle of the roaders. The bigger wildcards are more towards the latter groups, just because at that point, we'll have established a framework enough that it'll minimize whatever chaos they're bringing into things."

"Speaking of chaos, you said you had particular news you wanted to share with us," Gemma said. "We are no fans of surprises."

"Nor I," Mrs. Churchill agreed. "But I didn't feel comfortable in saying no, and I thought I should let all of you know, because I can't find anything in the rules that it's breaking, but I still feel a little hinkey about it."

"What is it?" Barbara asked.

"Dieter Schwartz has entered his granddaughter, Adette, into the game. She's a late arrival, so I've been having her go through the screening process and agreed to slide her into Juliett Group, our last group."

"There's nothing wrong with having skin in the game," Gemma said. "As I'm sure you all well know, my youngest daughter Shu is in upcoming Golf Group, and I know Barbara's granddaughter is in one of the later groups as well."

"Didn't have any of your kin who wanted a piece of the action, Agatha?" Barbara asked her.

"Seems like my bloodline runs towards men only," Agatha chuckled. "Both of my sons had sons, so not a single lady anywhere in our family to offer up for the sport of it, otherwise I would."

"There's nothing *wrong* with Dieter entering his granddaughter," Mrs. Churchill said. "I'm just troubled by how *late* he chose to do it. He's been aware of this game for the better part of a year now and he just suddenly decides to up and enter her right as the game's already starting? The timing of that is perplexing to me."

"Adette's always been something of a flighty woman," Agatha said, contemptuously. "I wouldn't be surprised if she was hemming and hawing back and forth and changed her mind again at the last minute once she realized that other people in her social circle were going ahead with it."

"Keep a close eye on her," Barbara said. "And if the woman has any ulterior motives in mind, I'm certain you will suss them out early enough to prevent any major damage from getting loose into our little game."

"Fair enough. Anything else, ladies, or can I get back to keeping a watchful eye on the game?" Mrs. Churchill said. "You know I don't like being away from the control room for long."

"We are glad you're keeping us abreast of what is going on, and have total confidence in you, Mrs. Churchill. Carry on and stay strong," Gemma said before all three women disconnected from the call, leaving Mrs. Churchill alone with an empty screen.

"I'll bet you do, you uppity bitches," Mrs. Churchill grumbled, getting up from her seat.

Jenny Westinghouse – 3/8/2017 – Thursday – 1:12 pm

If someone had told Jenny that she'd been having lunch with a couple of movie stars a few months ago, she'd have laughed in their faces, but now here she was, sitting down, enjoying a Reuben cheesesteak with the Travers sisters, Brooklynn debriefing and Guinevere learning what she needed to so that she could get the next turn at the stick. They were poolside, far out of range of Max to be able to hear them, even if he wasn't swamped with a massive influx of lunch orders.

“He's surprisingly easy to talk to,” Brooklynn told her sister. “When he's working the food truck, he seems so... I dunno, uptight?”

“Controlling,” Jenny offered. “I think that's just because he's a control freak when it comes to the truck, but he seems excellent at splitting up those two parts of his life, making sure one doesn't interfere with the other. He's been nothing but massively kind to me over the last few days.”

“You're interested in him for the long haul, aren't you?” Gwen said.

“I am,” Jenny admitted. “I wasn't sure I was going to be at first, but I think I'd actually be interested in dating him even without the other thing. I'm a little worried that he'll be upset about all the lies I told upfront, but maybe when he finds out I'm an undercover cop for a living, he'll understand why it all came second nature to me.”

“Seems like you're thinking about trying to get him to settle down with you as well, Brook,” Gwen said with a cluck of laughter. “What would Daddy have said?”

“Well, Daddy's fucking *dead*,” Brooklynn snarled. “And he's the reason our lives are such fucking shitshows to begin with, so I don't really give two fucks what he'd say. Besides, you have to consider how much the money's going to change Max, once he gets it all. The day-to-day hustle will fade away and he can start thinking about bigger pictures, longer term plans.”

“Just because he *can* doesn't mean he *will*,” Jenny cautioned. “Sure, eventually he'll get settled into the money and his sense of scale will go up, but for a while, I would imagine he's not going to do very much with the money. He'll buy a nice house for himself and he'll probably buy a single location to open up an actual restaurant in, but the rest of it? He seems like the kind of guy who'd be happy to let the money run on autopilot and only spend when he saw a reasonable need for it instead of just to splurge on things.”

“She's just hoping he'd pay off our debt,” Gwen said. “I'd rather just be a working actress who wasn't terrified of a creditor hauling away her car unexpectedly.”

“I'm just going to be myself with him, Gwen,” Brooklynn told her. “And if that works for me and he's into me, well, I won't be bothered by this game and all the ramifications of it.”

“Even if he knocks *me* up too, sis?” Gwen teased. “That'd certainly be a story we'd have to explain to our kids. 'Oh, Uncle Max? He's also *your* daddy too, honey.' Fucking hell, that would be so fucking weird.”

“Well I *told* you I was going to do this, Gwen!” Brooklynn said angrily. “But you had to insist in tagging along and doing it as well!”

“Two chances are better than one!” Gwen shot back. “Besides, I'm not interested in him for the long haul. He seems too... *nice* for me. But I bet I can charm the beast out of him for at least a little go.”

“That what you want?” Jenny asked her. “You want him wild?”

“I want him *rough*,” Gwen said. “You think he's capable of that?”

“I think he is, but I think if you really want it, you'd be better served by a third, someone who can encourage him to go a little further, and to provide a backstop so that he feels comfortable that he's not going too far. Especially with you being a movie star and all. If he's got someone else around, making sure that his ass is covered, he'll be willing to get rough with you.”

“You game for that?” Gwen asked, sipping from her fruity tropical drink.

“Oh sure,” Jenny replied. “Better me than your sister, huh?”

“*GOD* yes,” Brooklynn laughed. “There is no way I’m going to watch my sister getting railed. We’re close sisters, but we are never, ever, *ever* going to be *that* close.”

“So when you say *rough*, you mean...”

“I want him to *murder my vagina*,” Gwen said lustily before laughing. “I’m dead serious. I want him to pound my cunt so hard I feel like I’m stretched open, like I’ve got a Max shaped hole where my twat used to be. So hard that he’s tapped every inch my innards, poked, prodded, pushed, and pumped every inch of my pussy. Slap my ass. Yank my hair. I wanna see him fucking break me in half and then plaster my womb with cum to mold me back together again. Choke me while he’s staring me down. I wanna see a side of this man that nobody thinks exists.”

Jenny licked her lips with a wry smile. “And you’re okay with me being there for it?”

“As long as I get my cunt dumpstered into, and you don’t try and snake my load of cum out from under me, I don’t really give any fucks at all,” Gwen told her. “And if having you there makes him more comfortable to let that beast out, then I’ll take it...”

“Tell you what, I’ll be your pounding partner as long as you promise not to fall for him and not to try and go for him long term,” Jenny said. “I’m already competing with too many girls as it is, and we’re not even half way into this damn game.”

“Like I *just* told you, I’m not into him for the long haul.”

Jenny smirked. “You might be after he murders your vagina.”

Gwen rolled her blue eyes in Jenny’s direction. “Shit, I’ve never had to use my safeword *once*, with *anyone*. I have yet to see a guy come at me as rough as I want them to, so I’d bet not.”

“You wanna put some skin in the game?” Jenny said, the devious smile widening a little bit. “I’ll bet you I can get him to come out harder than you’ve ever seen before, enough to make you feel genuinely satisfied.”

“Dunno if you were paying attention earlier, but we’re both in massive debt right now,” Brooklynn said. “We don’t have any money to gamble with.”

“Then it doesn’t have to be money we’re gambling with. Name the stakes.”

“When I win, you can still be playing for wifey, but you also have to hype my sister up every chance you get, make her the other best option,” Gwen said.

“Wait a minute...” Brook said.

“Agreed,” Jenny said, cutting her off. “And when *I* win, you and your sister have to stay fuckbuddies with Max, even if you don’t end up marrying him. No matter who does.”

“Deal!” Gwen shot back immediately.

“Hang on!” Brooklynn said. “I don’t want you making bets on my behalf!”

“What’s the matter, Brook?” Jenny teased. “No faith in your sister? She’s playing on your behalf, and you aren’t even willing to stake her?”

“C’mon, B,” Gwen said to her. “You’ve heard me complain for years, and you just had a romp with him. You really think *that* guy can get rough enough to satisfy *me*?”

Brooklynn considered that for a minute, then offered her hand out to Jenny. “Okay bitch, you’re on. Look forward to you being my wing woman.”

Jenny shook her hand, sealing the deal. “And I look forward to seeing you both in bed with me

and Max for many years to come.” She moved to get up from the deck chair. “Want to go and get a head start on him?”

“Sure, let's go plant the idea.”

Max Brewster – 3/8/2017 – Thursday – 2:25 pm

The lunch rush had been nonstop business, and true to her word, Dana had delivered on keeping the truck swamped with orders. Max had suspected she'd been over promising and would under deliver, but half way through the lunch surge, she'd actually asked if he was capable of handling *more* orders, and he'd had to politely say he was pumping out food as fast as he could, and the windows they'd set was about the right amount of work to manage. Dana had laughed and told him that he was leaving money on the table, but it was his money to leave.

Around 2 pm, he was starting to think maybe he could speed up and add one more to the space, but then the women had begun talking to him even more, so he decided maybe he needed to keep it paced around the same.

“Hey Max, I've got a proposition for you,” Jenny said to him, as she was helping him wrap up an order for pick up. “Brooklyn's sister, Guinevere, wants to have a go with you, and wants to see exactly how rough you can get. I figured you'd want to have someone around to make sure you don't go too far, and Gwen's okay with me being around for it, if you think you'd be willing to give her a go.”

Danny's advice was still ringing in his ears. 'Don't say no.' It was going to be his motto for the foreseeable future, and while he wasn't generally into rough sex, he'd also never really tried it, so it seemed only fair that he give it a try. “Okay. What's her safe word?”

“Appalachia,” Jenny grinned at him. “And she's got only two hard and fast rules – no drawing blood and no bruising her face. Everything else is fair game.”

“How rough does she want it?”

“Think about as rough as you're capable of going,” Jenny said, handing the bag off to a runner, “then add another thirty or forty percent on top of that. I mean, just go full hog at her, like you're *trying* to get her to say her safe word, and you'll probably hit her sweet spot.”

“No affection? Just rough sex?”

“A little affection here and there's probably fine, but I imagine she wants degradation along with her rough sex, so, y'know, play it by ear.”

“Then I'll do my best and we can see how satisfied she is at the end of it.”

“I think you can do better than that,” she told him. “See, I've got a bet on the line here, so I want to see you just absolutely rock the shit out of this girl's world, okay?”

He laughed, nodding. “As long as you're going to be there, so things don't get out of hand. The last thing I want is to assault a movie star against her wishes.”

“I will absolutely make sure you don't go too far, Max,” Jenny said to him. “And thank you for trusting me.”

“Hey, you were the person who introduced me to all this, so it's only fitting you should be around to enjoy some of it.”

About an hour later, Max wrapped up the last of the lunch orders and closed up the truck so that he could take a break, finding Jenny and Guinevere there waiting for him. Guinevere was dressed in

tight, ripped jean shorts and a CK t-shirt that was way too big for her, hanging down almost far enough to completely conceal the jean shorts. Her brown hair was done up in a sporty tail with bangs framing either side of her pale face. “So I hear you're gonna give a rough ride like I want, huh?” she said to him, licking her strawberry colored lips eagerly.

“Appalachia is your safeword?” Max asked her.

“Awww,” Gwen teased, patting his cheek. “It's cute that you think I'm gonna need it. But yes, that's it. Anyway, I'll meet you in the upstairs bedroom whenever you're ready.” She turned and sashayed away, making sure he got a good look of her ass as it swayed.

“Someone's certainly confident of themselves, aren't they?” Max said with a grin.

“See why I want you to take her down a peg?” Jenny laughed. “She thinks you're not up to it, and I know you fucking are, so I can't wait to see you just rail her right the fuck in half while she's squealing and whimpering.”

“Let me wash my hands and then we'll go have at her.”

A few minutes later, the two of them walked upstairs and found Gwen had stripped down to her bra and panties, sitting in plush leather armchair, one pale slender leg folded over the other. “Game on,” Gwen said to him, a smile on her lips.

Max felt like this was an audition of some kind, or a challenge that she didn't think he was capable of, and so he decided to go at it head on. He walked over towards her confidently, reached forward and grabbed her by the throat, pulling her up to her feet, seeing her eyes widen a little bit. Then he spun her around and shoved her knees forward onto the seat of the chair, pushing her up on it as he shoved her face against the top of the back of the chair, hearing her moan a little bit.

“Don't move,” he growled at her, lifting his hands off of her to unbutton his jeans. As she started to push herself away from the back of the chair, he lifted one of his legs and pushed his foot against the small of her back, shoving her into the chair again hard enough to make the back of the chair thump against the wall. “Was I fucking unclear?”

He kept his foot on her back, pushing against it until she stopped squirming. Once she did, he kicked off his shoes and shoved his jeans and boxers down to his ankles, stepping out of them. Just as he was stepping clear of them, Gwen decided to wiggle her ass a little, and so Max raised his arm and brought the flat of his hand down against one of Gwen's mostly exposed asscheeks with a loud crack, spanking her hard enough to make his hand hurt a little.

The sultry whorish moan that erupted from her made it clear he was on the right track.

He reached down and pushed Gwen's thighs apart a bit, so the outsides of her knees were pressed against the arms of the chair, and then stepped in behind her, yanking her panties to one side, lining the head of his cock up against her snatch, finding it already damp to his tip, and then shoved forward into her, punching his cock good and deep inside of her until his hips smacked up against her ass with a loud clap.

“That all you've got, you pussy?” she snarled back at him. “I thought you were going to fucking plow me, not fucking cuddle me...”

“Okay, so we're doing this,” Max said to himself. One of his hands latched onto her hip as strongly as he could and the other reached forward and pushed against the back of her head, shoving the side of her face against the leather even more coarsely than he was before. “Alright, you wanna be fucked like a whore, you can get fucked like a whore...” he said, loud enough for her to hear him this time, as his hips drew back and he started to hammer into her as hard and fast as he felt comfortable

with, hearing the wind getting knocked out of her the first time his body crushed down into hers.

“Fuck yeah, fuck yeah, do it, do it you fucker, destroy that cunt, break it right the fuck open,” she howled between awkward gasps of breath, primal grunting and groaning noises emerging from her each time his body collided forward into hers.

She reached behind her, clearly trying to unfasten her bra, but as soon as she did, he lifted his hand from the back of her head and grabbed her arm, folding it hard against her back, pinning her even more helplessly between him and the chair. His hand left her hip and slapped down on her ass again with another hard crack.

He was torn between going fast or hard, and so he decided on both, making the back of the chair tap out a harsh rhythm against the wall, while Gwen was moaning, laughing and crying all at once, but the word to make him stop never seemed to cross her lips.

After a few minutes, he pulled his cock out from her, ripped that bra clasp open, flipped her over and grabbed her legs lifting them high as he leaned down, shoving his cock back inside of her cunt, folding her legs up to press the back of her calves against his shoulders, her eyes looking up at him in astonishment, especially after her reached down and slapped her across the face, something he was nervous about doing but only seemed to make her eyes widen with excitement.

“Yeah, get it, get it you fucker,” she crooned as he slid his dick back inside of her pussy, which was now absolutely sloppy and sodden. He started to hammer her again, and just as she was about to say something, he reached forward to close his fingers around her throat again, giving it a squeeze, which made her eyes roll back in her head, feeling her cunt crush down onto his cock.

“Didn't think I was up to this, huh?” Max said as he began to batter his hips down hard enough that he was a little worried the armchair wouldn't be strong enough to take the abuse, as all Gwen could do was nod, drooling all over herself, her hair a disheveled mess. For his own amusement, he let his hand around her throat release and she began to plead with him.

“Let me fucking cum you bastard, make me fucking cum while you're nutting inside me, breeding a good little barking bitch, taking what's fucking yours, fill that fucking hole and let me cum when you do, fuck I wanna cum so badly Daddy, but I won't until I feel you fucking nutting me up and I know you wanna I know you wanna blast me so fucking do it do it fucking do it cream me up pour me fucking full!”

She kept on like that, but the sound of it faded into the background as he felt his body giving way and thrust balls deep inside of her snatch and began to dump a hot load of jizz inside of this girl whose sister he'd done the same thing to not even twelve hours earlier, and as soon as that first blast of cum left the tip of his dick and blasted into her cunt, he saw her explode into a frenzy of orgasmic tremors the likes of which he'd never seen before.

A few minutes later, Jenny walked over and smoothed her hand over Gwen's face, leaning down to kiss the girl who was clearly delirious in her post-orgasm bliss. “So... I win?”

“Fffffuck,” Gwen slurred. “Yeah. Fuck. You win.”