

Sheltering a Shadow

By

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I gnash my teeth and clench my fists as another salvo of spitballs splat the back of my neck and the side of my face as an explosion of laughter reverberates across the school bus.

The grouchy driver glances at me in the rear-view mirror with dispassioned disapproval of my cowardice, and the two super-nerdy sixth grade girls in the seat opposite me offer expressions of pity, exacerbating my self-hatred.

Ignoring the spiteful snickering and the wads of wet paper clinging to my nape and cheek, I curse myself for forgetting my hoodie that usually acts as spitball shielding, and return my vacant gaze to the bare trees of late autumn lining the suburban road.

When the bus hisses to a halt beside Juniper Hill Park, rather than endure any more humiliation, I hop up from the front-row seat and hurry down the stairs even though it's not my stop. I hustle across the street, vault over the guardrail, and dash into the dense woods.

Once I realize no one's following, I slow my pace and scrape dried spitballs from my skin as I trek a beaten path edged with sticker bushes and poison ivy. Shoulders slumped, I stare at my shoddy sneakers in defeat. After a ten minute walk, I break from the trail to scale a steep hill up to my back yard.

Preferring not to deal with my drunk dad any sooner than necessary, instead of going inside our deteriorating one-story house, I climb the immense oak tree that dominates our yard. The bark of the oak is blanketed with green lichen and the branches bear the burden of a tree fort.

I push through the trapdoor and a scurrying of something startles me so severely that I slip and nearly fall twenty feet to the ground. The noise too loud to be the scampering of a squirrel or my fat cat, I surmise it to be a raccoon searching for snacks.

I climb completely inside, prepared to shoo away the trash panda, and my jaw drops, my pupils dilate, and my dick stiffens in my jeans. I've never seen anything so absolutely arousing in my life. She's so incredibly innocent, so profoundly perfect, so fantastically furiously fuckable that I wanna pounce!

Her svelte form is silhouetted by the dim sunlight spilling through the window behind her. She stands a foot shorter than me, so about four feet tall, and weighs seventy to eighty pounds at most.

Nude and trembling, she doesn't attempt to conceal her pubescent body from my roving eyes. Due to her fearful pose, her rounded hips are twisted, displaying the full curvature of her plump apple-bottom, which is over-proportioned to her petite frame. The puckered nipples protruding from her flat chest are pink, same as her pixie-cut hair. Her flawless skin is lavender and her wide-set eyes fuchsia, which along with her small pointed ears and upturned nose reveal she is an elfling, which of course, don't fucking exist outside of fantasy fiction!

If I owned a smartphone I'd take a dozen photos and then some video to prove this incredible discovery, but my dad won't let me have a phone until I can pay for the monthly service and my mom won't let me get a job until I'm in high school.

I don't wanna spook her, so I slowly slip off my backpack, fish out a bag of Peanut M&M's, and tear them open with care. Popping one in my mouth, I chew it with exaggerated delight before holding out one between thumb and forefinger to enticement her to come close.

She cocks her head like a confused puppy, her adorable expression causing my pulse to spike and my rigid prick to pulsated with perverse passion.

I take an unconscious step forward and she shrinks backward with fear, evoking a predatory response from my reptilian brain that I struggle to resist.

She glances over her slim shoulder at the window behind her as if she's considering leaping through it and I step backward to calm her.

Sinking to one knee, I roll the yellow candy across the worn green outdoor carpeting and it comes to rest between her dainty bare feet.

She crouches cautiously and picks it up while maintaining her nervous gaze on me, then gives it a sniff and then a tiny uncertain lick.

I shake another Peanut M&M from the bag, pop it in my mouth and chew it with hyperbolic joy to demonstrate again that it's edible.

At last, the timid creature presses the candy past her pink lips and slowly crunches it between her teeth before swallowing it with wide-eyed exhilaration.

I rise to my feet with a smug grin as she rushes over to me and opens her small mouth wide with an expectant expression.

I finger a candy from the bag and place it in her open mouth, taking the opportunity to stroke her velvety lips and smooth tongue.

Once I retract my probing fingers from her lush mouth, she chews it rapidly, swallows, and opens wide again, her puppy-dog eyes imploring for another.

I feed her one more to be sure she's hooked, then tease her with another, pressing it to her tongue and pulling it away again and again until she whimpers. I squat down to her level, place the candy on my outstretched tongue, and lean close to her unsure face.

After a moment of indecision, she carefully closes her lips around my tongue and pulls back, taking the candy with a gleeful giggle of innocence.

At this point, I'm sure the crotch of my boxer-briefs is thoroughly moistened with precum. I wanna leap atop of her and savagely ravage her!

Opening wide again, she juts out her lengthy tongue and points to it with excitement.

I set a candy on her tongue and she leans forward as I had done, eagerly offering me an excellent excuse to taste her tongue. She looks so cute waiting for me to take it!

I swallow a sudden lump of anxiety in my throat as I realize I've never kissed a human girl, let alone sucked an elfling's tongue.

She swipes her tongue back and forth with a titter, taunting me to take it.

I adjust my groin, lick my lips, and lean in.

As I attempt to seal my lips around her teasing tongue, she withdraws it and manages to chew the candy while laughing with such an outrageous fit of giggles that she falls to the carpet and hugs her belly as she rocks back and forth and stomps her little feet.

Usually, if someone laughs at me I wanna punch them, but she's so ridiculously adorable her laughter just makes me wanna fuck her even more.

"Okay," I arch a mocking brow, "it wasn't *that* hilarious. You can stop laughing now."

For some reason that launches her into another fit and her lavender cheeks are as red as a ripe tomato when she finally stops giggling.

I grab one of her small hands and pull her to her feet as she gasps and pants for breath. "I'm Mikey. What's your name?"

She replies in what must be Elvish with a cherubic voice that causes my heart to palpitate at its beauty.

After nearly swooning, I respond, "I don't understand what you're saying, so I'm gonna haveta give you a new name."

She blinks at me bemused.

It dawns on me that her purity and naivety reminds me of Eleven from the first season of *Stranger Things*.

I point a finger to myself, "My name is Mikey," I point a finger to her, "And yours is *Millie*. Your name is *Millie*, alright?"

She points at me, "Mikey," then points at herself, "Millie."

"Yeah," I clap for her excitedly, "good girl, that's right!"

She smiles bashfully and combs the fingers of one hand through her pixie-cut pink hair, reigniting my desperate desire to pillage all her teeny holes!

"I'll take care of you and feed you," I shake the M&M's bag, "but you gotta be my *girlfriend*, okay?"

She points to the candy. "Millie gotta be Mikey girlfriend?"

"Yeah," I nod, "that's right. *Millie* be Mikey's *girlfriend* and Mikey give you more candy. So you'll be Mikey's *girlfriend*? You haveta say it, *Millie*."

"*Millie* be Mikey *girlfriend* candy."

"Yeah," I snort, "that'll do."

She offers a shy smile. "Mikey give *Millie* more candy?"

"Okay, but you haveta *kiss* me for it." I finger scoop one out and press it between my puckered lips.

She questions, "Millie *kiss* Mikey?"

I nod and lean close, tilting my head, and she gingerly presses her lips to mine and sucks the candy into her mouth and I follow after with my tongue. I steal the candy with a swipe of my tongue, inciting her to chase after and she eagerly jabs her long tongue into my mouth. I cradle the back of her head with one palm and cup a plump cheek with the other as I begin to suck her tongue. I groan into her giggling mouth as I knead her round cheek, roughly squeezing her firm flesh between my fingers.

Even as I suck her tongue, she manages to find the candy tucked in my cheek and steal it back, then turns her lips away.

I let go of her head as she chews the candy with a triumphant smile, but I don't relinquish my grasp of her plump cheek.

She doesn't seem to care I'm groping her ass, as she is clearly more concerned with the bag of candy I dropped on the carpet.

I snatch it up as she reaches for it, leaving a few scattered on the floor, and drop it on the foldable table beside us.

Millie scoops the candy from the carpet and shoves them all into her mouth at once, munching them with a wide-eyed smile of supreme satisfaction.

I clutch her other plump cheek, both my palms now filled with firm ass, squat down and pull her close, pressing my crotch against hers.

Seemingly, unconcerned with my manhandling, Millie stretches a hand toward the candy bag and I twist us around to place it out of her reach.

She narrows her fuchsia eyes at me with a pout. "Mikey *Millie* *girlfriend* candy more!"

"No," I shake my head, "you haveta *kiss* me more before you get more candy."

Millie opens wide and sticks out her tongue, blinking at me patiently, as if I were gonna inspect her tonsils.

"No," I chuckle, "don't open your mouth so wide, silly. Don't *elves* kiss each other?"

She cocks her head with another adorable expression of befuddlement. "*Elves* kiss Mikey *girlfriend* candy?"

"No," I sigh, "Millie, you are an *elfling*, aren't you?"

She cocks her head the opposite direction, fuchsia eyes narrowing, “Millie are elfling, aren’t you?”

“Fuck,” I huff, “you don’t understand shit I’m saying, huh?”

She arches a pink brow. “Millie *fuck* Mikey candy more?”

Even though she doesn’t understand what she’s saying, just hearing her say the words makes my balls pull tight, readying to cum-blast her pretty face.

“I guess I’m gonna haveta teach you lots of stuff. If you learn enough maybe you can explain what you are, where you came from, and how you got here.”

So I release her plump cheeks even though my prick tells me not to, sit her in a foldable chair, and start teaching her basic words by pointing to stuff and making her repeat them. I begin with body parts, like mouth, eyes, pussy, ass.

Considering how naive she is, she’s actually a fast learner. After two hours of instruction, she’s developed a decent baseline to work with going forward. YouTube and Pornhub will help.

Millie answers, “Boyfriend *cock* for girlfriend suck and fuck it?”

“Yeah, that’s perfect, good girl!” I reward her correct response with the last Peanut M&M. Of course, she doesn’t understand what that means just yet.

She cheers, “Millie suck and fuck it Mikey boyfriend cocks!”

I stand up, unzip my fly, and dig out my dick, which is still semi-erect. “This is my cock, Millie.”

She leans in, staring intently, and the moist heat of her breath teases the tip, causing it to stiffen fully, reaching closer to her lips. “Millie suck and fuck it?”

I gulp hard, “Yeah, first just kiss it, then you can try sucking it, okay?”

She looks up with uncertainty, her eyes seeming to sparkle. “Millie *kiss* Mikey boyfriend cock?”

“Yeah,” I nod, “just push your lips to the tip like when I had candy.”

She puckers and leans in.

“Honey,” my mom shouts from the backdoor, “time for dinner!”

I growl, “Fucking fuck fuck.” I call, “Be right there!” Then tuck my dick away. “Millie, you stay here, okay? You *wait* right here, alright?”

She nods, “Millie *wait* here for suck and fuck it.”

“Yeah, that’s my good girl. And I’ll bring you treats.” I peck her lips with a quick kiss while giving her plump apple-bottom a groping. I’ve fantasized every day for years about having a girlfriend and now it’s finally happened and she’s even more perfectly fuckable than I ever imagined! This is gonna be awesome!

I leave my backpack so I have an indisputable excuse to return for my homework after dinner, and descend from my fort to the yard. I weave a path through the minefield of pits dug by my dad’s Doberman Pinscher before she got loose and was struck by a car. The rusted frame that once was a screen door shrieks as I swing it open, and I push through the backdoor into our shabby kitchen.

A crumpled Budweiser can whacks me in the forehead, splashing warm beer into my hair. I snatch it up and fling it into the trash before sauntering into our dining room, which adjoins the kitchen.

My dad barks, “Your mom shouldn’t haveta drag your ass in the house for dinner!”

“Sorry, Dad,” I mutter, “I was just doing my homework.”

He growls, “You talkin’ back?”

“No, Dad,” I sit at the opposite end of the table, “I was just explaining.”

“You’re lucky I’m wearing this back brace or I’d hop up and whoop yo’ ass.”

He was in a motorcycle accident a few months ago and now he spends all his time on the couch drinking beer and watching ESPN.

My mom plops pasta onto my plate, ignoring my dad. “The budget’s stretched too thin for meatballs, but I got garlic bread in the oven.”

With my mom only getting part-time waitress work, if not for my dad’s insurance settlement payments, we’d all be living in my grandparent’s unfinished basement.

I wolf down my spaghetti and mop up the tomato sauce with garlic bread, paying no attention to my dad’s drunken taunts since I’ve learned if I ignore him his bark doesn’t become a bite.

“Mom,” I wipe my mouth with a paper napkin, “I’ve still got homework to finish so can I go, please?”

“Of course, honey,” she ruffles my hair affectionately, “just put your plate in the sink.”

I do as she requested, then grab a Tastykake from the fridge, exit through the backdoor, traverse the minefield, and climb up the oak tree to my fort to find Millie rummaging through my backpack.

She smiles with exuberant expectation, “Mikey boyfriend Millie candy more?”

I dangle the Chocolate Kandy Kakes above her wide-eyed face. “I’ve got two yummy cakes but you’ve gotta earn them.”

She snatches them from my hand with a giggle, spins, turning her back to me, and rips open the packaging.

I grab her slender shoulders and twist her around, but she’s already got both of them crammed in her small mouth, her cheeks blown out.

She titters victoriously as she struggles to chew.

“Very *bad* girl,” I chide, “you weren’t supposed to eat them yet!”

She gulps, opens wide, and sticks out her chocolate-coated tongue, eyes going cross with jubilation.

Her sugar-induced ahegao expression causes my dick to tingle and twitch and my anger at her disobedience to subside substantially. “I should *spank* you for being a bad girl, but I’m gonna let you off with a warning this time.”

She bounds up and down, fists clenched with overstimulated excitement. “Yummy cakes, cakes, yummy cakes!”

I grip the back of her head and seal a palm over her singing mouth. “Millie, not so fucking loud! My parents might hear you!”

She whirls her hips and continues singing into my palm.

I twist her around, keeping my hand clamped over her mouth, and give her plump apple-bottom a series of stinging slaps, causing her cheeks to clench as she rises onto her tiptoes in shocked pain.

She spins around, throws her slim arms around my waist, and cries against my chest, “Millie suck and fuck it!”

I stroke her head consolingly. “I’m sorry I spanked you, but bad girls get spankings. I’m your boyfriend and you haveta do what I say.”

She whines, “Millie bad girl?”

I squat to peck her forehead with a soothing kiss. “You were being a bad girl, but I forgive you. Just do what I say and you’ll be a good girl and I won’t haveta spank your ass again, okay?”

She sniffles, "Millie do Mikey say be good girl, okay."

"The sun's going down and it's gonna get cold so we should go inside but you have to be *quiet*." I press a finger to my lips. "Do you understand?"

She nods, "Millie be quiet. Millie be good girl, okay."

I shove my books and binders into my backpack from where Millie pried them out, no doubt searching for more candy, and slip it on.

Millie follows me quietly down the tree, across the yard, around the house to my bedroom, and I give her a boost through a window.

I tell her not to move, then I go back around the house, enter through the backdoor, pass my parents on the couch, fail to dodge another crushed beer can, and dart into my bedroom.

I close and lock my door before flicking on the overhead light to discover Millie is standing in the exact spot where I told her not to move, even holding the same hunched pose in front of the open window.

I adjust my swelling crotch as I gaze across my small untidy bedroom at the perfectly plump lavender cheeks of her appetizing apple-bottom on display. I wanna plunge my face between them and burrow my tongue up her virgin asshole!

She looks back over her shoulder at me and whispers, "Millie stay be good girl?"

"Yes," I nod, and shrug off my backpack, letting it drop to the tattered beige carpet, "you're a good girl for doing what I said."

She smiles, "Millie good girl. Mikey give more yummy cakes?"

I close the distance between us, pull her hands away from the window sill and carefully slide the window shut. "No more treats until later."

She furrows her brow in a puppy-eyed expression of pleading. "Millie suck and fuck it Mikey give more yummy cakes?"

I grope her cheeks with a groan and peck her pouting lips with a kiss. "You're so preposterously cute I wanna pulverize your precious face."

She smiles demurely, oblivious to the meaning of my words but understanding the emotion conveyed in my tone and cadence.

My fat cat moseys out from under the ragged comforter on my twin-size bed and Millie clings to me as if a Ringwraith had descended from the sky riding upon the back of a fellbeast.

I hug her and chuckle, "That's just my kitty, Legolas. He won't hurt you, silly. He's a real good kitty."

She whispers, "Legolas good kitty?"

Legolas yawns and stretches before rolling over on his back.

I coach, "He wants you to rub his fat belly." I reach over and pet his furry tummy to demonstrate and he begins to purr. "Pet his soft belly, Millie."

She looks up at me as if she's gonna burst into tears. "Millie bad girl no pet Legolas kitty belly?"

"Aww, Millie," I press a soft kiss between her glassy fuchsia eyes, "you're not a bad girl just because you don't wanna pet his belly."

She nuzzles her smiling face against my chest with relief and I peck her crown with a flurry of kisses, causing her to giggle joyfully.

Her gleeful laughter induces a warm swelling in my chest and I'm thunderstruck that I actually have a girlfriend and that she's a little elfling!

Millie points to three movie posters spread across one wall. "Mikey more girlfriend bad girls?"

“No,” I snort, “they are most definitely not my girlfriends.” I point to Orlando Bloom. “That’s Legolas but he’s an elf, not a fat cat.” I point to Liv Tyler. “That’s Arwen, a half-elven princess.” I point to Evangeline Lilly. “That’s Tauriel, an elven guard. They have ears like you.”

She breaks from my embrace and trots across the room to have a closer look. She grips one of her pointed ears while curiously tracing Arwen’s ear with a finger. “Millie is elf princess too?”

Coming up behind her, I curl my arms around her and kiss her temple softly. “You’re my tiny elfling princess and I’m your boyfriend prince.”

She cranes her head backwards against my chest to look up at me and smiles, “Mikey Millie’s good boyfriend prince.”

I twist her around, cup both her smiling cheeks in my palms, and press my lips to her little mouth, then dip my tongue inside and stroke her smooth tongue. She tastes like Valinor with a hint of chocolate cake. I lure her tongue forth into my mouth and suck it softly with possessive moans.

Millie utters gentle coos that drive my cock to throb and my heart to pound and I’m overcome with desire.

I hurriedly unbutton and unzip my jeans and yank them down along with my boxer-briefs and I’m smacked with a potent whiff of stankass ball-cheese that causes Millie to recoil.

I spring backward and explain, “I didn’t shower after gym because the other boys are *fuckheads*, but we can go take a shower together, okay?”

Millie cocks her head, “Fuckheads?”

“It means they are *mean*.” I make an angered face, showing her my clenched teeth.

She nods with sympathetic understanding.

I strip nude, then snatch my bath towel hanging from the back of my door and wrap it around me. Then I usher Millie across the hallway to my bathroom.

When I turn back around after locking the door, Millie is sticking her foot in the bowl of the toilet with an expression of puzzlement.

“No, fuck no,” I hiss, “that’s not for your feet!”

She lifts her foot from the toilet water and raises it toward her face with curiosity as if she’s gonna smell it or taste it.

“No, no, no, fucking no!”

She halts and turns to me inquisitively on one leg like a fucking pink flamingo.

I point to the tile. “Put your foot down and don’t do anything else, okay?”

She nods with a disappointed look and obeys my command.

I move past her and reach into the shower to turn on the water, then unwrap my towel and hang it on the towel rack. Millie has been naked since the moment I met her so I don’t feel uncomfortable.

While the water is warming, I piss in the toilet and Millie watches with wonder as if urination is a totally new concept to comprehend.

I chuckle, “I’m just pissing. Do you need to pee?”

She blinks at me bewildered. “Millie no boyfriend cock pee.”

“No,” I snort, “but you have a pussy to pee.”

She points to her bald little mound and pink slit. “Millie girlfriend pussy pee too?”

“What, were you born today?” I close the lid but don’t flush the toilet yet. “How is it possible you don’t know how to piss?”

She shrugs, “Millie not know.”

I assess the water is warm enough and then step into the shower, pulling Millie by the wrist with me, and pull the curtain closed.

After cautiously feeling the water, she performs a childish spinning dance under the warm spray and I'm reminded of a bird playing in a fountain.

My parents have their own bathroom attached to their bedroom, so none of my mom's woman products are here, however, my cousin Noel has some.

I squeeze some fruity body wash onto a purple pouf, pull Millie out of the spray, and then gently scrub her from head to toe. I never imagined I'd bathe a young girl, let alone an adorable elfling, or that I'd so thoroughly enjoy the big brother feeling of it.

I scrub myself with Axe body wash, giving special care to my cock and balls and crack, while Millie resumes dancing merrily under the spray.

I pull her out of the way to rinse myself, then I push her down onto her knees before me. "Open your mouth for me like a good girl, Millie."

"Millie is good girlfriend princess. Millie suck and fuck it." She stretches her jaw wide and blinks up at me.

Her naive obedience and innocent expression trigger my prick to become a steel rod immediately. "Now stick out your tongue for me, my elven princess."

She juts out her tongue and I chew my lower lip as I tap and rub my cockhead back and forth over her smooth tongue.

A pearl of precum blossoms from my dicktip and I smear it across her tongue, giving her a sample of what's to come in spades.

I cradle the back of her head and pull her closer, so I can enjoy the hot spray on my back while she blows me.

"Okay, Millie, it's time for you to suck my cock. Close your mouth for me."

She seals her velvety lips around a quarter of my prick, gazing up at me with a look of uncertainty. Her mouth is warm and wet and wonderful but she isn't actually sucking my dick.

I'm a moron for thinking she would know how to give a blowjob when she doesn't even know what a damn toilet is used for. Later I'll give her a drink with a straw and show her some porn videos, but for now, I guess I'll haveta fuck her face.

I pull her head toward me while slowly pushing my pelvis forward until she gags, then I pull back, determining she can only take half the length of my shaft.

Even though I just choked her with my cock, she remains in place gazing up at me timidly in submission.

I take a grip of her head by her small pointed ears and pull her head back and forth as I gently rock my hips. "Ooh fuck," I moan, "your lips feel so good sliding up and down my cock. I can't wait for you to taste my hot splooge."

She smiles up at me with her fuchsia eyes, obviously unaware of what I'm saying.

I thrust my hips a little faster and my dick a little deeper, eager to shoot my load down her throat, and she begins gagging.

I normally beat my meat three or four times a day, so my swollen balls are ready to churn out a fuckton of sticky spunk. Of course, I always jerk it to porn, my favorites being rape hentai and sibling incest, but this is so much better than watching porn. I'm living some Darknet porn in my own fucking shower!

Even though I'm gagging her, Millie isn't resisting at all, so I guess I can go ahead and fuck her face like a real pornstar.

I pin her head against the shower wall and thrust hard, relishing the wet popping of my cockhead plunging the back of her tight throat.

Millie claws at my clenching cheeks as I grunt and groan as I fuck her face so fucking rough, my balls are slapping her chin!

Twisting her ears, I pivot her head back, and hammer down at her throat barrier with my throbbing steely cock until I punch through it!

In the same moment that my dick drills into the depths of her taut throat, my balls pull tight against her chin and I growl through gritted teeth as my entire body quakes as my cock erupts spurting streams of scorching splooge down her gagging gullet directly into her belly!

Bliss burns in my veins as my vision goes white as I continue to thrust my pelvis, plundering her throat until my balls are empty!

Finally, I pull out and Millie gasps and chokes, grasping her throat in obvious pain.

I crouch and bathe her flushed face with tender kisses.

She holds out a shaking palm, and snivels, “Millie good girl suck and fuck it Mikey give yummy cake now.”

“Uh-huh,” I grin dopily, “you’re a *very* good girl and you *definitely* deserve yummy cakes.” I caress her face affectionately. “First we haveta dry off and then I’ll get cakes.”

Once we’re back in my bedroom, I slip on a pair of sweat pants while Millie sits pouting on the opposite end of my bed from where Legolas is snoozing.

“Stay here and be quiet and I’ll bring you cakes.” I kiss her silky cheek and then her velvety lips.

I close the door behind me and hurry down the hallway until I hear weeping. I slow to a creep, tiptoeing to the living room, where I peek around the wall to sight something that causes my jaw to drop.

My dad is on the couch clutching a fistful of my mom’s hair and bobbing her head in his lap as she sobs and chokes. His back is turned to me but I can glimpse his reflection in the glass top of the coffee table. His face is contorted into a vicious grimace and his eyes look absolutely fucking terrifying!

I slump to my knees and cautiously crawl below his sightline into the dining room, and then slink into the kitchen to raid the fridge. I retrieve two juice boxes, a couple sticks of mozzarella string cheese, and another Tastykake.

As I crawl back toward my bedroom with my bounty, I hear my dad groan, “Fuck yeah, swallow that cum like a good little slut.”

I’ve never heard my dad speak to my mom that way in all my life and I didn’t think they were sexually active anymore either. Hell, according to my mom, oral sex is a sin.

After I’ve shut and locked my bedroom door, I plop down on my bed between snoozing Legolas and pouting Millie. I open the Tastykake package and offer one to her. “Eat this slow and I’ll give you the other one.”

With the first bite, her frown instantly becomes a smile and she chews it blissfully.

I hold up a cold juice box, “This is a box of juice,” I show her the straw, “And this is a straw to *suck* the juice outta the box.” I pop the straw into the box and sip it. “Mmm, it’s yummy like cake.”

She takes it from me with a skeptical look on her face and her fuchsia eyes go wide with delight as she sucks the straw. “Millie like suck juice box.”

“Good girl.” I give her the other Chocolate Kandy Kake.

She goes back and forth between nibbles of the cake and slurps of the juice, rocking happily in place like a toddler with a treat.

I pull my laptop out from under my bed, a Christmas gift from my grandparents, and navigate to my extensive collection of porn music videos and queue up a playlist of my favorite blowjob-centric PMVs.

Since eating nothing but sugary shit can't be great for you, even if you're a fantasy creature, I give Millie a stick of string cheese. I demonstrate how to peel and eat the mozzarella and she readily follows my example.

Once she's eaten both sticks, I lay her beside me, spooning her, and give her the other juice box to sip while we watch porn.

Paradise by Coldplay begins as flat-chested Kimberly Brix bobs her head with her round ass in the air, moaning thirstily as she sucks the coach's dick in the locker room. The footage changes with the music to Brix on her knees with a mouthful of cock in a POV shot.

I whisper into Millie's ear, "She's a good girl and sucks her boyfriend's cock good."

She nods in agreement while sucking her straw, staring attentively at the screen in awe as Brix lays on her back moaning while being face-fucked.

As Brix is being face-fucked with her head pinned against a wall, I glide a hand over Millie's tight tummy and between her tone thighs. I skim the tip of my middle finger up and down her slim slit as Millie watches Brix suck dick.

Millie utters a soft gasp as I push down on her tiny bundle of nerves and I feel it swell below the pad of my fingertip as I stroke it. She timidly spreads her lean legs, giving me better access to tease her sensitive button. "Mikey make pussy feel good."

I seal my lips over hers and she eagerly offers me her tongue to suck.

She coos blissfully as I rub her nub and suck her tongue and my cock engorges, tentpoling my sweat pants.

When the trap remix of *Lollipop* begins to play, I break our kiss to tug off my pants, then lay the opposite direction and turn Millie on her opposite side. "I'm gonna lick your pussy while you suck my cock like the good girls do."

She licks her lips coyly. "Millie suck boyfriend cock good."

I press my face between her thighs, her silky skin caressing my cheeks, and I swirl the tip of my tongue over her swollen clit as she begins to suckle my cockhead like a teat.

I groan, "That feels real good but you need to slide up and down too."

She slowly bobs her head, actually sucking my dick properly.

"That's good but suck harder."

Her brow furrows and her cheeks pull concave with the increased effort of her sucking and she bobs faster too.

"Ooh fuck, that's perfect, Millie." I resume teasing her button, then pause for a moment. "Moan while you suck it."

She moans like a cum-thirsty pornstar as I seal my lips over her bald mound and grind my tongue back and forth over her clit.

When *Bangarang* by Skrillex begins to play, Millie's thighs are already shaking against my face. I watch Alaina Dawson suck cocks between Millie's quivering thighs and realize I've discovered paradise.

Halfway through the song, Millie's thighs clamp around my face and she cries out with climax as a sweet searing nectar sprays into my mouth!

I gulp it down and grip hold of her clenching cheeks as she continues to shiver and squirt in ecstasy, her orgasm coming in waves!

When at last she ceases quaking, I twist around to kiss her panting mouth, letting her taste her own ambrosia.

Millie sucks my tongue as if it were my cock and I roll my hips, grinding my rigid dick against her pussy, triggering aftershocks that cause her to twitch uncontrollably.

I roll her onto her back, grasp her ankles and bring her dainty feet up beside her head, spreading her pussy wide open for penetration.

I rise onto my knees, and command, "Hold your legs there like a good girl."

Millie obeys with an uncertain expression and I rub my cockhead between her nether lips until I locate her teeny hole and push into it. Her jaw spreads wide in a shrieking howl of pain!

I clamp a palm over her screaming mouth and lean forward, driving my prick deeper into her pussy as tears stream from her bulging eyes.

Her tiny cunt is so tight and her agonized expression so arousing, I only pump her pussy three times before spewing inside her with rapture!

My orgasm was so mind-shattering I musta passed out, because I awaken to *We Are Alive* by Paul van Dyk and Millie weeping below me.

I adjust my hips and my half-engorged cock pops out of her pussy and she gasps with relief as my spunk seeps out of her.

I press gentle kisses to her tear-ridden cheeks, and inform, "That was called fucking, Millie."

She sniffles and fidgets troubled. "Millie not like fucking it. Millie only like suck it. Millie suck it real good still be good princess girlfriend."

I peck her pouting lips and nudge her nose back and forth with my own. "It only hurt so bad because I had to stretch your pussy, but it won't hurt so bad next time."

Sullen-faced, she nods in defeat, "Millie suck and fuck it."

I pull a hand towel and a pack of wet wipes from under my bed and clean myself up, then I clean Millie's pussy as if I were changing her diaper, yet again, enjoying the big brother feeling of it.

I shut my laptop and slide it under the bed, then turn Millie on her side to spoon her and pull the covers over us. With my arms wrapped around her, holding her tight, I kiss her cheek, and whisper into her small pointed ear, "Goodnight, my sweet elfling princess."

My alarm blares and I reach over and slap it as Millie tumbles out of bed onto the floor, eyes and jaw wide with fright.

"Millie," I snort, "it's okay. That was just my alarm." Tossing the covers aside, I swing my feet off the bed and sit up with a yawn, brandishing a morning-woody that draws Millie's anxious attention.

She fidgets nervously, and offers, "Millie suck Mikey boyfriend cock?"

My mom will be knocking on my door at any moment, but I can't say no to a sunrise blowjob. "Alright, show me what a good cocksucker you are now."

She nods, "Millie good cocksucker."

I chew my lower lip as she kneels before me with an expression of determination. She's undoubtedly eager to appease me with her mouth so I don't fuck her again. I don't have a magnum dick, but compared to her tiny twat it's fucking massive.

Millie slides her puckered lips over my cockhead and down my shaft until she gags softly at the halfway point, then glides back up to the head before descending again, sucking firmly and moaning like a thirsty cumslut as she bobs with a zealous pace.

I breathe a rapturous moan as my eyes roll back and I sink onto my back in a spread-eagle pose. “Ooh fuck, Millie, your little mouth feels so fucking good. I’m gonna feed you so many loads of hot cum. I’m gonna fill your belly until it’s swollen with splooge.”

She pauses briefly to beg, “Gimme your hot cum, Mikey. Shoot your cum my mouth.”

She clearly learned a lot from those porn music videos. We’ll haveta watch some more.

“Fuck yeah,” I groan, and rise onto my elbows, “keep sucking so good and I’ll give you a blistering mouthful.”

Millie moans louder, sucks harder, and bobs her head faster.

“Holy fuck,” I gasp in ecstasy, “you’re a cocksucking Vala!”

Warm drool dribbles down my throbbing shaft as she sucks and slurps with rising intensity. She’s bobbing her head so fast her neck muscles are bulging and sucking so hard her jaw muscles are spasming.

I can’t help but begin to thrust my hips in sync with her bobbing head, causing her to gag as I ram the back of her throat with my cockhead.

Even as she gags with tears flowing down her concave cheeks, Millie bobs more strenuously, desperate to make me explode.

Finally, she pauses to gasp, “Mikey, gimme your cum please! Shoot your cum my mouth!”

Her pleading is too much, so I leap up, grasp her ears, and thrust my hips, fucking the back of her throat as she chokes, slobber spewing down her chin and splashing from her lips.

“Ooh fuck, ooh fuck, fuck, I’m gonna cum so hard!” My cheeks clench and my toes curl as a euphoric tremor ripples through my body. Jets of jism geyser into the back of her throat and flood into her cheeks, overflowing from her lips and running from her flaring nostrils!

I pull back enough so that she can swallow, listen to her heavy gulps, and then I bob her head slowly as she resumes sucking, enjoying aftershocks of orgasmic bliss.

“Holy fuck, that was amazing. You’re such a good girl. You’re the best little cumguzzler I coulda ever wished for.”

As my dick wilts in her mouth, I realize my bladder is ready to burst. I love watching cute girls drinking straight from the dick. It’s like the ultimate submission.

“Millie, I’m gonna give you a drink from my cock.” I pull out all but the head, which she continues to suck like a pacifier. “Just swallow as I give.”

She gazes up at me with a worried expression and nods slightly to signify compliance.

My jaw stretches wide in a blissful moan as I spray a steady stream of hot piss into Millie’s mouth. She whimpers and wriggles as it courses over her tongue and down her gulping throat.

Watching Millie willingly drink my piss makes me wanna fuck her mouth all over again. She obviously doesn’t like it but she’s drinking it anyway.

“Almost done, princess, keep swallowing.” I caress her cheek reassuringly. “You’re such a good girl and it feels awesome to pee in your pretty mouth.”

When my bladder’s finally drained, I pull out, and command, “Open your mouth for me.”

She opens wide and I shake the last dribbles of piss over her tongue, a few droplets sprinkling her face and causing her to wince.

I glance over at my alarm clock and wonder why my mom isn't knocking down my door shouting about not missing the school bus again.

"Millie, I need to pretend to leave for school, but I'll come back for you in just a little while. Stay here and stay quiet."

She wipes her messy mouth with her hand, and whimpers, "Millie good girl stay quiet."

I throw on some clothes, then rush into my bathroom to brush my teeth, and as I do, I hear my dad through the wall.

He growls, "Gargle that hot frothy piss, you fuckin' bitch!"

What the ever-living fucking motherfuck has gotten into my dad and why the hell is he even awake before noon?! Did he drink all night?!

After rinsing my mouth, I hurry to the kitchen and snatch two packs of Pop-Tarts from the cupboard and two juice boxes from the fridge.

I slam the front door on my way outta the house to be sure my mom thinks I left in time to catch the bus. Instead of jogging down the street to the bus stop, I creep around the side of the house and climb back inside through my window.

Millie timidly points to her bald little mound, and whispers, "Millie pussy need pee now."

I can't risk taking her into my bathroom now, so I go to my closest, which is missing one folding door, and pull the dome lid off the litter box. "This is where you pee."

Millie straddles the round plastic tub of litter and squats. Anxiously biting her lip, she stares down between her widely-spread thighs at her cute cunt as a stream of urine trickles into the kitty litter.

Finding it strangely arousing, my cock twitches and I can't look away as she tinkles.

When her stream peters out, I grab a wet wipe and swab her pretty pussy clean of piss, and then use another on her face.

Legolas takes it upon himself to hop in the box and bury the wet spot.

I dig through my sock drawer until I find a pair of pink knee-high soccer socks that my cousin Noel left here several months ago, and give them to Millie. "Put these on your feet."

As Millie struggles to pull on socks for the first time, I rummage through another drawer until I find a *The Legend of Zelda* t-shirt, which I've never worn because my grandma mistakenly bought it from the girl's clothing section. It's pink for fucks sake with a graphic of Twilight Princess Zelda on the front.

"Lift your arms for me." I pull the shirt over Millie's head and it reaches just below her plump apple-bottom.

She spins around merrily, clearly happy with her new attire.

I dump my books and binders from my backpack onto the floor and kick them under my bed, then stuff my laptop, a hand towel, and the wet wipes into my pack along with our breakfast and slip it on.

I crack my bedroom door open so Legolas can come and go, then help Millie outta the window, and steer her around to the backyard. I signal her to ascend the oak tree ahead of me so I can enjoy the view of her ass from below as I climb.

Her firm round cheeks rock hypnotically back and forth opposite each other and her shirt flaps up and down in the breeze as she climbs.

As we sit at the small table in my fort eating our sugartastic breakfast, I ponder my dad's offensive behavior. He's been an asshole towards me most of my life, since he's deeply disappointed that I'm not a jock winning golden trophies, but he's always been decent to my mom.

Millie sucks her juice box so hard, it nearly implodes. "Millie like Pop-Tart breakfast cakes!"

"You've been a very good girl for me, so I gave you a yummy breakfast. When you're good you get rewarded with treats, and when you're bad you get spanked."

She nods tensely with apprehension. "Millie good girlfriend no spank."

I unroll two sleeping bags on the carpet that my cousin Nathan and I used to use every Friday night. I throw down two pillows and open my laptop beside them so we can watch *The Fellowship of the Ring*. Hopefully, it'll trigger a memory of Millie's home or something.

I instruct her to lay on her side in front of me and I snuggle her close as we watch.

When the credits roll, Millie turns to me, and prompts, "Millie wanna eat elf cakes."

"Fuck," I chuckle, "after four hours of awesome all you want is some lembas bread? Didn't Rivendell or Lothlórien remind you of your elven home?"

Shrugging, she shakes her head. "Millie no remind elf home."

I sigh and peck her velvety lips with a kiss. I stroke my fingers through her pixie-cut hair as I gaze into her fuchsia eyes. "It's okay, my sweet princess, this is your home now."

She smiles adorably, and asks, "Millie is sweet like cakes?"

I nod with a smirk. "Your luscious mouth tastes sweet, and so does your pussy, and I wager your ass is the sweetest of all. Roll over for me, Millie."

She rolls onto her belly, back arched as she leans on her elbows, and the lower halves of her plump round cheeks peek out seductively from under her pink shirt. She looks back over her shoulder at me with a demure expression of insecurity and my dick grows rigid immediately.

I tug her shirt up over her cute back dimples, fully exposing her delectably apple-bottom. I grasp each bubbled cheek and squeeze, her lavender flesh protruding from between my fingers. I peel her buns apart, unveiling her puny pink pucker. It's so teeny-weeny you might think she was an infant.

Millie gasps in surprise as I plunk my face between her cheeks, and then mewls with rapture as I swirl my tongue into her rosebud.

Her bud blossoms as I add more pressure, and I burrow deeper and deeper into her tight teeny asshole, causing her to squirm and squeal.

I growl greedy groans between her curvaceous cheeks as I knead them with devastating demand while tongue-plunging her tiny hineyhole with surging speed and severity.

I ravage her elven asshole like a ravenous warg with an insatiable appetite for ass, my prick pulsating in my pants with my pounding pulse, until Millie goes rigid, her cheeks clenching around my face, her seizing rosebud ejecting my tongue as she screams at the top of her lungs!

I yank my jeans and boxer-briefs to my knees, grab lotion from my backpack, and slather my throbbing cock and smear some between her cheeks. I straddle Millie's bottom, grip my shaft with one hand to aim, and clamp the other hand over her mouth. I sink my dick between her cheeks and wedge my cockhead against her bantam bud. I lean forward, using my body weight to pry her ass open, and then thrust.

Millie shrieks into my palm and arches her spine as she kicks her feet and pounds her fists in agony as I delve in deep.

I halt with my sword buried to the hilt to give her a moment to acclimate to the girth of my cock stretching her rectum.

“It’s okay, Millie,” I whisper, “that was the worst part. I needed to stretch your ass just like your pussy. Try to breathe and relax.”

She frantically bucks below me and shakes her head, attempting to tear my clutching hand away from her screeching mouth, flying tears splashing her pillow.

I tighten my grip on her mouth and palm the back of her skull with my other hand, then pin her cheek to her pillow. “Be still, Millie, stop struggling. You’ll only make it worse. Be a good girl and I’ll give you the yummiest sweetest treat you’ve ever tasted.”

She goes still, panting through her runny nose, blowing snot bubbles against my pointer finger.

I kiss her temple and loosen my grip. “Good girl.”

She mumbles into my palm, “Mikey cock hurt Millie ass!”

“I know, my sweet princess, and I’m sorry but you’re my girlfriend and I haveta fuck you in all your holes because I’m your boyfriend.”

She sobs an attempted bargain, “Millie suck it real good Mikey shoot cum my mouth no fuck it Millie ass!”

“It won’t hurt so bad once I stretch it out.” I release her mouth and head to grasp her shoulders. “Bite down on the pillow.”

She chews a mouthful of her pillow as I cautiously begin to roll my hips in a forward-leaning controlling position.

“See,” I groan, “that’s not so bad now, is it? I’ll just assfuck you slow.”

Still gnawing at her pillow, she twists her neck to give me an agonizing glower.

I increase my tempo slightly, clenching my cheeks with each push of my hips, pumping the depths of her rectum.

Millie’s small white-knuckled fists pull and tug at the sleeping bag as she whines and writhes while gnashing her teeth, desperately tearing at her pillow.

Even at this deliberate rhythm, her tight ass is a dream come true to fuck. Granted, it’s the first asshole I’ve fucked but it’s fucktastic!

Eventually, Millie spits out her pillow, and cries a plea, “Please Mikey cum my ass!”

“Okay, but I’m gonna haveta fuck you a little harder.” I pull her legs up into a frog-legged position, pull her arms back and place her hands on her cheeks. “Spread your ass open, princess.”

She peels her cheeks wide, giving me better access to drill her ass even deeper.

I steadily increase the rate of my lunging hips until my pelvis is clapping her cheeks and my balls are smacking her pussy, the loud rhythmic slaps echoing off the plywood walls of the fort.

Millie’s lips are pulled back in an excruciating grimace, spit seething from her gritted teeth as she grunts into her pillow with each cruel hit.

Even though it’s cool, sweat drips from my brow and trickles down my spine as I chisel away at her ass with progressively brutal slams.

My sides begin to ache from assfucking her so hard, but I ignore the pain and continue pounding her ass as I gasp for breath.

At last, my stamina surrenders to her fiercely gripping asshole, and I roar with orgasmic rapture as I pump her bowels with bursts of spunk!

I collapse atop of her, panting heavily and grinning from ear-to-ear, high as fucking heaven on endorphins and coated in a fine layer of perspiration.

Millie struggles below me, sobbing, “Mikey cock hurt Millie ass!”

I roll my hips back, withdrawing my cock from her battered asshole, and sigh euphorically.

She ceases struggling at once and goes limp with exhaustion.

Once I've caught my breath, I slide off her and clean myself up, and then do the same for her, gingerly wiping her tender nethers. Of course, she still has an ass full of splooge that she'll haveta squeeze out.

I leave Millie napping in the fort to go to the convenience store to buy us some lunch and the special treat I promised her. As I stride toward the house to grab my bicycle, I sight my parents through the dining room window, and I drop into a crouch.

My mom is forcibly bent over the table with an arm twisted behind her back. She's screaming through gritted teeth, her makeup tear-ridden and smeared. Her blouse is torn open, her big breasts smashed against the table, her skirt is bunched around her waist and her panties around her knees.

My dad is assfucking her from behind so fucking hard, the wooden table is wobbling like the legs are gonna snap off at any moment. Judging by the sinister sneer on his face, the wild glare of his eyes, and his maniacal laughter, he's trying to assfuck her to death!

Millie crouches over the shower drain inattentively sucking my cockhead while expelling my creampie from hours earlier as I knead flowery shampoo into her hair.

I'm still so distressed by what I witnessed this afternoon through the dining room window, that my prick is only semi-erect as Millie suckles it.

My dad was uncharacteristically quiet throughout dinner and my mom just stared absentmindedly into space. She barely touched her food, preferring to guzzle cooking wine. It was so awkward, I wished my dad would throw a beer can at my head and call me a fairy, like most family dinners.

After our shower, we climb into bed and Millie lays her head on my thigh and resumes softly sucking my cockhead as we watch PMVs.

I enjoy her velvety lips sealed around my dick and try not to think about my parents as we watch porn videos until falling asleep.

I awaken in the middle of the night to find Millie drooling onto my thigh with my flaccid prick still stuffed in her little mouth. I slide my laptop under the bed, pull Millie up beside me, pull the covers over us, and snuggle her before falling back to sleep.

When my alarm blares, Millie clings to me with startled fear until I smack it, then she nuzzles my nape and closes her eyes again. She looks especially cute and innocent curled up beside me. I wanna skip school again and spend the day licking and fucking her tiny holes.

Millie closes the slender fingers of one small hand around my rigid shaft, and coos, "Millie suck Mikey boyfriend cock?"

I peck her forehead fondly. "Thank you, but not today. I've gotta go to school." If I skip school again, the attendance office will call to check up on me.

After getting ready, I take Millie to the fort with my laptop to watch movies with enough snacks to survive until I return from school.

The school day drags on more tortuously than usual because I can't stop thinking about my precious elfling pet girlfriend waiting for me at home.

On the bus ride home, Kaden, Kevin, and Kyle decide to sit behind me so they can take turns kicking the back of my seat while whispering taunts at me.

The driver gives me a look in the rear-view mirror that says, why are you such a bitchass pussy wuss?

The two super-nerdy sixth grade girls in the seat opposite me both look mortified on my behalf as if that wouldn't make me feel worse.

Finally, I whirl around, growling, "I don't care what you stupid virgins think because I've got a girlfriend that sucks my dick whenever I want!"

The three of them look back and forth between each other for a moment, and then explode into riotous laughter.

I slam my fists on the top of the seat. "I can prove it, fuckheads! I'll bring her to the park and then you'll all haveta shut the fuck up!"

I rummage through our small aluminum shed until I find an unused dog collar my Uncle Nolan gave to my dad as a gag gift. Sparkling silver letters spell out 'Princess' across the bubblegum pink leather collar and a silvery bell dangles from the front. Millie is gonna love it.

I climb up to my fort and Millie pauses *The Return of the King* to clap with excitement and cheer, "Mikey home! Millie miss Mikey!"

"I missed you too, Millie." I shoulder off my backpack and scoop her up into my arms and peck her face with kisses while spinning.

She giggles with glee while twisting her head to and fro as if my affectionate kisses were a deadly assault to dodge at any means.

Yet again, her infantile demeanor triggers both my heart and my cock to swell, my heart with love and my cock with blood and lust.

I set her down on her pink knee-high sock-shod feet, brush some cookie crumbs from her pink Zelda t-shirt, and present her the dog collar. "This is a special collar. It goes around your neck. We're going on a short journey and this will help keep you from getting lost."

Her fuchsia eyes go wide. "Mikey give Millie pretty collar?"

"Yeah," I smile, "and it says *princess* on it too."

She drums her fists against her chest and springs up and down with childlike exhilaration. "Millie haves pretty princess collar!"

When she finally gets ahold of herself, I fasten the dog collar around her neck. It fits snug like a choker without actually choking her and looks sexy as fuck. "You look so pretty, Millie."

She blushes bashfully, "Thank you."

We climb down the old oak and I clip a chain leash to her collar. "This'll keep you safe, princess."

She eyes the chain with uncertainty, and echos, "Keep safe?"

"Yeah," I scoop her up like a baby, "just like I'm gonna keep you safe from falling down this hill."

She clings to me as I carry her down the steep hill, knowing precisely where to step, and then set her down on the forest path to walk beside me.

"If you be a good girl for me at the park, I'll get you another special ice cream treat, okay?"

A visible tremor of excitement ripples through her like lightning. "Millie be *very* good girlfriend! Millie do whatever Mikey say!"

When the forest thins and the street ahead becomes visible, Millie leaps into my arms in terror as a tractor-trailer truck barrels down the road.

I pat her bottom and rock her on my hips. “It’s okay, Millie, that was a truck, not a monster.”

She whimpers, “Mikey carry Millie.”

“Okay,” I soothe, “but only until we cross the street.”

She buries her face in my nape until we’ve crossed the road.

I carry her a short distance into the park, away from the busy street, before setting her down.

She hugs me in appreciation. “Thank you Mikey carry Millie.”

We saunter down a grassy knoll to the playground area, where Kaden, Kevin, and Kyle are sitting on the swings scrolling vacantly on their smartphones.

I shake Millie’s leash, causing the bell on her collar to jingle, drawing their attention.

“Holy shit, your little sister’s a fucking serious cosplay slut!”

I retort, “She’s not my little sister, she’s my girlfriend.”

“She looks like she’s eleven!”

I respond, “Well she sucks dick like she’s a pornstar!”

“I’ll believe your little sister sucks your dick like a pornstar when I see it.”

I spit at their feet. “Then you better follow me.”

The three of them sneer and snicker behind me as I lead Millie by the leash into the woods by the creek beside the park.

I lean back against a tree rooted in the bank of the creek, shove Millie onto her knees before me, and whip out my dick.

Millie crams the full length of my semi-erect cock into her little mouth and begins to suck hard and moan loudly like a famished whore.

The three boy’s jaws shoot open with gasps of awe.

“Holy shit, your kid sister really does suck your dick like a fucking miniature pornstar!”

My dick now fully erect, I smirk, “And you virgin fuckheads haven’t seen nothing yet. Watch me fuck her face.”

Millie gazes up at me with a nervous expression as I grip her pointed ears.

I wink at the boys and then roll my hips as I bob her head in rhythm with my thrusts.

Millie chokes and coughs as I powerfully plunge the back of her taut throat and tears trickle down her cheeks.

“Fuck, that’s so fucking hot!”

“Yeah,” I chuckle, “and I can make her deepthroat too.”

“Fuck, your little sister deepthroats?!”

Pivoting her head back, I hammer through her throat barrier.

Millie flails her arms and her eyes bulge as I forge into her undulating throat.

“Holy fucking shit, that’s insane!”

“Fuck, that’s some vicious incest!”

I don’t care if they think Millie’s my kid sister, as long as they don’t think I’m a wuss that they can pick on anymore. Thinking of her as my sister is super hot anyway.

I growl, “You like watching me fuck my baby sister’s throat like a fucking pornstar?”

“Bro, it’s the hottest fucking shit I’ve ever fucking seen!”

“Yeah, dude, it’s fucking awesome!”

“Yeah, keep fucking her rough! Your sister’s fucking crazy cute!”

I retract from her gagging throat so she can catch her breath for a moment. Hunching over her, I lift up the back of her pink t-shirt to offer them a peek at her apple-bottom. “Whaddya think of her tushy?”

“Dude, her ass is perfection!”

“Yeah, bro, it’s fucking adorable!”

“I wanna fucking eat it!”

I resume fucking Millie’s face. “You can feel it a little bit if you want.”

All of them straightaway start squeezing and slapping her cheeks.

I groan, “Spit on your finger and poke it in if you wanna feel how super tight her asshole is.”

Kaden shoulders Kevin and Kyle aside and sucks his finger. “I’m gonna poke it first.”

Millie whimpers around my thrusting cock and clenches her cheeks as Kaden wriggles a finger into her ass.

“Holy fuck, your little sister’s asshole is fucking tight as fucking hell!”

I moan, “So’s her pussy.”

Kevin abruptly jams a finger up Millie’s cunt and she whines around my pulsing prick.

Kyle shoves two more fingers up her pussy and also a thumb in her ass and her eyes roll back as she squeals in surprise.

I chuckle, “See if you can make her squirt while she gags on my cock.”

Millie squirms as they pump their digits in her pussy and ass while I plunge the back of her throat.

“Dude, it’s so awesome that you’re letting us do this!”

“Yeah, bro, this is like the dopest shit fucking ever!”

“Yeah, you deserve mad props!”

I smile wide with pride. “Thanks, fuckheads, but if this is gonna be the dopest shit ever, you gotta use your free hands to jerk.”

They glance guardedly at each other for a moment, then Kaden insists, “It’s not gay since there’s a girl involved.”

“Yeah,” Kyle agrees, “it’s totally no homo if we’re fingerbanging a little girl’s juicy pussy.”

Kevin pulls out his hard dick and begins stroking and the other two follow suit.

I never thought in a million years I’d be getting my dick sucked in the woods with these three jerkoffs jerking their pricks while watching. They’re all chewing their lips and panting through their noses, brutally beating their meat with their eyes wide with rabid hunger for what I’ve got.

Kaden breathes, “Dude, you should totally fuck her throat again.”

I pivot Millie’s head back and ram my dick through her throat barrier into her gagging gullet and she frantically slaps my thighs in desperation.

“Fuck, bro,” Keven groans, “it’s so hot when she struggles! You’re totally face-raping your sister!”

“Her asshole pinches every time she gags on your cock!”

I groan, “Fuck, I’m about ready to shoot my load!”

“Bro, paint her fucking face!”

“Yeah, blast her pretty face!”

I pull out and begin furiously stroking my slobber-soaked shaft. “Open wide and stick out your tongue for me, princess!”

Brow furrowed and lids fluttering, she mewls up at me with her mouth agape in an ahegao expression of elation.

“Dude, her pussy’s gushing juices!”

“Bro, her asshole’s going berserk!”

I growl, “Ooh fuck, yeah!” As ropy cords of spunk splatter her tongue and cheek!

“Bro, I’m ready to bust!”

“Me too, me fucking too!”

I spin Millie around on her knees toward the boys. “Bukkake her face, you fuckheads.”

Millie continues drooling on herself as the three of them grunt and groan as they spurt pearly goop into her mouth and across her face.

Even with her face bathed in cum and slobber oozing down her neck and pussy nectar glistening on her inner thighs, she looks absolutely adorable.

During the next three days, I’m essentially worshiped by the boys at school, and several times each night, Millie worships me with her suckling mouth. Even my parent’s strange sexual behavior seems to have subsided. I’ve never been so popular, so satisfied, or so generally happy in all my life.

With a serene smile, I awaken Saturday morning to the gentle purring of Legolas beside me and the ardent slurping of Millie between my legs. Her sucking lips feel so great pumping up and down the length of my shaft. Her little mouth is so hot and moist and thirsty.

I blissfully knead my fingers into her silky pixie-cut hair. “You’ve become such an amazing little cocksucker, my sweet princess. I’m so fucking unbelievably lucky.”

She pauses to plead lustfully, “I want your cum, Mikey. Please gimme your yummy cum. Shoot your cum my mouth. I wanna guzzle your cum.”

I caress her cheeks affectionately. “I’ll give you my hot cum, but first you gotta show me your deepthroat skills.”

“Okay, Millie deepthroat cocksuck good.”

I let out a long groan of elation as Millie’s puckered lips glide over my purple cockhead and down my rigid shaft to the midpoint.

She struggles a moment at her throat barrier, pivoting her head, then she gags and swallows my prick all the way down to the root.

“Good girl,” I moan, “now work it up and down in your throat for as long as you can and I’ll give you my cum.”

She bobs her head, pecking the base of my cock with wet kisses, until my balls pull tight and I explode into her taut throat!

She gazes up at me timidly with tearing red eyes as she struggles not to gag while gulping down my detonating barrage of searing spunk.

When my balls are drained, she rises onto her knees with a gasp, then pants, “Millie good deepthroat cocksucker, Mikey?”

I clutch the back of her neck and pull her down atop of me, to smother her in passionate kisses while roughly groping the firm cheeks of her plump apple-bottom.

She squirms and squeals jubilantly. “Millie no want more kisses!”

I grasp her by the jaw, seal my lips over hers, then jab my tongue into her squealing mouth and she abruptly settles and sucks my tongue with cooing moans.

My cock begins to swell again until a knock at my door startles me flaccid.

“Honey,” my mom calls, “breakfast.”

“Okay,” I answer, “just gimme a minute to get dressed.”

“Make sure your clothes are clean, we’re gonna have guests. Your aunt and uncle and cousins will be arriving soon.”

I give Millie’s lush mouth one last kiss and her plump cheeks one more squeeze before gently rolling her off of me to get dressed.

She squats over the litter box and tinkles with a bashful grin as I pull on a pair of jeans and a *Queen’s Blade* t-shirt.

I cram my laptop into my backpack and slip it onto Millie’s shoulders, then help her outta the window to go wait in the fort.

After using the bathroom, I join my parents in the dining room for homemade pancakes. Shortly thereafter, my Uncle Nolan, Aunt Nancy, and my cousins Nathan and Noel join us at the table for breakfast.

Nathan is my age and Noel is two years younger than us. They’re both freckle-faced gingers like my Aunt Nancy. Noel is pretty cute too.

My dad and Uncle Nolan bluster about football, my mom and Aunt Nancy gab about old friends, and us kids eat while avoiding eye contact.

Noel hasn’t spoken to me since last summer when she woke up in the middle of the night to find me splooging into her panties. They were pink and soft and smelled like virgin pussy. Thankfully, she was too embarrassed to tell her parents, so I didn’t get in trouble.

Nathan had been my best friend since we were toddlers, but that changed a few months ago after I suggested we do something kinda weird.

Nathan used to sleep over in my fort every Friday. We would watch porn and jerk into socks all night. We would even compete to see who could jerk the longest without cumming or who could splooge the most times.

But then one night I proposed we take turns sucking each other off because then our dicks wouldn’t be sore the next day from sock burn like usual and we haven’t spoken since that night.

After breakfast, our moms send us kids outside into the backyard so they can day drink mimosas in peace, forcing us to haveta finally speak.

Nathan asks, “Is your laptop up in the tree fort?”

“Yeah,” I answer, “but we don’t haveta watch a movie. We could play in the woods or go to the park and chill out there.”

Noel huffs, “I’m not going anywhere near those stupid woods and getting poison ivy again.”

Nathan adds, “Fuck the park. I’m not seven years old. Let’s just watch a movie.”

Before I can conjure an excuse not to climb up to the tree fort, they head toward the oak tree. I hurry past them, hopping over pits, so I can get up there first to prepare Millie so she doesn’t jump outta a damn window.

When I push through the trapdoor, Millie’s dancing to the Goblin King singing, “Down to Goblin Town” in the extended edition of *An Unexpected Journey*.

“Millie,” I pant, “my cousins are coming up behind me. Don’t be scared of them.”

She blinks at me bemused. “Why Millie be scared them? Are they mean like fuckheads and wanna bukkake my face? Millie not like bukkake face.”

“No, princess,” I assure, “they don’t wanna bukkake your face. One of them’s a girl.”

“Mikey,” Noel smacks my shoe, “who are you talking to?”

“Um, it’s uh, my friend. And she’s a fantasy geek, so she’s wearing elf makeup.”

Nathan shouts from below Noel. "Will you go inside already?"

I climb inside and pause *The Hobbit* as Noel and Nathan climb into the fort.

I gesture to my cousins, both staring with wide eyes. "This is Nathan and Noel."

Before I can introduce her, Millie states with great pride, "Millie Mikey good girlfriend princess. Millie suck and fuck it."

Nathan's jaw unhinges in shock. "This little cutie's your girlfriend?"

Noel glares daggers at me. "First of all, fucking gross. How old is she, eleven? Secondly, why's she basically naked? That t-shirt isn't hiding much."

Millie retorts, "Mikey not gross. Mikey good boyfriend give treats when Millie suck boyfriend cock."

Noel arches a repulsed brow. "You used dog training techniques to make her blow you?"

I dismiss her accurate accusation. "She sucks my dick because that's what good girlfriends do."

"Noel," Nathan interjects, "you sucked that high school jock's dick under the bleachers last month."

"Yeah," she sneers, "but not because he gave me candy!"

Nathan rolls his eyes unconvinced. "So because you sucked his dick for free, it's better?"

"Yes, because I'm not a little girl dressed like a fantasy character!"

"You're only thirteen and that jock is seventeen."

I interrupt their sibling squabble. "I give Millie treats as a reward, not as payment, and I lick her pussy too, so it's totally fair."

"Fuck it, I'm outta here." Noel heads for the trapdoor. "I'll be in Mikey's bedroom."

Once Noel's gone, Nathan asks, "Do you fuck her too? Millie said suck and fuck."

"Yeah," I smirk, "I fuck her tight cunt, her snug throat, and her tiny asshole."

"Fuuuck," Nathan clutches his bulging crotch, "that's so insanely awesome!"

"For real," I chuckle proudly. "Do you wanna stay over so we could DP her?"

Nathan sputters, "Are you serious? I can fuck her too?"

I twist Millie around and lift her shirt, exposing her plump apple-bottom, "I wanna fuck this ass," I spin her back around and lift her shirt to reveal her cunt, "while you fuck this pussy."

Nathan chews his bottom lip. "Fuck, she's so fucking yummy!"

Millie tugs on my shirt. "Mikey give yummy breakfast cakes?"

"Nate, you got some money? If you wanna fuck her you gotta feed her first."

"Yeah," he replies, "no problem. Let's go ransack the Wawa!"

"Like old times," I grin. "Millie, wait here and watch your movie and we'll bring back lots of yummy treats to fill your hungry tummy."

As we stride to the store to load up on snacks, I blow Nathan's mind telling him about the fuckheads bukkaking Millie at the park.

During the return trip, I confess that she isn't wearing makeup and that she doesn't know where she came from or how she got here.

"Mikey," Nathan advises seriously, "who cares how she got here or where she came from. She sucks and fucks and she's cute as a kitten."

"You're right, Nate, you're right."

"But if she's really some sorta elven being, you shouldn't let anyone else see her or MIB might show up."

After a pizza dinner, Noel convinces my Aunt Nancy to take her home, leaving Nathan and my Uncle Nolan to stay over for the night.

I sneak a slice of sausage and onion and a can of Sprite out the backdoor for Millie's pre-fuck meal with the help of Nathan.

I clumsily climb the oak tree while holding the slice of pizza in one hand, with the frigid can of soda stuffed in my crotch.

Once I've managed to climb inside the tree fort, Millie scarfs down the pizza and gulps down the soda and lets out a booming burp.

Nathan chuckles, "I guess she worked up an appetite with all that dick sucking, huh?"

"Yeah, well, she can't survive on cum and candy alone."

We spent all afternoon watching PMVs while Millie sucked us off, one after the next, over and over again, like a good little cocksucking cum-dumpster.

Millie pulls the hem of her shirt up to wipe her messy mouth, flashing us her cute cunt with the innocence of a tiny toddler.

Nathan gulps, "Fucking hell, her teeny twat looks so yummy."

"Trust me, it tastes amazing and so does her ass. You gotta try them both."

Millie asks, "Mikey and Nathan fuck Millie tight holes now?"

I grin and nod and give her a soft kiss, then pull off her shirt.

She shivers and her tiny pink nipples pucker. "Millie cold."

"I'll warm up the fort." I close the shutters and turn on the space heater.

Nathan sits on the worn carpet in front of Millie. "I'm gonna eat your pussy so good you're gonna cream."

She scurries backward in fear. "Please no eat Millie pussy!"

I curl my arms around her from behind and soothe, "Nathan means he's gonna *lick* your sweet little pussy, princess."

She looks up at me. "Nathan no bite Millie pussy?"

"No," I snort, "I wouldn't let him do that, okay?"

"Okay," she replies, "Nathan lick Millie pussy but no bite."

I usher her to Nathan, then sit behind her so I can eat her tushy while he eats her pussy.

Millie utters a gasping moan as Nathan closes his mouth around her bald little mound.

I grasp the front of her tone thighs and nuzzle my face between her firm cheeks with a greedy groan. I forge my tongue through her resistant rosebud with a grunt of effort, burrowing inside.

Millie whimpers and writhes and kneads her own cheeks, clearly overcome with immense pleasure as Nathan tongues her pussy while I plunge her tight asshole.

Within a few minutes, she begins to breathe rapidly through clenching teeth, and then she quivers and quakes and cries toward the ceiling with climax!

Nathan laughs with amazed joy. "She squirted in my mouth and it tastes fucking delicious!"

"Yeah," I chuckle, "just wait until you taste her ass."

He grips Millie by her hips and twists her around. "Why wait when we can make her squirt again now?"

"You read my mind, Nate."

In less than a minute, Millie's pulling at my hair as she squeals and squirts with another orgasm, and then crumples to her knees exhausted.

I kiss her panting mouth and suck her smooth tongue with passion while Nathan kisses her nape and pinches her rigid nipples from behind her.

Millie moans and mewls as we kiss and fondle her small supple body, smothering her with sensations of serenity and sentiments of submission and subjection.

Ascending to my feet, I yank my jeans and boxer-briefs to my ankles, grip Millie by her pointed ears and thrust into her mewling mouth.

Nathan lifts Millie's bottom, rising her onto her feet in a bent-over position, and then drives his dick into the depths of her creamy cunt.

Millie whines and whimpers around my prick plunging the back of her throat as Nathan pelvis-spanks her cheeks, the fleshly smacks resounding off the walls.

Nathan groans, "I love how she writhes as we spit-roast the cute little elven bitch!"

"Hell yeah, bro," I moan. "How's that teeny twat feel?"

"Tighter than my fucking fist! If she hadn't already sucked my balls dry, I woulda busted my nut in her pussy with my first pump!"

I consider telling him that I've fantasized many times about us spit-roasting his little sister Noel, but decide to keep that incestual daydream to myself.

Instead, I propose, "Do you wanna face-fuck her while I beat her round ass red?"

"Okay," he moans, "fuck yeah, let's spin this bitch around!"

Millie pants for breath as I twist her around and she yelps as Nathan yanks her face down to his dick by her small ears. She gags as he stabs his rigid prick into her throat with a savage lunge of his hips, then struggles as he fucks her throat.

I pull her arms behind her back, clutch her wrists in one hand, and use my other to direct my spit-sodden cock between her cheeks.

Millie clenches her cheeks and rises onto her toes with a smothered shriek as I cram my cockhead into her rosebud with a forceful push.

With a growl of exertion and a fierce hip thrust, I forge the full length of my pulsating prick into the bowels of her belly.

Millie desperately thrashes as I drill the depths of her guts with hammering lunges of my hips, while Nathan gouges her gagging gullet with glee.

Her choking coughs and clapping cheeks are a carnal cacophony that is to my ears a serene symphony of sensual seduction persuading me to persist.

I pound her clenching ass harder and harder and faster and faster while Nathan stifles her struggling screams with his prick plunging into her throat.

When my sides burn as if set aflame, I pull out of Millie's battered crimson behind and plop into a chair to catch my breath.

"Nate," I pant, "turn her around so she can suck my dick while you pound her pussy again."

"Okay," he moans, "can I pound her ass instead of her cunt?"

"Sorry," I shake my head, "her ass belongs to me."

He spins her around and shoves her over to me as she gasps for breath.

I kiss her messy mouth and then push her head down into my lap, cramming my cock past her lips.

Nathan grips her rounded hips and drives his dick deep into her cunt with a groaning grunt of ecstatic effort. "Sweet Jesus, that feels awesome!"

Millie sobs and snivels around my pulsing prick, drool dribbling down my shaft, as I bob her head up and down by her pointed ears.

Nathan gasps and groans as he clobbers her cunt with all of his strength and stamina, pounding her like a pornstar on a roid rage.

I smirk, "Can you imagine us doing this to Noel? That'd be so fucking hot."

"Mikey," he cringes, "I don't wanna spit-roast my little sister!"

"But she's so bitchy," I reply, "don'tcha wanna teach her tight pussy a hard lesson?"

He refutes, "Just because I wanna slap her sometimes, doesn't mean I wanna fuck her!"

I chuckle, "I'd love to hear her squeals as I hammered her virgin ass raw."

"Bro, you're a fucking sicko!"

"If I let you fuck Millie's ass, I bet you'd help me fuck Noel's ass?"

Nathan slows his hammering hips, his expression distant and pondering.

I lift Millie's head and kiss her mewling mouth, laving her tongue with mine, before shoving her head down again to resume sucking my prick.

Nathan blinks at me bemused. "How would we do it?"

"Easy, we get her drunk."

He asks, "And then I just gotta hold her down while you fuck her ass?"

"You don't wanna DP her?"

"She's my little sister, bro."

"So, she's cute as fuck."

Nathan licks his lips unconsciously. "Yeah, I guess she is."

I smile, "Don'tcha wanna get a taste before some highschool jock asshole steals her virginity?"

He resumes his previous pace, loudly clapping Millie's round cheeks. "I wanna pop that cherry!"

"Yeah," I smirk, "think about how awesome it would feel to DP her virgin holes."

"Fuuuck," Nathan growls, "just thinking about pulverizing Noel's pussy makes me wanna bust so hard!"

"So you ready to bust in Millie's tight teeny asshole?"

"Fuck yeah," he pumps a fist exuberantly, "let's DP this bitch for the grand finale!"

I pull Millie's head from my lap, rise to my feet, then lift her up and settle her cunt onto my throbbing cock and she wraps her limbs around me.

As I begin to roll my hips where I stand, Nathan forges his prick into her ass from behind her and Millie screams at the top of her little lungs.

I clamp a hand over her crying mouth and we proceed to plunge her pussy and ass like two powerful pistons in a revving motor.

Millie clings to me miserably, screeching into my palm, tears flowing down her flushed face as I chisel her cunt while Nathan ravages her rectum.

Hot juices squish and squirt from her clenching cunt with each punishing punch of my steely scepter as my bulbous balls beat her tiny taint.

Nathan grunts and groans and growls through gritted teeth as he assaults her ass with a brutal barrage of strenuous stabs of his barbarous broadsword.

Millie's lids flutter for a moment and then her fuchsia eyes roll back and she seizes with an orgasm and sprays ambrosia over my balls!

Her cunt constricts tight as a vise around my cock and I bellow as Nathan does the same and we erupt inside of her simultaneously!

Nathan and I sink to our knees together panting for breath as we chuckle with euphoric exhaustion, dicks still rooted deep in Millie's soiled nethers.

I bathe Millie's sweat-sheen face with kisses as Nathan pecks up and down her nape as she sobs softly even as she twitches with aftershocks.

"You're such a good girlfriend. I'm so proud of you. You're the perfect fucktoy, princess. Would you like another soda? Maybe another slice of pizza?"

She opens her eyes groggily and snivels, "Millie very tired. Millie need have long bedtime. No more fuck Millie tonight. Millie have more treats tomorrow."

I grip her under the arms and she whimpers as I pull her off our pricks and lay her on a sleeping bag to doze.

She passes out instantly and I use a dozen wet wipes to clean her up before tossing a blanket over my little sleeping elfin angel.

Nathan and I climb down the oak tree and head back into the house through the backdoor, intend on showering since we're both so sweaty.

The moment we enter the kitchen, we glance at each other with shocked expressions at the squeals of my mom coming from the living room.

We run through the dining room to find my mom on the living room floor with my dad below her and my uncle atop her.

My dad is pounding her pussy while slapping her face as my uncle drills her ass while pulling her hair to arch her spine backward.

Stunned by the sight before us, Nathan and I stare wide-eyed with mouths agape as we watch our dads rape my mom until they climax.

My dad and uncle rise from the floor with satisfied smiles, their pricks remaining rigid, as my mom curls into a ball of sobbing tears.

My dad speaks to my uncle with a demonic pitch, "Call Nancy and have her return, and make sure she brings Noel for the boys."

My uncle nods with a smirk, picks up his cellphone and makes the requested call. "Don't ask questions, just get back here with Noel immediately."

"D-d-dad," I stutter, "what have you done, what are you doing, what happened to you?"

He glares at me with eyes that blaze with malice. "Every time you abused that innocent child, you gave me more strength to take greater control of this vessel until I could gain permanent possession."

The next morning I awaken to the muffled cries and spanking cheeks of Noel, bound and bent over the foot of my bed by Nathan.

He moans as he thrusts, "Sorry to wake you, Mikey, but I just can't seem to get enough of my little sister's tight teeny asshole!"

Whatever demonic force has possessed my dad also has a powerful influence over Nathan and my uncle but none over my mom, aunt, or Noel.

"No problem, Nate, it's cool." I rise onto my knees, pull the wadded panties from Noel's mewling mouth and shove my morning-woody in their place.

Last night when my aunt returned with Noel, my dad and uncle forcibly fucked my aunt while Nathan and I did the same to Noel. Not that I didn't enjoy fucking my little cousin, because I certainly did, but I didn't feel that I had any choice in the matter.

As Nathan continues to pelvis-spank her round cheeks, he groans with glee, "Fuck her face! Ram it down her throat! Make her gag on it!"

Noel looks up at me with tear-ridden eyes and whines around my cock crammed in her mouth, pleading for mercy I can't possible show her.

If I show any reluctance, I could be ravaged next. There's no telling what my possessed dad might do if I don't continue playing along.

So I fist Noel's ginger hair and slam my prick through her throat barrier all the way down her taut throat with a hip thrust.

Nathan cheers, "Ooh fuck yeah! Now rape her fucking throat!"

I hold her head in place, her face smashed against my crotch, and roll my hips to plunge her gagging gullet with my pulsing prick.

Nathan moans, "Her asshole clenches so fucking tight when she gags on your big dick!"

My bedroom door swings open and my naked mom informs, "Honey, when you're done playing with your cousin, breakfast will be waiting for you boys."

I can hear the smacking flesh and whimpering cries of my aunt being ravaged in the living room.

I reply, "Thanks, Mom, we'll be done here in a few minutes."

Her expression vacant, she monotones, "Take your time, no hurry."

Once she's gone, Nathan comments, "Your mom's got nice tits. I bet they'd feel good squeezed around my oiled dick."

I pull back briefly so Noel can catch her breath. "You wanna titty-fuck my mom?"

"Well, my mom's tits aren't really big enough to fuck."

"Yeah," I nod, "my mom's the only bitch here with a real set of tits."

"My mom's got a nice round ass though, don'tcha think?"

"Yeah, must be where Noel gets her nice round ass."

Noel glares up at me and I thrust my dick down her taut throat again.

Nathan pants, "So, after breakfast, do you wanna assfuck my mom while I titty-fuck yours?"

"Sure, why the fuck not."

Nathan gives me a high-five. "Hell yeah, we be fucking!"

"Yeah," I give a forced chuckle, "we sure be fucking."