The Phallus Bride ch-15

Lucy and I opened the door to the photo shop promptly at nine. Both of us were eager to get started upon our new career as camera bugs. As before, there was no one in the greeting room, but Helen burst through the curtains that isolated the rear of the shop.

“Aha right on time. Glad to see you. How has everything gone for you two?”

“Good. Really good. Both Lucy and I are well established in our new place and I think I can speak for the both of us when I say we are ready to get to work.”

“Fine. That’s just fine. Well now, suppose we head for my office because – after we parted company the other day – I realized that there were things that I must make clear to you.”

Lucy spoke up and asked, “What sort of things?”

“Well little gal, perhaps they won’t be as new and fresh to you as they might be to Susan. Still it won’t hurt to go over some things with the two of you. Please, sit!” Both of us fell – rather than sat – into chairs. Helen laughed at our eager display. “Okay, here we go. First off, Susan as I understand your condition, you have spent most of your life in Japan. Is that correct?”

‘Yes, except for the last few months”

“Then this is your first experience in America?” I nodded. “Lucy, I have been told that you have spent quite a bit of time in the company of a rather elderly American woman. Is that correct?” Lucy nodded. “Very well. My reasons for these opening questions are these: Susan a rather unusual epidemic has been sweeping across the United States for the past several years.”

I couldn’t fathom her reason for this rather abrupt opening.

“Susan I can see by the look on your face that you haven’t followed my questioning. I know that Lucy knows of what I am speaking?” Again, Lucy nodded. “Some years ago, a movement began within the U.S. to more or less legitimize incest. Unexpectedly, that movement caught on and acceptance of incestual relations between family members has rapidly increased. Mothers fuck sons; mothers fuck daughters; fathers fuck young daughters to such an extent that mother-father sex has all but disappeared. I’m afraid that I have to admit that an awful lot of the mothers are pleased with this development. They get more enjoyment and less pain fucking their children than they often experience when they fuck their husbands. Besides, the nasty-quotient in fucking your own children adds even more excitement to family sex. I have been told that, in many cases, the parents and their children have riotous joint sexual escapades. Now the client who I expect this morning is one of these kinds of females so we will merge sex with the daughter with that of the mother. I think, because of Lucy’s small size that she service the daughter and Susan you service the mother. Okay?”

Both Lucy and I quickly agreed to that arrangement.

We each poured ourselves a cup of the coffee that Helen had brewing and settled down to wait for our first assignment. Promptly at ten o’clock the door opened and a very pretty woman and her equally attractive daughter entered the studio. Helen introduced us to the clients and the mother agreed to have Lucy work with her daughter. I don’t think the daughter was terribly pleased over our arrangements, but there was little she could do. Helen and I took our positions in the room that looked into the, ‘photo room’ and Lucy and the daughter went into that room.

Helen asked the mother, “Do you care to listen in on what is said?”

The mother nodded so Helen reached over to a wall switch and we all could hear Lucy and the daughter. Lucy was talking to the girl in an attempt to discover just how far the parental sex had gone.

*“Do you and your mother have sex together often?”*

*“Sure. Almost every day. My mama likes to do crazy things.”*

*“Like what?”*

*“Oh we play caves most. My mama is really good at it because she is bigger than I am.”*

*“Well how old are you*?”

“*Almost twelve.”*

*“Tell me – how does this ‘caves game ‘ go?”*

*“Oh we both hide things in our cave and then it is the job of the other one to find what we have hidden. Mama always beats me ‘cause my cave is just too small.”*

*“Would you like to play some with me? My cave is not that large like your mama’s.”*

*The girl thought this over for several minutes and then she nodded her head.*

I immediately grabbed Helen’s arm and began vigorously shaking my head because – with the mother present – I couldn’t tell Helen what was about to happen. I wanted her to stop this, but she ignored me and made no move to halt what was happening in the other room. I was even more afraid of what was about to happen when I heard the little girl say,

*“Mama always goes first” and with that she spread he girlish legs so that her rather tiny slit was easily identifiable. Lucy was not one to hesitate when a sexual opportunity presented itself so her finger quickly buried itself in the little girl’s vagina and the game was on!*

*Lucy began moving her finger in and out of the girl’s vagina and there was an immediate reaction to Lucy’s experienced Lamia finger-fucking of the girl. She closed her eyes and lay back upon the cot giving Lucy free access to her most sensitive inside channel. I knew what Lucy was doing to the girl. Her longest finger was formed in a crook inside the girl’s vagina and the tip this finger was vigorously stroking the girl’s ‘G-spot’. The girl’s reaction was just what I would have expected. Her belly began to heave and her hips bucked. Her breathing was ragged and very rapid. Then Lucy applied the Coup d’gras. She applied her thumb to the girl’s still rudimentary clitoris. The girl immediately began shouting –*

*“MAMA! MAMA! I’m going to pee! Oh I can’t wait! Mamaaaa I’m peeing!”*

And a small stream of female ejaculate landed on Lucy’s face and arm. There was a deep silence on both sides of that one-way window. Lucy’s frantic operations upon the girl’s G-spot and clitoris had slowed and were almost completely stopped. The girl’s heaving belly and hips slowly slowed down until once again she was completely prone on the bedand her breathing gradually returned to normal. Each of us could see that she was smiling and giving every indication that she had been fully satisfied. She looked into Lucy’s eyes and I knew that Lucy had taken charge of her reactions.

Before I could stop these proceedings, the girl sat up and said to Lucy,

*“Now it is my turn!”*

*With a leering smile upon her face, Lucy leaned back and used both of her hands to open her cunt to the girl’s hands. I wanted to turn away, but I couldn’t so I watched almost in horror as I saw the girl’s tiny fingers reach out to Lucy’s cunt lips and then begin their slide into Lucy’s cunt!*

*Aside from Lucy, I was the only observer who knew what was about to happen for I knew that Lucy never went anywhere without her pet snake coiled tightly in her vaginal passage!*

*The girl paused unexpectedly and – with a frightened look – stared towards where her mother was standing. Even though she could not see her, she innocently sensed where her mother was. Then, ever so slowly, she began withdrawing her fingers from Lucy’s cunt and, as she did, there were gasps from both the mother and Helen, for her fingers were grasping the head and body of a small python!*

I thought her mother was going to faint so I did the only thing I could think of. I slid my hand under her short skirt and immediately placed my fingers on her G-spot and clitoris. Her eyes were wild and her expression was frantic, but her bodily reactions were being driven by the rape of her daughter and - as she watched her daughter surrendering to the ministrations of Lucy’s python - she began swishing her hips from side-to-side as my finger-fucking drove her closer and closer to an orgasm. She couldn’t take her eyes of her daughter who was still holding the snake and I thought that she was for certain going to collapse when she saw that her daughter – with a snide leer upon her face - was nonchalantly pushing that snake up into her own vaginal passage.

It was easy to see that, as the snake progressed deeper and deeper into the little girl’s cunt she once more climaxed for she began a frantic twisting of her hips and crotch area in an attempt to get the snake to a position where she could eplode!

The mother’s orgasm ripped into her guts and she collapsed onto the floor. I didn’t remove my fingers from her cunt so the two of us ended up laying on the floor. We lay there for several minutes while the mother slowly recovered her poise and then she bolted upright – nearly breaking my fingers – and began shouting at Helen. She was not happy over what she had seen her daughter do and she was blaming it all on Helen. To add to this bizarre situation, her daughter emerged from the camera room with the head of the snake protruding from her small-girl cunt.

With one swift, angry move, the mother grabbed the snake’s head and jerked it out of her daughter. This started the girl to wailing and screaming and, as near as I could make out, the daughter was desperate to have the snake once more pushed into her babyish cunt! Mother was having none of that so she grabbed her daughter’s hand and stomped out the door. Her final gesture was to yell at Helen that under no circumstances would she or her daughter ever return to this degrading, unholy den of iniquity.

The three of us stood there – nearly petrified - as this terrible show of anger and disgust played out before our eyes. Then Lucy and I turned to look at Helen and I said,

“Helen we are terribly sorry. There was no way we could foresee this happening or we would have prevented it. I’m afraid that we have totally ruined your business for the future. That woman will not only tell all of her friends, but she is very likely going to embroider the story even more so as to make it even more awful-sounding. I hope you understand our feelings in this matter and I think it is best that we get the hell out of here and leave you free to do whatever damage control is possible. Thanks for the opportunity to assist you.”

And, with that, both Lucy and I left the studio.

“Susan, do you think we will ever be invited back to Helen’s studio?”

“Lucy-girl, I haven’t the slightest idea. That will depend upon just how revengeful that woman is; how many of her acquaintances she blabs this to and how the local population reacts. All we can do is to hope we haven’t put Helen completely out of business!”

The next several months were hard for us to bear. We felt like hell, but, as I had said to Lucy, there was nothing for us to do except wait.

We spent our days planning attacks upon unsuspecting girls and women. Nights were spent in some of Sunnyvale’s crappier alleys and neighborhoods where we always found cunts and asses to assuage our sexual drive.

The waiting drug on and on until both Lucy and I had given up any hope of ever working with Helen again. Then, one day, when I returned from a short shopping trip, I found Lucy practically jumping with joy.

“Okay Lucy, tell me what has happened!”

“Phone call from Helen. She say she got many calls about, ‘special’ event – meaning us and our snake. She say that little girl tell all her friends about how we push snake into her little cunt and she tell them that her orgasm nearly tore her insides apart and –as soon as she gets old enough – and her momma can’t stop her - she gonna go back to Helen’s and have it done again! Seems like young girls been after their mommas to do the same thing! Now Helen’s business really booming and she wants us back. What you think?”

“I think that I shall call Helen and accept her offer for the two of us! That is, assuming that you are game for another try at the photographic world?”

“Oh boy! What you think? Take snake with us?”

I looked over at Lucy’s crotch to see the head of her snake peeping out between her outer cunt lips. I should have known that she would be ready for she seldom went around without an animal stuffed in her cunt.

“I think all of us – you, your snake, me and my snake should definitely call upon Helen!”

As it turned out, there apparently was quite a demand for sexual treatments of this kind among the womanhood of San Francisco - including their daughters - and the surrounding areas - treatments that were nasty, rare, looked upon with distaste by the religious crowd and yet so physically pleasing.

 In fact, Helen’s business grew to such a point that she went into the business of providing the animals and that greatly added to her income.

As for Lucy and me, we were pleased to have the opportunity to not only fuck these females – both young and old - but to induce a number of them to unite in forming a reptilian club!