



Bubba & Beau Varmint © Swampwulf

Artwork © Wolfblade
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Clan Varmint I: Hey Bro
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I'm not sure if it was the sound of the piece-of-shit, primer gray, step side pickup hitting the trashcan just outside the bedroom window or the slurred, incoherent curses that finally woke me up enough to realize that my older brother was home and drunker than usual.

I grumbled to myself in annoyance while trying to drown out the sounds of him trying to figure out how badly he'd dented the bumper then curse it one last time and give it a kick that most likely only made it worse. I didn't think I'd have much luck at it but I tried to force myself to drift back off before he stumbled into the house to sleep off his binge of alcohol and God's know what else. I kinda hoped that maybe he'd decide to watch a little bit of TV before he came to bed and would fall asleep in the lounge in the tiny living room like he sometimes did. It'd be a nice treat to have the bed to myself for a night instead of having to listen to him snore like a chainsaw right next to me.

I hadn't taken the time to hoof off and found that the sheets were more than a little tented as I woke up more fully. I instinctively rolled over to face the wall that the bed was pushed up against to hide it even though I was still alone, then buried my head under a pillow when I realized that I wasn't going to be so lucky tonight; I could be hear my older brother clopping unsteadily down the hall way towards the bedroom that we shared.

JoeBeth, thankfully, was over at her friend Marlene's house, babysitting. I wouldn't have to lie in bed and listen to them scream at each other about what an inconsiderate, alcoholic prick he was, and just what an ungrateful, overbearing whore she was. They were both jerks as far as I was concerned. They rarely bothered to take into account that not only was there usually someone asleep in the bedroom at the end of the little hall, but that the walls of the run down trailer we all shared were so thin that most of the Park could hear each bellowing, shrieking insult and curse quite clearly. It usually made for some uncomfortable stares when I took out the trash the next morning or was waiting for the bus to take me to school.

It was a warm night; humid and sticky, so I wasn't wearing anything at all under the thin, graying sheet. I'm not sure about my sister who had the other bedroom to herself, but neither my brother or myself wore anything during the summer. Despite this, I was sweaty-hot and I itched from where my nuts stuck to the inside of my thighs but didn't scratch, as I wanted to be lying still and quiet, pressed up against the wall when he finally came in. Hopefully, he'd fail to notice me and just crawl into bed and go to sleep without being an asshole or wanting to talk about his night like he sometimes did.

It sounded like a two hundred thirty pound pinball bouncing from one side of the hall to the other till, with a crash that shook the trailer, he stumbled into the door of the bathroom. Some incomprehensible muttering drifted down the tiny hallway, then the hollow waterfall noise of him relieving himself into the toilet, followed by the roar of him flushing it for a change, then a bit more stumbling around doing whatever it is that drunks do in the bathroom. I wouldn't know as it would be almost nine years before I could legally drink alcohol. Bubba started earlier than that of course. He'd just turned twenty-two, but he'd been staggering home like this for at least three or four years now; ever since the three of us had moved out of Ma and Pa's house out in the country and into the little trailer park on the edge of town.

I'd nearly managed to get back to asleep, lulled by the lingering quiet by the time that my brother finished up and made his way into the bedroom. I managed to remain still and tried as hard as I knew how to pretend to remain asleep even when he flopped down, face up, on the bed, fully dressed and sighed heavily.

I hoped that I'd hear him start snoring in a minute or so but my luck continued to be bad. He rolled awkwardly off the bed onto his hands and knees on the floor and groaned; muttering under his breath about how he wished the room would stop spinning. I winced and desperately hoped that he wouldn't barf, 'cause I'd be the one stuck cleaning it up while he griped and grumbled about me not doing it right or some bullshit. He pushed himself to his knees from the sound of it, and then I could hear him struggling to get his shirt off while cursing about the tiny room feeling like an oven. I couldn't argue with that as I pretty well felt that way myself. It took him a minute, but he finally managed to peel the light cotton button up off his broad shoulders, then with a heave that made me bounce on the bed he sat down on it, laid back, unbuckled his belt, popped the buttons of his 501's and kicked and struggled for a couple of minutes trying to peel them off as well.

Even when he was sober it took him a bit of effort to get in and out of them. He said he liked them tight because 'The Ladies appreciated a good show.' I thought he looked ridiculous in them as they clung tightly in back, making it obvious that he suffered from stereotypically skinny white-tail ass. Though I have to admit, they really showed off our genetic inheritance from our palomino grandsire. They fit snugly enough up front to outline the twin curves of his balls and the thick ridge of his limp dick stuffed down the inside left leg so that it pointed towards his knee. I mean it's not like I was in the habit of scoping out my brother's junk or anything, it's just that he never missed a chance to demonstrate that up front he was most definitely equine in build there and not so typically pencil-dicked like the majority of stags. He must have known what he was talking about because most weekend nights he either had a new 'girlfriend' with him, which meant that I got to sleep on the couch in the living room in a pair of gym shorts, or that he stayed over at her place if it got him laid more quickly. Those were the nights I relished. Peace, quiet, and the entire full sized bed to sprawl on.

The jeans eventually came off after a bit of a struggle. I could hear him kick them off, tossing them with one last sweep of a hoof so the over-sized belt buckle hit the door with a clank loud enough to make me jump again, then thumped onto the cheap linoleum flooring before he lay back down on the bed, stretched out hugely, and seemed to relax and then went still. Again I waited for snoring, but it was quiet; too quiet; and it made me nervous.

When he 'whispered' my name I just grunted sleepily and prayed that he'd leave me alone. He wanted to be 'sociable' it looked like. He got all chatty and motor-muzzled when he was drinking and it looked like I was going to be his target again tonight. I really hated these little sessions as he rarely made much sense, rambling on and on about whatever came into his head randomly, and he almost never remembered anything the next morning.

"You 'wake, Beau?, he tried again and shook me. He could be persistent. No question about that. That was as much part of Bubba as his drug and alcohol problems. I tried to make an annoyed sound that carried what I hoped he'd interpret as 'leave me alone I'm sleeping' without annoying him. You didn't want to annoy Bubba. Really you didn't, especially when you were ten years younger than him, like I was, and weighed a good seventy pounds less than his rock solid two hundred and twenty.

I thought that he'd gotten the clue as he stayed still for almost a whole minute. But then he rolled over, closer to me, and did something that he never did. He snuggled up against me.

I could feel the stiff length of his thirteen-inch erection pressed up along my back and I tensed. Like I said, our palomino grandsire on Ma's side of the family left us pretty 'gifted' in that department. We were alike in that way, but Bubba, being full-grown, made my eight inches seem puny by comparison. I'd seen him naked before, of course, same as he had me. I've shared a room with him since I was big enough that I didn't need a crib in Ma and Pa's room back at the old house, and once or twice I'd woken up in the middle of the night and had it been pressed up against my leg or something but nothing like this! Right now it felt huge, somehow obscenely so, resting along the valley between the cheeks of my butt, pushing my tail to the side, and poking just at the top of the small of my back. Knowing that he was awake and at least half way aware of what he was doing made me feel suddenly cold and a little sick to my stomach.

"Shhh..." he whispered into my ear as his arm slipped over my hip and fumbled with the thin sheet covering me. His breath smelled sweet from the beer he'd been drinking all night and his words were slightly slurred as he mumbled into my ear. "S'alright." The soft wash of his breath tickled the fine hair along the inside of my ear but I sure didn't feel like giggling. It made me shiver despite the sultry heat of the suddenly cramped, claustrophobic room and made me want to curl myself into a tight ball and hide. It was ridiculous, of course, but I was young enough that the instinct to freeze and not run was still ingrained in me.

His rough, calloused hand finally managed to dig around enough so that he was able to push aside the sheet and take hold of my pecker. I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to think about the baseball game last week where I'd made that really good catch, or swimming down at the creek back in the wood behind Ma and Pa's house with Timmy Ratliff and Adam Boudreaux, or going out with Auntie Marie and picking Mayhaw berries and helping her make jelly, but none of it did any good. I kept getting stiffer and stiffer till I was rock hard in his fist and he was stroking all up and down it, giving a little squeeze every time he'd push the vestigial medial ring that none of the other bucks I knew except me and Bubba had through his clenched fist. He knew, all too well, how good it felt to do that, having one himself. I may have been a lot younger than he was, and blond headed as opposed to his dark swarthy hair, but we were still brothers and were built a lot alike; he knew just how and where to touch me so that my body reacted despite my fear and discomfort.

I struggled to stay silent, desperately hoping that he'd get bored with his weird game. But I couldn't help but let a tiny whimper slip out of my muzzle when his big, meaty hand slipped down to the root of my quivering boner and cupped, then firmly squeezed my balls.

"Feels good, don't it, Runt?, he muttered in a deep baritone rumble as his hips began a slow, steady grind; dragging his horse-thick, foot-plus long shaft back and forth between my buns. He'd pull it back on occasion so that the tapered, arrowhead-shaped tip would nudge up against my fear-clenched pucker. "Like when you an' me played 'Doctor' with Eva Boudreaux?"

My eyes snapped open and I jerked, making Bubba laugh quietly and start stroking my dick again, keeping me hard as a rock and making it twitch now and then as the memory of that afternoon flooded back into my brain.

This was only the second time anyone other than me had touched me down there. The first was the mare, Eva, that Bubba had brought up. We'd both ended up having sex with her up in my tree house back home when I'd turned ten and I couldn't help but push into his fist harder and harder at the memory of feeling my dick sink, balls deep, into her hot, buttery-soft folds.

I wondered if this was how *she* felt when he'd forced his way between her legs after she'd given me my 'birthday present' and I pulled out of her dripping cunt; prying them apart with his knees so roughly, then made her cry out when he shoved his much larger prick into her. The fourteen year old mare had been incredibly tight around my still developing seven inches so I can't imagine what it must have been like when Bubba had used my cum as lube and simply punched his meat into her. Just three or four impatient thrusts was all it took for him to hilt his cock into her before and began to saw away at her brutally for several endless minutes, till he yanked out and made a mess all over the floor; right next to where I was curled up, furtively watching with wide frightened eyes as he violated her.

I'd always felt bad about how he'd snarled at her and told her she'd better keep her mouth shut about everything that just happened 'cause she'd get in trouble for fucking a kid. That since he'd pulled out before shooting, the only evidence of what happened would be my own pre-teen load; now a frothy, churned up mess dripping from her bruised and bleeding folds, and his word against hers.

My mind was suddenly brought back to what was happening here and now when he began to nip at my shoulder and then push the slimy tip of his erection more and more insistently against me up under my tail. His hand never stopped its pleasurable torture, tearing me between telling him to stop and wanting more of the nut clenching friction up and down my pulsing shaft.

I found it hard to breathe when he finally managed to work the head of his meaty buckhood past my pucker and into me. The words he said made me shiver and whimper, as they were the same exact ones that he'd told her so long ago as she cried and struggled under him. "So tight. Just relax and let me show you how the big boys do it now, Puddin'." I couldn't help but wonder, even as I clenched my eyes and grunted while he began to push several more inches of himself into me before he started to rock back and forth, if it was *me* that he was doing this to, or Eva all over again.

It hurt like nothing else I'd ever felt. I instinctively struggled to pull away from him some to ease the burn of him splitting me open with his thick girth. This only caused him to growl in my ear and force himself closer up behind me, pinning me firmly against the wall that the bed was pushed up against.

It was the perfectly wrong thing to do as, once again, I heard him repeat more of those long-ago spoken words that felt burned into my brain. "You ain't going nowhere you little cunt. Just relax and take it. You might even enjoy it if you give it half a chance."

He kept going for a couple of minutes, pushing in slowly deeper and deeper till he had at least half of himself in me. Then suddenly I felt something happen that made me spasm and push back, just a little. I felt him nudge up against something inside me that made my pecker lurch and spatter a gobbet of syrupy goo onto the wall, rolling down it.

Bubba just groaned deep in his chest as my ass chewed toothlessly around him, then he mumbled something about me being a good mare and that he wasn't going to pull out this time. That kind of freaked me out, but it made me relax a little bit too. He was obviously so wasted that he thought I was Eva, or one of his other girlfriends of the week. I wasn't here anymore. I wasn't his baby brother. I was just some tight hole that he was fucking.

His thrusts were getting more insistent at this point and I was grateful that, due to the way we were positioned, his hard belly was smacking against the back of my thighs and not my butt. If he'd pulled me down further onto him he'd have torn me up pretty bad, but as it was I was just trying hard not to think too much about the feelings coursing through me. It seemed to go on forever, but it was probably only four or five minutes before his thrusts sped up into hard staccato pounding that made the bed rock and pound against the wall. It was a sound that I was familiar with hearing from the living room when he brought a date home to sleep with. I was mildly horrified that the thought made my balls begin to clench up and the burning ache in my ass was changing into a pleasant heat till with a sharp gasp I cried out and began to paint the wall with hard steady pulses of goo.

That seemed to trigger Bubba's orgasm too. He gave a couple more hard thrusts that almost knocked the breath out of me, then tensed, every muscle in his body stiffening as his massive prick throbbed in me as he sprayed his syrupy seed up into my guts. His muzzle ended up resting in the crook of my neck and shoulder, his fist slowly going slack around my still twitching shaft as we lay there. His peter was still stuck deep in me though it had gone soft. I was afraid to move, to make any noise at all that might rouse him up with us touching, connected like this. His snoring began about a minute later, right in my ear. Still I didn't move till I felt him drooling down onto my neck. I elbowed him lightly then. He snorted, mumbled something about paying his bar tab later, and then rolled over onto his other side, taking the covers with him.

I lay there, still pressed up against the wall, as far away from him as I could get and simply felt numb everywhere except where I ached. I knew what had just happened, I could feel the now seemingly icy cold night air washing into my still gaping ass and a trickle of my brother's load trickled across my butt cheek and then drip onto the sheet under me. Bubba'd just fucked me while in a drunken stupor, somehow thinking I was the first girl I'd ever had sex with and, much to my still dawning surprise, I'd liked it. I'd c hard. I could smell it and knew I would till I pulled the bed away from the wall and scrubbed my semen from the cheap fake wood paneling.

I remember seeing daylight begin to creep through the thin tattered curtains that covered the single small window in the room before I finally succumbed to exhaustion and slept fitfully. At least till Bubba woke up, in a foul mood due to his hang over, and thumped me on the head, muttering something about the smell of me having jerked off in the room.

I didn't know what to say as it had been him, of course, that had given me the reach around hoofjob last night but I just muttered an apology under my breath and let him think what he wanted. He showered, got dressed, and left, still muttering about his head ache before I managed to pull myself out of the unkempt bed and staggered gingerly into the bathroom and turned on the shower. There wasn't much warm water left after Bubba had gotten done, never mind hot, but I curled up and let it rain down on me till it had turned icy cold, making me feel on the outside like I felt on the inside. But even so, I'd never cum so hard in my life. And wouldn't cum that hard again for a few years, till I ran into, well... you'll see.