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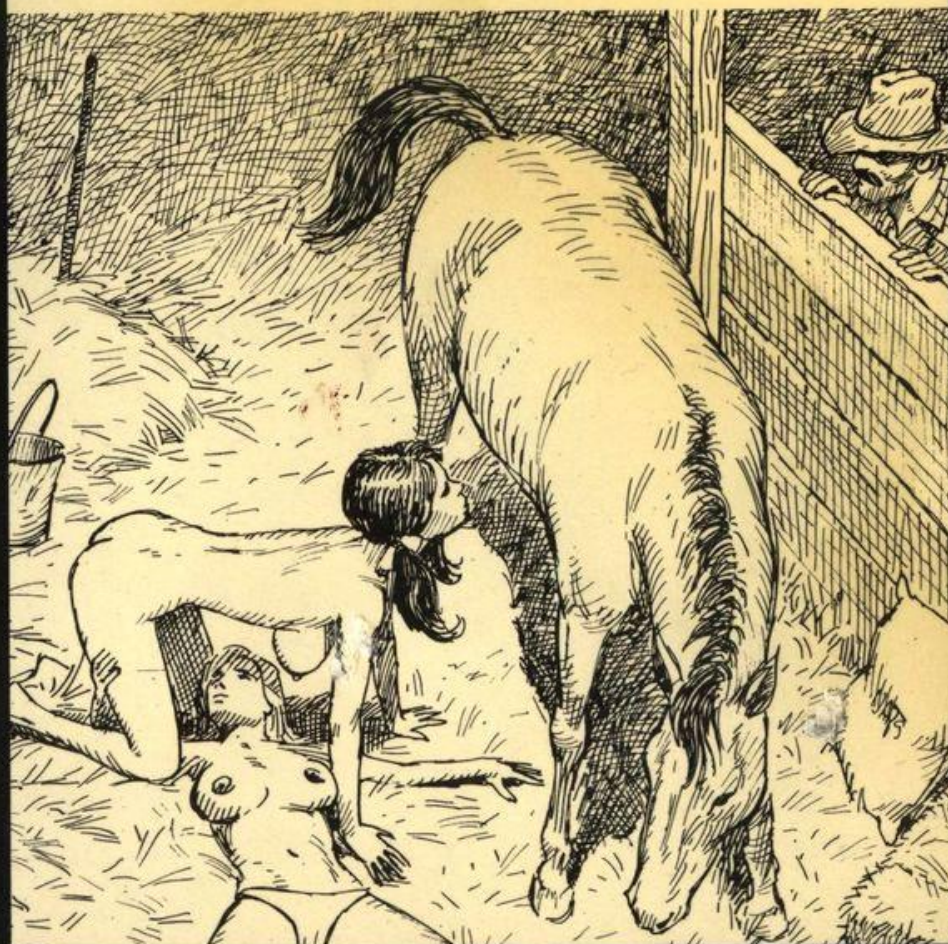
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HORSE-LOVING NEIGHBOR GIRL

by David Crane



CENTAUR SERIES

FOREWORD

The process of growing up, of passing through the age of adolescence has, through the ages, been marked by great inner turmoil, uncertainty, and tremendous pressures from family and peer group alike. Certainly, in our society today, the problems of youth appear to be more marked than ever before.

We hear constant reports of the pervasive use of drugs in our schools. Of shoplifting and other petty—and not so petty—crimes. Of promiscuity and dangerous VD epidemics.

Marianne Fielding is a teenager embarking on her own special journey into adolescence. She finds herself plagued by her powerful emotions, sometimes feeling guilty about her awakening sexuality, sometimes getting angry over imagined slights and youthful misjudgments.

HORSE-LOVING NEIGHBOR GIRL the story of one average young American girl's coming of age. A lesson to us all. A reminder, once again, that growing up is not easy.

□The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

Marianne Fielding was surprised to discover that her pussy was starting to get hot. The fact in itself was no surprise because, at her young and tender age, Marianne frequently had a hot, juicy pussy, but that usually happened when she was thinking about boys she knew or movie stars or rock groups. What surprised her today was that her cunt was getting creamy without any erotic thoughts at all. Far from it, for she was engaged in her second favorite activity, riding a horse. Her first favorite activity was fingerfucking herself, which she had been doing with great frequency and regularity and fervor for the last year or so. Marianne was still a virgin, quite innocent and inexperienced. She had discovered the joys of coming more or less by accident, to begin with. She had been in the bathtub, soaping herself and thinking dreamily about a particularly handsome boy she knew. As she lathered her plump tits, her nipples got stiff and sensitive.. It felt good. She had lifted her firm, thrusting tit-mounds in her hands and fingered her taut nipples and wished that it were that handsome boy doing it to her.

Her cunt had begun to simmer.

Marianne's sexual knowledge at that time had been minimal and her experience nonexistent, but instinct had told her that it would feel good to soap her crotch, the same as it did to lather up her tits. She had begun to work the suds into her cunt with both hands, her head tilted back, a happy smile on her sensual lips.

Steam drifted up from the hot bath water.

But all of a sudden her cunt felt hotter than that water that it was submerged in. The sensation was so intense that it startled the young girl, almost frightening her, but it felt so lovely that she did not want to stop.

The slippery soap slid around on her pussy. She arched her back and rested her head against the end of the bathtub and lifted her knees up from the water, parting her thighs. Her slim belly heaved and pumped and her taut ass churned about.

Then she was coming!

“Oh, my God!” she gasped as the thrill hit her.

Ribbons of creamy cunt juice floated away from her pussy and the hot flashes of her coming shot through the girl, causing her whole nubile body to vibrate and shudder.

When it was over, she lay back and puzzled over just what had happened to her mind and her body. Marianne realized that she had had a sexual experience and she blushed. She knew, vaguely, about masturbation^ from hearing some of the more adventurous girls talking about it at school.

Gee, I must have jerked off, she thought.

She blushed, embarrassed at having done such a naughty thing. But not so embarrassed that, a few minutes later, she did not do it again. And she had been doing it ever since.

She usually fingerfucked herself twice a day, once in the morning, when she had just awakened and was still foggy from her slumber, then again at night as she drifted off to a contented sleep. She also did it in the bathtub sometimes, sort of in honor of that first enlightening occasion. But she didn't normally fingerfuck herself during the course of the day, and certainly not when she was engaged in other activities instead of stimulating fantasies, which was why she was so surprised to find her cunt steaming now.

What on earth did riding a big, black stallion have to do with getting horny?

The stallion belonged to the woman who lived next door to Marianne in the fashionable suburb of Royal Oak. Marianne had learned to ride at the local riding stables, on placid mares and geldings, suitably fitted out in jod-phurs and helmet and riding boots, and had never found it erotic. A few weeks ago, Jessica Turnbull had moved into the place down the lane, a large house set in landscaped surroundings, with a barn at the back.

She had brought her horse with her.

Marianne had been looking out the window the day the horse arrived in a trailer and the magnificent animal had impressed the girl. The stallion's coat was a glossy black and his big, brawny body rippled with muscle and sinew. Its mane was long and flowing, its arched neck showing Arabian blood, its tail dark and silken. It had a graceful head and an intelligent eye.

Marianne wanted to ride the splendid creature.

She had made a point of meeting the new neighbor, who was an attractive, unmarried woman in her thirties. Marianne had mentioned how much she loved horses and how lovely the black stallion was, and then had offered to groom the beast and even to clean out the stables.

Jessica Turnbull had smiled in a strange way and offered to let Marianne ride Jupiter whenever she liked.

Today was the girl's first ride on the stallion.

She wasn't dressed the way she would have been had she gone to the riding stables, where things were done in fashion. It was a warm day and the little teenager was wearing a pair of tight denim shorts and a cotton tee shirt.

She wondered if her clothes had anything to do with the way she was becoming aroused. It seemed likely. Between her boots and her very brief shorts, her shapely legs were bare and she was well aware of the power and warmth of the horse's flanks between her thighs. The tight shorts enveloped her crotch, too, so that she was stimulating herself as she moved in the saddle.

Marianne wished she were riding bareback.

She walked the mighty beast up country lanes and nudged him into a canter across a level field.

Her nipples were sticking out in twin points against her cotton shirt and her cunt got hotter and hotter.

It felt lovely but, in a way, Marianne was annoyed with herself. She had really been looking forward to riding the magnificent stallion, and now she was not really able to enjoy the pleasures of riding because her cunt was demanding most of her attention. She knew what the trouble was. She had been so eager to ride that morning that she had gotten right out of bed as soon as she woke up, without giving herself her usual morning handjob.

How silly of me, Marianne thought.

She should have known better. Once when she had overslept on a school day she'd had to really hurry and had no time for a fingerfuck-ing session. All that day in class she had been aware of her creamy, smoldering pussy. Her cunt had squished so loudly when she shifted in her seat that the girl had blushed with embarrassment and her stiff-nippled tits had drawn the overt attention of a few grinning, leering boys. Even her teacher, a man, had seemed to look at her in an interested way. It had been a terrible day. Marianne had rushed home after school and fingerfucked herself to a frazzle. She had made up her mind never again to oversleep and neglect her morning handjob and submit herself to another day of such frustration and embarrassment.

But she had made the same mistake today.

And what was she going to do about it?

Marianne tried to ignore the demands of her cunt, promising herself a long and luxurious handjob as soon as she got home. She drove her heels into the horse's flanks, urging him to greater speed. They pounded across the field, smoothly switching from a canter to a gallop. The landscape flashed past in a blur. Her sweet ass shifted around and her smooth thighs gripped the horse tightly. Her long, blonde hair streamed out behind her. It was fantastically exciting! But it would have been even better if her pussy was cooled off.

She reined in when they came to a grove of trees on the far side of the field.

The big horse snorted and blew and pranced about. He, too, had enjoyed the fleet gallop. He was lathered up and his mighty body seemed charged with an electric current, trembling between the girl's thighs. She stroked his arched neck and he nickered.

But damn it all, she was still horny.

Marianne sighed. She guessed that she was going to have to end the ride sooner than she'd planned to, return the stallion to Jessica's and then go home for a handjob. It seemed a terrible shame not to take advantage of a whole morning of free and exciting horse riding, but she really wasn't able to properly enjoy the sport while her cunt was begging for attention.



If only she could get her rocks off, so that she could relax and enjoy the ride.

Oh, did she dare?

Marianne looked around her. It was a secluded spot and there was no one in sight. Marianne was thrilled by the daring naughtiness of her idea! She had never masturbated in the open air before, never had the nerve, but neither had she had such an urgent need to get her rocks off before, either.

She imagined it would be really thrilling to feel the cool breeze blowing over her steaming cunt and to savor the exciting feeling of danger of discovery.

The girl grinned, her mind made up.

Marianne shifted, moving first one hip and then the other and working her pussy around in the saddle. The crotchband of her denim shorts was soaking wet and the saddle was slippery from her overflow. The saddle horn stood up like an erect prick, she thought. Well, in fact, she had never seen an erect prick, being an innocent teenager, so she didn't know, really, but it was a pretty thought.

She nudged the stallion into the grove of trees and slid lithely from the saddle.

The horse tossed his handsome head, his wide nostrils flaring, as he scented the girl's sexual arousal. But Marianne failed to notice the horse's interest, at the moment. She had had no sexy thought about the animal and supposed that her horniness had been caused simply by the friction of cunt and saddle, not by the stimulation of a powerful, potent stallion. Marianne truly was innocent and the thought of bestiality had never occurred to her.

The stallion, in fact, knew a lot more about such things than Marianne did . . . and was a lot more experienced.

She led him by the reins, then hitched the horse to the limb of a pine tree. He stood patiently, steam rising from his lathered black coat, his long, silken tail swishing.

Marianne walked back into the trees a few paces, her pretty face flushed with excitement and expectation. She really was an adorable little creature, more than she knew, in fact, in her innocence. She had wide blue eyes, a turned-up nose and a full lower lip that turned out slightly, as if she were pouting, the sort of mouth into which men love to slide their pricks. There was a scattering of freckles across her cheeks, just slightly darker than her suntan, and her long golden hair had been streaked by the sun. Her appearance was a delightful combination of innocent youth and rapidly forming sensual womanhood, that of a virgin in need of fucking.

Her body, too, was delightful. Her tits were plump and firm and jutted out saucily, bobbl-ing just the right amount when she moved. Her legs were sleek and smooth and her ass was a marvel, sweeping out from her narrow waist into a heart shape. Her belly was trim and just slightly rounded.

Marianne had no idea how desirable she was. She would have been amazed if she had known how many boys at school lusted for her and fantasized about her, and how much jism had been pumped out by hand as they pretended they were fucking her juicy cunt or slipping it into her sexy mouth.

But no one had ever tried to seduce her. The boys thought that she was untouchable, the sort of girl who was more interested in riding horses than in being ridden by boys and too timid to risk her scorn and refusal. They would have been amazed if they had known that Marianne masturbated every bit as often as any of them did.

They would have been even more amazed had they known what form her love of horses was soon going to take.

So, too, would Marianne have been, in fact.

The pretty blonde teenager stood in the shadows under the leafy boughs and looked all around her to make sure that there was no one lurking in the trees. Oh, how delightfully naughty and dangerous and daring this was! She was as stimulated mentally as she was physically as she prepared to enjoy her first-ever, open-air fingerfucking.

She cupped her tits in both hands, squeezing the globes and then working her fingers over her nipples. Fiery sensation shot from her tit tips and coursed through her belly. She felt weak-kneed with passion. Her eyes were narrowed, her lips parted. She was panting. She drew her tee shirt up and began to play with her naked tits, pulling at her nipples and feeling the little nuggets explode in her fingers. She lifted her fat titmounds and pushed them together into a deep cleavage, her face tilting down as she looked at her lovely handfuls. She wondered what it would be like to have a boy feel her tits, even better, to have some horny young man suck on them.

The thought caused her cunt to open and flow.

Marianne looked around again and then, grinning happily, unfastened the snap of her denim shorts and slowly tugged them down, squirming to get her ass and hips free of the tight garment.

Her soaked panties went down with the shorts.

She kicked one foot free, then left shorts and panties around the other ankle, like a hobble.

Her pussy felt even hotter now that it was naked to the fresh air and wafted by the breeze. Her furry pussymound was a mass of golden curls, spreading out in a wide vee on her lower belly. Between her thighs, her pussy was steaming. Her cuntlips had unfurled like the petals of a fleshy pink flower and those petals were streaked with the sparkling dew of her desire. Her open cuntslot was awash with cuntjuice and her rigid clit stood out, as stiff as her nipples, like a little nugget rising from her swampy fuckhole.

Marianne looked down, between her tits, at her loins. She pushed her belly out and spread her thighs and dipped at the knees so that she was able to gaze right at her creamy cunt. The sight thrilled her. She was very fond of her pussy, because the juicy thing afforded her so much pure pleasure. But she returned the favor, of course, her busy hands and fingers giving her hot cunt as much joy as it, in turn, brought to her when she climaxed.

And she would soon be coming, she knew.

Normally, Marianne liked to linger over a handjob, trying not to come too quickly, enjoying the gradual build-up toward the peak. Sometimes, when she was just about to come, she would force her hands to stop moving and let her pussy cool down a bit before she continued, working up to the crest three or four times before she finally carried on through a shuddering climax.

But today she was so stimulated that she knew she was going to come very quickly.

As she gazed down at her pussylips, she saw a trickle of creamy cunt nectar run down her thigh. She gasped at the thrilling sight, watching the slippery ribbon slowly slide down her smooth, suntanned flesh, leaving a glistening trail, like the track of a snail, in its wake. Her hairy cuntlips fluttered and parted even more and her open fuckslot filled up with thick cream.



Marianne's face was contorted by passion. Her pink tongue flicked across her lower lip. Her tits rose and fell with the panting of her breath. She didn't think that she had ever been so hot before. She spread one hand onto her belly, fingers splayed out, and cupped her moist cunt mound. Her loins felt so fiery that she thought she might burn her hand. Her other hand began to trace up and down the in-sides of her parted thighs, stroking and fondling. She enjoyed these preliminaries, playing around the edges of her cunt before she touched it. Often she would spend a long time stroking herself before she began working on her pussy. But the horny teenager was too desperate for an orgasm to fool around today.

She dipped a hand into her crotch.

"Ooooh," she purred as her clit sparked against her palm and her fuckhole flowed over her fingers. She used her fingertips to spread her cuntlips wide open. The scent of aroused pussy wafted from between her legs. She traced along her pink cuntlips and flicked her fingertips over her tingling fuck button. She felt as if her whole body was melting. Her other hand moved behind her, a finger running up and down the taut crack of her grinding ass, tapping at her asshole, then dipping into her crotch from behind. She played with her pussy with both hands. Her hips churned and her belly pumped. Her sleek thighs relaxed, then tensed. She rose onto her toes, her strong thighs trembling. Her face was flushed with desire and her head was spinning.

The horny girl began working with great concentration toward her orgasm then.

Marianne began to fingerfuck up into her cunthole with one hand while she massaged her clit with the other. She used her middle finger alone at first, and then added her index finger and ring finger. Now she was stuffing three stiff digits up her fuckhole, just as if, bunched together, they were a cock.

She pulled and rolled and strummed her clit.

Cuntjuice poured into her palms and ran down her wrist. Ribbons of the stuff seeped down her trembling legs. The delicious aroma of sexual arousal was sweet on the air.

The stallion was very aware of that scent.

He nickered softly.

But Marianne failed to notice the sound, for there was a buzzing in her ears and a loud drumming in her breast and her blood was pounding through her veins.

The thrill began, running in an electric current up her thighs and coursing across her belly in waves. The waves came faster and faster, each one following upon the previous one so quickly that soon they were merging into one crest. Her stiff fingers plunged in and out of her cunthole faster and faster, and she was rubbing her fuck button furiously as the peak approached. Cuntjuice sprayed from her, pumped out by her frigging fingers. A fly hung in the air around her crotch and heavy buzzing filled her ears before it landed on the ground at her feet.

"God! God!" she moaned.

She was so hot that she half expected her cunt to suddenly ignite, bursting into flames, flames that could only be quenched in the deluge of cuntjuice that the great heat had inspired.

Then the teenager was shaking violently.

She hovered at the peak, her whole nubile body trembling, her hands frigging frantically. Then she crashed from that peak into a violent coming that left her breathless. The cuntjuice flooded from her, soaking her thighs and her hands. She kept on massaging and fondling, working off spasm after spasm of pure joy. Each time she thought that she had finished, a new peak rushed through her. Her legs had turned to water, all of her vitality was seeping into her cunt. She slowly sank to her knees in the grass, still frigging wildly at her pussy, her sweet ass churning from side to side.

Kneeling, she frigged out another spasm.

Then she curled onto her side, one knee raised, and worked off yet another dynamic, rippling crest.

At long last she was drained.

She lay back in the grass for a moment, smiling contentedly, looking up at the blue sky and the fluffy white clouds that looked so much like what she imagined jism looked like. Her pussy slowly began to cool. She gave it another tentative stroke, just to make sure that she had worked off every last spasm and milked out every precious drop of cuntjuice. Then she drew her sticky hands away and let her cunt cool in the breeze.

Marianne felt a lot better now. She felt wonderful, in fact. Now she would be able to enjoy riding the big, black horse without that nagging demand from her crotch.

She used her panties to mop up her pussy and thighs and to wipe her hands clean of cuntjuice. The panties had been soaking-wet, anyhow. She folded them up and put them in her hip pocket, knowing that she would have to remember to wash them out before her mother noticed their creamy condition.

She squirmed back into her tight shorts, working them up over her naked hips and belly. She was smiling happily, very pleased with herself for having dared to masturbate in a public place, and for having enjoyed it so much.

Her legs still felt weak and Marianne hoped she would have no trouble posting when the horse trotted. She went back through the trees to the horse and stopped dead in her tracks.

The stallion had a hard-on!

The horse had not been able to see what the girl was doing, from where he was tethered, but that made no difference at all to his equine awareness. Scent was more crucial than sight in the sexual affairs of a horse and the aroma of hot pussy and steaming cuntjuice had been heavy on the air. Jupiter was no novice in such matters, having mounted many a mare and, more to the point where Marianne was concerned, being owned by a woman like Jessica Turnbull. Yes, the stallion knew what that fragrant scent implied.

As he stood tied to the tree, aware of what was going on just on the other side of the grove, the horse had tossed his head and nickered and pawed at the ground. His balls had begun to swell up first, and then his prick had started to harden and elongate. It was a massive prick, glossy black like the rest of the beast, and it grew inch by inch as it sprouted from his loins.

He was fully erect when Marianne returned.

The girl stared at the horse in shock.

She stared, in particular, at his cock and balls. Those balls were as big as melons, bloated and

swollen and jammed between his hind legs. His prick was rock hard and quivering like a tuning fork. His cockshaft looked as big as her whole torso, she thought. The black sheath had slipped back, revealing his prickhead. That was the most thrilling part of all, she thought. His gigantic cockhead was dark gray, a great slab of slippery meat, pulsing and throbbing. The cleft in his prickt看ip was gaping open wide.

Jupiter turned his head, graceful neck arching, to look at the girl.

Marianne, embarrassed, lowered her eyes.

But then she just had to raise them again, staring in awe and fascination at the stallion's cock.

She was embarrassed. She realized why the stallion had a hard-on, that he must have scented her hot cunt and, although he was only a dumb animal, still she was ashamed that the horse knew she had been frigging herself off.

But she was thrilled, too.

Marianne had never seen an erect prick before, and what a first-time sight that stallion's cock made!

The beast nickered softly, encouragingly, maybe even a little bit coaxingly, she thought. Then she blushed furiously at the very idea. He was just an animal, she told herself. He didn't even know why his cock had gotten hard.

Still, the way he was looking at her . . .

Gee, she sure hoped that the horse's hard-on went away before she had to return him to Jessica, she thought. It would sure be embarrassing to ride him in with that enormous cockshaft jutting out under him, the knob extended almost to his chest.

She continued to gaze at his prick.

Her pussy twitched and started to heat up again. Marianne was aghast! She had just had a climax! Why was her greedy cunt getting aroused again so soon? Could it be because she was looking at that magnificent horse cock? She blushed even deeper. What a wicked idea! And yet she could not deny her fascination.

Marianne felt confused and uncertain but she knew that she could not just stand there, looking at the stallion's prick all day. She approached the beast warily. He tossed his head and his powerful haunches gave a little lurch, driving his iron-hard cock forward and back in a fucking motion. His balls swung back and forth at the root of his prickshaft, so full of cum they seemed about to explode. The girl could scent the animal's arousal just as he had scented hers, musky and compelling. Dark thoughts drifted through her mind.

She stood beside him, forcing herself to look away from the wonder sprouting from his hindquarters. She grasped the saddle horn in one hand, preparing to mount. But then she couldn't help herself. Whimpering and gulping, the girl reached under the stallion and touched the head of his cock.

"Ooooooh," she moaned as she felt his massive prickhead. It was hard, yet smooth, like a lump of iron that had been encased in a rubber sheath. She ran her hand over the huge knob and the horse snorted and humped, pushing his prick against her hand.

Dizzy with desire, Marianne jerked her hand away, frightened by her own emotions.

She was a good girl! She would never play with an animal's prick! she told herself, while some dark, deep part of her mind mocked her for such a resolve.

Marianne looked at her hand, the hand that had momentarily fondled the stallion's cockhead, intrigued, half expecting to see some sign of her naughtiness, some branded scar or blemish. Still flushed and breathing hard, she shook her head. She summoned up all of her willpower against the urge that she felt to touch his giant prick again, to fondle his cock and caress it and to look at it very close up, while her hands moved all over the knob.

But no, that would be too, too wicked and it would tease the poor horse terribly, as well.

Marianne, though an innocent teenager, got herself under control with a mighty effort.

"Naughty horse!" she scolded as if it was all his fault and none of hers.

The stallion looked puzzled by her tone of voice.

Marianne placed her foot in the stirrup and she swung up into the saddle. She adjusted her seat and took up the reins. The horse was quivering under her and for a moment she just sat there, amazed by her own behavior and emotions. She was determined to frig herself off at least twice before she ever mounted that stallion again!

Then it would be safe, she knew. The only reason the horse had become aroused was because she had been fingerfucking herself and she would avoid that in the future.

Marianne dug her heels in and started the stallion moving back across the field. After a few minutes she tilted down in the saddle and looked under him and was relieved to find that his hard-on, although not yet completely gone, was no longer so apparent. She guessed his cock would be soft by the time she took him home so that she wouldn't have to explain anything to Jessica Turnbull.

But Jessica Turnbull needed no explanations. She knew all about such things.

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CHAPTER TWO

Jessica Turnbull stood at the tall French windows, holding the heavy velvet drapes back so that she could look out and watch young Marianne returning on the stallion. A secretive smile played about the woman's lips. The tip of her tongue slipped slowly across her wide, generous mouth, a mouth that was generous not only in its proportions, but also in the pleasures it gave to others.

Jessica was a tall woman, with long, well-formed legs and large, thrusting tits. Because she was tall, she looked slender, but there were a lot of curves and a lot of smooth flesh packed under her modest green dress. The dress was deliberately chosen for modesty today; she was not ready to reveal her inclinations quite yet. Her green eyes were the same color as the dress and her hair was as dark as that of her black stallion, and worn in an intricate fashion of ringlets and curls. She had a cool, aristocratic appearance which masked the raging passions that drove the oversexed woman.

Her jade-green eyes glinted as she watched the teenager ride down the lane. Her tongue slid across her lips again. Marianne was a very sexy little piece, thought Jessica. She loved the way the girl's tits bounced inside her tee shirt and she adored the way her smooth thighs clung to the horse's sides.

She was looking forward to having those thighs clinging to her face in the near future.

That was one of the reasons, although not the only one, that Jessica kept the horse. She knew that a lot of teenaged girls adored riding and she knew that something about being mounted on a stallion always made those girls horny. Maybe it was the rubbing motion against the girl's crotch or maybe it was the latent sexual power of the big animal. She wasn't sure which and she didn't give a shit, as long as it worked to her advantage.

Marianne was turning into the yard.

Her shorts were drawn right up into the vee of her crotch so that Jessica was able to see a few curly wisps of pubic hair sticking out from the leg holes.

The woman laughed softly at herself. She had realized that she was jealous of the saddle upon which Marianne sat!

Soon her face would take the place of that saddle, she hoped.

Jessica simply adored sucking cunts. She liked other things, as well, such as dildo-fucking girls, but mainly she loved to suck and tongue away on a juicy pussy.

Jessica had learned about her oral inclinations at an early age. An older girl had asked Jessica to eat her out, right out of the blue. Jessica had been startled and declined at first. But the horny older girl had lifted her skirt, revealing the fact that she wore no panties, and she showed Jessica her cunt. Jessica had gazed at it, fascinated, not sure why it looked so tasty, but knowing that her mouth had started to water for the creamy treat.

"Please? Just give it a lick to see if you like it, okay, honey?" the girl had pleaded.

"You won't tell anyone?" Jessica asked.

"Oh, no! I promise!"

Thus assured that no one would ever find out how naughty she had been, Jessica had gone down on the other girl and, with the very first lick, found her calling in life. She had never known anything as good as sucking pussy and she used her tongue and lips with all the skill of a veteran cuntlapper. Jessica had seemed to know instinctively just how to go about it to make it best for the girl, eager to have that juicy, delicious pussy cream in her mouth. She was so enthusiastic and naturally talented that the girl came within moments, and then it was Jessica's turn to beg, as she pleaded to be allowed to suck the girl off again. Jessica simply couldn't get enough of it. The girl had lied.

That very afternoon she had told a dozen other girls that Jessica had eaten her out, but by that time, Jessica didn't care. She was a little embarrassed at having everyone know that she sucked pussy, but that was more than made up for by the fact that a lot of the other girls wanted to get sucked, too.

Jessica obliged them all.

She sucked off every girl who asked her, and asked a few who were too shy to make the request. Young at the time, she was sucking older girls mostly. When she went on to college, she switched to girls her own age and, one memorable day, she sucked off every one of her sorority sisters, one right after the other. But as she grew older—she was thirty-five now, and had never married—Jessica began to lust more and more for teenaged cunts.

She sure hoped Marianne was available!

But she wasn't going to rush things. Marianne was such an adorable young thing that Jessica intended to seduce her slowly and carefully, so as not to scare the innocent teenager off and to miss out on a snack of her cherry cunt. In the meanwhile, she could amuse herself in other ways. Jessica seldom fucked men but that did not mean that she went without cock.

Second only to cunt, Jessica liked animal cock.

With a man, it was always more than pure sex. There were always emotion and vanity and psychological aspects to it, but with an animal it was pure unadulterated fucking, pure physical pleasure.

Marianne walked the horse past the house, heading for the barn at the back. Jessica gazed out at the girl's trim ass as it moved in the saddle and was almost overcome by desire. She wanted to tongue the girl's asshole first, as a sort of appetizer, before she clamped her vacuum-cleaner mouth onto her pussy.

She cupped a hand over her cunt, feeling it pulse and burn. She was tempted to give herself a quick handjob to release some of her tension, but fought against the urge. She knew that Marianne would soon be back from the barn and she didn't want to have to interrupt a handjob in the middle of it.

Marianne came back from the barn, looking flushed, either from the exercise of riding or, Jessica hoped, something else.

Jessica greeted her at the door.

"Enjoy your ride, honey?" she asked.

"Oh, yes! It was swell."

"You look all hot. Want a Coke?"

"Okay," the teenager agreed.

Jessica brought the drink and they sat in the living room. Jessica could not keep her gaze off Marianne's body but the young girl didn't seem to notice her interest. Marianne was as naive about lesbians as she was about animals.

"Want to ride again tomorrow?" Jessica asked.

"Oh, yes, please!" the girl said.

When the Coke was finished, Jessica walked the teenager to the door, unable to resist patting her on the ass. Marianne's ass felt taut and vibrant under those skin-tight shorts, and the contact brought a surge of wild need to the older woman. She had to bite her tongue to keep from grabbing the girl and thrusting that tongue right down Marianne's throat, to begin with, as a prelude to thrusting it up a tastier place.

When Marianne had left, Jessica went back into the living room, feeling dizzy with passion. She noticed the way the girl's ass had pushed an indentation into the cushions of the couch . . . and then she saw another interesting thing.

Marianne's panties, which had been in her hip pocket, had slipped out as she sat.

Jessica picked them up. They were bikini panties, sheer and sexy, and the crotchpiece was sopping

wet.

Jessica groaned at the sight. So it had worked! The girl had gotten horny while riding the stallion, so horny that she had removed her panties! Jessica held them up to her face, sniffing at the delicious aroma of virgin cuntjuice. Her head spun. She began to lap at the soaked crotchband, licking the still-warm cunt juice up. It tingled on her tastebuds, making her hunger for more. She pushed the panties right into her mouth and sucked lovingly on them.

God! If that girl's cuntjuice tastes so delicious second hand, Jessica marveled, just think what it would be like to suck it, all hot and frothy, right out of her pussy!

Beside herself with lust, Jessica went out and walked down to the bar, her cunt squishing between her thighs with every stride. She went into the dimly lighted interior. Jupiter raised his head and whinnied in his stall. But Jessica ignored him for a moment. Marianne had hung the saddle on a peg in the wall, and Jessica went over to it. Sticking her nimble tongue out, she began to lick the seat where the teenager's sweet ass and creamy crotch had rested. Lucky saddle, she thought. Lucky horse, to have her on you, too. But it must have been terribly frustrating for Jupiter, as well.

Jupiter was accustomed to having girls do more than simply ride him—a lot more.

Jessica moved to his stall.

His head swung around, watching her. She peered in and saw that, although he didn't have a hard-on, he showed signs of having had one recently, one that had not been emptied. His massive cockshaft hung out in a fat, meaty coil from his loins. His prick head had drawn back into the leathery sheath, but there was still a lot of tension in the thick shaft and his - balls were swollen.

"So she got you horny, too, eh, boy?" the woman said.

Jupiter snorted and pawed with one hoof.

"We'll have to do something about that, Jupiter," she purred. "It must be so frustrating for you, not to have hands and be able to jerk off, having to depend on someone else to do it for you."

She was wondering if, in due course, she might persuade Marianne to fool around with the stallion. Well, time would tell. She had some cuntsucking to do on that delightful teenager first, and she had a job to do on Jupiter at that very moment. The horny woman entered the stall.

How could any woman be content with a man, when there were stallions available? she wondered.

Jessica drew her dress up above her waist, standing in front of the horse, her legs apart and her pelvis thrust forward. She was eager to satisfy Jupiter but she was so hot now that she had to get her rocks off first, so that she could concentrate on his prick without being nagged by her smoldering twat. Holding the hem of the dress up, she switched her lush hips back and forth and in and out, moving just as if she were stuffed full of prick.

Jupiter knew the routine and knew the reward that he would have for his duties. His neck stretched out and he shoved his snout right into the hairy feed bag between her shapely thighs. Jessica purred when she felt his hot, horsey breath waft over her soaking pussylips. The stallion began to lap her with his long, wet tongue and she shivered ecstatically. Holding the dress up in one hand, she stroked his head with the other. He nickered softly and moistly, the sound muffled in her sodden crotch. Then her hand moved down and she used her fingertips to spread her cuntlips wide open, so that the horse could slap his hot tongue right up inside her steaming fuck tunnel.

The stallion's noble head bobbed up and down like a dutiful cart horse walking in the traces.

Cuntjuice poured onto his tongue, pooling in the center and dripping in slippery trickles from the up-curved edges. His muzzle was white with frothy cream, the pearly flecks contrasting with his jet-black coat. His tongue lapped steadily away, stabbing deeply up into the horny woman's fuckhole and her belly and hips and ass darted wildly about as she ground herself against the breast.

"Ummmm-ummmmm-ummmmmmm," she purred.

She could hear the moist slurping sounds that the stallion's tongue was making and the squishing sounds that her pussy made. Ribbons of cuntjuice poured down her widespread thighs and a trickle slid down her crotch, seeping into the taut crack of her gyrating ass. She rose up onto her toes, her thighs taut and quivering. She shot one hip out, then the other, grinding her cunt against his tongue, mopping his muzzle with her hairy pussy.

She leaned back against the top bar of the stall, pushing her loins out, her legs spread far apart. Her thighs worked as if she were riding, posting up and down at the trot, riding in the saddle of his flashing tongue.

His breath was hot as he blew it up her pussy, but her cunt was so hot that, by contrast, his breath felt cool.

"Lap it up, boy," she whimpered.

Sensing that his mistress was near the peak, the obedient stallion began to slap his long tongue up her cunt furiously. Pussyjuice sprayed onto her belly. Her eyes closed and her mouth turned slack as she gave herself up to the thrill.

Skyrockets of sensation sparked in the depths of her belly. Her clit went off like a detonating cap, setting off the dynamic explosion of her orgasm. Swaying and moaning, clinging to the stall to keep from falling as her legs turned to water, the horny woman rode out her release in spasm after spasm.

Cuntjuice flowed from her hairy fuckhole in a river, tides of the stuff flooding the horse's tongue. He lapped the stuff up with a delight far greater than he'd ever felt for oats or apples, his tongue slurping into her juicy pussy.

"Ahhhh," she sighed as the last spasm shook her.

The stallion continued to lap her cunt until she gently drew away from him. Then he raised his handsome head, his black muzzle coated with creamy fuck juice. His eyes were wide and white as he studied the satisfied woman.

And his prick was rock hard once again.

Which was just the way that Jessica liked it.

Jessica stepped to the side and looked down under Jupiter's belly and her contented smile changed subtly to a smile of expectation. With her own climax achieved, the horny woman was now looking forward to emptying the horse's swollen balls out of that iron-hard prick. Although she loved to come, herself, Jessica was always more thrilled by bringing others to a climax, woman or animal, either one. She started to reach for his cock, then remembered that she was still wearing her dress. She knew full well how much jism would be spurting from his meaty cockhead and she didn't want

her dress to get soaked by the deluge, nor to waste any of the delicious stuff on the insensitive green material. Jessica wanted every drop of the horse's cum on her and in her. She drew the dress over her head.

She wore no undergarments—Jessica never did—and removing the dress left her naked. The horse had turned his head, watching her. Perhaps he was curious as to which of several ways his mistress would empty his cock, perhaps not. Maybe it didn't matter to the horse where his jism squirted, as long as it left his balls. His balls were big as watermelons by this time, doubly inspired by the previous episode with Marianne and the lapping of Jessica's cunt. His cock stood out along his belly, stiff as a post, and the dark wedge of his cockhead was flaring out from the drawn-back sheath.

Jessica knelt beside his flank and reached under him, just as if he were a cow she intended to milk. But Jupiter was no cow, and what she milked from him was no dairy product!

She cupped one hand under his balls, lifting slightly, as if to judge the weight of the cum that his big ball-sac contained. Her other hand, palm up, began to rub up and down the underside of the brute's long, thick fuck tool. As he felt her caressing hands, the stallion snorted and began to hump, his powerful haunches driving his prick up and down over her open hand.

As she fondled his great fuck rod, Jessica gazed at it rapturously. How ironic it was that a lesbian should so much adore a cock, she was thinking. But it made sense. It was men that Jessica did not care for. She adored pricks of any other species.

She continued to stroke his prick up and down, petting the underside of his cockshaft and to fondle his balls for awhile. But this was only a preliminary caress. The woman had no intention of jerking the horse off from the side. When his jism shot out, she wanted to be in a position to receive the hot, thick load.

Gracefully, she twisted under the big brute, sitting on her ass in the straw between his front legs, so that the head of his swollen cock loomed up right before her face. He was still humping, untouched for the moment, and she watched his great, dark slab of cockhead loom up, then draw away.

She cupped his prick with both hands, holding his cockshaft just behind the flaring knob. His cock was so thick that she could barely span it in her grip.

She began to jack his cock up and down, her hands moving only a few inches. As she pushed back, his cockhead flared out mightily, and as she pulled, the leathery sheath folded up over the ledge behind his bloated wedge of prick meat.

His pisshole was wide open.

A trickle of clear pre-cum welled up in the slot, and Jessica gave a little gasp when she saw the slippery stuff, gleaming like quicksilver in the cleft.

She was licking her lips.

Thick cum ran down the dark meat of his cockhead, white and frothy. A heavy drop hung suspended for a moment. Jessica leaned in and parted her lips, pushing her tongue out. The drop fell from his knob as she jacked back on his fuck rod, landing right on her tongue. She rolled it around, savoring the juicy morsel on her tastebuds for a moment, then swallowed it. She sighed with the pleasure of it, loving the taste and the texture, and loving, too, the very depravity of what she was doing, the dark knowledge that she was drinking horse cum. That first drop whetted her appetite. Jessica wanted more of that hot, frothy juice, she wanted all of it.

Leaning in, she began to lick the tip of his cock with her tongue, licking up the jizz and lapping hungrily at his prick meat. Her tongue flattened as she slurped all over his bulging knob. Her parted lips kissed his dark prick meat and she slid her soaking tongue right up inside the eye of his cockhead.

The stallion humped into her face, tilting her head back as his huge cockhead nudged her. Her tongue worked lovingly on his fiery prick meat, coating his knob with saliva, then lapping that saliva back up, mixed with the flow of his jism.

Her talented tongue was making the stallion quiver all through his massive body and Jessica was getting hungrier by the moment. The more she licked his cockhead, the more she wanted to lick it, savoring the meaty meal before she was rewarded by the creamy dessert. Little spurts of preliminary jizz hit her lips and ran down her chin. Jessica purred like a cat at a cream bowl, swaying back and forth from the waist as his prick nudged her.

Her lips opened, peeling back against the slippery tip of the horse's cockhead. She began to suck his great slab of prick meat into her mouth, longing to suck on it as well as lick it, lusting for a mouthful of the hard, hot, dripping cock meat. As the stallion humped, her head rocked back, but now he was feeding a few inches of cockhead right into her open mouth. Her lips were being stretched so wide that it hurt slightly, but the pain was nothing in comparison of the joy of taking his sweet cock into her mouth.

She pushed back on his prickshaft with both hands, making his knob expand in a great triangular wedge and working her lips down onto his dark, weeping cockhead.

Again the brute humped and this time almost all of his cockhead pushed into her face. Her unpeeled lips were clamped around the base of his knob. She began to suck lovingly and hungrily on that bestial mouthful of succulent horse cock.

"Umpffff," she gulped as the tip of the horse's prick wedged into her throat, gagging her.

Then she purred when he drew back and she sucked on his knob as it slid through her compressed lips.

Her tongue was flashing back and forth against the veined underside of his great cockhead, bathing his prick meat and lapping up the jism that was steadily running out of his pisshole. His cock rode over her tongue like a velvet carpet as it plunged in again, the tip jamming back into the entrance to her gullet and squirting a few thick drops of horse cum down her throat. She couldn't taste those drops, since they had not hit her tongue first, but she could feel them going down, warming her belly like a fine brandy.

"Ahhh," the sex-crazed horse lover sighed, loving to swallow the jism, wanting more of it.

Her hands pushed back almost to his balls, holding his long prick near the root while she mouthed his cock tip.

Jessica was in seventh heaven with her mouth filled to the brim with cockmeat and the promise of his ejaculation ahead of her. The horse was pouring a lot of cum into her now, not shooting yet but jetting out little spurts and trickles that ran around her gums and soaked into her cheeks. Her tongue was floating in a frothy sea of cum, her mouth becoming a swamp from the animal's pre-cum. Some of the creamy jizz overflowed her taut lips and ran down her chin and a thick blob splashed onto her stiff nipple. Another slimy line of cum ran down between her tits, vanishing in her soft, deep cleavage.

Now the depraved woman was really desperate for the horse to shoot his wad. As much as she enjoyed sucking on his cock, she enjoyed the moment of climax even more. She loved to feel the stallion tremble and feel his cockhead swell up even larger in her mouth and to know that in a second he would be squirting his hot cum into her throat. That dark, psychological urge was as great as her physical lust. Sucking steadily on his cockhead, she began to jack his stalk up and down with both hands, pumping him faster and faster.

The horse was humping faster, too. His powerful haunches launched his cock into her face. His flowing tail was switching behind him like a rudder and his bloated balls were swinging in and out like the clappers of a hairy bell.

"Come!" she wailed, but the word was blocked by his mouth-filling cock meat and came out indistinctly. That didn't matter at all, since the horse didn't understand English and the woman was speaking for her own benefit. "Shoot in my mouth! Pour that hot, thick jism into my fucking mouth! Oh, drown me in the fucking stuff," she gasped, totally abandoned to her degenerate impulses. "Use my mouth like a cunt! Fuck my fucking mouth!"

The horse began to tremble violently.

Jessica trembled with him, the vibrations from his huge cockhead running down from her mouth and setting all of her naked body shaking along with him.

His balls erupted.

Jessica could feel his cock swelling up between her hands as the great flood of his coming shot up his prickshaft, and she sucked hard and gasped as his jism filled her mouth. The first powerful spurt hit her throat, tilting her head back. She gulped it down greedily and jammed her head forward again, as his second spurt shot out, like a salmon fighting upstream to spawn.

She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked.

But as greedy as the cum-drinking woman was, she could not swallow all of that tremendous dose. The slimy stuff poured from her lips, flowing in a creamy wash down her chin. The beast was still fucking steadily away and each time his cockhead rammed into her mouth another spurt of jism shot out. She gulped it down voraciously, ravenously, adoring his creamy cum.

The stallion snorted.

The last spurt shot from his balls, tore up his cockshaft and whitewashed her tonsils.

He slowed, fucking at a leisurely pace now, the last of his cum coming out in a trickle. Jessica continued to suck away, making sure that she had milked out every succulent drop and worked off every trembling spasm of the stallion's orgasm. Her tongue slurped around on his slippery cock meat as her lips nursed him. The cum that was dribbling from his pisshole was thinner now, but every bit as delicious, and the greedy woman swallowed and gulped with gusto.

At last the horse stopped moving, his cock and balls drained to the dregs, his lust diminished.

Jessica continued to mouth his cock meat for a few minutes, knowing there was no more cum left to be nursed out but enjoying sucking him even after his prick started to soften.

She drew back and his huge, dark knob slipped from her lips and bobbed up and down, hitting against her upthrust tits and then bouncing up under her chin.

His prick was slowly retracting and growing, smaller and his balls were no longer bloated.

All of the animal's bestial cum had left him now, and most of it was in Jessica's belly.

She used her tongue to lap up a few stray drops of cum that had escaped her lips and run down onto his cock shaft, then crawled farther back and gave his balls a tonguing, as if to thank them for the delicious feast they had provided, that six-pack of cum which had so greatly satisfied the woman.

Then she scooped up the jism that had fallen onto her tits and brought her hands to her mouth, lapping the stuff from out of her cupped palms as if from a bowl.

As much as she had swallowed, Jessica was so greedy that she would have liked some more.

But Jupiter was finished for now.

He turned half away from the kneeling woman, just as if, now that he had had his way with her, he no longer respected her. But Jessica didn't give a damn. Lots of women acted that way, too, after she had finished sucking them off, but they always came back again as soon as they needed another orgasm. And she knew very well that Jupiter's potent balls would soon be full again.

Maybe tomorrow she would let the stallion fuck her, she thought, if she was in the mood. But for now she had had enough horse cock and she got to her feet and drew her green dress on again. She stroked the horse's head and left the stall.

On her way out of the barn, she stopped to give the saddle that Marianne had used another kiss and a lick.

Soon, she hoped, she would be licking the sweet cunt that had made that saddle juicy.

Jessica figured it would take a week or so to subtly work up to the seduction. She would have been delighted had she known that fate had taken a hand, and a week was not going to be required.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Marianne's cunt had been simmering all the way home. It felt as if she had a glowing ember between her thighs. The girl had had a lovely orgasm by hand in the woods, and yet she was as hot as if she hadn't had her rocks off in days.

She knew why, too. It embarrassed her but she had to admit it. She was horny because of the sight, and the fleeting touch, of the stallion's prick!

As soon as she got home, she went right up to her bedroom and prepared to give herself another frigging. She knew that she was going to be thinking about the horse's cock while she fingerfucked herself and the thought made her blush, but there was nothing she could do about it. That big, black horse cock refused to leave her mind. The image was imprinted in her memory and her fingers still tingled from the momentary caress of his massive prick.

What if she had stroked him a bit longer? Would the stallion have ejaculated? Would all the thick juice from his huge, bloated balls have squirted out? It was a terribly naughty thought, and she was ashamed of herself. And yet it was a thrilling thought, too.

The sooner she got that out of her mind, the better, and the best way to achieve that was to give

herself a good, thorough handjob, so that she no longer felt horny.

In her bedroom, she pulled her tee shirt off, then squirmed out of her shorts. She noticed that her panties were no longer in her hip pocket and, for a moment, was worried. But then she decided that they must have dropped out while she was cantering back, and that if anyone found them, there was no way that they could be identified as Marianne's panties.

She stood, naked, in front of the full-length mirror, admiring her body. She wondered when some man was going to use her nubile body? Although Marianne was a virgin, and innocent, she felt no reluctance to lose her cherry and the first lucky guy that tried to seduce her was going to succeed. She knew it would feel wonderful to get fucked. Her own stiff fingers felt so good when they went in and out of her cunt. Just think what a stiff prick would be like! She wondered, too, if she would like to suck a cock. She had heard other girls talking about sucking cock, in the locker room after gym class, the way naughty teenagers do, and it had made Marianne curious about it. One of the girls said that she let men shoot in her mouth, but always spit it out. Another girl, bolder, laughed and told her that she was missing the best part if she didn't swallow it. The debate on whether or not cum should be swallowed or spat out had gone on for some time and Marianne had been an intrigued, although silent, participant. She had thought that if she ever did suck a guy off she would probably swallow it, at least the first time, to see if she liked it.

She had an idea that she would.

Now, standing before the mirror, Marianne cupped her plump tits and rubbed her thumbs back and forth against her taut, sensitive nipples. She jerked her hips in and out, pretending that she was getting fucked. She turned and looked back over her shoulder so that she could admire the heart-shaped sweep of her ass, then bent over as if to touch the floor and gazed at the reflection of her open, flooded cunt, glimpsing between her thighs.

She dipped a finger into her pussy and wriggled it around, then brought her hand to her lips. Watching herself in the full-length mirror, she licked her finger, then pushed it into her mouth and sucked on it, as if it were a cock. Her cuntjuice was delicious. She wondered if a guy's cum tasted like a girl's pussyjuice. If it did, she was damned well going to swallow it! And if she sucked a fellow off, she could pretty well expect him to go down on her, too, she thought. Oh, how good it would feel to have a tongue lapping away on her hot, creamy cunt, she thought. Being innocent, she imagined that it would be a man's tongue, of course, but that was a limited concept that was soon going to be changed by Jessica Turnbull.

She began to push her middle finger in and out of her cunt. Her cunt muscles rippled and sucked on the digit. She began to alternate hands, fingerfucking herself with one hand while she sucked the cuntjuice from the finger of the other.

Her pussy was steaming now, awash with the juicy overflow of her horny, cherry cunt.

It was time to get down to some serious frigging.

She angled the long mirror so that she could see her reflection from the bed. It was exciting to watch herself frig off. Sometimes she liked to pretend that she was someone else—a man—watching her do it, and at other times she pretended that it was a stranger doing it and that she, Marianne, was the hidden watcher.

It was all fantasy, of course.

Innocent, shy Marianne would never have let anyone watch her finger fuck her cunt.

She had no idea that she was being watched at this very moment, from the slightly open doorway.

Marianne's dog was looking in with interest. Adolf was a Belgian wolfhound, a huge beast with a big, blunt muzzle, a shaggy coat and a prick in proportion to the rest of his huge body.

The hound had been lying on the living room carpet, where he was not allowed to lie, because Marianne's mother and father had gone out and left him the run of the place. The fact that they were not home was also why the girl had not closed and locked her bedroom door before settling down to a cunt-frigging session. It never dawned on her that her doggy might be interested.

Adolf had been sleeping with his big head resting on his front paws, twitching slightly as he dreamed doggy dreams about chasing rabbits. He hadn't stirred when the girl came in and went upstairs. But now the scent of hot pussy was drifting down from above, heavier than air and sinking into the front room . . . and into the dog's slumbers. He began to twitch more. The pleasant dreams of bunny-chasing became more urgent, but more pleasant, dreams of pussy-chasing. The brute's cock began to elongate and harden, sliding out along the carpet. His balls started to balloon.

Adolf sniffed. His eyes opened slowly. No longer dreaming, he was still aware of that magnetic aroma. Adolf knew what it meant, well enough. He'd had a few bitches in his time. His prick rippled along the carpet and he curled, his long red tongue flicking out to give his knob a lick. His cock was sheathed in thick hair but his prick head was flaring out naked, a wide wedge of red prick meat that bitches in heat found most satisfying. As his tongue curled over it, that fat slab of a cockhead throbbed. The doggy knew he would have to slip it into something hot and wet, and he sniffed again as the delicious fragrance of aroused cunt thrilled the brute.

Adolf got to his feet slowly. His big hard-on swayed under his belly, jutting out so long that the dog seemed to be standing astride a fence. Nose first and sniffing, he began to follow the trail of that lovely scent, tracking it to its source. He went up the stairs and down the corridor and stopped outside the partially open door to Marianne's bedroom. He peered in.

Marianne was sitting on the edge of her bed, watching herself in the mirror as she played with her pussy. She was holding her cuntlips open with her fingers and running another finger in and out of her juicy pussy. She was smiling with the pleasure of her caresses. She brought her sticky finger up to her lips and licked it, then returned it to her cunt. Adolf was fascinated by the sight and the scent. He was only a dumb animal and lacked imagination and therefore had never before realized that his human mistress had all the qualities of a bitch in heat. Now that became apparent to the doggy. His hard prick pulsed and rippled. He had no inhibitions. Being a dog, he didn't know that it was naughty to spy on masturbating girls. He didn't even realize that bestiality was frowned upon. He only knew that his cock was thundering and his balls were swollen and that there was a hot, creamy cunt not far away.

Adolf nudged the door open with his big, blunt head and walked into the bedroom.

Marianne turned, startled, when the door opened. For a terrible moment she thought that her mother or father must have come home and had caught her giving herself a handjob. When she saw that it was only the dog, she breathed a sigh of relief, although she still blushed, so innocent that she was ashamed to have even a doggy see what she was doing to herself.

Then she saw that Adolf had a hard-on!

It would have been difficult not to notice, in fact, because his prick was massive and his bright-red cock tip was throbbing like a jogger's heart.

Normally, the innocent virgin would have averted her eyes from such a sight, pretending that she hadn't noticed. Nice girls do not stare at such things, she believed. But Marianne, halfway through a handjob, was feeling very erotic and, too, she had recently been treated to the sight, and a quick feel, of a stallion's mighty cockshaft, so the idea of an animal hard-on was not as shocking as it might have been.

Marianne looked at the doggy's cock in awe. She had never before thought of her pet dog as a sex object and it amazed her to realize that, just like the stallion, the doggy had been excited by the scent of her pussy.

Adolf walked across the room, his long, red tongue hanging out from the side of his jaw. Marianne started to get up, intending to drive the dog from the room and close the door, so that she could get on with her handjob without being interrupted. But her legs felt too weak to lift her from the bed.

Adolf licked her leg.

She sat there, frozen. That hot tongue had often licked her, affectionately and playfully, but she had never before realized that it was also capable of stimulation. The wolfhound was licking her beside the knee. Then he lapped higher up her thigh. His cold nose touched her hot flesh and she shivered.

She closed her legs.

"Go way, you naughty doggy," she said.

Adolf was normally an obedient doggy, but the girl's voice carried no conviction today.

He ran his tongue up her leg to the junction. She had her thighs clamped closed now and he couldn't get at her cunt. He lapped away at the golden triangle of her pussy mound.

Golly, Marianne thought as she felt that nimble tongue slurping at the base of her belly. She had been wondering what it would feel like to get her cunt licked by a man and a tongue was a tongue. Oh, no! It would be too, too naughty, her conscience cried, you mustn't let your dog lap your pussy! Yet the idea was fascinating and the doggy obviously wanted to taste her. After all, she rationalized, I've let the dog lick other parts of my body, what's the difference? Well, the difference was that it would feel so much better!

She stroked the brute's shaggy head.

His tongue slid through the curls of her pubic hair like a slippery rodent in a sunlit forest.

Maybe just one lick, just to see what it feels like to have my pussy tongued, the girl thought.

No one would ever know, anyhow. Adolf could hardly gossip about her, the way a man might. The dog probably didn't even realize that it was naughty, come to think of it. What did a dog know about morals? Maybe it wasn't so very naughty, after all, she told herself. But she knew in her heart that it was wicked, and it was all the more exciting because it was so depraved.

Marianne opened her elegant legs.

Adolf shoved his snout right into her hairy crotch, and she stiffened as his nose tapped against her tingling clit. His warm, doggy breath billowed over her groin. Then his long, slippery tongue slurped up the parted folds of her cunt, and the girl almost fainted with the pure joy of the caress. She arched her back and tossed her head from side to side, her blonde hair cascading over her ass.



cheeks. She had intended to only let the dog give her a lick or two, to see what it felt like. But now that she had found out how wonderful it felt, she could not bring herself to terminate the pleasure.

Marianne knew that she could come if she let the doggy lap away for a few minutes.

She wanted to come.

Her last inhibitions left her, melted away in the heat of her raging lust.

“Ummm! Ooooh! Lap it, boy, lap my pussy,” she whispered, her voice quavering with passion.

Adolf’s hot tongue slapped up her parted cunthole, running all the way up her pussylips and rippling over her throbbing clit. Marianne moaned and arched more deeply, thrusting her belly out, spreading her thighs wide, giving her groin to the dog’s tongue. Cuntjuice poured out of her pussy, slathering his tongue, mixing with his doggy slobber as he lapped merrily away. It was wicked, she knew, but it felt so damned good! Even before he had lapped an orgasm from her steaming cunt, the girl was already thinking that it would be very handy to have a cuntlapping doggy on call, to be able to get her pussy licked whenever she felt like getting her rocks off. The dog’s tongue was a lot more effective than her fingers.

Pussyjuice flooded her cunt. Adolf lapped some of it up and some of it ran down her crotch and soaked into the crack of her ass. The dog’s head bobbed up and down as he licked her from ass to cunt mound, his tongue slurping steadily away. Those tongues strokes were long and rippling, causing the girl to shudder.

She reached down to spread her cuntlips wide apart with her fingers so that the dog’s tongue could delve right up inside her smoldering fuckhole.

“Oh, my God,” she moaned. She had never felt anything as good as his slurping tongue.

Her ass was perched on the very edge of the bed, her long legs trailing to the floor. She closed her smooth thighs around the dog’s head, as if trapping him. But Adolf needed no trap; he was right where he wanted to be. All his instincts were aroused. The dog had never realized what joy it would be to lap away on a human pussy. He was squirming with excitement, his stiff prick swaying back and forth under his belly, his head thrust out into her crotch, his tongue running up from her asshole to her belly. Her legs parted again, wider than ever, and she threw her head and shoulders back. Her cunt throbbed against his slapping tongue.

“Ooooh, I’m gonna come!” she wailed.

The thrill had started to ripple across her belly and run up her trembling thighs. It was a familiar sensation, but far, far better than it had ever been before, when the girl had only had the aid of her own hands. She felt as if her whole body was melting, her blood and flesh turned into cuntjuice, every nerve turned into a fuck circuit. She moaned and whimpered and purred. The wolfhound’s hot tongue slapped steadily up her cunt. He was tonguing right up inside her pussy, lapping the sensitive inner lips of her hot fuckhole, stabbing his cuntlapper into the depths of her pussy. Marianne gasped.

“Oh! Here it comes, boy,” she whimpered as she felt the crest of her joy rush into her cunt.

Adolf seemed to sense it. He began to lap away with even more energy and gusto as the delicious flow of cuntjuice increased. His tongue was awash with her pussy juice. Creamy streamers dripped from the doggy’s jowls and soaked the edge of the mattress.

where the girl's shapely ass was churning. "Ohhhh!" she cried.

Marianne was at the peak. Her whole nubile, virginal body vibrated as the thrill exploded in her belly. Her cunt opened up like a flower, her pink pussylips peeling back, her oval fuckhole flooding with cream. Adolf slurped the fluids of her pleasure up, gulping the succulent cream down greedily. His shaggy head went up and down and his haunches humped, driving his prick in and out in a fucking motion, even though his prick was not buried in anything—not yet.

Marianne had not even thought of returning the favor of an orgasm to the doggy as she lost herself in her own wild release. But she was going to very soon.

The girl wailed and whimpered. She thought that she was never going to stop coming. Her very life force had become orgasmic as the thrill pumped in her pussy and her cuntjuice poured out in a river of steaming satiation.

Adolf's nimble tongue slapped away, spraying pussy nectar up onto her belly, splashing the stuff onto her sleek thighs. His throat worked as he swallowed. His cock throbbed. Marianne fell back along the bed, collapsing, stunned by the magnitude of her climax. She lay there, shuddering, as the final spasms of her climax shook her loins and the last drops of cuntjuice seeped onto the wolfhound's slurping tongue. A smile of utter contentment turned up the corners of her sensual mouth. The doggy continued to tongue her, willing to stay on the job for as long as the girl wanted, all his bestial instincts tingling with the joy of this new-found adventure.

Adolf would have been happy to lap Marianne's cunt even if she did not return the favor.

But Marianne was abandoned to lust.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Marianne stretched, enjoying the tingling aftermath of her lovely orgasm. Adolf stepped back, his head cocked to one side, one ear pricked up. His muzzle was matted with cuntjuice and his tongue, hanging from the side of his mouth, was dripping with a combination of doggy slobber and pussy cream. His cock was harder than ever, growing and extending all the while that he had been lapping happily away on the girl's juicy pussy. Neglected while his tongue performed the service, his huge prick was a thundering tower of urgent need and his hairy balls were swollen like balloons with a massive load of jism that needed to be spilled.

The girl sat up on the edge of the bed.

"Ummm, thanks, Adolf," she said, grinning impishly. "You don't even know that it was naughty, do you, fella?"

The doggy whined.

Marianne looked at his stiff cock and swollen balls. She blushed, realizing how horny she had made the doggy. How selfish she was, to let him lap her cunt and get himself all worked up. The poor doggy couldn't even jerk off, not having hands.

But Marianne had hands.

Golly! Should I? she wondered. Should I jerk the dog off? It seemed sort of depraved, but it was

certainly no worse than letting him tongue her pussy. And she did owe the beast a favor, she reasoned. Too, she was already looking forward to enjoying more of his long, nimble doggy tongue and maybe if she left the dog frustrated he would not be so willing to go down on her the next time. It was that, as much as anything, that convinced the heretofore innocent girl to give the wolfhound a handjob. She felt kind of shy about the idea, but it was exciting, as well.

Marianne had never handled a cock before. That feel of the stallion's huge prick, fleeting and furtive, was the only contact she had ever had with a male prick and the idea of stroking Adolf's big fuck rod filled her with desire. Her cunt was taken care of for the moment, but lust ran in her mind. She just knew it would feel wonderful to have his thick, long, throbbing cock pulsing away in her hand and to see the thick white jism spurt out of his swollen cockhead when he shot his wad out of her pumping fist.

She grinned, delighted by her new naughtiness.

"I guess I better jack you off, huh, Adolf?" she said.

The dog looked as if he had understood. His big brown eyes widened and he wagged his tail. He was panting, his shaggy flanks moving in and out, and his rock-hard cock was pounding away with need. Marianne slipped off the bed and she knelt on the floor. The dog stepped up to her. She petted his head, then slipped her hand under him and felt his hairy cock. She drew her hand back as if she had been burned, startled at how hot and hard his prick was. But then she reached under him again, determined to do it and wanting his prick.

She cupped his big balls in her palm.

They were bursting with cum!

She ran her open hand up along the underside of his fuckrod, then fingered the naked meat of his cockhead.

Adolf whimpered and panted. His hindquarters began to tremble and he humped, pushing his prick along her hand. The sex-starved virgin sighed happily. Naughty as it might be, fooling around with her doggy was an awful lot of fun. She closed her fist around his hairy fuckrod, gripping it at the base, where it sprouted out above his bloated cum-sac. His fat cockshaft was vibrant in her grip, pulsating, spreading her fist around it. She took a slow, tentative stroke, her hand gliding up from the hilt to the knob, then pushing back down. As she pumped toward his balls, the head of the wolfhound's cock flared out, turning a darker red, his pisshole parting. The girl's gaze was glued to the slab of naked dog meat, anticipating the jets of jism that she would soon be pulling out of it.

She curled onto her flank, stretching out beside the doggy, her hand stroking slowly and steadily. "Feel nice, doggy?" she asked. Adolf rumbled deep in his throat. It sure feels nice to me, the girl thought. It was wonderful to have a fistful of hard prick. She was sure glad that she had started doing these naughty things with her dog, looking forward to plenty of cuntlapping and cock-jacking in the future. But she had not yet realized that there were more, and even naughtier, things that she could do to his big, shaggy cock.

Her fist skimmed lightly over his fuckrod, then she tightened her grip and began to jack the loose sheath up and down along his iron-hard cockshaft. The hairy skin curled up over the ledge behind his cockhead, then drew back so that the naked knob flared out. The dog curled around and licked her tits. Marianne wondered what it would feel like to touch his cockhead against her stiff nipples. She squirmed under the stiff-legged brute and brought the tip of his prick against her nipple, rubbing it up and down. She continued to jack his prick as she played his cockhead around on her

nipples and let it slip into her cleavage. She was thinking that it might be nice to let the doggy shoot his cum all over her tits. It seemed a shame to waste it on the floor and she did long and yearn for the feel of hot cum on her flesh.

Then Adolf curled around the other way and as she stroked back on his cockshaft, the dog gave the flaring head of his prick a slurp with his tongue.

It thrilled the girl to see a tongue in contact with a cock, even if it was the dog's own tongue.

"Taste good, does it, Adolf?" she asked.

And naturally the girl wondered just what it did taste like. It certainly looked delicious to her, succulent and meaty. She realized that her mouth was watering.

Oh, no! I mustn't lick a dog's cock! she told herself.

Still, I don't suppose it's really much more wicked than what I'm doing with my hand, is it? I mean, I'm touching his prick, anyhow. Would it be worse to touch it with my tongue than with my hand? He's had his tongue on my cunt, anyhow, and I really am curious to find out what a cock tastes like.

The girl was amazed by her own dark desire.

She struggled against the depraved urge, but it was a losing battle. She was drooling for prick.

I'll just give his cockhead one little lick, she thought, just to see what it's like, is all. I won't take it in my mouth or anything really wicked, just one lick.

She blushed with shame and flushed with desire.

She licked her lips, leaning under the squirming doggy, her face right in front of his swollen knob. Her blue eyes crossed as her gaze turned inward upon his delicious-looking wedge of naked red cockmeat. She pushed her tongue out hesitantly. Adolf humped, shoving his long cock out toward her face. Marianne's eyes narrowed and her lips parted, her face turning to a mask of pure passion.

She touched the tip of her tongue against the tip of the wolfhound's throbbing cockhead.

She drew back, having taken that one lick she had promised herself, but then she leaned in and licked it again.

Dog cock was scrumptious!

The horny teenager's tastebuds tingled with the musky, meaty flavor. She began to lick all over the big red slab of his cockhead, her nimble tongue slurping and coiling and flicking. She held his prick by the root, not pumping it now but merely drawing back on the hairy sheath so that the tasty knob flared out naked. With her other hand, she cupped the dog's bloated balls. Adolf whined and humped, driving his prick against her tongue and lips. She turned slightly aside, letting his long, fat fuck tool skim along her cheek, then tilted her face up and let it stab into the hollow of her throat. Then she began to tongue away on his prickhead again.

"Yummy," she purred.

Her saliva glistened on his slippery knob as her busy tongue curled all around the big wedge.

Suddenly a drop of clear creamy jism came squeezing out of the animal's pisshole.

Marianne stared at the slimy nugget, fascinated. She had been wondering what cum tasted like. It certainly looked tasty, she thought. The fat drop was frothy and creamy. It slowly slid down the tip of the dog's cock, sluggishly running down the slope of his knob. Marianne pushed her tongue out and gathered the cum drop up. She let it roll around on her tongue and purred contentedly as she discovered that jism was every bit as delicious as she had hoped and that drinking cum was as much fun as licking a cockhead, the meaty taste and texture perfectly complemented by the slimy cockjuice. Another foaming drop oozed out. Marianne lapped it up without hesitation. She grinned, thinking how silly she had been to think she would be able to give the dog's cock a single lick and then stop. Licking a prick was sort of like eating salted peanuts, she figured. Once a girl started, she couldn't stop. She slurped, her saliva flowing onto the brute's red knob and mixing in with the slippery pre-cum from his gaping pisshole. She was drooling with hunger. What would it be like to take the dog's cock right into her mouth? she wondered. Would sucking that sweet prick be even more fun than just tongu-ing it? Would it be more naughty? But the girl no longer cared if it was naughty or not. She was abandoned to lust, all of her inhibitions melted in the heat of her desire.

Golly, should I let him shot in my mouth? she wondered. The thought of having the doggy empty his balls into her mouth was thrilling! Should I swallow the stuff? The girl's mouth was as hot as her cunt had been previously. Her lips felt like pussylips and her tongue was tingling just like an aroused clit. And that sweet, sensual mouth could function like a cunt, as well!

She pursed her lips and kissed the tip of the wolfhound's prick, then let her lips part and slowly fed the fat wedge of his cockhead into her mouth.

Her lips collared his knob, nursing lovingly on it. Her tongue slid around against the veined underside of his fat cockshaft. The dog had gone rigid, no longer humping, amazed at the wonderful sensation that he was getting from his mistress' mouth. Being a mere dog, he knew nothing about blowjobs and he was confused, not knowing why his cock felt so good without being up a cunt.

Marianne sucked adoringly on his cockhead for awhile, then began to bob her head up and down a little, so that his prick was sliding in and out of her mouth in a fucking motion.

Adolf humped again, stabbing his prick far back into the horny teenager's mouth, his cocktip sliding right into the entrance to her throat. His hairy fuckrod was skimming through her compressed lips and she knew there was danger of getting hairs stuck between her teeth, but that was a small price to pay for the pleasure of getting fucked in the mouth by the dog.

As the wolfhound fucked his cock in, the girl pushed her head down to meet it, taking almost all of his long cockshaft into her mouth. As the beast withdrew, she twisted her head from side to side, winding her clamped lips around on his cock like a nut on a bolt, adding torque to the in-and-out friction. Although this was the first time that the horny virgin had ever had a cock in her mouth, she had discovered that she knew just how to go about sucking a tasty prick. She was a natural bora cocksucker who required no practice or training or previous experience. Marianne realized there were lots of different ways to go about milking off a cock. She could take the initiative, holding the prick steady while her head bobbed up and down on it, Oh she could be passive, letting the prick fuck her mouth. She could take only the knob between her lips and use her hand to jerk the dog off right into her mouth, or play her lips against the underside of his throbbing cockhead, as if playing a flute, and let his jism squirt out from the corner of her mouth. She guessed she could even bring the horny doggy off using only her tongue. Marianne, now that she had started sucking her dog's cock, was eager to try all these different methods. She knew she was going to be blowing the dog an awful lot from now on. And she could experiment with all the various techniques, perfecting her skills. By the time that she got around to sucking her first human prick, she was going to be an expert! Her mouth had been virgin long enough, and now that she had discovered the pure joy of having a

mouthful of cock, Marianne intended to suck every prick that she could, both human and canine. It might not do her reputation much good to blow a lot of guys, but it would sure as hell make her popular!

But how should she do it this first time?

Adolf decided the issue, himself.

The excited wolfhound was humping away vigorously now, fucking her mouth just as if it was a cunt, whimpering and growling. The dog's arousal and energy thrilled the girl, and she decided that she would like to let the brute fuck her mouth, setting his own furious pace and unloading his balls by his own efforts.

She drew her lips from his cockhead.

The big slab was throbbing. Saliva and jism steamed from the hot, slippery meat.

The dog whined, thinking that his mistress had stopped doing that mysterious, wonderful thing. He humped, stabbing his abandoned cock in and out, slobber and jizz spraying from his prickt看. But Marianne had not stopped, she was just getting into a better position. She reached onto the bed, dragged a pillow down and placed it behind her head and shoulders, so that her mouth was on a plane with the dog's cock, positioned just as a cunt would have been.

The dog straddled her reclining body. His prick swayed up and down over her tits. Marianne took his hairy fuckrod in her hand and she drew it down, working the knob against her nipples. Then she cupped her fat tits together, deepening the cleavage, and let the doggy hump her between the plump tit-mounds. His fat cockhead came sliding out from her tit crack and nuzzled into the hollow of her throat. The girl tilted her head down and stuck her tongue out. She began to lap his cockhead as it appeared from her cleavage.

Ummm, that was fun, she thought. She'd have to let Adolf fuck her between the tits sometime soon. But right now she was too eager to have him shoot in her mouth. And it was evident that the brute was going to blow his wad soon because his surging cockhead was laying a glistening trail of cum up her breastbone and a pool of the creamy stuff was forming in her throat.

She shifted a bit lower and lifted the dog's cock to her lips and sucked it into her hungry mouth.

Adolf whimpered with joy.

He began fucking her in the mouth with gusto, his fat cock pushing her head back into the supporting pillow. Marianne made muffled noises of pleasure as the animal's massive prickshaft stuffed her mouth. Her lips sucked juicily and her tongue squished as it lapped against the underside of his stroking prick. The dog was shoving his cockhead right down her throat.

The girl's cunt was on fire again, hotter than it had been before the dog licked her off. Cuntjuice flooded down her hairy crotch and soaked into the taut crack of her grinding ass. She began to fondle her tits and roll her stiff nipples in her fingers. One hand slid down to her pussy and she started to rub her clit. But then she drew her hand away again. It was silly to give herself a handjob when she had a doggy's hot tongue available. She decided to let the dog finish fucking her mouth. After he had come, she would coax him into lapping her cunt to another lovely orgasm.

The dog's shaggy haunches were a blur now as he rammed his cockmeat in violently. Her head tilted back and forth as his prick went in and out. She was sucking through every precious inch, nursing

on his naked knob and slurping up his hairy prickshaft. Her tongue had folded into a soft bridge so that his cock was riding over it, en route to the back of her mouth.

"Ummm-ummm-ummm," she purred, loving it. "Fuck my mouth, you beautiful doggy!" she wailed. "Fuck my mouth like it was a cunt, Adolf! Ahhh, shoot your jism into my throat!"

Adolf responded by fucking her mouth even faster, his long tail sweeping behind his pumping ass.

His hairy balls were swinging over her tits, brushing across her stiff nipples as she arched her back and thrust her tits higher. His cum-filled ball-sac slapped against her chin as the wolfhound fed every inch of his cock into her mouth, ramming his hot knob right down the hungry girl's throat.

She felt his cock expand.

"Ooooh, yes!" she gasped, realizing that the animal was about to spurt his jism into her.

"Feed me your fuckjuice!" she cried. "Shoot your jism into my fucking mouth!"

Her wish was granted.

Suddenly her mouth was full of dog cum. She gasped, surprised by the magnitude of his load, and gulped the first lump down greedily, to make room for more. The wolfhound kept feeding his jism to her, load after load of the hot, thick stuff pouring out. She swallowed the cum with joy. How could any girl bear to spit it out? It was absolutely delicious!

A creamy jet skimmed over her tongue.

A frothy spurt hit her cheek and another slid along the roof of her mouth. The dog was frantic as he emptied his balls, his hairy ass switching from side to side, shooting the stuff into her from different angles. Her tongue was floating in jism and the succulent stuff was pouring down her throat. He stabbed in and shot a lump right down her throat, then withdrew and squirted another load out on the backstroke, so that she could taste it as it sped over her tongue. Marianne wailed with joy. She felt as if her mouth were having an orgasm, her tongue coming, like a clit, her saliva magically transformed into cuntjuice. Her throat worked as she swallowed and her lips pulled lovingly, milking jism out. Her tongue flashed. At last the wolfhound slowed down. The last drops of his jism trickled out. Marianne was sorry it was over. His prick was still stiff, although his balls were drained, and she folded her fist around his hairy cockshaft and began to frig him, to make sure that she had milked out every last delicious drop of the dog's succulent fuckjuice.

The dog drew back and his swollen cockhead popped from her creamy lips like a cork from a bottle.

His cock swayed up and down like a horizontal pendulum, as if it couldn't decide whether it should soften and retract, or remain hard. A drop of jizz fell from his pricktup and splashed onto her tits. Marianne leaned forward and used her tongue to polish the wolfhound's cockhead, gathering up the residue. The girl slurped the naked knob back into her lips and sucked on it some more. She was delighted to find that, despite his massive orgasm, the doggy's prick was still huge and swollen, throbbing in her lips.

"Ummm, what a potent doggy," she purred. "I'll bet you can feed me another load pretty soon, eh?"

Adolf whimpered.

Marianne licked her hps. She had swallowed it all, but the flavor of the dog's cum lingered

deliciously on her tastebuds. She was sorely tempted to keep right on sucking on his sweet prick until she had milked another load from the dog.

But her cunt was steaming.

"Tongue my hot pussy, Adolf," she whispered. The dog cocked his head, one ear pricked up. "Lap me off . . . and then I'll suck you off again!"

But Adolf didn't understand what she wanted.

Marianne took him by the collar, intending to pull his head down into her crotch. But then she had another idea. The dog had already lapped her from the front, and the girl decided it would be a nice variation to have him do it from the back.

The horny teenager turned over onto her hands and knees, pushing her soaking crotch out toward the dog.

Still naive, despite her recent experience, Marianne didn't realize that she had just placed herself in the position in which dogs fucked.

But Adolf did.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Marianne began to switch her ass about invitingly as she looked back over her shoulder, coaxing the wolfhound to tongue her cunt. On her hands and knees, her plump tits swayed under her like ripe fruit ready to be plucked and her long golden hair cascaded over her shoulders. Her slim back was deeply arched, so that her ass was at the highest point of her body and her thighs were parted, giving free access to her crotch. Her cunt was sodden with cuntjuice and smoldering with need. Pussy nectar ran down her sleek thighs in pearly ribbons.

"Come on, boy, you know what to do," she whispered.

Adolf knew more than she figured.

"Lap my fucking cunt, Adolf!"

The wolfhound advanced, sort of bowleg-ged as he stepped around his jutting prick.

He had been mystified by that thing she did with her mouth, but he knew damned well what a cunt was for.

Marianne wriggled her ass. The dog thrust his big, blunt snout into her crotch and ran his long tongue up her gaping fuckhole with a long, rippling slurp.

"Ummm," she purred.

The dog's tongue slapped up her cunt slit, then slithered right up into her hot fuckhole.

She ground her crotch against his muzzle and his nose pushed into her pussy. Her fuck button sparked at the contact. Adolf lapped juicily at her hairy cunt. His tongue slid up into the crack of her ass. Marianne liked that. She spread the cheeks of her heart-shaped ass apart so that the doggy

could lap her asshole, and he did so, slobbering and whining as his tongue burrowed into her shit chute. His head bobbed up and down. He licked up the backs of her thighs, into her cunt, back up the crack of her ass. It was making the girl feel wonderful . . . and it was making the dog frantic.

She lowered her head to the floor, her ass churning. Adolf began to concentrate on her pussy again, and Marianne settled down to enjoy a lovely tonguing. His slurping strokes sprayed cuntjuice out of her crotch and up onto her ass and his head bobbed up to lick the sweet cream from her rounded ass mounds.

Marianne gurgled with joy.

Then Adolf mounted her!

His hindquarters tensed and he sprang up, wrapping his front paws around the love handles of her hipbones.

Marianne was startled.

The dog pushed his stiff prick out. The knob bounced off the back of her thigh, then slid up her asscrack.

Golly, he wants to fuck my cunt! she realized.

He hauled her back by the hips as he humped again, but his cock missed her pussy and slid up her asscrack once more. Marianne didn't know what to think of this situation.

Sucking a dog off was one thing; getting fucked by the brute was quite a different matter. Did she want to lose her cherry to a fucking dog? Did a dog's prick count when it came to cherry-popping, or did it have to be a human prick? Her cunt was on fire and the horny virgin knew it would feel awfully good to have that huge dog cock sliding in and out of her fuckhole. The very thought made her dizzy with desire. Oh, no! It's too, too depraved! she thought. But then she thought: Is it any worse than letting him fuck me in the mouth, though? Oh, shit, should I let him? Should I let the damned dog shove his fucking prick up my cunt and fuck my ass off?

The girl knew that it was her decision to make, because the dog could not seem to find her cunthole on his own. He was slamming away frantically but his cock wasn't going in, and Marianne would have to help him to get placed right. She hesitated. She could feel the power of the massive dog, his weight pressing down on her haunches, his huge cock sliding against her legs and ass. I want that prick up my pussy! she had to admit. I don't care if it's wicked! I want it! I want the doggy to fuck my hot cunt!

The girl looked surprised as she realized this, and then she slowly smiled in expectation. Right or wrong, she was going to get fucked by her doggy!

"You want to fuck me, Adolf?" she whispered, her voice husky with passion.

The wolfhound whined, drooling onto her ass.

Marianne reached back between her thighs and she took the dog's hairy cock in her hand. She guided the flaring slab of his cockhead into her steaming fuckhole. Holding him by his cockshaft, she began to rub the knob up and down in the parted slot of her fuckhole and across her throbbing fuck button, preparing herself for the penetration. The dog held himself stiff, waiting for her to feed his fat cock up her smoldering fuck tunnel.

She slowly pushed an inch of cockhead into her pussy.

"Ooooooh!" she gasped as she felt that swollen wedge of cockmeat throb in her cunt-hole. Her cuntlips began to suck and pull on the dog's pulsating knob, wanting more of his huge prick stuffed in, wanting his cock plunging into the very depths of her womb.

She fed his knob up her fuckhole. Her hand moved on his prick, using his cock like a spoon to stir her creamy bowl. But now that his cockhead was in her, Adolf needed no further guidance. His hindquarters braced and his hind legs clawed on the floor and he drove his mighty prick all the way up the girl's cunt.

A look of total amazement came over the teenager's pretty face as she discovered, for the first time, what it felt like to be stuffed brimful of prick. She could feel his long, thick cock spreading out the walls of her clinging cunt around it. His hairy fuckrod filled her cunthole and his big, flaring cockhead felt like a lump of red-hot iron buried in the depths of her pussy.

The wolfhound held the full penetration for a few moments, clinging tightly to her ass and hips and swaying on his hind legs, his haunches bobbing up and down. His long red tongue lolled out, dripping slobber onto her ass. Just as Marianne was savoring her first-ever cuntful of prick, so was the dog thrilled by having his canine cock bedded in a girl's pussy in this mating of the species.

Marianne moved first.

Her hips began to gently move in and out and to roll from side to side as she worked her cunt around on his fully buried cock. Her inner cunt muscles began to ripple experimentally and then, finding the rhythm, to pull and drag and suck on the dog's prick.

Then Adolf began to fuck her. He drew back until only the head of his huge cock was in her cunt, paused, then rammed the whole load up her pussy once more.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" wailed the horny teenager when she felt that first fuck stroke.

The wolfhound fucked in to her again and she met him, shoving her heart-shaped ass back as his hairy cock stabbed in, wanting every inch of the dog's prickmeat.

"He's fucking me!" Marianne cried in astonishment and wonderment. "The fucking dog is stuck up my cunt! I'm getting fucked!" Then she realized that she was speaking to no one in particular, unless it was her own conscience, and she said, "Pour it to me, Adolf, feed that big cock up my cunt!"

The doggy fucked faster and harder. His forepaws dragged her ass back to meet him as his loins slammed in, driving his hairy prick far up her hot fuckhole. He was yelping with the joy of it, and the girl whimpered each time she felt his massive cock slide in. Her ass switched from side to side and her belly pumped vigorously. Her cunt muscles continued to work on the dog's cock, clamping around his fat cockshaft so that she could feel every precious inch of his long, thick fuckrod outlined inside her pussy.

She grunted as his cock slammed her forward.

The big, shaggy dog's back was contorting as he tucked his loins in, his spine taking on an S shape. His tail whipped around behind his humping haunches and his balls, full again, swung in to slap against the girl's crotch.

His cock was hissing as it dipped into her steaming fuckhole, and her cunt, milking him, squished

juicily. Cuntjuice flooded from her as the dog's fat prick stuffed her full. The pearly pussyjuice ran down her crotch and soaked his cock and balls. His prick came out slowly, the hair matted with her cunt cream, steaming in the air, then rammed back up her pink-lipped fuckhole to the roots, so that his bloated balls, jammed to her crotch, were steeped in cuntjuice, as well. His weight bore down on her as he fucked in, and she heaved her ass back up, keeping her cunt level, afraid he would slip out and that she would lose his magnificent cunt-reamer, that sensation of being chock-a-block full of dog cock.

Now that she knew what it felt like, how could she ever stand to have a vacant cunt again?

Marianne reached back between her thighs and she got a handful of dog balls, squeezing gently, feeling his fat ball-sac swell, feeling his hairy fuckrod slide in and out of her cunt.

Her gaze shifted to the long mirror and she gasped as she saw herself reflected there, on all fours, with the frantic beast mounted on her ass! God, what a sight! It brought the truth of the situation home to the horny girl in no uncertain terms, adding the visual to the tactile, leaving her in no doubt that she was really and truly getting fucked by her dog!

She could see the pink lips of her cunt spread open as the dog's hairy cock pulled out, then fucked back inside her cunthole as his fat prickshaft fucked in to the hilt again, pumping foaming rivers of pussyjuice out of her.

The wolfhound was fucking into her pussy with long, rippling, under-slung strokes now. His haunches lowered as he fucked in, so that every inch of his long prick slid over her taut clit, both going in and coming out of her pussy. Waves of joy spread out through the girl's loins, warming her. She felt as if she were melting.

"Fucking hell!" she gasped.

The waves came faster and higher. She knew that soon she was going to cream on the dog's cock. She tried to hold back, wanting to wait for the dog to come with her, so that she could feel the hot stream of his jism squirt into her cunt as her own orgasm ripped wildly through her frenzied belly.

"Shoot it up my cunt, boy!" she gasped. "Spurt your hot, thick cum into my fucking cunt!"

Her hand squeezed his balls as if she were trying to pump the precious jism from them. The dog's whole big body shuddered. A spasm shook the girl.

Marianne was so hot and wet that she felt almost numb. She didn't know if she was coming or not.

Then she did know, as the sweeping crest rolled through her and her cunt gave a ripple and spasmed . . . then spasmed again. Marianne wailed with joy. She was having a multiple orgasm! No sooner had one peak rushed through her than another followed close upon it, the spasms coming higher and faster each time, until they were merging into one prolonged climax. Her clit was going off like a stick of dynamite and her fuckhole was overflowing with juice. Adolf howled.

Marianne felt his cockhead expand and his prickshaft swell, and a split second later she felt the dog's jism squirt into her like a seething volcanic eruption. The thick cum poured into her pussy like lava. Her sensitive cunt felt every drop. As her own juicy orgasm continued, she worked her cunt muscles frantically, milking the doggy's prick, loving to feel dog cum squirt into her as her own cream gushed out. Her cunt muscles clamped around him in a series of concentric rings, running up his hairy prick from root to knob, as if she were jerking him off inside her pussy.

The wolfhound jolted in, shooting cum up her pussy with every cunt-filling thrust. Cuntjuice and dog jism, mingled into one creamy flood, poured out of the girl. Her head went down, her mind spinning dizzily, all of her life force and vitality and awareness centered in her creaming cunt now, leaving her mind reeling.

Growling and yelping frantically, the huge girl-fucking brute fucked on, desperate to drain his cock and balls, while the girl's ass churned wildly as she was lost to her own release.

At long last, the dog slowed.

Marianne kept on fucking, working off the final spasms of her climax on the animal's still hard but empty cock. Then she, too, slowed. Still linked together, they were motionless for a moment. Marianne had a terrible thought: What if they were stuck together, the way a dog and a bitch often were? It frightened the girl. What if they were unable to separate and had to stay locked together like this until someone threw a bucket of cold water on them?

But then Adolf slowly drew his cock from her.

The naked knob slipped free and a great deluge of cuntjuice and dog cum poured from her vacated pussy.

Relieved that they had parted so easily, but not so happy at having her cunt empty again, the girl turned around to face the dog. Adolf looked as stunned by it as the girl did, shaking his big head as if amazed at how wonderful a girl's pussy was.

His cock was still stiff, the red tip throbbing and dripping. Marianne leaned under the brute and she slurped his fat cockhead into her mouth, nursing lovingly on it. The dog's cock was even more delicious, now that it had been soaked in her cunt. She greedily sucked cum and cuntjuice from the flaring knob, finding the mixture succulent. When she drew back, she had polished his knob to a luster. And his prick was still rock hard! An impish smile turned her cum-soaked lips. She couldn't leave the dumb brute in that condition, could she?

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CHAPTER SIX

Marianne wondered what to do now. She wanted to empty the dog's cock again, but she wasn't sure where she wanted him to squirt the next load of jism. She had already swallowed a load and had her cunt filled with another and, being an innocent and inexperienced girl—until today, that is—Marianne could not think of any alternative to one of those holes that had already been fed. But she wanted to try something different. She thought about it.

Maybe she should see if it was possible for the doggy to fuck her face to face? She'd done it dog style, so it was only fair he did it human fashion. If she were to sit on the edge of the bed and have him put his front paws up beside her hips he could probably fuck her frontally. But her pussy had just been well taken care of and she figured she should save that pleasure for tomorrow, when she needed to get fucked again. Then she considered sucking him off in one of the ways she had previously thought about. But she wasn't really hungry for cum now, having already swallowed a bucketful of the delicious stuff. What else was there? Should she get the dog to fuck her between the tits, maybe? Or should she just jerk him off, aiming his cockhead so that the stuff spurted into her face and she could see it jet from his flaring knob before feeling it douse her? Thinking of the things they had already done, the girl remembered how the obedient doggy had tongued out her asshole.

Would she like to have the dog fuck her up the ass? Marianne blushed at the idea, still vulnerable to embarrassment even though she was now a dog sucker and fucker. But she had an idea that an asshole full of cock would be quite a thrill. Too, it was not the sort of thing she was every likely to experience, except with a dumb animal. The girl was determined to fuck and suck with boys, but she knew she would be too inhibited to ever let a boy fuck her asshole, even on the odd chance that some daring guy were to suggest it. But with the dog she could experience that depraved pleasure without having to worry about losing his respect, or gossiping about her.

Adolf was looking at her curiously and she smiled.

That reckless girl had decided to get her asshole fucked!

Once her mind was made up, Marianne was eager to get on with it, both for the experience, itself, and so that they would have time to finish before her mother and father got home. She didn't want to have to stop in the middle of it.

She took his cock into her mouth again and sucked on it, to make sure that the wolfhound's prick was as big and as hard as possible. As she nursed softly on his naked knob, she stared down his hairy cockshaft and watched his balls swell up again.

Adolf, thinking he was going to be treated to another blowjob, humped into her face.

But then, with a last loving slurp, the girl drew her head away and turned onto all fours again.

The dog did not hesitate this time. He tensed and sprang up, mounting her ass, ready to fuck her again, for that was quite naturally what a dog would assume. Like mouths, assholes were a mystery to the dog, as far as sex was concerned.

He humped a couple times, missing the mark as before, then held himself rigid, waiting for the girl's skillful hands to guide him into her pussy.

Her smooth thighs rippled with muscle as she lowered her haunches under him. She reached behind her and took his prick in her hand and moved the tip up to her shit chute. She began to rub his cockhead around in her tight, virgin asshole. Then, holding him by his prickshaft, she gently pulled an inch of cockhead into her ass. If the doggy realized that she was guiding him into the wrong fuckhole, he gave no sign of it, nor any protest. After all, to a dumb dog, a hot hole was a hot hole and what did he care about his mistress' depravity as long as he got to shoot his cum into her.

Her narrow shitter mouth spread around the tip of his cock and, for a moment, the girl thought that her asshole was too tight and that the dog's giant cock wasn't going to fit. She was filled with a bitter disappointment for, now that she had decided to try it, she was very eager. She jammed her ass back hard and the wolfhound gave another lunge, this time managing to feed about half of the head of his prick into her shitter.

The girl gasped as her taut brown asshole spread.

It hurt a little but not nearly enough to make her change her mind about getting ass fucked.

Adolf humped away resolutely, trying to ram his hard cockmeat up her narrow shit chute. The knob was half in and stuck fast. As he humped, his stiff prickshaft bent slightly. But little by little he was making progress. The wide red wedge of his cockhead began to vanish into her spreading asshole. Her shitter muscles were relaxing and adjusting to accommodate the breadth of his prick, to accept the first-ever load moving into her bowels.

Then his whole fat prickhead was in her. The widest part of the dog's prick was spreading her shit chute, preparing a passage for the stiff cockshaft that followed. His prickshaft stood out between them, like a hairy bolt between his balls and her bowels. The girl squirmed, twisting her ass, winding her asshole back on the dog's slowly intruding cock. His steaming knob was melting her ass tunnel, and her tight shitter pulled on him as if trying to digest him in reverse.

Now his hairy fuckrod was slipping into her as the naked knob pushed deeper and deeper. Her head turned from side to side, long blonde hair sweeping the carpet. Her eyes were narrowed and her sensual hps parted, as lust masked her face.

It still, hurt slightly, but the thrill was coming, too, and the pain only enhanced the sensation. As the wolfhound's ass-reamer fucked deep into her, Marianne's lips trembled and she smiled, realizing that getting fucked up the asshole was a joy, another of the many pleasures she had discovered on this memorable day.

Adolf tensed and plunged and this time he managed to drive all of his prick into her ass. His hairy fuckrod was buried to the roots and his balls were hanging down in her cunt.

Marianne sighed and purred, with the pleasure of having an ass full of cock. She began to hump under the dog. He drew back, ready to start the fucking movement. His cock was jammed up her shitter so tightly that it wouldn't slide out for a moment, and when he pulled back he only dragged her ass with him. But then her muscles spasmed and her asshole loosened a little and the hairy dog cock came slipping out, matted with ass juice, then rammed in again. "Ohhhh!" she cried. "Fuck my ass!" As the dog fucked in and out, the girl shot one hip out, then the other, her ass grinding under the brute. His swollen cockhead pushed into her bowels and she wailed with joy. His front paws were hooked around her hips, dragging her ass back as he fucked his cockmeat into her. His powerful lunges were driving her forward so that, linked together, the bizarre couple was slowly crawling across the floor. Her tits dangled, her stiff nipples brushing against the carpet. She reached back with one hand and began to claw at her cunt and massage her clit, then shoved three fingers right up inside her cunthole. Through the slender partition between asshole and cunt, she could feel the dog's fat cock stir and ripple. She began to fingerfuck her cunt as the dog buggered her asshole. Her stiff fingers slid in as his cock did, filling both of her fuckholes at once. Then she worked in counterpoint, stabbing up her cunt as the dog withdrew, and vice versa. His mighty thrusts were shaking her whole nubile body, rattling her bones, driving her across the floor. She sobbed with the joy of it, her own lust as bestial as the animal's now.

Her cunt began to spasm in her hand.

"Shoot it up me, Adolf!" she gasped. "Fill my asshole with a load of dog jizz!"

The wolfhound rumbled in his throat, clinging to her ass as he drove his thundering prick into her bowels, burying his meaty boner to the hilt. As he drew out, the taut brown bud of her asshole sucked, almost turning inside out. Then his shaggy cockshaft plunged in again, disappearing into her ass.

Marianne bucked and twisted as she started to climax.

Her hand worked, her palm filling up with the overflow of cuntjuice from her pussy. Her clit was explosive. Then Adolf began to pant violently, his haunches a mere blur as he tucked his loins into her haunches and stuffed her asshole full of cock. His balls exploded. The thick jism rushed up his cockshaft and came spurting out of his cockhead, a quicksilver load soaking her bowels.

Marianne gurgled with delight as she felt his hot, thick fuckjuice flood her throbbing asshole. She let

her own orgasm rip through her in a wild ricochet as the frantic beast poured load after load of steaming cum up her shit chute.

"Feed it to me, boy!" she wailed.

His stiff prick fucked in like a crowbar, levering her asshole, wedging into her bowels.

Then he slowed, the last slimy trickle seeping out.

Marianne continued to squirm, grinding her ass onto his cock as her hand worked off her cunt climax.

Drained, she slumped down on the carpet, smiling. Her asshole pulled away from the dog's cock. Panting, Adolf stepped back, stiff-legged and exhausted. His cock was well and truly finished now, and his big prickshaft began to diminish and droop. Marianne turned to look at him and smiled wistfully when she saw that, at last, the wolfhound's prick was going soft. His balls looked like deflated balloons. But the girl could hardly complain. After all the potent brute had poured three massive cum loads into her and it would have been -pure greed to expect more . . . until tomorrow, anyway.

She slid over to the panting beast and took his shrinking, softening cockhead into her mouth once more, licking and sucking cum and ass juice from it until the knob glistened. But when she drew her hps away, his tasty slab of cockmeat began to retract back inside its shaggy sheath, despite her oral efforts.

She stroked the dutiful dog's big, shaggy head.

"Tomorrow we can do it all again," she whispered.

And even though the horny teen was satiated completely, all three of her hot holes satisfied, she was already looking forward to fooling around with the wolfhound the next day. She fully intended to fuck and suck with her doggy a whole lot from now on.

She curled comfortably on the floor, dog cum running out of her asshole, the flavor still tingling on her tongue and another load still burning in her cunt.

Marianne had so much enjoyed it with the dog that, for the moment, she had forgotten all about what had inspired her rare passion today. She had forgotten about the stallion's mighty prick.

But not for long.

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

Marianne went to bed early that evening, worn out by the prolonged energy expenditure of all that doggy fucking. But although her body was weary, stiff and satisfied, the girl's mind was still alert, jumping around over the memories of the naughty but wonderful things she had done and looking forward to a repeat performance. She didn't bother to fingerfuck herself before she slept and, in the morning, instead of enjoying her usual handjob, she decided to let Adolf do the job for her. But when she went downstairs, she discovered that Adolph had been banished to his dog kennel in the back garden. Her mother had found dog hairs on the expensive carpet, and until such time as she relented, the wolfhound was not to be allowed in the house again. Nor did her mother intend to go



out today, giving Marianne a chance to sneak the big-pricked brute in. This was very frustrating for the girl, being denied the doggy cock she had expected.

She thought about going out to the kennel and getting fucked there, and went to the kitchen window to look out. Adolf, looking morose, was lying in the yard in front of the kennel, and the girl's gaze drifted to his cock and balls, but she saw that it was no good. From the kitchen window, her mother could see right into the dog house. If she ever caught Marianne fucking the doggy, the girl would be in the dog house, herself!

She licked her lips, wishing that she had a mouthful of that scrumptious cockmeat.

Well, she would have to frig herself off, that was all there was to it, she thought, and she went back up to her bedroom.

But even that proved a disappointment.

Now that she was acquainted with the real thing, her hands and fingers were a poor substitute. She tried it in all sorts of positions, on her back, kneeling, squatting over her hands, standing in front of the bedroom mirror. None of it thrilled her in the slightest. She sighed, thinking she would have to stay horny and unfulfilled for the whole day.

That was when she remembered that Jessica Turnbull had promised she could ride the black stallion again today. Maybe another handjob in the woods was what she needed, the horny teenager thought. Maybe she giggled and blushed maybe she would even play with the stallion's prick again, not being so shy and bashful about animal cocks now that she had fooled around with the doggy.

She wouldn't do anything really naughty, she assured herself, just touch his cock a little with one hand while she fingerfucked herself with the other.

The prospect was exciting and that was why Marianne was feeling very horny when she walked down the road to Jessica's.

"Come on in, honey," Jessica said.

The tall, dark-haired beauty was wearing a dressing gown, a frilly black silk garment trimmed with lace, very sexy and semi-transparent. Marianne was afraid she had gotten her out of bed, but then saw that the woman had already applied make-up, and had probably been in the process of getting dressed.

Marianne followed the older woman down the hallway, thinking how sexy that gown was. A lot of deep cleavage showed, trimmed by lace, and the hem ended high on her shapely thighs, barely covering her crotch. Through the dark material, Marianne could faintly make out the darker triangle of Jessica's pussymound.

Marianne, herself, was dressed as she had been the day before, in tee shirt and shorts.

"Wait here a moment," Jessica said, leaving the girl in the front room. She came back after a minute, holding something in her hand and smiling strangely.

"You left these here," she said.

She held the object out and, to her horror, Marianne saw that it was her panties.

The girl blushed. "Errr, I always carry a spare pair when I'm riding," she explained, thinking quickly. "The ones I wear always get damp from sweating."

"These were certainly damp," said Jessica.

"Sweat," mumbled Marianne. Amusement showed in the woman's green eyes.

"I don't think so," she said.

"Huh?" Marianne asked nervously.

"Now, there's no need to be embarrassed, Marianne. But your panties were soaking wet with cuntjuice."

Marianne wailed.

"Oh, don't carry on! I understand these things. I always get horny when I ride, myself."

"Gee, you do?"

"Certainly. It's very stimulating to ride a horse, especially a lusty stallion."

"But how did you know I creamed my panties?" the girl asked, willing to admit it, now that Jessica had, but curious.

Jessica smiled again, eyes glowing.

"Why, I tasted it," she said.

"You tasted it?" cried the girl, shocked.

"Sure. I licked the crotch of your panties to see why they were so sodden. I suppose sniffing them would have told me, but I took a lick to be sure."

How does she know what cuntjuice tastes like? Marianne wondered. But then she remembered licking her own fingers after masturbating and guessed that was the answer.

"And the saddle was creamy, too," Jessica added.

Marianne lowered her gaze demurely.

"I'm sorry," she murmured, yet she could tell that Jessica was not angry about it.

"Oh, that's all right. But may I give you a piece of advice?"

The girl nodded.

"You should always give yourself a thorough handjob before you go for a ride."

Marianne gulped, amazed that the woman would be talking to her in this way.

"You see, it's hard on Jupiter to have a girl with a creamy cunt riding him. He's a horny horse and it gets him all worked up. In fact, I had to jack him off yesterday, after you brought him back. The poor brute had such a hard-on!"

My God! She jacked off her horse! Marianne thought, shocked, but not nearly as shocked as she would have been had she not sucked and fucked with her dog the day before. Now she was a lot more tolerant and understanding about such relationships.

"Now . . . have you come this morning?"

Jessica asked.

"Errr, not really," Marianne admitted.

She'd played with herself, certainly, but hadn't been able to really get off on her hands.

"Well then, why don't you do that now, before you take Jupiter for a ride?" suggested Jessica.

Marianne felt embarrassed and yet something about the tone of this strange conversation was making her really excited. She could see that there was no need to be shy with Jessica.

"If you think I should," she said. "I'll go in the bathroom and frig myself off."

"No, you'd better do it right here," Jessica said. Jessica was delighted with the way things were going and saw there was no need to play it as cool as she had intended.

"Errr, are you gonna leave the room?" the girl asked.

"No, I want to watch . . . just to make sure that you really do get your rocks off, of course. For the horse's sake."

"Oh! I'd be too embarrassed to frig myself in front of you!" the teenager whispered, blushing.

"Don't be silly. All girls do it."

"Sure, but not in public!"

"Well, you can't ride Jupiter until I know you've come, Marianne." Jessica thought for a moment, then grinned. "Tell you what. I'll frig my own cunt at the same time. That way, with both of us doing it, you won't have to be embarrassed."

Marianne wasn't sure that was true but the thought of fingerfucking in company with this sexy woman was thrilling. The girl didn't know why, not having any lesbian tendencies that she was aware of, yet the very idea was making her cunt smolder. Jessica was looking at her suggestively, partly amused and partly aroused.

"Well, okay," the girl agreed.

Jessica looked pleased. She sat on the couch, motioning for Marianne to sit beside her. The girl did so. Jessica, without hesitation, drew the hem of her dressing gown up above her hips. Her pussymound was a jungle of dark curls. Marianne could not help but look at it. She saw that the older woman was aroused. Her pink cuntlips were parted and her open fuckslot was juicy and her big clit stood out like a little man in a boat drifting through a swamp.

"Do you like my cunt?" Jessica asked.

"Oh, gee, I□" Marianne didn't know what to say. After all, they were both women, so how could she like Jessica's pussy? Yet she did!

"Take your shorts down, honey," Jessica urged.

Marianne hesitated. Jessica moved a hand down between her ripe thighs and began to stroke her cuntlips and clit. Seeing this, the teenager lost the last of her inhibitions. She undid her shorts and squirmed out of them, along with her panties, which were soaking wet again. She kicked them from her feet. For a moment she sat primly, her thighs pressed together. But then she parted her legs. She could feel Jessica's gaze burn into her pussy. Like Jessica, Marianne's cunt was also open. Their two pussies made a lovely contrast, Jessica's dark forest complemented by the golden filigree of the younger girl's cuntbush. Marianne's open pussyslit flowed through her blonde cuntmound like a sluggish river through a sunlit field.

Why did it thrill her so much to have another woman staring openly at her pussy? She didn't know but she was starting to get the idea, and became even more excited by the dawning realization.

"Touch yourself," Jessica urged, her voice husky.

Marianne slid a hand down through her pubic thicket and her fingertips brushed over her taut fuck button. She gasped at the touch, and so did Jessica. Side by side, staring down into each other's lap, the two girls began to rub and stroke their cunts. They were both panting, tits heaving, asses and hips grinding.

Marianne, totally carried away with passion, tilted her wrist and slipped two stiff fingers up her fuckhole.

"Ummm, nice," purred Jessica.

Is this all we're going to do? wondered Marianne, just play with ourselves, or will there be more? Abandoned to lust now, the girl was willing for anything.

Jessica sensed it.

With her free hand, she drew the girl's face to hers and pressed their lips together. They kissed lightly for a moment, then passionately, lips grinding. Jessica thrust her tongue into the girl's mouth and Marianne sucked lovingly on it. Her own hot tongue entwined with the woman's, coiling and flashing. They were panting right into each other's open mouth and both were fingerfucking themselves steadily. Their hot cunts made soft, moist sounds and the aroma of creamy pussy wafted up into their faces.

Jessica took Marianne by the wrist and very gently pulled the girl's hand out of her groin. Marianne trembled violently. Then the woman's own hand had replaced the girl's, caressing her golden-haired cunt with enthusiasm.

Marianne jolted her ass and hips, grinding her cunt against the woman's hand. Her sleek thighs parted, then closed, scissoring as she squirmed and moaned.

Jessica gave the girl a last tongue-thrust into her mouth, then drew back, green eyes aflame. "Look what I'm doing," she whispered, and she brought her hand up from Marianne's soaking cunt, lifting it to her lips. Her tongue flicked out, licking Marianne's cuntjuice from her fingers. Then she pushed them between her lips and sucked.

"Ummm, your pussy is delicious," the woman sighed.

Her lips pulled on her fingers. Marianne saw a few flecks of pussy cream glisten on Jessica's lips.

"When I licked your cuntjuice out of your panties, I got so fucking hungry," whispered Jessica. Her eyes asked the question.

"You wanna suck my cunt, you mean?" the recently innocent girl asked in awe.

"Would you like that, darling? Would you like me to go down on you and suck you off?" Her pink tongue caressed her fingertips and glided across her lower lip, nimble and moist and promising.

"I oh, shit! I'd love it!" Marianne cried. Her whole nubile body began to shake and vibrate. Jessica's lips smiled but her flashing eyes were intense with desire. Leaning forward, she kissed the girl on the lips again, then she moved down.

Jessica rolled Marianne's tee shirt up above her tits. She began to kiss and lick at the girl's stiff tit tips and to run her tongue up the smooth cleavage, then around her tit globes. It felt lovely, but Marianne was too impatient to enjoy it.

"Never mind my tits!" she wailed. "Suck my cunt!"

Jessica grinned around a mouthful of tit, delighted to find that the girl was so eager. She slipped off the couch, then knelt on the floor between Marianne's thighs. She gazed at the girl's creamy cunt, savoring the anticipation the way a gourmet looks at a well-laid feast. Her tongue switched back and forth. She gazed up at the girl's face. "Has anyone ever sucked you off before?" she asked, hoping it would be the first time for Marianne, that she would be sucking off a virgin pussy.

"No," Marianne moaned. But then a wicked gleam came into her blue eyes. She was no longer inhibited in any way. "Except my doggy." She giggled.

Jessica gasped. Lust rushed through her as she realized that Marianne, too, was an animal lover.

Then her head bobbed down and she buried her face between the girl's trembling thighs. Her tongue ran up Marianne's soaked cuntlips and flicked across the girl's clit. Her parted lips clamped over the girl's steaming fuckhole, nursing and milking hungrily. Marianne stared down, seeing Jessica's dark head grinding around, framed between her thighs, bobbing at the base of her belly.

"Ummmm-ummm-ummm," Jessica purred as she sucked.

Cuntjuice poured over her tongue and past her lips. She swallowed the succulent juice and whimpered with the joy of it. Her black hair swept over Marianne's belly and thighs and blonde cunt mound as the horny, hungry woman turned her face from side to side in the girl's smoldering crotch. Foaming streamers of cream poured down into the taut crack of the blonde girl's ass. Jessica clamped her hands on Marianne's hips and she lifted her slightly, then ducked down and tongued the girl's cuntjuice from the crack of her ass, her tongue slurping up with long, rippling strokes. She was lapping the girl from asshole to clit with those steady slurps and Marianne's pelvis was pumping wildly away as she fucked the woman's tongue and face.

"Oh, fuck! Suck my pussy!" wailed Marianne.

Her hand moved behind Jessica's head, pressing the woman's face into her crotch as if she was trying to shove the woman's head right up inside her cunt. Her thighs clamped around Jessica's cheeks in a velvet vise, then flew open wide again. Her smooth belly pumped and her ass churned on the edge of the couch.

Jessica licked at Marianne's unfurled pink cuntlips, lapped at the girl's trembling fuck button,

stabbed her tongue as far up the teen's creamy fuckhole as it would reach, tonguing her pussy out. Her lips continued to work steadily and her hungry mouth was filling up with saliva and cuntjuice. The cuntlapping woman was in ecstasy. This was the tastiest pussy she had ever eaten.

"Come, baby," she whimpered, the words muffled on Marianne's steaming cunt. "Cream for me, honey, cream in my fucking mouth!"

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" Marianne panted.

She felt Jessica tongue-fucking her, the woman's nimble, experienced tongue stabbing in and out like a prick. Jessica was slobbering into Marianne's open cunthole, drooling with hunger. Marianne's cunt muscles pulsed, sucking on Jessica's stabbing tongue. Pussyjuice poured from the excited girl in foaming rivers and Jessica was soaked from chin to forehead with the creamy flow.

"Oh, fuck! I'm creaming!" wailed Marianne.

"Feed me!" gasped the cuntlapping woman, sucking and tonguing even faster now as she felt Marianne's sweet pussy begin to spasm and Marianne started to shudder with the frenzy of her release.

"Suck it out of me! Drink my fucking cuntjuice!" cried Marianne, as the thrill lashed through her in rippling waves.

Jessica sucked and swallowed, panting and moaning as she voraciously feasted on the delicious flood of the girl's pussyjuice.

"Oh! Ohhh!" Marianne moaned as another rushing tide of sensation tore her loins apart and another deluge of hot, creamy pussyjuice washed into Jessica's eager mouth.

Jessica was rubbing her whole face around the girl's crotch as her mouth nursed ravenously on Marianne's creaming fuckhole and vibrant clit.

A great spasm shook the girl and she sank back along the couch, twitching. Jessica thought it was over. She sucked lovingly, her tongue stirring up Marianne's pussy, drinking the last drops. But it wasn't over at all. In a moment, the horny teenager had recovered and her loins began to grind again. Jessica rolled her eyes and looked up, her lower face still stuck to the girl's cunt like a suction pump on a clogged drain. Marianne was in a brand-new frenzy.

The girl slid down from the couch, pushing Jessica back onto the floor. Jessica lay on her back and Marianne slid over her, straddling her face and lowering her cunt down to the woman's eager, open mouth. Jessica shoved her tongue out to meet the descending feast, lapping at it, then her mouth was clamped on Marianne's hairy fuckhole and she was sucking again.

Marianne was mounted on Jessica's face as if it were a saddle and her trim thighs worked just as if she were riding the woman's mouth and tongue. Her ass switched from side to side and her hips pumped with a steady fucking movement. Jessica was gurgling with joy as another creamy deluge poured into her open mouth.

Jessica's hands clamped on the girl's churning ass, tilting her up, as if Marianne's cunt were a hairy goblet from which she was draining the dregs. One hand slipped down to the girl's crotch and she began to fingerfuck her cunthole as she sucked her clit. Marianne cried out as another wild crest rushed through her. Cuntjuice was running from the corners of Jessica's mouth, onto her cheeks.

Oh, it's so wonderful! Marianne thought. And Jessica seems to be enjoying it as much as I am!

Naturally, that realization made the horny girl curious. It was lovely to get sucked, but what would it be like to do the sucking? As soon as she thought of it, Marianne's mouth began to water and her tongue became as ting-ly as her clit.

Marianne made up her mind to do some cuntlapping, herself.

She began to turn, twisting from the hips so that she was reversing her position without for a moment removing her cunt from Jessica's upturned face. Her pussy rotated on the woman's tongue and lips. Marianne came all the way around into the position of mutual tongue-fucking.

Jessica gasped as she realized what Marianne intended.

"You don't have to—" she whimpered, thinking that the girl might feel obligated to return the favor and not wishing to force her to do anything she didn't want to do.

"Like fuck I don't!" Marianne wailed. "I'm fucking drooling for it! If I don't suck some cunt, I'm gonna fucking starve!"

Jessica gasped and arched her back, pumping her pussy upward eagerly. Marianne, still mounted happily on the woman's face, bowed down into the sixty-nining position.

She stared at Jessica's bushy cunt for a moment, enjoying the expectation of feasting on her succulent-looking fuckhole, knowing even before she took her first-ever lick that she was going to simply adore lapping the woman's pussy. Before today she had never even thought of doing such a thing, yet now her mouth was watering with cuntlapper urgency. She used her fingertips to spread Jessica's cuntlips wide open, exposing the slightly darker inner lips. They were streaked with ribbons of pearly pussy nectar and her fuckhole was steaming.

Marianne's mouth hovered over the woman's cunt, lips parted. She let a little saliva dribble down into Jessica's fuckhole. The spit ran into the cuntjuice.

The girl stuck her tongue out and hesitated for a split second, not in doubt, but just to enjoy the anticipation. And then she took her first-ever taste of hot cunt. Her wet tongue slipped up Jessica's gaping, cream-filled fuckhole and rippled over the woman's clit.

With that very first lick, Marianne knew that she was going to adore sucking pussy every bit as much as she adored being sucked.

Her lips pursed. She kissed Jessica's open pussy. Tilting her head to the side, she fitted her lips to the woman's cuntlips, kissing her hairy pussy as if it were a mouth, while her tongue slid far up into the creamy folds of her smoldering fuckhole.

"Ooooooh," the girl moaned, loving it. Just as it had been when she sucked her first dog cock, she found out that cuntlapping was natural to her, and that she needed no practice or experience before she could do it right. She clamped her mouth to Jessica's cunt like a limpet to a mossy rock, sucking with joy. Her mouth filled up with hot cuntjuice and her tongue delved up Marianne's pussy from where that juice was being sucked.

At the other end of the linkage, Jessica was still sucking merrily away on Marianne's pussy.

Marianne didn't know which was hotter, her mouth or her cunt, her tongue or her clit. The two holes

seemed interchangeable, yielding equal pleasure. Sixty-nining was wonderful, giving a girl a treat at both top and bottom at the same time.

Her hips bucked as she fucked herself on Jessica's face, and her blonde head twisted and turned as she nursed her cunt hunger on the woman's soaked pussy.

They came at the same time.

"Cream for me! Oh, I'm creaming! Oh, fucking hell!" Marianne wailed, not knowing which end to concentrate on, thrilled equally by Jessica's coming and by her own. She was swallowing cuntjuice with her mouth, and cuntjuice was pouring out of her pussy, as if it were the same creamy load rushing straight through her trembling body. The thrill jolted her like an electric current and ran on through her tongue, into Jessica's cunt, then came back to the girl from Jessica's mouth, sparking through her clit.

They soared together to the peak, hung there, gasping, then crashed down in simultaneous release and mutual satiation.

They cuddled together dreamily, kissing and stroking each other tenderly and affectionately, not horny now but both knowing they would soon be horny again.

"Oh, it's so good," Marianne whispered. "Thank you for showing me about cuntsucking.

Her lips were still glistening with pussyjuice.

"We can do it all the time, if you want," Jessica said, thinking of a most satisfying future.

"Oh, yes! I want to."

They began to move together more passionately.

"What shall we do next?" asked the horny teenager.

"Ummm, whatever you like, darling. Shall I suck you off again, or do you want to suck me?"

Marianne frowned slightly as she considered it.

"Or shall we do something different?" Jessica asked.

"I like to try new things," Marianne admitted shyly.

"Shall I get my dildo, maybe? We could take turns strapping it on and fucking each other."

Marianne thought for a moment, then shook her head. "Maybe sometime," she said. "But I don't really cream over the thought of a rubber prick, Jessica. I mean, they might be cock shaped, but they ain't a real cock, you know? They can't come . . . and that's the best part."

Jessica nodded, feeling much the same way, herself.

Then she saw that a strange, excited look had come into the teenager's deep blue eyes. Marianne started to speak, then paused, licking her lips nervously and averting her gaze.

"What is it, honey? Don't be shy with me, not after what we've just done together. Anything you want?"



"Anything?" Marianne repeated.

"Whatever you want."

"You'll think I'm awful naughty," Marianne said.

"But I like you being naughty," Jessica replied, smiling.

Marianne still hesitated.

"Tell me what you want, honey," urged Jessica, patiently.

So Marianne told her.

"I want your fucking horse!" cried the horny teenager. She blushed and Jessica gasped.

But they both thought it was a swell idea.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Marianne was squirming back into her shorts for the walk down to the barn, but she hadn't bothered to put her panties on again, since they were soaked and since she would be getting naked again very soon. Jessica was admiring the way the teenager's gorgeous ass and lithe hips moved. The taste of that girl's sweet pussy still tingled thrillingly on the woman's tongue.

"Did you really jerk the stallion off?"

Marianne asked.

"Sure. And I've done more than that, too." "Ooooh!"

"And was it true about you letting your doggy lap your cunt?" Jessica countered.

Marianne blushed and dropped her gaze, but she was no longer embarrassed and there were no secrets between the two cuntlappers. "Yes," she said. "And lots worse, too. I was really horny yesterday, after riding Jupiter, and I guess I got carried away. I sucked the doggy off and swallowed his cum and I let him fuck me. and he fucked my asshole, too!"

"Lucky dog!" Jessica said, surprised by the teenager's depravity, but not at all shocked. She was delighted by it.

"I never did those things before," Marianne added.

"But I bet you will again!"

The girl smiled sweetly.

"Roll on, Jupiter!" she exclaimed.

They went down to the barn together, Jessica still wearing only her black dressing gown, walking side by side with the woman's hand fondling the girl's heart-shaped ass as it swayed, packed tightly into those scanty shorts. Marianne squirmed against Jessica's hand, but her thoughts were far from

cuntsucking now. She was looking forward to that huge black stallion cock.

When they entered the barn, Jupiter looked up from his stall and whinnied softly. He didn't seem surprised to find two women coming in. After all, being a stallion, he knew all about running with a whole herd of horny mares.

The woman wasted no time.. As soon as the barn door was pushed closed, Marianne took her shorts off again, then pulled her tee shirt over her head. Jessica slipped out of her robe.

The fragrance of two hot cunts drifted through the barn, mingling with the scent of hay and horseshit. The stallion pawed at the ground as they approached.

"Oh, look, he knows!" cried Marianne, pointing to the horse's cock, which had begun to grow in anticipation.

Jessica opened the door of the stall and she held it for Marianne to go in, then joined her. The stallion tossed his head, eyeing them with interest, his nostrils flaring.

"Want him to lap your cunt first?" Jessica asked.

"Naw. You gave me enough tongue for today. Let's play with his prick, okay? Both of us together." The happy teenager's eyes were bright with lust. Jessica was overjoyed that her new playmate was such a naughty girl. And she wasn't jealous of her horse, either, because that splendid beast had enough cock for both of them, and then some. She stroked the handsome animal's neck. Marianne didn't waste a minute. She knelt right down beside the brute.

His massive cock was growing longer and thicker and the dark knob was just starting to come squeezing out from its leathery sheath. The sight made the girl's hands itch for a feel and her mouth water for a taste. She glanced at Jessica, who nodded in approval. Marianne ran her fingertips along the horse's hard cockshaft, tracing up the underside where the fat vein was throbbing. She reached lower and touched his swollen balls, then fingered the underside of the big wedge of his cockhead. That slab flared at her caress. His prickhead had pushed all the way out from its sheath now and his pisshole was gaping open.

Jessica knelt down beside the girl and put one hand on her ass, fingers dipping into Marianne's crotch from behind, but it was only a casual touch. Both were concentrating on the stallion's prick now.

"God, I want to lick it!" Marianne squealed.

"We can both lick it," said Jessica.

She cupped both hands around the horse's cock, just back of the knob, and pushed back, so that his cockhead flared out in a great naked wedge of dark prickmeat. Marianne leaned in as the woman held Jupiter's cockhead up to her face, offering the first lick to the girl. The teenager's tongue came out. She ran it up the tip of the stallion's cock, slathering the dark flesh with saliva.

"Ooooh, yummy!" she sighed.

Jessica took a lick, in turn. They lapped his cockhead between them, alternating at first, and then both tonguing him at the same time, cheek to cheek. His cockhead continued to expand. The heat of his throbbing prickmeat wafted over their faces, making them drool.

A line of pre-cum ran down his pisshole.

"Lap it up, honey," said Jessica encouragingly. Marianne needed no coaxing. Her tongue ran up the cleft tip of the stallion's prick and she gathered his jizz onto her tastebuds. Moaning with delight, she let the creamy stuff soak into her mouth, then threw her head back so it ran down her throat.

Another blob of pre-cum oozed out. Jessica lapped it up this time, with pure joy. Their tongues slipped and glided all over the meaty lump of the horse's cockhead, streaking him with slobber and greedily lapping up the jism that seeped from him. His cock was fully erect by this time, so stiff that it was throbbing. It looked as big as a telephone pole to Marianne.

"I want him to shoot in my mouth," she whimpered. Without waiting for permission from the stallion's owner, the horny teenager parted her lips against the tip of the horse's prick and she began to work her hungry mouth down onto his cockhead. Jessica watched, fascinated. The girl's sensual lips spread wide as she took that huge hunk of horse cock slowly into her drooling mouth. Jupiter's gigantic cockhead filled the girl's mouth to the brim. She sucked on it lovingly, then blew her heated breath down his cockshaft. Marianne made muffled noises, unable to speak with such a mouthful but expressing her joy by whimpering. Her whole mouth was full. The tip of Jupiter's cock was lodged back in her throat and her lips were spread around the widest part of the triangle of prickmeat.

"Unghhh!" she gasped. "Ummm!"

A dribble of jism ran out of the corner of her wide-open lips and down her chin. Jessica licked it off the girl. Then she began to tongue the horse's cock, lapping and laving just behind his prickhead, where it stuck out of Marianne's mouth.

Jupiter's haunches moved as he slowly humped his prick in and out, pushing Marianne's head back and forth. God, she thought, a horse is fucking me in the mouth! The absolute depravity of the act thrilled the cock-loving teenager to the core, filling her with lust just as the stallion was filling her mouth with cockmeat.

Her tongue glided around on the underside of his cockhead, bathing him as she sucked, and more jism flowed down into her cheeks and onto her tongue and down her throat.

Jessica had pursed her lips against the fat vein that seamed the underside surface of his cock and was running her mouth up and down his giant prickshaft as if playing a flute. She slurped down to his balls, kissed his big cum-sac, then slurped back up until her lips made contact with Marianne's open lips, with the head of the stallion's throbbing prick between them.

The horse was going wild now, as two hot mouths caressed him at the same time. His cockhead was getting greedily sucked and his prickshaft was being licked and mouthed. He began humping faster. The girl swayed back and forth, her face stuck fast on the end of his prick. Moist, gurgling sounds came from her mouth and her big blue eyes reflected the ecstasy that she felt as she sucked his huge cock.

His long, thick fuckrod skimmed through Jessica's parted lips as it plowed into the girl's mouth. Her saliva coated it, glistening along the raised line of the thick ventral vein from top to bottom. His knob was soaking in Marianne's slobber and adding to the moisture with a steady drip of pre-cum. This hint of the succulent load to come was playing the appetizer, making the horny teenager ravenous.

Jessica was licking down to his balls when his big ball-sac exploded. She gasped, feeling his fuckrod

expand as the creamy load shot up it. A split second later, Marianne was gasping and gagging as the stallion's jism erupted in her mouth. She was startled by the magnitude of his coming. She'd thought the wolfhound had fed her a large load, but the stallion's mighty balls were pumping out three times as much of the savory fuckjuice that she found so delicious.

She choked and gagged as his huge cockhead pressed back into the entrance to her throat, spilling cum down her gullet, but the greedy girl kept right on sucking more of the sweet stuff out. It overflowed her mouth and ran back down the horse's cockshaft. Jessica hungrily lapped up the overflow from his throbbing fuckrod.

Jessica envied Marianne that drink of cum, knowing very well how wonderful it was when the stallion shot in her mouth. But she was not selfish and she figured that the sweet little cuntsucker deserved a slimy bellyful. Her tongue slid all over the stallion's cock as she gathered up the slippery ribbons that ran down it, and the horse kept on pumping the fuckjuice into Marianne's mouth. Her throat pulsed as she swallowed, gulping hot, thick horse cum down to make room for more of the precious nectar.

He humped, pushing his cockhead back into Marianne's throat as he spilled another creamy spurt.

Then his cock slipped from her mouth. Marianne moaned and swallowed. Her mouth was still full of horse cum, far too much to gulp down at one time. Jessica ran her lips up to the swollen knob and sucked cum and saliva from the meaty wedge.

She glanced at Marianne, hoping that now that she had drunk her fill of jism, the horny teenager would be ready to get her pussy sucked off again. Marianne was smiling dreamily, her lips and chin slathered with frothy cum, her tongue running in and out of her mouth as she lapped up the overflow.

"Like it?" Jessica asked.

"Oh, shit, it was wonderful!" Marianne said. "But sucking him off made me awful fucking hot! My pussy is on fire!"

Jessica knew what to do about that and her cuntlapping tongue tingled in anticipation.

But Marianne had a different idea.

"I want the fucking horse to fuck me!" she cried. "I need his big prick up my cunt!"

Jessica was thrilled. Watching the girl get fucked by a horse would be almost as good as sucking her cunt, and the latter pleasure would still be in store.

"Turn around, Marianne," the woman said. "I'll help Jupiter get up your pussy."

Marianne turned over onto her hands and knees, lowering her head and shoulders to the ground and thrusting her heart-shaped ass high into the air in front of the stallion. Her cunt juice was flowing between her legs, soaking-wet and steaming. Jessica bent down and ran her tongue up the girl's fuck slot, then licked up the crack of the teenager's ass and rimmed out her asshole for a moment. Marianne squirmed and moaned. But she wanted more than the woman's tongue.

"Cock! Feed me his cock!" she cried.

Jessica took a last lick of Marianne's tasty asshole, then drew away and took the horse's prick in

both hands, holding his cockshaft just behind the flaring knob. The stallion's cockhead was soaking with cum and spit, creamy ribbons running over his dark prickmeat and streaming down as the slimy stuff dripped from his hard, hot cockflesh. The woman drew his cock down like a lever and placed the tip in Marianne's sodden crotch. Holding the horse's prick in the crook of her elbow, she used her free hand to spread the girl's pink cuntlips wide open. The tip of the horse's prick nuzzled into her open cunt-slot.

Marianne pushed her ass back.

Her cuntlips stretched around the tip of his giant cockhead, pulling and sucking. The stallion lurched, shoving his cock out. The girl's ass tilted up as he pushed against her, and for a terrible moment she was afraid that her cunt would not be able to hold his gigantic prickshaft. But it had fit in her mouth and she was determined to take it up her cunt, too. She writhed, pushing back. Jessica saw that the tip of the horse's fucktool was imbedded and that he needed no further guidance. She grabbed hold of the girl's hips, instead, and began to pull her ass back, dragging her cunt onto the horse's cock like a tight-fitting boot onto a swollen foot.

All three had the same intention. The horse humped, Marianne pushed back and Jessica pulled her by the hips. Inch by inch, the head of the stallion's prick wedged into the girl's cunthole.

Jessica leaned down and lapped at Marianne's cuntlips, lubricating and oiling them, but they were already as slippery as they could get. Her pink cuntlips slowly slid down over the dark, throbbing slab of the stallion's pulsing cockhead. The horse gave another powerful hump and his knob buried itself in Marianne's pussy. The girl wailed as she felt her fuckhole spreading out around the enormous lump of horse cock. Only his prickhead was inside her, yet she felt as if her cunt was filled at least halfway to her womb.

She twisted her ass and hips from side to side, grinding back onto his big fuckrod. The stallion humped again, shoveling another two inches of cock into her foaming pussy. His knob slowly levered a passage up into the steaming depths of her fuckhole, and his hard, thick prickshaft slipped in behind the crown.

Another inch slid in, then yet another.

The stallion's cock was so huge that Marianne felt transfixed by it, like a pig on a spit, roasting over a fire. As his prickhead moved deeper up her cunt, she half expected the thing to come right out of her throat and into her mouth from inside. She felt as if her vital organs were being displaced, pushed and nudged aside to make room for the horse's fuckrod. But she continued to push back, wanting even more of his giant cock, and her cunthole was working on his prick like a soft wringer, dragging him deeper.

The horse bottomed out with at least half of his prick buried up the girl's pliable pussy. He could go no deeper, his cock had run out of cunt. More than a foot of black cockshaft was still unburied, a huge bridge spanning the gap between the girl's crotch and the stallion's swollen balls.

"He's up my cunt!" Marianne cried.

But Jessica was well aware of that.

The horse held himself steady for a moment as the girl squirmed on his fuckstick. Then he began to hump. His cock was lodged so tight in her loins that, at first, he was not able to slide it in and out. When he drew back, he dragged the girl right along with him. But then her cunt spread a bit more and the animal's cockshaft started to slip in and out of her fuckhole. Jessica was still hauling

Marianne back by the hips, helping them fuck, and Marianne was enthusiastically squirming and grinding under the stallion.

As the horse thrust, the girl rammed her ass back to meet him, taking more than half of his long, thick cock into her. As the beast withdrew she twisted her hips sideways, winding her cunthole around on his sliding fuckstick.

The horse's cock was stuffing her cunt-splitting full. Cuntjuice sprayed out as his mighty fucker went in like a tight-fitting piston up her pussy chamber. The girl's ass and thighs were soaking with the overflow, and Jessica happily tongued the cuntjuice up. The stallion wedged in, levered in, his cock like a crowbar, tilting her ass up and down. His fat fuckrod came sliding out, slathered with the cream of the girl's cunt, and Jessica slurped that succulent cuntjuice from the horse's hard prick greedily. It came out soaked with pussy-juice and went in soaked with saliva.

Marianne hiked her ass up higher, so that the horse was feeding his prick to her at a lower angle and his fat cock was rubbing across her throbbing fuck button.

She climaxed.

Moaning and gasping, head on the ground and ass high in the air, Marianne shuddered through her first orgasm. The long waves rippled across her belly and shot up her tense thighs. But no sooner had the thrill passed than the horny girl felt another climax start to build up in her loins. She knew that she was going to be able to come time and again, that she would come steadily, as long as the stallion kept slamming his cock up her cunt.

The horse was fucking faster now, and his balls had swelled like over-inflated balloons.

Jessica licked his ball-sac and ran her tongue up and down the horse's cock, licking at the girl's wide-parted cuntlips as she came to the connection.

"He's gonna shoot!" the woman cried.

"Oh! Oh, I want horse cum up my cunt!" Marianne wailed, feeling the stallion's prick expand. The head of his cock was fiery in the depths of her cunt, stretching and burning, almost dislodging her hips from their sockets as it ballooned.

Marianne climaxed again.

Then the stallion snorted and his thick jism began to squirt into Marianne's hairy fuckhole. She gasped with the joy of it as she felt the steaming jism rush into her. She creamed again, her cunt and clit going off like a Gatling gun.

Jupiter poured his cum into her in deluge after deluge. The stuff overflowed her pussy and poured out, mixed with cuntjuice, running down her crotch and thighs. But it didn't go to waste; Jessica hungrily tongued it up.

At last the horse's balls were empty.

He drew back and his fat prick came sliding out of the girl's steaming pussy. The knob bobbed up and down. Jessica lapped his meaty prickhead, then clamped her greedy lips onto Marianne's cunt and began to suck all that blended slime from her fuckhole.

Marianne came again, in Jessica's mouth.

With her head down on the ground and her ass hiked up in the air, she grounded her pussy into the woman's face, and Jessica happily drained Marianne's soaked fuckhole while the stallion looked on, the elongated shadow of his cock falling over them like a promise of things to come.

Then Marianne sucked Jessica off, out of gratitude.

And heartily enjoyed it.

Marianne went riding every day after that.

She didn't ride Jupiter, though. The girls wanted to save the stallion's energy.

The horse rode Marianne.

But Marianne got in her full share of riding time ... on the saddle of Jessica's face.

The End